

**FAIR GAME**

Written by

Jez Butterworth & John-Henry Butterworth

Based on the memoir

Fair Game: My Life as a Spy, My Betrayal by the White House

by

Valerie Plame

**SFX: SHALLOW, DESPERATE BREATHING.**

Extreme close ANGLES ON

a figure kneels in a cell, in tight stress position. Bound. Blindfold. Convulsed with intense pain. We move closer -- It's a woman.

**VOICE V/O (VALERIE)**

Everything you face in life.  
Everything you come up against..

CLANK! She is hauled to her feet by unseen hands.

**CUT TO:**

She's carried head-first fast down a corridor by four men, like a battering ram.

**VOICE (VALERIE)**

Everything that stands in your way.

.. into another cell. A fifth masked man. On the table-- a car battery.

**CUT TO:**

Screams ring out down the empty corridor.

**CUT TO:**

Blows rain down on her. The blindfold is torn off.

**VOICE (VALERIE)**

..your foes, your fears, your  
terrors....your darkest nights.

THEN---- SPLASH! She is thrust into a bath and held under  
water. CLOSE ON her face, as the bubbles of her desperate  
breath subside, her eyes glaze and a single smoke-swirl of  
crimson blood rises up from her parted lips.

**VOICE (VALERIE)**

..are all sent to ask you the same  
question. The only question..

SUDDENLY -- She looks directly at us. Awake. Alert.

**VOICE (VALERIE)**

Who are you?

**BLACKOUT**

**CUT TO:**

2.

**ESTABLISHING. AERIAL SHOT. DOWNTOWN KUALA LUMPUR. DAY.**

Searing heat. Eighty storey star-scrapers reflect half-built  
Death Stars. Shimmering buildings and cranes for miles.

**INT. CECAR ANNUAL CONFERENCE. KL CONVENTION CENTER. DAY.**

with  
50 acres of climate controlled exhibition space swarming  
global civil engineers. Tented meeting rooms, stands. The  
bone dry wheels of global commerce, turning.

A striking blonde, 30s, crosses a concourse towards a  
Malaysian Woman in Chanel. VALERIE PLAME extends a hand.

**VALERIE**

Jessica McDowell. Cognis Chemicals.  
I hope I'm not late.

**INT. GLASS ELEVATOR IN ATRIUM OF WESTIN HOTEL. DAY**

VALERIE and the Malaysians rise swiftly above the hordes.

**CHANEL SUIT**

When do you leave Kuala Lumpur, Ms.  
Macdowall?

**VALERIE**

I fly to Taiwan Tuesday then back to Dusseldorf. I really only need five minutes of his time..

**CHANEL SUIT**

I hope we are lucky. He is very busy man.

**INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE, WESTIN HOTEL, KL. DAY**

a  
VALERIE sits at an ENORMOUS MARBLE CONFERENCE TABLE, before wrap around view of the Petronas Towers. OPPOSITE HER-- two neat Maylasiian secretaries, with pads in front of them. One smiles. She smiles back.

**SECRETARY**

Mr Tabir very busy this morning.

**VALERIE**

Oh I can imagine.

**VOICE (HAFIZ O.S)**

Seeing's we're waiting..

AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE a puffy 30 year old Sri Lankan, HAFIZ, is shelling peanuts on the marble, regarding her.

3.

**HAFIZ**

..why don't you practice your little pitch on me?

His tones contains an edge of menace. She smiles politely.

**VALERIE**

Actually. If it's all the same-

**HAFIZ**

I know all my uncle's business. He trusts me. Begin.

**VALERIE**

Well. I'm sure you're aware Mr..

(No answer)

You're aware that recently your subsidiary, Kopa Oleochemicals developed an organic, ester based lubricant derived from Kernel oil, that makes offshore drilling

significantly more environmental.  
My company, Cognis CMBH wants-

**HAFIZ**

(Interrupting, flatly)  
You American?

She stops.

**VALERIE**

Canadian. Actually. From Toronto.

**HAFIZ**

You a Maple Leafs fan?

**VALERIE**

Right. Uh. No. Not really.

**HAFIZ**

You must be the only person from  
Toronto's not a hockey fan.

Valerie holds his dead eyes.

**VALERIE**

Oh I'm a fan. Dad's from Vancouver,  
so I'm a Canuck. Between us, the  
Maple Leaves suck. They should  
never have signed Mark Bell. Guy's  
a liability on an off the ice. So  
who's your team?

4.

**HAFIZ**

I don't like hockey.

He holds her eye impassively. CHANEL SUIT enters.

**CHANEL SUIT**

Unfortunately Mr Tabir has no  
window this morning. But tonight he  
extends invitation to private  
reception at his residence.

**VALERIE**

Is that ok? I really don't wish to  
intrude.

She meets Hafiz's level gaze. He doesn't blink.

**HAFIZ**

Come to the party.

**EXT. MANSION, DAMANSARAN HEIGHTS, ABOVE KL. NIGHT**

Mercedes pull up outside a MANSION above the sprawling city.

**INT. GROUND FLOOR, MANSION. NIGHT**

Not a party. Asian men with name badges swap cards. Valerie makes small-talk with some Germans. She spots her quarry at the end of the corridor. She excuses herself.

**VALERIE**

Mr. Tabir? Jessica McDowall, Cognis GMBH. Thank you for allowing me to come to your beautiful Home.

**TABIR**

How can I help you?

**VALERIE**

Mr Tabir I wonder if you had time to glance at our proposal which would allow Kopa to access to Cognis' current Petrochemical Service Partners. Essentially its-

A man comes up and whispers to Mr.Tabir. He stops her.

**TABIR**

Please excuse me, I have to attend to something.. My assistant here will make you comfortable..

5.

**INT. LIBRARY. NIGHT.**

Lit by a stock market ticker, Valerie sits in front of a large desk. Alone. Waiting. Glances at papers on the desk. CLICK! The door opens. It's not TABIR. It's HAFIZ.

**VALERIE**

Hi. I was waiting for Mr. Tabir.

**HAFIZ**

My uncle had to leave. He asked me to drive you to his tennis club. You can have your meeting there..

**INT/EXT. HAFIZ'S BMW. (MOVING) NIGHT**

As they pull away, Valerie looks back. She spots TABIR through a window --STILL AT THE PARTY -- She freezes.

**CUT TO:**

HAFIZ turns off onto a deserted road in the Lake Gardens.

**VALERIE**

Why are we stopping?

He looks at her. Undoes his seatbelt.

**HAFIZ**

Ms. Macdowall, my uncle believes that trust is something you earn. And he doesn't trust anyone until he knows them very, very well..

He strokes her hair. She holds his eye. Composed.

**VALERIE**

But he trusts you, Hafiz..

The temperature in the car drops a hundred degrees.

**HAFIZ**

How do you know my name?

HAFIZ's brain does 0-60 in 0.06 Seconds. He flips open the glove box. Nothing there.

**VALERIE**

Your car was swept an hour ago.  
(He goes for the door.)  
Do not get out. If you get out of this car I can't protect you.

6.

HAFIZ STOPS DEAD. LOOKS IN THE REARVIEW: A black car, 50 yards behind. He grabs her arm.

**HAFIZ**

Who are you?

**VALERIE**

Let go of my arm Hafiz. NOW.

**HAFIZ**

Who the fuck are you?

NOW!

**VALERIE**

He releases her arm. She holds his gaze. Breathing hard.

**VALERIE**

Listen carefully. Your uncle is in  
business with Abu Domar Khan-

**HAFIZ**

(Shaking his head  
smiling)  
That's bullshit.

**VALERIE**

His company provides Khan  
with shipping, money  
laundering and contraband  
components.

**VALERIE**

Khan has made contact with a terror  
organisation via an aid agency in  
Pakistan. They are seeking  
materials to build a weapon.

**HAFIZ**

Fuck you.

**VALERIE**

(She fixes him)  
Your brother is in Kalutara jail in  
Colombo facing execution for  
trafficking. We can help him.

**HAFIZ**

Bullshit. You can't help him.

**VALERIE**

We can help him. Hafiz.  
Listen to me. Listen.

**VALERIE**

You have to think straight here  
Hafiz. Because I promise you one  
thing... Right now, you have no  
idea what we can and cannot do.

Hafiz looks in the rear view. At the floor. Deep inside  
something stirred. She saw it..

7.

**VALERIE**

We need information about your  
uncle. Contacts. Shipments. If you  
help us, we help you. If you don't,  
your brother dies and tomorrow  
you're sitting next to your uncle  
in a cell in Thailand and it won't

be me asking the questions.

Hafiz closes his eyes, head back. She watches him closely.

**VALERIE**

You will get a call at 8am. You'll be asked if you need a cleaner. You want her to come three mornings per week. Do you understand? I said **DO YOU UNDERSTAND?**

**INT. GEORGETOWN BAR. NIGHT.**

Packed. Behind the bar, FOX NEWS-- Bombing of Afghanistan.

At

the bar, a birthday celebration. Cuervo shots. In back, around a table piled high with empty Mexican plates, a group of girls catch up. Valerie and some friends.

**SUE**

So after like six hours, he finally manages to stand up on the snowboard, and the instructor lets go of him and he just plummets..

(Laughter)

I swear to god, he can't turn, slow down, for like four hundred yards.

**BILL**

And yet I'm incredible in bed.

AT THE BAR-- JOE WILSON, handsome, 50s, watches the explosions on the screen. He picks up a tray.

**JOE**

Keep the change.

**BACK TO:**

Valerie is being quizzed by her buddy's boyfriend, Steve.

**STEVE**

So what do you do Valerie?

**VALERIE**

I work in Venture Capital. Brewster Jennings, here in Georgetown.

8.

**STEVE**

Cool. So like net startups..?



**VALERIE**

Right. Retail and consumer..  
Basically we create pooled  
investment vehicles..

**STEVE**

Sounds high risk..

**VALERIE**

I guess. But you know..high risk,  
high return. Pretty boring  
actually. So what do you do?

JOE arrives back to the table with a tray of drinks.

**JOE**

They're out of Corona. I got  
a Rolling Rock.

the  
get

**DIANA**

Me and Steve won't fly on  
same plane. We won't even  
the same train together.

**STEVE**

We got the same train to your  
mom's.

**LISA**

It only takes one to fly a  
plane into a nuclear power  
station-

on

**JEFF**

Disneyland. A sarin attack  
Disneyland.

**DIANA**

Whatever they're telling us we're  
totally vulnerable. I mean who's  
protecting us.

**VALERIE**

It's real scary.

**LISA**

Joe. Would you risk taking your  
kids to Disneyland right now?

**JOE**

Absolutely not. Far from being a  
playground of the imagination,  
Disneyland is actually a giant  
clearing house for crappy  
merchandise. And Space Mountain is  
a major disappointment.

Valerie tries not to laugh. Gives him a stern look.

9.

**VALERIE**

Joe thinks Disneyland is Vegas for kids.

**STEVE**

Vegas. A dirty bomb in Vegas.

**JEFF**

OK. You get on a plane, there's two guys with turbans, seats A1 and 2.

Joe closes his eyes. Valerie kicks him under the table.

**JEFF**

They look nervous. They're sweating, saying prayers..

**JOE**

(To himself)  
Ye Gods..

**JEFF**

Steve you have a two year old. You're off that plane. You're calling the cops. I think if we're honest we all are.

(To Joe)

Joe. Two guys. On a plane. Turbans. Praying. Sweating. What's the call?

Joe opens his eyes. Catches Valerie's. Everybody listens. He takes off his glasses. And looks at Jeff.

**JOE**

Well Jeff..

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CAR. NIGHT.**

Valerie is driving home. Joe in the passenger seat.

**VALERIE**

Every time. Every time we go out.

**JOE**

He started it-

**VALERIE**

He's drunk Joe. Everybody's had a hard day. They're just trying to let off steam-

10.

**JOE**

By invoking quasi-racist connundra? The guy's a parent.

**JOE**

Jeff's Is he telling his four year old to fear all men in turbans?

**VALERIE**

It's Diana's birthday. her best friend.

**JOE**

So?

**VALERIE**

So you can't call him a racist pussy.

**JOE**

If not sitting there while someone spouts obnoxious crap makes you an asshole. Then I'm an asshole. And you knew that when you married me.

(Silence. She drives.)

By the way. How was your trip?

**CUT TO:**

**FLASHBACK. INT. TURKISH AMBASSADORS RESIDENCE. 1997. NIGHT.**

Joe

A reception. Two hundred people in the main banquet hall.

walks through the crowd. Working the room.

Valerie accepts an hors d'oeuvre. Catches sight of Joe through the crowd. They catch eyes. She leans to her friend.

**VALERIE**

Who's that?

**CUT TO:**

Later. Joe excuses himself and turns. Valerie stands there.

**VALERIE**

Hello.

**JOE**

Hi. Forgive me. I was staring. It's just I'm sure we've met before.

**VALERIE**

So who am I?

She smiles. He flounders a little. She offers her hand.

11.

**VALERIE**

Valerie Plame.

**JOE**

Joe. Joe Wilson.

**VALERIE**

Former Ambassador to Gabon.  
Ambassador in Iraq during the Gulf War. Married twice.. Has a reputation for trouble.

**JOE**

You've been misinformed. I was only acting Ambassador in Iraq.

Valerie smiles. He does too. It's electric.

**JOE**

So what do you do, Ms. Plame?

**CUT TO:**

PRESENT DAY -- VALERIE ASLEEP in bed. She suddenly shakes. Cries out. Joe wakes to see his wife, lost in a nightmare.

**FLASHBACK -- THE RECEPTION. 1997.**

**VALERIE**

I'm an energy consultant for a firm in Brussels.

**JOE**

And do you enjoy your work?

PRESENT DAY -- THE BEDROOM -- She doesn't wake. He strokes her arm. On her wrist -- A DARK BRUISE. THREE FINGERPRINTS.

FLASHBACK -- THE RECEPTION. Valerie looks into Joe's eyes.

**VALERIE**

I love it.

**INT. KITCHEN. DAY.**

Joe carries the 3 year old twins, SAMANTHA and TREVOR in pyjamas, downstairs..

**JOE**

Val. Where's the babysitter?

.. into the kitchen. Valerie, coat on, bolting coffee.

**12.**

**VALERIE**

Didn't I say? She can't get here til after lunch.

**JOE**

(Sighs)

OK. I'll work from home this morning.

**VALERIE**

Are you sure-

**JOE**

Relax. Me `n Spongebob are on it.

The kids start fighting. She picks up her bag.

**JOE**

Break it up. Trevor don't hit your sister.

the  
you

**VALERIE**

We're having supper with Mitchells Tuesday. But if want to skip it they know you're busy-

**JOE**

I promise to behave.

She stops. Melts. Kisses him.

**SAMANTHA**

I promise to behave.

**JOE**

See. We're all gonna be on our best behavior.

He She closes the front door. Joe looks momentarily marooned. begins picking up soft toys off the floor.

**ESTABLISHING. CIA HEADQUARTERS AT LANGLEY. DAY.**

**CPD AGENT (O.S)**

Counter Proliferation tracks and thwarts nuclear and WMD acquisition by rogue nations and non-state actors.

**INT. COUNTER PROLIFERATION DIVISION. BASEMENT. DAY**

An agent walks six analysts through a crowded open plan office. People squeezed in cubbyholes. Papers everywhere.

13.

**CPD AGENT (CONT'D)**

We're the fastest growing division in the Agency, which sounds cool but means you may have to share a desk. Work like hell for years you may get your own cubbyhole. And if you're a workaholic, they make you boss, and you get-

He knocks on a door. Opens it. Valerie comes bursting out.

**CPD AGENT**

Bad time?

We follow Valerie into THE NEXT OFFICE-- where her colleague, Ali, 30s, Indian, is on the phone.

**VALERIE**

Hafiz hired a cleaner.

**ALI**

(Into phone)  
Gotta go. Kuala Lumpur just went live.

scans Ali hangs up and follows her OUT INTO THE CORRIDOR. She the page she's holding.

**VALERIE**

What time did he call this in?

**CPD AGENT**

11 hundred hours PST.

**FLASHBACK. INT. KOPA OLEOCHEMICALS - KUALA LUMPUR. NIGHT**

Hafiz, in a corridor in his Uncle's offices, late at night. Light from a photocopier flashes across his sweating face.

**CPD AGENT V/O (CONT'D)**

The asset passed the intel to the cleaner at approximately eight fifteen local time, this morning.

**FLASHBACK. INT. HAFIZ'S APARTMENT - KUALA LUMPUR. DAY**

Hafiz hands a folded piece of paper to his elderly CLEANING WOMAN. She puts it in her apron pocket.

**CPD AGENT (O.S.)**

She made the drop fifty minutes later... just outside Ko Yonh Subway station..

14.

**FLASHBACK. INT. KUALA LUMPUR SUBWAY TRAIN.**

THE CLEANER alights, leaving her New Straits Times on the seat. A BALD ASIAN COMMUTER next to her along picks it up.

-- SLAP! --

The paper is opened to a centre page feature of George Bush. There is Hafiz's photocopy.

**CPD AGENT**

..a field team picked it up and D and D'd it at the safe house..

In a cheap hotel room, under a broken ceiling fan another Asian man scans the image into a laptop, behind him the BALD COMMUTER strikes a match and burns the original.

**INT. VALERIE'S OFFICE, CPD LANGLEY. DAY**

Valerie, in her cramped office with half a dozen field agents, briefs from a diagram on a white board.

**VALERIE**

We have a shipment. A holding company in Pakistan asks Tabir to purchase 200 un-identified units, trackable by part numbers, from..

**ALI**

Teludyne Electronics of Lowell Massachusetts..

**EXT. TELUDYNE INDUSTRIES. LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS. DAY**

Two men (from the briefing) in a WHIPPED CHEVY watch a red truck leave an industrial unit in the suburbs of Lowell.

**VALERIE (V.O.)**

The shipment is delivered to Goza Tech in Secaucus, New Jersey...

**EXT. GOZA TECHNOLOGIES, 600 MEADOWLANDS PKWY NJ. NIGHT**

The red truck turns into a low grey set of prefab buildings in a business park. The CHEVY watches a forklift truck lift

a

single pallet out and deliver it into the warehouse.

**VALERIE (V.O)**

There it's bundled in with a second shipment of legitimate electronic parts, and documentation attached that masks its point of origin.

15.

**INT. BONDED CUSTOMS WAREHOUSE. PORT NEWARK. NIGHT**

Valerie, Ali, and the rest of the team walk through the neon lit maze of packing cases and pallets towards a concerned looking superintendent.

**VALERIE V/O**

Its then dispatched as medical electronics en route to a company in Johannesburg South Africa. First it spends the night at a bonded customs warehouse in the Port of Jersey. That's the intercept.

**SUPERINTENDENT**

Can I help you?

VALERIE shows ID to the owner.



**VALERIE**

Sir, we're from U.S customs. Can I take a moment of your time?

He takes off his cap and looks sick. An agent cracks the packing case with a crowbar: white cardboard boxes. Valerie draws a Buck knife and slices it open, rumaging in polystyrene chips and comes out with a Coke sized white plastic cylinder with two contacts at one end.

**ALI**

What the hell is that?

Valerie looks at the object.

**CUT TO:**

A BLINDING FLASH OF PURE WHITE LIGHT becomes A GIANT BULBOUS CLOUD of rolling hellfire. It mushrooms twenty thousand feet over the New Mexico Desert. An awesome sight.

**DR FORSTER (O.S.)**

A spark gap is a high energy voltage-controlled switching device.

**INT. LOS ALAMOS NATIONAL LABORATORY. EXHIBITION CENTER. DAY**

of As a gaggle of schoolkids watch the sixty year old footage the Manhattan Project on a plasma screen, Valerie passes through the compound with DR FORSTER, a geeky scientist in his 30s. He holds the intercepted component.

**16.**

**DR FORSTER**

To detonate a nuclear bomb you need to be able to switch high voltage, high current electrical circuits at very high speeds to the nearest hundredth of a nanosecond.

They pass through a security door to the labs.

**DR FORSTER**

The extremely short rise times are achieved by discharging a low-induct, high-voltage capacitor through the spark gap into the bridge wire inside the warhead. The

ballpark is 5 kilovolt and 1 mf for the capacitor, with a peak current between 500 and 1000 amperes...

**VALERIE**

Does it have other uses?

**DR FORSTER**

High speed photography, industrial photo-chemistry. Zapping kidney stones. Is someone out there building the fire train for a nuclear device component by component?

(Shakes his head)

You're talking one helluva complicated process. This guy is just one tiny piece in the jigsaw.

She hands him a piece of paper.

**VALERIE**

This is a list of other components exported through the same network over the last 3 years. Tilt tables. timing equipment. High speed monitoring devices.

**DR FORSTER**

(Reading)

Quartz rate sensors. Calibration units...

(Takes off his glasses.)

It's not kidney stones. Thank god you stopped this.

**VALERIE**

I'm not stopping it.

17.

**DR FORSTER**

(Confused)

I don't understand..

**INT. COUNTER PROLIFERATION DIVISION. LANGLEY. DAY.**

Valerie's team are in a briefing room.

**VALERIE**

We keep the transaction live. Trace it all the way to the end user.

She takes them through a full whiteboard.

**VALERIE**

The shipment arrives in Joburg on the 21st. It's put in an unmarked container and shipped to the free trade zone in Dubai. Our asset meets there with the buyer on the 23rd.

She tosses a spark gap to one of her team.

**VALERIE**

Dr Forster and his team at Los Alamos have altered the impedance timings of the spark gaps by a fraction of a nanosecond. Basically, they won't know it doesn't work til it doesn't work.

**ALI**

Can we put a wire on the asset?

the  
The door at the back opens. The Deputy of CPD enters with Chief. Everybody sits up. Valerie continues..

**VALERIE**

Too dangerous. This network has avoided detection for years. Expect meticulous operational security and counter surveillance. Any questions?

They disperse. The deputy director of CDP buttonholes her..

**DEPUTY CPD**

Val. The chief wants to see you.

**INT. CORRIDOR. LANGLEY. DAY.**

Valerie walks with MIKE and BILL, their chief.

18.

**BILL**

Val, seventh floor have issued a directive for a Joint Task Force on Iraq. We want you to head it up.

Valerie doesn't blink.

**VALERIE**

Yes Sir.

**BILL**

You can pick your team. This is top priority. Down the line D.F.U.

**VALERIE**

What about the Dubai op?

**BILL**

Mike says you got a hunch on the buyer.

**VALERIE**

Manucher Vaziri. Syrian National. Based out of Karachi. On a wire picked up in Cairo he talks about componentry from a known source in Pakistan he's moving to an unnamed Gulf state..

**BILL**

Iraq?

**VALERIE**

Vaziri's devoutly Shia. Iraq's controlled by the Sunni. Saddam's Sunni. There's no way this is Iraq.

**BILL**

They're all good Muslims right?

**VALERIE**

And Martin Luther King and the KKK are both Christian.

**BILL**

Great job. From Monday, I need you both eyes on Iraq.

**CUT TO:**

At the door, they shake hands. Mike and Valerie walk off.

**MIKE**

D.F.U?

**VALERIE**

Don't fuck up.

**CUT TO:**

A framed photograph, of Joe walking in the Rose Garden with the forty first President, George HW Bush. "To Joe Wilson, with respect and Best Wishes, George Bush..

**PRESIDENT V/O**

States like these, and their terrorist allies, constitute an axis of evil, arming to threaten the peace of the world...

**INT. JOE WILSON'S DEN. CHARLESTON TERRACE. WASHINGTON. DAY.**

Address, half-  
CNN is on in the background, low. State of the Union  
2002. Joe, working on something, recording voice notes,  
watching the President over his papers.

**PRESIDENT V/O (ON CNN)**

They could provide these arms to terrorists, giving them the means to match their hatred..

ACROSS THE ROOM -- beneath a wall of well-thumbed tomes, two year old twins, TREVOR and SAMANTHA are lost in play. Trevor hauls in the flex of a globe lamp on a top shelf.

**PRESIDENT**

They could attack our allies or attempt to blackmail the United States. In any of these cases, the price of indifference would be catastrophic.

CRASH! -- Joe turns as the shelf GIVES WAY, and an avalanche of books and keepsakes buries his kids. Hollers. Tears.

**JOE**

(Rushes over)

Hey hey hey. Everybody OK? Let's take a look at you. Four arms. Four legs. No broken bones.

He lugs them out. The front door opens. It's Heather the babysitter.

**HEATHER**

Hey kids! Joe I'm sorry I'm late.

20.

**JOE**

That's fine. Look guys. Heather's here.

**CUT TO:**

On TV, Live. The President crossing the White House Lawn, towards Marine One.

As the kids play with Heather in the lounge, Joe makes a coffee in the kitchen, watching the President on TV as he mounts the ramp. The cabin door shuts tight. A wash of rotor blades. The chopper lifts off.

up

Joe takes the coffee and walks out onto the deck. He looks into the sky. A THRUMMING BUILDS. The deck shakes, the sky turns black as Marine One thunders over low. Deafening.

**CUT TO:**

**CLOSEUP: SATELLITE IMAGES OF INSTALLATIONS IN A DESERT.**

Val takes her eye from a magnifying stand.

**INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE, LANGLEY. LATE AT NIGHT**

No-one around. Alone, VALERIE, surrounded by piles of files and folders, scans pictures of military hardware, checks it against its corresponding aerial signature.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

How do you think she got the job?

She cocks an ear. PUTTING ON THEIR COATS, two male analysts:

**ANALYST 1**

Memo comes out saying we got two percent women in executive roles. It's quotas by another name. There's ten guys I could name could do the job better..

**ANALYST 2**

I wonder who's she's fucking.

She freezes. -- SUDDENLY--

**VOICE (MIKE, O.S)**

Don't you have a home to go to?

She turns. MIKE, her director is there. He smiles.

**CUT TO:  
21.**

**TWO MINUTES LATER.**

In MIKE's office. She reading the document.

**MIKE**

DIA released the report Tuesday.  
WINPAC aren't buying and State  
kicked it back, but it's making  
waves in the Vice President's  
Office.

(He looks at her)  
What do you think?

**VALERIE**

He's qualified. He's been there  
hundreds of times. Knows the arena  
inside out.

**MIKE**

You don't look overjoyed.

**VALERIE**

He's been working hard to build his  
business. Then there's the twins.  
Money's kinda tight right now.

**MIKE**

(He looks at her)  
We're at full stretch here. You  
know that better than anyone. He's  
helped us before. Could you ask him  
to come in?

**INT. MARBLE LOBBY, CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY. DAY.**

The vast lobby at Langley. Operatives, analysts, come and go  
in the hushed marble atrium. Joe in a dark suit, attache  
case, stares at the wall. Reads the inscription.

Agency "In Honor of Those Members of the Central Intelligence  
Who Gave Their Lives in The Service of Their Country"

**FLASHBACK. INT. BEDROOM. 1997. DAY.**

Joe and Valerie lie in bed. Face to face.

**VALERIE**

You want to go out for breakfast.  
Or stay here?

**JOE**

I want to live with you.

She looks into his eyes. A tear rolls out of her eye.

**22.**

**VALERIE**

There's something I have to tell  
you.

PRESENT DAY -- The memorial on the North Wall. No names.  
Just rows and rows of anonymous black stars. Dead Covert  
Officers.

**FLASHBACK -- THE BEDROOM.**

**VALERIE**

What are you thinking?

**JOE**

Is your name really Valerie?

She smiles.

**VALERIE (O.S.)**

Joe?

**PRESENT DAY. LOBBY. LANGLEY.**

Joe turns. His wife is standing there.

**JOE**

(Brightly)

Hey.

He moves away from the memorial. In this unfamiliar context,  
this is slightly awkward.

**JOE**

Nice place you got here. Cosy.



**VALERIE**

(Smiles)

I need to get you cleared.

**INT. ELEVATOR, CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY. DAY.**

A big VISITORS badge on Joe. Side by side. They go down.

**JOE**

You work in the basement?

**VALERIE**

(Deadpan)

Actually. I work in Georgetown for  
Brewster Jennings. We're a small  
firm of Venture Capitalists.

**JOE**

That must be interesting work.

23.

**VALERIE**

It pays the rent.

**INT. BASEMENT, LANGLEY. DAY.**

Valerie leads Joe into a windowless room. MIKE. Five or six  
analysts. Agents from CIA and State Department.

**VALERIE**

This is Joe Wilson. Joe, this is  
Mike, the Deputy Chief of CPD.

(They shake)

I'll leave you guys to it.

Businesslike, Valerie leaves. Joe sits. Silence.

**MIKE**

Mr Wilson, what can you tell us  
about Yellowcake?

Joe looks around the room. Clears his throat.

**JOE**

I believe it's a concentrate  
obtained from uranium ore used to  
create fissile material for weapons  
programs. But I'm not a scientist.

**MIKE**

What about Niger?

**JOE**

The UN Human Development Index ranks Niger the number one Least Liveable country in the world. I started my Foreign Service there. As Ambassador to Gabon, I travelled back many times. Then as director of Africa policy for the NSC under President Clinton, I frequently visited, often met with Prime Minister Mayaki. I know the former foreign minister. I know the Minister of Mines.

**MIKE**

The Office of the Vice President has received a report concerning a memorandum of sale between the governments of Niger and Iraq for the purchase of five hundred tons of Yellowcake Uranium ore..

(He fixes Joe)

**(MORE)**

24.

MIKE (cont'd)

I don't have to tell you how serious this allegation is.

**JOE WILSON**

No Sir, you don't.

He leans forward.

**MIKE**

This is a request from the Vice President. Can you help us?

**ESTABLISHING: A LONE DC-8 FLIES ACROSS A CORAL PINK SKY.**

A DC-8 judders in low over hills surrounding Niamey airport.

INSIDE --Joe, two days growth, blinks out the window. Below, a rusty burned out DC-8 which didn't make it.

**EXT. TAXI, NIGERIEN ROAD. DAY**

Joe, in the back of a hot, rickety Renault, rattling along the highway into town. Low earthen dwellings. Camel trains.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM, NAIMEY. DAY**

A tiny, hot cell. A sign on the bathroom door. "RED HOT SHOWER". Turns the ceiling fan on. Loud grinding.

**INT. BATHROOM. DAY.**

Joe lathers up his face to shave. He turns on the tap. No water. He looks at himself in the mirror.

**MINISTER (O.S)**

Bien revenue a Niger M. Wilson.

**EXT. OUTSIDE DUSTY BODEGA. DAY.**

Joe, unshaven, shakes hands with a 60 year old Nigerien.

**JOE**

Par la grace D'Allah. Comment allez vous, M. Bonzala ?

INSIDE - We subtitle the mixture of French dialect and Hausa.

**MINISTER**

Last time we met I was Minister, you Ambassador. Now, thanks to Allah, we are free men. You're growing a beard, no?

25.

**JOE**

So it would seem.

**MINISTER**

So tell me. How can Niger help its old friend, America?

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, DIRECTORATE OF INTELLIGENCE. DAY.**

Several analysts sit around a table, including the LEAD ANALYST, PAUL. Two of them are the guys who were bad-mouthing

Valerie. Another is JOE TURNER, a dough-faced official from WINPAC (Weapons Intelligence Non Proliferation and Control).

**TURNER**

(Reads)

"In summer 2001 Iraq sought to

purchase 60,000 high alloy 7075-T4 aluminum tubes manufactured in China. The high spec of these tubes led us to conclude they were intended for the enrichment of uranium. In August 2001 J. Turner.." That's me.. "flew to Vienna, to meet with IAEA scientists. Mr. Turner produced this report, aspects of which represents the CIA's present position." I'm happy to take questions.

**ANALYST**

The INR concluded late last year that these tubes were probably for artillery use, and the DOE agreed they exactly matched those used by Iraq for artillery rockets.

**PAUL**

Where are the tubes?

**TURNER**

WINPAC has them. We've examined them. This is my point. None of you guys has even seen the tubes.

**VALERIE**

I've seen them.

Everyone looks at her.

**TURNER**

And when was that?

26.

Valerie looks up. Slightly surprised by his tone.

**VALERIE**

When I seized them last year in Jordan. When I headed the covert team that intercepted them, bought back samples and delivered them to you guys at WINPAC.

A couple of the analysts try not to smile.

**TURNER**

So I take it you're not a nuclear

expert. These tubes are an EXACT match for those developed by German scientist Gernot Zippe in the 50s.

Valerie turns to her notes from her reading.

**VALERIE**

You're right. I'm no nuclear expert. But Dr. Houston Wood, at Virginia U atomic facility is. He also knows Dr Zippe, who's 89 and lives in Austria, and he told him that the wall thickness of the Iraqi tubes was three or four times the thickness of his design.

**PAUL**

And the tubes are twice as long as Zippe's design. In fact the only similarity between his tubes and the aluminium tubes is that they're made of aluminium.

**VALERIE**

A metal that hasn't been used in gas centrifuges since 1952.

The chauvanist analysts share a look of respect for Valerie. Still Turner doesn't give up.

**TURNER**

I went to Vienna. Canada. I've worked on this for months. They're centrifuges. Fact.

**PAUL**

So basically, they're your tubes and if we don't let you win you're going home.

27.

**TURNER**

That's pathetic.

**VALERIE**

Joe. No one is saying you're wrong here. But if you're right, it's huge. So we ask the question. Right? We have to ask the question.

**EXT. DESERT ROAD. DAY.**

Joe rides shotgun, in a 4X4, driven deep into the Sahara.

**JOE V/O**

Niger has two Uranium mines in the Sahara desert. One's flooded. The other's run by COGEMA, a French subsidiary, jointly controlled by the Japanese and Germans.

A colossal earthworks defacing the flat, hot moonscape. Joe is escorted around the mines by a small team.

**JOE**

500 tons of Yellowcake is not an off the books size transaction, it represents a 40% production increase in the nation's annual output of uranium. A sale that size would leave a huge paper trail.

**INT. HOTEL. DAY.**

Joe sits on his bed, under the noisy fan, making notes.

**JOE (V.O.)**

Any documentation would by law have to be signed by the Prime Minister, Foreign minister, and the Minister of the mines... But say it was an off the books deal..

**EXT. ROADSIDE VILLAGE. DAY.**

The long road back from the mines the previous day, Joe's Land Rover pulls over. Everyone comes out to see them.

**JOE (V.O.)**

How do you hide the transportation of 500 tons of anything, let alone lightly refined uranium?

**(MORE)**

28.

**JOE (V.O.) (cont'd)**

You're talking fifty semi tractor trucks on one road through villages where nothing passed for months except maybe one bush taxi. It would be the biggest event for months. To say they forgot, it's

like kids forgetting Christmas.

**ESTABLISHING-- JOE AND VALERIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.**

two  
INSIDE -- Joe sits at the dining room table, debriefed by  
CIA agents, over Chinese take out.

**JOE**

The droughts of the 80s and 90s were met by millions of dollars of U.S Aid, which continues to this day. It just doesn't make sense Niger would compromise this lifeline. For that reason, and the others I've given, it's my opinion that the sale couldn't happen.

**CUT TO:**

Joe shows them out. Shuts the door. Valerie appears.

**JOE**

What happens next?

**VALERIE**

They write a report. Give it to the analysts. It'll be re-written, then kicked upstairs where it'll be thrown in with whoever else's report they got-

Joe snorts derisively.

**JOE**

You guys are hysterical. I can't believe you're actually gonna send someone else all the way out there to ask exactly the same questions.

**VALERIE**

You can't compile Intelligence from a single source? That's not Intelligence. That's an opinion.

**JOE**

I can save the CIA some air fare here. There isn't a snowflakes chance in hell this thing happened.

**VALERIE**

Say who?

**JOE**

Says me.

**VALERIE**

What if you're wrong? One guy says it's true. It's not true. Lots of guys say it's true, it's still not true. It's intelligence. It's slow. Painstaking. But it works. Checks and balances.

**JOE**

What am I, a check or a balance?

**VALERIE**

Probably neither. You're a teeny tiny weeny cog in a giant machine. But you did your job. You should feel good. They count on that. That's why they don't pay you.

**JOE**

I'm not feeling that 007 right now.

She puts her arms around his neck. Kisses him sexily.

**VALERIE**

I can get the kids to make you a medal, if it'll help.

**JOE**

Us double oh's are more about the gratuitous sex.

**VALERIE**

I'll see what I can do.

They start making out.

**CUT TO:**

**TELEVISION FOOTAGE OF A PRESS CONFERENCE.**

**JOURNALIST**

Mr. President, in your speeches now you rarely talk or mention Osama bin Laden. Why is that?



**INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE. DAY**

VALERIE leans over an analyst's desk as together they study photographs of a Syrian man in his sixties on the analysts screen.. The TV is on in the corner of the computer screen..

**PRESIDENT ON TV**

The idea of focusing on one person indicates people don't understand the scope of the mission. Terror is bigger than one person. So I just don't spend that much time on him, Kelly, to be honest with you...

Valerie looks up and stops. ACROSS THE FLOOR SCOOTER LIBBY, his assistant and TWO AIDES, walk past. Heads turn.

**VALERIE**

Why is the OVP here?

**INT. MIKE'S OFFICE. DAY.**

The Deputy director hears a knock. It's Valerie.

**VALERIE**

Mike. The Vice President's men are here.

**MIKE**

What the fuck?

**INT. BRIEFING ROOM. DAY.**

No windows. A lone analyst sits sweating bullets. LIBBY, spectacles on, thick folder open on his knee..

**LIBBY**

My name is I. Lewis Libby. I'm the Chief of Staff to The Vice President. You are?

**ANALYST**

Dave. I'm an analyst. In non-proliferation.

**LIBBY**

What can you tell the Vice President about aluminium tubes?

**INT. CIA MESS HALL, 2ND FLOOR, LANGLEY. DAY**

the Valerie and Mike queue up in the mess with JIM PAVITT, 52  
Deputy Director of the CIA.

31.

**PAVITT**

Relax Mike. The Veep's just dotting the i's.

**MIKE**

Bullshit Jim. The only time a Vice President comes to Langley is to cut a fucking ribbon.

**PAVITT**

Look. Cheney doesn't trust us. This shit with Dick goes back thirty years. It'll blow over.

(He turns to Valerie)

Where are we on Iraq?

**VALERIE**

Behind the curve Sir. Most of the intel is outdated. We don't have a single operative or asset in the country.

**PAVITT**

What about geo-satellite imaging?

**VALERIE**

With respect sir, you can't look at this problem from space and make a call.

**PAVITT**

So talk to the defectors.

**VALERIE**

The defectors are unreliable. Most are supplied through a former asset the agency's had on a burn notice since '95. It's a racket. They walk in and get paid to say whatever the Pentagon wants to hear.

**PAVITT**

So we're blind.

**VALERIE**

We need sources we can rely on. We need to get in close.

**PAVITT**

How close?

**VALERIE**

Inside.

32.

**BILL**

Jim. Val thinks she can get us inside the weapons program.

Pavitt looks at her.

**PAVITT**

How?

**CUT TO:**

Rows and rows of stationary. Shelves filled pads, pens. Pencils. Photocopy paper. Shelves twenty feet high.

**INT. PAPER SUPPLIES AND STATIONERY SHOP. DAY**

Valerie selects a pad and a pencil and approaches the counter where a lugubrious woman in a pink Sari is doing Su Doku. Valerie pays for her notebook and steps out into ---

**EXT. BUSY STREET. CAIRO, EGYPT. DAY**

The streets throng with traffic. Somalian taxi drivers. Central Africans ferrying exotic produce. Egyptians smoking apple tobacco. Colors. Bustle. A different world.

Valerie, head shrouded in a scarf, puts the notebook in her bag and pushes her way along the crowded street, buzzing with

scooters and pedestrians. She steps through an archway into --

**EXT. SULTANATE COURTYARD, CAIRO UNIVERSITY. DAY**

An ancient cloister filled with an excited clamor. Fresh faced students pile into a lecture theater. She follows.

**PROFESSOR AZIZ (V.O.)**

The warping of the extra dimension

is analogous to the warping of  
spacetime in the vicinity of a  
massive object eg: a black hole.

**INT. WOOD PANELLED LECTURE HALL. CAIRO UNIVERSITY. DAY**

Wrapt Silence. Valerie sits at the back. She opens her new  
notebook and listens.

ON STAGE -- An old Middle-Eastern professor is giving a  
lecture with the help of an over-head projector. Giant

shadow

hands deftly trace algebraic formulae onto projector.

33.

**PROFESSOR AZIZ**

Red-shifting, generates a large  
ratio of energy scales so that the  
natural scale at one end of the  
extra dimension is much larger.

Valerie watches.

**PROFESSOR AZIZ (V.O.)**

It's an honor to meet you at last  
Dr. Harper.

**EXT. CLOISTERS OF CAIRO UNIVERSITY. DAY**

The prof walks with Valerie talking excitedly.

**PROFESSOR AZIZ**

I was unable to attend your String-  
Gravity seminar at MIT but I read a  
transcript. Truly groundbreaking  
work.

**VALERIE**

Thank you.

**PROFESSOR AZIZ**

The Faculty have just moved me, so  
you must excuse the mess.

He shows Valerie up a stone staircase and through a door.

**INT. BOOKLINED STUDY. CAIRO UNIVERSITY. DAY**

Books everywhere. Lots still in boxes.

**PROFESSOR AZIZ**

My old rooms were on the other side of the courtyard. They were smaller but I got the morning sunlight. Will you settle for Peppermint tea. It's fresh.

**VALERIE**

Thank you.

The professor hands Valerie a cup of mint tea and sits.

**PROFESSOR AZIZ**

Tell me Dr. Harper, did you read my latest paper on quarks. I cite your 1995 essay more than once. I would be very intrigued to know what you made of my findings..

34.

She sits forward.

**VALERIE**

Sir, Dr Harper is in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She received a call yesterday requesting she stay home for 48 hours.

The professor blinks. Taken aback.

**PROFESSOR AZIZ**

I don't understand. Who are you?

**VALERIE**

I'm sorry for misleading you. But I'm here to ask you the same question.

(He stops)

Because you are not Professor Aziz.

He stands there. Thrown.

**VALERIE**

I'm sorry to surprise you like this Sir. Your name is Doctor Harif Al Fallari. You were born in Basra.

The old man looks perplexed. Even a little amused. He sits.

**PROFESSOR AZIZ**

Well. This is indeed a strange

morning. Madam, there seems to have been a mistake. My name is Said Uhmah Aziz. I am a theoretical physicist. I model space. I've never been to Basra. I'm a teacher. I'd like to be of assistance. But I'm afraid I can't help you.

**VALERIE**

So you're not Doctor Fallari.

**PROFESSOR AZIZ**

Madam. I've never even heard of this man.

**VALERIE**

You were not lead engineer at the Osirak nuclear installation outside Tikrit. You were never captured by the Mukhbarat escaping to Syria. You didn't spend three years in the Abu Dhan jail.

35.

**PROFESSOR AZIZ**

This is absurd.

**VALERIE**

You weren't tortured. Broken. You didn't finally escape and arrive here in Cairo with nothing.

**PROFESSOR AZIZ**

No.

**VALERIE**

Dr. Al Fallari had two daughters. They were taken by Uday Hussein's private guard. He never saw them again.

He stares at the floor.

**VALERIE**

That didn't happen. They never existed.

He remains motionless. Valerie watches him closely.

**VALERIE**

I need names. Of your colleagues in the weapons programmes. The lives of hundreds of thousands of your people may depend upon it.

He looks up at Valerie tears in his eyes

**VALERIE**

I know Tarif. I know what happened.

He walks over to the window. SLOWLY he takes off his jacket. His shirt, pulls it off over his head and turns his back to her. He's been mutilated and burned all up his back. Slowly he turns. Deep scars. Burns.

**PROFESSOR**

You know nothing.

**EXT. CAIRO STREET. DUSK.**

Sunset. Traders are packing up. Valerie hurries into --

**INT. SAFE HOUSE. CAIRO. DUSK.**

door. ..up some rickety stairs and unlocks a graffiti covered

Inside she takes out the notepad, her heart beating fast. On the page, A LIST OF NAMES.

36.

She pulls a ruggedized laptop from under the bed and pushes the plug into a bare wires socket. It fizzes. She starts to type the names into the computer.

**CUT TO:**

**ESTABLISHING. RAINY LANGLEY. DAY.**

**INT. CHIEF OF CPD'S OFFICE. DAY.**

door. MIKE at his desk. His secretary pops her head round the

**SECRETARY**

They're back.

**INT. BRIEFING ROOM. DAY.**

An analyst sits opposite Scooter Libby. He's so nervous he can barely open his eyes.

**ANALYST 1**

The Iraqis were trying to buy the tubes off the internet. They spent three million dollars weather-proofing the tubes. Plus the tubes are roughly twice too long. Now you could argue that that's to disguise them, you could saw them in half. That's sixty thousand tubes.

(Mimes sawing)

I mean whew. Saddam's gonna get the mother of all blisters..

God

Laughs. Libby stares, unsmiling. Keeps sawing. Wishing to he'd never started.

**OUTSIDE.**

The door opens and the analyst, white as a sheet, comes out. A couple of colleagues are waiting outside.

**ANALYST 2**

How was it?

**ANALYST 1**

Don't make jokes.

ANALYST 1 drifts his way back to his desk. ANALYST 2 swallows, and disappears into the 'interrogation' room.

**INT. BATHROOM. DAY.**

is

PAUL, the chief analyst, comes out of the stall. ANALYST 2 there, throwing up in the sink.

37.

**ANALYST 2**

He thinks I don't know how serious it is.. weeks and weeks of fifteen hour days, we've gone back over and over it.

**PAUL**

OK. I'll handle this.

**CUT TO:**

Scooter listens patiently to PAUL, the chief analyst.



**PAUL**

And so apart from all the scepticism surrounding the specification, the analysis from the IAEA which I believe is numbered in the report..

(Stops. Changes tack)

Mr Libby. Energy department nuclear scientists are among the most boring people on the planet. They can talk about gas centrifuges until you want to jump out of a window. And maybe once every ten years someone comes along and says "so, tell me about gas centrifuges". That's literally the only time you should listen to these guys. If they say an aluminium tube is not for a gas centrifuge it's like a fish talking about water. We've been over this data with you now five, six times. And... We don't really know how you want us to play this..

Libby listens. He nods. Waits.

**LIBBY**

Let me level with you here Paul. I don't know what these tubes are for. From everything you're saying, there could be something to this, but very likely not, right?

**PAUL**

Exactly.

**LIBBY**

May I ask a question? When you say we don't really know how to play this, what do you mean?

38.

**PAUL**

(Stops. Turns white)

I'm just saying I don't know how to say it any other way than that-

**LIBBY**

Except you didn't say `I' you said

`we'. So you and the others have discussed how to "play" these briefings. Why does the CIA feel the need to play these briefings?

**PAUL**

No. I mean that.. Ok. I didn't mean what I just said.

**LIBBY**

Which part. The last part. Or other things too.

**PAUL**

I'm a getting a little confused-

**LIBBY**

You want me to come back?

**PAUL**

No. GOD no.

The temperature drops five degrees.

**LIBBY**

You don't know why I'm here do you? In 1991 the United States invaded Iraq, and afterwards weapons inspectors discovered Saddam was six months off enriching uranium to sufficiently high specification to make a nuclear bomb. He had fissile material. And not a single person at the CIA, from the DCI down to the janitor had the slightest clue that such a program even existed. So now, one decade on, are you telling me that you're 100% sure these tubes are not intended to create nuclear weapons?

**PAUL**

I..Sir..OK. With intelligence, nothing's 100 percent.

39.

**LIBBY**

So. What? Are you.. Ninety nine percent sure? Ninety eight?

**PAUL**

You can't put an exact figure. You can't be that precise.

**LIBBY**

But if you had to say, could you say you're ninety seven percent sure? Is there a three percent chance you've got this wrong? Or four? Or five? Still pretty good odds. You like those odds Paul? You willing to put your name to that. Are you ready to make that call?

**PAUL**

I don't make the call, Sir-.

**LIBBY**

(Fixing him)

Yes you do Paul. Each time you interpret a piece of data. Each time you choose a "maybe" over a "perhaps" you make a call. A decision. And right now you're making lots of little decisions adding up to a big decision and out there's a real world where millions of people depend upon you being right. But what if there's a one percent chance you're wrong. Can you say for sure you'll take that chance and state, as a fact, that this equipment is not intended for a nuclear weapons programme?

The analyst sits frozen.

**LIBBY**

Do you know what one percent of the population of this country is? It's three million, two hundred and forty thousand souls.

**PAUL**

Sir. We're not machines. We.. It.. We look at the evidence, we game it out. Not everyone agrees all the time. It's a process.

**LIBBY**

It's a process.

**PAUL**

Yes.

**LIBBY**

And not everyone agrees.

**PAUL**

Exactly.

**LIBBY**

Who doesn't agree?

**SFX: A VOLLEY OF GUNFIRE. FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER. AND ANOTHER.**

**EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETARY. DAY**

Full military funeral, in the rain. A hundred mourners from Langley. Some uniformed. A coffin draped in the flag

**CUT TO:**

A hymn is sung. In the bleachers, the analyst from the meeting earlier, pauses in the break between verses and squints through the rain at the bank of seats across the grave.

OVER THERE is THE LANGLEY TOP BRASS. JIM PAVITT. Next to him,  
GEORGE TENET, DCI. Next to him..... of all people.... JOE TURNER, (the analyst from WINPAC).

**ANALYST**

What the fuck is Joe Turner doing next to the DCI?

**ANALYST 2**

Didn't you hear? Friday the DCI took him to the White House. He briefed the President on Aluminum tubes.

**ANALYST**

You're fucking kidding me.

Turner is over there, singing the hymn, rubbing shoulders with the good and the great.

AT THE BACK -- Valerie stands with a number of other agents, MIKE and BILL, her Chief. A lone bugler and marine drummer beat out a last post. A widow weeps.

**BILL (V.O.)**

Its a dead end.

**CUT TO:**

Valerie walks with the Chief and other senior agents away from the graveside.

**BILL**

So we've got a list of names. The Mukhbarat watch the scientists night and day. Their houses are bugged. Their friends are followed.

**TACTICAL COMMANDER**

Say we drop in a light weight tac team outside the city.

**BILL**

You get through the checkpoints and roadblocks. You show up in my bedroom in the dead of the night with an armed tac team ask me to help out Uncle Sam? I'm going to react unpredictably.

**TACTICAL COMMANDER**

What about forcible extraction of two or three of the main targets?

**VALERIE**

No. We've got 29 names. I want to get to them all.

**TACTICAL**

How? You can't use  
You can't use tac.  
high Val. What are  
Train a mouse?

**COMMANDER**

the inspectors.  
The wall's too  
you going to do.

**VALERIE**

Maybe.

**INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.**

Joe opens his eyes. Rolls across. He's alone.

**INT. KITCHEN, THE WILSON HOME. NIGHT**

Joe comes downstairs...Valerie is by the front door,  
dressed,  
cinched black mack, suitcase.

**VALERIE**

Hey, did I wake you up?

42.

**JOE**

It's three forty five..

**VALERIE**

I gotta go. I have to be at the  
airport in forty five minutes.

Joe, still half-asleep, catches up.

**JOE**

Well...how long this time? I  
mean... Do we need childcare for  
tomorrow-

**VALERIE**

I left a post-it by the lamp. Its  
all on the post-it.

**JOE**

Right. Its on the post-it.

**VALERIE**

I didn't want to wake you.  
(Senses something)  
Are you OK?

**JOE**

We've been leaving post-its for  
each other for months now.. we talk  
via Post-It. That fridge is like a  
dead letter drop.

(Stops. Laughs)

Jesus. Listen to me!. I sound like  
an old... Some-

(He bangs the door)

I don't know where you go. Who you  
meet. If you're in some jail, or  
lying in some ditch in Jordan,  
Beirut. And if you go missing, I  
can't tell anyone because you were  
never there. I'd never know what  
happened. I don't know where you  
go.

**VALERIE**

I'm going to Cleveland.

He stops. Thunder-robbed.

**VALERIE**

I'll be home tonight.

(Then)

It's on the Post-It.

43.

She kisses him. They look at one another.

**JOE**

Have a nice day.

the

She shuts the door, leaving Joe alone. He walks through to the kitchen, looks at the fridge, one by one he takes all notes off, then, deliberately, drops them in the bin.

**INT. EMERGENCY ROOM, EUCLID CLINIC, CLEVELAND. DAY**

A busy ER. A female doctor shakes hands with grateful parents. She bends down to talk to a boy, cast on his arm.

VALERIE watches from a distance.

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOME, MORELAND HILLS, CLEVELAND. DAY**

A car park. The female doctor gets out of her car, with grocery bags, and goes toward her house.

ACROSS THE STREET -- VALERIE watches from a parked rental.

**CUT TO:**

see--

As the doctor finds the right key, she suddenly turns to

**VALERIE**

Dr. Al Haddad? Is there somewhere we can speak?

**INT. STARBUCKS, SHOPPING MALL, SUBURBS OF CLEVELAND. NIGHT**

In the foreground some goth kids play with their ipods. In the window, Valerie and Dr. Sawsan Al Haddad sip coffee.

**VALERIE**

How long is it since you saw your brother?

**SAWSAN**

1989. I attended a medical convention over there. Before that, in `83, he came here for an engineering conference. Twice in twenty five years. We try to stay in contact. It's difficult.

**VALERIE**

Would you like to go back and see him?

SAWSAN holds her gaze.

44.

**SAWSAN**

You want me to become a spy.

**VALERIE**

We need to ask Sa'ad some questions. Do you think he would answer them?

**SAWSAN**

I'm a doctor. I work hard. I'm also a mother. I have a small girl and I'm all she has.

**VALERIE**

We can help your brother. Right now he is extremely valuable to us.

**SAWSAN**

And to Saddam. The Mukbarat watch him night and day.

**VALERIE**

He could come here Sawsan. He's an expert physicist. He'd have a job, his children, his family would be safe. You, your daughter could see him wherever you want. Sawsan. Can you help us?

**SAWSAN**

I won't do anything to help you. I don't know you. I would only do



this for Sa'ad.

**VALERIE**

Then do it for Sa'ad.

Valerie watches her.

**SAWSAN**

What would I have to do?

**ESTABLISHING. SHIMMERING CITYSCAPE OF AMMAN. JORDAN. NIGHT.**

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY. NIGHT.**

the  
Westerners mix with Mid-Easterners. A tea trolley crosses  
floor and disappears into a service elevator.

**INT. TWELVE FLOOR CORRIDOR./HOTEL SUITE. NIGHT.**

1201.  
The elevator opens and a tea trolley stops outside room  
wheeled  
The door is opened by Valerie's colleague. Ali. It is  
inside. As Ali signs, cups of tea are poured.

**45.**

of  
He carries one into THE BEDROOM and hands it to Sawsan, who  
sits on the edge of a bed wearing a long black traditional  
Abaya. There are two other agents there, with Valerie. One  
them is holding a notebook..

**AGENT 1**

The pages of this notebook are fast  
burning. You write on them like  
normal, but if you need to destroy  
them in an emergency..

flash.  
He whips out a zippo. Sets fire to one. It's gone in a

**AGENT 1**

You have two of these in your  
luggage. Now this is the only pen  
we want you to use..

The other agent shows her a pen.

**AGENT 2**

The ink in this pen is visible for

10 seconds. Only when given the the correct chemical fixative can it be read.

**SAWSAN**

- I am not taking any of this. If the Mukhbarat find any of this they will do things to me you cannot imagine. Tell me what you need to know. I will memorise it.

**AGENT 2**

Ma'am, we have 50 very specific questions, some extremely technical.

**SAWSAN**

You have 206 different bones in your body. Do you want their names in english, latin or arabic?

They look to Val for a decision. She can't help but smile.

**CUT TO:**

Later. The agents have gone. Just Sawsan and Valerie.

**VALERIE**

How do you feel?

She's trying to drink her tea, but she's shaking. Val takes her hand and silently grips it.

46.

**VALERIE**

Just remember, if anyone asks you anything, if anyone stops you stay calm and tell the truth. You're just visiting your brother. Keep it simple and keep to the truth.

**SAWSAN**

Except it's not the truth. How do you do it?

She searches Valerie's face.

**SAWSAN**

How do you be someone you're not? How do you lie to someone? To their

face. How do you do it?

Valerie looks at her. Before she can answer we --

**CUT TO:**

OUTSIDE -- Ali checks his watch. Knocks on the door. Opens it. Valerie and Sawsan look up from the edge of bed.

**ALI**

It's time.

**EXT. QUEEN ALIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. AMMAN. JORDAN.**

A taxi cab stops and SAWSAN is helped out by the driver.

From a car across the street -- Valerie watches:

Sawsan rolls her suitcase into the terminal. At the door she glances behind her...and disappears inside.

Ali and Valerie get out the car looking every bit like tourists, suitcases, sunglasses, guidebook etc.

**INT. QUEEN ALIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. AMMAN. JORDAN.**

a Valerie and Ali enter the revolving doors and follow her at distance across the shiny beige and gold marble floors.

By the the check in desk for the Gulf Air flight to Baghdad stand TWO MOUSTACHIOED MEN in dark suits.

Valerie and Ali have stopped in a electronic goods store.

**ALI**

Mukhbarat. Watching the flight desk on this side.

**47.**

Valerie aims her zoom lens camera and as if appraising it as a purchase, firing off some shots of the Iraqi agents.

Sawsan reaches the desk and is stopped by the two men.

They watch her talking to the men, handing over her passport.

**CUT TO:**

The Iraqi agent stares at her. He asks a question in arabic  
No subtitles. Sawsan responds. She remains cool, almost  
disinterested. The men exchange sentences of arabic.

**BACK TO:**

Valerie watches from a distance. Heart beating. At last they  
allow Sawsan through, she checks onto the flight.

**CUT TO:**

Sawsan walks through to board the plane. Valerie watches her  
finally disappear beneath a huge advertising image.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. ALI'S HOTEL ROOM, GRAND HYATT. NIGHT.**

Ali kneels on the floor and begins his prayer to Allah.

**CUT TO:**

**CU: SNEAKERS RUNNING ON A TREADMILL. A LITHE BODY PUSHING**

**IT.**

**INT. GYMNASIUM, GRAND HYATT AMMAN. NIGHT**

and

VALERIE runs.. She looks at her reflection in the window,  
the lights beyond.

**CLOSE ON HER FACE --**

FLASHBACK. THE HOTEL ROOM EARLIER: VALERIE sitting on the  
edge of the bed with SAWSAN. The answer to her question:

**VALERIE**

You have to know. Know why you're  
lying. And never forget the truth..

**BACK TO:**

Valerie running. She pushes hard on the treadmill. Pouring  
the stress out of her. CNN is on the TV above her.  
CONDOLEEZZA RICE on WOLF BLITZER.

**48.**

**TELEVISION (REAL FOOTAGE)**

**BLITZER**

We read in the New York Times today

a story that says that Saddam  
Hussein is closer to acquiring  
nuclear weapons.

Slowly she stops running. Turns the volume up..

**RICE**

We do know that he is actively  
pursuing a nuclear weapon. That  
there have been shipments into Iraq  
of high-quality aluminum tubes that  
are only really suited for nuclear  
weapons programs, centrifuge  
programs..

VALERIE freezes.

**CUT TO:**

**TELEVISION (REAL FOOTAGE) -- FOX NEWS SUNDAY WITH BRIT HUME**

**COLIN POWELL**

And as we saw in reporting just  
this morning, he is still trying to  
acquire some of the specialized  
aluminum tubing one needs to  
develop centrifuges that would give  
you an enrichment capability.

**CUT TO:**

**TELEVISION (REAL FOOTAGE) -- MEET THE PRESS.**

**RUSSERT**

Aluminium tubes?

**CHENEY**

Specifically aluminum tubes.  
There's a story in The New York  
Times this morning. I want to  
attribute The Times. I don't want  
to talk about specific intelligence  
sources but it's now public that he  
has been seeking to acquire the  
kinds of tubes that are necessary  
to build a centrifuge.

**MIKE (O.S.)**

It's a coordinated leak..

**INT. VALERIE'S ROOM.**

Press  
Valerie on the phone, soaked in sweat, watches Meet the  
on cable. She's on the phone to --

-- MIKE IN HIS OFFICE IN LANGLEY on the phone to VALERIE:

**MIKE**

Someone in the OVP leaked to the  
New York Times and now they're  
across the networks quoting the  
leak. "Smoking gun". "Mushroom  
cloud". They're using the same  
words. It's co-ordinated.

**VALERIE**

I'm coming home.

**CUT TO:**

**TELEVISION (REAL FOOTAGE)**

**BLITZER (ON TV)**

Is Iraq's regime of Saddam Hussein  
right now a clear and present  
danger to the United States?

**CONDOLEEZZA (ON CNN)**

There is no doubt that Saddam  
Hussein's regime is a danger to the  
United States and to its allies, to  
our interests. The problem here is  
that there will always be some  
uncertainty about how quickly he  
can acquire nuclear weapons. But we  
don't want the smoking gun to be a  
mushroom cloud.

**BLACKOUT.**

**ESTABLISHING. CHARLSTON TERRACE. NIGHT.**

From the Wilsons, a homely glow emanates.

**INT. JOE AND VAL'S HOUSE. NIGHT.**

A dinner party. Dirty plates, red wine, late night. Joe, Val  
and their friends. Joe is preparing to light a cigar.

**JOE WILSON**

OK. Number one I always open the

window and close the door..

50.

**VALERIE**

You can still smell it.

**JOE**

You want me to roll up a wet towel?  
Like a teenager smoking in his  
bedroom. Maybe sandbag my study?

**VALERIE**

What's wrong with the deck?

**JOE**

You used to smoke like crazy  
when I met you.

**JOE**

Oh right. Middle of winter. It's  
minus ten degrees. The whole point-

**VALERIE**

Put on a coat.

**JOE**

Valerie. Steve. Help me out. Val.  
The whole point of a cigar you  
gotta get a little Winston  
Churchill vibe goin'. Slippers. A  
crackling fire.

**STEVE**

Musty books, slippers. Maybe a  
faithful hound.

**JOE WILSON**

Exactly. You can't be freezing your  
balls off in a GOOSEDOWN alone in  
the dark.

**VALERIE**

Don't think Churchill. Think Scott  
of the Antarctic.

**JOE**

That's it. I quit.

He tosses the cigar down. She kisses his nose.

**VALERIE**

Honey Joe that's terrific  
news. I'm so proud of you.

**JEFF**

It's about personal choice.  
It's Joe's personal choice

to

gas his kids..

**JOE WILSON**

My father smoked cigars at the  
dinner table for forty years. And  
look at me.

51.

Joe feigns a cough. Laughter. Joe slaps his sides manfully.

**CUT TO:**

LATER -- The conversation has turned to politics.

**DIANA**

It was on Blitzer and Meet  
the Press. All over the news.  
The New York Times. Exactly.

**STEVE**

It came from the Times. Judy  
Miller.

**SUE**

Can I ask a dumb question. What is  
an aluminum tube?

**JEFF**

They have the tubes Saddam  
was using to make a bomb.

**STEVE**

They're for centrifuges. For  
enriching uranium.

**FRED**

How? Who knows what they are?

**DIANA**

Everybody knows they are.

**STEVE**

The question is what else  
does he have?

**JEFF**

Did you read about this Valerie?

**VALERIE**

I was in Europe on business last  
week. I missed it.

**JEFF**

Basically Saddam bought all these  
tubes. And we've nailed him. We got  
them. They're packed with uranium.

**STEVE**

They're not packed with uranium.

**JEFF**

Right. They're for purifying it.



The bomb comes later. It's how you  
boil it up it to make the big one.

**DIANA**

Look out Israel.

**FRED**

Says who? It's a bunch of  
tubes.

**JEFF**

Joe you know about this stuff, what  
do you think they're for. These  
tubes. What's your hunch?

52.

All eyes on Joe. He takes off his glasses. Makes them wait.

**JOE WILSON**

Well Jeff. I don't know anything  
about these tubes. I'm not  
qualified. But I suppose the real  
question here is-

BILL interrupts, stealing Joe's limelight.

**FRED**

It's a pretext! 50% of Americans  
think Saddam blew up the Towers-

The table erupts in discussion, leaving Joe marooned.

Valerie

spots it instantly, as he broods.

**DIANA**

He's a threat. You can't tell me  
he's not a threat.

**LISA**

He's mad. Like Hitler. If we'd  
stopped Hitler in the thirties-

Joe sits there. Fuming.

**FRED**

He's not Hitler. He's Saddam. We  
put him there. Why? It suited us.  
He's our fault. Always was.

Right on cue, Joe rounds on the hapless FRED.

**JOE WILSON**

Have you met him? Fred. Have you  
met Saddam? Have you looked him in

the eye? Did he threaten you? Did he threaten to kill you? You don't know Saddam. You don't know what you're talking about.

Joe gets up. Joe walks out.

**DIANA**  
So. What's for dessert?

**JEFF**  
(To himself)  
"I may be some time"..

**VALERIE**  
I'm sorry Fred.

**FRED**  
I thought we were just talking.

**JEFF**  
What is this? Meet the Press?

53.

**LISA**  
Val's made a Lemon Meringue.

**DIANA**  
Yes please.

**FRED**  
Try and stop me.

**CUT**

**TO:**

Valerie comes into the kitchen. Sue follows her.

**SUE**  
Mmm...That smells good. Shall I get some bowls.

**VALERIE**  
Thank Sue. Bottom cupboard.

**SUE**  
We have a rule at home. No politics at the table. It always ends in a squabble. I mean, nobody knows what's going on over there. At the end of the day, who really knows?

**VALERIE**  
You're right Sue. Who knows?

**CUT**

**TO:**

**INT. ARRIVALS SADDAM INTERNATIONAL. DAY**

Alone, Sawsan rolls her small suitcase across the polished floor past a group of Iraqi soldiers. A Saddam-a-like in a dark suit takes her passport. His eyes bore into her.

**PASSPORT CONTROL**

(in arabic)

Its her.

**MUKHBARAT OFFICER**

Al Haddad?

He takes her suitcase from her. HEART THUMPING. He leads her out of the queue, down a strip lit corridor and into a windowless room in bowels of the airport.

**MUKHBARAT OFFICER**

Wait here.

He shuts the door. Sawsan tries to control her breathing.

**CUT**

**TO:**

**54.**

Hands search through her luggage. They unwrap a framed photograph of SAWSAN and her daughter, smiling. The officer turns it over in his hands.

**CUT TO:**

The officer returns with her bags. Drops them on the floor.

**OFFICER**

Wait here.

**CUT TO:**

stands A door opens. Sawsan appears. On the other side, there a tall Iraqi man. Her relief is enormous. They embrace.

**SA'AD**

How is my little sister?

**SAWSAN**

Sa'ad! I am so happy to see you.

**INT/EXT. MOVING CAR - BAGHDAD STREETS. DAY**

Sa'ad drives a battered dusty mercedes through the streets.

**SA'AD**

I've a friend in security services.  
I've been a government employee for  
25 years, there has to be some  
advantage. You can wait all day.

Sawsan smiles at her brother.

**EXT. LARGE DILAPIDATED FAMILY HOUSE, MANSOUR, BAGHDAD. DAY**

An extended family of great uncles and aunts, grand children  
and cousins greet Sawsan's arrival. Getting out of the car  
she is surrounded by hugs and tears and laughter.

Sawsan removes the framed photograph of her and her  
daughter.

It is cooed over then given pride of place on the mantel.

**INT. KITCHEN, AL TAWFIQ HOUSE. LATE AT NIGHT**

Sawsan and her brother are alone in the kitchen washing up  
after the big welcome home meal. His five year old daughter  
watches from the stairs, fascinated by her american aunt.

**SAWSAN**

The house looks very different.

55.

**SA'AD**

It's falling down. In `93 they  
bombed government buildings here.  
The foundations are shattered.

**SAWSAN**

Sa'ad I need to speak-

He holds up his hand and shakes his head.

**SA'AD**

(speaking normally)  
..I have been meaning to repaint  
the exterior..

Saad keeps a finger to his lips. Fear in his eyes.

**SA'AD**

..but it is difficult to find the  
time when I am so busy at work..but

the gardens are still the same as  
when we were children.

**SAWSAN**

The gardens yes of course, I would  
like to see them.

**EXT. BROKEN SUMMER HOUSE, GARDEN MANSOUR. NIGHT**

Sawsan and her brother speak low. He seems very nervous.

**SAWSAN**

They can help you if you get out to  
the Kurdish zone.

**SA'AD**

(exasperated)

I am watched Sawsan. If I drive  
even twenty minutes north of  
Baghdad they will stop me.

**SAWSAN**

They've given me questions for you.

**SA'AD**

What questions?

**SAWSAN**

(Closes eyes)

How close is your program to a  
warhead? When and where is the  
first test scheduled? How much 235-  
grade uranium do you have? Identify  
other scientists in the program.

**(MORE)**

56.

**SAWSAN (cont'd)**

Who in the military controls the  
program? Which of the-

(opens her eyes)

What is it?

Sa'ad stares at her in disbelief.

**SA'AD**

They do not know?

**SAWSAN**

What Sa'ad?

**SA'AD**

The program was destroyed in 1991.  
The Americans destroyed it, they  
know that. My god..what else?

**SAWSAN**

How advanced is the centrifuge  
facility? Which method are you  
using to separate fissile isotopes?

**SA'AD**

This is insane. We don't have spare  
parts to keep a tank on the road. I  
have to work at a plant which  
develops fertilizer. They know. The  
inspectors are back. They know  
this. They must know.

**INT. DULLES AIRPORT SECURITY. DAY**

Travellers throng. All nationalities. Coming and going.

Joe queues at security, holding his shoes in one hand and a  
briefcase in the other. A TV screen nearby burbles over:

**PRESIDENT (ON SCREEN)**

Knowing these realities, America  
must not ignore the threat  
gathering against us. Facing clear  
evidence of peril, we cannot wait  
for the final proof -- the smoking  
gun -- that could come in the form  
of a mushroom cloud..

**INT. LANGLEY BASEMENT. NIGHT.**

Ali comes in to Valerie. Puts a file on her desk.

**ALI**

You need to see this..

57.

**INT. LOGAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. DAY**

It's snowing heavily. Joe is met by a man in his 20s.

**STUDENT**

Mr Wilson. Jason Neal. How was your  
flight?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.**

Ali follows VALERIE down the corridor. She has the file.

**VALERIE**

We need Mike to see this. And Bill.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. UNIVERSITY OF BOSTON FRANKLIN THEATER. NIGHT.**

APPLAUSE. Joe sits on stage with three academic types. In  
the  
hundred seater auditorium, just a couple dozen or so  
students.

**PROFESSOR**

Ambassador Wilson is the last American diplomat to meet with Saddam Hussein. In 1990, when Saddam threatened to execute anyone sheltering foreigners, Wilson appeared at a press conference wearing a noose around his neck, declaring, "If the choice is to allow Americans to be taken hostage or be executed, I will bring my own fucking rope." Saddam backed down and Wilson evacuated several thousand. He came home and was taken to the Oval Office where the President introduced him to the War Cabinet as an American hero.

**JOE**

That's not quite true. It wasn't the Oval Office it was the Roosevelt Room.

Laughter.

**INT. CORRIDOR. CPD. LANGLEY. DAY**

Valerie walks with MIKE and ALI, briefing him.

58.

**VALERIE**

Sawsan's brother worked with five

hundred scientists at the Safa factory. In '91 it was blanket bombed by B52s. Hussein Kamel, Saddam's son in law, kept the scientists together, threatening to kill them if they tried to leave. But sanctions destroyed the economy, and when Kamel was executed in '95, the team just drifted apart. They're all say the same thing Mike. Everyone.

**BACK TO:**

**THE AUDITORIUM.**

A nervous history major stands.

**STUDENT**

Does Saddam pose an imminent threat to National Security?

**JOE**

I haven't seen the intelligence. I'm not qualified to comment. We have intelligence services working hard to assess just this. But I have met Saddam. I've looked him in the eye, so I can tell you what I saw. During a particularly vicious period of bloodletting in the late eighties, Saddam was asked by his foreign minister why he had executed a certain official who had been a loyal supporter. He said he would rather kill a friend in error than allow an enemy to live. For me, that is the mark of a monster.

**VOICE - SERGEANT AT ARMS**

Mr Speaker, the President of the United States!

**INT. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. NIGHT.**

Through a scrum of pumped-up Representatives, an exalted George Walker Bush makes his way to the podium.

59.

**PRESIDENT**

Mr. Speaker, Vice President Cheney,



Members of Congress, distinguished guests, fellow citizens: Every year, by law and by custom, we meet here to consider the state of the union. This year, we gather in this chamber deeply aware of decisive days that lie ahead.

**INT. LOGAN AIRPORT. NIGHT.**

**STUDENT**

We'd like you to have this coffee mug. And some Pennants. For your kids. Thank you so much for coming and speaking to us.

Joe shakes the kid's hand and walks towards Departures.

**INT. LOGAN AIRPORT. NIGHT.**

Joe walks underneath a TV screen playing:

**PRESIDENT (ON TV)**

We know that Iraq and the al Qaeda terrorist network share a common enemy -- the United States of America...

Joe looks up at DEPARTURES: "AA22 DULLES. CANCELLED." Resigned, he looks at his watch.

**INT. PAVITT'S OFFICE. NIGHT.**

VALERIE, MIKE, ALI, BILL all sit in JIM PAVITT'S OFFICE.

**PAVITT**

So you got thirty nuclear scientists interrogated by Iraqis, inside Iraq, who are all saying the same thing.

**BILL**

Jim, these people took a great risk-

**PAVITT**

To bring us what? I could have saved us the air-fare-

**BILL**

The White House is getting **STOVEPIPED.**

**(MORE)**

Someone is cherry picking raw data and serving it up to the press as fact. And then they look to us to confirm it. It's bullshit.

**JIM PAVITT**

(With intent)

You know we can bark about this all night. But that's all we're doing. Barking. You, me, all of us.. We're guard dogs. We can bark and bark, but at the end of the day, someone's gotta listen. Because it's not our house. Even if it is on fire.

**CUT**

**TO:**

A TV in the corner of the Starbucks concession plays:

**PRESIDENT (ON TV)**

Today the gravest danger facing America and the world is outlaw regimes that seek and possess nuclear, chemical and biological weapons.

**JOE WILSON**

Can I get an American please. Just a regular American?

**PRESIDENT (ON TV)**

U.S. intelligence indicates that Saddam Hussein had upwards of 30,000 munitions capable of delivering chemical agents.

Joe glances at the TV as he pays.

**JOE WILSON**

Thank you.

**PRESIDENT (ON TV)**

From three Iraqi defectors we know that Iraq, in the late 1990s, had several mobile biological weapons labs.

**CUT**

**TO:**

Joe sits amongst stranded passengers, most asleep. ON TV: the President. Joe sips his coffee. Grimaces. He looks tired.

**61.**

**PRESIDENT (ON TV)**

The International Atomic Energy Agency confirmed in the 1990s that Saddam Hussein had an advanced nuclear weapons development program, and was working on five different methods of enriching uranium for a bomb. The British government has learned that Saddam Hussein recently sought significant quantities of uranium from Africa.

JOE stares, motionless, at the screen. The only one awake.

**PRESIDENT (ON TV)**

Our intelligence sources tell us that he has attempted to purchase high-strength aluminum tubes suitable for nuclear weapons production.

Joe doesn't blink.

**PRESIDENT (ON TV)**

This nation fights reluctantly, because we know the cost, and we dread the days of mourning that always come. We seek peace. We strive for peace. And sometimes peace must be defended.

**PUBLIC ADDRESS**

Ladies and Gentlemen Flight 22 to Dulles is boarding immediately at Gate 20. We apologize for the delay due to adverse weather conditions-

Everybody wakes up. Starts to move. Joe stays seated.

**PRESIDENT**

We Americans have faith in ourselves, but not in ourselves alone. We do not claim to know all the ways of Providence, yet we can trust in them, placing our confidence in the loving god behind all of life and all of history. May he guide us now, and may God continue to bless the United States of America. Thank you.

JOE is motionless. ALONE. Staring at the screen.

**CUT TO:**

**62.**

**INT. LANGLEY MESS. DAY.**

With some colleagues, Valerie in the mess watching --

COLIN POWELL'S PERFORMANCE in New York at the U.N.

Aluminium tubes. Yellowcake. The Nuclear program.

She watches motionless. She looks at Mike.

**INT. SA'AD'S HOUSE. BAGHDAD. NIGHT.**

Sa'ad sits in his kitchen while his wife plays with the children next door. HE IS WATCHING THE SAME THING: Colin Powell in the U.N. He catches his wife's eye through the

open

door. Slowly he shakes his head.

Our eye moves off - across the TV - past the photo of SAWSAN and daughter - out of the window to the street outside.

Cars. Buses. Stalls. Children playing. The end of a long

day.

SLOWLY THE SHOT DECAYS IN A TIME DISSOLVE to

**NIGHT -- THREE MONTHS LATER --**

In the full force of an air-raid. Many of the same buildings are gone. The whole world shakes and trembles as a PAVEWAY GE101 laser guided bomb streaks in and impacts..

Dust. Shrapnel. Cars on fire. A vision of utter hell.

A FIGURE -- DARTS BETWEEN BURNING CARS, clutching a bag of food, amid the firestorm. He disappears into our building. Our eye leaves the street - back inside: Sa'ad bursts in as

-

Another missile lands nearby. The building shakes. The picture of Sawsan shifts. Dust falls like fine rain over the small kitchen. Sa'ad unpacks food on the rickety table.

Under

it, his wife, children cower. He passes down bread. Cheese. The baby is crying.

There is a KNOCK AT THE DOOR. On the other side are two men.

**SA'AD**

What you doing? They're watching-

**SCIENTIST**

No one's watching. Not anymore.  
I think the Secret Police have

their hands full.

63.

**SCIENTIST 2**

We're free. Free to be blown to smithereens.

**SA'AD**

Least no Mukbarat gets to watch it.

They all laugh at the gallows humor. And hug

**SA'AD**

It's good to see you, my dear fellow doctors...

**CUT TO:**

SA'AD children, sleeping in bunks.

**CUT TO:**

Next door. The three nuclear scientists are drinking tea at the same table.

**SA'AD**

My sister said the Americans could get us over the border.

**SCIENTIST**

And you trust them? Open your eyes.

**SCIENTIST 2**

And your ears. Your American friends are calling you right now.

The rumble of the now distant bombs. Small arms fire.

**SA'AD**

It's our only hope.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PARKING LOT. LANGLEY. NIGHT.**

BILL, Valerie's chief walks to his car. Valerie shouts  
after-

**VALERIE**

Bill. Wait up.

**CUT TO:**

They talk by his car. Valerie is agitated.

**64.**

**BILL**

Val, every Mobile Exploration Team  
is combing the desert looking for  
WMD. I can't-

**VALERIE**

All I need's a couple units  
to bring these men and their  
families into Camp Lima and  
on an air transport into  
Annandale.

**BILL**

We're at full stretch Val.  
Listen to me..

**BILL**

Say we extract these guys. Bring  
`em home. Put `em on CNN. What are  
they going to tell us that the  
White House wants to hear? "Thank  
you oh and by the way there was no  
nuclear programme. There's no WMD.  
PS you all knew that." You want me  
to go to the DCI, ask him to sign  
off on his own funeral?

**VALERIE**

I gave my word Bill.

**BILL**

That's not my problem. I got bigger  
problems.

They stare at each other. Valerie shakes her head.

**BILL**

Why do you do this job? The  
paycheck? The holiday package. No.  
To make a difference. To act. To  
protect people. Then one day you  
realize you're not Superman.  
Sometimes you fail.

He gets in the car, reverses, and drives away.

**INT. LANGLEY. NIGHT.**

Valerie hurries through the building.

**VALERIE**

Hold the elevator please.

**INT. MIKE'S OFFICE, COUNTER PROLIFERATION DEPT. NIGHT.**

Valerie is pacing. Mike is sitting.

65.

**VALERIE**

What the fuck is going on Mike.  
It's like, if there was a baby on  
the ledge up on seventh, no-one  
would get up and save it in case  
the White House wanted it there.

**MIKE**

Bill's right. This is just one  
snafu in a thousand we got right  
now. The scientists are-

**VALERIE**

These scientists are the WMD. If we  
can't protect them, they'll run to  
the first country who can. And  
they'll put them to work.

Mike looks at her.

**MIKE**

I never said this. If anyone asks,  
I deny any knowledge.

(Then)

How quietly can you do this?

**CUT TO:**

A 40 something heavy set woman walks past her down the  
corridor. Valerie jogs after her.

**VALERIE**

Beth! Who do you have in Baghdad? I  
need to get an RG-17 to an asset in  
Mansour.

**BETH**

Why don't your guys to do it?

**VALERIE**

I'm asking you.

**EXT. RUINED STREETS, MANSOUR. BAGHDAD. NIGHT**

low  
SA'AD, runs pressing himself against a shrapnel pocked wall as a US ARMY HUMVEE blasting hiphop music passes. He runs across the street and over a wall into a garden.

**SA'AD**

I need to know my family will be safe.

66.

**INT. BOARDED UP CIA SAFE-HOUSE, MANSOUR. BAGHDAD. NIGHT**

satphone  
Sa'ad sits at a table, speaking into an RG-17 secure with two liaison officers.

**SA'AD**

My wife, my children. They are all I care about.

**INT. THE CTC COUNTER TERRORISM CONTROL ROOM. LANGLEY. DAY**

Valerie sits in the communications room with Beth.

**VALERIE**

Sa'ad, I know that. We will take care of your family. But we have to move fast.

**SA'AD**

How do I know I can trust you?

**VALERIE**

Sa'ad. Do exactly as I say, we won't let you down.

**INT. STATE DEPT OFFICES IN OLD EXECUTIVE BUILDING - NIGHT.**

A man sits feet up on his desk talking on the phone.

**PETE**

So how's Val? Is she there? Put her on..

**CUT TO:**

**JOE SITS IN HIS STUDY, ON THE PHONE.**

**JOE**



She's fine. She's working late.

**PETE**

Val's working late. I'm working late. You don't see a pattern here? You know she finds me devastatingly attractive-

**JOE**

Yeah. Well if you see her say hi.  
(He stops)  
Listen Pete. I have a question. And it's real important.

**BACK TO:  
67.**

**THE STATE DEPARTMENT. PEOPLE COME AND GO. AT HIS DESK, PETE LISTENS.**

**JOE WILSON (O.S.)**

Is the President be referring to another African country?

**PETE**

I've seen the INR. It's Niger. He's referring specifically to Yellowcake from Niger. Why?

Joe listens. It sinks in.

**CUT TO:**

Pete listens nodding. His expression grows darker and darker.

**PETE**

Uh huh.. I see..I see.  
(He listens)  
What exactly are you proposing to do Joe?

**JOE'S STUDY**

**JOE WILSON**

I don't know. I don't know what to do.

**PETE**

(He takes off his glasses)  
You want my advice? Do nothing. You

already did your job. You did your best. You came home. End of story.

**JOE WILSON**

Niger Pete. Yellowcake from Niger.

Pete looks around. Speaks low.

**PETE**

Look. I don't have to go all the way to Africa to know something's fucked up here. Three months and what have we found? No centrifuges. No yellowcake. No bio. No WMD. You think something's up here. Join the queue. Join the line stretches all the way from State to the Pentagon and back.

**JOE WILSON**

So why has no one's come forward?

68.

**PETE**

Why you think Joe? We went to war.  
(He pulls back)  
Listen. You're a smart guy. As your friend, now. Just. Be smart here. I mean..you have a wife and a family.

**JOE WILSON**

It's the White House Pete. It's the President of the United States.

**PETE**

Yes it is Joe. Now go take a long look in the mirror and say that again.

Joe puts the phone down. Upstairs he can hear a child crying.

**CUT TO:**

THUNDER. RAIN STREAMING DOWN A BEDROOM WINDOW. One of the twins is asleep. The other standing in her cot. Joe scoops her up. Jiggles her and comforts her. Lays her back down.

**CUT TO:**

Joe comes down the stairs. In the hall -- coat on, soaking, Valerie. She looks beat.

**JOE**

Hey. Are you OK?

Valerie doesn't move. She stands there. Then --

**JOE**

What's wrong Val?

**VALERIE**

Nothing. I'm just tired..

**JOE**

Whats the matter..what happened?

Valerie shakes her head slowly.

**VALERIE**

I'm fine. Are the kids asleep.

**JOE**

Yeah. They're asleep.

**VALERIE**

OK. I'm going to bed.

**69.**

Joe watches her slowly walk up the stairs. Then stares at the space where she was just standing.

**BUSH (ON TV)**

Let me finish..No. Let me finish.  
Joe looks at the TV. He sets his jaw.

**BUSH (ON TV)**

There are some who feel like that, the conditions are such that they can attack us there. My answer is bring 'em on. .

**CUT TO:**

Computerized letter appearing on a screen. Pixellated

EXTREME CLOSE UP: Joe writes:

"What I Didn't Find in Africa".

**CLOSE UP ON JOE**

Did the Bush administration manipulate intelligence to justify an invasion of Iraq?"

**THE PHOTOGRAPH OF JOE AND GEORGE HW BUSH**

"The act of war is the last option of a democracy"  
**THE GLOBE IN TWO HALVES**

"More than 200 American soldiers have lost their lives in Iraq already."

**JOE STOPS. HIS FINGERS HOVER.....THEN TYPE.**

"We have a duty to ensure that their sacrifice came for the right reasons."

**CLOSE ON: JOE SITS AT HIS DESK. MOTIONLESS. WE MOVE IN.**

**JOE HITS `SEND'. HE STARES AT THE SCREEN.**

**BLACKOUT.**

**ESTABLISHING -- WHITE HOUSE. DAY.**

A long line of satellite broadcast vehicles. A reporter talks to camera. Others in the background, doing the same.

70.

**INT. SCOOTER LIBBY'S OFFICE, OLD EXECUTIVE BUILDING. DAY.**

Libby reads Joe's article: "What I Didn't Find in Africa". He looks out at a line of satellite broadcast vehicles.

**CUT TO:**

**OUTSIDE..**

**REPORTER**

Retired Ambassador Joe Wilson yesterday claimed in a piece in the New York Times that the President mispoke in his State of the Union Address in January, concerning claims that Saddam sought 500 tons of Yellowcake from Niger. Wilson, who was acting Ambassador in Iraq during the first Gulf War, said-

**INT. PRESS BRIEFING ROOM. DAY.**

Fleischer, on defence, before a packed house, buzzing.  
Everyone has Joe's article.

**MR. FLEISCHER:**

Look. There's zero, nada, nothing,  
new here. The President's statement  
in the State of the Union was much  
broader than the Niger question.

**JOURNALIST**

Is the President's statement  
correct?

**FLEISCHER:**

Yes, I see nothing that goes  
broader that would indicate that  
there was no basis to the  
President's broader statement. But  
specifically on the yellow cake,  
the yellow cake for Niger, we've  
acknowledged that that information  
did turn out to be a forgery.

**JOURNALIST 2**

The President's statement was  
accurate?

**FLEISCHER:**

We see nothing that would dissuade  
us from the President's broader  
statement.

71.

**JOURNALIST**

So you believe the British report  
is true?

**MR. FLEISCHER:**

I'm sorry?

**INT. CARD'S OFFICE. DAY.**

Card is at his desk, watching the briefing on TV.

**CARD**

Uh-oh.

**BACK TO:**

**MR. FLEISCHER:**

Sorry, I see what David is asking.  
Let me back up on that and explain  
the President's statement again..

**INT. HADLEY'S OFFICE. DAY.**

Hadley comes out of his office, putting on his jacket.

**HADLEY**

Linda. Clear my morning.

**BACK TO:**

**JOURNALIST**

So it was wrong?

**FLEISCHER**

Let me do this, David. On your  
specific question I'm going to come  
back to you.

The reporters leap to their feet in uproar..

**INT. ROVE'S OFFICE. DAY.**

Rove, TV on, holding the article, screams into the  
telephone.

**ROVE**

What is that tit-fuckin' homo  
Fleischer doing to us? Call Mary.  
Call Scooter. Call Hadley. We need  
to get a hold of this. NOW!

**INT. LOBBY OUTSIDE SCOOTER'S OFFICE. DAY.**

SCOOTER comes out of his office. Unruffled. Cathie Martin is  
waiting. They walk and talk.

72.

**MARTIN**

Fleischer ploughed the  
briefing-

**LIBBY**

I saw.

**MARTIN**

-CBS know Yellowcake was pulled  
from Cincinnatti ten weeks ago at  
the CIAs request. They also have  
that Gerson wrote both speeches.

Karl is on line one. He's unhappy-

**LIBBY**

I want a transcript of everything across networks, blogs and print citing Ambassador Wilson, Niger or Yellowcake. I want Hadley to meet me in the VP's office in five minutes. And tell Karl I'll be in my office straight after I'm done. I have something.

He goes into the Vice President's office.

**INT. OUTSIDE SCOOTER LIBBY'S OFFICE. DAY.**

LATER. Silence. The secretaries, tense. Typing.

**INT. SCOOTER LIBBY'S OFFICE. DAY.**

INSIDE. KARL ROVE stands opposite Libby, staring. Libby finishes reading something. SILENCE.

**LIBBY**

This has become a trust issue for the President. We can't get behind this. We need to change the story.

They look at one another in silence. Then --

**ROVE**

Who is Joe Wilson?

**INT. WEST WING. NIGHT.**

Libby comes out of his office. He walks round the corner to Rove's office. Rove's secretary is still there.

**LIBBY**

Linda. You still here. It's late..

**CUT**

**TO:**

A piece of paper is put on a desk. Rove picks it up. Libby watches him read. Rove puts the paper down.

**73.**

**ROVE**

We can't do this.

Libby nods.

**LIBBY**

So who can?

**BLACKOUT.**

**ESTABLISHING -- CHARLESTON TERRACE. DAY.**

A 15 year old cyclist hurls newspapers into front yards.

**INT. BEDROOM. DAY.**

Valerie sits on the bed in a towel. Joe drops the newspaper onto it. Folded open on an article. "MISSION TO NIGER".

**VALERIE**

(Reading)

The CIA's decision to send retired diplomat Joseph C. Wilson to Africa-

**JOE WILSON**

Further down.

**VALERIE**

Wilson never worked for the CIA, but his wife, Valerie Plame..

**JOE**

"is an agency operative on weapons of mass destruction."

It hits her like a wave. She braces. It doesn't pass.

**JOE**

They just went ahead and did it.

**VALERIE**

Does this run overseas?

**VALERIE**

The column. Novak's column.

Is he syndicated overseas?

**JOE**

If it's in the paper it's

the net. Its everywhere. Valerie?

Valerie gets up and walks out.

**CUT TO:**

Valerie, dressed, leaves the house.

on



74.

**JOE**

Valerie. Where are you going?

**EXT. WILSON HOUSE. DAY.**

Valerie walks outside. In the window across the street, her neighbour stares straight at her.

Valerie looks ahead. Her eyes flick to the Paper on a neighbours lawn: The Wall Street Journal.

**NEIGHBOUR (O.S.)**

Morning Valerie!

Another neighbour getting in his car waves. He's thrown when she doesn't reply. Val starts her car and drives. He watches.

**INT/EXT. VALERIE'S CAR (MOVING). DAY**

Valerie stares straight ahead, hands gripping the wheel. We watch her. Close. Her driving intercuts with her thoughts.

FLASH - The Associated Press news bureau add her story to the bullet-feed.

FLASH - An AP feed winds around a newspaper news room.

FLASH - The Reuters office in Geneva picks up the story.

FLASH - A Bloomberg tickers her name.

**BACK TO:**

VALERIE, death white, drives along the Georgetown reservoir.

FLASH - Huntingdon Valley Public Library, a man tears the page out of a high school year book.

FLASH - Microfiche search of photos of embassy events with Joe and Valerie as guests. A grease pencil marks ones where she can be seen.

**BACK TO:**

Turning away from the canal and speeding over the Potomac, she fishes in her glove compartment. Finds a pad. A pencil

and starts writing names on a pad. Still driving.

hands  
FLASH - Valerie next to her husband in black tie shakes  
with a visiting dignitary. A camera bulb goes off. She  
eyeballs the cameraman for a moment.

Valerie turns onto the 120 freeway. The pad falls into the  
footwell. She reaches down and her --

75.

SAME HAND - reaches to shake hands with

with  
FLASH - different people in different countries, dinners  
in diplomats, meetings with captains of industry, conferences  
far flung corners of the world.

Hands. Faces. Smiles. EACH BECOMING A PHOTOGRAPH on a file.

FLASH - Valerie shaking hands with Mr.Tabir in his Kuala  
Lumpur mansion. Him smiling, mouthing words silently.

FLASH - A stock market ticker. In his office, Tabir is shown  
a blow up of a grainy photograph of Valerie and Hafiz.

**INT. DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS OFFICE. DAY.**

Langley.  
Valerie sits stock still in front of a large desk at

The door opens. The DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS enters with a  
fifty something woman. He sits at the desk. She sits next to  
him. BEHIND HER -- in the corner, sits a third man. He  
doesn't speak.

**DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS**

Good morning. Please..sit down.

**VALERIE**

Good morning Sir. Ma'am.

**DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS**

Working backwards, we need a matrix  
of everyone you've come into  
contact with in a covert capacity  
back to January 2001.

**VALERIE**

I've already started a list Sir.

**DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS**

Good. We need to get an idea..fast,  
of how much this thing bleeds.

**VALERIE**

Sir, I have several live ops at  
crucial stages, people in the field  
in critical windows of operation-

**BILL**

(Interrupting)

One thing at time. Make a list.  
Then come back here. Don't do  
anything else.

She opens her mouth. Nothing comes out.

76.

**VALERIE**

Sir, why is Internal security here?

**BILL**

To help us. To help you, and us  
conduct this damage assessment.

Behind her, the Internal security guy stands.

**INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.**

Valerie comes out, followed by security. She goes left.

**INTERNAL SECURITY**

This way please.

She turns and follows him. As she passes desks, she can feel  
people looking at her. The news has spread fast.

**INT. EMPTY OFFICE. DAY**

Valerie enters an empty office. The door is closed behind  
her. On the desk is a notepad and a telephone. She sits.

She picks up the phone. The phone isn't connected.

She sits staring at the blank page.

SUDDENLY -- She gets up and walks out. At the end of the  
corridor: the Internal security guy follows.

**INTERNAL SECURITY**

Ms Plame.

VALERIE goes into the elevator..

**INTERNAL SECURITY**

Ms Plame.

He breaks into a run. The doors close on him.

**INT. CPD OFFICE, BASEMENT, LANGLEY. DAY.**

Valerie comes out of the elevator and walks fast. People looking at her. Her colleagues. Eyes. Whispers. All around.

Bursting into her office, she sits. Starts typing fast. She tries to access her Joint Task Force database.

**ON THE SCREEN --ACCESS DENIED --**

**INTERNAL SECURITY (O.S.)**

Ms. Plame.

77.

The INTERNAL SECURITY stands outside.

Valerie looks up. She sees Mike passing the doorway.

**VALERIE**

Mike. We need to get a message to Baghdad. Sa'ad and his family are being taken to the border today. I have to get word to them.

INTERNAL SECURITY watches him closely.

**MIKE**

I don't what you're talking about..

**VALERIE**

Mike. They're packed and ready.  
(She stops. Appeals)  
Mike you know what this means.

**MIKE**

Sorry. I have to go.

He goes inside and closes his door.

**BILL (O.S.)**

Valerie.

HER CHIEF is standing there. He beckons her into his office. She approaches. The Internal Security guy tries to join them.

Bill puts a hand to his chest.

**BILL**

Go fuck yourself.

He closes the door in his face.

**INSIDE**

**BILL**

Sit down Valerie.  
I've just been on the seventh floor. As of this morning all CPD operations involving you have been suspended. Effective immediately you are to have no further contact with assets or agents in the field. Any further involvement in operations is no longer possible.

**VALERIE**

Bill. I have eight, nine teams in the field. We have assets in Kuala Lumpur. Dubai. Mumbai.

78.

She stops. The penny drops. She changes tack.

**VALERIE**

I need to brief my replacement in the Joint Task Force.

**BILL**

The head of the JTFI's identity is classified for reasons of operational security.

The shutters come down. Valerie opens her mouth.

**VALERIE**

I have a critical operation in Baghdad in a major ongoing-

**BILL**

Val. It's over.

**INT. CHARLESTON TERRACE. DAY.**

The children are playing with Power Rangers in the lounge.

IN THE KITCHEN Joe, at home, speaking on the phone. TV is on.

**JOE**

"Two senior administration officials told me that Wilson's wife suggested sending him to Niger" That means a Vice President, a chief of staff or top advisor..

(hearing the front door)

I gotta go.

He hangs up. Valerie enters. The twins run out of the lounge towards her. She goes into mom mode.

**VALERIE**

Hey guys. Give mommy a kiss.

**TREVOR**

Mommy!

**SAMANTHA**

Mommy. Trevor won't let me borrow his Power Ranger.

**VALERIE**

Well, did you say "Please"?

**SAMANTHA**

I said please. It's not fair.

They go into the kitchen. Joe follows. The kids fight for her attention to show drawings they've done.

79.

**TREVOR**

I drew a clown and a scarecrow.  
government

**VALERIE**

Let's see.  
to

**JOE**

There's a 1982 act states it's a crime for a

official to intentionally disclose a covert agent. Carries a fine of fifty thousand dollars and or up

ten years in jail.

**VALERIE**

Wow. That is one cool scarecrow.

(To Samantha)  
Don't eat that Sam. It's a crayon.  
It's icky. Give it to mommy.

Joe watches her. He can see the tension of her face.

**JOE WILSON**

How did it go?

The phone rings. She freezes.

**JOE**

It's been ringing all day.

**VALERIE**

Don't pick it up. Who've you spoken  
to? Joe, who have you spoken to?

**JOE WILSON**

Hello?  
(he holds the phone out)  
It's Lisa.

Valerie looks blind sided.

**JOE**

OK who wants to watch TV?

Scoops them up and leaves us with Val. She composes herself.

**VALERIE**

Hello?

**INT. GEORGETOWN APARTMENT. DAY.**

Val's friend Lisa is in her lounge. Her kids are playing.

**LISA**

Val. Are you OK? Whats going on?

**BACK TO:  
80.**

**VALERIE**

Lisa. Yes. I read it. Listen-  
(She steels herself)  
I'm sorry..I can't talk about this.  
I can't..I can't make a comment on  
this right now.

**BACK TO:**

Lisa's apartment. Another angle. Two other friends. Wrapt.

**LISA**

You can't make "a comment"? Val.  
Your name is in the paper.  
It says you're a CIA agent.

NEXT DOOR -- THE KIDS Watch TV.

**VALERIE**

I have to go. I'm sorry. I'll call  
you tomorrow.

VALERIE hangs up. Joe is standing there.

**JOE**

Your mom called. And your Uncle.  
And Janey called from Chicago. I  
wrote them down.

(Then)

And Andrea Mitchell called. She  
says White House sources say that  
quote "the real story here is not  
the sixteen words but Wilson and  
his wife". Would I care to comment?  
Yeah I fuckin' would care to  
comment. She wants me on the show  
day after tomorrow.

**VALERIE**

I don't want you to go on TV.

**INT. TELEVISION STUDIO. DAY.**

Joe sits stiffly on the set. A make-up artist applies powder  
to his nose.

**FLOOR MANAGER**

Going in thirty seconds.

81.

**JOE ON NBC NIGHTLY NEWS**

**JOE**

This is clearly designed as a shot  
across the bow to those who might  
step forward, those unnamed  
analysts who said they were  
pressured by the White House would  
think twice about having their own



families names being dragged  
through this particular mud.

**CUT TO:**

**JOE ON CNN.**

**JOE**

I was sent to Niger at the request  
of the Vice President. I was not  
sent by my wife. The issue here is  
not who sent me here is whether a  
crime has been committed.

**JOE ON MEET THE PRESS.**

**ANCHOR**

You're saying a crime was committed

**JOE**

It is a crime to reveal the  
identity of a covert agent working  
in the employ of this nations  
intelligence agencies.  
This is now a matter for the  
justice department Pete.

**JOE ON CROSSFIRE**

**JOE**

The justice department need to  
establish whether those in the  
Highest Office sought to destroy  
the career of a public servant to  
punish me for speaking the truth.

**REAL FOOTAGE - WHITEHOUSE PRESS ROOM**

The new Press Secretary, Scott McClennan, fields questions.

**MCLENNAN**

First of all, that is not the way  
this White House operates.

**(MORE)**

**82.**

**MCLENNAN (cont'd)**

The President expects everyone in  
his administration to adhere to the  
highest standards of conduct. No  
one would be authorized to do such  
a thing.

**REPORTER**

Will the President move aggressively to see if such a transgression has occurred in the White House?

**CUT TO:**

**A TELEVISION.**

**PRESIDENT**

This is a very serious matter, our administration takes it seriously. I've got all the confidence the Justice Department will do a good, thorough job. I want there to be full participation, because, April, I am most interested in finding out the truth.

**INT. KITCHEN. DAY.**

The kids are eating breakfast, acting up. Valerie is making breakfast. The phone rings.

**JOE (ON PHONE)**

Valerie. Turn on MSNBC.

**INT. MSNBC TV STUDIOS. DAY.**

Joe leaves the building. The news is on a bank of TVs.

**MSNBC**

A team of federal investigators have been assembled by Attorney General John Ashcroft as part of a probe to investigate the alleged leaking of a covert CIA agent's identity to the press..

**VALERIE**

Honey, Mommy's trying to listen to the TV.

**JOE WILSON**

They've launched an investigation. Ashcroft just announced it. They're saying he's going to convene a grand jury.

**83.**

**VALERIE**

I have to go. Samantha's crying.

**CUT TO:**

Joe out on the street. Gets into his car.

**JOE WILSON**

I'll be home later. I gotta go over to Fox. They want me to comment on the investigation.

**VALERIE**

Joe-

**JOE WILSON**

We have to fight this Val. If we don't push back.

He looks at his phone.

**JOE**

I have another call. I have to go.

**VALERIE**

(Exasperated)

Joe-

He's gone. She puts the phone down.

**BACK TO:**

**IN THE CAR, JOE TAKES THE OTHER CALL.**

**JOE**

Joe Wilson.

**CHRIS MATTHEWS**

Joe, its Chris Matthews. I just spoke to Karl Rove. He told me "Wilson's Wife is fair game".

He goes still.

**DIANA (O.S.)**

So when did you join?

**INT. BUSY GEORGETOWN RESTAURANT. DAY.**

Waiters hurry about. Valerie sits with her friend, Diana.

**VALERIE**

`84. Straight out of college.

**DIANA**

Jenny said it makes a weird kind of sense. Everyone says Valerie's a great listener. Asks lots of questions. About your job. About Steve or the kids.

**VALERIE**

I had no plan for this day. Right now it feels like I'm.. Everything is smashed into a million pieces. It's like I'm suddenly in this-

**DIANA**

(Interrupting)  
Why did you do it?

**VALERIE**

What?

Valerie is still.

**DIANA**

Every conversation. For twenty years. Thousands of phone-calls. You lied to me on every single one. Nineteen years. Birthdays. My wedding. You're my best friend Val.

Diana has tears in her eyes.

**VALERIE**

Diana. I know it's hard to understand, but it..

They look at each other. Valerie really struggles. Then:

**VALERIE**

It becomes normal.

**DIANA**

Normal.

**VALERIE**

I know this is strange for you. And you may not feel like it's, but I need you right now. Because I'm-

**DIANA**

What? What are you? My ol' pal Val?

(Valerie is silent.)

I have photos. Hundreds and  
hundreds of photographs with this  
person. And..

**(MORE)**

85.

DIANA (cont'd)

I'm sitting here, and I know the  
face, I've known it half my life.  
What else do I know? Who are you?

Valerie sits there, very still.

**INT/EXT. CAR (MOVING). DAY.**

Valerie drives home past the Capitol, still.

**THE CAR PULLS UP AT THE PLAYGROUP.**

Valerie gets out and sleep-walks into the building.

She joins a small group of mothers watching through glass  
door, their children playing. One of the mothers nudges  
another and whispers something. They both look at Valerie,  
who tenses.

**THROUGH THE GLASS**

Her kids put their coats on and come out. Valerie puts on a  
bright smile. Kneels to hug them.

**VALERIE**

(Brightly)

Hey guys. How was your day?

She carries them out, watched by the other mothers.

**EXT. CHARLSTON TERRACE. DAY.**

Valerie bussles the kids out of the car. A neighbor is  
mowing his lawn. She tenses as he slows his pace to study her.

Another neighbor, searching for his keys stops and watches  
her too, as she takes the kids into the house.

**INT. WILSON HOUSE. DAY.**

Valerie and the kids come inside. The phone is ringing.

**VALERIE**

Hello.  
(Silence.)  
Hello.  
(Silence)

**PHONE**

Your husband is a fucking  
communist. I hope you die you  
fucking communist whore.

She puts the phone down. Frozen. Shaking.

86.

**SAMANTHA (O.S.)**

Mommy. Trevor won't let me go on  
his tractor.

and All at once, the facade crumbles. VALERIE closes her eyes  
is wracked with sobs. When she opens them Sam is terrified.

**SAMANTHA**

Mommy.

**VALERIE**

It's OK honey. Mommy's just tired.

She hugs her. Crying. Samantha strokes her mom's hair.

**INT. KIDS BEDROOM, WILSON HOUSE. NIGHT.**

Valerie reads a storybook to her twins.

**VALERIE**

So the caterpillar built a cocoon  
and it stayed safe inside for  
weeks. And when it emerged it was a  
beautiful butterfly..

**CUT TO:**

She closes the door on her sleeping children. She goes next  
door into--

**INT. VALERIE AND JOE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT**

code  
She goes into her closet. Removes a box. Then she taps a  
friends.  
into a small safe and removes another box. Alone, Valerie  
opens the first box. Photographs of herself with her  
At college. People's weddings. Birthdays. Valerie and her  
girlfriends all smiling back at us. Holidays with the same  
friends. On a hen night.  
cards,  
She opens the second box: Different currencies. Credit  
photos of her with different people. Half a dozen passports.  
American. A couple Canadian. EU. She looks at the photos.  
Different names. Hair colour. She puts them back in the box.  
Carefully, and shuts the lid tight shut. She looks at  
herself  
in the mirror. The doorbell rings and Valerie gets up.

**CUT TO:**

VALERIE opens the front door. Standing there is Sawsan.

**VALERIE**

Sawsan. What are you doing here?

87.

**SAWSAN**

Your name and address are all over  
the web. There's even a picture of  
your house..

Valerie tries to take this in. Sawsan steps forward --

**SAWSAN**

Sa'ad has disappeared. His wife,  
his children are missing.  
My uncle in Mansour. He said they  
were targeting them. They were  
killing them..

**VALERIE**

Who?

**SAWSAN**

Sa'ad's colleagues. Dr Habbuck was  
shot dead in the street. Dr Falli  
was murdered in his hallway.  
They're killing them.

**VALERIE**

Sawsan, listen to me-

**SAWSAN**

I know you can't tell me where he is. Just tell me you have him. I beg you. Please. I don't need to know anything. Just tell me he's safe.. He's my little brother. Please. If you have him, if he's somewhere...

(She starts to cry.)

Please. Please, I beg you. Do you have him. I have to know.

Valerie speaks quietly.

**VALERIE**

We don't have him.

Sawsan closes her eyes. She sobs.

**SAWSAN**

You said he would be safe. You said we would help. You promised-

VALERIE approaches. Sawsan withdraws.

**SAWSAN**

I trusted you.

88.

She turns her back and walks away. Leaving Valerie alone.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREET IN GEORGETOWN SUBURB. NIGHT**

Valerie's boss MIKE is watching TV with his wife and kids  
and her mother, when the doorbell rings. He gets up.  
The front door opens. Valerie is standing there.

**MIKE**

Valerie. What are you doing here?

Mike steps forward and closes his front door. Mike glances  
up and down the street.

**CUT TO:**



A garage door opens. Valerie and Mike step into his garage and fluorescent light flickers on to reveal boxes of Christmas decorations etc-

**VALERIE**

Falli. Habbuck. Who else?

**MIKE**

Valerie-

**VALERIE**

Who else Mike?

**MIKE**

I don't know what you're talking about.

She fixes him. Eventually he shrugs.

**MIKE**

(He shrugs)

You were right. It's all about the scientists. We made a call.

**VALERIE**

A call?

**MIKE**

We passed your case files to liason. You know yourself we're not great at this stuff.

(Off her shock)

Val, Mossad were already on the same page.

**(MORE)**

89.

**MIKE (cont'd)**

They've been trying to hunt these guys down since the invasion.

**VALERIE**

You've..

(She stops. Looks at him.)

We're killing them. We're killing the scientists.

**MIKE**

Valerie-

**VALERIE**

You'll drive them underground.

They'll run straight to Iran.  
Pakistan.

**MIKE**

Valerie. This isn't your problem  
anymore.

**VALERIE**

It's not my problem. It's not my  
problem. How can you sleep when you  
know-

**MIKE**

(With purpose)  
I sleep just fine. Now Carol's  
mother is here. I'm going to have  
to ask you to leave.

**VALERIE**

It's called counter-proliferation,  
Mike.

She turns and walks out.

**EXT. STREET. NIGHT.**

Valerie gets in her car. Shaking. Shuts the door. She holds  
her head in her hands and starts to sob.

We hear the sound of a crowd cheering..

**INT. SEATTLE FORUM. DAY.**

Joe Wilson is on a panel before a crowd of about a thousand.

90.

**JOE WILSON**

At the end of the day, it's of keen  
interest to me to see whether or  
not we can get Karl Rove frog-  
marched out of White House in  
handcuffs. And trust me when I use  
that name, I measure my words.

Cheers. Applause. Joe looks defiant.

**CUT TO:**

**JOE MEETING HIS PUBLIC. PUMPING HANDS. A WARM SHOW OF  
SUPPORT.**

**SUPPORTER**

We came all the way from Portland  
for this.

**JOE**

Your support means everything to  
us. Really.

**SUPPORTER 2**

You're a true American hero.

**JOE**

The real heroes are in Iraq right  
now fighting a war which was  
prosecuted on lies and falsehoods.

A quick montage of Joe being feted. It ends with Joe in a  
huddle with a dozen or so supporters.

**JOE**

My wife and I have never sought  
publicity. But I know when I tell  
her about how much support there  
was here today, I know how thrilled  
and humbled she'll be.

**EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT. DAY.**

A bright DC day. Joggers. Lunchtime office workers.

Valerie walks alone through the park. She sits down on a  
bench next to JIM PAVITT.

**PAVITT**

Thank you for coming here today.  
I wanted to convey my outrage to  
you in person. In all my  
experience, nothing has disgusted  
me like this business.

**(MORE)**

91.

PAVITT (cont'd)

I know it's not easy for you, but I  
want you to know how much the  
agency appreciates your silence in  
the light of this matter. We know  
how damaging this has been to you.  
We can't afford for this knife  
fight to go on any longer.

**VALERIE**

I get death threats every day. People threatening to kill my husband. Hurt my children. I went to the agency and I requested security to protect my family. It was declined. Because quote "My circumstances fall outside budget protocols." If this is a knife fight, right now, Sir - we're fighting it alone.

Pavitt starts to chuckle.

**PAVITT**

Joe Wilson versus the White House. Well, all I can say is Good Luck. But as a friend, I feel I should tell you that those men..

He points down the hill at the White House.

**PAVITT**

Those few men in that building over there, that small white house, are the most powerful men in the history of the world. How much of a stretch do you think it would be for them to take on Joe Wilson?

He looks at her.

**PAVITT**

Joe's out there on his own Valerie. But I know we can trust you. Speak to your husband.

He turns and walks off, leaving her alone, looking at the White House.

**INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT**

Joe and Valerie are having supper. The TV is on in the background. Joe is energized. Valerie is quiet.

92.

**TV (MATT FREI)**

The nightmare scenario of an attack on a major city is as real, if not more real, than it was a year ago..

**JOE WILSON**

Tucker Carlson said yesterday that Wilson's wife sent him on a boondoggle. Said I needed the work. Who needs to work for free? Niger does have restaurants. The Opera. Reminds me alot of Paris.

**RUMSFELD ON TV**

We know if we do not fight the terrorists over there in Iraq, in Afghanistan and across the world, we will have to face them here.

**JOE WILSON**

Someone from Vanity Fair called. They want to do a piece on us. Cover-story. Five thousand words. In-depth interview. Photographs of the two of us. What do you think?

**VALERIE**

What do I think? Do I want my photograph in Vanity Fair? Is that the question?

**JOE WILSON**

We have to keep this as high profile as possible. We have to keep fighting.

**NEWS**

In Baghdad today, coordinated car bombs killed 175 in what is being called the worst day of insurgent violence in months...

**VALERIE**

I'm going to bed.

**JOE WILSON**

Val...what's wrong? What did I say?

**VALERIE**

My name is everywhere, Joe. My real name. Everywhere. All this publicity and noise and fighting talk, where is it getting us?

**JOE**

Karl Rove told the Financial Times they're rolling the earth movers over Joe Wilson. Quote.

**(MORE)**

JOE (cont'd)

Earth Movers. Well I'm sorry but they don't get me without a fight. Not without a big fucking fight they don't.

**VALERIE**

It's the White House Joe. You seriously think you can pick a fight with the White House and win. They'll bury us.

**JOE WILSON**

They'll bury us if we don't. How loud can you shout Val? Say we get in an argument you think you're right, and I think your wrong. You start making your point with all your might, and I start shouting back, except I'm the White House, and I can a shout a million times louder. Does that make me right? They lied Val. That's the truth.

**VALERIE**

By the time they're finished here you won't know what that is.

**CUT TO:**

**REPORTER ON TV**

Today Special Prosecutor Patrick Fitzgerald, in charge of the enquiry into the leaking of the identity of a covert agent announced that he is convening a Grand Jury to investigate the affair. Among the blizzard of subpoenas issued are ones for the Vice President's chief of Staff Scooter Libby, and special advisor to the President Karl Rove. Both men are under suspicion of having leaked the agent's name to reporters in order to damage former Ambassador Joseph Wilson, a vocal and combative critic of the administration. It is believed that the President himself has been questioned under oath by the FBI.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE. DAY.**

KARL ROVE walks down a corridor past Libby's secretary.

94.

**ROVE**

Scooter home?

**CUT TO:**

ROVE enters. Libby looks up from his desk.

**ROVE**

Scooter.

Karl tosses a heavy document onto the desk.

**LIBBY**

What's that?

**ROVE**

Findings of the Select Committee on Intelligence. All five hundred pages and eleven pages of it.

**LIBBY**

Am I going to enjoy it?

**ROVE**

I know someone who isn't.

Libby smiles.

**EXT. PARK. DAY.**

A military parade. Three hundred eighteen year old recruits. Fresh. Immaculate. Shining in the morning sun.

**TREVOR**

Look at the soldiers mommy. Look!

VALERIE and the twins join the small crowd and watch.

Valerie

watches the American flag lowered, folded, and stowed.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND IN THE PARK. DAY.**

The twins are playing on a slide. Valerie sits on a bench.

When she looks back, she sees Joe approaching across the playground. He greets the kids, hugging them..

**JOE**

Go and play now.

And he walks over to Valerie on the bench.

95.

**VALERIE**

Hey.

Joe carries a heavy brown manilla envelope. From it he removes a thick wad of paper and drops it on the bench.

**VALERIE**

What's that?

**JOE WILSON**

That is the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence. On page thirty six it says "the former ambassador's wife offered up his name" and includes a memorandum written by Valerie Plame which says quote "my husband has good relations with both the prime minister and the former Minister of Mines, both of whom could possibly shed light on this sort of activity." I've spent a whole year denying just this.

**VALERIE**

Joe wait-

**JOE WILSON**

Telling everyone who'll listen, on TV. In the press. My wife did not send me on a junket.

**VALERIE**

Joe. I didn't send you. I didn't have that power.

**JOE WILSON**

You sent an email. The SSCI found the email.

**VALERIE**

**JOE WILSON**



no

I write hundreds of emails. Why didn't you tell me? At  
time in the past twelve  
months you never thought-

**VALERIE**

I didn't make the decision. I was  
asked to write a recommendation.  
What am I supposed to do. Not say  
my husband knows about this.

**JOE WILSON**

They have this now. They will call  
me a liar. It will stick. They have  
all the power here, what do I have?

**(MORE)**

96.

**JOE WILSON (cont'd)**

My word. You have to speak up. You  
have to go on record.

**VALERIE**

Joe-

**JOE WILSON**

You have to defend us. Now.

She's cornered. Shakes her head in frustration.

**VALERIE**

So what do you want me to do Joe?  
Go to the papers like you did?  
Write a piece in the New York  
Times? You know I'd have to submit  
it to the Agency, and they'll-

**JOE WILSON**

(Interrupting)

The agency? The.. Wait.. Is this  
the same Agency which won't give  
you protection for your children?  
Is this the same CIA that's erased  
your pension? Where's your loyalty  
Val? To your husband or the CIA?

**VALERIE**

(Shouts louder)

It's to MY FAMILY. I put my family  
first. ALWAYS. Were you putting  
them first when you wrote that  
fucking article?

People are looking over. The children notice. JOE is stung into silence.

**VALERIE**

I'm taking different routes to and from school. I'm looking in empty rooms..under the beds every time I come home. A home we're going to lose because your work has dried up and your clients are running for cover. What has all this achieved? What changed Joe? Who won?

**JOE WILSON**

(nods)

Maybe you're right. Maybe I should have kept my mouth shut. Is that what your dad taught you Valerie? That what Colonel Sam Plame said?

**(MORE)**

97.

JOE WILSON (cont'd)

A good American doesn't rock the boat. A good American looks the other way.

They are both terribly wounded. He looks at her, levelly.

**JOE**

Did you send me to Niger?

(Silence)

"His business is struggling. He's on the slide. I'll throw him a bone." Was that it Val? You pull some strings for me? You help your old man out?

**VALERIE**

How dare you?

**JOE WILSON**

Did you send me?

**VALERIE**

You think I'm lying to you.

**JOE**

Could I tell if you were?

Utter silence.

**VALERIE**

You fucking bastard..

She stops. SAMANTHA is watching them. She has tears in her eyes. Valerie goes over and scoops her up. And Trevor. And carries them off. Joe is alone.

**CUT TO:**

**CNN NEWS FOOTAGE**

**ANCHORMAN**

The Senate Intelligence Committee published information that showed Joe Wilson had lied about how he came to be sent to Niger. He denied that his wife had any role in it whatsoever, but a memo Plame wrote on February 12, 2002 proves otherwise.

98.

**MSNBC NEWS FOOTAGE**

**ANCHORMAN**

The Senate Intelligence Committee let some air a lot of air - out of Joe Wilson's overly inflated ego when it issued its first report on prewar intelligence. While the committee heaped most of its criticism on the Central Intelligence Agency for getting almost everything wrong about Iraq and weapons of mass destruction it pointedly rebuked the former ambassador and his infamous mission to Niger.

**EXT. HOUSE. DAY.**

Morning. Joe, in a suit, comes out of his house. A gaggle of reporter is waiting, they follow Joe as he crosses into the street towards his car. Shutters and flashbulbs firing.

**REPORTER**

Mr Wilson, do you still maintain the Vice President's office sent you Niger and not your wife?

**REPORTER 2**

Mr Wilson was Niger just a free holiday? A boondoggle?

**JOE WILSON**

My wife did not send me. I didn't receive payment. It was not a holiday. It was a fact finding mission in the run up to a war. But the fact is no one wanted facts.

**REPORTER**

Are you against our troops Mr Wilson?

**REPORTER**

Mr. Wilson is it true you donated money to the Kerry campaign?

**REPORTER**

People are saying your wife does not actually work for the CIA.

**REPORTER**

Is it true she was just a secretary at Langley?

99.

Joe turns round, furious, as if he's going to punch the reporter. He tenses his jaw.

**JOE WILSON**

No comment.

Joe gets into his car. The questions roaring around him.

**INT. HOUSE. NIGHT.**

Valerie is alone. In bed. Watching TV. FOX NEWS. Rogers.

**GUEST**

The question still remains, who is Valerie Plame? Was she really simply a glorified typist?

**ROGERS**

Well, I think it's really all about the money. We're talking about a third-rate CIA agent who had a government salary, and she had sent

her husband to Niger, and he had come back and didn't give the report to the CIA, but he turned it over in an op-ed to The New York Times. So she was already in the hot seat with the CIA, and so now she's all about the money. Plus it's come out that she was considered kind of a mediocre agent at best.

**INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.**

Joe puts a sheet on the couch. He looks around for something to use as a pillow.

**INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.**

Joe comes into the bedroom to get his pillow. Valerie is lying in the bed, turned away. He pauses in the doorway.

We see Valerie up close. She begins to speak.

**VALERIE**

When we were at the "Farm", training to be field officers, they picked four or five of us and told us we'd stood out.

FLASH---- Valerie, kneeling, blindfold, in stress position.

**BACK TO:  
100.**

**VALERIE**

We were bound, hooded and thrown in separate cells. They beat us. Deprived us of sleep. All you had to do was give up the name of one of the others. Just one name. For a glass of water. A sandwich. To avoid another punch.

**FLASH -- A CAR BATTERY IS CONNECTED.. SZZZZZZ!**

**VALERIE**

Another hour in a stress position.

FLASH -- VALERIE bursts out from under the water. Gasps in a draft of air.

**VALERIE**

They push you until they find it.  
Til they find the point at which  
you break. Because they have to  
know. You have to know. And one by  
one, everybody broke. Except me. I  
never broke.

(she looks at him)

I've been in situations, places  
where I was afraid. Where if you  
made a mistake, one tiny mistake,  
at any moment..

(Pause)

But I never made a mistake. And  
that made me feel special. I  
thought: I'm Different. Bullet-  
proof. You can't break me. I don't  
have a breaking point.

(Pause)

I was wrong.

Joe comes over. He reaches out and touches Valerie.  
Immediately she gets up and walks out.

Alone, he hears the bathroom door close.

**ESTABLISHING. CHARLESTON TERRACE. DAY --**

**INT. UPSTAIRS, WILSON HOUSE. DAY.**

Valerie packs the kids stuff up into suitcases.

**INT. DOWNSTAIRS. JOE'S STUDY. DAY.**

Joe sits at his desk, a book open. Not reading.

101.

Valerie puts the kid's coats on. The study door is open. She  
knows Joe is there but she doesn't look at him nor he at  
her.

**VALERIE**

OK. Say goodbye to your father.

The kids go into -- THE STUDY -- Joe looks up.

**JOE WILSON**

Hey guys.

**SAMANTHA**

We're going on a mystery tour.

**TREVOR**

Why aren't you coming daddy.

It hits him in the gut.

**JOE WILSON**

Come here.

He scoops them up. Kisses him. Her.

**JOE WILSON**

I'll see you both real soon OK?

In the hallway Valerie waits.

**VALERIE**

OK guys. C'mon.

**CUT TO:**

On the driveway, VALERIE puts the kids in the car.

INSIDE -- Joe sits there, not looking as the car pulls away.

**EXT. HUNTSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA. DAY**

Valerie gets out of the car. The kids run to hug Grandma and Grandpa.

**INT. KITCHEN. DAY.**

Valerie's mom coralls the kids.

**VALERIE'S MOM**

Who wants to make toffee apples?

**KIDS**

Me! Me!

Val looks downstairs. In the shop, her father, in an apron.

**102.**

**LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME**

Well don't just stand there. Come take a look.

**INT. BASEMENT WORKSHOP. DAY.**

A wide workbench. Tools in neat rows. Valerie's father, an

old man in a plaid shirt holds a sander. Points to the table he's working on.

**LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME**

It's cherry. I thought it'd work in your dining room. I can see the great and the good of Washington eating off this thing for years to come. Just sanding her down then she done.

**VALERIE**

It's beautiful.

**VALERIE'S MOM**

(calling down)

Sam. I keep telling you. They have a table.

Valerie smiles at her Dad who looks at her properly.

**LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME**

Well come here.

They hug.

**INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL. DAY.**

Joe walks across the floor. He shakes hands with three or four businessmen.

**JOE WILSON**

Good morning.

They all introduce themselves. Joe orders breakfast.

**BUSINESSMAN**

How's your wife Joe?

**JOE WILSON**

She's fine. She's well. She uh..

He uses the waitress to change the subject.

**JOE WILSON**

Hi. I'll just have a strong coffee. I'm not very hungry.

**(MORE)**

103.

JOE WILSON (cont'd)  
(to the other men)



So. How long are you in town for?

**CUT TO:**

Joe washing his hands in the bathroom. Tense. He looks tired.

**CUT TO:**

Joe comes out of the bathroom and walks across the foyer and back to his table. A woman is talking to his business associates. He sees who it is, instantly looks concerned.

**JOE**

Can I help you? Excuse me. Can I help you?

**RIGHT WING REPORTER**

I'm just telling these people that you sir are a fraud.

**JOE**

OK. This is a private lunch. Please leave us alone.

**RIGHT WING REPORTER**

This man is a liar and a traitor. He is in the pay of left wing hate groups, he is a democrat stooge, and he is an anti-war zealot. He has stabbed our troops the back.

Joe is trying to laugh it off. But everyone is watching.

**JOE**

OK. Leave now.

**BUSINESSMAN 2**

May we get the check?  
hands.  
wife  
fantasist.

**RIGHT WING REPORTER**

You have blood on your  
You are a fraud and your  
is a traitor and a

**JOE**

OK. Leave my fucking table. Now.  
How dare you talk about my wife?  
You don't know her. You don't know me.  
Now leave my table. Now.

The table nearby are watching.

**RIGHT WING REPORTER**

(To the next table)

Ladies and gentleman. Joe Wilson.

**(MORE)**

104.

RIGHT WING REPORTER (cont'd)

He likes to lie in the press and he likes to swear and insult women.

**BUSINESSMAN**

I think we should leave.

**JOE WILSON**

No. Please.

**BUSINESSMAN 2**

No really we should.

**BUSINESSMAN**

We'll call.

**JOE WILSON**

Shame on you. You call yourself a reporter. Shame on you.

(to himself as she leaves)

You're a self publicising hack.

Fuck you. Fuck you.

Joe storms away. OUT OF THE FOUR SEASONS

Into the street -- He doesn't know what just happened. He hails a TAXI. It tears past. He hails another. It stops.

**INT. TAXI. DAY.**

**JOE WILSON**

(Shaken)

Pallisades.

The driver drives. Joe tries to calm down, but in the back  
of this cab, it all hits him and he starts to lose it. He looks sick. His head is exploding. The tension like a vice. He opens the window. He gets himself under control, but he's white and shaking. The cab driver looks in the rear-view.

**TAXI DRIVER**

You OK?

**JOE WILSON**

I'm fine.

**TAXI DRIVER**

You're him. I see you on the TV.  
You're Joe Wilson.

**JOE**

No, I'm not.

**TAXI DRIVER**

Yes brother. I see you on the TV.

105.

**JOE WILSON**

That's somebody else.

**TAXI DRIVER**

No no. I know you. My name is Joe  
too. I am from Sierra Leone.  
Freetown. You've been there, right.  
You like Freetown?

Joe looks out of the window.

**JOE WILSON**

Joe, we both know Freetown's a shit-  
hole.

The taxi driver cracks up.

**TAXI DRIVER**

That's the truth. That's the truth  
right there, brother. Yes indeed.  
Sierra Leone is dying. The people  
at the top have too much power. WAY  
too much power. Over there we have  
no truth. Just power. People can't  
see that from here. Over here it's  
a different world.

Joe stares out the window.

**JOE WILSON**

I wouldn't be so sure of that.

**TAXI DRIVER**

How can you say that? Land of the  
Free, brother. Home of the Brave.

Joe looks sick.

**JOE WILSON**

Can we pull over. I'm going to walk. Look keep the change.

**TAXI DRIVER**

Do you pray, Joe Wilson?

**JOE WILSON**

No.

**TAXI DRIVER**

I give you this. It is my church maybe you come. And if you open a bible, look John Chapter eight.

**(MORE)**

106.

**TAXI DRIVER (cont'd)**

Then Jesus said if you continue in my word then are you my disciples indeed. And you shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free.

(he smiles)

Take care brother Joe.

..and drives off. Joe looks up. He is standing right outside the Capitol.

**EXT. BACK FIELD. DAY.**

Valerie's father is teaching the kids how to lasso a pole. They both want to go first. He tries to keep the peace.

FROM THE KITCHEN -- Valerie and her mother watch.

**VALERIE**

How's is he?

**MOTHER**

Oh you know. Getting better. Shakin' through.

OUT IN THE FIELD -- Val's Dad lassos the pole. Kids cheer.

**CUT TO:**

Sunset. Midges swirl in dizzy soups. Out in the field, Samantha is trying to lasso the pole. Valerie comes out and joins her father on the porch. He suddenly points.

**LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME**

OK. See those birds. Those guys.  
Those yellow fellas. See `em..

**VALERIE**

Yeah I see `em.

**LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME**

OK. Listen.

(They both listen)

You hear that? Ain't that  
beautiful. They suddenly showed up  
last year. They're called..

(Stops)

What are they called? I know their  
name. They're called something.

(He wracks his brain)

Anyway. They were here last year.  
And the year before. God they're  
beautiful. Look at that.

107.

They watch the birds.

**VALERIE**

Dad, I think my marriage is over.

The sun setting. Samantha playing below. He nods slowly.

**LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME**

Well. I know my little girl doesn't  
say anything til she absolutely has  
to.

Tears come to her eyes.

**LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME**

I'm the same way. And I've said  
that too. Those exact same words.  
July 1972. Your mother and I were  
fighting all the time. I guess she  
was just plain tired of moving  
home. Wasn't `til I retired after  
42 years in the Air Force, I  
realised we never had a home.  
Germany, Singapore, Australia,  
England. Heck I can remember the  
day you were born in a freezing  
cold airbase outside Anchorage  
Alaska. You must have been to  
twenty schools. Twenty different

chances to introduce yourself. Be someone new. But you turned out OK. Responsible. A little too serious. Always looking down the road. Worrying where life was going to drag you next. But it made you tough. Real tough. Maybe tougher than I, or your mother, or anyone knows.

**VALERIE**

He wants me to go on the record. Speak out. Like that would suddenly make this all go away. We can't even speak to each other.

(She shakes her head)

I can't see how this comes round. I just can't see it, pop. Not anymore.

He looks at her. With a serious intent. He speak low.

**LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME**

What they did was wrong Valerie. Plain wrong. Never forget that.

108.

Valerie look at the floor as her father's words sink in.

**LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME**

Say through some miracle you even get through this.. you and Joe are always gonna fight. You're fighters. He's a stubborn son of a bitch too. He don't give up easy either.

A dark cloud comes over him. He speaks levelly.

**LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME**

One day this country is gonna look back on these years, and it's gonna hang its head. It's gonna weep. Then it's gonna stand up straight and walk on.

lassoo He watches Samantha in the half-light, still trying to the pole.

**LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME**

I swear to God, she's gonna keep at that until she licks it.

Valerie smiles. He points to Samantha.

**LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME.**

They're tougher than we are.  
They'll piss you off from time to time, but they're built to last.

**EXT. CAPITOL. OLD ASSEMBLY HALL. NIGHT.**

Joe sits surrounded by the statues of Presidents and lawmakers. A janitor approaches.

**JANITOR**

Mister?  
(No reaction)  
We're closing. You have to leave.

**EXT. CAPITOL. NIGHT.**

Joe walks out. The Capitol behind him. He walks away.

**EXT. WHITE HOUSE. DAY.**

A line of Satellite vans a hundred yards long.

**INT. WEST WING. DAY.**

Libby is escorted out of the White House by security.

109.

**MSNBC**

The vice president's chief of staff, I. Lewis "Scooter" Libby Jr., was indicted Friday on charges of obstruction of justice, perjury and making false statements..

**CUT TO:**

Libby gets into the back of a black Mercedes. Cameras flash.

**FOX NEWS**

..in the CIA leak investigation, a politically charged case that casts a harsh light on President Bush's push to war. Libby,

**CNN**

Karl Rove, Bush's closest adviser, escaped indictment Friday but remained under investigation, his legal status casting a dark cloud

in

55, resigned and left the White House. over a White House already  
trouble.

**CNN**

The U.S. military death toll in Iraq exceeded 2,000 this week, and the president's approval ratings are at the lowest point since he took office in 2001.

**MSNBC**

At a news conference, special counsel Patrick Fitzgerald declined to comment about Rove's involvement.

**FOX NEWS**

Asked about Cheney, he said: "I'm not making allegations about anyone not charged in the indictment."

**CNN**

Friday's charges stemmed from a two-year investigation by Fitzgerald into whether Rove, Libby or any other administration officials knowingly revealed the identity of CIA officer Valerie Plame..

**INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.**

Joe stands in his living room, watching the TV.. Alone.

110.

**CNN**

In a statement released Friday afternoon, Libby said, "I have conducted my responsibilities honorably and truthfully. I am confident that at the end of this process I will be completely and totally exonerated."

He turns. Valerie is standing there. He stiffens. Tries to cover his shock. Becomes almost formal-

**JOE**

They served up Libby. He's taking the fall.



He fixes on the screen.

**JOE**

I bet they've already struck the deal. He takes the fall. He gets pardoned. The deck's stacked. I bet this doesn't even get to a trial.

**VALERIE**

Thank you.

He looks at her and sways slightly.

**VALERIE**

I don't care how angry you get. I don't care what they say about us. I don't care if you hate me. If they take everything away from us, but they are not going to take this. They do not get to take my marriage.

Joe's eyes fill with tears.

**JOE WILSON**

I'm so sorry.

Tears fill her eyes.

**VALERIE**

You did good.

He looks her in the eye. Shakes his head.

**JOE WILSON**

I did it for me.

She shakes her head.

**111.**

**VALERIE**

I know why you did it.  
(She looks at him)  
Thank you.

There's a thousand things he could suddenly say. And suddenly nothing, as he fights tears.

**JOE**

If I could give it back to you. If

I could give you back who you were-

**VALERIE**

This is who I am. Right here.

They clasp each other and hug, and all the pain drains away. They kiss. As they break she looks into her husband's eyes.

**VALERIE**

So are you ready to fight?

Joe looks at his wife. His eyes filled with tears.

**INT. BEDROOM. DAY.**

Valerie getting ready. She puts on make-up. A grey suit.

**JOE (O.S.)**

How many of you know who put the 16 words in the State of the Union address?

**ESTABLISHING-- OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS. DAY.**

**JOE WILSON (O.S.)**

Arguably the most important speech the president makes all year. Never more important when the nation is on the brink of war.

**INT. CAVERNOUS LECTURE THEATRE, COLUMBUS OHIO. NIGHT**

stand  
Joe steps out onto a stage. Packed to the rafters. Kids on window ledges, others hang over balconies. SILENCE.

**JOE WILSON**

How many of you know who put it in?  
(No hands.)  
How many of you know my wife's name?  
(Everyone in the hall.)  
How do you know one and not the other?

**(MORE)**

**112.**

**JOE WILSON (cont'd)**

How did the question move from "Why are we going to war?" to "Who is that man's wife". I asked the first question. Someone else asked the

second. It worked. Its still working. Because we still don't know the truth. But you all know my wife's name.

**INT. TAXI (MOVING). DAY.**

Valerie sits in the back of a cab, looking out of the window.

**JOE WILSON V/O**

Public officials swear an oath to uphold the constitution. That is their duty. They must be kept to their oath. That is yours. This offense wasn't committed against me. Nor against my wife...

**THE HALL.**

**JOE WILSON**

It was committed against you. And if you ever feel angry. Misrepresented. Ashamed even.

**VALERIE IN THE CAB.**

**JOE WILSON (O.S.)**

Do something about it. In 1787 as Benjamin Franklin left the Constitution Hall after the last drafting session, he was stopped by a woman on the street. She asked--

**THE HALL.**

**JOE WILSON**

-what manner of government have you bequeathed us? Ben said 'A Republic madam. If you can keep it.'

**BACK TO:**

**VALERIE IN THE CAB. THE PASSING STREET REFLECTED ON HER FACE.**

**JOE WILSON**

If you can keep it.

**CUT TO:  
113.**

**INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL TEHRAN. DAY**

Sa'ad and his family walk out of the jetway and are greeted by officials and men in uniform. Sa'ad smiles and shakes hands. His wife nervously shepherds their children.

**JOE WILSON V/O**

The responsibility for this country does not lie in the hands of a privileged few.

**EXT. MOUNTAINOUS ROAD. DAY**

rugged  
Sa'ad, a Korean man and two officers of the Sepah revolutionary guard ride in a four wheel drive through Iranian countryside, reflected on his face.

**JOE WILSON**

We are strong and we are free from tyranny only for as long as each and every one of us remembers their duty as citizens.

**EXT. NATANZ NUCLEAR RESEARCH FACILITY, IRAN. DAY**

Vaziri,  
Sa'ad arrives at the heavily fortified reactor. He is introduced to several men the last of which is Manucher the arms dealer Valerie was tracking.

**VAZIRI**

Welcome to the revolution my brother.

Sa'ad looks up at the state of the art facility.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CAPITOL HILL. DAY.**

VALERIE GETS OUT OF THE CAB. She walks down the street past the gleaming government buildings.

**JOE WILSON**

Whether its a pothole at the end of your street or a lie in the State of the Union Address..Speak up. Ask the question. Demand the truth.

Valerie walks. We see the Capitol dome behind her. She  
begins to climb steps..

**JOE WILSON**

Democracy is not a free ride...

114.

**THE HALL.**

**JOE WILSON**

Man I'm here to tell you that. But  
its where we live. And if we do our  
job its where our children will  
live. God bless America.

A roar erupts from the auditorium.

**BACK TO:**

Valerie climbs the steps. Suddenly she is engulfed in  
flashes. Dozens of photographers. Reporters. She climbs the  
steps. She passes between the two enormous statues to the  
Spirit of Justice and The Majesty of the Law --

**INT. RAYBURN HOUSE. CAPITOL HILL. DAY.**

Valerie walks onto the floor of the Oversight Committee.  
Cameras. Microphones. Press photographers. She sits before a  
microphone. Swallows.

**VALERIE**

Good morning, Mr. Chairman and  
members of the committee. My name  
is Valerie Plame Wilson, and I am  
honored to have been invited to  
testify under oath before the  
Committee on Oversight and  
Government Reform on the critical  
issue...

her The shot dissolves into the REAL VALERIE PLAME delivering  
testimony to the chamber.

**REAL VALERIE FOOTAGE**

...of safeguarding classified  
information. I'm grateful for this  
opportunity to set the record  
straight. I served the United  
States loyally and to the best of

my ability as a covert operations officer for the Central Intelligence Agency. I worked on behalf of the national security of our country, on behalf of the people of the United States until my name and true affiliation were exposed in the national media on July 14th, 2003, after a leak by administration officials. Today I can tell this committee even more.

**(MORE)**

**115.**

REAL VALERIE FOOTAGE (cont'd)

In the run-up to the war with Iraq I worked in the Counter Proliferation Division of the CIA, still as a covert officer whose affiliation with the CIA was classified. I raced to discover solid intelligence for senior policy makers on Iraq 's presumed weapons of mass destruction program. While I helped to manage and run secret worldwide operations against this WMD target from CIA headquarters in Washington , I also traveled to foreign countries on secret missions to find vital intelligence. I loved my career because I love my country.

**BLACKOUT**

On March 6th 2007 Scooter Libby was found guilty of perjury, obstruction of justice and making false statements to the FBI, concerning the leaking of Valerie Plame's identity.

He was handed the maximum sentence: two and a half years in prison, and a \$250,000 fine.

On July 2nd 2007. The President used his executive authority to commute the court's sentence.

Joe and Valerie left Washington and found a new home in Santa Fe. They live there today, with their children.

FADE OUT..