

SYRIANA

by
Stephen Gaghan
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All you have to do is to tell them that they are being attacked, and denounce the pacifists for lack of patriotism and exposing the country to danger. It works the same in every country.

Hermann Goering

If a triangle could speak it would say that God
is eminently triangular.

Spinoza

FADE IN:

1 EXT. TEHERAN, IRAN - NIGHT 1

The minarets of Shi'a mosques dot the skyline. The sun rises through the smog. Keening SIRENS call the faithful.

A GROUP of bearded, turbanned MEN in white robes carrying Korans walk down an empty street.

As the religious men pass a nondescript metal door, a THUMPING SOUND rises...

The door cracks open and THREE MUSLIM WOMEN in full black sack emerge. The door shuts quickly behind them.

Stay with the THREE MUSLIM WOMEN as they walk away. CLICK CLICK CLICK on the cobblestone. We hear GIGGLES.

SUPERTITLE: TEHERAN, IRAN

One of them reaches down and removes stiletto high-heels, which disappear under the black cloth.

2 INT. TEHERAN NIGHTCLUB - DAY 2

Down two flights of crowded stairs, there's a bar, dance floor, low couches, minimal lighting, wasted PEOPLE.

Wealthy young IRANIANS sit at a table littered with ice-buckets and bottles of Absolut and Johnny Walker.

And with them is BOB BAER, 40's, professionally nondescript, he could be anything, a salesman, a high-school teacher. His face is ever-changing and his eyes miss nothing. Bob is the only American in the place and still you almost wouldn't notice him.

REZA AMIRI, 20's, a confident young Iranian, yells over the music. Beside him is his BROTHER.

REZA AMIRI

Have you ever tried liquid MDMA?

Bob's forehead is sweating and his hair is sticking to it, which he wipes away as he sips his scotch.

BOB

Liquid MDMA? No, I never tried it.

The music is louder. Reza shouts over it --

REZA AMIRI

Teheran is the world capital!

(CONTINUED)

Bob doesn't respond. Reza shouts again --

REZA AMIRI (CONT'D)
So, how's the kid?

BOB
Great. He's great. I'm a footnote
in his life.

Reza just stares. Bob sips his drink.

BOB (CONT'D)
Are we gonna do this?

A girl begins to dance in front of Reza.

REZA AMIRI
After prayer --

3 EXT. TEHERAN ROOFTOP - DAY 3

HIGH ANGLE POV down to the street as the Amiri brothers
car pulls up. Down the street, Bob's car pulls up.

Bob walks around to the trunk, opens it, and extracts a
worn, leather ATTACHE CASE.

4 EXT. TEHERAN STREET - DAY 4

The trunk shuts. The Amiris get out of their car,
oblivious Shi'a party-boys. Bob walks, at ease, happy in
a way, while dour MEN at cafe tables miss nothing.

5 INT. KEBAB SHOP - DAY 5

Corrugated metal shutters SLAM down, sealing out the
light. Bob peers through the gloom at TWO MILITARY CASES.

Out of the shadows, comes a threatening VOICE --

VOICE (ARABIC)
You're late.

The Amiri brothers' pupils are huge. They're nervous.

REZA AMIRI (ARABIC)
Relax, man --

VOICE (ARABIC)
You weren't supposed to bring him.

Reza pushes Bob toward the military cases. Bob expertly
flips one over and opens it --

(CONTINUED)

Inside: A STINGER MISSILE, neatly disassembled. He finds the serial number: 3j16w4921.

A SMILEY FACE is scratched into the metal of the Stinger.

Bob tries to activate the Stinger. It's dead. Reza and his brother perspire. Bob is perspiring.

Bob can hear MOUTH BREATHING and tries to see who is back there, but the PERSON shifts deeper into the murk.

Bob opens HIS ATTACHE CASE. He removes a pouch. The pouch holds a battery. The battery has a serial number.

Bob finds: 3j16w4921. A perfect match. He removes the dead battery and replaces it with the live battery. He activates the missile. It works. Everyone is relieved.

Bob moves to THE NEXT MILITARY CASE. He replaces the next battery and activates the second missile. It works. Reza and his brother exchange a celebratory glance --

VOICE (ARABIC - O.S.) (CONT'D)

Turn around.

The sound of a SHELL CHAMBERED. The Amiris turn toward the wall. Bob tries to see who is in the room.

BOB (FARSI)

What did you say?

VOICE doesn't speak Farsi. VOICE screams Arabic, sounding unhinged. Bob joins the Amiri brothers against the wall.

BOB (CONT'D)

(to Reza)

You didn't mention anybody else.

VOICE SCREAMS again. A RAPID PUSH to Bob and the barrel of a gun tickles up against his neck and ear. He hears a MOUTH BREATH up close. BREATH. BREATH. Then it's gone.

After a beat, Bob turns. Only ONE CASE REMAINS --

EXT. STREET BEHIND KEBAB SHOP - DAY

Bob exits the shop. Bright light and noise hits like a wall. Cars clog the road. Scooters tear by on the walk.

A SMALL VAN pulls away, faded sheep painted on the side. In the side-view mirror, BOB'S POV of MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA, 40's, bearded, with piercing blue eyes.

The van disappears into traffic.

7 EXT. TEHERAN ROOFTOP - DAY 7

The POV down to the street. The Amiris exit the front of the kebab shop carrying the REMAINING MILITARY CASE.

CAMERA ADJUSTS to incorporate SOMEONE'S HAND on the rooftop. And next to it, a remote-control TRIGGER DEVICE.

8 EXT. STREET - DAY 8

As the Amiris carry the case toward their car, Bob appears in the doorway and heads up the street toward us.

As Bob walks he glances up at the roof and NODS ONCE --

Behind Bob, in the distance, the Amiris get into their car. Bob continues to walk as --

The car EXPLODES. Bob walks on as if nothing happened.

9 EXT. TEHERAN CAFE - DAY 9

Tight on the game of Asteroids. The version from the 70's. Black and white triangle "spaceship" spinning, shooting white dots at drifting "rocks," breaking them up, only to create more rocks.

A hand rapidly hits the firing button. ROBBY BAER, 16, concentrates, hits hyper space, smiles, remembers he has a retainer, hides his smile.

He glances over at a cafe table where Bob and MARGARET BAER, 40's, frank and guarded in a way that is compelling, are having morning coffee. Gradually, we realize all around them are IRANIANS in religious garb and a CROWD is massing for a protest in the streets.

Bob clearly doesn't want to have this conversation.

MARGARET

Have you thought about college?
Has that made it onto the radar
screen?

(beat)

If you go back you get promoted?

Bob looks away, watching the growing crowd.

BOB

Those people back there don't know
what's going on. They don't wanna
know.

She puts her hand on his across the table.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET

It could open doors later. For consulting.

Bob looks down at her hand lying across his. You can't hold hands in public in Iran. She removes her hand.

BOB

It you're so intent on having some fat, little careerist, you should have married one.

They both know what the issue is, but she says it anyway.

MARGARET

You have a family --

BOB

It's not like anybody else could just roll in here, do what I'm doing. It's not like it's just reading reports.

MARGARET

Bob, I took Pakistan because of the danger pay. And private school tuition --

Bob's expression says he knows why she took Pakistan.

BOB

I understand what I'm doing here. I know what it means.

Bob notices Robby is watching. Robby turns away.

BOB (CONT'D)

Let's say, somehow, I get Branch Chief or even Group Chief, then what? Will you even come? Will you bring Robby?

Now, Margaret looks away. In the street, it's turning into a full-blown protest. Bob watches her and melts.

BOB (CONT'D)

(softly)

Two more Americans were killed in Pakistan.

A STUDENT-LEADER on a platform brandishes a Coke bottle, SHOUTING in Farsi into a bullhorn.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET

What's he saying?

BOB

He's against the ban on Coca-Cola.
He says you have to fix your soul,
which is not something you can put
on a soft-drink.

Bob looks over at Robby, who, in an unguarded moment,
catches his dad's eye and smiles. And now Margaret is
looking at him expectantly. After a beat, HE NODS YES.

10 INT. "THE GARDEN" HOTEL ROOM - DAY

10

Bob, sweating profusely, rips down posters of Persian
art, packs books in Farsi and English on Iranian culture.

ON TV: a black and white image of an angry WOMAN in a
burka SCREECHING about something.

Bob crosses to the air-conditioner and bangs it. Nothing.
He kicks the shit out of it. Nothing. He looks out the
window. Bob's POV of endless buildings.

Bob sitting on the bed, two suitcases in front of him.

ON TV: beauty contestants smiling in swimsuits,
subtitled: **MISS UNIVERSE PAGEANT - MARBELLA, SPAIN.**

Slowly push into the television --

CUT TO:

11 INT. MISS UNIVERSE PAGEANT - NIGHT

11

APPLAUSE signs flash. Loud APPLAUSE fills the auditorium.
On stage it's the bathing suit contest: WOMEN with paper
sashes advertise various countries. BOB BARKER MC's.

BOB BARKER

Thank you, Miss Paraguay. Next up,
from the good old United States of
America, Mary Alice Johnson.

MARY ALICE JOHNSON, 22, a natural blonde, steps into the
spotlight and the crowd AHHS.

BOB BARKER (CONT'D)

Mary Alice is a native of
Louisville, Kentucky. A graduate
of Spalding College, she plans
someday on entering dental
school...

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Mary Alice pauses and holds a pose.

12 INT. PAGEANT DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

12

WOMEN loiter everywhere in a huge barn of a space. It's like changing clothes in a supermarket.

Mary Alice sits staring into a makeup mirror. She's like freshly fallen snow, pristine, with depth that's difficult to gauge.

Next to her is MISS GABON, 26, an African with a French accent, tired, with too much makeup. They catch each other's friendly reflections and smile sincerely.

MISS GABON

I am so over this.

(beat)

Get married. Have kids. Anything.

MARY ALICE

Did you see him? Is he here tonight?

MISS GABON

The Lady Hamilton's in the harbor. I'm sure he'll be sniffing around.

(beat)

Christ, I feel like I'm a dead person at age 26. It's obvious how much bullshit this is, right? We sell detergent.

Mary Alice smiles sweetly.

MARY ALICE

I try to accept it with my higher self, the part of me that's kind and loving.

MISS GABON

(a put-down)

Well, that certainly sounds like an evolved thing to do.

Mary Alice increases the wattage on her smile. Miss Gabon considers, then plucks an invite from a bunch tucked into her vanity mirror.

MISS GABON (CONT'D)

You should come. Everybody will be there.

(CONTINUED)

Mary Alice is distracted by the appearance of her parents. DAD has a cap, Sears suit and power belly; MOM, once a knockout, is weathered and defeated.

MISS GABON (CONT'D)

(re: the parents)

Oh, sweetie.

A bell RINGS and lights flash. Women start moving in one direction like glittering cattle.

MARY ALICE

Good luck out there. I mean it.

Miss Gabon tries to read Mary Alice, gives up, leaves.

Mary Alice looks down at the fancy invite: *HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE EMIR REQUESTS YOUR PRESENCE...*

She stares at the strange Arabic letters of the translation, then slips the invite into her own vanity mirror next to a little Jesus fish sticker.

Her parents appear in the reflection like an updated Grant Wood painting.

MARY ALICE'S DAD

You're not gonna win tonight. It's just one more handy way to stick it to the USA over here.

Mary Alice stares at her parents in the mirror.

It's down to the final three: MISS COLUMBIA, MISS INDIA, and Mary Alice. The audience is SILENT with anticipation.

BOB BARKER

And the second runner up...

Mary Alice's smile is frozen, waiting...

BOB BARKER (CONT'D)

(beat)

Miss USA, Mary Alice Johnson.

That moment where she hides disappointment. As the second-class tiara is placed upon her head, she sees her parents grimly applauding, somehow vindicated by her defeat.

CUT TO:

14 INT. WOODMAN HOUSE - MORNING

14

At a kitchen table, RILEY, almost 3, puts his hand in a bowl of dry Cheerios, squishes it around, then throws a handful on the floor.

SUPERTITLE: GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

BRYAN (O.S.)

You are a Cheerio dissemination device. Yes, you are --

Pull back to find his father, BRYAN WOODMAN, American, late 20's, in a shirt and tie. He's lost in the child, sharing his sense of wonder. Handsome, smart, blonde, blue-eyed, he looks like a working class T.E. Lawrence.

JULIE (O.S.)

Don't let him do that, please. The Cheerios are imported.

His wife, JULIE WOODMAN, 28, sleepy American, very fit in sweats, cooks bacon at an older range. They have the worst house in the best neighborhood, but have yet to be able to furnish it.

BRYAN

... An evolutionarily perfect machine for the spreading of imported Cheerios to all corners of the kitchen.

The toddler smiles at him. Julie puts four plates down. They both notice the empty place setting. Just then, a golden boy, MAX, 6, enters the kitchen.

MAX

Mommy, I want bacon.

JULIE

You have bacon.

Max sits at the table.

MAX

I want real bacon.

JULIE

You have real bacon, only it's made from soy beans.

Max looks at his plate.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

MAX

I want pig bacon.

15 EXT. GENEVA WATERFRONT - DAY

15

Bryan drives a Passat wagon along Lake Geneva, the fountain spouting into the sky, and, on every building, signs advertising watch companies.

On the seat beside him: a stack of a PUBLISHED ANALYST'S REPORT on "EMERGING PRODUCER MARKETS" written by him. A kite is wedged upside down in the foot well.

Several KUWAITIS leave the HOTEL PRESIDENT WILSON and get into a nice car.

16 INT. MINI TV STUDIO - DAY

16

A brightly-lit Bryan listens to an ear-piece in front of a BNP PARIBAS banner. Then --

BRYAN

Our position is there is at least nine dollars of unrest premium in the market right now. Protests in Iran. Threat of more strikes in Venezuela. And nobody knows which way Putin is going to land on market reform.

(listens again)

You're welcome, Rebecca.

17 INT. BNP PARIBAS OIL TRADING FLOOR - DAY

17

Wide shot across the cacophonous trading floor, Bryan sealed off in a mini TV studio at the far end, then the lights switch off and Bryan leaves the booth --

TIGHTER ON Bryan as he walks past TRADERS staring into computers while talking into phones --

TRADER (O.S.)

Long and strong on demand numbers, protests in Iran and what else is new, the Vens are threatening strike. Place is En Fuego --

TRADER #2 (O.S.)

People want it warmer, colder, they leave their TV's on when they drive to the video store. Nine bucks of premium --

(CONTINUED)

VINCENTE, 30's, depressed, handsome French trader in a beautiful suit, working two phones, sees Bryan --

VINCENTE

Hey --

Bryan waves him off, keeps walking.

VINCENTE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Oh, hi. Market's on its way up.

Just thought you should know.

(takes call)

Done. Yep. Bring him in, bring him in right now and tell him he's done.

(yelling to Bryan)

Woodman, I need you --

Vincent sees Bryan disappear into his office, door shutting behind him. A small sign reads: RESEARCH.

VINCENTE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Did I get it all? What'd you use?

Great. Done for 4.5 million in total.

Vincente pumps his fist --

Soundproofed office. Peaceful. Diplomas. A paused black and white image of a pinched OLD MAN on a TV. Bryan is on the phone. We hear a THREE YEAR-OLD VOICE --

RILEY (OVER PHONE)

Hello, Daddy. I'm playing. That's my job. Playing.

ON BRYAN'S DESK, mounds of research, books, reports, numbers. In the phone Bryan can hear Julie laughing.

BRYAN (INTO PHONE)

That's a very good job to have.

JULIE (OVER PHONE)

Tell Daddy you love him.

An abrupt three year-old HANG-UP. Bryan looks up and sees HIS BOSS in the doorway holding a FANCY INVITATION.

(CONTINUED)

BOSS

(re: invite)

The Emir's summer party. Any interest?

Bryan shakes his head. Looks back at mound on desk.

BRYAN

Can't. All this --

BOSS

I'm not really asking.

BRYAN

It's Max's birthday. We've got stuff all weekend. Sorry.

Bryan turns back to his work as Vincente sticks his head in the door --

VINCENTE

September T-1 ticked up fifteen cents and is rebounding. Last print was 29.5?

BRYAN

Read my report --

VINCENTE

Woodman --

BRYAN

It's in the report. Just read it.

Vincente tries to snatch the invite in the boss's hand.

VINCENTE

The Emir's party. I'll take that.

BOSS

We're trying to sell an energy hedge strategy to the Gulfies and he's the only one who understands it.

Bryan looks up, surprised they're still there. Vincente motions to the image of the OLD MAN on TV.

VINCENTE

Get him away from the CNN, porn.

BRYAN

It's archival.

(CONTINUED)

Now, Bryan is excited. He presses play. ON TV: the pinched, OLD MAN in a safari hat is singing, leading a group in BAPTIST HYMNS on a croquet lawn.

VINCENTE

*What analysts do for fun. Please
get out more.*

BRYAN

It's John D. Rockefeller. Look at him, like something eating him from the inside. Gotta be the model for Mr. Burns on The Simpsons, right?

BOSS

He founded the University of Chicago.

(beat)

Woodman, you can take your kids to the goddamn party.

ON TV: In the sunlight Rockefeller sings beautifully.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUNDRA - KAZAKHSTAN - DAY

Tundra seen from the air in the ex-Soviet republic.

A giant ditch cuts the landscape. In the giant ditch is a giant pipe leading to a ramshackle oil "facility" of shipping containers scattered around a derrick.

EXT. NEAR ATYRAU, KAZAKHSTAN - DAY

A herd of goats scamper out of the way of a giant BULLDOZER with wheels as big as a house.

SUPERTITLE: **TENGIZ, KAZAKHSTAN**

Marching music comes from a tin speaker on a wooden pole. Animal pieces roast on a grill made from oil drums.

Oilmen cluster around makeshift wooden tables. BENNETT HOLIDAY, 35, African-American, a clean-cut lawyer, maybe horn rims, starting to grey, sits at a table with RUSSIAN OIL EXECS. The LEADER eats ribs with tiny teeth.

BENNETT

Are you a director or executive of this company?

(CONTINUED)

The leader gnaws on a bone. Bennett points down to a mess of contracts and legal papers in front of him.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Is this your fax number?

The leader speaks rapidly in RUSSIAN. Bennett turns to one of the underlings.

UNDERLING

He says, we eat every part of the pony!

BENNETT

Ask him if he's been receiving faxes at this number? Ask him if this is his phone number?

(to the leader)

Is this a number to reach you?

Again, the leader speaks in rapid Russian.

UNDERLING

He says, the weather in Siberia is very cold!

BENNETT

I'm asking you about this payment. Who is this person on the account?

Bennett notices a Russian, OSKAR WERNER-TYPE, wearing THICK-FRAMED GLASSES, smoking and staring at him. Another RUSSIAN glances at the paperwork.

RUSSIAN

Bank is no more.

BENNETT

I know *bank is no more*. I'm trying to find out where the assets went.

The Russians nod to the MUSIC coming from the poles. Now the leader speaks in surprisingly good English.

LEADER

This is marching music composed for Stalin. Inspiring for workers.

The leader smiles at Bennett. It's a scary smile. The THICK-FRAMED GLASSES GUY is still staring.

LEADER (CONT'D)

The investment dollar that matters is one that has army behind it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED: (2)

20

LEADER (CONT'D)

We are very good friend of United States. Who you want arguing for you in The Hague? Argentina?

The leader spreads his arms expansively to take in the miles of empty tundra around them.

LEADER (CONT'D)

(proudly)

From right here we light and heat Europe for next fifty years. Killen and Kazakhstan - partners forever!

A distant shot of the small cluster of humanity in the vast steppe, marching MUSIC drifting across it.

CUT TO:

21

INT. CONNEX OIL BOARDROOM - DAY

21

One wall is a map of the world except where there should be jagged country boundaries are perfectly straight resource lines. It's color coded: the world divided into energy corporations: EXXON/MOBIL, BRITISH PETROLEUM, SHELL, CONNEX, KILLEN, TOTAL, GAZPROM, LUKOIL...

JIM POLK

Every company in the world wanted into Kazakhstan, into the Tengiz, but Killen got it and then Connex wanted Killen and here we are.

JIM POLK, 50's, a powerful presence, from Connecticut by way of Texas, points out the new CONNEX-KILLEN logo mock-up on the wall.

SUPERTITLE: CONNEX CORPORATE OFFICE - HOUSTON, TEXAS

A large corporate boardroom with EXECUTIVES and LAWYERS, including Bennett Holiday, around a conference table. Connex President, TOMMY THOMPSON, 50's, portly, intones --

TOMMY

I don't think you think there's a problem. A U.S. Attorney is looking into your relationships in Kazakhstan and the U.S. Government is holding up approval of our merger. The Board thinks it's a problem. Mr. Petersen, certainly thinks it's a problem and has asked Connex's Washington counsel, Sydney Hewitt, of Crutcher, Gunn, Associates, to come on down here.

(CONTINUED)

The eyes all shift to SYDNEY HEWITT, 50's, Alabama smooth accent and ever-so-certain.

SYDNEY

In a way I feel like Switzerland
and I'd like to remind everyone in
this room that they've signed
confidentiality agreements.

Polite LAUGHTER.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Allow me to introduce my
associate, Bennett Holiday, who
will be, how should I put it,
building consensus day to day.

Bennett, the only African-American in the room, takes in
the faces now all staring at him. All the white faces. He
nods politely at Jim Polk who pounces on him --

JIM POLK

*Is the Caspian a lake or a sea,
Bennett?*

BENNETT

I'm sorry --

Jim Polk stands. He is imposing in a Lyndon Johnson
visits Congress sort of way.

JIM POLK

Lake, you know. Lake. Or sea.
Seashore. Bennett --

TOMMY

That is an important legal point.

JIM POLK

Oh, give me another lecture on
subsurface rights, *Thomas*.

Jim Polk turns back to Bennett --

JIM POLK (CONT'D)

If the Caspian is a sea, you can
make deals with the Stans, but if
it's a lake, then the rights are
shared equally by all countries,
including *I-ran*.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIM POLK (CONT'D)

And by an act of our Congress it is illegal to trade with I-Ran, so we can't be in business with any of those countries, even though they have oil and we sell it. This is our business, Bennett, selling oil. Not finding it. Anyone can find it. It's everywhere.

Jim Polk motions out the window where, incongruous to the suburban setting, there is an oil derrick pumping away.

JIM POLK (CONT'D)

You stick a straw in the ground, slurp it out and boil it.

(imitates a monkey)

A monkey can do Exploration and Production, right, Tommy, but you wanna make it commercial, you wanna turn it into a commodity, then you gotta be able to move it and to move it, you gotta have relationships.

Jim Polk pulls out a sharpie, walks to the Resource Map and defaces it, drawing the outline of an actual country, Kazakhstan, in Central Asia, home of the Tengiz Field.

JIM POLK (CONT'D)

I made investments in Kazakhstan. Investments that will bear fruit for this company. Hell, Tommy, we've all got the Foreign Corrupt Practices Act committed to memory. I've got a little copy taped to the wall...

(taps his head)

Up here...

Business Class cabin. Bennett looks out the window. His POV of clouds and farmland and the Mississippi River.

Sydney emerges from First with a scotch and sits.

SYDNEY

You just visited what someday soon could be the most profitable corporation in America.

BENNETT

Provided the government approves the merger --

(CONTINUED)

SYDNEY

Provided we don't start running cars on water. Provided there's still chaos in the Middle-East. And this ain't the SEC anymore, okay, son, so you can go ahead and put merger in quotes. Okay. Connex bought Killen.

Bennett notices that Sydney wears a Mickey Mouse watch.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

(patronizing)

And WHEN the government approves this "merger" it's gonna buy a lot of houses out on the Vineyard, maybe even yours, so, of course, it's delicate all around. Who's this U.S. Attorney, Donald Farish the 3rd? What's his agenda? Who's behind him? Is it a political force? Another corporation? Is he a glory boy making a name?

BENNETT

I know him. He taught a class of mine at Georgetown.

Sydney knew this, of course. Sydney looks Bennett over, then he chuckles, the effect of which is unsettling.

SYDNEY

Well, there you go, he taught a class of yours at Georgetown. Mr. Crutcher did say to me, I have a feeling about this young man. He said, he can pre-position.

Sydney stands.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Hold these guys in a circle. Ask the careful questions. Rep the situation. I don't need to tell you this is a hell of an opportunity for you.

(beat)

And get rid of that fancy watch, it makes you look like a Jew.

Sydney disappears back up into first class, carefully pulling the curtain in place behind him.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. LIQUEFIED NATURAL GAS REFINERY, ARABIAN GULF - DAY 23

Bright sunlight beside the Arabian Gulf. 200 foot tall loading tanks with portraits of THE EMIR. This facility is under construction by Pakistani and Filipino LABORERS.

ANGLE ON: SALEEM AHMED KHAN, 40, heavy set, with glasses, and his son, WASIM, 17, tall, bright, wearing electric blue jumpsuits while painting a brown handrail green.

A VAN stops beside their team and someone YELLS in Urdu.

24 INT. VAN - DAY 24

They drive with OTHER WORKERS across the refinery.

25 EXT. REFINERY - DAY 25

A huge sign in French declares the project funded by TotalFinaElf, the French Oil conglomerate.

SUPERTITLE: ARABIAN GULF

French ENGINEERS in white have rounded up a group of Pakistanis who stand together sweating in the extreme heat, an image not much changed since Colonialism.

ENGINEER (IN FRENCH)

Your services are no longer needed here at the TotalFinaElf facility.

A PAKISTANI translates into Urdu for the group. Find Saleem and Wasim in the crowd --

SALEEM (IN URDU)

What did they say? I can't hear.

WASIM

They're letting us go.

SALEEM

The whole group?

WASIM

The whole group.

In the distance, the engineer is droning on.

ENGINEER

We know you have worked hard and wish to thank you for that hard work with a small cash bonus which you may collect on your way out of the facility.

(CONTINUED)

SALEEM

What did he say? I can't hear. I
can't hear.

WASIM

He's telling us to scram.

SALEEM

(beat)

Scram? What do you mean, scram?

ANGLE ON: The engineer pointing toward the exit of the
facility. He turns to another ENGINEER nearby.

ENGINEER

(sotto)

Christ this is rotten. They look
like cows. Get them moving.

26 EXT. LIQUEFIED NATURAL GAS FACILITY, ARABIAN GULF - DAY 26

Wasim and Saleem walk with the others down a road away
from the facility. The plant is gigantic behind them.

Three old busses approach going the other way. Other
LABORERS stare out the bus windows as they pass.

SALEEM

Who's that? Who are those people?
Where are they going?

Wasim doesn't say anything. They walk in silence. Then --

SALEEM (CONT'D)

When I was your age, in Pakistan,
there was always in the distance--

SALEEM/WASIM (SIMUL)

Snow covered mountains.

SALEEM

That's right. Three hours away,
but right there, white across the
sky, like you could reach out and
touch them.

Ahead is transient worker housing. Plywood fencing
surrounds identical huts. Behind them, the refinery and
power lines shimmer in the distance.

27 EXT. TRAIN YARD - ARABIAN GULF - DAY 27

A dusty train yard of oil and gas cars where the city
gives way to the desert.

(CONTINUED)

A GROUP of TEENAGERS, including Wasim and FAROOQ, 16, a self-styled leader, drink home-fermented alcohol from a Styrofoam cup. They wear jeans, T-shirts, caps. Ragged, unbathed, they're wasted.

Farooq takes a gulp, makes a face, swallows, SHOUTS --

FAROOQ

Ow, ow, ow, ahhh --

He throws up. The KIDS laugh. He comes up composed --

FAROOQ (CONT'D)

An announcement. An announcement.
If man is made in God's image,
then God is deeply messed up.

Farooq shoves the cup at Wasim. He tries to push it away.

FAROOQ (CONT'D)

You afraid? Afraid of the buzz?

WASIM

I'm afraid of your breath.

Wasim points at a silent kid hanging back from the group.

WASIM (CONT'D)

Hakim hasn't had any. And Hakim
wears jewelry.

FAROOQ

He thinks that little bracelet's
gonna get him girls.

They start chanting HAKIM, HAKIM, HAKIM in encouragement.
Hakim, sphynx-like, just looks at them.

WASIM

(to another kid)

What's wrong with your brother,
anyway?

Hakim looks to his brother, then lifts up his shirt.
There is a recent scar where a kidney would be.

ANOTHER KID

You can drink with one. You don't
need two.

GROUP

HAKIM, HAKIM, HAKIM.

Hakim isn't sure.

(CONTINUED)

WASIM

(to Farooq)

I want to talk to your uncle.

GROUP

HAKIM, HAKIM, HAKIM.

WASIM

Farooq. You have to introduce me.

FAROOQ

Quit pestering me. *Hakim, Hakim --*

Finally, Hakim sips and holds his side.

In the distance is a western-style mall. Valets park the expensive cars of Wealthy Arabs and U.S. Officers.

28 ANGLE - LATER

28

The teenagers run after a train. They throw rocks at it.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

29

People pouring out of a subway. Traffic-clogged roads.

LOUISA PRICE (V.O.)

Imagine gasoline ten dollars a gallon at the pump?

SUPERTITLE: **WASHINGTON, D.C.**

Anti-aircraft battery at the Washington Monument. Happy tourists snap pictures of the barricaded White House.

LOUISA PRICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Or heating oil that costs twenty-five hundred a month for a two-bedroom apartment?

DISTINGUISHED VOICE (O.S.)

If oil goes to fifty a barrel, the U.S. turns into a third-world country. That is a fact.

30 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SITUATION ROOM - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

30

A low, wide angle of a spare, functional, highly polished place. Navy guys like statues stand guard.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY GEORGE (V.O.)

Do you have any analysis to back up that *fact*?

DISTINGUISHED VOICE (V.O.)

In the next fifteen years, The North Sea and Alaska dry up. 30 million barrels a day to the U.S. gone. That is a known fact.

Bob waits in a hard back chair under a wall clock. VOICES come from a partially open door across the hall --

TERRY GEORGE (V.O.)

I need data supporting *known facts* as well. Because what I know is that in Iraq, when we even whisper our support of someone, that person is delegitimized.

DISTINGUISHED VOICE (V.O.)

Iraq has no ethnic majority. It's like trying to organize Louisiana. Iran, on the other hand, is Persian --

31

INT. SITUATION ROOM - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

31

A small room with recessed lighting is filled with the top-tier of the Washington bureaucracy. Navy STENO GUYS record the conversation.

TERRY GEORGE, 50's, CIA Chief, quite a good guy to those in power, takes it down a notch. Through the partially open door behind Terry, one third of Bob is visible.

TERRY GEORGE

Well, there's an old saying: anyone can go to Baghdad; real men go to Teheran.

Polite chuckles. The National Security Advisor, LOUISA PRICE, 40's, African-American, sculpted hair, but with the soul of a seventy year-old white, Republican male, is in charge --

LOUISA PRICE

There has been some good news concerning Iran lately. Right, Terry?

TERRY GEORGE

For Iran, yes --

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

LOUISA PRICE

The President is very interested
in Iran, Terry.

Terry slides a file across the table to her. Louisa takes
in the presence of two DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMEN, 60's,
sitting near her.

TERRY GEORGE

I know that, Louisa. In fact, we
just pulled one of our officers
out and I took the initiative to
ask him to come down here. He
infiltrated Hezbollah in Beirut in
the eighties, won himself some
nice medals. We're thinking about
giving him a station.

LOUISA PRICE

Beirut in the eighties, is that a
resume builder?

Polite chuckles follow Terry George to the doorway.

32 INT. OUTSIDE SITUATION ROOM - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

32

Terry George appears, crooks a finger. As Bob passes --

TERRY GEORGE

Don't chomp down on any bait.

He looms over Bob, pointedly taps Bob's files --

TERRY GEORGE (CONT'D)

Stay on message --

33 INT. SITUATION ROOM - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

33

Bob sweats slightly as he plows on, reading from notes.

BOB

... And our analysts seem to be,
uh, top notch, particularly the
satellite coverage.

Bob is clearly working from a script. Terry George is
pleased and gives Bob the slightest of approving nods.

BOB (CONT'D)

And we've gotten the departmental
budget under control. Our next
review will show that --

(CONTINUED)

LOUISA PRICE

Thank you for coming over, Mr. Baer. Welcome back and forgive me if I just wade right in, but forgetting for a second your bureaucratic checklist, I'm trying to get *undigested* information, so could you give me your reading of the temperature over there?

Bob glances at Terry. Exasperated, Louisa continues.

LOUISA PRICE (CONT'D)

Iran is a natural cultural ally of the U.S. Iran is not Arab, Iran is Persian. The Persians do not want to roll back the clock to the 8th century. I see students marching in the streets. I hear Khatami making some of the right sounds --

The steno guys get it all. Louisa switches into FARSI --

LOUISA PRICE (IN FARSI) (CONT'D)

And what I want to know is if, pursuing our current course, there's any chance of getting a nice, secular, pro-Western, pro-business government in Iran before we get a hostile nuclear power?

The room has no idea what she just said. The steno guys' hands freeze mid-air. A long beat on Bob.

BOB (IN ENGLISH)

It's possible... It's complicated.

LOUISA PRICE

(to the room)

God, you people --

(to Bob, patronizing)

Of course it is. Thank you for your time.

Clearly there are agendas in the room. Louisa now looks at him like she's surprised he's still there --

LOUISA PRICE (CONT'D)

Goodbye. Mister... Baer.

Bob starts to leave, then stops. He is an expert and he feels held back, so he's frustrated. She pounces --

(CONTINUED)

LOUISA PRICE (CONT'D)

Mr. Baer, it is our opinion that Iran has a hostile nuclear program. Do you agree or disagree?

Terry George is subtly shaking his head in warning.

BOB

I interviewed the people in the exile community who've been writing the reports you've been buying into. They didn't know an isotope from soap on a rope. And they were clearly coached.

The steno guys hands are frozen again. Even though Bob is saying what Terry would want him to say, the fact that he is saying it is enough to screw Bob forever.

DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN

Mr. Baer, the reform movement in Iran is one of the President's great hopes for the region and crucial to the petroleum security of the United States.

The steno guys type again. Bob looks to Terry.

TERRY GEORGE

(a warning)

These gentlemen are with the CLI.

Bob has no idea what this is.

DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN

The Committee for the Liberation of Iran, Mr. Baer.

DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN #2

Our committee advocates regional peace and international security by sowing the seeds of freedom through democratic-minded reform.

Louisa doesn't particularly like these people either, but she is smart and, more importantly, tricky.

LOUISA PRICE

We *liberated* Iran once before, in 1953 and look how well that turned out. Right now, the U.S.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED: (3)

33

LOUISA PRICE (CONT'D)

Army is in Iraq, a country that fought a ten-year proxy war against Iran, using, among other things, chemical weapons provided by the USA. So, if Iran were to take benign nuclear material and turn it in another direction, wouldn't that be perfectly understandable, wouldn't that make sense to you?

Finishing a slow push in on Bob.

BOB

Yes, it would.

Silence except for the steno guys clicking away, then complete silence. Terry George stares at Bob. Finally --

TERRY GEORGE

That will be all, Mr. Baer.

CUT TO:

34

EXT. CAPITOL HILL APARTMENT - MORNING

34

Bennett exits a cab, walks up the steps with an overnight bag. A MAN, 60's, tough and well-preserved, in a dark suit and tie, waits on the stoop with a folded paper.

Bennett just walks past him to open the door.

35

INT. BENNETT'S APARTMENT - MORNING

35

A nice three bedroom that is part of the quiet gentrification movement not yet reflected in the streets. Cable news plays silently in the living room. There's a goldfish in a small aquarium.

Through a door, Bennett and the man are in the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A SMALL TV: plays C-Span testimony on Campaign Finance Reform. DANNY DALTON, an "oilman," is testifying. He drones for the rest of the scene.

DANNY DALTON

Last election cycle I spent three hundred thousand. I got pictures of myself with the President that I use all over the world. People don't know Danny Dalton, but they know the President and they see that I know the President...

(CONTINUED)

Bennett has showered and changed. He makes coffee. The man sits at a dinette.

BENNETT

I'm not making this coffee for you. I'm making it for me. You I'm making oatmeal and then you sleep.

BENNETT SENIOR

You look like shit.

Bennett just stares for a moment. Bennett takes the oatmeal off the stove, sets a bowl in front of the man whose fingernails are black, whose dark suit is filthy.

BENNETT

Are you working?

BENNETT SENIOR

I had a little trouble at work.

Bennett grabs his travel coffee and starts away --

BENNETT

There's some beer in the fridge for after you wake up, so you don't die on my floor of the DT's.

Bennett leaves the kitchen. The man yells after him.

BENNETT SENIOR

I don't need your goddamn hospitality.

The front door SLAMS. The man glances up at a photo of Bennett Jr. in his Marine uniform. And next to it, the man, Bennett Sr. in his Marine uniform, 25 years earlier.

ON TV: old, white senators listening judiciously.

DANNY DALTON (ON TV)

The money I gave the President is the best investment I have ever made in my business. Next election I plan to double it.

Tilt up to find Bennett Senior, part of a six pack dangling from two fingers, staring at a wall covered with an intricate matrix:

CONNEX and KILLEN OIL's payments, co-ventures, limited partnerships, a graphic of corporate spending for political advantage all over the world.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

Bennett Sr. stares up at the wall. He pops a beer.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. COAST OFF MARBELLA - DAY

36

Silvery ripples on water. A cloudless sky. Very large yachts. The shoreline dotted with hotels and estates.

37 EXT. FAMILY HOTEL - MARBELLA, SPAIN - DAY

37

Activities charts and middle-aged people. Riley plays with a truck. Bryan and Julie hold hands on chaises.

Max, wearing water wings, stands on a diving board, afraid to jump. A bigger BOY waits at the end. Max is frozen.

Bryan looks to see if Julie is watching this. She isn't. The older boy YELLS at Max. Bryan gets to his feet.

JULIE

(without looking up)

Don't. Let him work this out. It's important for his autonomy.

Bryan sits back down. Max finds his courage, jumps, and disappears beneath the surface, then bobs up happily.

38 INT. VOLKSWAGON - DAY

38

Bryan and Julie and the kids drive down the manicured private driveway of an vast, impressive estate.

They pull up in front, their Passat is an anomaly among the Bentleys and Rolls. An Arab valet opens Julie's door.

39 INT./EXT. MAIN HOUSE - DAY

39

Fine art. Sculpture garden. Giacomettis and Henry Moores. TV monitors playing videos of gardens and flowers. GUESTS cluster together. You could almost tag labels on them: arms dealer, Ambassador, Minister of Trees.

Bryan, with Riley in his arms, and Julie, holding Max's hand, wander, taking it all in.

BRYAN

Arabs are very family oriented, as a people. Is that racist?

JULIE

I don't think it's racist if what you're saying is positive.

(CONTINUED)

As the Woodman family heads for the lawn, they CROSS --

Mary Alice Johnson, Miss Gabon, and another woman, LIV, 40, perfect hair, perfect clothes, jewelry, but has already had work, giving her an alien quality, passing a small silver compact between them. Liv sees friends --

LIV

(little wave)

There's Johannes. And Serita.

(blown kiss, French)

It's so good to see you.

She turns to Mary Alice and speaks English.

LIV (CONT'D)

I don't want you to worry about a thing. He wants to meet you.

MARY ALICE

I don't know. Is he good looking?

MISS GABON

He has stature.

LIV

Looks, sweetie, are for kids. Love without esteem is impossible. Take the handsomest man you can think of. Who is it? Who would that be?

MARY ALICE

Daniel Day Lewis.

LIV

Well, somewhere, on a beach, there's a woman who is tired of him in his bathing suit. Promise.

They enter a library lined with books in Arabic. A crowd clears for RAJA SALAAM, aka Mr. Five Percent, 50's or young 60's, an urbane Persian in white. Behind dark glasses, he is a serene, mature man seated on a couch. He draws on a nicotine inhaler and works prayer beads.

They are interrupted by sound filling the room --

VOICE

Please, attention please, your host, his majesty, the Emir...

ON A TV MONITOR: THE EMIR, HAMAD AL-SUBAAI, 60's, bearded, overweight, sitting at a desk, his TWO SONS behind him, addresses his party guests:

(CONTINUED)

EMIR (ON TV)

Welcome to Casa Esperanza. We hope everyone is having a good time...

40 INT. EMIR'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DUSK

40

A small crowd of HANGERS-ON and FRENCH OIL EXECUTIVES watch the Emir finish his speech. His office has a bank of TV monitors on one wall.

EMIR

At nine o'clock, we will have some wonderful music from the London Philharmonic. Please eat and dance and enjoy.

The Emir turns to the oil execs and speaks in French. He recently had a stroke and was filmed from his good side.

EMIR (CONT'D)

(a slight slurring)

The house is a *Sentient Home*, one of my sons had it wired by experts from the United States.

The Emir sort of wilts, fading out. PRINCE MESHAL, late 20's, weak-chinned, effeminate, with longish hair, foists a remote control on his father.

The other son, PRINCE NASIR, 30's, handsome, with large expressive eyes, close-cropped hair, powerful and serious, observes his father and brother.

The Emir rouses. He presses a few buttons. The monitors show different scenes on the estate: The lawn; a squash court; a guard house.

PRINCE MESHAL

Watch...

ON TV: the image of a rear guard house. Suddenly, the gate slides back, stops, slides the other way.

FRENCH OIL EXECUTIVE

Your Highness, that is incredible.

(to Prince Nasir)

Prince Nasir, isn't that amazing?

PRINCE NASIR

(dismissive)

Fascinating.

The Emir presses the remote. ON TV: Seven swimming pools. Meshal proudly shares the moment with his father.

(CONTINUED)

PRINCE MESHAL

Oh, look, it's getting dark,
better turn on the lights --

ON SIX OF SEVEN MONITORS: pool lights turn on, shimmering turquoise. One pool remains dark.

The Emir notices the dark pool. He presses the device.

ON THE MONITOR: The lights go off. He presses again. Six pools light up, but one is still dark.

The Emir ignores his son and speaks for the room.

EMIR

Send a fool on a fool's errand.

Meshal takes the remote and frantically tries to make the pool light come on.

ON THE MONITOR: ONE IS STILL DARK --

41

EXT. UNDER WATER - DARK POOL - DUSK

41

The SOUND of ELECTRICITY. We push toward a darkened pool light. The cover is cracked and the light is filled with water. Closer. Blue light arcs inside the cover. The SOUND of ELECTRICITY is LOUDER.

42

EXT. POOLSIDE - DUSK

42

CHILDREN SCREAM, shouting, playing tag in the crepuscular light beside the dark pool. Max is among the children.

ANGLE on a buffet by the pool. Obscene mounds of food. Trays of lobsters stacked four feet high. Sushi chefs in tall white hats. Children at an ice-cream bar.

Julie watches Riley eat a sundae.

43

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

43

Surrounded by opulent French antiques, Bryan sells to two BUSINESSMEN. On the table pictures of the Emir with Nixon, Carter, Ronald Reagan, Poppy Bush, Clinton.

BRYAN

Fifty billion in oil reserves are
as powerful as fifty divisions of
an army. Richard Nixon said this.
We think prices will continue to
rise in the short term...

44 INT. LIBRARY - DAY

44

Mary Alice sits on the couch with Raja Salaam. Mary Alice is inscrutable and never hurries either.

Raja Salaam waits. So does Mary Alice. Finally --

MARY ALICE

I'll bet everyone here says they
never come to something like this.

Mary Alice fingers the hem of her summer dress where the tiny blond hairs on her tan upper leg catch a little breeze, then she looks up.

45 EXT. POOL - DUSK

45

The kids are organizing a game of "shark and minnows." An OLDER KID explains to Max --

OLDER KID

You're the shark and you try to
tag us as we swim across.

Max is uncertain, eyeing the dark water --

OLDER KID (CONT'D)

You jump in and count *one, two, three*, then we all try to get to the other side.

46 INT. SITTING ROOM - DUSK

46

Bryan waits for the businessmen to say something.

BUSINESSMAN

Big ideas. We hear this from you
people all the time.

BRYAN

Look, get me five minutes of the
Prince's time. Five minutes. It'll
be clear why Paribas's energy
hedge strategy works for half the
Kingdoms in the Gulf.

The businessmen exchange a glance. Bryan looks out the window where, on the lawn, he sees Prince Nasir playing with his family by a swing-set.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

BUSINESSMAN #2

There are two kinds of people in
the world: those who control
subsurface mineral rights and
those who want to steal from them.

47 EXT. POOL - NIGHT

47

Max stares at the dark water. It's not inviting. Finally,
he jumps.

He hits the water and goes rigid, almost skittering
across the surface, flopping uncontrollably.

The kids think it's a joke.

KIDS

Come on. Come on. You're the shark
and we're the minnows. One, two --

Gradually, they realize something is wrong --

The POOL LIGHTS FLASH ON. Max rolls onto his back,
floating lifelessly.

48 INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

48

Bryan notices as the lights in the room flicker, then the
sound of distant SCREAMS.

49 EXT. POOL - NIGHT

49

At the pool the VOLTAGE is audible as SECURITY prevent
people from diving in. A bystander yells --

BYSTANDER

Cut the power! Cut the power!

Finally the power is cut and the estate goes dark.

Bryan dives into the water and holds Max, wading to the
side with the lifeless body.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. DESOLATE OIL FIELD - DAY

50

AN OIL DERRICK

pumps slowly up and down in a muddy field under a
gathering sky. Up and down. Up and down.

A DONKEY

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED:

50

Passes by the derrick. Then another and another. On the back of a donkey, find THE STINGER CRATE bouncing along.

HUNDREDS OF DERRICKS

in a bleak field running for miles. The donkey train is like a line of ants through the Antaeon field as lightning cuts the distant clouds.

CUT TO:

51

EXT. RIVERFRONT - ARABIAN GULF - DAY

51

Wasim walks along a river where freight boats and water taxis plow up and down. Wasim wears his best clothes and has scrubbed himself.

He ducks down an alley, stops. Nervous, he catches his reflection in a shard of glass of a boarded-up window.

WASIM

(practicing)

Abu Khalifa, thank you for this opportunity. I am a hard worker. I will not let you down.

52

INT. RIVERFRONT WAREHOUSE - DAY

52

A scraggly warehouse, the most basic of operations. WORKERS carry goods in and out.

Wasim walks with ABU KHALIFA, 42, a gruff foreman.

ABU KHALIFA (URDU)

Three of my sister's kids got deported for not having work.

WASIM

You don't have to pay me. Give me something to do. And then decide.

For a moment it seems like this offer may win the day.

ABU KHALIFA

I'm sorry. I already have a long list for that job, too.

Wasim nods, turns quickly and walks away.

53 EXT. STREETS - DAY

53

Wasim walks aimlessly. He sees tourists taking pictures of something beautiful and finds himself in the picture.

CUT TO:

54 INT. DIVISION CHIEF'S OFFICE - CIA - DAY

54

FRED FRANKS (V.O.)

Baer, you rebel...

Bob is in the doorway of a larger office. The DIVISION CHIEF is a woman in her 40's, patrician and smooth. She strategizes with FRED FRANKS, 30's, a saltine dipped in milk, at a table covered with papers.

FRED FRANKS (CONT'D)

... Man, nothing like the straight poop to wake 'em up on the Seventh Floor.

DIVISION CHIEF

Come in. Come in. You know Fred Franks, don't you?

Bob nods at Fred. An easel displays *THE PLAYING CARDS OF EVIL*. Ace of Spades - Osama Bin Laden.

DIVISION CHIEF (CONT'D)

How are you finding everything?
Must be a little slow-paced, a little dull?

BOB

It's a little quiet.

DIVISION CHIEF

Must be. Must be. The Amiri Brothers. Darn good work.

Bob stands warily just inside the doorway. Both Franks and The DC smile at him.

DIVISION CHIEF (CONT'D)

Bob, take a walk with me.

55 EXT. CIA - DAY

55

A plaque commemorating a large section of the Berlin Wall. As the Division Chief and Bob stroll.

(CONTINUED)

DIVISION CHIEF

Bob, you've got a rarified skill set. I want you to know that I'm aware of that.

(beat)

And I know you were hoping for the Iran Bureau, but after that meeting, Terry wants your head. Fred will be Iran Chief.

She's genuinely sorry and Bob takes a beat.

BOB

I understand.

(beat)

Did you see my report about this guy with blue eyes? He looked Egyptian, didn't speak Farsi. He has our missile. I reset guidance to blow ten feet off the ground --

She cuts him off with a hand on the shoulder.

DIVISION CHIEF

Bob, you don't get it. Nobody wants to hear about a lost missile. Not right now.

Bob looks at her hand touching him. Behind him the line of government building runs against the line of forest.

CUT TO:

56

EXT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - MORNING

56

Mary Alice and her parents leave a lower-priced hotel. Mary Alice has a tiara in a box and her hair pulled back under a scarf, Jackie O.-style. Her dad wears a denim shirt, smokes a cigarette, and holds Mary Alice's hand.

MARY ALICE'S DAD

You don't get to coach without having a temper.

MARY ALICE'S MOM

You're right, honey.

MARY ALICE'S DAD

Name one decent coach who doesn't have a temper.

MARY ALICE'S MOM

I can't, honey.

(CONTINUED)

MARY ALICE'S DAD

It's a requirement.

Her dad notices a BELLMAN, 24, staring at Mary Alice's breasts. Deep drag on cigarette. The guy glances again, a little sneak --

MARY ALICE'S DAD (CONT'D)

Okay, ass-hole. That's it.

BELLMAN

Sir?

Mary Alice's father steps closer to the guy.

MARY ALICE'S DAD

Sir? Sir Fuckhead Sir, you know what I'm talking about.

Mom tries to get him to stop making a scene. Deeply misunderstood, he yanks his arm away and walks off a few steps. Mary Alice goes to him, but he won't look at her.

LIV (O.S.)

Mary Alice, sweetie, you look beautiful. I'm so glad I caught you.

Liv appears and collars Mary Alice, kiss kiss on both cheeks, holding Mary Alice's shoulders --

57

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL LOUNGE - DAY

57

Liv and Mary Alice at a small table.

LIV

I maintain a list. On the list are famous people. Women. Actresses. Models. People you wouldn't believe, really. That you read about every day in magazines. Who make themselves available for short or long periods of time for incredible amounts of money. And I mean incredible.

MARY ALICE

I'm not sure I understand you.

LIV

You met Raja, yes?

Mary Alice nods.

(CONTINUED)

LIV (CONT'D)

And he has taken a fancy to you,
yes. You did realize that?

Mary Alice removes her sunglasses and looks at Liv.

MARY ALICE

Are you out of your fucking mind?

Liv is impervious.

LIV

Let me tell you a story, sweetie.
I sent a black super-model down to
Dubai for a weekend. It was a
success. She was asked down
another weekend. The first night,
she puts on a little attitude. The
next day, she's out shopping - a
nice Mercedes convertible she had
shipped to London - she comes back
and he's recruited some local
talent. They're in bed waiting for
her. She throws a television
through the window. She yells,
what kind of woman do you think I
am? Okay. Conflict. Fine. For
those two weekends she was paid
three million dollars.

(beat)

He's invited you on his boat. A
day trip. No expectations.

Mary Alice just looks at Liv.

LIV (CONT'D)

I know fifty girls who would fight
over this invitation. Don't be an
idiot.

(beat)

At least don't leave. You can
think about it. Promise me you
won't leave and you'll think about
it.

Outside the window, Mary Alice's parents stand around
gawking at people and things, an Arab family in robes.

CUT TO:

A mound of dirt under a blanket. A small mound.

(CONTINUED)

The mourners are Bryan and Julie's age which means they have small children. Mourners holding children.

An Episcopal Minister in regalia is saying something soundlessly.

Bryan holds Riley and Julie stands beside them. Julie is weeping. She notices Bryan is completely stone-faced.

Julie watches two BOYS chase each other through the crowd, playing tag, stifling their laughter.

CUT TO:

59

INT. ARABIAN GULF - FOREIGN WORKERS BARRACKS - DAY

59

Tight on BRUCE WILLIS in Diehard pausing before he runs across the broken glass.

A LARGE GROUP of men watch the pirated DVD on a small TV in the corner of a barracks of cinder block construction, housing for immigrant labor.

SUPERTITLE: FOREIGN WORKERS BARRACKS - ARABIAN GULF

In the corner Wasim sits with Farooq watching the film but also checking out girls.

FAROOQ

They gave us french fries.

ANOTHER FRIEND

His sister has a thing for you.

WASIM

His sister has a big ass.

Farooq shoves him.

FAROOQ

And lamb. We got skewers of lamb.

ANGLE ON: Saleem lying on a bare mattress with some of his children, the youngest is YUNUS (6). He works wooden prayer beads in his hand as they watch the film.

ON TV Bruce Willis shoots at terrorists.

The children's faces are lit by the TV'S glowing light.

60

IN ANOTHER RAMSHACKLE ROOM

60

At a table sit three PAKISTANI WOMEN, including BEGUM KHAN, 33, wife of Saleem, and a Western Aide Worker, CAMILLE MACKENZIE, 35, a perky Canadian with freckles. She speaks Urdu.

CAMILLE

... And where is Yasmin?

WOMAN

Her brother died of an asthma attack. He had to have a kitten. I have her check.

The three women take out checks and slide them over. The checks are made out to Micro-Lending, Ltd.

CAMILLE

I would like Begum to show you her record-keeping system.

Begum opens a notebook in which careful columns of figures have been made.

BEGUM

We must sell our products for more than the cost of the fabric and the loan on the machine.

She nods to a fairly new sewing machine in the corner. On the wall is a poster of the mountains of Pakistan.

BEGUM (CONT'D)

Add those figures together and then take into account your time --

Begum sees Saleem in the doorway listening.

SALEEM (IN HALTING ENGLISH)

Hello Camille from Toronto.

CAMILLE

Hello, Saleem. How are you today?

SALEEM

I am good.

Saleem speaks to Begum, his wife, in rapid Urdu.

SALEEM (CONT'D)

Just so you know. Everyone in your family is hungry.

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60

Begum looks at Camille for support then at Saleem.

BEGUM

We're almost finished.

Saleem walks angrily away.

61

EXT. GOVERNMENT PLAZA - DAY

61

Against a wall, YOUNG MEN are frisked by police who tap their legs apart with batons. Above them a watchful portrait of the Emir, in epic pose, astride a stallion.

A line of Pakistani and Filipino MEN winds out of a building. People are paranoid. No jokes. Eyes darting.

As more MEN arrive, POLICE in riot gear watch them.

Yunus watches Wasim and Saleem. He mimics how his brother stands. An OLD MAN tries to talk to them.

OLD MAN

Hot today. Can't remember the streets this hot.

Saleem looks around, sees if anyone was listening, then takes the old man's arm.

SALEEM

You don't want to talk here.

Suddenly, a POLICEMAN shoves Saleem from behind. Saleem turns to the officer, already apologizing, but Wasim steps between them. The policeman pushes Wasim with his baton.

POLICEMAN

Tough guy? Is that right, tough guy? What's your name, Tough guy?

Wasim doesn't say anything. Yunus watches his father and brother. The cop pokes Wasim again with the stick --

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

What's your name?

WASIM

John.

The policeman swiftly brings his club down on Wasim's head, dropping him to his knees. Other POLICEMEN close on them. Saleem gets in the middle, but is beaten down.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

Wasim tries to reach for Yunus who is SCREAMING and hitting at the policeman's legs. A club comes down on Wasim's head --

CUT TO:

62 EXT. DARTMOUTH COLLEGE - DAY

62

Perfect calm at a beautiful, rural Ivy League campus with STUDENTS strolling between buildings.

63 INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY

63

Tight on note cards of "conversational topics" and reminders to be "natural." A perfect MOTHER and FATHER coach their PERFECT NERVOUS DAUGHTER.

NERVOUS DAUGHTER

I learned the value of diversity
in my time at the Model U.N.

And, across the rich leather and wood anteroom of a Dartmouth admissions office, Bob and Robby also wait.

ROBBY

Maybe you'll get made Ambassador
to somewhere cool, like France or
Italy or Ghana. *What's your dad
do?* He's Ambassador to Ghana.
That's so cool. I know.

Bob looks over at his son like he doesn't really know who this person is, which he doesn't.

BOB

How's your mom?

ROBBY

(forced gaiety)
Great! She's great!

The Perfect Family glances over at them. After a beat --

ROBBY (CONT'D)

Do you know what mom's job is?

BOB

She's a secretary.

ROBBY

What did she do when you met her?

(CONTINUED)

BOB

She was a secretary.

(beat)

Robby, are you nervous?

Indignant Robby speaks loudly for The Perfect Family --

ROBBY

I've been airlifted out of foreign countries and I speak three languages because I have to. They'll feel sorry for me.

A door opens. An ADMISSIONS OFFICER signals to Robby, who salutes his father, then disappears through the door. Bob is alone with The Perfect Family.

INT. KEBAB SHOP - WEST LEBANON, N.H. - NIGHT

A locals-only restaurant, with lamb on spits, WORKERS speaking Arabic. Bob and Robby eat at a small table.

ROBBY

I know it's a year away but I'll have to have a car. A decent car. Nothing fancy, but it has to run. So I can get into Boston and New York. They have a great crew. That's what they told me. I said, crew of what? Ha, ha. They said, rowing. So...if I want to row...

Bob quickly finishes a glass of cheap, white wine.

BOB

Robby, you know, I live... Where do I live? Maryland. I live in Maryland. Meaning you have residency there. In Maryland. For the University. Of Maryland.

Robby liberally uses the local's hot sauce. Two MEN at another table nod in approval. Robby fires off Arabic.

ROBBY (ARABIC)

Lebanese is like Vanilla. You want hot, try Pakistan.

The men can't believe this kid speaks Arabic. Robby turns back to Bob and says what's really on his mind.

ROBBY (CONT'D)

I just want a normal senior year. I want to live in a normal house.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROBBY (CONT'D)

I want Cinemax and prom. You know
what prom is like in Pakistan?
Prom sucks in Pakistan.

Bob looks at his kid with love, the real thing.

BOB

Robby, it's complicated. I'm
trying. It doesn't mean your mom
and I don't love you. Do you hear
me? Tell me you do.

Robby does hear him, but it's what he's always heard.

ROBBY

What does Mom do again that we
have to live in Islamabad?

BOB

She's a secretary.

Robby turns back to the Arab men who expect more Arabic --

ROBBY (ENGLISH)

Both of my parents are
professional liars.

BOB

Then does it matter if I tell you
not to worry, that I'll make it
happen.

A wide shot. Bob and Robby are the only Occidentals in
the place.

CUT TO:

EXT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - D.C. - DAY

Bennett is dwarfed by an austere, Federalist space.

INT. DONALD FARISH'S OFFICE - DAY

DONALD FARISH III, 60's, longer hair than you would
expect, talks on his cell phone, feet kicked up on the
desk. Two Assistant U.S. ATTORNEYS stare at Bennett.

FARISH (O.S.)

Hey, how bad is it? Ouch. When a
Volvo dealer says that. Okay,
you're honorable decent guys.

Farish clicks off the cell phone, turns to Bennett.

(CONTINUED)

FARISH (CONT'D)

My wife and our narrow driveway.

(beat)

How the hell are you?

BENNETT

You know, can't complain.

FARISH

That's not good, kiddo. That's suffering quietly. Married? Kids?

Bennett shakes his head.

FARISH (CONT'D)

You ever give any money to the alumni fund?

Bennett shakes his head again. Farish looks him over like a good diagnostician inspecting a patient. Then --

FARISH (CONT'D)

There is no way a company like Killen pulled off a deal like this without paying somebody off.

Bennett shrugs. Looks at the Assts. They don't smile.

BENNETT

Why don't you tell me what you have so I can respond?

Farish looks at his guys. They all choke back laughs.

FARISH

I used to think something was wrong here. Now, I know something's wrong here.

He stands, tall, imperious. Walks around his desk. Perches on the edge, towering over Bennett.

FARISH (CONT'D)

Either you don't find anything because you don't know how to look. Or you do and they carve you out and light you on fire.

(to his guys)

That's gotta be the play, right?

Bennett doesn't say anything. Farish picks up a file, scans it: Bennett's particulars therein.

(CONTINUED)

FARISH (CONT'D)

You're so under-qualified it's laughable.

They all laugh. It IS laughable.

FARISH (CONT'D)

Sydney Hewitt's new boy. How many of those have I seen? Six, seven? They're all gone; He's still Sydney Fucking Hewitt.

BENNETT

I guess you guys really have a handle on the angles.

The U.S. Attorney team shares a moment at his expense.

FARISH

Let's talk about our old friend the Holder Memoranda. *In charging a corporation or --*

BENNETT

Sentencing a company after a guilty plea, cooperation will be factored in, which includes waving the privileges afforded their attorneys.

FARISH

(dawning)
Right... I remember you now.
Strong A in Environmental Law.

BENNETT

(to the Assistants)
He was an easy grader.

FARISH

Not anymore.

The SHARP SOUNDS of SQUASH. Looking through the opaque square of Plexiglas in the door to a squash court, Sydney and Bennett grunt and lunge and sweat.

SYDNEY

I took a bit of a temperature reading. The other associates seem to like you. That's not really a good sign.

(CONTINUED)

BENNETT

I'm sorry, Sir.

HIGH ANGLE - down to the fishbowl aspect of the court. Sydney has a very good serve. As they talk he wins three points in a row, Bennett lunging at the spinning ball.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Sir, I don't want to get ahead of myself, but Kazakhstan... You got capitalists with a K --

Point.

SYDNEY

Eight - Six.

BENNETT

... You got banker gangsters, gangster bankers. The Federal prosecutor is a good man. Smart. Honest --

SYDNEY

Inherited a ton of dough --

Point.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Nine - Six. Already got his mind made up. Got his teeth in it like a little terrier.

As Sydney is talking, he wins the point.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Ten - Six. Match point.

BENNETT

I think they've got someone inside the deal. Somebody they can squeeze.

SYDNEY

Like an informant?

BENNETT

Yes, Sir. Like an informant. Just my feeling based on their overconfidence.

Sydney aces Bennett.

(CONTINUED)

67

CONTINUED: (2)

67

SYDNEY

Match!

He turns and holds out his hand.

68

INT. CLUB ROOM - DAY

68

The casual bar of a fancy, D.C. Men's Club. Very old money. Lots of power. Membership includes one woman, one Jew, and Vernon Jordan. Bennett and Sydney eat lunch.

SYDNEY

If people in oil deals talked to U.S. Attorneys, there'd be no oil business.

DEAN CRUTCHER, 60's, congenial, but powerful in build, an ex-marine, an insider for forty years, wanders over.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Dean, do you know Bennett Holiday?
Bennett, this is Dean Crutcher.

BENNETT

(half-rising)
How do you do, Sir?

They shake hands.

SYDNEY

We've been discussing the Connex-Killen merger situation.

CRUTCHER

Will they get approval? Helluva large company if they do. I mean, client.

BENNETT

I don't know, Sir. The Tengiz field, Killen's largest asset, is being looked at pretty heavily by the U.S. Attorney's office.

Crutcher and Sydney exchange a glance, then Crutcher winks at Bennett --

CRUTCHER

Well, Bennett, as they say in the bible, there are many, many ways to light Europe.

CUT TO:

69 INT. BEDROOM - WOODMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

69

A light SWITCHES ON.

Bryan and Julie are both awake listening to Riley CRYING down the hall. It's unnerving, but neither one moves right away, perhaps hoping he'll fall back asleep.

JULIE

It's like I'm hearing Max...

She trails away and tries to snuggle, but he's stiff, giving nothing.

BRYAN

You don't eulogize a child. A dead child hasn't lived. A dead child has no friends. A dead child is just dead.

Something in his tone, the depth of the bitterness, causes her to look at him.

70 INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

70

Bryan opens the door to his son's bedroom. Riley is standing in his crib, crying inconsolably.

RILEY

(his voice catching)

I, I want to look out the window.

He holds up his arms for his father who lifts him. They walk to the window. Riley stops crying instantly, as children will, and shimmies out of his dad's arms.

At the window, they stand together, silhouetted against the dark night and distant street light.

CUT TO:

71 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

71

Bob and Franks walk down an institutional white corridor.

BOB

Intelligence work isn't training seminars and little gold stars for attendance.

FRANKS

What do you think intelligence work is, Bob?

(CONTINUED)

They turn a corner which gives way to another institutional white corridor.

BOB

It's two people in a room and one of them is asking a favor that's a capital crime in every country on earth. A hanging crime.

Another corner. Another white hallway.

FRANKS

No, Bob. It's assessing the information gathered from that favor and balancing it against all the other favors.

Franks smiles. Opens a door to a white, windowless room.

INT. WHITE, WINDOWLESS TASK FORCE ROOM - DAY

It's so white it's hard to see the lines of anything. PEOPLE around a conference table. Division Chief at the head. Easels with pictures: Prince Nasir, The Egyptian With Blue Eyes. The EGYPT CHIEF is talking. Bob sits.

DIVISION CHIEF

Welcome, Bob. Good news. We have something for you, something we think you'll like.

EGYPT BUREAU CHIEF

(re: Egyptian)

... In the past he had been harbored as a guest of the royal family.

A photo of the dedication of a new Water Ministry Administration Building. See Nasir and Meshal and, in the background, the Egyptian with blue eyes.

DIVISION CHIEF

(addressing Bob)

You know this guy?

The Division Chief points to Prince Nasir on a street.

BOB

Prince Nasir Al-Subaai.

FRANKS

His money's in a lot of dark corners, paying for weapons that could be used against the USA.

(CONTINUED)

Franks slides Bob a thick file on Prince Nasir Al-Subaai.

FRANKS (CONT'D)

Paperwork on the polygraphs. Wire transfers to Qaeda fronts. Letters instructing his Water Ministry to employ Mohammed Sheik Agiza, the guy who has your missile.

DIVISION CHIEF

He's traveling to Beirut.

(smiling)

You have some experience in Beirut, don't you, Bob?

BOB

I infiltrated Hezbollah. And they know it. It's like I'm wearing a sign on my back.

DIVISION CHIEF

This is a bad guy and we need him off the table. Who knows, maybe you'll even find your Egyptian.

Bob is obviously not happy about this.

FRANKS

I gotta get going a little early, my daughter's soccer tournament.

The Division Chief passes behind Bob's chair. She leans down and whispers in his ear --

DIVISION CHIEF

This is top of The Director's list. Hit a walk-off home run and you'll get any desk you want.

Happy hour at a mall pub with ESPN and CNN on TV's. Bob and STANLEY "STAN" GOFF, 50's, moustache, glasses, windbreaker, ex-number three in CIA, smarter than he looks, drink beer and watch TV.

STAN

How's Margaret? Divorced yet?

BOB

We're not getting divorced.

Stan looks at him like he's kidding himself.

STAN

I'm telling you, Bobby my boy,
wife number three is the charm.

Bob changes the subject.

BOB

What about this C.L.I. - Committee
to Liberate Iran?

STAN

Patriotic men donating their time,
whose only goals are the full
employment and personal safety of
every American.

Bob glances sideways at him.

STAN (CONT'D)

In that order.

BOB

My goal was always to own a bar in
Macau, before Macau got ruined
like everywhere else.

STAN

There's nowhere left in the world
to own a real bar, Bobby my boy,
but I'll tell you one thing, you
don't get to Chief Level, you got
no chance of consulting after you
retire. No chance.

ANGLE - BAR TV

Bryan in front of a Paribas logo --

BRYAN (ON TV)

*Iran today hedged on whether to
allow the U.N. Nuclear Team in for
spot inspections. Smart money is
watching the table, still waiting
to place their bets.*

BOB

(to the Bartender)

Bourbon rocks --

Bob and Stan drunkenly exit T.J. O'Toole's into the
standard suburban mall parking lot. There is a bright
multiplex sign. FAMILIES and TEENAGERS stroll.

(CONTINUED)

STAN

I like consulting. No, I love it.
Love it. And I'll say this for it,
private business is efficient.
There I said it. Fucking cliché.
And the CIA is like what, a 30
billion a year business. So
anybody wants to sell anything, a
pencil, a computer, they gotta
interface through a security
clearance --

Stan taps his chest --

STAN (CONT'D)

Don't give me shit. I got two kids
in college and one in graduate
school.

BOB

Stan, is it safe for me to go
back?

Stan looks at Bob, then looks away. In the corner of the
parking lot is a brightly lit CONNEX GAS STATION.

STAN

Clear it with Fadlullah.

INT. SUBURBAN TOWN HOME - EVENING

Bob lets himself in. Drops his keys. Drops his briefcase.
He lists up the carpeted steps to the main living area.

He turns on lights and surveys his kingdom. The townhouse
is sparsely furnished with outdated furniture, barely
lived in, and suffocatingly bleak.

Bob goes to the kitchen and opens the fridge. Nothing in
it. He shuts the fridge. On the door: a 1997 calendar,
family photos from years ago, a child's yellowed drawing.

Bob pours a glass of water and looks out the kitchen
window --

EXT. SUBURBAN TOWN HOME - NIGHT

Bob's face in the window of the townhouse. Pull back to
see the row of identical units on the street.

Keep pulling back to see entire complex... then the collection of complexes... then ten thousand identical condos covering the hills of Dale City, Maryland.

CUT TO:

EXT. 777 RANCH - HONDO, TEXAS - DAY

A herd of zebra trot across a field and distant GUNSHOTS crack through the pine forest. This is a private game preserve, 10,000 acres of "conservation."

A large sign shows a buck in cross-hairs and "777 Ranch. Experience Wildlife from Four Continents in Texas."

RICKY (O.S.)

I believe in getting inside their personal space. So it's you and him and nothing else. That's eighteen yards for a tiger or rhino...

Bennett and Jim Polk ride in the back of a "wagon," a modified shooting platform pulled behind a Jeep.

JIM POLK

Six billion barrels of oil, a billion of natural gas liquids, but fourteen trillion cubic feet of gas --

Ricky's conversation floats up from a lower platform.

RICKY (O.S.)

... Man, I mean to tell you, by the end, you got blood of lions, baboons, rhinos on your dungarees.

Bennett seems uneasy. Jim Polk yells down to his friend.

JIM POLK

That's Kenya, Ricky, not one of these turkey shoots.

RICKY, 50's, is a good ole boy with a pronounced twang.

RICKY

Bred animals kill, too, Jim Polk.

Bennett has a rental rifle and orange vest over his suit. Jim Polk continues his thought to Bennett.

(CONTINUED)

JIM POLK

Fuck Connex. I don't know why I
ever sold 'em my company. Fucking
accountants. Here, take your pick.

He hands Bennett a thick catalogue.

ANGLE ON CATALOGUE: Pages of animals you can shoot with
pictures and description.

ADDAX -- *"this large African antelope is white with a
gray masked face. It's horns corkscrew up making multiple
twists in both sexes. Large males can weigh 275 lbs. Both
males and females make handsome trophies.*

JIM POLK (CONT'D)

The Tengiz is the Holy Grail of
Natural Gas. *Fuel of the future.*
You get into that stream, nobody
in your family will ever have to
clean a toilet again.

BENNETT

I have a feeling this U.S.
Attorney has a source.

JIM POLK

Like somebody who didn't get into
Tengiz and is pissed off about it.

BENNETT

Any idea who that might be?

Jim Polk looks at Bennett like he was just born.

JIM POLK

How 'bout every other oil company
in the world.
(re: the catalogue)
What's your fancy?

Bennett randomly picks the first animal on the list,
shows it to Jim Polk.

JIM POLK (CONT'D)

The Addax. Good choice.
(calling to driver)
Frank. Addax.

The wagon turns in another direction, heading for Addax.

Bennett sees in the distance "Beater Boys," black men in
orange jackets who are flushing quail for a party of
hunters in a tree stand.

78

EXT. THICKET - LATER

78

ANGLE: Cross-hairs following a ram at 250 yards.

JIM POLK (V.O.)

The USA consumes one quarter of the oil in the world. Your house is light and warm and my house is light and warm, but what if it was that way three days a week? Or two or one or never?

Bennett watches Jim Polk tracking something.

IN THE CROSS-HAIRS the ram stops, munches on a bush, walks behind a tree, stops, sniffs the wind.

JIM POLK (CONT'D)

China's economy ain't growing as fast as it could because they can't get all the oil they need and they certainly can't get it at the same prices the USA gets it. I'm damn proud of that fact.

Jim pulls the trigger. The ram drops. He sees something else. He points.

JIM POLK (CONT'D)

Oh, shit. There's your Addax. Frank. Addax. Two o'clock.

IN THE DISTANCE an Addax in a stand of trees. It's tame as a house cat and not really afraid of guns or people.

Jim grabs Bennett's rifle and thrusts it at him.

BENNETT

I'm not sure --

JIM POLK

Jesus H. Christ. Addax is rare. Get that gun up.

THROUGH THE CROSS-HAIRS the Addax is gigantic and unaware of the hunters.

JIM POLK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I bet he goes three hundred pounds easy.

The Addax looks at Bennett, nostril's suddenly flared.

(CONTINUED)

78

CONTINUED:

78

JIM POLK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Come on, son. He won't wait all
day.

Bennett hesitates a beat longer, then smoothly pulls the
trigger. The gun is LOUD.

THROUGH THE SIGHT the Addax shudders. Staggers in a
circle. Then falls.

CUT TO:

79

INT. TAXI - BEIRUT - DAY

79

Bob rides in a taxi through the streets of Beirut, a city
that was once the Paris of the Middle-East: dust, noise,
construction cranes, and knock-off designer clothes.

SUPERTITLE: BEIRUT, LEBANON

They turn off the wide airport road into a warren of
narrow streets. The cab stops and the driver turns --

CABBIE

Southern Suburbs.

Bob waves him on. Streets narrow. People stare sullenly.

BOB

How can you tell if you're talking
to a Shiite or a Sunni Muslim.

(beat)

If you feel like Shee-iteing your
pants you know.

The driver glances at Bob in the rearview.

OUTSIDE a MAN has a gun stuck in his waistband. Another
MAN on a roof has a rifle. A paranoid, guarded place.

They turn and suddenly a metal gate is across the road.
MEN pour out around the car. Flannel shirts, olive drab
army shirts, beards, no beards, guns in waistbands.

Bob's door is opened and he is yanked from the cab.

BOB (CONT'D)

I'm here to see Said Hossein
Hashimi.

They roughly frisk Bob.

BOB (CONT'D)

Hashimi. Said Hashimi.

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED:

79

They take his pen, remove his belt, check his passport: it's Canadian. Bob's picture. The name is SEYMOUR RISEN.

They check his license: the name is SEYMOUR RISEN.

Bob is pushed into another vehicle. Someone pulls bills from Bob's wallet and flips them to the cabbie.

The gate rises. The car pulls away. The gate drops. The cabbie is left standing there holding the bills.

80

INT. ANTERIOR ROOM - DAWA COMPLEX - DAY

80

1970's Arab architecture. Large room. Wide doorway. Wide hallway. Wide stairs. No direct sunlight or sight-lines.

LOCAL FARMERS, WORKERS wait. Flannel crosses to Olive Drab. Both have guns in their waistbands. They talk quietly, then laugh.

Bob sits on a low couch. Opaque glass separates two rooms and shadows move behind it. SOMEONE offers Bob hot tea.

A door opens and a man signals for Bob, who gets up, holding his pants.

81

INT. HASHIMI'S ROOM - DAY

81

Dim light. An air-conditioner hums in the wall. SAID HOSSEIN HASHIMI, 80's, Tolstoyan grey beard, turban, rheumy eyes, the spiritual leader of the Lebanese Dawa, sits in a high-back chair in a corner.

Bob sits in a high-back chair near Hashimi. The young men revere Hashimi and guard him carefully.

SAID HASHIMI

I have a good feeling about American people, Bob. A good people. A welcoming people. There are ten million Muslims in the U.S. I have over 300,000 followers in Detroit alone.

BOB

Thank you for this audience. I have a business proposal for Mussawi. One that benefits everyone.

Hashimi nods magisterially.

(CONTINUED)

SAID HASHIMI

Mussawi is an energetic young man.

(beat)

Your Arabic is very good.

The power CUTS OUT. The air-conditioner SLOWLY DIES OUT. It's near dark in the room. The guards move nervously toward Bob and Said Hashimi.

BOB

I thought it would also be prudent to say, I have no interest in Hezbollah. This is business and it doesn't concern Hezbollah.

In the distance a dog barks and chickens cluck. After a beat, Hashimi turns his rheumy eyes on Bob.

HASHIMI

If what you say is true, consider yourself welcome in Lebanon.

The generator comes on with a distant WHIR. The lights come on. A man crosses to the air-conditioner, reaches up and trips the circuit breaker, bringing it back to life.

CUT TO:

INT. GROTTTO - BEIRUT - DAY

An ancient grotto where the early Christians used to hide, be discovered, and executed. A tourist attraction, it's a cool, vast, dimly lit, subterranean space.

Bob reads a description of a stalactite formation. He is alone, waiting for someone. The grotto ECHOES.

In the distance, TWO ARAB SCHOOL CHILDREN, playing with the echoes, do a little dance step and rap out, in broken English, a well-known American SONG.

MUSSAWI

I gotta ask you one question. Amin Shehab... car accident?

Bob turns to look at MUSSAWI, 30's, closely-shaved bullet head, seemingly good-natured, a businessman, he speaks English with a New Jersey accent.

BOB

Yeah, sure. Only one of them was propelled by gas and the other by C-4.

(CONTINUED)

MUSSAWI

The report said heart attack.

Bob nods pleasantly.

BOB

He saw an engine coming at him at
27,000 feet per second and his
heart stopped.

This settles a beat.

MUSSAWI

Rumors of Bob, but never Bob. It
is Bob, right? What is it you tell
people you do these days, Bob?

BOB

I'm between State Department and
Defense.

Bob surreptitiously looks around to see if Mussawi is
alone. It's clear Bob makes him nervous as well.

MUSSAWI

Just me, buddy, as requested.

Bob reaches inside his jacket. Mussawi reaches in his.

BOB

I'm getting some information,
Jimmy.

MUSSAWI

My name is Mussawi.

Bob hands a picture to Mussawi.

BOB

Okay, Jimmy.

Mussawi glances down at the picture. It surprises him.
ANGLE on the picture of PRINCE NASIR crossing a street.
Bob has a small pad on which he scribbles a dollar
figure. Mussawi glances at the number. He's impressed.

MUSSAWI

He's traveling to Beirut. It's
dangerous to travel. He'll
disappear.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

I want you to drug him, put him in the front of a car and run a truck into it at fifty miles an hour.

MUSSAWI

It's good to have you back in town, Bob.

Mussawi turns and walks away, singing some familiar song.

CUT TO:

83

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

83

The Ram turns on a spit over an open fire.

DANNY D. (O.S.)

Is the Caspian a lake or a sea?

The hunting party passes bottles of Jack Daniels. People are drunk and celebratory.

Bennett talks to DANNY DALTON, 50's, camouflage and cap.

BENNETT

Sea. Caspian Sea.

DANNY D.

Looks like Lake Michigan. Size of Lake Michigan. The Red Sea opens into the Indian Ocean --

JIM POLK

Caspian's surrounded. Like a pond. Caspian pond.

Jim passes a bottle to Bennett who takes a swig.

DANNY D.

France and Russia want it to be a pond, that's for damn sure. The Caspian, I mean. In some court somewhere right now.

(beat)

Mute point, hopefully.

He and Jim clink bottles.

JIM POLK

Mr. Petersen, Chairman of Connex, and Mr. Crutcher are proud members of the Committee to Liberate Iran. Danny D. here is, too.

(CONTINUED)

Danny Dalton sticks his hand out to Bennett --

DANNY D.

Danny Dalton. I was on the other side of the Tengiz deal.

JIM POLK

El Presidente Nazerbayev's best pal in the whole world.

DANNY D.

Point being --

JIM POLK

Point being me and Bennett are gonna take a little walk before we eat that ram.

DANNY D.

Goddamn the Tengiz is beautiful.

Danny D. raises his bottle and yells to the night --

DANNY D. (CONT'D)

To the goddamn Tengiz, boys.

EXT. GAME PRESERVE - NIGHT

The sound of their feet on the ground as the campfire falls away. Tromp, tromp, tromp. Maybe a sliver of moon. More stars than seem possible.

Jim stops. It's silent and eerie. He pulls a hip flask. Swigs. Takes in the night. Bennett does, too.

JIM POLK

My granddaddy was a wildcatter. Same with my daddy. That's how I got my start. Luck and hard work. Nobody handed me shit. I trust my gut.

(beat)

You wearing a wire, Bennett?

Bennett shakes his head.

BENNETT

No.

JIM POLK

Mind if I pat you down?

Jim moves toward Bennett and checks for a recording device. There is a loud RUSTLING as a large animal moves quickly through the underbrush.

JIM POLK (CONT'D)

Boar.

Bennett is clean.

JIM POLK (CONT'D)

Somebody's trying to play me. I feel it, but I don't know who.

BENNETT

Any guesses?

JIM POLK

Maybe Mr. Petersen, our Chairman.
Any improprieties, hang me out to dry. Maybe hang you, too.

This is surprising to Bennett. Jim stares out into the night and grows thoughtful.

JIM POLK (CONT'D)

This merger turned the lights on in the kitchen so all the rodents scurry, but after a couple seconds, what do you have? A clean, bright room with distant rustlin' sounds. And then the sounds stop and everybody eats.
(beat)

What did your daddy do?

A long beat. Bennett looks out into the night.

BENNETT

I don't know who my father is.

Jim considers Bennett then looks away. In the bush a pair of intense pig eyes are watching them, catching the silver-blue moonlight.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - ARABIAN GULF - DAY

Blinding white light. A landing strip cut into an empty desert. It's Lawrence of Arabia in all four directions.

The SOUND of the jet precedes it, then a Gulfstream G-5 appears in the sky. The wheels smoke as it lands.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

The jet taxis to a stop. It's SILENT with vastness.

86 EXT. DESERT - DAY

86

More vast nothingness, then a white Bentley hurtles between sand dunes.

87 INT. WHITE BENTLEY - DAY

87

Bryan is in the back of a fancy car. The DRIVER doesn't speak to him.

They clear a rise and ahead is what looks like a mirage - an oasis surrounded by fancy cars and Bedouin tents sprinkled with satellite dishes.

88 INT. AIR-CONDITIONED BEDOUIN TENT - DAY

88

A cathedral-like space dotted with palm trees and other foliage. The flooring consists of beautiful rugs. There are seating areas, banquet tables, and body guards.

The Emir (who held the party in Marbella) is in a wheelchair staring at multiple flat screen TV monitors, surfing with remote control through CNN, BBC, FOX NEWS, CNBC while loyal subjects flatter and ask favors.

SUPPLICANT #1

Your generosity is bigger than a mountain that shades us from the burning sun.

SUPPLICANT #2

Your benevolence is like the shade of palm trees in an oasis.

Prince Nasir, the intense, oldest son, in a black, fitted sheet/suit, scarf with black band, shows Bryan around.

PRINCE NASIR

(re: the supplicants)

At the start of the holidays it is the custom to make requests of my father. It is an expensive day for him.

The Emir is served tea in tiny glass cups by SERVANTS who make sure never to block his view of the television sets which primarily display world financial news.

PRINCE NASIR (CONT'D)

Disney is plummeting again. Father loved the Little Mermaid.

(CONTINUED)

88

CONTINUED:

88

In a corner of the tent a group of men prepare for afternoon prayer.

89

EXT. DESERT RUINS - DAY

89

Tight on a hawk's face. It flies free. Up into the sky.

PRINCE NASIR

An ancestor of mine owned that
bird's ancestor before Christ was
born.

8th century ruins of a fort - low, bleached white stone
walls, crumbling in places, like a maze. Heat ripples
across flat, white desert. It's hallucinogenic.

Bryan leans against a wall, the heat getting to him.

PRINCE NASIR (CONT'D)

Here's the way it used to work.
The President would call up my
father and say, I've got
unemployment in Washington State,
I need the Boeing deal. One phone
call later our defense minister is
stealing out of social programs to
buy overpriced airplanes.

Bryan squints up at the sky. The hawk catches a hot
updraft and rises effortlessly.

PRINCE NASIR (CONT'D)

My father offers his condolences
about your son. He ordered the
Marbella estate burned to the
ground.

Nasir watches Bryan for some type of emotion, but Bryan
is bottled-up tightly.

NASIR

Six new North Field blocks are
going up for competitive bidding.
Would you be interested in
representing one of the blocks?

Bryan considers a beat, which in itself is surprising.

BRYAN

No. I wouldn't. I don't believe
you should divide it up that way.

Nasir glances at Bryan, then removes the hood from
another hawk. Bryan steps out of the shadow of the wall.

(CONTINUED)

BRYAN (CONT'D)

I think you should consider letting another refiner into the country at the same time you're getting the bids for these blocks. This way you have BP, Connex, Chevron, Total, the Russians, all of 'em beating each other up to cut their refining prices while also telling you the true market value of your gas. But, and this is the most important part, refining is a fee, while moving is a toll. Don't let the French move it. Don't let anyone move it. You move it and then you move it the other way.

He picks up a stick. In the sand, he draws Nasir's country, the Arabian Gulf, Iran. Turkey. And Europe.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Your kingdom is here. The North Field is here. Europe is here. Because of trade restrictions and outdated alliances, you've been selling your gas for peanuts, loading it on ships, and waving as it sails away.

(re: the stick)

But, pretend for a second this is excess Iranian pipeline capacity.

He lays the stick across the circles in the sand like an overland pipe running to Europe.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Here is your route. Overland. Through Iran. Drive the processing fee into the ground and then *don't* sell the gas. You commoditize it, you control it, you take it right to the front door of every home in Europe. Your profit just went up by a factor of three, possibly four, depending on what we can do to the French on the front end. Let the Arab League in for a taste, for PR, I mean, Arabia would rather buy a tomato from Switzerland than Egypt and Egypt has very tasty tomatoes, but don't get me started on that.

(CONTINUED)

They stare at each other.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

I want 75 million pounds
commission, which is beyond
reasonable. In fact, this may be
the smartest deal anyone will ever
offer you in your life.

Nasir frees the second hawk. They both watch it chase
after the other up into the sky.

PRINCE NASIR

My brothers and cousins are
furious, but I have been
convincing father of the need for
political reform and some
transparency in our book keeping.
Father said, *move slowly and
beware the smiling generals.*

(beat)

Perhaps this has created the
opportunity to consider your
proposal.

In the sky the hawks circle higher and higher.

CUT TO:

90

EXT. MARBELLA ESTATE - DAY

90

The estate has been razed. It's empty and smoldering.

Ashes swirl up in a dark cloud and blow out over the blue
Mediterranean. In the distance, a large yacht passes.

And we hear the rising MURMUR OF AMENS...

CUT TO:

91

INT. SUBURBAN MEGA CHURCH - DAY

91

A cavernous mega church, a religious Wal-Mart with 8500
worshippers in sections like a college basketball
stadium. REVERAND STEWART, 30's, intelligent and sincere,
wearing a headset.

REVERAND STEWART

And when Jesus had been baptized,
just as he came up from the water,
suddenly the heavens were opened
to him and he saw the Spirit of
God descending like a dove and
alighting on him.

(CONTINUED)

Mary Alice, her Mom and Dad have good seats up front. All three of them have American flag pins on their collars.

REVERAND STEWART (CONT'D)

And a voice from heaven said,
"This is my Son, the Beloved, with
whom I am well pleased." Let us
pray: O God, open our hearts to
your word and open your word to
our hearts. Amen.

AMENS. Electronic signs on either side of the stage
scroll, "Holiness To The Lord..." and "So Be Ye Holy."

REVERAND STEWART (CONT'D)

This is the third in our four week
series on Luke 2:52. And Jesus
continued to grow in wisdom,
stature, and in the love of God
and those who knew him. The task
is NOT getting more of God, but
letting God get MORE of us.

High above the pulpit, dead center of the auditorium is a
giant American flag.

REVERAND STEWART (CONT'D)

I am still contemplating the
wisdom of Janice's sermon on
growing in wisdom two weeks ago.
Last Sunday we thought together
about growing in stature.

Fans now the American flag, now waving under the cross.

REVERAND STEWART (CONT'D)

Physical fitness is part of our
responsibility in walking the life
of faith. I'm afraid I boasted a
bit too much about my exercise
regimen. Walked in the Crop Walk
and as soon as we started the rain
poured down on us. Miserable walk.
I guess I deserved it after all
that braggin'. I am now humble
again.

Slowly the MURMURING RISE of different PRAYERS.

CUT TO:

92 INT. MOSQUE - ARABIAN GULF - DAY

92

A long narrow mosque packed with men kneeling shoulder to shoulder CHANTING PRAYERS. Most of them are under thirty. Their movements are unified and ecstatic.

THE CLERIC (V.O.)

They will try to disguise the difference, to make Muslims who speak about religion appear to be *fanatics* or *backward people*.

93 INT. SMALLER ROOM - MOSQUE - DAY

93

A circle of TEENAGERS, round-shouldered, melancholy, including Farooq and Wasim, sit at a table eating lamb and french fries.

There is a remarkable contrast between the setting at the government barracks (sterile, poor) and the Mosque (warm, rich). The teenagers wear serious expressions and try/fail to be respectful as they gorge.

THE CLERIC (O.S.)

They will tell us the dispute is over economic resources or military domination and if we believe that we play right into their hands, with only ourselves to blame.

THE CLERIC, 40, is a serene man whose beard and glasses make him appear older than his age. Wasim watches as he talks in hypnotic cadence, making eye contact with each boy in turn.

THE CLERIC (CONT'D)

No. The divide between human nature and modern life cannot be bridged by free trade. No. It cannot be cured with deregulation, privatization, openness or lower taxes. No.

The Cleric's sympathetic gaze falls on Wasim who is bruised with black eyes from his beating.

THE CLERIC (CONT'D)

The pain of living in the modern world will never be solved by a liberal society. Liberal societies have failed. Christian theology has failed. The West has failed.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

He serves more lamb and vegetables to Wasim's plate.
Wasim begins hungrily eating again.

94 EXT. MOSQUE - DAY

94

The sound of thousands of BEES. The cleric is tending to his bees. Farooq and Wasim and two OTHERS are with him. They eye the bees nervously.

THE CLERIC

The divine and the worldly are but
a single concept and that concept
is Koran. No separation of
religion and state - Koran.
Instead of Kings legislating and
slaves obeying - Koran.

The boys are impressed with themselves as only young, uneducated men can be when discussing philosophy and politics with a learned man.

THE CLERIC (CONT'D)

The true confrontation is over
Islam. They must eradicate Islam
in order to rescue their own
doctrine from extinction. True
Islam will end up partial Islam.
And partial Islam cannot exist.

(beat)

Do you believe me when I tell you
this?

Wasim watches Farooq nod emphatically. They are full and
The Cleric seems to know everything in the world.

The Cleric surveys the boys with quiet exaltation, his
tenderness and compassion begins to affect Wasim.

THE CLERIC (CONT'D)

Now, who would like sweets before
prayer?

95 EXT. OPEN AIR MARKET - ARABIAN GULF - DAY

95

A market as old as Islam. Stalls selling all manner of
items, CROWDS like random electrons.

An AMERICAN FEMALE LIEUTENANT fingers the hem of a
curtain made from beautiful fabric.

Begum has a stall that displays her handmade curtains and
tapestries, in brilliant colors.

(CONTINUED)

She's completing a transaction with another AMERICAN WOMAN while her U.S. COLONEL HUSBAND watches.

AMERICAN MILITARY WIFE

These would make the most
marvelous hand towels for your
mother.

ANGLE DOWN the row of stalls, SALEEM chews pan (a tobacco leaf) with other unemployed men.

SALEEM

You want to talk about particle
board or you want to talk cricket?

FRIEND

Taufeeq is the most elegant player
in the world, but Pakistan's coach
is a disaster --

BEGUM (O.S.)

Saleem... Saleem...

Begum is screaming down the way. Saleem looks over.

BEGUM (CONT'D)

Where is Wasim? He was supposed to
help me an hour ago.

Saleem shrugs, goes back to talking with the other men.

The prayer SIRENS begin to wail.

Next to Begum's stall is a stall selling lingerie. There
are thong bikinis and crotchless panties. The stall OWNER
in her black chador is sphinx-like.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE - BEIRUT - DAY

A banner reads: **ARAB LEAGUE - BEIRUT, LEBANON**

IMPORTANT MEN, including Prince Nasir, leaning toward a
microphone, sit on one side of a table in the great hall
of a 70's building where the room dwarfs the furniture.

NASIR

We begin the process of empowering
a new generation of Arabs with the
skills and training necessary to
succeed globally...

Bryan is in the crowd watching the ceremony.

(CONTINUED)

The MEN stand and solemnly shake hands with Nasir as a photographer records the moment.

CUT TO:

97

EXT. GOVERNMENT PLAZA - DAY

97

Wide steps in a wide plaza. A small crowd watches as GROUPS OF ARAB OFFICIALS disperse.

ANGLE - A WEATHERED MAN

In the crowd with a student's backpack at his feet.

PRINCE NASIR'S group, including Bryan, exit the building and move toward a caravan of black limousines.

WEATHERED MAN picks up his pack, moves around the crowd.

As Prince Nasir walks down the stairs toward the limos the WEATHERED MAN slips past a barrier.

WEATHERED MAN (ARABIC)

(to Prince Nasir)

You are a good man. I want to shake your hand.

The bodyguards and police start shouting in Arabic.

GUARDS (ARABIC)

Stop. Don't move --

WEATHERED MAN wears a serious expression heading straight for Nasir who turns and sees him --

WEATHERED MAN (ARABIC)

You are good man. Like Sadat, you will shake my hand. Good man.

The guards are SCREAMING. People start scattering --

The weathered man is reaching in his backpack --

BODYGUARDS grab Nasir, hustling him toward a limo. Bryan lunging after them --

The weathered man is tackled and pummeled.

The limos race away, sirens blaring, flags flying.

The weathered man is held and searched. They find pens and pads. His spilled bag held books.

98 INT. LIMO - DAY

98

Nasir and Bryan in a stretch with bodyguards as they race away with sirens blaring and flags flying.

Bryan is pale. He watches Prince Nasir settle back into his seat. An AIDE fires Arabic at him.

AIDE (ARABIC)

Your highness, do you still want to meet and greet?

PRINCE NASIR (ARABIC)

Everything as scheduled.

Bryan looks out the window at Beirut flying by.

99 EXT. ALBERGO HOTEL - DAY

99

The limousines stop in front of the Albergo Hotel. Doors are opened, bodyguards fan out. Prince Nasir and Bryan walk into the hotel.

100 INT. ALBERGO HOTEL LOBBY - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

100

Prince Nasir and his party sweep through the lobby. They enter an old-fashioned wire cage elevator. There's only room for Bryan and Prince Nasir and one bodyguard.

101 INT. ALBERGO ELEVATOR - DAY

101

The elevator moves slowly. Another floor comes into view. The elevator stops, the door opens and BOB stands there.

PRINCE NASIR

American?

BOB

Canadian.

Nasir motions for them to squeeze together for Bob. The gate closes. The lift creaks and begins to rise.

Nasir is looking at Bob.

PRINCE NASIR

Don't see as many these days.
Canadians.

Bob doesn't say anything.

PRINCE NASIR (CONT'D)

It's too bad.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

Bob nods again. As the elevator moves higher more light floods in through the wire mesh. Bob's eyes meet Nasir's.

102 EXT. ROOFTOP GARDEN - ALBERGO - DAY

102

Prince Nasir, Bryan, and bodyguards sit with a larger party across the rooftop garden.

Bob sits by himself eating a sandwich. From below there is the distant THUMPING of a car stereo.

A little bird dances along the railing watching for crumbs. All of Beirut is spread out below.

PUSH past the bird over the railing where seven floors below a Toyota Land Cruiser pulls around the hotel.

103 INT. ALBERGO LOBBY - DAY

103

An EMPLOYEE approaches another EMPLOYEE at the desk and furtively pulls her away.

ANGLE THROUGH A DOOR to the front of the hotel, which is now completely empty, except for the Toyota Land Cruiser with dark tinted windows and five antennae. The stereo is thumping some odd AMERICAN SONG.

104 EXT. ROOFTOP GARDEN - DAY

104

Bob puts down bills for his check. The waiter is nowhere to be seen. There's no one behind the bar. No one at the waiter's station.

Bob glances over at Prince Nasir who is laughing at something in the Wall Street Journal.

105 INT. ALBERGO LOBBY - DAY

105

Shots of the empty lobby, someone DINGING the bell. Everyone has disappeared.

106 INT. ALBERGO HALLWAY - DAY

106

Bob outside his hotel room door. The hallway is empty.

107 INT. BOB'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

107

Bob enters his room, chaining the door. He turns and THREE MEN with guns are standing there.

He's slammed against the door. Duct tape around his mouth, his arms taped back, his legs wrapped. A black duffel bag goes over him, swallowing the light.

108 EXT. LAND CRUISER - DAY 108

The duffle is heaved into the back of the Land Cruiser with a THUD. The trunk gate is slammed --

MATCH CUT TO:

109 EXT. SMALL WAREHOUSE - DAY 109

The doors of a UPS truck open. Boxes loaded on a dolly. Follow the dolly into --

110 INT. SMALL WAREHOUSE - DAY 110

A small warehouse. Roll past a few desks, some lamps. The dolly stops. Tilt up to find --

Bennett finishing a file and starting another.

And beyond, a DOZEN PARALEGALS and the mountain of boxes holding 1.3 million pages of documents.

CUT TO:

111 INT./EXT. MOTOR YACHT - DAY 111

The ROAR of engines. Raja Salaam sits in a folding chair at the stern of a boat. He is tan and wears large, dark sunglasses, ever-present nicotine inhaler in his mouth. It's a sparkling day.

Mary Alice, in a beach wrap and sunglasses, holds down her floppy hat with one hand. The noise of the engine makes conversation impossible.

Arrayed around the rest of the thirty-six foot boat are Raja's SISTER-IN-LAW, 40's, SISTER, 50, and a couple of SONS (late 20's/30's), two of the GUARD/DRIVER/COMPANION TYPES of long-standing service (60's) we've seen earlier, and a few random GUESTS and their younger KIDS.

They stare silently past Raja and Mary Alice at the middle-distance where the wake disappears behind them.

112 EXT. MEDITERRANEAN - DAY 112

The motor yacht, a classic of burnished teak and deep V waterline, chugs along the burnt coastline of Spain.

113 INT. MOTOR YACHT - DAY 113

Turkish coffee boils on the stove. The boat is anchored and the engines are silent. The sisters are readying the galley. The sisters speak rapidly in Farsi.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

SISTER-IN-LAW

I can't believe he brought one of them here with us.

SISTER

Oh, so what. Let him have his fun.

SISTER-IN-LAW

We'll have to speak English all day just for her.

114 EXT. MOTOR YACHT - DAY

114

They are in a natural harbor surrounded by dry, brown hills dotted with white mansions. Raja's boat is the smallest, but has a central, desirable position.

Raja Salaam watches Mary Alice as a sister brings the Turkish coffee and a tray of small cups.

MARY ALICE

I've never had Turkish coffee.

SISTER-IN-LAW

(cultured English)

The difference between Arabic coffee and Turkish coffee is the Turks put sugar in it. After all, we invented it. Would you like sugar?

Mary Alice smiles and shakes her head.

RAJA SALAAM

My sister teaches architecture at Harvard and has difficulty leaving her pedagogical tone at work.

CUT TO:

115 INT. BARE BULB BATHROOM - NIGHT

115

Bob, wrists and ankles taped, is held in a tub of water. A T-shirt covers his head. He struggles with his CAPTORS.

CAPTOR (ARABIC)

Who are the rats? Who took your filthy money? Give us the names.

BOB

Filthy money --

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

They pour a bucket of water over the cloth and, suddenly, air can't pass through. Bob heaves. The fabric pulls tight, sealing his face. He convulses. He's suffocating.

CUT TO:

116 INT. MOTOR YACHT - DAY

116

A beautiful lunch buffet has been laid out in the center of the table. It's lovely, simple, perfect. Everyone is eating and passing food. A CHILD talks to Mary Alice.

MARY ALICE

If you win you just move to New York and travel around and show off a little bit. Winner take all, you know. You get the clothing allotment and the luggage. Third place is a crystal sculpture. And a personal thank you.

CHILD

Do you know Tobey Maguire?

The two sons watch Mary Alice shake her head.

SON

Did you know that in Shi'a Islam you can gain a temporary marriage, for 1 to 4 hours, so you're never cheating. You sign a paper, then whatever you would've paid for the whore is now a dowry and it's all perfectly legal, not a sin, not cheating.

RAJA SALAAM (FARSI)

That's enough.

Behind them, a large sailboat is anchoring nearby.

RAJA SALAAM (CONT'D)

(to Mary Alice)

They speak a kind of Farsi even if they can't read it. But particularly beware the women, my sister-in-law, Mrs. Palestinian Ambassador to France, is ruthless.

SISTER-IN-LAW

Only to certain people.

Raja heads to the stern, waving hello to the sailor at the helm of the other boat.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN CRUTCHER calls out in a deep, authoritative voice --

CRUTCHER

Raja. How are you, fellow?

Raja's son continues his thought --

SON

It's a practical religion,
particularly if you're traveling
or your wife is otherwise
incapacitated.

MARY ALICE

Is your mother incapacitated?

He points upwards toward heaven.

SON

Very.

in his folding chair like Hyman Roth in Godfather II,
listens to Crutcher and JAMES BAKER III. It's later.

SISTER-IN-LAW (O.S.)

If someone is in prison in Tripoli
or Damascus or Teheran, then Raja
would be a person to call.

(beat)

He's Persian. He misses his
country very much.

Mary Alice blinks and stares at the sister-in-law.

SISTER-IN-LAW (CONT'D)

Tripoli is in Libya. Damascus is
in Syria. Teheran... Iran. Iran
was formerly Persia.

Raja continues listening to Crutcher and Baker III.

MARY ALICE (O.S.)

What does he do for a living?

SISTER-IN-LAW (O.S.)

He's an ambassador for the
American economy.

CUT TO:

118 INT. BARE BULB APARTMENT - DAY

118

A rundown kitchen. The windows are sealed. In another room three MEN eat lunch, sharing a two liter bottle of Mecca Cola, gossiping in Arabic.

On a wooden table is a generator, a homemade shocking device the size of masonry brick with a long wire to the generator, and a thick pair of rubber gloves.

Bob is duct-taped tightly to a chair. His face is battered. His mouth is cracked. He's severely dehydrated. His hands and feet are dark purple and swollen.

A door opens. FOOTSTEPS. Mussawi's VOICE --

MUSSAWI (O.S.)

Bob, what do you know about
torture methods used by the
Chinese on the Falun Gong?

Bob's eyes follow Mussawi's voice.

MUSSAWI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Number one method? What's your
guess? *Water dungeon?* Did you
guess water dungeon?

Bob's POV of Mussawi crossing to the generator. He uses the hand crank, which makes a grinding SOUND.

MUSSAWI (CONT'D)

Number two method? Number two:
*twisting arms and putting face in
feces.* Number three? It's fairly
straight forward. They call it
pulling nails from hands.

He lets go of the generator and picks up an evil-looking pair of pliers the size of bolt-cutters. Bob's POV over his own hands as Mussawi approaches.

MUSSAWI (CONT'D)

The purpose is to get them to
recant their beliefs.

Mussawi circles behind Bob who tries to speak but his throat is too dry. Tight on Bob as a gun barrel tickles up against his ear and the sound of MOUTH BREATHING.

Pulling back find the blue eyes of MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA inches from Bob's head.

Other men come and help him hold the chair steady.

(CONTINUED)

MUSSAWI (CONT'D)

What if I had to get you to recant? That would be difficult, right? Because if you have no beliefs to recant, then what?

Bob wiggles his hands as if they could escape. Suddenly, MSA mashes Bob's right hand flat, splaying the fingers.

MUSSAWI (CONT'D)

You're fucked is what.

The pliers fix on the nail of his pinkie.

MUSSAWI (CONT'D)

Bob, you're gonna give me the name of every person who has taken money from you.

Bob stares at him. Says nothing.

Slowly Mussawi pulls with the pliers. Bob's eyes half-close. Mussawi jerks away. There's a fingernail in the pliers. Mussawi retches.

MUSSAWI (CONT'D)

Ugh. That's disgusting.

Bob has passed out. They throw water in his face.

MUSSAWI (CONT'D)

Come on, Bob. Help me out here.

He comes to. As water drips down Bob's face he holds his tongue out and drinks. His voice returns.

BOB

(re: MSA)

Jimmy, you're not one of these Koran thumpers.

The pliers attach to another nail.

MUSSAWI

The name is Mussawi.

TIGHT ON the pliers and nail as, ever so slowly, it is ripped from Bob's hand. Bob MOANS. And passes out.

CUT TO:

119 EXT. BOAT - DAY

119

Fingers work a pearl button. Mary Alice removes her shirt revealing a tasteful one-piece. Still, every person within a mile is watching.

She poses at the rail, glancing to where Raja, oblivious to her, huddles with Dean Crutcher and James Baker III.

Mary Alice dives into the water --

CUT TO:

120 INT. BARE BULB APARTMENT - DAY

120

BOB'S POV - as his eyes open, water in them again, his hands in the foreground -- ALL THE NAILS ARE GONE. Mussawi leans in tight, furious.

MUSSAWI

You fucking fuck, fucking fuck
stupid fuck, what the fuck. This
is war you fuck. You're a
P.O.fucking.W. Give me the fucking
names.

From Bob's POV Mussawi loses his shit. He starts battering Bob, blood flying in ropes, the chair sliding across the floor. The men watch without expression.

The force of a blow knocks the chair over and Bob's POV is tilted against the floor. He hears his HEART and ragged BREATH.

From this angle, he sees Mussawi cross to the table where he picks up a handsaw.

MUSSAWI (ARABIC) (CONT'D)

I'm cutting his fucking head off.

His feet approaching Bob. Then a door slamming open. And more feet, sandaled, in jalabas.

Bob's POV of Clerics entering the room. They are SHOUTING in Arabic and Mussawi is worried, then Bob passes out.

121 ANGLE - LATER

121

An empty Mecca Cola plastic bottles and other refuse, then Bob, freed from the tape, appearing to be dead.

His eye-lids flutter ever so slightly. He twitches. Jerks into consciousness. His eyes fix on a postcard leaning against a cola bottle.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

His POV of the picture on the card: an orphanage with Said Fadlullah's picture inlaid.

And, written on the card: CONSIDER A DONATION ON YOUR WAY OUT OF BEIRUT.

CUT TO:

122 EXT. ARABIAN GULF - DAY

122

AN ANCIENT DHOW

tacks into the wind, approaching another native sailboat.

122A SMUGGLERS

122A

begin tossing goods from one boat to the other, among them, THE STINGER CRATE is passed between boats.

122B The receiving boat turns and sails the other way, revealing an endless desert shoreline ahead.

122B

CUT TO:

123 A FUEL TRUCK

123

rolls up next to a private jet. The fuel begins to tick, thousands of dollars spinning by on the pump.

Bryan and Prince Nasir and others pass by and climb the steps to the plane --

CUT TO:

124 FIFTY DOZEN YELLOW ROSES

124

delivered to a small, Midwestern house. Mary Alice and her parents watch. They've never seen this before.

CUT TO:

125 A HOSPITAL ROOM

125

Bob in a six bed room. Nobody visiting. No cards or flowers. His hands are bandaged.

CUT TO:

126 BENNETT SENIOR

126

Drinking and laughing in a park with some other men.

CUT TO:

127 A MASS OF BODIES

127

filling a street and intersection, thousands of Muslims praying, genuflecting, as far as the eye can see.

Farooq and Wasim among the praying men. They genuflect --

MATCH CUT TO:

128 INT. SMALL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

128

Bennett sprawled over his desk, asleep. It's night. There's no telling how long these guys have been here.

A paralegal, holding a piece of paper, wakes him.

PARALEGAL

I found this. Wire transfer.

Bennett snaps awake. He looks at the document.

BENNETT

Russian. I don't read Russian. Get it translated.

(beat)

Man, I was dreaming about something good, too.

129 ANGLE - LATER

129

Bennett wanders over to the desk of another PARALEGAL. On one side there's a big stack of a papers he's moving to another stack. In the corner of the desk is a tiny stack.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

What are these?

PARALEGAL #2

Orphans. Stuff that doesn't make any sense.

Bennett idly fingers a piece of paper - a receipt.

PARALEGAL #2 (CONT'D)

Oh, that one's kind of interesting. Rose School. A boarding school in Switzerland. Paid by wire transfer.

Bennett scans the paper, then turns to the room.

BENNETT

Everybody stop what you're doing.

(CONTINUED)

They look up, bleary.

BENNETT (CONT'D)
We're starting again. I want you
to ignore any document that
doesn't pertain to VIDAK LIMITED.
V.I.D.A.K.

Everyone groans. Someone tosses a file in the air.

Bennett goes to his desk, looks up a number, dials the
number. A voice answers in RUSSIAN.

BENNETT (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Hello... Hello. English?
(to the room)
Does anyone here speak Russian?

The paralegals just stare. Someone in the back shouts --

PARALEGAL
Yeah... *Fuck you.*

CUT TO:

130 EXT. THE "SONG OF ROLAND" - NIGHT

130

The fantail of Prince Meshal's yacht, SONG OF ROLAND, one
of many beautiful boats, anchored off Juan Les Pins.

A dinner party in progress. The tinkle of crystal and
music. Candles flicker. Glowing people. At one table Mary
Alice chats with somebody like ROGER MOORE.

131 INT. PRIVATE SALON - NIGHT

131

Cognac swirls. A gold cigar cutter slices off the tip.
Raja Salaam, Dean Crutcher, and Meshal light expensive
cigars in a book-lined study on the boat.

RAJA SALAAM
Capitalism cannot exist without
waste.

On the walls pictures of Meshal as a child with Reagan,
Qaddafi. As a teenager with Clinton, King Fahd,
Mitterand, Chernomyrdin.

RAJA SALAAM (CONT'D)
We should write thank you notes to
Mr. Crutcher and the USA for
producing one quarter of the
world's garbage and one quarter of
the demand.

(CONTINUED)

CRUTCHER

You're certainly welcome. Ha, ha.
Our pleasure, really.

Bonhomie galore. But Meshal is either wary or stupid or both. Raja points to a glass case where a huge leather-bound book is displayed.

RAJA SALAAM

Prince, that is a rare treasure.
(to Crutcher)
The First Arab edition of Dr.
Johnson's dictionary.

Meshal stares. It's his, but means nothing to him.

CRUTCHER

Prince, is there anything we can
do for you?

The Prince thinks about this for a beat.

PRINCE MESHAL

Americans are very happy to drill
holes in other people's countries.
(to Crutcher)
I've heard of you. The cat's paw
of the Gulf Princes.

Crutcher and Raja exchange a quick glance, but this is
what Dean Crutcher lives for.

CRUTCHER

I know your brother, the foreign
minister. Very bright. I know your
father, too. He threw the second
creepiest party I've ever been to
in Washington. And from what I can
tell you could probably use a bit
of a cat's paw yourself. Second
born son so beaten down by his
family he can't even tell me what
he wants when he's asked straight
out, a grown-up baby who hates his
brother and maybe wants to be
king, maybe. Well, Prince, are you
a king? Can you tell me what you
want?

The Prince is at first taken aback, but then takes a beat
to consider the offer. Crutcher and Raja wait.

(CONTINUED)

PRINCE MESHAL

I do have one small dream, a selfless dream. At my house I have a perfect one-third replica of Hyde Park. I have ducks and deck chairs from the real Hyde Park.

(beat)

I wish for a monument to the success of the Moors in Europe in the 8th century.

RAJA SALAAM

That already exists. It is called the Alhambra.

PRINCE MESHAL

A replica in my country to inspire the people and a new Cordoba Valley from which to view it. It took the masters a hundred years, but I believe we can do it in ten.

(beat)

By the way, do you know that my brother does not believe in God?

Crutcher sips his cognac and, considering the Prince, does indeed look like a cat digesting a canary.

132 INT. LOWER HALLWAY - "SONG OF ROLAND" - NIGHT

132

A long, low-ceilinged hall. Mary Alice tries a door. It's locked. She tries another door. Disappears inside.

133 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

133

A dim, small bedroom that connects to another room. Mary Alice's eyes adjust. The door to the head swings gently with the movement of the boat.

Suddenly there is the sound of an ARGUMENT. Through the other door PRINCE MESHAL comes into view. And then MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA YELLING at him. MSA suddenly turns --

134 INT. HEAD - NIGHT

134

A SLIVER OF VIEW through the door... Mary Alice sees MSA's blue eyes. She gently pulls the door shut.

Mary Alice listens a beat, then FLUSHES the toilet. Runs water on her hands. She opens the door carefully and steps into the room.

Reveal MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA standing behind her. She startles and whirls. He's holding a toothbrush.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

MARY ALICE

Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't know
anyone was in here.

He steps closer to her, then closer, until he's looming
over her... then he steps aside.

135 INT. PRIVATE SALON - NIGHT

135

Mary Alice sits across from Liv in the salon. The
illuminated Dr. Johnson in Arabic sparkles behind them.

LIV

All your travel will be first
class, sweetie, and imagine never
having to worry about money again.
Imagine being able to take care of
your family.

136 INT. STATE ROOM - "SONG OF ROLAND" - NIGHT

136

The back of Raja Salaam who is on top of Mary Alice,
pounding into her --

LIV (V.O.)

You like him, Sweetie. Enjoy his
company. Sex. What is sex? It's
nothing. And he's good at it. He's
good at everything. Maybe it's
love. You're Jackie-O and he's
Ari...

Raja works away, but it's not happening for Mary Alice.

LIV (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Women have always been
commodities. Our genius lies in
selling at the peak of our market.

Raja rolls Mary Alice over so that she is straddling him
He watches and she blushes.

RAJA SALAAM

Play with your nipples.

It's clumsy and unerotic. He shows her how he wants her
to do it, stroking a nipple --

RAJA SALAAM (CONT'D)

Roll them. Pull them like this.

She does it with one hand.

(CONTINUED)

RAJA SALAAM (CONT'D)

Use both hands. Roll them. Make
them long and full.

She rolls and pulls both nipples as he's instructed. He
watches her, then begins moving inside her again.

She's getting aroused now, almost despite herself. Her
eyes narrow and distant. She begins to move with him.

RAJA SALAAM (CONT'D)

Show me how you like to be
touched. Show me where.

She pulls one hand from her nipple and lowers it,
touching herself tentatively, then more intensely. We see
him watching, then his hand begins to move with hers.

A wide shot of the state room and Mary Alice, straddling
Raja Salaam, moves faster and faster.

137

EXT. FANTAIL - "THE SONG OF ROLAND" - NIGHT

137

Mary Alice and Raja dance. She is flushed and beautiful
and their dancing is graceful.

MARY ALICE

I thought they were talking about
detente, but they were talking
about *petanque*, which is a *game*...

He whirls her away. A beautiful tableau of couples
dancing on the fantail of the yacht of Prince Meshal.

SUICIDE BOMBER (O.S.)

(scratchy recording)

...I wish for everyone who hears
this to fear God and to follow God
and his prophets...

CUT TO:

138

INT. SHED - DAY

138

ON TELEVISION: grainy video of a suicide bomber's last
"statement." THE BOMBER, 19, stands in a field of dry
rubble and flowers, is both nervous and confident, a
backpack anything but innocuous at his feet.

SUICIDE BOMBER (ON VIDEO)

When I die I want the people who
inherit my possessions to do the
following:

(CONTINUED)

138

CONTINUED:

138

A group of twenty or thirty BOYS, including Wasim and Farooq, watch the video in a makeshift shed.

SUICIDE BOMBER (VIDEO) (CONT'D)

One: the people who prepare my body should be good Muslims so this will remind me of God and his forgiveness. Two: I don't want anyone to rip their clothes or slap their faces because this is an ignorant thing to do.

Bored, Wasim shadowboxes into his reflection in a window. Farooq tugs his arm and they slip away.

SUICIDE BOMBER (CONT'D)

Three: I don't want a pregnant woman to come and say good bye to me because I don't approve it.

139

EXT. SHED - DAY

139

Farooq slaps a handball against a wall and Wasim returns.

WASIM

The spider is a symbol of the sin of man. He bites the finger of Peter Parker who is now half dark and half light.

ANGLE - OPEN AIR CLASSROOM

Young CHILDREN shouting prayers in unison. It's loud, ecstatic, physical.

FAROOQ

A real spider captures, then stings and immobilizes, then watches as the prey takes days to die.

Wasim serves the ball.

WASIM

They'd never show that.

Suddenly they stop. The Cleric has been watching them. They are embarrassed.

FAROOQ

Are we in trouble?

The Cleric smiles a patient, charismatic, spooky smile.

140 EXT. THE BEES - DAY

140

The bees buzzing. The teenagers listening.

THE CLERIC

Look around you at your family.
Look around you at your brothers
united by faith in God Almighty
and submission to his law.

The boys are not at all certain on this point.

FAROOQ

Wasim is still a virgin.

Wasim lightly shoves Farooq.

THE CLERIC

That is good because fornication
is a serious crime.

FAROOQ

I'm a virgin, too.

(by rote)

It is an attack on honor and shows
contempt for sanctity and
encourages profligacy in society.

The Cleric puts his arm around Wasim's shoulders. They
turn a corner and Mohammed Sheik Agiza, six of hearts,
piercing blue eyes, is cleaning himself for prayer.

THE CLERIC

This is Mohammed Sheik Agiza, our
valued guest and leader of
Martyrdom Operations.

The Cleric and Mohammed Sheik Agiza hug fraternally.

MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA

(to Farooq and Wasim)

Please, I would be honored if you
join me in prayer.

There are two extra rugs. They begin the prayer ritual.

MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA (CONT'D)

When God Almighty has chosen us
for important work, we have no
choice but complete submission.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

Farooq surreptitiously glances at Wasim, who looks away.
Wide shot of the boys praying on dirt while bees buzz.

CUT TO:

141 INT. PRIVATE ROOM - WALTER REED HOSPITAL - DAY

141

Bob sits in a chair, his bandaged hands in front of him.

CIA SECURITY OFFICER (O.S.)

You first established contact with
the Amiri brothers in 1998?

BOB

Yes.

CIA SECURITY OFFICER (O.S.)

You met them at a party in the
South of France?

BOB

Yes.

Pulling back we find Bob framed by two, not-very-bright
CIA SECURITY OFFICERS.

CIA SECURITY OFFICER

Party given by Raja Salaam?

BOB

Yes.

CIA OFFICER

Were you aware they were involved
in the illegal arms trade?

BOB

(barely controlled)

Of course I was aware. It's why I
went after them. Where did they
find you mugs?

CIA SECURITY OFFICER

Were you aware these two men were
Iranian Intelligence Officers?

BOB

What do you think?

CIA SECURITY OFFICER

Mr. Baer. This is a diplomatic
incident. Two men were murdered.
We are the Damage Assessment Team.
You will cooperate with us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

CIA SECURITY OFFICER (CONT'D)

(beat)

We're gonna need you to turn your
passport over to us.

CIA SECURITY OFFICER #2

Passports.

142 INT. BOB'S SHARED HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

142

Bob in his bed. Five other patients stare at five other
TV's. Bob is furious. Then he sees MARGARET BAER standing
in the doorway. She walks to him and sits on the edge of
his bed. Bob is surprised, but glad to see her.

BOB

Hi.

MARGARET

Right. Hi. They wouldn't give me
any information. I didn't know
what had happened.

BOB

I'm okay. I'm fine. I'd leave
today, if they'd let me.

MARGARET

Were you not even going to tell
me?

BOB

Margaret... I'm sorry.

(beat)

Are you at the condo?

MARGARET

Double-Tree.

A beat while this sinks in.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Did you plan to tell me you were
back in Lebanon? Did you plan to
tell me you got passed over?

(re: the hospital)

I'd hate to see what would happen
if you hadn't turned over a new
leaf.

Bob checks the room, slightly paranoid. He turns up the
volume on the TV. He motions her to come closer.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

I saw these Shiites selling this Egyptian a missile, I have a feeling about this guy, a Sunni nut-job, and then he turns up again in Beirut, wants to watch while they cut my head off, he's still got my missile, they picked me for this job, specifically, said it came from The Director, they sent me back to Beirut, me, I knew this guy, a born opportunist, a mercenary, not a radical, and they've come around asking me nonsense questions about some bullshit about people that don't matter, who are no longer with us, on their goddamn orders.

Margaret leans back so she can get a good look at him.

MARGARET

You're scaring me.

A tableau shot from the doorway. Margaret standing by Bob's bed and, in the foreground, a SOLDIER, missing both forearms, is being fed a spoonful of soup by his MOTHER.

CUT TO:

143 INT./EXT. GENEVA - DAY

143

Arabs strolling along the street. Arabs shopping in expensive jewelry stores.

SUPERTITLE: GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

Flowers carried from a florist's delivery van to a service entrance. Florist vans line up around the block.

144 INT. PRINCE NASIR'S SUITE - DAY

144

Bryan, Julie, and Riley sit at a family dinner with Nasir, his wife and children. They eat fondue and laugh.

NASIR

(charming Julie)

You have one and think, this is all the love there is in the world, then another comes and instead of a trade off, somehow there is more love, the heart has opened even wider.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

Inadvertently, he has reminded her of her loss.

NASIR (CONT'D)

Do you enjoy living in Geneva? It
is a beautiful place.

Julie glances at Bryan who is working on his Blackberry.

JULIE

I miss home.

Servants pour wine. Children fence with fondue forks.

145 INT. HOTEL INTERCONTINENTAL HALLWAY - DAY

145

Doors are open. People mingle. Smoke is in the air.

A young WOMAN walks by, holding the hand of a much older
MAN, laughing at something he's saying.

146 INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

146

Julie and Riley stare out the window at the rain.

147 INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

147

Bryan plays Monopoly with a group of young Arab MEN. They
are using real money. The "bank" is stacks of hundreds
and fifties and twenties. They smoke and drink.

BRYAN

Waiting, waiting, waiting.
Everyone waiting. Us for Prince
Nasir. Nasir for the Emir. The
Emir for the French and Iranians.

The board is built with houses and hotels. Everyone is
drinking cognac. A beautiful ASIAN WOMAN gets her nails
done by an older ASIAN WOMAN.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

It's like a very comfortable Kafka
novel.

Bryan watches an Arab youth move the silver top hat.

ARAB YOUTH

Shit. Park Place. Shit --

Park Place with hotels. Bryan holds Park Place.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147

ANOTHER ARAB YOUTH

I saw a service elevator filled
with Andean schoolboys going up to
Prince Meshal's floor.

The Arab youth counts out a pile of money.

ARAB YOUTH

I just want him to let my brother
out of prison.

148 ANGLE - LATER

148

It's down to Bryan and the Arab Youth who takes off his
diamond encrusted Rolex and tosses it toward the bank.
The others watch.

ARAB YOUTH (CONT'D)

Where are you from in the States?

BRYAN

El Segundo.

No one has heard of it.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

It's near Los Angeles.

ARAB YOUTH

Movie stars, convertibles?

BRYAN

El Segundo is like Saudi Arabia
with a surf break.

They hoot and protest. They don't believe him.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

It's a desert town on an ocean
controlled by any oil company.
Tankers lined up offshore. There's
this smell in the air. They pass
out flyers to families moving in.
*This town is a quiet town where
everyone works and our families
are happy. If you have a problem
with it or if you don't like the
smell, you can fuck off.*

ARAB YOUTH

If anyone works, it can't be Saudi
Arabia --

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

148

They all LAUGH LOUDLY, then the laughter fades as Julie and Riley enter the hotel room. A beat.

JULIE

We're going back to the apartment.
He wanted to say good night to his
father.

Julie eyes the pile of money and the young Asian girl in the corner. Riley goes over and gives Bryan a hug.

CUT TO:

149 INT. C CORRIDOR HALLWAY - CIA - DAY

149

Bob walks past the glass offices. He is gaunt, a bit haunted. People assiduously working. No one looks up.

150 INT. VENDING AREA - CIA - DAY

150

A vending machine HISSES filling a cup. Bob presses the extra dark button, bandages on the tips of his fingers.

Bob looks over and sees people staring. They look away.

151 INT. DIVISION CHIEF ANTEROOM - CIA - DAY

151

Bob stands in front of an ASSISTANT'S desk.

ASSISTANT

She's in a meeting.

BOB

What about Fred?

ASSISTANT

He's in a meeting.

152 INT. BOB'S OFFICE - DAY

152

Bob behind his desk. He turns to his computer.

ON THE SCREEN: CIA proprietary software. He brings up a search for PRINCE NASIR AL-SUBAAI. He hesitates. Finally, he hits return.

ON THE SCREEN: PRINCE NASIR AL-SUBAAI - BLACKTAPE FILE.
ACCESS DENIED.

Bob carefully types with his damaged fingers.

ON THE SCREEN: HANDLING AGENTS FOR MUSSAWI. MUSSAWI -
BLACKTAPE. ACCESS DENIED. HANDLING AGENT - BLACKTAPE.
ACCESS DENIED.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

Bob takes a sip of coffee. The wall clock reads: 10:10.

ON THE SCREEN: MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA. *BLACKTAPE FILE.*
ACCESS DENIED.

153 ANGLE - LATER

153

Bob at his desk. The clock reads: 10:40. He hears a distant TONE. TONE, TONE, TONE. It's a computer POP-UP TONE. And it's getting closer.

ANGLE - Through the glass boxes at distant offices. WORKERS turn, check their computers, one after another.

TONE, TONE, TONE. Bob's computer TONES. He turns.

ON THE SCREEN: a pop-up box reading - *THIS COMPUTER IS BEING AUDITED BY THE INSPECTOR GENERAL STAFF.*

Prelap someone speaking RUSSIAN --

154 INT. BOB'S 1986 DODGE K-CAR - DAY

154

Bumper-to-bumper traffic on the 395 through suburban nothingness. The car is baby blue. The interior is baby blue. Bob listens to Anna Karenina in Russian.

Bob glances in the rear-view mirror and sees another government vehicle with TWO CLEAN-CUT MEN riding in it.

154A Bob cuts across traffic and drives down into the median. 154A

155 EXT. 395 - DAY

155

Bob's car pulls a U-turn in the median and heads the other way. The government car follows him.

156 EXT. FRED FRANKS' HOUSE - EVENING

156

A leafy middle-class suburban street. Commuter men and women are arriving home. Kids playing Wiffle-ball.

157 INT. DODGE K-CAR - DAY

157

ANNA KARENINA drones on in Russian as Bob watches Fred Franks pull into his driveway. Bob checks the rear-view where the government men are also waiting.

Fred gets out of the car. His WIFE and KIDS come to meet him. The wife kisses Fred on the cheek. The kids gambol around. The tableau is exactly the one Bob has never had.

158 EXT. FRED FRANKS' HOUSE - EVENING

158

Fred doesn't see Bob until Bob is right on him.

BOB

Fred.

Fred turns and sees Bob, looks around uncomfortably.

BOB (CONT'D)

What's going on, Fred?

FRED FRANKS

(to his wife)

Honey, take the kids inside, would you? I'll be in in a sec.

Bob and Fred watch the family go up the walk.

FRED FRANKS (CONT'D)

It's under the Omnibus Crime Act. You know that. Two men were killed. It's a criminal investigation. It's in the hands of the FBI.

This bureaucratic defense sends Bob over the edge --

BOB

I was almost killed, Fred. My hands were mutilated. And they're asking me about the Amiri brothers? About Teheran?

FRED FRANKS

You gotta understand. This wrecks careers. I shouldn't even be talking to you.

BOB

I typed in Prince Nasir Al-Subai and my computer gets seized.

FRED FRANKS

I'd advise you to drop it.

BOB

Where did this Prince Nasir job come from? Why was I sent?

NEIGHBORS stare. Fred's kids look out the window.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

FRED FRANKS

Goodbye, Bob.

CUT TO:

159 INT. FOUR SEASONS - BALLROOM C - DAY

159

The SECRETARY OF DEFENSE projected onto a giant screen.
(note: real speech delivered by George W. Bush at
Veteran's day ceremony, Nov. 2002)

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE (ON SCREEN)

*In whatever lies ahead, the United
States will remain a friend to the
Iranian people...*

It's a lunch meeting of the COMMITTEE TO LIBERATE IRAN,
packed with Washington hawks, middle-aged white men in
gray suits.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE (CONT'D)

*They have suffered years of brutal
repression, years of domestic
terror from their own rulers.*

At the head table is Raja Salaam, Tommy Thompson of
CONNEX-KILLEN, reps of Halliburton, Bechtel...

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE (CONT'D)

*A new regime would bring
deliverance for Iran. Iranian
resources are abundant, its
culture is rich, its citizens are
talented. And given a chance,
there is no limit to what the
Iranian people can achieve.*

160 INT. FOUR SEASONS - BALLROOM C LOBBY - DAY

160

On the other side of the doors, Bennett stands with THREE
HOTEL SECURITY GUARDS. The Secretary of Defense's VOICE
travels through the doors, muffled.

HOTEL SECURITY GUARD

You're not on the list. You don't
have a badge and you don't have a
wristband.

Bennett looks at the three guards. He pulls out a card
and scribbles ONE WORD on the back.

(CONTINUED)

BENNETT

Take this to Sydney Hewitt. Now.
(beat)
Please.

The guard nods and takes the card. He opens the door.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

*Their hopes are the same as all
people in every land: to lead
lives of dignity in a nation at
peace. And America will help them.*

BENNETT'S POV of applause and the guard making his way to Sydney. He passes Sydney the card.

Sydney glances at the card, then whirls --

CUT TO:

161

INT. CRUTCHER, GUNN CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

161

A conference table filled with LAWYERS and OIL COMPANY EXECUTIVES. Sydney, Jim Polk, Bennett and Tommy Thompson.

BENNETT

(to Tommy)

Killen Oil through Daniel Dalton
and PetroKa Energy Consultants
created assetless shell companies
owned by the heirs of President
Nazerbayev. This was discussed...
(checks his notes)

At the *Upstream Division Meeting*
held in January of 2003 in Sun
Valley, Idaho?

TOMMY

I was at the meeting, but I don't
focus on those kinds of details.

BENNETT

Wherein it was described that
Killen bore all financial risk,
but President Nazerbayev's
children, while attending The Rose
School in Switzerland, were
entitled to all of the profits -
seventy million dollars.

Tommy's personal lawyer leans in and whispers in his ear.

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY

I attended the meeting but, as I said, I don't focus on those kinds of details.

BENNETT

Daniel Dalton Jr. and PetroKa
Energy Consultants --

TOMMY'S LAWYER

A firm retained by Killen well
prior to Connex's involvement --

JIM POLK

Oh, fer Chrissakes, Tommy, we both
got letters from the Grand Jury,
it's not your own little private
pity party --

BENNETT

(to personal lawyer)

A good faith purchaser is in good
faith only if they didn't know
about the problems at the time of
the purchase --

JIM POLK

This is the oil business we're
talking about, right?

TOMMY

The lowliest little shareholder
knows we deal with some of the
most stank places on earth --

BENNETT

It is illegal to offer gifts,
money or the promise of money or
anything of value to influence
foreign officials --

JIM POLK

Oh, is it? I have personally seen
a bill from this law firm to the
government of Saudi Arabia for 36
million dollars. A one line bill
for services rendered. Even at 900
an hour that's a lot of servicing,
like 24 years worth --

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: (2)

161

BENNETT

The business of Crutcher, Gunn is
not under discussion at this time.

CUT TO:

162 INT. FOUR SEASONS - LOBBY BAR - CONTINUOUS

162

The lobby bar where power people sit in groupings and
rich tourists pick at cashews. In the distance Bennett
and Sydney stroll out the front of the hotel.

MARY ALICE'S MOM

Some people look at porn, your
father, for instance, does I
believe from time to time --

MARY ALICE

Mom --

We find Mary Alice's mother sitting with Mary Alice and
shopping bags from expensive stores.

MARY ALICE'S MOM

I don't judge, it's no different
than the Martha Stewart magazine I
subscribe to, which is just a
different fantasy, a fantasy that
a person could have the time to do
all those beautiful things.

Mary Alice's mother seems changed by her surroundings and
Mary Alice is certainly different, with tasteful
clothing, jewelry, and hair.

MARY ALICE'S MOM (CONT'D)

Some people fantasize about the
female body and some people about
window treatments. To each their
own, I suppose.

(beat)

Lordy, I look back at those old
pictures of myself and I wish I
looked like that person that I
hated so much. I wish I was that
person I thought was so fat and
dumb. Crazy isn't it?

Mary Alice takes her mother's hand.

MARY ALICE

No, Mom. It's not crazy or dumb.

163 INT. FOUR SEASONS SUITE - NIGHT

163

ON TV: shirtless, German hard-core band thrashing around.

Mary Alice is underneath Raja Salaam, but at least half of her attention is on the television.

Mary Alice snakes her hand out to the remote that lies on the bed near them and raises the volume.

Raja realizes she's staring at the TV.

RAJA SALAAM

Would you like to pay attention to what we're doing here?

MARY ALICE

Oh, I'm sorry. I just got curious. I wanted to hear what language they were yelling in.

RAJA SALAAM

German. That is German. It's noise.

Mary Alice looks at the TV, then starts moving in rhythm to the music. She gets more aggressive, but she is paying attention to the youths on TV and not Raja.

He looks at her, then rolls off. He's angry but covers, grabbing the remote, switching the TV to CNN.

MARY ALICE

Oh, honey. What's the matter?

ON TV: A FULL FRAME SHOT OF MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA and his *Playing Card of Evil - Six of Hearts*.

MARY ALICE (CONT'D)

I saw him. He was on the boat.

RAJA SALAAM

What boat?

MARY ALICE

The big one. I went to use the bathroom. He was in one of the rooms yelling at that gay prince.

RAJA SALAAM

You must be mistaken.

(CONTINUED)

MARY ALICE

No, I'm not. He has dark energy.
He was closer to me than you are
now. He scared me.

RAJA SALAAM

I'm telling you that is
impossible.

MARY ALICE

And I'm telling you it's not.

RAJA SALAAM

That's a very dangerous piece of
information to have.

She rolls away and he's left staring at her back.

CUT TO:

164 EXT. LAKE FRONT - GENEVA - DAY

164

The ARAB YOUTH, from the Monopoly game, runs across a
wide waterfront square near the hotel. He cuts across a
park, heading for a lone figure on a park bench.

He runs up to Bryan who sits on a bench along the Rhone
River flicking pieces of baguette to a posse of ducks.

ARAB YOUTH

Nasir likes you. Has he told you
anything?

Bryan flicks another piece of bread. He's wearing the
young man's watch.

BRYAN

Did you know oil is basically
stored-up sunlight? From decaying
plants and animals. We eat plants
and animals so you could say we're
all made of sunlight. And someday
we'll decay into stored energy for
others to use. If you really break
it down, we're nothing more than
batteries for future generations.

The youth tries to process this information.

ARAB YOUTH

They've sued the Emir on the Isle
of Jersey and frozen all of his
assets.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

164

CONTINUED:

164

ARAB YOUTH (CONT'D)

He has us in 270 hotels rooms and
I heard his credit card didn't
work at Bulgari.

Bryan stands and the ducks take off for warmer climes --

165

INT. NASIR'S SUITE - DAY

165

Nasir can barely suppress his anger. Bryan, Nasir's wife,
daughters, assorted hangers-on watch him.

PRINCE NASIR

A Mareva Injunction. Some people,
cousins of mine actually, sued my
father in The Commonwealth
alleging that he broke agreements
to repay funds transferred from
the State. They're trying to force
my father to abdicate and give the
throne to my brother.

Prince Nasir tosses a Wall Street Journal at Bryan. He
rants as Bryan reads: *such orders are used to preserve
status quo, preventing disposition or movement of assets
or destruction of proof of wrongdoing...*

PRINCE NASIR (CONT'D)

*Aggrieved Royals. Aggrieved about
what? That he tried to cut their
allowances from one hundred
thousand a month to eighty.*

ANGLE ON: a photo of AGGRIEVED ARABS leaving the court
accompanied by DEAN CRUTCHER looking protective.

PRINCE NASIR (CONT'D)

We were Bedouin kings and suddenly
palaces were provided by foreign
oil companies. Palaces. And we
stopped moving and we festered.

BRYAN

Your cousins aren't bright enough
to be anything but finger-puppets.

PRINCE NASIR

But, my brother has faith in his
own cunning. Then again, what
should I expect, his mother was a
whore.

The hangers-on stare silently in expensive suits.

CUT TO:

166

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVERN - ARABIAN GULF - DAY

166

Mohammed Sheik Agiza pours a smoking liquid out of a plaid Thermos into a teaspoon. He is very careful.

MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA

We are a small group, the ones who carry convictions and ambitions. And an even smaller group from this group, are the ones who flee from the worldly life in order to spread and act upon these ambitions.

Wasim and the young men follow his every word and move. He gets the teaspoon inserted into a special holder. He picks up an ignition device.

MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA (CONT'D)

And an even smaller group from *this elite group* are the ones who sacrifice their souls and their blood in order to bring victory to these ambitions and principles.

He tries the remote device. It isn't working. He carries it away from the smoking teaspoon and bangs it. He tries it again. Nothing. All the while talking to the boys.

MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA (CONT'D)

So you are the cream of the cream of the cream. It is possible to achieve glory only by traversing this path.

He gets the device working and puts it in place.

MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA (CONT'D)

Your influence on those you leave behind will grow and spread. There will be no sense of loss, since you continue to live.

(beat)

For the next few days you will be watched in all your affairs to see how you conduct yourselves.

He motions everyone to get behind a rock outcropping.

MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA (CONT'D)

The blowback from liquid Natural Gas is six hundred times that of gasoline.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

166

He slowly depresses the remote. A HUGE EXPLOSION lights up the cave and debris ricochets around the area.

CUT TO:

167 INT. MULTIPLEX - MALL - DAY

167

RUGRATS INVADE MARS! PIERCE BROSNAN IS BOND! Bob walks past posters in an air-conditioned theater lobby. A bored concession stand WORKER ignores him.

168 INT. THEATER - DAY

168

Stadium seating for an empty matinee of "Z" directed by Costa-Gavras. Bob walks down the darkened aisle, then down a row, and sits next to Stan Goff. A long beat.

STAN

How are you?

BOB

My fingernails are starting to grow back.

(beat)

Stan, why did Mussawi double-cross me? Why does no one care that a Sunni radical named Mohammed Sheik Agiza has our missile? And why did they open a Damage Assessment on the Amiris? Why now?

STAN

Questions two and three seem obvious to me. Missiles are everywhere. Christ, Casey gave 'em out like party favors. This damage assessment, well, let's just say Nasir wasn't a home run. They're worried about fallout. They're worried you might want to talk about it. But if you're already under investigation...

BOB

What about Mussawi?

Now, Stan isn't sure, feeling his way.

STAN

Mussawi is a soldier, just like you. I don't think he makes that decision on his own.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Who's worried about the Nasir job?
Who's worried about me talking?

Stan stares at the screen, inscrutable.

BOB (CONT'D)

Stan, who's worried about it?

On the screen: a LOUD, ACTION BEAT. Stan leans over and whispers something we can't hear.

CUT TO:

INT. CRUTCHER GUNN CONFERENCE ROOM #2 - DAY

Danny D. paces back and forth like a caged animal.
Bennett watches him.

DANNY D.

Some trust fund prosecutor got off-
message at Brown, thinking he's
gonna run this up the flag pole,
make a name for himself, maybe get
elected some two-bit, no-name
congressman from nowhere, with the
result that Russia can suddenly
start having, at our expense, all
the advantages we enjoy here. No,
I tell you. No.

(mincing)

*But, Danny, these are sovereign
nations...*

(beat)

Sovereign nations! What is a
sovereign nation, but a collective
of greed run by one individual.

(mincing)

*But, Danny, they're codified by
the U.N. charter.*

(beat)

Legitimized gangsterism on a
global basis that has no more
validity than an agreement between
the Crips and the Bloods!

(beat)

Corruption charges. *Corruption?*
Corruption ain't nothing more than
government intrusion into market
efficiencies in the form of
regulation. That's Milton
Friedman. He got a goddamn Nobel
prize.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DANNY D. (CONT'D)

We have laws against it *precisely* so we can get away with it. Corruption is why you and I sit up here in this wood-paneled cage instead of fighting each other for scraps of meat down there in the street.

Through the window Georgetown sparkles.

DANNY D. (CONT'D)

Corruption, you uppity nigger, is how we win.

Dalton checks Bennett. No reaction from Bennett.

DANNY D. (CONT'D)

Across practically the whole energy producing world you have massive unemployment. Venezuela - twenty-five percent. Nigeria twenty-eight percent. Iraq - seventy percent. Saudi Arabia has at least 50 percent unemployment. If we had to pay every individual Saudi or Iraqi or Ven the true value of their mineral rights, it would be America with 50 percent unemployment. Imagine this country with 50 percent of its good, industrious people out of work: you'd have Christian fundamentalists chopping off hands and feet in Central Park, public stonings of adulterers, and everything else would be run by the military.

Bennett waits and Danny D. winds down. Finally --

BENNETT

You broke the law, Mr. Dalton.

DANNY D.

Oh, who gives a shit!

Bennett opens a folder and scans his notes --

BENNETT

You have 37 million dollars hidden away and the only question I can see of any relevance is whether you'll get to keep any of it.

170 INT. BENNETT'S OFFICE - DAY

170

Tight on a college rugby team. Bennett Holiday, 19, is the only black man in the photo. Pull back and find Bennett adjusting the picture.

Sydney knocks on his door and enters.

SYDNEY

Hey, this isn't so bad in here.
Not so bad. Mr. Petersen, himself,
wanted me to extend this
invitation to Oilman of the Year.
It's a real nice weekend. Relax.
Get a massage. Congratulations.

He hands Bennett a golden envelope.

CUT TO:

171 INT. EMIR'S SUITE - GENEVA - DAY

171

A vast hotel suite, SILENT until the Emir's electric wheelchair rolls into sight.

He rolls across marble, through rooms, until he approaches Prince Nasir and Prince Meshal. A long beat before the Emir speaks in Arabic.

EMIR

I am tired.

PRINCE NASIR

Father --

The Emir raises his hand. Nasir gets control of himself.

PRINCE NASIR (CONT'D)

Who will be Emir?

The Emir looks away, then back at Prince Nasir.

EMIR

Your brother.

Prince Nasir looks from his father to brother and back.

PRINCE MESHAL

I would ask you to remain as
Foreign Minister.

Prince Meshal sticks out his hand. Nasir ignores it and speaks to his father.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

171

PRINCE NASIR

You cannot do this. You're bending to Western pressure and he is barely qualified to run a brothel much less a country.

EMIR

(vaguely)

I like Europe, the precipitation. I will be happy to stay here. My decision is final and I ask you to support your brother.

PRINCE NASIR

I cannot do that.

172 EXT. GENEVA LAKE FRONT - DAY

172

The ROAR of water as the fountain cascades down. Riley plays along the low wall beside it. Bryan and Julie hover nearby. Around them people speak German and French.

BRYAN

Did you know that America invented the oil business? In Western Pennsylvania, right around the Civil War. Did you know most oil companies have been in business longer than the countries they operate in have been countries?

Behind them, a MAN is giving Riley a bright balloon. They notice, but Riley has it and the man is smiling.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

That balloon, your shoes, my shirt, the sails for the boats, how we build anything, how we eat, how we travel, computer chips, packaged food, insulation, refrigeration, look around you, at practically any two things and ask yourself what they have in common?

The fountain shoots up and cascades loudly down.

JULIE

Here's a question: how do you think it looks to profit off the death of your six year-old?

Bryan starts to choke up, but then, instead of mourning, he covers and plunges back in.

(CONTINUED)

BRYAN

When oil drops below fifteen a barrel you can't make a profit. When it's above forty people turn to alternative fuels. What I've been doing is keeping it balanced in the profitable middle, like some lubricant for consumer countries as they fuck the producer countries, but right now, there is a chance to get everything we've been working toward --

JULIE

Yes, we've been working toward. We've. So don't shut me out like some robot.

Bryan snaps, railing at the heavens.

BRYAN

I changed the diapers and put cream on rashes and gave bottles in the night and went to doctor's checkups and cared about percentiles and my son is gone. I did everything right. Everything. And they took him away.

They look at each other and, for a second, it seems he may melt and hold her, but he doesn't and it's cruel.

JULIE

Bryan, we're going back to America. We leave next Friday.

She heads for Riley who is staring up at his balloon. Riley lets the balloon go and it floats up past the watch signs plastered on the buildings.

1

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - GEORGETOWN MANSION - NIGHT

A phone RINGS a muted electronic BEEP. Dean Crutcher answers the phone.

CRUTCHER

(sleepy voice)

Hello.

(CONTINUED)

ALARM COMPANY

Hello, is this Mr. Croootchcr?
This is HomeTech Security.

He reaches for the bedside light and snaps it on. Mrs.
Crutcher is a lump on the far side of the bed.

CRUTCHER

This is Mr. Crutcher.

ALARM COMPANY

We're showing a motion sensor
failure in your downstairs study.

CRUTCHER

Yes.

Crutcher glances at the wall readout on his alarm --
DOWNSTAIRS STUDY flashing.

ALARM COMPANY

Like I said we're getting a
failure message. You want me to
stay on the phone with you while
you walk around or send a car?

Crutcher reaches under his bed and pulls a gun box. He
flips the combination. Three pistols. He selects the
largest and switches off the light.

CRUTCHER

I'll walk around.

174 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

174

Crutcher closes the bedroom door and switches on the hall
light. Lots of closed doors. He walks down the stairs.

175 INT. DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

175

He reaches around a wall and hits the living room lights.
He crosses the living room and library, hitting lights as
he goes. Then a kitchen. The house is quiet.

CRUTCHER

(into phone)
Everything's fine.

176 INT. DOWNSTAIRS STUDY - NIGHT

176

Crutcher's study, unlike the standard, upper-crust,
decorating of the rest of the home, has a specific Middle-
Eastern flair. Persian antiques.

(CONTINUED)

176

CONTINUED:

176

Pictures of Crutcher on a camel, with Persian friends at Oxford in the sixties. Crutcher is an Arabist.

The motion sensor light is on. Crutcher tries a window.

ALARM COMPANY

How're we doing, Mr. Crootcher?

It's secure. He tries another one. It's secure.

CRUTCHER

(into phone)

Everything's fine.

There's a sliding glass door that leads to a patio and pool. Crutcher tries it and it slides open.

CRUTCHER (CONT'D)

(into phone)

The sliding door is unlocked.

He turns slowly. The room looks different. There is an alcove with a wet-bar and walk-in closets.

ALARM COMPANY

Did you leave it unlocked?

CRUTCHER

Send a car, you imbecile.

He looks at the alcove and closet. Just then, the desk phone RINGS, startling him. The phone rings and rings.

On the wall behind Crutcher's head are beautifully framed photos with Kissinger, Clinton, King Fahd and Raja Salaam. Rack focus off Crutcher and slowly ZOOM to...

AN OLD PHOTO

Of Dean Crutcher and Raja Salaam at Oxford.

CRUTCHER (CONT'D)

(finally answering)

Hello.

177

EXT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

177

It's early morning. A couple of drunks at the counter. Bob is at a booth with a mug of coffee. Crutcher appears outside the window, enters the restaurant, sits down.

178

INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

178

Crutcher sits across from Bob. The waitress sets a hot coffee in front of him and leaves.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

You were in Beirut in '84.

CRUTCHER

I lost friends there as I'm sure you did.

(beat)

I got a peek at your file. You're a good man, one whose experience is narrow and deep. Your entire career you've been used and probably never even known what for.

BOB

I didn't used to need to know.

A Grand Slam Breakfast is set in front of Bob.

CRUTCHER

In this town, you're innocent until you're investigated.

Bob looks up and squints at the waitress' name-tag.

BOB

Bacon looks perfect, *Deborah*.

Bob puts syrup on the pancakes. Eats a piece of bacon.

BOB (CONT'D)

Innocent until investigated.

That's nice. It has a nice ring to it. I bet you've worn some miles on little sayings like that. Very wise, gives the listener the sense of law being written as it's spoken.

(beat)

If anything happens to me or my family, an accident, an accusation, anything, then first your son will disappear, his body will never be found. Then your wife. Her body will never be found either. This is guaranteed. Then, whatever is the most dangerous thing you do in your life, it might be flying in a small plane, it might be walking to the bank, you will be killed.

(beat)

Do you understand what I'm saying?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

178

CONTINUED: (2)

178

BOB (CONT'D)

I want you to acknowledge that you do understand so that we're clear and there won't be any mistakes.

After a beat, Crutcher nods.

CRUTCHER

Beirut rules, Mr. Baer?

Crutcher loves the game. Bob looks tired and maybe a little sad.

BOB

I've made decisions that resulted in deaths, but I never lost a night's sleep. Never. I killed people, but I always had 500 pages of U.S. law behind me, law that I believed in, and that was good enough.

CRUTCHER

You still do, Mr. Baer. You still do.

Bob stares at him.

BOB

I want my passports back.

CUT TO:

179

INT. BENNETT'S APARTMENT - DAY

179

Bennett mounts the stuffed head of an Addax on the wall. The doorbell RINGS. He goes to the door, REVEALING --

The THICK-FRAMED GLASSES GUY from Kazakhstan standing there, holding out a BLUE ENVELOPE.

Bennett takes the envelope, then Glasses Guy walks away and gets in the passenger side of sedan.

180

EXT. D.C. - DAY

180

Bennett jogs through a downtrodden neighborhood in view of postcard monuments. An unmarked cruiser follows him.

He keeps jogging, passing into Georgetown. The cruiser pulls ahead and stops. An FBI AGENT steps out.

FBI AGENT

Bennett Holiday?

Bennett looks in the car, sees Donald Farish III.

(CONTINUED)

180

CONTINUED:

180

FARISH

Bennett, hey. Come on. Take a ride with me.

Bennett walks over to the car.

BENNETT

Hi, Don. Do I have a choice?

FARISH

Of course, you do. This is just a courtesy call --

181

INT. CRUISER - DAY

181

They ride through the streets.

FARISH

Bennett, I know you know about the crime fraud exception to attorney client privilege?

BENNETT

I do, Don. Very well.

FARISH

Then, you also know your client is into some shady stuff and it's starting to look like you could be involved in hiding the true nature of the transactions.

BENNETT

That's quite a statement, Don.

Something catches Bennett's attention out the window. It's his father, seemingly in a heated discussion with a group of younger, college age MEN.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

We gotta stop. Don, I'm sorry. Stop the car. Stop!

182

EXT. GEORGETOWN STREET - DAY

182

Bennett Sr. lectures the young people.

BENNETT SENIOR

This town is all nigger. This is a nigger town.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

182

CONTINUED:

182

BENNETT SENIOR (CONT'D)

And you got a Holocaust Museum in your nigger town, you got a future *Armenian Genocide Museum* - I mean what the fuck is that - in your nigger town, but you got nothing about this country's crime. I'm talking about the slavery that built this country. Why ain't there a Museum of Slavery? Why? Is it 'cause the evil was *here*, instead of *over there*?

The group of students murmur in agreement.

BENNETT SENIOR (CONT'D)

Niggers need a museum for what happened to niggers so it won't be happening to niggers again. And I ain't talking just about the happy parts, the Underground Railroad and Mr. Abraham Lincoln - he got his damn memorial, I'm talking about lynching human beings, I'm talking about the Slave Trade in Africa and the *good Americans* who worked in it.

Bennett Sr. sees his son among the people watching him.

183

INT. CRUISER - DAY

183

Bennett rides between Farish and Bennett Senior.

BENNETT

(to Farish)

One word. Dalton.

BENNETT SENIOR

In case you didn't notice my son thinks he's gonna rule the world.

BENNETT

Shut up.

BENNETT SENIOR

Yeah, that's good. Shut up.

Farish CLEARS his throat --

FARISH

Danny Dalton?

(CONTINUED)

BENNETT

Defrauded the Government of Kazakhstan of funds to which it was entitled, defrauded the people of Kazakhstan of the right to the honest services of their elected and appointed officials. Seven years, does three, maybe two point seven, on your recommendation.

FARISH

And let me guess: this was a solo act, without the knowledge of Connex or Killen Oil, of Jim Polk or Raymond J. Petersen?

BENNETT

Dalton's a bit of a rogue, it's true.

FARISH

And he'll have a nice little trust fund waiting when he gets out.

BENNETT

Not so little, I imagine.

(beat)

Don, we can spend the next five years in court to get back to this very place we are right now. They will fight tough. They will fight dirty. They will pressure your boss. They will pressure the people who appointed your boss. They will pressure the wives of the people who appointed your boss. You won't ever hit 'em any harder than this. And you know it.

Bennett waits. Farish taps the window and they pull over. Farish shakes his head.

FARISH

I'm sorry, Bennett. I don't think Dalton's enough.

CUT TO:

Bennett and his dad exit the car. Bennett Sr. watches Bennett pause, then lean over Farish's window.

(CONTINUED)

BENNETT

You know, Don. Something else just occurred to me...

Bennett speaks low so his dad can't hear, but we see Farish perk up in his seat. Then the car pulls away and Bennett proudly turns to his dad.

BENNETT SENIOR

I didn't raise you to be a whore.

BENNETT

You didn't raise me at all. You don't get to lecture me about how I use my brains and talent and opportunities.

BENNETT SENIOR

I'm all you got, son. No wife. No kids. No friends. No life. Just work and me.

Bennett stops and looks at his father.

BENNETT

You pathetic, drunken, self-aggrandizing quitter, loser, asshole.

This lands. Bennett Sr. fishes in his pocket and pulls out a key. He flicks it into his son's chest.

BENNETT SENIOR

I'm not coming back.

BENNETT

Thank you. What number will this be? The tenth time? Fiftieth?

Bennett Senior walks away. Bennett yells after him --

BENNETT (CONT'D)

I love this country. It's a great country, if you're not a quitter.

CUT TO:

Golden honey flares in sunlight dripping off a comb into a collection jug. Wasim replaces the comb into a hive.

In a line of square wooden hives, Farooq removes a comb and begins draining the honey.

(CONTINUED)

185

CONTINUED:

185

Wasim pulls out another comb.

WASIM'S POV - THE OPEN AIR CLASSROOM

And the ever-present prayer of children in the Madrassa.
And TWO MEN observing Wasim and Farooq in their affairs.

WASIM

Ow --

Wasim looks down. A bee is on his arm. He brushes it off.

Wasim and Farooq look at the bee on the ground as it
drags itself around in a circle.

WASIM (CONT'D)

(softly)

If I truly lack faith, then I am
not the right person.

He looks to Farooq who seems very young at this moment.

FAROOQ

The questioning means that you
have faith and makes it stronger.

WASIM

That's a lot of shit, I think.

Farooq looks around to see if anyone is listening.

FAROOQ

We'll get to intervene in the
affairs of family members. We'll
be able to help them with whatever
they need.

Wasim looks at his friend to see if he's serious. On the
ground, the worker bee stops struggling and dies.

CUT TO:

186

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - MARYLAND - DAY

186

A Bentley cruises past manicured paddocks toward a
perfect, tasteful 19th century home.

187

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

187

Mary Alice enters. She puts down her bags. Walks through
rooms taking in the sweeping view out the windows. She
enters a comfortable sitting room and stops.

(CONTINUED)

Raja Salaam sits on a couch as a servant passes out drinks to THREE YOUNG WOMEN, one of whom is Liv, one of whom is speaking with a Russian accent, and the other who is a semi-famous model or actress --

RUSSIAN ACCENT

I have written a TV show for Harvey, set in the fashion world. I have stories you wouldn't believe. The whole world is corrupt. I have seen it --

Raja and Liv see Mary Alice.

LIV

I was just saying that in my opinion Vienna is the most depraved city in the world.

SEMI-FAMOUS

It's a city of joyless sin.
(beat)
Does anybody here party?

Mary Alice stares.

Mary Alice and Raja under the hanging copper of a remodeled kitchen.

MARY ALICE

Raja, what is going on?

RAJA SALAAM

It's rather obvious, isn't it?

This hurts Mary Alice. She begins to cry. Which makes Raja uncomfortable. He walks into another room and comes back with a file folder.

RAJA SALAAM (CONT'D)

You have to make me want to sleep with you, not force myself upon you. You have to work.

He opens the file: a contract with her signature on it.

RAJA SALAAM (CONT'D)

In other words, you are incentivized, with most of the payment coming in the second year.

(CONTINUED)

188

CONTINUED:

188

Mary Alice stares down at the folder open on a counter.
She sees the contract.

RAJA SALAAM (CONT'D)

We are barely into the first and
you've stopped trying.

She sees, under the contract for "Escort Services," a
price list: names and prices, including Miss America - 4
million, 2 years. Negotiate for weekends. 50k minimum.

MARY ALICE

Do you want me to think of you as
a little brown bastard? Is that
the corner you're trying to back
me into?

RAJA SALAAM

I believe competition will be
healthy for everyone.

MARY ALICE

Oh, really --

And she storms out of the room. A beat and from the
living room we hear her YELLING.

MARY ALICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Go. Now! Get out of this house.

189

INT. FOYER - DAY

189

Mary Alice in a rage is pushing and ushering the women
out while servants bring little overnight bags.

MARY ALICE

There is the door. Use it. That's
right. Out you go. Thanks for
stopping by.

LIV

You don't have to be like this,
Mary Alice, so territorial --

MARY ALICE

Get the hell out of my house.

190

EXT. FRONT DRIVE - DAY

190

Drivers scamper for cars. The women scatter. Doors slam.
From the front steps Mary Alice watches them drive away.

191 EXT. COUNTRY ESTATE - DAY

191

Raja walks out the back of his house. He's taking a little quietude away from the domestic bliss. He waves off his old, armed RETAINERS and proceeds alone.

He walks through a garden, disappearing down steps.

192 EXT. VINEYARD - DAY

192

A steeply terraced section of overhanging vines. A handheld POV of Raja moving through dappled light. He pulls a leaf and looks at it for disease.

BOB (O.S.)

A long time ago I waited alone in
the desert --

Raja freezes then slowly turns.

RAJA SALAAM

Who's there?

BOB (O.S.)

After two days a tank rolled up
and your friend appeared. He asked
me a question. I answered the
question.

Raja squints into white light coming through the leaves.

BOB (CONT'D)

Three days later the General was
ousted.

Dawning awareness on Raja's face. And fear. As he speaks, he glances surreptitiously to see if any of his people can see him, but he is hidden away.

RAJA SALAAM

I've been trying to grow olives.
The climate is completely wrong. I
had a little luck with dates.

BOB (O.S.)

Did Prince Nasir hide Mohammed
Sheik Agiza in the Water Ministry?
Does he fund terrorist
organizations?

RAJA SALAAM

Tell people what they want to hear
and they have a better chance of
believing you.

(CONTINUED)

Raja backs up slowly until he's at the edge of steep stone stairs leading down.

RAJA SALAAM (CONT'D)

I paid people to lie. Coached them on their polygraphs. Spread single sources through different Intelligence agencies that don't communicate with one another. You know how it's done.

BOB

Why do you want Nasir dead? Why did Mussawi turn on me? Why did he try to kill me?

Bob's figure moves into the foreground of the handheld POV. Raja can now glimpse him.

RAJA SALAAM

You're taking this personally?
(beat)

You are. Mussawi? The hell with Mussawi. Maybe he found God. Maybe he was having a bad day. Maybe Americans shouldn't travel these days. You used an old move and got burned. I don't want Nasir dead. They want Nasir dead. Because he won't give them the energy and his weak-chinned, little brother will, but this isn't about Nasir. This is about Syriana, which is why those dirt Mullahs in Iran are so nervous in the first place.

BOB

Syriana?

RAJA SALAAM

A new country, Bob, drawn from Iran, Iraq, and Syria, the borders of ancient Persia - a federation - with separate states for each religion and tribe. A non-OPEC partner, run by Persians, delivering the energy of the Middle-East to Europe and the United States.

(beat)

New countries are created all the time. And people adapt.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED: (2)

192

RAJA SALAAM (CONT'D)

Five years from now it will seem as normal as Saudi Arabia or Jordan, so if the cost is one hubristic little Prince, well, so what?

CUT TO:

193 EXT. PRIVATE RUNWAY - DESERT - DAY

193

Private jets on a desert runway like Aspen at Christmas.

194 EXT. DESERT OASIS - DAY

194

The Bedouin tents are now the assembly place for tribal leaders from around the country. There are hundreds of cars, Rolls-Royces, SUVs, generals and retainers, a crowd that could threaten to take down a new government.

195 INT. TENT - DAY

195

Bryan talks into a cell phone while watching Nasir change from Western garb into Arab garb. On TV monitors, one of the stations is carrying the coronation of his brother.

BRYAN (INTO PHONE)

You're not out of it. No. You're not. There's every indication refining services will be contracted out. It's yours to lose. Come on, who would know if not me. Who are you talking to?

Nasir looks now like a Bedouin leader of 80 years earlier. He strides out of the tent.

CUT TO:

196 INT. PALACE - ARABIAN GULF - DAY

196

Tight on a crown resting on a velvet pillow. Hands reach down and lift the crown. Prince Meshal Al-Subaai is looking into a mirror as he sets it on his head.

PRINCE MESHAL AL-SUBAAI

If I liberalize, the generals would overthrow me. If I relax my authority, the mob would tear me limb from limb. But, of course, democracy and human rights are good ideas.

(CONTINUED)

196

CONTINUED:

196

He stares long into his own royal reflection. There's a knock on a door and he reluctantly leaves the mirror.

CUT TO:

197

EXT. DESERT RUINS - DAY

197

In front of a carefully chosen backdrop of antiquity, Prince Nasir makes a speech to the tribal leaders and leaders of the military. There are TV cameras and Al Jazeera is going live.

PRINCE NASIR

For centuries Islam has been ruled by people with no respect for law, monopolies handed out for the things that people want, commerce stifled, young people unable to find jobs, critics jailed or put to death, women are second-class citizens... My father is ill and weak and unwilling to fight either for reform or against the American lawyers.

Two military jets fly by in the distance. And Nasir holds his hand out toward them.

PRINCE NASIR (CONT'D)

America has five percent of the world's population, yet does fifty percent of its military spending. When you must use military means your persuasive capabilities are on the decline. The last time one country had so disproportionate an ownership of the world's military was the British Navy at the time of Kipling when they entered the Indian subcontinent.

The crowd nods in approval. Nasir is just getting warmed up. He's charismatic, but perhaps a bit of a demagogue.

His wife and daughters watch him and, near them, Bryan talks to the French oil executives.

BRYAN

(to the Execs)

This guy's a visionary. He's like Faisal or Attaturk. He can do it all, he's got the cross-over dribble, can go left, right. Low post, shoot the jumper.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

197

CONTINUED:

197

BRYAN (CONT'D)

The people love him. By Monday,
he'll be running the country.

PRINCE NASIR

The Middle-East and the Arab
people have seen empires come and
go in six millennia. The Pax
Romana, the Pax Ottomanica, the
Pax Brittanica, were nothing more
than invasions and occupations
that ended... The Pax Americana
will end, too.

The people raise their fists in solidarity.

PRINCE NASIR (CONT'D)

We have endless patience for
history, but a man starving to
death while sitting on a chair
made of gold can no longer afford
to be patient. The time for
democratic, Arab self-
determination has arrived.

The crowd roars, ready to follow him anywhere.

CUT TO:

198

INT. ZURICH AIRPORT - MORNING

198

Bob rides up an escalator, changing planes in the early
morning. He sees his wife watching him.

199

INT. ZURICH AIRPORT DEPARTURE LOUNGE - MORNING

199

Bob and Margaret sit in uncomfortable, connected chairs.

BOB

If I told you I knew of someone
who was going to be killed and
that I felt I had to try and stop
it even though it will probably
cost me my job, what would you
say?

She really looks at him.

BOB (CONT'D)

I won't get my full pension,
either.

MARGARET

You can't say who it is? No, of
course not.

(CONTINUED)

She looks away. Outside the window a huge plane is pulling away from the gate.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I want you to do what you think is right.

(beat)

And maybe for you to want the same for me.

After a beat, she reaches over and takes his hand.

A wide shot of Bob and Margaret holding hands in the lounge, the plane lifting off behind them --

CUT TO:

200

EXT. PARK - ARABIAN GULF - DAY

200

Saleem and Begum and their children eat on a blanket under a shade tree. Camille is with them.

SALEEM

I wanted to be on a bobsled in the Olympics. I wanted to drive.

(to Wasim)

Bobsled! You probably don't even know what that is.

BEGUM

Why don't you tell him instead of being like that.

CAMILLE

It's like a little car that goes down a track of ice and snow.

SALEEM

Oh, how it sparkles, the crunch of it under your feet, the quiet and calm it brings --

CAMILLE

Wasim, what are your dreams?

Maybe no one has ever asked him this before. He stares at Camille. Saleem tries to playfully tussle with his son.

SALEEM

Bobsled? You too? We never knew.

It's clear Camille wants to hear the answer. Wasim sees her waiting. He looks at her. She looks at him. Finally --

(CONTINUED)

200

CONTINUED:

200

WASIM

I want to be an actor.

A beat and then suddenly Wasim's mother gives him a tight hug. He is surprised but hugs her back. Camille is happy to be included in this display of familial closeness.

In the distance a Ford Taurus passes. IN THE TAURUS is Bob Baer.

CUT TO:

201 INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

201

On the edge of the city, Bob drives on a brand new highway and the highway leads out of town.

202 EXT. EDGE OF DESERT - DAY

202

Lift up to see the Taurus heading into the desert.

CUT TO:

203 INT. CIA - NIGHT

203

Fred Franks stares at the window of a vending machine trying to decide between Doritos or Fritos. He presses E8 and Doritos drop.

FRANKS

(to himself)

Man down. I'm going in.

He snatches the Doritos.

204 INT. CIA TASK FORCE ROOM - NIGHT

204

This room is now crowded, filled with audio-visual surveillance equipment. Palpable excitement in the air. Franks returns with his coffee and chips.

DANNY, 24, a technician, buzz cut, recent 5th year Senior at Hamilton College, fills him in.

DANNY

Just heard from Tampa, the J-STARS are tracking and we should have image from the Predator in a few seconds.

FRANKS

Great.

He eats some chips, offers some to another guy.

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED:

204

FRANKS (CONT'D)

Is it night there still?

SOMEBODY

Morning.

CUT TO:

205 EXT. BEDOUIN TENT - MORNING

205

Prince Nasir, his family, and supporters move toward a convoy of cars. A large CROWD CHEERS as they get into Hummers, Mercedes, Bentleys, and military trucks.

Nasir, Bryan and two other ADVISORS get into a multi-toned Hummer with a white roof.

In the crowd a MAN pulls a cellphone.

MAN

White roof.

The convoy pulls out in a cloud of desert dust.

CUT TO:

206 EXT. LIQUEFIED NATURAL GAS FACILITY - MORNING

206

The Liquefied Natural Gas facility, under construction in the beginning, is finished.

Someone BREAKS A BOTTLE across a huge colored pipe. There is a small crowd of hard hats and local officials.

The TotalFinaElf signage is now CONNEX-KILLEN signage. The French engineers are now American engineers.

The CHIEF ENGINEER signals. He throws a huge lever --

A POWERFUL WHISPER builds, hurtling through the pipes toward them and past them to the LNG CARRIER, a thousand-foot-long tanker, docked alongside.

CUT TO:

207 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

207

The doors open. Sydney and Bennett enter, wearing tuxedos. Sydney inserts a plastic card allowing access to the upper floors.

SYDNEY

His wife'll be there. June. Butter
wouldn't melt in her mouth.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED:

207

The elevator TONES on every floor.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

This is good. You done good.

The watch the floors light up.

208 INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT

208

The door opens and JUNE PETERSEN, 50's, Nancy Reagan suit and coif, opens the door. She takes in the men, smiling --

JUNE

Sydney, how are you? And you must be Mr. Holiday?

She shakes his hand. Gives Sydney both cheeks. They cross the large suite, one wall of which is floor-to-ceiling windows giving a dazzling view of mid-town Manhattan.

In a sitting area, RAYMOND J. PETERSEN, 50's, a vigorous pit-bull in tux shirt and bow-tie, turns from the TV --

MR. PETERSEN

Syd! Bennett, Ray Petersen! How're we doing?

Petersen is standing with his hand out --

MR. PETERSEN (CONT'D)

Those number crunchers can get a little over-zealous, can't they, but Christ, when we write the GAAP rules like some kind of abstract painting... Stare at that liability hard enough and before long it'll turn into an asset.

CUT TO:

209 INT. BOATHOUSE - MORNING

209

A military crate is set beside a DHOW, a wooden vessel traditionally used for pearl diving.

The Cleric says goodbye to Wasim and Farooq. As he kisses Wasim on each cheek, tears begin to run down his face.

From the crate comes a Stinger missile that has been rigged into a SHAPED-CHARGE with a plaid Thermos of LIQUEFIED natural gas.

They fit the shaped-charge into a specially designed space at the prow of the dhow.

(CONTINUED)

MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA
USA made. The best quality.

CUT TO:

210 INT. CIA - TASK FORCE ROOM - NIGHT 210

On a TV MONITOR: US CENTRAL COMMAND, TAMPA, FLORIDA --

A room full of military people. Several GENERALS move silently around a grainy black and white command center.

211 IN THE CIA TASK FORCE ROOM 211

More people have arrived. The Division Chief is there. Franks huddles with several other Bureau Chiefs. They stare at another MONITOR. Suddenly, an image pops on. The room lets out soft YEAHS.

ON THE MONITOR

Desert seen from seven miles up. A wide shot of sand and more sand. Then a highway cutting through it.

WILLY (V.O.)

Image from Predator. Seven miles up. Let's go in. God, I love the UAV's.

FRED FRANKS (V.O.)

What?

WILLY is a former 5th-year Senior at Hamilton College.

WILLY

Unmanned Aerial Vehicles. I love 'em.

FRED FRANKS

And it's quiet, right?

WILLY

Baby cruises at eighty knots, about as audible as the clouds.

CUT TO:

212 INT. HUMMER - DAY 212

Nasir stares ahead. The desert flies by outside the window. Bryan looks at spread sheets. The Hummer slows.

Bryan sees a vast FLOCK OF SHEEP moving diagonally across the desert in front of them, blocking the road.

213 EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

213

In the middle of thousands of sheep, shepherds on camels, and SPRINKLER TRUCKS misting water over the flock moving with ancient slowness across the road.

CUT TC:

214 INT. FOUR SEASONS PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT

214

Ray Petersen in the comfy chair. Bennett perches on the edge of the couch. Sydney is next to him.

BENNETT

... The lawyers are saying, *hey, if you can't trust a Big Five accounting firm.* And the accountants are saying, *hey, we're not lawyers.* Legal didn't understand. Accounting didn't understand. *Nobody understood anything.* The regulatory bodies had to scratch their heads for a minute that nobody at Connex or Killen or Connex-Killen was at fault, but we're net-good for consumers. D.O.J. wanted this merger, DC Circuit wanted this merger, Courts of Justice in England wanted it, too. At the end of the day our real client IS the U.S. Government and we're expanding our real client's footprint in Kazakhstan, so basically we had to give them something meaningful and they got out of our way.

Mr. Petersen glances at the TV where a pro golfer sinks a long, undulating putt. He looks back at Bennett, just a glance, but it's clear he recognizes in Bennett someone who understands the way the world works and the pressures that he, Mr. Petersen, is under.

MR. PETERSEN

Something besides Dalton?

(CONTINUED)

BENNETT

Unfortunately, yes. And the best option seemed to be a secret deal for excess Iranian pipeline capacity that I uncovered during the diligence, a side deal benefiting the lead lawyer involved in the Connex-Killen merger approval process.

A slow dawning on Sydney's face --

SYDNEY

What do you think you're doing?

Bennett opens a leather brief and pulls the BLUE ENVELOPE delivered by the Russian in thick-framed glasses.

BENNETT

Of course, it's illegal for an American to control these rights.

SYDNEY

Stop. Right. Now.

Bennett and Mr. Petersen look at Sydney.

MR. PETERSEN

Is there something you want to tell me, Syd?

CUT TO:

215

INT. CIA TASK FORCE ROOM - NIGHT

215

ON A MONITOR: the image of the distant desert slowly swings around.

FRANKS (V.O.)

What are we looking at, folks?

WILLY (V.O.)

We'll get there.

They find a lone car traveling like an ant in the road.

WILLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I gotta do some traveling. I've never even gotten out of the USA. Before grad school, I am definitely getting down to Mexico.

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED:

215

The image tightens. It's a Ford Taurus seen from heaven.

CUT TO:

216 INT./EXT. TAURUS - DAY

216

Bob is driving very fast. He comes to a crossing where two highways intersect in the desert. He slows to a stop.

Bob's POV of three directions of desert highway. Muffled WIND sways the rental car. Sand PATTERNING against the side of the car.

CUT TO:

217 EXT. HARBOR - ARABIAN GULF - DAY

217

In the beautiful harbor, a wide shot of a flotilla of native boats - dhows, sambuks, and bums.

On every boat is a lead SINGER, the *nahham*, and people playing percussion instruments like the *ghalah* and *tabl*. Others CLAP in rhythm to the haunting PEARL MUSIC.

On one of the dhows we see Farooq and Wasim singing. The MUSIC swells across the water toward the port.

CUT TO:

218 INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT

218

Sydney on his feet, standing aggressively over Bennett.

SYDNEY

In our line of work, the guy with the documents is usually the guy who stole the documents.

BENNETT

Finesse. Strategize. Advise. But don't own. Your words.

SYDNEY

You aren't going to hurt me, Bennett. You'll wash out of the private sector. Fact, you're already gone. You'll end up working public defender cases. You'll make 1/50th the money. You could have been on the boards of Fortune Five Hundred companies. You could have been an advisor to Presidents.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

You could have helped us win like Romans instead of sitting on the sidelines hoping we don't turn into Visigoths.

(beat)

You jumped that turnstile, sir, but don't worry, we'll get you off at trial --

Sydney takes the documents out of Bennett's hands.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

(calming)

We expect you kids to try and kill the father. We encourage it. Just maybe not so soon.

Sydney senses something and sees DONALD FARISH III and FBI AGENTS have entered the room. Sydney almost explodes, whirling back on Bennett --

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

You ungrateful, pissant, nobody.

FBI restrains Sydney. June looks up from her needlepoint.

BENNETT

A piece of advice Syd, one attorney to another...

Bennett takes Syd's arm and leans close --

BENNETT (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Get rid of that watch. It makes you look like a nigger.

ANGLE - on Sydney's wrist is the Mickey Mouse watch. And then a handcuff is slipped over it and clicked tight.

They begin leading Sydney out.

Across the room, silhouetted by the windows, Mrs. Petersen helps Mr. Petersen slip on his tux jacket.

They see Bennett standing awkwardly in the middle of the room. June extends her hand for him to join them.

MR. PETERSEN

I'm a straight shooter, Bennett. I think it was Trollope who said the best capitalist is someone who's greedy and honest. We can't forget that second part.

(CONTINUED)

JUNE PETERSEN

It was Trollope, honey.

The three are silhouetted against the skyline. Mr. Petersen looks out at the valleys of Manhattan.

MR. PETERSEN

We're going to create a lot of jobs this quarter, Bennett, a lot of jobs. We're building a business and that's what America's all about.

CUT TO:

219 INT. CIA - TASK FORCE ROOM - NIGHT

219

ON THE MONITOR the convoy is in the smudge of sheep.

WILLY (O.S.)

White roof. White roof, where are you white roof?

ON THE MONITOR the image tightens, zooming in on the white roof of Nasir's Hummer. It locks --

Relief on the faces of Bureau Chiefs and technicians.

WILLY (CONT'D)

There's a phrase. You know what I mean. What's the phrase? Target something --

SOMEONE ELSE

Target acquisition.

WILLY

Right. Target acquisition. That's what we got here.

ON THE MONITOR the white roof unmoving in the desert.

CUT TO:

220 EXT. CONVOY - DAY

220

Soldiers and shepherds have cleared the road, holding sheep back on either side. People get back in the trucks.

Bryan approaches Nasir who, standing with his wife and children, rocks a colicky baby on his shoulder.

BRYAN

You guys should ride together.

(CONTINUED)

220 CONTINUED:

220

Bryan holds the door for Nasir's wife. Bryan hands the children up and then heads up to another vehicle.

221 INT. BRYAN'S VEHICLE - DAY

221

The convoy moves out, sheep like parted waters on either side of the highway, sheep closing behind as they pass.

CUT TO:

222 INT. TAURUS - DAY

222

Bob speeds toward the sheep who are again blocking the road. He pulls up to them and honks. Nothing happens. SHEPHERDS on camels stare.

He inches the car forward. The Taurus is steadily engulfed by sheep. Then he can't go any further. He forces the door open and gets out.

223 EXT. SHEEP CROSSING - DAY

223

Cacophonous sheep BELLS and sheep SOUNDS, hooves in sand. The sun is brutal. Bob climbs onto the hood.

HIS POV ahead in the desert, beyond the sheep, of Prince Nasir's convoy is rapidly disappearing. And THE HIGHWAY CURVING to the right.

224 INT. TAURUS - DAY

224

Bob slams the car into reverse and begins backing out of the sheep. It's slow going. Sheep getting bumped, BAAING loudly, as the Taurus reverses.

CUT TO:

225 EXT. PREDATOR DRONE AIRCRAFT - DAY

225

A metal plane, like a giant, grey insect, drifts silently above the earth. The horizon is bright and curved.

The Predator has no pilots. The controls adjust on their own with robotic smoothness.

226 INT./EXT. TAURUS - DAY

226

Bob gets free of the sheep. He turns off the highway and drives out into the desert, going around the giant flock, so that he can cut the convoy off at an angle.

(CONTINUED)

226 CONTINUED:

226

A wizened SHEPHERD on a camel watches the Taurus go. The watering trucks continue SWISH, SWISH, SWISHING.

CUT TO:

227 INT. HELLFIRE BAY - DAY

227

The bay where two Hellfire missiles wait. The hatch begins opening.

The desert floor appears far below, just a blank canvas, the details out of reach of human eyes.

CUT TO:

228 INT. PRINCE NASIR'S HUMMER - DAY

228

The baby is SCREAMING and a child can't get its juice box to fit in the Hummer cup holder. The square corner hits the circular opening. And again. And again.

Nasir's wife readies a bottle.

The child slams the juice box. Nasir reaches and fits the juice box in the holder. The baby keeps screaming.

CUT TO:

229 INT. FOUR SEASONS BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

229

Laughter fills the room at a sumptuous awards dinner. SIR DAVID has white hair and a black bow tie.

SIR DAVID

This is not to crown a career.
You're a young man and, unlike me,
have many years of toil ahead of
you. This year's Oilman of the
Year, Mr. Raymond J. Petersen of
Connex-Killen.

The crowd gives RAYMOND J. PETERSEN a standing ovation as he walks to the podium. All the big oil companies have tables. Bennett is next to Dean Crutcher.

RAJA and MARY ALICE rise. She's radiant. On her finger is a huge DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING. She holds Raja's hand.

Mr. Petersen shakes hands with Sir David and accepts an engraved crystal oil derrick.

MR. PETERSEN

Thank you, Sir David. Thank you.
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

229

CONTINUED:

229

MR. PETERSEN (CONT'D)

It's not a secret vote, so we can see who is voting for themselves. It's all right to vote for yourself. I did not vote for myself.

The rapt faces of oil men listening to an oil man.

MR. PETERSEN (CONT'D)

I voted this year, as I do every year, for Ali Naimi, the Saudi Oil Minister, who has done more for shareholder value than all of us combined.

Laughter as a smiling SAUDI accepts a round of applause.

MR. PETERSEN (CONT'D)

And that is certainly not a criticism of any of us in this room. My father told me when I was young, never criticize a man until you have walked a mile in his shoes. This is something I've tried to live by, because, if you do criticize, you're already a mile away and you've got his shoes.

LAUGHTER, people glancing... who knew he was so funny?

CUT TO:

230

INT. HELLFIRE BAY - DAY

230

A missile shifts, rolling sideways, a slow mechanical movement of impersonal machinery...

And then one of the HELLFIRE MISSILES silently drops and falls rapidly away from the plane.

CUT TO:

231

INT. TAURUS - DAY

231

Bob races across the white desert.

Ahead, through the windshield, the convoy angles along the highway.

CUT TO:

232 EXT. PORT - LIQUEFIED NATURAL GAS FACILITY - DAY 232

Tracking down the length of the enormous LNG TANKER as a tug pushes it out toward sea and the tiny pearl boat flotilla with their singing and chanting and drums.

The name of the LNG tanker -- THE CONDOLEEZA RICE -- slowly slides into view...

233 ANGLE - THE DHOW 233

Wasim straddles the shaped-charge, holding the bowsprit, as Farooq accelerates even faster, the boat turning.

Wasim looks down and sees --

A SMILEY FACE

scratched into the surface of the Stinger, the same missile Bob intended to explode in the beginning.

CUT TO:

234 INT. TAURUS - DAY 234

Bob is closing on the front of the convoy, maybe a hundred yards off. He can see Prince Nasir and starts honking and flashing his lights.

CUT TO:

235 INT. CIA TASK FORCE BUNKER - DAY 235

People stare at the monitors, tense and restless.

CUT TO:

236 EXT. HARBOR - ARABIAN GULF - DAY 236

The SINGING and DRUMMING reaches a crescendo.

WASIM'S DHOW accelerates, breaking free of the flotilla.

The dhow heads for the CONDOLEEZA RICE (LNG CARRIER) which lumbers along dwarfing everything in its path.

WASIM'S POV of the CONTAINMENT BUBBLES which, cooled, have formed a condensate of sparkling MOUNTAINS OF SNOW.

A slow, almost beatific, smile begins to spread across Wasim's face. With the sun and wind and sky and the sparkling water, he seems completely at peace.

CUT TO:

237 INT. CIA TASK FORCE BUNKER - DAY

237

ANGLE - MONITOR

The toy-like convoy snakes across the desert.

FRANKS (O.S.)

Somebody tell me what the hell is going on.

WILLY (O.S.)

The plane is just really high. You know, sixty-four feet a second --

CUT TO:

238 INT. PRINCE NASIR'S HUMMER - DAY

238

The SCREAMING baby takes the bottle and quiets. The desert races by outside the window.

Prince Nasir makes eye contact with his wife and smiles.

CUT TO:

239 INT. BRYAN'S VEHICLE - DAY

239

Bryan stares ahead. His POV up the length of the convoy. The HUM of the highway. He turns and sees, out the window, the TAURUS cutting toward them.

CUT TO:

240 INT. CIA TASK FORCE BUNKER - DAY

240

ANGLE - MONITOR

The toy-like convoy snakes across the desert. Another car enters the frame, angling toward the convoy.

FRANKS (O.S.)

What's that other car?

Then, a POOF of white smoke. And vehicles scatter in crazy directions. Then a rush of black smoke.

ANGLE - THE ROOM

The crowd of Chiefs and Technicians erupts into celebration, handshakes and high-fives.

ANGLE - MONITOR

(CONTINUED)

240

CONTINUED:

240

The tendril of black smoke is spreading into a black cloud. The vehicles are stopped.

CUT TO:

241

INT. FOUR SEASONS BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

241

The room is silent. Mr. Petersen stares into the crowd.

MR. PETERSEN

I accept this award on behalf of
the employees of Connex-Killen,
our people, the finest in the
world...

(moved)

Guys, could I get you to stand up
for a moment?

At the CONNEX table, Tommy and Jim and the others get to
their feet. The crowd APPLAUDS.

MR. PETERSEN (CONT'D)

And our important strategic
friends around the globe,
including our newest partner, His
Royal Highness. Please stand.

(beat)

I hope I'm not giving away trade
secrets when I say Liquefied
Natural Gas truly is the fuel of
the future.

Emir Meshal Al-Subaai gives a little wave to both sides
of the room.

CUT TO:

242

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

242

The Prince Nasir convoy is scattered like toys. People
broken with shock and awe.

Find Bryan moving forward through smoke and overturned
vehicles, the only sound the BUZZING/RINGING in his ears.

Reveal A CRATER in the road. Nasir's car and family are
completely incinerated.

Bryan turns away, debris still falling. He sees the head
of a child's doll melting into the sand.

And near it...

(CONTINUED)

242 CONTINUED:

242

A CHILD'S ARM,
perfectly preserved, its body nowhere to be seen.

CUT TO:

243 INT. FOUR SEASONS BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

243

The hall is SILENT.

MR. PETERSEN

To everyone in this room who helps
make this the most exciting and
noble industry on earth.

Mr. Petersen raises his crystal derrick in a toast.

CUT TO:

244 EXT. HARBOR - ARABIAN GULF - DAY

244

Wasim has the wind and sunlight and spray in his face.

244A ON THE CONDOLEEZA RICE (LNG CARRIER)

244A

SAILORS become alarmed, running in different directions.

244B The dhow SLAMS into the side of the tanker, exploding
with the force of a hydrogen bomb --

244B

CUT TO:

245 EXT. DESERT - DAY

245

The world is upside down. Bob's car is upside down. He
climbs slowly out. He looks around. The world is smoking,
scattered. His ears are BUZZING/RINGING.

Ahead he sees a BODY on the ground. Bob reaches down to
help.

It's BRYAN.

BRYAN'S POV of Bob looking down, his mouth moving
silently, "ARE YOU HURT? CAN I HELP YOU?"

Bryan turns away and Bob glimpses the child's arm.

Bob tries to help Bryan to his feet, but Bryan struggles
with him, pushing him away.

Bryan staggers away from Bob. We're ON HIS BACK as he
slogs, then WE COME AROUND...

(CONTINUED)

245 CONTINUED:

245

Bryan's face is TIGHT in half the frame while behind him the wreckage and people and smoke trail away.

Bryan wipes at a tear, and another. Then suddenly, he's weeping, losing it completely. He stumbles blindly on.

Bob's POV of Bryan, now a hazy form merging with the emptiness of the desert.

A FEW SECONDS OF EMPTY, SAND COLORED SCREEN --

JULIE (V.O.)

I'm coming to get you. I'm coming
to get you...

CUT TO:

246 INT. WOODMAN KITCHEN - DAY

246

Through the doorway we see Julie chasing Riley around the kitchen table. Around and around and around. A TV plays in the kitchen.

JULIE

Here I come. Gonna getchu, gonna
getchu. Yes, I am...

Riley runs out of the kitchen into the hallway and stops.

At the end of the hallway, BRYAN stands, framed in the front door, with his suitcase.

Still chasing Riley, Julie runs into the foreground and sees her husband.

Nobody moves.

CUT TO:

247 INT. RAJA SALAAM'S HOTEL SUITE - EVENING

247

TIGHT ON MARY ALICE'S EYES moving above a piece of cloth.

RAJA SALAAM (O.S.)

That's right... That's how you do
it. It's all with the eyes.

A low, wide shot of Raja in a chair while Mary Alice does a sexy, Arab-inspired dance, using her scarf as a veil.

RAJA SALAAM (FARSI) (CONT'D)

Your eyes make me feel like there
is God in me.

(CONTINUED)

A TV plays in the hotel room. A NEWSCASTER talking --

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

*We expect the President will give
conclusive evidence of a secret
Iranian nuclear program as well as
tying recent attacks on American
Oil Refineries abroad to the
Iranian Revolutionary Party...*

CUT TO:

248 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SITUATION ROOM - WHITE HOUSE - DAY 248

The bright, sterile hallway. Angry VOICES echo --

TERRY GEORGE (O.S.)

You think Israel's gonna go for
some Arab or Persian superstate
right on its borders? I've had
Sharon screaming at me, rightly,
I'd say, that we'll get tired of
occupation and leave them facing a
united enemy.

249 INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY 249

Terry George, Louisa Price, deputy SECRETARIES OF STATE,
DEFENSE, Distinguished Gentlemen around a table arguing --

LOUISA PRICE

I know that. You think I don't
know that. And I know the last
time the Arabs were united they
ran right around the Mediterranean
and almost conquered Europe, but
the President's holding
everybody's feet to the fire.

TV at both ends of the room: Shots of a joint session of
Congress before the President arrives: Senators, Cabinet
members, Generals waiting in the electric atmosphere.

DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN

Look, we're not talking far-flung
schemes, not democracy today, but
non-despotic government --

Terry George snaps at the Distinguished G's.

TERRY GEORGE

You think Persians are gonna live
in a place called Syria? Syria
was a Roman province.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

249

CONTINUED:

249

TERRY GEORGE (CONT'D)

It's not Arab or Persian. It's a
memory of the old Assyrian Empire.
Maronite Christians make up a
large portion of the population --

DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN

Christians. Exactly --

ON TV: The Joint Session is on its feet --

CUT TO:

250

EXT. BENNETT'S APARTMENT - EVENING

250

Bennett walks up the steps to his apartment. His Dad sits
on the stoop with a beer in a paper bag.

Bennett stares down at him, then helps his dad up. They
go inside, the door closing behind them.

CUT TO:

251

INT. CIA HALLWAY - IRAN BUREAU HALLWAY - EVENING

251

Through glass, all the Middle-East guys are packed into
Fred Franks' office to watch The President's address.

ON TV: the clapping people stop clapping. There is a HUSH
as the PRESIDENT is about to speak.

As we PAN down the empty hallway, we HEAR the President.

THE PRESIDENT (V.O. ON TV)

*Today, we begin turning the page
that will usher in a new era of
freedom and prosperity for the
Iranian people whose free will was
hijacked by the forces of evil
twenty five years ago...*

We PAN past darkened office after darkened office and
find Bob working on the computer in his office.

252

INT. BOB'S OFFICE - CIA - EVENING

252

Distant sounds of APPLAUSE. ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN:
Prince Nasir Al-Subaai. Blacktape File. Need Clearance --

THE PRESIDENT (V.O.)

*With their recent attacks on
Americans and American assets,
this outlaw regime declared itself
unfit to stand beside the
civilized nations of the world.*

(CONTINUED)

Bob has the clearance number. He types it in. The files begin opening up and Bob begins to read.

There is a postcard on his desk. The picture is of K-2, labeled: *Pakistan... Heaven's Foyer!*

THE PRESIDENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When history looks back on this time fifty or a hundred years from now, they will see clearly that what was at stake was nothing less than the individual in the face of overwhelming totalitarian ideology.

Bob flips it over. The writing says: "Bob, we'll be home soon. Margaret." Then "Flt. 286, Dulles, 9 PM."

Bob turns off the computer. The lamp. He leaves, passing toward us out of frame.

THE PRESIDENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So the question we must ask ourselves is this: what is the value of one person? What is the value?

A STANDING OVATION SOUNDS LIKE DISTANT RAIN --

The door CLICKS shut and the office is empty.

Through the window: it's that time of late summer evening when the woods look much darker than the sky.

THE PRESIDENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Tonight, I am going to ask this esteemed congress to authorize me to declare war not on the people of Iran but on the freedom-hating dictatorship that stole their liberty so long ago.

As the applause CASCADES --

SLOWLY PUSH INTO the trees.

ROLL CREDITS
OVER TREES.

THE END