

SYRIANA

by

Stephen Gaghan

Based on the book entitled "See No Evil"
by Robert Baer

Exile is not a material thing, it is a spiritual thing,
all corners of the earth exactly the same. And anywhere
one can dream is good, providing the place is obscure,
and the horizon vast.

Victor Hugo

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

Spinoza

FADE IN:

1

EXT. TEHRAN, IRAN - MORNING

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: **TEHRAN, IRAN**

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

2

INT. PRIVATE NIGHTCLUB - MORNING

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 Johnnie 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.

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

ARASH 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. Arash proudly shouts over it --

ARASH AMIRI

Tehran is the world capital!

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

Bob doesn't respond. Arash shouts again --

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

BOB
Great. He's great.

Arash just stares. Bob sips his drink.

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

A girl begins to dance in front of Arash.

ARASH AMIRI
After prayer --

3 EXT. TEHRAN ROOFTOP - DAY 3

DISTANT POV down to the street as TWO CARS pull up. Bob gets out of one, walks to the rear, opens the trunk --

4 EXT. TEHRAN STREET - DAY 4

The trunk SLAMS. Bob carries a worn ATTACHE CASE. The Amiris get out of their car, oblivious Shiite party boys.

Bob walks, happy. Dour MEN at cafe tables miss nothing.

5 INT. KEBAB SHOP - DAY 5

Corrugated metal shutters CLOSE, sealing out the light. Arash ushers Bob through the gloom toward TWO MILITARY CASES. Bob expertly flips one over and opens it.

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. Arash and his brother perspire. Bob is perspiring.

Bob thinks he hears faint MOUTH BREATHING from behind the curtain closing off the rear of the shop.

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.

(CONTINUED)

Bob moves to THE NEXT MILITARY CASE. He replaces the next battery and activates the second missile.

Arash and his brother share a celebratory glance. Arash suddenly takes ONE CASE and drags it through the curtain.

Bob hears LOW VOICES. He turns questioningly to Arash's brother who just stares and smiles like an idiot.

Then Arash reappears, passing by Bob.

BOB

You said they were both for you.

Arash tosses an envelope at Bob --

ARASH AMIRI

What do you care?

Bob glances in the envelope. Behind him, the Amiris are picking up the other case. Bob moves toward the curtain.

IN THE BACK OF THE SHOP Bob's eyes adjust. Several robed shapes, ghosts in grey light, carry the case out a door.

The BARREL OF A GUN touches the side of Bob's head. The SOUND of a SHELL CHAMBERED and a MOUTH BREATHER.

Bob raises his hands. The barrel slides around to his forehead and Bob is staring into the blue eyes of MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA, 40's, bearded, and calm.

BOB (FARSI)

I was looking for the bathroom.

MSA seems remarkably serene, then he screams in Arabic.

BOB (FARSI) (CONT'D)

You don't speak Farsi, do you, you son of a goat?

MSA screams again, tightening his finger on the trigger, then he backs out the door, never losing aim on Bob.

The HIGH POV down to the street. The Amiris exit 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.

7

EXT. TEHRAN STREET - DAY

7

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

Behind Bob, in the distance, the Amiris get into the car.

Bob glances up at the roof and NODS ONCE, continuing to walk toward camera as --

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

8

INT. TEHRAN CAFE - DAY

8

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. We realize that all around them are IRANIANS, that a crowd is massing in the street outside, and that Bob clearly doesn't want to have this conversation.

MARGARET

If you go back you get promoted.
Which could open doors later. For consulting.

BOB

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

MARGARET

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

BOB

And it's not like anybody else could roll in here. It's not like it's just reading reports.

MARGARET

I took Pakistan because of the hardship pay. The private school tuition --

(CONTINUED)

Bob's expression, not unkind, but familiar to her, says he knows exactly why she took Pakistan.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I believe in what I'm doing, too.

They look at each other.

BOB

Well, then here we are.

MARGARET

Here we are.

In the street it's turning into a full-blown protest.

BOB

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

Now, Margaret looks away. A STUDENT-LEADER is up on a platform brandishing a Coke bottle, SHOUTING in Farsi into a bullhorn.

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.

We see the faces of the protesters, silently staring, their mouths covered by black tape.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODMAN HOUSE - MORNING

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.

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. Blonde and blue-eyed like a modern T.E. Lawrence, he's lost in the child, sharing his sense of wonder.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE (O.S.)
Don't let him do that, please.

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 and have yet to properly 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.

MAX
I want pig bacon.

10 EXT. GENEVA WATERFRONT - DAY 10

Bryan drives a BMW wagon along Lake Geneva, the fountain spouting into the sky. A kite is wedged upside down in the foot well.

SUPERTITLE: GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

On every building signs advertise watch companies.

11 INT. MINI TV STUDIO - DAY 11

A brightly-lit Bryan listens to an ear-piece in front of a *Colombe Suisse de Banque* banner.

(CONTINUED)

BRYAN

Our position is that there is at least twelve dollars of instability premium in the market. Protests in Iran. Threat of more strikes in Venezuela. The Turks still making noise about Russian crude through the Bosphorus.
(listens again)
You're welcome, Rebecca.

INT. COLOMBE SUISSE DE BANQUE - GENEVA - DAY

Across the small trading floor, Bryan is sealed off in a mini TV studio, 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. *Twelve bucks of premium* --

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

VINCENT

Hey --

Bryan waves him off, keeps walking.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Market's on its way up. Just thought you should know.

(takes call)

Done. Yep. Bring him in now. Tell him he's done and bring him in.

(yelling to Bryan)

Woodman, I need you --

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

13

INT. BRYAN'S OFFICE - DAY

13

Soundproofed office. Peaceful. Diplomas. Three TVs play: CNN; a black and white image of a pinched OLD MAN; army tanks rolling through Iraq in night vision. 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 BRITISH BOSS holding a FANCY INVITATION.

BOSS

The Emir's summer party. In Marbella. Any interest?

BRYAN

(re: his piled desk)
I can't. I've got all this --

BOSS

I'm not really asking.

BRYAN

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

Vincent sticks his head in the door --

VINCENT

September T-I ticked up fifteen cents and is rebounding. Where's the next resistance level?

BRYAN

Read my report --

VINCENT

(noticing the invite)
The Emir's party; I'll take that.

Vincent tries to snatch the invite.

(CONTINUED)

BOSS

Through much finagling we have an audience with the Emir. He wrote the strategy and he's not slick.

(to Bryan)

In fact, take your children with you - a *birthday weekend for Max*. The towelheads love children.

ON TV: JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER in a safari hat leads a group in BAPTIST HYMNS on a croquet lawn while the tanks roll through Baghdad.

CUT TO:

14

EXT. TUNDRA - KAZAKHSTAN - DAY

14

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.

15

EXT. NEAR ATYRAU, KAZAKHSTAN - DAY

15

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

16

SUPERTITLE: **TENGIZ, KAZAKHSTAN**

16

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?

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 is baffled. Finally, an UNDERLING translates.

UNDERLING

He says, we eat every part of the pony!

(CONTINUED)

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.

UNDERLING

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. 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.
Killeen and Kazakhstan - partners
forever!

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED: (2)

11

16

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

CUT TO:

17

INT. CONNEX OIL BOARDROOM - DAY

17

TOMMY (O.S.)

You're not taking this seriously.
You don't think this is a problem.

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, KILLEEN, TOTAL, GAZPROM, LUKOIL...

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

A U.S. Attorney is looking into
your relationships in Kazakhstan
and the U.S. Government is holding
up approval of *our* merger...

At one end of a long table in a corporate boardroom President TOMMY BARTON, 50's, a hatchet-man of Zen-like corporate efficiency, heads a group of EXECUTIVES. A small placard labels this faction - CONNEX.

SUPERTITLE: CONNEX WORLD HEADQUARTERS - HOUSTON, TEXAS

TOMMY (CONT'D)

The Board thinks it's a problem.
Mr. Janus certainly thinks it's a
problem --

JAMES "JIMMY" POPE, 50's, a powerful presence leavened by Connecticut minor chords, speaks from the far end where an opposing faction is labeled: KILLEEN.

JIMMY

Is the Caspian a lake or a sea,
Thomas?

TOMMY

That's an important legal point --

JIMMY

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

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

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY (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 Iran. And by an act of our Congress it is illegal to trade with Iran, 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, Tommy, selling oil, not finding it. Anyone can find it. It's everywhere.

Jimmy motions out the window --

JIMMY (CONT'D)

A monkey can stick a straw in the ground, slurp it out and boil it, right, Thomas? 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.

(beat)

Take The Gulf --

TOMMY

That's enough, Jimmy.

JIMMY

No, I want to talk about The Gulf and how a goddamn E-mir, what is an E-mir anyway --

TOMMY

King. It's a king --

JIMMY

How some podunk King tossed you out on your ass.

Jimmy 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.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Every company in the world wanted into Kazakhstan, into the Tengiz, but Killeen got it and then Connex wanted Killeen and here we are. I made investments. Investments that will bear fruit for this company.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Hell, Tommy, we've all got the Foreign Corrupt Practices Act committed to memory. I've got a little copy taped to the wall of my head... Up here.

TOMMY

Thank you, Jimmy. You know how much we appreciate hearing your point of view; however, Mr. Janus and I have asked Connex's Washington counsel, Sydney Hewitt, to come down here and talk about strategy for the next thirty days.

The eyes all shift to SYDNEY HEWITT, 60'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)

And 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.

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 --

SYDNEY

Provided we don't start running cars on water. Provided there's still chaos in the Middle-East.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

This ain't the SEC anymore, son,
and maybe you got a couple scalps
on your belt from your time over
there - Enron, World Com - but now
the job is find the problem, fix
the problem. And if you don't find
a problem, then there is no
problem.

Bennett notices that Sydney wears a Mickey Mouse watch.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

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 Law.

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 Law.
Mr. Whiting did say to me, I have
a feeling about this young man. He
said, he can *position himself*.

Sydney stands.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Hold these guys in a circle. Ask
the careful questions. I don't
need to tell you this is a hell of
an opportunity for you to catch
those peers who have spent, how
should I put it, less time on the
government dole.

(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:

19 EXT. NATURAL GAS LIQUEFACTION PLANT - THE GULF - DAY 19

Bright sunlight beside the 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.

20 INT. VAN - DAY 20

They drive with OTHER WORKERS across the refinery.

21 EXT. REFINERY - DAY 21

A huge sign in Mandarin declares the project funded by *CHINA GAS AND ELECTRIC* - the Chinese oil conglomerate.

SUPERTITLE: NATURAL GAS LIQUEFACTION PLANT - PERSIAN GULF

Chinese 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 MANDARIN)

Your services are no longer needed here at the China Gas and Electric 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

SALEEM

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

WASIM

He's telling us to scram.

SALEEM

Scram? What do you mean, scram?

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

CHINESE ENGINEER

(sotto)

Look at them standing there. Like blue cows. Shit. Get them moving.

EXT. LIQUEFIED NATURAL GAS FACILITY, PERSIAN GULF - DAY 22

Wasim and Saleem cross the desert near the LNG facility.

SALEEM

The Chinese are smart people, but such bad drivers. They should not be allowed even to wash cars.

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. *Snow covered mountains.*

Ahead is transient worker housing. Wasim takes in plywood fencing surrounding identical huts.

(CONTINUED)

SALEEM (CONT'D)

As soon as we can, we'll get a real house and bring your mother here. I promise.

Wasim just looks at his dad who puts his arm around him. The refinery and power lines shimmer behind them.

INT. FOREIGN WORKERS COMPOUND - PERSIAN GULF - DAY 23

Sterile, white trailers in neat rows with laundry hanging out of windows. MEN wash at a communal shower.

Wasim begins stripping off his grimy uniform. Saleem shouts to a few MEN batting a cricket ball around.

EXT. POWER LINES IN DESERT - PERSIAN GULF - DAY 24

Massive POWER LINES drape from steel pyramid to steel pyramid. 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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

GROUP
HAKIM, HAKIM, HAKIM.

Hakim isn't sure.

WASIM
(to Farooq)
I want to talk to your uncle about
work.

GROUP
HAKIM, HAKIM, HAKIM.

WASIM
Farooq. You have to introduce me.

FAROOQ
There isn't any work. Quit
pestering me. *Hakim, Hakim --*

Finally, Hakim sips and holds his side. The boys' cheers are thin and vulnerable in the immense desert.

In the distance a luxury car is parked. And U.S. Military officers snap a picture - "Native Boys in Desert."

A line of commuter traffic from inside a car. Bob's eyes appear in the rearview. He sits in traffic.

FRANKS (V.O.)
Bob's freaking out about this
other missile. Where's the
missile? Who has the missile? He
wrote a memo.

CUT TO:

stay on messages?
show up to work everyday? Can he
never done nine-to-five. Can he
Fred, Bob's never had a desk job,
DIVISION CHIEF

expert.
something good. He is an Iran
Bob's a hero. They'll give him
FRANKS

The idea of promoting Bob gains traction --

28 INT. DIVISION CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY 28

CUT TO:

Bob exits into downtown D.C., the traffic lightening. He
goes through a tunnel.

downtown --
You'll get him an audition
DIVISION CHIEF (V.O.)

27 EXT. BELTWAY - DAY 27

CUT TO:

him an audition downtown.
Great. Terry likes him. We'll get
(beat)

FRANKS

He saved our ass in Beirut in '85.
for a promotion. Bob's a good guy.
Okay, here's something. Put him up
DIVISION CHIEF

The Division Chief finishes listening patiently.

...I just finished convincing the
Brits and French Intel we had
nothing to do with the Amiri job.
Now what do we say: remember that
thing we had nothing to do with,
well, there's something missing.

FRANKS

continues --
The DIVISION CHIEF, a woman in her 40's, patrician and
smooth, stares out of the glass box office toward the
trees. FRED FRANKS, 30's, a saltine dipped in milk,

26 INT. DIVISION CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY 26

FRANKS

Yes, absolutely. I'll prep him.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SITUATION ROOM - WHITE HOUSE - DAY 29

Bob waits in a hard back chair. It's a spare, functional, highly polished place. Marines like statues stand guard. VOICES come from a partially open door across the hall.

MARILYN (V.O.)

Imagine gasoline ten dollars a gallon at the pump. Or heating oil that costs twenty-five hundred a month for a two-bedroom apartment. If oil goes to a hundred a barrel, the U.S. turns into a third-world country. That is a fact.

TERRY GEORGE (V.O.)

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

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

DISTINGUISHED VOICE (V.O.)

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

INT. SITUATION ROOM - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The Deputies Meeting. A small room with recessed lighting filled with the rung below the top-tier of Washington bureaucracy. Navy STENO GUYS record the conversation.

TERRY GEORGE

I need data supporting *known facts*. Because what I know is that in the entire region when we even whisper our support, those people are delegitimized.

TERRY GEORGE, 40's, Deputy CIA Chief, quite a good guy to those in power, speaks to a DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN, 60's. Through the partially open door, one third of Bob is visible.

DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN

Iraq had no established ethnic majority.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

It's like trying to organize
Louisiana. Iran, on the other
hand, is Persian--

The Deputy National Security Advisor, MARILYN RICHARDS,
40's, sculpted hair, with the soul of a seventy year-old
white, Republican male, is in charge--

MARILYN

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

TERRY GEORGE

For Iran, yes--

MARILYN

The President is very interested
in Iran, Terry.

Marilyn takes in the presence of the DISTINGUISHED
GENTLEMEN sitting near her. Terry slides a file across
the table to her.

TERRY GEORGE

I know that, Marilyn. 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.

MARILYN

Beirut in the eighties, is that a
resume builder?

Polite chuckles follow Terry George to the doorway.

INT. OUTSIDE SITUATION ROOM - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

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)

We're fine. Iran is fine. Fine.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

BOB

... And our analysis seems to be on the mark... And we're getting good 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're reprogramming resources into Iran. Our next review will show that --

MARILYN

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

Bob glances at Terry. Exasperated, Marilyn continues.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

India is now our ally. Russia is our ally. Even China will be an ally. Everybody between Morocco and Pakistan is the problem. Failed states and failed economies, but Iran is a natural cultural ally of the U.S. 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 the right sounds. And what I'd like to know is if we keep embargoing them on energy, then someday soon are we going to get a nice, secular, pro-Western, pro-business government?

The steno guys type away. A long beat on Bob.

BOB

It's possible. It's complicated.

MARILYN

Of course it is, Mr. Baer. Thank you for your time.

Bob looks to Terry who nods. Bob starts to leave.

(CONTINUED)

MARILYN (CONT'D)

(sotto, to the room)

Intelligence is the misnomer of
the century.

Bob stops. He can't help himself --

BOB

They let young people march in the
street and then the next day shut
down fifty newspapers. They have a
few satellite dishes up on roofs,
let 'em have My Two Dads, but that
doesn't mean the Ayatollahs have
relinquished one iota of control
over that nation.

The steno guys hands are frozen.

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.

TERRY GEORGE

(a warning)

These gentlemen are with the CLI.

Bob has no idea what this is or whether he should answer.

DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN

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

BOB

We've had Iran in embargo for
almost thirty years, we backed
their neighbor, a neighbor we
invaded twice, in a ten year war
against them, we're hanging on by
a thread with a massive occupation
force, so I got news for you...
Thomas Jefferson just ain't that
popular over there right now.

Silence except for the steno guys clicking away, then
complete silence. Terry George stares at Bob a long beat.

TERRY GEORGE

That will be all, Mr. Baer.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. CAPITOL HILL APARTMENT - MORNING 33

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.

DANNY DALTON (V.O.)

I hear phrases thrown around like "the corrupting influence of money" or "the evil influence of dollars in politics," when more money was spent on the syndication rights to Seinfeld than on the whole of the last presidential election.

Bennett just walks past him to open the door.

34 INT. BENNETT'S APARTMENT - MORNING 34

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.

35 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 35

A SMALL TV: plays C-Span testimony on Campaign Finance Reform. DANNY DALTON, 40's, an "oilman," testifies.

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 of the United States and they see that I know the President of the United States...

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

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. And no smoking in my house.

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. at his Howard University graduation. And next to it, the man, BENNETT SR., graduating 25 years earlier.

ON TV: old, white senators listening judiciously.

DANNY DALTON (ON TV)

In our country we don't stuff dollars into ballot boxes. What we do is turn money into votes and what turns money into votes is free speech - the ability of a candidate to get his message out - and that takes money, real money, meaning, not so loosely translated: MONEY IS SPEECH! And last time I checked, speech in the USA is protected. You can't limit my advocacy just because it works. I have a sovereign, inalienable right to petition my government.

Tilt up to find Bennett Senior, part of a six pack dangling from two fingers, staring at a wall covered with an intricate MATRIX of KILLEEN OIL's limited partnerships and strategic alliances all over the world.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY DALTON (CONT'D)

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

(beat)

And why is it some dirty little secret that it's in America's interest to do business overseas?

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

CUT TO:

36

EXT. EMIR'S ESTATE - MARBELLA - DAY

36

Bryan and Julie and the kids arrive at the manicured entrance of a vast, impressive estate, their rental wagon anomalous among Bentleys and Rolls.

An Arab valet opens Julie's door. The kids are excited.

37

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

37

A geometric sculpture garden. Giacomettis and Henry Moores. A TV monitor plays video of gardens and flowers. GUESTS cluster together. You could almost tag labels on them: arms dealer, Ambassador, Minister of Trees.

Bryan and Julie and the kids wander into the party.

BRYAN

I'm probably the tenth guy this month to pitch something like this. It's like the Godfather. *Emir, I come to you on this special day.* Vincent is riding motorcycles through Cambodia, through land-mines. Some charity thing.

JULIE

That's guilt not charity. He's Catholic and can't view himself as a shallow model f.u.c.k.e.r, which he is. And when war breaks out in some energy producing country, he's the first one into work.

Bryan looks at her.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Honey... you're a man who supports his family, not a boy.

(CONTINUED)

BRYAN

I thought you like him. Vincent.

JULIE

I do, honey. For you, I like him very much.

She takes his hand as they walk.

VOICE (O.S.)

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

ON A TV MONITOR: the Emir, HAMAD AL-SUBAAI, 60's, bearded, overweight, sitting in front of greenery, his TWO SONS behind him, addresses his party guests.

EMIR (ON TV)

It is my pleasure to personally welcome each of you to the Casa De Las Palmas, our oasis of palms in the south of Spain.

The EMIR, his two sons, PRINCE MESHAL, late 20's, weak-chinned, effeminate, with longish hair, and PRINCE NASIR, 30's, handsome, with large expressive eyes, close-cropped hair, powerful and serious, are across a table from CHINESE OIL EXECUTIVES.

The Emir's PRERECORDED SPEECH drones on --

EMIR (ON TV)

And symbolic of the affection of my people for each of you. At nine o'clock, we will have wonderful music from the London Philharmonic. Please eat and socialize and enjoy.

The Emir ignores himself on TV and turns to business. He recently had a stroke and was filmed from his good side.

EMIR (CONT'D)

(a slight slurring)

I am happy to welcome the Chinese to my country and optimistic you will not be nearly as greedy as the Americans.

Assiduous nods from the CHINESE oil executives as the King's young Japanese SECRETARY slides contracts across.

39

EXT. POOL PAVILION - DAY

39

Bryan and Julie watch Max tentatively approach the pool. Nearby, Riley has introduced himself to an Arab family.

JULIE

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

Max, a book-oriented, rather than water-oriented, child is afraid to jump in.

BRYAN

(watching Max)

Not if what you're saying is positive.

A bigger BOY fakes like he might push him in. Bryan starts to his feet --

JULIE

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

Max finds his courage, jumps, and disappears beneath the surface, then bobs up happily. Julie smiles.

BRYAN

Hedge strategies are tough for these guys. Oil goes up the people wonder why those extra billions aren't in the treasury. Prices go down, no one's thanking them for saving a few bucks.

Julie looks at her husband to determine whether he's testing his "pitch" or in need of encouragement.

JULIE

Make a game of it. Pretend they're six year-olds and you have to get them to eat carrots and all they want is dessert. Make it about good parenting.

40

INT. EMIR'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DUSK

40

EMIR

The house is a *Genius-Home*. One of my sons had it wired by experts from the United States.

(CONTINUED)

The Emir sort of wilts, fading out. Prince Meshal foists a remote control on his father. The other son, Prince Nasir observes his father and brother.

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

PRINCE MESHAL

Watch...

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

CHINESE 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.

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 frantically tries to make the pool light come on.

ON THE MONITOR: ONE IS STILL DARK --

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

42 EXT. UNDER WATER - DARK POOL - DUSK 42

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.

43 INT. EMIR'S ANTECHAMBER - NIGHT 43

Pictures of the Emir with Nixon, Carter, Ronald Reagan, Poppy Bush, Clinton, Bush II.

TWO GULF BUSINESSMEN, reps of the Emir, appear and address Bryan who is waiting.

GULF BUSINESSMAN

We regret that His Highness will be unable to see you. However, we are authorized to hear your proposition on his behalf.

BRYAN

Here?

They nod. Bryan looks around. It's awkward.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Well, okay... The real worry facing you guys is another year of record pricing. There are no more elephant fields. Not even in Natural Gas. As structural alternatives are more fully realized you'll need a new strategy to maximize every penny from your existing resources, particularly in a climate of falling prices.

One businessman turns to the other --

GULF BUSINESSMAN (ARABIC)

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

Bryan didn't understand a word.

44 EXT. POOL - DUSK 44

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

(CONTINUED)

OLDER KID

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

Max is uncertain, eyeing the dark water. From somewhere distant the LONDON PHILHARMONIC begins to play.

OLDER KID (CONT'D)

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

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.

45 EXT. ESTATE LAWN - NIGHT 45

Bryan walks back across the lawn when SCREAMS come from the pool area ahead. Bryan hurries, then runs.

46 EXT. POOL - NIGHT 46

The VOLTAGE is audible as Max rolls onto his back, floating lifelessly. SECURITY prevent people from diving in. A bystander yells --

BYSTANDER

Cut the power! Cut the power!

Bryan enters the area. He sees Julie being restrained. And a body in the water.

As the estate goes dark, Bryan dives and holds Max, wading to the side with the lifeless body.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. DESOLATE OIL FIELD - DAY 47

A DONKEY TRAIN passes a DERRICK under a gathering sky. On the back of ONE DONKEY the STINGER CRATE bounces along.

The donkeys move through the Antaeian field as lightning cuts the distant clouds.

CUT TO:

48

EXT. RIVERFRONT - PERSIAN GULF - DAY

48

Freight boats and water taxis plow up and down a river, back and forth, back and forth, as Wasim enters along a wall in the foreground. He wears his best clothes and looks freshly scrubbed as he picks his way along.

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.

49

EXT. RIVERFRONT WAREHOUSE - DAY

49

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 (ARABIC)

Two of my wife's kids got deported for not having work.

WASIM

(halting Arabic)

You don't have to pay me. Let me show you how hard I work. And then decide whether to pay.

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, too.

(gruff again)

And if you want to work in this country, learn how to speak the language.

Wasim tries and fails to hide his disappointment.

CUT TO:

50

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

50

A mound of dirt under a blanket. A small mound. An Episcopal Minister saying something soundlessly.

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

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

51

INT. TRAILER - FOREIGN WORKERS COMPOUND - DAY

51

Tight on JOHNNY and PONYBOY just before they run to catch the boxcar in THE OUTSIDERS.

BOY (O.S.)
Why are they running after him?

WASIM (O.S.)
Maybe he has a knife or committed a crime or something.

Wasim, Farooq, other men and boys watch a small TV in a cheap trailer, housing for immigrant labor.

SUPERTITLE: FOREIGN WORKERS COMPOUND - PERSIAN GULF

Wasim sits with Farooq watching the film. YUNUS, 6, watches Wasim, his older brother, with reverence.

FAROOQ
They gave us French fries at the Madrassa.

Wasim's father, Saleem, enters with a few groceries.

WASIM
Papa, close the door.

ANOTHER FRIEND
His sister has a thing for you.

WASIM
His sister has a big ass.

(to Farooq)
Of course, at the Madrassa you don't have to worry about that.

FAROOQ
And lamb. We got skewers of lamb.

YUNUS
I like lamb.

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

52 (OMIT) 52
 53 EXT. GOVERNMENT PLAZA - DAY 53

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, shouting in Arabic into a bullhorn.

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 cop 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

Johnny.

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

54 EXT. PRINCETON UNIVERSITY - DAY 54

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

55 INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY 55

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 Princeton 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?

BOB

She was a secretary.

(beat)

Robby, are you nervous?

Indignant Robby speaks loudly for The Perfect Family --

(CONTINUED)

ROBBY

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

An ADMISSIONS OFFICER signals to Robby who disappears through the door.

A college dive restaurant. The workers are all Lebanese immigrants. 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 hot sauce. Two LEBANESE 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. 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 may have really screwed up at work.

ROBBY

How?

BOB

I was supposed to keep my mouth shut and didn't.

Robby is disappointed and angry.

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 --

ROBBY (ARABIC)

Both of my parents are professional liars.

Bob and Robby are the only Occidentals in the place.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - D.C. - DAY 57

Bennett exits a cab in front of the Justice Department building. The FBI looms just down the street.

58 INT. DONALD FARISH'S OFFICE - DAY 58

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 (INTO PHONE)

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.

FARISH (CONT'D)

My wife and our narrow driveway.

(beat)

How the hell are you?

(CONTINUED)

BENNETT

You know, can't complain.

FARISH

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

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

FARISH (CONT'D)

There is no way a company like Killeen 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.

FARISH (CONT'D)

You're so under-qualified it's laughable. Sydney Hewitt's new boy. How many of those have I seen? 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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

Six apiece.

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)

Seven - 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)

Eight - 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.

SYDNEY

Match!

He turns and holds out his hand.

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

(CONTINUED)

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
Dean, you know Bennett Holiday.

BENNETT
Good to see you again, Sir.

SYDNEY
We've been discussing the Connex-Killeen merger situation.

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

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

Sydney Hewitt nods to another club member. Bennett turns to see DONALD FARISH III joining a far table.

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

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - WOODMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

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
I wish I could just believe he's floating around on a cloud or in the corner watching us.

Julie wants Bryan to comfort her, but he doesn't.

BRYAN
That minister eulogizing our child made me sick. How do you eulogize a child? *He was great at playing. He loved popsicles.*

She rolls into him and he holds her, but he's staring at the ceiling as the child's cries echo down the hallway.

62 INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

62

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

RILEY

(his voice catching)
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:

63 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

63

Bob and Fred Franks walk down an institutional white corridor.

FRANKS

Nothing like the straight poop to wake 'em up on the 7th floor. And the Amiri brothers. Darn nice work. Darn nice. How're you finding everything? Must be a little slow-paced, a little dull?

BOB

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

FRANKS

What do you think intelligence work is, Bob?

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.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKS

No, Bob. It's assessing the information gathered from that favor and balancing it against all the other information gathered from 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, a woman in her 40's, patrician and smooth, at the head. Easels with pictures: Prince Nasir, MSA - 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, that makes use of your specific skill set.

EGYPT BUREAU CHIEF

...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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

DIVISION CHIEF

He's traveling to Beirut. You have some experience in Beirut, don't you, Bob?

BOB

It's a great city.

Everybody chuckles.

DIVISION CHIEF

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

FRANKS

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

The Division Chief passes behind Bob's chair --

BOB

Did you see my report on the missile? I reset guidance to blow ten feet off the ground --

DIVISION CHIEF

Bob, you just don't get it. Nobody wants to hear about a missing missile, not right now. Besides, the ragheads'll never be able to figure out how it works.

She leans down, taps the Nasir file, whispers.

DIVISION CHIEF (CONT'D)

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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

STAN

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

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
could quit right now, I'll get you
hired back tomorrow as a private
consultant. You'll be doing the
exact same job, sitting in the
exact same office, only at double
the salary.

BOB

I'm not doing anything sitting in
that office. That's the problem.

(to the Bartender)

Bourbon rocks --

Bob glances up at the TV. ON TV: financial news, BRYAN
WOODMAN in front of the trading floor at his company.

BRYAN (ON TV)

If on Monday Khatami refuses the
I.A.E.A. inspectors, look for
crude prices to spike yet again.

Push into the television --

CUT TO:

66

INT. MINI-STUDIO - DAY

66

Bryan under the lights, listening. On closer inspection he looks tired and his tie is loosened.

BRYAN

It's not like it's any secret Iran will refuse the snap inspections.

(after a pause)

Okay. Thank you, Rebecca.

Bryan nods and the lights go off on Bryan. He stares --

BOSS (O.S.)

Go home.

BRYAN

It was a stupid question, Henry.

VINCENT (O.S.)

The Prince's man called again.

(defensive)

I'm just telling him.

CUT TO:

67

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

67

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.

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 thirty billion a year business. So anybody wants to sell anything, a pencil, a computer, they gotta interface through a security clearance -- don't give me shit -- I got two kids in college and we're doing our kitchen.

BOB

Stan, I got a chance to go back. I want to go back. Is it safe for me?

(CONTINUED)

STAN

You talking about with your wife
or the wackos?

Bob doesn't say anything. He looks away.

STAN (CONT'D)

Clear it with Hezbollah... Shit,
I'm late to pick up Sue.

Stan hits his remote lock and leaves Bob standing there.

Wide shot of Bob alone in the mall lot gently sloping to
IKEA cobalt blue in the distance.

CUT TO:

The bolt action of a gleaming hunting rifle. Danny D.,
the "oilman" whose Congressional testimony was broadcast
on CSPAN, sights a weapon.

DANNY D.

Is the Caspian a lake or a sea?

BENNETT

Sea. Caspian Sea. Like seashore.

DANNY D.

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

Jimmy Pope and OTHER HUNTERS drink and clean thirty ought
sixes, their faces lit by firelight.

JIMMY

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

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)

Moot point, hopefully.

An animal carcass rotates on a spit over the fire.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

(to Bennett)

Mr. Janus, Chairman of Connex, and Dean Whiting, founding partner of your firm, are proud members of the Committee to Liberate Iran. Danny D. here is, too.

DANNY D.

D. is for Dalton. I was on the other side of the Tengiz deal.

BENNETT

The other side?

JIMMY

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

DANNY D.

It's a beautiful field. Goddamn, is it a beautiful field.

Danny hands a clean, checked rifle to Bennett.

DANNY D. (CONT'D)

I guarantee we'll let the air out of some tomorrow.

EXT. 777 RANCH - HONDO, TEXAS - DAY

A herd of zebra trots 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."

DANNY D. (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 Jimmy ride in the back of a "wagon," a modified shooting platform pulled behind a Jeep.

JIMMY

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

(CONTINUED)

Danny D.'s conversation floats up from a lower platform.

DANNY D. (O.S.)

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

Bennett, wearing an orange vest over his casual clothes,
seems uneasy. Jimmy yells down to his friend.

JIMMY

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

DANNY D.

Bred animals kill, too, Jimmy.

Jimmy continues his thought to Bennett.

JIMMY

Fuck Connex. Fucking slant-
drillers. Don't know why I ever
sold 'em my company in the first
place. 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.*

JIMMY (CONT'D)

The Tengiz is the Holy Grail. 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.

JIMMY

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

BENNETT

Any idea who that might be?

Jimmy looks at Bennett like he was just born.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

How 'bout every other oil company
in the world.

(re: the catalogue)

What's your fancy?

Bennett randomly picks an animal from the list.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

The Kudu. Good choice.

(calling to driver)

Floyd. Kudu.

Bennett sees in the distance "Beater Boys," Mexican men
in orange jackets, flushing quail for a party of hunters.

70

(OMIT)

70

71

ANGLE LATER

71

IN THE DISTANCE a massive Kudu, tame as a house cat,
unafraid of guns or people, stands near a feeder.

DANNY (O.S.)

(whispers)

Kudu. Big bull.

Bennett hesitates. Jimmy looks at him.

BENNETT

I'm not sure --

JIMMY

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

Bennett lifts the rifle. THROUGH THE CROSS-HAIRS the Kudu
is gigantic and unaware of the hunters.

DANNY D. (O.S.)

He's got 52 inch horns. Maybe 54.

The Kudu looks at Bennett. An uncomfortable beat --

JIMMY (O.S.)

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

Finally Bennett PULLS THE TRIGGER. The gun is LOUD. He
stares, then slowly pulls back from the scope.

DANNY D. (O.S.)

Lung shot. He's gonna run a bit.

The sound of their feet - tromp, tromp, tromp - as Jimmy and Bennett move through dense thicket looking for the wounded animal.

JIMMY

My granddaddy was a wildcatter. Same with my daddy. That's how I got my start. Luck and hard work. Nobody handed me shit. Now, I got libraries and parks named after me. And I'll probably ruin the grand-kids. You wearing a wire, Bennett?

BENNETT

No.

JIMMY

Mind if I pat you down?

Jimmy checks for a recording device. He's clean.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

We all tell ourselves little stories, Bennett. Sometimes I'm the flame burning in the Jefferson Memorial. Other times I'm a guy with his nose pressed up against the windows of a whorehouse --

Suddenly there's a RUSTLING as a large animal passes somewhere close. Bennett freezes. Jimmy looks at him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Boar.

(beat)

This deal snapped the lights on in the kitchen and the rodents all scurried. Now you're standing there under the lights trying to point to where they all went.

(beat)

Don't be the one caught out in the kitchen.

Jimmy unslings his rifle and motions to where, obscured in the thicket, a pair of intense dying eyes stares back.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What'd your daddy do, Bennett?

(CONTINUED)

BENNETT

I don't know who my father is.

On Bennett as Jimmy FIRES --

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - BEIRUT - DAY

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 happily waves him on. Streets narrow. People stare.

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 Hashimi.

They roughly frisk Bob.

BOB (CONT'D)

Hashimi. Said Hashimi.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

74

INT. ANTERIOR ROOM - HEZBOLLAH COMPLEX - DAY

74

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.

75

INT. HASHIMI'S ROOM - DAY

75

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 Hezbollah, 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.

SAID HASHIMI

Mussawi is an energetic young man.
(beat)
Your Arabic is very good.

(CONTINUED)

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. GROTTO - 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.

MUSSAWI

The papers said heart attack.

Bob nods pleasantly.

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2)

Mussawi turns and walks away, singing some familiar song.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. CITY - PERSIAN GULF - DAY

77

Drifting above tall glass buildings. Construction cranes everywhere.

78 INT. SHANGRI-LA HOTEL ROOM - DAY

78

Tall glass buildings rise out of the white desert. Pan and find Bryan Woodman staring out the window. He's on his cell phone.

BRYAN (INTO PHONE)

There's an arrow on the ceiling pointing the direction of Mecca.

(beat)

The Bin Laden group air-conditioned Mecca. One of their big projects. They made billions and billions.

No response on the phone.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Women are covered head-to-foot walking five feet behind the men.

(beat)

It's humid. 125 degrees and humid. I walked out of the airport and it was like a wall fell on me. All the Arabs in white sheets. It says, it's hot and I don't have to work. I'd like to see them play baseball dressed like this.

He dwindles away. Silence on the other end of the phone.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Fine. I'm fine.

(beat)

No, I'm fine.

(beat)

How are you?

More silence. He looks down at the swimming pool of the luxury hotel, a peaceful blue aberration in the desiccated landscape.

79 INT. LOBBY - SHANGRI-LA HOTEL - DAY 79

Bryan stands alone under a vaulted atrium. An ARAB MAN in white separates from a group and ushers him outside.

80 EXT. DESERT DRIVE - DAY 80

Tapioca dunes drift away for miles. An Oryx nests with two of its young. A Range Rover splits the dunes.

81 EXT. NASIR'S DESERT HOUSE - DAY 81

On the deck of an elegant desert house composed mainly of tents and sails a SUPPLICANT beseeches a favor from Prince Nasir who reads a newspaper and watches TV.

SUPPLICANT

Your generosity is bigger than a mountain that shades us from the burning sun. I humbly ask for my citizenship expiry date to be extended.

The Prince nods his assent. Across the deck Bryan sits with the PRINCESS AL-SUBAAI, 30, a Westernized young woman with dignity beyond her years.

They watch as Nasir is served coffee by SERVANTS who make sure not to block his view of the financial news. The supplicants stare at the Princess.

PRINCESS AL-SUBAAI

They hate me being here, dressed like this. My husband tells them, she's a medical doctor, she'll examine your children, but only without a veil.

A SECRETARY checks a list and ushers another supplicant forward.

SUPPLICANT #2

The money given for my children's education was spent on farming and camels, but your benevolence is like the shade of palm trees in an oasis.

Nasir nods then makes his way over. Bryan watches the princess smile. Her husband kisses her cheek. Nasir sits.

PRINCE NASIR

My father has ordered the Marbella estate to be razed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PRINCE NASIR (CONT'D)
There will be a park. To lose a
first born son...

Nasir doesn't know what to say.

PRINCESS AL-SUBAAI
We're very sorry for your loss.

PRINCE NASIR
A house main was run in the wrong
place. The covering for the wiring
had deteriorated.

Bryan just stares at him.

PRINCE NASIR (CONT'D)
You're very angry. I understand.

BRYAN
You can't possibly understand.

82 EXT. DESERT RUINS - DAY

82

Tight on a falcon's face. Heat ripples across flat, white
desert. It's hallucinogenic.

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

The falcon catches an updraft and rises effortlessly.

NASIR (CONT'D)
Six more North Field blocks will
be available for development. We
would like to offer your firm the
right to represent them.

BRYAN
Six blocks. Which phase?

NASIR
Phase three.

BRYAN
(calculating)
Twenty-seven, twenty-eight million
cubic meters per day. We'll be in
the stream for what, ten one
hundredths of a cent, which is,
roughly... Seventy-five million
dollars.

Nasir nods.

(CONTINUED)

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Great. That's great. Seventy-five million dollars...

(beat)

How much for my other kid?

Prince Nasir stares at Bryan.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

If I were your economic advisor I'd tell you it's not the dumbest thing you've ever done, but it'll probably be the dumbest thing you do today. Probably.

(beat)

But why would you need an economic advisor? Twenty years ago you had the highest GNP in the world and now you're tied with Paraguay. Your second biggest export is second-hand goods. Followed by dates on which you lose five cents a pound.

(beat)

You want to know what the business world thinks of you. They think a hundred years ago you were chopping each other's heads off in the desert and that's exactly where you'll be in another hundred. So, yes, on behalf of my firm, I accept your money...

NASIR

Okay, fine. I'll have the money forwarded to your firm immediately.

(beat)

And I'll give you another hundred million for the other kid.

They look at each other.

NASIR (CONT'D)

OK. So now that you're my economic advisor; tell me something I haven't heard.

Bryan stares a beat, thinking.

BRYAN

Okay. You want an idea, here's an idea.

(CONTINUED)

He draws in the sand: he draws Nasir's kingdom, the Persian 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. 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. I think that's a pretty good idea.

Overhead the falcons spiral higher and higher, chasing each other in the sky. The rising MURMUR of AMENS --

CUT TO:

A cavernous mega church, a religious Wal-Mart with 8500 worshippers in stadium seating. REVERAND STEWART, 30's, intelligent and sincere, wears a headset --

REVERAND STEWART

And when Jesus had been Baptized, just as he came up from the water, suddenly the heavens were opened and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove and alighting on him. 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. Danny Dalton, his WIFE and CHILDREN sit in good seats up front. Danny has a flag pin on his lapel.

(CONTINUED)

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 waving under the cross.

Slowly the MURMURING RISE of different PRAYERS.

CUT TO:

84

INT. MOSQUE - PERSIAN GULF - DAY

84

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*.

85

INT. MADRASSA - DAY

85

Boys study at small desks. Boys chanting. Boys lined up. Even smaller boys at smaller desks.

86

INT. SMALL ROOM - MADRASSA - DAY

86

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

THE CLERIC (V.O.)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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, 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)

The pain of living in the modern world will never be solved by a liberal society.

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

THE CLERIC (CONT'D)

Liberal societies have failed. Christian theology has failed. The West has failed.

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

EXT. MADRASSA COMMUNAL FARM - DAY

Boys pull a plow in the fields. The sound of BEES.

THE CLERIC (V.O.)

The divine and the worldly are but a single concept and that concept is Koran.

They walk past bee hives spaced across the desert. Farooq and Wasim and two OTHERS are with him.

THE CLERIC (CONT'D)

No separation of religion and state - Koran. Instead of Kings legislating and slaves obeying - Koran.

They stand in a corn field growing in the desert. The boys are impressed with themselves as only young, uneducated men can be when discussing philosophy and politics with a learned man.

(CONTINUED)

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.

The cleric bends down to pull a weed.

THE CLERIC (CONT'D)

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?

88

(OMIT)

88

CUT TO:

89

EXT. GOVERNMENT HALL - BEIRUT - DAY

89

A banner reads: UNION OF ARAB NATIONS - BEIRUT, LEBANON

Wide steps in a wide plaza. A CROWD watches as IMPORTANT MEN, including Prince Nasir, sweep down the marble stairs to microphones. The PRESS snaps photos.

PRINCE NASIR

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

Bryan claps dutifully. But he's on the phone, the cord dangling from ear to Blackberry which reads "work."

BRYAN (INTO PHONE)

He invited me to come with him. I think he thinks he's some kind of reformer. He's got a nice jet. Okay, very nice. Hold on a sec__

He glances at the Blackberry screen. Another call - JULIE HOME. He hits "IGNORE CALL."

(CONTINUED)

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Julie's fine with it.

PRINCE NASIR

Our 13 point document is an agreement on principles calling for greater political freedom, good governance and transparency, advanced civil liberties and human rights, women's rights, and judicial reforms.

Bryan's phone vibrates again - JULIE HOME. He turns the phone off.

PRINCE NASIR (CONT'D)

... However, unlike Washington's Greater Middle East Initiative, we respect each country's right to move at its own pace.

APPLAUSE. One leader after another solemnly shake hands with Nasir as a photographer records the moment.

ANGLE - A WEATHERED MAN

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

PRINCE NASIR moves down the steps. Bryan and the rest of his entourage join him heading toward black limousines.

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

(CONTINUED)

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.

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.

Nasir looks out the window. He switches to English for Bryan but is speaking more to himself.

PRINCE NASIR (CONT'D)

Respect the right to move at their own pace. Respect the right to do nothing is more like it. Except condemn Israel and strengthen the conservative religious movements.

Prince Nasir and his party enter the hotel and sweep through the lobby. They approach the elevators. Bryan and Prince Nasir and one bodyguard enter an elevator.

The elevator TONES at another floor. 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.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

Nasir is looking at Bob.

PRINCE NASIR

Don't see many Occidentals these days.

Bob doesn't say anything.

PRINCE NASIR (CONT'D)

It's too bad.

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

93 EXT. ROOFTOP GARDEN - ALBERGO - DAY 93

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.

94 INT. ALBERGO LOBBY - DAY 94

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.

95 EXT. ROOFTOP GARDEN - DAY 95

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.

96 INT. ALBERGO LOBBY - DAY 96

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

97 INT. ALBERGO HALLWAY - DAY 97

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

98 INT. BOB'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 98

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.

99 EXT. LAND CRUISER - DAY 99

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

MATCH CUT TO:

100 EXT. SMALL WAREHOUSE - DAY 100

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

101 INT. SMALL WAREHOUSE - DAY 101

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.

Bennett's phone VIBRATES loudly. He checks the number.

102 INT. BAR - DAY 102

Tight on a hand written "business" card that says, "If you find me, call my son, Bennett Jr., at this number."

Bennett takes the card from a bartender and finds his father slumped in the corner of a seedy bar.

CUT TO:

103 INT. BARE BULB APARTMENT - DAY 103

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.

(CONTINUED)

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

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 arm, putting face in feces.* Not interested in two. Number three? Number three they call *pulling nails from fingers.* What do you think, Bob? Does Number three sound good to you?

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. Other MEN hold the chair steady.

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. SOMEONE 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.

(CONTINUED)

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 is dazed. They throw water in his face.

MUSSAWI (CONT'D)

Come on, Bob. Help me out here.

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'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.fuckingW. 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 HASHIMI'S MEN entering the room. They SHOUT.

HASHIMI'S MEN (ARABIC)
The Said is very angry with you,
Mussawi. The Said keeps his word.
You're our guest, too, Mussawi.

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.

His POV of the picture on the card: an orphanage with Said Hashimi's picture inlaid. And, written on the card: CONSIDER A DONATION ON YOUR WAY OUT OF BEIRUT.

CUT TO:

THE STINGER CRATE

is passed from one ancient vessel to another as we slowly pull back to reveal hundreds of boats in a beehive of unregulated trade.

CUT TO:

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:

108 A HOSPITAL ROOM 108

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

CUT TO:

109 A MASS OF BODIES 109

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:

110 INT. SMALL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 110

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.

111 ANGLE - LATER 111

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

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. The Lily School.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARALEGAL #2 (CONT'D)

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.

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:

EXT. THE SONG OF ROLAND - NIGHT

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.

INT. PRIVATE SALON - NIGHT

Cognac swirls. A gold cigar cutter slices off the tip.
Dean Whiting, Meshal, and REZA BARHANI, a middle-man,
light expensive cigars in a book-lined study on the boat.

REZA BARHANI

Capitalism cannot exist without
waste.

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

(CONTINUED)

REZA BARHANI (CONT'D)

We should write thank you notes to Mr. Whiting and the USA for producing one quarter of the world's garbage and one quarter of the demand.

WHITING

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

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

REZA BARHANI

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

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

WHITING

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 Whiting)
I've heard of you. The cat's paw of the Saudi Princes.

Whiting and Reza exchange a quick glance, but this is what Dean Whiting lives for.

WHITING

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WHITING (CONT'D)

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. Whiting and the Middle-man wait.

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.

REZA BARHANI

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?

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

CUT TO:

EXT. MADRASSA CORNFIELD - DAY

Wind ripples across the leaves of corn. Wasim's hand pulls weed grass. Farooq smiles mischievously.

EXT. MADRASSA "YARD" - DAY

Wasim, Farooq play soccer. Farooq is a natural athlete.

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.

(CONTINUED)

FAROOQ

A real spider captures, then stings and immobilizes, then watches as the prey takes days to die.

WASIM

They'd never show that.

Suddenly they stop. MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA, the blue-eyed Egyptian, has been watching them. They are embarrassed.

FAROOQ

Are we in trouble?

MSA smiles a patient, charismatic, spooky smile. They already know each other.

MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA

Look around you at your family...

In an OPEN AIR CLASSROOM the Cleric leads young children in recitation of the Koran. Boys walk to class. Boys plow a field.

MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA (CONT'D)

Look around you at your brothers united by faith in God Almighty and submission to his law.

A bull sleeps in the shade.

FAROOQ

Wasim is still a virgin.

Wasim lightly shoves Farooq.

MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA

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 call to prayer SOUNDS across the Madrassa. They wash before prayer.

(CONTINUED)

MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA

When God Almighty has chosen us
for important work, we have no
choice but complete submission.

Spreading prayer mats on the ground where they stand,
they begin to pray. In the field, the boys pulling the
plows have begun to pray.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIA - SMOKING AREA - DAY

The Division Chief enjoys a cigarette in a leafy
courtyard of the CIA office park.

Fred Franks hurries toward her. He stays upwind of the
cigarette.

FRANKS

We just received a dispatch from
Damascus, eight minutes old.
Mussawi's shopping a story that we
sent Bob to Beirut to assassinate
Prince Nasir.

The Division Chief drops her cigarette in a coffee can.

INT. HIGH CORNER OFFICE - CIA - DAY

Terry George looks up from papers on his desk. He's got
his hand over the phone, and he isn't happy.

TERRY GEORGE

Can we get this guy? I mean now -
real time now.

FRANKS

Mussawi?

TERRY GEORGE

Yes. Mussawi.
(into phone)
I'll call you back.

Terry hangs up the phone. The Division Chief and Franks
exchange a glance.

DIVISION CHIEF

Practical answer is no. Not before
he goes into another mosque or
newspaper and this story gains
traction.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY GEORGE

He's got Bob's name?

DIVISION CHIEF

Not his real name. But he's shopping photos of them doing the deal, long lens. Photos of Bob being held. He's lucky he's alive.

FRANKS

The whole contact was a set-up. Mussawi apparently now works for Iran. First, he tortures our guy, then peddles the CIA connection.

This is not good at all. After a moment to think, he spits this out, quickly:

TERRY GEORGE

Put some air between us and Bob. Bob has a long history of entrepreneurial operations. We haven't really had a handle on Bob for years. After nine one one, some people got too much leeway, let their emotions get the best of them. These are complex times. There's already an active investigation into Bob's actions in, help me out here --

They begin to spin the line together.

FRANKS

Tehran? The Amiri brothers job?

TERRY GEORGE

...We're trying to find out who might have hired Bob for the Amiri brothers job. Could the same people be behind the Nasir job? A lot of people seem to want this Prince Nasir dead and Bob knows a lot of people.

(done)

Fill in the rest, send me everything. Is that it?

Fred is impressed. You don't get to be Terry George without some skills.

CUT TO:

118

INT. HALLWAY - WALTER REED HOSPITAL - DAY

118

At the end of a depressing hallway, 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.

Bob is framed by two, not-bright CIA SECURITY OFFICERS.

CIA SECURITY OFFICER
Party given by Reza Barhani?

BOB
Yes.

CIA OFFICER #2
Were you aware they were involved
in the illegal arms trade?

BOB
Of course I was aware. It's why I
went after them.

CIA SECURITY OFFICER #2
Were you aware these two men were
Iranian Intelligence Officers?

Bob can't believe the question.

BOB
What do you think?

CIA SECURITY OFFICER #2
Mr. Baer. This is a diplomatic
incident. Two men were murdered.
We've been tasked with the Damage
Assessment.

CIA SECURITY OFFICER
We'll need you to turn your
passport over to us.

(CONTINUED)

CIA SECURITY OFFICER #2

Passports.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - WALTER REED - DAY

Bob in his bed. He stares out the window at a red brick wall, a fragment of sky. He sees MARGARET in the doorway.

MARGARET

In their helpful way they told me you were at one of six places but since you were a number and not a name did I happen to have that number. No. No is the answer to whether I have your number.

She rests her hand on the railing of the bed. On the verge, she looks away, then back again.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

They wouldn't give me any information. I didn't know how to find you, what I'd find...

He pulls her close, careful of his bandaged hands.

BOB

I'm okay. I'm fine. Hey --

MARGARET

(into his chest)

They wouldn't tell me a thing. Not one thing.

He holds her. As she becomes aware of the bandages on his hands, as her worry has been abating, anger has ineluctably filled in behind.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Where were you, Bob?

He looks at her; he can't tell her the truth.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Were you back in Beirut?

He just stares. This is infuriating.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Bob, please tell me where you were and tell me what happened. Please.

Bob motions for her to come closer.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

I saw these Shiites selling an Egyptian a missile. In Iran. I had a feeling about this guy, a Sunni nut-job, but I'm back here where I got on the wrong side of Terry, then an opportunity just happened to come up involving someone I worked with before, not a radical, I mean, he went to Rutgers, only now he flips, wants to cut my goddamn head off. And now they got me isolated away in here and they send these suits around asking me nonsense questions about bad people who are no longer with us, no longer with us on their goddamn orders. So you tell me what happened. You tell me, Margaret.

Margaret doesn't know what to say so she says nothing.

CUT TO:

120 INT./EXT. GENEVA - DAY 120

Arabs strolling along the street. Nasir and his family shop in an expensive jewelry store.

121 INT. HOTEL PRESIDENT WILSON - DAY 121

Arabs stare out windows at the rain. 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.

122 INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT 122

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. An Arab youth moves the silver top hat.

ARAB YOUTH

Shit. Park Place. Shit --

Park Place with hotels. Bryan holds Park Place. The Arab Youth takes off his diamond encrusted Rolex and tosses it toward the bank.

ARAB YOUTH (CONT'D)

Where are you from in the States?

(CONTINUED)

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 an 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 leave.*

ARAB YOUTH

If *anyone* works, it can't be Saudi
Arabia.

They all LAUGH LOUDLY, then the laughter fades as they
realize Julie and Riley are in the hotel room.

Julie eyes the money and the Asian girl in the corner.

JULIE

He wanted to say good night to his
father.

Riley goes over and stiffly gives Bryan a hug.

CUT TO:

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.

124 INT. DIVISION CHIEF ANTEROOM - CIA - DAY 124

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.

125 INT. BOB'S OFFICE - DAY 125

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.*

Bob takes a sip of coffee. The wall clock reads: 10:10.

ON THE SCREEN: MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA. *BLACKTAPE FILE. ACCESS DENIED.*

ANGLE - LATER

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.*

126 EXT. FRED FRANKS' NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING 126

A middle-class suburban neighborhood so new the landscaping is still tied to stakes. Half-built houses at the ends of streets. Kids playing Wiffle-ball.

127

INT./EXT. DODGE K-CAR - DAY

127

Bob pulls up on the quiet street. He checks the rear-view where a car with two MEN are following him. Bob pops a book on tape in and waits. It's Anna Karenina in Farsi.

Fred Franks pulls into his driveway and gets out of the car. His WIFE appears at the front door and his kids gambol around -- exactly the tableau Bob has never had.

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)

Bob, FBI's got it. Nothing I can do about it. You know that. It's a criminal investigation. Two men were killed.

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 Tehran?

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'm advising you to drop it.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Where did this Prince Nasir job
come from? Why was I tortured. Why
am I being investigated? Why was I
sent?

NEIGHBORS stare. Fred's kids look out the window.

FRED FRANKS

Goodbye, Bob.

Lifting up to see Bob isolated in the grid of identical,
treeless houses.

CUT TO:

INT. MANDARIN HOTEL - BALLROOM C - DAY

The SECRETARY OF DEFENSE projected onto a giant screen.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE (ON SCREEN)

*In whatever lies ahead, the United
States will remain a friend to the
Iranian people...*

A large ballroom at a Washington hotel. 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: Reza Barhani; Tommy Barton of CONNEX;
Reps of Halliburton, Bechtel, Danny Dalton, Dean Whiting.

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.*

INT. MANDARIN HALLWAY - DAY

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

BENNETT

Take this to Sydney Hewitt. Now.
(beat)
Please.

INSIDE THE ROOM the guard makes his way to Sydney Hewitt and hands him the card.

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.

APPLAUSE as Sydney looks up sharply. At the head table: Dean Crutcher, Reza, and Tommy clap along heartily.

MATCH CUT TO:

130

INT. CONNEX BOARDROOM - DAY

130

Tommy, his PERSONAL LAWYER at his ear, --

TOMMY

Not to my recollection --

Bennett and Sydney square off against Tommy, Jimmy, their personal lawyers, one apiece.

BENNETT

Killeen 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.

(CONTINUED)

BENNETT

Wherein it was described that Killeen bore all financial risk, but President Nazerbayev's children, while attending The Lily School in Switzerland, were entitled to all of the profits - seventy million dollars.

Tommy's personal lawyer leans in and whispers in his ear.

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 Killeen well prior to Connex's involvement --

JIMMY

Oh, fer Chrissakes, Tommy, we both got letters from the Grand Jury, it's not your own private little pity party --

BENNETT

A good faith purchaser is in good faith only if they didn't know about the problems at the time of the purchase --

TOMMY

This is the oil business we're talking about, right?

JIMMY

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 --

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

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*.

BENNETT

The business of Whiting, Sloan is not under discussion at this time.

JIMMY

Well, it oughta be. Danny's a good man. He's a friend of mine.

CUT TO:

131

EXT. LAKE FRONT - GENEVA - DAY

131

The ARAB YOUTH exits the hotel and runs across the wide waterfront square. He cuts for a lone figure sitting on wall. He runs up to Bryan.

ARAB YOUTH

They've sued the Emir on the Isle of Jersey and frozen his money. He was in Bulgari and his credit card stopped working.

132

INT. NASIR'S SUITE - DAY

132

Prince Nasir tosses a newspaper at Bryan --

PRINCE NASIR

Some people, cousins of mine actually, sued my father in The Commonwealth alleging that he broke agreements to repay funds transferred from the State.

Bryan follows Nasir. He glances at a photo of AGGRIEVED ARABS leaving court with DEAN WHITING looking protective.

BRYAN

A Mareva injunction?

PRINCE NASIR

Aggrieved Royals. Aggrieved about what? That he tried to cut their allowances from one hundred thousand a month to eighty.

They pass wife, children, hangers-on. Room after room.

(CONTINUED)

PRINCE NASIR (CONT'D)

There are 300 years of corrupt layers in the middle-east and you have to break the ice. There must be structural changes. I tell them, with just one of your boats you could revolutionize Yemen, build desalinization plants. The man with the 200 foot boat needs a 250 foot boat. The man with 250 now needs 300.

They dead-end in a small office. The Emir's JAPANESE SECRETARY half-rises.

PRINCE NASIR (ARABIC) (CONT'D)

I want to see my father.

The secretary shakes his head. Nasir is furious.

PRINCE NASIR (CONT'D)

My cousins aren't bright enough to be anything but finger-puppets. My brother has faith only in his own cunning. Then again, what should I expect, his mother was a whore. And he's hired American lawyers.

(to Bryan)

What do you suppose they are thinking, my brother and these American lawyers?

Bryan takes in the hangers-on in expensive suits peeking from the doorway, the view to Lake Geneva. It's surreal.

BRYAN

What are they thinking? They're thinking *we're running out*. We're running out and ninety percent of what's left is in the Middle East. So if you look at the whole progression from Versailles, through Suez, 1973, Gulf War One, Gulf War II, it's really shaping up as a fight to the death.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRYAN (CONT'D)

So *what they're thinking* is keep playing, keep buying your toys, keep spending fifty thousand dollars a night for your hotel room, but don't invest in your infrastructure, don't build a real economy, so when you finally wake up, they will have sucked you dry and you will have squandered the greatest natural resource in history.

The Prince remains impassive. After a beat --

PRINCE NASIR

Come with me, please.

INT. A QUIET ROOM - HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Nasir speaks privately with Bryan.

PRINCE NASIR

I studied at Oxford. I have a PHD from Georgetown. I want to create a parliament. I want to give women the right to vote. I want an independent Judiciary. I want to start a new petroleum exchange in the Middle-east and cut the speculators out of the business. Why are the major oil exchanges in New York and London anyway? I'll put all of our energy up for competitive bidding, I'll pipe through Iran to Europe like you proposed, I'll ship to China, anything that achieves efficiency and maximizes profits for my people, profits which I'll then use to rebuild my country.

BRYAN

That's great, that's exactly what you should do.

PRINCE NASIR

Exactly, except your President calls my father, says, *I've got unemployment in Texas, Kansas, Washington State*. One phone call later we're stealing out of our social programs to buy overpriced airplanes. We owed the Americans, but we've repaid that debt.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PRINCE NASIR (CONT'D)

I accepted a Chinese bid, the
highest bid. And suddenly I'm a
terrorist. I'm a *Godless*
communist.

Nasir hopes takes the newspaper out of Bryan's hand.

PRINCE NASIR (CONT'D)

Dean *Whiting*.

Tight on: *Dean Whiting with the aggrieved royals*.

PRINCE NASIR (CONT'D)

Who represents not only these
aggrieved royals but also Connex
Oil. They're pressuring my father
to invalidate the Chinese
contracts. They underestimate him.
This is about his legacy to his
people.

CUT TO:

134

(OMIT)

134

135

EXT. MADRASSA - DAY

135

Wasim sis studying, slowly, sounding out the words. He
writes crudely formed letters. He sees Farooq goofing
around with friends.

MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA (V.O.)

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.

Mohammed Sheik Agiza leads the boys through underbrush on
the communal farm. They approach a small farm shed.

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.

136

INT. FARM SHED - DAY

136

MSA pulls mats aside revealing a hatch in the floor. He
opens the hatch. A STINGER MISSILE case is hidden below.
He drags out the case. They help him set it on a table.

(CONTINUED)

MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA

So you are the cream of the cream
of the cream. It is possible for
us to achieve glory only by
traversing this path.

MSA opens the case and, as he shows off the Stinger, we
notice a SMILEY FACE scratched into the metal.

MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA (CONT'D)

American-made. Good quality, but
nearly impossible to hit anything.

MSA lifts out another device: a conical SHAPED CHARGE.

MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA (CONT'D)

By shaping the charge, this will
send a blast of molten copper
through thirty inches of steel.

The boys are wide-eyed. This is the coolest pocket-knife
they've ever seen.

CUT TO:

137

INT. MULTIPLEX - MALL - DAY

137

DEATH FIST III! BROSANAN IS BOND! Bob walks past posters
in an air-conditioned theater lobby. A bored concession
stand WORKER ignores him.

BOB (V.O.)

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? And on me. For doing
my job?

138

INT. THEATER - DAY

138

An empty matinee. Bob sits next to Stan Goff.

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 fall-out.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STAN (CONT'D)

They're worried you may want to talk about it. But if you're already under investigation?

BOB

What about Mussawi?

STAN

Mussawi's a soldier. He's just like you.

Bob stares at Stan who continues.

STAN (CONT'D)

Maybe he found God. Maybe he was having a bad day. Maybe Americans shouldn't travel these days.

BOB

Did Prince Nasir hide Mohammed Sheik Agiza in the Water Ministry? Does he fund terrorist organizations?

STAN

Tell people what they want to hear and they have a better chance of believing you. People were paid to lie, coached on their polygraphs. Single sources spread through different intelligence agencies that don't communicate with each other. You know how it's done.

BOB

Who's worried about the Nasir job? Stan, who's worried about me talking?

On the screen: a LOUD, ACTION BEAT. Stan leans over and whispers --

CUT TO:

Hulking structures in concrete like Albert Speer's vision of heaven as Danny D. rants at Bennett --

(CONTINUED)

DANNY D.

Some trust fund prosecutor, got off-message at Brown, thinks 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 or China 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... Sovereign nations! What is a sovereign nation, but a collective of greed run by one individual. But, Danny, they're codified by the U.N. charter. Legitimized gangsterism on a global basis that has no more validity than an agreement between the Crips and the Bloods!

Passing people shoot sidelong glances. A GROUP of men in suits are clearly waiting for Danny D.

DANNY D. (CONT'D)

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. We have laws against it *precisely* so we can get away with it. Corruption is our protection. Corruption is what keeps us safe and warm. Corruption is why you and I are here in the white-hot center of things instead of fighting each other for scraps of meat out there in the streets.

(beat)

Corruption... is how we win.

Danny D. winds down. Finally --

BENNETT

You broke the law, Mr. Dalton.

DANNY D.

Oh, who gives a shit!

(CONTINUED)

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.

The two men are tiny against the architecture, the nation's capitol going on with it's day around them.

EXT. CAPITOL HILL - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Sydney approaches Bennett who eats his lunch outside the law offices of Whiting and Sloan.

SYDNEY

How'd it go? Think you'll get invited on any more hunting trips?

BENNETT

He has kids. He's got a wife.

SYDNEY

He broke the law.

Sydney holds out a golden envelope to Bennett.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Mr. Janus himself wanted me to extend an invitation to Oilman of the Year. He's being honored so it should be a nice weekend. Relax. Get a massage. Congratulations.

Perhaps the slightest flicker of distaste crosses Bennett's face. On the reverse the Capitol Building is so close you could reach out and touch it.

CUT TO:

INT. EMIR'S SUITE - GENEVA - DAY

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 --

(CONTINUED)

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.

PRINCE NASIR

You cannot do this. 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.

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

Sure, it looks like just hanging
around in a hotel but that's how
these people do business. It's
world historical stage time. With
the delivery deals we can make in
Europe, transport through Iran,
this guy might be able to
revolutionize not just his
country, but the whole region.

(MORE)

BRYAN (CONT'D)

His dad's about to keel over and Prince Nasir could be like Mossadegh in Iran in 1952, with a real democracy springing up organically. I mean if we could just be a part of one of these countries getting a Parliament, helping them find efficiency, showing them how real incentivized capitalism can do its job --

JULIE

Stop it! Look at me.

The fountain shoots up and cascades down. Riley leans toward the water and for a second his feet lift up. Bryan starts up, but then Riley is playing again.

BRYAN

Julie, the little trading company I work for is now the chief economic advisor to Prince Nasir. Do you know what this means? It's like someone put a giant ATM on our front lawn.

JULIE

Here's a question: how do you think it looks to profit off the death of your six year-old?

This gets through, but then --

BRYAN

Fuck you. I changed the diapers and put cream on rashes and gave bottles in the night and went to doctor's check-ups and worried about percentiles... I did everything right. I did everything right.

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.

BRYAN

Good.

(CONTINUED)

142

CONTINUED: (2)

142

She heads for Riley who lets go of a balloon. It floats up past the watch signs plastered on the buildings.

CUT TO:

143

INT. BEDROOM - GEORGETOWN MANSION - NIGHT

143

A phone RINGS a muted electronic BEEP. Dean Whiting answers the phone.

WHITING

(sleepy voice)

Hello.

ALARM COMPANY

Hello, is this Mr. Why-Teeng? This is HomeTech Security.

He reaches for the bedside light and snaps it on. Mrs. Whiting is a lump on the far side of the bed.

WHITING

This is Mr. Whiting.

ALARM COMPANY

We're showing a motion sensor failure in your downstairs study.

WHITING

Yes.

Whiting 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?

Whiting reaches under his bed and pulls a gun box. He flips the combination. Three pistols. He selects the largest and switches off the light.

WHITING

I'll walk around.

144

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

144

Whiting closes the bedroom door and switches on the hall light. Lots of closed doors. He walks down the stairs.

145 INT. DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT 145

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.

WHITING
(into phone)
Everything's fine.

146 INT. DOWNSTAIRS STUDY - NIGHT 146

Whiting's study, unlike the standard, upper-crust, decorating of the rest of the home, has a specific Middle-Eastern flair. Persian antiques. Pictures of Whiting on a camel, with Persian friends at Oxford in the sixties. Whiting is an Arabist.

The motion sensor light is on. Whiting tries a window.

ALARM COMPANY
How're we doing, Mr. Why-Teeng?

It's secure. He tries another one. It's secure.

WHITING
(into phone)
Everything's fine.

There's a sliding glass door that leads to a patio and pool. Whiting tries it and it slides open.

WHITING (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?

WHITING
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 Whiting's head are beautifully framed photos with Kissinger, Clinton, King Fahd. Rack focus off Whiting and slowly ZOOM to...

AN OLD PHOTO

(CONTINUED)

146

CONTINUED:

146

Of Dean Whiting and the old EMIR, NASIR'S FATHER.

WHITING (CONT'D)
(finally answering)
Hello.

147

INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

147

It's early morning. A couple of drunks at the counter. Bob is at a booth with a mug of coffee. Dean Whiting appears outside the window, enters the restaurant, sits.

BOB
You were in Beirut in '84.

WHITING
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.

WHITING
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)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOB (CONT'D)

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? I want you to acknowledge that you do understand so that we're clear and there won't be any mistakes.

After a beat, Whiting nods.

WHITING

Beirut rules, Mr. Baer?

Whiting loves the game. Bob looks tired, maybe a little sad.

BOB

I've made decisions that resulted in deaths, but I never lost a nights sleep. Never. I killed people, but I always had about 500 pages of U.S. law behind me, law that I believed in, and that was good enough.

WHITING

You still do, Mr. Baer. You still do.

Bob stares at him.

BOB

I want my passports back.

CUT TO:

Tight on Bennett as he runs through a downtrodden neighborhood. Sweat dripping, breathing heavily, he runs faster and faster. People on stoops watch him go.

He's oblivious to the UNMARKED CAR following him. Finally the car races up beside him. The window rolls down and Donald Farish III's face appears.

(CONTINUED)

FARISH

Bennett, hey. Come on. Take a ride with me.

Bennett keeps jogging.

FARISH (CONT'D)

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 stops. Farish's car stops. Bennett is panting.

BENNETT

That's quite a statement, Don.

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER - DAY

Bennett rides with Farish. A long beat. Finally --

BENNETT

One word. Dalton.

FARISH

Danny Dalton?

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.

Out the window the bad neighborhood is giving way back to the developing neighborhood where Bennett lives.

FARISH

And let me guess: this was a solo act, without the knowledge of Connex or Killeen Oil, of Mr. Lee Janus or Jimmy Pope.

(CONTINUED)

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. After a beat Farish shakes his head.

FARISH

I'm sorry, Bennett. I don't think Dalton's enough.

CUT TO:

150

INT. BENNETT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

150

Bennett uses the claw end of a hammer to pry the front off a large wooden crate. His father sits across the room reading the paper. The side of the box comes down.

Bennett stares --

ANGLE - THE STUFFED HEAD OF A KUDU.

Bennett Sr. stares, then lights a cigarette.

BENNETT

(re: the cigarette)
What are you doing?

BENNETT SR.

The question is what are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

BENNETT

Really. Well, I'll tell you what I'm not doing: I'm not running a shelter. You going back to work?

No answer.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

What happened at your job anyway? Another jerk? Another white asshole? What? You think you get where I've gotten and there are less of them? You think I don't want a fucking drink? You have no idea what I'm doing, what is actually going on with me. The only way you can change this shit, all this shit, is from the inside. I'm trying to get inside. Which a fucking loser like you will never understand.

Bennett Sr. puts down, his paper, stubs out his cigarette and starts for the door.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Good.

The door shuts behind his dad --

BENNETT (CONT'D)

(yelling after him)

I love this country. It's a great country, if you're not a quitter. AND DON'T COME BACK!

Slowly Bennett calms. He turns, looks at the Kudu. He thinks and the sound of a GRILL SIZZLING begins to RISE --

CUT TO:

151

EXT. JIMMY POPE'S BACKYARD - HOUSTON, TEXAS - DAY

151

Ribs on a fancy BBQ grill. A wide expanse of lawn. No other houses in sight. TEENAGERS splash in a pool.

BENNETT

Dalton's not enough. So they will sit on him until he explains the how and why and the who, and they will be forced to unravel this merger.

Jimmy turns from the grill.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY POPE

I'd be real careful. You dig a three foot hole, you'll find one body, but you dig a six foot hole and you might find twenty.

BENNETT

Dalton's not enough.

JIMMY POPE

We use one quarter of the oil in the world, Bennett. Your house is light and warm and my house is light and warm, but what if it was that way half the week, or none of the week. Hell, China's economy ain't growing as fast as it could because they can't get all the oil they need. I'm damn proud of that fact.

Bennett gives him nothing. A beat.

JIMMY POPE (CONT'D)

What if it involved someone at your firm? Someone way the hell above you. We'd have to have an understanding.

BENNETT

If he's as big as you say then when he goes down the merger will be approved.

Despite himself, Jimmy is impressed --

JIMMY POPE

Just like that.

BENNETT

We're looking for the illusion of due-diligence. Two criminal acts successfully prosecuted gives us that illusion.

Jimmy hands Bennett a plate of ribs and smiles.

JIMMY POPE

Call me Jimmy.

CUT TO:

152

INT. SHED - DAY

152

ON TELEVISION: grainy video of a suicide bomber's videotaped "will." 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)

... I wish for everyone who hears this to fear God and to follow God and his prophets. When I die I want the people who inherit my possessions to do the following:

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.

Mohammed Sheik Agiza watches the boys watch the video.

MOHAMMED SHEIK AGIZA

His influence on those left behind grows. There is no sense of loss, since he continues to live and inspire, his fame spreading.

Wasim impassively stares at the video.

SUICIDE BOMBER

Three: I don't want a pregnant woman to come and say good bye to me because I don't approve it.

153

EXT. THE BEES - DAY

153

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.

Wasim pulls out another comb.

WASIM

Ow --

(CONTINUED)

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.

(beat)

You'll be able to get your mother here.

Wasim looks at his friend then looks away. On the ground, the worker bee stops struggling and dies.

CUT TO:

Pan across the desert to find Nasir staring into space.

PRINCE NASIR

Twenty seven tribes in my country and we all hate each other. My father arrested the malcontents. He crushed the religious zealots. Try reasoning with people who have one foot in the afterlife, he said, as he leveled village after village.

Another angle and Bryan is approaching. Behind him is the desert house made mainly of tents and sails. DIGNITARIES wait on the deck and watch Nasir.

(CONTINUED)

The crowd is unmoved. Rallying the men will not be easy.

PRINCE NASIR
This is true. My father is ill and weak and unwilling to fight the Americans. But others are willing. And when a country has five percent of the world's population but does fifty percent of its military spending, then the persuasive powers of that country are on the decline.

BEDOUIN LEADER
Tomorrow is the coronation. Your brother has the support of the United States. And 10,000 of their troops are stationed in our country.

He is interrupted by a BEDOUIN LEADER.

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 stilted, young people unable to find jobs, critics jailed or put to death, women are second-class citizens --

The tent is crowded with tribal and military leaders. Worried and suspicious, they sit on rugs and recline against pillows. Nasir enters and takes his seat.

155

INT. BEDOUIN TENT - DAY

155

BRYAN
I don't see you moving to Colorado.

Bryan watches Nasir.

PRINCE
You know what place my children love most on earth? My children love Colorado. I could easily live in Colorado while my brother presides over a civil war. I could be very comfortable.

156 INT. ZURICH AIRPORT - MORNING 156

Bob rides up an escalator, changing planes in the early morning. He sees his wife watching him.

157 INT. ZURICH AIRPORT DEPARTURE LOUNGE - MORNING 157

Bob and Margaret sit in uncomfortable, connected chairs.

BOB

If I told you I knew of something that was going to happen to someone 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.

MARGARET

You can't tell me any more? No, of course not.

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:

158 INT. PALACE - PERSIAN GULF - DAY 158

Tight on medals on a military uniform. Hands reach down to pin another row. Prince Meshal Al-Subaai is looking into a mirror as he buckles his ceremonial sword.

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, I'm aware that democracy and human rights are good ideas.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

He stares long into his own royal reflection.

159 INT. PALACE GREAT HALL - DAY

159

Prince Meshal and ADVISORS walk toward brightly-lit double doors. The sound of a LARGE CROWD cheering comes toward him as he disappears into silhouette.

CUT TO:

160 EXT. WORKER'S COMPOUND - PERSIAN GULF - DAY

160

It's a holiday as an AM radio blares Prince Meshal's CORONATION CELEBRATION. Saleem and other workers play cricket on a makeshift pitch just outside the gate.

SALEEM

I wanted to be on a bobsled in the Olympics. I wanted to drive. That was my dream.

The men have no idea what he's talking about. He sees Wasim walking toward him.

SALEEM (CONT'D)

Wasim! Bobsled!

(to the men)

Wasim knows what a bobsled is.

WASIM

Can I borrow bus fare, papa?

SALEEM

Wasim, tell them about the bobsled.

WASIM

It's a little car that goes down a track of ice and snow.

Saleem pulls some change from his pocket and hands it to his son.

SALEEM

Oh, how snow sparkles, the crunch of it under your feet, the quiet and calm it brings --

Wasim suddenly hugs his father who is surprised but hugs him back. Then Wasim walks away.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED: 110
160

Wasim glances back. Saleem waves... and Wasim waves back.
Then Saleem turns back to the cricket.

CUT TO:

161 INT. MITSUBISHI SUV - DAY 161

On the edge of the city, Bob sits in a traffic jam in the
glaring sun, heat waves flickering. His POV of a white
bus full of migrant workers in blue jumpsuits.

CUT TO:

162 INT. CIA - NIGHT 162

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.

163 INT. CIA TASK FORCE ROOM - NIGHT 163

This room is now crowded, filled with audio-visual
surveillance equipment. Palpable excitement in the air.
Franks returns with his coffee and chips.

WILLY, 24, a technician, buzz cut, recent 5th year Senior
at Hamilton College, fills him in.

WILLY
Just heard from Tampa, the J-STARS
are tracking and we should have an
image from the Predator in a few
seconds.

FRANKS
Great.

He eats some chips, offers some to another guy.

FRANKS (CONT'D)
Is it night there still?

WILLY
Morning.

CUT TO:

164

EXT. BEDOUIN TENT - MORNING

164

The tribal leaders have bargained through the night. Outside the tents EVERYONE ELSE is waiting, including Bryan whose ear piece dangles to his Blackberry.

BRYAN (INTO PHONE)
(not excited)

We have a contract to establish a new petroleum exchange. No firm our size has pulled off anything like this.

Bryan crosses to the CHINESE OIL EXECUTIVES.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
He's a visionary, like Faisal or Attaturk, and the people love him. By Monday, he'll be running the country.

The Chinese seem unconvinced. Finally, the tent opens and the leaders file out. Prince Nasir addresses the crowd.

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.

His wife and daughters proudly watch.

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 CHEERS. And as Prince Nasir, his family and supporters move toward the vehicles, find Nasir's BODYGUARD whispering into a cell phone

BODYGUARD
Silver Hummer --

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED: 112
164

As Nasir and Bryan enter a SILVER HUMMER.

CUT TO:

165 EXT. LIQUEFIED NATURAL GAS FACILITY - MORNING 165

The Liquefied Natural Gas facility has changed hands. The CHINA GAS AND ELECTRIC signage is now CONNEX-KILLEEN signage. The Chinese engineers are now American engineers.

Native MUSICIANS entertain a small crowd of HARD HATS, local OFFICIALS and visiting DIGNITARIES.

Someone BREAKS A BOTTLE across a huge colored pipe. 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:

166 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT 166

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. Pat. Butter
wouldn't melt in her mouth.

The elevator TONES on every floor.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

This is good. You done good.

The watch the floors light up.

167 INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT 167

The door opens and PAT JANUS, 50's, Nancy Reagan suit and coif, opens the door. She takes in the men, smiling --

MRS. JANUS

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.

(CONTINUED)

In a sitting area, LELAND "LEE" JANUS, 60's, a vigorous pit-bull in tux shirt and bow-tie, turns from the TV --

MR. JANUS

Syd! Bennett! Lee Janus! How're we doing?

Janus is standing with his hand out --

MR. JANUS (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:

INT. CIA - TASK FORCE ROOM - NIGHT

A small black and white image of a room full of GENERALS and SUPPORT STAFF moving silently around.

PULLING back to reveal they're on a small monitor, titled, "US CENTRAL COMMAND, TAMPA, FLORIDA."

The Division Chief, Franks, other Group Chiefs huddle over another, blank, MONITOR.

ANGLE: ON THE BLANK MONITOR, suddenly, an image pops on -- desert seen from seven miles up. A wide shot of sand and more sand.

The room lets out soft YEAHS as the image shifts, finding a distant 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

Unmanned Aerial Vehicles. I love 'em.

FRED FRANKS

And it's quiet, right?

(CONTINUED)

168

CONTINUED:

114

168

WILLY

Baby cruises at eighty knots,
about as audible as the clouds.

CUT TO:

169

INT. HUMMER - DAY

169

Bryan watches the desert fly outside the window. Nasir
stares ahead. The Hummer slows.

Bryan sees a vast FLOCK OF SHEEP moving diagonally across
the desert in front of them, blocking the road.

170

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

170

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 TO:

171

INT. FOUR SEASONS PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT

171

Mr. Janus 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
Killeen was at fault, but this
merger is so balance-positive for
American consumers that ultimately
Justice wants it, the Federal
court wants it. Everybody wants
it. Our real client is US, the
American people, and we're
building our presence in
Kazakhstan, so we had to give them
a little something meaningful and
they got out of our way.

Mr. Janus glances at the TV where a pro golfer sinks a
long, undulating putt.

(CONTINUED)

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. Janus, is under.

MR. JANUS

Something besides Dalton?

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-Killeen merger approval process.

A slow dawning on Sydney's face--

SYDNEY

What do you think you're doing?

BENNETT

... Of course, it's illegal for an American to control these rights --

SYDNEY

Stop. Right. Now.

Bennett and Mr. Janus look at Sydney.

MR. JANUS

Is there something you want to tell me, Syd?

CUT TO:

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

116
172 CONTINUED: 172

WILLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Before grad school, I am
definitely getting down to Mexico.

The image tightens. It's an SUV seen from heaven.

CUT TO:

173 INT./EXT. MITSUBISHI SUV - DAY 173

Bob is driving fast now. The modern city is behind him.
Lift up to see the Mitsubishi heading into the desert, an
eight lane highway heading to nowhere.

CUT TO:

174 EXT. LNG TANKER - PERSIAN GULF - DAY 174

The needle disengages from a container with a swoosh.

VOICE (OVER SPEAKERS)
... The latest vacuum seal
protection and workers trained in
the Taiwan and the United States
of America.

MEN in blue jumpsuits watch the needle lift in the sky.

175 INT. LNG BRIDGE - DAY 175

A FUNCTIONARY talks into the microphone. People pass this
way and that sipping champagne. The view down the length
of the boat past the containment bubbles is striking.

FUNCTIONARY
Each container holds over 20
million U.S. dollars of fuel,
that's 100 million in total, quite
a haul...

A wide of the beautiful harbor. Fire boats spray water.
And far away, a FLOTILLA of native fishing boats, dhows
and sambuks and boums, makes its way out to sea.

176 EXT. FISHING BOAT - DAY 176

FISHER-FOLK perform tasks they've been performing since
time began. A FISHERMAN looks up --

Following his view to another dhow as WASIM and then
FAROOQ drift into view.

MUSIC swells across the water from the terminal. More of
the flotilla of fishing boats is revealed.

(CONTINUED)

And behind them the shoreline is dotted with oil storage tanks still painted with images of the old Emir.

CUT TO:

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. 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 turns back to Bennett, a flash of true venom --

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

You ungrateful, pissant, nobody.

FBI restrains Sydney. Pat looks up from her needlepoint.

(CONTINUED)

BENNETT

A piece of advice Syd, one
attorney to another...

Bennett 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.

Sydney now appears completely relaxed again. He looks at
Donald Farish III and nods --

SYDNEY

Don. Not the perp walk, Don --

Farish nods as if to acknowledge they're barely out of
round one. And they begin leading Sydney out.

Across the room, silhouetted by the windows, Mrs. Janus
helps Mr. Janus slip on his tux jacket.

They see Bennett standing awkwardly in the middle of the
room. Pat extends her hand for him to join them.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE BALCONY - EVENING

The three are silhouetted against the skyline. Mr. Janus
looks out at the valleys of Manhattan.

MR. JANUS

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.

MRS. JANUS

It was Trollope, honey.

MR. JANUS

We're creating 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:

179

INT. CIA - TASK FORCE ROOM - NIGHT

179

ON THE MONITOR the convoy is in the smudge of sheep.

WILLY (O.S.)

Silver Hummer, silver Hummer where
are you silver Hummer?

ON THE MONITOR the image tightens, zooming in on the
silver 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.

ON THE MONITOR the silver roof unmoving in the desert.

WILLY

Right. *Target acquisition*. That's
what we got here.

CUT TO:

180

EXT. CONVOY - DAY

180

Nasir's children are laughing as sheep pass. The parents
are laughing, too. PAN and find Bryan watching them.

Nasir's wife smiles kindly. Bryan opens the door for her.

BRYAN

You guys should ride together.

Nasir and Bryan exchange a glance then Nasir helps his
wife into the vehicle. Bryan hands the baby up to them.

181

INT. BRYAN'S VEHICLE - DAY

181

Bryan looks out and sees a SHEPHERD showing his SON how
to use the staff, tapping the sheep, guiding them.

The convoy moves out, sheep like parted waters on either
side of the highway, sheep closing behind as they pass.

CUT TO:

182 INT. MITSUBISHI SUV - DAY 182

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. Bob's SUV is steadily engulfed by sheep. Then he can't go any further. He forces the door open and gets out.

183 EXT. SHEEP CROSSING - DAY 183

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.

184 INT. MITSUBISHI SUV - DAY 184

Bob slams the car into reverse and begins backing out of the sheep. It's slow going. Sheep getting bumped, BAAING loudly, as Bob reverses.

CUT TO:

185 EXT. PREDATOR DRONE AIRCRAFT - DAY 185

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.

186 INT./EXT. MITSUBISHI SUV - DAY 186

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.

A wizened SHEPHERD on a camel watches the SUV go. The watering trucks continue SWISH, SWISH, SWISHING.

CUT TO:

187 INT. HELLFIRE BAY - DAY 187

The bay where two Hellfire missiles wait. The hatch begins opening.

(CONTINUED)

187

CONTINUED:

187

The desert floor appears far below, just a blank canvas, the details out of reach of human eyes.

CUT TO:

188

INT. PRINCE NASIR'S HUMMER - DAY

188

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:

189

INT. BANQUET HALL - OILMAN OF THE YEAR - NIGHT

189

Laughter fills the room at a sumptuous awards dinner. SIR DAVID has white hair and a black bow tie.

SIR DAVID

I would like to say, in making our selection of the recipient of this award, John Brown can't win every year. It would be like Formula One with Schumacher and Ferrari winning over and over. And I don't need to tell you whose fuel they're using.

Faces in the crowd, eating and laughing --

SIR DAVID (CONT'D)

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. Leland Janus of Connex-Killeen.

The crowd gives LELAND "LEE" JANUS a standing ovation as he walks to the podium. All the big oil companies have tables. Bennett Holiday is next to Dean Whiting.

Mr. Janus shakes hands with Sir David and accepts an engraved crystal oil derrick.

MR. JANUS

Thank you, Sir David. Thank you.
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. JANUS (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. JANUS (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. JANUS (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:

INT. HELLFIRE BAY - DAY

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:

INT. MITSUBISHI SUV - DAY

Bob races across the white desert.

Ahead, through the windshield, the convoy angles along the highway.

CUT TO:

192 EXT. FISHING BOAT - DAY 192

Fire boats shoot water in the distance. As Wasim makes his way to the prow of the boat, slowly the huge LNG tanker slides into frame, filling the sky.

The name -- THE CONDOLEEZA RICE -- appears.

Wasim pushes fishing nets aside, revealing a stinger missile fashioned into a shaped charge and fitted to the prow of the boat.

A SMILEY FACE

scratched into the surface of the Stinger, the same missile Bob intended to explode in the beginning.

CUT TO:

193 INT. MITSUBISHI SUV - DAY 193

Bob is closing on the front of the convoy, maybe a hundred yards off. He can see Prince Nasir. He pulls a WHITE SHIRT from the backseat and starts waving it out the window.

CUT TO:

194 INT. CIA TASK FORCE BUNKER - NIGHT 194

People stare at the monitors, tense and restless.

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. And there's delay on the video transmission --

FRANKS

How long?

WILLY

I don't know. I can find out. I think from Yemen to here was like four or five seconds.

CUT TO:

195 INT. BRYAN'S VEHICLE - DAY 195

Bryan stares ahead. His POV up the length of the convoy. The HUM of the highway. He turns and sees, out the window, the Mitsubishi SUV cutting toward them.

CUT TO:

196 INT. CIA TASK FORCE BUNKER - NIGHT 196

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?

CUT TO:

197 INT. PRINCE NASIR'S HUMMER - DAY 197

The SCREAMING baby takes the bottle and quiets. Prince Nasir makes eye contact with his wife and smiles.

A bodyguard in the front hears something over the radio and points out to the desert --

Nasir turns and looks at Bob's car fast approaching --

CUT TO:

198 INT. MITSUBISHI SUV - DAY 198

Bob angles the car in tighter, waving the white flag.

Nasir's bodyguards point their weapons.

CUT TO:

199 INT. PRINCE NASIR'S HUMMER - DAY 199

Prince Nasir sees him. They make eye contact --

A bodyguard begins shouting into a walkie-talkie. Other vehicles race forward and surround Bob's car, forcing it to stop.

200 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY 200

Soldiers with their weapons on Bob. He steps from his car holding the white shirt in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

200

CONTINUED:

BOB
It's okay. It's okay.

Bob slowly approaches Prince Nasir's vehicle. They stare at one another. Nasir lowers his window.

PRINCE NASIR
I remember you. You're the Canadian.

Tight on Bob. He starts to speak --

A WHITE FLASH

MATCH CUT TO:

201

INT. CIA TASK FORCE BUNKER - NIGHT

201

ANGLE - MONITOR

A TINY 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

The tendrils of black smoke is spreading into a black cloud. The vehicles are stopped.

CUT TO:

202

INT. BANQUET HALL - OIL MAN OF THE YEAR - NIGHT

202

The room is silent. Mr. Janus stares into the crowd.

MR. JANUS
I accept this award on behalf of the employees of Connex-Killeen, 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 Jimmy and the others get to their feet. The crowd APPLAUDS. Bennett applauds Jimmy who sees him clapping and applauds him right back

CUT TO:

203 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY 203

The Prince Nasir convoy is scattered like toys. People broken with shock and awe.

Debris is still falling. Find Bryan moving forward through smoke and overturned vehicles, the only sound the BUZZING/RINGING in his ears.

Bryan's POV of a burning crater in the road. Nasir's car and family are completely incinerated. And nearby Bob's car is a massive ball of flame.

CUT TO:

204 INT. BANQUET HALL - OIL MAN OF THE YEAR - NIGHT 204

Mr. Janus holds out his hands to still APPLAUSE.

MR. JANUS

I want to thank our strategic friends from around the globe who are here tonight.

More APPLAUSE. Emir Meshal Al-Subaai gives a little wave to both sides of the room.

MR. JANUS (CONT'D)

I hope I'm not giving away trade secrets when I say Liquefied Natural Gas truly is the fuel of the future.

Mr. Janus raises his crystal derrick in a toast.

MR. JANUS (CONT'D)

And to everyone else who helps make this the most exciting and important and profitable industry on earth.

The crowd again begins CLAPPING for itself. Light catches the crystal oil derrick and refracts --

CUT TO:

205 EXT. DESERT - DAY 205

Bryan staggers away. We're ON HIS BACK as he slogs, then WE COME AROUND...

Bryan's face is TIGHT in half the frame while behind him the wreckage and people and smoke trail away.

(CONTINUED)

205

CONTINUED:

205

Bryan wipes at a tear, and another. Then suddenly, he's weeping, losing it completely. He stumbles blindly on.

Bryan wanders through the desert, a hazy form merging with the heat shimmering horizon.

CUT TO:

206

EXT. FISHING BOAT - DAY

206

Tight on Farooq's eyes. Farooq is terrified. He stares at Wasim who is watching the tanker where workers and touring dignitaries pay no attention.

On another boat a father and son fishermen going about their business. The father smiles briefly at Wasim.

Wasim sees that Farooq is frozen. Wasim shouts at him in Urdu. Farooq hesitates a moment longer, then his hand pushes the throttle forward.

The dhow accelerates, breaking free of the flotilla, heading straight for the CONDOLEEZA RICE (LNG CARRIER).

At the bowsprit, Wasim has the wind and sunlight and spray in his face.

WASIM'S POV of the CONTAINMENT BUBBLES which have a covering of frozen, sparkling condensate and look exactly like *SNOW COVERED MOUNTAINS*.

On Wasim's face a slow, almost beatific smile begins to spread. He seems completely at peace as he passes into the shadow of the tanker.

On the CONDOLEEZA RICE sailors become alarmed, running in different directions, but it's too late --

The little boat speeds for the side of the tanker and just as it makes impact --

CUT TO WHITE:

FADE IN:

207

EXT. MADRASSA - DAY

207

Sprinklers water a green field in the middle of a desert.

208

EXT. WASIM'S VIDEOTAPED "WILL" - DAY

208

Wasim appears against a plain background. He looks very young. He addresses the camera.

(CONTINUED)

208

CONTINUED:

208

WASIM

*During the funeral I want everyone
to be quiet. And I should be lying
on my right side.*

209

INT. WOODMAN HOUSE - USA - DAY

209

Riley plays with a Thomas Train set. Julie reads in a comfortable chair. Packing boxes are still unopened.

WASIM (V.O.)

(continuing)

*You should throw dust on my body
three times while saying, from the
dust we created you and to dust
you will return.*

Riley sees his mother looking past him. He turns, sees his father, and runs toward him. Bryan gathers his son up in his arms.

WASIM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*From the dust a new person will be
created.*

Bryan looks through the rooms at his wife who has taken a few steps toward him. She hesitates --

CUT TO:

210

INT. BOB'S OFFICE - CIA - DAY

210

A MAN cleans out Bob's office, putting files into boxes. Another MAN puts photos into a box.

ANGLE - PHOTO

BOB WITH A FRIEND, smiling. Another photo of BOB WITH COWORKERS is placed on top.

Tighter on this picture of Bob

WASIM (V.O.)

(continuing)

*Everyone should mention that I
died pure of heart and that the
next world is the true life...*

CUT TO:

211

EXT. BENNETT'S CONDO - D.C. - NIGHT

211

Bennett gets out of a cab. His father is slumped over on the front stoop.

(CONTINUED)

WASIM (V.O.)

*...The next world is the true
life.*

Bennett walks up the steps and pauses beside his father.

BENNETT

(gently)

Come on, man. Come on... Leave the
beer.

His father rouses. Bennett helps him inside and the door
shuts behind them.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END