

SFX: SHALLOW, DESPERATE BREATHING.

Extreme close ANGLES ON

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

VOICE V/O (VALERIE)  
*Everything you face in life.  
Everything you come up against..*

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

CUT TO:

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

VOICE (VALERIE)  
*Everything that stands in your way.*

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

CUT TO:

Screams ring out down the empty corridor.

CUT TO:

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

VOICE (VALERIE)  
*..your foes, your fears, your  
terrors....your darkest nights.*

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

VOICE (VALERIE)  
*..are all sent to ask you the same  
question. The only question..*

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

VOICE (VALERIE)  
*Who are you?*

BLACKOUT

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

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

VALERIE

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

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

VALERIE and the Malaysians rise swiftly above the hordes.

CHANEL SUIT

When do you leave Kuala Lumpur, Ms. Macdowall?

VALERIE

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

CHANEL SUIT

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

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

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

SECRETARY

Mr Tabir very busy this morning.

VALERIE

Oh I can imagine.

VOICE (HAFIZ O.S)

*Seeing's we're waiting..*

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

HAFIZ

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

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

VALERIE

Actually. If it's all the same-

HAFIZ

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

VALERIE

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

(No answer)

You're aware that recently your  
subsidiary, Kopa Oleochemicals  
developed an organic, ester based  
lubricant derived from Kernel oil,  
that makes offshore drilling  
significantly more environmental.  
My company, Cognis CMBH wants-

HAFIZ

(Interrupting, flatly)  
You American?

She stops.

VALERIE

Canadian. Actually. From Toronto.

HAFIZ

You a Maple Leafs fan?

VALERIE

Right. Uh. No. Not really.

HAFIZ

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

Valerie holds his dead eyes.

VALERIE

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

HAFIZ  
I don't like hockey.

He holds her eye impassively. CHANEL SUIT enters.

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

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

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

HAFIZ  
Come to the party.

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

Mercedes pull up outside a MANSION above the sprawling city.

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

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

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

TABIR  
How can I help you?

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

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

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

**INT. LIBRARY. NIGHT.**

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

VALERIE

Hi. I was waiting for Mr. Tabir.

HAFIZ

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

VALERIE

Why are we stopping?

He looks at her. Undoes his seatbelt.

HAFIZ

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

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

VALERIE

But he trusts *you*, Hafiz..

The temperature in the car drops a hundred degrees.

HAFIZ

How do you know my name?

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

VALERIE

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

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

HAFIZ  
Who are you?

VALERIE  
Let go of my arm Hafiz. NOW.

HAFIZ  
Who the fuck are you?

VALERIE  
NOW!

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

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

HAFIZ  
(Shaking his head smiling)  
That's bullshit.

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

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

HAFIZ  
Fuck you.

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

HAFIZ  
Bullshit. You can't help him.

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

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

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

VALERIE

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

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

VALERIE

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

**INT. GEORGETOWN BAR. NIGHT.**

Packed. Behind the bar, FOX NEWS-- *Bombing of Afghanistan*. At the bar, a birthday celebration. *Cuervo* shots. In back, around a table piled high with empty Mexican plates, a group of girls catch up. Valerie and some friends.

SUE

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

(Laughter)

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

BILL

And yet I'm incredible in bed.

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

JOE

Keep the change.

BACK TO:

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

STEVE

So what do you do Valerie?

VALERIE

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

STEVE

Cool. So like net startups..?

VALERIE

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

STEVE

Sounds high risk..

VALERIE

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

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

JOE

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

DIANA

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

STEVE

We got the same train to your  
mom's.

LISA

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

JEFF

Disneyland. A sarin attack on  
Disneyland.

DIANA

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

VALERIE

It's real scary.

LISA

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

JOE

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

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



VALERIE

Joe thinks Disneyland is Vegas for kids.

STEVE

Vegas. A dirty bomb in Vegas.

JEFF

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

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

JEFF

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

JOE

(To himself)  
Ye Gods..

JEFF

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

(To Joe)

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

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

JOE

Well Jeff..

CUT TO:

**INT. CAR. NIGHT.**

Valerie is driving home. Joe in the passenger seat.

VALERIE

Every time. Every time we go out.

JOE

He started it-

VALERIE

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

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

|  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>JOE<br/>Is he telling his four year<br/>old to fear all men in<br/>turbans?</p> | <p>VALERIE<br/>It's Diana's birthday. Jeff's<br/>her best friend.</p> |
|--|---|

JOE  
So?

VALERIE  
So you can't call him a racist  
pussy.

JOE  
If not sitting there while someone  
spouts obnoxious crap makes you an  
asshole. Then I'm an asshole. And  
you knew that when you married me.  
(Silence. She drives.)  
By the way. How was your trip?

CUT TO:

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

A reception. Two hundred people in the main banquet hall. Joe  
walks through the crowd. Working the room.

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

VALERIE  
Who's that?

CUT TO:

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

VALERIE  
Hello.

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

VALERIE  
So who am I?

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

VALERIE  
Valerie Plame.

JOE  
Joe. Joe Wilson.

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

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

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

JOE  
So what do you do, Ms. Plame?

CUT TO:

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

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

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

JOE  
And do you enjoy your work?

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

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

VALERIE  
I love it.

**INT. KITCHEN. DAY.**

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

JOE  
Val. Where's the babysitter?

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

VALERIE

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

JOE

(Sighs)

OK. I'll work from home this  
morning.

VALERIE

Are you sure-

JOE

Relax. Me 'n Spongebob are on it.

The kids start fighting. She picks up her bag.

JOE

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

VALERIE

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

JOE

I promise to behave.

She stops. Melts. Kisses him.

SAMANTHA

I promise to behave.

JOE

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

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

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

CPD AGENT (O.S)

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

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

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

CPD AGENT (CONT'D)

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

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

CPD AGENT

Bad time?

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

VALERIE

Hafiz hired a cleaner.

ALI

(Into phone)

Gotta go. Kuala Lumpur just went live.

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

VALERIE

What time did he call this in?

CPD AGENT

11 hundred hours PST.

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

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

CPD AGENT V/O (CONT'D)

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

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

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

CPD AGENT (O.S.)

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

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

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

-- SLAP! --

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

CPD AGENT

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

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

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

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

VALERIE

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

ALI

Teludyne Electronics of Lowell  
Massachusetts..

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

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

VALERIE (V.O.)

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

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

The red truck turns into a low grey set of prefab buildings in a business park. The CHEVY watches a forklift truck lift a single pallet out and deliver it into the warehouse.

VALERIE (V.O)

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

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

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

VALERIE V/O

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

SUPERINTENDENT

Can I help you?

VALERIE shows ID to the owner.

VALERIE

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

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

ALI

What the hell is that?

Valerie looks at the object.

CUT TO:

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

DR FORSTER (O.S.)

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

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

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

DR FORSTER

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

They pass through a security door to the labs.

DR FORSTER

The extremely short rise times are achieved by discharging a low-induct, high-voltage capacitor through the spark gap into the bridge wire inside the warhead. The ballpark is 5 kilovolt and 1 mf for the capacitor, with a peak current between 500 and 1000 amperes...

VALERIE

Does it have other uses?

DR FORSTER

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

(Shakes his head)

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

She hands him a piece of paper.

VALERIE

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

DR FORSTER

(Reading)

Quartz rate sensors. Calibration units...

(Takes off his glasses.)

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

VALERIE

I'm not stopping it.



DR FORSTER  
(Confused)  
I don't understand..

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

Valerie's team are in a briefing room.

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

She takes them through a full whiteboard.

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

She tosses a spark gap to one of her team.

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

ALI  
Can we put a wire on the asset?

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

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

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

DEPUTY CPD  
Val. The chief wants to see you.

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

Valerie walks with MIKE and BILL, their chief.

BILL

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

Valerie doesn't blink.

VALERIE

Yes Sir.

BILL

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

VALERIE

What about the Dubai op?

BILL

Mike says you got a hunch on the buyer.

VALERIE

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

BILL

Iraq?

VALERIE

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

BILL

They're all good Muslims right?

VALERIE

And Martin Luther King and the KKK are both Christian.

BILL

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

CUT TO:

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

MIKE

D.F.U?

VALERIE  
Don't fuck up.

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

PRESIDENT V/O (ON CNN)  
*They could provide these arms to  
terrorists, giving them the means  
to match their hatred..*

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOE

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

Val takes her eye from a magnifying stand.

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

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

VOICE (O.S.)

*How do you think she got the job?*

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

ANALYST 1

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

ANALYST 2

I wonder who's she's fucking.

She freezes. -- SUDDENLY--

VOICE (MIKE, O.S)

Don't you have a home to go to?

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

CUT TO:

**TWO MINUTES LATER.**

In MIKE's office. She reading the document.

MIKE

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

(He looks at her)

What do you think?

VALERIE

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

MIKE

You don't look overjoyed.

VALERIE

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

MIKE

(He looks at her)

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

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

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

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

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

Joe and Valerie lie in bed. Face to face.

VALERIE

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

JOE

I want to live with you.

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

VALERIE  
 There's something I have to tell  
 you.

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

**FLASHBACK** -- THE BEDROOM.

VALERIE  
 What are you thinking?

JOE  
 Is your name really Valerie?

She smiles.

VALERIE (O.S.)  
*Joe?*

**PRESENT DAY. LOBBY. LANGLEY.**

Joe turns. His wife is standing there.

JOE  
 (Brightly)  
 Hey.

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

JOE  
 Nice place you got here. Cosy.

VALERIE  
 (Smiles)  
 I need to get you cleared.

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

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

JOE  
 You work in the basement?

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

JOE  
 That must be interesting work.

VALERIE  
It pays the rent.

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

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

VALERIE  
This is Joe Wilson. Joe, this is  
Mike, the Deputy Chief of CPD.  
(They shake)  
I'll leave you guys to it.

Businesslike, Valerie leaves. Joe sits. Silence.

MIKE  
Mr Wilson, what can you tell us  
about Yellowcake?

Joe looks around the room. Clears his throat.

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

MIKE  
What about Niger?

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

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

(He fixes Joe)

(MORE)

MIKE (cont'd)  
I don't have to tell you how  
serious this allegation is.

JOE WILSON  
No Sir, you don't.

He leans forward.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**INT. BATHROOM. DAY.**

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

MINISTER (O.S)  
*Bien revenue a Niger M. Wilson.*

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

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

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

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

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



JOE

*So it would seem.*

MINISTER

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

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

Several analysts sit around a table, including the LEAD ANALYST, PAUL. Two of them are the guys who were bad-mouthing Valerie. Another is JOE TURNER, a dough-faced official from WINPAC (Weapons Intelligence Non Proliferation and Control).

TURNER

(Reads)

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

ANALYST

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

PAUL

Where are the tubes?

TURNER

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

VALERIE

I've seen them.

Everyone looks at her.

TURNER

And when was that?

Valerie looks up. Slightly surprised by his tone.

VALERIE

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

A couple of the analysts try not to smile.

TURNER

So I take it you're not a nuclear expert. These tubes are an EXACT match for those developed by German scientist Gernot Zippe in the 50s.

Valerie turns to her notes from her reading.

VALERIE

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

PAUL

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

VALERIE

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

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

TURNER

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

PAUL

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

TURNER  
That's pathetic.

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

**EXT. DESERT ROAD. DAY.**

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

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

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

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

**INT. HOTEL. DAY.**

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

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

**EXT. ROADSIDE VILLAGE. DAY.**

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

JOE (V.O.)  
*How do you hide the transportation of 500 tons of anything, let alone lightly refined uranium?*  
(MORE)

JOE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
*You're talking fifty semi tractor trucks on one road through villages where nothing passed for months except maybe one bush taxi. It would be the biggest event for months. To say they forgot, it's like kids forgetting Christmas.*

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

JOE  
 What happens next?

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

Joe snorts derisively.

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

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

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

VALERIE

Say who?

JOE

Says me.

VALERIE

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

JOE

What am I, a check or a balance?

VALERIE

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

JOE

I'm not feeling that 007 right now.

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

VALERIE

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

JOE

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

VALERIE

I'll see what I can do.

They start making out.

CUT TO:

**TELEVISION FOOTAGE OF A PRESS CONFERENCE.**

JOURNALIST

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

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

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

PRESIDENT ON TV

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

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

VALERIE

Why is the OVP here?

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

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

VALERIE

Mike. The Vice President's men are here.

MIKE

What the fuck?

**INT. BRIEFING ROOM. DAY.**

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

LIBBY

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

ANALYST

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

LIBBY

What can you tell the Vice President about aluminium tubes?

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

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

PAVITT

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

MIKE

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

PAVITT

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

(He turns to Valerie)

Where are we on Iraq?

VALERIE

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

PAVITT

What about geo-satellite imaging?

VALERIE

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

PAVITT

So talk to the defectors.

VALERIE

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

PAVITT

So we're blind.

VALERIE

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

PAVITT

How close?

VALERIE

Inside.

BILL

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

Pavitt looks at her.

PAVITT

How?

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

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

Valerie, head shrouded in a scarf, puts the notebook in her  
bag and pushes her way along the crowded street, buzzing with  
scooters and pedestrians. She steps through an archway into --

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

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

PROFESSOR AZIZ(V.O.)

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

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

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

ON STAGE -- An old Middle-Eastern professor is giving a  
lecture with the help of an over-head projector. Giant shadow  
hands deftly trace algebraic formulae onto projector.



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

Valerie watches.

PROFESSOR AZIZ (V.O.)  
*It's an honor to meet you at last  
 Dr. Harper.*

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

The prof walks with Valerie talking excitedly.

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

VALERIE  
 Thank you.

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

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

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

Books everywhere. Lots still in boxes.

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

VALERIE  
 Thank you.

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

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

She sits forward.

VALERIE

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

The professor blinks. Taken aback.

PROFESSOR AZIZ

I don't understand. Who are you?

VALERIE

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

(He stops)

Because you are not Professor Aziz.

He stands there. Thrown.

VALERIE

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

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

PROFESSOR AZIZ

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

VALERIE

So you're not Doctor Fallari.

PROFESSOR AZIZ

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

VALERIE

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

PROFESSOR AZIZ

This is absurd.

VALERIE

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

PROFESSOR AZIZ

No.

VALERIE

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

He stares at the floor.

VALERIE

That didn't happen. They never existed.

He remains motionless. Valerie watches him closely.

VALERIE

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

He looks up at Valerie tears in his eyes

VALERIE

I know Tarif. I know what happened.

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

PROFESSOR

You know nothing.

**EXT. CAIRO STREET. DUSK.**

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

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

..up some rickety stairs and unlocks a graffiti covered door. Inside she takes out the notepad, her heart beating fast. On the page, A LIST OF NAMES.

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

CUT TO:

**ESTABLISHING. RAINY LANGLEY. DAY.**

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

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

SECRETARY

They're back.

**INT. BRIEFING ROOM. DAY.**

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

ANALYST 1

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

(Mimes sawing)

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

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

**OUTSIDE.**

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

ANALYST 2

How was it?

ANALYST 1

Don't make jokes.

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

**INT. BATHROOM. DAY.**

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

ANALYST 2

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

PAUL

OK. I'll handle this.

CUT TO:

Scooter listens patiently to PAUL, the chief analyst.

PAUL

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

(Stops. Changes tack)

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

Libby listens. He nods. Waits.

LIBBY

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

PAUL

Exactly.

LIBBY

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

PAUL

(Stops. Turns white)

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

LIBBY

Except you didn't say 'I' you said 'we'. So you and the others have discussed how to "play" these briefings. Why does the CIA feel the need to play these briefings?

PAUL

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

LIBBY

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

PAUL

I'm a getting a little confused-

LIBBY

You want me to come back?

PAUL

No. GOD no.

The temperature drops five degrees.

LIBBY

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

PAUL

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

LIBBY

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

PAUL

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

LIBBY

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

PAUL

I don't make the call, Sir-.

LIBBY

(Fixing him)

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

The analyst sits frozen.

LIBBY

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

PAUL

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

LIBBY  
It's a process.

PAUL  
Yes.

LIBBY  
And not everyone agrees.

PAUL  
Exactly.

LIBBY  
Who doesn't agree?

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

**EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETARY. DAY**

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

ANALYST 2  
Didn't you hear? Friday the DCI took him to the White House. He briefed the President on Aluminum tubes.

ANALYST  
You're fucking kidding me.

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

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



BILL (V.O.)  
Its a dead end.

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

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

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

TACTICAL COMMANDER  
How? You can't use the inspectors. You can't use tac. The wall's too high Val. What are you going to do. Train a mouse?

VALERIE  
Maybe.

**INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.**

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

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

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

VALERIE  
Hey, did I wake you up?

JOE

It's three forty five..

VALERIE

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

Joe, still half-asleep, catches up.

JOE

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

VALERIE

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

JOE

Right. Its on the post-it.

VALERIE

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

JOE

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

(Stops. Laughs)

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

(He bangs the door)

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

VALERIE

I'm going to Cleveland.

He stops. Thunder-robbed.

VALERIE

I'll be home tonight.  
(Then)  
It's on the Post-It.

She kisses him. They look at one another.

JOE  
Have a nice day.

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

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

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

VALERIE watches from a distance.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

VALERIE  
How long is it since you saw your  
brother?

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

VALERIE  
Would you like to go back and see  
him?

SAWSAN holds her gaze.

SAWSAN

You want me to become a spy.

VALERIE

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

SAWSAN

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

VALERIE

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

SAWSAN

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

VALERIE

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

SAWSAN

I won't do anything to help you. I don't know you. I would only do this for Sa'ad.

VALERIE

Then do it for Sa'ad.

Valerie watches her.

SAWSAN

What would I have to do?

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

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY. NIGHT.**

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

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

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

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

AGENT 1

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

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

AGENT 1

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

The other agent shows her a pen.

AGENT 2

The ink in this pen is visible for 10 seconds. Only when given the the correct chemical fixative can it be read.

SAWSAN

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

AGENT 2

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

SAWSAN

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

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

CUT TO:

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

VALERIE

How do you feel?

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

VALERIE

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

SAWSAN

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

She searches Valerie's face.

SAWSAN

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

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

CUT TO:

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

ALI

It's time.

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

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

From a car across the street -- Valerie watches:

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

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

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

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

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

Valerie and Ali have stopped in a electronic goods store.

ALI

Mukhbarat. Watching the flight desk on this side.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

BACK TO:

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

CLOSE ON HER FACE --

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

VALERIE

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

BACK TO:

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

**TELEVISION (REAL FOOTAGE)**

BLITZER

We read in the New York Times today a story that says that Saddam Hussein is closer to acquiring nuclear weapons.

Slowly she stops running. Turns the volume up..

RICE

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

VALERIE freezes.

CUT TO:

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

COLIN POWELL

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

CUT TO:

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

RUSSERT

Aluminium tubes?

CHENEY

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

MIKE (O.S.)

*It's a coordinated leak..*



**INT. VALERIE'S ROOM.**

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

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

MIKE

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

VALERIE

I'm coming home.

CUT TO:

**TELEVISION (REAL FOOTAGE)**

BLITZER (ON TV)

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

CONDOLEEZZA (ON CNN)

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

BLACKOUT.

**ESTABLISHING. CHARLSTON TERRACE. NIGHT.**

From the Wilsons, a homely glow emanates.

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

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

JOE WILSON

OK. Number one I always open the window and close the door..

VALERIE

You can still smell it.

JOE

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

VALERIE

What's wrong with the deck?

JOE

You used to smoke like crazy  
when I met you.

JOE

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

VALERIE

Put on a coat.

JOE

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

STEVE

Musty books, slippers. Maybe a  
faithful hound.

JOE WILSON

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

VALERIE

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

JOE

That's it. I quit.

He tosses the cigar down. She kisses his nose.

VALERIE

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

JEFF

It's about personal choice.  
It's Joe's personal choice to  
gas his kids..

JOE WILSON

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

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

CUT TO:

**LATER** -- The conversation has turned to politics.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| DIANA   | STEVE                                   |
| It was on Blitzer and Meet<br>the Press. All over the news.<br>The New York Times. Exactly. | It came from the Times. Judy<br>Miller. |

SUE

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

|   |  |
|---|--|
| JEFF  | STEVE  |
| They have the tubes Saddam<br>was using to make a bomb. | They're for centrifuges. For<br>enriching uranium. |

FRED

How? Who knows what they are?

|                           |  |
|---------------------------|--|
| DIANA                     | STEVE                                      |
| Everybody knows they are. | The question is what else<br>does he have? |

JEFF

Did you read about this Valerie?

VALERIE

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

JEFF

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

STEVE

They're not packed with uranium.

JEFF

Right. They're for *purifying* it.  
The bomb comes later. It's how you  
boil it up it to make the big one.

|                  |                                     |
|------------------|-------------------------------------|
| DIANA            | FRED                                |
| Look out Israel. | Says who? It's a bunch of<br>tubes. |

JEFF

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

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

JOE WILSON

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

BILL interrupts, stealing Joe's limelight.

FRED

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

The table erupts in discussion, leaving Joe marooned. Valerie spots it instantly, as he broods.

DIANA

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

LISA

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

Joe sits there. Fuming.

FRED

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

Right on cue, Joe rounds on the hapless FRED.

JOE WILSON

Have you met him? Fred. Have you met Saddam? Have you looked him in the eye? Did he threaten you? Did he threaten to kill you? You don't know Saddam. You don't know what you're talking about.

Joe gets up. Joe walks out.

DIANA

So. What's for dessert?

JEFF

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

VALERIE

I'm sorry Fred.

FRED

I thought we were just talking.

JEFF

What is this? Meet the Press?

LISA

Val's made a Lemon Meringue.

DIANA

Yes please.

FRED

Try and stop me.

CUT TO:

Valerie comes into the kitchen. Sue follows her.

SUE

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

VALERIE

Thank Sue. Bottom cupboard.

SUE

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

VALERIE

You're right Sue. Who knows?

CUT TO:

**INT. ARRIVALS SADDAM INTERNATIONAL. DAY**

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

PASSPORT CONTROL

(in arabic)

Its her.

MUKHBARAT OFFICER

Al Haddad?

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

MUKHBARAT OFFICER

Wait here.

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

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

OFFICER

Wait here.

CUT TO:

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

SA'AD

How is my little sister?

SAWSAN

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

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

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

SA'AD

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

Sawsan smiles at her brother.

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

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

Sawsan removes the framed photograph of her and her daughter. It is cooed over then given pride of place on the mantel.

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

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

SAWSAN

The house looks very different.

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

SAWSAN  
Sa'ad I need to speak-

He holds up his hand and shakes his head.

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

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

SA'AD  
..but it is difficult to find the  
time when I am so busy at work..but  
the gardens are still the same as  
when we were children.

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

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

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

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

SA'AD  
(exasperated)  
I am watched Sawsan. If I drive  
even twenty minutes north of  
Baghdad they will stop me.

SAWSAN  
They've given me questions for you.

SA'AD  
What questions?

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

(MORE)

SAWSAN (cont'd)  
 Who in the military controls the  
 program? Which of the-  
 (opens her eyes)  
 What is it?

Sa'ad stares at her in disbelief.

SA'AD  
 They do not know?

SAWSAN  
 What Sa'ad?

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

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

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

**INT. DULLES AIRPORT SECURITY. DAY**

*Travellers throng. All nationalities. Coming and going.*

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

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

**INT. LANGLEY BASEMENT. NIGHT.**

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

ALI  
 You need to see this..



**INT. LOGAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. DAY**

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

STUDENT

Mr Wilson. Jason Neal. How was your flight?

CUT TO:

**INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.**

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

VALERIE

We need Mike to see this. And Bill.

CUT TO:

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

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

PROFESSOR

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

JOE

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

Laughter.

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

Valerie walks with MIKE and ALI, briefing him.

VALERIE

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

BACK TO:

**THE AUDITORIUM.**

A nervous history major stands.

STUDENT

Does Saddam pose an imminent threat to National Security?

JOE

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

VOICE - SERGEANT AT ARMS

*Mr Speaker, the President of the United States!*

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

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

PRESIDENT

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

**INT. LOGAN AIRPORT. NIGHT.**

STUDENT

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

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

**INT. LOGAN AIRPORT. NIGHT.**

Joe walks underneath a TV screen playing:

PRESIDENT (ON TV)

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

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

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

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

PAVITT

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

BILL

Jim, these people took a great risk-

PAVITT

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

BILL

The White House is getting STOVEPIPED.

(MORE)

BILL (cont'd)

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

JIM PAVITT

(With intent)

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

CUT TO:

A TV in the corner of the Starbucks concession plays:

PRESIDENT (ON TV)

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

JOE WILSON

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

PRESIDENT (ON TV)

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

Joe glances at the TV as he pays.

JOE WILSON

Thank you.

PRESIDENT (ON TV)

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

CUT TO:

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

PRESIDENT (ON TV)

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

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

PRESIDENT (ON TV)

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

Joe doesn't blink.

PRESIDENT (ON TV)

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

PUBLIC ADDRESS

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

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

PRESIDENT

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

JOE is motionless. ALONE. Staring at the screen.

CUT TO:

**INT. LANGLEY MESS. DAY.**

With some colleagues, Valerie in the mess watching --

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

Aluminium tubes. Yellowcake. The Nuclear program.

She watches motionless. She looks at Mike.

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

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

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

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

SLOWLY THE SHOT DECAYS IN A TIME DISSOLVE to

NIGHT -- THREE MONTHS LATER --

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

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

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

Another missile lands nearby. The building shakes. The picture of Sawsan shifts. Dust falls like fine rain over the small kitchen. Sa'ad unpacks food on the rickety table. Under it, his wife, children cower. He passes down bread. Cheese. The baby is crying.

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

SA'AD

What you doing? They're watching-

SCIENTIST

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

SCIENTIST 2

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

SA'AD

Least no Mukbarat gets to watch it.

They all laugh at the gallows humor. And hug

SA'AD

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

CUT TO:

SA'AD children, sleeping in bunks.

CUT TO:

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

SA'AD

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

SCIENTIST

And you trust them? Open your eyes.

SCIENTIST 2

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

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

SA'AD

It's our only hope.

CUT TO:

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

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

VALERIE

Bill. Wait up.

CUT TO:

They talk by his car. Valerie is agitated.

BILL

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

VALERIE

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

BILL

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

BILL

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

VALERIE

I gave my word Bill.

BILL

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

They stare at each other. Valerie shakes her head.

BILL

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

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

**INT. LANGLEY. NIGHT.**

Valerie hurries through the building.

VALERIE

Hold the elevator please.

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

Valerie is pacing. Mike is sitting.



VALERIE

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

MIKE

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

VALERIE

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

Mike looks at her.

MIKE

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

(Then)

How quietly can you do this?

CUT TO:

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

VALERIE

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

BETH

Why don't your guys to do it?

VALERIE

I'm asking you.

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

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

SA'AD

*I need to know my family will be  
safe.*

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

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

SA'AD

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

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

Valerie sits in the communications room with Beth.

VALERIE

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

SA'AD

How do I know I can trust you?

VALERIE

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

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

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

PETE

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

CUT TO:

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

JOE

She's fine. She's working late.

PETE

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

JOE

Yeah. Well if you see her say hi.

(He stops)

Listen Pete. I have a question. And  
it's real important.

BACK TO:

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

JOE WILSON (O.S.)  
*Is the President be referring to another African country?*

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

Joe listens. It sinks in.

CUT TO:

Pete listens nodding. His expression grows darker and darker.

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

**JOE'S STUDY**

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

PETE  
 (He takes off his glasses)  
 You want my advice? *Do nothing*. You already did your job. You did your best. You came home. End of story.

JOE WILSON  
 Niger Pete. Yellowcake from Niger.

Pete looks around. Speaks low.

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

JOE WILSON  
 So why has no one's come forward?

PETE

Why you think Joe? We went to war.

(He pulls back)

Listen. You're a smart guy. As your friend, now. Just. *Be smart here.* I mean..you have a wife and a family.

JOE WILSON

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

PETE

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

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

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

JOE

Hey. Are you OK?

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

JOE

What's wrong Val?

VALERIE

Nothing. I'm just tired..

JOE

Whats the matter..what happened?

Valerie shakes her head slowly.

VALERIE

I'm fine. Are the kids asleep.

JOE

Yeah. They're asleep.

VALERIE

OK. I'm going to bed.

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

BUSH (ON TV)  
*Let me finish..No. Let me finish.*

Joe looks at the TV. He sets his jaw.

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

CUT TO:

Computerized letter appearing on a screen. Pixellated

EXTREME CLOSE UP: Joe writes:

*"What I Didn't Find in Africa".*

CLOSE UP ON JOE

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

THE PHOTOGRAPH OF JOE AND GEORGE HW BUSH

*"The act of war is the last option of a democracy"*

THE GLOBE IN TWO HALVES

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

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

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

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

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

BLACKOUT.

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

**OUTSIDE..**

## REPORTER

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

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

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

## MR. FLEISCHER:

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

## JOURNALIST

Is the President's statement correct?

## FLEISCHER:

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

## JOURNALIST 2

The President's statement was accurate?

## FLEISCHER:

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

JOURNALIST

So you believe the British report  
is true?

MR. FLEISCHER:

I'm sorry?

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

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

CARD

Uh-oh.

BACK TO:

MR. FLEISCHER:

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

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

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

HADLEY

Linda. Clear my morning.

BACK TO:

JOURNALIST

So it was wrong?

FLEISCHER

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

The reporters leap to their feet in uproar..

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

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

ROVE

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

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

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

MARTIN  
 Fleischer ploughed the briefing-  
 LIBBY  
 I saw.

MARTIN  
 -CBS know Yellowcake was pulled from Cincinnatti ten weeks ago at the CIAs request. They also have that Gerson wrote both speeches. Karl is on line one. He's unhappy-

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

He goes into the Vice President's office.

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

LATER. Silence. The secretaries, tense. Typing.

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

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

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

They look at one another in silence. Then --

ROVE  
 Who is Joe Wilson?

**INT. WEST WING. NIGHT.**

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

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

CUT TO:

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



ROVE  
We can't do this.

Libby nods.

LIBBY  
So who can?

BLACKOUT.

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

A 15 year old cyclist hurls newspapers into front yards.

**INT. BEDROOM. DAY.**

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

VALERIE  
(Reading)  
*The CIA's decision to send retired diplomat Joseph C. Wilson to Africa-*

JOE WILSON  
Further down.

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

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

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

JOE  
They just went ahead and did it.

VALERIE  
Does this run overseas?

VALERIE  
The column. Novak's column.  
Is he syndicated overseas?

JOE  
If it's in the paper it's on the net. Its everywhere.  
Valerie?

Valerie gets up and walks out.

CUT TO:

Valerie, dressed, leaves the house.

JOE  
Valerie. Where are you going?

**EXT. WILSON HOUSE. DAY.**

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

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

NEIGHBOUR (O.S.)  
Morning Valerie!

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

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

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

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

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

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

FLASH - A Bloomberg tickers her name.

BACK TO:

VALERIE, death white, drives along the Georgetown reservoir.

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

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

BACK TO:

Turning away from the canal and speeding over the Potomac, she fishes in her glove compartment. Finds a pad. A pencil and starts writing names on a pad. Still driving.

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

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

SAME HAND - reaches to shake hands with

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS  
Good morning. Please..sit down.

VALERIE  
Good morning Sir. Ma'am.

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

VALERIE  
I've already started a list Sir.

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

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

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

She opens her mouth. Nothing comes out.

VALERIE

Sir, why is Internal security here?

BILL

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

Behind her, the Internal security guy stands.

**INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.**

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

INTERNAL SECURITY

This way please.

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

**INT. EMPTY OFFICE. DAY**

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

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

She sits staring at the blank page.

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

INTERNAL SECURITY

Ms Plame.

VALERIE goes into the elevator..

INTERNAL SECURITY

Ms Plame.

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

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

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

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

*ON THE SCREEN --ACCESS DENIED --*

INTERNAL SECURITY (O.S.)

Ms. Plame.

The INTERNAL SECURITY stands outside.

Valerie looks up. She sees Mike passing the doorway.

VALERIE

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

INTERNAL SECURITY watches him closely.

MIKE

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

VALERIE

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

MIKE

Sorry. I have to go.

He goes inside and closes his door.

BILL (O.S.)

*Valerie.*

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

BILL

Go fuck yourself.

He closes the door in his face.

INSIDE

BILL

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

VALERIE

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

She stops. The penny drops. She changes tack.

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

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

The shutters come down. Valerie opens her mouth.

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

BILL  
Val. It's over.

**INT. CHARLESTON TERRACE. DAY.**

The children are playing with Power Rangers in the lounge.

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

JOE  
*"Two senior administration  
officials told me that Wilson's  
wife suggested sending him to  
Niger"* That means a Vice President,  
a chief of staff or top advisor..  
(hearing the front door)  
I gotta go.

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

VALERIE  
Hey guys. Give mommy a kiss.

Mommy!

TREVOR

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

VALERIE  
Well, did you say "Please"?

SAMANTHA  
I said please. It's not fair.

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

TREVOR  
I drew a clown and a  
scarecrow.

VALERIE  
Let's see.

JOE  
There's a 1982 act states  
it's a crime for a government  
official to intentionally  
disclose a covert agent.  
Carries a fine of fifty  
thousand dollars and or up to  
ten years in jail.

VALERIE  
Wow. That is one cool scarecrow.  
(To Samantha)  
Don't eat that Sam. It's a crayon.  
It's icky. Give it to mommy.

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

JOE WILSON  
How did it go?

The phone rings. She freezes.

JOE  
It's been ringing all day.

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

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

Valerie looks blind sided.

JOE  
OK who wants to watch TV?

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

VALERIE  
Hello?

**INT. GEORGETOWN APARTMENT. DAY.**

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

LISA  
Val. Are you OK? Whats going on?

BACK TO:

VALERIE

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

BACK TO:

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

LISA

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

NEXT DOOR -- THE KIDS Watch TV.

VALERIE

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

VALERIE hangs up. Joe is standing there.

JOE

Your mom called. And your Uncle.  
 And Janey called from Chicago. I  
 wrote them down.  
 (Then)  
 And Andrea Mitchell called. She  
 says White House sources say that  
 quote "*the real story here is not  
 the sixteen words but Wilson and  
 his wife*". Would I care to comment?  
 Yeah I fuckin' would care to  
 comment. She wants me on the show  
 day after tomorrow.

VALERIE

I don't want you to go on TV.

**INT. TELEVISION STUDIO. DAY.**

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

FLOOR MANAGER

Going in thirty seconds.



**JOE ON NBC NIGHTLY NEWS**

JOE

This is clearly designed as a shot across the bow to those who might step forward, those unnamed analysts who said they were pressured by the White House would think twice about having their own families names being dragged through this particular mud.

CUT TO:

**JOE ON CNN.**

JOE

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

**JOE ON MEET THE PRESS.**

ANCHOR

You're saying a crime was committed

JOE

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

**JOE ON CROSSFIRE**

JOE

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

**REAL FOOTAGE - WHITEHOUSE PRESS ROOM**

The new Press Secretary, Scott McClennan, fields questions.

MCLENNAN

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

(MORE)

MCLENNAN (cont'd)

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

REPORTER

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

CUT TO:

**A TELEVISION.**

PRESIDENT

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

**INT. KITCHEN. DAY.**

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

JOE (ON PHONE)

*Valerie. Turn on MSNBC.*

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

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

MSNBC

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

VALERIE

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

JOE WILSON

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

VALERIE  
I have to go. Samantha's crying.

CUT TO:

Joe out on the street. Gets into his car.

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

VALERIE  
Joe-

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

He looks at his phone.

JOE  
I have another call. I have to go.

VALERIE  
(Exasperated)  
Joe-

He's gone. She puts the phone down.

BACK TO:

IN THE CAR, JOE TAKES THE OTHER CALL.

JOE  
Joe Wilson.

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

He goes still.

DIANA (O.S.)  
*So when did you join?*

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

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

VALERIE  
'84. Straight out of college.

DIANA

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

VALERIE

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

DIANA

(Interrupting)  
Why did you do it?

VALERIE

What?

Valerie is still.

DIANA

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

Diana has tears in her eyes.

VALERIE

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

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

VALERIE

*It becomes normal.*

DIANA

Normal.

VALERIE

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

DIANA

What? What are you? My ol' pal Val?  
(Valerie is silent.)

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

(MORE)

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

Valerie sits there, very still.

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

Valerie drives home past the Capitol, still.

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

Valerie gets out and sleep-walks into the building.

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

THROUGH THE GLASS

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

VALERIE  
 (Brightly)  
 Hey guys. How was your day?

She carries them out, watched by the other mothers.

**EXT. CHARLSTON TERRACE. DAY.**

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

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

**INT. WILSON HOUSE. DAY.**

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

VALERIE  
 Hello.  
 (Silence.)  
 Hello.  
 (Silence)

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

She puts the phone down. Frozen. Shaking.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)  
*Mommy. Trevor won't let me go on  
 his tractor.*

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

SAMANTHA  
 Mommy.

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

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

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

Valerie reads a storybook to her twins.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

She goes into her closet. Removes a box. Then she taps a code into a small safe and removes another box. Alone, Valerie opens the first box. *Photographs of herself with her friends. At college. People's weddings. Birthdays. Valerie and her girlfriends all smiling back at us. Holidays with the same friends. On a hen night.*

She opens the second box: *Different currencies. Credit cards, photos of her with different people. Half a dozen passports. American. A couple Canadian. EU. She looks at the photos. Different names. Hair colour.* She puts them back in the box. Carefully, and shuts the lid tight shut. She looks at herself in the mirror. The doorbell rings and Valerie gets up.

CUT TO:

VALERIE opens the front door. Standing there is Sawsan.

VALERIE  
 Sawsan. What are you doing here?

SAWSAN

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

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

SAWSAN

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

VALERIE

Who?

SAWSAN

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

VALERIE

Sawsan, listen to me-

SAWSAN

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

(She starts to cry.)

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

Valerie speaks quietly.

VALERIE

We don't have him.

Sawsan closes her eyes. She sobs.

SAWSAN

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

VALERIE approaches. Sawsan withdraws.

SAWSAN

I trusted you.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

The front door opens. Valerie is standing there.

MIKE

Valerie. What are you doing here?

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

CUT TO:

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

VALERIE

Falli. Habbuck. Who else?

MIKE

Valerie-

VALERIE

Who else Mike?

MIKE

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

She fixes him. Eventually he shrugs.

MIKE

(He shrugs)

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

VALERIE

A call?

MIKE

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

(Off her shock)

Val, Mossad were already on the same page.

(MORE)



MIKE (cont'd)  
They've been trying to hunt these  
guys down since the invasion.

VALERIE  
You've..  
(She stops. Looks at him.)  
We're killing them. We're killing  
the scientists.

MIKE  
Valerie-

VALERIE  
You'll drive them underground.  
They'll run straight to Iran.  
Pakistan.

MIKE  
Valerie. This isn't your problem  
anymore.

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

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

VALERIE  
It's called counter-proliferation,  
Mike.

She turns and walks out.

**EXT. STREET. NIGHT.**

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

We hear the sound of a crowd cheering..

**INT. SEATTLE FORUM. DAY.**

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

JOE WILSON

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

Cheers. Applause. Joe looks defiant.

CUT TO:

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

SUPPORTER

We came all the way from Portland for this.

JOE

Your support means everything to us. Really.

SUPPORTER 2

You're a true American hero.

JOE

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

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

JOE

My wife and I have never sought publicity. But I know when I tell her about how much support there was here today, I know how thrilled and humbled she'll be.

**EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT. DAY.**

A bright DC day. Joggers. Lunchtime office workers.

Valerie walks alone through the park. She sits down on a bench next to JIM PAVITT.

PAVITT

Thank you for coming here today. I wanted to convey my outrage to you in person. In all my experience, nothing has disgusted me like this business.

(MORE)

PAVITT (cont'd)

I know it's not easy for you, but I want you to know how much the agency appreciates your silence in the light of this matter. We know how damaging this has been to you. We can't afford for this knife fight to go on any longer.

VALERIE

I get death threats every day. People threatening to kill my husband. Hurt my children. I went to the agency and I requested security to protect my family. It was declined. Because quote "My circumstances fall outside budget protocols." If this is a knife fight, right now, Sir - we're fighting it alone.

Pavitt starts to chuckle.

PAVITT

Joe Wilson versus the White House. Well, all I can say is Good Luck. But as a friend, I feel I should tell you that those men..

He points down the hill at the White House.

PAVITT

Those few men in that building over there, that small white house, are the most powerful men in the history of the world. How much of a stretch do you think it would be for them to take on Joe Wilson?

He looks at her.

PAVITT

Joe's out there on his own Valerie. But I know we can trust you. Speak to your husband.

He turns and walks off, leaving her alone, looking at the White House.

#### **INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT**

Joe and Valerie are having supper. The TV is on in the background. Joe is energized. Valerie is quiet.

TV (MATT FREI)

*The nightmare scenario of an attack on a major city is as real, if not more real, than it was a year ago..*

JOE WILSON

Tucker Carlson said yesterday that Wilson's wife sent him on a boondoggle. Said I needed the work. Who needs to work for free? Niger does have restaurants. The Opera. Reminds me alot of Paris.

RUMSFELD ON TV

*We know if we do not fight the terrorists over there in Iraq, in Afghanistan and across the world, we will have to face them here.*

JOE WILSON

Someone from Vanity Fair called. They want to do a piece on us. Cover-story. Five thousand words. In-depth interview. Photographs of the two of us. What do you think?

VALERIE

What do I think? Do I want my photograph in Vanity Fair? Is that the question?

JOE WILSON

We have to keep this as high profile as possible. We have to keep fighting.

NEWS

*In Baghdad today, co-ordinated car bombs killed 175 in what is being called the worst day of insurgent violence in months...*

VALERIE

I'm going to bed.

JOE WILSON

Val...what's wrong? What did I say?

VALERIE

My name is everywhere, Joe. My real name. Everywhere. All this publicity and noise and fighting talk, where is it getting us?

JOE

Karl Rove told the Financial Times they're rolling the earth movers over Joe Wilson. Quote.

(MORE)

JOE (cont'd)

Earth Movers. Well I'm sorry but they don't get me without a fight. Not without a big fucking fight they don't.

VALERIE

It's the White House Joe. You seriously think you can pick a fight with the White House and win. They'll bury us.

JOE WILSON

They'll bury us if we don't. How loud can you shout Val? Say we get in an argument you think you're right, and I think your wrong. You start making your point with all your might, and I start shouting back, except I'm the White House, and I can a shout a million times louder. *Does that make me right?* They lied Val. That's the truth.

VALERIE

By the time they're finished here you won't know what that is.

CUT TO:

REPORTER ON TV

*Today Special Prosecutor Patrick Fitzgerald, in charge of the enquiry into the leaking of the identity of a covert agent announced that he is convening a Grand Jury to investigate the affair. Among the blizzard of subpoenas issued are ones for the Vice President's chief of Staff Scooter Libby, and special advisor to the President Karl Rove. Both men are under suspicion of having leaked the agent's name to reporters in order to damage former Ambassador Joseph Wilson, a vocal and combative critic of the administration. It is believed that the President himself has been questioned under oath by the FBI.*

**INT. WHITE HOUSE. DAY.**

KARL ROVE walks down a corridor past Libby's secretary.

ROVE  
Scooter home?

CUT TO:

ROVE enters. Libby looks up from his desk.

ROVE  
Scooter.

Karl tosses a heavy document onto the desk.

LIBBY  
What's that?

ROVE  
Findings of the Select Committee on  
Intelligence. All five hundred  
pages and eleven pages of it.

LIBBY  
Am I going to enjoy it?

ROVE  
I know someone who isn't.

Libby smiles.

**EXT. PARK. DAY.**

A military parade. Three hundred eighteen year old recruits.  
Fresh. Immaculate. Shining in the morning sun.

TREVOR  
Look at the soldiers mommy. Look!

VALERIE and the twins join the small crowd and watch. Valerie  
watches the American flag lowered, folded, and stowed.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND IN THE PARK. DAY.**

The twins are playing on a slide. Valerie sits on a bench.

When she looks back, she sees Joe approaching across the  
playground. He greets the kids, hugging them..

JOE  
Go and play now.

And he walks over to Valerie on the bench.

VALERIE

Hey.

Joe carries a heavy brown manilla envelope. From it he removes a thick wad of paper and drops it on the bench.

VALERIE

What's that?

JOE WILSON

That is the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence. On page thirty six it says "the former ambassador's wife offered up his name" and includes a memorandum written by Valerie Plame which says quote "*my husband has good relations with both the prime minister and the former Minister of Mines, both of whom could possibly shed light on this sort of activity.*" I've spent a whole year denying just this.

VALERIE

Joe wait-

JOE WILSON

Telling everyone who'll listen, on TV. In the press. My wife did not send me on a junket.

VALERIE

Joe. I didn't send you. I didn't have that power.

JOE WILSON

You sent an email. The SSCI found the email.

VALERIE

I write hundreds of emails.

JOE WILSON

Why didn't you tell me? At no time in the past twelve months you never thought-

VALERIE

I didn't make the decision. I was asked to write a recommendation. What am I supposed to do. Not say my husband knows about this.

JOE WILSON

They have this now. They will call me a liar. It will stick. They have all the power here, what do I have?

(MORE)

JOE WILSON (cont'd)  
My word. You have to speak up. You  
have to go on record.

VALERIE  
Joe-

JOE WILSON  
You have to defend us. Now.

She's cornered. Shakes her head in frustration.

VALERIE  
So what do you want me to do Joe?  
Go to the papers like you did?  
Write a piece in the *New York  
Times*? You know I'd have to submit  
it to the Agency, and they'll-

JOE WILSON  
(Interrupting)  
The agency? The.. Wait.. Is this  
the *same* Agency which won't give  
you protection for your children?  
Is this the same CIA that's erased  
your pension? Where's your loyalty  
Val? To your husband or the CIA?

VALERIE  
(Shouts louder)  
It's to MY FAMILY. I put my family  
first. ALWAYS. Were you putting  
them first when you wrote that  
fucking article?

People are looking over. The children notice. JOE is stung  
into silence.

VALERIE  
I'm taking different routes to and  
from school. I'm looking in empty  
rooms..under the beds every time I  
come home. A home we're going to  
lose because your work has dried up  
and your clients are running for  
cover. What has all this achieved?  
What changed Joe? Who won?

JOE WILSON  
(nods)  
Maybe you're right. Maybe I should  
have kept my mouth shut. Is that  
what your dad taught you Valerie?  
That what Colonel Sam Plame said?  
(MORE)



JOE WILSON (cont'd)  
 A good American doesn't rock the  
 boat. A good American looks the  
 other way.

They are both terribly wounded. He looks at her, levelly.

JOE  
 Did you send me to Niger?  
 (Silence)  
 "His business is struggling. He's  
 on the slide. I'll throw him a  
 bone." Was that it Val? You pull  
 some strings for me? You help your  
 old man out?

VALERIE  
 How dare you?

JOE WILSON  
 Did you send me?

VALERIE  
 You think I'm lying to you.

JOE  
 Could I tell if you were?

Utter silence.

VALERIE  
 You fucking bastard..

She stops. SAMANTHA is watching them. She has tears in her eyes. Valerie goes over and scoops her up. And Trevor. And carries them off. Joe is alone.

CUT TO:

**CNN NEWS FOOTAGE**

ANCHORMAN  
*The Senate Intelligence Committee  
 published information that showed  
 Joe Wilson had lied about how he  
 came to be sent to Niger. He  
 denied that his wife had any role  
 in it whatsoever, but a memo Plame  
 wrote on February 12, 2002 proves  
 otherwise.*

**MSNBC NEWS FOOTAGE**

ANCHORMAN

*The Senate Intelligence Committee let some air – a lot of air – out of Joe Wilson's overly inflated ego when it issued its first report on prewar intelligence. While the committee heaped most of its criticism on the Central Intelligence Agency for getting almost everything wrong about Iraq and weapons of mass destruction it pointedly rebuked the former ambassador and his infamous mission to Niger.*

**EXT. HOUSE. DAY.**

Morning. Joe, in a suit, comes out of his house. A gaggle of reporter is waiting, they follow Joe as he crosses into the street towards his car. Shutters and flashbulbs firing.

REPORTER

Mr Wilson, do you still maintain the Vice President's office sent you Niger and not your wife?

REPORTER 2

Mr Wilson was Niger just a free holiday? A boondoggle?

JOE WILSON

My wife did not send me. I didn't receive payment. It was not a holiday. It was a fact finding mission in the run up to a war. But the fact is no one wanted facts.

REPORTER

Are you against our troops Mr Wilson?

REPORTER

Mr. Wilson is it true you donated money to the Kerry campaign?

REPORTER

People are saying your wife does not actually work for the CIA.

REPORTER

Is it true she was just a secretary at Langley?

Joe turns round, furious, as if he's going to punch the reporter. He tenses his jaw.

JOE WILSON

No comment.

Joe gets into his car. The questions roaring around him.

**INT. HOUSE. NIGHT.**

Valerie is alone. In bed. Watching TV. FOX NEWS. Rogers.

GUEST

*The question still remains, who is Valerie Plame? Was she really simply a glorified typist?*

ROGERS

*Well, I think it's really all about the money. We're talking about a third-rate CIA agent who had a government salary, and she had sent her husband to Niger, and he had come back and didn't give the report to the CIA, but he turned it over in an op-ed to The New York Times. So she was already in the hot seat with the CIA, and so now she's all about the money. Plus it's come out that she was considered kind of a mediocre agent at best.*

**INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.**

Joe puts a sheet on the couch. He looks around for something to use as a pillow.

**INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.**

Joe comes into the bedroom to get his pillow. Valerie is lying in the bed, turned away. He pauses in the doorway.

We see Valerie up close. She begins to speak.

VALERIE

*When we were at the "Farm", training to be field officers, they picked four or five of us and told us we'd stood out.*

FLASH---- Valerie, kneeling, blindfold, in stress position.

BACK TO:

VALERIE

We were bound, hooded and thrown in separate cells. They beat us. Deprived us of sleep. All you had to do was give up the name of one of the others. Just one name. For a glass of water. A sandwich. To avoid another punch.

FLASH -- A CAR BATTERY IS CONNECTED.. SZZZZZZ!

VALERIE

Another hour in a stress position.

FLASH -- VALERIE bursts out from under the water. Gasps in a draft of air.

VALERIE

They push you until they find it. Til they find the point at which you break. Because they have to know. You have to know. And one by one, everybody broke. Except me. I never broke.

(she looks at him)

I've been in situations, places where I was afraid. Where if you made a mistake, one tiny mistake, at any moment..

(Pause)

But I never made a mistake. And that made me feel special. I thought: I'm Different. Bullet-proof. You can't break me. I don't have a breaking point.

(Pause)

I was wrong.

Joe comes over. He reaches out and touches Valerie. Immediately she gets up and walks out.

Alone, he hears the bathroom door close.

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

**INT. UPSTAIRS, WILSON HOUSE. DAY.**

Valerie packs the kids stuff up into suitcases.

**INT. DOWNSTAIRS. JOE'S STUDY. DAY.**

Joe sits at his desk, a book open. Not reading.

Valerie puts the kid's coats on. The study door is open. She knows Joe is there but she doesn't look at him nor he at her.

VALERIE

OK. Say goodbye to your father.

The kids go into -- THE STUDY -- Joe looks up.

JOE WILSON

Hey guys.

SAMANTHA

We're going on a mystery tour.

TREVOR

Why aren't you coming daddy.

It hits him in the gut.

JOE WILSON

Come here.

He scoops them up. Kisses him. Her.

JOE WILSON

I'll see you both real soon OK?

In the hallway Valerie waits.

VALERIE

OK guys. C'mon.

CUT TO:

On the driveway, VALERIE puts the kids in the car.

INSIDE -- Joe sits there, not looking as the car pulls away.

**EXT. HUNTSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA. DAY**

Valerie gets out of the car. The kids run to hug Grandma and Grandpa.

**INT. KITCHEN. DAY.**

Valerie's mom coralls the kids.

VALERIE'S MOM

Who wants to make toffee apples?

KIDS

Me! Me!

Val looks downstairs. In the shop, her father, in an apron.

LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME  
Well don't just stand there. Come  
take a look.

**INT. BASEMENT WORKSHOP. DAY.**

A wide workbench. Tools in neat rows. Valerie's father, an old man in a plaid shirt holds a sander. Points to the table he's working on.

LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME  
It's cherry. I thought it'd work in  
your dining room. I can see the  
great and the good of Washington  
eating off this thing for years to  
come. Just sanding her down then  
she done.

VALERIE  
It's beautiful.

VALERIE'S MOM  
(calling down)  
Sam. I keep telling you. They have  
a table.

Valerie smiles at her Dad who looks at her properly.

LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME  
Well come here.

They hug.

**INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL. DAY.**

Joe walks across the floor. He shakes hands with three or four businessmen.

JOE WILSON  
Good morning.

They all introduce themselves. Joe orders breakfast.

BUSINESSMAN  
How's your wife Joe?

JOE WILSON  
She's fine. She's well. She uh..

He uses the waitress to change the subject.

JOE WILSON  
Hi. I'll just have a strong coffee.  
I'm not very hungry.  
(MORE)

JOE WILSON (cont'd)  
(to the other men)  
So. How long are you in town for?

CUT TO:

Joe washing his hands in the bathroom. Tense. He looks tired.

CUT TO:

Joe comes out of the bathroom and walks across the foyer and back to his table. A woman is talking to his business associates. He sees who it is, instantly looks concerned.

JOE  
Can I help you? Excuse me. Can I help you?

RIGHT WING REPORTER  
I'm just telling these people that you sir are a fraud.

JOE  
OK. This is a private lunch. Please leave us alone.

RIGHT WING REPORTER  
This man is a liar and a traitor. He is in the pay of left wing hate groups, he is a democrat stooge, and he is an anti-war zealot. He has stabbed our troops the back.

Joe is trying to laugh it off. But everyone is watching.

JOE  
OK. Leave now.

BUSINESSMAN 2  
May we get the check?

RIGHT WING REPORTER  
You have blood on your hands. You are a fraud and your wife is a traitor and a fantasist.

JOE  
OK. Leave my fucking table. Now. How dare you talk about my wife? You don't know her. You don't know me. Now leave my table. Now.

The table nearby are watching.

RIGHT WING REPORTER  
(To the next table)  
Ladies and gentleman. Joe Wilson.  
(MORE)

RIGHT WING REPORTER (cont'd)  
He likes to lie in the press and he  
likes to swear and insult women.

BUSINESSMAN  
I think we should leave.

JOE WILSON  
No. Please.

BUSINESSMAN 2  
No really we should.

BUSINESSMAN  
We'll call.

JOE WILSON  
Shame on you. You call yourself a  
reporter. Shame on you.  
(to himself as she leaves)  
You're a self publicising hack.  
Fuck you. Fuck you.

Joe storms away. OUT OF THE FOUR SEASONS

Into the street -- He doesn't know what just happened. He  
hails a TAXI. It tears past. He hails another. It stops.

**INT. TAXI. DAY.**

JOE WILSON  
(Shaken)  
Pallisades.

The driver drives. Joe tries to calm down, but in the back of  
this cab, it all hits him and he starts to lose it. He looks  
sick. His head is exploding. The tension like a vice. He  
opens the window. He gets himself under control, but he's  
white and shaking. The cab driver looks in the rear-view.

TAXI DRIVER  
You OK?

JOE WILSON  
I'm fine.

TAXI DRIVER  
You're him. I see you on the TV.  
You're Joe Wilson.

JOE  
No, I'm not.

TAXI DRIVER  
Yes brother. I see you on the TV.



JOE WILSON  
That's somebody else.

TAXI DRIVER  
No no. I know you. My name is Joe too. I am from Sierra Leone. Freetown. You've been there, right. You like Freetown?

Joe looks out of the window.

JOE WILSON  
Joe, we both know Freetown's a shit-hole.

The taxi driver cracks up.

TAXI DRIVER  
That's the truth. That's the truth right there, brother. Yes indeed. Sierra Leone is dying. The people at the top have too much power. WAY too much power. Over there we have no truth. Just power. People can't see that from here. Over here it's a different world.

Joe stares out the window.

JOE WILSON  
I wouldn't be so sure of that.

TAXI DRIVER  
How can you say that? Land of the Free, brother. Home of the Brave.

Joe looks sick.

JOE WILSON  
Can we pull over. I'm going to walk. Look keep the change.

TAXI DRIVER  
Do you pray, Joe Wilson?

JOE WILSON  
No.

TAXI DRIVER  
I give you this. It is my church maybe you come. And if you open a bible, look John Chapter eight.

(MORE)

TAXI DRIVER (cont'd)

*Then Jesus said if you continue in my word then are you my disciples indeed. And you shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free.*

(he smiles)

Take care brother Joe.

..and drives off. Joe looks up. He is standing right outside the Capitol.

**EXT. BACK FIELD. DAY.**

Valerie's father is teaching the kids how to lasso a pole. They both want to go first. He tries to keep the peace.

FROM THE KITCHEN -- Valerie and her mother watch.

VALERIE

How's is he?

MOTHER

Oh you know. Getting better. Shakin' through.

OUT IN THE FIELD -- Val's Dad lassos the pole. Kids cheer.

CUT TO:

Sunset. Midges swirl in dizzy soups. Out in the field, Samantha is trying to lasso the pole. Valerie comes out and joins her father on the porch. He suddenly points.

LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME

OK. See those birds. Those guys. Those yellow fellas. See 'em..

VALERIE

Yeah I see 'em.

LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME

OK. Listen.

(They both listen)

You hear that? Ain't that beautiful. They suddenly showed up last year. They're called..

(Stops)

What are they called? I know their name. They're called something.

(He wracks his brain)

Anyway. They were here last year. And the year before. God they're beautiful. Look at that.

They watch the birds.

VALERIE

Dad, I think my marriage is over.

The sun setting. Samantha playing below. He nods slowly.

LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME

Well. I know my little girl doesn't say *anything* til she absolutely has to.

Tears come to her eyes.

LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME

I'm the same way. And I've said that too. Those exact same words. July 1972. Your mother and I were fighting all the time. I guess she was just plain tired of moving home. Wasn't 'til I retired after 42 years in the Air Force, I realised we never *had* a home. Germany, Singapore, Australia, England. Heck I can remember the day you were born in a freezing cold airbase outside Anchorage Alaska. You must have been to twenty schools. Twenty different chances to introduce yourself. Be someone new. But you turned out OK. Responsible. A little too serious. Always looking down the road. Worrying where life was going to drag you next. But it made you tough. Real tough. Maybe tougher than I, or your mother, or anyone knows.

VALERIE

He wants me to go on the record. Speak out. Like that would suddenly make this all go away. We can't even speak to *each other*.

(She shakes her head)

I can't see how this comes round. I just can't see it, pop. Not anymore.

He looks at her. With a serious intent. He speak low.

LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME

What they did was wrong Valerie. Plain wrong. Never forget that.

Valerie look at the floor as her father's words sink in.

LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME  
 Say through some miracle you even  
 get through this.. you and Joe are  
*always* gonna fight. You're  
 fighters. He's a stubborn son of a  
 bitch too. He don't give up easy  
 either.

A dark cloud comes over him. He speaks levelly.

LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME  
 One day this country is gonna look  
 back on these years, and it's gonna  
 hang its head. It's gonna weep.  
 Then it's gonna stand up straight  
 and walk on.

He watches Samantha in the half-light, still trying to lasso  
 the pole.

LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME  
 I swear to God, she's gonna keep at  
 that until she licks it.

Valerie smiles. He points to Samantha.

LT. COLONEL SAM PLAME.  
 They're tougher than we are.  
 They'll piss you off from time to  
 time, but they're built to last.

**EXT. CAPITOL. OLD ASSEMBLY HALL. NIGHT.**

Joe sits surrounded by the statues of Presidents and law-  
 makers. A janitor approaches.

JANITOR  
 Mister?  
 (No reaction)  
 We're closing. You have to leave.

**EXT. CAPITOL. NIGHT.**

Joe walks out. The Capitol behind him. He walks away.

**EXT. WHITE HOUSE. DAY.**

A line of Satellite vans a hundred yards long.

**INT. WEST WING. DAY.**

Libby is escorted out of the White House by security.

MSNBC

*The vice president's chief of staff, I. Lewis "Scooter" Libby Jr., was indicted Friday on charges of obstruction of justice, perjury and making false statements..*

CUT TO:

Libby gets into the back of a black Mercedes. Cameras flash.

FOX NEWS

..in the CIA leak investigation, a politically charged case that casts a harsh light on President Bush's push to war. Libby, 55, resigned and left the White House.

CNN

Karl Rove, Bush's closest adviser, escaped indictment Friday but remained under investigation, his legal status casting a dark cloud over a White House already in trouble.

CNN

The U.S. military death toll in Iraq exceeded 2,000 this week, and the president's approval ratings are at the lowest point since he took office in 2001.

MSNBC

At a news conference, special counsel Patrick Fitzgerald declined to comment about Rove's involvement.

FOX NEWS

Asked about Cheney, he said: "I'm not making allegations about anyone not charged in the indictment."

CNN

Friday's charges stemmed from a two-year investigation by Fitzgerald into whether Rove, Libby or any other administration officials knowingly revealed the identity of CIA officer Valerie Plame..

**INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.**

Joe stands in his living room, watching the TV.. Alone.

CNN

In a statement released Friday afternoon, Libby said, "I have conducted my responsibilities honorably and truthfully. I am confident that at the end of this process I will be completely and totally exonerated."

He turns. Valerie is standing there. He stiffens. Tries to cover his shock. Becomes almost formal-

JOE

They served up Libby. He's taking the fall.

He fixes on the screen.

JOE

I bet they've already struck the deal. He takes the fall. He gets pardoned. The deck's stacked. I bet this doesn't even get to a trial.

VALERIE

Thank you.

He looks at her and sways slightly.

VALERIE

I don't care how angry you get. I don't care what they say about us. I don't care if you hate me. If they take everything away from us, but they are not going to take this. They do not get to take my marriage.

Joe's eyes fill with tears.

JOE WILSON

I'm so sorry.

Tears fill her eyes.

VALERIE

You did good.

He looks her in the eye. Shakes his head.

JOE WILSON

I did it for me.

She shakes her head.

VALERIE  
 I know why you did it.  
 (She looks at him)  
 Thank you.

There's a thousand things he could suddenly say. And suddenly nothing, as he fights tears.

JOE  
 If I could give it back to you. If  
 I could give you back who you were-

VALERIE  
 This is who I am. Right here.

They clasp each other and hug, and all the pain drains away. They kiss. As they break she looks into her husband's eyes.

VALERIE  
 So are you ready to fight?

Joe looks at his wife. His eyes filled with tears.

**INT. BEDROOM. DAY.**

Valerie getting ready. She puts on make-up. A grey suit.

JOE (O.S.)  
*How many of you know who put the 16  
 words in the State of the Union  
 address?*

**ESTABLISHING-- OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS. DAY.**

JOE WILSON (O.S.)  
*Arguably the most important speech  
 the president makes all year. Never  
 more important when the nation is  
 on the brink of war.*

**INT. CAVERNOUS LECTURE THEATRE, COLUMBUS OHIO. NIGHT**

Joe steps out onto a stage. Packed to the rafters. Kids stand on window ledges, others hang over balconies. SILENCE.

JOE WILSON  
 How many of you know who put it in?  
 (No hands.)  
 How many of you know my wife's  
 name?  
 (Everyone in the hall.)  
 How do you know one and not the  
 other?

(MORE)

JOE WILSON (cont'd)

How did the question move from "Why are we going to war?" to "Who is that man's wife". I asked the first question. Someone else asked the second. It worked. Its still working. Because we still don't know the truth. But you all know my wife's name.

**INT. TAXI (MOVING). DAY.**

Valerie sits in the back of a cab, looking out of the window.

JOE WILSON V/O

*Public officials swear an oath to uphold the constitution. That is their duty. They must be kept to their oath. That is yours. This offense wasn't committed against me. Nor against my wife...*

**THE HALL.**

JOE WILSON

It was committed against you.  
And if you ever feel angry.  
Misrepresented. Ashamed even.

**VALERIE IN THE CAB.**

JOE WILSON (O.S.)

*Do something about it. In 1787 as Benjamin Franklin left the Constitution Hall after the last drafting session, he was stopped by a woman on the street. She asked--*

**THE HALL.**

JOE WILSON

-what manner of government have you bequeathed us? Ben said 'A Republic madam. If you can keep it.'

BACK TO:

**VALERIE IN THE CAB. THE PASSING STREET REFLECTED ON HER FACE.**

JOE WILSON

If you can keep it.

CUT TO:



**INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL TEHRAN. DAY**

Sa'ad and his family walk out of the jetway and are greeted by officials and men in uniform. Sa'ad smiles and shakes hands. His wife nervously shepherds their children.

JOE WILSON V/O

*The responsibility for this country  
does not lie in the hands of a  
privileged few.*

**EXT. MOUNTAINOUS ROAD. DAY**

Sa'ad, a Korean man and two officers of the Sepah revolutionary guard ride in a four wheel drive through rugged Iranian countryside, reflected on his face.

JOE WILSON

*We are strong and we are free from  
tyranny only for as long as each  
and every one of us remembers their  
duty as citizens.*

**EXT. NATANZ NUCLEAR RESEARCH FACILITY, IRAN. DAY**

Sa'ad arrives at the heavily fortified reactor. He is introduced to several men the last of which is Manucher Vaziri, the arms dealer Valerie was tracking.

VAZIRI

Welcome to the revolution my  
brother.

Sa'ad looks up at the state of the art facility.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CAPITOL HILL. DAY.**

VALERIE GETS OUT OF THE CAB. She walks down the street past the gleaming government buildings.

JOE WILSON

Whether its a pothole at the end of  
your street or a lie in the State  
of the Union Address..Speak up. Ask  
the question. Demand the truth.

Valerie walks. We see the Capitol dome behind her. She begins to climb steps..

JOE WILSON

Democracy is not a free ride...

**THE HALL.**

JOE WILSON

Man I'm here to tell you that. But  
 its where we live. And if we do our  
 job its where our children will  
 live. God bless America.

A roar erupts from the auditorium.

BACK TO:

Valerie climbs the steps. Suddenly she is engulfed in  
 flashes. Dozens of photographers. Reporters. She climbs the  
 steps. She passes between the two enormous statues to the  
 Spirit of Justice and The Majesty of the Law --

**INT. RAYBURN HOUSE. CAPITOL HILL. DAY.**

Valerie walks onto the floor of the Oversight Committee.  
 Cameras. Microphones. Press photographers. She sits before a  
 microphone. Swallows.

VALERIE

Good morning, Mr. Chairman and  
 members of the committee. My name  
 is Valerie Plame Wilson, and I am  
 honored to have been invited to  
 testify under oath before the  
 Committee on Oversight and  
 Government Reform on the critical  
 issue...

The shot dissolves into the REAL VALERIE PLAME delivering her  
 testimony to the chamber.

REAL VALERIE FOOTAGE

...of safeguarding classified  
 information. I'm grateful for this  
 opportunity to set the record  
 straight. I served the United  
 States loyally and to the best of  
 my ability as a covert operations  
 officer for the Central  
 Intelligence Agency. I worked on  
 behalf of the national security of  
 our country, on behalf of the  
 people of the United States until  
 my name and true affiliation were  
 exposed in the national media on  
 July 14th, 2003, after a leak by  
 administration officials. Today I  
 can tell this committee even more.

(MORE)

## REAL VALERIE FOOTAGE (cont'd)

In the run-up to the war with Iraq I worked in the Counter Proliferation Division of the CIA, still as a covert officer whose affiliation with the CIA was classified. I raced to discover solid intelligence for senior policy makers on Iraq 's presumed weapons of mass destruction program. While I helped to manage and run secret worldwide operations against this WMD target from CIA headquarters in Washington , I also traveled to foreign countries on secret missions to find vital intelligence. I loved my career because I love my country.

BLACKOUT

***On March 6th 2007 Scooter Libby was found guilty of perjury, obstruction of justice and making false statements to the FBI, concerning the leaking of Valerie Plame's identity.***

***He was handed the maximum sentence: two and a half years in prison, and a \$250,000 fine.***

***On July 2nd 2007. The President used his executive authority to commute the court's sentence.***

***Joe and Valerie left Washington and found a new home in Santa Fe. They live there today, with their children.***

FADE OUT..