

Imperial Life In The Emerald City

aka Untitled Green Zone

by

Paul Greengrass

based on

Imperial Life in the Emerald City: Inside Iraq's Green Zone

by

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"Untitled Green Zone"

OVER A BLACK SCREEN:

We hear a dull percussive thud. Followed by another and another. Each gaining in power over the last. It is the sound of shock preceding awe. Words roll by on the screen:

"My fellow citizens, at this hour, American and coalition forces are in the early stages of military operations to disarm Iraq, to free its people and to defend the world from grave danger." -- President Bush, addressing the nation, 3.19.2003.

The words on screen fade back to black except for the date: 3.19.2003. To this is added another word: Baghdad. The pounding intensifies. The kind of sound that registers in your skull and sits in your stomach.

CUT TO:

INT. BAGHDAD HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The word Baghdad carries over as a disheveled MAN crosses the room. The only light is sourced by the intermittent flashes that bleed in squares around the drawn curtains of the windows. The man, SEYYED, is determined to start his day.

Dishes rattle around him as he pours bottled water into a long handled cezves.

The flame off a match brings his eyes to life as he leans down to light the ring on a gas burner. Carefully adjusting the flame, he seems immune to the atmospherics around him.

Another bomb goes off as he sets the cezves to boil. It gives him a moment to consider his surroundings.

On the wall are framed photographs. Skittered and skittering askew as the reverb of the bombing throbs through the wall. They are mostly family photographs, a history:

Seyyed in a cap and gown at an AMERICAN UNIVERSITY. Seyyed in the uniform of an Iraqi Army Colonel. Handsome, prideful. Seyyed with his wife MAHA.

In a few others, the two of them with a BABY BOY. And then Maha disappears from the photos. The glass rattles against the frames as the world of Baghdad rocks and rolls.

Methodically, ritually, Seyyed spoons coffee onto the surface of the boiling water. He stirs it twice clockwise, pulls twice up and down. Then another spoonful of grounds. Another bomb goes off. They're getting closer.

More method, more ritual as he pulls the cezves from the fire. The now boiling grounds settle. Then

He eases the pot back over the flame, mutters the Arabic for Mecca. The mix boils again. He pulls it away to settle.

He sets the pot back on the flame. Medina. As it boils again, he pulls it away. The grounds settle again.

He sets the pot back over the flame. Jerusalem. A final boil. Another EXPLOSION. That one was close. Dust sifts down from the ceiling.

Seyyed decides to boil it one last time. Baghdad.

Sensing something, he looks to the door. His 8-year-old son (AYAD) stands trembling just awoken. A beat.

CUT TO:

EXT. CH-47 CHINOOK HELICOPTER- DAY

Mr. Toad's wild ride as the twin-rotored behemoth banks and swerves its way along. This is how they avoid enemy ground fire. We're streaking along over the outskirts of an Iraqi town. The city still smokes in places from recent fighting.

CUT TO:

INT. FLIGHT DECK - CH-47 - DAY

Practically cavernous considering we're inside a helicopter. The men, members of the 75th XTF, specifically 'MET Charlie', are strapped into the jump seats. Some try to fight the rock and roll, others go with it. All are at MOPP-3, wearing all their bulky chemical suits except for the hoods.

POTTS and MICHAELS share a porthole. Potts is thoughtful, holds a little Bible in his hands for luck. Michaels holds the barrel of the unit's ferocious SAW (squad automatic weapon) between his legs. As they watch the ground whiz by.

Further down is capable Master Sgt. WILKINS and Chief Warrant Officer MILLER. A tough Mustang of an officer, Miller addresses the men over their headsets.

MILLER

We're coming up on number 2-9 on the priority list. Possible chemical weapon site. Possible nerve agents, choking agents, live pathogens, chemical tipped missiles.

The men listen including: KEATING, CONWAY, HENNE, SPARKY, SIMS and PERRY who doesn't look up from a People magazine.

MILLER (CONT'D)

The SSTs have canvassed the site,
but we do not own it.

A really hard bank, everyone hangs on. They level.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Keep your eyes open and heads up.

PERRY

(looks up: to Henne)
I'll be goddamned. It says here
you can make a cake out of oranges.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMPTY LOT - DIWANIYA - DAY

THREE captured IRAQIS on their knees, hands flex-cuffed behind their backs. U.S. INFANTRY hauling weapons out of a building: small arms, Kalashnikovs. 155mm ARTILLERY SHELLS coming out as well, 100s already lined against walls.

The choppers can be heard coming in. GREEN SMOKE is sent up from the impromptu LZ.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO CH-47 CHINOOKS - AIRBORNE - DAY

The CHINOOKS FIRING FLARES, dropping down for a landing.

PERSONNEL on the ground guide it in. As it touches down, the rear ramp 'hydraulics' down. The men disembark with gear.

Miller met by an INFANTRY SERGEANT. Over the ROTORS:

INFANTRY SERGEANT

MET Charlie?!

Miller holds his hood from flapping off his shoulders, nods.

INFANTRY SERGEANT (CONT'D)

(pointing)
That way. It fucking stinks, too!
You got a hot one on your hands!
And we got a goddamn sniper loose,
so look out!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DIWANIYA - DAY

MOPP-4 now, the men hard to ID in their bulky MOPP HOODS. They pass the leftovers of a recent gun battle. The walls are pockmarked by heavy rounds. There are several shot-up CARS, the windows crazed by bullets, dark DEAD SHAPES still within. A flipped cart. A DONKEY stiff with rigor mortis.

Miller consults his GPS. GUNFIRE cracks in the distance.

MILLER

Over there.

A FEW FURTIVE FIGURES on the street hurry on their way as MET Charlie stop across from a bleak STRUCTURE walled off from the street. The street facing windows are concreted over.

SUPER: Possible SSO Facility. Diwaniya, Iraq.

They look about - nervous - start across. From somewhere the AMPLIFIED VOICE of an Iman echoes eerily if not tinnily down the street. Miller scans the roof line.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Specialist Henne, what's it saying?

Wisconsin Native Specialist Henne, listens, flips through an Army issue PHRASE BOOK.

HENNE

Not sure. I can't keep up

PERRY

(very nervous)

Either he's fucking praying or calling mortar rounds down on us.

Alert, ready for anything, they continue.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE DOOR - DIWANIYA SSO FACILITY - DAY

Heavy crossbars seal rusty, but sturdy looking steel doors. 12 MEN going in. Miller motions up the guys with SLEDGE HAMMERS. As they pound away...

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRY HALLWAY - DIWANIYA SSO FACILITY - DAY

One of the doors slams to the ground. A pause before two mirrors poke through on the end of sticks. We see the EODS reflected back: Sims and Perry.

They enter, scan the area for booby traps. They stop to consider an exposed piece of WIRE, its two ends buried in the rubble. Sims passes a gauge over it to read if it's live.

No reading. Perry pinches it, gives it a pull. It comes easily loose, just a stray piece of wire.

SIMS

All clear.

The CBIST boys, Marshall and Mathis, next. Leading with their CHEMICAL SENSORS, waiting for the levels to plunge into the red. Covered by Michaels and Potts, the team advances.

CUT TO:

INT. LARGER ROOM - DIWANIYA SSO FACILITY - DAY

Cut by sunlight through a few chinks, but dark and gloomy. They reach a padlocked door. Miller nods to Keating who brings down the sledgehammer. WHUMP!

At the sound, a flurry of SUDDEN MOVEMENT on the far wall.

Michaels wheels, blasts away with his M4. The rounds rip right through the wall to the outside. PIGEONS! It was pigeons reacting to the sledge.

As the dust settles and some calm returns, we see the rounds have also torn into a MURAL OF SADDAM HUSSEIN.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY #2 - DIWANIYA SSO FACILITY - DAY

The men overlapping, moving up. Steel doors line the hall. Most leading to empty rooms, but what were they once? Interrogation cells? Munition vaults?

In one: several 55-gallon cardboard drums. The room's had a leak. There's water on the floor, some of which has been sucked up by the cardboard on the barrel's lower halves.

KEATING

Smells like Clorox.

Keating 'toes' the bottom of one barrel. That's all it takes to rupture it. As goupy white granules run over his boot.

KEATING (CONT'D)

Oh fuck! Fuck!

Everyone jumps back. This is it. And Keating thinks he's about to die.

CONWAY

What is it?! What is it?!

WILKINS

Get him outside and decon him!

Panicking, Keating starts pulling his MOPP off. Everyone around him trying to clamor at least a step away. Crazy.

MILLER

Keating! Calm down! Everyone hold still! Mathis.

Mathis is checking out the labels.

MATHIS

Okay! It's okay! It's just shit to purify water with.

As everyone breathes a sigh of relief...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY #3 - DIWANIYA SSO FACILITY - DAY

The team is drawn inexorably to the last door at the end of the hall. The most heavily secured door we've seen. Conway steps up with heavy BOLT CUTTERS. He starts squeezing, snapping locks off eye-slotted bars.

MICHAELS

This is it, this is it...

The doorkickers check to make sure they're locked and loaded.

SNAP! The last lock comes off. Deep breaths. Miller sets his palm on it, pushes. It opens about three inches before the bottom of the door grinds into the floor.

Miller nods to Potts and Michaels. They rear back, simultaneously kick it in. It BOOMS back to reveal:

Nothing. A LARGE EMPTY SPACE. Relief and disappointment. Hoods being pulled back.

They enter. The only thing here is a beat-up METAL FRAME. Thirty feet long, it had a series of semi-circular grooves across and along it. Miller checks it out. He holds his hands over it, palms facing each other, eyeballing...

The distance from groove start to groove end.

MILLER

Sims, you're EOD. What's the radius of a SCUD missile.

That buzzes the men. As Sims tries to recall the number...

SIMS

Um, ah, twenty-nine and a half inches. Give or take a centimeter.

Miller nods to himself, then paces the floor, looking about and then at 'SOMETHING' on the floor. Crusty. Dried. It seems to run roughly in two parallel lines, both of which are bisected by a third line.

MILLER

It's like a letter 'H'.

WILKINS

It's pigeon shit, Chief.

Miller unhooks a FLASHLIGHT from his belt, shines it up at the ceiling shadows above the shit. There's nothing up there, just the flat of the roof.

MILLER

No place to roost. They were sitting on... a gantry crane maybe.

WILKINS

Were, Chief, were.

But it's a big deal to Miller. Like he just saw the tail of the beast he's chasing.

MILLER

Something was here.

And then the infantry sergeant arrives in a gas mask.

INFANTRY SERGEANT

Hey man, someone's jacking your choppers!

CUT TO:

EXT. CH-47 CHINOOKS - DIWANIYA - DAY

Dust and debris blast as the Chinooks take off. Miller rushes out waving his arms for it to stop. Stringing EXPLETIVES. No avail. They leave without a conscience.

As the infantry sergeant comes up behind...

INFANTRY SERGEANT

It was some Colonel. Said he was
in a hurry.

MILLER

What am I? On vacation?

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - BAGHDAD HOME - DAY

FLAMES lick up from a metal trash bin. Seyyed (the coffee maker from the opening) flips through files, stops to transcribe items of interest into a small BLACK NOTEBOOK.

Done, he tosses the file into the fire. Throws in more. He's burning evidence of some sort. A small gasoline GENERATOR thumps away nearby. It's power cord runs through an open kitchen window. We follow Seyyed into...

HIS KITCHEN

His son Ayad sits watching a small TV. A little satellite dish sits on the counter pointing out the window.

As Ayad flips channels, Seyyed grabs more files. Then something on the channel flip catches Seyyed's attention.

SEYYED

<Go back.>

Ayad goes to CNN. A report from Iraq. Christiane Amanpour. Newsreel footage of Iraqi man, AHMED ZUBAIDI, straight Savile Row, exiting a mosque in London, testifying before Congress.

AMANPOUR'S VOICE

The Leader of the Free Iraqi Resistance, Zubaidi is a favorite of Washington's neo-conservatives and the first face to emerge as a player in post-war Iraq politics.

Zubaidi disembarking a C-130, kissing the ground of Iraq.

AMANPOUR'S VOICE (CONT'D)

But as he returns to Iraq after decades of exile, the question remains: will the average Iraqi even know who Ahmed Zubaidi is?

The look on Seyyed's face says: he knows...

CUT TO:

EXT. SAYDIA NEIGHBORHOOD - BAGHDAD - DAY

Distant gunfire echoes through this upper-middle class neighborhood. Seyyed exit his house. He takes a look up and down the street. Satisfied, he motions Ayad to follow. Seyyed locks the door, then they head for the car, a TOYOTA.

Across the street, the NEIGHBORS have turned out to look at a house destroyed by an American bomb. Seyyed's NEIGHBOR spots him, heads over from the destroyed house.

NEIGHBOR

Seyyed...

He gestures back to the house like... fuck!

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)

It's an old story, but... I just made the last payment.

Seyyed barely pays attention. He'd like to get moving. As he opens the car door for Ayad to climb in.

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)

But my family all alive thanks to God. We came home from the country this morning.

He looks back at his shattered home. Fuck...

SEYYED

Sorry, I have get to my sister.

As Seyyed moves past, the neighbor gets to the point.

NEIGHBOR

Seyyed, we have no place to live.

Anxious to leave, Seyyed pulls a KEY off his loop, gives it to the neighbor. Almost just to get rid of him.

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)

Seyyed, thank you, I, thank you.

SEYYED

Please, I must go.

Seyyed gets behind the wheel. As they drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. TOYOTA - MAIN AVENUE - BAGHDAD (ROLLING) - DAY

Seyyed intent as he drives around several destroyed vehicles.

Another car careens by on the wrong side of the road, its DRIVER locking spooked eyes as he passes.

Seyyed continues past a Mercedes swiss-cheesed with bullets. The front door is open, a dead man in a white dishdasha sprawled dead, his chest a brilliantly contrasting crimson.

Seyyed turns his son's head away.

Then we're outside watching the Toyota merge into the madness of Baghdad. Out of sight.

CUT TO:

EXT. INFANTRY STAGING AREA - DIWANIYA - EVENING

The MOTOR POOL MAJOR stands with Miller by a trio of beat-up HUMVEES mounted with machine-guns and grenade launchers.

MILLER

Soft-skinned? No armor? You gotta be kidding me?!

MAJOR

Hey, good enough for my boys, good enough for yours.

Miller's frustration is epic, but not much he can do.

MAJOR (CONT'D)

Bring 'em all back with a full tank and I'll throw in the five ton over there.

Miller finally nods, looks over, gives a THUMBS UP to Wilkins who in turn looks to where MET Charlie have sprawled out.

WILKINS

Mount up, boys! We're back in the food chain!

MOMENTS LATER

As they drive off into the darkness...

CUT TO:

EXT. NAJAF - DAY

Another day another dollar. The MET Charlie convoy rolls through streets crowded with curious Iraqis. U.S. TROOPS are going on a goodwill patrol. Ahead is the Iman Ali MOSQUE.

INSERT: Najaf, Iraq.

UNDERDOG HUMVEE

Miller checking his coordinates as outside a GUNG-HO CAPTAIN exhorts his men to make friends...

GUNG-HO
Smile! C'mon! Smile!

Miller flags down a passing SERGEANT.

MILLER
We're with the 75th. MET Charlie.
Looking for site six-zero.

The sergeant leans to check the map, jabs down a finger.

SERGEANT
About there. Further in.

CUT TO:

EXT. FURTHER INTO NAJAF - DAY

The streets are getting narrow as the MET Charlie convoy prowls through. Turning a bend, the lead Miller's Humvee stops short. Ahead: the edge of an enormous POOL OF SEWAGE. It fills the entire street, stopping here at a bit of a rise.

Up top behind the M240: Michaels surveys the murky muck. Potts (manning the grenade launcher) leans away from the stench, pulls on his MOPP hood.

MICHAELS
Anybody know if Haliburton sells
toilet plungers?!

In the cab: Miller looks from the map to Wilkins.

MILLER
If they do, it's more than we can
afford.

Miller throws it in gear, starts rolling forward.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIT STREET - NAJAF - DAY

The sewage halfway up the wheels of the motorcade. Marshall hangs his chemical sensor out of the 5-ton, checks the gauge.

MARSHALL
Well, I finally got a reading.

FRONT CAB - HUMVEE ONE

Miller and Wilkins watch through the windshield as, ahead, an IRAQI WOMAN leans out of her doorway. About 60, she screams angrily at them, gestures down to the surface of the sewage only an inch below her door mantel.

HENNE'S VOICE
(over the radio)
I think I know what she's saying!

WILKINS
Yeah, slow the fuck down or all the vacuum cleaners in Iraq won't suck the shit out of her living room.

MILLER
(keys mic)
We're in a no wake zone, boys.
Let's crawl.

SHIT STREET

They slow it down. As the Iraqi Woman watches them pass...

Perry and Sims manning the hardware on top of the middle Humvee. Perry scans the rooftops nervously.

PERRY
Crawl? This is a goddamn killsack.

SIMS
Chief's winning hearts and minds.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAJAF FACTORY - DAY

This building took a direct hit during Shock & Awe. A huge gash has opened up the side. At this approach angle, however, we cannot see into it. However, we can see the LOOTERS exiting. Half a dozen of them. The looters push hand carts, carry out pipes, file cabinets.

SUPER: Suspected WMD facility, Najaf.

A MARINE detachment stands by with their TANK as it goes on. MET Charlie arrive, their vehicles literally dripping shit.

MILLER

What the hell's going on, Marine?
Why aren't you locking down this
site!?

As MET Charlie hit the ground...

MILLER (CONT'D)

Specialist Henne, tell these
fucking looters to clear out.

Henne's Humvee has stopped ahead where the facility is bomb
gashed open on one side.

HENNE

I'm gonna need a bullhorn. You
better take a look at this, Chief.

Miller steps up, sees the building's been torn open. The
looting underway is epic. Hieronymus Bosch would grab his
sketchbook. It's being stripped to the rafters including the
rafters. Plumbing is torn from the walls, light fixtures
passed out windows. There are 100 MEN at work.

MARINE

(joining Miller)
We just don't have the men.

MILLER

(to Wilkins)
Shit, where do we start?

MARINE

It's okay; it's clear. It's been
checked.

MILLER

By who?

MARINE

Special Forces.
(points)
They're around back.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAJAF FACTORY - DAY

MET Charlie rounding a corner. VOICES getting closer ahead.

AMERICAN VOICE

Tell him he's a fucking liar! Ask
him again!

Coming into view: TWO BLACKHAWKS, rotors lazily turning. A trio of SPECIAL FORCES watchdogging them. No name or rank patches on their uniforms. Do-rags and beards.

TASK FORCE 20 interrogate an IRAQI PRISONER they have flex-cuffed to a chair sitting incongruously in the outside rubble. An AMERICAN shouts questions in Iraqi. Next to him, all business LIEUTENANT BRIGGS. The Iraqi shakes his head.

BRIGGS

Unacceptable! Ask him again!

As the American SHOUTS again, Henne alongside Miller, speaking low, trying his best.

HENNE

Something like, 'Where is he?'

BRIGGS

(spots MET Charlie)

What the fuck do you guys want?

Briggs' rank and name patches gone. He strides over, admonishes one of his guys.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

Are we throwing a fucking party here?

Miller steps up to meet him.

MILLER

I'm Miller. This is our site.

BRIGGS

You holding the mortgage on it or something?

MILLER

We're a Mobile Exploitation Team with the 75th.

(points at Iraqi)

If that prisoner has anything to do with WMD, he's ours.

BRIGGS

What prisoner?

Briggs whirls a finger in the air. His men start their bug out. Two of them literally pick the chair up with the prisoner, carry it toward one of the Blackhawks. The rotors are starting to pick up.

MILLER

We're going to have to get my C.O.
on the radio. Right now.

More TF-20 guys pass, pushing FILE CABINETS on HANDTRUCKS.
As Miller futilely tries to think of how to take control...

BRIGGS

I'll make it real simple for you,
Miller. Fuck off.

Miller stews. Briggs looks to the rest of Charlie.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

I'll see you in Baghdad. And don't
worry. Any of you get hit? They
can chopper you to a field hospital
in twenty minutes.

(starts to back up)

Get hit bad, Luhnstahl in Germany
in five hours.

(over rotors)

Get killed, they'll have you home
in a week!

Briggs steps on a Blackhawk. As they ROAR OFF...

CUT TO:

EXT. 4-LANE IRAQI HIGHWAY - DAY

Beneath a blazing sun, three soft-skinned HUMVEES and a 5-TON-
TRUCK. The traffic is epic. Military and civilian.
Soldiers screaming at little shitboxes to stay the fuck back.
The shitboxes going off road to try to make time.

As MET Charlie crawl up an EXIT (marked in Arabic and
English) for Saddam International Airport.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN TERMINAL ROAD - BAGHDAD AIRPORT - DAY

Our boys arriving at base. Beyond on the tarmac we see
bombed out planes. In the distance a C-130 makes a dipping
approach, FIRES its flares.

MET Charlie start to pass the colonnade of the main terminal.
Roll up to a little check point.

MILLER

75th XTF. Where do we go?

CHECK POINT SOLDIER
Down there. Past gates 8 and 9.

They continue, take a ramp down onto...

THE TARMAC

A C-130 unloaded under GUARD. Forklifts drive palettes out the tail with SIX FOOT BLOCKS of shrink-wrapped \$100 BILLS.

As they drive past, Michaels is up top, his jaw dropped.

MICHAELS
That's fucked up...
(as they pass)
Hey! How much!

FORKLIFT DRIVER
One billion give or take a million!

Wilkins leans out the other side to a GROUND CREW GUY.

WILKINS
Which way is gate 8?

He points the opposite way. As they loop a big U-turn...

A RECEPTION on the other side of the plane:

A bunch of Jay Garner, newly-arrived, pasty-faced CIVILIANS introduce themselves, shake hands with a GENERAL.

CIVILIAN ONE
Dot Vale. I'm Education.

CIVILIAN TWO
George Collins. I'll be doing the Central Bank.

CIVILIAN THREE
Mike Sharp from Scottsdale. They tell me I'm in charge of Justice.

The civilians laugh at Bill's little modesty joke.

GENERAL
Welcome to Iraq, Mike.

CUT TO:

EXT. TARMAC - BAGHDAD AIRPORT - DAY

The Humvees and 5-ton parked up. Miller and Wilkins move away with purpose. Passing a baggage claim area. A squad of soldiers have taken it over, laptops are set up on the luggage conveyor belts. Hard looking SPECIAL FORCES TYPES breaking down weapons, cleaning the desert out of them.

Miller sees a compatriot passing ahead: the ALPHA CHIEF.

MILLER

Hey, Volpe! Where's Bethel?

ALPHA CHIEF

By the J-MOC tent.

MILLER

You find anything?

ALPHA CHIEF

We're humping dry holes. All the way into Baghdad. We don't even have the right gear.

Moving on. Ahead: the J-MOC tent.

MILLER

(spots him)

There he is.

Miller slows as he approaches COLONEL BETHEL, the 75th's commander. He's talking to MARTIN BROWN, the Baghdad Chief of Station and a forward leaning THREE STAR GENERAL.

THREE STAR GENERAL

Yesterday the VP's office wants to know if we can secure-hold the Mehdi Bank. In Baghdad. So I throw it up on the board and there are six of the fuckers!

As they laugh, the General continues...

THREE STAR GENERAL (CONT'D)

Some fucking campaign contributor called the VP's office worried cuz he's got money tied to the Mehdi Bank. You believe that shit? Some rich fucker is worried about his goddamn ATM and I have to jump. Anyhow, I gotta get Franks ready for his VTC with Rumsfeld.

As 3-star heads off, Miller sees his chance, moves in.

WILKINS

Don't be stupid.

Miller's not promising anything. Stepping up, he salutes.

MILLER

Sir?

BETHEL

Chief Miller, nice of you to finally make it up here. Do you know Martin Brown? He's OGA.

Miller gives Brown a cursory nod, continues, frustrated.

MILLER

Sir, what the Hell's going on?

BETHEL

What do you mean?

MILLER

Some goddamn Colonel - no offense - stole our goddamn air in Diwaniya. Then when we get to Najaf, the marines are watching while the place gets looted and Task Force 20 is there doing our job ahead of us.

That gets Brown's attention.

BETHEL

Come on, Roy. There's going to be overlap. You know that.

MILLER

This was more like overkill, sir. They were there, with air support, carting off file cabinets and an Iraqi who may have had some WMD logistical info. They wouldn't even let us come close.

BETHEL

Forget about it. Do your checks. Report in.

MILLER

The report is there's nothing out there. Nothing.

BETHEL

It's early yet. Let's go, we got a briefing going on.

They head for the tent. Brown off on his own

MILLER

Has anyone found anything out there?

BETHEL

No. We're only five days in, but the heat is on. We got every intel type and straphandler in Baghdad in that tent. Washington wants their WMD. So we keep our heads down and do our best.

CUT TO:

INT. J-MOC TENT - AIRPORT - DAY

The place is bursting: Bethel and his staff, military intel, the leaders of Alpha and Bravo company, etc... Brown joins his OGA boys. Miller and Wilkins take their own seats as well. Up front: Colonel Bethel at the podium.

BETHEL

All three MET units will be in and around al-Nasariya. SSTs with the 3rd ID have flagged several sites as suspicious. General Gonzalez from C-MOC will brief you.

Gen. GONZALEZ from CMOC (Civil Military Operations Center):

GONZALEZ

The 3rd ID had a tough fight at al-Nasariya. The enemy were obviously trying to protect something important, so confidence is high.

As Gonzalez drones on, Miller raises his hand.

GONZALEZ (CONT'D)

(irritated)

Yes?

MILLER

Were the UN inspectors at any of these sites?

GONZALEZ

I'd have to check. Why?

MILLER

Every site we've overlapped with theirs, we've rolled a doughnut.

(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)

Seems like we could move those down
on the priority list. So we can
stop chasing our tails so to speak.

Brown watches, locking in, taking notice as Miller's
frustration carries him out of his pay grade.

GONZALEZ

Son, I understand your frustration.
But you are hitting a very small
nail with an awful big hammer.

Miller shuts up while Bethel glares at him, embarrassed.

BETHEL

Everyone turn to page six...

CUT TO:

EXT. STAGING AREA - BAGHDAD AIRPORT - DAY

Miller running PCCs and PCIs (pre-combat checks and pre-
combat intelligence) with his boys.

MILLER

We go chem/EOD-heavy on this one.

SIMS

How 'bout a few porta-potties in
the 5-ton?

A few laughs. Miller is suddenly aware of a figure watching
from the shade of a tree. It's Martin Brown. An odd beat.

MILLER

Sgt. Wilkins, take over.

BROWN

Remains in the shade, nods a hello as Miller steps up.

BROWN

Chief Miller. Too bad about what
happened in Najaf.

MILLER

I got beaten to the punch.

BROWN

Do you know what Special Forces
were looking for?

MILLER
No, do you?

BROWN
No... Today you got al-Nasariya.
Number 31 on C-MOC's priority list.

MILLER
That's right.

BROWN
The UN inspected it. It's empty.
I've seen the satellite photos.
Think about using your time to
swing by those coordinates instead.

Brown holds out a piece of paper. Miller takes it: a basic
line and box sketch, instructions scrawled in the margins.

BROWN (CONT'D)
Plan B. Should you have the
inclination.

MILLER
Where'd the intelligence come from?

BROWN
The ground.

MILLER
That's it?

Brown nods. Miller holds the slip of paper back out. "No
thanks." But Brown declines it.

BROWN
My Thuraya number is on the back.

As he turns and goes, Miller watches after him.

CUT TO:

EXT. IRAQI HIGHWAY - DAY

MET Charlie rumbles down the highway. The boys up top call
out 'all clears' on the overpasses as they pass under them.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERDOG HUMVEE - DAY

Miller behind the wheel. Slowing to a stop at a T-junction.
SIGNS. Left: al-Nasariya, right: Baghdad. Miller takes out
the paper Brown gave him, stares at the choice, stews.

WILKINS
Al-Nasariya. Left turn.

Deciding. Miller turns right for Baghdad. He floors it.

WILKINS (CONT'D)
Hey what are you doing!?

IRAQI HIGHWAY

As MET Charlie makes its move. The rest of the convoy suddenly trying to keep up with Miller.

THE TOP OF HUMVEE TWO

Sims and Perry hang on as they bounce along.

PERRY
Goddamn, Chief. Where's the fire?

SIMS
Where the fuck are we going?

PERRY
(realizing direction)
This is the way to central Baghdad!

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBS - BAGHDAD - DAY

Traffic building as they drive past the burned out remains of a SOVIET TANK. The swords of the VICTORY ARCH and the openness of the Green Zone are still off in the distance.

Michaels and Potts are atop Humvee One. Potts mumbles to himself, checks it against something written on his hand.

POTTS
Inzachh silaahak. Inzachh silaahak.
(off Michaels look)
I'm practicing how to say, 'Drop your weapon'.

MICHAELS
Fuck that. They'd have lit you up and reloaded by the time you say it right.

CHIEF MILLER

Behind the wheel. Fixed, purposeful, a man on a mission.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY OF BAGHDAD - DAY

As they skirt the edge of the Green Zone, start to leave 'the green' behind. The traffic getting untenable.

UNDERDOG HUMVEE

Miller on the radio.

MILLER

Hang on...

He turns out into the oncoming lane. Wilkins hanging on as cars swerve away ahead of them. Miller hitting the horn.

BAGHDAD STREETS

The guys up top loving it as they barrel ass their way.

Ahead the oncoming traffic is dead stopped. Miller swerves back into his own lane, HORN BLARING.

Cars get out of the way, but the first that doesn't -- BAM! He bumps it. It moves aside. Bumps another. Fuck!

SIMS & PERRY - ATOP HUMVEE TWO

Hanging on, laughing.

PERRY

I guess we're through winning hearts and minds!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HUNTING CLUB - BAGHDAD - DAY

In upscale Mansour. GUARDS out front.

MAN'S VOICE

One month ago I was in a taxi in Damascus. The driver, a Syrian, he recognized me as Iraqi

CUT TO:

INT. THE HUNTING CLUB - BAGHDAD - DAY

The mahogany bar is covered with recent dust, but a clean up CREW is already at work restoring the splendor.

AHMED ZUBAIDI sits at a table. He pauses to pour two cups of tea, passes one to LAWRIE DAYNE. She sits across from him, every inch the serious reporter.

ZUBAIDI

He said, 'Congratulations, the Americans are coming to help you. Maybe they'll come help us in Syria next.' That is the true opinion of the Arab street. Whatever happens now, everyone knows Iraq is better off. Saddam is gone.

DAYNE

He's out there somewhere. Some people say still with support.

ZUBAIDI

Believe me, we have our sources. Iraqis know how to find Iraqis. He and his people, the Baathists, they have no future in a free Iraq.

DAYNE

But who is a Baathist? People had to join the party simply to get by, didn't they? They're not all bad.

ZUBAIDI

Think of 1945. The question then? Who's the good Nazi and who's the bad Nazi? The best thing to do is get rid of them all. De-Baathify.

As Zubaidi pontificates, we're aware of CLARK POUNDSTONE watching from the side. Zubaidi's American press secretary, he's both whipping boy and den mother. He checks a list of talking points, chews a fingernail. Behind him piles of FILES: bursting from cabinets, spilling out of boxes.

ZUBAIDI (CONT'D)

It's a rare opportunity to remake this country anew.

DAYNE

A clean slate.

ZUBAIDI
(smiles)
Exactly. Unprecedented.

DAYNE
First thing first. You said
earlier Iraqis know how to find
Iraqis. How about WMD? It's the
reason we went to war.

ZUBAIDI
Don't worry. We're working on it.

DAYNE
You need to. My newspaper would
like to close the book on it.

ZUBAIDI
Of course. But the future, that's
the story now.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAGHDAD STREET #1 - MANSOUR DISTRICT - DAY

MET Charlie rumble through the Beverly Hills of Baghdad. Not
unaffected as they pass a recently looted mansion.

MILLER
(consults map)
Almost there...

MICHAELS

Sees something. A figure dashing between cars. A flash of a
carried AK-47. He swings the M240 around, keys his mic.

MICHAELS
2 o'clock! Ali-Baba on the hoof!

CUT TO:

EXT. BAGHDAD STREET #2 - MANSOUR DISTRICT - DAY

The figure running, shouting - MET Charlie behind him - a
DOZEN armed IRAQIS and the Baghdad Hunting Club his goal. As
the Iraqis spread out from the group they were in...

Potts leans over the roof of the Humvee, M4 level and aimed.

Someone rushes out in front of the Iraqis, SHOUTING, waving
his arms. An American in uniform! COLONEL LYONS.

One of the Iraqis levels his gun at MET Charlie.

Potts fires - CRACK! The Iraqi goes down.

CUT TO:

INT. HUNTING CLUB - DAY

Zubaidi and Dayne react to the shot outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEAD HUMVEE - FRONT CAB

Miller sees Col. Lyons DROP TO THE GROUND, cover up.

MILLER
(over radio)
Hold your fire, he's American Army!

MET Charlie comes to a stop. Several men take up positions behind their vehicles. The Iraqis have done the same.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Henne! Tell them to stand down!

Silence from Henne as he thinks.

MILLER (CONT'D)
For fuck's sake, Henne!

POTTS
(reading off his hand)
Inzachh! Silaahak!

Lyons motions it's okay. The Iraqis start setting the AKs on the ground. Michaels grins from behind the machine-gun.

MICHAELS
Fuck'n'A, Potts.

Lyons gets to his feet, a half-crushed cigar in his hand.

COL. LYONS
Who the fuck are you guys?!

MILLER
Who are you?!

COL. LYONS
I'm a goddamn Colonel in the
goddamn United States Army. Mr.
Zubaidi's CENTCOM liaison.

And then Zubaidi is tucked in the entry to the club.

ZUBAIDI

Colonel Lyons! What is it?!

This is all Col. Lyons needs right now.

COL. LYONS

It's alright, Mr. Zubaidi!

(lower; to Miller)

My fucking fun meter is fucking
pegged right now.

The shot Iraqi rolls around MOANING in the bloody dust.

MILLER

Potts, check him out.

Transitioning to medic, Potts jumps down with his kit.

Zubaidi stepping forward with Poundstone and Dayne behind.

ZUBAIDI

I demand an explanation.

MILLER

Oh yeah? Who are you?

POUNDSTONE

(in Miller's face)

He's Ahmed Zubaidi. Leader of the
Free Iraqi Resistance. Tell that
to the people in bumfuck when they
ask you how you lost your stripes.

Miller sets the butt of his M4 on Poundstone's chest.

MILLER

Back off.

Way too close, Poundstone obliges.

ZUBAIDI

(realizing)

But this man is shot.

Zubaidi goes to check on him. Miller has a beat to clock a
pick-up TRUCK filled with FILE CABINETS, BOXES bursting with
FILES. Just like Task Force 20.

US INFANTRY TROOPS running up. Lyons waving them off.

DAYNE

Who the Hell are you guys and what the Hell are you doing!?

MILLER

He drew down on us! No offense, lady, but fuck off.

DAYNE

Lawrie Dayne, New York Times. Can I quote you on that?

MILLER

Yeah. F-U-C-K-U.

DAYNE

Very clever. Really, the Army should put you on a poster.

MILLER

Ms. Dayne, you got a complaint, talk to CENTCOM.

MICHAELS

You tell her, Chief. I mean, if we can't shoot these people, what the fuck are we doing here?

And everyone's SHOUTING at once. Poundstone, Dayne, Miller and Zubaidi. Even the wounded Iraqi looks over. Wilkins puts his fingers to his mouth, looses a SHRILL WHISTLE.

WILKINS

We are a Mobile Exploitation Team with the 75th Task Force! We are here following a lead on WMD that may be in the area! Okay? So let us do our job and we will move on.

Zubaidi looks astonished like only he can.

ZUBAIDI

Why didn't you say this? Someone should have -- Where?

WILKINS

What?

ZUBAIDI

Where are they?

Miller checks the map Brown gave him, points at the Hunting Club entrance Zubaidi just came out of.

MILLER

In there.

A beat. And then Zubaidi starts to LAUGH.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUMVEE - HUNTING CLUB - MANSOUR DISTRICT - DAY

MET Charlie on their way out. Poundstone watches them go. Miller punches numbers into the THURAYA. Embarrassed, angry.

MAN'S VOICE

Hello?

MILLER

I want to talk to Martin Brown!

MAN'S VOICE

He's not here right now. Can I take a message?

MILLER

Yeah, tell him Miller said the next time he wants a fucking piece of intel checked out, he can fucking check it himself!

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMAND TRAILER - BEHIND J-MOC TENT - SUNSET

Col. Bethel had been enjoying a cigar until Miller arrived.

BETHEL

What the Hell were you doing out there today!?

MILLER

My job, sir. With all due respect.

BETHEL

Your job was in al-Nasariya.

MILLER

We had a lead. This guy Zubaidi, I didn't know he was there when we --

BETHEL

A man was shot! You could've had Americans shooting at Americans!

MILLER

I had intel --

BETHEL

You are execution and exploitation!
Not intelligence! This is Ahmed
Zubaidi! He's on the Vice-
President's speed dial for
Christ's sake!

MILLER

But, sir --

BETHEL

Who the Hell did send you to
Baghdad in the first place?! It
was Brown, wasn't it?!

Miller doesn't answer, but obviously yes.

BETHEL (CONT'D)

(all he needed to know)

That fucking figures! You are way
out of your lane! Do you have any -
- I'll be goddamned if I'm going
to get my balls caught in the
middle of a fucking turf war
between the CIA and the Pentagon!

MILLER

Yes, sir.

BETHEL

And as far as your job. I have a
list of 900 sites. Next to each
site I have a box. I need to put
check marks in those boxes. Right
now I have a goddamn empty box next
to al-Nasariya. Your job was to
put a check mark in it. Now do you
understand?

MILLER

Yes, sir,

BETHEL

Dismissed.

Miller turns and stomps away.

CUT TO:

INT. BAGHDAD HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

We see the cezves by the burner. This is Seyyed's house.

It's very late as the side door SMASHES OPEN and armed MASKED MEN enter. MOVE WITH TWO as they speed down a HALL. Others disappear into side rooms, a second hall. We hear SCREAMS, the sounds of GUNFIRE. Keep moving with our two into...

A BEDROOM

Where Seyyed's bombed-out Neighbor from earlier is half out of bed, his WIFE cringing under the covers.

NEIGHBOR
PLEASE, NO, PLEASE --

The two men open up with Kalashnikovs. The Neighbor and his wife are riddled with shots.

One of the two men SHOUTS something in Iraqi. A beat and then a THIRD MASKED MAN appears. He carries the PHOTO of a uniformed Seyyed and his wife taken off the wall.

He lifts the neighbor's chin, compares it.

THIRD MAN
It's not him!

He flings the photo into the wall, stomps out.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - BAGHDAD - DAY

IRAQI KIDS bang a ball across a hardscrabble field.

INSERT: Baghdad, 4.25.2003.

The kid dribbling the ball is Ayad. He spins, passes ahead to a kid who SHOTS -- The ball skips into the street --

As a Humvee pulls up and accidentally flattens it. Then an armored personnel carrier. A flatbed hauling a BULLDOZER.

CUT TO:

BULLDOZER

Belching smoke -- its treads biting. The blade pushing up mounds of earth. It backs up -- snaps off a goalpost.

MOVE WITH Miller as he walks past the soccer field now filled with crater-like holes. Members of the 3rd ID have secured the perimeter as the bulldozer works. As soldiers peer into the holes left behind, Miller's Thuraya goes off.

MILLER
This is Miller.

BROWN'S VOICE
Next time I give you a lead, can
you not go straight in and shoot
somebody?

MILLER
You know what we found at your
fucking site? Nothing! No WMD!

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL - AL RASHEED HOTEL - DAY

The pool is drained. A CREW is cleaning it up, getting it
ready. Brown sits at a nearby table on his Thuraya.

BROWN
Did you think you were going to
walk into a missile silo? You
don't find WMD using a list. This
is as an intelligence operation.
You go after the people.

INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING:

MILLER
What people?

BROWN
The scientists, the soldiers, the
truck drivers. If there are WMD,
someone made them and someone moved
them. You find the people.

MILLER
Why don't you find them yourself?

BROWN
I can't.

MILLER
You run the goddamn CIA in Baghdad,
what do you mean you can't?

BROWN
Have you ever heard of something
called politics? Have you?

MILLER
Yes.

BROWN

Well, every C-130 that lands here brings another bunch of goddamn crazies from Washington. With no understanding of the culture, the history. But determined to unleash the magic of the market. And they are going to fuck things up around here a long time. I'd like to work to stop them.

(after a pause)

Was Zubaidi at the Hunting Club?

MILLER

Yes.

BROWN

What else?

MILLER

Files, there were files. They were bringing them in in trucks.

BROWN

Those are Mukhabarat files. Iraqi secret police.

MILLER

What the hell's going on here?

BROWN

Zubaidi's looking for the same thing we are. And he's ahead of us!

Before Miller can respond -- Click. Brown hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. MET CHARLIE - SOCCER FIELD - DAY (LATER)

Spread out. Miller sits brooding in the open cab of Underdog Humvee. Michaels flips through a DECK of Iraq's most wanted while Perry eats an MRE, their rifle barrels set between their feet. Potts reads his Bible.

PERRY

This is it, Chief?

MILLER

This is it. If they find a centrifuge or something they think is important, they'll whistle.

MICHAELS

Is that pathetic, or what?

Michaels points off beyond a YELLOW TAPE BARRIER, the soccer kids watching their field get fucked over.

MILLER

Who's got Jolly Ranchers?

POTTS

I do.

Potts sets aside his Bible, produces a bag of the hard square CANDY. MOVE WITH him as he heads over, hands out Ranchers. The mood picks up immediately. Potts feels like Santa Claus.

Then he sees Ayad: watching apart from the others, still depressed looking. Armed with the cure, Potts steps over.

POTTS (CONT'D)

Hey, kid. Here...

Potts holds out a handful of JOLLY RANCHERS. Ayad hesitates, then shakes his head, starts to move off. Potts sighs, rejoins the other guys.

MICHAELS

Maybe he's holding out for a fucking Snickers bar.

As Potts watches Ayad go, a SOLDIER steps over.

SOLDIER

Chief Miller? We got an Iraqi over here who's pretty insistent on talking to someone. Our Captain suggested maybe you'd want to deal with it, seeing as how...

MILLER

I'm sitting around doing nothing?

As the soldier nods...

CUT TO:

MILLER & THE SOLDIER

Walk to holding area. Watched by a GUARD is SEFUDDIN QUTBI MAKAI. "Freddy." Mid-30s, wide awake and ready to roll.

SOLDIER

We thought it was pretty brave of a military aged male to walk right up to the guards.

MILLER

Can I help you?

FREDDY

My name is Sefuddin Outbi Makai.
You may call be Freddy.

MILLER

How can I help you, Freddy?

As Freddy steps forward, he has a PRONOUNCED left LIMP.

FREDDY

No, no. I am here to help you...
(reads name tag)
Miller.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

Parked kitty-corner to the soccer field. Beat-up, covered in dust. Perry puts a cinder block through the driver's side window. Potts watches as Perry strips the steering column.

PERRY

Which commandment says don't steal?

POTTS

Number eight.

PERRY

I guess, what, it's okay during war time, right? Like thou can't kill.

POTTS

Technically it doesn't say kill; it says thou shalt not murder. The Chaplain says there's a difference.

PERRY

Good, one less sin to worry about.

Perry shoves in a SCREWDRIVER, starts the truck up.

Wilkins joins Miller.

MILLER

Possible high value target. Freddy says he's three blocks from here. We can't roll in the Humvees. They'll see us a mile away.

WILKINS

I don't like it.

MILLER

I'm bored out of my mind, Sarge. We'll be back in ten minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. FREDDY'S COROLLA - ROLLING - STREET NEAR FIELD - DAY

Going incognito. Freddy behind the wheel, Miller beside him and Michaels in back. Michaels loosely aims a .45.

MICHAELS

Forget to signal, make an illegal U-turn, anything fucked up and I will blow your head off.

FREDDY

Man, no sweat.

Miller checks the sideview mirror: Potts and Perry follow in the white pick-up. As Freddy pops a cassette tape in...

MICHAELS

Hey what the fuck did I just say?!

BRYAN ADAMS

(blasting over speakers)
Took it all for granted, but how
was I to know, you'd be letting go.
Now it cuts like a knife.

MILLER

Freddy, turn it off.

FREDDY

It's Bryan Adams. The best part.
(sings along)
Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah --

Miller switches it off. Freddy sighs.

STREET

The car turns a corner, parks at the curb. Freddy points.

Across the street there's a black BMW SEDAN parked there.
The pick-up pulls up alongside them. Miller looks to Perry.

MILLER
It's this place. Cover from that
northeast corner.

Perry nods, drives toward a spot on the next intersection.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Does this guy live there?

FREDDY
I don't know. I don't think so.

MILLER
How did you find him?

FREDDY
I was driving. I saw the license.
I followed.

MILLER
What do you mean license?

FREDDY
On the car. The license plate.

They look across. The BMW's plate reads simply 17.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
The number is status. Saddam had
one through ten. So seventeen...
I saw the number and knew it was
important. It must be a big man.

MICHAELS
Why would you dime out your own
countryman like this? Huh?

FREDDY
Dime out? I don't understand.

MICHAELS
Report, turn in.

FREDDY
This is a very bad man.
(Michaels shakes his head)
He is Sunni; I am Shia?
(Michaels shakes his head)
There must be a reward. Cash.

MICHAELS

Okay. You know what, Freddy? A
reward I understand.

MILLER

Hey - hey - hey.

Guys exit the building. Serious looking IRAQI GUYS. They
nod quick good-byes - move off in different directions.

We recognize one as Seyyed. He walks briefly with a HAWK-
FACED IRAQI who lights a cigarette with a GOLD LIGHTER. They
exchange a few words, shake hands and split up.

Hawk-Face gets into a PARKED CAR, a MAN behind the wheel.
They drive off down the street.

POTTS & PERRY

Sitting in their stolen truck across the way. Potts sees
something else...

AYAD

Recently off the soccer field, loitering on the corner. He
suddenly sees Potts. An odd moment.

POTTS & PERRY

Potts recognizes Ayad, waves a 'hello'.

Their headset radios crack to life.

MILLER'S VOICE

Stay frosty we're gonna improv here
on this BMW.

SEYYED

Walking down the street, expecting to see and then seeing his
son. But his smile fades as his son says something.

Seyyed looks back over his shoulder. In succession, he spots
POTTS (just turning away) & Perry, then the other car with
MILLER & MICHAELS and then the DOOR that he recently exited.

Before Seyyed can decide what to do....

DOOR

Flanked by TWO BODYGUARDS, a very serious looking GENERAL exits.

MILLER

Watching, sees this is a heavy mutherfucker.

SEYYED

Motioning Ayad to wait, starting to step back.

BMW

Bodyguard One gets behind the wheel as Bodyguard Two opens the door for the General. It happens fast.

MILLER

Watching them pull out, into his mic.

MILLER

Coming to you. Cut him off.

(to Freddy)

Go. Follow him.

Freddy wasn't expecting to be this involved, but he's game.

STREET

As the BMW rolls forward -- Here comes the pick-up, screeching, sliding to a sideways stop. The way is blocked.

As Perry and Potts exit with their M4s...

BODYGUARD ONE

Stopping short, throwing it in reverse as he looks over his shoulder. Sees Freddy's car coming up from behind. Bodyguard One jerks the wheel --

STREET

He almost manages to scrape by. Just as he's clear, his rear quarter clips the side of a building, smashing the trunk. He throws it into forward, trying to maneuver out.

Michaels leans out, fires into the BMWs engine block. As steam blasts out of the radiator.

Bodyguard Two exits FIRING his Kalashnikov.

Miller also out. Moving laterally, he fires back.

SEYYED

Pulling Ayad into a doorway. Out of the line of fire as Perry and Potts move up from the other side.

STREET

Bodyguard Two is shot dead by Miller.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Tell them we're Americans! Tell
them to surrender!

FREDDY

Laying flat out of sight in his car SHOUTING in IRAQI.

STREET

More SHOUTING in the car. A gun is thrown out the window.

FREDDY
They are coming out!

Bodyguard One staggers out, a cut on the bridge of his nose. The GENERAL follows blinking in shock, hands over his head.

As Seyyed scoots Ayad down the street and away...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - BAGHDAD - DAY

Bodyguard One and the General against the wall being searched by Potts and Perry. The General answers Freddy.

FREDDY
He says his name is Jassim Ali. He
says he owns a restaurant nearby.

MILLER

Tell him bullshit. Tell him I've been around enough officers to recognize them out of uniform.

As Freddy relates this, Perry steps over, hands Miller a little black NOTEBOOK. Seyyed's notebook!

PERRY

This is all he's holding.

Miller flips through: Handwritten Arabic. He holds it up.

MILLER

What's this?

Another exchange. Freddy gives the General a dirty look.

FREDDY

He says it belongs to his cook. He says they are recipes.

Michaels is looking at something he holds off to the side.

MICHAELS

Hey, Chief...

Miller steps over, looks at what they're looking at, then back at the General. Miller smiles, takes 'whatever' it is.

MILLER

Get Bethel on the radio.

Miller walks over to the General, holds a playing card up in the his face: The JACK OF CLUBS from the Most Wanted deck. Taha al-Rawi. It has the General's spitting image on it.

MILLER (CONT'D)

You seen this guy around? Check the mirror.

As the general realizes it's over, Michaels steps up with the FIELD RADIO. He 'mouths' Bethel. Miller takes it.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Colonel, it's Miller.

BETHEL'S VOICE

What the hell's going on now?

MILLER

We got the Jack of Clubs, sir.
This Iraqi general. Taha al-Rawi.

BETHEL'S VOICE
No shit. How'd you find him?

MILLER
A local tipped us off.

BETHEL'S VOICE
Taha al-Rawi. Are you --

The frequency hijacked as a voice cuts in.

STRANGE VOICE
Disengage! You are ordered to
disengage!

MILLER
Who's this?

STRANGE VOICE
Listen, you sonuvabitch, disengage.
End your surveillance and report
the coordinates.

MILLER
Surveillance is over. I got him.
Who is this?!

The reply... radio silence.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Colonel Bethel, are you there?

No answer. Spooked, Miller hangs up. Meanwhile, a CROWD is
gathering. Potts getting spooked.

POTTS
What do we do with them, chief?

MILLER
Get them in the truck. We're going
back to the soccer field.

MICHAELS
What about the one you popped?

Miller looks to the dead man sprawled in the street. First
time he's considered him. First man he's ever killed.

MILLER
We'll take him, too. C'mon.

Miller and Michaels step over, each grab a wrist. Blood smears a trail as they drag him toward the pick-up truck.

CUT TO:

INT. FREDDY'S CAR - DAY

Michaels driving. Freddy beside him flipping through the General's black book. Miller sits in back with the General who looks scared. Freddy hands Miller back the book, shrugs.

FREDDY

It's numbers, letters, like a code.

MICHAELS

The secret formula for Coca-Cola.

MILLER

Stow it, huh?

(to Freddy)

Ask him what it is.

They exchange words.

FREDDY

He says there are many important things. He says he will tell you in exchange for fair treatment.

MILLER

What was he doing when we found him? Who were the other men leaving the building before him?

As they exchange words again...

FREDDY

They are military men. They wait for the United States to call them. So they can work for Iraq.

The General says something else. Ahead: the soccer field.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

He says he and his men went home during the fighting. Now they are ready to help.

They come to a stop at the edge of the field. The pick-up drives in a little past them. As they pile out of the car:

MICHAELS

He's such a helpful guy, how'd he get to be the Jack of Clubs?

MILLER

Tell him we're looking for WMD,
weapons of mass destruction. Ask
him what he knows about WMD.

SOCCER FIELD

Another exchange as they move toward the truck.

FREDDY

He says he will tell all these
things to General Tommy Franks.

MILLER

That's not how it works. First he
has to give me something.

The rest of MET Charlie coming down. Michaels shouting, "We
got the sonuvabitch!"

FREDDY

Okay, one of the men he was just
with knows about the W-D-M. It is
this man's notebook that you have.

MILLER

Who is he? The cook in the
restaurant? Come on.

FREDDY

He says this man can take you. But
first, General Tommy Franks.

Now he's got Miller's attention.

MILLER

Ask him the man's name.

As Freddy restates the question, his words are drowned out by
the rotor chop of a BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER. It passes
overhead. A dust storm as it sets down.

Lt. Briggs leads the Task Force 20 exodus off the chopper.
He zeros in on Miller. They speak over the noise.

BRIGGS

Miller, we are here to pick up
whatever it is you got.

MILLER

I have the situation under control.

Briggs looks over to where Potts and Perry cover the General and Bodyguard One. He hand-signals to his men who head over.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Hey this is mine.

BRIGGS

And you did a good job so far, kiddo, but I got orders. This goes way up the chain. Out of your fucking league, understand?

Miller hesitates, but still isn't backing down.

MILLER

My Colonel said to bring him in.

BRIGGS

No he didn't. You want, I can get a General on the horn to ream your ass. That make you feel better?

Cursing to himself, Miller waves off Perry and Potts. Briggs just nods like now everything is right with the world.

The General and Bodyguard One are FLEX-CUFFED, hustled onto the Blackhawk's flight deck.

Miller steps back with his men to watch them go.

On the flight deck the General says something to one of the Arabic Speakers who passes it onto Briggs. The General points with his chin: at Miller.

Briggs hops down to the ground. He starts toward Miller followed by other members of TF-20.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

General says you got his book.

MILLER

(selling it well)

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

Briggs dispenses with formalities and just starts patting down Miller's pockets. Miller knocks his hand away.

MILLER (CONT'D)

What the fuck.

Briggs' eyes flash to life.

BRIGGS

Hard way's fine with me.

Whump-whump! Miller staggers back after Briggs' one-two.

Michaels starts forward, but is blocked by a TF-20. In fact they're all manned-up twice over.

MILLER

It's alright!

(deep breath)

It's between us.

Miller squares up, waits for Briggs to come to him. It isn't pretty. Miller manages to get in a couple of shots, but Briggs has trained years for this shit. And he likes it.

Some of the Army diggers are coming over to watch now.

A kick spins Miller around; he lands on his knees.

BRIGGS

Okay, give me the book. Come on.

A dark upwards glance from Miller. He knows he can't win. All the same he lurches up, charges Briggs.

Briggs lets him have it. A flurry sends Miller reeling. As he staggers the only thing that keeps him on his feet is that he runs into Freddy. Freddy staggers, barely holds him up.

The two of them locked in a momentary lock. Freddy's eyes widen as Miller presses the black book into his hands...

As Briggs grabs Miller's shoulder, sends him to the ground. Miller's sweaty face is caked in dust as Briggs sets a knee between his shoulder blades. Pinned, vanquished as Briggs goes through his pockets. Nothing.

Briggs flashes his eyes toward the others. Potts, Briggs and Perry don't go happily as they are patted down. As a TF-20 pats down Perry's legs.

PERRY

You lucked out. I'm in between diarrhea bursts.

The TF-20 guy searching Potts hits pay dirt.

TF-20 ONE

Got it!

He pulls out a black book from a cargo pocket, holds it up.

POTTS
It's a Bible, asshole.

TF-20 flips the pages, shoves it back into Potts' hands.

ON BRIGGS

Realizes he's come up short. He takes his knee from Miller's shoulder blades, hand signals his men back to the Blackhawk. As the dust starts to whip up, he pats Miller on the cheek.

BRIGGS
Gotta try to remember! We're on
the same side!

Briggs head for the helicopter. Onboard they're pulling BLACK HOODS over the Iraqis' heads.

Perry, Michaels and Potts step to Miller's assistance, shield him from the dust as the Blackhawk takes off. Miller sits up, shakes the cobwebs out as the chopper streaks away.

He looks around. His guys. BLOOD runs out both nostrils.

WILKINS
You okay, Chief? Sonuvabitch.

Miller doesn't answer, doesn't see who he's looking for.

MILLER
Where's Freddy...? He's got the
fucking book!

Heads all start turning, looking. Freddy's nowhere in sight.

PERRY
His frigging car's gone.

As Miller heaves himself up to his feet...

CUT TO:

EXT. HUMVEE - SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Tearing out, hauling ass the way they came. Michaels and Potts are up top. Wilkins follows in a second Humvee.

HUMVEE CAB

Perry behind the wheel. Miller sits beside him holding a handful of gauze to his very bloody nose.

PERRY
Chief, it's a needle in a haystack.
We're never gonna find him.

MILLER
We are going to find him! Left!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - BAGHDAD - DAY

Where they left the BMW. It's still here, but the TIRES have all been stolen. The Humvee prowls up. No Freddy in sight.

CUT TO:

INT. HUMVEE - DAY

They slow as they approach another intersection, all eyes peeled. Still no Freddy in sight.

PERRY
I'm telling ya, he's long gone --

MILLER
Stow it! Kill the engine!

Perry shuts off the engine. Miller leans out the window, listens. But whatever he wants to hear isn't there.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Next intersection! Go!

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSECTION TWO - BAGHDAD - DAY

As they pull up.

MILLER
Kill it!

Miller leans out the window, listens to the city sounds.

MICHAELS
What are we doing?

MILLER
Quiet!

A beat. Michaels looks to Potts, shrugs. Then, heard in a kind of Doppler effect...

BRYAN ADAMS' VOICE
 Drivin' home this evening. Coulda
 sworn we had it all worked out.

It's coming from the south. They all hear it.

MILLER
 Go! Go! Go!

Perry tears out down to the left.

CUT TO:

INT. FREDDY'S CAR - ROLLING - DAY

Freddy behind the wheel, singing along...

FREDDY/BRYAN ADAMS
 Wouldn't be the first time things
 had gone astray. Now you've thrown
 it all awaaay. Cuts like a knife --

Then he sees it: the HUMVEE LOOMING in his rear view mirror.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAGHDAD STREET - DAY

Freddy wedged over by Humvee One, back-blocked by Humvee Two.
 Freddy tries to get out of the car, but his 'bum' left leg
 slows him down. The guys pile out of the Humvees.

PERRY
 What the Hell, Freddy?

FREDDY
 The man was putting Iraqis in the
 helicopter. I do not go in the
 helicopter. I do not!

MICHAELS
 Outta the fucking car.

Michaels grabs hold, hauls. Freddy SHOUTS something, but a
 moment later he's outside the car, hopping around on his
 right leg. His left leg is gone.

MILLER
 Where the hell's your leg?

FREDDY
 It's in Iran. Since 1987.

Michaels pulls a cheap PROSTHETIC LEG from the car. Freddy smiles. Infectious. Miller can't help but laugh.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
I was going to come back. I swear,
Miller. You gave me the book; I
keep it safe.

He pulls the book from his shirt, hops over on one foot, hands it to Miller. He settles, hops -- settles, hops.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
Where am I going? You have my
reward, my money. I must come
back. After the helicopter goes.

MILLER
The helicopter's gone. And so is
your reward.

FREDDY
Fuck reward. What I need? I need
a job. I am your translator, okay?

Miller doesn't look too keen on the idea.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
Look, look at this guy.

He points at an OLD MAN sitting in the shade across the road.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
What if you need to talk to him?

Freddy SHOUTS something in IRAQI. The old man considers it.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
I asked him if he's seen Saddam
Hussein today? Hmm? Useful?

The old man SHOUTS something back. Freddy smiles, nods.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
He say Saddam is gone but his ghost
will be in Baghdad a long time.

MILLER
Why should we trust you, Freddy?

Freddy puts an arm on Miller to steady himself. But it's more than that. He looks Miller in the eye.

FREDDY

Hey, Miller. For a long time I feel like a man waiting in line for a ticket to die. Now in Baghdad something is happening. I don't wait in the line anymore. Count on me. Trust me. I will not run.

MICHAELS

(still holding leg)
No fucking shit.

FREDDY

Besides, I have a destiny. One day I will do something great for Iraq!

The old man shouts something else.

MILLER

What's he saying now?

FREDDY

First time was free. Second time... It's my job.

MILLER

Okay, translator. What did he say?

FREDDY

He said George Bush is asshole, but god bless America.

CUT TO:

EXT. REPUBLICAN PALACE - GREEN ZONE - DAY

The huge, Sphinx-like heads of Saddam staring down. A military checkpoint outside.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - REPUBLICAN PALACE - DAY

Martin Brown is here. A VTC (video-teleconference) underway.

Besides the military and civilians present, images beam back and forth. Field commanders around Iraq, bureaucrats in D.C., Generals from the Joint Chiefs.

IDEALOGUE

Once the business center is running local Iraqi subcontractors will be able to network and bid. We're facilitating capacity building.

A kind of embarrassed silence follows. Then:

BUREAUCRAT (ON SCREEN)
 Hadn't we better take care of this
 looting first? Can't the Marines
 do something?

MARINE GENERAL
 I did not bring my boys all this
 way to shoot folks stealing rugs.

THREE STAR GENERAL
 We need boots on the ground.
 Here's what you do. Recall units
 of the Iraqi Army. Have 'em guard
 gas stations, electrical towers.
 These are low risk missions.

IDEALOGUE TWO
 (admonishing)
 The Secretary of Defense seems to
 think there are already enough
American boots on the ground.

THREE STAR GENERAL
 The SecDef is in Washington holding
 the slick end of an six thousand
 mile long screwdriver!

Brown's Thuraya starts to flash. He turns away, answers.

BROWN
 Brown... Look I'm in the middle of
 a meeting --

CUT TO:

INT. HUMVEE - BAGHDAD STREETS - DAY

Rolling. Freddy with Miller and Perry. Miller on the horn.

MILLER
 Have you heard of Taha al-Rawi?

INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING:

BROWN
 Yeah, why?

MILLER
 I found him. He was mine.

Caught short, Brown scans a briefing page. No help.

BROWN
I wasn't aware he was in custody.
What happened?

MILLER
Those Task Force 20 pricks grabbed
him. But I hung onto a piece. I
got his notebook.

BROWN
(after a beat)
Where are you?

CUT TO:

EXT. ASSASSIN'S GATE - DAY

Entrance to the Green Zone. Checkpoints. Jersey barriers.
Iraqis queuing up. The Underdog Humvee rolls through.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARADE GROUND - GREEN ZONE - DAY

Looming: the VICTORY ARCH: two sets of gargantuan 12-story-
high CROSSED SWORDS held by GIANT FISTS. The Humvee nears.

POTTS
I read about this in USA Today.
Those fists, they modeled them
after Saddam's actual hands.

MICHAELS
If it was me, I'd have made one
from my dick. Set it right in the
middle like a ramp. Kids could
jump their bikes off of it.

Potts laughs. They drive underneath, passing GIs and
American CIVILIANS having their photos taken. As they turn
down a LUSH AVENUE, the REPUBLICAN PALACE ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. AL-RASHEED HOTEL - GREEN ZONE - DAY

The Underdog Humvee pulls up out front. They pile out.

CUT TO:

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - AL-RASHEED HOTEL - GREEN ZONE - DAY

Miller, Michaels, Freddy, Potts and Perry walk out from the
hotel into surreality. It's muscle bound rock and roll.

The pool now filled. Wonks on cellphones. Soldiers in swimsuits and bikinis with M4s over their shoulders eating out of BURGER KING bags.

MICHAELS
(checks girl's ass)
Ain't that America...

Miller spots Brown at a table ahead..

MILLER
Grab a beer, guys. Sit down.

Miller continues alone. Reaching the table, he hands Brown the General's notebook. Brown flips through it.

BROWN
What do you want?

MILLER
Pull strings. Get me reassigned to your security detail. I'll bring my men.

BROWN
I can't take the whole unit.

MILLER
Just us here.

BROWN
And what do I get in return?

Beyond: Lawrie Dayne arrives in a one-piece SWIMSUIT carrying her laptop. She looks over toward them a beat, then swings legs that won't quit over a towel-draped chaise lounge.

MILLER
You, um, you get everything.
Everything we get goes to you.

Brown looks to see what Miller was looking at.

MILLER (CONT'D)
She was with Zubaidi.

BROWN
Lawrie Dayne. Do you want to fuck her?

MILLER
What?

BROWN

You should. Because she's fucking us. Here's how they work it. White House gets bogus intel from Zubaidi, they leak her a story, she writes it, New York Times prints it. And the next day the Vice President's on Meet the Press quoting the story she wrote that they leaked her in the first place.

As Miller tries to follow this...

MILLER

Who is Zubaidi anyhow?

BROWN

A liar, thief, score settler. The thing he does best is tell Washington what they want to hear. In 1998 I tried to have a burn notice placed on him.

MILLER

What's that?

BROWN

It means he was to be treated as a completely unreliable source of intelligence. I was overruled.

MILLER

By the New York Times?

BROWN

If the neo-cons in D.C. thought anyone would vote for him, the election would be tomorrow.

MILLER

Why?

BROWN

Because he's their beard. He's gonna let them run the crazy free market experiment they're after.

MILLER

Jesus...

BROWN

It's a shitty game you're getting into. You sure you want in?

MILLER
Yeah. Positive.

BROWN
Why? What's it to you?

MILLER
It's my job. It's what I was sent here to do.

BROWN
You'll have to be based here in the Green Zone. I'll put you on my security detail. Out of uniform. Let me get into it.

That's it. Brown stands, heads off. Miller soaks it in.

MICHAELS
Hey, chief? Can we take a dip?
Miller look from the pool, to Dayne, back to Michaels.

MILLER
Don't piss in it.
Miller screws up the courage, heads over to where Dayne has started typing on her laptop. She looks over at him.

DAYNE
The highly quotable Chief Miller.
(re: bloodstains)
What happened to you?

MILLER
Nose bleed. Not very heroic.
She starts typing again. Miller figures he's blown his chance to talk to her. But as she types...

DAYNE
You find any WMD yet?

MILLER
A lot of coal. No diamonds.

DAYNE
Okay, but I'm asking myself, what's this guy from the 75th doing pool side with the Baghdad Chief Of Station?

MILLER

Just started working for him.
Security.

DAYNE

Well, if you find any WMD in your
spare time, let me know, it's kind
of a hobby of mine, too.

MILLER

Can I ask you something?

She stops, looks over at him again.

DAYNE

Sure.

Miller steps over.

MILLER

Okay. You're leaving New York on
your way to a war zone, how'd you
know to pack a swimsuit?

DAYNE

It's a nice one, isn't it?

MILLER

You won't get any argument from me.

DAYNE

Did you bring any condoms with you?

Miller stops short. Huh? She smiles.

DAYNE (CONT'D)

When you left for Iraq.

MILLER

As a matter of fact, yes I did.
One box.

DAYNE

Have you used any of them yet?

MILLER

No, Ma'am, I haven't.

DAYNE

Well, mister, I packed one swimsuit
and here it is. To answer your
question I come prepared. Where I'm
going, I use what I bring. You?

MILLER
I'm working on it.

DAYNE
Let me know if you find anything.

She resumes typing. MOVE WITH Miller as he heads back to the boys with his tail between his legs.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL PALACE - GREEN ZONE - LATE AFTERNOON

Long shadows as Perry stands waiting in front of a marble palace. The Suburban pulls up. The guys pile out, start pulling their gear from the back.

MILLER
Where is it?

PERRY
Right there. We got a whole frigging palace.

CUT TO:

INT. GILT BEDROOM - SMALL PALACE - LATE AFTERNOON

No amount of looting can diminish the whore-house feel of this room. His over-sized duffle slung over his shoulder, Potts enters. He looks around, shakes his head, leaves. A moment later Michaels enters, takes one look.

MICHAELS
This one's mine!

CUT TO:

INT. GILT BEDROOM #2 - SMALL PALACE - SUNSET

Marble galore. Miller's civilian clothes laid out on the bed. He's taking off his uniform. Suddenly the lights flicker to life. We hear CHEERS go up from around the place. As he puts on a shirt, Miller looks up at a fixture torn halfway from the ceiling. Halfway looted, it still works.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - REPUBLICAN PALACE - DUSK

A SIGN reads: no grenades in dining area. A marble-floored, gymnasium-sized with crystal chandeliers overhead. Like an all you can eat cruise ship with salad bar, desert table, and of course, the hot food.

Hotdogs, bacon cheeseburgers, barbecued shredded pork, pork ribs, pork butt sandwiches, sausages, you name it. All served up by Pakistani Muslims in black bow ties.

A private SECURITY GUY wearing a "Who's Your Baghdaddy?" T-shirt moves past a table where:

Potts says a brief unspoken prayer over his pork chops. Miller and McCrae are already eating theirs, though Miller hesitates a beat in deference to Potts.

Michaels arrives, excited at his pile of ribs.

MICHAELS

It don't get any better than this.

He sits down, digs in. Finally Freddy with a bowl of cereal.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)

What the hell's that?

FREDDY

Fruit loops.

(re: food line)

Everything else is pork.

MICHAELS

So when did you become Jewish?

Off this insensitivity...

CUT TO:

EXT. MOSQUE COURTYARD - BAGHDAD - DUSK

Evening call to prayer. 200 foreheads touch the ground. As they sit back up, we see we are featuring the Hawk-Faced Iraqi. Prayer is over. The men begin to stand.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOSQUE - BAGHDAD - NIGHT

The men file out. Hawk-Face LAUGHS with a group of FRIENDS. He pauses to light a cigarette with his gold lighter. That's why he sees the CAR as it BARRELS IN.

MEN dodge. One man is slammed, flies over the hood like a ragdoll. He dies a few moments quicker than anyone else.

VOICE FROM CAR

Allahu akbar!

The cigarette dangles from Hawk-Face's mouth as.... BOOM!

The car EXPLODES! Its front axel whirls end-over-end at us.
The last we see of Hawk-Face he is lying in a twisted lump.

CUT TO:

THE GENERAL'S BLACK BOOK

A double open page of Arabic numerals FLASHED by a bar of light as it is scanned.

INT. CIA OFFICE - CAMP SLAYER - BAGHDAD AIRPORT - DAY

An incongruous combo of gilt-edged furniture, and computer and communications equipment. As a TECH scans the next page, a CIA NERD looks at the page now on his computer screen. Miller and Brown watch over his shoulder.

MILLER

I'm computer forensics. This is code, out of my job description.

(reads)

One-six-eight-four-four-seven...

It could be as simple as one is 'A', two is 'B', but I doubt it.

We're lakeside in the Radwanayah area near the airport. The PERFUME PALACE across the water. Miller is in civvies now.

BROWN

The General, al-Rawi, besides mortaring mustard gas into Kurdish villages in 1991, he's also Iraq's minister of military industries. Including all weapons development programs.

MILLER

WMD?

BROWN

Part of his domain. Tell me about the other men, when you were surveilling, the ones who left ahead of him.

MILLER

Military looking. Younger than him. It was like a meeting he'd called had broken up. They went all separate ways. After he said the notebook belonged to one of them. Said he knew where WMD were. I couldn't tell if he was lying.

It all hangs in the air a moment. The pages of the treasure map still being copied.

BROWN

Any insight as to what military men would meet about? After getting invaded, being defeated?

MILLER

If it was me... Two possibilities. One, they were meeting about how to fight us, or two, how to cut a deal with us.

BROWN

Let's assume number two for now. I imagine the General's spent a very uncomfortable night. Your friendly face might mean more to him today than it did yesterday.

MILLER

Where would Task Force 20 take him?

BROWN

High Value Targets go to Camp Cropper across the airport. Why don't you go out there and offer him a deal. If he'll tell us what he knows, who the book belongs to, I'll have him and his family in Jordan by the end of the week. Plus a million dollars. Cash.

MILLER

How long to raise that kind of money?

Brown pulls the door on a credenza. Inside it's packed with banded bricks of \$100 BILLS. Miller barely believes it.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Wouldn't it be better if you made the offer yourself?

BROWN

I want to keep this on your level. At mine we draw too much attention.

Miller's not completely sold, but's he back in play.

MILLER

I'll tell him you look forward to meeting him.

He nods, goes to get the notebook. The Tech looks to Brown who nods it's okay. As it's handed back over.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP CROPPER - DAY

Across the street from the airport. 'Central booking' for detainees. Converted Republican Guard barracks. Supplicant IRAQI FAMILIES gathered as close as they can get.

TWO BLACK SUBURBANS pull up. Miller arriving with Michaels, Potts, Freddy and Perry. (Plainclothed, but with body armor and weapons.) They pass through a checkpoint, head inside.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEIVING DESK - CAMP CROPPER - DAY

Miller slides his CIA paperwork across to a GUARD.

MILLER

I'm here to see a prisoner.

The GUARD goes through his paperwork. Beyond, several hallways branch off. The center one is the nastiest looking.

FREDDY

I was in prison once. It's good to stay hungry. That way, when they come to beat you, you faint, you pass out much sooner.

The desk guard looks to GUARD TWO, hands off a CLIPBOARD.

GUARD

Childs, take these gentlemen down to thirty-two.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAYS - DETENTION - CAMP CROPPER - DAY

Guard Two leads the way, turns left and then right along blocks of narrow, merciless cells. No windows on the doors, only a small metal slat on the lower part of the door.

An Iraqi, one eye SWOLLEN SHUT, peers out through the slat as they pass. He must be on his stomach. A macabre sight.

As they pass, Potts looking back over his shoulder at him.

They continue, passing 29, 30, 31. Guard two stops, sticks a key in the lock on 32. A beat as he struggles to work it.

GUARD TWO

Here he is...

He swings it open to reveal...

AN EMPTY CELL

A pathetic little heap of bedding on the floor. That's it.

MILLER

Is he being interrogated somewhere?

GUARD TWO

No, no, he's not signed out. He should be here.

Miller sees something on the floor of the cell. He steps in, pinches it up between his fingers. About 3/4s of a FRONT TOOTH. He looks back over at the guard, then ahead...

To the bedding. It's wet, sticky with BLOOD. He lifts it. There's a POOL OF BLOOD on the floor around it. Everyone grim as Miller looks back over his shoulder.

Freddy runs his thumb under his own throat like, 'guy's fucking gone'. Miller to Guard Two:

MILLER

Where's the morgue?

GUARD TWO

I need to get authorization --

MILLER

For what, being an accessory? The morgue! Now!

A beat. As guard two motions them to follow...

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - CAMP CROPPER - DAY

Nothing as unnerving as a chaotic morgue. An extension cord work light hangs from the ceiling. Some bodies are on slabs, some on the floor. Some stacked and covered by plastic sheeting. We get the idea the stink is Stygian too.

Guard two leads Miller and the Boys in.

GUARD TWO

Here it is. Now, I'm gonna have to let someone know you're in here.

He heads out. Miller looks to the guys.

MILLER
Let's find him.

They fan out, begin lifting tarps, unzipping body bags, rolling a few FACE-DOWNS over.

Potts trips over a leg. Fuck! That creeps them out.

Miller crouches down, unzips a bodybag. Some OLD MAN. Another: a guy with a beard. He takes a step to another, unzips... Jackpot. There's the GENERAL, a dark bruised crease across his forehead.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Sonuvabitch...

The guys crowd around, look over the top of Miller.

MILLER (CONT'D)
I mean sonuvabitch! This guy knew.

PERRY
Not anymore...

Another thought hits Miller. Urgent. He zips the bag.

MILLER
Let's get him out of here.

POTTS
What?

MICHAELS
Chief, you okay?

MILLER
I'll explain later. Let's get him out. Before they come back down.

Miller grabs a corner of the bag. A beat and they move to help. As they start hauling the body bag out of there...

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN - MONSOUR NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - DAY

Slow rolling, checking street addresses. Michaels behind the wheel, Miller riding shotgun. Perry, Potts and Freddy across the bench seat. The dark shape of the body bag in the back.

MICHAELS

We are way the fuck off the reservation here, Chief. What would you do, someone showed up with your dead brother in a fucking bag?
"Oh, thanks, have a beer. Or maybe I'll just blow your fucking brains out." That's what I'd do.

MILLER

Here it is.

They stop across from a GATED MANSION. Formidable.

POTTS

Chief, what are we doing?

MILLER

Muslims have to be buried within a day of when they die.

PERRY

So?

But Miller's already climbing out.

MANSOUR STREET

They get out, M4s locked and loaded. Miller a sidearm.

MILLER

You guys, stay here. Freddy, come on.

Miller stands with Freddy. Through a wrought iron gate the house is visible beyond. Freddy SHOUTS up at it in Iraqi.

HOUSE

A YOUNG IRAQI MAN looks down nervously from the house. A SECOND MAN behind him. Both of them have AK-47s.

GATE

Miller and Freddy move to either side. It's starting badly.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Tell them to put the guns down, Freddy.

FREDDY
(to Iraqi men)
*Put down the guns! These are
Americans! To talk about the
general!*

The Iraqis SHOUT, move forward with purpose now.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
(shrugs)
They say liar. They kill me.

Miller shows his all-American face through the grate.

MILLER
United States Government!

Then he ducks back away. The Young Iraqi Man hesitates,
motions the second one to stay back.

YOUNG IRAQI MAN
What is your name?!

MILLER
Miller! I'm here about General al-
Rawi!

YOUNG IRAQI MAN
What can you tell me?! He's gone!
He's missing!

Miller looks back through at him.

MILLER
Who are you?

YOUNG IRAQI MAN
I am his son.

His son... Christ.

MILLER
Okay, come down here, but you gotta
set the guns aside.

As the Young Iraqi sets the AK on the walkway...

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF THE SUBURBAN - PARKED ON STREET - DAY

Door open, the bag zipped open. The Young Iraqi Man looking
at the violence marred face of his father.

The second Iraqi reacting, tries to grab Miller by the throat. Sudden SCREAMING and SHOUTING. Miller shoves him back. Michaels wrestling him into an arm bar.

YOUNG IRAQI MAN

Who did this?! Did you do this!?

Miller doesn't have an answer. He certainly started the ball rolling. Now people are coming out of other houses.

MILLER

Freddy, tell them to get back inside.

(to Young Iraqi Man)

He died in custody. But I don't know how.

The son runs his fingers over the crease on his father's forehead. Swallows back his grief, his anger.

YOUNG IRAQI MAN

Will you help me carry him inside?

CUT TO:

EXT. WALKWAY TO HOUSE - DAY

As the Young Iraqi, Miller, Potts and Freddy carry the General up the walkway on their shoulders.

An IRAQI WOMAN comes down. As she sees the General's face, she WAILS, clutches at the body. The Young Iraqi Man takes hold of his mother. Perry steps in to shoulder the burden.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - IRAQI HOUSE - DAY

Miller waits here. Through a doorway, he can see into the kitchen. The General's naked body is on the kitchen table. TWO OLDER IRAQI MEN carefully wash it, murmuring PRAYERS.

The Young Iraqi Man enters. They both watch a beat.

YOUNG IRAQI MAN

We thought he was kidnapped, maybe assassinated. We didn't know the Americans wanted him dead as well.

Miller's instinct is to deny this, but the man is dead.

YOUNG IRAQI MAN (CONT'D)

He was a leader. A great man.

A frustrated silence. The son chokes up, masters himself. He points at a photo on a side table: the General and Hawk-Face. Both in uniform.

YOUNG IRAQI MAN (CONT'D)
His friend. Killed this morning.
Bombed. We thought Shias maybe.
But maybe you.

MILLER
I didn't kill your father --

YOUNG IRAQI MAN
What do you want?

Miller takes out the black book, hands it to the son.

MILLER
He had this book. It's in some
kind of code. I was hoping someone
here could help.

He pages through it, hands it back to Miller. With finality:

YOUNG IRAQI MAN
It is not my father's handwriting.
Not his book. Now, excuse me --

MILLER
Whoever killed your father did it
to find out who this belonged to.
I need to find that person before
they do.

YOUNG IRAQI MAN
If you're not going to arrest me,
please leave my house.

Miller takes out a Thuraya phone.

MILLER
Ask people about it. If you find
someone, call me. My number's here
on the back.

The Young Iraqi looks at him incredulously.

YOUNG IRAQI MAN
Why should I do anything for you?

MILLER
Because, I brought his body home to
be buried.

The Young Iraqi Man considers him, finally takes the phone. Without another word, he turns and leaves Miller there. As Miller watches the ablutions a beat.

CUT TO:

INT. AL-RASHEED HOTEL STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The overspill FOLKS on the stairs, drunk on Coors Lite. Hank Williams Jr.'s *All My Rowdy Friends Are Coming Over Tonight* blasts. Miller, Perry and Michaels on their way down. MOVE WITH them as they come off the stairs and enter...

THE SHEHEREZADE BAR

A good sized crowd. Green Zone Bureaucrats, older Garner folks, younger CPA types, private security dudes, paper pushers. The ratio of men to women is north of 8 to 1.

Miller, Michaels and Perry passing snippets of conversation as they make their way to the bar.

PRIVATE SECURITY GUY

Then BAM! Like God himself pimp-slapped this dude off his feet.

Big LAUGHS. Our guys make it to the bar. To the left:

ASSISTANT

He keeps saying Intifada so when he leaves the room I look it up in the dictionary. Not there. And I can't Google it cuz the internet's down. I want to kill myself.

To their right:

POUNDSTONE

I really see politics as an expression of personal morality.

It's Poundstone - Zubaidi's guy - holding court with some young NEO-CONS. He looks at Miller. An awkward beat.

Miller looks away, sees across the room - Lawrie Dayne. A beacon through a sea of heads. She doesn't see him.

DAYNE

Being hit on like a building surrounded by wrecking balls.

MUSCLEBOUND

I don't hate Muslims. At all.
It's like my pastor says: Hate the
sin, but love the sinner.

As she tries to formulate a response, she sees Miller
arriving over musclebound's very thick shoulder.

DAYNE

Chief Miller!

MILLER

Ms. Dayne. Buy you a drink?

He has a bottle of BEER in either hand.

DAYNE

I don't think I have room.

She gestures to a round DRINK TABLE at her elbow. It is
literally covered with cocktails, shots, and beers.

Miller is suddenly aware of all the male eyes on him: fuck
off they all seem to be saying. Eight's a crowd.

MILLER

I'll come back later maybe.

She watches as he turns back the way he came. As the guys
around her resume, Dayne grabs a bottle of CHAMPAGNE off the
table and heads after him. She hooks her arm into his.

DAYNE

You're never gonna use up those
condoms if you give up this easy.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZAWRA PARK - BAGHDAD - NIGHT

Across the street from the al-Rasheed. Dayne slows to a stop
as Miller works on getting the cork off the bottle.

DAYNE

Either the world is being run by
smart people who aren't taking
things seriously or by imbeciles
who are really working at it.

Pop! As bubbly runs down the sides, Miller realizes...

MILLER

No glasses.

Kind of sexy as she drinks directly from the bottle. She hands it back. Miller swigs himself. She laughs as it bubbles up out of the bottle. He leans out so he won't drip.

DAYNE

Where are you from, Miller?

MILLER

Ohio, but nowhere really. My dad was always moving us. Always trying for something new, or somewhere the bill collectors didn't know where to find him.

DAYNE

When did you join the Army?

MILLER

Day I got out of high school.

DAYNE

Why?

MILLER

Don't you get tired of asking questions?

DAYNE

Don't you get tired of looking for answers?

Stalemate. Somewhere in the night: the distant POP OF GUNFIRE. She takes the bottle, drinks. They listen.

MILLER

That's ours. Those are M4 rounds.

DAYNE

You know what someone told me today about getting shot? They said get hit and you'll be choppered to a field hospital here in twenty minutes. Get hit bad, Luhnstahl in Germany in five hours. Get killed --

MILLER

They'll have you home in a week.

DAYNE

You heard it too, huh?

Miller nods, another round of swigs. She looks off into the darkness the park.

DAYNE (CONT'D)

They say Uday Hussein's tiger is loose in there someplace.

She obviously thinks that's cool.

MILLER

This is all a big adventure to you, isn't it?

She turns to look him straight in the eye.

DAYNE

Right. And you and Martin Brown are just punching the clock. You love it as much as I do. For anyone with real ambition, Iraq is the place to be right now.

MILLER

I hadn't thought of it that way.

DAYNE

Hadn't you?

(leans in)

Ambition's not a dirty word you know. Not even in a war zone.

She's close enough to kiss right now.

DAYNE (CONT'D)

It beats being in Ohio with the bill collectors, doesn't it?

How can someone so not his type be such a fucking turn-on? Sounds of merriment, drunkenness spilling from the hotel.

DAYNE (CONT'D)

We're witness to the neo-con rapture. You do have to admire their balls. They rolled right through here when the rest of the world said don't. They're really going to roll the dice. Through this city, this country, the whole region. And they're only just now going to fire the starting gun.

A final beat. His ardor cooling as he thinks.

POUNDSTONE'S VOICE

Hey, Dayne! Dayne!

There's Poundstone casting about by the hotel entrance.

DAYNE

Over here!

(to Miller)

I gotta go. I got more questions to ask.

She hands him the rest of the bottle. He watches her as she heads back toward the hotel. Goddamn....

Then in the dark behind Miller, distant but clear, a TIGER YOWLS. As Miller looks back over his shoulder...

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN - ROLLING THROUGH GREEN ZONE - DAY

Miller and Freddy in the back. Potts drives. They stop to pick up Brown who now rides shotgun. Getting in, he slams the door, in a foul mood. He holds a New York Times.

BROWN

You've lived your whole live in Iraq, haven't you, Freddy? Have you ever heard of Ahmed Zubaidi?

FREDDY

No never.

BROWN

Interesting. He may be the next leader of your country.

FREDDY

We have an expression in Iraq: *Min warrah?* Who's behind him?

BROWN

Teach it to Miller. He needs to learn it.

As Miller ponders the aggression, Brown reads from the paper.

BROWN (CONT'D)

An ardent proponent of de-Baathification, Zubaidi and the F.I.R. have been credited with rounding up one third of the Baathists from the Pentagon's most wanted list now in custody. "Since 1968," says Zubaidi, "the Baathists have perpetuated a culture of fear. It's a fear that will remain, until the Baath Party is no more."

Brown tosses the paper back at Miller.

BROWN (CONT'D)
Please tell me you've fucked her.

MILLER
Did you wake up with a hair across
your ass or what?

BROWN
Yes goddamnit!
(points at palace)
They've decided to de-Baathify!
Cleanse! Bremer's signs the order
today! Not just the top officials,
but everyone! Gone! Doctors,
teachers, grunt civil servants

Nearing the REPUBLICAN PALACE, Potts holds his credentials to
the windshield, drives through a beefed up checkpoint.

BROWN (CONT'D)
Not to mention the 50,000 hard-core
members it'll force underground
overnight! Underground, on the
street and all of them angry at
Americans! We're driving this
country off a fucking cliff!

They come to a stop. As Brown gets out, Miller follows.

BROWN (CONT'D)
Wait here!

They watch as Brown heads inside. Miller shakes his head,
looks down at the paper: Lawrie Dayne's page one byline.

A discouraged beat. And then his Thuraya chirps to life. He
digs it out, answers...

MILLER
Hello?

IRAQI VOICE
Is this Miller?

MILLER
Yeah, who's this?

IRAQI VOICE
My name is Seyyed. I believe you
are looking for me.

Miller sits up straight. Fuck, it's on! As he tries to think how the hell to proceed...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - BAGHDAD - DAY

Life trying to resemble normal. Seyyed stands in a doorway on the Thursday that Miller gave the General's son.

SEYYED

You have my notebook. I understand that you are looking for me.

INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING:

Miller can't believe it.

MILLER

Yes I am.

SEYYED

What is your name?

MILLER

Miller.

SEYYED

You are with the CIA, yes?

Miller isn't quite sure how to answer. He decides to follow the question's lead.

MILLER

Yes.

SEYYED

You still want more proof, isn't that so?

Still? Proof? Behind the curve, Miller plays along.

MILLER

Yes.

SEYYED

Even after everything I've told you.

MILLER

Um, I'm sorry. It's just the way it is.

SEYYED

Do you have a pencil?

He pats himself down, doesn't.

MILLER

Hold on...

(to guys)

Pencil! Pencil!

Potts grabs one of the dash, hands it back.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Okay, got one.

SEYYED

This notation is a latitude
longitude.

As Miller begins scribbling it down...

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - AIRBORNE - DAY

Descending on the impromptu LZ. Miller and the boys inside.
A BULLDOZER and men seen working below.

CUT TO:

EXT. JABAL HAMRIN - NORTH OF BAGHDAD - DAY

Mountains visible in the background as the helicopter lands.
They disembark. Miller shakes hands with the MET Bravo
CHIEF. He leads them over to where a dig is underway. The
sand has been scraped back to reveal the edges of a BLACKENED
PIT. CBISTS at MOPP-4 take readings.

Guys gathering around. A BUZZ in the air. A MET Bravo EOD
kicks at the flattened, BATTERED METAL being unearthed.

BRAVO EOD

That is a SCUD missile. That's
another one there. Two of 'em.

SCUDS! As everyone reacts...

BRAVO EOD (CONT'D)

They probably used a bulldozer
bucket. Like ours right there.

(motioning)

Laid 'em out here and wham-wham-
wham, flattened 'em like that.

BRAVO CBIST

See the black sand? SCUD's maybe had mustard gas or nerve agent in them. So the Iraqis doused it all in gasoline to incinerate it.

BRAVO EOD

We found a bunch of empty fuel barrels over yonder.

MET BRAVO CHIEF

So is this the goddamn smoking gun?

The million dollar question. The CBIST shrugs.

BRAVO CBIST

Once the site forensics come in I think you'll find this stuff's been buried here a long time.

POTTS

How long is long?

BRAVO CBIST

Put it this way. This would've been good intel, five years ago.

Disappointment, but Miller's moved way past it. He's thinking. A bad, crazy thought. He pulls Potts aside.

MILLER

This guy Seyyed. He's not saying he knows where the WMD are; he's saying he knows where they're not. He's saying Iraq destroyed them all like they were supposed to. The hunt for these things is bullshit.

Ominously, Miller's Thuraya starts to ring. He answers.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Miller.

SEYYED'S VOICE

Are you there? At the site?

MILLER

Yes.

SEYYED'S VOICE

Now do you believe me? Is that enough proof?

CUT TO:

EXT. BAGHDAD ROOFTOP - DAY

The unfathomable sprawl of Baghdad beyond. Seyyed on the roof, on the Thuraya phone.

MILLER'S VOICE
When were they destroyed?

INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING:

SEYYED
In 1999.

MILLER
Why didn't you confirm it with the
U.N. inspection teams?

SEYYED
Saddam. He wants the sanctions
lifted, but he needs to look
strong. To the Iranians, the
Shiites, and even his friends.

MILLER
And you supervised the destruction
of the Scuds?

SEYYED
Yes. Everything. All WMD. The
general placed me in charge. The
transportation, the disposal. They
couldn't exist without me knowing.

MILLER
I'll make a deal with you. I'll
get you and your family to safety.
I'll get you money.

SEYYED
How can I trust you? I've lost
more friends since the invasion
ended then while it was happening.

MILLER
I'll bring a witness.

SEYYED
Who?

MILLER
The CIA, the Chief of Station here.

SEYYED
(grim laugh)
No, one of you is enough. Someone
else.

It hits Miller. He knows who to bring.

MILLER
How about a reporter?

SEYYED
Which newspaper?

MILLER
New York Times. Her name is Lawrie
Dayne. Look her up. D-a-y-n-e.

Seyyed takes out a pad and pencil, writes Dayne.

SEYYED
I'll meet you tonight. Do you know
the Adhamiya Souk?

Miller pumps his fist in victory.

MILLER
I'll find it.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALIBURTON HOUSING TRAILERS - GREEN ZONE - LATE DAY

Miller moving past numbered HOUSING TRAILERS. Finds the one,
knocks on the door. Light spills as Dayne answers.

DAYNE
I'm working, Miller.

MILLER
How'd you like the story of the
year?

DAYNE
Let me guess. You found bigfoot.

MILLER
Suppose I could prove that the big
roll of the dice you were talking
about was all based on a lie?

DAYNE
I'm listening.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL PALACE - GREEN ZONE - SUNSET

The boys tool up. Velcro RIPS as they adjust their body armor. They check their sidearms, slap clips into M4s.

MICHAELS

That's the sound of pure sex right there.

Potts sees something, pats Miller on the arm.

POTTS

Hey, Chief...

Another suburban stops across the street. Poundstone gets out with another man: prematurely gray, evangelical, MR. ROSE. Miller meets them in the middle of the quiet street.

POUNDSTONE

I hope we're not interrupting you, Chief Miller. This is --

MILLER

What do you want?

POUNDSTONE

Mr. Rose... He's with the OSP over at the Pentagon.

MILLER

Sorry, but I haven't been at this end of things that long. OSP?

MR. ROSE

Office of Special Plans. We develop alternative intelligence assessments. We're a counterpoint to the CIA.

POUNDSTONE

It was the OSP who identified an operational relationship between Saddam and Al Qaeda.

MILLER

Right. You're the WMD experts.

MR. ROSE

Yes, we are one of a few groups who posited that an arsenal had been maintained and is out there. Should we step out of the street?

MILLER

(staying put)

How do you guys work it? You just start gluing feathers together hoping that you get a duck?

Mr. Rose maintains his equanimity. Guys splash in the pool.

MR. ROSE

Those weapons will be found.

POUNDSTONE

We think they were moved to Syria.

MILLER

What do you want? I'm busy.

Mr. Rose leans in. The world gets a little smaller.

MR. ROSE

Ahmed Zubaidi. He's the best hope for this country.

MILLER

I don't have a vote. And I really don't like how he got here.

MR. ROSE

It doesn't matter. What matters is, he's here. And he's the man. Everything else is ancient history.

Miller waits, knows there's more.

MR. ROSE (CONT'D)

We know you're in contact with an Iraqi internal. We'd like to find him before he does any more damage.

MILLER

Why don't you ask Mr. Zubaidi?

MR. ROSE

We have, but...

(after a beat)

We'd appreciate anything you could do to help us win this war.

Nothing stated. Everything made clear. Finally:

MILLER

Tell me something. You think bull-shit ever gets tired of stinking?

MR. ROSE
Excuse me?

MILLER
You guys do not pass my smell test.

Mr. Rose looks at Poundstone, will be reaming him shortly.

MR. ROSE
Thanks for your time, Mr. Miller.

MILLER
Fuck off.

Mr. Rose considers him. Then they turn, get back in their car. As it pulls away...

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - AL-RASHEED HOTEL - NIGHT

Miller enters full of purpose, looks, spots...

Brown sitting in the corner drinking a gin & tonic. The end of the world has arrived even before Miller hurries over.

MILLER
Seyyed wants to come in. Tonight.

Miller's excitement tempered by Brown shaking his head.

BROWN
No way. It's off. Tell him to stay where he is. In fact, tell him to lose himself out there. He's not coming in.

MILLER
I don't get it.

BROWN
No? Well, put it on the list of things you don't get.

Brown plows down half his drink.

MILLER
What are you talking about?

BROWN
Let's just say I've had a recent agency policy shift very clearly explained to me tonight. WMD? They do not matter anymore.

MILLER
They sure the fuck do!

BROWN
Sit down. Lower your voice.

Miller puts his hands up... Truce. He sits.

BROWN (CONT'D)
They broke the code. The latitude-longitude gave them the key. That notebook had the locations of twelve Iraqi Army Officers. All high value targets. Task Force 20 is rounding them up now.

Miller looks at him a beat, betrayed.

MILLER
You sold them out.

BROWN
They all have blood on their hands. And I didn't decide it. I don't run the Agency in case I gave you that impression.

Brown raises his glass, toasts Miller.

BROWN (CONT'D)
Here's to the popping of your Iraqi cherry.

As he goes to drink, Miller swats the glass away. CRASH!

MILLER
You knew all this. When he called me, the way he phrased things, it was like he'd been waiting for the CIA to reclaim him. You've been looking for him all along.

BROWN
(cops to it)
Looking for someone. We didn't know who he was.

MILLER
Why didn't anything he reported get checked out?

BROWN
The intel got kicked up through the Pentagon.

(MORE)

BROWN (CONT'D)

At that time they were vetting all
internal Iraqi intel through
Zubaidi and the F.I.R.

Zubaidi. The light bulb switches on.

BROWN (CONT'D)

But the F.I.R. never reported back.
That was it. End of the line.

MILLER

Because it wasn't the story they
were selling.

BROWN

(deeply frustrated)
It still isn't. I tried my best,
but I can't swim up a waterfall.
It's over. Shit happens. It's
called history.

MILLER

I am bringing this guy in. I
promised. I made a deal with him.

BROWN

So?

MILLER

So my word still counts! Do you
understand? You have got to give
me till morning!

Brown looks at him, decides something.

BROWN

What are you going to do with
yourself now that there's no WMD to
find?

MILLER

If that's the answer to the
mystery, I'll file my report on
that story, too.

BROWN

You got till sunrise.

MILLER

(stands; heads out)
This is going to work. You'll see.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREEN ZONE BOULEVARD - NEAR TRAILERS - NIGHT

Dayne waits on the corner, in her own FLAK VEST marked press, a LEICA slung over her shoulder. The Suburbans pull up. Miller leans out the window.

MILLER

You ready?

DAYNE

Born and bred.

As Dayne climbs inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUGE TRAFFIC ROUNDABOUT - BAGHDAD - NIGHT

Freddy sitting in his parked Corolla, SINGING ALONG as usual.

FREDDY

Here I am! Rock you like a
hurricaaaaane!

He turns off the tape as two Suburbans pull up: Miller, Perry and Dayne in the lead; Michaels and Potts in the follow.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Where to, boss?

MILLER

Adhamiya Souk.

Freddy hesitates at the name.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Come on, Freddy. We can't be late.

FREDDY

No, these cars are too big for the
souk. You can't drive them there.
I bring mine, too.

MILLER

(decides)

Okay. Follow us.

As Freddy goes back to the Corolla.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL BANK SQUARE - BAGHDAD - NIGHT

The Suburbans pass followed by the Corolla. U.S. SOLDIERS still guard the burned looted CENTRAL BANK BUILDING.

Michaels behind the wheel of the follow Suburban.

MICHAELS

It was so hot today my fucking
deodorant stick melted. You
believe that?

POTTS

You could try a Jolly Rancher under
each arm. Lime maybe.

As they roll on...

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED CONSTRUCTION LOT - BAGHDAD - NIGHT

TF-20 parked here. TWO HUMVEES. EIGHT MEN. Lt. Briggs sits in the open door of his Humvee watching a GPS monitor. As he squelches down some interference, a GREEN DOT appears.

BRIGGS

We're in business. Mount up!

Inserting his radio earpiece, Briggs climbs in the Humvees. It and the other roll out.

As Briggs regards the GPS blip, we can only wonder where the signal is coming from.

CUT TO:

FREDDY'S COROLLA

Pulling up to where the Suburbans have stopped...

EXT. ADHAMIYA SOUK - BAGHDAD - NIGHT

The streets narrow ahead. No way they're getting through there. Freddy grins at Miller who's stepping out.

FREDDY

It was built for camels... And
Corollas.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIGGS' HUMVEE - NIGHT

Pulled over. The green dot on Briggs' GPS is stationary.

BRIGGS
They've stopped.

The driver looks ahead to the narrow alleys.

DRIVER
We won't get through there in this.

In answer, Briggs unhooks the GPS tracker.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - BUILDING - NIGHT

Freddy calling reassurances out to nervous tenants as Miller, Dayne, Perry, Michaels and Potts head up the stairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAGHDAD ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Miller and the others step up, survey the scene below.

The souk opens to a LITTLE SQUARE. Miller points out a CAFE.

MILLER
That must be the cafe he described.
(checks watch)
Ten minutes.

PERRY
(points across the way)
We can set up on that corner there.

MILLER
No. I want you guys out of sight.
I'll bring him to you. Don't want
any American faces scaring him off.

FREDDY
(to Perry)
I could watch. With no American
face. I could be on the radio to
you. I put my car the same place.

Perry looks to Miller. Miller hesitates.

PERRY
Come on, Chief. You never know.

MILLER
(to Freddy)
Stay low. And keep the music off.

Pleased, Freddy gives him a thumbs up. As they start off.

CUT TO:

EXT. ADHAMIYA SOUK - BAGHDAD - NIGHT

Back down by the Suburbans. Miller takes off his vest, hands it to Michaels.

DAYNE
What are you doing?

MILLER
Wouldn't be right. He's not going to have one on.

Dayne looks to the guys. They just shrug.

DAYNE
I hope you know what your doing.

MILLER
(grins)
There's a first time for everything. Come on.

They head out, the two of them.

PERRY
Stay frosty, chief.

He doesn't look back, but waves that he will. MOVE WITH THEM as they wend, enter...

EXT. LITTLE SQUARE - ADHAMIYA SOUK - BAGHDAD - NIGHT

Merchants haggling. GUYS wheeling CARTS every which way. MOVE WITH Miller and Dayne as they walk past carpet stalls, a silver plate display, samovars. In another world they might be a couple on vacation.

DAYNE
You really think this guy can prove there are no WMD?

MILLER
All I know is, whatever he can prove? It's scaring the piss out of a few people.

DAYNE

Problem is, it's war. And it's late. I'm not sure who's going to listen.

MILLER

You'll make them listen.

DAYNE

Right. As soon as I make my mea culpa. I wrote some of those WMD stories. And I stand by them till I'm proven wrong. But...
(smiles)
'All the news that's fit to print' as we say.

They reach the CAFE, sit. Dayne sets her Leica on the table.

FREDDY'S COROLLA

Crawls up a narrow alley that widens just before the square. Freddy pulls over. From here he has a view of Miller and Dayne maybe about sixty yards away. He keys his radio mic.

FREDDY

I see them. I see them good.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKED SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Perry, Potts and Michaels on the other end of the call.

PERRY

Okay, man, keep your eyes open.

CUT TO:

EXT. A VERY NARROW ALLEY - NIGHT

Even the Corolla couldn't pass through here. Buildings loom, practically touch as Seyyed makes his way along. He slows down as the walkway opens to space. Peeks out.

It's the square! There are Miller and Dayne over there.

Seyyed reaches into his pocket, pulls out an old MAGAZINE. It's folded open to a list of article contributors. In a little box is a PICTURE OF DAYNE. He compares it to the girl sitting across the way. Satisfied it's the same girl, he shoves the magazine back in his pocket.

Then he scans the square as a whole. The Corolla is there obscured at the far end, but it doesn't draw his attention. In fact, everything seems okay.

All the same, Seyyed turns, heads back the way he came.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY DOORWAY - NIGHT

Ayad waits here. He holds the hand of a nervous IRAQI WOMAN. Ayad gets up on toes so he can see further down the alley. Relief as he sees Seyyed coming toward them.

SEYYED
*They're waiting for me. Everything
is fine.*

Impulsively Ayad leaps forward, wraps his arms around his father. Seyyed tousles his hair. Reaching into his pocket, he hands the Thuraya to the woman.

SEYYED (CONT'D)
I should be able to call you.

She nods. Seyyed pries Ayad loose.

SEYYED (CONT'D)
Do what Auntie tells you. Yes?

Ayad pinches the tears from his eyes, nods.

AYAD
Papa, I don't want you to go.

SEYYED
*This, what I am doing, this is for
us all. OK?*

AYAD
OK.

He hugs his son goodbye, looks across to his sister.

SEYYED
I'll see you soon.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE - ADHAMIYA SOUK - BAGHDAD - NIGHT

Dayne sits up a little straighter.

DAYNE ELLIS
Is this him? Here he comes.

Miller looks over. A DARK-EYED IRAQI headed straight for them. Not Seyyed. As he looms...

DARK EYES
 To drink?

He's the waiter. Dayne lets out a breath, tense...

MILLER
 Coca-Cola.

DAYNE
 Some tea.

As the waiter heads off.

MILLER
 Just relax.

DAYNE
 I'm relaxed. I'm very relaxed.

MILLER
 (looking past her)
 Hey, this might be him.

She looks over her shoulder, sees Seyyed crossing toward them. Looking almost elegant. Miller stands to greet him.

FREDDY

Sitting up a little straighter as he watches it go down.

FREDDY
 He's here. He's here.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKED SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Potts, Perry and Michaels on edge.

MICHAELS
 Keep talking. We want everything.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER ALLEY - NIGHT

Briggs pretending to look at a rack of books. He has a view of the cafe, of Seyyed sitting down with Miller and Dayne. Briggs keys his own mic.

BRIGGS

Three's a crowd. Three's a --

PROPRIETER

You buy? You buy?

The guy who owns the book stall is in his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. TABLE - LITTLE SQUARE CAFE - NIGHT

Seyyed, Dayne and Miller. Seyyed gestures about them.

SEYYED

I picked this place because when I was a boy my father brought me here for sweets, for candy.

FREDDY

Watching, but his attention taken by the rearview mirror:

A MAN pushing a CART up the alley. The man stops behind the Corolla, reaches under a tarp to whatever he's carrying. A moment later he is walking back the way he came.

A SECOND MAN steps up from nowhere, pushes the cart past the Corolla and into the square. He hardly looks out of place as a few other carts are being moved about.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

What are they doing now, Freddy?
Chief doesn't have his tongue down
her throat, does he?

FREDDY

Something is wrong.

As Michaels demands to know what that is... Freddy watches as the second man leaves the cart about thirty feet from the cafe and continue on his way.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Fuck...

Deciding instantly, Freddy flicks his cigarette away, hits the gas. The Corolla's tires squeal as it lurches forward.

CAFE

Miller and Dayne and Seyyed looking over as the Corolla barrels in, its HORN BLARING.

BRIGGS

Still by the books, hearing the horn, he takes a step over.

COROLLA

Brakes screeching as it stops between the cart and the table. And Freddy flies out the door, peg-legging toward them.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Down! Down!

They're pushing back from the table - Seyyed's eyes widening with realization - but before anyone can react properly...

BOOOOOM!!! The cart EXPLODES! The COROLLA FLIPS taking the brunt of one side of the blast.

Freddy is launched through the air.

The cafe tables and chairs and patrons are swept back like God was wiping off a table top.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEARBY BAGHDAD NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Several blocks away, Ayad and his Aunt stop short at the sound of the bomb. She hugs him close, mumbles a PRAYER.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKED SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Michaels, Potts and Perry headed in on foot with their M4s.

CUT TO:

EXT. TF-20 HUMVEES - SIDE STREET - NIGHT

On alert. Reacting to the blast as well.

TF-20 TECH
(on radio)
Briggs, you there!? Briggs?

CUT TO:

BRIGGS

Extricates himself from the blow-back. Banged up, but alive.

FREDDY

Sits dazed in the middle of the square. Blood runs out of one of his ears.

CAFE AREA

Miller and Dayne tangled together. Covered in dust and grime. Alive though. In one piece.

MILLER
You okay?

DAYNE
Jesus, I think so...

Miller stands, looks around, realizes.

MILLER
He's gone. Shit.

Miller's head is on a swivel, but Seyyed is nowhere in sight.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Seyyed makes his way down. Checking over his shoulder, but no one is following. He stumbles on.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEARBY BAGHDAD NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The smoke visible as it rises beyond. Ayad can't take it. He breaks away from his Aunt, RUNS BACK that way.

AYAD
Papa!

AUNT
Ayad! Ayad!

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE SQUARE - ADHAMIYA SOUK - NIGHT

Chaos. Iraqis emerge from their shop and homes. A stall fire burns. The wounded writhe and the dead lie crumbled including the dark eyed waiter. Michaels, Potts and Perry arrive along with half a dozen TF-20 boys and Briggs.

Briggs, blood running from a gash on his cheek, turns over the waiter's bloody body. Miller sees him.

MILLER
What the fuck are you doing here?

BRIGGS
Is this him? Where is he?

Miller doesn't answer, just looks at him. As the TF-20 guys harass the locals for info, Briggs joins them.

Perry crouches down by Freddy.

PERRY
You okay, Freddy?

As Freddy nods, Potts and Michaels to Miller.

POTTS
Was it Seyyed?

MILLER
No, he was as surprised as I was.

Beyond, Briggs questions Dayne who sits on a lone chair. She looks up at him, her answer: a shrug.

MILLER (CONT'D)
What are you doing here, Briggs!?

Briggs ignores him, confers with one of his men. Some Iraqis are beginning to react angrily to the TF-20 aggression.

Potts sees something.

Little AYAD. Going from one wounded to another. Frantic.

POTTS
Hey, Chief. Chief.

MILLER

Yeah?

POTTS

Remember when we dug up that soccer field? I know that kid.

MICHAELS

Nice, Potts, give him some candy.

POTTS

No, that's the thing. Then later, when we surveilled the General, he was outside there, too. I remember him cuz he's the only kid in Iraq who wouldn't take candy from me.

MILLER

He was outside the General's?

POTTS

When the meeting broke, he left with one of the guys who came out. Was probably his dad or something.

MILLER

And he's looking for him now...
That's our guy's kid.

DAYNE

Still sitting. Not quite in shock, but shook up. Absurdly, she sees her Leica over in some debris. She stands, retrieves it. Then she sees Miller and his boys in quiet discussion.

MILLER & CO.

Watching Ayad exhaust his possibilities. He's near an alley.

MILLER (CONT'D)

(to Perry)

Stay with Freddy. Don't let anybody take him.

Ayad disappears up the alley.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Miller, Potts and Michaels take off after him.

DAYNE

Frowns as she watches Miller go.

And then... POP! POP! POP! Small arms fire starts from a ROOFTOP. Iraqis visible in jagged beats up there.

BRIGGS

Directs FIRE to the roof. Uses his NIGHT VISION to scan.

PERRY

Pulls Freddy to his feet, moves off for cover.

DAYNE

One last look toward Briggs and the boys and then she heads for the alley.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWN THE ALLEY - NIGHT

Ayad moving fast, just dipping out of sight. Miller, Potts and Michaels following. Michaels hears the shots.

MICHAELS

They're shooting...

POTTS

Their problem! Come on!

CUT TO:

EXT. FURTHER BACK DOWN THE ALLEY - NIGHT

Dayne stops as the alley forks, looks to an OLD IRAQI MAN.

DAYNE

Americans?

He points. She goes.

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE SQUARE - NIGHT

Chunks of concrete hit the ground as the heavy rounds of TF-20 slam the roof top. TRACERS takes a short bright run.

Briggs is behind Freddy's car. Scans the roofline. Nothing moving. He then checks the GPS. The green dot is moving. Briggs looks back toward the alley. Deciding, he follows.

CUT TO:

THE LEICA

Bouncing on Dayne's back as she motors down the alley.

CUT TO:

AYAD

Still moving quick, not quite running until he happens to...

Look over his shoulder: sees Miller duck out of sight. And now he runs.

MILLER

The kid made us!

They take off after him.

CUT TO:

BRIGGS

Trying to follow the green dot. The maze-like streets not cooperating. But Briggs like a force of nature now.

CUT TO:

AYAD

Leaps, scrambles up and over a wall. Then the pursuit:

Miller, Michaels and Potts go over the wall after him.

Then Dayne. She skirts the wall's perimeter. Going around.

CUT TO:

COURTYARD

Ayad bounding through disappearing down the middle. It's a rabbit warren in here.

Miller, Michaels and Potts dash up unsure. Michaels looks back again at the gunfire still echoing behind them.

MILLER

(to Potts)

Go left.

(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)
(to Michaels)
Go right.

Miller takes the middle. The others disappear on the sides.

AYAD

Dashing through the rabbit warren.

POTTS

Just catching a glimpse of Ayad, speeds up.

DAYNE

Hurrying along the wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. RABBIT WARREN - NIGHT

Michaels moving up, turns a corner, almost runs smack into an IRAQI MALE coming the other way. Dark-eyed, scary, but with the M4 in his face probably more scared than Michaels is.

MICHAELS
You wanna be a martyr? I'm here to help...

The Iraqis eyes dart to the left at a sound. Movement somewhere in the dark. Michaels puts a finger over his lips, motions Iraqi off with his eyes. The guy scoots.

Michaels creeps toward the sound.

He turns hard left toward the sound. There! Movement! Gun!

Michaels lets loose a burst from his M4 --

-- and SHOTS POTTS! He flops back.

MICHAELS (CONT'D)
Oh no!

DAYNE

Freezes as she hears, not to far off...

MICHAELS' VOICE
(agonized)
No!

MICHAELS

Michaels drops his gun, cradles Potts who's already dead.
Jolly Ranchers spill out of his pockets.

MICHAELS
Mutherfucker... Potts...

MILLER VOICE
(over radio earpiece)
What was that?! Hello?

As Michaels falls apart...

CUT TO:

MILLER

No answer. Miller hesitates, then sees Ayad streak by a line
of washing off down to the left. (He doesn't see Miller.) As
Miller takes off after him...

CUT TO:

AYAD'S AUNT - RABBIT WARREN NEIGHBORHOOD

Looking distraught, she makes her way up a short walk, opens
a door and enters...

INT. A DIRT FLOOR APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cracked plaster walls. Carpets on dirt floors. No lights.
She moves to light a candle, reacts to a dark shape.

SEYYED
It's me.

As at least some relief floods in...

SEYYED (CONT'D)
Where's Ayad?

AUNT
He heard the explosion, he ran
back. I didn't know what to do --

Seyyed takes her by the shoulders.

SEYYED
*I'll find him. If he comes back,
 tell him to stay.*

Seyyed heads out.

CUT TO:

BRIGGS

Stopped still. Scanning a courtyard with his night vision.
 There! A green shape runs by across an alley mouth! Dayne?

As Briggs moves...

CUT TO:

AYAD

Almost home. He looks back one last time. Doesn't see
 anyone. Turns. Meets Seyyed on his way out.

CUT TO:

As Seyyed is on his way out, Ayad is bursting in.

AYAD

Papa!

Throws himself into Seyyed's arms. Hugs him tight. A beat
 as Seyyed reassures him. Then he sees past to where...

Miller, out of breath, pointing his .45. Ayad looks back.

MILLER

It's okay, kid. I'm a friend of
 your father's.

SEYYED

Are you?

MILLER

Inside.

They head in, Miller behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. DIRT FLOOR APARTMENT - NIGHT

As they enter. Seyyed calms his sister's reaction. Then:

SEYYED
If you take me in, I will die.
That bomb was meant for me.

MILLER
You'll be safe. I guarantee it.

SEYYED
(laughs)
You? You? The bomb was meant for
you as well.

Miller hesitates, hadn't thought it through that far. In
that instant, Seyyed draws a pistol from his belt.

Miller grabs. A short struggle. BOOM! The gun fires into
the wall. Miller cracks Seyyed on the side of the head with
his own .45. Seyyed hits the deck.

Miller aims at his Ayad and his Aunt.

MILLER
Nobody move!

Then, from outside:

DAYNE'S VOICE
Miller! Miller, where are you?!

Miller grabs the dropped pistol, puts it in his belt. He
looks to Seyyed who's gotten up to his hands and knees.

MILLER
Sit on that stool. Hands up.

Miller keeps aim on Seyyed who sits. Glances out the door:

Dayne makes her way down the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT SPRAWL - NIGHT

She's about to pass by when, from inside:

MILLER'S VOICE
I'm in here!

Dayne looks to the open apartment door, then carefully looks
back to where Briggs trails her. He motions her to go in.

CUT TO:

INT. DIRT FLOOR APARTMENT - NIGHT

Seyyed looks to Ayad.

SEYYED

Go with Auntie. Go to the bedroom.

Ayad nods. A meaningful look between Seyyed and his sister.

DAYNE

(entering; sees Seyyed)
You got him.

MILLER

You okay?

As she nods, Miller sees Ayad and his Aunt start down the hall toward a doorway at the end.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Hey! Where are they going?

SEYYED

I told them to wait in the bedroom.

MILLER

No, no. I want them where I can see them.

Miller sees Ayad break stride to JUMP over a small piece of CARPET on the dirt floor hall. His Aunt SIDESTEPS it.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Hey, wait --

BRIGGS' VOICE

Nobody move.

Briggs slides through the doorway, M4 level. Everyone stops.

BRIGGS

Drop your weapon.

Miller holds onto the .45, looks to Dayne, explains to her:

MILLER

He followed you.

Dayne hefts her Leica.

DAYNE

He's been following me all night.

As Miller realizes it wasn't an accident or bad luck...

DAYNE (CONT'D)
His story is so much better than
yours.

Holy fuck... Miller looks from her to Briggs.

MILLER
What are you going to do, beat him
to death? Like the General?

BRIGGS
I had nothing to do with that. My
job is just to bring 'em in.

MILLER
But if you bring him in, they'll
kill him.

BRIGGS
What they do after I deliver, has
nothing to do with me.

MILLER
It does! Don't you understand --

BRIGGS
I said, drop your weapon.

MILLER
Make me.

POW! Briggs fires a round through Miller's shoulder. Miller
drops the .45, sprawls out.

Seyyed shouts something in Iraqi prompting Ayad and his
sister to finally disappear into the bedroom.

BRIGGS
Get back here!
(to Seyyed)
Tell them to get back here.

DAYNE
(fully shocked)
You shot him.

BRIGGS
Shut up!

She moves to check on Miller.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)
Leave him.

She stops. Briggs steps over to Seyyed.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)
Where does that door go?

SEYYED
To the Scuds, the nuclear warheads.
WMD beyond your wildest dreams --

Briggs cracks him across the jaw with his rifle butt. Seyyed topples off the stool. Briggs looks to Dayne.

BRIGGS
Go down there and tell them to get
back here.... Now!

Rattled, Dayne starts down the hall.

MILLER

On the ground bleeding. His eyes flicker to --
-- Briggs who points his rifle down at Seyyed --
-- to the funny little carpet on the floor --
-- to Dayne's legs as she continues walking down the hall --

As Miller reaches for Seyyed's pistol still in his belt:

BOOM! Dayne is flung into the ceiling an instant after stepping on the land mine in the floor under the carpet.

Briggs reaction gives Miller the moment to draw the pistol, aim even as Briggs swings the rifle back around. BANG-BANG. The sound reverbs as Briggs falls down gurgling blood, his throat ripped apart.

Seyyed lurches to his feet. Miller aims the .45 at him.

MILLER
Stop.

They look at each other a beat. Dayne MOANS.

Seyyed goes over to where Dayne rests akimbo.

SEYYED
The leg is gone. At the knee.

Seyyed pulls off his shirt, twists it into a tourniquet. She SCREAMS as he begins to twist it around her thigh.

SEYYED (CONT'D)

What would you do? Go to prison?
Go to die? Never see your son
again? What would you do?

Seyyed shouts in Iraqi. His sister and Ayad emerge from the bedroom. He instructs her; she takes hold of the tourniquet.

He looks to Miller who still points the pistol.

SEYYED (CONT'D)

I met people at airports. I risked
everything. Saddam killed my wife.
For what? This? To offer a truth
no one wants? What would you do?

MILLER

(a beat)

I don't know.

SEYYED

Then go home. If you don't have
the answers, go home.

MILLER

How's that gonna solve anything?

The two of them just look at each other. Finally, Miller decides, gestures at Briggs who has stopped gurgling.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Use his radio. Tell them that
there are troops in contact.
Request a 9-line, a medevac.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT SPRAWL - NIGHT

Seyyed and his sister and Ayad hurry out of the apartment carrying two small suitcases. Seyyed stops long enough to pull the pin on a gas cannister. The three of them disappear from sight as GREEN SIGNAL SMOKE rises into the air.

CUT TO:

INT. DIRT FLOOR APARTMENT - NIGHT

Miller sits against the wall, his wound packed with bloody rags. He holds the tourniquet around what's left of Dayne's leg. She's still conscious.

DAYNE

What's gonna happen? What's gonna happen?

It takes Miller a moment to answer, but when he finally does.

MILLER

Briggs, he'll be home in a week.
You, you'll be in Luhnstahl
Hospital in Germany in five hours.

She starts to break down...

MILLER (CONT'D)

And I'll be at the Green Zone
hospital in twenty minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDEVAC CHOPPER - SUNRISE

MILLER sits in the chopper, a field dressing packed into his shoulder. Dayne on a stretcher, IVs already running. BAGHDAD passes below. Surreal. A MEDIC leans in to Miller.

MEDIC

(over chopper noise)

Who are you with?

MILLER

75th. XTF.

MEDIC

What were you doing down there?!

Miller looks at him a beat, looks back down. He finally just shrugs. The Medic commiserates.

MEDIC (CONT'D)

It's okay! I don't know what I'm
doing half the fucking time either!

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL - AL RASHEED HOTEL - MORNING

Brown eats breakfast by the pool. Across the table from him: Mr. Rose. They've apparently come to an understanding.

MR. ROSE

They need to work on their
omelettes.

BROWN
You should try the labneh and
olives.

Rose shakes his head. Brown can keep that shit. But Brown's
already looking past him...

Here comes Miller. Fresh from triage, looking a sight.
Headed straight for them.

BROWN (CONT'D)
You know Mr. Miller I believe.

But as Rose looks over, Miller is bringing his .45 level.

Rose tries to get up, ends up falling out of his chair. As
he cowers and Brown's eyes widen -- oh fuck --

BROWN (CONT'D)
I do not make policy. When I
finally get read the riot act, I
have to go along.

-- Miller sets the gun on the table.

MILLER
I quit. I'm done with you.

BROWN
(after the relief)
I knew you didn't have the stomach
for it.

MILLER
You're right. Not like you. I'm
just a guy. But you know what?
You guys aren't so smart either.
If I can figure this shit out,
anyone can.

Brown watches as Miller goes. As Rose starts trying to wipe
the eggs off himself...

CUT TO:

INT. BAGHDAD MOSQUE - DAY

The Adhan is finished. Zubaidi rises up from prayer and
FLASHBULBS go off. A photo-op.

Zubaidi stands, steps to greet and shake hands with an IMAN
who stands with Poundstone. More FLASHES. Another photo-op.

Poundstone looks down, uncomfortable with the fact that he's in his stocking feet in the mosque.

CUT TO:

BAGHDAD ALLEYWAY

We follow a man CLOSE. We only see him from the shoulders down. But he has a familiar limp. Freddy!

Wearing a long jacket. We're just aware of the GUN BARREL sticking out from the bottom. He SINGS TO HIMSELF.

FREDDY

*Now cuts like a knife, but it feels
so right. Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah,
nah, nah, nah...*

Continue with him into...

THE SQUARE IN FRONT OF THE MOSQUE

As Zubaidi and Poundstone move toward the cars and Freddy slips through the cracks. Poundstone still trying to get one of his shoes back on...

FREDDY (CONT'D)

(final words)

Hey! Mutherfucker!

Freddy revealing and raising an AK-47.

ZUBAIDI & POUNDSTONE

Zubaidi looks indignant more than anything. Poundstone has that kind of 'oh shit' Oswald look on his face. And all the security are just a beat too slow as...

FREDDY

Lets it rip. Shots are returned, but too late for Zubaidi.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAGHDAD STREET - SADR CITY - DAY

An urban anthill. Seyyed cautiously exits a Sadr hovel. Takes a careful look up and down the street.

Satisfied, he motions Ayad to follow. The two of them head off, disappear into the teeming streets...

CUT TO:

MILLER

Sitting in an AIRPLANE. On his way home. Looking out the window. He's just taken off.

Baghdad whizzes by below. A certain place. A certain time. An opportunity lost. And a vacuum created. A relentless momentum toward chaos has begun.

The city gets smaller and smaller. The Bryan Adams kicks in.

FADE TO BLACK.

The End.