

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - SUNRISE

A GALLOWS in a prison courtyard. Several Iraqi SOLDIERS are testing the trap door, ignoring the keening wail of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer.

LEGEND: KHADIMIYAH MILITARY PRISON, BAGHDAD - APRIL 2009

INT. CELL - DAWN

IBRAHIM HASAN, 23, is kneeling on a mat, softly chanting prayers. A shadow falls across the floor. He straightens to find a GUARD standing before his cell with a tray of food.

GUARD

(in Arabic, subtitled)

Your last meal.

Hasan watches as the Guard sets the tray on the ground... then unzips his fly, and pisses on the food.

GUARD (CONT'D)

For my cousin. In Ramadi.

Hasan averts his eyes, as the Guard finishes, then shoves the tray through the slat with the toe of his boot. After the Guard moves off, Hasan tries but finds himself unable to resume his prayers. He falls back against the wall, what little courage and faith he'd managed to gather suddenly broken by the Guard's humiliation. Now all he feels is fear.

EXT. BAGHDAD - MORNING

A diesel Mercedes cuts through traffic, its horn BLARING as it veers around a stalled pickup.

INT. MERCEDES - MOVING

CIA case officer CARRIE ANDERSON, 32, steers one-handed, her other hand pressing a Thuraya satellite phone to her ear:

CARRIE

(into phone)

He's been locked up for almost a year, and overnight they decide to hold a trial and pronounce a death sentence?

INTERCUT:

INT. BALLROOM (WASHINGTON, D.C.)

DAVID ESTES is the youngest Deputy Director of Intelligence in CIA history. Right now, he's ducking into an alcove in the midst of some large formal dinner to take the call:

ESTES

(into phone)

Don't act so surprised. Hasan blew up a hundred and twenty-nine civilians in a marketplace in Ramadi.

CARRIE

I know what he did. I also know he's got intel about an imminent attack on U.S. soil.

Estes is unimpressed -- he's heard this before.

ESTES

He's been dangling this so-called attack for the last three months --

CARRIE

Yeah. And now he'll make a deal if we commute his sentence.

ESTES

Carrie, we don't dictate law to the Iraqis anymore. Hasan is their prisoner, this is their jurisdiction.

CARRIE

I'm telling you, he can deliver Abu Nazir.

ESTES

It's too late for that. You had your shot at him. It's over.

As his WIFE comes into the alcove to find him:

ESTES' WIFE

There you are. Senator Feldon is looking for you.

Estes covers the mouthpiece.

ESTES

Tell him I'll be right there.

(then, into phone)

I have to go --

CARRIE

Let me try one more time. I'm just pulling up to the prison now. Call the ambassador, get me inside --

ESTES

He can't do anything either. I said, it's over. Leave it alone.

CARRIE

David --

But he's already disconnected. Carrie curses in Arabic as she turns onto a dusty road adjacent to the high walls of Khadimaya Military Prison.

ANGLE ON WARZER JAFF

Former KPF guerrilla turned State Department translator, looks up at the approaching Mercedes, which comes to a fast, dusty stop. He reads Carrie's expression as she emerges.

JAFF

He didn't go for it.

CARRIE

(shaking her head)

You said you knew someone who could get me inside.

Jaff casts an anxious glance toward an IRAQI OFFICER sitting in a jeep, watching them through a cloud of cigarette smoke.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Is that him?

JAFF

Yes.

She pulls out a thick envelope, and hands it to Jaff, who peeks inside. It's stuffed with hundred dollar bills.

JAFF (CONT'D)

If you get caught, no one will be happy about this. Not your government, and not mine.

CARRIE

Can he get me in or not?

Jaff doesn't like this but knows Carrie won't be dissuaded. He starts towards the jeep...