

THE COMPANY MAN

**The Ed Wilson Project
Based on a True Story**

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VERVE

FADE IN:

EXT. NAMPA, IDAHO - DAY

Depression-Era farmland.

WILSON (V.O.)
I grew up in Nampa, Idaho.

A flatland of dusty, rocky homesteads.

WILSON (V.O.)
Population: shit out of luck.

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE, NAMPA - DAY

FARMERS walk their SONS to school. The boys wear overalls and work boots like miniature versions of their farming fathers.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Where sons become fathers. And
fathers become corpses.*

INT. CLASSROOM, SCHOOLHOUSE, NAMPA - DAY

YOUNG ED WILSON (10), tall for his age but quite thin, stares out the window. Silently mouthing along as the students all stand and face the American Flag, reciting the Pledge of Allegiance.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Nampa's some kind of ugly-sounding
Shoshone word. In keeping with the
unholy ignorance of this place, no
one knows what it means exactly.
They got it down to one of two
things: 'moccasin' or 'footprint'.*

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

Young Ed approaches a group of OLDER BOYS reading a SPY COMIC during lunch break.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Now I don't speak a lick of Indian
but I know this: Nampa's gotta mean
'footprint'.*

The boys close ranks to prevent Young Ed from joining in. He doesn't give up until one of them shoves him away.

OLDER BOY
Beat it, Wilson!

He sets off running.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Grow up in that shit hole and I
 guarantee you'll spend your life
 getting walked all over.*

EXT. WILSON HOMESTEAD, NAMPA - DAY

Young Ed slips through a split-rail fence and into a patchy pasture of two dozen grazing brown-and-white HOTLANDER COWS.

WILSON (V.O.)
*You don't gotta take my word for
 it, just ask the fuckin' Shoshone.*

In the adjacent field, **ED'S FATHER** (30's) makes a hash of tilling soil: he struggles to control two oxen as they carve ugly, uneven rows in the land.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Or my Pa, with seven acres and
 twenty-seven head of cattle to his
 name.*

Two PASSING FARMERS stop to LAUGH at Ed's Father's ineptitude.

WILSON (V.O.)
Meager even by Nampa standards.

Nearby, **ED'S MOTHER** (30's) bends over a well, hand-pumping water into a bucket. The Farmers "cuckold" Ed's Father with their leering.

Ed's Mother stands up, pulls back loose strands of hair from her eyes and smiles at the Farmers.

Young Ed sees everything his Father doesn't. Embarrassed, he turns his attention to the cows and expertly MILKS a swollen udder into his lunch pail with a SPLAT.

EXT. WILSON HOME - DAY

A cockeyed two-story clapboard woodpile.

Young Ed drops his books on the front porch. Carries the pail around back.

INT./EXT. SHED

The kid slows down. Gets unexpectedly gentle.

YOUNG ED
Heya Fern.

Fern, a month-old CALF, stands tethered to a rusted hopper.

YOUNG ED (CONT'D)
Got you something.

Fern has already figured this out and strains at the rope as Young Ed kneels beside her. She hungrily laps up the milk.

YOUNG ED (CONT'D)
Easy there, girl.

Young Ed takes hold of the rope.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Every last living thing is a
prisoner here.*

EXT. TIRE STORE, WARDING, NORTH DAKOTA - DAY

Brutal winter. Ragged shop. No business.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Pa moved us out once. Took his
savings and bought a tire repair
shop in bumfuck North Dakota. Sight
unseen. Wasn't ten months before we
were back in Nampa, poorer than
ever.*

INT. CLASSROOM, SCHOOLHOUSE, NAMPA - DAY

Another pledge of allegiance.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Every day in Nampa was as boring as
the one before.*

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE, NAMPA - DAY

Young Ed makes another dash from the school.

WILSON (V.O.)
And when it wasn't...

INT. SHED, WILSON HOMESTEAD - DAY

Young Ed stops in his tracks.

WILSON (V.O.)
...it was worse.

Fern is gone.

EXT. WILSON HOUSE - DAY

MARY WILSON (30's) world-weary but big-boned and strong, beats out a rug on a line. A TODDLER at her feet.

Young Ed runs up.

YOUNG ED

Ma!

MARY WILSON

Blasted dust. Gets in everything.

YOUNG ED

Where's Fern?

TODDLER

Fen! Fen!

MARY WILSON

Told you not to give that calf a name. Your pa took her to market.

YOUNG ED

But she's mine.

MARY WILSON

To look after.

YOUNG ED

She's mine!

MARY WILSON

(exasperated)

For heaven's sake, Edwin Wilson. You're old enough to know better.

Young Ed storms into the house. SLAMMING the front door. Then SLAMMING his bedroom door.

MARY WILSON (CONT'D)

(to self/beating again)

Told him not to name her.

INT. YOUNG ED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Young Ed lies on top of his tidy bed. Staring at the ceiling.

His Father, a gentle and kindly man not cut out for farming, stops in the doorway. He stands just 5' 6", almost a half-foot shorter than his wife.

FATHER
Wash up for dinner, buddy boy.

No answer.

FATHER (CONT'D)
Buddy?

His Father puts a hand on his shoulder, but Young Ed rolls away from his touch and towards the wall.

FATHER (CONT'D)
I know it's hard. But this is a farm. Animals come and go. It's the nature of the place.

YOUNG ED
How much you get for her?

FATHER
A silver dollar.

YOUNG ED
You was gypped.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Way I see it, we're all either
moccasins or footprints.*

INT. YOUNG ED'S BEDROOM - DAWN

He checks the weather outside his window (cloudy) and smiles.

WILSON (V.O.)
Pa made his choice.

INT. PARENTS' BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Young Ed sneaks over to his Father's dresser and grabs a Silver Dollar.

WILSON (V.O.)
And I made mine.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - EARLY MORNING

Young Ed waits.

Spots a FARMER walking a CALF toward him.

YOUNG ED
You headed to auction in Breeland?

FARMER
What's it to ya?

YOUNG ED
Nothing. Only with the rain coming
you probably got planting to see to
is all.

The Farmer gives the clouds a once-over.

FARMER
It's gonna clear.

YOUNG ED
Woulda said the same...
("yawning")
'Cept we was over at the Sheriff's
early this morning. My family and
me. Been on the shortwave to my
uncle in Eugene. Aunt Lizbeth
delivered last night and my ma,
well she wanted all the details.

FARMER
I best be moving--

YOUNG ED
Could barely hear him for the
storm.

FARMER
Storm?

YOUNG ED
Powerful rain. Messed with the
radio something awful.

Farmer checks the skies once more. Torn.

YOUNG ED (CONT'D)
I'll take that calf off your hands.
Can't be worth more'n a dollar.

FARMER
I'll get two over in Breeland.

YOUNG ED
Won't help your soy crop any to be
in Breeland.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAMPA GENERAL STORE - LATER THAT DAY

A BEAUTIFUL AFTERNOON.

Young Ed sits on the front steps in a deep state of contentment. He sips a bottle of Grape Nehi from a straw and reads that elusive WWII SPY COMIC.

His Parents pull up in the family Ford pick-up, wearing their Sunday Best. Mother irate. Dad sullen.

Young Ed furiously sucks down the rest of the soda as he approaches the car.

INT. FAMILY PICKUP, WILSON HOMESTEAD - MINUTES LATER

The car stops in front of the house. Ed's Father looks a bit sickly.

MOTHER
(to Young Ed)
And on a Sunday. Shame on you.

Young Ed runs inside.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
(to Ed's Father)
Do what needs be done.

INT. YOUNG ED'S BEDROOM - DAY

His Father ENTERS, looking under-sized in his shapeless brown, church-going suit.

Young Ed moves to his bedside and assumes the spanking position. Grits his teeth in preparation.

His Father reluctantly slips off his belt and wraps it twice around his hand. Prepares to let his son have it.

FATHER
I think you learned your lesson.

Father backs off. Leaving Young Ed to a mix of relief and dismay.

Father turns to Young Ed's desk...

FATHER (CONT'D)
Just give me what's left over.

...stunned to see the SILVER DOLLAR plus eighty-five cents in change. Father picks up the silver dollar.

YOUNG ED
I told you, you was gypped.

Father flushes with embarrassment and rage.

FATHER
You mean to show me up, do you?

He raises the belt and LASHES the boy repeatedly.

WILSON (V.O.)
*I learned a lot from my old man,
like the value of a dollar.*

HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Father, weary and ashamed, heads across hall to

PARENTS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He takes off his suit coat and carefully hangs it in the closet.

PAN AROUND ROOM/TIME LAPSE:

Weather outside the windows changes to winter.

RETURN AND HOLD ON: OPEN CLOSET

TEEN ED (17) squeezes into his Father's brown suit. It's too damn small.

WILSON (V.O.)
And he was the only one...

INT. METHODIST CHURCH, NAMPA - LATER

Well-attended FUNERAL.

WILSON (V.O.)
*...who could get me to see the
inside of a church.*

Teen Ed, in suit, sits next to his Mother and siblings in front pew.

ED'S MOTHER
Your father never had a lot of money, Edwin. But he was rich in friends.

TEEN ED
Sure. Everybody loves a sucker.

Teen Ed slides from the pew and walks out, back turned on his Father's COFFIN.

WILSON (V.O.)

But more than anything, he showed me that Nampa is a prison. And being poor, well, that's a life sentence. Money's the only way out. The only way to be really free.

INT. TEEN ED'S BEDROOM - DAY

Teen Ed packs a duffel bag with clothes. Brown suit wadded up on a chair.

Ed's Mother ENTERS, fresh from the cemetery. The smell of grief still on her.

ED'S MOTHER

You'd leave us high and dry, then?

TEEN ED

The day you stop wearing black, suitors are gonna crowd the porch. All you gotta do is pick one with the grubbiest hands and the least imagination.

ED'S MOTHER

You think so little of this way of life.

TEEN ED

I don't think of it at all. Got my mind on other things.

ED'S MOTHER

You're a dreamer, like your pa.

TEEN ED

(stuffing in a final shirt)
I'm nothing like him.

She follows him out of the room and hounds him down

STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

ED'S MOTHER

You think you're better than this? What makes you so special? You're lousy at school; you got no skills; got no friends. Who's gonna take a chance on a know-nothing like you? Answer me! Nobody, that's who!

FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Ed's not listening. He's half-way across the front lawn before the screen door SLAMS behind him.

INT. RECREATION HALL, SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

A crowd of drunk MERCHANT MARINERS.

RINGSIDE

EDWIN WILSON (20's), having grown up to be big and imposing, shadowboxes with taped hands while eyeing his even bigger and more imposing FIGHT OPPONENT.

WILSON (V.O.)
*I joined the Merchant Marine
straight away.*

WILSON'S BUDDIES argue with a much larger number of OPPONENT'S BUDDIES over a pile of wagered CASH.

WILSON'S BUDDY
(worried/off Opponent)
We should be getting bigger odds.

RING - MINUTES LATER

Wilson takes a pounding. Only stubbornness keeps him on his feet. He absorbs three shots for every one he delivers.

But for some reason, Wilson's punches land with more power.

His Opponent staggers before Wilson steps into a terminal roundhouse right to the bridge of his Opponent's nose.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BAR, SAN DIEGO - LATER THAT NIGHT

GAMBLING WINNINGS on the bar.

Wilson's Buddies yank the BOXING GLOVES off Wilson's hands. Out spills a bunch of LOOSE QUARTERS to explain those powerful punches.

WILSON
(off quarters/corny)
Now that's change I can believe in!

A CHEER goes up. Alcohol flows.

WILSON (V.O.)
*The Merchants was a soft landing
 from Nampa, but a dead-end in the
 long run.*

A toast is raised to the battered, beaming Wilson.

INT./EXT. APARTMENT, SAN DIEGO - DAY

Wilson stumbles home from the night of carousing.

WILSON (V.O.)
*I needed a fresh start, only I
 didn't know what.*

He picks up a LETTER lying just inside his door: Government Issue.

WILSON (V.O.)
The draft took care of that.

EXT. OFFICER CANDIDATE SCHOOL, QUANTICO, VA - DAY

Wilson runs through an OBSTACLE COURSE with twenty FELLOW OFFICER CANDIDATES.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Now I believe in serving my country
 but the infantry is for saps and
 suicides.*

Wilson stops at the top of a rope wall to help an unathletic BRANIAC up and over. Impressed, another fit Candidate does the same for other slow guys.

INT. CLASSROOM, OFFICER CANDIDATE SCHOOL, QUANTICO, VA - DAY

Wilson and his Fellow Candidates take a multiple-choice exam.

WILSON (V.O.)
*I got myself into Marine Corps
 Officer Candidate School pronto.*

Wilson orchestrates a method of CHEATING:

The Braniac sits in the front row. He answers "A" for the first question, then slides his exam paper to top left corner of desk.

Wilson sits in the next row, sees the position of the Braniac's exam, mark "A" and slides his exams over to top left as well.

In this way, the answer ripples to the back row, where the more athletic but dimmer candidates sit.

WILSON (V.O.)
Moccasin country.

EXT. ARMY BASE, INCHEON, SOUTH KOREA - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A sleepy operation.

SUPER: TWO YEARS AFTER THE KOREAN WAR

INT. LAUNDRY FACILITY, ARMY BASE - DAY

A bored and exasperated Wilson, sporting Lieutenant's bars on his crisp uniform, oversees the laundry operation.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Eventually I got my chance to see
action on the Korean Peninsula.*

INT. BAR, INCHEON - DAY

Wilson, bleary-eyed and shit-faced, staggers over to a sexy Korean in revealing clothing. Puts an arm around her.

WILSON
Hey sugar.

WILSON (V.O.)
*I served my country proudly and
with distinction...*

Her BOYFRIEND returns from the john. Pissed.

BOYFRIEND
Take your hands off my girl.

WILSON
Relax. No harm done. I thought she
was a whore. My mistake.

The Boyfriend grabs a wooden stool and smashes it across Wilson's leg.

WILSON (V.O.)
*...until I fucked up my knee taking
a hill from the Chinese.*

INT. NATIONAL NAVAL MEDICAL CENTER, BETHESDA, MD - DAY

Wilson in bed with KNEE elevated and immobilized. Glum. A prisoner once more.

His mood lightens when a sexy but humorless nurse's aide from New Jersey, **BARBARA** (late 20s), passes by. Her nose pressed into the pages of a real estate licensing exam prep book.

WILSON
Morning, beautiful.

She flips him the finger without looking up.

INT. NATIONAL NAVAL MEDICAL CENTER, BETHESDA, MD - DAY

Barbara does some filing. A clutch of FLOWERS thrust in front of her face.

A smiling Wilson holds the bouquet.

BARBARA
These look a lot like the ones Lt. Grimes got from his mom yesterday.

WILSON
(unfazed)
There's only one florist 'round here. Guess he lacks imagination.

She drops them in the trash.

BARBARA
Why would I go out with you? I'm already dating a doctor.

WILSON
I'm going into business.

BARBARA
So?

WILSON
So a doctor makes the same money, year in, year out.

BARBARA
Good money.

WILSON
"Decent" money, I'll give you that.
(grinning)
But a businessman, well, even the sky not the limit.

She's not about to fish out those flowers from the trash, but he's got her attention.

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN, AIRPLANE - DAY

Wilson, in civilian clothes, enviously passes an empty seat in First Class next to a bland BUREAUCRAT.

WILSON (V.O.)
*They kicked me out with 10%
 disability.*

ECONOMY CLASS

Wilson, still in obvious pain, limps to his cramped seat.

He gets up again, pulls down his suitcase and carries it into bathroom.

MINUTES LATER

Wilson EXITS bathroom in full dress uniform. He grits his teeth and masks his limp as he returns to his seat.

STEWARDESS
 Hello Lieutenant. Didn't notice you board. You on active duty?

WILSON
 War goes on for some of us, I'm afraid.

STEWARDESS
 Tell you what, come with me.

WILSON (V.O.)
I had to improvise to get by...

FIRST CLASS - SECONDS LATER

The Bureaucrat watches Wilson return, now in uniform and without the limp. Stewardess shows him to empty seat.

STEWARDESS
 It's the least we can do for our men in uniform.

WILSON
 Thank you, darlin'. I'll go easier on my battalion for the kindness.

The Stewardess departs. Wilson sits. Rubs his throbbing leg.

BUREAUCRAT
 Lieutenants don't run battalions. And they don't travel in dress blues.

WILSON

Does that mean we got a problem?

BUREAUCRAT

You really a Marine?

WILSON

I was.

(wincing/bending knee)

'Til I left my cartilage in some
Chink's groin.

The Bureaucrat smiles, hands Wilson a card with nothing but a type-set PHONE NUMBER in Washington D.C.

BUREAUCRAT/CIA RECRUITER

Give us a call.

WILSON (V.O.)

Until my resourcefulness...

EXT. BUILDING 23, MALL, WASHINGTON DC - ESTABLISHING

A temporary Quonset hut in the shadow of the Washington Monument.

WILSON (V.O.)

*...was recognized by one of your
field recruiters...*

INT. BUILDING 23 - DAY

Wilson sits strapped to a KEELER POLYGRAPH MACHINE. A blood pressure gage wrapped around one arm and a belt around his waist.

WILSON

...which is how I ended up here.

A POLYGRAPHER monitors his responses.

The graph paper gathering on the floor is one long steady line of "truth-telling". Wilson's beating the lie detector as necessary and he knows it.

The Polygrapher returns to a clipboard of questions.

POLYGRAPHER

We need to know if prospective agents can be blackmailed by foreign interests. For example, do you take illegal drugs?

WILSON

No.

POLYGRAPHER

Have you ever paid for sex?

WILSON

No.

POLYGRAPHER

Have you been known to gamble?

WILSON

Never.

POLYGRAPHER

Why the CIA?

WILSON

How's that?

POLYGRAPHER

Why do you want to join the CIA?

WILSON

It's all about freedom. I'm reading how the Chinese are moving millions of educated folks out of the cities and back working the farms. Russians, too. Well, I'm not going back to no farm, and I'll kill any Commie who aims to try.

Wilson sits back, self-satisfied... only to see the polygraph has gone haywire. The Polygrapher stares at him impassively.

Wilson's face goes red in anger and embarrassment.

EXT. BUILDING 23 - DAY

Wilson stomps out in a rage. Paces around. Then his eye is caught by a passing shiny object and his demeanor calms:

A Lincoln Town Car.

WILSON (V.O.)

A Lincoln Town Car with gold moondust metallic paint, 6-way power twin comfort lounge seats and suicide doors. Even I knew that car belonged to Ted Shackley.

A flash of BLONDE HAIR can be seen through the open window.

WILSON (V.O.)

The Blonde Ghost. Assistant Deputy Director of CIA Operations, pivot man for the Agency's top clandestine ops, but he drives around in the most conspicuous automobile built by man. I admire the fuck out of that guy.

CIA RECRUITER (O.S.)

Relax. Everybody fails.

His CIA Recruiter from the plane.

CIA RECRUITER (CONT'D)

"Have you ever had a homosexual experience?", "When did you stop beating your wife?" Everyone lies about something.

WILSON

Then what's the goddamn point?

CIA RECRUITER

To show you we can trip up anybody.

Over Wilson's shoulder the Polygrapher steps out of Building 23.

CIA RECRUITER (CONT'D)

Give it another shot.

Wilson catches one last glimpse of the Town Car as it disappears into traffic.

INT. BUILDING 23 - MOMENTS LATER

Wilson once again hooked up to the machine.

POLYGRAPHER

Why the CIA?

Wilson collects himself. Takes in the trappings of spycraft around him: Polygrapher's holstered pistol hanging over a chair, "Top Secret" documents, and the polygraph.

Then plunges in:

WILSON

The spy game's all about leverage, isn't it? Using information, withholding information, knowing people's strengths and weaknesses.
(MORE)

WILSON (CONT'D)

And being unafraid and unapologetic about taking advantage of the other guy. Not everyone's got the right stuff to be the hammer. To be the shoe. Well, you don't have to worry about me, as far as that's concerned. Not only will I not apologize, I will fucking brag about it.

Wilson can't help but peek at the needle: it runs flat and smooth across the paper.

SFX: UNMISTAKABLE POP OF A CHAMPAGNE CORK

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT, WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

Waiter pours a glass of bubbly for Wilson, who sits alone. He takes a celebratory sip.

We see this as a bit sadder than he does.

DONE-UP WOMAN (O.S.)

Hi handsome.

An attractive, though overly DONE-UP WOMAN takes a seat. Wilson pours her a glass.

WILSON

What's your name? The agency didn't say.

DONE-UP WOMAN

Jennifer.

WILSON

And the terms again?

If we thought "agency" meant the CIA we are quickly corrected as she leans forward for a little privacy:

DONE-UP WOMAN

Thirty to screw.

WILSON

How 'bout twenty-five?

DONE-UP WOMAN

How 'bout thirty?

WILSON

Discount for champagne?

She shakes her head.

WILSON (CONT'D)

My philosophy: a deal can always be made.

("eureka")

Fifty we go two rounds.

She seals the deal with her glass against his. CLINK.

DONE-UP WOMAN

What're we celebrating anyway?

WILSON

You're looking at Florsheim's regional salesman of the month.

INT. HOTEL BAR, ADD LOCATION - DAY

Wilson ENTERS carrying a briefcase-sized DROP BAG.

WILSON (V.O.)

Some spooks fly risky missions over the Soviet Union taking recon photos. Other spooks analyze those photos to comprehend the Communist threat.

His new contact, KARL, an Old School hold-over from the OSS days, sits at a table. Otherwise the bar area is empty.

WILSON (V.O.)

And then there's guys like me, who do nothing but carry the photos from the first guys to the second guys.

Karl waves Wilson over. Wilson sits, puts the bag on the table as a Waiter arrives.

KARL

What'll you have?

WILSON

Scotch and soda.

KARL

(to Waiter)

Make it two.

Waiter departs. Wilson extends his hand in greeting.

WILSON

Ed Wilson.

KARL
Fuck you doing?

WILSON
Confirming you're my new contact.

KARL
I wave you over. You give me a package. We order drinks. Who the fuck else could I be?

WILSON
The Company handbook says--

KARL
First thing that damn book oughta say is that not everything's in that damn book.

Karl hands Wilson a BUSINESS CARD.

KARL (CONT'D)
You'll be flying in and out of Lisbon a few times per month, so you need a cover.

WILSON
(reading card)
Applied Dynamics. What do we sell?

KARL
I don't know. Radios.

WILSON
Okay. To who?

KARL
To people who want radios, I'm thinking.

WILSON
Wholesalers? Retailers? End users?

KARL
What is all this?

WILSON
Verisimilitude.

KARL
Vera who?

Drinks arrive.

WILSON

The handbook says to 'strive for verisimilitude at all times.'

KARL

Again with the fucking handbook.

WILSON

Who do I report to at Applied Dynamics?

KARL

Jesus, kid. No one's gonna go asking the name of your boss. You're picking up a bag and coming home again. That's all.

WILSON

But what if they do?

KARL

(weary)
Make one up.

WILSON

Suppose they check? Maybe I should be the boss.

KARL

I really don't give a shit.

WILSON

I'll get cards made that say 'President'...

Karl downs his drink, grabs the drop bag and rises.

KARL

(past caring)
Fantastic.

WILSON

(fixated on card)
...improve this logo, too.

INT. LIBRARY, WASHINGTON DC - DAY

Wilson, a fish out of water, sits at a desk pouring over self-help books on marketing, product development and entrepreneurship.

WILSON (V.O.)
*I don't get why suckers pay a small
 fortune for college when you can go
 to any library and learn what you
 need for free.*

INT. EMPTY OFFICE, WASHINGTON DC - DAY

Wilson interviews Texas-born **BOBBI BARNES** (twangy, in push-up bra).

She quickly adjusts her décolletage as Wilson looks over her resume. When he looks up, he looks right at her breasts, then to her eyes.

WILSON
 So, Roberta Barnes...

BOBBI
 (flirty/Texas twang)
 Y'all just call me Bobbi.

WILSON
 You dropped out of school?

BOBBI
 To have my boy, Stevie.

WILSON
 That sounds like an apology.

BOBBI
 I figure you got applicants with
 college degrees.

WILSON
 (off breasts)
 And you're hoping those ladies are
 gonna make up the difference?

BOBBI
 (flat)
 Times are hard. I need a job.

WILSON
 Whatever it takes?

BOBBI
 Yeah. Whatever it takes.

She gets up, adjusts her skirt and moves towards him.

BOBBI (CONT'D)

And by the way you've been checking me out, I'd say it took.

She slips his arms around her waist, his eyes at breast-level.

WILSON

You're a good judge of character.

He gently removes her to arm's length away.

WILSON (CONT'D)

But I don't give a shit about degrees. Anyone with time and money can do that. I need someone who's had to fight for everything they ever wanted. Done stuff they're not too proud of, if they were ever gonna get from A to B. Stuff like throwing yourself at a guy like me.

BOBBI

I've never gotten anywhere. I only know that A sucks. So gimme B.

WILSON

You start Monday morning.

Bobbi smiles, not believing her good fortune.

WILSON (CONT'D)

But stop apologizing for who you are.

BOBBI

(exiting)

You're wrong about one thing: you ain't so bad.

INT. OFFICES OF APPLIED DYNAMICS - DAY

Karl ENTERS through door adorned with fancy new logo. He's stunned to find a couple of EMPLOYEES busily answering phones, putting together print materials, etc.

Wilson goes over sales figures at a big desk in the corner.

Karl moves in that direction but is stopped by Bobbi.

BOBBI

May I help you?

KARL

Uh, I need to speak with Ed.

BOBBI

Do you have an appointment with Mr. Wilson?

KARL

Appointment? No, I don't--

Wilson spots Karl.

WILSON

It's alright, Bobbi. This is Whitey Malone, my insurance agent.

Karl sits down across the desk from Wilson.

KARL

Where the hell are we?

WILSON

Applied Dynamics.

KARL

There is no Applied Dynamics.

Wilson hands over the bag of U2 film stock.

WILSON

Just back from Lisbon. Can't sell the Portuguese anything military. Did you know they were neutral in WWII? Pussies. But I got a commitment from the Italians for two thousand short-waves.

KARL

But there are no radios!

Wilson puts a SHORT-WAVE SET in front of Karl.

WILSON

Army surplus. Got 'em for a song.

KARL

How'd you pay for all this?

WILSON

Been selling my agency-issued plane tickets and flying with a London bucket shop. Business loan covers the rest.

Karl takes the drop bag. Speechless.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Verisimilitude.

INT. LIVING ROOM, FIXER-UPPER, ARLINGTON, VA - NIGHT

Ed puts a brisk coat of bright paint on a tired wall.
Barbara's old Century 21 gold jacket serves as a drop cloth.

WILSON (V.O.)
*I knew if I was patient,
opportunity would come calling.*

Karl ENTERS the empty room through the open front door.

KARL
Knock, knock.

Wilson steps down from a ladder. Wipes his hands with a rag.
BARBARA, the former nurse, ENTERS from the kitchen.

WILSON
Little late to talk insurance,
wouldn't you say, Whitey?

KARL
Relax, Ed. No way your wife's that
dumb.

BARBARA
Please excuse the mess.

Awkward pause. Barbara's embarrassed by her husband's lack of
manners. Introduces herself.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
(shaking hands)
Barbara Wilson.

KARL
Karl, ma'am. Quite the operation
you got going.

WILSON
We strip 'em and flip 'em.

BARBARA
Can't expect my husband to provide
on a G-5 salary alone.

KARL
Plus radio sales.

Barbara flashes Wilson a look: "Radio sales?" Wilson plays the innocent with a shrug of his shoulders and a wink for Karl.

KARL (CONT'D)
 (to Wilson)
 Come with me.

EXT. FIXER-UPPER - NIGHT

Wilson walks down the front path. Gets a look at what waits at the curb and stops short:

THE GOLD LINCOLN TOWN CAR.

WILSON (V.O.)
Ted Shackley. To see me.

Karl hangs back as Wilson gathers himself and approaches...

INT./EXT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - NIGHT

Wilson checks himself in the tinted window before blonde-haired **TED SHACKLEY** (50's), Assistant Deputy Director of CIA Operations powers it down.

Big and garrulous, like a Texas Oil Tycoon without the accent. Like Wilson himself... and, okay, like Wilson wished his own father had been.

Wilson gets a look at the interior. Awed, nearly cowed, by the surroundings and the great Shackley.

WILSON
 (off car)
 Roomier than my house.

SHACKLEY
 I understand you served in the Merchant Marine and the Marine Corps.

WILSON
 Got the VD to prove it.

SHACKLEY
 (dead serious)
 My dick burns too.
 (explaining)
 Cold War's hit the Middle East.

WILSON
 (smile quickly fading)
 Yes, sir.

SHACKLEY

To cover our actions in the Gulf I need shipping and cargo support of a non-traditional nature.

WILSON

I know I can do it. Absolutely.

SHACKLEY

I don't take your word for it. I take mine.

WILSON

Yes, sir.

SHACKLEY

Karl will set you up with a proprietary. Sanctioned this time.

WILSON

Yes, sir. Only...

SHACKLEY

Why you?

WILSON

Yeah.

Window powers back up. And the Town Car coasts away. Karl steps forward to answer:

KARL

Back in April, our tactical group was looking to supply the King of Jordan with radio surveillance equipment. Foster good relations, that sort of thing. Only another outfit beat us to it. Took his best men three solid months paper-chasing to discover it wasn't the Russians after all.

WILSON

(watching car disappear)
I cleared seventy grand on that one.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY, VA - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The '60s architecture that looks antiquated today, feels sharp and new.

Wilson walks in amongst the morning commuting bureaucrats, feeling like a conquering king.

WILSON (V.O.)

"Proprietary." A business that looks and acts legit but its real job is to commit questionable acts on the Agency's behalf while giving the Agency what it wants more than anything: plausible deniability.

INT. SECURITY AREA, CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Wilson is checked by Security Staff.

WILSON (V.O.)

"Proprietary". Ever hear anything so beautiful? It even sounds like money. Funny how one word can change your life forever.

ACCOUNTING, CIA HEADQUARTERS

Wilson meets with a PENCIL PUSHER.

WILSON (V.O.)

Called my first prop "Marine International." Nice and vague.

Hands him a single slip of paper on Marine International letterhead:

Expense reimbursement for ship retrofit: \$500,000.

WILSON (V.O.)

Investment capital?

PENCIL PUSHER

I gotta have more detail, Ed.

Wilson takes the "expense report" and adds two lines above the price tag: **Labor - \$250,000. Parts - \$250,000.**

The Pencil Pusher takes a second look...

PENCIL PUSHER (CONT'D)

I can work with that.

...then starts writing out a check.

WILSON (V.O.)

The Agency provided all I need. And then some.

INT. "LADY OF SPAIN" TRAWLER, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA - DAY

WELDERS crawl all over the TRAWLER. Sparks shower down on MOVERS loading it with technical equipment.

WILSON (V.O.)

First job was outfitting a trawler to measure magnetic fields off the coast of Africa. Our latest missiles won't fly straight without precise readings and we had to show Moscow we could blast Brezhnev into camel shit from the Canary Islands.

Wilson throws himself into the chaos. Bobbi, wielding a clipboard, keeps up as well as anyone could.

WILSON

Title transfer arrive from Liberia?

BOBBI

Came in yesterday.

WILSON

You go through that Taiwan purchaser for the sonar fittings?

BOBBI

Like you said.

WILSON

Let's check the magnetometers...

EXT. 1 MILE OFF THE AFRICAN COAST, MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY

"Lady of Spain" approached by Egyptian Coast Guard.

WILSON (V.O.)

Only problem: Any vessel on slow haul's gonna stick out like Ann-Margret's chest.

INT. "LADY OF SPAIN" - MINUTES LATER

Wilson shows the Egyptians around the ship.

WILSON (V.O.)

So for cover, I charted off-shore oil deposits.

CHART ROOM

Egyptians look over sonar and charting equipment actively used in oil exploration. Curiosity satisfied.

After the Egyptians leave, a FALSE WALL is removed to reveal the MAGNETOMETERS and data collection equipment.

INT. OIL COMPANY HEADQUARTERS, DALLAS, TX - DAY

Wilson cuts a deal with OIL EXECUTIVES. Hands over the oil deposit charts for cash.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Pentagon got the data they wanted
 and I was able to sell exclusive
 rights to the oil deposit data...*

INT. ANOTHER OIL COMPANY, RIYADH, SAUDI ARABIA - DAY

Wilson cuts a second deal with ARAB OIL EXECUTIVES. Hands over the charts for more cash.

WILSON (V.O.)
Then do it again. Everybody won.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY, VA - DAY

Wilson slides a briefcase across the table to the Pencil Pusher. Pencil Pusher asks what he's looking at and Wilson can be seen explaining.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Only the Agency didn't want her
 piece of the action.*

Pencil Pusher uses his pencil to push the envelope back towards Wilson.

PENCIL PUSHER
 We don't want to know.

Wilson picks up the cash: "Suit yourself."

WILSON (V.O.)
*See, props aren't expected to make
 a profit... but I don't know how
 not to. Which means more money for
 me.*

INT. BANK, NORTHERN VIRGINIA - DAY

Wilson hands over the oil CASH to a Banker.

WILSON (V.O.)
*The kicker: in the interest of
 national security, I couldn't
 declare the income. Least that's
 how I saw it.*

EXT. MOUNT AIRY FARMS, UPPERVILLE, VIRGINIA - DAY

A "For Sale" sign stickered over with "Sold" on the lawn.

Wilson and Barbara stand back-to-back. Barbara stares at the beautiful, huge house... disappointed.

BARBARA
I guess it'll do.

Wilson looks out on his farm...proud as a rooster.

WILSON (V.O.)
*So I starting buying freedom by the
acre.*

Wilson gets distracted by the sight of an empty hillside field.

WILSON
Where are my twenty-seven fucking
cows?

DOUG SCHLACHTER, caretaker, runs up obsequiously.

SCHLACHTER
Having the darndest time finding
those Hotlanders, Mr. Wilson.

WILSON
Gotta be Hotlanders, Doug. I want
'em on that hillside there.
(immensely pleased)
Doing fuck all.

EXT. EDGE OF LAKE TANGANYIKA, CONGO - DAY

Shackley drags impatiently on a cigarette.

He's surrounded by a team of well-armed CUBAN DISSIDENTS and Karl, who tracks the distant airplane BUZZ through binoculars.

KARL
(to Shackley)
C-17's.

SHACKLEY
More bullshit.

Shackley grinds his cigarette into the mud and puts on his game face as two C-17 cargo planes come clattering in for a landing on a makeshift airfield.

SHACKLEY (CONT'D)
 I can't stop Moscow from supplying
 Congolese rebels without Swift
 Boats!

When Wilson pops out of the first plane

SHACKLEY (CONT'D)
 And you can't get a Swift Boat in
 the belly of a C-17.

WILSON
 Actually, you can...

With a flair for the dramatic, the backs of the cargo planes
 drop open to reveal racks of Swift Boats CUT INTO THIRDS.

WILSON (CONT'D)
 ...if you cut 'em in three.

Shackley breaks out in a shit-eating grin.

SHACKLEY
 Son of a bitch.

LATER - NIGHT

The Cubans busy themselves welding the boats back together as
 Wilson and Shackley walk along the lake.

SPARKS light the area, catching the eyes of wild beasts
 watching from the nearby bush. A magical, surreal moment.

SHACKLEY
 (impressed)
 Slice 'em up and stitch 'em back
 together.

Shackley wraps Ed in a fatherly bear hug.

SHACKLEY (CONT'D)
 You fucking genius. Screw Brezhnev.
 Only we get to pick who runs this
 shitty backwater country.

Wilson soaks in the moment.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Shackley and I made a good team. I
 knew things no one could teach, and
 he did things no one could know.*

EXT. MOUNT AIRY FARMS - DAY

Informal party under way. Hired Hands turning steaks on a huge outdoor grill. Beltway Insiders mingling. Drinking. Throwing horseshoes. Playing tennis.

WILSON (V.O.)

I was on a first-name basis with leaders of the foreign affairs and appropriations committees. Generals and Admirals, too. But the guys I really worked on were the anonymous career personnel: logistics and requisitions. The ones who made the military machinery run.

Barbara shows SHACKLEY'S WIFE and DAUGHTER some gentle horses in the background.

Wilson and Shackley walk along a rail fence.

WILSON (V.O.)

They made me the agency's go-to military supplier to the whole Middle East. Well, not all of it.

WILSON

These guys really want to play ball, Ted.

SHACKLEY

For the hundredth time, the embargo puts Libya off limits.

WILSON

Qaddafi's the brass ring, you always say so. "The enemy of our enemy."

SHACKLEY

Right now, I need you in Iran. The Shah's losing control and Carter's too fucking blind to see it.

WILSON

What if--

But Shackley has walked off towards his daughter on the horse.

SHACKLEY

(to Daughter)
How's my princess...?

EXT. TEHRAN, IRAN - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The sophisticated Europe-style capital.

INT. SAVAK INTERROGATION CENTER, OUTSIDE TEHRAN - DAY

Grim-looking SAVAK AGENTS escort Wilson down a hallway peppered by the SCREAMS and MOANS of tortured prisoners.

INTERROGATION CELL

An IRANIAN STUDENT lies naked and tied to a bed in the sweltering room. His INTERROGATORS beat on him mercilessly... but he tells them nothing.

HOTEL - TEHRAN

A shaken Wilson on the phone.

WILSON
(into phone)
They're roughing up these students pretty good.

SHACKLEY (O.S.)
Welcome to the big league. The Shah plays for keeps. So do the Russians. And so must we.

WILSON
You saying you approve?

INTERCUT WITH:

SHACKLEY'S OFFICE, CIA HEADQUARTERS

Shackley on speaker phone. Karl listens in.

SHACKLEY
I'm saying, SAVAK's been torturing Iranians for decades. And they're gonna keep right on doing it, with or without our help. So we damn well better get in on the intel.

WILSON
(on the fence)
Yes, sir.

SHACKLEY
You think the KGB gives a shit about some student's human rights?
(MORE)

SHACKLEY (CONT'D)

They would gladly skin the poor son-of-a-bitch and a million more if it meant putting Iran in their win column. That's the bigger picture.

WILSON

I don't even know what I'm selling here.

SHACKLEY

Whatever it takes. If it's ice to Eskimos, kid, I know you can do it.

Shackley hangs up.

WILSON (V.O.)

He made it my patriotic duty to make money... And I'm very patriotic.

SAVAK INTERROGATION CENTER - WEEKS LATER

Wilson sells REFRIGERATION UNITS to the SAVAK Agents for a suitcase full of CASH.

WILSON (V.O.)

I sold the Iranian secret police a dozen refrigeration units.

INTERROGATION CELL

An IRANIAN STUDENT shivers, naked and tied to a bed in the chilled room. A brand new COOLING SYSTEM is the source of his misery.

WILSON (V.O.)

The unrelenting cold helps with the process.

INTERROGATION ROOM

Wilson observes as SAVAK AGENTS interrogate the brave but rattled Student.

WILSON (V.O.)

*(a la Shackley)
I mean it's not like SAVAK hasn't been torturing guys for decades.*

A MALE SECRETARY writes a TRANSCRIPT. Even takes a PHOTO of a "proud" Wilson shaking hands with SAVAK Agents in front of the beaten Student.

INT. SHACKLEY'S OFFICE, CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Shackley and Karl look over the TRANSCRIPT and its translation.

KARL
(off Transcript)
The Shah's losing control over there.

WILSON (V.O.)
Anything useful, I'd report back to Ted. Yeah, we had it all on a string... until that peanut farmer took the White House.

INT./EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY, VA - DAY

Ramrod straight ADMIRAL STANSFIELD TURNER sworn in by PRESIDENT CARTER as new CIA Director.

Shackley among the CIA veterans looking on.

WILSON (V.O.)
To clean up what he called the Agency's 'frat house culture', Carter appointed an outsider as Director of Central Intelligence: Admiral Stansfield Turner.

PRESS CONFERENCE - MINUTES LATER

Turner addresses the assembled MEDIA.

TURNER
As Intelligence Chief, my priorities will be to avoid biased intelligence estimates, rebuild the reputation of the intelligence community following disclosures of questionable activities and to insure that intelligence work is conducted lawfully.

WILSON (V.O.)
Turner didn't understand how the Agency operated. But he was about to get a crash course...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Turner slowly turns ten shades of sick as CIA COUNSEL works his way through a TOP SECRET BINDER, explaining Agency activities.

Shackley and other SENIOR STAFF listen with greater dispassion.

WILSON (V.O.)

*See, the Company had done it all:
Successful assassinations...*

COUNSEL

Attempted assassinations...

WILSON (V.O.)

Military coups...

COUNSEL

Propaganda campaigns..

WILSON (V.O.)

False imprisonments...

COUNSEL

Hiring prostitutes to administer
LSD to unsuspecting Americans for
the purpose of mind control...

WILSON (V.O.)

Torture...

COUNSEL

Electro-shock...

WILSON (V.O.)

Pain and the threat of pain...

COUNSEL

Hypnosis--

TURNER

(disgusted)

Enough. I get the picture.

SHACKLEY

We've got a saying around here:
'sometimes it's best to just shut
your eyes and take what's coming.'

Turner focuses in on Shackley.

TURNER

The Navy's got its share of
sayings, too. Like, "we look with
pride and confidence to both our
tradition and our future." Around
here, the future's the only thing
worth mentioning.

TURNER'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

A still-horrified Turner ENTERS, followed by his AIDE.

TURNER

Patton started every new assignment by firing someone. Sets the necessary tone.

AIDE

No lack of candidates 'round here, sir.

TURNER

Then let's not limit ourselves, shall we?

Turner starts idly looking through the contents of his inbox, including a REPORT from Shackley, including the SAVAK transcript.

INT. HALLWAY, CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Shackley and Wilson.

SHACKLEY

You let me do the talking.

WILSON

You bet.

SHACKLEY

When you do speak, let him know there's plenty more solid intel coming. I'm looking to expand our proprietary initiatives, and this could be the opening we need.

They ENTER

CONFERENCE ROOM, CIA HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Turner waits with the SAVAK report open in front of him.

SHACKLEY

Good morning, sir--

TURNER

(furious)
What the hell is this?

SHACKLEY

(recovering)

Ed's report on the Iranian student movement.

TURNER

(to Wilson/horrified)

You tortured Iranian citizens?

WILSON

I watched. They tortured.

TURNER

Do you have any idea what kind of shit storm this kicks up if word gets out?

SHACKLEY

What you should be focusing on is the intel. It's clear there's more resentment and better organized resistance to the Shah than he lets on. We lose control of his oil, the Russians are there to take our place.

TURNER

I'm not interested in wasting resources spying on allies like the Shah. What I am interested in, is keeping this Agency funded and out of Congressional investigations.

Turner tosses the report back to Shackley.

TURNER (CONT'D)

Neither of which is helped by reckless stunts like this.

As Turner heads for the door, Wilson GRABS HIM by the arm.

WILSON

I sat through some unsavory interrogations to get this information. Now what you need to do is make the effort mean something.

TURNER

(off Wilson's hand)

In the Navy, you'd be court-martialed for that.

Wilson releases him.

A seething Turner EXITS, SLAMMING the door behind him.

SHACKLEY

He's a damn fool. And so are you. I told you to let me handle him.

WAITING AREA, TURNER'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Turner returns to work lost in thought. Nearly runs into a CIA COLLEAGUE giving a tour of the building to his two Sons.

CIA COLLEAGUE

You're in luck, kids. Here's my boss, the Director.

An awkward beat until Turner's Secretary intervenes with a throat-clearing nod towards a bowl of COMMEMORATE CIA COINS on her desk.

Turner hands one coin to each boy.

TURNER

Here you go. Compliments of the CIA.

BOYS

Wow! Thanks.

After another awkward beat, Turner walks away, into

AIDE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

STACKS of Personnel files open around Turner's Aide.

TURNER

Shackley's untouchable. Too many friends on the Hill. But his errand boy, Ed Wilson, he make the list?

AIDE

(rings a bell)
Top 40 with a bullet, sir.

The Aide scans to the back of a 15-page alphabetical LIST to confirm. Finds Wilson's name.

TURNER

I should damn well hope so.

INT. COPY ROOM, CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY, VA - DAY

The THUMP-THUMP of a mimeograph drum as it spins around. Turner's Secretary watches the copies pile up.

Two ARMED GUARDS stand at the doorway protecting her.

There are so many copies, one slips from the stack and flutters to the ground. The opening words of a letter can be see: "CIA EMPLOYEE -- A new era..."

WILSON (V.O.)

"CIA Employee -- A new era is dawning at the agency brought about by technological improvements in the methods of collecting and analyzing information.

HUMINT FLOOR

The Secretary wheels a mail cart piled with 900 COPIES OF THE LETTER. As she passes among the rows of desks, she consults a LIST OF 900 NAMES and drops letters on the appropriate desks.

WILSON (V.O.)

Given the need for cost savings, I have a responsibility to reduce the numbers counted among our human intelligence agents.

One of the letters lands on WILSON'S DESK.

SHACKLEY'S OFFICE

Shackley sees the brewing commotion outside his office.

WILSON (V.O.)

It has been decided that your services are no longer needed.

HUMINT FLOOR

Shackley catches Wilson's eye, getting the gist of the situation as the ADDO's face gets redder and redder.

WILSON (V.O.)

Sincerely...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Wilson finishes reading his letter:

WILSON

*...Admiral Stansfield Turner.
Director of Central Intelligence."*

Wilson stares into a mirror. Depressed.

BOBBI (O.S.)
Baby, what're you gonna do?

Wilson shifts his gaze to see Bobbi lying naked in bed. A smile breaks through his gloom.

WILSON
Shit, Bobbi. You're the first girl
I don't pay to sleep with.
(correcting her)
'What're we gonna do?'

BOBBI
You're such a liar. Remember
Barbara, your wife...?

WILSON
I pay for that every day. This is
about you and me.

She fishes in her purse on the bedside table and pulls out her PASSPORT.

BOBBI
See this?
(flipping through it)
I never even had a passport before
I met you. Now look at all the
places I've been.

He moves to the bed.

WILSON
It doesn't matter I'm not working
for the government any more?

BOBBI
Baby, I never knew you were working
for the government. So what's the
difference?

She kisses him hard.

BOBBI (CONT'D)
Never apologize, remember?

And he slides on top of her.

INT./EXT. MOUNT AIRY FARMS - DAY

Barbara and Shackley's Wife lean against a rail fence, watching Shackley's Daughter ride her horse. But no Shackley.

Wilson watches from a second-floor window. Disappointed.

When Barbara turns to look up at the window, Wilson has gone.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MOUNT AIRY FARM - DAY

Barbara holds expensive-looking animal-print swatches up against the furniture.

WILSON

You re-decorated six months ago.

BARBARA

And it shows. Nobody's doing English country any more.

WILSON

At least wipe your ass with my cash. Get some use from it.

BARBARA

You're disgusting. You want to play with Senators and Congressmen then we have to look like we belong.

(off his unkempt look)

At least one of us anyway. Look at you. You're like a teenage girl who just got dumped.

WILSON

Fuck you, too, Barbara.

Wilson, visibly ruffled, walks out of the room.

BARBARA

Sorry, baby, I guess Teddy didn't ask you to the prom.

INT./EXT. KITCHEN, MOUNT AIRY FARM - NIGHT

Wilson, in ratty robe and slippers, fixes himself a stiff drink.

WILSON

(on phone)

Yeah, four million guaranteed...

Lumber out of Jakarta. Rubber, too.

Wilson fiddles with reception on a small black-and-white TV set sitting on the counter.

National news. Headline says: **"HALLOWEEN MASSACRE."**

WILSON (CONT'D)

(bored/hanging up)

Sounds real good.

NATIONAL NEWS ANCHOR
 ...nine-hundred agents got their
 pink slips in what critics are
 calling a CIA *mea culpa* for crimes
 past, present and future.

Wilson makes a face when the network cuts to Turner
 addressing the media:

TURNER
*The reduction in Human Intelligence
 agents is regrettable but--*

Wilson checks the wall clock: 8:00. SNAP. Wilson shuts off
 the set.

He grabs BINOCULARS off the counter and peers out the window
 into the night:

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. MOUNT AIRY FARMS - CONTINUOUS

Across the street, an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN steps out of her house
 to walk her dog.

WILSON
 (to self)
 Right on time.

In the near ground through the binoculars, Wilson sees
 Shackley's gold Lincoln come to a stop a hundred yards down
 the drive way.

Wilson lowers the binoculars. Brightens. Then instinctively
 checks his reflection in the pane, and smooths down his hair.

EXT. MOUNT AIRY FARMS - NIGHT

Wilson walks down the driveway towards the idling Lincoln, in
 his robe and carrying his drink.

A suicide door opens. Wilson steps in from the cold.

INT. SHACKLEY'S LINCOLN - NIGHT

Wilson sits next to Shackley, who stares into the void.
 Wilson knows well enough to shut up until Shackley's finally
 ready to speak.

SHACKLEY
 I tried explaining to Turner how
 things work. What does he do?
 (MORE)

SHACKLEY (CONT'D)

That shit stain shows me one of the new keyhole satellite photos like it's some centerfold he just ass-fucked and says: "This is now the Agency's primary asset. It will never be blackmailed. Never disobey an order. Never break the law or embarrass this Agency and this nation in any way."

WILSON

Self-righteous prick.

SHACKLEY

He has no fucking clue what it takes to do my job. Satellites and radar don't cut it without boots on the ground. Only people can tell the 'why' and the 'how' of a thing. Without them, we're flying blind out there. I'm down to four agents in all of Iran; none speak Farsi for chrissakes. Situation's even worse in Iraq, Afghanistan. Russians have got the playing field all to themselves.

Shackley looks him square in the eye, asks the question he came to ask:

SHACKLEY (CONT'D)

Ed, do you believe in what we started?

WILSON

I'd build a church in its name.

SHACKLEY

I've made a decision. I swore to protect this nation, and I won't sit by while Stanislav Turner surrenders the Cold War to Moscow. Covert Ops must and will continue at previous levels or God help us all.

WILSON

It's about fucking time.

SHACKLEY

This means operating off the books.

WILSON

All the better. I don't want any second-guessing.

SHACKLEY

Then it's settled. Let history be our judge, not Stansfield fucking Turner. From now on, you are my eyes and ears in Libya.

EXT. MOUNT AIRY FARMS - MINUTES LATER

Wilson walks back towards the house as the Lincoln's tail lights disappear down the drive.

Barbara stands in the open doorway, watching. She has to step aside as he pushes on past.

WILSON

I'm not just going to the dance,
I'm the fucking prom king.

EXT. TRIPOLI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, TRIPOLI, LIBYA - DAY

A Beechcraft Jet touches down.

INT. BEECHCRAFT - DAY

Wilson with his fish-out-of-water farmhand, Doug Schlachter.

WILSON

You're my bodyguard. Stay close,
don't say a thing and act like
you're packing.

Wilson gives him the once-over. Schlachter isn't entirely convincing, so Wilson hands him a pair of aviator dark sunglasses.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Wear these.

EXT. TARMAC, TRIPOLI AIRPORT, TRIPOLI, LIBYA - DAY

Wilson steps off the plane. Schlachter at his heels.

Two ELITE GUARDS frisk them thoroughly before Wilson is greeted by several LIBYAN OFFICIALS.

LIBYAN OFFICIAL

Welcome to Libya.

WILSON (V.O.)
*I don't have to tell you, you know
 what it's like to be abandoned by
 your country.*

EXT. AIRPORT ROAD, TRIPOLI - DAY

Limousine heads into the city. Looming images of Qaddafi flutter on propaganda-laden posters along the road.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Years of devoted service, learning
 a special set of skills,
 disciplining yourself to think a
 certain way, being told you're the
 shit's tits.*

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Wilson and Schlachter ride in the back. A world of camels, goats and more goats just beyond the power windows.

The Elite Guards ride with them. Armed and grim-faced.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Only to have the rug pulled out.
 Some paper pusher with folded arms
 saying: " You're no longer needed.
 So forget what we taught you...*

EXT. TRIPOLI HILTON - DAY

Wilson steps out of the limo.

WILSON (V.O.)
*...and go get a job flipping
 burgers."*

INT. ELEVATOR, TRIPOLI HILTON - DAY

Wilson and Schlachter ride with their Libyan Escorts.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Well, with all due respect, sir, a-
 hole, sir, God and the US
 government built me this way.
 Anything else is just a lie.*

INT. PENTHOUSE HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Wilson and Schlachter ENTER. More Guards. More guns.

There's no misreading the raised stakes and more dangerous game Wilson has begun.

Wilson has a moment of doubt: "Was this a good idea?" He even judges the distance to the door, but then:

In walks **MAJOR ABDULLAH HIJAZZI**, stone-faced chief of Libya's military and intelligence operations. And Wilson has no choice but to plunge right in.

WILSON
(shaking hands)
Major Hijazzi.

HIJAZZI
Mr. Ed.

Wilson moves to correct the TV talking horse reference but thinks better of it.

MINUTES LATER

Now seated.

WILSON
As I explained to your consultant in London, under no circumstances can I sell you any weapons intended for military purposes. To do so would violate my country's arms embargo and subject me to federal prosecution.

HIJAZZI
We want plastic explosives.

WILSON
Not a problem.

Wilson looks to Schlachter, who takes this as the sign to hand a contract to him. Wilson hands it to Hijazzi.

WILSON (CONT'D)
This contract covers, for lack of a better term, the Covert Activities previously discussed.

HIJAZZI
The plastique.

WILSON
Plus detonators, guns, what-have-you. The less said about this document the better.

Wilson looks to Schlachter again. He hands another document to Wilson, who again hands it to Hijazzi.

WILSON (CONT'D)

This contract is for public consumption. El-Kanumi Oil Company is hiring Inter-Technologies Incorporated to oversee minefield clearing operations; these will parallel covert activities wherever and whenever possible. A team of Explosive and Ordnance Experts will function in both their "Cover Activity" and covert assignment with the same professional skill and expertise required by both.

HIJAZZI

I am impressed.

WILSON

These same experts will simultaneously train selected students in sabotage operations, employing the latest techniques of clandestine explosive ordnance.

HIJAZZI

I can see why the CIA hired you... and fired you.

WILSON

Yeah, well sometimes when the Lord closes a door he opens a goddamn bank vault.

(catching himself)

Allah, too, I bet.

HIJAZZI

Allah does not offer financial reward. But it is His will that Qaddafi open his vault... after you deliver the C-4.

WILSON (V.O.)

C-4. Only a nuclear reaction carries more explosive impact.

EXT. BROWER AND ASSOCIATES, SANTA BARBARA, CA - DAY

Elegant Spanish style home converted to offices. A new MERCEDES COUPE in a parking space reserved for **JEROME BROWER**.

A dusty rental car in the Visitor space next to it.

WILSON (V.O.)
*It's manufactured under strict
 control. Buying direct means
 answering a shitload of questions.*

INT. BROWER AND ASSOCIATES, SANTA BARBARA, CA - DAY

Wilson meets **JEROME BROWER** (40's). The handshake feels funny to Wilson....

WILSON (V.O.)
*So I went to the largest wholesaler
 on the West Coast, Jerry Brower.*

...that's because Brower's missing two-and-a-half fingers on his right hand.

BROWER
 (off missing fingers)
 Occupational hazard.

MINUTES LATER

Brower and Wilson huddle together in discussion.

BROWER
 Putting C-4 on a plane is illegal.
 Sending C-4 on a plane to Libya is
 treason. Why should I get involved
 in this operation of yours?

WILSON
 I'm not an expert in explosives or
 anything else. But I know people
 and what they want.

BROWER
 Seeing as you came all this way,
 I'll bite: What do I want?

WILSON
 You already got money. But what you
 want...is more money.

From Brower's look, we know this is true.

EXT. HOUSTON AIRPORT - NIGHT

MATT SMITH, Brower's chemical engineer, loads 50 pounds worth of C-4 plastic explosives into a 5-gallon metal drum. The C-4 is covered with another 10 pounds of gray sludge. A lid is tamped down and a label affixed to the front: "DRILLING MUD."

WILSON (V.O.)
I figured, if Qaddafi wants plastic explosives, there's no point moving it in dribs and drabs. Forty pounds...

Pull back to reveal: 855 MORE DRUMS just like it crowding the area. Even Smith can't believe it.

WILSON (V.O.)
...or forty thousand, it's the same flavor of illegal.

EXT. TARMAC, HOUSTON AIRPORT - NIGHT

Drums are loaded onto a DC-8 cargo plane.

WILSON (V.O.)
So why take a dozen chances when you can only take one?

INT. DC-8 CARGO PLANE, MIAMI - NIGHT

As the plane re-fuels, Wilson joins Brower and Smith inside.

WILSON
 Jesus, what's that stink?

BROWER
 This plane's been doing meat runs from South America. You get used to it.

WILSON
 (to self)
 Always with the fucking cows.

Smith looks more than a little shell-shocked sitting amongst the packed C-4.

WILSON (CONT'D)
 (to Brower/off Smith)
 He alright?

BROWER
 (louder, for Smith)
 Matt's wife just had twins is all. Isn't that right, Doug?

SMITH
 (weakly)
 Yes, sir.

INT. HANGAR, AIR FORCE BASE, BENGHAZI, LIBYA - DAY

Major Hijazzi inspects the newly-arrived C-4 drums with great pleasure. Wilson, Brower and Smith, looking down at this shoes, nearby.

WILSON (V.O.)

I told Major Hijazzi we'd stolen it from a US army base. Even charged him for the drilling mud... at C-4 prices.

INT. REQUISITIONS, CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY, VA - DAY

CIA Officer WILLIAM WEISENBERGER on the phone to Wilson.

WILSON (V.O.)

For detonators, I called in some favors at the Agency.

WEISENBERGER

Sure I can get you samples. Give me a week.

WILSON (V.O.)

And now it's down to finding the right personnel to train our hosts in the proper handling of these materials...

INT. BAR, WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

Wilson holds court. A dozen, fairly drunk EX-GREEN BERETS hang on his every word.

WILSON

...I don't mind saying, this is my favorite moment, right here. When I get the chance to change good men's fortunes. Pick a man up and get him back to doing what he does best. Civilian life hasn't been good to y'all, am I right?

The Berets shake their heads in agreement, all but a SOBER BERET named MULCAHY. He sips his Diet Coke and listens carefully.

Wives and Girlfriends look a bit nervous. Bobbi Barnes offers them re-assuring smiles.

SLOW BERET

I don't know how to say this, exactly but...

WILSON

It's okay soldier. We're all friends here.

SLOW BERET

I mean we are talking CIA, right?

Gung-Ho Beret slaps Slow Beret on the back of his head.

GUNG-HO BERET

Shut the fuck up, Whitey. We're in a goddamn bar.

WILSON

No. It's the right question to be asking yourselves.

(to the Women)

You mind excusing us for a moment?

BOBBI

C'mon gals. Let's put some music on the jukebox.

Bobbi and the other women move to the other side of the bar.

WILSON

There are very specific parameters around what I can say and what I can't say. But this is the real deal, gentlemen. I shit you not.

SOBER BERET/MULCAHY

I got an uncle retired from Langley. I'm gonna have to talk it over with him before I make up my mind.

WILSON

I'm not gonna tell you what to do. But in my experience nothing will cut you out of this thing faster than going around asking questions. Speaks to character and professionalism.

GUNG-HO BERET

(to Mulcahy)

Don't fuck it up for the rest of us, Mulcahy.

Wilson raises his beer bottle.

WILSON
 (Special Forces motto)
 De oppresso liber. Liberate the
 oppressed!

The Ex-Green Berets raise theirs. Mulcahy's a hair slower than the rest with his soda.

WILSON (CONT'D)
 That's you. That's me. That's
 anywhere the Reds wanna be.

They all drink lustily.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TENT BARRACKS, OUTSIDE BENGHAZI, LIBYA - DAY

Raking sunlight.

A half-dozen comatose Ex-Green Berets in various shades of undress, lie on cots. Still more cots remain unoccupied.

SFX: CLANGING OF PANS.

Schlachter bangs two pots together.

SCHLACHTER
 Morning, ladies!

The Berets become a jumble of confusion. Some covering their hung-over heads with pillows. Others, assuming themselves in mid-battle, flail about for gear they can't find.

Wilson ENTERS.

WILSON
 Wake up. We've got a job to do!

A CAMEL passes the open doorway. The Berets seem to have no idea how they got here.

WILSON (CONT'D)
 First things first. Doug, here's, gonna come by with a marker. You give him the name of the sweetest girl you know. He's gonna put that name on your right hand and you will make love to that girl whenever the urge takes you. But under no circumstances will you seek comfort among the local Moslem population.
 (MORE)

WILSON (CONT'D)

Alcohol is also off limits except what I can smuggle in or what we can make.

BERET

No disrespect, sir, but I'm not sure you can hold me to something I don't much recall signing.

WILSON

That's because there are no contracts. We're all men of honor. Meaning, if I break my word, I'm confident you boys'll track me down and kill me. And vice versa.

SLOW BERET

Where are we exactly?

WILSON

Benghazi...

That doesn't clear things up for most of them.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Libya.

BERET

I gotta baby coming.

MULCAHY

Libya? We've got an embargo against them.

WILSON

Not for mine-clearing operations. Now if there are no more questions, first month's pay's under your mess kits.

The Berets all look: a healthy STACK OF CASH under each kit. "No, no more questions."

The Beret closest to Schlachter pipes up.

SLOW BERET

(holding out right hand)

Charlene. With a C.

EXT. "THE BOMB FACTORY," BENGHAZI, LIBYA - DAY

Libyan TRAINEES watch a deeply-concentrating Matt Smith as he presses a thumbnail-shaped detonator into a flat, dollar-sized piece of C-4.

MOMENTS LATER

Using a long wand, Smith flips open a hardback book resting on a table in the open air. The book EXPLODES with impressive force. Shredded paper litters the air.

Mulcahy watches from the periphery. Face blanched in horror.

MULCAHY
 (under breath/to Slow
 Beret)
 This is like no mine-clearing
 operation I've ever seen.

MOMENTS LATER

A LAMP made of C-4 is carefully placed inside a corrugated metal supply shed and plugged in to a socket.

From a much greater distance, the power to the shed is switched on. The EXPLOSION blows the shed to ribbons.

Hijazzi pumps his fist. Wilson slaps Hijazzi on the back.

Mulcahy grabs a bottle of whiskey and retreats to his cot.

NEXT MORNING

Wilson, Schlachter and some of the Berets prepare to ride in a Libyan army transport vehicle.

Wilson spots Mulcahy, staring at the distant mountains. Back turned and ghostly pale despite the intense desert sun.

Mulcahy bends over and pukes his guts out.

Wilson takes Schlachter aside:

WILSON
 (off Mulcahy)
 Desert's not for everyone. Pay him
 and send him home.

INT./EXT. LIBYAN ARMY TRANSPORT VEHICLE - DAY

The bleak terrain of a Libyan "highway".

As they pass a HERDSMAN, some of his goats makes a move onto the road. The Herdsman jumps to the other side to corral them back...

...Only to be RUN OVER by the transport vehicle.

The Libyans keep right on driving. Wilson looks back to see other Herdsmen gathering over the victim.

EXT. AIR FORCE BASE, BENGHAZI - DAY

The Transport Vehicle parked outside a hangar.

INT. HANGAR, AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

Three glistening RUSSIAN MIG-29 "FULCRUM" FIGHTER JETS. Wilson inspects them with Major Hijazzi.

WILSON

That's one beautiful bird.

HIJAZZI

The Russians won't sell us the newest avionics.

WILSON

The MiG-29's a lot like our F/A-15 Hornet. I got guys who can upgrade you.

HIJAZZI

And we want a larger payload capability. Like the Hornet.

WILSON

Sure.

HIJAZZI

And the payload itself.

WILSON

I can get you some Mavericks. But I can't risk shipping missiles in-country. Mountain's gonna have to come to Muhammed on this one... At least just over the border anyway.

EXT. DESERT, NORTHERN NIGER - DAY

The three MiG-29's land on a make-shift runway, escorted by a commercial plane.

A BIVOUAC already set up nearby with ELECTRONICS and a cache of MAVERICK AIR-TO-LAND MISSILES.

Karl with binoculars, watches the planes come in. Shackley beside him.

SHACKLEY

Reminds me of the Congo, right
Karl?

MINUTES LATER

Shackley and Wilson watch their TEAM go to work on the jets. Adding avionics. Fitting the undercarriages to handle the Mavericks.

The Libyan Pilots and accompanying Military keep an eye out.

SHACKLEY

We've never been this close to the MiG Fulcrum before. The Russians brag about it's strengths... but soon we'll understand it's weaknesses.

Then we see what the Libyans don't: Shackley's Team taking surreptitious **spy-camera photos** of the planes, instrumentation, etc.

SHACKLEY (CONT'D)

Outstanding work. You're the eye in the sky, the ear on the ground and the hand in the Devil's pocket. You're the fucking reason we're gonna win this war.

EXT. ARMY BASE, BENGHAZI, LIBYA - DAY

Wilson plays Santa Claus, passing out M-16's, uniforms, parachutes and a dozen other items to the assembled MILITARY.

WILSON (V.O.)

Yeah, you were happy, the Libyans were happy and I was getting by.

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE, TRIPOLI - DAY

A LIBYAN CASHIER writes out a fat check for Wilson.

WILSON

I'm not big on paper trails.

LIBYAN CASHIER

(tearing up check)
I understand.

Wilson is led into

VAULT

Drawers of CASH in every major denomination.

LIBYAN CASHIER
 Would you prefer American dollars,
 Mr. Ed? British pounds? Gold,
 perhaps?

WILSON
 I'll be stopping in Zurich on my
 way home.

Another set of drawers are opened:

LIBYAN CASHIER
 Swiss francs it is.

INT./EXT. MOUNT AIRY FARMS - DAY

Wilson's FARMHANDS knock down an old fence under Wilson's giddy supervision.

Barbara gets new furniture. And their TWO SONS get a Pony.

WILSON (V.O.)
*With their money I added another
 twenty-three hundred and eighty-one
 acres to the farm. All the less
 likely, me and Barbara would run
 into each other.*

EXT. SHERIDAN CIRCLE, WASHINGTON DC - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Quiet fall morning along Embassy Row.

INT./EXT. CHEVROLET CHEVELLE - DAY

ORLANDO LETELIER, former Chilean Ambassador to the US, drives with his Assistant, RONNI MOFFITT. Ronni's husband, MICHAEL, in the back seat.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Then Orlando Letelier made the
 news...*

An **EXPLOSION** rips through the car's undercarriage.

WILSON (V.O.)
*I'd never heard of the one-time
 Chilean Ambassador but apparently
 he said some nasty things about the
 dictator back home.*

The Chevelle hops momentarily into the air, before crashing into the rear of a parked Volkswagen.

WILSON (V.O.)

*So any idiot would figure it was
spicks who did the job but somehow
it was yours truly who became
suspect numero uno.*

INT. WOODWARD'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON POST - DAY

The famous Beltway columnist, **BOB WOODWARD**. On phone. Notes in front of him.

Two Pulitzer's sit on a shelf behind him, like peregrine falcons.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

(through phone)

United States Attorney's office.

WOODWARD

Let me speak to Larry Barcella.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BARCELLA'S OFFICE, DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - SAME TIME

Assistant US Attorney, **LARRY BARCELLA** (30's), pathologically dedicated prosecutor in the Letelier case talks to co-lead and fellow US Attorney, **CAROL BRUCE** (30's).

Barcella has a wicked cold. Squeezes NASAL SPRAY into one nostril: empty. Pulls ANOTHER SPRAY from a drawer.

BRUCE

You should see a doctor.

BARCELLA

It's sweet that you care, Carol.

BRUCE

You can drop dead. I just don't want to catch it. I've got a date Saturday.

BARCELLA'S SECRETARY (O.S.)

(reverent/via intercom)

Bob Woodward on line one.

Barcella pantomimes jerking off.

BARCELLA
 (into intercom)
 Put him through.

WOODWARD
 Assistant US Attorney Larry
 Barcella? This is Bob Woodward.

There's an arrogance to Woodward, who still rides high from his Watergate fame.

BARCELLA
 Woodward? The detective from
 Anacostia?

This cracks up Bruce, who EXITS LAUGHING.

WOODWARD
 From the Washington Post.

BARCELLA
 Sure, okay.

WOODWARD
 I'm writing a column on the lead
 suspect in the Letelier bombing, Ed
 Wilson. Was hoping you might
 comment.

BARCELLA
 Sure, no problem, Bob, only it's
 not DOJ policy to discuss suspects,
 plus I've never heard of this
 fucking guy.

WOODWARD
 You ought to, seeing as ATF and the
 FBI are both looking into reports
 that Wilson tapped his CIA
 connections to purchase a half-
 million detonators and Class 4
 explosives.

BARCELLA
 Off the record, Bob, we figure
 Cubans for Letelier.

WOODWARD
 And I've got a source that has
 Wilson meeting with CIA-trained
 Cuban assassins...

Pull back to reveal KEVIN MULCAHY, drunk and blotchy, sitting in Woodward's office.

WOODWARD (CONT'D)

...two days before the Letellier hit.

BARCELLA

You suppose if you were looking to rig a car bomb, you'd buy an extra four-hundred and ninety nine thousand detonators, you know, in case?

WOODWARD

You planning to interview Wilson?

BARCELLA

If I do, your story suddenly gets juicy federal *bona fides*.

WOODWARD

I'm running it either way.

BARCELLA

(cornered)

Which means I look like a chump, if I don't.

WOODWARD

I'll assume that's off the record, too.

INT. WAITING AREA, BARCELLA'S OFFICE, JUSTICE DEPT. - DAY

Wilson sits. Fidgets. He's not one for magazines.

WILSON (V.O.)

On paper, I'd already committed more than a hundred felonies and the first time I show up on the Fed's radar it's for something I didn't do. Go figure.

A framed message on the wall catches his eye: **"The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers." -- William Shakespeare.**

Amen.

INT. BARCELLA'S OFFICE, DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - DAY

Wilson meets with Barcella and Bruce.

BARCELLA

Ed, I'm Larry Barcella. This is Carol Bruce.

(MORE)

BARCELLA (CONT'D)

We want to ask a few questions in connection with the Letelier Assassina--

WILSON

You know, I've always wondered, what kind of person goes into law? I mean, it's all about limitations. "You can't do this." "Don't even think about trying that." It's practically un-American when you think about it. This country's about freedom.

BARCELLA

Freedom is a privilege, not a right. Some people abuse it. That's when we step in.

WILSON

(ignoring him)

Then, if you gotta be a lawyer, why work for the government? You gotta be GS-16, 17 tops. So your take-home's thirty-five, thirty-six. I thought lawyers were supposed to be smart, right?

BARCELLA

How about we ask the questions and you answer them?

Wilson throws up his hands.

WILSON

Guess it'll have to remain a mystery. Fire away.

BARCELLA

We have it on good authority that former Ambassador Letelier was killed by two Cubans working for the Chilean government.

BRUCE

We also know from the FBI that you met some Cubans, two miles from the crime scene.

Barcella shows Wilson some surveillance photos to corroborate this information.

WILSON

And Langley's only ten. We all know you can't throw a rock without hitting a CIA-trained Cuban around here.

Barcella shows Wilson a handful of thin DETONATOR PENCILS like the ones Wilson sourced from Weisenberger.

BARCELLA

(off detonators)

Gotta be Steve Carlton to hit one of these.

WILSON

(genuinely disappointed)

You'll never catch these guys. You're nowhere smart enough.

BARCELLA

Answer the damn question.

WILSON

You didn't ask one. Look, you really want to play this out?

BARCELLA

Did you not purchase a half-million of these detonators?

WILSON

I've got a large contract for mine-clearing.

BARCELLA

In Libya.

WILSON

Yeah. "In Libya." Which has what exactly to do with today's episode of Perry Mason?

BARCELLA

You tell me.

Wilson takes one of the timing pencil and twists it to break open the internal acid cap. Bruce is on her feet. Nervous.

BARCELLA (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

WILSON

Relax. From what I understand, there's two kinds of detonators: timers and remotes. Forensics tell you what kind they put under that Chevelle?

BARCELLA

Remote, once they knew Letelier was in the car.

The detonator makes a POP as it goes off. Bruce jumps. Even Barcella flinches, which gives Wilson a smirk of satisfaction.

WILSON

Guess I bought the other kind.

BARCELLA

Fifteen years CIA, oh but you're just guessing.

WILSON

I'd love to talk about the agency, only that's way over your security clearance, Larry. But trust me, I wouldn't know a detonator from a coffee pot.

BARCELLA

With all you don't know, I can see why Turner fired you.

WILSON

Okay, there's something I do know about the trigger man, but this stays between us.

(conspiratorial)

His name starts with an X, Y or Z...

Barcella leans in ever so slightly.

WILSON (CONT'D)

'Cause you're up to the W's and you ain't found shit.

LATER

Wilson EXITS.

BARCELLA

I state the obvious when I say I fucking hate that guy.

BRUCE
He's an asshole, but he's not our
asshole. Let it go.

BARCELLA
(unconvincing)
Sure, sure.

EXT. "THE BOMB FACTORY," OUTSIDE BENGHAZI - DAY

Schlachter talks with Wilson but their conversation is interrupted as nearby

Matt Smith reacts to the sight of some Trainees putting explosives raw materials in a truck.

SMITH
That's Quadrex, not C-4! It's not
stable. It doesn't need a detonator
to--

No one around him understands. Smith starts running toward the truck.

SMITH (CONT'D)
No detonator! No detonator!

A Trainee drops a Quadrex-filled box heavily into the bed of the truck. A massive EXPLOSION rips through the vehicle. Killing three Libyan Trainees instantly.

Wilson is as stunned as anybody. But he shakes it off and goes into damage control mode.

WILSON
(to Schlachter)
Put safety training in the next
contract. And charge extra.

Doug Smith walks by. Shell-shocked again. Wilson follows.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Matt, you've been doing a helluva
job. I tell Brower that every damn
day.

SMITH
(pale)
Thank you, sir.

WILSON

From where you sit, I imagine this operation doesn't square much with your idea of standard government practices.

Smith hesitates.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Go right ahead now...

SMITH

No, sir. It doesn't.

WILSON

I get that. I've spent my whole career in clandestine services and seen some pretty fucked-up things first-hand: Laos, Watergate, Bay of Pigs...

SMITH

(wide-eyed)

Bay of Pigs?

Wilson cuts him off with a steady look: "I'm giving you a peak under the tent, don't prove yourself unworthy."

WILSON

The nature of the work is like this: the more crucial an operation to national security, the fewer the people trusted with the information.

(off surroundings)

That tells you just how fucking important this mission is.

SMITH

(gaining confidence)

Yes, sir.

WILSON

And if somewhere down the road this thing goes ass-over-tits, and the people who couldn't be trusted start poking around looking for answers to questions a mile above their security clearance...

Wilson pulls one of Turner's CIA COMMEMORATIVE COINS from his pocket.

WILSON (CONT'D)

...well you show them this. This comes from the CIA Director himself. God willing it won't come to it, but you lay this down and watch just how fast they change the subject.

Wilson hands the coin to Smith with all due gravity.

SMITH

(smiling now)

You bet, sir.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE, CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY, VA

Turner unfolds the Washington Post.

WILSON (V.O.)

Thanks to the Woodward article, word got out I'd been using CIA contacts to help supply the Libyans.

He zeroes in on the Bob Woodward column.

COVERT OPS FLOOR

Seething, Turner marches through the halls. The way Agents stare and get out of the way, it's clear this is a rare occurrence.

WEISENBERGER'S OFFICE

THWACK. The Post lands on Weisenberger's desk. The detonator supplier looks up to see Turner staring down at him. Furious.

TURNER

Clean out your desk. You're through.

INT. "THE BUBBLE" AUDITORIUM, NEAR CIA HEADQUARTERS

The Agency's 500-seat briefing auditorium.

Turner addresses the troops. A huge photo of Wilson behind him. Shackley among those in attendance.

TURNER

Edwin Wilson is toxic...

WILSON (V.O.)

So Turner comes after me like I'm cancer?

EXT. ARMY BASE, OUTSIDE TRIPOLI - DAY

Wilson shows a group of RUSSIAN ENGINEERS how to assemble and attach a US Army night scope on a T-80 RUSSIAN TANK. One of the Engineers admires Wilson's clothes. Shares a drink from Wilson's private stash.

Wilson takes a PHOTO of the Engineer, smiling in front of the tank. KA-FLASH.

EXT. STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND - NIGHT

Wilson walks along.

TURNER (O.S.)
...He is shit on your shoe.

EXT. STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND - NIGHT

Wilson looks to be sure he isn't being followed.

TURNER (O.S.)
Any interaction, social or professional, will trigger your immediate dismissal.

Wilson ENTERS

INT. ELEPHANT & CASTLE PUB, LONDON - CONTINUOUS

Wilson stands inside the doorway...

TURNER (O.S.)
And a traitor to this country.

WILSON (V.O.)
Calls me a godamnn traitor...?

...until he spots SHACKLEY sitting in a booth towards the back.

BOOTH - MINUTES LATER

Wilson shows Shackley PHOTO of the Russian Engineer in front of the T-80 Tank.

WILSON
...What he should be doing is pinning the intelligence star on my chest.
(off photo)
Name's Ilya Gregorich. Has an eye for the finer things; think he might be turned.

SHACKLEY
 (pocketing photo)
 Nice work. I'll see what the boys
 can find on him.
 (pivoting)
 Turner's grandstanding. Don't worry
 about him.

WILSON
 I'm not worried about nobody.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM, FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

Barcella takes a break from closing arguments to take a hit from the nasal spray.

Two chairs face the jurors. A PHOTOGRAPH sits on each:

BARCELLA
 Nothing you do will bring back
 Orlando Letelier and Ronni Moffet
 to fill these seats.

Barcella takes the photos away.

BARCELLA (CONT'D)
 But you can help bring back the two
 men being tried in absentia today
 for their murder:

Barcella props two new PHOTOGRAPHS on the chairs:

BARCELLA (CONT'D)
 Jose Suarez and Virgil Romero. What
 you can do, what you must do, is
 bring these killers to justice.
 Give me a guilty verdict; give me
 the power to hunt them down
 anywhere in the world these cowards
 hide. And I swear to you, I will
 not rest until they sit in answer
 for their crimes.

INT. LIVING ROOM AND KITCHEN, MOUNT AIRY FARMS - NIGHT

Wilson and a sour-faced Barbara host a lavish CHRISTMAS PARTY. Barbara is none-too-pleased to play the role of glorified caterer to SENATORS and MILITARY PERSONNEL.

Wilson moves on. Hands a high ball to a TEXAS SENATOR.

TEXAS SENATOR
 President's got us holed up
 debating his budget plan while he
 kicks back at Camp David.

WILSON
 Mount Airy isn't Camp David... it's
 three times bigger.

LAUGHTER all around.

WILSON (CONT'D)
 I hope you find it comfortable,
 Senator.

TEXAS SENATOR
 I surely do, Ed. But I wish I could
 do a bit of hunting. April feels
 like a long way off about now.

WILSON
 My property. My rules.
 (to the room)
 And I say it's hunting season!

A CHEER goes up from the drunken weekend warriors in
 attendance. Barbara rolls her eyes.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - NIGHT

A much more frugal CHRISTMAS PARTY in full swing for all
 except...

BARCELLA'S OFFICE

Barcella who lacks the party mood. He goes through stacks of
 red-tagged CLOSE-OUT FILES.

A DRUNK COLLEAGUE props himself up in the doorway.

DRUNK COLLEAGUE
 We swiped 'em from the circuit
 court.

Barcella looks over at TWO EMPTY CHAIRS tied with Christmas
 ribbon in the corner.

DRUNK COLLEAGUE (CONT'D)
 It's the thought that counts,
 right?

BRUCE (O.S.)
 On your way, Larson.

Bruce shoves the Colleague/Larson away. Now it's her turn to linger in the doorway.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

One holiday party for all federal law enforcement? What it saves in money it pays for in body odor.

Barcella doesn't listen. Still stares at the chairs.

BARCELLA

They drum it into our heads: get the verdict. Well we got it. "Congrats, now move on to the next one." Only the murderers are still out there. So where's the justice?

BRUCE

I don't know but you won't find it in the close-out files. Those cases are headed to the shredder for a reason: they're unwinnable.

BARCELLA

I want a case with a face to it. A face I can hate.

He keeps reading. She lingers on the threshold, debating... then moves in to help.

BRUCE

Move over, Grinch.

As she grabs a file, he notices the ENGAGEMENT RING on her finger.

BARCELLA

(off ring)
When did that happen?

BRUCE

I have no idea.

INT. MOUNT AIRY FARMS - SAME TIME

Senator and others grab booze and put on their coats.

BARBARA

We haven't seen you in six months. You should be spending time with your boys.

WILSON
 Well get 'em down here.
 (shouting at stairs)
 Erik! Wyatt! Get on down here!

WYATT (8) and ERIK (6) dutifully come down the stairs.

WILSON (CONT'D)
 You wanna go hunting with your dad?

Wilson is miffed to see the boys look to Barbara for guidance.

WYATT
 Guns are dangerous. We're not supposed to play with them.

WILSON
 Guns are safe when you know how. Your old man's gonna show you.

KARL
 Mama said we could make cookies.

WILSON
 Suit yourselves.
 (heading for door/to Barbara)
 You're turning them against me.

BARBARA
 (to closing door)
 You're doing that all by yourself.

INT. BARCELLA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Barcella opens another "dead-end" file: "EDWIN P. WILSON." Bingo. He shows it to Bruce.

BARCELLA
 Remember our friend Ed Wilson? Investigated for supplying explosives to Libya. And for conspiracy to commit murder in the Letelier case.

BRUCE
 Letelier? We know that's the wrong tree. And the weapons charges...
 (reading)
 "Insufficient evidence to proceed."
 Both FBI and ATF came to the same conclusion.

BARCELLA
But they both know he did it.
Agents?

BRUCE
(checking file)
Pederson... and Hart. But--

BARCELLA
You know Bill Hart?
(off her nod)
Find him. I'll get Pederson.

EXT. MOUNT AIRY FARMS - SAME TIME

Schlachter drives one of four surplus Army Jeeps retrofitted with airport FLOODLIGHTS mounted on the hoods. Wilson, Texas Senator and Others bounce around in the back, drunk as skunks, toting SEMI-AUTOMATIC M-16 RIFLES.

Everybody's whooping it up as they scan the open fields and brush for foxes and deer.

Schlachter coasts to a stop. The floodlight catches a 6-point STAG nibbling a snow-tipped juniper bush.

WILSON
Easy now...

INT. CHRISTMAS PARTY

Barcella tracks down no-nonsense **ATF AGENT DICK PEDERSON**.

Bruce comes back with jokey **FBI AGENT BILL HART**.

HART
(off Pederson)
Hide your drinks everybody.
Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms is in
the house.

BARCELLA
(waving file)
Ed Wilson.

HART
(disappointed/to Bruce)
I thought we were headed to the
copier room to make out.

PEDERSON

The son-of-a-bitch is guilty. But we can't prove he shipped those explosives; not without grand jury subpoenas.

BARCELLA

What about the conspiracy charge?

BRUCE

He didn't do Letelier--

Barcella cuts her off with his hand. Waits on Hart.

HART

Conspiracy-to-murder is a non-starter because, as we all know too well, it isn't illegal in the District.

BARCELLA

Not exactly.

(Hail Mary)

DC was carved out in 1801. The enacting legislation stated that any Maryland criminal statutes not in conflict with DC criminal code remained on the capital's books. That includes conspiracy to murder... in theory.

HART

In theory, Pederson could get laid tonight.

PEDERSON

(to Barcella)

I've had a few drinks so let me see if I've got this straight: You want to establish a two-hundred year old precedent to go after a guy for a crime he didn't do, so you can uncover evidence for ones he did?

BARCELLA

That's right.

PEDERSON

Will it play?

BARCELLA

Don't look at me.

(RE: Bruce)

She's got the bullshit detector.

All eyes on Bruce.

BRUCE
(coming on board)
Everybody wants Wilson. It'll play.

BARCELLA
He wasn't our asshole but he is
now.

EXT. MOUNT AIRY FARMS - SAME TIME

The Senator aims and squeezes the trigger. TACK-TACK-TACK-TACK-TACK. Bullets fly. The stag takes off. First leaping one direction and then another, as a hundred rounds tear through the night air.

TEXAS SENATOR
(clip now empty)
I need more ammo.

WILSON
More ammo. More foxes. Whatever you
need, Senator. That's what I'm here
for.

Senator, Wilson and Company LAUGH drunkenly amidst the spent bullet casings.

WILSON (V.O.)
Why should I be worried?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - DAY

A bulletin board crammed with note cards and multi-colored string connecting people, companies and locations on a map of the world. A maelstrom of activity surrounding a PHOTOGRAPH of Wilson.

Barcella sits with Carol Bruce.

WILSON (V.O.)
*I invented this game. Hiding CIA
ops from foreign governments or the
other way around -- same
difference.*

BARCELLA
He's smarter than he looks.

BRUCE
No jury in the world could follow
this.

BARCELLA
We need witnesses.

INT. HOLIDAY INN, NEAR FORT BRAGG - NIGHT

A GREEN BERET REUNION in progress. The Green Berets wear regular tuxedos but with CAMOUFLAGE PIPING.

WILSON (V.O.)
Barcella really wants another swing at me? He doesn't have the first idea. I got it all under control.

They stop by a RECEPTION TABLE, where they announce themselves and get reunion info. Then move on to

ANOTHER TABLE

Manned by Federal agents Pederson and Hart.

SLOW BERET
James Addison Walker.

Pederson looks down his list. Finds Walker's name and hands him a SUBPOENA out from a stack of them.

HART
Congratulations, Jimmy boy. You've been summoned to appear before a federal grand jury. Have a good night.

Jim walks away. He fishes a BUSINESS CARD for Wilson's lawyer, John Keats, out of his wallet.

WILSON (V.O.)
When Justice caught up with my men...

INT. JOHN KEATS' OFFICE, WASHINGTON DC - DAY

Slow Beret and a bunch of other Berets, who put in time for Wilson in Libya, sit with Wilson's lawyer, **JOHN KEATS**.

The Berets read and rehearse prepared answers.

WILSON (V.O.)
...my lawyer, Keats, told them exactly what to say...

INT. FEDERAL COURT, WASHINGTON DC - DAY

Barcella peppers subpoenaed witnesses before Judge Calhoun.

WILSON (V.O.)
...which was not a goddamn thing.

Barcella takes on Slow Beret.

BARCELLA
 Did you train the Libyans in
 terrorist methods?

SLOW BERET
 No sir. I was hired and paid by a
 Swiss company in fulfillment of a
 contract to find and dismantle
 mines encountered during oil
 drilling operations.

WILSON (V.O.)
They were protecting themselves.

LATER

Barcella takes on Loyal Beret.

BARCELLA
 Did you work with explosives?

LOYAL BERET
 I was hired and paid by a Swiss
 company in fulfillment of a
 contract to find and dismantle
 mines encountered during oil
 drilling operations.

WILSON (V.O.)
They were protecting me.

LATER

Barcella takes on Scared Beret.

BARCELLA
 Did Ed Wilson ever mention
 smuggling weapons into Libya.

SCARED BERET
 No sir. I was hired and paid by a
 Swiss company in fulfillment...

WILSON (V.O.)
*But mostly, and this makes me
 proudest of all, they understood
 who the real enemy was.*

BARCELLA

Your honor, these men have obviously been coached in their responses.

JUDGE CALHOUN

I'm pretty sure I read somewhere they have a right to an attorney, Mr. Barcella.

WILSON (V.O.)

The grand jury is supposed to be secret. But I know everything about mine. The witnesses tell their lawyers. Their lawyers tell Keats. And Keats tells me.

Barcella sits down next to Bruce. Licked.

BARCELLA

Forget the witnesses. We need the C-4.

BRUCE

There are only a handful of possible suppliers.

INT. CAROL BRUCE'S OFFICE, DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - DAY

Bruce goes through a list of major plastic explosives suppliers. She crosses off the sixth name.

Dials the next:

SECRETARY (O.S.)

(through phone)

Jerome Brower and Associates.

BRUCE

(on phone)

My name's Abigail Jones. I'm Ed Wilson's new secretary and I'm introducing myself to his suppliers.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Oh, Ed! You tell him he's wicked for keeping me out so late last time he was in town.

Bruce draws a STAR next to Brower's name on list.

BRUCE
Oh he's wicked alright.

INT. BARCELLA'S OFFICE, DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - DAY

Barcella, Pederson, Hart and Bruce.

BARCELLA
No surprise, Brower's lawyered up.
He's not talking.

BRUCE
The way we'd do this sort of thing
at the SEC was to get the little
guy to roll over on the big guy.

HART
The FBI doesn't waste time going
after the little guy...
(off Pederson)
...We've got ATF to do that.

INT. WILSON'S COMPOUND, TRIPOLI - NIGHT

Wilson sends a message to Barbara on the TELEX: **My final offer: two million in cash. Take it or leave it.**

As he walks away, the TELETYPE machine CLACKETY-CLACKS to life. Punching out a brief text message: **Wonder Woman misses Papa Bear.**

INT. GENEVA AIRPORT - DAY

Wilson gets off a plane and is nearly knocked over when Bobbi throws herself into his arms.

BOBBI
Oh I've missed you!

WILSON
Libya isn't much place for a
liberated woman. How you settling
in?

BOBBI
It's okay I guess. Everything's
real clean here. Beats Dallas by
miles only it's just... I don't
know, all shades of boring, you
know?

WILSON
Why don't I take you shopping?

BOBBI
Oh baby, I want a real adventure.
Let's take a trip. Just you and me.

WILSON
Sure thing.

He turns her by the shoulders to face the Departures Board.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Go ahead and pick.

BOBBI
Now? You mean it?

WILSON
Anywhere you wanna go. We got the
money. We got the time. That's what
this is all about ain't it? That's
freedom.

Bobbi steps forward. Gets herself a better look at the
options in front of her.

WILSON (CONT'D)
How about Malta?

BOBBI
Is it warm? I've got no clothes.

She's like a kid in a candy store. Wilson breaks out in a big
grin just watching her.

WILSON
That's just how I like you, baby.

EXT. RENTED VILLA, MALTA - DAY

Sunrise to sunset view of the Mediterranean. Wilson reclines
pool-side, scowling at headline in Herald Tribune: **RUSSIA
INVADES AFGHANISTAN.**

Bobbi's arms wrap around him from behind MEOWING like a
contented kitten. His mood changes as he takes in her newly-
bought bikini and sarong.

WILSON
(RE: villa)
What do you think?

BOBBI
Mmmmmmm. I could live here.

WILSON

Too bad it's not for sale...
 (waiting until she pouts)
 ...'cause I just bought it.

BOBBI

(teasing/not mad)
 "Anywhere you want to go", huh?

She slips on top of him.

EXT. AIRSTREAM, TRAILER PARK, LAKELAND, FLORIDA - DAY

Matt Smith drinks a beer. Pederson and Hart toss paperwork on a metal camping table.

Faint BABY CRIES from inside the trailer.

PEDERSON

We know all about it, Doug. We got the flight records that put you and Brower in Houston; we got two Lufthansa cargo workers who ID'd you loading the C-4 into barrels.

HART

You're looking at ten years.

Smith swallows hard, puts down his beer and reaches into his pocket. Like he's reaching for a holstered gun.

SMITH

I was hoping it wouldn't come to this.

HART

Easy, Matt.

But Smith pulls out the CIA Commemorative Coin. Slaps it down on the camping table. He sits back like the cat who ate the canary, assuming this explains it all.

Hart examines the coin. Smiles. Hands it to Peterson. He smiles.

Smith's not getting the reaction he expected:

SMITH

That's from the Director himself.

HART

(amused/"gotcha")
 Matty, Matt, Matt, you dumb piece of shit.

(MORE)

HART (CONT'D)
 You couldn't be any more fucked if
 this thing was made of chocolate.

PEDERSON
 (pulling out note pad)
 Let's start with Brower...

Smith pulls hard from the beer bottle. Busted.

INT. BEDROOM, WILSON'S VILLA, MALTA - NIGHT

Wilson and Bobbi rock the headboard big time.

WILSON
 Oh Jesus...

BOBBI
 Give it to me, Papa Bear.

WILSON
 Oh Jesus, Jesus, Jesus...

BOBBI
 You're so big... Yeah, like
 that....

WILSON
 (pure pleasure)
 Fuck yeahhhhh....
 (searing pain)
 ...ahhhhhhh!

He hops off the bed and makes for the bathroom.

WILSON (CONT'D)
 Fucking VD.

Bobbi relaxes on the bed.

BOBBI
 Mmmmmmm. I wish it could be like
 this all the time.

RUNNING WATER from the bathroom.

WILSON (O.S.)
 What's that, baby?

BOBBI
 Why we gotta be apart?

WILSON (O.S.)
 I gotta be in the desert looking
 out for my interests.

Wilson returns with a towel around his waist. Sits beside her.

WILSON (CONT'D)
You know that.

BOBBI
I mean why can't we get married--

And Wilson's off the bed again. Blood pounding.

WILSON
I told you. My bitch wife won't listen to reason.

BOBBI
I never heard of two people hating each other and not being able to get a divorce.

WILSON
She wants half my money. In cash.

BOBBI
So give it to her.

WILSON
I'm not selling the farm! Not for her.

BOBBI
Do it for me.

WILSON
Not for you either!

Bobbi puts on a robe and leaves the bedroom.

FOYER

Ed chases her.

WILSON
Don't be that way, baby...

A KNOCK at the front door.

INT./EXT. WILSON'S VILLA

Three MALTESE POLICEMAN crowd the entry.

MALTESE POLICEMAN #1
Edwin Wilson, yes?

WILSON

Christ, my wife send you to hand me
more fucking divorce papers?
(over shoulder/to Bobbi)
Must've found me from the paperwork
on this place.

They put him in handcuffs as Bobbi comes up behind.

MALTESE POLICEMAN #1

(confused)
Orders of the United States
Embassy.

WILSON

What're you talking about?

MALTESE POLICEMAN #1

You are to be sent home to answer
charges of weapons smuggling.

They start hauling him away.

BOBBI

What's going on?! Ed?!

WILSON

Cash, baby. Get me cash.

INT. HOLDING CELL, MALTESE POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Wilson held alone. Several days of stubble indicate he's been
here awhile.

WILSON (V.O.)

*This Barcella guy was starting to
get on my nerves. But I still had
moves to play.*

He's pacing the room. Going stir crazy from the containment.

INTERROGATION ROOM

Wilson brought in. Wilson's Lawyer, Keats, sits with a
BRIEFCASE.

The PRECINCT CAPTAIN ENTERS.

Keats rises. Puts the briefcase on the table.

KEATS

I have no knowledge of the contents
of this case. Good-bye gentlemen.

Keats EXITS.

WILSON

It's not for me. It's for you.

The Captain just looks at him...

WILSON (CONT'D)

You'll want what's inside. But read this first.

Wilson pulls a folded LETTER out of his wallet and hands it to the Captain.

WILSON (CONT'D)

That is a letter of introduction from Major Mohammed Hijazzi from Libyan Intelligence. Very important man. Very dangerous.

CAPTAIN

(reading aloud)

"Treat Mister Ed with extreme courtesy..."

WILSON

They are a crazy bunch, the Libyans. And only two hundred miles from Malta.

CAPTAIN

I think I understand.

WILSON

(nodding to briefcase)

And that case...

The Captain opens the case stuffed with US DOLLARS.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Here's a token of my appreciation for that understanding.

CAPTAIN

I am obligated to send you to London and to inform your embassy once this has occurred.

(fingering cash)

But diplomatic communications are often delayed.

WILSON
 (off cash)
 Just leave me enough for a ticket
 on the next plane out of here,
 would ya?

INT. PASSPORT CONTROL, HEATHROW AIRPORT - NIGHT

Digital clock reads **02:40**. A sleepy time at the airport. A handful of Passengers work their way through a half-dozen control stations.

Wilson scans the options and heads for the weariest Control Officer.

CONTROL OFFICE - SAME TIME

An INTERPOL order to detain Wilson lies unnoticed on a facsimile machine.

PASSPORT CONTROL

KA-WHUMP. Stamping of his passport.

CONTROL OFFICER
 Welcome to the UK.

EXT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - MINUTES LATER

A CAB pulls up to the curb next to Wilson. Window rolls down: Ted Shackley.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

Wilson and Shackley sit in the back.

WILSON
 I just spent five days in jail.
 Maybe we should come clean.

SHACKLEY
 The truth is not your friend here.

WILSON
 Well I'm fucked either way. I tell
 DOJ I'm still with the CIA, the
 Libyans will cut my head off. Keep
 on denying it and I could get the
 chair.

SHACKLEY
 Turner really screwed the pooch in
 Afghanistan because we didn't have
 an Ed Wilson on the ground.

(MORE)

SHACKLEY (CONT'D)

Our analysts misread the SatPhotos, figured Brezhnev was only posturing. First the Iranian Revolution, now this. With the election coming, won't be much longer before everyone appreciates the right way to fight this war. When Reagan wins, I'll get Turner's job, kill this investigation and you'll be holding court at the Old Ebbitt.

WILSON

And if Carter wins?

SHACKLEY

Turner's fuckups in Iran and Afghanistan mean that's not going to happen.

Wilson starts to get out of the cab. Heads back inside the airport.

SHACKLEY (CONT'D)

Hole up in Tripoli, where Barcella can't touch you. Let 'em think you sold us out. Puts you farther up Qadaffi's ass, where we need you.

INT. LIVING ROOM, WILSON COMPOUND, TRIPOLI - DAY

Wilson makes it "home." Exhausted. Fixes himself a whiskey from a dwindling supply.

He rouses to the CLACKING of the Telex coming to life in

OFFICE

He moves to the machine and reads what has been printed already: **Consider this my official response to your proposed settlement offer:**

After a beat, the rest comes out as he watches: **"Go fuck yourself." Sincerely, Barbara Wilson.**

Wilson tosses around a bunch of furniture in his anger.

LATER - NIGHT

Wilson's awoken rudely by the RINGING of the phone. He picks it up, groggy and still angry.

WILSON
Fuck you too, Barbara!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BARCELLA'S OFFICE, DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - DAY

Barcella on phone.

BARCELLA
Did you pick Libya because the
money was good...?

WILSON
Who is this?

BARCELLA
...Or because it was beyond
extradition?

WILSON
(realizing it's Barcella)
The fuck you get this number?

BARCELLA
Maybe federal prosecutors aren't as
dumb as you think.

WILSON
(getting it: "Barbara")
Smarter than my wife anyway.
(pivoting)
Look, this thing is one big
misunderstanding.

BARCELLA
Okay. Drop by my office and we'll
sort it out.

WILSON
I'll do that...when the time's
right.

BARCELLA
That doesn't work for me. See,
later I'm gonna go home, kiss my
kids, enjoy a home-cooked meal --
you know, the sweet, simple stuff
you take for granted until you're
holed up in, say, Libya -- but I'm
not going to get any sleep tonight.
I'm going to stay up worrying about
the next car bomb... the next
assassination...

(MORE)

BARCELLA (CONT'D)

wondering if you made it possible.
The longer you're at large, the
more sleep I'm gonna lose. And the
more sleep I lose, the more sleep
you're gonna lose.

WILSON

I'm not the terrible guy you think
I am, Larry. There's a lot you
don't know about me, a lot of stuff
you can benefit from.

BARCELLA

I benefit when you're behind bars.

WILSON

My philosophy's there's always a
deal to be made. So how 'bout we--

BARCELLA

Good-night, Ed. Give my love to the
Missus.

The line goes DEAD.

INT. OFFICE, WILSON'S COMPOUND, TRIPOLI - DAY

Stack of files on Barcella litter the table and floor. Wilson
reads up on the Letelier investigation.

Bobbi walks around like a caged animal. Picks up a fashion
magazine she brought with her...

WILSON

(off documents)
You did good, babe.

...the airport censors have cut it up to within an inch of
its life. She throws it back down.

BOBBI

I hate this place. There's nothing
to do here. It's worse than
Switzerland.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Wilson wide awake. Waiting... until phone RINGS.

WILSON

(pretending to wake)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BARCELLA'S OFFICE, DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - DAY

Barcella at desk on phone. Tired but determined.

BARCELLA

Afraid I had another rough one last night. How 'bout you?

WILSON

Not great but I appreciate the concern.

BARCELLA

You don't have to answer the phone, you know. Oh, wait, of course you do. You're the guy always looking to make a deal.

WILSON

(counter-punching)
You ever catch those Cubans, Larry? The ones who blew up Letelier.

BARCELLA

Why do you care?

WILSON

Just trying to size up how good you are at your job.

BARCELLA

You know I haven't. Not yet.

Barcella can't stop himself, he turns to stare at the two EMPTY CHAIRS in the corner. Reminders of unfinished business.

WILSON

They keep you up, too? Why don't you call them instead of me?

BARCELLA

You got their number?

Wilson's whole mood changes: "Eureka."

WILSON

I'll get back to you.

And it's Wilson's turn to hang up.

INT. BEDROOM, BARCELLA'S HOUSE, BETHESDA, MD - NIGHT

The sound of the phone RINGING rips through the night. Waking Barcella and his Wife.

BARCELLA

Hello?

WILSON (O.S.)

(through phone)

Aw, geez, did I wake you?

BARCELLA

Yeah, you fucking did.

WILSON (O.S.)

(through phone)

Listen, Larry, you wanna do this dance forever or you wanna meet?

CUT TO:

EXT. ROME, ITALY - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. TAXI, ROME - NIGHT

Barcella, Bruce, Hart and Pederson crowd inside. Bruce struggles to work her seat belt because she's FOUR MONTHS PREGNANT.

BARCELLA

(off her belly)

When did that happen?

BRUCE

Beats the hell out of me.

INT./EXT. JOLLY HOTEL, ROME - NIGHT

They get their luggage from the taxi.

PEDERSON

It's Rome, Larry. How 'bout we take advantage of that fact?

HART

The pleasures of this place are only wasted on you, Pederson.

RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

BARCELLA

If Wilson can tell me where Suarez and Romero are hiding, I want to know right away. Six months ago, we got word they were in Salinas, Chile. By the time we moved on them, they were gone.

(to Receptionist)

(MORE)

BARCELLA (CONT'D)

Can you tell me which room Ed
Wilson is staying in?

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, Signore Wilson left a
message: his flight has been
delayed. He will meet you tomorrow.

Barcella fumes.

INT./EXT. ROOFTOP BAR, CAVALIERI HOTEL, ROME - NIGHT

John Keats, Ed Wilson and Bobbi Barnes have a drink. Wilson loves the return to lavish Western surroundings. He makes no effort to hide from Bobbi his ogling of an attractive HOOKER at the bar.

WILSON

(toast/off Hooker?)
To freedom.

KEATS

Don't get your hopes too high. This
could be a trap.

WILSON

I got immunity. In writing. Three
days to settle our differences.

KEATS

They could arrest you and worry
about the legal niceties later.

WILSON

Let's find out...

Wilson signals the Hooker to join their table as Bobbi stifles her disgust.

The Hooker is over in a flash, sizing up their motley threesome:

HOOKER

Five hundred... each.

WILSON

You got the wrong idea.

Bobbi's look says "I doubt it, sister" as Wilson slips the Hooker some cash.

WILSON (CONT'D)

If there are any cops in here,
you'd know.

The Hooker takes the money. Looks around to verify what she already knows.

HOOKER

Off duty only.

She heads back to the bar. Wilson gives Keats a two-handed shrug: "There, you see?"

KEATS

This is your last, best chance to wrap up this mess.

WILSON

Relax. I got a line on his Cubans. How good, I can't say. But by the time we find out, Ted will be calling the shots at Langley.

KEATS

I know Barcella. He'll stick by a plea bargain. But he's a bulldog. Blue collar Wop gone Ivy League. If you fuck with him, he'll make you pay for every Dartmouth douchebag who called him the self-righteous prick that he is.

WILSON

You want me to plead?

KEATS

To the C-4. Nothing else. You don't, and they'll get you on arms dealing, terrorist training, assassination attempts. You'll never get out.

WILSON

What would I be looking at?

KEATS

Five years. Like Brower.

BOBBI

And he only served four months.

KEATS

You'd do two years. Tops.

BOBBI

Whaddya think, baby?

Wilson looks out over the wide-open Roman skyline.

WILSON
I spent my first eighteen years in
jail. I'm never going back.

INT. LOBBY, JOLLY HOTEL - MORNING

Barcella comes out of the elevator. He spots Wilson eating
breakfast in the adjacent restaurant.

RESTAURANT

Wilson pushes away a fancy omelette with disgust before
spotting Barcella.

WILSON
Larry! Real good to see you again.

They shake hands. Wilson's huge hand swallows up Barcella's.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Have a seat. You want this? Too
fancy for me.

Wilson intercepts a passing Waiter...

WILSON (CONT'D)
(to Waiter)
Hey, get me a hamburger, would ya?

...but the Waiter ignores him.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Food's just something to keep the
old motor going, know what I mean?

BARCELLA
Lost my sense of smell during the
Letelier trial. Too much nasal
spray. So I don't waste time on
food these days either.

WILSON
See, Larry, I knew we had things in
common. I never asked, is it okay I
call you, Larry?

BARCELLA
Sure. And I'll call you Papa Bear.
Let's get started.

HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Wilson sits next to Barcella. Pederson, Bruce, Hart and Keats
round out the table.

BARCELLA

The Letelier fugitives. Where do I find them?

WILSON

Sure, sure, but you're not gonna care once you hear what else I got to tell you: Qaddafi's been looking to take out Reagan for calling him a terrorist and what-not; soon as I got wind, I personally talked him off that ledge.

BARCELLA

(controlled irritation)

That's not anything that can be verified, Ed.

WILSON

How about Arafat? He trusts me. I can arrange a sit-down between the PLO and the Israelis. Move the peace process forward. That's gotta be worth something.

BARCELLA

Not to me. I don't make foreign policy.

Barcella pours a glass of water to calm himself.

BARCELLA (CONT'D)

The fugitives, Suarez and Romero. Where can I find them?

WILSON

I asked around the Cuban emigre community. I've got very good connections in that world since the Bay of Pigs.

BARCELLA

You weren't at the--
(biting tongue)
Go on.

WILSON

They're keeping themselves out of sight in a town called Salinas, Chile--

The words are barely out of Wilson's mouth before Barcella lunges across the table and grabs him by the throat.

BARCELLA
You sack of shit!

WILSON
What's going on?! Get this guy off
me.

Pederson and Keats step in to pull Barcella away. Hart sits
back and enjoys the show.

BARCELLA
You belong in every single fucking
circle of Hell!

WILSON
What're you talking about?! I'm
trying to help here.

BARCELLA
You drag me to Rome... feed me
outdated bullshit! I'm gonna nail
you!

WILSON
You bust me, then what? Your kid
can't live in it. Your wife can't
fuck it. What the hell's the point?
You don't make sense!

BARCELLA
Get him out of my sight.

KEATS
Let's go, Ed.

Keats starts pushing Wilson out of the room.

WILSON
(genuinely surprised)
Wait! What's going on?

Wilson's been pushed out of sight by now.

WILSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What the fuck is this? We had a
deal, Larry! Larry?!

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Wilson sits glumly. In the seat in front of him, a Passenger
reads the day's *Corriere della Serra*. Over the man's
shoulder, Wilson spots a small article with a photo of Ted
Shackley.

Wilson grabs the guy's paper.

WILSON

Scuzie.

Wilson shoves the paper in front of another Italian, seated next to him.

WILSON (CONT'D)

You speak English.

PASSENGER

A little.

WILSON

(pointing to article)

What's that say, right there?

PASSENGER

(reading/broken English)

The Central Intelligence Agency of the United States reported the retirement of former Assistant Deputy Director Theodore Shackley. The announcement was made by Director Stansfield Turner...

Wilson leans back in his seat. Defeated.

FADE OUT.

INT. WILSON'S VILLA, TRIPOLI - DAY

Wilson, drunk and stir-crazy, carries a sloshing glass of FLASH (fermented potato-based alcohol) mixed with grapefruit juice.

WILSON (V.O.)

Who does Barcella think he is? There was a deal to be made. Good for him, me and the country. Only he wants the big headlines for bringing down the "Merchant of Death". Can you believe it? That's what they call me now.

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dough Schlachter mixes a fresh batch of flash in a tub.

WILSON (V.O.)

Meanwhile, I'm a rat stuck in a hole.

Wilson wanders out into

COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Berets, fighting boredom, take turns shooting at stray cats with a NAIL GUN.

WILSON (V.O.)

We run out of nails, they'll think about going home and the good work we're doing here ends. I tell you, the guy that should be put on trial is that asshole Barcella.

INT. BARCELLA'S HOUSE, BETHESDA - NIGHT

Barcella can't sleep. His Wife lightly SNORES beside him until he nudges her onto her side.

He picks up the phone, presumably to call Wilson. Hangs up again. Stares up at the ceiling.

BEGIN WILSON'S DREAM:

EXT. MOUNT AIRY FARMS - DAY

A beautiful day across the rolling hills. We fly high and fast over open fields, grazing cows and running horses.

SFX: SMASHING GLASS.

END WILSON'S DREAM.

INT. OFFICE, WILSON'S COMPOUND, TRIPOLI - NIGHT

Wilson wakes with a start. Still a bit drunk. Grabs a GUN.

SFX: SCUFFLING.

WILSON

Who's there?

Shackley, the Blonde Ghost, steps into the light.

SHACKLEY

Careful where you point that thing.

MOMENTS LATER

Shackley and Wilson huddle on the couch, each with a glass of flash.

As Shackley tips his glass, an anxious Wilson gets a glint off his boss' retirement present: a gold ROLEX WATCH.

WILSON

What the hell happened? I gotta read in the papers you were shit-canned?

SHACKLEY

It's not a problem.

WILSON

The fuck it isn't. You don't work for the agency, that means I don't work for the agency. I got no cover.

SHACKLEY

You need to relax.

WILSON

I gotta be honest, here, Ted. I'm starting to lose my shit.
(pouring another drink)
They're hunting me like a dog.

SHACKLEY

Can't be easy, cut off like this. Messes with your head.

WILSON

I've done everything you ever asked, so just tell me what it is you want from me?

SHACKLEY

I want you to be the hero I could never be.

Wilson's never heard Shackley talk this. Really gets his attention.

SHACKLEY (CONT'D)

I can't do what you do. I tried field work back in the OSS days. Got stuck in East Berlin once when a connect didn't show. Hid in a root cellar and held my dick 'til the Brits could pull me out. But you're different. I believe in you. And right now, I'm mission control and you're the astronaut headed for the dark side of the moon before he can come home again. That means no more communication until this indictment goes away.

(MORE)

SHACKLEY (CONT'D)

Barcella's got me tapped, tailed
and titty twisted. I can't make a
move he doesn't know about. You and
me, we gotta go radio silent.

Wilson goes pale.

SHACKLEY (CONT'D)

I will fix this. Reagan's in good
position to get elected but his one
concern is the hostages. They get
released between now and election
day, Carter might still pull this
thing out. I got a connect inside
Iran who can stop that from
happening. New administration owing
favors means a whole new ball game
for us.

WILSON

I gotta know you won't forget me,
Ted.

SHACKLEY

I got you into this, and by God
I'll get you out.
(raising glass)
To the dark side of the moon.

WILSON

And back home again.

Wilson doesn't bother clinking. He just downs his glass.

LATER

Wilson still drinks. Chewing over the Barcella files. Pushes
them aside.

SFX: More SCUFFLING.

He grabs the PISTOL. Moves to:

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SFX: SCUFFLING in the dark.

WILSON

Who's there...?
(hopeful)
Ted...?

LIBYAN POLICE crash in on Wilson from the shadows. Wilson fires a SHOT into the wall before they grab him, throw a sack over his head and haul him away.

INT. HOLDING CELL, UNKNOWN LOCATION, TRIPOLI - NIGHT

Police drag Wilson in. Hands tied behind his back. He's thrust down into a chair in front of a Libyan INTERROGATOR.

WILSON

Where is Major Hijazzi? What's going--

Interrogator brings a PISTOL to Wilson's temple.

INTERROGATOR

Do you still work for the CIA?

WILSON

Of course not.

INTERROGATOR

Why were you in Rome?

WILSON

Trying to settle a misunderstanding with my government.

Interrogator thrusts the latest HERALD TRIBUNE in front of Wilson.

INTERROGATOR

Is this how you plan to settle it?

(reads)

American fugitive Edwin Wilson meets with CIA to plot assassination of Libyan leader Muammar Qaddafi.

WILSON

That's a lie. I have enemies in the Justice Department. The prosecutor is pissed off he can't get me inside a courtroom. He must've planted the story hoping you'd execute me and save him the legwork.

INTERROGATOR

It is working.

WILSON

(desperate)

Why would I kill the golden goose?

(MORE)

WILSON (CONT'D)
 (clarifying/off
 Interrogator's look)
 Look, I've got twelve million
 dollars in outstanding contracts
 with the Colonel. If you know only
 one thing about me, you'd know I
 wouldn't throw that away.

Interrogator stares hard.

WILSON (CONT'D)
 Ask Major Hijazzi, he'll--.

INTERROGATOR
 (rising to leave)
 Major Hijazzi is dead.

Interrogator EXITS. Door LOCKS behind him.

INT. HOLDING CELL, UNKNOWN LOCATION, TRIPOLI - NIGHT

Wilson comes to. He registers a plate of food in front of him. He's starving. But with his hands still shackled to the chair, all he can do is bury his face in the food and eat like a dog.

INT. HOLDING CELL, UNKNOWN LOCATION, TRIPOLI - NIGHT

Wilson, thirsty and weak.

WILSON
 How about some water! It's been two
 days!

No response.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Maybe it was the dehydration but I
 was beginning to believe I was out
 of moves. I needed help.*

INT. HOLDING CELL, UNKNOWN LOCATION, TRIPOLI - NIGHT

A frightened Wilson, still restrained to the chair, hears someone approaching. He strains to turn his head around, so he can see the door.

WILSON
 (false bravery)
 You finally bring me some damn
 water? About time...

The door opens and a SACK is thrown over his head. Wilson struggles but he's too weak to fight them off.

WILSON (CONT'D)
 (muffled)
 Where you taking me? Where--

INT. POLICE VAN - DAY

Blacked-out windows. Wilson surrounded by Police. Hands still tied behind him.

Van pulls to a stop. Door slides open.

The Police want him to EXIT, but he resists.

WILSON
 Let me speak to the Colonel!

It takes three of them to push him out.

WILSON'S POV

Blinding darkness. He can't see a thing.

WILSON
 I've got money!

Then the sack is removed to reveal:

Blinding sunlight. He still can't see.

WILSON (CONT'D)
 Mother fucker!

The van can be heard pulling away. Wilson's eyes adjust and he can finally see:

EXT. COURTYARD, WILSON'S VILLA - CONTINUOUS

He's "safe" inside. ARMY GUARDS now stand outside the gates. He walks towards them. They shove him back inside.

ARMY SERGEANT
 No one in or out without authorization.

WILSON (V.O.)
*They've got my nuts in a vice,
 alright.*

And the compounds gates swing shut with a CLANG.

INT./EXT. WILSON'S VILLA, TRIPOLI - CONTINUOUS

Wilson ENTERS, goes straight to the sink and starts drinking from the faucet.

A BLUE UNIFORM lands on the counter next to the sink.

HIJAZZI (O.S.)
You promised to use American
suppliers.

Major Hijazzi scowls -- the source of his anger is obvious:

A Libyan Army Private stands at attention, wearing a hideous blue uniform, with an equally hideous cap with poorly sewn flaps meant to protect from the desert sun. The effect is more retarded lumberjack than intimidating foot soldier.

HIJAZZI (CONT'D)
These are North Korean! The only
reason you're still breathing is
because I convinced them you have
value. Now fix this.

WILSON
I thought you were dead.

Major Hijazzi simply shrugs as if to say: "These things happen in Libya."

WILSON (V.O.)
I gotta get out of here...

INT. OFFICE, WILSON'S COMPOUND, TRIPOLI - NIGHT

Wilson wakes with a start as the phone RINGS.

WILSON
(into phone)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BOBBI BARNES' OFFICE, GENEVA - DAY

Bobbi on phone.

BOBBI
Ed, I've got a call for you from a
guy named Ernie Keiser.

WILSON
Who?

BOBBI
Ernie Keiser.

WILSON
Never heard of him.

BOBBI
He says he can help.

WILSON
Okay, put him on.

Bobbi picks up a second phone, already off its hook:

BOBBI
(through phone)
Mr. Keiser, you're on with Mr.
Wilson.

She takes the phone and makes a '69' with the first phone, allowing the two lines to talk. She presses her ear to the phones, eavesdropping.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PHONE BOOTH, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK - DAY

ERNIE KEISER (40's), impeccably dressed, sits calmly inside.

KEISER
Ed, Ernie Keiser here. From that
Africa thing.

Keiser speaks with a strong German accent. His w's sound like v's. Creepy Peter Lorre with Fred Astaire's smooth moves.

WILSON
If you say so.

KEISER
Yes, I know it's been quite some
time. I hear you are in a bind,
yes?

WILSON
It's a damn misunderstanding.

KEISER
Of course it is. That's why your
friends want to help.

WILSON
Who are these friends?

KEISER
Under the circumstances, they would
rather not have me say.

WILSON
And that's supposed to reassure me?

KEISER

They are in positions of considerable influence within the new administration. It is not their reputation that concerns them, but that of the new President.

Wilson mulls this over.

WILSON

Let me get back to you.

KEISER

As you wish.

Bobbi hangs up with Keiser. Gets back on the phone with Wilson.

BOBBI

Whatcha think?

WILSON

Sounds like Ted.

BOBBI

Why didn't Keiser just say so?

WILSON

I bet he doesn't even know who's he working for. That way there's no blow back on Ted if the Feds get wind of it.

BOBBI

So whaddya wanna do?

HOLD on Wilson as he weighs his options...

INT. OFFICE, WILSON'S COMPOUND, TRIPOLI - DAY

Christmas Time. A miniature Date Palm strung with bulbs stands in the corner. More bulbs adorn a picture of Ronald Reagan.

Wilson, in good spirits and cradling the phone, takes aim with the nail gun. KA-KLUNK.... Another of many nails riddles a photo of Jimmy Carter hanging from the wall.

BOBBI (O.S.)

(through phone)

I just want us to be like normal people for a change, you know?

WILSON

Sure, baby, we're getting there.

BOBBI (O.S.)

(through phone)

My folks keep asking about you.
They don't understand. Maybe if you
met them...

WILSON

Shit, Bobbi, I've got bigger
problems here than breaking bread
with your parents... Bobbi?...
Bobbi? Shit.

BOBBI (O.S.)

It's Ernie on the other line.

WILSON

Great, put him through.

INT. LOBBY, CHRYSLER BUILDING, NY - DAY

Keiser in another phone booth.

WILSON

You speak to the NSC?

KEISER

I spoke to the new National
Security Advisor, himself, Dick
Allen. Your skills are being
wasted, Ed. Dick understands this.
Reagan understands this.

WILSON

What did Allen say, specifically?

KEISER

I wrote it all down. He said "we
need more men like Ed Wilson
working on national security. He
flips a coin a hundred times, it
comes up heads every time. Our role
isn't to question his methods. Our
role is to thank him because he
gets the job done."

WILSON

About fucking time. You tell Allen
I've got solid intel that Qaddafi's
looking to take out Anwar Sadat.

KEISER

Okay, sure, but Dick says he needs you in Central America straight away. How's the Dominican Republic sound?

WILSON

Central America?

KEISER

He wants you to orchestrate the same commercial camouflage you did to such great effect in the Middle East.

WILSON

"Commercial camouflage." I like that. Yeah. And Allen can get this misunderstanding cleared up?

KEISER

This is the White House we are talking about.

WILSON

Good. Real good.
(quoting Shackley)
"New administration means a whole ball game." We just can't let Barcella get wind of this. He'll fuck it up for sure.

KEISER

This is way above his pay grade, Ed. Don't worry.

WILSON

(shifting gears)
Say, Ernie, you swing by Mount Airy like I told you?

KEISER

It's beautiful. Like Bavaria.

WILSON

God I miss it. Do me a favor, would ya? Tell those fucking cows I'm coming home.

INT. TRIPOLI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Wilson takes great pains to see if he's being followed, or if the ever-present Libyan ARMY PATROLS are watching him.

He pulls out the **Passport** and shows it to the agent without a problem.

INT. BUSINESS CLASS, SWISS AIR - DAY

Wilson settles into his seat with great relief. Flags a FLIGHT ATTENDANT.

WILSON

Scotch.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

I'm sorry but we'll be taking off momentarily.

WILSON

Okay, sweetheart, then you got time to bring me two.

INT. INTERNATIONAL ZONE, ZURICH AIRPORT - NIGHT

Bobbi waits for Wilson's plane.

Nearby Keiser reads a newspaper. Waiting also.

Keeping an eye on both of them is a man dressed like a **HOLIDAY-GOER**.

LATER

Wilson arrives from Tripoli looking worn out and tipsy. But a wan smile rearranges his features when he sees Bobbi.

She reaches him, but keeps looking around anxiously.

WILSON

(reassuring)

It's like international waters. No one can touch me as long as I'm in the terminal.

Relieved, she kisses him and throws herself into his arms.

BOBBI

I missed you, Papa Bear.

AIRPORT BAR - LATER

Wilson's already on his second drink spots Keiser heading in their direction.

WILSON

(off Keiser)

Gotta be him.

BOBBI

He sounds like Peter Lorre selling
snake oil. Are you sure he works
for the President?

Keiser reaches them as the Holiday-Goer bellies up to the bar
nearby.

KEISER

You must be Miss Barnes.

Keiser kisses her hand in old European style and Bobbi
suppresses a gag reflex.

WILSON

Say, Ernie, that immunity letter
you read over the phone, you bring
it?

KEISER

Oh I destroyed that. You know how
it is, Ed, can't have that falling
into the wrong hands.

Bobbi urges Wilson to press on with a squeeze of his hand.

WILSON

Well even so, I'd feel a helluva
lot better heading to the Dominican
Republic with real protection.

KEISER

I totally understand. Tell you
what, I'll get Dick's office to
prepare a new letter of
understanding. How's that sound?
They can send it to me overnight by
diplomatic pouch and you'll have it
before we get on the plane tomorrow
morning.

TRAVELER REST AREA - NIGHT

Where overnight and stranded travelers take showers and catch
a little sleep.

WILSON

We'd like your finest room for the
night.

FAMILY ROOM

Some toys on the floor. Wilson and Bobbi tuck in to the
bottom BUNK BED meant for kids.

BOBBI
 (teasing)
 This your idea of a five-star
 hotel?

WILSON
 Can't take a chance leaving the
 international zone.

BOBBI
 As long as we're together.

WILSON
 We'll always find a way, baby.

INT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - NEXT MORNING

The Holiday-Goer looks around. Concerned. Checks his watch. Finally, Keiser ENTERS from an area with rest rooms and airport administrative offices.

Keiser zips up his fly. The Holiday-Goer relaxes.

LATER THAT MORNING

Keiser hands a LETTER on NSA stationary to Wilson. Bobbi reads along over Wilson's shoulder.

KEISER
 You can see, Dick's eager to get
 this Latin American thing off the
 ground.

The Holiday-Goer, now dressed as a Priest, walks by. His eyes on the letter.

WILSON
 "Immunity from prosecution in
 exchange for his cooperation..."
 Looks real good, Ernie.

Ernie takes back the letter. Catching Wilson by surprise.

KEISER
 Better I hold on to that. In case
 there's any trouble.

WILSON
 Yeah. Makes sense.

Bobbi makes a face that shows she doesn't agree.

WILSON (CONT'D)
 Let's see that smile now, baby.

She does her best.

WILSON (CONT'D)
That's my girl.

KEISER
We must go, Ed. They're calling our flight.

Then she's tugging on Wilson's hand.

BOBBI
Come here. I want to show you something.

SECONDS LATER

They stand in front of the Departures Board.

BOBBI
Remember? We could go anywhere in the world. You called that freedom.
(desperate)
So let's go. Right now. Before anyone knows we're gone. Some place warm. How 'bout it?

WILSON
That sounds real nice.
(walking away)
But it's winter everywhere, babe.

INT. PAN AM AIRLINES - DAY

Wilson drinks heavily again. Keiser seated beside him.

WILSON
Can't wait to see the look on Barcella's face when he gets the news. But this ain't over between us.

As Wilson continues ranting, he starts enumerating a LIST OF ASSETS on a cocktail napkin.

WILSON (CONT'D)
What I'm gonna do is buy a law firm. And I'm gonna pay ol' Larry twice his shitty salary to join on. And when he's put his heart and soul into it, after a couple of years, I'll let him know he's been doing my grunt work the whole time. Then I'll shitcan his ass.

He finishes the list and stuffs it in his pocket.

INT. PASSPORT CONTROL, SANTO DOMINGO AIRPORT - DAY

Wilson stands unsteadily with Keiser; his world slowing down.

INT. INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL, ZURICH - SAME TIME

The Holiday-Goer passes through the door he witnessed Keiser exiting that morning. Leads to

HALLWAY

Rest rooms on one side of the hall. The administrative offices on the other.

The Holiday-Goer pokes his head inside the Men's Room. Then starts looking through thick glass windows into the basic offices empty for the weekend. Desks are tidy.

One gets his particular attention.

INT. PASSPORT CONTROL, SANTO DOMINGO AIRPORT - SAME TIME

Wilson focuses on details in the room: Banana Republic soldiers with guns, happy family on vacation...

Keiser steps forward.

KEISER
Let me go first.

INT. HALLWAY, INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL, ZURICH - SAME TIME

Holiday-Goer ENTERS

AIRPORT OFFICE

Drawn to the one secretary's desk where the dusk cover has been uncharacteristically removed from the typewriter.

The Holiday-Goer sits at the chair. Looks down into the garbage can and pulls out: SHREDDED PAPER.

He lays the dozen strips on the desk and starts to re-assemble them.

INT. PASSPORT CONTROL, SANTO DOMINGO AIRPORT - SAME TIME

Keiser clears the station, looks back at Wilson with an encouraging smile.

Wilson steps forward. The Control Agent SPEAKS but neither we nor Wilson seem to understand. "Is he angry or just Latino?"

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE, ZURICH - SAME TIME

When he's done we can see: NSA LETTERHEAD and the start of a typed letter that reads like the one Keiser showed Wilson. Only it breaks off with a couple of typos in the second paragraph.

The Holiday-Goer gets on the phone immediately:

HOLIDAY-GOER
(into phone)
We've got a problem.

INT. PASSPORT CONTROL, SANTO DOMINGO AIRPORT - SAME TIME

KA-CHUNK. The passport stamp. The sound of freedom.

A weight drops from Wilson's shoulders as he pockets the passport.

But Wilson isn't three feet inside the country before DOMINICAN AUTHORITIES surround him with guns drawn:

DOMINICAN OFFICER
Raise your hands! Now!

Pederson and **Hart** appear out of nowhere.

PEDERSON
Edwin Wilson, you're under arrest for violation of federal statutes prohibiting the transport and sale of regulated materials.

WILSON
Ernie?! Where's Ernie? There's been a mistake.

Wilson twists his head around so look towards baggage claim.

Keiser is gone.

Instead, Wilson locks eyes with **BARCELLA** as Hart slaps on the cuffs.

INT. COURTROOM, FEDERAL COURTHOUSE, HOUSTON, TX - DAY

Wilson listens to proceedings.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Judge set bail at twenty million.
Some kind of record from what I
understand.*

Keats in conversation with the JUDGE. Barcella and Bruce at the prosecution table.

KEATS

We shouldn't even be here as my client was arrested illegally.

Keats looks through his brief.

KEATS (CONT'D)

The prosecution employed a con-man by the name of Ernest Keiser who forged a letter from the White House granting Ed Wilson immunity to travel to the Dominican Republic. That's entrapment.

WILSON

(rising from chair)

Which circle of Hell is that, Larry? I wanna know where to look for you.

Judge CRACKS down his gavel.

JUDGE

(to Wilson)

Quiet!

BARCELLA

I have never seen such a letter, Your Honor. And I regret that Mr. Keiser can not be located at the present time to answer to the accusation.

WILSON (V.O.)

Keiser fled the country. Hope that motherfucker picks Libya.

JUDGE

Anything else, Mr Keats?

KEATS

Yes, your honor. My client would like to make a statement.

Wilson rises.

WILSON

I am innocent of these charges because I acted on behalf of the US government when doing them.

(MORE)

WILSON (CONT'D)
Specifically, I was working for the
CIA.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS, FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

Barcella, Keats, Wilson, Bruce and the Judge.

BARCELLA
This is a joke, Your Honor. I asked
the accused about his relationship
with the CIA on several occasions.
In each instance, he denied any
association.

WILSON
I didn't answer to you, Larry.
Still don't.

BRUCE
It's graymail, Your Honor.

BARCELLA
He threatens to put CIA agents
under oath, knowing we'd rather
settle than risk embarrassing the
country.

KEATS
My client bases his defense on the
fact that he continued working for
the CIA. How do you expect him to
do so without actually talking to
people from the CIA?

BARCELLA
By submitting a list of specific
witnesses, their relevance to the
case and the specific manner in
which their testimony is to be
used.

KEATS
It's unconstitutional!

BARCELLA
No, it's the law. While your client
was a fugitive, I helped pass
something called the Classified
Information Procedures Act.

JUDGE
The self-congratulatory nature of
his comment aside, Mr. Barcella is
correct.

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

(to Wilson)

How about it, Mr. Wilson? Are you prepared to offer specific names of any CIA official to whom you reported, formally or informally since your break from the agency?

Wilson remains silent.

KEATS

I'd like a word with my client.

INT. EMPTY JURY ROOM, FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Wilson and Keats.

WILSON

I won't give them Shackley.

KEATS

The guy's left a wake of human debris from Laos to Chile and a dozen places in between. He should be in jail.

WILSON

Not for this. Not for doing the right thing.

KEATS

That's a lovely sentiment, only he doesn't seem all that concerned that it's you who should pay.

WILSON

If Ted can help me, he will.

INT. HALLWAY, CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ted Shackley saunters along like a returning king. Agents and Staff stop to shake his hand. "Good to so you, Ted.", Etc.

He ENTERS

WAITING AREA, OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR - CONTINUOUS

Redecorating in progress. Turner's metal desk is being moved out.

Is Shackley the new Director? The answer comes as Shackley passes the new name on the door: **WILLIAM J. CASEY.**

The Secretary can almost hear Shackley's teeth grinding.

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR - CONTINUOUS

Turner's metal desk has been replaced with a more traditional wooden one. Coming around the desk to greet Shackley is **WILLIAM CASEY**.

CASEY
(shaking hands)
Ted.

SHACKLEY
Bill. Congratulations.

CASEY
I'm not here if the President doesn't win. And we all appreciate your efforts on that score.

SHACKLEY
Happy to help.

CASEY
Cut the horse shit, Ted. You're here to collect.

SHACKLEY
There is a delicate matter you can help me with.

CASEY
Of course there is.

SHACKLEY
One of a supra-legal nature.

CASEY
This is a one-shot deal, understand. Anything you want...

Shackley reaches into his briefcase. Fishing for a FOLDER.

CASEY (CONT'D)
...So long as it's not about Ed Wilson.

Shackley hesitates. Then pulls out a DIFFERENT FOLDER. Puts it in front of Casey.

SHACKLEY
I want agency cover to continue supplying the Contras.

CASEY

I can't get you funding. Boland Amendment makes that impossible.

SHACKLEY

Leave that to me. As the hostage release proves, we've still got friends in Iran.

Casey mulls it over... then shakes Shackley's hand.

CASEY

There's still the matter of your boy, Wilson. He subpoenas our agents and they testify at his trial, then it's more questions needing answers, another round of Congressional oversight, and four more years of choir boy behavior on our part.

SHACKLEY

It's under control.

CASEY

You suppose he's still loyal to the agency?

SHACKLEY

He's still loyal to me.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A COURIER carries a LEGAL DOCUMENT along the corridors.

WILSON (V.O.)

Keats requested an internal investigation by the CIA without naming Shackley.

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR

Director Casey looks over the request.

WILSON (V.O.)

In response, the CIA provided the court with a legally-binding affidavit.

INT. COURTROOM, FEDERAL COURTHOUSE, HOUSTON, TX - DAY

Barcella reads an AFFIDAVIT to the Jury.

BARCELLA

"A two month search of CIA records reveals that Mr. Edwin P Wilson terminated his employment with the CIA in October 1977 and was not re-employed thereafter in any capacity."

WILSON (V.O.)

No surprise at the result. Shackley didn't get as far as he did without being careful.

BARCELLA

"Wilson was not asked or requested, directly or indirectly, to perform or provide any service, directly or indirectly for the CIA. Sincerely, Charles A. Briggs, Inspector General, Central Intelligence Agency."

WILSON (V.O.)

After that, it was all downhill.

LATER

Doug Smith on the witness stand.

WILSON (V.O.)

Game.

LATER

Jerome Brower on the witness stand.

WILSON (V.O.)

Set.

LATER

Bobbi Barnes on the witness stand. Avoids eye contact with Wilson.

WILSON (V.O.)

Match. Even Bobbi did her part.

INT. JURY ROOM, FEDERAL COURTHOUSE, HOUSTON, TX - DAY

A Bailiff hands the Twelve Jurors the CIA Affidavit, which they pass around.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Jury deliberated for three days.
 They asked to review only one piece
 of evidence: the CIA affidavit.
 Thirty minutes later they convicted
 me.*

EXT. FEDERAL PENITENTIARY, MARION, ILLINOIS - ESTABLISHING

WILSON (V.O.)
*All told, I got fifty-three years
 in maximum security prison.*

INT. MARION FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - DAY

A GUARD escorts Wilson along the hallways.

WILSON (V.O.)
*First ten in solitary. Twenty-three
 hours a day alone in my cell. One
 hour of sunlight a day. No
 visitors. No calls.*

They descend THREE STORIES UNDERGROUND before reaching

INT. WILSON'S CELL, MARION FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - DAY

Wilson steps inside the ten-foot square room.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Not that my phone would be ringing.
 I'm radioactive. Guess that's why
 they stored me thirty feet under
 the fucking ground.*

LATER

Wilson measures the floor, walking heel to toe. Counting to himself. He looks like complete and utter shit.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Ten by ten. And I thought Nampa was
 small.*

He keeps pacing as

DISSOLVE TO:

TEN YEARS LATER

Wilson still walks the floor. Different shoes.

WILSON
 (to self)
 Seven...eight...nine...

He reaches the wall...half a foot-length sooner than usual.

WILSON (CONT'D)
 (to self)
 I'll be damned. Feet do get bigger
 when you age.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Even my small world felt like it
 was shrinking.*

LATER

Wilson paces the floor as the door opens.

GUARD
 We're moving you to gen pop.

Wilson stops mid-cell without change of expression.

WILSON
 You made me lose track.

INT. CELLBLOCK, MARION FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - DAY

Wilson escorted by Guards into general population.

WILSON (V.O.)
*What I'd never lost track of was
 time. Time wasted in solitary.*

Wilson ENTERS

CELL

His new CELLMATE eyes him suspiciously.

The GUARD hands him a padded envelope. Wilson slips out the contents: a gold ROLEX.

WILSON (V.O.)
*Ten years. Ten years waiting for
 the chance to get my freedom.*

WILSON
 What's this?

GUARD
 Inheritance. Guy named Shackley.

Wilson stares at the hunk of metal. Weighs it in his hand.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Nice watch. Must've been a good friend.

WILSON

He was.

(beat)

What'll you give me for it?

WILSON (V.O.)

And just like back in Nampa, I jumped at the first opportunity that came my way.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

-- Wilson gives watch to a Prison Guard, but not until they've agreed to terms

WILSON

Gotta be a Top-O-Matic.

PRISON GUARD

Sure, sure.

-- Prison Guard brings Wilson a used TOP-O-MATIC CIGARETTE ROLLING MACHINE and LOOSE TOBACCO

WILSON (V.O.)

Cigarettes are the real currency around here. And it's cheaper to roll your own.

-- Wilson rolls his own

-- Wilson makes a nice profit selling "loosie" cigarettes to other PRISONERS

WILSON (V.O.)

What I needed was harder to come by.

WILSON

Gotta be an Olympia.

PRISON GUARD

Sure, sure.

-- Wilson bangs out a letter to the Houston Federal Court on a 1970's OLYMPIA TYPEWRITER.

WILSON (V.O.)
What I needed was another chance.

INT. WILSON'S CELL, MARION FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - DAY

TEXT ON SCREEN: FIVE YEARS LATER.

Wilson CLACKS away at the heavily-used typewriter in two-finger, hunt-and-peck style.

A key gets stuck. Wilson tries fixing it, and typing again, only to get it stuck again.

WILSON
 Need another word for 'prejudice'
 that doesn't take a 'j'.

His Cellmate looks up momentarily from his girlie magazine... but only for a second.

Wilson gives up on the letter. Removes it from the typewriter. Hesitates. Then puts in a fresh piece of paper.

Begins typing: "Dear Bobbi,".

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, MARION PENITENTIARY - DAY

Wilson is brought in. Sitting and waiting for him is a young lawyer named **DAVID ADLER (30's)**.

WILSON
 Who might you be?

ADLER
 Your lawyer, David Adler.

Adler moves to shake Wilson's hand. But Wilson doesn't bite.

WILSON
 I decide who my lawyer's going to
 be.

ADLER
 I'm not sure you've got the luxury
 of choice. You've got no money to
 pay me.

WILSON
 Just because you can afford to take
 my case doesn't mean you're any
 good.

ADLER

Who says I can afford it? What qualifies me is the fact that after five years of letters to the court, I'm the first lawyer who's bothered to show. That, and I have the necessary security clearance to review the documents you're requesting.

Wilson "gets it" and suddenly rises to leave.

WILSON

You're CIA.

ADLER

(correcting him)

Ex-CIA.

Wilson hesitates.

WILSON

I know how that goes.

ADLER

Our circumstances are hardly comparable but suffice it to say my experience has shown me your defense does not lack for plausibility.

WILSON

Jesus, lawyers. The fuck does that mean?

ADLER

It means I believe you.

Wilson sits again.

ADLER (CONT'D)

I don't want to. But I do.

Adler dumps the contents of his briefcase onto the table: dozens of Wilson's LETTERS TO THE COURT.

ADLER (CONT'D)

These helped.

WILSON

You read them?

ADLER

Twice. Before anyone else will,
they need to be reworked to conform
with something called the Freedom
of Information Act. So let's get to
work.

WILSON

Not yet.

Wilson extends his hand. Adler takes it.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Okay, now you're my lawyer.

INT. CIA DOCUMENT STORAGE FACILITY, LANGLEY, VA - DAY

Adler escorted by a HOSTILE CIA ATTENDANT into a

WALK-IN VAULT

The same kind that the Libyans used to pull cash out of to
pay Wilson... Only this one is full of DOCUMENT BOXES. In
fact, there are 300,000 documents.

Adler walks over to a single, uncomfortable metal chair and
folding table.

HOSTILE ATTENDANT

Have a nice day.

The Attendant walks away, leaving Adler to take in the
enormity of the task before him.

INT. WILSON'S CELL, MARION PENITENTIARY - DAY

Wilson making cigarettes with his rolling machine.

PRISON GUARD

You've got a phone call.

PHONE BANK

Wilson picks up the phone.

WILSON

Yeah?

BOBBI (O.S.)

Ed? Is that you?

WILSON
Only if that's you, Bobbi.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOME, DALLAS, TX - DAY

Bobbi, fifteen years older than we last saw her, sits in a small, clean kitchen. Awkward silence.

BOBBI
I got your letter.

WILSON
Six months ago.

BOBBI
I'll hang up right now, if you're gonna be that way.

WILSON
Okay, okay.

BOBBI
I only wanted to know if you were alright.

WILSON
I'm great.

BOBBI
Yeah. Why the hell wouldn't you be, right?

WILSON
I've had a lot of time to think in here.

BOBBI
(teasing)
That was never your strong suit.

WILSON
I should've married you.

BOBBI
We don't need to go over it--

WILSON
Listen, I don't know if I'll get another chance, so I just wanted to tell you--

BOBBI

No. Don't you do it. Don't you fucking apologize to me.

WILSON

I put you through the ringer.

BOBBI

You listen to me. All the lies you told. All the bullshit. I didn't know who you were half the time, but I always knew what you were. You never hid that. That makes you an honest man in my book. So whatever I got, I had coming, understand?

WILSON

Damn, I miss you, baby. It don't even matter that you testified.

BOBBI

Listen, I've gotta go. I gotta be somewhere.

WILSON

Someplace warm?

BOBBI

Take care of yourself, Ed.

INT. WALK-IN VAULT, CIA DOCUMENT STORAGE FACILITY - DAY

Adler takes a break. Stretches his aching back.

Pulls another stack of papers from another box from another pile.

Adler scans over a memo, curiosity rising. So bleary-eyed, he starts again from the beginning. And then we recognize it: that needle-in-a-haystack "eureka" moment.

INT. FEDERAL COURT, HOUSTON - DAY

Wilson at the defense table. Barcella sits in the witness box.

Adler hands Barcella the copy of a memorandum.

ADLER

Would you read this memo from the CIA's legal counsel, please?

BARCELLA

"Agency personnel maintained a continuing personal/professional relationship with Edwin Wilson after his resignation; in some cases these relationships continued until Wilson fled the country... We have uncovered seventeen incidents that would help support a Wilson defense that he conducted some or part of his post-resignation activities for the CIA. This list is not exhaustive and we do not expect that any other list that we or anyone else might compile will ever be definitive."

ADLER

Did you receive a copy of this memo during the defendant's original trial?

BARCELLA

A copy was sent to the Justice Department.

ADLER

Please answer the question.

BARCELLA

Yes. I read it.

ADLER

This is exculpatory evidence.

BARCELLA

That's debatable.

ADLER

"Debatable?" Ed Wilson's entire defense rested on the fact that he was following instructions from the CIA. That he'd been providing intelligence to the CIA the entire time he worked in Libya. This memo confirms that fact and you knowingly suppressed it.

BARCELLA

We had a thorough discussion of the memo.

ADLER

And?

BARCELLA

We concluded that Wilson knew the affidavit was false. He had the opportunity to dispute it and failed to do so. It wasn't our responsibility to make his case for him.

Adler can barely process the logic.

ADLER

Because the defendant kept quiet, you kept quiet?

BARCELLA

Yes.

ADLER

But if he had stood up and declared aloud what he knew in his heart to be true, that the affidavit was a lie, then you would have felt compelled to produce the exculpatory evidence?

BARCELLA

(not convinced)
That's about it, yes.

ADLER

In the course of American justice, one would have to work hard to conceive of a more fundamentally unfair process than the fabrication of false data by the government, under oath by a government official, presented knowingly by the prosecutor in the courtroom with the express approval of his superiors in Washington.

BARCELLA

That's not a question.

ADLER

No. No it's not.

INT. COURTROOM, FEDERAL COURTHOUSE, HOUSTON - DAY

Judge Hughes reads his decision from the bench.

HUGHES

Twenty years ago, the government tried a former Central Intelligence officer for exporting explosives to Libya. His defense was simple: He said he was still working for the Company.

INT. WILSON'S CELL, MARION PENITENTIARY - DAY

Wilson packs his meager belongings.

HUGHES (V.O.)

The government refused to disclose records of his continued association with the agency and convinced the judge to admit an affidavit from a principal CIA official to the effect that there were, with one minor exception, none -- zero.

CELL BLOCK

Guards escort Wilson out. He stops outside one cell and makes a final transaction: selling his rolling machine for cash to another Prisoner.

HUGHES (V.O.)

There were, in fact, over 80 contacts, including actions parallel to those in the charges. The government discussed among dozens of its officials and lawyers whether to correct the testimony.

EXT. MARION FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - DAY

Wilson walks out the gates. Savors his freedom.

HUGHES (V.O.)

No correction was made -- not after trial, not before sentencing, not on appeal and not in this review. Confronted with its own internal memoranda, the government now says that, well, it might have misstated the truth, but that it was Wilson's fault, it did not really matter, and it did not know what it was doing.

Adler pulls up in a rental car.

HUGHES (V.O.)

Because the government knowingly
used false evidence against him and
suppressed favorable evidence, his
conviction will be vacated.

Wilson gets in and Adler drives off. Wilson watches the
prison get smaller in the side mirror.

INT. ADLER'S CAR - DAY

Adler throws it into park outside a BUS STATION. Turns to
Wilson with the question he's earned the right to ask:

ADLER

You did twenty years for him. Why?
Why didn't you just give them
Shackley when you had the chance?

WILSON

You have a decent childhood, Adler?
Sunday dinners with the family,
little league trophies. That sort
of thing?

ADLER

Something like that.

WILSON

Ivy League. Pricey law school.
(off Adler's silent
acknowledgment)
Must be a helluva thing, everybody
saying what hot shit you are.

Adler waits but that's all he's going to get as Wilson gets
out of the car.

WILSON (CONT'D)

See ya.

WILSON (V.O.)

*I promised not to contact you until
the charges were dropped...*

EXT. GRAVEYARD

Wilson at Shackley's grave.

WILSON

(to grave)
...And I kept my word.

He places the WATCH on the marker.

WILSON (CONT'D)
 (off watch/bemused)
 Cost me double to buy it back.
 Worst deal I ever made.

INT. LAW OFFICES OF LAWRENCE BARCELLA - DAY

Barcella shakes hands with Clients after a meeting. Hanging on the wall is his old sign: "**The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.**" -- **William Shakespeare.** Only Shakespeare's name has been crossed out and replaced with "**Ed Wilson**".

INT. BEDROOM, BARCELLA'S HOUSE, BETHESDA - NIGHT

Barcella awakes to the RINGING phone.

BARCELLA
 (into phone)
 Yeah?

WILSON (O.S.)
 (through phone)
 Oh, geez, I forgot about the time difference.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WILSON'S APARTMENT, SEATTLE, WA - NIGHT

Wilson on phone.

WILSON
 I woke you.

BARCELLA
 No shit.

WILSON
 Guess that means you finally got those Letelier guys.

BARCELLA
 One of them.

WILSON
 Don't sound so glum, Larry.

BARCELLA
 If you called for an apology, you wasted your time.

WILSON
 You don't know what wasted time is.

BARCELLA

You played a reckless game. I'm not gonna cry for you.

WILSON

You know, I couldn't figure you out. Like you were playing by some other set of rules. Turns out we aren't so different, you and me. You were gonna do whatever it took to get what you wanted. Even break the law. I get it. I'd have done the same.

BARCELLA

So, what, this is you forgiving me?

WILSON

No, I'm gonna sue your ass, but I wanted you to know -- we're kindred spirits, Larry. Only difference is I've always been up front about how I play the game. What you see is what you get.

Barcella can't help but LAUGH at the irony.

BARCELLA

Yeah, you're a regular open book, Ed.

WILSON

See you in court.

EXT. HILLS, OUTSIDE SEATTLE, WA - DAY

At first blush, we might be back at Mount Airy Farms. But this land is wilder. Greener. Untamed.

Wilson looks over the open land on an overcast morning. There's a sense he could just stand and stare like this all day long. Until:

REALTOR (O.S.)

Well...?

Behind Wilson, a REALTOR stands beside a sedan with self-promotional advertising on the doors.

REALTOR (CONT'D)

Little slice of heaven, don't you think? Got a willing seller, too. Been on the market six months just waiting for you to come along.

Wilson continues looking out, giving the Realtor more time to size up his worn-out shoes and K-Mart wardrobe.

REALTOR (CONT'D)
I've got some smaller parcels
closer to the highway in case you--

WILSON
I'll take it.

Wilson finally turns from the scenery to lock the Realtor in one of his force-of-nature smiles:

WILSON (CONT'D)
Now tell me about those creative
financing options I've been hearing
about.

FADE OUT.

TEXT OVER BLACK:

In 2006, Wilson filed suit against Barcella and 11 other prosecutors for withholding exonerating evidence. Federal immunity laws prevented the suit from proceeding.

In 1984, Ernie Keiser was indicted for land fraud. Keiser fled to Berlin while under house arrest after bribing his FBI handler. An FBI request for extradition was denied when they were informed that Keiser was a West German spy not subject to US law.

Ted Shackley died in 2002. Edwin Wilson does not appear anywhere in his autobiography.

Lawrence Barcella went on to distinguish himself as the government's most successful terrorism prosecutor, including convictions in the *Achille Lauro* hijacking and Beirut Embassy bombing. He died in 2010 at age 65.

Edwin Wilson spent 21 years in prison before his release in 2004. In a 2010 interview, he said: "If the CIA still wants me, I'm here and ready to help." He died in 2012.

To date, none of the C-4 explosives Wilson provided to Libya has ever been used in terrorist activities.

THE END.