



Scripts.com

# Rendition

By Kelley Sane

It was great  
to have you, Anwar.  
Thank you.  
It was an honor to be here.  
Your presentation  
was outstanding.  
- Thank you.  
- Thank you.  
Okay. Take care.  
Thank you.  
Oh, there's my phone.  
Sorry I have to rush. I'm sorry.  
Good save!  
Again, Mom.  
Okay. Here it comes.  
Okay, get back up.  
- Hello.  
- Did you just try to call me?  
- No. Where are you?  
- Well, I'm still in Cape Town.  
I'm on my way  
to the airport now.  
Okay. I thought you were  
gonna call me earlier.  
I know. I'm sorry.  
I had meetings all day.  
- Oh, yeah. Right.  
- Is that Dad?  
Yeah. Do you wanna talk to him?  
Your son wants a word with you.  
Hold on.  
Hey, Dad,  
did you get me a present?  
- Jeremy.  
- What? He said he would.  
- Did you?  
- Hey, monkey. Sure I did.  
Okay, cool.  
- Okay, get in the goal. Hey.  
- Come on, Mom.  
- What are you doing?  
- I'm playing soccer.  
You'll give my mother  
a heart attack.

- Yeah. Nuru's fine.  
- Mom, kick the ball.  
Is your flight schedule  
still the same?  
Yes.  
Connecting through Washington.  
- Arrive Chicago at 7:45 p.m.  
- Uh-huh.  
Okay, we'll see you  
at the airport.  
- Okay. Bye.  
- All right. I love you.  
- I love you, too.  
- Bye.  
Okay. You get ready.  
Here it comes.  
Goal!  
Mm-hmm.  
Who you talkin' to?  
My grandmother.  
- She up early?  
- Mm-hmm.  
- Yeah.  
- I call her once a week.  
Are her goats in a frenzy?  
When are they picking you up?  
- Too soon.  
- Yeah.  
- Mm.  
- Mm.  
Douglas.  
Mm-hmm?  
You know,  
they can't see me here.  
I know.  
- I gotta go.  
- Come on. Come a--Come here.  
Seriously, stop kissing me.  
Stop it.  
I see you at the office.  
Fatima...you came.  
You waited.  
Your CDs.  
Get on.

Did you listen to them?  
Yes.  
They were okay.  
You have the worst taste  
in music.  
Stop, Khalid.  
We can't go this way.  
It's a shortcut.  
Khalid, I said stop.  
My father has tea here  
every morning.  
You see him?  
No.  
Fatima.  
Fatima, wait.  
Fatima, wait.  
I want to meet him.  
I told you, you can't.  
Has he called?  
Only to yell at me.  
We should run away, just go.  
We have our studies, Fatima.  
We have to be realistic.  
Okay for you.  
No one's forcing you to marry.  
I just want to meet him.  
He has chosen someone for me.  
He has chosen.  
He might like me more.  
You don't know my father.  
Daddy.  
Daddy, did I wake you?  
No, sweetheart.  
Daddy, do you dream about me  
when you're sleeping?  
I dream...  
about you...  
and your mother...  
and your sister.  
Fatima said you stop dreaming  
when you get married.  
She's wrong, sweetheart.  
You dream all your life.  
It's one of God's gifts.

Understand?

- Give me a kiss.

- No.

- One kiss.

- No.

Only one.

After Fawal,

we have meetings...

with Saeed El-Dalizi,

Minister of Interior...

Hamsa Reglori,

the head of defense.

Saeed's all right.

Reglori has a...a little bit

of a solophist back-story...

but he knows

which side he's on.

So, uh, this, uh, Fa-Fawal--

What's his name?

- Abasi Fawal.

- Abasi Fawal.

- So he's the hard guy?

- Yeah. I--I've never met him.

You're the, uh, knuckle-dragger.

I'm the pen-pusher.

He'll be more your contact

than mine.

They overload these donkeys

and cause accidents. Chaos.

Tea, please.

Okay.

How long you been here?

Five and a half months.

It's just on the other side

of the square.

- Ahmid, what's going on?

- Accident, sir.

Fuckin' traffic, man

Out the back! Out the back!

Mr. Freeman.

I am sorry.

- Lee Mayers.

- Lee, it's Douglas.

How's Dixon?

He's dead.

Fuck. Where are you now?

At the hospital.

- Are you hurt?

- No. I'm fine.

All right, listen. You're gonna have to step up for a while.

Fill in for Dixon. Report directly to me. Understood?

Yeah, I understand.

Douglas, are you okay?

Yeah.

Corrine Whitman.

Yes, it is.

All right, go ahead.

What's his condition?

Has anybody contacted his wife yet?

No. I will do it.

- Any claim of responsibility?

- What is it?

No. All right. I'm comin' in.

What's happened?

Suicide bombing over there, and they got one of us.

**Jesus. It's 2:**

Yeah. Well, I'm sure they arranged it...

just to spite you, honey.

So he's Egyptian

with a green card?

Okay. When's he land?

Uh-huh.

Okay, do it.

I'm givin' you

the authorization.

Welcome to Washington, D.C.

Please follow the signs

to U.S. Customs.

All arriving passengers

must clear customs here...

before embarking

on connecting flights.

Please have your passports and  
customs declaration forms ready.

Excuse me.

- Mr. Anwar El-Ibrahim?

- Yes?

Sir, we have

an emergency message for you.

- Would you follow us, please?

- What do you mean? What is it?

- Is it my wife? Is she all right?

- I apologize, sir.

They don't give us  
any details.

- I got it.

- Okay, let's go.

El-Hazim have

claimed responsibility.

And the new guy?

Shrapnel in the neck.

He bled to death.

Damn.

Sir.

You have calls

from Corrine Whitman, CIA...

and Mr. Davis

at the U.S. State Department.

Give me Corrine first.

One dead American.

Where am I?

Rashid Salimi.

What?

Rashid Salimi.

No, sir.

My name is Anwar El-Ibrahimi.

Rashid is

an Egyptian national...

who's claimed responsibility

for today's terror attack.

What attack?

Why don't you tell me?

Look...

I don't know anything

about any attack of any kind.

I've been on a plane

from South Africa for 18 hours.

Is this your phone?

It looks like mine. Why?

- Numbers match.

- What numbers?

Rashid has placed several calls  
to your phone...

over the last few months.

No, sir. I've never talked  
to anybody named Rashid.

What were you doing  
in Cape Town?

Why am I shackled this way?

I want to speak to a lawyer.

What were you doing  
in Cape Town?

Attending a conference...

for chemical engineers.

I was invited by the South  
African Fossil Fuels Foundation.

Who did you meet with?

List them.

Can I call my wife?

No.

These are all  
well-regarded professionals...  
in my industry.

Are you familiar  
with bomb-making techniques?

What?

Have you ever constructed  
a bomb?

This is ridiculous.

You've never  
constructed a bomb?

No, sir.

Six years ago...

I, uh...I worked briefly on  
a study commissioned by the ATF.

Nothing to do  
with bomb-making.

Just detection, using  
trace paper technology.

You can check it out.



Thank you.  
We will.  
The point is...  
you have experience  
with explosives.  
There were ten of us  
on that team.  
It was for a government agency.  
Have you arrested them, too?  
Rashid Salimi.  
I don't know anyone  
named Rashid!  
Where is he?  
I don't know.  
I'm gonna call him.  
You've reached Anwar.  
Please leave a message.  
Hey, it's us.  
We're at Arrivals...  
and we don't see you anywhere.  
Maybe we got  
the information wrong.  
Call me back when you get this.  
Okay, bye.  
El-Hazim claimed responsibility  
within minutes of the attack.  
The incident took place  
in a crowded square...  
as residents  
were heading to work...  
leaving nineteen dead  
and dozens more injured.  
The fourth  
in a series of attacks...  
the bombing has once again  
raised concerns...  
that extremists  
are targeting governments...  
I need everything we have  
on Al-Hazim Brigade. Okay?  
I have been asked  
to fill in for Dixon...  
until a replacement  
can be found.

Uh, I need a work-up on Fawal.

Uh, Abasi Fawal.

Okay.

I need a shirt.

- Are you okay?

- I need a shirt.

I need a shirt. I need--I need  
you to get me shirt...

- Okay. Okay.

- okay?

Okay, I need a plain shirt...

- not a--not a shirt with stripes.

- Yes.

- I know what a shirt is, Douglas.

- Just a plain cotton shirt.

- Do you--Do you know

what I'm talk--Okay.

- Okay?

Okay. Good. I need a shirt.

And I--I need a--I need,

um...uh...

What? Gum?

Uh, yeah. Yeah.

Okay. Okay.

If Cape Town says he boarded  
and D.C. says he didn't...

then one of them is wrong.

I'm sorry, sir,

but you cannot just get...

on a plane in one country

and not get off in another.

Now, you must have

some record of him...

arriving or transferring

to another airline.

Yes.

Well, check again.

Is he asleep?

He wants you to read to him.

Can you do it?

I'm on hold.

Did you speak to the hotel?

They said they dropped him

off at the airport on time.

Everything will be all right.  
He probably just missed  
his connection.  
He hasn't called.  
Lina.  
Dad, when is Fatima  
coming home?  
Finish your milk.  
Please, Abasi.  
Tell her you made a mistake.  
It's not the same  
as when we were young.  
There are rules, Samia.  
There are rules.  
Look at my sister Layla.  
She'll never marry.  
Call her, Abasi.  
Please.  
For me.  
I have called.  
I've left a dozen messages.  
She doesn't answer.  
What can I do?  
Leave the egg alone!  
Have you called your father?  
Not yet.  
I'm sorry.  
Don't worry, it's nothing.  
What have I done?  
I'm proud of you  
for standing up to him.  
That's my taxi.  
Please stay.  
I want you in this apartment  
by eight while I'm gone.  
If my brother knew I was  
leaving you here alone...  
he'd kill me.  
Okay?  
See you in a few days.  
We think it was an attempt  
on Abasi Fawal.  
Dixon was just wrong place,  
wrong time.

If they got one of us,  
that's a victory for them.  
These are the latest of Rashid?  
Three months after he escaped  
the Jordanians.  
They should've taken him out  
when they had the chance.  
So without Dixon,  
who do we have?  
Douglas Freeman, analyst.  
Degree in economics  
from Princeton.  
Started out as a junior exec  
in the oil business.  
How long with us?  
Since September 12th,  
give or take.  
Jesus.  
He looks 12 years old.  
Do you think he can do this?  
He's smart.  
He's been getting close...  
with the ministers  
of finance and interior.  
He initiated the Madrasa  
charity investigation...  
that,  
uh, brought in forty-four...  
- al Qaeda fundraisers.  
- Lee...  
analyst is not a jackal.  
We're spread thin.  
Did you polygraph  
the Egyptian?  
Yeah. Came up clean.  
Polygraph doesn't mean diddly.  
Well, we always say that  
when they pass.  
Somethin' funny?  
We lost someone today.  
I traced him with Interpol,  
Mossad, the Egyptians.  
Nobody's interested.  
I'm interested.

Okay.  
What do you wanna do?  
We can't hold him here  
indefinitely.  
Put him on the plane.  
Yes, ma'am.  
My grandma has  
the middle floor. I'm on top.  
I don't want her  
to find me here.  
She's away for the week.  
I have a back way in.  
No one will see us.  
You okay?  
My grandma's room.  
Come.  
Jeremy,  
stop bouncing the ball.  
You know you're not supposed  
to do that in the house.  
Why can't I come with you?  
Because you have school,  
and you have tryouts this week.  
What's all this stuff?  
These are my important papers,  
Jeremy.  
I need you to get off the bed.  
Are you gonna see Daddy?  
Yeah.  
Why didn't he come home?  
He just had to stay at work  
a little bit longer.  
Jeremy, your food  
is on the table.  
I wanna wait for Mommy.  
I'll be down in just a second.  
Okay, honey?  
Go on.  
Sorry. I just--I have a copy  
of his green card...  
but I can't find a copy...  
- of his passport anywhere.  
- Under my name.  
Who is this man

you're going to see?  
He's a friend from college.  
He works for a senator.  
Like jasmine.  
Do you sell what you paint?  
Some.  
I'm getting better.  
No.  
Those are just drafts.  
That's you?  
Mm-hmm.  
And them?  
My brother and grandma.  
This is your mother?  
She was beautiful.  
You are the beautiful one.  
You and your brother  
have the same eyes.  
Where's he now?  
Does he visit you?  
No.  
Not anymore.  
Are you hungry?  
Come, let's go to the kitchen.  
Saeed.  
Ah, Douglas.  
I thought today  
you might not come.  
Yeah.  
- Do you want a cigar?  
- No, thank you.  
Tea?  
Uh, please. Yeah.  
Do you guys have anything yet?  
Not yet. You?  
No.  
I got it.  
You know, you have  
a new detainee on the way.  
Egyptian...  
lives in America.  
He's a chemical engineer.  
Yeah, I got  
the cable last night.

- Who's observing?

- Me.

You're not a case officer,  
Douglas.

Nope.

Maybe I can  
finally use my gun.

We've got 58 percent approval  
after your statement.

There's no reason  
for him to hide.

It's not the bill  
he's concerned about.

- It's the attachment, Alan.

- I know.

- Okay, there's a compromise here.

- Yeah. Obviously.

This bill's gonna get crushed  
in committee...

if you guys  
don't get behind it.

Yeah?

Um, damn. I got to go.

I'll talk to the senator.

Thank you. Thank him.

Izzy, you're here.

Um...God, look at you.

You didn't tell me you're,  
like, a hundred months pregnant.

Thank you for seeing me, Alan.

Yeah.

Well, let's get you off  
your feet, all right?

Okay. Yeah.

You look  
like you're about to pop.

Uh, something to drink?

Eat? Eat?

Uh, no. Just a bottle of water  
would be great...

- if you have that

- Sam, can we get  
a couple of bottles of water?

- Sam, Izzy. Izzy, Sam.

- Hi.  
- We got Senator Lewis.  
- Bravo.  
Right. Am I walkin' too fast?  
No, no, no.  
I'll get there eventually.  
Okay.  
You've done well for yourself.  
I always knew you would.  
Thank you.  
So, uh, you married Anwar.  
- Yeah.  
- Yeah.  
What'd your father  
say about that?  
I'm sure you can imagine.  
Yeah.  
Thought about inviting you  
to the wedding.  
I probably  
wouldn't have come.  
I--I, um, brought some things  
that I thought might be helpful.  
This is a copy  
of his Egyptian passport...  
- Listen, Izzy.  
- and his green card.  
My guy at INS,  
he got back to me...  
and he assures me that Anwar  
never entered the United States.  
- The South Africans made a mistake.  
- I need you...  
to take a look at this.  
This is a copy of his  
most recent credit card charges.  
He spent \$70 on duty free  
during his flight to D.C.  
He was on that plane, Alan.  
No!  
I've got Jim Alderman  
on the line.  
Jim. Yeah, thanks  
for getting back to me.



Listen. I'm sitting  
on convincing evidence...  
that El-Ibrahim  
landed in D.C.  
He purchased something  
in the in-flight duty free.  
What did he say?  
Uh, nothing helpful.  
Sam, can you get me a minute  
with the senator?  
- Peace be with you.  
- And with you.  
I thought you weren't coming.  
Come.  
Sir, he's here.  
Douglas Freeman,  
Abasi Fawal.  
Uh, sorry about Mr. Dixon.  
Uh...  
Definitely, they were after me.  
Second time.  
Second time. Please.  
Drink, my friend.  
No, thank you.  
So Dixon  
was replacing Simms.  
Yeah.  
Yes. And now it's you.  
- Now it's me.  
- Mm-hmm.  
Please.  
Almonds.  
Good. Very good.  
Um...  
Our questions.  
Of course. Thank you.  
Al Jazeera  
is running footage.  
Security authorities  
have confirmed 19 deaths.  
Most of the victims  
are women and children.  
A tourist video  
found at the scene...

shows the source of the blast.  
In an email to the station,  
El-Hazim has claimed...  
Why the hell didn't we get that?  
Call Abdou, I want a copy now.  
So...  
you're staying to observe.  
I will ask your questions.  
But there will be no  
suggestions, no interference...  
while I work. Understood?  
Good.  
The struggle against  
the Zionist and the Crusader...  
represents the decisive battle  
between faith and infidelity.  
Between good and evil.  
The destruction of the infidel  
and hypocrite is your sacred duty.  
When you meet the Apostate you are  
commanded to "strike the necks."  
The Crusader  
talks about freedom.  
Jihad is the only path  
to freedom.  
Do not fear their bullets.  
What can they do...  
but set your soul free?  
On the Day of Judgment...  
when you stand before  
the Almighty God...  
and He asks you...  
"Why did you not fight  
for the cause of God?  
"And for the oppressed. The men,  
the women and the children?  
"What did you do  
with the one weapon I gave you?  
"Your body."  
What will be your answer?  
Will you display the wounds  
of martyrdom and walk through  
the gates of heaven?  
Or, will you hang your head

in shame and roast in the fires of hell?  
Success is from God.  
May the peace and blessings and  
glory of God, the Almighty, be upon you.  
Amen.  
Amen.  
Praise God.  
God is great!  
S-s-sir?  
There's been  
some kind of mistake.  
Why have my clothes  
been taken from me?  
I want my clothes.  
No one has told me why I'm here  
or--or what I've done.  
I--This is crazy!  
I want my clothes!  
And I want to speak  
to a lawyer immediately!  
Yes. Yes, of course, you do.  
I have just a few questions.  
If you answer honestly,  
we can send you home.  
Sir.  
Sir. Are you American?  
I've lived in the States  
for twenty years.  
My wife is American.  
Her name  
is Isabella Fields El-Ibrahimi.  
If you just call her--  
You are Egyptian. Yes?  
You are Egyptian.  
Yes.  
I was born in Egypt...  
but I came to the States  
when I was fourteen years old.  
I studied at NYU.  
- I got my mas--  
- Yes, yes, yes, yes.  
I have it all here.  
Your English is beautiful.  
What language do you speak

with Rashid?  
I don't know who that is.  
I've never talked  
to anyone named Rashid.  
So how do you explain  
these calls?  
- What?  
- Hmm?  
Um...  
Uh, it must be a--a mistake.  
Maybe it's a mix-up.  
My name is "El-Ibrahim-ee."  
But, um, sometimes  
people call me "El-Ibrahim."  
But it's "Ibrahim-ee"  
with an "i."  
- With an "i." "Ibrahim-ee."  
- So--  
Yes. Very good.  
Rashid Salimi and one  
El-Ibrahimi, with an "i."  
Don't tell me  
he didn't call you.  
All this info, it's lies.  
I don't know.  
You never get calls from Egypt?  
No.  
Yes. I mean, yes.  
My--My family is in Egypt.  
- Then they call you.  
- Of course, they call me.  
Of course. What about?  
Little things.  
Uh, family things.  
Like what? Like, uh...  
Um, like...  
like my Uncle Yusef.  
He called, asking if NYU  
is a good school...  
for his...for my cousin.  
Yusef who?  
Yusef Abdul Hamid?  
Yes.  
- Where is he?

- What?  
Your uncle.  
Where is your uncle?  
Why?  
Why do you want  
to talk to my uncle?  
My friend...  
put yourself  
in our position.  
A criminal named Rashid...  
has been on a bombing campaign  
for two years.  
In the last few months,  
suddenly his explosives...  
are more sophisticated,  
more deadly.  
You are an engineer.  
You have the chemical know-how.  
We have direct calls to you  
from a number linked to Rashid.  
What are we to think?  
You tell me.  
What are we to think?  
It's a mistake.  
It's a mistake.  
A mistake.  
What if I were to tell you that  
we have a signed confession...  
from one  
of Rashid's lieutenants...  
that you have been aiding them  
for more than a year?  
Then...I'd say you were lying.  
Put him in the hole.  
Would you like some water?  
Come. I want  
to show you something.  
They close the fool's hand...  
around this  
pressure release trigger.  
Pull the pin.  
It's like a hand grenade.  
You let go, it detonates.  
If the bomber

changes his mind...  
they have a shooter  
who will take him out.  
The hand releases.  
Boom.  
They make it like this...  
with nails and bolts...  
for maximum human damage.  
This is what killed  
your friend Dixon.  
The work we do  
is important, Douglas.  
It is sacred.  
We save lives.  
Dixon wasn't my friend.  
I let myself in.  
Yeah.  
- Do you mind?  
- No.  
- I gotta get cleaned up.  
- No, you don't.  
Yeah.  
Come on.  
I, uh...  
Oh.  
Douglas.  
Talk to me.  
What happened today?  
It was a bad day.  
What happened?  
That's him.  
You see?  
Heading right for me. The dog.  
Is someone trying to stop him?  
Wait, wait.  
She's blocking him.  
The gunshot...  
Useless.  
Is it a boy or a girl?  
Oh, um...  
We wanted to wait.  
Well, it sounds like  
a law-enforcement issue.  
Have you spoken to the FBI?

Yeah.

They never heard of him.

Hmm.

I-I-I don't know how I can help you on this one, Alan.

All right.

What's your involvement with this?

Uh, she is an old friend.

- She outside?

- Mm-hmm.

Uh, you want me to say hello.

I mean, I'd rather not.

No, I'd rather you not.

I got a question.

Shoot.

When the CIA decides to move someone covertly... who gives the order for that?

Corrine Whitman.

Right.

Thanks.

She comes in here once a week...

to brief the Senate Intelligence Committee.

Now, Senator Hawkins is on that committee. Okay?

They have a relationship.

I need to be delicate... so let me do the talking.

I don't want her to know you're in the room, okay?

- Okay.

- Okay?

- Yeah.

- Izzy?

Yeah.

Okay.

Corrine Whitman's office.

Hello. Alan Smith,

Senator Hawkins' office.

I need to speak

with Ms. Whitman.

This is Todd Hamilton, Mrs.

Whitman's executive assistant.

Can I ask what this is about?

Anwar El-Ibrahim.

Please hold.

Mr. Smith?

Yes.

I'm sorry.

Mrs. Whitman is not available.

Generally, or to talk  
about Mr. El-Ibrahim?

Please submit your inquiry  
in writing to her office.

What does that mean?

CIA calls it

"extraordinary rendition."

It started under Clinton.

The agency wanted to be able to  
move suspected terrorists...  
without having to formally apply  
for extradition.

Now, it's supposed  
to be used...

only under  
extraordinary circumstances.

But after 9/11,  
it took on a whole new life.

Basically, the government  
has authorized the seizure...  
and transfer of anyone they  
suspect of being involved...  
in terrorism to secret prisons  
outside of the U.S.

Alan,

Anwar is not a terrorist.

- There's nothing extremist about him.

- I know.

He coaches Jeremy's soccer team,  
for Christ sakes.

What do you mean prison?

Okay, but there  
must be some reason...  
why they would take him.

What reason?

Did Anwar ever apply



for U.S. citizenship?

No.

But why is that important?

He has a green card.

He pays his taxes.

Alan, you know him.

In fairness, Izzy,

I barely knew him.

You knew him.

Okay.

What I'm asking is that

the FBI checks him out.

You have to promise me  
they're not gonna find...

anything unusual.

A meeting he might have  
attended, all right?

A friend or an acquaintance  
that's had some contact...

any contact

with an extremist group.

Uh, like a mosque he attends?

Does he--

Does he even attend a mosque?

You knew him.

He hasn't changed.

Okay. I know.

I had to ask.

Where were you?

Fatima,

what are you doing here?

I was worried.

You can't keep missing classes.

I was busy.

You were busy.

Don't.

Are you seeing another girl?

No.

Then where were you?

- With Omar.

- Where?

At his home. He has a problem.

I am his friend.

Friend.

I'm sorry.  
I have to go.  
Now?  
Stay here.  
No.  
Please...  
stay with me.  
I'm sorry.  
Hello?  
Hi.  
What did your friend say?  
He's talking to somebody  
very high up.  
He said  
she probably knows something.  
Nuru?  
Yes?  
There's nothing I don't know,  
is there?  
What do you mean?  
I mean,  
back in Egypt when...  
when he was younger.  
There's nobody  
he would've known there with--  
What?  
Nothing.  
- I'm sorry.  
- Isabella.  
I think maybe you  
should come home...  
before you put  
the baby at risk.  
- We can do things from here.  
- So tired.  
Why did Rashid call you?  
Why did Rashid call you?  
Give him an answer, Anwar.  
Give him an answer.  
Leave us.  
What are you doing?  
It's not working.  
He's not giving us  
any answers.

If he gives no answer...  
then that's the answer  
you put in your report.  
"He gave no answer."  
Let me talk to him.  
I wanna talk to him.  
Ten minutes.  
Are you the American?  
Uh-huh.  
Why are you here?  
Just explain the phone calls,  
and we can all go home.  
Tell me what to say.  
I'll say it.  
Do you have a family?  
I asked you a question.  
Do you have a family?  
You son of a bitch,  
why are you here?  
Won't you  
take this off of me?  
You fucking coward,  
why don't you--  
Explain the phone calls.  
Explain the phone calls.  
I--I can't.  
Is Fatima here?  
There's...  
There's a problem, Abasi.  
I don't know where Fatima is.  
But she was staying with you.  
I went away...  
Away for work.  
You left her alone?  
When was the last time  
you saw her?  
Six days ago.  
Six days ago?  
She's been seeing a boy.  
She said he was a school friend.  
Just a friend.  
What's his name?  
I don't know if she's with him.  
What's his name?

Khalid.

Khalid who?

I don't know his last name.

I'm sorry.

This is Douglas.

Douglas Freeman?

That's right. Who is this?

Corrine Whitman. Lee Mayers  
speaks very highly of you.

Oh, thank you.

How are things progressing?

Uh, he's not cooperating.

Well, that's why he's there...

so you can help along.

I don't think that he has  
any helpful information.

Really?

Well, I'm told otherwise.

I understand that.

Is your opinion shared

by Mr. Fawal?

Well, Mr. Fawal doesn't care  
if he gets information.

He-He-He-He'll just keep trying  
to get information...

whether he gets...

- any information or not.

- Is this opinion shared by Mr. Fawal?

No.

No. I see.

You're new to this,  
aren't ya?

This is my first torture.

The United States

does not torture, Douglas.

Let me tell you something.

This is how this works.

You worry about getting  
the information...

and I will worry whether the  
information you get is helpful.

Okay? You focus on the job.

FBI and Interpol

have nothing.

He's been in and out  
of the States a dozen times.  
Conferences, lecture tours...  
but Immigration has  
never had a problem.  
Could he be dirty?  
Does it make any difference?  
Hell, yes. Who's this?  
Sharon Lopez, I think.  
Mrs. Lopez, nice to see you.  
Thank you so much for your  
support on the micro loan bill.  
My pleasure.  
Look, the only point  
you need to make...  
is that he's disappeared without  
any kind of judicial reviews.  
So, then you'd like  
to go public?  
Absolutely.  
When this thing breaks, you'll  
be on the right side of it.  
She's here.  
Alan, be nice.  
Ms. Whitman.  
Sorry. Forgive the interruption.  
Alan Smith,  
Senator Hawkins' office.  
Oh. How is the senator?  
Flush. Approval's over 60.  
Not a contender in sight.  
Oh, view must be great  
from there.  
I was wondering  
if I might have a word with you.  
Oh.  
Of course.  
Um, I'm inquiring about  
a constituent's husband.  
- Uh-huh.  
- Anwar El-Ibrahim.  
Does that name sound familiar?  
No. I'm afraid it doesn't.  
Egyptian?

- Mr. Smith?  
- Yeah.  
I'm afraid that this is not  
the appropriate time or place...  
- to have this conversation.  
- No, I apologize...  
but, um,  
I called your office...  
and I couldn't get an answer...  
and I don't really know  
what I should do.  
Well, I gave you my answer.  
Name's not familiar to me.  
Um, what if the press  
were to get a hold of this?  
They might say that a dedicated  
family man, an NYU graduate...  
has been detained  
without any charges...  
without access to a lawyer...  
- just swirled away to God knows where.  
- Darlin'...  
before you launch  
into your big speech...  
why don't you ask your boss...  
how badly he really does want  
to stick his neck out...  
for a terrorist?  
Well, he might  
for due process.  
Maybe I should have a copy  
of the Constitution...  
sent to your office.  
What are you  
taking issue with?  
The disappearance  
of a particular man...  
or a national security policy?  
You have him.  
I didn't say that.  
Yeah. I'll say it.  
Mr. El-Ibrahim should be brought  
back to the U.S.  
If he's guilty, try him.

If not, let him go home.  
Mm-hmm. Honey,  
this is nasty business.  
There are upwards  
of 7,000 people...  
in central London  
alive tonight...  
because of information  
that we elicited just this way.  
So maybe you can put your head  
on your pillow...  
and feel proud for saving  
one man while 7,000 perish.  
But I got grandkids  
in London...  
so I'm glad I'm doing this job,  
and you're not.  
Unless your grandkid  
is Anwar El-Ibrahim.  
Let me get a copy  
of the 9/11 Commission report...  
over to your office  
in the morning.  
You sleep well now.  
Khalid.  
Smile.  
Wait, I want one with Fatima.  
Fatima. Come get in the picture.  
Smile.  
Brothers and sisters.  
Sorry to stop the music.  
I just need to make  
a few points...  
before the march tomorrow.  
Remember, the streets  
will be lined with police.  
We must remain calm.  
We will show the world...  
We will show the world  
that we have had enough.  
That we won't take it anymore.  
Enough!  
Enough!  
Khalid!

Khalid!

Khalid!

- Khalid!

- Omar!

Omar!

The boy's name  
is Khalid El-Emin.

Khalid El-Emin?

I got it from the school.

Father's in Paris.

Mother's dead.

His brother, Fadil,  
had multiple arrests.

We had him for a while.

We let him go?

He died.

Where's the boy?

We don't know.

We're trying to find  
an address for him.

Then why are you standing here  
like an idiot?

Go!

Find him!

Move!

Khalid, where are we going?

Who is it?

It's Khalid. They've taken Omar.

Open, open.

They took Omar.

They took Omar.

Go in the kitchen  
and boil some water.

So we can clean him up.

You should not have  
brought her here.

What are we going to do  
about her?

Leave her out of it.

I'm not going to her house.

You've got to understand,  
she is not her father.

Then we will do it another way.

They have Omar.



They will make him talk.  
Over.  
It is over.  
Then...  
we must do it now.  
Remember your brother.  
Remember your brother.  
She called you?  
Yes, she did.  
She didn't like the way you  
approached her in public.  
Well, she wouldn't return  
my calls.  
Well, Alan,  
she's not obliged to.  
You have a personal stake  
in this...  
so let me show you  
what she gave me.  
For a year,  
NSA has been tracking calls...  
from Rashid Salimi.  
Last week, a number they say  
was one of his...  
was tracked connecting  
to a cell phone...  
registered to your guy.  
- Salimi called Anwar?  
- Maybe.  
Maybe.  
What do you mean "maybe?"  
Did he contact him,  
or didn't he?  
I said maybe.  
You know these guys.  
They give away  
their cell phones.  
They switch numbers.  
He could have passed the phone  
to somebody related to Ibrahim.  
We don't know.  
Or somebody passed it on  
to somebody...  
who passed it on

to somebody.  
- Who knows, right?  
- Yeah. Who the fuck knows?  
But there could be  
a connection.  
Now, you wanna bet your career  
on something...  
that could go either way?  
I don't.  
We got a bill  
we're trying to get passed.  
This business of yours  
is just gonna muddy things up.  
You wanna be the guy  
who never has to compromise...  
then go join  
Amnesty International.  
In this business here,  
to get things done...  
you gotta give,  
and you gotta take.  
You got it?  
If we're gonna get  
into a fight about rendition...  
it's gotta be the right fight  
at the right time...  
and it's gotta be a watertight  
case, and this ain't it!  
But, listen.  
I knew Anwar.  
Okay? He was a solid guy.  
We'll, isn't that interesting?  
That's exactly what they said  
about Mohammad Atta in Hamburg.  
You start  
pushing this thing...  
they're gonna scream  
national security...  
at the top of their lungs...  
and you and I are gonna be  
called bin Laden lovers.  
You want that? I don't!  
Back off!  
I got a meeting.

- Good morning.  
- Morning, Samantha.  
Alan, Isabella's here.  
Can I get you a hot tea?  
No, I'm okay. Thank you.  
- Hi.  
- Hey.  
So, what's happening?  
- Uh...  
- What do you have?  
Have a seat. Here.  
Want some coffee?  
No. I can't drink coffee, Alan.  
That's right.  
What is it?  
What do you have?  
Okay.  
You need a lawyer, Izzy.  
There is evidence that  
Anwar has been in contact...  
with a terrorist group  
called El-Hazim.  
What?  
What evidence?  
It's classified.  
Classified.  
What does that mean?  
That means  
that I'm the wrong person...  
to be looking  
into this for you.  
Alan, I know everything  
that you're doing for me...  
and I'm sure  
this must be hard for you.  
I'm not naive.  
Maybe I even expected the worst.  
But please, please  
don't let that happen.  
Please don't be one of those  
people who just turns away.  
I'm sorry.  
There's just nothing else  
I can do.

What is it  
they say he's done?  
I don't really know.  
You don't know?  
Well, who does know?  
Because I need someone  
to look me in the eye...  
and tell me exactly  
what it is they say he's done.  
What has he done, Alan?!  
That's the name  
of a lawyer...  
who really knows  
his way around Washington.  
You should take it, Izzy.  
Isabella.

**Tomorrow at 11:**

she'll be here.  
Thank you.  
Please.  
Please! Please! God!  
No more!  
I want to know what else  
Rashid is planning.  
I want names.  
I want addresses.  
I want to know  
about future attacks.  
Do you understand?  
I don't know.  
If you died here today,  
right now, who would miss you?  
Your wife  
would eventually remarry.  
Your son would call  
another man "father."  
Why are you doing this  
to yourself?  
No, no. No, no, no, no.  
Enough. Enough. Enough!  
This is my interrogation.  
You observe, Douglas,  
nothing more.

Put the gag on.

- Put the gag on.

- No. No.

No. No. No. No.

No. No. No. No.

Wait! Wait! Wait!

He contacted me a year ago.

Who contacted you?

Rashid.

How?

He called me...

on my cell phone.

What? What did he want?

Information.

What information?

Chemical composition

to increase explosive power.

- Did you give him that information?

- Yes.

Did you ever speak

with any of his aides?

Yes.

Names.

Did he pay you?

How much?

Forty thousand.

Where is the money?

I haven't received it yet.

When was he

gonna give it to you?

When I was in South Africa.

Why South Africa?

I didn't want

a large amount of money...

being wired to me in America.

Where is the money?

I don't know.

The courier didn't show up.

Names.

Names.

Hey, it's the man of the hour.

- Congratulations, Alan.

- Didn't I tell you?

You beat 'em

on this one, huh?

- Yes.

- Congratulations.

- A great day for us.

- Did I tell you?

- You told me.

- Congratulations.

Come. I'm not going

to hurt you. Come.

Where?

To a bigger cell.

Come.

Do you know

what they will do to Omar?

Do you?

Douglas,

**it's 5:**

What is this?

- I Googled it.

- Okay.

Anwar left Egypt for America.

Those are the men

that he said were members...

of the El-Hazim Brigade.

It's a fucking soccer team.

This is why you've got me

out of bed?

To show me he's a liar?

He said that--that Rashid

paid him \$40,000.

- Well, that's a big incentive.

- He makes \$200,000 a year.

Why would somebody who--who

makes \$200,000 a year...

risk his life and his family

for \$40,000?

We have a saying.

"Beat your woman every morning.

"If you don't know why,

she does."

I don't know what that means.

If you don't have

the stomach for this...

then you should ask  
to be reassigned.  
Douglas, I can't help you.  
We have a saying, too.  
Do you know Shakespeare?  
Of course,  
I know Shakespeare.  
"I fear you speak  
upon the rack...  
where men enforced  
do speak anything."  
Saeed.  
In all the years  
you've been doing this...  
how often can you say...  
that we've produced truly  
legitimate intelligence?  
Once?  
Twice? Ten times?  
I mean,  
just give me a statistic.  
Give me a number.  
Give me--Give me  
a fucking pie chart.  
I love pie charts.  
Anything. Anything  
that outweighs the fact...  
that if you torture  
one person...  
you create ten, a hundred,  
a thousand new enemies.  
What are you doing?  
Those are his release forms.  
Yes, I can see that.  
I need you to sign them.  
We brought him to you.  
He's my responsibility.  
Now I'm asking you  
to sign those.  
Do you know  
what this will mean for you?  
- Morning.  
- Good morning, Senator.  
- Shall we go in?

- Mrs. Whitman.

Yes?

My name

is Isabella El-Ibrahimi.

I'm sorry.

My husband

is Anwar El-Ibrahimi.

Please,

just tell me where he is.

Please just

let me talk to him.

I have no information

on your husband, Mrs. Ibrahim.

Ma'am, I have a son.

He's six years old.

What do I tell our son?

I'm very sorry

for your distress.

I wish I could help you

with your problem...

but I simply cannot.

My problem?

- My problem?!

- Young lady, if you'll just leave...

- your name and information--

- You have my name.

You have my home address.

You have my phone number.

- You have everything.

- Let's go.

You have my husband!

Please don't walk away from me!

Just tell me where he is!

- Ma'am.

- Just tell me he's okay!

- Ma'am.

- Just--Stop!

Take your hands off me.

God damn it.

Oh!

Are you okay?

- Hello.

- Hey, it's me.

Douglas?



I'm sorry to call you so early.  
I need your help.  
Okay, can you meet me  
at my place in an hour?  
Okay.  
Thanks.  
Hello.  
Sorry to wake you, sir.  
We have someone  
who knows your daughter.  
Omar Adnan.  
He was arrested  
by the riot squad last week.  
He knows where the boy lives.  
Khalid?  
We're releasing El-Ibrahimi.  
Tell them I'm coming down.  
Hey.  
Put on the clothes.  
We're leaving.  
Put on the clothes.  
Come on.  
I do this in memory  
of my brother.  
Come on.  
Wait.  
Okay.  
I want you to keep moving.  
- I just want you to keep walking, okay?  
- No, no--  
Just keep walking.  
You do what I say.  
Keep walking.  
I gave you  
the release forms, okay?  
They're signed by  
the Minister of the Interior.  
Now, open the gate.  
- Mr. Abasi--  
- Open the gate!  
They overload these donkeys  
and cause accidents. Chaos.  
Tea, please.  
Okay.

Ahmid, what's goin' on?  
Accident, sir.  
Fuckin' traffic, man.  
Khalid!  
Khalid!  
Khalid!  
Khalid!  
Khalid!  
Khalid!  
Khalid!  
Khalid!  
Why is he stopping?  
Please, he's my father.  
Khalid, please.  
Please.  
Please.  
He's not going to do it.  
Take him out.  
Take him out.  
Khalid!  
Khalid!  
Let's go, huh?  
Come on. Come on.  
When did he die?  
God's will.  
When?  
A week ago.  
They were just children.  
Yes.  
Is this The Washington Post?  
Yeah.  
Yeah, I'll hold.  
- Did you get that stuff?  
- Yeah.  
Thank you.  
Yeah. Um, could you connect me  
to Editorial, please?  
Here's your passport  
and green card.  
Captain's name is Walna.  
He'll take you to Malaga...  
then you'll fly to Madrid,  
connect to Chicago.  
Don't talk to anybody.  
Don't say anything

until you're back in the States.  
Get on the boat.  
Go.  
Go!  
What the fuck are you doing?  
I just got a call  
from the consulate.  
Do you have him?  
No.  
What do you mean no?!  
Where the fuck is he?!  
Douglas, listen to me!  
You are making  
a big mistake here!  
And whatever it is that you  
think you're doing, stop now.  
Douglas, lis--  
I hear you.  
I have to call you back.  
I didn't know  
if I should answer it.  
It's all right.  
I'm going to get it.  
I don't want that.  
Corrine Whitman.  
Hi, Daddy.  
Hi there.  
by LeapinLar