

THE FIFTH ESTATE

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OVER BLACK:

A WHISPER OF VOICES, barely audible at first. Confessional, personal, people sharing SECRETS.

WE FADE IN:

EXT. GUARDIAN - LONDON, ENGLAND - NEAR MIDNIGHT

A looming modern structure, steel and glass, home of...

July 2010

The Guardian - London, England

The whisper builds, pushing us into --

INT. GUARDIAN, BULLPEN - LONDON, ENGLAND - NEAR MIDNIGHT

A low buzz, a hustle of activity, journalists swirling. REPORTER NICK DAVIES, 50s, handsome, hustles along with RUMPLED EDITOR ALAN RUSBRIDGER, 50s. Alan's on a blackberry.

NICK DAVIES

If we hold the shooting in Kabul we  
can keep it all to 14 pages.

They pass ONE SHEETS tacked to the wall, we note the FRONT PAGE -- MASSIVE LEAK OF SECRET FILES EXPOSES TRUE AFGHAN WAR.

ALAN RUSBRIDGER

(off his blackberry)

The Times wants to go.

Alan glances over at Nick. Nick frowns.

NICK DAVIES

Let me talk to Rosenbach.

INT. ANKE'S APARTMENT - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

A quiet room. CLOSE ON a laptop screen, The Guardian website, no mention of the Afghan War Logs.

The cursor moves, hits the REFRESH BUTTON. The screen refreshes. Nothing's changed. The cursor HITS the button again. The screen refreshes, again it's the same.

As the cursor hits the button AGAIN --

EXT. POTSDAMER PLATZ - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

A SMALL BUILDING overshadowed by an array of GRAND MODERNITY.

Der Spiegel - Berlin, Germany

A rumble of German voices take us into --

INT. DER SPIEGEL, STARK'S OFFICE - BERLIN - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

A small office, ICONIC SPIEGEL COVERS on the walls. A BUTTONED UP EDITOR, STARK, 40s, stands over a PROGRAMMER working on the front page of SPIEGEL ONLINE. An English headline -- AMERICA'S SECRET WAR.

[IN GERMAN WITH SUBTITLES]--

STARK

No, I don't want to have to scroll down for the Task Force 373 story.

ROSENBACH

Holger, I've got Nick.

Stark turns. A DISHEVELED REPORTER, ROSENBACH, stands in the door with a laptop. Nick in an open Skype window.

STARK

(pleading, IN ENGLISH)

Five minutes. Five more minutes.

INT. ANKE'S APARTMENT - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

CLOSE ON a hand holding down the SHIFT KEY. RACK FOCUS to the other hand, clicking a MOUSE over and over.

CUT TO --

EYES covered with THICK BLACK GLASSES. In their REFLECTION we see the screen. Refreshing again. Still the same.

EXT. NEW YORK TIMES - NEW YORK, NEW YORK - 5PM (SAME TIME)

The familiar TIMES LOGO sprawled across a SLICK NEW BUILDING.

BILL KELLER

(O.C.)

Alan, you said five o'clock.

INT. NEW YORK TIMES, BUNKER ROOM - NEW YORK - DAY (SAME TIME)

A small room, BILL KELLER stands over a TECH, reads a story on a laptop, DEPUTIES crowded round. A SPEAKERPHONE squawks.

ALAN

(ON SPEAKERPHONE)

Yes, Bill, I know but...

Bill NODS to the tech, he starts typing, taking the site live.

The deputies start to clear out as...

INT. RUSBRIDGER'S OFFICE - LONDON, ENGLAND - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Nick stands with Alan, on the phone, as AGITATED as he gets.

ALAN

(ON THE PHONE)

...Nick just spoke to Rosenbach,  
they need at least another few --

IAN

(O.C.)

They're live. The Times is live.

Alan lowers the phone, turns to DEPUTY EDITOR IAN KATZ, 40s, at a desktop. WE SEE the TIMES SITE live with THE WAR LOGS.

NICK DAVIES

Patience, humility, such cardinal  
American virtues...

ALAN

(irritated)

Go.

As Nick rushes out of the office, Ian at his heels --

INT. ANKE'S APARTMENT - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

WE'RE WIDER NOW, we see a dimly lit office CLUTTERED with routers, servers, network gear.

In the middle of it all, the MAN IN GLASSES sits on a stool, his back to us, staring at a laptop. He's SHIRTLESS... A HUGE UNFINISHED WIKILEAKS TATTOO stretches across his back.

He holds shift, clicks the mouse, the site refreshes. He

reaches for a mug, lifts it and PAUSES. Over his shoulder,  
THE GUARDIAN SITE: SECRET FILES EXPOSE AFGHAN WAR.

CUT TO --

DANIEL BERG, 31. His beard UNKEMPT, a WEARY LOOK, complex emotions playing across his face as he stares at the screen.

Off his reaction, we SMASH TO A SERIES OF MEDIA CLIPS --

TELEVISION MONTAGE (REAL FOOTAGE)

WOLF BLITZER and others report on the leak of the AFGHAN WAR LOGS. They show WAR FOOTAGE and pivot from military cover ups to the impact of Wikileaks on journalism, diplomacy, national security...

Finally, a few reports suggest Wikileaks is about to release HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF STATE DEPARTMENT CABLES...

TELEVISION (REAL FOOTAGE)

Obama speaks at the Rose Garden.

PRESIDENT OBAMA  
...the disclosure could potentially jeopardize individuals or operations...

EXT. PARCHIN MILITARY COMPLEX - TEHRAN, IRAN - DAY

DESERT landscape, a jagged mountain backdrop, barren save for an oddly located COMPLEX of STERILE WHITE BUILDINGS.

PARCHIN MILITARY COMPLEX - TEHRAN, IRAN

INT. PARCHIN MILITARY COMPLEX, CORRIDOR - TEHRAN, IRAN - DAY

FOUR SCIENTISTS in WHITE COATS walk through a WINDOWLESS CORRIDOR towards a MILITARY CHECKPOINT.

[ALL SCENES AT PARCHIN PLAY IN FARSI WITH SUBTITLES].

OLDER SCIENTIST'S VOICE

(O.C.)

A high speed camera will measure  
the explosive charge we've designed  
to trigger the chain reaction.

The youngest, SIM SARNA, 40s, carries a pad. He speaks up.

SIM SARNA

The dimensions are consistent with  
the Shahab missile payload?

The older scientist nods as ARMED GUARDS check IDs, do a RETINAL SCAN and then wave them through into --

INT. PARCHIN MILITARY COMPLEX, OBSERVATION ROOM - IRAN - DAY

A room of Iranian scientists. Sarna and his team walk in and join them at a LARGE OBSERVATION WINDOW that looks out on...

A HUGE SUBTERRANEAN COMPLEX. Technicians scurry around a large, cylindrical containment vessel surrounded by high speed cameras and cocooned with fiber-optic cables.

Sarna spots a BLUEPRINT with NUCLEAR SYMBOLS on the wall. A Teller-Ulam design for a NUCLEAR BOMB. Sarna opens his pad to take notes when a GENERAL walks up.

IRANIAN MILITARY GENERAL

Gentlemen, if you'll follow me.

He starts to lead them into the main complex when Sarna's cell RINGS. He checks the ID and HOLDS BACK. CONFUSED.

SIM SARNA

(ANSWERING THE PHONE)

This is Sim.

PUSH IN on his face as his EYES GO WIDE. A beat, then trying to remain calm, Sarna heads for the exit...

OLDER SCIENTIST

(O.C.)

Sim? They're detonating in fifteen minutes.

SIM SARNA

I... left my log book in the car.

As he turns, we SMASH TO --

EXT. PARCHIN MILITARY COMPLEX - TEHRAN, IRAN - DAY

A CAR barrels down the two lane road that cuts through the desert.

As we spot Sarna, FREAKED, at the wheel, SMASH TO --

INT./EXT. SARNA'S CAR (MOVING) - TEHRAN, IRAN - DAY

Sarna's PALE and SWEATING, eyes filled with FEAR as he SWERVES past slower moving vehicles. The car SCREECHES round a corner, SPEEDS down a residential block and SLAMS into a driveway of a PRETTY TWO STORY HOUSE.

Sarna BLOWS out of the car and we PULL BACK to... A LONG LENS tracking Sarna racing into the house.

REVERSE TO --

TWO IRANIAN MEN IN SUITS in an unmarked sedan. WATCHING. One pulls back his jacket, reaches for a HOLSTERED GUN.

INT. SARNA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - TEHRAN, IRAN - DAY

A well appointed kitchen. Sarna's young wife SHIDA is in modern dress and sings to a baby in her arms. Behind her, a MAID IN A BURKA cooks. [ALL IN FARSI WITH SUBTITLES].

Sarna RUSHES in, PALE, SWEATING. He turns to the maid.

SIM SARNA

You need to go home.

SHIDA

She's cooking dinner.

SARNA

Now! She needs to go now, Shida!

The maid exits quickly. Shida turns, CONFUSED.

SARNA

(CONTINUED)

We need to pack. Everything.

Sarna's wife PALES as we hear a KNOCK at the door. Sarna turns. Through the window, we see the TWO MEN IN SUITS. LOOMING.

Off Sarna, TERRIFIED, we PRELAP --

JAMES BOSWELL

(PRELAP)

Any other sources we still need to notify in the Middle East?

EXT. U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT - WASHINGTON DC - DAY

The blocky, limestone architecture of Foggy Bottom.

The State Department, Washington D.C.

URGENT, AGITATED AMERICAN VOICES pull us into --

INT. U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT, BUNKER ROOM - WASHINGTON DC - DAY

A chaotic swirl of TENSE DIPLOMATS on phones and BlackBerrys, sifting through a MOUNTAIN of dossiers all marked CONFIDENTIAL -- the fabled DIPLOMATIC CABLES.

DIPLOMAT

(O.C.)

Qaddafi's body man is one of ours.

FIND a DIPLOMAT at a WHITE BOARD: A MAP, a LIST OF COUNTRIES, and NAMES OF SOURCES in two columns, NOTIFY or EXTRACT.

STAFFER

Pulling him will torch the Ambassador.

A STAFFER hands a file marked STRICTLY PROTECT to...

JAMES BOSWELL, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE FOR DIPLOMATIC SECURITY. BOSWELL, 62, has the wisdom and unflappable air of someone who's been in the foreign service for over 30 years.

JAMES BOSWELL

We're pulling the Ambassador.

DIPLOMAT

Jesus. How long do we --

JAMES BOSWELL

Assange is talking to the press in an hour, let's not screw around.

The men react but Boswell's already MOVING.

SPIN TO --

YOUNG DIPLOMAT

Karzai's going apeshit, I need the  
Secretary to put in another call.

A YOUNG DIPLOMAT with a FEW CABLES catches up with him.

JAMES BOSWELL

She's still talking Cameron down,  
let me handle him.

He TAKES the cables, moves past a BANK OF TVs -- CNN, FOX  
coverage of the leak -- and lands at a TABLE OF DOCUMENTS.

SARAH SHAW

You think the President of  
Turkmenistan will be more annoyed  
that I called him a practiced liar  
or that I called him vain?

DEPUTY UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE, SARAH SHAW, early 40s, eyes  
a cable. Sarah's brittle, a searing intelligence that hasn't  
always served well in the world of diplomacy and politics.

JAMES BOSWELL

He's heard worse.

SARAH SHAW

(reading)

The President doesn't like people  
smarter than him. Since he's not  
very bright, he's suspicious of a  
lot of people.

JAMES BOSWELL

Berdymukhamedov has been around a while, he doesn't tend to worry about the opinions of mid-level foreign attaches.

SARAH SHAW

(off the cable)

Yes, that's why I signed Hillary's name to it.

Tight smile from Boswell. That could get Sarah fired.

JAMES BOSWELL

I'll see if the Times will hold it.

SARAH SHAW

I've got bigger issues.

She holds out a LARGE STACK of cables. Boswell BALKS.

JAMES BOSWELL

Sarah, I'm collecting cables from the head of every foreign desk, I can't --

SARAH SHAW

Then you tell me what to ignore.

(off a few cables)

This could destroy the Sudanese peace talks, this screws a source in Cairo...

JAMES BOSWELL

The Times will redact the names.

SARAH SHAW

What about him? Will he?

AGITATED, she eyes the TVs, each with a DIFFERENT IMAGE of JULIAN ASSANGE, ANGLED SHOTS so we can't see his face.

SARAH SHAW

(CONTINUED)

And don't tell me your buddy  
Keller's got him under control.  
Every news network on the planet is  
covering his press conference, he's  
bigger than the Times, he's going  
to do whatever the hell he wants.  
Just like he did with the war logs.

Boswell softens. CONCERNED --

JAMES BOSWELL

Any word on Sim?

Sarah shakes her head, WORRIED.

SARAH SHAW

300 million people gave us the  
responsibility of deciding what's  
public. Who in God's name elected  
him?

We push past her, towards the bank of tvs, towards the VAGUE, FRACTURED OF IMAGES of ASSANGE and we hear...

CBS ANCHOR

Love him or loathe him,

MSNBC ANCHOR

(ON THE MONITOR)

Assange provokes debate --

Julian Assange is not your  
average journalist --

CNN ANCHOR

Some have argued he's not really a  
journalist at all...

Push into a MONITOR -- MORE STOLEN GLIMPSES of Julian...  
putting on boots, hauling a backpack...

CBS ANCHOR

The peripatetic internet muckraker  
is used to bounding...

INT. ANKE'S APARTMENT - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY (SAME TIME)

MATCH CUT TO A LAPTOP, STREAMING VIDEO from CBS and a  
COLLAGE of other NEWS SITES, all open to stories on the war  
logs. On the video, Julian pulls the wrapping off a new cell  
phone...

CBS ANCHOR

(O.C.)

...from city to city, regularly  
changing his cell phones,

hairstyles and general appearance,  
he says to avoid surveillance...

We hear the BRITISH DOUBLE PURR of a recently placed phone call and FIND Daniel, AGITATED, phone to his ear. A shirt on now, he rifles through a BACKPACK just like Julian's.

DANIEL

Come on. Come on, pick up.

Daniel grabs a SECOND LAPTOP as the DOUBLE PURR takes us to--

INT. LONDON TAXI CAB - LONDON, ENGLAND - DAY (SAME TIME)

MATCH SOUND TO A RINGING PHONE... in the hands of ZIGGY, a 17-YEAR-OLD INTERN in a rear facing jump seat in the back of a crowded cab. We spy a FRACTURED REFLECTION in the window...

A GLOWING LAPTOP SCREEN, a SHOCK OF WHITE HAIR.

PAN TO...

A MAN WITH WHITE HAIR opposite Ziggy, hunched over his laptop. Beside him, the SAME BACKPACK as Daniel. We don't see his face, but we know it's JULIAN ASSANGE, 39.

ZIGGY

It's Daniel.

Julian waves him off. Ziggy SILENCES the phone as the cab pulls up in front of the FRONTLINE CLUB.

The intern opens the door and we CUT INTO --

INT. FRONTLINE CLUB, PRESS ROOM - LONDON - DAY (SAME TIME)

PRESS MILLING. Photos of soldiers on the wall, copies of The Guardian everywhere -- MASSIVE LEAK EXPOSES TRUE AFGHAN WAR. A BBC REPORTER stands near a PODIUM, doing a live feed.

BBC REPORTER (TO CAMERA)

A few months ago, most people had never heard of Wikileaks or its mysterious and eccentric founder...

OFF TO ONE SIDE, a small group of reporters congratulate Ian Katz, now in GUARDIAN PRESS TAGS.

Suddenly, he hears --

NEWSMEN

(WHISPERING)

He's here. / Assange is here.

Ian looks up, spies Ziggy on the edge of the room.

As he starts to move, we hear a loud KNOCK and we SMASH TO  
--

INT. ANKE'S APARTMENT - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY (SAME TIME)

Daniel pulls open the door. MARCUS, 30s, a BEARDED HACKER with an IMPOSING PRESENCE, pushes in carrying a laptop bag.

Daniel leads him to his desk, where several laptops are now up and running. Marcus pulls another out of his pack.

MARCUS

Did you reach him?

DANIEL

No.

As Marcus pops open the laptop, Daniel glances at a TV. We see our BBC Reporter in the Frontline Club press room.

BBC REPORTER

Mr. Assange dismissed reports of internal dissention and defections

--

Daniel and Marcus trade a LOOK, Daniel moves to a laptop. We see the WIKILEAKS SITE and an OPEN CHAT BOX. Daniel TYPES.

ddd: Julian? Are you there?

INT. FRONTLINE CLUB, GREEN ROOM - LONDON - DAY (SAME TIME)

MATCH CUT TO ANOTHER LAPTOP. A CHAT pops up in a CHAT BOX.

ddd: Julian? Are you there?

Next to the chat, a collage of PAUSED VIDEO CLIPS and ONLINE ARTICLES... all about Assange. REVEAL Julian, back to us, typing a speech on a second laptop. Julian pauses, looks at the chat box, IGNORES it, but glances over at the ARTICLES.

Ian Katz walks in and peers over Julian's shoulder.

IAN KATZ

A man points to the moon and the  
idiots look at his finger.

JULIAN

Then I suppose we'll have to give  
them the moon again.

Julian smiles up at Ian. It's the first time we've gotten a good look at him. And he's fucking MAGNETIC.

Julian takes the laptop he was working on and exits. HOLD ON the other laptop. On Daniel's BLINKING MESSAGE.

SMASH TO --

INT. FRONTLINE CLUB, PRESS ROOM - LONDON - DAY (SAME TIME)

Julian shuffles to the podium, Ian behind him. The press hushes as Julian opens up his laptop. He pauses, looks out at the crowd, TAKING IN THE MOMENT. A beat, then --

JULIAN

If journalism is good it is  
controversial by its nature...

INT. ANKE'S APARTMENT - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY (SAME TIME)

MATCH CUT TO Julian on TV.

Marcus and Daniel watch.

JULIAN

(ON THE MONITOR)

Of course, powerful abusers always  
attempt to criticise the  
messenger--

As Julian speaks, we PUSH IN on Daniel...

JULIAN

(ON THE MONITOR)

(CONTINUED)

...to distract from the power of  
the message...

MARCUS

Daniel. If you want to do this, we  
need to do it now.

Daniel turns back towards his laptop. As he rubs his eyes,  
we push past him, to the laptop screen, the blinking cursor.

ddd: Julian? Are you there?

PUSH IN as faint ELECTRONICA starts WHISPERING, PULSING...  
Suddenly, THE LETTERS CHANGE FROM GREEN TO WHITE. SLAM  
INTO--

INT. EDS (ELECTRONIC DATA SYSTEMS) - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

White letters on black. Tinny electronica a little louder.

ddd: Julian? Are you there?

PULL BACK to REVEAL another computer screen. Another chat box. And a man wearing HUGE BLACK HEADPHONES. SPIN TO --

A YOUNGER DANIEL BERG, now 28, in a CATASTROPHE OF A CUBICLE. FILES everywhere, a DIRT BIKE against the wall, desk littered with BOTTLES of CLUB MATE energy cola, WILLIAM GIBSON NOVELS, CALL OF CTHULHU BOOKS, an odd ANTENNA made of PRINGLES CANS.

December 2007

Electronic Data Systems - Berlin, Germany

Daniel's in T-SHIRT and JEANS, CLEAN SHAVEN, no world weary to his mien... a YOUTHFUL LIGHT in his eyes as he looks hopefully at the screen.

ON THE SCREEN, we WIDEN to reveal TIME CODES and SCROLL UP [NOTE: There should be 15 or 20, these are representative.]

07-12-23 11:29 jjj: hey daniel, see  
you in Berlin?

07-12-23 11:30 ddd: julian! you're  
coming?

07-12-23 11:30 ddd: you send in the  
forms for your talk?

07-12-24 12:41 ddd: julian? are you  
there?

07-12-26 13:56 ddd: hey, you still  
logged on?

07-12-27 16:41 ddd: julian? are you  
there?

SUPERVISOR

(O.C.)

Mr. Berg.

REVEAL DANIEL'S SUPERVISOR, black suit and gray temples, at the cubicle door. He's trying to get Daniel's attention. Daniel, OBLIVIOUS, reaches for a bottle of CLUB MATE.

ANNOYED, the Supervisor TAPS on Daniel's headphones. Daniel turns, pulls off a headphone; the electronica WHINES.

SUPERVISOR

(CONTINUED)

Have you seen this?

He holds out a STACK OF PAGES, GERMAN TEXT over IMAGES OF THE GRINCH: ACHTUNG! LASSEN SIE SICH NICHT DER GRINCH! [LISTEN! DON'T BE A GRINCH! ]

SUPERVISOR

(CONTINUED)

They're printing on ... every  
printer in the office.

Daniel looks to the printer outside his door. CHURNING.

DANIEL

Guess someone's pissed you made New  
Year's Eve a work day.

SUPERVISOR

Yes, and as our resident computer

freak, could you find out who that someone is?

Daniel pulls up a DIAGNOSTIC on his computer. He scans it...

DANIEL

Whoever did it disguised his IP address. According to this, the print jobs are coming from... your computer.

The supervisor STARES. Daniel stands, starts PACKING UP.

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

It's thousands of pages. You'll have to manually reboot if you want it to stop.

SUPERVISOR

(off Daniel packing up)

Where are you going? I need you to finish the Opel --

Daniel hands him TWO FOLDERS from the bottom of his pile.

DANIEL

I costed out GM too, in case you need something to do tomorrow.

As the Supervisor stares down at the folders, Daniel grabs his bike, takes off... exiting the cubicle and crossing with ANKE DOMSCHEIT (CUTE, 20S). Daniel's clearly into her.

ANKE

Charlie in maintenance said you  
left this by the scanner.

She holds out a German edition of The Grinch Who Stole Christmas (WIE DER GRINCH). Daniel takes the book.

DANIEL

Happy New Year.

Daniel SMILES, pops on his headphones and wheels off. Anke, not quite sure what to make of him, watches as he heads past SEVERAL CHURNING PRINTERS. Tinny electronica SWELLS and...

WE RISE UP over A MAZE OF CUBICLES, little boxes, each with a SUIT at a TIDY DESK. Daniel weaves through the maze, moving to music no one else hears, music that POUNDS US INTO  
--

EXT. ALEXANDERPLATZ - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

A CRANE SHOT of the famous plaza. Industrial Eastern Bloc architecture broken up by COLORFUL MURALS and western ADS.

The camera PANS DOWN through the gentle snowfall and we PICK UP A BACKPACK on a BIKE -- Daniel, HEADPHONES ON, weaving through clusters of pedestrians in the vast square.

EXT. BCC (BERLINER CONGRESS CENTER) - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

Daniel glides to a stop at the edge of the plaza. He hops off the bike, looks up.

A HUGE ROCKET stands outside the entrance to the HUGE CONFERENCE CENTER. A COLORFUL SIGN flaps in the wind.

24c3: DECEMBER 27TH-31st, 2007 24TH CHAOS COMPUTER CONGRESS - VOLLDAMPF VORAUS!

Daniel watches as a CROWD of GRUNGY YOUNG MEN STREAM into the building.

A SMILE crosses his face and we CUT TO --

INT. BCC (BERLINER CONGRESS CENTER) - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

NERDY MEN with TATS and EAR BUDS push into a hall of PULSING MUSIC, FLASHING MONITORS, and JERRY-RIGGED ELECTRONICS.

FIND DANIEL in the throng, CAPTIVATED as he passes BOOTHS of HACKERS working on various high and low tech initiatives. In one, a REEDY KID with thick glasses TAKES APART an iPhone...

REEDY HACKER

Once you crack the source code, you can reprogram it for any carrier...

...in another, a FAT HACKER powers up a QUADROCOPTER...

FAT HACKER

A 4K cam, varifocal zoom... it's the future of government surveillance...

The hacker paws a REMOTE CONTROL and the QUADROCOPTER RISES.

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS as it flies over booths -- Electronic Graffiti, Quantum Cryptography -- it's WILD, a stark contrast to the lifeless EDS cubicles.

The copter CIRCLES BACK to --

Daniel, ABSORBED, much more at home here than at EDS, grabs a PAMPHLET from the quadrocopter booth and heads towards--

INT. BCC, VOLUNTEER DESK - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

Three guys in 24c3 shirts sign in participants, volunteers. Behind them, a MAN pulls NETWORK SWITCHES from an EDS BOX. Daniel walks up, hands a form to one of the volunteers.

DANIEL

Daniel Berg, I volunteered to sell shirts tomorrow?

As Daniel hands a form, the MAN at the EDS box turns. We recognize him -- it's a well-rested, almost jovial MARCUS.

MARCUS

Hey, Daniel, thanks for getting EDS to donate again.

DANIEL

Donate may be the wrong word.

Marcus smiles, exits with the switches. A volunteer returns with a STACK OF SHIRTS. As Daniel grabs them, glancing at an EASEL with the LECTURE SCHEDEULE, we hear an AUSTRALIAN TWANG--

JULIAN

(O.C.)

We must be on the schedule. My  
associate Jay Lim sent in our  
proposal months ago.

Daniel turns, sees JULIAN ASSANGE, a strange picture with  
two backpacks and a TENT. Irritated, he lobbies OTTO, one of  
the guys at the desk. Otto has an EARLOBE CORK, is  
UNIMPRESSED.

OTTO

We didn't get anything from  
Wikileakers --

JULIAN

Wikileaks. This is ridiculous.  
Who's in charge here?

DANIEL

Julian?

Julian turns, doesn't recognize him.

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

It's Daniel. Daniel Berg. I  
contacted you over chat?

JULIAN

Daniel. Thank God.

(leans in,

conspiratorial)

For a moment, I thought you were...

He nods towards a BLUE HAIR ED WEIRDO with a ton of piercings, gripping a laptop and staring at them from a nearby couch.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

Online dating has gotten me into trouble before.

A MISCHIEVOUS grin. It's MAGNETIC. Daniel smiles.

OTTO

(O.C.) (out of patience)

I have people waiting here.

DANIEL

Otto, his organization is super cool, they've been doing crazy shit in Kenya, they just leaked a major report on government corruption.

OTTO

(skeptical, off the tent)

You took on the Kenyan government from a tent.

JULIAN

I thought it more prudent than checking into the Nairobi Hilton.

(to Daniel)

Of course that didn't stop Kibaki  
from raiding our compound.

OTTO

The President of Kenya attacked  
your compound?

JULIAN

Twenty men, with heavy artillery...

(to Otto, an edge)

Least you could do is put me on the  
program.

OTTO

I'm afraid the small conference  
rooms are all booked.

DANIEL

(off the schedule)

What about the auditorium? It's  
empty 'til the X-Box Security talk.

OTTO

(beat, then relenting)

You can have it for a half hour.  
But you'll have to print flyers if  
you want an audience.

JULIAN

That shouldn't be a problem.

Julian grabs his things and heads directly for a printer  
room... marked CLUB MEMBERS ONLY. Otto shoots Daniel a look.

DANIEL

God forbid we give free toner to  
human rights activists.

INT. BCC, PRINTER ROOM - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

CLOSE ON a laptop hooked up to a printer... SPITTING OUT  
FLYERS with WIKILEAKS LOGOS.

Daniel enters. He sees the laptop sitting by a ROW OF  
PRINTERS, but no Julian. Until --

JULIAN

(O.C.)

Sorry, I totally spaced on that  
proposal. Of course I was a little  
busy in Nairobi.

Julian gets out from UNDER A TABLE WITH a BCC EXTENSION  
CORD.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

By the way, that report we leaked  
shifted voting 10% in the  
Presidential election. You should  
mention that when you introduce me.

DANIEL

Sure.

But Daniel's STARING at Julian, who's pulled out a pen

knife, cut the extension cord and swiftly started to FUSE it with a shredded power cord. Julian notices Daniel staring.

JULIAN

Shredded my power cord in Mombasa,  
I'm almost out of juice. I assume  
the club won't mind making a small  
donation?

DANIEL

I'll pay for the cord if you  
actually get it to work.

Julian plugs the newly repaired cord into his laptop... and the screen BRIGHTENS.

JULIAN

If you're going to take on global  
corruption, you need a few super  
powers.

Daniel can't help but SMILE. He picks up a flyer.

2007: WikiLeaks vs. The World.

JULIAN

(PRELAP) (CONTINUED)

I'm a mathematician by training...

INT. BCC, MAIN AUDITORIUM - BERLIN, GERMANY - EARLY EVENING

MATCH CUT TO projection of the image from the flyer.

JULIAN

When I was a grad student in  
Melbourne, I began thinking about  
information. How it flows through  
people and society...

PULL BACK to find Julian with his laptop at a podium.

To one side of the stage, THE NEXT SPEAKER sets up a few deconstructed X-BOX 360s beside a CORKBOARD covered with exhibits for his talk: 'Deconstructing Xbox 360 Security.'

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

...and how, when new information  
comes to light, it can bring about  
great change.

Daniel, also on stage, watches as Julian pulls out a WAD of TWINE, moves to the corkboard.

The X-Box guy looks up, CONCERNED, as Julian wraps the twine around a PUSH PIN holding up part of the X-Box exhibit, STRINGING THE TWINE to another pin holding up another part.

Julian POINTS to the two pins and the twine. ILLUSTRATING.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

Two people and a secret. The  
beginning of any conspiracy, of all  
corruption. As it grows...

Daniel watches, RIVETED, as Julian STRETCHES the twine to another pin. And another. And another...

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

More people... and more secrets.

CLOSE ON THE BOARD as Julian RAPIDLY RUNS TWINE AROUND PINS, ensnaring more of the exhibit in his web. It's MESMERIZING.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

But. If we can find one moral man,  
one whistleblower...

Julian focuses on a PIN at the CENTER of his web of twine.

CLOSE ON THE PIN as he LOOPS MORE TWINE AROUND IT...

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

Someone willing to expose these  
secrets --

Julian PULLS THE TWINE TAUT... then YANKS THE CENTER PIN...  
PULLING THE TWINE SO THAT ALL THE PINS POP OUT OF THE BOARD.  
THE FLYERS FALL, SCATTERING ALL AROUND JULIAN.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

That man... can topple the most  
repressive of regimes.

Julian pins a WIKILEAKS FLYER on the NOW EMPTY CORKBOARD.

X BOX GUY

Was zur hoelle!

JULIAN

And there's the problem.

Retribution.

X BOX GUY

Otto, my talk is in ten minutes.

The X-Box guy, PISSED, looks to Otto who's with a CUTE HACKER GIRL in back of the EMPTY AUDITORIUM, maybe A DOZEN HACKERS.

OTTO

Okay, we're done here.

Otto glares at Daniel, who would be embarrassed, if he weren't so focused on Julian. Julian keeps going, oblivious.

JULIAN

Whistleblowers are afraid to come forward because they fear retribution. What if we could take that fear away?

Otto moves to stop Julian, but the hacker girl, INTRIGUED, reaches out to STOP HIM. Otto frowns as Julian continues.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

Twenty years ago I got my first

modem and joined a legion.  
Cyberpunks fighting for freedom,  
for privacy -- for the right to  
remain concealed in clouds of code.

Julian hits his laptop. NUMBERS and CODE appear on screen.  
It's not the most advanced graphic you've ever seen.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

Today's hackers take it for  
granted, but they surf the net in  
peace thanks to the turf wars we  
fought. And the crypto --

ON SCREEN, the numbers and code fade a bit, revealing the  
outline of a person. Again, the graphic is AMATEUR, but it  
gets the point across... the person is hidden in code.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

The programs we created to hide  
data, to hide our identities --  
even then I knew this technology  
could be the key to a whole new  
form of social justice.

(then)

We could expose a thousand dark  
secrets if we could keep just one.

ON SCREEN, the graphic morphs into the WIKILEAKS WEBSITE.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

Hundreds of volunteers work on the documents we're sent, but we've honed our technology to the point that even I don't know the identity of our sources.

Julian, ENERGIZED, talks like he's speaking to a huge crowd.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

If no one knows the whistleblower's identity, he has nothing to fear. And if he has nothing to fear...

Julian taps a laptop and WIKILEAKED DOCUMENTS appear on the screen: a MILITARY CRACKDOWN in ZAMBIA... CORRUPTION IN SOMALIA... TOP SECRET U.S. DOCUMENTS on GUANTANAMO BAY.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

As Oscar Wilde said, man is least himself when he talks in his own person. Give him a mask and he will tell you the truth.

INT. BCC, LOBBY - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

THE X-BOX GUY apologizes to a crowd at the auditorium door.

X-BOX GUY

(O.C.)

Sorry, it's going to be a few

minutes. We had some... technical difficulties.

DANIEL

Cool talk, huh?

Daniel walks out of the auditorium with Otto, whose arm is around the hacker girl.

OTTO

No, not cool. People anonymously sharing secrets, isn't that why we tore down the wall?

Julian joins with his gear.

JULIAN

Believe me, no one's interested in your secrets.

(to Otto's girlfriend)

Yours on the other hand...

She blushes, CHARMED. Otto, THREATENED, pulls her off.

DANIEL

Great talk, shame turnout wasn't better.

Julian's still watching Otto's girl, who smiles back at him.

JULIAN

One convert at a time.

Daniel laughs, pulls out his 24c3 FAHRPLAN.

DANIEL

By the way, I can soup up those graphics if you want. From the end of the talk?

JULIAN

What's wrong with the ones I have?

DANIEL

Nothing. I'm sure they would have blown people away in the eighties.

Again, Julian considers Daniel... who holds out his FAHRPLAN.

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

You want to check out the talk on Microcontrollers? I hear the guy who invented TV-B-Gone is speaking.

(off Julian's BLANK look)

It's a remote, you walk into a bar, you can turn off all the TVs and...

Daniel reads Julian's contempt, WILTS a little.

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

...I guess it's kind of stupid.

JULIAN

No, it sounds interesting. But...  
don't you find it tiring? Spending  
time with all these wankers?

Daniel grows still. He LOVES these wankers. Or did, until  
just now. Julian pretending not to notice, leans in --

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

Look at them. Useless idiots,  
cracking X-Boxes, building antennae  
out of Pringles cans, probably  
spending all their free time  
reading Neuromancer and playing  
Call of Cthulhu. What a waste.

Daniel BLANCHES. Julian's just described HIM.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

Capable generous men, men of  
purpose- we need to seek nobler  
inspiration.

(then)

Come on.

Julian flashes a SEDUCTIVE SMILE then races out the door.

As Daniel follows on his heels, we SMASH TO --

EXT. ALONG THE RIVER SPREE - BERLIN, GERMANY - NEAR MIDNIGHT

Government buildings loom, modernist sculptures along the

river. Two figures race down a street, one checks his watch.

JULIAN

Shit! We've only got twenty  
minutes! Come on!

Julian rushes ahead, Daniel chasing after him as we CUT TO

--

EXT. GLASS BUILDING - BERLIN, GERMANY - NEAR MIDNIGHT

Daniel, out of breath, catches up to Julian, as he approaches a HUGE GLASS GOVERNMENT BUILDING, all lit up.

JULIAN

The guard goes on break at  
midnight.

Julian eyes his watch, slips into the building. Daniel, INTRIGUED, follows.

We watch through the glass as they race up the STAIRCASE, towards a BRIDGE OVERHEAD...

EXT. BRIDGE - BERLIN - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Julian and Daniel run onto the bridge. Julian, GIDDY, slides across the last few yards, coming to a stop in the middle.

DANIEL

Wow.

Daniel pulls up beside Julian, STARING at a CRAZY VIEW of

THE REICHSTAG, it's MAJESTIC GLASS DOME shining in the moonlight.

JULIAN

A government destroyed by tyranny  
then rebuilt with a dome of glass  
so the whole world could look in.  
There's an ideal to aspire to.

Julian turns, gestures the other way. THE ENTIRE CITY stretches before them, it's TOTALLY FUCKING SPECTACULAR.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

Just look at it, Daniel. Reborn  
from the ashes -- a city once ruled  
by fascists, now overrun with  
artists and anarchists and  
sunlight... transparency...

Daniel reacts. He looks to Julian, INSPIRED.

DANIEL

My father took me to see the dome  
when they first built it. I was 13.  
He wasn't quite so eloquent.

JULIAN

When I was 13, my mother started  
dating a guy who was part of a  
nasty Australian cult. The Family.  
They believed in blue auras and  
cleansing souls and had a

surprisingly large network of influence, extending to the highest levels of government. My mum knew the guy was a wanker, but by the time she came to her senses they'd had a kid together and... we spent the next three years on the run. The Family chased us all over the country.

DANIEL

(beat)

Jesus. That's terrifying.

JULIAN

Why do you think my hair's white?

Julian's straight faced. Is he serious? Before we can hazard a guess, an ALARM BLARES. Julian spots TWO GUARDS heading up the staircase towards the bridge.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

Shit! Abandon ship!

Julian, LAUGHING, GRABS Daniel, pulls him the other way...

EXT. TACHELES - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

A cathedral-like building with a mural: 'HOW LONG IS NOW?' Julian and Daniel approach the building.

DANIEL

It's called the Tacheles, it's an artists' squat. They were gonna tear it down in the 90s, but some painters occupied it.

JULIAN

That's cool.

They walk through the gate and we CUT INTO --

EXT. TACHELES, ARTISTS' GARDEN - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

A garden of AVANT-GARDE METAL SCULPTURES and IRIDESCENT PAINTINGS. We hear techno music drifting down from above.

FIND a Boccioni style PORTRAIT OF A MAN staring out at us...

JULIAN

(O.C.)

Pretty great, isn't it?

Julian stands in front of a canvas with Daniel. Daniel nods.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

Now look closer, beyond the image, past the colors... until you've found the element that unlocks the portrait, the single brushstroke that reveals the essence of the painting, of the painter.

(then)

To me that's what hacking is.

Finding that stroke, that code,  
that tiny point of entry...

Julian looks at Daniel. Looking for his point of entry?

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

I should get to work.

Abruptly, he heads for the building. Daniel checks the time.

DANIEL

Now?

INT. TACHELES, STAIRWAY - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

Julian sprints up the stairs, calling out...

JULIAN

Life on the run, Aussie jet lag,  
you stop distinguishing between  
night and day.

Julian brushes past exiting club goers, knocking a GREEN  
HAIR ED TATTOO QUEEN into... Daniel, struggling to keep up.

DANIEL

Uh, excuse me.

The woman gives Daniel a LOOK as he slips past her.

INT. TACHELES, UPSTAIRS CLUB - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

More AVANT-GARDE ART and ECCENTRICS moving to MELLOW ELECTRONICA. Daniel finds Julian opening his laptop at one of the TABLES in the corner. Daniel sits and follows suit.

DANIEL

So... what are you working on?

Julian lowers his laptop screen, scrutinizing Daniel.

JULIAN

Look, today was fun, but these are sensitive documents, people's lives are at stake.

DANIEL

You can trust me.

JULIAN

Can I?

Julian eyes an ANARCHIST TATTOO, a BLACK CAT on Daniel's arm.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

When I was your age I called myself an anarchist too. But do you really want to change the world, Daniel?  
Or is that just some sticker you wear to look cool.

Daniel's surprised at Julian's SUDDEN CHANGE IN TONE. It's tough, CONFRONTATIONAL, like the tone he took with Otto.

DANIEL

I mean, I've read Orwell,  
Kropotkin, some Chomsky. 'The  
burden of proof has to be placed on  
authority.' You know, all animals  
are equal.

Julian eyes him, impassive, not responding.

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

That's Animal Farm? Maybe you've  
read it.

Daniel gives him a little smile. It's endearing. Julian takes it in... and makes a DECISION. Julian flicks on a CELLULAR MOBILE ROUTER and starts TYPING ON HIS LAPTOP. A CHAT BUBBLE appears on Daniel's laptop.

CLOSE ON CHAT: ircs://chat.wikileaks.org/

Daniel, mystified, glances at Julian then clicks the link. A CHAT WINDOW appears on his computer. Julian TYPES.

jjj: we talk in here.

Daniel, getting it, leans forward and TYPES. [NOTE: CHAT APPEARS ON OUR SCREEN, LIKE SUBTITLES].

ddd: it's secure? encrypted?

jjj: yes. and quiet.

Daniel SMILES. They start TYPING in QUIET CONVERSATION.

jjj: there's a new leak on the  
submission platform.

ddd: the submission platform?

Daniel looks up at Julian. Julian smiles, mysterious...

jjj: In my twenties, I created a  
tool called Rubberhose...

And suddenly, we SMASH INTO --

INT. INTERNET - NIGHT

A UNIVERSE OF DATA. A DOCUMENT moves at great speed through  
an infinite abstraction of facts, figures, information...

jjj: It hid sensitive information  
beneath layers and layers of fake  
data. WikiLeaks is based on the  
same idea...

...and whenever we move close to the document, it's suddenly  
PROTECTED, wrapped in a multi-layered SMOKESCREEN OF DATA...

jjj: We constantly upload fake data  
from fake sources to make it  
impossible to monitor our real  
sources...

...the document slides down through WORMHOLES of data...

jjj: Their very presence is  
infinitely deniable.

...FLITTING AWAY from us as we catch up to it...

jjj: We keep no records as to when  
or where you uploaded from, your  
time zone, your browser...

...the document slips through what feels like the inside of  
the internet, until at last we SMASH TO --

THE SUBMISSION PLATFORM - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

A door opens and a document lands on a FLOOR OF SAND.

jjj: The system makes leaks  
untraceable.

They simply turn up on the submission platform.

PULL BACK to find THOUSANDS OF DOORS line walls of a space  
receding to infinity. WELCOME TO THE SUBMISSION PLATFORM.

A SURREALISTIC VISION, Julian's romantic view of journalism.  
ROWS of STEEL DESKS set in sand, a different COMPUTER on  
each, FLUORESCENTS hanging oddly above. Behind the doors, we  
hear the SOUND OF AN OCEAN. In front, find...

Julian with Daniel, at their Tacheles table. Daniel, taking  
it all in, spots a few OCCUPIED DESKS. Glowing monitors

obscure faces, but we see NAME PLATES. J LIM. T BELLMAN.

A beat, then Julian nudges Daniel. A STACK OF DOCUMENTS sits in front of one of the doors. Daniel looks at them, maybe noticing a JULIUS BAER LOGO on the front page. He TYPES.

ddd: who's it from?

JULIAN

(V.O.)

I have no idea.

INT. TACHELES, UPSTAIRS CLUB - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

Julian smiles at Daniel.

JULIAN

See the beauty of it?

He nods to his laptop, a doc with THE SAME JULIUS BAER LOGO.

jjj: ever hear of Julius Baer?

ddd: it's a big Swiss Bank, right?

And now, we SMASH TO --

EXT. JULIUS BAER BANK - ZURICH, SWITZERLAND - EARLY EVENING

The grand neoclassical facade of BANK JULIUS BAER.

jjj: huge. manages \$100 billion for  
the ultra rich.

We PUSH past the large logo, through a window into --

INT. JULIUS BAER BANK - ZURICH, SWITZERLAND - EARLY EVENING

The rich, traditionally decorated LOBBY of BANK JULIUS BAER. BANKERS in wealthy suits greet obscenely wealthy CLIENTELE.

jjj: wealthy assholes in Germany,  
Switzerland, UK...

A POV SHOT walks us out of the lobby and into...

A HALLWAY OF WOOD CUBICLES, THICK DOORS. The bankers pass us, leading their clients down the hall.

ddd: the leak is from someone  
inside the bank?

jjj: think so, my associate Jay Lim  
is working the docs.

The POV SHOT FOLLOWS the bankers and their clients into...

A POSH CORNER OFFICE. We see a stack of DOCUMENTS on a TABLE beside a WHITE BOARD with a SHELL COMPANY DIAGRAM.

jjj: we think they show how the  
bank uses offshore secrecy laws to  
hide \$\$ for fat cats.

PAN AROUND THE TABLE TO FIND Daniel and Julian sitting there, looking from the documents to the WHITE BOARD

DIAGRAM.

WAITRESS  
(O.C.)  
Guten tag.

SMASH BACK TO THE TACHELES

Julian and Daniel stare at the WHITE BOARD DIAGRAM, now on Julian's laptop. A WAITRESS with a NOSE RING smiles at them.

Julian SLAMS SHUT his laptop, paranoid, HOSTILE.

WAITRESS  
(CONTINUED)  
(smile fading, bored)  
Let me guess. Secret plans for the revolution?

EXT. TACHELES - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

Julian walks out of the cathedral-like building, TAPPING on his computer, a MEMORY STICK in the USB slot.

DANIEL  
So it's tax evasion.

REVEAL Daniel following behind, carrying all the bags.

JULIAN  
On a grand scale. How secure is your computer?

DANIEL

GELI full disk encryption with two factor authentication.

JULIAN

Good. Unlike most reporters, we verify our sources. Jay and our volunteers in Switzerland will analyze the docs, but I need you to confirm they're real.

Julian pulls out the MEMORY STICK, holds it out to Daniel.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

The meta data should list the authors. Extract it and verify these people work at the bank.

Julian's warm, but Daniel STARES at the memory stick.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

What? Did you think we just threw what we got up on the website?

DANIEL

No, but.. you're just giving me the docs?

JULIAN

You said I could trust you.

DANIEL

(mans up, takes the  
stick)

You can.

JULIAN

I know. I'm a good judge of  
character.

Julian flashes a smile then grabs his things, heads off.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

Stay off the internet when working  
on the docs. And buy yourself a  
cryptophone.

INT. JULIUS BAER BANK - ZURICH, SWITZERLAND - DAY

A familiar hallway. A phone RINGS, breaking the silence.

FIND a FORMIDABLE ASSISTANT in a cubicle outside the posh  
corner office. She picks up the phone.

ZILKE'S ASSISTANT

(INTO THE PHONE)

Julius Baer, Ralf Zilke's office.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. EDS, NINTH FLOOR STORE ROOM - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

CLOSE ON Daniel, cryptophone to his ear.

DANIEL

(INTO THE PHONE)

I'm sorry, I must have the wrong extension. What division is this?

ZILKE'S ASSISTANT

This is Personal Wealth Management.

Who were you looking for?

REVEAL Daniel in small closet filled with cleaning SUPPLIES. He sits on an overturned MOP BUCKET, a document on his lap.

DANIEL

Sorry, I was actually looking for...

Daniel eyes TWO LAPTOPS crammed on a shelf. On one, the WHITE BOARD DIAGRAM. On the other, a window of META DATA with A TIME STAMP and a LIST OF AUTHORS, Ralf Zilke and...

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

...Leisal Grop.

ASSISTANT

Ms. Grop is down the hall in Client Services. Can I transfer you?

DANIEL

Yes, please. Thank you.

Daniel waits a beat... then HANGS UP THE PHONE. He pulls out

a pencil, looks down at the document on his lap.

CLOSE ON a marked up LIST OF NAMES. Daniel CHECKS OFF Zilke and Grop, begins writing down their divisions when...

The STORE ROOM DOOR OPENS BEHIND HIM.

ANKE

Daniel? What are you doing in here?

Daniel turns. Anke is in the door. Just then, one of his computers BEEPS. A chat pops up.

TBellman: Daniel, I'm Thomas Bellman, WL's Swiss spokesman. Julian said you're working on the bank docs?

ANKE

(CONTINUED)

Daniel, what's going on?

Daniel looks from the computer to Anke, AWKWARD.

DANIEL

I'm doing some.. sensitive research.

The laptop BEEPS again. Daniel, UNCOMFORTABLE, turns to it.

TBellman: Daniel? Have you confirmed authorship of the docs?

Anke is CURIOUS. Daniel TYPES, tries to block her view.

ddd: The authors are all bank  
employees... THE DOCS ARE REAL.

As he finishes, a FLURRY OF CHAT pops up on screen --

JayLim: Hey, is Julian plugged in?

jjj: Hoi. Just landed. What's up?

JayLim: Our source agreed to  
explain the docs, can anyone get  
to Liege-Guillemens in Belgium by  
4pm?

TBellman: Daniel's in Germany,  
that's not too far.

JayLim: Is he up for it?

jjj: I think so... if he's not too  
busy sucking off THE CORPORATE  
OVERLORDS :P

INTERCUT WITH --

THE SUBMISSION PLATFORM - DAY (SAME TIME)

Brightly lit monitors obscure faces but the nameplates are  
now familiar. J LIM, T BELLMAN, J ASSANGE...

Julian PEEKS OUT from behind his monitor, smiles at Daniel.

ANKE

(O.C.)

Is this some kind of geeky, hacker  
version of Dungeons and Dragons?

SMASH BACK TO THE EDS STORE ROOM

Daniel turns, sees Anke LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER. He quickly shuts his laptop. Then, TRYING TO IMPRESS --

DANIEL

We're investigating corruption in a  
large swiss bank.

Anke BLINKS, intrigued... a political side to Daniel.

ANKE

Well, in that case, I can cover for  
you.

Off Daniel, a HINT OF A SMILE --

EXT. LIEGE-GUILLEMIN TRAIN STATION - LEIGE, BELGIUM - DAY

The Calatrava marvel. It's EERILY EMPTY... as we FIND DANIEL walking up the platform, texting on his phone.

CLOSE ON THE TEXTS

Daniel Berg: at the train station,  
where's our guy?

A beat then...

Thomas Bellman: Le Chat Noir.  
Heavyset, brown suit.

Daniel starts walking inside. His phone BUZZES, He checks it.

Thomas Bellman: WATCH YOUR BACK.

Daniel pauses, looks over his shoulder. A few travelers, nothing out of the ordinary... until from HIS POV WE SEE a HARD LOOKING BALD MAN leaning against a wall, STARING at him.

Is he WATCHING Daniel? Or is it in Daniel's head? Daniel, NERVOUS, pulls up his coat, hurries onward...

INT. LE CHAT NOIR CAFE - LIEGE STATION, BELGIUM - DAY

CLOSE ON a thick hand, SHAKING, nervously paging through a document with more diagrams like the one we saw above.

DANIEL

(O.C.)

(in whispers)

Our team has been having trouble...  
the diagrams are a bit  
impenetrable.

REVEAL HANS, 40s, SWEATING in the rail station cafe. He and Daniel sit at a table. Talking in HUSHED TONES.

HANS

They're meant to be. They reveal  
the bank's most intimate secrets.

(passionate, intense)

I worked for these assholes for  
years before I understood the  
extent of the deception. It's a  
massive tax dodge.... last year,  
those diagrams cheated your country  
alone out of 30 billion in tax  
revenues.

DANIEL

And you'll explain them to us?

HANS

(nervous)

You understand I won't just be  
exposing the bank. They have  
hundreds of clients -- wealthy,  
powerful clients from New York to  
Moscow who will go to great lengths  
to hold on to their money.

Just then, Daniel spots a BALD MAN at the bar. Shit, it's  
the guy from the platform. Daniel TENSES, tries to cover.

DANIEL

We understand the risks.

But Hans follows Daniel's gaze to the bald man... watching  
them. Hans looks NERVOUS. Daniel struggles to project calm.

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

We've got incredible infrastructure  
and hundreds of volunteers, people  
who've dealt with threats like  
this. Our process is totally secure  
-- we don't even know your real  
name.

HANS

You're damn right.

A WOMAN joins the man at the bar. Hans, anxiety  
dropping...

HANS

(CONTINUED)

I'll explain the documents, but you  
don't know me, you never met me and  
when the shit comes down, it's on  
your house. Are we clear, Mr...

Daniel eyes a SIGN on the wall. A black cat, 'LE CHAT NOIR.'

DANIEL

Schmitt. Daniel Schmitt.

Off Daniel's ADRENALINE RUSH, we hear a SHRILL WHISTLE --

EXT. LIEGE-GUILLEMIN'S TRAIN STATION - LEIGE, BELGIUM - NIGHT

The station's arch glows above Daniel in the dark night.

Daniel, WIRED, glances furtively at other travelers.

DANIEL

(INTO THE PHONE)

The bank has a huge network,  
they've got billions of dollars  
buried in the Caymans.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. NAIROBI, KENYA - DAY

A smog filled street. ANCIENT MINIVANS, THRONGS of PEOPLE.

Nairobi, Kenya

We PUSH IN on a DILAPIDATED BUILDING and PRELAP --

JULIAN

(OVER THE PHONE)

This is absolutely colossal.

INT. KENYAN COMMISSION ON HUMAN RIGHTS - NAIROBI - DAY

A shabby OFFICE, a few HUMAN RIGHTS POSTERS. Julian helps two Kenyan human rights activists (OULA and KINGARA) hand out PICKET SIGNS to VOLUNTEERS. He talks on a cryptophone.

JULIAN

(INTO THE PHONE)

We're gonna nail these bastards.

Daniel warily looks at the passersby. No sign of the bald

man from inside, but Daniel's still ON EDGE.

DANIEL

(INTO THE PHONE)

You know, our friend was pretty  
jittery.

JULIAN

(INTO THE PHONE)

Of course he was.

On Daniel, cold comfort.

OULA

Hey, Julian, let's go.

Oula, SCAR on his cheek, beckons to Julian -- they're heading out. Julian looks at his sign: 'ANOTHER WORLD IS POSSIBLE.'

JULIAN

(INTO THE PHONE)

How fast can you get Bellman a summary?

DANIEL

(INTO THE PHONE)

I'll stay up until it's done.

JULIAN

(INTO THE PHONE)

Good. Remember, Daniel, courage is contagious.

Daniel reacts as a train WHISTLES again, the sound fading into a PIERCING TELEPHONE RING --

INT. JULIUS BAER BANK - ZURICH, SWITZERLAND - DAY

CLOSE ON a RINGING PHONE. A hand reaches in and we REVEAL the assistant we met earlier, as she picks up.

ZILKE'S ASSISTANT

(INTO THE PHONE)

Julius Baer Bank, Ralf Zilke's  
office

As she listens, her expression changes and we CUT TO --

INT. JULIUS BAER, ZILKE'S OFFICE - ZURICH - DAY (SAME TIME)

A SILVER-HAIRED BANKER (ZILKE) works in a posh corner office, noblesse oblige in a BRIONI SUIT. He reaches for a pen when--

ZILKE'S ASSISTANT

(O.C.)

Mr. Zilke?

Zilke looks up.

ZILKE'S ASSISTANT

(CONTINUED)

I'm sorry, I just got an odd call  
from the tech department. They said  
there's a report on this website...

it's posted some of our files. I  
sent you the link.

Zilke eyes her, then turns to his COMPUTER. He clicks an e-mail link and up pops THE WIKILEAKS SITE with a DOCUMENT:

CLOUDS ON THE CAYMAN TAX HEAVEN -- THE JULIUS BAER  
DOCUMENTS: How the Swiss Bank hides Millions for your  
favorite fat cats.

Below, a FAMILIAR DIAGRAM. ZILKE SEES IT AND GOES WHITE.

ZILKE

Get me Gregor. And wake up our  
lawyers in London, in New York, in  
California...

INT. EDS, NINTH FLOOR STORE ROOM - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

Daniel back on his mop bucket, staring at two laptops on the shelf. On one, a THREATENING E-MAIL from Julius Baer lawyers.

ANKE

And I thought grinchling the  
printers was impressive.

Daniel turns and finds Anke standing over him with a print out of the Julius Baer doc. She eyes his computer.

ANKE

(CONTINUED)

Their lawyers are threatening you?

DANIEL

Julian says you can spend your life  
in cushy cubicles or you can march.  
You can brave the truncheons and  
breathe the tear gas or --

ANKE

Take a girl to dinner?

An INVITATION. Daniel smiles.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

CLOSE on Anke, asleep, NAKED under a cheap coverlet. We hear TAPPING on a keyboard. Anke stirs, blinks up at the CHAOS COMPUTER CLUB POSTERS over the bed.

Anke smiles, turns to see... Daniel at a messy desk, tapping on his laptop and pulling on his jeans.

ANKE

Hey.

Daniel, distracted, TRIPS and FALLS. Anke LAUGHS.

ANKE

(CONTINUED)

Sorry, I've just never had a guy  
try to sneak out of his own  
apartment.

DANIEL

The bank got a judge in California  
to shut down our primary domain.

He nods to his LAPTOP. A WEB BROWSER points to wikileaks.org  
but the site is down: THE REQUESTED PAGE IS UNAVAILABLE.

ANKE

A judge in California?

DANIEL

It's where our domain is  
registered.

ANKE

Right, but I thought Americans put  
free speech up there with mom and  
apple pie.

DANIEL

So did we. Julian wants to meet up  
right away.

Daniel throws his laptop in his backpack then pauses.

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

You know this isn't what I imagined  
for our first... get together.

ANKE

How often did you imagine it?

Daniel smiles, CAUGHT. He grabs his bag.

DANIEL

You don't have a cryptophone do  
you?

ANKE

No, but that may be the best excuse  
I've ever heard for not calling.

They trade a SMILE and we SMASH TO --

INT. BERLIN TEGEL AIRPORT - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

Julian glides down a people mover, TAPPING his phone. As he does, e-mail SCROLLS UP THE SCREEN:

Friends - Solzhenitsyn says no one  
can bar the road to truth.

Wikileaks.org has been forcibly  
shut down but you can still learn  
the truth about Julius Baer on our  
mirror sites. Send press to  
<http://wikileaks.be>,  
<http://88.80.13.160> --

As Julian glides along, typing, we SMASH TO --

INT. STRASSENBAHN BERLIN TRAM - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

Daniel rides the tram talking on his cryptophone.

DANIEL

...blogs, twitter, they're

defrauding the world, we can't let  
them cover it up...

As the tram lurches forward, we see TWITTER FEED start to scroll up the LEFT of the screen...

EthanZ Walk the road to truth!  
<http://wikileaks.be> Mlsif Break the bank! Send press to 88.80.13.160

The twitter feed CONTINUES TO SCROLL and we SMASH TO --

EXT. ALL NIGHT CAFE - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

Julian walks into an all night cafe, hauling his bags.

JULIAN

We never thought we'd need extra servers to fight censorship attacks--

INT. ALL NIGHT CAFE - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

Julian walks into the dingy cafe.

JULIAN

(INTO THE PHONE)

...from the bastion of free speech.

Julian sees TWO OPEN LAPTOPS, a few empty bottles of Club Mate... and DANIEL, on the phone. Daniel doesn't see him.

DANIEL

(INTO THE PHONE)  
...I sent links to our mirror  
sites, if you can post...

Daniel spots Julian, lowers his phone. WARM --

JULIAN  
More fun making history than  
reading about it?

Daniel smiles. A NICE MOMENT... until Daniel's laptop BEEPS.  
A news alert, WIRED.COM: ACLU, EFF, HEARST FILE BRIEFS IN  
SUPPORT OF WIKILEAKS CASE. They spring back into action.

DANIEL  
(INTO THE PHONE)  
...Yeah, and there's a new Wired  
blog you should post as well...

Julian pulls out his laptop as TWITTER FEED TAKES US TO --

EXT. CITYSCAPE - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAWN

Dawn breaks over Berlin. We hear Julian --

JULIAN  
(PRELAP)  
Yes, of course, we're pleased the  
EFF and the ACLU are behind us...

INT. ALL NIGHT CAFE - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAWN

The sun rises over EMPTY BOTTLES, COFFEE CUPS... Daniel and

Julian each have two laptops, still going strong. Julian talks on the phone, eats hummus with his finger.

JULIAN

(INTO THE PHONE)

...but the court of public opinion  
has already ruled in our favor.

Daniel's computer BEEPS again as SITE NOTIFICATIONS start to SCROLL UP the RIGHT OF OUR SCREEN, opposite twitter feed...

www.largeleaker.de is now pointing

to 88.80.13.160

www.screwthebank.com is now

pointing to 88.80.13.160

DANIEL

Some french hackers donated  
domains.

Daniel shows Julian his laptop. Julian lowers his phone, wipes his hummus finger on his pants. Daniel notices.

JULIAN

Send the links to Bellman, he'll  
blast the list serve.

Daniel reaches forward to type and we SMASH TO --

THE SUBMISSION PLATFORM - DAWN (SAME TIME)

Half the monitors are lit, DOZENS OF VOLUNTEERS working away.

Daniel opens a CHAT BOX and we RACK FOCUS TO A DESK. We note the nameplate, T BELLMAN.

We CUT BEHIND THE DESK --

Daniel's CHAT pops up on Bellman's MONITOR. As he reaches forward, TWITTER FEED and URLs SCROLL UP our SCREEN. And if it's OVERWHELMING, that's what we're going for.

SMASH TO--

INT. GUARDIAN, BULLPEN - LONDON, ENGLAND - NIGHT

ALAN RUSBRIDGER and IAN KATZ (from the OPEN) review a row of one sheets tacked to the wall -- TOMORROW'S PAPER.

ALAN RUSBRIDGER

Move the US primaries to page three  
to make room for the Diana inquest.

NICK DAVIES

Yes, Diana still sells papers. 21st  
century churnalism at its finest.

Rusbridger and Katz turn to find NICK DAVIES (also from the OPEN), all looks and charm in an out of date leather jacket.

NICK DAVIES

(CONTINUED)

Can't afford reporters? Grab a  
story off the wire, give it a  
little scrub and drop it in your

paper.

(mock smells the print)

Just the kind of quality journalism  
I left Oxford to pursue.

IAN KATZ

This how you're chatting up the  
totty in your golden years?

NICK DAVIES

I certainly can't impress them with  
stories that've been rattling round  
the mainstream media echo chamber.  
The women I meet are smart enough  
to know what they're missing out  
on.

IAN KATZ

I assume you're going to tell us  
what that is?

NICK DAVIES

I'll leave that to Mr. Assange and  
his merry band of programmers.

He hands them a printout of another tech blog from WIRED.  
Alan glances at the headline: 'WIKILEAKS VS. GOLIATH.'

As Alan reads, a GOOGLE NEWS SEARCH scrolls over him, UP THE SCREEN, REPLACING THE TWITTER.

EXT. KREUZBERG STREET - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

A VIBRANT TURKISH CAFE in an polyglot neighborhood... oddly set against a backdrop of blocky West German architecture.

Our GOOGLE SEARCH scrolls up the screen and we MATCH CUT TO--

INT. TURKISH CAFE, KREUZBERG - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

A LAPTOP with the Google News Search.

Wikileaks is still live, and  
kicking THE GUARDIAN - 6 hours ago

Judge Shuts Down Site, Raises  
Constitutional Issues NEW YORK  
TIMES - 3 hours ago

Freedom of Speech has a number -  
88.80.13.160 CBS NEWS - 30 minutes  
ago

A mouse CLICKS on the CBS story, which OPENS in a window... next to OPEN STORIES from the Times and the Guardian.

DANIEL

(O.C.)

The Guardian, The Times, CBS... are  
all linking to our mirror sites.

REVEAL Daniel with Julian in a mostly EMPTY cafe, surrounded by coffee cups and NEWSPAPERS with JULIUS BAER HEADLINES.

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

(reading the article)

The Bank's injunction has brought  
an obscure group of dreamers to  
prominence, paradoxically  
generating more attention for their  
apparently uncensorable leaking  
machine...

Daniel and Julian are HAGGARD, it's plain they haven't slept  
in days, but they're both FLYING. Daniel scans the paper...

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

And the bank's clients may now face  
prosecution in Germany, the US...

(thrilled)

Jesus, can you believe it? Actual  
justice for those assholes.

Just then Julian's laptop BEEPS. He reads, STUNNED.

JULIAN

Wow. The judge pulled the  
injunction. We're back online.

He pulls up wikileaks.org on his laptop. Daniel is FLOORED.

DANIEL

Holy shit. We won!

Julian is proud, but Daniel's OVER THE MOON.

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

We took down a billion dollar bank!  
This is crazy, we have to  
celebrate!

JULIAN

...sure, we should order some  
beers.

DANIEL

I mean with everyone. Bellman and  
Jay Lim and all the others. This  
was a team effort, we should get  
everyone up on Skype or something.

JULIAN

I don't know. It's... late.

DANIEL

I just got an e-mail from Bellman.  
And Jay was on chat 15 minutes  
ago..

(then)

What? You think Skype isn't secure?

Julian hesitates. Considering SOMETHING. Then --

JULIAN

No... it's probably time for you to  
meet everyone face to face.

Daniel smiles, pulls up Bellman's account and Jay's. Julian

watches, PENSIVE... as Daniel INITIATES the VIDEO CALLS.

We hear the SKYPE RING on Daniel's computer and INTERCUT WITH --

THE SUBMISSION PLATFORM - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

ANGLE ten desk rows deep, CAMERA behind a dozen volunteers, Daniel and Julian at the cafe table in the distance.

A few monitors LIGHT UP WITH SKYPE CALLS. As volunteers lean forward to answer, WE HEAR an ANSWER CHIRP and Daniel's face pops up in a couple of screens.

SMASH BACK TO --

DANIEL IN THE CAFE, staring at his laptop. CONFUSED.

DANIEL

I don't get it, it says I called...

Daniel looks at Julian, something DAWNING.

SMASH TO --

A SUBMISSION PLATFORM DESK. Nameplate: T BELLMAN. DOLLY AROUND the monitor on the desk... REVEALING JULIAN.

SMASH TO ANOTHER DESK.

Nameplate: J LIM. DOLLY AROUND this monitor... Julian again. He looks up, coy.

SMASH BACK TO --

DANIEL IN THE CAFE. TWO SKYPE BOXES OF JULIAN on his screen.

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

You're Jay and Bellman?

(unnerved)

How many volunteers do we have?

JULIAN

Hundreds.

SMASH TO THE SUBMISSION PLATFORM

DOLLY AROUND A SERIES OF DESKS/COMPUTERS IN RAPID  
SUCCESSION. Each time, we find Julian at the computer.

THEN WE PULL BACK TO THE FRONT OF THE ROOM... an infinite  
number of Julians peek out from the infinite monitors.

JULIAN

(O.C.)

(CONTINUED)

We have hundreds of volunteers.

SMASH BACK TO THE CAFE

Daniel's pale. He stares at Julian.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

What? I have hundreds of e-mail

addresses.

DANIEL

That's not the same th--

Julian puts a finger to his lips, WARILY eyes a waiter. HE grabs his pack, moves to the back. Daniel follows.

JULIAN

Every startup exaggerates its size.  
No one's going to leak sensitive  
material to two freaks with a  
single server.

DANIEL

We only have one server?

JULIAN

Not as far as the rest of the world  
is concerned.

(then)

Castro began a revolution with 82  
men. It doesn't matter how small  
you are if you have faith and a  
plan of action.

But Daniel is STUNNED...

DANIEL

I told dozens of reporters... our  
source at Julius Baer...

JULIAN

Necessary fictions. If Julius Baer knew they were up against an army of two...

DANIEL

What, they'd 'rub us out?' They're a bank, not the mob.

JULIAN

Then why have you been using an alias?

(pressing)

Come on, Daniel. It's just a hack, an inelegant solution.

DANIEL

I have a hundred friends I could call, people who would be happy to help. This is bullshit.

Daniel turns away, pissed. A beat. Then Julian GRABS his backpack and RIPS IT OPEN...

ANGRILY, VIOLENTLY pulling out LAPTOPS, POWERCORDS, CLOTHING; SINGLE SERVINGS of CANNED FRUIT, GLASS JARS of USB STICKS...

JULIAN

...where is it, where the hell...

Daniel turns, stunned, as Julian pulls out WIRELESS ROUTERS; SOCKS, SHOES, NOTEBOOKS... until at last he finds...

A SMALL PIECE OF PAPER. Newsprint. Folded and soft with age.  
He THRUSTS it at Daniel. Daniel blinks, confused.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

Open it.

Daniel hesitates, then unfolds it.

CLOSE ON an old newspaper article.

May 1995. LEAD 'SUBVERSIVE' TO STAND TRIAL FOR 31 COUNTS OF HACKING.

Beside the headline, a MUG SHOT of a younger Julian -- a long ponytail and a defiant expression.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

There were three of us. Mendax,  
Trax, Prime Suspect, three boys  
with cartoon names, off on a series  
of harmless adventures,  
'Subversives' one and all.  
But when the Federal Police finally  
caught up with us, Trax pled guilty  
and Prime Suspect -- he turned  
Crown Witness against me.

(beat)

I remember waiting for the verdict  
in this little room, walking in  
figure eights like some demented  
bee, imagining life in a tiny cell.

The stress, that was... actually  
the moment my hair turned.

Daniel takes this in. A beat, then internal, wounded --

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

You don't get far in this world by  
relying on others. People are loyal  
until it seems opportune not to be.

And now Julian reaches out. Vulnerable.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

The tyrants we're up against have  
money and men and guns and I don't  
have an army to fight them. All  
I've got is a website and a couple  
of fake e-mail addresses and...  
you.

Off Daniel, YIELDING, we HEAR a recording --

L. RON HUBBARD

(PRELAP, ON VIDEO)

The only way you can control people  
is to lie to them.

EXT. ANTWERP CONVENTION CENTER - ANTWERP, BELGIUM - DAY

The SUN sets over the GORGEOUS BUILDINGS of OLD ANTWERP.

A HUGE BANNER stretches across the CONVENTION CENTER:  
'GLOBAL VOICES CITIZEN MEDIA CONFERENCE -- ANTWERP, BELGIUM  
-- 2008.'

INT. ANTWERP CONVENTION CENTER - ANTWERP, BELGIUM - DAY

A table COVERED with WIKILEAKS NEWS CLIPS. Some are old ('US investigates Julius Baer') but many are new. US MILITARY MANUALS, a PROTEST RIOT IN TIBET... the clips mostly in small, alternative papers. Julian and Daniel have been BUSY.

L. RON HUBBARD

(O.C., ON VIDEO)

The only way you can control  
anybody is to lie to them.

JULIAN

He founded the damn religion.  
Gobsmacking isn't it?

FIND Julian and Daniel streaming video of Hubbard for a few reporters, their HUMBLE BOOTH dwarfed in a vast room filled with MORE IMPRESSIVE DISPLAYS of old and new media ventures.

GERMAN REPORTER

(off the Hubbard video)

This is on your site?

DANIEL

We're streaming it now. See, there  
are links to all our fresh leaks.

Daniel shows him another laptop. The site is rudimentary, a

column of analysis and a column of FRESH LEAKS including...

JULIAN

People need to see how they treat  
their members. The memos on their  
'introspection rundowns' -- forced  
isolation, regulation of meals...

FRENCH REPORTER

Six Apart would love a piece on  
this, you have a French spokesman I  
can follow up with in Paris?

NICK DAVIES

Like watching a young Woodward and  
Bernstein...

Nick Davies and Ian Katz walk up in GUARDIAN PRESS PASSES.

JULIAN

The hallowed Guardian gracing us  
with their presence?

Julian starts to move towards them but the French reporter,  
pad out, is in his way. Brusquely pushing past --

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

Would you mind?

The reporter is offended. Daniel, used to this, jumps in...

DANIEL

Our associate Jay Lim is based in  
Paris. Can I give you his e-mail?

PAN OFF the mollified reporter to Nick shaking Julian's hand.

NICK DAVIES

Hustling for a story, trying to get  
the world to pay attention, I  
almost wish I were working for him.

JULIAN

The way they're sacking  
journalists, you might not have a  
choice.

IAN KATZ

Sounds like you want to put us all  
out of business.

JULIAN

I want you to do your job. If you  
can't, someone needs to pick up the  
slack.

IAN KATZ

Is that what you're doing? Anyone  
can take a bundle of information,  
toss it up on a website and call it  
news. But people buy our papers for  
something a little more discerning.

JULIAN

They're still buying your papers?

NICK DAVIES

Gentlemen, we're all on the same team.

(to Ian)

It's the samizdat of our day, Ian,  
a new nervous system for the  
planet.

Ian considers the Scientology video... which FREEZES.

IAN KATZ

Looks like his nervous system's a  
bit twitchy.

JULIAN

10,000 hits an hour does that to  
you. How's your website doing?

Nick LAUGHS. But as he and Ian exit, Julian's smile FADES.  
Daniel joins him.

DANIEL

We're down again. We need to add  
servers.

JULIAN

Yes, that's the downside to selling  
truth for free. No money.

DANIEL

(considers, then)

...I've got a few thousand euros  
saved up. Bet that'd get us a half  
dozen machines on eBay...

Julian reacts, a little surprised.

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

Are we not inspired, men of  
purpose? Capable, generous men?

Julian SMILES BROADLY and we --

INT. EDS (ELECTRONIC DATA SYSTEMS) - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

Daniel's cubicle. A mess as before. Exactly as before.

Daniel's supervisor stands at the door. IRRITATED.

ANKE

(INTO THE PHONE)

I thought you were coming back  
today.

REVEAL Anke, on her phone, a few cubicles away. CONCERNED.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. ROOFTOP, HERTZ PARKING STRUCTURE - BERLIN - DAY

Daniel, on the phone, stands by a RENTAL MERCEDES STATION  
WAGON, filling out a form. Julian is in the car, door open.

DANIEL

(INTO THE PHONE)

Little detour. Why, do you miss me?

At EDS, Anke eyes Daniel's Supervisor, who walks towards her.

ANKE

No, but our friend Andreas seems to.

DANIEL

Andreas is a wanker.

ANKE

...and my sister was looking forward to meeting you.

DANIEL

Shit. I forgot.

ANKE

She'll understand, she's an understanding person. Fortunately for you, so am I. But Andreas...

DANIEL

Tell him I'm still sick.

ANKE

(for Andreas' benefit)

Pneumonia? Is it serious?

DANIEL

Very. See if your sister's free for dinner on Friday.

ANKE

By Friday, I'll want you to myself.

Daniel smiles, hangs up and hands the form to a RENTAL AGENT.

RENTAL AGENT

Where'd you say you were going?

JULIAN

We didn't.

Julian GLARES at the agent. Daniel gets in.

PUSH INTO --

INT. MERCEDES (PARKED/MOVING) - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

Daniel slips behind the wheel and starts the car. Julian stares at the rental agent and starts to SUCK ON A RAW LEMON.

JULIAN

Nosy prick.

DANIEL

He was being friendly.

JULIAN

Servers are vital organs, if people

know where they are...

DANIEL

No one's going to know where they  
are, he was just being friendly.

JULIAN

I'm telling you, he was acting  
weird.

Daniel stares at Julian's lemon. He was acting weird?

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

What? I need some vitamin C. Have  
you seen how pale I am?

An ODD BEAT... then Julian SMILES. He's joking.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

You're looking a bit pale yourself,  
young man. Maybe you should have  
one.

Julian playfully tosses a lemon at Daniel who SMILES...

EXT. BERLIN STREET/INT. MERCEDES (MOVING) - BERLIN - DAY

Still smiling, Daniel drives out of town. He casually checks  
the REARVIEW... as a BLACK BMW falls in and begins to follow  
close behind. Julian sees Daniel's smile FADE.

JULIAN

What?

DANIEL

Probably nothing...

But Julian sees him peering into the rearview. FREAKED --

JULIAN

Someone's following us?

Julian looks back just as Daniel makes a HARD RIGHT, POPPING THE CAR up on the curb. Julian SLAMS against the door.

JULIAN

(O.C.)

(CONTINUED)

Shit!

Daniel struggles with the wheel, barely managing to get the car back on the road. He glances again at the rearview...

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

Did you lose him?

DANIEL

Yeah.. no, shit, I think that's  
him.

As Daniel guns the engine, Julian FLIES OUT OF FRAME...

JULIAN

(O.C.)

I think I'm going to vomit.

Music takes us through a SERIES OF QUICK SCENES --

EXT. DANIEL'S APT - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

Daniel rushes out of his apartment, carries a server to the Mercedes and tosses it in the trunk beside six others.

Julian, waiting, hastily throws a TARP over them.

As Julian and Daniel jump into the car and take off, we SMASH TO --

EXT. MERCEDES (MOVING) - AUTOROUTE - OUTSIDE PARIS - NIGHT

The Mercedes FLIES towards the SKYSCRAPERS of LA DEFENSE.

EXT. MERCEDES (PARKED) - A DATA CENTER - PARIS, FRANCE - DAWN

Julian and Daniel crouch behind the car, holding a SERVER. The data center door cracks and A SKINNY FRENCH HACKER beckons ANXIOUSLY.

As they RUSH towards him, SMASH TO --

INT. MERCEDES (MOVING) - FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Julian works on his laptop, struggling to stay awake. He considers, then reaches for a Club Mate and takes a sip...

It's disgusting. Julian looks at Daniel, CHUGGING IT. Wide awake. As Julian FORCES HIMSELF to take another sip...

EXT. MERCEDES (MOVING) - OUTSIDE ZURICH - NIGHT

The car races towards the twin spires of the GROSSMUNSTER.

EXT. MERCEDES (PARKED) - A DATA CENTER - ZURICH - NIGHT

Old town. Daniel, Julian with a server, banging on a DOOR, nervously looking around. The door cracks, they rush in...

EXT. JULIUS BAER BANK - ZURICH, SWITZERLAND - EARLY MORNING

JULIUS BAER SWISS HQ. The Mercedes rolls into frame. Daniel and Julian hop out, shouting and GIVING THE BANK THE FINGER.

JULIAN

Screw you, assholes!

DANIEL

Suck my tax paying German weiner!

They JUMP AROUND, CELEBRATORY, as we SMASH TO --

INT. MERCEDES (MOVING) - AUTOBAHN - GERMANY - NIGHT

Daniel clings to the wheel, EXHAUSTED.

DANIEL

Can you pass me a...

Daniel looks over... Julian's WIRED, typing on his laptop,

polishing off the last Club Mate.

Music fades as we PRELAP --

JULIAN

(PRELAP)

Doesn't look like a data center.

EXT. MARCUS' FARMHOUSE - SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY - DAY

A WORKING FARM. Julian eyes the sleeping cows. Daniel opens the trunk of the Mercedes, pulls out a case of Club Mate.

MARCUS

You know the way to my heart  
Daniel.

Daniel turns, sees Marcus in the farmhouse door.

He smiles --

INT. MARCUS' FARMHOUSE - SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY - DAY

A LARGE BARN, PACKED with SERVERS. TECH HEAVEN. Marcus walks in, leading Julian and Daniel who carry a server. Julian looks around, blown away.

MARCUS

(off the server)

Hook that up next to the other old  
IBMs. And take any tags off it -- I  
don't want to know which one it is.

They set the server down. Daniel starts hooking it up as Marcus cracks open a Club Mate.

DANIEL

You're protecting us from yourself?

MARCUS

Plausible deniability is never a bad thing. Especially when there might be jackboots at the door.

JULIAN

(impressed)

A man who understands security.

MARCUS

Just following in the tradition of some excellent hackers. One in particular who went by this curious name, something out of Horace... in parentum splendide Mendax.

It's Julian's hacker name. He looks up, GUARDED.

MARCUS

(CONTINUED)

The way Daniel talks, I suspected an illustrious past. So I did some digging. Hacking Nasa? Impressive. And Milnet...

DANIEL

You hacked the US Defense Network?

Daniel's intrigued. Julian LAUGHS, guard dropping.

JULIAN

That was a long time ago. There  
were dozens of back doors, it  
wasn't all that difficult.

MARCUS

Delightfully deceiving, like his  
name. And your 'robust'  
infrastructure.

He looks at Julian, whose smile fades.

MARCUS

(CONTINUED)

Any leet hack could see your tech  
was junk. Good thing you're adding  
servers.

JULIAN

(dismissive, looks out  
the window)

Mmm. So the cows... do you milk  
them yourself?

INT. HERTZ PARKING GARAGE - BERLIN, GERMANY - EARLY MORNING

A TRUNK OPENS on a CASE of EMPTY BOTTLES. Daniel grabs them.  
Julian sits on the car hood, working on his laptop.

JULIAN

He can do some coding, but I don't  
want him on the primary server.

DANIEL

Marcus just wants to get involved.  
He's a bit of a legend in the club.  
He could be a big help.

JULIAN

People with that much experience  
tend to have minds of their own.

ON DANIEL. Something about that bothers him. But before he  
can comment --

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

Holy Shit.

(staring at his laptop)

The Scientology video is generating  
a ton of new traffic... we've got  
half a dozen new leaks. A nuclear  
cover up in Iran, a list of British  
National Party members.

Daniel, intrigued, looks over Julian's shoulder.

DANIEL

Jesus, it's thousands of neo-nazis,  
right in the heart of London...

RENTAL AGENT

2100 kilometers? Where were you?

They turn. The rental guy STARES at the ODOMETER.

JULIAN

Mind your own business.

DANIEL

None of your goddamn business.

WE HEAR the sound of A DOOR SWINGING OPEN and we SMASH TO --

THE SUBMISSION PLATFORM - DAY

A STACK of DOCUMENTS as it drops just beyond an OPEN DOOR.

The door closes and we REVEAL the long LINE OF DOORS. A few open, STACKS OF DOCUMENTS tossed into the room...

We see NUCLEAR SYMBOLS on an IRANIAN REPORT; a GERMAN SECRET SERVICE document labeled TOP SECRET; FINANCIAL DOCUMENTS from the KAUPTHING BANK in Iceland... it's MESMERIZING.

As we watch we notice a familiar WHINE.

FAINT ELECTRONICA pulls us through the sea of empty desks to...

A LONE OCCUPIED DESK. Docs, Club Mate bottles and a NAMEPLATE: D SCHMITT.

DOLLY AROUND to find Daniel in headphones, hunched over a laptop. He POUNDS away to thumping music. PLUGGED IN.

SUPERVISOR

(O.C.)

Daniel?

Daniel keeps typing as we SMASH TO --

INT. EDS, NINTH FLOOR STORE ROOM - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

Daniel, headphones on, plugged in, hunched over a laptop... eyeing a list, members of the BRITISH NATIONALIST PARTY.

REVEAL DANIEL'S SUPERVISOR in the door, peering past Daniel at the WIKILEAKS ICON on his screen. PISSED. Daniel turns, HOLDS his gaze then TURNS BACK TO HIS LAPTOP.

INT. EDS, NINTH FLOOR - DANIEL'S CUBICLE - BERLIN - DAY

CLOSE ON Daniel, who finishes what he was doing then closes his laptop. As he tosses it in his backpack we PULL OUT and see HIS DESK IS EMPTY, his things packed up in a few BOXES.

Anke walks in, grabs a box. Daniel grabs the other, exits past his supervisor, who shakes his head.

SMASH BACK TO--

THE SUBMISSION PLATFORM - NIGHT

Daniel walks in, drops the box on his desk and sits back down to work. As he types, the CAMERA SPINS.... EMPTY CLUB MATE BOTTLES and TAKE-OUT CONTAINERS piling up as time passes...

At last, Daniel pauses, picking up a copy of THE GUARDIAN.

ANKE

(O.C.)

Daniel?

Daniel keeps reading. We see the paper over his shoulder:  
BNP MEMBERSHIP LIST NAMES POLICE OFFICERS AND OFFICIALS.

ANKE

(O.C.)

(CONTINUED)

Daniel.

Now Daniel hears her. He rubs his eyes and we're in --

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

Same computer, now in Daniel's bedroom. A WIKILEAKS WAR ZONE. Documents, newspapers, bottles everywhere. Daniel surveys the carnage then stands, carrying THE GUARDIAN into  
--

THE LIVING ROOM. A table set for a ROMANTIC DINNER, a VOTIVE burning low, Anke passing time on a laptop with OPEN DATA STICKERS (EFF, FSF, CC). Daniel walks in, kisses her cheek.

ANKE

You're alive.

DANIEL

And starving.

He hands Anke the paper then picks up a knife, starts to carve the roast on the table. He serves Anke...

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

The British press is going nuts over the National Party member list.

Anke looks less than enthusiastic, but Daniel doesn't notice. He makes himself a plate and sits.

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

People are donating money. Not a lot, but some. And we keep getting more leaks. Toxic dumping in Ivory Coast, corruption in Kosovo...

Daniel takes a bite, pauses, trying not to make a face.

ANKE

What? You don't like it?

DANIEL

No, it's delicious. Just a little cold.

ANKE

Yes, it's been sitting there for an hour.

DANIEL

(ah)

Sorry. I didn't hear you.

(then)

You could have gotten me. Anke?

ANKE

It's just the addresses I don't  
get.

DANIEL

...sorry?

ANKE

The National Party members. I mean,  
those people should be exposed, but  
you published their personal  
information. Phone numbers, home  
addresses...

DANIEL

They were in the document.

ANKE

Yes, but why not cut them out?  
Those people have families,  
children... someone could get hurt.

DANIEL

Editing reflects bias. Our sources,  
people on the site, they trust us  
cause we don't screw with the docs.  
As Julian says, a free people must  
have knowledge.

ANKE

Or as Orwell says, Big Brother is  
watching.

DANIEL

(beat)

Is this cause I stayed in on  
Friday?

ANKE

I couldn't care less about Friday,  
I had a perfectly good time with  
Nik and Claudia, despite the fact  
that Nik tried to get me to go home  
with him again.

(off Daniel's look)

Don't look so concerned, he bores  
the shit out of me.

DANIEL

Maybe that's what you want.

ANKE

(don't do that)

I'm the one who told you to quit  
your job. And I'm glad you did. I'm  
just saying that if you're gonna  
nail yourself to a cross you should  
probably know what it's made of.

DANIEL

I'm not nailing myself to a cross.

Anke raises an eyebrow. Daniel looks down, notes his own disheveled appearance.

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

But I guess I could use a shower.  
Care to join me?

Daniel smiles, suggestive. Anke softens.

ANKE

Do you even remember the last time  
we had sex?

DANIEL

I'm sure I'll remember the next  
time.

He kisses her. A hint of Julian.

ANKE

So goddamn clever.

DANIEL

It's a little clever.

He moves in, PULLS A STRING at her back. Her dress SLIPS to the floor. She smiles, despite herself.

SMASH TO --

THE FLOOR. A CHAIR FALLS as Daniel pulls Anke down.

ANKE

Cold floor.

DANIEL

We can go into the --

ANKE

No. I like it.

Sexy. Things start to get even sexier when... Anke FREEZES.

ANKE

(CONTINUED)

Did you hear that?

Daniel looks at her confused when... THUMP. Daniel FREEZES.

ANKE

(CONTINUED)

Was that the door?

THUMP THUMP. Shit. WHO THE FUCK IS THAT?

ANKE

(CONTINUED)

You weren't expecting anyone?

DANIEL

No.

Daniel TOTALLY FREAKED, reaches up, KILLS THE LIGHTS.

ANKE

Neo-nazis wouldn't knock, right?

Anke, NERVOUS, grabs her dress as Daniel picks up a heavy WIRE CUTTER. SHAKING, he peers past the Tibetan flag he uses as a blind... and then RELAXES.

DANIEL

Jesus.

Anke confused, watches him open the door... JULIAN blows in.

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

Weren't you in Australia?

JULIAN

I thought it best not to telegraph my movements. By the way, you should take your name off the door.

Julian sits at the table, not bothering to acknowledge Anke as she pulls her dress on. Daniel glances at Anke, TORN.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

When was the last time you were online?

Julian pulls out his laptop, pushes the roast out of the way.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

There's a new exposé from the  
Kenyan National Coalition on Human  
Rights.

Julian shows Daniel the computer. Daniel can't help himself.

DANIEL

They've got evidence that Kenyan  
police are running death squads?

JULIAN

Friends of mine wrote the report,  
Kibaki is trying to bury it, we've  
got to get it up on the homepage.

Daniel hesitates. Now?

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

It details hundreds of murders,  
major human rights violations--  
it's like exposing Chile under  
Pinochet. (he starts typing, then)  
You have any of that disgusting  
energy drink? Could be a long  
night.

Daniel heads into the kitchen. Julian notices Anke, still  
wrestling with her dress.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

I'm sorry, did I interrupt  
something?

He's both CAVALIER and LEWD.

Anke REACTS and we CUT TO --

Daniel walking in with two Club Mates. The front door SLAMS.  
Anke. Shit.

EXT. DANIEL'S APT - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

Daniel runs out of his apartment, chasing after Anke.

DANIEL

Anke. Come on.

He catches up to her, reaches for her arm.

ANKE

We were having sex! I was half  
naked!

Daniel looks down. She shakes her head.

ANKE

(CONTINUED)

Did you invite him to Paris, too?  
Because he's really not my type.

DANIEL

I didn't invite him. Anke, please.  
Come back inside. It's late.

ANKE

Then tell him to go.

DANIEL

What?

She looks at him. Simple. Direct.

ANKE

You want me to come back inside,  
tell him to go.

DANIEL

I... Anke, he's got nowhere else to  
stay.

ANKE

Well, I do.

She turns and walks off.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

Daniel walks in, numb. He stands there for a moment, then notices Julian... WEARING A SUIT JACKET.

DANIEL

Is that my suit?

JULIAN

I'm working on a press release on  
the Kenyan death squads, I needed

something to match the gravity of  
the occasion.

Julian reaches for the roast, PICKING at it WITH HIS FINGERS. Daniel blinks. This is who he's following into the abyss?

Upset, Daniel grabs the roast and walks it into the kitchen. Agitated, he starts to wrap up the roast.

JULIAN  
(O.C.)  
(CONTINUED)  
I have a son in Melbourne, you know.

Daniel turns. Julian stands in the doorway.

JULIAN  
(CONTINUED)  
He turns 19 next week, I haven't seen him in a year.

Julian pulls out his wallet, shows Daniel a picture.

JULIAN  
(CONTINUED)  
It takes two things to change the world. You'd be surprised how many people have ideas. But commitment, true commitment, that's the hard one. It requires sacrifice.

Daniel, stirred, stares at the photo of Julian's son.

DANIEL

What's his name?

JULIAN

Daniel. His name is Daniel.

Off Daniel, reacting --

TELEVISION (REAL FOOTAGE) - RUV

An anchor. Gray haired and GRAVE [in Icelandic, subtitles].

ANCHOR

We lead tonight with the collapse  
of the Kaupthing bank. Due to a  
court injunction, we can't bring  
you the whole story. But there is  
an organization that can. You'll  
find them at WikiLeaks.org.

As the WIKILEAKS URL flashes on screen we CUT TO --

INT. EGILL HELGASON'S TV SHOW - REYKJAVIK, ICELAND - DAY

CLOSE ON HOST EGILL HELGASON, on his Icelandic TV News show.

EGILL HELGASON

Iceland was bankrupted by the  
Kaupthing, but we wouldn't know it  
if not for my guests tonight.

Helgason turns to Daniel and Julian, beside him. We notice that Daniel has STARTED GROWING A BEARD...

EGILL HELGASON

(CONTINUED)

You've done so much for our country, how can we show our thanks?

JULIAN

Protect free speech. Strengthen your laws, give activists in countries without freedom of the press a home. We have too many offshore tax havens, we need more offshore media havens.

Helgason starts CLAPPING. He's joined by more applause and we PULL BACK to REVEAL the ENTIRE CREW CLAPPING WITH HIM.

EGILL HELGASON

(TO CAMERA)

How about it, Iceland?

On Daniel, THRILLED, the APPLAUSE SMASHES US TO --

EXT. ALTHINGI PARLIAMENT BUILDING - REYKJAVIK, ICELAND - DAY

An ICELANDIC TV CREW (RUV) interviews BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR in front of the imposing Parliament Building. A CROWD watches.

BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

Wikileaks is redefining the

public's right to information, I'd like to add whatever legitimacy I can...

The crowd CHEERS as we FIND TWO IDENTICAL BACKPACKS in their midst. Julian and Daniel watch as Birgitta wraps up.

DANIEL

She's a Member of Parliament?

JULIAN

And apparently our new spokesperson. Some animals are more equal than others.

Julian smiles at Daniel as the music SMASHES US TO --

INT. ICELANDIC CLUB - REYKJAVIK, ICELAND - NIGHT

Birgitta stands at a bar with Daniel and a small crowd.

BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

Making Iceland a media haven, it's an inspired idea.

Daniel smiles, sees Julian dancing with THREE HOT WOMEN under a CHEAP DISCO BALL. Julian spreads his arms, calls to him --

JULIAN

You need space for your ego to flow.

Daniel smiles and starts dancing like Julian. Daniel's ON TOP OF THE FUCKING WORLD.

THE MUSIC SWELLS as we SMASH TO --

INT. RUSBRIDGER'S OFFICE - LONDON, ENGLAND - NIGHT

PAPERS WITH WIKI-HEADLINES dropped one by one on a desk.

NICK DAVIES

The Iceland bank. The Natanz cover up. Corruption in Kosovo, in Kenya--

REVEAL Nick dropping the small, foreign paper clippings on Alan's desk. Alan and Ian Katz eye the papers skeptically.

NICK DAVIES

(CONTINUED)

Great big scoops in tiny, local papers, stories that could have been picked up by the mainstream press. It's an opportunity, Alan.

Off Nick, wry, the music SMASHES US TO --

EXT. CITYSCAPE - NAIROBI, KENYA - DAY

Third world gridlock, beat up cars inching their way through squalid, downtown Nairobi. Beggars and vendors swarm.

KENYAN NEWS ANCHOR

(ON THE CAR RADIO)

..earlier this week Wikileaks  
posted a human rights report  
detailing...

We see a BEAT UP STATION WAGON and we --

INT. CAR (IN TRAFFIC) - NAIROBI, KENYA - DAY

FIND Oula and Kingara, the activists we saw with Julian  
earlier. They're in traffic, FAMILIAR PICKET SIGNS in back.

KENYAN NEWS ANCHOR  
(ON THE CAR RADIO)  
...shocking police misconduct.

KINGARA  
The Student Union wants to hold a  
protest at the University next  
week.

Oula, behind the wheel, is frustrated by the traffic.

OULA  
Might take that long to get there.

Oula shoots a wry look at Kingara, who cracks a SMILE...  
...but as he does, WE HEAR A POP. Oula STARTS, then stares  
as BLOOD SPREADS ACROSS KINGARA'S WHITE BUTTON-DOWN SHIRT.

Oula reacts, TERRIFIED. FRANTIC, he reaches for the  
door...

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG! The car is RIDDLED WITH BULLETS.

Oula FLAILS then SLUMPS across the wheel. The horn BLARES...

...and we see BLOOD oozing over a folder on Kingara's lap,  
over a SYMBOL for THE KENYAN COMMISSION ON HUMAN RIGHTS.

The horn's wail SILENCES the music and we FADE TO --

EXT. HACKING AT RANDOM - VIERHOUTEN, NETHERLANDS - NIGHT

AERIAL SHOT: a CAMPGROUND overtaken by an ODD HACKER CIRCUS  
-- NEON WIRES snaking among dozens of HUGE, ILLUMINATED  
TENTS.

HACKING AT RANDOM - VIERHOUTEN, NETHERLANDS

WE FOCUS IN on a BIG TENT with a HUGE WIKILEAKS FLAG.

DANIEL

(O.C.)

We've exposed death squads in  
Kenya, an Iranian nuclear cover  
up...

INT. HACKING AT RANDOM, WIKILEAKS TENT - NETHERLANDS - NIGHT

A MOB of REVELERS drink beer and smoke pot under BIG  
MONITORS displaying the WIKILEAKS SITE. Large tables hold  
PILES of Wikileaks NEWS CLIPPINGS and the latest leaked  
docs/photos.

DANIEL

...in Iceland, the government has  
taken over the Kaupthing bank...

Daniel stands in front of dozens of fans, including a CUTE FEMALE REPORTER with a NOTEBOOK labeled WIRED.

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

...and the 9/11 pager message leak  
will have huge privacy  
implications.

Daniel beams. It's INFECTIOUS... the reporter is SMITTEN.

WIRED REPORTER

Wired wants a longer piece, can you  
make time for a one on one session?

DANIEL

Absolutely.

WIRED REPORTER

Great. Call me.

She hands him a CARD and exits, crossing with Marcus.

MARCUS

Look at you. With groupies.

DANIEL

She's a reporter.

MARCUS

She's certainly working an angle.

Daniel laughs. We hear the RING of a CRYPTOPHONE and follow the sound past happy revelers to Julian, with Birgitta and a few CUTE HACKER GIRLS.

Julian notices the cryptophone's RING, picks up --

JULIAN

(INTO THE PHONE)

This is Julian.

EXT. STREET - NAIROBI, KENYA - DAY

A crowd chants, SCREAMING, FIGHTING with police. A MAN in the foreground presses a phone to his ear, WEEPING.

MAN

(INTO THE PHONE)

Julian... I have horrible news.

INT. HACKING AT RANDOM, WIKILEAKS TENT - NETHERLANDS - NIGHT

Julian GRIPS the phone, listening.

He PALES and we PRELAP --

KNN NEWS ANCHOR

(PRELAP, ON CLIP)

The victims, Oscar Kamau Kingara  
and John Paul Oula had worked  
closely with the Kenyan Commission  
on Human Rights on a report  
documenting...

INT. HACKING AT RANDOM, WIKILEAKS TENT - NETHERLANDS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A MONITOR, a KNN CLIP of the crowd fighting police.

KNN NEWS ANCHOR

(ON CLIP)

...complicity of the Kenya police  
in over 400 murders. The report  
gained local notoriety after it was  
published on the Wikileaks site...

REVEAL Birgitta and Marcus staring up at the screen. Julian,  
VERY UPSET, hovers over Daniel, typing on a laptop.

JULIAN

This can't be some mealy mouthed  
press release. Kibaki killed them,  
the language needs to be stronger.

DANIEL

It's already pretty strong.

JULIAN

Give me the damn computer.

Julian, IRRITATED, takes over, pushing Daniel out of the way. Birgitta sees how upset Julian is, leans in to comfort him.

BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

This wasn't your fault. They left  
their names on that report, they  
wanted the world to know they stood

behind it. They knew the stakes.

Julian keeps typing, FRUSTRATED...

JULIAN

Yes, they wanted the world to know.  
It's an astonishing story, we put  
it on the front of the damn website  
and we couldn't get a single paper  
outside of Kenya to pick it up.

(then, upset)

We're not breaking though. They  
were my friends and I... if we'd  
gotten that report more publicity,  
they'd have been heroes. Murdering  
them would have had a political  
cost, Kibaki wouldn't have dared.

DANIEL

He's a tyrant, Julian, I don't  
think more publicity would have --

JULIAN

(turning on him, HARSH)

What the hell do you know about  
publicity? Outside of self-  
promotion? Sucking up to reporters,  
it's disgusting.

DANIEL

The woman from Wired? I was  
selling her a story.

JULIAN

Why don't you leave that to me.

Julian grabs the laptop, stalks off. Daniel stands, NUMB.

MARCUS

I wouldn't take it personally.

He's scared. You should be too.

DANIEL

(catching his tone)

Our operating system is secure, our  
other sources are safe, we're okay.

Really.

Marcus doesn't look impressed.

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

You think the site is vulnerable?

MARCUS

I think you're taking on Presidents  
and Kings and kingpins -- people  
who can afford to hire the kind of  
Black Hats that get off on breaking  
into a so called secure operating  
system. And, believe me, if your  
O.S. is anything less than secure,  
it's not gonna take long for them  
to I.D. the rest of your sources  
and hunt them down... to say  
nothing of what they'll do to you

and Julian.

(then, serious)

Ask for my help, Daniel.

Off Daniel, FREAKED, convinced Marcus is right --

EXT. STATE DEPARTMENT PLANE - SOMEWHERE OVER EUROPE - NIGHT

A plane arcs through the night sky.

CNN NEWS ANCHOR

(PRELAP, ON CNN)

...Wikileaks commemorated 9/11 by  
publishing a half million pager  
messages originally sent on the  
tragic day.

And now WE SEE the letters, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. And on  
the wing, the SEAL of the SECRETARY OF STATE.

PUSH INTO --

INT. STATE DEPARTMENT PLANE - SOMEWHERE OVER EUROPE - NIGHT

A small conference room with an empty video screen. Sarah  
Shaw, on the phone, eyes a monitor broadcasting CNN.

CNN NEWS ANCHOR

(ON CNN)

Many have hailed the messages as a  
fresh level of insight into 9/11, a  
vital addition to our historic  
record...

SARAH SHAW

(INTO THE PHONE)

Okay. Okay.

(pause)

Yeah. Keep your man on them.

Sarah HANGS UP. An OPEN FOLDER is on the table, a PROFILE OF JULIAN. As she eyes it, an AIDE walks in.

AIDE

You wanted the Deputy NSA?

Sarah nods and the aide pulls up a SECURE VIDEO CONFERENCE. On screen, we see SAM COLSON, 32, perennially impatient.

SAM COLSON

(ON THE VIDEO)

I thought if I sent you to Cairo I might get a minute to myself.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WHITE HOUSE, SIT ROOM - WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

A LONG TABLE, several computers, TV monitors, military display screens. Surprisingly quiet, a small skeleton crew.

SARAH SHAW

(ON VIDEO DISPLAY)

Turn on CNN.

Sarah is on a DISPLAY beside the long table... which is

empty, save Sam. He flips a TV to CNN, sees the 9/11 story.

SAM COLSON

This the site that skewered Palin?

SARAH SHAW

And the Iranian nuclear program,  
Petroperu, Bank Julius Baer...

SAM COLSON

...right, we just indicted the  
bankers. These guys have an agenda?

SARAH SHAW

Truth, justice... the American way.

(then, pointed)

They got the 9/11 texts from  
someone monitoring the top pager  
services.

Colson pauses as it DAWNS on him...

SAM COLSON

You think they got the leak from  
us?

SARAH SHAW

The CIA's concerned, they've put a  
man on it. And we think it's time  
to get the Pentagon involved.

SAM COLSON

The Pentagon? This is a website,

right? Not a terror cell. Let me  
call Justice.

Diplomat JAMES BOSWELL enters, cool and calm as in the OPEN.

SARAH SHAW

Justice will tell you there's a  
first amendment issue. And even if  
there weren't, the site has mirrors  
outside the US, it's beyond the  
law.

SAM COLSON

I don't even know what that means.

JAMES BOSWELL

It means information transfer is  
too damn easy and we're not  
prepared. Call the Pentagon, Sam.

Boswell ends the video conference.

SARAH SHAW

I had it under control.

JAMES BOSWELL

I know.

(sits, all business)

We're a half hour out of Cairo, you  
want to brief me on this source?

SARAH SHAW

Sure.

Sarah reaches for a folder marked SECRET. She opens it, we see a PHOTO: SIM SARNA from the open.

Off the photo --

EXT. BCC (BERLINER CONGRESS CENTER) - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

A FAMILIAR ROCKET by new signs: 26c3 - CHAOS COMMUNICATIONS CONGRESS - HERE BE DRAGONS - DECEMBER 22ND, 2009.

ELECTRONICA HUMS and a LIGHT SNOW FALLS as we PUSH INTO --

MARCUS

(PRELAP)

The program code is a mess, the OS  
has massive problems...

INT. BCC, LOBBY - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

The lobby is crowded with hackers registering for 26C3. In a corner, Marcus huddles with Daniel, Birgitta and Julian.

MARCUS

...and there are ways to trace your  
sources -- they aren't protected  
nearly as well as you say they are.

JULIAN

(to Daniel, agitated)

You let him on the primary server?

DANIEL

He could have hacked it himself.  
That's the point. We need help.

JULIAN

We need to be careful who we trust.

Julian glares at Marcus, it's awkward.

DANIEL

Julian, I've known Marcus for  
years. We knew Birgitta all of five  
minutes when you asked her to --

JULIAN

Yes, I asked her. I have experience  
with these things, I don't make  
mistakes. At least not usually.

The implication is clear. Daniel's STUNG. And UPSET.

DANIEL

We make a promise to our sources...

JULIAN

You made a promise to me.

Julian's angry. But more than that, he's HURT. BETRAYED.  
OTTO, the volunteer from the last Congress, walks up.

OTTO

You might wanna get backstage, a  
couple of guys are sniffing around,  
real Patriot Act types...

Otto nods towards two blond men in suits by the registration desk. WATCHING THEM. They're calm, PROFESSIONAL. The team TENSES, Julian quickly packing up. Birgitta leans in --

BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

Daniel is right. You have real  
enemies, no need to make ones up.

Julian considers as APPLAUSE and CHEERS take us INTO --

INT. BCC, MAIN AUDITORIUM - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

The room is the same as two years ago but the contrast is ENORMOUS. A ROWDY CROWD of HUNDREDS cheer Julian and Daniel.

DANIEL

According to The Guardian we've had  
more scoops in three years than the  
Washington Post has had in  
thirty...

Daniel clicks a pointer. A MAP OF THE GLOBE, leaks appearing by country, a presentation more polished than any we've seen.

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

...we've exposed corruption in  
dozens of countries...

Again, we see Julius Baer and Scientology, but there's also the Petroperu oil scandal (Peru), the Natanz nuclear cover

up (Iran), and toxic dumping by Trafigura (Cote d'Ivoire)...

Daniel catches Julian's eye, a moment of shared amazement as they realize how much they've accomplished. WE HEAR a LOW HUM... PULL BACK... it's the AUDIENCE. ON ITS FEET. CHEERING.

It's POWERFUL. As the cheering fades and the audience sits, an EAST BERLIN WOMAN moves to a microphone in the aisle.

EAST BERLIN WOMAN

I grew up in the East. We... if we even wrote a letter about a broken sewer pipe, we were watched. Maybe interrogated. Thrown in jail...

(her eyes welling)

I think, Mr. Assange, that if we'd had someone like you... the wall would have come down years before.

Hard to say whether it appeals to his vanity or his altruism, but Julian is clearly moved.

JULIAN

Yes, security. That's the essence.  
Security guaranteed by anonymity.

(working something out)

Of course, as much as you try to protect, there will always be those who seek to destroy. But we, we make a promise to our sources...

Julian glances over at Daniel. An admission.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

...which is why we're continually  
adding qualified partners to  
strengthen our team.

(and then)

You can change the world with a  
good idea... but you can't do it  
alone. You need people... willing  
to put themselves on the line.

Off Julian, looking at Daniel --

EXT. KAHN EL-KHALILI SOUK - CAIRO, EGYPT - DAY

Men and women barter in the crowded, ancient BAZAAR. We  
notice a FALAFEL PLACE at the edge of the market...

SIM SARNA

(PRELAP)

I copied it from memory.

INT. FALAFEL RESTAURANT - CAIRO, EGYPT - DAY

CLOSE ON A HANDWRITTEN DIAGRAM of the Teller-Ulam NUCLEAR  
BOMB... the same diagram as we saw in the Open.

SIM SARNA

They're testing the explosive in  
the next six months.

REVEAL a tense SIM SARNA with Sarah at a corner table in a

dingy falafel place.

SARAH SHAW

Shit. We thought they were at least three years away from a bomb.

A beat. It's grim.

SIM SARNA

I had such hope this summer. Even after Mousavi lost and the Basij broke up the marches, you could still feel something in the air. The protest letters, the 'death to Khamenei' graffiti in the very heart of Tehran, it was unimaginable ten years go. But if Khamenei gets the bomb, if he succeeds...

Sim trails off, upset.

SARAH SHAW

You remember that New Years party in Sharm el-Sheikh? I'd just started my Fulbright, I had a bit to drink --

SIM SARNA

A lot to drink --

SARAH SHAW

Shida begged you to go home but you

stayed. You hardly knew me.

SIM SARNA

Someone had to keep an eye on you.  
And on that short Egyptian doing  
the bad Omar Sharif impression.

She smiles. Then looks at him, POINTED.

SARAH SHAW

DC's a nice place to raise a child.

SIM SARNA

I thought you believed in reform.

SARAH SHAW

(she does, but...)

You have a family now. I want you  
to do what's best for your family.

SIM SARNA

(beat)

You know, they say that if a boy is  
not given a proper kebab before he  
hits puberty he'll lose his  
manhood. Tell me, where have you  
had proper chelo kebab outside of  
Sa'adat-abad?

(then)

Tehran is our home, Sarah. I am  
doing what's best for my family.

Sarah reacts. A beat, then she notices a WAITER taking an

interest. Cool and professional, she changes the subject...

SARAH SHAW

...so how are Shida and the baby?

Off Sim, switching gears --

INT. BCC, MAIN AUDITORIUM - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

The aftermath of a very successful talk, a LARGE CROWD hovers around Julian. Reporters, fans, groupies...

DER SPIEGEL REPORTER

We'd love a bio piece.

CUTE WOMAN

Julian, are you still taking speaking engagements?

HACKER DUDE

How about in kind donations?  
Routers, USB sticks...?

Julian moves up the aisle with his entourage.

JULIAN

Yes, yes, just e-mail Daniel.

BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

Jesus. Look at the PayPal account.

Marcus and Birgitta fall in with Julian, eyeing a smartphone.

MARCUS

...it's thousands of euros. We can  
upgrade servers, get new laptops...

JULIAN

Shall we find some mistletoe and  
celebrate?

Julian smiles at Birgitta, IMPISH. She rolls her eyes.

DANIEL

I'll see you guys at the party.

Julian looks over, sees Daniel... with his PARENTS.

JULIAN

Mr. and Mrs. Berg. Daniel didn't  
tell me you were coming.

Daniel clearly didn't know. He's less than thrilled.

DANIEL'S MOTHER

We kept reading about you in the  
papers. Can you join us for dinner?

DANIEL

Julian's busy, I'm sure he can't --

JULIAN

(taking Mrs. Berg's arm)

I'd love to.

EXT. DANIEL'S PARENTS' HOUSE - OUTSIDE BERLIN - NIGHT

A small cottage in a sleepy suburb of Berlin.

DANIEL'S MOTHER

(PRELAP)

That was taken in Belgium.

INT. DANIEL'S PARENTS' HOUSE - OUTSIDE BERLIN - NIGHT

A cozy living room. Mr. Berg brings a coke to Julian, who looks at one of many FRAMED PHOTOS on the mantle, 16-YEAR-OLD DANIEL in a JUDO ROBE, with a TROPHY and his BEAMING PARENTS.

JULIAN

You all went?

DANIEL'S FATHER

I organized the competitions. We traveled to Dusseldorf, Geneva...

DANIEL'S MOTHER

Remember that boy he beat in Prague? He was so big.

Daniel and his mother walk in with cheese and bread.

DANIEL

She means he was fat. And slow.

Julian STARTS. There's a CAT. It HISSES at him.

DANIEL'S MOTHER

Schmitt. Leave him alone.

Julian looks at Daniel. The cat is named Schmitt? Daniel shrugs as his father reaches for a stack of LOCAL PAPERS.

DANIEL'S FATHER

By the way, have you seen these?

DANIEL'S MOTHER

He's been keeping all your articles.

DANIEL'S FATHER

There was this one piece on Julius Baer in the FAZ. It was wonderful.

He pulls the paper out of the stack, holds it out to Julian.

JULIAN

We don't really bother with local press.

DANIEL'S MOTHER

It's a national paper. It's so impressive, what you've done.

Julian forces a smile, looks past the paper to the BOOKSHELF. Kropotkin, Chomsky. He turns to Daniel's father.

JULIAN

That's some collection. Quite the anarchist, hmm?

Daniel's father gives a small shrug.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

It's the oddest thing. I didn't  
meet my biological father until I  
was in my twenties. I walked into  
his house and on the shelves,  
Kropotkin, Kafka, Solzhenitsyn...

Julian pulls down the Kropotkin. Daniel and his parents  
watch, frozen, as Julian stares at the book, OBLIVIOUS.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

...all the books it had taken me  
years to discover on my own...

It's AWKWARD. Not knowing what to say --

DANIEL'S MOTHER

Perhaps you'd like to borrow one?

JULIAN

(tossing the book aside)

Where's the bathroom?

Daniel nods. Julian grabs his backpack and heads off.

DANIEL'S FATHER

He takes his backpack to the  
bathroom?

DANIEL  
(awkward)  
Security.

But as he says it, Daniel catches a glimpse of a backpack...  
and turns to see Julian HEADING OUT THE DOOR.

Off Daniel --

INT. TACHELES - BERLIN, GERMANY - LATER

Like two years ago, East Berliners of all sorts in the cafe club. But unlike two years ago, Julian's SURROUNDED by WOMEN and GROUPIES. He's holding court, soaking up the attention.

DANIEL  
That wasn't cool.

Julian turns as we FIND Daniel. Standing there. Pissed.

JULIAN  
Sorry, lost my appetite. You have  
to admit, they're a bit  
suffocating.

Julian heads for a table.

JULIAN  
(CONTINUED)  
You haven't picked up on that?  
Well, I suppose we each have our  
own unique way of looking at the

world. In fact, here's an interesting one --

Julian pulls out the copy of WIRED UK from his backpack, flips to the article. EXPOSED: WIKILEAKS' SECRETS.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

Did you see it, the new Wired piece?

(reading)

Cofounder Daniel Schmit got involved with Wikileaks prior to launch.

Below the headline, there's a picture of Daniel. ALONE.

DANIEL

I didn't say that.

(off his look)

Julian, the reporter screwed up.

JULIAN

Maybe you're used to people exaggerating your successes. But while you were out winning judo trophies with Mutti und Vati, I was studying information systems in a shitty squat outside Melbourne, obsessing over code in a hot flat in Paris, holding schizophrenic meetings with myself: the Chairman, the Secretary, sole volunteer and

founder of a website no one had  
ever heard of. Including you.

DANIEL

(beat)

Lovely speech, are you done?

Daniel starts walking away. Julian calls out after him.

JULIAN

(off the Wired piece)

He adopted the nom de plume  
'Schmitt' after his cat.

(then)

To think, I spent weeks reading  
Horace searching for the right nom  
de guerre. If only I'd had a cat.

Julian tosses the Wired article at Daniel, turns back to the groupies. As Daniel stands there... a KID we might recognize as ZIGGY, the 17-year-old from the OPEN, walks up to Julian.

ZIGGY

You're the leak guy, right? From  
the Congress? You need volunteers?

JULIAN

We have hundreds of volunteers...  
but we can always use loyal  
followers.

ZIGGY

Great. I'm Ziggy.

Ziggy enthusiastically shakes Julian's hand. Julian pulls him in, eyeing Daniel... who turns to the bar, ORDERS A DRINK. Daniel POUNDS it, then TURNS BACK.

He sees Ziggy and two hot women FAWN OVER Julian... As Julian whispers something to Ziggy, Daniel orders another drink. He POUNDS it, then TURNS BACK.

The group laughs with Julian... laughing at Daniel? As the cute blond STARTS TO TRIM JULIAN'S HAIR, Birgitta leans in...

BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

There's a reporter here from The New Yorker? He says you agreed to a profile?

Julian turns. A YOUNG INDIAN REPORTER waits in the door. As Julian beckons him over, Daniel orders another beer.

Daniel POUNDS it, then TURNS BACK. He sees Julian, still holding court, the reporter now taking notes...

JULIAN

I was divorced once. There was a terrible custody battle.

REPORTER

...stressful?

JULIAN

Have you seen my hair?

Ziggy, packing up Julian's bag, looks up, AWE ON HIS FACE.  
And for a brief moment HE LOOKS JUST LIKE DANIEL DID WHEN HE  
MET JULIAN, no beard, no weariness in his eyes...

Daniel GRIMACES, POUNDS a last beer and we --

INT. TACHELES, STAIRWAY - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

Daniel hurries down the stairs, passing... Marcus, against a wall, with a GROUPIE or two, DRUGGED OUT OF HIS MIND.

MARCUS

Hey man, five minutes, I just need  
a cup of coffee, I'll be clear...

DANIEL

(pushing past him)

Don't worry about it.

MARCUS

But Julian wants me to drive you  
guys to the airport.

DANIEL

Julian can go fuck himself.

He heads down the stairs to the exit.

Off Marcus, CONFUSED --

EXT. STATE DEPARTMENT PLANE - CAIRO INTNT'L AIRPORT - NIGHT

Diplomats walk up jetway stairs onto a LARGE 757 marked with the SEAL OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

We PRELAP --

MILITARY PILOT  
(OVER THE PA)  
...should be a smooth flight  
back...

INT. STATE DEPARTMENT PLANE - CAIRO INTNT'L AIRPORT - NIGHT

Diplomats board the plane. On a TV monitor, C-SPAN plays the speech the Secretary gave earlier.

MILITARY PILOT  
(OVER THE PA)  
...to Washington this evening...

JAMES BOSWELL  
You think this is good intel?

FIND Sarah seated with Boswell, looking over Sim's diagram.

SARAH SHAW  
I've known Sim for twenty years, he  
and his wife are like family to me.

JAMES BOSWELL  
Write up a cable, I want everyone  
on the Middle East Desk up to  
speed.

Sarah nods, opens her laptop, pulls up the State Department NET CENTRIC DIPLOMACY DATABASE. She starts TYPING.

PUSH IN ON THE CABLE. We see an ID NUMBER, a SUBJECT (IRAN: NUCLEAR CAPABILITY REPORT), and a CLASSIFICATION (SECRET).

Type fills the TEXT FIELD: In a conversation with Iranian physicist Sim Sarna (STRICTLY PROTECT)...

We HOLD ON the words STRICTLY PROTECT as we --

INT. ANKE'S APARTMENT, FOYER - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

The foyer of a familiar apartment, small but WARM. We HEAR A WOMAN on the phone in another room. Just as we start to recognize her voice, there's a KNOCK at the door.

Anke walks in cradling the phone. She looks at her watch, surprised -- it's late, she clearly wasn't expecting anyone.

At the door, she peers into the peephole. Then REACTS. And opens the door. Daniel stands with his bags. EXHAUSTED.

DANIEL

Hey.

He stands there, PRAYING she'll let him in. A beat, then Anke reaches out, PUTS A HAND ON HIS CHEEK.

We CUT TO --

INT. ANKE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a finger tracing a HUGE WIKILEAKS TATTOO.

ANKE

Never thought I'd fall for a rock  
star.

REVEAL Anke and Daniel, naked. Anke runs her finger over the WIKILEAKS TATTOO that SPANS DANIEL'S BACK. Daniel smiles.

DANIEL

I think rock stars have cooler  
tattoos. You should have heard  
Julian...

(imitating him)

'Compensating for something?'

ANKE

I'd be happy to tell him you're  
not.

DANIEL

(smiling, then)

I didn't care. It wasn't for him  
anyway.

ANKE

He's an asshole, Daniel. He's a  
manipulative asshole.

DANIEL

He must be. Why else would I have  
given up everything I cared about.

A beat.

ANKE

I've got a new job, too.

(then)

We consult with the legislature...  
push for transparency, citizen  
participation...

DANIEL

(a smile)

Sounds familiar.

ANKE

Yes, but we try to work with  
governments instead of terrorizing  
them.

Ouch.

ANKE

(CONTINUED)

I did see your talk, though.

(off Daniel's surprise)

I spent the past year thinking  
about you, I wanted to know if it  
had been worth it.

He looks skeptical. But she reaches out to him.

ANKE

(CONTINUED)

What you've done, it's staggering.

Julian didn't create that alone.  
The two of you, you're a team.  
Sure, he's the mad prophet, there's  
one at the heart of every  
revolution. But that's why most of  
them end badly.

(and then)

He needs boundaries, Daniel. He  
needs a line. You're the line.

A beat. Daniel gives her a wry smile --

DANIEL

You know, I had this fantasy about  
driving into the Alps and spending  
a month naked in front of a fire...

ANKE

Close your eyes, I'll turn up the  
heater.

As she moves to kiss him, we PRELAP --

NICK DAVIES

(PRELAP)

Investigative journalism is pricey.

INT. QUALITY HOTEL, MEETING ROOM - TONSBERG NORWAY - NIGHT

A small room of elite reporters. Nick Davies at a podium, a  
banner above: 2009 SKUP INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALISM CONFERENCE.

NICK DAVIES

When papers get squeezed, it's  
first to go. That's why providers  
of first rate source material like  
Wikileaks are so important.

IRRITATED REPORTER

Nick, is Assange ever going to  
show?

NICK DAVIES

(glancing at his phone)

It seems he's been delayed.

JULIAN

Passport control is such a bore.

The room turns as Julian walks in with a number of BAGS.

JULIAN

(CONT'D)

(CONTINUED)

Apparently, they're not such fans  
of first rate source material.

He gives the crowd a SMIRK.

As the crowd LAUGHS --

INT. BAR, QUALITY HOTEL - TONSBERG, NORWAY - NIGHT

Reporters fill a hotel bar. REINDEER PELTS on the walls.

JULIAN

There were CIA agents on my plane.  
That's the real reason I was late.

FIND Julian at a table with Nick and an ATTRACTIVE FEMALE REPORTER (ALEX LANG). Julian's flush, almost giddy, embellishing for Ms. Lang. She eats it up.

MS. LANG  
An international man of mystery.

NICK DAVIES  
Yes, I've worked that line. Next he'll tell us these 'spooks' kidnapped his partner.

Julian stares BLANKLY at Nick.

NICK DAVIES  
(CONTINUED)  
The German fellow, Daniel. The grounded one, who helps you distinguish fact from fiction.

JULIAN  
(to Ms. Lang, blithe)  
We have hundreds of volunteers.  
I can't keep track of them all.

MS. LANG  
Well, do try to keep track of me.

She smiles at him, heads off to the ladies room. As Julian watches her go, admiring, Nick changes tone...

NICK DAVIES

So, what is this new leak you're sitting on? Must be big to have piqued the CIA's interest.

Julian turns. Somewhat surprised --

JULIAN

You believe me?

NICK DAVIES

I didn't til I noticed your friends.

Nick nods to TWO MEN in the corner, WATCHING THEM. Julian BLANCHES. It's the BLOND SPOOKS from the BCC. He starts to RISE, but Nick puts a hand on his shoulder.

NICK DAVIES

(CONTINUED)

Let's not attract attention, shall we? Besides, the American spooks are civilized. It's the Russians you need to keep an eye on.

Nick glances over at TWO THICK RUSSIANS talking quietly at the bar. AND WATCHING THEM. Julian follows his gaze, ASHEN.

NICK DAVIES

(CONTINUED)

Room 376, can you remember that?

Julian nods. Nick discreetly slips him a KEY, then stands.

NICK DAVIES

(CONTINUED)

When Ms. Lang returns, bring her up. They'll assume you're in for the night, which should leave ample time for us to find a way to slip you out of the hotel.

NICK DAVIES

(CONTINUED)

And for you to show us what it is that's got their knickers in such a twist.

INT. ANKE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

Daniel and Anke sleep. Daniel looks peaceful, more content than we've seen him. Then...

His cryptophone RINGS. Daniel BOLTS UP, eyes FLASHING open. Anke stirs as he checks the caller ID. He looks to her... she already knows who it is. She nods and Daniel picks up --

DANIEL

(INTO THE PHONE)

Julian?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - TONSBERG, NORWAY - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

A well-appointed European hotel room. A FRENETIC Julian paces beside Nick, who watches VIDEO on a laptop. In the

b/g, Ms. Lang is on a hotel phone.

JULIAN

(INTO THE PHONE)

I need you, can you be on the first  
plane to Reykjavik tomorrow?

WE DO NOT SEE THE VIDEO, but we HEAR the HISS OF A MILITARY  
WALKIE. Nick watches, STUNNED.

NICK DAVIES

Jesus... I'm surprised they don't  
have more men on you.

DANIEL

(INTO THE PHONE)

I thought you were in Norway--

JULIAN

(INTO THE PHONE)

(CONTINUED)

I can't stay here, it's not safe.

MS. LANG

They'll have a taxi here in twenty.

Ms. Lang hangs up the hotel phone.

MS. LANG

(CONT'D)

It'll be by the back stair, the  
Americans are out front.

DANIEL

(THROUGH THE PHONE)

Julian, what's going on?

Nick stands. Off the video --

NICK DAVIES

Shit, this is going to be...

Julian, you should work with us on  
this.

JULIAN

What, so the Guardian can take all  
the credit?

Julian a BALL OF ENERGY, takes Lang's arm, walks her into--

INT. HOTEL ROOM, BATHROOM - TONSBERG, NORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Julian pulls Ms. Lang into the small bathroom.

DANIEL

(INTO THE PHONE)

Julian --

But Julian HANGS UP the phone, closes the bathroom door  
behind Ms. Lang and PULLS AT HER DRESS.

MS. LANG

What are you doing?

She STOPS him. It's not an unwelcome advance, but under the

circumstances, Ms. Lang is SURPRISED. He explains --

JULIAN

If I'm going to slip out of the hotel, I'll need a disguise.

She can't help but smile. And OBLIGE, pulling at her ZIPPER, the SOUND morphing into the ROAR OF AN AIRPLANE.

SMASH TO --

EXT. KEFLAVIK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - ICELAND - DAY

An AIRPLANE cruises in for a landing, flying over a RED VOLKSWAGON BEETLE that's pulling out of the airport.

JULIAN

(O.C.)

Are you sure no one's following us?

INT. BIRGITTA'S CAR (MOVING) - REYKJAVIK, ICELAND - DAY

CLOSE ON Daniel, in the front seat. He trades a look with Birgitta, who's driving, then peers into the REARVIEW at...

Julian, in back, IN MS. LANG'S DRESS. Looking a bit crazy.

BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

I don't see anyone.

DANIEL

What's going on?

Daniel's phone RINGS. He checks the caller ID.

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

It's Nick from the Guardian.

(then)

Julian, what is going on?

Off Julian's nervous smile, we SMASH TO --

INT. FOSS HOTEL, HOTEL ROOM - REYKJAVIK, ICELAND - DAY

CLOSE ON GRAINY MILITARY VIDEO from IRAQ. A HELICOPTER CAM on A GROUP OF MEN near a building on a dirt road. The camera pans OMINOUSLY. We hear AMERICAN VOICES over MILITARY RADIO.

US SOLDIER

(ON THE VIDEO)

Just fuckin', just open 'em up.

Let's shoot, light 'em all up.

Suddenly, we hear MACHINE GUN FIRE.

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT -- the camera SHAKES. A small time delay then the men DUCK, and FALL. SHOT. DUST rises around them.

US SOLDIER

(ON THE VIDEO)

(CONTINUED)

Keep shoot'n, keep shoot'n.

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT. The smoke CLEARS and we see DEAD BODIES on the ground. It's GRAPHIC, DISTURBING. So is the language...

US SOLDIER

(ON THE VIDEO)

(CONTINUED)

Look at those dead bastards.

(laughing)

Nice. Nice. Good shoot'n.

REVEAL Birgitta, Daniel and Marcus in a hotel room, watching what we now know to be the COLLATERAL MURDER VIDEO. STUNNED.

DANIEL

Jesus. Were they even armed?

JULIAN

With cameras, mostly.

Julian stands behind them.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

Two of the victims were Reuters news employees, a photographer and his driver. The Military claimed they died in a battle between US forces and insurgents and the press just bought it.

MARCUS

Didn't Reuters chase the story?

JULIAN

The Pentagon completely stonewalled

them, it's a massive cover up.

BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

Julian, this is huge.

JULIAN

Nick thought so, I bet we could  
sell it to the Guardian for  
millions.

MARCUS

You want to sell this?

Julian's considering it. Marcus and Birgitta look APPALLED.

DANIEL

Of course he doesn't. And we won't  
have to. It'll spark a whole new  
wave of donations.

Daniel holds Julian's gaze, then pushes on --

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

That's assuming it's legitimate.  
Where did you get it?

JULIAN

A guy showed up in the chat, said  
he was US Military.

(following Daniel's lead)

But we'll want to track down the  
families of the victims.

ZIGGY

In Baghdad?

DANIEL

Yes, in Baghdad. We're journalists,  
we have to verify sources, maybe  
you should look into flights.

Ziggy SWALLows HARD. Julian watches Daniel with RENEwed  
APPRECIATION as he takes over, turning to Marcus...

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

We need to pre-process, improve  
resolution...

MARCUS

We can probably use FFMPEG...

BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

I'll grab some more volunteers...

As the team springs into action, we --

INT. FOSS HOTEL, HOTEL ROOM - REYKJAVIK, ICELAND - DAY

CLOSE ON a MONITOR. A quote over black -- 'Political  
language is designed to make lies sound truthful and give  
the appearance of solidity to pure wind.' George Orwell.

MARCUS

(O.C.)

Good. Now add some buzz over that,  
radio frequency, military comms...

REVEAL Daniel, Birgitta and Marcus and some volunteers making edits to the video. Daniel spots Julian out on the patio.

EXT. FOSS HOTEL, PATIO - REYKJAVIK, ICELAND - DAY

Julian stares out at the otherworldly landscape.

DANIEL

We need to set up a media launch.

Daniel walks up. Julian's a bit lost in thought.

JULIAN

I've heard people say that I dangle somewhere on the autistic spectrum.  
It's probably why I lean so heavily on those around me.

A small admission, it seems heartfelt. But this time, Daniel's not quite susceptible, not really moved --

DANIEL

Right. So the media launch?

JULIAN

Ziggy's planning something at the Parliament building.

DANIEL

Ziggy...

(off Julian's look)

You want to launch the biggest leak  
we've ever had in Iceland?

Julian's momentarily flustered. Daniel pats him on the back.

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

Let's take the fight to them.

(heading back inside)

Courage is contagious, right?

As Daniel exits, we HOLD ON Julian, who realizes what he means.

Off Julian UNNERVED and IMPRESSED, we SMASH TO --

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

The sun glistens off the CAPITOL DOME as WE PRELAP --

JULIAN

(PRELAP)

The video shows the brutal  
slaughter-

INT. NATIONAL PRESS CLUB - WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

Julian speaks to a room of REPORTERS, photos behind him.

JULIAN

...of two Reuters reporters... US

soldiers clearly debased by war...

INT. ANKE'S APARTMENT - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A SMALL TELEVISION. WOLF BLITZER on CNN.

WOLF BLITZER

(ON THE MONITOR)

The video was released by the  
whistleblowing website wikileaks...

REVEAL Anke, standing with Daniel, watching.

ANKE

I suppose there's something to be  
said for terrorizing governments...

Daniel smiles at her as Blitzer continues, a large screen  
playing the beginning of the Collateral Murder Video.

WOLF BLITZER

What you're about to see is  
graphic--

TELEVISION (REAL FOOTAGE) - CNN

QUICK CUTS of the Video. We see the men mowed down again.

TELEVISION (REAL FOOTAGE) - CNN

Pentagon correspondent BARBARA STARR speaks to Wolf Blitzer.

BARBARA STARR

...the army found no one at fault,  
that the helicopters in the air had  
no reason to believe there were  
journalists on the ground...

TELEVISION (REAL FOOTAGE) - CNN

QUICK CUTS of the Video. We see the men mowed down again.

TELEVISION (REAL FOOTAGE) - CNN

Pentagon correspondent Barbara Starr speaks to Wolf Blitzer.

BARBARA STARR

Nonetheless it is a grim reminder  
of the nastiness, of the terrible  
things that do happen in war.

TELEVISION (REAL FOOTAGE) - FOX NEWS

Megyn Kelly interviews MILITARY ANALYST CAPTAIN CHUCK NASH.

MEGYN KELLY

He's calling this collateral  
murder. Captain, is that a fair  
description of the job our troops  
are doing?

INT. U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT, SARAH'S OFFICE - WASH DC - DAY

Sarah and Boswell watch FOX NEWS.

CAPTAIN NASH

...if you are embedding with  
terrorists and they're engaged and  
you get killed, it is not murder.

SARAH SHAW

You don't want ugly pictures, you  
should get out of ugly wars.

JAMES BOSWELL

That decision's a bit above our pay  
grade, wouldn't you say?

AIDE

I've got Deputy NSA Colson for you?

Sarah hits the SPEAKERPHONE, her tone changing.

SARAH SHAW

(INTO THE PHONE)

12 million people have seen that  
video on You Tube, you still want  
to tell me it's just a little  
website?

INT. WHITE HOUSE, BULLPEN OUTSIDE PRESS BRIEFING - DAY

Colson on a phone outside the press room, working note pad.

SAM COLSON

General Thomason has been reviewing  
all the intel, he's fielding a  
tiger team, I told him to pull you  
in.

(then)

I'm on in five, you got anything  
for me?

SARAH SHAW

The guy on Fox is pretty good,  
maybe you should use some of his  
material.

JAMES BOSWELL

Sam, it's Jim. Tell the press the  
truth, those soldiers were  
following protocol, this is  
computer geeks looking at the war  
through a pin hole.

SAM COLSON

Those computer geeks are becoming a  
real menace.

SARAH SHAW

Welcome to the revolution.

Boswell starts to leave, crossing with an aide. The aide  
hands a NOTE to Sarah. She scans it.

SARAH SHAW

(CONTINUED)

Jim.

Boswell stops, turns back. And sees Sarah's PALE. As we  
wonder what exactly the note says, we FADE TO BLACK.

INT. JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, GATE 47 - NEW YORK - DAY

FADE UP ON a GOOGLE SEARCH on Julian Assange.

A MOUSE clicks stories, WINDOWS pop up. Washington Post, Wall Street Journal, New York Times. Quotes are read --

JULIAN

(O.C.)

'Assange is disheveled.' 'Like a bag lady.' 'Changes cell phones daily.'

REVEAL Julian with his bags, TWO LAPTOPS open, HEADPHONES on, a MOBILE ROUTER beside him. He talks to one of the laptops.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

A few days of serious analysis then it's all about how weird I am.

PAN OVER the SCREEN: he's SKYPING with Daniel.

We CUT TO --

INT. FOSS HOTEL, HOTEL ROOM - REYKJAVIK, ICELAND - DAY

Marcus is plugged in; Ziggy and a few staffers swirl around. Daniel talks to Julian.

DANIEL

(INTO HEADSET)

Come on, you had to enjoy Keller's diatribe on your filthy white socks.

JULIAN

Yes, I just never figured brutal slaughter and my socks would get equal billing in The New York Times.

Daniel smirks as Julian's cryptophone RINGS.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

Hold on.

As Julian answers, Daniel's cryptophone rings. And suddenly ALL THE OTHER PHONES IN THE ROOM ARE RINGING. Daniel turns, SURPRISED, when HIS COMPUTER STARTS BEEPING.

He looks down at the screen -- TWENTY IMs HAVE POPPED UP. Every one of them about a Private Bradley Manning.

DANIEL

What the...?

The same thing must be happening on Julian's side because he STARES at his screen, his face going WHITE. Then, NUMB --

JULIAN

They're going to kill us...

(then, to Daniel)

Get off skype, get off everything

now.

As Daniel's Skype goes blank, Marcus starts BARKING --

MARCUS

We need to shut everything down!  
You all have five seconds to save!

Daniel turns. Marcus is WILD EYED.

DANIEL

Marcus, what the hell is going on?

MARCUS

Five... Four... We can't let them  
trace us...

Marcus hits a button. All the computers freeze.

DANIEL

Who? Marcus?

Marcus hands him a laptop. On the frozen screen, an article in WIRED: 'U.S. Intelligence Analyst Arrested in WikiLeaks Probe.' A photo of Manning, something about 260,000 U.S. diplomatic cables... As Daniel reads, Birgitta RUSHES in --

BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

I just spoke to Kim Zetter at  
Wired, she said the US Military  
arrested a private for leaking  
secrets to us?

DANIEL

The video? This is the guy who leaked us the video?

BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

(upset, pale)

She said it was more than that. Half a million classified US Army documents. And hundreds of thousands of internal communiqus from the U.S. State Department.

(then)

She called it the biggest leak of classified information in history.

Daniel STARES at a PHOTO of BABY-FACED PRIVATE MANNING.

DANIEL

Oh god.

Marcus closes the laptop and we SMASH TO --

THE SUBMISSION PLATFORM - DANIEL'S VISION

Julian whispers to a young PRIVATE in a US ARMY UNIFORM. A HUGE STACK OF DOCS TOWERS nearby... SOME MARKED U.S. MILITARY, SOME U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT, ALL MARKED CLASSIFIED.

The private turns to look at Daniel... we only get a glimpse of his face... IS IT MANNING?

Off Daniel, we SMASH TO --

INT. ANKE'S APARTMENT, FOYER - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

CLOSE ON a cryptophone. RINGING.

We hear a door open and Anke walks in with a bag of GROCERIES. She reaches for the phone, answers. Light --

ANKE

(INTO THE PHONE)

Calling on the cryptophone, must be serious.

We don't hear what Daniel says, but Anke PALES.

SMASH TO --

INT. FOSS HOTEL - REYKJAVIK, ICELAND - DAY

Daniel's on his cryptophone.

DANIEL

(INTO THE PHONE)

..Wired broke the story, the soldier seems to have told someone online...

Nearby, Marcus types furiously, bringing them back online as Birgitta and the staffers huddle around a MONITOR, reading about Manning. UPSET, SCARED.

MARCUS

He bragged about it in a chat room?  
What the hell was he thinking?

BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

He's 22. He's just a kid.

(to Marcus, nervous)

Are you sure they can't trace us?

Marcus doesn't look so sure.

MARCUS

I'm adding another Tor circuit.

As he starts typing faster, we PICK UP Daniel --

DANIEL

(INTO THE PHONE)

...you need to wipe my portion of  
the hard drive...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ANKE'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

Anke's totally freaked.

ANKE

(INTO THE PHONE)

Do you have those files?

DANIEL

(INTO THE PHONE)

(not answering)

You need to go to your mother's, do  
you understand?

ANKE

(INTO THE PHONE)

(frightened)

Daniel, if you have those files and  
they know about it --

DANIEL

(INTO THE PHONE)

I know. I've got to go.

Daniel hangs up. To Marcus, urgent --

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

Are we back up yet?

Marcus works a laptop.

MARCUS

Just a few more proxies...

(pissed, reeling)

The goddamn mission is to protect  
sources...

BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

We can't protect sources from  
themselves.

Marcus' computer BEEPS.

MARCUS

We're online.

DANIEL

See if Julian's on the chat.

Marcus types into his Desktop.

[AS BEFORE, a CHAT BUBBLE appears on Marcus's laptop and AT THE BOTTOM OF OUR SCREEN].

mArc: Hey. Back online. You there?

INT. LUFTHANSA FLIGHT 85 - NEW YORK TO BRUSSELS - DAY

Julian's cramped into a COACH WINDOW SEAT, his LAPTOP ANGLED AWAY from the passenger beside him.

MARCUS' CHAT pops up on his computer screen. He glances WARILY at the passenger next to him... then TYPES. [In these scenes we see him silently typing, reacting to the chat].

jjj: We need lawyers for Manning.

SPLIT-SCREEN - FOSS HOTEL

They trade a NERVOUS look. Marcus reaches forward, TYPES.

mArc: So it's true? We have the docs?

SPLIT-SCREEN - LUFTHANSA FLIGHT

Julian KEEPS TYPING.

jjj: Creating a temp website, will  
send you the link.

SPLIT-SCREEN - FOSS HOTEL

DANIEL

Jesus. He's got them.

BIRGITTA JANSDOTTIR

How did he not tell us?

MARCUS

Daniel.

Marcus shows him the screen.

jjj: We need to publish everything.  
NOW.

Off Daniel. VERY CONCERNED --

INT. WHITE HOUSE, CORRIDOR - WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

Sarah and a YOUNG STAFFER, late 20s, hustle down a corridor.

SARAH SHAW

You're telling me this private  
stuck a thumb drive in a computer  
and --

YOUNG STAFFER

It was a CD.

SARAH SHAW

Excuse me?

YOUNG STAFFER

It was a blank CD. It was marked  
Lady Gaga.

Sarah STARES at the staffer as they walk into --

INT. WHITE HOUSE, SIT ROOM - WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

MILITARY BRASS, SUITS, everyone's on phones. Sarah joins Colson, conferring with a GENERAL (THOMASON).

SAM COLSON

Where's the Secretary?

SARAH SHAW

Jim's calling her now. Do we know which documents Manning leaked?

GENERAL THOMASON

He's refusing to talk but we think it's war logs from Afghanistan and Iraq. And cables from the NCD database.

SARAH SHAW

Which cables?

General Thomason looks down, EMBARRASSED.

SARAH SHAW

(CONTINUED)

Which cables?

SAM COLSON

He may have leaked the whole database.

SARAH SHAW

That database has over a quarter million cables. Appraisals of world leaders, sensitive information on dozens of...

And then it HITS her. APOPLECTIC --

SARAH SHAW

(CONTINUED)

Sam, there are names. Insiders, informants in every country, people whose lives will be at risk if...

She trails off, OVERWHELMED. Thomason turns to Sam.

GENERAL THOMASON

There are informants named in the military logs as well. Hundreds of them.

Colson reaches for a phone, TENSE. Sarah, NUMB --

SARAH SHAW

A 22 year old private with a history of mental instability and a

Lady Gaga CD and we're on the verge  
of a major international crisis?

SAM COLSON

(INTO THE PHONE)

We need the AG, the Joint Chiefs,  
whoever's running Wikileaks for the  
CIA and anyone else who might have  
a clue how to crush these assholes.

(to Thomason)

In the meantime, let's hope to God  
they're more responsible with  
information than we are.

Over this, Julian's chat POPS UP on the bottom of the screen

jjj: How fast can we format the US  
docs?

INT. FOSS HOTEL / INT. LUFTHANSA FLIGHT 85 - DAY

SPLIT-SCREEN as before.

SPLIT-SCREEN - FOSS HOTEL

Birgitta and Daniel stare at the laptop open to the chat,  
Marcus works on the other.

MARCUS

Jesus, it's three gigs of text.

Marcus pulls up a SET OF CABLES on the second laptop.  
Daniel stares. The words STRICTLY PROTECT jump out at him.

DANIEL

Shit.

Daniel eyes Marcus, who's seen it too. He looks NERVOUS...

BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

Daniel, this is crazy...

Daniel glances back at Julian's text: How fast can we format the US docs? Trying to remain CALM, he dictates to Marcus.

DANIEL

Tell him we can't dump the data,  
tell him it's too dangerous.

Marcus starts TYPING.

SPLIT-SCREEN - LUFTHANSA FLIGHT

mArc: Can't dump data. Too  
dangerous.

Julian REACTS, VISIBLY ANGRY, starts BANGING on the keyboard.

SPLIT-SCREEN - FOSS HOTEL

Daniel dictates feverishly, Marcus types...

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

Tell him we need time to go through

it all, tell him that once we've...

But they stop as Julian's chat FLIES ONTO THE SCREEN.

jjj: MORE dangerous NOT to publish.

jjj: once it's out, there is  
nothing they can do.

jjj: AND. if we don't publish, what  
message does that send?

jjj: find our source and you can  
stop us?

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

Give me the damn keyboard.

Daniel leans over Marcus, bangs on the keyboard ANGRILY.

ddd: this is RECKLESS.

SPLIT-SCREEN - LUFTHANSA FLIGHT

Julian reacts as Daniel's chats fly across the screen.

ddd: we don't know what's in the  
docs.

ddd: you're putting people's lives  
in jeopardy.

ddd: this is not the mission.

JULIAN

Fuck you, you disloyal...

The passenger beside him looks at Julian, UNEASY, as Julian POUNDS his keyboard, livid, CLOSING the chat window.

The SPLIT SCREEN ENDS and we SMASH TO --

INT. FOSS HOTEL - REYKJAVIK, ICELAND - DAY

Daniel and the others STARE AT THE SCREEN. STUNNED.

jjj has logged out of the chat room.

BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

He logged off?

MARCUS

Shit.

A moment of silence, then they're distracted by...

BOB BECKEL

(STREAMING VIDEO,

FOXNEWS)

Who gets hurt from this? The American people and the national security of the United States. And the way to deal with this is pretty simple. We've got special ops forces, a dead man can't leak stuff.

They turn see Ziggy staring at his laptop, FREAKED.

BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

(stunned)

That's their house liberal.

Daniel's phone RINGS. NUMB, he eyes it, picks up. COLD --

DANIEL

(INTO THE PHONE)

Nick. How can I help you?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BULLPEN, GUARDIAN - LONDON, ENGLAND - DAY

CLOSE ON a an EARLY EDITION of tomorrow's Guardian, a BIG PICTURE OF MANNING on Page One.

NICK DAVIES

You can put me in touch with Julian.

REVEAL Nick holding the paper.

DANIEL

Julian's not available.

NICK DAVIES

Daniel, we both know you're sitting on the biggest story on the planet. And if you're thinking of going to ground on this, I'm afraid it's too late. Genie's out the bag, cat's out of the bottle, all the old

cliches apply and now Manning's future and yours will be defined by one thing - how this material is handled.

Daniel STRUGGLES, eyes the text of the chat with Julian.

NICK DAVIES

(CONTINUED)

You have to tell Julian, I'm already working on a story to paint this as the next Pentagon Papers, but you need our help. This is bigger than anything you've done, you think they spun you on Collateral Murder, wait 'til you see what they do here. Tell Julian there's credit enough to go round, this is about survival.

Daniel's TEMPTED, they do need help... but he's not ready.

DANIEL

I'll get back to you.

Daniel hangs up and turns to Birgitta.

DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

Where's Julian flying into?

INT. BRUSSELS AIRPORT - BELGIUM - NIGHT

Julian walks out of customs. He ANXIOUSLY scrutinizes the men and women around him. From his PARANOID POV, they all seem suspect... they all seem to be STARING AT HIM...

Suddenly, from behind, a HAND REACHES OUT FOR HIM...

BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

(O.C.)

Julian.

Julian spins, FREAKED. It's Birgitta.

JULIAN

Did anyone follow you?

BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

No, I... I don't think so.

Julian pulls his hat low, spots Daniel waiting with a cart beside other drivers. He turns on Birgitta, accusatory.

JULIAN

I told you to come alone.

(looks around, panicked)

They're looking for us, they've got people everywhere...

BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

Julian, you need to hear him out.

But Julian, AGITATED, darts into the airport train entrance.

EXT. BRUSSELS TRAIN - BELGIUM - NIGHT

The train slowly snakes through the flat Belgian countryside. Glinting in the moonlight. Ominously.

JULIAN

(O.C.)

Daniel Ellsberg put out a statement, he said they're coming after us.

INT. BRUSSELS TRAIN - BELGIUM - MIDNIGHT

Daniel, Birgitta and Julian talk in HUSHED TONES on the relatively empty train.

JULIAN

We need to publish now.

DANIEL

Julian, it's hundreds of thousands of pages of sensitive material. This isn't like the video, the docs are full of jargon, they're totally impenetrable -- we wouldn't know what the hell we were publishing.

JULIAN

So we let the historians figure it out. Isn't that the point of this organization?

DANIEL

I thought the point was protecting

whistleblowers.

The train stops, the doors open and Julian spots COPS walking on the platform. Panicked, he sees... the car's SURVEILLANCE CAM trained on them. Angry, scared, he glares at Daniel...

...then RUSHES off the car as the cops step on and casually sit down. OBLIVIOUS. Birgitta, SPOOKED, looks to Daniel... who PULLS OUT HIS PHONE. And DIALS.

DANIEL

(INTO THE PHONE)

(CONTINUED)

Mr. Davies, please.

BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

(grabbing his arm)

Daniel, we bring him in, we're going to lose all control.

DANIEL

I think we already have.

Off Daniel, we PRELAP --

NICK DAVIES

(PRELAP)

This is a political battle.

INT. HOTEL CAFE - BRUSSELS, BELGIUM - MORNING

Nick calmly peels an orange at a cafe overlooking the city.

Birgitta, Daniel and Julian, hat PULLED LOW, sit across the table. ANXIOUS. And SKEPTICAL.

NICK DAVIES

Don't get me wrong, you should keep an eye out for men with poison umbrellas, but if the US has any foresight they know they need to do more than kill you. You represent a terrifying future, they need to delegitimize all you stand for, the most powerful media machine on the planet is right now planning a smear campaign like none you've ever seen.

JULIAN

Amazing how someone can talk for ten minutes without saying anything.

Nick glances over at Daniel.

DANIEL

You said you'd hear him out.

JULIAN

(wary)

What are you proposing?

NICK DAVIES

An international media coalition.  
The Guardian, The Times, Der

Spiegel, all standing with  
Wikileaks, legitimizing you as a  
news organization. Let the US  
attack, we print the news. And if  
we put you on the moral high  
ground, up with Mother Theresa and  
Nelson Mandela...

DANIEL

No one'll be able to screw with us.

Julian considers, SWAYED. A beat, then --

JULIAN

You'd want exclusives?

NICK DAVIES

Finding stories in all those  
documents will be a lot of work.  
You can't expect us to do it  
without an incentive.

JULIAN

And then what, we'd set a date?  
You'd run your stories, we'd post  
the raw data?

NICK DAVIES

(pausing)

I'm assuming the documents contain  
names? Sources? US informants?

Nick looks over at Daniel. Daniel nods.

NICK DAVIES

(CONTINUED)

You'd need to redact them.

JULIAN

You think that's necessary?

NICK DAVIES

The Guardian can't condone publishing something that could put lives in danger. And morals aside, this speaks to how you're perceived. You're starting an information war with the US Government, you mustn't hand them ammunition.

JULIAN

I suppose it's just a name search.

Julian seems SWAYED. Nick's phone RINGS.

NICK DAVIES

That's my editor, what should I say?

JULIAN

How secure are your phones?

Nick gets it. He stands, picking up.

NICK DAVIES

(INTO THE PHONE)

Alan, I'm afraid it's a complete  
screw up. No, he won't talk to me.

As Nick hangs up, Daniel leans in.

DANIEL

Julian, this could be historic. The  
Guardian, the New York Times...

JULIAN

They'll take credit.

DANIEL

For the stories they find. But  
think of what that'll do for us.  
You want to break through, this  
kind of coverage gets people's  
attention. It could be the  
culmination of everything we've  
done.

NICK DAVIES

He's right, Julian. If you work  
with us, you'll have a golden  
trumpet, a Jericho horn, walls are  
gonna come tumbling. And when they  
do, you'll be atop an empire.

This gets through. Julian jots something on a NAPKIN.

JULIAN

This is a password for a temporary

site. I'll e-mail the link in 24 hours, you'll find the war logs there.

NICK DAVIES

So we have a deal? We publish, you publish? We redact, you redact?

JULIAN

(nodding)

We'll put out the war logs in six weeks. If you behave, we'll move on to the cables.

As Julian pushes the napkin across the table, we --

INT. ALAN RUSBRIDGER'S OFFICE - LONDON, ENGLAND - DAY

Alan's meeting with a NUMBER OF EDITORS.

NICK DAVIES

Morning everyone, meeting's over.

Nick bursts in, sits at ALAN'S DESKTOP, pulls out THE NAPKIN. As he starts tapping away, Ian looks to Alan CONFUSED.

IAN KATZ

Alan?

Alan nods. The editors all stand and file out, save Ian.

NICK DAVIES

Call Keller at the Times and  
whatshisfuck at Der Spiegel.

ALAN RUSBRIDGER

You got it?

A website with the WIKILEAKS LOGO appears on Alan's computer.

NICK DAVIES

I'll know in a minute.

Ian looks over his shoulder. A file starts downloading.

IAN KATZ

Pretty slow for a tech wizard.

NICK DAVIES

He said it's 91,000 logs from  
Afghanistan alone, I imagine it  
might take a second.

Alan looks skeptical as his secretary HELEN walks in.

HELEN

Alan, I'm sorry, I told Nick --

NICK DAVIES

Well, look at that.

Nick SMILES, turns the laptop to Alan. Who reacts.

NICK DAVIES

(CONTINUED)

Helen, could you ring up Bill  
Keller for Alan? And let's be  
discreet.

Helen looks at Alan mystified. He nods.

SAM COLSON

(PRELAP)

What about going after their  
infrastructure?

INT. U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT, BUNKER ROOM - WASHINGTON DC -  
DAY

CLOSE ON a screen, SECURE VIDEO. A window of Thomason at the  
Pentagon and one of Colson and his staffer in the Sit Room.

GENERAL THOMASON

(ON VIDEO)

The site outsources storage to  
Amazon, takes donations on Pay Pal

--

FIND Boswell in front of the monitor with a file, SNAPSHOTS  
OF JULIAN AND DANIEL at the BCC, on the Brussels train...

JAMES BOSWELL

Let's get Bezos on the phone. And  
whoever the hell is running Pay  
Pal.

YOUNG STAFFER

(ON VIDEO)

You really want us pressuring the  
private sector to cut off a  
journal--

JAMES BOSWELL

He's not a journalist, he's a  
goddamn threat to national security  
and American companies shouldn't be  
helping him store thousands of  
stolen classified documents.

PISSED, Boswell snaps off the video and turns to find...

A MAN with a HAND TRUCK adding to a HUGE TABLE STACKED WITH DOCUMENTS marked CONFIDENTIAL -- the compromised CABLES. We realize this is the room from the Open - before the chaos.

It's STAGGERING. Boswell sees Sarah reading through cables.

JAMES BOSWELL

(CONTINUED)

These are the compromised  
documents?

SARAH SHAW

This is just the cables. They're  
going through the war logs at the  
Pentagon.

JAMES BOSWELL

(reacts, then)

We've got some people coming to

help you out with these?

She doesn't respond. Boswell sees she's SHAKING, a cable in her hands. WE SEE the words SIM SARNA and STRICTLY PROTECT.

SARAH SHAW

He's named in dozens of them. If they go out, if the Iranians see...

JAMES BOSWELL

Sarah. We got some intel yesterday. There are newspapers involved, responsible ones. The Guardian, The Times. They'll black out the names.

Off Sarah, hoping to god he's right, we hear the FIRST NOTES something like The Stones' Gimme Shelter and we SMASH INTO

--

INT. DER SPIEGEL, BUNKER ROOM - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

Reporters work on large desktops. We hear hushed tones --

STARK

The spreadsheet is enormous, I'm sure it contains the scoop of the century but we can't access it, let alone analyze it.

STARK, the German editor from the OPEN, walks Daniel in.

DANIEL

You're working in excel?

Stark nods as they reach ROSENBACH, the reporter from the Open. He looks up from his computer, BLEARY EYED.

ROSENBACH

Daniel, thank god, every time I open the damn thing the system crashes.

DANIEL

Yeah, you need to parse it in a text editor then script it into a searchable database.

Daniel sits down, starts working. As Daniel TYPES, Rosenbach turns to a SKYPE VIDEO CHAT open on a nearby laptop.

ROSENBACH

Are you getting this?

MUSIC PULSES and we CUT TO --

INT. NEW YORK TIMES, BUNKER ROOM - NEW YORK - DAY (SAME TIME)

An AMERICAN REPORTER at a laptop in a small, MESSY room of similarly FRENETIC reporters. Two men carry in a SHREDDER.

TIMES REPORTER # 1

Yeah, that helps.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT arrives, just off the plane from Kabul.

WAR CORRESPONDENT  
I blew off a profile with  
McChrystal in Kabul, this better be  
good.

A BEARDED REPORTER holds out a pile of WAR LOGS.

BEARDED REPORTER  
You know what 'E.O.F.' stands for?

The War Correspondent stares at the docs, his head  
**EXPLODING.**

WAR CORRESPONDENT  
It's 'Escalation of Force.'

The bearded reporter writes down EOF = ESCALATION OF FORCE  
on a 3x5 card, then holds it up to a laptop with another  
open SKYPE VIDEO CHAT. We see IAN KATZ on the other end.

BEARDED TIMES REPORTER  
Can you see that?

IAN KATZ  
(ON SKYPE)  
Yeah, I got it.

The MUSIC SMASHES US TO --

INT. GUARDIAN, BUNKER ROOM - LONDON - DAY (SAME TIME)

The biggest of the bunkers, packed with reporters. Ian turns  
to a group at a WHITE BOARD covered with MILITARY ACRONYMS.

IAN KATZ

EOF is escalation of force. Which I  
believe means more dead civilians.

As a reporter writes it up on the board, WE HEAR --

NICK DAVIES

The espionage act? You can't be  
serious.

PAN OVER TO a LAWYER talking with Alan, Nick and Julian.

LAWYER

If the Attorney General can show he  
tried to convince a source to leak  
classified information --

ALAN RUSBRIDGER

You mean like every journalist  
who's ever covered the Pentagon?  
They could indict us under that  
rubric.

LAWYER

I wouldn't be surprised if they do.

Alan BLANCHES. Julian shoots him an IMPISH look.

JULIAN

Nothing draws people to a cause  
like a celebrity martyr.

IAN KATZ

(O.C.)

Can you e-mail a list of  
whistleblower prizes you're putting  
Manning up for?

We SPIN ACROSS THE ROOM to Ian, now skyping with Daniel.

DANIEL

(ON SKYPE)

No e-mailing. But I can fax you.

IAN KATZ

Right, of course. We need it by  
Friday so we can run it in his bio.

The MUSIC SMASHES US INTO --

INT. DER SPIEGEL, BUNKER ROOM - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

Daniel sits at the laptop.

DANIEL

Will do. Thanks, Ian.

Daniel turns from the laptop, starts to type on a desktop.  
Behind him, Stark looks at a story Rosenbach works on.

STARK

This task force 373 had a hit  
list with over 2000 names?

ROSENBACH

Yes, they refer to it as stopping  
birthdays.

Reporters start to work in a FRENZY, EXCITEMENT BUILDING --

DER SPIEGEL REPORTER #1

I've got the UK ambassador saying  
the campaign isn't under proper  
supervision.

DER SPIEGEL REPORTER #2

These civilian casualty  
numbers are devastating...

Daniel keeps typing as the MUSIC SWELLS and TIME SPEEDS UP.  
Behind Daniel, we see, in RAPID SUCCESSION...

JOURNALISTS COME AND GO. We hear snippets, pan to...

THE WHITE BOARD. ACRONYMS APPEAR. HA = Helicoper Assault ...  
NAI = Named Area of Interest... TILT DOWN TO...

PAGES FLY OUT OF THE PRINTER. PICTURES of American troops in  
combat, every HEADLINE staggering. Someone grabs a page --

AND THROWS IT UP ON ONE OF THE WALLS. MOCK UPS ARE QUICKLY  
MARKED UP, PULLED DOWN, PUT BACK UP...

Daniel stops typing, EXHAUSTED. He turns to take it all in,  
everything SPEEDING UP TO A BLUR AROUND HIM.

PUSH IN ON DANIEL, OVERWHELMED. A huge leap from storage  
closet calls to Julius Baer. They've come so far so fast...

DANIEL CLOSES HIS EYES and RUBS THEM, DIZZY. A beat, then --

STARK

(PRELAP)

Daniel.

INT. DER SPIEGEL, STARK'S OFFICE - BERLIN - NIGHT

Time SCREECHES BACK TO NORMAL and the MUSIC FADES. Daniel OPENS his eyes, finds himself in a chair in Stark's office.

STARK

You can sleep here if you want.

Stark smiles. Daniel, sheepish, starts gathering his things as Rosenbach walks in with a file.

ROSENBACH

T minus 4, you getting excited?

DANIEL

Sure.

But Daniel has MIXED FEELINGS. Rosenbach picks up on this...

ROSENBACH

Daniel, no one's ever had this level of detail... this is going to be massive, you guys should be on top of the world.

Daniel nods, but still looks NUMB. Stark turn to Rosenbach.

STARK

He must be exhausted. Hell, the  
redactions alone...

They trade a smile. Daniel catches it. He's CONFUSED.

DANIEL

...they shouldn't take that long.  
It's just a name search.

STARK

That's what we initially thought.  
but a lot of it is context. Nick  
told Julian -- a tip from 'the goat  
herder in the red house,' in small  
villages, it's as damning as a  
name.

ROSENBACH

We're only posting a few hundred of  
the actual logs and we're swimming.  
You'd need an army to go through  
all 91,000. Good thing you have  
one.

Another smile, but Daniel's FROZEN. PROCESSING. The MUSIC  
SWELLS again and Daniel grabs his cryptophone, DIALS. He  
holds it to his ear. A beat then we hear someone pick up --

DANIEL

(INTO THE PHONE)

Marcus, did Julian tell you

anything about the redactions?

MUSIC drowns out his answer, score SCREAMING over Daniel's HORRIFIED expression, telling us everything we need to know.

INT. GUARDIAN, RUSBRIDGER'S OFFICE - LONDON, ENGLAND - DAY

Alan and Nick show Julian the soon to be famous headline:  
MASSIVE LEAK OF SECRET FILES EXPOSES TRUE AFGHAN WAR.

ALAN RUSBRIDGER

The story on the generals would typically be the lead, but everything's going out at once in case there's a gag order...

NICK DAVIES

We're struggling to keep it to 14 pages.

Julian nods to Ziggy, sitting with a laptop.

JULIAN

Talking point for the morning interviews.

As Ziggy starts typing, DANIEL BURSTS IN.

NICK

Daniel?

Julian looks up, SURPRISED.

JULIAN

What are you --

DANIEL

I've been trying to reach you for  
hours.

JULIAN

I was... I was just sending you a  
list.Urls need to be standardized,  
torrents need seeding...

DANIEL

Julian. The redactions.

Julian pauses. CAUGHT. Then, covering quickly...

JULIAN

That was on my list.

DANIEL

It's 91,000 documents! There are  
four days until publication!

Julian hesitates, then ABRUPTLY turns to Ziggy...

JULIAN

Let's go.

...and BLOWS OUT OF THE ROOM.

INT. GUARDIAN, BULLPEN - LONDON, ENGLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Julian heads for the stairs.

DANIEL

What the hell were you thinking?

Julian turns, ENRAGED.

JULIAN

Editing reflects bias. We make a promise to our sources, someone sent us those files under the assumption that we would put them out in full.

Daniel recognizes the words. He feels sick.

DANIEL

You lied to them. You lied to all of us.

(then)

We're going to have to push back, we can't release in four days.

JULIAN

Do you have any idea what we're about to do? 14 pages in the Guardian, 12 in the New York Times, it's more coverage than all the other leaks combined. I'm winning the information war and you're worried about a couple of names?

DANIEL

It's not a couple of names, it's  
people's lives, Julian. Those are  
human beings.

JULIAN

They're government informants.

DANIEL

Yes, sources, just like ours,  
fighting for the very things we  
were supposed to stand for.

JULIAN

You have no idea how the world  
works. How much Afghan blood do the  
Americans have on their hands?

DANIEL

I thought this organization had  
higher standards.

Julian pauses. Then turns cold.

JULIAN

My bags, you know, they get heavy.  
Four laptops, all those cables...  
it's a lot for one person to carry  
around. And when you're on and off  
planes, always taking the computers  
out and packing them back up...  
it's a hassle.

(then, sharp)

So the next time you find yourself

lecturing me about this organization, you should try to remember why I hired you.

He turns to go.

DANIEL

Funny, I don't remember you hiring me. I don't recall a contract... a salary. But I guess I should have known when I met Jay Lim... they don't exist, because this organization doesn't exist. There's just you... and the lies you tell to get whatever the fuck you want.

Julian turns on him. A tinge of sadness.

JULIAN

It's amazing how you can spend so much time with someone and still have no concept of who they are.

(then)

You're suspended. Effective immediately.

Julian exits with Ziggy. Off Daniel, STAGGERED...

PAN to Nick, who's seen most of it. A CONCERNED LOOK, his new optimism fading as CHAT BEGINS STREAMING UP OUR SCREEN.

jjj: There must be faith in leadership in times of crisis.

As Daniel tries to pull himself together, chat takes us to

--

INT. ANKE'S APARTMENT - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

Daniel is on the phone. On his laptop we see MARCUS ON SKYPE... and an OPEN CHAT BOX.

jjj: Manipulation by Daniel to  
undermine me is not tolerable.

DANIEL

(INTO THE PHONE)

Yeah, okay. Thanks, Marcel.

(hangs up, to Marcus)

Rosenbach said the bulk of the identifiable sources are in the threat assessments. It's 14,000 docs, but if you hold those, there are a lot fewer names in the rest.

We leave Daniel, CUTTING INTO --

INT. MARCUS' FARMHOUSE - GERMANY - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Living quarters. Marcus works his laptop, Birgitta nearby.

MARCUS

Got it.

JayLim: For any organization,  
leadership must have ability to

take sanction against opportunism  
and destabilization

BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

We shouldn't publish any of it  
until it's been redacted.

We CUT BACK INTO --

INT. ANKE'S APARTMENT - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Daniel STRUGGLES. He knows Birgitta's right.

TBellman: Daniel is problematic and  
frankly, delusional.

BIRGITTA JONSDOTTIR

(ON SKYPE)

Are you seeing the ridiculous crap  
he's spouting on the chat?

DANIEL

Yeah, you probably shouldn't  
mention that you were talking to  
me.

MARCUS

(ON SKYPE)

He's out of control. If he keeps  
this up, he's gonna have to go. Or  
we're gonna have to fork. All of  
us. We can start our own site.

DANIEL

Just take care of those docs.

Daniel clicks off skype... nothing to distract him now from the chat that streams across his screen and ours...

Iclnd17: Daniel has a disease. It's some kind of borderline paranoid schizophrenia.

Now TWITTER FEED begins to scroll up the screen as well.

Crypdois Schmitt is sick and dangerous, he has a disease.

Anke walks into the room, holding a laptop. UPSET.

ANKE

Daniel... he's on twitter...

TwitcheySphynctr Anke Domscheit = CIA, Daniel Berg = FBI.

Trh\_humunculus RT @Crypdois:  
Schmitt is sick and dangerous.

ANKE

(CONTINUED)

These things he's saying,  
they're...

DANIEL

I know.

Daniel reaches for her, trying to comfort her and himself.  
A beat, then he leans forward and pull up THE GUARDIAN SITE.

The Twitter and Chat FADE as Daniel CLICKS REFRESH. Suddenly sweating, he PULLS OFF HIS SHIRT... We spy his WIKILEAKS TATTOO as MUSIC SLAMS US BACK TO THE OPEN --

INT. GUARDIAN, BULLPEN - LONDON, ENGLAND - NEAR MIDNIGHT

Alan and Nick hustle past the row of one sheets...

ALAN RUSBRIDGER

(off his blackberry)

The Times wants to go.

INT. ANKE'S APARTMENT - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Daniel hits REFRESH.

MUSIC TAKES US TO --

INT. DER SPIEGEL, STARK'S OFFICE - BERLIN - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Stark pleads with Nick on skype.

STARK

Five minutes. Five more minutes.

INT. ANKE'S APARTMENT - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

Daniel hits refresh. And there it is on the Guardian home

page: SECRET FILES EXPOSE TRUE AFGHAN WAR. COMPLEX EMOTIONS play across Daniel's face as he turns to ANOTHER LAPTOP...

And pulls up the WikiLeaks site. Afghan War Diary 2004-2010: WikiLeaks today released over 75,000 secret US military reports... As Daniel scans the raw reports... his jaw sets.

CONVICTION fills his eyes. He picks up a phone and DIALS, the tones waking Anke, who was sleeping on the couch.

ANKE

Is it out?

DANIEL

(nodding, into the phone)

Marcus. How soon can you get to Berlin?

MUSIC takes us through --

TELEVISION MONTAGE (REAL FOOTAGE)

A series of quick cuts, the AFGHAN WAR LOG COVERAGE from THE OPEN, this time culminating in...

TELEVISION (FOOTAGE) - CSPAN

SAM COLSON

(ON THE MONITOR)

There are names, operations,  
sources-

INT. U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT, BUNKER ROOM - WASHINGTON DC -

DAY

CLOSE ON A MONITOR.

SAM COLSON

(ON A MONITOR)

This leak puts American lives and  
lives of our allies in country at  
risk, there's blood on their hands.

REVEAL frantic staffers poring through cables as in THE  
OPEN.

STAFFER #1

I've got a source in Colombia we're  
gonna have to extract.

STAFFER #2

Christ, Putin's gonna go ballistic.

Two aides start to mark up the WHITE BOARD we saw in the  
OPEN as Boswell walks in, on the phone...

JAMES BOSWELL

(ON THE PHONE)

No, still no intel on when they're  
planning to release the cables...  
Yes, we'll start right away.

Boswell hangs up, walks through the CHAOS... until he finds  
Sarah, standing over a PILE OF CABLES. She stares at a  
MONITOR, CNN coverage of the afghan war logs.

SARAH SHAW

He didn't redact the war logs... he put them right up on his site with names and... Jim, if he does that with the cables...

JAMES BOSWELL

One hour, I need documentation on any sources that could be burned when he puts out the cables. Tell the other desk heads.

WOLF BLITZER

(ON THE MONITOR)

Mr. Assange said his organization...

INT. GUARDIAN, BUNKER ROOM - LONDON, ENGLAND - DAY

MATCH CUT to a TV MONITOR with the same CNN coverage.

WOLF BLITZER

(ON THE MONITOR)

...has always had a harm minimization procedure to keep innocents from harm...

REVEAL Nick Davies, watching the monitor.

IAN KATZ

(O.C.)

Well, at least he kept part of the bargain.

Nick turns, sees Ian walk in. He holds up a USB STICK.

IAN KATZ

(CONTINUED)

250,000 diplomatic cables in the  
palm of my hand. Amazing isn't it?

Alan, eyeing copy, looks up. Ian tosses him the stick.

ALAN RUSBRIDGER

The bugger came through?

IAN KATZ

Nick was right, it's huge, a window  
into every government on the  
planet. Already I've found a dozen  
page ones. Qaddafi lying to his  
people, Putin stealing from Russian  
coffers, damning assessments of  
leaders in Egypt, Yemen, Tunisia...

Nick frowns, glances back at Julian on CNN.

IAN KATZ

(CONTINUED)

What? Still focused on yesterday's  
news?

NICK DAVIES

The high priest of truth bragging  
about a redaction process that  
didn't exist? I don't think that's

yesterday's news.

ALAN RUSBRIDGER

Sorry, wasn't he your messiah?

NICK DAVIES

Yes, just like all the others, with  
feet of clay...

IAN KATZ

So he's a liar. A callous little  
zealot... like every other oddball  
source.

NICK DAVIES

Seventeen little keystrokes and  
anyone in the world can read what  
he publishes. And now that we've  
given him a goddamn megaphone, they  
will.

(then, angry)

He's not a source. He's a reckless,  
irresponsible head of a huge media  
empire that's accountable to no  
one. And we put him there.

Over Nick, we PRELAP SARAH, SPEAKING IN ARABIC --

SARAH SHAW

(PRELAP)

Dr. Sarna? Hello?

INT. STATE DEPARTMENT, SARAH'S OFFICE - WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

CLOSE ON Sarah, holding a phone. Two CIA MEN listen in, a third monitoring a digital readout of the call.

Nearby, Boswell, Colson, Thomason review a DOSSIER -- Sarna's photo, paperwork stamped STRICTLY PROTECT. On the long table, HUNDREDS OF DOSSIERS just like it. IN ARABIC --

SARAH SHAW

Remember the trip we once spoke of?

INT. PARCHIN MILITARY COMPLEX - TEHRAN, IRAN - DAY

A beat. Sarna's EYES GO WIDE.

Over this, WE PRELAP --

TV COMMENTATOR

(ON A MONITOR, PRELAP)

Blood on their hands?

INT. ANKE'S APARTMENT - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

CLOSE ON a monitor, a TV Commentator on CNN.

TV COMMENTATOR

(ON CNN)

That's ridiculous, there's no proof anyone was hurt...

DANIEL

(ON THE PHONE)

This isn't about me, it's about the

mission, everyone thinks that  
you're...

FIND Daniel, on the phone, LAPTOPS spread out on the desk.

DANIEL  
(ON THE PHONE)  
...hurting the organization...

Julian's phone BEEPS.

JULIAN'S VOICEMAIL  
(ON THE PHONE)  
You have reached the time limit. To  
re-record your message, press --

Daniel HURLS the phone across the room. FRUSTRATED. A beat  
then there's a KNOCK. He moves to the door, opens it...

MARCUS  
Did you reach him?

Marcus bursts in. He pulls a laptop out of his backpack.

DANIEL  
No.

MARCUS  
If we both plug in, we should be  
able to do it while he's speaking.

Do what? As Marcus sets up, Daniel glances at the TV. We see  
our BBC Reporter in the press room of the Frontline Club.

BBC REPORTER

(ON THE MONITOR)

Mr. Assange dismissed reports of  
internal dissention and defections

--

Daniel frowns, opens up a chat box on his laptop. And TYPES.

ddd: Julian? Are you there?

INT. FRONTLINE CLUB, GREEN ROOM - LONDON - DAY (SAME TIME)

MATCH CUT TO ANOTHER LAPTOP. A CHAT pops up in a CHAT BOX.

ddd: Julian? Are you there?

Next to the chat, on the screen, STREAMING VIDEO CLIPS. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Julian typing a speech on another laptop. Ian Katz walks in, eyes a bank of TV MONITORS nearby.

BBC REPORTER

(ON THE MONITOR)

As a child, he went to 37  
schools...

CBS REPORTER

(ON THE MONITOR)

Some call him a subversive. An  
anarchist...

CNN REPORTER

(ON THE MONITOR)

His hair is the result of a teenage  
science experiment...

IAN KATZ

A man points to the moon and the  
idiots look at his finger.

JULIAN

Then I suppose we'll have to give  
them the moon again.

Julian smiles up at him.

SMASH TO --

INT. SARNA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - TEHRAN, IRAN - DAY

An AGITATED Sarna stands talking to his frightened wife.

SARNA

We need to pack. Everything.

The KNOCK comes, THE TWO MEN IN SUITS.

Off Sarna, TERRIFIED--

JULIAN

(PRELAP, ON VIDEO)

If journalism is good it is  
controversial by nature.

INT. ANKE'S APARTMENT - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY (SAME TIME)

Marcus and Daniel watch Julian's press conference.

JULIAN

(ON THE MONITOR)

We have a harm minimization process, we don't do things in an ad hoc way.

MARCUS

Daniel. We both know he's never going to step aside. If you want to do this, we need to do it now.

We push in on Daniel, INCREDIBLY UNSURE.

JULIAN

...to our knowledge no one has ever been physically harmed by the material we have released.

He rubs his eyes, Julian's voice growing LOUDER...

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

It takes two things to change the world. Lots of people have ideas. But commitment, true commitment, it requires sacrifice.

And now we INTERCUT WITH --

THE SUBMISSION PLATFORM - DAY (SAME TIME)

We're BEHIND Daniel as he surveys the familiar room. Doors open and shut, THOUSANDS OF LEAKS, STACKS OF DOCS pile up around the desks, waiting to be published.

Move in on Daniel, PUSH IN on his back... until he turns and LOOKS RIGHT AT US. A moment of CONFLICT, REMORSE, then he GRABS A KEYBOARD off a desk and HURLS IT at the LIGHTS.

As bulbs explode above him, SPARKS CASCADING DOWN, we CUT TO--

ANKE'S APARTMENT, Daniel and Marcus at laptops, WORKING FURIOUSLY.

Daniel looks PAINED as we CUT BACK TO --

THE SUBMISSION PLATFORM, desks now piled in the center of the room. Daniel STRIKES A MATCH...

FLAMES shoot up, eerie light dancing across a SICK LOOK on Daniel's face as we CUT TO--

ANKE'S APARTMENT, Daniel working, SCREENLIGHT dancing across that same look on his face.

He plows ahead and WE'RE IN...

THE SUBMISSION PLATFORM, the doors FALL, ONE BY ONE. As they do, Daniel grabs a STACK OF DOCS at his feet. A LEAK. He hesitates for a beat, a tear STREAKS down his cheek... Then, TEARS FALLING, he TOSSES THE LEAK ONTO THE FLAMES...

JULIAN

(O.C.)

It is role of good journalism to take on powerful abusers and when power abusers are taken on there's always a back reaction...

INT. FRONTLINE CLUB, PRESS ROOM - LONDON, ENGLAND - DAY

Julian speaks to the press, enjoying his moment.

JULIAN

...an attempt to criticize the messenger, to distract from the power of the message...

Julian hesitates, SOMEHOW SENSING SOMETHING AMISS. He looks to the audience... for Daniel? A bit disoriented... he presses forward, waving THE GUARDIAN FRONT PAGE.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

But revolution is a struggle between the future and the past.  
And... the future has just begun.

As press stands, APPLAUDING, we SMASH TO --

INT. CAR (MOVING) - IRAN/IRAQI BORDER - EARLY EVENING

The two MEN IN SUITS who were outside Sarna's house sit in the front of their sedan. As they pull away from an AMERICAN CHECKPOINT, the driver talks into a phone.

DRIVER

(ON THE PHONE)

We've crossed the border into Iraq.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STATE DEPT, SARAHÂ'S OFFICE - WASH, DC - DAY (SAME TIME)

The CIA men sit with a nervous looking Sarah.

SARAH SHAW

(INTO THE SPEAKERPHONE)

Can you put them on?

In the car, the driver holds the phone out to... SARNA. With his wife and baby, huddled in back. SHELL SHOCKED.

SARNA

(INTO THE PHONE)

Sarah?

SARAH SHAW

(INTO THE SPEAKERPHONE)

(relieved, fighting  
tears)

You're safe.

SARNA

(INTO THE PHONE)

What do we do now? Where do we go?

INT. STATE DEPARTMENT, SARAH'S OFFICE - WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

A GLASS OF SCOTCH. REVEAL Sarah, NUMB, pouring a scotch, watching coverage of Julian's press avail. Boswell walks in.

JAMES BOSWELL

The Turkmenistan comment wasn't a hit with the Secretary, huh.

He glances at the BOX on Sarah's desk, and we notice for the first time that THE DESK AND SHELVES ARE EMPTY. She's done.

SARAH SHAW

Actually, Berdymukhamedov himself called for my early retirement.

JAMES BOSWELL

I'm sure he called for more than that, but there's diplomacy for you.

SARAH SHAW

Well, let's drink to that. At least while we still can...

She pours Boswell a drink, nods to Assange on the TV.

SARAH SHAW

(CONTINUED)

I watched an interview with him while I was packing up. He said something about pursuing social justice for the last twenty years,

so I started thinking... 2 advanced degrees, a Fulbright, 3 diplomatic posts, 10 years abroad... and like everyone else in the building I can barely remember how old my kids are.

(off Julian on TV)

He wants to take over saving the world? Be my goddamn guest.

Off Sarah, we SMASH TO --

INT. FRONTLINE CLUB, GREEN ROOM - LONDON, ENGLAND - DAY

A large green room, filled with supporters and a high end spread. Julian walks in, reporters on his heels.

REPORTER #1

Julian, we'd like to do a follow up for Channel Four.

REPORTER #2

Glenn Brown, the Economist, we'd like a profile piece?

JULIAN

Contact us online, I'll have my press person get back to you.

A GUARD closes the door on them and Julian's MOBBED by the a few YOUNG STAFFERS from Iceland with him earlier.

WIKILEAKS STAFFER #1

That was amazing. Genius.

They've got MAGAZINES, ALL OF WHICH HAVE JULIAN ON THE COVER.

WIKILEAKS STAFFER #2

Did you see Time? Newsweek?

WIKILEAKS STAFFER #3

We've got interview requests from  
Larry King, B Sky B...

WIKILEAKS STAFFER #1

(CONTINUED)

...Anderson Cooper, 60 minutes...

Julian takes the magazines, but walks past them to Ziggy.  
Who's on his laptop. Looking CONCERNED.

ZIGGY

There's something wrong with the  
submission platform.

Julian leans in, stares at the screen. He PALES, then reaches over Ziggy and starts to type.

JULIAN

It's disabled... it's completely...  
no one will be able to submit...

As he trails off, STAGGERED, we SMASH INTO --

THE SUBMISSION PLATFORM - DAY (SAME TIME)

The place is in ruins, the lights dark, the doors down, the bonfire of burning desks ... Julian stands there. STUNNED.

And then he realizes... He looks up and sees... ALL THE DOCS, AFIRE... FLOATING AROUND THE BONFIRE OF DESKS...

JULIAN

The leaks... The other leaks...

They dance above him, LITTLE LIGHTS OF FIRE taunting him... Julian GRABS HIS HAIR, begins pacing, FURIOUS. BETRAYED.

DANIEL

(O.C.)

You know he dyes his hair. I saw it once, we were at a conference and he went up to the hotel room and...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE - DAY

Daniel walks into a hotel room. The BATHROOM DOOR is cracked. Through it, Daniel sees a HAIR DYING KIT on the sink. Daniel pushes open the door...

CLOSE ON HANDS. Applying dye to a BLOND HEAD OF HAIR.

DANIEL

(O.C.)

The cult he was in? The Family?  
They made the kids dye their hair white. I think he's been dying it ever since.

PULL BACK to REVEAL we're now in...

INT. SMALL APARTMENT, BEDROOM - AUSTRALIA, 1984 - DAY

A small room. 13-YEAR-OLD JULIAN sits on a bed, toweling his hair dry in front of a COMMODORE 64, a box of FLOPPY DISKS.

DANIEL

(O.C.)

I guess everyone has secrets.

Scars. Moments in time that shape them.

He pulls off the towel, revealing a SHOCK OF WHITE HAIR.

THE SUBMISSION PLATFORM - NIGHT

Julian paces alone, ENRAGED, in the shadow of the bonfire.

We CRANE UP as he paces, making FIGURE EIGHTS in the sand...

DANIEL

(O.C.)

Some we can get past...

...and as we PULL BACK, we notice CHILDREN, dancing 'round the bonfire, REACHING UP for the fiery, floating docs...

DANIEL

(O.C.)

(CONTINUED)

Some we can't.

INT. ALL NIGHT CAFE - BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

The cafe where Daniel and Julian took on Julius Baer. Daniel stares at an empty table, and for a moment he sees...

JULIAN AND HIMSELF, EXHILARATED, WORKING ON JULIUS BAER.

The moment that shaped him, one he wonders if he'll get past.

DANIEL

We were really something, you know?

We could have done so much...

THE IMAGE FADES and Daniel looks down, DEVASTATED. REVEAL Nick with him, taking NOTES. He stops, takes off his glasses.

NICK DAVIES

You know, there was a time when papers in Britain couldn't report on parliamentary debate. And then a few men started printing pamphlets, leaking the debates to the public. The men, well, I believe they were hanged, but the public saw those pamphlets and demanded access.

(then)

Of course, the pamphleteers that followed overwhelmed our tiny isle with rhetoric and distortion... but these men, these brave and irresponsible men... they were the

fathers of the modern fourth estate.

Daniel looks up. Nick leans in.

NICK DAVIES

(CONTINUED)

The great flood is once again upon us. A new information revolution, this one infinitely more powerful and terrifying than the last. A... fifth estate... seemingly hell bent on destroying its predecessor. Which is why we need more responsible men...

(off Daniel)

...men of purpose... to harness its power, to lead us into the future.

Daniel takes that in, then --

NICK DAVIES

(CONTINUED)

Daniel, you and Julian gave us a glimpse of what the future could be. You woke up the world, democracies and dictatorships alike should be on notice, two techno dreamers --

FLASH TO --

REAL FOOTAGE of the TUNISIAN AND EGYPTIAN UPRISINGS...

NICK DAVIES

(O.C.)

(CONTINUED)

Have given us the voice, have shown  
us we have the power...

REAL VIDEO FOOTAGE of OCCUPY WALL STREET.

NICK DAVIES

(O.S.)

(CONTINUED)

...to demand the waves of  
information that, one day soon...

FLASH BACK TO NICK --

NICK DAVIES

(CONTINUED)

...will wash all their evils away.

Daniel takes that in. MOVED.

DANIEL

So. Where should we start?

NICK DAVIES

Most good stories start at the  
beginning.

Daniel nods. Then, as he starts to tell our story, we...

FADE TO BLACK.

Text appears on screen.

In 2010, the Guardian and the Times published a series of articles on the US diplomatic cables. Activists around the world greeted these reports with great enthusiasm.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ECUADORIAN EMBASSY - DAY

Julian sits for an interview, talks straight to camera.

JULIAN

We're not anti-American. Our values are those of Jefferson and Madison and if the cost of revolutions like we've seen in Tunisia, in Cairo, if the cost is that for a little while some foreign leaders are going to be a bit cautious when speaking to the U.S. State Department, then that is clearly a cost that bounces in favor of what people need.

As we continue, we INTERCUT THE INTERVIEW WITH TEXT CARDS --

In 2011, over the objection of the Guardian, the Times and numerous human rights groups, WikiLeaks published all 251,287 cables in their original form. Without redactions.

By some estimates, the unredacted cables exposed over

2000 confidential sources around the world.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

That has always happened in the history of the world. We are taking on powerful groups that have vast and powerful lobbies to support them. So of course we are going to be attacked in all sorts of manners. Of course people are going to try and capitalize and distort and hype up any sort of possible criticism.

After Daniel left WikiLeaks in 2010, Swedish Prosecutors issued a warrant for Julian's arrest, accusing him of two counts of sexual molestation and one count of rape. Julian claimed he did not know the women.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

My goodness. I know mainstream media is biased, but this is absurd. The charges are without basis and their issue is deeply disturbing. I have been warned that, for example, the Pentagon plans to use dirty tricks to spoil things for us.

Julian later admitted to having slept with both women,

but denied any wrongdoing. He subsequently sought asylum and is now living in the Ecuadorian Embassy in London.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

As an organization, clearly we've made mistakes. There are perhaps certain individuals -- an individual we employed that perhaps we should not have employed...

That's probably the greatest mistake.

After leaving WikiLeaks, Daniel published a book about his time there. WikiLeaks threatened to take legal action.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

He was excitable. He became unstable, ambitious. Reckless. That's why he was suspended.

In 2010, Daniel announced plans for OpenLeaks, a new whistleblowing website. The site has yet to launch.

JULIAN

(CONTINUED)

The WikiLeaks movie? Which one?

(then)

That one? It's based on the worst two books. Full of lies and

distortion, like all bad  
propaganda.

(then)

The Wikileaks Movie? More like the  
anti-Wikileaks movie.

(then)

You want to know the truth? No one  
is going to tell you the whole  
truth. They'll only tell you their  
version. You want the truth, you  
have to seek it out for yourself.

(and then)

That's where real power lies, your  
willingness to look past this  
story, any story. As long as you  
keep searching, you are dangerous  
to them. That's what they are  
afraid of. You. It is all about  
you.

FADE TO BLACK.

Scene:

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Release of WikiLeaks internal memo on The Fifth Estate

WikiLeaks has decided to release this internal talking points memo to the public alongside [the script](#), because it represents a frank internal appraisal of the Dreamworks film, THE FIFTH ESTATE, and what is wrong with it.

This document is now issued to media during publicity for the film, which is due for general release on 18 October, 2013.

The points below represent how WikiLeaks believes it should have been portrayed in the film, and why the film is, from WikiLeaks' perspective, irresponsible, counterproductive and harmful.

Talking Points on The Fifth Estate

WikiLeaks has multiple versions of the script

- WikiLeaks has multiple versions of the script for THE FIFTH ESTATE from several different sources.
- The most recent script released to the public is a mature version, obtained at a late stage during the principal photography of 2013.
- Some of the attendees at the film premiere in Toronto on 5 September, 2013 are friends and supporters of WikiLeaks and were able to compare the final product to the most recently obtained script.
- In the finished film, the scripted [scene set in Iran](#) has been transplanted to Libya, but serves the same plot function.
- Besides this, there have been no significant changes.
- WikiLeaks' knowledge of the film is accurate and current, and our official position is well-founded and based in fact.
- Director Bill Condon is therefore [mistaken](#) when [he says](#):

[Assange] got hold of a very, very early draft of the script, which he has commented on, which really bears little resemblance to the movie we made.

#### [WikiLeaks caused no harm to anyone](#)

- THE FIFTH ESTATE [falsely implies](#) that WikiLeaks harmed 2,000 US government informants.
- Not even the US government alleges that WikiLeaks caused harm to a single person.
- Apologists for US government misconduct tried to argue that WikiLeaks caused harm to distract attention away from the serious stories coming out of WikiLeaks' disclosures.
- But despite spending millions of dollars over three years in preparation for the trial of Private Manning, the US government was unable to present any evidence of anyone

coming to harm as a consequence of the WikiLeaks publications.

- US Brig. Gen. Robert Carr – who was tasked to investigate this matter by the Pentagon – in fact stated under oath when examined by the defense counsel that there was no harm whatsoever.
- As Defense Secretary Robert Gates said in 2010:

Is this embarrassing? Yes. Is it awkward? Yes. Consequences for U.S. foreign policy? I think fairly modest.

#### The Fifth Estate is a work of fiction masquerading as fact

- The film is fictional. Most of the events depicted never happened, or the people shown were not involved in them. It has real names, real places, and looks like it is covering real events, but it is still a dramatic and cinematic work, and it invents or shapes the facts to fit its narrative goals.
- There are very high stakes involved in how WikiLeaks is perceived. This film does not occur in a historical vacuum, but appears in the context of ongoing efforts to bring a criminal prosecution against WikiLeaks and Julian Assange for exposing the activities of the Pentagon and the US State Department. The film also occurs in the context of Pvt. Manning's upcoming appeal and request for a presidential pardon.
- People should not in any way treat this film as an historical account of WikiLeaks, its activities or its personnel. Hopefully, they will be inspired to approach the topic with an open mind, and to support WikiLeaks.

#### Even those working on The Fifth Estate said it had an agenda

- The star of THE FIFTH ESTATE, Benedict Cumberbatch, stated that director Bill Condon wanted him to play Julian Assange as an "antisocial megalomaniac":

Reading an early version of the script, which was partly adapted from Daniel Domscheit-Berg's memoir of working with Assange, Cumberbatch realized that some of Assange's fears were justified. "On a lot of the stage direction, we collided paths because Bill did seem to be setting him up as this antisocial megalomaniac."

-- [Vogue](#)

- Cumberbatch worried that there was an agenda to make Assange a "cartoon baddie":

When Cumberbatch first read the script, he worried that it cast Assange as some kind of cartoon baddie. "I think I may get my head bitten off by Disney for saying so, but everyone agreed with that."

-- [The Guardian](#)

### The Fifth Estate is only one side of the story

- THE FIFTH ESTATE is based on [two books](#), both written by people who had personal and legal disputes with WikiLeaks.
- These are personally biased sources and are now outdated by three years. They tell only one side of the story.
- These authors had an interest in portraying Julian Assange as dishonest or manipulative for competitive, personal and legal reasons.
- It is hard to imagine how a film which aims to dramatise only their version of events could genuinely aspire to being fair or accurate.
- The film does not tell the story Julian Assange or WikiLeaks staff such as Sarah Harrison, Joseph Farrell or Kristinn Hrafnsson would tell. Hopefully, soon, their story too can be told.

This is not the first feature film about Julian Assange

- Underground: The Julian Assange Story, directed by Robert Connolly, and starring Rachel Griffith and Antony LaPaglia premiered at Toronto Film Festival 2012, twelve months before THE FIFTH ESTATE. The theatrical trailer is [here](#).

The world has changed because of WikiLeaks

THE FIFTH ESTATE is careful to avoid most criticism of US foreign policy actually revealed by WikiLeaks. The film covers 2010, but almost none of the evidence WikiLeaks published that year of serious abuses within the US military and the State Department.

1. The Afghanistan War Diaries exposed the use of secret "kill lists" and assassination squads, and dramatically shifted perception of the occupation of Afghanistan and significantly reduced support for the war.
2. The Iraq War Logs showed direct US complicity in torture carried out by Iraqi authorities, enabling research and advocacy by human rights groups such as Amnesty International and efforts to obtain justice for the victims of torture and killing. They showed the true civilian death toll of the war, kept secret by the US military.
3. Cablegate has produced more news stories than any single leak in history. For years after Cablegate, the world has been awash with revelations. The BBC, the New York Times and Amnesty International, and even the US government during the trial of Private Manning, have all argued that the publication of Cablegate helped to trigger revolutions in Tunisia and across the Middle East. One cable showed US troops carrying out war crimes with impunity, triggering the Iraq government's decision to remove legal immunity from prosecution for US troops in Iraq, which directly led to the US withdrawal from Iraq and therefore helped end the Iraq War.

### The character 'Anke' wasn't there

- Although the film shows several hostile interactions between Julian Assange and Anke Domscheit-Berg, in fact Julian Assange has never met or spoken with Anke.

### The character 'Daniel' wasn't there

THE FIFTH ESTATE inserts a "Daniel Domscheit-Berg" into the story for the events of 2010, during which Collateral Murder, the two sets of War Logs and Cablegate were released. The real Domscheit-Berg was not present for any of these. The character of "Daniel" in the film is almost entirely fictitious.

- WikiLeaks was founded in 2006 by Julian Assange.
- Domscheit-Berg started as a part-time volunteer during the year 2008, based in Germany and helping remotely from there.
- He worked as a full-time volunteer only during the year 2009.
- He last saw Julian Assange in Iceland in February 2010, and was not significantly involved in WikiLeaks after this point.
- All of the key releases of US government documents in 2010 happened after this point.
- Domscheit-Berg had no involvement in the production of the Collateral Murder film. He was not even in the same country as the Collateral Murder team.
- The Afghan War Diaries were published from London in July 2010. Domscheit-Berg was in Berlin.
- Domscheit-Berg was suspended in August 2010.

- He finalized his own departure from WikiLeaks in September 2010 with the acts of sabotage against WikiLeaks servers hinted at (but perversely celebrated) in the film, making off with leaked documents which included evidence of more than 60 women and children being massacred in Afghanistan by US forces. He refused to return these materials to WikiLeaks and later claimed to have destroyed them.
- Within days he was promising to launch his own rival project, "OpenLeaks", which was subsequently abandoned without publishing a single document.
- The Iraq War Logs were published in October 2010. Domscheit-Berg was not there. Having been suspended back in August, he was at this point courting publicity for himself and speaking to Tina Klopp who ghostwrote the book on which THE FIFTH ESTATE is based. Domscheit-Berg has received hundreds of thousands of dollars of profit from the sale of the film rights to Dreamworks.
- Cablegate began publication in late November 2010 and the events following its launch went on throughout 2011. Domscheit-Berg was not there.
- Between them, Daniel Domscheit-Berg (who had been formally suspended a year prior) and the Guardian journalist David Leigh (now retired) brought about the unredacted publication of Cablegate in September 2011, but then falsely attempted to attribute the incident to WikiLeaks, a fiction the movie repeats.

#### A film about WikiLeaks without WikiLeaks

- Although THE FIFTH ESTATE purports to be about Julian Assange and WikiLeaks, the film was made without the involvement of WikiLeaks or any of its staff, including Julian Assange.
- However, parties to disputes with WikiLeaks were given consulting contracts to work on the script. These include Daniel Domscheit-Berg and Nick Davies.

- False statements were made in the closing text of the screenplay. WikiLeaks submitted via Jeff Skoll of Participant Media suggested corrections. These corrections were ignored and the closing text of the finished film retains the falsehoods.
- Although the film has premiered at the Toronto International Film Festival and numerous other media organizations have been shown review copies, the studio continues to refuse to show the film to WikiLeaks staff.
- The multi-million dollar production, produced by Dreamworks and distributed by Disney, has not financially contributed to WikiLeaks or any of its defence funds.

#### The fourth wall in The Fifth Estate

- The conclusion of THE FIFTH ESTATE breaks the dramatic "fourth wall", depicting the fictional Julian Assange speaking about the film itself from the Embassy of Ecuador in London.
- The fictional Assange recites lines paraphrased from the real Julian Assange in public statements:

JULIAN

The Wikileaks movie? Which one. That one? It's based on the worst two books. Full of lies and distortion, like all bad propaganda.

- This attempts to make the film immune to criticism by WikiLeaks or by Assange himself.
- It contaminates any future act of criticism by the real Julian Assange with the stigma of the fictional one.

#### The cult narrative is completely made up

- Julian Assange was never in a cult, but THE FIFTH ESTATE claims that he was.

- Julian Assange does not dye or bleach his hair white, as [claimed in the film](#).
- While these interpolations may serve to enhance the dramatic narrative of the film, or to build an enigmatic or interesting central character, they have the effect of further falsely mythologizing a living person as sinister and duplicitous.

#### [Julian Assange has not been charged in Sweden](#)

- The film [falsely states](#) that Julian Assange has been charged (with 'rape') and makes a number of other related false imputations.
- Julian Assange has not been charged at any stage in any country.
- That he has been detained in the United Kingdom for three years without charge is one of the reasons he has been granted political asylum.
- For more information, see <http://justice4assange.com/>

#### [WikiLeaks really was being surveilled in 2009 and 2010](#)

- WikiLeaks and Julian Assange were subject to a series of surveillance events in late 2009 and during 2010.
- The film [portrays this](#) as fanciful but this is naïve.
- A few months ago it [emerged](#) that the FBI had sent undercover agents to Iceland to attempt to infiltrate WikiLeaks.
- A [recent criminal complaint](#) submitted to German authorities details these surveillance events fully.

## Government transparency and personal privacy go together

- THE FIFTH ESTATE presents Julian Assange as a transparency zealot who believes everything should be made public, but this is wrong.
- Julian Assange believes transparency should be in proportion to power.
- For example, when the police are investigating the mafia, their operations should be kept secret as long as they need to be. But when they are using secrecy to cover up police brutality or other abuses, there is a need for transparency.
- The press should work hard to keep the identity of its sources secret, and WikiLeaks was built to do exactly this.
- The population has a right to privacy: the right not to be subject to mass surveillance by their governments. Without this, each of us is vulnerable to the abuse of power, as happened in East Germany under the Stasi.
- Working to make governments more transparent and accountable is part of the same cause assafeguarding the privacy of ordinary people.

"I believe in the right to communicate and the inviolability of history, privacy for the weak, transparency for the powerful." -- [Julian Assange](#)

## WikiLeaks protects people, not reputations

- WikiLeaks implemented rigorous harm-minimization procedures in order to ensure that no person would come to harm, and it was successful. Nobody has ever been put in danger of harm.
- WikiLeaks held back 15,000 Afghan field reports for harm minimization, but the film argues that there was no harm minimization in place.

- WikiLeaks adopted a policy of maximum disclosure, subject to the demands of protecting human life.
- The Guardian and the New York Times were more concerned with appearing to be “responsible” than with protecting human life.
- WikiLeaks published the original source material for the Iraq and Afghanistan War Diaries and for Cablegate, while the Guardian and the New York Times abused redaction in order to distort stories in line with their institutional interests and biases.
- The mainstream media partners published a tiny fraction of the State Department cables and stopped publishing them in early 2011, while WikiLeaks went on to collaborate with over 120 media organizations all over the world, bringing the full set of cables into the historical record.

### WikiLeaks modernized the press

WikiLeaks media collaborations in 2010 were a pioneering form of journalism. In large part, WikiLeaks dragged traditional news organizations into the 21st century:

- by organizing a powerful and effective international collaboration between hundreds of media organizations,
- by pioneering the use of large datasets in journalism,
- by demonstrating the importance of tough source protection to combat surveillance of journalists,
- by taking aggressive action against censorship, and
- by reasserting the importance of strong adversarial journalism.

The innovations of Julian Assange and WikiLeaks have since formed a "WikiLeaks model" for how journalism can be done, and this has been copied by media organizations all over the world.

Even parties hostile to WikiLeaks have acknowledged this. [See New York Times' Bill Keller, "On The Media" 2013.](#)

### Exposing wrongdoing is what journalists are supposed to do

- US government officials responded negatively to WikiLeaks because they were embarrassed.
- They should be embarrassed. WikiLeaks' publications showed that they were doing something wrong.
- It is not the job of journalists to rescue government officials from embarrassment.
- It is also not the job of journalists to protect governments from the diplomatic or political consequences of their own wrongdoing.
- When powerful wrongdoers fear being found out, they are forced to behave more acceptably. That is a good thing.

### Chelsea Manning must be supported

Chelsea Manning's case is extremely important, and everyone should campaign for her.

- Her case is on appeal, and she has just issued a plea for a pardon from US President Barack Obama.
- This process is happening right now. Public opinion is crucial.
- A film which falsely portrays the publications of 2010 in an ambivalent light, alleging non-existent harm, risks undercutting public opinion and playing into the hands of the US government.
- Emphasize that THE FIFTH ESTATE is fictional and there is a distinction between what it portrays and reality.

- Emphasize that Chelsea Manning should be considered to be a classic whistleblower.
- Quote from [her recent statement](#)
- Urge people to support and campaign for her.

### [Chelsea Manning's case is an LGBT issue](#)

- It is also important to note that Chelsea Manning's treatment in US military detention has acquired a new human rights dimension.
- Chelsea Manning has now publicly and voluntarily announced her status as a transgendered individual. This is no longer ambiguous.
- In 2011, she was subjected to treatment which UN Rapporteur Juan Mendez formally found to be "cruel, inhumane and degrading".
- Even former State Department spokesman PJ Crowley said that her treatment was "ridiculous, counterproductive and stupid".
- This involved prolonged solitary confinement, forced nudity and misogynistic and homophobic [verbal abuse](#).
- In the context of her declared gender identification, this treatment acquires a new dimension and should be of concern to everyone.

### [This story is not over yet](#)

The story of WikiLeaks does not end with THE FIFTH ESTATE. The film makes it look like WikiLeaks was finished in 2010. Three years later, WikiLeaks is still here, has been going from strength to strength, and the issues raised in 2010 are more urgent and relevant than ever.

- The US and UK governments are in the middle of a crackdown on whistleblowers and national security journalism. A confrontation between the free press and the secret state is currently playing out.
- The scope of the crackdown on journalism has been expanded to include the Guardian, the New York Times, the Washington Post, Associated Press and FOX News. Recent months have seen the world's press slowly wake up to this fact.
- In the past year, we have seen the Department of Justice ordering dragnet surveillance operations against Associated Press.
- In 2012, Julian Assange published a book showing how the world was being spied on by US and UK intelligence agencies, and calling for the mobilization of a mass movement against bulk surveillance.
- Just recently, WikiLeaks published "SpyFiles 3" – 249 documents from 92 global intelligence contractors. These documents reveal how, as the intelligence world has privatized, US, EU and other nations' intelligence agencies have rushed into spending millions on next-generation mass surveillance technology to target communities, groups and whole populations.
- Edward Snowden revealed that the US and UK governments are violating the privacy rights of the world's population en-masse.
- The UK government is engaging in prior restraint actions against the press. It has issued so-called "Defence Advisory" notices to dissuade newspapers in the UK from reporting on NSA and GCHQ spying. It has intimidated the Guardian UK into destroying hard drives and ceasing to report on leaked documents about GCHQ surveillance.
- The most significant journalists and whistleblowers in the world are either political exiles, political prisoners, or the targets of criminal investigations by an overreaching security state.
  - The US government has just convicted Chelsea Manning and sentenced her to 35 years in prison.

- The journalist Barrett Brown is in prison, facing trial. The charges he faces carry a maximum sentence of 105 years in prison. His pretrial detention has lasted for longer than a year so far. There is a gag order in place to prevent reportage on his trial.
- NSA whistleblowers Thomas Drake, William Binney and Kirk J. Wiebe have been subjected to a vicious persecution effort over the last six years.
- New York Times reporter James Risen is facing imprisonment because he refuses to reveal a journalistic source of a national security story.
- FOX News reporter James Rosen was named as an "unindicted co-conspirator" in the prosecution of a State Department leaker. His phone records were taken, his emails were read, and his movements were tracked by the FBI.
- A grand jury investigation into WikiLeaks has been active and ongoing for over three years. An unlawful blockade against WikiLeaks carried out by private financial firms and instigated by US government officials has been in effect for three years.
- Julian Assange has been granted asylum by the government of Ecuador. In anticipation of this, the UK government threatened to raid the Embassy of Ecuador in London in violation of the Vienna Conventions. The threat was withdrawn after global political fallout and public outcry.
- Edward Snowden is in exile in Russia having been forced to ask Russia for asylum. The US government and the governments of Europe prevented him from travelling to Latin America to seek asylum by applying diplomatic pressure, forcing down the plane of president Evo Morales of Bolivia – in violation of the Vienna Conventions, ironically in Vienna – and issuing pre-emptive extradition requests to most countries in the Western Hemisphere.
- Glenn Greenwald, a US citizen, is in effective exile in Brazil.

- Laura Poitras, the other US journalist working on the Snowden revelations, is in effective exile in Germany.
  - Sarah Harrison, the WikiLeaks journalist who accompanied Edward Snowden from Hong Kong and assisted his successful asylum bid, is in effective exile in Russia.
  - The UK government has abused terrorism legislation to detain David Miranda, the partner of Glenn Greenwald, in Heathrow airport and confiscate his property.
- Despite all of this, WikiLeaks has kept strong. WikiLeaks has continued publishing throughout the last three years. WikiLeaks has fought the unlawful banking blockade, and has partially defeated it in a significant Supreme Court victory in Iceland.
- In 2011, WikiLeaks released the Guantánamo Files – thousands of pages of documents from the Guantánamo Bay detention facility dating from 2002 to 2008.
- Later in 2011, in collaboration with Privacy International, Bugged Planet, ARD, the Bureau of Investigatieve Journalism, The Hindu, OWNI, L'Espresso and the Washington Post, WikiLeaks released the "SpyFiles 1" and "SpyFiles2" – hundreds of documents from as many as 160 intelligence contractors in the mass surveillance industry.
- In early 2012, in conjunction with over 30 media partners, WikiLeaks began publishing The Global Intelligence Files – more than five million emails from the Texas-headquartered "global intelligence" company Stratfor. The emails date from between July 2004 and late December 2011. They reveal the inner workings of a company that fronts as an intelligence publisher, but provides confidential intelligence services to large corporations, such as Bhopal's Dow Chemical Co., Lockheed Martin, Northrop Grumman, Raytheon and government agencies, including the US Department of Homeland Security, the US Marines and the US Defense Intelligence Agency. The Global Intelligence Files publication is ongoing.

- In mid 2012, along with over ten media partners, WikiLeaks began publishing the Syria Files – more than two million emails from Syrian political figures, ministries and associated companies, dating from August 2006 to March 2012. The Syria Files publication is ongoing.
- In late 2012, WikiLeaks began releasing the 'Detainee Policies': more than 100 classified or otherwise restricted files from the United States Department of Defense covering the rules and procedures for detainees in U.S. military custody.
- In early 2013, along with over ten media partners, WikiLeaks released the Kissinger Cables – more than 1.7 million US diplomatic records for the period 1973 to 1976, including 205,901 records relating to former US Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger. The cables were released along with the State Department cables from Cablegate, as part of the Public Library of US Diplomacy (PlusD) – the world's largest searchable collection of United States confidential, or formerly confidential, diplomatic communications.
- Just recently, WikiLeaks published "SpyFiles 3" – 249 documents from 92 global intelligence contractors. These documents reveal how, as the intelligence world has privatized, US, EU and other nations' intelligence agencies have rushed into spending millions on next-generation mass surveillance technology to target communities, groups and whole populations.
- In June 2013, WikiLeaks made an intervention in the case of Edward Snowden in order to assist his exit from Hong Kong, and escort him to a safe haven where he was able to successfully avail of his universal human right to apply for asylum from US persecution. The success of this action, under the noses of intelligence agencies, shows WikiLeaks' expertise and efficiency as a source-protection organization.
- WikiLeaks has remained true to its principles, has supported the strong journalism of the Snowden stories, and has committed significant resources to ensuring that Edward Snowden's rights are protected.