

THE MANSOUR CIRCLE INCIDENT

By

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**BLACK SCREEN**

SUPER: "Based on actual events..."

**SATELLITE VIEW OF MIDDLE EAST - DAY**

Zoom in on web-work of city streets around a large building.

A convoy of four Mine Resistant Ambush Protected (MRAP) vehicles enter the scene from the East. They weave danger-fast through light traffic.

SUPER: "US. officials en route to Ministry of Finance meeting, West of Baghdad"

A large, bright flash detonates MOS as the lead MRAP approaches the building.

**EXT. BAGHDAD STREET - DAY**

In front of the last two MRAPs a THUNDEROUS bubble of gold flame fills the sky before it turns into a black cloud of dust and debris.

The shock wave jars the fifteen-ton third and fourth vehicles to opposite sides of the road.

SUPER: "CHARLIE and DELTA Vehicles, Xiphos Services Corp"

Burnt, crushed remains of the second vehicle, Bravo, fall from the sky, crashes between them. Blackened body of it's final occupant, ablaze, spills into the city street.

**INT. CHARLIE VEHICLE - DAY**

Senses snap back to LYON, 28, driver. He looks to the groans of other MRAP occupants while he grasps for the radio mic.

LYON

We've been hit. Alpha and Bravo vehicles are... down. Destroyed.

Three businessmen in suits right themselves. Two Xiphos guards, STOKES and SKINNER, 30s, return to their seats. All shake heads and check ears. Guards give thumbs up.

BASE (RADIO V.O.)

Copy, Charlie. You and Delta return to base with financiers. Red Team is scrambled for escort support. Over.

Stokes pops the turret hatch as Lyon turns the vehicle around.

**EXT. CHARLIE VEHICLE - DAY**

Stokes waves to the turret gunner in Delta vehicle. BECK, 30, returns wave. Thumbs up then mans the 50.cal.

Delta vehicle behind them, both perform J-turns and pick up speed back down the way they came.

ROCK AND ROLL music blares from Stoke's iPhone earbuds.

STOKES

(into radio mic)

Beck. You noticing all the friendlies on the street?

BECK (RADIO V.O.)

Dude, they just got bombed by their next door neighbor. I'd wanna see what the hell was going on, too.

STOKES

Dumbass insurgents need to keep their hajibs in their huts.

BECK (RADIO V.O.)

Ha-Jabs.

**EXT. MANSOUR CIRCLE - DAY**

Three Red Team Humvees rocket down the street, join and lead Charlie and Delta vehicles just as they enter the traffic circle from the West.

SUPER: "Mansour Circle, West Baghdad"

Southbound on the circle's East roadway a white truck passes a waving traffic officer motioning for it to stop.

**EXT. DELTA VEHICLE - DAY**

Beck has his 50. cal trained on it.

BECK

Stop! Stop! Stop, you stupid-- !

Stokes fires a short burst through the windshield. The driver slumps. The vehicle's momentum keeps it moving at ramming speed on an intersect course with the convoy.

Beck pours rounds into it's front tires. Rubber, paint and sparks fly. The vehicle slows only a little.

**EXT. MANSOUR CIRCLE - DAY**

Skinner stands up through the turret beside Stokes and levels a M203 grenade gun at the truck.

STOKES  
Bomb! Bomb! Bomb!

Skinner fires a grenade through through the windshield. The explosion sets the interior on fire as it grinds to a halt.

**BECK - (VISION)**

Three vehicles enter the circle on the opposite side heading East.

**STOKES - (VISION)**

Just at the edge of his 10 o'clock peripheral vision, where the vehicles travel in the opposite direction, flashes shine.

**EXT. MANSOUR CIRCLE - PRESENT**

Stokes swings his 50. cal. left as Skinner exchanges the M203 for a M-4 marksman rifle.

STOKES  
Ambush this mother fucker!

He pours ammunition into the lead vehicle.

The traffic officer makes wild waves at Stokes to stop.

Beck looks to Stokes, looks to the officer, screams at Stokes. Both go unheard over the boom of gunfire.

IRAQI OFFICER	BECK
(in Arabic)	Stokes! Stop! They're
Stop! No! No! Please stop!	friendlies!

With his M-4, Skinner fires a burst into the driver of the third vehicle, driver slumps, passenger grabs the wheel. Skinner fires three more rounds, passenger slumps.

The Iraqi officer runs at Charlie vehicle waving his hat. Frustrated, Beck throws his bottled water at Stokes and Skinner.

Stokes swings to the trapped second vehicle. Strafing gunfire riddles the front quarter panel, driver's door and cabin.

Windshield and door glass shatter. Storefront windows behind the vehicles fall down. Pedestrians on the sidewalk fall down.

Amidst all this activity, HOGUE, 30, marksman for Delta vehicle, rises beside Beck in the turret with his M-4.

#### **HOGUE - (VISION)**

A screaming Iraqi, with something in his hand, runs at Charlie vehicle. Stokes and Skinner, firing across the traffic circle, do not respond to the man's advance.

#### **EXT. MANSOUR CIRCLE - DAY**

Before Beck realizes what Hogue sees, Hogue levels his M-4 at the Iraqi traffic officer.

#### **INT. NICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

CARTER, 45, lean and tall, pulls a chair and sits down across from Beck who taps his pen.

SUPER: "US State Department Offices, Baghdad. Two hours after incident"

BECK  
Gimme my memo.

Carter's eyes never let off Beck as he slides several papers across the table.

Beck checks boxes and fills in blanks.

CARTER  
You know what you're signing--

BECK  
Ain't my first rodeo, chief.

Carter, single hand on table, watches Beck's face.

CARTER

How many--

**QUICK FLASHES - DOWN A RIFLE'S SIGHTS**

-- STREET - Two men at house corner. Shot. Forty meters.

-- ROCK WALL - Man with RPG. Shot. Fifteen meters.

-- SHELLED APARTMENT BUILDING - Many men in shadows, three stories up, flashes. Strafing shots. Two hundred meters.

-- STREET - Teen with crappy pistol. Shoots simultaneously. One point five meters.

-- HOSPITAL - chest wrapped in gauze,

-- blood filled tubes from chest to floor,

-- IVs in each arm,

-- twenty guys standing around singing happy birthday with Stokes, Skinner and Lyon up front,

-- Hogue sneaks him a beer under the bed covers.

**INT. NICE INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT**

Beck's pace of writting doesn't slow.

BECK

Four times. Five attributed kills.  
Cleared for immediate duty on each  
and every one.

Beck looks up at Carter.

BECK

Even when I was hospitalized.

**INT. INTERROGATION MONITORING ROOM**

A MONITOR ANALYST sits as two men stand behind him, SIDDIQI and LUSK, both 40, navy blue sport shirts, kahkis and tactical boots. Xiphos ID badges clipped to pants waists.

All eyes are on four different color video feeds where Carter leans back. Beck resumes filling out the form.

SIDDIQI  
(unidentifiable accent)  
That is one dyed in the ram's wool  
sunuvabitch.

LUSK  
Hmm.

The Monitor Analyst toggles and twists a joystick to zoom in  
an overhead camera on the form.

LUSK  
We'll see how much of a patriot he  
is soon enough.

**INSERT FORM HEADING**

"Sworn Statement," provided as follows:

I, Robert O. Beck, hereby make the following statement  
at the request of Special Agent Carter, who has been  
identified to me as a Special Agent of the U.S. Department  
of State, Diplomatic Security Service. I understand that  
this statement is made in furtherance of an official  
administrative inquiry regarding potential misconduct or  
improper performance of official duties and that  
disciplinary action, including dismissal from the  
Department's Xiphos Services Corps contract, may be  
undertaken if I refuse to provide this statement or fail to  
do so fully and truthfully. I further understand that  
neither my statements nor any information or evidence gained  
by reason of my statements can be used against me in a  
criminal proceeding, except that if I knowingly and  
willfully provide false statements or information, I may be  
criminally prosecuted for that action under 18 United States  
Code, Section 1001.

**INT. NICE INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT**

As Beck whizzes through his report Carter holds up his hand.

CARTER  
Stop.

Beck keeps writing. Doesn't look up.

BECK  
What?

CARTER

Can you explain to me what all that top part gibberish means?

Beck keeps on writing away.

BECK

You want me to explain your form to you in big words or in little words that the Justice Department can understand?

**INT. INTERROGATION MONITORING ROOM**

All three men laugh. Siddiqi and Lusk step back and turn away.

SIDDIQI

Mother of Christ!

LUSK

I'm a believer.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Carter, in boxers and tank top tee shirt, sits on his bed surrounded by folders, documents and laptop.

Bedside table lamp is the room's only illumination while he talks on a satellite phone.

CARTER

Yes, sir. He can play dirty.

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL OFFICE - DAY**

An unseen Congressman sits at his desk. GPN News plays muted on one TV across from him, "Carnival of Souls" on another.

SUPER: "D.C., Twelve hours after incident"

CONGRESSMAN

Good. And you have a clean team for the prosecution?

**INT. NICE INTERROGATION ROOM - (FLASHBACK - MOS)**

-- Carter moves his hands about a diagram of the traffic circle on a dry erase board.

-- Three guards, late 20s, sit and listen, then reply.

-- Carter listens, nods, cracks a grin.

**INT. BEDROOM - PRESENT**

CARTER  
Three straight-ups from Red Team.

**INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION**

CONGRESSMAN  
Good. Do you have any media worth fishing for?

CARTER  
Depends. We buying or selling?

CONGRESSMAN  
Oh, selling it, for sure. This is a pretty big one, Dave. State's pissin' their pants. Justice is shittin' in theirs. I'm all for expanding our corruptive influence over the media.

CARTER  
I've got no one here of value we don't already have at least one finger in deep. You have anyone in mind?

**EXT. MANSOUR CIRCLE - DAY**

Carter, Siddiqi and Lusk, now in ball-caps, sunglasses and belt-clip pistols, report copies in hand, talk to pedestrians and business owners.

SUPER "Fifty hours after incident"

CONGRESSMAN (V.O.)  
As a matter of fact I do. Seems our new Governor is in a pickle over a slaughterhouse or something.

**INSERT XIPHOS SERVICES CORPS FIREARMS DISCHARGE REPORT**

On the form, a hand-drawn diagram of the traffic circle indicates the positions of vehicles, lines of fire and red Xs where "insurgents" were killed.

CARTER (V.O.)  
Some of Wilson's farm stock come up  
with mad cow?

An aged Iraqi finger touches on the diagram a red X just in front of where Charlie vehicle was.

CONGRESSMAN (V.O.)  
No. His jobs base expansion project  
may have hit it's first big snag.

**INT. KGPN GREAT PLAINS NETWORK OFFICE - DAY**

SAM, 55, comfortable in his business suit, pen over reports, checks his laptop when a email DINGS in. Clicks it open.

CONGRESSMAN (V.O.)  
Sam Barnett might be able to be  
brought into our black sheep fold.

Sam leans toward the screen as he reads.

**EXT. MANSOUR CIRCLE - DAY**

Siddiqi and a ELDER IRAQI MAN look up from the papers, the Iraqi points across the roadway to where Lusk stands.

Lusk, examines dried blood on the pebbles and sand ten meters from the white spray-paint marks on the street where Charlie vehicle was.

CARTER (V.O.)  
Full reports will be in your secure  
fax in... thirty six hours.

Lusk looks right of those marks to those of where Delta vehicle stood. He looks back at his own report copies.

CONGRESSMAN (V.O.)  
I'll get prosecution up to speed  
and on board here. They'll be  
landing in about twelve hours.

He looks across the street, littered with brass shells, where Carter, papers in hand, talks to several Iraqi pedestrians.

CARTER (V.O.)  
I'll start ditrying the water here.

Carter hands a paper to a MIDDLE-AGED IRAQI MAN. The man looks at it. A Tall Iraqi Woman looks over his shoulder.

**INSERT HAND DRAWN MAP**

On a blank sheet of paper, a hand drawn map lays out vehicle positions similar to, but not the same as, what Siddiqi just showed to the Elder Iraqi Man.

**EXT. MANSOUR CIRCLE - DAY**

The heads of Carter's group look up at the traffic circle, the Middle-Aged Iraqi Man points side to side, gestures machine gun fire.

CONGRESSMAN (V.O.)  
Make it muddy, Dave.

CLICK.

Carter watches him, repeats the action back to the man, the man and others all nod.

Siddiqi steps up beside Lusk.

SIDDIQI  
Fuckin' disaster.

LUSK  
Tell me about it.

They turn and walk to the three burned-out vehicles across the traffic circle.

Behind them, Carter thanks and steps away from the Iraqis towards the two. He trots across the road to catch up.

The Iraqi man still holds Carter's map in his hand, looks over his shoulder as he walks away.

Satisfied grin on Carter's face.

**INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT**

Fifty Xiphos Services guards, some in navy blue sport shirts, most in tee shirts, all in ACU trousers and tactical boots, lounge about watching GPN News on TV.

SUPER: "Xiphos Services Corps Residential Compound. Sixty hours after incident"

Centered on the main couch are the three guards Carter interviewed in the interrogation room. FITZ, MCGILL and MINTZ. Each in their sport shirts over tee-shirts, ACU trousers and boots.

Carter, seated with others across the room, twirls a bottled water as he watches them.

### **TELEVISION**

BOB PETERS, 50, GPN anchorman extraordinaire, updates viewers on "The Mansour Circle Massacre".

Candid camera interviews with several angry or crying or angry crying Iraqis include The Elder Iraqi Man, the Middle-Aged Iraqi Man and the Tall Iraqi Woman.

### **INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT**

Carter notes Fitz, McGill and Mintz discussing and shaking their heads.

Amidst the room's chatter...

BOB PETERS (TV V.O.)  
"... five Xiphos Services employees  
to be charged with manslaughter in  
the unjustified deaths of ten  
unarmed Iraqi civilians..."

Through the lobby Stokes, Skinner, Lyon, Hogue and Beck walk towards the front door.

Carter notes their passing interest in what's on TV. They all laugh as they open the lobby doors to the streetlight lit outside.

### **FADE TO BLACK**

### **SCROLL**

"Despite on scene investigations by the US State department, US Army Regional Command, the Iraqi Police Department and Xiphos Services Corps no credible evidence was found of any insurgent activity that day.

Almost three years later, U.S. District Court Judge Richard Upton dismissed weapons and manslaughter charges against the five employees of Xiphos Services Corps.

The Judge dismissed the case due to "reckless violation of the defendants' constitutional rights," mishandled evidence stemming from key statements made by the defendants after the incident and used extensively by the prosecution to build their case against the defendants.

Not because the five were innocent."

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY**

Two YOUNG IRAQI MEN look through scopes atop AK-47s.

They look over the building's Southern edge across Mansour Circle as three Humvees and two MRAPs enter from the West.

They watch the turret gunners destroy the white truck.

The men level cross hairs on the 50. cal. gunners when three vehicles enter the traffic circle from the East.

Distracted, their shots go wild and miss their targets.

When the turret gunner re-directs fire in their direction into the lead vehicle the two men pick up their spent shells and leave the rooftop hunched over and unseen.

**FADE TO WHITE:**

**THE END**

[https://ecf.dcd.uscourts.gov/cgi-bin/show\\_public\\_doc?2008cr0360-217](https://ecf.dcd.uscourts.gov/cgi-bin/show_public_doc?2008cr0360-217)