

# **UNTHINKABLE**

by

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REVISED EIGHTH MASTER DRAFT  
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**INT. FREDERICKSBURG HOUSE - DAY**

ROLL CREDITS over scene.

Black screen. Then an image as shot by a fixed video camera. A man leans forward with a remote, turning the camera on. He is nervous, clears his throat. He sits and looks into the camera, a note pad on his lap.

YOUNGER (TO CAMERA)  
*My name is William Arthur Younger.  
I am an American citizen...*

He looks down at his notes. He turns the video off.

**Blackout.** He turns on again.

YOUNGER (TO CAMERA)  
*I have certain demands which...*  
(he looks at his notes)  
*My demands will be...I have demands  
that must be met by you, or...*

He sighs, and turns the video off.

**Blackout.** He turns on again.

YOUNGER (TO CAMERA)  
*My name is Yusuf Atta Mohammed. You  
know me as...*

A cell phone rings. He quickly finds it and checks the caller. Not the call he had hoped for. He puts the phone aside, and sinks his head in his hands. He reaches for the remote.

**Blackout.** He turns the video on again, and stares straight at the camera, now calm and determined.

YOUNGER (TO CAMERA)  
*In the name of Allah the merciful, and  
his prophet Mohammed, peace be upon  
him...*

**EXT. BALTIMORE STREET - FRIDAY MORNING**

FIORINI is out for her morning run. She is in her 30's, slim, and wearing shorts, a tee shirt, an MP3 player.

Up the street, a group of men leave a mosque. Sandals, white robes, beards, turbans. They surround an OLD MAN and guide him along the sidewalk. As she approaches them, FIORINI stops, and stretches against a lamp post, her ass in the air. The OLD MAN looks at her in alarm. He crosses the street, away from her.

Clicks of camera shutters. He and the men around him are caught in a series of photographs.

**INT. OBSERVATION HOUSE, BALTIMORE - MINUTES LATER**

FIORINI comes through the door, panting. In the room are several cameras by the window. A young black man, DEEJAY JACKSON, is on a

cell phone. MICHAEL LEONARD, same age as FIORINI but less senior, goes through the photographs on a computer. FIORINI towels off.

FIORINI  
Did you get them?

LEONARD  
Perfect angle.

JACKSON (ON PHONE)  
The old guy, white turban, black scarf  
around it. You got him? Good.

FIORINI  
Jeez. If I have to spend another  
Friday in these dam hot pants...

**INT. FBI AREA OFFICE, BALTIMORE - SATURDAY MORNING**

A picture of the OLD MAN is pinned to a wall of boards covered with a hundred pictures, names, and lines drawn between them. FIORINI and her two agents are in a crime room, a bunch of photographs on the table. Through a glass wall is the main FBI office, full of other agents at their desks.

JACKSON  
He went back to the Imam's house. He  
has no immigration violations, no  
record, nothing we can nail him on.

FIORINI  
Dam.

LEONARD  
How did you know they'd cross the  
street?

FIORINI  
Fitna.

JACKSON  
What?

FIORINI  
Fitna. Means 'a dangerous woman'. We  
make men forget their families, forget  
Allah. They avoid us, we're dangerous,  
and if you have any pictures of my ass  
there, believe me that will be true.

PHILLIPS, a new young agent, enters, with a stack of papers.

PHILLIPS  
I'm really sorry...

FIORINI  
Agent Phillips, if we have a meeting  
at ten, don't turn up at half past.

PHILLIPS  
I got the phone logs of every suspect  
in the outer circle. I was up all  
night, I was looking for patterns.

FIORINI  
Did you find any?

PHILLIPS  
Well..no.

FIORINI sighs.

LEONARD  
Oh, come on, we have so many leads.

FIORINI  
Mike, we get wider and wider, but we  
don't get deeper.  
(she turns to the board)  
A mosque with a crazy Imam and a bunch  
of militant Muslims. They say nasty  
things, nasty friends in Pakistan, but  
what evidence do we have?

JACKSON  
We have them receiving large amounts  
of money from suspect organizations...

FIORINI  
To rebuild the mosque.

JACKSON  
Or material support for a terrorist  
conspiracy.

FIORINI  
To do what, about what? We have  
nothing that would stand up.

LEONARD  
We could get them on jaywalking. And  
there's a case of indecent display...

He points to a picture of the men, with FIORINI behind them,  
bending over in her shorts.

FIORINI  
NOT funny...

**IN THE MAIN OFFICE**, VINCENT sits at his desk. An older guy, good  
looking. Through the internal windows to the crime room, he can  
see FIORINI, wrapping up. He looks at her a little longer than he  
should. Near him are Agents TUCKER and UNSWORTH. A TV on a wall  
is showing pictures of a man, and three basement rooms.

TV NEWS ANNOUNCER, CNN  
*...a murder followed by a kidnapping  
of a group of children. The alert  
began in Cincinnati, and is now  
nationwide, and urgent. Do you  
(MORE)*

TV NEWS ANNOUNCER, CNN (cont'd)  
*recognize this man, or any of these  
 places?...*

VINCENT  
 Hey Tucker, will you turn that off?

TUCKER  
 Something going on. You seen this?

FIORINI comes out of the crime room, and leans on VINCENT's desk.

VINCENT  
 Not going so well?

FIORINI  
 Three months, a thousand contacts, a  
 mass of evidence, all about nothing.  
 There's a big chunk of this missing. I  
 look at that board, I think maybe it's  
 right there and I just can't see it.

VINCENT  
 Yeah. Scary.

FIORINI  
 I'm not scared, Vince, just concerned.

VINCENT  
 You wanted to lead an investigation.

FIORINI  
 I really thought we might have  
 something here...

VINCENT gazes at her.

VINCENT (QUIETLY)  
 So did I.

FIORINI gives him a look.

VINCENT (QUIETLY)  
 Sorry.

TUCKER  
 Is she hitting on you again?

VINCENT  
 What's the matter, jealous?

UNSWORTH  
 Last time anyone hit on him was 1978.

VINCENT laughs. TUCKER flicks the TV remote. The same news.

TUCKER  
 Hey...this guy's on every channel.

UNSWORTH  
 Check out shopping channel, 56.

The Shopping Channel comes up.

UNSWORTH  
There you go, real American TV, none  
of this public service crap.

TV HOST, SHOPPING CHANNEL  
*As you know we don't break for news,  
but we like to help law enforcement,  
we want to show you some pictures...*

The same pictures. The man. The basements. The Agents watch.

UNSWORTH  
First time I seen that...

TV HOST, SHOPPING CHANNEL  
*The man has been named as William  
Younger, aged 38. If you have seen  
this man or have any information...*

FIORINI  
Oh my God...

She runs **INTO THE CRIME ROOM**, and points to a face on the outer  
edge of the board.

FIORINI  
Who's covering this guy? Younger?

PHILLIPS  
He's one of mine.

FIORINI  
Well I think he got away from you.

She points at the TV, visible through the glass wall in the next  
room, showing the face of William YOUNGER. VINCENT comes in.

FIORINI  
Get his file. Where is that?

VINCENT  
Cincinnati.

FIORINI  
Get me the Field Office there, right  
now. Jesus Christ, the TV has this  
before we do? Phillips?

JACKSON is on the phone, PHILLIPS fumbles with the file.

PHILLIPS  
William Younger, only seen him twice  
at the mosque. I got his military  
file, nothing in it. No current  
address, no record, no history of  
extremism. His Mother is a Muslim,  
family connection to Aliah Mustafa.  
This one.

FIORINI  
Why isn't that on the board?

LEONARD  
She's connected to everybody.

FIORINI  
Ask Mister Baines to step in here.

JACKSON  
I think he's coming...

JACKSON is looking through the glass wall behind them. Men in dark suits hurry into the main office and take up position near the doors. Supervisor BAINES leads another man into the crime room.

FIORINI  
Sir, we just...

BAINES  
This is Mister Saunders, for those of you who don't know, he's our Deputy Director. This is Agent Fiorini.

The team are astonished. JACKSON puts down the phone. SAUNDERS is a big man of 50, grim, and serious. He gives FIORINI a look.

SAUNDERS  
Your operation?

FIORINI  
Yes Sir.

She looks to BAINES for a lead. Nothing. SAUNDERS sees the picture of FIORINI's ass.

FIORINI  
We weren't expecting your visit, Sir.

SAUNDERS studies the board.

SAUNDERS  
These are your suspects?

FIORINI  
Yes Sir.

SAUNDERS  
We need to bring them in. All of them, their families, their relations, their business associates, their friends, every contact you have in every single file.

FIORINI  
That would take hundreds of agents.

SAUNDERS  
You have thousands. Anything you want, anything you need, you got it. Every  
(MORE)

SAUNDERS (cont'd)  
agent in the bureau will be available.  
And every cop on the street.

SAUNDERS looks at the TV, showing pictures of YOUNGER and of three basement rooms.

SAUNDERS  
We need him, and we need to find those places.

FIORINI  
That's a murder kidnap, Sir.

SAUNDERS  
Don't believe what you see on TV.  
These gentlemen are here to ensure security. Every call you make will now be monitored. We'll contact your families, tell them you'll not be home for a while.

Other Suits start to bring in boxes of files into the Main Office.

SAUNDERS  
You will be getting a few thousand new files, these are paper files, not computerized, not even on our system. You need to cover them, fast. The slightest relevance to your investigation and we bring them in.

FIORINI  
Sir, you have to tell us what this is about.

SAUNDERS  
No I don't. You should know that FBI is no longer the lead agency in this investigation. You will be briefed in due course.

The agents are stunned.

SAUNDERS  
You'd better make a start. We may not have much time...

**INT. H'S HOME, NEAR WASHINGTON - DAY**

A suburban home outside Washington. A security gate at the end of a long drive, with walls surrounding the house and garden. Inside, in the kitchen, RINA makes breakfast, while the TV plays.

Through open glass doors, out in the garden, a man is lying on his back, playing with his children. KATIE, aged seven, plays with a ball. PETER, aged five, bounces on his father's stomach, laughing.

KATIE  
Catch it, Daddy!

H  
I can't, sweetheart, I got a monster on me.

The man, H, tickles PETER, who rolls off him. H stands.

H  
I got to take a break. Katie, try to  
keep the ball off Mommy's flowers.

H walks inside. The TV is playing.

TV NEWS ANNOUNCER, CNN  
*The breaking news right now is a case  
that involves the murder of a police  
officer, and the abduction of a number  
of children.*

A red light on the wall begins to flash, with an alarm beep. RINA automatically picks up the TV remote and flicks it on to a security camera image. A mail van is driving up to the front gate. RINA speaks with an Eastern European accent.

RINA  
Mailman.

She cycles through six different screens. Each one shows a security camera image of every side of the house, the garden, and back to the front gate - where she sees the mailman get out.

RINA  
It's a mailwoman today. She's cute,  
you want to see?

H  
You check out the mailman when I'm not  
here?

RINA  
Every day.

H smiles, and leans on the counter. RINA turns the TV back on.

TV NEWS ANNOUNCER, CNN  
*Or maybe you know one of these places?  
They could be basement areas in your  
building, a workshop or garage...*

H sees a large fly land on the wall. He flicks it with a cloth, but misses. The fly lands on the kitchen counter. Instantly a hand SMASHES down on it. RINA wipes her hand, and the counter, and continues preparing food. H turns back to the TV.

**INT. FBI AREA OFFICE, BALTIMORE - DAY**

The main office and the crime room are now packed with agents. Lots of action, and more files arriving all the time. LEONARD'S desk is covered with files.

LEONARD  
That's a no, these are yes.

An Agent picks up a stack of files. LEONARD calls after him.

LEONARD  
No, wait, I haven't seen those!

BAINES  
People! Every file goes to Fiorini's team for final action. You reject nothing until they say so.

TUCKER and UNSWORTH enter the crime room, heading for FIORINI, at the board. PHILLIPS makes circles around various faces.

PHILLIPS  
Okay, this one, the family is here, but he's in Pakistan.

FIORINI  
Bring in the family. And this guy's important, make a call.

TUCKER  
Fiorini, a word.

FIORINI  
If it's quick.

UNSWORTH  
Last year we had an assignment. A covert operation went wrong. They wanted us to wipe their asses.

TUCKER  
There was this guy, Henry Roberts. They wanted him, we couldn't find him. But here he is, address, everything.

He gives FIORINI a file, she looks at it quickly. Photographs, a few nearly empty pages with some large print - "Refer to Departmental Chiefs before any further action". Also an envelope, sealed, and stamped "RESTRICTED".

JACKSON  
Do we have number forty-three, Aliah Mustafa?

FIORINI  
I sent three teams out, nothing yet.  
(to TUCKER and UNSWORTH)  
Guys, I have fifty files on my desk, where is this from?

UNSWORTH  
O.G.A. Other Government Agencies.

FIORINI  
What was this case about?

TUCKER  
We never knew.

FIORINI puts the file down and talks to BAINES as he passes.

FIORINI  
Sir, we still don't have the file on  
Younger.

BAINES  
Restricted access, not available yet.

FIORINI  
We have a profiling team, they have  
nothing to work on. Sir, when do we  
find out what this is...

BAINES  
Soon.

BAINES moves on.

UNSWORTH  
The file says refer to Departmental...

FIORINI  
Listen, I don't have time, you go pick  
him up, tell me about it later.

FIORINI moves on. The agents look at each other, unhappy.

**INT. H'S HOME, NEAR BALTIMORE - DAY**

RINA is ironing clothes in the kitchen. In the living room, H is  
reading to PETER and KATIE.

H  
So Mummy Bear and Daddy Bear and Baby  
Bear all fell fast asleep. You think  
it's true?

PETER  
Yes.

KATIE  
No!

The red light on the wall flashes. RINA clicks the remote. She  
doesn't like what she sees. She exchanges a look with H.

H  
You'd better check, see if they're  
sleeping. Go get the bears, go on.

The kids run. H walks into the front room, and opens a cupboard.  
Inside is a panel of six video monitors. He glances at them, and  
freezes. One screen shows a car parked down the drive, and two men  
in suits walking towards the gate. H takes out a cell phone.  
The kids burst in, holding a bunch of teddy bears.

PETER  
We found them. We got them!

H  
Oh, that's great, go show Mummy,  
quick, quick.

The kids run from the room. H dials the cell phone. The men reach the front gate. The doorbell rings in the house. H calls out.

H  
I got it!

**INT. CHARLIE THOMAS'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

A garbage heap of an office. CHARLIE THOMAS is 50, and equally disheveled, gray hair, bad teeth. He shouts down a phone.

CHARLIE  
I don't care, you keep them secure,  
you do nothing until I tell you. You  
understand?

Another telephone starts ringing. CHARLIE checks the caller ID.

CHARLIE  
I got to go, call me if you need to,  
and you do NOT need to...

He puts down one phone. He takes a breath, then answers the other.

**INTERCUT WITH H'S HOUSE**, as H looks at the monitor. The two men stand at the gate, and ring the doorbell again.

CHARLIE  
H, I was going to talk to you...

H  
Charlie, do I have a problem?

CHARLIE  
No, but we may need to call you in...

H  
I got two guys outside my gate, are  
they ours?

CHARLIE  
What? No.

On the monitor, there's only one man at the front gate. H flicks to the monitor of the side wall, and sees the other man walking round to the back of the house.

H  
You sure Charlie, one hundred percent?

CHARLIE  
Of course I am. There's no-one on your  
case.

H  
Jesus. I deal with this, then you  
relocate us immediately.

CHARLIE  
H, hold on...

H  
This is my family, goddam it! You send  
some people NOW!

CHARLIE  
We'll get there, you have priority...

H  
You said that last time, Charlie.

H rings off.

CHARLIE  
H? H! Crap.

**INT. H'S HOME, NEAR WASHINGTON - DAY**

H sees the man at the front gate talk into a cell phone. He flicks the monitor, and sees the man at the back of the house, also talking into his phone.

RINA hurries the children into a room and closes the door on them.

H unlocks and opens a drawer, and takes out two handguns.

**INT. FBI AREA OFFICE, BALTIMORE - DAY**

The organized chaos continues in the office. FIORINI shouts down a phone. Her cell phone rings, and she searches for it.

FIORINI (PHONE)  
We have 80 suspects there, more on the way. You make it dam clear that it may be a military facility, but we have custody. We're sending more agents right now...  
Material support for terrorism, it's all we can hold them on...  
Of course you read their rights, what kind of question is that? I got to go.  
(she clicks on her cell phone)  
Fiorini.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**INT. / EXT. HELICOPTER IN FLIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

CHARLIE THOMAS is a passenger, shouting into his phone.

CHARLIE (PHONE)  
Agent Fiorini? My name is Charles Thomas. I am connected to the Defense Intelligence Agency. This is a matter of extreme national security.

FIORINI  
What do you mean, connected? How did you get my personal number?

CHARLIE  
You got a thousand new files today, I  
wouldn't know that, or your number,  
unless I was for real.

FIORINI  
I'm sorry, I can't discuss this ...

CHARLIE  
Listen to me, please, I do not want  
information. One file was sent to you  
in error. Name of Henry Roberts. It  
was a mistake. He is an extremely  
dangerous man...hello?

FIORINI  
Wait.

CHARLIE  
No!

FIORINI puts the phone down, and looks on her desk for the file.

**INT. H'S HOME, WASHINGTON D.C. - CONTINUOUS**

TUCKER knocks at H's front door. No answer. He tries the door -  
it is open. He draws his gun, and enters, slowly. He calls out.

TUCKER  
This is FBI. We saw someone in the  
house. Identify yourself, please.

**INT. FBI AREA OFFICE, WASHINGTON D.C. - CONTINUOUS**

FIORINI finds the file, and picks up the phone.

FIORINI  
Yes, I have the file.

CHARLIE  
I KNOW you have the goddam file! If  
you sent people there, withdraw them  
immediately.  
(the cell phone breaks up)  
Do not approach him, I repeat you must  
not approach him...

FIORINI  
Hello? Hello?  
(The line is dead.)  
Hey Vince, would you call Tucker and  
Unsworth, urgent.

VINCENT  
Okay.

She picks up the sealed envelope from the file and looks at the  
print on it. "RESTRICTED". She opens it. The first page, in large  
red print. "Personal information restricted. This man is armed and  
dangerous. No approach to be made to subject or family. No

approach under any circumstances. Departmental Chiefs contact Charles Thomas at Service before any further action".

**INT. H'S HOME, NEAR WASHINGTON - DAY**

UNSWORTH enters the back door of the house. Not a sound anywhere. In the FRONT ROOM, TUCKER is moving slowly. A closet door opens behind him. RINA is in there with a gun.

RINA  
Freeze! You turn round and I shoot.

IN THE NEXT ROOM, UNSWORTH creeps towards the hall, gun raised.

RINA  
Put your gun on the floor and slide it away.

TUCKER  
I'm Special Agent Tucker, FBI...

RINA  
You shut up, slide the gun away and turn round.

TUCKER complies.

TUCKER  
I'm FBI, I'm sure you don't want...

RINA  
You take out your ID, throw it at my feet.

TUCKER does so. RINA slowly bends down to pick it up. UNSWORTH is now behind the open doorway. His cell phone rings. RINA looks up, UNSWORTH comes round the corner.

UNSWORTH  
PUT THE GUN DOWN, PUT IT DOWN!

He doesn't have a shot. TUCKER is between him and RINA. TUCKER knows he must jump aside. RINA SCREAMS at him.

RINA  
YOU MOVE AND I SHOOT!

UNSWORTH  
PUT THE GUN DOWN!

TUCKER dives for his weapon, another door opens, H is there holding a gun, UNSWORTH swings his weapon round.

H FIRES A SHOT.

**EXT. H'S HOME, NEAR WASHINGTON - CONTINUOUS**

A SERIES OF SHOTS from inside the house.

**INT. FBI AREA OFFICE, WASHINGTON D.C. - CONTINUOUS**

VINCENT is still on the phone. FIORINI looks up from the file.

VINCENT  
No answer from either.

FIORINI  
Oh shit...

**EXT. H'S HOME, NEAR BALTIMORE - LATER**

A helicopter circles round the house. FBI SWAT teams move into position at the back, and approach the front, hugging whatever cover they can find. Suddenly the front gate slides open. H comes out of the front door, looking up at the helicopter.

RADIO VOICE  
Suspect is outside, in the front yard.

H walks into the front yard and stops. VINCENT, by the front gate, pulls out a bullhorn.

VINCENT  
FBI! Stay where you are.

VINCENT signals, and other agents run into the front yard and take positions, aiming their weapons at H.

RADIO VOICE  
He has an object in his right hand.

VINCENT  
Keep your hands away from your body.

H  
I'm fifty feet away, you don't need a bull horn. What the fuck are you people doing here?

VINCENT  
Who else is in the house?

H  
My wife and two kids, and you assholes better not scare them.

H holds up the black object in his hand.

H  
This is the remote for my garage door.  
I am now going to open it.

VINCENT  
No!

The agents duck as H pushes the button. The garage door slowly opens, some agents swing their weapons to cover it. In the garage, TUCKER is taped to a chair. UNSWORTH lies on the floor, one hand cuffed to the wall, and blood coming from his mouth. There's a dressing on his stomach, and blood from there also.

VINCENT  
Christ...

TUCKER

You're safe to approach, get a medic!

Some agents run towards the garage, other run for the front door.

H

Don't frighten my kids!

VINCENT

Face down on the ground, hands behind your back, now!

VINCENT jumps on him, pushing him down hard, and cuffing him.

H

Who the fuck sent you to my house, you stupid... goddam...

VINCENT

You are under arrest, you have a right to remain silent, anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law...

**INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER**

H sits alone, angry. VINCENT enters with FIORINI, holding a file.

FIORINI

I am Agent Fiorini, this is Agent Vincent...

H

Did you send those guys? Are you responsible for this?

FIORINI

Sir, I think you may be responsible for shooting an FBI Agent. You are Henry Roberts?

H

Who gave you a file on me?

FIORINI

Is that your name?

H

No. It's a false identity.

FIORINI

Okay. You've been read your rights...

H

My guy is coming.

VINCENT

You haven't made a call. No-one knows you're here.

H says nothing. FIORINI slides a picture of YOUNGER towards him.

FIORINI

Can I ask you, do you recognize him?

H looks at the picture.

H  
Yes.

FIORINI just nods, her smile giving nothing away.

H  
Is this your screw-up?

FIORINI  
You have a first name you can give me?  
A real one?

H sighs and shakes his head.

H  
Okay, let's play the game, all smiles,  
make nice to me, you know how it goes.  
You can call me H. What's your first  
name, Fiorini?

FIORINI  
Felicity.

H  
Oh that's so cute, now we're such good  
friends, right?

VINCENT  
Attempted murder is not a joke.

H  
Your agents came to my home, my  
*children* were there. If I wanted to  
kill them, I could have.  
(to FIORINI)  
You have made a serious mistake.

FIORINI  
The Agent you shot, he identified  
himself as FBI?

H  
I didn't get a chance to check him.

FIORINI  
So you *did* shoot him?

H  
Oh, Felicity, you are so good at this.

FIORINI  
He could have died. You gave him  
coagulant to stop the bleeding,  
morphine for the pain.

H  
I'm a Saint.

FIORINI  
You have those things just lying  
around the house?

H  
Yes.

FIORINI  
Well thank you, H, you did the right  
thing. You said you recognized him?

She points casually to the picture on the desk.

H  
Yes. From the TV.

The door opens. BAINES walks in, with CHARLIE and EVE ZACHARY, an elegant woman of 45. FIORINI and VINCENT are confused.

BAINES  
Agent Fiorini, we have received  
instructions. This interview is  
suspended.

H (TO CHARLIE)  
You bastard, I RELY ON YOU. You  
told me, one hundred per cent,  
those were not our guys.

FIORINI  
Sir, what do you mean? Who are  
these people? We can't just...

CHARLIE  
Your name got on some NSA list,  
CIA gave it to FBI, no-one told  
me.

BAINES  
We have to surrender the  
suspect.

FIORINI  
What the hell is this?

BAINES  
There's been a foul-up. It seems this  
"gentleman" is on our side. He's going  
to be working the same investigation.

H  
I am what?

ZACHARY (TO BAINES)  
I can't believe you let this happen.

BAINES  
You sent us his file, don't blame FBI.

ZACHARY (TO FIORINI)  
Did you check your leads against the  
witness protection program, like the  
priority list with all the red tags  
saying "Do not touch"?

VINCENT  
He's in witness protection?

BAINES  
We didn't have time for that!

ZACHARY  
We put him there so you would leave  
him alone.

CHARLIE (TO FIORINI)  
Hi, we talked. I'm Charlie...  
Last year H had a contract out  
on him.

H (TO ZACHARY)  
You can all go fuck yourselves!  
I told you I would never work  
with you people again.

CHARLIE (TO FIORINI)  
Two guys from Chechnya, we got  
to them first.

ZACHARY  
This is never, now is never, you  
are coming with us.

CHARLIE  
He's a target, he thought your  
guys were killers...

BAINES  
When you've finished with him,  
you can be sure we won't have.

ZACHARY  
Mister Baines, you do what you like,  
but right now he comes with us.

FIORINI  
Wait a minute, he dam near killed one  
of our agents...

ZACHARY  
We have other priorities.

FIORINI  
You what!

BAINES  
Let it go, Fiorini.

ZACHARY  
Charlie, put him in the car, now.

ZACHARY leaves. CHARLIE goes to the door and holds it open for H.

BAINES  
Fiorini, this investigation is being  
transferred to another facility.

FIORINI  
That's crazy, we're set up right here!

BAINES  
We have orders. I expect leadership  
from you, not resistance.

FIORINI swallows it. H sighs and gets up.

H  
Looks like we're both getting screwed.

H heads for the door, but FIORINI gets in his face.

FIORINI  
Who are you?

CHARLIE  
Best not to ask.

CHARLIE and H leave. BAINES is left with the two agents.

FIORINI  
I'll prepare my team for transfer, Sir.

**EXT. SITCON (SITUATION CONTROL CENTER) - DAWN, SUNDAY**

Two black SUV's on the road. Inside them are FIORINI and her team, LEONARD, JACKSON, PHILLIPS. Also SUTTON, a young security officer, in dark suit, shades, and earphones. The SUV's steer into a gap in a concrete wall. Gates close behind them. Uniformed personnel and dogs scan the vehicles.

The SUV's drives into a walled compound, a former military base. Some of the buildings are derelict and boarded up. They pull up outside a large building.

**INT. LOBBY, SITCON - MOMENTS LATER**

They enter a large lobby area, which is buzzing, packed with dark suits and military. MPs guard every door, and all the corridors.

FIORINI  
What is this place?

SUTTON  
Need to know, you don't. This way.

**INT. FBI ROOM, SITCON - MOMENTS LATER**

In the new FBI room, the old suspect boards are being set up by suits and military personnel. On the walls are the images of YOUNGER, and the three different basement rooms. The AGENTS enter.

SUTTON  
This is where you work. At this point I will take your firearms from you.

FIORINI  
You're not taking my weapon. Who the hell are you?

SUTTON  
Listen, lady, just hand over the gun.

FIORINI  
You call me "Agent". And you try taking my weapon, I will shove it right up your ass.

GUNTER  
Let her keep the dam thing.

GENERAL GUNTER is there, a bull of a man. VANDERBIDEN is behind him, a civilian, pompous and overweight. SAUNDERS is behind them.

SUTTON  
Yes Sir. This is General Gunter,  
Commander, Sitcon.

GUNTER  
You're Fiorini?

FIORINI  
Agent Fiorini.

He looks at her. A woman.

GUNTER  
FBI is here to assist with  
investigative duties under my command.

FIORINI  
No Sir, Posse Comitatus. Unless the  
President has invoked Martial Law, the  
military has no jurisdiction over  
civilian authority.

GUNTER  
Defence Authorization Act 2007. You  
may have missed the small print. Tell  
her, Mister Saunders.

Saunders looks grim.

SAUNDERS  
President has the authority to use the  
armed forces in order to suppress, in  
any State, any insurrection, unlawful  
combination or conspiracy.

GUNTER  
Can we get on with this?

VANDEBIDEN gives SUTTON a tape, which he puts in a VCR. CHARLIE  
and H enter the room. The agents are horrified.

H  
Hello Felicity. Isn't this fun?

VANDEBIDEN  
Welcome. This is the Situation Control  
Center. My name is Vanderbiden, I'm  
with the Department of Homeland  
Security. Two days ago we received...

GUNTER  
Play the fucking tape.

The tape begins. FIORINI stares at H, who smiles, and points at  
the screen. FIORINI hears the voice and turns to watch.

On the tape, the image of YOUNGER appears. He is in what looks  
like a basement room, standing in front of a large device.

YOUNGER (ON SCREEN)

*In the name of Allah the merciful, and his prophet Mohammed, peace be upon him. My name is Yusuf Atta Mohammed. My former name is William Arthur Younger. All the rest you will learn from your files. This is location one.*

SUTTON

We took a screen capture of all the locations, cleaned them up, took him out of it. And took that thing out.

YOUNGER (ON SCREEN)

*Some of you will recognize this. It is a bomb.*

FIORINI gasps. The location and sound changes on the tape.

YOUNGER (ON SCREEN)

*This is location two. All the locations are in urban areas. I have demands which will be met by you, or these bombs will explode. I will give you these demands at a later date.*

The location and sound change again.

YOUNGER (ON SCREEN)

*This is location three. All three devices are identical. All three will explode in seven days, on Friday the 21st at 1pm. And all three of these devices... are nuclear bombs.*

FIORINI

Oh my God...

YOUNGER

*Your experts will want evidence, of course, so I will now describe the technical aspects of each device.*

YOUNGER begins to go through the details. SUTTON mutes the sound.

GUNTER

We'll spare you the details. After 9-11, if there's a one per cent chance, the threat is considered real. This one is 99 per cent. He's one of us. A military scientist, specialist in field nuclear weapons. Served in Iraq with Special Forces to check out nukes. A grade 'A' guy, top honors, totally dedicated.

SAUNDERS

His father is American. Worked at the embassy in Pakistan, met a woman there, became a Moslem so he could marry her, forced to leave the Diplomatic Corps. They had a son in

(MORE)

SAUNDERS (cont'd)  
Pakistan, then moved back here, the  
son was granted citizenship...

H  
And the boy just got the normal  
background check. After all it would  
be so wrong for anyone to suggest that  
Islamic terrorists have one thing in  
common - they're all Islamic.

H laughs at himself. The others look at him with disgust.

VANDEBIDEN  
This is not funny.

SAUNDERS  
He's made no demands, no further  
contact.

FIORINI  
Where could he get nuclear material?

GUNTER  
Three years ago he was on a team  
checking nuclear facilities in Russia.

H  
Oh, great choice.

GUNTER  
Since then, some material has gone  
missing. The Russians can't trace  
about fifteen, eighteen pounds, they  
can't be accurate. Around five pounds  
on each bomb. Three big cities.

FIORINI (TO SAUNDERS)  
Sir, do we have any *direct* evidence  
that he's for real?

SAUNDERS turns to GUNTER, who sighs, and nods.

SAUNDERS  
The Iranians paid him twenty million  
to get nuclear material out of Russia  
and bring it back to them. They set  
the whole thing up. Then they lost  
track of him, and the money.

LEONARD  
How do we know this?

GUNTER  
They told us. One of their Generals  
was a little concerned. We might think  
they were responsible for what Younger  
does with the stuff. Nice excuse to  
bomb the crap out of them.

FIORINI  
What does he want? Why did he do it?

CHARLIE  
 Jesus, the question is not "why he did it", but "where are the fucking bombs"?

FIORINI  
 You think you can answer one without the other?

SAUNDERS  
 His wife is a liberal type, environmental nut. She wanted a divorce, he didn't. He tried to take their two kids back to his Mother in Pakistan. The court stopped him, gave custody to the wife. Maybe that turned him, we don't know. At some point he became a fundamentalist.

FIORINI  
 He wants to nuke us because we took his kids?

H  
 You mess with my family, I'd feel the same way.

VANDEBIDEN  
 I have copies of his restricted file.

VANDEBIDEN hands out files. FIORINI grabs hers and scans it.

H (TO CHARLIE)  
 Everything I need in here?

CHARLIE  
 Sure.

H  
 You'll inform me of any developments?

CHARLIE  
 Yup.

H  
 Not much point if you don't.

GUNTER  
 We need you to get back to work. But you even whisper the word nuclear, and you'll be withdrawn immediately. Understood?

FIORINI looks up from the file, angry.

FIORINI  
 You knew all this and you didn't tell us? We could have cracked this before it even happened.

VANDEBIDEN  
Intelligence couldn't put the pieces  
together.

FIORINI  
But that's exactly what we do!

GUNTER  
So how come our people found his home.

FIORINI  
Maybe because they had the file, Sir.

SAUNDERS  
I sent Agent Vincent down there. We  
have forensics working on it now. You  
better take a look.

GUNTER (TO H)  
You too.

FIORINI  
Will someone please tell me who this  
person is?

GUNTER  
Just do your job, Fiorini.

FIORINI looks at H. H smiles back.

**INT. BALTIMORE HOUSE - LATER**

FIORINI, H and CHARLIE go through the house with VINCENT. Plain,  
lifeless, bare. Family photos, parents, a blonde wife with two  
kids, military buddies in fatigues. An American flag on the wall.  
ERT technicians in plastic suits are still working. H seems bored.

VINCENT  
They peeled this place apart. This guy  
is so clean, he's weird.

FIORINI  
Nothing out of place. Everything as it  
should be. The female cousin, Aliah  
Mustafa. No trace of her?

VINCENT  
No other prints, no fibers, no hair.  
Just him.

FIORINI  
That's impossible.

CHARLIE  
Someone cleaned it real good.

CHARLIE and H move on. FIORINI speaks quietly to VINCENT.

FIORINI  
Did Military Intelligence go through  
this place before we did?

VINCENT

I think we can assume that.

FIORINI

What the fuck is going on? And you, why the hell didn't you tell me you'd been sent here?

VINCENT

They told me not to.

FIORINI shakes her head in disbelief.

FIORINI

Are they trying to replace me with someone else - like you?

VINCENT

Nobody else could lead this investigation, we don't have time to mess around, and you have all the inside tracks. Yes, they asked me, and that's what I told them.

FIORINI

Thanks. Sorry.

VINCENT

It's not personal, Fliss. I just hope I did the right thing.

VINCENT looks at her. She avoids his gaze and goes into the next room. She sees H, leaning against the wall, arms folded.

FIORINI

So are you some kind of investigator?  
(H smiles)  
You don't seem to be interested.

H

Charlie gives me all the information I need. I like to keep my focus clear on the subject.

FIORINI

What subject? Who are you people?

CHARLIE

The Service.

FIORINI

What service? What agency?

CHARLIE

No agency wants any part of us.

H

We're private contractors.

CHARLIE  
I'm the contractor, you're just a sub-contractor.

H  
Oh, right, I'm a sub-contractor.

FIORINI  
What do you do?

CHARLIE  
We do stuff. No office, no oversight, no fuss.

FIORINI  
There must be legal limits to your organization?

CHARLIE  
Yeah. I guess there must be.

They laugh. VINCENT enters.

VINCENT  
You better see the garage.

**INT. BALTIMORE HOUSE, GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

They enter a large garage workshop. Machine tools, chain hoists, nuke suits, engineering rigs.

VINCENT  
They say the bombs were made here. Traces of radiation, three types including enriched uranium.

FIORINI  
To what level?

VINCENT  
Safe enough to walk around, that's all I know.

FIORINI  
He made three nuclear bombs in this garage and all we have is trace levels of radiation?

VINCENT  
Maybe he had another place.

H  
There's nothing here, is there? Charlie, can we get to work?

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, SITCON - LATER**

SUTTON leads them into the Conference Room. Full of military and civilians in earnest discussion. GENERAL GUNTER is arguing furiously with SAUNDERS, but he stops talking as they approach.

GUNTER  
You've seen the house?

H  
That's a scary place. You must have  
been pleased when you got him.

GUNTER turns on him in alarm.

H  
Why are you wasting my time, General?

GUNTER  
Who told you we have him? *Who?*

H  
I'm here. You called me in. So  
obviously...

GUNTER  
Wait here.

GUNTER goes, leaving SAUNDERS, who is clearly seething with anger.  
CHARLIE laughs, FIORINI is confused.

FIORINI  
Wait, what is this, we're searching  
the whole country for this guy?

SAUNDERS  
These idiots have had him 24 hours.

FIORINI  
Why didn't they *say*? How was he  
caught?

SAUNDERS  
A security officer saw him in a mall.

FIORINI  
His picture is plastered all over the  
country, and he goes to a mall?

H  
Sure, Macy's returns department. "I'm  
sorry, this uranium you sold me is  
just not enriched enough..."

SAUNDERS looks at H in disgust and takes FIORINI aside.

SAUNDERS  
Listen. The Military need us to  
investigate, get the accomplices, find  
the bombs, but they want to  
interrogate the suspect themselves.  
They're allowing one agent inside...

GUNTER and COLONEL KERKMEJIAN approach.

GUNTER  
This is Colonel Kerkmejian, Military  
Intelligence. He'll take you to him.

SAUNDERS  
Fiorini, you report back only to me.

FIORINI looks at SAUNDERS. GUNTER is incredulous.

GUNTER  
You're sending her!

SAUNDERS  
She's leading the investigation, she  
goes in. General, you'll have to let  
us interrogate him, and you know it.

GUNTER  
FBI will get access to the prisoner as  
soon as he becomes available.

GUNTER turns to FIORINI, H and CHARLIE.

GUNTER  
Until then, that man is ours. You  
observe, and that is all.

KERKMEJIAN  
Follow me, please.

KERKMEJIAN leads FIORINI, CHARLIE and H, who turns to FIORINI.

H  
They don't seem to want you guys  
around, do they?

**INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE HALL, SITCON - MOMENTS LATER**

KERKMEJIAN leads down a corridor, which gets increasingly narrow  
and dark. There is an MP at the door ahead of them.

FIORINI  
Who exactly is interrogating this man?

KERKMEJIAN  
Other Government Agencies have that in  
hand.  
(to H)  
I don't know your work, but they tell  
me you broke the Chechen case?

H  
I guess I did.

**INT. THE HALL, SITCON - CONTINUOUS**

The MP opens the door, and they walk into the back of the HALL.  
This might once have been the base Assembly Room. Seats and  
tables, with a crowd of military and civilians. At one end is an  
INTERROGATION ROOM, with an air-lock door, and a wall of glass.

FIORINI gasps. IN THE ROOM is YOUNGER, naked, hooded. He is spread-eagled, leaning against the wall on his fingers. Water is spraying over his hood, and he is gasping for breath. Cold-air fans blow at him, and he shivers uncontrollably. An interrogator, ORDEN, is dressed in a warm coat, and over a relay we hear his insistent questions. KERKMEJIAN speaks quietly.

KERKMEJIAN

This is the Interrogation facility. The subject is in there, soundproof, one-way glass. We have experts from multiple agencies, the military, nuke specialists, psychologists, analysts of every word and movement he makes.

H

Any psychics in here?

CHARLIE

Shut up, H.

H

Why not, they got everything else.

FIORINI

Who's in charge here? This is illegal!

KERKMEJIAN

We never strike him. Hot and cold, sleep deprivation, intense noise, bright lights, threats of violence.

H

Oh, he must be terrified. Where are the dogs, there should be dogs...

FIORINI

Who gave you authorization to...

KERKMEJIAN

Everything here is within operational parameters, Agent.

CHARLIE

Colonel, if you decide to use H, he can't work with all these people.

KERKMEJIAN (SMILING)

You want us to get rid of the others?

H

That won't be difficult.

H walks to the front of the Hall. KERKMEJIAN, CHARLIE, and FIORINI follow. A stir, as some recognize him, and others whisper his name. FIORINI sees the disgust on their faces. One stands up.

LUBITCHICH

You're not serious? Tell me he's not here.

H  
Charlie, the amateurs are in charge,  
this won't work.

CHARLIE  
You may have to make it work. They're  
going to need you on this one.

H  
Make it work? Okay.  
(He smiles at Fiorini)  
Let's make it work.

H looks at the crowd of experts. VANDERBIDEN is squashed into a seat. In the front row is ZACHARY. Next to her is LUBITCHICH, in fatigues, six foot four of muscle. An older, QUIET MAN sits to one side, a cane in his hand. H turns to look through the glass wall.

FIORINI looks too. The little details of a naked, suffering man. Suddenly H steps forward, opens the outer door to the Room, and steps inside. He opens the inner door before anyone can stop him.

LUBITCHICH  
What the hell...

CHARLIE  
Oh shit.

**IN THE ROOM**, ORDEN is surprised by H's arrival. He clearly recognizes him. H glances out towards the Hall. From inside the Room, nothing outside can be seen. He goes straight to YOUNGER, pulls him upright, and rips off his hood. YOUNGER blinks in the light, shivering with cold as the water cascades down his face.

H  
Hello.

ORDEN is furious, but covers it. H picks up the night stick that lies on the table, and turns to face YOUNGER. ORDEN is alarmed.

ORDEN  
No. No way!

H swings round and HITS ORDEN IN THE FACE. ORDEN flies against the wall. H follows up with a series of vicious strikes. Blood sprays across the Room. YOUNGER'S eyes, watching, amazed.

**IN THE HALL**, they are paralyzed for a second.

LUBITCHICH  
What the fuck?

KERKMEJIAN  
M.P.'s, now!

There is a rush for the door of the Room.

**IN THE ROOM**, H is pulled outside by two MP's, WINSTON and TRUMAN. LUBITCHICH picks up ORDEN's unconscious body and carries him out.

**IN THE HALL**, H is put face down on a table, as the MP's cuff him.

CHARLIE  
Don't hurt him!

H  
What's the matter? I didn't strike  
the prisoner.

H looks at FIORINI, gestures to the Room. She seizes the moment.

FIORINI  
Colonel, the suspect is now  
available for interview, I'm  
going in.

VANDEBIDEN (TO H)  
Are you out of your mind? You  
just assaulted an interrogator!

KERKMEJIAN  
What? No, I don't have authorization.

FIORINI  
Then get it. I'm sure you don't  
intend to obstruct the FBI.

She takes out her pistol and places it on a table.

KERKMEJIAN  
Where the hell is Lubitchich?  
(pointing to H)  
And get him out of here!

H flashes FIORINI a smile, as the MP's hustle him away. She goes  
into the Room, as KERKMEJIAN picks up a phone.

**IN THE ROOM**, YOUNGER remains leaning against the wall, chained in  
a stress position. He is naked, wet, and shivering. He looks at  
FIORINI, in her sharp FBI suit.

FIORINI  
Mister Younger, I am Agent Fiorini,  
FBI. As soon as I can, I'm getting you  
out of this, so we can sit down and  
talk. You've been badly treated, and  
I'm sorry.

YOUNGER replies, with a strange calmness.

YOUNGER  
Thank you for your concern. It's not  
pleasant, but it's okay.

FIORINI  
It's not okay. You have grounds for  
legal complaint, and if you want me  
to, I'll help you make it.

YOUNGER  
I think you'll find that this is  
entirely legal. And necessary.

FIORINI  
Necessary?

YOUNGER  
In the war against terror.

FIORINI is taken aback. She turns off the cold fan, gets a towel, and dries his back.

**IN THE HALL**, the observers watch. KERKMEJIAN is on the phone.

ZACHARY  
What the hell is that woman doing?

KERKMEJIAN  
Yes Sir, she's in there now...

**IN THE ROOM**, YOUNGER still shivers as FIORINI dries him.

YOUNGER  
Thank you. Could you please dry my arms, they're really cold.

FIORINI does so. As she reaches up, he looks quickly at her watch. She notices. She smiles at him, almost teasing.

FIORINI  
You looked at my watch. Go on, yes you did. You want to know the time?

YOUNGER  
6.15 Sunday evening. Have you found my wife and kids yet?

FIORINI  
You must be worried about them.

YOUNGER  
You're looking for them, right? When you find them, will you let me know?

FIORINI  
I can help you with that. Can you help me with something? Why are you doing this, Mister Younger?

YOUNGER  
Yusuf. My name is Yusuf.

FIORINI  
Alright, Yusuf. What is it you want?

The door swings open. GUNTER is there, with LUBITCHICH. And KERKMEJIAN, who looks very uncomfortable.

YOUNGER  
Sorry, too soon to tell you.

LUBITCHICH instantly hoods YOUNGER, and places earphones on him, with very loud music. YOUNGER grunts slightly as his eardrums are pounded. GUNTER turns on FIORINI in fury.

GUNTER

You. Get the fuck out of here.  
(to LUBITCHICH)  
And you, get some fucking results!

**INT. FBI ROOM, SITCON - LATER THAT NIGHT**

In the new FBI room, the board of suspects now has even more pictures, most of them circled in red. There is a crowd of agents, all from the Baltimore office, including VINCENT. BAINES addresses them in the background, while SAUNDERS and FIORINI talk quietly.

FIORINI

Sir, we can't work with these people. What they are doing is ineffective, and illegal. And they brought in a maniac who shot one of our agents.

BAINES

You've all seen the tape, you know what we're up against... You should know that FBI is still not in charge of this operation.

SAUNDERS

The Military use whoever they want. And their techniques have official sanction. We don't like it, but that's the way it is.

BAINES

You call on police, military, anything you need, any time. You now have complete access to the files of every other agency.

SAUNDERS

The Government has a tool-box. FBI is just a wrench. They got hammers, too.

SENIOR AGENT

That'll be a first. Is this CIA?

BAINES

It would be illegal for CIA to operate inside the United States. Fiorini?

FIORINI addresses the room.

FIORINI

We have five days. You got to stay fresh. We're setting up cots in the back there, make sure you rest when you can. Your instructions are that you do not reveal to anyone outside this room that we have a suspect. Officially, he doesn't exist.

VINCENT

Why can't we interrogate this guy?

SAUNDERS

We are currently negotiating that.

VINCENT

"Negotiating"?

FIORINI

I had the chance to interview him briefly. As yet he's made no demands, but he clearly has a timetable. We assume he has outside accomplices. It is vital we find his family members. You pull in every contact, you make every possible connection. But the absolute priority of you and your

(MORE)

FIORINI (cont'd)  
 teams is to find these locations.  
 Someone must know where these are. You  
 have your assignments, let's go.  
 My team? What have we got?

FIORINI's inner team gather round her, plus VINCENT and BAINES.

LEONARD  
 120 suspects at the Wrighton facility,  
 all mirandized. Most of them never  
 even heard of Younger. Military moved  
 the main ones into cells right here,  
 they're denying us access.

FIORINI  
 Jesus Christ...

BAINES  
 We're dealing with that.

VINCENT  
 Thousands of leads from the public on  
 suspect and locations. Hundreds of  
 agents on it, they're overloaded.

PHILLIPS  
 I got people on his internet, phone,  
 credit card, travel bookings. We got  
 National Security Letters for anyone  
 we want.

JACKSON  
 Some financial leads on Aliah Mustafa,  
 nothing definite. We're tracking the  
 family, can't find the wife yet, but  
 we got some of the others.

FIORINI (TO BAINES)  
 The family need to come right here,  
 we'll need immediate access to them.

BAINES  
 I don't know if they'll agree to that.

FIORINI  
 God dam it, how many compromises is  
 FBI going to make?

The other agents are aghast. But BAINES takes it.

BAINES  
 I'll see what I can do.

BAINES leaves. The agents look at him, and her.

VINCENT  
 You ain't gonna last long that way.

SAUNDERS  
 Fiorini!

SAUNDERS is on the phone, which he puts down as she goes to him.

FIORINI

Sir?

SAUNDERS

There have been developments. There's something you may have to do.

**INT. MILITARY CELL CORRIDOR, SITCON - DAWN, MONDAY**

FIORINI walks down a corridor. She is accompanied by a SOLDIER, who carries a meal on a tray. Loud heavy metal music is playing. The SOLDIER opens a door, and FIORINI enters another corridor. There are closed cells with steel doors on each side, and the music is deafening here. The SOLDIER marches to the next door, while FIORINI hangs back, appalled. At each end of the corridor are GUARDS, with heavy ear-defenders. The SOLDIER holds the next door open for her. The GUARDS stare at her as she walks through.

**INT. CELL, SITCON - LATER**

They enter a large room with a number of cells, cages of open steel bars. In one of them, H sits on a bed, reading a file. The SOLDIER pushes some breakfast through the bars to him, and leaves. They can hear the heavy metal music through the walls.

H

Morning. You like Metallica? It's just the funniest thing. "No, not Metallica, I'll tell you anything!"

H chuckles. He picks at his food, and reads the file.

FIORINI

So I understand you're a specialist interrogator? Is that how you work with colleagues? You beat them?

H

We needed to lose the 'B' team.

FIORINI

Are they going to use you, after that little show?

H

You think that was a show?

FIORINI

And it wasn't just for me, to let me in. It was for Younger. You wanted him to see it.

(no response from H)

If they do allow you to question him, you'll need me to work with you.

H (LAUGHING)

Is that what they told you to say? So you talked to the man. You learned anything more about him?

FIORINI

A little. Have you?

FIORINI gestures at the file in H's hand.

H  
Oh, this isn't his file. It's yours.

He shows her the photograph in her own file. FIORINI grabs for it.

FIORINI  
I don't believe it! Give that to me!

H  
No, it's classified, you don't have clearance. But I can see why they chose you. Quite a woman. Father in the Marines, killed in action, sorry. Military Police, promotions, medals...

FIORINI  
Who gave you that?

H  
Now you're pushing your way up the FB of I. Counter terrorism - good choice. No contact with Mom, no boyfriends more than a few months. Watch out, they'll think you're lesbian. And this guy Vincent, is he that other agent?

The cell-block door opens for GUNTER and CHARLIE. As a GUARD opens up the cell, H slips the file to CHARLIE, who grins at FIORINI.

H  
Good morning, General. No progress, huh? What a surprise.

CHARLIE  
They got a deal for you.

GUNTER  
We'll negotiate with FBI about the agent you shot. They won't prosecute.

FIORINI  
Like hell we won't!

GUNTER  
You'll take turns with the others.

H  
I work alone, one other person, only takes over when I need a break.

GUNTER  
How long can you keep that up?

H  
As long as it takes. Do we pull him out of country?

GUNTER  
We have a place here.

H  
Oh that's a little risky, how about  
the Road to Marrakesh? Or Guantanamo,  
I have friends there.

GUNTER  
We don't have time for that and you  
know it.

H  
That's right. Time, time, time, it's  
such a bitch.

GUNTER  
Take this seriously, you little fuck.

H leans into GUNTER. There is something deadly in his face.

H  
You want me to do my work, you will  
treat me with respect. And you will  
agree my terms. I lead, you lose the  
committee, and one other interrogator  
of my choice.

GUNTER  
Who?

H  
Her.

FIORINI is surprised.

GUNTER  
Are you kidding? She's FBI.

H  
They want in don't they? I bet you're  
under a lot of pressure.

GUNTER  
Abso-fucking-lutely not!

H  
I'm the last possible choice that you  
would want to make, General. But  
you're going to have to make it.

GUNTER (TO FIORINI)  
Take this creep out and burn him.

He moves to leave. A voice stops him.

QUIET MAN  
No.

They look. The QUIET MAN is there in the shadows, observing.

QUIET MAN  
Give him what he wants.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE HALL, SITCON - LATER

GUNTER leads FIORINI, H and CHARLIE down the corridor.

FIORINI  
You wanted me in. Why?

H  
You have integrity, I like that. And these people are dangerous, I may need protection.

FIORINI is not sure if he is serious.

INT. THE HALL, SITCON - LATER

They enter the Hall. GUNTER goes to talk with KERKMEJIAN. The crowd of observers are still there. FIORINI gasps at the sight behind the glass. It is an image familiar to all Americans.

YOUNGER is hooded, a black sheet over him, standing on a stool, with arms outstretched, his body trembling with effort. Wires lead from his body to a box, held by LUBITCHICH. FIORINI is deeply shocked. H walks down to the front, laughing, but angry.

H  
Congratulations, what imagination. Human Resources Training Manual, Honduras Edition, 1983. "Torture Lite", from our sponsors, the CIA!

GUNTER steps in front of the observers.

GUNTER  
People, we have a new specialist joining us. From now on, no observers.

The observers confer, some angry, some happy to start packing up. H goes to the microphone, and flicks on the intercom to the Room.

H (TO MICROPHONE)  
Hey, have you told him how small his penis is? They really hate that.

IN THE ROOM, LUBITCHICH looks up, furious.

CHARLIE  
Shut up, H.

H  
Okay, but can we take Christ down from the cross now?

KERKMEJIAN nods to some ASSISTANTS, and they enter the Room.

GUNTER  
All military personnel will leave at once. The rest of you, consult with your agencies. They would not wish you to remain under these flexible parameters of operation.

VANDEBIDEN  
I'm Homeland Security, you can't order  
me around.

GUNTER  
I wouldn't even bother.

LUBITCHICH comes out of the Room, and sees that most of the  
observers are now leaving.

LUBITCHICH  
What the hell is happening?

H  
I am, and you're out.

CHARLIE  
We don't need the CIA techs.

The ASSISTANTS come out of the Room.

GUNTER  
You guys can go.

ZACHARY points at FIORINI.

ZACHARY  
She leaves too.

FIORINI  
I don't think so.

GUNTER  
I can't keep them out indefinitely.

ZACHARY  
Are you out of your mind?

KERKMEJIAN  
H wants her, he's calling the shots.  
Ask him.

He gestures to the QUIET MAN.

ZACHARY  
This is a mistake. I will take this up  
at the highest level.

H  
How high you gonna go? Charlie, my  
wife comes here every day, with my  
food. Ask her to bring my black bag.

KERKMEJIAN  
Your wife? She can't come here, it's  
top security...

H  
I need my wife, and I'm particular  
about my food.

CHARLIE  
He gets what he wants.

GUNTER  
Colonel Kerkmejian, you're in command.

KERKMEJIAN  
Me Sir? I thought you...

KERKMEJIAN watches GUNTER leave. All the observers have now gone. Now present in the Hall are FIORINI and CHARLIE; ZACHARY, KERKMEJIAN and VANDERBIDEN; THE QUIET MAN in the shadows; H and ALVAREZ; YOUNGER, now strapped to a chair in the Room; and two MP's, WINSTON and TRUMAN.

KERKMEJIAN  
Alright. Prisoner goes out the side door, you take him downstairs. It's all ready for him. We follow.

He nods to WINSTON and TRUMAN, who go in to YOUNGER.

FIORINI  
Where are we going?

**INT. CORRIDOR TO THE BASEMENT - LATER**

FIORINI follows H, CHARLIE and KERKMEJIAN down concrete steps and along a basement corridor. The other observers follow behind, the QUIET MAN hobbling down the steps. The corridor is dirty and dimly lit, and at the end is a heavy steel door.

**INT. THE BASEMENT, SITCON - CONTINUOUS**

They enter a large BASEMENT, with some basic furniture covered in dust sheets. At one end, a wall has been built with lumber and sound-proofed boards, to create a CELL, with a heavy door.

H  
Is my equipment ready?

CHARLIE  
In boxes. This is Alvarez.

ALVAREZ stands quietly to one side, a stocky, short man with a face that says nothing. H nods at him.

FIORINI  
Where's Younger?

KERKMEJIAN  
In there.

He points towards the connecting door. FIORINI moves towards it.

KERKMEJIAN  
You don't go in.

H (TO ALVAREZ)  
Tape his head, leave the eyes and  
mouth.

ALVAREZ goes in, as the MP's come out of the Cell. H points them  
to a case of fire equipment on the wall.

H  
I need a hammer. That fire-ax will do  
it, could you get that?

The MP's look at each other. WINSTON goes for the ax, TRUMAN  
helps KERKMEJIAN remove the dust sheets, revealing furniture and a  
large video monitor. They check connections on it. H puts on a  
white lab coat. FIORINI looks around her, with growing suspicion.

FIORINI  
What the hell is this? This is going  
to be legal, Geneva Convention stuff,  
right? Because if it's not...

H  
The current war on terrorism is not a  
conflict envisioned by the framers of  
the Geneva Conventions.

FIORINI  
Bullshit!

H  
I am quoting the former Secretary of  
Defense...

FIORINI  
If this comes anywhere near torture...

H  
I'm not going to address the "torture"  
word.

FIORINI  
Listen, you asshole...

H  
I'm still quoting the Secretary of  
Defense.

WINSTON brings a small fire-ax with both a hammer and ax head.

H  
Thank you, very good.

The video picture comes up. FIORINI watches on the monitor as H  
goes into **THE CELL**. YOUNGER is in there, strapped to a dental  
chair. ALVAREZ has taped YOUNGER's head to the headrest, until  
only his eyes and mouth are clear.

FIORINI  
What is this place, Colonel?

KERKMEJIAN

We used to train interrogators here.

FIORINI

That's not an answer.

**IN THE CELL**, H unstraps YOUNGER's hand and places it on the table. ALVAREZ hands him a block of wood, which H pushes down on the hand. YOUNGER winces. H reaches for the fire-ax.

**IN THE BASEMENT**, they watch. KERKMEJIAN gives a nervous laugh.

KERKMEJIAN

Wait...he's not...

**IN THE CELL**, H lifts the fire-ax, and brings the hammer-head down hard. YOUNGER lets out a yell of shock and agony. H flips the ax over in mid-air. Now he brings the ax-head down. Another hideous shriek of pain. With a little click of his tongue, H uses the fire-ax like a putter, to tap something down the table. It is the crushed top joint of YOUNGER'S little finger.

**IN THE BASEMENT**, amazement, then panic.

FIORINI

NO!

VANDEBIDEN

Oh God.

KERKMEJIAN

Inside, now!

KERKMEJIAN, WINSTON and TRUMAN run for the door.

**IN THE CELL**, H flips the fire-ax, hammer-head facing down again.

YOUNGER

NO...PLEASE!

H brings down the hammer. H flips the fire-ax again, now blade down. He chops. He bats away the second joint of the finger. H lifts the fire-ax again, but WINSTON throws him against the wall.

H

Oh not again, come on guys...

KERKMEJIAN

Out, get out!

ALVAREZ is there with the medical kit.

H

Tape it up, then leave him.

H walks out, followed by KERKMEJIAN and the MP's.

**IN THE HALL**, he takes a tissue and wipes the blood from his hand.

VANDEBIDEN  
That's your technique? You're a  
fucking joke.

FIORINI  
This man must be removed immediately.

H  
Alright, from now on, no more fingers.

KERKMEJIAN  
You think you're going back in there?

QUIET MAN  
Colonel, have you received orders to  
stop this man doing his work?

KERKMEJIAN  
No, but I can't...

QUIET MAN  
Then don't get in the way.

KERKMEJIAN is stunned. H is by the door of the CELL.

H (TO ALVAREZ)  
Tape his mouth.

H closes the Cell door. On the monitor they see ALVAREZ tape YOUNGER's mouth. Immediately YOUNGER begins to suffocate. ALVAREZ continue to treat the finger, applying a tourniquet and bandage.

H  
Colonel, lose the gorillas.

KERKMEJIAN  
Listen, if I'm in charge here...

H (POINTS AT YOUNGER)  
You're not, he is, and we need to  
change that.

KERKMEJIAN (TO ZACHARY)  
I can't...I won't authorize him to...

ZACHARY  
So let it happen without your  
authorization. Then you're covered,  
right?

KERKMEJIAN looks at her. Then decides.

KERKMEJIAN  
They stay right outside the door.

H  
It's a deal.

KERKMEJIAN nods, and the MP's leave. H returns to the Cell.

FIORINI  
I don't believe this, that man should  
be pulled out right now.

ZACHARY  
No honey, you should. You want to go,  
that's fine.

**IN THE CELL**, YOUNGER writhes in agony as he tries to breathe against the tape. H takes a scalpel and puts a small hole in the tape between YOUNGER'S lips. Desperately, he sucks in a tiny stream of air. It just prolongs the agony. H turns to ALVAREZ.

H  
Undo this box, and lay out the  
contents on the table, please.

ALVAREZ obeys. H adjusts lights, tilts the chair, checks the array of swabs, instruments, drills, and gadgets that look like garden tools. YOUNGER writhes more, approaching unconsciousness.

H  
You worked for me before. Remember the  
Chechen girl? You cleaned up for me.

ALVAREZ  
That was someone else.

H  
Sure it was. You can leave now.

ALVAREZ goes. H rips the tape from YOUNGER'S mouth, and he gulps for air. H picks up a blade, and leans into his face.

H  
Are you ready for this? No. No-one  
ever is. All your nightmares, your  
worst fears. They're all here.

A moment of silence, as H lowers the blade. We do not see where. YOUNGER looks into his eyes. This can't be happening. The cut that H makes is so smooth, so slow, that he gasps, before experiencing unimaginable pain. Then comes the scream.

**IN THE BASEMENT**, KERKMEJIAN, VANDERBIDEN and FIORINI can't believe what they are seeing. CHARLIE and ZACHARY just watch.

FIORINI  
Oh my God...

KERKMEJIAN  
Get General Gunter here right now!

VANDERBIDEN picks up a phone. The screams go on.

FIORINI  
This is beyond any legal limits.

CHARLIE  
What limits do you think that bastard  
has?

FIORINI  
Colonel, I know the law, military and civilian. We signed the United Nations Convention against torture, the Geneva Conventions...

ZACHARY  
The law is the Military Commissions Act which says that no unlawful enemy combatants may invoke the Geneva Conventions.

The screams go on. FIORINI has to shout.

FIORINI  
That act declares torture illegal.

ZACHARY  
Sure it does, but unlawful combatants have no right to Habeas Corpus, which means they can't bring any claim to court, so how do they prove it?

FIORINI  
No, the MCA refers to alien unlawful enemy combatants. He is an American Citizen.

ZACHARY  
He was granted citizenship. That was revoked yesterday. He's an alien.

FIORINI  
You can't DO that!

CHARLIE (MIMICS)  
*"You can't DO that"*

A voice makes her turn.

QUIET MAN  
For Chris's sake there are three... nuclear... bombs. You know what that could do to our country?

VANDEBIDEN puts down the phone.

VANDEBIDEN  
General Gunter says he can't come right now, you're in charge here, so carry on.

KERKMEJIAN  
He says WHAT?

Suddenly, H comes out of the Cell. He nods to ALVAREZ, who goes back in. The screams have become whimpers.

H  
Do we have coffee here? We need to arrange that.

KERKMEJIAN

We could do this our way. Our methods work.

H

I agree. CIA techniques are the best in the world. So why didn't they work with him? I wonder.

H glances at ZACHARY.

VANDERBIDEN

You didn't even question him.

H

You mean this blood on my coat would be alright, if I got some information?

FIORINI

You won't get any. You do this and he'll say anything you want, and *none* of it will be true.

H

You think I don't know that?

FIORINI

Physical torture does not work.

H

Then why has it always been used? For fun?

FIORINI

You seem to enjoy it.

H

I need him to believe I have no limits.

FIORINI

Do you?

H

Everyone has limits. You better pray we reach his, before we reach mine.

FIORINI

This man has broken the law. I demand his arrest. If you don't do it I will!

CHARLIE

Come on, it's a little persuasion.

FIORINI

There is no such thing as a 'little' torture.

CHARLIE

You'll find the US Government disagrees with you.

FIORINI

No. The President has specifically rejected the use of torture...

CHARLIE

Listen, bitch, let's get this straight. The law is as loose as a horse full of shit. We can do any damn thing we like.

FIORINI is stunned. H gestures to the QUIET MAN.

H

Let's ask him. You're the man, aren't you? There's always a man. Direct access, highest levels, back door, no names, no records. Do I have authorization or not?

They all look at the QUIET MAN.

QUIET MAN

Higher authority believes...that we should all do what we think is best for our country and its people.

H

Good. So this is how we will operate. One, you will not interrupt me. Two, you will not act on anything the subject says until I confirm it. Three, you will remember this. I am on your side.

H returns to the Cell. FIORINI turns on the QUIET MAN.

FIORINI

You allow this to continue, you are a party to his doing it.

(She turns to KERKMEJIAN)

Colonel, the suspect is in danger, if he dies we lose any chance of finding the bombs.

KERKMEJIAN

We do not fail in this mission. Stay in and shut up, or get out and don't come back!

FIORINI

I am making an official complaint right now.

ZACHARY

Goodbye, Agent Fiorini.

The screams begin again. FIORINI turns to look, then leaves.

**INT. FBI ROOM, SITCON - LATER**

She bursts in, and goes straight to SAUNDERS, who sits with BAINES in a small office to one side.

FIORINI  
Sir, we have to stop this!

SAUNDERS  
Close the door, Fiorini, you report to me, not to the whole room.

She closes the door and gathers herself.

FIORINI  
We have to stop them, they are torturing...

SAUNDERS  
SIT DOWN, please.

She sits. BAINES puts a document in front of her.

SAUNDERS  
What's happening down there is clearly illegal. We've prepared your official protest, please sign it.

She looks at it in disbelief.

FIORINI  
You mean, you *know*?

SAUNDERS  
What do you have for us, Fiorini?

FIORINI  
Sir?

SAUNDERS  
You interviewed the suspect again?

FIORINI  
No sir.

SAUNDERS  
Then why have you left the room?

FIORINI  
I can't stay in there while they...

BAINES  
Agent, we're fighting to keep you there. They won't let us replace you, they're hoping you'll crack. And now you've *walked out*?

SAUNDERS  
It's happening, Agent, so use it. Let this bastard soften him up, then use your skills to...

FIORINI  
Soften him up!

SAUNDERS leans in close.

SAUNDERS

We have to be very careful. We can't get in the way of a good result. We were criticized after 9-11, you know how unfair that was. It's essential that we stay in the game, without being a part of it.

FIORINI

It's essential we stay true to the Constitution...

For a moment, SAUNDERS lets rip.

SAUNDERS

If those bombs go off there IS no fucking Constitution! We are *that* close to Martial Law.  
(he calms down instantly)  
My apologies. When H takes a break, you get in there. Now please sign this protest, and return...to your *duty*.

He slides the document towards her. She looks at it, and at them.

**INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR, SITCON - LATER**

FIORINI walks past WINSTON, towards the steel door. SUTTON is standing in front of it.

SUTTON

Ma'am, you no longer have access.

FIORINI

No, we agreed with General Gunter...

SUTTON

I have instructions from inside not to let you back in. Maybe your superiors should send in a more experienced Agent.

She thinks about hitting him. She walks away from the door and stops, trying to work out what to do. WINSTON is there, a big, hulking MP, a Native American with a gentle voice.

WINSTON

You really want to go back in there?

H comes out of the Basement.

SUTTON

She's upstairs, Sir.

H

Good, thank you.

WINSTON follows H as he walks down the corridor, passing FIORINI.

H  
You didn't last long.

FIORINI follows them, and gets beside H. They walk fast, along the corridor, up the stairs, passing TRUMAN, who stands on guard there, and along another corridor. FIORINI tries to speak calmly.

FIORINI  
There are other techniques of interrogation, better ones.

H  
Torture's not a technique, it's a vocation.

FIORINI  
That's what makes you special is it? Our secret weapon against the enemy?

H  
It's not about "the enemy". It's about us. Our weakness. We're on the losing side, Felicity. We're afraid, they're not. We doubt, they believe.

H stops. This corridor has a window, with a glass door. He looks through it at THE GARDEN, a meadow of overgrown brush, and trees.

H  
That's nice.

He walks on, FIORINI and WINSTON following.

H  
We need an army of people like me. We're the only ones can match them.

FIORINI  
We don't want to. We have values, they're *worth* something.

H  
Oh really, how much? How many lives are our "values" worth? You see, that guy in there is not the problem. You are.

**INT. LOBBY, SITCON - CONTINUOUS**

RINA stands in the crowded lobby in her head-scarf and plain clothes, looking out of place, a suitcase and black bag beside her. An MP stands nearby. H goes to her.

H  
Hello darling, how are you? Agent Fiorini, this is my wife, Rina.

RINA  
How do you do?

RINA holds out her hand. FIORINI is stunned. H looks at her. FIORINI takes the hand.

FIORINI  
I'm so sorry, how do you do.

WINSTON  
We have a room for you, Sir, this way.

H  
No, we're going outside.

H takes the case and bag, and leads RINA away. WINSTON and FIORINI watch them go, then follow.

**EXT. GARDEN, SITCON - LATER**

Outside the glass door, FIORINI and WINSTON watch H and RINA, having a picnic under a tree. In their beautiful oasis of green, H lies with his head on RINA's lap, eating a sandwich. A suitcase is open nearby, with his clothes, towels, washing kit, neatly stacked. WINSTON shakes his head in disbelief.

WINSTON  
This is fucked-up.

FIORINI decides. She heads towards them.

RINA  
I brought you the blue pajamas.

H  
Lucky if I get to use them. They have guards at the house?

RINA  
The children play with them.

H  
Hey, Felicity, you want a sandwich?  
(no reaction from FIORINI)  
Okay.  
(to RINA)  
How long did it take to get here?

RINA  
One hour, if no traffic.

H  
That's too far, darling.

RINA  
No, they drive me, it's fine.

H  
Will you do the sauerkraut for me tomorrow? And the German sausage?

RINA  
With cream?

H  
Yes please! We can't play with it,  
though.

They giggle over this private joke.

H  
We'll meet out here, have picnics.

RINA  
Unless it rains.

H  
I don't think so. You think it might?

RINA  
I wish it would.

They look up. FIORINI too. White clouds, blue sky, beautiful. A  
chink of metal makes her look down. H has opened the black bag  
and takes out blades, pincers, clamps. FIORINI watches in horror.

RINA  
It's all there, I checked.

CHARLIE calls out from the glass door.

CHARLIE  
H, a word.

H sighs, gets up, and walks to meet CHARLIE. FIORINI approaches  
RINA, who replaces the instruments neatly into the black bag.

FIORINI  
You know. You know what he does...

RINA  
Of course.

FIORINI  
How can you? Your family, your  
children, you're in the same house  
with him. He's not normal.

RINA  
I lost my first family. In Bosnia.  
Three men came. They were neighbors,  
very 'normal'. I was raped in front of  
my family. Then they were killed in  
front of me. All the pieces that could  
be cut off, were cut off. My little  
boy was last to die. These were  
'normal' men. I was arrested, given  
to H. He is a good man, I respect him.

FIORINI  
He tortures people! You "respect" him?

RINA  
 You do not "love" such a man. Love is easy. Respect, that is hard. Duty is hard. Courage is hard.

FIORINI  
 But torture isn't hard?

RINA  
 Yes, it is very hard. He knows how far he will have to go. You Americans are so soft. But you will learn. Your time is coming.

H approaches.

H  
 You two making friends?

FIORINI  
 They're not letting me back in, I need to question the suspect.

The three of them freeze for a moment. The torturer, his wife, and the agent. H nods his head.

H  
 Take that for me?

He pushes the black bag at FIORINI, and embraces RINA.

H  
 I'll take the sandwich in. See you tomorrow, darling.

He picks up the sandwich, the case, and his coat, and walks to the glass door. FIORINI follows him, carrying the black bag.

FIORINI  
 You're going to let me in?

H  
 Sure, I need you. When I work, I don't ask questions. That's not what I do. That's what you do.

FIORINI  
 I am not going to help you.

H  
 The way I see it, I help you.

**INT. THE BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

FIORINI enters the Basement. The observers see she is carrying his black bag. H follows her in.

ZACHARY  
 Are you crazy?

H  
 I know the FBI is an anti-government  
 agency full of atheist liberals, but I  
 think we should let her work.  
 (to FIORINI)  
 Go ahead, make it quick.

FIORINI enters **THE CELL** for the first time, and is shocked at what she sees. YOUNGER is naked, but the wounds on his body are carefully dressed. He hangs by his wrists from a rope attached to a pulley in the ceiling. His feet cannot touch the ground. He is in pain. There are chains hanging from the ceiling, hooks in the walls, tables laid out with instruments, water tanks with dripping faucets, drains set into the tiled floor.

FIORINI  
 Jesus Christ...

YOUNGER looks at her. She unties the rope from a cleat on the wall, and lowers YOUNGER in a heap to the floor.

YOUNGER  
 Thank you.

FIORINI  
 Yusuf, you're a brave man. But he's  
 not going to stop. Why are you  
 letting him do this?

YOUNGER  
 Why are you letting him do this?

FIORINI  
 Your friends at the mosque. Your  
 family. Did you want to impress them  
 with this? Your wife is liberal,  
 isn't she. This won't impress her.

YOUNGER  
 Yes it will. Have you found her yet?

FIORINI  
 Yusuf, we're going to find these  
 bombs. You talk to me, maybe we could  
 make this easy? Otherwise that  
 bastard's going to keep on at you.

YOUNGER  
 I'm prepared for that.

FIORINI  
 Yusuf, I can't believe you want to  
 hurt innocent women and children...

YOUNGER  
 Won't come to that. They will agree  
 to my demands.

FIORINI  
 God dam it, you haven't made any  
 demands.

YOUNGER  
Don't swear. God hears you. He sees everything. He knows I'm right.

FIORINI  
Give me one of the bombs. Just one. Give me proof.

YOUNGER  
You don't want proof.

FIORINI  
Then they'll listen to you, Yusuf, they'll know you're serious.

YOUNGER  
Tuesday. That happens on Tuesday.

FIORINI  
What happens?

H enters, with ALVAREZ, who immediately pulls the rope and hoists YOUNGER up again.

H  
Time's up.

FIORINI  
Wait!  
(to YOUNGER)  
You have to help me to help you.

H picks up an electric prod.

H  
You can stay if you like.

YOUNGER  
I don't need your help. I can take it. I deserve it.

FIORINI  
What?

H immediately applies the prod. YOUNGER shrieks. FIORINI runs to the door, fumbling with it, rushing to get out.

**IN THE BASEMENT**, she comes face to face with ZACHARY.

ZACHARY  
Agent, I don't care what your FBI people are saying. You need to get out while you still can.

FIORINI  
You'd like that, wouldn't you. Whatever happens here, you will be held accountable for this.

ZACHARY  
And you think you won't be?

**INT. FBI ROOM, SITCON - LATER**

FIORINI and her inner team in the busy FBI Room.

JACKSON  
We still don't have the ex-wife or the kids.

FIORINI  
He really cares about them, we have to bring them in.

JACKSON  
Her father is cooperative. But we can't find her mother yet. She's on vacation, they're outdoors people, they hike in the woods.

FIORINI  
Then we search every dam tree. Vince, go back into *his* parents, put on the pressure. Okay, this is a good team, something's gotta break, keep on it.

The team break up, as BAINES calls across from a phone.

BAINES  
Fiorini, conference room.

FIORINI  
I'll be right there.

FIORINI puts the files on her desk into a briefcase.

VINCENT  
Why can't the rest of us see this guy, Fliss? What's going on in there?

FIORINI  
I'm not allowed to tell you.

VINCENT  
I'll have to guess then, won't I. Just remember whose team *you're* on, okay?

FIORINI is about to respond, but cans it. She walks away.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, SITCON - LATER**

GENERAL GUNTER seats himself at the head of the table, SAUNDERS beside him. The observers are here: KERKMEJIAN, ZACHARY, FIORINI, CHARLIE, VANDERBIDEN, and the QUIET MAN sitting to one side.

GUNTER  
No notes will be taken at this meeting. Colonel, you are in charge of the interrogation process.

KERKMEJIAN is on his guard at once.

KERKMEJIAN

I'm not sure if that's true, Sir. You know what's happening down there...

GUNTER

I don't need details, just results.

CHARLIE

No results, as yet. He's working.

SAUNDERS

I demand once again that you allow FBI full access...

GUNTER

Your methods won't work on him, H leads, you assist, decision is made.

SAUNDERS

Then I recommend we evacuate every city and large town in the USA.

SAUNDERS

We are not going to get him to talk this way...

VANDERBIDEN

That's impossible, evacuate 200 million people?

SAUNDERS

These techniques are illegal and will not be effective.

ZACHARY

You're just covering your ass in case it all goes to hell.

GUNTER

Can we get on? You have a report?

FIORINI

The suspect appears to have a timetable. Under my questioning he revealed that some event will take place Tuesday. This suggests he has an active accomplice on the outside.

FIORINI takes a photograph from a folder.

FIORINI

Alia Mustafa. Younger's female cousin, on his Mother's side. Since Younger embraced fundamentalism, they've attended the same mosque, have the same circle of associates, all of whom have been taken in - except her.

She takes out a family photo of YOUNGER, JEAN YOUNGER, and two kids. JEAN is a good-looking, outdoors girl, blonde hair.

FIORINI

We're still looking for Jean Wilson, the ex-wife, and their children. We have her father, who says that relations between Younger and Jean were bad. We also have *his* parents.

ZACHARY

Where are they?

FIORINI glares at GUNTER.

FIORINI  
They're in military custody, but we're  
interviewing them. They're in the zoo.

**INT. THE ZOO, SITCON - LATER**

GUNTER, ZACHARY, VANDERBIDEN and CHARLIE follow FIORINI down a wide corridor. One-way glass on each side, with holding rooms behind it.

FIORINI  
They have rooms to relax in, but we  
bring them out every few hours. This  
is her father.

She flicks a switch. **INSIDE HOLDING ROOM 'A'**, JACKSON is conducting an interview with MISTER WILSON.

MISTER WILSON  
We didn't like it that he was in the  
Army. We're anti-war, always have  
been. But he chased her so hard, she  
just fell for him.

JACKSON  
Did he talk about religion?

MISTER WILSON  
We had nothing against him being  
Muslim, until he tried to force it  
down Jean's throat. She got scared of  
him, we all did. He refused a divorce,  
tried to take the kids to Pakistan.

JACKSON  
To his Mother's family?

MISTER WILSON  
Yeah. God, she was a bitch. You know  
what she...

**IN THE CORRIDOR**, FIORINI switches the speaker off, and walks on.

FIORINI  
He's right about that. These are  
Younger's parents. And *she* is a piece  
of work.

**INSIDE HOLDING ROOM 'B'**, MISTER YOUNGER is short, fat American. His wife is a tall, elegant Pakistani. VINCENT asks questions.

VINCENT  
So why didn't you come forward when  
you saw his picture?

MISTER YOUNGER  
We don't have television.

VINCENT

That's right. You converted, took your wife's religion?

MISTER YOUNGER

That's the tenth time you asked me. When do I see my lawyer?

VINCENT

You are suspected of giving material support to a known terrorist. The Military can hold you until they decide if they want a Tribunal.

MISTER YOUNGER

You call this America?

VINCENT

So will you speak to him, ask him where these bombs are?

MISTER YOUNGER

Look, I'll talk to him, but...

VINCENT

Not you. Her.

MRS. YOUNGER

Whatever my son has done, he has done because he believes it to be for the best. He is a man of absolute principle. Absolute belief. I will not speak to him unless he asks for me.

**IN THE CORRIDOR,** GUNTER turns on them.

GUNTER

You're not getting anything from these people, are you.

FIORINI

Which is why I need more time with the prisoner...

GUNTER

We got four days. We don't have time.

**INT. THE BASEMENT - NOON, TUESDAY**

FIORINI enters THE BASEMENT. It is strangely quiet, and she looks around her. KERKMEJIAN is writing a report. The QUIET MAN reads a newspaper. ZACHARY works on a laptop. ALVAREZ reads a trashy novel. VANDERBIDEN sleeps, looking like a train wreck. CHARLIE relaxes with his feet up. FIORINI realizes that the sound on the monitor is turned off. All she hears is a faint, muffled scream through the wall of the Cell. On the monitor she sees YOUNGER's body, thrashing about, racked with electric shocks.

FIORINI

His wife is here.

CHARLIE pushes a button. IN THE CELL, a red light flashes.

FIORINI  
You really think you're going to get  
answers this way?

ZACHARY  
You think you are?

CHARLIE  
Agent, we're defending democracy here.

FIORINI  
By destroying what it stands for?

H comes out into the Basement. He holds a switch box on a cable,  
which he plugs into a socket.

CHARLIE  
Rina's upstairs.

H  
That's nice. Don't turn off the sound,  
people, you don't have to watch but  
you do have to listen.

H turns on the sound at the monitor. He peels off some latex  
gloves. He removes his bloodstained lab coat and folds it neatly.  
He turns to ALVAREZ.

H  
Turn the lights low in there, then  
take a break, one hour. Okay, Colonel?

ALVAREZ looks surprised.

KERKMEJIAN  
Okay. You talk to no-one.

ALVAREZ turns down the lights in the Cell, and leaves.

FIORINI  
I'm going in.

H  
No, let him rest.

FIORINI  
God dam it, I need to question him!

H  
Give him ten minutes. The adrenaline  
goes, he'll start weeping. That's when  
you go in, not before. But if he falls  
asleep, press that button. It'll give  
him a little shock, keep him awake.

FIORINI  
You are denying my access to the  
prisoner...

KERKMEJIAN  
Wait a minute, he's your  
responsibility, we can't just...

H  
I need a break, if he weeps, talk to  
him, if he sleeps, zap him, simple.

FIORINI  
When your methods fail, don't think  
you can run away from this.

H  
You think I want to run away?  
(to ZACHARY)  
Tell her. I got nowhere to run, have  
I?  
(to FIORINI)  
Go ahead, ask the fucking CIA! Ask  
her!

H stomps out. A beat. FIORINI turns to ZACHARY.

FIORINI  
Alright, what am I supposed to ask?

ZACHARY sighs.

ZACHARY  
There was a girl. She was daughter of  
a Chechen leader. Twenty-four, good  
looking. We needed names. The Press  
got hold of it. Some idiot who no  
longer has his job made a mistake,  
blamed a rogue interrogator - H.

FIORINI  
You gave his name out? And now the  
Chechens want to kill him?

ZACHARY  
Well, after what he did...

FIORINI  
Go on.

ZACHARY  
Usual stuff at first, like this. Then  
he had her raped. Used the local jail.  
Twenty-four hours, one after another.  
That was just the beginning.

FIORINI  
And did it work?

ZACHARY  
You've become like everyone else.  
"That's terrible", they say. "But does  
it work?"

CHARLIE  
He's falling asleep.

KERKMEJIAN  
What?

CHARLIE  
He's asleep.

VANDERBIDEN  
Oh God, we need H back in here.

ZACHARY  
Push the dam button.

VANDERBIDEN  
That would be direct intervention, and I'm not...

ZACHARY  
The bastard's not supposed to sleep!

CHARLIE  
Fiorini, why don't you do it?

KERKMEJIAN  
I'll do it.

KERKMEJIAN stands beside the switch, his finger poised. They watch him. He pushes the switch. Immediately the darkened Cell is lit up with sparks, as YOUNGER's body arches into the air in agony.

VANDERBIDEN  
That's enough. Turn it off!

KERKMEJIAN flicks the switch repeatedly. Nothing.

FIORINI  
Turn it off!

KERKMEJIAN  
I can't!

ZACHARY  
Oh God, it's killing him.

KERKMEJIAN rips the wires from the switch-box. No effect. They all rush for the door of the Cell.

**INSIDE THE CELL**, YOUNGER is arched upwards, shaking. There are cables all over the floor. One is pulled from a socket. No effect.

KERKMEJIAN  
Where is it? Where the fuck is it?

They search desperately for the socket. KERKMEJIAN tries to pull the cables from YOUNGER'S body. He electrocutes himself.

KERKMEJIAN  
SHIT!

Suddenly the current shuts off. Smoke and stench. YOUNGER twitches on the table, and looks into FIORINI's eyes, pleading.

**EXT. GARDEN, SITCON - MOMENTS LATER**

FIORINI comes out of the glass door. TRUMAN is on guard there. She walks fast, straight to the tree. There, H and RINA sit together watching a DVD of KATIE and PETER. H holds a cell-phone, a small teddy bear, and a child's painting.

H  
Sweetheart, that's so kind of you.

FIORINI  
You bastard!

H covers the phone, as the DVD plays on with children's voices.

H  
Would you mind?  
(to the phone)  
Yeah I'm watching you right now, Mummy brought the DVD. And Peter sent baby bear to see me, will you thank him? Listen I have to go, Mummy will be back soon. I love you darling. Yes you can turn it off. Bye honey, bye.  
(he turns off the phone)  
Current ran for 15 seconds, he's fine.

FIORINI  
You fixed it. You're playing with us, you...

H  
You all tried to save him, didn't you. I wanted him to see that.

FIORINI  
Are you going to find these fucking bombs?

H  
No, you are. I'm just part of the process.  
(to RINA)  
See you tomorrow.

H turns off the DVD player, and picks it up, with a bag of discs. He takes his wrapped sandwich, touches RINA's shoulder, and goes.

RINA  
My husband needs you. I am jealous, I wish I could help him. If he fails, it will be bad, yes?

FIORINI turns her back and walks away.

**INT. CORRIDOR TO THE BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

FIORINI reaches the steel door, where WINSTON now stands guard.

FIORINI  
Soldier, you've covered your name tag.

WINSTON  
I don't want anyone here to know my name. What you're doing in there, is it right?

FIORINI  
No.

WINSTON  
Is it necessary?

FIORINI cannot answer. Inside, the SCREAMS begin again.

WINSTON  
No limit to what a democracy must do to protect itself.

FIORINI  
I guess.

WINSTON  
You actually *believe* that shit?

FIORINI looks at him. She takes a deep breath, then goes inside.

**INT. THE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

What FIORINI now sees on the monitor is the worst thing she has ever seen.

FIORINI  
Oh no...

As the continuous screams of unspeakable agony echo around her, FIORINI tries not to retch. VANDERBIDEN gets up.

VANDERBIDEN  
I can't do this, I shouldn't be here.

CHARLIE  
Oh no, Homeland Security is leaving us. What if there's a hurricane?

VANDERBIDEN hurries out of the door. FIORINI confronts ZACHARY.

FIORINI  
Alright, that's it. I demand to be allowed to question the prisoner. If you refuse, I will hold you personally responsible...

The voice of H calls over the speaker.

H (ON SPEAKER)  
Felicity! Felic...ity! Would you come in here please? I need a little help.

FIORINI is horrified.

ZACHARY

Looks like you got your chance.

**IN THE CELL**, YOUNGER is strapped to the chair, his wrists tied down. H uses a plastic sheet to cover his body and his hands. He sits. FIORINI comes in, very slowly. He beckons her closer.

H

Just here.

She moves closer, then sees a blood-soaked bowl of human fingernails. She retches. H puts a cloth over the bowl.

H

Oh, sorry.

FIORINI

What do you want me to do?

H

What are you *willing* to do? Look at her, Yusuf. Look at Miss America. If she could get you to talk, that really would be something, wouldn't it?

YOUNGER breathes harder, pulls against his restraints.

H

Oh. Look at that.

FIORINI

Now you listen, I'm not...

H

You any good at massage? It would be very helpful.

She can't believe what he is asking.

H

No, not me - him. His neck muscles are in spasm. Please? He needs a break.

She walks slowly around the chair. She puts her hands on YOUNGER'S neck. He flinches. She starts to massage.

H

Mind if I play some music?

H turns on his DVD player. It is Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony. It starts softly, then later it bursts into life. H pops a pill.

H

You want one of these, keep you going?

FIORINI shakes her head. He moves close to her, drops a couple of pills in the pocket of her blouse.

H  
 Take some for later. Go as deep as you  
 can, he's blocking the pain, I don't  
 want to lose sensitivity right now.

She realizes his reason for doing this, and pulls away.

H  
 Don't stop. You're easing his pain.

She starts again. H is very close to her.

H  
 Some subjects can take it from a male,  
 but a woman just cracks them up. I had  
 a nurse who used to assist me.

FIORINI is about to speak, but stops herself.

H  
 She must have been as sick as I am,  
 right? That's why I married her.

FIORINI looks at him.

H  
 Did Rina tell you what happened to her  
 family?

FIORINI nods. She continues the massage.

H  
 She tells total strangers sometimes.  
 It's embarrassing. Her people took  
 the village back the next day. They  
 captured the three men responsible,  
 and their families. She killed the  
 wives, and the children, in front of  
 the men. She then tortured them for  
 three days. Just when our troops  
 arrived, she killed them. The army  
 put her in jail, but they needed a  
 favor, so they passed her on to me. We  
 Americans are wonderful. So many  
 morals, absolutely no ethics. Rina  
 and I were a good team. She could help  
 me now, but she has to look after the  
 children. Take them to school, tuck  
 them up, kiss them good night...

YOUNGER breaks into heaving sobs.

H  
 THAT'S what I want!

He pulls the cloth aside, and immediately applies pincers to one  
 of YOUNGER'S fingernails. FIORINI moves back so fast she hits the  
 DVD player on the table, stopping the music. YOUNGER screams, and  
 so does FIORINI, hysterically.

FIORINI  
 NO! STOP IT, STOP IT, STOP IT!

YOUNGER turns to her in agony.

YOUNGER  
Please?

She gets as close to YOUNGER'S face as she can bear.

FIORINI  
I can stop him, but you have to talk  
to me. You have to give me something!

YOUNGER  
I'll talk. Please, I'll talk, I'll  
talk!

H stops, and turns to FIORINI with a big smile.

H  
Good girl...

**IN THE BASEMENT**, the observers are stunned. They stand and watch YOUNGER, as he strains to speak.

YOUNGER  
I am now willing...to make a statement  
of my terms...to the President and  
People of America.

CHARLIE  
Oh crap.

**INT. FBI ROOM, SITCON - DAY**

FIORINI is back with her team.

FIORINI  
I want a full psychological report,  
voice analysis on every word he says.  
We need to compare this with every  
piece of video we have. And we asked  
for the security camera tape of his  
arrest, why the hell don't we have it?

VINCENT  
I'll track it down.

The team break up as SAUNDERS approaches.

SAUNDERS  
He's ready. We have a live feed in the  
conference room.

FIORINI  
I'll get down there.

SAUNDERS  
You got him to talk. At last.

FIORINI avoids his eye.

FIORINI  
Sir, I don't know if it was me...

SAUNDERS  
You did well, Fiorini.

FIORINI  
Thank you, Sir.

**INT. THE BASEMENT, SITCON - MINUTES LATER**

FIORINI enters. The observers watch the monitor. **IN THE CELL,** YOUNGER is strapped to the chair, in a fresh shirt, and woollen hat, a blanket over his body. ALVAREZ stands close by. SUTTON has framed a camera just on his face.

CHARLIE  
This is a waste of time. We put him in front of a camera, he gets a break, that's what he needs. Now he'll offer us a deal, we consider it, more time.

FIORINI  
That's crap. If he talks at all, that's progress. And we don't make deals with terrorists.

H  
We do it every day. And they always ask the impossible. Bomb Israel, elect a homosexual president, stop killing animals.

CHARLIE  
He'll say he's been tortured, we'll deny it, he'll want a broadcast, we'll refuse it, he'll make crazy demands, and we'll reject them. What's the goddam point?

The monitor now shows the close-up of YOUNGER's face.

SUTTON (O.S.)  
Okay, you can speak anytime.

In the Basement, the observers watch the video feed, as YOUNGER speaks, slow but clear, getting better as he goes on.

YOUNGER  
Mister President...  
I am currently being held on charges of terrorism. I am Muslim, but I am a loyal American, I love my wife...  
(he chokes up)  
I love my kids, I love my country. Since my capture, I have been well treated by the splendid men and women of our armed forces and police.

CHARLIE  
What the fuck...

YOUNGER

I do not require you to broadcast this statement. That would set a dangerous precedent. I have placed three bombs in three American cities. I will reveal their locations when you make the following three public announcements. First, that no further financial support will be given to puppet regimes and dictatorships in any Islamic nation. Second, that the US will withdraw all our forces, from all Islamic countries. Third, that the US will sign the Kyoto protocols on global warming.

H can't believe what he is hearing.

YOUNGER

I am here for you, and available to negotiate a reasonable time-frame for all of these demands. Mister President, I greatly admire you, I know you want to stop wasting taxpayers' money supporting murderers. I know you want to bring our boys home to the nation that we love. Thank you, and God Bless America.

The observers are stunned.

QUIET MAN

We're in trouble.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, SITCON - LATER**

The room as before, but this time with H present, his head sunk in his hands. Everyone talking at once, shouting each other down.

VANDERBIDEN

We cannot give in to terrorists!

KERKMEJIAN

I'm saying we could persuade him we are willing to consider...

FIORINI

He didn't ask for a broadcast, don't you see what that means?

KERKMEJIAN

...being seen to be working towards his objectives.

FIORINI

If this was released to the public he knows we could never make a deal with him. He wants to negotiate!

ZACHARY

Negotiate! Are you out of your mind?

GUNTER

He's crazy. Islamic terrorists don't give a shit about global warming.

FIORINI

He's trying to impress his wife.

SAUNDERS  
By exploding three nukes?

GUNTER  
Alright, so what do we advise the  
White House?

H  
Take the deal.

VANDERBIDEN  
No!

H  
His terms are reasonable, achievable,  
and the American people would agree  
with them.

GUNTER  
Which is why you can be dam sure they  
won't get to hear them.

H  
Well maybe they should.

GUNTER  
You two, on me please.

GUNTER, SAUNDERS and ZACHARY huddle around the QUIET MAN and talk  
privately. The others are left out. H looks wiped out.

H  
Charlie, do something. We're running  
out of time.

CHARLIE  
That's what you want.

H  
What?

CHARLIE  
Less time. Believe me, that's what  
you want.

FIORINI looks at them both - what was that about?

FIORINI  
You guys are whipped, aren't you.

H  
Excuse me?

FIORINI  
You're not going to break him.

H  
We'll find some little key that fits  
his lock.

FIORINI  
You'll kill him first.

CHARLIE  
If he wants to be a martyr, he will  
be. He knows how this is going to end.

FIORINI  
What do you mean? This man is going  
to face trial.

H  
Felicity... how could they prosecute a  
man with no fingernails?

FIORINI is shocked. GUNTER comes out of the huddle.

GUNTER  
Alright, pending further consultation,  
I believe we can assume that the  
current protocols of interrogation  
continue until otherwise directed by  
higher authority.

H  
In other words, you want me to go on,  
without telling me to go on. Right?

H stands. FIORINI leaves the room, fast.

**INT. THE BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

FIORINI enters **THE CELL**. YOUNGER is still dressed for his video.

FIORINI  
Yusuf...how is it?

His voice is weak, but he is strangely calm.

YOUNGER  
I'm fine. I'm feeling just fine.

FIORINI  
Yusuf, you could make a deal. You got  
these people cold. They can't take you  
to court, don't you see? Not like  
this. They can't admit what they did.  
You can get out of this. You give us  
your accomplices, you tell us where  
the bombs are, we put you on a flight  
to Pakistan.

YOUNGER  
With my kids?

FIORINI  
They'll negotiate. No-one outside  
knows this ever happened. Give us the  
bombs, you could be free!

H enters, with ALVAREZ.

H  
He doesn't want to be free. Don't you get it, Fiorini. He put himself here, he knew what we'd do to him.

FIORINI  
That's bullshit.

H  
The only thing he wasn't expecting was me.

FIORINI  
Yusuf, tell me where the bombs are. Make the deal!

YOUNGER  
The bombs...will explode if my terms are not met. But they will be. No other choice. You have to tell them that, Fiorini...

H jams a gag into YOUNGER's mouth, and pulls his blanket aside. ALVAREZ prepares some clamps. YOUNGER gags, eyes staring in fear.

H  
You *really* don't want to be here for this.

FIORINI leaves.

**IN THE BASEMENT**, she heads for the door, as on the monitor YOUNGER begins an agonizing scream. ZACHARY calls after her.

ZACHARY  
You have no authority to make any kind of deal with that man!

**INT. FBI ROOM, SITCON - EVENING OF THE FOURTH DAY**

FIORINI, fighting exhaustion, paces as she talks with her inner team. A board with a map of the world leans against a chair, with marks and strings of tape all over it.

LEONARD  
CIA are liaising with foreign intelligence sources. We got him in Yemen, Pakistan, Russia, all over. He used several passports, he got sloppy, left traces all over the place.

FIORINI  
Can we put him and the nuclear material together at any time?

LEONARD  
There's a ton of circumstantial. The Russians don't know exactly...

FIORINI

He had fifteen, eighteen pounds of it.  
That's not easy to transport.

LEONARD

He had a lot of money. Paid somebody  
for something.

FIORINI

Sure, but for what? We need to know  
where he spent it? Deejay?

Another board goes up - a map of the USA, with just a few markers.

JACKSON

Not so good. He came back in through  
New York, we have him there,  
Washington, Chicago. And one sighting  
in Dallas. That was Phil.

FIORINI

Phil?

PHILLIPS

I figured he'd need a truck, I got a  
room full of people checking every  
rental agency. We got lucky with one  
of his aliases.

FIORINI

Okay, keep driving it on, Deejay, you  
push on those bank transfers.

The meeting breaks up.

FIORINI

That's good work, Phil. Don't let them  
rush you. Detail, you're good at that.

PHILLIPS

But they got so much on their map, how  
come we got nothing on ours?

PHILLIPS goes. FIORINI stops. She looks at the two maps. Then she  
looks around her, at the room full of urgent chaos. VINCENT comes  
in, holding up a tape.

VINCENT

The tape you wanted. Younger's arrest.

**TIME CUT TO LATER.** FIORINI watches a grainy tape, of YOUNGER  
walking into a mall. He looks around, and then sits on a bench.

FIORINI

How long does he sit there?

VINCENT

Twenty-three minutes. Security told  
the cops, they came in to get him.

FIORINI

He walks in, he looks around, he sits directly in front of a security camera, and he stays there for twenty-three minutes. My God. H is right.

She hurries over to SAUNDERS and BAINES.

FIORINI

Sir, have you seen those maps?

SAUNDERS

Yes, what is it?

FIORINI

Everything here is laid out for us. His house is like a stage set, with just enough nuclear residue. He has traceable links with terrorist contacts. He travels the world, we can follow every step. But he comes back home, he covers his tracks like a pro.

SAUNDERS

So?

FIORINI

We have no direct evidence that he possesses nuclear material.

BAINES

Except a video with three bombs on it.

FIORINI

And he knows how to make them look just right, doesn't he. He's a clever guy. So clever he gets himself caught the day after he sends in the video?

(she points to the monitor)

He sits in a mall. His picture is everywhere, including on the TV in that store, right behind him.

SAUNDERS

Intelligence have no doubt. He had the time, the means, the capability, the contacts, the finance...

FIORINI

When intelligence agencies look for conspiracies, they find them. We look for evidence - and we don't have it.

BAINES

What is this?

FIORINI

Some guy waves a toy gun in the air and forces us to shoot him. Suicide by Police. What about torture by government?

BAINES

So he got himself captured so we could torture him. He was prepared for that, was he? Is that what you're saying?

FIORINI stops cold. Thoughts racing through her head.

FIORINI

No. That's what *he* said. "I'm prepared", that's what *he* said. I need to get back in there.

She hurries out.

**INT. THE BASEMENT, SITCON - MOMENTS LATER**

**IN THE CELL**, YOUNGER is choking. He is on the chair, his mouth stretched open by a metal contraption. H is working on his teeth. FIORINI enters, and tries hard not to retch.

H

We agreed I was not to be interrupted.

FIORINI

I need to speak to him.

H

You'll have your chance later...

FIORINI

Get that fucking thing out of his mouth and LEAVE THIS ROOM!

H looks at her. Suddenly he unhooks and removes the contraption from YOUNGER's mouth.

H

Sure. He's all yours.

H strolls out of the Cell. YOUNGER blubbers like a child, all blood, tears and snot. FIORINI moves behind him. She talks softly, close to his ear, caressing his hair.

FIORINI

Just us now. I know, Yusuf. I know about the bombs. You're very skilful. You can fake up a nuke for a video, right? You left a great trail for us. But no evidence.

YOUNGER

No. The bombs are real...

FIORINI

Alright, give me one. Go on, prove it, give me just one.

YOUNGER

You don't want me to give you proof. Please, make them see, they have to agree to my terms...

FIORINI

Nobody believes you, Yusuf, they're only doing this crap because they want your accomplices. If the bombs are real, then give me one!

YOUNGER

Don't ask me for proof...

FIORINI

Then they'll know the others are real. They're ready to crack, they'll give you what you want. You'd be such a hero, your wife would come back, your kids would love you. You let yourself be captured. You knew what they might do. And they did it.

YOUNGER is weeping uncontrollably.

YOUNGER

I...I won't...

FIORINI

But you did one better. You proved that we are exactly the kind of people you say we are. Look what they did to you. You are a hero. You're the bravest man I know. But it's over now. There are no bombs. Are there?

YOUNGER

No. No. There never were...

YOUNGER weeps in despair, letting it all out. Suddenly, FIORINI wants to throw up. She controls it.

YOUNGER

There are no bombs. I just want my wife, my kids, please, there are no bombs!

FIORINI

Why did you let him go on, you could have told me anytime.

YOUNGER gasps, then breaks again.

YOUNGER

Because I deserve it. I fucked up so bad. My wife, my religion, my country. I'm so sorry.

FIORINI

The nuclear material, you have any?

YOUNGER

Couple of ounces. I made the bombs, there was nothing in them.

FIORINI  
Where did you shoot the video? No,  
don't tell them, just me. Whisper it  
in my ear.

She takes out a pen and paper, and with trembling hands, writes an address as he whispers it. Then she shows it to YOUNGER.

FIORINI  
Is that right?

YOUNGER  
Yes. Please don't let him hurt me  
anymore. Please.

YOUNGER weeps. She leaves.

**IN THE BASEMENT**, the observers stare at FIORINI, as she picks up a phone and punches in a number. She stares back at them.

FIORINI  
It was a hoax. A goddam hoax. I'm  
going to nail you people to the wall.  
(to the phone)  
Sir, I need a helicopter.

**EXT. GRAINGER STREET, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY**

A Washington street is cordoned off by police. Incident trucks are there. A helicopter lands, VINCENT and FIORINI head for Deputy Chief BERMAN, busy giving orders. They shout over the noise.

VINCENT  
Hi Fred, this is Agent Fiorini.

BERMAN (TO FIORINI)  
Berman, Deputy Chief.

FIORINI  
So what do we have?

BERMAN  
Hazmat are still in there. It's huge,  
a rabbit warren. We got to go slow,  
we're checking for mines, booby traps.

FIORINI  
There won't be any.

VINCENT  
We can't be sure of that, you take  
your time.

BERMAN  
We intend to.

**INT. GRAINGER STREET, WASHINGTON D.C. - LATER**

FIORINI and VINCENT move through a huge, derelict warehouse, now teeming with operatives, some in radiation suits. Dogs are sniffing every corner. Metal detectors and radiation counters scan

every room. Doors are broken in. Partition walls are smashed through. Ducts and grilles inspected, elevator shafts checked.

FIORINI is a ball of nervous energy.

VINCENT  
Fliss, you better calm down.

FIORINI  
He made us do it. We went right along with him.

VINCENT  
We had no choice.

FIORINI  
We had a choice not to torture him.

BERMAN (ON RADIO)  
On the roof, something on the roof!

**EXT. ROOF OF GRAINGER STREET, WASHINGTON D.C. - MOMENTS LATER**

ON THE ROOF, BERMAN is waiting. FIORINI and VINCENT arrive.

BERMAN  
What the hell is this?

Stuck to an access panel is a photograph of YOUNGER. Written neatly across it is one word. "Tuesday".

VINCENT  
He said something would happen today.

FIORINI  
Yes.

VINCENT  
He wants us up here. Why?

FIORINI  
I don't know.

VINCENT stands up and looks around.

VINCENT  
Shit. Quite a view.

FIORINI  
He was telling the truth. I know it, I'm absolutely sure.

VINCENT  
No, Fliss. He wants spectators. He wants us to have the best seats in the house.

They look at each other. Behind FIORINI's head, a mile away, a massive, silent fireball. A second later, the shock wave hits her from behind. She turns, slowly, to see...

**EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. STREET - MINUTES LATER**

The burning rubble of a building, thick smoke. Injured people on the street, screaming, others helping them, more running towards them. Sirens in the distance.

A car screeches to a halt, FIORINI and VINCENT get out, and survey the catastrophe. FIORINI sees a smashed sign on the ground. "Grainger Street Junior School". She walks on the pile of rubble.

VINCENT  
Fliss, we got to get back. Agent  
Fiorini!

FIORINI stops. She sees a small hand, sticking out of the debris.

**INT. THE BASEMENT, SITCON - LATER**

H and the observers sit in the Basement. FIORINI enters fast. Her clothes are soiled with dust, and her shirt is soaked with blood. She goes straight into the Cell.

KERKMEJIAN  
Hey, wait...

**IN THE CELL**, she stands, in extreme distress, in front of YOUNGER, still strapped to his chair. H enters quietly.

FIORINI  
How could you do this? How could you?

YOUNGER  
I was going to warn you. But you  
wanted proof, and I needed a break. I  
can hold out now.

FIORINI  
It was a school. A school full of  
children.

YOUNGER  
That's your fault. God loves them,  
they're martyrs, all martyrs...

FIORINI  
A hundred of them. A HUNDRED LITTLE  
BODIES BLOWN TO PIECES!

FIORINI grabs a surgical knife. She holds it in YOUNGER'S face, and points at her bloody shirt. .

<p>FIORINI There was a little girl, six years old... This is her. This is where she died. She wanted her Mommy!</p>	<p>H Are you going to use it? Go on, Miss America, you cut him, just cut him. Do it!</p>
---	--

He pulls the sheet from YOUNGER'S chest. She holds the blade over him, straining every nerve. She wants to cut him, so much.

H  
Go on, you can do it...

She pushes the blade into his chest, ready to slice downwards.

FIORINI  
WHERE ARE THOSE BOMBS? WHERE ARE  
THOSE FUCKING BOMBS?

YOUNGER leans forward, venom in his eyes, pushing onto the blade.

YOUNGER  
Do it, CUNT! Do it!

She pulls out the blade, and backs away, while YOUNGER shouts.

YOUNGER  
I love my country, you people crap on  
it. I love my religion, you people  
spit on it. I love my wife, you people  
poisoned her against me. I love my  
children and you BASTARDS took them  
away from me. You think I'm going to  
weep over fifty kids? You people kill  
that number every day!

FIORINI backs away, in deep shock. YOUNGER raves on, as she  
stumbles out of the Cell, and then out of the Basement.

**INT. CORRIDOR TO THE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

FIORINI staggers out of the steel door and leans against the wall.  
WINSTON is there. SAUNDERS and BAINES are hurrying down the  
corridor towards her.

SAUNDERS  
What the hell is happening?

BAINES  
We need your report, goddam it!  
Christ...

He freezes, looking down at her hand. She looks too. She still  
holds the blade, thick with blood.

WINSTON  
Looks like you joined the team.

**EXT. PARK IN BALTIMORE - AFTERNOON, WEDNESDAY**

Sunshine, and trees waving in the breeze. FIORINI walks in the  
park, wearing sunglasses. Joggers, couples, a vendor selling  
soda, a dog walker. Such a normal day.

Then she sees a couple on a bench, with shocked faces, reading  
about the school bomb. A childish yell, and three kids roll down  
a grass bank, "dying" all the way. They land at FIORINI's feet.

FIORINI walks on a bridge across a small river. She stops to lean  
on the parapet, and look down at the water. A voice beside her.

SUTTON

Agent Fiorini, we need you to get in the car.

SUTTON is beside her. She looks behind her. A black minivan with tinted windows is pulled up at the kerb, door open.

**INT/EXT. LIMOUSINE IN BALTIMORE PARK - MOMENTS LATER**

FIORINI gets into the back seat of the car, beside SAUNDERS. Facing her are ZACHARY and CHARLIE. SUTTON gets in the front and the car drives away. For a moment, nobody speaks. What is this?

SAUNDERS

I have given control of your investigation to Supervisor Baines. But we need you back in.

FIORINI stares at him.

SAUNDERS

Younger got a parking ticket in Dallas. Your guy Phillips traced the address. They found a bomb. It's a real one. It's nuclear, four and a half pounds, timed to explode Friday 1PM Eastern. Two days. It was well-hidden, we won't find the other two.

ZACHARY

Agent Fiorini, I have to tell you something. CIA runs a course for extreme interrogation. We teach people how to do it, how to resist it. We made a bad mistake. Younger took the course. We trained him.

FIORINI

What?

ZACHARY

That's why our own techniques won't work on him. That's why we need H. We profile every subject and select the right interrogator. H is the right guy.

CHARLIE

He's the only guy. But he won't go on. He won't work.

FIORINI

I'm sure you'll find someone else.

CHARLIE

No-one else does what H does.

FIORINI

He's a torturer, the world is full of them. You guys trained most of them.

CHARLIE  
That is not the thing he does.

FIORINI  
So what the hell does he do?

ZACHARY  
H is undisciplined, unstable, he's crazy, but he gets results when no-one else can. We don't have anyone else. And he absolutely refuses to work... without you.

**INT. CORRIDOR TO THE BASEMENT - DAY**

FIORINI walks towards the steel door, ZACHARY and CHARLIE behind her. WINSTON is there, and H, slumped on the floor, leans against the wall. He is trembling slightly. From inside the Basement comes the sound of splashes, and muffled choking.

H  
I hit a wall. It happens sometimes. Never to me. I want to show you something.

H goes inside the Basement. FIORINI and the others follow.

**INT. THE BASEMENT, SITCON - CONTINUOUS**

KERKMEJIAN and the QUIET MAN watch them enter. H points at the monitor. **IN THE CELL**, LUBITCHICH and ALVAREZ are holding one end of a long board into a tank of water. YOUNGER is strapped to it, upside down, his head under water. He writhes and jerks.

H  
"Water-boarding". Isn't that great? That is an approved CIA technique, we teach it throughout the civilized world. And it's legal, you can try it at home, fun for all the family. But it's not going to work with him.

They watch as the board is tipped upright. YOUNGER vomits water, coughing his lungs out.

ZACHARY  
Are you back in or not?

H  
That's up to her.

They all look at FIORINI. What is this?

FIORINI  
If you want me to help you, I'm not going to do that.

H  
No, I don't want that.

FIORINI

You want me to say what you're doing is good? Is that it? Well I'm not doing that either.

ZACHARY

For God's sake, Fiorini!

QUIET MAN

That man is a murderer. He's just one twisted, perverted guy.

FIORINI

And he's the *right* guy, and that makes it easy doesn't it? Is it right to torture him if we save a million lives? Or a thousand? A hundred? Just one? You want me to pick a number that makes what you do okay?

H

You need to answer that, Felicity. I don't.

FIORINI

Then what *do* you want?

H

I want you to say...nothing. I want to walk to that door, go inside, and start my work again. Just watch me go. But if you tell me to stop...I will. I'll stop.

Slowly, H walks towards the door of the Cell. He walks, looking back at FIORINI as he goes. He walks...

FIORINI opens her mouth. She knows she should speak. She must speak. But she doesn't. H gets to the door. He turns, and looks at her. He pops a pill in his mouth, smiles at her, and goes in. FIORINI is aware of the others looking at her.

FIORINI

What does he want from me?

They watch on the monitor as LUBITCHICH and ALVAREZ leave the Cell. H picks up some pincers. YOUNGER braces himself.

H

Okay, pal. The gloves are off.

An ear-piercing scream, repeated again and again. FIORINI breathes hard, forcing herself to watch. The phone rings, KERKMEJIAN answers. FIORINI takes a pill from her pocket, and swallows it.

KERKMEJIAN

Fiorini?

He hands the phone to her. ZACHARY sees her face as she listens.

FIORINI  
I'm on my way.

FIORINI runs for the door.

**INT. LOBBY, SITCON - LATER**

FIORINI, walking fast as PHILLIPS fills her in.

PHILLIPS  
We have a trace on the wife's e-mail.  
Someone sent her the text of Younger's  
statement, congratulations, God is  
great, your husband has done what he  
promised.

**INT. FBI ROOM, SITCON - CONTINUOUS**

They swing in to the FBI room, now frantic with activity. SAUNDERS is there. FIORINI comes face to face with BAINES.

FIORINI  
I'm ready to help in any way I can,  
Sir.

A moment between them.

BAINES  
The e-mail came from an internet cafe  
in Baltimore. We have agents taking  
statements. Vincent and a SWAT team  
are on their way.

LEONARD shouts from his phone.

LEONARD  
It was a woman, Sir, Middle Eastern  
appearance. She parked right outside,  
she locked two small kids in the car,  
owner said she shouldn't do that.

SAUNDERS  
He saw the car?

LEONARD  
Red Taurus, damage to the right side.

BAINES  
All points, every cop in the city on  
the street, we find that car! We have  
to get the wife, what do we have on  
her?

FIORINI  
Politically active, environmentalist,  
no record. But she hates him, they  
got divorced.

SAUNDERS  
Maybe he arranged that, like he did  
every other dam thing.

FIORINI  
Her father... It was him, he said she hated him. I'm on it. Phil!

**INT. THE ZOO, HOLDING ROOM 'A', SITCON - LATER**

MISTER WILSON, with PHILLIPS and FIORINI. She is giving a great performance.

FIORINI  
Sir, I just don't know what to do, we have to find her!

MISTER WILSON  
I told you I don't know!

PHILLIPS  
Sir, they can lock you up, legally, for ever, no lawyers, no access, no-one will even know you're here.

MISTER WILSON  
I know my rights.

PHILLIPS  
Under the new laws, you don't have any rights. Nor does your daughter.

FIORINI  
We have to find her first. If they find her, they'll shoot her on sight.

MISTER WILSON  
You can't do that!

FIORINI  
It's not us, it's them. They're out of control! They think she's an accomplice to terrorism - they can do anything. Where *is* she?

MISTER WILSON  
I was told not to say. In case they found the kids... I mean... Younger's a killer.

FIORINI  
She's got the kids with her?

MISTER WILSON  
Yes...no. I don't know...

FIORINI  
Oh my God, they could all be killed.  
WHERE IS SHE?

**INT. FBI ROOM, SITCON - MOMENTS LATER**

FIORINI hurries in, PHILLIPS in her wake.

FIORINI  
The wife went to Eureka Springs,  
Arkansas. Camping trip. She has the  
kids with her.

SAUNDERS  
I'll get a team on it.

SAUNDERS picks up a phone. BAINES talks into a speakerphone, as  
other Agents gather round him.

FIORINI  
What's happened?

JACKSON  
We found the car. Outside a house in  
Fredericksburg.

BAINES (TO PHONE)  
Vincent, we must get this woman alive.  
Is everybody aware of that?

**EXT. HOUSE IN FREDERICKSBURG - CONTINUOUS**

VINCENT and the SWAT TEAM are behind cover along the street from a  
suburban house, with a red Taurus parked outside.

VINCENT (ON PHONE)  
They know it, Sir. Understood.  
(To SWAT LEADER)  
Good to go.  
(to an FBI AGENT)  
Keep this line open.

He hands over the phone to the AGENT, as the SWAT LEADER speaks  
into his headset. The Radio crackles with voices.

On a cherry-picker near the house, a repairman works on telephone  
wires. Hidden inside his raised platform, an agent with a rifle.

On the corner, a black dude eats an ice-cream with his girl.  
Inches away, two SWAT OFFICERS lie on the ground, weapons ready.

On the roof of the house, an officer in climbing gear. He signals  
to the repairman, pointing to an area of the house below him.

At the front door, lying down, a SWAT officer with a blast gun.

SWAT LEADER (ON RADIO)  
Go go go!

Instantly VINCENT and other officers run from cover towards the  
house. The black dude and his girl draw weapons and run along  
the side fence. The Officers on the ground get up and join  
VINCENT as they run towards the front door. Two seconds before  
they get to it, the man with the blast gun shoots out the lock.

**INT. FREDERICKSBURG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

They smash through the front door. The first SWAT Officer gathers  
up two children in the front room, as VINCENT and the others turn

into the next room. There they see a woman and child, and aim their weapons. The child screams.

VINCENT  
DON'T MOVE! KEEP STILL!

The child, hysterical with fear, clutches the woman.

ALIAH MUSTAFA  
IMSHI! IMSHI!

She pushes him away hard. She runs to a drawer and opens it. VINCENT runs to her, half-trips over the screaming child, and grabs her from behind. He puts her on the floor, as the child is swept away by an Officer. She is doubled up, her arms beneath her.

VINCENT  
SHOW ME YOUR HANDS, YOUR HANDS!

He rolls her over and struggles to pull out her hands. She is holding a grenade.

ALIAH MUSTAFA  
Allah 'u Akbar!

AN EXPLOSION blows them both to pieces.

**INT. FBI ROOM, SITCON - CONTINUOUS**

The room is silent, as they listen to the explosion.

BAINES  
Shit.

FIORINI's face. She allows herself one gasp of grief. Then she swallows it.

**EXT. MOUNTAINS NEAR EUREKA SPRINGS - DAWN, THURSDAY**

A blonde woman sits at the open flap of a small tent. Beside her, a man lies asleep. She drinks coffee, listens to loud music on her MP3 headphones, and looks out at the beautiful view.

Suddenly the tent is blown about, then ripped to shreds as if by a bomb. They turn around to see the helicopter, now feet away from them and roaring with an impossibly loud noise. The downdraft whips their faces. Fully armed soldiers jump down from the skids, guns pointing, yelling at them. They drag them bodily towards the helicopter as it touches down. JEAN WILSON screams and screams.

**INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE ZOO, SITCON - DAY**

H is angry. He is pacing, shouting, completely wired now.

H  
This is TOTAL...FUCKING...STUPIDITY!

CHARLIE  
Will you just calm down, for  
Chris'sake?

FIORINI comes out from the zoo.

FIORINI  
We can hear you in there.

H  
How do you expect me work like this?  
You've given him another break.

FIORINI  
She may need to see him.

H  
Oh that's a great idea...

FIORINI  
If you want to watch, that's fine, but  
right now you will SHUT the fuck UP.  
Do you understand me?

She is fierce now, and he is suddenly weak. She notices that he is trembling even more now. He answers quietly.

H  
Okay. Alright. Then can I please get  
back to work?

FIORINI opens the door for him.

**INT. THE ZOO, SITCON - CONTINUOUS**

FIORINI, H, and CHARLIE enter THE CORRIDOR of the zoo. SAUNDERS, ZACHARY, PHILLIPS and other Agents are there, watching.

**IN HOLDING ROOM 'A'**, BAINES sits with JEAN WILSON. There is a screen in front of her, playing the last part of the tape that shows YOUNGER and the bombs. The pictures of the two remaining bomb cellars are on the table. She is nearly hysterical.

JEAN  
It's a fake. It's all a fake! I  
been in the mountains for a  
week, I don't know anything! I  
just spent four hours in a  
fucking helicopter, nobody  
answers my questions...

YOUNGER (ON SCREEN)  
*And all three of these  
devices... are nuclear bombs.  
Your experts will want evidence,  
of course, so I will now  
describe the technical aspects  
of each device.*

BAINES turns off the tape.

BAINES  
I'm sorry about that Jean, just calm  
down. We need to know if you  
recognize these places?

JEAN  
I want a lawyer. This is illegal.  
You have no fucking right to hold me  
you CIA bastards!

BAINES  
I'm not CIA, Jean, now please look at  
the pictures.

JEAN  
Fuck you!

BAINES  
You saw the tape, Jean. We didn't make  
it, he did.

JEAN  
He's lying, he'd never do that!

BAINES  
He did it for you. To impress you, to  
get you back. That's why you have to  
help us. Why don't you ask him?

JEAN  
He's here? You got him here?

BAINES points to a phone with a speaker.

BAINES  
At the end of that phone. Ask him.

BAINES hits the speaker button.

BAINES  
Go ahead, Mister Younger. Jean is  
here.

**IN HOLDING ROOM 'B'**, YOUNGER is strapped to a wheelchair, a  
blanket over him, a woollen hat on his head. ALVAREZ is beside  
him. YOUNGER leans forward to a speaker phone.

YOUNGER  
Jean? Is that you? Are you there?

**IN HOLDING ROOM 'A':**

JEAN  
That doesn't even sound like him!

YOUNGER (ON SPEAKER)  
It's me, Jean, they tortured me.

BAINES  
You know we don't do that, Jean.

JEAN  
They showed me a video. With bombs?

YOUNGER (ON SPEAKER)  
God wants it this way, he knows I'm  
doing the right thing. I told them  
what you wanted. Withdraw the troops,  
stop the money, and Kyoto, I told  
them...

JEAN  
You're crazy, you're fucking crazy!

YOUNGER (ON SPEAKER)  
I love you, Jean, and the kids. I love  
you all so much...

JEAN  
O God... Where are they? Where are my  
children?

BAINES hits the button to cut off the speaker.

BAINES  
We were told you had them...

JEAN  
No! They're with Mom and Dad.

BAINES  
Jean, we spoke to your dad, he doesn't  
have the kids.

She screams, and hits the button again.

JEAN  
NO! Where are they? What have you  
done with them?  
(to BAINES)  
Where are my children? Has he got my  
children?

YOUNGER (ON SPEAKER)  
I'd never hurt them. I love them...

YOUNGER weeps. She yells at the phone, hysterical.

JEAN  
What have you DONE with them?  
(to BAINES)  
Have you got them? Where are they?

BAINES hits the button again, and cuts off the phone.

BAINES  
Jean, we'll find your children, now do  
you know any of these places? PLEASE?

JEAN looks at him, from the depths of her panic. Then at the  
photographs. She seems distracted.

JEAN  
Yes, yes.

BAINES  
Yes?

JEAN  
Yeah, I do. That's... That looks  
like...

**IN THE CORRIDOR:**

ZACHARY  
 She knows. Oh my God she knows...

**IN HOLDING ROOM 'A':**

BAINES  
 Where?

JEAN  
 Oh no. Get my kids. Then I'll tell  
 you. First you FIND MY KIDS!

**IN THE CORRIDOR:**

GUNTER  
 I don't believe this. She's as crazy  
 as he is.

ZACHARY  
 How the fuck do we find the kids?

FIORINI  
 I know. Phil, get the father.

**INT. THE ZOO, HOLDING ROOM 'C', SITCON - LATER**

FIORINI throttles WILSON against the wall. PHILLIPS is horrified.

FIORINI  
 You lied to me, you piece of shit  
 mother-fucker!

She punches him hard in the kidneys. He shrieks with pain.

PHILLIPS  
 Agent Fiorini...

FIORINI  
 You said she had the kids. She says  
 you have them. So do I beat the shit  
 out of you, or beat the shit out of  
 her? Which would you prefer?

She slams her heel into his shin. He yells and weeps.

MISTER WILSON  
 No, please!

FIORINI  
 Where are the kids? What did you do  
 with them?

MISTER WILSON  
 He said not to tell!

She grabs his testicles, and squeezes them. He yells in agony.

FIORINI  
 God dam it, you are obstructing our  
 investigation!

She pushes his head back, and puts a thumbnail in his eye. She  
 twists his testicles again. He shrieks in pain.

MISTER WILSON  
 A man came. With some cops. He said  
 CIA were after the kids. He took my  
 wife and the children to a safe place.  
 He told me what to say. Please!

FIORINI  
 What man? What did he look like?

MISTER WILSON  
 Detective Smith. Gray hair, six foot,  
 bad teeth.

FIORINI releases him. He falls in a wet heap to the floor.  
 PHILLIPS looks at her, open-mouthed. FIORINI leaves the room.

**IN THE CORRIDOR** outside are ZACHARY, SAUNDERS, H and CHARLIE.  
 FIORINI looks straight at CHARLIE.

CHARLIE  
 The kids are on their way right now.  
 Ten minutes.

The others look at him, amazed.

CHARLIE  
 We got to the parents first. Told them  
 you guys wanted to do a deal with  
 Younger, send the kids to Pakistan.  
 They're liberals, they believe any  
 crap about the CIA. We told the old  
 man what to say, we took the kids into  
 safety, and Grandma came too.

SAUNDERS  
 You deliberately kept FBI in the  
 dark! I cannot believe this! You  
 listen...

ZACHARY  
 Are you telling me that all this  
 time you and your goddam  
 cowboys....

CHARLIE  
 Shut your whining. That could have  
 been the deal. But you wouldn't have  
 done it, 'cos it's "against the  
 fucking law". The kids are chips. We  
 cash them in when we need to, like  
 right now. It's called leverage. It's  
 sure as hell going to make her talk.

ZACHARY  
 You're through. After this, you're  
 through.

H  
 Don't tell us you didn't think of it?



FIORINI  
Why? What for?

H  
To get the answer.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, SITCON - LATER**

JEAN sits, strapped in a wheelchair, surrounded by a crowd of top brass, suits, uniforms, everything she hates. She is hysterical.

JEAN  
Where are my children? Where are they? You bastards, you don't care about the people, all you care about is your stinking Government.

GUNTER (TO CHARLIE)  
What the hell are we doing here?

CHARLIE  
Just give him a moment.

JEAN  
We could die for all you care. You only think of us when you want to buy our votes!

The door opens. H enters. ALVAREZ pushes a blanketed figure in a wheelchair. H pulls aside the blanket. It is YOUNGER. Now we see his body clearly for the first time. He is burnt, blackened, lacerated, broken. Without fingernails, his skull torn and bloody, toes and knees dislocated. Blood and puss dribble from open sores, vomit stains his shirt. They look at him in horror, unable to speak. JEAN shrinks back in her chair.

JEAN  
What have you done to him? What have you done?

H pushes YOUNGER's chair towards JEAN, who recoils in horror.

YOUNGER  
Jean? I love you...

GUNTER  
Get him out of here. I did not authorize this, I want that clearly understood.

H  
Of course not, none of you did. Now Jean, I want you to ask him where the bombs are.

Silence in the room. They realize what this is about. JEAN is in shock. H moves round and leans down close to her.

H  
Say "Yusuf, where are the bombs please?"

JEAN barely whispers the question.

JEAN  
Yusuf, where are the bombs please?

YOUNGER weeps, shakes his head, and keeps whining.

YOUNGER  
I love you Jean, don't, please, I did  
this for you...

H  
You know what I think? I think he  
really loves you, Jean.

YOUNGER  
I do, I love you...

H  
Alright, Yusuf, we're going to cut  
some little pieces off you, and give  
them to Jean here, until you tell us.

H draws a knife. CHARLIE moves fast, in between them.

CHARLIE  
No, H, no. What are you doing?

H (TO ALVAREZ)  
Hold the chair.

CHARLIE  
H, you can't do this.

JEAN  
No, stop him!

H raises the blade. FIORINI moves in front of YOUNGER.

FIORINI  
You're not going to do that, not here.

H  
So it's alright in private, but not in  
front of all these nice people?

FIORINI  
We're not going to let you do it.

H seems desperate now, losing control.

H  
You want to know where these bombs are  
OR NOT? Huh? All of you, working  
against me. Do you want ME to win?  
Or do you want HIM to win?

FIORINI  
H, put the knife down.

H crumples, exhausted, and lowers the knife.

H  
Fine, that's your answer. He wins.

Everyone breathes again. FIORINI picks up the blanket.

FIORINI  
Take him back.

H reaches out with the knife. HE SLASHES JEAN'S THROAT, AND STABS HER THREE TIMES, fast, straight in the heart. Blood sprays over all the pretty uniforms. YOUNGER howls with horror, as everyone screams, shouts, yells. They run to JEAN, they run to hold H. As he is bundled out, H catches FIORINI'S eye, and smiles.

**INT. CELL, SITCON - MORNING, FRIDAY**

H lies in his cell, trembling, breathing fast. He is in a bad state. The QUIET MAN enters the cell and sits beside him. FIORINI follows him, and stands outside the cell.

QUIET MAN  
Politicians come and go, don't they. People pass us by. The military look through us. We don't get medals. But you and I, we're the ones who keep this country safe. I was a young GI in Japan after the war, Nagasaki. Then Korea, Nam, Chile, Somalia, Gulf. Different jobs, all nasty. You know the worst? Bosnia. I didn't think it was possible, not after the Nazis. I seen a lot of shit in my life, but your little performance was something else. I don't know why you killed a perfectly good breeding member of the population, and I absolutely don't care, because I know you must have had a reason.

FIORINI  
Reason? He's a psychopath.

QUIET MAN  
Probably. We got four hours. Can you get him to talk?

H  
Where is he?

QUIET MAN  
Back in the hall, with Lubitchich. He's doing his best...

H looks at FIORINI.

H  
Are you in? I need you.

QUIET MAN

She's in.

**INT. THE HALL, SITCON - MOMENTS LATER**

The QUIET MAN enters the old HALL, H and FIORINI behind him. The observers are all there. LUBITCHICH is in the Room with YOUNGER, who is weeping. The QUIET MAN hits the intercom button.

QUIET MAN

Come in here, please, right away. We've run out of time. The principal government officers in each city are currently being evacuated to nuclear shelters. Your own families have already gone. Bound to be some rumors, panic. From now on, H has absolute sanction. He has a free hand.

LUBITCHICH stands by the door to the Room. His hands are bloody.

LUBITCHICH

There's no more you can do. He wants to die, and he's pretty close.

H

Charlie?

H and CHARLIE look at each other for a moment. CHARLIE nods.

H goes **INTO THE ROOM**. YOUNGER is still strapped to the wheelchair. He sees H and groans. H strokes his hair, and whispers intimately.

H

They won't stop me now, will they? No limits now. You're close to death. We both know it. They want me to ask...you know what.

He gags YOUNGER'S mouth, and pulls it tight.

**IN THE HALL**, they cannot hear.

ZACHARY

What's he saying? What's going on?

**IN THE ROOM**, YOUNGER watches as H picks up a hood, a noose of rope, and a blade. He puts them into his pockets.

H

Too late for questions or answers. You did good. But I can't let you live, not like this. I have to kill you. So make your peace with... whoever.

He moves to the inner door and wedges it open.

H

I'll be back in a few minutes. okay?

YOUNGER whimpers, and nods his head, almost in relief.

**IN THE HALL**, they are confused. H comes out, and pours some water.

KERKMEJIAN

So?

H

He needs a little break.

FIORINI cracks.

FIORINI

For God's sake, we have three hours!

H

What do you think I should do,  
Felicity?

FIORINI

You bastard. What do you want me to  
say? Just do what you have to do!

H

What we "have to do", is  
UN...THINKABLE.

He lets that sink in.

H

Get me the children.

A freeze. A long, cold, freeze.

KERKMEJIAN

You're not serious.

H

Give me his children, and I will give  
you the answers. All you have to do  
is bring them in.

ALVAREZ

I'm not doing that.

H

Let him see them. Let him watch me  
with them.

FIORINI

No. Over my dead body.

CHARLIE is back. No-one had noticed him leave.

CHARLIE

The kids are right outside.

FIORINI

No!

H

You just don't get it, do you.

FIORINI  
You are NOT going to hurt those children!

H  
You believe I would?

FIORINI  
Yes!

H  
GOOD. THEN SO WILL HE.

FIORINI begins to understand.

CHARLIE  
It's all been leading up to this. He needs to believe that H will do *anything*. Nothing's going to happen to the kids.

H turns to ALVAREZ.

H  
So bring them in, put them in the room, and strap them down, that's all. He'll tell us any dam thing we want to know. Okay?

ALVAREZ  
No.

CHARLIE  
Alright, I'll do it.

CHARLIE goes out.

FIORINI  
You hurt those children, I'll kill you.

H  
That's fine.

H enters **THE ROOM**. YOUNGER jumps in fear. H grabs the wheelchair and smashes it out through the outer door, into a corner of **THE HALL**. He puts the hood over YOUNGER's head.

**BLACKOUT.** We see YOUNGER's POV, from behind the hood. And we hear what he hears, muffled by the hood

CHARLIE (SOUND ONLY)  
Come on, this way...

SAMURA (SOUND ONLY)  
Mummy?

CHARLIE (SOUND ONLY)  
She's in here, this way.

FIORINI (SOUND ONLY)  
No. No...

We hear the sound of movement, more distant now.

CHARLIE (SOUND ONLY)  
Now we're just going to strap you  
down, keep you safe until Mommy gets  
here, okay?

We hear a loud whisper in YOUNGER's ear.

H (SOUND ONLY)  
You ready, Yusuf? This is the end.  
Nothing I do to you will make you  
talk. Not now.

**END OF BLACKOUT**, as H rips off YOUNGER's hood. And through the glass window, he sees his children in THE ROOM. CHARLIE is strapping them down to two gurneys, and they are crying with fear. As H removes his gag, YOUNGER howls in horror and despair. CHARLIE comes out of the Room, and H walks slowly towards it. He turns to look at YOUNGER. He takes the noose from his pocket, and the blade. Slowly, he steps in through the outer door.

YOUNGER  
NO. NO! Don't let him do it! Don't  
let him, I beg you!

LUBITCHICH  
Talk to us, Yusuf. We're not kidding  
this time.

YOUNGER screams hysterically. H is now carefully closing the inner door. He is taking his time.

YOUNGER  
No, please... New York! There's a bomb  
in New York! Please, stop him!

LUBITCHICH  
What address? What address in New  
York?

YOUNGER  
Stop him! 563 West 83rd, second floor.  
Don't let him do it!

ZACHARY is on the phone, relaying the address. YOUNGER sees H now standing between the children.

LUBITCHICH  
The second one? Where is it?

YOUNGER  
No, please stop him, I beg you!

LUBITCHICH  
WHERE?

YOUNGER  
Los Angeles, 18750 Centinela. Garage  
underneath it. PLEASE!

LUBITCHICH  
The last one? We don't fucking  
believe you!

YOUNGER  
Dallas. Basement, 121 Smith Street.  
Don't let him hurt them, please!

FIORINI gasps with relief. ZACHARY, KERKMEJIAN are on telephones.  
CHARLIE takes out a cell phone. LUBITCHICH collapses into a  
chair. The QUIET MAN sighs. FIORINI hits the intercom switch.

FIORINI  
H, he's told us. He's told us where  
they are!

H  
There's more. He's lying.

FIORINI  
No he's not. Dallas, he gave the  
right address in Dallas.

H  
How long to check on the other ones?

FIORINI  
15, 20 minutes.

H  
Well then, I have 20 minutes to work  
on them.

The others are slowly noticing. They fall silent. In the  
background, the sound of the children, whimpering in fear.

LUBITCHICH  
He's not serious. He can't be  
serious.

ZACHARY  
H, this operation is terminated.

KERKMEJIAN  
I am ordering you to stop.

H  
"We assume that the current protocols  
of interrogation will continue until  
otherwise directed by higher  
authority." It's my duty to continue.

H unpeels some duct tape, and begins to tape the childrens' heads  
to the gurneys.

FIORINI grabs the handle of the door. She pulls. Nothing. She  
hits the emergency open button. Nothing. She looks through the

window in the door. The rope noose is tied between the handles of the inner and outer door, the tail of the noose leading inside the Room. Her panic rises.

FIORINI  
H, they're children. They're innocent children.

H  
They're *his* children.

YOUNGER  
No...what's he saying?

She turns to the others. She sees how ALVAREZ is trembling, and ZACHARY avoids her eye. Then she remembers.

FIORINI  
The Chechen girl. What did he do to her? Did she have children too? Did she? Oh no...

She looks into the Room at H, standing beside the children, putting on latex gloves.

H  
Yusuf, there's more, isn't there?

YOUNGER (IN A WHISPER)  
No...no...

H  
Do you *believe* I could do this? Do you?

YOUNGER cannot speak.

FIORINI  
Yes, H. Yes, he believes it.

H  
Belief is not enough, you have to *know* it.

FIORINI  
He knows it. He knows it!

H  
Knowing it is not enough, you have to *see* it.

He reaches for the blade and picks it up. He turns his back on the observers, and advances on the children.

**IN THE HALL**, everyone screams. They hammer at the glass. They try to smash it with chairs. It splinters but does not break. They wrench at the door. KERKMEJIAN brings a fire-ax and smashes down at the handle. The rope is freed. But the inner door is jammed by a chair under the handle.

The ax cleaves through the door, smashing, splintering. FIORINI pulls her gun and fires a circular pattern into the laminated

glass. They smash it with chairs, tear the glass aside with bare hands. They crawl through, as KERKMEJIAN finally breaks the door.

**IN THE ROOM**, H's arm is raised, with the blade in his hand. LUBITCHICH pulls H away and beats him, savagely. ALVAREZ attends to the children, pulling away the tape.

KERKMEJIAN  
They're okay. The kids are okay.

H collapses in the doorway. CHARLIE pulls LUBITCHICH off him.

CHARLIE  
That's enough!

The QUIET MAN is in the Room, no longer quiet.

QUIET MAN  
Get them out of here. No-one else sees them, you understand me? Nobody sees them!

**IN THE HALL**, H is dragged out of the way and thrown onto the floor by LUBITCHICH, who then joins ALVAREZ and runs out with the gurneys. YOUNGER wails uncontrollably. The others come out of the Room, shaking. FIORINI turns on them.

FIORINI  
You knew. You knew he could do this.  
(to CHARLIE)  
You had those kids lined up for him.

CHARLIE  
That's his specialty. A lot of people cross the line. Only one man we have will cross THAT line. That's why we need him. Come on, I didn't know he'd go crazy.

FIORINI stares in disbelief. YOUNGER wails. FIORINI turns to him.

FIORINI  
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

H lifts himself up, battered and spitting blood. He is a different man now, breaking apart. He sobs, and fights to control it.

H  
The man to whom you are apologizing killed a hundred kids.

QUIET MAN  
You keep your mouth shut, you fucking maniac.

FIORINI  
You are evil. Absolute evil.

H  
Don't you turn on me, not now. You think I wanted to... Felicity, don't you know this guy? He's planned every  
(MORE)

H (cont'd)  
 step, you think he wouldn't have an  
 endgame? What if he couldn't hold out?  
 All he has to do is give you the  
 three, right? Can't you fucking count?

QUIET MAN  
 What do you mean?

H  
 Four and a half pounds times three is  
 thirteen and a half, times four is  
 eighteen, fifteen to eighteen pounds  
 missing, where do you want to put your  
 money? ASK HIM!

YOUNGER, close to death, and in deep shock, just looks at them.

ZACHARY  
 You think there's another bomb?

H  
 Of course there's another bomb you  
 stupid bitch!

QUIET MAN  
 Christ...Oh Christ.  
 (to CHARLIE)  
 Get those kids back in here. If anyone  
 tries to stop you, shoot him, that is  
 a direct order!

CHARLIE runs. YOUNGER shouts with the last of his energy.

YOUNGER  
 NO! No bomb! I swear it, I swear...

FIORINI  
 No, wait, we can't...

ZACHARY  
 If there's a one percent chance...

FIORINI  
 We have no evidence! It's just his  
 idea. He's a maniac, you just said so!

The QUIET MAN turns to H.

QUIET MAN  
 You'll get the children back.

H  
 What shall I do with them this time?  
 How far do you want me to go?

QUIET MAN  
 Just do the job, H.

FIORINI  
 No!

H  
I have a condition.

QUIET MAN  
You're making fucking conditions!

H  
I have a condition!

QUIET MAN  
What is it? WHAT THE FUCK IS IT THAT  
YOU WANT?

H turns on FIORINI. He crawls, then staggers towards her.

H  
YOU bring them to me. YOU do it. No-  
one else. Justify me. Make me right.  
My absolute condition for continuing  
this interrogation is that you, YOU  
take those children by the hand, YOU  
drag them towards me, kicking,  
begging, screaming. YOU strap 'em down  
in there, YOU, no-one else. YOU!

FIORINI  
Why?

H weeps.

H  
Because I can't do it without you. I  
need you to show me it's alright.  
It's not so hard. You take one step  
over the line, you've already crossed  
it. And you did, you DID, you helped  
me! If you allow the unthinkable,  
you'll always find someone to do it.  
And here I am. But I need your help.  
Please, help me...

FIORINI's face, as she understands, finally, why she is here.

QUIET MAN  
H, we don't have time for games.

H  
No game, she helps me or I quit.

All of them turn on FIORINI, three faces talking at her at once.

H  
I can't do it without you. I  
need you to tell me it's okay...

QUIET MAN  
Fiorini, this is two kids of a  
terrorist against a hundred  
thousand of our own.

FIORINI  
Yusuf, if there's a bomb, for  
God's sake tell us now!

ZACHARY  
We don't have *time* for moral  
argument.

H  
It won't work. He's dead, he knows it.

YOUNGER  
No bomb...no bomb...

H  
Justify me, tell me I can do this...

FIORINI  
NO! I swore an oath to uphold and defend the Constitution...

QUIET MAN  
Fuck the Constitution! If there's another bomb out there...

FIORINI  
Then let it go off! I will not do this. We *CANNOT* do this.

CHARLIE enters.

CHARLIE  
The kids are here...

H  
That's it, I'm through.

Suddenly the QUIET MAN jabs his cane hard into H's chest.

QUIET MAN  
I don't think so. You better remember, you have kids too. We're patient with you, you disgusting piece of slime. We let you jerk us around because we don't have a choice. What makes you think you do?

For the first time, H is scared.

H  
You don't touch my family...

QUIET MAN  
You think I haven't got that covered? I got people on that right now.

H  
You wouldn't do that. Charlie..?

CHARLIE  
Got to do it, H.

QUIET MAN  
You may have reached your limit, but not mine. You started this, you *will* finish it.  
(to CHARLIE)  
Bring 'em in!

FIORINI  
No! H, you touch those children and I  
will kill you.

FIORINI PULLS HER GUN and points it at H. Instantly KERKMEJIAN  
and WINSTON pull theirs and aim at her.

H  
Felicity...

FIORINI  
I will kill you, I WILL DO IT!

QUIET MAN  
Gentlemen, you will shoot this person  
unless she puts her weapon down on a  
count of five. ONE...

KERKMEJIAN  
Put down the gun, Agent!

CHARLIE  
Don't be dumb about this...

H  
Felicity? You know what I have  
to do.

ZACHARY  
Come on, Fiorini...

QUIET MAN  
TWO...

H moves towards FIORINI, his hands outstretched.

H  
Felicity, you must understand.  
You know what I have to do...

ZACHARY  
You let it get this far,  
Fiorini, you can't stop it now.

H looks into FIORINI's eyes. He is moving closer to her.

QUIET MAN  
THREE...

ZACHARY  
You would be responsible for  
hundreds of thousands of  
deaths...

CHARLIE  
Put it down, Fiorini, they're  
serious.

H  
I'm dead, Felicity. But I can't  
let them hurt my kids...

KERKMEJIAN  
I will shoot you, Agent Fiorini!

QUIET MAN  
FOUR...

H is right next to FIORINI's gun. He touches the barrel. She lets  
him take the gun from her hand.

The others relax, guns lowered. H whispers.

H  
Thank you. I knew you'd understand.

H raises the gun AND SHOOTS.  
YOUNGER's body jerks. He has been shot in the head. FIORINI  
doesn't even look. She knew. The others all stare at the body in

the chair, in disbelief. FIORINI gently takes the gun from H. They stare into the hell of each other's eyes.

QUIET MAN  
I think we're through with you, H.  
Take him out of here.

FIORINI watches, as WINSTON leads H away.

**EXT. CEMETERY IN BALTIMORE - DAY**

The QUIET MAN and CHARLIE wear dark suits. They are in the open air, with a view of trees, and the city beyond them.

QUIET MAN  
You did a good job, Charlie.

CHARLIE  
We got lucky.

QUIET MAN  
We deserved it.

CHARLIE  
If there *had* been a fourth bomb...

QUIET MAN  
There wasn't.

CHARLIE  
Never thought he'd punk out on us like that.

QUIET MAN  
Either way, his heart attack was necessary.

Now we see that we are at a funeral, in a cemetery overlooking the city. Men in dark suits watch from a distance, as a coffin is lowered into the earth. There is only a pitifully small group of mourners, and the funeral staff.

RINA stands beside the grave, with her two children at her side. All three throw earth into the grave. FIORINI comes up beside her, and reaches out with a handful of earth. RINA's hand grabs and holds her wrist like a vice. The funeral staff notice, but look away. RINA whispers.

RINA  
You killed him.

FIORINI  
No, Rina. No, I didn't.

RINA  
Your friends did. You hated him.

FIORINI  
I tried to understand him.

RINA lets her wrist go. FIORINI throws in the earth.

RINA  
They were finished with H. You think  
they have finished with you?

FIORINI doesn't know the answer. She looks down at H's coffin.  
Beyond the ring of mourners, the QUIET MAN and CHARLIE watch.

CHARLIE  
What about Fiorini?

QUIET MAN  
We haven't decided.

They turn their backs and walk to their limousines.

CHARLIE  
I guess there'll always be another  
bomb.

QUIET MAN  
We do what we must.

CHARLIE  
Sure. But next time we won't have H.

QUIET MAN  
We'll find someone. We have to.  
Don't we?

**THE END.**