

# PATRIOT

Book, Music & Lyrics by  
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## THE PLAYERS

CLARA MONROE, 23, a patriotic analyst at the ISA, the Internal Security Agency

TOM BAILEY, 29, an idealistic young lawyer

"JACK," early 50s, Clara's ISA Supervisor

OBU PERRY, 40s, an alleged terrorist and enemy of the Unified State

FYNN PERRY, 40s, Obu's brother (can be played by same actor as OBU)

BILL FORD, early 60s, managing partner of Ford & Garrison

JUDGE JAMES JONES (can be played by same actor as BILL FORD)

NEIL GOODWIN, mid-30s, a lawyer for the Unified State

NEIL BADWIN, mid-30s, a lawyer for the Unified State

ISA INSTRUCTOR (can be played by same actor as BALDWIN and BADWIN)

Clara's ASSISTANT "Nancy"/"Sue"/"Marjorie," 50s

ISA Agents, Officers, Guards, Kidnappers (all double as other characters)(OFFICER 2 can be played by same actor as ISA INSTRUCTOR and BALDWIN/BADWIN)(OFFICER 1 can be played by same actor as BILL FORD and JUDGE JONES)

The WORLD, played by various different voices

## THE SETTING

The Unified State

## THE TIME

Sooner Than We Think

## PATRIOT

|                              |                                 |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| "I-S-A" (p. 1)               | ISA Agents, the World           |
| "Patriot" (10)               | Clara                           |
| "Tom Bailey, E-S-Q" (15)     | Tom                             |
| "The National Anthem" (18)   | Company                         |
| "If We Have Him" (22)        | Goodwin, Judge, Tom             |
| "Believe" (27)               | Tom, Obu, Clara                 |
| "Never Again" (Part I) (29)  | Jack                            |
| "Don't Ask, Don't Tell" (33) | Jack                            |
| "If We Torture" (39)         | Badwin, Judge, Tom              |
| "Wrong" (43)                 | Clara                           |
| "On the List" (45)           | ISA Agents                      |
| "Clara" (48)                 | Tom, Clara, Jack                |
| "I'm Your Spy" (50)          | Assistant                       |
| "Morning" (54)               | Clara                           |
| "A Man's World" (55)         | Assistant, Clara                |
| "Never Again" (Part II) (59) | Jack                            |
| "Eye For an Eye" (63)        | Obu, Tom                        |
| "One Way Out" (66)           | Jack, Clara                     |
| "Nothing to Hide" (69)       | ISA Instructor, Agents          |
| "One Day" (77)               | Clara                           |
| Finale/"Morning" (83)        | ISA Agents, the World,<br>Clara |

PATRIOT has no intermission

Blackout. Words appear above the stage: "'A Republic [after a few seconds] if you can keep it.' [after a few seconds] -Benjamin Franklin." The words fade. A short overture begins (music of "The National Anthem/Morning" and "An Eye For an Eye"). During the music, a dot slowly expands to reveal the imposing flag of the Unified State filling the entire stage. We see the silhouette of the back of a woman (CLARA) saluting the flag. The flag contracts until it disappears. The image of CLARA fades.

SCENE 1

Deep underground in the endless Internal Security Agency, it is early morning. The words "Internal Security Agency" briefly appear on a screen upstage, then fade. As a dim light slowly brightens, we see ISA agents in uniform, and hundreds of machines, eavesdropping on and analyzing trillions of pieces of information from the entire world.

"I-S-A"

AGENT 1

I-S-A, I-S-A  
WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE  
WE KNOW WHAT YOU THINK AND SAY  
I-S-A

AGENT 2

I-S-A

AGENTS 1-3

LISTEN, LISTEN  
EVERY MINUTE WE LISTEN, LISTEN  
TO THE SOUND OF THE PEOPLE, PEOPLE  
WE CAN HEAR YOU

AGENT 1

I-S-A

AGENT 2

I-S-A

AGENT 1

WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE  
WE KNOW WHAT YOU THINK AND SAY

"PATRIOT"

2.

AGENT 2  
WE KNOW WHAT YOU THINK AND SAY

AGENT 1  
I-S-A

AGENT 2  
I-S-A

AGENT 3  
I-S-A

AGENTS 1-3  
LISTEN, LISTEN  
TO THE ENEMY TRYING, TRYING  
TO ESCAPE BUT THEY CANNOT, CANNOT  
WE WILL FIND YOU

AGENT 543  
MORNING "FOUR SEVEN"

AGENT 47  
MORNING "SIX TWO"

AGENT 62  
MORNING "FIVE FORTY-THREE"

AGENT 47  
ARE YOU READY?

AGENT 543  
LET'S FLIP THE SWITCH

AGENT 47  
LET'S FLIP THE SWITCH

AGENT 543  
AND HEAR THE WORLD

AGENT 47  
AND HEAR THE WORLD

AGENT 62  
LET'S FLIP THE SWITCH

AGENTS 543 & 47  
LET'S FLIP THE SWITCH

AGENTS 543, 47 & 62  
AND HEAR THE WORLD

The WORLD--a massive screen filling  
upstage, from floor to ceiling--lights  
up. It is divided into thousands of  
squares each representing a  
place/person monitored by the ISA.

Each line of the WORLD is sung/spoken by a different unseen voice. Tiny squares on the screen light up with each different voice from the WORLD. [Note: the WORLD remains upstage, unobtrusive yet omnipresent, for virtually the entire musical. In almost every scene, a single square-- representing the location of the place being monitored--is lit up. In scenes at the ISA, the lit square is in the center of the WORLD. The screen is a concept of the author. The director can try a different concept.]

WORLD

(each line sung/spoken by a different unseen person)

PASS THE BUTTER  
DO YOU LOVE ME?  
SEVEN FIGURES  
THERE'S NO PARKING  
UPTOWN LOCAL  
HE'S A TENOR  
IN BERMUDA  
WHAT'S THE COSINE

WORLD

AGENT 47

DID YOU DATE HER  
SOME ENCHANTED  
DO NOT LIKE GREEN  
THIRD AND TWENTY  
EGGS AND HAM I  
THROW THE FOOTBALL!  
PARTLY CLOUDY  
THROW THE FOOTBALL!

HERE ON LEVEL  
HUNDRED NINETY-  
THREE  
SECTOR FORTY-TWO

AGENT 62

HAPPY BIRTHDAY  
ALL BEEF PATTY  
ALL MY TROUBLES  
SOCIAL CLIMBER

ALL THE WORLD IS  
RIGHT HERE TO  
SEE

AGENT 47

SERENGETI  
SO ALIVE THERE  
NOW I KNOW MY "A"

HERE FOR ME AND  
YOU

AGENTS 543 & 62

COLON CANCER  
FORTY SHARES OF  
COME ON DADDY  
SKINNY LITTLE

WE KNOW EVERY  
CALL EVERY  
TEXT EVERY  
SEARCH EVERY



WORLD

COUGHING, SNEEZING

(A small, high-pitched female voice)

KILL THE LEADER!

UPTOWN LOCAL

SPICY EGGPLANT

THIRTY-FORTY

WILL YOU MARRY

GREAT RECESSION

KNUFFLE BUNNY

JACK, early 50s, appears like Zeus, looking down upon the AGENTS. Everyone starts to hustle.

AGENT 1

(to the other AGENTS)

It's Jack.

AGENT 2

It's Jack.

AGENT 3

It's Jack!

WORLD

JACK/AGENTS

COUGHING, SNEEZING

TIME

FINAL CURTAIN

UPTOWN LOCAL

TO

SPICY EGGPLANT

THIRTY-FORTY

GET TO

WILL YOU MARRY

GREAT RECESSION

WORK

B-FLAT MAJOR

DO NOT LIKE GREEN

LOG ON

THIRD AND TWENTY

EGGS AND HAM I

COMPUTER

THROW THE FOOTBALL!

TIME TO

SOME ENCHANTED

LOG ON

THROW THE FOOTBALL!

TO THE

NEVER MAKE THE BED

WORLD

(As JACK directs them from above)

VARIOUS AGENTS

OLE MCDONALD

WE KNOW EVERY

POTTY PARTY

SCHEME EVERY

ECONOMIC

PLOT EVERY

FATAL STABBING

CAMP WHERE THEY'RE

MILES PER HOUR

TAUGHT EVERY

FUCK YOU ASSHOLE!

HOUSE EVERY

OUT OF BUSINESS

CAVE EVERY

WANT MY MOMMY

PLACE THEY HAVE



SECOND MOVEMENT  
PRESSURE SYSTEM  
KINGDOM FOR A  
HORSE  
PASS THE BUTTER  
DO YOU LOVE ME?  
NEVER CLEAN THE DISH

FOUGHT EVERY  
BULLET THEY'VE  
BOUGHT EVERY  
GRAVE WHERE THEY'LL  
ROT EVERY THING  
THEY HAVE  
THOUGHT YES WE  
KNOW

KATAMINO  
FIGHT THE LEADER!  
QUARTER AFTER  
NINE  
PASS THE BUTTER  
ART IN HEAVEN

WE KNOW  
EVERY  
PLAN EVERY  
PLOT WE  
KNOW YES WE  
KNOW OH WE

AGENT 1

I-S-A

VARIOUS AGENTS

HUCKLEBERRY  
DOORMAN BUILDING

KNOW YES WE  
KNOW YES WE

AGENT 1

I-S-A, I-S-A  
(JACK leaves.)

WORLD

SECRET SANTA  
THROW THE FOOTBALL!  
MORNING HONEY  
POTTY PARTY  
BOBBLE HEADED  
HERE'S MY TWO CENTS  
FUCK YOU ASSHOLE!  
ART IN HEAVEN  
THUNDER SHOWERS

WORLD

AGENT 2

WHERE'S THE MONEY  
SERENGETI  
EGGS AND SAUSAGE  
COLON CANCER  
WHERE'S THE MONEY  
STOP THE LEADER!  
EGGS AND SAUSAGE

SEVEN FIGURES  
CHIAROSCURO  
BABY RANCHER  
CARBON COPY  
SEVEN FIGURES  
CHIAROSCURO  
BABY RANCHER

MARGHERITA  
TAKE THE GARBAGE  
HUCKLEBERRY

MARGHERITA  
COLON CANCER  
THROW THE FOOTBALL  
IN BERMUDA

(JACK reappears.)  
(MORE)



VOICE OF CLERK 1 (cont'd)

(CLARA's iris is scanned. A buzz.)

DNA.

(A device swabs her skin. Buzz.)

Search.

(Buzz. A second door suddenly opens.  
CLARA enters. The door quickly  
closes.)

CLERK 1

(In a booth. Quick and bored.)

Welcome to Bluffdale, the largest intelligence community  
cybersecurity data initiative center in the world.

(CLERK 1 presses a button and CLERK 2  
enters. To CLERK 2:)

Level 1-9-3, Sector 42.

CLARA enters the world of the ISA.  
Passing ISA AGENTS everywhere, CLERK 2  
leads CLARA through the labyrinthine  
interior, doors, detectors,  
checkpoints, hallways, and into an  
elevator. Everyone is dressed in the  
same nondescript uniform, except CLARA.

CLERK 2

It's three thousand feet down.

CLARA smiles and takes a big breath.  
We see floor numbers whiz by, and with  
each tenth floor, hear a soft beep.  
The beeps come every .7 seconds. -10, -  
20, -30, -40, -50, -60, -70, -80, -90, -  
100...

CLARA

(wondrous)

99.623 miles an hour!

(CLERK 2 looks at her in astonishment.)

Give or take.

-140, -150, -160, -170, -180, -190, -  
193. The elevator opens. CLERK 2  
presents CLARA to male CLERK 3, sitting  
at a desk, while various AGENTS mill  
about.

CLERK 2

Clara--

CLERK 3

(grinning and eyeing CLARA closely)

--Monroe! Memorize your number: 1

(long beat)

4-3

(beat)

2-6-9

(beat)

7-0-4-3

(beat, faster)

25721

(beat, absurdly quick)

54598624754126

(beat, self-satisfied)

point ten.

CLARA

Thank you!

CLERK 3

(quick again)

Your name "Sarah Smith" you report to Jack you have Stage A clearance your badge and assistant.

(CLERK 3 hands her a badge, as a female ASSISTANT appears. She is in her 50s, homely, hair in a bun, wearing glasses, slightly acerbic.)

You learn her name if you get Stage D.

CLARA

(to the ASSISTANT)

Clara--Sarah. Sorry!

(The ASSISTANT gives a wan smile and escorts CLARA down a hallway, as various AGENTS mill about.)

ASSISTANT

(nonchalant, but with hidden meaning)

So, you report to Jack.

(They arrive at CLARA's office. The ASSISTANT quickly taps the passcode and shows CLARA around inside. CLARA's uniform is on her chair.)

Your iWorld: your iHear, iSee, iKnow.

CLARA

(immediately starting to arrange everything, just so)

iFantastic! Thanks--

(CLARA realizes she doesn't know the ASSISTANT's name)

ASSISTANT

(using air quotes)

"Nancy."

CLARA

(CLARA starts unpacking. She unfurls a large flag of the Unified State. Indignant:)

You have to salute.

(insistent)

(MORE)

"PATRIOT"

10.

CLARA (cont'd)

The *flag*.

(The ASSISTANT is taken aback, but salutes.)

ASSISTANT

You're my tenth Sarah Smith in ten years.

CLARA

I'll be here at *least* ten years.

ASSISTANT

The first one--

CLARA

(CLARA ignores the ASSISTANT and moves her out of the way. During the song, CLARA decorates her office with patriotic items and family pictures.)

"PATRIOT"

MY DAD SERVED IN THE ARMY  
POP IN THE MARINES  
GREAT GRANDPA FOUGHT IN THE WAR

'CAUSE WE'RE MONROES  
IT'S IN OUR CORE

ASSISTANT

The second--

CLARA

NOW WE'RE IN A BATTLE  
THE COUNTRY NEEDS MY ALL  
IT'S TIME TO SERVE  
AND HEED THE CALL

WHO WILL DEFEND US?  
WHO WILL DEFEND US?  
AT THE I-S-A!

A PATRIOT, PATRIOT  
WRAP ME UP IN RED WHITE AND BLUE  
ALWAYS FAITHFUL LOYAL AND TRUE  
PROUD TO BE A

PATRIOT, PATRIOT  
GOD, COUNTRY, I-S-A  
THAT'S MY MOTTO

I'LL FIGHT THEM ANYWHERE  
ANY PLACE  
TO THE END

SIGN ME UP, I'M ONE OF THE FEW  
WRAP ME UP IN RED WHITE AND BLUE

"PATRIOT"

11.

PROUD TO BE A

PATRIOT, PATRIOT  
I'M TWENTY THREE AND I'M HERE TO STAY  
AT THE I-S-A!

(quickly and with extraordinary ease,  
in one breath:)

Let's see:

1

(beat)

43269704325721854598624754126

(beat, satisfied)

Point ten!

(The ASSISTANT is astonished.)

PATRIOT, PATRIOT  
BEAR THE BURDEN, PAY ANY PRICE  
THAT WAS DADDY'S FINAL ADVICE  
THEN I'D BE A

PATRIOT  
I'LL GET STAGE A, B, C, D, E F AND G

ASSISTANT

It only goes to D.

CLARA

(not listening)

H, I, J, K, L, M N O P

ASSISTANT

(to herself)

She knows the alphabet!

CLARA

AND MAYBE  
ONE DAY  
I'LL RUN THE I-S-A!

ASSISTANT

(irritated)

X, Y, Z!

(The ASSISTANT leaves. On the last  
note, the door closes and CLARA hangs  
the flag on her wall.)

### SCENE 3

The absurdly large Xanadu-like office  
of BILL FORD, early 60s, managing  
partner of Ford & Garrison, a  
commercial law firm. FORD is tall,  
clean-cut, old-school, commanding. He  
stands at his massive desk. Behind the  
desk, a large portrait of BILL FORD.

All the way on the other side of the room, on a tiny chair, is TOM BAILEY, 29, an earnest associate, under another large portrait of...BILL FORD. TOM holds a redweld that says "Class Action." On the WORLD upstage, a tiny square is lit representing the location of the firm.

FORD

How many--

(The peaceful, high-pitched ding of a virtual phone. Like an orchestra conductor, FORD thrusts his finger in the air to answer. Commanding:)

Ford! In a meeting.

(FORD thrusts his other hand in the air to hang up. A lower-pitched ding. An immediate high ding again.)

Ford! In a meeting.

(FORD thrusts his other hand in the air to hang up. Low ding. An immediate high ding.)

Ford!

(beat)

I'm in...a meeting.

(FORD thrusts his other hand in the air to hang up. Low ding.)

--times must we talk about this?

TOM

Someone has to represent them.

FORD

We help trillionaires, not terrorists--

(High ding. FORD presses his finger in the air, commanding.)

A *hundred* billion. Do you *understand* base 10?

(FORD presses his finger in the air to hang up the phone. Low ding.)

Goddamn--

(FORD hangs up. A new, even higher-pitched ding. FORD answers.)

(beat)

Perry? Who's that?

TOM

I made an appointment.

(FORD presses his palm into the air to mute the call (new sound))

(whispering)

With you.

Suddenly the door opens. FYNN PERRY, 40s, dignified, tragic, slowly walks in. FORD, incredulous, hangs up (low ding), and watches him.

FYNN

(to FORD)

Thank you for agreeing to meet me.

(FORD stares at FYNN, incredulous.)

Fynn Perry.

(FYNN slowly walks the entire length of the massive room, as FORD stares at him. This takes an absurd amount of time.)

FORD

(collecting himself)

Bill Ford.

(FORD points to his portraits. FORD and FYNN shake hands. FORD points to TOM.)

Tom Bailey

(FORD shows him a seat, all the way back next to TOM. While FORD and TOM watch, FYNN slowly walks back the entire length of the massive room. FYNN sits on a tiny chair next to TOM's chair, tries to get comfortable, and waits. FORD stands in a pose matching his portrait. Silence. More silence.)

Well?

FYNN

(quickly, while TOM takes notes.)

Three months ago, I was with Obu--

(High ding.)

FORD

(answering)

A hundred fifty!

(FORD hangs up. Low ding.)

FYNN

(increasingly upset)

My brother. They burst in with guns.

(Two high dings. Answering two phones:)

FORD

Ford! Ford! No. Yes!

(hangs up both calls, two low dings)

FYNN

Hit him in the face!

(TOM gives FYNN a tissue.)

(MORE)



FYNN (cont'd)

They took him away.  
(beat, nervous)  
Please help.

FORD

(slightly condescending)  
Now Mr. Perry, Ford & Garrison is a *commercial* law firm--

TOM

--with a great pro bono tradition--

FORD

And we don't represent accused--

TOM

--bankers who defraud pension funds--

FORD

Well yes, but--

TOM

--pharma execs who jack up drug prices--

FORD

Of course, but--

TOM

--politicians who loot the treasury--

FORD

*Obviously*, but--  
(looking at TOM for support)

TOM

(surprising himself)  
We'll do it!

FYNN

(FYNN jumps to his feet, vigorously  
shakes TOM's hand, and in an instant  
runs to FORD and hugs him, to FORD's  
shock.)

Thank you!  
(FYNN runs out. FORD stares at TOM in  
disbelief.)

FORD

Have you lost your mind?

TOM

(improvising)  
*I'll* do it, on weekends.

FORD

I won't sue my old employer.

TOM  
(walking towards FORD)  
The I-S-A took him?

FORD  
Of course.

TOM  
What if he's innocent?

FORD  
Please.

TOM  
He has a right to a lawyer.

FORD  
But not to me!

TOM  
(right across FORD's desk)  
The Unified State...it's not even a democracy anymore.  
Emergency powers, watchlists, someone has to stand up and--

FORD  
(exasperated)  
Why is this my problem, Tom? You're the lead associate  
defending Wolf News in the biggest sex, race, and age  
discrimination class actions in history!

(with emotion)  
You should be honored!  
(FORD gets back to work.)  
If you want to save the world, do it somewhere else.  
(High ding. They stare at each other.)

Ford!!

TOM turns away, looks back, then starts  
to leave FORD's office.

TOM  
"TOM BAILEY, E-S-Q"

ALL MY LIFE I TOOK THE EASY PATH  
ALL MY LIFE I PLAYED IT SAFE  
COLLEGE, LAW SCHOOL, FORD & GARRISON

MAKING RICH PEOPLE RICHER  
MAKING STRONG PEOPLE STRONGER  
AND EACH DAY'S GETTING LONGER  
EACH DAY'S GETTING LONGER

AT THE FORD FIRM  
MAKING MONEY  
IN THE CITY  
FORD FIRM

(suddenly)  
I'M OFF THE CASE  
I'M OFF THE CASE  
(TOM throws the "Class Action" redweld  
away.)  
OUT OF THE RAT RACE  
NO MORE RAT RACE  
  
I'LL START MY OWN FIRM  
CALL IT "TOM BAILEY E-S-Q"

TOM leaves and is outside. A different  
square lights up on the WORLD. TOM  
meets a landlord, and signs a lease.  
To the landlord:

A perfect spot.

Workers start building TOM's office and  
TOM's name on the facade outside. To  
the workers:

A little higher, little higher, right there!  
(During the song, TOM's law firm is  
built piece by piece.)

MY FIRM WITH MY NAME  
NOT GOING TO PLAY THEIR GAME  
AT TOM BAILEY E-S-Q

MY DESK AND MY CHAIR  
I CAN BE ANYWHERE  
AT TOM BAILEY E-S-Q

(Imagining)  
"WELCOME OBU  
HOW CAN I HELP YOU  
AT TOM BAILEY E-S-Q"

I'M A LAWYER  
A CIVIL RIGHTS LAWYER  
THAT'S TOM BAILEY E-S-Q  
THAT'S ME!

Imagine litigating only civil rights cases, night and day!  
Voting rights, children's rights, women's rights, workers'  
rights. Human rights!

I FEEL QUEASY  
IT WON'T BE SO EASY  
AT TOM BAILEY E-S-Q

BUT WHAT IS FAILING?  
IT'S WHEN YOU'RE NOT TRYING  
STICKING TO THE TRIED AND TRUE

(MORE)

TOM (cont'd)

(Imagining)

"WELCOME, OBU  
HOW CAN I HELP YOU  
AT TOM BAILEY E-S-Q"

I'M A LAWYER  
A CIVIL RIGHTS LAWYER  
THAT'S TOM BAILEY E-S-Q  
THAT'S...

(The office is built, with the sign  
"Tom Bailey, Esq." on the facade. TOM  
is alone on stage.)

MY FIRM  
IN THE CITY  
I'LL MAKE NOTHING  
BUT DO SOMETHING  
FOR PEOPLE  
WHO NEED SOME HELP FROM  
SOMEONE  
WHY NOT ME?

(FYNN appears. They shake hands.)

I'M ON THE CASE!

SCENE 4

CLARA, in uniform, is in her office  
listening to earbuds. A buzzer rings.  
CLARA, in uniform, presses a button and  
we see the ASSISTANT's face on the  
wall.

ASSISTANT

Jack in five.

CLARA

(knowingly, using air quotes)

Thanks "Nancy."

As the ASSISTANT rolls her eyes, CLARA  
removes her earbuds, takes her iKnow,  
leaves her office, and joins the  
ASSISTANT. As numerous ISA AGENTS run  
about in different directions, the  
ASSISTANT leads CLARA down a hallway.  
A bell rings once.

ASSISTANT

Nine o'clock.

Everyone halts, puts their hands on  
their hearts, and sings, fortissimo.  
The singing also comes from the entire  
company offstage. CLARA and the  
ASSISTANT sing, too.

COMPANY

"THE NATIONAL ANTHEM"  
(a cappella)

WE PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE  
TO LEADER AND STATE

ONE NATION UNITED  
THE FEARLESS, THE GREAT

OH VALLEYS AND MOUNTAINS  
OH RED WHITE AND BLUE

OUR LOVE AND DEVOTION  
WE PROMISE TO YOU

OUR BLOOD AND DEVOTION  
WE PROMISE TO YOU

WE PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE  
TO LEADER AND STATE

ONE NATION UNITED  
THE FEARLESS, THE GREAT

OH RIVERS AND MEADOWS  
OH RED WHITE AND BLUE

OUR ENDLESS DEVOTION  
WE PROMISE TO YOU

UNDYING DEVOTION  
WE PLEDGE TO YOU

The AGENTS resume their regular  
business as if nothing happened.

ASSISTANT

We're late.

The ASSISTANT continues to take CLARA to JACK, punches a long code in a door, and opens it. She motions CLARA to go into JACK's surprisingly small, messy office, and leaves. The words "The List" briefly appear on the screen, then fade. CLARA enters and stands patiently, while JACK, sleeves rolled up, gruff but occasionally charming, reads a virtual newspaper. JACK is not wearing a uniform. An alcoholic drink is on JACK's desk. The door closes automatically.

JACK

(to himself)

Goddamn Greenberg.

(He takes a sip.)

We should wipe these reporters off the face of the earth!

(He turns the page. Silence.)

CLARA

(taking a deep breath)

Sarah Smith, sir!

(He turns another page. Long beat)

Reporting for duty, sir?

JACK

(JACK takes another sip.)

Ever heard the name "Obu Perry"? He wanted to blow up a sky mall a hundred miles from here.

(He puts the newspaper down and looks at CLARA for the first time.)

The Leader declared him a state enemy. Clara--

(CLARA looks confused)

Please, I know your third grade nickname and your brand of dental floss. Monitor Perry 24/7. He's on the Island. I want every interrogation, mutter, cry in his sleep. Got it?

CLARA

(quickly)

It's an honor.

JACK

Thank God we got him on the List in time.

(CLARA again looks confused. Matter of fact:)

The List! Level 1, monitoring: every search, email, text, youchat, quickchat, fastchat. Yodel. Whole world's Level 1. Level 2: no-fly no-drive no-hyperloop. 3: you get your own nano-spy drone. 4: preventive detention until the war's over, or whenever you die.

(beat, smiling)

Whichever's later.

CLARA

Good thing there aren't mistakes.

JACK

Mistakes! Ever heard of Tim Payne? Never even made it to Level--

(beat, suddenly pensive)

A mastermind of the Attack.

(beat, lost in thought and annoyed)

Goodbye.

(CLARA leaves. JACK removes a photograph from his pocket, looks at it, takes a swig of his drink, puts the object back, and picks up the paper again.)

SCENE 5

A courtroom reminiscent of FORD's office. On one side, a massive, elevated desk. Behind it, a giant portrait of the JUDGE. All the way on the other side of the courtroom, TOM and NEIL GOODWIN, a lawyer for the Unified State, are seated at tiny tables. GOODWIN, mid 30s, is well-dressed, smooth, supercilious, and self-confident. The words "State Secrets" briefly appear on the screen, then fade. A COURT CLERK enters from a door near the JUDGE's desk and bangs on the door twice. A different square is lit up on the WORLD.

COURT CLERK

All rise. The Honorable James Jones, presiding.  
(The lawyers rise as the JUDGE enters.  
Everyone stands and remains completely frozen during the CLERK's introduction. With dramatic flair:)  
Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye! All persons having business before this Unified State Court for the 22nd Circuit, 151st District, 2,533rd Subdivision, draw near, give your attention and ye shall be heard!  
(The proceedings move at a rapid pace.)  
Perry versus Unified State!

JUDGE

(sitting)  
Seal the courtroom.

COURT CLERK

Sealed!

TOM

Tom Bailey for Mr. Perry.

GOODWIN

Neil Goodwin for the government.

JUDGE

(looking at TOM)  
Well?

TOM

Your Honor, the State has kidnapped a young man named Obu Perry. Without charge. *Seven months* ago. He should be released immediately.

GOODWIN

*Is Perry in custody? Is there an "Obu Perry" at all?*

I met his brother!  
TOM

Could be a spy.  
GOODWIN

JUDGE  
(coming to life)  
Good *point*, Goodwin.

Where is Perry?  
TOM

GOODWIN  
(resting his case)  
The government has criminally charged no person at all by that name. I checked myself.

JUDGE  
Bravo, Goodwin!

TOM  
But was he detained without charge?

GOODWIN  
(displaying a flash of annoyance)  
Meaning?

TOM  
(quickly)  
Arrested?

GOODWIN  
(quickly)  
No.

TOM  
Seized?

GOODWIN  
No.

TOM  
Captured?

GOODWIN  
No.

TOM  
(more and more exasperated)  
Held?

GOODWIN  
(immediately)  
Objection, vague!



TOM

Is there an Obu Perry?

GOODWIN

(getting more and more excited)

If I *said* he existed, I'd know where he is. Meaning he'd be in detention. Meaning we'd have a *clandestine preventive detention program!* Meaning he'd be on an island in--

(realizing he's said too much)

It's theoretical, hypothetical. *Victor ergo sum!*

TOM

Meaning?

GOODWIN

"You lose!"

TOM

(utterly exasperated)

Where is Perry?!

"IF WE HAVE HIM"

GOODWIN

I'M SORRY TO HAVE TO SAY  
I CAN'T SAY IT ANOTHER WAY  
IT'S A...

(improvising)

Secret. Yes,  
A SECRET  
BY A SECRET  
WHAT I MEAN  
RESTRICTED  
CONFIDENTIAL  
AND UNSEEN

THE REPUBLIC  
YES, THE REPUBLIC  
THE VERY REPUBLIC  
MIGHT EVEN FALL  
IF WE TELL THIS LAWYER  
ANYTHING AT ALL

(Showing the JUDGE a document. Hiding  
it from TOM, who lunges for it.)

SEE THE EXECUTIVE ORDER  
13292  
READ THE EXECUTIVE ORDER  
OUR LEADER SIGNED IT THERE  
OUR LEADER IS SO FAIR  
LISTEN JUDGE, I SWEAR

IF WE HAVE HIM  
LET US KEEP HIM  
WITHOUT SAYING  
THAT WE HAVE HIM

I'M NOT SAYING  
THAT WE HAVE HIM  
BUT WE COULD

I DENY THAT WE DO  
BUT WE MIGHT SO WOULD YOU  
END THIS POINTLESS DEBATE HERE AND NOW  
FOR SECURITY, FOR HUMANITY  
FOR GOOD

TOM

YOUR HONOR, IS HE SERIOUS?  
A MAN CAN'T DISAPPEAR  
YOUR HONOR, IT'S SPURIOUS  
A MAN CAN'T DISAPPEAR  
FOR MORE THAN HALF A YEAR  
HOW CAN IT HAPPEN HERE?

GOODWIN

IF WE HAVE HIM  
LET US KEEP HIM  
WITHOUT SAYING  
THAT WE HAVE HIM  
I'M NOT SAYING  
THAT WE HAVE HIM  
BUT WE COULD

I DENY THAT WE DO  
BUT WE MIGHT SO WOULD YOU  
END THIS POINTLESS DEBATE  
HERE AND NOW  
FOR SECURITY  
FOR HUMANITY  
FOR GOOD

TOM

IF THEY HAVE HIM  
LET ME SEE HIM  
  
DO THEY HAVE HIM?  
WHAT'S HE SAYING?  
WHAT'S HE SAYING?

PLEASE YOUR HONOR

FOR LIBERTY  
FOR HUMANITY  
FOR GOOD

JUDGE

I CAN SEE BOTH SIDES  
I CAN SEE BOTH SIDES  
RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME  
RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME

IT'S SECURITY  
IT'S SECURITY  
VERSUS LIBERTY  
VERSUS LIBERTY

NOW IT FALLS TO ME  
NOW IT FALLS TO ME

WHERE IS PERRY?

GOODWIN

Who?

WHERE IS PERRY?  
JUDGE

Don't know.  
GOODWIN

WHERE IS PERRY?  
JUDGE

WHERE IS PERRY?  
TOM

I won't say!  
GOODWIN

So he knows!  
TOM

Yes I know!  
GOODWIN

WHERE IS PERRY?  
JUDGE

HE'S IN CUSTODY!  
(to himself)  
Oh God.  
GOODWIN

(to TOM)  
JUDGE  
NOW DON'T TELL A THING TO A SOUL  
OR YOU'LL BE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE

Is that understood?

Yes!  
TOM

(to TOM)  
JUDGE  
THEN IT'S OUR SECRET

(to himself)  
GOODWIN  
Oh no.

THAT'S MY RULING!  
JUDGE

Help.  
GOODWIN

THAT'S AN ORDER!!  
JUDGE

GOODWIN  
(Recovering, to TOM)  
THAT'S AN ORDER

JUDGE  
IT'S THE LAW

GOODWIN  
IT'S THE LAW

JUDGE

GOODWIN

TELL NO PERSON  
WHAT YOU HEARD OR  
WHAT YOU SAW

TELL NO PERSON  
WHAT YOU HEARD  
OR SAW

JUDGE AND GOODWIN  
(closing in on TOM)

TOM

IF HIS NAME  
LEAVES YOUR MOUTH  
YOU'LL BE  
TRAVELING SOUTH  
TO A SECRET LOCALE,  
UNDERSTOOD?

I WILL HELP HIM

JUDGE  
FOR SECURITY  
FOR HUMANITY

GOODWIN  
FOR ETERNITY  
FOR HUMANITY

JUDGE AND GOODWIN  
FOR ETERNITY  
FOR HUMANITY  
FOR GOOD

SCENE 6

The Island. Male OFFICER 1 escorts TOM into a small room. OFFICER 1 is clean-cut, formal, abrupt, rigid. TOM wears a suit and holds a briefcase. A square is lit up in the corner of the world. The words "The Island" briefly appear on the screen, then fade.

OFFICER 1  
Briefcase.

TOM  
(getting angry)  
It's confidential.

OFFICER 1 brutally seizes the briefcase, opens it, inspects it slowly, closes it, and glaring at TOM, decides to keep it. Male OFFICER 2 arrives. He is less clean-cut, formal, abrupt, and rigid. OFFICER 2 motions TOM to follow him. OFFICER 2 unlocks a big metal door; OFFICER 2 and TOM walk in; the door slams shut. In a small room, OFFICER 2 puts his hand in a slot under a light, and after some seconds another big metal door slides open. They both walk in, and down a hallway. OFFICER 2 unlocks another big metal door.

OFFICER 2

Five minutes.

TOM walks in; OFFICER 2 slams the door behind him. TOM is in a tiny, poorly lit cell, empty except for a hollow, metal grandfather clock in the corner and a chain attached to a hook on the ceiling. OBU PERRY, 40s, gaunt, bearded, is curled up on the floor.

TOM

(gently)

Mr. Perry.

Lights up on CLARA, in her ISA office, who is monitoring OBU. She suddenly sits up, listening intently.

My name is Tom Bailey. I am your lawyer.

CLARA

(typing)

"Tom Bailey."

TOM

(silence)

I met Fynn, your brother.

CLARA

(typing)

"Fynn!"

(long silence)

OBU

(Turning towards TOM, speaking slowly.)

How do you know that name?

(beat)

Spy.

TOM

No! I represent *you*, in a court of law!

OBU

They beat me, forced me into a clock, chained me to the ceiling. For weeks!

(beat)

There's no law.

CLARA

(to herself)

Not true.

TOM

Torture is prohibited by the Bill of Liberties!

(beat)

(trying another tack, taking notes)

Do you have any other family?

OBU

My wife.

(wistful)

My son.

(CLARA types it all.)

TOM

My parents died in a car crash when I was seven.

(CLARA looks up.)

The Bill of Liberties is all I've got. Why are you here Mr. Perry?

OBU

(carefully)

I did not *do* anything.

TOM

Then I'll get you out.

OBU

(suddenly angry)

Liar. Who pays you? The Unified State?

TOM

Well yes, but--

OBU

Get out!

(TOM approaches OBU.)

Out!!

(OBU huddles in a corner. TOM is about to leave, then turns to OBU.)

TOM

"BELIEVE"

WILL YOU BELIEVE ME?

PLEASE BELIEVE ME  
I'M NO SPY

WILL YOU BELIEVE ME  
I MEAN, BELIEVE ME  
WHY NOT TRY?

I'LL MAKE THE MOTIONS  
FILE THE PETITIONS  
HAVE NO DOUBT

I'LL KEEP ON FIGHTING  
'TIL THE HIGH COURT  
LETS YOU OUT

CLARA

(to herself)

Who is he?

TOM

YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME  
THAT'S OK  
I'LL STILL FIGHT

WHATEVER YOU THINK  
TOM BAILEY'S HERE  
YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT

Mr. Perry? Mr. Perry?

OBU, I AM YOUR LAWYER  
I WORK FOR NO ONE  
ONLY YOU

TOM

I'LL DO THE BRIEFING  
I'LL FIND THE CASES  
I'LL MAKE THE MOTIONS  
HAVE NO DOUBT

I'LL FILE PETITIONS  
UNTIL THE HIGH COURT  
LETS YOU OUT

OBU

I'LL ROT IN PRISON  
I'LL DIE ALONE  
PLEASE DON'T  
DECEIVE ME TOM

I'LL ROT IN PRISON  
I'LL BE FORGOTTEN  
TOM

TOM

DO YOU BELIEVE ME?  
PLEASE BELIEVE?  
DO YOU BELIEVE ME?  
I MEAN, BELIEVE?

OBU

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU  
IT'S ALL A LIE  
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU  
I'M GOING TO DIE

CLARA

WHAT DOES HE WEAR?  
WHAT COLOR'S HIS HAIR?

I'LL MAKE THE MOTIONS  
I'LL FIGHT THE FIGHT  
I'LL SEEK AN ORDER  
AND DO WHAT'S RIGHT

I'LL ROT IN PRISON  
I'LL DIE ALONE  
I'LL BE FORGOTTEN

WHY IS HE THERE?  
WHY DOES HE CARE?

TOM

CLARA

BELIEVE  
BELIEVE

TOM BAILEY  
TOM BAILEY

CLARA

TOM, HIS NAME IS TOM

TOM

DO YOU BELIEVE ME?  
YOU DIDN'T SAY  
DO YOU BELIEVE  
YOU'LL BE OK?

(OFFICER 2 enters, impatient.)

OBU

DON'T DECEIVE ME

TOM

DO YOU BELIEVE?

OBU

YES I DO  
(TOM starts to leave.)

CLARA

I DON'T KNOW WHY TOM  
BUT I BELIEVE IN YOU  
(To prevent applause, lights down on  
the cell and up on JACK's office.)

SCENE 7

JACK is drinking. The words "The  
Attack" briefly appear on the screen,  
then fade.

JACK

(lost in thought)

Tim Payne.

(beat)

Payne.

(He pounds his desk.)

Payne!

Beat. JACK removes a happy photo of  
himself and his wife and presses a  
button that projects the photo on to a  
wall. JACK's wife resembles CLARA.  
JACK stares at the wall, and takes a  
swig.

"NEVER AGAIN" (PART I)

WOMEN, CHILDREN



WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE  
FIVE THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED THREE?  
WHY NOT  
FIVE THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED TWO?  
WHY YOU?  
WHY YOU?  
WHY YOU?

I COULDN'T CONNECT THE DOTS  
I WAS ONE DAY TOO LATE  
I COULDN'T CONNECT THE DOTS  
AND YOU SAT THERE LIKE BAIT

I VOWED  
NEVER AGAIN  
NEVER AGAIN

I HAVE TO CONNECT THE DOTS  
MY WHOLE LIFE IS INTEL  
HUNDREDS ON MY TEAM  
YET THE TOWER STILL FELL

I VOW  
NEVER AGAIN  
NEVER AGAIN  
NEVER AGAIN

(A lighting change indicates a  
flashback.)

PLEASE STAY HOME 'TIL EIGHT  
HONEY  
WHY RUSH? WORK CAN WAIT

THE COFFEE IS BLACK  
WHEN WILL YOU COME BACK HOME  
SWEETHEART?  
PLEASE COME BACK

(Lighting change: back to the present.)

ALL NIGHT I CONNECT THE DOTS  
EVERY DREAM IS THE SAME  
IS THE SAME  
THEN WAKE UP WITHOUT THE DOTS  
AND I CRY OUT YOUR NAME

YOU'RE GONE  
NEVER AGAIN  
NEVER AGAIN

A NATION THAT CAN'T DEFEND  
IS NO NATION AT ALL  
I HAVE TO CONNECT THE DOTS  
OR MORE TOWERS WILL FALL

I SWEAR

NEVER AGAIN  
NEVER AGAIN  
NEVER AGAIN

(A lighting change indicates the same  
flashback.)

I BEG YOU TO STAY  
HONEY  
DON'T GO OUT TODAY

THERE'LL BE AN ATTACK  
YOU'LL NEVER COME BACK HOME  
SWEETHEART  
PLEASE COME BACK

(Lighting change: back to the present.)

WHOEVER I NEED TO JAIL  
LET JUSTICE PREVAIL  
WHOEVER I'D LIKE TO KILL  
WE WILL BEAT YOU UNTIL

YOU BEG  
"NEVER AGAIN  
PLEASE NEVER AGAIN"

NEVER AGAIN!  
NEVER AGAIN!  
NEVER AGAIN!

(Crazed, leaving no time for applause.)

Where's Clara?

(Pressing a button)

Clara!

#### SCENE 8

No answer. The words "Terrorist  
Lawyer" briefly appear on the screen,  
then fade. JACK leaves his office,  
rushes down the hall, presses the code  
to CLARA's office, opens the door, and  
abruptly walks in. JACK is in a sweat.  
CLARA jumps to her feet.

CLARA

Sir!

JACK

(urgent)

What have you learned?

CLARA

Perry has nightmares, about his son.

(As JACK motions impatiently for more)

On average he sleeps four hours twenty-nine minutes a day,  
paces 8,423 steps, and he chants in e-flat.

JACK  
This is not useful--

CLARA  
--He has a lawyer. Tom Bailey.  
(beat)

JACK  
I'm giving you Stage B.

CLARA  
(overwhelmed)  
Thank you--

JACK  
Monitor Bailey 24/7.

CLARA  
The lawyer?

JACK  
A *terrorist* lawyer. Bailey's Level 2.  
(finally starting to calm down)  
His glasses are bugged, watch, computer,  
(beat)  
bedroom iRoom living room bathroom kitchen office, his phone  
obviously.

CLARA  
(hesitating)  
Sir?

JACK  
(suddenly ingratiating)  
Please. Jack.

CLARA  
(nervous)  
It's not my place but...does the Leader know everything we do  
here?

JACK  
(after giving her a long, terrifying  
look, he suddenly laughs out loud)  
Of course!

CLARA  
(breathing a sigh of relief)  
It's all legal then.  
(JACK smiles. CLARA laughs nervously.)

JACK  
You remind me of my wife. She was an idealist, believed  
everyone deserved a fair shake.  
(beat)  
She was the most beautiful woman I knew.  
(MORE)

JACK (cont'd)  
(JACK approaches CLARA.)

"DON'T ASK, DON'T TELL"

THERE ARE TWO RULES HERE

(JACK starts stroking CLARA's hair.  
CLARA backs away, startled.)

DON'T ASK, THAT'S ONE  
DON'T ASK WHEN YOU'RE TOLD WHAT TO DO  
DON'T WONDER OR EVER TALK BACK  
DON'T QUESTION JACK

DON'T TELL, THAT'S TWO  
DON'T TELL WHAT YOU HEAR OR YOU SEE  
DON'T TELL ANYBODY BUT ME  
DON'T TELL

CLARA, I'M ALL ALONE HERE  
NO ONE TO SHARE MY LIFE HERE  
NO ONE AT HOME BESIDE ME  
NO ONE TO DRINK MY COFFEE

CLARA, I'M TRYING TO  
SAY THAT I'M FALLING FOR YOU

(JACK gently tries to make a pass at  
her. CLARA moves away.)

CLARA

What are you doing?

JACK  
DON'T ASK, THAT'S ONE  
DON'T ASK WHAT LURKS IN A MAN'S SOUL  
NOT AFTER THE YEARS TOOK THEIR TOLL  
DON'T ASK, DON'T ASK

DON'T TELL, THAT'S TWO  
DON'T TELL ME TO LIVE IN A CELL  
OF MEMORIES DARKER THAN HELL  
DON'T ASK, DON'T TELL

(JACK clumsily tries to kiss her again.  
CLARA frees herself.)

I'm sorry.

(beat, collecting himself)

Monitor him dammit!

(On the final chord, JACK runs out and  
slams the door. CLARA buries her head  
on her desk in despair.)

SCENE 9

A small room on the Island. There are two doors: one leads outside, the other to OBU's cell. OFFICER 1 reads a Manual while OFFICER 2 chomps on a massive sandwich. The words "The Manual" briefly appear on the screen, then fade. [The excerpts below are from the CIA's post-9/11 interrogation manual.]

OFFICER 1

I-S-A Interrogation Manual, section six point five point one. "Facial slap. With fingers slightly spread, contact only the area between the tip of the chin and the corresponding earlobe." Got it?

OFFICER 2

Lobe.

OFFICER 1

"Ensure your arm swing follows an arc no greater than approximately 12 inches." Yes?

OFFICER 2

Arc.

OFFICER 1

"Use no more than two slaps with any *singular* application."

OFFICER 2

(quickly raising his hand)

Question!

(proud of his question)

What if I slap twice, stop, then slap again?

OFFICER 1

(stumped)

How long's the stop?

OFFICER 2

(taken aback)

I don't know.

OFFICER 1

It's your hypothetical.

OFFICER 2

(both are getting more agitated)

What does that mean?

OFFICER 1

You're the one doing the slap and stop.

OFFICER 2  
(sheepish)  
It's really a stop and slap but--

OFFICER 1  
(insistent)  
--How long?

OFFICER 2  
Two seconds?

OFFICER 1  
Two seconds!

OFFICER 2  
(sheepish)  
Too long?

OFFICER 1  
That's *three* slaps. Slap slap, slap! It says here: "Use no more than *two* slaps with any singular application."

OFFICER 2  
(standing up)  
But what does "singular" mean?

OFFICER 1  
(standing up)  
That's the question!

OFFICER 2  
(facing off)  
I didn't write the Manual!

OFFICER 1  
Me neither!!  
(beat. They are at an impasse.)

OFFICER 2  
(casual)  
Do we have any OJ?  
(They sit. OFFICER 2 resumes his sandwich.)

OFFICER 1  
(giving OFFICER 2 a severe look)  
Six point five point one *point one*: "Typical conditions for application. To instill fear and despair, punish selective behavior, and instill humiliation or cause insult." Fear, humiliation, insult. Can we do that?

OFFICER 2  
Let's roll!

OBU's cell, empty except for a grandfather clock in the corner.

OBU is sitting on the floor. OFFICERS  
1 and 2 open the cell door and walk in.

Get up.

(OBU stands up slowly.)

Now that Mr. Lawyer's gone, let's get back to business.

(OFFICER 1 slaps him in the face, per  
the manual. OBU screams.)

OFFICER 2

Who sent you to blow up the building?

OBU

I didn't blow up any building.

OFFICER 1

But you wanted to.

OBU

I have nothing to say.

(Dim light up on CLARA, listening on  
her earbuds. CLARA appears upset.)

OFFICER 1

(to OFFICER 2)

"Nothing to say?"

(to OBU)

In the clock.

OBU

No.

OFFICER 2

Tick tock!

OBU

No!

(The OFFICERS cram OBU into the clock.  
It is a big struggle.)

No!!

OFFICER 1

In the goddamn clock!

OBU

This is torture!

(The OFFICERS lock OBU inside.  
Silence.)

OFFICER 2

(beat)

(offended)

We don't torture!

(beat)

(slowly, almost to reassure himself)

We follow the Manual.

(MORE)

OFFICER 2 (cont'd)  
(The OFFICERS leave and slam the cell  
door shut. CLARA looks confused.)

SCENE 10

A courtroom. TOM and NEIL BADWIN are seated at their tables. CLARA listens from her ISA office. A square representing the location of the courtroom is lit up on the WORLD. The words "State Enemy" briefly appear on the screen, then fade.

COURT CLERK

All rise. The Honorable James Jones, presiding.  
(The lawyers rise as the JUDGE enters.)  
Hear ye, hear--

JUDGE

(sitting)  
Please stop.

TOM

Tom Bailey for Mr. Perry.

BADWIN

Neil Badwin for the government.

JUDGE

Where's Goodwin?

BADWIN

Let's just say he's getting a little sun.  
(They both laugh uproariously.)

TOM

(interrupting)  
Your Honor.

JUDGE

A little sun!  
(More laughter.)

TOM

Judge!  
(They snap out of it.)  
I demand my client be released. He's charged with no crime.

BADWIN

(suddenly serious)  
We don't need to charge him. He's a state enemy.

TOM

(The dialogue moves quickly.)  
He's innocent 'til proven guilty.



BADWIN  
Not if he's an enemy.

TOM  
He has a right to a jury trial!

BADWIN  
Enemy.

TOM  
Cross-examination!

BADWIN  
Enemy!

TOM  
Due process!

BADWIN  
Enemy enemy!

TOM  
(exasperated)  
Who said he's an enemy?

BADWIN  
(nonchalant)  
That's classified.  
(CLARA looks more and more agitated.)  
It's only detention -- when the war ends he'll be free!

JUDGE  
(looking at TOM)  
Is that it?

TOM  
Mr. Perry was tortured. Chained to a ceiling and beaten to a pulp.  
(beat)

BADWIN  
(suddenly offended, slowly building to a wild crescendo)  
We absolutely, unconditionally, unequivocally, categorically deny that we torture *anybody*!  
(CLARA suddenly stands up.)

JUDGE  
Was he beaten to a pulp?

BADWIN  
(nonchalant)  
Maybe.  
(beat)  
My apologies:

(MORE)

BADWIN (cont'd)  
(Distraught, CLARA takes off her  
earbuds, and runs out of her office.)

"IF WE TORTURE"

IT'S SOURCES  
METHODS  
TECHNIQUES  
INFORMATION

THE ACTIVITIES  
CAPABILITIES  
OF THE NATION

WHAT'S A DUNK OR A PAT  
OR A DOG OR A

bat!

BUT A WAY TO PROTECT WHAT IS TRUE  
FOR SECURITY  
FOR HUMANITY  
FOR YOU

TOM  
YOUR HONOR, IT'S MEDIEVAL  
THUMBSCREWS AND THE WHEEL  
YOUR HONOR  
IT'S EVIL  
THE COURT MUST INTERFERE  
ON THIS THE LAW IS CLEAR  
DON'T LET IT HAPPEN HERE

BADWIN  
IF WE TORTURE  
WE WOULD DO IT  
WITHOUT SAYING THAT WE DID IT

We don't torture!  
YOU CAN TRUST ME  
SEE WHAT I MEAN?

IF WE DID WHAT THEY SAID  
HE'D BE INJURED OR

Dead!

NOT COMPLAINING HIS TEA IS TOO COLD  
AND FRANKLY THIS DEBATE  
IS GETTING OLD

DO YOU SEE MY POINT?  
(gleefully dances across the stage,  
removes the JUDGE's robe, wears it,  
sits in the JUDGE's chair, and shoos  
the JUDGE back to BADWIN's tiny table)

JUDGE  
YES I SEE YOUR POINT

BADWIN  
DID I MAKE IT CLEAR?

JUDGE  
YES YOU MADE IT CLEAR

BADWIN  
IT'S SECURITY

JUDGE  
YES SECURITY

BADWIN  
THEREFORE LIBERTY

JUDGE  
THEREFORE LIBERTY

BADWIN  
SO DEFER TO ME  
YES DEFER TO ME

WHEN NATIONS  
ARE IN WARTIME  
WE DON'T HAVE TIME  
LIKE IN PEACETIME

DEFER TO THE PEOPLE WHO KNOW  
HOW TERROR AND EVIL CAN GROW  
OR ATOM BOMBS WILL BLOW

In the middle of a city, killing  
millions!

BADWIN

JUDGE

SO I WON'T  
TELL YOU  
WHY IT'S SECRET  
'CAUSE THE REASON  
IS A SECRET

HE WON'T TELL YOU  
WHY IT'S SECRET

WHAT HE SAID

AND THE REASON  
IT'S A SECRET  
I CAN'T SAY

HE CAN'T SAY

IF THEY KNEW WHAT WE DO  
WOULD WE DO  
WHAT THEY KNEW?  
WE DON'T DO ANYTHING  
BY THE WAY

HE WON'T TELL YOU

BADWIN (cont'd)  
BUT YOU CAN'T BELIEVE  
A SINGLE THING

JUDGE

BUT YOU CAN'T BELIEVE  
A SINGLE THING

BADWIN

(as the CLERK removes the JUDGE's  
portrait and unveils BADWIN's  
portrait)

NO YOU CAN'T BELIEVE  
A SINGLE THING  
I SAY

SCENE 11

CLARA walks down a hallway, a bit  
frantic.

CLARA

(To herself, practicing)

"Sir, I love my country, and the I-S-A. But I-S-A agents are  
not following"--

(beat)

"Agents are breaking--"

(beat)

"They're violating--"

(The ASSISTANT appears.)

Not now.

The ASSISTANT gives CLARA a curious  
look and leaves. CLARA arrives just  
outside JACK's office. The door  
suddenly opens. JACK is at his desk.  
CLARA takes a deep breath.

Sir-

JACK

--You have an assignment.

CLARA

(entering the door, which closes after  
her)

I-S-A agents are breaking--

JACK

(handing CLARA a tiny listening device)

Implant this in Bailey's arm. He won't feel it. Damn lawyer  
jogs without his watch, glasses, or phone!

CLARA

But what has he done?

JACK

Done? Terrorist lawyers aid and abet terrorism.  
I'm giving you Stage C--

CLARA

But--

JACK

(getting angry)

--People out there are trying to kill us! Kill you, kill me, kill all of us. Don't you understand? One mistake and Bailey goes to the Island!

(beat, calmer)

Is there some problem?

CLARA

(beat)

Of course not.

JACK

(waving her off)

Go along!

CLARA runs out, with resolve.

SCENE 12

TOM, holding his briefcase, on a crowded hyperloop hurtling underground. It says: "U.S. Hyperloop, Metro #357 line 29." A moving square representing the location of the moving train is lit up on the WORLD. We see two days pass. On each day, a conductor scans TOM's phone. On the third day:

CONDUCTOR

Ticket.

(The CONDUCTOR scans TOM's phone. He pauses, then looks at TOM. Then he scans TOM's face.)

You can't ride here.

TOM

I have a ticket.

(The CONDUCTOR motions to a GUARD, who approaches.)

CONDUCTOR

(firmly and quietly)

You're on the List, Level 2.

TOM

I'm not on any list.

CONDUCTOR

You are.

(The GUARD puts his hand on TOM. Passengers start to notice.)

TOM

(quietly, but firmly)

Remove your hand.

(The hyperloop stops at a station. The  
GUARD violently pushes TOM to the  
ground on the platform.)

GUARD

*Don't* come back.

The GUARD follows TOM off the  
hyperloop. The hyperloop speeds away.  
The GUARD glares at TOM until TOM  
leaves the station.

SCENE 13

Dusk. The street outside TOM's office.  
"Tom Bailey, Esq." is lit up. CLARA  
arrives. The square representing TOM's  
office is lit up on the WORLD. CLARA  
tries to avoid being seen.

CLARA

"WRONG"

I-S-A

I-S-A

I-S-A

HOW CAN I BETRAY  
THE I-S-A?

CLARA starts to run away, then stops.  
Daylight slowly fades during the song.  
By the end, it is virtually night.

THEY SAID ALL THE STARS  
ORBIT ONE PLANET: OURS  
THEY WERE SURE  
BUT THEY WERE WRONG

THEY SAID IF YOU'RE SICK  
CUT YOURSELF, THAT'S THE TRICK  
TO A CURE  
BUT THEY WERE WRONG

WHAT IF THE STORIES  
WE'RE TAUGHT TO BELIEVE  
ARE WRONG?

THEY SAID THAT A WOMAN  
CAN'T WORK LIKE A MAN  
WELL, WE CAN  
THEY WERE SO WRONG

THEY SAID IF YOU'RE BLACK  
YOU BELONG IN THE BACK  
IN THE BACK  
AND THEY WERE WRONG

WHAT DO YOU DO  
WHEN THE THINGS THAT YOU KNEW  
ARE WRONG?

WHAT DID TOM DO  
TO DESERVE LEVEL TWO?  
TELL ME NOW  
IS IT RIGHT OR WRONG?

Some people walk by. In a short dance  
sequence, CLARA darts around, trying to  
avoid being seen.

Daddy?

YOU SAID FOLLOW ORDERS  
THE CHAIN OF COMMAND  
PAY MY DUES, AND I'D BELONG

BUT YOU ALSO TAUGHT ME  
TO LOOK DEEP INSIDE  
AND I'D KNOW  
RIGHT FROM WRONG

WHAT DO YOU DO  
WHEN YOU'RE ORDERED TO DO  
WHAT'S WRONG?

WHY SHOULD TOM BE  
ON AN ISLAND AT SEA?  
TELL ME NOW  
SHOW ME RIGHT AND...

THE ISLAND  
THE ISLAND  
THE ISLAND  
THE ISLAND

TOM SHOULDN'T BE  
ON AN ISLAND AT SEA  
IS IT RIGHT?

GOD MAKE ME FIGHT  
THIS WRONG!  
IT'S WRONG!  
IT'S WRONG!

CLARA suddenly finds herself face to  
face with a haggard TOM, walking to his  
office.

TOM

(trying to pass)

Excuse me.

CLARA freezes, then quickly takes his phone, glasses, and watch, and covers them.

What are you doing?

CLARA

(quickly, whispering)

Shh. You've got to get off the case.

TOM

The Perry case?

CLARA

(whispering urgently, while adjusting the collar on his suit)

Shh! You're on the List! The I-S-A is going to raise your level again. Get off the case!

TOM

(stunned by the moment and her beauty)

Who are you?

(CLARA is about to leave.)

I must know.

TOM grabs CLARA's arm. CLARA writes her name on a piece of paper, shows it to him briefly, hides the paper and puts her finger to her mouth.

CLARA

(whispering)

Get off the case.

She kisses him on the cheek, gives him his glasses, watch and phone, and runs.

TOM

(Starting to run after her.)

Wait!

CLARA is gone. TOM stops running, then heads to his office. Suddenly three male ISA KIDNAPPERS wearing masks emerge and grab TOM. They put a hood on his head and handcuff him. Hearing the commotion, CLARA reappears. She can see TOM, but no one sees her.

Get off of me! Get off!

"ON THE LIST"



KIDNAPPER 1  
YOU'RE ON THE LIST, TOM

KIDNAPPER 2  
LEVEL 4

KIDNAPPER 3  
YOU'RE ON THE LIST, TOM

KIDNAPPER 2  
ON THE FLOOR

KIDNAPPER 1  
WHEN A JUDGE TELLS A MAN WHAT TO DO

KIDNAPPER 3  
HE BETTER OBEY

KIDNAPPER 2  
OR HE'S THROUGH

KIDNAPPERS 1 AND 3  
YOU'RE ON THE LIST, TOM

KIDNAPPER 2  
CAN'T YOU SEE?

KIDNAPPERS 1 AND 3  
I INSIST, TOM

KIDNAPPER 2  
AFTER ME

KIDNAPPER 1  
NOW WHO'S THE ONE IN CONTROL?

KIDNAPPER 3  
AND WHO'S GOING TO ROT IN A HOLE?

KIDNAPPERS  
ONLY THE WORST OF THE WORST OF THE WORST  
ARE SENT THERE  
EVEN THE WORST OF THE WORST OF THE WORST  
REPENT THERE

KIDNAPPER 1  
YOU'RE ON THE LIST, TOM

KIDNAPPER 2  
HOW'S IT FEEL?

KIDNAPPER 3  
DON'T RESIST, TOM

KIDNAPPER 2  
THAT'S THE DEAL

KIDNAPPER 1  
WE KNOW WHAT YOU DID, WHAT YOU'LL DO

KIDNAPPER 2  
BUT NOW YOU ARE DONE

KIDNAPPERS  
AND THROUGH!

TOM  
Get off!

KIDNAPPERS  
YOU'RE THROUGH!

TOM  
Get off of me!

KIDNAPPERS  
(They chloroform TOM and take him away.  
CLARA runs away.)  
YOU'RE THROUGH!

SCENE 14

Blackout. The Island, days later. At least ten seconds of silence. A loud door bangs; silence; slow footsteps; a door bangs; footsteps; a door bangs. Lights up on a dim, empty cell on the Island. The door opens. OFFICERS 1 & 2 lead TOM, unshaven, blindfolded, hooded, cuffed, and shackled, through the door. They drop him to the floor. In two separate, dimly lit rooms, we see CLARA and JACK in their ISA offices. CLARA is listening to TOM. JACK is looking at the photo of himself and his wife on the wall.

TOM  
Where am I?

OFFICER 1  
For the millionth time, nowhere.

TOM  
What day is it?

OFFICER 2  
(beat, off the cuff)  
Tuesday!  
(The OFFICERS laugh.)

TOM  
I'm a citizen of the Unified State!

OFFICER 1

You're nobody.

(sits him down and removes the  
blindfold, hood, cuffs, and shackles)

TOM

(panicking)

I can't see, I can't see!

OFFICER 1

What a pity, the view is spectacular!

(The OFFICERS laugh and start to  
leave.)

TOM

I'm entitled to a lawyer.

(beat)

Bill Ford, managing partner at Ford & Garrison.

(The OFFICERS start laughing.)

OFFICER 1

Bill Ford?

OFFICER 2

He's the new chief of I-S-A!

(They slam the door and leave.)

TOM

That's not possible. That's impossible!

(TOM gets up and starts feeling for the  
walls.)

(screams)

Is anybody there?

(silence)

Help!!

"CLARA"

NO ONE

NO ONE KNOWS WHERE I AM

NO ONE KNOWS I'M HERE

DAY IS NIGHT AND

NIGHT IS DAY

BLACK IS WHITE

OR IS IT GRAY?

MOM'S NOT HERE TO FIND ME

DAD'S NOT HERE TO FIND ME

HELP!

NO ONE KNOWS WHERE I AM

I'M ALONE

WAIT, THERE'S SOMEONE

OR WAS IT A DREAM?

HER HAIR SO GOLDEN IN THE  
SUNLIGHT OF THE EVENING  
HER EYES AN OCEAN BLUE AND  
FILLED WITH HIDDEN MEANING

SHE CAME FROM NOWHERE THEN SHE  
VANISHED FROM OUR MEETING  
I WENT TO FIND HER BUT THE  
MOMENT WAS TOO FLEETING

SHE TRIED TO TELL ME OUT THERE  
SHE TRIED TO WARN ME OUT THERE  
SHE TRIED TO HELP ME OUT THERE  
SHE TRIED BUT  
I ONLY SAW

TOM

HER HAIR SO GOLDEN IN THE  
SUNLIGHT OF THE EVENING  
HER EYES AN OCEAN BLUE AND  
FILLED WITH HIDDEN MEANING

SHE CAME FROM NOWHERE THEN SHE  
VANISHED FROM THE MEETING  
I WENT TO FIND HER BUT THE  
MOMENT WAS TOO FLEETING

SHE TRIED TO TELL ME OUT THERE  
SHE TRIED TO WARN ME OUT THERE  
SHE TRIED TO HELP ME OUT THERE  
SHE TRIED BUT  
I ONLY SAW

TOM

[LYRICS REPEAT]

SHE TRIED TO HELP ME OUT THERE  
SHE TRIED TO SAVE ME OUT THERE

WHO WAS THAT WONDROUS I'M ALONE  
GIRL MY ANGEL  
AND PROTECTOR?

WHAT DID SHE SCRIBBLE I'M ALL ALONE

CLARA

CLARA'S HERE

YOUR CLARA'S HERE

YOU'RE NOT ALONE

YOU'RE NOT ALONE

I'LL HELP YOU TOM  
SOMEHOW I'LL  
HELP YOU TOM  
BUT HOW?

CLARA

[LYRICS REPEAT]

JACK

THESE WERE GOING TO BE  
OUR GOLDEN YEARS  
SEEING THE SUNSET  
WITH THE GONDOLIERS

STROLLING UP AND DOWN  
THE CHAMPS ELYSEES  
WITH A CROISSANT AND  
A CAFE AU LAIT

THEN THEY TOOK YOU  
NOW YOU'RE GONE AND

I'M ALONE

I'M ALL ALONE



WITH THEIR FANCY DEGREES  
AND THEIR PEDIGREES  
AND THEIR FRIGGIN' CHINESE  
WANNABEES!  
No common sense. No street smarts!

SARAH NUMBER ONE  
COULDN'T TIE A SHOE  
IF IT GOT UNDONE  
Three days.

SARAH NUMBER TWO  
MISSED A DEADLINE  
Goodbye you!

SARAH THREE  
BECAME A DETAINEE  
Beats me.

SARA FOUR  
(in a deep voice)  
Not here anymore.

FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT AND NINE  
Twerps!  
TAKING EVERYTHING THAT'S MINE

YET I'M THE HAG  
WHO SALUTES HER FLAG!  
(in a deep voice)  
I don't think so!  
(as she takes her hair out of a bun)  
I KNOW ALL EIGHT THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED SIXTY-  
SEVEN AND A HALF ROOMS IN THIS PALACE!

SHE KNOWS...  
THREE  
CAN'T YOU SEE?  
(She removes her glasses.)

I'M YOUR SPY, JACK  
I'M THE ONE FOR THE JOB  
DON'T APPLY  
(suddenly brutal)

Back!  
(lovely again)  
YOU UNSCRUPULOUS MOB

SARAH SMITH IS MY NAME  
THEY'RE ALL THE SAME

I'M YOUR SPY, JACK  
I CAN CRACK ANY CODE  
WHY NOT TRY, JACK?  
LET ME LIGHTEN YOUR LOAD

WHAT A TEAM, WHAT A PAIR  
WE'D BE ROGERS ASTAIRE  
THESE NAIVE LITTLE *TITWITS*  
DON'T HAVE A PRAYER

SEND ME TO I-S-A HEAVEN  
MAKE ME SARAH ELEVEN!

I'M SMART  
I'M TOUGH  
I'm hot.

BE MY GUY, JACK  
TRY A WOMAN YOUR AGE  
DON'T BE SHY, JACK  
WITH A WOMAN YOUR STAGE  
STAGE D  
ME

In one fell swoop, the ASSISTANT  
removes her uniform, revealing a  
gorgeous and revealing dress. Dance  
sequence, as the ASSISTANT comically  
and brutally knocks various Sarah  
Smiths off the stage.

Pardon.

(music)

So sorry.

(music)

Toodles!

(music)

See you never!

The ASSISTANT dances with various men,  
and an imaginary JACK.

(sultry)

Come to my *safehouse*.

(More dancing)

I've got my own...*sleeper cell*.

(Big dance number that ends with  
applause. The music restarts:)

You want Paris? I'll give you Paris!

HERE I AM, JACK  
I'M THE SPY THAT YOU WANT  
I'M THE JAM, JACK  
ON YOUR BUTTER CROISSANT

WHAT A SMILE  
(looking at her file)  
What a file  
(She throws it.)  
WHAT A FABULOUS BRAIN

(as JACK eyes an imaginary Sarah Smith)  
TAKE YOUR EYES  
OFF HER RACK  
OR I'LL GO INSANE!

(Dancing Rockette style, on top of her desk, while a row of men on either side of the desk do the same:)

FEEL THIS THIGH, JACK  
BRING YOUR SPECIAL BAGUETTE!

Lose the tie

JACK!

I'M YOUR COVERT ROCKETTE  
(A loud buzzer rings.)

YOUR--

(More buzzing. The dancers scatter.)

YOUR--

More buzzing. Lights up on CLARA in her office, buzzing. As the music falls apart, the ASSISTANT, flustered, dismounts from the table, puts her glasses and uniform back on.

I--I don't--

(more buzzing)

Just a minute, need to, hold on--

(more buzzing)

CLARA

(extremely tense)

Where is she?

(The music stops, incessant buzzing. CLARA is shaking.)

ASSISTANT

(trying to get herself together and put her hair back in a bun)

Coming!

(insistent buzzing. CLARA suddenly opens her door.)

SCENE 16

CLARA

(tense)

Can you come in?

The ASSISTANT is a comical mess. As CLARA stares at her, the ASSISTANT gets herself together. Finally quasi-respectable and attempting dignity, the ASSISTANT walks into CLARA's office, looks at the flag, and salutes grudgingly. The door closes. They both stand there. Beat.



Hi.

(beat)

Still shaking and breathing quickly,  
CLARA tries to hum the beginning of  
"Morning," while tidying up her office  
for no particular reason.

(blurting it out)

I miss my dad!

ASSISTANT

(in disbelief)

Oh my God.

CLARA

He sang to me every morning. Our...family anthem.

(still tense)

(beat)

You want to hear the song?

(long beat)

(The ASSISTANT tries to indicate no,  
but CLARA is not paying attention.  
CLARA takes some big breaths. A  
cappella:)

"MORNING"

GOOD MORNING TO VALLEYS  
AND MOUNTAINS ABOVE

(CLARA stops, closes her eyes, and  
takes a deep breath. Slower, this  
time with orchestra:)

GOOD MORNING TO VALLEYS  
AND MOUNTAINS ABOVE

GOOD MORNING TO RIVERS  
AND MEADOWS I LOVE

GOOD MORNING TO FREEDOM  
TO RED WHITE AND BLUE

THE SPARROW AND STARLING  
ARE SINGING FOR YOU

GOOD MORNING MY DARLING  
GOOD MORNING TO YOU

TO RIVERS AND MEADOWS  
AND MOUNTAINS ABOVE

THE EAGLE IS SOARING  
THE SKY VAST AND BLUE

I LOVE YOU MY DARLING  
I'M WAITING FOR YOU

GOOD MORNING MY CLARA  
GOOD MORNING TO YOU

ASSISTANT

It's 7 a.m. Go home.

CLARA

(suddenly)  
Jack made a pass at me!  
(CLARA bursts into tears.)

ASSISTANT

(The ASSISTANT consoles CLARA,  
reluctantly.)  
After his wife died he was never the same.  
(beat, with sudden clarity)  
Sometimes when we're hurt, we do things we shouldn't do.

CLARA

Can you help?  
(Ding, a lightbulb goes off in the  
ASSISTANT's head. The ASSISTANT  
suddenly holds both of CLARA's arms.)

ASSISTANT

"A MAN'S WORLD"  
(On the screen: a picture of the  
younger ASSISTANT in a bar with her  
then-boss)

I WAS YOUNG, HE WAS NOT  
"HAVE A SMOKE HAVE A SHOT"  
"COME ON BY" "NO IT'S LATE  
YOU'RE MY BOSS NOT MY DATE"

"PLAY YOUR CARDS RIGHT, YOU FOOL  
THAT'S THE FIRST GOLDEN RULE"  
I WAS SIMPLE LIKE YOU  
DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO

AT THAT MOMENT I LEARNED  
SOMETHING AWFUL AND NEW  
(The picture disappears.)

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD  
EVERYTHING'S HIS  
IT'S A MAN'S WORLD  
THAT'S HOW IT IS

WHERE NO WOMAN SURVIVES  
PLAYING THE DAMSEL IN DISTRESS  
SO ACT LIKE A MAN

SARAH NINE, SHE WAS HERE

WHAT A SWEET LITTLE DEAR  
SHE WAS KIND, SHE WAS SMART  
FULL OF FEELING AND HEART

SHE DID WHAT HE SAID  
'TIL SHE MADE THE WRONG BED  
IT'S TOO LATE TO GO BACK  
WHEN YOU'RE DEALING WITH JACK

THERE WERE PILLS BY THE DOOR  
WHERE SHE LAY ON THE FLOOR  
(On the screen: a picture of the  
ASSISTANT looking over SARAH SMITH #9,  
lying on the floor)

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD  
THEY PLAY TO WIN  
IT'S A MAN'S WORLD  
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

WHERE NO WOMAN SURVIVES  
PLAYING THE DAMSEL IN DISTRESS  
SO ACT LIKE A MAN

THERE'S A MAN IN A CELL  
IN A FARAWAY HELL  
ON THE LIST, 'CAUSE OF HIM  
AND HIS FUTURE IS GRIM

IT'S TOM, DON'T YOU SEE  
WHAT I'M TRYING TO BE  
DON'T PRETEND TO BE SLOW  
DON'T PRETEND YOU DON'T KNOW

IF IT'S WRONG, MAKE IT RIGHT  
AT LEAST PUT UP A FIGHT

ASSISTANT

CLARA

IN A MAN'S WORLD  
ACT LIKE A MAN  
IN A MAN'S WORLD  
ACT WHILE YOU CAN

IN A MAN'S WORLD  
ACT LIKE A MAN  
IN A MAN'S WORLD  
ACT WHILE YOU CAN

'CAUSE NO WOMAN SURVIVES  
PLAYING THE DAMSEL IN DISTRESS  
SO ACT LIKE A MAN

CLARA

What can I do?

ASSISTANT

THERE'S A KEY IN A DRAWER  
CODE 974

CLARA  
974

ASSISTANT  
82124  
IT'S A KEY TO THE ROOM

CLARA  
TO THE ROOM?

ASSISTANT  
TO THE ROOM  
WHERE THE LIST CAN BE CHANGED

CLARA  
WHERE THE LIST CAN BE CHANGED!  
BUT WHERE IS THAT DRAWER?

ASSISTANT  
IN JACK'S ROOM, BY THE DOOR

CLARA AND ASSISTANT  
IN A MAN'S WORLD  
YOU'LL HIT A WALL  
IN A MAN'S WORLD  
WINNER TAKES ALL

ASSISTANT  
IF YOU WANT TO SURVIVE

CLARA  
IF YOU WANT TO SURVIVE

ASSISTANT  
PUT ON PANTS

CLARA  
DITCH THE DRESS

CLARA AND ASSISTANT  
DAMN THE DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

ASSISTANT  
ACT LIKE A MAN

CLARA AND ASSISTANT  
ACT LIKE A MAN  
ACT LIKE A MAN

SCENE 17

CLARA thinks for a few seconds, then presses a button.

VOICE OF JACK

Jack.

CLARA

I need to see you.

VOICE OF JACK

What a happy coincidence.

The ASSISTANT gives a thumbs up and leaves. CLARA gathers courage, leaves her office, and walks down the hall. JACK's door suddenly opens. CLARA walks in. JACK is at his desk, working.

CLARA

I tried to implant the device during his jog. Bailey got away.

(beat)

He's no terrorist sir.

JACK

(cool)

Then we can all sleep safely.

CLARA laughs nervously, then starts looking for the drawer. Throughout the scene and JACK's song, she maneuvers herself to punch the code, open the drawer and take the key.

It's funny you mention Bailey.

(beat)

We had a U-0.

(getting closer to CLARA)

An unwanted occurrence. The judge ordered Bailey not to reveal Perry's name to *anyone*. But Bailey did. He did tell *someone* about the Perry case.

CLARA

(trying to appear calm)

Really, who?

JACK

A woman we think, and a pretty sophisticated operator. She knew to muffle his phone, watch *and* glasses. It was too dark for the satellite. Didn't you hear any of this?

CLARA

I must have been out of the office.

JACK

You were.

(beat)

I checked.

(He looks her over carefully.)

This is a terrible security breach.

CLARA

I'll do what I can to help.

JACK

Good! We'll find out the truth.

(smiling, and putting his hand on her shoulder)

Together.

(removing his hand, all business)

Until then you're off the case.

(During JACK's song, CLARA opens the drawer, punches the code, and takes the key.)

"NEVER AGAIN" (PART II)

I'M GONNA CONNECT THE DOTS  
AND UNRAVEL THIS CRIME  
I'M GONNA CONNECT THE DOTS  
GONNA SOLVE IT THIS TIME

I SWORE  
NEVER AGAIN  
NEVER AGAIN

IT'S SOMEONE AT I-S-A  
WHO ELSE COULD IT BE?  
A TRAITOR WHO NEEDS TO PAY  
IT'S SO OBVIOUS TO ME

BUT WHO?  
HOW WHERE AND WHEN  
DID IT HAPPEN AGAIN?

NEVER AGAIN!  
NEVER AGAIN!  
NEVER A-

CLARA runs out and closes JACK's door, abruptly ending the music. She is clutching the key, and breathing heavily. CLARA runs offstage.

SCENE 18

The room outside OBU's cell. OFFICERS 1 and 2 are playing gin rummy. OFFICER 1 has the Manual. The words "180 hours" briefly appear on the screen, then fade.

OFFICER 1

"HVD."

OFFICER 2

High value detainee.

OFFICER 1

"VHVD."

OFFICER 2

Very high value detainee.

OFFICER 1

"SDVVHVD."

(beat)

OFFICER 2

Super duper very very high value detainee!

OFFICER 1

Excellent! The three types of interrogation:

OFFICER 2

Conditioning, corrective, coercive.

OFFICER 1

What's nudity?

OFFICER 2

Conditioning.

OFFICER 1

Insult slap?

OFFICER 2

Corrective.

OFFICER 1

Walling?

OFFICER 2

Coercive.

OFFICER 1

You're on fire today! Facial hold?

OFFICER 2

Coercive.

OFFICER 1

No, corrective! Water dousing?

OFFICER 2

Corrective.

OFFICER 1

Coercive. You're losing focus!

OFFICER 2

Can we play crazy eights?

(OFFICER 1 gives him a sharp look.)

OFFICER 1

Let's review the third interrogation of a prisoner.

OFFICER 2

(exasperated)

You always pick the game!

OFFICER 1

(reading the Manual)

"The HVD remains in sleep deprivation, dietary manipulation and is nude. All the Corrective Techniques (insult slap, abdominal slap, facial hold) may be used several times based on the responses of the HVD."

OFFICER 2

Your move.

(OFFICER 1 resumes playing. Then reads again.)

OFFICER 1

"Intense questioning and walling would be repeated multiple times." Got it?

OFFICER 2

Walling.

OFFICER 1

How long can we continue sleep deprivation?

OFFICER 2

48 hours?

(beat)

96?

OFFICER 1

You're joking.

OFFICER 2

120?

OFFICER 1

You should know this.

OFFICER 2

A week?

OFFICER 1

Longer!

(triumphant)

One hundred eighty hours!

OFFICER 2

(triumphant)

Gin!



Annoyed, OFFICER 1 throws his cards on the table. The outside door suddenly opens. Male OFFICER 3 brings TOM in. TOM is disheveled and bruised.

OFFICER 3

(quickly)  
Prisoner 5178324519!  
(OFFICER 3 leaves.)

SCENE 19

OFFICER 2 takes TOM, opens the cell door, and pushes TOM into OBU's dark cell. OBU is sitting on the ground in a corner of the room. OFFICER 2 leaves, slamming the door.

OBU

(frightened)  
Who's there? Who is it?  
(TOM lies on the ground, disheveled, physically beaten. OBU walks towards TOM.)  
Get out of my cell.

TOM

I didn't choose to be here.  
(OBU looks at him closely.)

OBU

You? You're supposed to be my lawyer!

TOM

I was kidnapped.

OBU

Useless bastard!

TOM

It's a mistake.

OBU

"Justice," "Bill of Liberties," it's a lie can't you see?

TOM

Your brother can help you.

OBU

The one who hired *you*?

TOM

Or your son.

OBU

(suddenly)

"EYE FOR AN EYE"

MY SON IS DEAD!  
KILLED BY A BOMB FROM THE SKY

AN EYE FOR AN EYE  
A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH  
THESE ARE THE WORDS OF HATE  
IN YOUR UNIFIED STATE

AN EYE FOR AN EYE  
A SON FOR A SON  
WHAT IF I KILLED EVERYONE  
EVERY SON, EVERYONE

MY SON WOULD BE PROUD  
MY BROTHER WOULD BE PROUD  
MY WHOLE TOWN WOULD BE PROUD  
WOULD BE PROUD  
OF THE MARTYR WHO LIVED IN THE TOWN

TOM

YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T DO ANYTHING  
OBU, WHAT DID YOU DO?  
WHY ARE YOU HERE?  
WHY ARE YOU HERE?

(Dim lights up on JACK, earbuds on, in  
his office.)

OBU

I WALKED NEAR MY HOUSE  
SAW ALL THE BOYS  
BOYS THAT WERE HARDLY EIGHT

KICKING A BALL  
PLAYING ON THE STREET  
ALL I COULD FEEL WAS HATE  
HATE

AN EYE FOR AN EYE  
A SON FOR A SON  
THAT IS THE GOLDEN RULE  
YOU'RE A FOOL  
YES YOU FOOL  
I'D KILL EVERYONE

(JACK stands up, triumphant. Lights  
down on JACK.)

FOR MY SON

(OBU and TOM are face to face.)

TOM

Would you kill me?

(beat. TOM grabs OBU.)

Would you?

(OBU pushes TOM away.)

SCENE 20

We begin to hear the never-ending, computerized music of a computer processing the entire world. That night, ISA headquarters, The Room. The words "The Room" briefly appear on the screen, then fade. The door opens; CLARA enters furtively, holding a key. The Room is dimly lit, except for the massive luminescent screen filling the entire back wall from floor to ceiling, which is now further downstage, and filled with changing numbers and images rapidly and constantly scrolling up. CLARA tries to get her bearings and eventually speaks to the screen.

CLARA

BAILEY

(Thousands of Baileys appear on the screen, scrolling upwards.)

TOM BAILEY.

(Hundreds of Tom Baileys appear on the screen, scrolling, each at different Levels 1, 2, 3, and 4)

TOM BAILEY LEVEL 4.

(A dozen Tom Baileys remain on the screen. She points at one. It has comprehensive information: identification number, date of birth, occupation, all addresses ever lived, phone numbers, date placed on The List, current location, all locations ever visited, all websites ever visited, all people ever met, DNA information, etc. She highlights a couple of names, then finds TOM: with his ID#, age: 29 years, no spouse or children, occupation: "Terrorist Lawyer." CLARA speaks to the computer.)

DELETE TOM BAILEY.

(The screen says: "Delete Tom Bailey" with two spaces on the right for a check mark: "from World" and "from List.")

FROM LIST.

COMPUTER

(A voice, soothing and human-sounding.)  
Checking access.

(beat)

Sarah.

(The music gets progressively more intense. CLARA takes an iDrive from inside her shirt and plugs it into the main computer. The screen says "download" and shows a bar marking the progress of the download to the iDrive.)

CLARA

Come on!

(beat)

Come on!

I NEVER SHOULD HAVE COME TO THIS ROOM  
I NEVER SHOULD HAVE COME TO I-S-A...

COMPUTER

Tom Bailey removed...from List.

The music slowly gets less intense. The download ends. CLARA turns off the screen, runs to the door, remembers the iDrive, runs for it, takes it, and runs back to the door. She turns off the light. There is total silence. She takes a big breath and opens the door. JACK is there, backlit and terrifying.

JACK

(wild-eyed)

Clara!

CLARA

I--

JACK

You what? Why are you here? Quickly!  
(JACK slams the door behind him. CLARA hides the iDrive.)

CLARA

(terrified)

--was working late. On the new electronic signals intelligence initiative--

JACK

(grabbing her)

--Who's paying you? Who do you work for?

CLARA

No one I--  
(beat)  
--work for you.

JACK

(Suddenly more relaxed. Slowly.)  
For me.  
(JACK lets go of CLARA.)  
To think I was falling for a double agent.  
(CLARA suddenly makes a dash for the door, and opens it.)

"ONE WAY OUT"

(terrifying)  
GO AHEAD, YOU CAN GO  
TAKE IT EASY AND SLOW  
WHAT YOU DID, I KNOW

YOUR CAREER IS IN MY HANDS  
YOUR LIBERTY'S IN MY HANDS  
YOUR LIFE IS IN MY HANDS  
(Still inside the Room, CLARA closes the door.)  
YOU'RE IN MY HANDS

THERE'S ONE WAY OUT  
ONE WAY TO SAVE YOUR SKIN  
COME TAKE MY CUE  
DO WHAT I DO  
AND LET ME IN

THERE'S ONE WAY OUT  
ONE WAY YOU'LL SEE THE SUN  
JUST SIXTY MINUTES  
IN THIS ROOM  
AND WE'LL BE DONE

WAS THAT TOO CRASS?  
APOLOGIES MY DEAR  
I DO HAVE CLASS  
JUST NOT HERE

CLARA

AND WHAT OF TOM?

JACK

PERHAPS I'LL LET HIM GO

CLARA

I DON'T BELIEVE

JACK

BUT IF YOU LEAVE  
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW  
(becoming more vulnerable)

AM I SO OLD?  
NOT WORTHY OF A GLANCE  
WHY BE SO COLD, CLARA?  
GIVE ME A CHANCE

WE'LL GO TO ROME  
SEE LONDON IN THE SPRING  
I'LL BUY YOU CLOTHES  
WE'LL GO TO SHOWS  
DO EVERYTHING

I HAVEN'T FELT THIS WAY  
IN SO MANY YEARS  
IT'S LIKE I'VE BEEN AWAY  
LOST IN MY TEARS

(pathetic)

THERE'S ONE WAY OUT  
TO FREE ME FROM MY CELL  
JUST SPEND ONE NIGHT  
AND BRING SOME LIGHT  
INTO THE DARKNESS OF HELL

DON'T YOU LIKE ME?  
CLARA, MY DEAR?  
DON'T YOU LIKE ME?  
PLEASE DON'T REJECT ME HERE

CLARA  
AND WHAT OF TOM AND ME?

JACK  
YOU'RE FREE WITHOUT A DOUBT

CLARA  
IS THAT A VOW?

JACK  
IT IS NOW

JACK AND CLARA  
(as CLARA approaches JACK with purpose)  
THERE'S ONE WAY OUT

CLARA  
FOR ME

JACK  
FOR ME

CLARA  
FOR ME

JACK  
FOR ME

CLARA  
FOR ME

JACK  
FOR ME

They are about to kiss.

CLARA  
(suddenly)  
No!

CLARA runs out of the room. Beat.  
JACK leaves the room and slams the  
door. Underscoring of computerized  
music getting louder until...

SCENE 21

The next day. Lights up on a similar  
room. Training. The massive screen is  
blank. A male ISA INSTRUCTOR stands in  
front of the screen, holding a tablet.  
ISA TRAINEES, downstage and facing away  
from the audience, sit at desks with  
tablets, taking copious notes. They  
look at the INSTRUCTOR and the screen.  
The word "Power!" briefly appears on  
the screen, then fades.

INSTRUCTOR  
Morning class. What is "information"?  
(TRAINEE #31 raises his hand.)  
Thirty-one!

TRAINEE #31  
Data!

INSTRUCTOR  
No.

ANOTHER TRAINEE  
Knowledge!

INSTRUCTOR  
No!

ANOTHER TRAINEE  
Power!

INSTRUCTOR  
Power!

(calming his excitement)  
The power to *protect*. See this?  
(A picture of a computer keyboard fills  
the screen. Silky:)  
(MORE)

INSTRUCTOR (cont'd)

We know every word you type. Every e-mail, search, diary.  
Not "dairy," forty-two.

(TRAINEE #42 looks up, sheepish and  
incredulous.)

And this.

(A picture of a laptop camera hole on a  
computer screen fills the screen.)

I see you!

(A picture of one of the TRAINEES using  
a computer, from the viewpoint of the  
laptop camera hole.)

Now this one is quite handy.

(A picture of a smartphone appears on  
the screen.)

Why tail people when they tail themselves?

(The TRAINEES laugh.)

Here's a tip: when it's off, it's on.

(More laughter.)

It's easier to track people, than *whales*.

(Even more laughter.)

Facial recognition, nano-drones, Alexi in every room. All  
for your safety and convenience! I feel wonderful knowing  
what you all are doing and thinking, 24/7.

(A TRAINEE raises his hand.)

Forty-four!

TRAINEE #44

What about privacy?

INSTRUCTOR

I *believe* in privacy. It's outrageous anyone would try to  
find out what we do! But seriously folks, why worry? When  
people say "invasion of privacy," I say

"NOTHING TO HIDE"

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO HIDE?

(slow and sinister)

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO HIDE?

(upbeat again)

I'll show you what I mean. Twenty-three, come on up.

Male TRAINEE #23 stands up, happy-go-  
lucky and confident. The INSTRUCTOR  
reads information about TRAINEE #23  
from the Instructor's tablet. During  
the song, photos on the screen  
selectively appear to match the lyrics.

WIFE, TWO KIDS

GIRL AND BOY

TEN AND EIGHT

(photo of TRAINEE #23's happy family)

Great!



"MEDIUM WELL"

(many photos of TRAINEE #23 stuffing himself with junk food)

"EXTRA FRIES"

FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED CALORIES A DAY

THAT'S A LOT

MUCH TOO MUCH

FOR YOUR HEART

YOUR L-D-L IS OFF THE CHART

WHAT WILL MOMMY SAY

WHEN JOEY ASKS WHY DADDY DIED?

(photo of Joey and mom at TRAINEE #23's funeral, with tombstone that says: "He ate too much.")

NO, YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE

TRAINEE #23 sits down. Female TRAINEE #31 comes up. With each verse, a new trainee comes to the INSTRUCTOR. Each trainee is increasingly reluctant and mortified, though they try not to show it.

Thirty-one!

TWO ABORTIONS

(photos of a pregnant TRAINEE #31 with different doctors)

MAKE IT THREE

(photo of her with a hanger)

DON'T WORRY, YOUR LITTLE SECRET'S SAFE WITH ME

AND HER AND HIM

AND US AND THEM

ONLY NINETEEN *THOUSAND* EMPLOYEES

WITH A NEED TO KNOW

YOUR UTERUS IS CLASSIFIED

SO YOU HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE

1-0-5!

(Female TRAINEE #105 replaces TRAINEE #31.)

WHAT'S THIS?

DON'T LIKE THE LEADER

CAN IT BE?

LET'S TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AND SEE

YOU LIKE MARX

Who likes Marx?

YOU HAVE VIEWS

THESE ARE CLUES

(GUARDS appear and start to approach.)

Groucho! Harpo!

CALL IT OFF

SHE'S HARMLESS AND SHE'S CLEAN

NO NEED TO TORTURE HER OUTSIDE  
SHE'S GOT NOTHING TO HIDE  
(The GUARDS leave.)

Fifty-two!

(Male TRAINEE #52 replaces TRAINEE  
#105.)  
YOU LIKE PORN

Lots of porn

(A PG photo of, say, Stormy Daniels)  
HAVE NO FEAR  
WE'RE ALL FRIENDS HERE

Oh my God!

(to himself)

Amazing.

(snapping out of it)

IT'S OK  
BUT NINE HOURS EVERY DAY  
(PG photos of TRAINEE #52 taken from  
his computer appear on screen.)  
IS THAT ALL YOU DO?

TRAINEE #52

(with a burst of self-realization)

Yes!

INSTRUCTOR

NO WONDER YOU'RE COMPLETELY FRIED  
STILL, YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE

Sixty-six!

(Male TRAINEE #66 replaces TRAINEE  
#52.)

Uh-oh.

YOU CALLED SOMEONE  
WHO E-MAILED SOMEONE  
WHO YODELED AN ENEMY!

Level 2! 3! 4! Hit him!

(GUARDS sock TRAINEE #66 in the stomach  
and casually haul him away in a sack,  
while the other trainees watch in  
horror.)

(beat)

Seventeen.

(Male TRAINEE #17, nerdy and wearing  
thick glasses, is utterly terrified to  
stand up. Gently:)

Come on.

(TRAINEE #17 sits there, shaking his  
head. More insistent:)

Come on!

(MORE)

INSTRUCTOR (cont'd)

(TRAINEE #17 holds onto his desk for dear life. The INSTRUCTOR drags him, resisting, out of his chair. Fast:)

Come on come on come on come on come on come on come on oooon!!  
(as if nothing happened)

WIFE, TWO KIDS  
BOY AND GIRL

TRAINEE #17

Yeah.

INSTRUCTOR

They're so cute! You're just perfect.

TRAINEE #17

Gee thanks.

(TRAINEE #17 tries to slink away. The INSTRUCTOR stops him.)

INSTRUCTOR

Wait.

(Grabbing TRAINEE #17 and with sudden admiration.)

Impressive!

HOW NICE TO HAVE A PRETTY BRIDE

(A photo of TRAINEE #17 with his bride on their wedding day appears in the middle of the screen.)

WITH TWENTY LOVERS ON THE SIDE!

(20 photos of a dapper, Don Juan-like TRAINEE #17 with different women in exotic locations surround the wedding photo.)

TRAINEE #17

Stella!

(TRAINEE #17 runs off the stage.)

INSTRUCTOR

BUT WHAT COULD YOU CONCEIVABLY HAVE TO HIDE?

TRAINEES

(photos of these URLs appear on screen)

NO NEED

TO HIDE

WE DON'T NEED TO HIDE

SEX DOT COM AND  
LUST DOT COM AND  
SIN DOT COM AND  
SCREW DOT COM AND  
HUMP DOT COM AND  
BANG DOT COM AND  
CONCUPISCENT TEEN  
DOT COM

INSTRUCTOR

No you don't!

TRAINEES

WHY SHOULD WE CARE?

TERRORISTS AND  
ANARCHISTS AND

INSTRUCTOR

You shouldn't care!

(TRAINEE #17, animated, reappears  
briefly holding a phone, talking to  
his wife, Stella.)

TRAINEES

THEY'RE ALWAYS THERE

COMMUNISTS AND  
SEPARATISTS AND  
NIHILISTS AND  
ATHEISTS AND  
TRAITORS WHO RESIST  
THE LEADER

IT'S ONLY OUR LIVES ON DISPLAY

LIFE IS OPEN BOOK

INSTRUCTOR

I love books!

TRAINEES

DON'T WORRY IF YOU'RE NOT A CROOK  
'CAUSE ABSOLUTELY NOBODY HAS  
ANYTHING TO HIDE

INSTRUCTOR

(Each line directed at a different  
trainee.)

YOU'RE CHEAP  
YOU SWEAT  
YOU'RE A DRUNK  
YOU'RE IN DEBT

*Crushing* debt!

(to different male trainees)

YOU SLEEP IN A NEGLIGEE  
YOU COPULATED WITH YOUR BROTHER'S WIFE  
YOU WILL NEVER GET IT UP

(to a female trainee)

YOU HAVE SUCKY DNA

WHY BE SO DISCREET?

IT'S NOTHING THAT YOU WOULDN'T TWEET  
'CAUSE NOBODY COULD EVEN HAVE THE  
SLIGHTEST THING TO HIDE

INSTRUCTOR AND TRAINEES

TO HIDE FROM

(In triumph, the INSTRUCTOR turns away  
from the audience and faces the  
screen, which turns into a giant  
mirror, exposing the entire audience  
to itself.)

ME!

(After a full round of applause, he  
turns to the audience.)

INSTRUCTOR

(sinister)

Your turn.

(Each line is directed to a different  
member of the audience. Lights up on  
the house. Live shots of them appear  
on screen.)

YOU'RE BROKE

YOU SNORE

YOU DO COKE

YOU'RE A WHORE

(to her)

You free later?

YOU HAVE FUNGUS UP YOUR NOSE

YOUR RESUME'S A FRAUD

That's not your hair!

YOU BONED YOUR PET GOAT

YOU LET GRANDMA DECOMPOSE

LET IT OFF YOUR CHEST

We all do it!

WE AT I-S-A KNOW BEST

WHETHER YOU CONCEIVABLY HAVE ANYTHING

TO HIDE

INSTRUCTOR AND TRAINEES

YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM ME!

(The INSTRUCTOR gets ever bigger on the  
screen, then thousands of pictures of  
the INSTRUCTOR fill every square of  
the screen, then the INSTRUCTOR  
finishes in a faded spotlight on a  
dark stage. Blackout.)

SCENE 22

We hear a door slam, then the slow  
steps of someone walking down a  
hallway. Lights up on OFFICER 2,  
reading in a small room on the Island.  
We hear the cries of some inmates in  
the background. The WORLD is again  
upstage and unobtrusive, a square lit  
up in the corner.

OFFICER 2

(studious)

Article six, section three...

(MORE)

OFFICER 2 (cont'd)  
(OFFICER 1 walks in and closes the door.)

OFFICER 1

So much noise.

OFFICER 1 takes off some of his gear, while OFFICER 2 keeps reading intently. Eventually OFFICER 1 looks at OFFICER 2.

OFFICER 2

(looking up)  
Bill of Liberties.  
(OFFICER 1 is surprised.)  
What are we defending?

OFFICER 1

(stating the obvious)  
The State. Leader, I-S-A.

OFFICER 2

I just thought--

OFFICER 1

(dismissive, continuing to remove his gear)  
Think less.  
(beat)  
We're not in school anymore. It's us or them.

OFFICER 1 motions for him to get up. OFFICER 2 stands up, reluctantly. They open a door to a small interrogation room. TOM, filled with resolve, is strapped to a long board.

Why did Fynn Perry come to you?

TOM

Don't know.

OFFICER 1

How did he find you?

TOM

Don't know.

OFFICER 1

Who does Obu work for?

TOM

Don't know!

OFFICER 1

Liar!

TOM  
Let me go!

OFFICER 1  
Perry's guilty.

TOM  
We all have the same rights.

OFFICER 1  
Not if you're a terrorist.

TOM  
What am I then?

OFFICER 1  
We're gonna find out.  
(OFFICER 1 takes a cloth from a table.)

TOM  
(to OFFICER 2)  
What's he doing?

OFFICER 2 freezes. OFFICER 1 stares at  
OFFICER 2. Beat. The WORLD goes  
completely dark. OFFICER 1 approaches  
TOM with the cloth.

Torture is prohibited by the Bill of Liberties!

OFFICER 1  
You terrorist lawyers are so obsessed with...words.

TOM  
(starting to panic)  
I'm a citizen!

OFFICER 1  
(to OFFICER 2, who looks uncomfortable)  
A word.  
(OFFICER 1 gets closer to TOM.)

TOM  
I don't believe it.

OFFICER 1  
(looking straight at TOM, deliberate  
and quiet)  
No one cares what you believe.

OFFICER 1 puts a cloth over TOM, and  
prepares to waterboard him. Lights  
down on everything except TOM and  
OFFICER 2.

TOM

Please!

Blackout.

SCENE 23

The same valley as in Scene 2. CLARA stands next to a "Hypermail." She looks everywhere to make sure no one has followed her. Reading the package:

CLARA

"Ben Greenberg, Bluffdale News."

Wearing gloves, CLARA puts the iDrive into the package, seals it, re-checks the address on the package, opens the Hypermail, is about to mail the package, then closes the box. Beat. Suddenly she opens the box and mails the package. We hear a "swoosh."

He'll get it in ten minutes, thirty-one seconds.

(taking off her gloves)

Who am I kidding?

"ONE DAY"

THEY'LL KNOW IT'S ME  
I'LL GO TO PRISON  
WILL I SEE  
THE SUN AGAIN?

THEY'LL TAKE ME TO THE ISLAND

BUT THAT'S OK  
BECAUSE ONE DAY  
(She closes her eyes.)

ONE DAY, ONE DAY  
THE WORLD WILL COME TO KNOW  
WHAT I DID RIGHT HERE

ON THAT BEAUTIFUL DAY  
WE WILL RISE AND SAY  
"FREEDOM IS OURS  
DON'T TAKE MINE AWAY"

(During the song, CLARA walks to ISA headquarters, to her office, retracing her steps from her first day at the ISA.)

ONE DAY, WE'LL BE  
EVERYTHING WE DREAM  
AND HOPE TO BE



FROM EVERY TOWN  
CITY AND SQUARE  
FROM VALLEYS AND MOUNTAINS  
AND SEA TO SEA

WE'LL SING  
WE WILL SING  
"LET FREEDOM RING!"

ONE DAY IT SHALL BE  
ONE DAY

I PRAY FOR A DAY  
FAR AWAY  
WHEN TOM IS OFF THE LIST  
SAFE AND FREE

NO LEVEL ONE  
TWO, THREE OR FOUR  
NO JACK AND NO ROOM  
AND NO I-S-A

NO DETENTION WITHOUT CAUSE  
ON AN ISLAND WITH NO LAWS  
(Barreling past some ISA agents into  
her office)  
OUT OF MY WAY

DON'T TORTURE AND KIDNAP  
AND LOSE THE KEY  
(Quickly packing up her office.)  
DON'T SPY ON MY COUNTRY  
FROM SEA TO SEA  
(We see JACK and GUARDS gathering  
outside CLARA's office.)

ONE DAY WE'LL BE FREE  
ONE DAY IT SHALL BE  
(CLARA removes the Unified State flag  
from the wall and presses it to her  
chest.)  
BUT NOT FOR ME  
(She packs the flag, and holds her bag,  
ready to leave.)  
ONE DAY

SCENE 24

Everything is as it was when CLARA  
arrived on her first day. It is quiet.

CLARA (cont'd)

The password. The password!

(CLARA fumbles for her phone, starts  
dialing furiously. Super quick:)

Ben Greenberg please?

(MORE)

CLARA (cont'd)

Mr. Green--you're about to receive a very important package.  
The password is--

(The line goes dead.)

Hello?

JACK barges in with GUARDS and CLARA'S ASSISTANT. CLARA drops the phone to the ground.

JACK

(genuine, to CLARA)

I'm sorry.

GUARD 1

Agent Smith, you're under arrest!

The GUARDS restrain CLARA. JACK kisses the complicit ASSISTANT on the forehead.

ASSISTANT

(smiling, to CLARA)

It's not *only* a man's world.

GUARDS lead CLARA past JACK. She suddenly stops in front of him.

CLARA

(calmly, to the ASSISTANT)

You're right.

CLARA frees her arm and suddenly slaps JACK in the face. The ASSISTANT reaches out to JACK. GUARDS immediately restrain CLARA. CLARA is taken away. JACK pushes the ASSISTANT off.

JACK

(After CLARA is gone, with sudden anguish)

Clara!

SCENE 25

The stage goes black, except for TOM'S dimly lit cell. TOM lies alone on the ground. He is wet, shivering, having trouble breathing, and going mad. The corner of the WORLD is lit.

TOM

(pitiful)

Please stop.

We hear a door bang, the sound of steps, then see the door open. Light shines in for a brief moment. CLARA is thrown into the room. The door slams shut. CLARA goes to TOM, who does not realize she is there.

Stop, please. It's raining!

(TOM laughs.)

So wet! Judge, it's raining! Secret, secret, not from me! I know. I know everything. I'm on the case. You're hurting me! It hurts! Clara, help! Help!

CLARA opens his shirt, and holds him in her lap. TOM still does not acknowledge her.

CLARA

What have they done?

Lights up on JACK, listening to TOM and CLARA with his earbuds on. JACK takes them off, pours a stiff drink, and takes a swig. Lights down on JACK.

TOM

The surface is up there. Up there. Are you up there?

CLARA

Tom, it's me, Clara!

TOM

Clara, are you up there? Stop, please!

CLARA

Look at me!

(TOM seems to notice her, only vaguely.)

It's Clara.

(She kisses him on the cheek.)

TOM

Who? Not Clara. Clara's up there. Way up there.

TOM closes his eyes. CLARA gets up, paces the cell, suddenly runs to the door and bangs wildly.

CLARA

Help! Help! Help! Officers! Help!!

(Eventually OFFICER 2 opens the door.)

I think he's dead.

OFFICER 2  
(checking on TOM, uninterested)  
He just passed out again.  
(starting to leave)

CLARA  
(grabbing his arm)  
I'm entitled to one phone call.

OFFICER 2  
No you aren't.

CLARA  
(urgently)  
My father's dying. One last call, please!

OFFICER 2  
(slightly unsure of himself)  
The Manual says--

CLARA  
Don't you have any humanity? It's my dad!

OFFICER 2  
(taking out the Manual)  
"No calls." Section three point one point...

CLARA  
(vulnerable)  
Ninety seconds?  
(OFFICER 2 hesitates.)  
Sixty?  
(beat, quietly and firmly)  
Thirty.  
(beat, while CLARA waits in great tension)

OFFICER 2  
I'm going to stand right here!  
(He hands her a phone, and stands right there, nervous.)

CLARA  
(She dials. Upbeat.)  
Dad! It's Clara.  
(all business, with sudden urgency)  
Type "Bluffdale" *three* times on your phone, that's the pa--

OFFICER 2  
(grabbing the phone, screaming)  
Who's that?  
(Into the phone)  
Hello?  
(He grabs her.)  
Who did you call?

CLARA

(defiant and triumphant, pushing him off)

All the crimes of the I-S-A will be exposed. Everything!

OFFICER 2

(losing it)

That's not possible. It's a cruel, sick joke! You're an I-S-A agent! Don't you love your country?

CLARA

(joyous, facing the audience)

More than ever.

OFFICER 2 stares at her frozen in panic, suddenly runs out of the room, and slams the door. CLARA runs to the door, then to TOM.

Tom, we did it! The whole world is going to know about Jack, the List, everything! They'll be forced to release us. We're going to be free. Tom, Tom, wake up. Wake up Tom! Tom!

TOM

(again lost and confused)

Up there.

CLARA

Tom!

TOM

Way up there.

(Lights down except for a single spotlight on CLARA, who drapes herself over TOM.)

Tom!

SCENE 26

ISA headquarters. We hear applause. JACK is on a podium in front of many ISA agents. Seated next to him is BILL FORD.

JACK

And so, it is my great pleasure to welcome our new I-S-A Director, Bill Ford.

(Polite applause while JACK and FORD shake hands and FORD mounts the podium. JACK leaves the podium.)

FORD

Thank you for those kind words, Jack. I am so blessed to be a citizen of the greatest country on earth!

(Applause.)

(MORE)

FORD (cont'd)

Ours is a noble experiment, for democracy and freedom are not given by God, they are earned, by the hard work of brave women and men like you.

(Applause.)

On this anniversary of the Attack, we remember we are engaged in an epic struggle. A war against people who would destroy not only our country, but our values. I say now: *they will not prevail!*

(Applause. FORD's speech slowly recedes. The ASSISTANT approaches JACK with SARAH SMITH, a young, pretty employee.)

ASSISTANT

Sarah Smith.

SARAH

I look forward to working together, sir.

JACK

(casually looking her over)

Me too.

(The ASSISTANT walks off in a huff.)

FORD

(Over music that slowly begins to predominate. Different squares of the WORLD light up, as in the opening.)

We will prevail because of our values: liberty, democracy, the rule of law. And because truth and justice will triumph, as they have always triumphed throughout the history of the civilized world. God bless you, God bless the I-S-A, and God bless the Unified...

WORLD

|                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| COUGHING SNEEZING |                    |
| FINAL CURTAIN     |                    |
| UPTOWN LOCAL      |                    |
| SPICY EGGPLANT    |                    |
| THIRTY-FORTY      |                    |
| WILL YOU MARRY    |                    |
| GREAT RECESSION   |                    |
| EVIL LEADER!      |                    |
| OLE MCDONALD      |                    |
| POTTY PARTY       |                    |
| FATAL STABBING    |                    |
| MILES PER HOUR    |                    |
| FUCK YOU ASSHOLE! | PASS THE BUTTER    |
| OUT OF BUSINESS   | DO YOU LOVE ME?    |
| WANT MY MOMMY     | SEVEN FIGURES      |
| SECOND MOVEMENT   | THERE'S NO PARKING |
| PRESSURE SYSTEM   | HE'S A TENOR       |
| PASS THE BUTTER   | IN BERMUDA         |
| DO YOU LOVE ME?   | WHAT'S THE COSINE? |
| KATAMINO          | SALMONELLA         |
| DAD, I'M SORRY    | BEST RELIEVER      |

|                    |                      |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| QUARTER AFTER      | GEORGE AND SARAH     |
| ART IN HEAVEN      | LOVE YOU, BYE-BYE    |
| DOORMAN BUILDING   | NINE ONE SEVEN       |
| SECRET SANTA       | JUST ARRESTED        |
| THROW THE FOOTBALL | WE LEAVE TUESDAY     |
| MORNING HONEY      | WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM? |
| SERENGETI          | ON VACATION          |

After the speech, and as the music recedes, FORD and the agents slowly leave the room. At one point, we hear CLARA in the distance. Eventually only JACK remains on stage. The voices of the WORLD slowly die out.

|                       |                     |       |
|-----------------------|---------------------|-------|
| EGGS AND SAUSAGE      | WHERE'S THE MONEY?  | CLARA |
| HELLO KITTY           | PEPPERONI           |       |
| BORA BORA             | NINE ELEVEN         | ONE   |
| ALL BEEF PATTY        | MATHEMATICS         | DAY   |
| HAPPY BIRTHDAY        | HELLO DOLLY         |       |
| COLON CANCER          | SOME ENCHANTED      |       |
| BOBBLE HEADED         | THIRD AND TWENTY    | ONE   |
| BREAKING STORY        | WEATHER CENTER      | DAY   |
| BONUS FOR THE YEAR    | RACING FOR THE CURE |       |
|                       |                     | ONE   |
| MAJOR TRAFFIC         |                     | DAY   |
| AUDREY HEPBURN        |                     |       |
| BASES LOADED          |                     |       |
| HOLD THE MAYO         |                     |       |
| CLEARED FOR LANDING   |                     |       |
| WHY WERE YOU SO LATE? |                     |       |
|                       |                     | ONE   |
| FUCK YOU ASSHOLE!     |                     | DAY   |
| OUT OF BUSINESS       |                     |       |
| WANT MY MOMMY         |                     |       |
| SECOND MOVEMENT       |                     |       |
| PRESSURE SYSTEM       |                     |       |
| PASS THE BUTTER       |                     |       |
| DO YOU LOVE ME?       |                     |       |
| KATAMINO              |                     |       |
| DAD, I'M SORRY        |                     |       |
| QUARTER AFTER         |                     |       |
| ART IN HEAVEN         |                     |       |
| WRETCHED FORTUNE      |                     |       |
| DOORMAN BUILDING      |                     |       |
| SECRET SANTA          |                     |       |
| THROW THE FOOTBALL!   |                     |       |
| MORNING HONEY         |                     | ONE   |
| SERENGETI             |                     | DAY   |
| EGGS AND SAUSAGE      |                     |       |
| THROW THE FOOTBALL!   |                     |       |
| SEVEN FIGURES         |                     |       |
| THERE'S NO PARKING    |                     |       |
| HE'S A TENOR          |                     |       |
| IN BERMUDA            |                     |       |
| WHAT'S THE COSINE?    |                     |       |

SALMONELLA  
BEST RELIEVER  
GEORGE AND SARAH  
WOMEN CHILDREN  
BIT MORE WATER  
NINE ONE SEVEN  
JUST ARRESTED  
WOMEN CHILDREN  
CALL A DOCTOR  
WORST ATTACK IN  
FIRST RESPONDERS  
WOMEN CHILDREN  
THROW THE FOOTBALL  
NINE ONE SEVEN  
FIRST RESPONDERS

(We hear distant sirens, fire trucks.)

BREAKING STORY  
WOMEN CHILDREN  
BREAKING STORY  
WOMEN CHILDREN  
CALL A DOCTOR!  
WOMEN CHILDREN

JACK suddenly turns off the WORLD. The voices stop. As the music continues to recede, the room slowly darkens. Eventually the sirens recede. JACK looks around the dim, empty room. He presses a button, sees CLARA in the cell, presses a button, the image disappears. JACK removes the photo of himself and his wife from his jacket, and with sudden violence, throws the photo at a wall. The glass shatters. JACK starts sobbing violently. After some time, JACK collects himself, carefully picks up the pieces of the picture, and regains control. JACK calmly exits the room and closes the door. The music stops. The light fades.

SCENE 27

We hear nature. It is dark. CLARA is asleep, holding TOM in her lap. CLARA wakes up, dreamily.

CLARA

(quiet and gentle)

Wake up.

The music of "The National Anthem/Morning" begins, soft but majestic. Light slowly fills the stage.



The screen slowly moves downstage.  
CLARA slowly rises. CLARA supports  
TOM, and TOM slowly rises.

THE EAGLE IS SOARING  
THE SKY VAST AND BLUE

I LOVE YOU MY DARLING  
I'M WAITING FOR YOU

CLARA and TOM kiss passionately. After  
a time, the illusion of TOM fades away.  
The walls of the cell reappear. CLARA  
realizes she is alone. A giant flag of  
the Unified State fills the screen.  
The flag is filled with words: "ISA,"  
"The List," "State Secrets," "The  
Island," "The Attack," "Terrorist  
Lawyer," "The Manual," "State Enemy,"  
"180 hours," "The Room," "Power!"  
CLARA raises her head to see the flag.  
As the cell walls fade away, CLARA  
slowly stands up, faces the flag, and  
walks towards it. The words fade.  
Behind her silhouette, as the music  
grows to maximum intensity, thousands  
of rays burst from the flag, brilliant  
and blinding, penetrating the entire  
theater. CLARA salutes, the same  
salute from the overture. The rays  
recede. The flag and CLARA slowly fade  
into a soft glow. The music fades.  
Blackout.

THE END