

RIGGED

Written by

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**INT. OFFICE - SAFE HOUSE - DAY**

A dark and musty office with government issue furniture. Sound baffling tiles cover the walls and ceiling. A Seth Thomas face clock reads 5:40.

FBI AGENT KATELYN CAREY (35), blond-haired and focused, reads a case file, and then looks up to acknowledge AGENT JOANNE DAWSON (45), African American and no-nonsense, who's just nudged her.

JOANNE  
Snap out of it. Susan's ready.

KATE  
So am I.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Kate barely keeps up with Joanne as they walk down the dimly lit hallway.

JOANNE  
You sure you're prepared for a second crack at her?

KATE  
Absolutely.

JOANNE  
We don't get those nerve agent locations in 20 minutes...

KATE  
Got it. I have a plan for our chemist.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

An interrogation lamp illuminates a lone metal table in an otherwise barren room. A one-way mirror is on one side.

Kate enters and sits in the chair across from SUSAN HORVATH (35), dark-haired, wearing street clothes, and handcuffed to the table. Kate quickly glances at the mirror to her right, and then focuses on Susan.

KATE  
We got off on the wrong foot earlier. And, I just wanted to say, I'm very sorry. Sorry that I shot Eric, I mean.

**INT. VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

From the adjacent room, Joanne observes Kate and Susan through the window.

                  JOANNE  
                  (to self)  
                  What the hell are you doing?

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Kate leans in.

                  KATE  
                  "Occupational hazard" as a member  
                  of the SWAT team. I know that won't  
                  bring him back, but I also hope  
                  that you'll eventually find it  
                  within you to forgive me.

                  SUSAN  
                  ...Okay...

                  KATE  
                  Okay?...Good. So, I'm just going to  
                  ask you straight up. Where are  
                  they?

                  SUSAN  
                  I'm not telling you.

                  KATE  
                  Just follow me on this. If Eric's  
                  death means anything to you.  
                  Anything at all, then he'd want you  
                  to tell me where the TMP release  
                  points are.

Susan says nothing.

Kate glances at the clock: 5:42.

                  KATE (CONT'D)  
                  Fine then. Let's talk about Eric,  
                  since he meant something to both of  
                  us.

                  SUSAN  
                  He...showed me a part of myself I'd  
                  thought I'd lost a long time ago.

                  KATE  
                  I know exactly what you mean.

KATE (CONT'D)

Eric would have wanted you to do the right thing. Just tell me where the toxin release points are.

SUSAN

I-I can't.

KATE

He never told you where he hid them, did he?

SUSAN

No. No, he didn't. I'm so sorry.

KATE

No you're not, because in about 18 minutes, thousands of people are gonna' die. Because. Of. You.

SUSAN

I wanted them to pay for what they did!

KATE

All you're worth to me now is what's inside your head. So tell me. What. Is. The. Formula.

SUSAN

You already know it, Agent Carey.

KATE

(agitated)

How would I know that? All I know is I woke up this morning, not knowing who the hell I am.

SUSAN

Eric said he told you what it was.

Kate FREEZES for a moment, and then...

KATE

I--that's not possible. I'm not the chemist here. You are.

SUSAN

I loved him. I wouldn't have put his life in danger with that knowledge. But he said he told someone he trusted. Just figured it must've been you.

KATE  
 (acting angry)  
 I-no! I'm the interrogator! How  
 would I know?

Susan leans in, eyes piercing.

SUSAN  
 You do. You don't need me.

Kate eyes the pad of paper, picks up the pen, and then bites her lip.

KATE  
 No-no-no-no. Wait...

SUSAN  
 Yes. Think hard. You can remember.

**INT. VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Joanne is hyper-focused on them.

JOANNE  
 (to self)  
 Son-of-a-bitch. It's working.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Kate's also hyper-focused, but on the blank page, when she suddenly FREEZES.

KATE  
 Wait. Wait. I--think I remember.

SUSAN  
 That's it. You know it, Agent  
 Carey.

Kate grabs the pen and furiously scribbles something on the pad, out of view.

KATE  
 Oh my God. I think...I've almost  
 got it...I just need to ask you  
 something.

SUSAN  
 What?

Kate looks up and cocks her head at Susan, and then grins.

KATE  
What family do polyethylene and  
butane share?

SUSAN  
I...uh. I...

KATE  
Okay, how about, the nucleotide  
ratio of boron and potassium after  
applying Avogadro's number? Can you  
tell me that?

SUSAN  
I, uh...

KATE  
You don't know, do you?  
(sotto voce whisper)  
I never told you my last name!

Kate stands.

**INT. VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Kate approaches the window. Joanne's face now is inches away  
from the glass--and Kate.

KATE  
Turns out, I remembered it on my  
own.

Kate slams the note pad against the window, displaying a  
crudely-drawn hand with an extended middle finger.

Kate laughs hysterically.

KATE (CONT'D)  
You can ask me all you want, but  
you aint' gonna' get it!

CLOSE UP: Joanne's fuming face.

Kate continues laughing as we...

FADE OUT.