

Torture Room

by

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INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

An interview with an anonymous expert specializing in interrogation, brainwashing & John Walker Lindh. Clips may be interspersed throughout the credits and the film.

(NOTE: Entire interview used as an extra on the DVD).

INTERCUT WITH:

I/E. HEAD CREDITS

CUT TO:

INSERT: DISCLAIMER CARD

"The following story is based on recordings taken from over 72 hours of encrypted video tapes collected by MKULTRA and the United States Army department of psychological warfare. Many of the actual recordings are used in this film."

"These tapes were brought to us by an anonymous source. The distributor is not responsible for its contents."

(NOTE: A 15 minute version of the original US Army spy footage will be offered as an extra on the DVD with some of the original footage being intercut into this feature film).

CUT TO:

FADE IN. DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE LOGO

The U.S. Department of Defense Logo. Following is a card.

"WARNING! This recording is the property of the Department of Defense. Making or possessing an unauthorized copy is considered a crime of espionage against the Government of the United States."

INSERT: THE TEST PATTERN COUNT DOWN, 5,4,3,2,1. BLEEP.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK CELL - UNKNOWN TIME

ROUGH SURVEILLANCE CAMERA FOOTAGE OF...

...a dark skinned, naked prisoner, JAHAN, 32, sits curled up in a filthy, white washed cell. There is a rotting pig's head in the middle of the floor.

UNDER TITLE - "Unknown Detention Center, 2006"

An older man's soothing voice comes over the cell's loud speaker. It's MR. GREEN.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
Richard?

Jahan is scared of the voice.

MR. GREEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Richard? You can make this stop. You can.

Jahan tries to hide even deeper in the corner.

MR. GREEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Are you ready to do betray your friends?
Kill the ones you love? Richard?

JAHAN
(mumbles an Islamic prayer)

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
I don't think God listens to you anymore?
(pause)
They're going to remove pieces of your
body, Richard, bit by bit, down to the
bones. They've done it before. It's
amazing how little flesh a person really
needs intact to stay alive.

Jahan cowers and twitches.

MR. GREEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Now, tell me the names of your sources
and contacts in the United States.
Richard!

JAHAN
I AM JAHAN!

The room is silent. Jahan is anxious. Suddenly the door bursts open. Three MASKED MEN enter with cattle prods in hand.

JAHAN (CONT'D)
(mixed Arabic & English)
No! NO!!! I'M SORRY!!! NOOO!!!!

The Masked Men charge him, zapping and grabbing him as he screams and struggles.

One smears his face with a soiled Kotex.

MASKED MAN
You like that?

They yank a bag over Jahan's head.

He is dragged, kicking, from the room.

CUT TO:

INT. TORTURE PHOTOGRAPHS

Various photos of Middle Eastern Men after they've been subjected to "the cutting torture". We see people with their eye sockets sewn up, a man with his arms removed, ears surgically removed, CU of bloody gums after teeth are yanked out...

CUT TO:

I/E. TOWN CAR - PERSIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

HAND HELD VIDEO TAKEN FROM A CAR OF...

...a Persian restaurant across the street. It's dinner time. We zoom in on a couple at a table near the window. SHAZAD is a darker man, maybe Iranian. The girl, ANOUSH is not as dark, maybe mixed. They talk and laugh and eat.

UNDER TITLE - "Los Angeles, California, 2 weeks later"

In the car is CLINT in the driver's seat, MARK next to him and NED in the back with the video camera. Photographs of Anoush and lists of names and numbers are taped on the dash. It is a stakeout.

CLINT
That her?

MARK
That's her.

We hear clicks of a still camera taking shots.

CLINT
Who's the guy?

MARK
New boyfriend maybe?
(into mic)
Okay. This is case file number nine,
Anoush Karagozian, meeting with unknown
suspect "A", February 11th, 2006.

We watch for a moment, then zoom in tight on two Muslim men coming over to the table to say "hello".

NED

Are you seeing this?

MARK

Yes.

Click, click, click.

MARK (CONT'D)

They are joined by unknown suspects "B" and "C".

The Men sit down for a moment and are introduced to Anoush. They talk and laugh. One of the men gives a thick envelope to Shazad. Anoush glances at it.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN CAR - STREETS - DAY

The camera is aiming out the front window as they follow a car. Anoush and Shazad are in it.

MARK

Stay with them.

Various shots of following the car.

MARK (CONT'D)

(working on his laptop)

Okay, the license plate is registered to an "East West Capital" in Beverly Hills. It's a finance broker.

CLINT

So who's the guy?

They follow the car until it pulls up to a Strip Club on Sunset. Anoush gets out. Clint parks so he's looking at the strip club from across the street.

Anoush plants a wet kiss on Shazad's mouth and goes inside.

MARK

All right, we're getting out. Call for a surveillance set up in her apartment.

CLINT

You got it.

MARK
And keep the line open.

CLINT
No problem.

MARK
Come with me.

Ned follows Mark out of the car.

CAMERA JIGGLES & CUTS:

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

HAND HELD VIDEO OF...

...a dark smoky bar. CUSTOMERS are scattered about with most of them sitting around the stage. A DANCER is pole dancing for them.

We see everything through the shaky video camera.

Anoush, now a waitress, carries a tray of drinks. We zoom in.

NED
There's our girl.

She serves a couple of GUYS at a far table.

CAMERA JIGGLES & CUTS:

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT - - MOMENTS LATER

Anoush is at Ned and Mark's table. A cloth or something is wrapped around the camera obstructing the lens a bit.

ANOUSH
Okay, here's one club soda...

MARK
Thank you.

ANOUSH
...and a cranberry juice.

NED
Thanks.

MARK
What's your name?

ANOUSH
I'm called Pepper.

Mark holds up a twenty.

MARK
Come on, what's your really name?

ANOUSH
We're not allowed to tell, sorry.

MARK
Do you like living in America?

ANOUSH
Excuse me?

MARK
Think about it. Keep the change.

Anoush goes, taken aback. The camera stays on her.

CAMERA JIGGLES & CUTS:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - STRIP CLUB - NIGHT - - MOMENTS LATER

Ned video tapes while Mark rifles through purses and jackets and things in the lockers. He has on surgical gloves.

We hear the music from the other room.

MARK
Found it.

We zoom in on the contents of Anoush's purse. There is an open wallet with her driver's license in it.

Mark opens up her cell phone and inserts a thin device, a bug. He programs something into the phone.

He puts his NEXTEL to his ear.

MARK (CONT'D)
Do you have the signal?

CLINT
(over the Nextel)
Checking it...yes, her cell phone's hot.

MARK
Copy that.

He puts the Nextel away and puts everything back neatly.

CAMERA JIGGLES & CUTS:

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT - - MOMENTS LATER

The video camera is low and very well hidden as we walk around scanning the club.

MARK

Do you see her?

NED

Maybe she left.

A girl is on stage giving a dance. We spot Anoush, going around the corner with a tray of tea.

NED (CONT'D)

There she is.

MARK

Stay with her, go.

The camera moves past the customers following Anoush.

INSERT:

INT. STAIRWAY - STRIP CLUB - - NIGHT - - CONTINUOUS

She goes up a flight of stairs and opens the door at the top. She goes in. The camera moves up the stairs to the opening. We peer inside.

INSERT:

INT. OFFICE - STRIP CLUB - - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

We see an office overlooking the stage. Three dark men, REZA, MOHA and ALI are in the room looking over some papers. They are happy to see Anoush.

Reza kisses her.

REZA

Hi baby, how you doing tonight?

ANOUSH

Hey Reza, it's okay, a little slow.

Anoush serves the tea as the three men speak softly in Arabic. The camera moves closer and the volume goes up until the Arabic is audible.

REZA
(in Arabic)
...there's \$27,000 in the account. It's enough.

MOHA
(in Arabic)
Papa wants the full amount, to cover everything.

REZA
(in Arabic)
But we can cover everything with this.

MOHA
(in Arabic)
Papa wants more.

ALI
(in Arabic)
I agree. We need the full amount.

REZA
(in Arabic)
Well it may take longer then.

Moha notices Ned at the door.

MOHA
(in Arabic)
Wait. There's someone at the door.

Ali goes to the door.

ALI
This is a private room, you can't be up here.

BACK TO:

INT. STAIRWAY - STRIP CLUB - - NIGHT - - CONTINUOUS

Ned begins to back off. Ali is at the door.

NED
Sorry. I was looking for the toilet.

ALI
It's downstairs.

MOHA
(in Arabic)
He's got something in his hand. Check it out.

ALI
What's that in your hand?

NED
Nothing.

The camera jiggles as Ned starts down the stairs.

NED (CONT'D)
(shouting)
What the fuck is in your fucking hand!

CAMERA JIGGLES & CUTS:

I/E. TOWN CAR - SUNSET STRIP -- NIGHT - - MOMENTS LATER

Ned and Mark are in the car with Clint at the Wheel. We watch the strip club door. Eventually Anoush steps out.

NED
She's out.

MARK
Stay on her.

Clint starts the car. Anoush takes out her cell phone.

NED
She just pulled out her cell phone.

MARK
You're patched.

We hear the beeps as she makes a call. It rings. It's picked up by voice-mail.

SHAZAD
(recorded)
You have reached Shazad. I am unable to answer your call right now but if you leave a message I'll get back to you. Salam Alechem.
(beep)

ANOUSH
Hey Shah, it's me, Ani. Hi baby. Thanks again for dinner.
(MORE)

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

I just got off work a little early so I thought maybe you could pick me up, but I guess you're busy. You can come over later if you want. I'll just be home, okay, so call me. I'll be up late. I miss you. Salam Alechem.

She hangs up and puts her phone away.

CLINT

Did you get a fix on the cell?

MARK

It's a 310 mobile number, I got it here. Shazad Muhammad Susa. Direct hit.

CLINT

Good score.

After a moment Anoush starts walking up the street.

NED

She's on the move.

Clint makes a U-turn and follows her. The car stays close behind as she goes to a bus stop.

CLINT

What...she's taking the fucking bus... in LA?

MARK

Just stay close.

CUT TO:

I/E. TOWN CAR - SUNSET STRIP -- NIGHT - - MOMENTS LATER

The bus approaches.

CLINT

Here it comes.

We watch as the bus pulls up in front of Anoush.

MARK

Do you have her?

NED

She's behind it.

MARK

Tell me when you have her.

We watch the bus windows for a moment until we see Anoush.

NED

I have her.

She sits at a window. The bus pulls out.

Various shots of following the bus. The car tries to stay close enough to see her through the window. She pulls out her cell phone.

NED (CONT'D)

She's making another call.

MARK

I see it. We're still patched.

Anoush is at the bus window with her phone. It rings.

MOM

(on the phone)

Hello.

ANOUSH

Hi mama, It's me.

MOM

(on the phone)

What time is it?

ANOUSH

A little after one.

MOM

(on the phone)

I fell asleep in front of the TV. What are you doing up?

ANOUSH

I just got out of class.

MOM

(on the phone)

This late?

ANOUSH

Yeah, night school gets out late.

MOM

(on the phone)

You heading home now?

ANOUSH
Yes, I'm on the bus.

MOM
(on the phone)
Alone?

ANOUSH
Yes.

MOM
(on the phone)
Well you take care of yourself in that town. Maybe when you graduate you can get a car. I don't like you taking the bus alone at night.

ANOUSH
Sure. I'll do that.

MOM
(on the phone)
Look sweetheart, I'm a little cold, I'm going to crawl into bed now, okay.

ANOUSH
Okay. Me too.

MOM
(on the phone)
Night night Nushy.

ANOUSH
Good night mama.

They hang up. Anoush stares out the window.

MARK
Did you get all that?

NED
I got it.

CLINT
Night school?

NED
Well, what's she gonna say?

Eventually Anoush gets up from her seat and pulls the exit request cord.

NED (CONT'D)
She's getting up.

MARK
This isn't her stop.

CLINT
Maybe she's got another boyfriend.

MARK
Pull over.

The bus stops and Anoush gets out. There is a convenience store. She heads towards it.

MARK (CONT'D)
Okay, park in the lot.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Jiggly hidden camera watching Anoush pick up a few things. Mark gets close.

MARK
America's a great place, huh? Anything
you want...it's all here.
(she sees him)
Hello, we met at the club.

ANOUSH
Are you following me?

MARK
Anoush Karagozian, right?

ANOUSH
Do I know you?

MARK
We have to talk.

ANOUSH
Oh, you get the hell away from me or I'm
calling the cops!

MARK
Please, relax. This is going to be a lot
better if you stay calm.

ANOUSH
Fuck off! Fuck you! Pervert!

MARK
Ms. Karagozian, you need to talk to me.

ANOUSH
I said fuck off!

She goes to the counter and talks to the clerk.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)
Excuse me, sir, could you please call the
police, that man's been following me.

MARK
You don't want to do that, Anoush.

ANOUSH
Leave me alone!

CLERK
Get out of here!

MARK
You just made a big mistake.

Mark walks out.

CUT TO:

I/E. TOWN CAR - OUTSIDE OF APARTMENT - - NIGHT - -
MOMENTS LATER

We are parked in front of an apartment building.

Mark is on the phone.

MARK
...I understand. Yes. Yes. Of course. No,
I completely agree. Yes. Very good.
(he hangs up)
It's a go.

CLINT
Copy that.

Anoush turns the far corner walking towards us.

NED
Here she comes.

MARK
Okay, stay down.

They slump down. Anoush walks up the street and passes
them. She turns into her apartment building.

NED
She's in.

MARK
Okay, let's see inside.

Clint turns on a monitor in the front seat. It shows a B&W surveillance shot of an apartment.

CLINT
How's it look?

MARK
Looks fine.

CLINT
Check this out.

Clint flicks a switch and we see a bedroom.

MARK
Good work.

CLINT
Thanks.

They go back to the living room shot and wait. A moment later Anoush enters.

CLINT (CONT'D)
And the winner is...

Anoush takes off her outer layers and relaxes. She gets a drink and does her evening ritual.

CLINT (CONT'D)
How long do we wait?

MARK
Half hour.

CUT TO:

I/E. TOWN CAR - OUTSIDE OF APARTMENT - - NIGHT - -
LATER

We are focused on the video monitor.

VIDEO IMAGE: A bedroom. Anoush is watching TV.

MARK
What's the apartment number?

CLINT
Apartment 12, 4th floor.

MARK
Okay, it's time. Let's go.

Quickly and quietly they get out of the car. Clint goes to the trunk and pulls out a large gym bag.

CONTINUOUS SHOT TO:

EXT. FORMOSA STREET - NIGHT - - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Clint walk into the building followed by Ned with the camera.

CONTINUOUS SHOT TO:

INT. FOYER / LOBBY -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

They go up to the panel. Mark pushes twelve. They wait.

ANOUSH (OVER INTERCOM)
Hello.

MARK
(in Shazad's accent)
Ani, it's Shah.

ANOUSH (OVER INTERCOM)
Hey baby, you made it. Come on up.

The door buzzes. They open and go in.

CAMERA JIGGLES & CUTS:

INT. HALLWAY BY ANOUSH'S -- NIGHT - - MOMENTS LATER

They move down the hall to twelve. Clint puts the bag down and preps some tools.

CLINT
Ready?

MARK
Let's do it.

Mark knocks on the door. A moment later it opens. There's ANOUSH, smiling in a sexy outfit. She sees Mark and his two buddies and is instantly terrified.

She slams the door but Clint stops it with his foot and charges her.

ANOUSH

HELP!

CONTINUOUS SHOT TO:

INT. ANOUSH'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Anoush stumbles back as the men charge in.

ANOUSH

HELP! RAPE!

Clint grabs her and covers her mouth. She struggles.

MARK

We're not here to rape you Ms.
Karagozian. But we need you to calm down
and cooperate.

Anoush heaves backwards into Clint and they tumble into her desk where Anoush snatches a sharp pencil and stabs his hand. Shocked he lets go.

CLINT

Son of a bitch!

He grabs his hand. She runs down the hall.

ANOUSH

SOMEBODY CALL THE POLICE!!! MRS. WILLIS!!

She runs into the bedroom and slams the door.

MARK

You okay?

CLINT

Fuck it.

Clint heads for the bedroom. The camera follows. When he gets to the door its locked. He kicks it in.

ANOUSH

(inside)
AAAAaaaaaaaa!

CONTINUOUS SHOT TO:

INT. ANOUSH'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Anoush has the phone in her hand.

ANOUSH
NO, NO, NO PLEASE NO!!!!

Clint dives around the bed and grabs her violently. She kicks and struggles but Clint just covers her mouth, shakes her and twists her limbs.

CLINT
Calm the fuck down!

MARK
Take her into the bathroom.

ANOUSH
(muffled screams)

Clint drags her out.

MARK
You're making this a lot harder than it has to be, Ms. Karagozian.

CONTINUOUS SHOT TO:

INT. ANOUSH'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

They enter. Mark turns the water on. She keeps fighting.

CLINT
Fuck! Calm down!

MARK
Get her head to the faucet.

Mark and Clint force her upright face under the flow.

MARK (CONT'D)
Now you've got to relax Ms. Karagozian.
I can't do anything with you like this.

They hold her face under as she gags and drowns.

MARK (CONT'D)
That's right. Quiet. Nice and quiet.

He let's Anoush up for air. She takes a breath and then tries to punch her way out of the tub.

ANOUSH
WOULD SOMEBODY FUCKING HELP ME!!!
POLICE!!!

CLINT
Whooaa!

They push her back under. She begins to drown again.

MARK
Now he's going to hold you there until
you relax. I'll let you drown if I have
to. Is that what you want?

Anoush tries to shake her head as she chokes.

MARK (CONT'D)
Are you going to be good?

Anoush tries to nod while she drowns.

MARK (CONT'D)
Okay then. And if you shout again I'll
have my friend here take out one of your
eyes. Understand?

They pull her up. She exhales water and gags.

MARK (CONT'D)
That's it. Get it all out. Breathe.
That's right.
(to Ned)
Will you get her a towel.

NED
Sure.

Ned grabs one. Mark dries the quaking Anoush. Thinking she's going to be raped she begins to weep.

MARK
It's all right. Everything's going to be
okay. See, if you're nice, we're nice.

There's a knock at the door.

Mark motions to take her to the door and puts a knife to her throat.

MARK (CONT'D)
Say exactly what I tell you to say. Can
you do that?

ANOUSH
(she nods)

MARK
Ask who it is.

ANOUSH
Who's there?

MRS WILLIS
(through the door)
Are you all right? I heard screams.

MARK
(nods)

ANOUSH
Yes. I'm okay.

MARK
Tell her you had a fight with your
boyfriend.

ANOUSH
I had a fight with my boyfriend...

MARK
...on the phone.

ANOUSH
On the phone. Sorry.

MRS WILLIS
Well keep it down, sweetheart. People are
trying to sleep.

MARK
You did good.
(to Clint)
Take her to the table.

CLINT
Don't hit me.

Mark sets a chair and a light at the table. Clint seats Anoush with the light in her eyes. Then he straps her to the chair.

ANOUSH
Are you going to kill me? Please don't
kill me!

MARK

Should I want to kill you? Have you done something that should make me want to kill you?

ANOUSH

(weeping)

I'll do whatever you need. Okay? I'll do anything you want.

MARK

Anything I want?

ANOUSH

(through her tears)

Ugh huh.

MARK

Good. Because what I want...is for you...to love your country...more than you love yourself.

She stares at him confused.

MARK (CONT'D)

Either you're on our side or you're not. Which is it?

ANOUSH

I...I don't understand.

MARK

Sure you do. Either you work for us or you don't. Which one is it Ms. Karagozian? Do you work for us? Yes, or no?

CLINT

Yes or no, it's a simple question.

ANOUSH

I don't.. I...work for who?

Mark slams his hand on the table.

MARK

This is not going to stop! This will go on and on until I hear what I need to hear! Now, do you work for us or not!

ANOUSH

I don't even know who you are!

Mark is angry.

MARK

Get the cutter.

Clint tosses a little guillotine down and puts a garotte strap around Anoush's neck. She squeals as she gags.

MARK (CONT'D)

Don't move! Don't call out! Don't fight back! If you do...

He nods. Clint squeezes the garotte and Anoush's air and blood flow stop. Her face turns red and swollen.

Mark nods again and the garotte is loosened.

MARK (CONT'D)

Now, Ms. Karagozian, I'm going to cut off your fingers...

ANOUSH

(crying)

Nooo!

The garotte tightens even harder this time. Anoush's eyes and tongue pop out. She looks at them, pleading.

MARK

I will cut them off one by one if you do not cooperate two hundred percent.

He nods and the garotte is loosened.

MARK (CONT'D)

Catch your breath. Take a moment. Do you need some water? Ned.

NED

Right.

Ned gets her some water. Anoush takes a painful sip.

CLINT

Does your larynx hurt? It probably got crushed a little.

Mark takes Anoush's hand and places it in the little guillotine. She resists. The garotte tightens a tiny bit.

MARK

Do you really want to test me? See how far I'm willing go?

She relaxes. He relaxes. The garotte loosens. He sets her hand so that her finger is ready to be sliced off.

MARK (CONT'D)
Are you ready? Don't move, just let it
happen. You're finger is already gone.
It's gone & there's nothing more to lose.

Tears well up in her eyes in anticipation of the trauma.

MARK (CONT'D)
Aaayaa!

He slams down on the presser & the guillotine drops.
Anoush gasps. But her finger is still on.

MARK (CONT'D)
Tell me what I need to hear!

Mark flicks a little switch on the mechanism.

MARK (CONT'D)
This time it's real. Tell me!

He raises the presser, ready to slam down again.

MARK (CONT'D)
TELL ME, MS. KARAGOZIAN!

She looks up in terror.

MARK (CONT'D)
Aaaaya!

ANOUSH
I WORK FOR YOU, I WORK FOR YOU, I work
for you!

Mark smiles. He removes her hand from the guillotine.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)
I work...for you.

MARK
That's right.

He steps away from the table. Anoush is exhausted.

MARK (CONT'D)
It's all over. You said the right thing.
(to Clint)
What's the time?

CLINT
2:57.

MARK

All right Ms. Karagozian, you sleep. In a few hours we're going to take you to see our boss. He wants to talk to you, ask you a few questions, set things straight.

ANOUSH

Who's your boss?

MARK

Rest. I recommend it.

CUT TO:

I/E. CITY & INDUSTRIAL OUTSKIRTS - DAWN

Various shots from inside the car of driving. Anoush is in the back seat with Clint. She has a blind fold on.

The various city scapes and industrial scapes pass by.

CUT TO:

I/E. TOWN CAR - WAREHOUSE LOT - MORNING - LATER

The Lincoln pulls into the loading dock of what appears to be an abandoned warehouse.

Security cameras view them from different angles. They remove Anoush's head covering and take her out of the car. They go into the building.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE -- MORNING -- CONTINUOUS

A security cam watches the three men escorting Anoush through the hallway. They reach a door. Mark motions for Anoush to enter alone.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY - LATER

Anoush sits at a table with a microphone in front of her. A security camera is on the other side of the two way mirror and there's one on the table shooting the scene.

The DIRECTOR enters with a file and sits in the opposite chair.

DIRECTOR
So, you are Miss Anoush Karagozian, yes?

ANOUSH
Yes.

DIRECTOR
Do you know why you're here?

ANOUSH
No.

DIRECTOR
Can you guess?

ANOUSH
I... I don't know. I saw a man at work
last night, I'm a waitress at a bar, and
this man...

DIRECTOR
A bar?

ANOUSH
A club. A men's club. Did I do something
wrong?

He stares at her. Then he pulls a photograph out of the
file and shows her the picture.

DIRECTOR
Tell me about this person.

ANOUSH
(a little suspicious)
What about him?

DIRECTOR
Jahan Sufi? Do you know him?

ANOUSH
I'm not sure. I... I know a lot of
people.

DIRECTOR
Do you know him!

ANOUSH
I may have met someone with the same
name... Jahan, but, he didn't look like
that.

DIRECTOR

He named you as his contact in the United States.

ANOUSH

His contact?

He shows her more pictures.

DIRECTOR

Yesterday you had lunch with a man named Shazad Muhammad Susa...

ANOUSH

Who are you? Are you the police?

DIRECTOR

Two men came to your table and handed him an envelope.

ANOUSH

I think I need to talk to a lawyer.

DIRECTOR

Did you see what was in the envelope?

ANOUSH

I want to talk to a lawyer.

DIRECTOR

Who were the two men?

ANOUSH

I don't know! I don't know anything!

DIRECTOR

Have you ever had sex with them?

ANOUSH

You've got to be kidding me?

DIRECTOR

Are you the lover of Muhammad Susa?

ANOUSH

Frankly that's none of your business.

DIRECTOR

What about the Arab who owns your bar,
(he checks his notes)
Reza Bayul? Did you fornicate with him too?

ANOUSH

What the hell does it matter to you who I screw? It's a free country.

DIRECTOR

You know, the United States has detention centers all over the world for people like you.

ANOUSH

Is that a threat? Are you threatening me!

DIRECTOR

We are at war. A war that was started by your friends...

ANOUSH

That's a bunch of racist bullshit!

DIRECTOR

Racist or not the fact is that every terrorist cell in the United States exists because American citizens, just like you, take these people into their homes and their schools and give them shelter until some building around the corner blows up. And then they say "oh, we didn't know, they seemed so nice". It's my job to stop that explosion before it happens, any way I can, and the law gives me absolute power to do it. I don't have to answer to anyone. So if I ask for a list of sexual partners from you, then I expect THE GOD DAMNED LIST! Otherwise I'm going to have you hauled off to Cuba with the rest of the assholes. And I don't even need a warrant.

He pushes a document to her.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

This is a non-negotiable contract. It says that you're working for us, and that you will gather information on who ever we want, when ever we want and deliver it to us exclusively from this point on. After you sign, you can leave. Sign it!

(pause)

So what'll it be? Are you a patriot or not?

Pause. Anoush signs the document.

ANOUSH

Can I go now?

DIRECTOR

Yes.

Without a word she goes to the locked door. She faces it, waiting.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

(into his NEXTEL)

Buzz her out.

The door buzzes. She exits.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Anoush steps from the interrogation room into the empty hallway. She goes to the door that she came in through but it's locked. She bangs on it.

ANOUSH

Hello. Hello! I met with your boss. I signed the contract. He said I could go home!

She bangs on it again. She gives up and goes back to the interrogation room door. It's locked too. She bangs.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

Excuse me! The other door is locked.
Hello!

She looks through the 2 way mirror.

INSERT: Empty Interrogation Room

Anoush looks around. She's alone in the hall.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

HELLO!

She heads down the hall deeper into the building. There is a far off voice, barely audible.

MARK (O.S.)

Ms. Karagozian? You need to come with me.

ANOUSH

Where are you? Your boss said I could go home now.

There is an open door. She pokes her head in.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

Hello?

There is a stairway leading down. The distant voice calls again.

MARK (O.S.)

Down here.

CONTINUOUS SHOT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - - CONTINUOUS

She goes down the stairs. As she walks down she is picked up by various security cams.

INSERT: A hidden hand held camera in a room watches her through the crack in the open door.

ANOUSH

Hello? How do I get out of here?

She walks closer and closer to the open door and the hidden camera. She gets to the door and begins to enter.

CONTINUOUS SHOT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - TOILET - - DAY - - CONTINUOUS

She enters the dark bathroom.

ANOUSH

Hello?

Suddenly the lights are flicked on and Mark and Clint are flanking her. They grab her while Ned video tapes.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

NOOO!!!

Mark pours a chemical onto some gauze and tries to cover her mouth with it. She fights.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

(screaming)

I met with him you mother fuckers! Stop!
I signed it! I signed the contract!

MARK

It's not that simple. Keep her arm still.

Anoush is kicking and fighting and grunting.

ANOUSH
WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT FROM ME!!!

Clint clobbers her a couple of times. Mark holds up a syringe.

MARK
Hold it still.

Clint does. Mark injects her.

ANOUSH
(dazed)
What are you giving me? No! No!

They stuff a rag into her mouth and wind twine around her until she can't move. Mark fills up the syringe again and gives her another shot.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)
(muffled screams)

With her last bit of strength Anoush struggles desperately as she loses consciousness.

They roll her into a sheet of plastic.

The camera goes off.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL

Black.

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
Check camera one.

We see a small white cell from an upper corner security camera. The cell has a small cot, a toilet and a little table. There is a clear plastic container filled with water on it and a bowl of raw hamburger meat.

Anoush is sleeping on the cot under a small sheet. Her hair has been cut.

TECHNICIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Camera two.

A straight view of the bed from the wall above the table.

TECHNICIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And three.

A third angle switches on. Using all three cameras we can see every part of the room.

TECHNICIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Let's check the zoom.

We zoom in on Anoush and zoom back out.

TECHNICIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Good, and back to one.

We click back to the main angle. Anoush sleeps on.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

Anoush is shifting in her sleep on the verge of waking up. A voice comes over the room's PA system.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

Sharon? Sharon, wake up.

Anoush shifts and begins to stir.

MR. GREEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Wake up, wake up, rise and shine, the grapes are growing on the vine. Sharon?

Anoush opens her eyes.

ANOUSH

Hello?

No response. She sits up. Her head throbs.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

Shit.

She looks around. She makes her way to the door. It is locked. She bangs on it.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

Hello! Let me out! Can anybody hear me?
God damn it!

She smells the meat and checks out the water. She takes a sip.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

Sharon.

She looks around suspiciously.

ANOUSH

Hello?

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

Hello Sharon.

ANOUSH

Who's Sharon? Where the fuck am I! The man said I could go home.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

This is home.

ANOUSH

That's bullshit! He said I could leave if I signed. I didn't do anything!

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

Then why are you here?

She looks for the PA speaker. She finds a lens.

ANOUSH

I see the camera. Can you see me?

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

Of course I can see you, Sharon.

She flips him the bird.

ANOUSH

And my name's not Sharon!
It's Anoush.

(pause)

Hello?

She goes to the door and bangs hysterically.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

LET ME OUT OF THIS FUCKING ROOM!

Anoush gets Nauseous. She jumps and vomits in the toilet.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

Those guys gave me a shot. I think I'm allergic. I need a doctor! I know you can hear me! Hello!

She sees the water jug and drinks.

Anoush examines her room. The bed and table are bolted down. She sees a spot in the wall. It's a tiny camera lens.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)
I have rights you know. Don't I get a
phone call or something? I should get a
God damned phone call at least! Hello!
I'm talking to you!
(nothing)
Fuck off!

A horrible high pitched screech blasts into the room.
It's grating and loud.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)
Okay! Okay! I'm sorry!

Soon she has to cover her ears.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)
Stop already! STOP! STOP IT!

She tries to swat the speaker but she can't.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)
HEY!!! ALL RIGHT!!! ALL RIGHT ALL
READY!!!! STOP!!!!

The screech gets louder and louder. Anoush dives into bed
and buries her head in the sheets. She covers her ears
with a pillow. The sound gets even louder.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)
WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE!!!

The screech continues.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL - LATER

Various shots of the screech and music continuing over
time with Anoush in different positions in the cell. Each
new sequence has a slightly different pitch.

One shot she is pacing.

She has another drink of water.

One shot she is sitting on the toilet.

One shot she is screaming.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

Anoush is on the bed totally under the sheet. The sound is gone. The jug is empty on the floor.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
Sharon? Sharon?

ANOUSH
What do you want from me!

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
I want you to address me as Mister Green.

ANOUSH
Is that your name? Mister Green?

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
Do you know what time it is, Sharon?
Noon? Midnight? What day?

ANOUSH
What ever, I'm starving.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
Well there's raw meat in the bowl and
water in the toilet.

ANOUSH
You're sick. All of you.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
No. You're one who's sick. We are the
light, Sharon. We are the cure.

ANOUSH
Stop calling me fucking Sharon. What the
hell do you want from me anyway?

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
We want you to purge yourself. Confess to
your crimes. Destroy our enemies. Be
willing to die.

ANOUSH
Well I'm not willing to die.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
Not yet, Sharon.

ANOUSH
Stop with the "Sharon"!!!

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
(sing songy)
I look inside myself and see, a person
that's not really me. I search my history
and then, I wonder who I truly am.

ANOUSH
Eat my wet Shit Mister Green.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

Anoush is wrapped in the sheet staring at the plastic container. She grabs it. It's empty. She sits, forlorn.

She paces with the container staring at the toilet. Finally she goes to it and scoops out some water and drinks it.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

Anoush is sleeping soundly. At her bed side is the empty meat bowl. A soft woman's voice plays in an hypnotic tape loop.

VOICE ON TAPE
Red. Repeat: Red. Red. My favorite color
is red. Blue. Repeat: Blue. My favorite
color is red. Red...
(it goes on)

The door opens. Three MASKED MEN, dressed almost like commando terrorists burst in. One has shackles and the others have automatic weapons.

MASKED MAN
Get the fuck up! GET UP!

ANOUSH
(waking)
What! What did I do! WHAT DID I DO!!!

MASKED MAN
Hold out your hands! HOLD OUT YOUR
FUCKING HANDS!

ANOUSH
Okay! Okay! HERE!

They strap her hands together.

MASKED MAN
You like being tied up, bitch!

ANOUSH
You're hurting me!

MASKED MAN
MOVE IT!

They drag her out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL BY CELL -- CONTINUOUS

The masked men haul Anoush down the hall. She stumbles and is dragged.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

There is a cheap video camcorder set up on a tripod aiming at the wall. The men enter and push Anoush to the floor in front of the camera. The two men with guns keep her on her knees.

MASKED MAN
DON'T FUCKING MOVE!

ANOUSH
All right, I won't, I won't!

MASKED MAN
Now you're gonna feel what it's like,
bitch! Some poor American guy's driving a
truck in Saudi trying to feed his family,
AND THEN THIS!!! YOU FUCKIN' CUNT!

ANOUSH
I didn't do anything!

MASKED MAN
SHUT UP!

He grabs a piece of paper and shoves it into her hand.

MASKED MAN (CONT'D)
READ IT, CUNT!

ANOUSH
Okay, okay!
(reading)
I, Anoush Kara...

MASKED MAN
INTO THE FUCKING CAMERA!!!

CAMERA POV

ANOUSH
(reading into camera)
I, Anoush Karagozian renounce my...
(she begins to cry)
...my United States Citizenship...and
confess that I am a... a spy working for
my country's enemies. I have been
rightfully captured and detained by a
group of patriotic citizens fighting for
the security of all Americans. In shame,
I denounce my evil actions and reveal the
names of my fellow terrorist spies...
Shazad Muhammad Susa... it's not true...
(they poke her with the gun)
... Jahan Sufi, Reza Bayul, Abu Jihad Al
Masiri, Sul..Sul...I don't know these
people...

MASKED MAN
READ IT!

ANOUSH
...Sula...Sulaiman Abu Gaith, Abdul Hadi,
and Shaikh Saiid from whom I...I received
funds to continue my work against the
good people of the United States. I know
now that I have done wrong and that I
deserve to...
(they poke her)
...to die. Justice should be done... and
I should be immediately...executed...

The Masked leader pulls a large serrated knife out behind her and prepares himself.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)
(weeping hard)
...by my captors. May God have mercy on
my soul.

MASKED MAN
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS TO THE ENEMIES OF
AMERICA!!! GOD BLESS THE UNITED
STATES.!!!

The Masked leader pushes Anoush's head to the floor and
slams the knife onto the side of her neck.

ANOUSH
AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!

He saws into her neck.

MASKED MAN
THIS IS WHAT YOUR FRIENDS DO! YOU LIKE
IT! DO YOU FUCKING LIKE HAVING YOUR HEAD
SAWED OFF!!!

ANOUSH
AAAGGHHGGHHHH!!!!

Suddenly he stops and stands up. They leave Anoush
weeping on the floor holding her bleeding neck.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- MOMENTS LATER

The door opens and Anoush is tossed onto the floor of her
cell. She is drenched in sweat and blood. Her neck has
been sewn shut and there is a piece of bloody gauze on
it. She crawls weeping onto her cot and passes out.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

We hear the bugged phone back at Anoush's apartment.

It rings. The machine picks up.

OUTGOING MESSAGE
Hi, this is Anoush, Please leave your
message at the beep.

Beep.

MOM (OVER THE PHONE)
Anoush! It's you mother again. This is
getting crazy. Where are you! I've been
trying to reach you for over a week.
(MORE)

MOM (OVER THE PHONE)

Look, if you don't get back to me by tonight, I'm calling the police. Okay. Please Ani, sweetie, call me!

Click.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DRIVING THROUGH THE DESERT -- DAY

The camera comes on.

Clint is at the wheel of the Lincoln. Mark rides shotgun and Ned is in the back doing the video. We look out the windows to see the desert whizzing past. The radio is on.

NED

(whispering for the camera)
The dry hills of the Mojave desert.
Little Anoush's stomping ground.

Dust clouds swirl.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DRIVING THROUGH THE DESERT -- DAY -- LATER

The camera goes back on. We are coming into a town of Barstow. The radio is playing a different song.

MARK

You know where we're going?

CLINT

I got it covered.

We look out the window at a dusty, depressed and desolate collection of buildings and streets. The camera goes off.

CUT TO:

I/E. CAR - DRIVING TO TRAILER -- DAY -- LATER

The radio is on a new song. We pull into a trailer park.

CLINT

There she blows.

The car stops in front of a ratty looking trailer.

MARK
(to Ned)
Keep that thing out of sight.

NED
Gotcha.

They get out of the car and head for the front door.

CLINT
What a shit hole.

They get to the door. Mark knocks.

MARK
Mrs. Karagozian? Hello, Mrs. Karagozian?

There's sound from inside. Anoush's MOM peeps out from the window. A moment later she opens the door a crack.

MOM
Can I help you?

MARK
Are you Mrs. Karagozian?

MOM
Yes. What can I do for you?

MARK
We're from the night school. Your daughter attends classes with us.

MOM
Well, she's not home. She lives in Los Angeles, now.

MARK
That's why we're here.

MOM
Is Ani in some kind of trouble?

MARK
May we come in?

MOM
This is fine for me out here.

MARK
Look, I hate to tell you this but there's been an accident...

MOM

Oh No!

MARK

Yes, I'm sorry.

MOM

Is Anoush all right! Is she hurt!

MARK

Please, ma'am. You should let us in.
Then you can sit down and I'll tell you
everything we know.

She backs away from the door shaking. They enter.

MOM

Oh God! My poor Ani, my poor baby!
Please tell me she's alive! Please!

CONTINUOUS SHOT TO:

INT. TRAILER -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Mark helps Anoush's mom inside followed by Clint and Ned.

MOM

(in tears and shock)
She's takes too many risks you know.

MARK

I know.

MOM

She's always gone her own way.

MARK

That's why we want you to know that she's
safe and sound.

MOM

She's safe?

MARK

She sure is.

Mark turns and nods to Clint.

MOM

Oh thank God!

Clint jams a rag over the mom's face. They tussle, smashing into the camera. The camera goes off.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO ROOM

Anoush is in a chair in a small black box viewing room facing a screen. An ATTENDANT is sitting next her on one side and a NURSE on the other. Anoush is dazed and confused.

ATTENDANT

Sit still, all right.

The Nurse and the Attendant duct tape Anoush's arms to the chair. Anoush wants them to stop.

ANOUSH

Please stop. I won't move, I promise.

ATTENDANT

Shhhhh. You're not allowed to talk.

NURSE

Lift your chin.

She duct tapes Anoush's neck to the back of the chair.

ANOUSH

(winces)

NURSE

Sorry. I have to.

ATTENDANT

Open your left eye, wide. Now the right.

He tapes her eyes open with surgical tape one after the other, The Nurse pushes an IV tube into Anoush's arm.

ANOUSH

(gasps)

The Attendant pours saline solution into her eyes.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

Owww! Owww!

A clear plastic bag is yanked over Anoush's head and duct taped into place. After some suffocation the Attendant razor blades a slit for each eye and her mouth.

Meanwhile Mr. Green's voice is heard coming from behind.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

In order to be reborn, Sharon, you need to understand that everything you based your life on before was a lie. We have to rip it apart, pulverize it and pull it from your brain.

The Nurse attaches electrodes to her.

ATTENDANT

If you move too quickly you'll get an electric shock. Like this...

Anoush is ZAPPED. She Gasps.

NURSE

Your arm is going to burn for a minute.

A NURSE injects drugs into the IV tube.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

Have you ever taken LSD, Sharon? This hallucinogen we're giving you is far worse.

The effect is devastating & immediate. Anoush sputters and swoons and sweats.

The lights dim.

MR. GREEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Focus on the screen Sharon. If you don't there will be consequences.

The projection flickers on Anoush's terrified face.

INSERT: A montage of disturbing versions of everyday images dissolve one into another. Fields of corn. A sky with clouds. A face.

SFX: A dark, unsettling narration begins, repetitive, penetrating and somber. Every few moments a brainwashing "Engram" is planted: -

ENGRAM: Tones, flashes, images, programing the brain.

ANOUSH

(uncomfortable, twitching)

INSERT: What begins as salt of the Earth imagery soon turns into dark faces of pain, shame, loss and death.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)
(sweating and panting)
No! No!

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
Can you feel it, Anoush, the insanity.

ENGRAM: Tones, flashes, images, programing the brain.

The tape continues in the background as Anoush watches the screen. The mix of drugs and the tape is too much for her. She squirms and sweats, overcome with nausea. She begins to panic.

ANOUSH
I need to go.

She burps and spasms.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)
I need to get out! I HAVE TO GET OUT OF
HERE!!!!

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
Keep your eyes on the screen.

She tries to watch.

SFX: The sounds of porn and the narrator play in the background.

INSERT: Clips from an interview with Ron X, a psycho killer cannibal are edited into the tape. He speaks of incest with his mother and father and murder.

ENGRAM: Tones, flashes, images, programing the brain.

She wretches and burps again.

ANOUSH
OH GOD! OH GOD!!! Gimme a bag!
(she averts her gaze)
I need a bag!!

ZAP! She is electrocuted.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
Look directly at the screen Sharon.

Anoush tries to look but she vomits into the plastic on her face.

MR. GREEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Keep looking.

The Nurse injects more into the IV. Anoush gags and swoons.

ZAP!!!

The new dose of drugs overwhelms her and she shakes uncontrollably. She heaves and vomits. Throw-up pours from the tube. She is drenched in sweat and puke, hysterical and hallucinating, desperate and trapped.

INSERT & SFX: Blurs of Demon possessed faces transform as cries of the multitudes and the secret whispers of the damned wash over her.

Anoush shrieks a horrified, pitiful cry!

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

Anoush is awake, sitting on the edge of her cot, thinking and twitching. The lights are dimmed for sleep. But she can't sleep.

A soft woman's voice plays in a barely audible, hypnotic tape loop.

VOICE ON TAPE

Wine, sex, RAPE. Wine, RAPE. Kiss,
procreation, ABORTION. Kiss, ABORTION.
Repeat: Handsome, muscles, STRANGULATION.
Handsome, STRANGULATION. Cigarette,
flirtation, PROMOTION. Cigarette,
PROMOTION. Repeat: War, destruction,
REJUVENATION. War, REJUVENATION...
(it goes on)

As she listens she begins to mumble to herself. She scratches her arms and swats. The Drug is still coursing through her veins.

She begins to mumble along with the recording.

ANOUSH

(with the recording)

...Wine, sex, rape. Wine, rape. Kiss,
procreation, abortion. Kiss, abortion.
Handsome, muscles, strangulation.
Handsome, strangulation...

She swats and scratches.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

Anoush is hiding under the table, curled up in a ball.
The soft recording continues.

VOICE ON TAPE

...the yellow tie, the right foot
tapping, the person next to you, Hitler,
someone who is not there, with the number
four on his shirt, this isn't me, this
isn't me, above a dead priest, the day
after the fall, one mile from the rock...
(it goes on)

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

Sharon.

She freezes.

MR. GREEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Sharon.

(pause)

Sharon, answer me.

ANOUSH

I want to go home.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

Please address me properly.

ANOUSH

I want to go home Mister Green.

Pause.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

When you know who your are, and what you
have to do, you can go home. Are you
hungry? Sharon?

ANOUSH

Yes.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

Yes what?

ANOUSH

Yes, I'm hungry Mr. Green.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

Well, I left something under the bed for
you. A little present.

She goes down to get it.

MR. GREEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Good things happen when you do what
you're told.

She pulls out a small tied up sack. She stares at it.

MR. GREEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Open it.

She opens it. It's a pig's head.

ANOUSH
What am I supposed to do with it Mr.
Green?

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
You are supposed to eat it, Sharon.
(pause)
Did you know that your human brain is
wrapped around a smaller brain, a
reptilian brain. There's very little
difference between that inner brain and
the brain of an alligator. And if you
use it, you can find the strength to do
anything.

Anoush examines the head. She covers it.

ANOUSH
I want to go home Mr. Green. Please can I
go home now?

Nothing.

VOICE ON TAPE
...Aunt Laurel reaches under the table
and fondles your leg. Repeat: Aunt Laurel
reaches under the table and fondles your
leg. It feels good. Suddenly you want to
cry. Your mother has always hated you.
Your mother has always hated you. It
feels good. Repeat: It feels good...
(it goes on)

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

Anoush is trying to sleep but she can't. She sips some
water from the toilet and then she goes to the pigs head
and removes the cloth. She smells it. It is foul.

She finds a meaty stump and puts her face close enough to taste. She wretches at first but tastes it again. She bites some off and throws the cloth back over the head.

The door opens and the Masked Men enter, prods in hand.

ANOUSH

No! No! NO!

MASKED MAN

Hands behind your back! NOW!

Anoush quickly does it. They secure her hands.

ANOUSH

(crying)

Please don't! Please!

They strap her tight and haul her out.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK CELL - LATER

Anoush's hands are freed and her hood is pulled off.

MASKED MAN

Fuck him if you want. No one's looking.

She is pushed into a dark cell, similar to hers but with no furniture.

The door slams closed behind her.

There is a heap in the corner that could be a man. Anoush backs away, afraid. It's Jahan but she doesn't know.

JAHAN

(moans)

Anoush turns and starts banging on the door.

ANOUSH

Please let me out! PLEASE!
(she weeps and screams)

JAHAN

(gurgling)

Anoush is curious. She approaches, twitching and mumbling.

JAHAN (CONT'D)
(whimpers)

ANOUSH
(reaches out & touches him)

It's Jahan. He is a mutilated patchwork of stitches and amputations. Anoush screams and leaps back for a moment.

JAHAN
(recognizing her)
Anoush? Anoush...no..NO!

ANOUSH
Jahan!

She goes to him. She holds him.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)
What did they do to you? Oh my God!

JAHAN
I'm sorry! I'm sorry!
(he mumbles pleas in Arabic)
They made me. They made me tell. I didn't think they would take you.

ANOUSH
We have to get... get you to a hospital, a hospital. Okay?

She moves him to reveal another horrible amputation.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)
(she gasps)
Ohhh! Oh God!

She hugs him. He resists but she persists and he succumbs. They give comfort to one another.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
So you two do know each other.

ANOUSH
How could you do this to him, Mr. Green?

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
I didn't do it, they did. And it could happen to you if you don't cooperate with them.

ANOUSH
I've told you...I've told you everything already.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

I doubt that.

JAHAN

I lied. I lied about her. She's nobody.
She's just a girl I met. She shouldn't be
here.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

All right, I'll ask them to let her go,
if she kills you.

JAHAN

Yes. Kill me. Kill me Anoush.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

Kill him Sharon and we'll let you go.

ANOUSH

No.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

Put your hands around his neck and end
his life. He gave you to us. Kill him for
it.

ANOUSH

NO!

JAHAN

KILL ME! KILL ME!! PLEASE!

ANOUSH

I can't.

Jahan takes her hands and places them on his neck, She
weeps as she tries to squeeze. She tries. She chokes him.

JAHAN

(gags)

ANOUSH

I can't do it!

She lets go.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

Too bad Sharon, I thought you understood
what we expect from you.

The door opens and the Masked men leap in to grab Anoush.
But she is furious.

ANOUSH

GET AWAY!

She struggles and kicks and spits at them as they drag her out.

JAHAN

Anoush!

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Anoush is slammed violently into the chair and roughly strapped. She curses and spits.

ANOUSH

DAMN YOU ALL TO HELL!

Her head is held as her eyes are taped open. She is injected with drugs.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

OH NO! NOOO!!!!

ZAP! A powerful jolt.

They gag her.

An ENGRAM is planted.

INSERT: A few moments of the interview with Ron X, the serial killer. He speaks of Cannibalism and murder.

An ENGRAM is planted.

INSERT: TITLE CARD: (in Cyrillic with English translation underneath). "PAIN THRESHOLD EXPERIMENTS: THE LEMON EYE TEST: June 1958"

INSERT: Shots of faces with their eyes held open. Lemons are squeezed into their eyes. One after another. Then the substance is changed to Draino and Vinegar. The final shot is the row of victims with swollen and melted eyes.

An ENGRAM is planted.

INSERT: Title: "THE 3 SECOND HEAD TEST" B&W & color mixed. Sound.

INSERT: We see a series of subjects, one after another, strapped to tables in various positions, on their backs and stomachs. Sensors are placed all around their heads.

One by one they are surgically beheaded. The brain monitor is viewed for results.

INSERT: Close ups of the head's faces show some levels of comprehension for a moment. Certain drugs are administered to keep the head lucid. Hemorrhage retardants and stump caps are placed immediately on some of the severed heads to keep them alive longer.

INSERT: Finally, circulators and oxygen tubes are attached to the head before severing. When the head is surgically removed it is conscious and even able to make sounds.

An ENGRAM is planted.

Anoush is injected with more drugs.

SFX: The horrific film continues.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

Anoush is tossed back into the cell struggling. She instantly leaps at the Masked Men.

ANOUSH
GET OUT OF HERE! GET OUT!

The Masked Man makes a violent motion towards her.

MASKED MAN
BACK OFF!

She jumps back. They leave. Anoush collapses.

After a moment of weeping and head holding, Anoush freaks out. She starts tearing her bed apart. With super strength she yanks the frame from the wall. Then she crawls almost insane to the pig's head and begins to chew.

After tearing at the flesh she starts smashing the skull hard onto the floor over and over. Parts of the skull break off and the head bone cracks. She digs in violently with her fingers.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK CELL

We see Jahan, a heap on the floor, barely alive. He is weeping.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
Richard. Richard? If you love her, then why did you turn her in?

JAHAN
I was afraid. She's nobody.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
What about you? Are you "nobody" too?

JAHAN
That's right. I'm nobody too.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
They're going to cut her Richard, just like you. They're going to take her ears off, and her eyes, and her lips...

JAHAN
(weeps)

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
But you can stop it. You can stop pretending and admit to everything you've done. You can tell them what they need to know.

CUT TO:

INT. TORTURE ROOM

We are in an empty room sectioned off by opaque plastic sheeting. Under a lamp is a terrible device, like a dentists chair only more horrifying.

There is a table next to it with horrible surgical tools on it. There is also a tape recorder and a dirty Polaroid camera.

A half a dozen snap shots on the table show Middle Eastern men, each strapped into similar devices. They all have pieces of their faces and bodies missing. Some of them have their mouth and eyes sewn shut.

On the floor is a bucket. It is filled with skin, hair, blood and flesh.

Screams of horror and pain are heard in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL

Anoush is leaning up against the wall wrapped in her sheet. She has barricaded herself in as best she can with her mattress and bed frame jammed up against the door.

The mangled pig's head is in the middle of the floor. Anoush rocks and waits.

ANOUSH

Mr. Green?

(no answer)

I want to make... a phone call Mr. Green.

(nothing)

I know you can hear me. I won't let you people... hurt me... hurt me anymore.

Pause. She waits.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

MR. GREEN?

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

I don't want to hurt you Sharon. I'm your best friend. I care about you more than anyone.

ANOUSH

I have a right to fight... for myself.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

Every creature does.

ANOUSH

I want to go... h... h... home.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

Are you ready to betray your friends? To kill the one you love?

(pause)

That's too bad.

(pause)

They've run out of patience, Sharon. They're going to take you from me. They're going to cut you.

Anoush tries to hide even deeper in the corner.

MR. GREEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Sharon?

(pause)

They're going to remove pieces of your body, bit by bit, down to the bones.

Anoush cowers and twitches.

MR. GREEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But you can stop it. If you do what we ask you to do you can stop it. So I'll make you the offer again. Kill Jahan Sufi and we will let you go. Kill him Sharon. Kill him.

(pause)

Sharon?

ANOUSH

My... my name... is Anoush!

The room is silent. Anoush is anxious.

Suddenly the door bursts open. The barricade holds the men back for a moment but they push through it.

The MASKED MEN enter. Anoush waits.

MASKED MAN

HOLD YOUR HANDS OUT!

She does nothing. The Masked Men approach her. But she's ready for them.

Anoush pulls the pig jaw from under the sheet and lunges at them using it like an ax. She beats them back and cuts open one of the men's arms.

MASKED MAN (CONT'D)

Eyyyagga! GOD DAMN IT!

ANOUSH

Back off! BACK THE FUCK OFF!!! I want you to let me out of here Mr. Green!

The men try to surround her.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

MR. GREEN?

She swings at them a couple of times and misses.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

MR. GREEN!!!!

They charge her, She hits them with the jaw bone and then is grabbed.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

No! No! NO!

They strap her tight and roughly yank a bag over her head. They haul her out.

CUT TO:

INT. TORTURE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The bag over Anoush's head is yanked off. She is already strapped into the terrible chair.

The men leave.

She sees the table with the horrible tools and the snapshots. She sees the bucket filled with blood and flesh.

Anoush begins to cry.

ANOUSH

MR. GREEN??? I'M SORRY!

(crying to her self)

Mr. Green, please help me.

SWOOSH! The curtain opens. There is a woman, old, bony and foul. She is THE TORTURER.

The Torturer sizes up Anoush and leers. Then she goes to the table full of medical tools and begins selecting.

TORTURER

Tell me your name.

ANOUSH

(scared)

Anoush Kara...

The Torturer swings around and cracks Anoush across the face with a strap.

TORTURER

YOUR NAME!

ANOUSH

Sharon! Sharon. My name is Sharon.

The Torturer pushes the tape recorder button on.

TORTURER

All right, Sharon, you're going to tell me the names of every person of interest that Anoush knows.

Anoush watches in fear as The Torturer shines a light onto her chest and places a number of horrible tools next to it.

TORTURER (CONT'D)

You're going to tell me their names, where they work, where they live...

The Torturer secures Anoush's head and torso in place. Then she grabs a large scissors and cuts open Anoush's gown at the bosom.

TORTURER (CONT'D)

And for every name that you hide from me I will remove a piece of your flesh.

She pulls Anoush's breast out and straps it in place.

ANOUSH

Please don't. Please. I don't know anything.

TORTURER

That's not a name.

She slams a syringe into Anoush's breast. Anoush screams.

ANOUSH

I don't... I don't have any names!

The torturer slams another needle in and another. Rivulets of blood drip down.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

(weeping)

The torturer selects a nasty looking blade.

TORTURER

Names!

ANOUSH

I DON'T KNOW ANY!

The Torturer puts the blade under her nipple.

TORTURER

NAMES?

ANOUSH

WHAT NAMES!

The Torturer grabs her nipple, pulls it taut, yanks the knife up and cuts it off.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

AAAAAaaaaa!!!! OH GOD!!!!

The Torturer squirts the wound with alcohol as Anoush winces and whimpers. Then she puts a staple stitch in it.

TORTURER

Some people die after only a few dozen cuts. Others... they survive...much longer. It's amazing how little muscle and skin we really need to live.

She snaps a Polaroid of the breast wound.

TORTURER (CONT'D)

Now, tell me some names!

ANOUSH

(hysterical)

Of who! The people... the people who I work with? My... my friends? Who...

TORTURER

Arab names!

She poises the knife to cut off the entire breast.

ANOUSH

Okay... my new... my new boyfriend...
Sha... Shazad Susa.

TORTURER

We have that name already.

ANOUSH

Re... Reza Bayul, he... he... he owns the
night club whe...

TORTURER

We have him too!

She slides the knife a little.

ANOUSH

Ja...Jahan! JAHAN! JAHAN SUFI!

TORTURER

He's locked up down the hall, you know that! NOW GIVE ME SOME REAL INFORMATION!

ANOUSH

WAIT! W...we were going to get married... see, I never told you that... I was going to c... c... convert... for him... bu... but I remember he went out with his friends sometimes, one of them was named Ozan...Kamal, and another one was a... a... Jafad or something, and I think there was a... an Abrim, but I never met him. I didn't know we were doing a... a... anything wrong! See I loved Jahan! I... I loved him.

TORTURER

Would you have died for him?

ANOUSH

Back then, y... yes. Yes.

TORTURER

Are you willing to die for us?

ANOUSH

(hesitates)

I... I...

TORTURER

See. That's why you're still here.

The Torturer sets up for a new cut. Anoush weeps. The Torturer aims the light at Anoush's face. She examines her ear.

TORTURER (CONT'D)

Let's talk about the owner of the night club where you worked. This Reza Buyul.

The torturer clamps Anoush's ear and goes to cut it.

ANOUSH

(wailing)

Noooooo!

Out of the shadows, from the back, comes Mark, silently up behind the Torturer.

He puts some liquid on a clump of gauze and grabs the torturer from behind, holding it over her mouth. The torturer drops her tools and grabs at it, choking.

The torturer fights but she is no match for Mark. Mark holds her until she is unconscious.

Mark approaches Anoush. She is terrified.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

(mumbling)

I...I...I signed the papers. I signed them...I signed them already...I told him...I told him yes...yes is yes...yes is yes...

MARK

I'm not here to hurt you. I'm going to help you get out. Shhh.

He begins to undo her straps.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Mark is pulling Anoush gently down an abandoned hall. He hides with her in a corner for a moment and then takes her by what seems a secret way.

Her gown is torn and covered in blood at the breast. She holds her wound in pain as they go.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Mark helps Anoush out of the warehouse and pulls her to the waiting town car, into the passenger seat.

CUT TO:

I/E. CAR - DAY

We see everything through the two installed car cams from before. Anoush gets in, then Mark goes around and gets in.

MARK

Keep your head down. Keep it down.

He hastily backs out of the space and speeds from the lot. Anoush whimpers, holding her wound.

MARK (CONT'D)

Stay down. There's a first aid kit in the back seat. Hold on.

He reaches back and gives it to her.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'll get you to a hospital as soon as I can. But for now you have to lay low. There's clean clothes on the floor and some wipes. Just keep your head down.

She opens her shirt and begins treating her wound.

MARK (CONT'D)

(he sees it)

Oh! Jesus! I'm sorry.

ANOUSH

Why ar... are you... doing this?

MARK

Look, I don't really work for these people directly. I'm just a subcontractor. I didn't know what they were doing in there. I'm sorry. I really am sorry. And I'm going to try to get you to some friends of mine who may be able to help.

ANOUSH

O... kay.

MARK

The stupid thing is, from what I heard, they already know that you don't have any information. They're just using you to get to one of the other prisoners. I guess he was a friend of yours.

ANOUSH

So... so then why do they keep... asking me... qu... que... ?

MARK

All they said was, as soon as you pass the test, what ever that means, they're going to let you go home and give you a bunch of money every month. You just have to send them some information when it comes in. You know, on... whatever.

ANOUSH

Te... tell on my boyfriend... right...
my... my boss... ?

MARK

(after thinking)

This country's going down the shitter. In 50 years we're going to make up less than half the population. And the group that's moving in faster than anybody else is the Moslems. So what if we keep an eye open on 'em. We're at war aren't we? Our soldiers are dying? At least it's not like the Japanese, being put in concentration camps. So what if you keep an eye on your friends. It might save some lives.

ANOUSH

Ma... maybe.

MARK

You like these Arab guys, they like you, they trust you. Why not take advantage of that: Join some organizations, you know, something Anti-American. After a while, you'll be on the inside, then you can report what you find. It's a snap.

ANOUSH

I need... I need to make a phone call. Do you have a... a phone?

MARK

Look. If you want be on the run for the rest of your life that's your business. But if you want to play ball, get your life back: if you're willing to work for these people, then I can set that up instead.

ANOUSH

Just drop me at a... a hospital...
okay... please...

MARK

I don't think that's a good choice.

ANOUSH

I'll... I'll take my cha... chances.

MARK

So, that's it?

ANOUSH

Y... yes.

MARK

Suit yourself. I tried.

They drive.

ANOUSH

If... if you were hi... hiding in the room... why didn't you... st... stop her sooner?

MARK

(pause)

You got me there.

They pull back into the loading dock at the warehouse.

The Torturer is standing there with two guards.

ANOUSH

No, no, no, no!

Mark gets out of the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

MARK

She's all yours.

The guards approach. Anoush struggles and screams as they drag her from the car.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL

The door opens and Anoush is dragged in.

There is a small sturdy crate in the middle of the room with a little camera on it. The bedding and table are gone. Only the toilet remains.

The masked man holds up some potatoes.

MASKED MAN

Hungry?

She reaches for them. He tosses them on the floor.

MASKED MAN (CONT'D)

Put her in.

ANOUSH

No! No! Don't put me in the box! NO!!!
PLEASE!!!

The men stuff Anoush into the box as she fights.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

Help me Mr. Green!!! PLEASE!! PLEASE!!!

They jam an IV into her arm and gaff tape it on.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

(howling)

I'LL DO IT! I'LL DO WHAT YOU WANT!!!
Noooooo! AAaaaaaaaaaaa!

They cram her into the box with their boots until her legs are twisted around her neck to fit inside. The air is crushed from her lungs as they press her down a few final inches with the lid and then screw it shut making sure that the IV tube is outside.

They inject drugs into the tube. Muffled shrieks come from inside the box.

The men leave.

INSERT: INTERIOR BOX CAM: Tight dark fish eye view of Anoush cramped tightly in the box. She grunts to breathe. She can't budge from her contortion. She tries to scream.

The box shudders. It bucks a bit and moves a tenth of an inch. Her muffled screams are agonized.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

The box is a few feet over. Weeping comes from the box. The potatoes sit on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

The box has shifted a little. The potatoes have sprouted buds. The tape loop plays.

VOICE ON TAPE
Freedom is for the strong. The bad people
must be punished...

The Nurse enters and switches out IV bags. She injects
more drugs.

INSERT: Box cam. The hunched body of Anoush.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

The box is in the same place. The potatoes have sprouted
many buds.

Silence.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
Sharon? Sharon?

CONTINUOUS SHOT TO:

INT. BOX - CONTINUOUS

Anoush is crammed in the box.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
Are you still alive Sharon? Would you
like to come out now? Sharon?

She tries to speak.

ANOUSH
Ye... y... e...

CUT TO:

INT. BOX

Anoush is contorted having a hard time breathing.

CUT TO:

INT. BOX

From her dark interior Anoush hears the muffled sounds of
a brainwashing tape. Anoush is almost dead.

VOICE ON TAPE

...law is an illusion to keep weak people under control. People are inherently bad. Certain people should die. You are stronger than God. You are God...

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

The box is in the same place. The potatoes are a tangle of roots.

Silence.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

Sharon?

(pause)

Sharon?

Silence.

The door opens. The masked men enter. They unscrew the lid and dump the crumpled, soiled body of Anoush onto the floor. She retains her contorted shape.

One of the men checks her pulse.

They leave with the IV and the box.

Anoush is a heap on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

A MONTAGE of images of Anoush as she recovers.

Anoush is still in a heap but she has uncoiled a bit. With what little life that is left in her she stretches a tiny bit. Almost unconscious, she lets out a miniscule moan of pain.

LATER

Anoush is sitting on the floor, propped up on the wall by the toilet. She's almost catatonic, she moves water to her mouth with her hand.

Finally a flow of urine spreads across the floor between her legs. It has red.

ANOUSH

(hardly more than a whisper)
Mr. Green, th... there's blood in my pee.
There's b... blood in my pee. M... M...
Mr. Green?

Almost catatonic, she continues to bring water to her mouth.

Anoush is a little stronger now. She has dragged herself to the potato and is licking up the remains.

The pool of bloody urine is smeared across the floor.

LATER

Anoush is asleep on the bare bed frame. The potato rot is completely gone. The urine is dry. A tape loop plays.

VOICE ON TAPE

Birth, children, PUNISHMENT. Birth,
punishment. Food, digestion, FECES. Food,
FECES. Wine, Sex, RAPE. Wine, RAPE. Kiss,
procreation, ABORTION. Kiss, ABORTION...
Kiss, abortion... abortion... Butterfly,
Metamorphosis, SCHIZOPHRENIA. Butterfly,
SCHIZOPHRENIA.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

Anoush is pacing back and forth from wall to wall. She twitches and mumbles to herself.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)

Anoush?

She pauses for a second. Then she continues pacing and mumbling.

MR. GREEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Anoush!

She just keeps pacing covering her ears. She mumbles and twitches for a long time.

MR. GREEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(calmly)

Sharon?

Anoush pauses.

ANOUSH
Ye... Yes, Mr. Green?

Pause.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
Good, Sharon, good. Are you ready to try again? To do what we asked?

ANOUSH
Yes, Mr. Green? I want to... I want to go home... and work for you. I'll do... what you need... okay... okay Mr. Green? Can I go home? CAN I GO HOME NOW MR. GREEN!
PLEASE!

(she begins to cry)
Please can I go home!

Nothing. She curls up in the corner and cries.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO ROOM

Anoush is bound in her chair, drugs inject, watching the screen.

INSERT:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - ON SCREEN

We continue the interview with the serial killer. (entire interview is used as an extra on the DVD).

INTERVIEWER
So what happened in the woods?

RON
He got scared. And he was begging. So I told him it would be okay if he drank from the jar. Then he did and fell asleep.

INTERVIEWER
And you had sex with him.

RON
Yes.

INTERVIEWER
Alive?

RON

Yes.

INTERVIEWER

So why did you kill him afterwards.

RON

Things happened to him... he would have had to go to the hospital. I thought he would hate me, that my mom would find out.

INTERVIEWER

So how did you kill him?

RON

I cut him up and I buried the pieces all over in the dirt so the animals could eat them. Then I took the bones home in my back pack so I could boil them.

INTERVIEWER

Why?

RON

I wanted to see if I could make something from them.

INTERVIEWER

Like what?

RON

Gelatin.

INTERVIEWER

Did you?

RON

Yes, but it was thick.

INTERVIEWER

Did you eat some?

RON

Yes. I had a refrigerator in the garage. I kept it there in some containers.

INTERVIEWER

Did you masturbate when you ate it.

RON

Yes.

INTERVIEWER

Did you ever go back to the woods?

RON

I went back there a lot.

INTERVIEWER

How long was it before you killed again?

RON

Two years.

INTERVIEWER

Tell me about that.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

Anoush is sleeping. The door opens and a man in hospital pajamas is pushed in. It is Ron, the psychopathic killer that was interviewed on the video.

The door locks behind him.

Anoush wakes up and recognizes Ron.

ANOUSH

Oh no. No no! No no no no!

RON

Cut it out.

ANOUSH

Mr. Green! Mr. Green!

RON

(mocking her)

Mister Green, mister Green!

He approaches and Anoush freaks out.

ANOUSH

HELP! HELP!!! MR. GREEN!

RON

(mad)

Stop it! STOP YELLING!!!

ANOUSH

Stay! Stay away! Stay away from me!

RON

I'm away, I'm away! All right!

He keeps his eye on her as he checks out the room. He's looking for something. Anoush steers clear of him.

RON (CONT'D)

Where's the food?

(he looks around desperately)

Where's the fucking food!

(screaming at the hidden cam)

You said there was food in here!!! You promised!!! I'm fucking starving!!!

Ron leans against the wall. He stares at Anoush.

RON (CONT'D)

Did you eat it!

ANOUSH

(mumbling)

I didn't eat anything. I don't. I don't eat other people's food. It's their food. Right? Right. Right? Right.

RON

Bullshit.

(pause)

I hate this place.

He walks around and swings his fists in the air. After a while he relaxes.

RON (CONT'D)

So what's your name?

ANOUSH

No name. Nope. Leave me...alone. Please.

He stares at her as if she's being rude. She softens.

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

Please just leave me alone...alone.

RON

I'm just trying to be friendly.

Anoush stares. Ron gives up on her and pouts.

RON (CONT'D)

They said their was food. They promised.

He slumps to the floor. He begins to hum an ice cream truck melody to himself. Anoush stares at him to stop. He hums louder. She backs off.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

Anoush is curled up in the corner behind the toilet. Ron is pacing around punching the air in silent internal argument.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

Ron is curled up in the far corner. Anoush is behind the toilet. They stare at each other suspiciously. Ron gets up and goes towards her.

ANOUSH

Stay where you are! That's your place,
this is mine. That's yours. That's yours.

RON

I have to piss.

Anoush scurries away from him as he gets to the toilet.

RON (CONT'D)

(mocking)
Don't look.

Ron pisses while Anoush curls up along the other wall.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

Ron is pacing around punching the air and twitching. He is mumbling to himself, getting angrier and angrier. Finally he bursts out.

RON

Gimme some fucking food you god damned
mother fuckers! I WANT SOME FOOD! NOW!
NOW! NOW!!! NOW!!!!

(pause)

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!

Ron rampages around the room, punching walls, kicking and slamming into the toilet and the door. As he gets near to Anoush, she screams.

ANOUSH

Aaaaaaaaaa!

RON

SHUT THE FUCK UP!!! SHUT UP!!!

She screams even more.

RON (CONT'D)

YOU STUPID BITCH!!!

He starts kicking her in the corner. She screams and curls into a tight ball.

RON (CONT'D)

You think you're too good to talk to me!!! Bitch! Fucking bitch!!!

He kicks her over and over. Then he punches and kicks the walls. She weeps in the corner. Ron looks at her and roars.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

Ron is staring at Anoush from his corner. He is calm. She is silent.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

Ron is pacing, mumbling to himself.

RON

...sleeping, sleep, everybody has to sleep sometime, even the bitch, even the bitch has to sleep...

(to Anoush)

DON'T YOU EVER FUCKING SLEEP!!!

He paces more. He starts punching the air.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

Anoush is huddled. Ron is sitting on the toilet. He's grunting but he can't go.

RON
Every eaten shit.
(pause)
I've eaten shit.
(pause)
Nope.
(pause)
I'll bet you have good intestines. I'll bet they're pink. If you have good intestines than everything's good. Especially the liver. Do you drink? Booze can make a liver pretty tough. I'll bet my liver's tough.
(pause)
Fuck I'm hungry!

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

Ron is in the corner staring at Anoush. She watches him.

RON
Do you like cock?
(pause)
I have a really big cock. You wanna see it?
(pause)
I said do you want to see my big cock!

Ron stands up and pulls his large penis from his pajamas.

RON (CONT'D)
Look at that cock.

He wags it.

RON (CONT'D)
Now that's a big one. Don't you think it's a big one? Have you ever seen a cock like this.
(pause)
Do you wanna suck it?

He stares at Anoush.

RON (CONT'D)
I SAID DO YOU WANT TO SUCK IT!!!

ANOUSH

No.

RON

What are you, a dyke? Ya, she's a dyke. They put me in here with a fuckin' pussy eater. Well, maybe we could change that, huh? Maybe we could teach the bitch to love cock.

He wags his penis again and leers. Then he gets deadly serious and stares. Then he smiles and starts rubbing himself. He approaches Anoush, cock in hand.

He stops right at her.

RON (CONT'D)

Oooo yaaa.

She turns away as he shoves his penis in her face.

RON (CONT'D)

Suck my cock bitch! Suck it!

ANOUSH

No.

RON

SUCK ME!

ANOUSH

No! NO! NO!!!

He storms away furious.

RON

Fucking whore!

He kicks her a bunch of times. Then he punches the wall.

RON (CONT'D)

I hate fucking whores!

He plops down in the corner.

RON (CONT'D)

Fucking whore bitch. Go to sleep! GO TO FUCKING SLEEP! STOP FUCKING LOOKING AT ME AND GO TO SLEEP! Bitch.

He curls up by the toilet and beats off.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

Ron is asleep in the corner. Anoush is staring at him. She is slowly tearing her gown into strips.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- MOMENTS LATER

Anoush is next to Ron, quietly tying his hands together with the cloth strips. Her gown has been completely torn away. There is a pile of strips next to her.

She ties Ron's feet together. He stirs. She scoots away for a second. Then she comes closer. She continues tying.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- MOMENTS LATER

Anoush is hunched against the wall not far from Ron. He is still asleep. His wrists and ankles around bound and there is a cord connecting them so he can't stand or use his arms.

Anoush stares at him, debating.

He stirs on his way to waking up. She moves away a little, afraid. Then she decides not to run anymore. She moves right to him, slips a little noose that she made over his head and pulls it tight.

Ron wakes up with a start. He is furious for only a split second. But before he can yell or curse the noose is yanked tight.

He struggles, trying to stand but he can't. His eyes grow wide. He tries to punch but he can't. He tries to choke, to gag, to gasp, but he can't. Anoush uses her every bit of strength to twist the little cord tighter and tighter, stopping air, stopping blood, stopping consciousness.

Ron flops around wildly but Anoush stays with him. He slams into the wall to dislodge her but she holds tight. Slowly his fight diminishes as she chokes the life out of him. Eventually he lays there in a dead heap. Anoush flees from the corpse. She curls up in a corner and weeps.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

Anoush is sleeping soundly. She wears Ron's pajamas. Ron's body lays naked, still partially bound. His bloated face is purple.

Anoush looks peaceful as she lightly snores.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL -- LATER

She is sitting. She winces and flinches and stares at Ron's corpse. She talks to herself...

ANOUSH
... ABORTION. Birth, children,
PUNISHMENT. Birth, punishment. Food,
digestion, FECES. Food, FECES. Wine, Sex,
RAPE. Wine, RAPE...

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
Sharon?

Anoush is afraid.

ANOUSH
... Butterfly, Metamorphosis,
SCHIZOPHRENIA. Butterfly, SCHIZOPHRENIA,
Metamorphosis, Butterfly...

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
Sharon!

ANOUSH
I'm sorry, I'm sorry I'm sorry. Mr.
Green. I'm really sorry!

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
You committed murder Sharon.

ANOUSH
I... I had to... I HAD TO!

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
Murder is a crime.

She hits her head over and over on the wall.

ANOUSH
I know I know I know I know...

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
If you were caught you could be executed.

ANOUSH
Please don't tell anyone, please don't
Mr. Green!

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
It's all right, Sharon. It's all right.
(pause)
Sometimes people have to lie, or betray,
even Kill in order to survive. It's
natural. It's what we do here, in this
building, so our country can live. Do you
understand?

ANOUSH
(nods her head)
Ummm hmmm.

MR. GREEN (O.S.)
Then you're closer to going home now than
you've ever been. I'm proud of you
Sharon. Very proud.

The door clicks open. Anoush stares at it, suspicious.

ANOUSH
Mr. Green? Mr. Green?

Nothing. She tip toes over and looks out.

CONTINUOUS SHOT TO:

INT. HALL BY CELL -- CONTINUOUS

Anoush's head sticks out, peering into the hall. Anoush
tip toes out. No one is there. She wanders down the hall.

An older man steps out a distance away and motions for
Anoush to come. She hesitates but he motions again. She
goes to him.

When she reaches him he puts a blanket over her
shoulders. He puts his arm around her and takes her down
the hall, off camera.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GREEN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Anoush enters the office with the older man. It is sparse but functional. He brings her to a seat.

MR. GREEN

Relax, Sharon. You're safe.

ANOUSH

Mister Green?

MR. GREEN

It's me, yes, I'm here. I brought you some food. It's all they'll let me give to you at this point. But it's fresh.

He gives her a plate of raw meat. She is hesitant.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

It's all right. You can eat. You deserve it.

She eats.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

Good?

ANOUSH

It's good... y... yes.

MR. GREEN

It's a shame, your bruises. You have such a pretty face. But scars can go away. One day, maybe, you won't remember any of this.

(pause)

You're so very close, to leaving here, and helping us. We need you back where you belong, Sharon. We need you to be our eyes and ears again. Do you believe that you've helped us before?

ANOUSH

I don't know.

MR. GREEN

You have. You don't remember but you have. You've helped us a lot. For years. And your name is Sharon, not Anoush.

ANOUSH

It's Sharon, I know.

MR. GREEN

It is Sharon.

ANOUSH

It's Sharon.

Mr Green pulls out a photograph.

MR. GREEN

Do you know who this is?

ANOUSH

Yes, it's me... in a... in a hospital...
bed.

MR. GREEN

That's right. This was fourteen months ago. We brought you in, after you... had a problem in the field. When you woke up you didn't know who you were anymore. We made you better but it didn't last, not completely. You were too important to just let go and so we had to bring you in again. Bring you back. Do you believe me?

ANOUSH

N... no.

MR. GREEN

It's true. You've been all over the world. You've been on missions for us everywhere. Our eyes and ears. But somebody got to you. They did something to your brain. And now you don't know what part of you is real and what part isn't. Its all mixed together and you need us to help you figure it out. To get you back on track.

He pulls out a large envelope from the desk.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

This is your file. You can read about yourself.

She looks at it.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

There's photographs, tax returns, visa applications, it's fairly complete. So you see, we're helping you to find your way back... to us.

He pulls the file from her.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

So when you're ready, I want you to go back to being Anoush. Only you and I need to know who you really are. And when you need to tell me something...

He holds up a little red cell phone.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

..push the green button and I'll be there.

(he touches her)

Now. Are you ready to finish all this and go home?

She slowly nods.

CUT TO:

I/E. WAREHOUSE - DUSK

Various shots of the building inside and out, stark, ominous and in shadows.

CUT TO:

INT. TORTURE ROOM - NIGHT -- LATER

The room is empty, the evil looking torture chair is prepared. Tools are laid out. Lights are set.

At the entrance to the room the hand held camera goes on. We see Mr. Green and Anoush. She is anxious.

MR. GREEN

It's all right. You can come.

ANOUSH

(whimpering)

Are you going to put me in the chair again?

MR. GREEN

If we need to. You won't fight us will you?

ANOUSH

(after painful thought)

No.

MR. GREEN

You'll do what ever I say?

ANOUSH

Yes. I promise.

MR. GREEN

Good girl. I love you very much.
(he kisses her head)

Come.

Anoush relaxes. She becomes happy and a little girlish.
She twirls.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

(to camera smiling)

This is Sharon's graduation day. Smile
for the camera.

Anoush smiles.

ANOUSH

(happy)

Hi.

She blows the camera a kiss.

MR. GREEN

Sharon is going to prove herself to us
today. Aren't you, Sharon?

ANOUSH

That's right. I'm leaving soon.

She blows more kisses to the camera.

There is a noise of struggle behind them. Anoush is
concerned.

MR. GREEN

It's all right. They're just bringing in
a prisoner.

From the opening in the wall comes some Masked Men
carrying a person wrapped and duct taped into a roll of
plastic sheeting like a mummy (as Anoush had been wrapped
earlier). There are muffled sounds of struggle coming
from inside.

The Director follows behind.

DIRECTOR

Strap it into the chair.

ANOUSH

(cowers from him)

MR. GREEN
Don't be afraid. He won't hurt you.

The director steps over.

DIRECTOR
So, Sharon, you've done very well.
Welcome back.

ANOUSH
(backs away)

MR. GREEN
She's a little shy.

DIRECTOR
But we're good to go on this, right?

MR. GREEN
Absolutely.

DIRECTOR
Otherwise...

MR. GREEN
I understand.
(to her)
Sharon, remember, what did you do to the
last person who was bad and wanted to
hurt you?

ANOUSH
I strangled him. On the neck. Handsome,
muscles, strangulation, Handsome,
strangulation..

MR. GREEN
That's right. You've very strong. We all
believe in you. Every one of us.

The director steps away.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)
So, you can see, this is very serious.

ANOUSH
Yes.

MR. GREEN
We need you to put your feelings aside
and do what you have to do.

The body is struggling, still under the plastic, strapped to the chair.

DIRECTOR

We're all set. Give it to her.

The masked man step and pulls out a small handgun. Anoush is impressed.

ANOUSH

Oooo.

She takes it. She loves it.

MR. GREEN

We trust you Sharon.

ANOUSH

You can trust me.

MASKED MAN

The safety is off. All you need to do is aim and pull the trigger. And get close so you don't miss.

MR. GREEN

There's a lot of bad people in the world, right Sharon? And some of them you may hate, and some of them you may love. But if you have to betray them for the greater good, or if they have to die, then they have to die. Are you ready?

ANOUSH

Yes.

MR. GREEN

Good. What a special person you are. What a treasure. Open it.

Anoush aims her gun as the Masked man cuts open the plastic wrapped around the prisoner.

There is an older woman strapped in the chair. It is Anoush's mother.

Anoush hesitates.

ANOUSH

That's... m... my mother!

MR. GREEN

That is not your mother! She's the reason why you're here! She's the one who has been manipulating you!

The mother struggles with pleading eyes.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

She knows too much Sharon. She'll compromise everything we've worked for with you. If you can't do it then the others will. They'll cut her. They'll cut her in horrible ways and she'll die slowly. Do you want that?

ANOUSH

No.

MR. GREEN

Then do it Sharon. Do what you have to do and move on.

He pushes her closer so she won't miss. Anoush can't do it. She weeps.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

Kill the liar! Kill the thing that's holding you back! Free yourself. Free yourself from your false past.

Anoush blasts the gun at her mother. It kills her.

Anoush collapses, catatonic. Dr. Green holds the others back, to wait and watch.

Anoush turns the gun on herself.

Click click click.

Mr. Green kneels next to her. She collapses into Mr. Green's arms.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

Oh, Sharon. You did it. You did it Sharon. You killed what you loved, and you were willing to die, all for us. You did it.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

I/E. TOWN CAR - STREET - - DAY

Hidden Car cams show us the scene. Mark is at the wheel with Ned in the passenger seat holding a still camera.

Anoush is in the back seat with a blindfold on. She is clean and dressed well.

They drive in silence. Ned takes a shot of Anoush.

Click, click, click.

MARK

We're almost there. You can take it off now.

Anoush carefully removes the blindfold. She squints.

ANOUSH

It's light out.

MARK

Yep. That's what happens.

They pull over.

MARK (CONT'D)

Okay, your apartment keys, ID For Anoush and everything you need is in your purse. Okay?

ANOUSH

Okay.

MARK

And you were away on family business, your mom died, it's all taken care of and you're ready to get back to your regular routine. Right?

ANOUSH

Yes. That's right.

MARK

Then that's it. The bus stop is across the street. You're free to go.

Anoush looks at him in disbelief. Then she opens the door to get out.

NED

Smile Sharon.

Click, click, click.

She gets out.

Mark picks up the Nextel.

MARK
(into the Nextel)
She's about to cross. Copy?

CLINT (OVER THE PHONE)
Copy that.

We watch as Anoush crosses the street. Just as she is getting to the other side a car zooms up and hits her. (NOTE: This may be seen through B&W photos).

Anoush is on the ground. The car that hit her speeds off. People begin to gather.

MARK
Okay. Let's get out of here.

They drive away.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - - NIGHT

Hand held camera shot (Ned's taping) from a hiding place of an ambulance pulling up to a hospital emergency entrance.

NED
There she is.

MARK
Let's go.

The camera shuffles as they head for the door.

CAMERA JIGGLES & CUTS:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Mark (followed by Ned with the hidden camera) goes up to a nurses station and asks...

MARK
We're looking for Anoush Karagozian. She was hit by a car.

The nurse directs him...

CAMERA JIGGLES & CUTS:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - - MOMENTS LATER

Ned is aiming the camera right into Anoush's wounded face.

MARK

Sharon? Sharon, can you hear me?

ANOUSH

(stirring)

Did I pass the test?

MARK

You passed all of the tests, yes.

ANOUSH

Am I going to die?

MARK

No, and you'll be able to leave here soon. I have something for you.

He holds up the red phone from Mr. Green.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm going to put it with your things. Mr. Green asked me to tell you that if anyone wants to know about your marks or scars then tell them it was from when you got hit by the car. Got it.

ANOUSH

Yes.

MARK

And from now on you go by Anoush Karagozian again.

ANOUSH

Anoush. I'm Anoush.

MARK

That's right. Not Sharon anymore.

ANOUSH

(pause)

I have a question.

MARK

Okay.

ANOUSH

Am I Sharon? Am I really Sharon?

MARK

(pause)

What does it matter.

Someone enters. It's Shazad.

SHAZAD

(to Mark)

Hello.

(he sees Anoush)

Ani, baby. Look at you, oh sweet heart.

He goes to her and kisses her.

SHAZAD (CONT'D)

I heard about your mama. I'm so sorry.

The doctor says you'll be fine...

Mark motions to Ned.

CAMERA JIGGLES & CUTS:

I/E. TOWN CAR - PARKED ON FORMOSA - DAY

Mark and Clint and Ned are in the car watching Anoush's old apartment building. They look at the monitor with Anoush's apartment showing on it.

INSERT:

INT. ANOUSH'S APARTMENT - DAY - - CONTINUOUS

Anoush is in the living room with Shazad. He is getting dressed.

SHAZAD

Look Ani, I'd love to but I'm having dinner with some friends from out of town. Let's do it tomorrow.

ANOUSH

Do I know them?

SHAZAD

No sweety, they just flew in from Lebanon. Inshalla you can meet them another time.

ANOUSH

Are you going to the Persian place?

SHAZAD

They eat that food all the time. We're going to Leno's for a steak.

ANOUSH

Wish I could come.

SHAZAD

Me too baby. But you should rest anyway. I'll stop by after if I can. Okay.

ANOUSH

Okay. I love you.

SHAZAD

(a little surprised)
I love you too sweetheart.

ANOUSH

Salam Alechem.

SHAZAD

Alechem Salam.

He kisses her and leaves. Anoush is alone.

She looks around her apartment. She is a little uncomfortable. She begins to pace.

She grabs her purse and crumples up on the floor against the wall.

Anoush dumps her purse out and finds the red phone. She opens it and hesitates. Then she pushes the button.

Ring. Ring.

MR. GREEN

Hello.

ANOUSH

He... hello. Mister... Green?

MR. GREEN

Yes.

ANOUSH
I... it's... Sharon.

MR. GREEN
Hello Sharon.

Pause.

ANOUSH
I... I have something... to tell you...
about Shazad Muhammad Susa...

BACK TO:

I/E. TOWN CAR - PARKED ON FORMOSA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

MARK
Okay, she's in.

CLINT
And we are outta here.

Clint starts the car.

NED
That's it?

CLINT
Our job here is done my boy.

MARK
They'll take it over from here.

Mark turns off the monitor.

The car pulls out.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOUSH'S APARTMENT - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

The hidden camera is still on, filming Anoush.

She is couched against the wall like she was in the cell,
mumbling.

ANOUSH
(mumbling)
...Wine, Sex, RAPE. Wine, RAPE. Kiss,
procreation, ABORTION. Kiss, ABORTION.
(MORE)

ANOUSH (CONT'D)

Butterfly, Metamorphosis, SCHIZOPHRENIA.
Butterfly, SCHIZOPHRENIA...

FADE TO BLACK.