

Jurisdiction  
by  
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INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

AGENT RAMIREZ, 30s, and DET. SINCLAIR, 30s, question COREY JEFFERSON, a suspected bomb maker.

JEFFERSON

(smiles in mock innocence)  
I'm just a guy who built a valve mechanism. No law against that.

Ramirez explodes from the table. Drags Jefferson out of his seat. Slams him against the wall.

RAMIREZ

23 people in my country are dead because of that "valve mechanism."

SINCLAIR

(drags Ramirez back)  
Agent Ramirez!  
(steps between the two)  
Agent Ramirez, I will remind you that your presence in this room is as a courtesy to your country. You have no jurisdiction here.

RAMIREZ

My presence is the only thing that will get this filth to talk.

SINCLAIR

And right now nothing he says is admissible because of your actions.

JEFFERSON

(flashes a smile)  
Welcome to America, homeboy.

Ramirez smiles and reaches into his jacket pocket. Pulls out a document.

RAMIREZ

Extradition papers. You're a suspect and a material witness to a terrorist act. You don't talk, and I put you on a plane to my country.

JEFFERSON

You can't do that! I got rights!

RAMIREZ

We promised your State Department not to kill you when-- sorry, "if" we find you guilty.

Ramirez gets nose to nose with Jefferson.

RAMIREZ

You can still live without any  
teeth, "homeboy."