

High Crimes (gc)short

She

Agent Mullen! I just need a minute of your time!

He

Some how, I'm confident, it's not my rugged good looks to which I owe the honour of this visit.

She

The press accepted the official version of this story. So what if Donaldson didn't blow up the café. What if James Hernandez, ~~the KO off my husband's unit~~, blew up the café and killed the American students by mistake? What if Brigadier General Marks, to cover the whole thing up, staged a raid on Los Colinos?

He

Well all this is not my job...it's none of my business.

She

I'm just asking you to help me look into it. I have no where else to turn. I need information and you are the only one that can get it for me.

He

I can't help you. It's not my job.

She

Why not? I know you have your sources.

He

My sources?

She

You keep saying it's not your job.

He

Good. I wasn't sure you were listening.

She

Well, Agent Mullen, then who's job is it? Come on...who's job? Don't you feel any responsibility for protecting the truth? An innocent man is about to be condemned for a terrible crime. And what about the lives of those people who were murdered. Don't you think the world has the right to know exactly what happened down there? The truth, Agent. Isn't that part of your job?

He

God, what a pain in the ass you are!

She

Hernandez was injured in the explosion. He would have had to have been treated by a doctor. There's got to be a classified medical document somewhere.

He

I'll see what I can do? Okay?

She

Thank you. Now that wasn't too painful was it.