

NAJAH: Well, most of us in this room, the rest of us in this room, present very poor targets for any foreign intelligence service attempting to recruit an asset. We're all quite prominent people, highly vetted, closely watched. The kind of person, on the other hand, who might be recruited by the Chinese would be a minor functionary whose job required her to have access to privileged information.

OFELIA: Oh, no. Sir, you did *not* just accuse *me* of *treason*.

NAJAH: I don't know why this is only now occurring to me.

EVERYONE is now STARING at OFELIA CROMWELL.

OFELIA: I *know* you're not sitting there calling me a spy, Mr. *Najah*. I know you're not sitting there in your chair with your little glass of water and your microphone and calling *me* a *Chinese spy*.

NAJAH: Ms. Cromwell –

OFELIA: After I have given my whole damn *life* to the service of this country? Sir, I was working in this Capitol on January the 6th, 2021. Does that date ring a bell? Are you following me?

NAJAH: Sure, but –

OFELIA: I was working in the Capitol when the rioters were running through like a herd of wild bulls. I was right there. And what do you think I did? You think I ran off and hid? Huh? Like those members did? Hiding in a closet? *Please*. I stayed right where I was. Those rioters didn't scare me, and neither do you, my fine friend.

OFELIA CROMWELL STANDS and GATHERS HER EFFECTS.

OFELIA: Jesus, help me keep my cool — I'm fixing to lose my job if I *smack* somebody. Gave my whole damn life to this country. Never asked for one *goddamn* thing. Ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. *Najah*. All of you ought to be ashamed, letting him talk to me that way. Especially you, Mr. *Najah*. Shame on you. You take your own shorthand, motherfucker.

OFELIA EXITS, SLAMMING the door behind her.

VICE PRES: You satisfied, Mr. *Najah*?

NAJAH: Yes.

JOHNSTON: Do we need a minute to consider everything we've heard, or can I call the vote now?