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Inspector Douseau: "How is it that you came to be at all three explosion sites, Boston, Paris, and now Brussels? Do you expect us to believe this is mere coincidence?"

Mason Wells: "It's totally crazy, right? I'm just unlucky, I guess"

Inspector Douseau: "Crazy? Maybe you think I am crazy? Tell me the truth! Is the Mormon Church a clandestine arm of Islamic jihad? Of ISIS?"

Mason Wells: "I'm pretty sure it is not. We are Christians."

Inspector Douseau: "That is debatable. Where are the rest of your operatives? Who is your handler?"

Mason Wells: "My what?"

Inspector Douseau: "Who do you get your orders from?"

Mason Wells: "The Prophet."

Inspector Douseau: "Aha... Muhammad! So you admit to being a secret Muslim jihadist? How big are your hands?"

Mason Wells: "What?'"

Inspector Douseau: "It is common knowledge in the intelligence community that Islamic jihadists have small hands. Let me see your hands!"

Mason Wells: "But they're wrapped in bandages."

Inspector Douseau: "How convenient for you. Do you know what is going to happen to you in a Belgium prison, with your adolescent good looks and pale white skin? This is not America where you watch tv and get a law degree online. You're in a lot of trouble, boy!"

Mason Wells: "I want to see my parents! And I want a lawyer! I watch Matlock and Murder, She Wrote! I want a lawyer!"

Inspector Douseau: "I arrest you in the name of the law."