

The Session

(feature)

Timothy Francis O'Brien

Fanad Films  
274 Hopewell Road  
Medford, NJ 08055-8150  
609 969 0906  
tfobrien58@gmail.com

**The Session (Feature)**

FADE IN:

**EXT. SOUTH STREET - DAY - STEADYCAM**

PEARL GRAVES, attractive, late twenties, walks with CONNIE MARTIN, hippyish, 30, a ubiquitous cigarette hanging from her lips, an Eagle, Globe and Anchor tattooed on her shoulder, looks younger than her years.

**CONNIE**

And I don't even understand why they give a shit about what we do. What business is it of theirs.

**PEARL**

None. But...

**CONNIE**

I don't care what they do. Why would they care what I do?

**PEARL**

I have no idea.

**CONNIE**

Hadley and I were thinking of going to Montgomery County and getting a marriage license.

**PEARL**

Why would you do that?

**CONNIE**

So we can get married?

**PEARL**

It's not legal.

**CONNIE**

It's not legal to keep us from it.

**PEARL**

I agree but...

**CONNIE**

Screw the government!

**PEARL**

Said that many times.

**CONNIE**

You know it's unconstitutional.

**PEARL**

What is?

**CONNIE**

Banning gay marriage.

**PEARL**

How do you know?

**CONNIE**

It violates the Contracts Clause of the US Constitution.

**PEARL**

How so?

**CONNIE**

No state shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts. If we make a marriage contract, the State can't interfere.

**PEARL**

That's pretty novel.

**CONNIE**

I thought so too. Boss, why are you going to dinner with this toad? Or is that above my pay grade?

**PEARL**

It's not above your pay grade. He works for the NSA and he handles some of my clients. Most of my clients. He's why I can pay you so much.

**CONNIE**

Okay, and he couldn't have had this meeting at his office?

**PEARL**

Could have. Roger's like that. He was Army.

**CONNIE**

That explains a lot.

**PEARL**

I have to ask you a question.

**CONNIE**

Fire away.

**PEARL**

You were going home, correct?

**CONNIE**

I was indeed. Oh shit.

Connie stops short.

**PEARL**

You just walked about five or six blocks the wrong way.

**CONNIE**

Hadley's cooking supper for us. I'm one dead bitch.

**PEARL**

I bet. Better get home.

Connie starts back peddling.

**CONNIE**

Hey! Boss! We're having a party tomorrow night! You're invited!

**PEARL**

Okay.

**CONNIE**

Bring Julia!

**PEARL**

I'll talk to her.

**CONNIE**

Okay.

**PEARL**

Go home!

**CONNIE**

Going.

Pearl turns and laughs to herself.

**EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - EVENING**

Pearl walks up to ROGER BRENNAN, an average-looking guy in his thirties.

**ROGER**

Nineteen hundred. Right on time.

**PEARL**

I'm always on time. Remember, Roger, this is business. Don't try to play me.

**ROGER**

All business. My hands will stay on my side of the table. Right here.

**PEARL**

Believe that when I see it.

**ROGER**

Your table awaits, madame.

**INT. IRISH PUB**

The joint is popping with Irish pride and liberal drinking.

Beer and whiskey on the bar constantly. A band plays in the background.

**AT PEARL AND ROGER'S TABLE**

Finished meals in front of them, and several empty pint glasses, Roger and Pearl are obviously intoxicated. The waitress, BEIBHINN, places a bottle of fine whiskey and two large glasses in front of them.

**ROGER**

Dessert. Go raibh maith agat, Beibhinn.

**BEIBHINN**

Tá fáilte romhat.

Roger pours two half glasses of whiskey.

**PEARL**

What's that mean?

**ROGER**

It means thank you in Irish.

**PEARL**

You speak Irish?

**ROGER**

I can say thank you in Irish.

Pearl laughs a little.

**PEARL**

What a way to impress a girl.

**ROGER**

Now, remember, it's a mistake to just shoot this down. Whiskey must be savored. Appreciated.

Slowly, almost seductively, they both take a nice long sip, not a shot.

**PEARL**

It does taste better that way.

**ROGER**

Do you know what whiskey means?

**PEARL**

Educate me.

**ROGER**

It comes from two Irish words. Uisce beatha.

**PEARL**

What's that mean?

**ROGER**

Water of Life.

**PEARL**

Should mean "can't walk straight" after drinking.

They bust out in drunken laughter.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

That wasn't even funny. Strange how drunk makes unfunny funny.

**ROGER**

You're the shrink, you tell me.

**PEARL**

I'm a shrink?

Roger nods.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Oh yeah. I forgot. Why are we here?

**ROGER**

We were supposed to discuss something.

**PEARL**

Oh yeah. Should have thought about that before ten pints and... Wait, didn't we already discuss something?

**ROGER**

I think so.

**PEARL**

Have to wait till the hangover passes to remember.

**ROGER**

You don't get a hangover when you sip whiskey.

**PEARL**

When you mix you do.

**ROGER**

That could be a problem. For you. I mix all the time. Built up a tolerance. Let's get out of here before we go too far.

They struggle to their feet.

**PEARL**

Don't forget the bottle.

#### **INT. LESBIAN BAR**

Connie and her wife, HADLEY WILCOX, mid-20's sit at a table with some friends, and an Irish girl, who has an Irish accent, also in her 20's, SIOBHANN BYRNE, pitchers and mugs of beer on the table.

**CONNIE**

What a waste. Four years at Annapolis. Distinguished career all thrown away because you couldn't keep the secret?

**SIOBHANN**

Why didn't you just keep your mouth shut?

LAURA GIBSON, late 20's, attractive, sits across from Connie.

**LAURA**

I was outed.

**SIOBHANN**

That sucks.

**HADLEY**

How? What happened?

**LAURA**

Someone saw me kiss a girl. Sue me. She was hot.

**HADLEY**

I'll drink to that.

**SIOBHANN**

You'll drink to anything.

**HADLEY**

I'll drink to that too.

**CONNIE**

So, why didn't you just deny?

**LAURA**

Honor Concept.

**CONNIE**

Ah, the dreaded Honor Concept.

**HADLEY**

What's the Honor Concept?

**LAURA**

Midshipmen are persons of integrity:  
We stand for that which is right.  
We tell the truth and ensure that  
the full truth is known. We do not  
lie.

We embrace fairness in all actions.  
We ensure that work submitted as  
their own is their own, and that  
assistance received from any source  
is authorized and properly documented.

We do not cheat.

We respect the property of others  
and ensure that others are able to  
benefit from the use of their own  
property.

We do not steal.

**CONNIE**

Damn! You remember that shit?

**LAURA**

Couldn't lie. And yes. I remember  
that shit.

Impersonating the Godfather...

**CONNIE**

So, my friend, what favor do you ask  
of me? What can I do for you?



**LAURA**

I heard your boss was a Marine. I heard that most of her practice... most of it, is former military, some current.

**CONNIE**

Yeah. So?

**LAURA**

I want back in, Connie. I want my commission back. I was a good Marine. What they did to me was fucking wrong.

Connie nods in solemn agreement.

**CONNIE**

My boss is amazing. If anyone can undo what's been done, she can. She has mad connections.

**LAURA**

When can I see her?

**CONNIE**

I know tomorrow's maxed. Hadley and I are having a party tomorrow night. It's a going away party for sweet Siobhann here.

**LAURA**

And we just met.

**SIOBHANN**

I'll be back next year.

**CONNIE**

Trying to get the boss to come.

**LAURA**

Tomorrow sucks. I'm going to supper with my family. Sister's birthday. It's in Scranton.

**CONNIE**

Shitty drive. I can squeeze you in on Friday. Don't think the boss will mind.

**LAURA**

I appreciate it.

**CONNIE**

I'll call you.

**INT. ROGER'S APARTMENT/FOYER**

Roger and Pearl mash against each other in a drunken lover's dance as they attempt to negotiate the stairs.

**PEARL**

We shouldn't be doing this.

**ROGER**

Doing what?

**PEARL**

Whatever we're doing.

**ROGER**

I'm going upstairs to go to bed.  
I'm tired.

**PEARL**

Oh, okay.

**ROGER'S BEDROOM**

Roger and Pearl go at it between the sheets.

**PEARL**

I think I'm going to regret this in  
the morning.

**ROGER**

You won't remember it in the morning.

**PEARL**

I hope not.

**EXT. STREET OUTSIDE LESBIAN BAR**

Connie leans her back against the wall and smokes a cigarette.

Hadley comes out.

**HADLEY**

Those'll kill you, you know.

**CONNIE**

Lots of things kill people.

Hadley takes a draw off of Connie's cigarette. After she blows out the smoke, she kisses her. Connie has the Thousand Yard Stare.

**HADLEY**

Where are you?

**CONNIE**

Here.

**HADLEY**

You're not here.

**CONNIE**

Doesn't matter, Hadley. It's history.

**HADLEY**

Yes, it does. It's your history.

We're in a relationship. You can't hold back the most important thing.

**CONNIE**

What do you want to know?

**HADLEY**

How'd you get the Silver and Bronze Stars and the Navy Cross?

Connie lets out a little sardonic giggle.

**CONNIE**

Got some time?

**HADLEY**

All the time in the world, little miss.

**CONNIE**

I was on a patrol in support of a supply convoy. I was in a Humvee.

Basra to Nasiriyah I was in the Second Marine Expeditionary Brigade. Ethree at the time.

**HADLEY**

Huh?

**CONNIE**

A corporal.

**HADLEY**

Were you scared?

**CONNIE**

Fuck yeah. Have to be a moron not to be. Two of my friends were killed the day before doing the same thing.

One minute you're talking to them.

Next thing they're in a box.

Laura, flanked by Siobhann, stands at the doorway.

**LAURA**

The Battle of Nasiriyah?

Connie nods.

**LAURA (CONT'D)**

I was in the Second. I was in Basra when the battle started. I heard about what you did. I knew your C.O. I was there when he wrote the recommendation.

**HADLEY**

What did you do? What did she do, Laura?

**LAURA**

From the report I read, the Humvee she was in came under merciless attack. Three of the Marines with her were shot and killed. The gunner on the fifty got blown off.

**SIOBHANN**

What happened?

**CONNIE**

You don't want to know.

**HADLEY**

I want to know.

**LAURA**

Your little girlfriend there jumped up on top of the Humvee and took control of the Fifty. Hell, the damn gun's bigger than she is.

**HADLEY**

Almost everything's bigger than she is.

**LAURA**

She was shot three times, but never stopped firing.

**HADLEY**

That's where the scars came from?

**LAURA**

The barrel, I heard, was glowing red hot, but she just kept pouring on the fire till the weapon jammed.

**CONNIE**

She's making more of it than...

**LAURA**

Sergeant, you're a legitimate hero.

How many Marines did you save that day? Hadley, she fought her way through a mass of enemy as her humvee was blown up.

She jumped on another Humvee and began firing the fifty on that.

What this little lady won't tell you is that she is the only female combat veteran who won the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Laura comes to attention and salutes Connie. Siobhann does her best to mimic the salute. Connie instantly returns the salute.

**INT. PEARL GRAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Pearl quickly gets dressed in her running clothes.

**PEARL GRAVE'S KITCHEN**

She quickly makes a nauseating veggie/fruit drink and downs it.

**PEARL**

Good health used to taste better.

She looks into the mirror.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Sucks to have a photographic memory.

Maybe a little ECT to erase the images. Roger, you asshole.

Her roommate, JULIA UNDERWOOD, still dressed in her PJ's, slips into the kitchen.

**JULIA**

You got in late.

**PEARL**

Yeah.

**JULIA**

How was your meeting?

**PEARL**

Sucked. I really can't stand that man.

**JULIA**

I know how you feel. Shower time.

Julia turns and leaves.

**EXT. SOCIETY HILL**

Pearl bounds down the marble steps of her 18th Century row home on Spruce Street.

**WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK**

Pearl runs down the middle of the Park.

**MARKET STREET BETWEEN 3RD AND 2ND**

Pearl runs toward Penn's Landing.

**PENN'S LANDING**

Pearl runs past the Moshulu. As she runs past the boat, Roger, also doing morning run, joins her.

**ROGER**

You left before I woke up.

**PEARL**

Dammit, Roger! What the hell are you doing here?

**ROGER**

Running. Why'd you leave?

**PEARL**

Look, seriously, last night was a mistake. Should not have happened.

**ROGER**

But it did happen.

**PEARL**

Do you have to say that so loud?

**ROGER**

Am I that bad?

**PEARL**

How many wives have you had?

**ROGER**

How is that part of this conversation?

Pearl stifles a laugh.

**PEARL**

You're an asshole, Roger. Everyone knows that.

**INT. CONNIE MARTIN'S BEDROOM**

Connie and Hadley lie asleep, wrapped together like they're one body.

The ALARM on Connie's phone rings.

Neither stirs at first. The Alarm persists.

**CONNIE**

Why can't we have two day work weeks?

I hate Wednesdays.

**HADLEY**

If we had two day work weeks, you'd hate Wednesdays just as much. And tomorrow, you'll be pissed off at Thursday.

**CONNIE**

Why can't the alarm turn itself off?

**HADLEY**

Because you'd never get up if it did. At least it's not a trumpet.

Connie, pulls a cigarette from the pack on the night stand and mindlessly lights it.

**CONNIE**

Bugle.

**HADLEY**

Whatever. At least you're not in the Corps anymore.

**CONNIE**

Don't talk about the Marines like that.

**HADLEY**

You're not supposed to smoke in bed.

Connie slinks out of bed and into her bathrobe.

**CONNIE**

Not in bed.

**HADLEY**

Aren't you going to be late?

**CONNIE**

Boss runs at least three to five miles every morning. Goes to the office, showers and dresses. Fitness freaks bother me. First patient's not till ten today. Take a shower?

Hadley struggles out of bed.

**HADLEY**

Didn't you get enough last night?

Connie drags Hadley into the shower.

**CONNIE**

It's never enough.

**EXT. SOUTH STREET**

Pearl, Roger in tow, runs west.

**PEARL**

Roger, give it a rest. It's not you. It's me.

**ROGER**

That means it is me.

**PEARL**

There are times when it really is not about you, Roger. You can thank Mister Daniels.

**ROGER**

Who?

**PEARL**

Jack.

**ROGER**

It wasn't Jack Daniels! It was twenty-one-year-old Bushmills single malt.

**PEARL**

Whatever you say. Bye, Roger.

**ROGER**

Did it piss off your girlfriend?

Pearl stops short and Roger overshoots her.

**PEARL**

I don't have a girlfriend. I have a roommate.



**ROGER**

A roommate?

**PEARL**

Why can't two women live in the same apartment without the rumor mill cranking out rumors? And whether or not I have a girlfriend is none of your business.

**ROGER**

Remember, I know everything about you. I know you're conflicted about your...

**PEARL**

Why don't you stop talking before I take you over my knee?

**ROGER**

Think you're man enough?

**PEARL**

Connie's man enough.

**ROGER**

Connie?

**PEARL**

My receptionist.

**ROGER**

The little dyke?

**PEARL**

Thought you knew everything about me?

**ROGER**

She looks like she's fifteen.

**PEARL**

She's thirty. And the little dyke began studying Wing Chun Kung Fu and Aikido when she was barely out of diapers.

She maintained a perfect four point oh all through school. She was courted by and joined the Corps when she was seventeen after accelerating in high school. She came out of basic training as a corporal and got her degree while on active duty.

**(MORE)**

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

She was a Staff Sergeant in the United States Marine Corps when she honorably discharged with more fruit salad over her shoulder than most men.

She can put a round through a rat's ass at better than four hundred meters with an M-16.

She becomes more menacing.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

And she could snap your neck after running a full marathon with full pack and rifle while smoking a carton of cigarettes.

Pearl leaves Roger standing in the street.

**ROGER**

Bitch.

After a moment, he runs off.

Pearl rounds the corner.

**PEARL**

Prick.

**EXT. BAINBRIDGE STREET**

Aviator glasses on, the ubiquitous cigarette dangling from her lips, Connie exits her apartment building, a cup of coffee in her hand and a Blue Tooth in her ear and a large pastry in her other hand.

**CONNIE**

Of course she'll come. She loves me.

**HADLEY (V.O.)**

She's your boss, Connie. Not your friend.

**CONNIE**

She is my friend. She cares about me. Besides, she doesn't know that many people in town. She'd love to get out and about.

**HADLEY (V.O.)**

Is she out?

**CONNIE**

If she's not, it'll be a shock to her system. I mean, seriously, I know she plays on both sides of the fence, but... who the fuck knows?

**FOURTH STREET**

Connie heads toward South Street.

**CONNIE**

Doesn't matter. She's my friend. She's helped me more than you know. So, let it go, baby.

**HADLEY (V.O.)**

If you say so.

**CONNIE**

I say so. Don't you have class?

**HADLEY (V.O.)**

According to most, I have no class.

**CONNIE**

Ha ha. Geek.

**HADLEY (V.O.)**

As soon as I get back I'll get things ready. Did all the shopping already.

**CONNIE**

Excellent.

**EXT. 525 SOUTH 4TH STREET**

Pearl trots up to the entrance to the building and enters, pressing the elevator button.

**INT. PEARL'S OFFICE/RECEPTION OFFICE**

Pearl breezes into the reception area and into her office.

**PEARL'S OFFICE**

She drops her things on her desk and heads into another room.

**PEARL'S OFFICE BATHROOM**

She flips off her running clothes and jumps in the shower.

**RECEPTION OFFICE**

Connie skips in and drops her things on her desk. She reaches into her desk, pulls out an electronic cigarette and puffs away.

**CONNIE**

Welcome to another day in boring land. Land of the crazy kooks who make me look normal.

She opens up her day planner on the computer.

**CONNIE (CONT'D)**

Not her. Please not her.

**PEARL'S OFFICE BATHROOM**

Pearl gets out of the shower and wraps a robe around herself.

**PEARL**

Connie, you here?

Door opens and Connie pops in.

**CONNIE**

Think so.

**PEARL**

Very funny. There's a patient who's bracketed. I need you to step out of the office when the patient comes in.

**CONNIE**

Not his real name? Top secret?

**PEARL**

Top what?

**CONNIE**

Got it. I'll go get a coffee.

**PEARL**

Excellent.

**CONNIE**

Oh, I squeezed a new patient in Friday.

**PEARL**

Without consulting me?

**CONNIE**

She needs you. Really bad.

**PEARL**

It's Friday. I want to be in LBI before nine for a nice, no crazy weekend.

**CONNIE**

She's one of yours.

**PEARL**

Eagle, Globe and Anchor?

Connie nods.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Fine. Type up my notes on the whackos at Graterford. No paperwork, no checks.

**CONNIE**

No problem.

**PEARL**

And no calls. I'm going to read until whacko number one gets here.

**CONNIE**

You ever think you're in the wrong business?

**PEARL**

Every goddamn day.

**EXT. FEDERAL COURT HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA**

EMILIO, Italian, 40's, carries a pizza into the building.

**INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Roger is on the phone when EMILIO enters with the pizza box in his hands. Roger looks up and points to a twenty and a ten dollar bill on the desk.

Emilio, a smirk on his face, takes the money, presses something under the edge of the desk and leaves the pizza.

**EMILIO**

Have a nice day.

Roger nods as Emilio leaves.

**CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ROGER'S OFFICE**

Emilio puts an earwig in his ear as MARTIN MCKENNA, who obviously commands authority, blows by him, nearly knocking him over. He enters Roger's office.

**EMILIO (CONT'D)**

It's showtime, asshole.

**ROGER'S OFFICE**

Roger pulls a slice from the box and munches it down as, Martin barges in and takes a seat across from his desk.

**ROGER**

Hi, Martin, have a...

Martin leans forward and snatches a slice from the pizza box.

**MARTIN**

Not bad.

Roger pulls the phone away from his ear.

**ROGER**

I'll call you back.

He hangs up as Martin finishes off the slice, wipes his hands and begins to char a Cuban cigar.

**MARTIN**

How are you, Roger?

A sign on Roger's desk says, "No Smoking."

Roger eyes the cigar.

**ROGER**

Fine you. You?

**MARTIN**

Fine. Fine. How's Sylvia?

Martin lights his cigar.

**ROGER**

Taking as much alimony as she can, frankly.

**MARTIN**

Divorce is hard. But you do have a wandering eye.

**ROGER**

Prevarication is not your way, Martin. What's on your mind?

**MARTIN**

To the point. Good. Our mutual friend...

**ROGER**

... Which?

**MARTIN**

A certain psychiatrist.

**ROGER**

Doctor Graves?

Martin nods.

**ROGER (CONT'D)**

What about her?

**MARTIN**

She's been seeing someone. Has an appointment today in fact.

**ROGER**

I set up his therapy.

**MARTIN**

I know.

Several terse moments pass.

Martin rises and walks to the window.

**INT. PEARL'S OFFICE**

Pearl reads a book as Connie barges in.

**CONNIE**

Okay, boss, going to get my coffee.

**PEARL**

Knocking would be nice.

**CONNIE**

Wouldn't it though? I'll see what I can do next time, boss.

**PEARL**

Enjoy your coffee. And stop calling me boss.

**CONNIE**

Sure, boss.

**PEARL**

Keep it up, I'll fire you.

**CONNIE**

No you won't, boss. Bye.

She closes the door.

**INT. ROGER'S OFFICE**

Martin continues to look out the window.

**MARTIN**

Sometimes, in our line of work, we must do things that are, on their face, objectionable. But they are necessary.

**ROGER**

What are you saying, Martin?

Martin slowly turns and sits down again.

**MARTIN**

You have any of that twenty-one year old Bushmills Single Malt left?

Roger glares almost fearfully at him.

**ROGER**

I might have some.

Slowly, Roger turns and pulls the remainder of the bottle he and Pearl shared from the cabinet behind him. He pours two glasses.

**ROGER (CONT'D)**

Ice? Water?

Martin glares at him.

**ROGER (CONT'D)**

How stupid of me.

He pours two glasses and passes a glass to Martin who slowly takes a good sip.

**MARTIN**

That is good. Hits the spot, doesn't it?

**ROGER**

It does.

**MARTIN**

So...

**ROGER**

You didn't come here to smoke a cigar and drink whiskey.



Martin eyes him sardonically.

**INT. PEARL'S OFFICE**

Pearl opens the door to her office. A man in his early 50's, GENERAL DANIEL KVIDRA, who looks like he's in uniform even though it's only a suit.

**PEARL**

General Kvidra. Come in.

**KVIDRA**

Thank you, Doctor.

**PEARL**

May I get you something to drink?

**KVIDRA**

Water'd be fine.

**PEARL**

Glad you made your appointment this week.

**KVIDRA**

There were certain matters that prevented me from coming last week.

**PEARL**

We'll you're here now.

Pearl gets a bottle of water from the mini-fridge and hands it to him as he sits.

She sits across from him and waits.

**KVIDRA**

Every time we meet, you sit there until I say something.

**PEARL**

Yes, I do.

**KVIDRA**

Why is that?

**PEARL**

If there's something that you need to work on, you need to tell me.

And then, we can discuss it and see if you can find a solution to your problem.

**KVIDRA**

I got my fourth star.

**PEARL**

I heard. Congratulations.

**KVIDRA**

Joint Chiefs. There are some things that I was not able to speak about.

**PEARL**

They were?

**KVIDRA**

My security clearance was elevated. Yours, at the time, was not. That's been rectified.

**PEARL**

No one told me.

**KVIDRA**

I just did.

**PEARL**

I guess I can get into E-Wing now.

**KVIDRA**

Yes.

**PEARL**

So, why the increase in security clearance?

**KVIDRA**

In some ways, it may sound trite. But it is all too real.

Kvidra notices a pen on her desk.

**KVIDRA (CONT'D)**

There are some things I fear telling you because, even though the government has permitted you to hear them, they might put your life in jeopardy.

A small light, almost imperceptible, flashes on the pen.

**KVIDRA (CONT'D)**

I could not live with that.

He picks it up and drops it in his water bottle.

**PEARL**

What the hell did you get involved in?

**KVIDRA**

Yeah.

A look of concern covers Pearl's face.

**KVIDRA (CONT'D)**

We should be able to speak freely now.

Another bug is on Pearl's Annapolis Diploma.

**EXT. NSA OFFICE PHILADELPHIA**

Martin and some analyst listen to a transmission with a Technician, WALTER O'MALLEY.

**PEARL (V.O.)**

General, you'll notice that I'm taking no notes. Anything you say here evaporates into the wind.

**WALTER**

They got the pen.

**KVIDRA (V.O.)**

You know I read your file, doctor. And I know you have a photographic memory.

**WALTER**

I got the entire place bugged.

**PEARL (V.O.)**

Can't hide anything from you, can I?

**MARTIN**

Good work, Walt. I want the entire session transcribed and have our crypto people work on it.

**KVIDRA (V.O.)**

No. You can't.

**MARTIN**

If he says anything in code, I want to know.

**PEARL (V.O.)**

Where do we go from here?

**MARTIN**

I have to fly to the farm, Walter. Get in touch with me if you hear anything questionable.

**WALTER**

Yes, sir.

Martin leaves the office.

**INT. PEARL'S OFFICE**

Pearl sits quietly as she eyes the General.

**PEARL**

I get paid, and very well I might add, whether you talk or not.

He waits a good long while.

**KVIDRA**

Last week, my third grandchild was born.

**PEARL**

Congratulations. Boy or girl?

**KVIDRA**

First boy. My youngest son's child. Nine pounds ten ounces.

**PEARL**

Glad I didn't have to deliver that.

**KVIDRA**

Had my son flown in from Afghanistan for the delivery. Sometimes stars do have a benefit.

**PEARL**

I'm far away from that. And since I'm in the Reserves, advancement is not that rapid.

**KVIDRA**

Guess you'll be stuck as a Major for a while.

**PEARL**

Sucks to be me.

**KVIDRA**

When's your next promotion?

**PEARL**

Don't you know?

**KVIDRA**

Probably by the end of the month.

**PEARL**

Really?

**KVIDRA**

Afraid so.

**PEARL**

Well, that's encouraging.

He stops talking for a while.

**KVIDRA**

As I understand it, if I told you that I might be or was thinking about committing a violent crime, you'd be honor bound to report that?

**PEARL**

Are you planning to commit a violent crime?

**KVIDRA**

No.

**PEARL**

If you tell me something that would violate your security clearance, sir, I am honor bound to report it to...

**KVIDRA**

I know. But we have the same security clearance, so anything I tell you is not necessarily privileged.

**PEARL**

General, you need to think about this. We're in uncharted waters.

**KVIDRA**

I would never put you in a compromising situation.

**EXT. SOUTH AND 4TH STREET**

Connie, coffee and cigarette, walks out of Starbucks, her Blue Tooth in her ear.

**CONNIE**

They should deliver the keg this afternoon. You said you'd be home from school...

**HADLEY (V.O.)**

I will be, Connie. Jesus.

**CONNIE**

I just want to make sure.

**HADLEY (V.O.)**

I know, little miss anal.

**CONNIE**

Shut up.

**HADLEY (V.O.)**

Everything's under control. Don't worry.

**CONNIE**

Like I can stop.

**HADLEY (V.O.)**

Are you on the street?

**CONNIE**

Yeah.

**HADLEY (V.O.)**

Why?

**CONNIE**

Boss is with one of her secret clients. I can't be in the office. I have to wait till she calls me before I can come back.

**HADLEY (V.O.)**

So you're getting paid to hang out?

**CONNIE**

That's about it.

As Connie reaches the front door of the office, Pearl exits with a somewhat frantic look on her face.

**PEARL**

I'll be back.

**CONNIE**

Boss, you okay?

**PEARL**

Go back to the office. I'll be there in a minute.

**EXT. REAR OF PEARL'S OFFICE BUILDING**

Kvidra exits the rear entrance and gets into a chauffeur-driven limousine.

**INT. STARBUCKS**

Connie, a worried look on her face, follows Pearl into the shop.

**CONNIE**

What happened?

**PEARL**

Connie, just go back!

Shocked by her tone, Connie stops short. Pearl ameliorates her tone.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

I'll be there in a minute. I'm okay.

Slowly, Connie retreats as Pearl, obviously shaken, turns to the counter.

**INT. PEARL'S OFFICE/RECEPTION OFFICE**

Connie enters to find a nebbish man, ALFREDO, waiting. She still has her Blue Tooth on.

**CONNIE**

I'll call you back, Hadley.

**HADLEY (V.O.)**

Okay.

**CONNIE**

May I help you?

**ALFREDO**

I'm Alfredo.

Connie slowly moves to her desk and puts her things down.

**CONNIE**

I know who you are, Alfredo.

**ALFREDO**

What's your name?

**CONNIE**

The same as it was last week. Connie.

**ALFREDO**

Connie's a pretty name. I have to give you this.

He hands her what looks like an official piece of paper. He seems a bit dimwitted.

**CONNIE**

You'll have to wait till the doctor comes back. But do you know your appointment's not till Friday?

**ALFREDO**

Okay. Can I sit here?

**CONNIE**

Of course.

Connie texts something.

**INT. STARBUCKS**

Pearl just gets her coffee when the text comes in.

**PEARL**

What the f...?

**INT. PEARL'S OFFICE/RECEPTION OFFICE**

Pearl breezes in, coffee in hand.

**PEARL**

Alfredo Bertilino.

Alfredo stands.

**ALFREDO**

I'm Alfredo Bertilino.

**PEARL**

Why are you here today, Alfredo?

**ALFREDO**

Mister Green. He's my parole officer.

He told me I had to talk to you once a week.

**PEARL**

I know that. And your regular appointment is Friday.

**ALFREDO**

Oh. Friday.

Alfredo just sits there. Connie and Pearl look at each other and then at Alfredo.

**PEARL**

So, two's good?

**ALFREDO**

Two good.



He continues to sit in place.

**PEARL**

Alfredo, you can come back Friday.

**ALFREDO**

Okay.

**PEARL**

So, we'll see you then.

**ALFREDO**

Okay.

**PEARL**

You can leave and come back on Friday.

She helps him to his feet and shows him to the door.

He shuffles his way out of the office.

Connie, mouth agape, lowers her voice as Pearl wipes her hand with alcohol cleanser.

**CONNIE**

What the hell was that?

Pearl motions her into her office and shows her the paper.

**PEARL**

You don't see that every day.

**CONNIE**

Bet you can't wait for that session.

**PEARL**

I really need to find a new specialty.

**CONNIE**

How was your private?

**PEARL**

Private.

**CONNIE**

Damn security clearance.

**PEARL**

I'm going to meditate for a bit.  
When's the next?

**CONNIE**

About forty-five minutes.

**PEARL**

Perfect. Go.

She shoos her out.

**CONNIE**

Yes, boss.

Pearl glares.

**INT. NSA OFFICE**

Walter, a shocked look on his face, shuts the recorder off and launches from his seat. He grabs a phone and dials.

**WALTER**

Walter here. Connect me with Martin McKenna... I don't care if he's in a meeting! Get him!

**INT. PEARL'S OFFICE**

Pearl sits across the room from her patient, DOMINGO MENDEZ.

**PEARL**

Coming back from combat is not always easy. I know it's difficult, Domingo, and I'm not sure medication is truly warranted, but I am going to give you a prescription for Xanax.

She stands, gets her prescription pad and starts writing.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

I don't want you to rely on this.  
It's just in case.

Domingo stands to leave.

**DOMINGO**

Thank you, Doctor. You've helped me so much.

**RECEPTION OFFICE**

Pearl and Domingo exit Pearl's office.  
Connie stands.

**PEARL**

Just remember what we talked about.

And try to stay away from the Xanax.

**DOMINGO**

Thank you, Doctor.

**PEARL**

You're welcome. See you next week.

Domingo exits.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Last one, right?

**CONNIE**

Right.

**PEARL**

Good.

**CONNIE**

I gotta go.

**PEARL**

Party.

**CONNIE**

Yup.

**PEARL**

Is this just another excuse to get drunk, eat too much, have an orgy and come in late to work tomorrow?

**CONNIE**

No! Well, we will probably get a little tipsy. But it's a going away party.

**PEARL**

Who's leaving?

**CONNIE**

A friend of ours. Siobhann. She's going back to Ireland.

**PEARL**

She's lucky. I love Ireland.

**CONNIE**

She wants to stay. Anyway, I gotta go.

**PEARL**

Go.

**CONNIE**

You're coming.

**PEARL**

I am.

**CONNIE**

Julia?

**PEARL**

I'll ask her.

**CONNIE**

Thought you did.

**PEARL**

She didn't say one way or the other.

**CONNIE**

Okay. Gotta go.

**PEARL**

Go.

**CONNIE**

Going.

Connie bolts out the door.

**PEARL**

Love her, but the girl does not have a clue how to end a conversation.

**EXT. CAMP PERRY/THE FARM - DAY**

Front gate of base.

**INSERT: THE FARM**

**EXT. CAMP PERRY/THE FARM GYMNASIUM**

In an Army uniform with a Colonel's insignia on it, Martin speaks on a satellite phone as he observes some soldiers practicing combat martial arts.

**MARTIN**

Are you sure?

**WALTER (V.O.)**

Hundred percent, sir. He spilled all the details about...

**MARTIN**

Got it. I'll listen to the full tape when I get back.

He closes the phone and heads toward a group of trainees.

One large imposing man, CARL NIXON, practices martial arts with other trainees. He's not only big and tough, he's well-trained.

**MARTIN (CONT'D)**

Lieutenant Commander Nixon!

He runs over to Martin.

**NIXON**

Yes, sir.

**MARTIN**

My office.

**NIXON**

Yes, sir.

**INT. THE FARM/MARTIN'S OFFICE**

Nixon stands in the office as Martin enters and takes a seat behind the desk.

**MARTIN**

Take a seat.

**NIXON**

Yes, sir.

Martin picks up Nixon's file.

**MARTIN**

Impressive.

**NIXON**

Thank you, sir.

**MARTIN**

Joined the Army a year before Nine-Eleven. Three tours in Afghanistan. Last one SpecForce. Went to O.C.S. and was commissioned a Second Lieutenant. Transferred to the Navy and joined the SEALs, rank of Lieutenant Senior Grade. I guess SpecForce wasn't exciting enough for you?

**NIXON**

I like to swim, sir.

**MARTIN**

Very funny.

**NIXON**

Sorry, sir. I had some friends in the TEAMS. Seemed like a challenge.

**MARTIN**

Went operational four years later. Your record after that is so redacted I can barely read it. There are actually some missions here above my pay grade. That's very unusual, sailor.

**NIXON**

No offense, sir.

**MARTIN**

None taken. I'm impressed. If they could declassify your medals, you'd have a hard time standing up.

**NIXON**

I don't do this for the medals, sir.

**MARTIN**

I wouldn't be talking to you if you did, son. And now you're here at The Farm.

Martin studies him. Nixon studies Martin.

**MARTIN (CONT'D)**

You haven't asked me any questions.

**NIXON**

I assume you'll inform me as to your intentions when you're ready, sir.

Martin pulls out a cigar and chars it. Taking his time, he lights the cigar and fills the air with smoke.

**MARTIN**

Before I tell you anything, you must agree to the mission and all it entails. I cannot divulge the details until you do. If you open that envelop, you have accepted the assignment. What I'm about to tell you is so classified it's above the President's clearance.

**NIXON**

Yes, sir.

**MARTIN**

You're to speak to no one about it aside from me and your contact in Philadelphia, Roger Brennan.

**NIXON**

Yes, sir.

**MARTIN**

We will erase your current identity temporarily. You will get it back if you complete your mission without being detected. But, nothing of your military record or your life will remain. If you are caught or killed, the identity in that envelop will be how the world remembers you.

**NIXON**

I'm here to serve my country in whatever way it sees fit, sir.

**MARTIN**

In that envelop on my desk is a new set of ID's and a cursory background. You'll be given more info about your targets when you meet with Roger Brennan.

**NIXON**

I understand, sir. How will I know him? And where will we meet?

**MARTIN**

You'll meet in DC. He'll find you.

Nixon opens the envelope.

Examines the contents. Says nothing at first.

**MARTIN (CONT'D)**

You have a problem?

A moment passes.

**NIXON**

No, sir.

**MARTIN**

Need you to move out immediately.

**NIXON**

Sir?

**MARTIN**

Move out. Now.

**NIXON**

Yes, sir.

**MARTIN**

Commander.

**NIXON**

Sir.

**MARTIN**

Speak to no one.

**NIXON**

Yes, sir.

After Nixon leaves, Martin takes a big draw off his cigar and blows the smoke into the air.

**INT. PEARL GRAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Pearl dresses for the party.

**PEARL**

Because they invited you. That's why.

Julia enters from the bathroom dressed only in a t-shirt.

**JULIA**

So, is it because we're together?

**PEARL**

You want to have that argument now?

**JULIA**

Seems like a good time to me.

**PEARL**

Can't we just go to this thing and enjoy the evening? I had a rough day at...

**JULIA**

Listening to the crazies?

**PEARL**

You think my job is easy.

**JULIA**

You think mine is? You try dealing with a new set of morons who have no interest in listening to you every period.

**PEARL**

You could go get your doctorate and teach in high school or college.

**(MORE)**



**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Teaching in grammar school is exciting?

**JULIA**

Cause that'd be so much more exciting.

**PEARL**

Pays better. More prestige.

**JULIA**

More student loans.

**PEARL**

Could've joined the military and...

**JULIA**

Don't remind me. Wait a minute. You did it again!

**PEARL**

What?

**JULIA**

You know what you did!

**PEARL**

What did I do?

**JULIA**

You distracted me! You changed the subject.

**PEARL**

I was just talking...

**JULIA**

No you weren't. You're an expert at this. It's what you do all day.

**PEARL**

Julia, get a grip.

**JULIA**

Don't you handle me.

**PEARL**

I'm not handling ...

**JULIA**

That didn't come out right.

**PEARL**

Look. It's a party. A party.

**JULIA**

Why are they having a party on a Wednesday night?

**PEARL**

Their friend is going back home tomorrow. It's a going-away party.

**JULIA**

Where?

**PEARL**

At Connie's and Hadley's place.

**JULIA**

I meant where's the friend going back to?

**PEARL**

Ireland.

**JULIA**

Oh, I love Ireland.

She sits down on the bed next to Pearl.

**PEARL**

So you're coming?

**JULIA**

I guess. Bitch. But this is not over.

Julia mashes a kiss on her and stands and turns to the bathroom.

**PEARL**

That's a sexual assault.

**JULIA**

Did you fuck him?

**PEARL**

No.

**JULIA**

Liar.

**PEARL**

Bushnell's did.

**JULIA**

Bushnell's better get tested. You don't know where he's been.

**PEARL**

I have an idea.

Julia flips off her t-shirt and walks naked into the bathroom.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

It's not going to work.

**JULIA (O.S.)**

Give me time.

**PEARL**

That's my bathroom.

Julia bolts out of the bathroom and heads out of the bedroom.

Pearl stifles a laugh.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Idiot.

**EXT. CONNIE'S AND HADLEY'S ROOF - NIGHT**

The place is adorned with party paraphernalia. Connie and Hadley standing in the center. A big sign reads: **BIODH TURAS ABHAILE SLAN. SLAN A FHAGAIL, SIOBHANN**

**CONNIE**

Think we forgot anything?

**HADLEY**

If you forgot to put anything down on the twenty-four reminder lists you gave me, no.

**CONNIE**

That many?

**HADLEY**

Yup. You're just a bit anal about things. Don't go there.

**CONNIE**

I just want to make sure she has a good send-off.

**HADLEY**

Too bad we can't find a way to let her stay.

**CONNIE**

She could get married.

**HADLEY**

Wasn't able to find anyone.

**CONNIE**

Should have tried guys.

**HADLEY**

What? Really? I thought.

**CONNIE**

You thought wrong.

**HADLEY**

That explains some... No I did not hit on her.

**CONNIE**

Good. Not that I'm possessive or anything, but I've killed people for...

**HADLEY**

You really don't have to remind me.

**CONNIE**

I'm just kidding, silly. Where is everybody?

**HADLEY**

On their way. It's only six.

**CONNIE**

Oh. Well. We have time...

**HADLEY**

No we don't.

**EXT. WASHINGTON DC, THE MALL - NIGHT**

Nixon, in civilian clothes, sits alone on a bench near the reflecting pool. Roger comes out of the shadows. It's obvious that Nixon realizes he's there.

**ROGER**

You look like you're still in uniform.

**NIXON**

Roger?

Roger sits down next to him.

**NIXON (CONT'D)**

I've been in uniform most of my life.

**ROGER**

Hard to take it off, isn't it?

**NIXON**

Yes, sir. You have something for me?

Roger pulls a small envelope from inside his jacket.

**ROGER**

I hate to sound like a spook, but I need to destroy that after you've read it. Take the vial.

Nixon pulls out the contents and quickly reads it, takes a small vial and hands the rest back.

**ROGER (CONT'D)**

Thank you. Oh, word of advice.

**NIXON**

What?

**ROGER**

Your name's Quinn, Thomas Quinn, till this project is over.

**NIXON**

Yes, sir. Thomas Quinn.

**ROGER**

See you in Philadelphia.

**NIXON**

Yes, sir.

Roger vanishes in the shadows.

**EXT. BAINBRIDGE STREET**

A cab pulls up in front of Connie's and Hadley's house.

**JULIA**

I'm surprised you wanted to take a cab instead of running over.

**PEARL**

Very funny.

Pearl reaches in to pay the driver.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Keep the change.

The cab takes off.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Can you stow your animosity for one evening so we can maybe have a good time?

**JULIA**

God.

**PEARL**

Seriously?

**JULIA**

You can go in and I'll wait a respectable amount of time to make it appear that we're not together.

**PEARL**

You can do what you want, Julia.

They invited you too.

Pearl heads inside. After a moment, Julia follows.

**EXT. CONNIE'S AND HADLEY'S ROOF**

Soft MUSIC plays in the background and a sizable crowd has gathered as Pearl and Julia enter. Excitedly, Connie runs over and embraces Pearl.

**CONNIE**

Boss, you made it!

**JULIA**

Boss, is it?

**PEARL**

Been trying to break her of that forever.

**CONNIE**

I'm stubborn. You must be Julia.

**JULIA**

I must be. You're Connie.

**CONNIE**

One and only.

She hugs her as Hadley comes over.

**CONNIE (CONT'D)**

This is Hadley.

Hugs to both.

**HADLEY**

Pleasure to meet you.

**PEARL**

Me too.

**JULIA**

The same.

**HADLEY**

Please, feel free. Mi casa su casa,  
food, drink, new friends, et cetera.  
Mingle.

An attractive girl, SIOBHANN, a beer bottle in her hand,  
walks up.

**HADLEY (CONT'D)**

Oh, wait. This is the guest of honor,  
Siobhann. Siobhann, this is Pearl,  
Connie's boss and her... friend,  
Julia.

**SIOBHANN**

It's a pleasure to meet you.

**PEARL**

Pleasure to meet you too.

**JULIA**

Too bad you're going home tomorrow.

**SIOBHANN**

True. I'll be back. Just finished my  
masters at Villa Nova and I'll do my  
doctoral work at Trinity. Which is,  
coincidentally, where I got my B.A.

**PEARL**

Trinity's a great school.

**SIOBHANN**

Aye, it is.

**JULIA**

What are you going to do when you  
get back?

**SIOBHANN**

Teach Irish Studies at Villa Nova.

**PEARL**

Congratulations. Great school.  
Julia went there.

**SIOBHANN**

Did ye, now?

**JULIA**

I did.

**SIOBHANN**

What do ye do now?

**JULIA**

Teach. Sixth grade.

**SIOBHANN**

I wouldn't want to do that. Ye have a lot of guts.

**JULIA**

I was thinking about going back for my doctorate. Teach in University.

**SIOBHANN**

Ah, ye should do that. Pays better as well.

**JULIA**

So, are you leaving a girlfriend behind?

**SIOBHANN**

I'm not a lesbian. Why's everybody think that?

Julia motions around the room.

**SIOBHANN (CONT'D)**

I don't choose my friends by their sexuality.

**EXT. UNION STATION, WASHINGTON, DC - NIGHT**

Roger stands outside.

**ROGER**

Yeah, it's taken care of.

**MARTIN (V.O.)**

It better be.

**ROGER**

Don't worry.

**MARTIN (V.O.)**

It's my job to worry. Make sure Philadelphia's done by Friday.



Roger does not answer.

**MARTIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

You have a problem with that?

**ROGER**

She doesn't really know...

**MARTIN (V.O.)**

She knows enough about our plans.

Our dear friend made the mistake of spilling the beans.

**ROGER**

The operation's already underway, sir. She can't...

**MARTIN (V.O.)**

We could end up at the wrong end of a firing squad. Running guns to one group of terrorists hoping they'll take out the terrorists we hate more could be called treason. Do you remember what the President said he'd do to traitors?

**ROGER**

It'll get done, sir.

CLICK!

**ROGER (CONT'D)**

Pleasant conversation.

Roger turns and enters Union Station.

**EXT. CONNIE'S AND HADLEY'S ROOFTOP PATIO**

The party is in full swing. Some dance in the middle of the roof.

Connie sits with Julia. Connie has been drinking but is not drunk. Julia drinks tea.

**CONNIE**

So, you think that'll work?

**JULIA**

I'm trying anything.

**CONNIE**

Just be yourself. Are you sure she's not just experimenting?

**JULIA**

I don't know. I never had to.

**CONNIE**

Me either. I mean, I did, but I didn't have to.

They both laugh.

**CONNIE (CONT'D)**

One was a gay guy who wanted to find out if he was really gay.

**JULIA**

Was he faking being gay to get in your pants?

**CONNIE**

He's married to a girl and they have four kids last I heard. Little prick. You really don't drink?

**JULIA**

Got me into trouble. Figured I'd take a break. Just ice tea tonight.

They laugh even louder.

**OTHER SIDE OF PATIO**

Pearl sits with Hadley.

**PEARL**

I bet she's trying to get Connie to convince me.

**HADLEY**

Maybe she's just griping to someone you respect.

Pearl just looks off.

**HADLEY (CONT'D)**

Maybe she just needed a sympathetic ear. So, what is your story?

**PEARL**

What do you mean?

**HADLEY**

Well, obviously, she seems to think you're more than just friends. Straight? Gay? Straight with gay tendencies?

**PEARL**

What are you, a shrink?

**HADLEY**

Very funny. Look almost everyone has questions. It's not easy to live a non-straight lifestyle in a straight world.

**PEARL**

You're trying to talk me into it?

**HADLEY**

No. Not at all. Not my business to do that. It's your life, not mine. What do you feel for her?

**PEARL**

I never had any feelings like this till I met Julia. We were just roommates.

**HADLEY**

Has anything happened?

Pearl nods sheepishly.

**PEARL**

Too much Cabernet Sauvignon and popcorn.

Hadley displays a questioning grimace.

**HADLEY**

Cabernet Sauvignon and popcorn? Sounds disgusting.

**PEARL**

It's quite good, actually. College thing. She was doing a second Ph.D. Anyway, we were watching a movie. When Harry Met Sally.

**HADLEY**

Awesome movie.

**PEARL**

Indeed. When the orgasm scene came, we both started doing it at the same time. Mimicking it.

**HADLEY**

I love that scene.

**PEARL**

Who doesn't? Anyway, next thing I know, we're kissing.

**HADLEY**

A friend of mine said that's the way to a girl's hooaha.

Both laugh.

**PEARL**

I've heard that. Woke up in the morning in her bed. It was fine with her but it terrified me. Kind of really messed up our friendship after that. Meant more to her than it did to me.

**HADLEY**

So, it didn't mean anything to you?

Connie takes the floor. She holds a OuiJa Board in her hands.

**CONNIE**

Time for tonight's entertainment, everybody! All right, everyone. Gather round!

**JULIA**

Ahhhh, I'm not too keen with that kind of...

**HADLEY**

Don't be a wussy. Sit down. I'm experienced at this.

Hadley lights a white candle and then incense.

**CONNIE**

She used to run a magick shop.

**HADLEY**

Going to again one day. Julia, have you had any alcohol or drugs today?

**JULIA**

No.

**HADLEY**

Good. Connie, you take notes.

Hadley positions Julia across from her and places the board on their knees.

**HADLEY (CONT'D)**

Everyone, please do not ask silly questions. You could piss off the spirits. Got it?

Everyone nods agreement.

**HADLEY (CONT'D)**

It can be dangerous if misused. Do not address the spirits directly. Ask me your question, and I'll ask the spirit. Are you ready, Julia?

She nods nervously.

**HADLEY (CONT'D)**

Place your hands on the planchette as I do.

She mirrors Hadley's placement.

**HADLEY (CONT'D)**

With the power of the elements, spirit guides, angels and higher self, I and the users of this board are protected from all negative spirits, entities, energies and influences.

Julia nervously smiles at Hadley.

**HADLEY (CONT'D)**

I call upon the angels from the light, call upon my spirit guides, guardian angels from the light to come help me cleanse the board. Please remove negativity from this board and surround it with heavenly light!

A slight breeze flows through the gathering, but soon dies out.

**HADLEY (CONT'D)**

I call upon the angels from the light, call upon my spirit guides, guardian angels from the light to come help me cleanse the board. Please remove negativity from this board and surround it with heavenly light!

A breeze wafts gently moves about the gathering, touching them each individually but hovering about Pearl.

**HADLEY (CONT'D)**

Spirit, I pray bring no darkness.

**(MORE)**

**HADLEY (CONT'D)**

Are there any spirits in the room  
that would like to speak to us?  
Please communicate with us by using  
the board only. When you are ready  
please move the planchette to YES or  
move it in circles.

The breeze centers around Pearl.

**HADLEY (CONT'D)**

Spirit, are you here?

A breeze wafts again around the gathering.

**HADLEY (CONT'D)**

Please use the board only to  
communicate. Are you here?

The breeze stops and the planchette moves around the board a  
few times and settles on YES.

**JULIA**

I didn't do that.

Connie quickly scribbles notes and continues with each answer.

**HADLEY**

Shhh, neither did I. Spirit, were  
you once living?

The planchette spells T-A.

**CONNIE**

What's that?

Siobhann perks up.

**HADLEY**

What does that mean, Spirit?

The planchette moves to YES.

**HADLEY (CONT'D)**

Spirit, when did you pass?

The planchette moves around the board a few times and settles  
on 1-8-6-4. It then spells r-é-a-l-t-a-í I m-b-A-o-l.

**CONNIE**

Réaltaí I mbaol.

**HADLEY**

What is that?

It then spells out d-o-c-h-t-u-r-i-i-m-b-a-o-l. Siobhann moves closer.

**SIOBHANN**

If I didn't know any better, that's not English. It's Irish.

**CONNIE**

Irish?

**SIOBHANN**

Gaelic. It's Irish.

**JULIA**

Irish is a language?

**SIOBHANN**

Yes.

**JULIA**

I thought it was just English with an accent.

**SIOBHANN**

It's a language. It looks like Réaltaí I mbaol. Stars are in danger. Dochtúir I mbaol means doctor's in danger. If you put the spaces in the right places and add the fadas.

**CONNIE**

Fadas?

**SIOBHANN**

Accents.

She takes the pens and adds them to Connie's work as the planchette begins to move on its own. Connie quickly scribbles down the letters.

**SIOBHANN (CONT'D)**

Seachain an feallmharfóir. Beware the assassin.

A hush comes over all of them.

**JULIA**

Does that mean someone's going to try to kill Pearl?

**PEARL**

No one's going to try to kill me. This is not real.

**CONNIE**

Boss, I'm pretty sure that dear Hadley here has no knowledge of Irish. I don't. If Siobhann had not been here, it would be just gibberish.

**PEARL**

It is gibberish.

**SIOBHANN**

No it's not. Everything's spelled correctly. Except for the fadas.

**HADLEY**

Okay, I think we've had enough for one night. We are sending the spirits back to where they came from and we are closing the door.

Quickly, Connie brings a white pillow cases and wraps the Ouija board and takes it away.

**EXT. THIRTIETH STREET STATION - NIGHT**

Roger exits the station with his cell to his ear as he heads for the cabs.

**ROGER**

I just got back...

**PEARL (V.O.)**

I'm not at all available. And it's late.

**ROGER**

I know it's late. But I figured we could get together for a drink.

**PEARL (V.O.)**

I already have a drink. I don't need yours. Bye, Roger.

He hits his Blue Tooth.

**ROGER**

Bitch.

**PEARL (V.O.)**

Heard that, Roger. Need to press the button better. You didn't press mine.

CLICK. He presses the Blue Tooth harder.

**ROGER**

Bitch. You'll get yours.



He gets into the cab.

**EXT. CONNIE'S AND HADLEY'S ROOFTOP PATIO**

The party has begun to calm down. Connie brings Siobhann to the center of the patio.

**CONNIE**

Before we end the festivities for the evening, Siobhann wants to sing a song.

Siobhann sings The Parting Glass acappella. At the end, everyone applauds her.

**SIOBHANN**

There's one last thing I want to do before we end our time together tonight.

She picks up a Sharpie and goes to the sign that Connie made for her. She points to it. **BÍODH TURAS ABHAILE SLÁN. SLÁN A FHÁGÁIL, SIOBHANN.**

**SIOBHANN (CONT'D)**

It makes no sense like this.

She adds the fadas to the texts where appropriate.

**CONNIE**

I thought it was right.

**SIOBHANN**

It was close.

Hugs all around.

**EXT. BAINBRIDGE STREET - NIGHT**

Pearl and Julia head for a waiting cab. Connie runs after her.

**CONNIE**

Boss, I have to...

**PEARL**

What?

**CONNIE**

I'm just concerned.

**PEARL**

It's just a board game, Connie. I'm a scientist. I don't believe in

**(MORE)**

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

haunted houses. Go to bed. I'll see you in the morning. And stop calling me boss.

**CONNIE**

Okay, boss.

Pearl and Julia get in the cab and it takes off.

**INT. CAB - MOVING**

Pearl and Julia sit silently.

**JULIA**

Was kind of spooky.

Pearl nods as she stares out the window.

**JULIA (CONT'D)**

What do you think?

**PEARL**

Think about what?

**JULIA**

The OuiJa?

**PEARL**

There has to be a logical explanation.

**JULIA**

Like what?

**PEARL**

There is something to be said about random patterns making...

**JULIA**

I don't speak Irish. Hadley doesn't.

**PEARL**

How do you know she doesn't? And what about clouds creating images in the sky? I saw Ben Franklin the other day.

**JULIA**

Oh my god. You think that we could randomly put together a bunch of letters that just happened to be a language that very few people even know exists?

**PEARL**

I'm just saying...

**JULIA**

You're a doctor. And you're a Marine. Stars? Generals? Do you know a General?

**PEARL**

I know a lot of Generals.

**JULIA**

Well...

**PEARL**

We just had a lovely evening. Can't we just end it without controversy?

**JULIA**

I'm just saying. Scares me.

**EXT. THE PENTAGON - DAY- ESTABLISHING**

**INT. THE PENTAGON/DINING ROOM**

General Kvidra, in uniform, enters the elegantly apportioned dining area filled with military officers. Led through to his table, nodding to familiar faces, the MAÎTRE D seats him and hands him a menu.

**MAÎTRE D**

I'll send your waiter over, sir.

**KVIDRA**

Thank you.

Nixon, dressed as a waiter, pours coffee for him.

**NIXON**

Coffee, sir?

**KVIDRA**

Yes. Thank you. Where's Roberts?

**NIXON**

He's off today. Personal thing. I'm Quinn. I'll be your server.

**KVIDRA**

Well, Quinn, I'm in the mood for a steak. Medium. Three eggs over and grits will work. Whole wheat toast.

**NIXON**

Wife want you to eat healthier.

**KVIDRA**

Happy wife, happy life.

**NIXON**

I understand, sir. I'll place your order for you, sir.

He leaves the table as Kvidra takes a sip of his coffee as another general, FRANK DRESSING, walks up.

**FRANK**

Hey, Dan, how are you?

**KVIDRA**

Good, Frank. How are you?

**FRANK**

Good, good. Listen, the Secretary wants to see us for a meeting at thirteen thirty. Might have to go to the White House after.

Kvidra begins to look a bit off. He tugs at his tie.

**KVIDRA**

Something... something new?

He begins breathing heavier and heavier.

**FRANK**

He wants to go over deployment issues.

**KVIDRA**

I'll put it... on my schedule.

**FRANK**

Dan, are you...

Kvidra grabs his chest and falls off his chair.

**FRANK (CONT'D)**

Get paramedics in here! Now! Now!  
You! Call the SecDef and the  
Commandant!

**INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Roger, an Egg McMuffin in his mouth and a cup of coffee in his hand, heads for his desk as the phone rings.

**ROGER**

Brennan.

**NIXON (V.O.)**

I'm on my way.

**ROGER**

It's done?

CLICK.

**ROGER (CONT'D)**

Short conversation.

**EXT. CAFE - DAY**

Roger sits at the table alone reading off his iPad as Pearl nearly storms up.

**PEARL**

I understand our meeting got truncated before, and that was all your fault. I have clients...

She slams herself into the seat.

**ROGER**

You don't eat lunch?

**PEARL**

Of course I do, but I generally share it with better company.

**ROGER**

Oooo, that hurt.

**PEARL**

I'm glad. What do you do for a living?

He holds up his ID.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

I know what your ID says, Roger. What is this meeting about?

**ROGER**

We could have done this over dinner.

**PEARL**

Because last time worked out so well for me. Thank you, no. You're lucky you're getting lunch?

**ROGER**

Well...

**PEARL**

I have a practice. I have patients.

**ROGER**

You're not even two blocks away from your office...

**PEARL**

Two and a half.

**ROGER**

You have to eat. It's better than just having a meeting...

**PEARL**

When are we getting to the meeting?

**ROGER**

We're here.

**PEARL**

At a... Roger, what do you want...

Roger appears to be formulating a response.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

...Besides a look at the inside of my panties?

**ROGER**

I had that coming.

**PEARL**

You're hiding something.

**ROGER**

What do you mean?

**PEARL**

Something's wrong. I can see it.

**ROGER**

It's nothing. Really.

**PEARL**

I'm two things, Roger. I'm a trained psychiatrist. I've worked in theaters of combat with all kinds of problems. To wit, I'm also a well-trained Marine officer. One thing you learn is to read people and what I'm reading now does not fill me with confidence that you're not hiding something from me.

**ROGER**

Do you want to get away this weekend? Take off early. Blow off Friday?

**PEARL**

I do, but I have a full schedule on Friday.

**ROGER**

Well I could wait till...

**PEARL**

I wasn't talking about with you, Roger. There is no us here. There never will be an us. Don't you get it?

His face turns sour and almost evil.

**ROGER**

Sorry I bothered you.

He stands, looks at her sadly and pulls a hundred dollar bill out of his wallet and hands it to the WAITRESS.

**ROGER (CONT'D)**

That's for mine and whatever the lady wants.

**PEARL**

You don't have to...

**ROGER**

I'll call you tomorrow and tell you what I'm hiding. By the way, I was in combat too. Difference is, I had a rifle in my hand.

Without another word, Roger walks off.

**PEARL**

What do you think I was holding, asshole?

He doesn't hear her.

**INT. PEARL'S OFFICE/RECEPTION OFFICE - DAY**

Pearl enters as the phone rings. Connie answers.

**CONNIE**

Pearl Grave's office. May I help you?

Connie waves and picks it up as Pearl waves back and enters her office. She mouths "I'm not in."

**CONNIE (CONT'D)**

Yes, sir, she's here. Hold on.

Pearl glares at her as Connie hits the HOLD button.

**CONNIE (CONT'D)**

Boss, it's the Pentagon.

**PEARL**

The Pentagon? What do they want with me?

**CONNIE**

Didn't ask.

**PEARL**

I'll take it in my office.

#### **PEARL'S OFFICE**

She throws her purse on her desk and sits as she picks up the phone.

**PEARL**

Doctor Graves.

**FRANK (V.O.)**

Doctor, this is General Frank Dressing.

**PEARL**

Hello, General. How are you?

**FRANK (V.O.)**

I'm fine. I'm calling about a patient of yours. General Kvidra?

**PEARL**

What happened?

**FRANK (V.O.)**

He had a massive heart attack. He's in intensive care. Had a card in his wallet that said to call you.

**PEARL**

Thank you, General.

#### **RECEPTION OFFICE**

Pearl exits her office with an ashen look on her face.

**CONNIE**

Boss?

**PEARL**

General Kvidra had a heart attack this morning at breakfast.



**CONNIE**

You know him?

**PEARL**

Patient.

**CONNIE**

Oh. Ohhhh. Boss, general? Stars?

**PEARL**

Don't even think it. It's a coincidence. I'm going to get some coffee. Clear my schedule.

**CONNIE**

Boss?

**PEARL**

Connie, just do it.

**CONNIE**

Okay.

As soon as she leaves, Connie pops her cell out.

**CONNIE (CONT'D)**

You're not going to believe this shit.

**EXT. THIRTIETH STREET STATION - DAY**

Nixon exits the station and heads right for a cab. He flips his cell to his ear.

**NIXON**

I'm here.

**INT. CAB**

Nixon settles in.

**NIXON**

Hyatt Regency.

The cab takes off.

**EXT. PENN'S LANDING**

Roger stands at the rail overlooking the river as Nixon comes down.

**NIXON**

Nice accommodations. Thanks.

**ROGER**

You're welcome.

**NIXON**

So, what's the...

He hands him an envelope.

**NIXON (CONT'D)**

So I have an appointment with her tomorrow?

**ROGER**

Yeah.

**NIXON**

What the hell did this bitch do?

Roger glares at her.

**NIXON (CONT'D)**

Sorry I asked.

**ROGER**

I have to ask. This doesn't bother you?

**NIXON**

Staying at the Hyatt Regency? No, I'm rather fond of the accommodations. Better than BUDs.

Roger glares at him again.

**NIXON (CONT'D)**

You ordered it.

**ROGER**

I ordered it.

**NIXON**

You want to rescind the order?

**ROGER**

Can't do it.

**NIXON**

You ever been in combat?

**ROGER**

Yes.

**NIXON**

You have a problem killing the enemy?

**ROGER**

I did what I had to do. I didn't feel good about killing people. It was an objective.

**NIXON**

I'm doing what I have to do. Someone in authority above me said this is the best thing for my country. They gave the order. I obey it.

**ROGER**

No thought later?

**NIXON**

Just what to have for dinner. Sir, I've never had that feeling called compassion. It's missing in me. I don't feel sorry for people I have to deal with. All I have is duty and honor. You gave me an order. I'll take care of your problem.

Nixon walks away.

**EXT. 525 SOUTH 4TH STREET**

Pearl, ending a phone call, comes back from Starbucks with a coffee in her hands as Connie exits the building. Neither says anything for a moment.

**CONNIE**

You okay?

**PEARL**

I'm fine. I just...

**CONNIE**

You know something. You always know things that other people don't.

**PEARL**

Walk with me.

**FURTHER DOWN 4TH STREET**

Pearl and Connie saunter down the street.

**CONNIE**

So, that's why you kick me out of the office?

**PEARL**

You can't tell anybody I said anything. I could go to federal prison for what I told you.

**CONNIE**

Well, you really didn't say much.

**PEARL**

It was enough. Trust me.

**CONNIE**

So, what about your friend?

**PEARL**

General Kvidra is in better shape than you and I combined. His last physical the doctor told him he had the heart of a teenager. Yet, at just shy of sixty, he has a massive heart attack? I don't buy it.

**CONNIE**

Sounds sketchy.

**PEARL**

It is.

**CONNIE**

Where is he now?

**PEARL**

Walter Reed. I just talked to the E.R. doctor at the Pentagon and he said nothing made sense. They brought him back and he said there was a new waiter. When they checked, the regular waiter was dead in his apartment in Alexandria.

**CONNIE**

What would cause a heart attack?

**PEARL**

They suspect digitalis.

**CONNIE**

Digawhat?

**PEARL**

It's a drug used to help your heart. But in a dose even three or four times the therapeutic dose, it can induce a heart attack.

**CONNIE**

We need to call someone.

**PEARL**

Who? Who can I trust?

**CONNIE**

They might be coming after you.

**PEARL**

Don't worry about me, Connie. I'm a big girl. I'm more worried about you.

**CONNIE**

Seriously? After the shit I've been through? I'll be fucked if I let anything happen to you.

Pearl stops and Connie does a few steps after.

**PEARL**

You know, I never told you, but I love you, Connie.

**CONNIE**

Be careful, boss. I'm spoken for.

They embrace and laugh.

**PEARL**

No offense, but you're not my type.

**CONNIE**

Oooo that hurt.

**PEARL**

Shut up. I'm going home. You go too. With pay, of course.

**CONNIE**

Thank you.

**PEARL**

Make supper for Hadley.

They break the embrace and head off.

**CONNIE**

Boss. I love you too.

Pearl just shakes her head and heads off.

**EXT. CONNIE'S AND HADLEY'S ROOFTOP PATIO - NIGHT**

Connie and Hadley sit together, smoking and drinking wine.

**CONNIE**

Sounds like an interesting idea.

**HADLEY**

It's like this. I can continue here going to New York and DC, or I can just move to LA.

**CONNIE**

Where do I fit into this plan?

**HADLEY**

Well, you'd have to be there, Connie. I mean, we're married.

**CONNIE**

Not legally.

**HADLEY**

And that's the point. California...

**CONNIE**

It's a thought. I'd have to talk to Pearl. I mean, she relies on me.

**HADLEY**

She'll get someone else. She'd have to understand.

**CONNIE**

I'd miss her. She's a really good friend.

**HADLEY**

She could visit.

**CONNIE**

We could visit.

**HADLEY**

At some point, it has to be about us, Connie.

**CONNIE**

I know. I know.

**INT. PEARL GRAVE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Julia finishes cooking supper as Pearl enters.

**PEARL**

That smells good.

**JULIA**

Thanks.

**PEARL**

How'd you know I'd be home early?

**JULIA**

A little bird told me.

**PEARL**

Connie?

**JULIA**

Sounds familiar.

**PEARL**

Um... tomorrow, after I get done with the last of the crazies, I was heading down to LBI for the weekend. There's an empty seat in the car that no one's using.

**JULIA**

I might fit into it. Sounds like fun. Maybe we can hit Borgata too.

**PEARL**

Sounds like fun.

Slowly, they embrace.

**EXT. PENN'S LANDING - DAY**

Pearl runs, a cautious look in her eyes.

Nixon, also dressed in running clothes, jogs past her.

He eyes her without being overt.

...But she feels it.

**EXT. SOUTH STREET - DAY**

Pearl walks with Connie, holding bags of take-away food.

**CONNIE**

See, there are so many things you have to think about. Job. Apartment. Getting your cars changed. Registering as a sex offender. It's not like you can just haul ass across the country and just start over.

**PEARL**

Sex offender?

**CONNIE**

Kidding. Shows you're listening,  
Boss.

**PEARL**

Don't call me boss. Why Los Angeles?  
There are other states.

**CONNIE**

Funny you should ask that. New  
England's out. Too many Democrats.

**PEARL**

You're a Republican? I thought you  
were a Democrat.

**CONNIE**

Libertarian. Democrats are insane.  
Like Republicans, they have some  
things right, but separately, neither  
of the two big parties is worth a  
pile of horse shit. If you took the  
best of the Democrats and the best  
of the Republicans, you have a  
Libertarian. Makes sense.

**PEARL**

You're a shock to me.

**CONNIE**

See, Hadley wants to be an actor and  
it's either Hollywood or New York.  
But New York's not a really good  
choice.

**PEARL**

Full of Democrats.

**CONNIE**

Exactly. Can you imagine someone  
like Anthony Wiener running for mayor?  
And Cuomo's screwing up that state  
worse than his father.

**PEARL**

What about Bloomberg? He's a  
Republican.

**CONNIE**

Oh contraire. If he was ever a  
Republican, I'm straight. Besides,  
he's not in the Republicans anymore.



**PEARL**

Is that so?

**CONNIE**

That is so, boss.

**PEARL**

Don't call me boss.

**CONNIE**

He jumped from Democrat with a pit stop at Republican and now, he's a registered independent. I'm sure Sean Hannity loves that, since he brags about not being a republican but being a "registered" independent.

**PEARL**

You listen to Hannity?

**CONNIE**

And I'm not sure what a registered Independent is. But Bloomberg's left of Lenin anyway. I listen to a lot of them. Even Rush. Ooooo.

**PEARL**

So, New York's out.

**CONNIE**

Yup. LA it is. Of course, there's always Colorado. Love Denver. Not much acting there.

**PEARL**

I thought California was Democrat central.

**CONNIE**

O.C. is very much not. There's hope. And thanks to the Supreme Court being cowardly and punting on gay marriage in California, but striking down DOMA, Hadley and I can go there and get hitched. And I can get my law degree at either USC or UCLA.

**PEARL**

Fascinating. You want to sell your soul to the devil.

**CONNIE**

Can't be your secretary for the rest of all time, boss.

They enter office.

**PEARL**

Stop calling me boss or I won't be yours.

**CONNIE**

Very funny.

**INT. OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR**

Connie begins skipping down the corridor.

**PEARL**

Maybe I can come and give the brides away.

Connie's dancing gets more manic.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Do you have Tourettes or something?

**CONNIE**

You're the shrink. You tell me. This is our stop, boss.

**PEARL**

No. Really?

**INT. RECEPTION OFFICE**

Pearl leads Connie into the office.

**PEARL**

You want to get fired.

**CONNIE**

Not really. But you are my boss.

**PEARL**

A state of affairs that could...  
Never Mind.

**CONNIE**

But then again, if I got fired, there'd be nothing holding me here.

**PEARL**

What's on tap? Please tell me my schedule's clear.

**CONNIE**

Okay. Your schedule's clear.

**PEARL**

Great.

**CONNIE**

I lied.

**PEARL**

Fucker.

**CONNIE**

It is a light schedule. Nothing in the morning. But, there's Alfredo.

**PEARL**

Alfredo? I forgot.

**CONNIE**

He is your new favorite.

**PEARL**

His checks clear.

**CONNIE**

Missus Osvart before that?

**PEARL**

Another whack job.

**CONNIE**

I think you're in the wrong business, boss.

**PEARL**

You'd be surprised. Speaking of whack jobs. Don't call me boss, supplicant.

**CONNIE**

Eat your lunch. You have an hour to chill before Missus Osvart. Oh, and Charlie Sewell canceled.

**PEARL**

Excellent.

**CONNIE**

I squeezed a new patient in today.

**PEARL**

Without consulting me?

**CONNIE**

She needs you.

**PEARL**

It's Friday. I want to be in LBI before nine for a nice, no crazy weekend.

**CONNIE**

She's one of ours.

**PEARL**

Eagle, Globe and Anchor?

Connie nods.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Fine. Type up my notes on the whackos at Fort Dix.

**CONNIE**

Did that already.

**PEARL**

Great. Let's eat. Then, no paperwork. No calls. I'm going to read until whacko number one gets here.

**EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY**

Roger sits on a bench near the entrance. Nixon sits down next to him.

**NIXON**

Do I have an appointment?

**ROGER**

You will.

**NIXON**

So, we're a go?

Roger nods.

**NIXON (CONT'D)**

You don't seem as sure about this one.

**ROGER**

What do you mean?

**NIXON**

You just nodded. You didn't say yes.

**ROGER**

You have your orders.

**NIXON**

Text me with the time. I'm going to lunch.

**INT. PEARL'S OFFICE**

Pearl sits in her chair reading. The CELL on her desk rings.

She scans the phone and sees it's:

**Insert: ROGER BRENNAN.**

She rolls her eyes.

**PEARL**

Seriously?

She presses the Blue Tooth in her ear.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Hello, Roger. To what do I owe the displeasure?

**ROGER (V.O.)**

Such condescension, Pearl.

**PEARL**

How perceptive. If you don't make this quick, I'll start the clock.

She gets up and pours some ice tea.

**ROGER (V.O.)**

I meant to ask you. How much are you ripping those crazy people off for now?

**PEARL**

Two hundred and fifty.

**ROGER (V.O.)**

In Philly?

**PEARL**

Yup. You should know. You cut the checks for some of them.

**ROGER (V.O.)**

Anybody who'd pay that must be crazy.

**PEARL**

Guess you're crazy. Clock's going to start in a second.

The door opens and Roger steps in.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Seriously? Connie! Why'd you...

She heads for the door. Roger stops her.

**ROGER**

Don't blame her. I slipped her a honeybee.

**PEARL**

You gave my secretary a hundred dollar bill to...

**ROGER**

Let it go. It's business. I sent her to lunch early.

**PEARL**

Listen, you little prick, she had lunch. And don't think you can just barge in here and take over.

**ROGER**

You're on retainer. You get paid whether I send you someone or not. Now, just relax and we'll get this over with.

She heads back to her desk, pulls an airplane bottle of vodka and pours it in her tea. She stirs it and takes a slug.

**PEARL**

Who is the loser?

**ROGER**

How rude, Pearl...

She glares at him.

**ROGER (CONT'D)**

Can you fit him in today?

**PEARL**

I'd be able to ask my secretary if you hadn't paid her to go away. When did you tell her to come back?

**ROGER**

Gave her the day off.

**PEARL**

Asshole. I'll squeeze him in after my last appointment. Tell him four.

**ROGER**

Perfect. You're such a great shrink.

**PEARL**

Leave.

**ROGER**

Thank you. If I ever asked you out again, would...

**PEARL**

Seriously? Go.

**ROGER**

Still sticking with the lesbian thing?

**PEARL**

If it's a choice between you and that? Bye.

She taps her Blue Tooth after he leaves.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Connie.

**SOUTH STREET - INTERCUT**

Connie walks away from the office.

**CONNIE**

Yeah, boss?

**PEARL**

Seriously. Next time someone hands you a hundred dollar bill to leave the office, who do you think you might want to ask if it's okay?

**CONNIE**

You?

**PEARL**

Exactly. I'm the one who signs your pay check every week. Pays your health care. So think next time or...

**CONNIE**

Got it. Sorry. Can I keep the hundred?

**PEARL**

Sure, but I'm putting you in for a personal day.

**CONNIE**

Shit. Seriously?

**PEARL**

See you tomorrow.

She tosses the Blue Tooth on her desk and downs the Spiked Tea.

**INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE**

Pearl sits across from LAURA.

**LAURA**

Thank you for seeing me, doctor.

**PEARL**

What can I do for you, Laura?

**LAURA**

I don't think it was fair.

**PEARL**

What was not fair?

**LAURA**

All my life, I wanted to be a Marine.

**PEARL**

So, sign up.

**LAURA**

I did. Parris Island was everything my father and my brothers said it would be. It was tough, but, I got through it. Went to Camp Lejeune and that was great too.

**PEARL**

Are you still on active duty?

**LAURA**

I was separated in two thousand ten.

**PEARL**

Don't ask/don't tell?

Laura nods sheepishly.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

That's why you came to me.

She nods.

**LAURA**

Connie tell you?



**PEARL**

Just put two and two.

**LAURA**

You went your entire career and never had a problem.

**PEARL**

I was completely straight till recently. And I still don't know what's going on.

**LAURA**

Gotcha.

**PEARL**

Who told you about me?

**LAURA**

Connie.

**PEARL**

Blabber mouth.

**LAURA**

She really didn't say that much. Two and two.

**PEARL**

Well, Laura, what do you need?

**LAURA**

I want back in.

**PEARL**

The Marines?

**LAURA**

Yes. There's no reason to waste the training I got. I was an E-five. Why waste all that?

**PEARL**

Wow, that's a good one. You're the first who wants back in that I've met.

**LAURA**

You think there's a chance?

**PEARL**

I know we can get your discharge status changed...

**LAURA**

I don't want that. I want back in.  
My girlfriend's still in.

**PEARL**

How'd that happen?

**LAURA**

She kept her mouth shut, and I didn't  
out her. She locked the closet door  
tight.

**PEARL**

How's she still your girlfriend?

**LAURA**

We're very careful.

**PEARL**

I see.

**LAURA**

Please, Doctor Graves. Please.

**PEARL**

My uncle's on the Joint Chiefs.  
Let me give him a call.

**LAURA**

Thank you.

**PEARL**

Semper Fi.

**LAURA**

Ooh Rah!

**EXT. THIRD AND SOUTH**

Pearl exits the Starbucks with a HUGE coffee in her hands.  
Her cell rings and she taps her Blue Tooth.

**OLIVER (V.O.)**

Hello, princess.

**PEARL**

Uncle Oliver. Thank you so much for  
getting back. Did you get my email?

**OLIVER (V.O.)**

That's why I'm calling.

**PEARL**

Of course. Duh. You see her file?

**OLIVER (V.O.)**

I did. Impressive. Had she kept her mouth shut, she'd have been fine. She's a brilliant cryptographer.

**PEARL**

Anything you can do?

**OLIVER (V.O.)**

This is a new one for me, but I'll do what I can do.

**PEARL**

Thank you.

**OLIVER (V.O.)**

You heard about General Kvidra?

**PEARL**

Yes, I did. Any new news?

**OLIVER (V.O.)**

He's going to pull through. But keep that under your hat. The investigation is hush hush.

**PEARL**

Gotcha. Mum's the word. God, I hate clichés.

**OLIVER (V.O.)**

I'll forgive you this time. Give my best to my sister when you see her.

**PEARL**

Mom asks about you all the time.

Alfredo waddles up with Emilio.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Uncle Oliver, I'm sorry, my next appointment is here.

**OLIVER (V.O.)**

Call me later.

**PEARL**

Thank you. I will.

She taps her Blue Tooth.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Well, Alfredo, here we go.

**ALFREDO**

I look forward to our meetings,  
doctor.

**PEARL**

I'm sure.

**ALFREDO**

Yes.

**PEARL**

And who is...

Confidently, Emilio steps up and reaches out his hand.  
Suspiciously, Pearl shakes it.

**EMILIO**

Alfredo's my uncle. I'm Emilio. I  
heard you've been seeing him since  
he got out of prison.

**ALFREDO**

He's my nephew. He takes...

**EMILIO**

Uncle Alfredo lives with me. I take  
care of him. You know they didn't  
treat him that well the first few  
nights in Schuylkill. It's like a  
gladiator school. I spent some time  
there myself. Not a joyful experience.

**PEARL**

I know his situation.

**EMILIO**

Minchia, cost me a small fortune to  
get special treatment for this old  
pervert. Normally, I wouldn't give a  
shit, but he's my mother's brother...

**PEARL**

Is there a point to this conversation,  
mister...

**EMILIO**

Emilio's fine. You ask anybody around  
here, they tell you who I am. Anyway,  
those cons fuck... sorry, messed him  
up in the head. Fugetaboutit. Took  
another fortune to get him like this.

**PEARL**

Again, Emilio, is there a...

Emilio shoves five hundred dollar bills in her hand.

**EMILIO**

Take that. Do your best to unscramble what's left of that fucking brain of his. I don't want him to be more of an embarrassment to my family.

**PEARL**

The federal parole system pays me very well to...

He pushes her hand back.

**EMILIO**

I don't give a shit what they pay you, Doctor. Take care of Uncle Alfredo. This is important to my mother. Next week, you get another taste. Thank you.

Emilio walks off.

**PEARL**

Shall we?

Alfredo enters the office building.

**INT. PEARL'S OFFICE**

Alfredo sits across from her.

**PEARL**

Do you think it's proper to walk past the schools all the time?

**ALFREDO**

Oh, I... I don't go into the schools.

**PEARL**

But aren't you supposed to stay away from the schools?

**ALFREDO**

I don't go into them. I just walk by. I have to go to work, and it's...

**PEARL**

Couldn't you go around the school?

**ALFREDO**

It's quicker this way.

**PEARL**

Do you want to go back to prison,  
Alfredo?

**ALFREDO**

I would rather not.

**PEARL**

Remember what happened to you there?

**ALFREDO**

Bad things. They beat me.

**PEARL**

They almost killed you, Alfredo.

**ALFREDO**

Yes, they almost killed me. That  
would be bad.

**PEARL**

Alfredo, you have to find another  
way to go to work. If they find you  
near the school...

**ALFREDO**

What will they do to me?

**PEARL**

Well, they could send you back to  
prison.

Alfredo looks horrified.

**ALFREDO**

I don't want to go back there, Doctor  
Graves. They hurt me there.

The ALARM on her phone rings.

**PEARL**

Well, Alfredo, thankfully, that's  
the end of our session for the week.  
We'll see each other the same time  
next week?

**ALFREDO**

I look forward to it. You a nice  
lady.

**PEARL**

Thank you, Alfredo. It's a nice thing  
to say.

**EXT. OFFICE BUILDING**

Nixon walks around the corner from South Street and looks up at the address. He enters the building.

**INT. RECEPTION OFFICE**

Pearl leads ALFREDO out of the office.

**ALFREDO**

Thank you, Doctor Graves. That was very important to hear.

**PEARL**

Give this to your parole officer.

After he takes the voucher, he goes to shake her hand. She recoils.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Personal hygiene is important. I'm sorry. I told you. I don't shake hands.

**ALFREDO**

Oh, sorry. See you next time.

**PEARL**

Looking forward to it.

He leaves. She close the door with a grimace on her face.

She gets an alcohol wipe and cleanse the door knob. Then sprays air freshener into the air.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

I degrade him every week and he still comes back. Thanks for the BMW, Alfredo.

**INT. OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR**

Alfredo slips past Nixon, and casts a sober eye on him, as he walks up to the office.

**INT. RECEPTION OFFICE**

As she heads for her office, the door opens and NIXON enters.

**NIXON**

Doctor Graves?

He reaches out to shake her hand, and she shakes back.

**PEARL**

Yes. Are you my AD HOC?

**NIXON**

Your what?

**PEARL**

Never Mind. Roger sent you to me?

**NIXON**

Yes. He did. I'm Thomas Quinn.

**PEARL**

Okay, Thomas Quinn. Follow me.

**EXT. SOUTH STREET**

Connie sparks up a cigarette. As the smoke curls into the air, a worried look appears on her face.

**CONNIE**

Something's wrong. Something's very wrong.

Emilio walks up to her.

**EMILIO**

You seem worried, little miss.

**CONNIE**

Who are you?

**EMILIO**

Don't worry. I'm a friend.

He offers his hand and she sees an Eagle Globe and Anchor tattooed on his forearm. Her bearing changes immediately.

Slowly, she shakes his hand.

**EMILIO (CONT'D)**

We gotta go.

**INT. PEARL'S OFFICE**

Pearl grabs a bottle of water from the fridge and places it on a table next to a chair. She sits in a chair opposite the patient chair.

**PEARL**

Please, have a seat.

**NIXON**

Thank you. Thank you for the water.  
I forgot to bring my own.



**PEARL**

No problem. So, why are you here?

She takes a pad and a large pen and prepares to write.

**NIXON**

It's hard to say.

**PEARL**

Are you having problems?

**NIXON**

Everybody has problems.

**PEARL**

Like the one I'm having now.

**NIXON**

What's that?

**PEARL**

A client who has problems like everyone else but can't be specific.

**NIXON**

It's my job.

**PEARL**

What about it? Is it stressful?

**NIXON**

Can be.

**PEARL**

Is it now?

**NIXON**

In a way.

**PEARL**

Can you explicate?

**NIXON**

Ex-what?

**PEARL**

Can you be clearer?

**NIXON**

There are times when people know too much.

He takes a swig of water.

**PEARL**

And who knows too much?

**NIXON**

Can't say.

**PEARL**

You know, I get paid if you talk or not. No refunds.

**NIXON**

I'm not paying the bill. My boss is. So, I guess...

**PEARL**

You can waste your time and his money.

**NIXON**

Okay. I'll tell you. I spent three tours in Afghanistan. Was in the Marines. A sniper. Good job. Good at it. Sit in a sniper's perch somewhere. Do your mission. Go home. Almost like a video game.

**PEARL**

Are you having problems now? P.T.S.D.?

**NIXON**

Not really. Maybe a little at times. Nothing to write home about.

**PEARL**

Okay. What then?

**NIXON**

Do you mind if I walk around?

**PEARL**

Feel free.

He takes a swig from his water bottle and starts to walk around the office, looking at the spines of books, other nick nacks. He looks at her diplomas.

**NIXON**

Impressive. Annapolis. Harvard. Johns Hopkins?

**PEARL**

Happy to see you approve of my C.V.

He smiles almost condescendingly.

**NIXON**

A friend of mine was a Navy SEAL.  
Signed up for BUDS.

**PEARL**

I heard BUDS is no walk in the park.

**NIXON**

Mind over matter. Some guys think  
too much about how cold they are.  
How little sleep they've gotten.  
The ones who can compartmentalize  
get through it. The rest ring out.

He begins to wander around the office. Pearl eyes him  
suspiciously.

**NIXON (CONT'D)**

You know what ringing out means?

**PEARL**

I saw G.I. Jane.

Nixon busts out laughing.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

What's so funny?

**NIXON**

A girl in the SEALS? That's real  
fiction.

**PEARL**

You don't think a girl could make  
it?

**NIXON**

They'd ring out the first day. We  
had three ring out on day one. First  
was Army SpecForce. Thought SEALS  
would be easy. E-seven. Thought he  
was going to puke his guts up. You  
think a girl can stand up to training  
that washed out a man like that?  
Unlikely.

**PEARL**

So, you became a SEAL?

He nods menacingly.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Don't you have to resign from the  
Marines and join the Navy?

**NIXON**

Didn't much like that part. My whole family's Marines. Dad passed from lung cancer, so I didn't have to shame him by walking in with Navy Whites on.

**PEARL**

I can imagine that wouldn't go over too well. My father would be pissed, too.

**NIXON**

He was a Marine?

**PEARL**

Both of us.

Nixon walks up to another diploma.

**NIXON**

Wait. Annapolis?

**PEARL**

Semper Fi.

Nixon looks a bit sad for a moment.

**NIXON**

Well well well. OooRah.

He then begins to notice all the Marine Corps paraphernalia around the office.

**NIXON (CONT'D)**

I guess I should be a little more observant next time. When did you resign your commission?

**PEARL**

I didn't. Reserves. I'll always be a Marine.

**NIXON**

Me too.

**PEARL**

So, how was it in the SEALS?

**NIXON**

Different kind of combat. Sometimes had to get up close and personal. Different from a Marine Sniper.

He slowly moves to her left to see more of her Marine paraphernalia.

Surreptitiously, he takes a place behind her.

**NIXON (CONT'D)**

I like being in combat. I have a bit of sociopath in me.

Suspicion fills Pearl's face.

**PEARL**

Is that so?

**NIXON**

I don't have much of a conscience. Killing is easy for me.

**PEARL**

So, that's why they sent you?

Nixon pulls a rope from inside his jacket. It's knotted into a garrote.

**NIXON**

I guess I can't leave the war on the battlefield. And there's not enough war left to fight. Not with this administration.

Like a rattlesnake coiled to attack, Pearl prepares.

Hiding it from him, Pearl prepares her pen to use as a weapon.

**PEARL**

What about mercenary work?

**NIXON**

Not enough of that either.

**PEARL**

What are you going to do? You think I can kill the demon inside you?

**NIXON**

Probably not. I'd say I'm sorry about this but...

With lightning speed, Nixon attacks, attempting to garrote her. Just as quickly, she brings her hand up to block him and stabs his hand with the pen.

Nixon releases and Pearl snaps to her feet, prepared to attack.

**NIXON (CONT'D)**

Should have just let it happen,  
Doctor.

Nixon circles around to block her egress.

**NIXON (CONT'D)**

Would have gotten it over quickly.  
Now, I'll just have to beat you to  
death.

**PEARL**

So that's your plan.

**NIXON**

Pretty much.

Nixon launches a vicious attack, but he has underestimated Pearl's skills and she slams him with several brutal shots to his throat, balls then sweeps his legs, sending him to the ground.

With animalistic intent, she goes to slam him with her foot, but he knocks her to the ground and goes to attempt to mount her.

But Pearl grabs the pen and stabs him the face with it.

**NIXON (CONT'D)**

Fucking bitch!

He rolls off her in pain and pulls the pen from his face.

**PEARL**

That's fucking bitch, sir to you!

Pearl kicks him in the face, sending him rolling back, making him drop the pen.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Are you the one who hit General  
Kvidra?

**NIXON**

Who said it was a hit?

**PEARL**

He's alive, you know. Gave a  
description of the asshole who  
attempted...

Nixon launches an attack, but Pearl sidesteps him and sends him into the wall then flips him on the rebound.

Blood pours from a small hole in his temple. He breathes heavily, an odd look on his face.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Underestimating your enemy?

He struggles to his feet.

**NIXON**

You little cunt.

Pearl picks up the pen from the ground, pulls off the cap, revealing a pistol barrel. She pulls the spring-loaded top off the pen.

**PEARL**

That's you little cunt, ma'am, to you.

She presses the button, firing a shot into Nixon's chest.

He staggers back to the wall.

**NIXON**

Oh shit. That sucks.

**PEARL**

Your boss should have sent a better, less obvious, man.

Nixon slowly loses some of his life and slinks down the wall.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Shame to waste such a fine specimen.

She pulls a Kbar from the shelf and slowly moves toward him as he slinks down the wall.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Now, I'd call an ambulance, but we both know that would be a waste of time.

Blood pours from the wound.

He attempts to look up at her, but then his eyes sink as his breathing becomes labored and blood trickles from his mouth.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

I think you and I have the same problem. I'm just a little better at it than you, you misogynistic prick. Wouldn't make a good SEAL would I?

Pearl places the tip of the blade between his neck and clavicle.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Good night, Marine. Semper Fi.

She sinks the knife deep into his heart. He slumps over dead. She wipes the blood off the knife on his sleeve.

Connie rushes and a look of shock fills her face as she sees the dead body.

**CONNIE**

Oh shit!

**PEARL**

Don't stand there like an idiot. You've seen worse. We need a cleanup crew.

**CONNIE**

Yes, ma'am. But they're...

**PEARL**

Connie.

**CONNIE**

Yes, ma'am?

**PEARL**

Don't ever fall for that shit again.

**CONNIE**

Yes, ma'am.

Connie vanishes as Pearl picks up her Blue Tooth and puts it in her ear.

**PEARL**

Hello, Roger.

**ROGER (V.O.)**

... Pearl. Didn't my guy show up for his session?

**PEARL**

Oh, he showed up.

**ROGER (V.O.)**

...I see.

**PEARL**

Perhaps we should get together.

Silence.



**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Don't make me come looking for you.

She taps the Blue Tooth and looks down at Nix's body.

**CONNIE**

Hey, boss.

Alfredo and Emilio, professional, barge in dressed in coroners uniforms. Alfredo is completely normal.

**ALFREDO**

I hear you need a cleaning.

Pearl does her best to hide the body.

**PEARL**

Alfredo, this is not a good time.  
Come back at our regular time.

The two of them press their way into the office.

**PEARL (CONT'D)**

Excuse me!!!

Emilio is completely not acting Mafia.

**EMILIO**

Tom, ma'am. My name is Tom.

**PEARL**

Emilio, please take your uncle...

**ALFREDO**

Doctor, my real name is Anthony DelVecchio. I'm a colonel in Army Intel and I'm with the Company. This is my associate, Captain Tom Acchionie. USMC.

**EMILIO**

Pleasure to meet you, ma'am.

Emilio produces a body bag from a trial lawyer's bag. He immediately heads over to where Nixon's body lies.

Alfredo heads over to help.

**ALFREDO**

We'll take care of this for you.

**PEARL**

I thought you were...

**ALFREDO**

Looks can be deceiving. We heard that one of your patients had leaked some information they weren't supposed to.

The two of them manage the body into the body bag and drag it out of the way.

**PEARL**

What information?

Emilio grabs the zip gun pen and shoves it in the body bag.

**EMILIO**

Got the piece.

**ALFREDO**

Above your pay grade. Doctor, I'm sorry I didn't get back in time and I'm glad your training saved your life. I didn't know they'd move on you so soon.

**PEARL**

I'm going to kill that sonofabitch!

**ALFREDO**

Don't worry about that. It's taken care of, Doctor. Ready, Tom?

**PEARL**

What about the police?

He turns back with a very serious look on his face.

**ALFREDO**

Nothing happened here, Doctor. Don't do anything. Don't talk to anyone about it. Understand? Our teams will come to erase any forensics. Take a vacation. Go to the beach.

She nods as he turns to Connie.

**ALFREDO (CONT'D)**

You understand, Sergeant?

Connie throws her hands up.

**CONNIE**

I don't know what you're talking about. I didn't see anything.

Alfredo nods sardonically.

**ALFREDO**

Someone else will take my place,  
Doctor. Have a nice day. Sergeant,  
I'll be in touch.

**EMILIO**

Ready, boss.

**ALFREDO**

Don't call me boss.

**EMILIO**

You are my boss.

**ALFREDO**

Shut up. Let's go.

He closes the door.

**EMILIO**

Okay, boss.

We hear a SLAP O.C.

**EMILIO (CONT'D)**

Stop hitting me.

**ALFREDO (O.S.)**

Stop calling me boss.

**CONNIE**

You don't see that every day.

**PEARL**

See what?

**CONNIE**

Exactly. How'd he know I was a  
sergeant?

**EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK**

Roger sits on the same bench, waiting. The rest of the park  
is fairly deserted. He pulls out another sandwich.

**ALFREDO**

That looks like a good sandwich.

Roger looks at him suspiciously.

**ROGER**

Who are you?

**ALFREDO**

That's above your pay grade, Colonel.

Roger's eyes go wide.

**ROGER**

Anthony?

He produces a small spray bottle and sprays him in the face. He seizes up and passes out.

**ALFREDO**

What a moron.

He reaches into Roger's pocket, pulls his wallet out and puts it in his lap.

**EXT. WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT - PANORAMA**

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Martin sits at a table alone a cell to his ear.

**MARTIN**

We'll take care of it as soon as he's out of the hospital...

A waitress comes up and opens a bottle of Bushmills Twenty-One Year Old Single Malt. She opens the bottle and pours a glass.

**MARTIN (CONT'D)**

Look we'll discuss this later.

He turns his phone off.

**MARTIN (CONT'D)**

Thank you, young lady. That's a fine libation.

He takes a long draw off the glass, drinking nearly half.

The waitress smiles at him. It's Connie.

**CONNIE**

Enjoy your dinner, sir.

A distressed look covers Martin's face.

**MARTIN**

Oh, shit.

**CONNIE**

What a putz.

**FADE OUT:**