

**Fred Allen's sides**

INT. RESTAURANT BAR - DAY

Marcia sits at the bar with a retired older male officer, her mentor, FRED ALLENS having a drink.

MARCIA

Did any of this shit go on in your day?

FRED

Under the table...always under the table. What are you going to do?

MARCIA

I was hoping you'd tell me.

He sips his drink as he contemplates the thought.

FRED

Do they have anything?

She shakes her head.

FRED (cont)

Then, if it were me? I wouldn't fuck up my pension.

She gives him a look, clearly not concerned about that.

FRED

Hey, I said if it were me.

(beat)

God how did you get into this? I told your father I would watch out for you.

MARCIA

Yeah, I'm sure he's smiling down on me right now.

FRED

I bet running that bar with me down in The Caribbean sounds pretty nice about now?

MARCIA

Yeah, it does...but that's a chunk of  
money I'm never going to have.

He shoots the rest of his drink and stands up.

FRED

Whatever you decide, you watch your  
butt out there, okay?

She nods as he leans in and kisses her on the head and  
exits. She sits there depressed.