

INT. CAFE CORTADITO - MOMENTS LATER

A quaint Cuban restaurant in the Lower East Side. It's early so they have the place to themselves. Coffee has already been served.

BEATRICE

Isn't there some kind of code at the department about mixing business with pleasure?

GRANT

I'm still technically on the clock. Serve and protect.

BEATRICE

(disappointed)
Duty.

GRANT

Kidding; it's my pleasure. So, tell me, what's all the drama about? Neighbors calling in complaints, you running scared down the street...?

BEATRICE

It's... Very complicated.

GRANT

Maybe it's not as complicated as you think.

BEATRICE

I don't know...

Beatrice hesitates - Grants gives her a look.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

I remember being on a plane once, and just across the aisle from me sat this little old lady. Nothing unusual, just another person headed some place. What caught my attention was her reading -- how fast she was reading -- speed reading, you know. She went through the entire book during that one flight. And I thought: 'Wow, what a powerful woman.' I didn't want to disturb her but as soon as the plane landed I just had to go over and say something to her.

(MORE)

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

I told her how impressed I was with her reading ability... And she just looked up at me with this hollow, far-away glassy stare. There was a much younger woman with her - daughter, caretaker, I never asked. Turns out she had an advanced case of dementia. Alzheimer's. Suddenly she went from being this incredibly powerful woman to just being a sick old lady.... That's one of the few things I can remember...

INSERT: Beatrice has poured a large mound of sugar on the table and is intersecting it with her finger.

Grant notes it. Gently covers it with a napkin.

GRANT

You couldn't have known.

Beatrice looks visibly upset...

BEATRICE

I don't want to end up like that: having my people, my loved ones, simply look right through me. Never knowing where I'm going - and never really being able to return home.