

TITLE: GOING SOLO

15. SWIFT. JULIE. *At home. SWIFT with champagne.*

SWIFT: Congratulations.

JULIE: Thanks.

SWIFT: I got the champagne. Julie, I have something I need to talk to you about.

JULIE: Here. *(She flashes her driver's license.)*

SWIFT: This is a good picture.

JULIE: I look like I'm on drugs.

SWIFT: No you look good, really.

JULIE: You think this looks good? Thanks a lot.

SWIFT: It's just a stupid i.d. picture. Who cares?

JULIE: Does my chin look this pointy?

SWIFT: No.

JULIE: You're sure?

SWIFT: Absolutely.

JULIE: Just checking.

SWIFT: What time you go ~~to~~

JULIE: About 11:00.

SWIFT: So you been driving all day, huh? Getting a feel of going solo?

JULIE: I drove around a little. When I got back there was this car out front.

SWIFT: A car?

JULIE: Some men from the base, they were waiting for me to come home. They said they called before, but nobody was home and they just decided to swing by.

SWIFT: From the base.

JULIE: They said they were from Security and they wanted to ask me some questions: Questions about you Dean. About your recent behavior. Wanted to talk about how our home situation was.

SWIFT: That's funny.

JULIE: I didn't find it so funny. I thought it was fucking disturbing myself. They started getting very personal.

SWIFT: Like what?

JULIE: They wanted to know if you often weren't home. If I noticed any unusual phone calls at strange times, if you were distracted or if I noticed you acting differently or if you were on edge. They wouldn't actually tell me what this was all about. They didn't have to. They were from Security so they said. They impressed on me the sensitive nature of your job, excuse me, your duty, and that you held a position of importance in national security that you had been screened and tested and I could tell something was wrong. They were waiting outside the house Dean.

SWIFT: Look it's probably some routine clearance thing they got to do. Make sure everything's okay.

JULIE: They were waiting in their car for who knows how long. They might have been waiting all day and all night. They said they weren't in any hurry.

SWIFT: It's their job, it's no big deal. They have to do this from time to time.

JULIE: What's going on Dean?

SWIFT: Nothing Julie.

JULIE: Something is. These creeps don't appear out of nowhere for no reason. I want to know why they're waiting outside the house to question me.

SWIFT: I told you, it's routine. It's true, my work is of a sensitive...don't worry, I'll find out what's happening.

JULIE: They wanted to know about our...personal relationship

SWIFT: They're assholes, I'll talk to somebody so they don't bother us anymore.

JULIE: They already freaked me.

SWIFT: You want an apology?

JULIE: No, I want you to answer my question. What's this about? Are you in trouble?

SWIFT: No.

JULIE: If there's no trouble why are they here?

SWIFT: Let's drop it, okay? I don't know what it's about. If I did I would tell you.

JULIE: Are you doing something you're not supposed to?

SWIFT: No Julie, are you?

JULIE: No Dean, I can't get into trouble, not waiting for you to drag your ass home.

SWIFT: I'll find out what this is about. Now drop it.

JULIE: Fine.

SWIFT: You're not going to drink any of the champagne?

JULIE: No.

SWIFT: Great. Thirty bucks wasted.

JULIE: Here. *(She pours her drink on the floor.)*

SWIFT: Wonderful.

JULIE: Here. *(She pours the bottle on the floor.)* Now it's totally wasted.

SWIFT: Don't be a shit tonight. If you stop now, you won't be a total shit.

JULIE: Too late. *(She smashes her glass.)*

SWIFT: What is your problem?

JULIE: No problem. *(She exits. She re-enters.)* I'm debating as to whether to smash all the glasses in the kitchen.

SWIFT: Don't break those. Don't.

JULIE: Are you worried?

SWIFT: Yes. Don't, okay?

JULIE: I really don't like you like this. When you lie.

SWIFT: Who's lying?

JULIE: You. I will put up with everything else. Your fucking around and everything else, at least in the past you were honest. I was stupid to put up with it, but at least you told me the truth. That fucking German skier, the one you fucked, what was her name? The one you kept fucking 'til we were rotated home, what was her name? What was her name?

SWIFT: Gitta.

JULIE: Gitta. Right. And what's her name this time? The one you're fucking. What's her name?

SWIFT: Carol

JULIE: Carol. Well, at least you're fucking somebody who could help you with a promotion. It's not a total waste.

