

[Lights up on Mattson, sitting in his office. Hester storms in and slams an object on his desk. A bloody ear.]

Mattson (sarcastically)
I take it the Lorenzo case didn't go well?

Hester
Fuck it didn't—

Mattson
Detective...

Hester
Fuck it, Matt. I'm not on duty right now, I can curse all the hell I want.
[She sits in the chair and sighs.]

Mattson
What happened?

Hester
They got Jameson cornered while I was going around the back to nab them. By the time I got there, they'd cut off his ear. His -ear-, Matt.

Mattson
Well, Jameson knew the risks, you know that—

Hester
Oh, come on, that's bullshit. You paired me up with a rookie on a case I needed no backup on, and you say that—I mean, Jesus, what did you expect?

Mattson
I -expected- you to take care of him, Greenwood.

Hester
Oh, what the—

Mattson
You were the senior Intelligence officer out there. I trusted you to take charge and take care of your soldiers!

Hester

You know that I work best ALONE!

Mattson

And -you- know that I never send my soldiers out by themselves!

Hester

Oh, that's bullshit. You just don't trust me after the Hernandez case on Miranda—

Mattson

Detective...

Hester

I mean, it wasn't my fault, Matt! They had inside information—

Mattson

Greenwood—

Hester

I can't fight terrorists if there are insiders feeding them information every three seconds—

Mattson

HESTER...

Hester

But I've told you I didn't give up a damn thing when they caught me and tortured me, why don't you—

Mattson (overlapping with the end of the last line)

Hester, I don't want to see you get HURT.

[silence]

Hester

... What?

Mattson (clearing his throat)

You're a good soldier, and if Intelligence lost you—

Hester

If -you- lost me, you mean?

Mattson

Hester, no, don't start this.

Hester

You can't say something like that then pretend you meant it only professionally.

Mattson

I -did- only...

Hester

Don't. Goddammit, Matt, why can't you just admit you care about me? For once?

Mattson

I am your senior officer, it would not be professional for me to—

Hester

Fuck professional! Matt, your whole life has been about being professional! Can't you just let it go for one second?

Mattson

Hester...

Hester

Look at me.

Mattson

Hester...

Hester

-Look- at me.

[she kisses him.]

Can you honestly tell me you felt nothing from that?

[he is silent]

Hester

Of course.

[beat]

Look... Matt, I'm not doing this anymore. This is the end of the road for me.

[she begins to take off her Intelligence badge, etc]

Mattson

Hester, come on, you can't...

Hester

I can do anything I damn well please, -General-, and that includes resigning.

Mattson

This is foolish, Hester. You have an incredibly bright future with Intelligence, don't give it up for some meaningless—

Hester

It's not meaningless, it's never been meaningless, and you won't ever fucking get that, Matt. God. I'm not quitting because I can't get over some—in your words—"meaningless" crush. Please. I have and will continue to walk into this dammed office every day and think nothing of my personal feelings. I am a soldier first and foremost, and I have not forgotten that. But you? You can't deal with me, Matt, and you know it.

Mattson

-Ms. Greenwood-, there is nothing to deal with. I do not and have never had any feelings other than professional admiration for you!

Hester

Then why have you stopped sending me on real assignments?

[he is silent]

You don't want to be unprofessional? Fine. But I refuse to be babied like this. You either treat me like every other member of your military or I walk.

Mattson

... Hester... Hester, I can't.

Hester

Then you understand why I have to leave.

[he is silent while she deposits the rest of her Imperial belongings on his desk. She finishes then turns to leave.]

Mattson

What will you do?

Hester

What?

[she turns]

Mattson

What are you going to do, now that you're no longer... with us?

Hester

Dunno.

[she shrugs]

Go freelance, probably. Bounty hunting, or some such.

Mattson

You'll have it tough.

Hester

I have some contacts I can lean on for jobs for a bit. And hey, it's me. I'll get by.

Mattson (laughing)

I suppose you will.

[beat]

Hester

Well... I should go, now, sir.

[truthfully, not sarcastically]

I wouldn't want to diminish your professional reputation.

[she turns]

Mattson

... Hester?

Hester (a little too quickly)

Yes?

Mattson

... Nothing.

Hester

Ah.

[she walks to the doorway, stops, but doesn't turn]

... I'm sorry too, Matt. Take care.

[Mattson watches her leave, then picks up a telephone.]

Mattson

Yes, this is General Mattson. I'd like to put a new name on the list of Intelligence freelancers.

Top of the list. ... Yes, first call, that's correct. No, she doesn't need to know that they're Imperial assignments. Yes. Greenwood--G-R-E-E-N-W-O-O-D, Hester. That's H-E-S-T-E-R. Yes. That's all. Thank you.

[he hangs up, looks down at his desk. He picks up Hester's gun, pockets it, leaves.]

[End scene.]