

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Mike and Celia are heading to the elevator.

CELIA

Trouble at home? Um, no. Actually, that's none of my business.

MIKE

No, no... I could use some help, advice. I don't know. You've taken fire before, right?

CELIA

Enough.

MIKE

You had your kids at the time?

CELIA

Your boy having trouble with the shooting?

MIKE

Yeah. Yeah, he's, uh, not sleeping, you know... Watching the news. Stuff like that. I think the best thing to do is talk to him like a man. Tell him that the job I do is dangerous, but...

CELIA

My advice: don't. I tried that with my daughter. It freaked her out so bad, she wouldn't let me leave the house in the morning. She lay across the door and cried until I called in and took the day. Treat your son like a CI.

MIKE

Make my kid my snitch?

CELIA

Snitch lives in a scary world they don't control, and they depend on you to keep them safe. Sounds familiar?

MIKE

Yeah, but lying to my son...

CELIA

My dad was a trucker. He mostly hauled chemical tankers. He'd bring them to the house overnight before heading out sometimes. And I'd have nightmares, thinking about what could happen. But when my dad found out, he showed me a diamond-shaped decal on the back with the colors and numbers. He told me the numbers tell you how high the level of danger is. He only hauled level four, safest stuff. Once I knew that, it didn't seem so scary anymore.

MIKE

Level four is the most lethal code.

CELIA

But I didn't know that. And I didn't worry when he drove off every morning in a rolling fire bomb. The lies that keep us sane are the ones worth telling.

Elevator rings.