

C "It's in here."

[he slides a book across the table. It is brown and worn.]

C "See now, you ain't supposed to see this. Hell, I ain't supposed to see this. But. You know what? We all need info."

[he taps the book]

C "You do what we want, you get this info. But not a damned second before."

L "Alright then. What do you want me to do?"

C "Obvious. You know that Kid, Adam Livingston?"

[I flinch and he laughs at me.]

C "Figured you'd do so. He's a hard one to forget. And Sally... you've just met her, ain't 'cha?"

L "Yes, I have. I've only met with her yesterday though. There has been an official diagnosis."

C "Oh blah blah blah. Technically. Shush, hush. Silent. You can feel it. She's the same as Adam, same fucked up brain. Same screwed up shit, am I right? We... the people I work for, they need that kind folk. We's researchin' them, you see?"

L "But that's not proper. Your hospital doesn't have the credentials to take care of patients with SPD."

C "Hush, lemme finish. Your job is to get 'em for us. You do that, we pay you \$500 per fucked up mind. ~~that's all~~"