

COVERT AFFAIRS

Pilot

by

Matt Corman & Chris Ord

International Creative Management
10250 Constellation Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90067

COVERT AFFAIRS

TEASER

FADE IN:

OMITTED

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

A polygraph machine is switched on. The needles calibrate, the paper begins rolling through the machine.

The very beautiful ANNIE WALKER (28) sits at a table with polygraph wires hooked up to her fingers, temples and chest. Despite the situation, Annie seems poised and, in fact, calm. Her long blonde hair is pulled back into a ponytail. Her crisp white shirt is unbuttoned an extra button to accommodate the wires running towards her heart.

A dour-looking POLYGRAPHER sits across the table from her.

POLYGRAPHER

Polygraph for CIA admission.

(to Annie)

A few questions for control. Your name is Annie Walker?

ANNIE

Yes.

POLYGRAPHER

You are 28 years old?

ANNIE

Yes.

POLYGRAPHER

You reside in Washington, D.C.?

ANNIE

Georgetown. Yes.

POLYGRAPHER

You speak six languages?

ANNIE

I've traveled a lot. Languages come very naturally to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2

POLYGRAPHER
Yes or no would be fine.

ANNIE
Yes.

The polygraph needles remain steady.

(CONTINUED)

The polygrapher looks at his clipboard.

POLYGRAPHER

I'm going to ask you some personal questions. You told us in your vetting interview that your last serious relationship ended two years ago?

FLASHBACK:

EXT. UNAWATUNA BEACH, SRI LANKA - DAY

Brilliant sunshine. Turquoise water. White sand. Straight out of a travel magazine. Annie and a GUY (28) walk along a secluded, palm-lined beach, holding hands. Annie has a glow that has come partly from traveling the world, and partly from being in love. She looks amazing in her sarong and a bikini top.

The guy is BEN MERCER. A scruffy beach beard, and a great body that comes more from hiking and kayaking than from lifting weights. Easy-going and very smart, but there's a piercing quality to his eyes that suggests a deep intensity.

ANNIE (V.O.)

Yes.

POLYGRAPHER (V.O.)

You met abroad.

ANNIE (V.O.)

Yes. In Sri Lanka. I was backpacking. He was teaching English.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

There is no one around. Annie smiles, unclasps her bikini top and hands it to Ben. She then drops her sarong, and runs naked into the warm blue Indian Ocean.

Ben loves it, loves Annie's spirit. He quickly follows suit, removes his boardshorts and runs into the water.

Ben catches up to Annie, grabs her, and pulls her to him. They kiss passionately.

POLYGRAPHER (V.O.)

Impulsive.

ANNIE (V.O.)

Is that a question?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLYGRAPHER (V.O.)
Did you love one another?

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Annie and Ben buy a matching set of bracelets from a young Sri Lankan KID (10) on the beach. The bracelets are made of bright white shells.

ANNIE
(in Sinhalese)
What kind of shells are these?

KID
(in Sinhalese)
Special shells. From the outer reef. You buy these together, it means you are forever intertwined.

Annie and Ben blush.

ANNIE
(in Sinhalese)
We've only known each other three weeks.

KID
(in Sinhalese)
Do you still want to buy?

Annie and Ben share a look. They smile, and both nod.

Ben pays for the bracelets. He puts his arm around Annie, and they walk off down the beach.

INT. BEACH CABIN - NIGHT

Now in bed, the young couple embraces, arms searching one another's naked bodies, as if trying to make sure that this passion is as real as they think it is. The white shell bracelets contrast with their gorgeous tan skin.

RAIN has started to fall. Droplets of rain fall intermittently through the porous, palm-thatched roof.

Annie and Ben ignore the leaks, focusing instead on each other's naked bodies and the intense love between them.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We are back. Annie returns from her memory.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

Yes. We were in love.

POLYGRAPHER

The sex was good?

Annie pauses. She knows the polygrapher is trying to rattle her, but she's not going to let it happen.

ANNIE

Exquisite.

POLYGRAPHER

And yet, it ended badly?

EXT. BEACH CABIN - MORNING

Annie wakes up. The bed is empty. Ben is gone, his clothes are gone, his books are gone. His bracelet is gone.

A note is left, pinned to an orchid on the bedside table. It is still raining outside, water still drips through the roof. Droplets land on the note, bleeding the ink, yet we can make out the words. It reads, "THE TRUTH IS COMPLICATED. FORGIVE ME."

We MOVE IN on Annie's face, stunned, confused and broken-hearted. This can't be. Is she still asleep? Is this still part of a dream? Was it all a dream?

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Annie meets the polygrapher's stare.

ANNIE

Yes. It ended badly.

POLYGRAPHER

Did that bother you?

ANNIE

After a whirlwind three week romance, my supposed dream-guy left me in the middle of the night with a cryptic note and a fifty dollar bar tab. Wouldn't that bother you?

POLYGRAPHER

We're looking for yes or no.

ANNIE

Can you repeat the question?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLYGRAPHER

The question is this. If you join the CIA, will you be able to separate your work from your personal life?

Annie stares intently at the polygrapher.

ANNIE

Yes. Absolutely.

Both Annie and the polygrapher look curiously over at the polygraph needles, and we...

CUT TO:

INT. DHC-6 TWIN OTTER AIRCRAFT - MORNING

The quiet of the interview room is SHATTERED by the LOUD DRONE of a Twin Otter airplane engine.

Annie is now in the jump-seat of the plane with ten other CIA TRAINEES. She still looks amazing, even in her bulky parachute suit.

EXT. SKY - MORNING

Crack of dawn. Half a mile above Eastern Virginia.

SUPER UP: CAMP PEARY, VIRGINIA, AKA "THE FARM".

INT. DHC-6 TWIN OTTER AIRCRAFT - CONTINUOUS

An INSTRUCTOR (45) steps forward and addresses the trainees.

INSTRUCTOR

Trainees, listen up! This is no granny hop. This is low altitude. 2000 feet AGL. You "step, grip and rip" or we will be picking you off the ground with a spatula. Now, who's first?

Annie's hand shoots straight up.

INSTRUCTOR

(smiling)

Annie Walker, I should have known.

A moment later, Annie steps forward and is out of the plane.

EXT. SKY - MOMENTS LATER

After an exhilarating free-fall, Annie deftly pulls the cord. Her parachute deploys. As she floats towards the Earth, Annie allows herself a small smile.

EXT. FIELD - LATER

Annie sticks a textbook landing. As she is beginning to collect her chute, she looks up to see TWO SOLDIERS standing ominously next to a military issue jeep.

Annie looks concerned. What is going on?

INT. CAMP PEARY CENTRAL OFFICE - MORNING

Annie sits across from her COMMANDING OFFICER (55), a serious looking ex-marine, who looks over her file.

ANNIE

Look, whatever the problem is, I'll retake the exercise. If it was the driving course or the deception training or... what was it?

COMMANDING OFFICER

You did better on the driving course than any woman we've ever had. And you did better on deception training than anyone in a decade.

ANNIE

Oh. So is this about me hooking up with my Tae Kwon Do instructor? It's not against the rules. I checked the handbook.

The Commanding Officer raises an eyebrow and makes a note in Annie's file.

ANNIE

I think I'm going to shut up now and let you talk.

COMMANDING OFFICER

I got orders from Langley. You're being pulled out of training and sent to headquarters. There's a case in which your language skills are needed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

What case?

COMMANDING OFFICER

I don't know.

ANNIE

What language?

COMMANDING OFFICER

I don't know. All I know is that they need you there today. Now.

This is a lot to take in.

ANNIE

Now, like, now?

COMMANDING OFFICER

Now.

ANNIE

But I have a month of training left.

COMMANDING OFFICER

Now.

EXT. ROUTE 123 - MORNING

Annie drives her "vintage" 1994 white Honda Accord through the verdant Virginia woods. The Potomac river snakes along next to the road. It's a beautiful fall day. Annie turns her Honda into...

EXT. CIA COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Imposing guard towers and ARMED GUARDS. More warning SIGNAGE than you'd think necessary. Annie pulls up to a call box and presses a button.

VOICE (O.S.)

Social security number?

ANNIE

900-38-2951.

There is a long pause. While Annie waits, an SPO checks under her car for bombs with a mirror attached to a long stick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Annie drives through the "chicane" of jersey barriers, down a leafy drive and into a parking lot. Annie parks her small white car amidst the sea of black Suburbans.

Annie puts on a pair of dark sunglasses, the kind you see every secret agent wear in the movies...

ANNIE
(to herself)
Annie Walker... CIA.

Then she thinks better of it, and removes the glasses, placing them on the dashboard.

EXT. OLD HEADQUARTERS BUILDING (OHB) - CONTINUOUS

Annie walks towards the massive, imposing building. With her crisp business suit, blouse and handbag, Annie looks ready for whatever lies ahead. Despite any doubts she expressed to her Commanding Officer, she is Annie Walker, CIA.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

OMITTED

EXT. CIA PARKING LOT - DAY

As Annie walks purposefully through the parking lot towards the OHB, a voice calls out-

VOICE (O.S.)

If you're this late at the CIA, you must be new. First day?

Annie turns to see that the voice belongs to a very good looking GUY (28) who emerges from behind an SUV, and walks along with her. This would be CONRAD SHEEHAN III. A 3rd generation CIA man, Conrad was a former lacrosse star at Yale. Conrad's frat-boy looks and hate to lose attitude would make him a perfect fit for investment banking, but he's chosen to take a tenth of the money at the Agency, so there must be something more to his motivation.

ANNIE

Yes, I'm Annie. Do I look that clueless?

CONRAD

Not at all. Conrad. I'll show you where to get your badge.

Annie is clearly taken with this very handsome guy.

ANNIE

So is this like your thing? You wait in the parking lot and chat up girls on their first day?

CONRAD

Absolutely. I'm both lazy and predatory.

Annie smiles at Conrad. There is a spicy chemistry thing happening between them and they can both feel it.

INT. OLD HEADQUARTERS BUILDING (OHB) - MOMENTS LATER

Annie and Conrad enter the impressive, busy lobby.

CONRAD

See the clerks up ahead. They'll get you squared away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Conrad smiles and heads off. Annie strides across the round granite CIA seal on the floor. Feeling cocky she calls out --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

Conrad, see you around. *

Annie gives a little wave and then walks into a turnstile...

Which doesn't turn.

The turnstile locks in place with a CRACK and Annie stumbles backwards. Every head in the busy lobby turns to look at Annie, including Conrad's.

CONRAD

You might want to get a pass-key
before walking through security.

Annie grabs her legs in pain, doubled over and red-faced.

ANNIE

I'll do that.

Despite her promises to the polygrapher, work and personal life have already started to collide, and Annie hasn't even gotten past the front turnstile.

INT. CIA PROCESSING ROOM - LATER

In a quick series of shots we see Annie being EOD'd (entered on duty). She is fingerprinted, photographed, has her retina scanned, and signs her legal agreements.

INT. OFFICE OF THE DCS - CONTINUOUS

WE INTERCUT this with a speech by the Director of Clandestine Services, ARTHUR CAMPBELL (45). An almost regal presence, Arthur's tall frame fills out his tailored grey suit. Arthur's posture is impeccable, a holdover from his days as a Naval officer. Arthur commands respect when he enters a room. He loves a good fight, a great scotch or a filthy joke.

Arthur's office is expansive and stately, with a magnificent view of the surrounding woods

Arthur speaks to a group of twenty DEPARTMENT HEADS.

ARTHUR

Good morning. Russian desk and
DPD are on-call due to the Petrov
visit and other classified actions.
Current threat matrix is stable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Arthur's tone becomes more venomous.

ARTHUR

However, I am deeply troubled. At this critical time for our Agency, someone among us is a traitor.

Arthur holds up a copy of the Washington Recorder.

ARTHUR

Today's paper. Classified information leaked to Liza Hearn at the Washington Recorder. Someone here, someone maybe in this room, has been seduced by an outsider... by a *reporter*.

Arthur is obviously incensed, but he speaks calmly.

ARTHUR

We can't let personal motivations get in the way of our duties...

INT. CIA PROCESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A CLERK holds a bible as Annie places her hand on it and recites the CIA oath of office. Annie reads with conviction.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH Arthur, who continues to address his group.

ANNIE

I, Anne Catherine Walker, do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; And that I will faithfully discharge the duties of the office I am about to enter. *So help me God.*

ARTHUR

In the end, all indiscretions end in heartbreak, when the guilty party is caught. We're going to find whoever is leaking this information, and they will be punished quickly and harshly. *So help me God.*

The clerk clips a blue badge to Annie's shirt. Without another word, Arthur strides out of his office.

END SPLIT SCREEN.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Annie walks out of the CIA processing office. She is immediately greeted by AUGUST ANDERSON (25) (AKA AUGGIE), a blind tech expert. Auggie still has that athletic swagger from when he was in Special Ops before his accident.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He wears his blindness well, exhibiting an easy charm that has all the Agency women harboring crushes on him. Around his neck is an ever-present set of expensive-looking headphones.

AUGGIE
Annie Walker?

ANNIE
Yes?

AUGGIE
Auggie Anderson, tech-ops, and your friendly, neighborhood cruise director. Walk with me.

Auggie starts walking. He walks quickly and assuredly through the halls. Annie keeps up. She's a little thrown.

AUGGIE
A blind guy leading you around the CIA. Insert ironic joke here.

Annie LAUGHS. She likes Auggie. Auggie sniffs the air.

AUGGIE
Jo Malone grapefruit?

ANNIE
(horrified)
Am I wearing too much perfume?

AUGGIE
No, very subtle. Some of the ladies around here lay it on so thick it's like they're chumming for hammerheads.

A WOMAN (25) walks by.

WOMAN
Morning, Auggie.

AUGGIE
Hey, Bea.
(softly to Annie)
Case in point.

Annie takes in all the workers walking past them.

ANNIE
Everyone here is so young.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUGGIE

There was a hiring freeze that got unfrozen after 9/11. 50% of the Agency has five years experience or less.

ANNIE

That's both inspiring and weirdly unsettling.

AUGGIE

You'll find this is a weird place to work. Polygraphs every year, no cellphones allowed inside the building, no dating foreigners. In fact, the CIA even encourages dating within the Agency. Keeps everything inside the circle of trust. It's like a Club Med without the free drinks.

Auggie turns left down a long hallway. Annie keeps up.

INT. ATRIUM - LATER

As Auggie leads Annie through the CIA, she's amazed. Not because of any cool spy technology, but...

ANNIE

There's a Starbucks here?

VOICE (O.S.)

Imagine a year of background checks just to get a barista job.

Annie and Auggie turn to see that the voice belongs to Conrad Sheehan.

CONRAD

How are the legs? A bag of frozen peas will help keep the swelling down.

ANNIE

I'll bear that in mind.

AUGGIE

From the inane yet vaguely sexual banter, I'll take it you've already met Conrad Sheehan.

ANNIE

Like the Conrad Sheehan?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONRAD
Semi-guilty as charged. You're
thinking of my dad.

ANNIE
(impressed)
He was a legend at the CIA.

CONRAD
Absolutely. And let me just say,
you're coming aboard at an amazing,
fascinating, challenging time.

AUGGIE
Dude, why don't you just offer her
a glass of Kool-Aid?

CONRAD
We keep Auggie around because of
his razor sharp wit. And because
we feel sorry for him...

Annie can't believe this. Is Conrad this cruel?

CONRAD
Because he's a Cubs fan. Welcome
to the Agency, Annie.

At this moment, Arthur walks by quickly.

ARTHUR
Conrad! Let's go!

Conrad walks off and quickly falls into step with Arthur.
Annie is red-faced.

ANNIE
He works for Arthur Campbell?

AUGGIE
Yeah. Acts like it, too.
(annoyed)
He always has to rip the Cubs.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Annie and Auggie walk up to an office door.

AUGGIE
And here we are: Joan Campbell's
office. Head of the DPD. Our
boss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Auggie gestures for Annie to enter.

ANNIE

You're not coming in with me?

AUGGIE

I'm not going in there if I don't
have to.

INT. JOAN'S OFFICE - DAY

JOAN CAMPBELL (40), the head of the CIA's Domestic Protection Division, sits at her desk. Joan's office is very much like her - ordered, controlled, everything seemingly where it should be.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joan's secretary, Maxine, pops in. Maxine, like most CIA employees, is young, driven and attractive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAXINE

NSA is sending over the file you
asked for. And Annie Walker is
here.

Joan gestures for Annie, who waits just outside Joan's
office.

Annie enters the office, and extends a friendly hand to Joan.

ANNIE

Annie Walker. Great to meet you.

JOAN

Have a seat.

Annie sits.

JOAN

Actually, we're in a hurry.

Joan stands up. Annie gets up, unsure, and follows Joan out.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Joan briskly walks down the hallway. Annie keeps up. Annie
seems to have a question on her mind.

ANNIE

Do you know who sent me here? I
was just looking for some clarity.

Joan stops in front of a door, and looks at Annie with
something close to pity.

JOAN

Clarity? You're in the wrong
business, sweetie. A better
question might be, why do you want
to be here? The CIA is not an easy
place to be a woman.

ANNIE

I can handle a competitive
workplace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN

You're going to be outnumbered here
four to one. Outnumbered by men
who'll hold the door for you, and
call you ma'am, and can fix a tire.
But clarity, honesty -- that's
another story.

Joan resumes walking.

JOAN

How much do you know about the
Domestic Protection Division?

ANNIE

I've actually never heard of it.

JOAN

Good. That's the way we want it.

She leads Annie into...

INT. DPD OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The Ops Center is a large open bullpen buzzing with activity.

The far wall is a high-tech array of flat-screen monitors.
Some of these monitors show satellite images, others show
news feeds, still others show closed-circuit feeds from
embassies and CIA stations around the world. Digital clocks
line the walls, showing the time in places like Islamabad,
Jakarta, La Paz and Havana.

But this is a lived-in workspace -- messy, busy, and human,
like a bullpen in a newspaper office or a police precinct.
The desks and cubicles reflect the character of their
occupants. Some people are neat-freaks, some are slobs,
someone obviously loves SpongeBob from all the knick-knacks
on their desk. This place is both escapist and familiar: it
is like any ordinary office, except the work being done here
is absolutely extraordinary.

JOAN

Welcome to the DPD Operations
Center. Every global threat that
finds its way past our borders is
dealt with here. Screens.

Annie barely has a chance to take it all in. On Joan's
command, an image is brought up on the wall of flat screens.

The image is a grainy satellite photo of a MAN, standing in a
military barracks situated in a mountainous area.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His handsome face is obscured by dark glasses. He is shirtless, and has several Siberian Prison tattoos on his arms and chest.

ANNIE

The landscape looks like South Ossetia.

(off Joan's surprised look)

I spent six months there helping rebuild the opera house in Tskhinvali after the uprisings.

JOAN

A bleeding heart. Lovely.

(back to business)

The figure you see on the screen is Stanislav Orlovski, AKA "Stas". Born and raised in Moscow. Before he was a Russian intelligence officer, Stas was imprisoned in Siberia. He made a deal with the FSB, and soon became one of their top operatives.

Stas' dossier flashes up on another screen. It contains a list of successful hits by the Russian assassin. There are some American names on the list.

JOAN

He is a skilled assassin, wanted in fourteen countries, and he is now ours. Voluntarily. Stas came in from the cold two days ago. He wants to talk.

ANNIE

Talk?

JOAN

Stas is unhappy with the new regime at the FSB. He wants to supply us with a list of their current targets in exchange for asylum and compensation.

ANNIE

We're going to pay a guy who might have killed some of our people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN

Close to half a million dollars.
If he delivers on what he is
promising, we're getting a heck of
a deal.

AUGGIE

It doesn't pay to hold grudges in
the spy game.

ANNIE

Where do I fit in?

JOAN

You have been assigned as Stas'
handler. You'll go to the hotel
where we have him, wait for his
call, and bring this.

Auggie hands Annie a PDA device.

ANNIE

A Blackberry?

AUGGIE

That is a dedicated two-way
encrypted transponder that only
looks like a Blackberry. He has
one, you have one.

JOAN

You hot-synch the devices in the
room. He gets the bank codes for
his payment and you get the intel.
And that's it. Don't have a drink
with him. Don't sleep with him.

ANNIE

You think I would sleep with him?

JOAN

I think he would sleep with you.

ANNIE

Did you call me in because I know
Russian?

Joan allows herself a small smirk.

JOAN

Yes, and you can also pass for a
call-girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN (CONT'D)

We want it to look like Stas is here to buy guns and party, not sell secrets to us.

ANNIE

(skeptical)

I'm surprised there was nobody already here who could do this.

JOAN

There was. She's gone. Let's leave it at that. If you don't want the assignment, we can send you back to the Farm.

ANNIE

No, I'm here. I can do it. Do I have to wear, like a... costume.

Joan looks Annie up and down.

JOAN

Hookers in D.C. are pretty conservative. What you're wearing now is fine.

Annie glances down at her outfit, re-examining it. Joan hands Annie a file, wheels on her heels, and walks off.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Arthur and Conrad walk quickly down the hall. On the walls are pro-CIA posters with slogans like, "Loose Lips Sink Ships". Arthur still clutches the day's newspaper. He angrily chucks it into a recycling bin.

ARTHUR

This reporter, Liza Hearn, is a pain in the ass. The DNI is already on my case, and now this? All press is bad press at the CIA, but this is really bad press.

CONRAD

I'm on it, sir. We'll do a full internal inquiry.

Arthur stops in his tracks.

ARTHUR

I don't want an inquiry. I want her. Get her in here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Conrad is surprised.

CONRAD

You want to bring her to Langley?

ARTHUR

Absolutely. We're going to do a
"Charm Offensive".

INT. DPD OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Auggie helps outfit Annie for her upcoming mission. A TECH
OP WORKER (25) on Auggie's team hands Auggie a pager. Auggie
gives it to Annie

AUGGIE

Here. You're going to go to the
Capitol Grand Hotel. Wait in the
lounge area. This pager will
vibrate when we're ready to do the
meeting.

ANNIE

It's like I'm waiting for a table
at Friday's.

AUGGIE

Only instead of sitting down to eat
a "Bourbon-drenched egg-roll fajita
skillet", you're going to help us
turn one of the most dangerous men
in the world.

Annie processes this. She looks at Auggie.

ANNIE

Auggie, can I ask you a question?

AUGGIE

I was with Special Ops in Iraq. I
got out of a Humvee to look at what
I thought was a dead dog. Next
thing I know, I'm Ray Charles.

ANNIE

Oh. I was going to ask what the
headphones are for.

AUGGIE

Oversharing. My bad.

Auggie touches the headphones around his neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUGGIE

Grado RS2's. Great for monitoring operations, getting real time playback when I'm typing, or listening to Mingus when I'm supposed to be working.

ANNIE

Mingus? I went to the Mingus tribute festival in Stockholm.

Auggie digs this -- a cool girl who's into jazz? What are the chances?

AUGGIE

You are officially my hero.

At this point, an SPO pops his head in, beckoning Annie. Auggie hears the SPO's boots on the ground.

AUGGIE

That's your ride.

ANNIE

Wish me luck.

AUGGIE

You don't seem like the type to need luck. But good luck.

Annie smiles and walks off. Auggie listens to her walk out, her heels CLICK-CLACKING on the floor.

AUGGIE

Gotta love those kitten-heels.

EXT. CAPITOL GRAND HOTEL - DAY

Annie is dropped off by a van in front of the Capitol Grand Hotel. As she exits the van, she makes eye contact with an OLDER WOMAN walking a standard poodle. It's clear the older woman works for the Agency. With Annie out of earshot, the older woman talks into the sleeve of her jacket.

Annie enters the hotel. A HOTEL VALET holds the door open for Annie. The valet gives her a knowing nod as she passes by -- another Agency chaperone.

INT. CAPITOL GRAND HOTEL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Annie sits at a couch in the lobby of this old-school, ornate D.C. hotel. If she is nervous, she doesn't show it. She fits right into the scene.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The INSIDERS and LOBBYISTS who do business here pay her no mind, except for the occasional glance at such a beautiful young woman.

Annie looks up and sees a MAN (40) at the hotel bar. The man is clearly CIA, and clearly keeping tabs on Annie.

A very handsome BUSINESSMAN (35) puts down his newspaper, and speaks from a nearby leather chair. When he speaks, he has a thick Spanish accent.

BUSINESSMAN
 Would you like anything? I can get
 the waiter for you. Tea? Coffee?
 Glass of wine?

ANNIE
 It's 11:30am.

BUSINESSMAN
 Something stronger, then?

Annie CHUCKLES.

ANNIE
 I'm good.

BUSINESSMAN
 Perhaps we can get a drink later.
 A nice cava.

ANNIE
 Cava? Are you from Spain?

BUSINESSMAN
Si.

ANNIE
 Valencia?

BUSINESSMAN
 Madrid.

Annie remembers the rules -- In the CIA, there is no dating foreigners... ever.

ANNIE
 Well, unfortunately, I don't think
 I can get a drink with you.

BUSINESSMAN
 Your mother warned you not to date
 foreign men?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE
Something like that.

The businessman flashes a winning smile and goes back to reading his newspaper. He took a shot. On to the next.

At this moment, Annie's PAGER goes off. It reads, "4TH FLOOR, OVAL SUITE". Annie takes a deep breath. It's time.

INT. CAPITOL GRAND HOTEL HALLWAY - LATER

Annie walks off the elevator and down the hall. She looks at the room numbers and stops in front of a room marked "OVAL SUITE". Who knows what lies behind the door. Annie pauses a moment, steels herself, then pulls out her pass-key, KNOCKS TWICE, and uses the key to enter the room.

INT. OVAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Annie enters the luxurious hotel suite with sprawling floor-to-ceiling views of the Washington Mall and the Capitol Building. This suite is absolutely palatial. Four magnificent rooms, gorgeous furniture, crystal chandelier. It's worthy of all the foreign dignitaries who have stayed here.

ANNIE
Hello?
(in Russian)
Zdrast-voee-che?

Annie hears MUSIC coming from another room. She follows the music through the open doorway to see...

STAS ORLOVSKI (30), the Russian intelligence officer. Unshowered and unshaven, Stas lies passed out on the couch, wearing a hotel robe. The MUSIC comes from MTV on the TV.

ANNIE
Stas? Stas... Stas!

Annie runs to Stas, and shakes his arm, to see if he's dead. He's not. Stas quickly comes to, muttering.

STAS
Shtyaw, shtyaw!

Stas stops when he sees Annie standing above him.

STAS
(clearly smitten)
Zdrast-voee-che, Kiisu.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE
("nice to meet you")
Meel-ee yav-ka vee.

STAS
("the pleasure is mine")
Pri-jatno pozna-komitsa.

ANNIE
("Do you have your PDA?")
Vwas yist PDA?

STAS
English is fine. I'm in your
country.

ANNIE
Do you have your PDA, Stas?

Annie holds up her Blackberry. Stas looks Annie up and down in a predatory manner.

STAS
A drink first? Caviar?

Stas stands up, and almost falls. He is noticeably drunk.

STAS
Close call.

Annie notices that Stas' robe has fallen open. Clearly he's not a guy who wears underwear.

ANNIE
Got a little wardrobe malfunction
happening there.

Stas nonchalantly pulls himself together, as he walks over to a sideboard with a tantalizing spread of food and drink.

ANNIE
Do you have your PDA?

STAS
One minute.

Stas pours himself a healthy amount of Sauternes. He pounds half of his wine down. He then spreads an ungodly amount of caviar on a piece of bread, and jams it in his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE
Chateau d'Yquem. Almas Iranian
caviar. You're certainly rockin'
on the Agency's dime.

STAS
(mouth full)
Not as good as Russian caviar.

ANNIE
Look, can we just focus on the
intel? Where is your PDA?

STAS
It's in bedroom, *Kiisu*.

Stas walks across the lounge area and into the bedroom. He
gestures for her to come with him.

STAS
Please.

Annie SIGHS, this guy is blatantly hitting on her, but she
follows him.

ANNIE
Just keep the robe on.

INT. OVAL SUITE MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Annie walks into the bedroom.

ANNIE
Look, Stas I understand that it's
hard to do something like this, to
turn on your country, and that's
probably why you've had a few, but
I want you to know that the CIA is
grateful and we're here for you, so
can we just do the exchange?

Stas is holding up his PDA by the window.

STAS
Shall we hot-synch?

Annie looks relieved.

ANNIE
I thought you'd never ask.

Annie places her Blackberry device on the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then Stas places his next to Annie's. They both press the "Synch" buttons. We hear a BEEP, indicating the hot-synch.

STAS
Was it as good for you as it was
for me?

And at this moment...

BANG! CRASH!

The window SHATTERS and a trail of blood spills from the exit wound in Stas' forehead.

Before Annie has time to register what is going on, three more bullets come through the window in quick succession, riddling Stas' body, and dropping him to the floor.

Annie GASPS, and steps backwards, just as...

More SNIPER FIRE rains through the window. The gunman isn't finished yet. Annie sprints for the bedroom door.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

From the sniper's vantage point, we see bullets SHATTER the Oval Suite window and SPLINTER the wall behind Annie's head as she dives into...

INT. OVAL SUITE PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Annie dives behind the ornate sideboard. But the gunman follows her -- Bottles of Chateau D'Yquem, dishes of caviar, and wooden chunks of the sideboard SHATTER around Annie with each bullet.

A brief moment of quiet. Annie BREATHES heavily.

Annie peers around the sideboard, only to be met with another volley. She is pinned down.

Annie removes a small compact mirror from her pocket and holds it up to examine the room from behind the sideboard.

COMPACT MIRROR ANGLE ON STAS: He is down, on the ground, dead.

COMPACT MIRROR ANGLE ON THE WINDOW: Totally blown out. More bullets rain in, tearing up the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMPACT MIRROR ANGLE ON THE PDA: Sitting on the floor, after *
having been knocked off the table. *

(CONTINUED)

Annie kicks off her heels, preparing to go for the PDA.

ANNIE
Ok, he's got to re-load.

But then...

BANG! BANG! BANG! CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!

Annie looks up to see that the sniper is shooting out the crystal chandelier above her head. Annie SCREAMS as pieces of crystal rain down on her.

CRACK!

That's the sound of the chandelier breaking loose from its mooring and falling towards Annie.

CRASH!

The chandelier SHATTERS as it hits the floor, just as Annie dives out of the way.

But now she's exposed. More bullets. Annie scrambles along the floor, barely staying ahead of the sniper fire...

She makes it to the door! She lunges out of the suite...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Away from the hotel windows, Annie sprints down the hallway towards the stairwell. At this moment, the hotel valet she nodded to earlier comes bursting out of the stairwell. He grabs her, and ushers her into the stairwell.

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

We see the sniper's hands, quickly and efficiently breaking down the gun. The sniper runs off, leaving no trace of his presence on the rooftop.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Annie and the hotel valet fly down the stairs, taking them three at a time.

At the bottom of the stairs, they plow through the door at the emergency exit, setting off the DEAFENING ALARM.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Outside the hotel, a van screeches up to the door, side door open. The hotel valet shoves Annie into the back of the van.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Annie scrambles away from the door and yells at the driver.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE
Drive! Go!

The CIA DRIVER is way ahead of her, burning out of the alley and heading back to Langley. This extraction of Annie is well-choreographed, and is happening lightning fast.

We hear the muffled sound of the van ENGINE being pushed to its limit and we HOLD ON ANNIE as she starts to realize that she is now safe. She knows that after what she just went through, she's lucky to be alive. It's a harrowing introduction to her new life in the Agency.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. OFFICE OF THE DCS - DAY

Arthur sits on a couch in his office. Sitting across from him is Joan. Also present, is a professorial looking man, THEO WILL (35).

ARTHUR

Joan, we need to keep the information channels clear.

JOAN

I'm giving you all I can, Arthur. What can you give me?

ARTHUR

I feel I've been pretty transparent.

JOAN

And yet, I'm still having to navigate a lot of red tape.

ARTHUR

Things of this magnitude are always complex.

JOAN

There's complexity, and then there's lying.

THEO

Ok, this is good. This kind of dialog-ing is what this marriage needs.

And it's about this time that we'll realize 1.) that Joan and Arthur are married, and 2.) that this is, in fact, an in-house couples counseling session.

JOAN

Look, this couples counseling is useless until Arthur gives up the name of whoever he's balling.

Joan slides a blank pad across towards Arthur.

ARTHUR

(emphatic)

I'm not having an affair. How many times do we have to go over this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN

You see that? You were blinking like crazy, Arthur.
(to Theo)
Any trainee could see he's lying.

ARTHUR

You want me to take a polygraph? I've got one in the closet.

THEO

Listen: what I'm going to say next applies to both of you. You each need to decide if you want to be right, or if you want to be in this marriage.

Neither Joan nor Arthur respond to this. And from their pissy body language, it is clear that there are not going to be any breakthroughs in this particular relationship today.

Thankfully, they are given a reprieve when Joan's secretary, Maxine, pops her head in the room.

MAXINE

Joan, we have a situation.

INT. DPD OPERATIONS CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

The large wall of screens shows the Capitol Grand Hotel from every angle. Some ANALYSTS watch PLAYBACK of Stas getting shot, over and over -- the loop ends with a static, after the camera itself must have been shot out. OTHERS survey the current situation at the hotel -- cop cars parked out front, CSI INVESTIGATORS analyzing the crime scene, and FBI AGENTS talking with EVERYBODY they can.

A still harried-looking Annie talks to Joan, who sits on the corner of a desk. Auggie is present as well. Many other CIA WORKERS look on, interested from their cubicles.

JOAN

I've already talked with the Russia Desk. They're working the back channels to see who did this.

ANNIE

It all happened so fast. One minute we were talking, and the next... the room seemed to explode.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN

Some operatives go an entire career
without seeing a bullet fired.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

Is that supposed to make me feel better?

JOAN

It's supposed to make you realize this is unusual. Thankfully, it all worked out.

ANNIE

All worked out? Stas is dead.

JOAN

Bad for Stas, good for us. The Agency saves some money and gets to delete a known assassin from the High Security Threat List at the same time.

Joan starts to pace.

JOAN

Whatever the intel Stas gave us, it was important enough to kill for.

Auggie clears his throat.

JOAN

What?

ANNIE

The intel. I didn't get it.

JOAN

You said you did the hot-synch.

ANNIE

I did, but in all the confusion I didn't grab the device.

JOAN

This just gets better and better.

Joan walks over to the large screens showing the current situation at the hotel. She doesn't like what she sees.

JOAN

District police and FBI are already on the scene. Once our devices become evidence, all the intel is corrupted. Gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

I'm going to go back. I can get the intel.

JOAN

Sweetie, we don't just march into places and flash our badges and assume jurisdiction. We don't even have badges. Plus, you can't take evidence from an active crime scene.

AUGGIE

She doesn't need to take anything. She just needs to get in the room.

Annie smiles, happy Auggie has her back.

JOAN

And what are you going to tell the detectives and any number of people in the hotel who will have pegged you as a witness or possible accessory?

ANNIE

I'll think of something.

JOAN

Yes, we will.

INT. OHB HALLWAY - LATER

Annie, holding a new Blackberry device, and wearing a crisp new outfit, walks with Auggie.

AUGGIE

Try not to break or lose that one.

ANNIE

What is the range on these?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUGGIE
About five feet.

ANNIE
And when I beam out this one...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUGGIE

The other two devices will fill up with the harmless looking phone book we loaded on there and you'll download the intel.

ANNIE

Ingenious. So simple.

AUGGIE

The system we devised before you got shot at was ingenious and simple. Now we're just riffing.

Annie smiles and walks off.

EXT. CAPITOL GRAND HOTEL - DAY

Annie walks down 14th street to the Capitol Grand Hotel. Cop cars and FBI vans virtually shut down the street. Undaunted, Annie walks into the hotel.

INT. CAPITOL GRAND HOTEL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Annie steps off the elevator and walks towards the Oval Suite. Police tape seals off the doorway. We hear the SNAPPING of a forensics camera coming from the room.

Annie starts to duck under the police tape, when...

FBI GUY #1

Sorry, closed crime scene.

ANNIE

Are you in charge? I need to speak to whoever's in charge.

FBI GUY #1

You need to turn around and go back downstairs.

ANNIE

I was here when it happened.

INT. OVAL SUITE BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Forensics has been all over this place. A chalk outline shows us where Stas' body fell. Red strings of yarn show us where they believe the bullets came from.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVES, COPS, FORENSICS SPECIALISTS and BALLISTICS EXPERTS scurry about the room.

Annie stands across from VINCENT ROSSABI (35). Rossabi has dark, piercing Italian eyes, rugged good looks, and an accent that belies his New Jersey roots. He dresses surprisingly well for a G-Man.

ROSSABI

What were you doing here, Miss...

ANNIE

Truesdale. Amber Truesdale. I was here for a business meeting.

ROSSABI

What kind of business are you in?

Annie hesitates.

ANNIE

I don't want to get in trouble.

ROSSABI

We're not going to bust you if you say you're a call girl.

ANNIE

We don't like to use that term.

Annie can see that the two Blackberry devices still sit on the table. She moves closer to them, surveying the room.

ANNIE

It's crowded in here.

ROSSABI

Amazing what 57 high-powered rifle shots can do to a party.

ANNIE

Are you a detective?

ROSSABI

FBI. Agent Rossabi. And, if you don't mind, I'll ask the questions. Sit down.

Annie is forced to sit down. She is too far from the Blackberries to synch them up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

Look, I'm a good girl. I come from
a church-going family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I wanted to come forward and be honest. My mama told me to always do the right thing.

ROSSABI

How does she feel about you being a hooker?

ANNIE

(bristling)

If I don't like being called a call-girl, I certainly don't like being called a hooker.

Annie stands and casually walks towards the table.

CLOSE ON - ANNIE'S HAND

In her purse, we see Annie try to activate the PDA that Auggie gave her.

But just as she does this, an FBI FORENSICS TEAM MEMBER steps in front of her and starts dusting the PDA's for fingerprints. Annie grits her teeth, annoyed.

ROSSABI

Who was the John?

ANNIE

We call them clients. The Agency said his name was Boris. A Russian businessman. This was our first party together.

ROSSABI

What is the Agency?

ANNIE

The Gold Circle Club. I can write down the phone number.

Annie writes down a number on a pad. Agent Rossabi looks at it curiously.

ROSSABI

302 area code? Delaware?

ANNIE

Wilmington. You know, tax reasons.

Annie walks closer to the table with the PDA's, but someone walks past pushing a cart with ballistics analysis equipment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSSABI

Did you see anything through the window?

ANNIE

No. But I wasn't really looking. We didn't get a chance to... I wasn't here long.

Annie is, yet again, poised to hot-synch when two burly COPS taking photos get in her way.

ANNIE

I was sort of standing here. More here, really. Excuse me, boys.

Annie places a hand softly on the small of the back of one of the cops. The cops step aside and Annie is able to finally get within a few feet of the Blackberrys.

ANNIE

The shots came through there and I ran out as fast as I could.

She reaches into her purse and presses a button. We hear a tiny BEEP. She's done it.

ANNIE

I can't remember much else. I should really get going. Am I allowed to leave?

ROSSABI

I wouldn't leave town.

Annie starts out, but Rossabi has one more question.

ROSSABI

Let me ask you this -- why'd you really come back? And don't give me the "good girl" rap.

Annie picks up her shoes off the floor (she had kicked them off her feet during the fire-fight).

ANNIE

For these. Jimmy Choo's don't come cheap.

Annie walks out of the room quickly. Agent Rossabi watches her go, questions still on his mind.

Rossabi dials the number Annie wrote down on his cellphone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WE SEE: A Satellite re-route the call.

INT. DPD OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The phone rings. An automated voice clues Auggie into the caller.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)
FBI secure exchange, line one.

Auggie smiles. His TECH OPS team gathers around excitedly. Auggie picks up the phone.

AUGGIE
Gold Circle Club -- Where pleasure
is our pleasure. How may I direct
your call?

INT. DPD OPS CENTER - DAY

Annie walks in to APPLAUSE by her CO-WORKERS in the DPD. Annie holds up the Blackberry and blushes. Joan approaches.

JOAN
Well, the Peanut Gallery is
impressed. Let's see why this
intel was worth dying for.

Joan takes the Blackberry from Annie and hands it to Auggie. Auggie connects Annie's PDA to a USB port.

We see the intel on the HD screens -- photos of operatives, satellite photos of military installations, documents written in Russian, dossiers on various Russian FSB officers, etc.

Joan looks increasingly more dismayed as she clicks through the intel. She SIGHS loudly.

JOAN
(with each click)
Khyber Intercept...

AUGGIE
Useless.

JOAN
Info on Kaladze's political
aspirations...

AUGGIE
Already knew that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 JOAN
Georgian troop movements from...
last July?

 AUGGIE
Light Samsonite.

 ANNIE
What does that mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUGGIE

It's an old spy term. For when spooks would fill up suitcases with crumpled newspaper. Try and make it look like something valuable.

Joan clicks through some more useless information.

JOAN

Either Stas was too dumb to really know what good intel is, or he thought we were too dumb. Given the fact that he's dead now, it's probably the former.

Joan stands up. She hands Annie the case file.

JOAN

There's nothing here of value. Type up a closer on the Stas file and get it to me. We're done here. Stas is dead, long live Stas.

Joan walks off.

Annie sits for a moment, bewildered. That's it?

She looks around the room -- everyone is back to work, just another day at the Agency.

INT. OHB BREAK AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Annie comes into the break area. She pours herself a glass of water from the sink. Annie takes a sip.

Auggie comes over.

AUGGIE

Word to the wise, the pipes in this building haven't been cleaned since the Johnson administration. I'd invest in a bottle of Evian.

ANNIE

It does taste a little gamey.

Auggie can tell that Annie is shaken up.

AUGGIE

You alright?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

I saw a man get killed today. I lied to a Federal Agent. I was shot at. All for useless intel.

AUGGIE

Or as we call it, "Thursday at the Agency".

ANNIE

"Asset entanglement", "Evasion techniques", "Deception". These are words you learn in training. They make it sound so clinical. But it's not. It's messy and it's dangerous.

Auggie leans in conspiratorially.

AUGGIE

It is messy and it can be dangerous, but you're doing it well.

Auggie puts a friendly hand on Annie's shoulder.

AUGGIE

Now, it's "Miller time". It's happy hour at the Tavern.

ANNIE

A drink? That's your solution?

AUGGIE

Absolutely.

Annie considers this.

ANNIE

One drink.

AUGGIE

Probably better if you drive.

OMITTED

EXT. ALLEN'S TAVERN PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Auggie leads Annie into this inviting tavern, filled with CIA employees. This is a fun place with a warm crowd and an enviable JUKEBOX. But the real draw is the outdoor patio. A great spot with a stunning view of the Washington Monument and downtown D.C. Hanging lanterns and strings of white lights provide great mood lighting. And if it's too cold, space-heaters and boiler-makers will keep you warm.

As Annie and Auggie walk to a table, Auggie is greeted warmly, mostly by ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMEN.

WOMAN #1

Hi, Auggie.

AUGGIE

Tia, lovely as always.

WOMAN #2

Are you coming to my party Saturday?

AUGGIE

Wouldn't miss it, Jane.

Auggie and Annie make it to the empty booth. They sit down.

ANNIE

Have you pretty much slept with everyone in this bar?

AUGGIE

Just the women. Ladies love a blind guy. They think we don't care about looks.

ANNIE

"Think"?

AUGGIE

A little secret - you don't actually have to see a woman to tell if she's hot. Just listen to the way other guys talk to her. Take yourself for example.

At this moment, Conrad sidles up next to their table.

CONRAD

(pouring it on)

Annie Walker, I'm so sorry to hear

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONRAD (CONT'D)
you had a hectic first day.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

CONRAD (CONT'D)

If there's anything the DCS office
can do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUGGIE

I rest my case.

ANNIE

Thanks. Conrad, right?

CONRAD

You remembered. You must be very good with names.

AUGGIE

Now this is getting ridiculous.

ANGLE ON - THE PATIO ENTRANCE

LIZA HEARN (26) enters the roof-deck. Tall, raven-haired, and dressed more like a Pussycat Doll than a reporter, Liza certainly knows how to make an entrance. She's already made an impact on the D.C. journalism scene. She's Woodward, Bernstein and Deep Throat all wrapped into one.

CONRAD

Guess who's here? The Agency's favorite journalist.

AUGGIE

The Hearn-anator?

CONRAD

After what she's written in the Recorder, I can't believe she'd show her face here.

AUGGIE

I can't believe I "went there".

ANNIE

You slept with her?

AUGGIE

In my defense, this was before she started doing CIA smear pieces. We were drunk in Adams Morgan. And she is really hot, right?

As Auggie talks, Liza approaches their table. Annie and Conrad try to stop Auggie by CLEARING their throats.

AUGGIE

And she's standing right here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZA
Evening gentlemen.
(to Annie)
I'm Liza.

ANNIE
Hi.

*

LIZA
Let me guess -- EOD'd today?

ANNIE
I don't know what EOD'd means.

LIZA
Of course you don't.

Liza leans in towards Annie.

LIZA
When I walk away, Golden Boy Conrad here, and All-Hands Auggie will pontificate about my fine ass and low morals. Don't listen to them. I can help you. The CIA doesn't let you talk, but I can talk.

Liza snaps down a business card.

LIZA
Let me be your voice.

Liza saunters off.

AUGGIE
That was direct with a side order of bitch.

CONRAD
She does have an inflated sense of self.

ANNIE
She does have a nice ass.

CONRAD
Who needs a beer?

Annie and Auggie immediately raise their hands.

AUGGIE
I'm going to assume that you see me raising my hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Conrad stands up and finds his way to the bar, leaving Annie and Auggie alone. Annie thinks a beat, and SIGHS.

ANNIE

Don't you think it's weird that Stas tried to sell us such bad intel?

AUGGIE

Just because a guy can shoot a sniper rifle, doesn't make him smart. Intelligence is a bit of a misnomer.

ANNIE

I guess.

AUGGIE

So tell me, why did you get into this? You certainly don't fit the profile.

ANNIE

I thought there was no profile.

AUGGIE

Yet everybody joins for some reason. And it sure ain't the pay.

Annie hesitates. Does he really want to know? She grimaces.

AUGGIE

Tell me, I can take it.

ANNIE

Man, you can read people. Are you sure you're blind?

AUGGIE

As an NBA referee. Now spill it.

ANNIE

I traveled a lot before I came back to D.C. I don't know what I was looking for, not sure I found it, but I got to use my language skills a lot. And then I met a guy.

AUGGIE

It's always about a guy...
(trying not be sexist)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUGGIE (CONT'D)

...or a girl, if a guy is telling the story. I mean, it's always about a significant other. Go on.

ANNIE

We fell in love in Sri Lanka. And it was a painful good-bye.

AUGGIE

A tearful farewell at the airport, a la *Casablanca*?

ANNIE

More like he left like the Baltimore Colts in the middle of the night. Anyway, I kept traveling. I went to all those places that he and I said we'd go together. Tibet, Angkor, Giza, Rapa Nui. But no matter how far I traveled, I couldn't get away from the truth.

AUGGIE

Which was?

ANNIE

The truth was that I let my guard down. I allowed myself to be vulnerable, to trust someone completely, and I got burned. The CIA, and the life it offered, was appealing.

Annie looks up at Auggie.

ANNIE

I wasn't going to get burned again.

AUGGIE

Man, you do fit the profile.

Annie and Auggie share a small LAUGH.

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. HAY-ADAMS HOTEL BAR BATHROOM - NIGHT

Joan, dressed to impress, applies lipstick in the mirror of this overly gilded public bathroom. She stops and stares at her reflection.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 JOAN
Come on, Joan. You can do this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joan takes a deep breath, puts her lipstick into her purse, and strides out of the bathroom.

INT. HAY-ADAMS HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Joan walks through the bar, turning a few heads. She approaches a particular booth...

Seated at this intimate booth is an ATTRACTIVE BLONDE WOMAN (30). Across from her, sits Arthur.

JOAN

Liar.

Arthur shakes his head in disbelief.

ARTHUR

Joan, Sheila Calhoun, legal counsel for the Oversight committee. Sheila, meet Joan, my wife.

JOAN

I can't believe you. After all that denial.

SHEILA

Oh, you think... no... This is completely work-related.

JOAN

Arthur, a moment please, away from your girlfriend?

Arthur stands up quickly, grabs Joan by the arm, and they step away from the table.

ARTHUR

Have you lost your mind?

Joan reaches into her purse, pulls out a manila folder, and holds it up. She speaks with a quiet forcefulness.

JOAN

Phone records, thirteen phone calls made from your scrambled cellphone to hers. Four reservations at various D.C. restaurants made from your opentable.com account. Don't tell me I've lost my mind.

ARTHUR

You're using valuable Agency resources to track me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN

That's not a denial.

ARTHUR

Why can't you be a good CIA wife
and just trust me?

JOAN

I am not a CIA wife, I'm a wife who
works at the CIA. The sheets will
be on the couch when you get home.

And with that, she walks off and out of the bar.

INT. ALLEN'S TAVERN PATIO - NIGHT

The patio is in full swing now. More crowded, music turned
up, a fun place to be on a weeknight. Annie sits with Auggie
and Conrad, drinking beers and analyzing the BAR PATRONS.

AUGGIE

What about the girl one table over?
She smells great.

CONRAD

Vintage Irish heart ring. LSAT
prep book in her purse. Crucifix
on a chain. Holds her liquor. I'm
guessing Boston College.

ANNIE

Maryland accent, but not Baltimore.
Traces of Dublin, too. Parents
were probably first generation off
the boat.

AUGGIE

She's fit, huh? Her pumps barely
made any noise on the floor.

CONRAD

Yeah. In fact she's walking a
little gingerly. I'd say she's
training for a marathon.

It's clear that for these CIA folks, observation is a key
skill, and they never turn it off.

AUGGIE

Time for another round.

Annie looks at her watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

Ommigod, I was supposed to be at my sister's an hour ago. I live in her guesthouse and we do dinner every Thursday.

Annie starts to gather her things. Both guys stand up politely -- perfect gentlemen.

AUGGIE

I'll get a ride with Conrad.

CONRAD

Sorry, dude, booty-call.

AUGGIE

Did you really just say that?
(to Annie)
Did he really just say that?

ANNIE

He did. Sorry, I've got to go.

Annie hurries off.

AUGGIE

How am I going to get home?

Auggie realizes something. He swivels around in his chair to casually chat up the woman they were just analyzing.

AUGGIE

Excuse me, did you go to Boston College?

WOMAN IN BAR

I did. Did you?

AUGGIE

I went there for law school.

WOMAN IN BAR

I'm studying for the LSAT!

AUGGIE

I aced mine. I could lend you my study guide, but it's in braille. We should talk. I'm Auggie

Auggie's humor and confidence puts Louise at ease.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN IN BAR

Louise.

Auggie is in. He's that good.

EXT. ALLEN'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Annie walks out of the bar to her car.

WINDSHIELD POV:

We sense somebody is watching her. Through a windshield we see Annie get into her Honda, turn it on, and drive off.

EXT. BLACK SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

We hear the ENGINE of this powerful car REV up. We see the bluish Bi-Xenon HID headlights flip on.

The car quickly glides out of the parking lot and falls in behind Annie.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

At this hour, the deeply wooded turnpike is quiet. It snakes along, mirroring the curves of the Potomac. Annie glances in her rearview mirror. She looks a little concerned.

Annie shifts lanes.

ANNIE'S POV:

The black sedan follows.

Annie steps on the gas, flooring it. The black sedan easily keeps up, getting dangerously close to Annie.

ANNIE
(freaked)
What the hell?

EXT. KEY BRIDGE - NIGHT

Crossing the bridge now, Annie continues to weave back and forth, and the black sedan continues to weave with her. She looks really concerned. And then she does something about it....

Annie SLAMS on the breaks, coming to a complete stop.

Cars all around Annie on the bridge must swerve to get by her, BLARING their horns. The black sedan slips past as well. Annie has missed an accident by the narrowest of margins.

INT. ANNIE'S HONDA - CONTINUOUS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Annie watches the black sedan go past her.

ANNIE
 (remembering her training)
 Ok, DEC method -- Determine,
 Evade... Counter-Pursue.

Annie drops her Honda into gear, and PEELS after the black sedan.

EXT. KEY BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Annie's instructor wasn't kidding when he said she was a great driver. Annie pushes her old Honda as much as she can, and she quickly catches up to the black sedan. But the black sedan now begins a series of fast, evasive moves, weaving between traffic with Annie close behind.

But then, the black sedan makes a hard left up an exit ramp into oncoming traffic.

Annie realizes what is happening and hits her brakes. She has to make a decision -- follow the sedan through the perilous path, or give up.

ANNIE
 Oh, man.

She closes her eyes, steels her courage, and then floors it up the exit ramp!

The black sedan and Annie must evade on-coming traffic, but they make it through and into...

EXT. GEORGETOWN - NIGHT

Through the narrow cobblestone streets of Georgetown, the black sedan leads Annie in a frantic pursuit.

INT. ANNIE'S HONDA - CONTINUOUS

Annie is roughly bounced around her seat by the bumpy cobblestone streets. We hear the engine REVVING and LURCHING, clearly not enjoying being driven this way.

ANNIE
 Come on, piece of crap car.

EXT. GEORGETOWN - CONTINUOUS

The cars race at full tilt.

-- They run a red light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- They force some COLLEGE REVELERS to dive out of the way,
almost getting hit.

-- They zip up and over a hill. Annie's Honda gets some air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The black sedan is too powerful for Annie's economy car. It starts to pull away. Annie makes a snap decision. She throws the wheel hard to the right, and turns down a service alley.

EXT. SERVICE ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Annie speeds down this extremely narrow service alley. Even for her small car, it's a tight fit. She slaloms past two huge dumpsters, plows through some loose trash bags, and powers towards...

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

...Annie flies out of the alley and onto street. She's made up her ground and comes out right behind the black sedan, almost clipping it. She's now close enough to read the license plate... but there is no license plate!

ANNIE

Who are you?

The two cars barrel down the street, but then the black sedan makes a sudden move. It takes a hard, hard, hard right turn at a breakneck speed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Annie does her best to follow, but her small car fishtails badly. She turns into the skid, but it is too late.

ANNIE

No!

Annie spins out, a full 360 degrees, the back of her car clipping a plastic trash can. She is quickly able to counter-steer to avoid slamming into a brick wall. She pulls up hard on the parking brake.

Annie comes to a stop, inches from the wall, but the black sedan has gotten away.

Annie takes a deep breath. Freaked. Scared by the near-death experience. What just happened?

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. GEORGETOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

Annie slowly pulls her now dinged-up Honda into the driveway of an impressive brownstone townhouse.

She gets out of her car and walks towards the front door.

She sees a warm glow emanating from within, and can see people gathering for a dinner party in the dining room.

INT. BROWNSTONE FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Annie finds her sister DANIELLE (30), greeting her and looking concerned.

DANIELLE
(softly)
Where have you been?

ANNIE
I was... working.

Danielle looks annoyed in the way older sisters can.

DANIELLE
We started eating. Ethan is really
looking forward to meeting you.

Annie looks through the doorway...

ANGLE ON - ETHAN

...And sees a rather studious-looking guy, ETHAN (35), still dressed in his conservative suit from work, smiling at her from the table. Along with two other COUPLES and Danielle's husband, MICHAEL (36). The set-up couldn't be more obvious.

DANIELLE
What's the matter? He's cute... in
an Archie Comics sort of way.

ANNIE
I just had forgotten we were doing
the whole "Ethan thing". I thought
this was just our usual dinner.

DANIELLE
Come on, you guys have a lot in
common. He works at the World
Bank, and you work at the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
Smithsonian. You both have really
boring jobs.

So, we realize Annie has been weaving a big lie, even to her
sister. Danielle leads Annie into...

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room has been given the full Martha Stewart treatment. Candles give the room a soft warm glow. Dave Matthews plays on the hi-fi. It's all very Yuppie.

DANIELLE

Everybody, this is my little sister Annie. Oh, look, there's an extra seat next to Ethan. Annie, why don't you take that?

Annie reluctantly takes a seat. All eyes at the table focus on Annie and Ethan. How is this going to play out? These things are always awkward. Ethan starts right in.

ETHAN

Get stuck in traffic?

ANNIE

Right. Traffic.

ETHAN

(rambling on)

This Petrov speech has the whole Northwest quadrant gridlocked. Usually, I take M Street to get to Georgetown, but they had that blocked. So I tried P Street, but they had that blocked. So I had to go all the way up Connecticut Avenue, past the Zoo, and down Wisconsin. Crazy.

ANNIE

Yeah. Can somebody pass the wine?

ETHAN

Red or White?

ANNIE

Whatever is closest.

Ethan pours Annie a huge glass of wine. It's clear he's trying to get her tipsy.

We PUSH IN on Annie's face.

This is life in the CIA -- high-flying danger one moment, mundane set-ups by your sister the next. It's a strange dichotomy. One that Annie is going to have to get used to.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DANIELLE'S KITCHEN - LATER

Annie finishes up the dishes. Danielle calls out to the foyer, saying good-bye to the dinner guests.

DANIELLE
(calling out the door)
Drive safe!

Danielle turns to Annie.

DANIELLE
(spinning it)
I think that went pretty well.

Annie clearly disagrees.

ANNIE
That makes one of us. Good night.

Annie walks off through the kitchen, and out the side door.

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. ANNIE'S GUESTHOUSE - MORNING

Annie's guesthouse studio is a monument to the written word. Books line every wall. "Heart of Darkness" sits next to "Confessions of a Shopaholic" which sits next to the "Mac Users Guide - 1985".

Annie lies in bed, asleep. Her Russian Blue cat, Rosetta, tip-toes across the bed and licks her ear, rousing her.

EXT. COURTYARD - LATER

Dressed and ready for work, Annie walks away from her guesthouse through an inviting courtyard. She walks through a gate and enters...

INT. GEORGETOWN BROWNSTONE - MOMENTS LATER

Annie enters the busy kitchen of Danielle's house. Annie's sister, Danielle, is busy feeding her two daughters CHLOE (8) and KATIA (6). Chloe and Katia think Annie is the coolest person in the world, even without knowing she has a kickass job. Michael rushes in, late for work. He grabs a banana, kisses Danielle and runs out.

CHLOE

Auntie Annie, we ate waffles.

ANNIE

Sounds delicious.

DANIELLE

Ok, kids, go get ready for school.

The girls begrudgingly run off.

Danielle places a plate of waffles in front of Annie.

DANIELLE

I'm sorry Ethan was such a dud.

ANNIE

It's fine.

DANIELLE

I thought I vetted him, but he turned out to be a completely different guy than I was told. I can't believe he tried to kiss you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Something dawns on Annie.

ANNIE
(to herself)
Kiisu.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Annie's stands and quickly rushes towards the door.

ANNIE
I've gotta go.

DANIELLE
Don't be mad at me, I said I was
sorry.

ANNIE
I'm not mad at you. I've just got
to go.

DANIELLE
I was trying to help, you know.
It's been ages since you've had a
real relationship. It's weird.

ANNIE
Ok, now I am mad at you. But I've
still got to go.

Annie pushes past her sister and out the door.

EXT. COPLEY LAWN - MORNING

Annie walks across a leafy campus quad. COLLEGE KIDS pay her
no mind as they hurry off to class.

She approaches a MAN (50), who stands next a tree.

They both speak in Russian.

MAN
Dawb raye-ootra.

ANNIE
Kak voee seeb ya choost voo ye tye,
Professor?

The man switches to English.

MAN
I would think after teaching you
for four years, you would at least
call me Mark. How have you been?

We realize that the man is a friend, DR. MARK RAMSAY (50).
Tweed jacket with patched sleeves, tortoise-shell glasses,
Ramsay is the epitome of "college professor".

They start walking together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

Good. Traveling mostly.

RAMSAY

Your Russian is still sharp. We were disappointed you passed up that grant at the Marin Institute.

Annie sheepishly shrugs.

RAMSAY

But you're here now.

ANNIE

I'm here now, and I'm dating a guy. A Russian guy. From Moscow.

RAMSAY

Be careful with the Muscovites. They're worse than the Italians.

ANNIE

He calls me "Kiisu", like a pet name. I've never heard that word before. Have you?

Dr. Ramsay's warm attitude fades, and he stops in his tracks.

RAMSAY

Annie, please don't do this.

ANNIE

I like this guy. I just want to make sure his story checks out.

RAMSAY

Please don't work for the CIA.

Annie is shocked. She didn't expect this prescience from her favorite professor.

ANNIE

I... I'm not.

RAMSAY

Don't insult my intelligence and I won't insult yours. Working for those people can lead to nothing good. It's beneath you.

Annie doesn't say anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMSAY

I've had a lot of gifted language students, but you're in a class by yourself. The CIA is just going to exploit that, and corrupt you.

ANNIE

(confidently)

But, I'm not. I'm just dating this guy. I thought you could help.

RAMSAY

So that's your story, and you're sticking to it.

Ramsay stares at Annie. Annie stares back. Stalemate.

ANNIE

What does "Kiisu" mean?

Ramsay takes one last look at Annie and SIGHS.

RAMSAY

It means "kitten", but not in Russian. It's Estonian. And it's not even the most common way of saying "kitten".

ANNIE

Really?

RAMSAY

It's only used in the smaller villages in the South, near Latvia.

ANNIE

So somebody from Moscow wouldn't use that word?

RAMSAY

Somebody lying about being from Moscow might.

ANNIE

Thank you. I've got to go.

Annie starts to walk off, but not before...

RAMSAY

You're on a dangerous path, Annie. Be careful.

INT. OFFICE OF THE DCS - MORNING

Liza Hearn enters Arthur's office. Also present are Conrad and a few LAWYERS. Arthur greets Liza with a warm handshake.

ARTHUR

Welcome Ms. Hearn. So glad you could make it.

Everyone takes seats on couches. Arthur points to a credenza filled with food.

ARTHUR

Would you like something to eat? You've probably heard about my CIA trained chef. Culinary Institute of America.

LIZA

So this is the famous Arthur Campbell "Charm Offensive"?

ARTHUR

You're not hungry?

LIZA

I'm not giving up my sources.

ARTHUR

And you shouldn't. But the people in our Agency who are talking to you are clearly unhappy with the status quo... with me. Maybe I can help them.

LIZA

I have given these people my word. I would go to jail for them. And not a Mickey Mouse 85 day country club prison, either.

ARTHUR

Liza, these people are in the CIA. They're trained spies. I'm worried that they are manipulating you to get you to write what they want.

Liza smiles. Then she gets up and sits down on the couch, right next to Arthur. She places a hand on his leg. It's a very forward move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZA

Arthur, the CIA doesn't have the monopoly on seduction. I play all the same games that you do, but I play them better, and with more style.

Liza sits up straight.

LIZA

(suddenly all business)
But I get it. You want more balanced coverage and I want my sources left alone. So I'll agree to let a little light in, and you'll agree to never call me in here again for another shameless sit-down like this. Great meeting.

And with that, she gets up and walks out of Arthur's office.

CONRAD

I told you she was tough.

ARTHUR

I wish she was working for us.

EXT. CIA COMPOUND - MORNING

Annie pulls up to the guard tower and flashes her badge. She pulls through into the chicane...

At this moment, two black SUV's cut in front of her, blocking her path. A third SUV prevents her from backing up.

A SECURITY POLICE OFFICER (SPO) jumps out of the SUV and walks up to Annie's car.

ANNIE

Uh, oh.

This is not good.

77 INT. JOAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Annie finds herself sitting in Joan's office. Two SPO security officers stand just inside the door.

JOAN

Annie, involving civilians in CIA matters is a serious breach of protocol.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

How did you know?

JOAN

How did we know? We know because we've been following you. Given the leaks we've had recently, we're following everybody.

She throws down a photo of Annie walking through the Georgetown campus with Professor Ramsay.

Annie is amazed. The CIA has more reach than she ever imagined. She refocuses on the bigger issue at hand.

ANNIE

Stas is still out there.

JOAN

Stas is dead.

ANNIE

It doesn't add up. The bad intel; the way he was hitting on me; the fact that he stood near a window.

JOAN

Is that all?

ANNIE

And I was followed home last night. High-speed, tactical pursuit.

JOAN

I know. Could have been the FBI, an unstable ex-boyfriend. It could have been us, for all you know.

ANNIE

Was it you?

After a beat.

JOAN

No.

ANNIE

I knew it.

JOAN

Annie, this is all circumstantial. Get off the Grassy Knoll.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

Stas was born and raised in Moscow.
And the guy I met with called me
"kiisu". It's an Estonian word.
No Russian would ever say that.

Joan considers this a moment, but then...

JOAN

Did you discuss this with your
professor?

Annie knows this is a no-no.

ANNIE

(contrite)

Yes.

JOAN

(incensed)

To discuss any aspect of what we do
with anyone outside the building is
not only a flagrant violation of
your oath, but it could put your
country in danger.

ANNIE

I'm sorry.

JOAN

Gather your things. Go back to the
Farm. At this point you'll be
lucky if you get a desk job in H.R.
You may have washed out of the
entire program. Dismissed.

INT. CIA BATHROOM - DAY

Annie runs into the bathroom, and enters a stall. Once
safely in the privacy of a stall, she sniffles back tears,
overwhelmed -- The getting shot at, the being chased, the
dressing-down from Joan, it's all getting to be too much.

At this moment, Auggie walks into the bathroom. He sniffs
the air.

AUGGIE

Whoops, perfume, wrong bathroom.

He sniffs the air again.

(CONTINUED)

} CONTINUED:

AUGGIE

Jo Malone Grapefruit? Annie?
You're here?
(clearly had an idea)
I had no idea.

ANNIE

Liar.

AUGGIE

How are you doing?

Annie tries to project strength.

ANNIE

I'm fine.

AUGGIE

Liar.

Auggie hands Annie a tissue over the stall door. She takes it and blows her nose.

AUGGIE

I remember when I started at the Agency, I was so freaking confused by everything. And this was before my accident. I could still see. But the protocol, the bureaucracy, people I thought were mentors turned out to be jerks, and vice-versa -- I was a mess. Of course, back then, I could at least read the bathroom signs.

ANNIE

So what's the secret?

AUGGIE

I'm not sure there is one secret. I find it helpful to keep a healthy sense of humor... as well as a bottle of Patrón in my desk drawer.

Annie CHUCKLES.

AUGGIE

If Joan was going to fire you, she would have. The Agency likes people who take initiative. It's kind of a weird push-pull thing.

Annie comes out of the stall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

In that case, I need your help.

INT. JOAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Joan now sits behind her desk, across from AGENT PAUL SHANAHAN (40) at the NSA.

JOAN

So, what did the NSA come up with?

SHANAHAN

We ran the wiretaps on Ms. Calhoun from Oversight.

JOAN

And?

SHANAHAN

It's all on the up-and-up. The conversations with Arthur are completely work-related. Actually pretty boring.

Shanahan places a folder on Joan's desk. Joan doesn't even glance down at it, much less open it.

JOAN

(quietly)

Is that so?

SHANAHAN

You should be happy, Joan. Your husband is not having an affair.

But Joan doesn't look happy.

JOAN

Thanks, Paul. I owe you one.

SHANAHAN

Yes, you do.

Shanahan gets up and leaves Joan's office. We HOLD ON Joan as she processes this huge information.

EXT. FEDERAL MORGUE - DAY

Annie and Auggie walk arm in arm, in front of the morgue steps like a couple of tourists. Out in the field, Auggie wears a very cool-looking pair of Ray-Ban Wayfarer sunglasses. Upon seeing a MAN (40) in scrubs come out of the morgue, Annie flags him down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

Hey! Can you take a picture of us?
Try and get the Capitol Building
in, if you can.

Annie hands the man her cellphone. Annie and Auggie strike a pose as the man snaps a photo.

EXT. FEDERAL MORGUE - MOMENTS LATER

Annie delicately licks a blue Listerine breath strip and places it on the cellphone where the guy held it. Auggie sniffs the air.

AUGGIE

Wintergreen Listerine Breath
Strips?

Annie lifts the breath strip off of the camera, getting a subtle finger print. She then molds the strip over her own index finger.

ANNIE

I'm improvising. I once
accidentally washed a pair of jeans
with a pack of these in the pocket,
and when I fished them out, I
couldn't get them off my fingers.

Annie holds her index finger up in the air and walks off.

EXT. FEDERAL MORGUE - MOMENTS LATER

Annie holds her finger up to a digital fingerprint scanner.

AUGGIE

That's never going to work

ANNIE

You're probably right.

For a moment, nothing. Then a green light comes on. Bingo. The door UNLOCKS. They both look surprised.

INT. FEDERAL MORGUE - LATER

Annie, now wearing scrubs, pushes Auggie along on a gurney down a long hallway. Auggie lies very still on top of the gurney, covered by a sheet. A tag on his toe is a tell that he's playing dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUGGIE

(whispering)

When I was talking about taking
initiative, I meant like showing up

(CONTINUED)

--
CONTINUED:

AUGGIE (CONT'D)
early at work and buying donuts for
everybody once in a while.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE
(whispering)
We need to blend in. You need to
sell this. Talking doesn't help.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Annie wheels the gurney into a storage room. She closes the door behind her. She taps on the gurney.

ANNIE
We're clear.

Auggie sits up. He feels around the gurney.

AUGGIE
You forgot my shoes. I'm supposed
to walk barefoot around a morgue?

ANNIE
(all business)
I just need to find Stas.

Annie starts looking at the information on the body drawers.

ANNIE
(finding the right drawer)
Here he is.

Annie pulls open the drawer containing a body under a sheet.

AUGGIE
Why are we doing this again?

ANNIE
Stas spent ten years in a Siberian
prison. He has the tattoos to
prove it. And this guy...

Annie pulls down the sheet.

CLOSE ON - THE BODY

It is the guy Annie met at the Capitol Grand. His body is clearly tattoo-free.

ANNIE
Clean as a boy scout. I knew it.
Stas is still alive.
(chiding herself)
I should have seen it when his robe
came off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUGGIE

Wait, his robe came off?

At this moment, the two doors to the room FLY OPEN.

FBI GUY #1

Freeze, FBI!

An FBI task force rushes in, guns drawn. Agent Rossabi coolly walks in behind his team, and flashes his badge.

ROSSABI

Now what is a call-girl doing at a
D.C. morgue?

ANNIE

Paying my respects?

Annie and Auggie are busted. The look on Annie's face says it all -- she is in a ton of trouble.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - DAY

Annie sits at a table in a cold room. Rossabi leans across the table menacingly.

ROSSABI
So you're still telling me you're a
call-girl?

ANNIE
I'm still telling you I don't like
that term.

ROSSABI
And who is the blind guy?

ANNIE
He's a...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - DAY

Auggie sits at a similar table. Rossabi sits across from him.

AUGGIE
...client. A "John", as they say.
Ironic, since my name is John.

ROSSABI
And what were you two doing at the
morgue?

BACK TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - DAY

ANNIE
I had mentioned to John about
yesterday, almost getting killed at
the Captiol Grand. I knew he is a
bit of a fetishist and I thought it
would turn him on...

BACK TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - DAY

AUGGIE
...And seeing that body really
turned me on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSSABI
You're blind.

AUGGIE
What are you, "sight-ist"? I think
I'd like to speak to someone more
open-minded.

BACK TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - DAY

Annie leans in conspiratorially.

ANNIE
Look, there is one more thing you
should know.

ROSSABI
What is that?

ANNIE
We are extremely discreet, and we
have a number of Federal Employees
and Civil Servants on our client
list. Just putting it out there.

ROSSABI
Let me get this straight -- you're
propositioning me during an
interrogation?

ANNIE
See, you're using these really
clinical words that are just
dampening the mood.

At this moment, Rossabi's cellphone RINGS.

ROSSABI
I'll be back

Rossabi takes the call and walks out of the room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - LATER

Annie sits alone, waiting. Wondering if she'll still have a
job after all this, or if she'll be in jail.

Rossabi walks in. He looks annoyed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSSABI

So that was my boss' boss. A man
I've never talked to in my entire
career, called me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

Congratulations. You must be doing a good job.

ROSSABI

A man I've never talked to, told me to release you and your friend. What do you think is going on?

ANNIE

Maybe your boss' boss is a Gold Circle client.

ROSSABI

Here's what I think -- I think you are both working for the Agency.

ANNIE

I...

ROSSABI

I know, you don't know what I'm talking about.

ANNIE

I was going to say you don't know what you're talking about.

ROSSABI

You work for the CIA, which should be sharing its information with us, anyway. Somehow you're involved with this Russian guy and, instead of working with the Bureau, you decided to go it alone. But you got caught. And some shadowy superior who goes to the Metropolitan Club with our Director had to call to get you released.

ANNIE

The operative word being "released". Can I go now?

INT. OFFICE OF THE DCS - NIGHT

Conrad stands in front of Arthur's desk. Arthur feels his presence. Without looking up, he speaks.

ARTHUR

Don't just stand there. What is it, Conrad?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONRAD

Just got a call from the Recorder.
A heads up on tomorrow's front
page.

Arthur looks up from his desk.

ARTHUR

Oh, no.

CONRAD

Unfortunately, yeah. Here's the
text.

Conrad hands Arthur a sheet of paper. Arthur reads it over.

ARTHUR

(incredulous)

How many sources does she have?

Conrad lingers.

ARTHUR

What else? You're hovering.

CONRAD

The DNI called. He wants you to
come to his office first thing
tomorrow.

Arthur closes his eyes, stressed out. He crumples the sheet
up and throws it out. He looks pissed.

ARTHUR

Goddamn, Liza Hearn. Game on.

INT. DPD OPERATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

Annie now finds herself back in the Ops center with Joan and
Auggie. How quickly fortunes can change.

JOAN

You were right.

ANNIE

Really?

JOAN

Don't make me say it twice. We got
a hold of the body after you two
were pinched at the morgue. Not
good, by the way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUGGIE

We're sorry about that.

Joan ignores Auggie and stares directly at Annie.

JOAN

Two days on the job and you already have him apologizing for you?

AUGGIE

She likes Mingus.

ANNIE

I'm sorry.

JOAN

Later. We cross-checked the DNA samples -- it's not Stas.

ANNIE

Who is it?

JOAN

Some patsy that Stas must have bribed to pretend to be him. I'm sure he omitted the, "getting shot of it all".

ANNIE

And it was Stas who did the shooting?

JOAN

(nodding)

He is an assassin.

ANNIE

Why would he fake his own death?

AUGGIE

Not for the money. The transfer didn't go through.

JOAN

It wasn't to signal he was dead to us. Too veiled.

ANNIE

We're thinking this through too much. Like you said, he's an assassin. That means everything he does is towards one goal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Something starts to dawn on Auggie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUGGIE

Oh, man.
(to the computer tech)
Is Stas' still on the HSTL?

ANGLE ON - THE SCREENS

We scroll through various dossiers on a list entitled HIGH SECURITY THREAT LIST. We see Stas' profile -- in large red letters, he's listed as DECEASED.

JOAN

Deceased. If everybody thinks he's dead, then nobody's looking for him.

ANNIE

And if nobody's looking for him, he can do what he really came to do -- which is kill somebody.

JOAN

What's the threat matrix?

Images come up on the wall of flat screens showing the locations of various dignitaries and politicians.

JOAN

The President is abroad. Congress is out of session.

We see a photo of a Russian journalist.

JOAN

Petrov. An outspoken Russian journalist in D.C.

ANNIE

It's a classic FSB tactic. Half their assassinations go down abroad.

AUGGIE

Petrov's at an awards dinner tonight at the Smithsonian.

JOAN

We need to get him out of there.

EXT. SMITHSONIAN CASTLE - NIGHT

This was the Smithsonian's first building on the mall -- an impressive Victorian-era brick building with crenellated turrets. The entire facade is lit up for a large GALA. D.C.'s ELITE file in *en masse*.

The security is tight -- metal detectors, bag checks, and even the latest facial-recognition technology.

INT. SMITHSONIAN CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

The foyer is decorated for a black tie party. D.C. *cognoscenti* mingle, dressed in formal wear. CATERERS pass around Russian-themed *hors d'oeuvres* and glasses of vodka.

Russian dissident, VICTOR PETROV (35), sits at a table, signing copies of his anti-Putin book.

ANGLE ON - FOYER ENTRANCE

Annie enters with Joan. Behind them, a team of SPECIAL OPS guys quietly seal off the perimeter.

Joan and Annie make a bee-line to Petrov's table.

ANGLE ON - PETROV

Joan whispers in Petrov's ear. Petrov looks alarmed, but Joan puts a reassuring hand on his shoulder. Two SPECIAL OPS guys escort him out the back and into an awaiting van.

The crowd barely notices.

Joan speaks into her two-way Nextel phone.

JOAN
Petrov is secure.

Annie scans the rest of the area. We HEAR the other SPECIAL OPS guys come in on Joan's two-way.

SPECIAL OPS (O.S.)
(through phone)
Castle is secure. No sign of Stas
in any potential sniper hideaways.

JOAN
Stand down. Stas probably knew we
were on to him and didn't show up.

The other Special Ops guys discreetly clear out of the room, leaving the revelers to party.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Annie walks towards the exit, she is button-holed by...

ETHAN

Annie?

ANNIE

Ethan?

Yes, it's Ethan, the dud of a guy she met at her sister's the night before.

ETHAN

Hi, Annie. Don't worry, I'm not stalking you. Petrov's a friend to the World Bank.

ANNIE

Oh. Hi.

ETHAN

Sorry about last night. Too much Zin. Do me the honor of letting me pay for the dry-cleaning.

ANNIE

It was just chocolate mousse.

At this moment, Annie sees someone moving out of the corner of her eye...

ANNIE'S POV:

A CATERER pushing a cart with a tureen of borscht back to the kitchen.

ETHAN

You Smithsonian people really know how to put on a good party. Are you working or playing?

ANNIE

Um... working. Actually, could you excuse me? Work stuff.

Annie leaves Ethan, and starts walking after the caterer. She calls out to him.

ANNIE

Stas!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The caterer instinctively turns and sees Annie. And we see that it is the businessman that Annie met in the lobby of the Capitol Grand Hotel. This is Stas!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Upon seeing Annie, Stas takes off running into the catering area. Annie goes after him.

INT. MUSEUM STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Annie chases Stas down a vertigo-inducing spiral staircase. She follows him into...

INT. CATERING PREP AREA - CONTINUOUS

Stas runs between the stoves and prep tables that are populated by CATERERS and CHEFS.

Annie chases after him in hot pursuit.

Annie loses him in the bustle. For a moment silence. She stares down the long kitchen corridor. Nothing. Then...

From out of nowhere, Stas topples a heavy dishwashing cart, filled with metal water jugs, towards Annie. Some of the jugs crash down onto her, but she shrugs them off.

Stas uses the distraction to run off, and out of the kitchen. Annie gives chase.

EXT. MUSEUM COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Annie chases Stas across the stone-inlaid museum courtyard, through the arched entrance, and onto the street.

OMITTED

EXT. JEFFERSON DR. - CONTINUOUS

Stas sprints down Jefferson Dr.

Annie, at a full run, is gaining. She's fast.

EXT. SMITHSONIAN METRO STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Stas goes subterranean. He heads into the Smithsonian Metro Station, and expertly slides down the side railing on the escalator.

Annie appears at the top of the escalator, in pursuit. She tries to follow suit, and slide herself down the side railing. For a moment, she does it. But then she loses her balance and tumbles off the side railing, landing hard on the escalator steps. Before she hits the teeth at the bottom, she scrambles to her feet and continues to give chase.

INT. SMITHSONIAN METRO STATION TURNSTILE AREA - MOMENTS ~~LATER~~

Stas sprints through the ticketing area, and easily hurdles the turnstile.

Moments later, Annie does the same thing.

INT. SMITHSONIAN METRO STATION TRAIN PLATFORM - MOMENTS ~~LATER~~

Annie runs down the small escalator and onto the platform of this cavernous station, with vaulted concrete ceiling.

As Annie arrives, a subway pulls away from the platform. Was she too late?

She looks around. The place is empty. Annie SIGHS. She missed him.

But then... CLICK!

Stas is now holding a Russian-issue GSh-18 to the back of Annie's head.

STAS

Move, and I'll kill you.

ANNIE

I believe you, Stas.

Annie scans the platform and sees no one. She's not the screaming type, but in this case, even screaming wouldn't help.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

OMITTED

INT. SMITHSONIAN METRO STATION TRAIN PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER

Annie is still being held at gunpoint by Stas, who now discretely holds the gun to the small of her back.

STAS

Walk forward.

Annie does begin to walk, but also tries to spin things.

ANNIE

Let's think about this, Stas. The CIA loves to negotiate. I can shepherd you in to Langley myself.

STAS

I'm afraid not. Keep walking.

Stas is leading Annie to the very end of the platform, where the platform drops off and the trains disappear into the tunnel. There is no one around.

STAS

Get down on your knees.

Annie obliges and gets slowly down on her knees.

ANNIE

I knew that Spanish accent was off. You're getting sloppy.

STAS

I promise you I'll work on that after you're dead.

Annie senses a small lapse in Stas' concentration. She uses this window of opportunity to kick a leg back from her kneeling position into Stas' knee.

Stas SCREAMS in pain and FIRES his gun, twice. But Annie has rolled out from her kneeling position and Stas misses.

Annie gets up to her feet and kicks Stas' hand. The gun flies out onto the tracks.

But Stas doesn't need a gun. He's happy to use his fists. He uses his size and bullrushes forward into Annie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Annie can't keep her feet under her as she backpedals and Stas slams her into the wall, hard. Stas punches Annie in the face. She knees him in the balls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stas doubles over, but is able to grab Annie's arm. He flips her down the platform and pounces on her.

Stas pounds Annie in the face. Then he grabs her throat. In Annie's eyes are pure terror. She knows she is in the grasp of a trained assassin. She is able to barely mutter...

ANNIE

No.

It looks bad for Annie. Stas tightens his grip.

We hear the SCREECHING as a train pulls into the station. As the SCREECHING CRESCENDOES, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

We are BACK on the BEACH in SRI LANKA. We see the handsome Ben Mercer that we met in the opening, walking towards Annie in his bathing suit and a loose-fitting linen shirt.

Ben smiles and reaches into his shirt...

CROSSFADE BACK
TO PLATFORM:

ANNIE'S POV: a FIGURE at the far end of the platform walking towards them.

Through her beaten, asphyxiated haze, Annie sees Ben Mercer. He's lost the beach beard and the boardshorts, and he's now wearing a sharp-looking pea-coat.

From the inside of his coat, the figure/Ben draws a handgun with a silencer and takes dead aim...

The figure/Ben fires a silent shot and Stas slouches forward, dead, with a shot in his temple.

Annie rolls out from under his grasp, gasping for air. She is just able to see the figure/Ben hop onto a train as it leaves the station.

INT. DPD OPERATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

An awards ceremony. Warming trays with hors d'oeuvres, and a pitcher of lemonade sit on a buffet table. Several DPD MEMBERS have gathered to honor a now bandaged up Annie, as well as snag some free food.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Arthur makes a speech to Annie. Joan, Auggie and Conrad look on with the rest of the attendees.

ARTHUR

As we are not allowed to tell the world of our successes, it is important that we honor them within these walls.

Arthur nods, and a CLERK presents Annie with a medal.

ARTHUR

The Intelligence Commendation Medal. For your work on neutralizing an enemy spy.

APPLAUSE from the onlookers. Arthur gestures to Annie to say a few words. Annie blushes with modesty.

ANNIE

Thank you. I'm looking forward to coming back to the Agency after my training.

Arthur interjects.

ARTHUR

You're not going back to the Farm. We're keeping you here, with the DPD. Your country needs you.

Annie is speechless.

ANNIE

Oh. Thank you.

More APPLAUSE. End of ceremony. The crowd breaks up and hits the buffet table. Some PEOPLE come up to Annie to shake her hand.

Annie approaches Joan.

ANNIE

Joan, can I talk to you for a second?

JOAN

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

On the platform-- It all happened so fast, but I could have sworn that Stas was killed by... someone I knew.

JOAN

Someone you knew?

ANNIE

Someone I met while traveling.

JOAN

You've been through a lot. The man who killed Stas was agent Baldwin over there. You're lucky he got there when he did. You can go thank him.

Joan signals to a tall MAN who looks nothing like Ben.

Annie seems confused. She shakes her head, bewildered. Joan changes the subject.

JOAN

You're going to need to give that back. Awards stay here in a vault.

Annie, surprised, hands back her medal. It's a visceral taste of the Catch-22 that is CIA life. Joan walks off.

Auggie approaches her.

AUGGIE

The Agency giveth and the Agency taketh away.

ANNIE

You were right. This is a weird place.

AUGGIE

Let's scarf down some more cheese cubes before they take the trays away.

INT. CIA LOBBY - LATER

Arthur, Joan and Conrad talk quietly near the CIA seal. Nobody else is around in the now eerily quiet lobby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR
So you're telling me, he's back
already?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN

The moment we brought her in, he resurfaced. Thankfully he took out Stas for us.

ARTHUR

(ruminating)

Ben Mercer. They must have had a hell of a time in Sri Lanka.

CONRAD

Should we mobilize an Ops team?

ARTHUR

Not yet. If we move too quickly, he could slip away again.

Arthur thinks a moment.

ARTHUR

Joan, keep the girl working, keep her out there. Let's see what he does. Hopefully, she'll lead us right to him. Conrad get close to her.

CONRAD

How close?

ARTHUR

As close as you need to.

The meeting breaks up. Conrad leaves. Joan lingers.

ARTHUR

This meeting's over Joan.

JOAN

Arthur, I'm sorry.

ARTHUR

You're sorry?

JOAN

For everything. For last night. For the phone records. For being so paranoid.

ARTHUR

You wouldn't be good at your job without being paranoid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN
I was hoping for, "I forgive you".

Arthur takes a deep breath. He doesn't want to have this conversation, but...

ARTHUR
We've lost trust. Without trust,
we have nothing. I've contacted a
lawyer. You should too.

Arthur walks off, leaving a stunned Joan standing by the CIA seal on the lobby floor, completely alone.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Annie parks her car on the street. She limps into her sister's house. It's been a long day.

INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Annie enters her sister's kitchen. She grabs a pint of Cherry Garcia ice cream from the freezer and holds it against her temple.

At this moment, Danielle enters the kitchen. There's a bit of tension between them.

ANNIE
Hi.

DANIELLE
Hi.
(noticing the stitches)
Are you ok?

ANNIE
Fine. Stapler accident. I'm such a klutz.

Danielle gives Annie a sisterly hug.

ANNIE
Look, I'm sorry about this morning.

DANIELLE
No, I'm sorry. I just felt guilty because I wanted to introduce you to someone cool, and Ethan was... not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANIELLE

Wow. Right to the Cherry Garcia.
Rough day, huh?

ANNIE

No. I'm fine.

DANIELLE

You are such a horrible liar.
You'd make like the worst spy ever.
You want to talk about it?

Annie pauses for a beat. Is she going to tell her sister?

ANNIE

Not tonight.

INT. ANNIE'S GUESTHOUSE - NIGHT

Annie walks into her guesthouse.

Annie is greeted by her cat, Rosetta, who brushes up against Annie's leg.

ANNIE

Hi, Rosetta. Good to see you.

Annie walks over to one bookshelf, lined with leather-bound scrapbooks. She pulls out one particular scrapbook.

CLOSE ON - THE SCRAPBOOK

It's more than just a journal, it's a living testament to Annie's life and travels. Words, photos and artifacts burst off the page -- Pictures of Annie on the tops of Cham temples, drinking tea with Shinto monks, smiling on a Nepalese peak; Pasted in are swatches of raw Thai silk, Patagonian wool, even a weathered Red Sox hat worn by a Eritrean shepherd.

Annie flips to the last page. Taped in, is a single object, the shell bracelet she purchased with Ben on the beach. Annie touches the tiny, delicate pale shells, strung together like stars in the night sky.

CROSSFADE ON THE BRACELET...

We see an identical shell bracelet is being held by Ben Mercer. He, too, has kept it all these years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We PULL BACK and see that he is sitting in his car, across the street from Annie's brownstone.

Ben stuffs the bracelet back in his pocket. He walks to his car, a black sedan, and drives off into the night...

FADE OUT.

OMITTED

END OF PILOT