

SPY

"PILOT"

Written by

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ACT ONE

1 INT. ROOM - EVENING

1

It's dark. CLOSE UP: A MAN'S HANDS in surgical gloves are delicately holding a pair of tweezers connected to a wire. He is trying to probe away at something buried in a small metal cavity. A digital clock is counting down seconds: 00:17, 00:16...etc.

CLOSE UP: The Man's eyes are focussed, exhilarated. He is wearing special protective glasses with micro torches attached to the arms. He wipes some sweat from his brow. The clock counts down: 00:02...00:01...BUZZ! An alarm FLASHES and BUZZES loudly. The room lights burst on; the Man is blinded by the light.

A BOY is standing there: 10 years old, well dressed with an unusually adult demeanor. This is MARCUS ELLIOT. He looks at the Man sat at what we now see is the kitchen table. The Man is playing a high stakes game of "Operation" against the clock. This is TIM ELLIOT, Marcus' father.

TIM
(startled)
Marcus!

MARCUS
Did I startle you?

TIM
Me? No! How are you, how was school?

MARCUS
Torpid.

TIM
Right.

Tim struggles to get the surgical gloves off with his teeth as Marcus fixes himself an apple juice in a crystal tumbler.

MARCUS
(re: game)
Not interrupting am I?

TIM
(laughing it off)
This? Ha! No, no! Must have been delivered by mistake.

Tim sweeps the game onto the floor. He waves some food at Marcus.

TIM (CONT'D)

Oh hey, I got your favorite:
venison loins.

MARCUS

Are they organic?

TIM

They're free range.

MARCUS

Is that what I asked?

TIM

Well, no, but it's the same sort
of..

Marcus sits opposite Tim.

MARCUS

You know why Erica left you?

TIM

Hey now, mommy loves you Marcus.

MARCUS

I know she loves me. We're trying
to establish why she didn't love
you.

TIM

Oh, okay.

MARCUS

Because you're weak.

TIM

I see.

MARCUS

And you're boring.

TIM

Right.

MARCUS

And you're lazy.

TIM

(beat, turning)
Is that true?

We now see that ERICA (neatly dressed, neurotic, wearing
coat) is standing in the doorway.

ERICA

It's not that I didn't love you.

TIM
(to Marcus)
See!

ERICA
I despised you.

TIM
Good, just checking.

MARCUS
Your weakness drove her into the
arms of another man, a man who
could properly nourish her both
intellectually as well as
physically.

ERICA
That's exactly right.

TIM
Ugh, do we have to talk about Alan?
(beat, turning again)
No offense Alan.

We now see ALAN is also in the apartment.

ALAN
Hey, don't worry about me, bud. I
get to hump this hot piece of mama!

TIM
Not in front of him. You are still
his Principal for crying out loud.

MARCUS
(to Erica)
But I still don't understand how he
got custody.

They all look at Tim who finally pulls the surgical glove off
with his teeth, the glove slapping him hard in the face.

ERICA
It's just temporary.

ALAN
That's right, just while your mom
sorts out the legal stuff. And her
pill addiction.

ERICA / TIM
Alan!

Alan looks apologetic.

MARCUS
What does he mean?

TIM

Nothing, ignore him. He's a
c...confused.

ERICA

All you need to know is that you'll
be home with us before you know it,
I promise.

ALAN

Come on Goose, I feel the need for
speed.

ERICA

(to Marcus)

Come give me a hug. We'll see you
soon.

Marcus goes over and hugs Erica. Alan cuddles Tim super
affectionately. Tim recoils.

ALAN

You take care big bear.

TIM

Get off me.

ALAN

Call me.

TIM

No.

Tim and Marcus watch Alan and Erica leave.

TIM (CONT'D)

(to Marcus)

Phew! Now we got rid of the buzz
kills, how about me and you go out
for..

(Marcus turns and walks to
his bedroom)

..some ice cream.

(aloud to Marcus)

Or alone time. Yep, that works too.

Marcus slams his bedroom door shut behind him.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

2

INT. "BEAN THERE" COFFEE SHOP - DAY

2

Chris and Tim are behind the counter of a big chain coffee
shop. Chris stands slurping a large iced tea through a straw -
his name badge says "Bored";

Tim is sitting scribbling in a book. CLOSE UP: Tim is quickly completing a difficult a sudoku puzzle.

TIM
Marcus hates me.

CHRIS
Marcus is a dick.

TIM
You can't say that about my son.

CHRIS
Why not?

TIM
He's ten.

CHRIS
So what?

A CUSTOMER is waiting to order, holding a newspaper.

CUSTOMER
Excuse me.

CHRIS
(to Customer)
Hang on.
(to Tim)
I don't know why you don't just let
him live with Erica.

TIM
Believe me, she's not a good mom.
Anyway, I'm his dad and I love him.

Chris pretends to vomit.

CHRIS
Sorry, you were saying.

TIM
I just wish he respected me a
little more.

CHRIS
Sure, I mean you work in a crappy
coffee shop serving ungrateful
morons..

CUSTOMER
I'm really sorry to...

CHRIS
(to Customer, angry)
You can see I'm talking here!

TIM

Wow! You're totally right.

Tim is standing, for the first time fully realizing why Marcus might not respect him.

CHRIS

Obviously.

TIM

I'm going nowhere.

CHRIS

And...?

TIM

No, I'm serious Chris. I've gotta prove to Marcus I'm better than this.

(beat, proud)

Hell, I graduated from KU with a three point oh.

CHRIS

Well, I got a four point oh from Columbia and do you see me complaining?

TIM

All the time.

The Customer nods in agreement.

CHRIS

Touché.

TIM

(determined, heroic)

No, you know what, I quit!

CHRIS

What? You're talking crazy. There aren't any jobs out there.

TIM

Who says?

CHRIS

Republicans mainly but still...

Tim looks defiant and focussed.

TIM

No, I'm sorry.

(turning to Customer,
serious)

You!

Tim is holding a knife and pointing it at the Customer.

CUSTOMER

Hey, I'm sorry, I just wanted a Frappuccino.

Tim grabs the Customer's newspaper. He opens it to the Jobs Section at the back.

CHRIS

Yeah, like you're gonna find a decent job in there.

TIM

(heroic, noble)
Let's see what Destiny has in store for me!

Tim closes his eyes, smiling with Zen like certainty and confidence. He waves his arm around in the air randomly and then slams the knife into the newspaper. Tim, Chris and the Customer all peer over the paper.

CLOSE UP: an impressive CIA recruitment advertisement. But we then pan down to the bottom corner of the page where Tim's knife has pierced an advertisement for "*Data Entry - \$14 per hour - no skills necessary*".

Chris and the Customer feel embarrassed for Tim. But Tim is resolute and happy, convinced that this is the start of a new future.

TIM (CONT'D)

No. If this is my destiny then alright, I accept! I'll catch you later, Chris.

Tim throws his apron to the floor and strides out.

CUSTOMER

(to Tim)
Good for you!

CHRIS

(to Customer)
Seriously, I will end you.

CUT TO:

3

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

3

A banner shows it's "Career Day" at school. A mother, DOCTOR PRAKASH (early 40's, professional), is standing at the front addressing the kids. Behind her is projected a dental slide of rotten teeth. The Kids are confused and bored. Alan smiles encouragingly.

PRAKASH

Now then, as you can see, there is quite extensive acid erosion on the upper left 4...

MARCUS

Oh.

PRAKASH

Is there a problem?

MARCUS

No, no.

PRAKASH

Okay, good. So then..

MARCUS

It's just the breakdown on the lower left lateral incisor. I don't know, that looks to me like it needs urgent composite resin restoration.

Prakash now stares at the dental slide, uncertain of her diagnosis.

PRAKASH

But there's discoloration on the palatal aspect?

MARCUS

Is there? Is there really?

Prakash studies the slide again, even more perplexed.

PRAKASH

But what about the...

Marcus sees at the door the faces of his friends and advisors COHEN and GOLDSTEIN (both 10).

MARCUS

I'm sorry, excuse me.

Marcus stands and walks towards the door.

ALAN

We're not actually finished yet.

MARCUS

This is important, Alan.

ALAN

Oh, sorry.

Marcus leaves the classroom--

4

INT. SCHOOL/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

4

MARCUS

Well?

COHEN

It's not looking good.

GOLDSTEIN

I spoke to my guy down at the court and he reckons you don't have sufficient grounds for appeal.

MARCUS

So that's it? I just give up and live with Tim?

COHEN

(plotting)

Look, they're gonna appoint a social worker, right?

MARCUS

We're meeting with her tomorrow.

COHEN

In that case I say you get inside her head early, poison her mind against your dad.

MARCUS

That's a great idea!

(beat, sneering)

And so incredibly obvious.

(Cohen's smile crumbles)

Let me know if there are any developments.

GOLDSTEIN

You got it.

Marcus reenters the classroom, just as Prakash has finished her talk.

ALAN

(clapping)

Fascinating stuff! Let's hear it for Doctor Prakash!

Feeble applause from the class. Dr Prakash walks out the room in despair, wracked with self-doubt. Marcus takes his seat.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Now then, for tomorrow, I thought it would be fun if Marcus' dad came in to tell us about his job.

MARCUS

What?

ALAN

(genuinely excited)

He serves coffee to complete
strangers. Isn't that wild!

The Kids snigger; Marcus looks mortified.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(handing Marcus a note)

Will you see he gets that?

Marcus looks at the note, perplexed as to what to do.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

5 EXT. STREET - DAY 5

Tim stands outside a dull looking building, holding the ripped out newspaper advert. He is wearing a bad suit. He enters.

CUT TO:

6 INT. BUILDING/SECURITY - DAY 6

It's busy. A solid FEMALE SECURITY GUARD patrols.

SECURITY GUARD
Keep it moving.

TIM
Sorry, could I just check...

SECURITY GUARD
Keys, cell phones, metal objects in the tray.

TIM
But I just need to...

SECURITY GUARD
Until your belongings are in the tray, sir, I cannot hear you.

TIM
Yeah, but...

SECURITY GUARD
I cannot hear you, sir!

Tim goes through Security and then wanders through the labyrinthine building. He tries to ask people for directions but they are all too serious and professional to stop and chat. He sees a room with the door slightly ajar and pokes his head inside.

7 INT. BUILDING/EXAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS 7

THE EXAMINER (lithe, mischievous) suddenly appears.

EXAMINER
Just in time! Take a seat.

TIM
I'm sorry, is this the right place for...?

EXAMINER

Shh! Shh! No talking now, son.

Ten CANDIDATES are sitting at little exam desks (professional MEN and WOMEN, all mid 20's/early 30's). The Examiner gestures for Tim to sit at an empty desk. Tim sits and leans over to the guy in front, MORITZ SKENK (snivelling, selfish).

TIM

(whisper)

Pssst! Is this for the Data Entry thing?

Moritz ignores him. The Examiner starts passing out test papers. Tim resigns himself to being there and settles in. He looks around and smiles at JACKSON, a kind, professional looking guy. Jackson nods politely.

To his other side, Tim sees CAITLIN BANKS (attractive, ambitious). He winks at her and double clicks his ballpoint pen suavely - the ink cartridge flies out the front and hits Moritz on the back, staining his jacket.

TIM (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Caitlin laughs. Tim tries to wipe Moritz down.

MORITZ

Get off!

EXAMINER

Okay, you have one hour. Begin.

Tim turns over the test paper and is pleasantly surprised: it is full of brain teaser puzzles.

CUT TO:

8

INT. BUILDING/EXAM ROOM - 20 MINUTES LATER

8

The Examiner is taking a surreptitious drink from a hip flask. He looks up casually only to see Tim with his hand raised. The Examiner walks over with extra paper.

EXAMINER

(offering him more paper)

Here.

TIM

Oh no, I'm finished.

EXAMINER

Finished? It's only been twenty minutes.

TIM

Sorry. I can just stay, it's fine.

He pulls out from his jacket an old games console, which immediately starts playing an ANNOYING TUNE that he can't turn off despite whacking it against the desk. He eventually shoves it down his pants. The Examiner picks up Tim's paper and sees that all the answers have been neatly and correctly filled in.

EXAMINER

What's your name?

TIM

Tim Elliot.

He thumps the games console in his pants. It goes silent.

EXAMINER

Good work, Tim. Come back tomorrow for the interview. Show this at Security.

The Examiner gives him a small red laminated card.

TIM

Okay. Thanks.

Tim stands but his jacket gets caught in the desk. He tries to free himself, now with all the Candidates watching. He crashes about until eventually--

EXAMINER

Maybe just leave it for now?

TIM

Yeah.

Tim peels himself out of the jacket and leaves it there.

TIM (CONT'D)

(exiting, thumbs up)
Sorry...good luck.

The Examiner goes back to his desk and consults the list of candidates. Ten names there and no Tim Elliot. The Examiner closes his file, intrigued. On the front is the "Central Intelligence Agency" crest and "Top Secret".

CUT TO:

10 INT. THERAPY CENTER/PAULA'S OFFICE - DAY

10

Erica, Alan, Marcus and Tim are seated in a semi-circle facing PAULA, a not particularly attractive social worker.

PAULA

(talking mainly to Marcus)
Okay, so my name is Paula and over the next few months I'm going to be assessing whether you should continue to live with your daddy or go back and live with your mommy.

MARCUS

My mother.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(to Tim)
Ha! Isn't he a blast!

TIM

Meh.

PAULA

Okay, so, how have things been?

TIM

Amazing!

MARCUS

Appalling.

TIM

General agreement then.

ERICA

No agreement.

PAULA

I see, well, what problems have there been?

MARCUS

I'm trying to think of the word that best describes Tim's parenting style?

TIM

Attentive?

MARCUS

Abusive.

TIM

What?

ERICA
(to Paula)
You getting that down?

MARCUS
Tim is a dreadful father.

TIM
That's not true!

MARCUS
He's always late.

TIM
No.

ERICA
The apartment's horrible.

TIM
It's Bohemian.

MARCUS
And his cooking is shameful.

TIM
Uh, excuse me, aren't you
forgetting my Rachael Ray nut
roast?

MARCUS / ERICA / ALAN
No.

PAULA
(making notes)
Oh dear.
(aside to Tim, breathy)
I want you!

TIM
I'm sorry?

PAULA
Sorry, what?

TIM
You said you 'want me'?

Accusatory looks from Erica and Marcus.

PAULA
I don't think so!

ALAN
(to Tim)
You dog!

TIM

No.

ERICA

You're disgusting.

TIM

I didn't do anything.

PAULA

(making notes)

Interesting.

TIM

(re notes)

What are you writing? There's nothing to write.

PAULA

Well, emotions are obviously running high so perhaps we'll leave it there for today. But don't worry, we'll be seeing a lot more of each other very soon.

Tim is confused as they all stand.

ALAN

(to Tim)

In fact we'll be seeing you tomorrow.

TIM

Huh?

ALAN

You're coming to talk to Marcus' class? Marcus told you, didn't he?

TIM

He must have forgotten.

MARCUS

(cold, unapologetic)

Oops.

CUT TO:

11 INT. TIM'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

11

Marcus and Tim are in Tim's crappy car.

TIM

Why didn't you tell me about talking to your class?

MARCUS
Why would I?

TIM
Because I'm your dad.

MARCUS
Technically.

TIM
No, not "technically".

MARCUS
Tim, I don't want you to come.

TIM
Oh, so you're ashamed of me, is that what you're saying?

MARCUS
Of course that's what I'm saying!
Paul's dad is the Chief of Staff to the Labor Secretary. Daniel's mom is this Assistant DA. You serve Americanos.

TIM
(pleased with himself)
Well, for your information, I quit my job so...

MARCUS
You did what?

TIM
I quit my job at the coffee shop.
Yay!

Tim offers a high five that Marcus ignores.

MARCUS
And what exactly are we going to do for money?

TIM
I'm gonna get another job, a better job.

MARCUS
We're gonna starve.

CUT TO:

TIM
No, I've got an interview tomorrow
actually.

MARCUS
Tomorrow?

Tim nods. Marcus appears to soften, apparently looking like he wants to help his dad.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(casual, helpful)
Do you want to practice some
interview questions?

TIM
No, I think I'm good.

SMASH CUT TO:

Marcus sitting opposite Tim like an aggressive interviewer.

MARCUS
Why do you think you're right for
this position?

TIM
Well...

MARCUS
Too slow.
(beat)
On a scale of 4 to 60, do you
prefer failure or defeat?

TIM
I don't understand.

MARCUS
Really? No?

TIM
No.

MARCUS
47?

TIM
What?

MARCUS
No?

TIM
Nope.

MARCUS
Okay. Pretty basic stuff.

TIM

(beat)

Yeah, I'm pretty sure they'll stick to questions about my résumé.

Marcus picks up the single sheet with disdain.

MARCUS

It says here that you're single.

TIM

That's right.

MARCUS

Been single a long time?

TIM

Well, since your mother left me so, what's that, just over a year.

MARCUS

And why specifically do you think women find you so repellent?

TIM

Yeah, I really don't think they're going to ask me that.

MARCUS

Okay, fine. It says here you speak fluent Spanish.

TIM

Si.

MARCUS

(in fluent Spanish)

Cuales son las exportaciones principales de los Estados Unidos?

TIM

(crappy Spanish)

*Mey...yamoo...Timotei unt teng-
issimo los maracas para..Antonio
Banderas..*

Marcus stands.

MARCUS

Do you think you got the job?

TIM

No.

MARCUS

No.

(smirks, overt sarcasm)

Good luck tomorrow.

Tim makes a face at Marcus behind his back.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(not looking)
Grow up.

Tim's face snaps back, reprimanded.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

13 EXT. BUILDING - DAY 13

Tim approaches the same building as earlier.

14 INT. BUILDING/SECURITY - CONTINUOUS 14

Tim approaches the same Security Guard as earlier.

SECURITY GUARD
All keys, cell phones, metal
objects in the tray.

TIM
Hello again.

SECURITY GUARD
I cannot hear you, sir.

TIM
Yeah, no, I was given one of these.

He shows her the red laminated card. The Security Guard sees it and looks at Tim with new respect.

SECURITY GUARD
Oh, okay. You need to take the
elevator over there.

Tim looks over at a boring looking elevator.

TIM
That one?

SECURITY GUARD
Yes sir. And you have a good day.

TIM
Thanks. You too.

Tim approaches the elevator. There are no buttons, just a black pad. He presses it, waves at it, talks into it. Nothing. He finally wafts his red card at it and the doors whoosh open. He steps inside. Again, no buttons. The doors close. He looks up; the elevator zooms off downwards.

CUT TO:

15 INT. CIA/EXAMINER'S ANTEROOM- CONTINUOUS 15

We're in an operational type environment with professional looking AGENTS walking around purposefully. Tim is waiting, bored, still assuming this is for a dull Data Entry job.

Next to him sits Caitlin, focussed. Tim starts drumming on his thigh with increasing exuberance.

CAITLIN
(re drumming)
Do you mind?

TIM
Huh? Oh right, sure thing.
(beat)
You're going for the job too?

CAITLIN
Yes.

TIM
(beat)
I don't reckon you'll get it.

CAITLIN
What, why not?

TIM
My son says they only hire ugly people into Public Service so that counts you out.

CAITLIN
(disarmed)
Oh.

Tim smiles.

LESLIE (O.C.)
Tim Elliot?

A severe looking woman, LESLIE, the Head of HR has come out of the Examiner's office.

TIM
Yes, here!
(to Caitlin)
Good luck!

Caitlin is amazed how he can be so relaxed and jolly.

CUT TO:

16 INT. CIA/EXAMINER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

16

The office contains artifacts and weapons from various conflicts over the decades, a mixture of vintage and modern. Leslie sits next to the Examiner. Tim sits in a very low chair.

EXAMINER
Damn impressive exam results, Tim.

TIM

Thank you.

EXAMINER

But we don't appear to have any paperwork on you.

TIM

Yeah, sorry, I guess I did just kind of walk in off the street.

The Examiner interprets this to be a discreet answer.

EXAMINER

Ha ha! You are one cool guy.

TIM

Really?

EXAMINER

Smoking cool.

TIM

Okay.

EXAMINER

(leaning in, purring)
I like you, Tim.

TIM

Thanks.

EXAMINER

Almost too much.

TIM

Bit weird.

EXAMINER

I want to offer you the job, son.

TIM

(casual)
Oh okay. Cool.

EXAMINER

Good man.

The Examiner opens a drawer, pulls out a 9mm automatic and slides it across to Tim. Tim laughs, confused. They all laugh along for a bit. Eventually--

TIM

One question, do you think I'll be needing that a lot?

EXAMINER

How do you mean?

TIM
For the Data Entry?

EXAMINER
Not reading you, T-Bird.

TIM
I've got the ad right here.

He reaches into his inside pocket which makes the Examiner jumpy. The Examiner pulls his pistol.

EXAMINER
Woah!

TIM
It's okay.

EXAMINER
Nice and easy.

Tim slowly pulls out the job advertisement.

EXAMINER (CONT'D)
That's it. Now slide it across.
Steady.

Tim slides over the clipping.

TIM
I am also proficient in Word and
PowerPoint, and I speak
"intermediate" Spanish.

The Examiner studies the advertisement then looks anxiously at Leslie. Something's gone horribly wrong.

EXAMINER
Well Tim, clearly there has been
some kind of mix up.

TIM
(amused, embarrassed)
Oh dear.

EXAMINER
Now, I have to inform you that
everything you've seen falls under
the Espionage Act, the penalty for
breach being life imprisonment. Do
you understand me?

TIM
(choked)
Yes.
(clear)
Yes.

EXAMINER

You've put me in a very awkward position.

TIM

Ooops.

EXAMINER

Lucky for you I like awkward positions. Always have. You read me?

TIM

No.

EXAMINER

Ha! Terrific! Look, you've demonstrated skills that we can definitely use so what do you say, buddy - do you want a job?

TIM

Doing what?

EXAMINER

What do you think? As a CIA Agent.

TIM

Shut up!

(beat, serious)

No, I mean, yes, good. Affirmative.

EXAMINER

But if you accept this job, Tim, your world will never be the same again. People's lives will depend on you. Is that fun? Of course it is. But it's also a burden, a burden that you cannot share with anyone, and I mean anyone.

(beat)

So, what's it to be?

CUT TO:

17

INT. CIA/EXAMINER'S ANTEROOM - MOMENTS LATER

17

Tim emerges from the Examiner's office, shell shocked. As he walks through the offices he realizes the people dotted around are in fact TRAINEE CIA AGENTS learning how to decipher codes and hack computers etc. Tim begins to puff up with pride and starts to swagger a little. He smiles and nods at a few Trainee Agents. He looks over a FEMALE TRAINEE AGENT'S shoulder encouragingly while she reads.

He pats another Trainee Agent enthusiastically on the back, causing the Trainee Agent to pull out wires on the dummy bomb he's defusing. The bomb beeps a countdown and then BLASTS PAINT into the Trainee Agent's face.

CUT TO:

18 INT. CIA/EXAMINER'S OFFICE - DAY 18

Caitlin sits down in front of the Examiner and Leslie.

EXAMINER

Good work Caitlin. Welcome to the team!

Caitlin beams as the Examiner slides across a shiny new gun. She quickly checks the mechanism. She is clearly a pro.

CAITLIN

Yay!

CUT TO:

19 INT. SCHOOL - DAY 19

Marcus' class is getting impatient waiting around for Tim to show up. Erica is also present.

ALAN

(anxious)

Do you think your dad will be here soon?

MARCUS

I sincerely hope not.

ALAN

Must be held up on something important.

ERICA

Yeah, right. A matter of national security I bet!

Erica and Marcus smirk at each other.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. 'BEAN THERE' COFFEE SHOP - DAY 20

A "closed" sign hangs on the door. A group of irate CUSTOMERS are trying to figure out why it's closed.

CUT TO:

21 INT. 'BEAN THERE' COFFEE SHOP/BACK ROOM - DAY

21

Tim and Chris are looking at Tim's gun with awe and reverence. Chris is wearing only Speedo swim shorts.

CHRIS
(re gun)
It's beautiful.

TIM
What are you wearing?

CHRIS
Dress down Friday.
(beat, Tim reacts)
Have you shot it yet?

TIM
No.

CHRIS
Can we shoot it!

TIM
No! It's dangerous.

Chris picks up the gun and poses with it. Tim paces.

TIM (CONT'D)
This is ridiculous. I was only going for a Data Entry job. How can I be a government agent?

CHRIS
Yeah, I'm surprised you don't have to keep that a secret.

TIM
(beat, realization)
I am not going to be good at this.

CHRIS
Hey! Can we shoot Marcus?

TIM
No!
(beat, looking at watch)
Marcus! Damn it!

Tim grabs the gun and runs out.

CUT TO:

22

EXT. STREET - DAY

22

Tim runs to his car. As he puts his key in the door, he is suddenly thrown against it by Paula who is smothering him in giddy giggling kisses.

PAULA
Are we crazy?

TIM
One of us might be.

PAULA
This can't go on, Tim.

TIM
Okay.

PAULA
And yet it must.

TIM
Really?

PAULA
You can't put a name on this.

TIM
Sexual harassment?

PAULA
Do you want me to lose my job?

TIM
Kinda.

PAULA
You've got to be strong for both of us. Tell me what to do.

TIM
Leave me alone.

PAULA
I'll do anything you say.

TIM
Leave me alone.

PAULA
Just say the word.

TIM
Leave me alone!

PAULA
(pressing a finger over
his lips)
Your silence says it all.

She kisses him passionately and rushes away, sobbing. Tim is left totally stunned and confusedC589158FCE58.

CUT TO:

23

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

23

The kids are getting seriously restless now.

MARCUS
Oh well, I guess he couldn't make
it. Maybe next time.

Tim bursts through the door, buzzing and excited. Marcus is disappointed.

TIM
(out of breath, thumbs up
to Marcus)
I'm here! I'm here.

ERICA
(cold)
Twenty minutes late. Make a note,
Alan.

ALAN
(shrugging apologetically
to Tim)
Yes, my love.
(to class)
Now then, settle down and please
welcome Marcus' dad, Tim. Tell us
Tim, how's the crazy world of hot
java?

The Kids laugh at him, but Tim is smiling confidently. Marcus notices the other pupils' disrespect towards his dad and he feels embarrassed and humiliated.

TIM
(suave)
Actually I don't do that anymore,
Alan. I've got a new job.

Tim smiles coolly at the class, enjoying the attention.

ALAN
Oh really? What do you do now?

Tim is busting with pride to tell them but enjoys building the suspense.

TIM

Well Alan, I work for the
government!

ERICA

What?

TIM

(at Erica, with some
venom)

Yeah, that's right!

The Kids look much more intrigued and fall quiet. Marcus notices the Kids' new respect for Tim and feels a tingle of pride for his dad. A GIRL at the front puts her hand up tentatively.

GIRL

What exactly do you do for the
government?

Silence. Tim has the full attention of the class. He winks and smiles at Marcus with a look a love and pride.

TIM

(suave, slow playing)

Well, if you really want to know...

(Marcus scrutinizes him
intensely)

I...

But as he starts to speak he realizes he can't tell them that he is a CIA agent. It was bad enough he told Chris. He would definitely lose his job and then Marcus would have nothing to respect. All the Kids are staring at him.

TIM (CONT'D)

(beat, weak smile)

I...I do Data Entry.

Erica and the other Kids laugh at Tim loudly. Marcus looks crushed. Alan looks at Tim with pity.

TIM (CONT'D)

No, it's a good job, really. Good
pay, nice office...

(to Marcus, entreating)

It's good. You've gotta trust me.

MARCUS

(cold, sneering)

It must feel amazing to have
finally fulfilled your potential.

TIM

(proud, optimistic)

It really does.

Tim smiles and glows with pride. Marcus shakes his head.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

24 INT. TIM'S APARTMENT/TIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

24

Tim swivels round and points his 9mm at the camera.

TIM

(tough guy voice)

Where do you think you're going,
pal...

MARCUS (O.C.)

I'm going to bed.

Tim is in his bedroom wearing pyjamas, posing with the gun in front of a large mirror. On hearing Marcus, he frantically hurls his arm over his shoulder so that the gun is hidden behind his back (near his shoulder blades), like some exotic yoga position. Marcus studies him with a withering snarl.

TIM

Yoga.

(moving his leg into a
silly stork pose,
breathing in exaggerated
yogic way)

Feels awesome. You wanna try it?

Marcus shakes his head with disdain and walks out.

TIM (CONT'D)

(calling after)

Sleep well.

Tim breathes a sigh of relief. He looks at himself again in the mirror, holding the gun by his side, and smiles with pride and anticipation at his new life.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF SHOW