

**COVERT AFFAIRS**

"Pilot"

by

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&

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TEASER

FADE IN:

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 (26) 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 26 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.

POLYGRAPHER

Yes or no would be fine.

ANNIE

Yes.

The polygraph needles remain steady.

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 (24) 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?

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.

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?

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. Annie's blonde hair is cut shorter. 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)

I should have known.

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

EXT. SKY - MOMENTS LATER

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, a SOLDIER (32) drives up in a military-issue jeep, and pulls to a halt right in front of her.

SOLDIER  
Annie Walker?

ANNIE  
Yes.

SOLDIER  
Get in.

ANNIE  
Am I in trouble?

The soldier doesn't answer. He just gestures for her to get in the jeep. Annie hops in the passenger seat, and before she can get the door closed, the soldier is driving off.

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

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 three months of training  
left.

COMMANDING OFFICER

Now.

EXT. ROUTE 123 - MORNING

Annie drives her "vintage" 1994 white Honda Accord through  
the verdant Virginia woods. Annie turns into...

EXT. CIA COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Imposing guard towers and ARMED GUARDS. Annie pulls up to a  
call box and presses a button.

VOICE

Social security number?

ANNIE  
024-38-2951.

There is a long pause. Annie looks concerned - should she say something? Then the toll-style gate lifts up.

VOICE  
Proceed.

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 briefcase, 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

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 check-in is.

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.

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

ANNIE

Conrad, look me up some time.  
Seeing as you work at the CIA, I'm  
sure you'll be able to find me.

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. "THE BUBBLE" - CONTINUOUS

WE INTERCUT this with a speech by the Director of the CIA, 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 speaks at a lectern inside the futuristic-looking 500-seat auditorium at the CIA, nicknamed "The Bubble". This is an "All Hands" assembly, meaning Arthur's speech is also being broadcast on a closed-circuit TV feed within the Agency, as well as to all CIA stations around the world.

ARTHUR

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

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 Post.

ARTHUR

Today's paper. Classified information leaked to Liza Hearn at the Washington Post. 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 comes up to Annie, holding a bible.

CLERK

We're pressed for time. We have to do this now. Place your hand on the bible and read the card.

Annie reads with conviction. SPLIT SCREEN WITH Arthur, who continues to address the CIA.

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 off the stage in a huff.

END SPLIT SCREEN.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Annie walks out of the CIA processing office. She is immediately greeted by AUGGIE ANDERSON (25), a blind tech expert. Auggie still has that athletic swagger from when he was in Special Ops before his accident. He wears his blindness well, sporting Ray-Ban sunglasses that have 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.

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?

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 the Director?

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

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.

Joan's secretary, MAXINE (59), pops in. Maxine is a solid worker who is thankful she is a year away from retirement.

MAXINE

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

Joan gestures for Annie and Auggie, who wait just outside Joan's office.

Annie starts to enter Joan's office. Annie realizes that Auggie isn't coming in with her.

AUGGIE

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

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.

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

This is a key place in the world of our show, so let's take a moment to describe it: The Ops Center is a large open bullpen buzzing with activity. There are cubicles throughout the space, and, 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. So it's like any office, except...

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. This place is more than just an office, it's an intelligence nerve center.

JOAN

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

Annie barely has a chance to take it all in. Auggie, at the computer, brings up an image on the screen.

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

Auggie brings up Stas' dossier 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.

(MORE)

JOAN(CONT'D)

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?

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.

Joan 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? I would have thought there'd be other people here who knew the language.

Joan allows herself a small smirk.

JOAN

True, but you can also pass for a call-girl. Stas' room is being watched by the Russians, and lord knows who else.

Joan nods at the screens -- we see counter-surveillance photos of AGENTS sitting inconspicuously at cafes, keeping an eye on the hotel.

JOAN

We want it to look like Stas is here to buy guns and party, not sell secrets to us. The cross-section between a case-officer who knows Russian and looks like a call-girl is surprisingly small here at Langley.

ANNIE

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

Liza Hearn is killing us, Conrad. The Vice President never wanted me for Director and this reporter is giving him ammo to have me fired.

CONRAD  
I'm on it, sir. I've scheduled a meeting with the heads of the four Directorates. 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.

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. He hands her a pager.

AUGGIE  
Here. You're going to go to the Willard Hotel. Wait in the lounge area. This pager will vibrate when Stas is ready for you.

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.

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.

SPO

Annie Walker.

ANNIE

My ride. 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.

INT. WILLARD HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

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

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. When I'm off work.

ANNIE  
 Cava? Are you from Spain?

BUSINESSMAN  
*Si*, Madrid.

Annie knows 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?

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. WILLARD 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". Annie pulls out her pass-key, KNOCKS TWICE, then 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. Better looking than in the grainy satellite photo, 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.*

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.

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.

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!

Bullets 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.

Annie looks around. She can see the exit, knows she needs to get there. She kicks off her heels, preparing to run.

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 and finds the stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Annie takes the steps four at a time, running for her life. She plows through the door at the emergency exit, setting off the DEAFENING ALARM.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Annie exits into an alley. She sees an unmarked van. She starts toward it.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Annie dives into the back of the van.

ANNIE  
Drive! Go!

The CIA DRIVER acts quickly and puts the van in gear, burning out of the alley and heading back to Langley.

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 DIRECTOR - DAY

Arthur sits in his stately office with a magnificent view of the surrounding woods. 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.

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?

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

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. News  
travels fast at Langley.

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.

JOAN

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

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 National 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.

JOAN

Auggie, get the surveillance cam of the hotel up.

AUGGIE

Already on it.

Auggie pulls up a web-cam of the Willard Hotel entrance. We see several police cars parked in front.

JOAN

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

ANNIE

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

JOAN

Sweetie, you can't walk into an active crime scene and take stuff.

ANNIE

I'm not going to take anything. I just need to get in the room.

Auggie smiles. He sees where Annie's going with this, and loves her moxie.

AUGGIE

Genius.

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 considers this.

JOAN

Works for me.

INT. OHB HALLWAY - LATER

Annie, holding a new Blackberry device, walks with Auggie.

AUGGIE

Try not to break or lose that one.

ANNIE

What is the range on these?

AUGGIE

About five feet.

ANNIE

And when I beam out this one...

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. WILLARD HOTEL - DAY

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

INT. WILLARD 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...

COP

Sorry, closed crime scene.

ANNIE

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

Has Annie's accent changed? A slight Midwestern twang?

COP

You need to turn around and go back downstairs.

ANNIE

I was here when it happened.

Yes, it has. And here we realize she's fully into character.

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

Annie stands across from TONY 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.

ANNIE

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

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.

WE SEE: A Satellite re-route the call.

INT. DPD OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The phone rings. Auggie picks it up.

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. He punches some  
 computer keys.

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.

JOAN  
 (with each click)  
 Khyber Intercept... Useless; Info  
 on Kaladze defecting... we already  
 knew that; Georgian troop movements  
 from... last July? What the hell?

AUGGIE  
 Light Samsonite.

ANNIE  
 What does that mean?

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 HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Annie has stepped out of the Ops Center to try and compose herself. Seeing a water fountain (yes, they still have water fountains at Langley), Annie takes a drink.

Auggie, carrying some files out of the DPD, senses her.

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?

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.

Annie finishes her candy bar.

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.

INT. CLARENDON TAVERN - NIGHT

Auggie leads Annie into this old-school tavern, filled with CIA employees with their badges tucked discreetly into their shirt pockets. This is a fun place with a warm crowd and an enviable JUKEBOX.

As they walk to a booth, 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 you had a hectic first day. If there's anything the DCI's office can do.

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 DOOR

LIZA HEARN (26) enters the bar. 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  
Post, 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.

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

ANNIE  
Annie.

LIZA  
Let me guess -- EOD'd today?

ANNIE  
I don't work at the CIA.

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. My articles get  
read, changes are enacted.

(MORE)

LIZA(CONT'D)

Send a cable to Arthur Campbell, it gets thrown in a pile. Talk to me, and the CIA listens.

And with that, Liza saunters off.

AUGGIE

That was direct with a side order of bitch.

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.

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)  
...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.

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.

JOAN  
Come on, Joan. You can do this.

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 past 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?

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. CLARENDON TAVERN - NIGHT

The Tavern 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 booth 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.

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 finds his way over to 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  
We should talk. Mind if I sit  
down? I'm Auggie.

WOMAN IN BAR  
Louise.

Louise immediately makes room. Auggie is in. He's that good.

EXT. CLARENDON 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. SILVER AUDI S6 - CONTINUOUS

We hear the ENGINE of this powerful car REV up.

From the Bi-Xenon HID headlights, we might recognize the car as an Audi S6. (A high-performance car favored by wheelmen from Hong Kong to Buenos Aires to D.C.).

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

EXT. ROUTE 123 - 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 Audi follows.

Annie steps on the gas, flooring it. The Audi 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 Audi 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 Audi slips past as well. Annie has missed an accident by the narrowest of margins.

INT. ANNIE'S HONDA - CONTINUOUS

Annie watches the Audi go past her.

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

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

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 Audi. But the Audi now begins a series of fast, evasive moves, with Annie close behind.

-- Weaving between traffic.

-- Driving up onto the shoulder, passing other cars.

-- Exiting the wrong way off the bridge exit.

The Audi and Annie must evade on-coming traffic.

EXT. GEORGETOWN - NIGHT

Through the narrow cobblestone streets of Georgetown, the Audi 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 Honda.

EXT. GEORGETOWN - CONTINUOUS

The cars race at full tilt.

-- They run a red light.

-- 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.

And finally, the Audi takes a hard, hard, hard right turn at a breakneck speed. 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, 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 Audi 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 walks up to the front door and enters.

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  
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 Kirilenko Delegation 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.

As Annie pours wine and takes a slug, and Ethan continues to DRONE on, 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. 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 wakes up in bed, not with Ethan from the night before, but rather her Russian Blue cat, Rosetta.

INT. GEORGETOWN BROWNSTONE - LATER

Dressed and ready for work, Annie enters the 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.

CHLOE  
Auntie Annie, we're eating waffles.

ANNIE  
Sounds delicious.

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.

Something dawns on Annie.

ANNIE  
(to herself)  
*Kisu.*

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. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY - MORNING

Annie walks through the stately, serene campus of Georgetown. Walking amongst the students, Annie, young and beautiful, could be one of them, except for the urgency in her gait.

INT. DR. MARK GIDLEY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Annie sits across a desk from DR. MARK GIDLEY (50). Tweed jacket with patched sleeves, tortoise-shell glasses, Gidley is the epitome of "college professor". Behind him is a massive bookcase, spilling over with books.

They both speak in Russian.

GIDLEY

*Dawb raye-ootra.*

ANNIE

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

Gidley switches to English.

GIDLEY

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

ANNIE

Good. Traveling mostly.

GIDLEY

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

Annie sheepishly shrugs.

GIDLEY

But you're here now.

ANNIE

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

GIDLEY

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. Gidley's warm attitude fades.

GIDLEY

Annie, please don't do this.

ANNIE

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

GIDLEY

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.

GIDLEY

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

(confidently)

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

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

Gidley stares at Annie. Annie stares back. Stalemate.

ANNIE  
What does "Kiisu" mean?

Gidley takes one last look at Annie and SIGHS.

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

ANNIE  
Really?

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

ANNIE  
So somebody from Moscow wouldn't  
use that word?

GIDLEY  
Somebody lying about being from  
Moscow might.

ANNIE  
Thank you. I've got to go.

Annie stands up and heads for the door, but not before...

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

INT. OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR - 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. Maybe we 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.

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.

(MORE)

LIZA(CONT'D)

So I'll agree to let a little light in, and you'll agree to never call me in here again for another creepy 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.

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.

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 entering the Linguistics building on the Georgetown campus.

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  
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.

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  
Did you discuss this with your  
professor?

Annie knows this is a no-no.

ANNIE  
(contrite)  
Yes.

JOAN  
 (incensed)  
 Our job, by it's definition,  
 concerns issues of National  
 Security. To discuss any aspect of  
 what we do with anyone outside the  
 building is a flagrant violation of  
 your oath.

ANNIE  
 I'm sorry.

JOAN  
 Clean out your desk. 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.

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.

ANNIE

In that case, I need your help.

INT. JOAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Joan now sits alone in her office. Her phone RINGS and we INTERCUT with an AGENT MARK SHANAHAN (40) at the NSA.

JOAN

Hello.

SHANAHAN

It's Mark at NSA. So we ran the wiretaps on Ms. Calhoun from Oversight.

JOAN

Yes?

SHANAHAN

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

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, Mark. I owe you one.

SHANAHAN

Yes, you do.

Joan hangs up the phone and closes her eyes.

EXT. FEDERAL MORGUE - DAY

Annie and Auggie walk arm in arm, in front of the morgue steps like a couple of tourists. Upon seeing a MAN (40) in scrubs come out of the morgue, Annie flags him down.

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. ALLEY - LATER

Annie delicately licks a blue Listerine breath strip and places it on the cellphone where the guy held it. After lifting off a subtle print, she then molds the strip over her own index finger.

AUGGIE

Where'd you learn that?

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.

ANNIE  
Let's try this.

EXT. FEDERAL MORGUE - MOMENTS LATER

Annie holds her finger up to a digital fingerprint scanner.  
For a moment, nothing. Then a green light comes on. Bingo.  
The door unlocks.

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.

AUGGIE  
(whispering)  
I don't really feel comfortable  
with this.

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 on the gurney.

AUGGIE  
You know, I'm pretty sure that when  
you're in a hole, the first thing  
you should do is stop digging.

ANNIE

This is as far as it goes. I'll  
stop if this doesn't check out.  
Now where is Stas?

Annie starts looking at the information on the body drawers.  
Auggie feels around the gurney.

AUGGIE

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

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 Willard. 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.

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. 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 Willard. 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.

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  
soliciting me during an  
interrogation?

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

ROSSABI  
I'm getting a cup of coffee.

Rossabi walks out of the room in a huff. Annie smiles.

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.

ROSSABI  
I just got a call. From my boss'  
boss. A man I've never talked to  
in my entire career, called me.

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. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

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?

CONRAD  
Just got a call from the Post. 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 Vice President's office called.  
He wants you to come to his office  
at the Naval Observatory 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.

AUGGIE  
We're sorry about that.

JOAN  
Later. We cross-checked 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.

Something starts to dawn on Auggie.

AUGGIE  
Oh, man.

Auggie throws on his headphones and feverishly punches some  
keys on his computer.

ANGLE ON - THE SCREENS

We see Auggie punching 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

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?

Auggie punches more keys -- Images come up showing the locations of various dignitaries and politicians.

JOAN

The President is abroad. Congress is out of session.

We see a photo of several Russian politicians.

JOAN

The Kirilenko delegation. A pro-Western Russian dissident on American soil.

ANNIE

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

AUGGIE

Kirilenko's at an event 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, YURI KIRILENKO (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 Kirilenko's table.

ANGLE ON - KIRILENKO

Joan whispers in Kirilenko's ear. Kirilenko 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  
Kirilenko 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  
(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.

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. Kirilenko'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!

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

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

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.

Stas pulls some pots off the stove, trying to block Annie's path, but Annie is able to hurdle the obstacles.

Stas runs through the catering area, and into...

INT. SMITHSONIAN CASTLE EXHIBITION - CONTINUOUS

The America's Treasure Chest exhibit. Security night-lights give the room a forboding glow. It is pin-drop quiet -- a drastic change from the CHAOS of the catering area.

Annie enters.

ANNIE

Stas?

Annie hears FOOTSTEPS running away from her. She takes off after them.

As she runs past a large exhibit case, she hears a CREAKING. She wheels on her heels, and sees the exhibit case being pushed onto her. She dives out of the way and the case CRASHES on the floor behind her.

From the ground, Annie looks up and sees Stas sprinting out an exit door.

Undaunted, Annie gets up and continues her pursuit.

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 sprints down the very long stairwell.

Annie appears at the top of the stairs, in pursuit.

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

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.

Annie and Stas begin fighting, hand to hand. He towers over her, but Annie must have picked up a few tricks from the Tae Kwon Do instructor she mentioned hooking up with at the Farm.

Annie kicks at Stas, and gets a few shots in, but Stas uses his size and bullrushes forward into Annie.

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.

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. AWARDS SUITE - NIGHT

We are in the awards suite, a conference room within the CIA that is used for commendation ceremonies. The wood-paneled room is decorated with plaques, commemorating CIA victories.

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

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.

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 BLACK MAN who looks nothing like Ben.

Annie seems confused. She shakes her head, bewildered.

At this moment, the Clerk who presented Annie with her medal approaches.

CLERK

I need that back. Awards aren't allowed outside the awards suite.

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

INT. OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR - NIGHT

Arthur, Joan and Conrad caucus in Arthur's office.

ARTHUR

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

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 a strike 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 the other  
night. For the phone records. For  
being so paranoid.

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

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.

Joan is stunned. She can't believe what she's hearing. She  
walks out of Arthur's office in a daze.

INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Annie walks into her sister's brownstone.

Annie sees Danielle in 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 earlier.

DANIELLE

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

ANNIE

It's ok. He's gonna pay for the dry cleaning.

Annie takes a pint of ice cream from the freezer and digs in.

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.

We PULL BACK and see that he is standing in a park, on a hill, overlooking Annie's brownstone.

Ben stuffs the bracelet back in his pocket. He walks to his car, a silver Audi S6, and drives off into the night...

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT