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, mid 30's.

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 (mid 30's, 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 (mid 40's) 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 <u>he</u> 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 <u>defiant and focussed</u>.

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 (early 50's, 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 (late 20's, 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 in his mid 20's. Jackson nods politely.

To his other side, Tim sees CAITLIN BANKS (early 30's, 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 <u>brain teaser puzzles</u>.

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:

9 EXT. THERAPY CENTER - DAY 9

A community therapy center.

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 (early 40's).

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:

12 INT. TIM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 12

Tim and Marcus enter.

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 <u>you</u> 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 (late 30's), 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 <u>anyone</u>.
(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 confused.

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