

"The Big Spill"

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"THE BIG SPILL"

ACT I

Scene I

MONTAGE - AROUND WASHINGTON D.C.

The sun begins to rise over the nation's capital.

The Washington Monument and Lincoln Memorial loom silently in the bright sunlit morning.

Arlington Cemetery lies still, as fallen heroes, past and present, rest serenely.

Commuters rush to catch their daily taxis and buses.

The White House lies in the heart of the capital, as Government employees make their way to work.

END MONTAGE

MONTAGE - CURRENT AND PAST EVENTS

News footage of speeches from President George W. Bush, speeches Bush's cabinet, drastic changes in gas prices, war in the Middle East, speeches from President Obama, speeches from Obama's cabinet, and political unrest in Washington.

END MONTAGE

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - SPECIAL DEFENSE OFFICES - MORNING

CIA employees amble about headquarters, about to begin another work day.

ARTHUR "ART" CONLEY, one of the head operatives in the Defense Department, arrives into work, briefcase in hand, as he settles into his desk, and logs into his computer.

He carefully reads his emails, when notices one.

INSERT SHOT - E-MAIL ON MONITOR

From Art's Supervisor, Kevin Rutledge, Reads "HI, ART. PLEASE SEE ME IN MY OFFICE. SHARP. KEVIN."

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - KEVIN RUTLEDGE'S OFFICE - MORNING

KEVIN RUTLEDGE sits at his desk, as he fills out some paper work. Suddenly, there is a KNOCK on his OFFICE DOOR.

KEVIN

Come in.

The door opens, as Art enters.

KEVIN

Good morning, Art. How's it going?

ART

Morning, Kevin. Good, thanks.

Art notices his long-time co-worker, PHILLIP "PHIL" VALENTINE, seated at Kevin's desk.

ART

(slightly surprised)
Phil, what's up?

PHIL

Hi, Art.

KEVIN

Art, please have a set.

Art sits in the chair next to Phil, as Kevin begins.

KEVIN

Art, I had coffee with Phil this morning, and Phil has informed me that he will be retiring, effective at the end of the week.

ART

(in disbelief)
You're kidding me, right?

Kevin looks soberly at Art, as Art looks astounded at Phil.

PHIL

I'm sorry, Art. Been givin' it a lot of thought in the past year. It's time.

ART

What's gonna happen now?

KEVIN
 Fortunately, despite Phil's
 departure, we will continue our
 daily operations.

(beat)
 We have already been researching
 replacement candidates, and I
 believe I've found one. Any
 questions?

A moment of silence follows, as Art looks up from his chair.

KEVIN
 Art, I know this is a lot to take
 in. Phil still has a few days left,
 so I would make the most of your
 time together.

(beat)
 This meeting is adjourned.

FADE OUT.

SCENE II

FADE IN:

EXT. MCEWEN'S PUB - ESTABLISHING SHOT - EARLY EVENING

Patrons stand outside, as they converse and smoke.

CUT TO:

INT. MCEWEN'S PUB - BAR - NIGHT

Art and Phil sit at the bar, as they have a few drinks and
 commiserate.

ART
 (drinks his beer;
 reflects)
 I can't believe after twenty years,
 you're leaving.

PHIL
 I'm sorry the news came so sudden,
 Art. This decision was not easy to
 make. Lost a lot of sleep last
 week.

ART
 How could you not?

PHIL
(drinks his beer)
Whoda thunk it? I'm going from
tracking Al Quaida to watering
tulips.

Art lightly CHUCKLES, as he takes another sip of his beer.

PHIL
So, have they found my replacement?

ART
They haven't said anything to me.
(beat)
Nobody can replace you, Phil.

PHIL
(raises his beer bottle)
I'll drink to that.

Phil and Art CLICK their BOTTLES, as they continue to
converse.

PHIL
(commiserates)
We had some great times. Serving
our country, taking no prisoners,
and having fun.

ART
Amen, brother. Won't be the same
without you.

PHIL
Only wish the economy was better.
I'm barely eking it out in
retirement.
(beat)
Thank goodness for a pension.

ART
Am sure everything will be fine.
(joking)
Besides, having treated for beers
most of the time, I'm sure you have
ha pretty solid nest egg.

PHIL
(in mock anger)
Watch it, wise guy!

ART
Congratulations, Phil. You deserve
it.
(raises his bottle)
One last toast. To the greatest
nation in the world. And the brave
men and women who protect it.

CLOSE ON BEER BOTTLES

As they CLICK

CUT TO:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATE FRIDAY
AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON BEER BOTTLES

As they CLICK

Employees celebrate Phil's last day on the job, as the CIA's
Director of Defense, WAYNE HENDRICKS, calls everyone to
attention.

WAYNE
(audibly speaks into
microphone)
Okay, everyone. Can I please have
your attention?

EVERYONE goes silent, as Wayne continues.

WAYNE
Thank you. Today, we are privileged
to celebrate a very esteemed and
accomplished colleague.
(turns to Phil)
Phillip Valentine, you have served
and protected the United States of
America with pride, prestige, and
productivity.
(beat)
You are an example by which all
should aspire to emulate, and on
behalf of the greatest nation in
the world, I thank and salute you.

EVERYONE
 (aloud; in unison)
 Skoal!!

WAYNE
 And now, some words from the man of
 the hour.
 (turns to Phil)
 Phillip, the floor is now yours.

Phillip approaches the microphone, as EVERYONE APPLAUDS.
 EVERYONE then settles, as Phillip begins.

PHIL
 (speaks into microphone)
 Testing, testing. Sorry, folks.
 Force of habit.

EVERYONE CHUCKLES, as Phil continues.

PHIL
 In all seriousness, I'll never
 forget my first day of work here. I
 had a bad perm, knew nobody, and
 thought I made the worst decision
 of my life.
 (beat)
 After three wars, four Presidents,
 and thousands of cups of coffee,
 all I can say is it has been an
 honor and privilege to serve my
 country, but most importantly, to
 do it alongside all of you.
 (beat)
 I'll try to keep in touch and know
 that you will continue our
 dedicated and life-long mission.
 (one full beat)
 And you better. I'll be watching.
 (winks playfully; waves
 his hand)
 Thank you and God Bless America.

EVERYONE APPLAUDS, as Phil steps aside. Wayne approaches the
 microphone.

WAYNE
 Thank you, Phil. I thought it would
 be appropriate for me to take this
 occasion to make another important
 announcement.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

WAYNE (cont'd)

It appears that we have prepared another cake. I have just received word that after 30 years of loyal service, Harvey Messersmith has confirmed that he will be retiring, effective today.

EVERYONE gives a COLLECTIVE GASP.

WAYNE

Congratulations, Harvey, and our very best to you and yours.

EVERYONE APPLAUDS LIGHTLY.

FADE OUT.

SCENE III

FADE IN:

INT. MCEWEN'S PUB - BAR - EARLY EVENING

Art and Phil enjoy some beers, as they reflect on Phil's last day.

ART

(pats Phil on back)
Never thought I'd see your last day on the job.

PHILLIP

(takes a sip of beer)
Neither did I. Can you believe Harvey?

ART

(takes a sip of beer)
Whoda thunk it? Two of our longest-tenured and finest calling it quits.

(beat)

Didn't expect it from either of you.

PHIL

Well you know how Harv is. He's always been low-key. I swear that guy is like a shadow.

ART

Guess we he got goin' while the getting was good.

PHIL

Can't blame him. It still hasn't set in for me yet. Job as been a real grind the last few years.

ART

Well, we aren't exactly in a typical line of work.

PHIL

I hear ya. Can't tell you how often I slept with one eye open.

ART

Well, now you can rest assured. And with both eyes.

PHIL

Yea, maybe you're right. Just being a little paranoid. Hey, it comes with the job.

ART

So, what do you plan on doing in retirement?

PHIL

Probably sit around and get fat.

ART

That's livin' the dream my man!

Art lifts his bottle, as he and Phil toast.

ART

I don't know who they have to replace you. But whoever it is, they've got mighty big shoes to fill.

PHIL

They're size 13 by the way.

The guys look humorously at each other, as they continue drinking their beers.

FADE OUT.

SCENE IV

FADE IN:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DEFENSE DEPARTMENT OFFICES - MORNING

Art has arrived into work, as he settles into his desk area and logs into his computer.

Art begins to type on his keyboard, when one of his co-workers, GLENN HANLON, beckons him.

GLENN
Good morning, Art.

ART
Hey, Glenn. What's up?

GLENN
Rutledge told me he wants to see you in his office.

ART
Okay. Thanks, Glenn.

Glenn departs OUT OF VIEW, as Art looks on cautiously.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - KEVIN RUTLEDGE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Kevin sits at his desk, as he carefully analyzes some paperwork. Suddenly, there is a KNOCK on his OFFICE DOOR.

KEVIN
Please enter.

The office door opens, as Art appears.

ART
Hi, Kevin. Glenn said you wanted to see me?

KEVIN
Hi, Art. Yes, please have a seat.

Art sits down, as Kevin continues.

KEVIN

Art, I called you in here today to talk to you about your current position.

ART

Oh shit, Kevin. You lookin' to can me?

KEVIN

No, Art. Actually, I called you in here to discuss a promotion.

ART

A promotion?

KEVIN

With the recent departures of Phil and Harvey, we've decided to restructure our defense department.

(beat)

Phil and Harvey's positions have been eradicated, as we have decided to promote the most qualified employees in their positions.

(one full beat)

We want to give you Harvey's position.

ART

My goodness, Kevin. This is so sudden. To be honest, I really don't know what Harvey did here.

KEVIN

I can see how Harvey was a bit of an enigma. However, you will be explained everything in detail, should you accept the position.

ART

What about Phil's position?

KEVIN

Unfortunately, we don't have any current employee who matches Phil's experience and qualifications. It's a work in progress.

ART

What about my position?

KEVIN

Ditto.

(beat)

Over the years, we've noticed the blatant lack of communication between Phil and Harvey. They weren't exactly on the best of terms, much to our detriment.

ART

(perplexed)

Meaning?

KEVIN

Meaning you will be working extensively with the individual who fills Phil's vacancy.

(beat)

No pun intended.

ART

Can I sleep on it?

KEVIN

Sure. However, we would like an answer by tomorrow afternoon.

(beat)

FYI, Charles McElroy has been chomping at the bit for this job.

ART

Okay. Well, let me sleep on it, and I'll give you an answer in the morning.

KEVIN

In the afternoon.

ART

Oh, I thought you know the song from Meat...

KEVIN

(softly interrupts)

I am familiar with the song. This meeting is adjourned.

INT. ART'S CONDOMINIUM - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Art lies in bed, as reads over the paperwork for the position offer by the lamp on the night stand.

ART
 (softly)
 Art Conley, moving up in the world
 and the nation's capital.

Art places down the papers on the night stand near his bed,
 and turns off the lamp, as everything FADES TO BLACK.

FADE OUT.

SCENE V

FADE IN:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - KEVIN RUTLEDGE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Kevin is seated at his desk, as he carefully reads his
 monitor. Suddenly, there is a KNOCK on his office DOOR.

KEVIN
 You may enter.

The door opens, as Art appears, paperwork in hand.

KEVIN
 Art, you're here bright and early.
 What's up?

Art throws some papers down on Kevin's desk, as Kevin
 curiously peruses through them.

ART
 (enthusiastic)
 I'm in.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - ART'S NEW OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Art, box of belongings in hands, is carefully arranging his
 new work station.

Art drops a folder filled with papers on the floor, as he
 bends down to pick it up.

ART
 (in a whisper; mock-
 complains)
 Gotta love papers.

Art begins to rise when he notices something and halts.

ART'S UP ANGLE POV

LONG SMOOTH LEGS

Stand firm in front of Art.

BACK TO SCENE

Art looks up in awe, as he notices the woman standing before him.

Art carefully returns to his feet, as he continues to look at the woman, REBECCA LANSING.

ART

The his new gig is sweet. I even
have my own secretary.

(hands her envelopes and
papers)

Can you mail these for me? And if
you have time, can you schedule met
a haircut on...

REBECCA

(sharply interjects)

Hate to break it to you, pal, but I
ain't your secretary.

ART

(laughs lightly)

Then who are you? My new partner?

Art continues LAUGHING, as Rebecca looks seriously at him.
Art stops in his tracks, as he looks soberly at Rebecca.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - KEVIN RUTLEDGE'S OFFICE - LATE
AFTERNOON

Kevin is busily typing away on his keyboard, when Art BURSTS
through his office door.

KEVIN

Art, have you ever heard of kno...

ART

(sternly intervenes)

A chick, Kev?! You hired a chick as
my co-worker?

KEVIN

Art, please lower your voice. The Directors and reached a consensus that we need a more diverse work force.

(beat)

Rebecca meets all of our qualifications. She's passed all physical and mental tests, has an Ivy-League education, and has even served as an intern under the President's cabinet. Twice.

ART

(CLAPS lightly)

Excuse me while I give a golf-clap.

Kevin puts his hand in between Art's, as he continues.

KEVIN

I was hoping to introduce you both, but it's been a hectic day.

ART

This is unreal. How could you do this to me?

KEVIN

Art, I promoted you for a reason. Don't make me regret it.

(beat)

Let's get this out of the way.

(speak into intercom)

Rita, please have Rebecca Lansing see me in my office.

RITA (O.S.)

(from over intercom)

Yes, Mister Rutledge.

ART

I'll be the laughing stock of the entire agency.

Suddenly, there is a KNOCK on Kevin's office DOOR.

KEVIN

Come in.

The office door opens, as Rebecca has arrived.

REBECCA
Mister Rutledge, you wanted to see
me?

KEVIN
Yes, Rebecca. Please, have a seat.

Rebecca sits down, as Kevin looks sternly at Art

KEVIN
(serious)
Art, please.

Art reluctantly makes his way toward a chair and sits next to
Rebecca.

KEVIN
Before I begin, I would like to
take this opportunity to apologize
to you both for not introducing you
to each other.
(beat)
Art Conley, please meet your new co-
worker, Rebecca Lansing. Rebecca,
Art.

ART
(reluctantly extends his
hand)
Hi.

REBECCA
(politely shakes his hand)
Pleased to meet you.
(turns to Kevin;
sarcastic)
Although I must say, I preferred
Mister Conley's blatantly
chauvinistic greeting a moment ago.

KEVIN
Rebecca, on behalf of Art and the
entire CIA, I extend my deepest
apologies for any indignities you
may have experienced.
(beat; looks sternly at
Art)
I can assure you that it will not
happen again. Ever.

KEVIN

Now that you are both introduced, I want to inform you that the Commander-in-Chief will be arriving at headquarters tomorrow morning.

(beat)

We will be undertaking a new and covert mission. Look alive and pay attention.

(beat)

Stay out of trouble and play nice, you two.

Art and Rebecca both look coyly at Kevin, as they remain seated.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - ART'S NEW OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Rebecca is seated at her desk, as she diligently reviews some online files.

Suddenly, the sound of a KEYBOARD CLICKING emerges. Rebecca stops her research, and re-directs her attention.

REBECCA'S POV

ART sits at his desk, frenetically typing on his keyboard.

BACK TO SCENE

Rebecca takes an AUDIBLE SIGH, as she returns to her work.

Rebecca reads, when a LOUD, CRUNCHING NOISE emerges. She looks over.

REBECCA'S POV

ART sits at his desk, as he NOISILY MUNCHES on some potato chips. Art notices Rebecca, as he offers her some chips.

BACK TO SCENE

Rebecca stares intensely but composed at Art, as she returns to her work.

Rebecca starts to record some information to a notebook, when a LOUD, SQUEAKING NOISE emerges.

Rebecca braces herself, as she turns.

REBECCA'S POV

ART sits at his desk on his chair, as he reclines back, creating the LOUD, SQUEAKING NOISE.

BACK TO SCENE

Rebecca stares intently and angrily at Art, as she rises from her desk and departs OUT OF VIEW.

Art returns to his work, when his OFFICE PHONE RINGS. Art picks up.

ART
(speaks into receiver)
This is Art. Okay, I'm on my way.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - KEVIN RUTLEDGE'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Kevin's OFFICE DOOR BURSTS open, as Art enters.

Kevin, already speaking with Rebecca, notices Art.

KEVIN
(sternly)
Art, sit down now!

Art heeds Kevin and takes a seat. Rebecca takes a seat alongside Art, as Kevin speaks.

KEVIN
(sternly)
Okay, I'm going to say this ONCE, and ONLY once!
(beat; stern)
Rebecca, Art, cut the crap. My plate is already full with enough matters, and I will not condone puerile behavior!

REBECCA
Mister Rutledge, he was making noises and distracting me from my work!

ART
(confounded)
He? I happen to have a name!

REBECCA
Yeah, jerk-off

ART
(looks incredulous at
Kevin)
Are you hearing this?
(beat)
Phil did the same things to me when
I started working here. She can't
take a joke.

REBECCA
I sincerely, hope this conduct is
not tolerated by the CIA of all...

ART
(swiftly intervenes)
Oh, don't give me that! Kevin, can
you please move my office somewhere
else, cause I will not....

Art and Rebecca continue to talk over each other, as Kevin
intervenes.

KEVIN
(yells angrily in
interruption)
Alright, cut it out, the both of
you! Art, you're not going
anywhere, and you both better
settle your differences by
tomorrow, eight sharp, or you're
both gone.
(beat)
Comprende?

Art and Rebecca stand in silence, as they timidly hang their
heads.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

SCENE VI

FADE IN:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - ART AND REBECCA'S NEW OFFICE -
MORNING

Rebecca has arrived, as she heads to her desk, as she notices something.

REBECCA'S POV

GIFT BASKET sits at Rebecca's desk.

BACK TO SCENE

Rebecca goes over to her desk, as she looks over the gift basket. She takes the greeting card and starts to read it, when a VOICE EMERGES.

ART (O.S.)

I wasn't sure what kind of
chocolate you like, so I took a
guess.

REBECCA

Well, my favorites are cherry
cordials...

Art starts to make a face, when Rebecca rapidly intervenes.

REBECCA

But these are fine. Thank you so
much.

(beat; contrite)

Listen, I just want to say...

ART

(softly interrupts;
contrite)

No, really. I know I haven't been
the nicest guy. But I figured we'd
might as well resolve our
differences.

REBECCA

(extends her hand)

Agreed.

Art extends his hand, as he and Rebecca shake on it. A moment of silence ensues, as Art looks at his watch.

ART

Oh goodness, look at the time.
Almost eight. I believe we both
have to be somewhere.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - KEVIN RUTLEDGE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Art and Rebecca are seated, as they are with Kevin in his office.

KEVIN

(sober)

So, kiddos. What's the verdict?

ART

We're cool, Kev.

REBECCA

Yes, we are totally fine.

KEVIN

Alright then. I'm gonna hold you both to that. No more horseplay, back-biting, or vindictiveness. Am I clear?

ART

Crystal.

KEVIN

I really feel you two could make it work.

(beat)

Now get ready, 'cause the Big Cheese will be here any minute.

EXT. FRONT CIA HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

A massive MOTORCADE appears in front of headquarters, as CIA Security carefully escorts them inside.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

EVERYONE stands stock still, as they await the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief.

CLOSE ON BLACK SHOES

Impeccably polished, walk along the promenade, which leads up to the main offices.

The PRESIDENT of the United States of America has arrived, as he is met with THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE.

The President approaches a dais, as the APPLAUSE DIES DOWN.

PRESIDENT

(speaks into microphone)

Thank you and good morning, members
of Central Intelligence.

(beat)

I have gathered you all here today
for a delicious breakfast, which we
will be enjoying shortly.

EVERYONE CHUCKLES lightly, as the President continues.

PRESIDENT

If only this was the case. I have
gathered all of you here to make a
very special announcement.

(beat)

After speaking with my cabinet, I
have decided to have our nation's
intelligence undertake a critical
and risky mission.

(beat)

As you may know, our nation has
been in the midst of an arduous and
ongoing war in the Middle East.
Many lives have been affected and
ultimately taken.

(beat)

Throughout our time in the Mid
East, there has been one
overwhelming deciding factor.

(one full beat)

Oil. It has come to my attention
that an unexpected scandal has
arose, which revolves around the
status of imported foreign oil.

(beat)

A rogue and radical group has
emerged, which is attempting to
infiltrate and pilfer our domestic
and foreign oil reserves. Such
actions will ultimately affect gas
prices on an already financially-
taxed middle class.

(beat)

This is where you come in. I will
be assigning a special operatives
mission. To investigate this
special group, discover and thwart
their mission, and bring them to
justice.

(beat)

(MORE)

PRESIDENT (cont'd)

This will be a most challenging and dangerous endeavor, which will affect our nation and its citizens. But I know that our intelligence services remain the very best and will resolve this issue to benefit our great nation. Thank you for your service, and God Bless America.

The President steps away from the dais, as EVERYONE APPLAUDS.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - KEVIN RUTLEDGE'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Kevin sit at his desk, carefully reading information from his computer. Suddenly, there is a KNOCK on his office DOOR.

KEVIN

You may enter.

The office door opens, as Art and Rebecca appear.

REBECCA

Mister Rutledge, you wanted to see us?

KEVIN

Yes, Rebecca and Art. Please have a seat.

Art and Rebecca sit down, as they wait for Kevin to begin.

ART

Kevin, before you say anything, Rebecca and I just want to let you know that we are getting along...

KEVIN

(sternly interjects)

Art, I didn't call you both in here to discuss your working relationship.

(beat)

Moments ago, I had a meeting with our directors, and even the Pres himself. After careful and extensive deliberation, we have decided to delegate the oil insurgency mission to both of you.

Art and Rebecca look on in disbelief at the news.

ART
You're kidding us, right?

KEVIN
No, Art. This is serious.

REBECCA
I am truly at a loss for words,
Mister Rutledge. Thank you for this
opportunity.

KEVIN
Rebecca, since you're new here, it
is important that we train you on
proper department protocol.
(beat)
However, I know you're a quick
learner, and will adapt in no time.

REBECCA
Thank you, Mister Rutledge.

ART
Ahem. Pardon my interjection, but I
believe I am also due a compliment.

KEVIN
(stares at Art's shirt)
That tie. Is it new?

ART
(looks at and adjusts his
tie)
No. I've had it for three years.

KEVIN
Well, it's a dandy. Okay, we have
an initial meeting tomorrow
afternoon, one sharp. Don't be
late.
(beat)
Rebecca, please visit my Secretary
before you leave today, and she'll
give you all the protocol papers
(beat)
Well kids, this meeting is
adjourned.

Art and Rebecca look faintly at each other.

FADE OUT.

SCENE VII

FADE IN:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CORRIDOR - EARLY AFTERNOON

Art takes his soda can from a nearby vending machine, as he passes by his old office.

A bunch of co-workers, including EDDIE STANTON, JEFF BELLINGER, and DARRYL PRATT, stand in a nearby corner. Art stops to say hello.

ART
Working hard, or hardly working?

Eddie, Jeff, and Darryl re-direct their attention.

EDDIE
(in a whisper)
Hey, Artie. What's the good word?

ART
Greetings, fellas.

JEFF
(in a whisper)
How's life in the big time?

ART
Each day's better than the next.
Whatcha guy's doin?
(in a whisper)
And why are you whispering?

DARRYL
(in a whisper)
We're checking out the new guy.

ART
The new guy?

DARRYL
(in a whisper)
Yep. The guy who took your place
after your promotion.

ART
Hey now, fellas. Lemme get a
glance.

Art peers in with the guys.

GUYS' POV

A new employees, named HAJI NASIR, sits at his desk and records some information on some paper.

BACK TO SCENE

The Guys continue to watch Haji and converse.

ART

(in a whisper)

What's his name? This guy replaced ME?

JEFF

(in a whisper)

Abdul, Mahmoud, Bin Laden, who cares?

DARRYL

(in a whisper)

Just another sign of where this country's headed.

EDDIE

(in a whisper)

What'd you expect? They attack our cities, kill our soldiers, and overcharge our gas. And we give 'em jobs, free health care, and kiss their feet.

JEFF

(in a whisper)

Not to worry, though. We're gonna make that towel head earn his keep around here.

All of the guys, except Art, CHUCKLE, as they continue staring at Haji.

DARRYL

(in a whisper)

I even heard he's gettin' separate time to pray.

EDDIE

(in a whisper)

Well, after we get through with him, he'll be on his knees beggin' for mercy!

ART
(checks his watch; in a
whisper)
Sorry, fellas, but I gotta split.
Catch ya later and try and go easy
on him.

The Guys stare at Art, as he departs OUT OF VIEW.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The conference room door opens, as Art enters.

ART
Hi, everyone. I got here as soon as
I could.

Kevin, Rebecca, and other CIA employees, EMILY BRENTWOOD, DAN
NEWTON, and CAMERON BATES, are already seated.

KEVIN
Art, you're right on time. Please
have a seat.

Art sits down next to Rebecca, as Kevin begins.

KEVIN
Good afternoon, everyone. I've
called you all here today to
commence our first official meeting
of Operation Big Spill.
(beat)
Rebecca, Art, I've called you here
today to inform you that you have
both been exclusively selected to
partake in operation Big Spill.

Art and Rebecca look on surprised but composed, as Kevin
continues.

KEVIN
Please allow me to introduce you to
our expert team of researchers, who
you will be working with on this
mission.
(beat)
Emily Brentwood, Dan Newton, and
Cameron Bates. If you have any
questions or need info, speak to
them. I will now surrender the
floor to our research team.

Kevin steps aside and takes a seat, as Dan rises and walks over to a projector display.

DAN

In undertaking this mission, we must all keep in mind that it is one in the shadows.

Rebecca and Art look quizzically at Dan, as he continues.

DAN

All individuals and information involved is shrouded in secrecy. The insurgents involved have not yet been identified, and have proved evasive.

(turns to Emily and Cameron)

Emily and Cam are continuing extensive research to uncover any information pertaining to this rogue contingent.

REBECCA

Will we both be provided with updates or any new information?

DAN

Up to the second. I'd keep your cell phone close at hand.

(beat)

Fortunately, we do have some info.

Dan CLICKS the TRACK PAD on his laptop, which displays a picture of a dark, mysterious man.

DAN

This, my friends, is Abdullah Khalazi. He reported has limited ties to the insurgent group, and will currently be in our area.

(motions with his fingers)

"On business."

(beat)

He is said to be staying at the Marriott on Mayflower Avenue. We want you both to go there and see what you can find.

EMILY

Cameron and I will provide you with information on Khalazi's hotel room, rental car, and other whereabouts.

ART

Do you know if he saved fifteen percent by switching to Geico?

EMILY

Mister Conley, this is a very serious matter which we are involved in. I strongly advise you to refrain from any joking or quips.

CAMERON

I will prepare all information for you both in folders. It is recommended that you do not speak of this mission or your activities with anyone within or outside of this facility.

(beat)

It'll leave too much to chance.

KEVIN

A clandestine agent is the safest agent. You both start as soon as we give notification.

(beat)

Are there any questions?

Art and Rebecca remain silent.

KEVIN

Very well, then. Team, please prepare all information and keep searching. We're bound to find something else.

(turns to Art and Rebecca)

If you two will come with me, we have to get you in gear.

FADE OUT.

SCENE VIII

FADE IN:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - TESTING LABORATORY - CORRIDOR -
AFTERNOON

Kevin, Art, and Rebecca walk down a a corridor and approach a large steel door.

KEVIN
Since you'll be working in risk-
filed conditions, we need to
properly equip you to protect
yourselves at all times.

Kevin takes his ID badge and places it up against a scanner by the door, as the steel DOOR OPENS.

KEVIN
Welcome to our toy factory.

Kevin enters the laboratory, as Rebecca and Art follow.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - TESTING LABORATORY - AFTERNOON

Kevin, Art, and Rebecca look around in amazement.

KEVIN
This, kiddos, is where the magic
happens.
(best)
This facility is our equipment
laboratory. Our dedicated team of
inventors work round the clock to
create the gear that makes our
agents roll.

Seconds later, one of the inventors, SIMON ARMITAGE, appears, as Kevin introduces him.

KEVIN
Simon, my good man, how are you?

SIMON
(shakes Kevin's hand)
Hello, Kevin. What's new?

KEVIN
Shouldn't I be asking you that?
(beat)
(MORE)

KEVIN (cont'd)
Simon, I'd like to introduce you to two of our agents, Art Conley and Rebecca Lansing.

SIMON
(shakes their hands)
Hi, Art and Rebecca. I'm Simon and my team and I will be helping you defeat the bad guys.
(beat)
Please, met me show you around.

Simon begins an excursion of the lab, as the team of scientists work diligently.

SIMON
As you can see, we try and stay out of the each other's way. It's all in the name of technology.

Simon and the group head over to a nearby table.

SIMON
And this, my fellow agents, is what you'll be working with.

SIMON
(picks up device)
This is what I lovingly refer to as a retro piece It's an ode to Dick Tracy with a tinge of Buck Rogers.
(demonstrates)
This wrist watch is able to record audio and video, connect instantaneously to WIFI, and send to any network platform in the world.
(picks up other device)
This is a really nimble trinket. This brooch is the Marriott insignia pin, but if you look closer, you will notice a built in micro-camera and scanner, which can activate in a nanosecond and automatically send and encrypt files to any valid E-mail. Batteries not included.
(beat; picks up device)
And this is our latest piece de resistance. This tiny microchip has been designed to decipher and open any door which requires a key card.
(MORE)

SIMON (cont'd)

Just insert or press the card up against the door scan, and you're in. And yes, we have tested it and it works.

(beat)

We are having it designed in the same fashion as the genuine Marriott key card.

KEVIN

Exceptional work as always, Simon
(turns to Art and Rebecca)
Are there any questions?

SIMON

Please feel free to start getting acclimated to your devices. Remember that none of these devices are to leave Intelligence premises, nor are they to be used by anyone within or outside the agency.

Rebecca and Art begin to test out their new devices.

KEVIN

Let me know when you're both done. We need to fit you for your uniforms.

Art and Rebecca look curiously at Kevin.

ART AND REBECCA

(in unison; confounded)
Uniforms?

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - ART AND REBECCA'S NEW OFFICE -
AFTERNOON

Kevin hands Rebecca and Art packets containing hotel staff uniforms.

ART

(looks curiously at uniform)
I've got to wear this?

KEVIN

As an agent, you must be able to blend into your surroundings while remaining inconspicuous.

ART

(looks at uniform)
What kind of uniform is this?

KEVIN
It's a bellhop.

ART
A bellhop? Can't I be a bartender?

KEVIN
No can do, Art. You need to have close personal contact with your subject at all times.
(beat)
Besides, putting you behind a bar?
(turns to Rebecca)
Rebecca, you'll be disguised as a maid. In this way, you can gain access to Khalazi's room if and when he leaves it.
(beat)
Try on your clothes, and let me know if they fit. We'll make last-minute alterations, if necessary.
(looks at watch)
I don't know about you, but it's gettin' late and I'm starved. Let's do lunch, and meet back here in an hour.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - EMPLOYEE CAFETERIA - EARLY AFTERNOON

Employees eat and converse amongst themselves. Art, try of food in hand, heads over to a vacant table and sits down. He takes a forkful of food and looks around, as he notices something.

ART'S POV

Haji has arrived for lunch, as he takes a seat at a vacant table.

BACK TO SCENE

Art eats his lunch, as he continues to carefully watch Haji.

Haji unwraps his sandwich, as he proceeds to take a bite out of it. Haji chews his sandwich, when he stops and notices something.

Haji's POV

CLOSE ON SANDWICH

Contains bacon, a strict no-no for Haji.

BACK TO SCENE

A mortified Haji starts to spit out his chewed sandwich, as he gets up and flees OUT OF VIEW from the cafeteria.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - MEN'S BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

The BATHROOM DOOR BURSTS open, as Haji enters and rushes to the nearest stall, and proceeds to VOMIT.

A minute later, Haji emerges from the stall, as he takes a paper towel and wipes off his mouth. He heads to a sink and rinses off his face and mouth. Haji then stares pensively at himself in the bathroom mirror.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - EMPLOYEE CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

Art, still eating lunch, attempts to process what he just witnessed. He looks to his right.

ART'S POV

DARRYL, EDDIE, and JEFF sit at a far away table, as they LAUGH and smile amongst each other. They catch sight of Art, wave, and give thumbs-ups.

BACK TO SCENE

Art smiles faintly at the guys, as he then turns serious.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Haji, briefcase in tow, makes his way to his car after a very rough day. He is about to open his car door, when he notices something.

HAJI'S POV

CAR DOORS are horribly scratched, as the words "SAND NIGGER" are etched into the metal.

BACK TO SCENE

An enraged Haji stares angrily at the epithet in his car door, as he notices someone.

ART stands a few feet away from Haji, as he looks in quiet astonishment.

HAJI
(angrily approaches Art;
in Pakistani accent)
Did you do this?

ART
(hesitates)
No, no. I would never...

HAJI
(angrily interjects)
You did do this. You racist mother-fucker!

ART
(yells loudly)
I swear to you this was not my doing! Can I give you a ride?

HAJI
(livid)
Why would I ride in a car with a racist?

ART
I am not a racist, and I did not do this to your vehicle!

HAJI
(livid)
You lying asshole. I'm going to Human Resources to report your ass.

ART
(calm)
You gotta believe me.

HAJI
And why should I believe you? I saw you staring at me at lunch. You put bacon in my sandwich, didn't you?

ART AND REBECCA
(calmly places his hand on his heart)
Please trust me when I say that I had nothing to do with any of this.

HAJI
Then who did?

Art remains silent, as he stares soberly at Haji.

ART

I don't know. But I do know what
it's like to be...

HAJI

(lividly interrupts)

You know what it's like? You know
what it's like? To have people
stare at you wherever you go, to
have others tell you to urn a gas
station or seven-eleven, to have
kids make sounds when you walk by?

ART

(calm)

Let me finish. I know how hard it
can be to be the new guy. There's a
lot of...

HAJI

(lividly interjects)

So you know what it's like to be
the new guy and to be where I'm
from?

(beat)

You whites are all the same. You
think you know everything about the
Middle East and its people. But you
know shit!

(beat;takes quarter and
tosses it to Art)

Here's a quarter. Go buy yourself a
clue! Good day to you!

Haji opens his car door, as he notices something on his
driver's side seat and tosses it at Art.

Haji REVS the ENGINE of his card, as he SPEEDS OUT OF VIEW.

Art remains standing, as he looks down at the projectile.

CLOSE ON FALAFEL

Lies splattered on the pavement.

FADE OUT.

SCENE IX

FADE IN:

INT. ART'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - CORRIDOR - EVENING

An exhausted Art ambles slowly down the corridor leading to his apartment. Art arrives at the door, when he notices something.

ART'S POV

BROWN BOX lies idly at the foot of Art's doorstep.

BACK TO SCENE

Art carefully bends down, picks up the box, opens his apartment door, and enters.

INT. ART'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Art is seated on his sofa, as he stares pensively at the box. Art decides to open it, as he picks it up, shakes it, and then places it down.

Art stares at the box, as he then carefully starts to open the box. He strips off a piece of tape and then opens the box to reveal its contents.

BOX

Contains a Redskins mini helmet, signed by Darrell Green.

Art looks admiringly at the mini helmet, as he notices a note attached to it.

INSERT SHOT - NOTE

Reads "SORRY FOR EVERYTHING. HOPE YOU LIKE THE HELMET. RL"

BACK TO SCENE

Art smiles brightly, as he holds the helmet in his hands.

FADE OUT.

SCENE X

FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. MARRIOTT - REAR PARKING LOT -
ESTABLISHING SHOT - MORNING

A Marriott transportation truck is parked idly in the rear parking lot of the Marriott.

CUT TO:

INT. MARRIOTT VAN - FRONT SEAT - MORNING

Art and Rebecca, dressed in their hotel employees uniforms, converse.

ART

Thanks so much for the Darrell Green helmet.

REBECCA

Glad you like it. A friend of mine works for his charitable foundation.

(beat)

Helluva guy... and corner.

ART

I've got some ideas as to how to go about getting info from Khalazi.

REBECCA

Do tell.

ART

I'm gonna try to meet up with Khalazi at the front desk. While I try and stall him, you try and get whatever info you can.

REBECCA

Sounds too dicey. Let's just stick to Rutledge's instructions.

ART

We could. But I think my strategy will yield better results.

REBECCA

Regardless, we should adhere to all Director's orders.

Seconds later, Kevin's VOICE EMERGES.

KEVIN (V.O.)
 (from over radio)
 Intelligence agents, are you there?

ART AND REBECCA
 (speak into radio)
 Affirmative.

INTERCUT RADIO CONVERSATION

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - KEVIN RUTLEDGE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Kevin speaks over his radio, as he talks strategy.

KEVIN
 Are you properly attired?

ART
 (looks forlornly at
 uniform)
 Affirmative.
 (beat)
 I must say, our team did a dynamite
 job on this van. We drove right
 through without a hitch.

KEVIN
 Very encouraging news. Now if the
 rest of our objective can go the
 same.
 (beat)
 Okay. Please listen carefully.
 Khalazi is expected to arrive in
 about five minutes.
 (beat)
 Art, you stay in the front area of
 the hotel. Track Khalazi's every
 move. Rebecca, are you there?

REBECCA
 (speaks into radio)
 Yes, Mister Rutledge.

KEVIN
 Rebecca, try and enter into the
 hotel through a back entrance.
 (MORE)

KEVIN (cont'd)

A side entrance or exit should suffice as well. Make sure no one sees you. It'll arouse suspicion.

REBECCA

Affirmative.

KEVIN

Rebecca, you'll be in charge of sneaking into Khalazi's room. Obtain as much information as you can, as some type of distraction will need to be created. Once all information is obtained, get in the van and depart from the premises immediately.

(beat)

Are there any questions?

Art and Rebecca do not respond, as Kevin concludes.

KEVIN

Alright then. Go in there and make me proud.

Kevin aborts the radio conversation, as Art and Rebecca prepare to start their mission.

ART

Do you want me to wait for you to enter?

REBECCA

Yes. We should be both be inside in order to communicate with each other.

ART

Good thinking
(looks and exclaims)
Look over there!

ART'S POV

HOTEL MAID smokes a cigarette on her break, as the door is open behind her with a wedge.

BACK TO SCENE

Art and Rebecca watch vigilantly from inside the van.

ART
 That' your ticket in. Try to sneak
 in behind her in five, four,
 three...

As Art counts down, Rebecca quickly departs from the van.

The Maid puts out her cigarette on the ground, as she heads toward the door and kicks out the wedge. The door begins to close behind her.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. MARRIOTT - BASEMENT - MORNING

The Maid has just returned from her break, as she feels the presence of someone. She quickly turns around, as she sees no one. The Maid stares for a few more seconds, before turning around and going on her way.

Seconds later, a figure slowly emerges from behind an alcove. It is Rebecca, who is now in the hotel.

Rebecca carefully ambles along the basement corridor.

REBECCA
 (whispers into pin)
 Agent A, this is Agent R. I am now
 in the hotel. Over.

INTERCUT RADIO CONVERSATION

INT. MARRIOTT VAN - FRONT SEAT - MORNING

Art is driving the van towards the front of the Marriott.

ART
 (speaks into pin)
 Entrance confirmed. I am now at the
 front of the hotel. No confirmation
 of Khalazi's arrival. Over.

REBECCA
 (whispers into pin)
 Will now prepare to head to
 Khalazi's room. Will confirm once I
 have entered. Over.

ART
 (whispers into pin)
 Affirmative.
 (MORE)

ART (cont'd)
Am now pulling up to hotel
entrance. Still no sign of Khalazi.
Over.

REBECCA
(whispers into pin)
Am heading into hotel elevator to
Khalazi's room. Room number 126.
Please confirm Khalazi's arrival.
Over.

ART
(whispers into pin)
Am now exiting van. Will confirm
Khalazi's arrival. Over.

Art parks and exits the van, as he meets with one of the
Marriott Supervisors, TODD HELMS.

TODD
(warmly extends his hand)
Well, hello there. You must be the
new guy. My name's Todd. And you
are?...
(reads name tag)
Eugene. Well, Eugene, I look
forward to working with you. Any
questions, just let me know.

Art nods silently, as he shakes Todd's hand.

TODD
I see you're a tad reticent. We can
work on that. Oh, look your first
customer. Look alive.

ABDULLAH KHALAZI, along with some of his entourage, have
arrived at the Marriott, as they are greeted by Todd.

TODD
(extends his hand)
Good morning and welcome to the
Marriott. My name's Todd. Can we
get your bags?

KHALAZI
Yes, please.

TODD
Of course.
(turns and motions to Art)
Bellhop, if you please?

Art tentatively approaches Khalazi and his men, as he takes his luggage and enters the hotel.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. MARRIOTT - HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

Art has entered the hotel, a he carefully walks carrying luggage, with Khalazi and his men behind him.

ART
 (whispers into pin)
 I am now in hotel. Have Khalazi's bags and am walking up to his room. Over.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. MARRIOTT - HOTEL SUITE - MORNING

Rebecca, in full maid attire, is in Khalazi's hotel suite, as she talks strategy.

REBECCA
 (whispers into pin)
 Okay. I am now in Khalazi's hotel suite. Number 126.

ART
 (whispers into pin)
 Confirmed. Please execute distraction tactic. Over.

REBECCA
 (takes out bottle of strawberry syrup)
 Employing distraction tactic. Over.

Rebecca pours spots of strawberry syrup over the hotel suite carpet, and places fake plastic cockroaches and carefully spreads them around.

REBECCA
 (whispers into pin)
 Tactic executed. Over.

ART
 (whispers into pin)
 Okay. Time to alert the proper parties. Over.

REBECCA
 (whispers into pin)
 Alerting parties in four, three,
 two...
 (screams in terror; in
 Spanish)
 Oh my God, oh my God! Somebody
 please come quick!

Rebecca runs out of the hotel suite and into the corridor.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. MARRIOTT - CORRIDOR - MORNING

Rebecca start to CRY LOUDLY, as the Maid from before, named FLO, emerges INTO VIEW, and attempts to console her.

FLO
 (embraces Rebecca)
 It's okay, Deary What's the matter?

REBECCA
 (hysterical; in Spanish)
 Blood and roaches, blood and
 roaches. There's blood and roaches
 in the room!

FLO
 Oh goodness, hon. I don't speak
 Spanish. Show me what you saw.

REBECCA
 (in Spanish)
 I'm sorry. What?

FLO
 (speaks slowly)
 Just show me the room where you
 were.

REBECCA
 (in Spanish)
 The room? Okay, it's here.

Rebecca and Flo enter into Room 126.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. MARRIOTT - HOTEL SUITE - MORNING

Flo and Rebecca are in the hotel suite, as they look around.

FLO
 (spots stains on carpet)
 I see them.
 (carefully approaches and
 analyzes stains and
 roaches)
 Oh, shit. I hope this isn't what it
 looks like. I warned 'em about the
 people they let in here.
 (turns to Rebecca)
 Did you see anyone come in or our
 of this room?

REBECCA
 (confused; in Spanish)
 What? I'm sorry, I'm confused.

FLO
 (slightly exasperated)
 Any hombres? Ninas?

REBECCA
 (in Spanish)
 No. None

FLO
 We gotta call the front desk.
 Whoever has this room is gonna have
 to wait. Let's split.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. MARRIOTT - HOTEL LOBBY - FRONT DESK -
 DAY

Art quietly but anxiously waits with Khalazi and his men, as
 the Hotel Clerk, named Karen, checks them in.

KAREN
 Good morning and welcome to the
 Marriott. How may I help you?

KHALAZI
 Checking in.

KAREN
 May I please have your name?

KHALAZI
 Abdullah Khalazi.

KAREN
(types on keyboard; looks
up information)
Yes, Mister Khalazi. You have suite
number 126 for two days.

Suddenly, the FRONT DESK TELEPHONE RINGS.

KAREN
Please excuse me.

Karen picks up.

KAREN
(speaks into receiver)
Hello, Washington Marriott. Karen
speaking, how may I help you?
(beat)
Yes. Oh goodness. Yes, we will have
it cleaned up right away. Thank
you.

Karen hangs up, as she explains to Khalazi his lodging
scenario.

KAREN
(calmly explains)
Mister Khalazi, I regret to inform
you that your suite requires some
additional maintenance. It should
be ready in about thirty minutes.

KHALAZI
Thirty minutes? I can not believe
this. I booked this room months in
advance...

KAREN
(calmly interjects)
My apologies for any inconvenience,
Mister Khalazi. Please feel free to
wait here until your room is ready.

KHALAZI
(exasperated)
Very well then. As long as my bags
are...

As soon as Khalazi turns, he notices Art is nowhere to be
found.

KHALAZI
 (nervous)
 Where is the man with my bags?

KAREN
 I'm sorry?

KHALAZI
 (talks with his hands)
 The man with my luggage. Where is he?

KAREN
 I saw him here a minute ago. Did you get his name?

KHALAZI
 (upset)
 Did I get his name?! He is one of your employees!

KAREN
 Mister Khalazi, we have nearly three hundred employees in this hotel. It is nearly impossible to memorize every person's name.

KHALAZI
 (turns to his men;
 sternly; in Arabic)
 Look for him, now!

Khalazi's men start to disperse.

KAREN
 (stern)
 Excuse me, we can not have your group roving around the hotel.

KHALAZI
 (stern; in Arabic)
 We must find him at once.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. MARRIOTT - ELEVATOR - DAY

Art is in the elevator, with Khalazi's luggage in tow, as he communicates with Rebecca.

ART
(whispers into pin)
I have Khalazi's luggage. Am coming
up now. Over.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. MARRIOTT - CORRIDOR - DAY

Art has arrived at suite 126, as he KNOCKS on the DOOR.
Seconds later, the door opens, as Rebecca appears, as she
lets Art inside.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. MARRIOTT - HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Art and Rebecca take Khalazi's luggage, as they try to open
it.

ART
(in a whisper)
I made it up here as soon as I
could. Great diversion with the
carpet stain.

REBECCA
(in a whisper)
Thanks. Any luck getting it open?

ART
(struggles opening
luggage)
Nothing. This is one heavy duty
lock.

REBECCA
(in a whisper)
Keep turning. We have to get its
contents.

Suddenly, there is a KNOCK at the DOOR, as Art and Rebecca
both turn around.

HERMAN (
(from behind door)
Hello. This is Herman. I'm here to
clean the carpet.

REBECCA
(frantic; in a whisper)
What do we do?

ART
 (calm; in a whisper)
 Stay calm. I'm gonna hide in the
 closet. Try and distract him.

Herman KNOCKS on the DOOR again.

HERMAN (O.S.)
 (from behind door)
 This is Herman. I'm here to clean
 the carpet.

Art dashes into a nearby closet with the luggage, as Rebecca answers the door. HERMAN appears, as Rebecca greets him.

REBECCA
 (in Spanish)
 Hello. Sorry, I was cleaning.

HERMAN
 Where is the stain?

REBECCA
 (points to stain; in
 Spanish)
 There.

Herman plugs in the rug shampooer, turns it on, and starts to clean the rug.

Rebecca quickly departs from the room, as Herman notices.

HERMAN
 (calls out)
 Where are you going? Come back!

Rebecca CLOSES the DOOR behind her, as Herman continues working.

HERMAN
 Nice ass.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. MARRIOTT - CORRIDOR - DAY

Rebecca is now in the corridor, as she notices one of Khalazi's men roaming the corridor.

Rebecca takes her cleaning cart and makes her way towards the elevator. She meets eyes with one of Khalazi's men, as she smiles faintly and continues toward the elevator.

The elevator arrives, as Rebecca hops on with her cart.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. MARRIOTT - ELEVATOR - DAY

Rebecca attempts to contact Art.

REBECCA
(whispers into pin)
One of Khalazi's men is in your
area. I repeat, one of Khalazi's
men is in your area. Over.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. MARRIOTT - HOTEL SUITE - CLOSET - DAY

Art sits quietly in the dark hotel room closet, his cell phone flash light helping him read some documents.

Just outside, Herman continues to shampoo the rug, as he notices the light in the closet. Herman's curiosity overcomes him, as he carefully makes his way to the closet.

He is about to open the closet, when there is a POUNDING KNOCK on the DOOR.

A startled Herman halts, as he heads over to and opens the door. One of Khalazi's men stands at the door.

HERMAN
I'm sorry, but this room is
unavailable. Cleaning the carpet.

Before Khalazi's man can say anything, Herman SLAMS the DOOR in his face, and goes back to cleaning the carpet.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. MARRIOTT - MAIDS' STATION - DAY

Rebecca attempts to contact Art.

REBECCA
(speaks into pin)
Agent A, this is Agent R. Please
come in. Over.

There is no response, as Rebecca starts to panic.

REBECCA
(whispers nervously into
pin)
Agent A, please come in. Over.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. MARRIOTT - HOTEL SUITE

Herman has just finished cleaning, as he gathers all equipment. He halts, as he takes a suspicious glance at the closet.

He heads towards the closet, and is about to open it, when he changes his mind and heads to the door.

HERMAN
Been working here WAY too long!

The DOOR CLOSES, as the CLOSET DOOR quickly opens, as Art emerges.

ART
(whispers into pin)
Agent R, it's Agent A. The room is now vacant. Go to the van in the rear lot. Will meet you there in ten. Over.

REBECCA
(whispers into pin)
Am leaving now. Over.

Art grabs Khalazi's luggage, as he exits the room into the corridor.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. MARRIOTT - HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Khalazi and his men sit testily in the lobby, as they await their room. They soon notice someone.

ART, luggage in tow, has returned.

KHALAZI
(upset)
There you are! Where the hell have you been?

ART
(contrite)
I had to use the rest room really bad. Here are your bags. They've been with me the entire time.

Seconds later, Todd re-appears.

TODD
Excuse me. Is everything alright here?

KHALAZI
Actually, no. Your bellhop stepped away with my bags!

TODD
(looks sternly at Art)
Is this true, Eugene?

ART
(apologetic)
I really had to use the bathroom, but didn't leave them out of my sight. I'm so sorry.

TODD
(stern)
I want you to bring those bags up to Mister Khalazi's room, and then meet me in my office, STAT!

ART
Yes, sir.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. MARRIOTT - CORRIDOR - DAY

Art is with Khalazi and his men, as they have now arrived at Khalazi's suite.

ART
(gently drops bags)
Here you are, Mister Khalazi. Suite 126.

KHALAZI
Here's my tip for you. Find another line of work.

ART
Thank you, Sir. Is there anything
else I can do for you?

KHALAZI
Yes, there is. Get out of my sight.

ART
Yes, Mister Khalazi. Thank you and
enjoy your stay at the Marriott.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. MARRIOTT - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

A visibly upset Todd sits at his desk in his office, as he
anxiously awaits Art's arrival.

TODD
(checks his watch;
anxious)
Where the hell is this guy?

EXT. FRONT WASHINGTON D.C. MARRIOTT - REAR PARKING LOT - DAY

Todd heads out in search of Art, when he notices something.

TODD'S POV

ART makes his way into an unmarked van.

BACK TO SCENE

Todd calls out to Art.

TODD
(yells loudly)
Hey, where do you think you're
going? Get back here!!

Todd begins to chase the VAN, as it SPEEDS UP and pulls away.

TODD
(yells loudly)
Don't you ever come back!
(beat)
Slacker.

FADE OUT.

SCENE X

FADE IN:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Art and Rebecca have returned to headquarters, as they discuss their mission with Kevin and the research team.

KEVIN

Good afternoon, everyone. We are here to discuss your findings.

ART

Kevin, I tried to open one of Khalazi's suitcases, but it just wouldn't give.

KEVIN

I think you more than made up for it with the pictures you took.

(beat)

Our research team reviewed all of the documents from Khalazi, and we may have some leads.

Kevin heads over to the projector, as he displays some pictures on the screen.

KEVIN

(conducts presentation)

These are the pictures that were taken by you, Art. Not the best quality, but you obtained some very vital information.

(beat)

Upon further review, our research team was able to conduct some intimate and detailed probing, and emerged with some findings.

REBECCA

What do we have?

KEVIN

According to Khalazi's documents, we were able to come up with a very prominent name.

(one full beat; displays

name on projector screen)

Envipal Hilpteli

ART
(recites name curiously)
Envipal Hilpteli

REBECCA
Never heard the name.

KEVIN
Neither have we. Internet searches,
extensive library and literary
source scouring, and we have
nothing.

EMILY
We are lead to believe that his
individual is a ghost operative,
working in the farthest shadows of
this mission.

CAMERON
We believe this operative may be
affiliated with Khalazi in some
discreet capacity.

ART
How about we go back to the
Marriott and get Khalazi to
confess?

DAN
No can do. Apparently, Khalazi was
so infuriated with the Marriott
that he took his private jet back
home this afternoon.

ART
Shit.

KEVIN
No need to use expletives, Art. You
also obtained some additional
information.

(displays contents on
projector screen)
This folks, is a map of the world.
Upon closer review, the black dots
represent all major oil refineries
in each major world region.

EMILY
We believe the operatives are
planning some dastardly actions for
each one.

CAMERON

Possibly an embargo, barrel
pirating, even attacks on major
pipelines.

DAN

We're still doing extensive
research to find out what they're
up to.

REBECCA

Any other leads?

CAMERON

We believe Khalazi and his men will
continue to communicate their
plans. We will attempt to intercept
their messages, or ascertain info,
where available.

ART

Anything else from us?

KEVIN

Not right now, Art. Despite
everything, we've got some pretty
solid leads.

(beat)

Emily, I want you to contact
Homeland Security. Have them beef
up Security for all major US oil
refineries.

(beat)

Cam, you do the same for our
foreign allies.

(beat)

Art and Rebecca, make sure to keep
your eyes and ears open for
anything. Commit this name to
memory and find out as much as you
can, however you can. This meeting
is adjourned.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Art is heading to his car after a long and dangerous day at
work. He opens his car door and enters. He is about to start
his car, when he notices someone.

HAJI

Stands a few feet away from Art's car. Art looks suspiciously at Haji.

ART
(leery; stern)
Hello.

HAJI
Hello. May I have a moment of your time?

ART
I guess. Can I help you?

HAJI
I just wanted to apologize for the way I acted towards you. The guys who did those horrible acts were actually caught on tape. They've been suspended.

ART
Glad to hear everything worked out.

Art STARTS up his CAR, and is about to drive off, when Haji continues.

HAJI
Actually, I was wondering if we could get together after work.

ART
Wait a minute, you're not... well, you know?

Haji takes a moment to comprehend, and then comes to.

HAJI
Oh, no, no, no. Just social, I assure you.

ART
Alright. How about tomorrow, McEwen's Pub, five-thirty sharp?

HAJI
(recites info)
McEwen's Pub, five-thirty sharp.
Got it.

ART
Great. E-mail me if you need
directions. Have a good one.

Art DRIVES OFF, as Haji remains standing and smiling.

HAJI
(waves goodbye; calls out)
Have a good one.

INT. ART'S APARTMENT - OFFICE AREA - NIGHT

Arts sits at his home computer, diligently performing
research for the mission, while enjoying a beer.

Suddenly, there is a KNOCK at the DOOR.

Art carefully rises from his desk, as he grabs a nearby gun,
and cautiously makes his way over to the door. He gently
UNLOCKS the DOOR, quickly opens it, and aims his gun.

REBECCA
(yells scared)
Don't shoot, it's just me!

A relieved Art give an AUDIBLE SIGH of relief and places down
his gun.

ART
Sorry, Becca. Force of habit.

REBECCA
Is that how you greet all your
visitors?

ART
No. Only Jehovah's Witnesses.

REBECCA
Can I come in?

ART
Yes, of course. Please excuse me.

Rebecca enters Art's place, as Art checks both sides of the
corridor before closing the door behind him.

INT. ART'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rebecca stands in the living room, as she looks over Art's apartment.

REBECCA

Pretty nice pad you got here.

ART (O.S.)

Thanks. It's sizable, it's modest,
it's me.

(beat)

Can I get you a beer?

REBECCA

Thanks, but I have to drive. Got
any water?

ART (O.S.)

Water? In here? C'mon now, Becca.

Art approaches Rebecca, as he offers a beer.

ART

This one's got your name on it.

REBECCA

Thank you, but again, I have to
drive.

ART

(takes a sip of beer;
curious)

By the way, how do you know where I
live?

REBECCA

You do know where we work, right?

ART

Yes, but, how did you find out?

REBECCA

I spoke to Helen, our Secretary.
Told her I needed to send you a
personal letter.

ART

(takes a sip of his beer)

Very well played. I have got to
talk to that woman.

(beat)

(MORE)

ART (cont'd)
In all seriousness, why are you here?

REBECCA
I wanted to talk about that operative Rutledge mentioned today.

ART
Okay. What about him?

REBECCA
Well, I've been doing research tonight, and can't come up with a modicum of data.

ART
I did some searches, but also came up with nothing. This envelope fella is a real tough nut to crack.

REBECCA
Envipal.

ART
Pardon me?

REBECCA
Envipal. His name is Envipal.

ART AND REBECCA
Envipal, envelope. Close enough.

REBECCA
Close enough? What is this, a game of horseshoes? All information on this mission must be accurate and up-to-date.

ART
I know that.
(points to computer)
Go look at my PC. Have been researching like crazy on this guy.

Rebecca goes over to Art's computer, as she carefully reviews its contents.

ART (O.S.)
See, like I told you, nothing on that operative.

REBECCA
(curiously notices
something)
Is this what I think it is?

ART (O.S.)
What's that?

REBECCA
(looks incredulously at
monitor)
Fantasy football?
(turns to Art; stern)
You were doing fantasy football?

ART
Yeah, so? I decided to take a break
from spy hunting, and updated my
roster. I fell to third place this
week.

(beat)
If I play my cards right, I can
land RG3. But then I may have to
trade Ray Rice. Crap.

REBECCA
Do you realize what we are involved
in here?

ART
(takes a sip of beer)
Oh, yeah. I was assigned this
mission with you. Remember?

REBECCA
That's not the point. We have to be
on full alert, and can not have any
distractions.

(beat)
These operatives are an omnipresent
danger to our nation's security and
economy.

ART
Come on now, Becca. You're starting
to sound like Rutledge.

REBECCA
At least one of us should try and
conduct ourselves like an agent.

(beat)
And what's with the name Becca?

(MORE)

REBECCA (cont'd)
My name is Rebecca. At least have
the decency to get my name right.

ART
(upset)
Now you're starting to get too big
for your britches, sweetheart!

REBECCA
Excuse me, too big for my britches?
Who are you, my great grandpa?

ART
Hey now, you show me some respect.
I have been with Intelligence way
longer than you, and I will not
stand here and be lectured to by
some neophyte, tight-assed, pant-
suit wearing, over-analytical, anal-
retentive bitch!

A moment of silence follows, as Art and Rebecca look
intensely at each other. They then lean in closer and start
to kiss each other ardently.

They plop down on the sofa, and start to undress each other.

ART
(in a whisper; slightly
out of breath)
How about we go to my bedroom?

REBECCA
(in a whisper; slightly
out of breath)
Sounds like a plan.

The two get up from the sofa, as Art keep Rebecca elevated in
his arms, as they kiss and make their way to the bedroom.

INT. ART'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Art and Rebecca lie awake underneath the sheets, as they
cuddle and make small talk.

ART
(in a whisper)
Man, I haven't seen that much
action since the Clinton
Administration.

REBECCA
(in a whisper)
You're joking, right?

ART
(in a whisper)
I am. More like Bush.

REBECCA
Senior, right?

ART
Hey, watch it now.

A moment of silence ensues, as Rebecca continues.

REBECCA
Listen, I just want to tell you
that I am sorry for how I reacted
tonight.

(beat)
You didn't deserve any type of
admonition for something like
fantasy football.

ART
No sweat my pet.

REBECCA
Actually, I do follow football on
occasion.

ART
(slightly surprised)
Really? A fellow Skins fans, eh?

REBECCA
You wish... Cowboys, baby, Cowboys!

ART
Oh, no. Get out of my bed now!

REBECCA
What's the matter? Jealous of our
five Super Bowls?

ART
Yeah, sure. One playoff win in the
last seventeen years. Oh right,
America's Team my ass!

REBECCA

How about your dead skins? They haven't won it all since I was a senior in high school.

(hesitates)

Wow, did I just reveal my age to you?

ART

You most certainly did. I won't hold it against you. Yet.

(beat)

Of all teams, why the Cowgirls?

REBECCA

Do you even have to ask? Dallas born and bred. SMU, Class of '95.

(beat; hesitates)

Oh no, I did it again.

ART

I just slept with a lone star stater?

REBECCA

A Texan and proud of it.

ART

Why did you leave?

REBECCA

I always felt there something better for me.

ART

Do you ever get homesick?

REBECCA

Every now and then. I get a little craving for barbecue, and I really miss going to the annual Thanksgiving Day game.

(one full beat; waxes nostalgic)

My Dad knew somebody who worked in the ticket office. Every Thanksgiving we'd sit on the fifty-yard line to watch the game.

(beat)

My Mom would always cook the turkey earlier than normal, that way we would be full by game time.

(MORE)

REBECCA (cont'd)

I remember how nobody could catch Emmitt, how Troy was tough as nails, and Mike just seemed to make plays all day.

ART

It pains me to say this, but they were damn great.

REBECCA

My favorite player of all though, was Moose. Everybody but him seemed to get all the glory. But without him, they never would have won three Super Bowls.

(beat)

I always wanted to be just like Moose. Know my role, perform it well, and always do what's best for an entire group.

ART

What made you choose a career in Intelligence?

REBECCA

Well, I've always had an interest in criminal justice, love to travel, but most importantly, I wanted to prove myself in a field dominated primarily by men. No offense.

ART

None taken. Well, you certainly have proven yourself thus far. You did fantastic out there today.

REBECCA

Thanks. I know I can be cold, calculated, and drive, but that's just my work side. I can pull the stick out of my ass when I want to.

ART

Well, you definitely had one there these past few hours.

REBECCA

(playfully punches Art in chest)

You take that back, you lech!

ART
That's payback for your Bush Senior
joke!

REBECCA
Alright, I'll let that one slide.
For now!

ART
All joking aside, I really want to
have you as my partner. Outside of
work.

REBECCA
That sounds like a plan. But we
can't let what we have get in the
way of our civic duty. Deal?

ART
(extends his hand)
Deal.

Art and Rebecca shake hands, as a moment of silence ensues.
They look tenderly at each other, as they lean in to kiss.
Suddenly, Rebecca's CELL PHONE RINGS.

REBECCA
Shit, who's calling at this hour?

Rebecca grabs her cell phone from the night stand, and picks
up.

REBECCA
(speaks into cell phone)
Hello? Really? Okay, I'll be right
over.

Rebecca hangs up, as she rises from bed.

ART
Who was it?

REBECCA
Rutledge. They've found a suspect.
Let's roll.

INT. REBECCA'S CAR - FRONT SEAT - LATE NIGHT

Rebecca drives, as she and Art converse.

ART
Man, this really better be
important. This late at night.

REBECCA
I'm sure it is. Let's just meet
with Rutledge and see what's up.

Rebecca continues to drive.

EXT. LOCAL LOADING DOCK - LATE NIGHT

Rebecca's car arrives at the loading dock, as it comes to a stop. Art and Rebecca exit the vehicle, as they are met with Kevin and some CIA team members.

REBECCA
Mister Rutledge, we came as soon as
we could.

KEVIN
(in a whisper)
Please try and speak in low tones.

ART
(in a whisper)
What's with the late-night stake
out?

KEVIN
(in a whisper)
We believe an operative is hiding
somewhere here on the docks. We got
a lead from an anonymous source.

ART
(in a whisper)
Well, what are we waiting for?
Let's go get 'em...

Art is about to head off, when Kevin restrains him.

KEVIN
(in a whisper)
Not so fast, Art. We have no idea
who this individual is, or what
they're capable of. Let's just bide
our time and then go in.

REBECCA
(in a whisper)
Any other details? Physical
description? Possible accomplices?

KEVIN
(in a whisper)
They are said to be working alone.
(beat; points to team and
equipment)
Our team is currently running
surveillance and motion-tracking
equipment. So far, no sign of
anyone.

ART
How about the both of us take a
separate area of the docks to try
and catch the perp?

REBECCA
I like the idea.

KEVIN
Alright. But we need to keep track
of you both as well.

A CIA member appears and places bracelets on the wrists of
Art and Rebecca.

KEVIN
These gadgets are motion detector
bracelets. They will help us keep
track of your whereabouts. Keep
them concealed at all times.

ART
How about I take the North port and
Rebecca inspects the South?

KEVIN
Is that okay with you, Rebecca?

REBECCA
Fine with me.

KEVIN
Alright. Are you armed? Go at it
and report anything you see to us.

Art and Rebecca disperse, as they begin their search.

EXT. LOCAL LOADING DOCK - SOUTH END - LATE NIGHT

Rebecca, wielding her gun, vigilantly inspects the South end
of the docks in search of the suspect.

REBECCA
(whispers into radio)
This is Agent R. So far, no sign of
the suspect. Will continue
searching. Over.

EXT. LOCAL LOADING DOCK - NORTH END - LATE NIGHT

Art, gun in hand, inspects the surrounding area of the dock's
North End.

ART
(whispers into radio)
This is Agent A. Suspect has not
yet been sighted. Will report all
findings once they emerge. Over.

Art continues to search the North end, when he smells the
aroma of low tide at the dock. He makes a face of pure
disgust.

ART
(disgusted)
Gotta love that low tide smell.

EXT. LOCAL LOADING DOCK - SOUTH END - LATE NIGHT

Rebecca continues to search the South end, when she notices
something.

REBECCA'S POV

GLISTENING LIGHT

Luminesces in the dark at the end of the dock.

BACK TO SCENE

Rebecca tentatively makes her way over to the light, as she
approaches it and looks carefully at it.

REBECCA
(whispers into radio)
This is Agent R. There appears to
be a piece of evidence here on the
South end. Over. I repeat, there
appears to be a...

Before Rebecca can finish, she is grabbed by a DARK, MYSTERIOUS FIGURE, who EMERGES from behind her.

KEVIN (V.O.)
(from over radio)
Agent R, please tell us what you see. Agent R, come in. Over.

Rebecca and the Dark Figure begin to grapple. The Dark Figure PUNCHES Rebecca, as she falls to the ground.

The Dark Figure approaches a fallen Rebecca, who proceeds to TRIP him. The Dark Figure falls to the ground, as Rebecca rises and then KICKS him in his side.

Rebecca tries to kick the Dark Figure again, when he grabs her left leg and throws her to the ground. R

Rebecca attempts to get up when, she is PUNCHED by the Dark Figure. Rebecca tries to regain herself, as the Dark Figure quickly approaches her. Rebecca KICKS the Dark Figure in his ankle, as he falls backward.

The two continue to scuffle and defend themselves, when there is a lull in the action.

Rebecca and the Dark Figure look intensely at each other. Rebecca pulls out her gun.

REBECCA
(aims gun at Dark Figure)
Okay, hold it right there. Take off your mask and reveal yourself. Slowly.

The Dark Figure does not heed Rebecca, and takes a few steps toward her.

REBECCA
(points gun; raises her voice)
I repeat, do not move and take off your mask. Slowly.

The Dark Figure does still not listen, and stands firmly in place.

REBECCA
(aims her gun)
Okay, I'm giving you to the count of three to do as I say, or shots will be fired. One, two...

Before Rebecca can finish counting, she takes a step back, and proceeds to slip on a puddle of water and PLUNGES off the dock into the ocean.

The Dark Figure looks down.

DARK FIGURE'S POV

REBECCA struggles and flails about in the ocean, trying not to drown.

BACK TO SCENE

The Dark Figure continues to watch, as he turns around and is PUNCHED in the face by Art, who is accompanied by Kevin and his CIA crew members.

Art notices Rebecca, as he calls the crew to attention.

ART
(yells out)
Randy, Gus, cuff the perp. Kev,
Jason, Becca's drowning. Help me
get her!

Art looks around the dock, and find a loose rope.

ART
(hands rope to Jason)
Jay, get the end of this rope. Kev,
help me pull her up!

The guys unravel the rope and approach the end of the dock.

ART
(throws down rope off
dock; yells out)
Becca, grab onto the end of this
rope and we'll pull you up!

Rebecca, still in the water, grabs hold of the rope.

Art checks, and then instructs the guys.

ART
Okay fellas, pull her up! Slowly!

The guys start to gently tug on the rope, as Rebecca starts to emerge from the briny deep.

Rebecca has reached the top of the dock, as Art quickly grabs hold of her.

ART
 (embraces and comforts
 Rebecca)
 Rebecca, are you okay?

Kevin also checks on Rebecca, as he instructs his crew.

KEVIN
 Alright fellas, take the perp to
 the truck. Jay, get Rebecca out of
 her clothes and get her a blanket.
 (pats Art on back)
 Nice work, Agent A.

Kevin continues to comfort a shivering Rebecca.

FADE OUT.

SCENE XI

FADE IN:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - ART AND REBECCA'S NEW OFFICE -
 MORNING

A visibly exhausted Art sits at his desk, barely able to keep his eyes open, when his DESK PHONE RINGS. Art picks up.

ART
 (speaks tiredly into
 receiver)
 Good morning, Art speaking. Okay,
 I'll be over in a minute.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - KEVIN RUTLEDGE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Kevin sits at his desk, diligently filing out paper work, when there is a KNOCK on his DOOR.

KEVIN
 Please enter.

The door opens, as Art appears.

ART
 (tired)
 Kevin, you wanted to see me?

KEVIN
(looks up from his papers)
Good morning, Art. Please, have a
seat.

Art grabs a chair, as he listens to Kevin.

KEVIN
How are you feeling, Art?

ART
(tiredly rubs his eyes)
All things considered, alright.

KEVIN
You look beat, Art. Rebecca called
in sick today.

ART
I know. She sent me a text.

KEVIN
Well, I would like for you to know
that your efforts last night were
not without merit.
(beat)
Our defense department is currently
interrogating him to obtain info.
Only problem is, he speaks no
English and is extremely tight-
lipped.

ART
Anything you need from me?

KEVIN
No, Art. You've sufficiently done
your part. I would recommend you
take the rest of the day off.

ART
And do what?

KEVIN
Get home, catch some much-needed
shut eye, and be ready for your
next assignment.

ART
What about the perp?

KEVIN

We'll take care of him, Art. He'll eventually have to spill it. No pun intended.

(beat)

See you tomorrow, Art.

INT. ART'S CAR - FRONT SEAT - DAY

Art takes a sip of coffee, as he continues to drive.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rebecca, clad in a robe and slippers, rests idly on her sofa, as she watches TV. Suddenly, there is a KNOCK at the DOOR.

Rebecca carefully rises from her sofa, and gently makes her way to the door.

REBECCA

Who is it?

ART (O.S.)

(from behind door)

Domino's. I got two large meat lover's pies.

REBECCA

Sorry, pal. I'm a Papa John's gal.

ART (O.S.)

(from behind door)

Well, that's too bad, cause I also have some smokin' hot...

Rebecca opens the door, as Art stands in the doorway.

ART

Artie bread.

Rebecca grins lightly at Art, as he enters.

ART

(hands her cup of tea)

Here you are.

REBECCA

(looks curiously at cup)

What is this?

ART
Chamomile tea.

REBECCA
Thanks. How do you know where I
live?

ART
You do know where we work, right? I
have my sources too.

REBECCA
(looks concerned and
feels Art's face)
My God, you look horrible.

ART
Gee, you don't look so hot
yourself.

REBECCA
(looks at clock on wall)
My goodness, you're out of work
early.

ART
Rutledge let me leave early today.
(beat)
How are you feeling?

REBECCA
Much better. Thankfully, my
breathing is back to normal and I
narrowly avoided hypothermia.

ART
Being in the Atlantic will do that.

REBECCA
I'll be back at work tomorrow. What
brings you here?

ART
Just came to see how you were.

REBECCA
I appreciate that. Any news on the
perp?

ART
I spoke to Rutledge. He's under
interrogation with Defense. He's
gonna be a tough nut to crack.

REBECCA

He'll eventually have to give in.

A moment of silence follows, as Art and Rebecca look coyly at each other.

REBECCA

I just wanted to say thanks for saving me last night. I though I was a goner for sure.

ART

Agents like us don't die easy.

Another moment of silence follows, as Art looks at Rebecca.

REBECCA

What is it?

ART

Well, I do believe it is customary for the damsel in distress to kiss her hero.

REBECCA

(coquettish)

Is that a fact?

(starts to touch Art)

Well, I do believe that can be arranged.

Rebecca kisses Art lightly, as the two begin to get passionate.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Rebecca and Art lay idly in bed together, as they cuddle and chat.

ART

Nice little place you got here.

REBECCA

Thank you. It's nothing special, but it suits me fine.

ART

I must say, this is one comfy bed.

REBECCA

It certainly got its springs tested.

A moment of silence ensues, as Art notices something.

ART
(looks at picture)
Who's that in the picture?

REBECCA
That's my Dad. That picture was
taken at our last Cowboys game
together.

ART
Really? Where is he now?

REBECCA
My Dad later contracted lung cancer
and passed away. Four years ago
this November.

ART
I'm sorry.

REBECCA
Just hope he would be proud of what
I'm doing with myself.

ART
I have no doubt that he would be.

Art and Rebecca look amorously at one another, and lean in to
kiss, when Art's CELL PHONE BEEPS.

ART
(slightly startled)
Egads, what the hell is that?

REBECCA
I think it's your cell phone.

Art reaches over and grabs his cell phone off a nearby night
stand.

ART
(checks cell phone;
astounded)
Shit, I gotta go.

Art gets out of bed, and starts to frantically dress. Rebecca
looks on curiously.

REBECCA
My goodness, where are you off to?

ART
(dresses frantically)
I have to meet somebody.

REBECCA
Who? Where? Is this work-related?

ART
(buckles his belt)
Sort of.

Art grabs all of his belongings from off the night stand, as he starts to head out.

ART
(runs towards door)
I'll call you tonight. Feel better.

Art exits OUT OF VIEW, as Rebecca remains in bed.

EXT. MCEWEN'S PUB - PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Haji stands in the parking lot by his car, awaiting the arrival of Art.

ART'S CAR pulls up INTO VIEW, and settles into an available space. Art exits his car, as he sees and approaches Haji.

ART
(extends his hand)
Sorry I'm late. Was busy doing
someone... I mean something.

HAJI
(warmly shakes Art's hand)
No problem at all.
(checks his watch)
You are actually right on time.
Shall we go in?

ART
Yes, of course. Please, after you.

Haji and Art make their way into McEwen's.

INT. MCEWEN'S PUB - LATE AFTERNOON

McEwen's is packed with patrons, as they eat, drink, watch sports, and talk amongst each other.

Suddenly, EVERYONE falls SILENT, as they look intently at Art and Haji. Art quickly notices this and reacts.

ART
Hey, everybody. It's just me.
Nothin' to see here.

The awkward silence continues for a few seconds more, until EVERYTHING returns to NORMAL.

Art and Haji find a table in a far alcove of the bar, as they get settled.

ART
I hope this table's okay.

HAJI
Oh, yes, it will do just fine.
Thank you.

Moments later, a Waitress, named KATHY, appears INTO VIEW.

KAREN
Hello there, stranger!

Art notices Kathy, and rises from his seat.

ART
(warmly hugs Kathy)
Kat, how you doin'? It's been a while.

KATHY
It certainly has. Miss seein' you and Phil here. He was one helluva tipper.

ART
Well, I will gladly continue that proud tradition.

KATHY
(notices Haji)
Who's your friend?

ART
(introduces Haji)
Pardon me.
(MORE)

ART (cont'd)
Kathy, I'd like for you to meet my
co-worker.

(hesitates; looks
confounded at Haji)
Haji.

HAJI
Haji.

ART
Yes, Haji. Haji, Kathy. Kathy,
Haji.

KATHY
(extends her hand)
Pleased to meet you.

HAJI
The pleasure is mine, Kathy.

ART
Well, now that we've met, why don't
we start off with some drinks? Two
Millers, Kat.

HAJI
(politely interjects)
Excuse me, Art. But I don't drink.
It is against my religion.

Art looks slightly embarrassed, as he changes the drink
order.

ART
Okay. One Miller and... What'll it
be, Haji?

HAJI
A Pepsi, please.

ART
Great. One Miller and one Pepsi.

KATHY
(writes down orders)
Okay, one Miller and one Pepsi. Be
right back.

Kathy departs OUT OF VIEW, as Art and Haji start to converse.

ART
So, how was your day at work?

HAJI
It was quite well, thank you. And yours?

ART
(hesitates)
Well... it went well. It went well.

HAJI
Odd, but I didn't see you at all today.

ART
Oh well, you know. Spend a lot of time in my office.

HAJI
Well, did you do anything special?

ART
(suggestive)
Well, I guess you can call it that.

HAJI
Really? Do tell.

Art, caught off guard by Haji's query, hesitates.

ART
(fumbles for words)
Well, I...

Before Art can continue, Kathy returns with the guys' drinks.

KATHY
(places down drinks)
Okay, I have one Miller and one Pepsi. Can I get you fellas anything to eat?

ART
(picks up and peruses menu)
You read my mind, Kat. I am famished.
(reads menu items)
How about the Kansas City style ribs?

KATHY
Oh, that is one of our most popular dishes.

(MORE)

KATHY (cont'd)
It comes with french fries and
coleslaw. It could feed two people.

ART
Boy, that sure sounds good. How
about one order for Haji and I to
split?

HAJI
(politely interjects)
I'm sorry, Art. But I can not eat
ribs.

Art looks embarrassed but composed, as he looks the menu.

ART
(reads menu)
How about we get a large order of
potato skins with cheddar and
bac...

Before Art continues, his logic prevails, as he looks
slightly embarrassed at Haji.

ART
Okay, Kat. Can we have a large
order of fries? Plain.

KATHY
(writes down order)
One order of large fries, coming
up.

Kathy departs OUT OF VIEW, as Art and Haji are left alone.

ART
(blunt)
My goodness, you can't have a beer,
you can't eat bacon. No wonder you
guys bomb the shit out of people.

Haji remains silent and visibly hurt by Art's words, as Art
quickly realizes this.

ART
(contrite)
My goodness, I am so sorry. Open
mouth, insert foot.

HAJI
I am deeply sorry if my religious
beliefs have deprived you of the
foods you enjoy.

ART
No worries. We're here. Let's just
have a fun night. Deal?

HAJI
(warmly shakes Art's hand)
Deal.
(curious)
So, what were you doing at work
today?

ART
(hesitates)
Well, I...I...

Haji awaits Art's reply, as he takes a sip of his Pepsi.

ART
I am not at liberty to discuss it.
Very confidential assignment.

HAJI
I understand. We can't talk about
everything, especially where we
work.

ART
(takes a sip of beer)
Amen to that, brother.
(beat)
So, tell me a little about
yourself, Haji.

HAJI
Well, I was born and raised in
Pakistan. I spent my entire college
years in London. I attended
Cambridge and Eton.

ART
Cambridge and Eton? I'm impressed.

HAJI
Thank you. I majored in
International Studies and Finance.
After graduation, I interned at the
United Nations, and then the White
House.

ART
(takes a sip of beer)
My goodness, Haji. You've done so
much with your life.

HAJI

Thank you. It's just such an honor and privilege to live and work in this great country.

ART AND REBECCA

You really seem to appreciate this country and what it represents. Wish a lot of people felt like you.

(one full beat)

Listen, I just want to say how sorry I am for us getting off on the wrong foot. Please know that I never did any of those mean pranks to you.

HAJI

I know you didn't. They suspended the three assholes who did.

(beat)

I should also offer an apology to you for how I reacted towards you. It was very inappropriate and I feel horrible.

ART

(dismissively waves his hand)

No worries at all. I can only imagine how rough it is for someone like you in today's world, given the global climate.

HAJI

(emotional)

It's certainly had its moments. Airports, parks, even in my own neighborhood. It's like everyone thinks I'm going to blow them up or cut their throat. It really hurts.

ART

(reassuring)

Well, I want you to know that you have a friend in me. If anyone bothers you or does something to you at work, don't be afraid to come talk to me. Okay?

HAJI

Okay. You are a very fine man, Art.

ART
So are you, Haji. Where is Kat with those fries? I don't know about you, but I'm starving.

INT. MCEWEN'S PUB - ONE HOUR LATER

The plate of french fries is completely gone.

Art and Haji are still seated, as they continue to chat.

ART
So Phil and I used to sneak in a back entrance that only we knew about, and were never caught until the place was re-modeled.

Art and Haji LAUGH heartily, as they smile happily.

ART
How about another Pepsi?

HAJI
Oh, I'm fine, thank you.

A moment of silence follows, as Haji starts to look uncomfortable. Art notices this.

ART
(concerned)
You alright, Haj?

HAJI
(gently whispers)
Some people are staring at us.

ART
(whispers)
Who?

HAJI
(whispers)
That family at the table across from us.

Art heeds Haji and looks.

ART'S POV

FAMILY OF FOUR

Sits at the table across from the guys, as they stare suspiciously at them.

BACK TO SCENE

Art notices this, as he speaks to Haji.

ART
(reassuring)
Don't pay them no mind, Haj. They
look like a bunch of hicks anyway.

Suddenly, MIKE MCEWEN, the owner of McEwens, appears.

ART
(rises from his seat and
hugs Mike)
Mike, so good to see you.

MIKE
Hi, Art. How's your meal?

ART
Great as always, Mike.
(introduces Haji)
Mike, I'd like for you to meet my
co-worker and friend, Haji.

MIKE
(extends his hand)
Pleased to meet you, Haji.

HAJI
(shakes Mike's hand)
Nice to meet you, Mike.

MIKE
Art, I was hoping to see if I could
speak to you?

ART
Sure, Mike.

Art awaits Mike's reply.

MIKE
In private.

ART
(hesitates)
Sure.

(MORE)

ART (cont'd)
(turns to Haji)
Haji, excuse me for a moment.

MIKE
(looks at Haji)
Pleasure meeting you.

Art and Mike step away from the table.

INT. MCEWEN'S PUB - MIKE'S OFFICE - EVENING

Mike and Art have arrived in Mike's office. Art takes a seat across from Mike's desk, as Mike sits at his desk.

ART
So Mike, what's up?

MIKE
Art, I called you in here to talk about something.

ART
Alright. What is it, a bar tab? I mean, I know I've had a few in the past, but I've always...

MIKE
(softly interrupts)
Art, I assure you your credit is fine here. It's your friend.

ART
(slightly confounded)
Who? Haji? What about him?

MIKE
A few of our regulars have already left, telling us they feel uncomfortable with him here.

ART
I don't understand. I mean, we've been laughing a little loud. We can turn down the volume or move to another table if you'd like.

MIKE
Sorry Art, but that's not what I mean.

Art remains silent, as he starts to comprehend Mike.

ART

I think I'm starting to see what this is about.

MIKE

It's nothing personal, Art. Your friend seems like a fine guy and all, but I've got a...

ART

(sharply interrupts)

But it is personal, Mike. Of all people to hear this from, I didn't think it'd be you.

MIKE

Art, please don't take this the wrong way...

ART

(interrupts)

You know something? People like you make me sick. You think that every person that doesn't act, look, or speak like you should be subject to analysis and derision.

(beat)

His skin may be brown, but his money is green, just like everyone else's you put in your register.

(beat)

You've got the gall to call yourself the All American pub, but you're anything but.

(one full beat)

This used to be a place I was proud to call a second home. It was my escape after a long day at work, or when life was lettin' me down.

(beat)

Now it's time for me to make an escape from here. It's been great, Mike, but I'm taking a last call.

Art slowly rises from his seat, heads over to the DOOR, exits, and SLAMS it.

A visibly affected Mike remains seated at his desk.

INT. MCEWEN'S PUB - EVENING

Haji sits alone at the table, as he stirs the ice in his beverage glass with a straw. Suddenly, Art appears.

HAJI
Art, you're back.

ART
Come on, Haji.

HAJI
I beg your pardon?

ART
Let's go. We're leaving.

HAJI
What? How come? I mean, it's still very...

ART
(calmly interrupts)
I'll explain when we leave.

Art pulls out his wallet, throws down some dollar bills on the table, and turns to Kathy, who stands a few feet away.

ART
That should cover everything, Kat.
The change is your tip. Thanks for everything.
(turns to Haji)
We're out, Haji.

Art and Haji are about to depart, when Art turns and looks sternly at the family, who were staring at them before.

The family remains seated and silent, as Art and Haji depart.

EXT. MCEWEN'S PUB - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Art and Haji make their way to their cars, as Art pulls Haji aside.

HAJI
Art, please tell me what is going on.

ART
 I'm sorry for what happened to you
 back there. I'm not ever coming
 back here. And neither should you.
 This place is a dive now, anyway.

Haji remains silent, as he looks soberly at Art.

HAJI
 I'm used to it by now.

ART
 Well you shouldn't be. Listen, I
 had a great time, despite what
 happened. I know another place like
 this, even better. Let's say we get
 together again.
 (extends his hand)
 Deal?

HAJI
 (firmly shakes Art's hand)
 Deal.

ART
 I'll see you at work. Get home safe
 and have a good night.

Art goes to his car, as he unlocks the door, enters, and
 starts to drive off.

INT. ART'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The front DOOR opens, as Art has arrived home. He casually
 tosses his coat on a nearby chair, as he PLOPS down on the
 sofa.

He turns on his answering machine, which is on a nearby
 table.

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)
 You have ten new messages.

ART
 (groggy)
 I'm sorry, but they'll have to
 wait.

INT. ART'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Art sits at the foot of his bed, his head hung low, as he prepares to go to bed.

He picks up his cell phone and checks something.

ART'S POV

CLOSE ON TEXT MESSAGE

Reads, "PLEASE CALL ME. LOVE BECCA"

BACK TO SCENE

ART gazes aimlessly at the text, as he places his cell phone on the night stand. Art gets under the covers, as he turns off the lamp on the night stand, as EVERYTHING FADES TO BLACK.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

SCENE XII

FADE IN:

INT. ART'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Art is sound asleep, when suddenly, his CELL PHONE RINGS.

Art tosses and turns in bed, as he struggles to find and answer his phone. Art finally comes to, as he grabs it and answers.

ART
(talks tiredly into cell
phone)
Hello? Yeah, I'll be right over.

Art hangs up, as he rubs his eyes.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - KEVIN RUTLEDGE'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Kevin sits at his desk, as he checks his text messages on his phone. Suddenly, there is a KNOCK on his office DOOR.

KEVIN
You may enter.

The door opens, as Art appears and enters.

KEVIN
Good morning, Art. Have a seat.

Art notices Rebecca has already arrived and is seated. The two look awkwardly at each other.

REBECCA
Art.

ART
Rebecca.

Art sits next to Rebecca, as they await Kevin to begin.

KEVIN
(rises from desk)
Before I begin, I would like to apologize for the very early wake up call. But I wouldn't beckon you here without a reason.
(beat)
I received a call about an hour ago from our defense department. We have identified the perp we nailed at the dock. He is a covert operative with ties to Operation Big Spill.

REBECCA
Do we have a name?

KEVIN
Not yet. Our tech squad is attempting some facial recognition work to try and ID him.

REBECCA
Any updates?

KEVIN
We are finally able to get him to talk through an interpreter. A little.
(beat)
He is indeed affiliated with you know who.

ART

Envipal.

KEVIN

You got it. He refused to speak any further.

(presents device)

This little doodad, my friends, has some significance.

REBECCA

That's what I saw at the dock. What is it?

KEVIN

(shows device)

This is a fuel meter. It measures the contents of an oil barrel and can tell the oil type, refinery, process, refinery location, and even the mineral contents of the pipe.

ART

Wow.

KEVIN

High tech shit indeed. We're venturing to guess that these little gadgets are being used by operatives to illicitly obtain info on foreign and domestic oil.

REBECCA

The more information they have on oil, the better chance they have at developing their refinery processes to defeat the competition.

KEVIN

Bingo. Not to mention to target main refineries in an attempt to attack and trespass them.

ART

Did we find any more of these at the docks?

KEVIN

Nary a one. I had some of our team double-check the docks after you two left. This was the only one we found.

REBECCA

Any information from the captive on it?

KEVIN

We're trying to get him to talk, but so far, nothing doing.

Just as Kevin finishes, there is LOUD KNOCKING on his office DOOR.

KEVIN

Come in.

The door quickly opens, as RILEY MCDONOUGH, a CIA employee, enters.

RILEY

(frantic)

Mister Rutledge, we need you at once. It is urgent.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - TELECONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Kevin, along with Art and Rebecca, quickly make their way to the Teleconference Room. Kevin grabs Emily aside.

KEVIN

Emily, what the hell is going on?

EMILY

Breaking news. An insurgent leader is about to make a major announcement.

EVERYONE falls silent, as they glue their eyes to the flat screen on the other side of the room.

FLAT SCREEN TV

Displays a local news broadcast, as the NEWS ANCHOR starts the broadcast.

NEWS ANCHOR

Good morning, I'm Joan Honeycutt. Breaking news, as U.S. tensions with the Middle East continue to escalate. We have just received word that the majority leader of a radical group in Pakistan is about to issue a major threat.

(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (cont'd)
We will now take you to the live
telecast on Pakistani television.

SHAREEF MAHMOUD QASIM, leader of the Pakistani militant
group, begins to speak.

SHAREEF
(in Arabic)
Good morning, my fellow Pakistanis.
I am here today to discuss my ever-
growing distaste of the U.S.
Government, and the tactics they
are employing to meddle in the
affairs of Pakistan and its people.
(beat)
It was brought to my attention that
U.S. Intelligence is currently
holding one of our operatives,
Khalid Bulsar.

A picture of Khalid displays on the flat screen.

KEVIN
(yells sternly)
Someone write that name down!

SHAREEF
(in Arabic)
After learning of this news, I have
been left with no other choice than
to issue a threat to the U.S. and
its people. I am demanding that
U.S. Intelligence release Khalid
before this Friday, at noon. If our
demands are not met, we will plan
to attack several U.S. Sites, which
will remain unnamed. Please note
that our agenda is genuine, and
will be executed accordingly. The
terms of our demands are not
subject to negotiation, under any
circumstances. Thank you, and my
Allah bless you all.

The television returns to local news broadcast, as EVERYONE
begins CLAMORING amongst themselves.

KEVIN
(sternly calls out)
Alright everyone, pay attention. I
want the Department of Defense
contacted ASAP. Bulsar does not
move from this facility.
(MORE)

KEVIN (cont'd)

Contact the White House and have them issue an amber alert. Beef up Security. Have all employees and visitors sign in and show badges in order to access the building.

(beat)

I want this all done before the end of today. Am I clear?

(turns to Art and Rebecca)

You two come with me.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - KEVIN RUTLEDGE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Art and Rebecca sit attentively, as Kevin paces about his office.

KEVIN

I've already got our research team checking out Bulsar's background. Once this information is obtained, you will be immediately assigned your next mission.

(beat)

I believe Shareef and his group are bluffing, and this is just a ruse for use to give them back Bulsar and to carry out their mission. But I ain't taking any chances. If you see anything or anyone suspicious, report it to me immediately. Continue your regular work schedule until further notice.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - ART AND REBECCA'S NEW OFFICE - DAY

Art sits at his desk, his head in his hands, as he gently massages his scalp.

Rebecca, folders in hand, walks in on Art, as she looks on. Art notices her presence.

REBECCA

You okay?

ART

(sarcastic)

Other than lack of sleep, constant assignments, and a new terror alert, I'm just dandy.

REBECCA

I know it's been rough for us both.
Not to mention keeping what we have
under wraps.

(beat)

But we're getting close to breaking
this thing open. And we and our
nation will be better for it.

Art looks soberly at Rebecca, as a slight smile fissures from
his lips.

The two look tenderly at each other, when the OFFICE PHONE
RINGS. Rebecca picks up.

REBECCA

(speaks into phone)

Hello, this is Rebecca. Art Conley?

Rebecca turns and looks at a tired Art.

REBECCA

I'm afraid he's away from his desk.
May I take a message?

(grabs pen and paper;
writes down info)

Okay, I will give him the message
when he returns. Thank you.

Rebecca hangs up, as she goes back over to Art.

ART

Who was it?

REBECCA

HR has some papers they need for
you to fill out.

(kneels down beside Art)

You sure you're okay?

ART

I'll be fine.

(leans in to kiss Rebecca)

Come here and give me some...

Before Art can continue, Rebecca quickly recoils.

REBECCA

Whoa there, trigger. I thought we
agreed.

ART

Agreed about what?

REBECCA
The business/pleasure thing.

ART
You're kidding, right?

REBECCA
Art, we can't let what we have get
in the way of our civic duty. You
understand, right?

Art remains silent, as he looks angrily at Rebecca. He rises from his seat without saying a word, as Rebecca tries to halt him.

REBECCA
(calls out)
Art, wait!

Before Rebecca can intervene, Art has left, SLAMMING the OFFICE DOOR behind him. Rebecca remains seated, as she looks on despondently.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - EMPLOYEE CAFETERIA - DAY

Art has just filled his tray with his lunch, as he walks off the line and looks for a place to sit. He takes a few steps forward, as he nearly bumps into Rebecca, also at lunch and with tray in hand. The two look uncomfortably at each other, as they go their separate ways.

Art looks for a place to sit, when he notices someone.

HAJI

Sits alone at a table in a far corner of the cafeteria, eating his lunch. He eats his lunch, when a VOICE EMERGES.

ART (O.S.)
Would you like some company?

Haji looks up from his lunch, as he notices Art.

HAJI
(pleasantly surprised)
Art!

ART
May I sit with you?

HAJI

Of course. Have a seat.

Art settles into a seat next to Haji, as they eat and chat.

ART

So, do you sit alone like this all of the time?

HAJI

Mostly. I'd love to sit with some of my co-workers, but am not sure if they want me around.

ART

Well, who needs 'em. You have a friend right here.

HAJI

Thanks, Art. I had a real swell time last night.

ART

I really hope so. Just remember, you are just like everybody else here. No matter what anyone says or thinks.

Haji smiles slightly at Art, as he continues.

ART

How about we get together for lunch every day at his same time, at this same table?

HAJI

(warmly extends his hand)
Deal!

Art and Haji shake hands, as they continue to converse.

ART

(shows Haji his lunch)
Have your tried these mashed potatoes? These are some of the best I've had in years. Here, have some.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - ART AND REBECCA'S NEW OFFICE -
AFTERNOON

Art has returned from lunch, as he heads over to and sits at his desk. He presses the button on his phone to check his voice mails.

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)
You have two new messages.

Art presses the button, as the message plays.

KEVIN (V.O.)
(over voice mail)
Art, this is Kevin. Please see me
in my office before you leave
today. Thanks.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - KEVIN RUTLEDGE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Kevin is busy entering some data on his computer, when there is a KNOCK on his OFFICE DOOR.

KEVIN
Please enter.

The door opens, as Art appears and enters.

ART
Hi, Kevin. You wanted to see me?

KEVIN
Yes, Art. Have a seat.

Art is about to sit, when he notices that Rebecca is already seated.

Rebecca looks soberly at Art, as they stare pensively at each other.

KEVIN (O.S.)
Art?

Art re-directs his attention.

KEVIN
Art, please be seated, as we have
important matters to discuss.

Art heeds Kevin, as he takes a seat next to Rebecca.

KEVIN

I've called you in here today to discuss today's insurgent broadcast. We are pulling out all the stops to insure that our homeland and its residents are safe.

(beat)

In order to achieve this, I am asking everyone involved in this operation to be on a twenty-four hour clock.

Art and Rebecca remain silent, as they continue listening to Kevin.

KEVIN

We are fearful that the insurgents will attempt to strike at any time. The Defense Department has been placed on elevated alert.

REBECCA

Are there any assignments for us?

KEVIN

Not currently. Please continue your research but most importantly, be on the lookout for anything or anyone suspicious. Are there any questions?

Art and Rebecca remain silent, as Kevin concludes the meeting.

KEVIN

Very well then. This meeting is adjourned. Get some rest and try to stay out of trouble before it finds you.

INT. ART'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

CLOSE ON COFFEE MUG

Rests on table in living room. Reads, "ARMED AND HANDSOME"

Art is burning the midnight oil, as he is about to fall asleep on his sofa, when he catches himself and awakens. He takes his coffee mug from off his table and sips some java.

He carefully inspects his laptop, when he notices something.

LAPTOP SCREEN

Displays a virtual map of CIA Headquarters. There is a red blip appearing on the screen, indicating that there is an intruder on the premises.

A stimulated Art vigilantly watches the red blip, as he quickly pulls out his cell phone and makes a phone call.

ART
 (speaks loudly into cell
 phone)
 Hello, this is Agent A. I see a
 possible intruder on the premises.
 Near the rear entrance. I'll be
 over ASAP. Over.

Art hangs up his cell phone and starts to get dressed.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - FRONT PARKING LOT - LATE NIGHT

Art's car pulls into the parking lot, as it comes to a stop. Art gets out, as he is greeted by a bevy of police and CIA personnel. Seconds later, he encounters Kevin and Rebecca.

ART
 (calls out)
 Kev, Rebecca.

REBECCA
 We came as soon as we could.

KEVIN
 What did you see, Art?

ART
 I saw a blip on the headquarters
 security map. Rear entrance.
 (slightly nervous)
 I swear.

KEVIN
 (calms Art)
 Easy there, Art. Nobody's saying
 you're a liar. We just need to try
 and find what you saw.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

KEVIN (cont'd)

We have some of the nation's finest scouring the entire premises for anyone or anything. So far, nothing's come up yet. Come with me.

About an hour later, Kevin, Art, and Rebecca continue to discuss tonight's events.

KEVIN

I just spoke to the Chief of the D.C. PD. His men did a thorough search of the facilities, and could not find anyone or anything suspicious.

ART

I'm sorry, but I swore I could have saw some...

KEVIN

(lightly interrupts)
No need to beat yourself up, Art. Better to be safe than sorry.

(beat)

Now I want you both to get home, get some rest, and we'll see each other in the morning.

REBECCA

What about headquarters?

KEVIN

The Chief of Police has kindly provided some of his men for tonight. They will be monitoring the facility until seven this morning.

(beat)

Should anything occur, all employees will be notified. But you two will be the first to know. Have a good night.

Kevin walks away OUT OF VIEW, as Art and Rebecca remain alone with each other. They look away silently, when Rebecca speaks.

REBECCA

You okay?

ART

(nonchalant)

Eh.

REBECCA

Eh? I've had better replies from
cadavers. Listen, I'm sorry for...

ART

(softly interrupts)
No, I should be the one
apologizing. I now understand what
you're trying to do.

(beat)

Just with everything that's been
going on, and chasing after these
guys, it can wear on the best of
us.

REBECCA

I understand. Well, if you ever
want to talk, you've got a set of
ears waiting to listen.

With that, Rebecca walks away to her car, as Art stands still
and sober in the parking lot.

FADE OUT.

SCENE XIII

FADE IN:

DREAM SEQUENCE

A red BLIP appears, as it starts to blink and BEEP LIGHTLY.

A Dark Figure, shrouded entirely in black, approaches, as it
starts to walk down a lit corridor. As the dark figure
passes, the corridor becomes darker and darker, as the BLIP
BEEPS LOUDER.

A beam of ultraviolet red light radiates onto the Dark
Figure, who continues down the corridor. The Dark Figure
finally comes to a stop, as it takes off its hood to reveal a
humans skeleton skull, which reflects in the red light, as
the BLIP BEEPS HEAVILY AND INCESSANTLY.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

CUT TO:

INT. ART'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Art, startled by a nightmare, vaults up, awakens, and gives a light SCREAM. He PANTS HEAVILY, as he quickly grabs his gun off the night stand, and aims it, checking around the room. No one is present.

Art continues to PANT HEAVILY, as he starts to BREATHE LIGHTER. He places down his gun on the night stand, as he massages his scalp and rubs his eyes, and lays back down and gives an AUDIBLE SIGH.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Art has arrived into work, as he greets some of his fellow co-workers.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - INFORMATION DEPARTMENT - MORNING

Employees in the Information Department of the CIA carefully perform their duties, as they gather information on their latest findings and talk amongst each other.

EMILY

Can you guys believe the security detail this morning? Thought I would need a passport to get in here.

CAMERON

Just a sign of the times. These terrorists have got this nation by the you-know-what.

DAN

Just don't let anyone hear you say that. You'll be on the unemployment line.

EMILY

Then one of them will get your job.

CAMERON

Easy now. If you're not careful, those words will blow up in your...

Before Cameron can finish, there is a LARGE EXPLOSION in the office, followed by another BLAST.

All of CIA headquarters experiences random EXPLOSIONS, as EMERGENCY SIRENS BLARE and LIGHTS start to BLINK.

Employees start to evacuate the facilities.

Kevin escorts employees out of a side emergency exit, as he tries to maintain order.

KEVIN

Okay, everyone leave in an orderly fashion. Get out in front of the building and stay there. We'll all be fine. Go!

Art and Rebecca have left their office, as they carefully make their way out.

REBECCA

(yells out)
What the hell is going on?

ART

(yells out)
I have no clue. Let's exit and try to find out.

EXT. FRONT CIA HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

All employees stand outside headquarters, as police cars, fire trucks and ambulances surround the area.

KEVIN

(yells into cell phone)
I don't give a shit how busy they are. We've just been attacked and there are people hurt. Get someone down here NOW!

Kevin angrily hangs up his cell phone, as he is approached by Art and Rebecca.

REBECCA

Are you alright, Mister Rutledge?

KEVIN

I'm fine. How are you and Art?

REBECCA

We're okay. What happened?

KEVIN
 Believe me, I am doing everything I
 can to find that out. Where the
 hell is Security?
 (dials number on cell
 phone; speaks into cell
 phone)
 Dale, what news have you got for
 me? I need something right now!
 (motions to Art and
 Rebecca)
 Where is it? Okay, I'm coming there
 right now.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - REAR ENTRANCE - MORNING

Police, firemen, and CIA members are gathered, as they survey
 the scene. Kevin, Art, and Rebecca arrive, as they begin
 their analysis. Kevin speaks to one of his right-hand men,
 BRIAN McMahon.

KEVIN
 Okay, Bri. What have we got?

BRIAN
 This looks like an inside job, Kev.

KEVIN
 By who?

BRIAN
 We don't know. We think it might be
 that radical Pakistani group.
 (presents device)
 However, I think we found the
 smoking gun. Or rather, the
 detonator.

Everyone gathers around, as they carefully inspect a
 detonator device, which is connected to a wing of CIA
 Headquarters.

KEVIN
 (carefully inspects
 detonator device)
 Is this thing active?

BRIAN
 No. The bomb squad carefully
 checked, and there is no activity.

KEVIN

I just don't understand how this thing was able to be set up? I Men, we had the whole area cornered last night. And no one saw anything?

BRIAN

Whoever did this certainly had an intricate plan, and followed it to perfection. None of our crew, including police, saw any suspicious figures last night.

KEVIN

How about inside? There are people with serious injuries. Are there any casualties?

BRIAN

EMT and fire fighters are currently inside checking the facility for anyone injured or killed. So far, we have received no news of casualties.

(bet)

Was there currently anyone in custody or lock down who needs to be accounted for?

Kevin takes a moment to think, when he suddenly comes to.

KEVIN

(calls out)

Bulsar! You've got to let me in there!

Kevin attempts to enter the building, as he is restrained by CIA members and Police.

BRIAN

I'm sorry, Kevin, but only medical and fire department personnel can access the facilities at this time.

KEVIN

You don't understand. That sonuva bitch is the link to our latest mission! He needs to be apprehended and detained at once! He is a threat.

BRIAN

I understand, Kevin. We will send police inside to apprehend him. Only authorized personnel can...

KEVIN

(angrily interjects)

Then what the fuck am I, chopped liver?

(beat; enraged)

Send in Security and PD to bring Bulsar into custody. And give me an update, STAT!

BRIAN

Where is he being held?

KEVIN

In a confined chamber in Sector 126. One of our staff will give you a badge to grant you access to the sector.

(bet)

Get on it right now!

BRIAN

Okay. I want you two to guide police to the sector. Carefully handcuff Bulsar and give me an update on my radio when you've reached him. Got it? Thanks, gentlemen.

CIA and Police crew members make their way into the building, as Brian, Kevin, Art, and Rebecca remain.

REBECCA

We have got to interrogate Bulsar. There is no doubt in my mind that he orchestrated this.

KEVIN

Let's not jump to conclusions, Rebecca. Bulsar had no contact with his radical group. All communication devices were apprehended from him during his detainment.

ART

I think it's someone else. Did some research on Bulsar, and all I could find was a failed plutonium theft in 2007.

REBECCA

Still, we can't take any chances. This guy seems to know more than he's letting on.

KEVIN

(anxious)

What's the latest, Bri?

BRIAN

(speaks into his radio)

This is Brian. Do we have an update on Bulsar? I repeat, do we have an update on Bulsar? Over.

Brian waits for a response, when one of the CIA employees replies.

CIA EMPLOYEE (V.O.)

(from over radio)

Brian, we've searched in Sector 126 and Bulsar is nowhere to be found.

Kevin swiftly grabs the radio from Brian and begins to rant.

KEVIN

(yells into radio)

Now listen to me. I want all of you to search high and low, through every nook and cranny for Bulsar. You do not leave until the entire facility is scoured. That is an order.

(hands radio back to

Brian)

Secure the entire perimeter with police. Check all surveillance video footage of the facility, and inquire all employees. Leave no stone unturned until this prick is back in custody. I want access to my office, immediately!

Kevin walks away OUT OF VIEW, as Art and Rebecca stand idly, trying to figure everything out.

ART

That sector is as secure as Fort Knox. Somebody must have had a motive for sure.

REBECCA

The question is, who?

Seconds later, they are met with a familiar face. Art does a double-take.

PHILLIP stands a few feet away, box in hand, as he looks in astonishment.

PHIL

Artie?

ART

Phil?

Phil places down his box, as he heads toward Art, as they embrace.

ART

What are you doing here?

PHIL

(shows box to Art)

I found a whole bunch of old papers from work, and wasn't sure if I should shred them. What the hell is going on?

ART

Headquarters was attacked this morning.

PHIL

You're kidding me? When the hell did this happen?

ART

About an hour ago. We found a detonator behind the building. We're trying to figure out who's responsible.

PHIL

This is the one part of the job that I don't miss.

ART

How's retirement treating you?

PHIL
 (mock-complains)
 Eh, each day's better than the next.

ART
 (introduces Rebecca)
 Phil, allow me to introduce my new co-worker, Rebecca Lansing.

REBECCA
 (warmly extends her hand)
 Hello, Phil. It's a pleasure meeting you.

PHIL
 (shakes Rebecca's hand)
 The pleasure is mine, Rebecca.

REBECCA
 Art has told me so much about you.

PHIL
 Hopefully all good stuff.

REBECCA
 Yes, much of it was quite interesting.

A moment of silence follows, as Phil picks up his box.

ART
 I hate to burst your bubble, Phil, but they're not letting anyone in the building right now.

PHIL
 I can see that. Guess I should come back later in the week. A pleasure meeting you, Rebecca.
 (turns to Phil)
 Call me, Art. We'll get together and hoist a few.

ART
 I'm down. See ya later.

Phil departs OUT OF VIEW, as Art and Rebecca amble about the parking lot and converse.

REBECCA
 What should we do now?

ART

Let's check with Rutledge. Based on what happened today, I have a feeling we'll have a new mission on our hands.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - KEVIN RUTLEDGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kevin sits pensively at his desk, as he stares blankly. He slowly rises from his seat, as she starts to walk around headquarters.

Kevin closely surveys all of the damage sustained to the facilities.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - KEVIN RUTLEDGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kevin has returned to his office, as he is seated at his desk, and stares aimlessly around.

CLOSE ON PIECE OF PAPER

Reads "ENVIPAL HILPTENI "

Kevin continues to stare closely at the piece of paper, as he tries to make sense of the day's tragic events.

CLOSE ON KEVIN'S EYES

As they continue to look at the piece of paper.

Kevin grabs a nearby pen, and starts to write on the piece of paper.

CLOSE ON KEVIN'S EYES

As they go wide.

KEVIN

(astounded)

Jesus, Mary, and sweet Saint Joseph.

Kevin looks in awe at the piece of paper, as he quickly picks up the phone at his desk. The line is dead, as Kevin hangs up in frustration.

He reaches into his coat pocket for his cell phone, but can not find it.

KEVIN
I've gotta call the feds.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Kevin heads over to his car, as he REVS the ENGINE, and quickly DRIVES off.

Kevin takes his cell phone, which he left in his car, and makes a call.

Suddenly, from out of nowhere, a DARK VAN EMERGES INTO VIEW, as it starts to trail Kevin's car.

KEVIN
(speaks into cell phone)
Mike, it's Kevin. Yes, I know what time it is. You're not gonna believe this, but I think I've figured out who's behind Operation Big Spill. Can you hear me? I think we're breaking up. Okay, I think I have the...

Before Kevin can continue, there is a BUMP on the REAR of his CAR.

KEVIN
I'm sorry, Mike. Some jerk is tailgating me.

Kevin HONKS his CAR HORN, as he continues his call.

KEVIN
(speaks into cell phone)
As I was saying, I think I know who's behind Operation Big Spill. It looks like...

Suddenly, there is another BUMP from behind Kevin's CAR. Kevin loses control of his cell phone, as he drops it to the floor of his car.

KEVIN
Shit.

Kevin HONKS his CAR HORN even LOUDER. This does not deter the Van, which picks up its SPEED, and continues to pursue Kevin.

KEVIN

Looks like we've go ourselves a
live one. Let's roll, you fuckers.

Kevin SPEEDS up his CAR, as he starts to pull away from the van. The VAN starts to SPEED UP in hot pursuit.

CLOSE ON KEVIN'S CELL PHONE

Lies on the passenger-side floor, as the call is still active.

MIKE (V.O.)

(from over cell phone)
Kevin, are you there? Over!

KEVIN

(in a whisper)
Be right with you, Mike.

Kevin twerks the steering wheel, as his car goes out of the right lane. Kevin focuses, as he sees something.

KEVIN'S POV

LARGE TRUCK

Headlights beaming, comes ROARING in the opposite lane, as it HONKS its HORN.

BACK TO SCENE

Kevin quickly VEERS his car back into the right lane, as the Van is still in close range, as it again BUMPS him.

GLOVED HAND

Emerges from a back window of the Van, with gun in hand. It FIRES a SHOT from the GUN.

CLOSE ON KEVIN'S BACK TIRE

As it gets HIT and EXPLODES

Kevin struggles with his vehicle, as he tries to SPEED away from the Van, despite the blown tire.

KEVIN

Shit, they got my tire.

The Van pulls up to Kevin's bumper, as it HARDLY BUMPS Kevin's car.

Kevin begins to lose control, as he makes a quick turn and goes off the highway.

Kevin starts to pull away from the van, as there is nothing but an open path.

KEVIN
(turns and calls out to
van; exultant)
Looks like I'm gonna win this one,
fellas!

Kevin turns back around, when he quickly notices something.

KEVIN'S POV

LARGE CRANE

Sits parked in the open road area near the bridge.

BACK TO SCENE

Kevin braces himself, as he SLAMS on his brakes, as his CAR CRASHES head on into the crane.

Seconds later, the Van pulls up and comes to a halt a few feet away from the accident.

KEVIN

Sits bloodied behind the wheel, as he is barely cognizant.

CLOSE ON CELL PHONE

Still active, as Mike is still on the other line.

MIKE (V.O.)
(from over cell phone)
Kevin, what happened? Please answer
me now!

A GLOVED HAND emerges INTO VIEW, as it grabs the cell phone and ends the call. It also takes a crumpled and blood-stained piece of paper.

Kevin remains immobile in his car, as a DARK FIGURE approaches him. Kevin notices the figure is next to him.

KEVIN
(mumbles indistinctly)
Who the fuck are you?

DARK FIGURE
 (in deep voice; in Arabic)
 Sadly, you won't find out.

The Dark Figure pulls out a GUN, places it next to Kevin's temple, and pulls the trigger. Kevin is now dead, as the Dark Figure departs OUT OF VIEW.

FADE OUT.

SCENE XIV

FADE IN:

INT. ART'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Art is fast asleep, when his CELL PHONE RINGS. Art tosses and turns, as he grabs his cell phone from off of the night stand, and answers.

ART
 (groggy; speaks into cell
 phone)
 Hello, this is Art.
 (comes to)
 Really? Where? Okay, I'll be right
 over.

EXT. LOCAL HIGHWAY - LATE NIGHT

Police crews, forensic crews, ambulance, and CIA employees surround the area, as they carefully survey the scene.

Art's car pulls up and comes a to stop. Art exits the vehicle, as he presents his CIA badge to an Officer, who allows him access to the crime scene.

Art carefully analyzes his surroundings, as he encounters Brian, and a despondent Rebecca.

ART
 What's going on here?

REBECCA
 Rutledge is dead. They found his
 car crashed into a crane.

ART
 How could this have happened?

BRIAN

We believe someone had a motive. One of our directors, Mike Bragg, received a call from Kevin two hours ago. Kevin told him that he know who was behind the Big Spill.

REBECCA

Who is it?

BEAQT

That's where things got interesting. Kevin then told Mike of a van that was following him. Kevin never did get to say who it was. A car chased ensued, and this was the result.

ART

Surely there has to be some footage of the van?

BEAQT

That's what we're currently looking into with police. We're checking for video, skid marks, anything with a possible lead.

REBECCA

Has the cause of death been determined?

BRIAN

Forensics is currently looking into it. So far, they've determined that Kevin's injuries sustained in the crash were fatal, but that he was still alive at the time of the accident.

ART

This is just too surreal. There has to be some kind of conspiracy behind all this. Did we find any evidence?

BRIAN

Police are carefully checking the scene for any pieces. Anything recovered will be brought to headquarters and police for analysis.

REBECCA

What about the Big Spill? Who'll take over? Who will assign us our missions?

BRIAN

We are currently determining all hierarchal delegations within Intelligence. You will still be assigned your missions, and will need to carry out all assignments, as expected.

(beat)

We'll need you both to come down to police headquarters tomorrow morning. All evidence and results should be made conclusive.

ART

Is there anything we should do?

BRIAN

(looks at his watch)

Well, it's not getting any earlier. Why don't you two go home and get a good night's rest. We have a busy morning.

REBECCA

Anything else?

BRIAN

Yeah. Watch each other's backs. I don't think we realize who we're dealing with here.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - CORRIDOR - LATE NIGHT

Art and Rebecca have arrived at Rebecca's front door, as they are about to say good night.

REBECCA

Listen, I just wanna say thanks for walking me in.

ART

Anytime. Just wouldn't feel right if I didn't. After what happened tonight.

REBECCA

Are you sure you don't want to stay over?

ART

Thanks, but I've gotta get home.

REBECCA

I still can't believe it. How could this have happened to Rutledge?

ART

I don't have an answer for that. But I do know whoever is behind it is gonna be fair game.

REBECCA

Spoken like a true agent. Please text me when you get home.

ART

You have my word.

A moment of silence follows, as Art and Rebecca look coyly at each other.

REBECCA

Good night, Art.

ART

Good night, Becca.

Art and Rebecca proceed to kiss each other, as Rebecca gently caresses Art's cheek. Rebecca unlocks her apartment door, enters, and closes the door behind her.

Art stands in the corridor, as he smiles faintly and begins to depart.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - ESTABLISHING SHOT - MORNING

Police officers enter and exit the precinct.

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - EXAM ROOM -
MORNING

Art and Rebecca have arrived at police headquarters, as they are set to receive additional news on Kevin. They are met with Brian, Police Chief STANLEY GIBSON, and Police Lieutenant RANDY BURLESON

BRIAN

Good morning, agents. I hope you both slept well.

Art and Rebecca nod tacitly, as they continue to listen.

BRIAN

Allow me to introduce you to Police Chief Stanley Gibson and Police Lieutenant Randy Burleson.

Art and Rebecca shake the Police Chief and Lieutenant's hands, as Brian continues

BRIAN

I have just spoken with police and forensics, and we've garnered some major evidence. Chief Gibson, if you please.

CHIEF GIBSON

Thank you, Brian. After meeting with forensics, we have determined that Rutledge's death was not accidental, but indeed homicidal.
(beat)

Rutledge was shot in the head, as we discovered a nine-inch bullet embedded in his left temple.

LT. BURLESON

We also performed analysis on the bomb detonator found at CIA Headquarters.

(presents papers)

Our photographer took some detailed pictures, as we were able to determine some information.

CHIEF GIBSON

Apparently, there was some writing in Arabic just below the detonator switch.

(MORE)

CHIEF GIBSON (cont'd)
When translated, it reads, "A
sacrifice made by one is a
sacrifice made for many. WE also
found the initials. H.E.N.

REBECCA
Anything else?

LT. BURLESON
My men also did some investigating
at CIA Headquarters and found some
shreds of cloth.

(presents shreds of cloth)
We saved them as evidence and
believe them to belong to someone.
After some DNA testing, we have
determined that the cloth belongs
to a current CIA employee.

ART
Who?

CHIEF GIBSON
We have determined it is Haji
Nasir. He currently works as a
Database Analyst.

ART
This can't be true.

BEAQT
I'm afraid it's true, Art. We have
an imposter in our ranks.

ART
No, I don't believe it. I've been
around Haji and he is not the..

BRIAN
(swiftly interjects)

You've been around Haji? Where? When?

ART
Something is not right here.

BRIAN
Art, you need to let us know about
your time with Haji.. This is
important.

Art nods his head in a "No" motion, as he starts to depart
from the police station.

BRIAN (O.S.)

Art, where are you going? We need
to talk! Art!

Art enters into his CAR, and STARTS TO SPEED OFF. Seconds
later, Rebecca appears, as she tries to stop Art, but is too
late.

REBECCA

(yells out)
Art, wait!!

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DATA ANALYSIS OFFICES - MORNING

Art has made his way into work, as he enters into the Data
Analysis offices, as he looks for Haji. He asks an EMPLOYEE.

ART

Where's Haji?

EMPLOYEE

He's praying in the next room.

Art quickly dashes towards the adjacent room.

EMPLOYEE (O.S.)

Hey, you can't go in there!

Art has arrived in the adjacent room, as he notices someone.

HAJI

Kneels down on a prayer mat, as he performs his daily prayer
ritual.

Haji notices Art, as he rises from his prayer mat.

HAJI

Good morning, Art. I was just
praying when I saw you...

Before Haji can continue, Art PUNCHES him hard in the FACE,
as he then grabs Haji by his shirt and SLAMS his against a
nearby WALL.

ART

(intense)
Okay, you camel jockey, you're
gonna tell me everything, starting
now.

HAJI

Art, what are you talking about?

ART
How can you take innocent lives and
try to cover it up, you fuckin'
asshole!

HAI
(yells hysterically)
Art, I didn't do anything, I swear
to you!

Suddenly, Brian, along with members of Security and D.C.
Police, arrive and as they try to restrain Art.

ART
I befriended you, and this is how
you repay me!

BRIAN
(tries to restore order)
Take it easy, Art! We'll take it
from here.

LT. BURLESON
(handcuffs Haji)
Haji Nasir, you are under arrest
for the bombing of CIA
headquarters, and for the murder of
Kevin Rutledge. You have the right
to remain silent. Anything you say
will be held against you in a court
of law.

Police and Security escort Haji out of the building, as Art
lividly looks on.

BRIAN
(stern)
In my office, now. And we have a
meeting at one.

Brian departs from the room, as Art stands quiet and still,
as he contemplates what he has done.

FADE OUT.

SCENE XV

FADE IN:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Art and Rebecca are seated, as they have their first meeting without Kevin. Brian presides over the meeting in lieu of Kevin.

BRIAN

Hello, everyone. Before I begin, I understand that this is currently a difficult time for Intelligence. However, we are currently working with authorities to ensure that all parties involved are brought to justice.

(beat)

I will now be presiding over all mission and assignment meetings relevant to the Big Spill.

(beat)

Now that that's out of the way, let's get down to business. This morning, one of our was apprehended. Haji Nasir was arrested, as we believe him to be involved in the bombing of headquarters and the murder of Kevin.

REBECCA

How do we know for sure it was him?

BRIAN

Haji is currently in custody at police headquarters, and is undergoing extensive interrogation and polygraph tests. We'll know the results by the end of today.

(beat)

Amazingly enough, we have some new information that could potentially break open this mission.

(turns to Emily)

Emily, if you please.

EMILY

Thank you, Brian. We received an anonymous tip, which informed us that Bulsar may still be in the area.

(presents pictures on projector screen)

(MORE)

EMILY (cont'd)

These pictures were taken and submitted by an anonymous source, as they show a figure resembling Bulsar entering and exiting a local convenience store.

(beat; show more pictures)

These photos show Bulsar entering and exiting an apartment complex.

ART

Do we know the location?

EMILY

It was not provided by the source. However, after careful analysis of the photos, we believe to have determined the location.

REBECCA

Where is it?

EMILY

The name of the convenience store is Gil's Grab n' Go. After checking the online yellow pages, we found a business with that name on 126 Chestnut Street.

ART

Chestnut Street. That's downtown. Calling that place a ghetto is a compliment.

EMILY

Yes, it's in a rather unsavory part of town.

BRIAN

Which leads us to our next mission. We need to try and re-apprehend Bulsar.

REBECCA

Sounds like a plan. When do we start?

BEAQT

Actually Rebecca, I wanted to speak about this mission with you and Art. After careful deliberation, the Directors and I have decided that you should sit this one out.

REBECCA
 (incredulous)
 What? You're joking, right? Why not?

ART
 I agree with Brian on this one, Becca. Given the recent string of events, there's no telling what dangers will present themselves. Especially with Bulsar.

BRIAN
 Perfectly put, Art. Art will be assigned this mission.

REBECCA
 Who'll back up Art? He can't go it alone.

BRIAN
 One step ahead of you, Rebecca. We will have a disguised van containing one of our crews to back up Art.
 (turns to Art)
 Art, you will be given your itinerary momentarily. Thank you and this meeting is adjourned.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - ART AND REBECCA'S NEW OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Art carefully reads and reviews his itinerary for his mission, when he notices someone in front of him.

ART'S UP ANGLE POV

REBECCA

Stands sternly, as she looks lividly at Art.

ART
 What's up?

REBECCA
 What was that back there? You totally sandbagged me!

ART
 No, I didn't.

REBECCA

Yes you did. You completely disregarded me in front of everyone.

ART

Rebecca, you don't understand...

REBECCA

(swiftly interjects)

What? That you and your fellow males have to keep up appearances, and not let a woman into your club.

ART

You're completely missing the point, Becca.

REBECCA

There is no point to miss, Art. When are you going to start treating me like an equal? Like Rutledge, Phil, or even Haji?

ART

You know that there's a difference...

REBECCA

(angrily interrupts)

What difference? A penis and a vagina?!

ART

(angrily raises his voice)

Damn it, that's not it! Did you see what happened to Rutledge? We can't risk endangering your life for the sake of the mission.

REBECCA

Then why you?

ART

Becca, trust me. I've been doing this for close to twenty years now. I know how men like this think and act. You don't...

REBECCA

So that's all I am to you, huh?
Some run-of-the-mill rookie who is
only able to accompany you when you
see fit.

ART

Becca, you have to understand. This
is serious shit that we're involved
with here.

REBECCA

Then why can't I be a part of it?
Talk to Brian to let me in on this
one.

ART

No, Becca.

REBECCA

If you care about me or our
relationship, you will speak to
Brian right now!

ART

No, do not do this to me. I refuse
to take sides.

REBECCA

I guess that tells me all I need to
know.

Rebecca starts to walk out of the office, but not before
turning to Art.

REBECCA

This is your last chance.

Art remains silent and seated, as Rebecca exits OUT OF VIEW
from the office. Art looks down pensively at his desk.

EXT. DOWNTOWN WASHINGTON D.C. PROJECTS - POURING RAIN - LATE
NIGHT

A Dark Figure clad in a black-hooded sweatshirt makes its way
down a local street, as it enters into a back alleyway.

EXT. DOWNTOWN WASHINGTON D.C. PROJECTS - BACK ALLEY - LATE
NIGHT

The Dark Figure comes to a stop at a nearby dumpster, and
removes his hood.

It is Art, currently on his latest mission. Art presents his radio and begins to speak into it.

ART
(speaks into radio; in a
whisper)
Good evening. This is Agent A. I am
currently in a back alley waiting
for a glimpse of Bulsar. Will
notify you if I see anything. Over.

A VOICE of a fellow CIA OPERATIVE emerges.

CIA OPERATIVE (V.O.)
(from over radio)
Thank you, Agent A. Over.

Art puts away his radio, as he carefully inspects his surroundings and proceeds to hide behind a nearby dumpster.

He anxiously awaits for any signs or sightings. Little does he know he is being watched.

MYSTERY POV

Slowly begins to approach Art from behind.

Art continues to vigilantly watch for Bulsar, when he feels something. He quickly turns around and points his gun, when looks down and notices something.

ART'S DOWN ANGLE POV

ALLEY CAT

Nestles up to Art's leg and PURRS with contentment.

BACK TO SCENE

Art breathes an AUDIBLE SIGH of relief, as he continues to watch for Bulsar. Suddenly, he notices someone.

ART'S POV

BULSAR

Walks down the street past the alley.

BACK TO SCENE

Art's eyes go wide, as he pulls out his radio and speaks.

ART
 (speaks into radio; in a
 whisper)
 Operatives, this is Agent A.
 Subject has been spotted. Am going
 to follow and apprehend. Be ready
 for back up. Over.

CIA OPERATIVE (V.O.)
 (from over radio)
 Okay. Over.

Art puts away his radio, as he exits the alley in pursuit of
 Bulsar.

EXT. DOWNTOWN WASHINGTON D.C. PROJECTS - SIDEWALK - LATE
 NIGHT

Bulsar slowly ambles along the sidewalk, while he carefully
 watches around him.

Suddenly, Art emerges behind Bulsar and starts to carefully
 trail him. Bulsar intuits something, as he turns around, as
 Art quickly hides behind a car.

Bulsar wait a moment and looks around for anyone. Seeing
 nobody, he slowly turns back around and continues walking.

Art re-emerges, and continues to closely trail Bulsar. Bulsar
 again feels the presence of someone, as he again turns
 around, as Art quickly runs into a nearby alley.

Bulsar sees nothing, as he again looks around and begins to
 walk faster down the sidewalk.

Bulsar is at the end of the block, as he turns the corner,
 and is greeted with a gun in his face.

ART

Stands stock still, as he aims his gun at Bulsar

ART
 (aims gun; stern)
 Bulsar, you are under arrest for
 crimes against the United States of
 America and for escaping a Central
 Intelligence facility.
 (beat)
 Put your hands behind your back.
 Slowly.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

A despondent and reflective Rebecca lays on her living room sofa, as she stares intently at her cell phone.

Rebecca picks up her cell phone and starts to dial number.

REBECCA

I've gotta see how he's doing...

Rebecca waits anxiously for Art to pick up.

REBECCA

Come on.

ART (V.O.)

(voice mail message)

Hey, this is Art. I can't come to the phone right now, but leave your name, number, and a brief message, and I'll get back to you. Thanks.

The MESSAGE INDICATOR BEEPS, as Rebecca starts to speak.

REBECCA

(speaks into cell phone)

Art, it's Becca. I know you're on mission tonight, but I just wanted to say sorry for how I acted today. Please call me when you can, and be safe. Love you.

Rebecca hangs up, as she takes a sip of tea, and starts to head upstairs, when a TASER emerges INTO VIEW, and proceeds to SHOCK Rebecca.

Rebecca departs to the floor, as a DARK FIGURE, masked and dressed in black, turns off and conceals the TASER gun, picks up Rebecca, and proceeds to exit the front door.

EXT. DOWNTOWN WASHINGTON D.C. PROJECTS - POURING RAIN - LATE NIGHT

Art continues to aim his gun at Bulsar, as they are still in a stand off.

ART

(stern; aims his gun)

I repeat, put you are under arrest. Put your hands behind your head, slowly. Right now.

Bulsar looks intensely at Art, as he slowly begins to turn around.

ART
(stern; aims his gun)
Now slowly put your hands down.

Bulsar heeds Art, as he slowly begins to drop his arms.

Suddenly, Bulsar takes his right arm and knocks Art's gun out of his hands. Art reaches down to retrieve his gun, as he gets PUNCHED in the FACE by Bulsar, as he falls to the ground. Bulsar quickly dashes off.

Art quickly recovers and grabs his gun, as he notices Bulsar's departure.

ART
(yells out)
Hey!!
(grabs radio; speaks into radio)
Team, this is Agent A. Suspect has escaped down Marble Avenue. I repeat, suspect has escaped down Marble Avenue. Over.

Art quickly rises from the ground and pursues Bulsar.

Art dashes down the avenue, gun in hand, as he vigilantly looks for Bulsar. Art turns the corner, as he bumps into someone and points his gun.

A HOMELESS MAN, meandering around, stops dead in his tracks and throws his arms up.

HOMELESS MAN
(fearful)
Please don't shoot me!

An embarrassed Art releases the Homeless Man, as he continues his pursuit.

EXT. DOWNTOWN WASHINGTON D.C. PROJECTS - ALLEY - LATE NIGHT

Bulsar has made his way down an abandoned alley, as he has reached a dead end.

He looks around for an escape route, when a VOICE EMERGES.

ART (O.S.)
Looks like your luck has run out.

Bulsar turns around.

ART stands still, gun aimed at Bulsar.

ART
(stern; points gun)
This is the end of the line,
Bulsar. Now put your hands behind
your back. Slowly

Bulsar finally heeds Art, as he carefully places his arm
behind his back.

ART
(stern; points gun)
Now get on your knees. Slowly.

Bulsar again heeds Art, as he gingerly gets on his knees.

Art carefully approaches Bulsar, as he takes out a pair of
handcuffs and starts to manacle him.

ART
You can run, but you can't hide.

Just as Art finishes manacling Bulsar, he is then SHOCKED by
a TASER GUN, as he drops to the pavement.

CLOSE ON ART'S FACE

As he lies unconscious on the pavement.

FADE OUT.

SCENE XVI

FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - LATE NIGHT

Art is asleep, as he starts to awaken, and tries to move,
when he notices that he is bound to a chair. He looks to his
left.

REBECCA is also bound to a chair, as she looks worried at
Art.

ART
 (slightly surprised)
 Rebecca?

REBECCA
 (slightly surprised)
 Art, where are we?

ART
 (looks vigilantly around)
 I don't know.

REBECCA
 (worried)
 What is all this?

ART
 From where I am, a fantasy gone
 VERY wrong.

REBECCA
 (yells aloud)
 Hello? Is there anyone here? Please
 help us! Hello?

A MYSTERIOUS VOICE EMERGES from the darkness.

MYSTERIOUS VOICE (O.S.)
 Silence, please.

Art and Rebecca look curiously at each other, as they hear
 the Mysterious Voice.

ART
 (stern)
 Who are you? Show yourself now!

A Dark Figure slowly ambles in the darkness, as he steps
 forward into the light, to reveal himself.

It is Phillip, as he looks soberly at Art and Rebecca, who
 both look on in shock.

ART
 (astounded)
 Phil, what the hell are you doing
 here?

PHIL
 Well Art, it's a long story. You
 might want to sit...
 (beat)
 Oh, spoke too soon.

REBECCA

(stern)

Tell us what you know.

PHIL

I must say, Art, you got a live one here.

ART

Phil, please untie us.

PHIL

Oh, no can do, Art. That would be a violation of my mission.

ART

(slightly confounded)

Your mission?!

PHIL

Yes, my mission. You see Art, I may be retired from the CIA, but I am still VERY active in the field of espionage.

REBECCA

Tell us what you know, asshole!

Phil quickly approaches Rebecca and proceeds to SLAP her in the FACE. Rebecca's lip starts to bleed, as Phil looks on angrily.

ART

(yells angrily)

Hey!!

PHIL

(livid)

Such a fetidmouth for a lady.

ART

(yells sternly)

Get your fuckin' hands off her!

Phil pulls out a gun, and presses it up against Art's temple.

PHIL

(intense)

Easy there, Artie. You don't know how bad of a temper I've developed over the years.

ART

(soft)

The things you learn.

Phil pulls the gun away from Art's head and moves a few feet away from the duo.

ART

The suspense is killing us, Phil.
Tell us how you were able to fool
the CIA and the Government.

PHIL

Well folks, that is a long and
winding tale. It all started with
the most basic of human needs and
desires.

Art and Rebecca look perplexed at Phil, as they await his reply.

PHILLIP

(yells loudly)

Money!!

(beat)

Did you honestly think I could have
a comfortable retirement with what
I was getting?

(beat)

All over the news, all I kept
seeing and hearing was the
escalating prices of crude oil. You
own the crude oil, you own the
money, the power. You have
everything.

(beat)

Since I never had the means to
afford an oil refinery or to get
into OPEC, I figured, if you can't
beat 'em, join 'em.

(beat)

My fidelity, furtiveness, and
fortitude for fortune. All I had to
do was lie, carry on my duties as a
citizen, and help us carry out one
of the grandest and intricate plans
since the terror attacks.

REBECCA

How did you do it?

PHIL

Oh, it's quite complicated in its simplicity, if that makes sense. We had it planned out from the very start. Since I worked for Intelligence, I had invaluable access to all kinds of info. Anything needed by my allies, it was theirs.

(beat)

My retirement was just a decoy from me to finalize the ultimate phases of our mission. We planned, executed, and scored big.

ART

What else were decoys?

PHIL

Bulsar A decoy. He's a local actor we paid off to impersonate a radical terrorist.

(beat)

That video that was broadcast? Just bluffing. We were never going to attack any oil refineries. It was like wanting to steal candy and attacking Hershey's factory.

REBECCA

The CIA Headquarters bombing?

PHIL

Oh, we staged that. Did anyone wonder how we were able to implant a bomb with such tight security?

(one full beat; takes a bow)

You're welcome.

ART

How'd you do it?

PHIL

Timing, Art, timing.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

PHIL (V.O.)

(narration)

I dressed all in black and hid in a secret alcove in the basement that I knew about for years.

Phil, dressed in black, stealthily makes his way into the basement, as he rapidly slips into an adjacent alcove.

PHIL (V.O.)

(narration)

I strategically bided my time, as I waited for everyone to vacate the premises. In the middle of the night, I made my move, and placed the explosives throughout the building, and saved the detonator for last.

Phil carefully places the explosives throughout the building, as he is deftly able to elude CIA Security.

PHIL (V.O.)

(narration)

Once everything was laid out, I made it out just in time, changed my clothes, and slept in my car. Once the detonator went off, I waited for everyone to evacuate after the bombing, and helped Bulsar escape, as we were able to escape notice and capture.

(beat)

I escorted Bulsar to a waiting van about a mile from headquarters, and we were set.

Phil unlocks the chamber door, as he and Bulsar make their escape. A van appears, as Bulsar hops in, as the van drives away.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

PHIL (V.O.)

(narration)

I couldn't arouse suspicion, so I went back to my car, got changed, and made it look like an impromptu visit to headquarters. I showed Security my old credentials, and I was in.

REBECCA

That's when you met with us.

PHIL

Correct.

(beat)

I made it look like I was returning some old papers, when it was only just junk mail. Another decoy.

ART

Were you behind Rutledge's death?

PHIL

(playfully raises his hand)

Guilty as charged.

REBECCA

You son of a bitch.

PHIL

Really lovin' the flattery, hon. What can I say? He was diggin' too deep.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Kevin sits at his desk, pen and paper in hand, as he looks attentively

CLOSE ON PIECE OF PAPER

As it reads "ENVIPAL HIPTELLI"

Kevin takes his pen, and starts to write on the paper.

PHIL (V.O.)

(narration)

Rutledge figured out the secret variable to our mission, as I already know how determined and thorough he would be to try and re-apprehend Bulsar.

(beat)

I again bided my time, as we were able to pursue and catch Rutledge in his car. We ran him off the highway, he crashed, but didn't die. So we plugged him.

Kevin's CAR CRASHES, as a bloodied Kevin is then SHOT dead by Phil.

PHIL (V.O.)

(narration)

Not wanting to take any chances, we decided to present another decoy. We then had Bulsar act indiscreet in public, in this way he could lead you to us.

(one full beat)

And you two fell right into the trap.

(beat)

We had someone secretly follow Rebecca to find out where she lived. We knew Art would be going alone on his mission, so we TASERED you, tied you both up, and tada, here we are!

ART

So Haji did none of this?

PHIL

Nope. But when it looked like the heat was on, we had the foreigner take the blame. Of course I had a friend help with that.

ART

Wait. How did you know I'd be going alone?

PHIL

Like I said, I had a little help from a friend...

Another figure emerges from the darkness, as it is Brian.

REBECCA

Brian? What are you doing here?

BRIAN

Listening to my partner recount how we miraculously pulled off our mission.

ART

You're in on this too?

BEAQT

Indeed I am. It was me who tipped off Phil about the mission, orchestrated Rutledge's murder, gave you both falsified information, and kept up the facade long enough to achieve our objectives.

PHIL

(shakes Brian's hand)

And you did marvelous, Bri.

REBECCA

Just one question. Why?

PHIL

Why not? Do you realize that the United States dollar continues to plummet, industry is down, and anyone will forsake pride for a buck?

(beat)

The Middle East is where it's at, folks. Meteoric accelerations of economic development, ample oil supplies, virtual anonymity, and opportunities ripe for the picking.

(one full beat)

And every major player has their hand in the pot. Practically every local, national, and global politician are in on it. We start a war against terror, lie to the public, and profit richly from our efforts. Winning

ART

How could you? Betraying your country, your fellow citizens, your co-workers, your nation's sec...

PHIL

(angrily interrupts)

Oh, cut the baseball, Chevrolet,
and apple pie bullshit, Art. This
country's going down the shitter,
and I don't intend to go along with
it!

ART

So I guess every man does have his
price?

PHIL

And what a price it is. Remember
when I told you how I could never
afford Redskins season tickets? Now
I can practically buy a stake in
the team. Even Fed Ex Field.

ART

Why didn't you let me in on it?

PHIL

Sorry, Art. You've been a great
friend, but like all good friends,
you have a weakness us bad guys
can't tolerate.

ART

Morality?

PHIL

Bingo!!

REBECCA

Hell's got a special place for
someone like you

PHILLIP

Maybe so, sweet cheeks, but I'm
gonna enjoy my new life first.

(one full beat)

Speaking of hell, it's about to get
hot up in here. Real hot.

REBECCA

What are you going to do?

PHIL

Well, now that you know the whole
story behind the Big Spill, we'll
have to kill you.

BRIAN

After all, dead men- and women,
tell no tales.

ART

How you gonna do it?

PHIL

Well, we're going to blow you up.
We've rigged a bomb that will
detonate in ten minutes, right
after we leave. But first, we're
going to hit you with noxious gas,
so you won't feel a thing.

REBECCA

(sarcastic)

How humane of you.

PHIL

Evil does have an occasional soft
spot.

(beat)

Well, it's been great, but we
really have to skedaddle. All the
best and God Bless America.

Phil takes a nearby gas tank, as he and Brian cover their
faces and turn the tank knob, as the GAS begins to SPRAY
throughout the room.

Phil then takes a small, hand-held device, and presses a
button.

CLOSE ON BOMB

Starts to BEEP and count down from twenty minutes.

Phil and Brian exit from the room, as they close the door
behind them.

Art and Rebecca begin to converse to try and determine an
escape.

REBECCA

Okay, we're gonna really need to
put our heads together on this one!

ART

Just stay calm and try not to
breathe the gas!

Art stands up, as he tries to move.

REBECCA
What are you doing?

ART
Trying to get my hands loose.

REBECCA
Easier said than done.

ART
Now's not the time for sarcasm,
Becca. Try to get up and move.

Rebecca heeds Art, as she rises and attempts to maneuver herself.

REBECCA
What should I do?

ART
Just try and jostle yourself loose.

REBECCA
(attempts to maneuver
herself)
It's not working!

ART
Keep at it!

Art BANGS his CHAIR up against a nearby WALL, but to no avail.

REBECCA
(weary)
The gas is starting to get
stronger, and I'm feeling weaker.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - LOBBY - LATE NIGHT

Phil and Brian are about to exit the building, when Brian hesitates.

BRIAN
Wait a minute.

PHIL
What's the matter?

BRIAN
Nature's calling really bad.

PHIL
You're not serious. A bomb is about
to go off in this building, and you
want to take a leak?

BRIAN
I won't be long. Promise.

PHIL
(upset)
Get movin'!

Brian heads to the nearest bathroom, as Phil looks on
angrily.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - BATHROOM - LATE NIGHT

Brian enters into the rest room of the abandoned building, as
he gains a waft of the old bathroom stench.

Brian make a disgusted face, as he heads to the nearest
urinal to answer nature's call.

As Brian does his business, a SMALL NOISE emerges from within
the bathroom. A curious Brian turns around.

BRIAN
Hello? Is anyone there? Phil, is
that you?

There is no reply, as Brian zips up, pulls away from the
urinal, and pulls out his gun.

BRIAN
(aims his gun and looks
around)
Show yourself now. I mean it.

Brian slowly steps around the bathroom and vigilantly looks
around. He has his back turned, as a GUN SHOT is FIRED from
behind, hitting him in the back.

Brian is now dead, as his body DROPS to the bathroom floor
and bleeds profusely.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - LOBBY - LATE NIGHT

A visibly anxious Phil checks his watch, as he eagerly awaits
Brian's return.

PHIL
Guy can't even take a squirt
without something going wrong.

Phil heads into the bathroom to check on Brian.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING -LATE NIGHT

Meanwhile, Art and Rebecca are starting to lose their battle.

ART
(weak; tired)
Rebecca?

REBECCA
(weak; tired)
Yeah, Art?

ART
(weak; tired)
I just wanted to let you know what
an honor it has been to work with
you.

REBECCA
(weak; tired)
Thanks, Art. Art?

ART
(weak; tired)
Yeah?

REBECCA
(weak; tired)
I just wanted to say I'm sorry for
how I've been acting lately. And
that I love you.

ART
(weak;tired)
I love you too, Becca. If we
somehow make it out of here alive,
I want to ask you to marry me.

REBECCA
(weak; tired)
Marry you? You sure that's not the
gas talking?

ART
 (weak; tired)
 No, it's not. Will you marry me,
 Rebecca Lansing?

REBECCA
 (weak; tired)
 Yes, Art. I'll marry you.

The fumes become too much, as both Art and Rebecca proceed to pass out.

CLOSE ON BOMB

Continues to BEEP and count down with five minutes remaining.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - BATHROOM - LATE NIGHT

Phil has now entered the bathroom, as he carefully moves and looks around.

PHIL
 (looks around)
 Bri, you there? What's going on,
 dude? You're taking awfully long.
 Bri?

Phil continues looking around, when he sees Brian's corpse on the floor.

PHIL
 (looks astounded at
 corpse)
 Brian, what the fu...

Before Phil can finish, a pair of black-gloved HANDS emerges INTO VIEW and starts to strangle Phil.

Phil struggles to fight free, but the hands' strength are too much for him.

Phil drops to the floor, as the hands slowly pull away from his neck. Phil lies motionless on the floor, when the same GLOVED ARM emerges INTO VIEW, holding a GUN, and FIRES a SHOT in Phil's temple.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - LATE NIGHT

Art and Rebecca are now completely unconscious, as they sit motionless in their chairs.

The SOUND of a DOOR OPENING emerges, as the SHADOW of a DARK FIGURE appears INTO VIEW.

The Dark Figure begins to untie Art and Rebecca.

CLOSE ON BOMB

Continues to BEEP and count down to two minutes.

The Dark Figure, now holding and carrying Art and Rebecca, rapidly goes down the staircase.

CLOSE ON BOMB

Continues to BEEP, as it is now down to a minute and counting.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - LOBBY - LATE NIGHT

The Dark Figure is now nearing the lobby, as it has Art and Rebecca with him.

CLOSE ON BOMB

As it is now down to ten seconds.

The Dark Figure is nearing the exit, when he trips and falls.

CLOSE ON BOMB

Now reads five seconds.

The Dark Figure recovers, grabs Art and Rebecca, and makes his way towards the exit.

CLOSE ON BOMB

Now reads all zeroes and BEEPS LOUDLY.

EXT. FRONT ABANDONED BUILDING - LATE NIGHT

The Dark Figure has just made it out of the building on time, with Art and Rebecca in tow, as he dashes further away.

WIDE ANGLE ON BUILDING

As it EXPLODES and goes up in FLAMES.

The Dark figure is now in an area near a parking lot, as he takes off his mask to reveal himself. It is Haji, who diligently attempts to perform CPR to Art and Rebecca, but to no avail.

He then takes out his cell phone and makes a call.

HAJI

(concerned; speaks into
cell phone)

Nine-one-one. Yes, I am calling to report an emergency. The address is eleven-hundred Pine Street, by an abandoned building.

(beat)

There has been an explosion and fire, and there are two people lying unconscious. Please send help. Thank you.

(beat)

My name? I'm a concerned citizen.

Haji hangs up, as he returns to attending to Art and Rebecca.

FADE OUT.

SCENE XVII

FADE IN:

INT. LOCAL HOSPITAL - HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Art and Rebecca sleep peacefully in their hospital beds, as they both start to awaken.

ART

(groggy)

My God, where am I?

REBECCA

(groggy)

I'd sure like to know too.

Art and Rebecca come to, as they are surrounded by some of their fellow CIA co-workers, Haji, and Secretary of Defense, SAMUEL ADLER.

ART
(slightly surprised)
Secretary Adler, what are you doing here?

SEC. ADLER
Good morning, Art, Rebecca. I've come here today to check up on you both and to express my deepest and heart-felt gratitude to you for your efforts in preventing the Big Spill.

REBECCA
I'm sorry, Secretary Adler, but I don't remember anything.

ART
I'm with Rebecca on this one.

SEC. ADLER
Who could blame you? You were both practically goners.
(presents Haji)
Which would've been the case if it weren't for this man.

Art and Rebecca look astounded at Haji.

ART
(astounded)
Haji?!

HAJI
Good morning, Art and Rebecca. Hope you are feeling better.

REBECCA
I thought you were in prison.

SEC. ADLER
Yes, Haji WAS in prison. Until we conducted an extensive polygraph test. Haji passed with flying colors, and we released him from custody.

ART
But how did you know where we were?

SEC. ADLER
Well, this is where the fun started.

(MORE)

SEC. ADLER (cont'd)

We received a call from an eyewitness, who spotted the actor impersonating Bulsar attempting to catch a bus out of town.

(beat)

We apprehended him just in time, and brought him in for questioning. He told us everything, including the attempt on both of your lives.

ART

Wait a minute? Bulsar was in the area when I tried to arrest him.

SEC. ADLER

Just another decoy to lure you both into the lion's den. We later apprehended him as well.

REBECCA

Then how did Haji know where we were?

SEC. ADLER

Well, I'll have the man himself tell you that.

Secretary Adler steps aside, as Haji now speaks.

HAJI

After my release, I volunteered my services to spy and follow you, Phil, and his men. Intelligence granted me permission, and I graciously accepted.

ART

So, Haji was spying this entire time?

SEC. ADLER

You got it. After we learned of the plans behind the Big Spill, we had to act quick. And we figured the best way to throw off Phil and his men, was with a decoy of our own.

HAJI

I was actually in a van most of the time.

SEC. ADLER

Seeing as to how Phil knew most of CIA Personnel, we figured that having one of our own go undercover would not arouse suspicion, and would help lead us to you and Phil.

REBECCA

Then why did they come to my apartment?

SEC. ADLER

We did not anticipate them attacking anyone in their residence. Which is why Brian wanted Art to go alone.

ART

A lone agent is a vulnerable one.

SEC. ADLER

We are currently doing a complete background check on all CIA employees. Anyone with ties to terrorists, radical, or anti-American groups will be terminated, arrested, and interrogated to the fullest extent of the government.

ART

This all sounds too good to be true.

SEC. ADLER

Oh, and it gets better. The both of you will be honored by the Commander-in-Chief himself. Once you're back on your feet, of course.

ART

Pinch me, I must be dreaming.

Rebecca heeds Art, and hardly pinches his left arm.

ART

(in pain)
Ouch! It was a figure of speech.

SEC. ADLER

(looks at his watch)
Look at the time.

(MORE)

SEC. ADLER (cont'd)
 If you'll excuse me, I must be
 going now. Feel better and thank
 you.

Secretary Adler departs, as Art, Rebecca, and Haji remain.

ART
 (contrite)
 Haji, I don't know where to begin.
 I'm so sorry for...

HAJI
 (softly interjects)
 Apology accepted, Art. I'm just so
 glad to see you both safe and
 sound.

ART
 You never told me you had weapons
 training?

HAJI
 Actually, I originally trained to
 become a member of the British
 Army, but changed my career path.

ART
 Anything else I should know about?

HAJI
 (jokingly)
 Well, that is strictly classified
 information, Mister Conley, and I
 am not at liberty to discuss it.

Art, Rebecca, and Haji laugh lightly, as they look soberly at
 each other.

REBECCA
 Thank you for saving our lives.

ART
 Most importantly, thank you for
 being our friend.

Haji smiles, as he enfolds Art in a warm embrace.

SUPERIMPOSITION - ONE WEEK LATER

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - BANQUET HALL - LATE AFTERNOON

The President, joined by members of his cabinet, Congress, Intelligence, and the media, is at the podium, as he gives a speech for the occasion.

PRESIDENT

(speaks into microphone)

Good afternoon, everyone. I am here to express my sincerest gratitude, acknowledgement, and esteem to two very special individuals, whose efforts have resulted in the prevention of one of the most dangerous and complex operations against the United States.

(beat)

Arthur Conley and Rebecca Lansing, you both exemplify the unrelenting courage, commitment, and integrity needed to become a member of Central Intelligence.

(beat)

Your endeavors helped cease Operation Big Spill from occurring, thus preventing irreparable damage to our nation's security and economic rebirth. For this, I am immensely pleased to award you with medals of honor commemorating your achievements and have officially declared today in your honor.

EVERYONE in the room APPLAUDS, as they soon relent.

PRESIDENT

(speaks into microphone)

If I may also mention, there is another person in this room, who I have decided to acknowledge and honor. Haji Nasir, for your efforts in assisting Art and Rebecca, I have decided to award you with a medal, and as of today, am officially declaring you a citizen of the United States of America. Will you three please come up and take a bow?

Art, Rebecca, and Haji approach the dais, as they each shake the President's hand, as they receive their medals, and proceed to wave to EVERYONE, who APPLAUD LOUDLY.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Everyone is dining, drinking, and hobnobbing at the dinner party.

In a far corner of the room, Art and Haji converse over drinks.

HAJI

(excited)

I cannot believe it. A U.S. Citizen. I'm calling my mother tonight.

ART

No one deserves it more.

Art smiles warmly at Haji, as a moment of silence ensues.

ART

You know, if we're going to be friends, we have to start doing stuff together.

HAJI

Yes, of course. Like what?

ART

Well, you know, having lunch or dinner, go to some football games. You know, the usual.

HAJI

Oh, I greatly enjoy football. Pakistan's national team narrowly missed qualifying for the World Cup.

Art looks slightly disappointed at Haji, as he quickly smiles.

ART

Yep. It's a really fun game.

HAJI

Forgive me for mentioning this Art, but I believe someone is looking in your direction.

Art heeds Haji, and re-directs his attention to a corner of the room.

ART'S POV

REBECCA, dressed elegantly, stands at a balcony adjacent to the banquet hall.

BACK TO SCENE

Art continues to look on speechless, as Haji quickly comprehends.

HAJI
I think I will leave you two alone.

Haji departs OUT OF VIEW, as Art makes his way over to the balcony.

ART
Hi.

REBECCA
Hi.

ART
How's it going?

REBECCA
Fine, thanks.

ART
Whatcha doin'?

REBECCA
Just checking out this breathtaking
vista of D.C.
(motions to Art)
Come check it out.

Art joins Rebecca on the balcony, as they view the D.C. skyline together.

ART
It's so eerie.

REBECCA
What?

ART
I can't remember the last time I
saw the city this peaceful.

REBECCA
Considering what we've been
through, that's saying something.

A moment of silence follows, as the two continue to view the vista. Rebecca then turns to Art.

REBECCA
Can I ask you something?

ART
(turns to Rebecca)
Shoot.

REBECCA
Did you really mean what you said
last week?

ART
About being honored to work with
you?

REBECCA
No, although that was sweet of you
to say.

ART
(tentative)
You mean, if we got out of the
building alive, that I was going to
ask you to marry me?

REBECCA
That's the one. So, are you going
to hold up your end of the bargain?

ART
(slightly nervous;
hesitates)
It's unbelievable what some noxious
gas and a bomb will lead you to
say.
(one full beat)
Yes, I still want to marry you.

Rebecca looks amorously at Art, as Art awaits her reply.

ART
So, what's your answer?

REBECCA
Eh, I'll marry you, Art Conley.

Art and Rebecca look amorously at each other, as silence ensues.

REBECCA
What's the matter?

ART
Just thinking about how much I love
America.

REBECCA
More than me?

ART
I wouldn't say that much.

Art smiles warmly at Rebecca, as they enfold each other.

ART
God Bless the USA

Art leans in, as he and Rebecca share a passionate kiss on
the balcony overlooking Washington.

FADE OUT.

THE END

