

The Asset

by
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Based on a true story...

BEGIN MAIN TITLES...

In POV we move through a field of clouds until we burst through the other side and see the outline of a city rushing at us in the distance. As we move closer we see the familiar glow of the Golden Gate Bridge and we know this is San Francisco.

We continue in from the sea and over the lights of the buildings and the traffic. Over the Palace of Fine Arts and into the Marina District where we land on a man RUNNING over the Marina Green.

JAKE ANDREWS, 28, and decent looking maintains a brisk pace. His breathing is steady and even, but the sweat suggests he's been at it for some time. Follow him until he stops in front of a smart looking APARTMENT BUILDING.

He places two fingers on his neck; CHECKS HIS BLOOD PRESSURE on his watch--

JAKE
(pleased)
Perfect.

END TITLES

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

DAVE RUGGIERO, (also 28), Jake's best friend, sits in front of the computer. He holds the phone to his ear with one hand and drinks a beer with the other.

In the BG, "JEOPARDY" plays on the TV.

DAVE
(into phone)
No, New England, is giving five.

ALEX TREBECK (O.C.)
The amount of energy needed to raise the temperature of one gram of water, one degree Celsius.

DAVE
(to TV)
What is a calorie?

ALEX TREBECK (O.C.)
Henry?

HENRY/CONTESTANT (O.C.)
 What is a calorie?

ALEX TREBECK (O.C.)
 Correct.

DAVE
 (into phone)
 Tease it to another game, I'll go as low
 as three and a half.

HENRY/CONTESTANT (O.C.)
 I'll take "Splish-Splash" for five
 hundred, please.

ALEX TREBECK (O.C.)
 This Victorian era poet and accomplished
 swimmer referred to himself as an
 "Aquatic Hero."

DAVE
 (to TV)
 Who was Byron?
 (into phone)
 No, not you. You want the bet or not?

ALEX TREBECK (O.C.)
 Henry?

HENRY/CONTESTANT (O.C.)
 Who was Byron?

ALEX TREBECK (O.C.)
 Right again.

The elevator OPENS directly into the apartment and Jake
 ENTERS. He looks less than surprised to see Dave.

DAVE
 (into phone)
 New England minus three and a half and
 Chicago plus six for two G's, got it.

Dave HANGS UP the phone.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 How was your day, honey?

JAKE
 Dave, how many times have I told you, I
 don't want you running your book from my
 apartment?

DAVE

What do you want me to do, work from home? My mom would flip out.

JAKE

I don't need to be dragged into anything if you get caught.

DAVE

I'll tell you what you need, Jake. You need to learn how to relax. Seriously, I've been a bookie for how long now?

JAKE

Since the fifth grade.

DAVE

And have I ever been caught?

JAKE

Sophomore year. You got kicked out of the homecoming dance.

DAVE

(incredulous)

Oh, come on?

JAKE

You asked me if you'd ever been caught.

DAVE

Ryan bet me I couldn't get up Katie Findlay's shirt. He was giving three to one, what was I supposed to do walk away?

They both LAUGH.

JAKE

Whatever, we'll talk about it later. I've got to get up to the O-Club.

DAVE

Right, tonight's Big-Daddy's thing.

JAKE

I don't hustle I'm going to be late.

Jake peels off his sweatshirt and heads for the bathroom.

DAVE

(shouts)

You're out of beer again! Just FYI!

EXT. THE OLYMPIC CLUB - NIGHT

The pristine grounds of THE OLYMPIC CLUB golf course wrap around the splendor of the CLUBHOUSE itself.

INT. THE OLYMPIC CLUB - SAME

A lavish ballroom. People fill the seats that have been set out and several TV cameras stand behind them. We join the SPEAKER at the podium in the front of the room.

SPEAKER

Some of you may remember him as an All-American tackle at Syracuse. Others as one of the most decorated pilots in Marine Corps history. Unfortunately, I know him as the guy who always beats me at golf.

A courtesy LAUGH--

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, it's my great pleasure to introduce Colonel Joe Andrews.

In the front row, COLONEL JOE ANDREWS, 65, leans over to kiss his attractive wife, MARYANNE. Impressive looking, he strides purposefully to the podium--

Next to Maryanne, Jake, now dressed in a suit, claps for his father. There is obvious pride in his eyes.

JOE ANDREWS

Thank you all for coming. Too often today, we are reluctant to pursue our dreams. We seem far too willing to give up, or too reluctant to pay the cost of achieving them. I've competed against and served alongside some of the finest people the world has ever known. Men and women who gave everything they had to ensure that the game was won; That the mission was accomplished. That the deal was closed.

Behind him, on a large easel is a blown up version of a book cover. **"MISSION ACCOMPLISHED: The Extraordinary life of Colonel Joe Andrews."** There is a picture of a younger Joe Andrews in his football gear - in his Marine Corps dress uniform - and as he looks now, in a business suit.

JOE ANDREWS (CONT'D)

I learned a great deal from these people. And, while I came from humble beginnings, I had the good fortune to be raised in an environment where I was taught that if I wanted it badly enough, I could do anything I put my mind to. So I hope you enjoy the book and that it inspires you to go after your own dreams. Thank you.

The REPORTERS JUMP at the break.

REPORTER #1

Colonel Andrews, you've been mentioned as a possible candidate for Senate next year. Any comments?

JOE ANDREWS

I was honored to serve my country when it needed me most. If the people decide there is something more I can do, I would have a hard time saying no.

REPORTER #1

Are you announcing your candidacy then?

JOE ANDREWS

I was simply answering your question. The only thing I'm announcing is the release of my new book.

REPORTER #2

The deadline to file papers is next month.

JOE ANDREWS

Well, I suppose you'll have your answer then. Now if you'd like to join me in the lobby, I'd be happy to sign a copy of the book for anyone who's interested.

Joe Andrews rejoins his family as the reporters FIGHT FOR SPACE to take his photograph.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - MORNING

The streets are clogged with people rushing to work. All around, the buildings shine in the morning sunlight.

INT. MINOLTA COPIER COMPANY - LOBBY - SAME

Jake arrives, impeccably groomed and wearing an expensive suit. NADINE, THE RECEPTIONIST, hands him his mail.

NADINE (RECEPTIONIST)

Good morning, Mr. Andrews.

We follow Jake into the BULLPEN. All the sales people make a point to say hello. As he passes, we hold on the far wall.

ANGLE ON: THE SALES BOARD. Listed in dry erase ink is the sales staff. They are ranked #s 2 through 7, according to their sales. At the top, in permanent letters that have been stenciled to the board is the name: JAKE ANDREWS.

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jake sets his briefcase down and leafs through his mail, stopping at one letter in particular. The logo of the United States Marine Corps is in the return address. He drops his other letters and RIPS THIS ONE OPEN.

"Dear Mr. Andrews, Thank you for your continued interest, but due to your medical condition we regret to inform you..."

Jake's expression makes that horrible slip from hope to defeat. He crumples the letter and throws it in the wastebasket. A perfect shot.

Jake pulls open his top drawer and removes a brochure. **"Marine Corps Aviation - The Few and The Proud."** It has the worn look of something handled over and over again.

Jake fixates on it and lets out a SIGH.

GRANT, a fellow salesman ENTERS. Jake hurriedly stuffs the brochure back into the drawer.

GRANT

Saw your dad on the news last night. I didn't know he was Marine Corps Boxing Champion.

JAKE

Three years running.

GRANT

Man, what a stud! Hey listen, we had our best September ever, thanks to you, and the boys are going out tonight to celebrate.

JAKE

Thanks, Grant. Seriously, thank you very much, but...I've got other plans.

GRANT

(genuinely disappointed)
Oh. Well, some other night then?

JAKE

Yeah. See you later, okay?

Grant leaves. Jake looks relieved. Left alone again, he picks up a FRAMED PICTURE off his desk.

CLOSE ON: THE PICTURE. A Black and white of a man who looks a lot like Jake standing in his flight suit next to a FIGHTER JET.

Jake stares at his father for a few moments more before the telephone RINGS and snaps him out of it.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(into phone)
Jake Andrews?

MR. DEVON COSTA, Jake's boss, is on the other end.

MR. COSTA

Jake, hi. I was wondering if I could have a word.

INT. MR. COSTA'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jake WALKS IN.

JAKE

What can I do for you, Devon?

MR. COSTA

I want to say how much I appreciate all your hard work, Jake. Going the extra mile must be a family trait.

JAKE

Must be.

MR. COSTA

And...speaking of going the extra mile, we got a call from a new client. I don't know much about them, but they say they want a service contract for their current machine. It's an older model, so it's an opportunity to get them into a new one.

Jake SITS DOWN.

JAKE

Why don't you give it to one of the guys, my portfolio is jammed right now.

MR. COSTA

This guy sounded pretty slick, if I give it to someone else I have a feeling all we get is that service contract. It's up to you, of course, but I'd really appreciate you running with this one.

Mr. Costa HOLDS OUT A NOTE CARD.

JAKE

I'll get over there sometime today.

EXT. PACIFIC HEIGHTS - AFTERNOON

Soft sunlight bathes the leafy street. A red PORSCHE 911 come SPEEDING around the corner and pulls to the curb in front of a LARGE BUILDING. Hanging prominently on the impressive gate that surrounds it is a SIGN: "CONSULATE GENERAL OF RUSSIA."

INT. JAKE'S CAR - SAME

Jake checks the address on the card with the number on the building.

JAKE

You gotta be shitting me.

EXT. RUSSIAN CONSULATE - CONTINUOUS

Jake PRESSES THE BUZZER on the gate.

A voice that would make Orson Wells sound like Michael Jackson comes over the intercom.

VOICE (O.S.)

Da?

JAKE
 (to intercom)
 Hello? I'm here about the copier.

Nothing from the other side.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 (louder)
 The copier machine, I'm here to fix it!

VOICE (O.S.)
 (thick Russian accent)
 Enter gate and walk to door.

The gate BUZZES open. Jake takes a deep breath.

Waiting at the front door are TWO ENORMOUS GUARDS dressed in black suits.

INT. RUSSIAN CONSULATE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Jake puts on a smile and PRESENTS HIS BUSINESS CARD.

JAKE
 Jake Andrews, Minolta Copiers.

The bigger of the two guards (we're splitting hairs here) SWIPES the card from Jake's hand. Closer now, we realize the guards are IDENTICAL TWINS.

GUARD #1 glares at Jake and, never taking his eyes off him, hands the business card to his twin, who disappears.

GUARD #1
 We wait here.

JAKE
 We certainly do.
 (beat)
 Twins, huh?

Guard #1. HISSES at Jake.

A very uncomfortable few moments later, ALEXANDRE BELSKY, (late 20's), strolls purposefully into the room. He is extremely well dressed and is clearly in charge.

ALEXANDRE
 (all business)
 Good Afternoon, Mr. Andrews. Alexandre Belsky, will you follow me please?

INT. COPY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alexandre and Jake enter a standard copy room. In the corner, stands (barely) the Space Station Mir, of COPIERS. It is covered in toner and other stains and one of it's doors is duct taped to keep it shut.

JAKE

So, what seems to be the problem?

ALEXANDRE

It simply refuses to work.

JAKE

Doesn't sound very Russian, now does it?

Nothing even resembling a laugh from Alexandre.

Jake clears his throat and moves to the machine. As he opens the various compartments, the disaster is further revealed. Embedded in one roller is a CIGARETTE BUTT.

Jake takes the butt and lays it on top of the machine.

JAKE (CONT'D)

They say those things will kill you.

Alexandre CHUCKLES in spite of himself.

ALEXANDRE

(beginning to loosen up)

I had no idea it was this bad.

JAKE

Don't worry about it.

Jake gets back to his feet and wipes his hands together.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Listen, Alex, I can sell you a new service contract if you want, but the truth is your machine would cost more to maintain than it would to replace.

ALEXANDRE

(sarcastic)

Now how did I know you would say that?

JAKE

Guess I'm just easy to read. Is there somewhere we can talk?

INT. RECEIVING ROOM - LATER

Jake and Alexandre are seated on plush sofas. On the coffee table between them, several Minolta brochures and order forms share space with a formal tea service.

ALEXANDRE

I was told it always rained here. I must admit, I've been pleasantly surprised.

JAKE

September and October are the best months of the year. It'll rain soon enough, though, don't you worry.

ALEXANDRE

I really appreciate all your help. I'm afraid I'm quite new here and I'm still trying to get a feel for this city.

JAKE

Listen, how would you like to go to a Forty-Niner game some time?

ALEXANDRE

I've never been to an American football match.

JAKE

It's a blast, you'll love it. And then after, I'll take you out with some of the boys and we'll see if we can't get you settled in here.

ALEXANDRE

(genuinely)

Jake, that sounds great. Thank you.

Jake and Alex rise and shake hands.

EXT. MARINA LOUNGE - EVENING

To establish.

INT. MARINA LOUNGE - EVENING

The feel is worn and comfortable. People play pool in the back and the bar is crowded. Jake sits with two friends, RYAN and PETER, in shirtsleeves and loose ties.

PETER

That's so wild. What was it like in there?

JAKE

Pretty much just what you'd expect. Lot's of cigarette smoke, people standing in line for things and figure skaters.

PETER

You are such an asshole.

JAKE

The guy was really cool. I invited him to come out with us sometime, you'll see.

RYAN

Bout time something interesting happened at work.

JAKE

(sarcastic)

You're not suggesting that being a copier salesman is a boring job?

DAVE (O.S.)

Not the way you do it, my friend.

Dave arrives at the table and takes the open chair.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Sorry fellas, my back teeth were floating. Where were we?

A pile of money sits in the center of the table. They are playing a game of "Liar's Dice."

RYAN

Two Twos.

(beat)

At any rate, it sounds like your day was better than mine, I'll bet the market drops another hundred points tomorrow.

DAVE

How much?

RYAN

What?

DAVE

How much do you want to bet?

RYAN

Jesus, Dave, it's just an expression.

DAVE

Let me know if you change your mind.

JAKE

I love it. Never stops working.

PETER

Now you're talking my language. If the firm could bill me out twenty-four hours a day they probably would.

DAVE

What do they bill you out at, anyway?

PETER

Hundred and fifty an hour.

RYAN

Wait a minute. You were so drunk you wet the bed last weekend and you're telling me someone pays you a hundred and fifty bucks an hour?

PETER

I wish. They pay the firm a hundred and fifty an hour. They pay me *fifty*.

JAKE

Forty-five too many if you ask me.

PETER

Screw you.

JAKE

Now there's a transaction worth a hundred and fifty an hour.

RYAN

Speaking of which...Jake, how's it going with that meter-maid you're dating?

JAKE

She's a public defender, Ryan.

RYAN

Whatever.

FOLLOW JAKE'S POV to ANOTHER TABLE nearby. Jake's date, SAMANTHA, 29, sits with FRIENDS. She is very attractive, as are the others. They are chatting happily.

BACK at JAKE'S TABLE.

JAKE

Too early to tell. I like her though.

PETER

Well, good luck with that.

(beat)

Seriously, I felt like my life really started the day I met Michelle.

Everything stops. The boys STARE at Peter.

PETER (CONT'D)

(hopeful)

I don't suppose we could just pretend I didn't say that?

RYAN

Anything you say, Doctor Phil.

PETER

I hate you all.

(checks his dice)

Four twos.

DAVE

Five threes.

We get the feeling they've all played this game before.

JAKE

I don't think so.

Jake PULLS HIS CUP revealing his dice. The others follow suit. There are a total of four threes.

DAVE

Son of a bitch, that's three in a row!

JAKE

Don't go away, I'll be back for the rest of you in a minute.

Jake heads to the bar.

RYAN

(to the boys)

Is there anything he isn't good at?

PETER

Yeah, losing.

INT. MARINA LOUNGE - GIRLS TABLE - CONTINUOUS

We join Samantha and the others talking.

GIRL #1

Giants game and then to MoMo's for the first date, and now Izzy's and the Lounge tonight? I think we may have something here, huh Sam?

SAMANTHA

I'm not sure I'm going to see him again.

GIRL #2

What? Why not, I thought you liked him.

SAMANTHA

I found out what he does for a living.

GIRL #1

Didn't you say he was in sales?

SAMANTHA

Yeah, he is, but I assumed it was something cool, like bonds or commercial real estate or something like that.

The girls are like hyenas at a kill. They LEAN IN.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

He's a *copier salesman*.

They are visibly unimpressed.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I know. It's kind of a...
(finger quotes)
"...Starter Job," isn't it?

Jake arrives at the table carrying a TRAY OF DRINKS.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(awkwardly)
Jake? Hi!

JAKE

I've been watching you ladies for the past twenty minutes and you all look severely dehydrated.

The girls breathe a collective sigh of relief.

EXT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jake and Samantha stroll down the street, stopping in front of a his apartment building.

JAKE

This is me.

SAMANTHA

(going through the motions)

Okay. Well, thanks for dinner.

JAKE

Thank you, Sam. Would you like to come upstairs for a little while?

SAMANTHA

I really should be getting home, it's late. And it's a school night.

JAKE

At least let me call you a cab then.

Samantha looks reluctant, but follows him inside.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jake leads her out of the elevator.

JAKE

Make yourself at home for a minute, I'll be right back.

Jake leaves the room.

Whatever reluctance Samantha may have felt at coming up has disappeared. As she rubs her hand over the smooth leather sofa we can see she is impressed. She moves to the mantle over the fireplace and looks at a FRAMED PICTURE - Jake is in a river raft with a few others pounding through white water rapids.

MUSIC UP: U2 - "A SORT OF HOMECOMING."

JAKE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

That was the Zambeze.

Samantha turns to see Jake holding a BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE and two glasses.

SAMANTHA

I'm sorry?

JAKE
The Zambeze river. In Africa.
(holds up the bottle)
Would you like a glass?

EXT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

They arrive on the spacious balcony. White lights hang in the plants and the moon shines over the bay.

SAMANTHA
Wow.

JAKE
I said the same thing the first time I came out here. It's what made me buy it in the first place.

SAMANTHA
Wait, I thought you said you were a copier salesman.

JAKE
We don't have to talk about that do we?

SAMANTHA
But-

Samantha is spinning. The "POP" of the champagne brings her back to the moment. Jake pours them both a glass.

JAKE
To...

SAMANTHA
A *surprising* evening.

JAKE
And to what might be.

They CLINK glasses and take a sip of the champagne.

SAMANTHA
Jake, I don't think I want that cab.

JAKE
I never called for one.

She leans into him and they KISS.

EXT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The garage door opens and Jake's car speeds out of the building.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - SAME

Jake and Samantha both have "bed-head."

SAMANTHA

(nervous)

Do you always drive this fast?

JAKE

Yes.

Jake shifts gears and they ZOOM out of frame.

EXT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT - SIX MINUTES LATER

The car SCREECHES TO a halt in front of Sam's apartment. She gets out looking exhilarated. Maybe she *could* date a copier salesman. At least for a little while anyway.

She tries to look cute when she leans down to the window.

SAMANTHA

Call me later, okay?

INT. JAKE'S CAR - SAME

Jake puts the car in gear and revs the engine just once.

JAKE

You know, Sam, I would. But you're kind of a...

(finger quotes)

"...Starter Fuck," you know?

Jake zooms away and out of her life. Still, his expression suggests he wishes things would have gone differently.

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jake is seated at his desk typing furiously on the computer. Next to him, the phone RINGS.

JAKE

Jake Andrews?

The receptionist is on the other line.

NADINE (O.C.)

There's someone here to see you.

Jake checks his appointment book. There is nothing marked in it for this time.

JAKE

Tell Dave I'm busy right now, okay?

NADINE (O.C.)

It's not him. He doesn't have an appointment, but he says he was referred to you by another client.

JAKE

All right. Tell him I'll be right out.

Jake takes his coat off the back of his chair and pops a breath mint before leaving.

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

We follows Jake into the lobby. There is a well dressed man leafing through a magazine on the sofa.

JAKE

Jake Andrews, what can I do for you?

JACK DAWSON, 40, tall and clean cut offers his hand.

DAWSON

Jack Dawson. Sorry to barge in unannounced, Jake. I was downtown looking at office space and thought I'd kill two birds with one stone. You sold my friend, Andrew Broughton some machines last year and he gave me your card. I'm starting my own business and I'll need a few myself.

JAKE

Oh, sure, I remember Andrew. Why don't we go back to my office and I'll get you set up.

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jake takes a few brochures off his shelf and spreads them across his desk in front of Dawson.

JAKE

Okay, let's see here, I really like the Doc-60. Fully compatible with your desktop network and it's fast and reliable too.

DAWSON

Sounds good.

JAKE

It's better than good. Lists for about twenty thousand and goes up from there, depending on the options you want.

Dawson gets up and goes to Jake's office door. He gently CLOSES it and turns to face Jake.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I know, it sounds like a lot. But you have to ask yourself, Jack, "How much am I willing to pay for success?"

DAWSON

(smiling)

Relax, Jake. I'm not here to barter.

Dawson reaches into his pocket and PULLS OUT A BADGE.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Special Agent Robert Masters, FBI. Sorry about the theatrics, but we needed some privacy. I know you're a busy man, Jake, and quite frankly, my plate is pretty full as well, so why don't I do us both a favor and cut right to the chase.

JAKE

(confused)

Okay?

AGENT MASTERS

I know you had a meeting at the Russian Consulate last week. I know you met with Alexandre Belsky and I know the two of you are planning to go out socially in the future.

Jake is speechless. Masters continues.

AGENT MASTERS (CONT'D)

We know you were just there on an honest sales call, Jake, so please don't worry.

Jake grabs his water bottle and takes a long drink.

JAKE

Okay?

AGENT MASTERS

There's more to it, but for the sake of this conversation, all you need to know is that Mr. Belsky is not exactly the man he claims to be.

JAKE

He isn't?

AGENT MASTERS

In fact, we believe he may pose a legitimate threat to national security.

All Jake can do is stare at Agent Masters. Finally...

JAKE

(relieved)

Get the fuck out of here! Did Peter and Ryan put you up to this? I'm going to kill those guys! You're good though, those credentials are terrific!

AGENT MASTERS

I realize this is a shock.

JAKE

Come on! Ha-ha and everything, you got me, but it's over now.

AGENT MASTERS

(as Alexandre Belsky)

"I was told it always rained here. I must admit, I've been pleasantly surprised."

(as Jake)

"September and October are the best months of the year, but it'll rain soon enough, don't you worry."

Jake's face goes SLACK.

JAKE

Holy shit.

Agent Masters sits back down.

AGENT MASTERS

Mr. Andrews, how would you feel about working with the FBI for a while?

The telephone on Jake's desk RINGS. He ENGAGES THE SPEAKER PHONE.

JAKE

Yes?

NADINE (O.C.)

I'm sorry to interrupt, Jake. You have a call on line three, one of your clients.

As Jake tries to take in what he's just heard, he looks at the photograph of his father, framed on his desk. Looking back at him is the confident face of a man that knew he was one of the best. A man doing important things in an important time.

It's a look Jake has been chasing his whole life.

NADINE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Hello, Jake? Will you take the call?

Jake looks to Agent Masters who is absolutely poker faced and throws him a shrug - *It's up to you.*

Jake PICKS UP the phone.

JAKE

Take a message please, Nadine. And hold all my calls until further notice.

He HANGS UP and leans in a bit closer.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Go on.

A hint of a smile suggests itself across Masters' face.

AGENT MASTERS

Listen closely. Alexandre will be coming by soon to pick up his machines.

For the first time, Jake feels he's in a position to tell Masters something.

JAKE

Clients don't pick up their machines, Agent Masters. We deliver them straight from the factory.

AGENT MASTERS

When he does, it would be helpful if you could schedule your "date" with him at that time.

JAKE
Okay, but I'm telling you-

Masters hands Jake a BUSINESS CARD.

AGENT MASTERS
As soon as that's done, give me a call.
Do you understand these instructions?

JAKE
I do.

AGENT MASTERS
Excellent. I'll look forward to hearing
from you.

And before he can ask a single question, Masters is gone.
Jake leans back and studies the business card.

JAKE
(overwhelmed)
No way that just happened,

The phone RINGS again.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
I told you to hold my calls.

NADINE (O.C.)
I'm sorry, Jake, but he said it was an
emergency. It's a Mr. Belsky.

Jake BOLTS UP from his chair and PULLS OPEN his door. In
POV we see the office in it's normal routine. Agent
Masters is nowhere to be found.

Jake takes a deep breath and picks up the blinking line.

JAKE
Jake Andrews?

ALEXANDRE (O.C.)
Jake, sorry to disturb you, but I would
very much like to pick up my machines.

JAKE
Alex, hi. Listen, I'd love to help you
out, but the machines were only ordered
last week. They haven't even been built.

ALEXANDRE (O.C.)
There are plenty of machines here, these
should be just fine.

JAKE
 (confused)
 What? Where are you?

ALEXANDRE (O.C.)
 Downstairs. In your showroom.

INT. SHOWROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Think of every automobile showroom you've ever been in, except there are copiers on display instead of cars.

Just now, the sales staff looks very relieved to see Jake arrive and wave to Alexandre, who stands with the twins, One of them (VALERY) has a BRIEFCASE chained to his meaty wrist.

ALEXANDRE
 Ah, Jake. Good to see you, thanks for coming down. You remember the Valery and Grigor, yes?

The two guards SCOWL at Jake.

JAKE
 How could I forget?

ALEXANDRE
 We'd like to take these two here.

JAKE
 Right, but like I was saying, Alex, *your* machines are being built at our factory and won't be ready until next week. These are for display, to help customers pick which model they'd like to order.

ALEXANDRE
 Yes, I understand. You're associates here were very forthcoming about that.

JAKE
 (relieved)
 Good.

ALEXANDRE
 I'll take these two. Right now. I'm prepared to pay you the full amount of course. How much will it be?

Jake has sold a great deal of copiers. He knows very well that the two machines list for a combined cost of *forty-five thousand dollars*.

JAKE

Fifty-seven thousand, out the door.

Behind the Russians, the sales staff hold their breath.

Alex smiles at Jake, who smiles right back. For a beat, we're not sure who's going to blink first.

Alexandre says something in Russian. Valery sets the case on top of the copier and opens it.

Inside are stacks of American currency. Fifty-seven thousand is counted out (there is plenty left over) and handed to Alexandre, who hands the pile to Jake.

ALEXANDRE

I'll need a receipt of course.

INT. MINOLTA COPIER COMPANY - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Jake exits the elevator and goes straight to Nadine.

NADINE

How's your day going, Jake?

JAKE

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.
Do me a favor and make sure this gets put
in the safe.

Jake hands her a GIVEAWAY BAG from the showroom.

JAKE (CONT'D)

And I need you to print me out a receipt
for fifty-seven thousand dollars.

Nadine BLUSHES and slow burns to the bag to peek inside.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Right away please, Nadine.

INT. SHOWROOM - LATER

Jake returns to the showroom, no more than ten minutes after leaving. There are two large "footprints" on the floor where the copy machines used to be.

He looks to the door and sees Valery and Grigor closing the rolling door of a UHAUL truck. Neither of them is sweating in the slightest.

ALEXANDRE (O.C.)

Is that for me?

Jake turns to see Alexandre standing beside him, pointing at the receipt.

JAKE

How on earth did you...

ALEXANDRE

The boys. They love to lift things, they're crazy about it, what can I say? We really must be going, but let's make sure to keep in touch, yes?

JAKE

(still dumbfounded)

Yeah.

(beat)

Hey! What are you doing this weekend?

ALEXANDRE

My girlfriend is coming to town, actually.

JAKE

Well, what do you say I show you two around? Consider it a thank you gift for giving me your business.

ALEXANDRE

That would be wonderful.

JAKE

Anything special you think she'd like?

ALEXANDRE

Katerina? She likes lots of things. But...

JAKE

What? Anything, I promise.

ALEXANDRE

It's a little odd.

JAKE

Now I'm really interested.

ALEXANDRE

Roller coasters. She loves them.

(sotto)

They get her hot.

JAKE
You're kidding?

Alex smiles and shakes his head "No."

JAKE (CONT'D)
We happen to have a world class amusement park just outside of town. I think I can guarantee you a veritable heat wave.

ALEXANDRE
Brilliant!

JAKE
Saturday morning then?

ALEXANDRE
Good. You have someone to bring?

JAKE
Of course.

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - LATER

Jake is on the phone.

JAKE
It's on. We're getting together this weekend.

INT. FBI OFFICES - SAME

Agent Masters sits at a desk on the phone.

AGENT MASTERS
Excellent.

JAKE (O.C.)
There's one little problem.

AGENT MASTERS
What is it?

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - SAME

JAKE
His girlfriend is coming to town. We're supposed to go on a double date Saturday.

AGENT MASTERS (O.C.)
Okay?

JAKE

I sort of...broke up with the girl I was seeing this morning.

INT. FBI OFFICES - SAME

Masters is looking out to the main offices. He is smiling.

EXT. THE FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

To establish.

INT. THE FEDERAL BUILDING - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Dozens of people traverse the lobby. UNIFORMED GUARDS regard the people with a mix of suspicion and disdain.

At the elevator bank, Jake is in front of the OFFICE DIRECTORY.

ANGLE ON: THE DIRECTORY. We follow it down from the letter "E" through "F" and then to "G." There is no listing for the FBI.

WIDE to Jake double checking the address on his business card. He walks to a nearby UNIFORMED GUARD.

JAKE

Excuse me, I have a two o'clock appointment, am I in the right place?

Jake hands the Guard Agent Masters' business card. The guard gives him the serious "once over."

INT. 13TH FLOOR - LOBBY

The elevator doors open and Jake exits into an extremely bland looking lobby.

There are a few chairs set out and a small coffee table with newspapers on it. Behind a thick glass window sits a WOMAN (MARCY) who regards Jake with only mild interest. Think of the lobby at your dentist's office and then subtract even the vaguest shred of charm and comfort and you'll have the idea.

JAKE

Hello? Is this the FBI office?

The woman behind the window makes the universal motion for "I CAN'T HEAR YOU."

Jake takes the business card and PRESSES IT TO THE GLASS.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I HAVE A TWO O'CLOCK APPOINTMENT!

Without speaking a word, the woman NODS her head and points to the chairs behind him.

INT. 13TH FLOOR - LOBBY - LATER

Jake is flipping through a newspaper. We hear a pronounced BUZZ from the door next to the receptionist's window.

Out walks Agent Masters, in shirtsleeves now. The gun on his hip is clearly visible.

AGENT MASTERS
Sorry to keep you waiting, Jake.

JAKE
(relieved)
I was starting to wonder if I was in the right place.

AGENT MASTERS
We like to keep a low profile. Marcy didn't chat your ear off, did she?

JAKE
I wouldn't go that far, no.

As they turn a corner we follow their perspective and REVEAL the MAIN OFFICES.

AGENT MASTERS
Jake Andrews, welcome to the FBI.

The room is in stark contrast to the sterility of the lobby. AGENTS hustle from here to there. Most are carbon copies of Masters with their white shirts, striped ties and conservative looks.

The famous blue SEAL of the Federal Bureau of Investigations hangs prominently on the back wall.

As they wind deeper and deeper through the offices, something catches Jake's attention.

Masters turns to speak and notices he has stopped.

JAKE

Is this real?

ANGLE ON: A DISPLAY CASE. Inside is all the physical evidence and a summary of the famous Escape from Alcatraz.

AGENT MASTERS

Definitely the most popular case in the San Francisco office. Maybe the whole bureau.

JAKE

That is so cool.

AGENT MASTERS

(chuckles)

Come on, we've got work to do.

Jake looks like a little boy at his first baseball game. This is already much more fun than selling copiers...

INT. MASTERS'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jake and Agent Masters arrive and sit down.

AGENT MASTERS

Thanks for coming in, Jake. You're sure about this? You've thought it through?

JAKE

There is one thing, actually.

AGENT MASTERS

Shoot.

JAKE

Not to be difficult, but what exactly is it you want with Alexandre? I've only met him twice, but he seems like a good guy. I don't really like lying to people, so if I'm going to do this, I want to know it's worthwhile.

AGENT MASTERS

Understandable. Bear with me a minute, I've got something to show you.

Masters removes a file marked "CLASSIFIED." He opens it and hands Jake a PHOTOGRAPH.

AGENT MASTERS (CONT'D)
Yevginy Tupolov, the Vice-Consul
Alexandre has just replaced.

CLOSE ON: THE PHOTO - A severe looking, older man getting
out of a limousine.

JAKE
Kind of creepy looking.

AGENT MASTERS
Yes he is. He's also one of the most
successful industrial spies of the last
twenty years.

JAKE
Seriously?

AGENT MASTERS
We were on him for years, but could never
catch him in the act. We're convinced
Alexandre is here to follow in his
footsteps.

Agent Masters hands another PHOTO to Jake.

AGENT MASTERS (CONT'D)
Alexandre Ilyich Belsky. Born October
fifteenth 1975, St. Petersburg. Son of
Anatoli Belsky, Minister of Science and
Technology and Isabella Shostakovich, an
aristocrat. He is not only the youngest
Russian Vice-Consul ever, he is the
youngest in the history of international
diplomacy. More importantly, Alexandre
is a member of the Golden Ten.

JAKE
The what?

AGENT MASTERS
"The Golden Ten" - Ten boys, each the son
of powerful parents who have been marked
from a very early age with the task of
leading their people from Soviet-era
politics into the modern day, capitalist
society they now realize they must
become. All educated in the West,
Alexandre at Oxford, and now deposited in
various positions and industries around
the world.

JAKE

Impressive, but why should that concern the FBI? I mean, isn't industrial spying a little low on the priority meter these days?

AGENT MASTERS

That's a common misconception, Jake. Let me try to explain it this way. Why is it you think the United States is the world's only remaining superpower?

JAKE

We've got the most powerful and advanced military.

AGENT MASTERS

That's true, but why do you think we have the most advanced military?

JAKE

Because we spend the most money.

AGENT MASTERS

Also true, Lord knows. But more than that, we've got people who know how to *see around the curve*. You ever hear of Oppenheimer?

JAKE

Invented the bomb.

AGENT MASTERS

Exactly. Did you know he was originally trying to find an alternative energy source when he developed his research into atomic manipulation?

JAKE

What got him on the bomb track?

AGENT MASTERS

World War Two was raging, and we weren't sure of the outcome, not by a long shot. Thanks to our superb network of spies, we knew the Germans had some very bright people working on some very dangerous things. We had to ensure we wouldn't be caught with our pants down, so we... *convinced* Dr. Oppenheimer to come to New Mexico and develop the first bombs. And thank God, he figured it out before they did. We won the war and all of a sudden, we're the big boy on the block.

JAKE

I had no idea.

AGENT MASTERS

Some of the most dangerous things man has ever created started out as something else. Missile guidance systems were born of land surveying tools. And all those chemical weapons we have to live in fear of these days? All it took was one twisted SOB to bastardize someone else's disease research and... well, you know.

Masters pushes the file away and leans down to Jake. He gives him a very serious look.

AGENT MASTERS (CONT'D)

Industrial espionage changed the balance of power for the entire world.

(beat)

And it can happen again.

Jake's questions have been answered. And then some...

JAKE

How can I help?

Into the room walks AGENT LYNNE HOLLOWAY, 27. A total knockout in blue jeans, a casual shirt and blazer.

AGENT MASTERS

Jake Andrews, I'd like you to meet your new girlfriend, Lynne Holloway - Agent Holloway, Jake.

Jake turns to look at Agent Holloway. From her POV we see him give her "the look." That immediate and involuntary WIDENING OF THE EYES that attractive people receive everywhere they go.

LYNNE

Glad to have you working with us, Mr. Andrews.

JAKE

(involuntary)

Wow.

We get the feeling he's not just being polite. Lynne goes to Masters's side of the desk

AGENT MASTERS

There are some forms for you to sign, Jake. After that you and Agent Holloway should meet to set up your covers.

LYNNE

We'll go over the details then.

JAKE

(still on Lynne)

Wow.

Agent Holloway ROLLS HER EYES.

AGENT MASTERS

Listen, we say this to all our Assets. I know this all must seem very exciting and it's perfectly natural to want to talk about it...

Agent Masters LEANS DOWN and gets very serious again.

AGENT MASTERS (CONT'D)

...But it is of vital importance to the security of the operation and the safety of everyone involved that you tell no one. People get killed that way. I'm going to ask you this just once. Can we trust you?

Jake looks to Lynne and then back to Agent Masters They are both stone faced.

Jake looks totally sincere.

JAKE

Absolutely.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dave is back in his usual spot on Jake's sofa. He has the phone to his ear.

DAVE

No fucking WAY!

INT. JAKE'S CAR - SAME

Jake is driving along with a huge smile on his face.

JAKE
(into cell phone)
I swear to God, man, I'm just leaving the
federal building now!

INT. THE SOCKEYE RESTAURANT - EVENING

Jake sits alone at a table and sips a cocktail. The wood paneling and crackling fireplace add to the cozy feel.

From his seat, Jake sees Agent Holloway enter the room. She is dressed in a business suit and looks radiant.

Jake gets up to greet her.

JAKE
You look amazing.

LYNNE
Let's get started, There isn't a lot of
time.

The WAITRESS arrives.

WAITRESS
Can I bring you a cocktail?

JAKE
I'd love another scotch, thanks.

LYNNE
Pellegrino.

The waitress leaves.

LYNNE (CONT'D)
All right, Mr. Andrews-

JAKE
(interrupts)
Jake.

LYNNE
Jake. This is a very important case for
me and I don't intend to screw it up.
Listen closely, do exactly what I say and
everything will be just fine, okay?

JAKE
Okay.

LYNNE

It's important the Russians feel we've been together for some time. So, you and I met here six months ago. You asked me out and we've been dating ever since. I'm a pharmaceutical representative and I've been living in San Francisco for two years since I moved from Michigan.

JAKE

Are you really from Michigan?

LYNNE

Pay attention.

Jake smiles, just a little.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

Saturday morning, call me at this number before you leave and I'll tell you where to meet me.

She slides a BUSINESS CARD to Jake. It reads: "BERLEX LABORATORIES, FEMALE HEALTH CARE DIVISION" with all the obligatory details above the name LYNNE HASTINGS.

JAKE

Is that your real name, "Hastings?"

LYNNE

Repeat it back to me.

JAKE

Lynne Hastings, Pharmaceutical Rep. From Michigan, been here two years. We met here six months ago and you haven't been able to keep your hands off me since.

Lynne does not look amused.

LYNNE

Do you have any questions?

JAKE

Just one. Do we have to say we met here?

LYNNE

What do you mean?

Jake puts his napkin on the table and STANDS UP.

JAKE

Come with me for a second.

Lynne looks annoyed, but gets up and FOLLOWS.

INT. SOCKEYE RESTAURANT - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Jake directs Lynne's attention to the bar. There, hanging above the entrance is a sign: "THE SOCKEYE - WHERE THE ELITE MEET TO DRINK AND EAT."

JAKE

I mean, honestly, it's so damn snooty. I hate people who think they're better than everyone else.

Lynne smiles and moves a little closer to Jake. She looks him deep in the eye.

LYNNE

(softly)

Jake, tell me something will you?

JAKE

(encouraged)

Anything.

LYNNE

You are a member of the Olympic Club, right?

Jake can feel the rug being pulled out from under him. He NODS his answer.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

See you Saturday, Rosa Parks.

Lynne SPINS and WALKS OUT of the restaurant.

CUT TO: THE BAR itself. Dave emerges and comes over. He carries a beer bottle and is clearly under-dressed.

DAVE

She's really something isn't she?

Jake is fixated on Lynne and watches her all the way back to her car.

JAKE

She sure is.

EXT. THE EMBARCADERO - MORNING

It's one of those brilliantly sunny days and it's already quite warm. Jake's Porsche arrives at a BART station.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - SAME

Jake chuckles to himself and pulls to the curb. A moment later, he is startled by a KNOCK on the passenger window.

Lynne stands outside the door. He unlocks it and she climbs in. She looks very cute in shorts and sweatshirt.

JAKE

Nice place you've got here. Little noisy though, isn't it?

LYNNE

You're three minutes late, drive.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The streets are clogged with traffic. Lynne takes an envelope from her purse and hands it to Jake.

JAKE

What's this?

At the next stop light he takes a look. Inside are ten, ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS.

LYNNE

Spend as much as you like. Try and keep receipts.

Jake looks at her and smiles. Lynne points at the light.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

It's green.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Jake pulls up in front of a nice building.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - SAME

Jake dials his cell phone. After a beat...

JAKE

Alex? Hey, we're out front. Okay.
(to Lynne)
They're coming right down.

Jake puts his cell phone away. He takes and then releases a deep breath.

LYNNE

You sure you're ready for this?

He turns to face her. He looks absolutely serious.

JAKE

I've been ready for this my whole life.

Alex emerges from the apartment building with his girlfriend, KATERINA. She is extremely beautiful, in white shorts and a very tight white top that showcases her ample bosom.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - SAME

After seeing Katerina.

JAKE

Holy Moses, that's tit-terrific.

Lynne shoots him a look.

EXT. JAKE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Lynne exit the car.

ALEXANDRE

Jake, hello. Good to see you.

JAKE

You too. Allow me to introduce someone. Lynne this is Alex. Alex, Lynne.

ALEXANDRE

A pleasure to meet you, Lynne. This is my girlfriend, Katerina.

KATERINA

Hello.

LYNNE

Hi, nice to meet you.

Jake opens the passenger door of his car.

JAKE

Well, it's going to be a little snug, but shall we?

They all climb into the car and we PULL AWAY. As the car leaves frame, we HOLD for a few seconds until, from the other side of the street, a BLACK SEDAN pulls off the curb and follows them.

EXT. CITY STREETS - SAME

Jake weaves through the traffic like a bicycle messenger trying to make his delivery cut-off.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - SAME

There is visual discomfort on the faces of his passengers.

LYNNE

Jake, darling. Maybe you'd better slow down a little, huh?

Still driving, Jake turns to the back seat.

JAKE

You guys all right back there?

Putting on a brave face, they both NOD "Yes." It's all the validation Jake is looking for.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(turns back around.)

Doesn't make sense to keep all these horses locked down. Once in a while, you gotta let-em gallop.

He shifts gears and they accelerate out onto the freeway.

EXT. FREEWAY ON RAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Falling further behind, the black sedan follows them onto the freeway, it's engine whining at an RPM level that sounds very uncomfortable.

INT. THE BLACK SEDAN - SAME

Valery and Grigor bicker at each other in Russian as they try to keep up.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jake is weaving in and out of traffic at alarming speeds. As it crosses from one lane to the next, it nearly clips a GREY FORD TAURUS.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - SAME

Reacting to the near miss.

JAKE

Some people need to learn how to drive.

INT. THE GREY TAURUS - SAME

The driver WINCES as the Porsche goes flying by. He grabs a WALKIE-TALKIE from the seat next to him.

DRIVER

Jesus Christ, who does this guy think he is, Michael Shumacher?

(into walkie-talkie)

This is six. Subject now east of my position, travelling at...

(checks his speedometer)

...I don't know, Mach-2.

EXT. GREAT AMERICA - LATER

Jake's car pulls into the parking lot.

WIDE to reveal the park itself.

MONTAGE OF THE FOUR OF THEM AT THE AMUSEMENT PARK.

EXT. CARNIVAL GAME STAND - DAY

Jake and Alex are playing the game with the water pistol to see who can pop the balloon the fastest. We hear a "POP" and turn to see Lynne has beaten them both.

EXT. FOOD STAND - DAY

Alex and Katerina are eating a giant cotton candy.

INT. THE BUMPER CARS - DAY

Alex, Lynne and Katerina laugh in delight as they smash into each other.

ANGLE ON: Jake at the other end of the track. He is deftly maneuvering his car between the other people, never hitting a thing. He's having a great time.

INT. THE BAR - AFTERNOON

Jake arrives at the table with a round of drinks. There are three big beers...and a water for Lynne.

EXT. THE LOG RIDE - AFTERNOON

The four of them approach the log ride. As they round the corner, the sound of screaming passengers is followed by a gigantic splash as they arrive at the bottom.

ALEXANDRE

Oh, that looks fantastic! I'm roasting, what do you say?

Jake looks at the girls. They are both wearing white shirts.

JAKE

Definitely.

EXT. THE LOG RIDE - MOMENTS LATER

They come CRASHING down at the end of the ride and are soaked. As they leave the ride it's all the boys can do to maintain eye contact.

Katerina, we see, has eschewed the formality of wearing a bra and seems totally at ease with her new look. Lynne on the other hand looks very self-conscious and excuses herself to go to the bathroom. Katerina joins her.

Alex throws an arm over Jake's shoulder.

ALEXANDRE

(sotto)

We have this ride back in Russia. I've been wanting to come here all day!

JAKE

Alex, my friend, you are a world class pervert.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)
 (beat)
 And God bless you for that.

They LAUGH.

ALEXANDRE
 I'm off to the toilet. Be right back.

EXT. THE PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Lynne is the first one back. She has tried to dry off as best as possible, but her shirt is still quite sheer.

JAKE
 Hi!

She does not look pleased to see him.

LYNNE
 (accusingly)
 Having a good time?

JAKE
 I'm having a blast.

Lynne looks around to make sure they are alone.

LYNNE
 Quite a drive to the park this morning,
 huh, Jake?

JAKE
 (confused)
 Is that why you're mad at me?

LYNNE
 Do you always drive that fast?

JAKE
 Yes. Why do people always ask me that?

LYNNE
 Well, would it interest you to know we
 had a car tailing us this morning?

JAKE
 What?

LYNNE
 And I'm fairly certain the Russians had a
 car following as well. You didn't make
 it easy on them, did you?

The situation seems to catch up with Jake and he bursts out laughing.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

Who the hell do you think you are,
anyway, Michael Schumacher?

Jake starts laughing even harder now and Lynne gets caught up in it as well. When she turns around to compose herself, she sees Alex and Katerina walking back to join them.

Katerina is still very wet and, although she has put her hair up, she still looks very comfortable with her sheer top.

A PARK PHOTOGRAPHER shows up.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Hey guys, how about a souvenir?

ALEXANDRE

Absolutely.

The four of them gather for the photo. Katerina strikes a very supermodel pose and with the camera's "FLASH" we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SMITTY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Plates and glasses suggest that the meal has already come and gone. The Polaroid stands in a cheesy paper frame in the middle of a dinner table.

Alexandre Grabs the photo.

ALEXANDRE

Amazing how quickly those cameras can develop these shots. Jake, doesn't Minolta also make cameras?

JAKE

Some of the best. It's still the backbone of the company.

ALEXANDRE

I'd love to see how they're made sometime.

LYNNE

Why?

If there was a record playing, the needle would just have scratched across and fallen off.

ALEXANDRE

I beg your pardon?

LYNNE

Why would you want to see how the cameras are made?

ALEXANDRE

(awkward)

Uhh, I just thought it would be interesting to see how they make such great cameras.

LYNNE

Are you a photography fan?

ALEXANDRE

I like to take pictures, yes.

JAKE

When you spend so much time with a lady like Katerina, who can blame you?

The little laugh this gets is enough to get out of the awkward situation.

KATERINA

Thank you, Jake.

JAKE

My pleasure, did you guys have a good time today?

KATERINA

(cooing)

Oooh yes, all those roller coasters, up and down, up and down, all day long, It was so...exciting.

Alex and Katerina are very affectionate on their side of the table. Both smiling, she whispers something in Russian to Alex and starts to KISS HIM on the neck.

Jake throws his arm around Lynne in an effort to reciprocate. She grabs his hand and holds it in both of hers. To be honest, she is squeezing it a little too hard to be comfortable.

JAKE
 (through the pain)
 Well, it was really nice meeting you,
 Katerina. We should do it again.

LYNNE
 Yes, we really should.

KATERINA
 I would like that. Now, if you'll excuse
 us, I need to be taken home. We've
 got...*things* to do.

JAKE
 I'll take care of the check.

Jake rips his hand from Lynne's and the four of them
 stand up and say goodbye.

EXT. THE EMBARCADERO - NIGHT

Jake pulls up to curb in front of the BART station where
 he picked Lynne up earlier.

JAKE
 (frustrated)
 Well?

LYNNE
 Well what?

JAKE
 "Well what?" You want to tell me why you
 turned into Joe Friday back there?

LYNNE
 What are you talking about?

JAKE
 When Alex asked about the cameras.

LYNNE
 That was significant, Jake. You may be
 on a little joyride here, but to me this
 job is actually important.

JAKE
 Important enough to risk blowing before
 it gets started?

Lynne shoots him a nasty look.

JAKE (CONT'D)

He mentions one thing about cameras, that maybe, maybe could be an opening for what he really wants and do you file that information away to go over later? No, you basically cross examine the guy right there on the freeway. Jesus, you might as well have been wearing an FBI hat.

LYNNE

Why don't you let me worry about being the FBI agent, okay?

JAKE

Love to, but I've got news for you Lynne, or whatever the hell your name is. You may be the FBI agent and I may just be the

(finger quotes)

"Asset," but you're terrible at this.

That stung. Lynne looks at Jake and for the first time, we see a chink in the armor.

She gets out of the car and leans down to the window. Fuming, it's all she can do to remain calm.

LYNNE

You know a place called Nello's?

JAKE

In North Beach? Of course.

LYNNE

Tomorrow morning at nine. Don't be late.

INT. NELLO'S - MORNING

The decor smacks of another era and the non-stop crowds never allowed time to redecorate. Still, people don't come for the decor and as Jake enters he is immediately greeted by the sweet smells of Italian breakfast.

He carries a bouquet of flowers and as he scans the restaurant, he looks disappointed to see Agent Masters sitting alone at a corner table. Masters WAVES HIM OVER.

JAKE

(sotto)

Fuck.

Jake puts on his best sales smile and goes to join him.

AGENT MASTERS

You know I'm married, right?

JAKE

Oh, the flowers? I'm going to visit my Mom after breakfast, they're for her.

AGENT MASTERS

Sure they are.

JAKE

No, seriously. It's gets so hot in the car and I didn't know how long we'd be.

AGENT MASTERS

Right.

JAKE

(to waitress)

Could I have some coffee please?

The WAITRESS comes over to fill his glass. Jake busies himself with the cream and sugar.

AGENT MASTERS

How did it go yesterday?

JAKE

Just fine.

AGENT MASTERS

You guys talk about anything interesting?

JAKE

Not really. Well, maybe. Alex started to ask me about the cameras my company manufactures, but...

AGENT MASTERS

But what?

JAKE

The second he started asking, Lynne got way too aggressive. She practically started questioning him right there.

Masters looks annoyed.

AGENT MASTERS

How did it end?

JAKE

Fine. I cracked a joke and everybody relaxed.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

And then Katerina started groping all over Alex right at the table. Boy, is she something?

AGENT MASTERS

Photographs well, too doesn't she?

JAKE

I'll say. Wait, how do you-

Masters lays down a copy of the photo taken at the park.

AGENT MASTERS

The photographer was with us.

CLOSE ON: the photo. Jake is staring at Lynne's boobs.

JAKE

The sun was in my eyes.

AGENT MASTERS

Awfully *sunny* just then, wasn't it?

JAKE

You better believe it.

Masters smiles. He must admit, Jake is a smooth talker.

AGENT MASTERS

You think you can do it again?

JAKE

Alex and I are already working on a second date.

AGENT MASTERS

Good. I'll want to meet with you here every Sunday. Is that a problem?

JAKE

Not at all.

AGENT MASTERS

Of course, if there are any questions between now and then contact me or Agent Holloway right away.

Agent Masters slides a newspaper across the table to Jake and gets up from the table.

AGENT MASTERS (CONT'D)

There's an article in the classified section I think you'll find interesting.

Jake watches Masters leave the restaurant and climb into the passenger side of a now familiar looking grey Taurus.

WAITRESS (O.C.)

More coffee?

Jake turns to see her hovering at the table.

JAKE

What? Oh, yeah, thank you.

She pours the coffee.

WAITRESS

The flowers are really beautiful.

JAKE

There for my...thank you.

WAITRESS

Anything else I can get for you?

JAKE

Just the check.

The waitress drops off the check and returns to her work. Jake flips the paper to the CLASSIFIED section. There, taped to the page is a manila envelope. Inside are fifteen one hundred dollar bills.

He lays a hundred down on top of the bill, then takes his water glass and places the flowers into it before placing the arrangement on top of the check and money.

He stuffs the envelope into his pocket and takes another sip of coffee before getting up to leave.

INT. FBI OFFICES - MORNING

Lynne is busy at work going over a stack of documents.

AGENT MASTERS (O.C.)

Holloway?

Agent Holloway is across the office. He waves her over.

INT. AGENT MASTER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Masters leads Holloway into his office.

AGENT MASTERS

How'd it go yesterday?

LYNNE

To be honest, sir. I have my doubts about this Asset.

AGENT MASTERS

Why is that?

Lynne closes the office door.

LYNNE

He is, without doubt the least professional civilian Asset I have ever worked with.

AGENT MASTERS

I realize he's not the most polished we've ever recruited, but his contact with our target is too valuable to overlook.

LYNNE

This guy actually had the audacity to tell me that I was a lousy undercover operative, can you believe that?

Masters looks very awkward. He doesn't say anything.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

(figuring it out)

Oh, shit.

AGENT MASTERS

Holloway, listen, every agent has a weak point.

Her defenses come crashing down.

LYNNE

I've worked harder than anybody else in this office for the past three years.

AGENT MASTERS

Nobody doubts your dedication to the Bureau, or this operation, but you do have a problem with your approach.

LYNNE

All I ever wanted was to be an Agent and to work my way to the DC field office. I did my time in Michigan, then in Wyoming and now here. It hasn't been easy, but I've earned my place.

AGENT MASTERS

I know you have.

LYNNE

I'm going to get to DC.

AGENT MASTERS

I believe you, Lynne. I really do. But you need to improve first.

(beat)

Now, can you continue with this assignment?

Lynne is clearly frustrated. She takes a deep breath.

LYNNE

Yes sir.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jake enters carrying a bag of groceries.

The PHONE RINGS.

JAKE

Hello?

MRS. ANDREWS (O.C.)

Hi dear, it's Mom.

JAKE

Hi Mom, what's up?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE ANDREWS HOME - SAME

Maryanne Andrews stands in a gourmet style kitchen. She holds the phone with one hand and stirs a pot with the other.

MRS. ANDREWS

I was wondering if you could come over for dinner next week.

JAKE

(evading)

I've got a lot going on right now.

MRS. ANDREWS

(frustrated)

With your father out of town so often on this book tour, I feel like I haven't been able to cook for anybody in weeks. Can't you come by one night at least?

This seems to soften Jake a bit.

JAKE

How's Thursday?

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The lights are off, but the glow from the streetlight outside is enough for us to see a figure lying in bed.

The shrill RING of the phone breaks the silence and the figure turns on the light.

It's LYNNE.

She grabs the phone and checks the number calling--

LYNNE

(into phone)

Holloway.

JAKE (O.C.)

Shouldn't we have a code phrase?

LYNNE

(no idea)

What?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - SAME

Jake lays on his bed, beer in hand and a bag from BLOCKBUSTER VIDEO next to him. On the TV, a young Sean Connery in the Bond film, FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.

JAKE

(into phone)

A code phrase.

LYNNE

What are you talking about?

JAKE

Bond always uses one when he meets his contacts. You know, to make sure he doesn't get an imposter.

LYNNE

I'm going to tell you two things and I want you to listen to them very closely, all right?

JAKE

Shoot.

LYNNE

First, you are not, NOT James Bond. And second, you already know what I look like, so how could somebody else say they were me.

Clearly, this is something Jake hasn't considered--

JAKE

Oh yeah.

(beat)

Well, it couldn't hurt, could it?

Lynne looks at the clock - **3:19 A.M.** Then--

LYNNE

Are you drunk?

JAKE

Hammered.

LYNNE

Good night.

Lynne SLAMS DOWN the phone.

Jake smiles and hangs up the phone as well. On the TV, Bond delivers a line that Jake does his best to imitate. His Connery accent is not good.

EXT. 3-COM PARK - DAY

An overhead shot shows the stadium is packed.

INT. 3-COM PARK - DAY

Jake, Lynne, Alex and Katerina are cheering along as the 49er game plays out.

INT. 3-COM PARK - CONCOURSE - DAY

The foursome walking down the ramp on their way out.

DAVE (O.C.)

Jake!

They turn to see Dave walking over.

JAKE

Hey, Dave, how's it going?

DAVE

Thank God for Garrison Hearst, that last touchdown put me over the top.

JAKE

Cleaned up, huh?

DAVE

Winner, winner, chicken dinner!

JAKE

(chuckles)

Good for you. You remember, Lynne and these are my friends Alex and Katerina. Guys, this is Dave.

Dave plays along and greetings are exchanged all around.

DAVE

You coming to The Lounge later?

JAKE

What do you think?

DAVE

Good, I want revenge on that pool table. Now if you'll excuse me, I've got a few collections to make. Nice meeting you.

Dave leaves.

ALEXANDRE

Bit of a punter, is he?

LYNNE

Him? He doesn't look like an athlete.

JAKE

Actually sweetie, a "punter" is a British expression for a gambler.

LYNNE

Really? That doesn't make any sense.

JAKE

That's all right, baby. You can make up for it in the swimsuit competition.

Lynne is the only one who doesn't laugh at this.

EXT. FREEWAY - EVENING

Traffic is slow getting away from the stadium. Still, Jake's car is weaving through and finding a decent path.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - SAME

The four of them are enjoying easy conversation.

ALEXANDRE

I enjoyed it immensely Jake, thank you.

JAKE

Are you kidding? You're good luck, what a comeback. I'm bringing you every game.

KATERINA

I've seen matches on TV, but it's much more fun in person isn't it?

JAKE

Most contact sports are.

This gets a pretty good laugh.

Jake grabs Lynne's leg and gives it a playful squeeze. The look she shoots him could stop your watch.

Jake turns up the stereo as they drive away.

INT. MARINA LOUNGE - NIGHT

Lynne and Katerina sit amongst a group of Jake's friends. Among them are Peter and his wife MICHELLE, 30.

MICHELLE

So how long have you and Jake been seeing each other?

LYNNE

About six months.

Michelle looks confused.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

(covering)

Well, we've been seeing each other for about six months, but it's only been serious for the last few months.

MICHELLE

Oh, gotcha. Well congratulations, he's really a terrific guy. And cute.

Peter nudges his wife.

PETER

I'm sitting right next to you, you know?

Back at the POOL TABLE:

Alexandre is just finishing a game of pool. Rather, he is just finishing dominating a game of pool. As the 8 ball falls into the corner pocket, we see that all the striped balls remain.

Jake and the boys are already well lubricated.

JAKE

There a pool table at diplomat school?

ALEXANDRE

(chuckles)

I may have wandered into the occasional pub at Oxford. You know, over there if you skunk someone, the loser has to drop his pants and buy the whole pub a beer.

JAKE

You hitting on me?

A laugh from Alex and the boys.

JAKE (CONT'D)

All right, all right, my shout.

Jake heads to the bar and Dave follows.

DAVE

That was pretty ugly back there.

JAKE

Tell me about it.

DAVE

On the other hand, what is definitely *not* ugly is Lynne.

From Jake's POV we see Lynne smiling and chatting with Katerina and the others.

JAKE

She really is beautiful, isn't she?

DAVE

How's it going with her?

JAKE

She doesn't like me.

DAVE

Says you. What about when you kiss, is there a spark at all?

JAKE

(hesitant)

I don't know. I haven't kissed her.

Dave looks personally offended.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Dude, I'm telling you, she's not into it.

DAVE

Are you insane?

JAKE

She doesn't want me to kiss her, okay?

DAVE

What the hell does that have to do with anything?

JAKE

Thank you, Senator.

DAVE

Listen, I'm going to go over this one step at a time.

(beat)

Do you think she's hot?

JAKE

We've been over this.

DAVE

Just humor me.

Again, Jake looks over to Lynne. She is undeniably hot.

JAKE

She's gorgeous.

DAVE

Do you want to kiss her?

JAKE

More than anything.

Dave looks over his shoulder. Alex has returned to Katerina and is chatting with Lynne and the others.

Dave turns Jake around and looks him straight in the eye.

DAVE

Call it fate, or luck, or just a happy accident. Call it anything the fuck you want, Jake, but, by some miracle there is a gorgeous woman over there who **has to pretend she's your girlfriend**. It's literally a matter of national security.

(beat)

Now go on over there and start making out with her.

JAKE

What?

DAVE

(really into it now)

Put your hand on her ass. Start rubbing up against her tits. Basically grope the hell out of her, what's she going to do, stop you? She can't!

In the daylight, this would be preposterous, but both of them have had enough to drink for this to seem like a viable plan.

JAKE

(realizing)

She can't stop me. I'm her boyfriend.

DAVE

(points to the ceiling)

Hallelujah! Now go over there and be her boyfriend!

Dave and Jake clink glasses and pound their drinks.

JAKE
No chance this blows up in my face,
right?

DAVE
I don't see how.

Dave pats Jake on the arm and sends him into action--

INT. MARINA LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Lynne, Katerina and Alex are chatting with Peter and Michelle.

MICHELLE
I hear your pool game needs some work.

JAKE
I've decided not to play again. Ever.

LYNNE
Promises, promises.

Jake sits down and puts his arm around Lynne.

JAKE
You behaving over here?

PETER
My wife was just telling Lynne how lucky
she is to be with you. Have you two met,
by the way.

Michelle PUNCHES her husband in the arm.

JAKE
I'm the lucky one. Besides, we're just
crazy about each other.

Jake leans into Lynne and kisses her on the cheek. She is surprised, but plays along, smiling.

MICHELLE
Aww, that's cute.

LYNNE
(trying to remain calm)
Jake, sweetheart, you know how I feel
about "PDA."

Jake continues kissing her on the cheek and then her neck, running his hands up and down her as he does.

JAKE
 I can't help it...
 (kiss)
 ...She's just so cute...
 (kiss)
 ...I just want to eat her up.

Lynne turns to Jake and he takes the opportunity to plant one, full on her lips. He's really going for it until...

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Ow!

Jake pulls back and puts his hand to his lip. Blood.

Alexandre, Katerina, Peter and Michelle look uncomfortable.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 (playful)
 Meow. Kitten likes to scratch.

Lynne stands up and grabs Jake by the arm.

LYNNE
 We really should be going, I've got an early start tomorrow morning. Okay if you take a cab back?

KATERINA
 Of course.

ALEXANDRE
 Great to see you again.

LYNNE
 You, too. See you soon.

EXT. MARINA LOUNGE - LATER

Jake is weaving his way down the sidewalk to his car.

LYNNE
 Why don't you let me drive?

JAKE
 I don't really like people driving my-

Lynne SWIPES the keys from his hand in a flash.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Okeydokey.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake is clearly drunk. He slumps back in his seat. Lynne is fuming in the driver seat.

LYNNE

Fasten your seat belt, we're going on a bit of a detour.

Lynne Shifts gears and pounds the accelerator.

EXT. MARINA - MOMENTS LATER

Jake's Porsche comes skidding around a corner, narrowly avoiding oncoming traffic. Cars honk as it goes by.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - SAME

JAKE

Take it easy, Lynne.

LYNNE

Hey, sometimes you've got to let your horses gallop, right.

Lynne is a better driver than Jake. She shifts again.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The car is speeding up the steep incline of Filmore street. Lynne guns it at the crest and the car leaves the ground.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - SAME

Jake is legitimately nervous. In fact, he looks a little green.

JAKE

Lynne, seriously, I don't feel so good.

LYNNE

No? All right, home then.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The car does a perfect 180 degree turn and speeds off the way they came.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - NIGHT

LYNNE

You know, I should be honest. At the academy, do you know what my worst subject was? It wasn't code breaking or even field work.

Jake is covering his mouth. He doesn't look good at all.

From Lynne's POV we see the crest of the Filmore street hill rapidly approaching.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

It was high performance driving. Never could get the hang of that.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Jake's car comes literally flying over the crest. As it does we hear a SCREAM from inside.

Sparks come from the bottom of the car as it slams back to earth and speeds away.

EXT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The car comes to a skidding halt in front of Jake's apartment.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - SAME

Lynne calmly turns off the engine looks to Jake. He is a sweaty mess.

LYNNE

You thought you were pretty funny back in the bar, didn't you? Well listen up Andrews, I've worked too hard for too long to put up with your frat-boy bullshit. I've got plans for my career and they include the successful completion of this assignment. You ever try that sort of thing again, I'll break your fucking arm.

She drops the keys in his lap. Jake is too overwhelmed to respond.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

It felt a little sluggish between a hundred and a hundred twenty. Might want to get the fuel injector looked at.

And with that Lynne gets out of the car and walks away.

Jake opens his door and promptly THROWS UP in the gutter.

INT. MOSER'S AUTOMOTIVE SHOP - DAY

Jake paces the lobby. He looks rather pale. He picks up an auto magazine and thumbs through it without really looking before tossing it back to the table.

ANOTHER MAN, sits across the room.

MAN IN SHOP

First time?

JAKE

What? No, not even close. Never gets any easier though.

MAN IN SHOP

You can say that again.

From the rear door comes KARL MOSER, 35, wearing blue coveralls that are splattered with grease and oil. He speaks with a German accent.

KARL

Hi, Jake.

Jake rushes over to Karl.

JAKE

Well?

KARL

It's not bad, there's a little damage to the undercarriage, but, all in all, the car is in great shape.

Jake looks extremely relieved.

KARL (CONT'D)

The only thing we might want to do is clean out the fuel injector, it's causing the engine distress at the top end speeds.

JAKE
You're kidding?

KARL
Nein, but don't be too hard on yourself.
Only someone who really knows Porsches
would even notice. I almost missed it
myself.

INT. MINOLTA COPIER COMPANY - DAY

The sales staff is in a meeting. While Mr. Costa drones
on and on about numbers, Jake looks very distracted.

MR. COSTA
We need to focus on new business, people.
I know we all love taking our friends to
lunch, but we don't increase our client
base, we die. It's that simple.

CLOSE ON: Jake. He is sitting in his chair thumbing
Lynn's pseudo business card.

MR. COSTA (CONT'D)
I think you guys have let your closing
skills slip, so we're going to have a
little exercise here.

Mr. Costa picks a coffee cup full of pens off the table.

MR. COSTA (CONT'D)
Who can sell me this coffee cup? Right
now.

Nobody raises their hand.

MR. COSTA (CONT'D)
Come on, none of you? Let's go, you're
on a cold call and you've got to sell the
product.

All the sales people nervously fidget in their chairs.

MR. COSTA (CONT'D)
Jake, how about you?

Jake is caught off guard.

JAKE
Pardon?

MR. COSTA

Show them how it's done, Jake. Sell me this coffee cup.

JAKE

I'd really rather not, Devon.

The others at the table are very glad to be out of the spotlight.

MR. COSTA

Come on, Jake. Show these others the difference between a winner and a loser out there. Let's go.

Something seems to switch on inside him. Jake puts Lynne's business card in his shirt pocket.

JAKE

You want me to sell you that coffee cup?

MR. COSTA

That's right.

JAKE

I don't have to, you already bought it.

MR. COSTA

It's a sales exercise, Jake.

JAKE

If you worry about sales, you're probably not going to make many. Sales really doesn't matter. In any situation, the most important thing to know is the answer to one, simple question: "What does the person across from me want?"

All the sales staff are paying rapt attention.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I'm not talking about a Christmas list. I mean, what does this person want from their life? Who do they want to be? Where do they want to go? Do they just want to make it to five o'clock or do they want to own the company someday? Do they want the opposite sex to pay more attention to them or do they want to make their parents proud?

(beat)

You answer that and everything else works itself out. It doesn't even matter what you're selling.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

You show them that you can provide them the tools to get where they want to go and they will buy. No matter the price, no matter the product. Diets don't work, we all know that. But every year, people spend tens of billions of dollars on them. Why? Because it represents who they want to be.

Jake gets up and walks over to Mr. Costa.

JAKE (CONT'D)

So, you need to ask yourself a question: "What do I want from my life?" And don't lie to yourself, because this isn't for everybody. This is a big commitment, you have to be ready for this. The coffee cup I'm selling...*costs*. But it costs for a reason.

Jake takes the cup from Mr. Costa's hand and dumps the pens on the conference table.

JAKE (CONT'D)

The coffee cup I'm selling doesn't moonlight as a pen holder. In fact, the coffee cup I'm selling tells you to take all those pens and shove them straight up your ass. But you don't mind because you're going to put *coffee* in this cup. The first cup of coffee of the rest of your life. Hell, you yourself might be thinking, "I can't afford to buy this coffee cup." But here's the thing, and there's really no way of getting around this. If you want your dreams to come true; If you're ready to *make* your dreams come true, you can't afford not to buy this coffee cup.

The room is in the palm of his hand. Grant speaks for everyone.

GRANT

Wow.

Jake takes a look at the cup and grabs his jacket off the back of his chair. He heads out of the room.

MR. COSTA

Where are you going?

JAKE

To get a cup of coffee.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jake is sipping a cup of coffee. His apartment is spotless and, without Dave at his usual position on the couch, quiet.

The elevator doors open and Lynne enters. She is not thrilled to see him.

JAKE
Thanks for coming.

LYNNE
I'm not in the mood for any more nonsense, Jake.

JAKE
I know. I just want to talk to you.

LYNNE
All right, let's talk.

Jake struggles with where to begin.

JAKE
Do you want a cup of coffee?

LYNNE
All right.

Jake leaves to room and goes to the kitchen.

JAKE (O.C.)
(shouts)
Go ahead and hang your coat in the closet to your left, I'll be right back.

Lynne takes her coat off and goes to hang it in the closet when she accidentally kicks something. Just visible on the floor is the corner of a cardboard box. Lynne bends down and pulls it out.

CLOSE ON: THE BOX. Inside, are several awards.

JAKE (O.C.)(CONT'D)
(shouts)
How do you take it?

Lynne gives a quick look over her shoulder.

LYNNE
Milk and two sugars.

She starts to go through the awards:

2000 President's Circle - Jake Andrews

2001 National Account Manager of the Year - Jake Andrews

2002 Top Sales Executive in America - Jake Andrews.

Lynne puts them all back and quickly hangs her coat. She is closing the door just as Jake returns with the coffee.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

JAKE

Listen, I know we haven't exactly gotten off to the best start.

LYNNE

You could say that.

JAKE

I was out of line at the Lounge the other night. I had no right to take advantage of the situation like that. I'm sorry. It won't happen again.

Jake's sincerity catches her off guard.

LYNNE

(surprised)

Thank you.

(beat)

Truth be told, I probably owe you an apology as well. Your criticism of my approach with Alexandre was...

(really struggling)

...valid. I shouldn't have reacted that way. I need to work on that.

Jake can see how difficult that was for her.

JAKE

Okay. Thank you.

LYNNE

(takes a sip)

Mmm. Good coffee.

They've talked several times before, but this is the first "conversation" Lynne and Jake have ever had.

JAKE

Do me a favor, give me your hand.

LYNNE

Jake?

JAKE

(interrupts)

Just for a few seconds.

Lynne gives him her hand and he places it over his heart.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Feel anything out of the ordinary?

LYNNE

You need to get back in the gym.

JAKE

Come on, seriously.

LYNNE

No. Feels just fine to me.

JAKE

Maybe you could tell that to the Marine Corps, because they don't seem to believe me.

LYNNE

What are you talking about?

JAKE

After I graduated from Syracuse, I went to enlist in Marines. I wanted aviation, it was going to be a surprise for my dad. I aced the written exams and my oral interview was a breeze, they could see how much I wanted it. So I get to the physical and the doctors tell me they find something wrong.

LYNNE

(genuinely interested)

What happened?

JAKE

A heart murmur. It's happened exactly one time in my whole life and it happened to be during my physical exam for flight school. I've done three triathlons. I can run ten miles in just over an hour and I've never had a resting heart rate over one-sixty...

LYNNE
 (figuring it out)
 They won't let you fly.

JAKE
 ...But we can't risk our pilots passing
 out at the controls, now can we?

LYNNE
 I'm sorry, Jake.

JAKE
 So, instead of doing something worthwhile
 with my life, I sell copy machines.

LYNNE
 What's wrong with selling copy machines?

JAKE
 Come here. Let me show you something.

Jake goes to the bookshelf and grabs the biography of
 BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 You see this? Benjamin Disraeli. It's
 over five hundred pages long.

He grabs CHURCHILL.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Winston Churchill, this one's over a
 thousand.

He grabs another book. It is an advance copy of his
 FATHER'S BIOGRAPHY.

Lynne looks at the man on the cover.

LYNNE
 You look a lot like him.

JAKE
 I get that a lot. Since I was a kid, all
 I ever wanted to do was be like him.
 He was a hero, you know? One of the best
 pilots in the history of the Marines.
 This is his story. It's three hundred
 and sixty seven pages long. How many you
 think it's going to take to tell mine?

She can't think of anything to say.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Finally, *finally*, I get the chance to do something important. I know I can help. Please, Lynne, give me another chance. I won't let you down.

The Phone Rings.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 (annoyed)
 Let me get rid of this.

He grabs the phone.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Hello?

INT. RUSSIAN COSULATE - NIGHT

Alexandre is sitting at his desk. He looks worn out.

ALEXANDRE
 You doing anything tonight?

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - SAME

JAKE
 Hey. Hold on one second, okay?

Jake puts his hand over the phone and holds it up.

LYNNE
 Is it him?

Jake nods his answer.

Lynne takes a few seconds to weigh the situation. Jake is literally hanging in the balance.

LYNNE (CONT'D)
 Don't keep him waiting.

Jake gives a smile of overwhelming relief.

JAKE
 Sorry, Alex. What can I do for you?

INT. RUSSIAN COSULATE - CONTINUOUS

ALEXANDRE

It's been a hell of a day, Jake. I was wondering, do you drink vodka?

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

JAKE

Like a Bolshevik.

INT. SLAVA'S BAR - NIGHT

Jake and Alexandre sit at the bar. A shot glass in front of them and a bottle in the middle. The theme is very russian and the smoke hangs thick in the air.

ALEXANDRE

Let me ask you something, did you always know you wanted to be a salesman?

JAKE

Not at all, actually. I wanted to...Well, be something else. It's kind of a long story.

Alexandre nods his understanding and takes a shot.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Why, did you always want to be a diplomat?

ALEXANDRE

Don't tell anyone I said this, okay? But I *still* don't want to be a diplomat. To be honest, I'm not very good at it.

JAKE

I'm sure that's not true.

ALEXANDRE

Last year I was in the Netherlands. I was Public Relations Officer, it was my first posting. Anyway, I had to write a letter to the King in celebration of the anniversary of his coronation.

Alexandre pours another shot for each of them.

ALEXANDRE (CONT'D)

Well, my mind must have been wandering because my secretary brought my letter back to me for corrections. I asked her what the problem was, it looked just fine to me, and she pointed out that I had addressed the letter to "His Majesty, the King of the Nether-Regions."

Jake laughs as Alex takes his shot.

JAKE

I always get those mixed up, too.

ALEXANDRE

Sure you do.

JAKE

Why are you doing it then?

ALEXANDRE

My father. He's sort of a big-wig back in Russia. At least he used to be, anyway. He and my mother chose my career for me when I was very young. I never had anything to say about it.

Jake takes his shot this time and reaches for the bottle.

JAKE

Go on.

ALEXANDRE

Certainly this won't be a surprise to you, but, in Russia, many people are struggling. The collapse of the Soviet Union was a good thing, I really believe that, but the transition has been very difficult. People want to succeed, but they aren't equipped for it yet.

JAKE

Sounds frustrating.

ALEXANDRE

You have no idea. I'm lucky. I was given opportunities that most people could never dream of. I had the best education, the finest housing and food and every other advantage you could imagine. But it came with a price. Other people suffered, so I could succeed.

(MORE)

ALEXANDRE (CONT'D)

And now it's up to me and a few others to bring everyone else into the future.

(beat)

Sometimes, I don't think I'm the man for the job.

Jake picks his shot glass up off the bar. They both take their shots.

JAKE

I know what you mean.

Alexandre takes the bottle and empties it into their glasses.

ALEXANDRE

I've been traveling non-stop for the last six years. It's been hard to make friends. Thanks for listening, Jake. I'm really glad I met you.

He holds his shot glass up.

JAKE

Me too, Alex. Me too.

They drain their shots.

INT. NELLO'S - MORNING

Jake arrives to see Masters sitting at his usual table. He goes to join him.

AGENT MASTERS

No flowers this time?

JAKE

I'd say something clever, but I think my head is going to explode.

(to waitress)

Coffee. God have mercy, I need it now.

AGENT MASTERS

(chuckles)

Okay. What's going on?

JAKE

I have to tell you, Robert, I don't think Alexandre is up to much of anything.

AGENT MASTERS

What makes you say that?

JAKE

We had drinks last night. A lot of drinks actually and, I don't know, he just seems like he's trying to do his best. Like the rest of us.

AGENT MASTERS

What do you expect him to do, Jake, come right out and tell you he's a spy?

JAKE

No, but-

AGENT MASTERS

Listen, I appreciate that you guys are forming some sort of relationship, but this is a completely normal reaction. Some of our best field agents have struggled with the line between friendship and duty, it's not always so clearly marked. The government of the United States will decide if this guy's clean or not, okay? You just concentrate on keeping his confidence and let the professionals do our job.

Frustrated, Jake nods before taking the water glass and rubbing it against his forehead.

EXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY

The sunshine lights up the vibrant shopping district and the streets teem with tourists and locals carrying shopping bags from here to there.

Jake and Lynne walk side by side with Katerina and Alexandre just in front of them.

KATERINA

Ooh, Saks! I have to go in, darling.

ALEXANDRE

What a surprise. Okay, let's go.

On the green in the center of the square, a HOT-DOG VENDOR hands a customer his lunch.

LYNNE

I think I'm going to get a hot dog, does anybody else want one?

JAKE

Yeah, I'm starving.

ALEXANDRE

We'll meet you back here in a few minutes.

Alex and Katerina go inside the store.

JAKE

Well spotted, Lynne. C'mon, I'm buying.

She reaches over and GRABS his arm.

LYNNE

Wait a minute.

JAKE

What?

LYNNE

Recognize the guy in the hat?

JAKE

Who, the vendor?

LYNNE

He was in Bloomingdales earlier. And he was working at the parking garage we used up on Post.

JAKE

That guy? Are you sure?

LYNNE

I'm sure.

JAKE

Well, so what? You said there were always FBI guys tailing us.

CLOSE ON: a WOMAN stands on the corner in a fashionable suit in front of one of the department stores. She is offering free perfume samples and is all smiles.

LYNNE

The perfume girl is with us. I've never seen the weenie man.

JAKE

You know everybody in the whole office?

LYNNE

Yes.

Jake wasn't prepared for this.

JAKE
Well, who is he then?

LYNNE
That's what I intend to find out.

INT. MASTERS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Masters is working at his desk in his office. There is a knock on the door.

AGENT MASTERS
Come in.

Lynne enters and shuts the door behind her.

LYNNE
Is anybody new rotating in on this Op?

AGENT MASTERS
What do you mean?

LYNNE
I picked up a tail today, nobody from our crew.

AGENT MASTERS
The Russians?

LYNNE
Possible, but they've always gone with Huey and Duey. I've never seen this guy before.

Masters looks genuinely concerned. He grabs the phone.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - NIGHT.

Jake and Lynne drive in Jake's newly fixed car.

JAKE
What did he say?

LYNNE
Doesn't seem to know, either. He's going to check it out.

JAKE
All right, then.
(beat)
You want to grab something to eat?

LYNNE

I've got a lot of work to do.

Jake's cell phone RINGS.

JAKE

Sorry, just give me a second.

(into phone)

Jake Andrews.

INT. THE ANDREWS HOME - SAME

Maryanne is putting the finishing touches on a big meal.

MRS. ANDREWS

Hi honey, are you almost here?

INT. JAKE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jake grimaces.

JAKE

Hi. Uh, I'm running a little late, I'm still in the city.

INT. THE ANDREWS HOME - SAME

MRS. ANDREWS

I just finished the pasta, so if you're here in the next twenty minutes, that should be perfect.

JAKE (O.S.)

I'll be there.

MRS. ANDREWS

And I hope you're bringing Dave because I made way too much for the two of us.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jake looks over to Lynne who wears a confused look.

JAKE

I'm not coming alone, don't worry.

MRS. ANDREWS (O.S.)

Good. See you soon, dear.

Jake hangs up the phone.

JAKE

You sure you couldn't eat something?

EXT. THE ANDREWS HOME - LATER

A lovely home in the suburbs. Jake and Lynne are walking up the path.

They ring the bell.

JAKE

I'm sorry, Lynne, I totally forgot about it, I promise. Please just bear with me.

Lynne looks skeptical.

The door opens to Mrs. Andrews in an apron. Her eyes go wide when she sees Lynne.

MRS. ANDREWS

Either my eyes are getting a lot worse or Dave went and got a serious makeover.

JAKE

Mom, this is my...friend, Lynne Hastings. Lynne, this is my Mom.

LYNNE

Nice to meet you, Mrs. Andrews.

MRS. ANDREWS

It's wonderful to meet you, Lynne, you're very welcome here. Please, come in.

INT. THE ANDREWS HOME - LATER

The three of them sit at the table, the remnants of a huge spread laid out before them.

MRS. ANDREWS

Lynne, how long have you two been seeing each other?

JAKE

How do you know we're seeing each other?

MRS. ANDREWS

I'm your Mom, Jake. Moms know everything.

LYNNE

Just a few months.

MRS. ANDREWS

Well you certainly make an attractive couple. Where did you two meet?

LYNNE

At a restaurant.

JAKE

I was meeting a client for dinner. He was running late, so I had a drink in the bar and that's when I saw her. I literally couldn't take my eyes off her and when my client called to cancel, I decided to take a chance.

Mrs. Andrews is hanging on every word. So is Lynne.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I asked her if she was there alone and Lynne told me she was supposed to meet a client, but they had to cancel. Can you believe that? Call it fate, but I figured there was no reason we should both eat alone. And besides, the instant I saw her, more than anything in the world, I wanted to get to know her. We got a little table, right by the fireplace and talked for hours. It was probably the best dinner I've ever had.

Lynne looks like she just had the wind knocked out of her.

MRS. ANDREWS

(claps her hands)

That's sooo wonderful!

Jake grabs Lynne's hand.

JAKE

And that was that. I was hooked.

LYNNE

May I use your bathroom please?

MRS. ANDREWS

Of course, dear. Just down the hall, second door on your left.

Lynne excuses herself. As soon as she's out of earshot.

MRS. ANDREWS (CONT'D)

(sotto)

She's terrific!

JAKE
You have no idea.

INT. THE ANDREWS HOME - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lynne closes the door behind her. Alone, she lets out a deep breath and leans against the wall. She checks her face in the mirror.

She's actually blushing.

INT. THE ANDREWS HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Jake and Maryanne drink coffee in the plush living room. They spot Lynne on her way back from the bathroom

MRS. ANDREWS
We're in here. Can I get you some coffee, Lynne.

LYNNE
That would be great. Thank you, Mrs. Andrews.

MRS. ANDREWS
You're welcome. And please call me Maryanne, okay?

Mrs. Andrews leaves the room to get the coffee, allowing Lynne time to look around.

Most of the walls are covered with pictures of Colonel Andrews and the awards he has won throughout his life.

LYNNE
Wow.

JAKE
I know, it's crazy isn't it?

One wall, however, is covered with pictures of Jake at all ages.

LYNNE
This cannot be you?

Jake gets off the sofa and joins her. The picture shows a much younger Jake with his "Pop Warner" football team.

JAKE
You telling me you don't recognize that stud?

LYNNE

Pretty fierce.

JAKE

You better believe it.

Mrs. Andrews returns and hands a cup to Lynne.

MRS. ANDREWS

I love that picture. Look at how cute his chubby cheeks are.

JAKE

(embarrassed)

My cheeks were *not* chubby.

They join her back on the sofa. Lynne takes a sip of coffee and looks truly relaxed.

MRS. ANDREWS

When you were gone, I was telling Jake about the book I'm reading. Are you reading anything right now?

LYNNE

Yes. A history of international espionage since World War Two.

Behind his mother, Jake shoots her a look.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

It's kind of a hobby.

MRS. ANDREWS

Oh. Isn't that...*fun*. I could never be a spy. If I got captured, all somebody would have to do is bring a snake into the room and I'd tell them everything.

LYNNE

(chuckles)

I'm sure you're not alone, Maryanne.

MRS. ANDREWS

I'm reading "IT," the Stephen King book, did you read that?

LYNNE

Not yet.

MRS. ANDREWS

It's sooo scary! When Jake read it last year he was so scared he couldn't get up to go to the bathroom at night.

Lynne is enjoying this a great deal.

JAKE
(all sarcasm)
Thanks for that, Mom.

MRS. ANDREWS
The monster in this book can read your mind, so when it comes to get you, it appears in the form of whatever you're most afraid of. I always think of snakes. What would yours be, Lynne?

LYNNE
I'm not sure, really. I'm not especially afraid of anything in particular.

MRS. ANDREWS
You're lucky.

LYNNE
Yes. I suppose so.

Jake looks at his watch.

JAKE
Mom, that was absolutely delicious, thank you so much.

MRS. ANDREWS
You don't have to leave already, do you?

JAKE
Probably should, We've both got to work tomorrow. Here, let me get these.

Jake takes the cups and saucers to the kitchen. Mrs. Andrews goes to Lynne and gives her a big hug.

MRS. ANDREWS
It was so nice to meet you.

LYNNE
Thank you for a lovely evening, Maryanne.

MRS. ANDREWS
Thank you, Lynne. I don't think I've ever seen Jake this happy.

Lynne smiles and Jake returns with their coats.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Jake's car as it drives along. PULL BACK to reveal the glow of the Golden Gate Bridge as they cross back into the city.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - LATER

JAKE

I hope that wasn't too bad for you.

LYNNE

It was fine. Your Mom's a great lady, you're very lucky.

JAKE

Thanks.

LYNNE

Still, do you think it's right saying that stuff about us to her?

JAKE

What? About how we met? I needed to tell her something.

LYNNE

Jake, you need to realize this isn't going to last very long. Aren't you afraid of getting her hopes up?

JAKE

What's wrong with hope?

LYNNE

Nothing. Never mind.

JAKE

Look, I know you don't like me, you've made that clear. And I know this is just a job, but I happen to enjoy your company, is that so wrong? I don't know if you've noticed, but you're smart and clever and exciting and you just happen to be incredibly beautiful, too. Is it so bad to let my mother think I have a chance with somebody like you?

LYNNE

Just as long as you know where the line between fantasy and reality lies.

JAKE

How could I forget? You remind me every time I see you.

The car arrives in front of the BART station.

LYNNE

Jake.

JAKE

Yeah I know, you can't invite me in.

Lynne gets out of the car and turns around before shutting the door.

LYNNE

Remember when your mother was talking about "IT?"

JAKE

What about it?

LYNNE

You never said what you were afraid of.

JAKE

Neither did you.

LYNNE

That's because I couldn't think of anything. But you know, don't you?

Jake shrugs.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

Tell me, Jake. Please, I'd really like to know. What scares you the most?

Jake seems to consider his next words. A beat.

JAKE

Being ordinary.

Jake drives away, letting the forward movement of the car close the passenger door for him.

INT. LYNNE'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

The phone rings again. Lynne rises from her sleep and checks the number.

LYNNE

Holloway?

AGENT MASTERS (O.S.)
I need you to meet me somewhere.

LYNNE
Where and when?

EXT. THE MANDARIN ORIENT HOTEL - MORNING

To Establish.

INT. THE MANDARIN ORIENT HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Lynne enters the lobby looking polished as usual. Agent Masters is already there.

LYNNE
Morning, sir.

AGENT MASTERS
I called the SAC at every office in the state to make sure nobody was double dipping on the Belsky operation.

A WAITER arrives at the table.

WAITER
Your orange juice, sir. And what may I bring you, miss?

LYNNE
Coffee, please. Thank you.

The waiter leaves the scene.

LYNNE (CONT'D)
So?

AGENT MASTERS
Nothing. So I get on the phone to Quantico, just to make sure, and they tell me they'll look into it. This morning I get a call from the Director's office telling me to get you and to meet here at eight.

The waiter returns with the coffee.

WAITER
Here you are.

LYNNE
Thank you.

WAITER

And there is a message for you, sir.

The waiter hands a piece of paper to Agent Masters before leaving again.

Masters opens the note.

"ROOM 1815 - IMMEDIATELY."

INT. THE MANDARIN ORIENT HOTEL - 18TH FLOOR

Lynne and Masters arrive at room 1815. He reaches down and unsnaps his holster. Lynne does the same.

Agent Masters Knocks on the door. A moment later the door is opened by STEVEN JONES, 45, Special Assistant to the Director of the FBI.

STEVEN

Agent Masters, Agent Holloway, thank you for coming.

AGENT MASTERS

Who are you?

STEVEN

Forgive me...

He flashes some credentials.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

...Steven Jones, Special Assistant to the Director. Come in.

INT. ROOM 1815 - SAME

Lynne and Masters follow the man into the plush room.

STEVEN

Agents Masters and Holloway, may I present Agents Huffington and Bradshaw.

HUFFINGTON is a bland looking man in his fifties. Next to him, BRADSHAW, much younger and fitter, sips coffee.

There is something familiar about him...

LYNNE

The weenie man.

Bradshaw gets to up to greet them.

BRADSHAW
I've been called worse.
(extends his hand)
Kevin Bradshaw, Central Intelligence.
We've been observing your operation.

Lynne does not shake his hand.

LYNNE
(incredulous)
Observing it?

HUFFINGTON
That's right. Making sure everything is
going according to plan.

Huffington speaks in a condescending tone. Clearly, he
is used to people listening to him.

AGENT MASTERS
Well, thanks a lot fellas, but I think we
can handle our own operations.

HUFFINGTON
I'm sure you do. Still, I'd prefer to
take the lead when it comes to matters of
our jurisdiction.

LYNNE
What are you talking about?

Huffington gives Lynne a dirty look before turning and
nodding to Bradshaw.

Bradshaw picks up a file off the coffee table and hands a
picture to both Masters and Lynne.

It is a picture of Katerina.

BRADSHAW
Irina Prokofiev, aka Olga Loskutova, aka
Anna Cherniakov. I believe you know her
as "Katerina."

Lynne and Masters share a look of concern.

BRADSHAW (CONT'D)
Born into one of the most infamous
families in Soviet intelligence history,
with ties that reach all the way back to
the NKVD. Trained with Spetsnaz
divisions for two years, active KGB
officer for the past six.

(MORE)

BRADSHAW (CONT'D)

(beat)

And a very, dangerous woman.

LYNNE

You've got to be kidding. Her? She comes across as a total bimbo. I've been out with her numerous times, she seems totally harmless.

BRADSHAW

Really? Harmless.

Bradshaw takes another photograph out of the dossier.

BRADSHAW (CONT'D)

She's changed her looks through plastic surgery four times, that we know about. She's eluded capture from some of the best counterintelligence units in the world, I've been on her for over two years. Last summer, in Malta, we caught up to her during a weapons deal. After the merchandise had changed hands, my partner moved in to grab her up.

Bradshaw shows Lynne the picture. It is not pleasant.

BRADSHAW (CONT'D)

Terry was one of the toughest guys I've ever known. She went through him like he was a child. You see how his head is almost cut off there? That was piano wire that did that.

(agitated)

So maybe you want to go explain to his widow and kids how harmless she is!

STEVEN JONES

All right, that's enough.

Bradshaw backs off and regains his composure.

AGENT MASTERS

That's it. I'm taking my guy out.

HUFFINGTON

You will do no such thing.

LYNNE

The man is a civilian, he's not equipped for this sort of thing.

HUFFINGTON

A great deal of energy has been spent trying to bring her in. As you've seen, that effort has come at great cost. For whatever reason, Agent Holloway you seem to be closer to her than ever before. We are not about to jeopardize that.

Masters and Lynne look to Steven Jones for backup.

STEVEN

I'm afraid the Bureau agrees. This is a priority directive.

AGENT MASTERS

Why weren't we informed of this earlier? You put my team in harms way and you don't even have the courtesy to bring us up to speed?

HUFFINGTON

You didn't need to know.

AGENT MASTERS

You were probably too busy tracking down Bin-Laden, anyway, right?

BRADSHAW

Maybe we should have emailed all the details to your laptop. You guys are so good about keeping those things secure.

LYNNE

By the way, great job on September 11th. Way to be heads up out there.

Bradshaw takes a step toward Lynne, She doesn't budge. Huffington places a hand out to stop his colleague.

HUFFINGTON

This has been delightful, but I'm afraid we've got to get back to work. Like I said, you will not inform your asset of this development, and I want a verbal confirmation that we're clear about that.

Masters and Lynne have nowhere to go. No cards to play.

AGENT MASTERS

We're clear.

EXT. MINOLTA COPIER COMPANY - DAY

Jake enters the building with a bag of food.

INT. MINOLTA COPIER COMPANY - CONTINUOUS

He steps aboard the elevator and presses the floor for his office. Just before the doors close, Lynne squeezes through.

JAKE
(surprised)
Jesus, you scared the hell out of me.

LYNNE
We need to talk.

JAKE
How about dinner tonight?

LYNNE
No, we need to do this right now.

She reaches down and presses the STOP button.

JAKE
I'm pretty sure I've had this dream.

LYNNE
What?

JAKE
Never mind. What's up?

LYNNE
I want you to tell Agent Masters that you want out of this operation.

JAKE
Why would I want to do that?

LYNNE
Listen, Jake. You're a nice guy. I was wrong about you and I'm sorry. The truth is, Alex isn't the threat we thought he was. The operation is going to come to an end soon anyway, so it won't matter.

JAKE
What aren't you telling me, Lynne?

This is the most agitated we've seen Lynne. She struggles with what to say next.

LYNNE

Sometimes, in my line of work things are more dangerous than they appear. I know you've enjoyed being a part of this. I know that, Jake.

(beat)

But the risk is something you really need to consider.

JAKE

Life is all about taking risks, Lynne.

LYNNE

You could die. Okay? Is that clear enough for you? Now please, go to Masters and tell him you want out, or I'm telling you, at the risk of my own federal prosecution, that there is a good chance you could get killed.

Jake looks Lynne right in the eyes and she in his. They hold this for a beat until Jake reaches down and releases the STOP button, sending the elevator back in motion.

JAKE

Thank you, Lynne. For everything you said. And for what you tried to say. It means a lot to me, really.

The elevator arrives on his floor.

JAKE (CONT'D)

But there are worse things than being dead.

LYNNE

Like what?

JAKE

Like never being alive.

In POV Lynne watches him go until the doors squeeze shut.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jake and Dave are watching football on TV. As usual, Dave works the phones.

DAVE

(into phone)

Second half bets only, kickoff was three minutes ago. Hang on.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)
 (clicks over)
 What? Oh, sorry. Yeah, just a second.

Dave hands the phone to Jake.

JAKE
 (sarcastic)
 I'll try to be as quick as possible.

DAVE
 I'd appreciate it.

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE
 Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE ALEX'S APARTMENT - SAME

CLOSE ON: Katerina.

KATERINA
 Jake, I'm sorry to bother you at home.
 Are you busy?

JAKE
 (surprised)
 Katerina? Hi. No, I'm just watching the
 game with my friend, Dave. What's up?

KATERINA
 Alex is hosting a reception, here at his
 apartment. It's Victory Day in Russia,
 so we've invited local, Russian business
 leaders over for a party.

JAKE
 Sounds like fun.

KATERINA
 It will be, I promise. Alex wants to
 know if you make it?

JAKE
 Yeah, great. What time should I be
 there?

KATERINA
 He said as soon as you can. Between you
 and me, I think we need help setting up.

JAKE
(chuckles)
Okay. Give me a few minutes to get
cleaned up and I'll be there.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jake hangs up the phone.

DAVE
Where we going?

JAKE
Sorry, buddy, but it looks like I have to
fly solo on this one.

DAVE
What's going on?

JAKE
Party over at Alex's. Apparently it's
Victory Day.

DAVE
Victory in what?

JAKE
I have no idea. Anyway, it's supposed to
be a pretty good bash, so who cares?

DAVE
Whatever. Tell them I said
congratulations.
(beat)
And bring me leftovers.

JAKE
Yes, dear.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Jake in a suit, rings the bell on the door. The now
recognizable voice of one of the twins answers.

VOICE (O.S.)
Da?

JAKE
Hi, It's Jake Andrews here.

The front door BUZZES open.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The twin guards open the door for Jake.

JAKE
Hi, boys. I hope those are your party
shoes you're wearing.

The twins look at each other and then at their shoes.

VALERY
Please to follow me.

INT. ALEX'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jake follows the twins down the long hallway and into the ornate living room of the apartment. As Jake turns the corner...

JAKE
Anybody know where I can get a vodka
martini around here.

Jake stops dead in his tracks. Alex sits, gagged and bound to a chair.

JAKE (CONT'D)
What the hell?

Jake turns to run, but one of the bodyguards picks him up off the ground. He isn't going anywhere.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Dave is back at Jake's computer setting the lines for the evening games.

Once again, "JEOPARDY" plays in the background.

PANG/CONTESTANT (O.S.)
I'll take Russian History for five
hundred.

ALEX TREBECK (O.S.)
This magician and fortune teller used his
influence over the royal family to become
the one of the most famous figures in
Russian History.

DAVE
Who was Rasputin?

ALEX TREBECK

Pang?

PANG/CONTESTANT (O.S.)

Who was Rasputin?

ALEX TREBECK (O.S.)

Correct.

PANG/CONTESTANT (O.S.)

Russian History for a thousand please.

ALEX TREBECK (O.S.)

This festival, one of Russia's more subdued, takes place the first Sunday in April.

DAVE

Jeez, I don't know...Victory Day.

ALEX TREBECK

Pang?

PANG/CONTESTANT (O.S.)

What is Victory Day?

ALEX TREBECK (O.S.)

Correct.

Dave drops his beer and whips around in his chair.

INT. ALEX'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Jake is now tied to a chair next to Alexandre. Alexandre's gag has been removed and hangs loosely around his neck. Katerina sits on the sofa across from them.

KATERINA

My congratulations, Jake. I've never had someone get that close to me. You and your "girlfriend" were quite convincing.

JAKE

What the hell are you talking about? Let me go.

ALEXANDRE

Katerina, please. This has gone far enough.

KATERINA

(to Alex)

Shut up. Just shut up, will you?

(MORE)

KATERINA (CONT'D)

Do you know how sick I am of dealing with you? Of babying you along, trying to turn you into the type of operative we need you to be. You think this is some type of game?

ALEXANDRE

I think you should remember to whom your speaking.

Katerina strides over and SLAPS Alexandre hard.

KATERINA

You insolent little shit! Do you honestly think you're here because you're that much better than the rest of us? You are here for one reason and one reason only, and that is to serve the state.

ALEXANDRE

Is that what you call this?

KATERINA

You are so naive, Alexandre. You have been given everything your entire life, what would you know about service? You think diplomacy will take our people where we need to go? Let me tell you something, *comrade*. Nations are not built with handshakes and conversations. Nations are built with secrets, and with blood.

INT. FBI OFFICES - DAY

As usual, Lynne is working during the weekend. She's one of the very few in the office.

Molly, the woman behind the window in the lobby arrives.

MOLLY

Agent Holloway, I think you better come and take a look at this.

LYNNE

What is it, Molly? I'm kind of busy.

MOLLY

Some man in the lobby. He keeps screaming and yelling something about *Victory Day*. He's not making any sense.

LYNNE
Call building security.

MOLLY
I was going to, but he keeps asking for
you. By name.

INT. 13TH FLOOR LOBBY - SAME

Dave is pounding on the door.

DAVE
(shouting)
Hey! Somebody! Anybody, open up!

EXT. 13TH FLOOR LOBBY - SAME

The door finally opens and Lynne steps out.

LYNNE
Dave?

DAVE
Thank God!

LYNNE
What are you doing here?

DAVE
Lynne, It's a trap! They know!

INT. ALEX'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

KATERINA
I'm afraid our patience has run out,
Alexandre. Your failure continues to
waste time and, unfortunately, time is a
luxury we cannot afford.

There is a piano in the corner of the room. Katerina
goes to it. She pulls a knife from her boot and flicks
the blade open.

There is a TWANG as she cuts one of the strings.

ALEXANDRE
Grigor, Valery, do something!

The two guards don't budge.

KATERINA

I'm afraid they're with me. You didn't expect to be given a position like this without a little supervision, did you? They're the ones who spotted your friend here meeting with the FBI.

(to Jake)

Know any good breakfast spots around town, Jake?

Alexandre turns to Jake. He looks legitimately hurt.

KATERINA (CONT'D)

It is important to have friends, isn't it? Still, one should choose wisely.

EXT. CITY STREETS - SAME

Lynne's car speeds along the streets, weaving in and out of traffic in a frantic attempt to get to Alex's.

LYNNE

(into radio)

We have a hostage situation. Say again, this is a priority blue tactical alert. I am in route to the location, contact the CIA and send the assault team now!

She throws the radio on the dash and turns to a terrified Dave in the passenger seat.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

How's your throwing arm?

DAVE

My what?

Lynne reaches in the backseat and grabs a kevlar vest. She drops it in Dave's lap.

LYNNE

Put this on and do exactly what I say.

INT. ALEX'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Katerina is putting on a pair of gloves as she walks over to Jake and Alexandre.

KATERINA

You understand of course, don't you, Jake? You've seen my face. This one, anyway.

JAKE

You don't have time for this.

She continues toward him as she wraps the piano wire around her gloved hands.

KATERINA

This won't take long.

JAKE

Think about it. Do you honestly think I came over here without telling the FBI what I was doing? There's probably a team of Agents outside right now.

One of the guards trots to the window.

KATERINA

Valery, please. Can't you see the man is desperate?

JAKE

They probably haven't sealed off the building yet. If you leave right now, you might be able to make it. But you and I both know that's a window of opportunity that isn't going to stay open for long.

KATERINA

I'm afraid I don't believe you.

JAKE

That's because you think you can't afford to believe me. You're playing a game where the stakes demand you go all the way, but that clock is still ticking. You hear it? Tick-tock, tick-tock. Each second you waste with us is another my team gets to set up on you. You know I'm not bluffing, it's written all over that pretty face of yours. But here's the thing, Katerina, and there's really no way of getting around this. If you want to live until tomorrow, you can't afford not to believe me.

That's it. Cards are on the table. It's all or nothing time...

Alexandre stares at Jake.

Valery and Grigor stare at each other.

For the first time, genuine concern has crept over Katerina's face.

Jake doesn't blink.

The tension is unbelievable...

KATERINA

Sorry. I still don't believe you.

JAKE

(to Alex)

We're gonna fucking die.

ALEXANDRE

Oh, come ON!

Katerina comes over to Jake. She is just about to put the wire around his neck when...

CRASH!

A rock comes flying through the large bay window. It is enough to startle Katerina.

LYNNE (O.S.)

FBI, nobody move!

Lynne appears around the corner from the hallway. She has her gun out and points it at Katerina.

Katerina and the two guards turn to see her.

ALEXANDRE

You? That's all there is?

LYNNE

A team of Agents is surrounding the building as we speak. Now get down on the ground, all of you.

JAKE

(to Katerina)

Told you.

KATERINA

I don't think so.

LYNNE

I said everybody on the ground!

The twins look first at each other and then to Katerina.

KATERINA

She can't shoot. They have rules in this country.

The twins argue in Russian. A beat. One of them finally goes forward.

LYNNE

Don't do it, I will put you down.

VALERY

(heavy accent)

You have rules.

He continues advancing on her.

LYNNE

Okay, wait a second. WAIT!

Caught off guard, Vasily stops.

Lynne takes a step back and holsters her weapon.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

You know what? Screw it. Truth is, I don't think the two tons-of-fun here got it in them.

(beat)

You want to dance, fat boy? Come on, let's go.

Vasily smiles and turns back to Katerina.

JAKE

(sotto)

You gotta be shitting me.

KATERINA

Kill her.

Vasily charges her. When he gets close, Lynne steps deftly to the left and kicks him in the shin, extremely hard.

Vasily recoils in pain. That hurt.

LYNNE

(sarcastic)

Oops.

He musters his strength and anger, and charges at her again, full force.

She steps and kicks him again, in the exact same place.

There is a sickening "CRACK" as Valery goes down, groaning and clutching his leg. Grigor watches in shock.

Katerina looks concerned. She starts to head towards the stairs at the back of the room.

KATERINA

Don't just stand there, get her!

Grigor goes to the table next to him and picks it up as if it were a toy. He throws it at Lynne, who has to duck as it smashes against the wall behind her.

Grigor charges Lynne and manages to wrap her up in his arms. With her arms pinned at her side, Lynne throws her head back in agony and lets out a muffled groan as Grigor squeezes her with all his might.

But then, she brings her head back down, full-force, smashing Grigor's nose and causing him to drop her.

As tries to wipe the tears from his eyes, Lynne charges him and lands a hard kick to the stomach. He doubles over and she brings a knee to the face. He collapses in a heap next to his squirming brother.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

Several cars converge on the property. Agent Masters charges out of the car and toward the entrance, directing other agents to surround the building.

From another car, CIA agents Huffington and Bradshaw follow.

INT. ALEX'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lynne re-draws her weapon and moves into the room.

JAKE

Wow.

LYNNE

Where is she?

ALEXANDRE

She went up the stairs.

LYNNE

Is there anyway to get out of the building from there?

ALEXANDRE

The roof. There's a fire escape.

Agent Masters leads Huffington, Bradshaw and several OTHER AGENTS around the corner and into the room. All have their weapons drawn.

AGENT MASTERS

Federal Agents, nobody move!

The twin bodyguards lie on the floor, right where Lynne left them.

LYNNE

She's going for the roof.

EXT. THE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

The door to the stairwell bursts open. Katerina rushes out and looks around.

She goes to the front edge of the roof and looks down. From her POV we see the agents on the street.

KATERINA

Shit.

She turns around when she hears the thud of approaching footsteps coming from the stairwell.

Agents Huffington and Bradshaw emerge from the doorway with their weapons drawn. They scan the rooftop and see the ladder for the fire escape.

BRADSHAW

She took the fire escape. Send the team around back, I'm going after her!

Huffington goes back downstairs as Bradshaw rushes to the fire escape.

From his POV we see the ladder leading down. There is no sign of Katerina.

CLOSE ON: Bradshaw's face. In a flash, over his face comes the piano wire.

He manages to get his gun hand up in time to partially separate the wire from his neck, but where it does hit, the wire slices into the skin causing blood to squirt in a fine spray.

PULL BACK to reveal Katerina holding the wire tight.

KATERINA

We meet again. Did you learn nothing in Malta?

INT. ALEX'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Lynne is untying Jake.

LYNNE

I want you both to stay where I can see you.

JAKE

How did you know I was here?

EXT. THE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Bradshaw struggles to turn, but can't do it and falls to the roof. He makes awful choking noises as the wire digs deeper into his hand and neck.

DAVE (O.S.)

Holy shit!

Katerina turns to see Dave at the top of the fire escape. She has no choice, but to release her hold on Bradshaw, who grabs his throat, desperately trying to get air.

In a flash, Katerina grabs Dave and flips him on his back.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Whoaah!

She punches him hard, twice in the face and he goes out.

Once more we hear the sounds of people charging up the stairs.

Katerina goes to Huffington and takes the gun from his hand. He is totally incapacitated. She leans down to his ear as he continues to fight for breath.

KATERINA

Another time.

(kisses him on the cheek)

I promise.

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

Lynne is leading a group of AGENTS up the stairs.

LYNNE

I've got a friendly in the back yard.
He's wearing a vest. He's a civilian, do
not fire on him.

OTHER AGENT

Roger that.

EXT. THE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

From the stairwell, Lynne explodes out of the door
leading a team of agents carrying automatic weapons.

She sees Huffington and Dave by the fire escape.

LYNNE

Man down, call EMT and seal the building!

Agents scurry all over the roof. She runs over to the
fire escape and peers over the edge.

Katerina has just climbed to the ground and is running
toward the back gate.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

(shouts)

Freeze!

Katerina turns and fires wildly. She continues running
and quickly climbs atop the gate.

Lynne trains her weapon on her and FIRES five shots.

Katerina falls over the gate and out of view.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

She's hit! Send someone to the alley.

Another Agent attends the two casualties.

OTHER AGENT

He's going to need stitches, but I think
he'll be fine.

LYNNE

What about my guy?

OTHER AGENT

Your guy?

LYNNE

That's my civilian there.

OTHER AGENT

Just knocked out. But you said your guy was wearing a vest.

The other agent ROLLS Dave over. His vest is gone.

EXT. THE ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Lynne comes running into the alley to find several other agents already there. Katerina is nowhere to be found.

INT. ALEX'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

The room is now swarming with personnel. Valery is in a wheelchair, while Grigor walks in handcuffs behind him.

Agent Bradshaw is being tended to on a gurney. His hand and neck are heavily bandaged, but he seems alert.

Alexandre and Jake sit next to each other on the sofa, A bottle of Vodka on the table between them. Both wear the look of people who have been through the ringer.

JAKE

I'm sorry I didn't tell you, Alex.

ALEXANDRE

I didn't exactly come clean with you either. Besides, you were just doing your job.

(defeated)

Just like Katerina. I understand now.

JAKE

What are you going to do, now?

ALEXANDRE

You mean after I spend the next few months cleaning up this mess? Start over, I suppose. I'm not sure where, though. I think it's safe to say my diplomatic career is over.

JAKE

Maybe that's not such a bad thing.

ALEXANDRE

You know, maybe you're right.

JAKE

There you go.

ALEXANDRE

So let me ask you something; It's all a lie? You and Lynne, I mean?

Jake looks over to Lynne who is talking with other agents across the room.

JAKE

I guess that depends on who you ask.

ALEXANDRE

Listen, if anyone knows the importance of picking the right woman, as of today, I'm the guy.

JAKE

(chuckles)

Yeah, I guess you would be.

ALEXANDRE

You should be with her, Jake. You're good together. Really.

JAKE

Thanks, Alex.

Lynne and another agent arrive to the sofa.

ALEXANDRE

Just the lady we've been waiting for.

Alexandre pours a shot for Lynne and holds it up to her.

LYNNE

I'm on duty.

ALEXANDRE

Technically, so am I. What do you say?

Lynne looks around and gives a shrug.

LYNNE

What the hell.

Alex and Jake stand to raise their glass with Lynne. They take the shot and Alex kisses her on both cheeks.

ALEXANDRE

Thank you, Lynne.

LYNNE

Time to go, Mr. Belsky.

ALEXANDRE

Yes. I suppose it is.

Alexandre puts on his coat and turns back to Jake.

ALEXANDRE (CONT'D)

Good luck.

(looks at Lynne)

With everything.

JAKE

Thanks.

(beat)

Hey, wherever you end up, you ever feel like going for a few beers, just give me a call, okay? I'll be there.

Alex smiles and nods. They shake hands.

Jake and Lynne watch him being led away. Jake turns to Lynne.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I thought you didn't drink.

Lynne's face scrunches up.

LYNNE

I don't. Oh my God, that was disgusting!

INT. MASTERS'S OFFICE - A FEW DAYS LATER

Jake enters to find Agent Masters, Lynne already there. He makes eye contact with Lynne, who looks away.

AGENT MASTERS

I hope you don't mind doing the final debriefing here. It's just easier to do it at the office.

JAKE

(still looking at Lynne)

I'm just glad to see you.

AGENT MASTERS

And we hope there's no hard feelings about not exactly telling you everything about Katerina.

JAKE

Hey, people almost get me killed all the time. No big deal.

AGENT MASTERS

Yes, well, even though Katerina escaped, a great deal was accomplished. We've managed to close the Russian Consulate as a hub for industrial espionage, at least temporarily, and we've collected a great deal more intelligence than we had when we started. The operation has been declared a big success.

JAKE

Guess we make a good team, huh, Lynne?

Lynne looks very uncomfortable.

AGENT MASTERS

Yes. Well, We received your letter and we're very flattered that you would want to work for the Bureau, Jake. But I'm afraid that's unlikely. And as for Agent Holloway, it seems that headquarters wants her back in DC.

JAKE

What?

LYNNE

(meekly)

It's a promotion.

AGENT MASTERS

It certainly is. We're all very proud of her. And hey, I guess we can both say we "knew her when," can't we?

JAKE

I guess so.

AGENT MASTERS

We can't thank you enough for all your help. You put your life on hold for us, Jake. And, regardless if you realized it or not, you put it on the line as well. Words can't express how much your government appreciates that.

Masters slides an envelope across the table.

AGENT MASTERS (CONT'D)

So they've asked us to give you this. As a little "thank you".

Jake looks inside the envelope. It is filled with one hundred dollar bills.

JAKE

More money?

AGENT MASTERS

It's the least we could do.

JAKE

Yeah. I suppose it is.

Jake reaches in his coat pocket. He removes several manila envelopes and lays them next to the one Masters just gave him.

AGENT MASTERS

What's this?

JAKE

It's all there. I never really wanted it, anyway. Truth is, the past few weeks were the best I've ever had. I probably would have paid you to do it. It's just hard to believe it's over. You sure you can't use me a little longer?

AGENT MASTERS

I'm afraid we're done, Jake. Thank you for everything.

JAKE

Okay.

(beat)

Hey? At least I've got a great story to tell, right?

AGENT MASTERS

Actually, you don't.

JAKE

Please tell me you're joking.

AGENT MASTERS

I'm afraid, officially, this never happened. You are not to tell anyone about this.

LYNNE

I'm sorry. It's for security purposes.

Jake gets up from the table. He literally looks like he's at the end of his rope.

JAKE

Yeah. Me too. Don't worry, it'll be our secret. Have a good life...

He looks to Lynne.

JAKE (CONT'D)

...Both of you.

Jake turns and leaves the office.

EXT. 13TH FLOOR LOBBY - LATER

Jake waits by the elevator.

LYNNE (O.S.)

Jake, wait.

He turns to see Lynne walking toward him.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I know this didn't turn out the way you'd hoped.

JAKE

When do you leave?

LYNNE

Next week.

JAKE

Sounds like a great opportunity.

LYNNE

It is, Jake. Please understand, it's all I've ever wanted.

JAKE

I do understand. Believe me.

LYNNE

Friends, then?

Lynne extends her hand. Jake looks at it, and steps close to her.

He looks her deep in her eyes.

JAKE
(disappointed)
I guess so.

The elevator arrives and Jake turns and walks in.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You deserve that promotion, Lynne.

She smiles in appreciation.

LYNNE
You know, something? You don't have to
wear a uniform to be a great man.

Try as he might to hear this, he's too upset. He nods.

The doors close, and Jake disappears.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

Dave is lying back on the sofa. He holds a bag of frozen
peas over his nose.

The elevator opens and Jake enters.

DAVE
(nasal)
God, that bitch kicked my ass, man.

When he sits up and removes the bag of peas, we can see
that his nose is bandaged and he had two black eyes.

Jake looks despondent.

DAVE (CONT'D)
How'd it go?

JAKE
She's leaving.

DAVE
What do you mean? She's leaving the FBI.

JAKE
She's moving. To DC, next week.

Jake slumps down in his easy chair.

DAVE
I'm sorry.

JAKE

And you want to hear the kicker? I'm not allowed to talk about the case. Ever.

DAVE

(incredulous)

Yeah, right.

JAKE

No, they're serious this time, I could go to jail. I finally do something exciting and, not only do I never get to do it again, but I don't even get to tell anybody about it. "Thanks very much, Jake, but we're done with you now. You can go back to your tiny, insignificant, little life now. Thanks for the help, enjoy being a loser."

(beat)

I think I need to be alone for a while.

Dave gets up and grabs his backpack from beside the sofa. He starts to leave when he stops and turns to Jake.

DAVE

I know it must be hard living in the shadow of someone like your father, but you're not a loser. And yeah, it stings right now, but a lot of people love you, Jake. And a lot of people look up to you as well. I know that because, I'm one of those people. Sure, I've been your best friend since the fourth grade, so am I biased? You bet I am.

Dave goes to the chair and puts his hand on Jake's shoulder.

DAVE (CONT'D)

But I know how to pick a winner. Always have.

INT. THE OLYMPIC CLUB - BAR - AFTERNOON

The bar is crowded with people. Cameras flash as reporters work the crowd.

Jake sits at the bar alone, sipping a cocktail. His mother joins him there.

MRS. ANDREWS

Hi Honey, when did you get here?

JAKE
A little while ago.

MRS. ANDREWS
Where's Lynne?

This question seems to punch him in the stomach.

JAKE
I don't think we'll be seeing her again.

MRS. ANDREWS
Oh, no! What happened?

JAKE
It's kind of a long story.

A VOICE comes over the loudspeaker.

VOICE (O.S.)
Would you all please enter the main
ballroom please, we're ready to begin.

MRS. ANDREWS
Oh, Jake, I'm so sorry. Can we talk
about this later, we're about to start?

INT. THE OLYMPIC CLUB - LATER

The same lavish ballroom we saw at the opening of the film. There are far more people here now and TV cameras fight for space at the back of the room.

A banner hangs from the opposite wall. **"JOE ANDREWS - 2006 SENATE."**

Joe Andrews is at the podium.

JOE ANDREWS
I've been incredibly fortunate. History has seen fit to position me at the center of a confluence of extraordinary events that have shaped my life. To be sure, I was in the right place at the right time. But I had a lot of help when that time came along.

Jake and Mrs. Andrews are back in the front row.

JOE ANDREWS (CONT'D)

When I was flying, it took a team of dozens of mechanics, engineers, weapons officers and many others to prepare and maintain our fighter aircraft. If even one of them had neglected his job, I wouldn't be standing here today. I've had the honor to travel all over the world and more recently I've had the pleasure to rediscover the great state of California. I've met thousands of people and I've learned a thing or two along the way. You don't need to be famous to be great. And you don't have to be a soldier to be a hero.

Jake starts to perk up in the front row.

JOE ANDREWS (CONT'D)

A few of us are lucky enough to be in the spotlight when people happen to be looking, but this state and this nation was built by people who did the right thing no matter what. People like my son, Jake.

If Jake wasn't sitting down, he would have fallen down. His mother grabs his arm and squeezes it. When he turns toward her, she hands him an ENVELOPE.

JOE ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Like so many others, Jake goes to work every day, striving to be a little better than the day before. He gives his best day in, day out, regardless of glory or recognition.

Jake opens the envelope and removes a note.

CLOSE ON: The note. Handwritten on Colonel Joe Andrews letterhead...

"Jake, Of all the things I've accomplished in my life, being your father will always be the one I am most proud of."

Jake looks behind the note. There are copies of all the petitions Jake has made to try and enter the Marine Corps Aviation program.

JOE ANDREWS (CONT'D)

It's exactly that kind of dedication that makes me believe we can accomplish anything we set our hearts and minds to.

(MORE)

JOE ANDREWS (CONT'D)

So on behalf of my son, Jake, and the millions of other heroes up and down this state, it's my honor to announce that I will be running for Senate in 2004. Thank you.

The crowd rises to it's feet and cheers wildly as Joe Andrews joins his family in the front row. He goes right to Jake. For a moment, it's just the two of them.

JAKE

I don't know what to say, Dad.

JOE ANDREWS

Say you'll help me get through this. I need you.

Jake nods his agreement and Joe gives Jake a big hug.

The cameras flash like crazy.

INT. JAKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jake is sitting in his office. The pile of work he has neglected sits on his desk.

He hears a voice from outside his open door.

GRANT (O.S.)

Okay, see you there!

Grant passes in front of Jake's office door.

JAKE

Hey, Grant.

Grant looks startled. He enters Jake's office.

GRANT

Hey, Jake. Haven't seen you for a while.

JAKE

Yeah, I've...been a little preoccupied. How are you?

GRANT

Great. Hey, I had a huge sale today, the boys are taking me out for beers.

JAKE

That's great. Congratulations.

GRANT

Thanks, but I couldn't have done it without you. That technique you showed us at the meeting really works. I just showed my client that I could help him become who he wants to be and that was all it took.

JAKE

Good for you, Grant. I'm glad it helped.

GRANT

Are you kidding? It changed my life. It changed everybody's. You may not realize it, but we all really look up to you, Jake. You really are a wonderful salesman. To be honest, you're probably the best I've ever seen.

For the first time, Jake actually *hears* this. He is genuinely touched.

JAKE

Thanks, Grant. Thank you very much.

Grant nods. After a beat, he stands up.

GRANT

Well, I better get going, everybody's already on their way. Good night, Jake.

He turns and begins to leave.

JAKE

Hey, Grant.

He turns back to Jake.

GRANT

Yeah?

JAKE

You think I could come along?

INT. MAS SAKE - NIGHT

Jake sits with everyone else from the sales staff at a large table. Jake sits right in the middle. They all appear to be having a great time.

MR. COSTA

My round, anybody want anything?

JAKE

Devon, why don't you let me go. I kind of owe you for that lead you gave me.

MR. COSTA

It panned out, huh?

JAKE

(smiling)

Something like that.

Jake goes the bar to order a round of drinks. The BARTENDER is very cute.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Hi, I guess we'd better get some more chips and salsa, four more sakes and about six more large beers.

BARTENDER

You guys look like you're having a good time.

JAKE

It was a good day at the office.

BARTENDER

Oh yeah? What do you do?

It's the question Jake has dreaded his whole adult life.

LYNNE (O.S.)

He's a copier salesman...

Jake whips around to see Lynne standing behind him. She's as beautiful as ever.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

...And a damn good one, too.

JAKE

(surprised)

How did you find me?

LYNNE

It's kind of what I do.

JAKE

Well...what are you doing here?

LYNNE

Where else am I going to get a spicy tuna roll and a machaca burrito?

JAKE
You've got a point.

LYNNE
Besides. I forgot to give you something.

JAKE
What?

She takes his head in her hands and gives Jake a serious KISS. Jake is woozy when she finally pulls away.

A beat.

LYNNE
Are you all right?

JAKE
I thought you were going to knock me out.

LYNNE
(laughs)
We'll have to work on our communication.

JAKE
That's going to be kind of difficult with you in DC, isn't it?

LYNNE
I turned them down. I realized I'm not going to catch people like Katerina sitting behind a desk shuffling memos around all day.

Jake is so happy he can't speak. A silly little smile comes over his face. She smiles right back.

LYNNE (CONT'D)
Besides. There's this guy in San Francisco I'm kind of interested in.

The bartender returns with the drinks.

BARTENDER
There you go.

Jake can't stop looking at Lynne.

JAKE
I've got to deliver these to my friends. What do you say I introduce you and then we get out of here?

LYNNE

(nodding)

Yeah. That sounds just about perfect.

They both grab the drinks and head back to the table.

LYNNE (CONT'D)

Hey, if you've been drinking, I can drive.

Jake stops in his tracks. He turns to Lynne.

JAKE

You know what, let's just take a cab.

FADE TO BLACK.