

HUSH HUSH

PILOT

Written by

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EXT. DUO HEADQUARTERS - AFTERNOON

Open on a modern government building up on a hill - All white stone, forboding glass, and zero signage. A winding driveway leads down to the main road.

SUPER:

DUO (Department of Undercover Operations) HEADQUARTERS, 11:02

A DISGUSTINGLY-COOL CAR pulls up to the front and screeches to a halt, the motor purring. We get a glimpse of... bullet holes in the door? Some sort of scorchmarks? When--

Out climbs AGENT WINDHAM (30s, charm & cheekbones, probably British) - He shuts the door and speaks into his key fob.

WINDHAM

Car - Go to sleep.

The car chirps a merry reply and drives towards the end of the driveway, which has already started lowering its hidden ramp to the garage below.

INT. DUO LOBBY - A MINUTE LATER

Agent Windham walks through DUO's lobby, which is bustling with activity. Granite floors. Glass everywhere. PAGES rush by with armloads of documents, IMPORTANT-LOOKING PEOPLE talk in hushed voices. Very classy.

Windham stops at a SECURITY DESK and puts his ID card into a slot. The receptionist, Josh (20s, well-groomed, loves his job) greets him warmly.

JOSH

Welcome back, Agent Windham! Did
(ahem) everything go well?

WINDHAM

(Just assume all his
dialogue is "Charming")
It got a little... "hot" at the
end, but nothing I couldn't handle.

JOSH

(Charmed)
You agents and your puns. Classic.

WINDHAM

Oh there's a whole seminar for
those at our orientation, Jason.

JOSH
(Flustered)
It's, ha, um, Josh actually.
(Composing self)
Retina scan please.

Windham looks down at the small lens embedded into the desk. There's a flash, a beep. Identity confirmed.

Windham removes his CUFF LINKS and sets them on the desk.

WINDHAM
Had my radio cufflinks go a little faulty on me though - Think you could do me a favor and have these sent down to R&D?

JOSH
Certainly, Agent Windham. I know some people down there, so I can take care of it personally.

WINDHAM
You're a dream-maker, Josh. Thanks.

And with that Windham is gone, heading towards the glossy offices behind Josh's security checkpoint. Josh glances after him as he goes... Then takes the cufflinks.

INT. DUO BACK HALLWAYS - A MINUTE LATER

Josh scans his card to walk through a security door and enter DUO's back hallways. Unlike the glitzy lobby, these are more sparse. Office-like. That grey-blue carpet everyone has.

We see rooms full of computers, communication arrays... we're at the heart of what makes DUO tick. Josh squeezes by groups of people at work, making his way toward the elevators.

INT. DUO GADGET PIT - A MINUTE LATER

DING - If the back hallways were like an office building, now we're in a mechanic's garage. DUO R&D - aka. "The Gadget Pit." Tools and half-built machines everywhere.

Windham's car is connected to a series of computers being analyzed by THERESA WINGER (20s, former child genius, bit of a temper). Angry hip-hop leaks through her headphones.

She's oblivious as Josh comes up behind her.

JOSH
 Hey Theresa! Theresa!
 (She doesn't hear)
Theresa!

THERESA
 (Ripping off headphones)
 What?!
 (Closer than she thought)
 Oh. Geez. Hey. Sorry.

Danny VERMA (30s, meticulous, has thoughts on tea) and CEDRIC WU (30s, chatty, non-confrontational) look over from their workstations. They're working on something with lasers.

DANNY
 Don't mind her. You know how she is when agents get bullet holes in her computers.

JOSH
 That, ah, Windham's car?

CEDRIC
 Yo-u guessed it. The man never met a gun that didn't try to shoot him.

The CAR burbles a sad tune.

THERESA
 (Comforting pat)
 I'm just glad your motherboard is intact - We'll have you fixed up like new in no time, beautiful.
 (Keeping it under control)
 Does it make me angry? Yeah. But I get it... I get it. Just... Gr. Sometimes it feels like agents don't appreciate everything me and the guys do down here you know? Because we work *really* hard on this stuff and it feels like they're just a liiiittle too cavalier...

She sees Josh looking uncomfortable.

THERESA (CONT'D)
 Sorry. You didn't come down here to listen to me rant about Agent Windham's equipment. Whatcha need?

Josh looks uncomfortable as he pulls out the CUFFLINKS.

JOSH
Well, uh, Agent Windham sent me
down with these cufflinks--

CEDRIC
(Exasperated)
Motherf--

HARD CUT TO
CREDITS.

INT. DUO BRIEFING ROOM - AFTERNOON

SUPER: DUO BRIEFING ROOM, 12:45

Theresa, Danny, and Cedric sit down at the back of a briefing
room full of other DUO Employees.

THERESA
(hushed)
Okay people - Place your bets now.
I'm guessing some dude's been
having sex with mannequins again.

CEDRIC
(hushed)
Come on. This could be serious.
(Joke - faux distraught)
And I told you about that in
confidence, Theresa.

MILES (O.S.)
"Serious?"

MILES OWEN (60s, has seen some shit, Jeff Bridges vibe) sits
down behind them.

MILES (CONT'D)
I'll believe that when I see it.
(Giving them a hard time)
You kids don't have the clearance
for "serious."

THERESA
Hey Miles.

CEDRIC
(Dry)
You're the most encouraging boss
ever, you know that?

MILES
Sh, sh, Naomi's here.

Everyone in the room turns towards the podium at the front.
NAOMI WHITE (60s, caffeinated, clearly the boss) has arrived.

NAOMI

Good afternoon, everyone. Hello.
Thank you for joining me on such
short notice.

An expectant beat... is it serious?

NAOMI (CONT'D)

As I'm sure many of you know - or,
well, I hope you know, staff photo
day is next week. Please don't
forget - Otherwise you won't be
able to get new badges.

Everyone turns to Cedric.

CEDRIC

(Sheepish, hushed)
Okay maybe not that serious.

Naomi looks over her notes.

NAOMI

(Reading)

Let's see... next up - Tailoring
department hang back for a few
minutes after this; We need to have
a discussion about your budget...

The TAILORING DEPARTMENT (all young, obnoxiously fashionable)
looks scandalized. The lead tailor, MELANIE, pipes up.

MELANIE

And just what, pray tell, is wrong
with our budget?

NAOMI

Oh I don't know. Maybe the fact
that it was a third the size of
your actual spending this month?

A little "ohhh" goes up from the room.

MELANIE

(Snippy)

That's only because you don't give
us the money we need to succeed in
the first place.

Another "ohhhhhh." Naomi gives Melanie an icy stare.

NAOMI

(End of discussion)

Oh by all means, I could embarrass you right here in front of everyone else if you'd prefer. Hm? That sound fun to you?

MELANIE

(Cowed, pale)

No ma'am.

NAOMI

That's what I thought. So let's meet *afterwards*.

Melanie sits back down as the gadget crew all SNICKERS. The TAILORS shoot them a dirty look.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Now, onto my next piece of business...

THERESA

(Hushed, fingers crossed)

Mannequin sex, mannequin sex...

Theresa does this mostly for Cedric's benefit.

NAOMI

I'm afraid it's rather serious.

CEDRIC

(To Theresa)

Ha!

Naomi pulls up the dossier for a female agent, AGENT GILETTE, on the screen behind her as well as a map of Borneo.

NAOMI

Monitoring has reported that Agent Gilette has gone missing off the coast of Borneo and may be dead.

Cedric cringes. *Too serious.*

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Gilette was in Borneo on a rather critical mission investigating a group of foreign agents. The data she recovered from her op was *highly* sensitive.

(Referring to screen)

(MORE)

NAOMI (CONT'D)

As many of you are aware, she was conducting the first field test of this vehicle - The UVT-12.

On screen is an image of a sleek-looking car that can transform into an even sleeker-looking submersible.

Naomi continues to talk as Cedric PALES.

CUT TO:

INT. DUO HALLWAYS - A LITTLE LATER

THERESA

They think it was R&D's fault?

The gadget pit crew walks down the hall, led by Miles. He walks with a pretty pronounced limp.

MILES

Well look at it from their perspective - It doesn't look good, right? We give them an experimental car slash submarine, they put their agent and super-secret data in it, agent and data go missing while *driving* said car slash submarine...

DANNY

So because the UVT was the new element, they think it was our fault...

Cedric is looking increasingly concerned about all this.

MILES

Precisely.

THERESA

Well, I mean, for all we know maybe Agent Gillette is the one that made a mistake when operating it, right? Or maybe she did something to piss off the locals, or or or- There are so many things it could be!

As Theresa vents, they pass Josh in the hall - He was clearly looking for them.

JOSH

Oh! Theresa, Danny!

Miles glances back at Cedric, who stops chewing his thumbnail as soon as he sees him looking.

INT. DUO GADGET PIT - A LITTLE LATER

MILES

Besides, getting angry doesn't accomplish anything - Best thing we can do is learn from the mistake and try not to do it again.

THERESA

If we did make a mistake, right?

The gang gets out of the elevator, back in the Gadget Pit.

CEDRIC

We... Might've made a mistake.

It's the first time he's spoken in a while.

DANNY

What?

CEDRIC

I said we might have actually made a mistake.

(Beat)

I might have made a mistake.

DANNY

I repeat my previous question.

THERESA

Yeah, walk us through what you're getting at here Cedric.

Cedric slumps into his chair and pulls up the schematics for the UVT-12 on his computer. Everyone gathers.

CEDRIC

I never- well I don't remember if I did- It was such a stressful day. There were like five agents deploying, they all needed their field equipment, there was so much going on...

(Gathers thoughts)

I don't remember if I ever ran the final checks on the UVT's auto-pressurization subsystems. I mean, I think I did. I'm mostly sure.

(MORE)

CEDRIC (CONT'D)

But if those things weren't working properly...

There's a quiet beat.

THERESA

No way. I don't care how busy you were, you're too good to miss that.

CEDRIC

Theresa-

THERESA

(Shakes head)

I'm proving you wrong right now. We're looking this up.

MILES

Guys - The big wigs are going to be running an official investigation on this later so I really think there are better uses of your time.

(Listing)

You need to make those new cufflinks, tailoring sent those costumes that still need to be wired up...

Miles gestures towards a rack of shrink-wrapped costumes - SANTA'S ELVES. Very festive.

CEDRIC

(Aside, baffled)

What the hell IS that mission?

THERESA

(Dismissive to Miles)

Don't worry, we're practically done with all that other stuff. This'll just take a sec.

(To Danny)

Danny-

DANNY

Yeah?

THERESA

You've got the diagnostic records right?

(Grand)

Pull that shit up.

Danny proceeds to pull that shit up.

DANNY

The shit is on the big screen.

A bewildering spreadsheet of diagnostic reports fills the main screen. Cedric hops out of his chair to run his finger along the list.

CEDRIC

(Searching)

UVT, UVT, UVT...

Suddenly there's a DING from the elevator. Everyone (except Cedric) turns to see a nervous-looking YOUNG WOMAN (Early 20s, studious, mid-west vibe) poke her head out.

YOUNG WOMAN

Uh, hi? I'm looking for the
Research & Development Department?

DANNY

Accomplished.

THERESA

(Gently)

We're kinda in the middle of
something - What do you need?

The young woman checks something on her phone.

YOUNG WOMAN

My name's Claire? Claire Willows?
and I think... I'm your intern?

Everyone turns to Miles, eyebrow raised.

MILES

Ah crap did I forget to tell you
guys about that?

THERESA

...Kinda.

CLAIRE

(Hates to be a burden)

Oh no.

MILES

(To Theresa)

Think you could, I don't know, show
her around or something? Give her
the tour?

CLAIRE

I don't want to be a bother--

Theresa glances at Claire, pulls Miles aside.

THERESA

You're really putting me on the spot here, man. You can't just ask that in front of her.

Miles walks over towards Claire, grabbing Theresa.

MILES

Claire? I'm Miles Owen. Head of R&D. And this is Theresa Winger - Electronics and programming.

(Extremely leading)

She's going to give you a tour.

THERESA

Hi, I'm Claire-

Suddenly from behind them--

CEDRIC

Found it!

THERESA

(Apologetic)

Hold that thought!

Up on the screen, Cedric has found the folder for UVT Diagnostic Records --

DANNY

It's empty?

CEDRIC

Wait wait that doesn't make any sense. Check the history.

CLAIRE

Should I go--?

DANNY

It says... Wiped. Weeks ago. By someone down in Databases.

THERESA

"Wiped?"

CEDRIC

Yeah, why would anyone wipe diagnostic records?

THERESA

I'm going over there to find out.

MILES

(Hinting)

Sounds like a great first stop on the tour.

THERESA

Yes. Yes you're right it would be.

INT. DUO HALLWAYS - A LITTLE LATER

Theresa comes out of the elevator followed shortly by Claire.

CLAIRE

I'm really sorry - You can just drop me back off at reception if you want--

THERESA

No, no, it's cool. Just because we're having a day doesn't mean your internship should get tanked.

(Exhale)

So, welcome to R&D or, as we call it, the Gadget Pit. There's me... Then there's our boss Miles - I know he kinda seems like a burnout, but he's really brilliant, and apparently used to be an agent? Crazy. Anyway, then the other two were Danny Verma and Cedric Wu.

Claire has pulled out a notebook.

CLAIRE

What do they do?

CEDRIC

We're all sort of jack of all trades down there? Jacks of all trades? (Not sure how to pluralize that.) Anyway. I heard Cedric was one of the people that figured out how to make cellphones super thin, and Danny invented... something about USB? Wifi? I don't remember.

(Beat)

Careful, watch your head.

They duck under an enormous amount of THREAD that's strung from one office to another across the hallway.

Melanie, the lead tailor, sees this.

MELANIE

Uh, excuse me? Think you could watch where you and your dirty coveralls are going?

THERESA

Ugh, we didn't touch your stupid thread, Melanie.

MELANIE

Good. Because we're currently in the process of trying to weave in the micro-fiber that *your* department was super-late in getting to us.

THERESA

Oh I'm sorry, did we get in the way of you guys wasting your budget?

There's a beat. Melanie narrows her eyes.

MELANIE

You are a very petty person, and I hope it bites you in the ass later.

Theresa keeps going.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

(Calling after her)

And we're still waiting on those costumes!

THERESA

You'll get your stupid elf shoes! C'mon, Claire.

CLAIRE

(Looking for the words)

That seemed...

THERESA

Hostile? Yeah. That's just Tailoring for you. We think the tech IN the suits is more important, they think the suits ARE the important part, blah blah blah.

Claire has been scribbling her notebook this whole time.

THERESA (CONT'D)

None of this is really worth taking notes on, y'know.

CLAIRE
(Bashful)
I'm just trying to keep it all
straight.

They arrive at a door - SERVER ROOM.

THERESA
Here we go.

INT. DUO SERVER ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Theresa and Claire walk into the Server Room - Rows and rows
of computer servers, blinking lights, wires, the works.

THERESA
Randy!

RANDY (50s, programmer-meets-Metallica roadie) pops his head
out of a server rack, trailing wires.

RANDY
Theresa! Thought I heard your
whiny, millennial tones.

THERESA
Sorry. Did we interrupt your
stories? No no no wait. I mean was
the news on?
(Beat, intentionally lame)
Because, you know, those are things
that old people like?

RANDY
Man. Just slingin' fire from the 3-
point line today.
(Grin)
Who's the new blood?

THERESA
She's our intern - So be nice.
Claire, this is Randy. Consider him
the server room's... babysitter.

RANDY
(Faux warning)
Hey now.
(Sweet to Claire)
It's nice to meet you.

CLAIRE
Hello.

THERESA
(To business)
What do you know about the UVT-12?

RANDY
The what?

THERESA
It's a car that can turn into an
underwater sub. We Rolled out the
first one a few days ago but the
tests happened a few weeks back...

RANDY
You sure are goin' on a long time
about business that has nothin' to
do with me...

THERESA
("Work with me here")
Someone wiped the diagnostic info
and it says the computer's IP
address was in here.

Randy thinks about it a sec.

RANDY
Nahh.

THERESA
What do you mean "nahh?"

Randy comes over to Theresa with an iPad, still trailing
wires and cables. Shows it to her - It's an immensely complex
data map of the facility.

RANDY
I mean "Nah, that's not my babies."

He affectionately pats one of the server racks.

RANDY (CONT'D)
See? Lots of people bounce requests
through here. Some of 'em do it
when they don't want to get bogged
down in other traffic, some people
do it so the latest episode of
British Bakeoff will download
faster...
(Beat, voila)
Some people do it when they don't
want their shady-ass diagnostic
wiping to be traced.

THERESA

Ahhh man...

(Beat)

Can we do *anything*? It could help me figure out what went wrong with the UVT, if someone was trying to sabotage it intentionally...

RANDY

Wellllll, if you know the exact date and time of the check-in that wiped your stuff... you might be able to find the corresponding bounce request.

(Beat, checking)

There's only beeeeen... 22,678 of 'em this month.

Theresa looks conflicted... but determined. Claire pipes up.

CLAIRE

Guess, um, guess we better get looking then, huh?

RANDY

(To Theresa)

I like her.

INT. DUO LOBBY - SIMULTANEOUS

Josh sits at the reception desk, listening to perky-sounding music on his earphones as he types away at a spreadsheet.

There's a tap on his desk. He takes off his earphones and looks up to see AGENT WINDHAM.

JOSH

Oh. Hi Agent Windham. Hello.

WINDHAM

Hey there. Sorry to bother you-

JOSH

Oh, no, no bother at all.

WINDHAM

-But I was wondering if there was any word on those cufflinks yet?

Josh looks surprised.

JOSH
No one's... gotten in touch with
you about those yet?

WINDHAM
No, not so much.

JOSH
(Hiding annoyance)
I'll make some calls.

WINDHAM
Thanks Josh.

Windham leaves. Josh stews, then picks up a phone.

JOSH
(To operator)
Yeah, hi, can you put me through to
the Director's office, please?

INT. DUO GADGET PIT - HOURS LATER.

SUPER: 16:33

Back in the gadget pit, Cedric sits in front of a computer terminal scrolling, but it seems like his heart isn't in it as much as before.

Danny comes over, eating a pudding cup.

DANNY
(Mouth full)
What're you doing?

CEDRIC
Swallow first.

DANNY
(Does)
Right. What're you doing?

Cedric shows Danny his monitor - It's a map of BORNEO.

CEDRIC
(Pointing)
Look - Here's where Gilette
vanished, yeah? I'm trying to see
if we have any other data that
could show us where she screwed up.

DANNY

You're still really that convinced
it was operator error?

CEDRIC

(Getting tired)

I don't know anymore. But Theresa
won't stop texting me about it.

He hands Danny his phone - Dozens of texts from Theresa that
all read the same thing.

CEDRIC (CONT'D)

(Reading)

"Keep at it!"... "Keep at it!"...

(Snicker)

This one had a typo so it looked
like she was saying "Keep a tit."
That was pretty funny.

(Beat)

Anyway. At this point I feel like
I've put too much time in to give
up, y'know?

DANNY

(Pudding again)

So have you--

(On Cedric's look)

Sorry.

(Swallow)

So have you found anything?

Cedric shoves himself away from his desk.

CEDRIC

No. I thought maybe I'd be able to
find a, I don't know, a leaked
signal or something. Like she let
some enemy agents figure out where
she was? But nothin'. Just the
usual encrypted messages straight
from her to HQ.

(Referencing list)

"Picked up UVT from drop site..."

"On the road towards the beach..."

"Initiating transformation
sequence, submerging..." The signal
cuts short not long after that.

DANNY

Indicating that the UVT was
destroyed by the depth.

CEDRIC

OR she crashed it, OR someone blew her up... Or, hell, she's still out there somewhere and her communications are just down.

(Beat)

Or maybe we've just hit a dead end.

Cedric takes Danny's spoon and eats a mouthful of pudding.

DANNY

...my pudding...

There's a DING from the elevator - NAOMI comes out and she does not look happy.

NAOMI

Miles! Get out here.

Danny and Cedric both turn back to their monitors with the clear universal body language of "not our business."

Miles comes out of his Manager's Office in the corner, his limp giving him a jaunty air of non-chalance.

MILES

Hey Naomi. What's up?

NAOMI

What is up is that I have an agent heading back out into the field in 12 hours and he has not received his *standard-issue* replacement equipment yet.

Miles looks over at Cedric and Danny, who are busy doing their best impressions of deaf people.

MILES

Yeah we had stuff get a little backed up today. It'll get done though.

NAOMI

Good. I know you and your team are big fans of horseplay and antagonizing the other departments, but your work is literal life and death for my people out there.

(Beat)

I expect you to remember that.

Miles looks at the floor.

MILES

Yes ma'am.

With that, Naomi heads back to the elevator. It DINGS as Theresa and Claire come out. Naomi gets in without a word.

THERESA

Oh, sorry. Excuse me.

Theresa doesn't catch the room's vibe at *all* and continues scrolling through her iPad.

THERESA (CONT'D)

Okay guys, I think I'm onto something.

CEDRIC

("Might be time to stop")
Theresa--

THERESA

(Manic)

No, I am. I've got it narrowed down to 1,786 possible IP pings. Now I just need to go through this list, cross-reference with the building network map, and I can figure out who wiped that diagnostic data--

Miles listens to all this, face getting redder.

MILES

Winger, shut the hell up.

THERESA

Huh-?

MILES

You've been spending *all day* trying to find months-old diagnostic information for something that's already happened-

THERESA

Kinda...

MILES

-while you've got ACTUAL work to do right here.

(Beat)

Have you finished repairs to Windham's car?

THERESA
(Sheepish)

No.

From the corner under a tarp, Windham's Car gives a little WHISTLE.

MILES
Verma, Wu. I don't know if you noticed, but I took a helluva lot of heat just then for *your* laziness.

He looks around the room.

MILES (CONT'D)
She didn't even mention the new batch of agents heading out tomorrow.
(Knows the answer already)
You finish those costumes yet?

CEDRIC
Welllll-

Miles cuts him off.

MILES
No. You haven't. You haven't even STARTED. Know how I know?

He points towards the rack of elf costumes.

MILES (CONT'D)
You haven't even taken them off the rack yet. So unless those elf ears came pre-equipped with comm units I'd say you still have a lot of work to do.

He gives the rack of costumes a whack for emphasis and the little bells all jingle.

DANNY
(Chastised)
No, the elf ears don't come equipped with comm units.

Cedric shoots him a look. Come on, Danny.

There's a beat as Miles looks around at all of them.

MILES

(Disappointed)

And now I've had to reprimand all of you in front of the intern on her first day.

They all look over at Claire - They had kinda forgotten she was there. She looks down at her notebook awkwardly.

Miles gives the costumes one last *jingle*, then stomps back to his office and slams the door.

CEDRIC

Sorry Claire--

DANNY

Yeah sorry.

CLAIRE

That's um. That's okay.

THERESA

Man. I can't believe he just gave us a verbal smackdown like that. I'm just trying to help the department's reputation...

CEDRIC

Theresa... You know I'm on your team, but he might have a point.

THERESA

(Surprised)

What?

DANNY

And he *did* tell us that it was more important to finish today's work...

THERESA

Hey! I'm just trying to help with *your* problem!

CEDRIC

Yeah but I never asked for that! Miles was right - We wasted a ton of time today chasing that white rabbit, and now we're gonna have to stay super late to finish our work!

(Beat)

And that kind of sucks!

Theresa kinda knows that he has a point but-

THERESA

You... you could've said you wanted to stop at any time.

CEDRIC

(Getting mad)

Really? Because your never-ending thread of text messages telling me to "keep at it" seemed to say otherwise.

(After-thought, calmer)

Speaking of which, I thought it was a macro until the "keep a tit" typo... how were you doing that AND looking over IP pings?

THERESA

Voice to speech. Claire helped hold the phone.

There's an awkward beat, their argument at an impasse.

CEDRIC

I'm... I'm going to get started on casting a new shell for Windham's radio unit. Think you could give me a hand Danny?

DANNY

Yes. Sure.

They start to head towards the casting station in the corner.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(Still in earshot)

Are we doing this step first because the casting station is farther away from the awkward situation?

Cedric just sighs, hustling him and Danny away.

THERESA

(Frustrated)

Fine.

Theresa stomps off towards the Car in the corner.

Claire is left sitting all alone. She uncomfortably clears her throat, thinks for a moment, then pulls out her phone and starts tapping away.

EXT. DUO HEADQUARTERS - HOURS LATER.

SUPER: 23:40

A PIZZA DELIVERY GUY (20s) hands over a few boxes of pizza to Claire, she hands him the cash.

DELIVERY GUY
Cool office. You guys having a party or something?

CLAIRE
Nah. Working late and trying to force some people to make up.

DELIVERY GUY
Friendship pizza. Nice. Good luck.

INT. DUO LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Claire heads across the lobby with her pizzas and sees Josh coming back to his reception desk, microwaved meal in hand.

CLAIRE
Is reception open 24 hours a day?

JOSH
(Nods)
I drew the short straw on working the night shift.
(Thinks about it, to self)
And the morning shift. Man. I hope I get to sleep soon.

CLAIRE
You want a slice?

JOSH
Aw that's sweet, but I'm okay.
Dairy after ten doesn't sit right with me.

CLAIRE
Gotcha.

Josh nods at the pizza.

JOSH
Still tense down there?

CLAIRE

Yeah. It's been a lot of Theresa listening to very angry music as Danny and Cedric desperately avoid eye contact with her.

JOSH

Sounds about right...

(Beat)

Can I confess something? I feel a little guilty about them being down there so late.

CLAIRE

What do you mean?

JOSH

I was kind of the one that sicced Naomi on R&D over the whole "cufflinks" thing.

CLAIRE

Eh, I feel like this would've happened either way.

(Teasing as she starts to walk away)

But yeah that probably didn't help.

Josh gestures around at his situation - sitting at his desk in a dark lobby.

JOSH

Hey, looks like my karma caught up to me already.

CLAIRE

Sure you don't wanna hang out? Have some pizza?

JOSH

Nahh. I've got my Weight Watchers and, like, 3 more seasons of Ally McBeal to go. Get outta here.

She shrugs and heads through the door.

INT. DUO GADGET PIT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

SUPER: 23:47

The Pit is noisy with the sound of machines, music, typing...

Theresa is elbows-deep in the Car's hood, adjusting something as her headphones blare.

She pauses, wiping her forehead. She's about to start again when she smells something. Sniffs. She looks over and sees Claire laying out the spread of pizzas.

Claire is trying to get the angle of the boxes' lids just-so. She sees Theresa looking and smiles sheepishly.

CLAIRE

Get 'em while they're hot?

Theresa takes off her headphones and walks over.

THERESA

(Touched)

You did this?

CLAIRE

Well... I just figured you guys might be getting hungry and I've heard that this is the kind of stuff that interns do, right?

Theresa grabs a slice.

THERESA

Well make sure you get reimbursed for this, because I'm gonna, like, decimate one of these myself.

(Bite)

Augh, you are the friggin' BEST.

The smell of pizza brings Danny and Cedric over too.

CEDRIC

Hey, who ordered pizza?

THERESA

(Mouth full)

Claire did it. And god was it a good idea.

(To Claire, grand)

I hereby award you all the intern points.

Theresa waves her crust like a scepter as Claire tries to awkwardly curtsy.

CLAIRE

Thank you, uh, your highness.

DANNY

Huh. I wasn't aware there was a point system.

Cedric and Danny grab slices too.

CEDRIC

Joke, Danny. Comedy.

Claire lets out a tiny sigh of relief.

Things are still tense between the pit crew. Theresa tries to extend the first olive branch.

THERESA

So... How go the elf shoes?

Danny starts to speak around a mouthful of pizza, but pauses to swallow first.

DANNY

Final encryption currently installing on the cufflinks, and only three more elf shoes to go.

CEDRIC

Yeah those big curly toes leave tons of room for wiring. Who knew?

THERESA

Cool.

There's a silence... and Theresa cracks.

THERESA (CONT'D)

Listen, I'm sorry okay?

CEDRIC

For?

THERESA

Argh. For flying off the handle. Thinking you were ungrateful. Because you were right, of course. I could've stopped at any time but I just...

She takes a frustrated bite of pizza, gathers her thoughts.

THERESA (CONT'D)

I'm just tired of agents swooping in and out of this place, taking all the glory, all while they blame us for everything.

WINDHAM (O.S.)
 ...this a bad time?

Theresa's face falls. Of course. She turns to see Windham has just come into the Gadget Pit. Even in casual mode, he still looks amazingly put-together.

THERESA
 Nope. Nope nope. Hey Agent Windham.

DANNY
 Usually the elevator dings to tell us when people are here...

WINDHAM
 Oh!

He twists something on his belt buckle.

WINDHAM (CONT'D)
 Audio dampener in the belt buckle for "quiet entrances." Just left it on out of habit.

(Beat)
 I believe you lot made that, if you're looking for whom to, ahem, *give the glory*.

THERESA
 Oooh. About that-

WINDHAM
 (Grin)
 Nothing I haven't heard before. Believe me.

CEDRIC
 You're here about your cufflinks, right? Danny said they were just about done.

WINDHAM
 Terrific.

Danny's already got 'em in hand.

DANNY
 Just finished encrypting in fact.
 (Beat)
 A quick question, if you don't mind my asking.

Windham starts putting on the new cufflinks.

WINDHAM

Fire away.

Danny pulls out a little plastic bag containing the old cufflinks.

DANNY

I examined the originals - No water damage, no fried circuitry. They're just... inert. What exactly happened to them?

WINDHAM

Not a clue - It must've happened after I got home because I hadn't noticed anything.

CEDRIC

Well it's a good thing - We bounce all agent communication through these things. Encryption purposes. With these dead, your phone wouldn't work, car GPS might not even work.

WINDHAM

Wow. Good thing indeed.

DANNY

Well, these new ones are already synchronized to your Car so you'll be all set first thing tomorrow.

WINDHAM

That's phenomenal, thank you. Such a pleasure to watch you work.

He finishes putting on the cufflinks and turns to Theresa with that charming smile.

WINDHAM (CONT'D)

Also. I really do appreciate you keeping that Car of mine in such tip-top shape. There'd be even more bulletholes in her (and me) if everything you hide under the hood.

THERESA

Oh, um, wow. No... No problem, yeah. Just the job.

WINDHAM

And you're clearly the best at it.

With that, he heads for the elevator. When the doors shut-

CLAIRE
So that was an agent, huh?

CEDRIC
Yep.

CLAIRE
Are they all that attractive?

DANNY
Yep.

A silent beat.

THERESA
Well... I'm going to go finish the
work on Windham's Car.

CEDRIC
Theresa, wait--

He stops.

CEDRIC (CONT'D)
I appreciate the apology. Really.

Theresa smiles.

THERESA
Cool.

DANNY
You know, in the past we've bought
each other beers as a sign of
apology and friendship. After we
finish our current work... It could
be a good time for that.

THERESA
(Amused)
Yeah?

INT. THREE SWORDS BAR - NIGHT

SUPER: THREE SWORDS BAR, 01:36

A dingy dive bar, crowded but cozy. Cedric grabs a round of drinks from the bartender and squeezes through the crowd towards the rest of the R&D crew's booth.

CEDRIC

Alright you animals - This is the last round I'm buying.

He hands drinks to Danny, Claire, and Theresa as she sits.

THERESA

Thank you thank you.

CLAIRE

I'm really flattered you guys wanted me along.

THERESA

Stop saying that, you're part of the pit crew now - Pit crew gets drinks! Now cheers 'em.

They all clink glasses.

MILES (O.S.)

There's what I like to see.

Miles pulls up a chair and sits down with them.

MILES (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I've got my own.

He pulls out his flask, salutes with it, then drinks.

CEDRIC

Heyyy! What are you doing here?

MILES

Danny texted me. Thought I should come and apologize for being an ass before...

Theresa interrupts him, clinking her glass against his flask.

THERESA

Sorry Miles, you missed apology hour. Now it's after-apology drinking time.

MILES

(Grin)

Oh shit well that's the only reason to apologize anyway.

As the gang drinks and laughs Theresa gets distracted, her attention drifting to his phone. On the screen is the map of Borneo and Agent Gillette's dossier.

MILES (CONT'D)
 (Quieter)
 Still obsessing over that, huh?

Theresa quickly hides it. Miles has leaned over - A private moment between the two of them in the midst of all the noise.

MILES (CONT'D)
 Why do you keep looking? What are you searching for?

Theresa takes a pull on her drink.

THERESA
 I dunno. I guess it just drives me crazy to think that someone might think Cedric was responsible for something that he wasn't.
 (Beat, somber)
 When I saw that wiped diagnostic data I really hoped that maybe it meant there was some conspiracy, or secret plot... And I just keep thinking, how would I feel if it were me?

Miles thinks on that a moment. Has an idea.

MILES
 I ever tell you about how I got my, heh, after-market leg?

THERESA
 No. I mean, I've heard rumors--

Miles hefts his leg up a bit, rolls up the pantleg. Underneath is a shiny PROSTHETIC.

MILES
 Back in the day when yours truly was still an agent, R&D made a pair of shoes with plastic explosive hidden in the heel.

He knocks on the leg.

MILES (CONT'D)
 I'll leave the rest to your imagination but... pretty grisly what can happen when gadgets go wrong.
 (Beat)
 (MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)

I spent some time being resentful, hating "those Gadget assholes", but ultimately... I was still the one who saw goddamn exploding shoes and said "Yep. Hand 'em over."

Theresa smirks at that.

MILES (CONT'D)

So maybe there IS one point of data in that big IP list that would magically reveal some conspiracy. But what's the point in obsessing over it? What would it do? All you can do, all any of us can do, is keep moving forward and trying to be better.

Theresa mulls it over as Miles rolls his pant leg back down.

THERESA

Yeah. Yeah I guess you're right.

MILES

Damn straight I am.

Cedric leans over.

CEDRIC

(Getting drunker)

Hey! Hey! What are you two whisperin' about over here?

MILES

Your breath, mostly.

Cedric looks worried, then-

CEDRIC

(Grin)

Nuh uhuh.

Miles shakes his head. He pointedly addresses Claire.

MILES

Claire - These bozos tell you about the time Cedric tried to use the laser cutter to slice a pizza?

CLAIRE

What? No!

CEDRIC

Oh man - Well we ordered a pizza
and it hadn't been sliced yet so I
thought to myself "I can fix this"--

Miles sits back, pleased with himself. As he does, there's a BUZZ from his pocket. He pulls out his phone and sees the Caller ID is just a string of letters and numbers.

He looks at others - He was clearly expecting this, and it's sensitive. He turns slightly away from the table and answers.

MILES

(Hushed)

Yeah?

??? (V.O.)

It's done.

EXT. PACIFIC ISLAND - SIMULTANEOUS

SUPER:

SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST OF BORNEO, LOCAL TIME 12:30

A beautiful coastline. Waves lap up on the sand, already starting to fade the TIREMARKS that come right out of the ocean up onto the beach.

??? (O.S.)

She showed up exactly where you
said she would.

MILES (V.O.)

(Hushed)

Taken care of?

The tiremarks lead to the UVT parked under a palm tree. Slumped DEAD over the hood is a blonde woman, AGENT GILETTE, a bullet hole piercing her temple.

???

(Chuckle)

What am I, an amateur?

A man in dark sunglasses, clearly an ENEMY AGENT (40s, ruthless, all in black) is on his cellphone, already slipping his gun back into its shoulder holster.

He removes a CHIP from a slot in the UVT's dashboard.

ENEMY AGENT

I've got the data.

INT. THREE SWORDS BAR - SIMULTANEOUS

MILES

(Hushed)

Good. Get out of there.

Miles hangs up the phone, pauses a beat, then taps a few more buttons - A button that says ACTIVATE.

EXT. PACIFIC ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

The enemy Agent drives the UVT away from Gilette's body on the sand. As he does, a SMALL RED LIGHT starts blinking on HER CUFFLINKS. As he drives the beeping crescendoes.

Until -- Beep.

KABOOM.

INT. THREE SWORDS BAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Miles sits back, an icy smile on his face.

DANNY

Hey Miles - You okay?

--And Miles is back.

MILES

Yeah. Course. Just waiting on you pansies so we can buy another round before closing time!

THERESA

Oh well why didn't you say so!

Theresa drains her glass and sets it down dramatically. Claire, beer still half-full, looks intimidated.

THERESA (CONT'D)

Claaaaire?

Claire hesitates a moment... then starts to drink.

CEDRIC/THERESA

Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!

The gang laughs and cheers her on, all one happy pit crew, as Miles goes for another round.

FADE TO BLACK.