

TRUE LIES
Network Draft 3
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"Pilot"

Written by

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ACT ONE

1 **INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Open on HARRY TASKER (45) in a hotel room, talking on the phone as he gets dressed. He finishes buttoning his shirt, takes a pressed pair of pants from a hanging bag.

HARRY

Heyy, sweetie. Listen, I'm really
sorry, but I've got some bad news.
The conference is running long...

On the other end of the line, we hear Harry's wife HELEN...

HELEN

Seriously? You said you were going
to be back tonight-

HARRY

It's a sales banquet. You know
Luther - he thinks nobody buys a
computer server unless you eat a
rubber chicken breast with them.
I'll catch the late flight...

2 **INT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE OFFICE - DAY - INTERCUT**

HELEN TASKER (40), gathers papers in her community college lecturer office as she talks on the phone.

HELEN

You're seriously late **again**? It's
been like this for *months*-

HARRY (O.S.)

It's this big project... I just
need you to hang on a bit longer.

HELEN

Okay. Have fun in Cleveland.

HARRY

Who doesn't have fun in Cleveland?

As Harry laughs, we see through the window of his room for the first time. It's a view of a CARIBBEAN ISLAND BEACH.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Listen, I gotta go - banquet's
starting. Please don't be mad?

HELEN (O.S.)

It's fine. It's your job... just be safe, alright?

HARRY

I will. Kisses.

Harry straightens his tie, and grabs... a GUN. As he loads it we reveal he is NOT ALONE. By the door, all dressed up, are a TEAM OF OPERATIVES. LUTHER TENET (38, think Adam Scott), GLORI RUIZ (26, snarky), GILBERT "GIB" TANDEN (30's, nerdy).

LUTHER

Please don't be mad? Seriously?

GLORIA

Do you need a hug?

GIB

Let's put a hold on the toxic masculinity? We're behind schedule-

HARRY

(slaps a clip in his gun)
Listen to Gib. Let's go.

3 **EXT. MANSION - NIGHT**

Heavily ARMED GUARDS stand at the gate of a mansion. We move along the fence into the darkness... as Harry flips down from a tree and drops to the ground. He aims a device at a security camera mounted on the fence. He taps an earbud...

HARRY

Bravo, this is Alpha. Initiate.

4 **INT. VAN - NIGHT - INTERCUT**

Gib sits in a high-tech VAN filled with monitors. He hits a key as we cut back to HARRY. The device projects a HOLOGRAM at the security camera. Harry beckons Gloria and Luther in. Luther starts cutting through the fence with a laser knife.

LUTHER

It cuts through **six feet** of carbon steel and it's **still sharp** enough to cut this tomato... How much would you pay? \$100? \$200?

HARRY

I'm pretty sure that thing's worth 1.3 million, give or take...

LUTHER

Bargain. Operators are standing by.

Harry adjusts himself, uncomfortable.

HARRY

Next time I run an op I'm getting a smaller gun or a bigger suit.

GLORIA

Cry me a river, Harry. Next time, **you** can wear the evening gown.

GIB (OVER RADIO)

Target's in place. You've got ten minutes to get in, take Raisani down, and meet at the rendez-vous.

LUTHER

Easy for you to say. You don't have to carry a two hundred pound bad guy halfway across France.

GIB

Field agents get all the glory **and** all the lower back pain.

HARRY

We're in. Let's go.

The section of fence falls away and they charge through...

5 **EXT. TASKER HOME - EVENING**

A minivan pulls up to an ordinary middle class home. Helen gets out, balancing TAKEOUT FOOD BAGS on her papers.

HELEN

Jake!! Can you help with the bags?

She sighs, frustrated, not seeing a stray SKATEBOARD... ZING! She falls. She's remarkably athletic, catching herself and GRABBING THE BAG just in time. It's a perfect save... but a weak bag. It RIPS - food containers explode on the ground.

6 **EXT. MANSION - NIGHT**

Harry, Luther, and Gloria stroll into a party, blending with the well-dressed crowd. Luther snags a canapé off a tray. Harry looks around, concerned. Luther notices...

LUTHER

What's wrong? You want a canape. I think it's some kinda fish...

HARRY

(shakes his head)

Notice the guests? That's Joh Kim, North Korean defense secretary. The guy with the scar there is with the Iranian Revolutionary guard...

LUTHER

(swallows, uncomfortable)

Tough crowd.

GLORIA

Yeah, and if this goes wrong we're gonna be taking on all of them...

Harry shakes a few hands, blending smoothly as he leads the team around a corner. They duck in some bushes under a window-

HARRY

Remember: once we're in, any sound over 60 dB sets off the alarm. Gloria, get us up.

Gloria tosses them GECKO PADS, which they slip on their hands and feet. She leads them up the wall as we CUT BACK TO:

7

INT. TASKER HOME - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

A neat, well-used kitchen... Helen grades Spanish exams as she serves mac and cheese to DANA (16) and JAKE (14). Dana's smart, a "good kid" in a 16-year-old rebel phase. Jake's just out of junior high, negotiating the awkward journey to teen.

DANA

Mac and cheese? What am I, six years old? I thought we got salads.

HELEN

Someone left a skateboard out. Your salad's on the driveway.

DANA

Ugh! Jake, you're such an idiot-

JAKE

It's not like I did it on purpose-

HELEN

Guys? Can we not do this? Please?

Jake and Dana trade a glare. They eat in silence. After a beat, Helen speaks up, making conversation.

HELEN (CONT'D)

So, I talked to your father. I guess he's stuck in Cleveland at some important sales conference...

DANA

(rolls her eyes, over it)
Important, right. He sells computers to insurance companies. You act like he's **saving the world**.

8 **INT. MANSION HALLS - NIGHT**

A GUARD stands in a hall; Harry appears behind him and jabs him with a syringe. The Guard's eyes roll back. Gloria and Luther catch him. As they lower him to the floor, though, his hand THUMPS to the ground. Everyone FREEZES.

9 **INT. VAN - NIGHT**

Gib watches an AUDIO MONITOR, alarmed. Note: all dialogue inside is *whispered*, as indicated by italics.

GIB (INTO RADIO)

Guys! What was that?

HARRY (ON RADIO)

A mistake that won't happen again.

GIB (INTO RADIO)

Make sure it doesn't. We're, like, one loud fart away from dead here.

IN THE MANSION, Harry, Luther, and Gloria hide the guard in a bathroom. Gloria expertly gags and hogties him.

They head up the hall to a door with a KEYPAD. Luther pulls out a device, using it to analyze the prints on the keypad.

GLORIA

Too bad you couldn't use that to remember my phone number in Berlin.

Luther evades her glance. Clearly this is a touchy subject.

LUTHER

When are you gonna let that go?

GLORIA
I'll letcha know when I'm close.

LUTHER
 (to Harry)
Code's three-five-two-eight-one.

HARRY (INTO RADIO)
We've got access. Status report?

GIB (ON RADIO)
All quiet. Guests heading inside.
 (then)
*Also, you got a text from Helen,
 reminding you about her work
 barbecue tomorrow.*

HARRY (INTO RADIO)
*Respond: "Didn't forget. I'm all
 over it. Heart emoji." Send pic 3.*

Gib types. The text goes out, along with a silly picture of Harry making a face at a sales dinner in a hotel ballroom.

10 **INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Helen gets the text as she finishes cleaning up from dinner. She smiles a little at the picture as we CUT BACK TO:

11 **INT. MANSION - HALL - NIGHT**

Luther keys in a code as Harry and Gloria watch. There's a soft CLICK as the door unlocks.

12 **INT. MANSION - OFFICE - NIGHT**

A beautiful wood-paneled office. Inside, we find the target, ARJUN RAISANI (55), a sleek international arms dealer. He looks up, annoyed, as the door opens. When he sees the team he starts to speak, but before he makes a sound...

HARRY PLUNGES A SYRINGE INTO HIS NECK. Raisani tries to cry out, but his eyes droop... Luther and Gloria catch his head before it hits the desk. Harry whispers-

HARRY
Alright. Let's get him out of here.

They all start stripping off clothes, revealing EMT uniforms under their formal wear. Luther pulls a collapsible STRETCHER from his bag. Gloria and Luther strap Raisani on as...

The door opens to reveal A BURLY GUARD. OH SHIT.

He looks at them, as surprised as they are. He starts to yell. Harry PUNCHES THE GUARD'S WINDPIPE! The guard CHOKES...

13 **INT. VAN - NIGHT**

Gib looks at the monitor; it's almost in the red.

GIB
GUYS! What's going on!?

There's no response, just the sound of muffled blows: SPIKE--SPIKE. Gib watches the sound monitor, FREAKING OUT...

14 **INT. MANSION - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Gloria and Harry fight the still-gasping guard as Luther works frantically to secure Raisani. The guard swings at Harry who grabs a PILLOW from the couch, silently parrying the guard's blows. Harry grabs him around the neck. Gloria tries to sedate him; the big guard gets a fist free, though, and HITS THE NEEDLE from her hand; it skitters under a couch.

The guard pulls his GUN and goes to fire; Harry grabs the gun, blocking the trigger with a finger as he whisper-yells:

HARRY
Gloria!

He tosses the gun; Gloria catches it as Harry looks for a silent weapon. Desperate, he grabs a QUILT from the couch and wraps it around the guard's face, muffling a scream...

IN THE VAN, Gib watches, terrified, as the monitor alllllmost makes it into the red...

IN THE OFFICE, Harry chokes out the Guard. Success! Until the guard's leg twitches and NUDGES an end table. It dislodges a globe paperweight. Everyone looks on in horror as it drops to the floor with a CRACK! An ALARM SCREAMS!!

GIB (ON RADIO)
GO! GET OUT OF THERE!

Luther, and Gloria pick up Raisani on the stretcher and RUN.

15 **EXT. MANSION - HALL - NIGHT**

Two GUARDS run down the hall as the team rushes out carrying Raisani. Harry yells to them...

HARRY
Medical emergency! Clear the way-

The guards hesitate, not sure what to do... it's all Harry needs. He takes one out with an elbow to the face, pitching the other over a railing-

16 **INT. TASKER HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Helen walks down the hall, opening a bedroom door. Inside, Dana crouching down in front of a bookshelf of SNOW GLOBES, each with a date written on it with a sharpie and a heart. As the door opens Dana gets up and turns, a bit too fast-

DANA
Mom! Can you **knock**, please!?

BEHIND HER BACK she straightens some globes, hiding something-

HELEN
I was just checking on homework.
Dana- what're you doing back there?

DANA
Nothing! I was looking at my snow globes. Homework's done. Goodnight.

Dana smiles brightly. Helen smiles back, clearly aware that something's up but letting it go. As she shuts the door Dana straightens a couple of snow globes, clearly hiding something-

17 **EXT. MANSION - GROUNDS - NIGHT**

Harry, Luther, and Gloria emerge from the mansion with Raisani on the stretcher. Harry sees GUARDS running toward them from the gate. The guests pull guns too - it's chaos.

GIB (ON RADIO)
Coming to you with the ambulance-

HARRY
Negative! Meet at the rendezvous-

LUTHER
How are we supposed to get to the rendezvous?!

HARRY
THERE! GO!

Angle on a TREE-TRIMMING TRUCK attached to a wood chipper. As they run for it we CUT TO:

18 **INT. TASKER HOME - JAKE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

We move through Jake's room, past posters, trophies, pictures of Jake and Harry together camping... we find Jake sitting at his computer. Onscreen is a SPREADSHEET containing various dollar amounts and sports stats. Helen looks in...

HELEN

Hey. Bed soon?

Onscreen, Jake hides the spreadsheets...

JAKE

Yeah. Just playing a video game.

HELEN

Nothing too violent, I hope...

19 **EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

THREE GUARDS on MOTORCYCLES chase the TREE-TRIMMING TRUCK, trading fire with Harry and Luther. Two guards go down, but the third gains on them... and Harry and Luther are out of bullets. Thinking fast, Harry TURNS ON THE WOOD-CHIPPER and sends it careening into the last motorcycle. The guard eats pavement. BIKE PIECES FLY as the motorcycle is CHIPPED.

A short distance later they pull up to the SURVEILLANCE VAN. An AMBULANCE sits nearby. They load Raisani inside. As the ambulance pulls away, Gib hits a detonator. The van EXPLODES.

20 **INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Helen gets in bed. Her eyes settle on a WEDDING PICTURE. Her and Harry, young and in love. She sighs. TURNS OUT THE LIGHT.

22 **EXT. TASKER HOME/INT. HONDA CIVIC - MORNING**

A HONDA pulls up at the Tasker home. Inside, Gib and Harry are now dressed in office attire. Gib hands Harry his wedding ring; Harry looks at the house as he puts it on:

GIB

Okay, cover story review. Where'd you stay?

HARRY

Cleveland Ramada, room 713.

GIB

How'dja get the bruise on your arm-

HARRY

Luther's bag fell out of the overhead compartment on the plane.

GIB

Good. Which flight were we on?

HARRY

United 238. Breakfast was an omelet with fruit.

Gib hands Harry a bag from an airport gift shop.

GIB

Presents. Cap for Jake, snow globe for Dana, travel book for Helen. Where'd you buy them?

Harry writes a date and a heart on the globe with a sharpie.

HARRY

The airport gift shop by the Panera Bread where I got a muffin. Receipts are in my wallet. I got it, okay?

Gib raises his hands in mock surrender.

GIB

Don't get mad at me. I don't **need** a cover story. You're the genius who got married and had a family.

HARRY

Yeah, well, what's the point of saving the world if you're not doing it for the people you love?

GIB

Wow. That's really touching. If the spy thing doesn't work out maybe you could write greeting cards. Good luck in there.

Harry goes to get out of the car as we CUT INSIDE...

23

INT. TASKER HOME - MORNING

Inside, the family gets ready for the day. Jake shovels eggs into his mouth as Helen gathers her work papers.

HELEN

Jake! Isn't this your algebra book?

JAKE
 (mouth full of eggs)
 Yeff...

Jake hurries over and grabs the book as Dana rushes in...

HELEN
 Well, put it in your bag! Dana,
 your breakfast is-

DANA
 I don't eat breakfast!

HELEN
 Since when do you not eat breakfast-

DANA
 Since I told you I'm intermittent
 fasting 15 times!

HELEN
 Dana, I'm barely keeping it
 together here-

She's interrupted by the door opening. Everyone looks over as Harry comes in...

HARRY (O.S.)
 Hey, everybody. I'm home-

HELEN
 There you are. Harry, I thought you
 said you'd be home last night-

HARRY
 I know, I know, I'm sorry. I was
 stuck in Ohio half the night -
 something with the landing gear.
 (holds up the bag)
 I come bearing gifts.

Harry digs in the bag as his family edges impatiently toward the door... He tosses the Browns cap to Jake.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Browns cap for you, Jake...

JAKE
 Thanks.

HARRY
 For Dana, a **very** special snow globe
 from Cleveland. It's the James
 Garfield monument...

DANA

Oh. Thanks.

HARRY

And this is for you, my dear.

He hands Helen a travel book - "100 Amazing Destinations."
Helen forces a tight smile.

HELEN

I love it. There's a list of things
on the counter to pick up for the
barbecue. Welcome home, Harry.

They head out. As the door closes, Harry stands there, alone.

24

INT. MINI-VAN - DAY

In on HELEN driving the kids to school in the family minivan.

HELEN

Jake. Seatbelt.

Jake puts his seatbelt on. Dana sits in the back
contemplating her snow globe-

DANA

I can't believe Dad got me this. I
think this is the most boring
object in the universe.

HELEN

Really? Weren't you just looking at
your snow globes last night...?

DANA

Half my room is snow globes. They
were exciting when I was **eight**. I
swear, it's like he doesn't even
know me.

HELEN

That's not fair-

JAKE

She's not wrong. I don't even wear
baseball caps anymore.

HELEN

Well, your father works very hard.
It's nice he's thinking of us.

Helen pulls to a stop in front of the High School. Jake and Dana grab their stuff as they go to get out...

HELEN (CONT'D)

I love yo-

SLAM. They're gone. Helen watches as they hurry inside with their friends, in their own world. She sighs and pulls out.

25

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Helen drives along a suburban street. As she stops at a stop sign, her eyes drift over to her travel book, next to the mini-van's cup-holders. She stares at it for a long moment, her face roiling with emotion, muttering to herself...

HELEN

*A hundred places we'll never see. A
hundred things we'll never do.*

Suddenly she **THROWS IT OUT THE WINDOW** and **STOMPS ON THE GAS**.

The mini-van lurches forward onto the empty suburban street. She speeds up, faster and faster. She drives, focused...

She **CORNERS HARD**, screeching around a curve, missing a mailbox by **INCHES** and **ROCKETING** into the street...

Up ahead, there's a yellow light. She weaves through traffic like a formula one driver. She charges through the light and turns, drifting as she **ROARS** down the street. She looks excited, alive, as the speedometer creeps up...

She cranks the wheel into an **INSANE U-turn** and **SCREECHES TO A STOP**. She pants, eyes closed, basking in the adrenaline. Finally she looks over at her destination. "**LOTUS FLOWER YOGA**," a little mini-mall yoga studio. She grabs her mat and gets out of the car, slamming the door as we **SMASH TO BLACK**.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

26 **INT./EXT. LOTUS FLOWER YOGA STUDIO - DAY**

A mid-range yoga studio. A dozen moms and two guys do yoga to soft music. Helen breathes into a difficult stretch.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR
...breathing, in out... Namaste.

As the class breaks up, Helen's friend CHERRY looks over.

CHERRY
How do you do that with your legs?
I swear, you're half octopus.

HELEN
Just following directions...

CHERRY
Well, you're my hero. Join me for a
juice?

27 **EXT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY**

Helen and Cherry sip juices on the yoga studio patio. Cherry squints at Helen, who looks a little agitated...

CHERRY
Something wrong? You're supposed to
be all zen-ed out after yoga.

HELEN
I'm fine. It's nothing.

CHERRY
Come on, girl. Spill it.

HELEN
Okay, you can't tell anyone, but...
(hesitates, then whispers)
I drove here this morning at about
a hundred miles an hour. Maybe
more. No. Definitely more.

CHERRY
What? Are you insane? Why?

HELEN
That's just it. I don't know. I
think maybe I **am** insane.

(MORE)

HELEN (CONT'D)

I mean, I don't do it when anyone's **around**. I don't want to kill anyone. I just get these urges to do something... exciting. It's some kind of weird mid-life crisis. I'm like, "**where did my life go?**" I had dreams. Plans. I gave up a tenure track job at Georgetown to care for the kids and support Harry's career. Now? The kids are done with me and Harry's not even a **manager**. He talks about his work and my eyes just glaze over.

CHERRY

So... this is about Harry, then.

HELEN

I guess it is, yeah. God, I can't believe I'm saying this. He's a good husband, a good father, but...

CHERRY

...but you're not satisfied?

HELEN

It wasn't always like this. I mean, we met in Madrid! He seemed exciting. I thought we'd have **adventures**. I mean, I knew he sold computers but I figured he'd quit and do something interesting. But I look at him now, and I realize... I married a nice, boring computer salesman whose idea of adventure is ordering coffee from Hawaii.

CHERRY

Are you two still... intimate?

HELEN

Sometimes. And I love him, I do, it's just... when I fantasize, it's not even about that. I just want to hold his hand, look into his eyes, and see **passion** there. I want to feel my heart pound.

CHERRY

And you deserve that. Listen, maybe I shouldn't say this, but a lot of times when **you** feel disconnected, it's because **they** are. Does Harry work late a lot?

(MORE)

CHERRY (CONT'D)
 (off Helen's hesitant nod)
 Late-night texting? Private phone
 calls he steps away to take...?

HELEN
 Well yes, but he has work projects-

CHERRY
 Helen... I think maybe you're not
 the only one with a secret.

28 **INT. APEX SOLUTIONS OFFICE - DAY**

An ordinary-looking office... cubicles, conference rooms, a
 break room. Harry trudges through, looking tired. A
 secretary, DONNA (60) waves to him from a desk...

DONNA
 How was the sales conference?

HARRY
 Pretty good! Might make our June
 sales numbers after all!

Harry grabs a cup of coffee and heads for the elevator at the
 back of the office. He hits the button... it dings open.

29 **INT. APEX SOLUTIONS OFFICE - ELEVATOR**

Harry waves at a co-worker as the doors shut, then presses a
 sequence of numbers on what looks like an ordinary elevator
 button panel. A light scans his retina...

ELEVATOR COMPUTER (O.S.)
Please Identify.

HARRY
 Harry Tasker.

The elevator descends, opening to the sleek, high-tech
 underground HQ of Omega Sector. He enters, on a mission, as
 we SMASH TO:

31 **INT. DIRECTOR TRILBY'S OFFICE - DAY**

Harry sits in the office of Omega Sector Director SUSAN
 TRILBY (60's, severe-looking).

HARRY
 Trilby, you want to tell me what
 the Hell is going on?

TRILBY

What? You had a successful mission.
We're questioning Raisani now-

HARRY

I have a few questions of my own.
What kind of arms dealer can get
every major rogue state and terror
group in the world to come to **him**
for an event like that? There's
something you're not telling us.

Trilby considers Harry, coming to a decision. She sighs.

TRILBY

This is beyond top secret, but I
suppose you should know at this
point... Take a look at this.

Trilby taps a remote control. On a screen behind her,
security footage of a US military base appears. There's a
concrete wall around the facility, guards in front-

TRILBY (CONT'D)

Iraq, last May. That's a hardened
military base...

As he watches, the concrete wall around the facility begins
to VIBRATE, then ripple like water. Soldiers run as the
vibration increases and the WALL DISINTEGRATES.

TRILBY (CONT'D)

All the defenses - the concrete,
the steel - crumbled in **seconds**.
And it wasn't the first attack,
either. That event you crashed last
night? Every one of the guests was
shopping for one of their very own.

Harry watches the screen, very concerned now...

HARRY

Where'd it come from...?

TRILBY

We don't know. We were hoping
Raisani would know, but so far it
looks like he's just a very well-
paid middleman.

HARRY

Did we stop the sales? Are those
things out there?

TRILBY
I wish I knew, Harry.

Harry gets up, looking at the screen. Off the face of a soldier, twisted in terror, we CUT TO:

32 **INT. TASKER HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING**

Harry is in the kitchen of his house, searching a cupboard. He is wearing an apron. Through a window to the backyard, we can see Helen hosting a barbecue in progress. Harry frowns-

HARRY
Jake! Where's the barbecue sauce?

Jake looks over from helping Helen with the snacks...

JAKE
It's behind the cereal.

HARRY
What is it doing behind the cereal?

JAKE
I like it on my sandwiches. If it's out people use it-

HARRY
Jake, you can't **hoard** BBQ sauce!
I've been looking for it-

At the counter, Dana is taking raw chicken out of a package and putting it on a tray. She grimaces...

DANA
This is gross. Why do we have to barbecue anyway?

HARRY
Because we're a family and we're supporting your mom. And if you want to go to the beach with Riley tomorrow, you'll stop complaining.

Dana rolls her eyes, but shuts up. Harry rushes out to the backyard with the sauce and a platter of chicken. Helen intercepts him as he goes through the door.

HELEN
Make sure to talk to Lawrence.
(off his look)
My department chair? Harry, we've been talking about this for weeks-

HARRY
 (winces—he blew it)
 I'm on it. Lawrence.

33 **INT. TASKER HOME - EVENING**

Chicken sizzles on a grill. Harry tends to it as Helen's co-workers mill around, sipping drinks and snacking. LAWRENCE, a self-important professor, hovers by the grill.

LAWRENCE
 You know, they say too much
 flipping dries it out...

HARRY
 (forcing a smile)
 I'll keep it in mind. So you're the
 head of the department, I hear?

LAWRENCE
 Yes. I miss teaching, but someone
 has to step up. You know, fight the
 battles and win the wars... Oops!
 Little flare-up, there...

Harry struggles to put out the inferno as Lawrence sips wine.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
 Helen says you work in computers?

HARRY
 Yes. Sales to mid-sized insurance-

LAWRENCE
 Sometimes I wish I was in something
 like sales. Get away from the back-
 stabbing, the constant pressure...

Harry bites his lip as he pours beer on the fire - **finally**,
 it goes out. The grill belches smoke as Helen calls-

HELEN (O.S.)
 Harry?

Harry looks over through the smoke. Helen is coming over with
 Gib, a smile barely masking her annoyance...

HELEN (CONT'D)
 Look who's here.

GIB

Hey! Sorry to just drop by... I guess you're in the middle of a party or something?

HELEN

Just some people from my work...

GIB

I won't stay long. Just have a little office update for Harry.

Harry smiles at Lawrence. Helen stares daggers at him...

HARRY

Sorry. We'll be just a second...

HELEN

Let's get you a drink, Lawrence-

As they leave, Harry turns to Gib, voice low, pissed...

HARRY

What are you doing here?

GIB

You weren't answering your phone. Trilby sent me. Interrogation guys cracked Raisani. He told 'em he sold one of those weapons she told you about before we grabbed him.

HARRY

Alright. We can discuss it at the briefing first thing tomorrow-

Gib grabs some cheese from the hors d'oeuvre table.

GIB

Weapon gets **delivered** tomorrow. We gotta go to Paris in the morning on an intercept-and-recover. Mmmm. Is this gouda? Love gouda...

HARRY

She can't send another team?

GIB

(mouth full of cheese)
What team? We're the only ones authorized. Plus, we're the best.

HARRY

Two missions in four days? Gib, I have a cover ID to maintain-

GIB

Hope your cover ID isn't **barbecue master** because you suck at grilling-

He nods at the flaming grill. Harry tries to douse it...

HELEN

Harry. Gib... almost done?

GIB

I'm on my way out. Just letting Harry know about this sales trip tomorrow.

HELEN

There's a sales trip **tomorrow?**

GIB

Third biggest insurance company in the region! Exciting stuff!!

HELEN

Harry. Can I talk to you, please?

HARRY

Sure. It's just... the chicken-

HELEN

Leave... the chicken.

34

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Harry and Helen are mid-argument in the kitchen.

HELEN

There's another trip **tomorrow?**

HARRY

I'm sorry, it just came up. Gib-

HELEN

That's another thing! This party is for **my work colleagues**. Gib's out there eating all the hors d'oeuvres-

HARRY

I'm sorry. It's just a tough time-

HELEN

It's always a tough time. Maybe you should look at your priorities-

HARRY

Priorities? I'm making chicken for your work barbecue as we speak-

HELEN

That's not what I'm talking about. I'm talking about **us**, Harry.

HARRY

What's wrong with **us**?

HELEN

Cherry showed me a checklist online of ten signs your husband's having an affair. Late nights, secret phone calls, emotionally distant... you checked **every single box**.

HARRY

An affair? Helen, this is insane. I'm working. I can show you the pictures from Cleveland-

HELEN

Our marriage is in crisis and your answer is pictures of CLEVELAND?! Something's going on, Harry. Maybe not an affair, but **something**. Look me in the eye and tell me I'm wrong-

HARRY

Helen, I swear it's not what you think. I've been planning something- a surprise to make up for how it's been lately. That's why Gib came over. He was, uh... helping me plan-

HELEN

Plan what?

HARRY

Remember, uh... when we were first dating? How we used to talk about seeing the world? Well... We're going to Paris tomorrow. Surprise!

Off Helen, authentically stunned, we CUT TO:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE35 **EXT. STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Harry and Gib talk on the street by Gib's car. Gib's stunned.

GIB

Dude... this is a joke, right? You invited your wife on a mission??

HARRY

No, I invited her on a vacation! She thought I was having an affair - I had to tell her something!

GIB

So tell her you've got a secret fantasy football league! There's a reason they don't let us date, much less **marry** people without Omega clearance! They made an exception for you because, well... you're the best, but you can't just-

HARRY

You think I want this, Gib!? I thought I had the husband thing handled and suddenly she's worried I don't **love** her anymore?! I can't lose her. I **can't**. After all the things I've done for Omega, all the things I've seen - my family is the only thing keeping me together!

GIB

So get a marriage counselor! We can have an agent in place tomorrow who can tell Helen this is all in her head. Just call off the Paris thing-

HARRY

I can't! I already invited her!

GIB

I'll talk to her, then-

HARRY

I told her you were helping me plan it! Plus, she's mad you ate all our cheese! This is the woman I love, Gib! She's coming. That's it.

GIB

Alright. But for the record? It's a bad idea. And **also** for the record? A lot of people were eating cheese.

Gib goes to the car, slamming the door as we SMASH TO BLACK.

36

INT. TASKER HOME - EARLY MORNING

The next morning. Harry and Helen have roller bags at the door, ready to head to the airport. Dana's upset-

DANA

This is so weird - who decides to just randomly go to Paris?

HARRY

You'll be fine. Mrs. Ruiz, from next door? She'll check in on you-

DANA

Why? You're only gone for a weekend. And I still don't get why I can't go out with Riley now! I helped with the barbecue! You **said-**

HELEN

I know what your father said. But you can't leave Jake home alone-

Dana starts to object. There's a beep-beep from outside.

HARRY

It's decided, okay? That's our Uber-

HELEN

Okay! Be safe! Make good choices!

Harry and Helen go. As the door shuts, Dana scowls at Jake.

JAKE

What? This is **my fault?**

DANA

I'm grounded because of you. That's **the definition** of your fault. So here's the deal. I go out, and you keep your mouth shut, or I tell mom and dad about that fantasy-football gambling ring you're running.

(off his look)

Didn't think I knew? Surprise.

She walks away. Jake, obviously shocked, calls after her-

JAKE
Spying is not cool, Dana! Not cool!

37

EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - DAY

An announcement in French booms through the airport as we find Harry and Helen going through customs in Paris. Helen smiles at the customs officer, speaking in FLAWLESS FRENCH:

HELEN (SUBTITLED FRENCH)
We're American citizens... it's
just a weekend trip.

CUSTOMS OFFICER (SUBTITLED FRENCH)
Have a nice visit...

He stamps their passports as they head over to baggage claim.

HARRY
I'm impressed.

HELEN
I was a comparative languages
professor, Harry. I didn't forget
everything. How's it feel to have a
stamp in your passport?

HARRY
It's, ah... fun! Something new.

As they get to the baggage carousel, Helen overhears two PORTERS speaking in an African language. She leans over-

HELEN (SUBTITLED MALAGASY)
Is this for flight 122?

PORTER (SUBTITLED MALAGASY)
Yes. It's a little delayed.

HARRY
What language was **that**?

HELEN
Malagasy. From Madagascar? Former
French colony...

HARRY
Now you're just showing off.

HELEN
 (smiles, happy he noticed)
 Maybe a little.

38 **INT. PARK HYATT PARIS-VENDÔME - SUITE - DAY**

Harry changes into a suit as Helen explores the room...

HELEN
 This place is amazing. The bathtub
 is like a swimming pool! How much?

HARRY
 Never mind that, we're splurging.

Harry checks his watch. As Helen looks over he covers...

HELEN
 Everything okay?

HARRY
 Everything's perfect. Just need to
 go pick up tickets for the opera.

HELEN
 You didn't tell me we were going to
 the **opera**?

HARRY
 I'm full of surprises. Take a bath,
 relax... I'll be back to take you
 to dinner.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Harry emerges from the hotel, looking sharp in his suit. He hurries over to a black sedan with tinted windows and gets in. As it pulls out we cut inside...

INT. BLACK SEDAN - DAY

Gib drives. Harry rides shotgun. Gloria rides in back, dressed in a business pantsuit, while Luther sports a workman's uniform.

HARRY
 What's our status?

GIB
 Our status is time is tight because
 you couldn't stay at the Ramada-
 (MORE)

GIB (CONT'D)

(off Harry's warning look)

Raisani told the interrogation team
The weapon's being delivered to an
office in a building downtown. The
Courier'll be guarded until he gets
to the building but he has to meet
the buyer alone, so that's our
opening. We have one hour to get
the weapon and get it to the
airport for transport to Omega HQ.

HARRY

Make it 45 minutes. I need to pick
up flowers on the way back.

Luther rolls his eyes. Gloria catches it, muttering...

GLORIA

I think it's nice. He knows how to
treat a woman. Unlike some people.

LUTHER

How are you **still** pissed about
Berlin?

GLORIA

I'll **always** be pissed about Berlin.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Helen bathes in the luxurious hotel suite bathroom, enjoying
the bubbles on her skin... Romantic french music plays...

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Gib stands on the street, using a high-res camera on the
phone to monitor a COURIER with a SUITCASE walking toward a
building with several burly GUARDS. Gib taps his earbud...

GIB (ON RADIO)

Target approaching building.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - BASEMENT - DAY

In the basement of the office building we find LUTHER at an
ELEVATOR CONTROL BOX; some wires lead to his computer.

LUTHER

Copy that. Initiating control...

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The guards peel off as the Courier enters the building. Gloria stands near the elevators, sipping a cup of coffee...

GLORIA (INTO RADIO)
Target has left his security team.
Isolating now...

Gloria moves out; in a practiced move she TRIPS, spilling papers and coffee in the path of some businessmen approaching the elevator. As they deal with the mess, the Courier moves to the elevators ALONE...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Helen dries her hair, singing along with the romantic French music, clearly having the time of her life...

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

An elevator opens. The Courier gets on and presses the button for the penthouse. He watches the floor numbers rise, hand tight on the suitcase... then frowns as they slow, and STOP. He presses the button for the penthouse again, alarmed-

As HARRY DROPS down from the ceiling maintenance panel! The Courier turns, and he and Harry exchange a vicious series of blows. Harry knocks the Courier out with a elbow to the head, then binds his hands and feet, using a CABLE to HOIST him through the maintenance panel and onto the roof of the elevator. He slides the panel back and grabs the case.

HARRY (ON RADIO)
Target neutralized. Item secured.

The elevator floor numbers fall again. Harry adjusts his tie as he emerges from the elevator with the case.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Harry, Luther, and Gloria meet Gib at the back of the building. Harry hands off the case.

HARRY
Get that straight to the airport.
I've got flowers to buy.

Gloria and Luther get in, and the car takes off.

HARRY

Helen, I want to apologize for... well, for everything. I've been a terrible husband, and-

HELEN

No, Harry, you haven't. I just... I miss how we used to be sometimes. Remember when we first met?

HARRY

Every minute.

HELEN

Remember how we stayed up till dawn in that little bar by Puerta del Sol? Talking about dreams, and adventures... Back then, I always thought you'd leave Apex Computer Systems and, I dunno. Join the FBI or the Peace Corps. Something crazy- where'd **that** Harry Tasker go?

HARRY

That's still me. I mean, I **loved** Madrid. I just thought I should do something... Stable. To take care of you and the kids. And Apex has been good to us. I mean, the 401k, the medical flex account...

HELEN

I married **you**, Harry, not America's number three supplier of computer systems to the insurance industry.

Helen's hand rests on the table by Harry's, almost touching.

HELEN (CONT'D)

What if there's something more than making car payments and getting the kids to school and re-seeding the lawn once a year? Don't you sometimes want **passion? Adventure?**

As she speaks, Harry drifts off, noticing something...

HELEN (CONT'D)

Harry...

From Harry's POV he see: SIX MEN entering the restaurant, MP7s under their jackets. Harry checks his watch, hitting buttons as he subtly sends a DISTRESS SIGNAL. All Helen sees, though, is Harry checking his watch. She frowns, pissed...

HELEN (CONT'D)
Am I **boring** you?

HARRY
Helen. We need to go. Now.

HELEN
Unbelievable. This is so typical.
The minute I try to talk about
anything deeper than the electric
bill, you check out-

HARRY
No. Helen. Listen to me. There are
men with guns-

HELEN
Oh, so it's a joke, now? This is a
joke to you-

One of the men comes closer, pulling out his gun. Suddenly,
Harry leaps up, grabbing the CHAMPAGNE from the ice and
CLOCKING THE MAN ACROSS THE HEAD... Helen stares, stunned.

HARRY
Helen! COME ON!

The men rush for Harry as he jumps into action. Patrons
scream as he fights the men off with anything that comes to
hand - A PLATE, a FORK, a PLATTER OF SIZZLING ESCARGOT.

Helen watches, shocked, as Harry roundhouse kicks one of the
men, then VAULTS a chair to knock another back...

HELEN
WHAT IS HAPPENING!?

HARRY
Stay behind me!

Harry throws a man to the ground and grabs his gun. The guy
STABS HARRY IN THE ARM with a steak knife. Harry grabs a
CARAFE and smashes it over the man's head. He looks to the
exit - it's blocked by fleeing customers...

HARRY (CONT'D)
HELEN! FOLLOW ME!

Harry RUNS for the plate glass window at the front of the
restaurant. He FIRES; the rounds spiderweb the window. He and
Helen CRASH THROUGH in a shower of glass...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR48 **EXT. FRENCH BISTRO - NIGHT**

Helen and Harry emerge onto the street in front of the Bistro in a shower of glass. Helen looks back at the gunmen-

HELEN
Who were those people?

HARRY
I don't know!

Harry lunges into the street in front of a TAXI, stopping it. The driver's eyes go wide as he sees the MP7 in Harry's hand.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Out of the car!

The man scrambles out of the car, panicking... Helen sees Harry's bloody hand as Harry starts for the car.

HELEN
You can't drive! You're bleeding!

Helen gets in the driver's seat. Harry slides in the other side as GUNMEN tumble out of the restaurant after them.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Harry! Seatbelt!

Harry does as he's told and the couple TAKES OFF...

49 **INT. TAXI / EXT. PARIS STREETS - NIGHT**

Helen tears down a narrow street, weaving through traffic.

HELEN
Harry, what is going on? Where did you learn to fight like that?

HARRY
I just... remember those Tae Kwon Do classes I took with Dana?

HELEN
You learned that getting a **yellow belt** in a strip mall?

CRACK! A bullet hits the rear window. There are TWO BLACK SEDANS behind them now. Harry RETURNS FIRE with his MP7-

HELEN (CONT'D)

Since when can you shoot guns?

Helen deftly sweeps around a garbage truck with INCHES to spare... it TAKES OUT one of the sedans!

HARRY

I don't know! I just pulled the trigger thing! And since when can you drive like this!?

HELEN

It's just a thing I do sometimes!

HARRY

What? WHY?

HELEN

IT RELIEVES STRESS-

Helen power-slides around a corner... it looks like they're home free until A SEDAN speeds out of a side-street, the driver FIRING - Helen screams as their TIRES are shot out.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I can't control the car! I can't-

WHAM! The car careens into a pole. SMASH TO:

EXT. AIRPORT TARMACK - NIGHT

Luther and Gloria are on the tarmac at a military airport, carrying the weapon to a heavily armed SECURITY TEAM. It's out of its case, now; it looks vaguely like a gun, with a barrel like a tuning fork.

GIB (O.S.)

HEY! HEEEEY!!

Luther and Gloria turn to see Gib running across the tarmac.

GIB (CONT'D)

It's Harry. He activated his distress signal.

LUTHER

Why? He was just going to dinner-

GIB

I don't know. He's not answering his phone, and police reports are coming in of a high speed chase. We've got to find them. Now.

LUTHER

What about the weapon?

GIB

The weapon goes on the plane.

GLORIA

And Harry's family? Those kids are at home. Who's going to tell them-

GIB

We're putting the kids under guard now. If we find Harry and Helen there's nothing to tell. Let's go.

INT. TASKER HOME - DAY

Dana watches TV as Jake eats ice cream from the carton in the kitchen. He looks out the window, curious. A team of ROAD WORKERS sets up at one end of the street, blocking traffic.

JAKE

Ugh. They're doing street work. Didn't they just do it last month?

DANA

Who cares? Also, use a bowl, maybe?

They're interrupted by a knock at the door. Jake answers it. MRS. RUIZ (50's) stands there with some grocery bags. She looks like a suburban cat lady, but somehow sharper...

JAKE

Hey, Mrs. Ruiz.

MRS. RUIZ

Hey! Just came by to check in...
Everything all right, here?
(before he can answer)
I thought I'd fix you two dinner!

JAKE

Uh, we were gonna order pizza-

MRS. RUIZ

Don't be silly. Your father would never forgive me. You need a home cooked meal. I brought lasagna!

As she heads to the kitchen, she calls out to them...

MRS. RUIZ (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I thought I'd stay after dinner,
 make sure you're settled...

Jake shoots a look at Dana. The two of them *whisper*:

JAKE
 She's staying, too? Weird...

DANA
 Obviously Mom and Dad sent her.
 What **is** this? They run off and now
 they're spying on us-

JAKE
 So much for going to the beach-

DANA
 You think you're off the hook? It's
 not just me and Riley. It's like
 six of us, **and** our boyfriends, and
 I was supposed to bring the beer-

JAKE
 Wait... you have a boyfriend? Who-

DANA
 I suggest you worry less about my
 love life and more about how we're
 going to get two cases of beer out
 of the house past Mrs. Ruiz. Ugh!
 This is **so unfair**. Mom and Dad get
 to live it up in Paris, and we're
 like, prisoners...

51 **INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Harry and Helen, sitting in the darkness halfway across the world. As we pull back we reveal they are in a basement, tied to chairs. They look a little bruised. Across the room, two ARMED GUARDS confer - they were part of the group Harry fought at the bistro. Helen turns to Harry, *whispering*...

HELEN
We have to talk to them...

HARRY
Helen. Please. Don't say anything-

HELEN
*I know you're scared, Harry, but I
 read about this. We have to engage,
 make them see us as human beings...*
 (MORE)

HELEN (CONT'D)

(calls to the guards)

There's been a mistake! My husband is a computer salesman! I teach at the junior college! We don't have any money-

The guards exit and SLAM the door, leaving them alone.

HARRY

What are you doing? You can't-

HELEN

Harry, you're very good at computers - and apparently very good at tae kwon do - but you've barely been out of the country-

HARRY

That's not... I... I'm in sales! Negotiating is what I do-

They're interrupted as the door opens, and FRANÇOIS, the concierge from the hotel, walks in. Harry stares, alarmed-

FRANÇOIS

Monsieur Tasker.

HELEN

You know him?

HARRY

(reeling)

Yes. He's the hotel concierge-

FRANÇOIS

So sorry you won't make the opera. They were excellent seats.

HARRY

What do you want?

FRANÇOIS

You know very well what I want. And your friends at Omega Sector are going to give it to me.

52

EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT

Emergency vehicles are at the site of the car crash. Police and firefighters are cleaning up and making reports. We find Luther and Gloria watching, concerned...

GLORIA

At least it wasn't a hit team. They wanted them alive...

LUTHER

That's worse.

(off her look, defensive)

I don't mean it's worse that they're **alive**. But if Harry talks, they could crack Omega like an egg.

GLORIA

You think he'd talk?

LUTHER

They've got his **wife**. This is why Omega operatives stay single.

GLORIA

Some stay single because they're emotionally stunted asshats.

Luther is about to respond when they're interrupted by Gib, who comes over, face grave.

GIB

Bad news. We know what happened, and it's not good. Remember Harry's little errand to get flowers? He got followed. We pulled these off traffic cameras...

He swipes through a series of surveillance photos. Harry walks, carrying flowers. Francois follows him from half a block away.

GIB (CONT'D)

See that guy there? He tailed Harry from the building. And this is from the hotel. He slipped into the back while Harry was waiting at the concierge desk. Came out as a concierge. Smart move. Got Harry's plans, got a whole team in place.

More surveillance photos show Francois slipping into an office at the hotel. Luther frowns...

GLORIA

Is the distress signal still live?

GIB

For now. Let's go.

54

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Harry and Helen in the basement with François. Harry looks desperate, really selling the normal-guy-in-trouble thing. François glares as he PUNCHES Harry across the face.

FRANÇOIS

Where... is the weapon?

HARRY

What weapon? This is crazy. I don't know who you think we are, but I've never heard of any Omega-

FRANÇOIS

(hits him again)

No more lies. I spent over a hundred million dollars for that little item you stole. You think I won't kill you to get it back?

HELEN

What're you talking about? Weapons? Omega? He sells computers! He's - he's not even a manager!

Harry winces a bit at this, but Helen continues-

HELEN (CONT'D)

He makes \$63,000 a year and drives a 2004 Subaru! He's the fourth best player in his bowling league!

François glares at Helen, annoyed, then turns to his men.

FRANÇOIS

Kill the woman. She's useless to us-

As the men raise their guns, about to fire, Harry yells:

HARRY

WAIT! Just WAIT! You're right, okay? I'm an Omega Sector operative-

The men are about to fire, fingers squeezing triggers...

HARRY (CONT'D)

-AND SHE IS MY SUPERVISOR!

François puts up a hand to his men. Helen's incredulous:

HELEN

Harry, what are you talking about-

HARRY

I know we swore never to reveal our identities, but they're going to kill you. Just tell them the truth-

FRANÇOIS

You're saying **she...** is a spy?

HARRY

Come on! What kind of idiot would bring some **useless junior college teacher** on a mission?

François cocks his head at Harry, considering this. He looks at Helen, who is now baffled **and** offended.

FRANÇOIS

I think you are lying to us. Maybe we cut out one of your eyes and see if your story changes...

He pulls a knife and steps toward Harry. Helen's eyes go wide. She jumps in, desperately improvising:

HELEN

It's true, alright!
(off François' look)
Of course I'm an Omega, uh, supervisor! How do you think I out-drove your entire team in a taxi!?

François stares at her, uncertain, his men still ready to fire... her life hangs on a knife's edge, until...

FRANÇOIS

We take them both. Get the helicopter ready.

François and the men go. As the door shuts, Helen turns to Harry, glaring...

HELEN

I think it's time to tell this **useless junior college teacher** what the hell is going on.

HARRY

Helen, I'm a spy. I work for an organization called Omega Sector-

HELEN

This is insane. You were just at a sales conference in Cleveland-

HARRY

I was in the Caribbean. Capturing a black market arms dealer. We intercepted a weapon earlier today-

HELEN

Wait... what? **When?**

HARRY

Before dinner. When I was getting the opera tickets.

Helen sees he's dead serious. She takes a breath, then:

HELEN

So... you don't sell computers?

HARRY

Well... sort of. Apex is a front for a spy organization. In college, about a year after we started dating, they recruited me...

HELEN

YOU'VE BEEN DOING THIS SINCE 2002? You looked me in the eye! You swore you were telling the truth-

HARRY

I was telling the truth! I wasn't having an affair!

HELEN

Apparently that's the only thing you've told me the truth about for TWENTY YEARS! Oh God. The kids...

HARRY

They'll be fine. Omega Sector will keep them safe. Mrs. Ruiz is a trained countersurveillance officer-

HELEN

Mrs. Ruiz? The **cat lady next door** is part of this?

(realizing)

Harry, have you had people watching us? Spying on us!?

HARRY

I've had people keeping you safe. Please. I'll explain everything. Let's just get out of here alive.

55

INT. TASKER HOME - NIGHT

Dana and Jake sit at dinner with Mrs. Ruiz, poking at gross lasagna as she shows off cat pictures on her phone.

MRS. RUIZ

And this is Socks Two... his mommy was Socks One...

JAKE

Right, I kinda figured...

DANA

That is so cute. So, uh... I dunno about you guys, but I am **stuffed**, and I've got some homework...

She takes the plates to the kitchen. From behind Mrs. Ruiz, she catches Jake's eye, mouthing: "Meet me upstairs."

MRS. RUIZ

And here's Domino. I call her that because she has spots like a domino-

JAKE

Actually, I should probably hit the books, too... Thanks for showing us all the cats. That was awesome.

MRS. RUIZ

Any time, dear!

After Jake and Dana go Mrs. Ruiz taps her hearing aid, glancing out at the construction crew on the street.

MRS. RUIZ (CONT'D)

Security team, this is team leader. Fox cub one and fox cub two secure.

CONSTRUCTION CREW LEADER (ON RADIO)

Copy, team leader. Perimeter clear.

INT. DANA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jake slips into Dana's room to find his sister in the middle of taking SNOW GLOBES off her shelves, revealing two HIDDEN CASES OF BEER. They whisper...

JAKE

That's where you hide your beer?

DANA

*At least the stupid snow globes are good for **something**. Help me...*

Jake helps her pull the cases of beer out.

JAKE

How did you even get this?

DANA

I made a fake ID. In art class-

JAKE

With the holograms and the scan codes and everything?

DANA

I'm a very good artist. Now c'mon.

She goes to the window and slips out...

EXT. TASKER HOME - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Dana and Jake sneak out a second story window, carefully lowering the beer down from the roof to the yard. They move through the yard, staying low and out of sight of the street. As they near the edge of a hedge, however, Dana trips; the bottles CLANK. Jake freezes, looking through the bushes...

JAKE

The street workers. One just looked over here. I think they heard...

DANA

Who cares? They're street workers-

JAKE

I know. It's just... The **way** he looked was weird. Just... hang on.

They look through the bushes. The worker looks over wary - and it's true - he looks a LOT more interested than a street worker should be at a random noise. A beat. He says something into a radio and goes back to work. Satisfied all is clear, Dana leads Jake over to an area by the neighbor's garage...

JAKE (CONT'D)

Why are we by Mrs. Lim's garage?

DANA

Because it's the one place you can meet someone without being seen from the street or the house-

They're interrupted by a whisper from OS.

VOICE

Dana! Babe, over here-

Dana looks over as BRANDON (20, good-looking bad boy) comes over. He kisses her deeply. So deeply Jake winces...

DANA

Sorry I can't come. It sucks...

BRANDON

Next time. Thanks for the brews.
I'll text you later?

Dana nods... Brandon gives Jake a bro-ish nod as he grabs the beer. One more kiss from Dana and he heads out. Jake looks at his sister, mind blown; she evades his gaze.

DANA

We should get back. Come on...

She heads out. A beat, and Jake follows as we CUT TO:

57

EXT. BUILDING - DAWN

Luther, Gloria, and Gib converge on an old building on the edge of Paris, long shut down. Gib checks his tracking device-

GIB

Looks like they're in there...

Gloria looks through binoculars as Luther pulls out pistols.

GLORIA

Two guards posted outside...
there's also activity on the roof.

LUTHER

Probably preparing to move them. We
need to get in there now. You two
deal with the guards-

GIB

Wait... You two? I'm a logistics
guy, not a field operative-

LUTHER

Welcome to the field. Let's go.

Luther hands Gib a pistol. Gloria moves in, staying low and out of sight. At a look from Luther, Gib does the same.

IN A MONTAGE, we see their assault.

- Luther misdirects, luring a GUARD around a corner by tossing some pebbles, then jumps him, choking him out...
- Gib lures the other guard toward a parked cars and ATTACKS, tries to choke him out. Gib gets an elbow to the face and falls backwards. The guard falls with him and hits his head on a car bumper. Out cold. Gib blinks, surprised...
- Luther goes to the door, pulls out a THERMITE CHARGE and slaps it on. Sparks fly as the charge cuts through the metal.
- Luther, Gib, and Gloria reconvene at the door and move in.

58

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAWN

On the broad rooftop of the building, François and his men prepare to leave. A helicopter is stationed at the other side of the roof. Francois confers with one of his men.

FRANÇOIS

Yes, the woman may be another Omega Sector operative. We'll know soon enough if she's telling the truth-

He's interrupted by one of the GUARDS coming over.

GUARD

Sir. We've lost radio contact with the men downstairs...

FRANÇOIS

What? How long?

GUARD

A few minutes? It could just be a problem with the radios...

François pulls a gun and goes to the roof edge, looking off.

FRANÇOIS

That's not a chance we can take.
(speaks into radio)
Bring the prisoners up. Now.

59

INT. BASEMENT - DAWN

In the basement, Harry and Helen sit, nervous, as two GUARDS come through the heavy metal door, MP7s ready. The men talk in a gruff foreign tongue, glaring at Harry. Helen listens closely. As the men unshackle their feet, Helen WHISPERS.

HELEN

The one on the right. Something's wrong with his knee. From the fight at the restaurant-

HARRY

How do you know?

HELEN

Because they're from Algeria, and your **useless wife** speaks Berber.

One of the guards growls at them - clearly some version of SHUT UP. As they get Harry and Helen to their feet, Harry pretends to stumble, then sweeps the injured guard's knee. The man SCREAMS in agony as he falls.

Harry launches himself into the other guard, head-butting him and fighting with mui tai kicks. Helen sees the injured guard recovering. She drops and wraps her legs around his neck and CHOKES HIM OUT. Harry stares...

HARRY

Where did you learn to do that?

HELEN

Yoga class... What do we do now?

HARRY

Our best chance is to get to the roof and steal the helicopter.

HELEN

You can fly a helicopter? When we were on Maui and I said I wanted to go on the volcano tour you said they made you **airsick-**

HARRY

(freeing her hands)
Honey, can this wait?

HELEN

Fine... but **this can't**.

She SLAPS him. HARD.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE60 **INT. BASEMENT - DAY**

Helen and Harry have undressed one of the GUARDS, who is now bound and gagged. Harry struggles to change into one of the guard's uniforms, which is too small by a few sizes...

HARRY

I'll pretend to be a guard and take you out there. We'll get to the helicopter and try to take it over-

HELEN

That's a terrible idea. I'll be the guard, **you** be the prisoner.

HARRY

Helen, I'm trying to save our **lives**-

HELEN

That's what **I'm** trying to do. A? The uniform clearly doesn't fit you. B? I'm the prisoner nobody cares about. They'll notice way more if **you're** not out there...

Harry looks at Helen with new eyes. She's right. SMASH TO:

63 **EXT. ROOFTOP - MINUTES LATER**

The door to the roof opens, and Helen, in the guard's uniform with the cap pulled low, escorts Harry to the helicopter. At the edge of the roof François and his men are trying to reach the guards on the radios. François turns and sees what looks like a guard escorting Harry to the helicopter...

FRANÇOIS (SUBTITLED)

GO! FASTER!! GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

Helen and Harry exchange a glance - it's working. As they get to the chopper door, the pilot calls over...

CHOPPER PILOT (SUBTITLED BERBER)

I thought there were two now!

HELEN (SUBTITLED BERBER)

What!? I can't hear you!

Frustrated, the pilot leans over...

CHOPPER PILOT (SUBTITLED BERBER)
WHERE IS THE OTHER PRISONER-

He freezes as he sees HELEN'S FACE. There's a brief moment, then HARRY grabs him and throws him out of the helicopter. Harry and Helen jump onboard...

ON THE ROOF, François looks over and sees... SOMETHING IS VERY WRONG. He yells to his men:

FRANÇOIS
The helicopter! Shoot it down!!

The men FIRE at the helicopter as it winds up, lifting off.

64 **INT. HELICOPTER - DAY**

INSIDE THE CHOPPER, bullets CRACK into the windscreen...

HARRY
There's too much fire! We're not going to make it...

65 **EXT. ROOFTOP - INTERCUT**

Three of François' men advance, shooting at the helicopter. It's looking bad... and then suddenly one DROPS.

Reveal Luther, Gloria, and Gib as they BURST ONTO THE ROOF. Luther FIRES again and another guard drops. The third guard turns and SPRAYS BULLETS at them, forcing them behind cover. François takes the opportunity to RUN FOR THE CHOPPER as it takes off. He LEAPS from the edge of the roof and GRABS ONTO ONE OF THE RUNNERS. The helicopter lurches but he HANGS ON...

66 **INT. HELICOPTER - DAY**

Harry yells to Helen as he struggles with the chopper..

HARRY
I can't control it! Get him off-

Helen moves to the door of the chopper, holding on for dear life as she KICKS at François' hands... HE GRABS HER LEG. Her grip is slipping until - WHAM! She kicks him in the face and François falls with a scream. The loss of his weight causes the helicopter to LURCH... and HELEN tumbles out! She barely catches the side of the chopper as she SCREAMS...

HELEN
HARRY! HELP!

Harry looks over, horrified. The helicopter is out of control, heading toward a building... But Helen's slipping. He makes his choice. He LUNGES for his wife...

HARRY

HELEN! Give me your hand!!

Helen reaches; their hands LOCK. The helicopter spins, seconds from crashing, but Harry stares into his wife's eyes, not letting go for a second as he pulls her inside...

He wrestles with the controls and pulls up just in time to SCRAPE THE TOP OF A BUILDING as they rocket into the sky. Helen looks down and sees: they are STILL HOLDING HANDS. As they share a moment, we SMASH TO BLACK.

67

EXT. TASKER HOME - THAT EVENING

A Civic arrives outside the Tasker home. Inside we find Harry and Helen, looking ragged and exhausted. Gib drives...

GIB

So, um... Not to intrude on your personal business or anything, but I did notice that you two haven't really spoken for ten hours. And I know you have a lot to process, but now that you're home, it might be better for security if you, you know... acted normal.

(clears his throat)

So, uh... We uploaded pictures of the two of you at dinner and the opera to your phones. You have an Eiffel Tower snowglobe for Dana and a baseball cap with a frog on it-

HELEN

Keep them. Dana hates snow globes. Jake doesn't wear baseball caps.

Harry winces - this is news to him. Gib looks truly hurt.

GIB

But the frog, on the hat? It's holding a baguette. It's so cute-

HELEN

It's yours, Gib. Enjoy. So, just to be clear... the entire time that I've known you, you've been...

GIB
 That's classified? But... yeah.
 Also, you're both gonna need to be
 in the office first thing tomorrow
 for a debrief on all of this.
 (off Harry's look)
 Don't look at me. Orders came down
 from the top.

Harry nods, too tired to argue. As they start to go Gib grins-

GIB (CONT'D)
 Five stars, please.

HARRY
 Not funny, Gib.

GIB
 C'mon. I saved your lives! I found
 the tracking signa-

SLAM. The door closes.

EXT. TASKER HOME - CONTINUOUS

Harry and Helen go to the trunk to collect their luggage.

HELEN
 So we're supposed to act **normal**?
 After we got kidnapped? Nearly died
 in a helicopter crash?

HARRY
 Just... please. Do your best. For
 the kids.

68

INT. TASKER HOME - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Dana and Jake look out the window, as Harry gets the luggage from the trunk. Dana clocks their parents' dark mood.

DANA
 Hey, I need to talk to you about
 something.

JAKE
 What? You gonna blackmail me again?

DANA
 No... listen, Jake, I was nervous
 everyone was going to hate me for
 letting them down. I was a bitch.
 (MORE)

DANA (CONT'D)

I've got secrets and I should let you have yours. I'm sorry.

JAKE

Apology accepted.

DANA

Anyways... I'm worried about mom and dad. I thought this was weird, but it's getting weirder. I mean... do they **look** like they just came back from a vacation?

Jake looks out at his parents, trudging up the walk. They can't hear the conversation, but it's pretty clearly tense.

JAKE

Yeah, not really.

DANA

I don't know what, but... There's something they're not telling us.

The siblings trade a look as the door opens and Harry and Helen enter, smiles pasted on their faces...

HARRY

We're home!

HELEN

Everything go okay!?

Jake and Dana paste on smiles of their own.

JAKE

Everything was great!

DANA

How was Paris?

As Harry and Helen hug Jake and Dana hello, we see the worry in everyone's eyes... FADE TO BLACK.

70

INT. APEX SOLUTIONS OFFICE - MORNING

The next day. Helen and Harry walk through Harry's office. A few co-workers wave. Helen smiles blandly at them as she and Harry head to the elevator.

HELEN

Are all of your co-workers, you know...?

HARRY

No. Most just sell computers.

He presses the button for the elevator.

HARRY (CONT'D)

We all do. Some of us just... have
a side job.

INT. OMEGA SECTOR - DAY

Harry and Helen emerge into the offices of Omega sector.
Helen looks around, stunned...

HARRY

Helen. I know this is a lot to
absorb, but it doesn't have to be
all bad. Seeing what you did in
Paris... You were amazing.

Helen bites her lip. He's right, and she knows it... She
softens, on the verge of coming around, and then he BLOWS IT:

HARRY (CONT'D)

I've wanted to be honest with you
for so many years, and now-

HELEN

And now **what**, Harry? I'm married to
someone I don't know. Someone who
knows martial arts and shoots guns
and flies helicopters and goes on
missions around the world... but
spent his entire marriage insisting
skiing is too dangerous and he
can't travel because foreign foods
upset his stomach.

HARRY

Well, technically, some foreign
foods DO upset my-

HELEN

You're not making this better.
Let's just go to this meeting.

71

INT. OMEGA SECTOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

In the Omega Sector headquarters, Helen and Harry sit with
Director Trilby in a conference room.

TRILBY

You do understand this was the
worst time for you to break cover.

HARRY

I realize that-

TRILBY

The man you knew as Francois was with a radical group known as the International Front. They had big plans for that weapon. We **think** everyone involved was captured or killed, but we can't be sure we contained the damage. You need to be very, very careful, Harry-

HELEN

I think what he needs to do is **quit-**

TRILBY

I don't think you understand. "Quitting" isn't an option. Harry has quite a past. Believe me, he's a lot safer in Omega than out.

(looks at Helen)

Which brings us to you. Maintaining Harry's cover is critical. You'll need counter-surveillance training, weapons, self-defense...

HELEN

Wait. Now **I'm** part of this...

TRILBY

Afraid so. After this unfortunate breach, we need you to travel with Harry more to reinforce his cover ID. Husband and wife, traveling together, that kind of thing-

HELEN

I have a job-

TRILBY

We got you a new job, something more flexible. A tenured professorship at Georgetown-

HELEN

Wait... Georgetown? With **tenure?**

Helen sits there, half stunned, half thrilled. Her dream come true... kind of? Harry interrupts, concerned:

HARRY

Wait. A new job? Traveling? You can't just force a whole new life on her-

Helen frowns a little, miffed Harry's answering for her.

HELEN

Nobody's **forcing** anything on me.
 (to Trilby)
 I'm in.

Trilby shoots a little look at Harry, clearly pleased with how Helen shut him down.

TRILBY

Glad that's settled. There's one more thing we need to discuss, and since you're both involved now, you both need to be read in. With everything that has gone sideways on this operation, we may be compromised. We put together the pieces on everyone who's connected to this weapon... And what we've learned is terrifying.

HARRY

What kind of organization is it?

TRILBY

That's just it. There seems to be **no organization at all**. The people involved in the attacks didn't even know each other - in some cases, they were even enemies. We don't know who's coordinating them, or how. You need to be familiar with the people involved, in case you encounter them... In case they come after you.

HELEN

Wait, wait. Come after us...? How many people are we talking about?

Trilby raises her remote control and presses a button. The lights dim, the wall behind her becomes a screen, and **FACES** begin to appear. Dozens upon dozens of mugshots of **TERRORISTS, MILITANTS, SPIES OF ALL SHAPES AND SIZES** cover the wall. On Harry and Helen, their eyes going wide...

HELEN (CONT'D)

Oh my.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE