

(Name of Project)

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

EXT. PARK - EARLY MORNING

TROY TAYLOR, early 30s with boy next door looks, peruses his newspaper. A sweaty JOHN BROWN, late 30s and darkly attractive, jogs up to his bench to catch his breath.

BROWN  
Time, man?

Troy lifts up his wrist, shakes his head with a smile.

BROWN (CONT'D)  
Well, you do have a cell phone,  
don't you?

Troy smiles again and reaches for his cell, but Brown reaches over him. Troy freezes until Brown pulls away with some of his newspaper.

BROWN (CONT'D)  
Wall Street Journal. Republican?

TROY  
Libertarian.

Brown gives Troy a more thorough scan this time-- smiles. Dazzling. He pulls off his sweat stained muscle shirt.

BROWN  
Man, I should've wore cotton. I  
think I'm overheating.

Troy swallows hard. Brown smiles-- he's got him. He slides onto the bench next to Troy, closes his eyes and leans back. He is indeed hot.

Troy can't help looking at the man. He checks to see if anyone else is around. The coast is clear. Brown could almost be sleeping. Hands trembling, Troy reaches for his newspaper, which is right besides Brown.

A gentle hand stops him. The dancing brown eyes are open now, smiling. Troy leaves his hand underneath Brown's longer than he should before pulling back.

BROWN (CONT'D)  
So... do you have the time?

Troy reaches for his cell but Brown's faster, offering his hand.

BROWN (CONT'D)  
John Brown.

TROY  
Is that your real name?

Brown passes him a business card. Troy scans it, offers his hand.

TROY (CONT'D)  
Troy Taylor.

The men shake a little longer than they should. Brown's knee touches Troy's. Troy doesn't pull back. His cell buzzes. He gives Brown his back to answer.

TROY (CONT'D)  
Yeah, hi honey. Fine. I can't talk now. I'll give you a call in five. Me too.

BROWN  
You have a slight accent. East?

TROY  
(rising)  
Connecticut.

Brown, his eyes inviting, nods his head in the direction of where Troy should sit back down.

BROWN  
Stay a bit. C'mon.

TROY  
No. I'm sorry. You got me wrong.

Brown's eyebrows go up.

BROWN  
Well, if you want to get it right. You got my number.

INT. KATE'S OFFICE - DAY

KATE GARRISON, 50s and well-groomed, looks up from her desk at a suited JOHN BROWN. Her desk is as immaculate as her suit, and her eyes as clear as her voice is comforting.

KATE

You're an excellent operative,  
John. ERA's best. But... is it  
possible you pushed too hard? Can  
we lose him?

BROWN

We won't. I'm definitely his type.

KATE

And Taylor? Is Taylor your type?

BROWN

Everyone in pants is my type.  
(smiling gently)  
Except present company, of course.

KATE

Of course.

Kate allows herself a brief smile. One point-- John.

KATE (CONT'D)

(leaning back)

I think... Taylor is your type.  
Closeted Christian. Emotionally  
unavailable.

John makes a show of sitting down.

BROWN

I'm waiting for the punch-line.

KATE

John. You do have a history of  
self-sabotage. When it comes to  
relationships, of course. And--

Brown paints a false smile. One point-- Kate.

BROWN

Maybe you should save the  
psychology stuff for your clients.

Checks his watch and offers an exaggerated sigh.

KATE

Well, since you're in such a rush.  
Report.

BROWN

Fine. I baited. Taylor resisted.  
Nice ass, though. I'll get him.  
No worries.

Kate leans over, maternal-like.

KATE

Now don't get defensive, John.

BROWN

But...

KATE

As White Cell's team leader... in  
your professional opinion-- besides  
Taylor's nice ass-- remind me why  
we need him. Don't you have a  
contact already inside? The intel.  
about Taylor was accurate.

BROWN

... We're running into some...  
challenges hacking Hallelujah's  
system. And I don't want my  
contact aware of our intentions.

Kate's eyebrows go up.

KATE

Challenges? Your man set up their  
computer network.

BROWN

I'll be all over him tomorrow.

KATE

You'll be all over him tonight.  
(realizing her mistake)  
So we need Taylor because...

BROWN

We need a mole inside Hallelujah.  
We really don't know what's going  
on there.

KATE

The whole fucking elephant pack  
agenda, man.