

CHAOS - FAY

INT. D.C. STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Fay and Rick have been served dinner at the bar of a fancy D.C. Steakhouse. Fay sips from a frosty martini, savoring the flavor, while Rick unloads his stress.

RICK

I don't get it. Why does the Director need me? Why doesn't he just crush these guys with his awesome powers?

FAY

You've got to remember that Higgins is mid-management. The ODS has friends in high places. They are protected, and will remain so right up to the point where they screw up. At which time, Higgins will most certainly step in and crush them.

(then)

You're familiar with the concept of office politics? Ours come with poison pills and guns.

RICK

But I thought our job was to fight the enemy? That we're entrusted to protect our country, not our careers.

FAY

You are seriously adorable. I remember when I started working for the CIA. And I see it in your eyes-- the hope... The unvarnished dream of saving the world from evil deeds and evil people. Adorable.

RICK

I... I feel like I'm fighting for survival here.

FAY

That's because you've got to pick a side in this fight: Higgins, or the ODS. No one survives in the spy game unprotected.

RICK
But how do I know who to trust?

FAY
You can't turn to another spy for that answer. You can only trust yourself. Trust your ability to recognize the choices that are right and wrong-- for you. Then live with the consequences.

Fay polishes off her martini.

FAY (CONT'D)
But enough with the shop talk. Tell me something about you that I can't expertly deduce?

RICK
Like what?

FAY
Like... are you seeing anyone?

RICK
Not right this moment. No.

FAY
Any serious relationships behind you?

Rick laughs. This is a touchy subject with him.

RICK
Tons of them.

FAY
Tons?

RICK
Yeah, the thing is I tend to get serious with a woman way too soon. Which probably explains why I don't land many second dates.

FAY
You fall in love too fast. I think that's great. It means you're emotionally open. A quality seriously lacking in the men I usually date, who-- as you can imagine tend to be rather secretive creatures.

(then)
(MORE)

FAY (CONT'D)

I have this crazy theory about dating in The Agency. Would you like to hear it?

RICK

Sure...

Fay turns to face Rick, excited for the opportunity to share.

FAY

Okay, here goes: Commit to being a couple on the first date. Then work out the relationship details later. You know, sexual compatibility, religious compatibility. The whole making babies issue... Marriage.

(then)

Look at us for example. If we wanted to couple up we'd have to commit tonight. Right this minute. Because within a week we'd be keeping so many secrets from one another that it would doom any hope of us surviving a normal courtship.

Rick becomes aware Fay's hands are now resting on his knees.

RICK

Are... you trying to seduce me?

FAY

No. I... is that where you're thinking this is headed? Or is it where you're hoping it's headed?

Rick gives this question serious thought.

RICK

Both? I'm sorry. My capacity to reason is a bit off these days.

Fay takes no offense. Instead she is utterly charmed.

FAY

You are seriously adorable. I'm having another martini. You in?

Rick notices Michael standing at the back of the restaurant. He motions for Rick to join him.

RICK

Sure. Excuse me. Potty break.

Rick slides off the bar stool. He heads for the back.