NOTE: This Script has been coded for identification purposes.

UNDERCOVERS
"Pilot"
by
J.J. Abrams & Josh Reims

Bad Robot
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NOTE TO THE READER

The pace of this series is intended to be unusually, almost unspeakably, fast.

Sure, we won’t deny the script is long. But that’s only if you judge by something as arbitrary as page numbers. So when reading the script, assuming you get past this page, whether it’s an action sequence or just two people speaking, imagine scenes MOVING LIGHTNING FAST. Then imagine them just the slightest bit faster. This will hopefully give you a sense of what we’re going for.
OVER BLACK, A MUFFLED CRASHING SOUND. THEN ANOTHER.

INT. HOTEL SUITE BEDROOM - NIGHT

A MAN BOLTS UPRIGHT with a sharp INHALE -- snapped to attention -- this man is a pro -- he’s LEO NASH, 32 -- another MUFFLED SLAM -- and Leo’s ON THE MOVE --

INSANELY FAST SERIES OF CUTS: HE SLAMS THE BEDROOM DOOR -- WEDGES A CHAIR -- PULLS ON PANTS -- (SLAM!) -- SHIRT -- SHOES -- (SLAM!) -- HE GRABS A SMALL SATCHEL -- CELL PHONE -- (SLAM!) -- Now he’s AT THE WINDOW, hastily CLIMBING OUT as --

INT. HOTEL SUITE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CRASH!!! The door is BUSTED OPEN by three DARKLY-DRESSED MEN, all wearing eerie faceless OPAQUE MASKS -- they’re ARMED AND THERE TO KILL. A fancy hotel room -- they move for the bedroom --

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

We’re looking WAY DOWN the ORNATE building, 12 STORIES, as Leo climbs out -- a distant European SIREN -- there’s BARELY A LEDGE -- his untied dress shoes almost slip -- Leo eyes a balcony to the room next door, but it’s a tough jump --

Now the SLAM is on his bedroom door! Leo looks down, mind racing -- pulls out a GUN -- AIMS AT THE WINDOW OF THE NEXT BALCONY AND FIRES, SHATTERING THE WINDOW -- but he doesn’t go there -- he grips the satchel handle with his TEETH -- then goes the OTHER WAY, making what looks like a DEATH JUMP toward a balcony FARTHER AWAY, ALMOST TWENTY FEET BELOW!

His arms PINWHEEL as he DROPS -- LANDING HARD, quickly recovering, pulling a PICK from a pocket as he tries to hide himself, working on the sliding door lock as --

INT. HOTEL SUITE BEDROOM - NIGHT

CRASH! The three men enter -- head for the open window as --

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Leo works the door lock as ONE OF THE THREE MEN arrives on the ledge and JUMPS to the balcony with the broken window -- CLICK! The door is unlocked -- he opens it as ANOTHER OF THE THREE MEN SPOTS HIM -- they yell to each other -- RUSSIAN -- as Leo’s adrenaline rushes -- he opens the door --

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Camera RACING, Leo BURSTS around a corner, runs full-bore down the empty corridor, pulls out his CELL PHONE -- CUT TO:
WHAM! A hotel room door opens and two of the three MEN are sprinting now -- guns drawn --

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Leo BURSTS into the stairwell -- races UP the stairs, dialing his CELL PHONE as he does --

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - NIGHT

CRASH -- Leo bursts through the door, running, on his cell:

LEO
It’s Leo! What the hell is this?! Your guys are making a very bad move right now!

-- as he races past exhaust vents -- dwarfed by the ENORMOUS, FULLY-LIT ROOF SIGN READING “HOTEL MASCLET” --

LEO (CONT’D)
Of course I don’t blame you -- I scare you -- I scare myself sometimes -- I seem too good to be true, right? I’m assuming that’s it --

-- he runs to the edge of the roof -- looks down -- then backs up and JUMPS -- for a moment we’re in a WIDE SHOT: holy shit, the Eiffel Tower glittering in the distance --

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

BOOM -- he lands -- satchel and cell phone still in hand -- as he RUNS AGAIN, back on the phone:

LEO
-- which is fair. But know this: my offer is real, as incredible as it seems --

Leo TAKES FAST COVER behind a big, RUMBLING A/C UNIT -- opens the satchel, pulls out a NETBOOK computer -- shoves a SHINY TOY ROBOT THUMB DRIVE into a side port -- TRANSFERS A FILE -- pulls out the thumb drive -- and Leo is ON THE RUN AGAIN --

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - NIGHT

CRASH -- two of the masked Men race out here -- THEY SEE LEO RACING OFF ON A ROOF, TWO BUILDINGS AWAY -- they pursue --
INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

A paint-chipped, narrow stairwell -- the door from the roof BURSTS open -- Leo races down here --

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

The two Men make the jump from one roof to another --

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A back door to a building CRACKS open -- Leo races out, knocking over garbage cans -- he turns a corner --

LEO

So listen, when you get this message... assuming I am still alive... CALL YOUR MEN. OFF.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The two Men BURST into the stairwell, head down --

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Leo runs down the alley, turns a corner -- he can now go TWO WAYS: one, to a distant busy street, or to a darker alley -- he goes the way you would never think to go: THE ALLEY --

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The two Men BOUND down the stairs --

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Leo scans the place as he walks fast, out of breath -- takes the TOY ROBOT THUMB DRIVE and HIDES IT -- PLACING IT QUICKLY ON A TALL, HORIZONTAL PIPE that runs along a building wall --

ELSEWHERE IN THE ALLEY, the two Men BURST out of the building. They’re hidden from Leo, around the corner. But Leo turns in their direction -- GUN drawn in one hand, SATCHEL in the other.

Leo still can’t see them -- TIGHT ON HIS TENSE EYES -- aiming the weapon at an enemy yet to arrive -- trying to control his breathing... and while he’s brave as hell -- what we see here -- in this moment... deep down... is fear.

The tension builds towards insanity as we SMASH CUT TO:

POSTCARD - LOS ANGELES
FUN, AGGRESSIVE MUSIC PLAYS over a CLASSIC SUNNY POSTCARD OF LOS ANGELES, with the CITY NAME in COLORFUL LETTERS -- and the IMAGE MATCH-DISSOLVES TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES -- DAY

TO ESTABLISH -- and then: SLAM! -- TIGHT on a CHEF’S KNIFE SLASHING an onion. We’re in:

INT. CATERING COMPANY - KITCHEN - DAY

Industrial kitchen. Organized chaos. FOUR ASSISTANT CHEFS are busy chopping, mixing, frying, kneading -- OVERLAPPED, charged discussion between them as SAMANTHA, mid-30’s enters:

SAMANTHA
Where’s Lizzy? Is my sister here?

Stunning even in an apron, Samantha’s not bitchy, just in control; she holds a cordless phone to her ear in one hand, an open NOTEBOOK in the other. One of the Assistant Chefs (wielding a huge tray) passes, not slowing:

ASSISTANT CHEF
-- haven’t seen her-- oven three for the lamb chops, right?

SAMANTHA
Yes--no-- oven four, three is fish, two is steak--
(on phone)
-- can Lizzy call you back?

Another Assistant (JASON, pretentious) approaches:

JASON
I’m starting with the tuna.

SAMANTHA
First get those short ribs out of the pot so we can reduce the sauce--
(to all, louder)
Three hours, guys! Anyone seen Lizzy?

JASON
Behind you.

Jason walks off as LIZZY enters. Samantha’s younger sister by five years. A handful. Samantha says a million angry, frustrated things with her eyes:
LIZZY
I know-- totally sorry I’m late. What can I do to help?

SAMANTHA
You could get here an hour and a half ago.

LIZZY
Do you want me to start skewering?

SAMANTHA (to another guy)
Season as you go, not all at once at the end.

(to Lizzy)
Skewering can wait. Start frying the wontons-- Liz, we talked about this.

(tasting something)
You told us -- more salt-- that you were gonna try harder--

SAMANTHA (CONT’D)
(hands her the phone)
Someone named Kenny called for you, call him back-- post wontons -- go.

Lizzy heads off, Samantha makes an “I may kill her” face to STEVEN, who has entered, vaguely amused by Sam’s fluster; this is her husband, and he holds accounting books:

STEVEN
Well I finished our budget for the month -- if we were a non-profit we’d be very successful.

SAMANTHA
-- is it that bad?

From behind Samantha:

JASON
Sam, this ahi is frozen--

SAMANTHA
Then thaw it! I don’t care if you have to give it CPR for half an hour -- just THAW! IT!

STEVEN
That’s my lovely Sam, always calm in a crisis.
SAMANTHA
You know me, as cool as the other side of the pillow—hand me that tray.

STEVEN
(as he does)
If you’d like, I can make you even more upset--

As they walk to the ovens, a BUZZER from the other room.

SAMANTHA
No thanks -- and I thought I banned you from the kitchen after the egg white incident.

STEVEN
I was hoping that was only at home.

They pass a Woman chopping vegetables as Lizzy exits --

LIZZY
I’ll get the door!

SAMANTHA
Lizzy, please -- hurry--
(to the veggie woman)
-- and those need to be brunois--
smaller dicing please --
(to Steven)
More upset how?

STEVEN
Mrs. Oser just called and asked for four more vegetarian meals.

-- four?! For tonight?!

STEVEN
Add those to the nine from last week and you have a baker’s dozen.

SAMANTHA
The nine you never told me about?

STEVEN
I’m telling you, I told you.

As Lizzy returns, almost concerned:
LIZZY
Guy in a suit out front asked to see you and Steven -- together.

STEVEN
A guy in a suit’s never good.

SAMANTHA
Tell him we’re busy, get his info, and make some friggin wontons!
(turns to Steven, cooking, as Lizzy exits)
You never told me about those meals.

STEVEN
Sweetheart, of course I did.

SAMANTHA
Like you “told” me you were buying the convertible.

STEVEN
Very much like that, only more so.

SAMANTHA
We’ll communicate about our lack of communication later -- I have vegetarians to worry about.

STEVEN
Just throw some broccoli rabe and a carrot on a plate, it’s their version of prime rib.

Lizzy's back, reading off a piece of notepaper:

LIZZY
The suit says he works for an international hotel chain that wants to offer you a substantial consultation position for a significant salary and needs to speak with both of you, now. I’m paraphrasing.

Steven and Samantha look at her, annoyed -- CUT TO:

INT. CATERING OFFICE - DAY

The guy in the suit is CARLTON SHAW, 56. Once rugged, Shaw’s now more cynical and grim. He sits alone at a six-seat meeting table like he doesn’t like the smell of the place. Shaw could gut you faster than you could soft-boil an egg.
The door opens. Samantha and Steven enter, she’s trying to hide her fluster, smiling bright:

**SAMANTHA**

-- sorry to keep you waiting--

**STEVEN**

-- yes, we’ve got a job tonight, so--

(extends hand)

-- hello, I’m Samantha --

**SHAW**

(shakes hands joylessly)

I know who you are.

The way he said it, Samantha and Steven slow to a freeze. The energy of the room turns weighty. Knowing.

**SHAW (CONT’D)**

Are we secure in here?

**SAMANTHA**

 stil holds his hand)

... we are.

**SHAW**

Then let’s close the door, hm?

Samantha lets go of Shaw’s hand as she turns to Steven. The couples’ eyes meet -- much is said in that silent instant. Steven then closes the door, says, not really asking:

**STEVEN**

So what does that mean, “You know who we--”

**SHAW**

Steven Bloom, Los Angeles native, UCLA graduate, joined Central Intelligence in ’97, following your brother, who’s been with us since ’89. You’ve been stationed in Korea, France, Hong Kong, Singapore, Germany, you’ve run six major-board operations in Europe and Asia. Expertise: combat, cryptography, communications and security tech. You now oversee the business end of a catering company.

(turns to Samantha)

And you’re Samantha Bloom--

**SAMANTHA**

--you don’t have t--
SHAW
-- born Samantha Gilliam, New York City, attended Columbia on scholarship, Language Studies. Played lacrosse, rowed crew, job with the UN week after graduation -- the Agency had an eye on you, within a year, we’d recruited, trained, and sent you undercover to Europe. Four years you worked eleven countries, then a three-month mission in the Middle East. Skills: burglary, disguise, translation. And today... you’re a chef. I also know that you were involved in Operation Black Swan along with this man.

Shaw has pulled a 4x6 BLACK AND WHITE SURVEILLANCE PHOTO from his jacket and dropped it on the table. IT’S LEO NASH. Samantha and Steven look at the photo. Uh-oh.

SHAW (CONT’D)
Agent Leo Nash. Is missing.

Samantha and Steven’s eyes hold on the photo for a long beat. Instantly we intuit: this history -- their spy past -- is something unresolved between them.

STEVEN
Excuse me, and you are--?

SHAW
Carlton Shaw. Been with the Agency thirty-two years--

(tosses ID wallet onto the desk, then, coldly)

-- you can check my bona fides and record on your own time. I’m here to see if you’d assist us in locating Agent Nash.

They take this in. His attitude, too. Then:

STEVEN
Why us, Mr. Shaw? You’ve done your research, you know we resigned almost 8--

SHAW
-- seven years ago, yes. I’m here because Operation Black Swan is still in effect.

(MORE)
SHAW (CONT’D)
Leo Nash was running it on his own — the last agent who worked on that operation with him was you, Mrs. Bloom.

(now, to Steven:)
And you met Mr. Nash at The Farm -- trained together, became good friends--

STEVEN
-- what was Black Swan?

Shaw is surprised that Steven doesn’t know -- so Samantha reveals their secret:

Samantha

Steven and I never discussed operations. When we met, we made a promise to honor the classified nature of what we each did, and we’ve stuck to that.

SHAW
Well let me unstick you: Black Swan is the Agency’s ongoing mission to find and capture Alexander Slotsky. Weapons dealer, blackmarket s--

STEVEN
I know who Slotsky is.

SHAW
Nash claimed he was getting close. Have either of you spoken with him recently?

SAMANTHA
... Leo? No, not for years...

STEVEN
-- when you say “missing”...?

SHAW
Nash had a scheduled meet seventy-two hours ago, but failed to appear.

STEVEN
-- seventy-two hours? Mr. Shaw, what you have isn’t a missing person, it’s a bender. Have you met Leo Nash? He does this: he drinks, then he disappears-- for weeks at a time-- he’s reckless.

(MORE)
STEVEN (CONT'D)
Which is partially what makes him such a good agent--

SAMANTHA
But you think he's in trouble.

SHAW
We don't know. Are you two willing to help us find out?

And Samantha and Steven look at each other for a long, uncertain beat. Major conflict. Finally:

SAMANTHA
There must be active agents who haven't been out of the field for seven years who can help find Leo better than we might...

SHAW
I'll tell my office you've declined.
(heads for the door)
No surprise there.

STEVEN
Now hold on-- I don't like your tone!
SAMANTHA
-- Steven --
-- I don't like his tone!

SHAW (CONT'D)
You're not wrong, Mr. Bloom: I'm having trouble putting on a game face for you. Truth be told, after reading your file, I knew coming here was a waste of my time. Why would you two come back to assist an agency you abandoned? That invested in you, gave you the honor of serving your country--

STEVEN
You're not really giving us a speech about patriotism--

SHAW
Well if not me, perhaps someone should. I read your file, how you never worked together, but found "difficulty maintaining a relationship while remaining separate field agents" -- my heart broke for ya.
(MORE)
SHAW (CONT'D)
You wanted “a normal life” -- well maybe I’m old fashioned, or just sick of seeing sacrifice get sacrificed for the sake of comfort time and again, but I don’t know how you can leave once you’re in. “Difficulty” is a luxury, Mr. Bloom, that some of us -- myself included -- just suck up and deal with. But not you. You deserted the rest of us. So now it’s the job of a career agent to beg two caterers for help with national security -- well you know what? I’ve got some “difficulty” with that. But I did it, didn’t I.

(opens the door)
I’ll be at the Standard Hotel until tomorrow night if you change your mind. Have a nice party.

A firm close of the door and Shaw is gone. Samantha and Steven are just stunned.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

A fifty-person wedding. A four man band playing “It Had to be You,” a dance floor on the grass. Right now, guests are dancing, as are the BRIDE and GROOM. Through the crowd, Steven and Samantha carry a three-tiered wedding cake around the side of the dance floor.

SAMANTHA
Slow down, it’s not a race.

STEVEN
It will be to the cake. Did you see those bridesmaids?

SAMANTHA
That’s not nice--
(re: cake wobbling)
-- careful--
(laughs)
Steven, stop-- here -- gently...

STEVEN
--Relax, I’ve done this before. I’m a professional.
(pretends to wobble)
Whoa...

They’ve set the cake upon the table near the dance floor -- Samantha arranges the dessert plates and silverware --
SAMANTHA
So cutting the cake’s after this
dance, which means if Lizzy’s doing
her job, which I pray she is, we
could be cleaned, packed and wheels
up by 11:15--

Samantha sees that Steven is staring -- she looks -- he’s
watching the Bride and Groom as they slow dance. In love.
She eyes Steven for a moment, then just stares again at the
newlyweds. Without looking, Samantha reaches, touches
Steven’s hand. He takes hers in his.

SAMANTHA (CONT’D)
Do you think they’ll still be
dancing seven years from now?

STEVEN
You mean with each other?

Eyes on the couple, a small smile from Sam. Then, wistful:

SAMANTHA
... I can’t remember the last time
we danced.

He can’t either. Which surprises him. Then, a good memory:

STEVEN
We danced all night at our wedding.

SAMANTHA
We had a nice wedding.

STEVEN
We did.

SAMANTHA
... remember Leo that night?

STEVEN
Drunk with sunglasses on.

SAMANTHA
Half the night.

STEVEN
Sunglasses half the night, drunk
the whole night.

SAMANTHA
That toast he gave--
STEVEN
I still don’t understand it.

SAMANTHA
It was sweet.

STEVEN
It was rambling and erratic and ridiculous...
   (beat, missing him)
   ... a lot like Leo.

The song ends; Samantha looks to Steven as in the background the BAND LEADER announces that it’s cake time. Sotto:

STEVEN (CONT’D)
He’s fine.

SAMANTHA
What if he’s not?

STEVEN
Then he’ll get himself out of it.
Leo’s very good at what he does.
Just ask Leo.

The Bride and Groom arrive, all smiles. Guests gather.

BRIDE
Thank you so much, it’s been so amazing, you guys are the best.

SAMANTHA
It’s our pleasure, congratulations.

Sam and Steven back off as the cake is cut. Sotto:

SAMANTHA (CONT’D)
How come we never see him anymore?

STEVEN
Because Leo’s still out there saving the world.
   (beat)
And we’re not.

The bride SMUSHES the cake in the Groom’s face as the crowd APPLAUDS. Steven and Samantha half-heartedly clap too.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

A Prius on Santa Monica Boulevard, West Hollywood traffic.
INT. PRIUS - NIGHT

Steven drives. Samantha leans her head against the window. Just the sounds of the tires on the road. Finally:

STEVEN
That went well.

SAMANTHA
Considering everything.

STEVEN
(beat)
Vegetarians seemed happy.

SAMANTHA
Carnivores too.

More silence.

SAMANTHA (CONT’D)
You hungry?

-- no, it’s late...

-- no, I’ll have... something at home...

-- yeah--

Yet another silence.

STEVEN
’kay.

As they drive on, not talking...

INT. STEVEN & SAMANTHA’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nice kitchen; the best room in the house. Samantha, still in catering clothes, stands at the island, eats peanut butter out of the jar, watching NEWS on a small TV. She doesn’t turn around as Steven enters, having taken WALDORF, their large mutt, for a walk. As Steven removes the leash:

STEVEN
You could’ve made a sandwich.

SAMANTHA
(licking the spoon)
I’m done making things for the day.

Gently amused, he kisses the back of her head as he passes her, heading to the bedroom. Her eyes stay on the TV.
STEVEN
See ya in there.

SAMANTHA
As soon as I empty this jar.

INT. STEVEN & SAMANTHA’S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Alone, Steven brushes his teeth, in a t-shirt and boxers. Watching his own reflection. Not an unhappy man. But that may be the best thing you could say at the moment.

INT. STEVEN & SAMANTHA’S HOUSE - CLOSET - NIGHT

A small, somewhat messy walk in closet. Samantha opens a drawer. We see some LINGERIE. She glances at it for an exhausted beat, then opens the drawer above it: T-SHIRTS.

INT. STEVEN & SAMANTHA’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Samantha, in a t-shirt and pajama bottoms, flicks off the bathroom lights. She falls into bed next to Steven, who tosses the VINTAGE CAR magazine he was reading. She gives him a KISS -- a sweet kiss -- not too quick. Then:

SAMANTHA
Night.

STEVEN
Mmm, peanut butter.

He kisses her again. Slightly hotter -- but not quite “hot”.

STEVEN (CONT’D)
You feel like it?

SAMANTHA
I do... but I’m so exhausted--

STEVEN (me too, truly)
Trust me, I know, I just thought--

SAMANTHA
-- I know, we’re so overdue --
(sweet, intimate)
-- tomorrow night. For sure, okay?

They both know there’s maybe a 50/50 chance of that. But neither is really upset about it.

STEVEN
It’s a date.
Another quick kiss and they roll over, so they’re comfortable but back to back. Steven lies awake, contemplating his marriage. Samantha’s eyes are OPEN as she does the same. A distant ROARING SOUND gets LOUDER -- LOUDER -- SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

Blazing sun, blue sky -- Steven SPEEDS in his VINTAGE ALFA ROMEO CONVERTIBLE, eyes determined. HEAR A LOUD KNOCK and --

INT. SHAW’S HOTEL HALLWAY/HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A hotel room DOOR OPENS -- MR. SHAW has opened it -- it’s Steven who has been knocking. Shaw is vaguely surprised.

    STEVEN
    Despite your tone, I’ll help you find Leo Nash -- but only under specific conditions -- the most important of which is that my wife can never know about my involvement. Ever. Do you understand?

Shaw just opens his door, REVEALING SAMANTHA already standing inside -- angry at him.

    STEVEN (CONT’D)
    Hey honey.

    SAMANTHA
    My wife can never know?

    STEVEN
    I would have told you. Somehow. Eventually -- one day--

    SAMANTHA
    I’m not sure you would have!

    STEVE
    Sweetheart -- I didn’t want you to know because I know how m-- (realizing) -- hey, you came here without telling me!

    SAMANTHA
    That’s totally different!

    STEVEN
    In no way is it different!
SAMANTHA
Yes, because it’s me! And I have my reasons for coming here!

STEVEN
Okay, what are they?

SAMANTHA
What are yours?!

SHAW
Guys. (they stop, look to him)
As much as I’m enjoying this, my plane leaves in two hours. I’m either on it or I’m not.
(a beat)
Are you in or out?

Steven and Samantha both know the answer. Deep breath, then:

STEVEN
We’re in.

SAMANTHA
We’re in.

They look at each other, MUSIC BUILDS as we CUT TO OPENING TITLES --

END OF ACT ONE