

SAM - Audition Side

[Sam and Dirk come together in a side hallway, urgently whispering.]

SAM: Where *are* we?

DIRK: A white elephant Christmas party, I guess. Not your typical scene?

SAM: Did you find the right gift?

DIRK: Cindy Lou Who in there got to me first. She was suspicious, I couldn't finish scanning.

SAM: You were stopped...by a child? [pause] Well, that seems about right for you.

DIRK: Oh, and what were you doing? chowing down on half of the food at this whole party with your old sorority sisters??

SAM: I was trying to figure out which of these party guests are secretly Russians!

DIRK: Any luck?

SAM: [pause] No. Russians are terrible at picking code words—Do you have any idea how hard it is to work SPOON BILLED SANDPIPER into a conversation??

DIRK: I don't think it's relevant. If we just get the thingee before the Russians, we don't have to know who they are!!

[Felicia and Mike walk up to Sam and Dirk suddenly.]

MIKE: So, how did you two meet?

[Sam and Dirk glance at each other, then Sam responds]

SAM: Oh, we actually met at a work thing. [through gritted teeth] As soon as I saw his ... (there's an uncomfortably long pause as she searches for anything to name) ... *face*, it was love at first sight.

DIRK: That's right—I was just swept away by her stunning PERSONALITY!

MIKE, to the party: We got a couple of love birds right here, folks! I love how you looked past physical appearances and really cared about each other, you know?

SAM: Love ... *birds*? [she narrows her eyes suspiciously]

[Scene - Sam and Dirk are sitting in back to back chairs with Christmas lights strung around them, tying them fast to the chairs and to each other]

DIRK: So what do we do now?

SAM: No idea.

DIRK: What, you're just giving up?

SAM: What's the point? Let the Russkis win this one.

DIRK: You know what I think?

SAM: I don't care.

DIRK: Yeah, exactly. You put on this facade of tough, cool spy, devil may care because you sure don't, and you bury everything you say in snark and sarcasm, and you tear down and push away other people, all so that you can avoid the thing you most want in the entire world, but are terrified of at the same time - real connection with other people. You don't know how to do that, so you run from it and the result is that you have no friends when you could have a lot. We could be mates, you know, if you didn't push me away all the time. [pause, Sam doesn't respond] What, no response to that?

[We see Sam's face - tears are streaming down her cheeks in an over-the-top fashion. Dirk glances over his shoulder to try and look at Sam and sees that she is crying.]

DIRK: Wait, are...are you crying? Sam, what's happening? I thought your tear ducts weren't even functional!

SAM: [in between sobs] You're right... Everything you said was true. How did you know all of that?

DIRK: Well, much to your chagrin, I do actually know you, Sam. However much it pains both of us, we've worked together a lot. We're almost, kind of, friends, in a way.

SAM: Don't push it.

DIRK: Oh come on, you know it's true. We've had some good times... Remember the fiasco in Florence?

SAM: [laughs slightly] Or what about the disaster in Dhaka?

DIRK: [laughs too] And who could ever forget... [they speak simultaneously]

SAM AND DIRK: The nightmare in Nairobi! [they both laugh together]

DIRK: [pause after the laughter, then] Did we just become best mates?

SAM: No. But I might be open to the idea of tolerating you. [pause] You're a good agent.

DIRK: And you're not half-bad yourself.

SAM: I have a suggestion. Why don't we bust out of these Christmas lights, save this party, and kick some Russian *zhopa*?