

**THE STAKEOUT**

INT. SPY VAN - NIGHT

Rain patters the metal roof. The inside of the van is dim, lit by monitors displaying camera feeds. JUANA, 35, sips from a thermos as her eyes scan the monitors. TAGGART, 46, hair graying behind the ears, leans back in his seat, feet propped up on a small server rack. His Hawaiian-style shirt strikes a vibrant contrast to the otherwise bleak interior.

TAGGART

Come on. Just give me one more pickup line. Something easy, but still enough to impress her.

JUANA

Sorry, Tag. It's been three dates. You're on your own from here.

TAGGART

Please? The last one worked like a charm! You should have seen the smile on her face.

Taggart stares up into space, squinting as he tries to recall the phrase.

TAGGART (CONT'D)

What was it again? Something "mi calzón" something?

He turns to her for help.

TAGGART (CONT'D)

The one about her being the reason my heart won't stop beating.

Juana turns to him with a serious look.

JUANA

You didn't.

Taggart raises his arms defensively.

TAGGART

What?

JUANA

It's "corazón." Not "calzón".

JUANA (CONT'D)  
 "Eres la razón por la que mi  
 corazón late sin parar."

TAGGART  
 Then what did I say?

JUANA  
 (dreamily)  
 That she is the reason your  
 underwear won't stop beating.

Taggart's bushy eyebrows tick up a notch.

TAGGART  
 Oh.

Brief pause. Taggart shrugs, offering a could-be-worse grin.

TAGGART (CONT'D)  
 You know I think that might  
 have worked better.

Juana chuckles.

JUANA  
 You see, Tag? You didn't need my  
 help after all. She knows she's  
 dating a goofball.

TAGGART  
 Guess that makes me a lucky man.

JUANA  
 Yeah, well, let's just hope she  
 never figures out your day job.

Taggart's grin fades, his head bowing a little.

TAGGART  
 Yeah.

Juana's smile fades too.

JUANA  
 Hey, I didn't mean-

TAGGART  
 I know.

Brief pause.

TAGGART (CONT'D)  
 But how do you do it?

JUANA  
Do what?

TAGGART  
All this.

Taggart scans around the room, refocusing back on her.

TAGGART (CONT'D)  
The early mornings. The late  
nights.

He tilts his head slightly.

TAGGART (CONT'D)  
How do you convince yourself you  
can live a normal life?

Juana pulls her mug closer.

JUANA  
Honestly? I try not to think about  
it too much.

TAGGART  
Yeah I've tried that, too.

Brief pause.

TAGGART (CONT'D)  
But don't you ever get lonely?

JUANA  
Sometimes. I try to stay busy.

Another pause.

JUANA (CONT'D)  
Besides. Who could possibly be  
lonely with you around, Tag?

Taggart chuckles.

TAGGART  
Damn you're more lonely than I  
thought.

Juana smiles, taking another sip from her mug. Her attention returns to the camera feed as a tall man in a fedora and rain coat steps up to a doorstep.

JUANA  
*iEh!* Eyes up. We're on.

Taggart leans forward, his feet dropping from the server rack with a thud. The monitor zooms in on the man standing at the door. He knocks twice, waiting.

TAGGART

You think that's our guy?

JUANA

Can't be. Too tall. Another buyer maybe, but... should get us inside. You got the bug?

TAGGART

Already humming.

Taggart presses a few buttons, his fingers gripping a control stick as he studies a nearby monitor.

JUANA

Alright. Let's get this party started.