

DOMESTIC OPS

"Homeland Insecurity"

by

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## EPISODE FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. BLACK PORSCHE - LATER THAT SAME AFTERNOON

Abby pensively watches TEENAGERS mill about the high school.

Nearby, a SOCCER TEAM plays, and Abby turns her focus to Van who displays incredible skill - slicing, passing, being in the exact right spot to kick in the goal.

She smiles glumly and continues to watch as Van now heads to the sidelines where his friend, Ned, waits to talk with him.

She gets to work.

Placing earphones over her ears, Abby aims a tiny receiving device and adjusts a knob on the instrument attached to her belt. Static comes through first, snippets from all over the school grounds, then finally just Van and his friend.

VAN  
(through the earphones)  
Nah, I've got practice.

NED  
Till night?

Abbott raises small, high strength binoculars to her eyes, bringing Van and his friend to a fingertip away.

VAN  
It's gonna go for a while still.  
Plus, I don't know, we might have a  
family dinner tonight.

Abby winces.

NED  
But you can make it. It's gonna be  
dope. A party with all the right  
favors: babes and bottles.

Binoculars lower from Abby's non-plussed eyes.

VAN  
(on the earphones)  
I can see how things could get  
pretty crazy.

With Ned on his heels, Van heads for the drinking fountain.

NED  
Actively seeking a downside here,  
my friend.

As they walk, the teens pass behind a ramada with a metallic roof that causes instant distortion in Abby's headset. She adjusts the dial, but only staccato snippets come through.

OUTSIDE WITH THE TWO BOYS

VAN  
That was you in the car this  
morning meeting my mother, right?  
Maybe you don't remember.

NED  
You're afraid of her?!

VAN  
I don't think fear puts quite the  
right spin on it. More like an  
eerie gnawing.

IN THE PORSCHE

Complete interference. The dial's no help. So, panicking, Abby opens her car door and crawls out onto all fours.

OUTSIDE

Wearing a cover-of-night, full body black leotard, Abby's covert intentions couldn't be any clearer. And crouching, hiding, and slinking behind the car, she couldn't be anymore obvious to the OTHERS in the parking lot.

WITH THE BOYS

NED  
Man, how do you take it? I'd blow.

VAN  
I guess it beats the alternative.

NED  
What's that, jail?

VAN  
Nobody watching at all.

Ned lets that soak, his eyes coursing the schoolyard.

WITH ABBY

Using circus-like acrobatics, Abby scales a fence at the edge of the lot, catching looks. She adjusts the instrument on her belt, but still her headset provides only chaos.

WITH THE BOYS

VAN

It's just, you know, it'd be nice  
if she said she cared without wire  
tapping.

NED

Seriously, dude, what's a mom's  
love minus the Patriot Act?

Smirking, Ned points, and there's Van's mom - black leotard, headset, surveillance equipment and all - near the top of a telephone pole in the parking lot.

POV - ABBOTT

Through the binoculars, Van's eyes are on her - and they're not happy.

Abbott loses her footing and slips, hanging precariously from a pole rung before quickly righting herself. Van's entire Team stops playing to watch. Through the binoculars she watches Van turn to his friend. And up here, her headset works just fine.

VAN

(through Abby's earphones)  
So I guess what I'm trying to say  
is I'd love to go to the party.

Van nabs his gym bag and storms off the field with Ned.

As if caught naked in front of the small crowd gathered, Abby self-consciously winds her way back down the pole, addressing the group awkwardly.

ABBOTT

Problem with the communication  
lines.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Abby steers the car to the curb near where Van and Ned walk. Van keeps moving, so Abby slowly coasts alongside.

ABBOTT  
I think we need to talk.

VAN  
Are you sure you've got the pocket  
recording devices ready to go?

ABBOTT  
Van, get over here.

He does as told. Abby stops the car and gets out but has a rough go trying to maintain eyeline at first.

ABBOTT (CONT'D)  
Would you believe I'm normally good  
at the spy stuff? I don't know what  
always happens around you boys.

VAN  
Huh, let's see, my guess is you're  
not supposed to be good at the 'spy  
stuff' on home turf, Mom. Maybe you  
don't understand that. The skills  
just don't translate, you know? On  
the job, you're supposed to fine  
tune the inability to see  
innocence. But if you look through  
those eyes at Lute and me, what do  
you think you're gonna see?

She's having trouble with the whole eyeline thing again.

VAN (CONT'D)  
So it really doesn't matter what we  
do. We're guilty.

He takes a step back from her.

ABBOTT  
Van, don't.

VAN  
Makes a kid feel like he might as  
well do something worthy of the  
charge.

He walks back to Ned, and they continue down the street,  
leaving Abby to watch them impotently.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE FIVE