

Kate & Connery

A
Screenplay
By

Tim Morell

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FADE IN:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING/NEW YORK - DAY

Establishing shot of a modern skyscraper

INSIDE THE BUILDING -

The corridor's plush carpet and understated decor emphasize the high rent nature of the offices spaced along it. The last office is marked: MICHAEL CONNERY & ASSOCIATES - COMMODITY INVESTORS.

INT. CONNERY'S OFFICE - DAY

Sparsely but expensively appointed, the room is dominated by a LARGE DESK. Next to the desk is a CHROME STAND with FOUR TV'S mounted on it. Three of the sets are monitoring stock, news, and weather reports. The fourth is tuned to a baseball game.

MICHAEL CONNERY, a rugged, vibrant looking man in his 30s, sits at the desk talking into one of the TWO multi-line PHONES which are FLASHING madly in front of him.

CONNERY

No, I'm sorry. I don't deal
in uranium. No, not in plutonium
either. Yes, I realize they're
both precious metals, they're also
restricted. Sorry I can't help you.
All right, thanks for calling,
Colonel, stay out of the sun.

(MORE)

He punches another line.

CONNERY (CONT'D)

Dave, what's the word on that
strike in Johannesburg? Keep
your eye on it, we might be
able to pick up some bargains.

The intercom BUZZES.

SECRETARY (OS)

Red Bristol's on line one, Mike.

CONNERY

Thanks. Red, how they hanging?

INT. SEAPLANE RENTAL OFFICE/PHILIPPINES - DAY

RED BRISTOL, a rangy, slow moving man whose brow has never been wrinkled by too many deep thoughts, stands at the counter, talking on his CELL PHONE. Like Connery, he's in his 30s.

The SOUND of HAMMERING can be heard coming from the roof. Through the window a SEAPLANE can be seen warming up at the DOCK outside. Red, like Connery, is in his thirties.

RED

Just fine, Mike, just fine.
I got everything squared away
with Hishito over at the Tokyo
office and then caught a plane
over here to the Philippines.
I'm on my way out to the island
now to pick up them pearls from
Mr. Po. If there ain't no problems
I should be back stateside in a
day or two.

INT. CONNERY'S OFFICE - DAY

Connery looks at the PHOTOGRAPHS in a DOUBLE FRAME on his desk. The first shows two boys with fishing rods holding up a small fish. The other is of Connery and Red holding a LARGE NORTHERN PIKE by an Alaskan lake, with a SEAPLANE in the background.

CONNERY

I'll look for you in a few
days then, and remember, Red,
those pearls are worth a fortune.
The insurance premiums alone are
enough to retire on, so don't let
anything happen to them, or to you.

INT. SEAPLANE OFFICE - DAY

The MECHANIC motions to Red through the window to let him know the plane is ready.

RED

Don't worry, Mike. I won't
let you down, but they're
waiting on me now I gotta get
movin'. I'll talk to you later.

INT. CONNERY'S OFFICE - DAY

CONNERY

All right, so long, Red.
Give my best to Henry.

He pushes a button on the phone and takes another call.

CONNERY (CONT'D)

Stuart, sorry to keep you
waiting. What's happening
with those gold shares?

INT. SEAPLANE OFFICE - DAY

As Red signs the PAPERS for the plane, a SMALL CHUNK OF PLASTER
falls from the ceiling onto the counter. He looks up towards
the SOUND of the HAMMERING.

CLERK

New roof.

RED

Right. Thanks.

He slides the papers back to the Clerk and turns to go.

OUTSIDE -

The ROOFER who is putting on the shingles reaches back to
get a nail from the BUCKET and accidentally knocks it over.
The bucket rolls down the roof.

RED -

has just stepped through the door when the Clerk calls to him.

CLERK

Don't forget your jacket.

The Clerk holds up a BROWN LEATHER AVIATOR'S JACKET that has Red's name STENCILED across the back.

RED

Oh, yeah.

He steps inside just as the BUCKET of NAILS crashes down. Red leans outside, sees the Roofer looking down at him.

ROOFER

Sorry.

RED

No problem.

The Clerk tosses the JACKET to Red and he ambles down the SEAPLANE DOCK -

to the plane. The PILOT is in his seat REVVING the ENGINES.

RED

We all set? Then let's get
this show on the road.

Red climbs in and shuts the door. The plane taxis away from the dock.

EXT. FIDELITY CASUALTY INSURANCE BUILDING/ATLANTA- DAY

An anonymous high-rise in the financial center of the South.

INSIDE THE BUILDING -

hardworking, well-trained, MEN and WOMEN work industriously to find new ways of separating you from your money.

IN A GLASS OFFICE CUBICLE -

KATE BAXTER, an attractive, blond haired, professional in her late 20s, takes the final report out of the IN BOX on her desk and punches up an extension number on the phone.

KATE

Larry? Kate Baxter.

She waves through the glass partition around her desk towards a MAN in another cubicle across the room. He waves back.

KATE

Did you get the final numbers
on that Trademore claim? Could
you shoot them over to me?
Thanks. How were the Bahamas?
No I can't see your tan from here.
Over dinner? Let me check my
calendar.

She flips through the SMALL DESK CALENDER in front of her.
Most of the pages are empty.

KATE

Gosh, no Larry, I'm booked
solid. Sorry, maybe another
time. I'll take my chances.

She hangs up the phone and enters the numbers in her computer.
She signs off on the paper copy of the report, and lays it on
top of the TALL STACK OF FILES in the OUT BOX, which she
collects and takes out of the office.

INT. DATA ENTRY ROOM - DAY

Kate comes in with the stack of papers and sets them on the desk
of BETTY HASKINS, a heavysset, gravelly-voiced woman in her 50's.

KATE

Hi, Betty. Can you send these
down to Archives?

BETTY

You bet, hun'.
(MORE)

She looks up as Kate sets the papers on her desk.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Good gracious, darlin', you're
working too hard. You gotta
find yourself a man, use up
some of that free time.

KATE

You got anybody in mind?

BETTY

Well, my cousin Earl's kinda nice, but his parole doesn't come up till next year.

KATE

Sounds like a real catch.

BETTY

Hah, that's what the Police said. I'll take care of these for ya.

KATE

Thanks, Betty.

Kate goes back to

HER OFFICE -

and finds another STACK OF PAPERS in her in box. She stares at them in disbelief then goes out again.

INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The lettering on the door of the GLASS ENCLOSED OFFICE reads MORTON EVERAGE, FIELD SUPERVISOR. Everage is a rather nondescript man in his 40s, a corporate climber who doesn't seem to be playing with quite a full deck. Kate sits in a CHAIR in front of his desk as Everage paces around her.

KATE

When I first came to work here, Mr. Everage, you told me that all of the Investigators had to spend time in Claims Processing, so they could get a feel for the job before being sent out into the field.

EVERAGE

Exactly. You need to sharpen the blade before you cut the wheat.

KATE

Right. Well it's been almost five years now, and I guess I'm feeling a little frustrated by my lack of progress. Everyone I started with has already gone into the field, but I'm still in processing. I just want to know if there's a reason for it.

EVERAGE

You're not frustrated, Kate.

KATE

I'm not?

EVERAGE

No. You're challenged, you have unfulfilled expectations, but you're not frustrated. You see, Kate, the words we attach to our experience become our experience. We use them to define the way we feel about ourselves. So if you change the words you use you change your perception of the situation. That's the essence of Transformational Vocabulary. I learned all about it in a seminar I took and it changed my life.

KATE

(under her breath)
Again.

EVERAGE

I'm sorry, what?

KATE

Oh, I said, "how interesting".

EVERAGE

Let's give it a go, shall we?

KATE

No. Really, Mr. Everage, I
just came in to ask you about
getting a field assignment.

EVERAGE

Let's talk about that. If I
sent you out of this office
without one, how would you feel?

KATE

I'd be a little disappointed,
I guess.

EVERAGE

Not disappointed, just delayed.

KATE

All right then, irritated.

EVERAGE

Stimulated!

KATE

Angry!

EVERAGE

Disenchanted!

He seems to be energized by her ire.

KATE

Insulted!

EVERAGE

Misinterpreted!

KATE

Rejected!

EVERAGE

Underappreciated. That's it!
I've underappreciated you, Kate
and overlooked your contribution
to the company. But that's all
going to change.

KATE

It is?

EVERAGE

You spent some time in the District Attorney's office, didn't you?

KATE

Yes, I did. I also have a Masters' Degree in Business Administration and I've qualified in all of the self-defense courses the company's taught.

EVERAGE

Excellent. The next assignment that looks interesting to you, is yours. How does that sound?

KATE

Fine. That sounds fine.

EVERAGE

Good. I'm glad we had this talk. Feel free to stop by anytime.

KATE

I will. Thank you, Mr. Everage.

EVERAGE

No, Thank you.

She leaves, reeling from her encounter. Everage seems very pleased with himself. He goes to a BOOKCASE filled with self-help and business management books. He takes one called HOW TO BUILD A BETTER YOU IN 30 DAYS off the shelf.

EVERAGE

Energize. Rectify. Maximize.

He plops down in his SWIVEL CHAIR and attempts to swing his feet up on the desk. The chair slips out from underneath him and he crashes to the floor.

You've just read the opening scenes of

KATE & CONNERY.

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