

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

SYDNEY: You're a French teacher, huh?

VAUGHN: (softly) Yeah.

SYDNEY: I know that you're thinking about coming back to the Agency. On the off chance that your hesitation is out of some courtesy to me... I... you can forget about it. I... I mean, I can handle you being there. So don't worry about me.

(Vaughn looks to the ground, as if trying to fight back emotion... and tears. He moves in closer to Sydney and she crosses her arms uncomfortably as he approaches. He sighs slightly and speaks with a slightly angered face)

VAUGHN: The other day you said I gave up on us because I didn't have faith, that somehow you didn't mean enough to me...

SYDNEY (very emotional): When I said that, I was...

VAUGHN (interrupting her): No, let me finish...

(Sydney looks pained, but lets him continue)

VAUGHN: After you died, I used to talk to you... like you were still around. Literally, outloud, whole conversations about... about nothing. The weather. Should I get a new car? Should I have another drink? (his eyes are red and he is obviously holding onto his composure by a thread)

(Sydney looks at him in the eyes)

VAUGHN: Then one day, you started answering. (shaking his head and whispering) I mean, I could hear you in my head... like you were right next to me, Sydney. And although rationally I knew I was a guy who... stayed up nights drinking -- talking to his dead girlfriend... still, I couldn't stop.

(Sydney holds back the tears at this point)

VAUGHN: So, before you tell me you can handle me coming back to the CIA, there are two things you need to know. First... is that I was so in love with you... it nearly killed me. And second... (shaking his head)... that I don't regret moving on with my life