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INT. MAXINE'S CAR – Parked on a Stakeout – NIGHT. Lorne at the wheel, Maxine beside him.

MAXINE

Anything I should know about Quill that wasn't in his file?

LORNE

Helluva golfer.

MAXINE

He teach you?

LORNE

Taught every agent he ran. Said if you could master golf, it'd do two things: Occupy your mind when you weren't working ... and make blowing up a weapons factory seem easy.

MAXINE

I don't mean to pry the way Micah did but...(glances at him)...this bothers you, doesn't it?

LORNE

It bothers me.

MAXINE

Good. (a smile) It'd bother me, too.

LORNE

How long have you been with E.C.O?

MAXINE

A year.

LORNE

This your first field op?

MAXINE

Define "first."

LORNE

Tell me about the one before this. (off her pause) then this would be your first.

MAXINE

I've seen my share of action.

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LORNE

Army?

MAXINE

What makes you think that?

LORNE

Since there are no more spies, they couldn't afford to train anybody to fight the way you do, so they'd probably go looking in, what, Military Intelligence? (fishing) Special Forces? Seals? (she betrays nothing) Then there's your walk.

MAXINE

My walk.

LORNE

Got kind of a lock step quality.

MAXINE

Maybe I was a majorette.

LORNE

No need for evasive maneuvers. I'm just looking to kill time.

MAXINE

I read someplace that "agents on assignment should never exchange personal information."

LORNE

What idiot said that?

MAXINE

You. Four years ago, memo to new agents.

LORNE

Was that verbal judo? Am I now on my back?