

INT. DINER, SAN FRANCISCO - CONTINUOUS

Mike watches the LOCAL NEWS on a hanging television nearby. In the broadcast, a REPORTER interviews DEBBIE, the woman he rescued, in her hospital bed. But suddenly Skye is right there, sliding into the booth across from him.

SKYE

So are you gonna do it?

MIKE

Uhh... excuse me?

SKYE

Are you gonna go talk to that lady?  
The one on the news, she wants to  
thank you. And she's cute...

Mike looks around, concerned someone heard Skye.

MIKE

(playing it off)  
Look, I don't know what you're --

SKYE

You don't remember me? I was  
there. I saw you. We kinda had a  
moment. You're a superhero.  
(extends her hand)  
And I'm Skye.

He warily shakes her hand. Then she takes one of his fries.

SKYE (CONT'D)

So what, are you Asgardian?

MIKE

As-what?

SKYE

Like Thor. An ancient god?

MIKE

I'm a factory worker.

SKYE

(acting overly cool)  
Got it. Alter-ego, nice. I'm on  
it. Nothing to see here, people.

MIKE

(quietly)  
Look, what happened the other day,  
that was... an emergency.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm not trying to be anything. I'm just trying to get by, find some work, eat my food in peace --

SKYE

Peace? That's sweet, but you can kiss it goodbye. Have you seen the conspiracy stuff online since New York? There's a shield and a rising tide somewhere. Scary people in dark suits --

MIKE

Scarier than you?

SKYE

-- Who come after guys like you.

(whispers)

They're probably watching us right now. Look, I don't know how you got... super-sized, but you need a plan. And your plan should be to hire me. You need a manager.

MIKE

Hire you? Lady, I can't get anyone to hire me.

SKYE

Oh. Well I could go pro-bono if you provide fries?

(takes another fry)

My point is I can help you. Really. I'm good with computers. I can create a new identity for you. Or, ooo, a mask.

MIKE

I don't think so, thanks.

SKYE

Right, you don't wanna lose the hood. That's like your trademark.

Mike pays the check and starts to head out. Skye grabs his sweatshirt in one last ditch effort, a little more direct.

SKYE (CONT'D)

Listen to me man, you can't walk away from this. With great power... comes some very weird crap that you are not prepared to deal with. So if you change your mind, my office --

MIKE

You have an office.

SKYE

Yes. It's a mobile office.

(off his stare)

It's a van. I live in a van. By choice. But I'm always around this corner...

(covertly)

Free wi-fi... and you can come by anytime. Happy to help.

Mike nods and walks off. Skye calls after him in a whisper --

SKYE (CONT'D)

And don't worry. Your secret's safe with me...

Skye glances at MIKE'S DRIVER'S LICENSE she just lifted off him, her bubbly demeanor falling away.

SKYE (CONT'D)

... Mike.

OFF SKYE, pleased with herself --

S. Crisp  
Kohner