

Week 9

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE- EVENING

NORA'S STEPMOM (early 40s) sits on the front porch reading the paper and drinking coffee. A sedan pulls up into the front driveway and NORA'S DAD (40s) gets out.

He's carrying a bunch of flowers in one hand and a gift basket in the other.

NORA'S STEPMOM

Oh, honey, flowers? You shouldn't
ha...

Nora's Dad rushes past her.

NORA'S DAD

Sorry babe, not for you.

NORA'S STEPMOM

Oh really? What's the occasion?

He stops and looks at her, genuinely hurt. Now the contents of the gift basket are seen. Chamois cloth, Armour-all, Turtle wax, etc.

NORA'S DAD

It's her birthday. How dare you
forget.

Nora's Stepmom rolls her eyes and sits back down as her husband moves to the garage.

EXT. GARAGE- EVENING

Nora's Dad hits the key fob button and the door opens. His face drops as fast as the contents of his hands. The gift basket echoes in the empty garage. He looks wildly around then screams back to his wife.

NORA'S DAD

Call 911!

INT. ASTON MARTIN (MOVING)- NIGHT

The newly decked trio flies along the streets of DC. Nora at the wheel, Jonas now in shotgun and Freddie in the back.

FREDDIE

So did the Enigma Machine give us
the Truth Camp street address?

Jonas is entering an address from his Iphone into the portable GPS.

JONAS

Basic spy rule of thumb, Freddie-
if it's in the yellow pages,
probably not considered classified.

FREDDIE

Sorry, Casino Royale, I forgot
you've been doing this for years.

Nora looks in the rear view. Police lights flashing.

NORA

Uh oh, guys.

They both snap to her attention. They've learned to listen to that tone.

FREDDIE AND JONAS

What?

She points back to the cop car. Jonas looks at her.

FREDDIE

Well, we tried. 'E' for effort,
all.

JONAS

Can you outrun them?

FREDDIE

What?

Nora looks incredulous.

NORA

Jonas, we might look the part, but
come on let's be realistic. I'm
not Ava. And Miss Money Penny in the
back's right- you're not a spy.

FREDDIE

Heeeeey! At least let me be 'Q'!

JONAS

(ignoring Freddie)

True. But that doesn't change the
fact that we're still their only
chance. You both know that.

They lock eyes for a moment, His eyes plead. She smiles, then accelerates and makes a hard turn. Freddie gets excited and slams his hand onto the seat.

FREDDIE
Well alright then. Let's see what
this puppy can do!

MINUTES LATER

EXT. ASTON MARTIN (PARKED)- NIGHT

They are pulled over on the side of the road. A cop car is parked behind them with lights silently flashing. OFFICER 1 walks up to the side of the car and shines his flashlight on Nora's face.

OFFICER 1
Step out of the car, Ma'am.

EXT. MIT OUTREACH CAMPUS- NIGHT.

A large group of buildings in the dark.

INT. MAIN TRAINING BUILDING- NIGHT

This is a huge warehouse of a room. It has been set up with all types of spy simulation training. False front houses, a SCUBA pool, shooting ranges, obstacle courses.

Cable's men bustle about making preparations for the exchange. Cable and Helen are in discussion as they set up Julian. A holding pen sits off to the side.

INT. HOLDING PEN- NIGHT

Walters and Ava sit cuffed watching the events unfold.

WALTERS
How are you holding up?

Ava's bandage is bleeding through. Her clothes are singed. Her body covered in grime. She still manages a shrug and a smile.

AVA
Been better. But at least we're
not in that rat infested Kosovo
prison. Remember that place?

Walters nods and begins to smirk.

WALTERS

Not to get off subject, but you in those cuffs reminds me of...

AVA

Stop it.

She has her own devilish smile now. Walters reaches his own cuffed hands over to hold hers.

WALTERS

But why him, Ave. Why Cable?

Her eyes are deep and somber.

AVA

Let me answer with a question. Why not me? For years, I was a distant second to the job. That's always been your true love.

WALTERS

Not anymore.

Raul bursts through a side door into the room.

RAUL

Alright people, look alive. Get into positions. They're here.

Cable looks up from the computer network hooked up to Julian.

CABLE

Both companies?

RAUL

Just one so far. Want me to bring them in?

Cable smooths out his tux and nods.

EXT. COP CAR (PARKED)- NIGHT

OFFICER 2 holds Freddie's head and helps him into the back seat of the squad car. Officer 1 walks Nora over to the other door and gives a 'thumbs up' to the TOW TRUCK DRIVER, a gruff looking hillbilly with a PBR hat and an oil stained flannel shirt.

DRIVER

Alright then, y'all. Be good,
y'hear?

The driver hooks the Aston Martin up to the winch and pulls the car onto the flatbed tow truck.

INT. COP CAR (MOVING)- NIGHT

CU on the front seat, officers talking.

OFFICER 1

It proves my point, man. Kids are punks no matter where they grow up.

OFFICER 2

I am going to agree with you one level. They're all shitheads, true, but allow me to expand.

OFFICER 1

Please.

OFFICER 2

I still find the inner city JDs more captivating. They have more panache, more moxie, really. True need drives a better quality crime.

OFFICER 1

Interesting point.

OFFICER 2

These suburban chumps make me sick. Stealing daddy's sports car. How friggin' cliched.

Looking into the rearview at the back seat.

OFFICER 1

What's wrong, you two. Mommy didn't give you enough hugs?

BACKSEAT

Nora and Freddie sit there. No Jonas!

NORA

That's it exactly. Way to nail it, Officer Freud.

EXT. TOW TRUCK (MOVING)- NIGHT

The truck rumbles along with the Aston on the back.

INT. ASTON MARTIN TRUNK- NIGHT

Jonas is cramped in the dark. He pushes the back seat and sticks his head into the cabin of the car. Keeping low, he crawls into the front seat, then peeks up his head to check on the driver.

INT. TOW TRUCK (MOVING)- NIGHT

The driver is oblivious as he listens (and responds in a heavy southern accent) to a language learning disc.

VOICE FROM DISC
Repetez: Ou est la voiture?

DRIVER
Ou est la voiture?

INT. ASTON MARTIN ON TRUCK BED- NIGHT

Jonas cracks open the driver's door and slides his foot out.

EXT. ASTON MARTIN ON TRUCK BED- NIGHT

Jonas moves out onto the truck bed. He makes his way to the front of the car and unhooks the winch hook. He moves along toward the back when the truck hits a bump and almost throws him off.

He regains balance and undoes all the safety chains. He makes his way back to the driver's side door.

INT. TOW TRUCK (MOVING)- NIGHT

The driver continues to expand his cultural horizons.

VOICE FROM DISC
Repetez: Le garçon est courageux.

DRIVER
Le garçon est courageux.

INT. ASTON MARTIN ON TRUCK BED- NIGHT

Jonas sits back and lets out a long sigh. He steels himself and reaches for the ignition.

No keys.

EXT. TOW TRUCK (MOVING)- NIGHT

Jonas peers into the truck cab from the back window and sees the keys on the seat next to the driver. He works his way to the passenger side door, edging along the floor boards.

INT. TOW TRUCK (MOVING)- NIGHT

The driver still looks ahead, absorbed.

VOICE FROM DISC
Ou sont les cles?

Jonas reaches in slowly and grabs the keys from the seat.

INT. MAIN TRAINING BUILDING- NIGHT

Raul escorts a group of sharply dressed executives as well as some computer nerds and a couple bad ass looking thugs thrown in for good measure.

Cable struts right up to the head honcho, MR. JOHNSTON (50s). Sharp, piercing eyes stare from an excess softened face.

CABLE
Mr. Johnston. A pleasure.

MR. JOHNSTON
Cable Reign.

CABLE
Did you bring the whole Computer
Healthy Network board with you
tonight.

Not even a trace of amusement in Johnston's countenance.

MR. JOHNSTON
Just the ones I need.

Johnston's computer geeks swarm to Julian and begin talking with McMann.

HOLDING PEN-

Walters and Ava look on.

WALTERS
Computer Healthy Network, hmmm.

AVA
Is that the virus protection
software company?

Walters nods.

AVA (CONT'D)
What the hell are they doing here?

He shakes his head and mutters.

WALTERS
Computer. C. Healthy. H,Y...

INT. MAIN TRAINING BUILDING- NIGHT

Johnston looks around the room.

MR. JOHNSTON
Where's Davids?

Cable, cool as the other side of the pillow, motions to a table and chairs with a spread of food and beverages.

CABLE
Relax, Mr. Johnston. Mr. Davids
and the Elite E-Services team
should be here momentarily.
Please, make yourselves
comfortable.

HOLDING PEN-

Ava and Walters both look nonplussed.

WALTERS
Elite E-Services. E.E.S. Wow.

AVA
The other virus protection software
people? What are they doing here?

WALTERS
Forming C.H.Y.N.E.E.S.

AVA

Huh?

INT. ASTON MARTIN ON TRUCK BED- NIGHT

Jonas back in the driver's seat, this time with keys. He puts them into the ignition and closes his eyes for a long beat. Then starts up the engine.

INT. TOW TRUCK (MOVING)- NIGHT

The driver hears the engine start and finally snaps from his trance.

DRIVER

Mon Dieu and holy shit!

INT. ASTON MARTIN ON TRUCK BED- NIGHT

Jonas jams the car into reverse and guns it.

EXT. ASTON MARTIN (MOVING)- NIGHT

The car shoots off the back of the truck and crashes to the ground. The rear bumper flies off in a spray of sparks. The tires catch and the Aston lists wildly as Jonas fights to gain control.

He sideswipes a line of parked cars, sending bits of mirrors, door handles, etc. sailing through the air. He blasts through a line of garbage cans, spewing refuse 20 feet in the air.

Then he finally gets the vehicle under control and flies down the street. But Nora's Dad's Baby has seen much better days.

INT. TOW TRUCK (STOPPED)- NIGHT

The slack jawed driver picks up his cell and dials.

DRIVER

Yeah, dispatch? This is A+ Towing over to Sycamore and Third. We got a problem with the Aston Martin I was fixin' to tow.

INT. COP CAR (MOVING)- NIGHT

Officer 1 and 2 are staring at the police radio?

OFFICER 1
You have got to be kidding!

He slams on the brakes and bangs a U-turn. Officer 2 looks back at Nora and Freddie.

OFFICER 2
What the frig? I want answers now!
Who is in that car?!

Nora shrugs innocently.

NORA
Gee, I don't know. Maybe that
towtruck driver picked up a
hitchhiker. He didn't look too
bright.

Officer 2 is shaking with red-faced anger.

NORA (CONT'D)
Hey Officer, maybe you're the one
who needs a hug?

EXT. ASTON MARTIN (MOVING)- NIGHT

Jonas barrels along. He sees a sign for the MIT Outreach Campus.

EXT. MIT OUTREACH CAMPUS- NIGHT.

Another caravan of SUVs pulls into the complex. Then shortly after, a beat-up Aston Martin creeps its way and parks.

Jonas gets out and grabs what he can from the trunk. Jumper cables. A tire iron. A flare. Shoves them into a bag and moves on toward the building.

INT. MAIN TRAINING BUILDING- NIGHT

The two company CEOs, Johnston and MR. DAVIDS (50s) lean and mean, face off, shaking hands with a grip that could crack steamed crab legs. Their respective teams line up behind them staring holes at the competition.

MR. DAVIDS
Johnston.

MR. JOHNSTON

Dauids.

Cable swoops in to break the tension.

CABLE

Gentlemen, gentlemen. We're all on the same team now. A soon to be excessively, greasy rich team. Let's get used to that fact and get to work.

McMann looks up from tinkering with Julian.

MCMANN

What are you talking about?

The whole room looks at her.

EXT. MAIN TRAINING BUILDING- NIGHT

Jonas sneaks up to the front door. Some of Cable's goons stand guard. He sees a relatively low roof off to the side. He creeps over, then has to jump to catch the edge.

He struggles to pull himself up. The workout regiment finally pays off. He moves silently across the roof toward second story window.

EXT. COP CAR (MOVING)- NIGHT

The two cops are still bitching.

OFFICER 1

..and we serve and we protect, and we...

OFFICER 2

And we care, frankly. Let's be honest. We care deeply for the citizens for whom we been tasked to watch over. To shepherd if you will.

OFFICER 1

I will, sir, I will.
(to the back seat)
Oh you're going to talk you little over privileged hoodlums. I promise you that.

Then a crackling of the police radio.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
 ...Car matching the description,
 1965 Aston Martin, seen in the
 vicinity of the MIT Outreach
 Campus.

The officers smile.

OFFICER 1
 We don't need them. It's us
 against the world, my friend.

OFFICER 2
 You know it, brother. Unity.

In the back seat, Nora and Freddie do a mini 'high-five' and
 whisper to each other.

NORA
 Yes, Jonas!

FREDDIE
 That's your man.

She thinks for a second, smiles big and nods.

NORA
 I think you're right.

INT. MAIN TRAINING BUILDING- NIGHT

McMann walks over to Cable. He makes a slight head motion
 and the geeks move over to Julian.

MCMANN
 Greasy rich? That wasn't our plan.
 We are going to use the Conquest
 system to depose the world's
 dictators to..

The room starts giggling at her wildly wrong idea.

MCMANN (CONT'D)
 ..free the oppressed peoples of the
 planet, what are you all laughing
 at?

They quiet down and sort of look at the floor.

CABLE
 That plan's been waitlisted, Helen.
 Maybe next semester.

INT. MAIN TRAINING BUILDING CATWALK- NIGHT

Jonas moves silently along the pathway overlooking the room below. Seeking his opportunity.

MAIN TRAINING BUILDING FLOOR- NIGHT

Helen looks like she's been punched by Chuck Liddell as she realizes she's been duped.

CABLE

Raul!

He motions to the holding pen housing Walters and Ava. Raul grabs her, but she puts up no fight.

MCMANN

But, the specs on the prism. I saw them myself.

CABLE

You saw the window dressing, my dear. The real raison d'être of that storage unit was a few encrypted layers down.

Still struggling to get it.

MCMANN

So no UCAV?

Raul laughs cruelly.

RAUL

Kinda thick for someone so smart.

CABLE

We already have that technology, Helen. What did you think your robot lover was going to add?

MAIN TRAINING BUILDING CATWALK

Jonas continues to maneuver closer to the group.

MAIN TRAINING BUILDING FLOOR

Two gunmen aim at the cage door as Raul opens the pen and shoves her in.

MCMANN

So what are you going to use my
computer for?

CABLE

Does it really matter?

MCMANN

We're not going to be around to see
it, so what's the harm?

Cable looks at the CEOs, both nod their heads 'no' But
Cable's ego is too great.

CABLE

Imagine this combination. Julian
plus what's really on the prism,
the world's most brilliant virus,
plus the entire nation's banking
information. Given freely, of
course, by citizens who just wanted
to equip their PCs...

He looks over at the CEOs and they all start to laugh.

CABLE (CONT'D)

With the best virus protection
software on the market.

RAUL

You can imagine where it goes from
there.

INT. MAIN TRAINING BUILDING CATWALK

Jonas has worked over to a rope and pulley. He secures the
knot in the pulley. Then armed with his tire iron, flare and
jumper cables, he grabs the rope and leaps off.

