

Cowrite Week 9

EXT. INTERNATIONAL SPY MUSEUM - DAY

Jonas, Nora, and Freddie head for the Aston Martin. But they don't look like Jonas, Nora, or Freddie anymore: Jonas and Freddie are strapped in immaculate black suits. Nora, a jaw dropping *Femme fatale*.

FREDDIE

Question: Isn't MIT in Boston? And don't we have just a few hours before the exchange?

JONAS

Shotgun.  
(punches Freddie in the arm)

FREDDIE

Ow! Watch the *agro*!

JONAS

(getting in the front seat next to Nora)  
Actually, MIT is in Cambridge, but they have facilities by the George Washington campus so their best and brightest can "*liaise*" with the powers that be, here in D.C.

Rubbing his arm, Freddie plops into the back seat and Nora pulls the roadster into traffic.

EXT. ASTON MARTIN CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

The sleek auto cuts through Washington traffic.

NORA

Where exactly are we going?

JONAS

Technically, it's a party.

FREDDIE

Sweet! 'Cos I look *good* tonight.

JONAS

You look like a *maitre d'*.

FREDDIE

Yeah, well you look like an... insurance salesman... who sucks.

JONAS

Whatever. The point is we don't want to be noticed. We're dead, remember? And this thing is a gathering of high level Truth Camp alums and top students from last year-

FREDDIE

So, it's an alumni mixer for spooks?

JONAS

Officially, but no one knows what happens with those guys behind closed doors.

INT. HOLDING PEN - NIGHT

A THUG's fist connects with Walters' jaw - hard. Ava struggles to remain stonefaced. Walters absorbs the pain and locks eyes with Cable. Helen McMann silently watches while she stands next to Julian.

WALTERS

You never did have the guts to do the dirty parts of the job yourself.

CABLE

(chuckling)

Harry, I just got this tux back from the cleaners. Now come on, I don't want to be late.

AVA

You're still just a smug, greedy bastard.

CABLE

Ava, that is a tragic flaw all you women are prone to: you think that you can change the man you marry, divorce, betray... Mold him into something that'll fit your specs? Isn't that right Harry? She did quite a number on the both of us, didn't she?

AVA

You betrayed me and all the people  
you're sworn to protect! You lied!  
You-

Cable produces a gag and roughly shoves it in Ava's mouth.

CABLE

Darling, I'm not in the mood for  
the blame game. Shut up before I  
cut your tongue out.

Cable nods to the thug, who delivers another brutal hit to  
Walters.

CABLE

Now, Harry, I know there's some  
controversy about the tactical  
efficacy of torture. Hell, even  
during our days with the Company  
there was healthy debate on the  
subject.

WALTERS

You're a coward and you use all the  
tools of one.

Cable smiles and takes out a black metallic pen. He expertly  
presses the pointed end into a nerve center on Ava's back, by  
her shoulder blade. Ava SCREAMS but is muted by the gag.  
Veins pop out on her neck and tears flow down her face, but a  
muffled WAIL is all we hear. Walters desperately strains  
against his bindings.

WALTERS

You son of a bitch!

CABLE

Come on, Harry. Most men would pay  
good money to see their ex-wives  
treated like this. I know I would.

(darkening)

Where's the key to the encrypted  
data set on the prism?

WALTERS

I don't know what you're talking  
about.

CABLE

Julian, enlighten Mr. Walters.

Julian comes to life, his "face" flattening and brightening until it projects holographic images of the schematics. Cascades of data flash by until the images halt on a single BLINKING red page with the word "LOCKED" emblazoned on it.

CABLE

We ran computer models of the schematics. Even with AI integrated into the system the M.A.R.S. component of Conquest is incomplete. Then we found this.

WALTERS

(shrugging)

Oh, well. What can you do? Sorry, but I can't help you.

Cable walks behind Walters and viciously grabs him by the neck. Cable points to the "O" in the word "LOCKED." We close in and see that within the blinking letter is the small flickering image of three dots surrounded by a half moon and a gun.

CABLE

Don't play dumb. Your narcissism keeps you from being any good at it. That vain self-righteousness always gives you away. Couldn't resist leaving your mark, could you? Where is the key?

WALTERS

You destroyed it when you sent that AGM-114 into my living room.

CABLE

(bashing Walters across the face)

Bullshit!

WALTERS

(laughing)

Sorry, C.R. you'll have to figure this one out yourself, or give Helen and Julian a crack at it.

A digitized representation of Julian's "face" emerges from the hologram and speaks:

JULIAN

The inaccessible data is secured using quantum key encryption based on Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle. There is currently no known code-breaking algorithm for this system. Extrapolating current advances in decryption theory and technology, the contents may be accessible in approximately 23 years.

WALTERS

You'll have better luck trying to figure out "Kryptos" with a pencil and paper.

Cable goes back behind Ava. He brandishes the pen. He hits the same spot, but this time he draws blood. The gag can't contain Ava's SCREAM.

CABLE

While you watch, remember that compared to the C.H.Y.N.E.E.S. I'm as gentle as a lamb, and you're responsible for every single thing that happens to her.

EXT. MIT EDUCATIONAL OUTREACH BUILDING - NIGHT

Nora, Jonas, and Freddie halt a safe distance from the institutional-looking building that hosts Truth Camp. Black limousines, town cars, and dark-suited SECURITY GUARDS cluster around the entrance.

NORA

Okay. What now?

JONAS

We have to get in there.

Freddie fidgets in the back seat.

FREDDIE

Great, crash a party for Black-Ops creeps and their proteges? No problem.

(fidgeting)

Cripes, this suit is itchy!

JONAS

Will you stop?

FREDDIE

I told you it didn't fit when I put it on!

NORA

It looks fine on you.

FREDDIE

Thank you, but... Aaargh! This is like the most uncomfortable thing I've ever worn!

JONAS

Sorry we didn't have time to stop by a tailor.

Freddie fishes around in his pockets and finds something. He pulls out a small case.

FREDDIE

Whoa...

NORA

What is it?

FREDDIE

Check this out.

Freddie opens the case.

JONAS

Careful! You don't know-

FREDDIE

Cool!

Freddie pulls out a pair of retro-cool sunglasses.

FREDDIE

(putting them on)  
Sweet shades!

NORA

Those are cute.

JONAS

Take those off! It's dark! You look like an idiot.

FREDDIE

Wait a minute! I can see!

JONAS

Yeah, no one will ever mistake you for Stevie Wonder. Take 'em off.

FREDDIE

No, numnuts, I can see like really well - like I have Elvish eyes on steroids.

JONAS

Give them to me.

FREDDIE

No way! Finders keepers!

Jonas grabs the shades off Freddie's face. Freddie is crestfallen.

NORA

He did find them first.

Jonas tries on the shades.

JONAS

These are great - probably Soviet - but I don't see how they'll help us get inside unnoticed.

NORA

Then you're looking in the wrong place.

EXT. MIT EDUCATIONAL OUTREACH BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Jonas, Nora, and Freddie hurry along the sidewalk. A catering truck is parked in an alley adjacent to the building. A COOK (male, 30s) leans against the truck and smokes a cigarette. Nora saunters up with Freddie and Jonas hanging back a bit.

NORA

Hey!

COOK

Well, hel-lo.

NORA

Yeah, hi. Sorry we're late - car trouble...

COOK

Too bad. Want me to look under your hood?

NORA

(struggling to hide her  
disgust with a smile)  
Uh... Maybe later... Big fella. But  
right now we just need to see who  
assigns the cater waiter stations.  
I promise I'll be back on my break.

COOK

You better keep that promise.  
(drags on cigarette)  
The guy you want to talk to is Neil  
- you can't miss him - he's rockin'  
the earpiece and the pit stains.  
(pointing with his  
cigarette hand)  
Be sure to use that staff entrance,  
Neil gets all hissy if he thinks  
we're mixing with the VIPs.

INT. BANQUET ROOM KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The trio moves through the kitchen. Through the NOISE and the bustling staff they see NEIL (30s), heavy set, with massive armpit sweat stains adorning his oxford shirt and a bluetooth device in his ear, berating a meek CATER WAITER (20s).

NEIL

...what am I paying you for? Don't  
you know anything!? You *serve* from  
the left, *clear* from the right! You  
don't even know the basics! How  
dare you call yourself a cater  
waiter?

CATER WAITER

I don't really want to be a-

NEIL

Shut up!

Neil continues his abuse as Nora skulks by.

NORA

Just follow my lead.

Nora grabs a tray of hors d'oeuvres and purposefully heads for the banquet hall. Jonas and Freddie do the same.

JONAS

How did you...

NORA  
I have to cater waiter for extra  
cash. Somebody else cornered the  
market on selling test answers.

FREDDIE  
*Burn.*

JONAS  
Shuddup.

INT. BANQUET HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The hall is set up for a lavish dinner with a head table set  
up for speeches. Some 200 GUESTS mill around the space,  
talking and drinking.

FREDDIE  
(fidgeting with his  
collar)  
What the heck do we do now?

JONAS  
Cable is supposed to be here. I  
have to find him.

NORA  
Are you nuts?

JONAS  
If I catch him off guard I know I  
can help Harry.

FREDDIE  
Cripes! I hate to break it to you  
but he and Ava-

From behind the trio, Neil comes booming in.

NEIL  
What the hell are you idiots doing?  
Get out there and moves those bacon-  
wrapped shrimp!

NORA  
Sorry, we were just-

NEIL  
"Sorry" don't cut it sugar-lips.  
Now move!

Neil shoves Nora toward a group of LEERING MEN (40s). They descend on her and her tray of treats like vultures.

JONAS

Hey!

NEIL

Is for horses! Get over to the head table. NOW!

Neil pushes Jonas into the crowd and finally faces Freddie.

NEIL

What are you staring at, Pugsley?

FREDDIE

Pugsley..?

Neil grabs Freddie by the arm but suddenly pulls his hand back as if burned.

NEIL

OW! What the hell?  
(beat)  
Move it, kid.

Neil retreats back to the kitchen, nursing his hand. Freddie stands in the crowd, dumbfounded.

FREDDIE

(to himself)  
Pugsley? That *tub* called *me*  
Pugsley?

Freddie scans the room for Jonas and Nora. He moves through the guests as random hands grab shrimp off his tray.

VOICE (O.C.)

Hey kid. Let me get some of those shrimp.

FREDDIE

Yeah... Whatever.

Freddie turns around and finds himself face to face with RAUL. A moment of wide-eyed disbelief crosses Raul's face before it changes to a malevolent grin.

RAUL

Frederick...

FREDDIE

Fraaaaaaaak!

Freddie drops his tray and bolts. Raul gives chase through drunken guests. Freddie sees an exit door and races through.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Freddie bounds down the stairs with Raul gaining quickly. Freddie reaches the basement level and runs SMACK into locked double doors. GASPING he turns to face Raul.

RAUL  
I'm *almost* impressed, Frederick.

Raul takes out a black-bladed combat knife.

RAUL  
Almost.

FREDDIE  
I'm sorry about the Bobo thing. Please don't kill me - I haven't even gotten to meet Felicia Day in person yet. I'm so young and still have so much to do...

RAUL  
I'm afraid you'll have to change your plans.

Raul moves in. Freddie, desperate, pushes his arms out defensively and SCREAMS:

FREDDIE  
WAIT!!

As he pushes his arms out two BILLOWS of white powder SHOOT from the sleeves of his suit, hitting RAUL square in the face. Stunned, Raul SNEEZES, blinks a few times, and collapses to the ground.

FREDDIE  
Holy sh-

INT. BANQUET HALL - AT THAT MOMENT

At the head table THORNTON BILLINGTON (60s, distinguished) makes his way to the microphone. Jonas and Nora watch from their respective spots on the banquet hall floor.

THORNTON  
(all smiles)  
Attention everyone.  
(MORE)

THORNTON(cont'd)

Again, I apologize for the delay, but I just received word that Cable Reign is en route. In the mean time I think we should all give another hand to the good folks at Central HYbrid Network Expansion & Engineering Systems for the open bar and great food. Cable should be here to announce the recipients of the C.HY.N.E.E.S. special internships in a few minutes.

Jonas catches Nora's eye. She silently mouths:

NORA  
Where's Freddie?

Jonas shrugs. He scans the room. He watches Thornton disappear behind a curtain next to the head table. Jonas follows. Nora sees Jonas head behind the curtain. She wants to stop him but all she can do before he disappears is say:

NORA  
Jonas, don't.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jonas creeps down a dark hallway, barely able to see. There is a flash of LIGHT as Thornton goes through a distant door.

INT. BANQUET HALL - AT THAT MOMENT

Freddie bursts back in from the stairwell, searching for Jonas and Nora. He spots Nora and races over to her.

FREDDIE  
(gasping)  
Nora! Nora! You won't believe it!  
My suit is the most awesome thing  
ever! Look what I got from Raul.

Freddie quickly flashes the inside of his jacket to Nora, revealing an arsenal of gadgets and weapons.

NORA  
From Raul?

FREDDIE  
Yeah, don't worry about it. I took  
care of him.

INT. STAIRWELL BASEMENT LEVEL - AT THAT MOMENT

We see Raul in only his boxer shorts, bound and gagged with his own clothes and tied to the handles of the double doors. He MOANS faintly.

INT. BANQUET HALL - CONTINUOUS

FREDDIE  
Where's Jonas?

NORA  
Behind that curtain.

INT. HALLWAY - AT THAT MOMENT

Jonas listens at the closed hallway door. We see and hear the conversation on the other side in:

INT. CLUBROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Cable walks into the wood-paneled room and heavily sits in a leather club chair. Thornton glowers.

THORNTON  
Well?

CABLE  
Interrogation can be exhausting.  
Remember when it used to be fun,  
not work?

THORNTON  
God damn it, Reign. These are not  
patient people. You promised a  
working demo. Your remote  
controlled toy with bad aim has  
resulted in some very expensive  
cover-ups. The suits at  
C.HY.N.E.E.S. are not going to keep  
footing the bill.

CABLE  
Technological warfare is a seller's  
market. They want the product. I  
just have a little encryption issue  
I have to finish settling with  
Walters. He's ready to break.

THORNTON  
You better be right.

INT. HALLWAY - AT THAT MOMENT

Jonas hears steps behind him. He can't make out anything clearly in the darkness. A thought occurs to him. He pulls out the shades and slips them on. From his enhanced POV we see a BURLY SECURITY agent barreling down the hallway. Jonas panics. He takes a deep breath and bursts through the door.

INT. CLUBROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cable and Thornton jump back.

	THORNTON	CABLE
What the hell!?		You?!

Jonas, gasping, slams the door behind him and leans against it with all his might. We hear the Security Agent POUNDING from behind it. Jonas takes a deep breath.

JONAS  
I have what you need. But the only way you'll get it is by letting Harry and Ava go.

CABLE  
You're bluffing!

JONAS  
You can't know that for sure, but without me, your deal is dead and the C.HY.N.E.E.S. will blame you.

INT. BANQUET HALL - AT THAT MOMENT

Nora and Freddie watch multiple security agents disappear behind the same curtain Jonas went into.

NORA  
What do we do?