

WEEK 4

Cowrite

INT. PANIC ROOM - WALTERS' BASEMENT - LATER

Jonas, Nora, and Freddie try to get their bearings in the dim red emergency light. Distant SIRENS can be heard above them. Jonas clambers up the stairway and tries to push open the trap door with his shoulder. It does not budge.

FREDDIE

What the hell are you doing?

JONAS

I have to *try* and help them!

Freddie grabs Jonas and pulls him back.

FREDDIE

They are beyond anything you can do right now. And whoever sent that thing into Walters' living room may still be looking for targets.

Nora, standing in a darkened corner pipes in.

NORA

So what do we do? How do we get out of here? There's a destroyed house lying on top of us, right?

JONAS

Yeah, okay, let's figure this out.

Jonas reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small but powerful LED flashlight. He shines it around the room. Glimpses of monitor banks, filing cabinets, various computer terminals blink by in the beam. The light finally settles on a simple wall-mounted light switch. Jonas goes over and flips it on. Suddenly the room comes to life. Monitors flicker on, hard drives spin up and they behold an ARSENAL of espionage weaponry and gear carefully arranged in a large glass case.

FREDDIE

Holy sh...

Jonas, entranced by the array of toys, goes to the case.

JONAS

This is so much like my dreams,
it's scary...

He tries to open it. LOCKED.

NORA

I don't think you should be messing with that right now. How about finding another door?

JONAS

Fine. Freddie, what's coming up on the monitors?

FREDDIE

Static on most of them. I think they were security cams for the house. This one shows some sort of hallway, but it could be anywhere.

NORA

Could be a way out.

Jonas and Nora join Freddie at the computer console.

JONAS

Let me see.

FREDDIE

Hey! Don't push!

JONAS

Anything that could open that case?

NORA

We need to get out of here, not arm our own militia.

JONAS

There might be hostile agents right outside waiting for us.

FREDDIE

Jonas, you don't know how to use any of that stuff. Besides, Walters said we had to get the schematics to that guy at the DOD... Mcmanus?

JONAS

Right. McManus.

(beat)

What was his first name?

FREDDIE

Umm. Martin... Or Michael? Michael McManus? That sound right?

JONAS

That's it. Michael McManus. Over at the DOD.

NORA

Julian McMann, bozos. Michael McManus was one of the characters in "The Usual Suspects."

JONAS

Oh, yeah.

FREDDIE

Oh, yeah.

NORA

Enough. I'm getting us out before something else blows up.

Nora scans the computer consoles. To the left of one keyboard is a clear glass panel covering a red button marked "Evac." Nora grabs Jonas's flashlight.

JONAS

Hey!

NORA

They always say, "In case of emergency, break glass."

With the butt of the flashlight she smashes the glass and presses down on the button. Suddenly an ALARM sounds.

FREDDIE

What did you do?

A computerized VOICE announces an ALERT.

VOICE

"Evacuation sequence initiated. Sixty seconds to self destruct."

FREDDIE

Self destruct?! What does it mean "self destruct"?

JONAS

Probably that everything here will self destruct. Thanks, Nora.

Smoke begins to billow from other sections of the panic room.

VOICE

"Fifty-five seconds to self destruct."

FREDDIE

How do we get out?

NORA

There has to be a way! The computer says it's an "evacuation sequence!"

FREDDIE

What if the end of the sequence is going back up stairs? Did you think about that Miss "In case of emergency break glass"?!

JONAS

She's right. Harry knew what he was doing! There must be another way!

VOICE

"Fifty seconds to self destruct."

A PANEL by the computer console OPENS and a sleek BLACK BRIEFCASE rises from the opening.

NORA

Jonas! The briefcase! Grab it!

Jonas seizes the case and the whole room begins to RUMBLE.

FREDDIE

We're gonna die!!

JONAS

Look! The glass case! It's opening!

VOICE

"Forty-five seconds to self destruct."

At first it appears that the glass case to the arsenal is opening but then we see that the entire wall is moving out of the way to reveal the hallway that we saw in the monitor.

NORA

Let's go!

VOICE

"Forty seconds to self destruct."

FLAMES begin to shot from various parts of the panic room as Jonas, Nora, and Freddie bolt down the hallway. Jonas clutches the briefcase and Freddie cradles the obsidian bar as they run through the SMOKE and NOISE.

EXT. DESOLATE ALLEY - LATER

In a trash-strewn alley behind an abandoned Chinese restaurant we see a row of DUMPSTERS in various states of decay. Suddenly the deep THUD of a distant explosion is heard and BILLOWS of SMOKE come BELCHING from beneath the lid of the most run-down dumpster. The lid CREAKILY pops open and Jonas, Nora and Freddie climb out, dusted with soot and looking shell-shocked.

FREDDIE

Where the hell are we?

JONAS

(coughing)

I think we're behind "Ah Fong's."

FREDDIE

Great. Wanna get some dim sum?

JONAS

They've been closed for years.

FREDDIE

I was kidding.

JONAS

Duh.

NORA

Excuse me. Shouldn't we get that thing to Julian McMann so I can go home, take a bath and pretend this is not happening?

JONAS

What do you suggest, Nora, calling the DOD in your iPhone and saying we have a package to deliver?

FREDDIE

They'd trace that so fast. You'd have stealth helicopters on-

NORA

Fine. You guys know everything, so you don't need me. I'm sure you'll have no problem tracking down "Michael McManus" on your own.

FREDDIE

I thought his name was Julian-

Nora goes to leave.

JONAS
Nora, wait!

Jonas goes after her and grabs her arm.

NORA
Let go of me!

Jonas pulls back. Cautious.

JONAS
I'm sorry! Nora. I just need to find out what happened to Harry and Ava before we do anything else.

FREDDIE
Dude, they're dead...

JONAS
We don't know that!

FREDDIE
I know he was your friend and all, but come on...

JONAS
Until we figure out our next move the best we can do is not let anyone know we're involved.

NORA
Fine, then I wasn't even with you guys. Just leave me out of it.

JONAS
Nora, we don't know if the people who destroyed Walters' house saw us. So, until we know for sure, you're part of this.

NORA
And how will we know "for sure"? When we each get a missile launched into our living room?

FREDDIE
That'd be one way.

JONAS

Look! I don't have all the answers.
Just go home and pretend we didn't
almost get blown to bits twice
today, okay? Then we can figure out
how to keep anybody else from
getting hurt.

Beat.

NORA

Fine.

Beat.

FREDDIE

What's in the briefcase?

JONAS

Dunno, it's locked really tight.

Beat.

FREDDIE

You guys want to split a cab?

NORA & JONAS

Sure.

INT. JONAS'S BEDROOM - LATER

Jonas is still covered with soot. He carefully places the sleek briefcase and obsidian bar in his safe. He hears the FRONT DOOR OPEN. Jonas swiftly locks the safe up.

INT. FRONT HALL - JONAS'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jonas's mother, MEREDITH BERNSTEIN (40s), pretty but worn down by a yet another long day steps in carrying a small bag of groceries.

MRS. BERNSTEIN

Jonas? Are you home?

INT. JONAS'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jonas races to get undressed and hop into the shower.

JONAS

In the shower mom! Not decent!
Don't come in!

We hear Mrs. Bernstein get settled in the kitchen as she calls out to her son.

MRS. BERNSTEIN (O.S.)

Have you seen the news about Mr.
Walters' house?

Jonas dumps his sooty clothes into the hamper.

JONAS

Umm. No!

MRS. BERNSTEIN (O.S.)

No? My goodness, Jonas, there are
police and fire trucks everywhere.
The radio said it was a gas leak.

Jonas SNORTS and shakes his head.

MRS. BERNSTEIN (CONT'D)

If Mr. Walters's stove caused an
explosion like that we're going to
nuke our food tonight. Chicken
enchiladas okay, honey?

JONAS

(getting in the shower)
Super!

INT. JONAS'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Jonas and his mother sit on the couch eating microwaved
enchiladas and watching the news. On the television a FEMALE
NEWSCASTER (30s) describes the chaos going on behind her.

NEWSCASTER

...the Cleveland Park home was
completely destroyed by an apparent
gas leak. One severely injured
individual - possibly the homeowner
- was taken to the Georgetwon
University Hospital's emergency
ward, but no further information is
available. Rumors of a terrorist
attack were quickly dismissed
during a press conference by the
mayor.

(MORE)

NEWSCASTER(cont'd)

However, one eye witness maintains that there was suspicious activity before the blast.

A ELDERLY HOMELESS MAN (70s) who is best described as "Hobo Santa Claus" appears on the screen.

HOMELESS MAN

There were more people in there! Kids! I saw them. Then the metal bird came from the sky. It wanted to build a nest, but it was angry-

The shot cuts back to the NEWSCASTER.

NEWSCASTER

Okayyy... Channel Seven News will be updating you on the story as more information comes in.

MRS. BERNSTEIN

Seems like they only put wackos on the television these days. I hope Mr. Walters pulls through. He's such a nice man.

On the television we see more shots of Walters' ruined home, embers still SMOKING and the occasional FLAME popping up from the rubble. The camera pans by a group of firemen. Jonas suddenly perks up and grabs the remote. He clicks the Tivo back a few seconds and pauses it on the group of firemen. In the center of the group, dressed in DCFD gear stands RAUL, surveying the debris. Jonas hits play. Raul's eye catches the news camera and he quickly turns away.

JONAS

Oh my god.

MRS. BERNSTEIN

What is it, honey?

JONAS

I just remembered I have a chemistry quiz tomorrow and I haven't done the reading yet.

MRS. BERNSTEIN

You better get cracking, kiddo.

JONAS

Yeah...

INT. GROVE HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA- THE NEXT DAY

Jonas, Nora and Freddie sit together at a table. Although they try to act casual they are visibly tense.

NORA

... So the "exterminator" was on the news? Digging around the house?

JONAS

Yes.

FREDDIE

If he was at Walters' house wouldn't it mean that they think what they want is still there?

JONAS

Let's hope.

NORA

So call McMann and hand it over. Walters said you could trust him.

JONAS

The problem now is getting it to him safely. We need to call from somewhere public. Use a pay phone so they can't ID us. It's tougher ambush us with pedestrians around.

NORA

Then let's find a good spot.

EXT. THE UPTOWN THEATER WASHINGTON D.C. - LATER

Jonas, Nora and Freddie stand at a pay phone by the historic theater. Jonas dials. Freddie and Nora act as lookouts.

JONAS

(nervous)

Yes, operator. Could you connect me to the Department of Defense?

OPERATOR (O.C.)

(buzzing into the earpiece)

Certainly.

There is a momentary BEEP and CLICK on the line and then:

DOD RECEPTIONIST (O.C.)
 Department of Defense. How may I
 direct your call?

JONAS
 Michael- I mean Julian McMann's
 office, please.

DOD RECEPTIONIST
 Please hold while I connect you.

Freddie and Nora give Jonas "What's going on?" looks.

JONAS
 They're connecting me-
 (into phone)
 Yes, I'd like to speak to Mr.
 McMann... I'm sorry I can't give
 you my name... No. But please tell
 Mr. McMann I'm a friend of Harry
 Walters... Yes. Ok.

FREDDIE
 Dude, what the frak is going on?

JONAS
 They said I have to wait.

NORA
 They could be tracing the call.

All three scan the street and the sky. Freddie sees a MAN IN A DARK SUIT who seems to be talking into a wrist microphone. Nora eyes a BLACK SEDAN that slowly halts directly across from them. In the distance, Jonas spies an ominous BLACK HELICOPTER that appears to be approaching them.

Jonas feels his heart THUMP in his throat as all three figures seem to close in on them. Without realizing, Nora grabs his hand. Distracted, Jonas returns the hand squeeze. Only Freddie takes note of the physical connection.

A long beat as everything seems to surround them. The BLACK SEDAN lowers the driver's window and a MAN IN SUNGLASSES watches them. Jonas suddenly hangs up the phone.

JONAS, NORA AND FREDDIE
 Let's get the hell out of here.

All three RACE into the theater lobby and disappear. The car, the helicopter and the man in the dark suit move along, minding their own business.

INT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - EVENING

Cable Reign, dressed in black, strides down a hall of the intensive care unit. A UNIFORMED GUARD (20s) is at one door. Cable approaches the guard.

GUARD

There's no entry here sir.

CABLE

Stand aside. We have reason to believe the individual is involved in a matter of national security.

GUARD

Sir, my orders are-

Cable flashes credentials that make the guard's eyes pop.

GUARD

(stepping aside)

Yes sir.

Cable goes through the door.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - CONTINUOUS

Cable steps into the stark room. A single bed, surrounded by monitors, is tented to protect the gravely injured patient. Electronic BEEPS pierce the silence. Cable walks to the bed.

CABLE

Bet you didn't expect our next meeting to turn out like this...

Cable raises the tent curtain to reveal:

AVA - bloodied and bruised. She clings to life inside a cocoon of bandages. Cable is shocked. His jaw drops.

CABLE

Ava...

The shock quickly turns to seething rage.

CABLE

You'll pay for your betrayal. And the reckoning will be ten times worse for your precious Harry.