

Cowrite Screenplay Week 4

Raul hoists the compact 'mini-Conquest' into the back of the van, slams the doors. Pulls out his cellphone and dials.

RAUL
(into cell)
Phase One is complete.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CABLE'S OFFICE - EVENING

Cable at his desk, watching something on a large plasma TV. Phone to his ear.

CABLE
Yes, Raul, I noticed.

PULL BACK

To the PLASMA. LIVE FOOTAGE is being streamed from Walters' devastated house by a camera crew. POLICE and FIRECREWS already swarming over the area.

CABLE (CONT'D)
Walters had better have done what we thought he would.

RAUL
It's the only way to box a man like him in, Cable.

CABLE
You hope so, Raul.

He hangs up.

EXT. ROCK CREEK NATIONAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

Raul flips his cell shut.

RAUL
Yeah. I guess I do hope so. Baldy.

Reaches beneath his shirt and flips out his CIA badge. Adjusts it for comfort, taps the side of the white van.

RAUL (CONT'D)
(calling)
No stops. Straight to Command.

The van lurches off. Raul crosses the carpark to a plain brown sedan and climbs in.

CUT TO:

INT. CABLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Cable turns to another monitor, this one streaming live. A gaunt Chinese man with a mean-looking gaze, 50s, leers smugly at him.

CHINESE AMBASSADOR
More problems, Mr. Reign?

CABLE
Only minor irritations, Mr. Ambassador.

CHINESE AMBASSADOR
Good. This transaction must proceed in an exceedingly low-key manner. Because it would be very upsetting to learn you were being hunted as a traitor to your own country, Mr. Reign.
(smirks)
Very upsetting indeed.

He leans forward, disconnects the feed. Cable's eyes are drawn back to the chaos on the TV...and we...

PUSH FORWARD

Into the wreckage of Walters' house...into the RUBBLE and FLAMES...CLOSER and CLOSER until everything is obscured by the thick, acrid SMOKE...and then...

WALTERS (V.O.)
...Ava...?

WE PUSH THROUGH the smoke to --

INT. WALTERS' DESTROYED HOUSE - EVENING

Find Walters still alive in the middle of the carnage. Trapped beneath his refrigerator. Ava only ten feet away but unconscious beneath chunks of the roof. Walters reaches out a hand towards her, comes up way short. He finds a piece of debris, hurls it in her direction.

WALTERS
You need to come to, Ava!

The tone of his voice shakes her back to reality. She lifts her head, eyes all of a sudden focused, calculating. The professional in her re-awakened, too.

AVA
Hellfire...AGM 114...

WALTERS

We have to move ourselves. Now.
Cable will be here any minute.
He'll go straight for the panic
room.

AVA

The kids...?

WALTERS

They're on their own right now.
We need to make ourselves scarce.

AVA

I'm pinned, only got my left
arm...

Walters, trapped beneath the 'fridge, straining --

WALTERS

I've got both hands but I can't
budge this thing...angle's
wrong...

Ava cranes her neck to take in the immediate surroundings.
Spots something.

AVA

Walters. To your right. The
floorboard.

Walters creaks his head around to spot the four-foot piece
of solid hardwood flooring. A perfect jimmy.

WALTERS

Yes, I can reach it.

He contorts his body around the refrigerator and manages to
grip the floorboard. Swings it over the top of the
refrigerator in Ava's direction. Edges the end towards
her.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

Need your help here...

Ava grabs the floorboard with her free hand and slowly
guides it until it fits firmly under one of the huge
sections of roof pinning her down.

AVA

Now...the statue...push it
across...

Walters begins to inch a bronze bust bearing a distinct
resemblance to James Bond (ie, Sean Connery) towards Ava.
She gets a hand on it and shoves it beneath the floorboard,
forming a solid fulcrum... she looks at Walters...

AVA (CONT'D)

By the way, your taste in sculpture is still atrocious.

WALTERS

Strange, I'd always remembered it as a birthday gift. From you.

Ava rolls her eyes.

AVA

On my count.

Walters nods. Their eyes now locked across the smoke-scorched room.

AVA (CONT'D)

Three...two...one...

And as Walters yanks downwards on the floorboard, pushing the other end up against the roof chunk holding Ava down...and as she strains against it with her one free hand...and as the chunk of roof begins to *move* --

CUT TO:

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - PANIC ROOM - EVENING

The other-worldly glow of the obsidian bar lights up the faces of Jonas, Nora and Freddie. Looking very dirty and very scared.

FREDDIE

Well, Jonas Buuuurn? What happens now?

Freddie swings the obsidian in a high arc around the panic room. Wooden stairs lead back up to the living-room; the four brick walls surrounding them are absolutely featureless.

JONAS

Now we get outta here.

He climbs the stairs, thrusts his shoulder against the trapdoor, shoves with all his might. It doesn't budge an inch.

NORA

Jonas, there's an entire house lying on top of us.

FREDDIE

And you can't even do three pull-ups.

JONAS

As a matter of fact, now I can --

NORA

Let's stay focused, shall we?
I'd rather not suffocate to death
today.

FREDDIE

So, what, we're really trapped?

JONAS

Mr. Walters wouldn't build a
panic room to trap himself in.
There's got to be another way
out.

Freddie slides down the wall to the ground. Sighs shakily.

FREDDIE

Man oh man oh man, I really hate
tiny rooms...

But Jonas is a million miles away, studying the brick
walls. The far wall in particular. Suddenly:

JONAS

Wrap up the obsidian.

FREDDIE

Huh?

JONAS

The light! Hide the light!

Freddie wraps up the obsidian in his jacket. The panic
room falls into pitch blackness again.

JONAS (CONT'D)

(in darkness)

Got it!

NORA

Feel free to explain. Anytime.

JONAS

Crouch down. Over here. Look
up. You gotta get the right
angle.

JONAS' POV THROUGH THE DARKNESS

...and there, just discernible in the inky blackness, is
the glittering outline of a doorway, framed by the light
outside spilling inwards.

Jonas smiles in the darkness.

JONAS (CONT'D)

See it?

NORA

(also smiling)

I see it...

FREDDIE

Great. Now can we work on getting it open? Like, really, really, really quickly?

JONAS

There's gotta be a trip switch or something. Everybody feel around. Use the obsidian.

The obsidian's eerie glow spills out into the panic room. They all begin to feel around the tiny room.

FREDDIE

Er...what exactly does a trip switch look like?

JONAS

It'll be a small metal device embedded absolutely flush with its surrounding environment. Now, generally-speaking, they can take any form, but in reality they're usually cylindrical-shaped and have --

NORA

Oh! I got it!

And, with a TINY CLICK, the door in the far wall pops open. A long corridor runs beyond it, at the end of which daylight floods in. The three of them blink dumbly. Then:

FREDDIE

I gotta get outta here!

And he barrels past them and races down the corridor --

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND WALTERS' HOUSE - EVENING

The panic room corridor emerges underneath the dumpster in the alley behind Walters' house. Freddie scrambles out from beneath it, grime-covered, begins to suck in deep lungfuls of the evening air.

Jonas and Nora emerge from beneath the dumpster.

JONAS

Alright, we gotta circle around and surveil the impact zone --

FREDDIE

Uh uh. No way.

JONAS

But Freddie --

FREDDIE

I'm out, Jonas. I'm not built for this. I didn't mind your crazy talk when it was just that: talk. But I nearly got blown up by a missile for frak's sake! I don't know about you, but that's a bit of a shock to my system!

JONAS

Freddie, we need you. I need you to help me.

FREDDIE

Sorry, Jonas. (beat) Besides, I'm late for dinner.

He tosses the sweater-wrapped obsidian to Jonas. Turns, trudges down the alley and disappears round the corner. Jonas' shoulders slump. He looks at Nora.

JONAS

I guess you're out, too, huh?

Nora thinks a beat. Shakes her head.

NORA

Not yet, Jonas. I'm kinda getting a taste for it...almost.

Jonas smiles a sad little smile.

JONAS

C'mon.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALTERS' DESTROYED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jonas and Nora round the corner from the alley straight into a scene from hell. Police and firemen scurry over the house's misshapen surface. News choppers overhead. It's chaotic and loud and pretty scary.

Jonas and Nora take it all in for a beat. Sombre. Jonas spots a POLICEMAN taking notes. Hurries over to him.

JONAS

'Scuse me, sir?

The Policeman looks down at him.

POLICEMAN
Run along, fella.

JONAS
Did they...have they found
anybody inside?

POLICEMAN
(lifting an eyebrow)
Why, boyo, you know who lives -
lived - here?

Jonas shakes his head no.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
That's good, sonny. 'Cause if
there was anybody inside when it
went up, I guarantee you, they
won't be coming back out.

Ruffles Jonas' hair. Jonas shakes him off, annoyed.

JONAS
(upset)
Thanks.

He trudges back to Nora. Shakes his head. Nora puts an
arm around his shoulders.

NORA
I'm sorry, Jonas.

Jonas says nothing.

BEHIND THEM

A plain brown sedan busts through the crime scene tape and
pulls to an abrupt stop. Raul climbs out, flashing his
badge at the fast-approaching OFFICERS.

NORA (CONT'D)
What do we do now?

Jonas rocks the obsidian, a look of pure determination on
his face:

JONAS
We get this to McMann. For Mr.
Walters and Ava. Now let's get
out of here.

As they hurry off into the crowd of lookee-loos...

CUT TO:

EXT. ACROSS FROM WALTERS' DESTROYED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Find Walters and Ava perched across the road, bunkered down behind a waist-high, ivy-covered picket fence. Watching Jonas and Nora disappear out of sight. Watching the brown sedan as Raul gets out of it.

WALTERS

That's him. The guy that broke into my house. With a silenced pistol.

AVA

Raul. Cable's right-hand... man seems the wrong word. *Ghoul*.

WALTERS

Ok, game time. Just stick to the plan. Ready?

AVA

Always, Harry.

They peel off in different directions, staying low.

INT. WALTERS' DESTROYED HOUSE - PANIC ROOM DOOR - EVENING

Raul clambers over the wreckage and stops above the entrance to the panic room. Waves his badge at a nearby FIREMAN.

RAUL

Hey, Mr. Big Tough Fireman, gimme a hand over here.

The Fireman reluctantly ambles over. Raul indicates the hundred pound chunk of debris covering the panic room door.

RAUL (CONT'D)

Grab the other side of this, would you?

The two men grip the debris and slowly inch it off the entrance. Raul waves the Fireman away.

RAUL (CONT'D)

Run along and put out your fires.

As he moves off:

FIREMAN

You Feds are real ass --

His sentence obscured by a monstrous THUMP as Raul swings the entrance open. Pulls out his weapon. Hesitantly lowers his head to peer into the panic room:

RAUL'S POV

Empty. Very, very empty.

Raul straightens up. Very, very annoyed. Pulls out his cell.

RAUL
(into cell)
He got away.

INTERCUT WITH CABLE IN HIS OFFICE

CABLE
(into phone)
I was expecting you to say that,
Raul. At least you're
consistent.

Raul mouths a profanity in response.

CABLE (CONT'D)
So what are you going to do about
it?

Raul doesn't reply. He's spotted something in the debris. Moves to it and picks it up. A look of utter dismay appears on his face. Nervous all of a sudden.

CABLE (CONT'D)
Raul?

RAUL
Mr. Reign, sir?
(off Cable's silence)
Doesn't your wife Ava wear an
eighteen-carat gold ring with
three rubies?

CABLE
It's her wedding ring, why?

RAUL
I think you know why, Cable.
(beat) I just found it in the
rubble.

Cable freezes. No response.

RAUL (CONT'D)
Cable, I think we have face
facts...we have to accept that...
she's...she's the masked spy.
She stole the Obsidian bar and
came straight to Walters. She
betrayed you, Cable.

Still Cable says nothing. His face a mixture of pure rage and total heartbreak. Finally...

CABLE

Fine. Come back in. We're going to do this differently now.

Cable hangs up, lets his head drop into his hands.

RAUL

crosses back to his brown sedan. Climbs in and takes off.
WE PAN DOWN TO:

EXT. BENEATH RAUL'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

The sedan's chassis. To find Walters gripped to it, knuckles white, teeth clenched, his body suspended only an inch above the bitumen speeding below...