EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - SAME

A black SUV follows the sedan at a distance.

INT. BLACK SUV - SAME

Raul, covered in scratches and bandages, looks determined to redeem himself.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - SAME

Walters puts out his hand for the data prism. Jonas reluctantly hands it to him.

WALTERS
Good work, kid. You'll make a helluva spy some day.

Jonas' smile is tempered by the fact that Nora stares out the window, refusing to look at him.

FREDDIE
What next? Dinner, I hope.

AVA
I have a safe house not far from here.

NORA
I said I'd like you to drop me off at home.

Ava looks at Nora in the rearview mirror.

AVA
It's probably not safe for--

NORA
Then what're you doing, kidnapping me?

Ava and Harry look at one another. He shrugs.

EXT. NORA'S STREET - NIGHT

The black sedan pulls up to a house a few doors down from Nora's. She opens her door and starts to get out before the car has even completely stopped.

JONAS
Nora--

She slams the door in his face. The sedan takes off.

Jonas stares desperately out the back window as it disappears.

Nora starts to cry as she quickly approaches her house.

Raul's SUV slows down as it passes Nora going up her front walk. She turns and sees it, but it speeds up and drives away.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Jonas and Freddie follow Ava into a small, ranch-style house. Walters comes in behind them, watching out the door as he closes it.

Other than the bedroom and bathroom, the house is basically all one open area.

WALTERS
Didn't know you kept this place.

AVA
Was planning on selling it. Haven't had the time.

Walters grins: touche.

WALTERS
Cable doesn't know about it?

Her look says she's annoyed at the question.

AVA
Course not.

Ava disappears into the bedroom.

Walters goes to the dining area. He moves the table, pulls up the area rug and removes a false tile on the floor, revealing a safe below.

Jonas tries to look over Harry's shoulder as he keys in the combination.

Walters opens the small safe and gently places the prism inside. He closes it up and replaces the tile and rug.

WALTERS
(without turning around)
Have a seat, son.

Jonas is uncomfortable when he realizes Harry knew he was watching him. He helps move the table back and sits down in one of the chairs.

Harry walks into the adjoining kitchen.

WALTERS (CONT'D)
Something to drink?

JONAS
Uh...yeah, that'd be good.

WALTERS
Water? Coffee?

JONAS
Coffee's fine.

Jonas looks into the living room area and sees that Freddie is already half asleep in a big, cozy chair.

JONAS (CONT'D)
You've been here before?

WALTERS
Been here? Used to live here.

Jonas looks around the small house, notices a couple of pictures of Harry and Ava together when they were younger.

And happier.

Walters comes back into the dining area with two cups of coffee and hands one to Jonas.

WALTERS (CONT'D)
Sorry. All she had was instant.

Jonas takes a sip. Freddie is already snoring in his easy chair.

JONAS
What you said earlier...about me being a spy some day. You really think so?

WALTERS
You've got a lot of potential. But you're still young. Give it some time.

JONAS
I feel like I'm ready now.

WALTERS
This is a dangerous line of work, kid. Takes a lot of training and hard work. Even then, you're always watching your back.

Walters looks toward the pictures in the other room.

WALTERS (CONT'D)
Takes its toll in other ways, too.

JONAS
But haven't I already proven myself?

WALTERS
Like I said, you've done good. In fact, I'd probably be dead right now if it weren't for you.

Harry looks out the window into the darkness.

WALTERS (CONT'D)
And those plans might already be in the hands of the Chinese.

Jonas smiles, takes another sip of coffee.

WALTERS (CONT'D)
That's why I really hate having to do this to you...

Jonas feels woozy. Eyelids drooping, he sways in his chair. Harry gets up and catches him as he passes out.

Walters drags him to a sofa and lays him down.

WALTERS (CONT'D)
Sweet dreams, kid.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Walters and Ava exit the house cautiously. Their eyes scan the area as they approach the car in the driveway.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT

They get into the black sedan, Ava on the driver's side. As she starts the engine, she hears a CLICK.

Raul is in the back seat, a pistol held to the back of Walters' head.

RAUL
Drive.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

It's morning. Jonas wakes up on the sofa, grabs his throbbing head. Remembering what happened, he punches a pillow.

There's a note on the coffee table: "*Stay put. We'll take it from here. -H.*"

He sees Freddie curled up on the chair. Tries to shake him awake, to no avail. There's a hypodermic needle lying on the end table next to the chair.

Jonas boots up a laptop computer sitting on a nearby desk. He quickly taps away at the keys, then dials his cell phone while looking at the screen.

NORA'S VOICE
(on phone)
This is Nora. You know what to do.
BEEP.

JONAS
It's Jonas. Look...I don't expect you to forgive me. Or even talk to me. But I need to know if you're okay. Call me back? Please?

Jonas ends the call and looks around, then settles his gaze on the dining area floor.

He walks over to the dining area and pulls up the rug. He lifts off the false tile and looks at the key pad.

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND - DAY

Cable sits at his desk as his Underlings do their thing in the background.

Raul enters, ushering in Walters and Ava at gunpoint. They're both cuffed and appear drugged.

CABLE
I must say, this was completely unexpected.

Cable snaps his fingers and points at the prisoners. Two Underlings rush over and take them away.

RAUL
Told you I'd get it done.

Raul smugly sits down in a chair across from Cable.

CABLE
Yes. Unfortunately, that was two days and one worthless obsidian ago. Where's the prism?

Raul is thrown.

RAUL
The what?

Veins start popping out on Cable's bald scalp.

CABLE
The...data...prism.

RAUL
I searched them both, didn't find squat.

Cable clenches his jaw so hard his teeth are about to crack.

RAUL (CONT'D)
At least I brought them in, though, right?

CABLE
Yes.

Cable relaxes and smiles. He's made up his mind about something.

CABLE (CONT'D)
Always nice to go out on a positive note...

Cable casually points a weapon at Raul and fires several rounds into him. He stands and walks in the direction that Walters and Ava were taken.

CABLE (CONT'D)
(to his Underlings)
Clean up the mess.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Jonas punches a code into the key pad, then tries the safe door. No luck.

He tries another set of numbers. Again, no dice.

He closes his eyes and concentrates, then punches in another set of numbers. He tries the door and smiles as it clicks open.

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND - LAB - DAY

Helen McMann, in goggles, works on repairing the cracked obsidian casing with some complex tools.

Ava sits in one corner, cuffed to a metal chair that's bolted down to the floor.

Walters is unconscious in another corner. On top of his previous injuries, he now has blood running from a gash in his forehead down to his chin.

AVA
He can be very persuasive, can't he?

Helen is upset at losing her concentration.

HELEN
He, who?

AVA
Cable.

HELEN
I'm doing this because I believe in the cause. Not for him.

Ava scoffs.

AVA
You really think he plans to do some good in the world? Or do you have your own agenda?

Helen goes back to work.

HELEN
I've always liked you, Ava. You really should just give him what he wants so you don't get hurt.

AVA
If he was planning on hurting me, why'd he let us get away last night?

Helen stops working again. Ava notices she's bothered by the last statement.

AVA (CONT'D)
We were right in his sights.

HELEN
It's not easy for people to give up their feelings for someone.

Ava looks over at Harry with a sadness in her eyes.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Even when they love someone new.

Ava's eyes narrow at the odd smile on Helen's face.

AVA
You're joking.

HELEN
Why would you say that? You didn't seem to think he was so bad when you left Harry for him.

Two of Cable's Underlings walk in and undo Harry's cuffs.

FIRST UNDERLING
Boss wants to know when you'll be done fixing that thing.

HELEN
I'm not sure. It's a very delicate device.

FIRST UNDERLING
Yeah, well, he's expecting to get the other part soon, so I'd get moving, I were you.

The Underlings drag Walters out of the room.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Jonas' phone rings. He sees that it's Walters calling and answers.

JONAS
Harry!

CABLE
(over phone)
I'm afraid Harry's indisposed at the moment.

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND - SAME

Cable is on Walters' phone. Walters sits slumped on the ground, handcuffed to a pole and gagged.

CABLE
But I'm sure he'd love to talk to you if he could.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - SAME

Jonas paces back and forth frantically.

JONAS
What do you want?

CABLE
(over phone)
That's a very long list, young man. But for now, let's just start with the item you stole from me.

Jonas sits back down in front of the laptop and types away while he's talking.

JONAS
That's an interesting version of reality.

CABLE
(over phone)
I realize you're new to this, but the way it works is that I currently get to determine what reality is. And you get to accept it.

Jonas brings up the phone numbers for CIA Headquarters on the screen.

JONAS
Or...?

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND - SAME

Cable seems to be enjoying himself. Walters, now awake, weakly struggles to free himself.

CABLE
Or I murder everyone in your life and you get to live a new reality. I'll start with Walters.

He pauses to kick Walters in the side.

CABLE (CONT'D)
If I don't get what I want, the girl is next. Eventually, I'll send my favorite toy over to the office building where your mother works.

He pauses to let it sink in.

CABLE (CONT'D)
Although, I'd prefer to keep that ace in the hole in case you decide to do something really stupid, like call the authorities.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - SAME

Jonas closes the laptop and looks around. *Is he being watched?*

He pulls the prism out of his pocket.

JONAS
I get it. I get it.

He stares at the prism. The past couple of days have been rough, and it shows on his face.

CABLE
(over phone)
I knew you'd come around. I'll text you an address.

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND - SAME

Cable sets a timer on his watch and it begins counting down.

CABLE
You have one hour to bring me the data prism, or Harry is dead.