

Cowrite Screenplay

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BRISTOL'S SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT

Ritzy. A DASHING MAN (40s) in a pristine tuxedo exits with a GORGEOUS WOMAN on his arm. He hands a stub to a VALET, and suavely lights a cigar. Puffs. Satisfied.

A SHEET OF MUDDY WATER splashes over them. A CONVOY of SIX SUVs escorting a heavily armored 18 WHEELER fly by.

The Man throws his now drenched cigar at the Semi.

INT. LEAD SUV - CONTINUOUS

RAUL (30s), smirks at the drenched couple. On a scale of One to Sleazy, Raul is like the loan shark for Big Tony. Slicked hair. Cheap cowboy boots. One foot propped on the dash next to a faint transmitter that PULSES RED.

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL - NIGHT

Low lit. LCDs. PEOPLE everywhere. The kind of room you could run a war from. On a huge screen: RED DOTS track the convoy's movement.

A MEEK UNDERLING (30s) reports to a man in shadow. CABLE REIGN (50s). Imposing. Bald head smooth as a cue ball.

UNDERLING

En route. Everything's on schedule.

CABLE

Good.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT STREET - NIGHT

The Convoy barrels past abandoned buildings. In the middle of the road: a SMALL METALLIC DEVICE is attached to a thick wire. The wire is coiled at the side of a building. Connected to a WHEELED SLED. On the sled is a MASKED SPY IN BLACK.

The Convoy drives over the Metallic Device. It magnetizes to the Semi's chassis. The coil of wire unravels. As soon as the entire convoy passes, the wheeled sled goes from Zero to Sixty in 0.498 seconds.

The main thing to keep in mind for the next few insane moments is that the Masked Spy is deliberate. Mechanical. Calm. A seasoned professional.

Since the wire attached to the Semi travels underneath the trailing SUVs, the Masked Spy ZIPS underneath them. Attaching a small, black cone to the bottom of each one.

IN THE SUV IMMEDIATELY BEHIND THE SEMI

The DRIVER watches as the Masked Spy scales the back of the Semi. The Driver grabs for his radio.

CENTRAL CONTROL

On the Screen, a VIDEO FEED pops up, showing the Masked Spy climbing onto the roof of the Semi.

UNDERLING

Sir, we have an intruder.

CABLE

Take him out.

WAREHOUSE DISTRICT STREET

GUNMEN from an SUV lean out windows. Take aim. The Masked Spy pushes a button. Three EXPLOSIONS turn SUVs into prime junk yard material.

CENTRAL CONTROL

On the Screen: THREE RED DOTS blink out. Everyone at a terminal scrambles. Cable grabs a mic.

CABLE

Raul. Deal with this.

IN THE LEAD SUV

RAUL motions for the DRIVER to circle around. He slows to fall back next to the Semi. Raul grabs the radio and:

RAUL

Could be a trap. We're staying on course.

TWO GUNMEN in the back cock weapons.

ON TOP OF THE SEMI

The Masked Spy opens a hatch on the roof. Drops:

INSIDE THE SEMI'S TRAILER

The Masked Spy disarms TWO GUARDS. Fists. A few shots. Masked Spy is the only one left standing. Takes KEY CARDS from them. Moves to a DIGITAL KEYPAD. A number written on his wrist. He types it in. Swipes Key Cards.

And a GIANT VAULT opens. The ONLY thing inside: a ten-inch BAR OF OBSIDIAN, suspended by four springs. The Masked Spy sprays a mist. Reveals lasers. Maneuvers through. Shoves the bar into a small pouch. Makes for the hatch.

RAUL'S SUV

Pulls up alongside the Semi. Raul steps out. Onto the Semi's gutter boards. Climbs through a door in the trailer.

ON TOP OF THE SEMI

The Semi speeds while Masked Spy makes his way to the front of the trailer. Gunmen from the SUV FIRE. Hit air.

A TRAIN runs on the tracks next to the road. The Masked Spy tosses his backpack onto the roof of a RAIL CAR. Prepares to jump when:

Raul SHOOTS him in the shoulder. Blood. Probably bone. An incapacitated arm.

Eyes narrow. Raul laughs. Steadies his aim and:

The Masked Spy fires a magnetic hook. At a sign. He's yanked away. Swings onto the train. Raul can't believe it. SHOOTS anyway. SCREAMS in frustration, as if it would help his bullets hit home. Grabs his radio.

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND - NIGHT

All hell has broken loose. Phones. Typing. Hair-pulling. Except for Cable. He's already bald. And he's the only one with self-control.

UNDERLING

I can contact the transit authority--

CABLE

-We can't tell anyone we lost it. We weren't even supposed to have it.

Another AGENT bounds in with a print out.

AGENT

Sir. Surveillance got a partial pic. A tattoo. Never seen it before.

Cable recognizes the tattoo - three black dots surrounded by a half moon and a gun.

CABLE

This man was trained by Harry Walters.

UNDERLING

I thought Walters retired fifteen years ago.

CABLE

I'd like to speak with him.

(measured)

Right now.

The Underling picks up a phone. Dials. The TONES are strange...sound more like:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

An alarm clock. 5:30 AM. A HAND slaps it. Flips a switch. A computer springs to life, printing out the day's top international stories. A coffee maker perks. MUSIC commences. Feet THUMP to the floor. No time to waste.

Morning exercises. Pull-ups. A bar is anchored in the door jamb. From the back, the TEENAGER is obviously scrawny. One. Twwooo. Thhhhhrrrrreeeeeeee...

Got it. A calender on the wall. A number written under every day: 0,0,0,0,0,1,1,1,1,1,1,1,1,2,2,2,2,2... Today, his HAND writes the first "3". Circles it. Ecstatic.

IN THE BATHROOM

An electric toothbrush. Spits. Rinses. The kid inspects himself in the mirror. Briefly flexes muscles. The four that he has. And we finally get a good look at:

JONAS BERNSTEIN (17 and 1/2). The sort of kid everyone has a vague memory of in high school but no one remembers his name. He sings along to the music. Sounds awful.

JONAS

*"...Every step you take,
I'll be watching you..."*

He grabs a towel. Off to shower. We get a better look at:

HIS ROOM

Full of high tech gear and gadgets. A couple of TOM CLANCY movie posters. Neat. Nothing out of place. Only one picture: Jonas and his mom from maybe a year ago, in front of the White House.

A calendar message pops on his computer screen: BEGIN SURVEILLANCE EXERCISES.

OUT OF THE SHOWER NOW

Jonas sips coffee while reading over his news printouts. He circles one he thinks is important. Adds it to a pile. Another alarm BEEPS on his computer: TIME FOR SCHOOL.

AT HIS CLOSET

Jonas is dressed. He looks so average it's almost a costume. He rubs his finger on the biometric scanner of a LARGE SAFE. Removes a FOLDER. Several FLASH DRIVES. An advanced WATCH. A book of MATCHES. GUM. His WALLET, one KEY, and his iPHONE. Shoves it all in a BACKPACK.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

One word: suburban. A sack lunch on the counter. A note:

Working late. Dinner's in the fridge. - MOM

Jonas grabs the lunch. He's out the door.

EXT. JONAS' HOUSE, D.C. SUBURB - MORNING

A neighborhood brought to you by the color beige. Jonas heads down the sidewalk. Looks to his neighbor's front door. Expects something. Stops. Checks his watch.

Then HARRY WALTERS (50s) steps out.

JONAS

Five seconds late, Mr. Walters.

Walters joins Jonas, and they head down the sidewalk.

WALTERS

You don't always have to walk with me.

JONAS

I'm headed to school. At the end of the block, you're on your own.

WALTERS

So how many today?

Smiles. Proud.

JONAS

Three.

A congratulatory SLAP on the back. They round the corner.

INT. GROVE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

The halls are deserted. Jonas wears RUBBER GLOVES. Refers to a list on his iPhone. Stops at a locker. Slips a piece of paper through the vents. Moves on. Repeats.

He's followed by FREDDIE BIGGS (17). The exact kind of dude with two World of Warcraft accounts.

FREDDIE

But you're still six hundred short.

JONAS

I'll have it by mid-terms.

FREDDIE

\$1900 for an MIT camp called: Truth?

Jonas shoves another paper through a vent.

JONAS

"You shall know the truth, and the truth shall set you free." John 8:32.

FREDDIE

The CIA does not host a summer camp to recruit people.

JONAS

Well they wouldn't say so...

FREDDIE

You have to have skills. Abilities. You sell test answers. You can't even run very far.

JONAS

(beat)

The spy world is changing my friend. More people with Applied Physics degrees from MIT work at the CIA than any other field. Plus, I'm learning Farsi and Chine--

FREDDIE

-Jonas Bernstein is not a spy name.

JONAS

My initials. J.B. James Bond. Jason Bourne. It's fate. And when I turn 18:

(all bravado)

Jonas Buuuuuurn...with a "U."

FREDDIE

Wowthat is unbeliavably stupid.

JONAS

See what you say when I can't talk about work because then I'd have to kill you.

Freddie gives Jonas a once-over.

FREDDIE

The CIA doesn't have summer camps.

INT. GROVE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY, LATER

STUDENTS now fill the halls. Jonas, stands at his locker with Freddie. The store is open. A JOCK offers Jonas a fifty. Jonas furtively hands him a Flash Drive.

JOCK

Thanks, umm, hey, what's your name again?

JONAS

Does it matter?

JOCK

Guess not.

The Jock moves off. And then Jonas' world goes into SLOW MOTION as he watches NORA SINCLAIR (18) come down the hall. Every part of her came from a more perfect reality. Everyone's aware of her. Everyone greets her, says hello. At this moment she couldn't be more conspicuous and Jonas couldn't be more of a wall flower.... Time RESUMES.

FREDDIE

You should talk to her.

JONAS

She doesn't know I exist.

FREDDIE

No one knows you exist.

JONAS

Invisibility. It is my gift and my curse.

FREDDIE

You could join an emo band.

Freddie laughs. Jonas closes up shop. Heads to class.

INT. GROVE HIGH SCHOOL, CLASSROOM - DAY

STUDENTS silently take a test. There's Jock. And Nora.

In the back is Jonas. He's the only one not working. His paper closed. Already done. Pencil on top. Watching the clock. And Nora. And the clock. And Nora.

EXT. GROVE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

School's out. Kids scatter. Nora hugs friends. Good-byes and see you later. She heads ALONE down a sidewalk.

Jonas slinks through a crowd, unnoticed. Follows Nora.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Nora sits on a bench, sketching a FATHER and DAUGHTER as they kick a soccer ball. She seems different now. The radiant smile and popular confidence has been replaced by a somber melancholy. She stops and considers her cell phone, then seems to think better of it and puts it away.

From across the playground Jonas observes. Snaps a picture with a slim, sophisticated DIGITAL CAMERA. Makes an entry in his log book.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Nora heads home. As she walks, Nora gets the funny sense someone is behind her but...there's no one there.

UP IN A TREE

Jonas hangs upside down. He snaps a couple more photos. Then reviews them. Stops at one. It's a gorgeous picture of her - taken at just the right moment.

But Jonas has been staring at it too long. He cranes back to the street but...where's Nora? He's lost her!

NORA (O.S.)

What are you doing?

There she is. Standing right next to our dangling sleuth.

JONAS

(beat)

Working out.

NORA

On my street?

JONAS

I like this tree.

Jonas grabs the branch. Flips onto the ground.

NORA

Seriously.

JONAS

Practicing hidden surveillance.

NORA

You got caught pretty easy.

JONAS

I'm...*a beginner.*

They walk. Traffic passes.

NORA

It's Jonas, right? You sell test answers, consent forms, doctor's notes?

JONAS

Wow. Half my customers don't even know my name--

NORA

-We're not gonna trade cliches now about how I'm the--

JONAS

-Aloof bombshell who only hangs out with the genetically gifted to mask her insecurity?

Jonas gulps. He went too far. But the candor charms Nora.

NORA

And you're the mysterious loner who likes to pretend his solitude is by choice and not becau--

JONAS

-Yeah, speaking of cliches: Do you have an over protective father or a large, angry, easily threatened boyfriend I should know about?

NORA

No. Why?

JONAS

Because that same sedan has driven down the street twice now.

Nora looks. A black sedan with mirrored glass rolls past. Jonas presses her to keep walking.

JONAS (CONT'D)

We're just enjoying a nice afternoon walk...

NORA

Because it's 1950 and we're courting?

The car turns down an alley. After it's gone, Jonas hurries to the edge, peers down it. Nora follows nonchalantly, skeptical but somehow intrigued.

The car turns down a sub-alley. Jonas and Nora follow:

DOWN THE ALLEY

Jonas pulls Nora behind a dumpster. They peek as the car drops off Raul, drives on. Raul scales the short backyard fence. Jonas tenses.

JONAS

That's my neighbor, Mr. Walters' house.

NORA

I'm guessing that's not Mr. Walters.

Jonas and Nora tiptoe closer. Through the fence they watch as Raul picks the back door lock in about two seconds. He fastens on a silencer and heads inside.

Nora's mouth is wide open. Jonas gets in her face.

JONAS

Go back to the street. Call 9-1-1. Stay where people can see you until you hear sirens.

Jonas moves toward Walters' house. Nora's frozen. Paws at him to stop.

JONAS (CONT'D)

It'll be okay. Go.

Nora nods. Dashes back down the alley. After she's gone, Jonas takes a deep breath. Then he scales the fence.

INT. KITCHEN - WALTERS' HOUSE - DAY

Jonas carefully creeps inside. Strains his ear. Nothing. A few more steps and:

Raul walks back into the kitchen. Jonas slips behind a counter. Raul doesn't see him.

A cup of coffee on the counter. Raul pokes a finger in it to feel how fresh it is. Smiles. Must be warm.

The floor CREAKS from behind the counter. Raul spins. Gun drawn. Advances on the edge of the counter where Jonas is hiding and:

Finds nothing. Moves to the pantry. YANKS it open. Empty.

FROM THE DINING ROOM

Raul continues to search. Jonas watches through a cracked door. Fear is stretched like a gag across his face. Jonas slowly backs away when:

A HAND COVERS HIS MOUTH. Stifles his scream.

It's Harry Walters. He pulls Jonas into a hidden doorway.

WALTERS

Shhh...

He slowly takes his hand off Jonas' mouth. Jonas sees that Walters has a silenced gun of his own.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

Stay here.

Walters shifts into hunting mode. Gets two steps toward Raul. SIRENS (O.S.) make Walters freeze. They make Raul race out the back door.

With Raul gone, Walters turns back to Jonas with:

WALTERS (CONT'D)

Coffee?