

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ava quickly touches a spot on the Obsidian bar. The bright green hologram disappears. The room darkens; only moonlit through a nearby window. Shadowy movement. MUFFLED SOUNDS.

JONAS (O.S.)

Ahhh!

CLICK of a light switch. Walters reaches back from a bedside lamp. Ava finishes disarming Jonas, pins his arm behind his back.

WALTERS

(to Ava)

Still good with kids I see.

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - SOON AFTER

Jonas perched on a kitchen counter. Tries not to look at the blood-soaked towel on the table next to the open black DOCTOR'S BAG.

Walters' guides forceps into Ana's shoulder. Her pain threshold, self-control, legendary.

Fishes out the bullet. The CLANK of a metal bowl. Cleans and bandages the wound.

Holds the bullet up in the light.

WALTERS

9mm Glock. Start talking.

Ava remains silent. Motions with her eyes in Jonas' direction.

JONAS

Oh, you want me to go...

Hops off the counter.

JONAS

...of course as a future attendee of Truth Camp, I should tell you that it's my duty to get answers one way or another.

Pulls out his iPhone. Dials and walks.

JONAS (INTO PHONE)

Information? Yes, the number for the Federal Bureau of...

Walters puts an arm out, blocks the door, nearly clotheslines Jonas. Hangs up the iPhone.

IN THE LIVING ROOM, A FEW MINUTES LATER

Jonas sits rigid on the sofa. Engages Ava in a staring competition. Wishes he hadn't. Turns first.

JONAS

Nice tattoo.

Without breaking her gaze, runs fingers along her neck.

AVA

Nice bed head.

Jonas shrinks into the couch. Harry walks in, arms full of CLOTHING.

WALTERS

Here.

Tosses them to Ava. She looks them over. Even smells them.

AVA

You kept these?

WALTERS

Was planning to drop them off at Goodwill...haven't had the time.

AVA

Have you washed them recently?

JONAS

(interrupting)

Don't get me wrong, I've enjoyed the whole 'Grey's Anatomy' thing up until now, but can we get back to the hologram?

AVA

(to Walters)

You taking responsibility for him?

Walters SIGHS, rubs his temples. Nods for Ava to continue.

AVA

They're schematics for Conquest.

WALTERS

Okay, I have been out of the game too long.

AVA
Conquest is a next generation UCAV.

WALTERS
Unmanned combat air vehicle. So
we're talking...

JONAS
(finishes his sentence)
...hunter-killer drones?

AVA
(surprised)
That's right. But Conquest is
special. Historically, what's been
the main problem with UCAV's?

WALTERS
Ironically enough, human error.

AVA
Right. Even though unmanned, the
drones have to be controlled by
someone on the ground. Not only
does Conquest have a more advance
weapons system and the ability to
stay airborne longer but it's fully
autonomous. Meaning...

WALTERS
...it can engage multiple targets
without human interface.

AVA
Bingo.

JONAS
What are you doing with it?

AVA
I'm Black Ops for Homeland
Security.
(to Walters)
I stole it from Cable.

This is not good news.

WALTERS
Please tell me you're kidding.
You've got Cable Reign after you
and you come to me?

AVA
Who else would I go to?

JONAS

...whoa hold on. We seem to be slipping into that 'Grey's Anatomy' territory again. Who is Cable Reign?

AVA

Director of CIA's Science and Technology division...and...

JONAS

...and?

WALTERS

...and the man Ava divorced me for.

LATER, JONAS HAS DRIFTED OFF

on the couch. Walters covers him with a blanket. Returns to his seat at the kitchen table where Ava sits, watches.

AVA

Interesting kid.

WALTERS

Smart as hell. Can be a pain in the ass.

AVA

Obviously.

WALTERS

He'd take the CIA exam today if he could. Might even pass.

AVA

I remember someone just like that.

Ava's hand on Harry's.

WALTERS

That was a long time ago.

Pulls back.

WALTERS

What are you mixed up in Ava?

AVA

It started about 3 months ago. The Conquest project was live and Cable's team had just constructed a remotely controlled scaled-down model.

(MORE)

AVA (cont'd)

Then he got word the Chinese were working on their own autonomous UCAV. They were years behind him, but the pressure to get Conquest built was immense. It was soon after that he started acting differently.

WALTERS

Different how?

He wouldn't look me in the eye, lied to me about where he was, what he was doing. Something had changed. At first I thought he was seeing someone else. So when things got worse I decided to follow him on one of his trips.

WALTERS

Where did he go?

AVA

Shanghai. Harry, he's planning to sell Conquest to Chinese intelligence. The Deputy Director doesn't even know the schematics are finished. I didn't know what else to do. Who to come to.

The hard exterior cracks, Ava cries.

JONAS STIRS ON THE COUCH

Hears the sound of a woman SOBBING...but off in the distance like a dream or...a memory. Sits up. Disoriented.

JONAS

Mom?

INT. WALTERS' KITCHEN - MORNING

The first light of dawn creeps through Walters' kitchen window. Three half empty coffee mugs sit on the table.

WALTERS

(to Jonas)

You need to get home before your mom wakes up, then school.

JONAS

But...

WALTERS
That's an order.
(to Ava)
You're going to get some sleep
while I make a few calls.

AVA
But...

WALTERS
That's also an...

Poses with her hands on her hips.

WALTERS
Can you please just do it?

AVA
Fine. Wake me up in two hours.

WALTERS
Seven.

AVA
Five.

WALTERS
Go.

She smiles, begins to exit. Stops.

AVA
Harry, thank you for helping me.

She leaves Jonas with Walters.

JONAS
Just so we're clear. I'm 'in' on
this.

WALTERS
This?

JONAS
Whatever you and your slightly
masculine ex wife plan to do with
Conquest. I want in on the mission.

WALTERS
The mission...this is not a game
Jonas.

(MORE)

WALTERS (cont'd)

Up until now it's been pretty
'Agent Cody Banks' and 'Spy Kids,'
but from here forward safeties are
off and people will most likely get
killed.

JONAS

I know its not a game. What you
don't realize Mr. Walters is that
what you do, well, it's the only
thing I've ever wanted to be. End
of story. If I'm going to be good,
I need training. And not the water-
downed Truth Camp version.

(a Beat)

Let me tag along. I promise I won't
get in the way.

Walters' impressed by the kid's passion. His face reads
absolutely not.

Jonas' head drops.

WALTERS

Come by after school.

Fist pump.

JONAS

Yes!

WALTERS

Hold your horses Jason Bourne. You
won't be going anywhere. Come here
after school. You can sit and
listen to Ava and I review our
plan. Then you go home. Understand?

JONAS

Cool. What's the plan?

WALTERS

Haven't figured that out yet.

Raises his eyebrows toward the back door. Jonas gets the
hint. Heads out. Turns.

JONAS

Do I get a gun?

INT. GROVE HIGH SCHOOL - JONAS LOCKER - DAY

Freddie carries on a conversation while Jonas sells a Trig test to a SKATER dude.

FREDDIE
Was she hot?

JONAS
What does that have to do with anything?

Hands the Skater an ENVELOPE. They part ways.

FREDDIE
Hello, I'm Freddie. Nice to meet you. Forget it, I'm already picturing Angelina Jolie. Go on.

Jonas rolls his eyes. Catches sight of Nora breezing by.

JONAS
Nora! I need to talk to you?

Doesn't slow down.

NORA
Can't. I just saw an exterminator headed for the cafeteria. I have to notify the police.

FREDDIE
Ouch.

JONAS
I was wrong!

A girl's second-favorite three words stops Nora in her tracks.

EXT. WALTERS' HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - AFTERNOON

There's a spring in Jonas' step: he, his best, and the girl he likes approach his ex-CIA neighbor's house.

NORA
Are you sure this is okay with Mr. Walters? He wasn't very welcoming the last time we met.

JONAS
It's fine. That was before.

FREDDIE
Before what?

JONAS
Before he became my mentor.

KNOCK on the door.

Swings wide. Reveals Ava, black turtle-neck.

AVA
(shouts to Walters O.S.)
You expecting Nancy Drew and the
Hardy Boys?

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTER

Ava and Walters in a heated discussion. Jonas, Nora stand nearby, watch captivated. Freddie fingers the Obsidian bar. Inadvertently activates the hologram.

EVERYONE LOOKS OVER

FREDDIE
Sorry.

WALTERS
Then that's it. You'll take the
schematics to Julian McMann at DOD.
Tell him I sent you. I'll go after
Cable, run interference before he
hones in on...

Walters trails off. Seconds before the IMPACT, there's a
FAINT WHIZZING sound. Only he reacts, explosively.

Flips over the couch.

Reveals a LATCH flush with the floor. A basement door.

Swings it open.

Pushes Freddie down a darkened stairway, THUD. Nora follows,
SCREAM. Grabs Jonas by the shirt...

WALTERS
Only trust McMann...

Tosses Jonas in after his friends.

Slams the door closed. Just in time.

An AGM-114 HELLFIRE MISSILE rips through the ceiling. Buries itself into the living room wall.

Ava and Walters dive. Mid-air there's a massive

E X P L O S I O N.

The blast. Raging fire. Exploding furniture. Smoke.

Huge chunks of roof lie atop Ava; the refrigerator on Walters.

INT. PANIC ROOM - WALTERS' BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

It's dark in here. SOUND of wood and plaster falling on the thick metal door above.

Slower now.

Then quiet, except CRACKLING of fire.

NORA

Jonas!?

JONAS

I'm here. Are you okay?

NORA

I'm fine.

FREDDIE

That's because I broke your fall.

JONAS

Are you hurt Freddie?

FREDDIE

I'm good. Can't see a damn thing though.

NORA

What was that?

JONAS

Best guess...air to ground missile.

NORA

And Ava? Walters?

JONAS

Don't know if they could have survived the explosion up there.

NORA
Who would have done this?

The darkness is broken. The rotating GREEN HOLOGRAM of Conquest levitates ominously.

FREDDIE
The people looking for this.

EXT. ROCK CREEK NATIONAL PARK - EARLY EVENING

An unmarked white VAN sits in a quiet corner of Rock Creek Park. Birds CHIRP.

Moments later, from surrounding trees, a mass exodus of those same BIRDS.

HOVERING ABOVE THE VAN

a scaled-down version of the Conquest hologram. Shaped like a sting ray. Shiny titanium surface. Slowly descends into a clearing next to the van.

The van's back doors swing open.

INSIDE,

a mobile COMMAND CENTER. More hardware than a Space Shuttle's cockpit; the model Conquest is not autonomous.

Raul takes off VIRTUAL LCD VISION GOGGLES. Steps out with a REMOTE CONTROL DEVICE.

Cautiously looks around. Approaches the 'mini-Conquest.' Presses a sequence of numbers on the remote.

The wings fold into itself like a hard-top convertible. Small enough now to load into the van.

RAUL
(mimics Cable to himself)
So, Walters is too much for you?