

INT. PANIC ROOM - WALTERS' BASEMENT - EVENING

Pitch black.

Broken only by three blue objects, bobbing in the darkness.  
The glow of cell phones, being used as flashlights.

Freddie is up on the ladder. He bangs on the metal door.

FREDDIE

Hey! We're here!

Jonas is below.

JONAS

Quiet!

FREDDIE

It's firemen. Or police. I can hear  
their radios.

JONAS

They can't know we're here. They  
can't know about this place.

The third cell phone is deeper in the basement. It's faint  
glow lights up a desk.

NORA

Guys. Check this out.

The usual. Paper. Pens. A stapler.

And a notebook computer. Built into a heavy-duty aluminum  
case. Tough enough to survive a fall from an airplane.

Freddie climbs down the ladder and joins Nora and Jonas at  
the desk.

FREDDIE

Damn. Think you can hack it?

JONAS

That's a custom job. Don't find  
those at Best Buy.

NORA

Now what?

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JONAS

We wait. Let them finish up there.  
Slip out when it's dark and then  
get the device into the right  
hands.

Freddie rifles through the desk drawers.

He freezes. His hand on the drawer he just pulled out.

Inside is a pistol. High-tech polymer body. A Glock 19.

Jonas grabs it. Freddie and Nora both back away.

NORA

What are you doing?

FREDDIE

Don't touch that. You'll shoot  
yourself. Or worse, kill me.

JONAS

Calm down.

FREDDIE

You know how to use that thing?

JONAS

Not yet.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The warehouse is large enough to store a blimp, but it sits empty.

A giant bay door opens and a white van drives in. Raul hops out.

He's met by Cable and SIX MEN with automatic rifles.

Raul tosses the keys to Cable.

RAUL

I filled the tank.

CABLE

(to the six men)  
Take him.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Cable smacks Raul across the face.

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Raul is tied to a chair. He topples backwards, chair and all.  
Cable presses a gun against Raul's forehead.

CABLE  
Three years. Wasted. Thanks to your  
little vendetta.

Raul doesn't flinch.

The door opens and an AIDE enters. Sees the confrontation,  
not sure what to do.

CABLE (CONT'D)  
(yells over his shoulder)  
What is it?

AIDE  
Uh... we got a hit, sir. Hospital  
just south of Baltimore.

Cable doesn't take his eyes or his gun off Raul.

CABLE  
What's the probability?

AIDE  
High, sir. Burn victim. Injuries.  
Checked in under the name Jonathan  
Eliot.

That grabs his attention.

CABLE  
Eliot?

AIDE  
It's inactive, but it's CIA. A  
cover used in Bosnia. Black Ops.

CABLE  
(under his breath)  
Walters.

He puts the gun away. Pulls a knife and cuts Raul loose.

CABLE (CONT'D)  
(to the Aide)  
Lock him up until I get back.

INT. JONAS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jonas has the notebook in the aluminum case hooked up to his own computer. He's running a hack program. It blazes through password and login combinations.

There's a NOISE from the hallway.

Jonas reacts, but he's too late. The door bursts in.

SUSANNAH BERNSTEIN. His mother.

SUSANNAH  
Oh dear God. Come here.

She storms over and wraps her arms around him.

JONAS  
Mom. What are you doing home?

SUSANNAH  
They called at work. Are you hurt?

His mother has him in a bear hug, but Jonas gets one arm free and closes the lid on Walters' notebook.

JONAS  
I'm fine. They said it was a gas leak.

SUSANNAH  
A gas leak?

JONAS  
They took care of it. The firemen said it was safe.

SUSANNAH  
What about Mr. Walters? Was he hurt?

Jonas glances at his computer. The program has stopped. Two sets of numbers flash on the monitor.

JONAS  
He wasn't home.

She finally lets him go. Heads for the door.

SUSANNAH  
That's a relief. Did you eat? I'll whip something up.

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He hardly hears her. He's back at the computer.

JONAS  
Sounds good.

Those flashing numbers. It's found a login ID and password.  
He's in.

INT. GROVE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Just an ordinary day at school. Except for the STRANGER in the dark suit standing near the entrance. His eyes follow Jonas.

Jonas finds Freddie at his locker.

FREDDIE  
There you are. What happened?

JONAS  
Shut up. Walk. Don't turn around.

Freddie turns around.

FREDDIE  
What?

Nora approaches from the other direction.

NORA  
Did you see the guy...?

JONAS  
Yeah. Just follow me.

He leads them down the hall, past the front office. The PRINCIPAL is there, talking to another GOON in a dark suit.

Jonas rounds a corner, ducks into the boy's rest room.

Nora hesitates, then follows.

INT. BOY'S REST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A KID stands at the urinal, doing his business. He turns and sees the hottest girl in school staring at him.

He races toward the exit, zipping up as he goes.

NORA  
Smells like a wet dog in here.

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FREDDIE

What about the laptop?

JONAS

Came up empty. No Julian McMann. I checked DOD, NSA, CIA. Nothing.

NORA

Those guys. In the suits. One of them followed me to school.

JONAS

Me too.

(To Freddie)

Did you hide the schematics?

FREDDIE

Took care of it.

JONAS

Not in your house? Somewhere only you know?

FREDDIE

Yes. You sound like my dad.

NORA

Now what?

JONAS

Go to class. Stick to your routine. If they ask questions, play dumb.

FREDDIE

I can do that.

NORA

What about you?

JONAS

I couldn't find a Julian McMann at the DOD, but there was a Helen McMann. Consultant. Did some contract work.

The door opens and a BOY enters. Sees Nora. His face goes white and his jaw drops.

NORA

This is the worst secret hideout ever.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Cable has switched from his military uniform into his civvies. He almost blends in with the crowd.

A set of swinging doors leads to a separate wing of the hospital. A sign reads: BURN UNIT

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Cable enters, closes the door behind him. He unzips his jacket. The grip of a pistol is visible sticking out of a shoulder holster.

He approaches the bed. A curtain surrounds the patient. He grabs it and yanks it back.

The bed is empty. The blankets tossed back. Someone was here.

An IV needle lies on the sheet, it's drip forming a wet spot in the middle of the bed.

EXT. SUBURBAN D.C. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

An old beater Honda Civic pulls up to the curb. Jonas climbs out.

He's wearing a red polo shirt and a red baseball cap. He carries a pizza box.

He approaches one of the houses, walks up the pathway.

The yard is tidy. Just like the one next door, and the one beyond that. Nothing out of the ordinary.

But Jonas sees the motion detectors. The security cameras. The ceramic yard gnome with the glass eyes.

Smile, you're on candid camera.

He knocks on the door.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Yes?

There's a hidden speaker somewhere.

JONAS

Good afternoon, ma'am. You ordered thick crust? Pepperoni and olives?

WOMAN'S VOICE

No. I did not.

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Jonas spots a small surveillance camera over the door.

He opens the lid of the pizza box. It's empty.

On the inside of the lid, scrawled in black ink:

I'M BEING FOLLOWED. HARRY WALTERS SENT ME.

The door opens.

HELEN MCMANN is about 60. Thick silver hair pulled back in a pony tail.

She stares at Jonas. Her head doesn't move, but her eyes dart to the road. Looking right, looking left.

She leans toward the pizza box. Takes a deep breath.

MCMANN

Smells delicious. Take a check?

INT. MCMANN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The inside of the home is like a museum.

Ancient electronics. Funky old computers. A Commodore PET, a Tandy TRS-80, an Apple I.

A behemoth of a TV. The tube alone must weigh a hundred pounds.

MCMANN

Who are you?

JONAS

Jonas Bernstein.

MCMANN

No. Who are you? How do you know the name Harry Walters?

JONAS

He's my mentor. We work together.

She actually laughs at this.

MCMANN

Is that right, Jonas Bernstein.  
2349 Parkview Lane. Age seventeen.  
Junior class. Grove High School.  
(beat)  
And pizza boy.

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JONAS

How do you know that?

MCMANN

I ran a trace on your license the minute you stepped from the car. Why are you here?

JONAS

I need your help. I have to talk to your son. Harry said...

MCMANN

My what?

JONAS

Your son. Or husband. Whatever. Julian McMann. Harry said he'd know what to do.

MCMANN

Julian...

JONAS

Ava stole this obsidian thing. She brought it to Harry, and I thought she was going to kill him, but the house blew up, and...

MCMANN

Slow down, kid. Ava? You said she stole something?

JONAS

Some kind of storage device. Lasers came out of it. It had technical specs. For a weapon.

MCMANN

Give it to me.

JONAS

We hid it. It's safe, don't worry. Harry said to talk to Julian. I'll only give it to him. Will you help?

MCMANN

Let me show you something.

She heads down a hallway toward the back of the house.

She opens a closet and shoves the jackets aside to reveal a hidden hallway, and a:

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HIGH TECH DOOR

A security device mounted in the wall. McMann puts her eyes up to a scanner, both palms on plate sensors. Speaks into a microphone.

MCMANN (CONT'D)

When you wish upon a star.

A BEEP, a loud CLICK, and the door opens. Stairs lead to a basement.

She turns to Jonas, sees the look he gives her. She shrugs.

INT. LABORATORY - MOMENTS LATER

This is no museum. State of the art.

A Cray supercomputer. A rack of server blades stacked floor to ceiling. A workstation with three giant LCD monitors.

A thick bundle of wires runs along the floor toward the back of the lab. Connected to a big metal box.

Hooked into the box is a mannequin. A headless mannequin sitting in a chair.

Planted on it's neck where a head should be is flat white disk, like an oversized dinner platter.

The center of the plate has a hole in it. A black mesh material interlaced with silver circuitry is stretched over the hole.

MCMANN

Go ahead. He won't bite.

Jonas steps forward.

Something inside the metal box jumps to life. The CRACKLE of electrical circuits.

The black mesh rises, pushed up from below. Like a balloon being blown up. An electrical charge causing the silver thread to reform it's shape.

The mesh becomes a circle, settles into an oval. Solidifies. Now Jonas can see what it is. Recognizes the features.

A head. A face.

It turns towards him.

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JULIAN  
Hello, my name is Julian.