

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Jonas sips coffee at the kitchen table. Walters leans against the counter. His impression of old and passive is so good he could be your grandfather. TWO COPS go through the motions. #1 asks the questions. #2 looks around.

COP #1

And do you have any valuables in the house? Jewelry? Guns?

WALTERS

No, nothing.

At the lie, Jonas takes a long drink. #2 inspects a diploma.

COP #2

Hey, M.I.T.?

WALTERS

Applied physics. Retired.

Jonas stares at Walters, putting two and two together. The Cops are completely oblivious to the revelations.

COP #1 (O.S.)

What about you, son?

Jonas snaps out of it and:

JONAS

No, I just saw him go in.

Cop #1 tears off the carbon copy. Hands it to Walters.

COP #1

Here's the report number. You find anything missing, call the station.

COP #2

What's Applied Physics, anyway?

JONAS

Fundamental truth, reasoning, and physical sciences utilized in practical devices and logistics.

(beat; Cops stare)

This is good coffee.

Jonas hides in his mug. The Cops are out the door. Walters grabs his cup from the counter. About to take a sip when:

JONAS

Wait!

Jonas lunges for the cup. Slaps it out of Walters' hand. It SHATTERS on the floor. Harry stares at him, nonplussed, awaiting an explanation.

JONAS
The guy touched it. Could have put something in it.

WALTERS
Like what?

JONAS
(beat)
A bomb?

WALTERS
That's idiotic.

JONAS
But you're a spy, right? That guy was a spy.

WALTERS
I am a retired analyst. He was a cat burglar.

JONAS
Come on. Retired analysts and burglars don't carry silenced Glock 19's.

Walters pours another coffee. Sizes Jonas up. Like a manager deciding whether a prospect is ready for his first start.

WALTERS
What mistake did the officers make?

Jonas FLASHES on Cop #1 writing down their statements.

JONAS
They asked questions in linear order, which makes it easier to lie.

WALTERS
(in Farsi; subtitled)
There was a bombing in Al Anbar today. What was odd about it?

Jonas FLASHES again. This time to a news story he flagged.

JONAS
The driver was ID'd as a Sunni, but a Shia group claimed credit.

WALTERS
Who called 911?

Jonas' eyes go wide. He breaks for the front door.

JONAS
Nora!

Walters takes a drink. Smiles to himself. He pulls a small SD CARD out of his pocket and considers it.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - DAY

Pebbles gently CLINK against an upstairs window. Jonas hangs from a tree. Tosses another.

JONAS
(whispers)
Nora?

NORA (O.S.)
What're you doing?

Nora's got the drop on him again. This time she leans out an open first floor window.

JONAS
Wanted to make sure you got home okay.

He drops down. They talk through the window.

NORA
How'd you know which one was my house?

JONAS
(beat)
Hacked the school database.

NORA
Okay, this is entering the territory
where quirky boils to creepy...

Just behind the tree, a small, translucent HOVERCRAFT, about the size of a remote controlled helicopter, peeks out. It's behind Jonas, and Nora never sees it.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Enough video and recording equipment to start an indie label. Raul sits with TWO TECHNICIANS. Several of the screens show nothing but fuzz. Raul works the remote camera.

A video image of Jonas and Nora. Their voices over speakers. The camera maneuvers and snaps a picture of Nora. Then moves to get a better shot at Jonas' face. Meanwhile:

JONAS

I got some good pictures.

NORA

While stalking me.

JONAS

We prevented a crime.

NORA

You ran into a house after a guy with a gun.

JONAS

So not bad for a first date.

NORA

That was not a date of any kind.

The camera's in position. SNAPS a picture of Jonas.

NORA'S WINDOW

Jonas looks up. Hopeful.

JONAS

I'm just saying--

NORA

-That wasn't fun for me, Jonas. You're not some plucky hero miraculously cheating consequence. I've seen the--

A KNOCK, and NORA'S DAD (DIXON) enters. He's in a WHEELCHAIR.

DIXON

Honey, I'm starting dinn-- who's that?

NORA

Just a friend from school.

DIXON

Okay. Well, if he'd like to talk *inside* the house.

NORA

He's leaving.

Nora's Dad nods and exits. Nora starts to shut the window.

JONAS

I'm sorry. You're right. I just wanted to make sure you got home okay.

NORA

I did. Was there anything else?

JONAS

I got some good pictures.

Nora softens a little. Gives Jonas another chance with:

NORA

Send 'em to me.

JONAS

You prefer e-mail or...?

NORA

Figure it out, Spy Boy.

She shuts the window.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

The Technicians fuss with a static filled screen. At a terminal, Raul crops the photos. Pushes a button. Opens a video conference. Cable Reign's bald head fills a screen.

RAUL

I left our present behind.

CABLE

Good.

RAUL

But we can't get signals from the bugs I placed. Some kind of interference.

CABLE

Less good.

RAUL

And I'm sending you pictures of the kids who got involved.

Raul types. Uploads the pictures of Jonas and Nora.

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND - DAY

Cable faces a bank of large screens. ON ONE OF THEM: Jonas' and Nora's photos appear. Facial recognition algorithms and appropriate green triangles begin immediately.

CABLE

Okay. Initiate containment protocols.
Start with the girl.

Cable pushes a button. Raul's video screen blinks out. Cable faces a larger screen. ON IT: silhouettes of a WOMAN and MAN.

WOMAN

We have reports that six Tridanus
Astra students of Walters dropped
their tails in the last three hours.

CABLE

They're highly trained operatives.
That's gonna happen from time to time.

WOMAN

And this business in Chicago?

CABLE

They hit our decoy. We still have the
bar. Everything's on schedule.

MAN

It'll be a shame if it isn't.

The feed shuts down. Screens go black. Sitting next to Cable:

UNDERLING

We didn't use a decoy.

CABLE

Which they'll never know. I want
status reports every thirty minutes.

Cable heads off as the Underling goes to work.

EXT. JONAS' HOUSE - NIGHT

All's quite. A STATION WAGON pulls into the driveway.

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN JONAS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Jonas sits on the couch. Works at a laptop. The computer runs a search program. Several documents with "Harry Walters" high-lighted pop up. Jonas scans them. Talks on the phone.

JONAS

No, Freddie, I'm telling you, the guy
speaks Farsi.

(listens)

Of course I know what it sounds like.

Through the back door, JONAS'S MOM, STACY BERNSTEIN (40s) enters. She looks tired the way any single mother might after 12 hours at the office. Drops her stuff on the counter.

JONAS
 (into the phone)
 Hang on.
 (to his MOM)
 Hey Mom. Meatloaf's in the oven.

This is a routine for them. She peeks at the leftovers.

MOM
 Thanks, honey. You talkin' to Freddie?

JONAS
 Yeah, umm, hey, how long's Mr. Walters lived next door?

She starts putting together a plate for herself.

MOM
 Nine or ten years I guess? He moved in about the time your dad passed.

JONAS
 What did he do?

She hesitates, seemingly uneasy about where this is headed.

MOM
 Some K Street firm, I think...

JONAS
 He kinda told me he was a CIA analyst.

MOM
 Don't believe everything he tells you.

JONAS
 He has a degree from M.I.T...

MOM
 I'm not that comfortable with you and Mr. Walters spending time together, okay?

Agitated, she picks up her plate and heads down the hallway. Jonas puts the phone back to his ear, and:

JONAS
 Hey Freddie, what're you doin' tonight?

EXT. JONAS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Freddie pulls up to the curb in a LUXURY SEDAN. He rolls down the window and is surprised by a VOICE from the bushes:

JONAS (O.S.)
I told you to keep the lights off.

FREDDIE
I'm not scratching my dad's car so you can play stakeout on your neighbor.

Jonas, in black, emerges. Stays low. SIGHS at Freddie, disappointed.

JONAS
You didn't even wear dark colors.

Freddie gets out and crouches next to Jonas in the bushes.

FREDDIE
If we were at Karen Parker's house, I would've dressed up.

JONAS
You mean Ice Queen?

FREDDIE
Ice Goddess, my friend.

Freddie RIPS open a bag of chips. Jonas glares at him.

FREDDIE
What?

EXT. JONAS' STREET - NIGHT, LATER

A quiet evening. Late. The Living Room lights in Jonas' house blink out. Through the window, Mom heads up the stairs. Walters' house is already dark.

Silently, the translucent Hovercraft floats above Jonas. Then moves off. Up behind a tree...a better vantage point.

EXT. WALTERS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jonas creeps toward Walters' back door.

FREDDIE
What're you doin'?

JONAS
Relax. I'm good at this.

And just like that Jonas trips. GOES DOWN behind a row of hedges. He starts to get up, but the back door opens. Jonas goes flat. Face to grass. Freddie ducks into bushes. Walters exits wearing a TUXEDO. Heads toward his truck.

When Walters is out of sight, Jonas pops back up. Digs in his backpack. Pulls out an ELECTRONIC DEVICE. Waits. Walter's truck backs out. Jonas creeps alongside. Tosses the device in the bed as Walters pulls away.

The Hovercraft TRACKS with Walters' pickup.

When Walters' truck is gone, Jonas drags Freddie to his car.

JONAS

We gotta follow.

FREDDIE

I'm not tailing him on a midnight Häagan-Dazs run.

JONAS

Come on. The range on my tracker is only half a mile.

Freddie's not convinced. The Surveillance Van passes by on a cross-street. Freddie sees it. But Jonas grabs his shoulder.

JONAS

There's no public record of him more than twenty years old. No M.I.T. transcript. Nothing. It's like he just appeared out of thin air.

FREDDIE

Jonas, let me check in with you here: you actually believe that Mr. Walters, a man who *always* wears a cardigan, is in fact a covert spy and caught up in a dangerous international plot?

JONAS

(beat)

Yes.

Freddie shakes his head. Mentally sizing Jonas up for a tailored straight-jacket.

JONAS

I'll buy you the next expansion pack.

FREDDIE

Get in.

Jonas grins. Freddie starts the car.

EXT. FORD'S THEATRE - NIGHT

D.C. ELITE in black tie dress walk past SECURITY GUARDS. Walters pulls in a parking lot. Freddie and Jonas roll past.

JONAS

There. The International Spy Museum.

FREDDIE

You've gotta be kidding....

Jonas points, and Freddie pulls into the vacant parking lot. Jonas and Freddie climb out. Head down a sidewalk.

FREDDIE

Sneaking into Ford Theatre is no plan.

JONAS

We're not sneaking. We're walking.

FREDDIE

And if he's just a Mozart fan?

JONAS

We get a free evening of culture.

FREDDIE

Dammit. My guild was raiding tonight.

EXT. BACK DOCK - FORD'S THEATRE - NIGHT

Walters deftly strolls past a few PARKING ATTENDANTS unnoticed. He reaches a door with no handle. Sends a TEXT on his phone. Waits. The door UNLOCKS. He enters. And the:

SURVEILLANCE VAN

Parks at the curb. Raul and TWO AGENTS get out. They're dressed like Secret Service. More AGENTS appear from nowhere. A SECURITY GUARD approaches. Raul flashes a badge and:

RAUL

Show me every exit right now.

EXT. CATERING TEND - FORD THEATRE - NIGHT

Crates of BEER, WINE, and LIQUOR BOTTLES are loaded by SERVING STAFF onto carts. Jonas and Freddie creep up. Freddie's sloppy outfit matches the busboys' almost perfectly. Jonas looks around. Gets a handle on the area.

JONAS

This was a smart drop point. Public place. Plenty of escape routes. Two metro lines within three blocks...

FREDDIE

We should act like waiters.

JONAS

(beat)

I'll cut you some slack since you're new at this. But for now, just act like your dad owns the place.

And Jonas breaks cover. Walks by everyone. They're too busy with the crates to notice. Freddie catches up.

INT. SIDE LOBBIES - FORD'S THEATRE - NIGHT

WEALTHY GUESTS toast champagne and filter into the theatre. Through the crowd: Walters enters a BACKSTAGE DOOR. Jonas and Freddie angle after him. Go through the same door.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jonas and Freddie peek out of a stairwell and into darkness.

FREDDIE

No flashlights in your spy bag?

JONAS

I've been overloading my diet with carrots to improve night vision.

He runs into something. Metal cans CLATTER to the floor.

FREDDIE

It's been working.

The elevator DINGS. Jonas pushes Freddie behind a cluster of barrels. The ELEVATOR lets out a GROUP OF MEN we haven't seen before. The Men carry flashlights and continue on. Jonas and Freddie follow them through TWISTS and TURNS and ultimately:

AROUND A CORNER

The MEN come to a large open area. There, in the dimly lit room, patiently sitting in a lone chair, is Harry Walters. He shakes hands with the leader of the Group. The man hands Walters a BRIEFCASE. Walter checks it: Full of documents.

GROUP LEADER

You need to swim without getting wet.

Walters nods.

GROUP LEADER
One more thi--

RAUL
-*EVERYONE FREEZE!* You're under arrest.

Raul and SEVERAL of his Agents SPRING in from all sides. Guns drawn. Yeah. Like spies are going to surrender. A FIRE FIGHT breaks out immediately. It's the overwhelming numbers of Raul and his Agents against the skill of Walters and the Men, who scatter. Raul's Agents give chase. Walters evades fire. Jonas and Freddie run for cover. In opposite directions. Bullets fly overhead.

Jonas dives behind a crate. Finds himself staring up at Walters, who bleeds from his shoulder. They're pinned down.

WALTERS
Jonas... What're you doing?

JONAS
I'm sorry, I... Oh, my God...

WALTERS
No time. Listen to me. Protect the contents of this case. It's vital.

Walters pops up. SHOOTS an Agent. Head shot. He's dead. Raul and the remaining Agents close in. Walters shoves the case at Jonas and hands him the SD Card.

RAUL (O.S.)
It's over. Cable wants to talk.

WALTERS
Don't trust anyone without this.

Walters peels away some latex skin on his wrist revealing a tattoo: THREE STARS surrounded by a CRESCENT MOON and a GUN. Jonas GULPS. NODS. Raul WHISTLES. His Men stop shooting.

RAUL
Come on out, Harry.

WALTERS
Wait till we're gone. Stay safe. I'll be in touch.

Walters gives Jonas' hand a firm press. Then, before Jonas can utter a word or stop him, Harry slides his gun on the floor toward Raul. Rises from his hiding place. Hands raised.