

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Cable, VR goggles lifted, talks on his cell.

CABLE

How did you let that happen? A kid,
for God's sake?

INT. MCMANN'S HOUSE

INTERCUT CABLE AND MCMANN

MCMANN

Don't talk to me that way, Cable.
I'm not the ops end of this, you
are. The shooting and grabbing are
up to you. That bar was never
supposed to leave your hands.

CABLE

Are you done lecturing me? Because
I have to--

MCMANN

Get that prism back. Our friends
don't appreciate failure. I
strongly suggest you don't screw up
again.

CABLE

Right.

Cable, while walking into the control center, kills the call.
His underling hands him an earpiece and communicator.

CABLE (CONT'D)

All right. We've got a make on
Ava's sedan, yes?
(off underling's nod)
Let's call in the cavalry.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Raul is limping along, a makeshift bandage wrapped tight
around his leg.

A white panel VAN screeches to a halt next to him. He is
barely fazed.

Two CREWCUTS emerge from the van. He looks over to them.

CREWCUT #1
Cable wants to see you.

RAUL
Yeh, I figured.

Resigned, he enters the van.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - MOVING

Ava drives alertly, only slightly breaking the speed limit. Walters is still smiling.

Nora keeps watch on the sides and rear of the car. Freddie busies himself by being terrified. Jonas stuffs the prism deep in his sock.

AVA
(to Walters)
What are you so happy about?

WALTERS
I believe we've found some real talent for the Company.

AVA
(looking in rearview at Freddie)
I dunno.

JONAS
Guys, where are we going?

Ava and Walters exchange a look.

AVA
DOD's out. We don't know who else there has been compromised.

WALTERS
Right. The only choice now is--

NORA
Mrs. Walters!

Ava grits her teeth.

AVA
Call me Ava. Please.

NORA
THE COPS!

An UNMARKED SEDAN with a single flashing dome light and a regular police CRUISER are about a quarter mile behind.

AVA
Good eyes. Thanks.

The cruiser activates its lights and siren.

Ava steps on the gas. The car darts in and around traffic.

POV JONAS

Of the neighboring cars, the cops behind, the small lawns framing the road to the right...

JONAS
How about some evasive action?

AVA
What do you think I'm doing? Any other bright ideas?

Sure. Jonas notices the greenery opening up ahead -- a school with a wide front lawn. It's surrounded by a small forest.

UNMARKED AND CRUISER

are gaining. Behind them, two more COP CARS shoot into view, lights blazing, sirens howling.

JONAS
(pointing to windshield)
Over there! The woods.

BACK TO SCENE

Ava gets the message. She floors it to escape the line of traffic.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Ahead of the sedan, three more COP CARS shoot down the road, flashing and howling. They are far in the distance but already closing fast.

THE SEDAN

escapes its traffic and jumps the curb.

INSIDE

Ava desperately looks around for an escape route.

Jonas notices this.

JONAS (CONT'D)
 (pointing to forest)
 If you keep up the speed, we'll get
 out there.

FREDDIE
 What, while moving?! Speak for
 yourself!

JONAS
 It's our only chance. If we're fast
 and we scatter, they can't get all
 of us.

AVA
 (to Walters; cool)
 You might be right about the kid
 after all.

Walters nods at his ex while quickly opening the dashboard.
 He fishes around and retrieves an item or two.

FREDDIE
 Oooh, I'm gonna be sick.

CRUISER AND UNMARKED

are still some distance behind Ava, although now in the middle
 lane. They screech through traffic to move to the right.

THE CRUISERS AHEAD

close rapidly, getting as close to the median as possible.

THE SEDAN

tears down the sidewalk, screeching around a traffic sign or
 two and a terrified pedestrian.

Walters quickly scribbles a note on a scrap of paper.

WALTERS
 Jonas. Take this.

CRUISER AND UNMARKED

change lanes; they're on the shoulder and they jump the curb.
 The cops behind them close the gap and follow right behind.

THE CRUISERS AHEAD

stop at a traffic light, waiting for it to either go red or
 for the traffic opposite to break.

THROUGH THE SEDAN'S WINDSHIELD

The woods loom rapidly into view.

Jonas reaches over Freddie to open his door.

Nora does the same to her door. Wind blasts the inside of the sedan.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

Good luck to you. We'll do our best to find you.

JONAS

Go! Now!

Nora vaults out the car.

Freddie sits there, wide-eyed and frozen.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Aaaaghghh!

With all his might, he pushes Freddie, who tumbles out.

Jonas and Walters lock eyes for a microsecond. Walters nods.

Jonas throws himself out of the sedan.

CRUISER, UNMARKED AND FOLLOWING CRUISERS

have converged on the school lawn. All the cops follow the sedan. The unmarked peels off and heads straight for

THE KIDS

who are haphazardly arranged in front of the woods. Freddie is rolling on the ground, clutching his arm. Nora has already recovered and is standing. Jonas unsteadily gets to his feet.

Nora notices the unmarked coming straight for them.

NORA

Come on!

She grabs Jonas's hand and moves to Freddie.

JONAS

Too late, we gotta move!

The two vault into the woods as the unmarked barrels into frame. It brakes hard, and a second later three SUITS emerge from it and whip out pistols.

POV SUIT #1

Scanning the forest. Nobody home.

BACK TO SCENE

SUIT #1
Sweep the woods, both of you.
(re: Freddie)
I'll take care of him.

Suits #2 and #3 follow their orders. #1 approaches Freddie, gun extended.

FREDDIE
Ah, jeez, not again...

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

The trees are thick and it's dark here.

Jonas and Nora are high in a tree, opposite each other, hugging the trunk tight, reducing their profile.

Jonas, so close to Nora, can't help but gaze at her.

Nora widens her eyes in silent annoyance, nods her head down.

THE SUITS

Are walking around, trying hard to see as much as possible. No dice.

SUIT #2
(into communicator)
Sweep completed. It's clear.

SUIT #1
(through communicator)
All right, they're gone. R.T.B. and let's move out.

SUIT #2
Roger.

They exit the woods.

As they leave, the sirens of the cruisers nearby go dead in quick succession. The cops have caught their prey.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Nora dextrously climbs down from the tree and lands beautifully on her feet. Jonas follows, branches snapping, bark scraping.

NORA
Poor Freddie.

JONAS
Poor everybody. It sounds like they got Ava and Harry too.

Nora nods. Jonas digs out Walters's scrap of paper from his pocket.

JONAS (CONT'D)
(reading)
Captain Roger, Clem's Boat Works,
uh, cross -- I think -- Norfolk bus
station. Query: Dumbo.

NORA
Huh? What does any of that mean?

JONAS
Dunno. This guy sounds like a
pirate.

NORA
This just keeps getting better.

JONAS
At least we get to take a road
trip. That's the good thing about
being chased; it keeps us moving!

NORA
Then let's move.

They both do so.

EXT. CENTRAL COMMAND - LATER

Cable and several underlings study a big display on the wall showing Ava's sedan. The car is now stripped to the struts; the camera pans around it slowly. Cable shakes his head.

Raul, head down and handcuffed, enters flanked by the two crewcuts.

Cable doesn't bother to look at him.

CABLE

Raul. Give me one good reason why I shouldn't kill you now.

RAUL

Cable, I--

CABLE

Not good enough.

He slowly turns his head.

CABLE (CONT'D)

But you're lucky today. Our three friends are in custody. We've separated them as per custom. The first two I can handle personally. The last one...

(beat)

...needs to be squeezed by someone else. You're the perfect someone else, for reasons that will be obvious.

Raul only nods.

CABLE (CONT'D)

Our prism is missing. You will help us find out where it is. You will not fail.

Raul nods again. Cable shows his wrists to the crewcuts; right away, they unlock Raul's handcuffs and lead him back down the corridor.

INT. 21ST CENTURY TORTURE CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

Cable likes to isolate his prisoners, and what a way to do it. This dark room features scary laser devices, electric scalpels and few bone saws dangling from a central console.

Below the console lies a restraining bench, adjustable in the middle and under the head for those really persuasive efforts. Ava is strapped tightly to the bench.

Raul enters.

AVA

Well well well. Look what crawls in from the black ops reject pile. Long time, no see, Raul. How have you been keeping?

RAUL
You shut up.

AVA
I thought the idea was to get me to
talk.

Raul withdraws a pair of surgeon's gloves from a desk, puts
them on.

AVA (CONT'D)
You'll get your revenge on little
Ava. You might even pull some intel
out of me. But that's not going to
give you what you really want. And
you know it.

Raul hesitates. Just for a nanosecond.

Then continues preparing for the session.

EXT. NORFOLK YARDS - SAME

A bus pulls out of the frame, revealing the backs of Jonas
and Nora.

Ahead of them is a dilapidated building with a big sign --
"CLEM'S BOAT WORKS". A yard with several derelict boats is
behind this, as well as a dock.

Clem's has definitely seen better days. Like around sixty
years ago.

JONAS AND NORA

stare at this hulk. They are not encouraged.

NORA
This looks like the last stop
before Davy Jones's Locker.

JONAS
(shrugging)
It's the only lead we have. We can
count on Harry.

NORA
All right, Jim Hawkins. Let's not
waste any more time.

Jonas nods.

INT. CLEM'S BOAT WORKS - MOMENTS LATER

Jonas and Nora enter. In stark contrast to the dying facade, the interior is tidy and well organized, if threadbare.

But no one is home. The pair approach the sales desk.

Suddenly, a HEAD pops out from a curtain partition leading to the back room.

Jonas and Nora jump back simultaneously.

HEAD
HELLO?! WHAT DO YOU WANT?!

JONAS
Ah, ehm... Captain Roger, please?

The head emerges with the rest of its body. The man is fifty-something but looks younger. He's trim, clean shaven and has a severe military bearing.

HEAD
Who wants to see him?

JONAS
Um, me... Jonas. Harry Walters sent me. Us. Me and Nora here. We're supposed to query about Dumbo.

The man stiffens even more, if that's possible.

HEAD
Roger Cullman, U.S. Navy, retired.
It's an honor to meet you. Any
associate of Harry's is a friend of
mine.

He extends his hand. Jonas obliges and receives the most painful, ironclad handshake of his life. As Jonas clutches his paw in pain, Roger moves to do the same to Nora.

Alarmed, she only waves.

ROGER
Is Harry... indisposed?

JONAS
I don't know. He was captured by
some bad guys.

ROGER
Uh-huh. And you're his protege?

JONAS

Yes.

ROGER

Well, you seem like a fine young man. And lady. If a little dirty. No time for a shower, though; have to be quick.

He moves to the front of the store, flips over the "CLOSED" sign on the door and turns the lock. He kills the main lights, glances outside and swiftly returns.

At the desk, he reaches under and around a compartment and withdraws... a small machine pistol. Jonas and Nora are spooked, but Roger only puts it in his waistband.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Precautionary measure. Now please keep an eye peeled as we go.

He exits through the curtain. After a moment's hesitation, Jonas and Nora follow.

EXT. DOCKS - MOMENTS LATER

The three emerge from the back room of Clem's. Only a few sail and power boats are tethered here. Wary Roger quick-steps to a big old monster christened "CHURCHILL."

The three board this boat.

INT. CHURCHILL - BELOW DECK - MOMENTS LATER

The hatch opens, and Roger drops in. He helps Jonas down. Nora refuses his help, instead dropping down effortlessly on her own. She lands smoothly on her feet.

There's another hatch on the floor. A heavy combination lock guards this. Roger grabs it.

ROGER

Prepare to meet Dumbo.

INT. DUMBO - MOMENTS LATER

Faint green emergency lights outline the confines of a very small space occupied by Roger, Jonas and Nora.

Roger flicks a switch...

NORA

Jonas...

The craft LURCHES into motion. Nora grabs Jonas's arm for support.

NORA (CONT'D)

...do you think we're safe?