

Cowrite Part 3:
"Harry Pulls a Havana"

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Walters eases closer. Tries not to spook Jonas.

WALTERS

Jonas, put down the gun.

Ava stalks towards Jonas. He sweats. Eyes the gun in her rock steady hand.

JONAS

Get back, both of you!

Walters stops. But Ava keeps on coming. The Browning trembles in Jonas' hand.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Stop!

AVA

Play time is over.

JONAS

I'm serious!

Jonas points the Browning at the ceiling and pulls the trigger. The gun CLICKS on an empty chamber.

Before Jonas knows what hit him, Ava disarms him and slams him to the floor. She's got her knee in his back and he's eating carpet. She holsters the SIG-Sauer and holds the Browning next to Jonas' head.

AVA

Don't forget to--

Ava rakes the slide back. He flinches.

AVA (CONT'D)

--chamber a round.

Walters shoves Ava aside and hauls Jonas to his feet.

WALTERS

What the hell were you thinking?

JONAS

I was thinking you were in trouble
but now I'm thinking you are the
trouble!

Ava tucks the Browning into her waistband behind her mag holder. She turns off the hologram and slides the obsidian bar back into its pouch.

WALTERS

You need to forget what you saw and go home.

JONAS

I'm not leaving until you answer some of my god-damn questions!

AVA

This is why I didn't want kids.

WALTERS

Jonas, all you need to know is I'm one of the good guys.

JONAS

What I know, is you didn't exist before 1999. And Jane Bond over there has some Death Star weapon design that

(turns to Ava)

You obviously stole from someone. Now you're on the lam and--

WALTERS

Kid, stop giving the lady reasons to kill you.

Ava raises her SIG-Sauer.

JONAS

Okay! I'm sorry!

Ava fires two quick shots past Jonas into the MASTER BATH. A GUNMAN drops with a muted thud. Jonas whirls around and gapes at the body in the doorway.

Silenced bullets fly from the HALL and MASTER BATH.

WALTERS

Get down!

Walters yanks Jonas to the ground. Ava dives for cover.

Raul crouches in the doorway of the MASTER BATH.

Ava slides the Browning across the carpet to Walters. He snatches it up. Shoots out the light. Total darkness.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

Closet.

They break for the master closet.

Raul fires. Charges after them.

Walters throws Jonas in and slams the door shut behind them.

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - MASTER CLOSET - NIGHT

The bullet-proof closet door puckers with each shot. Jonas scrambles away from it.

JONAS
Your security sucks!

WALTERS
No security's perfect.

Walters spins the dial on an old-school safe. Pulls out a pair of big guns -- laser sighted Para-Ordnance P14s.

WALTERS (CONT'D)
That's why I've got these.

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Raul kicks the bullet-proof closet door. It doesn't budge. Shit. Then he smiles. Unloads his clip into the wall. The plaster chips away revealing a reinforced steel plate where there's usually sheetrock and 2x4s. Shit!

RAUL
C-4. Now!

EXT. WALTERS' STREET - NIGHT

A sleepy DISGRUNTLED HUSBAND in boxers and bathrobe walks a tiny Pomeranian named PRINCESS.

DISGRUNTLED HUSBAND
Come on, Princess, do it already.

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - MASTER CLOSET - NIGHT

Walters slides his P14s into the holsters sewn into his bullet-proof vest. He tosses his backup vest to Jonas.

WALTERS
You're in it now.

Jonas pulls on the bullet-proof vest. It's a little big.

JONAS
So, do I get a gun?

Walters gives him a sharp look. Ava snaps a fresh magazine into her SIG-Sauer.

JONAS (CONT'D)
It's okay. I don't need a gun.
I'm cool.

Jonas fumbles with the velcro on the vest. Ava can't stand his incompetence. She pulls the tabs tight. Jonas spots blood dripping down her arm. So does Ava.

AVA
It's nothing.

She uses one of the hanging shirts to wipe away the blood.

WALTERS
Ava, the Armani?

Ava shrugs.

Walters yanks on the closet rod. It pulls down like a lever. A HATCH opens in the ceiling and a ladder descends.

JONAS
Awesome.

WALTERS
Go!

Walters pushes Jonas towards the ladder. Grabs his submachine gun -- an MP5 with weapons mounted light.

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A DEMO GUY backs away from the closet door. C-4 on the lock.

DEMO GUY
Fire in the hole!

Raul and his gunmen take cover.

EXT. WALTERS' STREET - NIGHT

At the same moment the C-4 explodes in the house, Princess drops a tiny poop that seems to rock the neighborhood.

DISGRUNTLED HUSBAND
What has Mary been feeding you?

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - SHAFT - NIGHT

Ava, Jonas and Walters climb through a shaft running from closet hatch up to the roof.

WALTERS
Who the hell did you steal this
thing from, Ava?

AVA
Cable Reign.

Walters wants to strangle her.

WALTERS
Did Acapulco teach you nothing?

JONAS
What happened in Acapulco?

Walters and Ava ignore him.

AVA
Trust me, you don't want Cable's
tentacles anywhere near this thing.

EXT. WALTERS' ROOF - NIGHT

The skylight opens. Ava climbs out. Then Jonas and Walters.

MASTER CLOSET

Gunmen head up the ladder. Raul sends some the other way.

RAUL
Head them off.

Raul follows his team up the ladder into the SHAFT.

ON THE ROOF

Walters presses a brick in the chimney.

IN THE SHAFT BETWEEN THE CLOSET AND THE ROOF

The last gunman climbs up through the hatch from the closet. It springs shut. Snaps his back like a twig. He cries out.

Raul looks down at his pinioned guy. Grinds his teeth in frustration.

ON THE ROOF

Ava races along the ridge line. Jonas totters and drops to his knees, hugging the roof.

A gunman steps out from behind a cupola -- right in front of Ava -- too close to shoot. Ava smashes her gun into the guy's throat. He goes down, but another gunman is there to take his place. Ava fights him hand-to-hand.

Jonas crawls along the roofline. He looks up. A gunman is right in front of him.

Jonas rolls out of the line of fire. And keeps rolling, down the pitched roof. He tumbles off the eaves.

Jonas dangles from the gutter.

JONAS

Frak me.

BY THE SKYLIGHT

Walters fires his MP5 into the shaft. The noise echoes in the quiet suburban night.

EXT. WALTERS' HOUSE - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

On the sidewalk, Disgruntled Husband hears the booming guns and looks around, confused. Princess growls.

A gunman tumbles off the roof and lands in front of Disgruntled Husband. He shrieks like a girl. Grabs Princess and runs.

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - THE SHAFT - NIGHT

Raul and his gunmen fire back at Walters. A gunman takes a bullet. He falls, taking Raul and the others down with him.

They land on the hatch. It doesn't hold. They crash through into the CLOSET below.

DANGLING FROM THE GUTTER

Jonas struggles to pull himself back up onto the roof. His wimpy arms tremble with the effort.

At last he gets high enough to throw a leg over and pull himself onto the roof. He presses his face to the shingles in gratitude.

ROOFLINE

Walters slams the skylight shut. Locks it.

Ava fights a BEEFY GUNMAN. She takes a nasty hit to her wounded arm. She drops to her knees. The pouch containing the obsidian bar skitters away.

Ava dives for it. Misses. The pouch slides down the roof.

Beefy Gunman grabs Ava's hair. Yanks her back.

A laser sight on Beefy Gunman's throat. From across the roof, Walters fires. Beefy Gunman is no more.

Jonas lunges and catches the pouch just before it goes over the edge.

JONAS

Got it!

Ava and Walters breathe sighs of relief.

WALTERS

Let's go!

Ava, Walters and Jonas race across the roof. Ava leaps down onto the--

GARAGE ROOF

Walters follows. Jonas clumsily lowers himself.

Walters sees Raul and the gunmen flanking them.

WALTERS

Remember Havana?

AVA

No! Harry, that's not--

Walters tosses her a set of car keys then races towards Raul.

Spraying the gunmen in the front yard with bullets from the MP5, Walters leaps off the roof.

AVA (CONT'D)

Shit.

JONAS
Mr. Walters!

Ava pulls Jonas off the back side of the garage roof.

EXT. WALTERS' HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

Walters fights a mass of gunmen. His gun CLICKS dry.

INT. WALTERS' LAND ROVER - NIGHT

The LAND ROVER is parked in the garage. Ava guns the engine.

AVA
Seatbelt.

Jonas hastily buckles up. Ava slams the car into reverse. The Land Rover crashes through the garage door.

EXT. WALTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The Land Rover careens backwards down the driveway, bouncing over the wreckage of the garage door.

Jonas sees Walters on the front lawn, overwhelmed by GUNMEN.

Ava backs the Land Rover into the STREET. Slams the car into drive and takes off past confused and worried NEIGHBORS.

SIRENS sound in the distance.

EXT. WALTERS' HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

Walters is held by gunmen. Raul approaches him.

WALTERS
Sure made a mess of this. Cable's
not gonna be happy.

Raul punches him in the face. Walters just smiles.

INT./EXT. WALTERS' LAND ROVER - NIGHT (MOVING)

Ava drives the Land Rover through the suburbs of DC.

JONAS
We have to go back for Mr. Walters!

AVA
This was his idiotic idea.

JONAS
What about, "strength and honor"
and "leave no man behind?"

AVA
That's *Gladiator* and the Marines.

Ava's sweating. She wipes her pale forehead.

JONAS
We have to--

AVA
Shut up! I need to think!

Ava takes the car into the Virginia countryside.

Blood runs down her arm.

AVA (CONT'D)
You old enough to drive?

JONAS
(defensive)
I'm old enough to vote. Almost.

Ava sways.

AVA
Good.

She passes out.

Jonas grabs for the wheel, but the Land Rover careens off the road. Crashes into a tree. The air bags deploy as Jonas is thrown forward.

Jonas groans. Bats the deflating air bag out of his face. Rubs his aching forehead.

He looks around, disoriented -- they're in the middle of nowhere. Dark farm country all around.

Jonas shakes Ava. She's not moving. But she's breathing.

Jonas turns the key in the ignition. The engine sputters and dies.

He pulls out his iPhone.

ON PHONE: "Mom Voicemail (24)"

JONAS
Aw, shit. Shit!

He reaches for the button to dial.

JONAS (CONT'D)
(to himself)
"Hi, Mom. Our neighbor's a spy.
I'm on the run with some lady."
Shit.

Jonas dials.

INTERCUT:

INT. FREDDIE'S HOUSE - FREDDIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Headset on, Freddie hammers the keyboard playing *World of Warcraft*.

FREDDIE
Dude! Give me my damn epic before
I "pown" your ass!

The phone on Freddie's desk vibrates.

Jonas listens to the RING. He tears Ava's sleeve off. Pulls away blood-soaked gauze: ripped stitches. A lot of blood. Jonas gags.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
RL phone. BRB.

Freddy checks the caller ID. Picks up his phone.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
What is it, douchebag?

Jonas awkwardly presses the phone to his ear as he unrolls a giant wad of paper towels. He wraps them around Ava's wound.

JONAS
Has my mom called?

FREDDIE
I dunno. I turned off the ringer.
You're lucky I noticed you called.

JONAS
I need you to come get me.

FREDDIE
Dude, we're about to take down Raz
and I got this damn noobie pug--

JONAS
(code word from when they
were 10)
Freddie, we have an "Oddjob"
situation.

Freddie's whole body stiffens.

FREDDIE
Say again?

JONAS
"Oddjob."

FREDDIE
On my way.

Freddie leaps up. Then leans down and speaks into his mic.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
See you suckers later!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAWN

The sky is lightening as Jonas anxiously paces next to the wrecked Land Rover.

Freddie pulls up driving an ancient, bright yellow VW RABBIT. Kick ass PUNK ROCK blasts from the open windows.

FREDDIE
You're lucky the parentals are out
of town.

Freddie gawks at the wreck.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
What happened?

JONAS
Just help me.

They go over to the Land Rover. Freddie spots Ava.

FREDDIE
Shit, man! Who's the dead chick?

JONAS
She's not dead. Help me!

Freddie helps Jonas maneuver Ava out of the Land Rover and into the Rabbit.

Freddie takes the opportunity to cop a feel -- sliding his hand from armpit to breast.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Did you just--?

FREDDIE

What? It's not like she's gonna know.

JONAS

Hello future date rapist.

FREDDIE

Label me what you will. This is the most action I've had in months.

JONAS

Try ever.

Freddie takes a good look at Ava.

FREDDIE

Whatever. This chick is hot.

JONAS

She's old enough to be your mom.

FREDDIE

Yeah, but hotter than my mom by, like, a factor of thirty-three.

JONAS

Let's just get out of here, Oedipus.

Freddie hops in the driver's seat. Jonas leans back into the Land Rover and grabs the pouch containing the obsidian bar.

He jumps into the Rabbit.

FREDDIE

Where are we going?

Jonas glances at Ava, unconscious in the backseat. He turns back to Freddie.

JONAS

How long are your parents gone?