

Cowrite Screenplay Part 3:
Family Secrets

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jonas stands there, one hand clutches his tiny video camera, the other a Browning automatic.

Ava's pistol is aimed directly at Jonas' sweaty forehead.

WALTERS

JONAS! What the hell are you doing?
Give me the gun. NOW! She's my ex.

Distracted by Ava's weapon, Jonas stares at it.

JONAS

It's a... it's a SIG P two-two-nine.

Jonas lowers Walter's handgun to his side.

AVA

Is that your final answer?
(to Walters)
We have a young firearms expert.

Ava whips out another weapon from a holster on her hip.

AVA (CONT'D)

And do you know what this is?

Jonas shakes his head.

AVA (CONT'D)

It's a... taser!

She pulls the trigger. Projectiles launch and strike Jonas. He does an involuntary, electric boogaloo, drops to the floor.

WALTERS

Jesus, Ava! He's just a kid!

AVA

Yeah, "just a kid"... with a
Browning nine millimeter.

Walters moves to Jonas, kneels and takes the gun from his clenched fist.

AVA (CONT'D)

Whenever anyone points a gun in my
face it sorta bothers me. I guess
it's a personality flaw.

Ava touches a spot on the black obsidian bar and the sinister holographic specter evaporates. She slides the obsidian bar into a pouch on her belt.

Walters gently pats Jonas' face to bring him around.

Jonas sits up, looks a bit disoriented.

WALTERS
How do you feel?

JONAS
That was intense.

Walters tosses the Browning onto the bed, helps Jonas to his feet.

WALTERS
Jonas... meet Ava... my EX-wife.

Jonas smiles shyly, nods one too many times.

WALTERS (CONT'D)
Ava... Jonas Bernstein, my personal security guard.

AVA
Nice to meet you, Jonas. Some advice? Next time... duck.

Jonas pockets his video camera, extends his hand but Walters grabs Jonas by the neck and guides him toward the door.

WALTERS
Let's go downstairs.

Ava leans back on the bed and waves goodbye. Jonas takes a moment to appreciate her bodaciousness. Walters half drags him out of the room.

JONAS
(to Ava)
I'm really sorry... I didn't realize you two were--

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Walters pulls Jonas along with him as he marches downstairs.

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Walters spots the open microwave compartment.

JONAS

You're a spy, right? And she's one, too? What was that hologram about? The design for a secret weapon or something?

Walters stops in his tracks. He turns Jonas so they face one another. He puts both hands on the boy's shoulders.

WALTERS

Whatever you thought is wrong... dead wrong. You were never here tonight. You never saw Ava. And you never saw what you thought you saw. Got it?

JONAS

But...but--

WALTERS

For your own good...I don't want you over here anymore.

Jonas grimaces as he fights to hold back tears.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

You're not a spy...you're not an agent...you're not an operative. You're just a high school kid. Enjoy your youth. Don't try to grow up so fast.

Jonas stumbles back and bumps the kitchen door.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I really am. Goodbye.

With a hurt expression, Jonas yanks the door open and trips down the stairs. He runs off.

For a long moment Walters stares out into the night. He releases a weary, drawn-out SIGH.

Ava appears, leans against the kitchen archway. A towel is wrapped around her shoulder.

AVA

I'll take my usual medication... on the rocks.

Walters turns, throws her a cold look.

WALTERS

You shouldn't have come here. Now I'm implicated in YOUR retrieval operation. That wasn't MY assignment.

(Looks outside)

Jonas needed a good kick in the pants. He's a lot like his father.

EXT. WALTERS' HOUSE - SAME TIME

A black sedan is parked down the street. The only illumination inside comes from the momentary flare of a lighter as the OCCUPANT ignites a cigarette.

INT. BERNSTEIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Jonas sits on a stool in the dark. In the glow from the microwave on the countertop, he stares at a wedge of pizza rotating inside.

LELANI BERNSTEIN (50s), an aging brunette beauty in a plush bathrobe and fluffy slippers, shuffles into the kitchen.

LELANI

(yawns)

What's wrong, J-B? Couldn't sleep?

She flicks on a light and sits down beside him.

JONAS

Unh unh.

She gently brushes the hair out of his eyes, studies his face.

LELANI

I wish you wouldn't sleep in your clothes.

(rubs his shoulder)

The shouting next door woke me. I think your friend Harry was arguing with someone.

The microwave DINGS.

JONAS

He's not my "friend," Mom. I hardly know that old fool.

Jonas slides the pizza out onto a paper towel, stalks away.

JONAS (CONT'D)

'Night.

Off Lelani, with a puzzled look in her eyes as she watches him leave muddy shoe prints behind on the floor.

INT. JONAS' BEDROOM - LATER

Jonas lays on his bed with his laptop. A low-res video image of Freddie is visible onscreen.

FREDDIE

(onscreen)

I just attacked Hakkar the Soulflayer. It was some fierce aggro... once I escaped mind control.

JONAS

Whatever. Look, I'm not calling to get the score on your Warcraft raid.

FREDDIE

(onscreen)

Dude, it's three-thirty in the morning, why are YOU awake?

Jonas taps the keyboard.

JONAS

Check out the video file I just sent.

In one corner of Jonas' laptop, a video player displays the 3-D hologram from the obsidian bar.

FREDDIE

(Looks down onscreen)

Okay, spy guy. I give up... what is it? The latest design for cold fusion? The answers for next week's physics final? I'll pay.

JONAS

I think it's the design of a top secret weapon. Really.

FREDDIE

(onscreen)

Yeah, right. Did you find this on YouTube?

Jonas frowns and looks toward his bedroom window.

JONAS
No. I got it by accident tonight.

EXT. BERNSTEIN HOUSE - DAY

A helmeted, backpacked, iPod-ed Jonas comes out the kitchen door with a bagel in his mouth. He starts to walk toward the Walters house then stops, retreats, hops onto his Razor electric scooter, coasts down the driveway to the sidewalk.

Further along, Jonas passes the parked black sedan with mirrored windows. Inside the car, it is Raul who watches as he wheels by.

MONTAGE - JONAS COMMUTES TO SCHOOL

- Jonas smoothly maneuvers around trash cans.
- He zips past PEOPLE out walking their DOGS.
- He narrowly avoids cars backing out driveways.
- A stray MUTT chases him, but he quickly outdistances it.
- A GUY in a muscle car almost sideswipes him on the street. Jonas flips him the bird.
- Jonas interweaves through cars in the school parking lot.

INT. GROVE HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Freddie leans over his lunch tray, half-asleep. Across from him at the same table, Jonas texts rapidly on his cellphone and sneaks peeks at Nora, who sits across the room with her gal pals. She ignores him completely.

Jonas SIGHS deeply, the epitome of a lovesick teen.

JONAS
I'm just not getting through to her. She's put me on her blocked list. I know it.

Freddie continues to stare at his untouched lunch.

FREDDIE
Dude, you've been text-orcized.
FOCUS. What's more important here, women or weapons?

JONAS
(pl a i n t i v e)
I have to choose?

FREDDIE
Maybe if you turn in those
schematics you could get a discount
for your spy camp?

JONAS
Be serious. I don't know whose side
Harry is on. Or his ex-wife. I
don't even know for sure what that
thing does.

FREDDIE
Farathoom! The spooks are going to
find out you sent me top secret
stuff...they'll take me off-line
forever...put me in jail...I won't
ever get to graduate.

JONAS
You can get your GED in
prison...and a boyfriend.

Freddie looks deeply skeptical at that suggestion.

The muscle-bound Jock swaggers over to their table, with a
menacing sneer he looks down at Jonas.

JOCK
Hey, how's it goin'?

Jonas grips his lunch tray. Freddie slides lower in his
chair.

JONAS
Okay...at the moment.

JOCK
I have a message from Ms. Nora
Sinclair over there.

JONAS
(hopeful)
Really?

The jock puts his foot up on the bench next to Jonas.

JOCK
Yeah, "really." She asked me to
tell you to stop texting her or...

He puts a hand on Jonas' shoulder, squeezes it tight.

JONAS
Or...?

JOCK
Or me and my friends won't buy any more of your "study aids." So no more cash flow. Got it?

He squeezes Jonas' shoulder even tighter.

JONAS
(winning)
Yes, you're very clear on that point.

The Jock releases his hold. His bros watch from the cafeteria's testosterone zone. He pats Jonas on the head, fakes a punch in Freddie's direction, then saunters off.

Freddie EXHALES.

FREDDIE
There's someone I'd like to taser.

Crestfallen, Jonas looks over at Nora -- so close, yet so far.

EXT. WALTERS' HOUSE - DAY

Lelani Bernstein, dressed head-to-toe in a black tight-fitting gym suit approaches the kitchen door and knocks. Walters opens it and gestures for her to enter. She does.

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Lelani sits at the table sipping coffee and watches as Walters positions a very large Ficus tree in a pot.

WALTERS
Your son has an active imagination
...a little too inquisitive, also.

He adds soil and some large BLACK ROCKS for drainage.

WALTERS (CONT'D)
I end up killing most of them.

Lelani raises an eyebrow, concern on her face.

WALTERS (CONT' D)
 (chuckles)
 Plants, I mean.

LELANI
 Mr. Walters, has Jonas done something I should know about?

WALTERS
 It's his birthright that's my concern.

Lelani looks worried. Walters waters the plant in the sink.

WALTERS (CONT' D)
 Because of what's happened recently I need to share some information with you, Mrs. Bernstein.

She stops in mid-sip.

WALTERS (CONT' D)
 You see, I'm not exactly a retiree. I was assigned to keep an eye on you and Jonas, but very discreet...low profile. I think you probably know why...and who assigned me.

Lelani's hand shakes. She puts down the coffee mug.

WALTERS (CONT' D)
 I have a lot of experience...with this character. That's why they picked me. I know how he thinks...how he operates...what he's after. Has he contacted you lately?

He puts the plant on the floor by the kitchen window.

LELANI
 (whispers)
 No. Nothing.

Walters sits at the table, reaches out and takes her hand.

WALTERS
 You're safe with me. You and Jonas.

LELANI
 I'm not feeling very reassured.

WALTERS
 Does Jonas even know?

Lelani pulls her hand from his, fights back tears.

LELANI

I moved here when he was just a baby... kept my maiden name. A new beginning and all that.

WALTERS

Yes, I've read the files. But does Jonas know who his father is?

LELANI

No... I mean... I only told him... I only told him his father was never to have contact with us.

She wipes her eyes with a tissue.

WALTERS

So he doesn't know who his--

LELANI

NO. Jonas doesn't know about Cable.

The kitchen door swings open.

Raul stands there, armed with two handguns.

RAUL

Sorry to break up the tea party, Walters, but you and your friend there...

(indicates Lelani)

...have a meeting to go to. NOW.

WALTERS

You're making a big mistake.

RAUL

Tell that to my boss.

Lelani looks as if she's going to pass out.

Walters raises both his hands in submission.

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND - CABLE'S OFFICE - DAY

In a cloud of brown haze, Cable sits behind his desk and puffs on a turd-sized cigar. He takes out a handkerchief from his pants pocket, spits in it and polishes his head.

His cell on the desk chimes. He picks it up.

CABLE

Yeah?

(tongues his cigar)

Both of them? Walters AND the spy?

(nods approval)

Good boy, Raul. Bring 'em in.

Cable snaps the cell shut.

CABLE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

The Incendiary Impetus will finally
get the plans for their new toy...

and I'll get my compensation.

He tosses the phone back onto the desk.

INT. BERNSTEIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Jonas wanders into the kitchen from the hallway.

JONAS

Mom? Freddie's coming over so can
we order pizza and...

He stops in his tracks when he sees who's standing there.

She's in street clothes but Jonas recognizes her instantly.

He steps back, looks ready to flee.

AVA

Jonas, you and I have a problem.