

INT. WHAT WAS ONCE WALTERS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The trapdoor inches up. Jonas scours the smoldering scene. No sign of Walters or Ava.

Then -- LASER LIGHTS slice through the smoke... TWO FIGURES DRESSED IN BLACK creep into the kitchen.

Knowing that good guys don't wear black -- especially standard-issue Black Ops fatigues -- Jonas hurriedly shuts the trapdoor, narrowly missing discovery by a laser beam.

INT. PANIC ROOM - WALTERS' BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jonas regroups with his "special forces unit."

NORA

Any sign of Walters or Ava?

JONAS

Shhh!

(whispers)

They must have escaped.

FREDDIE

I knew it -- they're dead.

JONAS

Don't say that, they're fine. The last thing Walters said was to only trust McMann. We need to get in touch with this guy right away.

NORA

And how do you suggest we do that? Look him up on Facebook?

JONAS

I'm serious. This is serious. There's a Black Ops team right over our heads.

FREDDIE

So -- Ava was Black Ops. Aren't Black Ops good?

JONAS

We can't take that chance.

NORA

Right. We need to call the cops.

FREDDIE

Yes, yes! The cops. Good answer.

JONAS

Are you nuts? This is way beyond police jurisdiction.

NORA

Beyond police jurisdiction? Some masked thug with a gun is roaming the neighborhood. A missile wiped out Walters' house. Freddie's holding a nuclear warhead.

Freddie drops the obsidian bar like a bad habit.

JONAS

(to Freddie, calmly)

It's probably just the detonator.

Sheepishly, Freddie retrieves the device.

FREDDIE

Duh.

JONAS

Look, Walters freaked out the last time we called the cops. I trust he had a good reason for that.

FOOTSTEPS overhead. And not the friendly, search-and-rescue kind.

BLACK OP 1

Hello? Anyone here? The gig's up, Walters.

Freddie opens his mouth to yell. SMACK. A hand is clasped over his mouth, muffling his cries for help. It's Nora's.

NORA

Okay. What do you suggest we do?

JONAS

I'll email an embedded code detailing our next meeting time and place. Nora, you find out everything you can about this McMann guy.

(re: obsidian bar)

I'll figure out how this thing works. And Freddie --

Freddie's startled he's being included. More like terrified.

JONAS
You bring the Cheetos.

FREDDIE
Mmmppphhhhhhhhh.

Nora pulls her hand away from Freddie's mouth.

FREDDIE
I'm allergic to gluten.
(beat)
Sheesh, what am I getting myself
into...

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Cable Reign. On a cell phone. Talking to a member of his
least Favorite Five.

CABLE
Idiot. I wanted him alive.

INTERCUT with Raul in a motel room and Cable in the SUV.

RAUL
Walters was of no use to us.

CABLE
There is no *us*. Where's the bar?

RAUL
M.I.A.

CABLE
Chinese intelligence won't wire the
fifty million until they get the
bar. Find me that bar, damn it!

RAUL
How 'bout the next best thing?

Raul's eyes drift downward. His captor struggles on the
floor, bound and gagged. It's AVA.

INT. JONAS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

OBSIDIAN BAR propped on the shoulders of two Teenage Mutant
Ninja Turtle action figures.

JONAS -- hooded yellow raincoat, rubber gloves, earpods and
lab goggles. He gently taps the bar with a Rock Band
drumstick connected to his iMac.

ON THE MONITOR -- several multicolored SOUND FREQUENCY LINES quiver. Jonas studies the data. Fascinating.

You know who else might be fascinated by inanimate object sound frequency...

INT. NORA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nora lays prone on her bed, typing on her laptop. She pauses.

LAPTOP MONITOR -- the browser screen switches from Google to Facebook. Reluctantly the words "Julian McMann" are typed into the search field.

Three results appear: a Wyoming cowboy, a green mohawk and a transvestite. Doubtful any of them are gainfully employed by the Department of Defense.

Her cell phone RINGS. She checks the ID. Exactly who she expected.

NORA

Let me guess. The bar has one more oxygen molecule than you thought.

JONAS (V.O.)

Two more. But I have better news.

NORA

Can't wait.

INT. JONAS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shooting a Nerf basketball, Jonas talks to Nora using a Bluetooth headset.

JONAS

I tested the resonance properties of the bar. It registered at 1.66 decibels.

NORA (V.O.)

So?

JONAS

So?! That's 0.14 decibels louder than naturally occurring obsidian. Meaning it's most likely emitting some sort of electromagnetic pulse. In which case--

HEADLIGHTS outside the window get Jonas's attention. It's his MOM pulling in the driveway. Noticing the crime scene bustle at Walters' house, she walks over. Neighborly.

NORA (V.O.)
In which case, what?

His Mom approaches two ARMY SOLDIERS who straighten and salute. Did that just happen?!

NORA (V.O.)
Jonas?

JONAS
Nevermind. Anything new on McMann?

INTERCUT between Jonas's and Nora's bedrooms.

NORA
I've searched all over and can't find a thing on this guy.

JONAS
Try combinations and associations. Harry Walters and Julian McMann.

NORA
Right. Oh and, Jonas, do me a favor.

JONAS
Anything.

NORA
Don't call unless it's important.

INT. JONAS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dejected, Jonas removes his Bluetooth earpiece. He whips the Nerf ball at the wall. It ricochets across the room and knocks the obsidian bar off the Ninja Turtles.

JONAS
No!

Jonas dives toward the falling bar, unable to catch it. The jar from hitting the floor ignites a GREEN BLINKING CURSOR HOLOGRAM. Jonas stares at the hologram dumbstruck, until--

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)
Please enter launch destination.

JONAS
Enter launch destination?

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)
Invalid entry. Please enter launch destination.

JONAS
(quietly)
Destination...

Jonas scans his room. Stops at the hammer and sickle insignia on one of his Tom Clancy posters.

JONAS
Uh... Saint Basil's Cathedral?

A three-dimensional hologram of the Saint Basil Cathedral spins on its access.

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)
Destination accepted. Targeting sequence initiated.

JONAS
Cool.

INT. NORA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nora types "Harry Walters and Julian McMann" into a search engine. Various results populate the screen. She scrolls down, then randomly clicks on a *New York Times* entry.

LAPTOP -- an article dated March 5, 1991 with the headline "Desert Storm SEALS Team 3 Receive Nation's Highest Honor"

The accompanying picture of three UNIFORMED NAVAL OFFICERS with the caption, "Lt. Harry Walters, Lt. Cable Reign and Lt. 'Mad Dog' McMann awarded Congressional Medal of Honor."

INT. DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE - OFFICE - DAY

An AIDE (28) opens the door to a modest office belonging to a Deadhead who probably protested FOR the war.

AIDE
Sir.
(salutes)
The press wants a statement.

From the back we only see a manly PONYTAIL and multiple GOLD EMBROIDERED RINGS around the wrist of a navy blue coat.

PONYTAIL

Tell them we pledge our full support in hunting down the parties responsible for this attack.

The Aide goes to exit. Then --

AIDE

Oh, and sir?

(embarrassed to say)

A... Bond, Jaime Bond, called to schedule a meeting with you.

PONYTAIL

Jaime Bond?

AIDE

Yes, sir. It sounded like she was eating Cheetos.

PONYTAIL

Dismissed.

AIDE

She also mentioned something about a hologram.

Ponytail pauses.

PONYTAIL

I want to see her immediately.

The Aide salutes, then exits. Ponytail flips to the "R" section of his Rolodex and pulls a card reading "C. Reign."

A beat, then Ponytail dials, although we get the impression the card wasn't necessary. Ponytail flips around a framed photo on his desk -- the same Medal of Honor photo Nora saw.

INT. JONAS' BEDROOM - MORNING

MONTAGE ("*Eye of the Tiger*" plays):

1) ALARM CLOCK. Display flips from "5:29" to "5:30".

BEEP BEE--

A HAND slams the top of the clock.

2) GROVE HIGH SCHOOL 2007-2008 YEARBOOK. HANDS quickly flip through the pages, pausing briefly at "Juniors," then thumbing a few more pages to the S's. Scissors recklessly decapitate emos, jocks and dweebs alike until they get to--

3) NORA'S BLACK-AND-WHITE YEARBOOK PHOTO. The cutting is more careful now. HANDS transfer the photo to a BULLETIN BOARD, covering CIA clippings and brochures.

4) PULL-UP BAR. TWO HANDS clasp the bar.

INT. JONAS' BEDROOM - MORNING

Jonas hangs from the pull-up bar, face-to-face with his 1" X 2" glossy lover. All the motivation he needs for:

ONE... TWO.....THREEEEEEEE.....FOOOUUUUUURRRRRRR

He releases from the bar. Triumphant. Yo, Adrian!

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

High on testosterone, Jonas bounds down the stairs. He grabs a REMOTE CONTROL and turns on the countertop TV using a behind-the-back technique that would make Kobe jealous.

In the foreground, a CHIPS AHOY COMMERCIAL plays while...

Jonas gathers ingredients from the pantry and refrigerator: a keg of protein powder, carton of eggs, beef jerky, a bunch of carrots. Circus-style, he balances the items and gingerly works his way across the kitchen.

The commercial ends. CNN's WOLF BLITZER appears.

WOLF BLITZER (V.O.)
Welcome back. For those of you
just joining us, startling news out
of Moscow this morning. Saint
Basil's Cathedral is no more.

CRASH!

Jonas rushes to the TV. Empty-handed.

Aerial images show a footprint of rubble.

WOLF BLITZER (V.O.)
The landmark was inexplicably
destroyed around five a.m., local
time. No group has yet taken
credit for the bombing. The U.S.
Department of Defense has issued
the following statement--

Text scrolls on the screen while Wolf reads:

WOLF BLITZER (V.O.)
 "We pledge our full support in
 hunting down the parties
 responsible for this attack."

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mom enters, dressed in business attire.

MOM
 How's Special Agent Bernstein this
 morning?

She'd have better luck getting a reply from the toaster.

MOM
 (mocking)
*Wonderful-my-most-beautiful-mother-
 in-the-whole-wide-world.*

MOM'S VOICE competes with the TV.

WOLF BLITZER (V.O.)
 ... no fatalities reported and only
 a single eyewitness, Cathedral
 security guard Dmitri Koslov...

MOM
 ... this letter came for you
 yesterday, from TRUTH camp...

A MALE VOICE translates for Dmitri:

TRANSLATOR (V.O.)
 ... I stepped out for a cigarette
 when several shiny objects appeared
 over the Cathedral...

MOM
 ... it was marked urgent...

TRANSLATOR (V.O.)
 ... a laser beam projected down and
 that's when I ran ...

MOM
 ... so you might want to--

CLAP! The back door slams shut. No Jonas. She's left with
 the letter and a protein-packed crime scene.

EXT. GROVE HIGH SCHOOL - JANITOR'S CLOSET - DAY

Jonas drenches his mouth with Binaca then opens the door...

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Nora startles Jonas. He drops the Binaca.

NORA

What took you so long?

Jonas searches for the lost Binaca using his iPhone flashlight application, then makes his way up...

Summer 2009 Sketchers. Yeah, "Summer" -- she's *that* cool... Long, gorgeous legs in... black tights? *Bummer*. A very mini pleated skirt... boyfriend-beater tank... NORA.

Fumbling, he changes the flashlight on his iPhone to a FLICKERING CANDLE app... like one seen on, say, a first date.

JONAS

I've got information on the hologram.

NORA

I've got information on Julian McMann.

JONAS

You first.

NORA

You first.

NORA

I did what you said and I found a three-way link between Walters, McMann and Cable. They were Navy SEALS in Desert Storm. Their team received the Congressional Medal of Honor.

JONAS

Wow. Good work.

NORA

I didn't hear back from you last night. What else did you find out about the hologram?

JONAS

Um, about that...

How to explain you blew up Saint Basil's Cathedral? They don't quite make a Hallmark card for breaking that kind of news... Instead:

JONAS
Just your average run-of-the-mill
voice-activated command module.

NORA
So... what now?

JONAS
(checks iPhone)
Hmn. There's still forty-three
minutes of class left.

Jonas has Nora right where he wants her. Only, he lacks the skillz to pay the billz. And did she just come closer?--

JONAS
Do you smell... Dr. Pepper?

NORA
Yeah, it's my lip gloss.

--Yep, she must have. Their lips are now two inches apart, but may as well be two miles for our Cassonava-in-training.

JONAS
Does it taste like Dr. Pepper, too?

NORA
Yeah, kind of.

Meet her half way for God's sake, Jonas!!

JONAS
Really...

Just as Jonas is about to be a Pepper too, SIRENS go off.

EXT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sirens blare. MAYHEM. Teachers usher kids down the hall.

LOUD SPEAKER (V.O.)
Do not be alarmed. Please exit the
building in an orderly fashion. Do
not attempt to gather any of your
belongings.

Jonas and Nora exit the closet and are spotted by Freddie.

JONAS
What's going on?

FREDDIE

Some idiot called in a bomb threat.
Come on, let's get outta here.

Idiot or professional? -- A BOMB SQUAD opens a locker and cautiously removes a BLUE BACKPACK wired for the 4th of July.

Freddie freezes and is nearly trampled by the crowd.

FREDDIE

Hey -- that's my backpack.