

INT. KITCHEN - WALTERS' HOUSE - DAY - A MOMENT LATER

Walters holds the coffee pot up in offering. Jonas stares through it.

JONAS  
Who ARE you?

WALTERS  
No coffee, then. Mind if I warm mine up?

He tops off his mug.

JONAS  
You're a spy.

WALTERS  
Think now. Do you really have enough information to reach that conclusion?

JONAS  
It all fits. The intruder, the silenced gun, the hidden doorway, the way you've kept up with my training.

WALTERS  
YOU walked with ME.

JONAS  
Plus, you're the one who told me about the MIT camp.

Walters looks genuinely perplexed.

WALTERS  
So?

JONAS  
It's for CIA recruitment.

Walters laughs.

WALTERS  
The CIA does not host a summer camp.

JONAS  
Only a spy would know for sure. Teach me.

WALTERS

No.

The "No" socks Jonas in the stomach.

JONAS

But... why not?

WALTERS

Because I said I wouldn't.

There's finality in the statement, Jonas almost gives up but--

JONAS

Wait... You've already been teaching me, haven't you? The comments, the encouragement, the little nudges--

(realizing)

All that yard work last fall! You were teaching me martial arts forms weren't you?

WALTERS

Well, let's test that. Show me "rake leaves."

Jonas begins miming the yard work. Walters easily, casually smacks him across the face.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

So much for that theory.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. Someone at the front door.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

That'll be the police. You shouldn't have called them.

JONAS

I didn't. Not directly anyway.

WALTERS

Go. There's nothing to be gained by involving you in this.

Walters heads into the living room.

WALTERS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Afternoon, officer. Coffee?

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Jonas hops the fence from Walters' yard. Without the benefit of adrenaline it takes him 2 tries. Nora is there, concerned.

NORA

You okay?

A sad, reluctant nod.

NORA (CONT'D)

Good. Cause you're an idiot.

That gets his attention.

NORA (CONT'D)

What did you expect to do in there?

JONAS

Help.

NORA

Against a gun?

JONAS

I didn't think--

NORA

Like I said. Idiot. You could have been killed.

He considers her.

JONAS

Normally your mere presence would have me through the roof and that's without taking into account actually talking or being concerned for my safety. So, yeah, I appreciate it, and tomorrow I'll probably kick myself for not hanging around, but right now... I'm just not in the mood.

He begins moping towards his house.

NORA

What would walking me home do for you?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Raul climbs into the back of a van.

INT. VAN - MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Just what it sounds like - a bare-bones mobile version of the hi-tech HQ. A young ANALYST is at his console. His screen barely contains the presence of Cable Reign - live via secure satellite.

CABLE

I said I wanted to speak with Harry Walters and you go in, broad daylight, gun drawn?

RAUL

He doesn't need knees to talk.

CABLE

No, but he does need to be in custody.

Raul shows a modicum of shame.

RAUL

The police--

CABLE

Yes, the police. The one good thing to come of this operation.

Raul wears his confusion like a mask. Cable nods to the analyst.

ANALYST

The nine-one-one call was placed by a local girl - Nora Sinclair.

He brings up a picture of her student ID - it may as well be a Maxim photoshoot. Pertinent details pop up next to the photo - D.O.B., address, phone number, etc.

RAUL

I don't see why it matters who called--

CABLE

It matters because she's our way in.

RAUL

Sir?

CABLE

Isn't it obvious, Raul? Pretty girl hanging around an alleyway watching an old man's house... She's Walters' new student.

RAUL

Her?

CABLE

Why not? It isn't all smash and grab or sneak and kill. Spies are like snowflakes and Walters, the bastard, is training himself a Mata Hari. Just look at her, that face, those eyes... In a couple years she'll be able to get into any party, mix with any VIP, steal any secret, not by stealth or through guile, but simply by being hot.

ANALYST

Sir, this girl is still in high school.

CABLE

And?

ANALYST

You're coming across as creepy.

Cable glares at him, then shifts his focus to Raul.

CABLE

Her phone has GPS. Pick her up. Once we have her, Walters will come to us.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Jonas and Nora walk at a sedate pace. She nods at a house.

NORA

This is me up here.

He takes in the stone and mortar ranch-style house.

JONAS

So this is where all the parties happen. I hear they're nice.

NORA

Find out for yourself next time.

He raises an incredulous eyebrow.

NORA (CONT'D)

But no hanging from trees or lurking in bushes. My house is a stealth-free zone. We know each other now, so if you want to see me, see me.

JONAS

Just like that? The unapproachable alpha female becomes pals with the untouchable beta nerd?

NORA

Is that how you see yourself? Jonas, nerds don't help people cheat for money.

JONAS

That's just something--

NORA

--that could get you thrown out of school or cost you a scholarship. You take all these stupid risks, don't you ever think of the consequences?

JONAS

Consequences.

NORA

Right. Like, if you tried to kiss me right now, what could happen?

He barely remembers to breath.

JONAS

You could scream, slap me, kick me in the balls, tell everyone at school, sic the football team on me...

NORA

Or I could let you. You never know. That's the kind of risk a guy like you should be taking, not chasing after armed goons or risking your future for a few extra bucks.

JONAS

Hold on. Let's go back to that whole "kiss" thing.

FWIP. Nora's eyes go dreamy. She sways toward him. Oh God - she's really gonna kiss him! He belatedly puckers his lips, just in time to watch her pass out, a tranquilizer dart sticking from the back of her neck.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Nora!

With her out of the way, Jonas's vision is filled with the ARMED MEN charging toward him.

He readies himself - with no combat skills to draw upon, he assumes his "rake the leaves" pose with false bravado.

The Men pause, momentarily wary. One shrugs, darts Jonas too.

Everything goes... BLACK.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Jonas wakes slowly. Stars are in the sky, he's on the lawn. He jolts upright, looks around for Nora. She's gone.

INT. KITCHEN - WALTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Jonas bursts in through the back door. Runs face first into Walters' silenced gun, poking himself in the eye, crashing to the floor.

WALTERS

Jonas!

He sets his gun down, helps the boy up.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

When you know a man to be armed and on alert, you do NOT barge into his house unannounced.

JONAS

They took her! We gotta go! We gotta find them! We've got to get her back!

WALTERS

Slow down. Who have they taken?

JONAS

Nora. My friend, Nora. The one who called the cops. The most popular girl in school.

WALTERS

What?!?

JONAS

She's really, really popular.

WALTERS

Someone's abducted the girl who called the police?

JONAS

Yes! Come on.

He grabs Walters' discarded gun, heads for the door. Walters clamps down on his arm, vice-like.

WALTERS

We are not going off half-cocked and unprepared.

He pries the gun from Jonas's fingers.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

And one gun is never enough. Come with me.

INT. DINING ROOM - WALTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

He leads Jonas to the hidden doorway, opens it.

WALTERS

Inside.

Jonas heads in, taking the stairs down. Walters closes the door behind him, locking Jonas in.

INT. SAFE ROOM - WALTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The lights come on quickly, no flicker. It's state of the art, sterile. Gun lockers and computer consoles. A cooler set into the wall with medical supplies. A spy's dream.

Jonas is so blown away it takes him a minute to realize he's alone. He tries to leave but the door won't budge.

JONAS

Mr. Walters!

An intercom clicks on.

WALTERS (V.O.)

My apologies, Jonas, but you're going to have to stay down there for your own safety. Did your friend have her phone with her when she was taken?

JONAS

I think so, yeah.

WALTERS (V.O.)

Good. They'll expect me to call. What's her number?

JONAS

How should I know?

WALTERS (V.O.)

You said she was your friend.

JONAS

Hello! I said she's the most popular girl in school. In what world would I have her number?

Walters' SIGH reaches Jonas through the intercom.

WALTERS (V.O.)

It doesn't matter. There are ways to find it. Stay put.

JONAS

Wait! Why did they take her?

WALTERS (V.O.)

Because they want something.

JONAS

What?

WALTERS (V.O.)

I have no idea.

The intercom clicks off. Jonas pounds on the door, pulls the handle, presses buttons on the computer. Nothing. No way out.

Jonas dials his iPhone.

JONAS

(into phone)

Freddie, you gotta help me I--

The Computer spools up.

COMPUTER  
Wireless signal detected.

JONAS  
Oh, cool.

COMPUTER  
Dampening field initiated.

His call drops. No service.

JONAS  
Oh, crap!

LATER

Jonas has picked the lock on the gun cabinet. He awkwardly aims a rifle at the door. Pulls the trigger. CLICK. Disengages the safety. Tries again. BLAM! The recoil knocks him on his ass, probably saves his life as the bullet ricochets off the bulletproof door.

LATER

Jonas lies on a gurney, almost asleep. Suddenly there are FOOTSTEPS, faint, muffled somehow. He perks up, trying to locate the source.

A steel panel in the wall swings inward revealing a tunnel - another entrance. The Masked Spy enters the room.

MASKED SPY  
(weakly)  
Harry...

His shoulder bandaged and bloody. Jonas freezes as the Spy's eyes find him, widen.

MASKED SPY (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here? Where's Harry?

There's anger in the voice.

JONAS  
Just holding down the fort. Harry's out. On a mission.

MASKED SPY  
Mission? He's training you?

JONAS  
Um... yeah.

The masked spy shakes off his annoyance.

MASKED SPY

I've lost a lot of blood... Bullet  
in my shoulder... got to take it  
out. Had to wait til it was safe.

Jonas eyes the tunnel, eager to flee.

JONAS

I'm not really qualified to--

MASKED SPY

I'll talk you through it.

The Masked Spy carefully sets his pouch down, climbs onto the gurney, nods to the medical locker.

MASKED SPY (CONT'D)

AB negative.

As Jonas steps toward the locker the spy grabs him, forceful for a weakened man.

MASKED SPY (CONT'D)

Don't. Touch. My mask.

With that he surrenders himself to--

--CARE: Jonas warms a blood pack, sets an IV, removes the bandage, digs into the wound with tongs as the Masked Spy watches with a mirror, tries not to throw up as he stitches the wound - poorly.

LATER

The Masked Spy sleeps the sleep of exhaustion. Jonas works up his nerve, eyeing the tunnel, eyeing the Masked Spy's pouch. Finally, as stealthily as he can manage, he grabs the pouch and slips into the tunnel, closing it behind him.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Jonas can barely see a foot in front of his face. Moves as fast as caution will allow. In the total darkness, a weak glow shows through the pouch.

Jonas opens it, revealing a bar of obsidian. Somewhere beneath the surface - a blue-white light swirls. It's so mesmerizing Jonas doesn't realize he's come to a dead end. He bangs into it, lucky not to drop the obsidian.

Tucking it back into the pouch, he feels around for a release or button on the wall. Finds one. A doorway opens into a darkened basement.

JONAS

No way...

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The only light seeps through a crack under the door at the top of the stairs. Jonas climbs cautiously, opens the door.

INT. KITCHEN - JONAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jonas steps into the familiar kitchen, shocked. His MOM steps in from the living room, tosses her keys on the table, kisses his cheek.

MOM

Hey, kiddo. How was your day?