

EXT. OUTSIDE DRAINAGE PIPE - MOMENTS LATER

Jonas halts suddenly and extends an arm, clotheslining Freddie.

Freddie rubs his neck.

FREDDIE

What'd you do that for?

Nora joins them.

JONAS

Look.

They stare up the embankment. Bumper-to-bumper traffic stops dead on the freeway.

CAR HORNS HONK. SIRENS sound closer.

JONAS (CONT'D)

No way that truck got too far. Police probably swarming all over.

Freddie ducks Jonas' arm, and crawls up the embankment.

FREDDIE

We tell the police what happened,  
and we're home for dinner.

Jonas grabs Freddie's pants leg, and Nora grabs the other. They drag Freddie back.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

No fair, two against one!

JONAS

Mr. Walters doesn't trust cops.

As Freddie gets to his feet, Jonas motions at the pipe.

JONAS (CONT'D)

That's our only way out.

NORA

Reminds me of the boy's rest room.  
(beat)  
Let's go.

Freddie GRUMBLES, but follows the other two.

EXT. TRANSPORT TRUCK - DAY

Freeway resembles a parking lot. Truck stuck in the middle, surrounded by cars.

INT. TRANSPORT TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Next to a driver dressed in camouflage -- one of the Combat Personnel -- an agitated Raul seethes.

Raul reaches over him, and HONKS the truck's HORN.

RAUL

Get your asses movin!

REAR OF TRUCK

Watching through a heavily screened opening, Ava and Walters huddle on a bench.

AVA

An unforeseen hitch.

Walters rests his head on Ava's shoulder. His face is red, perspiration beads on his forehead, and wet patches cover his shirt. He shivers.

Ava wraps her arms around him tighter.

AVA (CONT'D)

Hang on, Harry. Hang on.

INT. DRAINAGE PIPE - CONTINUOUS

An intermittent stream of water rests on the bottom. Clumps of wet debris everywhere. Jonas alternates from one side to the other. Nora tiptoes over wet junk along one side.

NORA

Yuck.

Freddie barrels down the middle, sporadic water splashing onto the front of his pants.

EXT. DRAINAGE PIPE - OPPOSITE END - CONTINUOUS

They pop out in succession, at the bottom of another embankment. Above them, cars parade by. The teens scurry up to a grass parkway.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. FREEWAY - OPPOSITE SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Traffic slows, riveted by the commotion on the other side. Drivers' heads turn, "Looky-Lous" ogling crunched cars, the smoke, and the assemblage of police and fire.

ON THE PARKWAY

Jonas leads, facing the oncoming traffic. Freddie plods a step behind with Nora.

FREDDIE

No one's looking at us.

Freddie suddenly grabs Jonas' arm.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Shit.

Jonas stops.

JONAS

What?

Freddie points straight ahead.

FREDDIE

Dad.

A white Expedition, emblazoned with a "District of Columbia Fire Department" insignia, diverts from the slow lane. Passing through a break in the guard rail, the car stops on the parkway.

Freddie's Dad, BATTALION CHIEF BIGGS, in uniform, black boots, and badge steps out. He strides towards Freddie.

CHIEF BIGGS

Frederick, what a dandy surprise.

FREDDIE

Hey Dad.

CHIEF BIGGS

Probably not a good idea to be hiking along the freeway, Son. Could be dangerous, with all the cars.

NORA

Hiking?

Chief wraps his arm around Freddie's shoulders.

CHIEF BIGGS

Finally starting a physical fitness program. That's swell.

Jonas shakes his head. Nora looks at Jonas.

NORA

(mouths)

Swell?

From the direction of the freeway, amidst chaos, a VOICE.

FIREFIGHTER (O.S.)

Chief--

Chief shoots a look over the cars, points excitedly at Freddie, and SHOUTS.

CHIEF BIGGS  
 (to Firefighter)  
 This is my son. I didn't know he  
 was gonna be here.

JONAS  
 Mr. Biggs, we could use a ride.

Chief tightens his grasp on Freddie.

CHIEF BIGGS  
 (to Freddie)  
 You done?

Freddie stares at Jonas -- longing written on his face.  
 Jonas acquiesces, and nods.

FREDDIE  
 Yeah, Dad. I'm done.

OUTSIDE CHIEF'S EXPEDITION

Chief opens the passenger door, and ushers Freddie inside.

CHIEF BIGGS  
 Glad you're spending some quality  
 time with your girl Son...

Jonas and Nora climb into the back seat. Chief looks briefly  
 at Jonas, and lowers his voice.

CHIEF BIGGS (CONT'D)  
 (to Freddie)  
 But two's company, three's a crowd.

As Freddie buckles his seat belt, Chief squeezes his shoulder.

CHIEF BIGGS (CONT'D)  
 Jonas will understand.

INT. TRANSPORT TRUCK - LATER

Traffic crawls along.

Cable's voice BELLOWS from the RADIO on the dash.

CABLE (V.O.)  
 Where the hell is everyone?!

Raul snatches the radio.

RAUL  
 Trapped in a damm nightmare!

Sound of CABLE'S EXHALE from RADIO.

CABLE (V.O.)  
 Forget coming back here. Deliver  
 the prism to me at Zhang's.

RAUL  
 (Sotto)  
 Yes, sir.

EXT. GROVE HIGH SCHOOL - EVENING

School day's over. Spattering of cars in parking lot.  
 Chief Biggs stops the Expedition in a loading zone.

OUTSIDE CHIEF'S EXPEDITION

Jonas and Nora exit, and stop at Freddie's window.

Freddie sits inside. As the WINDOW ROLLS DOWN, he stares at  
 his hands folded in his lap.

FREDDIE  
 Sorry.

NORA  
 It's ok Freddie.  
 (beat)  
 Thanks for the ride, Mr. Biggs.

Chief Biggs leans forward over Freddie.

CHIEF BIGGS  
 Don't be a stranger, young lady.

Freddie reluctantly extends a clenched fist to Jonas.

FREDDIE  
 We still bros?

Jonas immediately bumps it back.

JONAS  
 Absolutely.

Moments later, the Expedition pulls away from the curb.

CHIEF BIGGS (O.S.)  
 Hope you don't mind me saying, Son,  
 but your Nora seems a wee fickle.

FREDDIE (O.S.)  
 Dad, she's not my--

CHIEF BIGGS (O.S.)  
 I know. Breaking up is hard to do.

INT. GROVE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - EVENING

Jonas stands with Nora at his locker. He SPINS the LOCK, and yanks the metal door open.

Reaching inside, he withdraws the Glock 19 pistol -- retrieved out of Walters' basement -- from under a textbook.

NORA GASPS.

NORA

You said you needed a book!

Jonas tucks the pistol into top of his pants.

JONAS

I need leverage.

Jonas SLAMS the LOCKER.

SECURITY GUARD (late 20s), big with bulging muscles, wears white shirt with "Security" in bold letters across his chest. He turns into the hallway--

As Jonas pulls his shirt over, concealing the weapon.

Security Guard retreats, without being seen, back around the corner. Shielding his mouth, he BARKS into a walkie-talkie.

SECURITY GUARD

Unit One Emergency. Student with a gun. Repeat. Student with a gun!

Nora pleads.

NORA

But Jonas, we need help!

JONAS

Who do we trust? You heard them. At midnight, less than eight hours now, they exchange Conquest to the Chinese for god-knows-what.

Security Guard reappears, and advances down hallway to Jonas and Nora.

SECURITY GUARD

Let's see some ID.

Jonas ignores the demand, and inches the opposite direction.

JONAS

We were just leaving.

Nora glances at Security Guard, then moves towards Jonas--

Security Guard grabs her arm.

SECURITY GUARD

Get back, Miss.  
(to Jonas)  
Don't do anything stupid kid!

After pushing Nora behind, he pursues Jonas.

Jonas picks up his pace.

Nora panics, yelling at Security Guard.

NORA

You don't understand!

JONAS

Nora, get outta here!

Jonas bolts.

Security Guard catapults, and tackles Jonas to the ground.

Nora SCREAMS.

Security Guard reaches under Jonas' shirt, and snatches the Glock.

INSIDE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

Nora watches through the glass door from the hall outside.

Security Guard props on the corner of a desk, arms crossed, gripping his walkie-talkie.

Principal's walkie-talkie rests on the desktop. He drops the Glock into a bottom drawer, SHUTS the DRAWER, and LOCKS it.

PRINCIPAL

Mr. Bernstein, I'm shocked.

Jonas sits defiant in a chair.

JONAS

I'm telling the truth.

SECURITY GUARD

Two agents with the CIA -- friends of yours -- kidnapped off the freeway by a guy whose gonna sell plans for a dangerous weapon to the Chinese.

He LAUGHS.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

You outta pitch that story to Hollywood. Make a good movie.

Principal rounds the desk.

PRINCIPAL  
It's a police matter now.

He glares at Jonas.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)  
You just made a grave mistake.

Principal's WALKIE-TALKIE CRACKLES.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Uh, Coach here. Send Security to  
the football field. Uh, team's  
fighting again. Uh, over and out.

SECURITY GUARD  
(to Principal)  
There's no game tonight.

PRINCIPAL  
A scrimmage. Offense versus defense.

OUTSIDE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

Door flings open. Security Guard breezes past Nora.

NORA  
(to Principal)  
Please, I have to speak to you.

PRINCIPAL  
Your mother's on her way?

NORA  
Yes.  
(beat)  
What's gonna happen to Jonas?

PRINCIPAL  
It would be in your best interest to  
distance yourself from Mr. Bernstein.  
(to Jonas)  
I'll be back momentarily.

Principal LOCKS the office DOOR. As he escorts her away,  
Nora glances back over her shoulder at Jonas.

ON FOOTBALL FIELD

Lights illuminate the field. At one end, flashes of blue  
practice jerseys, helmets and shoes in a heap. GRUNTS and  
GROANS. Several PLAYERS watch from the sidelines.

Security Guard attacks the fray with TWO COACHES, grabbing  
jerseys and dragging Players off one another.

INSIDE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

Jonas YANKS and POUNDS on the locked drawer, without success. He pauses for a moment--

JONAS

Think, think...

Then focuses in on the drawer above. He extracts it from the desk, and thrusts the drawer and its contents to the floor with a CRASH.

Exposed on top of the bottom drawer lays the pistol.

Jonas SMASHES the glass door with the gun's butt. He climbs through, gashing his forearm on a piece of jagged glass.

OUTSIDE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

Grimacing with pain, Jonas grips his bloody arm and escapes down the hall.

SCHOOL GROUNDS

Jonas runs past classrooms. He hustles on a sidewalk between bushes, and collides with a client -- the Jock, LEVI.

LEVI

Hey, watch it, asshole!

Football pads draped over one shoulder, Levi's face is bruised, and he sports a fat lip.

On the front of his shirt is a blood-print from Jonas' arm.

LEVI (CONT'D)

I know you. You're, umm--

Jonas scrambles to his feet.

JONAS

Get outta my way, Levi!

He stares at Jonas' bleeding arm.

LEVI

Dude, what's with your arm?

SIRENS WAIL, distracting the boys. Beyond the bushes, they watch several police cars arrive and OFFICERS hurry onto the school grounds.

LEVI (CONT'D)

Principal must've called 'em on us.

Levi dodges Jonas, and races into the parking lot.

EXT. GROVE HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Few cars remain in the partially-lit area.

Levi jumps into a two-door, tricked-out Jeep Cherokee. Jonas is hot on his heels.

JONAS

Can you get me outta here too?

LEVI

Hop in.

INT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Levi starts the engine. In the passenger seat, a towel HITS Jonas in the face.

LEVI

Don't get blood in my ride, dude.

Seconds later, Levi rips through the parking lot.

Headlights land on Security Guard. He jumps in front of the Jeep, waving his hands.

Jonas scrambles over a console into the back seat, and hunkers down out of sight.

Levi ROLLS DOWN WINDOW. Exchanges fist bump with Security Guard. Security Guard scrutinizes Levi's face.

SECURITY GUARD

Not too bad this time. The women love that battered look.

Levi shrugs.

LEVI

You know how it is.

Security Guard LAUGHS.

SECURITY GUARD

That I do, my man.

He pats Levi's shoulder.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Better protect that passing arm.

LEVI

Later, dude.

Levi exits out the driveway.

Down the street, Jonas crawls back into the front seat.

EXT. SEVEN ELEVEN CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

An employee's lone car sits on the side of the building.

Levi swerves near the entrance, and Jonas gets out.

LEVI

Hey, dude. Can I ask you somethin'?

Inside the open door, Jonas turns back. He makes a final swipe of his arm with the blood-covered towel, and drops it on the floor.

JONAS

What do you wanna know?

LEVI

Umm, can I get the answers to the history test next week?

Jonas hesitates.

JONAS

Sorry, I just retired.

EXT. CHINATOWN, WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

Small neighborhood of Chinese residences and businesses.

EXT. ZHANG'S CHINESE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

In the heart of Chinatown. Reputation for authentic cuisine. Private alley entrance for exclusive clientele.

INT. ZHANG'S - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Full of gambling equipment -- slot machines in various stages of repair, semicircles of green felt-top blackjack tables against a wall, stacked roulette wheels, and a thick wood-framed craps table.

MUFFLED VOICES drift in. Randomly, BELLS DISCHARGE.

Ava and Walters sit tied to chairs. Walters' eyes close, and his head wobbles from side to side.

AVA

Harry, you gotta stay awake.

Raul opens a door and enters with an armed GOON. Outside, VOICES become discernable as CHATTERING, LAUGHING. A glimpse shows several people perched in front of slot machines.

AVA (CONT'D)

If we don't get Harry to a hospital, he's going to die.

RAUL

Talk to your boyfriend.

Raul brandishes a gun, begins to untie Ava. The Goon points his weapon at Harry.

RAUL (CONT'D)

Try anything funny, and Harry dies sooner rather than later.

He shoves her at the door.

RAUL (CONT'D)

You've got a date for dinner.

Raul grabs her by the hair. Ava yelps, clawing at his hand.

RAUL (CONT'D)

Don't let the noise and laughter fool you. Nobody here is friendly.

GAMING AREA

Raul escorts Ava through the premises. BELLS RING atop slot machines. People lean on a craps table, watch roulette balls spin, place blackjack bets. No one stares.

PRIVATE DINING ROOM

Dimmed lights. SOFT BACKGROUND MUSIC PLAYS. Romantic table with candles set for two. Ava freezes in the doorway.

Cable rises from a chair.

CABLE

Ava, my love.

She launches at Cable, and punches him in the face.

AVA

Traitor! How could you betray--

Cable restrains her flailing arms. Raul grabs her around the waist from behind, and throws her into the other chair.

RAUL

You behave yourself!

INT. SEVEN ELEVEN CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Jonas selects a drink from the cooler. He checks his cell phone. No bars, dead battery.

He hands CASHIER several bills, and receives coins in return.

EXT. SEVEN ELEVEN CONVENIENCE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

At a payphone, Jonas clutches the receiver to his ear.

SUSANNAH (O.S.)

(frantic)

Jonas?!

JONAS

Yeah Mom.

SUSANNAH (O.S.)

Oh dear god. Are you ok?

JONAS

Listen, the police are gonna come to the house and say--

SUSANNAH (O.S.)

You pulled a gun on the Principal.

JONAS

You know me Mom.

INT. JONAS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Susannah holds a telephone, and tears up.

AGENT #1, in a suit, pantomimes stretch-it-out with his hands.

SUSANNAH

Jonas, please come home.

JONAS

I can't. Not yet.

The line goes dead in her ear. AGENT #2 charges in.

AGENT #2

We got his location.

AGENT #1

Pick him up.

SUSANNAH

(to Agent #1)

Please, don't hurt him.

AGENT #1

We know, Ma'am. He's family.

INT. ZHANG'S - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The Goon is gone. Still bound in the chair, Walters' eyes close, his head slumps forward and chin drops to his chest.

EXT. REAGAN AIRPORT, WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

Raul bolts through sliding electronic doors into the terminal. An AIRPLANE ROARS overhead, the sound diminishing as the doors close.

INSIDE TERMINAL

## PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM (V.O.)

Your attention please. Your attention  
please. Arriving Shanghai passengers  
may pick up baggage at...

LOK CHEN (50s), in casual attire that appears slept in, rides the descending escalator. Looking around, smile permanently fixed on his face, he jabbars incessantly in Mandarin to a CHINESE MAN (20s) at his side. The Chinese Man stares straight ahead, unresponsive to the old man's babble.

A few steps behind, MEI CHEN (30s), his daughter. Eyes forward and all business in a black suit and black high heels, she carries a briefcase.

Raul waits at the bottom, and greets Lok Chen with a handshake. Lok Chen walks away with the Chinese Man.

Mei Chen brushes past Raul, without stopping.

RAUL

Welcome back, Miss Ch--

She moves at a brisk clip. Raul hurries to catch up.

MEI CHEN

(Chinese accent)

Second trip this week.

RAUL

Yeah, rough life. Must be hard  
traveling first class.

Mei Chen abruptly turns, advancing on Raul.

The Chinese Man notices, calling the scene to Lok Chen's attention. He watches, the broad smile on his face. The Chinese Man starts towards her, but Lok Chen dissuades him.

Mei Chen stops inches from Raul's face, and pokes his chest with her finger. Raul doesn't flinch.

MEI CHEN

(Chinese accent)

You no disrespect me.

Raul snatches her wrist.

RAUL

There's a nail on that finger, missy.

MEI CHEN

Americans, lots of excuses. No more.  
Father travel long way. Mr. Cable  
Reign promise delivery tonight.

She turns on her heel.

RAUL

We'll see.

EXT. SEVEN ELEVEN CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Jonas holds the payphone receiver, and drops a few coins into the slot. A DIAL TONE. He PUNCHES her cell number.

NORA (O.S.)

Hello?

He opens his mouth to speak, but Nora cuts him off.

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

He wouldn't call me.

Undecipherable whispering from the phone -- Nora's not alone.

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

Probably telemarketers.

Jonas hangs up quickly, the phone CLUNKS into the CRADLE. He leans his head forward onto the cool metal, and sighs.

He finishes the drink, and tosses it in a nearby trash can. On top of the can lays a newspaper, and a headline catches his eye: "Deputy Director of CIA Guest Speaker."

Jonas picks up the paper, and reads silently selective pieces of text:

CLOSEUP: Deputy Director of CIA's Science and Technology division...Speaking tonight...Question and Answer session to follow.

He scans the article, with his finger this time, and prays.

JONAS

Please speak near a Metro station...

His jaw drops, and he looks up from the paper.

Tucking the copy under his arm, Jonas takes off full speed down the street.