

Cowrite Screenplay

2nd 10 pages

**INT. LIVING ROOM - WALTERS' HOUSE - DAY**

A ROOKIE POLICE OFFICER scribbles in his NOTE PAD. He stands just inside the house, questioning Walters.

ROOKIE  
So, let me get it straight. You  
were giving the kid piano lessons--

Jonas waves from Walters' polished red-mahogany Steinway.

WALTERS  
--Correct.

ROOKIE  
When this greasy looking chump--

WALTERS  
--"Chump".  
(to Jonas)  
That would describe him perfectly.

Jonas nods.

ROOKIE  
Comes waltzing through your house--

WALTERS  
(pointing to note pad)  
--More like, prowling.

ROOKIE  
And then takes off as soon as he  
hears our sirens.

WALTERS  
Yes. About that. You do realize,  
you'd catch significantly more  
criminals without all those  
flashing lights and blaring horns.

ROOKIE  
Are you positive you didn't  
recognize the intruder?

WALTERS  
Absolutely.

ROOKIE  
Do you have a safe? Expensive  
jewelry? Priceless artifacts?

WALTERS  
Nothing anyone knows about.

ROOKIE  
Any gambling debts? Unpaid loans?

WALTERS  
What are you implying?

ROOKIE  
Are you married, Mr. Walters?

WALTERS  
What business is that of yours?

ROOKIE  
Maybe your jealous wife hired a  
private detective to spy on you.

WALTERS  
A stranger just broke into my  
house.

ROOKIE  
Who's the woman that called 9-1-1?

WALTERS  
I have no idea.

Not convinced. The Rookie has a hunch.

ROOKIE  
(to Jonas)  
Piano lessons, huh?

JONAS  
Yep.

ROOKIE  
Play me something.

Jonas swallows hard. Walters doesn't miss a beat.

WALTERS  
Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto.  
Number one. Movement three.

Jonas' EYES scream at Walters'. The police officer studies  
their exchange. Something's fishy alright.

WALTERS  
Allegro con fuoco.

Jonas's hands stretch out over the piano keys. A drop of  
sweat rolls of his brow. He lowers his trembling fingers and:

CHOPSTICKS. A pretty good version too.

ROOKIE

(to Jonas)

Keep up the good work, kid.

(to Walters)

Give us another call if that slime ball shows up again.

WALTERS

Will do, Officer. Thank you for responding.

ROOKIE

It's my job. I'm here to serve and protect--

Walters closes the door on him.

**INTO THE KITCHEN**

Jonas follows Walters.

JONAS

What just happened...Who's the chump...Are you an assassin?

WALTERS

I am a private instructor.

Walters pours coffee into a mug.

JONAS

Oh, ya? How many piano teachers do you know own a tactical Glock with a nine millimeter suppressor?

WALTERS

Sugar?

JONAS

(nodding)

You have a secret passage way in your dining room!

WALTERS

Milk? Cream?

JONAS

Neither...Both...Why aren't you telling me the truth?

WALTERS  
Because you haven't given me a  
chance.

Walters hands Jonas his mug of coffee. Downs it.

JONAS  
Okay. Fine. I'll shut up.

WALTERS  
I use to work for the CIA--

JONAS  
--I KNEW IT!

WALTERS  
As a translator. We were a dime a  
dozen. Nothing special.

JONAS  
Except that you own a Glock.

WALTERS  
It was a gift from an Austrian  
General. More of an inside joke.

JONAS  
Ha, ha. What about the secret  
passage way?

Walters walks around the kitchen counter to the...

#### **DINING ROOM**

Slides fingers along the wall. Opens hidden door and switches  
on light to:

#### **DRY STORAGE**

STOCKED FULL of cans, jars, sealed boxes and bags. Rice.  
Beans. Soups. Preservatives. A camper's wet dream.

WALTERS  
For a rainy day.

JONAS  
But--

The doorbell RINGS.

#### **FRONT DOOR**

Arms crossed. Head cocked. Brows raised. Nora wants answers.

WALTERS  
My jealous wife, I presume?

**EXT. WALTERS' HOUSE, D.C. SUBURB - DAY**

Sidewalk. Jonas and Nora wave bye-bye. Walter disappears into his house.

NORA  
He seems nice.

JONAS  
That's his cover.

NORA  
What are you talking about?

JONAS  
He's a spook?

NORA  
What are you talking about?

JONAS  
I have to find out who this Austrian General is.

NORA  
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

JONAS  
Look! I can't explain everything right now. Just trust that I know things you don't. Okay?

NORA  
Whatever. You're welcome. I gotta go.

She takes off in the opposite direction.

JONAS  
Whoa...Where? Why? WAIT!

Stops.

NORA  
I wasted almost an hour in the bushes waiting. *For you.*

JONAS  
I'm sorry.

NORA  
Whatever. It was fun. Kind of. I  
have to get home and walk my dog.

JONAS  
Thank you. Really.

NORA  
See you around.

Jonas watches her go, like a boy who loses his balloon.

**INT. BOARD ROOM - NIGHT**

About a half-dozen AGENTS, all in black, sit around a table,  
facing a FLAT SCREEN.

A high-def PHOTO OF HARRY WALTERS lights up the otherwise  
dark room.

RAUL  
That's him.

Cowboy boots cross up on the table. Raul sticks out like a  
sore thumb.

CABLE  
Who?

Cable Reign stands in the back. Shadowed.

RAUL  
Harry Walters. Who else?

CABLE  
I know who Harry Walters is. And  
that's not him.

RAUL  
Ya, it is. Everything matches.

CABLE  
Then everything is not as it seems.

A sweet PICTURE OF JONAS AND NORA pops up on the screen.

RAUL  
One of them called the cops.

CABLE  
Names.

AGENT 1

Jonas Bernstein. Nora Sinclair.  
Seniors at Grove High School.

CABLE

What else.

AGENT 1

Not much. No criminal records. They  
both were raised by their mothers.  
The boy's lined up to be named a  
valedictorian. And the girl's  
destined to be a super model.

RAUL

Blah. Blah. And they both lived  
happily ever after. If that's not  
Harry Walters, then we've just lost  
twenty-four hours.

CABLE

And you've lost the Macuahuitl.  
Single-handedly.

The boots come down. Raul shuts up.

CABLE

Continue surveillance. Find out who  
this imposter is. If all else  
fails...Torture it out of him.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN D.C. - NIGHT**

A TAXI pulls up next to a movie theater.

Harry Walters gets out and walks up to the ticket booth.  
Nonchalantly. Buys a ticket. Walks in.

**INT. BLACK SEDAN - CONTINUOUS**

An AGENT talks into his EAR PIECE.

AGENT 2

He just entered the building.

**INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

Walters strolls away from the concessions with a bag of  
popcorn and a soda cup. He enters a screening room.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

"The Spy Who Came In From The Cold".

FLAT SCREEN. Jonas lays in bed watching the 1965 movie.

His cell phone RINGS...

JONAS

Remember when being a spy was simple?

FREDDIE

Uh, hello?

JONAS

You were either with us or one of them.

FREDDIE

What are you talking about?

JONAS

The cold war. You knew who your enemy was.

FREDDIE

Why can't you be like every other teenager?

JONAS

I hung out with Nora today.

FREDDIE

What!

JONAS

She's so...Loyal.

FREDDIE

Okay. Either rewind or eject.

JONAS

I need you to do me a favor.

FREDDIE

It's a good thing I called you.

JONAS

I need you go to my neighbor's house, Harry Walters, and enquire about taking piano lessons.

FREDDIE

I already have an instructor.

JONAS

I know. It doesn't matter. I'll pay for the lessons. Just dumb down your skills. But give him a reason to take you on.

FREDDIE

How do I always end up doing these things for you?

JONAS

Because I'm the only true friend you have. And true friends will do anything without question.

FREDDIE

One question. Why?

JONAS

To gather more information.

**INT. SCREENING ROOM - MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

The Agent enters, sitting close to the exit.

He takes out a high powered INFRA-RED MONO-SCOPE and scans the room. He counts -- five people. Not one matches the target.

The Agent rises and cases the aisle. Harry Walters is nowhere to be found.

**EXT. MOVIE THEATER - MOMENTS LATER**

The Agent exits. He taps on his ear piece. Crosses the street to his car...

AGENT 2

I've lost the target.

...It's gone!

AGENT 2

What the hell!?

**EXT. WALTERS' HOUSE, D.C. SUBURB - NIGHT**

Another AGENT is parked outside.

A BLACK SEDAN, tinted windows, drives by slowly.

**INT. AGENT'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS**

The Agent taps his ear piece.

AGENT 3  
Holy shit. I think...He's here.

The black sedan pulls up in front of the Agent's car. The REVERSE LIGHTS pop on.

AGENT 3  
(to himself)  
What are you doing?

The black sedan floors it in reverse, SMASHING into the Agent's front bumper.

THE AIR BAGS IMplode...SLAM!

The Agent is momentarily incapacitated.

**EXT. WALTERS' HOUSE, D.C. SUBURB - CONTINUOUS**

Walters exits the sedan and strides up to house.

A cop car screeches from out of nowhere.

LIGHTS AND SIRENS.

Walters slips inside his house.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - WALTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

Walters observes the action from the door's eye-piece. Chuckles to himself.

MAN  
Up to your old tricks?

Walters drops to the ground. GLOCK is out and aiming in the dark. At the voice.

MAN

Good reflexes. For a veteran.

WALTERS

Are you insane? Your risking  
everything by being here.

The MASKED SPY steps out of the shadows.

MASKED SPY

And yet, this is the safest place  
for me to be.

He drops to his knees. It took all his will to come this far.

MASKED SPY

I've lost a lot of blood.

Walters rushes to his aid.