

Before Walter's can react, Ava kicks Jonas in the stomach with lightning speed, then round-house kicks him in the face, sending him backwards.

As Jonas falls, losing consciousness, he can see Walter's rubbing his temple in frustration.

WALTERS

Ava, you just took down my lawn-boy.

AVA

Oh...

Jonas' vision fades to black.

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Jonas awakes to the image of the HI-TECH WEAPON shining brightly on the computer desk. He fakes sleep, listening in on the conversation.

Ava is seated in the computer chair, Walters is pacing.

AVA

...was originally a Russian design, but MI-5 got it's hands on it and added their advanced algorithmic satellite codes. It's got a range of two miles, can hack almost every commercial satellite to provide accuracy within feet and is completely undetectable by radar once fired.

WALTERS

If it really does all that, if it's really that great a risk to national security, why bring it here?

AVA

Believe me, you were my last option.

WALTERS

I shouldn't have been an option at all! What was the exit-protocol on your mission? Why didn't you go back to the agency?

Ava tears her shirt apart from the shoulder, revealing the DEEP GASH on her upper arm.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

Christ, that looks bad, where'd you pick that up?

AVA

They had a special on gun shot wounds at Sears.

Walters exits the bedroom, in search of meds. Ava quickly moves towards Jonas, who braces for another confrontation, but at the last second she slides under the bed. Jonas remains frozen as he hears a CLICK from underneath him.

Walters' FOOTSTEPS are coming back towards the bedroom. Ava slides back out and returns to the computer chair. Jonas watches as she slides a DISK into her cleavage.

Walters returns to the bedroom, pours HYDROGEN PEROXIDE on a cloth and reaches towards his ex-wife's arm.

Then suddenly, Walters' arm shoots upwards towards her mouth. Jonas sits up in surprise, it's Chloroform.

Ava blocks the attack, ramming her heel into Walter's stomach.

JONAS

Hey!

Jonas leaps at Ava. She grabs his collar, then uses his momentum to spin him around and throws him out the window with a CRASH.

She quickly swipes the obsidian bar from the desk, and LEAPS out the window with cat-like grace.

Walters recovers, pulls out his Browning 9mm from his dresser drawer and leans out the window.

EXT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Walters SHOTS at Ava. The bullets scatter over the lawn. A stray WHIZZES Jonas's head.

Ava pulls Jonas upwards and shoves him forward towards a blue 1993 Camry parked on the street.

Bullets hit the car like HAIL. Ava smashes the WINDOW of the car and unlocks it. She throws the door open, shoves Jonas inside, and quickly follows him. Jonas is in shock.

The bullets stop. She looks up.

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Walters disappears from the window at a run.

INT. CAMRY - NIGHT

Leaning down, Ava rips the panel off under the steering wheel and begins sifting through wires. She looks up again.

EXT. WALTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Walters flings the door open, and sprints out of his house, reloading his Browning.

INT. CAMRY - NIGHT

Ava has found the two wires she needs. They SPARK with touch.

AVA

Come on, come on!

EXT. WALTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Walters' raises his gun and starts shooting at the Camry. The ENGINE ROARS to life. The passenger window SHATTERS.

INT. CAMRY - NIGHT

Jonas covers his head in terror as he is covered in glass.

JONAS

Mr. Walters! Stop! It's me!

Ava shifts into DRIVE and slams on the accelerator.

AVA

Hold on!

EXT. WALTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The Camry PEELS away. Walters' runs out of bullets as he watches it turn a corner and disappear. He GROANS with rage as he takes out a cellphone.

There's a TONE as he dials and raises it to his face.

WALTERS

(professionally)

We've got a problem...

EXT. 7-11 PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The crippled Camry swerves into the parking lot with a SQUEEL. It SHUTTERS in protest as it is turned off.

INT. CAMRY - NIGHT

Ava takes a LONG BREATH, leaning her head on the steering wheel. Jonas sees his opportunity to grab her SIG-Sauer from it's holster.

He lunges forward, grabs the gun, but can't pry it away. Ava GROANS, shoving him backward against the passenger door hard.

AVA

Just what do you think you are doing?

JONAS

Trying to escape.

AVA

Go ahead, take off...you're free to go.

Jonas studies her.

JONAS

What?

AVA

Get out of the car!

Jonas watches her hit the steering wheel with nervous frustration.

JONAS

Why'd you bother bringing me if you don't want to use me as leverage?

Ava looks at him like he's crazy.

AVA

If you didn't notice, I was saving your life!

JONAS

You were saving me from Mr. Walters? Yeah, ok! Every-time I save a life, I throw someone out the window...

AVA

Get out of the car, you ungrateful little brat! I don't have time to deal with a teenager.

Jonas looks out on the parking lot. There is a GANG of scary thugs standing on the street corner.

JONAS

You didn't exactly stop in a safe neighborhood you know?

AVA

Oh, I see, you're willing to aim a gun at a trained spy, but you're afraid of D.C. streets at night, is that it?

Jonas stays silent.

AVA (CONT'D)

If you didn't notice, you're best-buddy wasn't holding back any when he was shooting at us back there.

JONAS

You think Mr. Walters was shooting at me? No way, no, you're wrong.

AVA

You saw the Raptor designs.

JONAS

Raptor designs?

AVA

That big glowing holograph of the world's scariest gun? It's code-named Raptor. And you know it exists, which makes you a big-time security risk for some very bad people.

Jonas shakes his head, still disbelieving her. Ava is glancing at the rearview mirror.

JONAS

No, there's no way. Mr. Walters works for the C.I.A., he uses a Browning 9mm, he's got like no past...

Ava begins getting out of the car.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

AVA

We need to ditch this car. If you're sticking with me, hurry up!

Jonas watches for a second as Ava walks across the parking lot towards an idling CHEVY PICK-UP. Then he presses on the passenger door, but it's jammed.

He scrambles quickly across the seats, awkwardly falling out of the door.

EXT. 7-11 PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ava has reached the pick up, she slides in. The truck ROARS to life and peels backwards.

Jonas quickly picks himself up and runs for the truck.

INT. 7-11 - NIGHT

HENRY (30s), a probable coke-head wearing a ten-gallon cowboy hat, watches in disbelief as the scrawny teenager dives inside his truck. Henry bolts for the door.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The truck PEELS OUT again as it lurches forward. Henry runs at it, pounding on the driver-side window.

HENRY

Hey! Hey you son-of-a-bitch!
That's my goddamned truck!

The gang on the street corner is LAUGHING as Henry stamps his feet in anger.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Ava drives at a reckless speed away from the convenience store. The streets are empty.

JONAS

That was close!

Ava CHUCKLES.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Where are we going?

AVA

We're meeting my team. I gained an important piece of intel that needs to be analyzed.

JONAS

You mean Mr. Walters' disk?

Ava looks at him in surprise.

AVA

How'd you know about that?

JONAS

I wasn't sleeping.

AVA

What else did you hear?

JONAS

All the specifications of the Raptor. Listen, if you're a good-guy, can you prove it somehow? I'm pretty confused about all this...

AVA

In time. You're definitely marked. Especially if Harry thinks you were awake for any of that.

JONAS

What do you mean in time? How do I know who to trust here?

Ava LAUGHS lightly.

AVA

Oh, that's rule number one, never trust anyone in this business. By the way, my name is Ava.

Jonas blinks.

JONAS

Jonas.

They pull into an alley. Jonas braces himself as Ava swings the pickup inside a tiny GARAGE at frantic speed.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The pick-up truck stops, Ava and Jonas hop out and walk towards an unmarked door. Ava motions for Jonas to remain silent.

Ava pulls at a brick next to the door. It dislodges, revealing a number-pad. She types in a code and reinserts the brick.

The door opens with a CLICK.

INT. FIELD COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Jonas GASPS as he sees the make-shift spy operation. LCD's, weapon racks, high-tech gadgets sitting amongst packages of Vanilla Wafers and Diet Cokes. All with the crackling energy of tiny high-grade explosives attached to all the tables and computers.

COLE (30s), a stocky weapons expert stands, a laser-sighted pistol in hand.

AVA

Easy Cole!

COLE

Ava! How'd you do?

AVA

Success. Harry played me the way we thought he would.

COLE

Great. Who's this?

Jonas watches the laser dot glow on his chest.

AVA

This is Jonas, he's clean.

The dot disappears. Ava dislodges the disk from her cleavage and hands it to Cole.

AVA

Start analyzing this now. It's got to have some clue as to where they're operating.

There's a FLUSH from the corner of the room, as SPIDER (40s), a chunky slob of a man with long dirty blonde hair exits the bathroom.

SPIDER

Oh man, Cole, that microwavable burrito did not smell good on the other end!

He sees the newcomers.

SPIDER (CONT'D)

Ava! What's up girl?

AVA

Spider.

SPIDER

Who's the scrawny prawn?

AVA

This is Jonas, he's clean.

Jonas frowns at Spider, disapproving of his demeanor.

SPIDER

Nice to meet you Jonas. Sorry I'm not clean too, we've been caged up in here for a week now...

JONAS

Hi.

Cole SIGHS, thousands of lines of code scrolling on his computer.

COLE

This is going to take a while, Ava.

AVA

Ok. I need a rest.

She heads towards the back of the room, where there is a MATTRESS on the floor. Jonas looks at them all awkwardly.

JONAS

What should I do?

AVA

Don't touch anything.

COLE

Stay out of the way.

SPIDER
(eagerly)
Do you play Halo?

Spider's brow flashes as Jonas smiles strangely at him.