

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

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Address
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Jonas flips a switch. Brings the safe room to light. Supplies for a month. A bank of surveillance monitors.

Jonas tries to turn the monitors on. The screens stay blank.

JONAS

The cameras are dead.

Freddie flicks the hologram off.

FREDDIE

What do we do with it?

NORA

We give it to the cops.

Jonas rifles through the supplies.

JONAS

No, we get it to McMann.

He finds a pistol, bullets. Loads it. Pockets it in his jacket.

JONAS (CONT'D)

C'mon. Let's go.

FREDDIE

Out there?! In case you missed it, a missile just totaled a house. And we were in it.

SIRENS become audible in the far distance.

With a new sense of urgency, Jonas snatches the obsidian out of Freddie's hand. Puts it in his pocket.

JONAS

Okay. You two stay here. Wait for the police.

Jonas heads for the hatch. Nora lurches towards him, grabs his arm and jerks him back. Faces off with him.

NORA

Jonas, you're not a spy. You're a senior.

He calmly extracts his arm from her grasp. Gives her a small reassuring smile.

JONAS

I have to do this.

He continues on his path.

NORA

This isn't going to get you into the CIA.

This Jonas takes offense to. It stops him in his tracks.

JONAS

That's not what this is about. Two people
may be dead, one of whom was my friend.
And he said to get this to McMann, so
that's what I'm going to do.

SIRENS scream louder. Jonas unlatches the hatch. Pushes
the heavy steel door with all the his strength. Grimaces.
He could be doing his fourth pull-up.

FREDDIE

(to Jonas)

Hey "Mission Impossible"!

Freddie stands in the rear of the bunker, holding open
the door to what appears to be an escape shaft.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Why don't you use the back door?

Jonas lets the door overhead slam shut. He and Nora go to
examine Freddie's find.

Freddie grabs a flashlight from the supplies and aims it
into the hole. It appears to lead to a concrete tunnel.
The sound of DRIPPING WATER echoes inside.

JONAS

Looks like it connects to a storm drain.

Jonas crawls into the shaft.

INT. STORM DRAIN

Jonas trudges through a narrow shaft on all fours.

Nora crawls in behind him, to his surprise.

JONAS

What are you doing?

A roach drops onto Nora's shoulder. She squeals. Flicks
it off.

NORA

I guess I'd rather deal with roaches and backwater than explain myself to cops again.

INT. SAFE ROOM`- SECONDS LATER

Freddie surveys his lonely surroundings. Grows anxious and fidgety.

FREDDIE

That makes this the bat cave...and me Alfred. He never gets the credit or the girl.

He makes for the back door.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Guys, wait up!

Freddie crawls into the hole.

INT. TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

His arm strength once again put to the test, Jonas hoists a heavy manhole cover above his head. Pushes it to the side. Nora, holding the flashlight, and Freddie wait behind him.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jonas clambers out of the storm drain onto the middle of the street. He pulls Nora out after him. Then Freddie scrambles out, just as a HORN blasts and brakes SQUEAL. The three turn to see...

A TV truck careening around the corner towards them.

JONAS

C'mon!

The three sprint out of the truck's path towards Jonas' house.

INT. JONAS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jonas, flanked by Freddie and Nora, stares out a window at chaos. Fire crews at work.

Reporters setting up their shots. Gawking neighbors. A man in a finely-tailored dark suit strides authoritatively towards a fire marshal.

FREDDIE

Who's "G-Man" over there?

The dark-suited man flashes a badge. Says something to the fire marshal that makes him throw his hands up and tromp away. JACKIE, a reporter, advances on the dark-suited man.

INT. JONAS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Jonas turns on the TV. Flips through the channels.

On the screen, Jackie stands before the home's smoldering remains.

JACKIE

Authorities are denying rumors of a terrorist attack. They say a faulty gas line caused this house to explode.

NORA

A gas line?!

JACKIE

Officials tell us no one was inside at the time.

FREDDIE

This message brought to you by lying bastards.

JONAS

They killed him and they're covering it up.

Nora flashes him a look of sympathy. Jonas searches on his iPhone.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE

A young ASSISTANT sits at a desk in a nondescript office. The seal of the Department of Defense is mounted on the wall behind him.

JONAS (O.S.)

Julian McMann, please.

ASSISTANT

Mr. McMann's in a senate hearing today.
Would you like his voice mail?

JONAS (O.S.)

It's an emergency. I need to speak to him
now.

ASSISTANT

I'm sorry. He can't be reached.

INT. JONAS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

JONAS

Then when will he be out?

ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Sometimes these things go late. If you
tell me the nature of...

Jonas hangs up on him.

JONAS

Let's go.

NORA

Where are we going?

JONAS

The Senate.

Nora looks at Freddie as if to ask "is he serious?".
Freddie nods in the affirmative.

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND - CONFERENCE ROOM

In a small conference room, an AGENT directs images on a
big screen from his laptop. Now playing: aerial video of
the missile attack on Walters' house.

AGENT

He sent this feed over a couple minutes
ago.

CABLE

A missile attack within thirty miles of
the White House, what a damn idiot!

AGENT

He's trying to cover his tracks, Sir.

CABLE
So what do ya got?

The agent runs video from the drone's camera that uses "see-through-the-walls" (STTW) technology to peer inside Walters' living room. He freezes an image of the occupants. Zooms in on Walters.

AGENT
Facial identification confirmed Harry Walters...

Zips around to another angle. Clicks closer on Ava. Cable's eyes widen. He leans forward.

AGENT (CONT'D)
...and Ava Walters. I'm sorry, Sir.

This news hits Cable like a punch in the gut. He closes his eyes. Puts his head in his hands. Massages his bald scalp.

CABLE
And the others?

AGENT
Unidentified. Watch this part.

Cable looks up from his hands. The agent runs slow-motion video of Harry pushing the kids into the bunker just before the blast.

CABLE
What's that in the kid's hand?

The agent rewinds the feed. Zooms in on obsidian.

CABLE (CONT'D)
Get Raul on the phone.

INT. VAN - DAY

Raul scrutinizes a still photo of Jonas, Nora and Freddie (in that order left to right) on a laptop screen.

RAUL
(into phone)
The kid on the left lives next door.

CABLE (O.S.)
Find him.

They hang up.

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND - CONFERENCE ROOM

CABLE
 (to the agent)
 Get what you can on him.

The agent nods.

I/E. FREDDIE'S CAR/DOWNTOWN D.C. STREETS - DAY

Freddie weaves in and out of heavy D.C. traffic. Jonas' iPhone RINGS.

JONAS
 (into phone)
 Hello?

CABLE (O.S.)
 Jonas?

JONAS
 Yea. Who's this?

CABLE (O.S.)
 My name is Cable Reign. I'm with the CIA.

JONAS
 (beat)
 I know who you are. You're a traitor.

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND - CONFERENCE ROOM

CABLE
 And you're in possession of stolen government property. I'm not playing games with you, kid. Just stop where you are and we'll come to you.

INT. FREDDIE'S CAR

JONAS
 I don't think so.

CABLE (O.S.)
 You're in over way your head.

JONAS

You blew up a house! You're the one going to jail for life.

CABLE (O.S.)

A house?...What do you think I could do to, say, Grove High School? Give me what I want or let your classmates die.

Terror gives way to revelation.

JONAS

You couldn't explain that away as a gas explosion.

CABLE (O.S.)

No? What if a crude pipe bomb went off in some misguided student's locker?

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND

CABLE

I might be able to explain that. What if web searches from that student's computer reveal a disturbing obsession with violence?

INT. FREDDIE'S CAR

JONAS

Screw you.

CABLE (O.S.)

Well I guess you have until tomorrow morning when the first bell rings to decide what to do. That is, unless I find you first.

He hangs up.

NORA

What was that about?

JONAS

Gimme your phone.

NORA

Why?

JONAS
Your phone, quick! Freddie gimme yours
too.

They hand over their phones. He tosses them along with his iPhone out the window. But it's too late...

I/E. FREDDIE'S CAR/DOWNTOWN D.C. STREETS

Raul, behind them in traffic, accelerates and maneuvers to close in on Freddie's car in a menacing manner.

INT. FREDDIE'S CAR

They notice Raul. Freddie hits the gas, but is quickly held up by D.C Downtown traffic.

FREDDIE
Shit!

NORA
How'd they find us?

JONAS
They tracked the GPS on our phones.

I/E. FREDDIE'S CAR/DOWNTOWN D.C. STREETS

Freddie goes up the curb and onto the sidewalk to go around downtown traffic.

He drives through a stoplight, into an intersection, barely escaping a collision with an oncoming car. HORNS blare.

He gets through the intersection but is quickly held up again.

Raul makes his way through the intersection as well.

JONAS
It might be easier if I just ran.

FREDDIE
(pointing)
Yea. Its about six blocks that way.

NORA
I'm coming with you.

JONAS

Okay.
(to Freddie)
Good luck.

FREDDIE

You too. Wait! Put it in your jacket.
(nodding towards the obsidian
bar in Jonas' hand)
He won't know who has it.

Jonas pockets the obsidian next to Walters' pistol.

JONAS

Good idea.
(to Nora)
You go right around that building and
I'll go left. Meet you on the other side.

FREDDIE

Hey Genius! You better leave the gun with
me.

JONAS

Right.

Jonas hands Freddie the gun.

Nora and Freddie jump from the car and sprint along the
sidewalk in separate directions.

INT. BLACK SUV

Raul watches the trio split up.

He slams his fist on the steering wheel. Not paying
attention, he rams into the car in front of him, causing
a mild accident.

EXT. THE CAPITOL BUILDING

Nora and Jonas, panting heavily, run towards the Senate
building.

