

Cowrite: Week 2

With Raul gone, Walters turns back to Jonas with:

WALTERS
Coffee?

JONAS
I'm allergic.

Walters stuffs the pistol in his pants like sliding on his morning suspenders.

WALTERS
Right.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sprinting along the sidewalk, Raul checks his back. No one follows. The BLACK SEDAN BRAKES. Door flies open. Just as Raul ducks inside, he spies...

Nora. Across the street on her cell, pointing at Walters' house like she's giving directions.

Eye contact with Raul. She stiffens. Hangs up.

Raul grimaces and slides in the sedan. It PEELS AWAY.

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Walters scoops up the coffee. Sniffs. Smells like Raul. Pours it down the sink.

JONAS
How did you... who was...?

WALTERS
Good hearing and I don't know yet.
Better question is why did you
follow him in?

JONAS
Instinct. Definitely instinct.

Walters eyes him. Intently. Walters unrolls some paper towels and throws them at Jonas. Nodding low. Even lower.

A dark spot on Jonas' pants. He shrinks and pats dry the embarrassment.

SIRENS WAIL. The first COP CAR SCREECHING up the driveway.

WALTERS

How about we save these officers
some paperwork and your mother some
unnecessary stress, yes?

JONAS

She's at work.

WALTERS

Your father, then?

JONAS

My father's not --

WALTERS

-- Out the back, Jonas. Mind the
tulips.

JONAS

But that man --

A LOUD KNOCK at the door.

WALTERS

He's gone. You go.

Conflicted, Jonas scurries back down the hall as Walters
watches him disappear.

He smirks. Sees something in the kid.

EXT. WALTERS' HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Jonas stumbles onto the patio. Bolts for the gate then
stops... his pants still wet. He scans the area. Near the
tulips, a water bucket.

Jonas hoists the bucket over his head. Grunts. Then tips,
WATER SOAKING his entire body. Checks his pants. Problem
solved.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

In front of Walters' house, Nora strides down the sidewalk.
One cop car. Two. Three.

Jonas sashes up next to her. Nora jumps!

JONAS

Why are you still here?

NORA
I think he saw me.

JONAS
Who?

NORA
The guy who ran out the back.

JONAS
I told you to get out of sight.
Did you make eye contact? You
never make eye contact.

NORA
I looked away immediately and...
wait, what happened to you?

JONAS
Um, sprinklers.

NORA
I didn't see sprinklers.

JONAS
No, I mean, they came on when,
whatever it doesn't matter, I --

Police cars keep piling up. Four. Five. Six. Officers
rush to Walters' door. Seven. Eight. Nine cars.

JONAS
What in the world?

Ten. Eleven. Twelve cars.

NORA
Who is Harry Walters?

They see Walters open the front door. Calming the men down.

JONAS
That's... an excellent question.

INT. CABLE'S OFFICE - DAY

An elegant suite. Mahogany trim. Leather couches. Fancy.

Cable slides around his desk and leans into sweaty Raul,
squirming in a chair.

CABLE
That is... a terrible question.

Raul sulks.

CABLE

And not at all important as far as you should be concerned.

RAUL

Just think it would help the boys and me if we knew a bit more about your treasured trinket.

CABLE

Trinket?

Cable simmers. Then calms himself.

CABLE

Think of it as a very small piece to a very large puzzle.

RAUL

Like a tiny jigsaw puzzle?

CABLE

An enormous jigsaw puzzle, Raul. Do try to keep up. Another piece to this puzzle goes by the name of Harry Walters. A man who should be sitting right here. Right now.

An INTERN storms in the room.

INTERN

Mr. Reign, they're waiting.

Cable nods to the Intern who leaves. Back to Raul...

CABLE

Take Chun with you tonight.

RAUL

What's a Chun?

Concealed behind Ray-Bans, lithe and limber, CHUN (20's), stands next to Raul.

Raul shoots up. Scared.

RAUL

What the... where'd he come from?

CABLE

That's the point.

Cable buttons his suit and saunters out the doors.

EXT. CABLE'S OFFICE - DAY

The US CAPITOL BUILDING rises in the distance.

Cable struts down the steps as REPORTERS thrust their mics under his chin.

REPORTERS

Cable, a comment? Mr. Reign!
Excuse me, sir, just a word?

CHEERING SUPPORTERS wave SIGNS: "Reign for Senate." "Reign Over Me." "Bring the Reign." Political euphoria.

A FEMALE REPORTER shoves her way through the vultures.

FEMALE REPORTER

Mr. Reign, many of your potential voters trust your Intelligence background will aid you in the recent crisis with the Chinese. Care to comment?

CABLE

I encourage you all not to worry about the Chinese. It's quite a puzzle at the moment, but that doesn't mean we won't fit the pieces together soon.

INT. FREDDIE'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Star Wars threw up.

Oh so carefully, Freddie positions the final 3D puzzle piece on his Millennium Falcon model. Complete.

FREDDIE

Oh yeah! Freddie Biggs, bringing the hotness!

He leaps up. Spins. And... oh no. He's moonwalking. All around his room. Actually not too bad.

Jonas and Nora stand at his door. Freddie freezes mid moon.

JONAS

You said you quit doing that.

FREDDIE
I... said I would try.

Freddie skirts his eyes to Nora. Smiles. Back to Jonas.

FREDDIE
You come bearing gifts. I welcome
you.

JONAS
Freddie-Nora, Nora-Freddie.

NORA
Hey.

FREDDIE
Hi.
(beat)
This is my little brother's room.

Jonas looks to Nora and shakes his head.

JONAS
We need your car.

FREDDIE
It's in the shop.

JONAS
It's in your garage.

FREDDIE
Why do you want it?

JONAS
We're staking out Harry Walters.

Freddie laughs. Then stops. Jonas is serious.

FREDDIE
Oh, not again.

NORA
Again?

Jonas puffs out his chest.

JONAS
You know, Nora... I don't want to
see you get hurt. I'm sure you've
got better things to do than put
yourself in harms way like we're
about to.

FREDDIE

We? You.

NORA

That's sweet. But ever since
McSleazy back there, I don't really
want to go back to an empty house.

JONAS

Empty?

NORA

My Mom and Dad took a sabbatical
from work, Washington, parenting,
that sort of thing.

Sympathy in Jonas' eyes as he and Nora share a look.

FREDDIE

Great, so you both have Daddy
abandonment issues. You should
have membership cards. You know,
small fee, no commitment.
Meanwhile, when is someone gonna
fill me in on what's going on?

NORA

We need your car!

JONAS

We need your car!

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE WALTERS' HOME - NIGHT

Lights off and silent, a beat up '85 Civic waits at the
closest intersection to Walters' yard.

... SLLUURPPP!

INT. FREDDIE'S CIVIC - NIGHT

Jonas, sitting shotgun, slurps down his drink. Freddie
slumps behind the wheel with Nora in the back.

FREDDIE

Spies don't drink slurpies.

JONAS

It's a smoothie. And it's vitamin
enriched.

Nora peers out the window. Walters' porch light shines. But
no movement from inside the house.

NORA

So you've done this before?

FREDDIE

Oh yeah. Walters is a regular project for Jonas here.

JONAS

He's not a project, he's a friend. A friend with crazy assassin-like hearing who carries a Glock 22 with a titanium suppressor. Standard government issue. Couple that with the blitzkrieg of police who surrounded his house today like a human shield... if there's anyone who can help me get into the business, it's Harry Walters.

NORA

The business?

FREDDIE

You're sitting behind the world's next superspy.

Jonas turns to Nora, smoothie straw dangling from his lips.

FREDDIE

So if you start getting hot and bothered give me the signal and I'll pull over.

NORA

Why don't you just go knock on his door and start a friendly conversation?

JONAS

Knock? No, spies don't respect the knock and talk. They respect the sneak and peek.

FREDDIE

Okay, now you just sound like a voyeur. If Walters was a woman, this whole thing would be highly illegal.

RUMBLING outside. The kids look toward...

EXT. WALTERS' HOME - NIGHT

Walters' garage opens. He drives out and the garage shuts.

INT. FREDDIE'S CIVIC - NIGHT

Jonas slaps Freddie on the arm, quietly motioning for him to turn on the car and follow. Freddie obeys.

FREDDIE
Sneak and peek. Pervert.

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE WALTERS' HOME - NIGHT

Freddie drives off.

Coming from the shadows... the black sedan rolling behind Freddie.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Moderate traffic. Perfect for blending.

INT. FREDDIE'S CIVIC - NIGHT

The kids keep an eye on Walters, several cars ahead.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT

The driver weaves in and out of lanes, keeping Walters in sight. Raul sits up front, pulls his gun, checks his magazine. Full clip.

Chun sits in the back. Silent behind his shades.

RAUL
Get closer.

INT. FREDDIE'S CIVIC - NIGHT

The black sedan roars up next to Freddie.

Nora sees Raul in the front seat... but Raul's none the wiser. The black sedan speeds by the kids.

NORA
That's him.

FREDDIE

Who?

JONAS

The sedan.

FREDDIE

Wait, the sedan with the burglar?
The burglar with the gun?

At his feet, Jonas rummages through his bag. Pulls out his camera. Zooming into the plates, he snaps a shot.

FREDDIE

We shouldn't be doing this, Jonas.
We need to be like fifty pounds
heavier, a foot taller and have
been in at least one street fight.

JONAS

Just don't lose them!

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Walters takes an exit. The black sedan follows. Jonas and company pick up the rear.

Exit sign: ANNAPOLIS NAVAL ACADEMY - 1 MILE

EXT. PRIVATE HARBOR - ROAD - NIGHT

Small sailboats line the dock. Freddie's Civic crunches along a gravel road.

INT. FREDDIE'S CIVIC - NIGHT

The kids scan the boats.

JONAS

I told you not to lose them.

FREDDIE

Hey, here's an idea. How about you ditch the learner's permit and get a real license, that way you can drive and I get to be the guy in the trench coat and glasses.

NORA

Guys, look.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

A sailboat on the waves. A FLASH OF LIGHT. Morse code.

EXT. SHORE - NIGHT

In response, Walters flashes his own signal. The boat comes into dock.

INT. FREDDIE'S CIVIC - NIGHT

Jonas digs in his bag. Comes up a second later with binoculars to his eyes.

JONAS' BINOCULAR POV

The Masked Spy splashes off the sailboat and into the water, He carries a parcel and sashes up to Harry Walters, handing him the goods.

FREDDIE (O.S.)
What do you see?

The Spy removes his mask. A clear view of his face.

INT. FREDDIE'S CIVIC - NIGHT

Jonas lowers the binoculars. Slowly.

NORA
Jonas?

No response.

FREDDIE
You see anything?

Jonas opens his door.

EXT. PRIVATE HARBOR - NIGHT

Jonas walks in a trance. His feet CRUNCH along the gravel.

The Spy turns and spots Jonas. Eye contact.

JONAS
Dad?!