

COWRITE ENTRY -- WEEK 7

INT. HOUSE, ADJOINING FREDDIE'S PROPERTY - DAY

The COUGAR licks a bloody paw in the corner. The SUNBATHING WOMAN is tied up in a kitchen chair. Raul shifts his eyes between her and a LAPTOP. His GUN w/SILENCER resting on the counter.

He quits typing after a flourish. Looks at the:

LAPTOP DISPLAY

A street map of D.C. And a GREEN PULSE tracks along a street in the suburbs. Raul ZOOMS IN.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - DAY

Barely poking out from underneath Freddie's collar, a very, very small BUG. A green L.E.D. LIGHT PULSES once.

All eyes are forward. No one sees it.

FREDDIE

I need some new clothes.

JONAS

Like you're a poster boy for GQ.

NORA

What about our parents? Are they safe?

Walters and Ava exchange a look, then:

AVA

I'll call in a favor.

She pulls out her cell. Dials.

FREDDIE

I do need to feed my dogs.

WALTERS

No.

Freddie stares out the window a moment. Then:

FREDDIE

How 'bout getting my toothbrush?

WALTERS & AVA

No.

JONAS & NORA

No.

INT. HOUSE, ADJOINING FREDDIE'S PROPERTY - DAY

Raul closes the laptop. Grabs CAR KEYS from a HOOK.

RAUL

I'll bring pizza when I come back.

The Woman's look would burn a hole through metal.

RAUL

Don't like pizza, huh?

And he's out the door. The Woman writhes frantically to get loose, but she's not going anywhere. The cougar ignores everything...keeps licking.

INT. MCMANN'S HOUSE - DAY

Cable stows the obsidian bar in a PADDED SILVER CASE. McMann sips tea like the Queen of England about to order an execution.

CABLE

The deal with the Chinese still goes in 42 hours.

MCMANN

You promised me that--

CABLE

-It's under control.

MCMANN

(beat)

It doesn't seem that way.

Cable buckles the case. McMann only takes another sip of tea, which is more like a threat.

EXT. STREET, SUBURBAN DC - EVENING

The sun is getting low. Long shadows everywhere. The black sedan eases along. A few CARS line the curb.

JONAS (V.O.)

For the last time, Freddie. We're circling to lose tails.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Jonas plays with the data prism. Tumbles it in his hands. The others eat FAST FOOD BURGERS.

NORA
 (re: data prism)
 I wish we didn't have that thing.

Jonas looks at Nora. An idea.

JONAS
 Stop the car.

AVA
 What?

JONAS
 Pull over. I feel sick.

Ava slows down, and before the car stops, Jonas is out, pulling Nora behind him.

EXT. BLACK SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Walters gets out, too. Freddie and Ava watch through the window. They keep eating.

Jonas pulls out his iPhone. Hands it to Nora.

JONAS
 Turn the video camera on.

She studies the phone briefly, then pushes buttons. Jonas grabs a LARGE ROCK from a decorative hedging.

WALTERS
 What are you doing?

JONAS
 (to Nora)
 You got it?

NORA
 Yeah.

JONAS
 (to Nora)
 Go ahead.

The phone BEEPS. A RED RECORDING LIGHT burns steady.

IPHONE CAMERA POV

The data prism is close. We clearly see what it is. Jonas lowers it gently to the ground. Then:

DROPS the ROCK on top of it. SMASHES IT TO PIECES.

BACK TO SCENE

Off Jonas' nod, Nora stops recording. Walters is fuming, but trying to stay under control. Ava seems to take it more in stride.

AVA
So much for Conquest.

JONAS
Now all we do is send them the video.

WALTERS
(to Jonas)
That was our only bargaining chip.

JONAS
But now there's no reason to come after us.

WALTERS
(beat)
I was wrong about you, Jonas. You have no business being a spy.

And that's the worst thing Walters could say to him. Jonas is crushed. Walters gets back in the car with:

WALTERS
We're taking you all to a safe house, and then we're going after Cable.

Jonas takes a breath. Fortifies himself. Reaches through the window. Shakes fries out of Freddie's bag.

FREDDIE
Hey.

JONAS
(re: bag)
I need this.

Jonas scoops data prism pieces into the bag. Shoves the bag in his pocket...it doesn't fit the whole way. Part of it sticks out.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Now that everyone's back in the car, Ava drives on. Jonas looks out the window. Fights tears.

Nora is sad for him. Reaches her hand toward his, but doesn't touch him. She puts it back in her own lap. Better to just let Jonas be.

Ava turns a corner. Up ahead, in the middle of the road:

A RED SUV is parked at an angle and blocks the street.

And in front of it:

RAUL.

With a ROCKET PROPELLED GRENADE LAUNCHER on his shoulder.

Aimed right at them.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

A wicked smile from Raul.

He SQUEEZES the trigger. The RPG flies.

Ava swerves.

The RPG barely misses. But it HITS a parked CAR.

The EXPLOSION forces the SEDAN to LURCH into the air. It TUMBLES. Trunk over hood.

Twice.

Lands with a CRASH.

RESIDENTS stream from houses. Raul brandishes an AUTOMATIC WEAPON. He SHOOTS OFF several rounds into the air. Residents scurry back to their homes. Duck for cover. All of them probably calling 911.

Through the busted out windows of the sedan, none of our heroes are moving....

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A rundown part of D.C. Very few lights. An electric BUZZ (V.O.). Walters YELLS (V.O.).

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stubby fingers turn down a dial. Electric meters return to ZERO. The BUZZING LOWERS then STOPS. And Walters can finally catch his breath.

This place is Raul's personal torture shop, and he's at a CONTROL PANEL--lots of knobs and switches. Walters and Ava are both strapped into BARBER CHAIRS with thick WIRES snaking from them to a large battery. Ava is still unconscious.

Jonas and Nora are in a CAGE, which probably came from a zoo. Bars thick enough to keep them from going anywhere. The roof is open, but it's 15 feet high. An impossible climb at best. And Jonas is the only one awake.

Freddie dangles from a rope. He's unconscious and upside down over another cage. This one has the WOUNDED COUGAR in it. The cougar stares at Freddie. Licks its chops.

Behind Raul, a table full of: tech gear, watches, shoe laces, weapons, cell phones, and shards of the Data Prism. But there's also a GUN DART full of a milky white substance. Raul loads it into a PISTOL. Moves toward Jonas.

JONAS
(re: pistol)
What is that?

WALTERS
That's too much for his size.

RAUL
I love Animal Planet. You ever watch?

WALTERS
(to Raul)
Leave him alon--

Raul SHOOTS Walters. Walters goes limp.

Raul loads a NEW DART into the PISTOL. Jonas stares at Walters, who is unconscious...not dead. It's a tranquilizer of some kind. And Jonas is terrified now.

RAUL
Killing you would be prudent...

Raul aims the gun at Jonas. Jonas looks for a place to hide. There isn't one. Raul gets up next to the cage.

RAUL
...but since I may need you later...

Raul SHOOTS Jonas with the dart. Jonas collapses in a heap, and we:

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

JONAS POV

As he wakes up, the lights are dim. Nothing's in focus. We hear some CLINKING (O.S.), but can't make out what it is. As Jonas comes to, we're still:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jonas sits up. A massive headache. He grips his forehead. And when he looks to the CLINKING: it's Nora using a HAIR CLIP and trying to pick the lock on the cage.

NORA

I thought you were dead.

JONAS

Really?

Jonas surveys the room. Only he, Nora, Freddie, and the cougar are present. Freddie's still out of it.

NORA

You have anything that can do this?

JONAS

No hidden pockets in my boxers.

NORA

I never figured you for a boxers type.

Nora works a few more seconds on the lock, then gives up.

JONAS

You can stand on my shoulders. Climb over. Maybe find a key?

NORA

We'd need a rope or something.

EXT. BOAT STORAGE DOCK, POTOMAC - NIGHT

Raul's RED SUV is backed up to the dock. He carries Ava on his shoulder toward a SPEED BOAT. In the boat is Cable, and a still unconscious Walters, who is on the deck.

Raul dumps Ava on top of Walters...not too carefully.

RAUL

Now we're square.

Cable nods.

RAUL

Then you'll never hear from me again.

Raul walks away.

Cable draws a SILENCED GUN.

SHOOTS Raul in the back. Raul collapses. Not dead.

Cable gets out of the boat. Raul's crawling away.

CABLE

I will never hear from you again.

And Cable puts TWO MORE BULLETS into Raul. Rolls him into the water. A DEAD RAUL'S only good for fish food now.

Cable gets the boat's engine RUMBLING. Then drives off.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The top bar of the cage. A rope made of clothes slung over it. Then TWO HANDS, one after the other, grip the bar. They are Nora's. She swings a leg up and over...she has no pants on...only conservative panties. She still wears a shirt, though.

FREDDIE (O.S.)

Great job.

Freddie, without a shirt, is awake and watching intently. Nora ties a knot in the clothes-rope around the cage top. Lowers herself onto the other side.

FREDDIE

And a nice view I migh--

NORA

-Shut up, Freddie.

(to Jonas)

Your turn.

Jonas stands in his whitey-tightys, and that's all. He's NOT a boxers kind of guy. Jonas grips the clothes-rope. Tries to climb. Nora's already scrounging for a key.

Jonas is struggling. Slowly making progress, but his arms are already shaking. White knuckles. Tries to use his feet on the cage to help. To no avail. He can't hang on any longer, and drops down.

FREDDIE (O.S.)

Don't you work out or anything?

JONAS
Shut up, Freddie.

Then the door UNLOCKS. Nora's found and used the key. Jonas moves to hug her, but she keeps him at bay.

NORA
Pants first.

But they are still tied to the top of the cage.

JONAS
You, umm...wanna a lift?

She rolls her eyes, but nods "okay."

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Cable sits across from Walters, who is bound to a chair. An ASSISTANT sticks Walters with a SYRINGE. Walters comes to almost instantly. Looks around. Sees Cable. Slants his eyes.

WALTERS
You really want to do this again?

CABLE
This isn't about Ava.

WALTERS
It's always about Ava.

CABLE
This time it's about Viper.

The word is like a stun gun on Walters. He leans back. Takes it in. Eyes darting here and there. Thinking through things. Confusion. Can't quite put it together.

CABLE
The old Harry would already be there.

And then it hits Walters. He sits as upright as his restraints will allow and:

WALTERS
I won't let you.

CABLE
You can't stop me.

Cable nods at the Assistant, who gives Walters another dose of something. Walters is immediately woozy.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Freddie's on the ground untying himself. The cougar only stares from his cage. Jonas and Nora are now dressed. Nora gathers the tech gear Raul left behind. Jonas studies the Data Prism shards. Moves them around with his finger.

NORA

We've got to get out of here.

But Jonas is in a trance. Focused. Moves a shard next to another. His eyes go wide in revelation. He moves to the Control Panel. Starts unplugging wires.

NORA

Jonas.

Now free of wires, Jonas **SHOVES** the Panel onto the floor. It's cover **CRACKS** open.

NORA

What are you doing?

Jonas rips off the cover. Looks for something. Finds it quickly. Holds it for Nora and Freddie to see.

JONAS

Recognize this?

It looks exactly like a **PRE-SMASHED DATA PRISM**.

FREDDIE

Didn't you smas--

JONAS

-It wasn't a storage device. It's a relay.

He gives the **RELAY** to Nora. Starts pacing. Freddie puts on his shirt, then rummages through a **FRIDGE** in the corner.

FREDDIE

But if it's a relay, what was--

JONAS

-A fake.

Freddie pulls out **HAM**, **FRUIT**, **TWO SODAS**...and a **BEER**, which he promptly **POPS** open. At the sound:

NORA

(re: beer)

Put it back.

FREDDIE

Oh, come on. I deserve one afte--

NORA

-Freddie.

And somehow we believe she'd kick his ass. He complies.
Exchanges it for a soda.

JONAS

It's cheese.

NORA & FREDDIE

What?

JONAS

The relay. It's cheese. Like when you
want to catch a mouse.

(beat)

They never wanted Conquest to begin with.
They wanted Walters.

NORA

Well...now they have him.

(beat)

Can we go home now?

JONAS

I'm going to get Walters and Ava.

NORA

You're not a spy, Jonas.

JONAS

I trade information and engage in covert
operations.

AVA

You sell test information and hope you
don't get caught.

(beat)

Not exactly the same thing, is it?

Jonas looks to the floor. Hurt.

JONAS

Yeah. Fine. You want to go home? What do
I care?

He makes for the door. Nora tries to slow him down with:

NORA

Jonas...

But he ignores her. Keeps walking. As if she no longer exists.

FREDDIE
I'd suggest a cab, but I'm fresh out of cash.

Jonas holds up some GREEN.

FREDDIE
Where'd you get that?

JONAS
My sock.

Freddie tosses the HAM to the cougar, who promptly swallows it without hardly chewing...better than nothing.

Nora reaches for Jonas' arm, but he shakes her off. Keeps going. SHOVES the door open.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The streets are deserted. No movement. Until a CAB pulls to a stop. Nora gets out. Faces her house. Freezes. Then takes off running toward the door with:

NORA
Daddy?

Jonas and Freddie both look. Nora's FRONT DOOR is SMASHED IN. They bolt after Nora.

The CABBIE dials a CELL PHONE.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE, STAIRWAY - NIGHT

A note rests on the bottom step.

THE NOTE

In the center, a typed PHONE NUMBER. Paper-clipped to the top of the note is a PHOTO: Nora's Dad gagged and tied.

BACK TO SCENE

She faces Jonas. Tears in her eyes. An apology. A plea for help. Both at once.

In the distance, SIRENS (O.S.) BLARE. The POLICE are getting closer by the second.

JONAS

(beat)

Come on.

He takes her hand, and they head out the back.

EXT. JONAS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Jonas, Nora, and Freddie sneak into his house through the back door.

INT. JONAS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

A similar NOTE on the counter, but this one's got a PHOTO of Jonas' mom. She looks terrified. He grabs it. Races upstairs to:

HIS BEDROOM

Opens the safe. Hands Freddie a phone that's attached to some cables.

JONAS

Hook it up. We'll try to trace the call.

Freddie goes to work. Jonas hands a backpack to Nora and then pulls out a random assortment of tools and such (book of matches, some tech gear, a pocket knife, a spool of wire and one of thread, safety pins, and other odds and ends) from his safe.

While Jonas hands her stuff, she takes in his room. Smiles at the movie posters. Again at the pull-up bar. Cocks her head at the calendar where Jonas records his pull-ups.

NORA

(re: calendar)

What's that?

JONAS

It's, uhh, an algorithm I'm working on.
Don't worry about it.

Her face says, "I don't believe you." Jonas hands her a small BOTTLE OF LIQUID. The last thing. He leaves a stack of CASH.

FREDDIE

(re: cash in safe)

We might need some money.

JONAS

That's for Truth Camp. It's untouchable.

He closes the safe. Then opens his desk drawer. Takes CASH from there.

JONAS
This we can use.

The computer BEEPS.

FREDDIE
Good to go.

Jonas DIALS the number from the NOTES.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Cable watches TWO TECHS maneuver a hi-tech contraption onto an unconscious Walters' face. A next generation EYE SCANNER of some kind. Cable's phone rings. He checks the number, then answers with:

CABLE
We each have something the other wants.

JONAS' BEDROOM

The trio watch the computer screen as lines arc here and there...tracing the call.

CABLE (V.O.)
(filtered)
I suggest we trade.

JONAS
I want to know they're still alive.

INTERROGATION ROOM

The Eye Scanner comes to life with a LOW WHOAM-WHOAM.

CABLE
Go to Conquest five fourteen dot com.

JONAS' BEDROOM

Freddie types. And the three stare in horror at a live feed camera focused on their parents--bound and gagged.

CABLE (V.O.)
(filtered)
Good enough?

Freddie switches back to the TRACING PROGRAM. The TRACING BALL freezes up in the middle of the Atlantic.

CABLE (V.O.)
(filtered)
Tracing calls are a little more difficult these days.

The gang looks defeated.

JONAS
(beat)
I'll call you back in one hour with a location.

Jonas hangs up and:

JONAS
We've got some work to do.

INTERROGATION ROOM

An OCULAR DEVICE, like a microscope eye piece, is fixed into place on the Scanner so someone can look directly into Walters' eyes. One of the Tech's looks through it briefly. Then nods in approval to Cable.

Cable moves to the Eye Scanner, and looks in the Eye Piece. He twists a knob. Adjusts.

And Ava steps from the shadows.

Yes.

Ava.

AVA
Is it there?

CABLE
Just like I said it would be.

[BEGIN ENTRY 8.]