

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUING

Walters defies his age with a quick move to disarm Ava. Ava, not to be outdone, leg-sweeps Jonas, knocking him to the floor as the BROWNING 9 MM flies into the air.

Ava snares it out of mid-air, and aims that at Jonas.

Jonas stands, and grabs the LAMP, holding it defensively in front of him.

JONAS

What the frak is going on!?

Ava turns off the obsidian as Walters steps between Jonas and Ava.

WALTERS

Everyone relax. Ava, put down the gun. Jonas, please put down the lamp.

They both comply.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

Jonas, this is my wife --

AVA

Ex-wife.

WALTERS

Ex-wife Ava.

Jonas looks her up and down -- pausing a little too long on a down section.

AVA

Eyes up here, kid.

JONAS

Is she an...

AVA

She? I'm right here.

JONAS

Okay, are you Military Police, too?

Ava shoots Walters a look.

AVA

MP?

Walters shrugs.

AVA (CONT'D)
 Ever hear the phrase "If I told you
 I'd have to kill you?"

Jonas gulps.

WALTERS
 Ava, relax.

AVA
 Harry, I'm risking my life showing
you this. Now this pre-pubescent
 fanboy has seen it.
 (to Jonas)
 How much have you seen?

JONAS
 I don't know.

AVA
 You don't know, are you're not
 going to tell me?

JONAS
 I saw something, but I don't know
 what I was looking at, so I have no
 idea how much I saw since I don't
 even know how to gauge what I saw
 compared to what I wasn't supposed
 to see.

Walters and Ava share a look. Walters steps over to Jonas,
 and puts his hand on the kid's shoulder.

WALTERS
 Listen, my wife --

JONAS
 Ex-wife.

AVA
 Thank you.

WALTERS
 Ava and I have some official...
 military business we need to tend
 to. It's important, and it's a
 good idea for you not be involved.

Walters turns Jonas towards the bedroom door and guides him
 out.

JONAS

No, I can help! Whatever it is. I can keep a secret. They'll never suspect me --

AVA

This isn't a video game, kid.

JONAS

Stop calling me "kid."

AVA

Isn't that what you are?

JONAS

I'm not a kid. I'm seventeen... and a half.

WALTERS

Listen, I know this looks exciting Jonas, but it's not. It's work. Our work. So forget what you saw, and go on with your life.

JONAS

Mr. Walters, you don't understand. I've read every Tom Clancy book. I subscribe to Eye Spy Monthly -- I even got a letter published.

Walters regards Jonas a beat. But just for a beat, then...

WALTERS

Keep working on those pull-ups.

Jonas heads down the stairs, dejected, as the bedroom door closes behind him.

EXT. WALTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Jonas slinks out of Walters house and makes his own walk of shame back to his house. He's deliberate, knowing that once he gets home, the fun is likely over.

ACROSS THE STREET

Raul, crouched behind some HYDRANGEA BUSHES, watches. Raul dials his cell.

RAUL

(into phone)

I've got good news and bad news. The good news is I have 20 on the spy and the obsidian. The bad -- Harry Walters is active.

INT. JONAS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jonas has his NIGHT VISION GOGGLES on. He's watching Walters' house. But every curtain, shade and drape has been drawn.

Jonas can only see flickering blue light coming from the upstairs bedroom.

Jonas takes off his goggles, tosses them on the desk, and shuts off his light.

INT. JONAS' BEDROOM - MORNING

The alarm clock BEEPS. 5:30 AM. A hand reaches in, hits the snooze.

5:39. Alarm. Snooze.

5:48. Alarm. Snooze.

5:57. Alarm. Hand picks up clock, tosses it across the room.

PULL UP BAR

Jonas face comes up into frame.

JONAS

One.

And down. Up again, straining...

JONAS (CONT'D)

Two.

And down. Third time... he can't make it. Face drops out of frame, then a loud THUMP on the floor.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Ow.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Note from Mom on fridge:

*I'm away for the weekend. Yearly convention. Money on table
See you Monday. - Mom*

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Jonas wears his rubber gloves with iPhone in hand. He's trying to find some sense of normalcy.

Freddie sees him and jogs up. On the way, he slips and falls flat on his face.

FREDDIE

I'm okay.

He pushes himself up and dusts himself off as the CHEERLEADER SQUAD giggles -- and not the cute kind of flirty giggle, but the "wow, what a loser" kind of giggle.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Jonas.

JONAS

Hang on, Freddie. I'm behind schedule with my deliveries.

FREDDIE

About that...

Jonas approaches a locker, and tries to slip a piece of paper inside. But the slot is blocked by another piece of paper.

JONAS

What's this?

Jonas pulls it out. He sees it's the very test answers he's delivering.

JONAS (CONT'D)

What the frak?

FREDDIE

You've got competition.

JONAS

Who?

Freddie nods towards the end of the hall. He sees a slick looking kid who calls himself HAWK (16). This is the kid that has the brains, but somehow figured out how to look cool at the same time.

Hawk is handing a USB drive to the same jock that Jonas dealt with earlier. When the transaction is complete, Hawk and the Jock go through an elaborate handshake/fist bump/hi-five thing that lasts at least 45 seconds and would need to be professionally choreographed and rehearsed for at least 2 weeks before shooting.

JOCK

Later, Hawk.

HAWK

Later, man.

The Jock moves off, clearing the way for Jonas and Hawk to make eye contact.

Hawk shoots Jonas a smug smirk and moves on.

Jonas takes his USB drives and test answers, and drops them in the trash.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

A dejected Jonas walks down the street as Freddie rides his bike along side. Freddie tries to do wheelies and other stunts, but they are pitiful failures.

FREDDIE

You could mow lawns.

JONAS

I'm not mowing lawns.

FREDDIE

Then forget MIT. Spend the dough. You could get a GeForce 8800 Ultra XXX. WoW would hum on that. And you'd still have about 500 bucks left over.

Jonas keeps walking in silence. Freddie rides around in a wide circle.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

(overly excited)

Oh, oh! And with that, you can buy a pair of Icingdeath Swords of Drizzt Do'Urden! We can have fights in the park!

Freddie stares at Jonas waiting for a response.

JONAS

Uh, Freddie...

FREDDIE

What?

BAM! Freddie slams into the curb and flies over his handlebars, landing hard on the grass, face buried in the dirt.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

(muffled)

I'm okay.

JONAS

See ya, Freddie.

FREDDIE

(muffled)

Sorry your dreams of MIT are shattered. Kinda like my cheek bone. Ow.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Nora is at her favorite spot, sketching. But she's not drawing anyone in the park.

SKETCH PAD

Nora is drawing an exterminator entering Walters' house -- with Jonas laughing in the background.

She grunts in frustration, tears out the drawing, crumples it out, and tosses it in the general direction of the trash -- but missing.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Nora stands under the tree she first found Jonas in. But the tree is empty.

INT. JONAS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jonas lies on his bed watching an infomercial for State Polytechnic Institute for the Arts and Cooking.

INFOMERCIAL HOST

Are you lacking direction? Do you have no idea what you are going to do with the rest of your life? Then State Polytechnic Institute for the Arts and Cooking is for you. At SPIAC, you can remain directionless as long as you need, whether it be for four, five, six or even seven years. Our ever evolving curriculum will accommodate your ever changing needs. We change our minds as often as you. And it only costs \$1900, the same price as one measly summer camp at MIT.

Jonas' computer BEEPS. It brings him back to reality. He flicks off the TV and walks over. On the screen is the video feed fixed on Walters' house.

Jonas sees Ava approaching the back the same way she did the other night -- in spy gear.

Jonas rolls his eyes.

JONAS

Can't they just use the front door
like normal people.

Jonas flicks off the camera and leaves his room.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jonas heats up one of the dinners his mother left him in the microwave.

He stares at the timer counting down. It seems to be moving slower than normal.

Jonas shakes his head and takes a look out the kitchen window.

Then he sees her. Ava. She's walking down the street towards Walters' carrying TAKE-OUT and TWO COFFEES.

JONAS

If you're there...

Jonas turns and runs out.

EXT. JONAS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Jonas slinks around his house to the front, waving trying to get Ava's attention. But she's already in the front door.

Jonas jogs to the back of Walters' house, and listens. He hears talking. He tries the sliding glass door -- but this time it's locked.

JONAS

Frak.

Jonas moves around the house checking each window. They're all locked.

He peers through one window, and sees the masked ASSAILANT pinned to the wall, watching Ava turn the corner and make her way up the stairs.

The Assailant quietly follows her up the stairs, raising his gun as he goes.

Jonas pulls out his iPhone, quickly dials.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

411.

JONAS

Walters. Harry Walters. 419
Ridgemont way.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
That number is unlisted.

JONAS
Frak.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Pardon me?

JONAS
Nothing.

Jonas disconnects. He then dials 9-1-1, and his thumb hovers over the SEND button.

He thinks. Then shuts off his phone.

Instead, Jonas bends down and grabs some SMALL STONES, then rushes to the front of the house.

FRONT OF HOUSE

Jonas aims a stone at Walters' bedroom window. He tosses one up, and misses the house completely.

The next throw ends up on the roof.

He aims again, throws, this time the stone hits the window, and as it does...

BANG! A gunshot from inside.

Jonas screams and rushes around to the back of the house.

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - BEDROOM

Walters and the unmasked Assailant, who we now see is Raul, struggle in a Bourne-like fight.

Ava lies on the floor, bleeding. Wounded? Dead? Too hard to tell.

Walters gets the upper hand and throws Raul into the bathroom.

He then grabs the OBSIDIAN and rushes out of the room. As he's about to go through the door. BANG!

Walters winces in pain as he drops the obsidian down the stairs.

It bounces down the carpeted staircase, and rolls across the kitchen to the sliding glass door.

Raul comes out of the bathroom door, and tackles Walters.

They slide head first down the stairs, coming to a stop at the landing. The struggle is now to get the obsidian.

Raul clutches his GUN and the two men struggle to get control of it and aim it at the other.

As they fight to get closer, Jonas appears on the other side of the sliding glass door.

JONAS
Mr. Walters!

Walters and Raul stop and both look up -- seeing Jonas on the other side of the door.

Walters' takes the opportunity to get the upper hand on control of the gun, but doesn't aim it at Raul, but rather Jonas.

He fires.

Jonas ducks as the sliding glass door SHATTERS.

WALTERS
Jonas! Grab the obsidian!

JONAS
The what?!

WALTERS
The glass thing! Grab it!

Jonas slowly gets up, steps through the shattered door, and picks up the obsidian.

RAUL
No!

Raul slams Walters hand down, the gun goes sliding across the floor.

Raul head butts Walters, causing Walters to release his grip on Raul.

Walters grabs his head in pain.

Raul makes his way towards Raul. But Walters grabs him by the ankle -- Raul falls flat on his face.

Walters pushes himself up, and looks towards Jonas. They make eye-contact.

WALTERS
Jonas, seek the truth!

As POLICE SIRENS approach and get louder, Jonas turns and runs and Raul rises with the gun in his hand.

RAUL

I really wish you hadn't done that,
Harry.

BANG!

CUT TO BLACK: