

INT. - MIT EDUCATIONAL OUTREACH BUILDING -- NIGHT

Looking out from a dark lobby. Three figures silhouetted against a glass door. Like figures in a Bond movie credit sequence.

Jonas, Nora, and Freddie all duded up. Faces pressed against the glass.

FREDDIE
(whining)
It's dark.

JONAS
Empty.

NORA
The camp thing doesn't start until June. What do you expect?

EXT. - MIT EDUCATIONAL OUTREACH BUILDING -- NIGHT

They peel themselves away from the door and walk along a campus path toward the parked Aston Martin.

Freddie stares at a sheet of paper, muttering.

FREDDIE
(sotto voce)
Chinese Helicopter... nah.

JONAS
So I played a hunch. A spy has to follow his instincts.

NORA
One problem. You're not a spy!

JONAS
But--

NORA
We can't help them, get it? We can't even break a simple code with a code machine!

FREDDIE
(sotto voce)
Criminal Headquarters... Too obvious.

Jonas quickly pulls out his gun, puts his arm around Nora, and strikes a Bond-style pose.

JONAS
But we do look awesome!

Nora laughs and pushes him away.

NORA
Let's forget all this. Do something
fun.

FREDDIE
(triumphant)
Children's Hospital Youth Network!
Eastern Europe Section!

NORA
Arrrrgh! Give me that!

Nora snatches the paper from Freddie.

FREDDIE
Hey!

Nora studies it for a second. Looks up, annoyed.

NORA
Seriously? This stumped you?

Nora walks over to a bench and spreads out the paper.

NORA
I forgot you leet geeks can't spell.

FREDDIE
So?

A red pen protrudes from a pocket protector in Freddie's
tux pocket. Nora grabs it.

INSET - ENIGMA-DECODED MESSAGE

MAINELAND CHYNEES MASC MARCENNARIES
MUSS TOOB TAINN ART OFFICIAL INTELLIJENCE MCMANN

BACK TO SCENE

NORA
It says that the Chinese mask
mercenaries, right? So they're a
cover for a mercenary group?

JONAS
We got that.

FREDDIE
And they're after Julian. "Must
obtain artificial intelligence
McMann".

NORA

And?

Freddie and Jonas shrug.

NORA

The words are all misspelled, fools!

FREDDIE

Which ones?

JONAS

Spelling isn't my best subject.

Nora sighs.

INSET - ENIGMA-DECODED MESSAGE

Nora's hand moves the red pen across the paper.

NORA (O.S.)

Look, there's no E in mainland, OK?

The pen circles the letter E in MAINELAND.

NORA (O.S.)

And in your "acronym" -- the letter Y is wrong.

(circles the Y)

And the E and S are switched.

(circles the E and S)

Getting it yet?

JONAS (O.S.)

E, Y, E, S.

NORA (O.S.)

(circling each letter
as she says it)

The C in MASC. A. N.

FREDDIE (O.S.)

EYES CAN.

JONAS (O.S.)

Eye scan?

NORA (O.S.)

(circling each letter
as she says it)

S, O, N are extra in "must obtain".

O, F in artificial. J in

intelligence. Ta da!

JONAS (O.S.)
EYE SCAN SON OF J?

BACK TO SCENE

NORA
McMann. Son of J McMann!

FREDDIE
Son of a robot?

NORA
Yes! Maybe it's... a new improved
A.I.?

JONAS
Or... wait. They want Julian. McMann
said without her there's no Julian,
right? So she's got some kind of
fail-safe. Some kind of block on
him.

NORA
Okay.

JONAS
So where do you go when you have a
space age robot with a mental block?

FREDDIE
Robot repairman?

NORA
A robotics lab or something.

FREDDIE
Yeah, right. So where are we going
to find a robotics lab in a place
like--

JONAS
MIT?

They all look at each other.

Then across the parking lot to the jumbled, metallic facade
of the MIT Stata Center.

Home of CSAIL, the MIT Computer Science and AI Lab.

INT. - ASTON MARTIN -- NIGHT

Jonas drives the Aston Martin up to the curb in front of the
Stata Center.

A parking valet runs up and tries to open the driver-side door. Jonas holds it closed.

JONAS
What do we do?

NORA
It's a party! Let's go!

Another valet opens the passenger door and takes Nora's hand.

EXT. - STATA CENTER - CURBSIDE -- NIGHT

Nora emerges from the car like she's arriving at the Oscars.

NORA
(to the valet)
Thank you, young man.

The valet blushes.

Jonas gets out of the driver's side.

Freddie struggles out from the tiny back seat.

JONAS
(to Freddie)
Keep watch out here OK? Call me.

FREDDIE
No way!

Freddie starts to follow him.

Jonas tosses the car keys to an approaching valet.

JONAS
(to the valet)
Keep it close.
(over his shoulder)
Tip the man Freddie.

The valet blocks Freddie.

Freddie fishes in his pockets.

FREDDIE
Wait up guys!

Jonas reaches the curb and takes Nora's arm. They stride toward the entrance.

Freddie's stuck counting coins into the valet's outstretched hand.

INT. STATA CENTER - CSAIL LOBBY -- NIGHT

A hundred people in tuxes and evening gowns mill about the huge, weirdly angled lobby.

A SECURITY GUARD stops them after just a few steps.

SECURITY GUARD
This is a fundraiser. No students.

Nora steps forward.

NORA
But I'm...Michelle Stata?

SECURITY GUARD
No students!

NORA
Daddy donated a little money. 25 million? For this building.

SECURITY GUARD
Stata? Stata Center? Right, okay.

He lets them pass.

JONAS
Wow, you're really good at... lying.

NORA
Role-playing. Maybe we should try it sometime.

She gives Jonas a knowing smile, and grabs a champagne glass from a passing waiter's tray.

Inside, groups of people surround a half-dozen exhibits of working robots.

A large awkward erector-set thing that bounces and spins a basketball.

A swarm of small, mouse-shaped robots that cruise around room, expertly evading footsteps.

And Julian. On a pedestal. Surrounded by onlookers.

EXT. - STATA CENTER - CURBSIDE -- NIGHT

Freddie crouches behind a hedge at one side of the building. Breathes hard in frustration. Pulls out his cell phone and dials.

JONAS' VOICE MESSAGE

Leave a message. I know who you are. BEEP.

FREDDIE

(into the phone)

So you stick me out here while you guys live it up. Uncool! I mark you! Okay?

He sees the top of someone's head. They are walking along the other side of the hedge.

Freddie gets on tiptoes.

It's Raul!

FREDDIE

Dang!

He drops to the ground.

He stuffs his cell phone, still connected, into his inner jacket pocket.

A faint glow inside the jacket.

FREDDIE

(whispering into his jacket)

I just saw one. They're here--

Two hands reach through the hedge on either side of Freddie.

They close around his throat.

Forcibly pull him through the hedge, to the...

OTHER SIDE

Raul holds Freddie in a iron-tight headlock.

RAUL

Where's Bobo now, fat boy?

INT. - STATA CENTER - CSAIL LOBBY -- NIGHT

Jonas and Nora push to the front of the crowd around Julian. Julian faces away from the group.

Next to Julian stand MARVIN MILLER, 65, his tux rumpled like a professor's should be, and HONG CHU, 51, impeccably attired.

The crowd seems to be waiting for Julian to speak.

JULIAN
51 years old. A smoker. One hundred
sixty-three pounds. Originally from
Beijing, China.

HONG
That's amazing!

MARVIN
From your voice alone. Advanced
recognition. Advanced reasoning from
a massive database of common
knowledge. Your money's gone to
good use.

Nora gives Jonas a "watch me now" look, then steps forward.

NORA
Excuse me sir.

MARVIN
Miss--?

NORA
Stata.

Marvin's eyes go wide at the name.

NORA
Is this robot's designer here tonight?

MARVIN
No, no, no. He died years ago. But
we continue to train the A.I.

Jonas walks past them toward Julian.

JONAS
Julian? We need to find Walters.

Julian doesn't respond.

JONAS
Julian--

JULIAN
17 years old. Non-smoker. One
hundred thirty-one pounds. Originally
from Cambridge, Massachusetts.

JONAS
No, I'm--

JULIAN
My son.

JONAS

What?

JULIAN

My son.

Marvin walks over to Julian and presses some buttons.

JULIAN

My son.

Everyone looks at Jonas. Jonas looks aghast.

MARVIN

What did you do?

JONAS

Nothing!

JULIAN

My son.

Nora takes Jonas' hand and they back away.

NORA

We have to run. I'll put in a good word with Daddy.

Nora and Jonas turn and jog toward the exit.

Marvin calls from behind them.

MARVIN

Guard!

The security guard blocks the front door.

Nora and Jonas turn right and sprint into a dark hallway.

The guard gives chase.

INT. - HOLDING PEN -- NIGHT

Cable and Helen sit in front of a set of flat panel displays.

Behind them Walters and Ava sulk in the cage.

Bright red text appears on one display: JACK MCMANN ON PREMISES.

CABLE

Hah! The bait worked.

HELEN

Oh dear.

Cable's phone rings. He snaps it open.

RAUL (V.O.)
I've got the kid.

CABLE
Quick work! You keep your job after
all. Bring him down!

INT. - STATA CENTER - BASEMENT HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Raul closes his phone. He pushes Freddie in front of him
down a long dark hallway.

RAUL
Keep moving kid.

They pass a room marked B-203.

FREDDIE
Okay! Into...
(loudly)
Room B-203?

RAUL
No.

They pass another door.

FREDDIE
B-202?

RAUL
Shut up!

Raul cuffs Freddie on the head.

They stop in front of Room B-201.

FREDDIE
(hurriedly)
B-201--

Raul gives Freddie a hard shove through the door into...

THE HOLDING PEN

Freddie sprawls on the floor in front of Cable and Helen.

The falls cracks his phone -- the jacket glow is gone.

INT. - STATA CENTER - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Jonas and Nora run through angled, maze-like hallways.

The security guard hot on their tail.

Nora turns a corner.

Jonas turns the same corner, but she's gone.

He turns around -- no one.

The guards POUNDING FOOTSTEPS get closer.

Nora's hand reaches out from a hidden alcove and pulls Jonas in, a half-second before--

The guard rounds the corner. They are gone.

INT. - STATA CENTER - HIDDEN ALCOVE -- NIGHT

Nora and Jonas hide behind vertical blinds that cover the doorway.

Illuminated by parallel hairlines of light through the blinds.

In the hall outside, they hear more voices. More guards.

A soft CHIME from Jonas' jacket.

NORA

Shh!

Jonas pulls out his cell phone and presses a button.

JONAS

(whispering)

Freddie left a message.

Jonas listens. A faint sound like Freddie's voice. It goes on and on.

NORA

(whispering frantically)

What? What is it?

Jonas closes his phone. Grits his jaw. Determined.

JONAS

(whispering)

We need a map.

INT. - HOLDING PEN - NIGHT

Freddie struggles to his feet.

CABLE

The long-lost son home at last. Did you miss him, Helen?

HELEN

Jackie, is that really you? I thought you'd be...less fat. We can work on that sweetie.

FREDDIE

My name's Freddie.

In the cage behind Cable, Walters mouths "SHUT UP".

CABLE

(to Helen)

You know what this means, of course. Such a tragedy to lose your grandson this soon after this happy reunion.

HELEN

No. You still need me. I know all about Julian--

CABLE

I have a dozen top scientists. An unlimited payroll. All I need from you is that password.

Helen hesitates.

Cable nods at Raul.

Raul cocks his gun and presses it against Freddie's temple.

FREDDIE

My name's Freddie. Really!

Raul tightens his grip on Freddie's arm.

FREDDIE

OW!

Helen's shoulders slump.

HELEN

Fluffykins.

CABLE

What?

HELEN

Our pet Shih-Tsu. Fluffykins. She was Julian's favorite.

CABLE

Oh lord.

Cable speed-dials his phone.

CABLE

General? Here it is. Fluffykins.
 Yes, I know. What? OK. Foxtrot,
 Lima, Uniform-- Oh hell! Fluffykins!
 It's a little dog. Type it in!

The flat panel display shows an airstrip covered with at least 20 Conquest vehicles.

One of the Conquests slowly lifts off. Then another.

CABLE

There they go! General, how does it
 feel to be a superpower? One more
 stop, then I'll meet you.

Cable SNAPS his phone closed.

WALTERS

So the Chinese were a front.

CABLE

I've always had that entrepreneurial
 spirit.

WALTERS

Conquests for hire?

CABLE

The Chinese UCAVs are useless without
 our AI. Now I have the world's only
 fleet. Cloakable. Quicker than
 human-controlled fighters. What
 would you pay for an unstoppable air
 force, Mr. Dictator? Two billion?
 Five billion?

AVA

If the past is any indication, you'll
 spend it all on beer.

Cable pulls out his gun and points it at Ava.

Ava and Walters back away from the cage bars.

CABLE

That was a long time ago, Ava. When
 you took off with goody-goody here
 and killed my career.

Cable steels himself to fire. Then relaxes. Looks over at the display. More Conquests lifting into the sky.

CABLE

You are so far beneath me now.

Cable walks over to Raul and Freddie.

CABLE
Give me the kid. Helen, you too.

Cable pushes Freddie and Helen ahead of him, gun at their backs. Nods his head at Raul.

CABLE
Clean out the cage. Got it?

RAUL
Check.

The door closes behind Cable.

Raul saunters to the cage. Casually waves his gun at Walters and Ava.

RAUL
"So Walters is too much for you?"

WALTERS
Don't trust Cable. He'll screw you.

Raul points the gun directly at Walters.

RAUL
You first.

Suddenly Raul notices that Ava is nowhere to be seen.

RAUL
Hey, where --

Behind Raul, the door to the room bursts open. Jonas stands firm in the doorway, gun aimed at Raul.

JONAS
Let them go!

Raul spins and fires.

Blood explodes from Jonas' arm. He drops the gun and goes down hard.

The recoil kicks Raul back against the bars.

Ava slides down the bars from above, where she was braced.

Extends her legs through the bars and around Raul's neck.

Presses Raul's neck against the bars.

Strangling him.

With her bare feet.

Nora runs in and kneels by Jonas.

Raul's body slumps against the bars. Walters pats him down.
Finds keys. Opens the cage door.

Walters and Ava hurry to Jonas' side.

Ava takes a quick look at the wound.

AVA

Flesh wound. We need a bandage.

She looks at the hem of Nora's dress.

NORA

What? Right.

Nora rips a section from the bottom of her dress. Ava wraps
it tight around Jonas' arm.

Jonas is awake but in shock

WALTERS

Okay, get up. Let's go!

NORA

He needs a doctor.

WALTERS

No time. They're headed to the
source. The original Julian.

JONAS

McMann's house?

NORA

The eye scanner!

WALTERS

Cable has to destroy the last trace
of Julian. The original Julian.

(to Jonas)

Your Dad.

Walters bends down to help Jonas get up.

WALTERS

Tough it out like a good spy. We'll
tell you more along the way.