

INT. NORA'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

PINK BEDDING and SATIN PILLOWS. The typical hot girl's bedroom you never got invited to, except...

Nora is at her desk, three CHESS SETS lined up before her, a sleek APPLE MAC PRO behind them, a HUGE SCREEN.

Nora is playing SPEED CHESS, kicking three asses at once. She makes a move, slams down one of THREE TIMERS.

NORA

Mate!

Down goes the KING. TWO MESSAGES pop on her screen from her remaining opponents. She adjusts their pieces.

Nora CLOSES HER EYES for a long moment, *processing*, then she smiles and makes two countermoves. Down go their KINGS.

NORA

Das Vidania. Ciao. Sayonara.

CHIRP. An INSTANT MESSAGE from Jonas - **"We need to talk."**

INT. FREDDIE'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

A BOOMERANG and a shelf-full of ACTION FIGURES. Freddie is at his computer. A MESSAGE appears - **"Water Tower, ASAP."**

He grabs his PHONE and rushes out of the room.

INT. RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

The BACK ROOM. Where the money's counted and the shit goes down. The AIDE is pacing. Raul is LOCKED IN A CAGE.

RAUL

I know how to get to them...I can make you a hero.

EXT. THE WATER TOWER - AFTERNOON

A DIRT ROAD leads to an OLD WATER TOWER. The type of place stoner kids go to get high and drama kids go to be alone. Nora and Freddie sit on CEMENT BLOCKS. Jonas paces the dirt.

FREDDIE

A robot like R2D2? Or like HAL?

JONAS

A little of both.

NORA

Can we trust them?

Jonas reaches into his pocket.

JONAS

Then she gave me these.

Retro RAY-BAN WAYFARER SUNGLASSES. Nora is not impressed. She didn't see the TINY CAMERA & EARPIECE.

But Freddie did.

FREDDIE

Sick!

Jonas PUTS ON the glasses, suddenly very RISKY BUSINESS.

NORA

She gave you a trip back to 1983?

JONAS

They connect me to Julian. He can see and hear everything I can.

FREDDIE

Shut. Up.

NORA

When does this end?

JONAS

Tonight. But, we have to bring the schematics to the DOD ourselves.

Jonas touches his finger to a small button in his ear.

JONAS

Julian, can you hear me?

INTERCUT WITH LABORATORY

A VIDEO-FEED of Jonas's perspective appears on a screen.

JULIAN

Affirmative.

FREDDIE

He can really see me?

And FREDDIE starts making WACKY FACES like a 6 year old.

JULIAN

Unfortunately, yes.

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL - AFTERNOON

A row of GLOWING COMPUTER SCREENS. Nervous UNDERLINGS type away. Cable paces behind them. Finally...

UNDERLING

Picked up some chatter over IM, sir!

EXT. THE WATER TOWER - DUSK

JONAS

First step, we need to recover the package, ASAP.

NORA

Can we avoid the lame spy lingo?

INTERCUT WITH LABORATORY

Julian consults a BANK OF SATELLITE MAPS. BEEPS & DOTS.

FREDDIE

It isn't far. I hid it at the office.

NORA

The office? Working at Taco Bell doesn't make it your 'office'.

JULIAN

I am tracking three vehicles converging on your location.

JONAS (O.S.)

Shit. What do we do?

JULIAN

Run!

THREE WHITE VANS are charging down the dirt road. They RUN.

EXT. THICK BRUSH

The kids SCRAMBLE through the THICK BRUSH. Nora TRIPS.

JONAS

Nora!

JULIAN

Leave her. She's not mission critical.

Jonas can't believe it. No one else hears. He bends to help her, the vans drawing closer. They run to the car.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DUSK

Jonas drives, Nora beside him. Freddie in the back freaking out. White vans in the mirror may be closer than they appear.

NORA
Who is that?!

FREDDIE
It's the god damn A-Team - let's go!

INTERCUT WITH LABORATORY

Like a GPS SYSTEM tweaking on crystal meth...

JULIAN
Sharp left 60 feet. 30. 20 NOW!

Jonas yanks the wheel. They peel off into the GRASS. The Civic is not happy. They emerge onto a paved road.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - EVENING

The Civic RATTLES & HUMS at high speed, kinda like Bono.

FREDDIE
I told you this thing needs nitro!

JONAS
Julian?!

GREEN LIGHT ahead. A busy street. Jonas slams the GAS.

JULIAN
Slow down.

JONAS
Slow down? They're gaining on us.

NORA
He wants us to slow down?

JULIAN
Drop to 37, exactly... and whatever you do, don't stop.

The CRACKED SPEEDOMETER falls to 37. The traffic light ahead goes yellow, then red. Opposing traffic lurches forward.

The Civic SQUEEZES THROUGH, just missing the raging traffic.

The THREE VANS screech to a halt.

INT. VAN #1 - CONTINUOUS

Cable at the wheel.

CABLE

They're headed for the highway!
Split up.

INT. HONDA - CONTINUOUS

Cheering. Whatever's cooler than fist pounds these days.

EXT. HIGHWAY - EVENING

The Civic, now TREMBLING, struggles to keep up with regular traffic. A single WHITE VAN reemerges.

JONAS

Shit. Julian, I can't outrun them.

JULIAN

Confirmed. We wait for them to close.

NORA

What did he say? What did he say?

JONAS

He said, we're gonna be fine.

The white van is closing fast. A GUN appears out the window.

FREDDIE

Bad idea! Bad idea!

JONAS

Julian?!

JULIAN

Cross the median.

Cars STREAK BY in the opposite direction.

JONAS

Cross the median?

JULIAN

Affirmative.

NORA

Don't even...

Jonas does the unthinkable, he crosses into ONCOMING TRAFFIC. For a moment, all is clear. Then, HEADLIGHTS ahead.

Jonas clenches the wheel.

INT. VAN #1 - CONTINUOUS

Cable is impressed. Goon pulls back the gun. No shot.

CABLE
These kids are nuts.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

A BIG RIG, head on. The chicken match from hell.

JULIAN
Do you see the runaway truck ramp?

A 1/4 mile away, across all lanes. Big rig CLOSING. HORNS.

JONAS
Yes...

JULIAN
Now!

Jonas cuts across the entire highway, a U-turn at 65. Aims the Civic up the STEEP INCLINE. The van follows.

JONAS
It's too steep.

The Civic slows to a crawl. TRAPPED on the narrow ramp.

FREDDIE
You can not be serious.

The Civic sputters. The van reaches the bottom of the ramp.

JULIAN
On my mark, you stop the car and put it in neutral... Ready. Now!

Jonas STOPS, pops it into NEUTRAL and UNLOCKS the door.

NORA
Jonas, no.

FREDDIE
What're you doing?

JONAS
Get out of the car. Fast.

They scramble out. The van closing in.

NORA
Now what?

JONAS

Now we push it down the hill.

FREDDIE

Why?

JULIAN

Now!

Hands on the hood, they start to PUSH. Slowly at first, then gaining speed. One last push and it's away...

INT. VAN #1 - CONTINUOUS

The Civic's TAILLIGHTS get brighter and brighter.

CABLE

Holy shit...

EXT. RUNAWAY TRUCK RAMP - EVENING

The Civic hurtles backwards down the ramp. Bowling for bad guys. The kids disappear into the BLACKNESS.

Cable and his goon SCRAMBLE out of the van just before the kamikaze Civic SMASHES into it.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Raul stands in the cage, pleading his case to the aide.

RAUL

If I'm right, Cable owes you. Big.

AIDE

You've got 10 seconds.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Three GLOWING CELL PHONES illuminate the way back into town.

NORA

One of those vans was parked outside our school today.

FREDDIE

There are a lot of white vans around.

NORA

Not with the license plate...

(closes eyes for moment)

5XYN316

JONAS

How do you know that?

NORA
Photographic memory.

JONAS
Wow. Julian, can you run that plate?

JULIAN
Already on it.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Like a crack house, but since it currently holds spies, lets call it safe house. Ava stands over a rickety cot. Walters is laid out, face BANDAGED. Ava is doing better.

WALTERS
(his voice weak)
You need to see Julian. You need to talk with him. Hopefully Jonas -

He stops, pain overcoming him... Ava injects morphine.

WALTERS (CONT'D)
You need to go, now.

AVA
I can't leave you like this.

WALTERS
Now.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A tiny road. A BLACK SEDAN pulls to a stop. Picks up Cable.

CABLE
(into cell phone)
This better work.

EXT. TACO BELL - NIGHT

Thinking outside the bun, Freddie leads Nora and Jonas in the back door, into a STOREROOM. Nora winces at the smell.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Ava's in a PHONE BOOTH on the corner of HOOKER and LOWLIFE.

AVA
I know it's late, but I we need to talk...yes...The usual place.

INT. TACO BELL - NIGHT

There it is, a BARREL OF USED FRYER OIL. Disgusting.

JONAS
You sure we're safe back here?

NORA
Just hurry up.

FREDDIE
I've worked here two years, and this thing hasn't been cleaned once.

JONAS
Shh. I can't hear anything. Julian, you still there?

A BUZZ. Nora checks her phone.

NORA
That's weird.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The aide closes her cell phone.

RAUL
You see... Now, how about it?

AIDE
Shut the hell up.

INT. TACO BELL - NIGHT

A FISHING LINE leads into the vat. Freddie pulls, reeling something heavy out of the sludge.

FREDDIE
Told you it was a killer hiding place.

Out of the sludge comes a WHITE GARBAGE BAG, sealed tight.

JONAS
Just hurry up.

Freddie lowers the bag to the ground and tears in. All eyes on the prize. And he pulls out - A RED BRICK!

FREDDIE
That's impossible.

Stunned faces all around.

JONAS
Julian! We have a problem... Julian!
(nothing but STATIC)
Julian!

A LONG SILENCE...

Then MUSIC, THE CLASH, "London's Calling" - it's Nora's phone. She holds it up. They all stare, music blaring.

Finally, she answers...

NORA

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH CABLE

CABLE

I'll say this once. You have something of mine and I want it back.

GULP - Nora hands the phone to Jonas.

NORA

I think it's for you.

CABLE

This is not a game. Return the plans, now, or this gets ugly. You saw what I did to Walters. I know where you live, where you go to school. I know how to get to your families. There's no way you can win this.

JONAS

(a long beat, reeling)

We need time to get it. It's hidden. Give us 24 hours.

CABLE

I'll give you 12. If it's not in my hands by...

(looks at his watch)

11:30 tomorrow morning - GAME OVER.

The line goes dead. Jonas slowly lowers the phone...

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

A PARK BENCH. Ava pretends to do her makeup. Really she's scanning the area in her mirror. A lone figure approaches, slow and wobbly, a HOODED HOMELESS MAN, his face hidden.

He sits beside Ava and pulls back his hood. He's an OLD MAN we've never seen before, at least 95, maybe older.

Ava smiles.

AVA

Julian. It's great to see you again.