

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - DAY

FABRIC ripping - a shirt sleeve torn away. A SPLASH of peroxide onto an open shoulder wound.

Needle. Thread. Slow STITCHES - the wound closes up.

In a dark space lit only by the flicker of computer screens, The Masked Spy bandages his shoulder.

He opens a SMALL POUCH. Hefts it in his hand. Picks up a phone, dials.

The call connects.

MASKED SPY

I have something you want.

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND - DAY

The atmosphere of Central Command still borders on frantic. A hyperventilating buzz fills the main hall.

Cable sits, silent. Cell phone in his hand.

UNDERLING (O.S.)

Sir?

Cable turns in his chair.

UNDERLING

Raul confirmed the location, but -

CABLE

Walters put up a fight?

UNDERLING

Not exactly, Sir. He called the police.

Cable raises one long, high eyebrow. Smirks.

CABLE

Are you sure it wasn't the Neighborhood Watch?

He turns around again. Contemplates his phone.

CABLE

Perhaps I overestimated the old man. Fine. Send a whole team and take him.

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Harry Walters watches from his living room as the SQUAD CARS drive away. He calls over his shoulder:

WALTERS

Jonas, you can come out now.

Jonas creeps out of a nearby closet to join Walters in the kitchen. Walters pours him a cup of coffee.

JONAS

Why did I have to hide in the closet, again?

WALTERS

They'd be sure to know if the police had found another person here. Drink your coffee.

JONAS

"They?"

Walters gives Jonas a steady look for several seconds. Jonas gets nervous, takes a sip of his coffee.

Finally Walters speaks.

WALTERS

"They" are a covert organization of ex-CIA and military traitors. Men without conscience, who trade in weapons and secrets - caring only for money.

Jonas' face flushes with shame. He takes another drink.

WALTERS

I have been hunting these people for twenty years, and now they are hunting me.

JONAS

How are you going to escape?

WALTERS

I'm not going to escape.

Jonas sets down his mug. He blinks - his vision is blurring.

WALTERS

Don't worry, Jonas. Everything is going according to plan.

Jonas sways, steadies himself.

JONAS

What plan?

Jonas buckles - drops - THUDS to the floor.

WALTERS

You'll know soon enough.

INT. ARSENAL - NIGHT

Face down on a table in a cold, dark room - Jonas blinks -
GASPS - He wakes fully and sits bolt-upright in a hard chair.
A single BEEP from the ceiling - a red light blinks above his
head. A plasma TV hanging from the wall powers up.

TV

Hello, Jonas.

Then Harry Walters appears on the screen - smiling.

TV WALTERS

I'm sorry I had to drug you - there
was no time to explain before they
arrived. You're safe now in my
arsenal - hidden below my house.

Fluorescent lights begin to flicker on around the room - one
by one - illuminating ALCOVES that line the walls.

Jonas pushes himself to his feet, swaying a little.

TV WALTERS

By the time you are hearing this, I
will have been taken by The
Invective - imprisoned at their
Central Command, whose location is
unknown.

Jonas staggers to the nearest alcove. Behind a thick glass
door, under a bright fluorescent light, he sees:

GUNS. Lots of guns.

He tries to open the door - but it has no handle.

TV WALTERS

I have put in motion a plan developed over the last twenty years, although it is only within the last three years that you have become a part of that plan.

Jonas' head swivels to stare at the TV, where Walters' smile widens.

TV WALTERS

Yes - you, Jonas. This is the moment you have been waiting for your whole life - even if you haven't always realized it. You may not think you are ready

Jonas walks to the next alcove. MORE GUNS. Even bigger ones.

TV WALTERS

.... But you will just have to trust me, as I am trusting you now.

Next alcove. KNIVES and BLADES of every variety.

Next alcove. Very specific-looking GADGETS and TOOLS. Batman's entire utility belt.

TV WALTERS

I will contact you again soon with the details of your first mission. For now, know that this arsenal is always at your disposal - you will need everything it has to offer before this is all over.

Next alcove. Very innocent objects: pens, rings, flash drives, a pack of gum - all tranquilly ominous.

TV WALTERS

Go home, Jonas. Your mother must be worried. And you need your sleep. Believe me. In the morning, you will have to make a choice.

Jonas turns to look at the screen once more. Walters is serious now.

TV WALTERS

But before you go, take this.

One last alcove LIGHTS UP at the far end of the room. As Jonas walks toward it, the glass door OPENS.

TV WALTERS

For this first mission, you won't need guns, knives, or any other deadly device - just this one, simple tool.

Jonas reaches the alcove. He looks inside - then back at the TV, puzzled. He stretches out his hand and picks up:

A PAIR OF WIRE CUTTERS.

TV WALTERS

Good luck, Jonas.

EXT. JONAS' HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Jonas drops over the tall privacy fence into his own back yard. He looks up at a second-floor window. The light is on.

Jonas smiles. He opens the back door soundlessly and ducks inside.

INT. JONAS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jonas sneaks through the kitchen, toward the stairs, and -

ANNE BERNSTEIN

Hold it.

Jonas performs a striking impression of someone who has been there for hours.

JONAS

Hi, Mom.

ANNE BERNSTEIN (40s), wearing a worried expression that looks ironed onto her face, sets down her coffee cup and advances on her son.

ANNE BERNSTEIN

It's 11 p.m. Where have you been?

JONAS

I was with Freddie.

ANNE BERNSTEIN

Really.

JONAS

Yep. Freddie.

ANNE BERNSTEIN

Why didn't Freddie know that when I called him an hour ago?

That shuts him up.

ANNE BERNSTEIN

I can't be your mom and your dad at the same time, Jonas. And I don't want to spend my days - or nights - wondering where you are, who you're with - and what you're doing. I can't go back

JONAS

Back to what?

She brushes off the eagerness in his voice.

ANNE BERNSTEIN

Nothing. Never mind.

Her face softens as she reaches up to kiss his forehead.

ANNE BERNSTEIN

Now go to bed - it's late. We'll talk about this tomorrow when I get home from work.

Jonas trots up the stairs to his room - his mom's voice calling after him:

ANNE BERNSTEIN

At 3:30 - when you will be home - understand?!

INT. JONAS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

An alarm clock. 7:45 AM. A HAND slaps it. Flips a switch.

Jonas looks up, groggy.

JONAS

7:45 ...?

The computer springs to life, showing ... nothing. Then it speaks.

COMPUTER

In 10 minutes, a bomb will go off in classroom 12A of Grove High School.

Jonas sits bolt upright.

JONAS

What?!

He jumps up and starts pulling on clothes.

COMPUTER

During the ensuing panic, you will proceed to the local police station, where you will climb to the roof and cut the main phone line into the building.

JONAS

What! I can't ... holy crap!

He wrestles into his jeans and grabs his backpack.

COMPUTER

Once you have accomplished your mission, return home and await further instructions. Good luck.

A COUNTDOWN TIMER appears on the screen. 10:00 ... 9:59 ... 9:58

Jonas races out of his room and down the stairs.

EXT. JONAS' HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MORNING

The garage door opens and Jonas BURSTS forth, riding an ancient BMX bike much too small for him.

He pedals down the driveway and out into the street. A car SQUEALS to a halt as he veers past.

EXT. GROVE HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

The last few kids are trudging into school when Jonas comes careening around the corner to the front steps.

He LEAPS off the bike - sending it crashing into the bike rack by the front entrance.

Jonas races for the door, pushing people out of his way.

JONAS

Coming through!

He looks down at his watch - it's 7:53 - and looks up just in time to THUD into the Jock from yesterday and fall over.

JONAS

Ungh!

The Jock helps Jonas up, looking puzzled.

JOCK

Are you the guy ...?

JONAS

No time!

Jonas rushes inside.

INT. GROVE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jonas dodges, twists and pirouettes past students making their way into class - all the time looking at classroom numbers.

JONAS

4A ... 5A ... 6A

NORA (O.S.)

Jonas!

She grabs his arm as he races past. He loses balance and SMASHES face-first into a locker.

Nora picks him up off the floor.

NORA

I'm so sorry - are you okay?

Jonas looks at his watch: 7:54.

JONAS

Nora, I really don't have time to talk -

NORA

Wait! What happened yesterday, with the police?

JONAS

I'll tell you later, okay?

He starts to run, but she still has his arm.

JONAS

Nora, please! I -

NORA

I got in big trouble yesterday! The cops came to my house. Said it was a false alarm - you weren't even there when they arrived! What happened?

JONAS

There is no time for this, woman!
Lives are at stake!

Nora glares after Jonas as he tears himself away and races down the hall.

NORA

Jerk.

Jonas keeps running. The halls are emptier now - everyone is in class.

JONAS

9A ... 10A ... 11A

There it is. 12A.

Jonas bursts into the classroom.

INT. GROVE HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM 12A - CONTINUOUS

A whole classroom full of STUDENTS stares at Jonas. The TEACHER stares at Jonas. Jonas looks at the CLOCK. 7:54:33.

27 seconds remaining.

JONAS

There's a bomb in this classroom!
Everyone - evacuate!

The room roars with laughter. Everyone turns back to what they were doing.

The Teacher advances on Jonas, glaring.

TEACHER

That is a very distasteful joke,
Mister ... whatever your name is!
Leave my classroom at once, and
stop at the principal's office on
your way!

But Jonas is already racing around - looking for the bomb.

Pulling BOOKS off bookshelves.

Rifling the Teacher's DESK.

Tearing the casing off the INTERCOM.

TEACHER

That's it - I'm calling security!

The room goes quiet as the Teacher picks up the phone.

Jonas stands - dazed - out of options.

And then he hears it.

BEEP ... BEEP ... BEEP

Jonas looks up.

JONAS

It's the clock! The clock!!

He leaps onto a desk and SAILS through the air toward the clock hanging high on the wall.

As he THUDS against the wall he RIPS the clock from its moorings and drops to the floor.

JONAS

Out of my way!

Jonas hurtles - clock clutched to his chest - toward the nearest window and LEAPS out into the open air.

EXT. GROVE HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Jonas THUMPS to the ground and rolls over three times before coming to rest on top of the clock.

He turns it over and sees a COUNTDOWN TIMER ticking away:

00:11 ... 00:10 ... 00:09

Jonas leaps up and prepares to hurl the bomb as far away as he can, when -

He notices a GREEN WIRE connected to the timer.

Simple.

Inviting.

And Jonas remembers something. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out:

The WIRE CUTTERS.

00:06 ... 00:05 ... 00:04

Jonas hesitates. Cut - or throw?

00:03 ... 00:02 ... 00:01

SNIP.