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INT. PANIC ROOM - WALTERS' BASEMENT - LATER

Freddie GRUNTS from the top of the stairs, tries to open the door. Jonas holds his iPhone out with the light on. Nora moves around; bright green Conquest hologram leads the way.

JONAS
Damn. No signal.

BANG. BANG. Nothing.

FREDDIE (O.S.)
This aint gonna work either.

JONAS
They could still be alive. We have to get out of here.

NORA
I'm worried whoever fired the missile is coming back for this.

Freddie jumps down from the last couple steps.

FREDDIE
That's what doesn't make any sense to me. If some cable guy...

JONAS
Cable's his name.

FREDDIE
Are you sure?

JONAS
Uh, yea. I'm sure.

FREDDIE
So if Cable wants the 'black-ice glorified rave light' over there so badly, why risk blowing it up?

JONAS
He didn't know it was here.

FREDDIE
So what? He's feeling threatened by his girlfriend's ex-husband and decides to torch his place?

JONAS
If you hadn't noticed, I'm just as much in the dark as you right now.

NORA
Guys over here! I think I found a way out.

FREDDIE
Way out of what?

JONAS
This has got to be some kind of a shelter or panic room.

FREDDIE
So which is it? Is the old guy trying to keep people in or out?

Nora shines the green light along a wall, illuminates floor to ceiling glass cases displaying more guns than on a NRA calendar. Further on, a dark tunnel opens up.

NORA
I'm guessing 'out.'

EXT. WALTER'S HOUSE - SAME

A black SUV SCREECHES to a halt. SIRENS SCREAM off in the distance. Out steps Cable, annoyed, waves smoke from his face. An EXTRACTION CREW rush into Walter's devastated house.

They return as quickly as they went in. Carry a BODY. Cable stops them. With his hand, turns the head in his direction. Reveals Ava's lacerated face. He's completely shocked.

CABLE
Does she have it?

EXTRACTION #1
Negative sir.

CABLE
Damn it. Don't just stand there, put her in the back.

EXTRACTION #1
What do you want to do with the other one?

The emergency vehicles are much closer.

CABLE
Leave him.

INT. PANIC ROOM - WALTERS' BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The three stare motionless at the armaments.

JONAS

I can't believe I'm saying this,
but we don't have time to look
around. Let's take the tunnel.

FREDDIE

Where does it lead?

JONAS

How should I know?

FREDDIE

Then why do you want to follow it?

JONAS

Because, it's a tunnel. What is it
with all the questions?

FREDDIE

I was just thinking when you said
your spy of a next door neighbor
was inviting us over, how I should
have asked more questions then.

NORA

We're wasting time. Freddie, there
don't seem to be any other options.
Let's just see where it goes, okay?

Freddie raises his arms in surrender. In single file, they
feel their way along the dark tunnel. After a few moments.

FREDDIE

Jonas?

JONAS

What?

FREDDIE

I've got another question.

JONAS

(through gritted teeth)
Freddie!

FREDDIE

Forget it. I guess it can wait.

Silence. But not for long.

JONAS

God. I hate it when you do that!

FREDDIE

Have you ever thought about the benefits of decaf?

JONAS

That's your question!?

FREDDIE

No. I was wondering why Walters and 'Ava the Warrior Agent' would discuss a covert plan affecting national security in front of you? Don't get me wrong, because like, you may be my only friend, but dude, have you looked at yourself lately?

Jonas, who's been leading the three, abruptly stops. Nora bumps into him, Freddie into her.

FREDDIE

I get he's supposed to be your "mentor" and all, but...

JONAS

Shut up! We're here.

INT. JONAS' GARAGE - AFTERNOON

One of those organized remodeled garages with the plastic snap-together floors and matching shelves and cabinets. Most of which are filled with ELECTRONICS and old PC parts.

A group of plastic FLOOR TILES start to rise up like a tent. Reach breaking point. SNAP. A circular hatch breaks free. Like a groundhog, Jonas peers out.

NORA (O.S.)

Where are we?

JONAS

My garage?

INT. JONAS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING

Freddie lies back on Jonas' bed. Inspects a partially crumpled BAG of chips. Only crumbs left. Jonas at his computer. Nora stands at the window. Looks down as

EMERGENCY PERSONNEL

scramble around Walters' house. Pull him from the wreckage.

NORA
They're carrying him out.

JONAS
Is he still alive?

NORA
How can you tell.

FREDDIE
Sheet over the face, dead.

NORA
There's no sheet.

JONAS
Do you see Ava?

NORA
No.

Jonas' fingers fly over the keyboard. Nora joins him. Leans in. He finds it hard to concentrate with her HAIR hanging right next to his cheek.

JONAS
Here it is.
(reading)
Julian McMann, Deputy Director,
Unmanned Warfare. His office is
at...the Pentagon.

NORA
You can't. It's too dangerous. How
would you even get to him?

FREDDIE
Maybe Walters left his name at the
front door?

JONAS
What is your problem?

FREDDIE
Calm down buddy. All I'm saying is
something doesn't add up. Maybe we
should be going to the police not
the Pentagon.

JONAS

That's not what Walters said to do.

FREDDIE

You don't even know who the hell Walters is.

JONAS

I know I can trust him.

FREDDIE

We were like a pubic hair away from getting blown to bits. You only think you can trust him. I know you've lived next door to him since your father died, but you shouldn't mix up the two.

JONAS

Don't you ever...

The door BURSTS open, MRS. BERNSTEIN rushes in.

MRS. BERNSTEIN

Oh my God you're okay. I was worried sick.

JONAS

Mom, don't you knock?

MRS. BERNSTEIN

I thought you were dead, and you're asking me to knock?

JONAS

We're fine.

She inspects the room, eyes rest on Nora.

JONAS

That's Nora. We're working on a project together...for Civics class.

MRS. BERNSTEIN

All three of you?

JONAS

No. Freddie was just leaving.

NORA

Um, I should probably be going too. See you at school tomorrow?

JONAS

Yep.

NORA

Nice meeting you Mrs. Bernstein.
Come on Freddie let's go.

INT. JONAS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mrs. Bernstein, attractive, in a Sears catalogue model kind of way, puts a plate of DINNER in front of Jonas.

MRS. BERNSTEIN

I don't want you anywhere near that house, or what's left of it.

JONAS

Fine.

MRS. BERNSTEIN

And come home right after school tomorrow, don't go bothering Mr. Walters at the hospital.

JONAS

But Mom...

MRS. BERNSTEIN

You heard me.

JONAS

That's not fair.

MRS. BERNSTEIN

Don't push me Jonas.

In his best rebellious teenager move, Jonas slams down his fork, gets up.

JONAS

You don't get to choose the times you want to parent.

MRS. BERNSTEIN

Stop right there mister!

She takes a deep breath. Tries to calm down.

MRS. BERNSTEIN (cont'd)

I'm doing the best I can on my own.
I miss him too.

JONAS
Can I be excused now?

MRS. BERNSTEIN
Go.

JONAS LEANS AGAINST HIS BEDROOM DOOR

stands immobile, upset. Wonders if CIA agents ever cry.

INT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - MORNING

Jonas stands quietly looking out a picture window of a standard issue hospital room.

WORSE FOR WEAR,

gauze wrapped around his eyes, Walters lies prone in a hospital bed. He MUMBLES. Tosses in bed as we...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. TROPICANA CLUB, HAVANA, CUBA, 1992

We follow a couple of MOJITOS on a waiter's tray as he snakes his way around the room of this legendary nightclub: it oozes sex, sophistication and secrecy. Pulsating RHYTHMS, cigars, power brokers, beautiful CABARET DANCERS.

The mojitos find there way to a table. The waiter sets one down in front of a younger looking Walters. In a room full of black ties, he wears white. The other is taken by Ava, sixteen fewer years of stress and a red cocktail dress, before it even hits the table.

AVA
He's late.

WALTERS
Relax. Peter will be here.

The MUSIC fades as an exotic CHANTEUSE takes the stage. Sings a soul-wrenching ballad in Spanish.

A MAITRE D' shows PETER, could be Jonas in ten years, with 30 pounds and without the acne, to an open seat at their table.

Walters and Ava both take notice of Peter's wide expansive EYES, and SWEATY FOREHEAD. A DROP rolls down the side of his head, carries onto his neck, over a familiar looking TATTOO.

PETER

We don't have much time.

UNDER THE TABLE

he passes Walters a shiny three-cigar carrying CASE.

PETER

Take this and get out of here. I'll meet you in Miami in a couple days.

WALTERS

We go together.

Peter turns his attention to Ava.

PETER

I need you to forget how much you hate me right now and tell him to do this my way.

AVA

Harry, he's right. The case is only half of what we came to do.

AT THE HOST STAND

a trio of dubious looking CUBAN STRONG ARMS push past the Maitre d'. Early 20's, with slicked back hair, one of the men is Raul. They pan the room.

PETER EYES THE MEN

slowly gets up from the table.

PETER

Count to 10, then get the hell out of here.

And he's gone. Ava sees Raul and the other two men follow Peter. Touches Walters on the hand.

AVA

Come on.

OUTSIDE, UNDER A LAMP POST

a hundred feet from the Tropicana, Ava unlocks a '59 Austin A35 while Walter rubs the cigar case.

The sound of GUN FIRE kicks off from somewhere inside the club. Then an EXPLOSION on par with a hand grenade.

Walters' horrified reaction spills over into...

INT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - PRESENT DAY

Walter sits straight up in bed. Startles Jonas. Heavy breathing. Confusion.

WALTERS

Peter!

JONAS

Mr. Walters, it's me Jonas. You're okay.

WALTERS

Jonas? Where am I?

JONAS

The hospital.

WALTERS

What's wrong with my eyes?

JONAS

Doctors said it's flash blindness. The gauze is only a precaution.

WALTERS

Your friends? Ava?

JONAS

Nora and Freddie are fine. I don't know about Ava. There's no record of her being admitted.

WALTERS

There's no way she got up and walked away.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

In a makeshift infirmary in the middle of an empty warehouse, an IV DRIP leads into Ava's bruised arm. Cable sits nearby, holds her hand. In the distance, a door SLIDES open. FOOTSTEPS.

Raul stands over the bed. Spies the tattoo.

RAUL

That's what I call killing two birds with one drone.

Cable's hand starts to shake. He pulls the IV NEEDLE out of Ava's arm. Lunges. Jams it into the side of Raul's face.

I/E. NORA'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Jonas helps Walters into a VW Golf. Smiles to Nora in the driver's seat.

JONAS

Thanks for coming.

Nora looks into her review mirror. Gauze removed, Walters struggles with the day's fading light. She hands him a pair of SUNGLASSES.

He inspects the cat eye shaped frames, puts them on anyway. Starts running through a mental checklist.

WALTERS

They'll be tracking my cards. Do you have any money?

JONAS

There's the \$1,300 I've got saved for Truth camp.

WALTERS

I'll pay you back.