

Cowrite

Round 5

"Enter the Dragon"

INT. LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

Julian's voice is robotic and soothing. His face reveals a lifelike, sympathetic quality.

JULIAN
How may I help you?

JONAS
Harry Walters sent me.

Julian reacts with a searching look. Electrical charges fire in the server blades.

JULIAN
Do you have the device?

Jonas glimpses Helen.

JONAS
How did he know that?

MCMANN
Just answer his questions.

JONAS
(to Julian)
No. Not on me.

Julian's head floating, waiting for something.

MCMANN
Describe it for him.

JONAS
It's a schematic for a weapon.
Stored inside a black, obsidian
thing. Lasers create a three-
dimensional holographic image -

As Jonas describes the device, Julian computes various models, displaying them on the three giant LCD monitors.

MCMANN
Do you see it?

JONAS
Not yet.

Jonas watches the flashing images. Schematics. Various weapons, missile systems, top secret documents.

There's a pause. Julian turns his head.

JULIAN

I need more information.

JONAS

I don't know what else to say.

MCMANN

Anything. Julian specializes in Grand Challenge Problems.

(off Jonas' look)

Problems that can't be solved by humans or normal computers. What Julian can do is narrow a set of potential outcomes from a vast field of probability. And that field of probability is determined by the information you give him. So the more, the better.

JONAS

(quickly)

Conquest. It's a next generation UCAV.

Julian whirs to life. Server blades firing.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Cable Reign.

New images flash at tremendous speeds across the monitors including Cable's face.

JONAS (CONT'D)

And I could be wrong, but I may overheard something about Shanghai.

On one of the monitors, a series of AIRPLANES replace one another at terrific speeds until the image settles on a LIVE FEED of single airplane.

CHINESE LETTERING on the side.

EXT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

The plane from Julian's monitor touching down for landing.

INT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Raul and one of Cable's AIDES wait inside the terminal. The Aide speaks into a cell phone.

AIDE
 (into phone)
 Sir? The Dragon has landed.

CABLE'S VOICE
 (thru phone)
 I will contact you with rendezvous
 information, Number Two.

AIDE
 (into phone)
 It's... Number Three, Sir.

Cable ends the call.

EXT. SUBURBAN D.C. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

An unmarked sedan pulls to the curb. In the front seat, TWO MEN in dark suits.

They observe the house. The First Man, GABRIEL, kills the engine. The Second Man, PHILLIP, scans the perimeter with binoculars.

Nothing out of the ordinary. The same tidy yard and handsome home like the one next door, and the one beyond that.

INT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

A contingency of CHINESE MILITARY OFFICIALS enter the terminal. Each more important than the last.

Raul and the Aide stiffen. See TWO HULKING OFFICIALS make their way towards them. Stop.

FIRST OFFICIAL
 (Chinese accent)
 Cable Reign?

AIDE
 No. But we will take you to him.
 But before we do... where is the
 Dragon?

The Two Officials glance at one another and then PART WAYS.

A FIGURE EMERGES BETWEEN THEM

Skinny. Awkward. Pimpily.

It's a teenager.

FIRST OFFICIAL
This... is the dragon.

EXT. SUBURBAN D.C. HOME - CONTINUOUS

Gabriel and Phillip make their way up the front walk.

Heads on a swivel.

Nobody around. Too quiet. They reach the front door.

Gabriel straightens his tie. Turns to Phillip.

GABRIEL
How do I look?

PHILLIP
You trying to impress someone?

GABRIEL
You never know when you could meet
Mrs. Right.

PHILLIP
On the internet. 24/7. I do it
all the time.

INT. LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

A stunning array of images flash across the monitors.

JONAS
Wait! Can you back up?

Julian slows the feed. Reverses now frame by frame until -

JONAS (CONT'D)
That's it.

ON THE THREE MONITORS

The first: Cable Reign. Full bio. Plus live audio of his
cell and land lines.

The second: The schematics for Conquest.

The third: A live action feed of the interior of Dulles. Of
the Chinese contingency moving through the terminal with the
Aide and Raul.

JONAS (CONT'D)
That's the guy who tried to kill
Mr. Walters.

MCMANN
Are you sure, Jonas?

JONAS
Positive.

MCMANN
Julian. I want a 3rd order
magnitude scan. Probability charts
and locational codes.

JULIAN
That is impossible, Helen.

MCMANN
This is a Level One breach, Julian.
Do it. Now.

JULIAN
I am sorry, Helen. But the request
lacks the proper authorization.

Helen rolls her eyes.

MCMANN
When you wish upon a star, your
dreams come true.

JULIAN
Authorization granted.

Julian betrays a smile. Begins his computational processing.
The server blades fire.

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

Helen and Jonas look at each other.

MCMANN
Wait here. Don't touch anything.
And do not talk to Julian.

EXT. SUBURBAN D.C. HOME - CONTINUOUS

Gabriel and Phillip at the front door. Phillip reaching into
his pocket for something.

Produces a breath mint - offers it to Gabriel.

GABRIEL

I'm good.

PHILLIP

Um, no. You're not.

Gabriel pops the mint into his mouth.

INT. BLACK SUV - MOVING - DAY

Raul drives. The Aide up front. Two Chinese Officials sandwich the Dragon in the back.

The Dragon is all thumbs, deftly working a Sony Playstation Portable between his hands.

RAUL

(aside)

This kid's the Dragon? More like the dragonfly.

AIDE

Just drive.

FIRST OFFICIAL

Where is Mr. Reign? I would like to speak to him.

AIDE

He will contact us shortly.

The First Official voices his annoyance in Chinese to the Second Official. The Second Official tries to placate him.

FIRST OFFICIAL

(to Aide)

I demand you put me through to him now.

AIDE

I am sorry, Sir -

FIRST OFFICIAL

No. Not Sir. General.

AIDE

I apologize, General. But Mr. Reign will contact us when he is ready.

FIRST OFFICIAL

This is unacceptable!

Hand reaching under his coat when the Dragon speaks. Sharply in Chinese to the First Official who is immediately put in check.

The Dragon scooches forward. In perfect English...

DRAGON

They are military men. Used to strict protocols. I am sure you understand.

AIDE

I apologize for the inconvenience, Mr. Dragon.

DRAGON

(laughs)
Please. That is not my real name.

AIDE

What should we call you then?

DRAGON

Tell me something. Why isn't the Obsidian Bar in your possession?

AIDE

The bar is safe. You will have it shortly.

The Dragon looks into his eyes.

DRAGON

Do you know what I do?

(beat)

I am a cryptanalyst. Do you know what that means?

RAUL

Means you crack codes, right?

DRAGON

And create them. It's really quite simple. Because reading a code is a lot like reading a human being. And do you know I am seeing now?

AIDE

No... what are you seeing?

DRAGON

A liar.

INT. MCMANN'S HOUSE - DAY

Helen is moving down the hall towards the front door as the BELL RINGS again.

She stops at the peephole. Looks through. Draws back in surprise.

EXT. MCMANN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Helen opens the door.

MCMANN

Well, aren't you a sight.

Harry Walters stands in the doorway. A little worse for wear, but alive.

WALTERS

Anyone unusual drop by?

MCMANN

Just in time, Harry.

Walters steps inside - gingerly - and Helen shuts the door.

EXT. ANOTHER D.C. SUBURBAN HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Gabriel and Phillip ring the bell once more. Getting impatient now.

PHILLIP

Think she's full of it?

GABRIEL

They're all full of it, Phil.

Phillip looks back at the car.

There's SOMEBODY in the back seat. Indistinguishable from where he stands.

Suddenly, the door opens.

It's Freddie.

Doing his damndest to appear unfazed by their presence.

FREDDIE

Can I help you, gentlemen?

GABRIEL

Oh, yeah.
(beat)
You can help us.

INT. LABORATORY - MOMENTS LATER

Julian displaying a blazing series images on the LCD monitors.

Jonas trying to take it in but it's happening too fast.

One of the monitors settles on a live action feed of a suburban D.C. street.

The unmarked sedan moving past.

The image CUTS to another somewhere further down the same street, catching the sedan entering and then exiting frame.

Footsteps pad down the basement stairs.

WALTERS (O.S.)

Nice work, kid.

Jonas spins around.

JONAS

Mr. Walters!

Jonas runs full tilt into Harry for a hug. Walters cringes.

WALTERS

Easy, Jonas. Ever have a GE Profile take a nose dive on you?

Walters' eyes find the monitors.

WALTERS (CONT'D)

So what do we have here?