

EXT. FRONT YARD - AN HOUR LATER

A black and white SQUAD CAR straddles the sidewalk in front of Walters' perfectly manicured lawn.

Jonas fidgets on the front steps. Torn between the excitement of what's unfolding in front of him and sitting so close to Nora.

Two OFFICERS, suitably cajoled by Walters, call it in as a disrupted prowler. Pull away.

Walters waves after them. Less animated, he turns to Jonas.

WALTERS

Do you and your girlfriend want to tell me what that was all about?

JONAS

No...I mean...she's not...

NORA

We're just friends.

A phone RING spares Jonas from reacting to this new development. Nora anxiously whips out her cell.

NORA (INTO PHONE) (cont'd)

Hello!?!...

(let down)

I'm out...I don't know...fine!

Obviously not the call Nora has been waiting, hoping for. Turns deflated.

NORA (cont'd)

That was my mom. I have to go.

JONAS

That's cool. I'll stay here and debrief Mr. Walters.

Walters smirks at his young neighbor's choice of words. Nora shakes his hand, hesitates a moment before leaving.

INT. KITCHEN - WALTERS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Already the best day of his life, Jonas eagerly grabs the mug handed to him. He smells the coffee. Takes a sip. It's more robust than what he brews himself each morning. Does his best not to react to its strength. Walters sits down.

WALTERS
That was kind of crazy.

JONAS
Why'd you tell the police it was a robbery?

WALTERS
What makes you think it wasn't?

JONAS
The 'Sig.'

WALTERS
What?

JONAS
Your Sig Sauer P226 fitted with an Impuls II-A silencer.

WALTERS
Didn't realize you knew about guns?

JONAS
I know about that gun. CIA standard issue...if of course the CIA issued guns.

Walters makes a mental note: don't underestimate the kid.

EXT. JONAS' HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

Raul sits in a black sedan across the street a couple houses up. Aims a TELEPHOTO LENS at Jonas who exits, makes the short walk to his house from Walters'. RAPID SNAPPING of pictures.

INT. GROVE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NEXT DAY

Business is brisk outside of Jonas' locker. Freddie tries to carry on a conversation while Jonas sells to a STONER dude.

FREDDIE
Maybe he did buy it on ebay.

JONAS
You're as gullible as my mom.

FREDDIE
You told her about the gun?

JONAS

Course not. She found the 'Truth' camp cash in my sock drawer. I said it was from a paper route.

FREDDIE

What kind of future spy hides stuff in their sock drawer?

Jonas makes change for the Stoner. Freddie taps Jonas on the shoulder, tries to alert him.

JONAS

Just a minute.

The tapping ceases, then returns stronger.

JONAS (cont'd)

(to the Stoner)

I'd say good luck on the Trig test, but you won't need it with this.

With an ENVELOPE in his hands, Stoner quickly leaves. Freddie's tapping gets stronger still. Jonas finally turns.

JONAS (cont'd)

Where's the fire!?

No need to answer. Of course by now Freddie can't get a word out of his stunned expression.

Standing next to him, arms crossed, is CAUSTIC BOSTIC; not so much a cliched high school Principal, as the ball-busting archetype from which all others are based.

PRINCIPAL BOSTIC

Mr. Bernstein. My office. Now.

INT. WAITING AREA - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - SOON AFTER

Jonas sits in an uncomfortable wood chair. Stares at Principal Bostic's NAMEPLATE on the door. Under his breath, recalls CIA counter interrogation tactics one through four.

JONAS

(to himself)

#1. Do not confirm their suspicions. #2 Beware of statements aimed at getting you to agree. #3 Avoid excessive declarations of innocence. #4 Show no emotion...

The door swings open. The Stoner guy steps out, looks to Jonas, mouths the words "*Sorry Dude.*"

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND - NIGHT

Most LCDs are asleep; the room's darker than before. Cable's at one end of a long conference table. Rubs his temples.

At the other end, a lone agent, let's call him DIXON, scours city-wide RADIATION LEVELS on his monitor. Raul enters.

CABLE

Agent Dixon, why don't you take a coffee break.

Dixon avoids eye contact with Raul as he exits.

RAUL

I've got good news and bad news.

CABLE

Starting to realize that's how you operate. What's the bad?

RAUL

I didn't get to Walters directly. Guess I underestimated the old guy.

CABLE

You do know Walters and I were in the same class at 'the Farm?'

RAUL

Oh...I didn't mean he was so old that...

CABLE

Shut up. What's the good news?

RAUL

I found a better way to get to him.

INT. JONAS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

MRS. BERNSTEIN has had better days. She's pretty, but prematurely aging. Jonas slumped on the couch. Two words to describe the atmosphere: shit and fan.

MRS. BERNSTEIN

A paper route...you must think I'm pretty stupid?

He recalls counter interrogation tactic #5; just stay quiet.

MRS. BERNSTEIN (cont'd)
You're lucky Principal Bostic
didn't expel you.

Unable to hold back.

JONAS
He's a tool.

MRS. BERNSTEIN
Jonas Joshua Bernstein! What has
gotten into you?

JONAS
You wouldn't understand.

MRS. BERNSTEIN
How could I? You never talk to me
anymore.

JONAS
Shall I put it all in a note and
leave it on the kitchen counter?

He gets up in his best rebellious teenager move.

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 Jonas. I
miss him too.

JONAS
Can I go to my room now?

MRS. BERNSTEIN
Go.

He's halfway up the stairs.

MRS. BERNSTEIN (cont'd)
Jonas?

JONAS
Yea?

MRS. BERNSTEIN
You can forget about MIT camp.

JONAS SLAMS HIS BEDROOM DOOR

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

With an unfocused gaze, he stares at the pile of NEWS PRINTOUTS on his desk. Picks up the one he circled earlier that morning. Fires up the computer, navigates to a WEB PAGE.

ON THE SCREEN

"...police are puzzled as to why three black SUV's exploded two miles from the Pentagon last night. License plates were issued to phony registrations, no bodies were found..."

A message pops up on the computer screen blocks the rest of the story: INCOMING SKYPE CALL FROM 'NS18.' ANSWER?

Jonas highlights the 'YES' box. Instantly Nora's beautiful brown eyes are staring back at him. Around her neck a tear drop PENDANT encases a shiny BLACK ROCK.

INT. NORA'S BEDROOM - SAME

Nora's bedroom is not what you'd expect. No pink or stuffed animals. No 'High School Musical 3' posters. It's organized, mature. She stares back at JONAS on her screen.

NORA

I heard you were suspended?

INTERCUT BETWEEN JONAS AND NORA

JONAS

Two weeks. Pissed doesn't even begin to describe my mom.

NORA

Well, it was pretty stupid.

JONAS

Who's side are you on?

NORA

No one's. I'm just saying, selling test answers in school? Sooner or later somebody's gonna talk. I'm surprised you got away with it this long.

JONAS

Me too; as much as Caustic Bostic has it in for me. The whole thing was a set up.

(MORE)

JONAS (cont'd)
He found a joint in that stoner
dude's locker. Offered him a deal
if he turned me in.

NORA
He's such a tool.

Jonas smiles to himself.

NORA (cont'd)
So what happened with Mr. Walters?

JONAS
Nothing. I'm mean he said nothing,
but something strange is going on.

NORA
Why?

JONAS
You saw how fast that guy picked
the lock, and in broad daylight.
Has to be a professional. I also
got the feeling Mr. Walters is more
than just a bank teller.

NORA
Because of the tattoo?

JONAS
No, because of his gun and how
ready he was to take out that
intruder. What tattoo?

NORA
On the back of his neck, a little
bigger than a quarter. There were
three black dots surrounded by a
half moon and a gun.

JONAS
I missed it. Do you remember enough
to scan and e-mail me a drawing?

NORA
That's easy. I've seen it before.

EXT. DUPONT CIRCLE - SAME

Riding an escalator, Walters slowly rises into view out of
the mouth of the Dupont Circle Metro station. The night air
cool, he pulls his trench coat tight. Looks around
deliberately. Crosses a street

INTO THE TRAFFIC CIRCLE.

A MAN, all in black, stands alone at the south side of the FOUNTAIN. Walters approaches from behind. We can make out a black TATTOOED GUN sticking out from the man's collar.

The mysterious man, code name FALCON, turns to face Walters. In his early 40's, weathered, eyes we've seen somewhere before, besides behind a black spy mask.

FALCON

Don't look so worried Walters; the package is safe.

WALTERS

The Obsidian casing is in tact?

FALCON

It's all good.

WALTERS

This is not how we do things Falcon.

FALCON

There is no "we."

WALTERS

They came looking for me. Unfortunately that makes it a "we."

FALCON

No way. I was in and out clean.

WALTERS

Underestimating targets was always your weakness. There are people that will do whatever it takes to get their hands on that Tritium.

FALCON

That's why I have it and they don't.

WALTERS

There is no leak at the agency!

FALCON

Harry, that's your weakness. You still believe things are the same as they were twenty years ago.

EXT. JONAS' HOUSE - UNDER A WINDOW - LATE NIGHT

Nora and Freddie stand under a large Elm tree.

FREDDIE
(whispering)
It's that one.

He points to a window on the second floor. Then searches the ground. Finds a few pebbles. Aims the first at the window. It misses by a mile. The second flies virtually straight up. They dash behind the tree to avoid getting hit on the head.

FREDDIE (cont'd)
Damn it.

He cock's his arm back, sees Nora pull out her cell phone.

FREDDIE (cont'd)
What are you doing?

NORA
You've been watching way too many
'80's movies.

She dials.

NORA (INTO PHONE) (cont'd)
It's me Nora. We're outside.

INT. WALTERS' HOUSE - STUDY - SOON AFTER

Walters' study is as organized as Jonas' room. A PC anchors a large Oak desk at one end of the room. The other, overflowing floor to ceiling BOOK SHELVES.

CREAKING floor boards. Enter Jonas, followed by Nora and Freddie. They all whisper.

JONAS
One of us should keep watch in the
living room.

A long pause. Nora begin to take a step.

JONAS (cont'd)
Freddie. Take look out.

FREDDIE
You plan on listening this time?

JONAS
What are you talking about?

FREDDIE

I tried to warn you about Caustic
Bostic, but you were...preoccupied.

Freddie's eye's motion to Nora. Jonas' throw daggers at his friend all the while hoping Nora doesn't see him blush.

FREDDIE (cont'd)

Okay, I'm going.

Jonas makes a beeline for the desk, Nora the book cases.

NORA

What are we looking for?

JONAS

Um...anything that
looks...confidential.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Freddie plops down under a window, leans against the couch. Already bored, pulls a bag of 'DORITOS' from his jacket.

BACK ON WALTERS' DESK

Jonas sifts through a MANILA FOLDER. Computer print outs, NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS, some the same as he's been reviewing, quite a few pages marked 'CLASSIFIED.'

JONAS (cont'd)

Why's a bank teller this interested
in nuclear fusion?

NORA

Let me see.

Joins Jonas, has a BOOK in her hand. Looks over his shoulder.

NORA (cont'd)

Classified by whom?

JONAS

No idea.

He reaches to turn a page over just as Nora does the same. Their hands accidentally touch, then pull back. One of those uncomfortable teen movie silences. Meanwhile...

FREDDIE PICKS THE REMAINING CRUMBS

from the Doritos bag. Sees a CANDY DISH on the coffee table, crawls to it. As he does, the CHIP BAG falls to the floor.

His attention firmly on the candy, Freddie doesn't see the BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS swing around the walls of the living room.

LIKE WITH ALL FIRST AWKWARD TEENAGE MOMENTS

Jonas' ends abruptly and unfulfilled. He hears CAR TIRES roll over the pebble driveway outside. Grabs Nora by the hand.

JONAS (cont'd)
He's here!

INT. GARDEN SHED - JONAS' BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

The spider webs freak Freddie out more than Nora who has inadvertently taken the book she was holding in the study.

Confident they haven't been seen, Jonas gently slides the door closed.

JONAS
What the hell were you doing? Why didn't you warn us?

FREDDIE
I didn't see him.

JONAS
What exactly do you think 'look out' means? You put the entire operation in jeopardy.

FREDDIE
There's no 'operation' special agent 'Butt-stein,' because you my friend are not a spy. If you were, you might have found this.

He tosses a FLASH DRIVE to Jonas, slides the door back open, walks out into the pitch blackness of Jonas' backyard.

Jonas turns the flash drive over in his hands, looks to Nora, notices the book.

JONAS
You took that from Walters' study?

NORA
Damn it. Not intentionally. It was open on the floor, I picked it up just before we ran out.

JONAS
(reading from the cover)
"The Mouse that Roared?"

EXT. STREET - RIGHT AFTER

Stomping onto the street, Freddie unwraps a piece of CANDY lifted from Walters' place. Shoves it in his mouth, tastes it, quickly SPITS it out.

FREDDIE
Yuck!

Suddenly the SCREECH of tires all around him. Two GUYS lean out a van's side door, one holds a white CLOTH to Freddie's mouth. He goes limp. Pull his cumbersome body in.

INSIDE THE VAN

the get-away DRIVER accelerates, talks into a TWO-WAY RADIO.

DRIVER (INTO RADIO)
Central Command. We have the kid.

INT. JONAS' HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Hand over a PHONE receiver, Mrs. Bernstein stands over Jonas.

MRS. BERNSTEIN
Wake up.

JONAS
(groggy)
No school. I'm suspended, remember.

MRS. BERNSTEIN
It's Mrs. Biggs. Where's Freddie?