



Scripts.com

# Abduction

By Shawn Christensen

**Subtitle by:**

Yo, babe! Yeah!

Gilly, Get up here!

Yeah!!!

Let's go, babe!

We got bitches waitin'!

Go faster!

Zack, come on!

Ready!

Go! Go! Go!

Yeah, Zack!

Come on!

Hey ladies, we are here.

Get ready to party, yeah!

- Yeah!

We are here! Oh!!!

Dude, you're crazy.

- Yes I am.

- You're alright man?

Yes, I am.

- Let's do this.

- Let's go. Sure!

Check it out!

Gilly!

Guys, be right back.

- What's up, homey?

Check it out.

Good quality, you like?

- Thanks man, this is hot.

That's right. All right man.

Ooh!

-200 Bucks man.

- Dude, that's cruel.

No, it's fair price. I make the best  
fake IDs in Pennsylvania.

You know what? You should  
put that on your college application.

Dude, I can't believe... Like mainstream you guys!

You guys are so mainstream.

I gotta get you some undergraduates.

- Heads up, Nathan.

- On your way.

Here we go again.

Uhh oh, here she comes.

- Hey, Karen.

- Hi, Nathan.

-Ops. Watch it!

- Watch it? Watch what?

You bumped into me.

Billy! Billy! I'm serious!

Listen to me. Billy, Billy!

Come on. Come on.

Serious? Wow!

That was exciting!

Let's go get drunk.

Oh wait wait wait, an announcement!

A little gift from my dad.

VIP tickets!!!

To the first Pirates home game.

- Dude, I would drink to that.

Let's have a good night, boys.

Let's do it!

Yeah!!!!

Uhh, I can't believe that.

Hey, wake up! Look,

whoever you are, you gotta get outta here.

My parents will be home in an hour.

Alright, girls, we gotta hurry up,

or my parents will kill me.

Is there more bags?

You know, you really don't have to

put in all the stuff.

It's okay.

It's the least I can do.

If my parents see you here, they  
may get really pissed at me, though.

Yeah, mine too.

Perfect timing.

Alright, get those mittens  
on and wake up.

I can't believe you're making  
me fight hungover.

If you wanna drink like a man, let's see  
if you can fight like a man. Come on, let's go.

Hit me!

Hit me! It's not patty  
cake. Punch me, here!

Move your feet!  
Right here, not my arm. Come on!  
Come on, hands up!  
- My boys.  
Hands up!  
Come on!  
- This is bullshit!  
-I'll tell you what's bullshit.  
Bullshit's gettin yourself drunk, but  
you can't defend yourself.  
You can't watch your back!  
That's bullshit, son.  
Come on, turn around. Let's go!  
Kevin!  
What?  
Bet you glad you went out  
last night, no?  
Doesn't taste good on your way out,  
as you did on your way in, I bet! Huh?  
See, this is what I call a party.  
Wanna hurt me, Nathan?  
Don't get mad, get even,  
donna't lose control.  
Think about it, clear your head.  
Now, focus!  
Bear hug?  
That's all you got?  
Come on, your mother hits harder than that.  
Show me something!  
So slow. Come on!  
Come on!  
Use your head,  
Nathan. Think!  
You better show me something now  
or you're gonna go down. Come on!  
I thought we were boxing?  
You've always said the person that ends  
the fight was the winner.  
Don't look like  
I'm done?  
You wanna play with no rules, you better  
be careful what you let out of the box.  
What? Get up!  
That wasn't the part, Nathan.

What's the matter? Come on, use your anger. Think about it. Keep control.

What're you gonna do? You can't punch me, you can't kick me? What're you gonna do? Huh? Come on!

That 's all you got?

Give me a balance.

You're gonna dance all day?

Gotta show me something!

Good shot. Hahaha!

Now we're talking.

I'm bigger than you, but you can't take me, Nathan. Come on. Ahhh!

- Think I'm getting old.

- Hey, guys. Guys?

-Kevin!

- You got me. Finish me off!

- Enough!

-What? We're just working out.

- You two were trying to kill each other.

Nah, we're good. Right, Nathan?

Good job, son.

-Eww... God, you smell like beer.

Can I take a shower?

I just don't wanna get a phone call on night you ride motorcycle around a tree.

I wasn't even driving.

Hey, you were out all night. You didn't call...

You're grounded for a week.

- Are you serious?

- Yeah, I'm serious.

- Why? You don't trust me?

- After last night? Not so much.

Remember that phrase, Trust needs to be earned...

Nathan, you don't belong to the yoga.

- He did.

-Tell him.

- You went to the yoga session?

- Mom took me.

Serious?

- And he's in pain the next day. When're you taking yoga? You didn't ask me about taking yoga?

- I had to ask you everything that I do?

No....

- Your dad needs yoga.

- He has more important things to do than that.

-You really do need yoga.

- You should try... Tell me about it.

- Oh, it'll happen till a day I take up basket weaving.

Nathan, you're on clean up duty.

Come on. Your mother cooked,

I've worked all day. What do you do?

That's right.

You're getting better and better.

It's always my fault.

Every single time, Billy.

Because it's mostly your fault, Karen.

Have you even thought about that?

All you think about is football. You know, If you're so over with this, then just get outta here.

- You know what? Leave!

- I'm will get outta here! I don't need this.

You're in high school, Karen. I can have any girl I want in college.

What are you looking at? Freak!

Sometimes I do feel

like a freak.

I mean, I walk around like everybody else.

But inside... It just

Feel different.

Like I'm a stranger,

in my own life.

When I'm sitting at the breakfast table with my parents...

I'm just like...

Who are these people?

Don't you think everybody feels that way growing up?

Do you think they all go through a shrink?

Not everyone has insomnia, and impulsivity and rage issues, Nathan.

I used your technique.

Last night,

this guy snapped at me and...

I had this overwhelming urge to run across the street and smashed his face.

But you contained it.

Yeah.

I put the anger away.

I chilled.

It wasn't worth it.

That's great, Nathan.

Do you realise we probably would have been having this discussion in juvenile court a year ago?

You're making progress.

I still have the dreams.

When was the last one?

- Two nights ago.

- Any new details?

No, mostly the same.

I see the woman standing there,

She starts singing to me.

I think it's a lullaby.

then comes the attack.

And then,

it's over.

Nathan, some dreams are based

in reality, but others are...

are minds in a way of handling anxiety,

just by pushing it deep into your subconscious.

That's not necessarily a bad thing.

Don't most psychiatrists want uhh...

on earth these things?

I'm not most psychiatrists.

Our time is up.

-Have a good week, Nathan.

Thanks.

- I think he won that match?

- Yeah, absolutely.

I think you guys are both dicks, okay?

I don't know how y'all convinced me

to join the wrestling team.

- It was your idea.

- Okay, it's fun, Gilly. It's fun.

But you know what? It's probably a lot of

fun when you're out there kickin' ass.

Well, let me tell you what, it's a lot less

fun when you're getting at this mad guy.

Come on, Nathan.

Come on. He got him! Got him!

He got it.

Take him down. Take him down!  
Get him down man.  
You got it!  
Game over. Ahahaha!!!  
Yeah, sure.  
It's easy when you got just balls over for you.  
I mean, come on, he didn't even put up a fight.  
- Can you take him?  
Yeah, probably.  
Wooh, you joined in a militia group or something?  
So, I go to the gun range like three to  
four times a week to blow up steam.  
I'm a virgin,  
what else am I gonna do?  
True.  
- He was there, right?  
- He was there, but he hasn't called me back.  
Here we go again.  
You look at her,  
She glances back at you.  
You both totally digging at each other.  
And yet nobody pulls a trigger.  
Grow up here. You make that happen man.  
You act like you're afraid to talk to her?  
I'm not afraid.  
- I do not wanna go to class.  
- Me neither.  
- Then, do something.  
Fine.  
Watch.  
Hey...  
Karen...  
Smooth! Yeah...  
All I'm asking is that you do a minimal  
amount of work in this class,  
to give yourself the illusion  
that you're actually learning something.  
and to give me a metonymy self-respect  
like I'm actually  
teaching a class.  
It's called sociology.  
The study of society.  
People, beside yourselves,  
You're going to choose one of these



topics on the screen,  
to be the subject of your  
You should know that your 10-page research paper's  
going to constitute 75% of your mid-term grade.  
Oh yes, yes. I know, I know,  
Lives have been ruined.  
But you know what Mr. Miles  
is gonna do for you?  
I'm gonna assign you a partner. So, that you  
learn to share responsibility.  
To share the work load.  
Ernesto, you're gonna work with Suzanne.  
Nathan, meet Karen.  
Gilly, you're gonna be working with Sean.  
And let's see, Atzlob with Muhammad.  
Romeo, Juliet.  
- Hi, how are you? What a surprise.  
How're you?  
I'm doing all the work for you  
on that research paper. You got that?  
Got it.  
You still like games.  
When was the last time you're here?  
When you had a bunk bed.  
Wow?  
Hey... You kids want something to eat and drink?  
Or more pillows to sit on the floor?  
Mom.  
Okay.  
You want the door open or closed?  
Close it.  
Please.  
We should probably get to work.  
It says here 2,300 Americans were  
reported missing everyday.  
I found a website  
about missing kids here.  
They have height, weights, age,  
favorite foods...  
Medical reports,  
check it out.  
Last place they were seen,  
people they affiliated with, everything.  
I'll send you... this link.

What's that story I heard about you waking up in your underwear on your lawn, after the party.

Just a practical joke.. Hmmm!

Not worth explaining.

And I had pants on, yeah.

I thought your boyfriend was gonna take a swing at me that night.

He's not my boyfriend.

What you say to him, anyway, to make him back out so quickly?

I told him that you'd kick him in his big fat head and embarrass him in front of everyone if he didn't stop acting like a dick.

- How'd you know I would have kicked him on the head?

How long have we lived across the street. Can you tell that, Nathan?

Hey, check this out.

What is it?

I found a site that shows few mock ups of missing kids might look like today.

And if you recognize the person, you can click on a child and text. Hmmm...

- Check out those guys!

Jason Statham meets,

Justin Bieber.

Seriously!

Next.

Ryan Seacrest meets...

Lady Gaga.

Next.

Matt Damon

meets...

you.

That doesn't look like me.

Nope, you're right. These stuff are not you.

This kid's too cute.

Send me a link to that site?

Yeah.

My uncle's coming to check up on me, cause my folks are out of town.

When did you wanna start outlining?

How bout' I come over in an hour?

- Yeah yeah, awesome.

Bye.

Weird.

You put it on my food now.

Martin and Lorna Price.

Hey, what's going on?

- Hey, where do you think you're going?

What?

Come here.

Did you forget you were grounded?

Nathan, your mother said get over here.

Get over here!

What's up? You're going to Karen's?

-Yes. for a school project.

- What project?

Some websites.

Can I go?

- You have to get it done tonight? Has to be finished?

Pretty much...

For school?

For school.

- It is for school, right?

-Right.

Still grounded... Okay.

but for school work.

- Okay.

- Okay. Be quick.

- Understood.

Be back for dinner.

Deal.

- Bye.

- And behave yourself.

Our little boy.

I can't believe we  
still agreed to that.

Karen, I remember she's  
just a child.

She's kinda hot now.

- She's sweet.

Sweet, yeah did I meant...

- And he's a good boy.

-Yeah.

Alright, I see the resemblance, but  
I really don't think this is you, Nathan.  
Okay, good.

Tell me why?

Well, first of all, this kid was like

- I mean, do we all look the same at that age?

Yes.

- But we have the same exact chin.

- Coincidence.

Fine.

Explain this.

- Okay, it's a similar shirt.

- Not just the shirt,

The stain on the left shoulder.

Here. Look.

Holy Shit!

Online contact.

Steven Price.

My name is... Marisa.

Marisa?

Hello, my name is Marisa. I'll be helping you

help in this case. What is your name? / i

Do you believe you've seen Steven Price? / i

Possibly.

Can you tell me more?

What is your location,

Mr. Harper? / i

I mean, I don't get it. Do you think it's weird

that she wants to know where your address is?

Why does it matter where you are now?

You could just be tipping him off...

It's really suspicious to me

that it doesn't feel right. / i

I think we should talk

with your parents. / i

Mr. Kazlow, you wanted me to notify you

immediately if the website got a hit.

And if anyone ever finds out, then

you're gonna get into trouble,

Cause it's probably

a false accusation.

And then I gonna get into trouble

because now I am an accomplice.

Don't you think it's weird?

Maybe this is all just a mistake.

Well, you could be adopted.

You know, dropped at the doorstep,

You never know.  
If I were adopted,  
why would my picture  
ended up on a  
missing person's website?  
Well,  
a better question would be.  
If this is for real, then who are  
those people living in your house?  
We're gonna be out there. We're gonna dive.  
You still wanna dive with us, okay?  
We need you to study, right?  
Reading about the weather changes.  
In times when your mother and I  
are asleep,  
You gotta take the helmet.  
Our lives will be in your hands.  
I'm not gonna make it sound too hard  
on us, but it's dangerous out there.  
The ocean is a big, scary beach,  
man.  
What you got there?  
I lost my  
driver's license.  
I need this to get a new one.  
That was really going on?  
Yeah, what else would be going on?  
- You're not getting fake ID?  
No.  
What's going on, man?  
I don't know,  
I must be losing my mind.  
My parents are too boring  
to be psychoes.  
You never know, man?  
Now, here's you  
two years old...  
three years, five...  
Nice, nice.  
Wooh wooh, wait a second.  
You see this picture  
of you when you were five?  
Yeah, what?  
It's cropped, weird.

The slight outline of the person shoulder,  
Clearly zoomed in to the touch...  
Like, someone didn't want  
to be seen in the picture.  
Anymore photographs of you  
when you were younger?  
Those are the ones that are questionable.  
Not really, just some more of me by myself.  
A few family photos is all  
that you had from your childhood?  
Hmmm...  
All that I can find.  
Nathan, I got a million  
embarrassing family photos.  
Enough to make me wanna bomb it...  
and you 're telling me all  
you have is two?  
Too cool to say hi now?  
Hi  
Teenagers.  
Hi, bud.  
What you looking at?  
Your baby shirt.  
- Are you my mother?  
You are my son. You don't understand,  
baby, it's complicated.  
Answer me,  
are you my mother?  
No, Nathan, I'm not.  
We wanted to tell you for so long,  
and we just couldn't.  
Go ahead, tell me.  
All of it.  
Kevin's part of this,  
I gotta go.  
See me, don't judge us so quickly,  
alright? You don't know.  
I love you. You're what it's  
made as a family.  
I love you and you are my son,  
nothing's gonna change that.  
Don't.  
I'm so sorry.  
Don't hate me, okay?

I'll get your dad.

Yeah?

- Hey, I heard you called up, so...

- Karen, it's true.

- My mom just admitted it.

What? God, Nathan,

you must be freaking out.

I'll be over in a minute.

Okay,

come in the back door.

- Miss Harper?

- Yes?

- How are you this evening?

Fine, thank you.

We're investigators from

the Bridgewater Juvenile Justice Department.

It's about your son, Nathan.

We have a couple of questions for him.

May we come in for a moment?

Wait, wait, wait, wait!

- Stay quiet.

-Kevin!

Where is he? Where is Nathan?

Tell us, where is he?

You get outta my sight!

Who are you?

It has started. I'll get the kid.

Mara...

Go, Nathan, go!

Go now!

No, son, run!

And don't stop.

Karen.

Hey! Get in the house.

I swear to God, you're gonna be fine.

You won't even feel a thing.

It's such a waste, you know that?

Hey!

Who are you?

Who are you?

Answer me!!! Answer me!

- Nathan, stop.

- You killed my parents!

Stop, stop. I'll tell you what you need to know.

But, I'm not dying here.

There's a bomb in the oven.

What?

Oh My God.

NON-US CITIZENS

STAY BEHIND THE LINE

WITH DOCUMENTS READY

Sir, you're next.

Thank you, sir,

Have a nice day.

- How bad is it?

I don't know, it hurts.

I'm taking you to the hospital.

We need a doctor.

Anybody? We need

a doctor, please?

Hello?

Hello?

911, what's your emergency?

My parents were just murdered and

I think the people who did it are after me too.

What's your location, Sir? / i

I'm, I'm at a hospital.

" Vassar Brothers Hospital"

But my parents were killed at

- Please hold.

- Hold? What do you mean, hold?

Clearwater Drive. / i

Latest News / i

A dramatic fire

in the suburb of Bridgewater. / i

Is believed which

has been caused by gas leak. / i

There have been no reported

injuries at this time. / i

Police said, the residents

were out of town... / i

at the time of the incident. / i

We'll have more

later on in our broadcast. / i

Nathan?

Nathan, are you there? / I

- Yes.

Are you okay?



I'm shaking up a bit, but...

wait!

How did you know my name?

My name is Frank Burton.

I work for the CIA.

CIA?

Why am I talking to the CIA?

I need to know if you're okay.

Am I okay? I just saw my parents  
get murdered in front of my eyes.

You've spoken to anyone  
since the incident?

- Besides Karen Murphy?

No.

Good, don't talk to anyone,  
don't contact anyone. / i

Stay right where you are.

There'll be two men coming to find you shortly. / I

One's wearing

a red flannel shirt.

And they will help you.

Nathan, you have to trust me.

Trust needs to be earned.

- Nathan, Nathan?

- Why am I talking to the CIA?

- Know if you're okay?

- Am I okay? / i

I just saw

my parents get murdered in front of my eyes. / i

Yeah?

Boss, Vassar Brothers Hospital,  
it's about 10 minutes away.

One of the ER doctors will come  
to check on you soon.

I want the video feeds from every  
security camera in that hospital.

- Put this on.

What?

Dr. Bennett?

What are you doing here?

There is no time to explain, Nathan.

We gotta get out of here.

Put that on, walk behind me.

Cover your face from the cameras.

What do you have  
to do with all these?  
- I'm a friend of your father's.  
- My father was just killed.  
I'm talking about your real father.  
- Wait.  
What?  
Karen.  
- There's no time.  
- I came for you, Nathan.  
- I'm not leaving without her.  
They're here already.  
We're on site.  
Where's my surveillance video?  
Hey.  
Hi.  
It's okay, she's my...  
Doesn't matter, let's go.  
Yeah.  
I'm looking for these  
two teenagers,  
my nephew  
and his girlfriend. They ran away.  
Go, fast.  
Faster.  
Come on.  
Nathan, take the exit!  
Go left.  
- We're in.  
- Where are you, Nathan?  
Where is it?  
- Over here, Nathan.  
I hate balloons.  
We got a hit.  
Get the visual on the target.  
Garage, second floor.  
Stop! Get him!  
Shit!  
Target is fleeing west bound, / i  
late model silver BMW.  
We're in pursue.  
-Stay on them.  
- Sir?  
- What?

- Face rec got another hit.  
You should take a look.  
You can kiss your pension goodbye, Jerry.  
Nathan, there'll be time for you to deal  
emotionally with all of these,  
but right now,  
you have to get your shit together.  
Who are you really?  
Agent Brad, target is proceeding south.  
I'm one of your keepers, Nathan.  
I've put in place to look after you.  
Just like Mara and Kevin were,  
they died protecting you.  
This is crazy,  
call the police or something.  
I already tried. I dialed  
and some guy came on the line  
and said he was with the CIA.  
-Frank Burton.  
Burton? I work for him.  
What?  
Or I did.  
He can't be trusted. There were only  
four of us who knew your identity.  
Mara, Kevin, me and Burton,  
two of us were dead.  
Until I can get in touch with Martin,  
we have to consider Burton unreliable.  
Target heading west  
over the Fort Pit Bridge. / i  
Here, 4311 Clarendon Boulevard,  
Apt. 2, Arlington, Virginia.  
Memorise the address. What?  
Find you way there and just sit tight until someone contacts you.  
What? We're just supposed to  
wait for someone?  
It's an arrangement I made with your  
father in case something like this ever happened.  
Who is my father? Who are  
my real parents?  
She has heard too much already.  
What?  
- Are you serious?  
As soon as you can,

dump those clothes.

Now less than 20 seconds, we're gonna hit  
a soft curve,  
just before the bridge, I'm gonna slow down  
just enough for you to jump out.

-Jump?

- Their field division will be obscured.

It's 30ft down to the riverbank.

- Dr. Bennett, this is insane.

do not trust anybody,

except Martin Price and Paul Rasmus.

I don't even know these people!

I need answers.

You've been looking for  
answers your whole life,  
you just didn't know what questions to ask.

You can do this, Nathan.

Now, you have 10 seconds  
to open that door.

After you jump,

I'll create a diversion.

I don't, I don't know if I can handle this, Nathan.

you're better off alone.

- Where am I supposed to go?

- Just trust me.

- Take a breath, it's gonna be okay.

- Jump! Now!

You're ready?

Jump!

Get out of here!

One lousy state trooper.

That's all you can get?

- Don't lose that kid.

- We're on it, Chief. / i

Watch out!

Come on, let's go.

- Alright, we have to get into the river.

What? Why?

They're still trying to track us.

Right here.

Watch your feet.

Behind here.

Was Nathan Price in the vehicle?

I want confirmation!

Okay, sit down.  
Relax.  
You stay right here.  
I'm gonna be right back, okay?  
Stay.  
Hey!  
Come on.  
It's okay.  
You were crying in your sleep?  
- I was dreaming about...  
I know.  
You don't have to say it.  
I have to get you home.  
Nathan,  
I can't go home.  
You'll be safe there.  
I won't be safe there.  
We're not safe here.  
We're not safe anywhere.  
- Come, let's go.  
- Where we gonna go now?  
Just walk.  
- I can't go back there, Nathan.  
Don't you understand?  
My parents are in Italy.  
Even if they were home,  
they can't protect me.  
What do we suppose to do?  
Call 911 again?  
Look, whoever these people are,  
whatever they want,  
they're after me,  
not you.  
- I think they'll leave you alone.  
- Do you really believe that?  
Or you're thinking about what your  
therapist said back in the car.  
-Your chances are better alone.  
No, of course not.  
It's just, suddenly everyone around me  
is dying, Karen.  
And I don't want  
anything happen to you.  
We have to stick together, Nathan.

Who else we're gonna trust right now  
except for each other.  
Come on.  
Alright,  
here is the latest intel we have  
about Martin Price's current mission.  
Martin Price  
obtained a high value  
piece of intel.  
Specifically a list of  
US politicians  
and intelligence officers  
all of whom, have sold state secret  
at one time or another.  
the list was stolen from this man,  
Nikola Kozlow.  
Ex-Serbian secret service,  
now freelance program operative.  
He wants it back.  
Badly.  
Yesterday there was  
an attack on the residence  
where Martin's son,  
Nathan lived.  
Two of our  
undercover agents were killed.  
The attackers were  
hired gunners...  
Connections tracing them all the  
way back to Nikola Kozlow.  
Martin Price is the agency most  
valuable black ops agent.  
Keeping his son,  
Nathan safe from Kozlow  
is our top priority.  
How did Kazlow  
find Martin's son?  
We think he discovered the  
existence of the boy a couple of years ago  
through a cyber attack.  
He's been fishing ever since with  
fake missing persons' websites.  
One of his traps  
finally worked.

Nathan Price  
is the bargaining chip.  
How so?  
If Kozlow gets to  
the kid before we do,  
gets the list of Martin's.  
What do I need to know  
that you're not telling me?  
The boy escaped from us  
last night  
with some help  
from a veteran operative.  
Jerry Bennett, her vehicle  
was empty when we got there.  
No sign of her,  
no sign of the kid's.  
Frank.  
Get this situation under control,  
before things  
get any messier.  
- Hey, can you take us to Virginia?  
- Get in.  
- It's quench time, Frank.  
- Yup. Where the hell is Martin?  
Last contact we had was the shabu drop,  
two days ago.  
He's vanished since then. The faster  
he can make it back here...  
is about 36 hours, which is how long  
we got to find this kid.  
Track the girl.  
Track his friends.  
Track anyone they've  
ever spoken to.  
Put up an alert to all  
overseas stations.  
Get a fix on Nikola Kozlow.  
If they can't locate him,  
that means he's probably already here.  
So that we can add in to  
our list of headaches as well.  
Clarendon Avenue,  
this is the street.  
Hello?

" Lorna Price".

G 377.

- What is it?

- I know this woman.

Who is she?

- I think she's my mother.

This must be

of Martin Price's apartment.

I'm gonna call my uncle.

Let him know I'm still alive.

- Hello?

- Uncle Danny?

I'm sorry,

I must have dialed the wrong number.

- Karen? Karen Murphy, is that you?

Who is this?

Someone who is trying

help you and Nathan. / i

How do you know my name?

You are in danger, Karen. / i

There are other people

trying to find you. / i

Who is this?

- Nathan.

Listen to me, Nathan,

We're going to find you.

You can't hide from us.

It's for your own safety. / I

Let's go.

Kids.

Thanks.

This address

could be 15 years old.

You know the chances of finding

your mother living there?

I know.

But that's all we have.

This is an odd address.

Look at the numbering.

"G 377"

That's her plot number.

" Lorna Elizabeth Price"

You know what's messed up?

I never knew either



one of my mothers.  
The one who raised me?  
I had no clue who she really was.  
what she sacrificed for me.  
And Lorna Price, all she was  
a face in my dream.  
Now she has a name,  
but she's still a dead end.  
Nathan, maybe she's  
not a dead end.  
These flowers are fresh.  
I'll handle this.  
-Hello.  
- Hi, how can I help you?  
My brother and I just came  
from visiting my mother's grave,  
and we saw some flowers  
have been left there recently.  
Is there anyway you can check  
and see who sent them?  
We came a really long way  
to visit her.  
Couldn't you just help out  
with this little favor?  
- Okay, what's the name?  
Lorna Price.  
Okay, so the flowers  
came from Omaha, Nebraska.  
Mr. P. Rasmus.  
Looks like,  
it's gonna be a long sending order.  
Do you have an address for that?  
Signal just got a hit  
on the name, Lorna Price.  
It came from a computer,  
a place called "Calvary Cemetery".  
Calvary Cemetery.  
The CIA is mobilizing  
a strike team out of Pittsburgh.  
Speaking in Serbian language...  
Dr. Bennett said we could  
trust Paul Rasmus.  
- We have to find him.  
-You wanna drive to Nebraska?

No, we're probably have  
been with this car for too long already...

-We need to ditch it.

Well, what then?

We'll never even get  
through the airport security.

- They know our names, our faces.

I know, I have another plan.

Hello?

Tuscarora Pike, Route 15.

You are very close to it. / i

Dude, these guys came to my house  
asking questions,

I sneaked out back.

This is some deep deep shit.

Did you bring what I asked for?

Yeah. Three different IDs in  
three different states.

- Yeah, that works.

- Karen,

I went through all

your facebook photos,

I chose the one of you from

that pep rally last month,

Cause I bet you look really  
good in it.

-I mean, I can use the one from the beach, if you want.

- These will be fine. Thanks, Gilly.

Cool.

Let's move. We should get going now.

This isn't safe for any of us.

I'm sorry about your parents.

Listen, if there's anything else I can  
do for you,

- If you need cash or...

- We're okay.

See you, Gilly.

Thanks, man.

See you.

-Target located.

Tell me where are they?

Step this way, please.

Thank you. Enjoy your trip.

Move in.

Have a nice trip.  
Good thing, it's only one night.  
Do you remember that summer when...  
our families were both  
staying at the Canada Dona Lake?  
After eighth grade,  
In the boat house, we umm...  
skipped the canoe trip?  
Yeah, I remember.  
Kinda.  
Well, when we came back  
to school that year,  
How come you never ask me out?  
I don't know.  
I just thought summer was summer?  
And...  
Are we gonna die, Nathan?  
No.  
I won't let that happen.  
- Wow.  
What?  
It's better  
than in middle school.  
That's because I know  
what I'm doing now.  
And no breasts either.  
We should get some... food?  
-Yeah.  
-Right.  
I'm starving.  
- I'll go.  
- Okay.  
I'll knock twice before came in.  
Alright.  
I'm on a train heading  
south of the city.  
Very good.  
We're coming up at  
Cincinnati Station.  
We'll be waiting at  
the next stop.  
So hungry...  
He might like that.  
Shut up!

Tell me what room is it?  
Pretty fingers.  
Tell me the room, now!  
You wanna play somemore, huh?  
You little man.  
Come on, Nathan. Use your anger,  
think about it, keep control. / i  
Come on, Nathan, do something.  
You're gonna go down here. / i  
What can you do? / i  
Focus,  
think about it, think. / i  
Think about it. / i  
Come on!  
Hey, hey!  
Watch it.  
Hold on,  
I need to catch a breath.  
Okay.  
He really is, Martin's  
fucking kid.  
They cannot get very far on foot.  
Let's surround them up.  
Wrap up this thing.  
I didn't get it until now.  
All that time spent training,  
wrestling, sparring...  
He was preparing me...  
for this moment.  
Two days ago, we are just  
a couple of high school kids.  
Now, it feels like a lifetime though.  
Because it was.  
Agent Burton,  
we have a visual on the target. / I  
Going south on Route 51. / i  
Alright,  
get down here. / i  
Come on!  
Kid!  
Give it up, kid!  
Nathan, Nathan!  
Nathan!  
Come on? Why are you running?

Look around. Is anybody  
pointing a gun at you?  
We're not threatening you.  
If you're really the CIA,  
what's my real name?  
Nathan Price.  
Steven, Steven Price.  
Steven's your middle name,  
they argued about it,  
but your mom thought Nathan was better.  
- How do you know that?  
- I was at the hospital,  
the night you were born,  
Nathan.  
- What do you want?  
Well, I'd like to get outta this dirt for starters.  
You kids have been  
on the run for what?  
Gotta be hungry.  
How about I buy you a burger  
and a milkshake?  
You must've been hungry.  
Karen, can I have  
some alone time with Nathan?  
Agent Burns will  
help you tend to those bruises.  
Come, sit over here.  
You must've a lot of questions.  
Who killed my parents?  
You mean, Mara and Kevin?  
- Yes.  
- His name is Nikola Kozlow,  
He's an independent black ops agent.  
- Like my father?  
Yes, but...  
Kozlow works  
for the bad guys...  
Martin is... was one of us.  
The woman you know  
as Dr. Bennett, trained them, Lorna too.  
Whose idea was it  
to put me in...  
foster care?  
Or whatever you wanna call it.

When your mother died,  
well, to be honest, we weren't sure  
whether Martin's gonna  
crack or not.  
He was in no condition  
to raise a child. He realised that.  
I told him that I would make  
sure your were safe.  
So, Martin could carry on  
doing what Martin does.  
- What exactly is that?  
- It's a messy world, Nathan.  
People like Martin and Kozlow  
are just two sides of the same coin.  
Listen, kid. The world  
you've just dropped into...  
is a world very few people get to see.  
You're getting  
a glimpse behind the curtain.  
What we're engaged in here  
is a polite war.  
It's not about bullets and bombs,  
borders or territories.  
The currency of this war  
is information.  
Zeros and ones, Nathan. Data,  
and that's what Kozlow's after.  
What is Kozlow  
want from me?  
Martin recently stole something  
very valuable from Kozlow  
and he wants it back.  
If Kozlow gets you,  
it put your father in a  
very compromised position.  
Why should my father suddenly  
start caring about me now?  
Nathan, you don't know  
a first thing about your father.  
I know it scares the shit out of you.  
Myres, report?  
Torres, report?  
Torres, report?  
This thing that Kozlow wants so badly,

what my father stole, what is it?

It is a sequence of  
meaningless numbers and letters.  
It's actually an encrypted list  
of 25 people  
who have sold or traded  
state secrets.

You have any idea how valuable  
that kinda information is, Nathan?  
Your name's on that list, isn't it?

You have a vivid imagination.  
That's a very dangerous thing.

Get down!

Stay down.

Get behind something solid!

Stay here and keep  
your heads down.

Stay down!

Come on.

Nathan?

Nathan?

What the hell is going on,  
Nathan?

My parents murdered  
and everything we've been through...  
is all about a damn list.

- What list?

- A list of names...

that my father stole. This guy,  
Kozlow, came after me  
thinking he'd force  
my father to give it back.

The crazy part is that I've had it all  
along and I didn't even realize it.

It's in the phone I picked up  
back at the apartment.

Martin must've texted to himself  
for safe keeping.

Jesus, Nathan.

Why didn't you give it to the CIA?

Because Dr. Bennett was right  
about not trusting Burton.

We're on our own.

- Where did you get that phone?

- The guy on the train who attacked us.

Hello?

Convenient thing about cellphone is  
that can be turning into listening devices as well. / i

- Kozlow?

- You have something that belongs to me  
and now it's time to give it back.

What use is it to you?

Don't be foolish, boy. / I

Hand it over and you'll be left alone.

What kinda guarantee can you give me?

I can guarantee this:

If you don't surrender that list...

I will be killing every friends you have,  
Zack, Gilly, neighbors.

even

your boring teacher.

And when I'm finished,

you'll be responsible for the death  
of every friend

you have on facebook.

But I think there is one

person in particular

you don't wanna see get hurt,

am i right, Nathan?

Her parents arrive on

Italy's flight 449 tomorrow afternoon

at 3.20pm. If I don't have the list

by then, they're dead.

You can tell her all about

what's it like to lose your parents. / i

The feeling you must know by now,

am I right, Nathan,

or am I right?

Okay, okay.

So how do you propose we do this?

Simple.

I give you a time and a place.

No,

I'll pick the time and place.

Somewhere public.

Someone backtracked our signal!

Let's go guys!

Speaking in Serbian language...



Don't move!

Good.

I'm only sorry there weren't more up in there.

Yes, Sir. Another thing.

What?

We found a digital record.

Nathan Harper has the list.

No, no, no!

He's on his way to meet with Kozlow and hand it over.

Where?

- Were you followed?

- I don't think so.

I took my 8-year old neighbor's car.

Can't you tell there's no one else in here?

Did you do what I ask?

- Did you?

- Yeah, man. Just like you said.

Patio section,

VIP access only,

it's under 23 D.

Thanks, man.

Good luck.

I wish there was another way.

So do I.

I assure you I have the situation under control.

- You have the boy?

No.

- You have the list?

No.

Then you don't have things under control, Frank.

- Hello?

- Hello, Nathan.

Who is this?

- It's me.

I need you to turn around and walk out of that stadium now.

Martin?

You sure have grown.

I know federal agents who couldn't handle what you've been through in the past 24 hours.  
But you can't go in there.  
Kozlow will take the list and he will kill you.  
- Not if I kill him first.  
- You're not ready for that.  
- I've made it this far, haven't I?  
You don't need to do this.  
I'm on my way.  
Just trust me, Nathan, and give me a chance.  
- You are 15 years behind.  
- Nathan.  
This is not the time,  
I'm done with that.  
- Nathan?  
- Take the ticket at the foot of the statue.  
Well?  
Where is this kid?  
-Burns, you have anything yet?  
- Nothing yet, Frank.  
Where are you, kid?  
- Excuse me.  
- Watch it, get up.  
Popcorn?  
I don't understand this game at all,  
but I like popcorn.  
I'm glad you're enjoying yourself.  
What happened?  
What did I miss?  
You got my list?  
How do I know you won't kill me once I've given it to you?  
You don't trust me?  
- You murdered my parents.  
They weren't your real parents.  
I can tell you all about your real parents, but...  
I'm not so sure if you want to know the truth.  
What truth?  
Martin Wallace, as they called, Last Five.  
which means  
they have the authority

to break  
the Geneva Convention,  
to kill women,  
children,  
whatever was necessary to  
accomplish his mission.  
But your mother,  
on the other hand, so loyal.  
She wouldn't give out  
Martin's location  
even to save her own life.  
- You killed her.  
- Wasn't my intention.  
She was a stubborn woman.  
Do you remember, Nathan? You should.  
You were there too.  
Paris, 1995.  
Nathan, think.  
That's the funny thing the human mind,  
I am trained to pay attention to details  
from the hair on your neck,  
to the location of every security  
camera in this stadium.  
But in that hotel room,  
I made one,  
tiny colossal mistake.  
I forgot to check under the bed.  
The bed.  
Nathan.  
Is this what you're looking for?  
Now you have to give what we've agreed upon, right?  
Nathan?  
Frank,  
I have location on Nathan.  
Where is he?  
The decks above the visitors' blocks.  
They're moving fast.  
Martin?  
- You're alive, that's good.  
- Where are you?  
In a shop at the upper level.  
Listen to me, I need you to lead him  
outside to the south parking lot. / I  
If I do that, I'm dead.

If you stay where you are,  
you're dead for sure. / i  
Lead him outside.  
Trust me. / I  
Why should I?  
Because I'm here, son.  
Come on, Martin.  
Nathan!  
Nathan!  
Stop or I'll shoot!  
It's over, Nathan.  
Trust me, Nathan,  
I'm here, son. / i  
You're not as good as your father,  
Nathan.  
You sure about that?  
Martin!  
Nathan, I'll take that.  
Oh, you're just like your dad, huh?  
Let's go.  
I told you we have the situation  
under control, Sir. I have it.  
- Good work, let me see it.  
- It is still encrypted, Sir.  
That's alright.  
- Let me get it to the lab  
and I'll make sure you have  
the decrypted file on your desk  
- first thing in the morning.  
- It's funny.  
Martin said that would be  
the first sign.  
- You talked to Martin?  
He said that you insist  
on overseeing the decryption yourself  
to give you a chance to take  
your name off the list.  
Come on, Frank, you got a long  
debriefing ahead of us.  
Let him go.  
He's family.  
I'm sorry... for everything.  
- I'll see you soon.  
Martin?

Mmm hmm...

Give the phone

to my kid, Frank.

He wants to speak to you.

You're very brave, Nathan.

I'll handle things with Hudson.

You and Karen

won't have to worry about

the agency from now on.

- Where are you?

I'm right here.

Watching from a distance,

like I always have.

All I ever wanted

was to keep you safe,

make sure you didn't get hurt.

But, I failed.

- I'm sorry, Nathan. Truly am.

- When can I see you?

Why don't you come out here

and talk to me in person?

I'd like that,

more than you can imagine.

- But it's not possible.

- Why not?

I made certain choices

a long time ago.

I deliver the consequences of those choices,

but you don't have to.

Well then, it's up to me.

I wanna meet you.

- You don't understand the risk.

- I don't care about the risks.

You remind me of your mother.

Martin?

Dad?

Nathan.

I'm your father,

but I'll never be your dad.

I lost that chance

long time ago.

I don't know if you can

understand my reasons,

maybe someday you will.

But you're the only family  
I have left.  
You're leaving me all alone...  
You're gonna be alright.  
Sorry, son.  
Goodbye, Nathan.  
Nathan.  
- Dr. Bennett?  
Hello Nathan.  
Hi.  
Call me Jerry.  
I can't believe you're alive.  
Me? What about you guys?  
How are you dealing with all of these?  
You okay?  
Yeah, I'm fine.  
It's for your own protection.  
I know.  
Where do I go from here?  
Your father wanted me  
to talk to you by making arrangements  
for a new home.  
Nothing can replace  
Kevin and Mara.  
I know that.  
But we thought maybe you  
would want to consider  
coming to live with me  
until you finish high school.  
Then, you have college and...  
you know, whatever else  
you wanna pursue.  
How does that sound?  
Yeah, sounds good.  
Okie-Dokie.  
So... Should we get outta here?  
Not quite yet.  
I'll make sure he gets home,  
alright?  
Oh...  
I see. Okay,  
that's cool, I'll just... you know...  
I'll be here.  
-All right.

And Nathan, about a certain young lady,

I was wrong.

You should hold on to her.

Yeah.

She's worth it.

I'm sorry we missed the game.

You can take me to another one.

It's a date.

So...

you mean this isn't gonna be like eighth-grade

after the boat house

between us?

You know what the problem was

back in eighth-grade?

Just wasn't ready

for you yet.

Hmmm...

So, I had to wait four years

for you to ask me out?

Yeah..

But you gotta admit

it's one pretty exciting

first date.

Definitely.