



**THE BIONIC WOMAN**

“Pilot”

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ACT ONE

BLACKNESS.

Darkness, impenetrable. For a moment we hear nothing but BREATHING, harsh, labored -- someone in PAIN, fighting for every gasping breath. For life.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(curious, pleasant)  
*Who are you?*

The sound of WHIPPING WIND rises to blend with the harsh BREATHING, as we --

FADE UP ON:

EXT. ROOFTOP -- DAY

TIGHT ON A WOMAN'S FACE -- bloody, bruised, lip cut and bleeding, breath RASPING painfully.

She's twenty-four, beautiful, and currently getting the shit beaten out of her.

This is **JAIME SOMMERS**.

WIDEN to see we're on a ROOFTOP, WIND gusting and eddying through a forest of CITY BUILDINGS.

A WOMAN (we heard her VOICE over black) stands over Jaime, back to us -- she continues TALKING in the same calm, CONVERSATIONAL tone.

WOMAN  
Or maybe I should be asking... what  
are you?

-- and she KICKS Jaime in the stomach, almost casually. Jaime CURLS in on herself, biting off the urge to SCREAM.

She rolls painfully onto her hands and knees, wind whipping her hair across her face -- then LOOKS UP, eyes fixing on the Woman, not in pain or fear, but DEFIANCE.

JAIME  
(gasping for breath)  
Shouldn't I -- be asking -- you?

REVERSE ON THE WOMAN, giving us our first good look at her: strikingly beautiful, sleekly muscled, maybe 30 --

-- and with brutal, indifferent strength, she GRABS Jaime by the hair and JERKS her to her feet.

Later we'll know her name: SARAH.

She STARES Jaime in the eye, inches apart, an edge of WEIRD INTIMACY between these two people who are obviously STRANGERS.

SARAH  
(like a dare)  
So ask.

Jaime STARES right back at her, bruised and beaten, like someone taking a CHALLENGE --

JAIME  
Who the hell are you?

Sarah's answer is a GHOST OF A SMILE -- and she raises her arm to BACKHAND Jaime. Her bladed hand comes WHISTLING down -- and the INSTANT before impact, we --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET ALONG THE BAY -- DAWN

The sun is barely rising over SAN FRANCISCO -- hilly streets, Victorian houses butting up against sweeping modern buildings, quaint and cosmopolitan at once.

**SUPERIMPOSE: TWO WEEKS EARLIER**

Follow a FIGURE JOGGING on a road overlooking the water, a SILHOUETTE against the brightening sun-streaked sky -- it's

JAIME, running alone along the water in JOGGING SWEATS. She SPRINTS through the streets, turns INLAND, heading home.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- TENDERLOIN -- MORNING

Jaime picks up the speed, RACING the last few yards through the dingy neighborhood, reaching a CRUMBLING EDWARDIAN BUILDING, once an elegant hotel, now LOW RENT APARTMENTS.

INT. JAIME'S APARTMENT -- DAY

A wreck of an apartment, a tiny two-bedroom. A dirty window shows a view of a BRICK WALL. Dishes are piled in the sink, clothes strewn over the furniture.

A TEENAGE GIRL, BECCA, sleeps soundly on the couch in what looks like yesterday's clothes. She'd be pretty if she weren't so relentlessly determined not to be. Everything in her wardrobe is shades of BLACK, including her dyed hair.

JAIME comes hurrying in, hastily stripping off her running clothes as she heads for the shower, grabbing up DIRTY CLOTHES as she goes --

JAIME  
You're going to be late.

Becca rolls over grouchily, burrowing under the blanket.

BECCA  
I'll catch a ride with Jason.

JAIME  
(unimpressed)  
You'll catch a disease from Jason,  
more likely. You are not getting in  
a car with that kid.

Jaime STRIPS the blanket off Becca as she passes.

JAIME (CONT'D)  
Breakfast after I shower, then we're  
leaving in ten.

Becca slithers off the couch, looks after Jaime resentfully.

INT. KITCHENETTE -- DAY

The cramped kitchenette. Jaime's at the sink, dishes are everywhere, but BECCA'S BREAKFAST is laid neatly on the tiny table: eggs, bacon, fruit, toast, milk, like an ad for the perfect BALANCED BREAKFAST.

Becca ignores it, grabs a POPTART and BLACK COFFEE.

Jaime is tossing the cooking pan in the sink as she hastily shrugs on a STARBUCK'S UNIFORM --

JAIME  
(eyes the poptart)  
That's not food.

BECCA  
Thank you, Rachael Ray.

Becca belts back the coffee like a shot.

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Jaime carries the bulging laundry bag as she and Becca clatter down the stairs, the door of one of the apartments opens --

-- and they almost COLLIDE with MRS. ARAKELIAN, their DOWNSTAIRS NEIGHBOR, a hardy-looking older EASTERN EUROPEAN, early 60's, wearing a NURSE'S UNIFORM.

MRS. ARAKELIAN  
(Armenian accent)  
You're going to be late again.  
(as they hurry past)  
Your stomach flu is better, no?

JAIME

I'm fine, thanks. That tea really helped.

MRS. ARAKELIAN

Come by later, I have something for you!

JAIME

No problem. See you!

BECCA

(under her breath)

Whatever it is this time, I'm not reading it, wearing it, applying it, or eating it, ok?

Jaime gives up, pulls the door open, herding Becca through.

EXT. CAR ON ROAD -- DAY

A truly tragic Ford Pinto hatchback, circa 1974, makes its way through the crowded, steep city streets.

INT. CAR ON ROAD -- DAY

Jaime drives, weaving through the narrow streets during rush hour as she talks on wireless earpiece, Becca beside her --

JAIME

(into earpiece)

I won't be late -- I mean, not very late. Well, maybe a couple of minutes. Five minutes. But absolutely not more than ten --  
(gratefully)

Thanks, Maggie. I owe you.

As Jaime clicks off the phone --

BECCA

You know you look like a homeless person talking to aliens when you use that thing.

JAIME

(refusing to be baited)

It's better than wrapping the car around a tree.

BECCA

Depends. Do we have insurance?

Jaime glances over to answer, and suddenly notices a BANDAGE peeking out from under the collar of Becca's shirt.

JAIME  
 (sudden suspicion)  
 What's that?

Becca SCRUNCHES down in her seat a little. BUSTED.

JAIME (CONT'D)  
 Oh my god. You got another one,  
 didn't you?  
 (off Becca's sullen  
 silence)  
 We talked about this --

BECCA  
 No. You talked, and I ignored you.

JAIME  
 You're fifteen. It's not even legal  
 for you to get a tattoo, and now you  
 have two --

BECCA  
 (quietly)  
 Three.

JAIME  
 -- and has it ever occurred to you  
 that someone who'll take a fake i.d.  
 to put permanent ink in your skin  
 might not necessarily --  
 (doubletakes)  
 Three? You have three?  
 (sudden dread)  
 Where's the third one?

BECCA  
 Don't worry. You'll never see it.

EXT. PUBLIC SCHOOL -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

The Pinto SCREECHES to an uneven halt outside Becca's school.

INT. CAR -- OUTSIDE SCHOOL -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

JAIME  
 Rebecca Amanda Sommers, you had  
better not be telling me --

Becca JERKS her door open, then turns on Jaime with sudden,  
 intense EMOTION --

BECCA  
 Don't do that, ok? Don't talk like  
 her. You're not Mom.

Jaime doesn't back down, though that had to hurt.

JAIME

No. I'm your sister, and I'm responsible for you --

Becca gets out of the car, turns in the open door.

BECCA

We've only got two more years where you have to pretend like you give a damn, so let's just make it through them without killing each other, ok?

Becca SLAMS the car door shut and heads into school without looking back.

Jaime runs her hand through her hair, frustrated -- then hastily glances at her watch, realizing how LATE it is.

JAIME

Goddammit.

EXT. STARBUCKS -- DAY

The one, the only. A LINE of patrons SNAKES out the door. We might notice a large, modern HOSPITAL across the street.

Jaime desperately tries to find a parking place-- between two SUV'S, she sees what looks like a space, starts turning --

-- and realizes too late it's TAKEN, by a small blue PORSCHE, parked across two spaces and pulled so far forward it was hidden behind the SUV. Jaime grits her teeth as she starts to back up, cars HONKING BEHIND HER.

INT. STARBUCKS -- DAY

Jaime hastily ties on her apron as she comes to the drink-prep area, joining a dark-haired, warm YOUNG WOMAN, MAGGIE, who's taking written-on cups from the cashiers and making coffees at BLINDING SPEED.

MAGGIE

(pointing out)

Twenty-three minutes. I'm gonna get carpal tunnel --

(puts up a drink)

Triple shot latte, extra foam!

JAIME

(apologetically)

I had to park in outer Mongolia.

Jaime starts pouring and mixing as well. They keep working as they talk, putting up drinks as they go.

MAGGIE

Venti cappucino, soy!  
 (back to Jaime)  
 Yeah, Pretentious Porsche Guy has  
 been here since dawn.

She nods over at a GUY sitting at a table with a brand new laptop computer. Mid-twenties, good looking in a poser way.

JAIME

How can he even own that car when  
 all he does is sit in here all day,  
 pretend to write, and harass us?  
 (puts up drink)  
 Hazelnut vanilla latte!  
 (back to Maggie,  
 ranting)  
 Doesn't he have a job?

Maggie gives her an appraising glance.

MAGGIE

Wow, Jaime's hostile. That's --  
 strangely refreshing.

JAIME

(steaming milk)  
 I'm not *hostile*. It's just, if he  
 asks me why he can't have a free  
 refill one more time I'm gonna pour  
 one down his pants.  
 (puts up drink)  
 Caffé Mocha!  
 (relenting)  
 I'm having a bad morning, that's  
 all.

MAGGIE

Just don't pee in anyone's cappucino,  
 ok?  
 (puts up drink)  
 Chai tea latte!

INT. STARBUCKS -- DAY -- LATER

Jaime is behind the register now; rush hour is past, it's gotten QUIETER -- but PRETENTIOUS PORSCHE GUY is at the counter, ARGUING with her.

JAIME

Sir, we've never had free refills.  
 Ever. Never, ever.

PORSCHE GUY

Eddie's down the street has free  
 refills. Maybe I should take my  
 business there.

Jaime flicks her eyes from him, to his TABLE in the corner -- it's like a NEST piled with papers, computer, jacket, empty CUPS -- and she looks back at him.

JAIME

Please...  
 (beat, straight face)  
 Don't make me beg.

Porsche Guy GLOWERS at her.

PORSCHE GUY

You can't force me to go, you know that?

He turns and STALKS back to his table and his computer.

JAIME

(under her breath)  
 I really, really do.

She turns back -- to see

A GOOD LOOKING GUY, early 30's, standing at the counter. Wearing surgical scrubs, he's intense in a way halfway between nerdy and sexy. His name is ERIC MASTERS.

ERIC

You know, someone should start charging him rent.

She GRINS at him -- and he grins right back.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I've got half an hour. Did you take your break yet?

INT. STARBUCKS -- TABLE BY WINDOW -- DAY

Jaime sits with Eric at a table by the huge, arched window fronting the Starbucks.

ERIC

Well, there's IPL laser ablation. That's pretty much state of the art for tattoo removal. Scorches the ink right out --

JAIME

Great. 'Cause if I make her burn a few layers of her skin off, that'll definitely improve the relationship.

She puts down her tea, looks out the window, lost in thought. Eric watches her, a little concerned.

ERIC

It's crazy that you're feeling bad about this. When your parents died, you dropped out of school for her. You took this --  
 (gestures at their surroundings)  
 -- this "job" --

JAIME

(cutting him off)  
 -- that pays well, has flexible hours and gives us both health insurance.

ERIC

It's not a career, Jaime. What are you doing here? This is a waste of your time and your talents.

Jaime gives a half-smile, but it has an EDGE.

JAIME

What talents would those be, exactly?

ERIC

The ones that got you a free four-year ride at Columbia.

JAIME

(brushing it off)  
 That was a long time ago. And a half-finished degree in Shakespearean lit is not exactly a marketable skill, per se.

ERIC

You could be a professor --

Jaime is starting to get FRUSTRATED -- they've had this conversation before.

JAIME

Eric -- I don't even qualify to teach high school. And I don't have time to go back to finish my degree, not yet. Becca needs me --  
 (off his look)  
 She's still a kid, ok? Even if her hormones are trying to trick her into thinking she's not.

ERIC

Yeah, well, when I was a teenager I was studying 24-7 --

JAIME

(countering, teasing)  
 You were in college at 15 and a  
 surgeon by twenty-two. You're not  
 exactly representative.

ERIC

What's that supposed to mean?

JAIME

You're a freak. An overachieving,  
 utterly focused, completely caffeine-  
 addicted freak.

ERIC

Don't mock my dependency. It brought  
 me in here. To you.  
 (slugs back more  
 espresso)  
 You know, if I adopted you, you'd  
 have killer health insurance.

JAIME

That's disturbing on so many levels  
 I don't even know where to start.

ERIC

Yeah, you're right. Adoption's out.  
 (trying to sound casual)  
 Maybe you two should just move in  
 with me.

Jaime TENSES, just a little. This is a sore subject.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Becca could have the downstairs  
 bedroom. I'll even spring for a  
 cat.

JAIME

I don't want to fight about this  
 again --

ERIC

(serious now)  
 So don't fight. Say yes.  
 (frustrated)  
 Jaime, just let me --

JAIME

(flaring)  
 What? Take care of me?

ERIC

(correcting)  
 -- help. Let me help.

JAIME

I can take care of myself. And Becca.  
I've been doing it a long time.

She starts to get up, taking her tea.

JAIME (CONT'D)

Charity's not a good foundation for  
a relationship.

Eric grabs her hand, frustrated, trying to get her to stay.  
There's obvious, naked LOVE in his expression -- just a  
blinding need to make better what hurts her.

ERIC

James --

His BEEPER goes off. Getting to his feet, he checks it.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Gotta get back across the street.  
Let's just -- are we still on for  
dinner?

JAIME

(doubtfully)

I don't know, I've got a lot to *mphhh* --

She's totally cut off as he KISSES her, serious, intense.  
He pulls back -- Jaime can't help but SMILE up at him --

-- and then she notices that people are STARING at them.  
Behind the counter, Maggie is SMIRKING mightily.

JAIME (CONT'D)

(low)

We go dutch. And I choose the  
restaurant.

ERIC

Pick you up tonight.

He takes off, loping quickly across the street to the  
HOSPITAL. Jaime straightens her hair, trying not to blush  
too hard as she comes behind the counter.

INT. APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Someone is KNOCKING at the door as Jaime quickly gets her  
stuff together. Becca trails her, not happy.

BECCA

I don't need a babysitter. It's  
insulting.

JAIME

It's insurance.

Jaime opens the door -- MRS. ARAKELIAN stands in the hall, holding a large POT, a stack of something made of YARN, and a small paper bag.

MRS. ARAKELIAN  
I brought mufflers.

She pulls out the yarn, revealing that it is indeed two MUFFLERS, handknitted.

BECCA  
Yeah, it's been snowing indoors a lot lately.

Becca goes into her room, SHUTS the door decisively.

JAIME  
Maybe I shouldn't go --

MRS. ARAKELIAN  
(shrugging)  
Maybe I should stuff a muffler down her throat. Go. Me, I hope you stay all night. What's wrong with her, you can't fix.  
(carrying the pot)  
I'll just put this in the fridge.  
It's fish.

JAIME  
(a little nervous)  
What kind of fish?

MRS. ARAKELIAN  
Big. With a head.

Mrs. Arakelian crosses to the fridge.

MRS. ARAKELIAN (CONT'D)  
It's good for you. You need protein.

JAIME  
Thanks, but I'm over the stomach thing, really --

MRS. ARAKELIAN  
You know, before I came to this country, I worked for years in the hospital in Yerevan.  
(moving things around in the fridge)  
I was the best, the best -- all the doctors ask for me. "I want Baba Nika," they say, "get me Baba Nika!"

Triumphantly, she shoves the pot into the fridge, turns back to Jaime.

MRS. ARAKELIAN (CONT'D)  
I knew things even they didn't know.

Mrs. Arakelian hands her the small paper bag, closes Jaime's hand over it.

MRS. ARAKELIAN (CONT'D)  
The best.  
(pats her hand)  
You stay out all night. Go ahead.

Jaime meets her eyes, confused, then looks down quizzically at the small bag.

EXT. CAR ON BLUFF -- NIGHT

JAIME AND ERIC sit on the hood of Eric's CAR, parked on a bluff off a windy road. The OCEAN is CRASHING against the ragged cliff far below; the road is DESERTED.

They're unpacking fast food bags. Eric pulls out his fries; Jaime is oddly QUIET, looking DISTRACTED.

ERIC  
I said you could pick a restaurant.  
Burger Boy barely even qualifies as food.  
(as he unwraps a burger)  
You really don't want to know what's in this stuff. It's amazing how much flavor you can get from deep frying something and coating it in salt --

He notices Jaime's STARING OFF into the darkness.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
(a little worried)  
Hey... are you still upset over Becca being pissed at you? 'Cause seriously, she'll pick a fight with you over breathing. I don't know what her problem is --

JAIME  
It's me.

As he looks at her, curiously, Jaime continues:

JAIME (CONT'D)  
They -- were coming out to see me. My parents. I'd gotten this Honors thing, there was an award dinner and they were flying out for it.  
(hesitates, then)  
I wanted them to come. I asked them to be there...

Jaime is obviously affected by the memory, but at the same time strangely DETACHED -- as if she's been forced to keep the full force of the pain at bay, just to survive.

Eric is watching her, WORRIED, he's clearly never heard this part of the story.

ERIC

The plane crash -- ?

JAIME

Becca was 11. That's what she remembers... that they left for me, and they never came back.

Eric reaches over, takes her hand.

ERIC

They were your parents, too. It's not your fault.

JAIME

After they died, that first day, I went running. I ran, and ran, and ran. Like... if I could just go fast enough, I could get away. But some things, you can't run away from.

She looks away, over the crashing ocean waves.

JAIME (CONT'D)

It felt like the world was falling on me, like this weight that was so heavy it would crush me. I never thought -- the last thing I ever wanted was more. More responsibility, more to take care of.

(abruptly)

I'm pregnant.

Eric is SURPRISED into total silence. Jaime starts to speed up, her speech becoming NERVOUS and QUICK.

JAIME (CONT'D)

Yeah, I didn't believe it either. Turns out, stomach flu? Not so much. Good thing Mrs. A put two pregnancy tests in the bag.

ERIC

(totally confused)

What?

But Jaime doesn't even seem to hear him, just PLOWS forward, determined, all of it coming out in a RUSH:

JAIME

(rapid, nervous)

I don't want you to -- I just -- I know this isn't something you just spring on someone, except for the part where that's exactly what I'm doing to you right now. And I know that you're in a place in your career where you can't even think about this, and god, I'm only twenty-four, it's not -- I mean -- I said to myself, well, there's only one thing to do --

ERIC

(breaking in)

Jaime --

JAIME

(relentlessly)

-- but the point is, I couldn't even think about it, not even for a second, not half a second. I couldn't.

(repeating)

I never thought I would want more. But I do. And it just feels -- like this is something I'm going to do. I don't know how --

(a determined edge)

-- but somehow. And I know this is my choice, and I'll live with it. I'll take responsibility for it. I will.

As she stops to take a breath, Eric finally INTERRUPTS --

ERIC

Let's get married.

A half-second of pure SHOCK before Jaime manages:

JAIME

Let's -- I'm sorry?

His voice is GENTLE, a counterpoint to her staccato, defensive speech, like she's a wild animal that might run away --

ERIC

You want to keep the baby. And I want to keep you.

(grins)

It's a sign from God.

JAIME

But --

(helplessly)

-- you don't believe in God.

Eric reaches out, brushes a strand of hair from her forehead.

ERIC

(softly)

If you say yes, I might start.

Jaime just looks at him for a moment -- and then they KISS, and it's sweet, and honest, one of those moments you remember the rest of your life.

Even if you don't want to.

INT./EXT. ERIC'S CAR ON ROAD -- NIGHT

Jaime and Eric, driving down from the bluffs into the city. She's feeding him fries as he navigates the sharp turns.

ERIC

You realize this is it.

(off her curious look)

We're not eating any more of this junk for the next eight months.

JAIME

You have serious control issues, you know that?

ERIC

Shut up and feed me a fry, woman.

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Eric's car pulls up to a nice VICTORIAN on a steep San Fran street. He pulls into the driveway, unfastens his seat belt.

JAIME

I -- I should really get back --

ERIC

I'm just going to run up and get something. It'll only take a minute.

JAIME

(unfastens her belt)

I'll come with you.

As he opens his door, Jaime gathers her courage:

JAIME (CONT'D)

You don't have to, you know.

He turns back to look at her, not sure what she means --

JAIME (CONT'D)

(explaining)

Marry me.

The warm glow of headlights from passing cars WASH over them, rising and falling waves of LIGHT and SHADOW --

ERIC  
(quietly)  
I know I don't.

And he leans over to KISS her -- a GLARE of headlights washes over them, a HALO of white light -- and without warning --

**AN OUT OF CONTROL CAR** sails over the curb and PLOWS into them with HORRIFIC force -- no brakes, no swerving, a full-speed COLLISION with the passenger side of Eric's car --

Jaime's side.

ERIC is THROWN CLEAR, FLUNG from the open driver's door to go FLYING through the air -- but

JAIME is CRUSHED between the crumpled door and the dash, as--

ERIC'S CAR, with Jaime in it, is LIFTED OFF the ground by the SHEER FORCE of the collision --

-- and goes TUMBLING, side-over-side down the steeply inclined street in a SHOWER of SPARKS and SHATTERING GLASS.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

JAIME is TORN from the dash and THROWN like a rag doll as the car ROLLS over and over --

POV JAIME, insanely QUICK CUTS, impressionistic moments of TERROR from the INSIDE of a rolling car:

JAGGED METAL tearing free from the door --

BROKEN GLASS raining everywhere, some of it RED with BLOOD --

UPSIDE DOWN, as the CAR TOP CRUMPLES in from IMPACT --

A SPEAR OF METAL tearing into her arm --

THE DASHBOARD buckling like paper to CRUSH down on her legs --

JAIME'S FACE is WHITE with terror, it's happening TOO FAST even to SCREAM --

-- and she's FLUNG sideways against the bent, twisted doorframe, head hitting with a sickening THUNNKK! --

-- and everything goes BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

INT. MEDFLIGHT HELICOPTER IN FLIGHT -- NIGHT

BLURRED SHAPES move frantically; as if from very FAR AWAY, the sound of CLOTH TEARING, a violent, RIPPING noise. Other NOISES start to OVERLAP, plastic TORN OPEN, instruments CLANKING, MACHINES BEEPING -- and HUMAN VOICES, clipped and rapid-fire, overlapping.

MEDFLIGHT TECH 1 (O.S.)  
*Multisystem trauma -- extensive crush  
 injuries to right arm and both legs --*

MEDFLIGHT TECH 2 (O.S.)  
*-- looks like massive internal  
 bleeding --*

The WHUPPPWHUPPPWHUPPP of HELICOPTER BLADES overlays it all as things slowly come INTO FOCUS -- HARSH LIGHTS, shinging down, limning two MEDFLIGHT TECHS working rapidly.

MEDFLIGHT TECH 3  
 What the hell happened to her?

MEDFLIGHT TECH 1  
 (hurried aside)  
 Drunk driver. He died at the scene --

We're in JAIME'S POV, looking up from a gurney.

REVERSE ON JAIME'S FACE, one eye covered with bloody gauze, the other struggling to FOCUS --

MEDFLIGHT TECH 2  
 She's coming up!

And suddenly, ERIC is bending down by Jaime's face -- his gloved hands streaked with BLOOD. He's KNEELING over her.

JAIME  
 Eric... ?

There's CONFUSION in her face, and naked FEAR.

ERIC  
 It's all right, baby. We're going  
 to put you back to sleep.

Eric STROKES her hair back from her face with one hand.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
 I'm here... and I'm going to make it  
 ok. I promise.

Jaime's eyes FLUTTER, slowly EASING CLOSED -- she's OUT.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
 (low, determined)  
I promise.

\*

EXT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA HILLS -- NIGHT

A huge stretch of inland Northern California WILDERNESS -- craggy, densely forested, peaceful in the moonlight.

THE CHOPPER comes winging over the countryside. We FOLLOW as it DIPS past a canyon, then crests a RISE -- to reveal

A HUGE COMPLEX nestled among the hills, utterly UNEXPECTED.

Long, low CENTRAL BUILDINGS, open paved spaces, what look like dorm-like RESIDENCES, all in a loose structure that give it the feeling of a SPRAWLING CAMPUS --

-- except for the WALL topped with razorwire that surrounds the whole place. GUARD TOWERS and SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS dot the wall, even though we're in the middle of NOWHERE.

THE HELICOPTER swoops down, aiming for the private LANDING STRIP inside the complex --

-- where a MEDICAL TEAM is standing by, looking up in CONFUSION as the chopper lands.

EXT. LANDING STRIP -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

ERIC jumps down from the chopper, as the LEAD DOCTOR comes forward to meet him --

LEAD DOCTOR  
 (very nervous)  
 Dr. Masters, surely a, a more conventional hospital would be --

ERIC  
 Facilities are better here. Better than anywhere. You've got the whole team?

LEAD DOCTOR  
 Just like you said. But surely -- I don't understand why --

The MED TECHS are already hurrying to the chopper, expertly getting Jaime out on the gurney.

ERIC  
 You don't need to.

INT. COMPLEX MEDICAL FACILITY -- O.R. -- NIGHT

The O.R. is gleaming, high-tech, recognizable but subtly MORE ADVANCED than a traditional operating room.

A glass-enclosed OBSERVATION DECK encircles the room above.

JAIME lies on the table, intubated, draped as --

ERIC AND TEAM OF DOCTORS work on her, the feeling one of barely controlled PANIC, Nurses RUSHING, doctors BARKING orders. All the other doctors are MUCH OLDER than Eric, but he's clearly IN CHARGE.

LEAD DOCTOR

(to Eric)

Multiple compound radial and ulnar fractures of the right arm -- severed brachial artery, transected median nerve --

(grimly)

Right arm's a shredder.

DOCTOR 2

(to Eric)

We're looking at complete AK amputation on both legs -- neurovascular damage is catastrophic --

DOCTOR 3

I've lost the fetal heartbeat.

Eric LOOKS SHARPLY at Doctor 3, who SHAKES his head almost imperceptibly. Eric closes his eyes for a instant, swallows hard -- then frantically goes back to work.

NURSE 1

Dr. Masters, BP's falling, 40 over 60 --

ERIC

Stabilize her, goddammit!

NURSE 1

I can't!

It's CHAOS as everyone SCRAMBLES -- Eric turns to Lead Doctor.

ERIC

(flatly)

She's dying.

The Lead Doctor doesn't answer.

ERIC (CONT'D)

You know it, I know it -- and there's only one way to stop it.

LEAD DOCTOR

Dr. Masters, we can't --

Eric's voice is cold as ICE as he ORDERS harshly:

ERIC

Prep her.

ALL THE SURGEONS AND NURSES stop, looking at Eric, the only sound in the room the WHOOSH of the ventilator and the BEEPING of machines -- and for some reason, they all look AFRAID.

LEAD DOCTOR

But --

ERIC

(shouting)

Do it now!

And the room BURSTS into action again, Nurses and Doctors RACING around with renewed PURPOSE.

EXT. COMPLEX -- DAWN

The sun is creeping over the horizon as A PRIVATE JET comes to a halt on the landing strip.

INT. COMPLEX MEDICAL FACILITY -- CORRIDOR -- DAWN

Guards swing open the double glass doors to admit TWO MEN:

JONAS BLEDSOE is first -- he owns all this, and it shows. A tall, forceful man in his 50's, he wears POWER with unselfconscious ease.

But just like Bill Gates will always be a nerd, Jonas will always be WORKING CLASS from the North of England -- rough edges, hard accent, a sense of total RUTHLESSNESS always hovering right beneath truly obscene amounts of wealth.

He's flanked by JAE KIM, the head of his SPECIAL OPERATIONS division. Wiry and lithe, early 30's, Jae is the opposite of the muscle-bound Spec Ops stereotype.

As they stride down the corridor, the SECURITY CHIEF explains:

SECURITY CHIEF

He's been at it for ten hours, sir.

JONAS

Great. Just bloody fantastic. Why didn't somebody stop him?

SECURITY CHIEF

Um -- you gave him unrestricted access. Sir.

JONAS

I did, didn't I.

JAE  
 (sotto, to Jonas)  
 Told you.

INT. COMPLEX -- OPERATING ROOM -- DAY

ERIC and his TEAM OF DOCTORS work on Jaime. Eric is using a ROBOTIC ARRAY with waldo-like hand controls, the "monitor" a 3D HOLOGRAM projected directly over Jaime's body.

ON THE HOLOGRAM, we can see the tiny, fine remote INSTRUMENTS that Eric is controlling with the array, working at the pelvic juncture of Jaime's RIGHT LEG.

ERIC looks totally THRASHED, but he's still utterly FOCUSED, hands rock steady. He doesn't even look up as JONAS enters --

ERIC  
 I expected you a lot sooner.

JONAS  
 I was in China.

ERIC  
 Lucky me.

JONAS  
 I didn't give permission for this,  
 Eric.

ERIC  
 Funny, I don't remember asking for  
 it.  
 (to the Nurses)  
 Someone mask Mr. Bledsoe, please.

THE MEDICAL TEAM is looking back and forth nervously between Jonas and Eric, like schoolkids waiting for a FIGHT --

-- and Jonas gets a look at JAIME'S FACE.

JONAS  
 (realizing)  
 Jesus, Eric -- it's your girlfriend?  
 The one works in a coffee shop?

ERIC  
 Jaime. Her name is Jaime.

JONAS  
 (furious)  
 You're out your damned mind, boy.  
 She's got no qualifications, no  
 training at all! She's just some  
 girl --

Eric looks up at him for the first time -- and the look in his eyes is SCARY.

ERIC

Not to me.

Eric's eyes are BLAZING as he stares Jonas down:

ERIC (CONT'D)

And if you ever want me working in this room for you again, you won't try to stop me now.

A beat -- then:

JONAS

You're gonna owe me for this one.

ERIC

(right back to work)  
Fine. Get out.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK OVER O.R. -- MORNING

JAE stands at the observation window, watching the operation. JONAS enters, comes up to stand beside him, watching as well.

JONAS

(it's not a question)  
You think I should stop him.  
(off Jae's silence)  
It's important he feel there's debt here. But -- truth is, I don't mind.

JAE

You should.

JONAS

Most studies have a baseline, a blind control. We never did.

Jonas looks down at the OPERATION, strangely SATISFIED.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Until now.

POV JONAS, looking down at JAIME'S SLEEPING FACE; but through the glass, her features are slightly DISTORTED, blurry.

In every way that matters, to him she is UNKNOWN.

INT. FACILITY -- HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

C.U. JAIME'S FACE, SLEEPING fitfully. Strangely, her FACE doesn't show the GASHES and LACERATIONS we saw on her -- instead, there's only a few pale LINES of healing cuts and light BRUISING. Her eyes DART, dreaming uneasily.

ERIC (O.S.)  
Jaime, can you hear me?

Her eyes FLUTTER OPEN, focusing SLOWLY to see ERIC, sitting by her bed.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
You've been out for three days.  
(gently)  
Come back to me.

She's in a hospital bed, sheets pulled up to her shoulders.

JAIME  
(a little groggy)  
Hey...

Jaime's eyes suddenly WIDEN as she REMEMBERS --

FLASHBACK in split-second, fragmented images to JAIME'S POV INSIDE THE CAR CRASH: SKIN covered with blood, DEAFENING NOISE, shattering glass, CRUNCHING METAL --

BACK TO JAIME LYING IN THE BED as she looks up at Eric, the monitors behind her BEEPING faster as her heart rate SPIKES.

ERIC  
(worried)  
Is something wrong? Are you in pain?

JAIME  
(weak, bleary)  
No, I... what happened? I thought...  
(shakily)  
I thought I was dead.

Eric looks DEEPLY UNCOMFORTABLE.

ERIC  
Jaime, there are some things I have to tell you --

JAIME  
(sudden realization)  
The baby. What about the baby?

Eric doesn't answer. And it's all the answer she needs.

JAIME (CONT'D)  
(stricken)  
Oh my god. Oh... oh god...

She turns her head away from him, closing her eyes as if she's in TERRIBLE PAIN.

ERIC  
I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. I couldn't --

FLASHBACK TO THE CRASH: the dash CRUSHING down on her legs, the car ROLLING, glass EVERYWHERE, NOISE and HORROR --

BACK ON JAIME as she turns back to him, with sudden FEAR.

JAIME

My legs, they -- they don't hurt.  
They're just... numb.  
(beginning to panic)  
Why don't they hurt?

ERIC

Ok, Jaime, wait, just stay calm --

ON JAIME, feeling anything but calm, remembering MORE:

FLASHBACK TO THE CRASH, more THUNDEROUS noise, images even FASTER: the car SPLATTERED with blood, her arm MANGLED at her side, legs BURIED beneath twisted metal --

BACK TO JAIME, looking down at the sheets covering her body.

JAIME

I can't feel my arm, either --

Jaime starts to throw off the sheet -- and Eric GRABS her by the shoulders, gently but firmly HOLDING HER DOWN.

ERIC

Just -- just listen for a second,  
ok? There's this man, Jonas Bledsoe.  
He owns this place. He owns a lot  
of things. And I, I kind of moonlight  
for him. Doing surgical work.  
Very... experimental surgical work.

\*

Jaime looks up at him, beginning to be truly AFRAID.

JAIME

(small voice)  
Eric... ?

Eric is trying to be REASSURING, picking words carefully.

ERIC

There are whole new areas of  
technology that he's been funding.  
I've developed a system to replace  
human body parts with biomechanical  
ones. It's called "bionics."

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JAIME

Eric -- what did you do to me?

Eric stops trying to soft-pedal it. He meets her eyes --

ERIC

(bare honesty)

Both your legs and your arm had to be replaced, as well as your right ear and right eye. Molecular machines called nanocytes have been substituted for one eighth of your blood cells --

And Jaime doesn't wait for another word, she **SHOVES** him away as she **RIPS** the covering sheets off --

-- and the force of what should have been a little **PUSH** sends Eric **FLYING** back, **CLATTERING** into a bank of **EQUIPMENT** that **FALLS** all around him. He **SCRAMBLES** to his feet -- but --

JAIME is staring down at her right arm, **FROZEN** with **SHOCK**.

THE **SKIN** is **TRANSPARENT**, clear as plexiglass; beneath, we can see the **BIOMECHANICAL MACHINERY** that is her new arm.

It's NOT wires and metal and electronics -- the structures mimic human bones, muscles, tissues, but the colors and shapes are wrong, different, familiar and disturbing at once.

BONES are black-silver **TITANIUM CERAMICS**;  
MUSCLES are **STARK WHITE**, flexible, striated, connected by GREEN TENDONS and LIGAMENTS, whipcord thin;  
VEINS pulse in a **NETWORK** of pale **BLUE-WHITE** "blood"; and TINY FLOWS OF MERCURY-LIKE QUICKSILVER race over everything, **DARTING** like lightning everywhere, **BIONIC NERVE IMPULSES**.

Jaime looks like she's going to be **SICK**.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(desperately)

Listen to me, listen -- the nanocytes are completing the graft, soon the skin will look just like yours.

Jaime looks down at the rest of her body; she's wearing a white tank top and loose white scrub pants. As Eric keeps talking, she **JERKS** both pants legs **UP** to look at her legs --

ERIC (CONT'D)

The nanocytes do maintenance and healing, for both your bionics and your body --

JAIME'S LEGS ARE TRANSPARENT, just like her **ARM**, showing the **INNER WORKINGS** of the bionics beneath --

-- blue-white blood **PULSING** through semi-transparent veins, silver **NERVES** branching and darting, white muscles **BUNCHING** and relaxing with every movement.

JAIME

Oh, my god...

Desperate to break through her horror, Eric grabs up a mirror, holds it up to her face --

ERIC

You should have stitches and lacerations bone deep all over your face, but look. You're healing at an exponential rate -- all of you.

And instead of answer, Jaime RIPS the bandage from her eye. She's RELIEVED for a moment, her eye looks NORMAL --

-- but then Jaime sees the pupil has a strange EMERALD GREEN GLINT to it, like A CAT'S EYE REFLECTING in the dark.

Jaime takes the mirror, holding it in her bionic hand, STARING at her eye -- and as she TENSES, the mirror CRACKS in her hand, SPIDERWEBBING.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(hastily)

Yeah, don't worry about that -- bionics are stronger than the, um, what you had before. The biosensors just have to adjust, it's a call and response process to develop a neurofeedback loop --

JAIME

Shut. Up.

(shock becoming anger)

Stop talking to me about grafts and machines and nano-neuro-whatever -- (escalating)

This is my body, what did you do to my body --

ERIC

(desperately)

I saved it! I saved you! Your body was broken, you were dying, and I had to -- I had to -- just, just look at your arm. Look.

Afraid of what she'll see, Jaime looks at her arm --

ON JAIME'S BIONIC ARM as, with each RUSH of pulse, the bionic skin goes OPAQUE, looking for an instant like NORMAL SKIN, then back to transparent, then NORMAL again --

ERIC (CONT'D)

It's happening. The nanocytes are matching your bionics to your body; pigmentation, hair, muscle structures, everything.

Jaime stares as if MESMERIZED at her arm, CHANGING with each pulse, fascinated in spite of herself.

ERIC (CONT'D)

With every heartbeat, it's turning more into you.

JAIME

Will these legs -- will I be able to walk?

ERIC

Your body has to learn how, just like --

(voice catches)

-- a baby learns to use its arms and legs. But a hell of a lot quicker. The bionics are capable of adjusting in a couple of hours.

Jaime is barely holding it together, looks up at Eric. \*

JAIME \*

You've turned me into some kind of freak. \*

KERR-CRUNNCCHH! Jaime looks in SHOCK at her right hand -- she's CRUMPLED the steel bedrail like a roll of tinfoil. \*

ERIC

Actually, it's not just "stronger." More like, a lot stronger.

JAIME

Leave me alone.

ERIC

My lab is one floor down. If you need me...

JAIME

(shouting)

You want me to say get out? All right: get out!

Eric turns and goes --

-- and Jaime RIPS the crushed piece of bed railing off with a WHINE of tearing metal, then FLINGS it hard after him --

CHLUNNKK! the railing SLAMS like an arrow into the wall by the door, QUIVERING with the force of her throw.

Jaime falls back against the pillows, turns her face to the wall.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR -- DAY

JONAS comes striding up the hallway to the door to Jaime's room. A NURSE standing by the closed door stands aside, Jonas peers through the glass window to see

JAIME on the floor, struggling to get her legs to obey her, trying to STAND. Her arm and legs now look totally NORMAL.

JONAS

How's she doing?

The Nurse shrugs, nods toward the window --

NURSE

She won't let anyone help her.

-- as Jaime takes a faltering step, STUMBLES, then SPRAWLS with a bruising THUMP to the floor.

NURSE (CONT'D)

But she keeps getting back up.

INT. JAIME'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Jaime DRAGS herself up, sweating, determined, using the bed rail to pull herself to her feet, as JONAS enters.

JONAS

I'm Jonas Bledsoe. Eric told you about me, I think.

JAIME

Yeah --

(grunting as she pulls herself up)

-- you own things.

Jaime loses her balance for a second, FALLS, barely catching herself on the remaining bedrail --

JONAS

Do you want a hand there?

Jaime glances up at him from her position half-sprawled on the floor, clinging to the bed --

JAIME

I'd rather crawl, thanks.

Jonas shrugs, not offended, watching her with interest as she starts PULLING HERSELF up again.

JONAS

You're right. Don't show weakness to a stranger. People always look for a way to exploit it, don't they?

Jaime shoots him a look -- he's right about why she's not showing him her emotions, but she's not going to admit it.

JAIME

I told Nurse Ratchett out there I need to call my sister --

JONAS

Your sister and coworkers think you've gone on a trip with Eric -- minibreak getaway, kind of thing. Your neighbor is taking care of Rebecca.

Jaime has gotten to her feet now, putting a hand out to the wall to steady herself as she starts to WALK across the room --

JAIME

You called my friends, my family? what gives you the right to call anyone for me, much less lie to them?

JONAS

It's not like anyone can know what really happened, is it? People get killed for walking down the street wearing a Rolex. You, now, you're carrying about 50 million dollars worth of top secret experimental technology inside you.

Jaime looks at him sharply. Is he serious?

JAIME

(in disbelief)  
Fifty --

JONAS

(finishing the sentence)  
-- million. Non-refundable, I might add, since the components have tailored themselves to your DNA. It's not like I can just chop them off and use them again.

JAIME

(grim smile)  
If you're talking about me paying you back, that's gonna be one hell of a layaway --

Jonas shakes his head impatiently, she's missing the point.

JONAS

What I'm talking about is how long you'll last if anyone finds out. Ever. I won't cut you up to find out how bionics work. But as for the rest of the world...

Jaime lets go of the wall, takes a step on her own. And then another.

JAIME

("cut the bullshit")  
So you don't want to cut me up and you don't want me to pay you back. What do you want, Mr. Bledsoe?

JONAS

Your help.

He goes to the door, opens it. \*

INT. FACILITY CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Jaime runs one hand along the side of the wall for balance as she WALKS -- her balance and movement are almost NORMAL.

JONAS

I started out a brat in Council housing, and now I'm worth more than the GDP of most small countries.

JAIME

(unimpressed)  
I've never heard of you.

JONAS

And don't think that doesn't cost a bloody fortune right there. Point is: when you're so rich you can have anything, what you want... can change. For better, or for worse.

JAIME

There's only so many learjets you can park in the garage?

JONAS

(a quick grin)  
Something like that.  
(more seriously)  
I look at the world, and like everyone else, I think what a mess it is -- but I have the means to do something about it. Make things better. \*

Jaime lets go of the wall, steps more and more CONFIDENTLY -- until she's walking TOTALLY NORMALLY.

JAIME

So how do you make the world "better?"

Jonas reaches a door, sweeps a passkey over the sensor, as a SCANNER rakes over his eye.

JONAS

Come in and find out.

We hear the chunky LOCK disengage, the heavy door opens Jonas holds it, gesturing her through with a gentlemanly bow.

INT. OPS CENTER -- DAY

A darkened room, HUMMING with activity, this is the CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM of Jonas' SPEC OPS DIVISION. Computers, simulation boards, plotting maps, all the EQUIPMENT and STAFF you'd need to run SUPPORT for military operations.

JONAS

This is a branch of my organization.  
The sharp end of the stick, you might say.

At the center is a huge, complex bank of MONITORS. A WOMAN sits at the controls, hands flying across the FIVE KEYBOARDS in front of her. This is --

RUTH TREADWELL, 50's, as tough as she is smart (which is saying something.) She radiates a kind of don't-fuck-with-me confidence that's sexy at any age.

Along with ALL THE TECH STAFF, Ruth's eyes are fixed on the huge CENTRAL MONITOR that dominates the room -- the room is practically VIBRATING with TENSION. \*

Ruth glances away from her work to look to Jonas -- and PAUSES \*  
at the sight of Jaime beside him. She raises an eyebrow.

RUTH

(softly)  
Well, well.

But Ruth can't spare any more time, she snaps back to her keyboards, her attention fixed on the MONITOR.

RUTH (CONT'D)

It's bad. Two minutes behind schedule and counting.

Jaime follows their gazes, looking up to the MONITOR --

ON THE MONITOR, flickering black-and-white REMOTE FEED shows SIX GUYS in black fatigues in a MILITARY WEAPONS LAB. SIGNS written in KOREAN are on the walls and door -- apparently the feed is being transmitted from Korea.

Two STAND GUARD at the door, tense and SILENT; TWO OTHERS are at the far exit, and the FINAL TWO are working on a large, CONICAL MACHINE, gun-metal gray, a PANEL open in the side.

ON JAIME as she STARES at the sinister conical shape, there's something FAMILIAR about that machine...

JAIME  
(in disbelief)  
Is that... ?

JONAS  
A nuclear warhead. They're reprogramming it.

RUTH  
(tightly)  
We hope.

ON THE MONITOR, one of the SPEC OPS GUYS, BRETT ROLLINS, is deftly RECONNECTING wires inside the warhead.

JONAS  
(low, explaining)  
Your standard issue unbalanced dictator is about to test a nuclear device -- that device. If he succeeds, and takes his country nuclear, the whole region could go up in smoke. Governments all over the world are trying to sanction him, negotiated with him --  
(dismissive)  
Waste of time.

ON THE MONITOR, a leanly muscled NAVAJO, DANNY ATCITY, types rapidfire into a miniature console wired to the warhead's interior guts. He works with terrifying FOCUS.

JAIME  
(sudden horror)  
Wait -- tell me you're not about to blow up a head of state --

JONAS  
Don't be thick. Assassination's remarkably destabilizing. International uproar, everyone looking for you afterwards, blah blah blah -- not worth the bother, really.

ON THE MONITOR, one of the Guys turns from the door -- it's JAE, whom we last saw with Jonas. Jae makes a sharp, urgent HAND SIGNAL to the others --

RUTH

(urgently)

Jonas. They're not going to make it --

ON THE MONITOR, the door BLOWS OPEN in a BARRAGE of GUNFIRE, the noise OVERWHELMING after the tense silence. GUARDS in KOREAN MILITARY UNIFORMS SWARM into the room --

The Spec Ops Guys DIVE for cover, two are HIT immediately, going down -- the rest FIRE fast and accurate, TAKING OUT Military Guards left and right. The FLASH of muzzle fire, turns the monitor BLINDING WHITE, guns CRACK, people SHOUT --

ON JAIME, horrified at watching the men DYING on the monitor right in front of her -- until --

JONAS

(disgusted)

Oh for the love of -- shut it down.

Shut it down!

ON THE MONITOR, the gunfire STOPS abruptly. As the dust settles -- the Military Guards and Spec Ops Guys still standing reach down, HELPING UP the "dead" guys, who have SPLATTERED PAINT on them to show where they were "hit." The Spec Ops Guys look deeply PISSED.

Ruth sighs, turns to Jaime, holding out her hand, straightforward, frank.

RUTH

Ruth Treadwell. Intel, logistics and de facto den mother. Nice to meet you.

INT. TRAINING COMPLEX -- DAY

The massive, hangar-like TRAINING COMPLEX, complete with FIRING RANGE, combat areas, climbing walls and various weapons training equipment, several WORKBENCHES -- and also --

A MOCK-UP ROOM in the center of the hangar, door open to show the KOREAN WEAPONS LAB we saw on the monitor. Covered with dust and paint splatters, the Spec Ops Guys are emerging from the room, Jae at their head, looking GRIM.

JAE

(to one of the Guys)

Shepherd, you missed the secondary failsafe reset. Again. It set off the interior alarms --

RUTH, JONAS AND JAIME enter, head toward the Spec Ops Guys, Jaime looking around at the training equipment as they go.

JAIME

(to Jonas)

So what we saw, that was just, what, training?

JONAS

Practice makes perfect.

RUTH

It damned well better. Real mission's in ten days.

JONAS

The boys are going to break in to the Korean weapons lab and reprogram the bomb -- and not a soul will know they were there. When test time comes, instead of going "boom," the bomb will just go kind of...  
*phffftttt.*

(satisfied)

The humiliation and expense will be huge. Put our dictator friend right off making more. He'll stop his nuclear program -- and think it's his own idea.

He's reached the Spec Ops Guys now, his grin fades.

JONAS (CONT'D)

(to the Guys, sarcastic)

Assuming we can actually do this without getting caught, shot, or setting the damned nuke off ourselves.

Jae, meanwhile, has caught sight of JAIME. He isn't happy.

JAE

(warning)

Jonas --

JONAS

Jaime Sommers, I'd like you to meet my Spec Ops team. Jae Kim, team leader. Hand to hand and tactics.

The other Spec Ops Guys have ranged themselves loosely behind Jae. They're looking Jaime over with a kind of stony DISTRUST. Jonas IGNORES it, introduces them one by one.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Daniel Atcitty: codes, ciphers and cryptography. Peter Maclaren: small arms. Brett Rollins: explosives and munitions. Neil Shepherd: breaking and entering, infiltration, alarm disabling --

The next Guy, RADCLIFFE HARMON, a rangy TEXAN, speaks up:

RADCLIFFE  
Kinda arguable point just right now --

NEIL  
(automatically)  
Shut up, Radcliffe.

JONAS  
(not missing a beat)  
-- and Radcliffe Harmon, bladed  
weapons.

RADCLIFFE  
And general hell-raisin'.  
(verbal hat tip)  
Ma'am.

Jaime looks a little HELPLESSLY at the battle-hardened  
SOLDIERS in front of her.

JAIME  
Um, hi.

JAE  
What is she doing here?

JONAS  
Hopefully, signing on.  
(pointedly)  
It's obvious we can use her.

JAE  
Wait a minute --

JAIME  
(overlapping, alarmed)  
What? Signing on for what?

JONAS  
You have strength, speed and skills  
that no one can match. We need you.  
And I hear Korea's lovely this time  
of year.

JAIME  
You're joking, right? You don't --  
I can't do anything like that. I  
mean, it's ridiculous --

RUTH  
Actually, your onboard programming  
has most major combat techniques,  
including small arms and basic weapons  
systems.

JAIME

I'm sorry, did you just say  
"programming?"

RUTH

Didn't Masters go over the specs  
with you? It's all in your neural  
interface hardware --

(off her blank look)

You know, the stuff he put in your  
brain.

Jaime takes an involuntary step BACKWARDS. She's SHAKEN to  
the core by the idea of something put into her brain.

JAIME

You're wrong. There's -- I'm not,  
I've never even touched a gun, I  
don't know how to fight --

And without warning, Jae GRABS UP a PIPE WRENCH from the  
workbench next to them and SLAMS it right for Jaime's head.

And what happens next just takes a HEARTBEAT.

Faster than thought, Jaime BLOCKS the heavy wrench with her  
forearm, TWISTS her wrist expertly, GRABS the wrench -- and  
then SMASHES Jae down to the floor, raising the wrench --

With a CLATTER, the SPEC OPS GUYS bring guns TO BEAR on Jaime --

JONAS

Hold your fire!

-- and Jaime STARTS, jarred out of her trance-like combat to  
find herself holding Jae down, wrench raised over him --  
about to BASH IN HIS HEAD.

She FREEZES, their faces INCHES APART -- but Jae doesn't  
look afraid, he's just STARING at her with flat assessment.

JAE

(hoarse whisper)

You gonna kill me, Sommers?

Jaime JUMPS back, like his touch BURNS her. Her hand CLENCHES  
the wrench, CRUSHING it with a SCREAM of protesting metal.

JONAS

(furious, to Jae)

What the hell was that?

Jae gets painfully to his feet, rubbing his bruised throat.

JAE

Just making a point.

(MORE)

JAE (CONT'D)  
 (to Jaime, ironic)  
 Nice disarm -- you do a lot of close-  
 quarters combat?

Jaime LETS GO of the wrench, which drops heavily to the floor.  
 Ruth GLARES at Jae, then turns to Jaime, concerned.

RUTH  
 (reassuring)  
 You're ok, all right? You're  
 practically indestructible --  
 (nods toward Jae)  
 -- and he's a jerk. You're ok.

Jaime looks numbly down at her ARM -- not even BRUISED.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
 Your bionic skin is a polyamide  
 composite that can withstand impact  
 pressures in excess of 10 tons psi,  
 and temperatures of over 500 degrees  
 Celsius.  
 (pragmatically)  
 Of course, the rest of your body  
 would be crushed into pulp and burned  
 to ashes... but Masters always had a  
 tendency to overdesign --

Jaime backs to the door, it's all TOO MUCH, looks to Jonas:

JAIME  
 I can't help you. I can't.

She turns and EXITS. Jonas gives Jae an EXASPERATED look --

JONAS  
 Bloody useless, you are.

JAE  
 This is not a good idea, and you  
 know it --

RUTH  
 (irritably)  
 Oh, zip it back up, both of you.

INT. CORRIDOR -- DAY

Jaime hurries down the sterile corridor, looking one way,  
 then another, like a rat desperate to exit a MAZE -- and she  
 reaches a LARGE DOUBLE DOOR at the end of the hallway.

She pulls on the doors -- they don't open -- and her  
 frustration EXPLODES as she grabs one door and PUSHES with  
 all her might. The door holds for a second -- then BUCKLES  
 outward, the locks SHEARING off as the door BURSTS OPEN --

EXT. GROUNDS OUTSIDE COMPLEX -- DAY

-- to reveal SUNLIGHT and TREES, the hilly terrain surrounding the complex. Jaime STEPS OUTSIDE.

INT. TRAINING COMPLEX -- DAY

JONAS AND RUTH are looking at a security GRID on one of her monitors, Jae looking over their shoulders.

RUTH

She's gone out E16, onto the grounds.

JAE

She's totally untrained. I can get close enough to tranq her --

JONAS

No.

(to Ruth)

Keep the cameras on her, remote surveillance only. No one approaches.

\*

EXT. GROUNDS OUTSIDE THE COMPLEX -- DAY

Jaime turns her face to the sun, just FEELING the light and warmth on her -- then she starts to RUN.

She skims over the rocky earth, ground FLYING beneath her feet, RUNNING through the dappled trees, going FASTER and FASTER. There's something FIERCE and DESPERATE in her face.

INT. TRAINING COMPLEX -- DAY

JONAS, JAE and RUTH watching the IMAGES on the monitor:

RUTH

She's picking up speed.  
(checking readouts)  
A lot of speed.

EXT. GROUNDS OUTSIDE COMPLEX -- DAY

JAIME goes FASTER -- VFX/SFX as we SHIFT into BIONIC RUNNING.

Think the GRACE of "MATRIX" slowmotion, but INTERRUPTED by quick CUTS of Jaime RACING almost faster than the eye can follow -- a terrible sense of SPEED and POWER, as we see her FLASHING between the trees.

INT. TRAINING COMPLEX -- DAY

RUTH

Fifty miles an hour -- sixty --

EXT. GROUNDS OUTSIDE COMPLEX -- DAY

JAIME flashes over the uneven terrain, RACING faster, as if she's fleeing MONSTERS that only she can see --

-- and in her face -- frightened, desperate, determined all at once -- we feel the ECHO of how she RAN when her parents died, RACING to get away from something that can't be escaped.

INT. TRAINING COMPLEX -- DAY

RUTH

Seventy -- eighty-five --

JONAS

Jesus.

RUTH

She's turning back toward the complex.

JAE

Headed where? \*

INT. MEDICAL LAB -- DAY

ERIC is working in a large MEDICAL LAB, totally ALONE -- when the door BURSTS open from the other side, the heavy lock RIPPED away from the wall. Jaime looks at Eric. \*

JAIME

I need to talk to you.

ERIC

Are you ok?

JAIME

"Ok?" A few hours ago, I could barely walk. Now I'm faster than a speeding -- maybe not a bullet, but, you know, at least a car -- I can crush steel -- and a few minutes ago, I nearly murdered a man, before I even realized what I was doing.

(bleak, desperate)

Eric -- I almost killed another human being with my bare hands.

ERIC

Jaime --

JAIME

They said you put things in my brain. Is it true? That you put something inside me that taught me how to kill?

Eric takes a deep breath. Only the truth matters now.

ERIC

I microscopically inserted several separate chips in different parts of your brain. If I hadn't, you couldn't use your arm or legs --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JAIME

I don't need to mutilate people with them!

ERIC

(frustrated)

The technology was developed for military applications, ok? The combat loading wasn't removable -- there was no time!

(admitting)

You're hardwired with the skills of a soldier.

Jaime can't quite believe what she's hearing. She's beginning to doubt EVERYTHING she thought she knew about Eric.

JAIME

Did you know? That Bledsoe would want me to work for him, to fight people for him, to join the freaking Testosterone Brigade?

ERIC

I knew it was possible --

(earnestly)

-- but I didn't care. I thought it was a fair trade, for a life --

JAIME

But you didn't trade your life. You traded mine.

Jaime turns and walks out of the lab, leaving him ALONE.

\*

INT. COMPLEX -- HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Jaime is in the hospital room, gathering her few things; she opens a PLASTIC BAG by the bed, and dumps out HER BLOODSTAINED CLOTHES from the night of the accident, sliced into TATTERS where they were cut from her body.

She looks down at them, harsh, undeniable PROOF of what happened to her. She suddenly SPEAKS, without looking up:

JAIME

Thanks for the new clothes.

JONAS is standing in the door -- he comes into the room.

JAIME (CONT'D)

Mine are -- a little worse for wear.

He holds out a sleek black cell phone. \*

JONAS

This will reach me, day or night,  
anywhere in the world. In case you  
reconsider, about the job --

Jaime looks at the cell phone, but doesn't take it.

JAIME

I won't.

JONAS

Then take it as a favor, so an old  
man can get a decent night's sleep.

Jaime considers -- then pockets the phone.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Miss Sommers -- remember what I said.  
You can't tell anyone, anyone, what  
happened to you. You slip up even  
once, the government is going to  
come looking for you, and worse --  
and so are my competitors.

JAIME

Is that a threat?

JONAS

It's a statement of fact. Someone  
will find out, sooner or later --  
and they will come after you. You,  
and anyone you love. You have no  
idea what people are capable of. \*

Jaime hefts her bag, heads for the door. \*

JAIME

I'll keep it in mind. \*

She exits, leaving Jonas looking after her, WORRIED. \*

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

EXT. JAIME'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

A black SEDAN pulls up to Jaime's decrepit apartment building. She gets out, looks up at the building NERVOUSLY.

INT. JAIME'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Mrs. Arakelian is in the kitchen, boiling something in a POT with an alarming amount of STEAM coming out of it. She turns as Jaime comes in, SMILES widely. \*

MRS. ARAKELIAN

You had a good time with your boyfriend, yes? Such a nice young man, that one, to send me money for watching Rebecca -- I make him a sweater!

It's a little STRANGE for Jaime that everything here is so NORMAL -- as if NOTHING had happened at all.

JAIME

So, um, how was Becca?

MRS. ARAKELIAN

(shrugging)

I don't let her pierce her nose.

She comes over to give Jaime a HUG.

MRS. ARAKELIAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry about her. I am so glad you take some time for yourself --

She stops short, looking at Jaime piercingly. \*

MRS. ARAKELIAN (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Ah.

And there's no question, as strangely as she knew Jaime was pregnant, she now knows just as clearly that she's NOT. In the awkward silence, Jaime tries to COVER.

JAIME

It's all right. Really. It was just -- you know, a false alarm. I wasn't really pregnant. Everything's fine.

Mrs. Arakelian looks at her sympathetically, but there's a hint of CONFUSION as well. \*

MRS. ARAKELIAN

Yes, this I can see.

The DOOR bangs open, BECCA enters -- STOPS SHORT seeing Jaime.

BECCA  
Nice of you to drop by.

MRS. ARAKELIAN  
(sighing)  
So, I go home, make the sweater.

She RUFFLES Becca's hair as she passes --

MRS. ARAKELIAN (CONT'D)  
Behave, crazy girl.

She shuts the door behind her, Becca is already going into the kitchen, DROPPING her backpack on the floor.

JAIME  
Look -- I'm sorry I didn't tell you  
I was going. It wasn't on purpose.  
(can't begin to explain)  
Things just got, kind of, out of  
hand --

Becca comes out from the kitchen, coke in hand.

BECCA  
You know the thing that really gets  
me? You think I'm actually going to  
buy this. You take off without  
telling me, someone else calls to  
say you'll be gone --

She gives Jaime a piercing look.

BECCA (CONT'D)  
You don't do stuff like that. I  
know it, you know it. You never  
have.

JAIME  
I'm sorry, Becca.

BECCA  
You want me to respect you? Then  
for once, treat me like you have  
some respect for me. I'm not a kid  
anymore. Tell me the truth. What  
the hell is going on?

A long beat -- Becca's OPEN for the first time, if Jaime could just find the right thing to say. But the one thing she can't do, is tell the truth.

JAIME

(finally)

I -- I won't leave you like that  
again.

Becca TENSES. Wrong answer. She pushes past Jaime.

BECCA

I've got homework to do.

She exits, closing her door. Jaime stands in the apartment, looking around like a STRANGER. It feels like another PLANET.

EXT. STARBUCK'S -- MORNING

Jaime screeches the Pinto up to the Starbuck's -- late again. The parking lot is PACKED, no spaces in front.

She circles around BEHIND the shop. The few parking spaces here are TAKEN here as well -- but of course, the PORSCHE is parked across two spaces, right next to a TOW AWAY ZONE.

Jaime looks at her watch, getting more and more FRUSTRATED -- then stops the car, gets out, looks around. There's no one nearby, the back wall of the coffeeshop hiding her.

Jaime goes over to the Porsche, looks down at it for a moment -- then takes her right arm, reaches under the bumper, and LIFTS.

The front of the Porche RISES, Jaime lifting it as easily as if it were CARDBOARD. She looks down in disbelief, GRINS -- then PULLS the car out of the spaces, WHEELING it over to the TOW-AWAY ZONE and DROPPING it with a heavy THWUMMPP!

INT. STARBUCK'S -- MORNING

Jaime's behind the espresso machine while Maggie mans the register, taking ORDERS from a LONG LINE of people -- she hands Jaime a CUP, written on, then turns back to the customer --

MAGGIE

(takes money)

Here's your change, sir.

And before he's had time to put away his wallet, Jaime puts his COFFEE up on the counter.

JAIME

Triple machiato decaf!

QUICK CUTS of Maggie taking orders, Jaime FILLING them with almost DISTURBING speed, one cup, ANOTHER, ANOTHER -- THE RUSH HOUR LINE moving with almost BIZARRE efficiency --

FINALLY, the line is GONE. Maggie comes over to Jaime.

MAGGIE

God, are you on something?

Jaime looks down at her hand, a little GUILTY.

JAIME

What? No! Guess I just had one too many lattes this morning --

PORSCHE GUY (O.S.)

(impatiently)

Excuse me --

They turn to see PPG at the counter, EMPTY CUP in hand.

PORSCHE GUY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

-- I hate to interrupt Girls' Morning Out, but I thought you two actually worked here. Can I get some service?

Maggie rolls her eyes to Jaime, turns back to the counter.

MAGGIE

Of course, sir, what can I get you?

He holds up his cup, about to speak -- and Jaime INTERRUPTS:

JAIME

Um, isn't that your car?

She's pointing OUT A WINDOW -- where A TOW TRUCK is pulling out of the parking lot, the PORSCHE chained to its back.

PORSCHE GUY

(yelling, outraged)

Hey!

(runs for the door)

That's my car! That's my car!

He RACES out, Maggie and Jaime watching him go --

MAGGIE

(considering, watching PPG chase tow truck)

This is possibly our best workday ever.

When Jaime doesn't answer, Maggie looks back at her -- Jaime's STARING, Maggie follows her gaze to the DOOR, where --

ERIC just entered, looking deeply WORRIED, almost SCARED.

Maggie looks back and forth between the two of them.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Or, you know... not.

JAIME  
 (to Maggie)  
 Can you cover for me? Again?

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- TABLE BY WINDOW -- DAY

A crowded RESTAURANT in CHINATOWN. It's heavily decorated with paper lanterns, floor-to-ceiling shelves of CARVED FIGURES, various statues of BUDDHA and other BODHISATTVAS. \*

JAIME AND ERIC sit at a table in front of a huge plate-glass window overlooking the busy STREETS. The tables around them are CROWDED with CHINESE PEOPLE speaking rapid CANTONESE.

It's an ECHO of the earlier scene -- Jaime and Eric sitting across from each other, drinking tea in front of a window, but the feeling couldn't be more DIFFERENT.

JAIME  
 I know... I owe you everything. I do.  
 (wryly)  
 I'm not very good at it. I've spent my life avoiding relying on anyone. People always disappoint you.

ERIC  
 (an edge of pain)  
 I don't want you to owe me.

He pulls something out of his pocket, puts it on the table. It's a small JEWELER'S BOX, grey, threadbare, very OLD.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
 When we stopped at the house, before -- before we were --  
 (can't go on)  
 This is what I wanted to get.

He opens the box -- there's an ANTIQUE ENGAGEMENT RING inside.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
 It was my mother's. I want it to be yours.

Jaime picks up the box, looks at the ring FLASH in the light.

JAIME  
 You have another life, one I didn't know anything about. You lied to me. About everything.  
 (looks up at him)  
 I don't know you.

She pushes the ring back across the table to him.

JAIME (CONT'D)

And I can't marry a stranger.

Before she can go on, Eric jumps in, rapid, almost FRANTIC --

ERIC

I couldn't tell you the truth! Jonas let me do things in years that would have taken decades in the medical establishment -- but the price was secrecy. If I'd told you, it would have put you in danger.

(fervent)

I'd do anything to keep you from being hurt --

JAIME

I know you would. You already did.

Eric pauses, surprised at the gentleness in her voice.

JAIME (CONT'D)

You know, I was really angry at you. If you'd asked me yesterday, I would have said I never wanted to see you again. But then... I had to lie to Becca last night. You're right. Sometimes you can't tell the truth. No matter how much you want to.

\*

She pushes the closed box back to him --

JAIME (CONT'D)

I don't want to marry a stranger --

-- but she takes his hand in hers, the box forgotten.

JAIME (CONT'D)

-- but I want to get to know you.  
(off his surprise)

I don't know who you are. But right now, I don't know who I am, either.

Eric is holding her hand like he's afraid she'll VANISH.

JAIME (CONT'D)

So maybe we should try this whole thing again.

ERIC

Ask me anything. Anything.

JAIME

Actually, I sort of need to tell you something. I, um -- I picked up a car.

ERIC

You -- what?

JAIME

I know, I know. No one saw me.  
 (admitting)  
 It was kinda fun.

Eric just looks at her for a beat -- then they both GRIN.

ERIC

I'll bet it was. You want to get  
 out of here?

JAIME

Before I get fired? Yeah.

They stand up, still HOLDING HANDS, SILHOUETTED in the window --

**THE HUGE PLATE-GLASS WINDOW EXPLODES.**

ERIC goes FLYING backwards, as SHATTERED GLASS flies inward, a RAIN of cutting SHARDS hailing the restaurant, as

**THRACKK! THRACKK! THRACKK!** rapidfire NOISE like THUNDERCRACKS -- GUNSHOTS, tearing through the restaurant.

A HUGE SHELF UNIT by the window TOPPLES ONTO ERIC, torn with BULLET HOLES from the back -- meanwhile THE REGISTER explodes in a GEYSER of cash and smoking electronics; PAPER LANTERNS ARE RIPPED TO SHREDS as SHOTS RAKE across the room; A STONE BUDDHA CRACKS, POKED with bulletholes, TOPPLING to the floor.

CHAOS as the CUSTOMERS PANIC, SCREAMING and RUNNING for the FIRE EXIT at the back as GUNSHOTS CRACK through the air --

JAIME has DROPPED, scrambling low across the floor to get to

ERIC, PINNED under the shelving -- DAZED, barely conscious --

JAIME puts her hands beneath the huge bookcase -- and HEAVES it up, SHOVING it to the side with a CRASH.

JAIME (CONT'D)

Eric!

THREE BULLET HOLES are drilled neatly into his chest, BLOSSOMING into BRIGHT RED STAINS across his shirt. Jaime pulls him out, CRADLES him in her arms. He COUGHS, wetly.

JAIME (CONT'D)

Hush, it's all right -- stay still --

ANOTHER RIFLESHOT CRACKS across the restaurant, SHATTERING the large glass POULTRY CASE -- and

JAIME turns INSTINCTIVELY, looking at the shattered case -- and for the first time, her **BIONIC EYE KICKS IN**.

POV JAIME, VFX as she sees a HEADS-UP COMBAT DISPLAY, info SCROLLING rapidly down the sides -- and the TRAJECTORY of the bullet superimposed in a GLOWING GREEN LINE.

BACK ON JAIME as she almost FALLS backwards, DISORIENTED by the display -- but she quickly RECOVERS, keeping her hold on Eric as she instinctively looks BACK UP --

POV JAIME, VFX as her eye FOLLOWS the TRAJECTORY LINE up into the ROOFTOPS of CHINATOWN -- her eye ZOOMS IN on the terminal point, THOUSANDS of yards away, MAGNIFYING --

A RIFLE BARREL, sighting scope GLINTING in the sun, so DISTANT it would INVISIBLE to the naked eye -- and

A WOMAN holds the rifle, pointing it DIRECTLY at the restaurant -- **SARAH**, the woman from the opening scene, perched atop an ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING.

She FIRES AGAIN. The bionic eye TRACKS the bullet in a BLAZE of light like a CONTRAIL --

JAIME DIVES hard the side, taking Eric with her, -- THE BULLET SPLINTERS the floor where they were a MOMENT before.

INT. STOREROOM -- DAY

Jaime BURSTS into the storeroom, carrying Eric -- she CRASHES into the wall, cans CLATTERING down around her as she CROUCHES down over Eric. He looks up at her, gasping, breath hitching.

ERIC

James...

JAIME

It's ok -- you're going to be ok --  
(shouting)  
Help! Someone help us!

O.S. the RATTLE of GUNFIRE, hitting the restaurant AGAIN -- the storeroom wall CRACKS from a shot on the other side.

JAIME (CONT'D)

Please! Somebody --

Eric looks oddly PEACEFUL as he gazes up at her -- one hand reaches up to BRUSH her face --

ERIC

... I think... you're beautiful...

His breathing is rapid, shallow. BLOOD is pooling on the floor beneath him. Jaime CLUTCHES him close --

JAIME

It's all right. Just hold on, ok?

-- and reaches into her pocket, pulls out THE BLACK CELL PHONE that Jonas gave her. She pushes CALL. The phone RINGS exactly ONCE. \*

JONAS

*I'm here.*

JAIME

We need help. Someone's shooting -- Eric -- he's hurt --

JONAS

*Ruth can track your position from the phone. I'll be there as fast as I can. Can you hold things down?*

And suddenly, something in Jaime's face CHANGES -- she's strangely CALM. She knows she's going to have to FIGHT.

JAIME

I can do that.

She gently lowers Eric to the floor, as he meets her eyes.

JAIME (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- DAY

JAIME darts out of the rubble of the restaurant -- she RACES behind another building, DISAPPEARING in a flash.

EXT. ALLEYS -- DAY

JAIME races through a MAZE of alleyways, to get BEHIND the OFFICE BUILDING where Sarah is STILL FIRING.

Jaime looks around frantically -- the building TOWERS over her, the roof hopelessly high. But Chinatown is a WARREN of buildings, all various heights -- Jaime glances at the several APARTMENTS and OFFICES surrounding Sarah's building -- and Jaime JUMPS STRAIGHT UP.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOF -- DAY

She FLIES through the air, LANDING with a THUMPP! on the lowest building, pausing only long enough to look to the next, JUMPING again --

-- LEAPING across the rooftops with feline grace, to get to the ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING.

EXT. ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING ROOF -- DAY

SARAH is perched at the edge of the roof, sighting down the sniper rifle for another shot -- when THUMPPP! something LANDS on the roof behind her. She WHIRLS --

JAIME CRASHES into her full-force --

SARAH goes FLYING, skidding on the pebbled roof, rifle SAILING off the roof, as

JAIME sweeps up a piece of REBAR, STRIDES toward Sarah like the wrath of god itself --

SARAH rolls instantly to her feet, crouched to ATTACK, as --

JAIME HURLS the rebar like a javelin -- and THWACKK! the metal bar TEARS into Sarah's arm like an ARROW, JERKING her backwards to SLAM her against the roof stairway access --

-- leaving Sarah IMPALED her through the UPPER ARM into the crumbling brick of the roof access. PINNED like an insect.

JAIME

(evenly)

I'm sorry. I didn't want to hurt you. But I had to stop you --

And unbelievably, Sarah SMILES -- not a hint of pain, she actually looks strangely AMUSED. It's CHILLING.

SARAH

Never apologize for success.

Sarah FIXES her gaze on Jaime, never taking her eyes off her as she reaches across with her free hand -- and RIPS the rebar out of her arm with a GRUNT of pain, FREEING herself.

SARAH (CONT'D)

No matter what the cost.

Jaime stares in disbelief -- BLUE-WHITE BLOOD pulses from the GASH in Sarah's arm. Bionic blood.

Sarah MOVES slowly toward Jaime, like a STALKING PANTHER, swinging the rebar in one hand as she looks her up and down.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Well, well... isn't this *interesting*.  
(a wicked grin)  
Let's see what you've got under the hood.

Sarah FLINGS the rebar aside and CHARGES. She's INCREDIBLY FAST, punching and kicking -- Jaime barely blocks.

Sarah SWEEPS a kick, Jaime's feet fly out from under her,  
Sarah PUNCHES her hard in the stomach -- and

\*  
\*

JAIME goes FLYING, SLAMS hard into the roof access, FALLING  
to her knees. Sarah STRIDES up after her.

\*  
\*

TIGHT ON JAIME'S FACE, bleeding, breath RASPING --

\*

SARAH (CONT'D)  
(curious, pleasant)  
Who are you?

-- and we're back to the OPENING SCENE.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Or maybe I should be asking... what  
are you?

Sarah KICKS Jaime in the stomach, almost casually. Jaime  
CURLS in on herself, biting off the urge to SCREAM.

Jaime rolls painfully onto her hands and knees, wind whipping  
her hair across her face -- then LOOKS UP, eyes fixing on  
Sarah, not in pain or fear, but DEFIANCE.

JAIME  
(gasping for breath)  
Shouldn't I -- be asking -- you?

Sarah GRABS Jaime by the hair and JERKS her to her feet,  
STARES her in the eye, inches apart.

SARAH  
(like a dare)  
So ask.

Jaime STARES right back at her, a CHALLENGE:

JAIME  
Who the hell are you?

Sarah's answer is a GHOST OF A SMILE -- and she raises her  
arm to BACKHAND Jaime. Her bladed hand comes WHISTLING down --

-- sending Jaime FLYING to the very edge of the roof, SKIDDING  
up against the concrete lip.

SARAH  
My name is Sarah Peregrine.

Sarah picks up the rebar, striding toward Jaime's crumpled  
form, wind WHIPPING the hair back from her face.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I'm the first bionic woman.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

EXT. ROOFTOP -- DAY

JAIME lies crumpled at the edge of the roof, back against the narrow concrete lip -- O.S. SIRENS, coming RAPIDLY CLOSER.

SARAH strides toward her, rebar in hand, MURDER in her eyes.

SARAH

I think one of us is more than enough.

JAIME is CORNERED, she glances desperately DOWN --

VFX BIONIC EYE as Jaime spots THE SNIPER RIFLE she knocked from Sarah's hand, lying where it fell on a roof far below.

Jaime has only an INSTANT to decide, Sarah's almost on her -- and Jaime ROLLS off the roof, FALLING into OPEN AIR. \*

EXT. LOWER ROOFTOP -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Jaime HURTLES downward, TWISTS painfully in midair --

-- and lands THRUMMP! unsteadily on her legs on the lower roof, hand SHOOTING OUT to SWEEP the rifle up, WHIRLING around with the rifle to her SHOULDER to sight on Sarah -- \*

VFX BIONIC EYE, looking up -- Sarah has vanished.

Jaime turns, looks down -- to see an AMBULANCE pulling up to the restaurant below, SIRENS BLARING.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK OVER O.R. -- DAY

JAIME sits, a PAD OF PAPER and PENCIL in hand, SKETCHING with shocking speed -- her right hand BLURS over the paper, moving without hesitation or pause. \*

THROUGH THE GLASS, Eric is visible on the table, surgeons and nurses SWARMED around him.

JONAS enters; his usual cheerful attitude is totally GONE, replaced with GRIM FOCUS.

JONAS

They're operating on him, trying to stop the bleeding, remove the bullets.

JAIME

(savagely)  
Fix it.

JONAS

It's not that simple --

JAIME

Yes it is!  
 (escalating, angry)  
 You saved me -- save him --

Jonas' voice RISES, MATCHING her frustration, trying to get her to UNDERSTAND:

JONAS

I didn't save you! Eric did!  
 (as Jaime stops short)  
 No one can do what he does. No one.

Jaime waits for a beat as it sinks in, then turns the pad around, to show him her SKETCH --

CLOSE ON THE DRAWING, showing SARAH as she looked STRIDING toward Jaime on the roof, DEATH in her eyes. EVERYTHING is drawn in perfect, eerie detail, like a SNAPSHOT.

JAIME

I can't draw.

JONAS

Your eye stores visual information in a matrix that your hand can access and reproduce. For all intents and purposes, you have an eidetic memory --

JAIME

(interrupting)  
Who is she?

INT. BRIEFING ROOM -- DAY

CLOSE ON SARAH'S FACE -- cleanly beautiful, hard planes and strong lines, the face of a mesmerizing, merciless PREDATOR.

JONAS (O.S.)

*Sarah Peregrine worked for me.*

PULL BACK TO REVEAL we're looking at --

A LIFESIZE 3D HOLOGRAM OF SARAH, looking REAL as flesh, but FROZEN in a single moment, staring, intense.

JONAS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*She was a soldier. One of the best I've ever seen.*

The hologram stands in the center of a BRIEFING ROOM, over glowing PROJECTION CIRCLE on the floor.

JONAS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*Tactics, combat, infiltration, logistics, even military R&D --*

JONAS, JAE, RUTH and JAIME sit at the semicircular CONFERENCE TABLE that wraps halfway around the projection circle.

JONAS (CONT'D)  
-- the girl was a born warrior.

FLATSCREENS cover the entire wall BEHIND the circle, showing a CHANGING array of PICTURES and INFORMATION, all about SARAH.

JONAS (CONT'D)  
So when Eric finished the prototype,  
I wasn't surprised when she  
volunteered.

Jaime tears her gaze from HoloSarah back to Jonas.

JAIME  
(shocked)  
Volunteered? To be -- to let him --

JONAS  
It was --  
(stops, tries again)  
I should have said no.

JAE  
(flat, emotionless)  
But you didn't.

There's TENSION between them, something SIMMERING and too long unsaid, but Jaime doesn't have time for their past drama.

JAIME  
What happened?

Ruth TAPS at the KEYBOARD embedded in the table.

HOLOSARAH becomes SEMI-TRANSPARENT -- like an ANATOMICAL DIAGRAM, showing Sarah's heart, blood vessels, organs, overlaid with layers of muscles and tendons and nerves --

JONAS  
She became strong, fast, utterly  
lethal.

-- AND WE CAN SEE HER BIONICS. BOTH LEGS, BOTH ARMS, and ONE EYE in shades of BRIGHT BLUE and GREEN and STARK WHITE.

JONAS (CONT'D)  
Something of a one-woman army.

Tiny flows of MERCURY-LIKE QUICKSILVER race from the bionics to the organic body and back, DARTING like lightning, INTERTWINING the human and machine -- and congregating in --

THE BRAIN, which SPARKLES with racing quicksilver in a shimmering WEBWORK, extending from several tiny SILVER NEXUSES implanted in various spots.

JONAS (CONT'D)

She was the best operative I had.  
Brilliant. Fearless. Unstoppable.

Jaime has gotten up from her chair, eyes fixed on HoloSarah, approaching the unmoving figure with a kind of FASCINATION.

Jaime STOPS, face to face with HoloSarah, eyes on the webwork in Sarah's brain like she's looking at a terrible MIRROR.

JONAS (CONT'D)

And then... she went insane.

At that moment, HoloSarah SOLIDIFIES again, and Jaime's EYE TO EYE with a perfect replica of SARAH, STARING at her.

JONAS (CONT'D)

She went rogue. Vanished.

JAE

Now she's a mercenary and an assassin,  
for sale to the highest bidder.

JAIME

(turns back to them)  
Why would she want to hurt Eric?

RUTH

Turns out, your car accident wasn't  
accidental at all. We were misled,  
pretty damn brilliantly, by the body  
of what looked like a drunken driver  
in the car that hit you. Except his  
neck was broken before the crash.

JAE

This wasn't the first attempt on Eric. It  
was the second. He was the target all along.

JONAS

And apparently, he still is.

Jaime gives Jonas a look that could freeze ice.

JAIME

All this is your fault.

JONAS

Me? I'd never let anything happen  
to Eric! He's like a son to me --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JAIME

And like you said -- without him,  
there are no bionics.

Jonas looks like he wants to HIT her, but instead just BITES OFF his words, hard and cold:

JONAS

Think what you like about me. But Sarah is out there. And I need your help.

JAIME

What, because "this time it's personal?"

JONAS

Every mission is personal, for me.

JAIME

You used Eric, and you want to use me, and I'm telling you: it's done.

She EXITS without looking back. Jonas sighs, steeples his fingers, looking down -- then, without looking up:

JONAS

Do it.

RUTH

(protesting)  
Goddammit, Jonas --

Jonas' head snaps up, his voice like a WHIPCRACK.

JONAS

It's not a request, Treadwell. Run the sim.

Jonas exits, going after Jaime.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK OVER O.R. -- DAY

Hours later. Jaime is ASLEEP, draped over one of the chairs. A hand comes into frame, touching her gently on the shoulder.

Jaime opens her eyes blearily, looks up to see --

SARAH standing over her, all in BLACK.

SARAH

He's mine now, bitch.

She GRINS, feral and horrible, teeth laced with BLOOD --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION DECK OVER O.R. -- DAY

JAIME comes GASPING awake, a HAND on her shoulder -- JONAS.

JONAS

Jaime! It's all right -- you were  
dreaming --

Jaime jumps to her feet, looks at the O.R. below -- EMPTY.

JAIME

Where is he? \*

INT. ELEVATOR -- DAY

Jonas and Jaime in the elevator, going DOWN.

JONAS

I've instituted special security  
protocols. He's in lockdown; he  
won't leave the complex until Sarah's  
been -- neutralized. \*

Jaime looks UNNERVED, nightmare still ECHOING in her mind.

INT. LOCKDOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

A darkened, windowless room, a HOSPITAL BED against the wall.  
ERIC lies on the bed, chest BANDAGED, face pale and DRAWN.  
MONITORS beep, IV's are in both his arms, O2 tube beneath  
his nose. Jaime comes up to him, gently takes his hand --

ERIC

(smiling weakly)  
Hey.

JAIME

I thought -- I thought you --

Eric's voice is hoarse, he's WEAK, blurry from the surgery --

ERIC

Yeah, I know what that's like.  
(feeble grin)  
Sucks, huh? \*

His smile FADES as he reaches up WEAKLY, pulls her close,  
his tone URGENT:

ERIC (CONT'D)

She won't stop.

He's fighting to stay conscious, every word a STRUGGLE.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I know Sarah -- when she starts something, she never stops. She'll keep coming back, until I'm dead. And then -- she'll come after you.

JAIME

Me? Why?

ERIC

She knows what you are, now.

Eric holds her hand TIGHT, looks up with frantic INTENSITY:

ERIC (CONT'D)

Stop her, Jaime. Stop her.

INT. OPS CENTER -- DAY

Jaime comes into the Ops Center. Jonas is bent over the central displays with Ruth, he looks up to see Jaime enter --

\*  
\*

JAIME

I'll do it.

\*  
\*

JAE AND THE TEAM have just entered -- Jae sees the look between Jaime and Jonas, UNDERSTANDS instantly.

\*  
\*

JAE

(under his breath)  
Great.

RUTH

Gather 'round, boys. Looks like we may have gotten lucky.  
(starts typing)  
Sarah left behind a fragment of soil that doesn't match the roof gravel.

ONSCREEN, a SCHEMATIC of the rooftop Sarah fired from, ROTATING to close in on an area no more than a square INCH --

RUTH (CONT'D)

The soil composition is unusual -- high levels of arsenic and lead with a chaser of diesel residue. Then, on top of that, I found polyamide shavings. And there you are!

\*

BLANK LOOKS from the Team, Jonas and Jaime.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Arsenic, lead, diesel -- don't you people read?

MAC  
(cheerfully)  
Nah.

RADCLIFFE  
Does "Soldier of Fortune" count?

RUTH  
Oh, for --  
(explaining)  
In 1906, after the earthquake --  
we've heard of the earthquake, right? --  
the city bulldozed the wreckage for  
landfill to make the wharf. Building  
materials of the period used high  
levels of --

JONAS  
-- arsenic and lead.

RUTH  
And in 1990, a tank rupture saturated  
ten blocks there -- with diesel.

She pulls up a MAP of the BAY ala GOOGLE EARTH -- the bird's-eye HURTLES down on an AREA of WAREHOUSES crowded cheek-to-jowl in a heavy INDUSTRIAL AREA of the shipping wharf.

JAE  
(doubtfully)  
That's still a lot of ground to cover.

RUTH  
Am I talking to myself? Did no one  
hear me say "polyamide?" Translation:  
tiny little bits of bionic skin?

JONAS  
You think she's injured? Damaged?

RUTH  
Don't know. But I went looking for  
the kind of equipment you'd need if  
you had to do, say, bionic repairs  
in the field, cross-referenced with  
addresses in the wharf.

A LIST of shipping bills appears, one window after another, overlaying each other in RAPID SEQUENCE -- Jonas WHISTLES.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
Different companies, different names --  
but all delivered to the same address.

JONAS  
How fast can you generate the mission  
profile?

RUTH

I'll need a few hours to run the combat sims. No more.

JAE

We won't move until after dark, anyway. I'll send a recon team, establish a surveillance perimeter.

JAIME

Yeah, and I need to pick Becca up from school and get a sitter.

EVERYONE turns to look at her.

JAIME (CONT'D)

What?

\*  
\*

EXT. BECCA'S SCHOOL -- DAY

Jaime pulls up LATE -- the school is practically EMPTY, no one out front but a kids stragglng from late BAND PRACTICE.

JAIME

Hey, have you seen Becca Sommers?

INT. MUSTANG -- DAY

BECCA is in a parked car with a fairly lowlife-looking senior, JASON. They're MAKING OUT with almost ANGRY enthusiasm. The door FLIES open -- Becca and Jason almost FALL OUT, facing A VERY PISSED-OFF JAIME.

JAIME

(to Becca, furious)

Get. In. The. Car.

Becca gives her a look of pure DISGUST. They're in the PARKING LOT in the back of the school, almost EMPTY. Becca heads over to the Pinto.

Jaime looks down at Jason; he hasn't moved from the driver's seat. He seems totally unconcerned.

JAIME (CONT'D)

I don't like you spending time with my sister.

JASON

(starts the car)

Then I guess you got yourself a problem.

He GUNS the motor -- but Jaime leans down, grabbing the steering wheel with one hand before he can SHIFT into gear.

JAIME

You think?

With a SQUEAL of metal, Jaime BENDS the steering column down. Jason barely has time to be SHOCKED as the steering wheel comes down to PIN him to the seat -- right across his crotch.

JAIME (CONT'D)

(sweetly)

Touch my sister again -- and next time, it won't be your car.

Jaime turns and STRIDES off, leaving Jason SPEECHLESS with disbelief -- he starts STRUGGLING to get out, but he's STUCK.

INT. JAIME'S APARTMENT -- AFTERNOON

Late afternoon sun slants through the windows as Jaime and Becca enter the apartment in a TENSE SILENCE.

JAIME

Look, I have to go out tonight.  
I'll get Mrs. A to stay with you --

BECCA

You are the single most embarrassing human being on the planet, you know that?! How could you --

Jaime's BLACK CELL PHONE RINGS.

JAIME

I have to take this --

Jaime picks up -- and Becca STALKS OFF furiously.

JONAS

*We're go for tonight. I'll send transport. You ready?*

O.S. Becca's door SLAMMING dramatically.

JAIME

Sure. Right now, a secret mission to bring down a bionic psychopath is looking comparatively low stress.

INT. LOCKDOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

Jaime enters, in the black fatigues of the Spec Ops Team.

ERIC

(sees her fatigues)  
You're going with them?

Jaime nods, comes closer to the bed.

JAIME

You didn't tell me about Sarah.

ERIC

I didn't know how... to tell you  
that the technology I'd used to save  
you might -- might hurt you.

JAIME

(steels herself)

Will I become like her?

ERIC

I don't know. No one knows.

(shakes his head)

I really screwed up, Jaime. All I  
could think about was losing you --

(voice catching)

It matters. If you can forgive me.

She kisses him on the forehead, leans her head against his.

JAIME

There's nothing to forgive.

INT. COMPLEX -- LOADOUT DOCK -- NIGHT

JAIME enters the LOADOUT AREA. THE TEAM is strapping on  
their gear, loading a BLACK VAN. They're armed to the TEETH.  
Jaime starts to reach for a 9mm -- and a HAND comes over  
hers, stopping her. It's JAE.

JAE

No firearm.

JAIME

(low)

You want to tell me what your problem  
is?

JAE

Last time I had one like you on this  
team, three of my people died. She  
killed them.

(turns back to her)

We work as a team because of two  
things: skill and trust. You have  
skills. But you can't be trusted.  
You're a ticking bomb. It's only a  
matter of time until you lose it.

Jaime doesn't back down an inch.

JAIME

You don't know anything about me.

JAE

I know this: one step over the line,  
and I will put you down.

(loud, to the Team)

Let's move out!

END OF ACT FIVE

## ACT SIX

EXT. STREETS NEAR WHARF -- NIGHT

The van drives through the WAREHOUSE DISTRICT, old hulking buildings RISING in the dark around them like RUINS of some ancient, forgotten city.

INT. VAN DRIVING ON STREET -- NIGHT

The van is outfitted with MONITORS and SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT. DANNY mans the communications console; one monitor shows JONAS on WEBCAM; another a SCHEMATIC of the warehouse.

JAE

Surveillance hasn't seen anyone come in or out of the warehouse but her.

(points to schematic)

Access points are here, here, and here. Shepherd and Mac take the back door, Radcliffe and Danny will go through the loading dock --

DANNY

Why do I always get Brokeback over here?

RADCLIFFE

That ain't funny -- I told you, those guys were from Wyoming --

MAC

Radcliffe. Shut up.

JAE

(not missing a beat)

-- Brett and I will come in through the front.

(to Jaime)

You're with me.

JAIME

Can I at least have a gun?

\*  
\*

JAE

No.

\*  
\*

JAIME

(exasperated)

So what am I supposed to do?

NEIL

(suggesting)

She could break down the door.

(to Jaime)

I hear you're good at that --

ON THE WEBCAM MONITOR, JONAS speaks up: \*

JONAS \*

This is a straightforward surgical extraction -- use everything you've got, including Jaime, to disable her and bring her back to base, alive.

The men look at each other, all thinking the same thing.

MAC

And in the unlikely event the "disabling" goes south?

JAE

(promptly)

Put her down. Just like you would any other mad dog.

All eyes turn to JONAS on the monitor; he NODS, tersely.

JONAS

Do what you have to do.

Off Jaime, clearly WONDERING if they'd do the same to her.

EXT. WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

The Van PARKS behind a building. The SPEC OPS GUYS emerge SILENTLY, blending with the surrounding shadows. They all wear EARBUDS and THROAT MIKES with their gear.

POV JAIME, VFX BIONIC EYE, as she looks THROUGH THE DIRTY WINDOW that fronts the warehouse -- inside, BLURRED by dust and grime on the pane, she sees SARAH sitting at a workbench.

VFX BIONIC EYE ZOOMING IN -- Sarah has ONE ARM stretched in front of her, using a small ARC WELDER on her inner arm. \*

JAE \*

(into throat mike)

Control, target sighted.

INT. OPS CENTER -- NIGHT

JONAS AND RUTH watch video monitors showing LIVE FEEDS from the Spec Ops Guys' eyegear. \*

RUTH \*

Roger that. We see her. Looks like the repair scenario was right. Maybe her combat function is impaired.

EXT. WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Jae CLICKS OFF the safety on his 9mm.

JAE

I'm not counting on it.

Jaime follows Jae and Brett toward the front of the warehouse. The building looks ABANDONED, the walls cracked and worn. JAE kneels at the LOCK on the door, starts PICKING it.

AT THE LOADING DOCK, RADCLIFFE CLIPS the heavy lock; \*  
AT THE BACK DOOR, SHEPHERD expertly PICKS the lock in seconds. \*  
BACK AT THE FRONT, JAE is still trying to get the lock open. \*

DANNY (O.S.)

*Team B in position. Loading dock clear. We're good to go.*

Brett looks down at Jae, impatiently, Jae can't get the lock --

MAC (O.S.)

*Team C in position. East door clear. Good to go.*

SCOWLING, Jae moves aside from the door.

JAE

(whispering, not happy)  
 Sommers. Do it.  
 (into headset)  
 On my mark, people. Three -- two --  
 one -- mark.

And with shocking grace, Jaime BACK SPIN-KICKS the lock, PULVERIZING it, sending the metal doors FLYING inwards.

INT. WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

JAE AND BRETT CHARGE into the warehouse -- at the same moment

THE OTHER FOUR SPEC OPS GUYS converge three sides on SARAH, who hasn't moved an INCH. They surround her in a loose circle, guns TRAINED unwaveringly on her.

JAE moves toward Sarah, his gun pointed levelly at her head.

JAE

Give it up. It's over.

Sarah finally looks up at him -- her eyes GLITTER in the harsh leaping light of the welder as she looks at Jae like there's ONLY THE TWO OF THEM in the room.

SARAH

I keep telling you, Jae: it's never over. Even when you want it to be.

She looks PAST Jae, straight at JAIME -- and Sarah SMILES, feral, COLD, just like in Jaime's dream.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Hello again.

INT. COMPLEX -- OPS CENTER -- NIGHT

RUTH, JONAS AND OPERATIONS TECHS in the Ops Center. Ruth's monitors suddenly go DARK, feeds VANISHING.

RUTH

I've lost signal. They're offline --

JONAS

What? Get them back!

COMM TECH

We've lost the surveillance feed.  
We're being jammed.

\*  
\*  
\*

RUTH

(realizing, grimly)  
She knew we were coming.

INT. WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Back to SARAH AND THE TEAM, still in the same positions --

-- when suddenly FIGURES come CROWDING in the doors from outside -- THUGS, HEAVILY ARMED, SWARM into the warehouse, bring their guns with a CLATTER to bear on THE TEAM.

So now it looks like this: A CIRCLE OF THUGS in the shadows, surrounding THE CIRCLE OF SPEC OPS GUYS, and SARAH in the center of it all, still working nonchalantly on the weld.

\*  
\*  
\*

SARAH

You ought to know I don't leave so much as a molecule behind. Unless I mean to.

\*

Jae keeps his gun TRAINED on Sarah, rock-steady, but TENSION radiates from him almost VISIBLY.

\*  
\*

JAE

What the hell is this?

\*  
\*

SARAH

An invitation. I'm building my own organization, something that will show Jonas for the amateur he is.  
(to the Team)  
And I'm hiring. Interested?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JAE

Step away from the table and put your hands where I can see them.

\*  
\*  
\*

SARAH  
 (ignoring the order)  
 Applying is simple: strip down and  
 fight me.  
 (nods at the Thugs)  
 They'll tell you -- you can't beat  
 me. But last long enough before I  
 take you down, and the job is yours.  
 (small smile)  
 Although one of you already works  
 for me.

JAE  
 (eyes on Sarah)  
 Brett, cover Sommers!

JAIME  
What?

JAE  
 (to Sarah, deadly)  
 Call off your men, get up and come  
 with us, or I'll put a bullet through  
 your head. I swear to god I will.

Sarah finishes sealing her arm, looks up at Jae.

SARAH  
 I know you would.

KER-BLAMMM! The shot blasts through the tense silence -- as  
JAE SPINS, falls to his knees, SHOT in the shoulder. BRETT  
 stands behind him, gun in hand.

BRETT  
 I'm giving my notice.  
 (to the Team)  
 Sorry, guys. I got a better offer --

-- but before he can finish, Jae TWISTS, legs SCISSORING  
 out, KNOCKING Brett to the ground, his gun FLYING --

AND ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE as everyone starts SHOOTING.

SARAH  
 (shouting)  
 I want them alive!

Sarah JUMPS up from the workbench, welder in hand --

-- and she SLAMS into Jaime with the force of a FREIGHT TRAIN.  
 Jaime goes FLYING into a wall, CRASHING right through it --

INT. WAREHOUSE WORKSHOP -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

-- to SLAM into a stainless steel TABLE, sending SURGICAL  
 EQUIPMENT scattering in every direction.

She's in a SMALL ROOM off the main warehouse, which has been made into --

A MACABRE WORKSHOP filled with BIONIC PARTS and TOOLS.

A cross between an OPERATING ROOM and a MACHINE SHOP: drills and welders beside organic-looking REPLACEMENT PARTS of white tubing, titanium-ceramic bones, polyamide skin, I.V. bags of blue-white BIONIC BLOOD and countless FRAGMENTARY PARTS. \*

SARAH LEAPS through the rent-open wall -- she RAKES across Jaime's arm with the welder, the bionic skin TEARING open. \*

SARAH

You know, you really suck at this.

She SWEEPS a kick out, KNOCKING Jaime back, then SLAMS her down to the floor, knee over her throat --

SARAH (CONT'D) \*

Show me yours, I'll show you mine. \*

What did they replace? \*

Sarah PRESSES on her throat -- \*

JAIME

My right arm!  
(gasps for breath)  
Both legs -- my eye, and -- my ear.

She RISES gracefully off Jaime, regards her for a second -- then STRIKES her with the steel bar in the stomach.

SARAH

Me, they did both arms, both legs. \*

Only one eye, though -- Masters wasn't sure about the optic interface.

(shrugs)

So I did the other one myself.

Even through the haze of pain, Jaime looks up sharply --

SARAH (CONT'D) \*

Part of my chest too. \*

(off Jaime's shock) \*

I'm cutting away all the parts of me that are weak. And getting rid of anything in my way. Like Masters -- \*

JAIME \*

No! \*

Jaime marshalls every OUNCE of strength, THROWS herself at Sarah --

SARAH

You still don't understand.

Sarah SLAMS Jaime back against the wall.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
You're already dead.

SARAH'S fist BLURS right for Jaime's FACE -- JAIME ROLLS to the side the instant before impact. Sarah's hand SMASHES into the wall, PUNCHING a hole through it.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
You were dead from the moment they put this junk inside you, raped your brain and made you what they wanted.

She JERKS her hand from the wall, STRIDES toward Jaime.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
We both were.

Sarah SLAMS Jaime against a STEEL-BARRED WINDOW, glass RAINING around them as she SHOVES Jaime against the bars --

SARAH (CONT'D)  
What the hell is wrong with you?  
You knew, they all knew --  
(furiously)  
How could you let them do this to you?

Jaime SNARLS right back at her, face to face --

JAIME  
I didn't let anybody do anything, all right? You missed Eric with the car, and you got me. I'm no soldier -- I didn't want this!  
(spits out the words)  
If anybody made me, it's you.

Sarah takes a startled step BACKWARDS -- Jaime takes the opening, HITS hard and REVERSES their positions, so now it's SARAH up against the steel bars and broken glass.

JAIME (CONT'D)  
(deadly)  
And I won't let you kill Eric. I will not.

SARAH'S expression is strangely SHOCKED -- and suddenly, she TWISTS her arms free, CLAMPING her hands on Jaime's temples.

With Jaime's head between her hands, Sarah starts to PRESS.

JAIME STRUGGLES to get free, but Sarah's hands hold her like a VISE, her head immobile -- Jaime's eyes ROLL BACK, the pain UNBEARABLE, and she SCREAMS.

SARAH

I'm sorry.

JAIME somehow FOCUSES for an instant, eyes fixing on Sarah -- and she PUNCHES her in the gut, Sarah's grip LOOSENS -- and JAIME KICKS her so hard she goes FLYING across the room.

SARAH twists in midair, lands in a CROUCH on the floor --

SARAH (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter anyway.

SEVERAL THUGS come racing into the room, guns RAISED --

SARAH (CONT'D)

Masters is already done.

(glances at her watch)

He has maybe an hour. No more.

Jaime looks from Sarah to the advancing Thugs -- and lightning- \*  
fast, she JUMPS STRAIGHT UP, into the rafters. THE THUGS \*  
fire after her, but she's already PUNCHED a hole in the roof, \*  
VAULTING through to vanish into the darkness. \*

SARAH goes to the barred window, looks out -- there's nothing but SILENCE and DARKNESS outside.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(repeating, quietly)

I'm sorry.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO -- NIGHT

JAIME runs like a BLUR through the streets, black fatigues \*  
making her almost INVISIBLE. The city FLIES by her -- she's \*  
a FLASH of black in the shadows, moving too fast to follow. \*

INT. COMPLEX -- OPS CENTER -- NIGHT

JONAS AND RUTH and the frantic OPS TECHS working --

TECH 1

There's a breach at the main gate --

RUTH

(amazed)

It's Sommers. Headed underground. \*

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LOCKDOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

JAIME has come to stop in front of the SECURITY GUARDS at the door. She's SCARY LOOKING -- breathing hard from her RUN, covered with sweat and bruises and blood --

JAIME

Get out of my way.

GUARD 1

We don't have authorization to --

And Jaime SWEEPS him aside with one arm. He goes FLYING to SMACK into a wall, sliding down, UNCONSCIOUS. GUARD 2 pulls his gun, but JAIME grabs it in a FLASH of movement and CRUSHES it one-handed, KICKING Guard 2 aside. \*

She TEARS open the door, hinges RIPPING off -- \*

INT. LOCKDOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

-- and rushes in to find ERIC sitting on the bed.

ERIC

Jaime? What -- ?

Jaime looks frantic, almost HYSTERICAL --

JAIME

We have to get you out. She's coming. She said you have an hour -- there's only minutes left -- she had one of the strike team, she's probably got more people here --

(frantic)

There's a bomb, or an assassin, or -- \*

ERIC

There's nothing to worry about, ok? I'm fine. We're safe. \*

JAIME

(hysterically)

We're not safe, you said yourself, she never gives up! We have to go, get out of here now -- she'll take you, Eric, and I'll lose you forever --

For some reason, Eric doesn't look frightened -- just SAD. He takes her hands in his, holding them to his chest.

ERIC

I'll never leave. I won't. I'll always be here, always --

And without warning, **POPPP!** the space where Eric was is suddenly EMPTY. He's just -- disappeared.

JAIME

Eric? Eric!!

WIDE ON JAIME, standing in SHOCK, alone in an EMPTY ROOM.

END OF ACT SIX

## ACT SEVEN

JONAS comes skidding into the room, through the wreckage of the door. Jaime WHIRLS on him, TERRIFIED, completely FREAKING --

JAIME (CONT'D)

He's gone! Sarah, she's, she's done something --

JONAS

Listen to me -- did she touch you?

JAIME

She's gotten in here, somehow -- but --  
(hysterical, mystified)  
He was right here! We have to find him, she's going to kill him --

Jonas grabs her by the shoulders, trying to get through --

JONAS

Did Sarah touch you?

Jaime STOPS, realizing something is going on, pushing down her panic to FOCUS on Jonas. She looks at him in disbelief, bruised and bloody, TORN BIONIC ARM leaking BLUE-WHITE blood --

JAIME

(incredulously)  
What do you think?

JONAS

Did she touch your head?  
Specifically?

Without waiting for an answer, he TURNS her head gently, looking at her temples, right above the hairline -- where Sarah held Jaime's head in her hands.

JAIME

I thought--she was trying to kill me--

C.U. JAIME'S TEMPLES -- on each side, a TINY BURN lies red and BLISTERED on Jaime's skin.

JONAS

She must have modified her hands,  
created a variable-frequency  
ultrasound arc.  
(turns back to her)  
She burned out one of your components.

Jaime is getting an INKLING of the truth now, something HUGE and TERRIBLE.

JAIME

Which one, Bledsoe?  
 (off his silence)  
Which one?!

JONAS

One of the chips in your brain, meant to be used for combat simulation. It tied in directly to your cerebral cortex; you can see, feel, even taste the input. It makes the sim as... convincing as possible.

JAIME

(dawning horror)  
 It makes me see things that aren't there?

Jonas takes a step closer, looks directly in her eyes.

JONAS

Eric is dead. He died on the operating table, two hours after he was shot.

Jaime STAGGERS back as if Jonas had HIT her.

JONAS (CONT'D)

I told Ruth to use the chip to input a sim of Eric, so you'd believe he was still alive.

JAIME

No... no, the things he said... it was Eric, it was --

JONAS

Once the scenario is downloaded, the program becomes semi-autonomous -- it draws on your own subconscious.  
 (quietly uncomfortable)  
 In some ways, you've been talking to yourself.

Jaime is looking around the room, REMEMBERING what Eric said to her, REPLAYING their conversations --

JAIME

It mattered... that I could forgive him.  
 (bitter laugh)  
 Of course it did.

And suddenly, her PAIN vanishes, replaced by COLD FURY. She WHIRLS on Jonas, GRABBING him by the THROAT and SLAMMING him HARD against the wall.

JAIME (CONT'D) \*  
 But I don't have to forgive you. \*

JONAS  
 (struggling to breathe)  
 I -- had to -- I needed you, couldn't  
 be sure --

JAIME  
 (finishing the sentence)  
 -- that I'd go on your little field  
 trip if I didn't have anything left  
 to protect? So you lied to me to  
 get what you wanted.

She CLOSES her hand TIGHTER around his neck -- JONAS' FEET  
 kick the air, he's PINNED to the wall, CHOKING --

JONAS  
 (hoarse, choked)  
 Jaime -- please --

JAIME  
 This is what a power differential  
 feels like from the other side.

She holds him, unmoving as STONE, as he STRUGGLES vainly.

JAIME (CONT'D)  
 (a hard whisper)  
 Am I inspiring trust right now?

Jonas is BEYOND SPEAKING, his eyes BULGING -- and Jaime DROPS  
 him. He CRUMPLES to the floor, GASPING for breath.

JAIME (CONT'D) \*  
 (disgusted) \*  
 You're so far into your world of \*  
 lies and secrets that you've forgotten \*  
 what it means to be an actual person. \*  
 (an edge) \*  
 Ironic, considering how much more \*  
 "human" you are than me. Technically. \*

JONAS  
 (gasping)  
 I'm -- I'm sorry -- I just --

He COUGHS violently, looks up at her, and for a moment, all  
 his power and arrogance are stripped away.

JONAS (CONT'D)  
 He was my friend. I don't have many  
 of those. I wanted him avenged, I  
 wanted to stop her -- and I didn't  
 think anyone could do it but you.  
 (MORE)

JONAS (CONT'D)

(sadly)  
I was right. Only you survived --

JAIME

She didn't kill them.  
(off his surprise)  
One of your hand-picked G.I. Joes  
has gone over to the dark side. We  
walked right into a trap -- Sarah  
had guns, men, everything waiting.  
She says she's starting her own  
organization.

Jonas gets to his feet.

JONAS

She must want them for intel. Jae,  
especially. She'll torture them --  
and then she'll kill them.

Jaime's face has gone HARD. Something's been RIPPED out of  
her, and what it's left behind is cold RAGE.

JAIME

No. She's not going to kill anyone  
else.

JONAS

You're going to help me get them  
back? You'd do that? Why?

JAIME

Because it's the human thing to do.

INT. RUTH'S LAB -- DAY

CLOSE ON JAIME'S BIONIC ARM, open and being repaired.

RUTH

(frankly)  
I'm sorry for doing the sim.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL RUTH working on Jaime's forearm with  
tools and a WELDER. In the B.G., Jonas PACES.

RUTH (CONT'D)

It was -- stupid. Unnecessary.

JAIME

The word you want is "wrong."

Ruth gives a half-snort of laughter.

RUTH

I guess it is.

Jaime looks at Ruth searchingly -- desperate for someone to CONFIDE in.

JAIME

The truth is... I don't know if I can stop her. Both times I fought her, I -- Sarah was so fast, so strong --

RUTH

You were thinking. Don't think. React. Don't stop, don't doubt, don't second-guess.

Ruth seals the arm, then LOOKS Jaime in the eye.

RUTH (CONT'D)

The knowledge is in you, as deep as your cells. It's part of you now. You're just afraid to know it.  
(intense, repeating)  
Don't think. Just be what you are.

Jonas crosses back to them, looking close to DESPERATE.

JONAS

We don't even know where she is --

RUTH

We can find her. All the the team carry tracking locators embedded in their skin. Sarah knows that, she'll already have torn them out -- except for Jae's.

JONAS

That's because he doesn't have one.

RUTH

No, he refused one. So I put a nanotracer in his flu shot.

A second as this sinks in -- and Jonas GRINS.

JONAS

We're going to need a mission profile --

JAIME

(shortly)  
No. We're not.  
(before Jonas objects)  
If you mount a full-scale attack -- assuming you could, without Sarah finding out -- the strike team will end up dead.

JONAS

So instead... ?

JAIME

I'm going to walk in the front door  
and ask for a job.

Ruth looks intrigued, but Jonas is HORRIFIED.

JONAS

Now wait a minute --

JAIME

She burned out the chip, instead of  
killing me. She knew Eric was dead,  
somehow --

(to Jonas)

-- and she wanted me to see what a  
liar you were. Why?

RUTH

(getting it)

So you'd come to her.

JAIME

And that's exactly what I'm going to  
do.

JONAS

This is a really terrible plan.

JAIME

(retorting)

Can't be worse than your last one.  
Ever heard of Occam's Razor?

(off their blank looks)

"All things considered, the simplest  
solution is usually the best."

(to Ruth)

Don't you people read?

RUTH

(stifles a grin)

Does "Particle Physics Review" count?

JONAS

I can't allow this.

JAIME

(hardening)

It's not your choice. You need me,  
so we do it my way.

JONAS

And your way is to just walk right  
in, totally unarmed?

JAIME

Well. Not totally.

\*  
\*

EXT. ABANDONED TENEMENT -- NIGHT

A vacant TENEMENT BUILDING in a dark, deserted SLUM, broken windows like jagged, blind eyes staring into the night.

JAIME walks up to the door, ALONE.

TWO ARMED THUGS melt out of the shadows, blocking her way --

JAIME

I hear your boss is hiring.

The Thugs GRIN at each other, then motion her through. She walks inside, VANISHING into the inky shadows beyond.

INT. ABANDONED TENEMENT -- APARTMENT -- NIGHT

A ruined, abandoned APARTMENT, torn sofa and tattered chairs, ragged moth-eaten rug, mildewed walls. A PARODY of a comfortable, warm home. Jaime comes in, the door CLOSING decisively behind her.

SARAH emerges from the bedroom, looks at Jaime thoughtfully.

SARAH

I knew you'd find me. But I wasn't  
sure you'd forgive me for Masters.

\*  
\*  
\*

JAIME

I didn't say that I have. But he  
lied to me, and so did Bledsoe.  
They both wanted to own me. Maybe...  
I don't want to be owned.

Sarah smiles, sardonic, but somehow -- APPROVING.

SARAH

You know the rules.

Jaime NODS, swallowing hard.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Strip. Down to your underwear.

While Sarah WATCHES, amused, Jaime swiftly STRIPS down to a tank top and underwear, TOSSING her clothes on a chair.

SARAH (CONT'D)

No weapons -- just the two of us.  
You last as long as you can. And  
then... I decide.

And without another word, Sarah LAUNCHES herself, BLURRING with speed, right at Jaime.

END OF ACT SEVEN

## ACT EIGHT

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT -- NIGHT

JAIME is SLAMMED back against the wall -- for a moment it looks like Sarah is going to PUMMEL her like last time --

-- but then Jaime's face goes STRANGELY CALM, relaxed, no fear, no THOUGHT at all, nothing but INSTINCT --

RUTH (V.O.)

*Don't think.*

-- and Jaime FIGHTS BACK.

They SLAM into each other like GLADIATORS -- HURLING each other into walls and furniture with strength and speed that's almost INHUMAN. \*

JAIME lands a BLOW on Sarah's jaw, SPLITTING her lip. SARAH wipes her hand over her mouth -- \*

SARAH

(a wicked grin)

Sommers. I wasn't sure you had it in you.

She CHARGES for Jaime again -- Jaime is THROWN over the pass-through, into the tiny KITCHEN. \*

JAIME

(panting)

This -- is a ridiculous way to conduct a job interview --

Sarah RIPS the metal fridge door free and SLINGS it at Jaime -- \*

SARAH

I thought about going on craigslist, but this seemed so much more direct.

JAIME THROWS her arm up, BLOCKING the fridge door -- she whirls, KICKS SARAH, sending her FLYING into -- \*

THE LIVING ROOM -- SARAH SLAMS into the radiator so hard she DENTS it. She twists, TEARS the radiator from the wall -- \*

-- and SLAMS it into Jaime's CHEST, sending her SPRAWLING onto the floor, PINNING her with the mass of metal. \*

SARAH (CONT'D)

It's not just a physical test. It's a psychological one. What do you do, when you know you can't win?

Jaime STRUGGLES to move the radiator, but Sarah PUSHES it down harder, holding Jaime PINNED to the floor.

SARAH (CONT'D)

When you're staring death in the  
face, and there's no escape?

Sarah keeps talking, eyes locked on Jaime's -- but we see  
JAIME'S HAND, as she SINKS her fingers INTO THE METAL RADIATOR --\*

SARAH (CONT'D)

(almost a whisper)

How do you deal with despair?

-- and Jaime SWINGS the radiator and KICKS, her foot CRACKS  
into Sarah's temple as the radiator SLAMS Sarah back. \*

Jaime ROLLS, comes up fast, eyes BLAZING.

JAIME

If you're waiting for me to give up,  
we're going to be here a long time.

They REGARD each other for a moment, bleeding and POISED to  
attack, the apartment in RUINS around them -- and then:

SARAH

You're hired.  
(steps back)  
Congratulations.

She holds out her hand -- and after a moment, Jaime TAKES  
it. They shake.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Get dressed.

Jaime goes to the chair -- which has been DEMOLISHED -- and  
fishes out her dust-covered clothes. As she dresses:

JAIME

How did you know Bledsoe would lie  
to me?

SARAH

He lies like other people breathe.  
When you said you were there to save  
Masters -- I knew what Jonas must  
have done. Because no one could  
have survived those wounds. Except  
maybe one of us.  
(shrugging)  
So I burned out the chip, to let you  
see the truth.

Jaime's finished dressing, she comes up behind Sarah --

JAIME

Thank you. For that.

And lighting-fast, she SNAKES her right arm around Sarah's NECK, CLAMPING her bionic arm TIGHT -- CHOKING her and PRESSING on her carotid at the same time.

SARAH STRUGGLES -- JAIME holds her from behind, mouth to Sarah's ear.

\*

JAIME (CONT'D)  
I'm not a liar. But you people are  
teaching me fast.

Sarah is GASPING, CHOKING --

JAIME (CONT'D)  
So much of us is machine -- but we  
still have lungs that breathe, and  
hearts that beat.

Jaime RIPS open a hastily sewn seam at the bottom of her SHIRT, pulling out a small SYRINGE --

JAIME (CONT'D)  
We're human. That part of us can't  
be cut away.

-- and she JAMS the syringe into Sarah's NECK, INJECTS her.

Jaime LETS GO of Sarah -- Sarah WHIRLS on her, but then STAGGERS, uncertain. She looks at Jaime, HORRIFIED.

SARAH  
What... did you... ?

JAIME  
I tranked you, that's all. You're  
coming back with us.

Sarah LURCHES toward her, SWAYING, barely able to stand.

JAIME (CONT'D)  
Just tell me -- why did you kill  
Eric? So you could be the only one  
with bionics?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Sarah GRABS Jaime by the arm, trying to stay upright.

SARAH  
No one... should ever have been...  
(tries again)  
He shouldn't have done it. To me.  
To anyone. I killed him... to...  
stop him...

And Sarah PASSES OUT. Jaime CATCHES her as she falls, lowering her with surprising GENTLENESS to the floor.

Outside the window, the MOON shines full and cold, casting pale light over the shabby tenement.

In the streaming moonlight, Jaime stands perfectly still -- and LISTENS.

SFX as we hear the BIONIC EAR engaged -- it's like listening to a RADIO, tuning rapidly through different FREQUENCIES as she listens in on different ROOMS --

MAN'S VOICE 1 (O.S.)  
-- *think they can cheat me* --

MAN'S VOICE 2 (O.S.)  
-- *your turn to get the smokes* --

MAN'S VOICE 3 (O.S.)  
-- *give me that!* --

MAN'S VOICE 4 (O.S.)  
-- *what we want to know, and this can all stop* --

RADCLIFFE (O.S.)  
Screw -- you.

JAIME freezes, tilting her head -- SFX as the VOICES and SOUNDS become LOUDER, CRYSTAL CLEAR, as she HOMES in on them --

MAN'S VOICE 4  
*You could make this stop, Jae, anytime you want* --

Jaime looks UPWARDS, following the sound --

POV JAIME, VFX BIONIC EYE -- as the ear TRIANGULATES, the heads-up display ZEROES in on an AREA, showing a rough SCHEMATIC of distance and area -- outlining a ROOM on the top floor.

JAIME  
(to unconscious Sarah)  
I'll pick you up on the way out.

And Jaime heads for THE WINDOW.

EXT. TENEMENT -- NIGHT

Jaime climbs smoothly out the window, looking UPWARDS --

VFX BIONIC EYE, as the TARGETING DISPLAY narrows to THE SAME ROOM on the top floor.

Jaime looks upward, GAUGING the distance -- and JUMPS.

She SHOOTs up -- CATCHES herself ON THE LIP OF THE ROOF, bionic fingers DIGGING into the cement like it was CLAY.

\*

She's HANGING right outside the window of the room -- the window is BOARDED UP. She SWINGS backwards like a gymnast -- and SLAMS her legs feet-first INTO THE WINDOW.

INT. TENEMENT ROOM -- NIGHT

JAIME comes SAILING into the room in a HAIL of shattered glass and splintered wood, landing in a CROUCH on the floor. In a SPLIT SECOND she takes in the scene --

ONE THUG AND BRETT are busily SHOVING RADCLIFFE headfirst into a filthy SINK, holding him face-down in moldy water, as

TWO OTHER THUGS look on, guns loosely in their hands, while

JAE AND THE OTHER GUYS are chained against the wall. Jae is SHIRTLESS, cloth over his shoulder wound, soaked in BLOOD.

VFX BIONIC EYE as it TARGETS instantly, ranking THREAT ASSESMENT for each THUG, IDENTIFYING their WEAPONS -- and

**JAIME ATTACKS.**

She's a BLUR of motion, SLAMMING into the first Thug before he knows what hit him, KICKING out to catch the second across his jaw, his gun going FLYING from his hand as he COLLAPSES.

THUG 3 AND BRETT frantically draw their guns as Jaime LEAPS for them, PUNCHING Thug 3 so hard he SAILS across the room, DENTING the wall. She WHIRLS to face Brett --

KERBLAMMM! Brett is THROWN BACKWARDS, SHOT right through the heart. Jaime turns to see

JAE, shakily holding the Thug's gun in his chained hands. Jaime strides over to Jae.

JAIME

Time to go. Unless you still need to work on your trust issues.

Jae looks up at her, pale from loss of blood, but still manages a ghost of a smile.

JAE

I'm good.

She reaches down, TEARS the chains on his arms like PAPER.

INT. STAIRWELL -- TENEMENT -- NIGHT

THE SPEC OPS GUYS move quickly and silently down the stairs, armed with the Thugs' guns. Jaime supports Jae, who can barely WALK. As they pass the 2nd floor, Jaime PAUSES --

JAIME

I have to get Sarah. Go ahead, I'll catch up --

The GUYS look at her, all of one mind --

DANNY

No damned way you're going alone.

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Flanked by the Spec Ops Guys, Jaime OPENS the door -- and the ruined apartment is EMPTY. Sarah is GONE.

O.S. SHOUTING and FOOTSTEPS -- Jae PULLS her from the door --

JAE

Let's go, Sommers. Let's go.

\*

EXT. TENEMENT -- NIGHT

A black van comes SCREAMING up, door open to reveal JONAS -- The Spec Ops Guys RACE outside, Jaime half-carrying Jae, bullets RICOCHETING off the van as the Team PILES in --

\*

\*

\*

MAC

Go, go, go!

RUTH is driving -- she FLOORS IT, Jonas DOGS the door shut, and the van CAREENS away into the darkness.

\*

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JONAS' COMPLEX -- DAWN

The first light of dawn is STREAKING the sky over the peaceful acres of Jonas' complex.

JAIME is sitting on a boulder outside the complex, watching the sun rise. She's beaten up, grimy. JONAS comes up behind her, sits down beside her.

\*

JONAS

Thank you.

Jaime nods, silent.

JONAS (CONT'D)

I can't ask for your trust. I know I don't deserve it. But, the thing is -- you were good at what you just did.

Jaime just keeps watching the sunrise.

JONAS (CONT'D)

I need you, even though you don't need me. From what I can see, you've spent a lot of your life trying to rescue people -- like your sister -- and not always with the best results. I think some part of you wants to do more. I want to give you the chance to do that. Just... think about it.

Jaime turns to look at him, inscrutable -- then STANDS.

JAIME

It's time for me to get home.

INT. JAIME'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Jaime comes into the apartment, looking THRASHED. She's cleaned up and changed, but the EXHAUSTION is written bone-deep into her body. She drops her bag by the door, heads for the kitchen --

\*  
\*

BECCA

Where the hell have you been?

Jaime almost JUMPS out of her skin -- BECCA is sitting in the kitchen, drinking a cup of black coffee, looking PISSED.

BECCA (CONT'D)

You've been gone all night -- you act like you don't even live here. Damn it, what is going on with you?

JAIME

I'm fine.

And, unbelievably, Jaime's eyes start to FILL.

JAIME (CONT'D)

I just need -- some coffee --

Her hands are SHAKING visibly as she tries to get a cup -- tears SPILL down her face, she can't stop them.

\*

JAIME (CONT'D)

I'm -- always fine --

Jaime has to stop speaking, tears FLOODING. Becca is FLOORED, and actually a little SCARED.

\*

BECCA

(awkwardly gentle)

Hey, come on --

Jaime can't answer, just shakes her head mutely, tears FALLING. Becca reaches out, hesitantly STROKES her back.

BECCA (CONT'D)  
 -- it can't be that bad, right?

Soundlessly, Jaime LEANS into her sister. Becca WRAPS her arms around Jaime, almost keeping her from falling.

BECCA (CONT'D)  
 (worried)  
 Jesus, James, what happened?

Jaime just HANGS ON TIGHT, doesn't answer.

PULL BACK on the two of them, for the first time showing the LOVE that binds them, in the way only sisters can be bound.

BECCA (CONT'D)  
 Do you want me to make you a poptart?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STARBUCKS -- DAY

Jaime and Maggie are making coffees behind the bar -- when Jaime looks up to see JONAS, looking a little UNCOMFORTABLE.

JONAS  
 (glancing around)  
 Well, this is... quaint. I don't see why we had to meet here --

JAIME  
 Because I don't have a helicopter and you do. But I'm not off for another half-hour --

She glances over at Maggie -- but she just GRINS at her, and instead of asking Maggie to cover, says to Jonas:

JAIME (CONT'D)  
 -- so you'll have to wait.  
 (hands him a drink)  
 Have a macchiato.

EXT. STARBUCKS -- PATIO -- AFTERNOON

Jonas is sitting with his drink, uncomfortably reading a magazine. Jaime DROPS into the seat across from him. \*

JAIME  
 We need some ground rules.

JONAS  
 (startled)  
 We do?

JAIME

(right to business)

This never touches Becca. She never knows. You get her a tutor, to help with her grades, and some kind of protection when I'm not around.

(quickly)

Although, you know, low-key -- not someone visibly ex-military. And definitely not male.

Jonas is trying hard not to smile, not entirely succeeding.

JONAS

Not male. Right.

JAIME

I'm working, so I'll want to pull a reasonable salary. But I'm keeping my day job.

JONAS

(not quite sure he understands)

You want to keep working -- here.

JAIME

Look, I'm not going to spend all my time talking about handguns and who can wire C4 the fastest. I like my job, my friends, my world. I'm not trading it for yours. Understand?

JONAS

Actually, I do.

JAIME

I choose the missions; I can say no to anything.

She looks him in the eye, CHALLENGING, for the final thing:

JAIME (CONT'D)

And you never, ever lie to me again.

JONAS

Fair enough. But I've got a condition myself.

Jaime looks uncertain --

JONAS (CONT'D)

So far, you've cost me a bloody fortune in doors.

Jonas pulls a PASSKEY from his pocket, like the one we've seen him use in the complex.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Here. This is a passkey that opens every door in the complex. Complete access.

Jaime takes it, nodding.

JONAS (CONT'D)

(quietly)

No lies, nothing hidden. Ever.

He holds out a hand -- and Jaime takes it.

JAIME

It's a deal.

Jonas GRIMACES slightly as they shake hands.

JONAS

You're really hurting me right now.

JAIME

(a little smile)

I know.

(lets go of his hand)

So when do we leave for Korea?

And off the two of them, we --

FADE OUT.