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DARK ANGEL
Season One, Episode #0: "Pilot"
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(Gillette, Wyoming 2009. A young girl is running through the snowy woods, hiding from soldiers on snowmobiles)

MAX (voiceover): The escape was not my idea. I mean . . . escape to what? We didn't know anything else. It was Zack who said we had to leave. So, I guess he saved my life. I didn't think we should separate. But he wouldn't listen. And I never even got a chance to thank him.

SOLDIER: I've ordered a full review . . . top to bottom. And heads will roll.

LYDECKER: Find them . . . all of them.

SOLDIER: What if they make it outside the wire?

LYDECKER: (On walkie-talkie) This is Lydecker. I want you to capture if you can, but if any of them make it to the perimeter you are to terminate. Is that understood?

VOICE ON WALKIE: Confirming, sir. You are giving an order ten-zero-six?

LYDECKER: It's my responsibility. Shoot them.

(Max and her friend are running through the woods. Max steps on thin ice and falls through)

MAX'S FRIEND: Max!

SOLDIER: Sir, we've got seven so far - three wounded, two killed.

LYDECKER: You've got a big problem if just one makes it to the outside.

SOLDIER: Well, realistically, sir, it's ten degrees out here. How far can these kids get?

LYDECKER: Just find them.

(Young Max is hiding under the ice. She survived the chase)

(Switch to a dark city. Max is sitting on the Space Needle overlooking Seattle)

MAX (voiceover): Sometimes it seems like it happened to someone else. Like maybe it was a story I heard. The hardest part is not knowing if any of them made it. But if I knew for sure I was the only one left it would be worse. At least now I can make up lives for them -- like maybe Johndi's a fashion photographer or an architect. The truth is, they'd just be like me, living on the run always looking over my shoulder. Hope is for losers. It's a con job people trip behind till they finally get a grip on the cold, hard truth. Still, I hope that they're out there somewhere and that they're okay.

(Max is in the bathroom, taking pills to stop her shaking. Flashbacks to images of the children being trained. She gets a hold of herself and comes out of the bathroom.)

KENDRA: It sucks.

MAX: What sucks?

KENDRA: I come home, it's 3 a.m. You're still out. I feel like I got hit by a cement truck and you've been up for an hour bouncing around. That, by definition, sucks.

MAX: I made you coffee. That ought to help cope with the injustice of the world a little.

KENDRA: Thanks. It's starting to kick in. I feel almost human.

MAX: Yeah. Me, too.

(Max stops by Theo's place on her way to work)

MAX: Knock, knock! Hey, guys.

THEO'S WIFE: Hey!

MAX (to Theo): Let's roll, hotshot.

THEO: Thanks, babe. I'm going to have to take a personal day. I'm biting it bad.

MAX: It's payday. Need me to pick up your check?

THEO: You're the best, Maxie.

THEO'S WIFE: Come on, Little Bit. You going to be late for school. Three more bites.

LITTLE BIT: Two more.

THEO'S WIFE: But big ones.

(Theo coughs)

(Seattle, Washington 2019. Max rides through the city streets on the way to work.)

MAX (voiceover): They used to say one nuclear bomb can ruin your whole day. It was sort of a joke, until the June morning those terrorist bozos whacked us with an electromagnetic pulse from 80 miles up. You always hear people yapping on how it was all different before the pulse. Land of milk and honey blah, blah, blah, blah with plenty of food and jobs and things actually worked. I was too young to remember, so, whatever . . . The thing I don't get is why they call it a depression. I mean, everybody's broke . . . but they aren't really all that depressed. Life goes on.

(Max is stopped at a checkpoint by a security guard)

MAX: Jam Pony messenger.

GUARD: Have a good one.

(At Jam Pony headquarters, Normal is arguing with Herbal Thought)

NORMAL: So you just left it?

HERBAL: Nobody there to sign for it, mon. Now, what's a brother supposed to do? Ride around all day with the damn package?

NORMAL: So, you just decided to return it to the sender or in this case, the sender's wife?

HERBAL: Like the prophets say . . . only the unrighteous husband send expensive gift-wrapped underpanties to another woman.

NORMAL: Yes, it's none of your business. None of your business, or mine.

HERBAL: It concerns only Jah. But, in this case, I was the instrument of the most high.

NORMAL: Yes, well, around here I am the most high, alright? Before you do anything, you call for instructions. Here, it's a hot run - beat it.

(Max arrives late)

NORMAL: Ah, ah, ah . . . little late.

MAX: I was on call.

NORMAL: Yes, well, I want you on call here.

MAX: What's the difference if I'm on call here or deployed in the field?

NORMAL: Or deployed in bed asleep.

(Normal hands Max her paycheck)

MAX: I don't sleep. Theo asked me to pick his up, too.

NORMAL: Oh, and Theo can't pick up his own check because . . .

MAX: He's sick.

NORMAL: Ah, for a change. You tell Theo if he's not in tomorrow, he can start looking for another job.

MAX: I don't know how to break this to you, Normal. We're all looking for another job.

(Max greets Original Cindy at the lockers)

MAX: Morning, sunshine.

CINDY: Caught some son-of-a-bitch stealing my bike. Used a car jack to break my u-lock and bent a bunch of spokes. Now, I got to get my wheel laced.

MAX: At least he didn't swing with your ride.

CINDY: True that, but I broke a nail giving him a cranium crack. And that just wrecks your day you know what I'm saying?

(Cindy glances around and sees Sketchy and his girlfriend, Natalie)

CINDY: Now, why can't I find a girlfriend like that? Brings him lunch everyday . . . thoughtful, sweet . . . legs from here to there.

MAX: Straight.

CINDY: Shame wasting a girl like that on a male.

(They walk up to Sketchy and Natalie)

MAX: Hey, Sketch.

SKETCHY: (Offering them cookies) Homemade - Natalie baked them for our anniversary. The big one-oh.

MAX: The big one-oh?

NATALIE: We went on our first date ten months ago tonight.

CINDY: Congratulations.

(A hacked TV broadcast comes on the TV)

EYES ONLY: Do not attempt to adjust your set.

JAM PONY GUY: Hey, man, check it out - Eyes Only.

EYES ONLY: This is a Streaming Freedom Video bulletin. The cable hack will last exactly 60 seconds. It cannot be traced, it cannot be stopped and it is the only free voice left in the city. There are certain men who move through the world with impunity. Their actions, no matter how vile, are immune from consequence. Edgar Sonrisa is such a man. You've seen him, smiling at political fund-raisers . . .

NORMAL: On your own time, people! Place of business. Bip, bip, bip!

EYES ONLY: . . . He owns shopping centers, a trucking company and the largest medical supply company in the Northwest. He also runs drugs and guns up and down the West Coast . . .

SKETCHY: The man is deep.

EYES ONLY: . . . he's very obviously dirty. . .

MAX: No, you're easy.

SKETCHY: He ever been wrong about anything?

MAX: He's on the hustle, same as everyone else.

JAM PONY GUY: Shh! That doesn't mean he's not telling the truth.

EYES ONLY: . . . Journalists who have attempted to expose him have been gunned down in the street. Their blood is the ink of our modern news. Those who've opposed him have vanished. All of that is about to change.

(Max and Sketchy ride off together. Max notices a hover drone floating nearby and takes off down a side street)

MAX: Later!

SKETCHY: It's your turn to buy lunch!

MAX (voiceover): This was supposed to be the financial district back in the day. America really thought they had it dialed in, money hanging out the butt. But it was all just a bunch of ones and zeroes in a computer someplace. So, when that bomb went ka-blooeey and the electromagnetic pulse turned all the ones and zeroes into plain old zeroes, everyone's like, "No way!" Now, America's just another broke ex-super power looking for a handout and wondering why.

MAX: (arrives at a high-rise building with a delivery) I need a signature.

SECRETARY: Hold on a moment.

(While the secretary is signing the delivery receipt, Max eyes a shiny statue in the building across the street. She tapes the door so she can break in later.)

SKETCHY: (On the phone with Natalie) You're not going to believe this, Natalie. Got a late run so I'm not going to be able to make dinner. I know it's the big one-oh. Hon, I begged, I pleaded, I pissed, I moaned. I got to do what I got to do. We'll do something special. I promise. I love you, too, mousetrap. Kisses.

(Sketchy goes up to a house and rings the doorbell, and we realize he's been cheating on Natalie)

SKETCHY: Sorry I'm late.

(At a bar, Original Cindy is collecting money for people betting on whether Max can identify a 14-digit number by listening to tones on speed dial)

CINDY: You want to be rich? Listen to the bitch. Give mommy the cheddar. I'll make your life better. Touch the boot, get dropped wet. Original Cindy don't feature that, know what I'm saying? You in? Who else?

BARTENDER: What's the action?

CINDY: Homegirl can repeat a 14-digit phone number by listening to the beep tones.

BARTENDER: So?

CINDY: On speed dial. Buy-in's ten. Last chance. Okay, let's do this.

(The Bartender uses speed dial to redial a number)

MAX: 2-0-6-5-5-5-0-1-3-5-7-6-3-3.

BARTENDER: That's it.

SPECTATOR: How did you do that?

DARREN: (Walks up) I'll have a beer, since you're buying.

MAX: I wasn't.

DARREN: How you doing, Max?

CINDY: You mean until you showed up?

DARREN: You're not still pissed off?

CINDY: 'Cause you went out the back door and nailed her girlfriend? Now who would be pissed off about that?

DARREN: You know why I went after Justine?

CINDY: She was there?

DARREN: Trying to have a relationship with you, Max, is like standing in a fog bank. You know, you're right in the middle of something except you have absolutely no idea where you are.

CINDY: And when the fog lifted, there was Darren with his head under Justine's skirt.

DARREN (to Cindy): Could we have a moment? (to Max) I was crazy about you but you keep everyone at arm's length like you got some, great big dark something going on. It's just the more I tried to get close to you the more you pulled away.

MAX: I'm really glad we're having this conversation. You're right, I was angry at you but talking about it . . . the scales have fallen from my eyes and I realize now that . . . it was all my fault. Could you ever forgive me?

DARREN: I see the perimeter defense system is still fully intact. At least I tried. (Leaves)

CINDY: Craps all over everything and everyone. Then, wants mommy to forgive him.

MAX: Tell me the truth. Am I a female fog bank?

CINDY: He's just trying to blame you because he's a slut.

MAX: Yeah.

CINDY: Hell, yeah. There is not the slightest grain of truth in anything that that idiot was saying. You are a totally down-ass female and a straight-up friend. Just 'cause you're a little . . .

MAX: Foggy . . .

CINDY: More like a mystery -- which isn't bad.

(Max's beeper goes off)

CINDY: Mysterious.

MAX: Gotta go.

CINDY: Where?

MAX: It's a secret.

(Max arrives at a laundromat on her motorcycle)

VOGELSANG: How many times I tell you? You drive away business, roaring in here like that.

MAX: Does kind of break the elegant atmosphere.

VOGELSANG: You got a punk-ass mouth on you, kid.

MAX: My name's not "kid." It's "client," as in the person who pays for your opulent lifestyle. Now, you got something for me or not?

VOGELSANG: Yeah. Right here someplace. Oh, let's see. Oh . . . I got a hit on that car. Uh, I got an '03 Tahoe, blue . . . Wyoming tags A-G-T-3-4-9. It wasn't easy. You were off on one of the numbers.

MAX: Sorry, I was nine at the time. Who's this guy? This isn't who we're looking for. Her name was Hannah.

VOGELSANG: He got the car in trade for an old pickup and some food. Got no bill of sale or nothing. It was right after the pulse. The DMV records were wiped out. Got nothing on the seller but managed to find the guy . . . six hours on the phone. Say thank you.

MAX: Thank you.

VOGELSANG: He didn't remember the woman's name but she fits the description that you gave like a glove.

(Flashback of Max being rescued by Hannah)

HANNAH: Get in. Hurry. Come on.

VOGELSANG: Guy says he made the trade in Gillette, Wyoming, in the fall of '09.

MAX: But nothing on Hannah?

VOGELSANG: A nuclear airburst wipes out every record of every kind of computer east of the Rockies and you want me to find a woman that you met when you were nine whose last name you don't even know. Maybe you could give me something more on her . . . some detail . . . anything.

MAX: She was nice.

VOGELSANG: Okay, that's big.

MAX: I think she was a nurse. There must be some kind of registry of nurses or medical technicians or whatever for Wyoming.

VOGELSANG: A last name would help.

MAX: What about the other kids? Anything on them?

VOGELSANG: They don't exactly have a search engine for kids with bar codes on their necks -- something I'm not even going to ask about.

MAX: You were going to run through the law-enforcement databases for a match on identifying marks.

VOGELSANG: Nothing so far from arrests, hospital admissions, coroners . . . This kind of search . . . is heavy spadework. I'm going to need, uh . . .

MAX: More money? Like I'm shocked to hear you say that.

(Max breaks into the building with the shiny statue from earlier in the day by swinging onto the roof. She hears a familiar voice and realizes it is the person who broadcasts the "Eyes Only" messages)

EYES ONLY: Do not attempt to adjust your set. This is a Streaming Freedom Video. Eyes Only cannot be bought or threatened and through the Eyes Only Informant Net a truth-speaker has come forward. The testimony of one fearless witness will soon lead to the indictment of Edgar Sonrisa for multiple counts of murder. The drug Cortodiazaphine is expensive, in short supply and much sought after as a cancer treatment. It is also the only effective treatment for the Balkan War Syndrome, an otherwise fatal disease . . . but that doesn't stop Edgar Sonrisa from growing richer, peddling the drug to the few who can afford to pay any price for vanity's sake. Sonrisa has been replacing shipments with sugar pills, selling the real Cortodiazaphine on the Canadian black market for \$2,000 a bottle while combat vets exposed to bio-war agents go untreated. All over this city they are repaid for defending this country by being allowed to waste away and die a slow, agonizing death.

(Logan's personal bodyguard notices someone is in the apartment. He contacts building security and looks around for the intruder. Max ducks into a room to avoid him. A woman and her daughter are in the room. The woman yells for help and throws a lamp at Max.)

MAX: I won't hurt you.

(The bodyguard finds Max but she soundly beats him up)

MAX: Sorry.

(Logan Cale, also known as Eyes Only, appears with a shotgun and flashlight in hand)

LOGAN: Put it down! Now!

(Max slowly drops the loot she swiped)

LOGAN: Lauren . . . you and Sophie okay?

LAUREN: Yeah . . . we're okay.

LOGAN: Peter!

MAX: If he's the side of beef, he's fine, but give him a minute.

LOGAN: You're a thief?

MAX: Girl's got to make a living.

LOGAN: Thank God.

MAX: First time I ever heard that one.

LOGAN: I was expecting someone else.

MAX: Guess it wasn't the pizza delivery guy.

LOGAN: We're just a little tense right now. (notices the item Max was stealing) You have good taste. French, 1920s, attributed to Chitarus.

MAX: Whoever that is.

LOGAN: Oh. So . . . what, you liked it 'cause it was shiny?

MAX: No, because it's the Egyptian goddess Bast, the goddess who comprehends all goddesses, eye of Ra, protector, avenger, destroyer, giver of life who lives forever.

(Peter has regained consciousness)

LOGAN: Stay back, Peter. Security's on the way.

MAX: I'd love to hang and discuss art, but I got to jet. By the way, I love your show.

SECURITY GUARD: (Coming in) Building security!

LOGAN: Hold your fire!

(Max dives out the window and successfully escapes as Logan watches, stunned by the ease of her movements)

(Max is shaking uncontrollably. She takes some pills. There are flashbacks from her training. She comes out of the bathroom and sees that Kendra is drying clothes on her bike.)

MAX: Kendra, this is a motorcycle. Its sole reason for being is to go fast, very fast. Not for you to use as a clothesline. Now, make no mistake. I love you as a friend and a roommate, but I love my motorcycle more. Stay away from the bike, okay?

(A policeman bursts through the front door)

WALTER: Ladies.

MAX: Morning, Walter. What's the good word?

WALTER: Oh, just doing my part to keep the squatter situation from getting out of hand.

MAX: Mmm. Coffee?

WALTER: Read my mind. You notice any trespassers around here?

MAX: Gosh . . . no.

(Kendra hands Walter an envelope full of money)

WALTER: (Checks how much is in the envelope and talks into the radio) Seventh floor vacant and secure.

OFFICER ON WALKIE: Roger that.

WALTER: Enjoy your day. (Leaves)

KENDRA: What's with you? Every week this scumbag puts the squeeze on us and every week you roll out the welcome wagon like he's family.

MAX: Just thought maybe he'd like some coffee with his saliva. (Max acts like she's spitting into an imaginary cup)

KENDRA: You didn't?

MAX: Every week. (She leaves for work)

(Theo's wife is waiting for Max to show up)

MAX: It's cool. Before I forget, Theo's pay. Came in real late last night. Didn't want to bother you guys.

THEO'S WIFE: Thanks.

MAX: How's he feeling?

THEO'S WIFE: I took him to the hospital again. They gave him some more medicine. He says it's not helping.

MAX: You know how it is. You or me gets sick, life goes on. A guy gets the sniffles, the world's coming to an end.

THEO: That you, Max?

MAX: Playing hooky again.

THEO: Hey, Omar, go see your mom.

LITTLE BIT: Hi.

MAX: Hey.

THEO'S WIFE: Come on, Little Bit.

THEO (lying on the ground covered with a blanket and looking very sick): I know what I got, Max. They put me back on that drug they're giving the other vets. Only the guy that does those cable hacks says this stuff's no good.

MAX: Don't believe everything you hear on TV.

THEO: What if he's on the level?

MAX: The dealio on Eyes Only - he's probably some wack rich dude sitting in a trick apartment bored stupid. So he gets off scaring the crap out of folks like you and me. I gotta go.

THEO: Tell everybody hey.

MAX: You tell them yourself tomorrow when you're back at work.

(Max meets Theo's wife on the way out)

MAX: Like I said, guys are the weaker sex. (But she looks worried)

(Logan's apartment. He's typing at his computer)

LOGAN: Bingo.

PETER: What do you got?

LOGAN: Surveillance video from the building next door. I figure this is how our visitor last night got in. (Zooms in on Max's nametag)

PETER: We trying to ID the perp or your new girlfriend?

LOGAN: If I just got my ass handed to me by a size three I might be inclined to mind my own business.

(At the Jam Pony headquarters)

MAX: Hey, Sketch.

SKETCHY: We got to talk.

MAX: About?

SKETCHY: Nothing.

(Max closes her locker and notices Sketchy waiting on her again)

MAX: What?

SKETCHY: I need your help, Max. See, I've more or less been seeing this other person.

MAX: I don't see how you cheating on Natalie involves me.

SKETCHY: I know what you're thinking, but the truth is this other person is not somebody I'm in love with. As a matter of fact, after what she just did, she's not even somebody I like much. So, in a technical sense I'm not sure you could call really me and this other person cheating.

MAX: Do guys actually believe these lame, self-serving excuses?

SKETCHY: Max!

MAX: Or do they think we're just so grateful to have one of you idiots we'll look the other way? Which is condescending and arrogant.

SKETCHY: Lame, self-serving, condescending . . . guilty as charged.

MAX: You left out arrogant.

SKETCHY: But there's another side!

MAX: Oh, here it comes the part where the guy turns everything around, right?

SKETCHY: I am a victim here.

MAX: Really?

SKETCHY: Hear me out. This other person is a Jam Pony client who happens to be trapped in a loveless marriage.

MAX: And you are a sympathetic ear.

SKETCHY: Exactly.

MAX: And then a sympathetic mouth and then a sympathetic . . .

SKETCHY: She's demanding that I blow off Nat or she's going to do it for me by telling her about us.

MAX: Does this other person have a name?

SKETCHY: Lydia.

MAX: And Lydia telling Natalie the truth makes you a victim in what way?

SKETCHY: I'm a toy to her. In case you haven't noticed, I'm not the kind of guy who gets to be a toy very often. How about never? I guess it kind of went to my head.

MAX: Has it occurred to you to tell Natalie the truth?

SKETCHY: Are you kidding? Even if she doesn't dump me, she'd never be able to trust me again.

MAX: And why should she?

SKETCHY: Look, Max . . . I made a terrible mistake . . . one that I will never, ever make again. Natalie and I are soulmates. I guess it took the thought of losing her for me to understand that.

MAX: What is it you want me to do?

(Logan enters Jam Pony headquarters, looking for Max)

NORMAL: Pick up . . . 411 Montgomery going to 85 Mather.

JAM PONY GUY: All right, I'm on it.

LOGAN (to Normal): I'm looking for a young lady who works here.

NORMAL: Ladies would be elsewhere.

(Logan shows Normal a picture of Max)

NORMAL: Look, pal, she may be easy on the eyes but she's trouble . . . trust me.

JAM PONY GUY: Yo, Normal.

NORMAL: Hot run . . . 1298 Chapel.

LOGAN: I need to talk to her.

NORMAL: I can't help you, man.

(Logan offers him some money)

LOGAN: How about her name and address?

(At a bar, Cindy and Max are playing foosball)

CINDY: Friends don't help other friends cheat.

MAX: I actually kind of feel sorry for guys sometimes.

CINDY: Please.

MAX: They're prisoners of their genes.

CINDY: So are dogs. I say hang Sketch out to dry. Let Natalie see him for the heel he is. Then, maybe she'll step to the all-girl team.

MAX: Of course, there's nothing self-serving in that scenario.

(Max notices Logan is in the bar looking for her)

MAX: So, this guy walks into the bar and says . . .

LOGAN: We didn't get a chance to finish our conversation the other night.

MAX: Original Cindy, say hi to my good friend . . .

LOGAN: Logan Cale.

CINDY: Hey.

MAX: Sorry about your window.

LOGAN: Can we go somewhere and talk?

CINDY: Well, Xena's on. (leaves)

MAX: Let me get my coat.

LOGAN: The one you're wearing?

MAX: Right.

(Max and Logan are walking along a street outside the bar)

MAX: How did you find me?

LOGAN: Wasn't hard.

MAX: Question is why?

LOGAN: You know who I am, where I live. I figured I'd better find out who I'm dealing with in case you were looking to hurt me.

MAX: So, you tracked me down. What do you think?

LOGAN: Too early to tell.

MAX: How does Mrs. Eyes Only like being married to a guy on everybody's hit list?

LOGAN: Lauren's not my wife.

MAX: Girlfriend?

LOGAN: One of my sources. Her husband was murdered by a man named Edgar Sonrisa.

MAX: I caught your hack. He's Satan's lapdog or something. But what's your shot in all this? I mean being a famous, underground, pirate cyber-journalist can't be much of a payday.

LOGAN: My folks were loaded.

MAX: So, what, you like the sound of your own voice?

LOGAN: Look around at all this. Built by people who got up every morning, worked hard trying to make a better life. Then the pulse happened and everyone got scared. They blinked and before they knew it they turned over the store to a bunch of thugs who were happy to take it off their hands. Overnight, the government, the police everything intended to protect the people had been turned against them.

MAX: So you miss the good old days. Even though there were still poor people who died from diseases when they didn't need to, and rich people who still spent obscene amounts of money redecorating the house to match the cat. Those good old days?

LOGAN: Even if they took it for granted, they still had a choice. Now they don't.

MAX: So what are you going to do about it?

LOGAN: Something.

MAX: Personally, I'm more interested in going fast on my motorcycle than giving myself a headache over stuff I can't do anything about.

LOGAN: You accept the way things are and you're an active participant in making them worse.

MAX: Is the social studies class over for today?

LOGAN: That was an extraordinary display of athleticism the other night. A little too extraordinary. You want to tell me how you . . . ?

(Logan turns around and realizes Max has disappeared. A hover drone passes by overhead)

(Max and Sketchy discuss how they're going to fix Sketchy's problem)

SKETCHY: We're straight on how this is going down.

MAX: You set up on Lydia. When she's going to your apartment . . .

SKETCHY: I give you the heads up.

MAX: And I answer the door, pretend to be Natalie . . . who is where, by the way?

SKETCHY: Visiting her mother.

(Lydia is at the entrance to Natalie's apartment. She buzzes up via the intercom)

MAX: Who is it?

LYDIA: A friend of your fiance's.

MAX: What do you want?

LYDIA: To set the record straight about where Calvin was the other night.

MAX: Who are you?

LYDIA: My name's Lydia. Seems you and I have something in common.

MAX: You said you knew where my fiance was the other night.

LYDIA: Yeah . . . with me . . . where he's been after work two, sometimes three nights a week. We have what you might call an, uh, intimate relationship.

MAX: And I'm supposed to believe you because . . .

LYDIA: He been sleeping in a t-shirt lately? So you won't see the fingernail marks on his back. Bet you didn't know your boyfriend found a little pain exciting. Well, he didn't either, at first.

MAX: Calvin told me I could expect a visit from you. I know all about how you threatened him . . . that if he didn't break it off with me you'd save him the trouble. Well, it's over between you and him and we're getting married next month.

LYDIA: You're a very understanding person. You're also a fool.

MAX: I think you should go now.

LYDIA: Not before I get something straight you prissy little bitch. I decide when I'm done with your boyfriend . . . not him, and certainly not you. Unless maybe you want to find out how sharp these nails really are. (Raises her hand to Max's face)

MAX: I'm working very hard to respect my elders here but don't push your luck.

LYDIA: Let go of my hand.

(Max lets go and Lydia turns to leave, then quickly turns around to hit Max, who is expecting the blow. She twists Lydia's arm behind her arm and marches her to the balcony and pushes her over, grabbing her ankle)

LYDIA: Help! Let me go! No, no. No, no. Don't let me go.

MAX: This is how it's going to be, Lydia. You're going to take your threats and your cheesy acrylic nails and you're going to go figure out your marriage instead of trying to make other people feel as miserable as you do, understand?

LYDIA: Okay, okay. Okay! Okay!

MAX: Say "I understand."

LYDIA: I understand.

(At Jam Pony, Sketchy is glowing over how Max humiliated Lydia)

SKETCHY: You rock, Max. You . . . rock!

MAX: Easy, Sketchy.

SKETCHY: No, I'm serious. That psycho got exactly what she deserved. Yes!

MAX: Lydia may not have been one of humanity's finer specimens.

SKETCHY: Oh, she's toxic . . . monster in bed, but toxic.

MAX: You would be making a mistake to come away from this thinking she's the villain in the piece. You are.

SKETCHY: She's the one who's trying to ruin my life.

MAX: None of this would've happened if you'd exercised even a smidgen of self-restraint or good judgment, which you didn't.

SKETCHY: Right, that's true, but . . .

MAX: You were trying to have it both ways and you were being completely selfish. And if I ever find out you're fooling around on Natalie again, you're the one who's going to be hanging by your ankles three stories up. Now understand, Calvin?

SKETCHY: Okay, okay.

MAX: Say "I understand."

SKETCHY: I understand.

(That night, Vogelsang locks up his laundromat and walks to his car. An intruder breaks in. Vogelsang realizes he forgot his car keys)

VOGELSANG: Oh, man!

(He goes back inside and the intruder beats him up)

(Max arrives back home after a long day of work)

MAX: Kendra, you home?

(Max lies down to sleep, then sits up abruptly. The statue that she had attempted to steal from Logan is sitting on the table)

(Max pays another visit to Logan Cale, who has set his dinner table for two)

LOGAN: You ever notice how cats always seem to turn up around dinnertime?

MAX: I won't be staying.

LOGAN: I'm not a half-bad cook.

MAX: Like following me around and pestering the people I work with wasn't bad enough, but breaking into my apartment?

LOGAN: It was open.

MAX: You got a lot of nerve.

LOGAN: Me? You're the one who tried to rip off this place.

MAX: I steal things in order to sell them for money. It's called commerce. But some stranger sneaking into a girl's apartment is bent.

LOGAN: Bent?

MAX: Bent.

LOGAN: I left you a present.

MAX: Am I supposed to be grateful?

LOGAN: That would not be inappropriate.

MAX: How am I ever supposed to sleep there again knowing some stranger's probably touched everything I own?

LOGAN: Well, if you're that nervous, you're welcome to stay here.

(Peter, the bodyguard, appears all of a sudden with gun drawn)

MAX: Whoa there, Tex. We've been through this.

LOGAN: It's all right, Peter.

PETER: This is a tactical exposure which I go on record as not liking.

LOGAN: Noted. Peter, do me a favor and look in on Lauren and Sophie.

(Max walks over to the broken window she dove through, which has been boarded up)

MAX: Send me the bill for this, by the way.

LOGAN: Look . . . if I made you nervous or uncomfortable or creeped you out . . .

MAX: Yes, on all counts.

LOGAN: Well, I'm sorry. It wasn't my intention. I had to see you.

MAX: You'd think a guy who's taken on the job of saving the world would have a few more important things to do than to traipse around after some girl.

LOGAN: I haven't been able to get you off my mind.

MAX: You need to get out more.

LOGAN: Come here. I want to show you something.

(Logan leads Max to a fancy mirror)

MAX: American, neoclassic gold leaf detail, late 1800s. I could probably fence it for two or three grand.

LOGAN: No, I meant this. (Touches her chin) Probably the most singularly beautiful face I've ever seen.

MAX: Expensive gifts, surprise late-night visits, over-the-top flattery. Do you always come on this strong?

LOGAN: Only when I meet someone I have to know everything about.

(Logan brushes aside Max's hair slightly and sees the bar code on the back of her neck)

LOGAN: And now I think I know pretty much everything. Suppose I could help you locate the other ones?

MAX: The other ones?

LOGAN: The other ones like you.

MAX: You lost me.

LOGAN: Now, come on, Max. First I watch you take out a 250-pound ex-cop bodyguard without breaking a sweat.

MAX: Girls kick ass. Says so on the T-shirt.

LOGAN: Then I watch you dive headfirst out a window like you're Rocky the flying squirrel. Then, I found these in your apartment. (shows Max a bottle of pills)

MAX: You went through my stuff.

LOGAN: They used to sell this stuff in health food stores as an energy boost. It's also a neurotransmitter sometimes used in homeopathy to control seizures. Then the light bulb went on. I got an anonymous report a few years ago about a covert genetics lab in the Wyoming mountains . . .

MAX: I don't know what kind of game you're playing here, but I'm out because you're a wack-job.

LOGAN: I located a guy claiming to be a med tech on something called Project Manticore, which was using recombinant DNA to produce a superior human . . . a warrior . . . an advanced infantry soldier.

MAX: Not that I don't enjoy a good urban legend now and then, but what does any of this have to do with me?

LOGAN: The bar code on your neck, Max. I know who you are and I know who you're running from. There were a couple dozen of these transgenic kids. And in '09, a few months before the pulse, 12 of them escaped.

MAX: Twelve?

LOGAN: I know you're one of those kids, Max.

MAX: We got separated right away. I never knew how many made it.

LOGAN: How well do you remember the lab?

MAX: I remember fine. I just didn't understand what was going on. It took me a long time afterwards to figure things out.

LOGAN: How much do you know?

MAX: I know they made me. Even got the designer label on the back of my neck to prove it.

LOGAN: Technical term for you is "chimera."

MAX: Yeah, made-up creature, like in mythology. Head of a lion, body of a goat. Your basic hodgepodge.

LOGAN: Hardly.

MAX: You said you could help.

LOGAN: They would have used surrogate mothers to carry you to term after the in-vitro work. If I can track one of them down . . .

MAX: What's in it for you?

LOGAN: Your help.

MAX: I already don't like the sound of this.

LOGAN: The woman you met - Lauren? She supervised workers removing Cortodiazaphine from gelcaps by hand and replacing it with powdered sugar. Real drug was shipped out of the country. Placebos were distributed to the county V.A. Hospital and veterans' clinics in the area.

MAX: My pal Theo's on that stuff. You've got him scared silly he's going to die.

LOGAN: Your friend has reason to worry. Lauren's prepared to testify that she was working for one of Edgar Sonrisa's managers and I'm sure you're aware of the lengths he'll go to keep her quiet.

MAX: Which affects me how?

LOGAN: I've arranged to put Lauren into witness protection. If you were to go with her . . .

MAX: I didn't make it this far by looking for trouble.

LOGAN: She's put her life on the line and her faith in me.

MAX: Her first mistake!

LOGAN: But if she was with someone like you . . . with your background and training the risk goes way down.

MAX: Are you high? I've got people looking to either put me in a cage for the rest of my life, turn me into a science project, or kill me. Probably all three. Now I've managed to drop off the radar screen and I plan to keep it that way.

LOGAN: Max, hear me out.

MAX: I've heard enough.

(Max leaves. Later she heads over to the laundromat)

MAX(sees Vogelsang's bruised face): What happened?

VOGELSANG: I walked in on some hump ransacking the place. Disgruntled former client, who knows?

(Vogelsang writes a message to Max on a note pad -- his office is bugged)

MAX: As long as you're all right.

VOGELSANG: Yeah, I'll live. Uh, regarding your case, I'm afraid I've come up with some bad news about your fiancé. Let me get the file. Would you like to use the restroom to freshen up?

MAX: Please.

VOGELSANG: Please.

(They head outside)

VOGELSANG: I-I don't know what your story is, and I really don't want to.

MAX: Here's your money.

VOGELSANG: No, no, no. Somebody wants you. Whoever tossed this place, they were just trying to make it look like a robbery.

MAX: How's this about me?

VOGELSANG: Because somebody is looking for you and I want to stay out of the line of fire. They got a bug on my computer keyboard. There's a tap on my phone. A mic in the light fixture.

MAX: So, somebody's tracking one of your investigations, like you said.

VOGELSANG: Hardware is way too sophisticated for my clientele. 99.9% of them -- they got me looking for lost dogs, extracurricular tail. I mean, whoever it is is on top of the food chain.

MAX: You're crazy.

VOGELSANG: Yeah. Maybe. But if I were you, I'd take the money. Get out of town while I can.

(Max is walking her motorcycle back to Theo's apartment)

LITTLE BIT: Bang! Bang! You're dead!

MAX: Oh, you got me.

THEO'S WIFE: Come on, Omar.

MAX: You okay?

THEO'S WIFE: I took Theo to the hospital tonight. He couldn't walk so I borrowed some money and we took a cab . . . but he didn't make it. He's dead. Oh, my God. Oh! Oh Theo . . . Oh, God . . . oh . . .

(Max holds her as she cries. More flashbacks from the government center from the night of the escape.)

(Max arrives at work the next day late. She looks dazed)

NORMAL: Oh, oh. Lovely of you to join us. Lovely of you to join us. Here, I have a hot run to 842 Beulah. You can tell your pal, Theo, he just got himself fired, all right? Not that he cares, but, you know . . . his wife and kid might.

MAX: Theo's dead.

NEWSWOMAN: Two men are dead and another critically wounded after a shoot-out near the superior court building today. This dramatic footage was captured by police hover drones. (We see Lauren run to safety, with Peter being shot in the process. Sophie is captured, and Logan is seriously wounded)

SKETCHY: Did you see that one guy?

MAX: Shut up.

(Lydecker is being briefed on the stakeout at Vogelsang's laundromat)

AGENT 1: We been set up on Vogelsang 36 hours and so far, nothing.

AGENT 2: A few customer complaints - the dryer ate my money, rinse cycle not long enough, that kind of thing.

AGENT 1: And three or four PI clients . . . strictly run of the mill. I don't think this guy can help us.

LYDECKER: 23 computer hits from one detective browsing Wyoming DMV records from ten years ago. Employment files on health care personnel working in the Gillette area around the same time. He searches prison records for unidentified males and females approximately 18 to 20 years old and you want me to believe it's happenstance?

AGENT 1: Since the pulse, there's been how many thousand missing person searches? This could be one of them.

AGENT 2: And nothing in those searches or in our surveillance connects him with Manticore.

LYDECKER: No. He's trying to track down these kids . . . and we're not going to do anything to get in his way.

(Max visits Logan at the hospital. He is unconscious. She walks over to the bed and checks his wallet for cash.)

MAX: Nurses beat me to it. Take a header into the deep end when the pool's empty, you're going to go splat. Law of gravity. And even Jesus Christ himself had to obey the law of gravity . . . for a while, anyway. The one I feel sorry for is the poor woman with the kid. She should have told you to stick it like I did, but she bought your crap about doing what's right. And just so you know, I don't feel the slightest guilt about not watching her back. That's on you hotshot, 100%.

(Max looks out the window and notices someone getting ready to launch a rocket from the roof across the street)

MAX: I probably ought to let him just finish the job. At least then, more innocent people won't get whacked on account of you being a bored rich kid. On the other hand, you did lay that statue on me, which I was able to fence for a couple of bucks. I've been wanting to buy myself a new motorcycle. Thinking about stepping up to a 1200.

(Max unhooks Logan's IV and wheels his bed out of the room and the rocket blows up behind them.)

(At Logan's apartment, Max uses his computer to try to find the guy who blew up Logan's room at the hospital. She identifies him as Bruno Anselmo)

MAX: Bingo.

(Max hears a noise and finds Lauren)

MAX: Damn! Are you all right?

LAUREN: They took my daughter.

MAX: They won't hurt her. Your daughter's the only leverage they have to keep you quiet.

LAUREN: Can you help me get her back?

MAX: I'd really like to . . . so I will. The shooter who tried to finish off Logan works for Sonrisa. Surprise, surprise. Bruno Anselmo. Born in 1990, served in Iraq, dishonorable discharge, convicted of armed robbery, assault, assault with a deadly weapon, arson, attempted rape. Your basic Renaissance dirt bag.

LAUREN: What can we do?

MAX: This isn't my regular line of work. I'm making it up as I go.

(At Sonrisa's mansion, Max hides in the bushes as a guest arrives)

DRIVER: Mayor Steckler to see Mr. Sonrisa.

GUARD: Open the trunk.

(Max leaps over the wall, enters the mansion and looks around. She hears a noise and ducks into a nearby room, where she meets another woman holding a needle)

MADAM: It's not what it looks like. I'm diabetic. Who are you?

MAX: Bruno's girlfriend.

MADAM: Oh, yeah?

MAX: Yeah.

MADAM: But, see, tonight, wives and girlfriends aren't invited.

MAX: No?

MADAM: No. 'Cause tonight the girls are here in a more or less professional capacity. They all work for me. And you don't. Let's go.

MAX: Okay, okay. Do you ever have to do something you really don't want to do?

MADAM: How I make my living. What's your point?

(Max punches the woman in the face and knocks her out, then Max changes into her dress and walks down the stairs to the main party area, passing a couple on the stairs)

GIRL: Girl, you work that dress.

BRUNO: Mr. Sonrisa saw you on the cameras. He wants you to come see him.

MAX: I'm on a break.

BRUNO: Guess again.

(Bruno leads Max to a private area where Sonrisa is playing poker)

SONRISA: The only thing better than four queens . . . is five. Come over here next to me, for luck.

MAX: I can see it if your winning streak continues.

SONRISA: I'll bet you can. Sit.

MAX: Not right now.

SONRISA: Not right now. Okay. When?

MAX: After you get a new personality and lose about 20 years.

SONRISA: Quite a mouth on a girl so young. My guess is, talking isn't what it does best.

MAX: Only way you're ever going to find out is reincarnation. Fact is, I am going to provide a service and, uh . . . you are going to pay me. You're going to pay me \$50,000.

(Sonrisa laughs)

MAX: And I'm going to give you Lauren Braganza.

(Everyone in the room becomes silent)

SONRISA: Give us a minute. Now!

(The guests leave)

SONRISA: Check her.

(Bruno searches Max for concealed weapons or a wire)

SONRISA: Who are you?

MAX: You going to put me on your Christmas card list?

BRUNO: No wire.

MAX: Now that the pelvic exam's out of the way . . . want the woman, here's how it works. You pull 50 large out of your mattress and I make a call to bring her over.

BRUNO: Yeah? Or I work your face with a pair of pliers for a couple hours 'til you tell us where she is.

SONRISA: Bruno . . . (shakes his head)

MAX: The plan is I call her cell to okay a meet at a certain location. You're a player. I'm bringing you this on a plate. My fee is just the normal cost of doing business.

SONRISA: Pull the cash.

(Bruno leaves to get the money)

SONRISA: So . . . how do you get this woman to come to me?

MAX: I told her that it's just business to you. That all you want is a reasonable solution to this. You give her back her daughter. She agrees to leave the country. I put her on a train to Spain or wherever.

SONRISA: And she bought that?

MAX: I have sincere eyes.

SONRISA: Make the call.

MAX: She's going to want to know her little girl's all right.

SONRISA: She's got my word.

MAX: She's going to want to hear for herself. Look, we've got to keep the momentum up here not give her a chance to overthink things. If she hears her kid's voice . . .

(Max calls Lauren's cell phone)

LAUREN: Hello?

MAX: Hang on, Lauren. We're conferencing in Sophie.

(Sonrisa speed-dials a number)

THUG: Yeah?

SONRISA: Put the kid on.

SOPHIE: Hello?

LAUREN: Sophie, are you okay?

SOPHIE: Mommy, where are you?

LAUREN: Don't worry. I'm coming to get you.

SOPHIE: When?

LAUREN: Soon, baby.

SOPHIE: Mommy, I'm scared.

LAUREN: There's nothing to be afraid of. Everything's going to be okay. I love you . . .

(Sonrisa breaks off the phone call)

MAX: Can you put that in a bag or something?

SONRISA: No, no, no, no, no. You get this . . . when I get her.

MAX: Not good enough. Compromise - Bruno comes with me. He holds the money 'til mommy shows up. Then we close escrow. What you do with her after I blaze doesn't keep me awake at night.

SONRISA: You better hope you're as smart as you think you are.

(Max and Bruno arrive at a cheesy motel)

BRUNO: You know, that whole thing about the pliers, I, uh . . . never would have done it . . . probably. Actually, I, uh . . . I don't know, I think you're . . . I think you're pretty cool.

MAX: Yeah?

BRUNO: Yeah. You're smart. You're hot. You stand on your own two feet. You got a wicked sense of humor. Jeez, zinged the boss there a couple of times. I . . . it was all I could do . . .

MAX: So what do you think? Maybe after I betray the woman who trusts me and you grease her and her daughter we could, um . . . go on a date?

BRUNO: Yeah, you got a bad attitude.

MAX: I like to keep it professional is all.

BRUNO: So call her. Get her over here.

MAX: Actually, that's not going to be necessary.

BRUNO: What?

MAX: That's not why we're here.

BRUNO: What the hell are you talking about? You call her!

MAX: Geez, you are so stupid the word "special" comes to mind. Sonrisa recruit you off the short bus?

BRUNO: Call the skank now!

MAX: You haven't figured this out yet, have you? You walk in here thinking you're going to cap her, then cap me and take the money back to your boss with your tail wagging? But it's really the other way around. You think I'm the whack? The fact is, you're the whack. See, what you don't know is you're already in the last two minutes of your life.

BRUNO: You're in the last two seconds if you don't cut the crap.

MAX: Sonrisa had no choice but to call me in because you lack that professional edge, Bruno. Any real pro would have popped me the second he saw this thing going sideways but you're still standing there with your thumb up your butt. It's pathetic.

(Bruno shoots at Max who easily dodges the bullet, and then promptly lands a few hard blows on Bruno)

MAX: Pathetic. Come on, you're not even trying.

(Max drops the gun next to Bruno's hand. Bruno fires some more shots at Max, and gets pummeled and thrown across the room in return. Max grabs a lamp cord and starts to tie Bruno up)

MAX: Is that all you've got? The man was right, you are a liability. You can hardly blame him the way you've been taking care of business. Or should I say, not taking care of it?

BRUNO: What the hell are you talking about?

MAX: I'm hired to do a piece of work . . . my mark goes down and stays down. Yours makes it to the hospital. So then you got to go finish the job, only you don't, and the cops get the whole thing on videotape.

BRUNO: That's a lot of crap.

MAX: You were caught on a hover drone shooting from a roof across the street.

BRUNO: I hate those things.

MAX: It's embarrassing to the professional community.

BRUNO: No. No, the boss knows I've always been loyal.

MAX: He's got exposure. Man's figured the odds, and he can't take the chance.

(Max pulls down Bruno's pants)

BRUNO: Hey, what the hell are you doing?

(Max slaps Bruno on his butt)

BRUNO: Ow! Don't touch my ass, man.

MAX: This won't hurt. A triple dose of insulin. You'll go into a coma, a couple of minutes, you'll stop breathing and on a busy night the coroner will probably mistake it for an OD . . . plus, it's way classier than blowing your brains out.

(Bruno frees himself and grabs his gun. Max makes a run for it and apparently gets shot in the back, landing in the pool. Bruno runs out to see Max's motionless body lying at the bottom of the pool)

BRUNO: Double-crossing son of a bitch thinks I'm going to roll on him? I'll do a hell of a lot more than that.

(Bruno takes off. Max, who had faked being shot, climbs out of the pool and hurries to make a phone call)

VOGELSANG: Yeah?

MAX: This is your punk-ass client. I need you to trace a number for me.

VOGELSANG: Are you sure you want to have this conversation on the phone?

MAX: Just do it. 2-0-6-5-5-5-0-1-8-7-2-8.

VOGELSANG: Okay, would you . . . hold on a minute, okay? Uh, 7-2 what?

MAX: 7-2-8-9-2. Come on. I don't have all day.

VOGELSANG: You got a pencil?

MAX: Just give it to me. I'll remember.

VOGELSANG: All right, hold on. 1-7-4-9-5 Euclid.

MAX: I'm on my way.

(Max arrives at the address and a group of federal agents in SWAT gear are getting ready to enter)

TAC ONE: This is tac one. Subject's inside, sir. Standing by for your orders.

LYDECKER: I want a full perimeter seal. Nobody goes in until I say so.

HEAD AGENT: It's one girl. Why don't we just take her when she walks out the door?

LYDECKER: Listen to me carefully. When you have the roads locked off at the front and the back and the alleys on both sides, a man by every door, window, air vent, mail slot, and rat hole around this building -- then you come back to me and you tell me that you're ready. Okiedokie?

HEAD AGENT: Yes, sir. Let's move out.

(Inside, a group of thugs are watching boxing on a TV with bad reception)

COMMENTATOR: "Do you want to continue?" He said, "Yeah, hell, yeah." That's a fighter.

(Federal SWAT team is being deployed)

THUG 2: Get in there, you mutt . . . hit him again!

COMMENTATOR: He's in trouble . . . down he goes!

THUG 1: Your boy's a wuss.

THUG 2: Come on!

THUG 1: Wuss, wuss, wuss.

(SWAT team moves into position. Max ambushes the last officer)

THUG 2: Go, go! Ah! Ah, geez.

THUG 1: He's a wuss. A waste of panty hose.

LYDECKER: Stand by. Full breach on my count. Three . . . two . . one.

(There are a few explosions and federal agents enter the building with guns drawn)

HEAD AGENT: Federal officers! On the floor. Get down! Drop your weapons now!

THUG: No! You drop yours!

HEAD AGENT: I said, on the floor! Face down! Drop your weapons!

(Laser sighting on the agents' guns are turned on and the thugs see they are badly outnumbered)

THUG: All right.

HEAD AGENT: Go, go!

(Max walks out of the building dressed in the SWAT gear of the officer she had ambushed earlier. She's carrying Sophie in her arms. Lydecker is up ahead)

LYDECKER: You . . . stop.

(Max turns around to face Lydecker)

LYDECKER: Put the girl in my car.

(Max turns back around and walks off)

LYDECKER: Tac one, what is your status? Do you have her or not?

TAC ONE: Negative. We do not have the subject. Repeat, we do not have the subject.

(Lydecker hears the sound of a motorcycle revving and realizes that Max slipped through his trap)

(Max meets Lauren on an abandoned street)

LAUREN: Sophie!

SOPHIE: Mommy!

LAUREN: Oh. Oh! Thank . . .

(Max takes off, doing a wheelie on the street)

(At Jam Pony headquarters the next morning)

NEWSWOMAN: Businessman-philanthropist Edgar Sonrisa was cut down in a hail of gunfire at his mansion late last night. Authorities identified the assailant as 32-year-old Bruno Anselmo . . .

COURIER: Delivery.

NEWSWOMAN: . . . who died at the scene when bodyguards for the well-known benefactor . . .

COURIER: Need a signature.

NEWSWOMAN: . . . returned fire. Police are investigating.

(Normal signs for the package)

NORMAL: Here you go.

COURIER: All right. \$127.

NORMAL: For what?

COURIER: COD. From, uh, Nutman's Mortuary.

NORMAL: No. There must be some mistake.

COURIER: No. Thelonus Argentary, this address.

SKETCHY: That's Theo in there?

COURIER: Uh, not till I get my money.

NORMAL: I'm not his next of kin. Anyway, I don't . . . I don't have that kind of cash laying around.

HERBAL: Theo rode for this place a long time, mon.

MAX: He showed most of us the ropes.

CINDY: Hrumph.

(Original Cindy empties a trash basket and the other Jam Pony employees toss in money to pay for the package. Normal finally gets his wallet out.)

HERBAL: Keep your money, man. We can take care of our own.

MAX: I'll make sure his family gets this.

(Three months later, Max pays a visit to Logan. He is recording his broadcast.)

EYES ONLY: 47 people paying \$20,000 each to be smuggled into Canada so they could earn enough money to eat are dead. They were marched overboard last night by their ruthless handlers who operate with the knowledge, support and active collaboration of government officials only too happy to look the other way for a piece of the action. This must never happen again. Those responsible are on notice. Their power and privilege will not protect them. They will be held accountable. This has been a streaming freedom video bulletin . . . via the Eyes Only Informant Net. Peace . . . out.

MAX: See you're back at it. Rockin' the boat.

LOGAN: Somebody's got to.

MAX: I would have come sooner, but . . . I didn't. How you doin'?

LOGAN: (We see he's in a wheelchair) Not in any pain -- the good and bad news of a blown-out spinal cord.

MAX: I'm sorry.

LOGAN: My mother used to say, "The universe is right on schedule. Everything happens the way it's supposed to."

MAX: You believe that?

LOGAN: I've never been much for trying to figure out why bad things happen. I just know they do. So, the job's trying to figure out how to deal with the consequences . . . which you did. Took that son of a bitch out.

MAX: Not me personally.

LOGAN: Well, on account of you Sonrisa didn't get to kill the judge or buy the jury. He's gone, once and for all. It was war, Max, and you won.

MAX: He had it coming. A friend of mine died on account of him.

LOGAN: Sorry. This is for you. Open it.

(Max opens the box to find the statue that Logan had left at her apartment earlier)

LOGAN: Turned up on the black market . . . somehow.

MAX: Thanks.

LOGAN: I need a favor.

MAX(handing back the statue): You can keep this. I really don't have anyplace to put it.

LOGAN: I need you to do a little leg work for me. Joel Solinski. This guy's got a wife with three kids, an ex-wife with two kids, a mistress, and two girlfriends. The wives get houses, the mistress a condo, and everybody gets a car . . . all on a harbormaster's salary.

MAX: I caught the tail end of your hack. The guy's on the take. He's paid to look the other way while the smugglers deep-six their cargo.

LOGAN: He's made a fortune . . . as an accessory to murder.

MAX: Okay, so the guy's a beast. Doesn't mean I got to get involved.

LOGAN: You are involved. By being alive, you're involved.

MAX: I got my own problems.

LOGAN: Look . . . maybe we got screwed out of living in a time when we could hang out for the afternoon in a cafe someplace wearing \$2,000 wristwatches, planning our next vacation, but the world got a whole lot meaner all of a sudden. It wasn't supposed to . . . but it did. So now it's back to the law of the jungle and there are predators and victims.

MAX: And you still think you can do something to change that?

LOGAN: With your help.

MAX: Look, one thing I'm not is a chump. You want to get the rest of your ass shot off, be my guest, but I kind of like being able to walk.

(Logan smirks and opens up a cabinet, pulling out a file)

LOGAN: On another matter . . . federal corrections used to keep records on distinguishing marks . . . scars, tattoos. I did a search and came up with this. ID-ed as a Michael Hanover. Booked for armed robbery nine years ago. He escaped custody after four hours. Hasn't been seen or heard from since.

(Max takes a look at the file Logan hands her and recognizes Zack)

MAX: Zack.

MAX (voiceover): I knew it. I always knew Zack was out there somewhere, but you know, just my luck this guy Logan had to be the one to find him. Now he figures I'm going to go and do the right thing because I owe him . . . like I even care.

(The scene fades out with Max standing again on the Space Needle, looking over a dark city)

DARK ANGEL
Season One, Episode #1: "Heat"
First Aired 10/10/2000

(The episode starts with Max sneaking onto a boat and eavesdropping on some thugs)

SALINSKY: How many did you get in?

MAN: All 15.

SALINSKY: 15 at 20 grand a piece.

MAN: Like taking candy from a baby, Salinsky.

(We see Max taking the money that Salinsky is supposed to give to the mob. In the bridge area, Salinsky accuses the mob of ripping him off)

SALINSKY: Where's my money?

MAN: What do you mean? It was in the case.

(A ship guard finds Max while making his rounds)

GUARD: Hey.

(A fight ensues and Max easily disposes of them)

MAX: Hey, you're kind of cute.

SALINSKY: Nobody rips me off! Where's my money?

(Gunfire erupts inside the bridge area of the ship. Max dives off the ship and swims away with the money)

(Opening credits)

VOGELSANG (on phone): The subject was followed to the Flamingo Lodge Motel where she registered under the name of Anita Orduno. And the subject was then joined by a female Caucasian . . . uh like 20, uh . . . mid 20s, late 20s and, uh . . . she accompanied her into the hotel room for about three . . . three-and-a-half hours. Anyway, here's the thing, though. The registration . . . in the other woman's car . . . well, it goes back to you, Mr. Meyer. So the answer is - yes, your mistress is stepping out on you . . . but she's doing it with your wife. I mean, I guess that, you know, could be good news or bad news. I mean, it all depends on whether . . .

(Vogelsang realizes that Lydecker is in his office)

LYDECKER: Please, don't stop on my account.

(Vogelsang hangs up the phone)

VOGELSANG: Mr. Lydecker . . . she wasn't here. I have . . . I haven't seen her. I have . . . I haven't spoken to her since . . .

LYDECKER: Finish your lunch before it gets cold.

VOGELSANG: Oh, please. Please, Mr. Lydecker. I have told you. I have told you everything I know. I swear it.

LYDECKER: It seems so unfair. There you are, drifting along . . . private investigator running his own laundromat . . . and along comes this young lady and asks him to help her find a bunch of kids with bar codes on their necks.

VOGELSANG: Please, don't hurt me, Mr. Lydecker.

LYDECKER: How are the nails?

VOGELSANG: No. Mr. Lydecker . . .

LYDECKER: Looks like they're growing back fine. See? I told ya. Mr. Vogelsang . . . I want you to be very clear just how important this young girl is to me. I would peel every inch of skin from your body if it would bring me one heartbeat closer to her. I know she's out there. Eventually, she's going to have to come up for air. And when she does . . . I want to be there.

(Switch to the inside of a bar. Original Cindy is captivated by a female stunt biker who is doing bike tricks on the bar counter)

CINDY: She's spiking a can-can endo. Spank it, sugar. Damn. She's fine.

MAX: She's straight.

CINDY: Don't be putting salt in my game. I'm not trying to hear that.

MAX: She's all yours. Give me hot boy over there. His friend's kind of working for me, too. And the brother over there in the corner is just breaking my heart.

KENDRA: Are you running a fever or something?

MAX: No.

KENDRA: You sure? You look flushed.

MAX: Yeah. Why?

KENDRA: I don't know. You seem . . .

MAX: What?

CINDY: Like you've been puddling over every pair of pants that walks in here tonight.

MAX: Stop.

KENDRA: You are.

MAX (to a guy that walks past): Hey.

KENDRA: See?

MAX: What? I'm just being friendly 'cause he's cute.

CINDY: Will somebody correct my eyes? You've been laying out for the boys all night long.

KENDRA: It's like you're in heat or something.

CINDY: But don't trip. You don't see men down on themselves 'cause they 'bout it. You got an itch? Go scratch.

ERIC (walks up to Max): Hey.

CINDY: We are talking bitch.

KENDRA: Hang on to your drinks.

ERIC (to Max): Do you come here a lot?

MAX: Yeah. What are you drinking?

KENDRA: Max!

MAX: I'm scratching, 'k?

ERIC: I'll have whatever you're having.

MAX: Hey, two more beers.

CINDY (to Kendra): You're heterosexual. What's up with that?

KENDRA: No clue.

MAX: Here.

ERIC: Thanks.

(Max's beeper goes off)

MAX: Oh. I got to blaze.

ERIC: But I thought you . . .

MAX: This was fun. Maybe we can kick it sometime. Later.

CINDY (takes the beers out of Eric's hands): It was all just a strange and beautiful dream.

(Sketch does some bike tricks on the bar counter, but soon crashes off the end of the table)

SKETCH: I'm okay.

(Max takes off to head over to Logan's apartment on her motorcycle)

MAX: Kendra was right. I am in heat or something like that . . . all because they spiced up that genetic cocktail called "me" with a dash of feline DNA, so I can jump 15 feet of razor wire and take out a 250-pound linebacker with my thumb and index finger, which makes me an awesome killing machine and a hoot at parties. But it also means that three times a year I'm climbing the walls, looking for some action. Thank God, the worst of it is over. If I can just get through the next 12 hours without doing something I'm going to regret.

(Switch to Logan's apartment. A trainer (Bling) is helping Logan rehabilitate his legs)

BLING: Work for it. Seven . . . eight . . . good contraction, even though you can't feel it. Visualize that muscle working. Come on. One more . . . and . . . ten. Stick a fork in you. You're done.

LOGAN: I've got one more set in me. Come on.

BLING: Save it for tomorrow.

LOGAN: Come on, Bling, one more set.

BLING: You can't do this all at once. You've got to pace yourself, man. Otherwise, you'll burn out.

LOGAN: I don't think so.

BLING: Patience in all things, my friend. Anyway, you got company.

(We see Max has shown up)

MAX: Hey, kids. Am I interrupting?

LOGAN: No. You're just in time. Bling was about to entertain me with one of my favorite chestnuts, "The Tortoise and the Hare".

BLING: Maybe he'll listen to you.

MAX: Yeah, right.

BLING: Good night, people. Drink some water.

LOGAN: Sure thing, mom.

MAX: He's right, you know? You shouldn't be so hard on yourself.

LOGAN: Ah, don't you start.

(Max empties her bag, dumping out stacks of cash onto the table)

MAX: It's amazing what happens when you put three dirtbags in a room and money disappears. Tempers flare. Guns are drawn - three dead dirtbags.

LOGAN: Nicely done.

MAX: So what happens to those poor folks who thought they were getting smuggled out of the country to the promised land or wherever?

LOGAN: Well, they don't get marched overboard ten miles at sea, for one.

MAX: Which is a good thing.

LOGAN: And this will at least be partial repayment for what they paid the smugglers. And with Solinski and company deceased I'd say our work is through here.

MAX: Wait. Hold on. What do you have for me on Zack?

LOGAN: I'm still developing information.

MAX: Whatever that means.

LOGAN: It means when I come up with something substantive, you'll be the first to know.

MAX: Look, I kept my end of the bargain by running this little errand for you.

LOGAN: And I fully intend to keep mine. But Project Manticore was a covert operation. It's going to take some time. "Patience in all things," right?

MAX: Spare me the lecture. I waited nine years for my brother. Now, if you can help me like you said you could, great. If not, don't waste my time.

LOGAN: I'm doing my best.

MAX: Give me a call when you've got something.

(Max leaves)

MAX (voiceover): God, Logan looked hot, even given the givens. But don't even go there, Max. Your life's complicated enough. Last call for alcohol's not for another hour, so . . . am I going to go home and be a good girl or . . . ?

(Max makes her way back to the bar and finds Eric still there)

BARTENDER (to Eric): That's your last one, buddy.

ERIC: Well, well, well. Do my eyes deceive me or is this the woman of my dreams?

MAX: Don't talk. Just come.

(Max takes Eric home to her apartment)

MAX: Make yourself at home.

ERIC: Nice place.

MAX: Thanks. I'll be right out. Over there.

(Max goes into the bathroom)

MAX (thinking): Max, do you have any idea what you're doing? You're going to march out there right now and tell Eric you think it would be best if he went home. On second thought, you're not leaving this room. So what? Am I going to stay here all night? What do you know, anyway?

(Max comes out of the bathroom and finds Eric undressed and lying on her bed)

MAX: Eric . . . Eric?

(Max climbs onto the bed ready for some action. Eric, however, has completely conked out)

MAX: There is a God.

(The next morning. Eric is singing "hallelujah" in the shower)

KENDRA: There's only one word for you and it starts with an "s", ends with a "t", and it's got a "u" and "l" in the middle.

MAX: "Sult"?

KENDRA: A dyslexic slut at that.

MAX: Look, nothing happened, all right? I brought him home. He fell asleep - end of story. Just don't let him know that because it might break his heart.

ERIC (coming out of the bathroom in a towel): Good morning, ladies. We didn't really get a chance to talk last night. I'm Eric, and you are?

KENDRA: Leaving. That better not be my towel.

ERIC: You must be tired, baby.

MAX: Oh, but so happy. Look, I got to go to work, so let yourself out. (She leaves)

(Meanwhile, at the Jam Pony headquarters, Normal is about to give Herbal Thought delivery run)

NORMAL: Hey, another run . . . 46 Euclid.

HERBAL: The righteous man does not tolerate the wickedness of Babylon in these final days. When the downpressor will be judged and punished for his abomination . . . I will not dirty my hands with that package.

NORMAL: Herbal, I don't understand a single word you're saying.

SKETCH: I do.

NORMAL: You're an idiot.

SKETCH: He said he doesn't want to screw up his karma by delivering any more porno to the twist at 46th and Euclid.

NORMAL: Your job is to deliver packages, period. You don't know or care what's inside of them.

HERBAL: But when the most high cause a package to fall from my bike and bust open and reveal this kind of wickedness, I and I can't bury my head in the sand like an ostrich.

NORMAL: Oh, for crying out loud.

(Max arrives at work)

NORMAL (holding a package): Max.

MAX: Where's it go?

NORMAL: It's for you.

MAX (opens the present): Hmmm. Motor oil?

CINDY: Whoa, who'd you have to sleep with to score that? (reading the card) "Your bed is my everywhere. I love you. Eric." Who's Eric?

MAX: No one you know.

CINDY: Wait a minute. You didn't seriously loft it with Gilligan from last night?

MAX: Nothing happened.

CINDY: He spent the night in your bed?

MAX: Yeah.

CINDY: But you didn't let him hit it?

MAX: No.

CINDY: Then you did all right, boo. That lube's expensive.

(A Streaming Freedom Video starts to broadcast on TV)

EYES ONLY: Do not attempt to adjust your set. This is a Streaming Freedom Video bulletin. The cable hack will last exactly 60 seconds. It cannot be traced, it cannot be stopped, and it is the only free voice left in this city. If anyone's wondering why Joel Solinski is late for work this morning, it's because his bullet-riddled body is lying somewhere below deck on board the Andrea Marlene in the middle of Seattle harbor. Mr. Solinski lured hundreds of people . . .

(Max's pager goes off)

EYES ONLY: . . . on board the Andrea Marlene during the last two years with the promise of safe passage across the ocean. . .

MAX: I got to blaze.

EYES ONLY: . . . He made his money as a smuggler trafficking in human misery. No more - Joel Solinski has paid for his crimes.

(Max arrives at Logan's apartment slightly annoyed)

MAX: Blowing up my pager, it better be major.

LOGAN: You were in an odd mood last night.

MAX: You got me over here to talk about my moods?

LOGAN: No, not exactly.

MAX: Then what? I have a job.

LOGAN: Quid pro quo.

MAX: You found something on Zack?

LOGAN: No. Something else. In May of '09, the SAC base at Gillette, Wyoming, was shut down, its staff reassigned around the country. I got a hold of their transfer orders. Now, for an Air Force base there were surprisingly few pilots but a whole lot of OB-GYNs, genetic researchers, dieticians, teaching specialists...

MAX: May of '09? That was three months after we escaped. This SAC base was Manticore?

LOGAN: Or at least how Manticore appeared on Department of Defense books. One woman, a dietician, was transferred to the Naval air station at Sedro Island. Her name was . . . is . . . Hannah.

(Flashback to when Hannah saved Max)

HANNAH: Get in. Hurry. Come on.

(End flashback)

MAX: Hannah?

LOGAN: Last name is Sukova. The age is right. The description matches what you told me. Sedro's been shut down for years and whether she's the one that picked you up that night or if she still lives there, who knows?

MAX: How far away is Sedro Island?

LOGAN: 80 miles, maybe.

MAX: Logan, you're awesome. Thank you.

LOGAN: There's no guarantee it's the same woman. How many Hannahs are there in the world?

MAX: How many Hannahs were there at the air base?

LOGAN: That I know of? One.

MAX: Then it's got to be her.

LOGAN: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. Hey, let's assume for a second you can somehow make it past the sector police without a pass and get out of the city.

MAX: A fair assumption.

LOGAN: Lydecker was set up on Vogelsang.

MAX: Yeah.

LOGAN: So he knows about Hannah.

MAX: Then she can be in trouble and I'm the one that put her there. I've got to find her.

LOGAN: You want to find the other ones like you? You want to find Zack? I can help you. But they're part of a puzzle that needs to be put together piece by piece. Hannah is one piece. You go after her now before we know what the bigger picture looks like, you risk blowing everything.

MAX: I guess I'm no better at being patient than you are.

(Back in Max's apartment, Max is fixing up her motorcycle while Kendra is teaching Japanese to some kids)

KENDRA: Okay, that's very good. Let's try it again. Yomei ikubakuka aru.

KIDS: Yomei ikubakuka aru.

(Max drops something, interrupting Kendra's lesson)

MAX: Sorry.

KENDRA: Ikubakuka aru.

KIDS: Ikubakuka aru.

KENDRA: Yo mijikashi.

KIDS: Yo mijikashi.

KENDRA: Zenzai zattsyo-ru kondomade. Please bring in your translations next week. Domo arigato.

KIDS: Domo arigato.

KENDRA: Bye. Thank you. Thank you.

KIDS: Bye.

KENDRA: Bye.

GIRL: My mom asked . . . could I pay with this instead of money? 'Cause she doesn't have any.

KENDRA: I know the feeling. No problem.

(The little girl hands Kendra a paper bag full of something)

KENDRA: Thank you.

(The girl leaves. Kendra opens the bag, looks inside, and her face lights up)

KENDRA: Oh! Real coffee. I haven't seen that in a while. You look like you're going somewhere.

MAX: Oh, road trip. What'd it mean? What was that thing you were saying?

KENDRA: It's a haiku. It's hard to translate, but something like "my remaining days are numbered. A brief night."

MAX: Brief night. Gloomy. I like it.

KENDRA: So, where are you going?

MAX: Nowhere in particular. I'll be back in a couple of days.

(There is a knock at the door and Eric enters)

ERIC: Knock, knock. Whew. You know, you're even more beautiful than I remember.

MAX: How much about last night do you actually remember?

ERIC: Enough to know it's a night I'll never forget.

KENDRA: So, Eric, I have to say I'm impressed. Pretty lavish gift for a girl you just met. This stuff goes for a lot of money on the black market.

ERIC: Let's just say I'm well connected.

KENDRA: I like well-connected guys.

ERIC: I'm already taken.

MAX: No, you're not.

KENDRA: How well-connected?

ERIC: My uncle's kind of a big deal.

KENDRA: Oh, yeah?

ERIC: Yeah. In law enforcement.

KENDRA: What branch? Military, sector police, Seattle P.D.?

ERIC: Sector police. He's more or less in charge.

MAX: You must get a lot of love with sector passes, checkpoints, that kind of thing.

ERIC: I go and I come as I please. This city's an open book to me.

(Max and Eric speed along a road at high speed on Max's motorcycle)

ERIC: Max!

MAX: Eric?!

ERIC: You don't think maybe some lights?

MAX: I can see in the dark.

ERIC: Oh.

(Max slows down as they approach a sector checkpoint)

MAX: Eric.

ERIC: Yep?

MAX: The checkpoint.

ERIC: The checkpoint?

MAX: We're here. Do your thing.

ERIC: Now?

MAX: Now.

ERIC: I'm not sure now is such a good idea.

MAX: Eric . . .

ERIC: It's late. It could be a problem getting my uncle on the phone. Plus, I don't see any phones.

MAX: It's recently been brought to my attention that I don't have a great deal of patience and what little I do have is now gone.

ERIC: How about we go back to that town we drove through . . . get something to eat, maybe get a room?

MAX: Eric! I have to ask you a question. Can you be perfectly honest with me?

ERIC: I'll try.

MAX: Do you have an uncle?

ERIC: Absolutely.

MAX: Does he work for the sector police?

ERIC: Yes.

MAX: What does he do?

ERIC: Well, if there's a mess of some kind in the organization, he's in charge of cleaning it up.

MAX: Like internal affairs?

ERIC: More like janitorial . . . assigned to the motor pool. And every now and then a case of 30-weight follows him home.

(Max groans silently. This is not what she wanted to hear. She decides there's only one way past the checkpoint)

MAX: Hold on.

ERIC: Huh? Oh, God.

(Max revs the motor and breaks through the checkpoint gate)

(Max and Eric arrive at a pier facing Sedro Island)

ERIC: Max, I'm getting the feeling that this is more than just a road trip. Something else is going on here, isn't it?

MAX: You think?

ERIC: Max, what's the plan?

MAX: I'm the plan. I'm going to that island over there.

ERIC: What? What for?

MAX: None of your business.

ERIC: Okay, fair enough. So, I guess we need a boat or something . . . only everyone's still asleep which is what we should be doing.

MAX: I don't sleep. My pager, my keys - you lose them, you're dead.

(Max dives into the water)

ERIC: Max! Oh, my God.

(Max arrives on Sedro Island. She searches the woods and finds Hannah's cabin. She knocks on the door)

HANNAH: Can I help you?

MAX: You probably don't remember me. It was a long time ago.

HANNAH: I'm sorry?

MAX: I'm the girl you found on the road that night.

HANNAH: Come in.

(They are sitting in Hannah's living room)

MAX: When you found me, did you know who I was or what I was?

HANNAH: I knew you were a prototype – the haircut, the government issue gown.

MAX: So you knew about the escape?

HANNAH: We heard the sirens, the helicopters taking off. They told us it was a drill, but as I was leaving the base I overheard one of the sentries say it was escape from block 12, where X5 lived.

MAX: X5 was my group.

HANNAH: I didn't see how any of you would even make it to the wire. You were just children.

MAX: Why did you stop?

HANNAH: I don't know. I just knew I had to.

(Flashback of when Hannah was hiding Max in her cabin. Young Max looks around the cozy room with awe)

HANNAH: Come in. It's all right. You'll be safe here.

HANNAH (on phone): It's me. I need to see you. Yeah, now. I have a friend who needs a place to stay for a couple of days. No, she's just a kid, but she's got problems at home. She needs to find somewhere . . . safe. Look, I'll explain everything when I see you. Great. Thanks. Bye.

(End flashback)

MAX: I'd never been in a house before. All any of us knew were the barracks. Your house was so warm and small and comfortable.

HANNAH: I should have stayed with you that night. But I had to go, make arrangements to get you away. I knew they'd be looking for you.

MAX: You didn't come back.

HANNAH: They sealed off the area. Pulled me over, searched, ordered me to wait in my car for hours. When I got home you were gone.

MAX: We were trained to keep moving in enemy territory.

HANNAH: I wish I could have done more.

MAX: You've done enough.

HANNAH: After all this time, you came looking for me.

MAX: I had to . . . to thank you. And to find out about the others. Do you know anything about any of them?

HANNAH: No. (stares at her)

MAX: What?

HANNAH: You are so beautiful.

MAX: It's in the genes.

HANNAH: Oh, look at the time. I'm going to be late for work. I'm going to call...tell them I won't be in this morning. It'll give you and I a chance to talk.

HANNAH (on phone): Hi. It's Hannah. I just wanted to let you know I won't be in until later on. I have a friend visiting from out of town. I'll see you this afternoon. Thanks. Bye.

(Logan is searching for more information for Max. He calls her pager, but Eric is the one who answers)

LOGAN: Hey, Max. I'm trying to shake loose something on Zack. Question . . .

ERIC: Whoa, hold on. I'm not Max.

LOGAN: Who is this?

ERIC: Who's this?

LOGAN: A friend of hers. Can I ask what you're doing with her pager?

ERIC: I'm her boyfriend, okay? You got a problem with that?

LOGAN: Where's Max?

ERIC: Probably shark bait by now. Look, I don't know what the hell's going on, but this girl's nuts. I love her, but she's nuts! She jumped in the water and disappeared - and that was almost three hours ago.

LOGAN: Listen to me very carefully. My name is Logan. I'm a close friend of Max. Tell me your name.

ERIC: Eric.

LOGAN: Eric, where are you right now?

ERIC: On a dock God knows where looking out at, uh . . .

LOGAN: Sedro Island.

(Back inside Hannah's cabin)

MAX: The mothers . . . who were they?

HANNAH: They recruited young women who were in-vitroed and kept on the base. Most of us didn't have any contact with them for security reasons. They were monitored 24 hours a day, given vitamins, gene therapy, who knows what else.

MAX: So the science projects they were carrying would go according to plan. And they did this for money?

HANNAH: None of those women knew what they were getting themselves into. Most of them were hardly more than girls themselves. Once they delivered, they sent them back to wherever they came from.

MAX: So you never knew my mother?

HANNAH: No.

MAX: Can you tell me anything about her? Anything? The Tac leaders never told us about where we came from. It was more like we came from each other - inspired teamwork. It wasn't until I escaped that I found out about parents and babies and all. I always wondered about her. My mother . . . who she was, what she was like? Now I know . . . just another girl looking to get paid . . . but it's all good. I turned out all right with my strange little life.

(Max opens and closes a music box. She knows that Hannah talked to Lydecker when she was on the phone)

MAX: It's okay, you know. It's not like Lydecker gave you a choice. That phone call you made, to tell them that I was here . . . you had to do it. I understand.

HANNAH: You knew?

MAX: When you're like me, you pick up on things, especially when people are scared.

HANNAH: I am so sorry. He said if I didn't do it, he would kill me.

MAX: Believe me, he would . . . and will . . . even though you did exactly what he told you, which is why you and I have to get out of here. Now.

(Max and Hannah are running through the forest before Lydecker's men arrive at the cabin. Hannah slips and Max hurries back to help her)

MAX: Come on!

HANNAH: Go!

MAX: Not without you.

HANNAH: Why are you helping me?

MAX: You saved my life. I'm returning the favor. We need a boat.

HANNAH: Jonah's Bay, south shore.

(Eric is on the phone with Logan)

ERIC: Man, a black chopper just went over. Is this some kind of covert government thing?

LOGAN: I'm afraid maybe it's starting to turn into something like that. Look, Max is going to need your help.

ERIC: Let me just say up front that I've always been someone who could be counted on in a pinch.

LOGAN: That's good to know. Stay on the line.

(Logan figures out Lydecker's radio frequency)

LOGAN: Eric, I need you to do something for me.

(Lydecker is overseeing the operation from a chopper)

LYDECKER: This is Lydecker in control.

CHARLIE TEAM: I am within range. Over.

LYDECKER: Canopy's too thick. Get me on the ground.

(Max and Hannah continue running through the forest)

LYDECKER: Charlie team, this is control. Move to the dam and secure the perimeter. Over.

DELTA TWO: Control, this is Charlie two. Roger. Out.

LYDECKER: Delta team, this is control. Take up position on the south side of the dam. Over.

DELTA TWO: Delta team. Copy. Out.

(Max and Hannah wind up on top of a dam that also acts as a bridge. Max hears vehicles approaching from both sides)

HANNAH: Max, what do we do?

MAX: Trust me.

(Max and Hannah jump over the side of the dam and land on a platform below. Soldiers arrive in 2 separate vehicles and look around and over the edge of the dam, but can't see Max and Hannah. Meanwhile, Logan has jammed the frequency for Delta two and impersonates them)

LOGAN: Control, this is Delta two. We have the suspects. Say again. We have the suspects. Over.

MAX (hears the radio): I'm sorry.

HANNAH: It's not your fault.

LYDECKER: Delta two, good work. Bring them to the rally point. All units to the rally point. All units to the rally point. Over.

DELTA TWO: Move out.

(Delta two turns around and leaves without finding Max and Hannah)

LOGAN: This is Delta two. We're en route.

LYDECKER: Delta two, this is control. Say again. Over.

LOGAN: Control, this is Delta two. We are five miles from the rally point. Over.

LYDECKER: Roger, Delta two. Control out.

(Max breaks off a piece of metal and latches it onto a wire. She's going to slide down to the bottom of the dam)

MAX: It's the only way down.

HANNAH: Max, no! No!

(Max and Hannah slide to the bottom)

LYDECKER: Delta two, this is control. What is your ETA? Over.

DELTA TWO: We are five miles . . .

LYDECKER: Say again, Delta two. Over.

(The real Delta two team arrives at Lydecker's position)

DELTA TWO: Sergeant Baum, team Delta two. Our comms are down, sir.

LYDECKER: I was just talking to you.

BAUM: No, sir, someone's been jamming our transmissions.

LYDECKER: Where are the prisoners?

BAUM: We don't have any prisoners, sir.

(Lydecker looks very pissed. He presses the transmit button on the walkie talkie and demands to know who tricked him)

LYDECKER: Who is this? I said . . . who . . . is this?

(Logan does not reply. He presses the space bar and breaks the radio connection to Lydecker)

LYDECKER (scowling): Establish a security perimeter on the south shore. Nobody leaves the island.

(Max and Hannah make their way to the southern shore. They see an abandoned boat and get in. As Max unsuccessfully tries to get the motor started, a motorboat is seen heading toward them)

HANNAH: Max! Max?

(When the motorboat gets close enough, it turns out to be Eric)

ERIC: Hey.

(Max looks relieved)

ALPHA TEAM: Control, this is Alpha team. We are approaching the south shore, over.

(Hannah and Max climb in and start speeding away from the island. Meanwhile, Lydecker's troops arrive at the southern shore)

ALPHA TEAM: Control, this is Alpha team. There is no sign of the suspects. They are not here. Over.

(At Max's apartment, Eric is trying to gently break the news to Max that it's over between them)

ERIC: Believe me, Max, this isn't about you. It's about me.

MAX: Okay.

ERIC: I don't need to know what you're doing. I don't want to know, in fact . . . for my own safety.

MAX: Okay.

ERIC: Don't get me wrong. I think you're completely awesome. These have been the most exciting two days in my life.

MAX: But . . .

ERIC: We are very different people.

MAX: Are you trying to say it's over between us?

ERIC: You hate me now, don't you, baby?

MAX: I'll get over it.

ERIC: Believe me, Max - I can see where this is going. It's better this way.

MAX: It's okay, Eric. You saved my life. Gave me a case of motor oil. I can honestly say no man has ever done so much.

ERIC: I got to ask . . . the other night . . . was it as amazing for you as it was for me?

MAX: Eric, you the man!

(Logan puts together a "new identity" package for Max to give to Hannah)

LOGAN: And there's travel docs, new I.D. and passport, and this. (Shows her a wad of money) So, your boyfriend seems like a nice guy.

MAX: He's not my boyfriend.

LOGAN: You two break up?

MAX: We were never together.

LOGAN: It's not like you owe me an explanation or anything.

MAX: I know.

LOGAN: You don't want to talk about it, fine.

MAX: There's no reason for you to get jealous.

LOGAN: Of course there isn't. You and I don't have that kind of relationship.

MAX: Right. Thanks for this.

LOGAN: Happy to help.

MAX: Have you ever been up on the Space Needle?

LOGAN: No, and it's not on my list of things to do.

MAX: How come?

LOGAN: Actually, I've always been terrified of heights.

MAX: Really?

LOGAN: Really.

MAX (smiling): Oh, we're going to have to do something about that.

(Max arrives at the hidden meeting place in an alley. She meets Hannah there and gives her some new ID, passes, and money for her to re-start her life away from Lydecker)

MAX: Here you go. Let's get you started. Checkpoint pass and some money.

(Hannah opens the package and is stunned)

HANNAH: I can't take this.

MAX: Yeah, you can.

HANNAH: Where did you get all this?

MAX: A friend.

HANNAH: Thank you. What about you? It's not safe for you here, either.

MAX: I can take care of myself. Plus, there's someone around here who needs me. Good luck.

HANNAH: Max? There's something I didn't tell you before. I didn't want to get into it . . . I guess, because the more we talked the harder it was to go through with what I had to do. It's about your mother. I did know her. She wasn't like the others. Seven months into her

pregnancy, she tried to escape, because she didn't want to give you up. When she was full term they had to strap her down when they induced. Finally, they had to put her under, she fought so hard.

MAX: What happened after that?

HANNAH: She was moved to a psychiatric facility. I never saw her again after that.

MAX: What was her name?

HANNAH: I don't know.

MAX: How old was she?

HANNAH: About your age.

(Max is again looking over Seattle from her spot at the top of the Space Needle)

MAX (voiceover): So, now I know. I had a mother who loved me and maybe she's still out there somewhere. Like that really changes anything in my life...only it changes everything

DARK ANGEL
Season One, Episode #2: "Flushed"
First Aired 10/17/2000

(Max rides on her bike to a street vendor who sells Tryptophan)

MAX (voiceover): Most days, I get by fine. I blend with the crowd. Just another one of the huddled masses yearning to get by unnoticed. Problemo is, I'm not as like them as I'd like to be. I got made, not born, and because it was humans made me somewhere along the line couple of wires got crossed in my head. Someone botched the job. So some days, that's how I feel - a botched job.

MAX: Hey.

VENDOR: You're in luck.

MAX: Thank God.

VENDOR: Stuff's getting hard to find. One thing I don't get . . . Tryptophan? It's just a food supplement and you're acting like a junkie who just got a fix.

MAX: A girl needs her amino acids.

VENDOR: You okay?

MAX: I will be.

(Max's pager goes off)

MAX: Oh, got to blaze. You're a lifesaver.

(Max arrives at Logan's apartment, where he has prepared a candlelit dinner for two)

LOGAN: Hiya.

MAX: You paged me?

LOGAN: I thought you might want to join me for dinner.

MAX: I don't want to put you to any trouble.

LOGAN: Well, it's nothing fancy - just one of my run-of-the-mill spur-of-the-moment culinary miracles.

MAX: I'm not real hungry. Feeling kind of punk.

LOGAN: Ah . . . a glass of pre-pulse Tokay Pinot Gris'll cure what ails you.

(Suddenly, the lights go out)

LOGAN: Now you have to stay because even you shouldn't be wandering around out there during a brownout.

MAX: I've got a wicked headache as it is.

LOGAN: You know, there was a time when this city actually worked . . .

MAX: Or so they say. What were you doing when the pulse hit?

LOGAN: On my uncle's yacht motoring into Friday Harbor on Orca's Island with a lady friend.

MAX: Why does that not surprise me?

LOGAN: I knew the end of the world was coming when the Sat-Nav crashed and, uh, we ran aground. How about you?

(Flashback to Max's childhood when she was in a foster family and her foster dad was looking for her to beat her up)

FOSTER DAD: Hey! You kids out here?!

MAX (voiceover): Hiding under the stairs. I was staying with this foster family. There were two of us - me and this girl Lucy. She was older. Her dad was a drunk. He'd smack us around pretty good. He was watching a game, and when the TV went off because of the pulse . . .

FOSTER DAD: Where the hell are you?

(End flashback)

MAX: He came looking for someone to blame it on.

LOGAN: It's hard to imagine a genetically enhanced killing machine like yourself putting up with that.

MAX: I was trying to fit in, you know? Act like a normal kid. Global chaos seemed as good a reason as any to bail on a bad situation, so I did. (She starts shaking)

LOGAN: You okay?

MAX: Like I said, I'm not feeling so hot.

LOGAN: It's pretty bad this time, huh?

MAX: Every once in a while, I hit a rough patch. Usually the Tryptophan helps, but . . . these seizures are much stronger than usual.

LOGAN: Should I call a doctor?

MAX: What are you going to tell him? That your genetically engineered friend has a design flaw in her brain chemistry?

LOGAN: That stuff really helps?

MAX: Supplements the serotonin that my brain's supposed to make but doesn't. When the levels are low, I have a seizure. I'm supposed to be a revved-up girl. Truth is, I'm a lemon.

LOGAN: I don't know about that.

(Max starts shaking uncontrollably in obvious discomfort and lies down on the couch)

LOGAN: What can I do?

MAX: Stay with me, please?

LOGAN: I'm right here.

MAX: You won't leave?

LOGAN: I'm not going anywhere.

(Opening credits)

(At Max and Kendra's apartment, Walter the corrupt cop has come by for more money)

KENDRA: I put the money in an envelope, and I put the envelope in this box, and now it's gone.

WALTER: You know, I could take it out in trade. But I'm a married man.

KENDRA: You're a real pillar of virtue, Walter. Your wife's a lucky woman.

WALTER: Hey, you don't suppose somebody stole it?

KENDRA: I don't know what else could have happened to it.

WALTER: Oh, that's tough luck. Crime rate in this city's getting way out of hand. But if I don't get paid you and everybody on this floor's going to be sleeping out in the street tonight.

(Max enters the apartment)

KENDRA: We've been robbed. The payoff money is missing.

MAX: I took it.

KENDRA: Thank God.

WALTER: Excuse me. I'm waiting.

MAX: Don't got it.

KENDRA: What?

MAX: Spent it.

KENDRA: You spent it?

WALTER: All right, come on, ladies. You're trespassing.

MAX: Hold the phone, Walter. You'll get your payola, okay? Anyway, you're three days early.

WALTER: Times are tough.

MAX: You'll get it in the morning.

WALTER: You got 24 hours.

(Walter leaves. Kendra starts arguing with Max about the money)

KENDRA: What do you mean you spent it?

MAX: I had to buy something.

KENDRA: So you just helped yourself to the money that I collected from everyone on the floor?

MAX: It was a short-term loan.

KENDRA: You could have asked.

MAX: It was an emergency.

KENDRA: Yeah, right.

MAX: Walter will get his money, so chill!

KENDRA: Just what is wrong with you?

(Max arrives late at work. Sketchy gives Max the heads-up before Normal gets to her)

SKETCHY: Where have you been?

MAX: None of your business.

SKETCHY: Yo, it ain't like I care, but word, we've all been covering for you. Normal's on the warpath.

NORMAL (coming up to them): Well, well, well . . . so far, your moron colleagues have come up with the following excuses for why you're strolling in here at the crack of noon - you had a dental emergency, your aunt died . . . again, and my personal favorite from this idiot - you were detained by the sector police for practicing witchcraft. Now, would you care to further insult my intelligence?

MAX: I overslept.

NORMAL: I thought you didn't sleep.

MAX: I usually don't. My body probably needed to catch up.

NORMAL: Yes, well catch up on your own time, girly. Get out of here. Go!

(In the locker room, Max finds Original Cindy)

MAX: Hey, I need to borrow some money just until tomorrow.

CINDY: I shouldn't even be speaking to you after last night. You stood me up.

MAX: I wasn't feeling well.

CINDY: You could have called instead of leaving me on a solo tip.

MAX: I spaced, so get off my back, okay?

CINDY: What is your dealio today?

MAX: You don't want to know. So, how about that loan?

CINDY: Out of chips, baby girl.

(Switch to the marketplace area of Seattle. A thug who is pressing a street vendor for money)

VENDOR: I don't have money!

THUG: Wrong answer.

(Thug grabs vendor's hand and moves it toward the boiling pot of water)

THUG: How do you like it - regular or extra crispy?

VENDOR: I no have money!

(Finally, he motions to his wife who shows the thug a box filled with money. Meanwhile, Max has seen this exchange. She walks by car where the thug's accomplice is waiting. The driver notices Max)

DRIVER: Hey.

MAX: What's up?

DRIVER: Come here. What's your name, doll face?

MAX: Why do you want to know? You a playa playa from the Himalayas?

DRIVER: Yeah. Yeah, that's me.

MAX: I got to whisper it, 'cause it's kind of dopey.

(She leans in to whisper to the driver, head-butts him and throws him out of the car)

MAX: Out you go.

(Max drives to an auto shop)

MAX: Come on. It's brand-spanking-new.

MECHANIC: What happens when the gangsters come looking for their ride?

MAX: It'll be in a million pieces by then.

MECHANIC: Like I'm going to end up. I'll give you \$1,000 for it.

MAX: You're killing me!

MECHANIC: It's the best I can do.

MAX: Deal.

MECHANIC: I'll have the money for you in the morning.

MAX: I need the money now.

MECHANIC: I don't have that much lying around. Tomorrow.

MAX: First thing?

(Max arrives back at the apartment. Kendra and Original Cindy are waiting for her)

MAX: Hey, guys.

KENDRA: Max, we need to talk.

MAX: I'll have the money in the morning, okay?

(Max goes to look for her Tryptophan pills)

KENDRA: You're not going to find it.

CINDY: You got a problem, boo, but Kendra and me got your back.

KENDRA: Because we love you very much.

MAX: Where are my pills?

KENDRA: I wish you could see yourself - the temper, the mood swings.

CINDY: Not showing up when you're supposed to.

KENDRA: Stealing money from your friends.

MAX: I needed the money for medicine 'cause I'm not feeling well.

CINDY: 'Cause you're strung out. Straight up jonesed.

MAX: Where are they?

KENDRA: Take it easy. It's going to be okay.

MAX: No, it's not! I need that stuff.

CINDY: What you need is help.

KENDRA: And to live your life one day at a time.

CINDY: You got to get yourself on a 12-step, boo.

KENDRA: The program works if you work it . . . believe me, I know.

CINDY: Really? What was your D.O.C.?

KENDRA: Tattoos. I was covered with them. I looked like a human Christmas tree. Couldn't stop myself.

CINDY: Where'd they go?

KENDRA: Thirteenth step is having them lasered off.

MAX: You guys don't understand! I'll die without that medicine! Now, tell me where you put it!

CINDY: Down the toilet - which is where your life is headed if you don't clean up.

MAX: Tell me you didn't.

KENDRA: Someday you'll thank us.

(Max storms out)

KENDRA: I think that went about as well as could be expected.

CINDY: As interventions go, that was a home run.

(Max goes back to the street vendor)

MAX: I need more Tryptophan.

VENDOR: Already?

MAX: Long story, and I can't pay you until tomorrow.

VENDOR: I know you're good for the money, but I don't have any.

MAX: You know anywhere else I can go?

VENDOR: Sorry.

MAX: Where do you get yours?

VENDOR: I'll put myself out of business as a middleman if I reveal my supplier.

(Max grabs her by her shirt collar)

MAX: Where do you get it?!

VENDOR: Take it easy.

MAX: Tell me.

VENDOR: A doctor over at Metro Medical gives it to some of his patients. I know an orderly there.

(Max arrives at Metro Medical and breaks into the pharmacy storeroom. An orderly passing by hears some noise in the room and calls for backup)

ORDERLY: Yeah, get me security.

(Max comes out after gulping down a few pills)

ORDERLY: What were you doing in there?

MAX: Looking for a bathroom. (She turns to leave)

ORDERLY: Uh-uh. Security's on the way.

MAX: Since when is it against the law for a girl to make sissy?

(Max punches the orderly. Guards show up in the hall and she makes a break for the stairwell. Unfortunately, guards show up there as well. They subdue Max)

ORDERLY: Junkie skeeze.

(The next morning, Max doesn't show up with the money. Walter shows up demanding his money)

KENDRA: Have you been working out? You look like you lost some weight. Here you go, just the way you like it. About the money, Walter . . . you got to give us one more day, please.

WALTER: I already gave you one more day.

WALTER (on walkie): Squatters on the seventh floor. I need backup right away.

WALTER: Good coffee.

(Kendra and the other squatters are leaving their apartments)

POLICE: All right, I need everybody outside . . . here we go, single file.

THEO'S WIFE: She took the money and split? That . . . that doesn't sound like Max.

KENDRA: Do you have a place to stay?

THEO'S WIFE: My sister's. You?

KENDRA: Maybe I can crash at Original Cindy's.

LITTLE BIT: Mama!

THEO'S WIFE: Shh. It's all right, baby. Come on. Come on. It's all right.

POLICE: Come on, let's go people. Move it out.

THEO'S WIFE: What about our stuff?

KENDRA: Probably end up getting sold off the back of a truck.

(Max winds up at Langford Prison. One of the other inmates asks how she's doing)

BREAK: Are you okay?

MAX: Mind your own business.

BREAK: If you ralph, it's going to be my business. Here, clean yourself up. You want to look good when they take your picture don't you? . . . It's show time.

GUARD (frisks Max): Hands. Let's go. Come on. Put your hands on the desk, and, uh . . . feet apart, huh? What do you got here, huh? A set of keys, lip balm . . . cherry flavor, pack of chewing gum . . . also cherry flavor, and some small bills totaling . . . 21 dollars.

MAX (turns around, angered): Try \$75, if you can count.

GUARD: I told you to keep your hands on the desk. See, I bet you're used to this, aren't you? Let me ask you how much does a strung-out little skeeze bag tramp like you go for these days?

BREAK: Ask your wife.

GUARD: What'd you say?

BREAK: Twenty to life. That's what she ought to get, if you ask me.

GUARD: Yeah, I didn't. Get him out of here, huh? Come on.

(At Jam Pony headquarters, Cindy, Sketchy and Herbal are examining a package)

HERBAL: Gotta be something dead.

CINDY: Uhhh . . . smells like Sketchy's locker.

SKETCHY: I'm thinking feet.

HERBAL: Dead feet.

NORMAL: Is there a problem here?

SKETCHY: What does this smell like to you?

NORMAL: That smells like a package that should have been delivered by now, moron.

LOGAN (enters): Excuse me, is Max around?

NORMAL: Uh, that's an excellent question. Where the fire truck's Max?

SKETCHY: Actually, Max is one of three finalists who has been selected . . .

NORMAL: Never mind. Sorry I asked. Sorry, can't help you.

(Logan goes up to Cindy, since he remembers her with Max at the bar)

LOGAN: Any idea where she might be? I've been paging her all morning.

CINDY: Maybe she don't want to talk to you.

LOGAN: Sorry?

CINDY: She's off the candy.

LOGAN: Uhh . . . you're losing me here.

CINDY: Yeah, right. Like I didn't notice that all this stuff started about the time you and her met.

LOGAN: Okay, I'm officially lost.

CINDY: I know all about rich guys like you . . . turning a girl out. Making her into your strawberry. Original Cindy took the drugs you gave Max and flushed them.

LOGAN: What drugs?

CINDY: "What drugs?" Hey! The pills you got Max hooked on live with the Tidy Bowl man now.

LOGAN: You flushed her pills down the toilet?

CINDY: Mm-hmm. Home girl don't need them no more.

LOGAN: Max has a neurological condition.

CINDY: Huh?

LOGAN: Those pills are the only thing that help.

CINDY: She didn't say anything about no neurological condition.

LOGAN: Well, she wouldn't exactly want to advertise it, would she?

LOGAN (on his cellphone): Hey, it's Logan. I need you to do something for me.

(Back at the prison, Max and Break make their way through the cellblock)

BREAK: Come on. Maybe there's an open cell in the back. Just stay close to me and no matter what anybody says . . .

INMATE: Oy, mamasita.

BREAK: Don't talk back. Name's Break.

MAX: Max.

BREAK: What're you in for? I love saying that. It sounds so tough.

MAX: Robbery.

BREAK: Oh, a real criminal.

MAX: How about you?

BREAK: Cannibalism. I ate my parents.

MAX: Good source of protein.

BREAK: Go that way. Actually, I run a little shop on Melbourne Avenue. Vintage clothes, pre-pulse stuff. Hung a poster in my window for a police brutality protest.

MAX: Bonehead move.

BREAK: They busted me for it. It wasn't the first time, and it won't be the last. But stay strong in the struggle, right? Guess we camp out on the floor - good a place as any.

(Max starts shaking)

BREAK: You okay?

MAX: Yeah, it's just a nerve thing.

BREAK: Can I . . . do anything?

MAX: I'd give my ass and hat for a glass of milk.

BREAK: I could use a vodka tonic, but here we are.

MAX: It has Tryptophan in it.

BREAK: Whatever that is.

MAX: Takes the edge off. So you think I can get some?

BREAK: What, vodka?

MAX: No, milk.

BREAK: Well, let me see what I can rustle up. I have a business arrangement with a guard I met my first time in here. He has a thing for stiletto heels. He made my previous stay more pleasant and when I got out, I reciprocated.

MAX: With shoes for his girl?

BREAK: Not unless she wears a size 12.

MAX: Gotcha.

(Flashback from Manticore. Max is shaking in bed. During training, one of the other children collapses and starts shaking)

GUARD: Eyes front!

(Later, Max climbs out of bed and sneaks a peek at Lydecker and his men operating on the child who collapsed. End flashback)

(At Jam Pony headquarters)

LOGAN (on cellphone): Do what you can. Thanks, Matt.

CINDY: What's up?

LOGAN: That was a friend of mine in the police department.

CINDY: You got friends in strange places.

LOGAN: He says a woman matching Max's description was arrested trying to break into a hospital pharmacy last night.

CINDY: Damn.

LOGAN: They took her to Langford.

CINDY: We've got to get her out.

LOGAN: Even paying off the right people, it'll take two or three days. She doesn't have that much time.

CINDY: What does that mean?

LOGAN: No meds . . . seizures get bad enough she could go into a coma and die.

(At Langford, Break comes back with a glass of milk for Max)

MAX: You even warmed it up.

BREAK: It's the way it comes out, my love. Guy's got a goat in the next cellblock over.

MAX: Hey, do you think there's a way out to the yard?

BREAK: Yeah, but they don't let anyone out after curfew.

MAX: There's too many rules in here. I'm going home.

BREAK: Well, don't let those big tall fences topped with the razor wire stop you.

MAX: I won't.

BREAK: Or the sharpshooters in the guard towers.

MAX: I've broken out of worse places than this.

BREAK: Look, the tough act routine might work with the boys, but you could get yourself killed.

MAX: Coming with me?

BREAK: Thank you, no. I have a date tonight.

(There's a guard approaching. Max asks Break if he's the one)

MAX: The shoe guy?

BREAK: Mm-hmm.

MAX: Cute.

BREAK: You won't think so when he's shooting at you.

(Later that night in the prison yard, Max tries to escape with Break's help)

BREAK: Go, go. More spotlights than a movie premiere.

MAX: Looks like I'm going to need a diversion.

BREAK: Well, leave it to me. If there's one thing I'm good at it's drawing attention. Sure I can't talk you out of this?

(Max removes her cap and gives it to Break)

MAX: Here. So you don't forget me. Thanks for the milk. (She heads for the fence, crouching in the shadows)

BREAK (standing and singing): La donna e mobile qual piuma al vento mua d'accento . . .

GUARD: Hey!

BREAK: E di pensiero sempre un amabile qual piuma el vento in pianto o in riso e menzognero . . .

GUARD: Back inside, it's after curfew.

(The alarm is sounded. Max attempts to climb over the fence, but can't make it over. She jumps down and jumps back onto the fence, but gets pulled down by guards)

BREAK: La donna e mobile . . .

GUARD: Knock it off!

BREAK: Muta d'accento . . .

GUARD: Knock it off! I don't like opera.

(The guard hits Break in the chest with a night stick. Max is restrained. The warden comes out to investigate and sees the barcode on Max's neck)

WARDEN: What do you got, gentlemen?

(Original Cindy and Logan are waiting in a car for Logan's friend to show up)

ORIGINAL CINDY (on the cellphone): Put the key under the flowerpot by the door. Kendra, don't even go there. You can stay as long as you need to.

LOGAN: Tell her I've got some ideas on how to handle that cop on the take.

ORIGINAL CINDY (on the cellphone): Hear that? She says you the man. Peace. I'm out. (Hangs up) I take it back.

LOGAN: What?

CINDY: The diss on you from before. I'm sorry. You're all right.

LOGAN: No problem.

CINDY: You like her, don't you?

LOGAN: Who?

CINDY: Max.

LOGAN: She's a good girl.

(A car approaches)

LOGAN: Here's my guy.

(Logan's friend gets out of his car and walks towards Logan's car)

LOGAN: Any luck?

MATT: Sorry it took so long. Had to call in a few favors to get into the evidence locker.

LOGAN: I owe you.

MATT: Why was your friend trying to steal that stuff, anyway?

LOGAN: It's complicated. Listen, there's . . . one more thing I need your help with.

(Original Cindy, now dressed like a hooker, is being processed at Langford Prison.)

CINDY: Let go of me, you rat-soup-slurpin'-rankle-ass-pepper-gut-no-good-stank-lovin'-donut-eatin'-peep-oppressin'-po-po-son of a bitch.

GUARD: All right, what's the charge here?

MATT: Solicitation.

CINDY: Try participation. First he buss, then arrests me.

MATT: Had to be sure a criminal violation had in fact occurred, didn't I?

CINDY: Pig.

GUARD: Hands on the counter. Legs apart.

CINDY: Don't even think about messing up my do.

(Max wakes up to find herself in a bed in a small room. A girl enters)

MAX: Where am I?

MARIA: Warden's house. Don't get your hopes up. You're still inside the wire. What's your name?

MAX: Max.

MARIA: Maria. Heard you tried to escape.

MAX: Yeah. Turns out they frown on that kind of thing.

MARIA: Looks like they got you pretty good.

MAX: Do you work here?

MARIA: I was living in the jail with my mom when the riot happened. She got killed. The warden and his wife took me in.

MAX: I'm sorry.

MARIA: I'm glad you're here. When you're feeling better you can help me with the housework. It's not a lot . . . just the warden and his wife. The food's way better here, and you can have as much as you want. That's where I sleep. So at night, you and me can stay up late and talk. And with you here, maybe he . . .

MAX: What?

WARDEN'S WIFE: Maria!

MARIA: I'd better get back to work. I'll check on you later.

(Logan's back at his apartment. He hacked into Langford's computer system to find out where Max has been placed and where Original Cindy has been placed)

LOGAN: Come on, come on. Bingo. Okay, they put her in cellblock G-4. G-4, same block.

BLING: Max's photos are in the records.

LOGAN: I know. Yeah, she's one girl who can't afford to be photographed.

BLING: Got a thing for this girl, don't you?

LOGAN: Why does everybody keep saying that?

(Inside the prison, Original Cindy is looking around for Max. She sees Break wearing Max's hat and walks up to him)

CINDY: Hey! Where'd you get that?

BREAK: What's it to you?

CINDY: This is Max's.

BREAK: You know her?

CINDY: I'm her homegirl, and if you touched one hair on her head . . .

BREAK: Take it easy. I'm her homegirl, too. She gave this to me right before she tried to bust out.

CINDY: Where is she?

BREAK: Heard they took her to the warden's.

(Cindy reveals some Tryptophan pills she had hidden)

CINDY: Well . . . I've got to get this to her, fast.

BREAK: Well, that is a problem because you are here and she is there.

CINDY: Well, we've got to figure out how to get me to her or she's going to die. And that's the straight-up truth.

BREAK: Do you do windows?

(Back in Max's room in the Warden's house. Maria is wiping Max's forehead with a towel)

MARIA: You don't look too good. How you feeling? Stay out of his way, Maxie, or he'll start with you, too.

MAX: I'm sorry, Lucy. I shouldn't have gone without you.

(Flash to when she was staying with Lucy and her foster father. Her foster father periodically forced Lucy to spend time with him in his room)

MAX (voiceover): I knew what was happening . . . but I didn't stop him.

(Flash to combat training)

TRAINER: You engage an adversary only if it is consistent with the overall strategic objective. Failing that, you will initiate a tactical withdrawal.

(Flash back to Lucy and her father)

Max: So I ran away. I left you there . . . with him.

(Back to present-day. The Warden has come by looking for Maria)

WARDEN: Maria.

MAX: No! Leave her alone!

(Max stumbles out of bed and knocks over a vase)

MARIA: I'll clean it up.

MAX: Sick bastard.

WARDEN: I was tired of her anyway. Why do you think you're here?

(Kendra walks up to Walter's police car and gives him some money)

KENDRA: Can we move back in now?

WALTER: You're asking a police officer to accept a bribe so you can trespass on private property? That's going to cost you an extra \$150 a month.

KENDRA: Dirtbag.

(Switch to Vogelsang's office. He found a lead on Max and calls Lydecker)

VOGELSANG: Mr. Lydecker? It's Vogelsang. I got a call from a contact of mine who works as a bull over at Langford. I-I-I put the word out awhile ago that anyone that comes through the system with a bar code tattoo . . . that he should drop a dime and, well, he did. Well, one of the inmates . . . uh, a girl . . . she tried to escape last night. Almost made it. Yeah. See, Mr. Lydecker, I-I told you I'd play ball with you.

(The line goes dead)

VOGELSANG: M-Mr. Lydecker?

LYDECKER: Give me the Tac team. Langford Prison. Now.

(In Max's room at the Warden's quarters)

MARIA: I made you some tea.

MAX: Maria . . . I'm going to get you out of here.

MARIA: It's not that bad. Really. If he hadn't taken me in, it would have been worse for me.

(Lydecker and his men arrive at Langford. Lydecker goes up to a guard and demands some answers)

LYDECKER: She has a bar code on the back of her neck.

GUARD: Can you give me a name at least, huh?

LYDECKER: No. Any files with identifying marks or tattoos?

GUARD: No.

(Lydecker motions his men to go into the prison)

GUARD: Hey, you can't go in there.

(The guard dials the Warden's number)

GUARD: Yeah. Get me the warden.

(Inside the prison, Break's friend tells Break he was able to get Original Cindy to the Warden's quarters)

BREAK'S FRIEND: I hooked your friend up. Put her on a work detail in the warden's house.

BREAK: Oh. Well, I see a pair of six-inch, black, patent-leather pumps in your future.

SOLDIER: Yo, get the door open! Open it now! Come on! All right! Clear the hall! Up against the wall! You! Get out!

LYDECKER: Check for bar codes.

(In the Warden's house, Original Cindy questions Maria)

CINDY: Yesterday they brought a girl in here. You know where she is?

MARIA: No. We should probably start with the downstairs bathroom.

CINDY: Don't make me ask you again.

(Back to the main prison office)

GUARD (on phone with Warden): His name is Lydecker, okay? He works for some government agency I've never heard of.

WARDEN: He say what he wanted with the girl?

GUARD: No, sir. Just that she has some kind of bar code on the back of her neck.

LYDECKER: Did you check solitary?

SOLDIER: Nothing. One of the guards says there's a work detail in the warden's quarters.

LYDECKER: Let's go.

(At the Warden's quarters)

WARDEN: Get up. You're going back. What you saw never happened. I don't know who these people are or why they're looking for you, but if you tell them anything about what happened here . . .

(Max gets up suddenly, grabs the Warden's throat and presses him up against the wall. The Warden tries to pull a gun hidden in his pants, but Max knocks it to the floor)

MAX: Who's looking for me?

WARDEN: Lydecker.

(Original Cindy opens the door)

CINDY: Max, that's enough. Max. Damn, girl, what's in those pills?

MAX: Spinach.

(Max looks out the window and sees Lydecker and his soldiers approaching)

MAX (to Warden): You're going to help us get out of here.

WARDEN: I don't think so.

(Cindy grabs the gun, cocks it, and points it at the Warden)

CINDY: Think again. Come on.

MAX (motioning to Maria): Not without her.

CINDY: Let's go.

(Lydecker and his men enter the Warden's quarters. They find the room Max was in, but it's empty now. Max and her friends go to the Warden's car)

CINDY: Open it.

CINDY (to Maria): In the trunk, honey.

(Max and Maria climb into the trunk. Cindy takes the passenger seat and the Warden is driving)

CINDY (to Warden): Don't think I don't know how to use this. Anybody look twice you're the queen of the rose parade. Just smile and wave. Get in.

(Switch back to the guard)

GUARD: What do you mean, he left in his car? All right, you better check it out.

(The car is outside the prison on a long stretch of road between a row of trees)

CINDY: Something doesn't sound right. Pull over and let my girls out.

WARDEN: Whatever you say.

(The Warden swerves the car, surprising Original Cindy. The Warden hits her, grabs the gun and stumbles out to the trunk. He's ready to fire into the trunk, but Max kicks the trunk open from the inside, knocking the gun out of the Warden's hands)

MAX: I broke your lock. Sorry.

(A jeep filled with prison guards drives up and Max jumps in and disposes of all the guards. Maria goes to help Original Cindy)

MARIA: Come on, Cindy. Hurry.

CINDY: Max, come on!

(Maria and Original Cindy take shelter in the woods as the Warden shoots at them. Max drives the jeep towards the Warden and plows into the Warden's car, sending it into the Warden)

(Back at the main prison office area)

LYDECKER: I want the records of every female prisoner booked in the last two days.

GUARD: Yes, sir. 47 entries.

LYDECKER: Pull up the mug shots of all the ones under 25.

GUARD: All right.

(The computer starts beeping and we see on the monitor that the files are missing now)

GUARD: Umm . . . there's a problem.

LYDECKER: What the hell did you do?

GUARD: The whole damn file's gone. Okay? I didn't do anything.

LYDECKER: Oh, that hump Vogelsang just bought himself another manicure.

(Switch to Logan's apartment where he has just deleted the records from Langford Prison's computer system)

LOGAN: Like it never existed. I'd say my work is through here.

(Logan's cell phone rings)

LOGAN: Hello? Max. You all right? Thank God.

(At Original Cindy's place. Kendra is attending to Original Cindy's injuries)

CINDY: Ow! Careful.

KENDRA: Hold still.

CINDY: Bottom line - that SOB got what he deserved. He went splat.

MAX: Maria's totally crashed out.

CINDY: Mmm. Kid's been through a lot today.

MAX: Try the last few years. I'm going to let her sleep while I go to Logan's to find her a place to live.

KENDRA: Sounds like you all are lucky to be alive.

CINDY: Mmm. Original Cindy looked into the jaws of death and saw her own face.

MAX: Listen to the mama of drama over here. You took a hell of a chance coming in after me, though.

CINDY: You'd do the same for me. Besides, we're the ones who put you in there.

KENDRA: So Max, Original Cindy and I have been talking it over.

CINDY: Mm-hmm. Trouble follows you around like the tail on a dog. We're getting the vibe there's something going on that you don't want us to know about for some reason.

KENDRA: 'Cause maybe you think we can't handle it?

CINDY: But we can, 'cause we down like that.

MAX: I don't know what you guys are talking about.

KENDRA: This mysterious condition of yours.

CINDY: Those guys looking for you at the jail.

MAX: What guys?

CINDY: I'm asking you.

MAX: All right. You guys really want to know what's up with me?

CINDY: Please.

MAX: What if I told you I was a genetically revved-up female?

(Kendra and Original Cindy laugh)

KENDRA: Like we're not.

MAX: But . . . I'm a different kind of female altogether.

CINDY: Like you so special. Okay, fine, don't tell us, but whatever's going on just know . . . you still my boo.

KENDRA: Yeah. Me and sister girl got your back.

MAX: Guys . . . oh, my God. I completely forgot about Walter's money.

KENDRA: No worries. It's been handled.

(Walter is at home eating dinner and watching sports on TV)

WALTER: Go, go, go, go, go. Hit him you moron. Yes!

(Suddenly the screen goes blank. Logan has put out another Streaming Freedom Video, this time about Walter)

EYES ONLY: This is a Streaming Freedom Video bulletin. It cannot be traced. It cannot be stopped. It is the only free voice left in this city and it's coming straight to you, Officer Walter Eastep. That's right, you, Walter. Recognize yourself? That's you, extorting money from some squatters.

WALTER: It's going to cost you an extra \$150 . . .

EYES ONLY: My god. Dirty as the police department is . . . I don't think your bosses are going to want to see that tape broadcast 24/7. It's not like they care you took a bribe, just that you were dumb enough to get caught on videotape which spoils the party for everybody else. So here's how it's going to be, Walter. You quit shaking down those squatters and this little video stays between you and me. This has been a Streaming Freedom video from the Eyes Only Informant Net.

(At Logan's apartment, Max pays a visit)

MAX: How do you put this stuff together, Logan? The father runs a dairy farm. The mom's a local schoolteacher. They've always wanted kids, and to top it all off, she gets her own room

LOGAN: And a pony.

MAX: Forget Maria, I'm living with these people.

LOGAN: Well, they're dear friends of mine and they're really excited about this. I think it's going to work out great for everybody.

MAX: I'll get her over there first thing in the morning. Thanks for setting this up. That was a pretty bad scene she was in.

LOGAN: You were the one who cared enough about this girl to go in and get her out. You did a good thing, Max.

MAX: Better late than never.

LOGAN: I always knew that underneath that bioengineered, military-issue armor plating there was a beating heart.

MAX: Let's not go overboard here. I'm not signing up to join the Logan Cale brigade for the defense of widows, small children, and lost animals.

LOGAN: You could be field commander.

MAX: I think not. So what's for dinner? You gonna feed me or you gonna just sit there?

LOGAN: You know, you were much sweeter when you weren't feeling well.

MAX: The bitch is back.

DARK ANGEL
Season One, Episode #3: "C.R.E.A.M."
First Aired 10/31/2000

(Alina is walking home when she is kidnapped. A cloth is put over her head and she is pushed into a van. The men sit her down in front of a video camera and take the hood off.)

EYES ONLY: Are you all right, Alina?

ALINA: In my neighborhood this is a date.

EYES ONLY: I'm sorry it has to be this way. I hope you understand the need to take precautions.

ALINA: You know, after I reached out to your people and didn't hear back I wasn't sure you'd see me. Thank you.

EYES ONLY: How can I help you?

ALINA: In one off your cable hacks you mentioned my father, Nathan Herrero.

EYES ONLY: We were colleagues. Back in the days of the Pacific Free Press.

ALINA: I want you to help me find out what happened to him.

EYES ONLY: My understanding is that your father was...disappeared. In all probability, murdered.

ALINA: That's the assumption, but nobody knows for sure.

EYES ONLY: It's been over two years. Maybe its time for you to let him go.

ALINA: I can't. Not until I find out what happened to him and who's responsible.

EYES ONLY: You should understand, Alina - I am not in the investigation business.

ALINA: But you are in the truth business and so was my father. And all I am asking for is the truth. Will you help me?

(Logan is watching the recording of Alina. He rewinds it and listens to her plea again.)

ALINA: Will you help me?

(Max arrives)

MAX: Still churning on how to handle the daughter of the famous crusading disappeared journalist guy?

LOGAN: She sent me these. (hands Max a stack of pictures) I looked into it back when he first disappeared. It's all coming back to me. Everyone wanted Herrero dead. Cops, mob, political bosses. Basically he gave anyone who was dirty a reason to kill him. And they did.

MAX: Sounds like a story right up your alley. So depressing.

(Max looks at a picture of a girl and her father holding a red balloon and flashes back to Manticore. *Max, Zack, and the others are crawling on the ground with guns during a training drill. Max sees something caught in a tree and points to it. Zack climbs up and brings it down.*)

It turns out to be a red balloon that reads 'Happy Birthday.' The kids gather around it and reverently touch it. A soldier comes up.

SOLDIER: Section leader! You will give me that contraband or return back to the training area...

Zack kicks guard and knocks him unconscious. Max looks up and sees Lydecker glaring at them. She lets go of red balloon and it floats away. End of flashback. Logan is talking in the background but Max doesn't hear him)

LOGAN: I really feel for this girl.

MAX: Huh?

LOGAN: I really feel for this girl. There's a big hole in her life and nothing's ever going to fill it. Finding out whether her father was killed execution style by the government or buried in cement by gangsters isn't going to bring him back.

MAX: No, but at least it will get rid of the question marks. Not to be a pest, but anything on my stuff?

LOGAN: About your birth mother: I have been searching medical records of females, approximately 20 years old, admitted to psychiatric facilities, around the time you were born. When is your birthday, by the way?

MAX: I have no clue.

LOGAN: What do you mean?

MAX: Manticore wasn't big on that type of thing. When's yours?

LOGAN: November 11th.

MAX: I got you an early present. (Pulls out brown bag from behind her. Hands bag to him)

LOGAN: A grapefruit. Wow. Haven't seen one of these in a while.

MAX: Got them down on the market on Fremont. They have chickens to.

LOGAN: We must be in a recovery.

MAX: Gotta jet.

LOGAN: Max. I need you to look into the Herrero thing for me.

MAX: One hand washes the other.

LOGAN: You should pick one. A birthday.

MAX: What for?

LOGAN: In this short brutal life you gotta seize any opportunity you can to celebrate.

(Max smiles and leaves)

(Opening credits)

(At Jam Pony)

HERBAL: Hey Druid, may it be in ya heart to slip Herbal a Benjamin til Friday? Man I am broke like a potato chip.

DRUID: Sorry bro, I am tapped out myself.

SKETCHY (enters and hands Herbal some money): I got your back.

HERBAL: Love.

DRUID: Hey, what up with that? He get paid dirt same as us. Now he's helping us out.

HERBAL: Y'all give every man time to be in the sunshine.

DRUID: Not in Seattle dude.

(Sketchy is riding his bicycle down an abandoned ally. He knocks on a side door and a slot opens. Sketchy nods. A guy hands him a small packet. Sketchy puts it in his jacket and rides off)

(At a bar, Logan is playing darts. He gets a bull's eye)

DETECTIVE SUNG (coming up behind him): You have been practicing. Hey.

LOGAN: Well the last time we played cost me three beers. What do you got for me, Detective?

SUNG: Squat. Nathan Herrero exposed a lot of wrong cops in his day. His disappearance was investigated, but not with much enthusiasm.

LOGAN: Any way I can take a look at the case file?

SUNG: It's sealed. How come? I don't know.

LOGAN: So whose pocket needs lining?

SUNG: I start sniffing after Nathan Herrero I buy myself a brown thunderstorm especially with Allan Lans about to become police commissioner.

LOGAN: That's a grim thought.

SUNG: Get used to the idea. All I can tell you is the case files are locked up at the MUNY. I am sorry I let your guy down.

LOGAN: He knows you do what you can, Matt.

SUNG: Have you ever met him? Eyes Only?

LOGAN (shakes his head no): Just a fan doing my part. I got this for your kid. Hard to find nowadays. (Hands Sung a Gameboy)

SUNG: Hey you don't have to do this man, I'm giving you nothing here.

LOGAN: It's not for you.

SUNG: Look I am sure my boy would like it but I can't.

LOGAN: It doesn't make you a guy on the take.

SUNG: (Takes it) Boy I guess everybody is. At least helping you folks I can look at myself in the eye when I get up in the morning. Thanks.

(Detective Sung gets up and leaves)

(At a bicycle hangout, the Jam Pony employees are watching Sketchy do bike tricks.)

ORIGINAL CINDY (Looking at a girl): Now there's a heifer I could get exclusive with.

HERBAL: The Bible tells us, do not think of wicked things.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Then it's all good! Cause Original Cindy's about deeds, not words.

SKETCHY: Well here's a 20th century classic. A slinky chick: a front wheel 180 into a nose Manuel, which will last for five seconds. I shall demonstrate.

MAX (rides up): What's up?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Guess who's showing out for the lickety split, only she belongs to me.

(Sketchy does a bike move)

MAX: Sketchy's got some mad skills.

ORIGINAL CINDY: He aight.

GIRL: Okay, pony boy, how bout a jump? No foot can can, cross up, into a nose Manuel.

SKETCHY: Cake.

(He tries the jump but falls. The crowd groans)

SKETCHY: Uh, that was a practice. Real thing now.

(He goes to try again, but the envelope he picked up earlier has fallen out of his bag and floats away down a sewer.)

(Max's beeper goes off)

MAX: Oh. Gotta blaze. (at a phone) Logan! Me hittin' you back. . . What kind of help?

(Max is at the police station at night. She breaks inside and floods a bathroom to distract the guard's attention)

GUARD (sees wet floor and calls on the radio): Hey cap, are you there?

CAP: Yeah, what have you got?

GUARD: I've got a moisture situation, fourth floor Men's Room.

(The janitor arrives and starts mopping the floor)

GUARD: Well, no floating pieces of corn, which is good news.

(During the commotion, Max has broken into the evidence room. The guard sees the alarm go off on the room Max entered and goes to investigate. Max takes Herrero's disc and is about to leave when the guard finds her)

GUARD: Hold it right there!

MAX: What if I wanna hold it over here? (jumps across the room)

GUARD: I mean it! Don't make this any worse than its gotta be.

MAX (moving too fast for him to keep up): You're the one holding the gun. You know I dated a guy like you once. Everything had to be his way. So I told him I want to see other people.

(Max knocks the guard unconscious and shoves over a row of file cabinets. She jumps out the window as more guards enter the room. Below, she gets on her bike and roars out of the compound as the guards shoot at her)

GUARD 2: Get off the bike! What the hell was that?

GUARD 3: I don't know! It looked like a girl!

(At Jam Pony, Sketchy is banging his head against the lockers)

HERBAL: Easy man! Chill!

SKETCHY: Don't give me any of your Irie crap Herbal! Everything is not okay! My hours are numbered. (Bangs his head against the locker again)

NORMAL: Hey! Company property! Be careful! Bip bip bip!

ORIGINAL CINDY: Why were you workin' as a mule for a bunch of Russian gangsters, if I may ask?

SKETCHY: I am a young capitalist, in a failing economy. I saw opportunity and went for it!

ORIGINAL CINDY: Only you lost the cheese.

SKETCHY: I got to the drop and the envelope was gone!

ORIGINAL CINDY: You probably lost it dumbing for my Likecky Boo. Serves you right.

SKETCHY: I am road kill here guys!

ORIGINAL CINDY: How much are we talkin' about?

SKETCHY: More than I got.

HERBAL: Don't sweat it my brother. It is just a book fulfilling its self.

SKETCHY: Thank you for your kind words Herbal. But what do I do?

HERBAL: Jah know.

SKETCHY: Jah come if I don't give these guys cash money. Maybe I should just go talk to these guys. Explain what happened.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Followed by some very fast running.

SKETCHY: No, no, these are businessmen. I mean the Odessa Social Club? Fairly sizable gambling operation. These guys should be open to an equitable arrangement to make things right.

HERBAL: But Sketch? Don't forget about the part about the very fast running.

SKETCHY: No, it's going to be okay! I'm confident. (Runs off)

HERBAL: When he's dead, who gets to keep his bike? (Original Cindy gives him a dirty look)

(At Logan's Apartment)

LOGAN: According to this, the police were investigating a possible contract hit on Herrero. Paid for by the Beltun Administration as payback for taking down one of the mayor's lieutenants.

MAX: What happens when you fight City Hall.

LOGAN: Only Herrero was grabbed three days before the whack was supposed to go down and never heard from again.

MAX: Think another player got to him first?

LOGAN: Looks like it. Clean grab, no forced entry. Housekeeper showed the next morning, saw signs of a struggle and reported him missing.

MAX: Where was the daughter?

LOGAN: She and the old man were estranged at the time. She was hitting the bong, had an older boyfriend, usual teenage thing. Nathan didn't approve so she ran away.

MAX: And now all she wants is her daddy.

LOGAN: How it goes I guess. (Presses play on an interview tape.)

INTERROGATOR: State your name for the record please.

HOUSEKEEPER: Rebecca Cuthrell.

INTERROGATOR: And on the morning in question you arrived for work at?

HOUSEKEEPER: 9 AM. Same as always.

INTERROGATOR: What did you find?

HOUSEKEEPER: Mr. Herrero wasn't there. It looked like there'd been some sort of fight.

LOGAN (switching off the tape): Herrero's housekeeper.

MAX: The one who reported him missing.

LOGAN: Disappeared herself two weeks after the murder.

MAX: Scared probably.

LOGAN: Or involved. Thanks for getting this for me by the way. (Motions to the disc)

MAX: No big dealio.

LOGAN: I do seem to be putting you in harm's way quite a bit lately.

MAX: Yeah. And?

LOGAN: So I got you a little something. (Points to a box on the table)

MAX: What's this?

LOGAN: A present.

(Max opens it up, sees a gun, and immediately shuts it again)

MAX: Not to sound ungrateful, but I don't do guns.

LOGAN: That would make you the only person walking around this city not packing.

MAX: And that's the way its gonna stay.

LOGAN: A genetically engineered killing machine, squeamish about guns.

(Max has a flashback to when Eva was shot at Manticore)

MAX: Just a rule.

LOGAN: Okay. If you change your mind...

MAX: I won't. I gotta to say I'm a little surprised, a high-minded idealistic lefty humanist like yourself advocating greasing the bad guys.

LOGAN: It's a kicked or be kicked in the ass world out there.

MAX (smiling): Now kickin' ass, I got no issues with.

(Sketchy knocking on the alley door again. The small window opens and casino owner scowls at him)

RAFE: The cash didn't get there. Why?

SKETCHY: Let me explain the situation.

(The mobsters beat Sketchy up a bit and push him into a pile of garbage)

SKETCHY: Listen dude, I understand you're upset!

RAFE: I don't get upset. Cause of my ulcers. (Motions toward other thug) He gets upset.

SKETCHY: Okay, hear me out on this. The envelope in question you said had 15,000 dollars in it? I'm gonna take your word on that particular figure. So lets see now, you pay me twenty bucks a run, two runs a week, that's, uh, \$2080 a year. Divided 15 Gs. So to make things right, I will work for you for free for 375 weeks, which works out to be the next 7 and one-fifth years approximately . . . (The mobsters start towards him again) Maybe a counter offer guys?

(Later Max and Cindy ride up on their bikes. Sketchy is hanging naked upside down, with a gag in his mouth and his hands covering his crotch. Original Cindy and Max laugh)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Now that is what I call a perfect man! (removes the gag)

SKETCHY: Ugh! Come on guys! I got 36 hours to come up with the money, or I am gonna end up like my clothes. (He nods to a corner where his clothes are burning) Can you please get me down?

(Max's beeper goes off)

MAX: Well, I gotta bounce. Can you handle this?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Got it covered. (Shoves the rag back in Sketchy's mouth) Whatever you do, keep your hands where they are. Original Cindy just ate.

(At Logan's apartment)

LOGAN: Did some digging on the housekeeper. She's been unemployed since Herrero died, but 18 months ago she bought a place on Alexander. So where did she get the cash?

MAX: Alexander's not exactly Park Avenue.

LOGAN: But still. She bought an apartment.

MAX: So Rebecca Cuthrell helped kill Herrero, waited a safe amount of time, and used the blood money to move into a new crib.

LOGAN: That's how I figure it. Problem is, trail's cold. Unlikely we could ever prove anything, but if we knew who her friends are, who she talks to, maybe we could shake something loose

and give Alina the last chapter of her father's life. To that end, I was wondering if I could impose on you to install this. (Hands her surveillance equipment)

MAX: Voice-activated parabolic mike with a high-gain noise filter, lithium powered RF transmitter broadcasting at what, 400 Meg? I excelled in telecommunications as a child.

LOGAN: 450 Meg, actually.

MAX: Really? I stand corrected.

(That night, Max is placing the microphones outside Rebecca Cuthrell's house and in the process sees Rebecca and Herrero in the apartment kissing)

(Logan is studying in a library when Herrero appears from behind the stacks)

HERRERO: This place used to be a haven for writers, artists - those of us who took the time to think about what it means to be human. Now it feels like we're in an armed camp.

LOGAN: For the time being.

HERRERO: Hello my friend. I have to say I was surprised to hear your voice on the phone. And a little concerned. I went to a lot of trouble to disappear. But after much hesitation, here I am.

LOGAN: I appreciate your coming.

HERRERO: What made you come looking?

LOGAN: Alina.

HERRERO: I used to play chess at this table with Hunter Dillon, murdered by a police death squad for speaking out against the Belturn Administration.

LOGAN: And you didn't want the same thing to happen to you so you staged your own abduction and went into hiding?

HERRERO: Same as you, only you kept working and filing your stories from underground and I didn't.

LOGAN: That's the part I don't understand.

HERRERO: I fell in love. I found myself wanting comfort. A life.

LOGAN: You walked away.

HERRERO: They were trying to kill me, Logan. If anyone should understand, it's you. Look at you. You're lucky you're still alive.

LOGAN: What about your daughter?

HERRERO: I wasn't a very good father, my fault. I left her with what money I could. Didn't think she'd miss me all that much.

LOGAN: What do you want me to tell her?

HERRERO: It would be easier for all concerned to leave me dead I suppose, but I would like to see her if she's open to it.

(At Logan's apartment)

MAX: So the bad news is what? He wasn't murdered? He fought the good fight and got a life. Makes sense to me.

LOGAN: Figures you'd relate to someone turning their back on responsibility.

MAX: Listen to yourself – Alina got her father back, and you're all 'who cares'?

LOGAN: I didn't say that.

MAX: Don't make this about yourself, Logan. It isn't. You don't know what it's like to be alone in this world. I do.

LOGAN: Now who's making this about themselves?

MAX: You know some guys are willing to rearrange the priorities when they meet a girl who moves their furniture. In fact some guys are even looking for it. . . or so I've heard. I'm gonna go tell Alina about her father cause I think I may do a better job of making it sound like a good thing. Bye.

(Max leaves and arrives at Alina's house)

ALINA: Wow. You know I'd done such a good job preparing myself for the worst. But all this time he's been out there and I didn't know. It's like some kind of a miracle.

MAX: You excited?

ALINA: I don't know what I am. You know of course I am glad he's alive. But it's hard to believe that he could have just abandoned me.

MAX: Look, it's pointless to figure out who left who and why. Who's more right or less wrong. Doesn't matter. The both of you get a second chance. Don't overthink it.

ALINA: If you were me, would you see him?

(Max remembers the red balloon at Manticore)

MAX: In a heartbeat.

(At Crash)

SKETCHY: Where is Max?

ORIGINAL CINDY: She'll be here.

SKETCHY: It's almost 7:00. I've got 'til 10:00. That's less than three hours.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Who knew you was such a math whiz?

SKETCHY: My life is at stake here, Cindy.

ORIGINAL CINDY: That female's word is like stone.

(Max comes in all dressed up)

ORIGINAL CINDY: What'd I tell you? Party over here girl! Dang! Look at you flossin'!

(Max flicks her hair and twirls around for Cindy)

MAX: What are you drinking?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Apple Martini. The mans just gonna give us their money, we so hot!

SKETCHY: Guys, we should get going!

MAX: Okay, okay! You got the bank role?

SKETCHY: 100 from Natalie on the QT. That's all I could get.

MAX: And you know were to meet us?

SKETCHY: Yeah.

(Girls walk out and Sketchy looks at his watch)

SKETCHY: Two hours and fifty-six minutes.

(In the alley, Original Cindy knocks on door. Rafe opens the slot and looks at them. Max and Cindy grin goofily and bat their eyelashes)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Hi there! We just got off work ...

MAX: ...dancing over at the Cherry Bomb...

ORIGINAL CINDY: Big tip night.

MAX: ...and a guy said this would be a really great place to have some fun . . .

ORIGINAL CINDY: ...get our drink on...

MAX: . . . and make a little money playing that game with the ball that spins? I forgot what it's called.

(Rafe looks them up and down. Cindy and Max grin. He nods at them, opens the door and leads them to the roulette table)

RAFE: You girls gamble much?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Last week this one bet she could shoot her thong the farthest and won 50 bucks.

RAFE: Have fun, ladies.

ORIGINAL CINDY: So what's the dealio with this bitch?

MAX: The dealio is the wheel is turning at 3.2 revolutions per sec.

ORIGINAL CINDY: How do you know that?

MAX: I just do. And the ball is rolling at a velocity of 4.4 meters a sec. The rest is physics. (She watches the wheel intently, calculating) Bet 11.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You sure?

MAX: Just do it.

ORIGINAL CINDY (pushing some chips to the casino man): 11.

(Ball slows down and lands on 11. Then it bounces)

CASINO MAN: 9 red.

MAX: I can tell you where it's gonna land but I can't call the bounce. (They try again)

MAX: 13 black.

(The ball lands exactly where she said it would, and they're on a roll. They play successfully for a while than stop to count their money)

ORIGINAL CINDY: We have three large.

MAX: Another 12 to go and only an hour before Sketchy's toast.

RAFE: You ladies are doin' pretty good. How much you up?

ORIGINAL CINDY (putting the bills in her top): 'Bout a cup size.

MAX: But this wheel thing's a yawn.

ORIGINAL CINDY: We're looking for some action.

RAFE: You girls like poker?

MAX: Is that the game where you take off your clothes when you lose?

RAFE: Uh, here we play for money. There's a game going on in the back.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Wanna try?

RAFE: C'mon give it a shot. High stakes. You can win a lot of dough in a hurry back there.

MAX: What have we got to lose?

(In the back room, Max and Cindy sit at a table with several other mobsters)

RAFE: We like to take turns with the shuffle. Keeps the game honest. (They all laugh) So, a little 5 card stud?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Sounds like my kind of game

MAX (to Cindy): You should throw one of your tens - you've got too many. Oh, sorry! Is it okay if we help each other? I'm just remembering now this is that really confusing game with all those different cards. Which is probably why I always end up with no clothes on.

RAFE: No problem.

(They play and Max and Cindy keep losing)

RAFE: It's your deal.

MAX (picks up the cards): You know, somebody's been eating french fries, cause these cards are greasy kinda like my ex but we won't get into that. Original Cindy baby, will you hand me a new setup?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Mm-hmm.

MAX: How bout we get rid of these bet limits and open this mother up? (The men quickly agree)

(She gets a new deck, shuffles and deals, memorizing the order of the cards. They play for a while and win a lot. There is a huge pile on money on this hand)

MAX (to Cindy): You gonna fold?

ORIGINAL CINDY: No. (Max gives her a look) On second thought, I'm out.

(A few other people drop out until only the one man and Max are left)

MAX: Lot of money there.

RAFE: It'll be about 12...

MAX: \$14,234.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Plus Pepper's watch and Henry's St. Anthony medal.

(Max discards two good cards and draws two new ones)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Uh! Hello!

MAX: Believe. (To the mobsters) Well I'm all out of cash but how 'bout a lap dance?

RAFE: And what would be the value on that?

MAX: Well, at the Cherry Bomb for the two of us together, all night - a G. You only live once, at that.

RAFE: OK, I'll see that bet. Hate making girls cry but.... (Lays out his cards, which are very good)

MAX (Lays down her cards - they're better): More hearts than organs baby!

ORIGINAL CINDY (scooping up the cash): Dada!

MAX: Well, we've had lots of fun. And we got to keep our clothes on.

RAFE: Don't rush off.

MAX: We live with our parents.

ORIGINAL CINDY: They worry.

(Outside the room, the men stop them)

RAFE: It's a little rude you know, leaving a game like this so suddenly.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You guys really wanna throw down with all these nice money-losing folks watching?

RAFE (grabs Max's arm): You know what, you don't play so nice with others.

MAX: I was home schooled. (throws his arm off)

(Outside the club)

ORIGINAL CINDY: You threw two queens to pick up a straight flush. That takes more than intuition, girl.

MAX: Lady Luck's a friend!

(Rafe and his thugs surround them)

RAFE: Give it up, girls.

ORIGINAL CINDY: OK, so I guess we're gonna throw down out here. (Rafe tries to grab the money from her shirt) Nobody touches the ta ta's!

MAX: Oh! That's right, bring it on big boy! Oh there are two of you!

ORIGINAL CINDY: Don't make me go ghetto with you!

(Max and Cindy kick major butt till everyone is unconscious or running away)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Yeah, you better step off cause Original Cindy just stepped straight outta Compton!

MAX: Damn girl, you da man!

ORIGINAL CINDY: You did aight yourself boo.

MAX: Let's go.

(Later, they meet up with Sketchy and Cindy gives him the money)

SKETCHY: Your parents must have been terrorists cause you guys are the bomb!

MAX (grabs his chin): Next time you need a favor and call a friend, remember one thing: you're out of lifelines sweetheart! Let's go.

(Max and Cindy walk off)

(Alina takes a cab to her father's apartment, and watches him in the window. She lights a cigarette and a second later the house blows up)

(Max and Logan watch a news report on the explosion)

NEWS ANCHOR: A fiery explosion tore through this apartment building on Alexander Drive late last night, killing two people. Emergency workers removed the bodies of 32-year-old Rebecca Cuthrell and an unidentified male companion. The cause is still under investigation, but informed sources are calling the blast suspicious...

MAX: Who do you like for this? Cops, mob, Belturn's people?

LOGAN: Me. I'm the one who got this guy killed. We put Alina in touch with her father and an hour later the place is torched? It's not an accident.

MAX: But she was so...I don't know...emotional I guess. You should have seen her face when I told her father was alive.

LOGAN: Someone recruited her. Probably Allan Lans.

MAX: Damn. We got played.

LOGAN: Not that we can prove any of this.

MAX: Herrero ended up dying for what he believed in after all.

LOGAN: Even if he didn't believe it anymore.

MAX: Looks like you got your martyr.

LOGAN: That's not how I wanted it.

(Max goes to Alina's apartment and finds a brochure for a train company. She tracks Alina to the train station. Alina removes a briefcase from a locker. Max follows her onto the train and sits down next to her)

MAX: Wow. What a coincidence. Headed to Portland too?

ALINA: Umm . . . My boyfriend lives there.

MAX: Yeah. You probably needed to get away. It's gotta be pretty traumatic, losing your father all over again. You have my condolences. Thought you might want this for kindling or something. (Pulls out the picture) You're good, you know, had me completely fooled.

ALINA: You know what, I don't know what you're talking about. (gets up)

MAX (follows her): Why'd you do it Alina?

ALINA: Leave me alone.

(They reach an empty storage train car)

MAX: How much did Lans pay you to give up your father?

ALINA: You'll never prove anything!

MAX: Did you hate him that much or was it just the money?

ALINA: It was both, all right? It was both.

(Max grabs at the briefcase, which flies open and all the money inside begins to blow away)

MAX: Say goodbye to one of them.

ALINA: No! (Grabs a bunch with her hands)

MAX: That should just about cover a one-way ticket to Portland. And you always have your hate.

(At his apartment, Logan is working out)

BLING: Hey, this just came for you, Logan.

LOGAN: Thank you, Bling.

BLING: No problem.

(It is a video from Herrero. Logan begins to watch it)

HERRERO: The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil...

LOGAN: ... is for good men to do nothing.

HERRERO: Thank you my friend. I spoke to my daughter this afternoon. She's coming over for late supper tonight. Now I have a chance to start again with her. I owe you one so I'm giving you this disc, and on it you'll find information that proves that Lans was responsible for the death of a Seattle DA. I've been sitting on it all this time out of concern for Alina's safety. I'm going to ask Alina to go away with me so she'll be out of harm's way.

(At Jam Pony)

SKETCHY: Max! I see a huge ladder out of this hellhole called Jam Pony.

MAX: I am not going to start ripping off casinos with you, Sketchy!

SKETCHY: Whoa! What you do is not ripping off. It's simply maximizing your God-given talents. So come on, let's maximize!

MAX: Maximize this. (hits him upside the head) (To Cindy) Can you believe this guy? We bail out this guy's ass, the next thing ya know he's looking for another payday.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Cream, baby, cream! Cash Rules Everything Around Me. C.R.E.A.M. It's the world we live in.

(A streaming freedom video comes on the television, cutting into a campaign ad)

TV: With leadership and vision – Allan Lans for Police Commissioner...

EYES ONLY: Do not attempt to adjust your set. This is a streaming freedom video bulletin. This cable hack cannot be traced and cannot be stopped and it is the only free voice left in this city. Yesterday a great man died. But Nathan Herrero left behind graphic evidence proving that Allan Lans is a cold-blooded murderer. What you are about to see is difficult to watch, but when you do, you will not let Allan Lans steal this election. He will be hunted down. He will pay for his crimes. And Nathan Herrero's death will not have been in vain. He was my friend. He was a hero to the people. Here is his final testament.

(Max is on top of the Space Needle thinking)

MAX: So Logan finally restored his mentor to sainthood, albeit posthumously. Funny guy Logan - lotta rules. But maybe he's right about one thing. Maybe I should pick a birthday. Just to have something to celebrate in this short brutal life. How about April Fools Day? Maybe not. My life's enough of a joke. Yesterday, yeah. Born yesterday. And the best part is I have a whole year not to think about it

DARK ANGEL
Season One, Episode #4: "411 on the DL"
First Aired 11/14/2000

(Max is racing another motorcycle through the dark streets of Seattle)

MAX: (voice over) I don't sleep much, but that's okay. Takes up an awful lot of time, and I can always find something productive to do. Sometimes I think, "What's wrong with all you people snoring your lives away?" Night is the best part of the whole day.

(Max turns a corner, loses sight of the other motorcycle, and rolls up to a checkpoint)

PATROLMAN 1: Can I see some ID, please? Step off the motorcycle please.

MAX: What's the problem, officer?

PM1: Did you know that your taillight's out?

MAX (gets off her bike and checks): It's working fine.

(PATROLMAN 2 breaks the taillight)

MAX: Guess I'll have to get that looked at.

PM1: I'm going to have to impound this vehicle.

MAX: What for?

PM1: It's a hazard to public safety.

MAX: No way! Look, if this is about money. . .

PM1: Impound yard opens at 7:00 a.m.

MAX: The buses have stopped running. How's a girl supposed to get home?

PM1: Somehow.

MAX (talking to herself): But then there are those nights that just plain suck.

(Opening Credits)

(Logan is having trouble pushing the Penthouse button in the elevator of his building. He finally uses a loaf of bread to reach. Enters his apartment)

LOGAN: Bling? I ought to rig this thing with an umbrella. Then I might look like something out of a Disney movie.

BLING: There's someone here to see you. I put her in the living room.

LOGAN: Her? As in?

BLING: Says she's your ex-wife.

(Logan moves to the living room and sees a woman rearranging his furniture.)

LOGAN: Valerie? What are you doing?

VALERIE: That table's got to go. It's, uh . . . blocking the flow to your prosperity center and trapping your chi. (She is still moving his furniture around)

LOGAN: My chi?

VALERIE: Your energy field.

LOGAN: Hmm. Unlike most folks these days prosperity's one thing I'm not having trouble with.

VALERIE: I heard what happened and I'm . . . I'm so sorry.

LOGAN: Me, too.

VALERIE: I was thinking maybe some bagua mirrors would lower the in-force and let more positive frequencies into your experience.

LOGAN: It's going to take more than feng shui to, uh . . . get me back on the dance floor. But thanks.

VALERIE: A water element on that wall--an aquarium maybe.

LOGAN: You didn't come here to rearrange my furniture, Val.

VALERIE: Um. I um . . . I haven't had a drink in a year and a half.

LOGAN: That's great. So . . . You're on the program?

VALERIE: In a big way. Um . . . My primary activity these days is . . . apologizing to people.

LOGAN: And I'm on the short list.

VALERIE: No, actually you're at the end of a very long list. I had to work my way up to you. 'Cause I know there isn't anyone in the world I hurt more.

(Max is at the impound yard the next morning)

MAX: It's not a Nomad, a Nemesis or a Nirvana. It's a Ninja. A Ninja 650, black . . . Like my mood, thanks to you.

IMPOUND GUY: Uh, Ninja . . .

MAX: Ninja.

IG: Ninja, Ninja, Ninja . . .

MAX: Ninja! (Pointing at the ledger) Right there.

IG: Oh, Ninja 650. Black . . . Like your mood.

MAX: How much?

IG: Three thousand dollars.

MAX: Right.

IG: In cash.

MAX: You're not serious? That's ridiculous. It's robbery. It's wrong.

IG: It's what you owe if you want your bike back. In twenties, preferably.

(Back at the Jam Pony dispatch center, Max is sulking)

CINDY: Just what the cops do to pass time when they aren't beating on people.

MAX: It's extortion.

HERBAL: That is pure wicked mace. But it's also an opportunity to rise above the wheels of Babylon.

MAX: Herbal... I'm not in the mood.

NORMAL: Ozron Theory, 9 Kensington.

HERBAL: Let the injustice roll off you like water.

MAX: I let Normal screeching roll off me like water. I let cheating boyfriends roll off me like water. I let everything that is wrong and lousy in this world roll off me like water - but this is my motorcycle.

HERBAL: I hear you, sister, but you don't hear me. Now, John have a lesson for you and I, you know. Look upon I. Last night, my woman's friend come to stay with us. Winston. No, no, I know they were sweethearts from before. But you see how easy I take it? Even though she cook italla soup for him but never for I.

CINDY: Your shorty's just being a good host. (to Max) Check the classifieds out, boo. You could probably find a used ride for less than the po-po's jacking you for.

MAX: I don't want a used ride. I want my motorcycle.

CINDY: It's just a machine.

MAX: It's an extension of my soul if there is such a thing.

(She starts looking at the classifieds and sees one with her bar code number in it)

HERBAL: Maxie, that's exactly what I'm talking about. I'm trying to get you to key into that.

(Max gets up to leave abruptly)

CINDY: What's up?

NORMAL: I don't want to interrupt your social life with my petty concerns so why don't we just close down the business and live off the charity of strangers, huh?

HERBAL: So you really think my woman just being a good host to this Winston?

CINDY: I'm glad it's rolling off you like water, Herbal.

(A young man walks in)

SAM: Who would I talk to about working here?

SKETCHY: Well, if you're smart, no one. But if you're desperate and male prostitution is out of the question talk to that fool. (pointing to Normal)

SAM (Going over to the counter and clearing his throat): Excuse me. I was wondering if you had any job openings?

NORMAL: Yeah, 'cause I'm not warehousing enough dead-beat, no good bums.

SAM: Okay. Would it be an imposition if I check back with you, sir? I'm not afraid of hard work and I'd be grateful for an opportunity to prove myself.

NORMAL: Did you just call me "sir"?

SAM: Yes, sir.

NORMAL: I like that. Here. Fill this out, get back to me in the morning. (hands over a crumpled application form)

SAM: Thank you.

NORMAL: You're welcome.

(In Logan's apartment)

LOGAN: A random series of numbers is significant how?

MAX: Those numbers are me.

LOGAN: This is your bar code?

MAX: Black and white for the whole world to see. It's like opening the paper and finding my panties.

LOGAN: Who else knows this number?

MAX: Only someone from Manticore.

LOGAN: Lydecker.

MAX: Or Brin. Or Johndie. 12 of us got away that night.

(A flashback to the escape. The kids are crouching in the snow. Zack motions for them to split them up. A helicopter approaches)

LOGAN: You could be walking right into a trap.

MAX: I'll be careful. Promise. But you can't expect me to turn my back on this. They were brothers and sisters to me. When we escaped that night, Zack made us split up. I've been looking for them ever since.

(The phone rings and the machine answers): No one's around . . . You've reached Logan Cale . . .

LOGAN: I know how much they mean to you, Max, but what if Lydecker . . .

VALERIE: (on answering machine) Hey, Loogie . . . It's me. God, it was good seeing you. And just so you know you're the same beautiful man with the sly smile I fell in love with.

LOGAN: (quickly answering the phone) Hey, Val. Hi, um . . . Yeah, I know. I'm kind of in the middle of something right here. Yeah, call me back. Okay, bye. So . . . Where were we?

MAX: I don't know. Where were we?

LOGAN: Uh . . . My ex-wife.

MAX: Oh?

LOGAN: What?

MAX: Nothing.

LOGAN: So, anyway, about this bar code business. You're out of your mind if you go anywhere near this.

MAX: I never pictured you as the married type. You're more the lone warrior. You know - windmills, armor.

LOGAN: Would you mind if we didn't talk about this?

MAX: Why you getting all embarrassed?

LOGAN: I'm not.

MAX: Do I not have the proper security clearance to know about Mrs. Eyes only?

LOGAN: Valerie doesn't know about that stuff. Eyes Only came along well after we split.

MAX: All I'm saying is it's no big deal - you were married. There's tons of stuff you don't know about me.

LOGAN: Including whether or not you plan on using common sense and staying away from Yesler and Viaduct tonight.

MAX: Oh, Loogie. What would be the fun in that?

LOGAN: I mean it, Max. It's dangerous.

MAX: Like that ever stopped you doing what you needed to do.

(That night Max is waiting at the end of a dark alley. The phone rings.)

VOGELSANG: (on the phone) Well, it's about time you showed up. I've been running that ad for about a week.

MAX: Where are you?

VOGELSANG: Turn around. (He comes around the corner)

VOGELSANG: Well, it would be nice if you used your pager every once in a while.

MAX: Yeah, well, I figured you handed my pager number over to the people looking for me same way you gave up Hannah.

VOGELSANG: Hey, ok, no worries. I took precautions here. We weren't followed. I've got new clothes here in case the old ones are bugged. It's just you and me, all right? We're alone.

MAX: What do you want?

VOGELSANG: How about \$15,000. . .

MAX: Oh, damn, you know, I left my wallet in my other pants.

VOGELSANG: . . . in exchange for some information about some fugitives from a project Manticore.

MAX: What's to stop you from taking my money and blowing me to Lydecker for the daily double?

VOGELSANG: Yeah, right, somebody that keeps me in a cage for two weeks, does complicated painful things to my body. I kind of want to stay away from that person, okay? Far away as possible.

MAX: How do I know what you got's real?

VOGELSANG: I got your number, didn't I? And there's more where that came from, let me tell you.

MAX: Yeah, like what?

VOGELSANG: What if I were to tell you that a pal of yours from this Manticore is right here in Seattle?

MAX: Who?

VOGELSANG: Fifteen grand. Here. Be at this address, 3:30. Day after tomorrow.

MAX: You're giving me less than 48 hours to come up with 15 grand.

VOGELSANG: Yeah, if you want the information. As for me, I'm getting out of Dodge one way or another. Good luck to you, kid. Good luck to both of us.

(In the Jam Pony dispatch center)

CINDY: Should have been at crash last night. The plot is thickening with my lickety-boo. She said hello and told me her name - Chrisette. Is that a bomb-ass name for a female, or what?

MAX: Where would you go if you needed cash in a flash?

CINDY: Still jonesing over that motorcycle, huh? You could always rob a bank.

MAX: You know, I was thinking that.

(Sketchy and Normal are arguing by the counter)

SKETCHY: Even in these dark times you like to think the U.S. Constitution still means something. Apparently not.

NORMAL: The man was taking drugs.

JAM PONY RIDER: He was exercising his right to religion.

NORMAL: He was smoking a marijuana cigarette in the men's room.

SKETCHY: Herbal Thought happens to be a Rastafarian. Ganja happens to be a sacrament in his religion.

CINDY: It says right there in Genesis: "Thou shalt eat the herb of the fields."

NORMAL: Listen, if Herbal was nibbling leafy vegetables in the men's room I would give up my life defending his right to do so. But no, that's not the case. He was breaking the law of the land.

CINDY: You're not going to seriously deprive this man of his livelihood.

NORMAL: He's lucky that's all I'm doing. I should be reporting his ass to the proper authorities.

HERBAL: Brothers and sisters, please, judge not this man. He's only an instrument of the most high. Fulfilling the book.

NORMAL: Hey, huh? I'm inspired by divine providence. All right, good luck in your future endeavors. Don't let the door hit your keister on the way out.

SKETCHY: Enjoy your little victory, Normal. We're understaffed as it is and you just canned your best rider.

NORMAL: (Gesturing at Sam, who just came in) Here's the man of the hour. Hey! Come here. May I present your new colleague, Sam. He's a fine young man. He's got a good attitude, bright future. I commend all of you to his example, right? Why don't you grab a locker, my boy. I'll set you up on your first run. (Growls) There we go.

NORMAL: (to the others) Cheer up.

(In Logan's apartment)

BLING: Hey, Max.

MAX: Hey, Bling. Is crank in this end?

BLING: He's out shopping with a friend.

MAX: The ex?

BLING: Seems less cranky.

MAX: I'm glad.

BLING: They should be back soon. You're welcome to wait.

MAX: Got to bounce - things to do. So . . . what's she like?

BLING: Nice.

MAX: Nice . . .

BLING: Nice.

MAX: As in, uh, quiet, sweet intellectual without being pretentious, bookish, grad student kind of way?

BLING: As in pretty, great body, very funny, outgoing... Great body.

MAX: Never mind. Do we know how long they were together?

BLING: We don't. But long enough for them to seem pretty comfortable with each other.

MAX: Tell him I stopped by.

BLING: Will do.

(On street outside apartment)

LOGAN: I don't think I've been to a street fair since . . . Actually, I don't think I've ever been to a street fair.

VALERIE: (giggles) Not that I recall. Then, recall wasn't my long suit when we were together.

LOGAN: That's all behind you now.

VALERIE: By the grace of God.

LOGAN: Stay for dinner.

VALERIE: I better not. Nah, miss a bus, I'll wind up sitting on the curb all night.

LOGAN: Take a cab.

VALERIE: It's too expensive.

LOGAN: I got you covered.

VALERIE: There you go with your caretaker routine again.

LOGAN: What?

VALERIE: I'm finally learning how to be self-sufficient in my life.

LOGAN: All I'm saying is there are resources available to you should you need them.

VALERIE: Thank you. And I will, if I need to.

LOGAN: Okay.

MAX: (meets Logan and Valerie on the street) Since you're handing out money, Santa, I've been a good girl.

LOGAN: Val, this is my friend, Max.

MAX: Hi.

VALERIE: Hey.

MAX: Do you mind if I borrow your ex for two seconds?

VALERIE: No, I'll see you upstairs. (She leaves)

LOGAN: Okay, yeah. I'll be right up. Thanks.

MAX: Turns out Vogelsang ran that ad. He's looking to sell some information. I need about \$15,000.

LOGAN: Max.

MAX: You know I'm good for it.

LOGAN: It's not about the money.

MAX: We made a deal. I help you save civilization as we know it. You help me find Zack and the others. I've kept my end of the bargain.

LOGAN: Yeah, I don't recall agreeing to foot the bill for you to get yourself killed.

MAX: Fine. I'll explore other options. So that's the ex, huh? Not what I expected. (She walks away, leaving Logan looking after her.)

(Outside at a skate park Sketchy and Herbal are talking)

HERBAL: "And my roarings are poured out like the waters for the thing which I had greatly feared has come upon me."

SKETCHY: You'll find another job.

HERBAL: That is not my concern. My woman tells me that, uh . . . She still have feelings for Winston.

SKETCHY: No way.

HERBAL: Sometime I feel like I want to mash this man in the face!

SKETCHY: Should punch the guy's lights out. (Herbal shakes his head) No, jealousy is good.

HERBAL: Show my woman my love and understanding. Open up my heart to this, uh . . . Winston.

SKETCHY: Man, I got to tell you, you're taking all this a lot better than I would.

HERBAL: Jah never give a man more than him can bear.

SKETCHY: That's deep.

HERBAL: Winston!

(At the impound lot that night, Max hops the fence and meets a growling guard dog.)

MAX: (to the dog) Let's get one thing straight. I'm the leader of the pack. Back off!

(The dog whines and Max gives it a piece of meat.)

MAX: That's a good boy.

(Max searches the office for money, cracks the safe, finds a large envelope, and grabs her bike keys off the key rack)

(Finds her bike in the lot)

MAX: (to her motorcycle) Sweetheart, are you okay? (Looking at the other bikes) Sorry, guys, you're on your own.

GUARD: (to dog at the fence) Hey, boy. Where did you get that?

(Max starts her bike, and jumps over the guard and the fence)

(At Lydecker's headquarters)

CRONIE 1: We've been keeping Vogelsang under routine maintenance surveillance. This is the first evidence of subsequent contact with the subject.

LYDECKER: Play the tape.

MAX: (on tape) What's to stop you from taking my money . . . (Loud static)

VOGELSANG: (on tape) Yeah, right, somebody keeps me in a cage for two weeks does complicated, painful things to my body . . . (Loud static) . . . Away from that person, okay? Far away as possible.

LYDECKER: Why all the noise?

CRONIE 1: It's one of the problems with micro-implants. You put the equipment in the subject's ear but it tends to migrate. We put this in Vogelsang's cochlea. It ended up in his auditory canal. I've been filtering out the sound of ear fluid for hours.

LYDECKER: I don't care how you do it but clean up that tape. I want to hear every word. The girl . . . Are you sure it's her?

CRONIE 2: Matches the voice signature from the phone tap that led us to the Braganza kidnap. Do you want us to pick up Vogelsang?

LYDECKER: No, I do not. I want you to keep visual surveillance in rotating teams. Don't let him spot you.

CRONIE 2: Yes, sir.

LYDECKER: He's going to want to see her again. And when he does . . . We're going to be there.

(At Jam Pony dispatch center)

NORMAL: I have 12 packages going to sector two. Seven hot runs to sector four. Let's go! People, bip, bip, bip! (to Sketchy) You've been gone three hours, my friend.

SKETCHY: I got held up at a checkpoint . . . I'm not your friend.

CINDY: Funny how everything started to fall apart when you canned Herbal.

NORMAL: Oh, I get it. This is some sort of job slowdown. Ooh! Payback for me trying to operate a drug-free workplace.

JAM PONY RIDER: A sacrament-free workplace is more like it.

NORMAL: What about all those customers out there waiting for these packages? Don't they deserve some consideration? Or is this "hey, man" philosophy that you all seem to share more important?

SKETCHY: Well, what about your joy boy Sam? I thought he was the great white hope.

NORMAL: Hey, that young man is worth the rest of you bums put together. (tosses a package to Sam) Hey, 1535 Eagle.

SAM: Eagle street is where, exactly?

SKETCHY: It's just past Wurlitzer, south of North Jesus Avenue.

CINDY: Between Proctor and Gamble.

JAM PONY RIDER: Yeah, right across the street from . . . Power Nipple.

SAM: (to Normal) Excuse me, sir do you know where...?

MAX: I've got to be in sector two at 3:30. You got anything for me?

NORMAL: Here, follow her. She's headed that way.

(On the street)

SAM: Appreciate you helping me out.

MAX: Don't get used to it. Normal's your mentor, not me.

SAM: Look, I didn't get your friend fired, okay?

MAX: Nope, but don't expect an outpouring of love from Jam Pony anytime soon. I'm taking a break.

SAM: What is this, part of the slowdown?

MAX: No. A girl's gotta pee.

(At a table in a cafe. Max keeps watching the phone)

SAM: Expecting a call?

MAX: You never know. (gets up and walks over to two girls hogging the phone) All right time's up. There's another phone down the block. It's on me. (She hands the two girls some change, and sticks her gum in the coin slot of the phone. Sighs and returns to the table)

SAM: You seem nervous.

MAX: Compared to what? You don't even know me.

SAM: Maybe we knew each other in a past life.

MAX: I don't believe in that stuff.

SAM: It doesn't mean it's not true.

MAX: Oh, please tell me you're not one of those people: Because a raindrop fell in the ocean 10,000 years ago and a butterfly farted in India, you and I are sitting right here right now enjoying a cup of coffee that tastes like goat piss.

SAM: Anything's possible.

MAX: Unravel this mystery, grasshopper. (The phone rings) What is the sound of one hand hitting you upside your head, hmm? (hits Sam on the head, walks to the phone) (answering the phone) Punk ass here.

VOGELSANG: You got the money?

MAX: I've got it.

VOGELSANG: All right, 6 o'clock. Rooming house on Jackson and Third, room 18.

MAX: How do I know you're not setting me up?

VOGELSANG: You don't!

MAX: Then give me something else, to help your credibility.

VOGELSANG: Male adult had a bar code removed from his neck at a tattoo parlor in Chinatown two weeks ago. Number, uh, 3-3-0-4-1-7-2-9-1-5-9-9.

MAX: Zack . . .What tattoo parlor?

VOGELSANG: 6 o'clock! (Hangs up)

(Max slams the phone down and returns to the table)

SAM: Good news?

MAX: Yep, and it's none of your business.

SAM: Let me get this. I was thinking maybe later we . . .

MAX: Don't even try to hit on me.

SAM: No, I was just . . .

MAX: Don't.

(Wasting time, Cindy, Max and Sketchy are lying outside in the sun by a bike jump ramp)

SKETCHY: Do you ever think that maybe there are saints walking among us?

MAX: No.

SKETCHY: I mean Herbal. H-his woman's ex moves in eats his food and sniffs after Shorty but then Herbal sees it as an opportunity to learn how to be more understanding. Wh... I'm just not that good a person.

MAX: No one is.

CINDY: The brother man either too naive or too big-hearted to see where this is headed. He not careful, he going to get maxed out of every little thing.

SKETCHY: You think "Weenston" is a real player, huh?

CINDY: "Weenston" came back for a reason and it ain't to help Herbal learn to be more understanding. (Looks at Sketchy and chuckles) You better put some sunblock on, wigger. You look ridiculous!

SKETCHY: What? (he pulls his sunglasses off his head to reveal a burn line where his glasses had covered his forehead)

CINDY: All up in there. (pointing to his forehead)

(Flashback of Max noticing a similar line on Valerie's hand where a ring would have been. She jumps up.)

CINDY: Where you going, boo?

MAX: Errand to run. Bye, guys.

(Valerie and her boyfriend's place - Max has followed her home and is observing the conversation)

VALERIE'S BOYFRIEND: You're home early. What, he didn't ask you to stay?

VALERIE: He asked me. Didn't want to push it.

BF: Oh, that's why you're the bright one and I'm the pretty one. Hon, I need a grand by the end of the week. You're going to make that happen, right?

VALERIE: I don't know.

BF: Come on, this guy's loaded and you . . . You are . . . (kissing her)

VALERIE: You blew through my divorce settlement pretty good. We got to . . . Be more careful this time.

BF: Okay. We'll be more careful. How about \$500?

VALERIE: Anybody ever tell you that you are a bad boy?

BF: Yeah. You wouldn't have it any other way. You don't ever let roller boy touch you?

VALERIE: No, I save that for you, honey. Me and him are strictly business. (kissing him as Max looks in the window)

(Max rides up to the location of the meeting with Vogelsang, and sees that he has been shot. The police are there and a crowd has formed)

OFFICER: Name's Vogelsang, a private eye. Single shot through the back of the head. No exit wound. Probably .38 caliber. Looks like a professional job.

(Lydecker arrives with his cronies in HumVee, and Max ducks away.)

(in Logan's apartment)

MAX: You got to help me run down this tattoo lead. You can bet Vogelsang gave it up to Lydecker before he took a bullet in the head.

LOGAN: Along with everything else he was going to sell you.

MAX: I don't even want to go there.

LOGAN: There's one thing that doesn't make sense. If Lydecker squeezed Vogelsang, he would have known you were coming--why didn't he wait for you to show?

MAX: Something went sideways.

LOGAN: Or someone else killed Vogelsang.

MAX: Vogelsang's dead. Lydecker was there. That's good enough for me. Zack's in danger and it's my fault. Now I've got to get to Zack before Lydecker does. Are you going to help me or not?

LOGAN: Might want to think about having your bar code removed, too.

MAX: I tried once. It feels like someone's pouring acid on your skin after it's been sandblasted. Came back in a couple weeks. It's etched into our genetic code.

LOGAN: The mark of Cain. So why would this guy bother?

MAX: Zack's the kind of guy that does whatever it takes as often as it takes.

LOGAN: (typing on the computer) All right. Here's four tattoo parlors in Chinatown . . . At least with phones. (Printing out a map for Max)

MAX: Thanks.

LOGAN: Can't talk you out of this?

MAX: Don't even try.

LOGAN: Be careful.

MAX: In case anything does happen, there's something you need to know. It's about your ex.

(Thunder crashing. Max is in Chinatown at one of the tattoo parlors as the owner is closing up. Slams the owner against the door)

MAN: Apologies, miss, but I have very little money.

MAX: How about I fatten your wallet?

(Max is talking to a lady in another part of Chinatown)

MAX: Your uncle Bob down at the tattoo parlor says you run a housing service. He sent a young man to you about three weeks ago. Client of his?

LADY: Oh, yes, I remember. A nice young man. He needed a place right away. Here's his address.

MAX: Great.

(Max goes to the address and breaks into the apartment. She starts going through the things there and finds the classified ad circled in a newspaper, the motorcycle helmet of the person she was racing at the beginning of the episode, a Jam Pony flyer, and a bottle of Tryptophan.)

ZACK: (entering the apartment) Stop!

(Zack comes up behind Max and grabs her.)

MAX: It's me - Max!

(She turns and sees Sam)

MAX: You? You're Zack? Why didn't you tell me? (hugs him)

(They look out the window and see HumVees arriving)

ZACK: Lydecker . . .

(Lydecker storms the apartment building. Max and Zack fight his cronies in a stairwell.)

ZACK: (To Max after they knock all the cronies out) Not bad.

(They meet and fight more cronies on the roof, and are able to swing on a cable to safety)

(They walk in a railroad yard, thunderclap)

ZACK: How did you find me?

MAX: Vogelsang tipped me on your visit to the tattoo parlor. You killed him, didn't you?

ZACK: Lydecker was set up on him. You were walking into a trap.

MAX: You should have warned me, told me not to go.

ZACK: Vogelsang knew too much.

MAX: You murdered an innocent man.

ZACK: The night we all escaped you put your lives in my hands. I've been looking out for you ever since. Every one of you. Vogelsang was weak. Lydecker would have gotten the information out of him. He would have hunted us down one by one and I couldn't let that happen.

MAX: So you traded one life for 12, is that it?

ZACK: I stand by my decision. It's not safe here. Lydecker's men will be combing the city. We have to leave tonight. I can get us to San Francisco, and we'll split up there.

MAX: Split up? What are you talking about?

ZACK: We can't stay together, Max. It will compromise everyone's safety.

MAX: You know where the others are? Tell me!

ZACK: The less you know about the others, the better - that way if anyone gets captured the others will still be safe.

MAX: But they're my family!

ZACK: They're soldiers . . . And so are you. The only person you can rely on, Max, is yourself. Everything else is just a lie. It's phony sentimentality. And it will get you killed. Now, let's go.

MAX: No.

ZACK: I'm not asking you, Max. I'm giving you an order.

MAX: What are you going to do, court-martial me?

ZACK: If you stay here, you risk tactical exposure -- or have you forgotten everything that they taught us?

MAX: No, but I'm trying real hard at it. You're still back at Manticore. Maybe I'm chasing a sentimental lie but at least I'm trying to get away from it.

ZACK: I can't be responsible for you if you won't listen. (Turns away)

MAX: Zack, don't go. Please.

ZACK: I have to. They did a good job on you, Max. Turned out okay. (Walks away)

(Thunder and lightening)

(At Logan's apartment. Logan is looking out the window. Valerie comes in)

VALERIE: Hey! I hope you're hungry 'cause I'm going to make us a fabulous dinner. You know, I've become quite the cook, you know-- not like back in the day when I'd polish off a bottle of wine and end up setting the kitchen on fire.

LOGAN: That's for you. (points to an envelope on the table)

VALERIE: What's this? (looks inside and sees money)

LOGAN: What you came for.

VALERIE: Logan, what's wrong?

LOGAN: Don't. I know what's going on.

VALERIE: I don't have the slightest idea what you're talking about.

LOGAN: Valerie, please, don't make me run the math. It will just make things worse for both of us.

VALERIE: It wasn't my idea.

LOGAN: I know how tough things are out there.

VALERIE: God, Logan, I'm so sorry.

LOGAN: Me, too. Please, just go.

(Valerie, turns to leave but returns for the money. Logan cringes)

(Jam Pony employees are relaxing at the bar)

CINDY: (to bartender) Can I get a pitcher, please? Hear the good news? Normal gave Herbal his job back.

MAX: So, the slowdown worked?

CINDY: That and the fact that his boy Sam turned out to be a dud. Never made his deliveries, never came back, neither. Probably still out there looking for Power Nipple. Come sit with us.

MAX: No. I think I'm going to drink my coffee and go home. Kind of need my own head space, alright?

CINDY: See you at work, boo.

(Cindy returns to the table and sets the beer down)

JAM PONY RIDER: That's my girl.

SKETCHY: Max okay?

CINDY: She's just thinking about things.

HERBAL: I must thank you highly, you know? Because of you, Normal found it in his heart to give me my job back.

SKETCHY: How's the war on the home front?

HERBAL: No war. I tell Winston, there's only one man in this house and that is I.

SKETCHY: And he blazed?

HERBAL: Well . . . I escorted him to the door with my foot. (Laughter) To Winston! (raises his cup)

JAM PONY RIDER: Yeah! All right!

HERBAL: And to Normal!

JAM PONY RIDER: Ah, let's not get carried away. (Laughter)

(Max is turning to leave the bar and sees Bling)

MAX: Hey, Bling, I didn't know you kicked it here.

BLING: I don't. Your roomie said this is where I might find you.

MAX: Logan okay?

BLING: Yeah . . . Considering the knowledge you dropped on him today.

MAX: I had to tell him the truth.

BLING: You think somewhere not so deep down he didn't already know the truth? He was married to the woman.

MAX: So, I'm the bad guy for saying it out loud?

BLING: Man's been through a lot. Maybe he didn't mind . . .Pretending a little bit.

MAX: What am I supposed to do? Go over there and apologize?

BLING: It's my strong sense he's feeling very much alone at the moment. It wouldn't hurt for someone to let him know he isn't.

MAX: I'll go over there and read him a bedtime story. Hey, bartender - Give this gentleman anything he wants.

(Logan's apartment. Thunder rumbling. Max enters)

MAX: Doorbell's broken.

LOGAN: No. I was just ignoring it.

MAX: So, do you hate me now?

LOGAN: Oh, I was pissed off at you for ten minutes maybe. You know, kill the messenger.

MAX: Or in this case, the nosy messenger . . . Rooting around in stuff that's none of her business.

LOGAN: First time Val played me - ended our marriage and it was shame on her. This time, it's shame on me. Well, at least she's sober. Now, she's really got to live with herself. The truth is, it's more embarrassing than anything else. Having to face the fact that I keep wanting to believe in something that was never there in the first place.

MAX: I know the feeling. Hooked up with Zack.

LOGAN: Sounds like it didn't turn out the way you wanted.

MAX: After all these years of waiting and wondering I guess I expected -- I don't know . . . That finding Zack would change everything. My life would finally make sense. Pretty stupid of me, huh? I just wanted somebody that was like me. Someone I can connect with.

LOGAN: Basic human impulse - not wanting to be alone.

MAX: According to Zack, it's phony sentimentality. We're soldiers. This is enemy territory. We're constantly on the move.

LOGAN: That's one way to live your life.

MAX: I just don't know if I want to do that anymore. But maybe he's right. Maybe I don't have a choice.

(Thunder crashing and lightning)

LOGAN: There's some food in the kitchen if you're hungry.

MAX: Not really.

LOGAN: Me neither. What time is it?

MAX: Late.

LOGAN: You can crash here if you want. In the guest room.

MAX: Not tired.

LOGAN: Me neither. Feel like going for a spin in the park?

MAX: It's raining.

LOGAN: I don't mind.

MAX: Me neither.

(They walk to the door together.)

DARK ANGEL
Season One, Episode #5: "Prodigy"
First Aired 11/21/2000

(Max is in front of the sink in her bathroom trying to squeeze some toothpaste onto her toothbrush.)

MAX: I can't imagine a time where you could just walk into a store, shelves were full and you could buy whatever you needed.

KENDRA: Yeah.

MAX: I mean, if you ran out of toothpaste you'd go buy some toothpaste.

KENDRA: Try this. Baking soda and peppermint oil. Does the trick.

MAX: Thanks. That's what I don't understand about this whole economic breakdown thing. We have this huge toothpaste shortage but you can buy peppermint oil.

KENDRA: If you know the right people. How do you spell, uh... poly-merase?

MAX: P-o-l-y-m-e-r-a-s-e. Except it's pronounced polymer-aze with a "z" like in "enzyme," which is what it is. Responsible for the duplication of the DNA molecule by allowing the oligonucleotide primers to bind to the separated molecular strands.

KENDRA: You're such a goofball.

MAX: What are you working on?

KENDRA: Got a gig temping for this Japanese doctor who's in town giving a paper.

MAX (reading the title of the paper Kendra hands her): "Gene re-sequencing, manipulation of RNA nucleotides."

KENDRA: Don't ask me what any of it means. All I know is I'm getting paid.

MAX: Excellent.

KENDRA: Actually, it's kind of dope. This doc - his name is Tanaka - took this crack baby born three months premature. The kid had the I.Q. of broccoli. Doc goes to work on him. Six years later, he's a boy genius. (shows Max a picture) Isn't he a cutie pie?

MAX: So, they fixed him by futzing with his genes after he was born?

KENDRA: I guess.

MAX: Can I take a look at this?

KENDRA: Long as you don't make me late for the conference.

MAX: Got you covered.

(They ride to a fancy hotel on Max's motorcycle)

MAX: They're putting you up here during the conference?

KENDRA: Not a chance.

MAX: Too bad. I was hoping we could score some towels.

KENDRA: If I get invited to shower with anyone I'll see what I can do. (Chuckles)

(Max looks up at the hotel and sees Jude staring out a window. A man pulls him back)

(In his apartment, Logan has fallen backwards off his wheelchair. As he tries to get back into the chair, he hears Max come in, and closes the wall partition so she can't see him.)

MAX: Anybody home? Logan? Logan? (Finally she sees him. He has successfully gotten back into his chair) Hi.

LOGAN (embarrassed): Hi.

MAX: Hard of hearing or something?

LOGAN: Actually, one of my faculties that's still intact. I was just thinking.

MAX: Oh.

LOGAN: You have that "Logan, I need a favor" look on your face.

MAX: Don't I always? I mean, isn't that the only reason why I come around? There's a conference at the Steinlitz hotel. A scientist, Dr. Tanaka, is presenting a paper on genetic research.

LOGAN: Yeah, I think I, um, heard something about that.

MAX: I want to check it out.

LOGAN: You have my blessing.

MAX: It's one of those things where you can't just walk in off the streets. You gotta have credentials.

LOGAN: I'll see what I can do. Why do you want to go, anyway?

MAX: I read this guy's paper. Claims he can cure what ails you by moving your genes around.

LOGAN: Think he can help you with your seizures?

MAX: Worth looking into. You know, you ought to come down there with me. Dr. Tanaka talks about how by using the body's genetic blueprints it can re-engineer itself. If the man's on the level you'd be walking around in no time.

LOGAN: You know what, Max. I'm having a hard enough time dealing with the here and now. You want to go listen to whatever pie in the sky Dr. Feelgood's hustling be my guest. Just leave me out of it, okay?

MAX: Okay. I was just . . .

LOGAN: Just don't. I'll call you if I can swing the conference thing. (Opens the door for her to leave)

(Opening credits)

(At Jam Pony)

SKETCHY: How was everybody's weekend? Good, good.

CINDY: Speak for yourself. Original Cindy had a tragic Saturday night. Finally got to kick it with my lickety-boo, k?

MAX: Chrisette?

CINDY: Check it. We have a couple beers, shoot some pool - sista gurl drop she go both ways.

SKETCHY: Yeah, so, aren't all women basically bisexual?

MAX: You're an idiot.

CINDY: I can live with bisexual. It ain't perfect, but at least she halfway there. But then sugar tells me that she has this big ole love affair with one of the other lickety chicks which ended badly, so her heart is broken. So now she is celibate.

SKETCHY: What's the point of being bisexual if you're celibate?

CINDY: Thank you. So, now they two broken hearts.

HERBAL: Yes, but it's all good.

CINDY: It is not all good. All good would be her and me chillin'.

HERBAL: It unfolds according to the will of the most high not just your desire, my sista.

CINDY: Whateva.

SKETCHY: But you might want to try getting her really drunk.

MAX: (Walking up to Normal and fake-coughing) I'm going to have to take the afternoon off. Medical emergency. (coughs)

NORMAL: Yeah, right.

MAX: I'm clammy and achy with chills. I got a fever. I'm burning up. Feel my forehead.

NORMAL: No, thank you. Get a note from your doctor.

MAX: (Coughs) (Her pager beeps) Can I use your phone? Please?

NORMAL: Just don't breathe on it.

MAX (on phone): Hey.

LOGAN: Affirmative on those press credentials. You're Rachel Glasser from Biotech Frontiers magazine. I'll leave them with Bling if I'm not here.

MAX: Thanks.

LOGAN: Sorry for getting pissy before.

MAX: No big dealio. (Hangs up and coughs again for Normal's benefit, then walks away. Normal makes a face and sprays the phone with a liberal amount of disinfectant.)

(At the hotel where the conference is held, Dr. Tanaka is speaking with two other men in Japanese)

MAX (butts into the conversation and shakes his hand): Hi. Rachel Glasser. Dr. Tanaka. Nice to meet you. Biotech Frontiers.

TANAKA: Excuse me. How do you do?

MAX: I'm curious. You know how when you try to resequence nucleotides you always end up with one stray entron? Have you ever considered using plasmids to transfect the new base-pair vectors directly into the codon sequence so that that won't happen? I mean, one bad entron can mess up everything.

TANAKA: Interesting. I never considered that.

ON THE INTERCOM: Ladies and gentlemen, if you will please take your seats.

TANAKA: Please excuse me. Perhaps we can talk more later?

MAX: Yeah, I would like that.

(Kendra notices her)

KENDRA: What are you doing here?

MAX: You don't know me. My name's Rachel Glasser. I'm a journalist. Don't ask me how I got here.

KENDRA: Your rich boyfriend, that's obvious.

MAX: He's not my boyfriend.

KENDRA: Yeah, yeah. What's up? This isn't exactly your crowd.

MAX: Shall we?

(They enter the conference room and sit down. Dr. Tanaka's presentation begins with a video)

TANAKA: This is Jude Thatcher at birth. He weighed just 31/2 pounds. He needed oxygen because his lungs were underdeveloped. He had no swallowing reflex, so had to be fed intravenously. He was addicted to crack cocaine. His mother, incarcerated for drug abuse and prostitution, could not afford the most basic health care. Jude was heading for an early and unlamented grave until our foundation stepped in and took over the health management of the child. We began an intensive course of surgical, pharmacological and genetic intervention. The results were encouraging. This is Jude at two years, six months. This is Jude at four years. And this is Jude today, living proof that there are no limits to what the human body can achieve with the right training and environment.

JUDE (comes onto the stage): Konnichi-wa. (Introduces himself in Japanese and Spanish) We hope you find the proceedings informative and enlightening. Hello, Dr. Tanaka.

TANAKA: Konnichi-wa, Jude-san. Why don't you play something for us?

(Jude plays a piece on the piano)

(Max has a flashback to Manticore, when Lydecker would force the kids to hold their breath under water for 4 minutes. One of the kids began to panic, but Lydecker would not release him until the time was up)

MAX: (voice over) At Manticore, Lydecker used to tell us the same thing: "There are no limits. What the mind can conceive, the body can achieve . . . With the right training." Only we could still get shot and killed like Eva . . . starve to death . . . or drown. I've often wondered why we didn't just turn on him. We were stronger, faster. Any one of us could have snapped his neck before he knew what hit him, but we were too scared and he knew it.

(Lydecker enters and moves to sit in the seat next to Max) LYDECKER: Is this seat taken?

(Music continues)

MAX: No.

(He sits down. During a break in the presentation, he approaches her in the lobby. Her heart begins to beat loudly and she hears Lydecker speak unintelligibly in slow motion)

MAX: Excuse me?

LYDECKER: I said . . . You're not leaving. You couldn't possibly have gotten your story.

MAX: No.

LYDECKER: It is amazing, isn't it? To think that we can fix nature's mistakes.

MAX: Yeah.

LYDECKER (holds out his hand): Donald . . . Lydecker.

MAX (shakes it): Rachel Glasser. Biotech Frontiers.

LYDECKER: I . . . Can't say that I've heard of that . . .

MAX: It's new.

LYDECKER: I'll have to check it out.

MAX: Nice to meet you. Excuse me. (She walks away)

(Flashback to Manticore propaganda slides – “Know your enemy,” “Deception is a weapon,” “Surprise a tactical advantage”)

KENDRA (comes up to her in the hallway): Max?

MAX: It's Rachel. I told you.

KENDRA: Right. Are you okay?

MAX: Yeah. Why?

KENDRA: Was that guy hitting on you?

MAX: What?

KENDRA: You gotta watch out for the older ones - less testosterone and more charm, but it's still all about banging the gong. You bailing?

(Flashback to a slide reading “Know your enemy”)

MAX: Not a chance. (Goes back into the hall and sits next to Lydecker again) Is this your area of specialty, genetics?

LYDECKER: I've done some work in the field.

MAX: Really?

LYDECKER: With children . . . Gifted children.

MAX: How gratifying.

LYDECKER: I guide them as best I can. But mostly, I provide a framework in which they can flourish.

MAX: Must be a challenge.

LYDECKER: Oh, it is. You know, it's always the highly intelligent ones who most lack discipline.

MAX: Maybe they figure they're smart enough to think for themselves.

LYDECKER: Ah, they're still children. They don't always act in their own best interest.

(Max has flashback to the escape from Manticore)

LYDECKER: What do you think of this so far, the conference?

MAX: It's hard not to be impressed.

LYDECKER: Tanaka's recombinant technology is groundbreaking. It's why I'm here. The children I work with - their genetic anomalies make them gifted and they also make them flawed. Have we met before?

MAX: I don't think so.

LYDECKER: You seem awfully familiar.

MAX: I get that a lot.

INTERCOM: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome back Jude Thatcher and Dr. Tanaka.

(Applause as Dr. Tanaka and Jude return to the stage)

TANAKA: Thank you. Thank you so much. Jude is an extraordinary boy - a singular creation whose very life is the culmination of decades of genetic research. Jude is also a messenger bringing good news to each and every one of us. How, you ask? You, sir. Will you please stand?

LYDECKER: Me?

TANAKA: Yes. I see you wear glasses.

LYDECKER: Yes.

TANAKA: How long have you worn them?

LYDECKER: A few years. I was fine till I was about 43. Next thing you know, I couldn't live without them.

TANAKA: Do you know why that is?

LYDECKER: Well, I'm no ophthalmologist but I think it has to do with the hardening of the crystalline lens, which doesn't contract the way it used to.

TANAKA: That's right. Now, what if I told you that what you referred to is already written in the genetic code and that, if I . . . (points to a picture of DNA) snipped here . . . grafted here and used some of your own RNA to seal the graft you could throw away your glasses?

LYDECKER: You would be my hero.

TANAKA: Thank you. You may sit down. Thank you. This same technique also allows us to treat and cure far more distressing conditions such as congenital blindness, deafness even severe neurological conditions such as Alzheimer's, Parkinson's, epilepsy. All these can be remedied by manipulation of their genetic code - a minor rewriting . . .

(Max notices Jude looking around, frightened. She sees men pulling out guns)

DARIUS: Go, go. Everybody stay calm! We are the May 22nd Movement!

TANAKA: What are you doing?!

(People begin to yell, scream and run)

DARIUS: We are the May 22nd Movement. We are here to liberate the boy. Stay calm, stay out of our way and you will not be harmed.

LYDECKER: (Handing his gun to Kendra) Take this. Hide it. They won't search you.

KENDRA: What? No.

LYDECKER: Trust me.

DARIUS (to Tanaka): Let him go.

TANAKA: No. You're not going to hurt the boy. Let him go! No!

DARIUS: (Softly to Jude) Come over here with me.

(Lydecker pulls the fire alarm)

TERRORIST: Get him!

DARIUS (on walkie-talkie): We're coming down. Bring the van around.

(VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE): Not possible. Hotel security is blocking the entrance. They're evacuating the place.

DARIUS: Disable the elevators and seal the stairwells. No one gets on or off the floor! Everyone, on the ground! Now!

TERRORIST: Do it!

(At the Jam Pony, Herbal rides his bike by the dispatch center and joins Original Cindy and Sketchy, who are eating lunch at a table)

NORMAL: Hey! No riding inside! That's what's wrong with everything -- no respect.

CINDY: What you eatin' on?

SKETCHY: Tomato with endive and watercress.

HERBAL: How come I don't see any tomato, endive or watercress?

CINDY: Where is he gonna find any of that stuff even if he could afford it?

TV REPORTER: We interrupt this broadcast to bring you breaking news. This is the scene at the Steinlitz hotel where a heavily armed group identified as the outlawed May 22nd

Movement stormed a scientific conference being held there. Police arrived moments ago and are attempting to . . .

SKETCHY: Too much negativity in the world, man.

HERBAL: Which is why Jah want us to hold a higher vision of things. Like the both of you-- your feast here.

CINDY: Look, Herbal, it's one thing for me and Sketchy to play pretend gourmet 'cause we broke. But that bitch for real.

HERBAL: Nah, nah. That's the very same thing, you know. Knowing that it's all good, all the time.

CINDY: Right, right, right. Somebody gonna get they ass blown off but that's all good?

HERBAL: All the time.

CINDY: I love you like a brotha, my brotha, but that is just wack.

NORMAL (comes up): Hi. Do the words "bip, bip, bip," mean anything to you people?

TV REPORTER: The May 22nd Movement takes its name from the birthday of terrorist Theodore Kaczynski, known as the Unabomber, who for three decades in the late 20th century waged a violent campaign against the technocratic state . . .

(At Logan's apartment, Bling sees the news story on TV)

BLING: Logan . . .

TV REPORTER: The group was formed in the wake of the bombings, which . . .

BLING: You should see this.

TV REPORTER: . . . movement founder John Darius praised as "a call to arms against modern technology. . .

LOGAN (join Bling at the TV): John Darius. Interviewed him a few years back.

TV REPORTER: . . . The movement is claimed be responsible for several attacks, including blowing up of bio-testing laboratories, television relay stations and . . . We are now receiving unconfirmed reports that more than a dozen hostages are being held . . .

LOGAN: Where is this?

BLING: Steinlitz hotel.

LOGAN: That's where Max is.

(In the conference room)

DARIUS: We don't want to hurt anyone. Cooperate and you'll be all right. All we want is to free the boy.

TANAKA: Free him? From what?

DARIUS: From you and your freak show. You've turned him into the poster child for your morally bankrupt techno-state.

MAX: What are you gonna do with him?

DARIUS: Give him a home, a family, where he can live like a real human being.

LYDECKER: And grow up to spout slogans and shoot people.

TANAKA: This boy is my family.

DARIUS: He's your lab rat.

(A phone rings)

LYDECKER: The police, calling to negotiate.

DARIUS: This is John Darius. We're May 22nd. We're armed, and we're holding 35 hostages.

SUNG: Detective Sung, Seattle P.D.

DARIUS: If you try anything if your men come anywhere near this building hostages will die. You got that?

SUNG: I understand.

DARIUS: We want transport and safe passage for ourselves and the child known as Jude. If you don't meet our demands we'll kill one hostage every hour.

SUNG: What you're asking for we're going to need more than an hour.

DARIUS: First hour's already up. (motions to one of his thugs) Terrence.

(The thug hovers over the hostages, pushing Kendra away before grabbing Dr. Tanaka)

KENDRA: Oh!

TANAKA: Jude . . . Be brave.

KENDRA: They're just trying to scare us, right? They're not really going to kill him, are they?

(Outside, military troops jog into position, and Bling and Logan arrive on the scene. The terrorists take Dr. Tanaka to the roof of the building and push him towards the ledge)

TANAKA: What are you people doing?!

TERRENCE: Just showing you the city, Dr. Mengele.

TANAKA: No! No! No! No! Help! Help!

(They push him off the ledge as Logan and the crowd below watch)

DARIUS (on the phone): 59 minutes. Then another one goes after him.

(Original Cindy, Sketchy and Herbal are riding in an alley)

CINDY: She's hot, but what's Original Cindy supposed to do? Wait around and see if this celibate thing is just a phase?

HERBAL: If 'twas meant to be, it'll be.

CINDY: Listen to Doris Day over here.

SKETCHY: Hey, the Steinlitz is right down there.

CINDY: Yeah, so?

SKETCHY: So, let's check it out. Maybe we'll catch a shoot-out or something.

(He heads off down a side street. Herbal doesn't want to follow, but Original Cindy decides to go too)

CINDY: Somebody's gotta make sure he don't get into trouble.

HERBAL: Why?

(In front of the hotel, the police have baracaded the street)

CINDY: See that? Now don't even try telling me that it's all good.

HERBAL: All the time.

CINDY: No, that is evil, straight up.

HERBAL: Yes, it's evil.

SKETCHY: W-wait, so if it's all good all the time and you acknowledge that what just happened is evil well, aren't you sort of saying evil is good?

HERBAL: Yes, now you overstand. You have to forgive evil, all right? But love in spite of evil.

CINDY: You need to put down the spliff because it is clouding your mind.

SKETCHY: Now, I'm going to have to more or less agree with Original Cindy on this one, Herbal. And I ain't no stranger to stoner logic. The guy looked pretty damn dead.

(Logan and Bling arrive and see Detective Sung)

LOGAN: Matt! Detective Sung! We've gotta talk.

SUNG (to the police at the barcade): He's okay.

LOGAN: A friend of mine was at this conference.

SUNG: A few folks got out when all this started. What's the name?

LOGAN: Glasser. Rachel Glasser.

SUNG: Still unaccounted for. Sorry.

LOGAN: Who's running the show here?

SUNG: Military's taking over.

LOGAN: Guy behind May 22, Darius? I know him. Maybe I can help.

(Inside the conference room)

KENDRA: 45 minutes. Are they just going to wait until he kills someone else?

LYDECKER: Give me the gun . . . Carefully. It's okay.

(Max has a flashback to Mantacore, and the last time she saw a gun in Lydecker's hands. He had killed one of her friends on the night of the escape)

(Outside the hotel)

ARMY MAN: So, how do you know this clown, Darius?

LOGAN: I interviewed him several times for a story I was doing a few years back, and he's no clown. He's very serious, and, obviously, very dangerous.

ARMY MAN: If you'd have turned him in at the time you would have saved everyone a lot of trouble.

LOGAN: Well, I'm a journalist, not a policeman.

ARMY MAN: Well, like all journalists, you're in the way. (on the walkie-talkie) I need an ETA on those sharpshooters.

ARMY MAN 2 (on the walkie-talkie): An hour away, sir.

ARMY MAN: What the hell's taking so long?

LOGAN: Let me talk to him.

ARMY MAN: You have no involvement in this matter, Mr. Cale.

LOGAN: And you have no credibility with a man who's holding a group of innocent people. As a soldier, you represent everything he despises.

ARMY MAN: And, as a soldier, I intend to do my job.

LOGAN: I might be able to get him to listen to reason.

ARMY MAN: You can't reason with terrorists.

LOGAN: I can offer him a way to get his message out there.

ARMY MAN: He kills a man and you want to give him a bigger audience?

LOGAN: You and I both want the same thing - to free those hostages.

(Inside the conference room)

TERRORIST GIRL: How can we kill a person an hour? I never agreed to that. It's crazy.

DARIUS: Are you questioning me?

TERRORIST GIRL: Yes.

(The phone rings)

DARIUS (answers it): You better be calling to say our transport is ready.

LOGAN: Mr. Darius, this is Logan Cale.

DARIUS: Logan Cale. It's been awhile. How'd you get drafted into this?

LOGAN: Oh, that's not important. What is important is the safety of your hostages.

DARIUS: And you have 33 minutes, or there's going to be one less to worry about.

LOGAN: You should be aware, Mr. Darius, this isn't a police operation anymore. The military's involved, and from what I can tell, they're very anxious to do their thing.

DARIUS: It doesn't surprise me. They've been hunting us down like animals for the last ten years.

LOGAN: Then you know they're just waiting for any excuse to come in, guns blazing, and take you out.

DARIUS: If they do, they'll have a lot of dead hostages on their hands.

LOGAN: As long as they get you, I don't think they care.

DARIUS: Nothing like a good massacre to stir up public opinion against these butchers. People need to know what they've done to this country . . . the human race . . . the entire planet.

LOGAN: What century are you living in, Darius? Nobody's ever going to hear about this. The authorities will turn your martyrdom into a nonevent and it will be history that never happened. Is that what you want? Because it doesn't need to be that way. If you can guarantee the hostages' safety I can help you get your message out.

DARIUS: How?

LOGAN: I have contacts who'd be willing to tell your story and no one would be able to stop it. On that, you have my word. But first, I need you to release the hostages.

DARIUS: No way, they'd storm the building in a second and you know it.

LOGAN: Why not show the world you really are more compassionate than your enemy? Release the women and the child.

DARIUS: I'll give it some thought. (hangs up)

ARMY MAN: Nice try, but it's not going to work.

LOGAN: We'll see.

(In the conference room)

MAX (to Jude): You okay?

JUDE: I'm thirsty.

KENDRA: Come on, let's go see if they'll let us have some water.

LYDECKER: He's a good little soldier.

MAX: He's a scared kid.

LYDECKER: Fear accomplishes nothing. I hope he learns that now if he hasn't already.

MAX: Is that what you teach those kids of yours? To shake it off and move on, like nothing happened?

LYDECKER: You look like you were around in the days before the pulse. Your parents brought you over to visit your little friends. Carpools to soccer games, art schools. And do you really think, Miss Glasser, that your childhood prepared you for the life that you have to live now?

MAX: My childhood wasn't quite like that.

LYDECKER: In a way, the pulse had some positive aspects. Toughen the world - strengthen the species.

MAX: Pretty grim view of things.

LYDECKER: Not grim . . . realistic. We can't pretend the world runs on love. Survival of the fittest.

MAX: Yeah, it's all about survival.

LYDECKER: I do hope that boy gets out of this in one piece.

MAX: Hope? That's a strange word coming from a man with your take on things.

LYDECKER: Anachronistic language. I wish I could speak digitally. Point is, it'd be a shame to see Tanaka's work go to waste. I'd like to observe the boy . . . For my own research.

MAX: Maybe you should do something with that gun . . . Before someone else gets killed.

LYDECKER: It's tactically premature. Things are going to get worse before they get better.

DARIUS: Get me Cale. (At the military's HQ)

LOGAN (on the phone): Logan Cale. . . Okay, I'll see what I can do. (Hangs up) (To Sung) I go in as a good faith gesture, he releases the women.

SUNG: What about the other hostages?

LOGAN: He wants transport to a civilian airstrip before he hands them over.

ARMY MAN: He's not getting that, no way.

LOGAN: Okay, one step at a time. Let me go in there, talk to him, face to face.

ARMY MAN: Now you need to be clear on two things: we don't have to honor any deals you make, and I'm not guaranteeing your safety.

LOGAN: I'm not asking you to.

(In the conference room)

DARIUS: Because we're fighting for humanity, we're making a gesture of humanity. The women are free to go. You'll be escorted to the lobby. Any games, you'll be shot.

(Max gets up to leave with Jude, but Darius blocks her way)

MAX: We're taking him with us.

DARIUS: No, you're not.

MAX: Then I'm going to stay with him.

DARIUS: I don't think so. Come on, Jude.

TERRORIST: Keep moving.

(In the hallway, Max and Kendra see Logan. He shakes his head at Max and mouths "Go!")

KENDRA: Wasn't that . . .

MAX: Yeah, I'm going to say hi. Don't tell.

LOGAN (to Darius): We meet again.

DARIUS (referring to his wheelchair): Accident, or did you stick your nose where it wasn't wanted?

LOGAN: Something like that.

DARIUS: You'd think you would have learned your lesson.

LOGAN: You'd think.

MAX: (pretends to fall on the stairs) Ow! My ankle!

TERRORIST: Keep moving!

TERRORIST 2: I'll take care of it.

MAX: I think I twisted it.

TERRORIST 2: (offering his hand to Max) Here.

MAX: You're such a gentleman. (Max slams the terrorist to the wall) Too bad I'm not a lady.

(In the conference room, Logan is sitting next to Lydecker)

LYDECKER: Pretty chivalrous-- offering yourself in place of the ladies.

LOGAN: I'm old-fashioned.

LYDECKER: Also a little crazy - getting yourself mixed-up in this.

(Logan notices Lydecker's name tag and looks at him curiously. Max has made her way to a room at the back of the conference room where she can watch the terrorists. She sees Logan talking to Lydecker)

(Two terrorists lead the women to the front door of the hotel)

ARMY MAN (into walkie-talkie): Anybody gets a shot, take it. Aerial units move to jump-off position. Await my command.

(A sharpshooter takes out both of the terrorists. Original Cindy sees Kendra)

CINDY: What the hell? Kendra!

SKETCHY: Wait. Looks like she's okay.

POLICEMAN (to Kendra as she heads for her friends): Hold it, miss.

KENDRA: Max is still in there.

CINDY: Did I hear that right?

HERBAL: Max is inside there? That's bad. That's very bad.

CINDY: I guess "it's all good" goes out the window when someone you know and love is in trouble.

POLICE: This is still a dangerous area. Please get in the truck as quickly as possible.

(Two soldiers land on the hotel's roof, but are seen and shot by a terrorist, who relays this event to Darius)

DARIUS (inside, to Logan): What the hell's going on? They killed some of my people. They tried to land soldiers on the roof. Their word means nothing. Neither does your life. Take him away.

(The terrorists take Logan to the roof to toss him over the ledge. Max, who had been watching, realizes what is happening and just as Logan is pushed off the top of the building Max dives head first after him with a rope tied around her waist. She grabs Logan mid-fall and they crash through a hotel window just as the rope is shot and broken, landing on the bed in each other's arms.)

MAX: You all right?

LOGAN: You okay?

MAX: What are you doing here?

LOGAN: I was going to ask you the same question. I went to a lot of trouble to get you released.

MAX: What were you thinking exchanging yourself for us?!

LOGAN: You should be thanking me.

MAX: Thanking you? You'd be thrown off the roof . . .

LOGAN: You'd be with those morons . . .

BOTH: . . . If it wasn't for me.

MAX: Forget it.

LOGAN: Never mind.

(Max gets up but Logan pulls on the rope and tugs her back down onto the bed)

MAX: I should go save the kid.

LOGAN: Just go save the kid.

ARMY MAN: Full breach. Full breach. We go in as soon as all squads are in position. Wait for my command.

SUNG: Maybe we should give Darius something to buy more time.

ARMY MAN: He's out of time.

SUNG: What about the hostages?

ARMY MAN: They're expendable. We're going to show these idiots who's in charge.

DARIUS (to his thugs): What do you mean he got away? He's in a wheelchair, for God sakes. Check it out.

(The thugs run into Max in the hallway, but she gets away)

DARIUS: They're making their move. Let's get out of here. Grab a hostage.

(Lydecker jumps up and pulls his gun, but the terrorists knock it out of his hand and beat him up. Max sneaks into the room just as a terrorist is about to shoot Lydecker. Instead of letting Lydecker die, she attacks the terrorists as the rest of the hostages flee.)

DARIUS (Grabbing Jude): Come with me, okay? That's it. (He runs behind the stage with the boy. He sees Max's shadow on the screen and shoots at it, but she appears behind him)

MAX: Looking for me?

(Darius tries to shoot her, but Max outruns the bullets, disarms him and slams him into a wall. She tries to comfort Jude, who is huddled against the wall, scared.)

MAX: You okay? Jude?

JUDE: What's going to happen to me now?

MAX: It's okay. You don't have to be brave anymore. Let it all out. It's all right. (She carries Jude out of the hotel)

(In the conference room, the soldiers are beating and kicking Darius)

LYDECKER: Hey! Hey, what the hell are you men doing?

SOLDIER: Interrogating the prisoner, sir.

LYDECKER: Under the laws of this country, this individual's entitled to due process. You want him showing up for arraignment looking like this?

SOLDIER: No, sir.

LYDECKER: You want the judgment of your commander, the credibility of your military undermined by your reckless behavior?

SOLDIER: No, sir.

LYDECKER: Neither do I. (shoots Darius) Problem solved. One of the hostages is a young boy about seven years old. Have you seen him?

SOLDIER: No, sir. Unaccounted for, sir.

LYDECKER (sighs): Thanks.

(Outside, Max puts Jude in Logan's car)

LOGAN: Thanks.

SUNG: Better get the kid out of here.

LOGAN: Thanks for sticking your neck out on this, Matt.

SUNG: This way at least he won't end up in an orphanage.

LOGAN: Or in Lydecker's hands.

MAX: Take care of my boy.

LOGAN: He'll be okay.

SUNG (to the police at the barricade): These folks are free to go.

(Logan's car drives off)

CINDY (sees Max): Max! You okay, sugar?

MAX (hugs her): I just kept my head down and let the mens fight it out. It's all good.

CINDY: Yeah, it's all good.

SKETCHY: All the time.

HERBAL: All the time.

(In Logan's apartment)

MAX: Hey.

LOGAN: Hey, yourself. Ordering myself a new wheelchair. Looking for one with the jet thrusters.

MAX: Thanks for bailing the gals out of there today. . . Myself included.

LOGAN: Right back at you. Taking a header off that building was above and beyond the call.

MAX: Looking out for my meal ticket. How many guys can cook and save the world?

LOGAN: So . . . that was Lydecker.

MAX: Yep, my own private Anti-Christ, up close and personal.

LOGAN: Shorter than I imagined. Do we have any idea why he was there?

MAX: Same as me - looking for answers. He said all of us, his gifted children, were . . . flawed.

LOGAN: The seizures?

MAX: I got the sense he was talking about something even worse. . . I saved his life.

LOGAN: And here I thought I was special.

MAX: He was about to take a bullet in the head. All I had to do was stand there, do nothing and I could cross Donald Lydecker off my list of things to worry about.

LOGAN: You didn't exploit tactical advantage over your enemy? He'd be so disappointed if he knew.

MAX: How sick is that? But, for some reason, I couldn't let it happen. I have no idea why.

LOGAN: Life good, murder bad?

MAX: I'm not that high-minded. Lydecker's the one guy that knows what's going on in this freak show body of mine . . . whether or not this bar code has an expiration date. I guess I couldn't let him die with that secret.

LOGAN: Whatever you have to tell yourself. Fact is, you saved a man's life.

MAX: A bad man.

LOGAN: It's still a good thing.

MAX: I'm not so sure. But you know what really bums my ass out? I had a chance to swipe some towels from the hotel and I totally spaced it.

LOGAN: Next time.

MAX: Yeah, next time.

DARK ANGEL
Season One, Episode #6: "Cold Comfort"
First Aired 11/28/2000

(Two men unlock and open a gate. One man is carrying a box of apples. The two men are talking in Spanish. They enter a grocery store. The man with the apples puts it in the fridge, while the other man puts on an apron and walks towards the freezer.)

MAN WITH APRON: Hey! Hey!

(The padlock of the freezer is broken and is lying on the ground by the freezer door. The man wearing an apron goes in. An Asian girl sitting on the floor, looking frozen and blue. The man calls out to the other man. The two men gasp as the girl's eyes open. She gets up and runs out of the freezer as the men yell. She runs down the alley, stops, looks back, and then front again. As her hair flies around, a barcode can be seen on the back of her neck.)

(Opening Credits)

(At Jam Pony)

HERBAL: Morning, Normal. I and I need to take a personal day next Friday.

NORMAL: You and who need to do what?

HERBAL: 'Tis the 75th anniversary of the great Bob Marley's birth and I'd like to attend the memorial concert they having out there in Portland for him.

NORMAL: Yeah, well, I'd like to take off every June 12, but I don't.

HERBAL: What's June 12?

NORMAL: June 12 is the birthday of my personal hero and perhaps the nation's greatest visionary - George Herbert Walker Bush. Born 1924, in what used to be called Milton, Massachusetts before the Pulse. Sketchy, get your tail over here!

SKETCHY: I'm on a break.

NORMAL (handing him a garish vest): Shut up. Put this on.

SKETCHY: What is it?

NORMAL: It's the shape of things to come my friend. This is the prototype for the new Jam Pony safety jerkin which each of you will soon be required to wear at all times.

ORIGINAL CINDY (reading the logo): "Jam Pony - Ride with pride."

NORMAL: That's right. I designed it myself.

MAX: I can tell.

NORMAL: Ah. It will make our riders more visible to other vehicles and lend a more uniform appearance to the generally scruffy look of you bums.

SKETCHY: Even though people are hungry out there, they will throw food at us if we wear something this bogus.

NORMAL: You'll wear it and you'll like it. You can also say good-bye to the graffiti in this place and hello to a nice fresh coat of institutional beige, as well as digital locators so I can keep tabs on you deadbeats at all times.

MAX: Where's the money come from to pay for this fascist wet dream of yours, Normal?

NORMAL: From our soon-to-be new owner, Mr. Gurmook Sivapathasundaram, who's on his way from Bangalore, India, as we speak.

ORIGINAL CINDY: He's buying this place?

NORMAL: Yes, as an investment, and he's empowered me to institute a wide range of reforms to get Jam Pony running more efficiently.

MAX: Maybe you should start with fixing the can in the Ladies room.

NORMAL: Well, in due course. First order of business, I want all unauthorized signage, graffiti and the like, removed from your lockers. I don't want Mr. Sivapathasundaram walking in here and finding a great big, fat mess.

(Brin is at a telephone booth talking on the phone.)

BRIN: Hey, it's me, Brin. I know I'm not supposed to contact you, but I had no choice. I had a close call with Lydecker's people in L.A. I need your help. I'll explain everything when I see you. . . . When? I'll be there.

(Lydecker and a man are standing by the water with the sun setting in the background.)

MAN: Nice view.

LYDECKER: Oh, yeah. Nice day. You look like hell.

MAN: We have a problem we could use your help with.

LYDECKER: You know I'm always happy to do what I can.

MAN: Familiar with the Vatican situation?

LYDECKER: Only what I read in the paper.

MAN: New Pope's come out against our friends in the Italian parliament. He's popular. Keeps at it, he's going to bring down the whole Mediterranean coalition.

LYDECKER: Consider it done.

MAN: Can't have any accountability.

LYDECKER: You know my kids. Have they ever let you down?

MAN: You know, I appreciate everything you've done for us.

LYDECKER: Maybe you can do something for me. See if you can get the committee to come up with more funds so I can bring Manticore to Stage Three.

MAN: I'm behind you on this, you know it, Deck, but with these people it always comes down to the same thing - X5. I need to be able to tell them that you're making progress.

LYDECKER: What do you think I'm in Seattle for, the weather? I'm closing in on one right here in the city.

(Max rides her motorcycle home at night and walks into the dark apartment)

MAX: Kendra?

MAX (reads out loud a note left by Kendra and grins): "Mr. Multiples is back in town."

(Max sees that the window is broken, spins and almost kicks a bloody Zack in the face.)

MAX: Oh, god. Zack?

ZACK: Lydecker . . . I tried to stop him . . .

(Zack recalls a scene from earlier. In the alley, Brin and Zack are walking towards each other. Two SUVs block off both ends of the alley, and the men inside shoot Brin down with stun guns and capture her. One of the SUVs backs up and hits Zack.)

ZACK: But he got Brin.

(Zack falls down to the floor, and Max catches him.)

(At Logan's apartment)

BLING: Let's have a look.

(Zack grabs Bling's arm as Bling moves to examine Zack's wounds.)

ZACK: You need to back off.

MAX: It's okay. He's a friend.

ZACK: Another friend?

LOGAN: That's right.

ZACK: Why did you bring me here, Max? I came to you for help.

MAX: And that's what you're getting. Now, tell us what happened to Brin. You said Lydecker had her.

(Zack looks at Logan)

MAX: He knows all about who we are.

LOGAN: I want to help you.

MAX: You can trust him. Tell us what happened.

ZACK: She got careless. She got caught. End of story.

MAX: What's that supposed to mean?

ZACK: She's gone, Max.

MAX: So, we're just going to let Lydecker have her?

ZACK: You want us to go after her and give him a shot at a hat trick?

MAX: We can't just do nothing.

ZACK: We're not going to breach op-sec for some half-assed rescue attempt. You need to accept what happened and move on. Is that clear?

MAX: You're not my C.O., Zack. You can worry about op-sec for the both of us, but I'm going to do whatever it takes to get her back.

ZACK: Yeah? How? She's probably halfway to Manticore by now.

LOGAN: I don't think so.

ZACK: Stay out of this.

LOGAN: In case you haven't caught on, this girl is gonna do what she's gonna do no matter what you or anyone else says. So, you've got two choices - back off or pitch in.

MAX: What he said.

LOGAN: Now, the way I figure it, you don't just put a genetically-enhanced killing machine on the next bus to Manticore and since I'm not finding any record of military convoys leaving the city, or any unusual air traffic, I'm thinking there's a chance she's probably being held somewhere here in Seattle - maybe at Lydecker's forward base of operations.

ZACK: Yeah? Well, where's that?

LOGAN: Give me a minute.

(At the bar)

SKETCHY: You guys want to head back to Jam Pony?

ORIGINAL CINDY: He can't.

HERBAL: Not for a half hour.

SKETCHY: Why not?

HERBAL: Normal said if I made two more runs before lunch, he going to make me employee of the week.

SKETCHY: Oh, that's awful. Normal's really starting to terrify me.

ORIGINAL CINDY: For real.

SKETCHY: If he's allowed to go unchecked, we are a heartbeat away from compulsory urine testing at Jam Pony.

HERBAL: What would he be testing for?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Knowing Normal, probably flavor.

SKETCHY: If this deal with this Indian dude goes through, Normal gets more power, control and the money to back it up. We better start looking for new jobs.

HERBAL: Only there aren't any.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Everything was chill until this Sivapatha-Cinderella decided to make Jam Pony part of his business empire.

SKETCHY: Maybe he'll change his mind when he sees the place.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Or maybe . . . we can help him.

SKETCHY: What do you mean?

ORIGINAL CINDY: I don't know. Original Cindy got to think this bitch through.

(Back at Logan's apartment.)

LOGAN: Our friend Lydecker's a first-rate spook. Whatever operation he's got going here, he's covering it up pretty good.

ZACK: Did you look in the yellow pages under "black helicopter operations"?

LOGAN: Oh, another Manticore wit.

MAX: Okay, so we can't find his crew. Maybe we can find his crib or where he hangs. Maybe he's part of a bowling league or something.

(Logan finds some information on the computer.)

LOGAN: Here are his D.O.D. Records. Donald Michael Lydecker. Born 1968. Enlisted in the army right out of high school. Married his hometown sweetheart.

MAX: Oh, touching.

LOGAN: Accepted to O.C.S. Graduated top of his class. Assigned to third ranger battalion. Saw action in Panama, Kuwait, Somalia. Made captain. Assigned to delta force. Legion of merit, purple heart...

MAX: Yeah, yeah, we get the point.

LOGAN: Looks like he was on the fast track until '95. Wife was murdered. Killer was never found.

ZACK: Probably did it himself.

LOGAN: His behavior became erratic. Half a dozen disciplinary infractions: "Insubordination, disorderly conduct, D.U.I." Bought himself a dishonorable discharge and last but not least, an ADAP admissions form from 1996.

MAX: "ADAP"?

LOGAN: Alcohol and Drug Abuse Program - rehab for military personnel.

MAX: Program must've turned things around for him if he was assigned to head up Manticore. He's probably still working it.

LOGAN: As in, "My name is Don. I'm an alcoholic"?

MAX: Place to start. You coming?

ZACK: And our objective is what - all the black coffee we can drink?

MAX: Find the man. He'll lead us to our objective . . . Or did you sleep through Recon 101?

LOGAN: Notwithstanding what I told G.I. Joe, here, you do realize that you're going after a man who's spent the last ten years trying to hunt you down.

MAX: I've spent the last ten years looking for him . . . and Brin and the others. It's what's kept me going.

LOGAN: Just make sure it's not what gets you killed.

(Back at Jam Pony Headquarters.)

SKETCHY: Do you need me to wash the floor again?

NORMAL: No, the floor looks clean to me.

SKETCHY: Yeah, but we want Jam Pony to be all it can be for when Mr. Sivapathasundaram gets here, right?

NORMAL: Right.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Is there any special dress code for tomorrow?

NORMAL: No, as long as you look businesslike.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Maybe I should lose the Afro puffs. I don't want to come across too . . . ethnic.

NORMAL: You'll have to use your own judgement on that.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I know that India can be a really conservative place when it comes to the role of women and sexuality and so forth, but when Mr. Siva . . . path...

NORMAL: Sundaram.

ORIGINAL CINDY: When he looks at me, he's going to see a hardworking employee not some diesel-domme, trolling for flat-tailed obedient, white bottom-girl to be my love toy and you got Original Cindy's word on that.

NORMAL: I appreciate that. That's enormously comforting.

HERBAL: Your employee of the week made some blue mountain coffee fresh from Jamaica to show my appreciation for the honor.

NORMAL: Thank you, Herbal. That's very, very thoughtful of you.

HERBAL: So, what you think? I should more or less hang out in the background in case this Supapapa...Supaman have a problem understanding I and I or something like that?

NORMAL: I think that, uh . . . Mr. Sivapathasundaram is going to be pleased, as I am by the fact that we've all pulled together here, huh?! Look at that. A little hard work never hurt anybody.

SKETCHY: Bip, bip, bip.

(Normal takes a sip of the coffee that Herbal gave him.)

NORMAL: That's yummy.

(At an ADAP meeting, Lydecker is at the podium.)

LYDECKER: I'm an alcoholic. My name is Don.

ADAP ATTENDEES: Hi, Don.

LYDECKER: I'm new in town. I have some business here and I've been coming to this meeting for the last couple weeks. I've listened to a few of you stand up and tell your stories and tonight, I'd like to take my turn. Drinking damn near destroyed my life. I woke up one morning, took a look around . . . I was lying on the floor. I decided never to touch another drop. I've been sober ever since. I hear a lot of you talk about taking things one day at a time. As far as I'm concerned, that's a cop-out. You make a decision and you take charge of your life. You don't need a higher power to help you. You don't need a sponsor. What you need is strength of mind, willpower and character. Alcoholism is not a disease. It's a failing. You've turned it into a church. You worship at the altar of self-pity. I come to these rooms for one reason. To remember what I don't want to become . . . helpless, impotent and weak. Thank you. As you were.

(Lydecker leaves the ADAP meeting and goes to his SUV. Max comes up from behind Lydecker, puts arm around his neck, knocks him out and puts him in the backseat of his SUV. Zack rides up on his motorcycle.)

ZACK: What the hell are you doing?

MAX: Follow me.

(Max gets into the SUV)

(Normal is at his apartment. He comes out of the bathroom, flushing the toilet and spraying air freshener in the air. He is on the phone with Original Cindy.)

NORMAL: Has Mr. Sivapathasundaram showed up yet?

(At Jam Pony Headquarters, Original Cindy is holding a box of "Final Lax".)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Not yet, boo. So, you're not feeling too good, huh?

NORMAL: I can honestly say I haven't felt this ill since I had cholera as a small boy. Listen, tell Mr. Sivapathasundaram I'm going to be there as soon as humanly possible.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You do your business. Force the fluids and let Original Cindy worry about Mr. Siva-patha-sun-da-ram. Peace. I'm out.

(Normal hangs up the phone and runs to the bathroom.)

NORMAL: Oh, god!

(At Jam Pony, Original Cindy puts down the box of "Final Lax".)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Gross. Damn, this stuff is strong.

(Sketchy enters Jam Pony Headquarters with Mr. Sivapathasundaram.)

SKETCHY: Jam Pony was founded way back in 1999 by an aspiring hip hop M.C. named Bootney Lee Farnsworth as a way to make ends meet.

MR. SIVAPATHASUNDARAM: Excuse me. The man I'm supposed to meet, Mr. Ronald, where is he?

SKETCHY: Well, Mr. Ronald had a medical emergency and has asked me to familiarize you with our operation in his absence. This way, please.

(Sketchy leads Mr. Sivapathasundaram to the Jam Pony dispatch desk.)

SKETCHY: Over here is the nerve center of Jam Pony, our dispatch desk.

ORIGINAL CINDY (talking to a Jam Pony messenger): Hot run to Consolidated Bacterial Research. Careful with that.

SKETCHY (to Mr. Sivapathasundaram): We are bonded to transport live viral and bacterial agents as well as organ-transplant material. I myself delivered a human brain to a waiting recipient just last week. It was very gratifying.

(Herbal rides in and bumps into a fellow messenger who drops a package that starts to leak out blue gas.)

JAM PONY MESSENGER: Poison!

ANOTHER MESSENGER: Get out of here!

(Green stuff starts spewing from Herbal's mouth.)

SKETCHY: Herbal!

(Herbal is gagging and rolling on the floor)

SKETCHY (to Mr. Sivapathasundaram): Out the back! Come on!

(Sketchy takes Mr. Sivapathasundaram to a backroom in Jam Pony. He locks all the doors in the room.)

SKETCHY: What the hell?!

MR. SIVAPATHASUNDARAM: We have to get out of here!

SKETCHY: We can't go back in there! We're just going to . . . We're going to have to stay here until help arrives, all right? We're going to be okay.

(In an abandoned warehouse, Lydecker is blindfolded and tied to a chair.)

ZACK: Max, that wasn't the plan. That wasn't the plan!

MAX: I saw an opportunity. I took it.

(Max and Zack walk towards Lydecker. Max splashes some water on Lydecker's face to wake him up.)

MAX: A group of men in black SUVs kidnapped a girl yesterday on Waverly Avenue - your men. We want to know where they took her.

LYDECKER: You must have me confused with some . . .

(Zack hits Lydecker)

ZACK: Tell us where she is, Lydecker, or you are going to have a very long day.

LYDECKER: I'm just a businessman.

(Zack punches Lydecker in the stomach)

ZACK: Where is Brin?

LYDECKER: Brin? You're one of them. One of mine. X5. Nobody else would know the names you kids called each other.

MAX: Where is she?

LYDECKER: I don't have her.

(Zack hits Lydecker again. Lydecker laughs)

LYDECKER: You're still so angry. You haven't changed much, have you, Zack?

MAX: We'll play "pin the name on the barcode" later. Answer the question.

LYDECKER: And who might you be? Johndie, maybe? Tinga? Max? Listen up. I don't want to see Brin fall into enemy hands any more than you do.

ZACK: You are the enemy!

LYDECKER: I told you, Zack. I don't have her.

(Zack hits Lydecker again)

ZACK: Stop lying.

LYDECKER: You put your prisoner in a threatening environment and then you use threats and verbal abuse to try and weaken him psychologically.

MAX: Shut up!

LYDECKER: And eventually, you'll employ non-verbal techniques, including torture.

MAX: I said shut up!

LYDECKER: Why don't we just cut to the chase and . . .

(Lydecker breaks one of his fingers)

LYDECKER: One down, nine to go. What do I have to do to have you accept that I'm telling you the truth? I don't have her.

MAX: Then who does?

LYDECKER: Any number of foreign governments would love to get their hands on Manticore technology.

MAX: You're saying someone kidnapped her so they can sell her to the highest bidder?

LYDECKER: Is that so surprising? Each one of you is worth millions.

ZACK: Why should we believe you?

LYDECKER: A weapon system like Brin doesn't come up for sale everyday. Let me contact my people. We can find out who's brokering the deal. Think about it.

(Max and Zack walk away)

MAX: What do you think?

ZACK: We should kill him right now and take the win.

MAX: I think he's telling the truth. He doesn't have her.

ZACK: You're not seriously buying into that crap?

MAX: It's plausible. We should check it out. Logan has contacts with the military. Maybe he can shake something loose.

ZACK: Go, I'll stay here and work on Lydecker.

MAX: I think something tragic might happen while I'm gone. You should take point with Logan.

(Zack walks away)

(Back in the backroom of Jam Pony Headquarters.)

MR. SIVAPATHASUNDARAM: We're going to die terrible, horrible deaths like those poor kids out there.

SKETCHY: No . . . A disaster of this magnitude, I got to believe help is on the way. Then again, with the Seattle economy in ruins and resources stretched so thin it could be awhile. It just kind of depends.

MAN (over bullhorn): Your attention, please. This is Sergeant Peterson of the Seattle Police department.

MR. SIVAPATHASUNDURAM: Thank god.

MAN (over bullhorn): We have been advised by the center for disease control that this building is under full quarantine. Anyone attempting to leave the building will be shot on sight. Thank you for your cooperation.

(The man using the bullhorn is Herbal)

HERBAL: How was dat den, hey?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Cool.

HERBAL: All right. Cool.

(In the Jam Pony backroom)

SKETCHY: We just better hope they don't torch the whole building like those villages in Africa with the Ebola.

MR. SIVAPATHASUNDARAM: We cannot just stay here and die like dogs!

SKETCHY: There's some steam tunnels under the building. If we could get down there, we might be able to get past the police perimeter.

MR. SIVAPATHASUNDARAM: It's better than being incinerated here.

SKETCHY: We're going to need something to cut with!

(Back at Logan's apartment)

LOGAN (on the phone): My guy's in a time crunch on this so get back to me ASAP. I'll be here.

LOGAN (to Zack): We've got a lead. My contact's got to confirm some details, get back to me. Risky piece of business - grabbing Lydecker.

ZACK: It wasn't the objective. Max caught a bad case of mission creep.

LOGAN: And now you've caught a tiger by the tail. You'll look out for her, right?

ZACK: It's not something anyone has to ask me to do. It's my responsibility to look after all of them. If I would have done my job, Brin wouldn't be in this jam. (clears his throat) So, what is it between you and Max?

LOGAN: I don't know. Something. I just don't know what. (The phone rings and he answers it) Yeah. What do you have for me? You got this how? Appreciate the help. (hangs up) (to Zack) Okay, the Chinese military has been trying to procure bio-synth technology on the black market for the last few months. Word is the order's been filled. A deal's in the works.

ZACK: So, Lydecker was on the level.

LOGAN: Looks like it. Operation's being run by a Major Jake Sanders. Works out of Fort Xavier, abandoned base just outside of town. Guy's gone rogue, runs his outfit like his own private fiefdom.

ZACK: Where is this place, exactly?

LOGAN: 13½ miles northwest of here. F.Y.I., it's a secure installation as in lots of guys with guns. They're in it for the money and they'll kill for it.

ZACK: This is what we do. We're soldiers. You really worried about Max? The biggest threat to her safety is you.

LOGAN: How do you figure?

ZACK: She should have gotten the hell out of Seattle a long time ago. She knows it's not safe here, but she stayed anyway, because of you. She ignored her training and let her judgment be clouded by feelings and emotions. And one day it's going to get her killed.

(Back at the abandoned warehouse.)

LYDECKER: Can I have some water, please?

MAX: Fresh out. I'd spit on you but it'd be a waste of good saliva.

LYDECKER: I recognize the voice now. You're the journalist from the genetics conference. Rachel . . . Glasser, wasn't it? How severe are they? The seizures, I mean.

MAX: Bad sometimes.

LYDECKER: We have treatments now, you know.

MAX: Do you make house calls, or should I go to Manticore for my meds?

LYDECKER: Would it really be as bad as all that?

MAX: How can you even ask me that? You tortured us, beat us down.

LYDECKER: You were in training to become a soldier.

MAX: We were children.

LYDECKER: And you're remembering it through a child's eyes.

MAX: I remember Eva dead on the floor, shot by the gun in your hand.

LYDECKER: You'll never know how much it pained me to have to do that.

MAX: Spare me.

LYDECKER: It was the best of you that ran away that night.

MAX: Yeah, well, we wanted to start a rock band.

LYDECKER: Do you want to spend your life running?

MAX: What I do.

LYDECKER: Well, you don't have to, you know. You can always come home.

MAX: Get it through your head - I'd rather die than go back there.

(Zack comes back)

ZACK: Catching up on old times? He's right. She's being held at Fort Xavier.

LYDECKER: That's Jake Sanders' command. I can't believe it. We served together.

ZACK: Well, we'll be sure to send him your regards.

(Zack gives Max a map of the base.)

ZACK: Here's a layout of the base.

MAX: We'll move out when it gets dark.

LYDECKER: You'll never get out of there alive. Listen to me. I know Sanders. I can get on the base. I can call an attack team.

ZACK: And then what? Take her back to Manticore?

LYDECKER: I would give my life rather than to see Manticore technology end up in the hands of the enemy.

MAX: You may have a chance - you're coming with us.

ZACK: What?

MAX: With him along, we can waltz right through the front doors.

ZACK: He'll double-cross us in a heartbeat.

MAX: He may want to, but he can't. We're the only hope he has to get Brin away from Sanders. Isn't that right, Donald?

(Max is about to take off Lydecker's blindfold.)

ZACK: He'll know what we look like.

MAX: We'll worry about that when we get Brin back.

ZACK: For the record, I don't like this.

MAX: Noted.

(Max takes off Lydecker's blindfold. Lydecker sees Max and Zack. Zack points a gun at Lydecker.)

MAX: One wrong move . . . You're an organ donor.

(Max, Zack, and Lydecker arrive at the Fort Xavier gate in a SUV.)

MAX (to Lydecker): Keep it simple.

GUARD: Base perimeter has been sealed until further notice.

LYDECKER: I'm here to see Major Sanders.

GUARD: I'll have to ask you to turn your vehicle around please.

LYDECKER: Just get on the horn, corporal, and tell him Don Lydecker is here to see him.

GUARD: I'll be right back, sir.

(Guard goes away and returns)

GUARD: The major's in the mess hall. Sir, he's asked that you join him there.

LYDECKER: Good job, corporal.

(Gate opens up and the SUV drives through)

(Max, Zack, and Lydecker are inside the base, and enter the cafeteria.)

MAJOR SANDERS: Holy crap on Tuesday's toast - Don Lydecker. How the hell are you?

LYDECKER: Good to see you, Jake. It's been too long.

MAJOR SANDERS: How's the spook business?

LYDECKER: Listen, is there someplace we can go to talk?

MAJOR SANDERS: Something wrong with right here?

LYDECKER: You might think so when I tell you what I have to say.

MAJOR SANDERS: Shoot.

LYDECKER: You've got one of my kids, Jake.

MAJOR SANDERS: I don't know what you're talking about.

LYDECKER: You're planning on selling her to the PRC and it kind of worries me.

(Major Sanders snaps his fingers and all the soldiers are on their feet with their firearms towards Max, Zack, and Lydecker.)

MAJOR SANDERS: Pat them down. I thought you might have a problem with this. I know how touchy you are about your kids.

LYDECKER: You've got it all wrong, Jake. I'm not here to make trouble - I want in.

MAJOR SANDERS: You never fail to surprise me, Deck.

LYDECKER: Times are tough. We all have to plan for our retirement.

MAJOR SANDERS: The problem is, I already got the merchandise. I just cannot see your leverage here, Deck.

LYDECKER: These kids wouldn't exist without me. Like the two I brought with me to sweeten the pot.

MAJOR SANDERS: Really?

(In the backroom of Jam Pony)

MR. SIVAPATHASUNDARAM: It mustn't end like this. I have yet to make my pilgrimage to the holy city of Benares and bathe in the Ganges.

SKETCHY: You're not going to die, man and neither am I. We both got too much to live for. I always wanted to learn how to swim, sleep with two girls at the same time. You ever done that?

MR. SIVAPATHASUNDARAM: Yes.

SKETCHY: Way to go, Mr. Sivapathasundaram.

(Jam Pony dispatch desk. Normal is back.)

NORMAL: Where's Mr. Sivapathasundaram?

ORIGINAL CINDY: He was a no-show.

NORMAL: Did he call to say he was running late?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Nope.

NORMAL: Oh, for crying out loud. (doubles over in pain)

ORIGINAL CINDY: You really should go home and rest. If he calls, I'll let you know.

NORMAL: Hey, when I want your advice, I'll ask for it, all right? (He heads for the back room and Cindy tries to intercept him)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Where are you going?

NORMAL: I'm going to get Mr. Sivapathasundaram's number off the bulletin board in the back if that's okay with you.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Just asking.

NORMAL: Fill in for a couple hours, get a little taste of power it goes straight to your head.

(Mr. Sivapathasundaram and Sketchy escape to the outside through the vent. They get inside Mr. Sivapathasundaram's car)

MR. SIVAPATHASUNDARAM: Thank god.

SKETCHY: Guess you can postpone that skinny dip in the Ganges for a while, eh, Mr. Siva...
(gagging)

MR. SIVAPATHASUNDARAM (pushes Sketchy out of the car): Get off. I'm getting out of here!

(Mr. Sivapathasundaram drives away.)

SKETCHY (laughing): Yeah!

(Back at Fort Xavier, soldiers are walking Max and Zack to their cells.)

MAJOR SANDERS: Good timing, you showing up with those two now.

LYDECKER: How do you mean?

MAJOR SANDERS: Well, maybe you should see for yourself.

(An aged Brin is on a cot inside a cell.)

MAX: Brin? Brin, it's me, Max.

(Brin sees Max and Zack, but her vision is blurred.)

BRIN (weakly): Max? Is it really you?

ZACK: We're here, baby sister.

BRIN: Zack . . . You came for me.

MAX: What's wrong with her?

LYDECKER: It's a form of Progeria similar to Werner's syndrome. It's a spontaneous, rapid mutation of the genome, expresses in the form of highly accelerated aging. Three of the X5 group developed it. She's the fourth, as far as I know. We're going to need to ice her down to bring down her core temperature, slow down her metabolic rate.

MAJOR SANDERS: She going to last long enough for me to lay her off to my clients?

LYDECKER: Two or three days, maybe.

MAJOR SANDERS: All I really need is to have her breathing when the taillights disappear in the morning. But, Deck, they're not going to want to pay much for damaged goods.

LYDECKER: Dead or alive, her genetic code is worth millions. And besides, we have the other two to sell. They're the top of the X5 group.

MAX: Do you know something, Don? I've always wondered what drove you to hunt us down all these years. I thought maybe you were afraid for your dumbass fed job. Or was it a whacked sense of patriotism? Or professional pride because you felt like such a chump for losing us in the first place? But now I know. You're just a bottom-feeding pimp, peddling flesh for the Benjamins.

LYDECKER: It's a little more complicated than that. Permission to address your men?

MAJOR SANDERS: Go right ahead.

LYDECKER: All right, listen up. Under no circumstances is anyone to interact with the prisoners. Handling them requires special training which you don't have. Do not open their cell. And under no circumstances allow yourself within arm's length of them. Understood?

MAJOR SANDERS: Same old Deck.

LYDECKER: Next time we do this, we're going to have to have more men in here.

ZACK: Told you he'd double-cross us.

MAX: Never fails to disappoint, does he? I got an itch. (stretching) Any of you fellas want to scratch my back?

SOLDIER: Yeah, right.

(Max starts gnawing at the handcuffs around her hands with her teeth.)

SOLDIER: Hey . . . cut it out!

MAX: Oh . . . you going to shoot me? 'Cause I don't think your boss would be too happy about that.

(Max continues to bite at the cuffs)

SOLDIER: I said cut it out!

(Max successfully gets the cuffs off.)

MAX: Relax. Or do you want me to gnaw through your bars? (Stretching again) Oh, much better.

(In Major Sander's office)

MAJOR SANDERS: I've got . . . scotch, scotch and . . . scotch.

LYDECKER: Just water, please.

MAJOR SANDERS: Oh, that's right, I forgot. Well, let's get down to business, huh? I got the sick girl on my own so I don't figure you deserve a cut. As for the other two I'll give you 20% for bringing them in.

LYDECKER: Fifty percent.

MAJOR SANDERS: Half?

LYDECKER: Of all three.

MAJOR SANDERS: Come on. I got the buyers. I got the safe place to make the exchange and I've got your blue-ribbon thoroughbreds locked in my brig. So what is it exactly do you think you've got that's worth half?

LYDECKER: What I've got . . . is a lot more where they came from.

MAJOR SANDERS: Well . . . you know, when you put it like that . . . ice?

LYDECKER: Sure.

(Major Sanders turns away)

LYDECKER: So, have we got a deal?

MAJOR SANDERS: You know, Deck, I've known you too long to quibble over percentages. (He grabs a gun from the ice box behind his desk and turns back to face Lydecker.) Life's too short.

(Lydecker throws a knife into Major Sanders' chest just before Major Sanders pulls the trigger.)

LYDECKER: That it is. (speaking into his cell phone) This is command. Authorization code longbow portent.

(Back in the cell, it appears that Max has hung herself on the prison bars.)

ZACK: Max! Max, no! No! Get her down! Hurry!

SOLDIER: Open the door.

SOLDIER #2: I'm not opening it.

SOLDIER: She's not worth anything dead. Open it.

ZACK: What the hell are you waiting for?! Get her down!

SOLDIER #2 (on walkie-talkie): Major Sanders, we have a situation.

(Lydecker grabs the walkie-talkie from Major Sanders' pocket.)

LYDECKER: This is Lydecker. Over.

SOLDIER #2 (on walkie-talkie): Where's the major?!

LYDECKER: He's in the can. What's the sit-rep?

SOLDIER #2: One of the female prisoners hung herself.

ZACK: Do something!

SOLDIER: Open the damn door. Do it now.

SOLDIER #2: Watch the others.

SOLDIER (to Zack): You . . . face the wall.

LYDECKER (running down the hall and speaking to walkie-talkie): Do not, I repeat, do not open those cells.

SOLDIER (to Zack): On your knees. Hands behind your head. Hands behind your head!

(The soldiers cut Max down, and she starts kicking and punching. Max and Zack fight off the soldiers and escape with Brin.)

MAX (to Brin): We're going to get you out of here, okay?

(Manticore hummers are entering the base)

LYDECKER (on walkie-talkie): I know you're monitoring comms . . . I trained you to. There's no sense running. You'll never make it.

MAX: Why, because you brought in your men? You think I didn't know you'd betray us, then turn around and betray Sanders?

LYDECKER: If you take Brin, she'll die. You can't do anything for her. Let my people take care of her. They've done it before with other X5s.

MAX: Oh, the sweet sound of gunfire. You guys go ahead and duke it out. We've got to split.

(Outside the base the Manticore soldiers are attacking the base soldiers but Zack, Max and Brin manage to get into a SUV and drive away.)

MAX (to Brin, who is having trouble breathing): Hey, girl.

LYDECKER (on walkie-talkie): I know you can still hear me. That's pretty impressive, how you got away. I am very proud of you.

MAX: Gee, thanks, Dad.

ZACK: Turn it off.

LYDECKER (on walkie-talkie): Please, listen to me. Brin doesn't have much time. Help me get her to Manticore before it's too late. I taught you always to have a plan. What's yours? To get her to a hospital? They won't understand what they're seeing. They won't be able to help her. I can have her to Manticore in four hours. There's still time.

ZACK: Max, turn it off.

(Max switches the walkie-talkie off.)

MAX: She's getting weaker.

ZACK: We're together right now, that's all that matters.

MAX: We can't just let her die.

ZACK: Anything's better than going back there. You said so yourself.

BRIN: I don't want to die. Please . . . don't let me die.

MAX (on walkie-talkie): Lydecker, you still there?

(Brin is lying down on a bench on the side of a road with Max and Zack standing near her.)

MAX: Brin, you're going to be all right. And someday, no matter what happens I'm going to come for you. That's a promise.

BRIN: Max . . .

(Max and Zack kiss Brin on the forehead, then leave and cry in the car)

(A helicopter approaches over Brin)

(Jam Pony Headquarters)

NORMAL (on the phone): Listen, have you heard from Mr. Sivapathasundaram? Is there no way to get a hold of him? Yes, please tell him to call me. (hangs up) Why do I think these people are giving me the runaround?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Maybe he's just a flake.

NORMAL: Yeah, maybe so. He seemed to check out though.

ORIGINAL CINDY: There's a lot of playa playass out there, Normal. And they just ain't worth hatin' on.

NORMAL: Well, still . . . It's a great opportunity. I just wish it could have worked out.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Well, just look on the bright side. Maybe this Mr. Sivapathasundaram brought us all just a little bit closer together.

NORMAL: Oh, God, I feel ill.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You and me both.

(Normal leaves for the bathroom. Herbal and Sketchy join Original Cindy, and they congratulate themselves)

HERBAL: Bam, bam.

(Logan's apartment)

LOGAN: You're not going to make me eat dinner all by myself, are you?

MAX: Do you think we did the right thing, Logan . . . By letting him take her back there?

LOGAN: You took her out of a bad situation. You let her choose for herself.

MAX: Yeah, I guess.

LOGAN: How did you leave it with Zack?

MAX: He grunted something that sounded like good-bye and then disappeared into the night.

LOGAN: Well, you should cut him some slack. He probably had a rotten childhood.

MAX: Worst part is he swung with Lydecker's ride. Tinted windows, class two armor. I could have fenced it for a fortune. He probably drove it off a bridge into the water somewhere so it couldn't be dusted for prints. He obsesses.

LOGAN: You need to be more careful yourself, you know? 'Cause now Lydecker knows what you look like.

(At Manticore)

MAN FROM MANTICORE: How is she?

LYDECKER: Recovering nicely. We've repaired the defective genes.

MAN FROM MANTICORE: How long before she's operational?

LYDECKER: She will require reindoctrination. She was outside a long time.

MAN FROM MANTICORE: What about the other two?

LYDECKER: They can't hide forever.

DARK ANGEL
Season One, Episode #7: "Blah Blah, Woof Woof"
First Aired 12/12/2000

(Max and Logan are playing chess in Logan's apartment. Logan is contemplating on his next move. He makes one after much hesitation.)

MAX: Finally. (makes a move)

LOGAN: She beats her retreat at the face of the Silician gamut. . .

MAX: Check.

(Logan tries to make a move)

MAX: Uh uh.

LOGAN: It's not checkmate. Can't be . . .

MAX: Afraid so.

LOGAN: Okay. . . so, uh, that's uh, four games to you.

MAX: Five.

LOGAN: Right, five. Isn't it against the superhuman code to use your powers to take advantage of we mere mortals?

MAX: Yeah, and I'm not done taking advantage, either. There's a stunt contest at Crash tonight. Thinking about pulling a Linda Blair. Ride my bike up on the ceiling or something. Wanna come?

LOGAN: No, thanks.

MAX: Oh, I forgot. No fun for Logan Cale. The world's coming to an end. (gets up to put on her jacket) Fight the power. Protect the downtrodden. Blah blah, woof woof. See ya. (leaves)

LOGAN (suddenly feeling pain in his back): Ow.

(At Lydecker's headquarters, he is playing with Chinese medicine balls with one hand while another man on the computer makes a composition.)

LYDECKER: Raise the forehead a little bit, thin out the eyebrows. Make the cheekbones a little rounder. . . not so defined. And the lips . . . fuller.

COMPUTER GUY: Fuller?

LYDECKER: You heard me. Perfect.

(Lydecker hits a key on the keyboard. We see a WANTED flyer on the screen with a composite of Max. The flyer reads: Reward 50,000 and WANTED.)

(Opening Credits)

(At the Seattle police station)

POLICE CAPT. DALE: This reward you're offering -- it's a hell of a lot of money.

LYDECKER: Mr. Vogelsang was a valued operative. We'll do everything we can to find his killer.

DALE: And what if the girl goes to ground?

LYDECKER: Don't think she will.

DALE: She'll run, if she's smart. She'll try and get the hell out of the city.

LYDECKER: Well, she'll have to get through our checkpoints. This is where my men are. (hands Dale a copy of the WANTED flyer) I'd like one of these on every wall, every window and every lamppost in the city.

DALE: With this kind of money involved, every nutcase in this town is going to be more than happy to turn in his nearest and his dearest, just for his cut. (sits down) Besides which, this is going to take a lot of extra manpower but, you know, with the financial straits that the city's in . . .

LYDECKER: The agency appreciates your predicament.

DALE: Thank you, sir, uh . . . Then you understand where I'm coming from?

LYDECKER: Completely. I think I can help you. (pulls out his gun and points it at Dale, who puts his hands up in the air)

LYDECKER: You trying to elicit a bribe from a federal agent?

DALE: No, sir.

LYDECKER: Good, 'cause sometimes when you grease the palm, it makes the finger slippery.

DALE: Sir, you have the complete cooperation of my department. We're 100 percent at your disposal.

LYDECKER: All right, then. You're dismissed.

(Dale gets up and leaves)

(Jam Pony locker area. Original Cindy and Max are changing.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: That was one badass endo you spiked last night. How much you win, anyway?

MAX: 75 bucks.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Damn, girl, next time, my paper's on you.

(Original Cindy sees a male worker peeping at them. Max goes out after him, grabs him and pushes him against the lockers)

MAX: Hey! What did I say was going to happen if I caught you peeping again?

NORMAL: Hey, take it outside.

GUY: I can't help it, Max. You're so the bomb.

MAX: Kaboom! (knees the guy in the nuts and walks away)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Pervo!

(At the desk, Normal hands a package to Max)

NORMAL: No roughhousing on the premises. We're not insured for it.

MAX: South Market Street?

NORMAL: Yeah, I hope you're packing.

ORIGINAL CINDY (to Max): Want to have lunch?

MAX: Yeah. Meet you here at noon?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Cool.

MAX: All right.

(At South Market Street, Max is lining up to go through the sector checkpoint)

SECTOR POLICE (to the people ahead of her): I.D.?

(Inside checkpoint office, a copy of the WANTED flyer is coming through the fax machine.)

SECTOR POLICE (calling into the office): Hey, Jerry.

JERRY (comes out of the office with the flyer): What's up?

SECTOR POLICE: Look at this.

(The sector police hands over an ID for Jerry to check out)

MAX: Come on, guys. Girl's trying to earn a living here.

JERRY (to the sector policeman): Yeah, it's forged. Definitely.

SECTOR POLICE: Jim.

JIM: Yeah.

SECTOR POLICE: You're going downtown, pal.

(Max gets through checkpoint without the cops noticing her. She bikes around South Market Street to the package's destination. She gets off her bike to deliver the package, then sees the WANTED flyers on a poll. Next to the poll are two police officers and Max's bike is next to them. She quickly turns and walks the other way)

(Back at Jam Pony headquarters: Herbal Thought, Sketchy, and Original Cindy are looking at the WANTED flyer)

SKETCHY: I don't, I don't know. I'm just saying it kinda sorta of looks like her.

HERBAL: That paper there speaks of wicked things. Max is a righteous woman with no malice in her heart for no one.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I know my girl. She's a badass, straight up, but she's not a killer.

SKETCHY: I'm not saying she killed anybody. Just that . . . I see a resemblance.

ORIGINAL CINDY: No, no, what you think you're seeing is the 50 large reward in your pocket. But you better get your eyes right and double-quick, too. Otherwise, what you're going to be seein' is Original Cindy puttin' the smack down.

NORMAL: Hey, let's go, people. Lots of lonely packages out here crying out for a home. Move. Where the fire truck is Max? She should have been here an hour ago.

SKETCHY: I ain't seen her. Probably wouldn't recognize her if I did. (folds up the flyer and puts it away in his backpack)

NORMAL: What are you hiding back there?

SKETCHY: Nothing.

NORMAL: Get out of my sight.

(Sketchy walks away. Normal grabs the flyer from Sketchy's bag. He opens and looks at it and recognizes Max)

(Back at South Market Street, Max is calling Logan on the payphone.)

MAX: Come on, Logan, answer.

(A hoverdrone is flying by and Max turns away. There's no answer. She sighs and hangs up the phone)

(In the hospital.)

DR. SAM CARR: Hey.

LOGAN: Here, Sam, let me start you off. "Logan, I've got some bad news."

CARR: You remember after the shooting, that we decided not to remove one of the bullet fragments because it was lodged so close to your spine?

LOGAN: It would have been too risky.

CARR: Right. Unfortunately, the fragment has migrated. That's what's causing the spasms. It's actually impacting on your spinal cord and if we don't get it out of there it could keep moving and cause more damage.

LOGAN: Worst case scenario?

CARR: You could end up quadriplegic. Maybe even on a respirator.

LOGAN: Looks like I'm going under the knife again.

CARR: Operating in that area, it's inherently risky. You've got three major arteries. They're right there so there's always the chance of bleed out. And removing that fragment could result in nerve damage as well, though probably not as severe as what we're looking at if we do nothing and further migration occurs. So . . .

LOGAN: Let's do it.

CARR: Okay. I'll set it up for tomorrow morning.

LOGAN: Thanks, doc.

CARR: Get some rest.

(Logan puts on his jacket and feels more pain in his back.)

(Back in South Street Market. Max is walking around. Two guys are looking at the WANTED flyer on a pole)

GUY #1: Oh, yeah, she's a killer, all right.

GUY #2: Word up, man.

GUY #1: You know what I'm saying?

(Max walks by)

GUY #2: Yo, check it out.

GUY #1: Hey, baby, you got the time? 'Cause I got the place, you know what I'm saying?

(Max turns around to give them a withering stare, then continues walking)

GUY #1: Nah, don't be shy, I was . . .

(Guy #1 turns around and looks at the flyer again, recognizing her)

(Max is walking towards the exit checkpoint and an officer holding a flyer calls out to her)

POLICE OFFICER: Hey! Yeah, you.

(Max turns around)

POLICER OFFICER: Come here.

MAX: What is it, officer?

(The police officer shows Max the WANTED flyer.)

MAX: Oh, no, not her again, man. She's been dissing me all day. I got stopped twice already. (The police officer gets ready to radio for back up) Come on, she doesn't even look like me. Look at how thin she is. Can you say "eating disorder"? (hits the officer with her elbow and knocks him down)

GUY #1: Oh, it is her, man.

MAX (walks past the guys): Boo!

(Getting up from the ground, the police officer reports what just happened on his radio)

POLICE OFFICER: This is Kirby. That ten-zero-seven. She's on South Market.

(Back at Lydecker's headquarters, a man gets off the phone)

MAN: We have a confirmed sighting on south Market.

LYDECKER: How confirmed?

MAN: She took out a policeman without breaking a sweat.

LYDECKER (in the walkie-talkie): All tac-units, this is command. Target is known to be in South Market. Establish airtight perimeter and start site to site search. Box her in, and box her in fast.

(South Market Street. Max is walking and she sees the Manticore Hummers arriving. Manticore soldiers get out of the Hummers and spread out looking for Max, who ducks inside a building. At Jam Pony headquarters, Original Cindy calls Max's pager. It beeps and Max quickly silences it. A Manticore soldier nears where she is hiding. Max comes up and kicks the soldier down)

(At Logan's apartment, he has just gotten back from the hospital. He doesn't check his answering machine, where there is a message from Max. Back on South Market Street Zack sees the WANTED flyer on a poll)

MAN (on a cell phone): Yeah, he coughed up the juice. I had to break his thumb first, but hey. Hey, hold on, I got to whiz.

(Max hits the man up against a fence and takes his cell phone)

MAX (into the cell phone): He's going to have to call you back.

(Jam Pony headquarters)

NORMAL: Sketchy, get over here. I need you to man the desk.

SKETCHY: Me?

NORMAL: Yes, I have something important I need to do.

(Zack walks in)

NORMAL: Wow, you got a lot of nerve showing your face in here, pal.

ZACK: Where's Max?

NORMAL: Well, she didn't come back from her morning run. Imagine that. I had some high hopes for you, pal but you just turned out to be like all the rest, didn't you? Just a great big, fat goose egg.

ZACK: Cindy.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Well, what have we got here?

ZACK: I'm looking for Max.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Welcome to the club.

(The phone rings and Original Cindy answers it)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Yeah?

MAX: It's me.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Max. (Zack grabs the phone) Uh!

ZACK: Max, it's Zack.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Who?

MAX: Zack, what are you doing there?

ZACK: Never mind that. We got to get you out of town.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Would somebody mind telling me what's going on here?

(In Logan's apartment, he is taking his pills)

ZACK: Knock, knock. You shouldn't leave your window open if you don't want visitors.

LOGAN: So I've been told. What brings you back to Seattle?

ZACK (shows Logan the WANTED flyer): You think I'd let Max take the rap for something I did?

(Back in South Market Street)

MAN (on radio): Control, this is delta four. No sign of her yet.

LYDECKER: Roger, delta four. Turn the place inside out. Evacuate if you have to. I want her found.

(At the Police Station)

DET. MATT SUNG (on the phone): Logan, you don't have to convince me. You say she didn't do it, she didn't do it. But I can tell you no one's picked her up yet.

(Logan in his car with Zack at the South Market Street entrance checkpoint)

LOGAN (on his cell phone): Great. So what's the situation down there?

SUNG: It's a zoo. Every crank in the city's angling for that reward money. Last I heard, they're closing in on the suspect on South Market.

LOGAN: Okay, see if you can run interference for me.

SUNG: I'll try, but I'm just one guy.

LOGAN: Appreciate anything you can do.

SUNG: Yep.

(The detective hangs up the phone and walks away. Normal is sitting on a chair near Sung's desk)

(Back in South Market Street)

SECTOR POLICE: Go ahead. Let him through.

(Logan drives the car in and stops to let Zack out)

LOGAN: Good luck.

ZACK: There's no such thing. Success depends on having a well-thought-out plan that's executed with precision.

LOGAN: Right.

(Zack gets out of the car with a backpack)

LOUDSPEAKER: As a reminder, any person caught assisting a known criminal will be subject to severe prosecution. Until further notice all places of business and vehicles are subject to search.

(Zack goes to the upper level of the market and assembles a launcher. He fires a rope into the middle frame structure of the market)

(Back at the police station)

SUNG: Mr. Ronald?

NORMAL: Yep, that's me. Hey, i just want to say that I admire the work that you fellas are doing keeping the streets safe for average citizens like myself.

SUNG: I understand you have some information for us.

NORMAL: Right. Got it--business at hand. Yes, uh, uh, I'm reaching out to do you guys a solid on this female perp.

SUNG: Excuse me?

NORMAL: The skell who works for me -- Jam Pony -- her name is Max.

SUNG: Let's not tell the whole world, okay? Not with 50 large on the line.

NORMAL: Hey, I'm not doing this for the reward money. . . About how much did you say it was?

SUNG: Maybe you better come with me, Mr. Ronald.

(In South Market Street, Zack walks back to the car and gets in.)

LOGAN: All set?

ZACK: Would I have come back here if everything wasn't all set?

LOGAN: It's a figure of speech.

(Logan drives the car up to the checkpoint)

SECTOR POLICE: Hold up. Sector pass.

(Logan hands the pass over)

SECTOR POLICE: Open the hatch. (goes to check the trunk)

LOGAN (under his breath): Come on. Come on.

(Max looks at her watch from her hiding place in another part of the market)

MAX: Show time.

(Back at the checkpoint)

SECTOR POLICE: You're free to go.

LOGAN: Thanks.

(Logan drives the car out)

(Max runs to the upper level of the market. The Manticore soldiers see her)

MANTICORE SOLDIER: Hey, there she is. Stop! Hold your fire!

(They are shooting at her. Max runs to the rope that Zack had left and swings from the upper level of the market to the top of a bus at the checkpoint. She then jumps onto Logan's car and gets in. He speeds out of South Market)

ANOTHER SOLDIER: Stop that vehicle! Get the trucks! Move, move, move!

(Inside Logan's car)

LOGAN: You okay?

MAX: Yep. We used to play this game all the time at Manticore -- escape and evade.

ZACK: You were always good at it.

MAX (to Logan): You okay?

LOGAN: Yeah, fine.

MAX: You don't look so good.

LOGAN: I was up late. So, my family has a cabin about 30 miles north of here. You guys can stay there tonight.

ZACK: Then we cross the border into Canada and never look back.

(Lydecker's headquarters)

MAN: Sir, we have a confirm from the alpha team that the suspect is no longer in South Market.

LYDECKER: What?

MAN: She got over the perimeter fence and jumped into some kind of vehicle.

LYDECKER (sighs and slams down his clipboard): Find her.

(At the police station Sung and Normal are in an interrogation room)

SUNG: So, what makes you think this girl is the perp?

NORMAL: Well, the female's striking physical resemblance is what initially caught my attention. At first, I didn't want to believe it was her but, uh, you know, the more I thought about it the more I realized it was possible. She has a real bad attitude and quite a temper which she demonstrated this morning as a matter of fact, so . . . I-I just felt it was my civic duty to step forward before she kills again.

SUNG: What if you're wrong? What if she didn't do it?

NORMAL: Well, she walks. No harm, no foul.

SUNG: You know, I'm getting the sense that you are not a man to be taken lightly. Am i right about that, Mr. Ronald? Are you not a man to be taken lightly?

NORMAL: Uh . . . Mmm . . . Yeah. I mean, no. Uh . . . Uh, yeah, I most certainly am . . . not.

SUNG: That's what I thought. That's why I brought you in here. The fact is, Mr. Ronald, if you know this girl and if you can identify her, your life is in great . . . great . . . danger. (Normal snorts dismissively) I'm serious.

NORMAL: Hmm . . .

(In Logan's car, "Valse triste" by Sibelius is playing)

MAX: What are we listening to?

LOGAN: Sibelius.

MAX: It's sad.

LOGAN: Yeah.

(Back at Jam Pony Headquarters, it is party time. Chaos reigns with Sketchy in charge)

SKETCHY: It's anarchy out there, man. I call out runs and they just ignore me. I mean, I never thought I'd say this but, uh, Normal's got it tough back here. Maybe I ain't man enough to fill his shoes.

HERBAL: Um, you got to take comfort in the words of the great Bob Marley: "Me don't swim too tough so me don't go out in water too deep."

SKETCHY: That just didn't help me out at all.

HERBAL: Give I and I a package, man.

SKETCHY: Thanks, man.

HERBAL: Easy.

(Logan drives up to and stops at a cabin.)

LOGAN: Here we are.

(Zack gets out of the car and walks to Logan's window.)

LOGAN: Here you go. (hands Zack the key to the cabin)

ZACK: Thanks for helping out.

LOGAN: I'd wish you good luck, but . . .

(Zack leaves to go inside the cabin, leaving Max and Logan alone in the car.)

LOGAN: He's a fun guy.

MAX: You should see him get his drink on at the X5 reunions.

LOGAN: You're going to be okay?

MAX: Oh, yeah. I'll be better than okay. It's the way I'm made. It's you I'm worried about.

LOGAN: I'll miss you.

MAX: You could always ditch it all and go on the lam with me. Great way to visit exotic places, meet new people.

LOGAN: I'd just slow you down.

MAX: It's okay.

LOGAN: I have to go back. Someone has to watch out for the downtrodden. Blah blah, woof woof, right?

MAX: Right.

LOGAN: Take care of yourself.

MAX: You, too.

(Max gets out of the Aztek and walks away. She stops and comes back to give Logan a long kiss through the car window)

LOGAN: Just go.

(In Logan's apartment, he is staring out the window. It is raining outside)

BLING: I'm making tea. What's your preference?

LOGAN: Belladonna, mandrake . . . Anything in the opium family.

BLING: Might want to think about getting some rest. Got a big day tomorrow.

LOGAN: I can't sleep.

BLING: Miss her, don't you?

LOGAN: It's that obvious, huh?

BLING: Get this surgery behind you maybe you can go raft up with her.

LOGAN: No, it was the right thing to do -- let her go. For a thousand different reasons. And I always do the right thing, right?

(Up at the cabin, Max is also staring out the window into the rain. She walks to the couch and sits down. Zack brings in 2 glasses and a bottle of wine.)

MAX: Thought you'd want to get moving. Bang over the border into Canada before dawn.

ZACK: We've got a secure night's lodgings. Might as well take advantage.

(Zack pours some wine into the two glasses and gives one to Max.)

ZACK: Here's to you finally doing the smart thing and getting out of Seattle.

MAX: Right.

ZACK: I remember the morning of the escape, getting into Cheyenne around 7:00 A.M. The streets were just starting to fill with people -- not soldiers or doctors, just regular people on their way to work. It scared the hell out of me. As far as I was concerned, they were all the enemy and I was completely outnumbered.

MAX: I know the feeling.

ZACK: I climbed up onto the roof of an office building in downtown to lay low just as the sun was coming up. It was my first morning as a free man. The whole world looked different.

MAX: It was like it was in color all of a sudden.

ZACK: I know I've been hard on you, Max, but I'm just trying to keep you safe.

MAX: I know. (Zack reaches out and sweeps a piece of Max's hair off her face.)

ZACK: You're going to miss him, aren't you?

MAX: You think that's stupid.

ZACK: No. A part of me wants the same things -- friends . . . a place where I belong . . . someone to care about.

MAX: Thought it was a sentimental lie.

ZACK: Even I have my moments of weakness.

(Back in the police station interrogation room)

NORMAL: You know, I appreciate your concern for my safety, detective but I've been locked in this room for a very long time and I got to go to the bathroom very, very badly. Very badly.

SUNG: Well, I've got some good news. We've been looking into this suspect and our fears that you were in some danger are unfounded.

NORMAL: Well, better to be safe than sorry. I'll just be running along then.

SUNG: Not so fast. There's another matter we need to discuss, Mr. Ronald.

NORMAL: Another matter?

SUNG: Don't play games with me. You know what I'm talking about. Unpaid speeding tickets from two years ago. They've gone to warrant.

NORMAL: Yeah, there's got to be some mistake because I don't own a car.

SUNG: Well, I don't know what to tell you, Mr. Ronald except that you are under arrest.

NORMAL: Ay-yi . . . Listen, if you think you can squeeze my shoes like some dirtbag skell you're a hump going sideways into a big-time jackpot! But it's your world, detective!

(Normal gets put into a jail cell)

NORMAL: For the love of Mike. (sees a big thug next to him in the cell) Terrific.

(Next morning in Logan's apartment, Bling is looking for Logan.)

BLING: Logan? Oh, my God.

(We see Logan collapsed on the table with a glass knocked over. Bling goes to get some help. At the same moment, Max is startled awake in the cabin. Next, Logan is brought into the hospital on a gurney goes to the hospital)

DR. SAM CARR: What happened?

PARAMEDIC: Found him unconscious at the scene. No sign of head trauma.

CARR: He's tachy. What's his pressure?

PARAMEDIC: BP's 80 and falling.

CARR: Okay, he's got to be bleeding from somewhere. Let's get him to O.R.

(They bring Logan into surgery. At the cabin, Max gets up.)

(Back at the hospital, Logan's cell phone rings. Bling answers the call while watching Logan's surgery through the window)

BLING: Hello.

MAX: Bling? What are you doing with Logan's phone?

BLING: Hey, Max.

MAX: Is he all right? Can I talk to him?

BLING: He can't talk right now.

MAX: What's wrong?

HOSPITAL P.A.: Dr. Clark to E.R.

MAX: Why are you at a hospital? Tell me.

BLING: He's been having some problems lately. He collapsed this morning at home. They're operating on him now.

MAX: What hospital?

BLING: Metro Medical. Listen, Max . . .

(Max puts down the phone and goes out)

ZACK: Where you going?

BLING (on the phone): Max?

(Zack follows Max outside of the cabin)

MAX: I'm going back.

ZACK: No way.

MAX: I need to be there for him.

ZACK: The mission is to get you over the border and into safe territory.

MAX: Yeah, well, I'm changing the mission.

ZACK: Don't be crazy. Lydecker's got the entire city looking for you.

MAX: Out of my way or I go through you. What's it going to be?

ZACK: You going to take me on? Huh, Maxie? Go ahead. (grabs Max by her coat collar) Go ahead. (wraps his arm around Max's neck into a headlock) Get your head in the game, soldier.

(Zack kicks Max down to the ground. Max leaps over him backwards. They fight)

MAX: Think I'm not in the game? (knocks him down) Think again.

ZACK: Okay.

(Max walks away)

ZACK: Do what you want but don't think you're going to make it back out of there. You're throwing away your freedom.

MAX: Consider it a moment of weakness.

(Back at the hospital during Logan's surgery.)

DR. SAM CARR: I need suction. (Blood starts to squirt out) Whoa, we got a bleeder. Clamp. Sponge. Hang another four units of AB-neg.

NURSE: We're already on our last two.

CARR: All right, somebody get on the phone right now to the blood bank. We need more. Clamp. Oh, God.

(Max hitches a ride on a truck, then jumps off it and enters the hospital. She can be seen on the hospital security cameras as she walks through the halls)

(In Logan's hospital room)

NURSE: Blood pressure's still dropping.

CARR: Give him ten of morphine. Keep him comfortable. (Max enters the room) I'm sorry, you can't be in here.

MAX: Is he dying?

CARR: We can't discuss that right here.

MAX: Just tell me. Is he dying?

CARR: He's lost a lot of blood. He won't make it without a transfusion.

MAX: So transfuse him.

CARR: It's not that simple. The blood banks are tapped out. Logan is AB-negative. It's the hardest type to find. I'm sorry. There's nothing we can do.

HOSPITAL P.A.: Paging Dr. Carr. Please dial the operator Dr. Carr.

CARR (to the nurse): Why don't you take a minute? (leaves)

NURSE: I'll be right outside. (leaves)

(Max takes off her jacket and hooks up the tubes to transfer blood)

MAX: Lucky for you I'm a universal donor. People at Manticore figured it'd be handy if their genetically enhanced killing machines could swap blood in a pinch. (The blood starts to transfer) If you die on me, I'll kick your ass.

(Max is feeling weak, so she closes her eyes and lays her head on Logan's chest. She goes into a dream sequence with Sibelius' "Valse Triste" playing in the background. There are little white lights all around in a prom-style room. Max is wearing a gorgeous white gown. Logan is wearing a suit in his wheelchair)

MAX: Dance with me.

LOGAN: I can't.

MAX: Sure, you can. Mind over matter.

LOGAN: See, my problem is I can't walk.

MAX: I'm not asking you to walk. Just dance.

(Logan stands up and pushes his wheelchair back)

LOGAN: Whose dream is this, anyway, yours or mine?

MAX: Don't ask me.

(They dance staring into each other's eyes)

LOGAN: You okay?

MAX: Yeah. Just a little dizzy.

LOGAN: Do you want to stop?

MAX: No. Don't let go.

LOGAN: I won't.

MAX: Promise?

LOGAN: I promise.

MAX: Logan . . .

(They are about to kiss, but the dream sequence comes to a end.)

MAX (mumbles): Don't leave me.

(Footsteps approach and a hospital security guy points a gun to the back of Max's head. There are also several other guards in the room)

SECURITY: Going to need you to stand up very slowly and put your hands in the air.

CARR (comes in): What the hell's going on here? Oh, my God. What are you doing? (takes the needle out of Max's arm)

MAX: Did it work?

(Security is pulling Max away)

NURSE: BP is 110/90.

CARR: What?

MAX: Did it work? Did it work?!

(Security takes Max away)

GUARD: Have a unit standing by.

(Back at Lydecker's Headquarters)

MAN: It's Captain Swanstrom on five. Says it's important.

LYDECKER (on speaker phone): Lydecker . . . What sort of good news? I'll be right over.

(Down at the police station we see a jail cell full of women. Max is in there.)

LYDECKER: What do you got?

CAPT. SWANSTROM: We got your killer.

LYDECKER: Where is she?

SWANSTROM: He's in a holding cell.

LYDECKER: Must be a mistake.

SWANSTROM: It's no mistake. He gave us details from the crime scene and he produced the murder weapon.

LYDECKER: Where is he?

SWANSTROM: This way. Call off the 10-07 on the girl.

(At the women's cell, a police officer is letting the women go.)

OFFICER: Okay, let's go. Everybody out.

MAX: What's going on?

OFFICER: Perp confessed. You're free to go. Let's go.

(Outside police station, a handcuffed Zack is walking with the police. Max watches him sadly. He looks back at her. Detective Sung sees Max.)

RADIO: All units be advised. Shift rotations back to normal.

MANTICORE SOLDIER: If he keeps fighting, hog-tie him. Get going. Aircraft waiting.

SUNG (to Max): Just go.

(Lydecker and another man are sitting in a Manticore Hummer.)

MAN: There's a chopper at the airport standing by to take him back to Manticore.

LYDECKER: Not what we hoped for but not a bad day's catch, either.

MAN: What about the girl? Swanstrom called off the search.

LYDECKER: We've worn out our welcome with the Seattle P.D. Besides, she's long gone. He sacrificed himself for nothing. I thought I'd taught him better.

(Jam Pony Headquarters. Normal walks in)

NORMAL: Hey!

SKETCHY (hugs him): I've never been so glad to see anyone in my life.

NORMAL: Yes, well, I have to say I'm glad to be here myself, actually. Let go of me. Let go of me now. Thank you.

SKETCHY: Um, ok, I did the best I could, but these people are a bunch of slackers, bums and weirdoes.

NORMAL: Right. Tell me about it.

SKETCHY: I don't know how you put up with it, man.

NORMAL: Right. Neither do I. Back to the pit with the rest of the cretins. (hands Sketchy a package) 729 Campbell. Where the fire truck is Max?

(At the hospital in Logan's room, Max is eating his food. Logan wakes up.)

LOGAN: Hi.

MAX: I figured you'd be napping all day so I ate your lunch.

LOGAN: Hospital food -- one thing even the pulse couldn't manage to make worse.

MAX: How are you feeling?

LOGAN: Pretty good, considering. Must be all this supercharged Manticore blood I got in me.

MAX: I still can't believe it . . . That he'd let himself be taken back there on my account.

LOGAN: He cares about you... And I don't mean like a brother.

MAX: I got to get back to work. (gets up, humming Sibelius' "Valse Triste")

LOGAN: That's the music.

MAX: From . . . the car?

LOGAN: Right. From the car.

MAX: You know about what happened . . .

LOGAN: After the car.

MAX: I was real emotional with all that was going on.

LOGAN: I know.

MAX: It's not like . . .

LOGAN: Me, neither.

MAX: I mean . . .

LOGAN: Exactly.

MAX: So long as that's clear.

LOGAN: I'm glad we talked about it.

MAX: Me, too. See ya.

LOGAN: Later.

(Max leaves with the "Valse Triste" music playing in the background. There is a shot of someone putting up a flyer over the WANTED flyers on a post. Everything is back to normal. Max goes back to Jam Pony locker area)

NORMAL: Well, well, well. Look who decided to come in today.

MAX: Don't bust my chops, Normal, or I might snap and kill again.

(The television at Jam Pony)

TV REPORTER: We interrupt this program to bring you news of a fatal air accident in the Cascade Mountains. The helicopter was en route from Seattle airport and was rumored to be carrying a prisoner wanted on a federal warrant. The cause of the accident is under investigation. There is an unconfirmed report of gunfire at the scene of the crash but police say no survivors were found on the doomed aircraft.

(Max sits on top of the Space Needle, reflecting)

MAX: He always said he'd rather die than go back to Manticore. Maybe I'm conning myself or maybe I just know who Zack is and what he's capable of but I can't help feeling that he survived somehow and that he's out there. So, here I am back in this broken city and as long as I'm here he will always know where to find me

DARK ANGEL
Season One, Episode #8: "Out"
First Aired 1/9/2000

(In his apartment, Logan is working on the computer. Gerhardt Bronck's picture is on the computer screen.)

BLING: Don't you think you ought to get going?

LOGAN: Something's not adding up here.

BLING: You can bring down Gerhardt Bronck's evil empire tomorrow. Tonight, you've got a date.

LOGAN: It's not a date.

BLING: She's making you dinner.

LOGAN: Well . . . I gotta figure this thing out so I'm just going to have to cancel.

BLING: At the last minute?

LOGAN (picks up the phone): I have work to do. Max'll understand.

BLING: No, she won't. She's female, in case you hadn't noticed.

LOGAN (puts the phone down): Fine. I'll just reorganize my entire life because some girl wants to cook dinner for me.

BLING: That's kind of how it works. How civilization happened . . . And she's not some girl.

LOGAN: Tell me about it.

(At Kendra and Max's apartment. Max finishes lighting some candles and starts to set the table. Kendra is cooking on the stove.)

KENDRA: And when the water starts to boil, you put the pasta in.

MAX: I hope I can pull this off.

KENDRA: Max, you can do this. I've watched you tear down and rebuild a motorcycle in under two hours.

MAX: Different skill set.

KENDRA: Trust me -- after Logan tastes this tricolore sauce I whipped up, he will be your sex slave.

MAX: We don't have that kind of relationship.

KENDRA: Yet.

MAX: I'm just reciprocating for all the times he's cooked for me.

(Kendra holds up a bottle of virgin olive oil)

KENDRA: Okay, but answer me one question, though: where did you find cold-pressed virgin olive oil from Tuscany in this economy?

MAX: I broke into the Italian embassy.

KENDRA: I'm going to disappear so you can take all the credit here.

(Kendra opens the door to leave and sees Logan on his cell phone)

KENDRA: Hi.

LOGAN (on the phone): Where? When?

KENDRA: Great seeing you. (leaves)

LOGAN (on the phone): Okay. Thanks.

(Logan closes his cell phone and calls out down the hall)

LOGAN: Hey, Kendra.

(Logan enters the apartment)

MAX: Hey. Did you bring the wine?

LOGAN: Yeah. Um . . . listen . . . (gives Max a bottle of wine) That was a contact of mine.

MAX (taking of the wine): Pre-pulse. Nice.

LOGAN: He gave me a tip on that guy Bronck, the one who's ripping off the city's blood supply and moving it out of the country.

MAX: These okay? I don't have any wineglasses.

(Max shows Logan two glasses that don't match to Logan. One glass is blue and the other one is clear)

LOGAN: Yeah, they're fine. But we need to get out to Furrow Airfield to do recon.

MAX: I'll swing out tomorrow after work. Hope you like pasta tricolore.

LOGAN: I love it, but tomorrow's no good because we got to go . . .

(Max uses a corkscrew to open the bottle of wine.)

LOGAN: No! Don't do that.

MAX (hands Logan the bottle): You're right. You should do it. I always break the cork.

LOGAN: No, no. I just mean that it'll go bad if we don't drink it right away.

MAX: Oh. I'm game if you are.

LOGAN: Max! Haven't you heard a word that I've said? We got to do this tonight.

MAX: Okay, I'll put the pasta on.

LOGAN: We got to go, now.

MAX: Now?

LOGAN: Yeah, now! So, you know, get changed or whatever and I'll wait for you downstairs.

(Inside Logan's car)

LOGAN: Part of the reason Bronck's been so hard to pin down is he uses different airstrips every shipment. My contact says the next one's going out of Furrow Airfield tomorrow night. He's moving stolen blood so look for refrigeration equipment.

(Max is staring into space and looks upset)

LOGAN: Max! This is important. There are people in hospitals all over the city who are dying because of what Bronck's doing. I almost died.

MAX: I had your back on that, remember?

LOGAN: Yeah, well, not everybody has a genetically-engineered universal donor looking out for them.

MAX: What kind of security am I going to be running into?

LOGAN: According to my source, next to nothing. Bronck is either trying to keep a low profile or he's so insulated by the cops he doesn't need to worry.

MAX: Let's get this bitch over with. (gets out of the van and slams the door)

(On the air base, Max gets in through an open window. There is a security guard patrolling the area, holding a flashlight. Max goes inside the office. She sees a container of candy and

takes some candy to eat. There are tons of teen magazines, hair accessories, lollipops, and candies on the counter. She then walks around the base carelessly blowing on bubblegum. The guard is nearby so Max steps around a corner to hide)

MAX (pops a bubblegum bubble)

GUARD: Hey! You there!

(Max runs and breaks through a window to get out. Men are shooting at her. Max runs towards the planes. There's a plane moving and Max swings onto the wing. Then she gets off and jumps over the fence into a pile of mud. When she stands up, she is all dirty and her face is splattered with mud. Logan drives up and Max gets in and slams the door. He stares at her)

MAX: Don't even think of speaking to me.

(Opening credits)

(Back at Logan's apartment, Max has showered and is walking around wrapped in a towel)

MAX: You said there'd hardly be any security.

LOGAN: My guy screwed up.

MAX: No kidding.

LOGAN: Did you see any refrigeration equipment?

MAX (wrings the water out of her clothes): No.

LOGAN: Judging from the firepower we saw out there, Bronck's smuggling more than just medical supplies. The guy's got his fingers everywhere -- gunrunning, racketeering, prostitution. Anything could have been on that plane.

MAX: Great. I risk my life, and I don't even know what for.

LOGAN: My intelligence wasn't accurate. It won't happen again.

MAX: Damn straight it won't. 'Cause I'm done.

LOGAN: What do you mean, done? This guy's up to something very bad, Max. I can feel it.

MAX: Not my problem.

LOGAN: That's a pretty selfish way of looking at things.

MAX: Yeah, well, we can't all be obsessed with saving the freakin' world.

LOGAN: I'm not obsessed.

MAX: It's all you think about. All you *ever* talk about.

LOGAN: At least I care about other people.

MAX: You care about strangers anyway.

LOGAN: What about our quid pro quo? You still want me to look into the Manticore stuff?

MAX: Don't bother. Looking for those kids has gotten me nothing but trouble.

LOGAN: You can't let go of Manticore any more than I can let go of Eyes Only. It's who we are.

MAX: If you think that you were put on this earth to be the world's most pissed off TV news reporter and hide behind some silly red, white and blue Halloween mask, then I feel sorry for you.

LOGAN: If you think you were put on this earth to be the world's biggest cynic and hide behind some tough-ass attitude, then I feel sorry for you.

MAX: You know what, Logan? How about a new quid pro quo? Don't call me; I won't call you.

(Max leaves with her clothes in hand)

(At Jam Pony Headquarters, Normal is flossing is teeth at the front desk)

SKETCHY: What is up with Normal this morning? He's flossing, literally.

HERBAL: Something strange is going on. He smells like lilacs.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I heard him tell Peabo he was splitting from work early.

SKETCHY: Normal's leaving work early? Now, there's a first.

MAX: Why is it guys are all so task-oriented? I mean, it's work, work, work, work, work.

SKETCHY: 'Cause otherwise, all we'd think about is sex, sex, sex, sex, sex. Maybe Normal's got a date.

ORIGINAL CINDY: That's just a bizarre thought -- Normal getting busy with someone.

(They all take a look at Normal who is busy grooming himself)

HERBAL: Do we really think he has a woman?

SKETCHY: There's something going on.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Max, let's go check it out.

MAX: All right.

(Max and Original Cindy go up to Normal's desk.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: You look nice today.

NORMAL: Ahh, thank you.

MAX: Going to a funeral?

NORMAL: No.

MAX (sniffs) Lilac.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Mmm. So how come you're all macked out like a playa playa?

NORMAL: The reason it's called a personal life is 'cause it's personal. (hands a package to Max)

NORMAL: Here. Hot run, 930 Iliff. Beat it. Away you go.

BOTH MAX AND ORIGINAL CINDY TOGETHER: Booty call.

(At the park Detective Matt Sung is handing pictures of Bronck to Logan)

SUNG: It's Gerhardt Bronck and one of his operatives. Bronck's street muscle collecting protection money which is being laundered through this place.

LOGAN: Pretty pictures. But Eyes Only is not going to move on this unless we give him some supporting documentation.

SUNG: It's all there.

LOGAN: Where'd you get this?

SUNG: One of my sources in the D.A.'s office. They dropped the case -- lack of evidence, supposedly.

LOGAN: Smells like a buy off.

SUNG: Have you figured out what Bronck's smuggling out of the country?

LOGAN: Not yet, but there's enough here for Eyes Only to amp up the pressure on him publicly and embarrass him. People start paying attention, maybe he makes a mistake.

SUNG: What did you find out last night at the airstrip?

LOGAN: When some girls don't eat dinner they get real cranky.

(At the girls' apartment, Kendra and Max are having tea)

MAX: Men. They just don't have the mental or emotional capacity to make a real connection.

KENDRA: You're better off kicking it with some gorgeous slow-witted stud who you can send on his way.

MAX: I'm swearing off the whole gender.

KENDRA: I tried that. You will so hate your life.

(Kendra grabs the address Rollodex and flips through it)

KENDRA: There is Sosh. He's a student -- too smart. Haj is cute, but he's a computer analyst. Sven. Big Norwegian hauls nets on an Alaskan fishing rig. On shore leave for two, maybe three more days tops. Six foot four, eyes like the ocean.

MAX: Thanks but no thanks. See you at Crash tonight?

KENDRA: I'll be there.

(Max leaves. Kendra looks at Sven's card and picks up the phone)

(At Logan's apartment, Bling is doing physiotherapy with Logan. He is lifting Logan's leg.)

BLING: . . . seven . . . eight . . . nine . . . Come on, you can do it. . . ten.

LOGAN: Ah!

BLING: Rest a couple of minutes then we'll finish.

LOGAN: No. I'm done.

BLING: Two more sets.

LOGAN: I said I'm done.

BLING: Want to tell me what's going on with you today?

LOGAN: Same thing that's going on with me every day. Reps and more reps and pep talks about patience and mind over matter, and I'm sick of it.

BLING: What, you and Max have a spat? Now you're feeling sorry for yourself?

LOGAN: Max has nothing to do with it. My legs don't work and that's never going to change.

BLING: If I ever hear you talk like that again I will beat on your skinny ass, wheelchair or no wheelchair. You understand? Let's go again.

(Bling starts lifting Logan's leg again)

BLING: One . . . two . . .

(Mellow jazz is playing in a restaurant where Normal is waiting for his date)

WAITER JORGE: Mr. Ronald. So happy to see you. (Jorge goes to take away the second set of table settings)

NORMAL: Hold the phone, Jorge.

JORGE: You do not dine alone tonight?

NORMAL: No, I do not dine alone.

JORGE: A lady, perhaps?

NORMAL: I'll say. (A blond women walks up to the table) Hi, Louise.

LOUISE: Have you been waiting long?

(Normal gives Louise a kiss on the cheek)

NORMAL: Only a lifetime.

(Normal helps Louise with her chair)

LOUISE: This place is so interesting.

NORMAL: It's an old haunt. I met Jorge when I was doing my Ph.D. at Harvard. He ran a bistro in the square back then. But, well, we all have our tales of woe.

LOUISE: You have a Ph.D.?

NORMAL: Yes, several.

LOUISE: You really are a remarkable man, Reagan.

NORMAL: Please call me Ray. But enough about me. I want to hear your story. The first two acts left me wanting so much more.

LOUISE: Not much else to tell, really. Just a girl from the Midwest trying to get by in a broken world.

NORMAL: And doing so with style and grace.

LOUISE: You're sweet.

(Jorge brings two wineglasses and pours some wine into them)

JORGE: Jorge's best. For Mr. Ronald . . . and his beautiful . . .

NORMAL: Thank you.

JORGE: . . . lady friend.

NORMAL: Thank you.

JORGE: Enjoy.

BOTH LOUISE AND NORMAL: Thank you.

(Normal raises his glass for a toast)

NORMAL: To our second date.

(Moments later, now Louise and Normal are dancing.)

NORMAL: I got to tell you when I first saw you at that sector checkpoint I didn't think a guy like me could be a dog walker for a gal like you.

LOUISE: Stop. I can't believe a man like you is unattached.

NORMAL: I've been waiting for a long time for the right someone to come along.

(Louise and Normal kiss)

(At Crash, Max is talking to Original Cindy)

MAX: I don't understand these women who need a man to make themselves feel complete.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Put the bullet right here.

(Kendra shows up with two guys)

KENDRA: Surprise, surprise. Max, this is Sven.

SVEN: Hello, Mac.

MAX: Hi.

KENDRA: Sometimes a tight six-pack and a good set of shoulders helps take the edge off.

(Eyes Only comes on the TV screen at Crash)

EYES ONLY: Do not attempt to adjust your set. This is a streaming freedom video bulletin. . .

MAX: Actually, I'm not really into partying right now. (leaves)

EYES ONLY: ...cannot be traced. It cannot be stopped. . .

SVEN: Bye, Mac.

EYES ONLY: and it is the only free voice left in this city. There is a cancer spreading through the northwest and its name is Gerhardt Bronck.

(We now see Logan in his apartment making this broadcast)

LOGAN (as Eyes Only): You've seen his picture in the newspaper. Heard him described as a businessman -- a philanthropist even. Make no mistake, he is a thug whose crime machine preys on the citizens of this community. What you are about to see is just the tip of the iceberg.

(At Bronck's headquarters where Bronck and his men are watching Eyes Only on TV)

KIDNIE KK (BRONCK HENCHMEN 1): That is not good -- him jamming us up like that on television.

BRONCK: This is exactly what we wanted to happen.

KIDNIE KK: What if the DA sees it and comes after us?

BRONCK: The DA doesn't unzip his fly without checking with me.

KIDNIE KK: Still, bad publicity.

BRONCK: Who gives a rat's ass as long as it gives us Eyes Only? So which of these three cops we've set up thinks he's a Boy Scout?

DARCY LAURIE DNARDIS (BRONCK HENCHMEN 2): The Korean guy, Matt Sung. You want us to pick him up?

BRONCK: No. He's got to be communicating with Eyes Only through an intermediary. I want you to feed this wink something else on me. Then we watch him. See who he shares the birthday cake with and then we squeeze the living crap out of him until he gives us his boss. So that was Eyes Only, over and out. (shuts off the TV)

(Jam Pony Headquarters. Jorge comes in with Louise's purse)

NORMAL: Jorge!

JORGE: Your young lady friend left her purse last night.

NORMAL: That's so sweet. You didn't have to come all the way over here. I could have sent one of my kids.

JORGE: For an old friend, good customer and his beautiful female companion -- no problem.

NORMAL: Oh, thank you, amigo. Very sweet. All right, we'll see you tonight, okay? 7:00, regular table.

JORGE: Adios.

NORMAL: Adios.

(In the locker area of Jam Pony)

MAX (to Sketchy): I mean, you never hear women talking about leaving a legacy or worrying about their place in history. What's that about? It's like your entire gender think they're on some mission.

ORIGINAL CINDY: It is hurting on my brain, trying to figure out who on earth would go out with Normal.

SKETCHY: There's a lot of freaks out there. So, who's coming with me on this run? Well, come on, guys. Clemson Street is deep in Rydin' Forties turf.

MAX: So?

SKETCHY: So there's permanent gang wars going on down there. Please?

MAX: You are *such* a wuss. Let's go.

(Normal gives a package to Original Cindy.)

NORMAL: I have a run -- 4711 Kings Road.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I'm on break.

NORMAL: Whenever you get a chance.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You okay?

NORMAL: It's a personal run, so be nice.

(Max and Sketchy are riding on their bikes through Rydin' Forties turf.)

SKETCHY: In defense of my gender, women come into the world with a mission, which is to make offspring. Men have to find a mission, create things. Um, space travel. Space travel, the carbureted bong. I personally know this guy who figured out a way to breathe through his anus by threading ordinary aquarium tubing inside his colon . . .

MAX: You know what? I am beginning to think that Normal's right -- you are an idiot.

(Max and Sketchy get off their bikes and knocks on a door. No one answers)

MAX: Come on. What's the number on this thing?

SKETCHY: It's 7657380423611.

MAX: Okay. I'll call.

(The door opens)

GUY: What y'all want?

SKETCHY: Um, a package for Tacoma Bleed. Are you Mr. Bleed? It's a return-receipt request. I need a signature.

(Max and Sketchy go inside)

GUY: Yo, Bleed, a package.

SKETCHY: Need a signature, yo.

(Tacoma Bleed signs the form)

SKETCHY: Thanks.

(Max and Sketchy start to leave. Tacoma Bleed opens the box and finds a finger with a ring inside)

TACOMA BLEED: Hold up.

SKETCHY: Is that a finger?

TACOMA BLEED: Who sent this?

MAX: It was a pickup on the East Side.

GUY: Blunt Ryddin' Kidz turf.

TACOMA BLEED: They got Li'l Throttle 'cause that's his ice. We got to go to war, dog.

MAX: Don't kill the messenger. We're just trying to get paid.

TACOMA BLEED: Check this out. You and Gilligan better get on up out of here 'cause starting right now anybody ain't claiming the same set as me is going down quick . . . and wet.

MAX: Great -- another man on a mission.

TACOMA BLEED: Yeah, right.

MAX (to Sketchy): Let's bounce. (They leave)

(At Logan's apartment, the phone rings)

LOGAN: Hello.

SUNG (on a payphone): Hey, Logan.

LOGAN: Hey, Matt. Your contact turn up anything else?

SUNG: I think your guy will be pleased.

LOGAN: Okay. Meet you in the park in an hour.

SUNG: All right.

(At Crash)

MAX: Sketchy, how did you manage to escape from being a male obsessed with his career?

SKETCHY: Hey, just because at present I happen to be stuck in a dead-end job with no prospects doesn't mean I don't have larger ambitions. I'd like to run my own business someday, you know. Something like Power Nipple.

ORIGINAL CINDY (sits down): 911, 'cause Mommy's got the 411 on Normal's shortie.

MAX: Do tell.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Okay. So, Original Cindy's en route to sister girl's crib to deliver her purse, aight? Then I think to myself "What kind of female forgets her purse?" I wrestle my conscience for a minute. Then I decide to take a peek.

MAX: You went into her purse?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Hell, yeah! You want to know everything about a female, where do you look?

SKETCHY: That's like invasion of privacy.

MAX: Crossing the line, if you ask me.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You want to know what I found out or what?

MAX: Spill it.

SKETCHY: Immediately.

ORIGINAL CINDY: So, Original Cindy finds a prescription made out for Louise Klein for Premarin.

SKETCHY: What's that?

MAX: Estrogen, basically. Yeah? So?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Then Original Cindy finds Louise Klein's driver's license. Only it says that Louise Klein is *Louis* Klein.

SKETCHY: You mean, like a typo.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I mean, like a former male.

SKETCHY: Normal's chick is a dude?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Was a dude.

MAX: Come on. Maybe she's got a brother or something.

ORIGINAL CINDY: No, girl. The part of King's Road where she lives is very gender-friendly. It's where all the mista sistas reside. The lesbian mind could get seriously tampered with in that neighborhood.

SKETCHY: This and a human finger all in the same day. It's deep.

MAX: For real.

ORIGINAL CINDY: For real, for sure. Louise comes to the door wearing a towel right out of the shower. I'm clocking her for nose hair, Adam's apple, miscellaneous male debris but the bitch is fine. Even got back.

SKETCHY: Do we think Normal knows?

MAX: Oh, he's going to find out.

SKETCHY: Which will be the entertainment spectacular of a lifetime.

(They all laugh at the thought)

(Matt Sung and Logan are meeting in the park at night.)

SUNG: This is documented proof that the DA's on Bronck's payroll.

LOGAN: Right.

(Bling is watching from a distance inside a van)

SUNG: You give that to Eyes Only, he ought to be able to put Bronck away for good.

LOGAN: Thanks. Yeah, that's great, Matt. Thank you.

SUNG: What? You okay?

LOGAN: Yeah. You've known me a while. Would you describe me as obsessed?

(Kidnie KK and Darcy come up. Kidnie KK points a gun at Det. Sung)

KIDNIE KK: Let's take a ride.

(A van drives up to them and two more of Bronck's henchmen get out to take Det. Sung and Logan away)

LOGAN: Get off me! Bling! Bling!

(Bling sees this happening and gets out of his van to chase after Bronck's men, but they're too fast and their van drives off)

BLING: Hey!

(Outside Crash)

MAN: Get the door. Okay, girls, here we go. Come on. Grab a seat. Make yourself comfortable. You shouldn't be on the streets after 9:00. Sit back there. There's a curfew. Take a seat. Everything's going to be fine. Hey!

(Max is coming out of Crash. She sees two guys dressed like the police herding girls into a van. With her enhanced vision, Max zooms in to see what's happening. She flashes back to the other night on the air base and remembers two guys from the air base. Now those two guys are dressed in police uniforms. Max sees that the girls are scared inside the van, pounding on the windows. She flashes back to the air base office where she found all the magazines and candies. She also remembers the plane taking off. Now, the van full of girls drives off. Max goes to the nearby payphone)

(In Logan's apartment, the phone rings)

LOGAN (on answering machine): No one's around. Leave a message.

MAX (on phone): Logan, it's me. I think I know what Bronck's up to. He's got some cops on his payroll. They're picking up kids off the street . . .

BLING (picks up the phone): Max.

MAX: Let me talk to Logan.

BLING: I can't. Bronck's got him.

(Max hangs up the phone and races to Logan's on her motorcycle)

(Back at one of Bronck's air base. Bronck is looking through Logan's wallet. Det. Sung and Logan are tied up in chairs)

BRONCK: No I.D. What's that, an Eyes Only thing?

LOGAN: The boss is a privacy nut.

BRONCK: What's he got against me, plastering my face all over the TV? My mother is starting to worry.

LOGAN: She should. It's dangerous being a bad guy.

BRONCK: Oh, no. It's much more dangerous being the good guy. Which your boss is about to find out. Tell me who he is.

LOGAN: I wish I could help you but I've never met the man.

(Bronck slaps Logan across the face)

LOGAN: I was wondering when we were going to get to the hitting part.

BRONCK: As much as I would like to smack you around until you tell me what I want to know I just don't have a lot of time. Let's just cut to the chase, shall we?

(We see Matt unconscious in his chair. One of Bronck's henchmen rubs two spark plugs together, then hook the spark plugs up to Sung)

BRONCK: Tell me who he is.

HENCHMAN: All set.

LOGAN: Let him go.

(A henchman turns the electricity on)

LOGAN: Stop it.

BRONCK: Who is Eyes Only?

LOGAN: Please stop it.

BRONCK: Tell me.

LOGAN: All right, I'll tell you. (louder) I'll tell you!

(Bronck tells the henchmen to stop and we see that Sung's hair is fried and blood is dripping down his face)

BRONCK: Who is Eyes Only? Who is Eyes Only?

LOGAN: I am. I'm Eyes Only.

(Back at Jorge's restaurant)

NORMAL: Did you get your purse okay?

LOUISE: Yes. Thanks. Ray, there's something you need to know about me.

NORMAL: Louise . . .

LOUISE: Let me say it.

NORMAL: You don't need to say it. I know.

LOUISE: You know? What?

NORMAL: That you're, uh . . . someone, um . . . How do I put it? Uh, who's had some after-market work done. That is to say, you've undergone a fairly substantial . . . retrofit.

LOUISE: So you know I used to be a guy. How did you find out?

NORMAL: Louise, you may have noticed I am a keenly intuitive, highly observant person.

LOUISE: You went through my purse.

NORMAL: Yes. My impulse to unravel the mystery that is you overwhelmed my deep reference for private property. I'm sorry. I just -- You know, I thought about this long and hard and I . . . I realize it doesn't matter. You know, it's 2020, I'm a modern man and you're a . . . you know, newly minted babe. You're as sexy as all get out.

LOUISE: It means a lot to me that you understand and accept me for who I am.

NORMAL: Vive la difference.

LOUISE: But that's not what I was going to tell you.

NORMAL: It's not?

LOUISE: I've realized something about myself these past few days that we've spent together that's going to change things between us.

NORMAL: You know, I've thought about this long and hard and I'm telling you, there is absolutely nothing you can say that would change my feelings about you.

LOUISE: I'm gay.

NORMAL: In what sense?

LOUISE: I'm a lesbian, Ray.

NORMAL: Oh, for the love of Mike.

(In Logan's apartment, Bling is on Logan's computer opening up the Eyes Only files)

MAX: Bling!

BLING: In here.

MAX (walks in): What happened?

BLING: He had a meet with Sung. Bronck grabbed him. I tried to get to him, but . . .

MAX: What are you doing?

BLING: When Logan let me in on Eyes Only, he made me promise that if anything ever happened to him I'd protect the informant net by making sure the files didn't fall into the wrong hands. Lot of hard work -- gone. (goes to delete the files)

MAX (stops him): Which he's so going to regret when he gets back.

BLING: Max, he may not be coming back.

MAX: Yes, he is, and that scumbag Bronck is going down hard. Now, he gave you the codes and the passwords, right?

(Max takes over the keyboard)

BLING: Yeah. What are you going to do?

MAX: What I always do -- make it up as I go along.

(Back on the air base, Bronck slaps Logan across the face.)

BRONCK: Say it, like you do on TV. "Do not attempt . . . (slaps Logan's face). . . to adjust your set." (slaps Logan again) Oh, dear, it looks like we're going to have to refry Detective Wonton.

LOGAN: Do not attempt to adjust your set. This is a Streaming Freedom video. It cannot be traced, it cannot be stopped and it is the only free voice left in the city.

BRONCK: It is him.

KIDNIE KK: The plane will be here in 15 minutes.

DARCY: We took a nice little sampler for our friends overseas. Something for every taste.

BRONCK: Load them up when the plane gets here.

LOGAN: What are you up to, Bronck?

BRONCK: I thought you had all the dirt on me.

LOGAN: Well, there's just so much of it, it's hard to keep up.

BRONCK: You are going to give me everything that you have on my operation. In fact, you're going to give me everything you have, period. You have the goods on a lot of people that could come in handy for someone in my line of work.

LOGAN: I've got nothing to give up, not anymore. My people are under orders to destroy the informant net if anything should happen to me.

BRONCK: Am I supposed to believe that?

LOGAN: It's the truth. (Bronck takes out a gun) I can't give you what I don't have. (Bronck points the gun to Det. Sung's head.) I'm telling you the truth!

BRONCK: Sayonora.

LOGAN: No!

(Eyes Only comes on the TV screen)

EYES ONLY: Do not attempt to adjust your set. This is a Streaming Freedom video bulletin. The cable hack will last exactly 60 seconds. It cannot be traced, it cannot be stopped and it is the only free voice left in this city.

MAX (as Eyes Only): This is Eyes Only speaking to Gerhardt Bronck. You are holding two of my operatives, Mr. Bronck. I want them back. You will be contacted.

(Bronck kicks the TV down as the phone rings)

LOGAN: That's my phone. I'm guessing it's for you.

BRONCK: Shut these two up. Trace the call. I'm going to nail this bastard once and for all.

(A henchman puts black tape over Logan's mouth)

BRONCK (answers the phone): Yes?

MAX (as Eyes Only): This is Eyes Only.

BRONCK: That's odd. I have someone here who claims that he's Eyes Only.

MAX: It's what my operatives are trained to do -- to protect the informant net.

BRONCK: Are they trained to do impressions as well?

MAX: I want my operatives, Bronck.

BRONCK: And I want you off my back. Turn over everything you have on me and call off your hounds and I'll think about releasing your friends.

MAX: Not good enough. My cable hacks are making it tough for you to do business. You want them to stop, it's going to cost you a hundred large.

BRONCK: I said I have your friends here.

MAX: And I've got enough on you to put you away for life.

BRONCK: Are you trying to shake me down?

MAX: I'm looking to cut a deal.

BRONCK: So, Eyes Only is a player.

(Bling writes: "THEY'RE TRACING CALL" on a notepad and shows it to Max. Max starts typing to redirect the trace)

MAX: I prefer to think of myself as a businessman, like you.

BRONCK: What about your whole "make the world a better place" rap?

MAX: Doesn't pay the bills. So do we have a deal?

HENCHMAN: Got an address.

BRONCK: Let me consider it.

MAX: You've got 20 minutes. (ends the call)

BLING: Hope you know what you're doing.

MAX: So do I.

BRONCK: Get the files. Torch the place. And before you kill him make sure you gouge his eyes out.

(Logan's apartment. Max is playing back the recording she had made of the phone call)

BRONCK (on tape): I said I have your friends here.

MAX (as Eyes Only on tape): I've got enough on you to put you away for the rest of your life.

MAX: Did you hear that?

BLING: Sounds like an airplane engine in the background.

MAX: These guys are rotating their operation through a network of abandoned airstrips. Question is, which one?

(Bronck's henchmen inside a van)

HENCHMAN: Let's go.

(Back in Logan's apartment, Max is still playing the tape over again. The front door rattles and Bling goes out to check it out. He walks towards the door with a gun and opens the door to find Mrs. Moreno)

MRS. MORENO: Bling! What are you doing in my apartment?

BLING: You're on the wrong floor, Mrs. Moreno.

(Max calls up Tacoma Bleed on the speakerphone.)

TACOMA BLEED: Yeah . . .

MAX: Yo, Bleed.

TACOMA BLEED: Who is this?

MAX: Word. Bad guys with guns got sent to your place to kill people. Just giving you the heads up.

TACOMA BLEED: Is that right? Good lookin' out.

(At Tacoma Bleed's place, Bronck's henchmen come in with guns. Tacoma Bleed and his crew point guns towards them)

HENCHMAN: This 134 Clemson?

(Max hangs up the phone and continues to listen to the recording. She hears a distant horn sounding)

BLING: Sounds like a foghorn.

MAX: Could be Warton Airfield, out by the harbor.

(Max drives to Warton Airfield on her bike)

(Inside the air base)

BRONCK: What the hell is going on? They should've checked in by now.

(Max is inside on the upper level looking down)

KIDNIE KK: We are ready to roll.

BRONCK: The money is on the plane. I'll meet you out there. Shoot them!

(Max swings from a chain and knocks down the two gunmen. She kicks Kidnie KK down. Darcy fires at her and follows after. Bronck leaves)

(Outside on the airfield, Bronck is boarding a plane)

BRONCK: This is the last shipment. It was nice doing business with you boys.

(Back inside, Max knocks Darcy down and releases Logan and Sung)

MAX (to Logan): I've got to stop the plane.

(Outside by the plane)

HENCHMAN: Aren't you forgetting something? Our money?

(Max goes outside. Bronck shoots the two henchmen and gets in the plane)

BRONCK: Okay! Let's go!

(Max runs after the plane and jumps in)

BRONCK: Do you have a boarding pass?

(Bronck points a gun at Max. Max fights Bronck and kicks him out of the plane)

MAX (knocks out the pilot and brings the plane to a stop): Turbulence. (She goes to the back and finds the sobbing girls) It's going to be okay.

(Jam Pony Headquarters)

NORMAL: Hot run -- 95 Round Hill Road.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Speaking of hot runs . . . was that your sugar I delivered to on Kings Road yesterday?

NORMAL: I said it's a hot run. Now, beat it.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Come on, talk to me, Normal. Original Cindy understands the human heart.

NORMAL: Well, we had a moment . . . or so I thought, and, uh . . . it passed.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You liked her, huh?

NORMAL: Yeah.

ORIGINAL CINDY: What happened, if I'm not out of line asking?

NORMAL: Oh, it's just different interests, you know. I enjoy the company of women, and apparently, so does she.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I feel you.

NORMAL: Actually, she asked me to, uh . . . give you her number. She found you "alluring" . . . I think was the word. (gives Original Cindy a slip of paper with Louise's number on it)

ORIGINAL CINDY: This bitch is getting you to pimp for her?

NORMAL: I am in the messenger business.

ORIGINAL CINDY: The right one's out there for you somewhere, Normal.

NORMAL: Yeah. Well, I shouldn't be pouring out my heart on company time. You better get going.

SKETCHY (runs up to Cindy): So?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Damn. Normal just gave me that half-a-heffa's phone number.

SKETCHY: Well, you going to call her?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Uh uh. 'Cause when you get right down to it Original Cindy's just too damn straight to kick it with a science fiction girlfriend.

(Original Cindy throws the piece of paper down and walks away. Sketchy picks it up.)

(Logan's apartment)

MAX: You were right about Bronck.

LOGAN: Great place, America. Kid's walking home from school. Next thing she knows she belongs to the highest bidder, working in a brothel on the other side of the world someplace and Bronck's been making a killing every planeload.

MAX: And I almost let him get away with it.

LOGAN: The bottom line is he's out of business. You did good.

MAX: I just wish I could've done something about those kids on the plane that other night.

LOGAN: Got a lead they're being held by a middleman in L.A. Got some people on it.

MAX: So, did I finally get my Eyes Only secret decoder ring?

LOGAN: Listen . . . I'm sorry . . . about the other night. I, uh. . . I guess I have been a little too focused on my mission. I don't know, maybe Eyes Only has been a way of not having to, uh . . . think about the less . . . pleasant aspects of my life. Maybe it is a Halloween mask I've been hiding behind.

MAX: You don't have to. Not from me.

LOGAN: I've got everything we need to whip up a pasta tricolore.

MAX: I can boil the water.

LOGAN: You can?

MAX: Mm-hmm.

(phone rings)

LOGAN (on the phone): Yeah. Word on the net is he's a weapons dealer? Okay, this is definitely something Eyes Only's going to have to get into. Really? When? Tonight? No, I can't. I'll have to call you tomorrow. Yeah. Bye.

(Logan hangs up the phone)

MAX: Don't hold up the war on my account.

LOGAN: The world will still be broken in the morning.

(Logan and Max both smile at each other)

DARK ANGEL
Season One, Episode #9: "Red"
First Aired 1/16/2000

(Max and Kendra are at power grid in hallway of their apartment building)

MAX: Just like I thought -- it's that idiot in 12B. Where does he get off thinking he can jack our power on bath night?

KENDRA: Says he needs it for his space heater so his cannabis crop doesn't die.

MAX (removes the power cables and replaces them): Tough. I'm gonna have a hot bath. His weed's gonna have to chill. I mean, we stole the power first -- it belongs to us.

KENDRA: Totally.

(In their kitchen, Max is boiling many pots of water for the bath)

MAX: You got another date with Mr. Multiples?

KENDRA: "Date" might not be the most exact term. You think "date", you think of getting dressed up, going somewhere, some wine, a movie . . . and then -- badda bing.

MAX: Yeah, and?

KENDRA: Our evening starts off naked 'cause all we do is get busy . . . all night . . . without pause.

MAX: You can't bang the gong for twelve hours.

KENDRA: You can, Max. You so can.

MAX: Well, that's not been my experience. I mean, men always have to stop and talk. They need to hear what a good job they're doing or whatever. And then they do this weird cuddle thing.

KENDRA: Not all men.

MAX: I gotta meet this guy.

KENDRA: Oh, you've met him.

MAX: Really? Who?

KENDRA: I'm not letting you near him.

(The phone rings while Max is in bathtub)

MAX: This better be global.

LOGAN: Max.

MAX: Hey.

LOGAN: I found out where the witness is being held. 355 Montgomery, between Fifth and Sixth.

MAX: You got it.

LOGAN: My source confirmed the hit's going down today, so you've gotta get over there.

MAX: I'm preparing myself mentally for the task at hand.

LOGAN: Where are you?

MAX: I was in heaven but you're bringing me right back down to earth with this whole "urgent tone" thing.

LOGAN: Are you -- taking a bath?

MAX: Damn straight, and it took me an hour to boil twenty pots of water to fill this tub. Now I'm going to enjoy it.

LOGAN: Rescuing this witness and keeping him alive to testify tomorrow is the only chance we have of bringing down Mayor Steckler once and for all.

MAX: I know.

LOGAN: And I don't trust Witness Protection to protect him.

MAX: I got it covered, Logan. Believe me, nothing's going down for at least another hour. It's not even dark yet. (Hangs up on him) This guy needs to relax.

(Max rides her motorcycle to the building Logan told her about. She sees two men with guns preparing to break into the building)

MAX: Right on schedule.

(She bursts through the door into the living room on her bike. Just as the goons come in shooting, she grabs a guy lying on the couch, puts him behind her on the bike, and rides out)

MAX: You all right?

GUY: You interrupted a dream I was having about some twins from Portland, the ba-bing sisters.

(The voice triggers a flashback to Max's encounters with Bruno at Sonrisa's and the motel.)

MAX (stops the bike): Bruno?! I thought you were dead!

BRUNO: I thought you were dead.

MAX: Sorry to disappoint.

(He tightens his grip around her waist)

MAX: Oh, great. Now I need another bath.

(Opening credits)

(Max walks into Logan's apartment with Bruno blindfolded)

MAX: Meet the courageous citizen whose life we just saved.

BRUNO: I would just like to go on record as saying that I'm unhappy with the treatment I'm receiving currently.

MAX (shoves him into a chair): Say hi to Bruno Anselmo.

LOGAN: I thought you were dead.

BRUNO: Yeah, well, I got shot up pretty bad taking out Sonrisa, thanks to chickie here, but uh . . . you know, I pulled through.

MAX: Shame.

BRUNO: Hey! You tricked me into killing the best boss I ever had. You know, I was making a good living, breaking legs. The next day I wake up in the hospital. I'm surrounded by cops telling me that if I don't turn into a snitch I'm a dead man.

LOGAN: So you agreed to testify, and they gave you an early burial so no one would come after you.

BRUNO: Yeah. Well, why don't you two tell me how you figure into this?

LOGAN: I got a tip that the chief witness in the murder case against Mayor Steckler -- you, as it turns out -- was gonna get greased. We didn't want that to happen.

MAX: Speak for yourself.

LOGAN: Now I want you nice and healthy, so you can tell the Commission about how Steckler conspired with your boss to keep Cortodiazopine from the dying vets who needed it. How a hundred and forty-nine people died because of his greed.

MAX: Wait a minute -- this is about Sonrisa? Didn't we do this like months ago?

LOGAN: We didn't finish the job.

BRUNO: But I got enough on Steckler to put him away for a few centuries.

LOGAN: Well, that's assuming we can keep you alive.

MAX (in Logan's ear): Logan, you can't seriously be asking me to babysit this dirtbag!

LOGAN: He's the one who put me in this chair. If I can wrap my head around it, so can you.

BRUNO: What chair?

MAX: Take a look at the fruits of your labor. (Removes the blindfold) You might have an easier time recognizing him through the scope of a grenade launcher.

BRUNO: Oh. Yeah, now I remember. I did this?

LOGAN: Yeah.

BRUNO: Sorry . . . It was nothing personal at all . . . Coulda been worse, right? (No reaction from Logan) You got a nice pad here. I appreciate you letting me crash here.

LOGAN: I got a safe house for you out in the suburbs.

MAX: Logan, I'm begging you to let me turn this hump over to the people who wanna grease him.

LOGAN: Twenty-four hours, Max. Let him tell his story, and then he can crawl back under the rock he came from. (Holds out an envelope) Some spending money. Play nice.

(In the hallway of the safe house)

BRUNO: So from what I remember, you can hold your breath for quite a long time. You know, guys pay a lot of money for that. And settin' me up against Sonrisa -- I forgive that.

MAX: I'll sleep better now.

BRUNO: And I thank you for saving my life back there.

MAX: Don't rub it in.

BRUNO: So, um . . . you and this, uh, Logan character, um . . . you working together, or uh . .

MAX: Bruno, how about you and me take a vow of silence for the next twenty-four hours, hmm? (Opens the door to a run-down room)

BRUNO: Oh, no. This -- no. This is not working.

MAX: Excuse me?

BRUNO: Well, do you see a TV, huh? Do you see a stereo? What am I supposed to do for food, huh? I guess you're taking me to a nice restaurant.

MAX: You're staying put.

BRUNO: Oh, no. Not in this dump, I'm not. No sir. (Heads for the door)

MAX: Hey, Bruno. . .

(He turns to see her holding up a pair of handcuffs)

BRUNO: Ohhh. Oh yes, I should've figured you for a little kinkster. (Walks toward her, grinning) Yeah, I'm game. Two people alone in a room for people just passing though. It's me, it's you, looking hotter than you've ever looked. It's like d'ja freakin' vu, isn't it? (She yanks his

arm, putting him on the couch and handcuffing him to a nearby radiator) Ow! Oh, that's not a turn-on. No, no, ow! What'd you do that for?

MAX: Let me connect the dots for you. There are people out there that want you dead. Logan wants to keep you alive. I myself am on the fence, but I'm gonna make sure nothing irrevocable happens to you until you walk out of that hearing. That means that you are going to stay here even if the accommodations aren't to your liking.

BRUNO: You know you're different, right? You're not like other girls.

MAX: What do you want on your pizza?

BRUNO: The works. But I'm a vegetarian, so I don't want sausage and I don't want pepperoni, and I don't want cheese 'cause I don't do dairy.

(Max gives him a look and starts to leave)

BRUNO: You got a thing for tying up guys, don't you?

MAX: I save it all for you, Bruno.

(Logan is watching the black-and-white video taken from the police Hoverdrone the day he was shot. He keeps rewinding it and watching over and over again)

BLING: Most people watch home videos to remember the good times.

LOGAN: It's like it happened to someone else . . . That is definitely me.

BLING: Do you really need to put yourself through this?

LOGAN: And the shooter was Bruno Anselmo.

BLING: You're a better man than me. (Sits down next to Logan) Sticking your neck out for the man who did this to you.

LOGAN: We have a situation in the here and now. That's all that matters.

BLING: How'd you get this videotape, anyways?

LOGAN: Money. What else have I got?

BLING (taking the remote and shutting off the TV): Man, you gotta scream a little. Or you're going to explode.

LOGAN: And what good would that do?

BLING: It might make you feel better.

LOGAN: For how long? A minute? Five minutes?

BLING: It's a hell of a lot healthier than pretending to be the high-minded benefactor of the man who tried to kill you. A normal person might even entertain the idea of revenge.

LOGAN: To what end? Bruno's a germ. And there are ten thousand more just like him, ready to take his place. What I have to attack is the disease, not the symptom. The disease is Mayor Steckler, and Bruno's gonna bring him down. Now, can I have my remote back, please?

(Bling hands him the remote and walks out of the room. Logan goes back to watching the video)

(Guy in a pay phone)

GUY: We didn't get him . . . They said some girl showed up on a bike outta nowhere and took off with him. I'm gonna take care of it myself. Don't worry, I'll find him. Let's just say he has certain weaknesses.

(In the hotel room, two half-naked women are dancing for Bruno. Max walks in and shuts off their tape player.)

BRUNO: Hey, Maxie! Ladies, say hi to Maxie. Maxie, this is Britannica, and this is Ling-Ling, which is short for something . . .

MAX: Are you a complete idiot or do you just have a death wish?

BRUNO: Huh? They're trusted associates!

MAX: Come on, kids, put your clothes on. Bruno's got school in the morning.

BRUNO: Hey, come on. I can't put my life on hold because I'm doing my civic duty and testifying.

MAX: The reason why they call it a safe house is because nobody's supposed to know where it is! . . . Who forgot their thong? (Ling-Ling comes to claim it)

BRITANNICA: Three hundred.

BRUNO: Well, like the duck said to the working girl, put it on my bill.

LING-LING: Sorry, baby. We gotta have the paper.

BRUNO (to Max): Well, I -- you know, I kind of didn't get my wallet 'cause you grabbed me so fast. Do you mind paying? I'll pay you back. Listen, I'll get you a lap dance if you want. It's my treat.

(Max kicks him and uses some of Logan's money to pay the girls)

BRUNO: Ow! God, don't do that.

BRITANNICA: You and your kinky, kinky lady have a good night.

BRUNO: Oh, I'm sure we will. (They leave)

MAX: We gotta blaze.

BRUNO: You know, you've overreacting.

MAX: It's not safe here. We gotta find new digs.

BRUNO: You wouldn't have to protect me if you had gotten me dead back when you tried.
(She wrenches his arm) Ow! I think there's a lesson in that?

MAX: Yeah-try harder.

BRUNO: Ow!

(At a hotel front desk)

CONCIERGE: May I help you?

MAX: Checking in.

CONCIERGE: Name?

BRUNO: Galt.

MAX (at same time): Stark.

BRUNO: We just got married.

CLERK: Congratulations . . . No, I don't have anything under either name.

BRUNO: Baby! Tell me you remembered to make the reservation.

MAX: I thought you were handling that.

BRUNO (putting his hand on her butt): Well, I didn't marry her for her brains.

(Max squeezes his hand, we hear the sound of bones cracking. She produces a bill for the concierge)

MAX: Can't we just get a room?

CLERK: Let me see what I have available.

(In the hotel hallway)

BRUNO: Too bad the bridal suite's ocupado.

MAX: I'm heartbroken.

BELLHOP: Your room is right this way.

BRUNO: Well, sweetheart, I should carry you over the threshold for good luck.

MAX: You're out of luck!

(Bellhop unlocks the door and they enter a room)

BRUNO: Oh, now, this is some style!

BELLHOP: I'll send your luggage right up.

BRUNO: We don't have any. We're newlyweds. Who needs clothes? Can you tip the young man, honey? (He grabs some extra money from her hands and gives it to the bellhop) Listen, can we get a free bottle of champagne or something?

BELLHOP: I'll see what I can do. (Leaves)

BRUNO (looks around): Ah. This is more like it.

MAX: Last room in the place and one bed. Great.

BRUNO: We're all adults. I think we can share.

MAX: Yeah, right.

BRUNO: You take the middle, I'll take the top.

MAX: You get the floor, pal. (Knocks him out) Honeymoon's over.

(Later in hotel room Max is reading on the bed. Bruno is sitting in an armchair, holding ice to his jaw)

BRUNO: It's all coming back to me now. (He flashes back to the beating she gave him in the motel room after Sonrisa's.) You pack a big wallop for a little thing.

MAX: Silence.

BRUNO: I'm bored.

MAX: Watch television.

BRUNO: Well, what's the point? You won't let me order any movies.

MAX: "Hose Monkeys: The Next Generation" is not a movie. It's excrement.

BRUNO: Easy. The leading lady is a personal friend of mine.

MAX: Dinner's on its way. Why don't you take a nap or something 'til it gets here?

BRUNO: I can't sleep!

MAX: You want me to put you under again?

BRUNO: I'm gonna take a shower.

MAX: Take your best shot, but some dirt just doesn't wash off.

BRUNO: Why don't you come help me?

(Max glares at him, and he goes into the bathroom & closes the door. Sound of water running)

BRUNO (from bathroom): The towels are all scratchy. (Max goes to the phone and starts dialing.) There's no water pressure. I piss harder than this.

LOGAN (on phone): Hey.

MAX: We got a problem.

LOGAN: What's wrong?

MAX: I'm supposed to be protecting your boy, only I'm this close to killing him. He turns my stomach, he's subhuman, he's -

LOGAN: - a material witness in the biggest murder trial in Seattle history.

MAX: Can't we just lock him in a steamer trunk for the next twenty-four hours and put him in your basement?

LOGAN: Remember the goal here -- bringing down Steckler. I'm sure I don't have to remind you what he did to your friend Theo. He died on account of him and Sonrisa.

MAX: Like I'd forget that.

LOGAN: Then keep your eyes on the prize.

MAX: Okay. But you don't have to share a room with the creep.

LOGAN: Why am I not worried about you being able to take care of yourself?

MAX: The only thing you need to worry about is me snapping his neck.

LOGAN: Just get him to the courtroom in one piece and able to talk.

MAX: Does he need to have all his teeth?

LOGAN: I'll see you tomorrow.

MAX: You owe me for this one. Large.

(There's a knock on the door as Max hangs up the phone. She goes to the door, checks the peephole, and unlocks it)

MAX: Bruno, dinner. (Bellhop enters with room-service cart) What's this?

BELLHOP: The gentleman ordered a can of whipped cream.

MAX: Here. (hands back the whipped cream) Knock yourself out. You can take that champagne too. Honey, dinner. (Bellhop leaves) Bruno! (Knocks on bathroom door. Still no response.) I am entering this room in order to determine that you are safe and unharmed. This should in no way be construed by you as . . .

(The water is still running but the bathroom is empty. Max sees the window open and goes downstairs to the front desk)

MAX: Excuse me. The gentleman I checked in with --

CONCIERGE: Your husband?

MAX: Yeah. Do you know where he went?

CONCIERGE: I called him a cab. Where is my ten percent?

MAX: Ten percent? Of what?

CONCIERGE: Either I get paid, or you don't work this hotel again.

(Max grabs him by the neck and pulls him across the desk)

MAX: You puttin' the touch on the working girls? You think you deserve a piece of the action for sittin' here on your can, lookin' down your nose at them? I don't think so.

CONCIERGE: I can't breathe!

MAX: I ever hear about you shaking down my sisters again, I'll come back here and slap you like the bitch that you are. Now where did my husband go?

CONCIERGE: Steel Pole Saloon, Eighth and Pender.

MAX (releasing him): Have a nice night.

(Max pulls up to the Steel Pole. Inside there are two women boxing in a cage, and Bruno and another guy shooting pool)

BRUNO: Fifteen in the corner.

OPPONENT: Slop, man.

BRUNO: That's not slop. I called that.

MAX: What the hell are you doing here?

BRUNO: I'm just teaching this douche bag how to play pool.

OPPONENT: What'd you just call me?

BRUNO: You heard me. Hey bartender, I wanna get a vinegar and water for this douche bag over here.

(Opponent drops his stick and they start to fight. Max kicks his opponent's butt. Other guys from the surrounding crowd jump in against her and she kicks their butts too.)

BRUNO (proudly): That's my wife.

MAX: Anybody else want a piece? No takers? Let's go. (Grabs Bruno and they walk out)

BRUNO: Not bad for a girl.

MAX: Just pretending they were you, sweetheart.

A GUY ON HIS CELL PHONE: It's Johannessen. Yeah, he was just here. She's good. I'm gonna need the team.

(Back at the hotel room, Max handcuffs Bruno to the headboard of the bed)

BRUNO: I can't reach the phone from here.

MAX: No more phones, no more room service, no more showers. You're gonna go to sleep and I'm gonna sit right here and watch you.

BRUNO: Well, I gotta call my little girl before she goes to bed.

MAX: Right. And then you're gonna visit your sick Aunt Mary.

BRUNO: I'm serious! I gotta call my kid.

MAX: You actually have offspring? Is it considered Homo sapiens?

BRUNO: Hey, know what? You can say whatever you want to about me, but don't make any cracks about my little girl. Understood?

MAX: You really have a daughter?

BRUNO: Yes. Her name's Annabelle, and she's seven. And she doesn't sleep good unless I call her at night.

MAX: No way. If Steckler's goons are sitting on your family, they'll trace the call.

BRUNO: Boy, you must think I'm dumb, huh?

MAX: Do you really want me to answer that?

BRUNO: I gave my ex a scrambled cell. Nobody can trace the call. (She picks up the phone) Thank you.

MAX: What's the number?

BRUNO: 84-39-78-36-42-79-43.

MAX: This better be real, 'cause I'm listening in.

BRUNO: Hey, Mary Jo, it's me. I know it's late -- I had a bit of a situation. Is Annabelle still up? Can I talk to her, please? I promise I won't keep her very long. (To Max) See? She waited up for me. Um . . . would you mind going to the ice machine for me?

MAX: Yeah.

BRUNO: Come on, I just would like a glass of ice water to put on my bedside table at night.

MAX: So open a vein.

BRUNO: Come on, you got me locked up here, I'm waiting for my little girl to come to the phone . . . where am I gonna go? (Into the phone) Hi, sweetheart! How was school today? I'm gonna try and come down there tomorrow and see you. I've kind of got a busy day. Okay, okay . . . Well, I'm gonna be there. Yeah. So what story do you want to hear tonight, sweetie? Again? Okay. Are you all tucked in? All right, are you ready? In the great green room, there was a telephone, and a red balloon, and a picture of the cow jumping over the moon.

(Max takes the ice bucket and leaves. Three guys enter the lobby.)

CONCIERGE: Can I help you, gentlemen? Are you checking in, or visiting a guest?

(From the ice machine, Max sees one of the guys throw the concierge across the lobby with unnatural strength, and they head upstairs. Max runs back to the room.)

BRUNO: Goodnight, moon. Goodnight, cow jumping over the moon.

MAX (uncuffing Bruno): Bruno, we gotta get out of here.

BRUNO: Goodnight, light, and red balloon.

MAX: Hang up the phone. Now!

BRUNO: Goodbye chairs, and . . .

MAX: Let's go! Now!

(Max rips the cord out of the phone and drags him out the door.)

BRUNO: I didn't get to the kittens and the mittens!

(The three guys approach the room door. They burst through, guns pointed, but it's empty. One of them steps on Max's pager and picks it up)

CONCIERGE (on phone): Yes, hello, police? Yes . . . (The three guys appear at the front desk. One of them snaps the concierge's neck, and they leave)

(In the morning. Scenes from the streets including homeless people gathering around fires. A pile of blankets jumps up and we see it is Bruno)

BRUNO: Oh! God! Ugh! There's a rat!

MAX: Calm down.

(At Jam Pony)

NORMAL: It's 10:45 am, and even you feckless bums have been working here for over an hour. Where is she?

SKETCHY: I resent being called feckless.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Me too. What's it mean?

NORMAL: Where is Max?

ORIGINAL CINDY: In the bathroom.

SKETCHY (at the same time): On a run.

NORMAL: If she is not present and accounted for in the next fifteen minutes, she will be without employment. You tell her that for me.

SKETCHY: Normal, I swear I just saw her a minute ago.

NORMAL: Get out of my sight. Get out of my sight. (Walks away)

SKETCHY (to Cindy): Do you have any idea where Max is?

ORIGINAL CINDY: None. But we gonna fix that. (Dials the phone as Sketchy leaves on a run.)

LOGAN (on phone, clearly expecting Max): Hey.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Hey.

LOGAN (surprised): Hey.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You got Original Cindy here.

LOGAN: Oh. Hey.

ORIGINAL CINDY: We already did that. Do you know where Max is? I've been blowin' up her pager for two hours and she ain't hit me back, which is not her stilo.

LOGAN: Max is okay.

ORIGINAL CINDY: That's not what I asked. Where is she?

LOGAN: She's doing something for me. She'll be back at work this afternoon.

ORIGINAL CINDY: If the man don't fire her ass first.

LOGAN: Well, tell him she had a medical emergency and she'll bring a note from her doctor.

ORIGINAL CINDY: What you got her doin'?

LOGAN: It's a favor.

ORIGINAL CINDY: A favor. Look. You wanna be International Man of Mystery, that's your dealio. But you get my homegirl jammed up, I'm gonna beat on your ass, chair or no chair.

LOGAN: Trust me. Max is okay.

ORIGINAL CINDY: She better be. Later. (Hangs up)

NORMAL: Hi. I couldn't help overhearing you use the M word. Did you inquire as to her whereabouts?

ORIGINAL CINDY: She's at the doctor's. The good news is, they caught it before it turned into chronic multiple progressive brain dysfunction syndrome. She'll be in as soon as they're done testing her.

NORMAL: Oh, for the love of Mike.

(Logan's phone rings again. It's Max, at a pay phone at some diner on the street, with Bruno nearby)

LOGAN: Hey. I've been paging you all morning.

MAX: Little run-in at the hotel. Had to bail in a hurry and left my pager.

LOGAN: What happened?

MAX: Somebody dropped a dime on Bruno and some goons paid us a visit.

LOGAN: Is he okay?

MAX: Yeah. I'm okay too, thanks for asking.

LOGAN: You figure 'em for Steckler's people?

MAX: These weren't the same guys as last night. They were scary.

LOGAN: Well, there's a lot of players who want him dead. I'll look into it.

MAX: I'm in the home stretch with Dumbo here. See you in court?

LOGAN: Okay. Max . . . be careful.

(Max hangs up, smiling)

BRUNO: C'mon, let's get a move on. I'm supposed to be at the park in fifteen minutes.

MAX: What are you talking about?

BRUNO: I promised my kid I'd come see her. Listen. You look at me like something people scrape off the bottom of their shoes. My kid looks at me, she sees her father. I wanna go see my daughter.

MAX: I don't like it.

BRUNO: Listen. Eight years of marital pain living with a guy like me, you think Mary Jo didn't learn something? She knows how to avoid a tail like most wives know how to make a casserole.

MAX: Still. It's risky.

LOGAN: Well, that's why I got myself one kick-ass bodyguard.

(At the park, his wife and daughter are waiting)

BRUNO: Hey, sweetie! How are ya? (Annabelle runs toward him and he picks her up) Ya-hoo! Annabelle, this is my friend Max.

MAX: Hey, Annabelle.

ANNABELLE: Hello.

BRUNO: Shall we go say hi to Mommy? Thanks for bringing her, Mary Jo.

MARY JO: Annabelle deserves a father, despite everything.

BRUNO: Say hi to Max?

MARY JO: Hi.

MAX: Hey.

ANNABELLE: Daddy!

BRUNO: What?

ANNABELLE: Push me on the swings!

BRUNO: I'll race ya!

(They run off to the swings while Mary Jo and Max watch)

MARY JO: So where do you dance?

MAX: Dance?

MARY JO: You're with my husband. You gotta be a stripper.

ANNABELLE: My teacher says the moon can't be yellow.

BRUNO: Really? Why not?

ANNABELLE: She says the sun is yellow.

BRUNO: Hmm. What color do you want the sun to be?

ANNABELLE: Purple.

BRUNO: Purple? Well, you know what? I think that the moon has to be yellow, and the sun has to be purple, and that's the way it's gotta be. Yes? Yes?

ANNABELLE: Yes!

BRUNO: Okay!

MARY JO: I thought I'd heard every excuse there was, but bodyguard? That's a new one.

MAX: It's true. Your husband has a lot of enemies.

MARY JO: You're talking to one of his biggest.

(Max sees a man in the distance, hiding behind trees and carrying a gun)

MARY JO: Look, it's not like I care if you're fooling around with him, but don't kid yourself -- You're not his only bodyguard.

MAX: Excuse me. Bruno! BRUNO!

(Max runs toward Bruno and knocks him to the ground just as the man fires. The bullet flies over them and the man leaves)

(Logan's apartment)

BLING: This just came for you. (Hands Logan a disk)

LOGAN: Great! Thank you, Bling. I've been waiting for that.

(Pops it into the computer)

BLING: What is it?

LOGAN: Security camera from the hotel that Max stayed at last night.

(Onscreen, the three guys walk down the hotel hallway)

BLING: Trigger men looking to take out your witness?

LOGAN: They don't look like housekeeping doing turndown service.

(Onscreen, the bellhop runs into the elevator and the door closes. A fist punches through the elevator door and presses the "open doors" button. One of the guys enters, grabs the bellhop, and throws him into the hallway. The three guys get into the elevator.)

BLING: What the hell was that?!

LOGAN: That's a good question. I have no idea. (He replays the hand punching through the elevator door) I think I better go see Sebastian.

(Max and Bruno are on Max's motorcycle in a line of cars waiting to get to the courthouse)

MAX: I gotta ask, Bruno. Why are you doing this? Coming forward, I mean.

BRUNO: I do my part, the cops will forget about me whacking Sonrisa.

MAX: Resourceful guy like you, there are a million ways you could get out from under the beef. You could just disappear.

BRUNO: Well, I thought about it.

MAX: Don't tell me your conscience got the better of you. Three-plus decades of being a world-class dirt chute and all of a sudden you wake up one morning and have to do the right thing?

BRUNO: I'm doing it for Annabelle.

MAX: Even though you may never see her again?

BRUNO: She's gotta live her whole life knowing the kind of guy she had for a father. The very least I wanna do is give her one thing she can point to and say I did good.

(At an apartment. Johannessen is talking on his cell phone while two of the guys are using a hot iron to cauterize the third guy's open wound while he watches)

JOHANNESSEN: Believe me, sir, I understand the importance of this mission. Once we have her, I'll be in touch. (Hangs up.) What's the trouble here?

ONE OF THE GUYS: His arm won't stop bleeding.

JOHANNESSEN: Clotting agents are too thin. Get me the girl. This kind of problem will be a thing of the past.

(At Sebastian's. Logan and Sebastian are watching the security camera on the computer.)

SEBASTIAN (via voice synthesizer): My guess is they are military.

LOGAN: Ours?

SEBASTIAN: Probably South African disposables. . . Bingo (zooms on a mark on the neck of one of the guys on the video)

LOGAN: What?

SEBASTIAN: That's where the implant is inserted. In the trade, these guys are known as the Red Series.

LOGAN: I've heard about 'em. Soldiers modified to be all they can be.

SEBASTIAN: The implant burrows into the brain stem, blocks the pain receptors so they don't feel anything. They become hyper-adrenalized, which makes them incredibly strong, essentially fearless.

LOGAN: How can their bodies take that kind of punishment?

SEBASTIAN: They can't. They burn out in six months, a year tops. The South Africans have been trying to fix the problem by reengineering their DNA.

LOGAN: Pretty tall order.

SEBASTIAN: They could marry state-of-the-art transgenic science with neural-implant technology if they could get their hands on a genetically enhanced prototype. Question is, what are these guys doing in Seattle?

(Outside the courthouse, onlookers are crowding the sidewalks and the press is gathered against the fence. A police car goes by, siren sounding. Logan and Bling are by the side of Logan's car. Logan removes a gun from the door pocket and puts it inside his leather jacket, and they head for the courthouse)

BLING: She may already be inside.

LOGAN: Doesn't mean she's safe.

BLING: Max can take care of herself.

LOGAN: Not if she doesn't know what she's up against. (He cuts through the crowd to a cop standing guard) Excuse me. Excuse me. My name's Logan Cale.

COP: Press is over there.

LOGAN: I'm covering the hearing.

COP: Closed session. (to another cop) Miller, I told you to check the gate perimeter and move the crowd back.

LOGAN: Thank you.

(Max and Bruno pull up outside the courthouse)

MAX: Somebody out there's on Steckler's payroll with a big piece of lead just for you.

BRUNO: I don't care. I'm still going in.

MAX: Only not through the front door.

(Inside the courtroom)

JUDGE: All right. We are back in session, and we'll hear testimony regarding the alleged involvement of the mayor's office in the Cortodiazopine crisis of last year, which of course led to the deaths of one hundred and forty-nine Balkan War veterans. Next witness is Bruno Anselmo. (A bailiff hands the judge a note) Is the marshal in the gallery?

MARHSALL: Uh, yes, your honor.

JUDGE: I've just received a note here indicating that the witness is not ready to appear at this time. Now it was our understanding that Mr. Anselmo was in protective custody.

SHERIFF: Yes, your honor, he was -- until about sixteen hours ago.

JUDGE: And what happened?

SHERIFF: We're, uh, not exactly sure. A search is being conducted to determine his whereabouts.

JUDGE: Either Mr. Anselmo presents himself immediately, or this hearing is concluded. Call to the stand Mr. Bruno Anselmo. (Silence) Since Mr. Anselmo is not present, we are adjour-

(Max and Bruno burst into the courtroom on her motorcycle. She pivots to a stop, sending Bruno flying to the floor in front of the stand)

MAX: Your witness.

(Later in the courtroom, Bruno is testifying)

BRUNO: Sonrisa had the plan, Sonrisa did the dealings, but Mayor Steckler was the guy that made it happen. He made a chunk of cash off a lot of dead GI's.

JUDGE: Did you ever personally witness Mayor Steckler receive payoffs from Mr. Sonrisa?

BRUNO: Are you kidding? I put the money in his hands myself.

(The bailiff hands the judge another note)

JUDGE: Ladies and gentlemen, we've just been notified that a bomb threat has been made. We are adjourned until further notice. Everyone please exit the building in an orderly fashion.

(Everyone leaves the courtroom)

MAX: Let's go.

BRUNO: No, no, no, the stairs. This way. C'mere.

(Outside the courthouse)

COP: People, I'm gonna ask you to move away from the building. Move away from the building! We've got a situation here!

(Logan and Bling look worried)

(Parking garage below the courthouse)

MAX: Why am I not surprised you know your way around courthouses? (Looks around and sees the Red soldiers getting out of a van) Back upstairs! (Bruno takes a fire extinguisher and uses it knock the doorknob off the door.) What the hell are you doing?!

BRUNO: Just holdin' up my end of the deal. (The three goons get out, along with Johannessen. The goons approach Max) See, word on the street for a while now that there's some people in town that are willing to pay large for, uh, what do you call 'em?

JOHANNESSEN: Manticore prototypes.

BRUNO: Yeah. Now I know you think I'm dumb, but I'll tell you what I've figured out, girlie. (Johannessen gives him a briefcase full of cash) Yeah, that's good. I figure a girl that can run faster than a speeding bullet, and can hold her breath forever, and take out guys three times her size . . . Well, I figure she might be one of these, uh . . . whaddayacallits.

MAX: You figured that out all by yourself?

BRUNO: Uh-huh. I even staged a demonstration in that biker bar.

MAX: So now you're all ka-ching.

BRUNO: Well, I got a family to think about.

MAX: Bruno, I saved your life.

BRUNO: And I'm grateful. (One of the guys gets out some kind of electrical prod) But I'm a bad guy doing what comes natural. It's been fun. So goodbye, girly. Wish I coulda thrown a hump into you. (Leaves)

(The goons are drawing closer to Max. She looks a little nervous but tries to look tough)

JOHANNESSEN: You have two choices. You can come quietly --

MAX: Bite me.

JOHANNESSEN (smiling): . . . or not.

MAX: You shoulda brought more guys.

JOHANNESSEN: Gentlemen . . . (The Reds circle around Max)

(Outside the courthouse)

LOGAN: Check the other side. (Bling leaves. Logan sees Bruno leaving the courthouse in a small crowd.) Bruno! Bruno! (Bruno glances over and sees him) Where's Max? (Bruno doesn't answer but turns and keeps going. Logan leaves)

(Bruno is walking away when the sniper from the park appears in front of him. The man fires straight into Bruno's stomach. Bruno collapses)

(Fight scene in the parking garage)

MAX: One at a time, boys. There's enough ass-kicking to go around.

(More fighting. They stun Max with the electrical prod and throw her onto a car)

MAX: Now you're pissing me off!

(More fighting. Max is starting to lose when Logan's car comes roaring by. He fires his gun, hitting a couple of the guys and giving Max a chance to jump in through the window. They peel out)

(In the van, parked in an alley)

JOHANNESSEN (on cell phone): She only got away because someone helped her. It won't happen next time. (One of the guys is removing bullets from the other two's flesh as they watch) Yeah, even better than we thought. She's stronger, faster, and well-trained. We just need some time to regroup, figure out our next move. But we'll get her. Don't worry. (Holds up Max's pager) We've got a lead.

(At Logan's apartment, he has the first aid kit out and is tending to Max's wounds)

NEWS ANCHORMAN: Mayor Leopold Steckler is expected to be indicted on one hundred and forty-nine counts of murder. The most damning testimony against him was from Bruno Anselmo, who was felled by gunmen outside the municipal building only moments after his testimony.

LOGAN: Why is it that the good die young?

NEWS ANCHORMAN: City and state officials are hailing Anselmo as a courageous man who paid the ultimate price in the pursuit of justice.

MAX: He got what he wanted.

LOGAN: Mmm. A bullet in the chest?

MAX: Something his kid could point to and say he did good. Oww! (flinching)

LOGAN (putting peroxide on a burn on her shoulder): They got you good.

MAX: I need to get my ass kicked once in a while. Just to keep me real.

LOGAN: These guys aren't going away, Max.

MAX: Kinda pesky like that.

LOGAN: Max . . .

MAX: You don't have to tell me to be afraid. I'm already there.

DARK ANGEL
Season One, Episode #10 - "Art Attack"
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(On a blacktop court, Logan is playing in a wheelchair basketball game. A few people are watching, including Max. Logan scores the winning basket and the game ends. He goes over to Max and puts on his backpack)

MAX: Remind me not to get on your bad side. How much you win?

LOGAN: We weren't playing for money.

MAX: You killed yourself like that for nothing? Must be a guy thing. So what'd you want to talk to me about?

LOGAN: Don't worry about it. Changed my mind.

MAX: About what?

LOGAN: My cousin's wedding is tomorrow night. I was going to ask you to be my date.

MAX: I'm busy anyway. Have a good time though.

LOGAN: Hey! I'm not going. Didn't I just say that?

MAX: Not exactly. Why you bailing out?

LOGAN: If you knew my father's side of the family, you wouldn't be asking. Besides, it's not like Bennett can't ask one of his brothers to be best man.

MAX: Best man!

LOGAN: Yeah. Well, he's only doing it because he knows it'll make his father angry. That's my Uncle Jonas, who regards me as the black sheep of the family, I guess you could say. So you really can't come with me?

MAX: You said you weren't going.

LOGAN: How can I not?

MAX: Are you dehydrated or something? 'Cause you're not making a whole hell of a lot of sense.

LOGAN: Think you can get out of your plans?

MAX: My plans? Sure. Sounds like fun.

LOGAN: I wouldn't go that far. These aren't exactly your peeps. These people pride themselves on being snooty.

MAX: Don't talk to me about snooty. With my DNA I'm pretty much a blood relative to everybody who's been anybody, ever. Winston Churchill . . . Einstein . . . Pocahontas.

LOGAN: I should mention this is gonna be a formal affair.

MAX: Not a problem.

(They split up and leave, turning to smile at each other)

(Max, Kendra, and Original Cindy walk into an upscale clothing store)

ORIGINAL CINDY: You hear stories about places like this, but damn.

KENDRA: It's like the Pulse never happened.

MAX (looking at a dress): What do you think?

(The other two shake their heads and they all keep walking)

KENDRA: I love weddings.

MAX: Never been to one.

KENDRA: Seriously? There is nothing more romantic than two people pledging their hearts to each other 'til the day they die. Makes me incredibly horny.

ORIGINAL CINDY: No thank you. Knockin' the boot with the same person, day in, day out, for the rest of your life? I'm not even trying to hear that.

KENDRA: Don't listen to her. You are so gonna have a good time.

(They stop in front of a red different dress)

KENDRA: Perfect.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Wonder how much cheddar they want for this bitch?

KENDRA: Logan's paying for this, right?

MAX: It's not like he's my sugar daddy.

KENDRA: Why not?

SALESWOMAN: Can I help you?

KENDRA: We're just browsing.

MAX: How much is this?

SALESWOMAN: Six.

MAX: Hundred?

SALESWOMAN: Thousand. It's an imported Raphael Banks original.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Now that's just stupid.

MAX (elbowing her): Could you put this on hold? I'm gonna come back for it later.

SALESWOMAN: Of course.

MAX: Thank you.

(The three of them leave)

(Later that night, as the store is closing and most of the lights are out)

SALESWOMAN (to a security guard): Good night. I'll let myself out when I finish up.

GUARD: Okay.

(Max drops from the ceiling. She goes over to the dress and removes it from the mannequin)

MAX: What a girl has to go through to look good.

(Sees the saleswoman coming. The saleswoman comes over to the mannequins, taking inventory, and notices the dress is gone. Over her shoulder we see Max heading out a window with the dress)

(Opening credits)

(In a studio apartment, a guy is talking on his cell phone and rolling something up in a mailing tube)

GUY: I'm still wanted by the cops on that Makioka thing. No way I'm gonna try to get past a sector checkpoint with a hot painting . . . It'll be there in two hours . . . Relax! This is me you're talking to. Chill. (Hangs up and answers a knock on the door)

SKETCHY: Jam Pony messenger. I got a package going to 435 Bledsoe.

GUY: Look at me. Are you looking at me?

SKETCHY: With both eyes.

GUY: This is a very important package. You make sure it gets to where it's supposed to go.

SKETCHY: That's what the man pays me to do.

GUY (holding out some extra money): Make sure.

SKETCHY (taking the money): I'll guard it with my life.

(At Jam Pony, Sketchy is using the mail tube in a swordfight with another employee. The packages break open and their contents spill out)

NORMAL: Hey, hey, hey! That's enough! How many times I gotta tell you people this is a place of business? Gimme those.

MAX: Come on, Normal, they're just fooling around.

NORMAL (putting the contents back in the tubes): All right, idiots. Let's get back to work.

ORIGINAL CINDY: What did you just call me?

NORMAL: I just called you and the rest of your colleagues here idiots. It's from the Greek *idiotes*, as in one afflicted by idiocy, a feeble-minded person having a mental age not exceeding three years.

MAX: Who the hell do you think you are, talking to us like that?

NORMAL: Your boss. Now bip bip bip!

ORIGINAL CINDY: I want an apology.

NORMAL: Is that right?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Now.

NORMAL: All right. Perhaps I was unduly harsh calling you people idiots . . . when in fact you're morons. From the Greek moros, as in feeble-minded, or mental defective, having an age of between eight and twelve, capable of doing menial tasks under supervision. Now get out of my sight! Or you're all fired.

(In a large apartment, a man is sitting nervously on a couch, surrounded by Duvalier and two tough guys)

MAN: It'll be here any minute.

DUVALIER: Didn't he just tell me it'd be here any minute a minute ago?

TOUGH GUY: Yes, Mr. Duvalier, that's what he said.

DUVALIER: And yet my Rockwell still isn't here.

TOUGH GUY: No, Mr. Duvalier.

MAN: Don't worry, you'll have it.

DUVALIER: I've got a plane to catch to Singapore tonight. And if that Rockwell doesn't arrive in time, I'll have to disappoint my buyer, and you -- (points to man on couch) -- is a dead man.

(There's a knock on the door. One of Duvalier's guys answers it)

SKETCHY: Hi. Jam Pony messenger. I need your signature here --

(Duvalier's guy takes the tube and shuts the door in Sketchy's face)

DUVALIER'S GUY: Yo, baby.

MAN (relieved): What'd I tell you?

DUVALIER: That's what I been waitin' for. My baby. (He opens the tube and pulls out some blueprints. He hits the man) What the hell is this?!

(At Jam Pony, Logan enters, wearing a tux.)

LOGAN: Hey.

NORMAL: Hey. Can I help you?

LOGAN: Yeah. Is Max around?

NORMAL: Yeah, she's in the, uh . . .

(Max enters the room wearing the dress, with her hair up and Original Cindy behind her. She's walking in slow motion, smiling. Logan is looking at her and smiling, and even Normal seems impressed)

MAX: You clean up nice.

LOGAN: So do you.

MAX: Shall we?

LOGAN: Sure.

(In Logan's car)

LOGAN (handing Max a folded sheet of paper): My speech for the toast. Would you mind running through it with me?

MAX: You seem nervous.

LOGAN: I'm no good with public speaking.

MAX: You deliver cable hacks to millions of people.

LOGAN: That's different. There's no one around, just a camera. There's no family waiting for you to screw up so they can talk about it for the next twenty years.

MAX: Why do you care?

LOGAN (looking agitated): I don't.

MAX: Whatever. (Unfolds the paper) Shoot.

LOGAN: Okay. "Marriage is an act of daring, which requires that we be brave enough to promise ourselves --"

MAX: See, that's what I don't get. How can you promise you're gonna love someone forever?

LOGAN: Well, it's a declaration of intent. A vow.

MAX: You took it, and look how that turned out.

LOGAN: You and Uncle Jonas are going to get along famously.

MAX: Maybe weddings should be held in secret. That way, when the marriage falls apart, you haven't spent a lot of loot on what was really just some big ol' public humiliation.

LOGAN (giving her a look): "It requires we entrust our most secret inner selves to them. When Bennett first told me about Marion --"

MAX: Marianne.

LOGAN: What?

MAX: Marianne. You said Marion.

LOGAN: Which is it?

MAX: It says Marianne. You don't know the bride's name?

LOGAN: I've never met her. (Winces) God.

MAX: Can I see the ring? (Logan hands it to her) Wow. Good clarity, colorless . . . I could fence this for ten thou, easy.

(Logan gives her a look)

(At Jam Pony, Normal is about to lock up when Duvalier's guys come in with the tube)

NORMAL: Hi, guys. Sorry, we're closed. I invite you to come back during regular business hours, though.

ONE OF THE GUYS: My boss was expecting a package. You sent the wrong one. These are blueprints for a meat-packing plant, not his painting.

NORMAL (checking a clipboard): I don't know what to tell you, pal. My records show this is your package.

DUVALIER'S GUY: Check it again.

NORMAL: Listen. If your boss wants to file a complaint, have him fill this out. Okay? Get back to me. (Hands him a form)

DUVALIER'S GUY (grabbing Normal and stuffing the form in his mouth): Tell him yourself. (To the other guys) Tear this place apart. (Drags Normal out the door)

(At the wedding. Logan is up front, with the groom. Max notices the woman sitting next to her is teary)

MAX: Are you okay?

WOMAN: I'm just so happy for them.

(Harpist starts playing "The Wedding March" and the bride enters.)

MAX (thinking): Poor thing. Reminds me of the look on Johndie's face during live ordnance drills. I wonder if that's terror or grim determination. Oh, well. It's her life.

BENNETT: I, Bennett, take you, Marianne, to be my lawfully wedded wife. You are my one true love, my light. When I was afraid, you were always there. You were brave enough for the both of us.

MAX (thinking): He sounds sincere enough.

BENNETT: And when I couldn't see, you were always there to guide me home again.

MARIANNE: I, Marianne, take you, Bennett, to be my lawfully wedded husband. You and I come from two different worlds, but our love is strong enough to build a bridge between them.

MAX (thinking): Her too.

MARIANNE: I promise to cherish you always, without reservation . . .

MAX (thinking): They look so happy.

MARIANNE: . . . and all the angels in Heaven are witness to my vow.

MINISTER: By the power vested in me by the military command of the state of Washington, I now pronounce you husband and wife.

MAX (thinking): Oh! That is so sweet.

MINISTER: You may kiss the bride.

(They kiss and everybody claps. Max tears up.)

WOMAN (handing her a tissue): There you go, dear.

(Max dabs at her eyes with the tissue. Logan glances at her and looks surprised)

(At the reception. Max takes a glass of champagne as Logan comes up to her)

MAX: You're uncle's got a nice spread. Where'd he make all his dough?

LOGAN: Off the misery of others. Every hoverdrone in North America requires this one chip in order to fly. My uncle manufactures that chip.

MAX: So, in other words, we're in enemy territory.

LOGAN: Mm-hmm.

MAX: When do we get the cake?

LOGAN (smiling a little. Then his smile disappears and his eyes widen): Trouble with wheelchairs is you, uh--ahem--you can't turn your back on someone and hope they won't recognize you. (Forces a wide smile as two people approach)

JONAS: Junior!

MARGO: Hello, dear.

LOGAN: Hi. Uncle Jonas, Aunt Margo. This is Max.

MARGO: Max . . . ?

MAX: Guevara.

MARGO: Guevara.

LOGAN: . . . of the Greenwich Guevaras.

JONAS: I don't recall there being any Guevaras in Greenwich. But the world's going to hell in a handbasket, so who knows?

(He and Margo laugh, and Logan forces a laugh)

(At Crash)

SKETCHY: One thing you can say about Normal is at least he knows who he is.

ORIGINAL CINDY: A constipated, crusty, angry, rhythm-free, Republican white man?

SKETCHY: I myself struggle with self-identity.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Wiggy, you trippin'.

SKETCHY: No, I'm serious.

HERBAL (with cell phone): It's Normal.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Speak of the devil.

HERBAL: He's asking for you. He sounds upset. Talk.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Herbal, drop some of that I-and-I science on Wiggy here. And don't let him have no more beer. (They leave. She speaks into the cell phone) You callin' during personal time, you better be calling to apologize for what you said at work today. Otherwise, I'm hangin' up on your ass.

NORMAL (on phone): There's a gun pointed at my head.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You do what you gotta do. But if you're askin' my advice on how to end it all, I'd suggest you put your head in the oven. Or go the sleepin' pill route.

NORMAL: Okay. Maybe I'm not making myself clear. There are men here with guns, boom boom, who intend to kill me if I don't -- if we don't find their package, which has apparently been misplaced. I need your help.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Well, what's in it for me?

NORMAL: Money. Lots of it. . . . Ten bucks. (She sighs and rolls her eyes) All right, make it twenty.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I want an apology to every messenger at Jam Pony.

NORMAL: Yeah, yeah, sure, sure.

ORIGINAL CINDY: And I want it in writing. And I don't ever wanna hear the words "bip, bip, bip" again.

NORMAL: That's -- you'll never hear another "bip" out of my cakehole as long as I live.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Okay. What's the dealio with the package?

(At the reception)

JONAS: Still writing those little articles of yours?

LOGAN: Yes, as a matter of fact.

JONAS: Any plans on getting a real job, or are you content to dine at the family money trough for the rest of your life?

LOGAN (strained laughing): I enjoy my work.

JONAS (to Max): Since Junior here won't listen to me, maybe you can use your charms to persuade him to do something with his life.

MAX: Junior's doing just fine.

JONAS: Of course, if you're shackled up with him, you're probably one of those free thinkers, too, and think I'm talking through my hat.

MAX (smiling sweetly): Not unless you wear your hat on your ass.

(After a moment of silence Margo laughs, Logan laughs, and eventually Jonas cracks half a smile)

MARGO: Oh, there's Bennett and Marianne. Excuse me.

JONAS: Enjoy the party. (They walk away)

MAX: Sorry. I had to do it.

LOGAN: It's fine. Another highball and he won't even remember meeting you. Did you notice the locket my Aunt Margo was wearing?

MAX: Yeah.

LOGAN: That was my mother's. My father gave it to her the day I was born. She never took it off. Before she died, she told me that she wanted me to have it, to remember her by. But . . . when I went looking for it in her jewelry box, it was gone.

MAX: You're gonna ask for it back.

LOGAN: No. I mean, it'll just cause too big a deal, and, you know, with all the denials, and excuses, and lies, and recriminations, it's just . . . it's easier to let it slide.

MAX: The great and powerful Eyes Only is gonna let himself get crapped all over and ripped off by his own family? I need another drink.

LOGAN: Knock yourself out. (She walks away)

(A woman glances over at him and smiles)

WOMAN: Logan.

LOGAN (turning around, then smiling widely): Daphne.

(At Jam Pony)

ORIGINAL CINDY: You sure you brought it back here after you picked it up?

SKETCHY: I don't remember.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Don't make me come over there and smack you.

SKETCHY: The only thing that I know for sure is that I can be relied upon to be unreliable. In many respects, Normal's right. I'm an idiot.

HERBAL: No. He's the idiot. Normal switched the contents of the packages after the swordfight. It's the only explanation.

SKETCHY: You mean I'm not an idiot?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Let's not go that far. Now who delivered the other mail tube?

(At the reception. Max walks up to Logan, who is laughing with Daphne)

LOGAN: Max, say hi to Daphne, my, um, old friend. We went to Yale together.

MAX: Oh.

DAPHNE: Hi.

LOGAN: She's an amazing artist.

MAX: Really.

LOGAN: Mm-hmm.

DAPHNE: I've been meaning to tell you how lovely that dress looks on you.

MAX: Thank you.

DAPHNE: I lusted after it myself, but . . . saw the price tag and got sticker shock. (Logan gives Max a look) I guess I'll just have to stick with my Allegra Versace for another decade.

(Max's pager goes off)

MAX: Excuse me.

(Original Cindy is on a pay phone, talking to Max)

ORIGINAL CINDY: That's the dealio, sugar. Packages got switched. Now I'm outside the building you made the drop at.

MAX: Can I ask you one question? Why exactly are we helping Normal?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Hey, Original Cindy don't like the man neither, but that don't mean she wanna see him with a bullet in his head.

MAX: Yeah, I suppose.

ORIGINAL CINDY (looking at a business card): You remember anything about this Angelo Biondello guy that you made the drop to?

MAX: No clue. Why?

ORIGINAL CINDY: 'Cause the building's locked, and ain't nobody here to let me in.

MAX: So break in.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Break into the building?

MAX: Yeah, and if Biondello's office is closed, just slim-jimmy your way in.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I am not committing felony breaking and entering, even to save Normal's subhuman life. Besides, even if I could . . . I'd probably just get lost anyway.

MAX: I'm on my way.

(Max goes back to Logan and Daphne, who are sitting at a table, laughing and joking)

LOGAN: You went to Billy Shaughnessy's senior prom? You never told me that.

DAPHNE: Yeah. Was I supposed to?

MAX: Logan --

LOGAN (to Daphne, ignoring Max): Yeah!

MAX: Logan --

DAPHNE: If it's any consolation, I wore a different dress to his prom.

MAX: I have to deal with some gangsters trying to kill my boss.

LOGAN: Okay. (To Daphne) Lucky Billy. As I recall, that dress was impossible to unzip.

DAPHNE: You bad boy!

(They laugh and Logan sips on his champagne as Max leaves.)

(Max takes some keys from the board hanging on the wall.)

VALET: Can I help you?

MAX: Oh. Found 'em.

(Max roars off in a silver convertible and pulls up in front of Original Cindy)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Sorry to pull you away from your do, Boo.

MAX: No problem.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Look at you flossin' in a dope ri-zide.

MAX (handing Original Cindy her little purse): All right. Stay here and keep an eye out.

ORIGINAL CINDY: What are you gonna do?

MAX: Try not to wrinkle this dress. Cinderella's gotta return it in the morning.

(Max goes around to the side of the building. She jumps onto a dumpster and up into a window. Down the hall she finds Angelo Biandello's office. It's empty, but she sees a man sitting on the edge of the balcony outside the window, wearing Walkman.)

MAX: Hey.

BIONDELLO (startled, slipping off the balcony): Aaaaahhhh!

(Max grabs his hand and pulls him back onto the balcony.)

MAX: What do you think you're doing?

BIONDELLO: Listening to "The Lion King" for the last time.

MAX (yanking off the Walkman): You almost got yourself killed!

BIONDELLO: Well, that's kinda the point. This was supposed to be my big break . . . but the plans never got here. Client left in a huff. I got fired. Now I'm gonna lose my house, my wife, my little girl . . .

MAX: You have a wife and a kid, and you're about to take a header into the no-parking zone?
(Slaps him upside the head)

BIONDELLO: My job!

MAX: It's just a job. Get over it! Now tell me where the painting is.

BIONDELLO: That poster thing? I threw it out. It's probably in the dumpster by now.

(Max starts to leave) Wait! You're the messenger, aren't you?

MAX: Yeah.

BIONDELLO: Well, I've never been a believer, but you coming here personally to straighten me out . . . Thank you.

MAX: I'll see about getting you those plans back.

(Max leaves the building and finds the dumpster. She glances into it, realizes she'll have to climb inside, and unzips her dress)

(At the reception)

BENNETT: Logan, um . . . Should I be worried about this toast you're giving?

LOGAN (chuckling): Details of your bachelor party are safe with me.

(As Bennett walks away, Logan checks his coat pockets for his speech and realizes it's not there)

(With the dress hanging nearby, Max is in the dumpster. She finds the painting, glances at it, and pulls some paper shreds out of her hair)

MAX (arriving at the car): Hey! Zip me up.

(Original Cindy zips the dress and hands her the purse. Max hands her the painting, finds the folded piece of paper in her purse, and runs to the car)

MAX: Logan's -- his speech!

(At the reception)

JONAS (dinging on his champagne glass): Attention! Logan's going to give the first toast.

LOGAN (smiling and chuckling nervously): Ahem.

(At Duvalier's door)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Got a 911 delivery from Jam Pony?

DUVALIER'S GUY: Upstairs.

NORMAL: I can't believe they actually came through for me.

DUVALIER: What you thought, they just was gonna let you die?

NORMAL: Yes, actually. They don't like me too much.

DUVALIER: I could understand that.

(Duvalier's guy enters the room with Original Cindy)

NORMAL: It's about time! Bip -- never mind. (Stands up) Okay. Can I go?

(Duvalier shoves him back into the chair, pulls out the painting, and examines it with a hand-held scanner. He smiles, and the man on the couch looks relieved)

DUVALIER: You actually thought you could lay a phony off on me, huh?

MAN: Whoa -- Hey, if that's a forgery, then I'm a victim here too, okay? (Duvalier hits him) Unh! I had the original, okay? I swear! Either my partner stabbed me in the back, or these guys are players. (Points to Normal and Original Cindy)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Hey, I'm just the messenger, blood. We found your package. Now let my boy go. 'Cause believe me, he ain't no playa playa.

DUVALIER (to man on couch): Know what the word "defenestration" means?

MAN: Isn't that when you cut all the trees down?

DUVALIER: Nah. (Nods to his guys, who drag the man over to an open window.)

MAN: Oh, no. No. No! (They throw him out) AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DUVALIER: Now that's defenestration! (To Original Cindy) I don't care what you gotta do to get me that painting. If it's not in my hands in the next two hours, then he's next. (Points to Normal)

(At the reception)

LOGAN: Uh. Marriage is an act of desperation. Uh -- daring. Heh, heh. It's an act of daring. And, uh . . . and it -- it -- it requires, really, that -- that we be foolish enough to promise ourselves to another -- brave enough. Heh, heh. It's brave. Brave.

(Max enters the room and stands across from him, holding his speech)

LOGAN: When Bennett first told me that, uh . . . that he'd fallen in love with . . . oh . . . a beautiful, wonderful woman. Uh . . .

MAX (mouthing): Marianne.

LOGAN: Marianne . . .

MAX (mouthing): I told him that . . .

LOGAN: I told him that . . .

MAX (mouthing): He was lucky . . .

LOGAN: He was lucky . . . to have found someone to share his life with.

MAX (mouthing): They crossed paths by fate . . .

LOGAN: They crossed paths by fate . . .

MAX (mouthing) AND LOGAN: . . . but became partners by choice.

LOGAN (remembering now): And together, they are embarking on the greatest adventure two people can share.

(Everybody applauds, and Max and Logan smile at each other)

(Later, at the reception, Logan is sitting at a table)

BENNETT: I was kind of worried there, but that was really good.

LOGAN: Thanks.

(Bennett walks away. Max comes and sits at the table)

MAX: Nice speech.

LOGAN: Thanks for coming to the rescue.

MAX: Better late than never.

LOGAN: Where were you, anyway?

MAX: Long story.

LOGAN: So about the dress . . .

MAX (at same time): So about Daphne . . .

LOGAN: You stole it, didn't you?

MAX: I borrowed it. Was she an old girlfriend?

LOGAN: Yes, actually. Borrowed it from whom?

MAX: Store downtown. Were you guys serious?

LOGAN: We were engaged for all of five minutes. You gonna return it?

MAX: None of your business. Why'd you guys break up?

LOGAN: None of your business.

JONAS (from across the room, at the same time as Max's pager goes off): Junior!

(They bump into each other. They look at each other for a minute, slightly annoyed, and then split up to do what they need to do)

MAX (in another room on phone): No, I'm not familiar with the term "defenestration" . . . Ouch . . . Forgery, huh? . . . And where'd Sketchy make the pickup?

(Aunt Margo and a friend stop on the stairs to look out over the reception. They are near Max and she hears their conversation)

FRIEND: I always wondered why Daphne and Logan broke off their engagement.

MAX: That guy double-crossed the guy who was defenestrated.

MARGO: Logan certainly needs a woman to take care of him. Poor thing . . . Handsome as ever, though, huh?

FRIEND: And Daphne looks like she's finally ready to settle down.

MAX (agitated): Seven p.m. Meet you there.

MARGO: Yes, it'll be very interesting to see who catches the bouquet.

(In a run-down apartment hallway with Original Cindy)

MAX (knocking on a door): So what's the dealio with this "catching the bouquet" thing?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Whoever gets it's supposed to get married next to the man of her dreams. Some kind of bent heterosexual thing.

(Max knocks again. No answer, but a door opens across the hall and a woman steps out)

MAX: D'you know where the guy is that lives here?

WOMAN: He moved out this afternoon.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You know where he went?

WOMAN: No. Musta hit it big at the track or somethin' though. Took off for the airport in a limo with three girls who weren't wearin' much at all.

(In a motel room, the guy who gave Sketchy the painting is in a hot tub with three women)

GUY (laughing): You gotta do me first. Know what I'm saying?

WOMAN (laughing): Yeah.

(Max and Original Cindy walk in)

MAX: I'm gonna need your undivided attention because I got somewhere else I gotta be. What did you do with it?

GUY: Do I know you girls?

(Max shoves his head underwater)

WOMAN (laughing): I didn't know he was into scenarios. How much is he paying you for this?

MAX (releasing his head): Where's the real painting?

GUY: I don't know what the hell you're talking about.

MAX: Let me fill in the blanks. You went up for auction and double-crossed your partner, now deceased. You're skipping town with the cash, only your flight was delayed on account of the weather. So here you are in a mo-mo with your little playmates, waiting for the fog to lift.

GUY: Look, whoever you are, you've got it all wrong.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Here, let me do this, Boo, so you don't mess up your dress. (Holds his head underwater, then releases it)

GUY: Hey! Okay!

MAX: Where's the real painting?

GUY: I sold it to this Korean ship captain. The big guy over there, Kim somebody, is a real connoisseur. Wanted it for the presidential palace.

MAX: Let's go.

(At the reception. Some people are dancing)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Nothing like a room full of flat-ass white girls to get your mind off a defenestration.

MAX (passing Aunt Margo): Nice locket.

MARGO: Oh, thank you.

(Max goes up to Logan and Daphne)

MAX: Logan, we gotta talk. It's important. Excuse us.

(At a computer in a nearby room)

LOGAN: You sure this guy Runyan sold it to the Koreans?

MAX: That's what he said.

LOGAN: People are just carving up the culture and shipping it overseas to the highest bidder.

MAX: What thieves do. It's commerce. Don't take it personally.

LOGAN (giving her a look): Well, I remember when that Rockwell was stolen, along with a Jackson Pollack and an original Nancy Kintisch. The Pollack wound up in Johannesburg, the Kintisch in Riyadh.

MAX: Normal's gonna wind up dead if you don't hurry up.

LOGAN (typing): I got a military transport, Republic of Korea, docked in Eliot Bay, setting sail in about an hour.

MAX: Is it okay if Original Cindy hangs out with you and your peeps?

LOGAN: I guess. Why?

MAX: If I have to take out a whole bunch of Korean military personnel, she might catch on that I'm a genetically enhanced killing machine.

LOGAN: We can't let this guy take off with that painting. Give me a call when you -- (Looks up to see she's not there)

(In the main room)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Find out where it's at?

MAX (nodding): And I got it covered. I need to ask you a favor. You see that girl over there? (Points to Daphne, dancing with some guy)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Mm-hmm.

MAX: That's Logan's ex.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I got your back.

MAX: Thanks, Boo.

(Max leaves. The guy dances away, and Original Cindy steps in)

ORIGINAL CINDY: You got smooth moves, Boo.

(Daphne smiles)

(Max drives over to the bay. She finds the ship and sneaks aboard. She walks down several hallways, avoiding sailors, and ducks into a room. She spots a safe in the floor. Kneeling and putting her ear to it, she turns the dial, listening for the right combination. She opens it and pulls out the painting. She unrolls it and looks at it for a minute. A sailor enters the room.)

MAX (in fake Asian accent): Me love you long time?

(The sailor smiles. Max levels him and runs out of the room with the painting. In the hallway, she meets a few sailors and kicks their butts, at one point tripping on her dress. The first sailor pulls an alarm and sailors come at her from all directions. Max fights her way out and reaches the top deck, where she finds a wire connecting the ship to the dock. She grabs a hook and uses it to slide down off the boat)

(At Duvalier's apartment, Max is coming up the stairs)

MAX: Where's my boss?

(She enters the room and hands Duvalier the painting)

MAX: I hope he hasn't been too much trouble.

(Duvalier takes the painting and checks it with the scanner)

DUVALIER: My Rockwell. They can go.

(Normal starts to leave. Max grabs him)

MAX: Wait. I want the other package. The one that was delivered by mistake.

NORMAL: Uh, Max . . .

MAX: We're professionals, right?

(Duvalier hands her the blueprints)

MAX: Thank you for using Jam Pony.

(The silver convertible pulls to a stop in a street)

NORMAL: Listen, I know you kids aren't particularly fond of me, which is why it was especially touching that you'd go out on a limb for me like you did tonight and I just want to say, from the bottom of my heart, I thank you.

MAX: Normal . . .

NORMAL: Yes, Max?

MAX: Get out of the car. And drop this off on your way home. (Hands him the blueprints)

NORMAL: Okay.

(He gets out of the car and Max drives away)

(At the reception. Everyone is gathered under the stairs, awaiting the bouquet toss. Max joins the crowd and stands next to Logan)

MAX: Mission accomplished.

LOGAN: Where's the painting?

MAX: I gave it to Duvalier.

LOGAN: You did what?

MAX: What was I supposed to do? He was gonna kill Normal.

LOGAN: Oh, that's fine. But we can't just let this guy swing with an original Norman Rockwell. It's a piece of American culture.

MAX: Why does everything always have to turn into a cause with you?

LOGAN: Look. I stood there and watched them ship the Baseball Hall of Fame from Cooperstown to Kyoto. The Sultan of Brunei crated up the Statue of Liberty and took it home with him.

MARIANNE: Okay, girls! Are you ready?

LOGAN: One day this depression is gonna be over, and when it is --

(Marianne throws the bouquet. It's headed straight for Daphne. Max leaps to knock it away from her, and Original Cindy catches it instead)

MAX (back at Logan's side): You were saying?

LOGAN (giving her a surprised look): I was saying one day this depression will be over and when it is, it would be nice if there was something left.

MAX: Normal heard Duvalier talking about flipping it over to some dude in Singapore for a pile. Supposed to leave tonight, except the airport's closed.

LOGAN: Just reopened. The bride and groom called to check their flight. I need you to get out to the international terminal.

MAX: I haven't even had my cake yet! (Logan gives her a look and turns to leave) Where are you going?

LOGAN: I'll meet you there in half an hour. I gotta run an errand. (Leaves)

ORIGINAL CINDY (giving Daphne the bouquet): Waste of good mojo, you ask me. Original Cindy ain't lookin' for no husband.

DAPHNE: What do you say we go shoot some pool?

ORIGINAL CINDY: All right with me, girl.

(Max goes up to Aunt Margo, who's talking with a group of women, and touches her on the shoulder)

MAX: I just wanted to say goodbye. I had an absolutely divine time.

MARGO: Oh. Goodbye, dear. (Max walks away and we see Margo's neck is now bare) She's a Guevara. Of the Greenwich Guevaras.

(In a morgue. The medical examiner pulls out a drawer with the defenestrated man's body)

EXAMINER: Please tell him when you see him -- always happy to help Eyes Only . . . Arrived an hour ago. Apparent suicide.

LOGAN: Yeah, actually, he was murdered. (Pulls out a gun, attaches a silencer, and shoots the body in the head)

EXAMINER (as Logan is wiping his prints off the gun): I'm guessing the autopsy report is going to conclude the cause of death was a single gunshot wound to the head.

(At the airport. Duvalier and his guys are waiting in line for the metal detector. Logan bumps into Duvalier, slipping the gun in his bag.)

LOGAN: Oh! God. I'm sorry.

DUVALIER: Man, watch where you're going there, hear? Or I'll break both your arms.

(Duvalier goes through the metal detector and it goes off)

SECURITY GUARD: Would you gentlemen step over here, please?

DUVALIER: What, man? I got a plane to catch to Singapore in twenty minutes.

SECURITY GUARD: Please, step aside.

(Max, who had been in line behind them, swipes the painting from the x-ray conveyor and walks away)

DUVALIER: What's the problem, officer? What you looking for? (Guard pulls the gun out of the bag) Man, that ain't mine.

MAX (to Logan): Not bad. You framed him for a murder he actually did commit.

(Logan turns and follows her out)

(Logan's apartment. He's looking at the painting, spread out on a low coffee table.)

MAX: While your uncle was getting sloshed, you brought a killer to justice and saved an American art treasure. Maybe it's time you brought him up to speed that you're not the family failure.

LOGAN: I could be the Messiah and walk on water, and he'd still say -- (Imitating Jonas) -- "Why can't you fly?"

(Max laughs)

LOGAN: For whatever reason, he needs to see me as a loser.

MAX (sitting down): Shame.

LOGAN: Well . . . I'm lucky to have him. He's a good reminder of what I don't want to become.

MAX: So about the dress . . .

LOGAN (at same time): So about Daphne . . .

MAX: You first.

LOGAN: She dumped me, out of the blue . . . and I guess I didn't want you to know. The thing is, she never gave me a reason. Maybe that's why I spent the whole night talking to her. To find out why.

MAX: Did you find out?

LOGAN: Not really. Though I gotta say the way she was hanging with Original Cindy -- that might be a clue.

MAX: It's a large life.

LOGAN (smiling): Yes. It is.

MAX: So about the dress -- I knew you were all bent out of shape about going to this thing, and I didn't want you to have to worry about having a date that didn't fit in.

LOGAN: I wouldn't want you to fit in with that crowd.

MAX: Anyway . . . Still, I'm returning it.

LOGAN: Don't do that. I want you to keep it.

MAX: Logan Cale, protector of all that is good and true, advocating larceny?

LOGAN: No. I'll call the store and have them charge it to me.

MAX: Forget it. It's a waste of money.

LOGAN: No, it's not. You look beautiful in it. In fact, you were the most beautiful woman there.

(Max grins widely)

LOGAN: And you're absolutely right about Aunt Margo. I'm gonna get in her face about that locket. After all, it was my mom's.

(Max hands him the locket)

LOGAN: How did you --

MAX: Genetically engineered pickpocket.

LOGAN: Thank you.

MAX: Cinderella better get home. (Gets up and heads for the door)

LOGAN: Don't make any plans for Easter. You don't want to miss Uncle Jonas in his giant bunny outfit.

(Max smiles and walks out. Logan admires the locket for a moment, then turns to move away from the coffee table. In the process he accidentally whacks his leg on the table leg)

LOGAN (wincing): Ow.

(He stops, realizing he has just felt pain. Looking down, he deliberately whacks it again)

LOGAN (wincing): Ooww!

(He sits there for a minute, letting it sink in. Fade out as he smiles widely, rubbing his leg)

DARK ANGEL
Season One, Episode #11: "Rising"
First Aired 2/13/2000

(Logan is at the doctor's office. Dr. Carr is tapping Logan's feet with a pointy instrument)

DR. CARR: Feel that?

LOGAN: Yep. (Dr. Carr taps Logan feet again) Ouch.

DR. CARR (doesn't touch Logan's feet): That?

LOGAN: No, Sam, cause you didn't touch me.

DR. CARR: Well, my guess is we're dealing with phantom sensation.

LOGAN: So, how do you explain the fact that last night I was able to move my toe, not a lot, but it moved.

DR. CARR: Show me.

(Logan trying to move his toes, but they don't move at all)

DR. CARR: Logan, spinal nerve damage does not just heal itself . . . Not ever.

LOGAN: I'm telling you, this isn't something I'm imagining.

DR. CARR: I looked at the results of your blood work last night and I did find something . . . Well, unusual. You have pluripotents circulating in your blood stream.

LOGAN: What are pluripotents?

DR. CARR: They're undifferentiated stem cells. It's what an embryo develops from. They can become any type of cell in the body. Usually we only see them in the first few weeks after conception but for some unknown reason your blood is coursing with them.

LOGAN: So, maybe these cells are regenerating what's been damaged.

DR. CARR: I don't want to speculate about something I can't even pretend to understand.

LOGAN: Yeah, but isn't it possible . . .

DR. CARR: Anything is possible. Look, I'm not . . . I'm not telling you not to have hope. But as your doctor I have a responsibility to give you the medical facts.

LOGAN: I'm getting out of that chair, Sam.

DR. CARR: I'm going to hold a good thought for you on that. In the meantime, we'll run some more tests and we'll see what we're dealing with here.

(Logan sighs)

(At Logan's apartment, Logan and Max are sitting on the couch. Max grabs Logan's toes and wiggles them)

LOGAN: Ow! Only my doctor tells me I'm imagining that it hurts.

MAX: He's the one with the medical degree, but you think he's wrong?

LOGAN: He can shove his medical degree. I know he's wrong. You did this, Max, when you transfused me. Your revved-up Manticore blood's the only explanation.

MAX: We were designed to recover from injuries quicker. Makes sense we'd have a surplus of stem cells.

LOGAN: Which I got to believe is what's repairing the nerve damage and reversing the atrophy in my leg muscles.

MAX: All that from one transfusion? You thinking what I'm thinking?

LOGAN: I'm game.

(Logan and Max sit at the dining room table across from each other to transfuse blood. A long candle is burning and melting as the transfusion takes place. As the candle becomes short, Max falls asleep while Logan stays awake. Then the candle goes out)

(Opening Credits)

(Two Red men are carrying a third Red man on a board. Johannessen is walking with them through the streets. The Red men stop and put the board down on the ground)

RED MAN FROM BOARD: I'm ready.

(Red Man gets up from the board and walks. He falls. Blood is dripping from his eyes. Another Red man tries to help him get up, but he refuses. The Red man walks to a pile of wood and steps inside)

RED MAN FROM BOARD: I found freedom in service.

TWO OTHER REDS: You've served well.

RED MAN FROM BOARD: No regrets.

TWO OTHER REDS: No regrets.

(The two Reds each lit up a flare and throw it into the pile of wood)

RED MAN FROM BOARD: The girl. Find her.

(The two Reds and Johannessen watch the Red man burn)

(The next morning there is a pile of ashes and the remains of a skull and some bones. Johannessen retrieves the implant)

RED MAN: He only lasted six months.

JOHANNESSEN: He knew the risk when he took the implant. You all did.

RED MAN: You said we'd have a year.

JOHANNESSEN: I said you'd be paid for a year whether you lasted that long or not. Look, you want to live? You find the Manticore girl. We retrofit you with her DNA and you can tolerate the implant for years . . . Serve out your contracts and retire rich men. They got a partial number off her pager, they're working on getting the rest.

RED MAN: What's taking so long?

JOHANNESSEN: Its memory was wiped when it was damaged. The only way to retrieve the data is to run a quantum scan so they can reconstruct the LCD readout. It's time consuming. Once they get the number we'll track down the person that called her last. We set up on that person . . . Let them lead us to the Manticore girl. And this time, she won't get away.

(Jam Pony Headquarters)

ORIGINAL CINDY: What's up, my brother?

HERBAL (trying to talk normally): Good morning, my sister. Sketchy, my brother.

SKETCHY: You all right?

HERBAL: I am very well, thank you.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Forget to put water in the bong, boo? You talking strange.

HERBAL: I am practicing speaking more clearly.

SKETCHY: Well, what's wrong with the way you talk when you don't sound ridiculous?

HERBAL: My woman tells me that it's difficult for some people . . . many people . . . to understand me.

SKETCHY: Now, who doesn't over-stand you besides Normal, who's an idiot?

HERBAL: Many people, most people. My woman.

NORMAL (answering phone): Jam Pony.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Don't be losing your flavor 'cause fools ain't got ears to hear.

SKETCHY: It's going to be a sad day in Babylon when you start sounding like some haircut in a suit.

NORMAL: How many times I got to tell you this is a place of business not your answering service?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Does that mean I got a call?

NORMAL: Yes. Make it brief.

ORIGINAL CINDY (on phone): Yeah. That's me.

NORMAL (handing a package to Herbal): Hot run, 1298 Chapel.

ORIGINAL CINDY (on phone): Mm-hmm. You serious? Course I'm still interested. Today? Sure. Yes, and thank you. (hangs up)

SKETCHY: In a dark world that sounded like some good news.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Remember that whole Mr. Sivapathasundaram dealio when we thought we were going to get fired?

SKETCHY: It's our finest hour.

HERBAL: Yes.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I saw this help wanted ad and filled out an application just in case. That was them. They want me to start this afternoon.

HERBAL: You got a job? A real job?

MAX: Do you get to keep your clothes on?

ORIGINAL CINDY (Laughs) I'm going to be doing telemarketing. Selling insurance.

MAX: For?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Death and dismemberment.

SKETCHY: As long as there's misery in the world might as well be an upside for somebody.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Kinda how I saw it.

MAX: Way to go.

SKETCHY: Yeah, and when you get your foot in the door maybe you could use your influence to get us out of this hell hole.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You have got Original Cindy's word on that.

NORMAL: Let's go. This is not a warehouse for human flesh. Let's go. Let's get to work.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Normal!

NORMAL: What?

ORIGINAL CINDY: There's something I've been wanting to say to you ever since the day I first started working here. I quit.

NORMAL: Is that right?

ORIGINAL CINDY: I thought it over for a good . . . 12 seconds and decided it's in my own long-term best interest to get the hell up out of here.

NORMAL: Well, I am so pleased. One less disrespectful, uppity, loudmouth, deadbeat hooligan to ruin my day. The door's that way. (pointing and whistling) Let's get back to work.

ORIGINAL CINDY (hugging Herbal, Max, and Sketchy): The things you learn to put up when you have to. Later, my peeps. I got to clean out my locker . . . Bomb home . . . And dress for success.

MAX: See you at Crash tonight and tell us all about your first day. Bye, boo.

(At Johannessen's place, there is a new guy to join the Reds)

NEW RED: I'm ready.

JOHANNESSEN: You understand the risks involved?

NEW RED: I'll take my chances.

JOHANNESSEN: You know what to do.

(The new Red man takes the implant and puts it in the back of his neck. He shakes, then becomes strong and smashes the table in half)

RED MAN: You're one of us now.

JOHANNESSEN: Our friends back home got the rest of the number off the girl's pager. (gives a piece of paper to one of the Reds) Last call she got came from this address.

(The three Reds go over to Original Cindy's apartment. They kick down the door and search the place. A guy across the hall hears and comes out to check.)

NEIGHBOR: Cindy?

(One of the Reds go out to get the neighbor and drags him inside Original Cindy's place)

RED MAN: The girl who lives here, where is she?

(The Red man shows the neighbor a picture of Max and Original Cindy on their bikes that he got off the fridge)

NEIGHBOUR: You just missed her.

RED MAN: Know where she went?

(The neighbor shakes his head)

RED MAN: Tell me. (grabs the neighbor by his neck)

NEIGHBOR: Said something about landing a new job. Washington Meridian Insurance, I think it was.

(The Red man snaps his neck and the three Reds leave)

(At Washington Meridian Insurance)

WOMAN: So, have you worked in insurance before?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Technically speaking, no. But remember back in school when you used to play the dozens?

WOMAN: I'm sorry?

ORIGINAL CINDY: You know, trading insults. Like, your breath's so bad, when people call you on the phone they hang up. I happen to be blessed with mad verbal skills. Kids used to pay me cash money to come up with dis they could use. So, in a way, I guess you could say I sold insurance against catastrophic tongue failure.

WOMAN: Hmm. Maybe you better familiarize yourself with this. It's our standard sales pitch. Our manager, Mr. Petrick likes us to stick to the script.

(The woman hands Original Cindy a sheet of paper)

ORIGINAL CINDY: No problem, sugar.

WOMAN: Uh, here's the schedule of benefits for our policy. It's a good idea to memorize it so you can answer any questions customers might have.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Aiiight.

WOMAN: Well, I have to run to the bank for Mr. Petrick. When I get back we'll set you up with some numbers so you can start cold calling, okay?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Okay.

WOMAN: Okay. (leaves)

ORIGINAL CINDY (sitting at her desk reading the sheet of paper): "Have you ever worried what might happen to you or your dependents if you were left unable to work due to a disfiguring accident? Well, worry no more." (grimaces and tosses the paper aside)

(In the computer area of Logan's apartment. Logan is rolling back and forth on his wheelchair. He rolls back, concentrates, and there is a slight reflex from his foot. Logan puts his feet on the floor and stands up. He falls forward to the computer desk and angrily pushes things on the desk to the floor)

LOGAN: No!

(Bling comes in and helps Logan back into his wheelchair)

BLING: Easy. Easy, easy.

(Kendra and Max's apartment. Max comes home)

MAX: Honey, I'm home.

(She hears people talking and yanks open the curtain of Kendra's area to find Walter without his pants and Kendra wearing pink lingerie)

MAX: Let her go! (pushes Walter)

WALTER: Take it easy.

MAX: You think you're going to start shaking us down, Walter? Think again!

KENDRA: Max, Max, let him go. It's not like that.

KENDRA (gives handcuffs back to Walter): Walter, honey, why don't you put on your pants?

WALTER: Okay.

MAX: Tell me this isn't happening.

KENDRA: It's happening. It's been happening, and with any luck it's going to keep happening.

MAX: But this is the guy who used to shake us down once a month for 600 bucks.

KENDRA: He's changed. He's a different man.

MAX: How?

KENDRA: A few weeks ago we ran into each other at Dunkin' Donuts. He apologized for the way that he used to take our money. We got to talking and I started to see there was more to him than I'd ever realized. He's sweet and kind and funny.

MAX: And married, as I recall.

KENDRA: Which is why I kept things strictly platonic until his wife took off with some kid on a skateboard. Poor guy. Max, I am crazy about him.

MAX: But I thought things with this Mr. Multiples guy was getting really serious.

KENDRA: Max . . . Walter is Mr. Multiples.

(Curtains part and Walter comes out)

WALTER (to radio): Seventh floor is vacant and secure. (gives Kendra a kiss) See you later, cupcake. (to Max) Pearl of a girl here. (leaves)

(Max groans and looks disgusted)

(At Washington Meridian Insurance. Original Cindy is on the phone at her desk.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: May I please speak to Caroline Barrister? Hi, I'm calling from Washington Meridian Insurance. Today we have a one-time offer. (The receiver clicks as the person hangs up on her)

ORIGINAL CINDY: . . . the security of knowing that you and your loved ones will be looked after in the event of a disfiguring accident. (Receiver clicks)

ORIGINAL CINDY: . . . and you are entitled to a \$50,000 payout if you were to lose both eyes, both legs and both arms, unless a functional prosthetic can be attached to any vestigial stump. (Receiver clicks)

ORIGINAL CINDY: . . . \$25,000 if you lose an eye and a leg or both eyes and a hand. And if you sign up now you can take advantage of this offer that won't cost you an arm and a leg. A few questions? Sure. What do you want to know? Excuse me? How much if you lost your what? What am I wearing? Freak!

(Original Cindy hangs up the phone and takes off her headphones. She leaves work and the three Reds follow behind.)

(Logan is staring out the window of his apartment. The phone rings)

LOGAN (on machine): You've reach the number you've dialed.

MAX (on machine): Hey, Logan, pick up the phone. It's me. Just called to see how you're doing. I'm headed over to Crash to meet some friends, thought maybe you might want to come, but you're probably out saving the world or maybe it's your bowling night. Anyway, hope you're doing good. Call me.

(Original Cindy and Max are playing foosball at Crash)

ORIGINAL CINDY: So she's hitting it with the po-po and getting kinky with the handcuffs, huh?

MAX: Do you mind? I'm trying to purge that particular image from my memory.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Original Cindy can understand the power of a well-starched uniform. I once had me a girlfriend that was 100% U.S. Marine. Damn, she was fine in her dress blues. Ten-hut!

MAX: He's twice her age.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Original Cindy can understand the allure of maturity. I once had a girlfriend who had a daughter that was older than me. She was fine, too. Which got complicated but we won't go into that.

MAX: Will you stop?

ORIGINAL CINDY: All I'm saying is it takes all kinds to make a world. This cop moves Kendra's furniture, who we to judge?

MAX: It's just everywhere I look, people keep changing on me. You know, Kendra's knocking boots with a guy whose coffee I used to spit in. You're making your getaway from Jam Pony hell and Logan's . . . I don't know.

ORIGINAL CINDY: What? Your squeeze giving you a hard time, sugar?

MAX: No. It's just his . . . possibilities are expanding. And he's not my squeeze.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Hmm. Is he kicking it with someone else?

MAX: No, it's all good. It's just all different.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Boo, you're dwelling too much on things that ain't party-related.

(Max scores the winning foosball goal)

ORIGINAL CINDY: You know what you need?

MAX: A pitcher of beer.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Read my mind. (Max and Original Cindy head back to the table)

SKETCHY: So how much you rake in today?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Nothing. As in zip, zero, nada.

HERBAL: You mean to say that you worked hard all day with no compensation whatsoever?

MAX: Are you okay?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Brother man's just having an identity crisis. Anyway, the dealio with this job is it's a commission-type situation. I followed the script they gave me straight up.

SKETCHY: And no sale?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Not even a nibble. I even cold-switched, pulled way back on the flavor.

MAX: See? That's the problem. You're not being yourself.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I don't know, boo. Sister girl want the scrilla peeps got to feel what she's putting down.

MAX: The next round's on me.

(Max takes the empty pitcher to get more beer. She sees a Red man coming down the stairs into Crash. Max drops the pitcher and runs out. Two Reds are chasing after her in the alley. A truck comes around and Max leaps aboard. A third Red man was waiting on top of a building and jumps down into the truck. The Red man and Max fight. A bus backs in front of the truck and makes the truck stop suddenly. Max kicks the Red man into a sharp metal piece on the truck and impales him)

RED GUY (groaning, dying): You . . .

MAX: But why? Why me?

RED GUY: Help us live. (dies)

(At Sebastian's place, Logan, Max and Sebastian are looking at a surgeon removing the implant from the neck of the dead Red guy. The surgery is taking place in the next room, while the three look at feed on the computer screen)

SEBASTIAN (computer voice): Do you know why they were after you?

MAX: Road rage -- I cut them off in traffic.

SEBASTIAN: Has to be because you're a biosynth. My guess is Manticore. Judging from your age . . . an X5, one of the 12 that escaped.

MAX: How do you know so much about us?

SEBASTIAN: I have a lot of time on my hands to research all the good conspiracy theories.

MAX: How about instead, you clue me in on why these guys are seriously after my ass.

SEBASTIAN: They've been told by their handlers that your genetic code can prolong their life spans. Rumor is they're looking to create a new generation of soldiers that can tolerate the implant longer. My guess is they want you so they can harvest your ova.

MAX: Like being girl isn't hard enough . . . They want me to be mommy to a whole army of these guys.

(On the computer screen, they are looking at the record file and picture of the Red guy in surgery)

LOGAN: In a generation, they'd have themselves a perfect warrior.

SEBASTIAN: And wouldn't have to recruit from their prison population.

MAX: The Reds are convicts?

SEBASTIAN: Fresh off death row.

LOGAN: A commuted sentence in exchange for becoming one of these soldiers.

(Max gets up and goes to the glass window to look at the surgery)

MAX: More like a stay of execution until the implant kills them.

LOGAN: Why don't they remove it before they burn out?

SEBASTIAN: The implant rewires neural pathways.

LOGAN: So they can't survive without the interface.

MAX: Bottom line: How do I fight these guys?

SEBASTIAN: Manticore genetics are impressive but in direct combat, they're is no warrior equal to the Red series.

(Surgeon removes the implant)

SEBASTIAN: Got it!

(The implant twists back into its original cone shape)

(Johannessen's place)

JOHANNESSEN: You lost the implant?!

RED MAN: We lost a man. A second man.

JOHANNESSEN: Do you have any idea how much that thing is worth?!

RED MAN: Did you hear me? A man died.

JOHANNESSEN: A lot more will die if you don't get the girl.

RED MAN: Even if we do, how do we know it's not already too late for us?

JOHANNESSEN: Maybe you'd rather be back on death row? Let's see... You'd be dead by lethal injection almost . . . uh, eight months now?

(The Red man punches Johannessen to the wall)

JOHANNESSEN: Why don't you just go ahead and kill me? It's something you enjoy. You're really good at it. But you wouldn't dare because that'd be suicide.

(The Red man grabs Johannessen hand and pulls him back up)

JOHANNESSEN: The one you followed to lead us to the Manticore girl, did she know you were on her tail?

RED MAN #2: No.

JOHANNESSEN: Good. Then she can still be useful.

(At Washington Meridian Insurance where Cindy is on the phone.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Hello? Is this Mr. Rogelio Riquelme? Have you ever worried what might happen to you or your dependents if you were left unable to work due to a disfiguring accident? No, no, don't hang up. Do not hang up this phone. (Sighs) I know you're a busy man, sugar, but let me keep it real for y'all. You lose an arm or a leg and Washington Meridian Insurance is gonna drop 20 large on whatever is left of your ass, which is better than nothin', aight? Is that your seed I hear crying his little head off? What's his name, boo? And what's little Rogelio and the baby's mamma gonna do if you stone-cold dead? No, daddy, no dolla, dolla. Unless you step to me and plan for that child's future. 'Cause Original Cindy has got you covered all over like foundation makeup on a drag queen.

(The two Reds and Johannessen walk in)

ORIGINAL CINDY: What can I do for you girls?

(The Reds pull out two guns each and point them at Original Cindy)

(Logan's apartment)

LOGAN: Here's a question: How'd they know you were at Crash?

MAX: I don't know.

LOGAN: That's a problem.

(Max picks up a piece of blue glass off the floor and gives him a questioning look)

LOGAN: Little accident.

MAX: How you feeling?

LOGAN: Okay.

MAX: Did the transfusion help? Any change?

LOGAN: If there was, don't you think you'd be the first one to know?

(Max's pager beeps)

MAX: It's Original Cindy. Can I use your phone?

LOGAN: Please do.

(Original Cindy is sitting at her desk at Washington Meridian Insurance with Johannessen pointing a gun at her)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Washington Meridian Insurance.

MAX: How goes it in the concrete jungle?

ORIGINAL CINDY: You know, you know -- I speak my word and the peeps just give me all their money. Listen, boo, there's a new club opening tonight and I got some love with security. Why don't you swing on by here and pick me up and we'll get our drink on?

MAX: Tonight's no good.

(Johannessen nudges her with the gun)

ORIGINAL CINDY: But you got to come meet my new hot boy, Carlito.

MAX: Carlito?

ORIGINAL CINDY: He a fine-ass stud. And he got a brother, too. W-what do you say? You gonna come kick it?

MAX: Yeah, I can kick it. I'm on my way.

(Johannessen pulls the gun away. Max hangs up.)

MAX: Got to jet. Original Cindy needs a ride home from work.

LOGAN: Be careful out there.

(Max breaks into Sebastian's place)

SEBASTIAN: What are you doing here?

MAX: I have a date with a couple of Reds and I need to be all that I can be. (picks up the implant)

SEBASTIAN: You don't want to do that. It could kill you.

MAX: I don't have a choice.

(Max inserts the implant in the back of her neck underneath her barcode and starts to shake)

(Later at Sebastian's place)

SEBASTIAN: It's like turbo charging a turbo charged engine. If the Reds burn out in months Max might only last a few hours.

LOGAN: How do we disable the damn thing?

SEBASTIAN: By short-circuiting it.

LOGAN: With what?

SEBASTIAN: My defibrillator should do the trick.

LOGAN: You want me to blow 5,000 volts into Max's head?

SEBASTIAN: And the sooner the better.

(Back at Washington Meridian Insurance)

JOHANNESSEN: What the hell is taking so long? She should've been here by now.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I don't know. A girl's gotta look good.

JOHANNESSEN: You warned her somehow. Now she's in the wind . . . and you're dead.

(Johannessen points the gun at Original Cindy's chest. Max comes crashing in through a window and lands in a crouching position with her head down. She looks up and there is blood coming from her eyes.)

MAX: How do I look in red? (The two Reds surround Max) Bring it on.

(The Reds are punching at Max. She pushes them away by stretching out her two arms, sending one Red through the window while the other one lands on a desk.)

MAX (to Original Cindy): Go!

(Max goes to the Red on the desk and begins pummeling him. Logan comes in, sees Max going wild, and tries to reach the power switch. As Logan is trying to flip the switch, his wheel chair flips. The Red man thrown from the window comes back and attacks Max, who fights back)

MAX (to the Reds): Is that all you got?

(Max is able to pile the two Reds one on top of the other. Max pulls a grenade, tosses it at the Reds, and the two Reds explode, sending her against a desk)

JOHANNESSEN (comes up to her): I'll be needing that implant back. (points the gun at Max)

MAX: I thought I was worth more to you alive?

JOHANNESSEN: You were. But with the implant in, you're dead anyway.

MAX: Don't be so sure.

JOHANNESSEN: Manticore transgenetics are good, but you're not bullet proof.

(Meanwhile, Logan is still trying to reach the power switch)

MAX: Good thing your boys never found out the truth. . . . That getting me was never about helping them. You just wanted me for free, didn't you? There was no way I could have saved their lives.

JOHANNESSEN: There was never any hope for them either way. They heard what they wanted to hear.

MAX: They fought hard. Died for you.

JOHANNESSEN: They were criminals, scum of the earth.

(Logan still trying to reach the switch)

MAX: So what, they're just expendable?

JOHANNESSEN: You got to expect losses.

(Logan finally switches the power off)

LOGAN (yelling): Max move!

(As Johannessen shoots, one of the Red men axes Johannessen in the back and they both fall to the ground)

RED MAN: No . . . No regrets.

(The Red man dies. Logan crawls to Max. Original Cindy turns on a flashlight on Logan and Max)

LOGAN: Max?

(Logan calls Sebastian on the cell phone)

SEBASTIAN: Is she conscious?

LOGAN: No.

SEBASTIAN: Check her eyes. Do you see blood?

LOGAN: Yeah.

(Max starts to shake)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Damn!

LOGAN: She's seizing.

SEBASTIAN: There's no time. If you don't zap that implant it's going to burn out her nervous system.

LOGAN (to Original Cindy): Get the keys from my wheelchair, yellow plastic case. Get it.

SEBASTIAN: Find the entry point -- base of her skull.

(Logan turns to the back of Max's neck)

LOGAN: Okay, I see it.

SEBASTIAN: You need to make direct contact with the implant, so you'll have cut in.

LOGAN: Cut in? Are you kidding?

SEBASTIAN: Do it now.

(Logan takes out a knife and Original Cindy takes over the cell phone.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Yeah, I got it. The number on the indicator? It says 300.

(Logan is cutting into Max's neck)

LOGAN: Okay, I got the end of it.

ORIGINAL CINDY: He says he feels the end of it. We're supposed to leave the knife in and use it as a conductor and zap her with these paddles. (hands Logan two paddles)

ORIGINAL CINDY: One on her forehead, and one on her neck. This is whack!

LOGAN: Okay . . . do it.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Clear! (zaps Max)

SEBASTIAN: Logan, what's going on? Is she okay?

LOGAN: The seizure's stopped. She's breathing normally.

(Back at Logan's apartment. Original Cindy is pouring some coffee for herself in the kitchen. Logan is watching Max sleep on the couch. She wakes up)

LOGAN: How's the headache?

MAX: Not bad considering the creepy metal insect stuck in there.

LOGAN: Shrapnel of past wars. Got some myself.

MAX: Where's my girl?

LOGAN: In the kitchen. She's okay.

MAX: Maybe I ought to turn myself in to Manticore before someone else gets hurt.

LOGAN: Yeah, right.

MAX: I'm trouble, Logan. I almost got my best friend killed.

LOGAN: So, what are you going to tell her?

MAX: The truth.

LOGAN: Is that wise?

MAX: Maybe not. But, after today, I think she's earned it.

(Later in the kitchen, Original Cindy drinking coffee and sitting on the counter)

MAX: Say something.

ORIGINAL CINDY: What am I supposed to say? My homegirl just tells me she's not even human.

MAX: Mostly human. I thought about telling you a million times, but . . . I was afraid to.

ORIGINAL CINDY: What, you didn't think you could trust me?

MAX: When you and me hooked up . . . It was like, all of a sudden, there was this part of my life where I didn't have to be hiding or fighting or anything else except trying to make a living and kicking it with my homegirl. I never had that before -- a friend. I was scared that if I told you what was up it would all change. And that you would look at me like you are right now -- like I was some kind of freak you didn't even recognize.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Damn. All this time, I never knew.

MAX: Is this going to change things?

ORIGINAL CINDY: No doubt. No doubt. There's some issues here Original Cindy's got to think on.

(Max starts to cry. Original Cindy gives Max a hug and starts to cry too. Max and Original Cindy pull apart.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: You could have died putting that bitch in your head, but you did it anyway to get my back. You my boo for life, no matter what. Now let me see this barcode of yours.

(Max turns around and Original Cindy looks at the barcode)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Sugar, that's kinda hot, aiight. (They laugh)

(Jam Pony Headquarters)

NORMAL: Hot run, 46 Euclid.

HERBAL: 46 Euclid's been incarcerated. Solicitation of a minor.

NORMAL: Oh, well, we'll return that to sender.

(Max walks in)

NORMAL: Well, well, well. Someone's who's two hours late for work looks like they were a dirty little party girl last night. My God, girl, look at your eyes. What have you been drinking, gasoline?

MAX: I had to have radical emergency amateur brain surgery to remove a nano-chip from my cerebellum before I stroked out from a neuro-chemical overload.

NORMAL: This is all one great big joke to you, isn't it? You're late one more time, missy, you're going to be fired! Get some eye drops!

ORIGINAL CINDY: How 'bout you leave her alone? Maybe she don't feel so hot.

NORMAL: Ingesting petroleum products will do that to you every time. Excuse me. You're trespassing in private property.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Hear me out before you call the police. I would like my old job back. If you'd have me.

NORMAL: Don't it always seem to go that you don't know what you got till it's gone? What happened to greener pastures, huh? What happened to the high horse you rode out of here on?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Maybe Original Cindy needed to learn a lesson.

NORMAL: What, opportunities don't grow on trees? Or maybe you're not the supreme goddess of the universe you thought you were.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I had some soul searching to do about a lot of things. Things I thought I already knew about. So what? Do I have to get down on my knees and beg?

SKETCHY: I really hate to see anybody prostitute themselves like this.

NORMAL: There's a lot to be said about the enemy you know.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I can understand if you're not a fan . . . But if you give me another shot, I won't let you down.

NORMAL: All right. But you're on permanent probation. Is that understood?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Original Cindy can live with that.

NORMAL: All right.

HERBAL: Come, come. (gives Original Cindy a hug) I and I be elated to have you back a yard, you know. Remember in your heart lie a power for come thru any storm.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Boo, I didn't understand a word you just said and this is me.

SKETCHY: He's happy to have you back.

HERBAL: Yes.

SKETCHY: And so am I. 'Cause now I don't got to feel so inadequate about being trapped in a place as lame as this. (hugs Original Cindy)

(At Max's apartment)

LOGAN: I got a surprise for you. Cover your eyes.

MAX (covers her eyes) Is it a new carburetor? It is, isn't it?

LOGAN: No.

MAX: Mmm, flowers . . . jewelry?

LOGAN: Since when do you wear jewelry?

MAX: I'm open to the idea.

LOGAN: It's not jewelry. Don't peek.

MAX: I'm not!

(Logan stands up in front of Max and pulls Max's hands down)

MAX: It's like some kind of miracle.

LOGAN: You're the miracle. You did this. You gave me back my life.

MAX: Thank the clever folks at Manticore. I'd forgotten how tall you were.

(Logan laughs and begins to fall, Max catches him and helps him sit back down in his wheelchair)

MAX: There's always tomorrow.

LOGAN: Yeah, tomorrow.

MAX: You're going to have to take it slow.

LOGAN: I don't want to take it slow, I want to go fast.

MAX: Oh, yeah?

LOGAN: Yeah.

MAX: Well, in that case, there's something I've been wanting to do with you ever since we first met. I think you might be up for it.

(Logan and Max are riding Max's motorcycle with Logan driving)

MAX: Shift. Shift!

LOGAN: Woo-hoo! Ha ha!

Max (reflecting): Yeah, there's always tomorrow, but there's a lot of stuff Logan and I have never had to face before and it's feeling like tomorrow we just might have to. Funny what you can be scared of.

DARK ANGEL
Season One, Episode #12: "The Kidz Are Aight"
First Aired 2/20/2001

(Zack is at Manticore, strapped down on a table, restrained, and hooked up to a monitor. There is a doctor looking at Zack's file. Lydecker walks in)

LYDECKER: Whenever you're ready.

DOCTOR: I don't recommend it. It's too soon to use psychoactives on him again. His system hasn't had time to recover.

LYDECKER: Your concerns are noted. Now let's proceed.

DOCTOR: Just give me a day or two to stabilize his condition.

(Lydecker closes Zack's file and smacks it down on a tray)

LYDECKER: Maybe you don't understand what's at stake. He knows where the X5s are. He's got it locked in his brain but I'm going to get it out.

DOCTOR: You're not going to get anything if he's dead.

LYDECKER: I'll take that risk. Do it. Do it, or I'll find someone else who will.

(The doctor injects something into Zack's arm, pints a red laser in his eye, and removes his mouth gag.)

LYDECKER: Where are they, Zack? Where's Jondy? Where's Max? Tell me and all this will be over.

(Zack has *flashbacks of marching, training as soldiers and the escape from Manticore*. He wakes up in a cell. His vision is blurry and sees a shadow of Max run by and hide. Max fights the guard and knocks him out. She unlocks Zack's cell and they escape.)

MAX: Zack!

ZACK: Max? How-how did . . . How did you . . . ?

MAX: Shh! I'll explain later. We got to get out of here.

ZACK: Max, you shouldn't have come here.

MAX: After what you did for me I couldn't just leave you here. Think you can make it over the perimeter fence?

ZACK: If I can't, you go on without me.

(They duck into a room to hide)

MAX: The guards will be changing shifts soon. We'll make a break for it then. Did you tell them anything? About me or the others?

ZACK: No.

MAX: Because if they've been compromised . . .

ZACK: I didn't say anything.

MAX: Tell me where they are so I can warn them.

ZACK: I didn't say anything!

MAX: You sure? What's the matter, Zack?

ZACK: No. You tell me. You're not Max. (grabs Max by the neck)

MAX: Zack! Zack! (She is coughing)

ZACK: Who are you?!

(Zack's vision clears and he sees that the girl is NOT Max. The lights go on in the room and soldiers come in and start to beat him up. The doctor and Lydecker enter the room.)

DOCTOR: Leave him alone! Leave him alone! Stop! I'm telling you he can't take this.

ZACK: I'll never . . . tell . . . you . . . anything. (grins at Lydecker with blood dripping from his mouth)

(Opening credits)

(At Logan's apartment, Bling is wiping down the exercise machines. Max enters the apartment with a bag.)

MAX: Hey.

BLING: Hey.

MAX: Check it out. (pulls a chicken out of the bag)

BLING: Haven't seen one of those in a while.

MAX: Scored it at the farmer's market. Thought Logan might want to whip up one of his spur-of-the-moment culinary miracles. He around?

BLING: He went for a walk.

MAX: A walk?

BLING: Down by the waterfront.

(Both of them smile at the thought of Logan walking about. Down by the waterfront, Logan is standing barefooted in the sand with a cane. Max walks down.)

MAX: Hey. No Trespassing. Can't you read?

LOGAN: Take off your shoes, and come here.

MAX (taking off her shoes): I left you a little present back at your place. A fresh chicken.

LOGAN: Oh, wow. I see a poulet chez Cale in your future with a bottle of pre-pulse Nuits-St. George, say around . . . 8:00?

MAX: I was hoping you'd say that.

LOGAN: It's beautiful, isn't it? (They look at the beach and the waves) And it's funny. For the first time in a long time, I feel like anything, and everything, is possible. (steps into the water)

MAX: Aren't you cold?

LOGAN: Freezing. But it feels great.

(Logan motions at her to come into the water but she shakes her head no. He reaches out his cane and pulls her to him. A hoverdrone flies over the area.)

HOVERDRONE VOICE: This is a restricted area. Repeat: This is a restricted area.

MAX (hides her face): I hate those things.

LOGAN: Yeah. We better go.

MAX: Guess so.

LOGAN: So, I'll see you tonight?

MAX: 8:00.

LOGAN: Sharp.

MAX: I should get to work.

LOGAN: Yeah, I got to head home.

MAX: Bye.

LOGAN: Bye.

(Logan and Max go off in opposite directions. They stop and turn around and walk the other way)

MAX AND LOGAN (simultaneously): Wrong way.

(At Jam Pony)

NORMAL (to an employee): How many times have I told you? You don't have a signature, you don't get paid for the run.

HERBAL (hands some papers to Normal): 225 Carrington.

NORMAL: Signature?

HERBAL: Right there.

NORMAL: Robert Marley. That's more like it.

(Original Cindy and Sketchy both arrive with a shopping cart full of Original Cindy's belongings.)

SKETCHY: Doesn't seem fair.

ORIGINAL CINDY: It's not fair, but what was Original Cindy supposed to do? They turned off my electricity, my heat, even my water.

NORMAL: Uh, you're late.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Back off. I'm going to put a smack-down on your ass.

SKETCHY: Hey, cut her a little slack, man. She just got evicted from her apartment.

(In the locker area)

MAX: I'm really sorry, girl. I can't help feeling responsible.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Not your fault you got some hopped-up killing machines gunning for you.

MAX: I can't believe they killed your super.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Me, neither. Not that he didn't deserve it. I mean, he was a slumlord and a weasel. Guess I can't blame the folks for wanting me out of the building for bringing in a "bad element."

MAX: First, you lose your job because of me and then your crib...

ORIGINAL CINDY: Gig was a bust; crib was a dump. Original Cindy just got to stay strong with the struggle.

MAX: Why don't you crash at my place?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Thanks, but I don't want to impose.

MAX: You're not. Kendra moved into her cop boyfriend's love nest so there's plenty of room.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You sure?

MAX: We'll move you in at lunch.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Just one question. Those superfreaks still looking for you?

MAX: After the way I kicked their butts?!

ORIGINAL CINDY: What about those black helicopter boys you got on your tail?

MAX: That whole situation's pretty much chilled out.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Alright, I'm in.

MAX: Cool. At lunch.

(Logan and Max are getting ready for dinner at their respective homes. Logan dries his hair with a towel and leaves it that way. Max is rummaging through her closet. The scene cuts back and forth between them, mirroring their conversations. Logan is throwing clothes out of his closet when Bling walks in.)

BLING: Everything all right?

LOGAN: Yeah. Why?

BLING: Tearing through there like you lost something.

MAX: I'm just trying to find something to wear.

(At Max's apartment Original Cindy is unpacking while Max gets ready)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Where are you going anyway?

MAX: Over to Logan's.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Oh. So you got a date.

LOGAN: It's not a date. She's just coming over for dinner.

BLING: Uh-huh.

LOGAN: We have dinner all the time.

BLING: Yeah, but things are different now. The gun is loaded . . .if you know what I mean.

MAX: No, I don't know what you mean. (shaving her legs)

ORIGINAL CINDY: I've seen the way you two look at each other. With him up and around now maybe you two can do something about it.

MAX: We're not like that. Besides...

LOGAN (preparing dinner): . . . just because I was in a wheelchair doesn't mean that I couldn't have gone there if I wanted to.

BLING: I understand.

ORIGINAL CINDY: But it doesn't matter whether the obstacle between you and him getting busy was physical or psychological. It's gone now.

LOGAN: And your point is . . . ?

BLING: That's a whole new ball game, which is why you're a nervous wreck.

LOGAN: Ha ha. I'm not nervous. (cuts himself with a knife) Ow!

ORIGINAL CINDY: Yeah, right. This is just one more reason I'm glad I'm a lesbian. We don't put ourselves through all this drama. After the second date, we move in together.

MAX: I'm telling you we're just a couple of friends getting together for dinner.

LOGAN: Anything more than that is a surefire way to ruin a nice friendship. (puts the chicken in the oven.)

BLING: Whatever you say but I'm clearing out of here just the same.

ORIGINAL CINDY: If you're not coming home, could you just call so I don't worry?

(At Manticore, Zack is lying on the observation bed, apparently dead. The doctor pulls a sheet over him. In the Manticore graveyard with barcode tombstones, soldiers lower Zack's coffin into the ground. The doctor and Lydecker look on. Night falls and Zack suddenly wakes up inside the coffin. He pounds on the top of the coffin and punches his way out of the grave. He runs through the woods and sees headlights flashing from a car. The doctor is inside the car, Zack goes over to it.)

DOCTOR: You all right? I'm sorry. It was the only way to get you out. Here. Put these on. (gives Zack some clothes to change into)

ZACK: Why are you helping me?

DOCTOR: So maybe I can live with myself.

(Zack gets into the car and they drive off)

DOCTOR: I'll get you to the state line, then you're on your own. (hands Zack money) Just take it.

(Soon, headlights appear behind the cars and a helicopter approaches. There's gunfire and the car swerves off the road. Zack jumps out, sees Manticore hummers approaching and runs into the woods)

DOCTOR: Run! Run!

(The doctor gets shot)

DOCTOR: Go!

SOLDIER: All teams, he's on foot heading southeast from rally point seven.

(At Logan's apartment, Logan lights some candles and then opens the door for Max.)

MAX: Hey.

LOGAN: Hey. (They stare at each other) Come on in.

(Zack is at a payphone making a call)

(Back at Max's apartment, Original Cindy putting up a Xena poster when the telephone rings)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Yeah.

ZACK: Max?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Who is this?

(At Logan's apartment, Logan and Max are sitting by the counter drinking wine and enduring an awkward silence)

MAX AND LOGAN (simultaneously): So . . . (a long embarrassing pause)

MAX AND LOGAN (again): So . . .

(Finally the oven beeps)

LOGAN: Dinner. (opens the oven door) Oh, no.

(Max walks over and sees that the chicken is still uncooked)

MAX: Chicken tartare? (They both laugh)

LOGAN: That's so wrong.

(The phone rings)

LOGAN: Can you get that?

MAX: Yeah. Turn the oven on.

LOGAN: Oh.

MAX (answering the phone): Hello?

ZACK: Max.

MAX: Zack?

ZACK: I need you.

(Max puts the phone down and gets ready to leave)

MAX: He's hiding in the woods near Manticore. I have to get to him before they find him.

LOGAN: No, those woods are going to be crawling with Lydecker's men.

MAX: I'm going, Logan. I owe it to him.

(Logan slams the door close as Max tries to get out.)

LOGAN: Okay. Say you make it past the sector checkpoint. Say you even manage to get to him. What makes you think you can slip through a Manticore dragnet and get back out?

MAX: We did it once and we were just kids then.

(Logan closes the door again as Max tries to leave.)

LOGAN: What if it's a trap? What if Zack's been turned?

MAX: Zack turned? You don't know him at all, do you?

(Logan closes the door once more as Max tries to leave.)

LOGAN: I am not letting you do this.

MAX: Don't get me wrong. Nobody's gladder than me that you're on your feet, but reality check -- I could still kick your ass.

(Logan lets Max leave) (

(Max hides inside a truck rig full of cars. The truck gets stopped at checkpoint.)

SECTOR POLICE: Contraband check. Shut her down. We got to search the whole rig.

(Max hears this. The cops hear her motorcycle engine start and stare as she shoots off the top of the truck over the checkpoint and roars off. She then camouflages her bike with tree branches and takes off through the forest. Manticore soldiers are patrolling the area. Max goes into a cave.)

MAX: Zack? Zack. (Suddenly Zack grabs Max by the neck) Zack, it's me!

ZACK: What are you doing here?

MAX: You're hurting me!

ZACK: He sent you.

MAX: What are you talking about? You called me.

ZACK: You're trying to trick me.

MAX (struggling): I'm not trying to trick you. Lydecker's men are all over the place. We've got to get out of here.

ZACK: He sent you here to bring me back but it's not going to work. You've been turned. You're a threat to the others.

MAX (Choking): Zack . . . (She flips Zack over onto the ground.) Don't move.

ZACK: I knew you were one of them.

MAX: If that were true, this would be the part where I call in a TAC team and turn you over to Lydecker. But it's not true. I'm here because you asked me to come.

ZACK (starts to cry): Max . . .

MAX: Shh. It's okay. Everything's going to be all right. We'll stay here till it gets dark then I'm going to get you out of here. What did they do to you?

ZACK: I didn't tell them anything, Max, about you or any of the others.

MAX: If they used psychoactives on you, you can't be sure of anything.

ZACK: I couldn't have said anything, Max, because I don't know anything. I made myself forget the way that they taught us to.

(Max flashes back to when psychoactives were used on her in training.)

LYDECKER: No one can resist torture indefinitely. Not even you. The mind is infinitely pliable. You will reveal what you know.

YOUNG MAX: 4-5-9-7-4-2-3-5-6-9-4...

LYDECKER: Memories can be buried, obfuscated.

YOUNG MAX: 7-3-7-1-1-9...

LYDECKER: You can learn to forget what you know -- your own name, your own barcode --

YOUNG MAX: 5-4-9-7-4-2-3-5-6-9-4...

LYDECKER: . . . by deliberately flooding your mind with disinformation. You can so confuse your memory that you can't reveal the truth. Is this your barcode? Answer me.

End of flashback)

ZACK: I made myself forget. To protect you. To protect all of you.

MAX: It's okay. It's over.

ZACK: No. No, it's not. I'm the only one who knew, the only one. I've got to remember so that I can protect them.

MAX: You will. You called me, right? You remembered my number.

ZACK: It's not the same.

MAX: Yes, you can do it if you try.

ZACK: No, it's different with you. I mean, how could I forget . . . single thing about you? How could I?

(They hear a helicopter approaching)

MAX: Better check it out. Make sure we're okay in here. You stay put.

(Max leaves and Zack lies down. He has *flashbacks of horrible Manticore experiences*. Max returns and Zack startles awake.)

MAX: It's me.

ZACK: It's been a long time since I've been able to let my guard down long enough to sleep. Probably wouldn't bother you. You never slept much anyway.

MAX: Me and Jondy. We must have shark DNA in us or something. Just don't need to sleep.

ZACK: That's why she doesn't mind working nights. In a bar. In Portland. No, wait. That's Tinga. Jondy lives in San Francisco.

MAX: Go on.

ZACK: She lives right near the Golden Gate.

MAX: What about Tinga? You said she lives in Portland.

ZACK: Works at . . . a bakery. You should see how long her hair's gotten. It's like she hasn't cut it since the escape.

MAX: And Zane, where does he live?

ZACK: In LA. He's a mechanic. He's got a dog. A German shepherd, scary looking -- like we had back in Manticore -- but sweet.

MAX: Keep going. You're doing great.

(At his apartment, Logan is calling Max's pager)

OPERATOR: The subscriber you are trying to page is out of service range. Please try . . .

BLING: Still can't get ahold of her, huh? I'm headed to the market. You need anything?

LOGAN: No, thanks.

(Bling leaves. Logan walks over to the counter, his legs buckle, and he almost falls. His legs are spasming and shaking.)

(Back in the cave)

MAX: Tell me about Krit. What's he up to?

ZACK: Krit? I don't know.

MAX: It's okay.

ZACK: I-I can't remember.

MAX: It's all right. It'll come back.

ZACK: I saw Brin back at Manticore.

MAX: We're going to get her out of there someday, you and me. You should get some rest. It won't be dark for awhile yet.

ZACK: Thanks, Maxie. For coming to get me, I mean.

MAX: It's the least I can do after what you've done for me.

ZACK: Lydecker tried to trick me into thinking that you'd come for me before.

MAX: What do you mean? Trick you how?

ZACK: Shot me up with God knows what. Sent someone in pretending to be like you. Really messed with my head. I'm so tired.

MAX: It's okay. Sleep. I'm going to head up the road. There's a gas station nearby. I'll get us some food. If I don't come back by sun down, keep going. Find the others.

(Max runs through the woods and stops to watch the gas station. She spots an undercover Manticore man at the pump and listens in to his radio. She looks around and sees other hidden agents, so she leaves)

ATTENDANT: We're in position and standing by. There's still no sign of her.

(Lydecker, the doctor, and a Manticore man are inside a van with computers)

LYDECKER (to walkie-talkie): Has she shown yet?

ATTENDANT: Negative.

DOCTOR: What do you think he'll do when she doesn't show up?

LYDECKER: He'll do what she said to do. He'll assume that she's been captured and move long and try to find the others. What's wrong with the audio?

MAN: It shouldn't be breaking up like that. I'm still getting a strong GPS signal. He's moving.

(On the computer screen, there is map with the X5 target moving. They are tracking Zack)

LYDECKER (to walkie-talkie): Any sign of her yet?

ATTENDANT: Negative.

LYDECKER: This is taking too long. Something's wrong. (to walkie-talkie) All units, this is command. We're bringing them in. He's moving south along the stream.

(The soldiers are moving along the stream. Max and Zack are also moving along the stream, but ahead of the soldiers)

MAN: He stopped.

LYDECKER (to walkie-talkie): Delta, this is control. Target is south your position, 1-7-5 degrees.

(Soldiers are by the stream at the GPS location but there's nothing there)

SOLDIER: Roger, control. We're moving in.

TAC OFFICER: Control, this delta team. We're on the target area. There's no sign of them, over.

LYDECKER (to walkie-talkie): Well, that's impossible. He's right where you are.

SOLDIER: Sir! (pulls out a log out of the stream with a bloody transmitter wrapped around it) The transmitter.

LYDECKER (to walkie-talkie): Say again?

SOLDIER: He's ripped it out of his head. Used it as a decoy.

(Max and Zack getting back to her motorcycle and prepare to leave)

ZACK: Max, they were listening to us the whole time.

MAX: They heard everything you told me about where the others are?

ZACK: I got to warn them.

MAX: We've got to get out of here first.

(At Logan's apartment)

MAX: It was a trick. Lydecker let him escape so he'd lead him to the others.

ZACK: I compromised the others. I jeopardized everything!

LOGAN: What do you mean? How?

ZACK: By opening . . . (turns and is stunned that Logan is standing up) . . . my big mouth.

LOGAN: It's a long story.

(Lydecker and his people are listening to the taped conversation that Zack had with Max about the X5s.)

ZACK'S VOICE: Works at a bakery. You should see how long her hair's gotten. It's like she hasn't cut it since the escape.

LYDECKER: He's going to try to warn them and let them know they've been compromised. We're going to have to move on this and we're going to have to move fast.

(Back at Logan's apartment)

MAX: You said Tinga worked at a bakery in Portland. Which one?

ZACK: I don't know.

MAX: What about Zane? Where did he work? How did you stay in touch with him, Zack?

ZACK: The contact number. I set up a voice mailbox so they could check in with me.

MAX: And if you needed to reach one of them?

ZACK: I'd call.

MAX: Jondy? Did you call her? What was her number?

ZACK: I don't know.

MAX: Think, Zack. Her life depends on it. (She reaches over and touches his shoulder. He explodes and jumps up)

ZACK: Don't you think I know that by now?! (Leaves the room)

LOGAN (enters): Just give him some time, Max.

MAX: We don't have time. It could already be too late to save them. Sorry, it's not your fault. It's just . . . there has to be a way to warn them.

LOGAN: Maybe there is.

(Normal is in his Jam Pony office watching COPS on TV at night and yelling at the screen)

MAN: What's going on?

COP: What happened to your knee?

MAN: I fell chasing a guy.

NORMAL: Yeah, right, you sissy freak.

COP 1: Stand over here for me.

COP 2: Stand still for me.

NORMAL: Arrest him already! He's a reprobate!

COP: Come here! Wait a minute!

NORMAL: Don't turn your back on a police officer, you weenie!

(An Eyes Only streaming bulletin interrupts the program.)

EYES ONLY: Do not attempt to adjust your set. This is a streaming freedom video bulletin.

NORMAL: Awwwww!

EYES ONLY: This cable hack is being beamed to you across America. It cannot be traced. It cannot be stopped. This is a message to those known as X5. You've been compromised. You're in danger. You know what to do. I repeat, your locations have been compromised. You know what to do. This message will repeat every hour on the hour until each of you has checked in.

(The broadcast is seen throughout the country, even at a garage where a guy is working under a car)

GUY: Hey, uh, Zane, hand me that 3/16th, will ya? Zane? Zane? (Zane has disappeared)

(Max and Zack are watching Logan deliver this message)

LOGAN: Now we wait and see who calls into the contact number.

MAX: Eyes Only just made himself another enemy.

LOGAN: Well, it was getting a little quiet around here.

(In Lydecker's van, they have also seen the broadcast)

MAN: This "Eyes Only" is a pain-in-the-ass do-gooder, but smart.

LYDECKER: But the question is, why is he trying to help my kids?

MAN: I don't know. It's not the sort of thing he usually gets into.

LYDECKER: When all of this is over I want you to find out who this clown is.

(At Logan's apartment)

ZACK: Zane, Syl and Krit have all called in. They're already on the move.

MAX: That just leaves Tinga and Jondy.

ZACK: You sure I didn't blab about the others while Lydecker was listening?

MAX: Believe me, I'd remember. So, how come you didn't give me this contact number of yours so I could find you if I needed to?

ZACK: You know why.

MAX: Because I haven't been a good little soldier and followed orders?

ZACK: Something like that.

MAX: Guess I won't be invited to the next X5 reunion.

ZACK: You're too reckless, Max. I couldn't risk giving it to you. What if you got caught and Lydecker got it out of you?

MAX: I'm too much of a liability to be trusted, is that it?

ZACK: If you want to get on board with the way I do things it's not too late. First step though is leaving Seattle. (Max looks away) I didn't think so. Especially not now.

MAX: What are you talking about?

ZACK: I'm talking about miracle boy over there. (gestures to Logan)

(At Lydecker's place, he is looking at a file with pictures of the X5 kids.)

MAN: We got a lead on the girl in Portland.

LYDECKER: Good. Have him send us a chopper ASAP. I'm going to take care of this one myself.

(At Logan's apartment)

ZACK: Just got a message from Tinga. Lydecker's onto her and she needs our help.

(Tinga running around an area in Portland. Manticore hummers are approaching. Tinga hides and the soldiers spread out. Lydecker gets out of the vehicle.)

LYDECKER: Good job. What's the sit-rep?

SOLDIER: She was last seen headed this way. We've secured the area. I've got men posted all along the perimeter. She's in here somewhere.

LYDECKER: Do you know what she looks like?

SOLDIER (hands him a picture of Tinga): From when she applied for work at the bakery.

LYDECKER: All right, I want a point-to-point search with tazers only. I want her alive.

(Tinga is hiding inside a bus)

TINGA: Come on, Zack. Where are you?

(Outside the bus, soldiers are showing Tinga's picture around and asking people if they've seen her. A Manticore soldier looks inside the bus with a flashlight and sees her.)

SOLDIER: There she is!

TAC OFFICER (on walkie-talkie): She's moving west.

LYDECKER (on walkie-talkie): Delta team, converge on target. Alpha team, establish a perimeter.

(Tinga takes down a Manticore soldier)

TAC OFFICER: Delta team to command.

LYDECKER (on walkie-talkie): Go ahead.

TAC OFFICER (on walkie-talkie): We have the subject in sight and are moving to subdue.

LYDECKER (on walkie-talkie): All right, just remember, I want her alive.

(Tinga is surrounded. Max and Zack appear, and come to her rescue. Manticore soldiers surround the trio. One by one, the soldiers get knocked out. Moments later, Lydecker arrives at the scene to find all his men down. Max, Tinga, and Zack flee the scene running on top of parked buses. They get into Logan's Aztek when he arrives and they drive off. At another destination, Logan, Max, and Tinga watch Zack hotwire a vehicle.)

LOGAN: Is everybody in your family a thief?

ZACK (to Tinga): Hit it. (The car starts)

ZACK: How much in the tank?

TINGA: Three-quarters. Ought to be enough to get us to the Canadian border.

(Zack gets into the vehicle and looks at Max.)

ZACK: Should I even ask? (Max is silent) Let's go.

TINGA (to Max): What about you?

ZACK: She's going back to Seattle.

TINGA: You're not coming with us?

ZACK: Don't bother.

TINGA: Lydecker's...

ZACK: I said, don't bother.

TINGA: You take care of yourself, baby sister.

MAX: You, too.

(Max and Tinga hug)

ZACK: Thanks for getting me out.

MAX: Guess this makes us even.

ZACK: Guess so. Let's hope miracles come in two because you're going to need one to keep from getting caught.

(Tinga and Zack drive off.)

(Lydecker is sitting in his car by the water when another vehicle approaches.)

LYDECKER: Still smoking?

MAN: You lost him, Deck.

LYDECKER: It was a calculated risk. The information we got on the other X5s more than made up for losing him.

MAN: If you say so.

LYDECKER: They were underground and we forced them out in the open. Made them go on the run. No one on the run can avoid leaving a trail. Not even my kids.

MAN: The committee has decided that the X5 situation needs to be resolved. You are hereby authorized to use whatever means necessary to see that it is.

LYDECKER: Am I to understand that to include using deadly force?

MAN: If that's what it takes.

LYDECKER: I thought we wanted to keep them alive.

MAN: The committee wants this situation resolved.

LYDECKER: You know I'm going to have to go up the line on this don't you?

MAN: Don't bother. She signed the directive. She asked me to pass on a personal message: If you have a problem executing the order, she'll find somebody else to do it.

LYDECKER: That won't be necessary.

MAN: I didn't think it would be.

(At Logan's apartment)

MAX: She looks just like I remember. I wish I could have spent more time with her, though. Found out what her life's been like, what she's been up to.

LOGAN: Maybe after everything settles down you two can hook up.

MAX: How?

(Logan holds up the phone.)

LOGAN (holds up the phone): Last number dialed -- Zack's contact number.

MAX: Oh! I can't believe it. He usually covers his tracks way better than this.

LOGAN: You'd think, huh?

MAX: Thanks. Got anything to eat?

LOGAN: Why don't you go see for yourself?

(Max opens the fridge. All of a sudden, Logan's legs buckle. He is holding on to the counter to keep from falling, but doesn't want Max to know.)

MAX: Got a half a poulet chez Cale. Some leafy green stuff. Mashed potatoes. What do you say we have that dinner? Promise I won't bail on you this time.

LOGAN: Uh, I have to take a rain check. I've got some work to do.

MAX: Oh, okay.

LOGAN: You can take it with you, if you want.

MAX: No, I'll get something on the way home.

LOGAN: Okay, night. (struggles to stand)

(At a payphone, Max dials Zack's contact number)

OPERATOR: The number you have reached is not in service at this time and there is no new number. Please be sure you have checked the telephone directory for the right number and you are dialing correctly...

(Max is sitting on top of the Space Needle, reflecting.)

MAX: Guess I shouldn't be surprised. I mean, it's like I said -- Zack usually covers his tracks pretty good. I just didn't think he'd cover them from me. Must be a guy thing 'cause Logan can cover pretty good too. Maybe it's me. Maybe there's something in the way I'm made that turns people away. All I know is it was easier before when I just didn't give a damn about anything.

DARK ANGEL
Season One, Episode #13: "Female Trouble"
First Aired 3/13/2001

(Max enters Logan's apartment)

MAX: Logan! Logan!

BLING (sitting at Logan's computer): Hey, Max.

MAX: Hey. His Holiness in?

BLING: Nope.

MAX: We're supposed to be somewhere and we're late. Where is he?

BLING: I don't know exactly. Said he wouldn't be back 'til later on.

MAX: That's weird. He completely spaced. We were gonna hang tonight.

BLING: I don't know what's going on with him. He hasn't been himself the last few days.

MAX: Hard being a Messiah. Tell him I stopped by.

BLING: So where you two supposed to be?

MAX: Kyoto Lakers exhibition. You know how Logan is with his basketball. Scalpers got me good for these, too.

BLING: Forget Logan. I'll go with you.

MAX (handing him both tickets): Knock yourself out.

BLING: Max, you sure?

MAX: Not a big sports fan.

BLING: Thanks.

MAX: No problem. (Turns to go and notices the wall is blank) Where's the painting that goes there?

BLING: He sold it.

MAX: Sold it?

BLING: Guess he got tired of it.

MAX (distracted): Later.

BLING: Thanks for the tickets.

MAX (leaving): No problem.

(Logan's car drives through an alley and comes to a stop. He gets out, walks up to a door using his cane, and knocks. A woman answers and looks around)

DOCTOR: Come in.

(Logan enters and she closes the door behind him)

LOGAN (handing her an envelope): Your money. You'll get the rest soon.

DOCTOR: Ten thousand dollars covers the first consultation. It's five thousand for each session after that.

LOGAN: That's a lot.

DOCTOR: You can afford it. Most of my patients can't. (He follows her into an examination room.) Will you undress, please?

(Logan strips down to an undershirt and boxers)

DOCTOR (reading from a file): Six months ago a bullet severed your spinal cord below the eighth thoracic vertebra, causing complete loss of mobility in your lower extremities. Last week you suddenly felt sensation in your legs and eventually were able to walk again.

LOGAN: That's right.

DOCTOR: In other words, a miracle.

LOGAN: I guess you could say that.

DOCTOR: Yes, I could, if I hadn't seen the results of your blood test. Will you sit, please? (Logan sits on the examination table) Somehow you've obtained stem-cell-enriched blood. I don't want to know how or where from. You're well-to-do; presumably you were able to buy it.

LOGAN: Presumably.

DOCTOR: The stem cells you got a hold of have been regenerating nerve and muscle tissue, giving you the encouraging results you saw initially. But now you're finding it more difficult to stand, and walking is becoming increasingly painful?

LOGAN: Yeah. That's right. So what's going on?

DOCTOR: Your autoimmune system's kicked in, attacking the stem cells and rejecting the new tissue that's formed.

LOGAN: So there's a chance that, uh, I could end up back in a wheelchair?

DOCTOR: Unless we can get your body's defenses in check, your gross motor function will continue to deteriorate, yes.

LOGAN: Well, then, uh...I don't care what it costs, or what you have to do. Just keep me walking.

(Opening credits)

(In their apartment, Original Cindy is sitting on the couch, watching Max pace back and forth)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Wanna go to Crash and shoot some pool?

MAX: Mm.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Feel like a pizza?

MAX: Mm.

ORIGINAL CINDY: By the way, some of those black-helicopter storm-trooper folks stopped by, asking about a transgenic teenage killing machine. I said you were out.

MAX (stopping): Huh?

ORIGINAL CINDY (smiling): Are you gonna call him?

MAX: Call who?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Logan.

MAX: Why would I call Logan?

ORIGINAL CINDY: For ruining your evening.

MAX: He didn't ruin my evening. He couldn't ruin my evening even if he wanted to. My evening is fine.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Whatever you say, boo. I'm lofting. 'Night. (Leaves)

(Max looks after her for a moment, then picks up the phone and dials. Logan is leaving the doctor's office. His cell phone rings and as he reaches to answer it, his legs give out and he falls. His phone flies out of his hand and lands about six feet away, near his car. Max waits out the rings as Logan struggles to reach the phone. His voice mail picks up.)

LOGAN'S VOICE: You've reached the number you've dialed. I'm not around. Leave a message.

(Max hangs up just before Logan reaches the phone, which has stopped ringing. He grabs the car and manages to pull himself up)

(At Jam Pony the next day)

MAX: He didn't call, didn't leave a message, didn't return my call. He just plain shined me.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Never underestimate the thoughtlessness and insensitivity of the three-legged gender.

MAX: I just got a weird feeling something's going on.

NORMAL (handing Max a package): Hot run, 15 Cliff Road.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Mm-hmm. He's out the wheelchair now. And boys cheat.

MAX: That's not what I'm talking about.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I know you don't wanna hear it, sugar. But it's what they do. Just like grabbing themselves when they're anxious.

MAX (smiling): Logan can go anywhere and do whatever he wants with anyone, as far as I'm concerned.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Yeah, right.

MAX: Me and him aren't like that.

ORIGINAL CINDY: So you keep saying. I just don't wanna see my boo get hurt.

MAX: I just hope he's not in any trouble.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I'm tellin' you, girl, he's probably just out bein' a doggy-dog.

MAX: You make it sound like that's the only thing guys ever think about, which I don't happen to believe is true.

(They overhear Sketchy talking to some male coworkers.)

SKETCHY: So she opens the door to sign for the package...No bra.

(The guys bump fists and walk away)

ORIGINAL CINDY: I rest my case.

(Logan is leaving his apartment building and meets his neighbor)

LOGAN: Mrs. Moreno. How you doin' today?

MRS. MORENO: One foot in front of the other, you know?

LOGAN: That's a good thing.

(He walks down the sidewalk to his car and Max meets up with him, walking her mountain bike)

MAX: Hey, stranger.

LOGAN: Hey, Max.

MAX: Don't I get an "I'm sorry I stood you up last night, but I was out saving the world from giant robots. Can you ever forgive me?" Or even "I forgot. Will you accept my apology?"

LOGAN: Yeah, something came up.

MAX: Are you okay?

LOGAN: I'm fine.

MAX: You in the mood to feed a female? I'm starved.

LOGAN: Ooh, another time. I'm running late for a meeting.

MAX: Right...Hey, what happened to that painting in your hallway? Bling said you sold it.

LOGAN: Yeah. (Unlocks his car door.)

MAX: I thought you loved that thing. Didn't your mom leave it to you or something?

LOGAN: I got tired of it. Listen, I gotta get to this meeting. I'll see you later.

MAX: Yeah, sure.

(Max watches him drive off.)

(Somewhere else, a pair of black-gloved hands assembles a gun. Once it's done, the hands lay it back in its case and pick up a framed picture of the doctor)

(At the doctor's office. Logan is sitting on the examination table, bare-chested. The doctor holds up a filled syringe)

DOCTOR: Nervous?

LOGAN: I don't like needles. Or heights. Or spiders. What's in that?

DOCTOR: An immunosuppressant. (Injects him)

LOGAN: Ow.

(Through a grate in the ceiling, we see a figure running on the roof.)

DOCTOR: We use this in combination with intensive physiotherapy and biochemical management to protect the nerve cells that have regenerated.

LOGAN: As long as it works.

DOCTOR: I've gotten results in the past. The biggest hurdle is reorganizing the synaptic connections and training the undamaged CNS neurons to adapt to different signals.

(The doctor is standing in front of a monitor. Logan is sitting on an examination table with his feet on some pedals mounted on a machine at the end.)

DOCTOR: Can you move the pedals for me?

(Logan grunts and strains to turn the pedals, which don't move.)

DOCTOR: The science isn't new. Came out of the Hyogo College of Medicine in Japan at the end of the last century. I've just taken it to its logical conclusion.

(A figure on the roof is watching them through the skylight)

(Later, Logan and the doctor walk out of her office.)

LOGAN: Good night.

DOCTOR: Don't be discouraged, all right? We'll try again tomorrow.

(Logan gets in his car and the doctor gets in her truck. Someone is breaking into the doctor's office. The person enters and we see it is Max. She sees the exam table and *flashes back to lying on just such a table as four Manticore doctors do something to one of her limbs*. Max starts to go through a file cabinet. Someone enters and Max whirls to see the doctor pointing a gun at her. The doctor reaches over to a coffeemaker and shuts it off, her eyes never leaving Max.)

DOCTOR: Almost forgot. What do you want?

MAX: I'm asking myself why someone sworn to alleviate suffering is packing heat.

DOCTOR: Even doctors have the right to defend themselves.

(Max kicks the gun out of the doctor's hand and into her own. She unloads it and throws it to the floor.)

MAX: Only, guns make me nervous. So why did the guy who was just here come to see you?

DOCTOR: I'm not at liberty to discuss his condition.

MAX: What condition?

DOCTOR: You'd have to ask him. You've heard of doctor-patient privilege?

MAX: I don't know what kind of quack sawbones you are or what kind of con you're running, but there's nothing wrong with my friend that he needs to be seeing you about.

DOCTOR: You might want to get a second opinion about that.

MAX: A back-alley dump like this? You must have quite a practice.

DOCTOR: I'll have to ask you to leave now before I call the police.

(Max sees something through the window behind the doctor as a gun is cocked. She tackles the doctor to the ground as rapid gunfire bursts through the window. A hand punches through the window and Max grabs it. The hand yanks Max outside. Max and the woman to whom the hand belongs fight each other with punches and kicks. The doctor runs to her truck. Max and the woman stand and strike fighting poses as the truck starts. They finally get a good look at each other. Max *flashes back to the escape from Manticore. In the flashback, Max and another girl are in the rear of the group. The girl hesitates. Max waves her on, but the girl shakes her head and retreats around a corner. Max leaves with the others. Max recognizes the woman in front of her as that girl and looks surprised.*)

MAX: Jace?

(Jace looks at Max with an equally surprised look on her face. Flashback to the kids crashing through the window at Manticore during the escape. As they run through the snow, Jace stands at the broken window, watching them leave. Back in the present day, anger returns to Jace's face and she jumps in the air. Max jumps to meet her and Jace kicks Max to the ground. The doctor's truck heads right for them. Max jumps and hangs onto a covered

walkway above. Jace runs out of the way. Max drops and lands in the passenger seat of the truck. Max, whose lip is bloody, looks at the doctor, who is looking at her between glances at the road. Max flashes back to the operating room at Manticore and now recognizes the doctor as one of the ones who were working on her.)

MAX: You wanna tell me why a Manticore soldier's trying to kill you?

DOCTOR: What are you talking about? Who are you?

MAX: Somebody who kept you from winding up dead. But that could still happen. I haven't decided yet.

(In his apartment, Logan is standing at the counter, taking notes while talking on the phone)

LOGAN: Any idea how the money's being laundered? . . . All right. Yeah, I'll pass this along to Eyes Only. I'm sure he'll want to get into it right away. Hey! (Max has entered the apartment and angrily ended his call) What the hell did you do that for?

MAX: We need to talk.

LOGAN: That was an informant with evidence on how the sector police are extorting money from -- (He turns and sees the blood on her lip) What happened to you?

MAX (crossing her arms): Talk to me about Dr. Vertes.

LOGAN: I'm sorry?

MAX: I know you're a patient of hers. I followed you over to her office.

LOGAN: Oh, you followed me? Can I ask why?

MAX: Because you've been acting really strange and I've been worried. Apparently with good reason.

LOGAN (walking out of the room in a huff, not using his cane): Well, thank you for your concern, but, uh, I'd appreciate it if you'd keep your nose out of my business. Everything's fine.

MAX (following): Really?

LOGAN: Really.

MAX: Then how come an X5 assassin tried to kill Dr. Vertes just a little while ago?

LOGAN (stopping): What? Is she all right?

MAX: Yes. Thanks to moi, her transgenic guardian angel, she's fine. You have no idea what you've gotten yourself mixed up in here, Logan. Dr. Vertes is from Manticore too.

LOGAN: I know.

MAX: You know? (Logan walks over to the window and looks out, his back to Max.) Wanna fill me in here?

LOGAN: I've spent the last six months trying to dig up everything I could about Manticore in order to help you find the others.

MAX: And you just forgot to tell me that the Bride of Mangelo was right here in Seattle?

LOGAN: Not everything I do is automatically your business.

MAX: Excuse me, but finding one of the bright young sadists who did experiments on us back in the day certainly is my business.

LOGAN (turning to face her): Let me see if I can break this down for you then, Max.

MAX: Please do.

LOGAN: Whatever else Dr. Vertes has done, she is probably the only person on the planet who can keep me from landing back in a wheelchair.

MAX: What are you talking about? If you need another blood transfusion, all you gotta do is ask.

LOGAN: That won't help. My body's rejecting your blood cells. The nerves in my spinal cord are unraveling as fast as they were repaired. We'll know in the next forty-eight hours whether the treatment even works, if I'll be able to keep walking.

MAX: I didn't know.

LOGAN: There's no way either one of us could've known. So where's Vertes now?

MAX: At the safe house.

LOGAN: Look...Max...I didn't want to tell you about this. For all kinds of reasons.

(He steps forward and falls flat on his face)

MAX: Logan!

(She goes to help him up but he waves her off.)

LOGAN: Don't! I can do it!

(He struggles but doesn't make any progress, so Max lifts him by the armpits and eases him into the wheelchair. He pushes her away and glares at her)

LOGAN: I gotta ask you--Is it easier for you if I'm in the chair?

MAX: Come on. Let's go see her.

(She flings his jacket at him and walks out. After a second he follows.)

(In the car)

LOGAN: I'm sorry.

MAX: I understand.

LOGAN: I'm not sure you do. I felt what it was like to function like a regular person again. To be whole and complete.

MAX: You've never not been that to me.

LOGAN: Staying out of that wheelchair matters more to me than anything else in my life. Anything. And if I wind up back in it...Let's just say that I'm not gonna live my life like that.

(At the safe house, Logan is sitting in an office chair, cane resting between his legs, and Max is standing behind him. Dr. Vertes is talking from across the room.)

VERTES: I was recruited by Manticore right out of Johns Hopkins. They said I'd be working at the cutting edge of motor-function research, that funding would never be a problem. That was before the pulse, of course. I worked on series X3 through the preliminary stages of X7, treating injuries, mostly. I also conducted medical experiments.

MAX (approaching Dr. Vertes): Like breaking the arms and legs of young children...your guinea pigs. Those kinds of experiments?

VERTES: I was conducting research into how to accelerate osteoregeneration, research that's allowing me to help your friend here. I transferred out of Manticore. Couldn't take it anymore. Went down to El Salvador, or what used to be called El Salvador before the invasion, and did charity work in the countryside.

MAX: You're a great humanitarian.

LOGAN: Why do they want to kill you?

VERTES (approaching Logan): They're afraid I could be bought, sell information abroad. At first they were much more low-key about getting rid of the Manticore brain trust. Werner Stutzman was killed in a boating accident; Leopold Pacen's car went over a cliff. In all, at least a dozen of us have died in the last six years.

(Max has a brief flashback to the operating table)

VERTES: So I changed my name and became much more careful about whom I worked with, socialized with. Thought I was off their radar screen. Apparently not. (Looks at Max) I guess I don't have to ask where your stem cells came from.

MAX: That girl today, Jace -- she was one of the X5's who stayed behind when we escaped.

VERTES: And was reprogrammed.

MAX: Reprogrammed how?

VERTES (approaching Max): As officers, X5's needed to be able to operate independently. But after the escape, it was felt that you'd been designed with too much independence. So they were simplified.

MAX: Simplified how?

VERTES: Thankfully, I didn't work in the neuropsych department. (To Logan) I can refer you to a colleague of mine in Tokyo who is familiar with my research and, obviously, I'll refund your money.

LOGAN: What do you mean?

VERTES: Well, after what happened today, I don't plan on sticking around Seattle.

MAX: I'll take care of the X5. Your only concern is seeing he gets the treatment he needs.

VERTES: I can't go back to my clinic, now that they know where it is.

MAX: You'll be safe at your clinic. You have my word.

(That night, through a skylight, a figure can be seen through the skylight in a lab coat sweeping Dr. Vertes' office. Jace jumps through the skylight and lands on the figure, who is actually Max. Jace draws a knife, but Max grabs her wrist and stops her. Max punches Jace and kicks her away. Max jumps to her feet, as does Jace. Jace starts to kick, but Max grabs her leg and sends her spinning to the floor. Max backflips over the exam table and strikes a fighting pose. Jace rises and strikes the same pose, then grunts and collapses.)

(Jace is lying unconscious on a lab bed, restrained at the ankles and wrists, wearing a tank top and shorts. Dr. Vertes hooks her up to an IV.)

MAX: X5's don't just roll over without a fight. What's wrong with her?

VERTES: She's pregnant.

(The doctor enters another room of her office. Logan is sitting in an office chair, cane resting between his legs, and Max is standing behind him.)

MAX: Tell me she's not going to lose the baby.

VERTES: They're both okay. Baby's like her mom...tough.

LOGAN: An X5 assassin in a family way.

MAX: How'd it happen?

VERTES: In the usual manner, I suspect.

MAX: Sounds like Manticore's gotten its swerve on since my day.

VERTES: No, there's no way the father could be transgenic. X5 males are routinely dosed with birth-control meds, as are most of the females. Only a few of the older ones are allowed to maintain their normal cycles, for research purposes.

MAX (angrily approaching Dr. Vertes): Subhuman, superhuman, what's the difference? We're all just a bunch of lab rats to you people.

(Dr. Vertes looks at her a moment and leaves the room. Max begins pacing.)

LOGAN: Look, the doctor may have done some questionable things in the past...

MAX: Try "despicable."

LOGAN: But she just saved a baby's life, is nursing her would-be killer back to health, and happens to be the one person I'm depending on to keep me walking.

MAX: So, what? Am I supposed to be nice to her?

LOGAN: Just consider the possibility that not everything and everyone involved with Manticore is evil incarnate.

MAX: We'll agree to disagree on that.

LOGAN: Well, how do we know your classmate in there didn't drop the dime to Lydecker and company already?

MAX: Not how it works. She's on a deep-cover op. Minimal contact with base until the mission's accomplished. Standard procedure.

LOGAN: Well, Max, I gotta tell you...I am not liking this situation a whole lot, her being here.

MAX: Duly noted.

(Max stands watching Jace. Jace wakes up, focuses on Max, and sees Max as she was at Manticore. As the word TRAITOR flashes on a screen in a flashback, Jace becomes angry and struggles against the restraints. As she continues struggling, her face contorted with malice and effort, she continues *flashing back to a classroom at Manticore. A man is at the front of the room, a screen behind him. The screen alternates between pictures of the escapees and the words SNAKE, TRAITOR, RAT, and PLAGUE. Jace is one of the kids in the classroom.* The monitor beside her bed begins beeping rapidly.)

MAX: Take it easy, Jace.

(Jace continues flashing back to the escape and to the classroom. The words DESERTER, TRAITOR, SNAKE, DESERTER and pictures of the escapees flash on the screen as the man lectures angrily. The words DESERTER, COWARD, SNAKE, TRAITOR, PLAGUE, RAT flash on the screen as Jace sits at her desk. Jace breaks out of the wrist restraints. Max shoves her down and holds her by the throat.)

MAX: I will kill you if you leave me no other choice. But you need to ask yourself -- do you want your baby to die too?

(Max releases Jace's throat and puts her wrists back in the restraints)

JACE: I don't know what you're talking about.

MAX: You're pregnant, Jace. The doctor said everything's fine, but you need your rest.

JACE: This is some kind of psy-op where you try to brainwash the prisoner into believing something that's not true?

MAX: Only it is true.

JACE: You're crazy.

MAX: What'd you do? Volunteer for this assignment so you could get away from Manticore...buy yourself some time to figure out what to do? (Dr. Vertes comes to the

doorway and listens) You know what they'll do to you back there for this. Never mind what they'll do to your baby. They'll take that child away and you'll never see it again. Just like with our mothers. (*Flashback to a woman being dragged screaming from the delivery room.*) Is that what you want for your kid?

JACE: The only thing that matters is accomplishing the objective.

MAX: You stay out in the world long enough, you find out Manticore had it all backwards. Everything matters except the objective.

JACE: I'm not gonna betray everything I believe in the way you did. You betrayed all of us...your brothers and sisters.

MAX: I'm not the enemy, Jace.

JACE (through gritted teeth): I will complete my mission and return to base...I will surrender to military command...and I will accept whatever disciplinary action they deem necessary.

(Dr. Vertes turns and walks away.)

(Logan is on the table with the pedals. Dr. Vertes injects him.)

LOGAN: Ow. That stuff burns.

VERTES: It's a neuropeptide called Substance PK--a synthetic combination of amino acids, hydroxytryptamine, and thyrotropin.

LOGAN: Doesn't make it hurt any less.

VERTES: I could give painkillers, but that would diminish the drug's effect.

LOGAN: No painkillers.

VERTES: I'm gonna start the machine.

(The pedals rotate rapidly and Logan struggles to keep up with them.)

VERTES: Too much?

(The machine stops.)

VERTES: Keep going.

(Logan grunts, trying to move the pedals.)

VERTES: We'll try again another time.

LOGAN: No!

(He grunts, and the pedals move a little bit. He grunts again, and they move a little again.)

VERTES: That's enough. You're on your way back.

(Logan begins to smile. Max, who had been passing through with a tray for Jace, stops and looks at him for a minute--without smiling--before moving on. He grins widely.)

(In the next room. Jace is still restrained on the bed. Max enters and sets the tray down.)

MAX: Baby moving?

JACE: I'm not far enough along for that.

MAX: Do you miss him? The father, I mean?

JACE: His name is Victor. He's a lab tech at the base. You've never regretted leaving Manticore?

MAX: Never once.

JACE: You're happy out here? In a world that's dirty, diseased, corrupt?

MAX: It's all those things. But at least I get to choose how to live my life. It's not up to some military command. It's called freedom.

JACE: Spare me the propaganda.

MAX: You think anybody back at Manticore's gonna ask you if you wanna keep that baby? The question won't even come up. They'll give you an order.

JACE: And I will follow it.

MAX: And you'll hate yourself for it. Because what they don't tell you is that you're more than just a soldier. You're a human being, with free will.

JACE: Easy for you to say. You're not in restraints.

(Max pauses, then releases Jace's wrists from the restraints.)

JACE (sitting up): How do you know I won't try to kill you?

MAX: I don't. I can help you, Jace, if you'll let me.

(Lydecker is standing near a pay phone, overlooking the water. The phone rings and he picks it up.)

VERTES (on a cell phone, alone in her office): Hello, Deck.

LYDECKER: Adriana. This is a surprise.

VERTES: I imagine so, given what you've been trying to do to me.

LYDECKER: It's nothing personal.

VERTES: We used to chat over coffee, Deck. Now I have to go through all this hocus-pocus just to get you on the phone.

LYDECKER: If you called to beg, all the orders have been signed. It's out of my hands. But if you want to turn yourself in, I could use your body for research.

VERTES: You used to use it for a whole lot more than that.

LYDECKER: That was then.

VERTES: I called to bargain, Deck, not beg.

LYDECKER: What could you possibly have that I would want?

VERTES: What you probably don't know is that the X5 you sent to kill me is AWOL because she's in her first trimester.

LYDECKER: I'm listening.

VERTES: What would you say if I gave her back to you, along with one of the X5's who escaped in '09?

LYDECKER: Adriana, you just bought yourself a whole lot of birthdays.

(The next day. Logan is sitting at his computer. Max enters the apartment and sits down.)

LOGAN: Morning.

MAX: Jace has decided to switch teams.

LOGAN: Just like that?

MAX: Not like she has a lot of options. Getting knocked up's a real career-ender back at Manticore. Plus she wants to keep her baby.

LOGAN: Her maternal instinct notwithstanding, are we sure we can take her at her word?

MAX: You get away from that place...little taste of freedom changes your whole worldview. Think you can make arrangements to get her out of the country?

LOGAN: Shouldn't be a problem. And I will certainly breathe easier knowing she and Vertes are in different time zones.

MAX: There is that.

LOGAN: Where is she now?

MAX: At the safe house.

LOGAN: You left her alone?

MAX: Logan, I know what she's going through. I trust her. How are those legs of yours?

(Logan is back in his wheelchair)

LOGAN: Still a little wobbly. But I've got another appointment with Vertes this afternoon.

MAX: Life is good. (They both smile) I better bounce before I lose my job.

(At the safe house, Jace is lying on a bed. Lydecker enters with Dr. Vertes and two men, and Jace sits up. Later, Jace is standing at attention while Lydecker paces angrily in front of her.)

LYDECKER: You're in one hell of a situation, soldier.

JACE: Yes, sir.

LYDECKER: Do you mind explaining why?

JACE: Because I am dumb! I am so damned dumb it would take ten acts of divine providence to raise me to the sublime height of blissful ignorance, sir!

LYDECKER: And what am I supposed to do about you now?

JACE: That is not for me to speculate, sir.

LYDECKER: You're damn right it's not. Your mission was to eliminate this individual here. (He pulls out his gun and shoots Vertes. She collapses and he replaces the gun.) Mission accomplished. Now, was that so difficult?

JACE: No, sir. Permission to speak, sir.

LYDECKER: Permission denied. Your current medical situation provides...a unique research opportunity. You have any problem with me trying to make lemonade out of the lemons that you've brought me?

JACE: No, sir.

LYDECKER: Good. Now you had something you wanted to say?

JACE: It was never my intention to abandon the objective. As a prisoner of the rogue X5, I gave the appearance of cooperation in order to gain her trust and re-deploy.

LYDECKER: You will be debriefed by command about your activities, along with the activities of other individuals who contributed to the unauthorized medical status you have now.

JACE: Yes, sir.

LYDECKER: But for right now, the rogue X5 is our top priority. You will return to duty, soldier.

(Jace salutes him)

(At Jam Pony, all the workers are crowded around a table, cheering. On the table, Sketchy is balancing his bike on the front wheel.)

MAX: C'mon, Sketchy!

HERBAL: Three minutes, thirty seconds!

ORIGINAL CINDY: Wiggy got mad skills!

MAX: Ya know?

(Normal enters the crowd and looks at what's going on. He draws a quarter from his pocket, aims, and throws it at Sketchy. The coin hits Sketchy in the head, and he and the bike fall off the table. The quarter rolls back to Normal, who picks it up and blows on it.)

NORMAL: Bip bip bip! Let's go! Let's go! Get back to work!

(The crowd reluctantly disperses as Max's pager goes off. She goes to a pay phone and dials.)

JACE (on phone): Max, it's me.

MAX: What's wrong?

(We see Jace calling from the safe house with Lydecker and his men standing by.)

JACE (tearfully): It hurts and I've started bleeding. I'm scared.

MAX: Okay, I'm on my way. Stay calm, lie down, and we'll get you a doctor. (Hangs up.)

(Jace hangs up the phone and her face changes from tearful to blank.)

LYDECKER (into a radio): This is control. Stand by to seal the perimeter.

VOICE ON RADIO: Roger, control.

(At Jam Pony, Normal holds out a package as Max walks by.)

NORMAL: Here, hot run.

(Max ignores him and leaves.)

NORMAL: Great. I'm talking to myself.

(Max is on her Ninja. Outside the safe house, Lydecker is standing next to a humvee with another man, who is wearing a suit and standing nearby. We see other soldiers and humvees in the area, waiting for Max.)

VOICE ON RADIO: Visual contact with subject has been established.

LYDECKER: Do not move 'til I give the command.

(Inside the safe house, two soldiers are standing by as Jace goes to the window.)

LYDECKER'S VOICE ON RADIO: What is your range, Bravo?

OTHER VOICE ON RADIO: Two hundred meters and closing.

LYDECKER'S VOICE ON RADIO: Stand by.

(Outside the safe house.)

OTHER MAN: You giving an order ten-zero-six?

LYDECKER: No. No, I am not.

OTHER MAN: Sir, she specifically authorized the use of deadly force.

LYDECKER: I don't give a damn what she authorized! It's not her show. It's still mine, and we'll do it my way.

(Max is approaching the safe house on her Ninja. Jace is still watching from the window.)

VOICE ON RADIO: Fifty meters and closing.

(Jace signals the two soldiers who are in the room with her, and they leave. She pulls out a silver watch and holds it up. She angles it to catch the sunlight and flashes a signal. Max notices and stops on her Ninja.)

MAX: Escape and evade.

(She glances around, sees soldiers hiding, and turns the bike around.)

VOICE ON RADIO: Subject is reversing course, sir.

LYDECKER: Initiate pursuit.

(Max stops the bike a little ways from the door of the building. Jace emerges and looks around.)

LYDECKER (into radio): Return to your position, soldier. You're disobeying a direct order.

(Jace removes her earpiece and runs.)

VOICE ON RADIO: X5 has ceased communications. Take her down.

(A soldier approaches Jace and she knocks him out. Max pulls up to her on the Ninja, punching out a soldier on the way. Jace kicks out another soldier and joins Max on the bike. A couple of soldiers fire some sort of electrical probe, shocking Jace and Max. Max guns the Ninja and they break free of the probe. Max rounds a corner and drives up a ramp. The Ninja flies over Lydecker's head. Lydecker reaches for his gun. Max kisses her fingers at him and roars off. Lydecker can pull the gun out. They drive away, and the man in the suit approaches Lydecker from behind. Lydecker is still watching them leave.)

OTHER MAN: I hope you're gonna be able to explain this to her in your report. 'Cause she is gonna be one very pissed-off lady.

(Lydecker smiles and nods.)

(At Logan's apartment, he and Max are sitting on the couch.)

LOGAN: Not the best news I could've gotten.

MAX: You would've thought Vertes knew Lydecker long enough to figure he can't be trusted.

LOGAN: You would've thought.

MAX: She's not the only doc around who knows about this treatment.

LOGAN: Only one I had access to. At least you're all right.

MAX: I'm sorry, Logan.

LOGAN: Where's Jace?

MAX: I stashed her back at my crib.

LOGAN: I set her up with a new identity. She leaves for Mexico tonight.

MAX: Thanks.

LOGAN: No problem. On another matter, you should swing by the clinic and yank my medical records. You've got exposure if Lydecker dumps Vertes' files and reads about my transgenic blood donor.

MAX: Right. (Gets up and starts to walk out, then stops.) Logan... This is gonna be okay.

LOGAN: Yeah.

MAX: See you later.

LOGAN: Yeah. See you later.

(Max leaves and Logan transfers to his wheelchair.)

(Max sneaks through an alley and into the clinic. She goes to a drawer, locates Logan's file, and starts to walk out with it. She drops it and papers spill on the floor. As she goes to pick them up, she notices Logan's psychological evaluation. In the doctor's handwriting, we see glimpses of the words "despondent," "from paralysis," and "depression.")

LOGAN (in flashback): Staying out of that wheelchair matters more to me than anything else in my life.

(In the doctor's notes, we see the words "suicidal urges.")

LOGAN (in flashback): Let's just say I'm not gonna live my life like that.

(We see the words "depression," "concern," "despondent," and "suicide." Max jumps up and runs out.)

(Logan is sitting at the computer desk in his wheelchair in a despondent trance state. He bangs his legs into the desk several times, then stops. Max roars down a road on her Ninja

and turns a corner. Logan opens a desk drawer and pulls out a gun and a box of bullets. He holds the gun up and looks at it. Max roars down the road, past a group of people. Logan puts one bullet into the clip, puts the clip in the gun, and cocks the gun. He holds the gun in front of him, pointed up, finger on the trigger, looking at it. A drop of water lands on his computer keyboard. He looks up at the ceiling and sees a wet spot where water is soaking through. A drop lands on his face. He puts the gun down and removes his glasses to wipe his face off. Then he replaces the glasses and wheels away.)

(In Mrs. Moreno's apartment)

LOGAN: Mrs. Moreno?

(There is no reply and he wheels down the hallway toward the bathroom. The door is partway open, and he pushes it all the way open to reveal Mrs. Moreno lying on the floor. She is groaning and has a gash on her forehead. The water is running and the sink is overflowing. Logan grabs the cordless phone off the hall table.)

LOGAN: Okay, stay still. I'll call the paramedics.

(He puts the phone in his lap and moves over to shut off the water.)

MRS. MORENO: Maybe it would be better if I just died.

LOGAN: Let's not talk nonsense, okay?

MRS. MORENO: You don't know. You're young. You've got everything to live for. But me, I'm too old.

LOGAN: I'm gonna ask you to stop talking like that, Mrs. Moreno.

(He dials 911 and puts a hand on Mrs. Moreno's shoulder. They both smile.)

(Max pulls up to Logan's building and sees an ambulance outside. In Logan's apartment, Max opens the door and runs inside, yelling.)

MAX: Logan! Logan! Logan!

(She sees the gun lying on the desk. Hearing the door open, she turns and runs toward it. Logan enters, and Max drops to her knees and hugs him tightly.)

MAX: I thought...I was so scared...The ambulance...

(Logan returns the hug)

LOGAN (whispering): It's okay.

(They draw apart and look at each other for a moment, their arms still around each other. Logan wheels to the desk and Max stands up.)

LOGAN: Little accident upstairs. Mrs. Moreno fell down. Bathroom sink overflowed.

(He puts the gun and the bullets back into the desk drawer as Max watches.)

MAX: She okay?

LOGAN (turning to face her): Yeah. She'll be fine.

(They look at each other and Max smiles a little.)

(At South Market Street, Max and Jace approach a waiting bus.)

MAX: Money, sector passes, passport, and your contact's name at the Mexican border is Raul.

JACE: I can't thank you enough.

MAX: You don't have to thank me at all. Just make sure that kid has an excellent life.

JACE: If there's any way to get word to Victor...

MAX: Let me reach the baby's daddy. If Lydecker found out who it is, it can be dangerous for you. Can't take any chances.

JACE: Feels like I just woke up from a bad dream.

MAX: I know. One of the reasons why I don't sleep. Let me know if it's a boy or a girl.

JACE: Either way...Name's gonna be Max.

(They smile. Jace boards the bus and it leaves.)

(Max's voiceover begins as she walks away and continues as she sits on top of the Space Needle, holding a bottle of champagne)

MAX: I hope Logan will be okay. Actually, I know he'll be okay. He's got me in his corner. Only sometimes I wonder if he really wants me there. With everything that's gone down, I almost forgot. Eleven years ago tonight we escaped from Manticore. When I think of everything I've been through -- the good, the bad, and the blur in between...Well, I'm not gonna think about it. It'll just give me a headache. (Pops the cork, raises the bottle in a toast, and takes a swig.) Donald Lydecker, wherever you are, you can kiss my genetically-engineered ass! Zack, Brin, Jondy, Tinga, and everyone -- happy anniversary, kids. A baby...named after me...That is awesome.

DARK ANGEL
Season One, Episode #14: "Haven"
First Aired 3/27/2001

(In a Seattle street, a couple of police are guarding a gasoline truck. Max and Sketchy are waiting in line to fill containers with gas.)

SKETCHY: It's gonna run out before they get to us.

MAX: Will you stop?

SKETCHY: I really need new shoes, man.

MAX: Uh, Sketchy, this line's for gas.

SKETCHY: I know. Sky said if I score him a couple gallons of premium, he'd give me a pair of bike tires. Hey, no cutting!

MAX: I thought you wanted shoes.

SKETCHY: Sky doesn't have shoes. Herbal has shoes.

MAX: So you're gonna trade him the tires for the shoes.

SKETCHY: Herbal doesn't need tires. He needs a waffle iron for his lady. Original Cindy needs tires.

MAX: And Original Cindy has a waffle iron.

(They sit down on the bed of the pickup truck in front of them in line)

SKETCHY: No, Normal has a waffle iron. He's gonna swap Original Cindy for some lingerie so she can give it to Herbal for the tires Sky's giving me for the gas, which is how I'm getting my shoes.

MAX: Nice. What does Normal want with lingerie?

SKETCHY: I'm a businessman. I don't ask questions.

(The truck they are sitting on pulls away. They jump off and watch it drive off.)

SKETCHY: Don't you wish sometimes you could just get the hell outta here for a couple days?

MAX (smiling): Reason why I'm standing in line.

(Matt Sung is sitting in his car, talking with Logan on his cell phone)

LOGAN: Hey, it's Logan. I need your help with something, Matt. Remember those protesters that went missing back when the city first imposed martial law?

MATT: Rumor was they were disappeared by a police death squad.

LOGAN: I think I can prove it. I got a tip about one of the cops on the scene. Partner tried to step forward about what happened. Partner turned up dead, guy took off. He's been laying low in a little town up the coast ever since.

MATT: You think he's willing to talk?

LOGAN: Think you could score me a sector pass so I can get out of the city and find out?

MATT: Sector police have really clamped down since the New Year's riots. No one gets in or out of the city without a Class One pass, and even I can't get a hold of one of those.

LOGAN (sighing): Right.

MATT: I know you're not just gonna give up on this. But do me a favor...be careful.

LOGAN: You got it.

(He ends the call and turns around to find Max standing behind him, holding up the gas container and grinning.)

MAX: Hey.

LOGAN: Hey. Where you going?

MAX: "We," remember? (She sets down the gas tank and a bag.) The dizzying heights, the fresh country air, hiking in the Cascades? We talked about it last week!

LOGAN: You might've noticed there've been some changes since then. Unless you're planning to roll me off of Mount Rainier, you might want to reconsider.

MAX: What? You're back in the chair so you can't have a life anymore?

LOGAN: No, but I can't exactly scale mountains, now, can I?

MAX: Forget about the dizzying heights. What about the country air? Campfires. S'mores.

LOGAN: I got work to do.

MAX: And I spent the entire morning waiting in line for gas! (Turns to walk away)

LOGAN: You can't get out of the city anyway. Not without --

(He stops short as Max turns and holds out two laminated cards.)

LOGAN: -- sector passes.

(He reaches for them and Max yanks them away.)

MAX: Class One, VIP, no-questions-asked sector passes. I had to hang upside-down outside the window for an hour to swipe these from police headquarters. I almost horked, I got so nauseous, and I hate horking. You're not bailing on me.

LOGAN: Who said anything about bailing?

(She looks at him and he smiles)

(Opening credits)

(Logan and Max are in his car, driving through the countryside. Max checks a map.)

MAX: I don't mean to bruise your delicate male ego, but your uncle's cabin is back that way.

LOGAN: Oh, didn't I tell you? It's, uh, being fumigated for termites. It's all tented up.

MAX: So? We'll untent it.

LOGAN: Ever hear of a town called Cape Haven? It's a little resort community. Passed through it once when I was a kid. Really charming.

MAX: Your uncle's cabin's pretty damn charming, as I recall, not to mention free.

LOGAN: It -- it's rented out. Didn't I just tell you that?

MAX: You just told me it was tented for termites.

LOGAN: Whatever. You're really gonna love this place, though. Perfect vacation spot.

MAX: Long as I get my s'mores.

(They pass a welcome sign that says "Cape Haven.")

LOGAN: I remember this hotel. Enormous swimming pool, high dive. My parents --

(They slow down as they approach several civilian men with guns guarding the main road to town.)

MAX: This hotel . . . did it have valet parking, by any chance?

(Logan rolls down the window as one of the men talks to them.)

MAN: Where you headed?

LOGAN: Into town.

MAN: If you're looking for work, there isn't any.

MAX: I've got a question for you. Can I see your badge?

MAN: No badge. We're out here 'cause we don't want any trouble.

LOGAN: No, we're just here for the weekend.

MAN: Curfew's ten o'clock. After that you'd be advised to stay off the streets.

LOGAN: Got it.

MAN: Welcome to Cape Haven.

(Logan rolls up the window and drives on as Max rolls her eyes.)

MAX: ...Where the men are men and the tourists are afraid. (Laughs) What was his deal?

LOGAN (chuckling): Ah, you remember what it was like after the pulse hit. Places like this were overrun by people trying to get out of the cities. They were desperate, starving.

MAX: I figured things wouldn't be that bad out here.

LOGAN: Nuclear burst fries all the computers and satellites, turns the Information Age into the Stone Age overnight, doesn't mean you can't still fish or farm or whatever. They had to keep people out. Places like this would've been mobbed.

MAX: He was just hassling us 'cause he was bored. Don't they realize people wanna leave the city to get away from martial law and pretend the pulse never happened?

LOGAN: Easier said than done.

(They pass a building with a clock on it that says 12:05)

MAX: Twelve-oh-five.

LOGAN: June first, 2009. Time the pulse hit.

(They pull up to an old one-story house that has peeling paint and a covered porch with steps. A woman comes out and stands on the porch as Max closes the hatch and Logan wheels up the dirt driveway.)

LOGAN: Are you Trudy?

TRUDY: Mr. Cale. Uh, come on around through the kitchen.

(As they head for the house, Max notices a boy of about twelve or thirteen watching them from a window. Trudy opens a side door, and they enter and look around.)

MAX (smiling): Nice.

TRUDY (giving them the tour): Um...Stove's gas. So's the hot-water heater. Just turn it on when you need it. Propane's hard to come by these days.

MAX: No problem.

TRUDY (walking through the living-room area): Fireplace works. You can use the cuttin' stump outside if you need m...Oh, the steps. I'll get a carpenter to put a ramp down in the morning.

LOGAN: Great.

(Trudy walks down the hall. As they turn to follow, Max notices the boy watching them through the screen door.)

TRUDY: Bathroom's through that door. (She waves at a bedroom and they peer inside.) Master bedroom.

MAX AND LOGAN: Where's the guest bedroom?

MAX AND LOGAN: I snore.

TRUDY: Guest room's through there. (Gestures)

(They turn and see the boy watching them from the guest room)

LOGAN: Hi.

(He doesn't respond. They move through the hallway back to the kitchen.)

TRUDY: We didn't turn it down. I'll get Sage to come back with some linens.

LOGAN (turning to face Trudy and Max): Now, where's the phone?

TRUDY: There isn't one. Sorry.

LOGAN: Because my cell can't get a signal and I...(Max catches his eye)...I, uh...I need a phone.

TRUDY: There's a pay phone back in town.

LOGAN: Great.

TRUDY: If it's not a problem...would you mind...?

LOGAN: Oh! Yeah. Sorry. (Takes some cash from his jacket pocket and hands it to Trudy.) Here you go.

TRUDY (smiling and calling out): Sage, let's go!

(Max and Logan look toward the guest bedroom, but Sage isn't there. They look out the front door and see him jump down the porch steps and run off. Trudy follows. Max sits down as Logan looks around.)

MAX: Spill it.

LOGAN: Spill what?

MAX: Need Bling to feed a cat you don't have?

LOGAN: There's a source that I need to talk to here in town. (Max gets up in a huff) What?

MAX (going to the fireplace to start a fire): I should've known.

LOGAN: Max, this is important.

MAX: You came here to work.

LOGAN: Ten years ago, there were eighteen people who were murdered for standing up against police brutality. This guy was there.

MAX (angrily): I don't care if he could raise the dead. This was supposed to be a vacation.

LOGAN: How can I even think about having a good time when --

MAX: -- when there are eighteen restless spirits waiting for you to avenge their deaths?

LOGAN (nearly shouting): When the man responsible for killing those people was Rollins Miller, the chief of police! And not only did he get away with it, he got promoted for it!

MAX: If I'd known this was gonna be an Eyes Only wilderness retreat, I wouldn't have come.

LOGAN: So I'm just supposed to let him get away with it?

MAX: You can't right every wrong.

LOGAN: You've got to at least try.

MAX: Whatever. Go talk to your source. This girl's gonna kick back, make s'mores, and relax.

LOGAN: Fine. I'll be back later.

MAX: Don't hurry.

LOGAN (glaring at her on his way out): Have fun -- because that is the most important thing.

MAX: I'll try. Even though I'll be wracked by guilt since I don't have enough to share with every single person on this planet.

(They glare at each other as she pops a marshmallow into her mouth.)

(Later, Max is chopping wood outside. As she raises the ax, she shakes a little, and she stops chopping. She gathers an armful of the wood she has cut and walks toward the house. As she hits the porch, she shakes violently for a few moments and drops the wood. Max runs into the bedroom and pulls a bottle of tryptophan out of her bag. She manages to get a few pills into her mouth before her shaking hands drop the bottle and pills scatter across the floor. She sits on the floor by the bed, Sage, who was passing by with some linens, sees her and drops to the floor in front of her, wide-eyed, as she continues to seize.)

SAGE: My aunt's a doctor. I can go get her if you want.

MAX: No, it's okay.

SAGE: What's the matter with you?

MAX: I have this problem. The chemicals in my brain go all buggy on me. I just have to take these pills and it goes away after a while.

(Sage reads the label on the bottle and begins to pick up the pills.)

SAGE: Tryptophan. That's what's in milk.

MAX: How'd you know?

SAGE: Aunt's a doctor. She doesn't just give you a glass of milk when you can't sleep. She tells you why it's gonna work.

MAX: I have a hard time sleeping, too.

SAGE: I don't really like to.

MAX: How come?

SAGE: Bad dreams.

MAX: Me too, sometimes.

SAGE: Like what?

MAX: People chasing me...trying to hurt me.

SAGE: In mine, I'm hiding from them. And when I try to get away...

MAX: You can't move.

SAGE: They keep coming.

MAX: But they never get closer.

SAGE: Yeah.

MAX: Yeah.

SAGE: Sure you don't want me to go get her?

MAX: Yeah. Positive.

SAGE: How come?

MAX: It's complicated. Kind of a secret.

SAGE: I have a secret too.

MAX: Yeah?

SAGE: I'll tell you mine if you'll tell me yours.

MAX (laughing): Nice try.

(They both smile)

(Logan enters a small office building. He approaches a couple of guys standing around, one of whom is the guy who stopped the car earlier)

LOGAN: I'm looking for Herman Colberg.

(The guy looks over to a man sitting at a desk nearby)

GUY: Herman?

(The man at the desk looks up. Logan turns and approaches him.)

LOGAN: Mr. Colberg?

HERMAN: Yeah?

LOGAN: I'm Logan Cale. I'm a journalist.

HERMAN: Uh-huh?

LOGAN: Can I talk to you for a minute...in private?

HERMAN: What about?

LOGAN (glancing around and lowering his voice): I know who you are...who you were. And I'm not here to make trouble.

HERMAN (at normal volume): I don't have any idea of what you're talking about.

(Herman gets up and walks into the next room. Logan follows. Herman pours himself some coffee.)

LOGAN: You used to be with the Seattle P.D. Changed your name back in 2010 when you quit the force.

HERMAN: I don't know what to tell you, but you got the wrong guy.

LOGAN: Look, I understand why you'd be reluctant to talk to me.

HERMAN: I'm not the man you're looking for.

LOGAN: Maybe you don't care about those eighteen people those cops killed, but your partner did. He died trying to come forward and do the right thing. Don't let his death be for nothing.

(Logan leaves as Herman watches)

(At a local bar/pool hall, Max is sitting at the bar, drinking milk and sitting next to Sage.)

BARTENDER: You sure like milk, huh?

MAX (smiling at Sage): Does a body good.

(Sage laughs. A man sits at the bar and sets down a pitcher. Sage's smile disappears and he stares straight ahead.)

MAN (to bartender): Hey, Benny. Top us up there, fella. And a glass of milk for the lady. (Lights a cigarette as Benny pours Max more milk) Sage. That your girlfriend? Hey, why don't you be a good pal and introduce us, huh? (Sage doesn't react.) That's okay, I'll do it myself.

(He thumps Sage on the back and removes the cigarette from his mouth)

MAN (to Max): Hi. I'm B.C.

(Max ignores him and turns to the man sitting on her other side.)

MAX: Are you done with the table?

OTHER MAN: It's all yours, honey.

MAX (to Sage): Come on. (She takes the glass of milk and they walk towards the pool table.)

(Later, Max is leaning over Sage's shoulder as he takes aim. B.C. and his three friends, including the bartender, watch from the bar.)

MAX: Hit it right there.

(Sage takes a shot. Logan enters and approaches them.)

MAX: Hey.

LOGAN: Hey. Got your note.

MAX: You remember Sage.

LOGAN: Yeah. (To Sage) How's it going?

SAGE: Okay.

MAX: So? How'd it go? Find him?

LOGAN: Ah, turns out he wasn't the guy I thought he was.

MAX (smiling): Oh. I guess you got no choice but to enjoy yourself.

(As she rounds the table, she shakes for a moment.)

LOGAN: You all right?

(He notices the empty glass of milk on the table as Max bends to take aim.)

MAX: I'm fine. He knows. I'm just a little shaky.

(She takes a shot and sinks the eight-ball. B.C. and his friends whoop.)

MAX (to Sage): Sorry, bucko. My game.

SAGE: Thanks ... for not treating me like a kid and letting me win.

MAX (to Logan): So you want to be my next victim?

LOGAN: Mind if I break?

(Logan takes a shot and the balls on the table scatter. He sinks some balls)

MAX (smiling): Lucky.

(He glances at her, takes another shot, and sinks another ball.)

FRIEND AT BAR (laughing, to B.C.): Lucky.

MAX: Not bad.

(Logan takes a third shot and sinks another ball. He takes a fourth but misses. Max leans over to take aim and B.C. watches her butt.)

B.C.: Nice.

(Logan overhears the comment and frowns. Max takes her shot and sinks a ball. B.C. and his friends whistle a catcall. Logan backs up to approach B.C. while keeping his eyes on Max, who is taking aim for another shot.)

LOGAN: You got a problem?

B.C.: No, man, I ain't got no problem. I'm just enjoying the view.

LOGAN: Why don't you go enjoy the view from your cave?

(The friends laugh at B.C.)

B.C.: Oh, okay.

(He pushes Logan over, who falls backwards out of his chair and onto the floor. As he struggles to get back up, B.C. and his friends laugh and taunt him. Max is still leaning over the pool table, taking aim. B.C. approaches her from behind. Her face suddenly contorts with fury and she shoves the pool stick backwards into his gut. As he falls, one of his friends approaches Max, and she whacks him in the face with the stick. Another friend comes up and goes to kick her. She blocks the kick with the stick, kicks him in the gut, and he falls. The man she whacked in the face throws a punch but misses. She socks him in the gut and in the face, and he falls. B.C. heads for her, she punches him in the face, and he falls. As the man she kicked comes at her again, she hops on the pool table and kicks him with both feet. B.C. rises to face her.)

B.C.: Hey!

(Max punches him and he falls. She sees that Logan is almost in the chair and lifts him the rest of the way. Benny stands behind the bar with his hands on his head, looking surprised that one girl knocked out all the guys)

MAX: You okay?

LOGAN (tightly): Yeah. Fine.

(He leaves and Max watches him go.)

(The next morning, Max enters the kitchen. Logan is sitting on the counter, legs on the wheelchair in front of him, spooning some oatmeal into a couple of bowls.)

LOGAN: Morning.

MAX: Hey.

LOGAN: Want some breakfast?

MAX: No. I'm not hungry.

(She gets some milk and shakes a little as she pours.)

LOGAN: Seizures getting bad?

MAX: No worse than usual. Just got a terrible headache and I'm tripping over my own feet.

LOGAN (chuckling a little): Well, that's new, huh?

MAX (smiling): Guess I need my 50,000-mile checkup.

LOGAN (dropping into the chair): Are you cold? 'Cause I can get a fire started.

MAX: No, I'm fine.

LOGAN: Let me get you a blanket.

MAX (testily): I said I'm okay.

LOGAN: That's right. I forgot. I'm not supposed to help you, 'cause you're the superhero and I'm the guy on wheels.

(He takes a bowl of oatmeal to the table and begins to eat while sulking. Max sets her milk down and watches him in disbelief.)

MAX (angrily): How did my screwed-up genetics suddenly become about you? When you're done eating, d'you want to go for a walk or something?

LOGAN (sarcastically): Wouldn't want to slow you down.

MAX: Fine. You want to feel sorry for your bad self, be my guest.

(She walks out the door and Logan stabs the spoon into the oatmeal.)

(Max is walking along a dirt path on a hill and stops to look out over the town and the water. A short way down the hill, she sees Sage standing in a small cemetery. She approaches him, and we see he is standing in front of three headstones that read "Gilan." He stares at one labeled "Sam Gilan.")

MAX: Hey.

SAGE: Hey.

MAX: Friend of yours?

SAGE: Sort of.

MAX: What do you mean, sort of?

SAGE: Remember when I said I had a secret?

MAX: Yeah.

SAGE: Promise you won't tell?

MAX: Promise.

SAGE: I see him sometimes. At night.

MAX: You mean like when you're asleep?

SAGE: No. He's there. In my room.

MAX: You mean like a ghost.

SAGE: Maybe it's just my imagination. 'Cause I know the story.

MAX: What story?

SAGE: How he died.

(At the house, there is a knock on the front door. Logan approaches the steps to the living room and sees one of B.C.'s friends standing on the porch, looking through the screen.)

LOGAN: Can I help you?

MAN: Trudy sent me.

LOGAN (in disbelief): You're the carpenter?

MAN: Toolbox...wood...truck. Thought I was the dentist?

LOGAN: I was thinking something else.

(Max and Sage are standing outside an old house, looking at it. The house was destroyed in a fire and several of the walls are missing.)

SAGE: Happened before I came to live here. It was right after the pulse. They were running a generator to keep the power on. There was an accident. They all died.

(Inside, they stand in the doorway of a bedroom filled with burned debris on the floor.)

SAGE: This was his room.

(Max enters and pokes through the debris. She picks up a doorknob with an interesting engraving and tosses it to Sage.)

MAX: Hey, Sage. Check this out.

(Sage catches the doorknob and looks at it. Suddenly he looks at Max with terror on his face.)

MAX: What's wrong?

(He drops the doorknob and runs out.)

MAX: Sage!

(She starts to chase after him but shakes. She stops, steadies herself against a wall, and walks out of the house.)

MAX: Sage!

(Back at the house Max and Logan are staying in, the carpenter is finishing the ramp while Logan watches, chin in hand.)

CARPENTER: Yeah. That's it. All finished. Wanna try it out?

LOGAN (tightly): I'm sure it's fine.

CARPENTER: It's a little steep. I, uh, wouldn't want you to tip over.

LOGAN: It's fine.

(The carpenter nods and picks up his toolbox as a truck pulls up outside.)

CARPENTER: You have a nice day now.

(Logan nods, and the carpenter turns for the door. Herman gets out of his truck. The carpenter glances back at Logan and nods at Herman on the way to his own truck.)

CARPENTER: Herm.

(Logan, eyes on Herman, moves down the ramp and approaches the screen door. The carpenter drives off and Herman stands on the porch, looking in at Logan.)

HERMAN: No one here knows who I am and that's the way I want it to stay. If you're smart, you'll leave this whole thing alone.

LOGAN: Maybe I'm not so smart.

HERMAN: Nothing you can do could bring them back. (Turns to leave.)

LOGAN: No, but maybe I can get the cops responsible off the street so they don't do it again.

(Herman turns back around, enters the house, and closes the wooden door behind him.)

HERMAN: You don't know. You don't know what it was like, being out there on the front lines.

LOGAN: You make it sound like a war.

HERMAN: It was. Summer of '09, Seattle went crazy. People were looting, burning down the city. We had to do something.

LOGAN: You mean like rounding up demonstrators, shooting them in cold blood, and dumping their bodies in a mass grave?

HERMAN: Demonstrators? They were inciting people to riot.

LOGAN: They were just trying to keep the police in check.

HERMAN: Keep us in check? I saw people hanging from telephone poles, lynched by their own neighbors. At first, everybody thought it was the Arabs set off the pulse. Then just about any foreigner was a target. Pretty soon, anybody who had something that somebody else wanted was fair game. We had to get the situation under control.

LOGAN: And if you had to break some heads to do it, then so be it?

HERMAN: We were protecting people like you, people that had the most to lose. You didn't want the barbarian hordes coming to your neighborhood. But you . . . you wanted us to be nice about it. You wanted us to play by the rules, but the rules had changed.

LOGAN: Murder was always against the rules.

HERMAN (angrily): You tell that to the cops out on patrol who were being shot at by snipers! You tell that to the firemen who had their throats slit by piano wire strung across doorways! We didn't have any choice! It was us against them! Kill or be killed!

LOGAN: The people that I came to talk to you about were unarmed when they were killed, and they posed no threat to the police involved.

HERMAN: As long as they were in custody, no. But some judge would've let 'em right out. And they would've been right back at it.

LOGAN: Somebody decided to make sure that didn't happen again. Who gave the order? (Herman shakes his head and heads for the door) Who pulled the trigger?

HERMAN: I don't know.

LOGAN: The bodies -- where are they buried? You were there.

HERMAN: I don't know. I don't know anything. (Leaves)

(Sage is walking down a street. One of B.C.'s friends pulls up next to him in a pickup truck.)

MAN: Hey, Sage. Let's take a ride.

(In an abandoned factory, B.C. is talking to Sage while his three friends look on. Sage is staring at the floor.)

B.C.: Clyde here tells me he saw you up at the house on Willow Street. You were with that girl from out of town. Yeah? (Bends to look in Sage's face) What were you two doing up there?

SAGE: Nothing.

B.C.: You tell her about the house? The people that died?

SAGE: Yeah.

B.C.: How did they die, Sage? 'Cause, um...I forget.

SAGE: Generator shorted out.

B.C.: That's right. It was a coupla days after the pulse and all the lights went out. (Kneels in front of Sage again) 'Course, you're probably too young to remember that, aren'tcha?

SAGE (looking him in the eye): No. I remember when the lights went out.

B.C.: What else do you remember? (He lights a cigarette; Sage doesn't answer.) Why you lookin' at me like that? Don't stare, kid. It's not polite. (Sage doesn't move.) I said don't stare.

(He slaps Sage across the face and Sage falls to the ground. As he sits up, his nose is bleeding.)

B.C.: Now you listen to me. You stay away from that girl. You don't know her, you don't need to be talkin' to her. You got it?

(Sage nods tightly and B.C. helps him up.)

B.C.: Good. (Ruffles his hair) Now get outta here.

(Sage runs away)

(Max knocks on the door of Trudy's house.)

MAX: Sage? Trudy? Anybody home?

(Sage enters the yard, sees Max, and starts to run away. Max catches him by the arm and sees the dried blood on his lip.)

MAX: Sage! What happened?

SAGE: Nothing.

MAX: Who did this to you?

SAGE: Nobody.

MAX: Tell me.

SAGE: Leave me alone!

(He starts to run off again. Max reaches out and catches him by the shirt. The shirt rips, Sage stops, and Max sees a burn scar on Sage's chest. He looks down and touches it. She takes his hand, looks at his palm, and sees a scar that matches the engraving on the doorknob. *She flashes back to the bedroom and to the burned-down house.*)

SAGE (in flashback): I have a secret too.

(Max remembers the look of terror on his face when he held the doorknob, and then Sam's headstone.)

SAGE (in flashback): I see him sometimes. At night.

(Max looks at Sage. He turns and runs into the house.)

(That night, under a full moon, Logan shines a flashlight on Max as she stands in a hole in the ground, digging.)

LOGAN: Max, this is insane.

MAX: It's the only explanation.

LOGAN: No, it's grave-robbing.

MAX: The scar...the fire...

LOGAN: What scar? What fire?

MAX: I get it now. Even the ghost makes sense.

(The shovel strikes something hard and she drops it)

LOGAN: Ah, the ghost makes sense. So, what, now you're avenging restless spirits?

MAX: They lied to him all this time. He was at the house.

LOGAN: Who? What house? (Max brushes some dirt off a coffin) Why are you doing this? What do you expect to find?

MAX: Nothing.

(She rips off a couple pieces of the wood and looks inside.)

MAX: See? It's empty.

LOGAN: Max, what the hell is going on here?

MAX: He didn't die in that fire. He's alive...Sage. Sage is Sam Gilan.

(Logan's car parked nearby with its lights on and a short distance away Clyde is watching them from the darkness.)

(In Trudy's office, she is pacing angrily between her desk and the window. Max and Logan are sitting in front of the desk.)

TRUDY: Where do you get off digging up that poor boy's grave?

MAX: Where do you get off burying an empty coffin?

TRUDY: We wanted to give him a proper funeral. It was empty because his body had never been found.

LOGAN: According to the death certificates, which you filed and signed, the remains of John, Emily, and Sam Gilan were retrieved from the site. We know you falsified the documents . . . and we know who Sage is.

TRUDY: I don't know what you're talking about.

MAX: The burns on his body?

TRUDY: He was in a car accident when he was little.

MAX: The scar on his hand?

LOGAN: He's Sam Gilan.

TRUDY (no longer angry): Leave it alone. Please.

MAX: Why would you lie to him? Why would you lie to everyone?

TRUDY: Because they would have killed him. Just like they did John and Emily.

LOGAN: Who? Who would've killed him?

TRUDY: B.C. and his friends. Night of the fire, I was the first one up there. They didn't see me, but I saw them running off, laughing, yelling. I heard something in the woods. It was Sage -- Sam. He was burned all over, in shock. I took him home before anyone else got there. Didn't know what else to do.

MAX: Why didn't you go to the police?

TRUDY: What police? They'd all been reassigned to the cities to put down rioting. We were on our own out here. I didn't have anyone to turn to, and I didn't know who I could trust. So I didn't tell anyone anything. Just kept him home, waiting for him to get better.

LOGAN: But you couldn't keep him hidden forever so you started telling people he was your nephew.

TRUDY: Things were chaotic back then. No one questioned it. They all had their own problems to worry about. And Sage . . . he was so traumatized by what had happened...

MAX: He started believing it himself.

TRUDY: The only ones I had to worry about were B.C. and the others.

LOGAN: And why would they go up there and kill those people?

TRUDY: They did what a lot of people in town thought about doing -- attack the outsiders.

(A door slams, and Sage, who was listening, runs away)

TRUDY: Sage...

(At the abandoned factory, B.C. is waiting with Benny and Clyde. The carpenter enters.)

B.C.: Well?

CARPENTER: They went over there to talk to her.

CLYDE: We're screwed. So screwed, man.

BENNY: She doesn't know it was us who did it.

CARPENTER: Oh yeah? Then how come she hasn't spoken so much as a word to any of us in ten years? Huh? I told you we shoulda killed her back then. Both of them.

CLYDE: Oh, so, what, it's our fault? Wasn't it your idea to go up there in the first place?

CARPENTER: You said they had food.

B.C.: Is that what you're gonna tell Herman?

CARPENTER: You're the one lost it, started hittin' the guy.

B.C.: Well, I thought he knew the pulse was comin'.

CARPENTER: Oh, yeah. You and your theories.

B.C.: So I was wrong. Anyway, we wouldn'ta had to kill 'em if this idiot didn't grab the wife.
(Gestures at Clyde)

CLYDE: Somebody had to teach those A-rabs a lesson. Besides, you had some, too.

B.C.: Yeah, when you weren't up for the job.

(Clyde grabs him and they start to fight. Benny and the carpenter break them up.)

CARPENTER: Guys! Cut it out, man.

BENNY: Come on. Maybe she didn't tell them anything, huh?

CLYDE: Yeah, well, what about the kid?

BENNY: He doesn't remember anything.

CARPENTER: This isn't gonna go away because you want it to!

(They start to scuffle again and B.C. breaks them up.)

B.C.: Shut up! Just let me think. Benny, your foot's bothering you again. You gotta pay a visit to the doc. Suss out what she may have told them. Clyde, I think it's high time you volunteered for watch duty. Find out what Herman and his stormtroopers know about the grave. (Looks at the carpenter.) You're with me.

CARPENTER: Where we goin'?

B.C.: We're gonna remind the kid that good little boys don't talk to strangers.

(Max and Sage are standing at the gate to the cemetery. Sage is crying.)

SAGE: It's not true. It can't be!

MAX: It is true. In a way you've always known. I know it hurts, but you can't hide from it anymore.

(Sage hugs her and sobs)

(At the house, Max lights a fire as Sage and Logan watch. Max starts to walk away but has to grab the railing as a seizure shakes her.)

LOGAN: You okay?

MAX: Whoa.

(She continues shaking. Logan hears a truck, looks out the window, and sees B.C. and the carpenter pulling up. He goes over to Max and whispers.)

LOGAN: We've got company. Take him in the bedroom and stay there. Okay? Do it. (To Sage) Hey, Sage...

(Max and Sage head for the bedroom, Max leaning on Sage as she shakes. Logan goes to his bag, pulls out a gun, and loads it. Max hears him cock the gun and glances back at him on her way into the bedroom. Logan goes out to the porch as B.C. and the carpenter approach.)

B.C.: Lookin' for Sage.

LOGAN: Not here.

B.C.: So you don't mind if we just come in just to . . .

(Logan crosses his arms and B.C. sees the gun he's holding.)

LOGAN: Guess you'll have to take my word for it.

(They all hear a truck and look to see Herman pulling in the driveway. Logan hides the gun under his arm and Herman gets out.)

HERMAN: Got a call from Trudy said Sage was missing?

B.C.: Yeah, they got him inside.

(Herman looks at B.C. and the carpenter.)

HERMAN: What are you doing here?

B.C.: Just tryin' to help find the kid, that's all.

LOGAN: He's found. So why don't you get lost?

HERMAN: Go on. (They don't move and he brushes his jacket aside to reveal a gun in a holster.) Don't make me tell you again.

(B.C. and the carpenter look at Logan, then at Herman, and start to walk away. Suddenly they jump Herman and begin fighting with him. Logan pulls out the gun but can't get a clear shot. The carpenter wrests Herman's gun away from him and shoots him in the gut. The guys stop fighting. Herman stumbles a few steps and collapses. The carpenter grabs the gun, which had fallen to the ground. Logan fires at him. The carpenter ducks behind the truck and returns fire. Max hears the shooting and starts getting up. Logan and the carpenter keep shooting at each other. Max's seizures make her stumble. Logan goes into the house and closes the wooden door. Sage helps Max back into bed and runs out to Logan.)

SAGE: She's getting worse.

LOGAN: Get back in the room and give her her pills.

(Sage runs back to the bedroom. B.C., who now has the gun, fires into Herman's truck and ducks behind his own with the carpenter.)

BC (handing him the gun): Here. I'm gonna go get the guys. You block the end of the driveway and make sure no one comes up. Make sure they don't take off to get help.

(He climbs in the truck and drives away. The carpenter runs into the trees, headed for the end of the long driveway. Once they've left, Logan comes out and approaches Herman, who is lying on the ground. Herman sits up a little, bleeding from the corner of his mouth.)

HERMAN (gasping): I don't know who gave the order...but...

LOGAN: It doesn't matter now. Don't try to speak.

HERMAN: We...we all did the shooting. All of us. (Grabs Logan and looks him in the eye.) Kill or be killed.

(His eyes roll back and he collapses, dead.)

(In the bedroom, Max is lying on the bed, seizing violently. Logan is beside the bed, one hand on her shoulder, and Sage is standing nearby.)

MAX: Must be the implant. Piece of junk's still stuck in my head.

LOGAN: It's affecting your balance, making your seizures worse.

MAX: It's okay. It'll pass. Always does.

LOGAN: In the meantime, neither one of us is in any shape to make much of an escape.

MAX: They're coming back, Logan.

LOGAN: And I'll be ready for 'em. (To Sage) And you're getting out of here.

SAGE: I'm not leaving.

MAX: Listen to him.

SAGE: I'm done hiding. I don't want to do it anymore.

(Outside, Logan peers into Herman's truck. Sage opens a metal box in the truck bed and hands Logan a bulletproof vest and a rifle. Logan unscrews the cap to the gas tank, inserts a plastic hose, and begins to siphon gasoline into a bucket. Sage hands him a propane tank. Logan cuts a length of fishing line and hands it to Sage. Logan boards up a window inside the house, as Sage paints a big X on the wall below the front window. Logan straps a bulletproof vest on Sage.)

LOGAN: Ready?

SAGE: Ready.

(That night, the truck pulls up to the house. Logan and Sage look out the window. *Sage flashes back and remembers that night shortly after the pulse, looking out a window as B.C. and his friends approach his house with guns. Sam's mother joins him at the window.*)

B.C. (in flashback): Hey, Johnny! C'mon out. We wanna talk to ya.

(Logan cocks the rifle. B.C. and his friends duck behind Herman's truck and aim their guns at the house. Logan shoots above their head.)

LOGAN: We are armed. Leave now or you will meet with forceful resistance.

B.C. (laughing): All right, we'll just be leaving then, man. Just gotta tie up a few loose ends first. (Logan sets down the gun and lights a cigarette lighter that was sitting on the windowsill. B.C. sniffs the air and the ground.)

CARPENTER: What's that?

B.C.: Gasoline.

(Logan tosses the lighter on the ground outside the house, and the line of gasoline catches fire quickly, moving toward the truck. B.C. and his friends run away and the truck explodes. Max hears the explosion and starts to get up. B.C. and his friends duck behind their truck.)

B.C.: Benny, go around the side of the house, man.

(Sage kills the lights inside the house.)

LOGAN: Good. Now go back and take care of Max.

(B.C. and his friends shoot at the house. Logan backs away from the window. Benny uses his gun to smash through the window. Sage watches and *flashes back to his father trying to defend the family as someone smashes through the window with a gun. His mother rushes him to a closet and closes him into it.*)

LOGAN: Go!

(Sage ducks under a table. Benny fires at Logan. Logan fires back and hits him in the shoulder. Benny sits on the porch. Max gets up and heads for the bedroom door, but she is seizing too much to walk. Benny reloads his gun on the porch. Logan takes aim at the X below the window and fires. The bullet goes through the wood and hits a propane tank sitting outside, and the porch explodes into flame.)

B.C.: I'll take the front. All right? Go around the back. I'm gonna take the front window.

(In the bedroom, Max passes out. Logan goes up the ramp as Clyde uses his gun to start smashing through the front door. *Sage flashes back to B.C. and his friends busting into the house as he watches through the slats in the closet door. B.C. jabs the gun into John Gilan's gut as Emily screams.*)

BC (in flashback): What are you lookin' at, raghead? (Punches John.) You knew it was comin', didn't you? Huh? (Kicks him.)

(Clyde breaks through the door and Logan aims at him.)

LOGAN: Put it down!

(Clyde goes to shoot but Logan shoots him first, and he collapses. *Sage remembers watching from the closet as B.C. kicks John.*)

B.C. (in flashback): It was you camel jockeys set off the pulse, wasn't it?

(Clyde grabs Emily.)

EMILY (in flashback): No! Please!

(In the present day, the carpenter opens the side door.)

CARPENTER: You're gonna pay!

(Logan rolls down the ramp. The carpenter goes to follow but is caught by fishing line strung across and falls. B.C. jumps through the shattered front window and shoots Logan in the vest. The force of the bullet knocks Logan backwards onto the floor. B.C. kicks him a bit to see if he moves; he doesn't and his eyes remain closed. B.C. sees the bloody fishing line and the carpenter lying on the floor, throat slit. B.C. lights a cigarette as Sage watches from under the table. Sage flashes back to B.C. lighting a cigarette with a match and smiling.)

BC (in flashback): Let's torch this sucker.

(In the present day, B.C. pours gasoline out of a water bottle and drops his cigarette. A fire starts. Logan opens his eyes, quietly reaches into his wheelchair pocket, and pulls out his gun. He shoots B.C. in the leg. B.C. falls on top of him and they fight. B.C. pulls out a knife, but Logan grabs his wrist.)

LOGAN: Thing about the wheelchair . . . builds upper-body strength.

(Logan turns B.C.'s wrist and uses it to jam the knife into B.C.'s gut. They roll over. B.C. groans and Logan looks at Sage.)

LOGAN: Sage! Fire extinguisher!

(In the bedroom, Max is lying unconscious on the floor as smoke fills the room.)

LOGAN: Sage! Get the fire extinguisher!

(Sage shakes his head. He remembers his parents lying on the floor, reaching to him, as the house burns. He watches wide-eyed through the closet door as they pass out.)

LOGAN: Sage!

(Suddenly Sage uses the fire extinguisher and the fire goes out.)

(Later, Logan's car is being loaded onto a truck. Max and Sage are sitting on the steps of the porch, Max wrapped in a blanket. Logan is sitting in the yard a little ways away as the man who stopped their car when they first entered town paces around him.)

MAN: We didn't know what happened up there that night. All the evidence was destroyed in the fire. Sure, I'd heard what the people were saying --"Why are they the only ones who've got food and power? They must've known the pulse was coming." You could see that house of theirs from miles away. Only thing lit up. I know it sounds crazy now, but back then ...when people would say they must've known it was comin' ... somehow it made sense.

LOGAN: Didn't help that the Gilans weren't from around here?

MAN: Never thought anybody'd go through with it.

(Trudy enters the yard)

TRUDY: Sage.

(On the porch, Sage looks up but doesn't get up.)

MAX: She went through a lot for you. You're lucky to have someone like that in your life.

SAGE: Yeah. (Glances at Logan) You too.

(Max looks at Logan and smiles. Sage kisses Max on the cheek, walks over to Trudy, and hugs her. Max, smiling, gets off the porch and approaches Logan.)

MAX: It's good to know that when the superhero's otherwise occupied, the sidekick's ready to step in.

(Logan looks up at her.)

MAX: How you feeling?

LOGAN: Okay, considering I've never killed anyone before.

MAX: Sometimes you have no other choice.

(He nods. Later, the truck his car is mounted on pulls away with Max and Logan riding in the cab with the driver. Max's voiceover begins.)

MAX: I guess Logan must've figured it out. You can get more than you bargain for when you go looking for where the bodies are buried.

(In the cemetery, Sage is putting daisies on his parents' headstones)

MAX: Even when they're not buried after all.

(There is no longer a third headstone.)

MAX: They say you can't raise the dead. But sometimes, if you're prepared to go through a little bit of hell, maybe you can.

(Sage takes Trudy's hand. They smile and walk out of the cemetery.)

DARK ANGEL
Season One, Episode #15: "Shorties in Love"
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(In the hallway of Max's apartment building, Herbal, Max, Original Cindy, Sketchy, and Jacinda are moving a hot water heater in.)

JACINDA: A little to the left. Careful.

SKETCHY: But why not? Hell, it's been 30 years. Grunge is due for a revival and I can get paid if I'm the one doing the reviving.

HERBAL: Ah. So this is not about making music. This is about making money.

SKETCHY: This is Babylon, dude. I want a car.

MAX: I'm so looking forward to hooking up this thing and having a nice hot shower.

JACINDA: Whoo! Amen to that. All my little boy can talk about is taking a bubble bath.

SKETCHY: Hey, Jacinda, has anyone told you you have beautiful eyes?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Ugh!

SKETCHY: What?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Sista gurl's the bomb, but now is not the time or the place, fool.

(The gang is moving the heater up the stairs now.)

SKETCHY: Have you got rivalry issues with heterosexual males such as myself?

ORIGINAL CINDY: I'm gawna put the smack down on your ass.

(Sketchy sees a rat in between the steps and drops his end of the heater.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: You fool!

(Herbal and Max manage to hold on to their end of the heater)

HERBAL: I got it.

MAX: Okay, on three. One, two, three. (pushes the heater the rest of the way up the stairs)
Herbal, you got some guns on you!

HERBAL (breathing hard): Yeah. Thanks.

(Later in the apartment, Max comes out of the bathroom in her robe.)

MAX: Ah. A hot shower in my own apartment. If that ain't heaven, girl, I don't know what is.
(sits down on the couch next to Original Cindy)

ORIGINAL CINDY: I'm glad, 'cause that water heater cost enough.

MAX: It was worth every penny.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Give me your paw.

MAX: What are you doing?

ORIGINAL CINDY: What? You never had a manicure before, boo?

MAX: No. Sounds too much like Manticore. Besides, it's kind of girly.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Shugga, sometimes you so butch, it's hard for me to believe you don't play on the all-girl team.

MAX: I'm just not into the whole pampering thing. Give me a hot shower, clean undies, I'm good to go.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Yeah, well, there's nothing a man likes more than to know his woman minds the details.

MAX: Yeah, well, I'm no man's woman, okay?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Whatever. (Hears a squeaking sound from the ceiling) We got a rodent problem, boo. Hear them gnawing?

MAX: Yeah. So you really think men pay attention to this kind of stuff?

ORIGINAL CINDY: I know they do. Not consciously, though. I mean, the male mind likes to think it's thinking on some larger issues. Like, the workplace, conquest, meeting adversity head on, but it's way more subtle than that.

MAX: Original Cindy, an expert on men. Who'd have thunk?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Original Cindy's aight with the mens . . . just don't ever ask her to go to bed with one.

(Suddenly, they hear the ceiling plaster cracking and the water heater comes crashing down through the ceiling)

MAX: Somebody out there just doesn't want me to be happy.

(Opening credits)

(At Crash, Original Cindy is playing pool against a guy and wins money. The gang is watching on.)

MAX: That's my girl.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Don't hate the playa, hate the game. (takes money from her opponent)

(Diamond enters the room)

DIAMOND: Who said you was a playa?

ORIGINAL CINDY (surprised and cautious): What's up, boo?

DIAMOND: We on? (They start a new game of pool)

ORIGINAL CINDY: I only play to win.

DIAMOND: Yeah?

ORIGINAL CINDY: And that's not been my experience with you.

MAX: Do we know who this is?

HERBAL: That is Diamond.

SKETCHY: She's hot.

ORIGINAL CINDY: How long you been back in Seattle?

DIAMOND: Not long. I just got paroled.

ORIGINAL CINDY: When are you going to quit being a bad girl?

DIAMOND: When you stop liking me that way.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Don't even try and put that on me. Do the crime, do the time.

DIAMOND: Only that's all over now. From now on, I'm living straight.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Mm-hmm.

DIAMOND: At least as far as the law is concerned.

ORIGINAL CINDY: And you came all the way back here to drop the knowledge that you turned over a new leaf. What makes you think I care?

DIAMOND: What makes you think I came looking for you? Maybe I just want to get my drink on. I'm just playing. Look, I... I heard you was going to be here so I came down to tell you . . . I been missing you. And I'm sorry.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You ain't done nothing wrong.

DIAMOND: Yeah, I did. I didn't work hard enough to keep you. This your crew?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Max, Sketchy, meet Diamond . . . and you remember Herbal Thought.

HERBAL: Mm-hmm. My sister.

DIAMOND: What's up?

SKETCHY: Can I get anyone an adult beverage? Diamond?

DIAMOND: Let me hold a forty -- long as you don't be thinking it gets you play.

SKETCHY: I pretty much get the drift here. You don't feature dudes.

DIAMOND: Let's just say Diamond's never met a man worthy of her kiss, but I know how you boys like a challenge.

SKETCHY: Forty coming up. (Diamond wins the pool game. Original Cindy puts down her cue and gives Diamond a bundle of money.)

DIAMOND: Diamond doesn't want your scrilla, boo. She wants this. (leans in and kisses Original Cindy)

(Max's pager goes off and she leaves)

(At Logan's apartment, Max creeps up behind Logan and looks over his shoulder while he writes in his journal. He gasps when he realizes she's there)

LOGAN: Max.

MAX: I didn't know you wrote poetry.

LOGAN: You startled me. (Max grabs Logan's journal away from him) It's not poetry.

MAX: Looks like poetry to me.

LOGAN: May I please have my book back now?

(Max gives the journal back to Logan)

MAX: Okay. You paged me?

LOGAN: Yeah. Uh, Pierpont Lemkin, the go-to guy from the Marbury cartel. . .

MAX: I met Original Cindy's ex tonight.

LOGAN: Oh, that's nice because Lemkin is paying off the sector police to look the other way so he can run arms unchecked.

MAX: You should have seen Sketchy's face when he heard they were making out and he missed it.

LOGAN: Mmm. 'Cause word on the informant net is Lemkin's crew is behind the heist of those nuclear warheads from March air force base.

MAX: What is it with guys and lesbians anyway? I mean, what's so damn fascinating about being unwanted by the opposite sex?

LOGAN: Have you heard anything I've been saying?

MAX: Every word. I parallel-process and multitask like there's no tomorrow.

LOGAN: Good chance we'll be out of tomorrows if we don't take Lemkin down and fast.

MAX: What do you need?

LOGAN: His records -- who he's paying and how much. It's all on this disc. A guy in his inner circle got me the encryption algorithms so I can bust the code, but I need the disk.

MAX: So get your guy to grab them for you.

LOGAN: He's dead. Executed. His body turned up on his mother's doorstep.

MAX: Nice.

LOGAN: However, he did manage to get the combination to the safe.

MAX: So this is a box job.

LOGAN: Yeah. I hacked into the mainframe of Lemkin's insurance carrier and dumped the blueprints to his house. The guy's a real security freak so you're going to have to do some recon before you hit the safe. (hands Max a copy of the blueprint of Lemkin's house.)

MAX: On another matter, not unrelated . . . that new hot water heater is non-operational due to an accident caused by rats eating up our building. If I happen to find some cash along with these disks you don't mind if I help myself? I realize your mission is to save the world and what I'm suggesting probably sounds opportunistic, but you know, stealing from a thief really isn't like stealing at all.

LOGAN: Just get me the discs. Anything else you do, I don't want to know about.

MAX: Cool. (Turns to leave)

LOGAN: So they were really making out?

MAX: Yeah.

LOGAN: Hmm.

(Max leaves and returns to her own apartment. She sees an opened jar of peanut butter and some bread on the counter. She is spreading some peanut butter on a slice of bread when she sees a rat crawling around on the counter.)

MAX: Rat bastard.

ORIGINAL CINDY: What's going on?

MAX: Mickey's cracked-out cousin thinks he's setting up house in our crib.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Um, could you try and keep it quiet 'cause Diamond's in there trying to sleep. She's beat.

MAX: I bet. How come you didn't talk about her before?

ORIGINAL CINDY: There's some things that words just can't explain.

MAX: You're that tight, huh?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Diamond opened my eyes. She turned me on and turned me out. Till then, I was a saddiddy thing -- all quiet and shy.

MAX: So she brought out your inner bitch.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Among other things. Diamond brought me sunshine. I ain't going to front, though. She brought me a gang of rain, too. She was always having issues with the law so I wouldn't see her for long stretches.

MAX: Do I need to lock my stuff up?

ORIGINAL CINDY: It ain't even like that. Besides, she says that's all in the past.

MAX: She gets her act together, maybe you two can . . . work out.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Maybe. Um . . . do you mind if she crashes here for a while?

MAX: No. No problem.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Thanks. Oh. Check it. She's going to be on the mike at Guru's tomorrow. We got love, if you want to drop by.

MAX: Diamond's a singer?

ORIGINAL CINDY: My gurl drops the word.

MAX: She got skills?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Diamond's the tongue-twister, aiiight?

DIAMOND (from the bedroom): Where is my boo?

ORIGINAL CINDY: I'm coming, shugga. Good night.

MAX: Good night. (Returns to making her sandwich and sees the rat again. She grabs the rat by the tail and holds it up) Gotcha! But you know what? One rat deserves another.

(The next day at Lemkin's house, Max rings the doorbell. The maid answers.)

MAX: Hi. Delivery for a Mr. Lemkin.

MAID: Sure.

MAX: I'm going to need a signature. (drops the package) Oh, sorry! (lets the rat loose inside the house while the maid picks up the package, then pints at it and shrieks) Eeeek! It went over there!

(A bodyguard with a gun comes to the door. Max points him in the direction of the rat.)

MAX: A rat. It was this big, I swear.

(Max walks around inside the house. She sees an alarmed area with laser a grid. She memorizes how the laser beams crisscross the room with the safe. Lemkin appears behind her)

PIERPONT LEMKIN: Who are you?

MAX: If you're Mr. Lemkin, I just delivered a package for you.

PIERPONT LEMKIN: What are you doing here?

MAX: I got to pee. I was looking for the ladies.

PIERPONT LEMKIN: Pee outside. Get her out of here.

MAX: Fine. (The bodyguards escort her out)

(Max, Diamond, and Original Cindy are walking through the night market.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: You was kicking some dope rhymes in the club fo' real fo' sho.

DIAMOND: Oh, when Diamond drop her word it go down and it stay down you. You feel me.

ORIGINAL CINDY: No doubt, no doubt. I mean, you were off da hook in there, boo.

DIAMOND: Well, you know . . .

MAX: Listening to you two, it's like reading original text. Talking about yourself in third person. The whole shugga boo dealio. I totally get where it comes from now.

ORIGINAL CINDY: If you saying that I'm biting Diamond's flava, I'm not even trying to hear that.

DIAMOND: Boo, don't even listen to her. She get her stilo from Diamond.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Original Cindy don't bite nobody's stilo. It don't come from nowhere 'cept me which is why the name is Original Cindy. Period, point blank.

DIAMOND: Boo, boo, I was just doggin' you. I gotcha.

MAX: Hey, I'm sorry I even brought it up. Jeez.

(Max spots some suspicious men ahead. She stops Diamond and Original Cindy from walking further.)

MAX: You guys get ghost. We got a situation here.

DIAMOND: What you mean, "situation"?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Just do what she says; she knows what she's talking about.

(Original Cindy and Diamond run away. Max turns around and sees a man with a gun behind her.)

MAN: Don't move.

(Max kicks the man down and fights the others. Diamond stops to watch for a bit.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Come on, let's get out of here.

(Max finishes fighting off all the men and picks up one of their guns left on the ground)

(Back at Logan's apartment, he is lifting weights)

LOGAN: What makes you so sure these weren't Lydecker's people?

MAX: Well, they weren't jarheads, for one thing. Lydecker's posse's all "G.I. Joe, hut-hut-hut." Plus, they're strapped with way more firepower than this. (hands Logan the gun she picked up)

LOGAN: No shortage of folks looking for Manticore technology.

MAX: Run a check on that. It might narrow the field.

LOGAN: I'm all over it.

MAX: Well, this little girl's gonna go home and chill out before she knocks that safe over. (She sits down back to back with Logan)

LOGAN: It's worth noting, while you're right my mission is saving the world, it doesn't mean that I don't worry about you.

MAX: Worry accomplishes nothing. But it's nice to know that you think of me as more than your own private cat burglar.

LOGAN: Way more.

MAX: Can I take that to mean that my name shows up now and then in those little poems of yours?

LOGAN: Without stepping right into an admission that I do, in fact, write poetry . . . maybe.

MAX: Maybe, huh?

LOGAN: Mmm.

MAX: I can live off of that for a couple of days. Later.

(At Max's apartment, Original Cindy is doing Diamond's nails.)

DIAMOND: Hope your girl is okay.

ORIGINAL CINDY: She called from her boyfriend's crib before. She's cool.

DIAMOND: I wonder what those guys were after.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Who knows? Homegirl's a real trouble magnet, though, for real.

DIAMOND: Mmm. I need some air. Do you mind opening a window or something?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Mm-mm.

DIAMOND: So, boo . . .

ORIGINAL CINDY: Mm-hmm? It's stuck -- hold on. (goes to get something to help her pry the window open)

DIAMOND: If you could live anywhere . . .

ORIGINAL CINDY: I'm listening.

DIAMOND: . . . and money was no object, where would you go?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Someplace warm where it doesn't rain 362 days a year. Like Mexico.

DIAMOND: Yeah, right on the gulf.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Yeah. White sandy beaches, so warm.

DIAMOND: Maybe we'll make it there someday -- you and me?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Right, right. (Returns to the table with the item she used to open the window)

DIAMOND: What you doing with a slim-jim?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Belongs to Max.

DIAMOND: Use these for stealing cars.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Great for opening windows, too. Anyway . . . nice fantasy, but my arms are too short to even reach Mexico.

DIAMOND: Life's too short, baby. Sometimes you got to take what you need to be happy 'cause you might not get another chance.

(The door opens and Max walks in)

ORIGINAL CINDY: You all right?

MAX: Yeah, fine. They were just trying to get me to change long distance carriers.

DIAMOND: Girl, I've been in some street fights, but I ain't never seen no moves like yours before.

MAX: I took karate as a kid. (takes back the slim-jim)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Window was jammed.

DIAMOND: Uh-huh. (Looks quizzically at Max)

MAX: See you girls in the morning.

(The next morning)

ORIGINAL CINDY: So you want to hook up later and have lunch?

DIAMOND: Sounds good. Maybe tonight I can be the wife and cook you dinner.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Mmm . . . later.

(Original Cindy kisses Diamond on the cheek and leaves for work. Diamond makes sure Max is in the shower and goes into Max's room. She checks out her gear and weapons and finds a blueprint of Lemkin's house with the location of the safe marked. The shower turns off and Diamond hurriedly puts Max's stuff back and runs to the living room window to casually sip her coffee)

DIAMOND: Girl, you shower quick.

MAX: No point hanging out when the water's cold. (tips the empty coffee pot)

DIAMOND: Sorry . . . we drank all the joe. Did you want some? (offers her cup of coffee to Max.)

MAX: No.

DIAMOND: So, Max . . . I been wondering . . . just running things through my mind, you know?

MAX: What kind of things?

DIAMOND: Like the way you handled yourself in that fight and how you got a slim-jim just lying around and how you deliver packages for a living and can still afford this trick-ass rice-burner of yours.

MAX: Tips have been good lately.

DIAMOND: Or maybe you're supplementing your income with an alternative career? Not unlike the one I pursue myself.

MAX: Is there a point to this, 'cause I got work.

DIAMOND: If you ever looking for someone to get your back, step to me, I'm available.

MAX (suspiciously): I'll keep that in mind.

(At Jam Pony Headquarters, Sketchy is on the phone)

SKETCHY (holds the receiver out to Max): Max, throw me some details -- what's it like over at your crib? Three hot babies, hanging around and rubbing moisturizer on each other?

MAX (to the phone): Yeah, Sketchy. Then we put on our sexy lingerie and have pillow fights.

SKETCHY (to phone): See?

(Locker area of Jam Pony)

MAX: Hey, you got a sec?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Yeah.

MAX: Um . . . I think it would be better if Diamond wasn't staying with us.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You said it was okay.

MAX: I know, but the situation isn't working for me, I'm sorry.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Which means what, exactly?

MAX: Look, I'm not trying to make this personal, but I don't know who those guys were the other night and I don't know what they wanted and I can't have someone around that I don't know and who doesn't know what the score is with me.

ORIGINAL CINDY (angrily): She'll be gone in the morning. (Slams locker and walks away)

(Max's pager goes off and she goes to the phone)

MAX: Logan, me hitting you back.

LOGAN: Yeah, the gun came back to a guy with nine different aliases hooked up with an outfit called the "Nomads."

MAX: And I'm guessing they aren't a speed-metal band.

LOGAN: More like bounty hunters working out of Tacoma.

MAX: It just gets better and better. Do we know who the client is?

LOGAN: We don't -- that's going to take some digging. But these guys are very expensive. Whoever they're working for's got deep pockets.

MAX: Thanks for the heads up.

LOGAN: Max, you might want to think about getting out of town for awhile. Lay low?

MAX (smiling): First, I got to knock over a safe for a friend.

(That night, Max is getting ready with her burglar gear and clothes. She tries to sneak out noiselessly, but Diamond hears her. At Pierpont Lemkin's estate, Max leaps over the front gate. Diamond shows up moments later and climbs over the gate. Inside the house, Max approaches the laser grid alarm. She cartwheels her way through the lasers. She goes to the safe behind a picture and gets some money and the disks into a bag. Diamond is hiding outside the room. Max shoots a rope through to the other end with a crossbow. She slides the bag to the other side. Diamond removes the bag and makes the wire jump in the process, setting off the alarm. Gates coming down in each doorway, trapping Max.)

(Max is in a police questioning room)

DETECTIVE: You're lucky the cops got there before Lemkin took care of you himself -- he's a bad man.

MAX: Good fortune smiles on me wherever I go.

DETECTIVE: Only you got captured at the scene.

MAX: Heard there was a party at that address. I wanted to meet some boys.

DETECTIVE: Look, the maid IDed you from your little visit earlier.

MAX: Honest mistake on her part. I must have one of those faces.

DETECTIVE: And your partner's in the wind with all the cash.

MAX: My what?!

DETECTIVE (shows Max the surveillance tape with Diamond in it): Come on, give me Diamond and maybe I can make this all go away.

MAX: Is that her name? I've never seen her before in my life.

DETECTIVE: Lemkin wants back whatever was in that safe in a bad way. My boss wants this case closed and there are some very powerful people after your friend. Everyone goes away happy, you help us out.

MAX: You must be all worn out working for all these people like you do.

DETECTIVE: You and Diamond have a rendezvous point?

MAX: You just watched her swing with my hard-earned cash. You seriously think she's waiting over at the donut shop to split it with me?

DETECTIVE (to a man at the gate): She's all yours.

(Max turns around and the man shoots her in the chest with a tranquilizer.)

(Max wakes up tied to her bed in a different location)

SIDNEY CROAL (outside room): Have you been experiencing any headaches in the last 24 hours?

MAX: Where am I?

SIDNEY CROAL: Answer the question. Headaches, nausea?

MAX: No.

SIDNEY CROAL: Bleeding from your nose or gums?

MAX: No.

SIDNEY CROAL: Pain in the joints or limbs?

MAX: No, but I'm beginning to notice a very acute pain in my ass.

(The door opens and Sidney Croal and his assistant come in.)

MAX: Where am I?

SIDNEY CROAL: Where is Diamond?

MAX: Wish I could help, but like I told the cops I don't know the lady.

SIDNEY CROAL: No, my interest in her is on a rather urgent matter not to mention time-sensitive. (Max shrugs) Okay. I'll make arrangements to have you returned to police custody.

(The two men go back out.)

SIDNEY CROAL: Did she give us anything under Pentathol?

ASSISTANT: Nothing that gets us any closer to our girl.

SIDNEY CROAL: Get rid of her. As for Diamond, we have six hours tops before all hell breaks loose.

ASSISTANT: Okay. (comes back into the room and prepares to give Max a shot)

MAX: So, is this some kind of hospital or something? 'Cause you know I'm not sick . . . and I've already had my shots. Chicken pox, measles, whooping cough, tetanus . . .

ASSISTANT: Something to help you sleep.

MAX: I don't sleep.

ASSISTANT: You will.

(He turns around and walks over to Max with the needle.)

MAX: I don't think so.

(Max uses her legs to get the assistant in a headlock. She knocks him down and exits the room. She hiding in a truck to escape the facility.)

(At Logan's apartment)

LOGAN: I've been paging you all day. I thought something might have gone sideways at Lemkin's.

MAX: Something did go sideways: Diamond.

LOGAN: Original Cindy's new, old, former, on-again girlfriend?

MAX: Yeah, and big surprise -- she's trouble. Does the name Synthedyne mean anything to you?

LOGAN (looks up files on the computer): Oh, yeah. Started out as a pharmaceutical company in the late 1990s. Synthedyne made billions during the influenza outbreak of 2011, stockpiling vaccine and then selling it on the black market at inflated prices. Gave them the capital to branch out. Lots of subsidiaries, into everything from orange juice to private prisons. Here's the CEO. His name is . . .

(Logan brings up a picture of the CEO on the screen)

MAX: Satan. We've met.

LOGAN: You did have a busy night.

MAX: He asked me lots of questions about Diamond. Man's on a mission for Miss Thang.

LOGAN: So why would a player like Croal be interested in Diamond?

MAX: Maybe they dated when she was going through her experimental period and it ended badly.

LOGAN: Or maybe he was her landlord. (finds Diamond's record) Diamond Latrell, serving a three year sentence for receiving stolen goods. Incarcerated at the Synthedyne Correctional Facility for Women.

MAX: Escaped two weeks ago and is currently at large. Guess we found our connection.

LOGAN: Now we just have to figure out what it means.

(In the Jam Pony locker area, Original Cindy is getting her lunch out of her locker.)

NORMAL: Hot run, 1298 Chapel.

ORIGINAL CINDY: That's on the other side of town.

NORMAL: All right, why don't I read off some addresses and you can pick the ones you're in the mood to visit, all right? 1101 Wexler. No? 17 Haskell. 283 Clancy. Clancy's such a pretty street this time of year.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I'm on break right now.

(Normal goes away and Diamond shows up)

DIAMOND: You're on permanent break, baby gurl.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Yeah, right.

DIAMOND: I'm serious. There's something I haven't told you that you need to know.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Here we go. What did you go and do this time?

DIAMOND: I wasn't up for parole for another 18 months.

ORIGINAL CINDY: So when they catch up with you -- and they will -- they're going to throw your ass back inside and I'm going to end up alone, just like always. That's just not good enough for me anymore.

DIAMOND: Look, I'm not going back.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You can't live your life on the run.

DIAMOND: I don't have that much life left.

ORIGINAL CINDY: What are you talking about?

DIAMOND: Doctors in the joint say there's something wrong with me. Some kind of cancer or something. I mean, they had me on all these medicines to keep it in check, but that's no kind of life in there. That's why I walked.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You're just running your game, same as always.

DIAMOND: Not this time. I spent my whole life running. Never staying in one place or with one person long enough to have a real connection. When I got the news that that clock was running out on my ass, the only thing I could think of was seeing your pretty brown eyes one more time. I've blown every opportunity I had to get with you. I'm not going to screw this one up. It's my last shot at being happy. Maybe it sounds selfish.

ORIGINAL CINDY: No. It sounds beautiful.

DIAMOND: So Mexico it is, then?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Got a little cheddar put aside. It's not a lot, but...

DIAMOND: No, forget your pennies. From now on, you and me are living large.

(Diamond shows Original Cindy Max's bag full of stolen money)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Whoa.

DIAMOND: Look, I ain't going to front it. The way I acquired this cash ain't entirely legal. But I figure stealing from a thief ain't entirely illegal, either. But like I said before sometimes in life, you just got to take what you need.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Original Cindy's going to tender her resignation and buy a bikini.

(At Sebastian's place, he is accessing files on the computer while Max and Logan look on)

SEBASTIAN (synthesized voice): Synthedyne. They figured out a way to dovetail two enterprises by using convicts as biotech guinea pigs. They tell the prisoners that they've got something fatal cancer, aids, whatever, and the prisoner agrees to be treated.

LOGAN: But they're perfectly healthy and Synthedyne's just using them to build a better virus.

MAX: Cute.

SEBASTIAN: In Diamond's cellblock, they were testing a designer disease called AN918.

MAX: She's been staying in our apartment.

SEBASTIAN: As long as she was receiving her meds, the disease was controlled and not communicable.

LOGAN: But she's been out of Synthedyne for two weeks.

SEBASTIAN: Then pretty soon she'll become terminal, and with this particular strain, highly contagious.

MAX: I have to find Original Cindy.

(At Jam Pony Headquarters)

MAX: Where is she?

NORMAL: Vamoosed out of here with that lesbian love doll of hers. Where the heck have you been all day?

MAX: Where did they go?

NORMAL: I don't know and I don't care. Good riddance as far as I'm concerned.

(Locker area)

MAX: Guys, I've got to find Original Cindy. It's a matter of life and death.

SKETCHY: She and her exceptionally fine squeeze bounced down to Mexico to make sweet girl-on-girl love which I'd give my hat and ass to watch.

MAX: Mexico?!

HERBAL: She gave me this to give to you. (gives Max a note from Original Cindy to read) I've never seen our sister so happy, but . . . sad at the same time.

MAX: Did she say how she was getting there?

HERBAL: Bus.

(Max runs out of Jam Pony. Meanwhile, the bus is on the road. Diamond and Original Cindy are inside.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: You aiight, gurl?

DIAMOND: Head hurts, that's all.

ORIGINAL CINDY: A little sleep, you'll feel better.

DIAMOND: Diamond won't feel better till she's sipping on a mango margarita and skinny-dipping with her shugga.

(Max is on her Ninja trying to catch up to the bus and finally reaches where the bus has been stopped. Men in bio-hazardous suits are taking people out of the bus. Max sees Diamond and Original Cindy inside a helicopter up in the air.)

MAN (on P.A.): Everyone off the bus. Move quickly and stay together. Everyone off the bus. Don't ask any questions, just move!

(At Synthedyne)

ASSISTANT: Here's the lab report.

SIDNEY CROAL: Oh, looks like Diamond's AN918's gone full-blown and she's contagious.

ASSISTANT: The other one tested negative for the disease, but we dosed her with the antidote, anyway, just to be safe.

SIDNEY CROAL: You should have checked with me first. I was planning to put them together to see how long it took for the symptoms to present once Diamond infected her.

ASSISTANT: What do you want me to do with her now?

SIDNEY CROAL: Well, we can't let her go.

(Original Cindy is in another room outside of Diamond's room and bangs on window.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Hey! You can see this woman is sick! Help her! Give her something! What is the matter with you people?

(Max gets inside Synthedyne by hiding under a truck.)

(Inside, she comes up behind the assistant and grabs him.)

MAX: How about a little adjustment?

(Max hits the alarm. Workers are running around. Max has disguised herself in a bio-hazardous suit. She finds Original Cindy and Diamond.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Max? Thank God! Get us out of here.

MAX: Put this on. (gives Original Cindy a bio-hazardous suit.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: What about Diamond? I can't leave my girl.

DIAMOND: Original Cindy . . . go on, now. Go on with Max. Leave Diamond here.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Nah, I'm not even trying to hear that.

DIAMOND: Don't make this harder now. I got this cancer, and I'm dying.

MAX: You were murdered. The doctors at Synthedyne lied to you when they told you you were sick. Injected you with a biological agent and pretended it was medicine. I'm sorry. It's too late.

(Tears start rolling down Original Cindy's cheeks. She and Diamond each put their hands up on the glass)

ORIGINAL CINDY: No matter what happens in my life, you are my first, and my truest, love. You know that.

DIAMOND: I'm going to be sitting up in heaven watching my baby girl shine. You got her back?

MAX: Always.

DIAMOND: Well, I got a confession to make. I jammed you up before.

MAX: It's forgotten. I've been on the run myself. I know what it can make you do. We gotta go.

DIAMOND: Before you go there's one last thing I need to do . . . and I need your help.

(Max hotwires a SUV and she and Original Cindy roar towards the exit.)

GUARD: Okay, slow it down! Come on! They're not stopping! Get out of the way!

(The SUV crashes through the gate)

GUARD: What the hell was that?

(Inside Synthedyne, Sidney Croal is on his cell phone.)

SIDNEY CROAL: Noon? By the time we play 18 holes, it'll be dark.

WORKER: Sir, there's a possible contamination in sector five. Per regulation, we're sealing off the area and evacuating the building.

SIDNEY CROAL: I'm on the phone.

WORKER: I need to ask you to put on this suit for your own protection.

(Sidney Croal waves at the worker to put the suit down.)

SIDNEY CROAL: Look, after the money that I have schmeared that starter with you tell the son of a bitch I want a 7:00 AM tee time. That's right. Yes . . . okay.

(Diamond walks in wearing a bio-hazardous suit. Croal doesn't recognize her in the suit)

SIDNEY CROAL: What do you want now?

(She takes off the mask. Her face is breaking out with beige patches because of the virus. She points a gun at Sidney Croal.)

DIAMOND: Hey, baby.

SIDNEY CROAL: Diamond, I can help you. There's an antidote.

(Diamond takes out a vial)

DIAMOND: You mean this? No, shugga. It's too late for Diamond and we both know it. I'm stone-cold dead. (She drops the vile and it breaks. And she starts walking closer to Croal.) Oh, and so are you 'cause there ain't no more of that. Looks like Diamond finally found a man worthy of her kiss.

SIDNEY CROAL: Oh, God.

(Diamond gives Sidney Croal the kiss of death.)

(At Max's apartment, Original Cindy is in her room looking at an old picture of herself.)

MAX: Hey.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Hey. This is little Cynthia McEachin. Scared of her own shadow. Didn't even trust herself enough to cross the street on her own. And she doesn't exist anymore. So, tonight, I'm going to say a prayer and thank Diamond for that -- for helping me get my arms around who I really am, you know?

MAX: Yeah, I know.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Hard as I try not to have all these feelings for her 'cause it's easier that way . . .

MAX: The feelings kept coming anyway.

ORIGINAL CINDY: No doubt. And even though you ain't with that person you're not alone in the world, either 'cause of the vibe they be throwing in your direction.

MAX: Weird how that is.

ORIGINAL CINDY: It's called soul power, shugga. Only thing that's going to help Original Cindy stay strong through this bitch. (takes a look at Max's nails) Look at this manicure! I just did this three days ago. Nails all busted, polish chipped.

MAX: Price a girl pays for kicking ass.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Mm-hmm. Well, sista gurl's going to help you out, aight?

MAX: Aight.

(At Logan's apartment, the living room is full of candles. Logan and Max are drinking wine)

MAX: These brownouts are getting to be a major drag. This is, like, the third one this month.

LOGAN: They're hoping to have the power back on next Thursday. How's Original Cindy doing?

MAX: Time heals all wounds, right?

LOGAN: I'm not sure anyone really gets over their first love.

MAX: I wouldn't know. (Picks up his poetry book) So when do I get to scroll through your lyrical pen scratchings?

vLOGAN: Uh, you don't. (takes it away from her) And boy, do I wish you'd stop bringing it up.

MAX: Why do you always get so embarrassed about this?

LOGAN: Because my dad was one of those manly men who thought introspection meant you were weak.

MAX: Since when did Logan Cale, man of letters, speaker of truth, let the Fred Flintstones of this world get under his skin?

LOGAN: Since I was about three.

MAX: Aw.

LOGAN: You really want to see one of my poems?

MAX: Only if you're cool with it.

LOGAN: Oh, well, I don't know about "cool." More like vulnerable and completely exposed, but . . . okay.

(Logan chooses a poem and gives the book to Max. She reads it silently.)

MAX: You wrote this about me?

LOGAN: Depends. Do you hate it?

MAX: It's all right.

LOGAN: Well, then, yeah. It's about you.

MAX: Cool.

(Logan looks away and Max rips the page out of the journal. She then gives the journal back to Logan.)

MAX: I've got to bounce. Don't want to miss the curfew. (gets up to leave)

LOGAN: Oh, okay. I'll see you later. (He throws the journal down angrily)

(Max is sitting on top of the Space Needle holding the page and reflecting)

MAX: "Forever eyes. Dark. Somebody's angel." Whatever. But I never had anybody write a poem about me before. So whoever's out there looking to put me in a cage or straight kill me, even if they succeed, they've already failed . . . because of this. Thanks, Logan. You're going to help keep me strong through this bitch.

DARK ANGEL
Season One, Episode #16: "Pollo Loco"
First Aired 4/24/2001

(In the apartment, Original Cindy is washing a shirt in the sink. Max enters and sets down a cage with a live chicken in it.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Hey, boo.

MAX: Look what I scored. Is this or is this not the most beautiful bird you've ever seen in your entire life?

ORIGINAL CINDY: It's alright for a chicken. What you gonna do with it?

MAX: Eat it. (Digging through the refrigerator) Do we have any garlic? Logan always uses garlic and it's so good. (Notices the appalled look Original Cindy is giving her) What?

ORIGINAL CINDY: You gonna kill it?

MAX: I'm not gonna wait around and let it die of old age.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Well, look at its little chicken face.

(They both peer closely at the chicken)

MAX: Must be my feline DNA. 'Cause when I look at this little face . . . I see dinner.

(She chuckles as she opens the cage. Original Cindy watches her snap the chicken's neck and shudders.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Ugh.

(Later, Max is sitting at the table, eating chicken. Original Cindy is sitting on the couch, reading.)

MAX: Mmm. Are you sure you don't want any? It's really good.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Not hungry.

(The phone rings and Max answers.)

MAX: What's up?

LOGAN'S VOICE: It's me. Some info's come my way. I think you should stop by.

MAX: Sure thing. I'll be right over. (Hangs up) Gotta blaze. Later.

(Max leaves. Original Cindy opens the pot, warily tears off a piece of chicken, and eats it)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Mmm.

(At Logan's apartment, he and Max are sitting in front of the computer.)

MAX: This about my stuff? You got a lead on one of the others?

LOGAN: I have an informant in the coroner's office. Yesterday a body was found in the woods outside of the city. Had a barcode on his neck. My informant sent me a picture of the barcode.

(He opens the picture on his computer and Max gasps)

MAX: It's Ben.

LOGAN: One of the twelve that escaped with you?

MAX: I wanna see him.

LOGAN: I'll set it up.

MAX: When a soldier dies, you pay your respects.

(While Logan makes a call, Max *flashes back to Manticore. She remembers Ben entertaining her by making butterfly shadows on the wall.*)

LOGAN (hanging up): They're expecting you.

(A tear runs down her cheek as Max gets up to leave)

LOGAN: Max . . . Someone or something out there is strong enough to overpower an X5. Be careful. (She nods and leaves)

(In the lobby of the coroner's office)

MAX: I'm here to see Dr. Shankar.

RECEPTIONIST: Have a seat. She'll be right with you.

(Max sits down to wait and *flashes back to Manticore. Several kids are gathered around Ben in the dormitory.*)

MAX: *Tell us the story, Ben.*

BEN: *Only the best soldiers get to go to the Good Place. The ones who fail...you know what happens to them?*

MAX: *They disappear.*

BEN: *To the Bad Place. Where they open you up and drink your blood until you're almost dead. Then they leave you there for the Nomlies.*

(Flashback of the children marching down a hall behind Lydecker. They pass a reinforced door with a small barred opening; the door has X-2/0045D engraved on it. Suddenly an ugly face appears at the opening and cackles. The children pull back against the wall in fear.)

LYDECKER: *Get moving, soldiers. No one told you to stop.*

(Back in the dormitory, Ben is telling the kids about Nomlies)

BEN: *They crawl up from the basement through special tunnels. And when you're not looking...BAM! They break through the wall and drag you away.*

ZACK: *Well, what do the Nomlies do with you?*

BEN: *They keep you as prisoner of war and eat you up, little by little, forever.*

(Back in present day)

RECEPTIONIST: Miss? Miss? Dr. Shankar will see you now.

(In the morgue)

MAX: Eyes Only mentioned he wanted you to keep this under wraps?

SHANKAR: After I finish the autopsy, I'll cremate the body and send him a report. As for my records, guess I must've misplaced them. Here's what we know so far. The killer was incredibly strong -- snapped the neck at the second vertebra with one hand. The victim's face and arms were covered with cuts and abrasions that indicate he was moving fast through the brush. My guess is he was running for his life. *(Max flashes back to a man running through brush.)* The body was found displayed on a rock outcropping.

(Max remembers a bloody shirt.)

MAX: Displayed?

SHANKAR: His left arm was twisted around behind his back, broken at the elbow. His shoulder was dislocated. *(Max remembers a twisted arm in the bloody shirt.)* No bruising, so it was done postmortem. His teeth --

MAX: -- were pulled out.

SHANKAR (surprised): Yes.

MAX: I heard somewhere they do that sometimes, to ensure the victim can't be identified through dental records.

SHANKAR: Usually they just smash them. This was done very precisely, surgically. Could be he kept them as some kind of souvenir.

MAX: Can I see him now?

SHANKAR: Mm-hmm.

(Dr. Shankar goes to a drawer, pulls out a body, and lifts the sheet covering it. Max again remembers Ben making butterfly shadows on the wall. The man in the drawer does not look like Ben.)

SHANKAR: Asian male, approximately twenty years of age. *(Lifts the body's head to point at the back of his neck)* The tattoo's still healing, so I'd say it was done within the last two weeks.

MAX: Doesn't make any sense.

SHANKAR: Never does. Still shocks me what people can do to each other.

MAX (looking at a bruise): What's that on his neck?

SHANKAR: Could be a failed attempt at strangulation. Or possibly he was wearing some kind of necklace that was torn off at some point. I took some fingernail scrapings, sent them off to the lab for analysis.

RECEPTIONIST'S VOICE IN LOBBY: Stop!

LYDECKER'S VOICE IN LOBBY: Don't trouble yourself. This is federal business.

(Two armed soldiers burst through the doors into the morgue. Lydecker enters and shows the doctor his badge.)

LYDECKER: Dr. Shankar?

SHANKAR: Yes.

LYDECKER: We're here to take possession of John Doe 20-514.

(Shankar turns to look at Max, but she has disappeared.)

SHANKAR: Um . . . I'll prepare him for transport.

LYDECKER: Oh, that's all right. My men'll take care of him. You can leave.

(As Lydecker looks at the body, Max hiding behind the drawer in the body locker.)

(Opening credits)

(At the window in his apartment, Logan is talking to Max on his cell phone. Max is at a pay phone on the street.)

LOGAN: Did you get a chance to say goodbye?

MAX: Yeah, I did.

LOGAN: I'm sorry, Max. I know how much Ben and the others mean to you. Why don't you come by later, and I'll fix us something to eat?

MAX: No thanks. Something I gotta do. I'll catch up with you later? (Hangs up)

(Max is walking through a forest. She sees and approaches a large, bloody rock. With her enhanced vision she notices something hanging from a tree. She walks over and picks it up; it is a gold pendant with the Virgin Mary on it. *Max flashes back to Manticore. One of the kids is seizing in bed, and some other kids are standing at his bedside, watching.*)

MAX: *What do we do?*

ZACK: *They see him like this, you know what'll happen.*

BEN: *They'll give him to the Nomlies.*

(*They hear a noise and dive into bed, pretending to be asleep. A janitor enters the room, pushing a mop and bucket. He sees the boy seizing, approaches him, and presses something into his hand. The boy's seizure stops, and he looks at the object. It is a card with a picture of the Virgin Mary on it.*)

JANITOR: *Pray to her. She'll watch over you.*

(*The janitor leaves and the kids again gather around the boy's bed.*)

BEN: *What'd he give you?*

BOY: *You can see her heart.*

ZACK: *She's beautiful.*

MAX: *The blue lady -- who is she?*

BEN: *She's watching over us.*

(Back in the present day)

MAX: Ben, what are you doing?

(In an abandoned building, Ben is standing in front of a mirror. He is shirtless and there is a barcode on his neck. He puts on a turtleneck and opens a reinforced door to talk to a man waiting in a small room)

BEN: It's time. (holds up a gold pendant) Put this on.

(The man is running through the forest in the dark, armed with a crossbow. Ben is chasing him. The man runs into a stream and stops, listening. He hears Ben step on a twig nearby and fires the gun. Ben grabs the arrow just as it is about to hit him. The man listens again. Suddenly Ben comes up behind him and snaps his neck.)

(In Logan's apartment the next day, Logan is sitting in front of the computer and Max is standing behind him.)

MAX: Another body?

LOGAN: Found about ten miles southeast of the first. Same M.O. Dr. Shankar managed to sneak me some morgue shots before Lydecker caught wind and took the body. (Brings up a picture on his computer) Same barcode . . . identical to Ben's. You sure that was him in the morgue yesterday?

(Max remembers running through the woods with Ben and Zack.)

LOGAN: Max?

MAX: I don't know.

LOGAN: You don't know?

MAX: I'm not sure.

(She goes to the window and looks out. Logan turns to follow her.)

LOGAN: He's the closest thing you have to a brother, and you're not sure?

MAX: That's what I said.

LOGAN: Well, they can't both be Ben.

(Max remembers a man sliding down a slope in the woods and running.)

LOGAN: Max?

MAX: Neither of them is.

(Max remembers Ben halting the kids in the woods and pointing the way.)

MAX: Ben killed those men, all right?

LOGAN: What?

MAX (hardening): You heard me. He killed them.

LOGAN: How do you know?

(Max remembers the bloody shirt, and then remembers climbing over debris in the woods.)

MAX: I just do.

LOGAN: And what the hell is that supposed to mean?

MAX (walking towards the door): Stay out of it.

LOGAN: Stay out of it? There's an X-5 out there killing people, and Seattle isn't his first stop. I had Beverly reach out to M.E.s in other cities. Two murders in Chicago fit the profile, four in Miami, three in New York. In each case Lydecker swooped in and shut down the investigation. For some reason he's protecting the killer . . . and apparently, so are you.

MAX: I'm not protecting anybody.

LOGAN: Then why did you lie to me?

MAX: If your brother was a murderer, would you want people to know?

LOGAN: I'd want him stopped.

MAX: I'm on it, Logan.

LOGAN: Let me help.

MAX: I don't want your help.

LOGAN: Why not? What's going on? What are you not telling me?

MAX: Back off and let me handle this.

(She leaves and he stares after her)

(Outside a Catholic church, some guys are playing basketball. Max passes a sign outside that says:

OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART CHURCH
SUNDAY MASS 8:00 AM 9:00 AM 11:00 AM
WEEKDAYS 7:00 PM
REV. W.R. DESTROY

Max enters the church and looks around. It is mostly empty as she walks up the aisle. Off to one side she sees a statue of the Virgin Mary. She approaches the statue, whose heart is visible, and *flashes back to Manticore. In the flashback, Max is in bed and Ben is shaking her awake.*)

BEN (whispering): Max, wake up. We're going.

MAX: *Where?*

BEN: To the High Place.

(The kids climb out a window and up a drain pipe to the roof. On the roof, they stand around a vent on which the card rests, next to a napkin. Each kid has extracted one of his or her own teeth, and they have placed the teeth on the napkin.)

BEN: They make her stronger...so she can fight the Nomlies.

(Back in the present day, Max looks at the statue. Among the items left at the statue's feet -- a rosary, a candle -- is a folded napkin with a few spots of blood. Max slowly opens the napkin, finds bloody teeth inside, and gasps. She sits down in a pew and remains there throughout the night. The next day, as she is still sitting there, a man wearing a coat and scarf sits down next to her.)

MAN: I haven't seen you around here before.

MAX: You sniff out honeys in church?

(The man smiles and removes his scarf, revealing a clerical collar.)

MAN: Father Destry.

MAX: Oh.

DESTRY: I noticed you've been sitting here a long time. Since yesterday, if I'm not mistaken.

MAX: Is there some kind of time limit?

DESTRY: Not at all. Our doors are always open. Look, I don't mean to intrude, but when people who don't come to church suddenly show up, it's usually 'cause they're carrying around something they need help with.

MAX: I'm okay.

DESTRY: If you say so.

MAX: Do you think there are some things that are . . . unforgivable?

DESTRY: God's forgiveness has no limits.

MAX: That's big of Him.

DESTRY: He forgives things that you or I may not be able to forgive--in others, and in ourselves. See that confessional? (He points and Max looks) It's not easy walking in there . . . but you feel a whole lot better walking out.

MAX: Thanks anyway.

DESTRY: Thing about carrying around secrets is . . . they have a tendency to get heavier.

(He gets up and walks away. As Max watches him go, she notices Ben walking up the aisle. He approaches the statue of the Virgin Mary and stands looking at it. Max approaches him from behind, and he turns around.)

MAX: Ben.

BEN: Max.

MAX: Ben, why are you doing this?

(He steps closer to her and looks at her intensely)

BEN: You know why.

(After standing there a minute longer, he flees at super-speed. Max gives chase. He runs out a door and slams it shut behind him. Max tries to open the door but it sticks. After a couple of shoves, it opens. She runs outside and looks around, but Ben is gone.)

(Bling enters Logan's apartment with some groceries and sees Logan sitting at the desk, looking worried.)

BLING: Still haven't heard from her, huh?

LOGAN: She didn't go home last night. She didn't show up for work this morning.

BLING: She can take care of herself.

LOGAN: Not when it comes to her family.

(Bling walks away. Logan hesitates a minute, then dials the phone.)

LOGAN: Sebastian, it's Logan. I need to get in touch with someone. Thought you might be able to help track him down. Name's Lydecker.

(At the church, Father Destry is in the confessional. He slides open the partition window and crosses himself.)

DESTRY: In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen. And how long has it been since your last confession?

BEN (on the other side of the window): I've never been to confession.

DESTRY: You're not a Catholic?

BEN: No. But I do have faith in the Lady.

DESTRY: Our blessed Lady.

BEN: Yes.

DESTRY: Well, why don't you tell me your sins, then?

BEN: I've killed.

DESTRY: Go on.

BEN: I've taken human life. What more is there to say?

DESTRY: Murder is a grave sin, yes. But killing in self-defense, or to prevent an injustice, like when a policeman or soldier --

BEN: I'm a soldier.

DESTRY: I see.

BEN: Killing is what I was trained to do.

DESTRY: You're troubled by it. That's why you're here now.

BEN: Sometimes I feel the Lady's given up on me.

DESTRY: No. She never gives up on any of us. We have to have faith in her.

BEN: I try.

DESTRY: We have to put our lives in her hands.

BEN: Is your life in her hands?

DESTRY: She's always at my side.

BEN: She protects you?

DESTRY: She's always there to help me.

BEN: Then you've got nothing to be afraid of.

(He punches his hand through the grating in the window and grabs Father Destry by the throat.)

(In the abandoned building, Father Destry is lying on a couch, and Ben is standing a few feet away, near a wall with guns hanging on it.)

BEN: Don't worry, Father. I'll do everything I can to help you be ready. Your strength is your faith -- your belief in the Lady. Tell me you don't believe in her, and I'll set you free. I'm not a liar. (Father Destry shakes his head) I didn't think so. Well, if anyone's worthy of her, it's you. (Takes a handgun off the wall.)

DESTRY: I won't fight you.

BEN: If you don't stop me when the time comes, then I'll just keep killing. (Removes the clip from the gun.) I'm guessing you've never handled a gun before. (tosses Father Destry the gun first, then the clip) Go ahead, slide the clip in. (He does) Good.

(Suddenly Father Destry stands up, cocks the gun, and points it at Ben.)

DESTRY: On the floor! Now!

BEN: Give me the gun.

DESTRY: Stay back! Don't think I won't do it! (Ben slowly approaches, his eyes never leaving Father Destry.) I'm not gonna let you keep killing. Stay back! (Ben keeps approaching) God forgive me.

(He fires the gun, but before the bullet hits him, Ben quickly knocks the gun out of his hand and punches him to the ground. Later, Destry is sitting in a chair, wrists tied to the armrests, while Ben tattoos a barcode on his neck.)

BEN: Sit still. This has to be perfect.

(Max enters the church. A bunch of people are standing around the confessional, looking upset. The confessional door is off the hinges and lying on the ground.)

MAX: Excuse me. I'm looking for Father Destry.

WOMAN: He's been kidnapped. Right out of the confessional! I don't know what's happening in this world!

(Max looks at the confessional and the door, turns, and leaves)

(After dark, Max walks down the street and *flashes back to Manticore. She remembers the boy who had seized in bed earlier falling out of line and seizing on the floor. He is dragged away. Later, Max talks to Ben and Zack.*)

MAX: *What'll happen to him?*

BEN: *They'll take him to the Bad Place and drink his blood. Then the Nomlies'll take him away.*

MAX: *The Blue Lady -- why doesn't she protect him?*

BEN: *I'm going to the High Place. I'll ask her.*

(Ben climbs to the roof alone and screams tearfully at the sky.)

BEN: *Why?! What did we do wrong?! We believe in you! (An alarm goes off, and a spotlight shines on him)*

(Back in the present day, Max looks up and sees the Space Needle in the distance.)

MAX: The High Place.

(Ben standing on top of the Space Needle, under a full moon.)

(In Lydecker's office at Manticore, he and another man are talking.)

MAN: Did the message say what Eyes Only wants to talk to you about?

LYDECKER: No.

MAN: Maybe you should take the meeting. Maybe he knows something about these killings.

LYDECKER: I don't like it. He could blow this whole damn thing wide open.

(The office doors slide open and a woman, known for now as Madame X, enters.)

MADAME X: Hello, Deck.

(The man gives Lydecker a look and leaves the office. Madame X sits at Lydecker's desk. Lydecker sits in a chair across from her.)

LYDECKER: Make yourself at home. To what do I owe this . . . pleasure?

MADAME X: Well, I read the reports. They found two bodies in Seattle already, only a few days apart. He's accelerating.

LYDECKER: I'm on it.

MADAME X: I hope so. At least the others are considerate enough to maintain a low profile. But this one . . .

LYDECKER: . . . is an anomaly.

MADAME X: Is he?

LYDECKER: The other X5s . . . they never showed any signs of this type of pathology.

MADAME X: So far. Did X-5/493 -- (smiles) -- or, um . . . would you prefer to call him the name the others gave him? "Ben," is it?

LYDECKER: "X-5/493" is fine.

MADAME X: Did he ever show any signs of psychosis before the '09 escape?

LYDECKER: No.

MADAME X: Then what makes you think that the rest of this group aren't just waiting to implode? And let me remind you of something, Deck. Your kids are messy when they implode. We had to put down an entire class.

LYDECKER: The X-2's were . . . an anomaly.

MADAME X: Another anomaly! Well, they're starting to add up, aren't they? We executed twenty-six potential soldiers. The four we held onto for observation will spend the rest of their miserable lives muzzled and restrained. That is not an anomaly, Deck. That's a disaster. (stands up and leans over him) Find him. Bring him back to Manticore. And figure out what the hell went wrong with him.

(She leaves and the other man re-enters.)

LYDECKER: Set up the meeting.

(Ben walks through the empty, debris-strewn Space Needle. Suddenly Max tackles him and handcuffs him to a pipe.)

MAX: The priest. Where is he? Tell me! It's over!

BEN: Is it? What, are you gonna call the police now? (She doesn't answer) I didn't think so. Exposure for all of us.

MAX: I could turn you over to Lydecker.

BEN: You wouldn't do that, would you? Your own brother?

MAX: Bet he'd love to figure out what the hell went wrong with you.

BEN: Nothing went wrong with me! I'm doing what I was made to do, what we were taught to do!

MAX: Hunt people down to perform amateur dental surgery? I must've missed that class.

BEN: You seem to know quite a lot about what I've been up to.

MAX: Where's Destry?

BEN: Not that I mind. You're one of the few people who could possibly understand.

MAX: That's where you're wrong. I don't understand.

BEN: Come on, Maxie! Don't tell me you've forgotten that day.

(Flashback to the kids running through the woods.)

MAX: Believe me, I've tried.

BEN: But you can't, can you? And you wanna know why? Because it was the most exhilarating day of your life.

(Flashback to Max climbing over debris.)

BEN: For one brief moment, you were what you were meant to be -- a predator.

(Flashback to a man running through the woods, looking over his shoulder, and Max chasing him.)

BEN: What's the matter, Maxie? You afraid to remember?

MAX: I don't want to remember.

BEN: Because it scares you? (Smiles) I think we even scared Lydecker that day.

(Flashback to the woods. Lydecker is talking to the man, while the kids look on.)

LYDECKER: *You know what the rules are, don't you?*

MAN: *I gotta get to the perimeter fence.*

LYDECKER: *Succeed, you're a free man. If you fail, then it's back to Death Row. (Hands him a large knife) Don't underestimate them.*

(The man tucks the knife in the back of his jeans and runs.)

BEN (in present day): I remember watching him run off into the woods . . . how long it seemed for Lydecker to count down the seconds.

(Flashback to the kids getting ready to run.)

LYDECKER: *Four...three...two...one...go.*

(The kids start running.)

BEN (in present day, smiling): He never had a chance.

(Flashback to the man running through the woods and the kids chasing him. He fires at them; they duck briefly and then resume running. The man climbs up a slope. Zack kicks the gun out of his hand. The man draws the knife. Ben kicks the man; the knife flies out of his hand and he falls to the ground. As the other kids gather around, Ben grabs the man's shirt and opens it to reveal a tattoo on his chest. The tattoo is of a heart being pierced by a knife and bleeding. The kids back away slightly, stunned.)

BEN: *He's a Nomlie.*

(The kids yell and start beating him. Their yells and his screams ring through the forest.)

BEN: Don't tell me you don't wake up with the sound of your heart pounding in your ears.

MAX: Shut up.

BEN: Or the taste of blood in your mouth.

MAX: Shut up!

BEN: You're like a wolf in sheep's clothing, Max! You're hiding your instincts, every minute of every day, so no one will know what you really are. A soldier . . . a hunter . . . a killer.

MAX: Shut up!

(She punches him in the mouth. He runs a finger over his bloody lip and smiles)

BEN: See? What'd I tell you?

(A Humvee moves down an alley and pulls up next to a door. Lydecker enters a building and stands in the doorway of a room. In the room is a desk, on which are a video camera and a computer monitor showing static.)

LYDECKER: I'm here.

EYES ONLY (appearing on the monitor): You're alone?

LYDECKER (entering the room): As requested. Can we get to the point? I am a busy man.

(Logan is in his apartment, wearing his phone earpiece and watching Lydecker on his own computer monitor)

EYES ONLY: Busy trying to stop a killer.

LYDECKER: That's right.

EYES ONLY: If stopping him is your goal.

LYDECKER (checking under the desk): Of course it is.

EYES ONLY: Then why do you shut the investigation down every time he kills?

LYDECKER: I can't risk the exposure. Surely a man like you can understand that.

EYES ONLY: Innocent people are dying. I don't know what your agenda is, but if you don't stop this guy, I'm gonna go public with this. Then you'll know what exposure is.

(Lydecker sits down at the desk and looks straight into the camera.)

LYDECKER: You're bluffing.

EYES ONLY: You think so?

LYDECKER: You wouldn't do anything . . . if it put Max at risk. (Logan swallows) Now I knew you were helping her. What I don't know is why. You think this is all some kind of joke? These kids are like puppies you can bring home and housebreak? They were designed to kill. Coldly . . . efficiently . . . and happily. You think because she's so pretty that she isn't as dangerous? They're all killers. All they need is a trigger. You may think you have some kind of relationship between the two of you, but let me tell you something, son. She's not the girl next door. You have no idea what she's capable of doing.

EYES ONLY: She's not the one I'm worried about. Ben is. And if you don't do something about him, then I will.

(Logan hits the remote button to end the transmission. He sits back, looking worried)

(In the Space Needle)

MAX: The barcodes. Why the barcodes?

BEN: They're soldiers. Worthy opponents.

MAX: But you're not giving them just any barcode. You're giving them yours.

BEN: War is art, remember? So what if I sign my work?

MAX: No. It's more than that. You give them your barcode, then you hunt them down and kill them. Don't you get it? You're killing yourself over and over again. (Ben laughs) Do you hate yourself that much? Hate what you're doing that much?

BEN: I do it for her.

MAX: The Blue Lady?! Come on, Ben. We made her up.

BEN: Don't say that, Max. Don't ever say that.

MAX: Normal kids had the tooth fairy. We had her.

BEN: She's real.

MAX: Then why didn't she protect us? Why didn't she protect Jack?

BEN: Because we failed her.

MAX: Or Eva?

BEN: Because we weren't strong enough.

MAX: Like hell we weren't. We got out, didn't we?

BEN: I know what my mission is. I have faith in her.

MAX: Is that why you give her your victims' teeth? To make her heart stronger to fight the Nomlies?

BEN: Shut up.

MAX: You're the Nomlie.

BEN: No.

MAX: The genetic mistake.

BEN: No.

MAX: The monster in the basement. Ben, you know what you're doing is wrong. Some part of you wants it to end. So end it. Tell me where Destry is. Your mission's over. You can't keep trying to recreate Manticore.

BEN: We never should've left. Everything made sense there.

MAX: No. Nothing made sense there.

BEN (begins crying): I'm a good soldier. I try so hard.

MAX: Tell me where he is.

(Max and Ben walk through the abandoned building. Max is shoving Ben along; his hands are cuffed behind his back.)

MAX: Where is he?

(He nods toward a reinforced door. Max shoves Ben to the ground and opens the door. Ben looks at the walls, where the words "mission," "duty," and "discipline" are spray-painted. Behind the door, Max sees Father Destry lying on the floor.)

MAX: Are you okay? Father, are you okay -- Uh!

(Ben stands up and kicks her from behind into the room. He jumps through his arms so that his hands are now cuffed in front, pulls Father Destry out of the room, and drops him to the floor.)

MAX: Run, Father!

(Ben slams the door on her. As he locks it, she bangs on the door and continues to yell.)

MAX: Father, run! Run, Father!

(Ben turns and looks at Father Destry, who is still lying on the ground.)

BEN: Yes, Father. By all means . . . run.

(Logan's phone rings and he picks it up.)

LOGAN: Hello?

SHANKAR: Logan, it's Beverly. The fingernail scrapings I took came back from the lab. They found traces of magnesium nitrate.

LOGAN (grabbing a pen and paper and taking notes): What's that?

SHANKAR: It's a chemical used in fertilizer. Used to be an old factory south of town that manufactured it.

LOGAN: Maybe that's where our killer kept his victim.

SHANKAR: Lydecker took off like a bat out of hell as soon as he saw the report.

(Max uses a piece of metal to jimmy the door open. She looks around, sees the building is empty, and runs out. Father Destry is running through the forest; Ben is chasing him. Lydecker and his men search the building but find no one.)

LYDECKER: Search the forest. Every direction. Find him.

(Max walks through the forest, searching, as we see Manticore humvees approaching on the nearby roads. She hears a grunt and follows it. She sees Father Destry, lying on the ground. Ben is standing over him, with his foot resting on Father Destry's chest.)

BEN: You're just in time. It seems his faith wasn't strong enough.

MAX: We can let him go . . . find someone better.

BEN: No. This is for you, Maxie. So you finally understand what I'm doing.

MAX (to Father Destry): Run!

(Max kicks Ben to the ground. Father Destry takes off as Ben leaps to his feet. He and Max circle each other, glaring, and begin to fight. Each lands several kicks and punches on the other. We see Manticore snipers walking through the woods. Ben kicks Max against a tree. He goes to kick her again and she breaks his leg. He falls to the ground, gasping, and tries unsuccessfully to sit up. Max kneels and starts to help him up, but they both hear Manticore helicopters approaching.)

BEN (gasping): Don't leave me here. Don't let them take me.

MAX: Ben, I can't carry you. We'll both get caught.

BEN: I know.

(He looks at her pointedly and her face falls.)

MAX: Ben, I can't.

BEN: Please. You know what they'll do to me. They'll put me down there with them . . . the Nomlies. Please.

(Max looks at him tearily while he silently begs her.)

MAX: Tell me about the Good Place.

BEN (smiling): Where no one ever gets punished.

MAX: And no one gets yelled at.

BEN: And nobody disappears. And when you wake up in the morning, you can stay in bed as long as you --

(Max snaps his neck. She softly drops his head to the ground and, as the helicopters get nearer, begins to sob.)

(Later, Lydecker and his men are gathered around Ben's body. Lydecker kneels and feels for a pulse. When there is none, he looks into the distance for a moment, and then slowly walks away.)

(At Logan's apartment that night, Max is staring out the window during a thunderstorm. Her hair is wet and pulled back, and she is wearing a red bathrobe. Logan is sitting across the room, alternately flipping through a book and glancing at her. Bling enters and touches Logan on the arm.)

BLING: Talk to you for a sec?

(Logan puts the book down and they turn and move a few feet away to talk privately. Bling hands Logan a large envelope.)

BLING: Just came for you. It was left in the contact room.

(He leaves and Logan opens the envelope. In it are some glossy photos. Several are shots of the bloody and mangled body of the man the X5s killed that day at Manticore. One photo is of the X5s afterwards, many splattered with blood. The last photo is a closeup of Max, with blood on her face. As he looks through the photos, Logan remembers the words Lydecker spoke during the meeting with Eyes Only.) *LYDECKER'S VOICE: They were designed to kill. Coldly . . . efficiently . . . and happily. All they need is a trigger.*

(Max turns from the window and approaches Logan, who puts the pictures back in the envelope before she sees them.)

MAX: Hey. I just wanted to say I'm sorry. I know I've been shutting you out lately, and . . . I appreciate you not hitting me with a whole bunch of questions.

LOGAN: No problem.

(Max goes to the couch and sits down, facing the window. Logan turns around and stares at her, looking slightly scared. She turns her head to look at him, and his expression changes slightly, softening.)

(In the church, Max enters the confessional. Father Destry slides open the partition window.)

MAX: It's me.

DESTRY (smiling): You're not supposed to tell me that.

MAX: Oh. So how does this bitch work?

DARK ANGEL
Season One, Episode #17: "I And I Am A Camera"
First Aired 5/1/2001

(The Jam Pony gang is hanging out at Crash)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Another thing you got to learn about men is they never stop acting like little boys.

MAX: You know what, girl? Sometimes it sounds like you can almost switch teams.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Let's not get gross.

SKETCHY: Ladies. Can I offer either of you an adult beverage?

ORIGINAL CINDY: No, and you might want to slow down yourself, wigga, cuz you faded.

MAX: So, who's over there with Herbal?

ORIGINAL CINDY: That's Snuffy. He just got out of lockup. Him and Herbal used to be cellmates.

MAX: Herbal did time?

ORIGINAL CINDY: He did a couple years in Avenol for slinging the herb.

SKETCHY: Miscarriage of justice.

MAX (takes a drink): All respect to my soldiers on the wrong side of the wall.

SKETCHY (to bartender): Let me have a mescal neat with a worm back.

HERBAL: Max, Original Cindy, say what's up to my boy Snuffy Wills. Um, Snuffy is needing some employment just now. So, you think maybe we can convince Normal to . . . help a brother out?

MAX: You know we will.

SKETCHY: Hey, guys, check it. (Sketchy takes a drink and uses his lighter to spew a huge flame out of his mouth)

MAX: I'm going to get you out of here before you incinerate someone.

SKETCHY: Let me finish my worm.

MAX: You're done. It's nice to meet you. (Max shakes Snuffy's hand)

(Max and Sketchy leave and go outside)

SKETCHY: I don't feel so good.

MAX: You hurl, you're dead.

(A man wearing a long coat and a camera on his head appears. A kid comes out of a door and throws his cigarette on the ground. The mystery man grabs the kid.)

MYSTERY MAN: Pick it up.

KID: Hey, let me go.

MYSTERY MAN: I said pick it up.

KID: Who the hell are you?

MYSTERY MAN: This is where it starts. Pretty soon the streets are a river of garbage. All the windows are broken, obscene graffiti's everywhere. So, why shouldn't the girl sell her body in an alley to buy drugs? Pick it up, now.

KID: Okay. (picks up the cigarette)

MYSTERY MAN: I know what you look like. (A shutter clicks as the mystery man brings his camera over his eye and takes a picture of the kid.)

(Nearby, Sketchy is throwing up as Max is holds him)

SKETCHY: You're a true friend, Max.

MAX: Just don't get it on my shoes.

(A man appears with two other guys behind him)

MAN: Hand over your wallets, no one gets hurt.

SKETCHY: I'll handle this. Piss off. (advances unsteadily)

MAN: Oh, you wanna die tonight, skidmark? (takes out a gun and points it at Sketchy)

SKETCHY: Uh, that'd be a negative. Here. (hands his wallet over and the man knocks him down)

MAX: See now, you shouldn't have done that 'cause even though he's a drunken idiot, he happens to be a friend and I gotta kick your ass.

(Max fights off the guys while the mystery man is in the background taking pictures. She sees him after she finishes off two of the guys. The mystery man trips the third guy and takes Sketchy's wallet from him. He walks over to Max and Sketchy.)

MAX (to Sketchy): Hey.

MYSTERY MAN: You all right?

MAX: Yeah.

MYSTERY MAN: Here. (gives Sketchy's wallet to Max.)

SKETCHY: Thanks. What happened to those guys?

MAX: Let's get out of here. Want to give me a hand with my friend? He's kind of heavy.

(Max turns around and the mystery man is gone.)

(Opening credits)

(The next day at Jam Pony Headquarters, the gang is arriving.)

SKETCHY: All right, so we leave Crash a little after midnight 'cause Max was getting tired.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Like you remember anything about last night after the first nine beers.

SKETCHY: Can I please tell my story? So, I'm walking her home . . .

ORIGINAL CINDY: Please.

SKETCHY: . . . And we're jumped by a pack of local hard bodies. I throw a few punishers to defend our girl's honor, but these dudes are large and numerous. I go down . . . eventually.

CO-WORKER: Hey, how much did they rip you off for?

SKETCHY: Nada. This guy, I guess you could call him appears out of nowhere and takes out the entire dirt bag crew like he was some kind of Shaolin master.

ORIGINAL CINDY: And if you weren't on no chronic break then I got a white girl's ass.

SKETCHY: If you don't believe me, ask Max. She saw the whole thing.

MAX: Fists of fury. It was awesome.

CO-WORKER: So, who was this dude, man?

SKETCHY: An urban legend in the making, you ask me.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Like Original Cindy always says, the night holds a million secrets.

SKETCHY: You got that right. I'm 90% certain that zombies walk among us.

ORIGINAL CINDY: And here he comes.

NORMAL (walks over): I hate to break up this little cretin fest, but I have a hot run to 17 Clemson.

SKETCHY: Uh-uh. Rydin' Forties turf. They still got that gang war going on with the Ryddim Kidz and I'm allergic to yellow tape.

NORMAL: You know, there was a time in this once-great nation when people actually took pride in their work, rose to meet any challenge . . .

MAX: I'll take it, just so we don't have to hear how great the Great Communicator was.

NORMAL: Yes, you kids could learn something from that man's example.

SKETCHY (coughs): Bite me.

MAX: Bless ya.

(Max leaves Jam Pony and enters a building with a dark hallway to deliver the package. She hears a camera clicking. The mystery man appears at the end of the hall)

MYSTERY MAN: Don't be nervous.

MAX: Small world.

MYSTERY MAN: Not really. I figured you'd be the only one at the messenger service who wouldn't be afraid to come here.

MAX: I need a signature.

MYSTERY MAN: It's for you. Open it.

(Max opens the envelope and finds a blank piece of paper with "DESTINY" typed in the center.)

MAX: And this is supposed to mean what?

MYSTERY MAN: I can see your future.

MAX: Then you've already watched me turn around and walk away 'cause you're a whack job.

MYSTERY MAN: Fact is, I'm offering you an opportunity.

MAX: Pass.

MYSTERY MAN: I saw what you did last night. Suffice it to say you have abilities that couldn't be described as . . . normal.

MAX: Whatever angle you're playing here, bring it on and let's get it over with.

(Suddenly, behind them in the hall, a guy gets thrown out of a door into the wall. A man calls out the door after him)

MAN: Yeah. Now, you tell your set what I said. Then, maybe we can talk about trucing. (fires with a machine gun at the guy thrown out) (Max turns back around and sees that once again, the mystery man has disappeared)

MAX: So, what is it you want...

(Kids outside are playing baseball)

KID: Are you ready?

(A pitch is thrown and the batter hits. Another kid goes to get the ball and finds Snuffy dead underneath a car)

KID #2: Dead guy under there.

KID: We know. He's the foul line.

(Jam Pony Headquarters)

HERBAL: Snuffy always have my back in that terrible place. Made sure not harm came to I and I. He was my brother.

MAX: How you doing?

HERBAL: I'm trying to get my head around what only the most high understand. My boy is walking with the king now.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You know he is.

NORMAL (walks over): Heard about your friend. I'm sorry for your loss. (They all stare at him, surprised he cares) Did I say something wrong?

HERBAL: No, man. I thank you from my heart.

NORMAL: Yeah, all right. (leaves)

MAX: If you ever want to talk or need anything . . .

HERBAL: Just time to think about things.

MAX: Take care.

(At Logan's apartment)

MAX: I was talking to Herbal's friend last night like I'm talking to you right now. He's dead, gone, ceased to exist.

LOGAN (looking up files on the computer): Gerald "Snuffy" Wills. Released from custody three days ago after serving six years for carrying a forged sector pass. Preliminary crime scene report has cause of death as multiple gunshot wounds to the chest. No witnesses.

MAX: Seemed like a sweet guy.

LOGAN: After you called I dumped six more unsolved homicides -- all recent parolees killed in the last three weeks, same MO.

MAX: Let me guess, the cops couldn't care less.

LOGAN: Or they're in on it, or looking the other way.

MAX: Either way, the law-and-order types come out on top.

LOGAN: Pretty much. I wouldn't mind getting my hands on a list of upcoming parolees. If past is prologue, they could be potential targets.

MAX: Could you hack into corrections?

LOGAN: I've been trying. My computer keeps booting me off. Damn blackouts.

MAX: What else is new? I guess I'll have to get those files for you the old-fashioned way.

LOGAN: Thanks.

MAX: How about dinner afterwards?

LOGAN: Another time.

MAX: You okay? You seem preoccupied lately.

LOGAN: I've got a lot on my mind.

(Max leaves and Logan flips through his notepad to look at pictures of young Max from Lydecker. *Logan remembers what Lydecker said about Max and flashbacks of young Max appear.*)

LYDECKER: She's not the girl next door. They were designed to kill. All it takes is a trigger. You have no idea what she's capable of doing.

(Max gets on her Ninja to go get the records. The mystery man is following her. At the police station, Max gets the records, but runs into a guard on duty in the courtyard. Max takes the CDs out of the tin box and throws the box out to the middle of the courtyard to distract him. The guard doesn't take the bait.)

MAX: Great, how'd I get the smart one?

(The guard is advancing towards where Max is hiding when the mystery man comes out running and screaming. He kicks down the guard, and then he leaps over the high gate. Max is amazed to see someone has powers somewhat like hers. She goes back to her bike and there is a note left by the mystery man. The note says, "You really DO need to talk to me OR bad things will happen." On the other side of the note is a picture of Max doing a flip in the air from the other night.)

(At his apartment, Logan is looking at the police files)

LOGAN: Corrections is releasing 22 prisoners next week, nine of them paroled to Seattle.

MAX: Maybe Eyes Only should tip them to what's going on.

LOGAN: I need to know who's behind it first. It's hard to believe six people can get mowed down without anyone seeing it.

MAX: Especially with hoverdrones zooming around everywhere. You think they would've caught something on tape.

LOGAN: Maybe I should talk to my Uncle Jonas. His company makes the damn things. If the sector cops are sitting on any surveillance footage maybe he can help me suss it out.

MAX: I thought he was one of those right-wing support-your-local-sector-police, neo-Republican idiots.

LOGAN: He is . . . but he cares deeply about money and if there's even a hint of scandal involving one of his products it could hurt his sales. Believe me, he'll want to help.

MAX: As I recall, he kind of liked me. You want me to tag along?

LOGAN: Uh . . . not necessary. Run into any trouble out there tonight?

MAX: Nah. Just some weird guy who keeps following me around.

LOGAN: Anything to worry about?

MAX: No. If he gets out of line, I'll just kill him. Late.

(At this, Logan gets a strange look on his face, a bit fearful. Max leaves)

(At home, Original Cindy is fixing herself a cup of tea.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Hey, shugga.

MAX: Hey.

ORIGINAL CINDY: There's soup if you're hungry.

MAX: Mmm.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Want some tea?

MAX: No. (goes and sits on a chair)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Break it down for Original Cindy 'cause you ain't right.

MAX: There's this freak.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You want to be a little more specific?

MAX: He's been following me around, taking pictures.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You need me to put the smackdown on his ass, you know I will.

MAX: It's not those kind of pictures.

(Max shows Original Cindy the picture of her jumping in the air that the mystery man left)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Uh-oh.

MAX: No joke.

ORIGINAL CINDY: What's his dealio?

MAX: Not sure. Takedown, blackmail, finder's fee. Worst part is he's revved up somehow. I watched him jump a ten-foot fence.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Damn. What does Logan think?

MAX: He's not in the loop on this. I've been getting a weird vibe off him lately like when he looks at me he sees something he doesn't like.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Or can't have.

MAX: More like all of a sudden he's clued into the real that I'm seriously not like other females.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Like that's a bad thing.

MAX: I'm beginning to think maybe he thinks it is.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Hoes up, g's down, you ask me. How are you going to handle this dude?

MAX: Looks like he's got my number. I think it's about time I get his. Late.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Late.

(Max gets up to leave)

(At Uncle Jonas' place, Logan and Jonas are drinking martinis.)

JONAS: Pretty serious allegations, Junior, but don't you think if this kind of thing was going on the people in charge would be doing something about it?

LOGAN: Not if they're in on it.

JONAS: Got anything to back up this rogue-police-death-squad theory of yours?

LOGAN: Not yet. That's why I came to see you -- help me get access to hoverdrone surveillance footage. Here's a list of dates, times, and locations.

(Logan gives Uncle Jonas a piece of paper. Uncle Jonas reads it.)

JONAS: A muckraking piece like this with your byline would be quite a feather in your cap, wouldn't it?

LOGAN: Well, you've got a lot at stake here, too, uncle. If the hoverdrones you manufacture are being used as part of a police cover-up . . . that can't be good for business.

JONAS: Let me call Lucas Gant in the morning. He's a friend with influence and connections. If anyone can shake something loose, it'll be him.

LOGAN: I appreciate anything you can do.

JONAS: On another matter . . . (goes over to his desk to get a check and gives it to Logan) I was going to mail this to you, but you can save me the postage. It's your share of the fourth-quarter earnings from the Cale trust.

LOGAN: Great. Thanks.

JONAS: On a clear day, I bet you can really see the class struggle from that penthouse of yours.

(Meanwhile, Max goes back to the place where she made that delivery to the mystery man. She climbs up to the roof of the building and sees a window to climb in. She has found the mystery man's crib. She sees tons of newspaper clippings and a mannequin from the D.O.D. (Department of Defense). She also sees developed pictures of herself. Then she spots a panel with newspaper pictures of the people who have been recently killed. All of the pictures have a red "X" marked across them and include the most recent Snuffy Wills. The next picture without a X is of Pedro Benedek. She immediately calls Logan.)

MAX (on phone): Logan, it's me. There's a guy on that list from corrections. His name's Pedro Benedek. I need an address on him.

LOGAN: All right. Hold on, I'm checking. What's up?

MAX: I've got to get over there. He's next in line to get greased. That whack job who's been stalking me . . . he's the killer.

LOGAN: I thought you said he wasn't anything to worry about.

MAX: Turns out he was trying to recruit me as another soldier in his one-man militia.

LOGAN: Come on. (hits the side of his computer monitor)

MAX: So much for your sector police theory.

LOGAN: Yep, here it is. 3117 East Calhoun.

(Max drops the phone immediately after she receives the address. When Max arrives at the apartment, the mystery man is already there knocking on the door)

MYSTERY MAN: Open up.

MAX: Hey.

MYSTERY MAN: Didn't expect to see you here. You're just in time.

(Mystery man kicks down the door and enters the apartment. He finds Pedro with his headphones on asleep on the chair. Max grabs the mystery man and flings him out the door to the wall.)

MAX: The vigilante routine is over. You're done killing people.

MYSTERY MAN: Me? Nah, I'm not killing anybody. That thing did.

(Mystery man points to the hoverdrone that just appeared next to the window. He gets his camera ready. The hoverdrone beams a red laser grid on Pedro's face.)

MYSTERY MAN: No!

(The mystery man leaps on top of Pedro to push him down. The hoverdrone shoots through the window several times and then leaves. Max goes to the window.)

MYSTERY MAN: You all right?

MAX: Yeah, but what the hell was that?

(Max brings the man back to Logan's apartment)

LOGAN: A hoverdrone?

MAX: Mounted with twin 45-caliber automatics.

MYSTERY MAN: And silencers. (Imitates shooting) What do you call yourself?

MAX: Max.

LOGAN: Can I ask? How did you know this guy Benedek was going to be the next target?

MYSTERY MAN: It -- it was in the newspaper.

LOGAN: The newspaper?

MYSTERY MAN: I'm a voracious reader, see, and I was reading the obits and noticed how all these ex-cons kept getting shot.

LOGAN: Right.

MYSTERY MAN: And Benedek was a sex offender.

LOGAN: So?

MYSTERY MAN: So when Benedek got let out they published his name and address in the paper, to alert the neighbors. I thought he could be a possible target and went to warn him. It turns out, I was right. Max . . . is that short for Maximum?

MAX: Maximum?

MYSTERY MAN: As in maximum force? Ooh! Maximum girl? Woman. I meant maximum woman.

MAX: It's not short for anything.

MYSTERY MAN (smells his fingers): I've got to go wash my hands. Uh, I'm afraid our friend Pedro peed his pants.

LOGAN: Sure.

(Logan points to the direction of the bathroom. Mystery man leaves and Max waves her hand to indicate the smell)

LOGAN: So this guy's not a vigilante killer, he's just a nut who happens to be following the same set of leads as us?

MAX: And who can jump a ten-foot fence and run really fast.

(Mystery man comes back from the bathroom. His leg seems to slightly give out on him, causing him to stumble)

MYSTERY MAN: Aw . . . damn, got a screw loose.

MAX: No argument there.

MYSTERY MAN (adjusting his leg): Ah ha . . . there. Hate when that happens. It's so embarrassing. Okay. So, what's the chair do? I mean . . . (imitates shooting) Or are your powers mostly mental?

LOGAN: Mostly mental, yeah.

MYSTERY MAN: You're the brains. She's the brawn. What happened? You get bit by a spider? Struck by lightning?

MAX: Not that I remember.

MYSTERY MAN: So, what, you're a mutant?

MAX: Guess you could say that.

LOGAN: So what about you? Uh, what sort of powers do you have?

MYSTERY MAN: Ordinarily, that's not something I discuss, but since we're all in this together . . .

(Mystery man unzips his fly and turns around. He pulls down his pants. Logan and Max both have weird looks on their faces. Mystery man turns around and opens his long coat)

MAX: Wow.

LOGAN: I'm not entirely sure what I'm looking at here.

(Mystery man shows off his exoskeleton and does a 360 to show it off.)

MYSTERY MAN: It's an exoskeleton. This pad picks up the nerve impulses relays them to the servomotors. Enhances speed and strength, the ability to jump the ability to lift and carry by as much as 30 percent.

LOGAN: Really?

MAX (reads "DOD" on the exoskeleton): Department of Defense?

LOGAN: You stole that?

MYSTERY MAN: It was given to me for a reason. Or do you think I just happened to land a job at the warehouse where they were mothballed after the pulse . . . that I just happened to lose control of my forklift, which just happened to knock over the crate it was in? No. That, my friends . . . is destiny.

(Now the three are sitting at the dinner table with the mystery man sitting at the end eating cookies and drinking milk.)

LOGAN: About the hoverdrone you saw -- the thing I don't get is why would the sector police deploy a sophisticated piece of hardware to hunt down ex-cons when a good, old-fashioned death squad would do the job just as well?

MAX: Maybe the cops aren't the ones behind this.

MYSTERY MAN: Not to be an alarmist here, but can we be certain that these drones aren't being deployed from some other dimension?

LOGAN: I don't think we're dealing with anything quite so esoteric. I'll talk to my uncle. If the drone is a modified version of one of the company's designs, a list of customers would probably help narrow the field. In the meantime, we need proof that this thing is actually out there.

MYSTERY MAN: Would photographs be helpful? I got the attack on Benedek right here. (points to the camera on his head)

LOGAN (to Max): You go with him and get back here with the pictures ASAP.

(Back at mystery man's place developing the pictures.)

MYSTERY MAN: So, uh . . . how old were you when you discovered you had powers?

MAX: I had it beaten into my head at a pretty young age.

MYSTERY MAN: I was a late bloomer. My life probably would have gone in a whole other direction . . . if it hadn't been for her. (points to a picture) It's my sister, Francesca. Huh. I took that with my very first camera.

MAX: You two close?

MYSTERY MAN: Yes and no. She's deceased.

MAX: Sorry.

MYSTERY MAN: That's why I do this -- to try and make up for what I didn't do back then.

MAX: I lost a sister, too. My life was never the same.

MYSTERY MAN: What was her name?

MAX: Eva. She was nine.

MYSTERY MAN: Then you understand. I just wish Francesca didn't have to be the one to show me my destiny. She wasn't quite right, see. She, uh, couldn't talk too good and had trouble walking. So when the men broke in to steal our television she got scared and wouldn't stop crying. I told them they could take whatever they wanted. The more the men kept yelling at my sister to shut up the more scared she got. Then one of them hit her and she didn't make any more noise after that.

(Logan arrives at Uncle Jonas' place)

JONAS: Logan . . . you're up early. I thought you Bohemian types only ventured out when the sun had set.

LOGAN: I need your help.

JONAS: Oh, yes, your little article. I'm afraid I haven't come up with much. Bloody Mary?
(goes across the room to refill his glass)

LOGAN: No, thanks. The fact is, I've uncovered some disturbing information since we last spoke.

JONAS: Oh?

LOGAN: Those ex-cons -- they were killed by a hoverdrone.

JONAS (Laughing): Junior, you watched too many X-Files when you were a boy.

LOGAN: You do build custom models for outside buyers.

JONAS: Well, yes . . . but with gun turrets? I think that would have thrown up a few flags down in purchasing.

LOGAN: Whoever bought it could've had the guns put on later through another contractor.

JONAS: Our entire company is built on the idea that hoverdrones protect people. You publish some half-assed yarn it's going to drive away business . . . and take a chunk out of your bottom line, too, let's not forget.

LOGAN: I'm not going to print anything I can't prove. If I could get you photographs . . .

JONAS: We'll get to the bottom of whatever it is that's going on.

LOGAN: Thanks, Jonas. I'll be in touch. (leaves)

(Back at the mystery man's place, the photos didn't come out)

MYSTERY MAN: No . . . they didn't come out. Hmm. (picks up his camera headgear) Must've broken when you threw me against that wall.

MAX: Sorry. How old were you when your sister died?

MYSTERY MAN: 13. A year and two days older than her.

MAX: You were just a kid. You can't blame yourself for what happened.

MYSTERY MAN: That's what my mom kept telling me, but I didn't feel like a kid. I felt like someone who didn't do the right thing when they should've. You know?

MAX: Yeah. Do you still keep in touch with your mom?

MYSTERY MAN: Nope. Ran away when I was 15, drifted around, then, uh, destiny intervened and . . . well, you know the rest.

MAX: It must be pretty rough for her. She lost her daughter and her son, too.

MYSTERY MAN: Can't argue with destiny.

MAX: I think we make our own destiny.

MYSTERY MAN: Too bad about the pictures. We can always get some more.

MAX: How?

MYSTERY MAN: Just wait for the darn thing to return to base for refueling.

MAX: You know where it refuels?!

MYSTERY MAN: Mm-hmm. Yeah, down by the waterfront. Uh . . . I followed it there the other night.

MAX: Why didn't you say something?

MYSTERY MAN: You didn't ask.

(At Uncle Jonas' place, Jonas is making a call to Logan.)

JONAS: Logan, I have something for you on this hoverdrone thing.

LOGAN: Great. I'm on my way.

JONAS: Not here. Can't risk being seen with you.

LOGAN: Bad for business.

JONAS: Glad you understand. Meet me at 354 Jorgen Avenue in an hour.

LOGAN: I'll see you there.

(Jonas hangs up the phone . Gilbert Neal is in the room.)

JONAS: I know my nephew, Gil. He won't stop till he finds what he's looking for.

GILBERT: That's why we're sending him on a wild goose chase -- keep him occupied with some cloak-and-dagger until the field tests are completed.

JONAS: How the hell he even got wind of the half-dozen dead ex-cons . . .

(Jonas goes over to the side to refill a drink for Gilbert. Gilbert goes to the window.)

GILBERT: Target practice is almost over. The facial recognition technology is working perfectly. We're going to be able to market a stealth technology that can track down and eliminate anyone, anywhere . . . from a photograph. A month from now, we can just sit back and let the bids roll in.

JONAS: Listen, Margot and I want to have you and Joy over for dinner next week.

GILBERT: Sounds great.

JONAS: We were thinking Tuesday night we could -- (turns around and sees a hoverdrone by the window. The hoverdrone has the laser grid target on Jonas) No!

(The hoverdrone starts shooting through the window and kills Jonas. It flies away afterwards. Gilbert picks up a picture of Logan on the mantle.)

(Max and mystery man are looking around the waterfront for the hoverdrone base.)

MAX: You sure this is it?

MYSTERY MAN: Seventh and Third. Or was it Third and Seventh? No, no, this is definitely it. I'm positive. On three. One . . . two . . . (runs to the opposite side of the door) Get ready for three. Ready?

MAX: Yeah.

MYSTERY MAN: A three! (kicks down the door and they both go in. They have just walked in on two girls and a guy playing bondage.)

MYSTERY MAN: Good lord.

MAX: Ugh.

(Max and the mystery man are now at another location.)

MAX: You sure?

MYSTERY MAN: Absolutely.

MAX: That's what you said before.

MYSTERY MAN: No, I said I was positive. Ready? On three. One . . . two . . . (runs to the opposite side of the door) Get ready for three.

(Max kicks down the door)

TECHNICIAN: Hey, who the hell are you?

(Max goes to the technician, who is controlling a hoverdrone shown on the computer screen, and mystery man kicks down the other man.)

MAX: You better bring that sucker back here now.

TECHNICIAN: I can't. The target's been acquired.

MAX: Do it.

TECHNICIAN: Look, this isn't a test; it's a search and destroy. Anyone tries to stop it will be a target, too.

(Max knocks the technician out and sees that Logan is the next target on the screen. The drone is tracking him in his Aztec)

MAX: Logan . . .

MYSTERY MAN: He's heading east on Jorgen.

MAX: Come on.

(Max and the mystery man are able to catch up to Logan. They pull up next to him.)

LOGAN: Max, what the hell are you doing here?

(Suddenly the hoverdrone is there, shining a red laser grid on Logan's face)

MAX: Logan, get down!

(Max jumps into the car as the firing starts and makes sure they both lay low. She takes control of the steering wheel from below. The mystery man gets hit on the knee by the hoverdrone. Max drives the vehicle into a warehouse. Mystery man closes the door.)

MAX: Take cover.

(Mystery man carries Logan out of the vehicle. Max gets back behind the wheel. The hoverdrone is still attacking. Max backs out of the warehouse. The hoverdrone follows. Max drives the vehicle back into the warehouse. Max rolls out of the vehicle and the hoverdrone smashes through the Aztec's windshield. It still comes flying out from the back of the vehicle.)

MAX: Would you die already?

(Max jumps down into a pit in the ground. She spots a red light on the bottom of the hoverdrone. Max manages to stick the pole in the hoverdrone's sensor and get control of it. She smashes it to the ground)

MAX: Say goodnight, Hal.

(Max gives the hoverdrone one final stab at the red light to finish it off, then heads back with the wheelchair to where Logan and the mystery man is hiding.)

MAX: Boys!

LOGAN: We're over here.

MYSTERY MAN: It appears we've had a small mechanical failure.

(One of the mystery man's legs is going nuts.)

MYSTERY MAN: I believe a bullet or a fragment thereof has lodged itself in my mid-anterior servomotor.

MAX: Better than lodging into your mid-anterior actual leg. We're going to have a hell of a time hitching a ride back to the city.

(Max rolls Logan out of the wheelchair with the mystery man walking beside her, his leg going all whack.)

(At Logan's apartment, he is looking out the window.)

MAX: Heard about your uncle Jonas.

LOGAN: Multiple gunshot wounds to the chest. No leads, no witnesses. Sound familiar?

MAX: Same guys who put a hit on you.

LOGAN: My uncle's partners.

MAX: Go figure.

LOGAN: He swore he didn't know what was going on -- lied right to my face, didn't even blink.

MAX: And he paid the price.

LOGAN: But his cronies skate off this unless Eyes Only tells the whole story.

MAX: You know what'll happen if you do that.

LOGAN: The government steps in, everybody acts all shocked. Then, they seize the assets of Cale Industries in a show of civic outrage, confiscate the company, the trust.

MAX: And your net worth along with it.

LOGAN: Well, I own my apartment. Got some art I can sell. I'll be all right. And Cale Industries will be out of the murder business for good.

MAX: So your idea of going to war is taking a vow of poverty. That'll show them, Logan.

LOGAN: This lifestyle of mine, Max, is bought and paid for with money made helping keep people under police surveillance. It took a lot of people dying for me to finally face the fact that . . . I've been living a lie.

MAX: What about all the good things you've accomplished with Eyes Only? How you going to keep that afloat when you're broke?

LOGAN: Somehow.

MAX: You know, only a bored, rich, liberal, white guy would piss away a fortune to prove he wasn't a bored, rich, liberal, white guy. Nobody would think any less of you if you decided to let this one slide. I would invite you not to be a dope.

(The next day, Max and the mystery man are at the bus depot. Mystery man is buying a bus ticket.)

MYSTERY MAN: So you really think this is a prudent thing to do -- turning my back on destiny like this and going to see my mom?

MAX: Let me put it to you this way. Do you really think we just happened to hook up happened to go after that hoverdrone that just happened to shoot up your mid-anterior servomotor and bust up that exo-thingie? No. That, my friend, is destiny.

TICKET VENDOR (handing him the ticket): Here ya go.

MYSTERY MAN: I think you're right . . . and, besides, I'm not getting out of the business altogether. There have been reports of an inter-dimensional portal forming under Sheboygan that could easily turn into an astral dumpsite. I might be sending for you.

MAX: You have a nice long visit with your mom first. You're giving her a big part of her life back.

(Eyes Only comes on screen at the television sets nearby.)

EYES ONLY: Do not attempt to adjust your set.

MAN: Hey, man, check it out -- Eyes Only.

EYES ONLY: Do not attempt to adjust your set. This is a streaming freedom video bulletin. The Cale Corporation is guilty of murder. Its executives, Jonas Cale and Gilbert Neal . . .

MYSTERY MAN: Hey, Eyes Only. I've always wanted to meet him. That guy . . . he's a real hero.

MAX: Yeah, he is . . . and a real dope.

(Mystery man gets on the bus)

MAX: Hey. I never got your name.

MYSTERY MAN: Phil.

MAX: Phil . . . ?

PHIL: Just plain Phil. Well, you and Logan take care of each other for me, okay?

MAX: Yeah. City's not going to be the same without you.

PHIL: I'm leaving it in good hands.

(A guy drops a pop can on the ground.)

PHIL: Hey, pick that up!

GUY: Yeah right.

MAX (grabs the guy): You heard the man. Pick it up!

(The guy picks up the can and puts it in the trash can.)

(Max and Phil wave good-bye to each other.)

(At Logan's apartment)

MAX: So you did it, huh?

LOGAN: Mm-hmm. Sure did. By the time the banks open tomorrow morning this check won't be worth the paper it's printed on. (waves the check from Jonas.)

MAX: Maybe you should go cash it then.

(Logan looks at his watch.)

LOGAN (looks at his watch, sarcastically): Five after 3:00. Damn. (pours some wine into two glasses) My Uncle Jonas gave me this bottle when I graduated from college. Told me to save it for a special occasion.

MAX: Like financial ruin?

LOGAN: Why not? To my dear Uncle Jonas who, underneath his winning smile, was a cold-blooded killer.

MAX: The one thing I learned in my years at Manticore is never underestimate what people are capable of doing to each other.

LOGAN: My uncle, for all his privilege, went right for the heart of darkness. You've lived your life trying to get as far away from that as possible.

MAX: Guess that counts for something. Got to blaze. Got to meet the gang for Snuffy's memorial. (gets up to leave) Thing is . . . it's always there, the darkness . . . right on my tail.

LOGAN: I know . . . but you got moves. (Max smiles)

(At Manticore)

GILBERT: State-of-the-art. Ideal for special ops. The recent series of field tests have proven its viability and . . .

MADAME X: And your sudden legal troubles are translating into a fire sale price.

GILBERT: The specs, testing data and four years of research and development. All yours for 10 million dollars. I'm on the next flight to Belize.

MADAME X: One step ahead of the feds.

GILBERT: Do we have a deal?

MADAME X: The money is being wired to your offshore account as we speak. Trust is far too rare a commodity these days. (Gilbert shakes Madame X's hand.) Where's the second prototype?

GILBERT: Parked in a van outside.

MADAME X: Fully operational?

GILBERT: It's good to go.

MADAME X: And all you need is a photograph?

GILBERT: That's it.

MADAME X: Amazing.

(Madame X sits back down. Gilbert leaves. Madame X takes a picture of Gilbert from the surveillance camera outside her door. She then prints the picture and looks at it.)

MADAME X: Just amazing.

(At Logan's apartment, he is putting his check through the shredder. He looks at the photos and then shreds them too. Bling rolls in with a large crate with D.O.D. on the outside.)

BLING: Something just came for you. Need a hand?

LOGAN: I got it. Thanks.

BLING: I'm heading out. I'll see you tomorrow.

(Bling leaves and Logan opens the crate. Inside the crate is the exoskeleton with a typed up note from Phil. The note reads:

SORRY IT'S ALL BUSTED UP,
BUT IF YOU CAN FIX IT,
WHO KNOWS? MIGHT HELP YOU
GET FROM HERE TO THERE.
BEST,
PHIL

Logan stares at the exoskeleton and smiles.)

DARK ANGEL
Season One, Episode #18: "Hit A Sista Back"
First Aired 5/8/2001

(At her apartment in the morning, Max is putting on her jacket and getting ready for work. She goes into the kitchen)

MAX: Morning.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Good morning. (turns around with facial guck all over her face)

MAX: What the hell are you doing?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Exfoliating -- deep-cleaning pores, sloughing off dead skin cells and clarifying areas of hyperpigmentation.

MAX: All before 9:00 AM?

ORIGINAL CINDY: You should give it a try, girl. Your face could use a little freshening.

MAX: What's wrong with my face?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Nothing except it's all clogged up and tired and dull.

MAX: It is?

ORIGINAL CINDY: We live in a dirty world, boo. It can play havoc with a girl's complexion.

MAX: Well, what's in that stuff?

ORIGINAL CINDY (points to the items on the counter): Milk, oatmeal, rosemary, hibiscus, a half an egg, some vitamin A that I caged from Normal's private stash when he wasn't looking, and some horsetail, for microcirculation. I'm going to whip you up a batch so you can start the new day with your skin all hydrated and glistening.

(Original Cindy picks up the milk carton. Max sees a missing person ad on the side of the carton and grabs it from Original Cindy. It has a picture of Tinga and reads:

HAVE YOU SEEN MY MOMMY?
MISSING
PENNY SMITH AGE 22
MISSING SINCE FEB 25/2020

Max has a flashback of when she was with Tinga and Zack in Portland, and they were fighting off the Manticore men. [From The Kidz Are Aiiight])

ZACK (in flashback): Just got a message from Tinga. Lydecker's onto her, and she isn't home.

TINGA (in flashback): You take care of yourself, baby sister.

MAX (in flashback): You, too.

ORIGINAL CINDY (takes the milk carton away from Max): Penny Smith -- is she a friend of yours?

MAX: Something like that. (quickly leaves)

(At Tinga's home, her husband Charlie Smith is putting shoes on Case, their son.)

CHARLIE: One down . . . two down.

(The phone rings and Charlie goes to answer it)

CASE: Daddy . . .

CHARLIE: Just a second. (answers the phone) Hello?

MAX (from a pay phone): You don't know me, but I'm a friend of your wife's.

CHARLIE (to Case): Go get your books, kiddo. (to Max) Do you know where she is? Is she all right?

MAX: As far as I know, yeah, but you have to stop looking for her.

CHARLIE: What?

MAX: You don't know about her past? Why she has a bar code on the back of her neck?

CHARLIE: Her tattoo.

MAX: Look, I know how this is going to sound, but your wife isn't who you think she is and her name isn't Penny. It's Tinga. She's not missing; she's in hiding.

CHARLIE: Wh-what are you . . . ? Who is this?

MAX: People are after her -- bad people. Putting that ad out pretty much gave them directions to your house and now they're going to be after you.

CHARLIE: You think this is some kind of a joke?

MAX: Look, the phones are probably tapped. Just take your son and run, now.

CHARLIE: You shut up about my son. Don't call here again. (hangs up) (to Case) You ready for school?

(Charlie picks up a framed picture of Case and Tinga. Case is playing on the floor, finishing up a puzzle of a castle.)

CASE: Daddy, who was that?

CHARLIE: It was just a wrong number. Where's your jacket? Okay, come here, kiddo. (helps Case put on his jacket) All right, give me another arm. There you go. (looking at the large castle puzzle) Did Miss Forsyth help you put that together?

CASE: No. I did it.

CHARLIE: Sure you did. Come on.

(In the classroom at school, Case is doing work with a group of children on the carpet. The teacher goes up to Case.)

TEACHER: Case? I have a surprise for you. (brings Case to the next room) You're doing so well in your classes that from now on, you're going to have a special tutor.

(The man, Lydecker, turns around with a lollipop in one of his hands and smiles at Case)

LYDECKER: Hi, Case.

(Opening credits)

(At Logan's apartment, he is working on the exoskeleton with Sebastian's help via the phone and web cam. There is a spark and the top part of the exoskeleton falls down.)

SEBASTIAN: What happened?

LOGAN: It shorted out . . . again.

SEBASTIAN: Sounds like you need to replace the servocontroller.

LOGAN: Well, I can't exactly call the Pentagon and requisition one, can I?

SEBASTIAN: You'll have to improvise. Maybe pull the controller from one of those robotic arms. They used to handle toxic chemicals.

LOGAN: And how much is it going to cost me to get my hands on one of those?

SEBASTIAN: Since when do you care?

LOGAN: Problems with the family business. How much?

SEBASTIAN: Eight, maybe ten grand.

LOGAN: Whatever. No guarantee I can get this contraption to work again anyway. Probably just wasting my time.

SEBASTIAN: Maybe . . . but on the off chance you could get back on your feet, you got something better to waste it on?

(The door slams; Max has arrived)

MAX: Logan!

LOGAN: Uh, I'll be right there. (to Sebastian) I'll call you back.

(Logan ends the call and covers up the exoskeleton with a sheet. He rolls out to the living room area, where Max is sitting on the couch.)

LOGAN: Hey. You all right?

MAX: Considering I just found out I'm an aunt. Tinga has a kid in Portland. Her husband put out a missing person's ad on her.

LOGAN: Well, he did that, I got to think that means he doesn't know about her.

MAX: I tried to warn him, but he thought I was a crank and hung up on me.

LOGAN: Can't really blame him.

MAX: Guess I have to go to Portland.

LOGAN: Max . . . you know Lydecker's going to be all over this.

MAX: Which is why I have to get them out of there as soon as possible. Logan, she's my sister. This is her family. She'd do the same for me.

LOGAN: So, when I tell you this is a bad idea, a trap . . . ?

MAX: I say, "Thanks for the good advice . . . and can you track down an address for me?"

(At night, Charlie is tucking Case into bed.)

CHARLIE: Which story would you like tonight? How about Bunky's Rocket?

CASE: I want Mommy's story.

CHARLIE: There's a princess in Mommy's stories, right?

CASE: Uh-huh.

CHARLIE: Once upon a time, there was a princess who was born far, far away. She and all her brothers and sisters all lived together in a giant castle and they loved each other very, very much.

CASE: The castle was a bad place.

CHARLIE: That's right. There was a king, and he was evil and he tried to hurt the children. So one day . . .

CASE: You forgot about the Nomilies in the basement.

CHARLIE: I don't think I know that part.

CASE: You didn't tell me everybody's name.

CHARLIE: The princess had a name. What was it?

CASE: Tinga.

(Charlie flashes back to the anonymous phone call he had earlier.)

MAX *(in flashback)*: Her name isn't Penny. It's Tinga.

CHARLIE: Case?

(Case has drifted off to sleep. Max is on top of the building across the street. She is looking at the windows in Charlie's apartment. Max looks down at the alley below and spots Manticore men hiding.)

MAX: These guys never learn.

(Tinga spots Max and takes out her knife. Max turns around and spots a shadow moving. She goes after the person. Tinga jumps down behind Max. Max flips Tinga in the air so they're face to face)

MAX: Tinga, it's me!

(At Tinga's hideout, she is strapping on her gear and weapons)

TINGA: Did you get any recon?

MAX: Lydecker's set up on the apartment. Got people on the outside of the building. Probably on the inside, too.

TINGA *(holds up a gun)*: Are you strapped?

MAX: I don't do guns. It'd be easier if we had a third person.

TINGA: If you're talking about Zack . . . forget it. I left his ass in snowy Canada.

MAX: Let me guess. Our big brother told you you were crazy for coming back here.

TINGA: Pretty much. I wish I could give Charlie a heads-up, but I got to figure Lydecker's got the phones tapped.

MAX: We only got one shot at this. We have to get them both at the same time.

TINGA: He walks Case to school every morning. We could do it there.

MAX: It's going to be okay.

TINGA: I wanted to go back for them, Max . . . you know, but how could I? What if I led Lydecker to them?

MAX: I know.

TINGA: I thought they would be safer this way.

MAX: You're going to be together again. I promise.

(Lydecker at his desk working when Madame X walks in)

MADAME X: I understand there's a development in the search for X5/656? A husband and child in play?

LYDECKER: I was planning on filling you in at the, uh, briefing next week.

MADAME X: Fill me in now.

LYDECKER: We're keeping our man covered 24/7. I'm personally taking point on the boy.

MADAME X: Is the child of any interest to us?

LYDECKER: He's showing signs of accelerated motor control as well as heightened spatial recognition and advanced logical thinking.

MADAME X: Really?

LYDECKER: I'm as surprised as you. We've never had those kind of results in laboratory settings.

MADAME X: Mix of X5 and human DNA has almost exclusively resulted in offspring of spectacular mediocrity.

LYDECKER: And those were the successes.

MADAME X: The father . . . does, uh, he have any idea what's going on?

LYDECKER: One of the others tried to warn him. X5/452, I think. We traced the phone call to a pay phone in Seattle.

MADAME X: "Hello, Mr. Smith, your wife's a genetically engineered soldier escaped from a secret government lab and you're in terrible danger."

LYDECKER: He didn't believe her.

MADAME X (laughing): Nothing like having the truth work in your favor. How often does that happen? The mother won't be able to stay away for long. Maternal instinct and all that. Grab them both, and take them back to Manticore. I want to meet this little boy.

(Next morning at school, Max and Tinga are checking out the area from across the street. Manticore men are everywhere in disguise)

MAX: And those are just the ones we can see. Not a lot of cover. Looks like our best shot's the apartment.

TINGA: Tonight. (spots Charlie and Case arriving) Oh! There they are.

MAX: He's beautiful.

TINGA: Look how much he's grown!

CHARLIE: Okay, kiddo, you going to have a good day at school today?

CASE: Uh-huh.

CHARLIE: What are you going to do today?

CASE: Play with Donald. He's my new teacher.

CHARLIE: Your new teacher?

LYDECKER (comes up behind them): You have a very gifted son, Mr. Smith.

TINGA: What the hell is he doing here? What is he doing with my son?

MAX: Take it easy.

CASE: Hi, Donald.

LYDECKER: Hi, Case. You ready? All right.

(Lydecker holds Case's hand and they walk into school. In the classroom, Case and Lydecker are sitting at a round table where Case is coloring. Lydecker holds up a big card with a problem puzzle on it.)

LYDECKER: Case, if these pieces were put back together which shape would they make?

CASE (points): That one.

LYDECKER: Good. (flashes his sector pass at Case) Case, what's the number on my card?

CASE: 4-1-2-8-2-0-9-0-8-7-6-9-4-5-7-3. Can I have another lollipop?

LYDECKER: Sure.

(Lydecker gives Case a lollipop and takes one for himself. They both take the wrappers off and suck on their lollipops.)

LYDECKER: After this, would you like to go to the playground?

CASE: I like to climb the monkey bars.

LYDECKER: You know, where I live . . . you can climb the monkey bars all day.

CASE: You can?

LYDECKER: Mm-hmm. And you can swim and you can play and there's a forest. It's a very happy place.

CASE: Will my Mommy be there?

LYDECKER: Would you like that? (Case nods) Then I think we can work it out.

(Back at Tinga's hideout, Max and Tinga are looking at the floor plan of the building area.)

MAX: We got guys stationed at the east and west exits, the lobby and the roof. From 0900 to 1700, two more posing as repairmen in the apartment across the street.

TINGA: What, the old plumber gag? I thought that went out with J. Edgar Hoover.

MAX: Man loves the classics.

TINGA: That's a lot of manpower, Max.

MAX: Good thing we're a lot of girl power.

TINGA: None of this would be happening if I had just told Charlie the truth.

MAX: How come you didn't?

TINGA: I sort of did, the first night we met. I had never clicked with anyone so fast before. We just stayed up all night talking. He told me everything about himself. I mean, everything. Somehow I thought maybe he could handle hearing everything about me. And then I saw that look on his face.

MAX: So you laughed it off and told him you were kidding. I've been there.

TINGA: You know, and then I told myself that if we ever got serious, I'd tell him. And then when we did, I told myself if we ever had kids . . . and every time I tried I'd just remember that look on his face . . . and I couldn't do it.

MAX: I feel you.

TINGA: You ever tell anyone?

MAX: Only 'cause they kind of figured it out on their own.

TINGA: Boyfriend?

MAX: Not exactly.

TINGA: He handled it okay?

MAX: Yeah.

TINGA: When we get them out of there tonight I'm going to tell him everything.

(Max sits down next to Tinga and puts her arm around her shoulders.)

MAX: Honey, when you and me take out 20 trained operatives without breaking a sweat . . . I think he's going to come real on his own that there's something special about you.

(Agent Sandoval walks into Lydecker's office with a recorded message from Charlie's tapped phone)

LYDECKER: Problem?

AGENT SANDOVAL: 10:17 this morning, Smith called his sister in Phoenix.

(Agent Sandoval plays the recording.)

CHARLIE: I'm thinking of taking some time off and bringing Case up for a visit.

SISTER: Thought you wanted to stay in Portland in case anything turned up about Penny.

CHARLIE: Uh, I really need a break. Things are a little tense right now.

LYDECKER: He's been tipped. We're bringing them in. Tonight.

AGENT SANDOVAL: Yes, sir.

LYDECKER: Have X5/734 handle the transfer.

(Max and Tinga start on their plan. They walk on a tight rope across to the roof of Charlie's building. Below, a large caravan of trucks is approaching. Max and Tinga look down from the building top to see what is going on. Max uses her enhanced vision to see who the people below are)

BRIN: Alpha team, cover the exits. Bravo is in the apartment to retrieve the target. Move out. Go.

MAX: Brin.

TINGA: She's one of them now.

(Max and Tinga go inside the building. Max puts a smoke grenade down the laundry chute and Tinga pulls the fire alarm. People start running out. Manticore men are guiding the people out in the stairwells. Max and Tinga take down two Manticore men. They kick down Charlie's door and Tinga enters with gun in hand.)

CASE: Mommy!

TINGA: Hi, baby. (Hugs them) (to Charlie) Hi.

MAX: Let's go, people.

(Tinga punches through a wall and takes out a gun. Charlie is stunned)

TINGA: I'll explain later.

MAX (to Charlie): Stay close. Come on. Trust me.

(Outside the building, the Manticore soldiers have retrieved the smoke bomb)

SOLDIER: Smoke grenade.

BRIN (to walkie-talkie): All teams, this is control. There is no fire. Repeat, there is no fire. We have unauthorized personnel in the area. Bravo team, proceed immediately to Objective Offspring.

(Inside the building, a Manticore soldier jumps out in front of Max and Tinga.)

SOLDIER: Freeze.

MAX: Take cover.

TINGA (shoots down the soldiers): Move.

(Soldiers are coming up from both sides of the hall. Charlie, Max, and Tinga go back around the corner to hide and reload. The soldiers are shooting.)

MAX: There's men on the stairs!

(More Manticore men are coming from the stairs. They seem to be surrounded when Zack swings in through the window shooting and takes down all the men in the hall. Max and Tinga smile)

ZACK: Is this an invite only, or can anyone crash?

(On the roof top)

ZACK: You taking the express route?

MAX: I'll lower Charlie down, then come back the way I came.

ZACK: I'll guide you down, Max. It'll take the weight.

MAX: Come on.

TINGA (to Case): Bye, honey. Okay, you have to hold really tight to mommy now. Okay? Yeah.

MAX (to Charlie): You ever mountain climb?

CHARLIE: No.

MAX: It's easy.

MAX (to Zack): Meet you at the rendezvous point.

(Charlie, Tinga, and Zack all rappel down safely. Max is about to make her move down when she spots Brin up on the rooftop across from her)

BRIN: You shouldn't have come here, Max.

MAX: What did they do to you?

BRIN: Made me better.

MAX: They brainwashed you.

BRIN: They made me remember what I am.

(Brin and Max fight. Brin is very strong and is winning. Finally, she knocks Max down and stands over her.)

BRIN: You're not the mission. Go. You saved my life once; now we're even. The next time I see you, little sister, I'm bringing you home.

(Max leaves and Manticore soldiers arrive on the roof top.)

(At Logan's apartment. Tinga sits down next to Charlie and holds his hand, but he gets up and leaves)

MAX: Had a run-in with a friend of ours on the roof tonight -- Brin.

ZACK: It's on us. We promised to get her out.

LOGAN: How's the happy couple?

MAX: He'll get over it. They'll be safe together again.

ZACK: For now. Those two aren't going to do anything but slow her down and mess with her judgment. If she's smart, she'll tell him to take the kid and go. Otherwise, they're going to wind up sharing a suite back at Manticore.

MAX: You're a real family values guys, aren't you?

ZACK: Family isn't an option. Not for us.

LOGAN: You can't really blame the guy for being freaked out. Wonder why she never told him.

MAX: You make it sound easy.

LOGAN: No. If you're going to have a relationship with someone you have a right to know what you're getting into.

MAX: Only, the thing about relationships . . . is you never know what you're getting yourself into.

(Max is guiding Tinga to a couch for Case in Logan's apartment. Tinga puts Case down)

MAX: Is this okay?

TINGA (to Max): Yeah. (to Case) Shh.

CASE: Mommy, tell me a story.

TINGA: Okay, baby. What do you want to hear?

CASE: About the princess. What happened once she ran away from the castle?

TINGA: Well, she met her prince and they fell in love and they had a family.

CASE: Did they live happily ever after?

TINGA: I don't know, baby. I hope so.

(Case falls asleep. Tinga gives Case a kiss on the cheek and looks at Max teary-eyed.)

(Logan rolls into the kitchen to find Charlie sitting in the dark.)

LOGAN: I thought I heard somebody in here.

CHARLIE: Sorry. Couldn't sleep.

LOGAN: Want a drink?

CHARLIE: Yeah.

LOGAN (gets a bottle of wine): Pre-pulse. Small batch. Last bottle.

CHARLIE: Don't you want to save it for a special occasion?

LOGAN: Guest needs a drink. In the Cale family, that's occasion enough.

CHARLIE: So how long have you and Max been together?

LOGAN: Uh, we're not like that.

CHARLIE: Because of . . . what she is?

LOGAN: Because of a lot of things.

CHARLIE: When she first went missing I, uh, I couldn't deal. Almost sent Case to live with my sister in Phoenix. But I, uh, I figured it out, you know? I'm not saying it was easy. It wasn't the same without Penny . . . Tinga. But then, it's not the same now that she's back.

LOGAN: And it's never going to be.

CHARLIE: You know what I was thinking before you walked in? That maybe I ought to just take Case and get out of here.

LOGAN: Well, he's her son, too. You don't have the right to take him away from her.

CHARLIE: She had no right to get me into this. To get him into this.

LOGAN: Maybe not. But you're in it. And you're going to have to deal with it. And she hasn't changed. Everything else has, but she's still the same woman you fell in love with, raised a son with. Don't throw it all away just because some lunatic wants to throw her back in a cage.

(Tinga enters, carrying Case, with Max following.)

CHARLIE: Something wrong?

TINGA: He has a fever.

MAX: Poor baby. (spots a glowing spot on the back of Case's neck. A barcode is appearing)
Oh, my God.

CHARLIE: What is it?

TINGA: What's happening? Max?

(Later)

TINGA: He's burning up.

CHARLIE: What's going on? Will someone please tell me what the hell is going on?

MAX: It's a message from Lydecker.

CHARLIE: Well, what's that supposed to mean?

MAX: Let me see. (takes a look at Case's barcode)

MAX: It's 14 digits. Manticore barcodes are only 12.

CHARLIE: This is insane. I'm taking him to the hospital.

ZACK: No, that's what Lydecker wants.

CHARLIE: Stay out of this.

TINGA: Charlie, wait.

CHARLIE: We've got to do something, Penny.

ZACK: Tinga.

CHARLIE: Listen, you son of a -- (jumps at Zack)

(Zack grabs Charlie by the neck)

MAX: Wait. That's enough.

(Max breaks Charlie away from Zack)

LOGAN: It's a phone number. My guess is, Lydecker's private line. If you give me a minute, I can scramble the signal, make it untraceable.

MAX: We need to bring down his core temperature. Fill the tub with ice.

(Madame X looking into a microscope of moving specimens.)

MADAME X: They almost look like they're alive.

LYDECKER: In a way, they almost are. They're designed to incorporate themselves in the body's cellular machinery stimulating metabolic activity and enhanced neuromuscular function.

MADAME X: And in this case, I take it that you've programmed them to do the exact opposite?

LYDECKER: Yeah.

MADAME X: I must say, I'm impressed.

(The phone rings)

LYDECKER: That'll be them.

MADAME X: Put it on speaker.

LYDECKER (answering): Yes?

MAX: Is this some kind of bioengineered virus?

LYDECKER: Nanotechnology.

MAX: My next guess.

LYDECKER: I'd say he has about six hours left.

MAX: You sick bastard.

LYDECKER: I don't want to see him die any more than you do.

MAX: What do you want?

LYDECKER: Tinga.

MAX: After what you did to Brin?

LYDECKER: She's quite happy where she is.

MAX: Back with the children of the damned? Forget it.

LYDECKER: It's not your decision to make. Tell your sister, I'll save her son . . . when she gives herself up.

MAX: We'll get back to you. (hangs up)

LYDECKER: In a few hours, the convulsions will start. They'll call back.

MADAME X: You're not really going to give up the boy?

LYDECKER: You try something with these kids, you'll end up with nothing. Besides, it's the mother we're interested in. From what we can tell from the child's DNA there's something about her genetic makeup that allows her to pass along traits to her offspring.

MADAME X: The goose that laid the golden egg.

LYDECKER: Once she's back, we can make a hundred more like him.

MADAME X: Your call.

(Back in Logan's apartment)

TINGA: Make the call. (to Charlie) He's going to be okay.

CHARLIE: I can't lose you again.

TINGA: This is the only way.

(Max leaves the room and runs into Zack)

ZACK: You know Lydecker's not going to hold up his end of the deal. You can't trust him.

MAX: We have no choice.

ZACK: You go through with this and you're on your own. I won't have anything to do with him.

MAX: Big surprise.

ZACK: She made herself vulnerable and now she's paying the price. Don't make the same mistake.

(Tear rolls down from Max's eye)

(At South Market, Max is waiting at the gate. Manticore vehicles approach on the other side. Lydecker gets out with Brin is behind him. Lydecker walks to the gate opposite from Max)

MAX: Show me.

(Lydecker shows Max the scanner device that will cure Case. Max signals for Tinga. Tinga gets out of the vehicle, a tear rolling down her cheek)

TINGA: (to Case) I love you. (to Charlie) Please don't let him forget me.

CHARLIE: I won't. (Charlie and Tinga kiss) I love you.

(Tinga heads for Lydecker. She grabs Max's hand as she passes. On the other side of the gate, Brin moves toward her, but Tinga motions her to stop)

LYDECKER: Here. (passes the device through the fence to Max) Just put it close to his neck over the bar code.

(Max follows Lydecker's instructions and the barcode disappears. Case wakes up)

CASE: Daddy? Daddy.

(Charlie nods at Tinga, who is crying as she is led away to the Manticore hummers.)

MAX (turns to leave): Let's go.

LYDECKER: This isn't as big a tragedy as you think it is.

MAX: Whatever you have to tell yourself.

(Charlie and Case get back inside their car.)

BRIN (to walkie-talkie): Move in.

(A station wagon drives up to the vehicle on Max's side of the gate. Men get out of the station wagon as other undercover men converge on Max and Charlie. Max fights some of them off, but they knock Charlie down and take Case away.)

LYDECKER (to walkie-talkie): Delta, this is control. What the hell is going on?

MAX: You son of a bitch!

LYDECKER: It wasn't me.

(Lydecker goes to the gate. The station wagon takes off. Max runs after it. Zack comes swinging from the top of South Market, shooting, and stops the station wagon. Max and Zack pull the men out of the vehicle. Max safely takes Case out.)

MAX: You got a thing for dramatic entrances, huh?

ZACK: I told you he'd try to pull something.

MAX: I don't think it was Lydecker.

(Inside Brin's hummer, Tinga is in the back.)

LYDECKER (on the radio): Delta, this is control. This boy was not a target. Under whose authority do you think you're --

(Brin turns the radio off.)

TINGA: What did you do? Where's Case?

(Brin knocks out the Manticore soldiers in the hummer.)

TINGA (smiling): I knew you couldn't be one of them.

BRIN: Shut up.

(Brin punches Tinga on the forehead.)

(Later, Lydecker's hummer drives up to Brin's hummer, which has crashed on the side of the road. Lydecker walks up to find Brin unconscious inside the vehicle with blood on her head.)

LYDECKER: Brin.

SOLDIER: Is she alive, sir?

LYDECKER: Pulse is strong.

SOLDIER: X5/656 is gone, sir.

(At Lydecker's office)

LYDECKER: What the hell did you think you were going to accomplish with that little stunt?

MADAME X: I wanted a hat trick.

LYDECKER: And now we have nothing. Tinga escaped, and we lost the boy.

MADAME X: Wouldn't want anyone to accuse me of playing it safe.

LYDECKER: I'll be sure and include that in my report to the committee.

MADAME X: You do that. (gets up and leaves)

(Max and Zack are standing by the water. Zack is throwing pebbles into the water.)

ZACK: If it wasn't him that double-crossed us, then who?

MAX: Good question.

ZACK: Only it doesn't matter. I mean, Lydecker, someone else -- what difference does it make? We've been running half our lives, Max. They just keep coming.

MAX: Taking us down one by one.

ZACK: I'm not going to let them do to Tinga what they did to Brin. We're going to get her out somehow. (gives Max a hug) Take care of yourself.

MAX: You, too.

(The next morning, Brin and Madame X meet up.)

MADAME X: Good work.

BRIN: I'm sorry we didn't get them all.

MADAME X: No, the important thing is you recovered X5/656.

BRIN: May I ask when she'll be returned to Manticore?

MADAME X: In due time. Until then, operational secrecy remains in effect particularly with regard to Lydecker.

BRIN: Understood.

MADAME X: Dismissed.

(Brin leaves)

(At Logan's apartment)

LOGAN: My friends can get you over the border tonight. You should be able to get work on the east coast with these. (hands Charlie a package)

CHARLIE: I appreciate everything you've done for us. I don't know how I can repay you.

MAX: You just take care of my nephew.

CHARLIE: You know, this whole time I've been thinking she should've told me from the start that she was . . . different. Truth is, I probably would've walked away. . . Would've been the biggest mistake of my life. 'Cause even after everything that's happened I wouldn't give up one minute of the time that we spent together. Not a second.

CASE: Where's Mommy?

CHARLIE: Mommy had to go away.

CASE: She went back to the castle, didn't she? To fight the evil king.

MAX: I'll get her back to you, okay? I promise.

CHARLIE: Not a second.

(Charlie leaves with Case)

(Max is standing on top of the Space Needle reflecting.)

MAX: Once upon a time, there was a princess who lived in a castle in a faraway land. One day, she and her brothers and sisters escaped the evil king who held them captive there, and tried to make their way in the world. It was hard because the king never stopped looking for them.

(Meanwhile, Madame X pulls up to the facility where she is keeping Tinga. Inside, there is a glass case in the middle where Tinga is floating in a green liquid with many tubes connected to her body)

MAX: But the princess was lucky. She fell in love and had a family and she was very happy. But one day, the evil king and his men found her and took her away, so there was no happily ever after, only the happily ever now that had been hers for a little while. And no matter what they did to the princess, nothing could ever take that away from her.

DARK ANGEL
Season One, Episode #19: "Meow"
First Aired 5/15/2001

(Logan is in his apartment working on the exoskeleton. Sebastian is on the phone and web cam assisting him.)

SEBASTIAN: How did you manage to get the money?

LOGAN: Never mind that. Can you help me get my hands on one of these gizmos?

SEBASTIAN: I'll call my contact in Singapore. They'll probably have it here in 12 to 14 weeks.

LOGAN: That long?

SEBASTIAN: Patience.

LOGAN: I'm all out of patience. I need to be up and walking now.

SEBASTIAN: The processor you are looking for is also used to control the robotic arms in nuclear reactors.

LOGAN: And how am I supposed to get a hold of one of those?

(Max has just entered the apartment.)

MAX: Knock, knock.

SEBASTIAN: Could always ask your in-house cat burglar.

MAX: Logan!

LOGAN: Yeah, I'll be right there. She's not in the loop on this little project and I want to keep it that way.

SEBASTIAN: No reason she needs to know what the chip's for.

LOGAN: Well, that's sneaky. I like it. Got to go.

(Logan ends his web connection to Sebastian and rolls into the kitchen.)

MAX: What happened to that Chinese urn that was there? Don't tell me you sold it.

LOGAN: Got to do what you got to do. We've got an "Eyes Only" situation that needs your immediate attention.

MAX: Got anything to eat? (opens the refrigerator door and takes a green apple)

LOGAN: Max, this is a red alert for what remains of western civilization. If Pierpont Lempkin fences one of these to the Taliban militia... (shows her the chip)

MAX: Pierpont Lempkin's in bed with the Taliban?

LOGAN: I'm afraid so. And they're looking to get their hands on a chip just like this one programmed with the sequenced activation code for the Star Wars Missile Defense System launched back in '05.

MAX: So? That stuff's just a bunch of space junk.

LOGAN: The government's trying to keep it under wraps, but some of the warheads are still live. I got word that the chip that we're looking for is in the servo-controller of a robotic arm in the Orcas Nuclear Facility.

MAX: Are you sure about all this? Pierpont Lempkin and the Taliban after some star wars widget and a robotic arm somewhere? Next thing you're going to tell me aliens are involved.

LOGAN: I wouldn't rule it out.

MAX: Really.

LOGAN: The point is I need you to do this for me.

MAX: You know, it's hot in here. (takes off her jacket)

LOGAN: So, are you going to do it?

MAX: Whatever.

LOGAN: Thank you.

MAX: I think I might be coming down with something. (fanning herself with her hand)

LOGAN: Really? I hope not. 'Cause you know it was a year ago Thursday that you broke in here, tried to rob my place.

MAX: Is that right?

LOGAN: It's an anniversary of sorts and I was thinking we should celebrate.

MAX: I could use a little mirth in my life.

LOGAN: Yeah. Can't be easy knowing they have Tinga.

MAX: Zack found out they didn't take her back to Manticore. Hope he can turn something up on where they've got her.

LOGAN: Then we'll get her out. Thursday night there will be an abundance of mirth and maybe a little surprise.

MAX: What?

LOGAN: Then it wouldn't be a surprise.

(Max goes home. She takes off her jacket and lies down on her bed to sleep. She hears vehicles approaching. Max gets up and goes to the window. She sees that Manticore hummers are in the alley. She escapes out of her window by rope, wearing her black clothes. As she is walking down an alley, two Manticore soldiers come towards her, one on each side. Max fights the two soldiers. She gets one of them down and pushes the other soldier to the wall. She grabs his weapon and the soldier puts his hands in the air. Max directs the soldier to move with the gun in her hand.)

MAX: Take off your clothes.

SOLDIER: Excuse me?

MAX: You heard me. Make it snappy.

(The soldier starts taking off his clothes. And a rap song by Missy Elliot starts playing in the background. MUSIC: What's your name? / 'Cause I'm impressed / Can you treat me good? / I won't settle for less / You a hot boy / hot boy / A rock boy / a rock boy / A fun toy / a fun toy . . .)

MAX: Nice pecs. Over on the bed.

(Max pushes the soldier to the bed that has appeared in the corner. She throws the weapon down and gets on top of the soldier.)

MAX: I hope you're as good as you look, soldier 'cause I'm not a girl who takes disappointment lying down.

SOLDIER: This can't be happening.

(Max is kissing the soldier's chest. She pulls back and sees Logan's face instead of the soldiers.)

MAX: Logan? What are you doing here?

LOGAN: Don't ask me. It's your dream.

MAX: Yeah, and you know what that means?

(The music comes to a screeching halt and Max wakes up, covered in sweat.)

MAX: Oh, God! I'm in heat again.

(Opening credits)

(The next morning in the kitchen area of Max's apartment.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: You're joking, right?

MAX: I wish. It's yet another of the frightening biological facts of my rotten, miserable life.

ORIGINAL CINDY: So how often does this estra-cycle bitch happen?

MAX: Two, maybe three times a year. It's awful. I get this uncontrollable craving.

ORIGINAL CINDY: So, basically because of this feline DNA that you got in you, every few months you run around acting like an average male?

MAX: Somehow guys can pull it off. I just turn into this freak show.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Mm, you could always lock yourself in a closet until it's over with.

MAX: Tried that. Blew the door right off the hinges.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Damn.

MAX: If you see me going to the dark side, do me a favor -- smack me really hard right in the face.

ORIGINAL CINDY: For real?

MAX: That's the only thing that seems to work.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Oh, okay.

(Max walks over to the window and spots a guy down below carrying crates to a truck.)

MAX: Aww. Look at hot boy down there. He's got some biceps on him. Mmm . . .

ORIGINAL CINDY (comes over to the window): Don't make me put the smackdown on your ass. (puts her hand up like she's going to smack Max)

MAX: Yeah. Oh . . .

ORIGINAL CINDY: Walk.

(Madame X and Agent Sandoval are walking down some stairs outside an office building)

MADAME X: Oh, about the stealth drone. Let's keep the committee out of the loop until we've run a test.

AGENT SANDOVAL: Your call.

MADAME X: Right answer.

(Lydecker walks up towards Madame X and Agent Sandoval on the stairs.)

MADAME X: Deck . . .

LYDECKER: You want to tell me why the executive committee met this morning and I wasn't notified?

MADAME X: Would you excuse us, please, Agent Sandoval?

(Agent Sandoval leaves Madame X and Lydecker alone.)

MADAME X: I didn't notify you because I didn't want you there.

LYDECKER: I'm sure you didn't.

MADAME X: The boys upstairs are on the warpath about that X5 female who escaped last week -- Tinga, is it?

LYDECKER: You're responsible for her escape and you damn well know it.

MADAME X: Committee doesn't see it that way. They see it as another example of operational mishandling on your part.

LYDECER: You've always been a genius at covering your ass.

MADAME X: I went to bat for you and I think that I managed to fend off a full procedural review, so say "thank you."

(Madame X walks away.)

LYDECKER: Pissy little bitch.

(Zack has followed them and is watching them from a distance. Lydecker walks away. Madame X joins up with Agent Sandoval at the bottom of the stairs.)

(In the Jam Pony locker area Max is frantically fanning herself with her hand)

MAX: Do I look flushed?

ORIGINAL CINDY: You're tripping, boo. You got an itch, go scratch. It ain't got to be all complicated either. The male mind understands the difference between love and sex. Sketchy, come here.

(Sketchy walks over to Max and Original Cindy.)

SKETCHY: Hello, ladies.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I want to get busy with you.

SKETCHY: Outstanding.

ORIGINAL CINDY: But I want you to forget about it as soon as it's over.

SKETCHY: Yeah, no problem.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Don't be following me around all moo-eyed and "Baby, I love you."

SKETCHY: Yeah, whatever you say.

ORIGINAL CINDY (to Max): See? No complications.

(Sketchy puts his hands on Original Cindy's shoulders.)

SKETCHY: So when we going to do this?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Get away from me, fool, 'fore I put you in a world of hurt!

SKETCHY: I knew it! (leaves)

MAX: I'm not going to just hit it with some guy. That's how I looked up with Leo and Darren and Eric, almost. Total disasters that never would have happened if I wasn't a teenage Frankenstein created by people at Manticore.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Fine, so you don't want to be 'bout it with just anybody. What about Logan? Somebody you're into.

MAX: It's not what I want to happen with us. We're not even like that.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Whatever you say.

MAX: Can we stop talking about scratching? I want to beat this bitch. You got my back?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Who's your girl?

(A cute delivery guy walks in with a pizza. Max turns around and bumps into the guy.)

PIZZA GUY: Oh, uh, did, uh, someone order a large sausage?

MAX (smiling at him): Hi.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Max . . . (tries to drag Max away.)

MAX: What's your name?

PIZZA GUY: Uh . . . Rafer.

NORMAL: Hot run to 95 Round Hill Road.

MAX: I'm on a hot run.

ORIGINAL CINDY: No, you're not. (gives Max a package) C'mon.

MAX (to Rafer): See you around.

RAFER: Whoa!

(Lydecker is interrogating Brin in his office)

LYDECKER: According to your debriefing regarding Tinga's escape, X5/656 somehow managed to slip out of her shackles and overpower the soldier detailed to her guard.

BRIN: Yes, sir.

LYDECKER: You were unaware of the struggle going on right behind where you were sitting?

BRIN: It happened very fast, sir. Before I knew it, she had punched through the partition and grabbed the driver from behind.

LYDECKER: And you couldn't stop her?

BRIN: I was trying to keep control of the vehicle, sir.

LYDECKER: I'd made a deal to secure Tinga in exchange for sparing her son's life. Yet you tried to capture the boy and X5/452, as well.

BRIN: Yes, sir. The scope of the mission was changed during the briefing.

LYDECKER: That wasn't my mission briefing.

BRIN: I assumed you were in the loop, Sir since Agent Sandoval was . . .

LYDECKER: Agent Sandoval?

BRIN: Yes, Sir.

LYDECKER: Thank you. You've been very helpful, X5/734. Dismissed.

(In Max's apartment, Max comes out of the bathroom and starts doing push-ups.)

MAX: Nothing like an ice-cold shower to get your mind off the dirty deed.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I'm not even going to ask.

MAX: I got to sit in the same car with Logan tonight.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Is that wise? You keep saying you don't want anything to happen between you two.

MAX: I have no choice. I have to run an . . . errand.

ORIGINAL CINDY: He got the 4-1-1 on what's up with you?

MAX: Are you kidding? He's the last person in the world I want to know about this!

ORIGINAL CINDY: How are you going to keep from laying out for the boy?

MAX: Going to sit on my hands, try not to look at him, try not to think about . . . his scruffy beard and those cute little glasses that make him look all sexy and intellectual. Oh, God, I got to take another shower! (runs to the bathroom)

(There's a knock at the door and Original Cindy answers it.)

LOGAN: Hey.

(Max walks up behind Original Cindy, who is trying to hold her back)

MAX: Hey, yourself.

LOGAN: You ready?

MAX: Never readier in my life.

LOGAN: Well, let's do this.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Give her a minute. She'll meet you downstairs.

LOGAN: Okay.

ORIGINAL CINDY: (closes the door) You...drop and give me 20.

MAX: Okay.

(At a street noodle place, Lydecker meets up with a guy.)

LYDECKER: Zakes.

(Zakes gets up to greet Lydecker)

LYDECKER: It's good to see you again. What brings you here?

(Lydecker and Zakes sit down. Zakes continues eating his bowl of noodles.)

ZAKES: Well, I was hoping we could do business.

LYDECKER: Every few years we talk about business and you go back to Johannesburg disappointed.

(The waiter brings Lydecker a bowl of noodles.)

ZAKES: I'm a persistent man. We remain interested in pursuing a transgenic program along the lines of Manticore. I'd like to propose a trade.

LYDECKER: I'm not interested in neural implant technology. My kids perform fine without sticking some gizmo in their brain to rev them up.

ZAKES: Ah, you've made that quite clear.

LYDECKER: So, what are you offering?

(Zakes takes a picture of Max out of his jacket and places it on the table.)

ZAKES: We can find her for you.

LYDECKER: How?

ZAKES: She's got one of our implants.

LYDECKER: How the hell did that happen?

ZAKES: Ah, long story. The point is, the mechanism is made of a metallic alloy that returns a distinctive signature when hit with an electromagnetic signal.

LYDECKER: What would that alloy be?

ZAKES: If I tell you that, then what do you need us for?

LYDECKER: All right. And what's the price tag for your assistance here?

ZAKES: Ah, some genetic data from your early prototypes, maybe an in vitro embryo, huh? Ah, to sweeten the pot.

LYDECKER: All right, but nothing current, understood?

ZAKES: We can live with that. We'll have her home for you in no time.

(Logan and Max are inside Logan's Aztec. The windows are really fogged up.)

LOGAN: What's up with the windows?

MAX: I don't know. Why you asking me?

LOGAN: I'm just saying, they're all fogged up. Must be humid or something.

MAX: Must be.

(The song starts playing in the background again)

LOGAN: The guards should have changed shifts by now.

(Max starts looking at Logan, concentrating on the details of his face. She sees Logan's tongue licking his lips slowly. Logan turns around says . . .)

LOGAN (in Max's head): Can you make out with me while we wait?

MAX: What?

LOGAN: Can you make out anything past the gate?

(The music comes to a screeching halt)

MAX: No, not a thing.

LOGAN: Where's my phone? Sorry.

(Logan reaches over across Max's lap to the glove compartment. This is tempting Max even more, and she can't handle it.)

MAX: I got to get this thing over with. (jumps out of the car)

LOGAN (confused): Hey, the guards haven't . . .

(Max climbs up on top of the bridge and runs across the top to get inside building. In the locker area, Max puts on a white suit and a hardhat, and picks up a rad test device. She goes out into the work area and walks over to the two workers controlling the robotic arm.)

MAX: Just doing a rad test. Don't mind me.

(Max holds up the rad test device up next to one of the workers. It makes a loud static sound)

MAX: Wow!

WORKER #1: Is there a problem?

MAX: Have either of you been experiencing any hair loss lately?

WORKER #1: What?!

WORKER #2: Hair loss?

MAX: Maybe you should go get some coffee while I figure out what's going on here.

WORKER #1: Let's go.

(The two workers leave. Max gets the chip from the computer, puts it inside a little plastic bag and leaves. The two workers are talking to a supervisor)

SUPERVISOR: Guys, there's no rad test scheduled for tonight.

(Max runs by the three guys on her way out)

SUPERVISOR: Hey! We have a security breach.

(The alarm sounds and Max runs. The security guards chase after Max outside and shoot at her. Max jumps off the bridge into the water below and returns dripping wet to Logan's Aztec.)

LOGAN: Did you get it?

MAX: No, I just won a wet t-shirt contest. Course I got it. (him the little plastic bag with the chip)

MAX: Yeah, yeah, we foiled Pierpont Lempkin's evil plan and saved the world. Can we get out of here?

(The next day at Jam Pony Headquarters)

ORIGINAL CINDY: So, the Lady Max made it home with her virtue intact.

MAX: Very funny. I just got to get through the next 24 hours. And, of course, today had to be the one-year anniversary of the night Logan and I met. And, of course, he had to remember. And, of course, he wants to have dinner.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Think you can make it through without jumping his bones?

MAX: I don't even want to think about that. I just need to focus on the task at hand and the task at hand is delivering packages. (grabs a package) Where does this go? (She gets up to go deliver and bumps into Rafer again)

RAFER: Hey.

MAX: Hi.

RAFER: Max, right?

MAX (yelling and running away): Normal . . . I need to take a personal day!

(Normal in his office cleaning his shirt, wearing only his undershirt. Max walks in)

NORMAL: Just a minute. Which part of just a minute do you not understand? Got some coffee on my brand new chemise. Maybe I'll get it out before it sets.

(The music starts up again. Max checks Normal out as he is cleaning his shirt. She focuses on his upper body muscles. He's surprisingly fit. Max sees him lick his lip in slow motion.)

NORMAL: So hold on one cotton-picking minute there, girlie, girl. No knock.

(Max walks over to Normal and touches his bicep)

MAX: Normal? I didn't know you worked out.

NORMAL: Are you all right?

(Max pushes Normal to the wall and kisses him. Original Cindy walks and sees this. She quickly pulls Max off Normal and slaps her in the face. The music stops)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Whoa, whoa, slow down my female.

MAX: Thanks. I needed that.

ORIGINAL CINDY (to Normal): Max needs a personal day.

NORMAL: Take a week.

(Original Cindy walks out with Max.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Damn. I didn't know this condition of yours was that bad.

(Normal puts his hand over his mouth and makes a shocked laugh.)

(Agent Sandoval walks into Lydecker's office)

AGENT SANDOVAL: The South Africans are airlifting their tracking equipment into town this afternoon. I need your authorization to release those files to them. (gives his pen to Lydecker for him to sign the papers)

LYDECKER: I'm putting Dochnovich on point in the search for the girl.

AGENT SANDOVAL: But sir . . .

LYDECKER: I need you here.

AGENT SANDOVAL: Yes, sir.

(Lydecker signs the papers and Agent Sandoval turns to leave.)

LYDECKER: Peter.

(Lydecker hands a similar pen back to Agent Sandoval, who leaves. Lydecker sits down and looks at the original pen in his hand)

(Madame X and Agent Sandoval are walking outside.)

MADAME X: He's taken you off the search? Something's going on. He's badgering an X5 for information, poking through evidence and now you say he's giving classified information to the South Africans? He's obviously desperate to salvage his reputation with the committee. Who knows how far he's willing to go? Well, I was hoping it wouldn't come to this. Lydecker's going to have to be contained.

AGENT SANDOVAL: Are you sure that's necessary?

(Lydecker is listening in on the conversation. The second pen was obviously a bug)

MADAME X: I haven't told you everything I know. I can't. He's been compromised. Containment is the only option at this point. You're the only one that I can trust with this. I know. It's for the good of Manticore. Set up the drone. His photo id. (gives Agent Sandoval a photo of Lydecker) You know what to do.

(In his office, Lydecker takes off his earpiece in the office and sits back, thinking.)

(In Logan's apartment, Logan is trying on the exoskeleton. He turns the exoskeleton on and stands up. He unsteadily moves forward a step. He laughs and claps his hands together)

(Back in Max's apartment. Max and Original Cindy are sitting at the table playing a modified game of Scrabble with colored refrigerator magnets)

MAX: I appreciate you staying home with me.

ORIGINAL CINDY: No problem. How do you feel? You going to be okay on your anniversary shindig with Logan?

MAX: I think so. Feels like the worst of this thing's past. Is it sweet he remembered?

(Max spells the word "hung" on the gameboard)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Real sweet. And I thought lesbians were the only ones who grabbed any opportunity to celebrate an anniversary.

MAX: You know, I feel pretty okay. It's going to be fine with Logan tonight.

(Max spells the word "prick".)

ORIGINAL CINDY: You might want to stay home to play it safe.

MAX: I've been cooped up all day. It'd be nice to get out. (Her feet are tapping the floor with pent-up energy)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Okay, that's it.

MAX: What?

ORIGINAL CINDY: We're done with this game.

MAX: Why?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Look at your words.

MAX: So.

ORIGINAL CINDY: "Hung."

MAX: Like a noose around your neck.

ORIGINAL CINDY: "Prick."

MAX: Like with a needle. You have a dirty mind.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Yeah? Well, then, what about this one, which I'm not even going to say 'cause I kiss my mama with this mouth.

MAX: Oh, God. You're right. And I'm supposed to be there in an hour.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Are you going to go?

MAX: I can't. Not like this.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Well, then you'd better call or cancel.

MAX: I can't cancel.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You either go or you cancel. It's on you.

(In Logan's apartment, Logan is setting up the dinner table, walking around using the exoskeleton. The phone rings and he answers it)

LOGAN: Hello.

MAX: Logan, it's me.

LOGAN: Hey, I'm glad you called. You think you could stop at the market on your way over and pick up some strawberries?

MAX: Listen, I really hate to do this . . . but I can't make it over tonight.

LOGAN: Oh.

MAX: Something came up.

LOGAN: Is everything okay?

MAX: Can we talk about it tomorrow?

LOGAN: Max . . .

MAX: I'll call you. (hangs up)

(Logan sits down at the table and puts out the candle with this thumb and fingers.)

(That night, Max can't sleep. She puts the pillow over her head. She finally gets up to leave.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Where you going?

MAX: I'm going to put 600 CCs of raw power between my legs. Gotta clear my head.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Okay.

(Max takes off on her Ninja. A van labeled "Animal Control" pulls up to her building. Inside the van are Zakes and his men. They have computers and a tracking device.)

ZAKES: Any reason you want to start here?

MAN: Target's last known location. We intercepted a call she made a week ago from a pay phone on the corner.

ZAKES: If she's anywhere within two kilometers we should get a hit.

MAN: Two clicks. About covers all of sector five.

ZAKES: Right. Give us a minute to configure the antennae and we'll get started.

(Max is stopped in a long line at a sector checkpoint. Meanwhile, Zakes has gotten the computer ready and starts scanning sector 5.)

ZAKES: Now, here we go.

(Max gets impatient and shows her Jam Pony pass to the guard at the checkpoint)

MAX: Jam pony messenger, can I go through?

(The soldier waves her through and she roars off under a sign that reads: YOU ARE NOW ENTERING SECTOR 6.)

(Inside the Animal Control van, the computer has just finished scanning sector 5.)

ZAKES: Nothing. Where to?

MAN: Let's move on to sector four.

(Max is riding her Ninja. Another guy on a bike pulls up next to her. They both stop and the guy takes off his helmet.)

RAFER: Max.

(Max smiles at him and they both race off. Later in the hallway of Rafer's apartment building, Max slams Rafer to a wall and jumps on him, kissing him. She keeps on slamming Rafer from one wall to the other down the hallway, taking off his clothes along the way. Eventually they hit Rafer's apartment door and they go inside.)

(Later, Max sitting in bed with sheets pulled up over her, with Rafer sleeping next to her. Max has a really disappointed and sad look on her face. She goes home and walks past Original Cindy's room where Original Cindy is sleeping. Meanwhile, Logan is sitting in his apartment staring off into space. Max is taking a shower. She starts crying as the water runs)

(The next day, Original Cindy brings Max tissues from the bathroom. Max is sitting on the couch. She's been crying. Original Cindy sits down next to her.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: All right, Original Cindy is going to break it down for you, boo. You can sing the blues all you want to about how what you did was wrong and bad and now you feel cheap and empty. But that's just a bunch of BS. The truth is you love Logan.

MAX: Look, we're not even like that. The fact is, we'd both be better off if we never even met.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Yeah, right.

MAX: He has to spend the rest of his life in a wheelchair on account of me.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I didn't see you on TV pulling no trigger.

MAX: No, but I could have protected him, and I didn't. That's on me, 100%. I'm nothing but trouble. I'm poison. The best thing for me to do is keep my distance before I get him killed.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Well, he doesn't seem to be too worried about that -- the way he's always looking at you all dreamy-eyed.

MAX: And what do I do . . . I stand him up on our anniversary and go have sex with a total stranger. That's what I call true love.

ORIGINAL CINDY (puts her arm around Max): The only reason you ended up with hot boy is because you were running from the reality of the situation. Now, you gonna have to step to the real about you and Logan, sooner or later, or your little head's going to explode. But what do I know? I'm just a big 'ol lesbo. (hands Max a tissue)

(Inside Madame X's place where Tinga is being held in the tank.)

MADAME X: Why is it taking so long?

TECHNICIAN: She's a fighter.

(Her cell phone rings and she answers it)

MADAME X: Yes.

(Agent Sandoval is walking around somewhere with abandoned warehouses.)

AGENT SANDOVAL: He's coming to meet me. I told him I needed to talk to him in private.

MADAME X: About what?

AGENT SANDOVAL: About you -- said I didn't know if he could trust you.

MADAME X: That hurts my feelings. When it's done, go back to the tracking van. I'll meet you there. This girl they're looking for . . . I'm anxious to bring her in.

(Madame X leaves. Zack is watching from a far. Lydecker arrives at the meeting place. He gets out of the vehicle and walks around the warehouse. A hoverdrone flies by outside the window. Lydecker walks up behind Agent Sandoval and puts his hand on one of his shoulders)

LYDECKER: Do you want to talk?

(The hoverdrone comes up in front of Agent Sandoval and Lydecker.)

LYDECKER: I wonder what this is all about.

(Lydecker steps away from Agent Sandoval and puts his glasses on. The hoverdrone comes in closer and scans Lydecker's face. The face is not a match for a possible target. The hoverdrone then scans Agent Sandoval's face. Agent Sandoval's face is a match.)

AGENT SANDOVAL: What the . . . ?

LYDECKER: You forgot who you work for!

(Lydecker takes out a picture of Agent Sandoval with Lydecker's I.D. on the bottom. The hoverdrone shoots and kills Sandoval)

LYDECKER: Consider yourself fired. (takes off his glasses and leaves)

(Madame X's car drives up next to the Animal Control van. Madame X knocks on the back door. One of the men opens it.)

MADAME X: I'm taking over this operation. Anything you get on the girl should be reported to my office immediately.

MAN: But Colonel Lydecker . . .

MADAME X: Forget about him. Where's Agent Sandoval?

LYDECKER (appears behind her): I gave him time off . . . he wasn't looking well.

MADAME X: I wasn't expecting to see you here.

LYDECKER: Surprise.

MADAME X: Just came by to get a progress report.

LYDECKER: I'm glad to see you have a personal interest in X5/452.

MADAME X: You don't know how important your kids are to me.

LYDECKER: No . . . but I'm beginning to get an idea. (gets inside the van)

(In Logan's apartment, he is putting on the exoskeleton. He quickly sits back down in his wheelchair when he hears Max. Max is entering the apartment the same way she broke into it one year ago. She drops down from a window by rope. Logan rolls over to Max.)

LOGAN: I think you got your nights mixed up.

MAX: First time I broke in here, it was about midnight so, way I figure, it's still our anniversary.

LOGAN: Well, in that case I've still got a bottle of cheap champagne in my fridge.

(They are both sitting in the living room and holding a glass of champagne.)

MAX: So, about last night . . .

LOGAN: It's no big deal.

MAX: I owe you an explanation. See, I go through these phases.

LOGAN: Phases?

MAX: 'Cause of my feline DNA. Oh, God, this something I so don't want to talk about. You know, cats? Mating cycles?

LOGAN: Oh! Cycles. Really? So, you go into . . . wow.

MAX: So, that's why I decided not to come over because, well, because.

LOGAN: Well, I'm glad you're here, and let's just forget about it.

MAX: Yeah, let's.

LOGAN: Max, it really is okay.

MAX: No, it's not. I hate it. I hate that this happens to me. I hate what it does to me, the things it makes me do.

(Max walks over to the window)

LOGAN: All you did was miss dinner . . . right?

MAX: I should have stayed home and gone to sleep, but I didn't. I went out for a ride to clear my head and get some fresh air. I ran into this guy . . . it was a mistake. It wasn't me. It's just something Manticore tricked up inside of me that I can't control. Makes me feel like . . . no matter what I do or how far I run I can never get away from them. Never.

(Max tears up and turns around to face the window.)

(Logan gets up and walks over to Max. Max turns around and is shocked to see him standing.)

LOGAN: It's all right. Courtesy our crazy friend Phil.

MAX: Why didn't you tell me?

LOGAN: I wanted it to be a surprise for last night an anniversary gift.

MAX: I'm sorry.

LOGAN: You have nothing to be sorry for . . . or ashamed of. Cause I know who you are.

(They stare at each other. Then Logan falls back down on the floor. His legs begin to shake.)

LOGAN: Ahh! Dammit!

MAX: It's okay.

LOGAN: Sorry, let me just...

(He turns the exoskelton off and his legs stop shaking.)

LOGAN: I'm sorry.

MAX (sits down by him on the floor): Logan . . . you've got nothing to be sorry for or ashamed of. It's never been about you being able to walk, not for me.

LOGAN (smiles): Will you look at us?

MAX: Pathetic.

LOGAN: Hopeless.

MAX: Lucky we hooked up.

LOGAN: Happy anniversary.

(Logan leans over to kiss Max. They kiss some more.)

LOGAN: Maybe, uh . . . maybe we should wait. You know, until you're yourself again.

MAX: This isn't Manticore. This is me.

(She kisses him again. Then they hear a voice from behind them and stop)

ZACK: Looks like I caught you at a bad time. You want to go save Tinga or has something more urgent come up?

(Inside the Animal Control van)

ZAKES: We've covered sectors one through eight and everything south of Seneca.

LYDECKER: That only leaves sector nine. The high-rise district.

(At Logan's apartment)

ZACK: Got some info from a pencil-pusher inside Manticore. Same guy that told me Tinga wasn't there.

MAX: Where is she?

ZACK: There's a research facility they've set up inside a converted silo near the municipal border. Pretty sure that's where they got her.

MAX: When do you want to do it?

ZACK: Tonight.

(Max discretely motions Zack to leave the room and he does.)

MAX: You know I have to do this.

LOGAN: She's your sister.

MAX: We can't let them do to her what they did to Brin. And I promised her little boy he'd see his mom again.

LOGAN: I know. I want to help. I'll hack into some surveillance on the place. We can stay in touch on coms.

(Logan gives Max the equipment. They hold each other's hands for a moment.)

MAX: This will wait, right?

LOGAN: We have all the time in the world.

(Inside the Animal Control van.)

ZAKES: We've got a hit. Locked and tracking.

LYDECKER (to walkie-talkie): Base, this is command, authorization longbow portent. Calling for mobilization.

WALKIE-TALKIE: Roger, command. We're on the move.

ZAKES: Oh, come on, come on, come on. She's headed northeast on highway nine.

LYDECKER (to walkie-talkie): Base, we have the subject in pursuit. Rendezvous at three clicks northeast of checkpoint K to form a convoy behind my lead.

(Max and Zack are on her motorcycle in a tunnel. Manticore hummers are on their way to the same destination.)

MAX (to com): Logan, you there? We're in the silo approach tunnel. You got anything?

LOGAN: Yeah. I hacked into the feed off a Chinese spy satellite. Got the location on screen. There's cloud cover, but from what I can tell not a whole hell of a lot of security.

ZACK: We're going in.

(Outside the silo, Lydecker is giving out directions to his men based on a computer map of the silo system.)

LYDECKER: All right. This is the location. Form a containment field in full perimeter around the structure. Let's go.

(On top of the silo, Zack gives Max a gun.)

ZACK: Take it, Max. We don't know how much muscle they got in there.

MAX: I'm not going to use it.

ZACK: Take it! I'll go up front and you see what you can find on the other side.

(Zack leaves and Max throws the weapon away. She moves across the roof and kicks down a soldier.)

MAX (to com): I'm headed up top. See if there's a way in from above.

LOGAN: Copy that. Still can't see much, but I'll keep you posted.

(Max climbs up to the very top of the silo.)

(Lydecker is inside a vehicle looking at the computer map.)

COM VOICE: Control, perimeter is established. Over.

LYDECKER: This time . . . there's nowhere to go.

ZACK: I'm in position. Let's move in.

(Inside, Max comes down from the top by rope. She kicks down two soldiers on guard. Then she knocks down the technician monitoring Tinga. The cloud cover is clearing up on the satellite feed. Logan sees the Manticore vehicles are around the silo.)

LOGAN: Max, Zack?

(Meanwhile, Zack is trying to get in a door, but he gets shot in the knee.)

LOGAN: Max, Zack! Full military convoy.

ZACK: I'm hit!

LOGAN: Get out of there.

(More Manticore hummers are pulling up to the facility.)

LOGAN: Max? Max, pull out.

(Max is inside staring looking at the glass case that Tinga is in. She is suspended in green water with tubes hooked up to her, and she looks very bad. Outside, Lydecker is walking up with his men. He looks at the body of a dead soldier outside.)

LYDECKER: It's Manticore special ops. Under whose command is this location guarded?

SOLDIER: I don't know, sir.

LYDECKER: Prepare to engage.

LOGAN: Max, you gotta go.

(Max is still looking at Tinga inside the glass case. Finally, she grabs a chair and breaks the glass case. The green fluid rushes out. The door to the facility opens and Lydecker and his men walk in. They find Max hugging the lifeless Tinga by the case. Lydecker looks very concerned.)

LOGAN: Max? Are you okay? Talk to me. Max?

DARK ANGEL
Season One, Episode #20: "And Jesus Brought a Casserole"
First Aired 5/22/2001

(The opening scene continues on from the last episode, "Meow". Lydecker is standing in the silo looking distraught, with his Manticore soldiers around him pointing their guns at Max. Max is still sitting and crying, hugging Tinga's dead body. Logan is sitting in front of his computers at his apartment listening to the coms.)

LOGAN: Max, are you okay? Can you hear me? Max!

(Lydecker touches his forehead with his left hand and looks sad)

MAX: Tinga.

LYDECKER: Max.

(Lydecker takes a step forward as though to comfort her. Suddenly, Max screams angrily and leaps towards Lydecker. The Manticore soldiers all shoot at her with their tasers and Max stops midway in the air, then falls to the ground. After shaking a bit, she is unconscious. Lydecker looks at her. Meanwhile, there is a soldier outside the facility talking to a walkie-talkie to Madame X, who is in her office.)

OFFICER: Lydecker was tracking X5/452. Apprehended her inside the facility. We're getting him and his men out of there right now.

MADAME X: Take custody of the X5 and place Colonel Lydecker under arrest.

OFFICER: Say again your orders, ma'am?

MADAME X: He's been charged with the murder of Agent Sandoval. Arrest him and take him back to Manticore.

(The officer goes into the facility with two other soldiers. Lydecker turns around.)

OFFICER: Sir, you're not supposed to be here. This is a secure installation, level 5 clearance. I'll have to ask you and your men to vacate immediately.

LYDECKER: You heard him, men. (Lydecker's men leave) Kalins, O'Neill, hang back.

OFFICER: This way, sir.

(Lydecker turns around and pulls out his gun. He shoots the officer and the two men with him, then speaks to his two men)

LYDECKER: I don't know what the hell is going on here, but I'm going to find out. If either of you don't have the stomach for it, now is the time to say so.

TAC OP KALINS: We're with you, sir.

(Lydecker's hummer is driving away from the facility. Inside the hummer, Tac op Kalins is talking to Lydecker.)

TAC OP KALINS: Where to, sir?

LYDECKER: I don't know yet. Just keep driving. (turns around to look at the back of the hummer, where Max is lying) And keep her sedated.

(Opening credits)

(Madame X is in her office with Brin.)

MADAME X: X5/656 was undergoing experimental treatment for a genetic anomaly that was diagnosed when we first recaptured her. Unfortunately, because of Lydecker's interference, she is now deceased. (Brin looks sad) I'm sorry for your loss. I know how much you were looking forward to having your sister back at Manticore.

BRIN: I was, ma'am. Thank you for your condolences.

SOLDIER (enters): We lost him.

MADAME X: What?

SOLDIER: Colonel Lydecker fled the scene before we could arrest him. He took the X5 with him.

MADAME X: He had a South African tech team looking for the girl. Commandeer their equipment and resume the search.

SOLDIER: Yes, ma'am.

MADAME X: Find them. (The soldier leaves) (to Brin) I want you to head up the response team.

BRIN: What are my orders with regard to X5/452?

MADAME X: Bring her in alive.

BRIN: And Colonel Lydecker?

MADAME X: You are authorized to terminate.

(In Logan's apartment, Zack is getting bandages for his wound.)

ZACK: What the hell happened? We got in no problem. Next thing I know, Lydecker's guys are all over the place.

LOGAN: I gave you a heads up as soon as I saw them coming. Why didn't you get her out of there?

ZACK: I tried. I couldn't get to her.

LOGAN: We shouldn't have gone in.

ZACK: We didn't have a choice. They had Tinga.

LOGAN: And now Lydecker has Max. We've got to find her.

ZACK: I contacted Krit and Syl. They're on their way.

LOGAN: So if Lydecker's in the wind and he's got Max with him, what's his plan?

(At the cheap Yum Yum Tree Motel, Lydecker is talking to the clerk)

LYDECKER: You understand my instructions now?

MOTEL CLERK: I never had anyone take over the whole place before.

LYDECKER: No maid service. (lays a bill on the counter) No wake-up call. (another bill) No mints on the pillow. (another bill)

MOTEL CLERK: No worries. (takes the money) We pride ourselves as much on our discretion as we do on our lack of amenities.

(The motel clerk takes out a set of keys. He sees through the window that outside, Lydecker's two men are carrying Max out of the hummer. Lydecker turns around to see what is happening.)

LYDECKER: My niece has a drinking problem.

(Lydecker takes out another bill and places it on the counter. The motel clerk gives the keys to Lydecker. Lydecker takes them and leaves.)

MOTEL CLERK: Enjoy your stay.

(Madame X talking to a man in the elevator, then she steps out and enters her office)

MADAME X: I'm traveling to Manticore in the morning. Make arrangements.

(The phone rings and she answers it)

MADAME X: Yes?

LYDECKER: What the hell do you think you're doing?

MADAME X: Where are you, Deck?

LYDECKER: When they find out that you're killing X5s, the committee's going to have your ass.

MADAME X: Do you really think that the committee's going to listen to you after what you did to Agent Sandoval?

LYDECKER: You got a real set of brass ones.

MADAME X: There's a tracking van out there looking for you right now as we speak. That X5 is mine.

LYDECKER: You think I'm going to let you have her?

MADAME X: Well, what are you going to do? You're a dead man. (hangs up on him)

(Back inside the motel room, Lydecker throws a small paper bag on to the floor. He sits down on a chair next to the bed. Lydecker twists the cap off a liquor bottle. He looks at Max sleeping on the bed and sighs. He puts the bottle close to his nose to smell and takes a drink. Max is handcuffed to the bed. She is waking up and sees a drunk Lydecker sitting in the chair holding an empty bottle. He is hallucinating and trying not to pass out. In his blurry vision he sees the young Max on the bed. Lydecker has *flashbacks to when he sat beside her when she was in the infirmary at Manticore.*)

LYDECKER: It's all right. I'm not going to let anything happen to you. You remember that night I sat with you in the infirmary? I shouldn't have been there. I shouldn't have shown favoritism. But . . . you're special to me, Max. I hope you know that. If you knew how much I loved her, you'd understand. Sometimes . . . I wish I could take you away from all this, where they couldn't do anything to you. There's no other way. (takes out a gun and points it at Max) This won't hurt, and I'll be right behind you.

(Now Max is wide awake. She kicks Lydecker off the chair)

MAX: What did you do to Tinga, you son of a bitch?

LYDECKER: It wasn't me. You think I could do something like that to her? To any of you? You kids had no idea how much you meant to me.

MAX: Had a funny way of showing it.

LYDECKER: I was trying to build something. Think of it-instead of sending a thousand troops into battle and losing a hundred . . . sending ten perfect soldiers and losing none.

MAX: Am I supposed to feel bad we bailed on you? Messed up your whole vision thing?

LYDECKER: I'd rather see Manticore die than let her pervert it. That's all it would take, a few perfect soldiers to bring the whole thing crashing down on her.

MAX: Is this some kind of new torture thing? Lock people up in a cheap motel and babble at them until they crack?

LYDECKER: You'll see. I'm telling the truth. When they bust that door down and blow my head off and drag you back to Manticore for reprogramming . . . unless she has other plans for you.

MAX: She?

LYDECKER: The bitch that murdered your sister.

MAX: It really wasn't you?

LYDECKER: Let me know when you hear them coming. You'll know before I do and remember -- that offer still stands.

(Lydecker holds out his gun to Max)

(The Animal Control van with the tracking device inside is driving around.)

TRACKING VAN TECH: We got a hit. Grid 9802.

SOLDIER (to walkie-talkie): Command, this is search unit alpha. Target has been located. Mobilize response team.

WALKIE-TALKIE: Roger, alpha team.

(Back inside the motel room)

MAX: You could let me go.

LYDECKER: What's the point? They've got a bead on that implant in your head. (Max hears the Manticore hummers arrive) There's no use running.

MAX: I'm light on my feet. What do you say? Give me a chance?

(The Manticore hummers are outside around the motel. Brin drags the motel clerk out.)

BRIN: Where are they?

MOTEL CLERK: Number 12.

(Brin pushes the motel clerk away. She kicks down the door to room number 12. There is no one in the room.)

(Meanwhile, in an abandoned warehouse, Krit, Syl, and Zack are assembling some weapons. Logan is walking around talking on his cell phone.)

ZACK: Syl, Krit, what do you got?

KRIT (shows him a gun): Packs a punch, but I've only got 40 rounds.

ZACK: I'll track some more down. What about you, little sister?

SYL: Russian-made RGN-3s, fragmentation pattern explosion.

(Syl throws one at Zack. Zack catches it.)

ZACK: Nice.

LOGAN (finishes his call): Thanks. That was a contact of mine. Military convoy just swooped in on some motel in sector eight.

ZACK: That's got to be them. Let's move out.

(The three X5s are set to leave when a Manticore hummer drives into the warehouse. They train their weapons on the hummer, but lower them when they see Max is driving it. Max gets out of the car and walks towards them smiling.)

MAX: Krit. (hugs Krit)

KRIT: Hey, Maxie.

MAX: Syl. (hugs Syl)

MAX (to Logan): Hey.

LOGAN: Hey yourself. How'd you know where to find us?

MAX: Bling told me there was a party.

(Max opens the back door of the hummer and drags Lydecker out. He is blindfolded and handcuffed. Max takes off the blindfold.)

SYL: Look what the cat dragged in.

MAX: You said you needed a few perfect soldiers -- well, here we are.

ZACK: What are you talking about?

MAX: He's going to help us.

KRIT: Help us what?

MAX: Take down Manticore.

(They all look at each other, stunned)

ZACK: This is crazy, Max. We've made it this far by staying under the radar, blending in.

MAX: Always on the run, constantly looking over your shoulder. You said it yourself. They'll never stop looking for us. They'll hunt us down one by one until we're either dead or in a cage. It's time to bring this war home.

SYL: Maybe you're right. But what about him?

ZACK: And you expect us to believe he's had an epiphany because of what happened to Tinga?

MAX: Maybe. Or one of his bosses want him dead in a big way.

KRIT: Take a number.

MAX: Either way he's going to help us.

LOGAN: Or double-cross you. Again.

LYDECKER: I don't expect you to trust me, but remember what I taught you. The enemy of my enemy is my friend.

ZACK: Shut up.

LYDECKER: I know that facility and its defensive capabilities like the back of my hand. I can get us inside.

SYL: Then what? There are only four of us. What kind of damage can we do?

LYDECKER: You take out the DNA lab. Destroy their ability to develop a new generation of soldiers.

ZACK: And what's to keep our enemy . . . or the enemy of our enemy from starting over?

LYDECKER: You remember when you kids escaped? They almost shut the place down. That's nothing compared to what will happen if we can take out the lab. There'll be a war of finger-pointing, funding will disappear and Manticore . . . will cease to exist.

KRIT: It's worth a shot.

SYL: I'm getting tired of running.

ZACK: I don't like it.

LYDECKER: There is no "I" in "team," Zack.

MAX: I don't like it, either, but we don't have a choice.

ZACK (to Lydecker): You so much as breathe wrong, there'll be four of us to take you out.

LOGAN: Make that five.

LYDECKER: Got it.

SYL (grabs Lydecker): Come on, you're going to draw us a map of the facility.

(Back inside the Animal Control van)

TRACKING VAN TECH: Initiating sweep of sector four.

SOLDIER: Whatever. She's probably halfway to Canada by now.

TRACKING VAN TECH: We just got a hit. She's close.

SOLDIER: Real close. (looks intently at the monitor)

(Suddenly the van door opens and all the guys turn around. It's Max with Krit behind her.)

MAX: Hey, boys. Looking for me?

(Max and Krit knock the soldiers out and dismantle the scanning equipment.)

(Later, the Animal Control van is inside the warehouse)

LYDECKER: Well, with a few modifications we can run our operation from in here.

LOGAN: I'll get on it.

ZACK: What kind of resistance are we going to meet?

LYDECKER: Fortunately for us, most of the X series has been deployed in various parts of the world. There is a contingent of conventional soldiers and a small security detail of X5s. About a dozen.

MAX: Not the kind of family reunion I was hoping for.

ZACK: With any luck, we'll be in and out before they even know we're there.

SYL: Say we can breach the perimeter and get inside the building, how are we going to get in the lab and lay the charges? This thing's a lockbox. (throws the map of Manticore towards Lydecker)

MAX: And I've got to figure when they put out the hit on you, they probably yanked your clearance.

LYDECKER: Which is why I need to see a friend of mine before we go.

ZACK: Like we're just going to let you walk out of here and drop a dime on us?

LYDECKER: If you don't trust me . . .

KRIT: That's a given.

LYDECKER: Then one of you should come with me.

(Max is inside a vehicle with Lydecker. They're waiting outside "THE TOP HAT XXX" strip club.)

MAX: You sure this is the place?

LYDECKER: Yup. He's a creature of habit, slave to his Tuesday night lap dance.

MAX: About last night . . .

LYDECKER: Don't remind me. I still feel sick.

MAX: Me, too. Got a bad feeling you were going to tell me . . . you were my . . .

LYDECKER: Father? I would never presume to pollute the gene pool.

MAX: I can't tell you what a relief that is for me. I mean what a cliché that'd be. Huh?

LYDECKER: I did love somebody once . . . deeply. In my eyes, she approached perfection. When she was murdered, I kept a small part of her alive . . . in you.

MAX: You're telling me I'm some kind of clone of an old girlfriend?

LYDECKER: No. Not a copy. More . . . inspired by. She was my wife. You have her eyes.

(Lydecker gives Max a weird look. She grabs him by the neck.)

MAX: Don't you ever look at me like that again. Ever.

(Lydecker nods his head. Max lets go.)

LYDECKER: There he is.

(Lydecker spots a man walking out from the strip club. Max holds up a gun and takes out the clip. She hands it over to Lydecker.)

MAX: I'm going to watch every move you make.

(In the parking lot, Lydecker grabs his friend Jim from behind. He pushes Jim against the car)

JIM: Easy, easy, easy, easy, easy. Look, look, look. I'm unarmed, Deck.

LYDECKER: We've known each other for years, Jim. Tell me the truth . . . why is she killing my kids?

JIM: I don't know what you're talking about, Deck. And it's not your kids you need to be concerned with right now. She's looking to put you in the cell.

LYDECKER: (turns Jim around and points his gun at him) I should be so lucky. She's got a target slapped on my back.

JIM: Look, look . . . just . . . just give us back the X5, all right? Turn yourself in to me. I'll protect you the best I can.

LYDECKER: That's not good enough.

JIM: I want to help you, Deck.

LYDECKER: You may get your wish.

(Lydecker opens the trunk of Jim's car. He knocks Jim into it. Then Lydecker takes out a spoon and a small container. He bends over Jim and then puts something in the container. Lydecker puts the container back in his pocket and closes the hood.)

(Back in the warehouse, Max arrives with boxes of pizza. Over in the Animal Control van, Logan and Lydecker chat.)

MAX: Chow down, my grunts, mess is on.

LOGAN: I don't know how they can eat at a time like this.

LYDECKER: An army marches on its stomach.

LOGAN: You must be pumped about tonight 'cause this is what they were made to do, right?

LYDECKER: It's very gratifying watching kids realize their purpose in life.

LOGAN: You have any idea how twisted that is?

LYDECKER: And why exactly are you here? It's . . . not your fight . . . but neither was the terrorist attack on the genetics conference. I remember you. It's all about her . . . isn't it? You're in love with her.

LOGAN: Can I have a screwdriver, please?

(Lydecker gives Logan a screwdriver and pats him on the shoulder.)

LYDECKER: It's all right, son. I understand.

(Lydecker gets out of the Animal Control van with Logan following him.)

LYDECKER: All right, people, listen up. We've got a lot of work to do before we move out.

ZACK: Hang on, there's something we need to know.

KRIT: Who murdered our sister?

LYDECKER: The new director. Name's Renfro. She's a real piece of work.

MAX: Why'd she do it?

LYDECKER: I don't know.

(They hear a bird cawing. A black crow lands on a beam at the top of the warehouse. All the X5s turn around to look at it. They *flashback to Manticore when they were hunting in the woods. Crows were flying around and cawing. One of the X5s tries to shoot the crow, but ends up hitting another X5. The crow sits on a branch as he watches the X5s gather around the dead body. It caws and the X5s turn around to look at it. The flashback ends.* The crow is still cawing in the warehouse. Zack takes a shot at it, but misses. The bird flies away and the X5s turn around to face Lydecker again. Max walks towards Logan.)

MAX: I need some fresh air.

(Logan and Max leave.)

(On the top of the Space Needle. Logan is sitting. Max is standing.)

MAX: You okay?

LOGAN: Sure. This is fun.

MAX: I look down at the people and I think about how everybody's got problems. Maybe not a secret government agency on their ass, but, you know, problems and if I sit up here long enough I start to feel like I'm just one of those people, a regular girl.

LOGAN: Well, I hate to break it to you, Max, but . . . you're never going to be a regular anything.

MAX: (sits down next to Logan) I know you're not too chill with what's going on tonight and I thank you for keeping your concerns to yourself. It's a bitch psyching yourself up for battle when people are throwing around words like "deathwatch."

LOGAN: Well, I think I know you well enough by now. There's no stopping you if there's something you need to do especially when it comes to your family.

MAX: You're my family as much as anyone, only we're never going to be any kind of anything if it keeps on like this.

LOGAN: I know.

MAX: One way or another, after tomorrow the world's going to be a different place for me . . . for both of us.

LOGAN: Everything's going to be all right.

MAX: Right. Anyway, it was just a bird.

(The Animal Control van is near Manticore. Logan, Lydecker, Krit, Max, Syl, and Zack are outside planning. The four X5s are in camouflage gear. Zack is going over the map of Manticore with instructions for everyone.)

ZACK: Syl and Krit will proceed via service corridor 4 alpha to the main and auxiliary generators and set charges. Max and I will take the basement to the east airshaft and proceed to the DNA lab. At 0430 we set charges. By 0440 the firing sequence will commence.

LYDECKER: We'll detonate the charges from here.

LOGAN (inside van): I'm in. I've accessed the internal surveillance system. I'm copying loops into each camera feed so they won't be able to see you, but we will. So we can monitor you, steer you around any obstacles.

ZACK: We rendezvous here by 0448. Questions?

SYL: What happens if we run into Brin in there?

LYDECKER: She'll kill you without a second thought. The sister that you knew doesn't exist anymore -- she's dead.

MAX: No, she isn't -- she's alive and that means we still have a chance to get her back.

(Lydecker takes the container from him pocket and gives it to Zack)

LYDECKER: Here's your clearance to the lab.

ZACK: You know what you have to do. Move out.

MAX (to Logan): I'd kiss you, but I have to keep my head in the game.

LOGAN: Just come back. (touches Max's hair)

(The four X5s are standing on a hill looking at Manticore. *Each of them flashes back to their time at Manticore.*)

MAX: This is for Tinga.

(They run down the hill and leap over the fences. Max and Zack are inside. They enter a hallway. *They have flashbacks of the X5s marching down the same hallway.* Max and Zack walk down the hall. They pass by the surgery room. *Max has a flashback of her time in the surgery room.* Max and Zack continue to walk down the hall. *There is a flashback of X5s running down the hall and Eva getting shot.* As Max and Zack continue to walk past the room, there are *flashbacks of their time spent in the classroom.* Zack has *flashbacks of the training process and the torture when he was captured.*)

ZACK: You okay, Max?

(Max nods her head)

(Logan is inside the Animal Control van looking at the monitors.)

KRIT: You see anything in the south corridor?

LOGAN: You're clear all the way to the generator.

KRIT: Copy that.

(Krit and Syl run down the corridor.)

MAX: Logan?

LOGAN: I got you, Max.

MAX: We good to go?

LOGAN: You're clear.

(Max and Zack reach the entrance to the DNA lab. Zack takes out the container from Lydecker and pulls down the identification cam. He takes out Jim's eyeball from the container and lets the cam scan it. The computer flashes "APPROVED.")

MAX: I guess there's an "I" in "team." (to ear com) It worked. We're in.

(Logan listens. Max and Zack enter the lab. There are walls of glass cases, each marked with a barcode. Inside each case is a vile of the X's genetic material. Logan and Lydecker are looking at the monitor. Max and Zack are staring at the glass cases, looking stunned. Zack finds Max's barcode on one case.)

ZACK: Max, it's you. And me . . . and Brin . . . and Tinga.

MAX: No. Tinga's dead. Come on.

(They start placing explosives around the lab.)

(Meanwhile, Madame X is interrogating Jim, who has a bandage over his left eye.)

JIM: May I please have something for the pain?

MADAME X: As soon as you tell me just one more time exactly what Colonel Lydecker said to you.

JIM: He said something crazy about you killing his kids.

MADAME X: And what did you say?

JIM: I don't remember. I lost an eye tonight.

(The phone rings and Madame X answers it)

MADAME X: Yes? (to Jim) You know, maybe all this is just a bad dream. Apparently you were just scanned into the DNA lab. (to phone) Go to full alert. We have intruders. Stand by to mobilize the X7s.

(Max and Zack are finished in the lab)

ZACK: The target is primed.

LOGAN: Okay, get out of there.

(Lydecker and Logan are watching the monitor.)

ZACK: We are on the move.

(Suddenly, a loud alarm goes off)

ZACK: We've got an alarm.

(Lydecker is watching the monitor)

LYDECKER: Withdraw to the perimeter. Withdraw to the perimeter. We've been made. All units withdraw.

KRIT: Roger that.

MAX: Logan out.

LYDECKER: This is not good.

(Logan and Lydecker are looking at the monitor that shows the young X7 soldiers mobilizing.)

LYDECKER: Hack into the control panel at corridor seven alpha. We've got to lock down ward C-16.

LOGAN: Why? What's wrong?

LYDECKER: Must've been a last-minute change in deployment. There's still a contingent of X7s in the building.

LOGAN: They're just kids.

LYDECKER: They're stronger, faster and designed with hive minds. We don't want our people tangling with them.

(The monitors show the X7s pounding on their cell door. Krit and Syl are running down a hall. Max and Zack are also running in another part of the building. The X7s are trying to get the door open. Brin walks into Madame X's office where she is on the computer.)

BRIN: We've got teams sweeping the compound, but according to control, there's no one out there.

MADAME X: Yeah, that's because they hacked a fake feed into the damn surveillance system.

(Madame X is able to go into the video feed that was hacked. She rewinds it to the part that shows Max and Zack are in the DNA lab)

ZACK (on video): Target is primed.

MADAME X: God, no! Get down there and disable those charges. Now!

(Meanwhile, the X7s pick up a bench and are pounding down their cell door. Max and Zack run past the room seconds before the kids bust the door open. They run off in both directions. On the monitor, Logan sees that soldiers are coming down the corridor behind Krit and Syl.)

LOGAN: Syl, Krit, unfriendliness behind you. 25 meters and closing.

LYDECKER: Take them out.

(Krit and Syl shoot the men down and run. Lydecker spots Brin on the monitor.)

LYDECKER: It's Brin. She's heading for the lab.

MAX: Which way is she coming?

ZACK: They're onto us. There's no time.

MAX: I won't let her take one for good ol' Manticore. Which way?

(Lydecker looks over at Logan, who decides to tell her)

LOGAN: Back the way you came, first corridor on your left.

MAX (to Zack): Go.

(Max heads back towards the lab to find Brin. She knocks Brin's head against the wall and handcuffs her leg and arm to a door.)

MAX: Someday you'll thank me for this.

BRIN: You have no idea what you're doing. That's us back there.

MAX: No, that's us out there! (points to the outside) Come with me.

BRIN: Never.

(Max leaves. On the monitor, Logan sees Max exiting the building. Lydecker is holding on to the control for the explosives)

LOGAN: She's clear. Detonate. (Lydecker looks at a monitor of the lab) I said, she's clear. Do it now.

(Logan points a gun at Lydecker. Lydecker looks at Logan and presses the button on the controller. The explosives go off. The glass case wall explodes and shatters. Fire bursts out of the lab door. Madame X is standing in her office and hears the explosion. Max is running up the hill.)

LOGAN: Max, where are you?

MAX: Almost home.

LOGAN: Zack, talk to me.

ZACK: On my way.

(Zack is also running up the hill. In the woods, Max is walking slowly. She sees an X7 appear ahead of her in the bushes. It looks just like her when she was young -- it's obviously her clone. The X7 walks towards her.)

MAX: Do you know who I am?

(The X7 points a gun at Max and shoots)

(Commercial break)

MAX: Do you know who I am?

(The X7 is about to pull the trigger when Max kicks the gun away. They fight and seem evenly matched.)

MAX: You know what really pisses me off? When a poser bites my stilo.

(Zack is coming towards them through the woods)

ZACK: Max!

(Max takes down the X7 by breaking her arm.)

ZACK: Come on.

(Krit, Max, Syl, and Zack run back to the Animal Control van.)

ZACK: Everyone all right?

MAX: We did it!

SYL: I can't believe we actually did it.

MAX: Go!

(The X5s slide the door close on the van)

(At Crash, Max and Original Cindy are playing foosball.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Damn, that's some sibling rivalry.

MAX: And I kicked her ass too.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You know what you need?

MAX: A pitcher of beer.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You read my mind.

(Max and Original Cindy walk away from the foosball table. Max pours beer from a pitcher at the table where Krit and Logan are sitting.)

KRIT: (to Max) So you broke into his house? (to Logan) And you liked that?

LOGAN: Well, she went for the good stuff. I could tell she had taste.

MAX: The black cat suit didn't hurt, either.

(Max walks over to Sketchy and Syl with the pitcher of beer. She refills their drinks)

MAX: Hello, my sista.

SKETCHY: Hey, so where do you guys know each other from?

MAX: We go way back.

SKETCHY: What, like, high school?

SYL: Uh, more like boarding school.

SKETCHY: All-girl?

(Max goes back to the bar with the empty pitcher. Herbal and Zack are sitting at the bar talking)

MAX (to bartender): Hey, Harold.

HERBAL: 'Tis the will of the almighty.

ZACK: That's it. People get killed; there are homeless everywhere -- it is not all good.

HERBAL: His plan is all good, all the time.

MAX: Overstand?

(Herbal and Zack laugh)

ZACK: I guess.

(Herbal and Zack hit their fists together)

HERBAL: One love, my brother. (leaves)

ZACK: Interesting friends.

MAX: The best.

MAX (to bartender): Can I get another pitcher and another glass of ice water for my friend?
(motions down the bar)

BARTENDER: You got it.

(Lydecker is sitting at the end of the bar reading the Alcoholics Anonymous book. He raises his water glass at Max. Max smiles.)

MAX: So . . . it's all over.

ZACK: No more running.

MAX: I guess you don't have to worry about being big brother anymore, always looking out for everybody.

ZACK: Oh, I'll always be your big brother, Maxie. For what it's worth . . . Logan's okay by me.

MAX: Really?

(Max gets her pitcher of beer and brings it to the table where Krit and Logan are.)

MAX (to Logan): Let's get out of here.

(The screen turns to the bedroom. There are candles all around. Max takes off her jacket. Logan and Max are kissing. Max takes off her blue top and throws it to the ground. Logan and Max continue to kiss some more. Soon they are both naked. Logan is kissing Max's neck and her eyes are closed. Suddenly the shadow of a bird flies over them. Max opens her eyes, scared, and looks up to see the shadow flying around. Logan looks up too. He looks at his hands and sees that they are covered in blood. Max gasps and the crow caws)

LOGAN: Max . . .

MAX: What's happening?

(The shadow of the bird flies over the screen and the scene is back at Manticore as the X7 clone points the gun at Max and shoots. Max is hit)

(Logan is in the Animal Control van is trying to contact Max.)

LOGAN: Max? Max, answer me. (takes off his headset) Something's wrong.

(Zack is running from the X7s. He gets hit. The X7s gather around him. Logan runs through the woods and finds Max down lying on the ground)

LOGAN: Max. (holds her) Max. Oh, God. Okay, it's okay. You're going to be okay. (looks at Max's wound) This isn't bad.

MAX: Logan . . . (smiles)

LOGAN: It's okay. You're going to be all right.

MAX: I'm sorry.

LOGAN: No, no, no, no. No, we're going to get you out of here. Okay, it's going to be all right.

MAX: There's something I've got to tell you. I should've said something a long time ago.
(starts to cry)

LOGAN: It can wait.

MAX: Logan . . .

LOGAN: Max.

(Max's eyes roll back and close. Her head falls back a bit.)

LOGAN: Max. Max. Max. No. Max. No. (He starts to sob)

(Lydecker finds Logan and Max. He checks Max for a pulse.)

LYDECKER: She's gone.

LOGAN: I'm going to get her back inside.

LYDECKER: No.

LOGAN: They can fix her up in there.

LYDECKER: Listen, I know how you feel, son, but you've got to let her go.

(Lydecker knocks Logan out with the butt of his gun. Later, Lydecker is putting Logan's body inside the Animal Control van. Krit and Syl come running back to the van.)

KRIT: They got Zack.

SYL: Max?

LYDECKER: K.I.A. Let's move out.

(Inside Manticore, doctors and nurses are pushing Max into the surgery room.)

MALE DOCTOR: She's got a gunshot wound to the left upper chest. No pulse. Been doing CPR for six minutes. I'm going to incubate.

FEMALE DOCTOR: She's in v-fib. I've got to crack her chest.

MALE DOCTOR: Rib spreaders.

FEMALE DOCTOR: One amp EPI given.

(Zack is rolled in on a stretcher. He sees Max and yells)

ZACK: Max!

FEMALE DOCTOR: Internal paddles.

MALE DOCTOR: Charge to 30.

FEMALE DOCTOR: Charge.

MALE DOCTOR: Clear.

(Heart beating)

(Max's heart starts beating. With every beat, an image flashes on the screen: *a shot of Max's eye opening, the black crow flying around, Logan and Max looking at each other, Max hugging Tinga after the glass case shatters, the Blue Lady, Logan and Max kissing.* And then the machine sounds the flat line tone as her heart stops again. Zack is struggling to get off of his stretcher. Madame X walks in.)

MALE DOCTOR: 30 again.

FEMALE DOCTOR: Charge.

MALE DOCTOR: Clear.

(Once again, Max's heart starts and images flash on the screen: *Max's eye, Max and Zack sitting by the fire in the cabin, Max's eye, Max crying after she had just killed Ben, Max crying in the shower after she slept with Rafer, young Max hiding under the frozen pond during the X5 escape, Logan and Max dancing during the dream sequence of Blah Blah Woof Woof, Max on the surgery bed.* Her heart stops again and the monitor goes flat line)

MADAME X: What's her condition?

MALE DOCTOR: The bullet went clean through. Her right ventricle is collapsed. She's gone.

MADAME X: Is there damage to any other organs? (The male doctor shakes his head) Prep her for harvesting.

ZACK: No!

(Zack jumps up from the stretcher and takes out a soldier. He takes the soldier's gun and grabs Madame X while pointing the gun at the doctors.)

ZACK (to doctor): Bring her back!

MALE DOCTOR: Her heart's too badly damaged.

ZACK: Then transplant her.

MALE DOCTOR: There's nothing in the donor bank.

ZACK: Then you need a donor. (points the gun at Madame X.)

MADAME X: It won't do her any good. She's an X5. She needs an X5 heart.

(Zack pushes Madame X away and kneels next to Max's bed.)

ZACK: Fight them, Maxie. Promise me you'll fight them.

(Everybody in the room is watching Zack. Madame X is also watching. Zack stands up and points the gun to his head.)

ZACK: X5/599. I've got a heart for you.

(Madame X is watching in shock as Zack shoots himself in the head and falls on top of Max)

(A graph appears on the black screen showing the heart monitor beeping normally. Max is in a bed inside a room in Manticore with medical machines around her. She wakes up and tries to move.)

MADAME X: Careful. You'll pull a stitch.

MAX: Where am I?

MADAME X: I think you know.

MAX: You won't win. I'll never be one of them again.

(Madame X puts a stethoscope on Max's chest and the sound of a heart beating is heard.)

MADAME X: Listen to that. That's strong, isn't it? That is the heart of a soldier. A leader. A martyr.

MAX: Turn it off.

(Madame X turns up the volume so the sound fills the room.)

MADAME X: He was quite a man, your brother, Zack. He must've loved you very much . . . to make this sacrifice.

MAX: Turn it off!

MADAME X: But isn't it comforting to know that a part of him lives on in you? And that you've both come home to us? To me?

(Madame X leaves the room. There is an overhead shot of Max's head upside-down. The camera zooms in on Max's right eye and enters the black pupil.)

(The scene changes to the top of the Space Needle. Logan is sitting on top of the Space Needle and reflecting.)

LOGAN: Sometimes it seems like it happened to someone else -- like maybe it was a story I heard. Even though I know what happened, sometimes I can't help feeling that she's not really gone -- that she's still out there. And I just hope she's okay.

