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DARK ANGEL  
Season Two, Episode #1: "Designate This"  
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(It is the year 2020 in Seattle, Washington. At Jam Pony, Original Cindy arrives for work)

NORMAL: About time you got back. Hot run, Cashmere and Swanson.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Sector four? I ain't goin' all the way out there. It's raining.

NORMAL: Is it raining, in Seattle? Stop the presses.

(He hands her the package and she sees a new guy putting his stuff into a locker)

ORIGINAL CINDY: What do you think you're doin'?

NEW GUY: Boss told me to get a locker. This one's free.

ORIGINAL CINDY: No, it ain't. Here, try one of these. (Points to some others and hands him the package) Take that too.

(The new guy moves his stuff. Original Cindy closes the locker door and looks at it sadly; it is labeled "MAX." Eyes Only comes on the TV and everybody gathers around to watch)

EYES ONLY: Do not attempt to adjust your set. This is a streaming freedom video bulletin. The cable hack will last exactly sixty seconds. It cannot be traced, it cannot be stopped, and it is the only free voice left in this city. Since the early 1990s, billions of your tax dollars have been diverted from legitimate government programs to fund secret experiments in genetic engineering.

SKETCHY: Cool.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Shut up, fool.

(As Eyes Only describes Manticore, there are flashbacks of the young X5's in training, undergoing experiments, and in class)

EYES ONLY: This covert operation is known as Project Manticore. Its goal - to create the perfect soldier, genetically enhanced for superior strength and speed. These children are subjected to relentless training and propaganda. In the winter of 2009, twelve of them escaped from a facility in Gillette, Wyoming. Some of them were captured; some of them were tortured; some gave their lives fighting to stay free. Since these cable hacks began, Manticore has consolidated its operations to a secret location. Eyes Only will find it, and the people responsible for these crimes will be brought to justice. This has been a streaming freedom video bulletin.

(Logan ends the broadcast and steers his wheelchair over to his computer. After putting on his glasses and glancing over his shoulder, he opens a still from the surveillance video he used to guide Max and Zack through Manticore. The still is a shot of Max. He enlarges the picture and reaches out to touch the screen.)

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(At Manticore, Max is doing fighting exercises in the yard. A male X5 is kicking her and knocking her down while other X5s watch.)

MALE X5: What's the matter, 452? Still recuperating?

MAX: Bite me!

MALE X5: Must've given you a lousy heart.

(Max fights back with fury and kicks him to the ground.)

DRILL SERGEANT: 452! Director wants to see you.

(Max flips her hair over her shoulders and follows him. Next we see her inside, standing face-to-face with Renfro.)

RENFRO: State your designation.

*(Max has a flashback. She is in a small space embedded in a wall. Flush with the wall is a two-way mirror; Renfro watches Max while Max can only see her own reflection. Max is wearing a Manticore gown like the ones she and her siblings wore as kids)*

MAX: My name's Max!

*(A lab tech flips a switch. The floor and ceiling of Max's cage draw closer together until she is forced to crouch)*

RENFRO: State your designation.

MAX: Kiss my transgenic ass!

*(The lab tech hits the switch again and the floor and ceiling draw even closer. By now the space is so small Max is curled up in a ball)*

RENFRO (to lab tech): How long can an X5 last without food or water?

LAB TECH: Six days, maybe.

RENFRO: Call me in a week.

*(Renfro leaves the room and a pair of doors closes to hide Max)*

(Back in the present day, Max responds)

MAX: X5-452!

RENFRO: You don't fool me. I know you're just playing along. Come on - I want to show you something.

(She leads Max over to a wall and pushes a button. A set of doors slide apart to reveal a window. Through the glass Max sees a man strapped to a gurney. He is hooked up to lots of machines, his chest bears a large scar, and some sort of helmet covers most of his face and head. Only his eyes are visible. He focuses on Max.)

RENFRO: Your brother Zack. He's been so useful to us. His liver and kidneys went to an X5 wounded on a mission; his heart - of course, as you know - went to you.

*(There is a flash back to the operating room at Manticore after Max was shot. Zack is standing over Max's unconscious body. He is pointing a gun to his head.)*

ZACK: X5-599, I've got a heart for you.

*(There is a gunshot and Zack collapses onto Max)*

RENFRO: Wanted to give you a chance to say goodbye. He's being moved to another facility. We have some very interesting plans for him. One thing that is for certain, though, is that you are the reason he is there.

*(Renfro walks away. Max looks through the window sadly until the doors cover it up again. She turns and faces Renfro)*

RENFRO: Don't you see, 452? You're poison. You destroy everyone that you love. *(holds up a photograph of each of the following people)* Zack, your brother Ben, your sister Tinga, and him - Eyes Only.

*(Max looks surprised and worried at the last one)*

RENFRO: Now, I know that you've had some kind of relationship with him, and I know that you're hanging onto the idea that you're gonna see him again, but that's not gonna happen. He thinks you're dead, which is why he's causing so much trouble for us. So we're gonna find him . . .

MAX: You'll never find him.

RENFRO: . . . and we're gonna kill him. You'll have nothing left. And then, 452, you will be mine.

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*(That night, Max is lying on a bunk in a cell. A guard comes down the hall.)*

GUARD: Lights out.

*(Max doesn't move and the guard peers through a small barred window in her door.)*

GUARD: Lights out, 452.

*(The guard turns out Max's light and walks away. Max folds her bunk to the wall and anchors it up. She removes a tool from the springs of the bunk and crouches on the floor. Max uses the tool to poke and saw at the cement between the large bricks in the wall. She starts to tear up, but stops herself before she cries.)*

MAX: Max. My name's Max!

*(Opening credits, with a new voiceover introduction: "They designed her to be the perfect soldier, a human weapon. Then she escaped. In a future not far from now, in a broken world, she is haunted by her past. She cannot run; she must fight to discover her destiny.")*

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(Logan is in an office talking to a man at a desk. Several other desks are in the room, along with lots of people waiting around.)

MAN AT DESK: What can I tell you? You're not in the system.

LOGAN: I did my rehab at a VA in Gillette, Wyoming. I was in Serbia in '07. How do you think I ended up in this chair?

MAN (halfheartedly poking at his computer): There's nothing here.

LOGAN: Well, that's impossible.

MAN: Impossible? What, you never heard of the Pulse? That little nuclear airburst that fried all the satellites and crashed all the computers?

LOGAN: Mm-hmm, and sent the economy into a tailspin, which is why all of us need our VA ration cards so we can eat.

MAN: What do you want me to do?

LOGAN: I want you to go back there and find the piece of paper that has my name on it.

MAN: Look. You want your ration card? Simple. (He rubs his fingers together. Logan smiles.) I'll put you in the system. That easy.

(Logan nods to a woman standing across the room. She jumps up on top of a desk and fires a gunshot at the ceiling.)

WOMAN: All right, people. We're the S1W. We're here to set this thing straight. (The vets cheer) Nobody's gonna get hurt, nobody is gonna pay for what they already have coming, and nobody is gonna leave here without their ration cards.

(The vets continue to cheer. The woman's fellow S1W members enter with guns.)

ONE OF THE S1W MEMBERS: Get down!

(The people behind desks drop to the floor, including the man Logan was talking to. We see the exoskeleton over Logan's shoes as he stands up. He glances at the woman, then at the man on the floor, and walks away. One of the S1W tells the vets to gather round and gives them their ration cards)

(Later, Logan and the woman are in his apartment. Logan is sitting at the table, reading some papers)

WOMAN (chuckling): You really thought you were gonna get into the file room pretending to be a vet?

LOGAN: I took a shot.

WOMAN: So did I.

LOGAN (chuckles): Appreciate you guys coming along.

WOMAN: Naw. You got what you needed; we got to make our point. This town's gonna think twice before they shake people down again.

LOGAN (looking at a sheet of paper): This is Manticore's Wyoming facility. It's gotta be. Requisitions don't add up otherwise.

WOMAN: Think they're running their budget through the VA's books? Trying to cover their tracks?

LOGAN: If I can follow the money, maybe I can find out where the main facility is.

WOMAN (sitting at the table): Logan, how many jobs do you think we've done for Eyes Only the past couple of years?

LOGAN: I don't know. Why?

WOMAN: I've just never seen you get so caught up in an assignment before.

LOGAN: It's not an assignment. Eyes Only is taking on Manticore as a favor to me.

WOMAN: You're messing with some powerful people. They play rough.

LOGAN: I don't care what happens to me.

WOMAN: Said in his hack some of those kids escaped back in '09. You knew one of them, didn't you?

LOGAN: Her name was Max.

WOMAN: They killed her, didn't they?

LOGAN: I watched her die. The thing is, I can't really believe she's gone. I don't believe it. I know it sounds crazy, but I feel like . . . she's still out there.

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(At Manticore, Max is standing in line for inspection while a drill sergeant shouts at another X5.)

DRILL SERGEANT: Those boots look like they got shined with a bag of mud! Don't you have any respect for yourself? For the unit that you represent? (To another soldier) Take him to isolation.

*(Max flashes back to her childhood and remembers poking her head out of line to watch her brother Jack being taken away as he seizes)*

DRILL SERGEANT: Eyes front!

(Back in the present day, the drill sergeant is suddenly standing directly in front of Max.)

DRILL SERGEANT: Eyes front!

(Later, Max is doing various training drills, and remembers doing the same exercises as a young child. She crawls on the ground with a gun, runs on a treadmill, and is hooked up to monitors. That night, Max lies on her bunk and remembers kissing Logan, as well as their anniversary)

MAX: *Lucky we hooked up.*

LOGAN: *Happy anniversary.*

*(Max remembers Logan brushing her hair out of her face as she was about to go with her siblings to take down Manticore)*

LOGAN: *Just come back.*

*(The guard glances at her through the window in the door. After he leaves, Max returns to sawing at the cement and manages to remove one large brick. She hears someone entering the hallway, quickly restores her cell back to its usual state, and lies down on the bunk. She sits up when her light flips on and a male X5 enters her cell. He looks exactly like Ben. Max flashes back to seeing Ben in the church.)*

BEN: *Max. . .*

MAX: Ben?

MALE X5 (puzzled): What?

MAX: You look like someone I used to know.

MALE X5: Well, my designation's 494.

MAX: His was 493. You must be twinned.

X5-494 (nodding): 493. Your fellow traitor. Went psycho.

MAX: What do you know about it?

X5-494: I know that because of him I had to spend six months in psy-ops. They wanted to make sure it wasn't genetic. Looks like ten years in the world finally got to him.

MAX: It was this place that got to him.

X5-494: Whatever. Well, let's get this over with, huh? *(Removes his shirt)*

MAX: What are you doing?

X5-494: We've been paired off. I'm your breeding partner.

MAX: My what?

X5-494: We're supposed to copulate every night until you get pregnant.

MAX: That's sick!

X5-494: It's your own fault. If you and your friends hadn't blown up the DNA database, they'd still be whipping up embryos and putting them into surrogates. Take off your clothes.

MAX: Get out of my cell.

X5-494: We've got our orders.

*(Max kicks him in the stomach)*

X5-494: What the hell was that?!

MAX: The only kind of physical contact you and I are gonna have.

X5-494: You know, this isn't isn't exactly a plum assignment for me either. You spent half your life out there in filth and degradation. I could catch something.

MAX: Whatever you need to tell yourself, just as long as we understand each other.

X5-494: Fine. Don't "freak out" on me.

(Max looks surprised at his use of slang)

X5-494 (putting his shirt back on): I took Common Verbal Usage when I got cleared for my solo missions.

MAX: Oh, you mean assassinations.

X5-494: It was my job. If you're gonna "bust my chops" about it, go ahead.

(A guard peers through the window in the door)

MAX (sarcastically): He's reading love poetry. You know, to get me in the mood.

GUARD (to X5-494): You got something for me?

(X5-494 hands the guard something through the bars and the guard hands him some money.  
X5-494 hands him some cigars)

X5-494: Do me a favor. Give these to Vic. Tell him he can pay me later.

GUARD: No problem.

X5-494: Thanks.

(The guard walks away. X5-494 turns back to Max, putting the money in his very fat wallet)

X5-494: He's got a thing for those vitamins they make us pop every morning.

MAX: I'm not even gonna ask about the cigars.

X5-494: I got a few things working. Listen, I've got an hour to kill before I head back to the barracks. Why don't you wake me up at 0100?

(He lies on Max's bunk and closes his eyes. Max sits on the floor and sulks.)

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(A payphone on the street rings and Lydecker answers it.)

LYDECKER: Lydecker.

(We see the man whose eye Lydecker removed sitting in Madame X's office. He is talking on the phone while Madame X listens in.)

McGINNIS: Deck. This is McGinnis. You're a hard man to track down.

LYDECKER: I try to avoid people who are looking to kill me.

McGINNIS: Have a proposition from the Committee.

LYDECKER: Go ahead.

McGINNIS: They want Eyes Only. I need you to set the meet.

LYDECKER: Look, we both know what that means.

McGINNIS: You do this, and they'll bring you in from the cold.

LYDECKER: Since you put it that way . . .

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(In the Manticore yard, the X5s are standing for review in male-female pairs while Renfro queries them. Two soldiers follow her.)

RENFRO: Report.

MALE X5: Successful copulation with X5-392, ma'am.

RENFRO: Excellent. (She moves to the next pair) Report.

FEMALE X5: Copulation was unsuccessful, ma'am.

RENFRO: Explain.

FEMALE X5: X5-698 failed to achieve minimum mission requirements, ma'am.

(The two guards take X5-698 away while Renfro moves on to X5-494 and Max.)

RENFRO: Report.

(Neither answers right away and Renfro begins to look suspicious)

X5-494: Successful copulation between myself and X5-452, ma'am. Twice.

RENFRO (surprised): Excellent, 452. (to Max) What would your boyfriend say?

(Max does not respond)

RENFRO: Tell me something. Did you receive any medical treatment when you were on the outside?

MAX: No, ma'am.

RENFRO: Then how do you explain this?

(Now they are inside, looking at Max's X7 clone. The clone is lying in bed under ice packs, hooked up to oxygen, and aging rapidly)



RENFRO: She's a younger version of you, but she's suffering from late-stage progeria. Except for her X7-specific code sequences, her DNA is identical to yours. So I'm gonna ask you again - did you receive any medical care that we should know about?

MAX: No, ma'am.

RENFRO: Then I guess we're just gonna have to do spinals on you both so we can run a DNA analysis. Or maybe you've just been lucky. For all we know, *that* could still happen to you.

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(That night, Max removes two bricks from the wall. She pokes her head through the hole where the bricks were, peers down, and smiles. After putting the bricks on her bunk and covering them up with her blanket to serve as a decoy, she crawls through the hole feet-first, and slides down a pipe. She lands in the boiler area of the basement and looks around. A huge man with long hair and a doglike face rushes at her, growling and barking)

MAX: Easy, easy. Easy. Relax, big fella.

MAN: You relax, little fella.

MAX: Wow, you can talk.

MAN: Wow.

MAX: I - I didn't mean anything by it. I've just - I've never seen anyone that looks like you before. So what happened? They throw too much canine DNA in your cocktail?

MAN (sniffing the air): Cat. Cat in your cocktail.

MAX: Don't hold it against me. (The man growls) I dig your teeth. Can I see 'em? Come on, let me see. (She approaches and he snaps at her) It's okay. It's all right. (Finally he lets her look) Those are cool.

MAN: You're X5.

MAX: Yeah. You can call me Max.

(She extends her hand. When he doesn't take it, she takes his hand and shakes it. Then she walks around, looking at his living quarters in the basement.)

MAN (trying out the name): Max. Max. Max, Father named you?

MAX: Nope. No father. Just me.

MAN: Father named me. Joshua.

MAX: Father? You don't mean Lydecker?

JOSHUA (cringes and growls): No. Father . . . Sandman.

MAX: Sandman named you.

JOSHUA: Mm-hmm.

MAX: Okay.

JOSHUA (hearing a noise): Guard. (He shushes Max and peers through a hole in the wall.)  
Guard.

MAX (in lowered voice): So they don't know you're down here?

JOSHUA: No.

MAX: What about this Sandman father of yours?

JOSHUA: Left me here. Here I am.

MAX: He just left you here?

JOSHUA: Made me, then left me. True enough.

MAX: That's pretty whack.

JOSHUA: He made us all. I was first - special. Then more like me, more like you, more people - (gestures at ceiling) - up there people. Father lost in all the people. I'm here, waiting.

MAX: It's too bad you don't have a room with a view. You know, a window. I'm trying to find a way out of here.

JOSHUA: Ah. Wait. (Glances through the hole in the wall, then opens a panel underneath and smiles at her)

(Max and Joshua walk down a dimly lit basement hallway. They pass several doors with barred windows. Through each we see a different person; Joshua stops to glance or growl at each. One is the nomlie the kids passed in one of Max's flashbacks. One screeches like a monkey. One sticks an arm through the bars and waves it around.)

MAX: Looks like this father of yours kept himself real busy.

JOSHUA: Some like me, some not so good.

(One gives a raspy groan, and Joshua barks at him)

JOSHUA: Hungry.

MAX: Maybe someone oughta feed 'em.

JOSHUA: They do . . . sometimes. I do sometimes.

(They arrive in a room where some large storage crates are piled by the wall, with a couple large cans on top. Joshua removes the cans to reveal the top of a barred window.)

JOSHUA: Room with a view.

(He and Max move the top crate to the floor and Max crawls on top of the others. She tugs at the bars.)

MAX: This is gonna take a while. Okay with you if I slap an exit sign on this?

JOSHUA: Uh-uh. No exit. X7s in the forest.

MAX: How many?

JOSHUA: One.

(Max looks a distance into the forest and sees an armed male X7 emerge.)

MAX: Yup. There he is. I think I can take him on.

JOSHUA: Uh-uh.

MAX: Come on, there's only one.

JOSHUA: Lots of one.

(Max sees more X7s emerge. They are clones.)

MAX: Ohhhh, I get it. Lots of one.

JOSHUA: Uh-huh. Pretty whack.

(The X7s line up facing each other and stand still. There is a faint high-pitched squeaking sound)

MAX: What are they doing?

JOSHUA: Talking.

MAX: I don't hear anything.

JOSHUA: I do.

MAX: Must be in the ultrasonic range.

JOSHUA: Bat. Bat in their cocktail.

(The X7s finish talking and scatter. Max glances at the sky.)

MAX: Sun'll be up soon. (She and Joshua replace the crate) I gotta blaze. Be back tomorrow, though. Thanks for everything, Joshua.

(He shakes her hand and Max jogs away)

JOSHUA: You blaze.

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(In his apartment, Logan is talking on his cell phone while snapping his pant leg over the exoskeleton.)

LOGAN: No, I wanna do it now. Yeah! Right now! Okay. I'll meet you there.

(He hangs up, tucks the cell phone into his pocket as he walks, and opens the door. The woman who was with him earlier walks through, carrying a large box.)

WOMAN: Hey.

LOGAN: Oh. Hi. Uh, what's up?

WOMAN: Oh, I need a favor. I gotta go to sector three. Can I stash this here?

LOGAN: Sure, what is it?

WOMAN: It's something I don't want the police to see when I go through checkpoint.

(Logan gestures as if to say "What is it?" again.)

WOMAN: It's a box of guns.

LOGAN: Right. Okay. Well, look, I gotta meet someone so, uh, let yourself out?

WOMAN: Okay. I promise it'll be gone by tomorrow night.

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(Lydecker stands waiting in a warehouse. Logan drives in and gets out of the Aztek.)

LOGAN: You said you had some information for me?

LYDECKER: I did.

LOGAN: I'm trying to find Manticore.

McGINNIS' VOICE: Looks like Manticore found you.

(McGinnis emerges from behind a pillar and stands next to Lydecker, wearing sunglasses over his eyepatch and pointing a gun at Logan. Two armed soldiers approach Logan from behind.)

LYDECKER: Sorry, son.

McGINNIS: So this is the great and powerful Eyes. Hold on here, let me get a good look.  
(Removes his sunglasses)

LYDECKER: I wouldn't do that, Jim.

(Lydecker elbows McGinnis in the mouth and grabs the hand with which McGinnis is holding the gun.)

LYDECKER (to Logan): Duck!

(Logan ducks, but not quickly enough, and a bullet hits his arm as Lydecker shoots the two soldiers behind Logan. Lydecker wrenches the gun from McGinnis' hand to the ground and knocks McGinnis down.)

LYDECKER (to Logan): You all right?

LOGAN: You shot me!

LYDECKER: I told you to duck. It just winged ya.

McGINNIS: We had a deal!

LYDECKER: Renfro. What's she doing to the X5s?

McGINNIS (standing up): I don't know!

(Lydecker grabs McGinnis' arm and wrenches it behind his back. He pulls out his own gun and holds it to the back of McGinnis' head.)

LYDECKER: She murdered one of my kids. That bitch murdered one of my kids!

*(A brief flashback to Tinga, dead in the tank)*

McGINNIS: All right. All right. All right.

(Lydecker shoves McGinnis back to the ground.)

LYDECKER: Now don't play stupid, or I'll take your other eye.

McGINNIS (standing up): All right. The tank is some kind of extraction chamber. She was trying to find out something in the girl's DNA.

LYDECKER: What?

McGINNIS: I don't know. Look, whatever she wanted, she wanted it bad. But it wasn't there. (Touches his lip) Damn, Deck, I'm gonna need some stitches. Could you please take me to the hospital now?

LYDECKER: There's a small problem with that, Jim. You got a good look at my friend here. (Gestures at Logan)

McGINNIS: No. No, no, I didn't. I hardly laid an eye on the guy. My depth perception's all shot. Besides, all you white boys, you know, you all look alike to me. Come on, Deck. We're old friends.

LYDECKER (turning to face Logan): What do you think?

(McGinnis spots his gun lying on the ground behind Lydecker's back and reaches for it. Lydecker shoots him dead without turning around. Logan approaches, gun in hand, and they both look down at McGinnis' body.)

LYDECKER: We never really liked each other, did we? (To Logan) So you want to know about Manticore?

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(In the basement, Max is filing at the bars on Joshua's window. She stops and hops off the crates.)

MAX: Another night or two, and we'll be in business.

(They walk back through the dimly lit hallway.)

JOSHUA: Max . . . outside?

MAX: Max outside. That's the plan.

JOSHUA: Joshua outside. That's the plan.

MAX: You wanna come with me? (He smiles) I don't know.

JOSHUA: I know. Max and Joshua outside.

MAX: The thing is - there's nobody like you in the world. You know, people, they get scared real easy about things that are different. (Joshua looks disappointed) I'm just saying that you'll be trading one basement for another. That's all.

(Joshua nods sadly and continues down the hall. Max climbs back through the hole in her cell and finds X5-494 sitting on her bunk.)

X5-494: Forget we had a date?

MAX: So when did the stormtroopers bust in?

X5-494 (chuckling): Don't worry. I didn't set off the alarm. Not yet.

MAX: What do you want?

X5-494: I'm not looking for trouble. What you do is your own business.

(He stands up and holds the bunk out of the way while Max replaces the brick and her tool.)

X5-494: Why do you want out of here so much? You've got a roof over your head, plenty to eat, which is more than you can say about most people out there.

MAX: You think Manticore takes care of you out of the goodness of its heart? It's using you.

X5-494: Nobody's using me.

MAX: That's what you don't get. You're working for the bad guys.

(They replace the bunk and X5-494 walks toward the door.)

X5-494: I'm gonna be out of here in five minutes to go back to my cell, and you'll get rid of me for the night. Okay, 452?

MAX: My name's Max.

X5-494: Whatever you say.

MAX: You should have a name too.

X5-494: I told you, my designation's 494.

MAX: Doesn't suit you. I'm gonna call you Alec.

X5-494: Alec?

MAX: As in "smart aleck."

X5-494: I can live with that.

MAX: Good. 'Cause my second choice was Dick.

(He goes to the door and calls through the window)

ALEC: Guard. (The guard opens the door and Alec walks out, smiling at Max.) See you around, Max.

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(In the warehouse, some men are cleaning up and inspecting the area. One of them zips up a body bag containing McGinnis' body while a man in a suit looks on, talking to Renfro on a cell phone.)

MAN: Looks like Lydecker double-crossed us.

RENFRO (in her office): He knows our location. If Eyes Only broadcasts it, the Committee will bury us.

ONE OF THE MEN: Sir! Over here.

(The man goes over and peers at something on the ground.)

RENFRO: What is it?

MAN: Uh, blood trail. Couldn't have been one of our people; none of them walked out of here.

RENFRO: Take a sample and run a full DNA assay. Get back here right away.

---

(Max is standing in a guarded control room while Renfro paces in front of her.)

RENFRO: You don't understand what's at stake here, 452. If Eyes Only isn't stopped, there are gonna be news vans parked outside the perimeter. The Committee is not going to allow the existence of this program to be exposed. It'll jeopardize its other operations.

MAX: Guess I'm supposed to be curious and ask what that means.

RENFRO: It means that I lock down the cells and I burn this place to the ground with you and everyone else inside.

(Max rolls her eyes)

RENFRO: Oh, you don't believe me? On paper, this place is a VA hospital. Anybody comes looking, all they're gonna find is the remains of a tragic fire that killed all its patients. It's called plausible deniability.

MAX: It's called bluffing.

RENFRO: Look, you need to understand something. You are nothing but meat to me. This - (holds up a disk) - this is what matters. I could start over anywhere. I just put all the data that we have accumulated into my briefcase, lock the door, light the match, and kiss your transgenic ass goodbye. (steps closer and looks Max in the eye) You make me find Eyes Only by myself, he is a dead man. Help me, there's a deal to be made. Think about it.

(The door opens and the man who called from the warehouse enters, holding a file.)

MAN: We ran the blood sample we found at the warehouse.

RENFRO (looking at the file, then smiles at Max): Ah. Time's up.

(Later, Max is about to be tortured. She is strapped down, someone gives her an injection, and a someone inserts a hard plastic tube in her mouth. She struggles to no avail)

RENFRO: You're going to help me whether you want to or not.

(Renfro trains a laser into Max's eye)

(Later, Max suddenly sits up on her bunk, panting. Alec enters her cell.)

ALEC: You okay? (Max continues breathing hard) Guess they finally got it out of you, huh?

MAX: I don't know what you're talking about.

ALEC: I heard they were sending an X5 to take out some reporter friend of yours.

MAX: I didn't tell them anything.

ALEC: Are you sure?

MAX: I gotta get out of here now. (puts the bunk up and starts removing the brick)

ALEC: You're in no shape to be tangling with those X7s. If you're lucky, you'll make it to the yard and they'll take you alive.

MAX: Then help me.

ALEC: I told you, I'm not looking for trouble.

MAX: This is your chance to get me out of your life for good.

ALEC: I guess if you escape, I'll get a new breeding partner.

MAX: Now we're talking.

(Max and Alec are in the basement, both filing at the bars on Joshua's window while Joshua stands a short distance away)

ALEC: Kinda makes you wonder what else is down here. I mean, seriously, did you get a look at that thing?

MAX: He's not a thing. His name is Joshua.

JOSHUA: X7s in the forest. Pretty . . . pretty whack.

ALEC: Yeah, yeah, Sasquatch. Hey, why don't you make yourself useful, and, uh, quit mumbling and come over here and help us out with these bars?

JOSHUA: Okay.



(He gestures at them to get off the crates. They do. Joshua goes to the window and pulls the bars right off. He hands them to Alec and growls. Alec gulps)

MAX: Everybody knows what to do?

(Joshua runs through the forest, with Alec chasing him. Alec stops and calls to some X7s.)

ALEC: Hey! He's getting away! Come on!

(They all chase Joshua. Behind them, Max drops from a tree and starts running. Alec tackles Joshua. An X7 approaches and Alec kicks him.)

ALEC: Oh, sorry, kid.

(More X7s approach and Alec kicks another one.)

ALEC: Maybe I should let you guys handle this, huh?

(Alec kicks another X7 while Joshua runs away. Other X7s gather around and point their guns at Alec.)

ALEC: Whoa, whoa! Boys! No need for firepower, fellas. Just trying to help.

(Max runs toward the perimeter fence, knocking out an X7 on her way. Another X7 stands guarding it. Max leaps over the fence, with the X7 shooting but missing. Max lands on the other side and looks back at the X7. He takes aim, but Joshua appears and hurls him into the trees. Joshua goes up to the fence.)

JOSHUA: You blaze!

(Max nods and runs away. Joshua watches her through the fence.)

---

(At his computer, Logan is playing back a prerecorded Eyes Only message.)

EYES ONLY: Do not attempt to adjust your set. This is a streaming freedom video. Your location has been revealed.

(The computer beeps and a message appears on the monitor saying "Satellite link failed." Logan grunts and attempts to reconnect. While it's processing, he turns around and sees Max standing a few feet away. His eyes widen and he stands up.)

LOGAN: Max?

MAX: We gotta get you out of here. They're coming to get you.

(He kisses her. She returns the kiss. After a minute they draw apart and hold each other.)

MAX: We gotta go. They're coming to get you.

LOGAN: Who? What's going on? How did you -

MAX: I'll explain later. Come on.

LOGAN: No, I have to finish my broadcast.

MAX: Forget it. It's not important. (Logan collapses) What's wrong?

LOGAN (gasping): I don't know. I -

MAX: Logan, what's happening?

VOICE: You killed him, that's what's happening.

(Alec is standing nearby, pointing a gun at them.)

ALEC: Nice job, 452. Mission accomplished.

(They stare at him, Max cradling Logan and Logan holding onto her arm.)

ALEC: Yeah, I'd stop touching him if I were you. You're just gonna make it worse.

MAX: What the hell are you talking about?

ALEC: A genetically targeted retrovirus. You're the carrier. (Max quickly backs away from Logan) Any intimate contact between you activates the agent. (Chuckles.) Now, you didn't kiss him or anything, did you?

MAX: You son of a bitch!

(She lunges at him and he raises the gun.)

ALEC: Whoa, whoa, hey. Just following orders. Okay, now Renfro said if you want him to live, you gotta bring him back to Manticore and turn yourself in.

MAX: There's a cure?

ALEC: Yeah. She'll give him the antigen if he tells her what he knows and who he's been working with.

MAX: Why should I believe her?

ALEC: What choice do you have?

---

(A man enters Renfro's office carrying a flat computer.)

MAN: Results of the DNA workup you ordered on 452.

RENFRO: Did you find anything to explain why there's no progeria?

MAN: Maybe you better take a look.

(He hands her the computer. We see a diagram of Max's body, with certain areas magnified in insets. We don't see any details. Renfro looks shocked.)

MAN: I've never seen anything like it. Just to be sure, I'll run another series as soon as 494 gets her back here.

RENFRO: Does anyone else know about this?

MAN: No, ma'am.

RENFRO: Let's keep it that way. (Pulls out a gun and shoots him)

(Renfro dials her cell phone and begins speaking in French. There are subtitles in English)

RENFRO: It's Renfro. I think I've found what we've been looking for. No, no one at Manticore knows. Yes...I'll bring her to you.

---

(In Logan's apartment, Alec has just finished getting Logan into the wheelchair as Max looks on. Logan is sweating and looking sick.)

ALEC: Well, looks like we got ourselves a convoy.

(The computer beeps and a message appears on the monitor, "Satellite link established. Press enter to transmit." Alec is distracted by the beep and Max takes the opportunity to attack him. They fight, at one point crashing through the screens. Max kicks Alec's gun across the floor towards Logan.)

MAX: Logan!

(Logan picks up the gun and aims it at Alec. Max stops fighting and Alec holds up his hands.)

ALEC: Fine. Fine, but when he's dead, can I go home?

MAX (approaching the computer): It's not gonna be there.

ALEC: What are you doing?

MAX: Ending this thing once and for all.

(She hits the enter key and Logan's prerecorded Eyes Only message starts broadcasting.)

EYES ONLY: Do not attempt to adjust your set. This is a streaming freedom video bulletin. Your location has been revealed. Your secret is out. And now Manticore will be held accountable for its crimes. Manticore's facility is located an hour southwest of metropolitan Seattle.

(At Manticore, the Eyes Only broadcast appears on the screen and Renfro watches. A cell phone rings and a man in the room answers it and hands the phone to Renfro.)

MAN: It's them.

RENFRO: Renfro. Understood. (Hangs up) Lock down the barracks. We're cauterizing the site.

---

(In Logan's apartment, Alec is sitting on the floor, ankles tied and wrists tied behind his back. Logan is pointing the gun at him. He falters once, then raises the gun again. Then he passes out and drops the gun. Alec unties himself and points the gun at Logan.)

VOICE: Don't move. Put it on the floor.

(The woman who was at Logan's earlier is pointing her own gun at Alec. Alec slowly lays his gun on the floor. He smiles at the woman and quickly grabs her gun. He points it at her and chuckles.)

ALEC: Fine, have it your way. I was just gonna put him out of his misery. (Looks at the gun)  
Nice piece.

(He leaves the room and the woman approaches Logan)

---

(Max arrives at the top of a hill outside Manticore. As she watches, parts of the buildings explode into flame. She enters a building and runs down the hallways. People are inside, yelling and banging on the walls, as fire alarms sound. Max tries to open the doors, but they are locked. She breaks into a control room, types something on a computer, and flips a switch. The hall doors open. Soldiers of different ages spill into the hallway and run through smoke and flames.)

(In the main control room, a man is sitting at some monitors with Renfro behind him. We see Max on the monitor.)

MAN: We've got a security breach. Someone's unlocking the cell doors.

RENFRO: Well, override the system. Lock down those doors.

MAN: Can't. Control conduits must be burned out.

(The man's screen shows blips moving on a satellite picture of the grounds.)

MAN: They're in the yard, heading for the fence.

RENFRO: Well, stop them. No one gets past the perimeters. (To two men leaving the room)  
Bring me 452 - alive.

(In the basement, Joshua is leading people out of their cells and down the hallway)

JOSHUA: Move. Move. Go! Free! Free! Move!

(Alec reaches the top of the hill outside Manticore and sees it burning. Max hears two soldiers approaching and ducks out of the control room. Joshua climbs the hill, looks back, and then keeps running.)

(In her office, Renfro is putting things into her briefcase, including the disk she showed Max. A soldier enters.)

SOLDIER: Ma'am, we need to evacuate.

RENFRO: Where's 452?

SOLDIER: Now, ma'am.

RENFRO: I'm not leaving without her.

(Max kicks the soldier unconscious and grabs Renfro by the neck.)

MAX: What a coincidence, 'cause I'm not leaving without you.

(They enter a lab with lots of vials and beakers on the shelves.)

MAX: Where's the antigen?

RENFRO: I don't know. We've got to get out of here now, 452.

(Max slams Renfro face-first against a wall.)

MAX: My name's Max! Now where is it?

RENFRO: Okay! Okay.

(Max lets Renfro walk. Renfro takes a vial off a shelf and Max grabs it. A soldier enters and shoots at Max.)

RENFRO: No!

(Renfro dives in front of Max and takes the bullet. Max shoves a table into the soldier's gut. The soldier realizes who he's shot and his eyes widen.)

MAX: I won't tell if you won't.

(The soldier runs away. Max kneels on the floor by Renfro, who is bleeding from a bullet wound in her side and gasping.)

MAX: This virus thing you put in me - how do I get rid of it?

RENFRO: You can't.

MAX: You just ate a bullet for me. Why?

RENFRO (touching Max's face): You . . . you are the one we've been looking for. Sandman . . .

*(Max remembers meeting Joshua)*

JOSHUA: Father . . . Sandman.

RENFRO: Find . . . Sandman.

(Renfro passes out and Max leaves. She runs up the hill. She stops for a moment to watch Manticore burn and smiles. Then she turns and keeps running.)

---

(In Logan's apartment, Logan is lying unconscious on the couch. The woman who was with him earlier gives him an injection while Max watches from a few yards away. Time passes and they both pace. Finally we see Logan awake and sitting up. The woman checks his eyes, then approaches Max at the window.)

WOMAN: He's gonna be all right. Welcome back.

(She leaves and Logan puts on his glasses.)

LOGAN: You don't have to stand all the way over there. Come closer.

MAX: Better not risk it. We don't know how easy it is for me to reinfect you, and that was the last of the antigen.

LOGAN: We're gonna find a way to beat this.

MAX: Yeah. But you should concentrate on getting better. I gotta go.

LOGAN: You know, things are different now. Back when you first got out, it was just the twelve of you. Now there's a lot more.

MAX: If they're smart, they'll lay low.

LOGAN: You don't want it getting around that you and yours are out in the world. People tend to get scared of things that are different. Keep your head down.

MAX: I always do.

(She leaves. Logan watches her go.)

---

(Max is back at her old haunt on top of the Space Needle)

MAX: Funny how from up here, it looks like nothing's changed. Only everything's changed. Not just me and Logan, everything. The whole time I was at Manticore, all I wanted was my strange little life back. Never figured it could get any stranger. But I guess it's gonna. And I guess I'm just gonna have to deal with it.

(Below the Space Needle in the street, a man with pointy ears and opaque eyes, one of the people from Joshua's hallway in the Manticore basement, glances around, covers his head with the hood of his jacket, and walks away down the street.)

DARK ANGEL  
Season Two, Episode #2: "Bag 'Em"  
First Aired 10/5/2001

(Original Cindy is in bed, asleep. A loud noise from the other room startles her awake and she gets up to investigate. Max is in the living room, revving her Ninja and smiling)

MAX: Did I wake you?

(Original Cindy rushes over and they hug tightly)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Thank God you're alive.

(Later, Max is shaving her legs in the bathroom sink)

MAX: I've been wanting to do this for months.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I see they don't let you do your nails up at Manticore, either.

MAX (smiling): No respect for the girly arts, that place. I had to torch it.

ORIGINAL CINDY: No doubt. So Manticore and them got all irate 'cause Eyes Only put salt in their game.

MAX: Oh, yeah.

ORIGINAL CINDY: And then they sent you to take a brother out.

MAX: Yup.

ORIGINAL CINDY: But instead you burned the place up and let everybody out.

MAX: I needed some get-back.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Right. So what's with this virus they put in you so that you and Logan can't touch?

MAX: They're just mean like that.

ORIGINAL CINDY: No, boo. I think they sent you to kill Logan 'cause he's Eyes Only.

MAX: Logan? Please.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Straight up. Now it all makes sense! You two were always doin' stuff on the DL.

MAX: You've got it all wrong.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Sugar, don't front. You been creepin' with Eyes Only! Give me some.

(Max laughs and they bump fists)

MAX: You can't say anything, though.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I already forgot. You got Original Cindy's word on that.

MAX: A lot of people want him dead, and I almost got him killed.

ORIGINAL CINDY: It's gonna be aight. It's all good.

MAX: It doesn't feel all good. It doesn't even feel a little bit good.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Somehow, some way, it's all gonna come correct. 'Cause you and Logan just got it like that. Nothing can keep you two apart. You're home, you're safe, you're strong. You kicked Manticore to the curb for good. They can't hurt you anymore. They can't hurt anyone anymore.

---

(Elsewhere, a group of Manticore kids of different ages is walking through the woods in the dark)

MALE: We have to keep moving. If Manticore's under attack, they'll be looking for us to remobilize.

(They reach a clearing and look up. A blinking light moves among the stars.)

MALE: There it is - the rendezvous signal.

(The next morning they are still walking through the woods)

FEMALE: I don't know about this.

MALE: You saw the signal. We're supposed to regroup.

FEMALE: But the other night . . . the fire . . . no one came to let us out of the barracks.

MALE: Ever think maybe they were busy defending the facility? Manticore was under attack. By who, we don't know, but obviously command is still in place, otherwise there wouldn't have been a signal.

FEMALE: But the tacs - they were shooting at us.

MALE: Not at us. They were protecting the perimeter. I mean, sure, we took some friendly fire, that's all. Now come on - we've still got ten clicks to cover.

(They arrive at a bridge over a river. On the other end of the bridge stand some armed soldiers and a man wearing a black turtleneck and leather jacket.)

MALE: There they are. We're going home.

(The kids cross the bridge. The lead male salutes.)

MALE: X6-314 reporting for duty, sir.

MAN: At ease, soldier.

(The kids all stand at ease. The man in the turtleneck and leather jacket nods at one of the soldiers and steps out of the way. The soldiers aim at the kids and fire.)

(Opening credits)

---

(A man and a woman are driving on a road surrounded by the woods. Their car is packed full of belongings. The woman is changing the radio stations and finds nothing but news reports.)

RADIO: Police suspect foul play in a fire that claimed as many as a hundred lives last Friday . . . (station changes) . . . a veterans' hospital built in 2007. Authorities are refusing to release information on the fire's origin and any possible loss of life at the facility.

WOMAN: We can't even get music in this damn place! Why can't we just go back to L.A.?

MAN: Because L.A. is full of freaks and weirdos and psychos.

WOMAN: Look out!

(The car screeches to a stop as a reptilian man dressed in desert fatigues runs in front of it. A barcode can be seen on his neck shortly before he crosses the road and runs into the woods. Moments later, some armed X7 clones also run across road, chasing him. The woman



screams as they jump across the car's hood and disappear into the woods. They both stare, their mouths open.)

WOMAN: Whoa.

(The man backs the car up and turns it around)

WOMAN: What are you doing?

MAN: Going back to L.A.

(The reptilian soldier runs through the woods, and the X7s continue to chase him. A few of the X7s stop for a moment to communicate in high-pitched, wordless tones. Then they nod and continue running. The reptilian soldier jumps over the edge of a large, sandy crater. The X7s walk down into the crater, looking for him. Behind them, the soldier emerges from the sand and attacks a couple of them before one of them manages to use a electrical prod on him. He falls with a screech and the X7s continue zapping him. He makes a howling, whistling noise and eventually passes out.)

---

(Max and Original Cindy arrive at Jam Pony the next morning)

MAX: So what should I tell everybody?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Let a sister handle this. Original Cindy's gonna get out in front of this thing. Hey, everybody! Look who's back from the dead.

(Various coworkers cheer and greet Max as they pass.)

SKETCHY (running over): All right! Max! Almost scared me to death. (Hugs her) This is a joyous turn of events. Now what happened?

(Before Max can figure out what to tell him, Normal interrupts)

NORMAL: Well, well, well. Look who's here.

MAX (smiling): What can I say, Normal? Rumors of my death have been greatly exaggerated.

NORMAL: Hot run, Morningside and Everclear.

MAX: Got my name on it.

NORMAL: No. No, your name is mud, missy-miss. I've heard some lame excuses for missing work, but faking your own death for a three-month sabbatical is a new low.

MAX: I did not fake my own death. I had a medical emergency.

NORMAL: Would you care to explicate?

MAX: A heart transplant.

NORMAL (laughing): That's good. Have you got a note from your doctor, or a prescription for cyclosporin, perhaps? Because I'll need some more proof before I buy that -

(Max lifts her shirt and shows him her chest. Original Cindy covers Sketchy's eyes)

NORMAL: That's a nice big, uh . . . scar you got there.

MAX: Yeah, well, enjoy it while you can, 'cause it's fading fast. (Her pager beeps) Can I use your phone?

NORMAL: What about the package?

MAX: I'll get to it.

NORMAL: It's like she never left.

MAX (into phone): Me hittin' you back. What's up?

(In Logan's apartment, a TV near his computer is tuned to a news broadcast.)

ANCHORWOMAN: The red-hot embers cool and the death toll rises after Monday's tragic blaze at a remote mountainside veteran's hospital.

LOGAN: Are you seeing this on channel three?

MAX: Hey, Sketch, hook me up on three.

(Sketchy changes the channel at Jam Pony to the same news broadcast.)

ANCHORWOMAN: Channel Three News has now learned that the inferno is the result of arson, traced to rogue terrorist group S1W.

MAX: Manticore.

LOGAN: Only they're saying it's a VA hospital and the S1W burned it down.

MAX: Is that a bad thing? And what's the S1W?

LOGAN: It's a progressive group, fighting the good fight. They're into direct action, which is why the government's trying to make them out to be terrorists.

MAX: Better people think some crackpots torched the VA than the circus burned down and the freaks got out.

(The TV shows footage of the S1W taking over the VA office where Logan recently pretended to be a veteran in an effort to get into the file room.)

ANCHORWOMAN: In an earlier act of aggression, the S1W held hostages in the VA facility last month.

SKETCHY: This is so bogus! Eyes Only said that hospital is just a front for that Manticore place.

ANCHORWOMAN: . . . mountainside hospital burst into uncontrollable flames as firefighters sped to the scene . . .

LOGAN: They're claiming a lot of people died in that fire. The S1W's being framed for murder.

MAX: Nothing I can do about it. And why do you care so much about this S1-whatever?

(Logan glances toward his window, where the blond S1W woman is standing, looking worried)

LOGAN: Some friends of mine are involved. They've done stuff for Eyes Only. Look, forget I mentioned it. It's my problem. Can you come over later?

MAX: Given the givens, I'm not sure that's a very good idea.

LOGAN: It'll be okay. Just come. I've got some information for you, and I'm . . . still putting it together, but it could be important.

MAX: I'll swing by. (Hangs up)

ANCHORWOMAN: The death toll is expected to rise as volunteers continue to . . .

SKETCHY: Ooh, mutants on the loose. The genetically superior walk among us.

ORIGINAL CINDY: They said that everybody died, fool.

SKETCHY: Yeah, well, we thought Max was dead too, and yet here she is, good as new.

(They look at Max. She smiles after a bit and picks up the package)

MAX: Gotta jet.

(At his apartment, Logan wheels away from his computer and the woman follows him.)

WOMAN: You've gotta talk to Eyes Only. Make him get the truth out there.

LOGAN (turning to face her): I can't *make* him do anything.

WOMAN: They're trying to pin this on us 'cause of the job we pulled at the VA office. That was a favor to you. Now I need a favor. Talk to him.

(She leaves and Logan sighs)

---

(In a room at the No-Tel Motel, Alec is lying on the bed with his eyes glued on the TV while a woman lies next to him and touches his barcode.)

WOMAN: This is so cool. Does it say how much you cost? (Giggles)

ALEC: A lot more than you, sweetheart.

WOMAN: Is it a gang thing?

ALEC: You guessed my secret.

WOMAN: So how come you're not out gang-banging, then?

ALEC: Well, 'cause sometimes a guy can have a lot more fun on his own.

WOMAN: So you're on the lam.

ALEC: Oh, you're so intuitive. Hey, why don't you go grab us something to eat, will ya?  
(Hands her some cash)

WOMAN: Okay.

ALEC: Okay.

(She gets dressed and he goes back to watching TV. She walks across the driveway and steps into a nearby Food Mart. Another group of newly-freed Manticore kids watches from the bushes as a man steps out of the store with some snacks.)

FEMALE: I'm starving.

MALE: Me too.

FEMALE: If I don't get something to eat soon, I'm going to kill somebody.

SECOND MALE: They're not gonna give us food. Not without money.

FEMALE: I'm going in.

(The three of them walk into the Food Mart. The clerk is reading a magazine and pays no attention to them. The woman who was in bed with Alec picks out some snacks. One of the Manticore kids grabs a box of crackers and looks at the side of the box.)

SECOND MALE: A barcode. What does it mean?

FEMALE (smiling and tucking it into her jacket): Means it's ours.

(The woman who was with Alec notices their barcodes)

WOMAN: Hey, where'd you guys get those? My friend has one just like that.

(The Manticore kids ignore her, grab some more snacks, and hide them in their clothing.)

MALE: That's it. Let's go.

WOMAN: Hey . . .

CLERK (putting down his magazine): Hold it. (Pulls out a gun) I said hold it!

(One of the Manticore males grabs the gun, and it fires into the wall. Alec hears the shot. The male wrestles the gun away from the clerk, kicks him away, and points the gun at him)

MALE (to the other male): Get the money. Do it!

(The other male opens the drawer and removes all the cash. The kids grab some more snacks and leave. Alec goes to the window and sees them running out of the store.)

ALEC: Great. That's just great.

---

(At an encampment in the woods, some soldiers are in a large tent with computer monitors and other electronic equipment. The man in the turtleneck and leather jacket stands nearby.)

SOLDIER: Possible sighting, Echo Golf 4278.

MAN: How many?

SOLDIER: Six or seven.

MAN: All right. Send a unit to check it out. (His cell phone rings and he answers it) White. (Listens) Handle it. We don't want local law enforcement involved. The idea is to keep this mess under wraps. (Listens) Well, tell them they can shove their jurisdiction, that this is a federal matter. (Hangs up. Another soldier approaches)

SOLDIER: Tally on the signaling operation. Thirty-eight showed up at the rendezvous point over the course of the day.

WHITE: Not bad. Keep the signal running every night, until they stop coming.

(A man wearing a tie enters the tent.)

MAN: Sir.

(He gestures toward the entrance, where two X7s are escorting the reptilian soldier, his hands cuffed to his waist. He is making clicking noises.)

WHITE: What the hell is that?

MAN: Looks like something they cooked up to fight in the desert. The skin's designed to retain moisture. Same with the nose. Even has a second eyelid, probably to protect the cornea against sand and grit.

WHITE: Well, I hate to think how many of those rolled off the assembly line. They bring it in?

MAN: X7s, sir. Manticore used them to guard the perimeter.

WHITE: Yeah, I read the reports. They've got some kind of hive mind thing going.

MAN: Communicate ultrasonically. In digital code.

WHITE: Ship it out on the next transport. I want forensics to take it apart for analysis.

(Suddenly, the reptilian soldier breaks out of his cuffs and grabs White by the throat. An armed soldier hits him with his gun and he goes down with a screech. White kicks him, furious)

WHITE: Get it out of here. Them too. Get it out!

---

(In the motel room, Alec hears a knock on the door)

ALEC: It's about time.

(Through the peephole he sees two state troopers standing on the porch. A moment later they burst in and Alec is long gone, running into the woods. He steps on an empty snack-food bag and picks it up. Some distance away, he picks up a Cheeto and looks at it. After tossing it over his shoulder and shaking his head, he walks into an old barn. The Manticore kids are sitting on bales of hay inside, along with another female and a young male, sharing the junk food.)

ALEC: Daddy's home.

(The kids jump up and stand at attention)

MALE: X6-787, sir.

FEMALE: X6-809, sir.

ALEC (interrupting): Yeah, yeah, yeah, whatever. (They stand at ease) What are you bozos thinking, knocking over a Kwik-E-Mart?

X6-787: Sir?

ALEC: I had a very sweet deal going, and you blew it. (Notices a X7 standing by the wall.) What's that doing here?

OTHER FEMALE: He escaped the attack with us, sir.

ALEC: The attack?

OTHER MALE: On Manticore.

X6-787: Command's been reestablished. We saw a signal to regroup last night.

X6-809: The rendezvous is about six clicks from here, south-southwest. We were just about to move out.

ALEC: Gang, I hate to break it to you, but Manticore was not attacked. They tried to barbecue us.

X6-787: Sir?

ALEC: They're trying to kill us. The signal's bogus. It's a trap.

X6-787: If I may, sir . . . that doesn't make any sense. We're valuable military assets, representing billions of dollars in R&D.

MALE: Why would Manticore try to get rid of us?

ALEC: I want to get rid of you, and I just met you.

X6-787: We should be going, sir. They're waiting.

ALEC: Okay, what part of "They're trying to kill you" did you not understand?

X6-787: All respect, sir, but officers of rank superior to yours left standing orders to regroup when instructed to do so.

ALEC (smiling): Well, far be it from me to violate the chain of command.

X6-787 (to the other kids): Fall in.

ALEC: You're really gonna do this?

(All the kids line up except for the X7, who doesn't move)

X6-787: Didn't you hear me soldier?

ALEC: Oh, he heard you. He just can't believe his ears.

X6-787: I'm going to have to report you. Both of you.

ALEC: You do that.

X6-787: Left face. (They turn) Quick march.

(They leave and Alec shakes his head)

---

(In Logan's apartment, he is at his computer. Max enters behind him and stands across the room.)

MAX: Hey.

(Logan turns around and stands up)

LOGAN: Hey.

MAX: You said you had something for me?

LOGAN (sitting back down): Yeah. Have a seat.

MAX: We shouldn't get too close. The virus.

LOGAN: Apparently there's a massive military action going down in the woods around Manticore.

MAX: Same thing happened back in '09. By the time they got their act together, we were gone.

LOGAN: There's a difference. You escaped because you wanted out. They ran for their lives. They may not even realize Manticore wanted them dead. This mean anything to you? (Pulls up a video of the moving light among the stars) Got it from an informant who lives out that way. Real conspiracy buff, obsessed with UFO's.

MAX: It's a signal from Manticore. We were trained to look for it in case the facility was compromised.

LOGAN: What does it say?

MAX: Regroup . . . Echo Golf 427952 . . . Friday. Today!

(Max starts to head for the door, but he stands and blocks her path.)

LOGAN: Whoa. Where are you going?

MAX: Logan, they tried to kill them. Now they want to finish the job.

LOGAN: You don't know that. They could just be loading them up and shipping them off to a new facility somewhere.

MAX: See, that doesn't work for me either.

LOGAN: Fine. You want to go out and save the day? What's the plan?

MAX: Don't know yet.

LOGAN: Max . . .

MAX: This is happening because of me. I forced them to go. That's my family. Some of them are screwed up. Some of them don't look like you or me or anything anybody's ever seen before . . . but I'm responsible for them just the same.

(She heads for the door again and he reaches for her.)

LOGAN: Hey -

(Max backs away from his hand)

MAX: Careful!

LOGAN: Now, see, you took the word right out of my mouth.

---

(Max rides her Ninja down the road that leads through the woods. The Manticore kids reach the bridge and stand opposite the armed soldiers. The soldiers raise their guns at them. The kids look concerned. Max arrives and slides her motorcycle into the group of armed soldiers, knocking them down.)

MAX: Run!

(The kids turn and run. One of the soldiers shoots X6-787 in the leg. Max picks him up and sits him on her bike, behind her. They ride away as the soldiers shoot at them.)

---

(In the barn, Alec is eating some junk food and reading the bag. He looks at the X7, who is standing at the wall and looking out a nearby window)

ALEC: Hey, weird kid. (The X7 looks at him) Want some hydrogenated imitation pork product? Huh? (The X7 turns back to the window without a word) All right. More for me.

(The kids run in, breathless, without X6-787.)

X6-809: Sir, you were right. It was an ambush.



MALE: They shot at us.

(They hear a motorcycle outside)

ALEC: If you idiots let them follow you . . . (He sees that it is Max) Oh, great.

MALE: It's them?

ALEC: I wish.

MAX (enters, supporting X6-787): Get me something to tie his leg off with. (Alec removes his own belt as she lays X7-787 on a table) What the hell are you doing here?

ALEC: I was about to ask you the same thing.

MAX: I'd kick your ass, but we don't have time for that right now.

ALEC (pulling out a pocket knife): The bullet went right through. We're gonna have to cauterize.

X6-809: What happened? Why were they shooting at us?

MAX: He's going into shock. Get something to keep him warm.

FEMALE: I'm gonna be sick. (Runs off)

ALEC: Bet that one flunked field med. (He uses a lighter to heat the blade, then hands the knife to Max.) Go.

MAX: I'm not gonna lie - this is gonna hurt like hell.

(She touches the knife to X6-787's leg and he yells. He shuts his eyes and holds in his screams as smoke rises from his leg.)

ALEC: Hang on, hang on. It's almost over. Okay, it's done. Hey, hey, you're gonna be okay. All right?

MAX: Yeah, so long as we get him and the rest of these kids out of here.

ALEC: What do you mean, "we"? This is your party, not mine.

---

(In the tent, White is talking to one of the soldiers from the bridge.)

WHITE: Help me to understand how a girl on a motorcycle got the drop on you and all of your men.

SOLDIER: It's hard to explain, sir. It all happened so fast we -

WHITE (seeing the man in the tie enter the tent): What is it?

MAN: Sorry to interrupt, sir, but I thought you'd want to see this right away. It was retrieved from the Manticore site . . . belonged to Director Renfro.

WHITE: On the desk.

(The man sets the briefcase on the desk and opens it. Inside are some computer disks and the results of Max's DNA workup)

WHITE (seeing the disks): The database. Good. (Opening Max's file) Well, well.

MAN: What is it, sir?

WHITE: DNA workup of an X5. Not bad-looking, for a freak.

SOLDIER (seeing Max's picture): Sir . . . sir, that's her! That's the girl on the motorcycle.

WHITE: You sure?

SOLDIER: Yes, sir.

WHITE: Don't just stand there. Find her.

---

(In the barn, Max removes a blanket and a basket from the hood of an old pickup truck. She opens the hood, nods with satisfaction at the engine, and closes the hood. Alec is sitting on the floor against a pole, throwing popcorn at the X7. The X7 looks at him but otherwise does not react, continuing to stare out the window. The kids, except for X6-787, are waiting around. X6-809 is working with a screwdriver on a radio. Max calls out to the kids)

MAX: All right, people. Fall in.

(Alec stays where he is and continues throwing popcorn at the X7. The others stand in line and Max paces in front of them.)

MAX: There's been a change in your mission status, extreme and unforeseen. You've been betrayed by your own command. What do you do?

KIDS: Redeploy.

MAX: Correct. How?

MALE: Unknown, ma'am. We have no training with regard to that circumstance.

MAX: Do you know what that means?

KIDS: No, ma'am.

MAX: All your training goes out the window.

KIDS: Yes, ma'am.

MAX: Starting with your blind obedience to Manticore and all it represents.

KIDS: Yes, ma'am.

MAX: Which means you're going to stop calling me ma'am and start calling me Max.

KIDS: Yes, ma'am.

MAX: Yes, Max. That's my name. And now that you're in the real world, you all should have names, too.

ALEC: Oh, for the love of -

MAX: Shut up! (To the kids) You have to stop thinking of yourselves as soldiers and start thinking of yourselves as people.

MALE: But we are soldiers.

MAX (getting in his face): You mouthing off to me? 'Cause I have zero tolerance for that. Zero! And to commemorate this special moment, that's gonna be your name - Zero. Get out on sentry duty.

(He leaves and Max moves down the line)

MAX: I saw you messing around with that radio there.

X6-809: I excelled in diagnostics and repair. I was trying to fix it.

MAX: Fixit - that's gonna be your name. And that's what you're gonna do with that old pickup over there - fix it.

(Fixit leaves and Max moves on to the other female)

MAX: You're the girl that threw up.

ALEC: You could always call her Ralph.

FEMALE: Ralph. I like it.

MAX: It's a boy's name.

FEMALE: I still like it.

MAX: Ralph it is, then. Go check on Bullet.

RALPH: Who's Bullet?

MAX: The kid that got shot.

(Ralph nods and leaves. Max steps in front of a very young boy and sees a bugle in his hand)

MAX: That yours?

KID (nodding): I'm in the bugle corps.

MAX: Bugler it is.

BUGLER: What's my assignment?

MAX: Getting some sleep.

BUGLER: It's not lights-out yet.

MAX: That's okay. Let's find a place for you to bunk down.

ALEC (indicating the X7): What about him? Doesn't he need a name?

MAX: I'll leave that to you, since you two seem to be getting along so well.

(Alec shrugs and goes back to throwing popcorn.)

---

(Lydecker drives up to the gates of the Manticore encampment and exits his SUV)

LYDECKER: Where's White?

SOLDIER: Sir, this is a restricted area you're gonna have to . . .

LYDECKER (showing his identification): Tell him Lydecker's here to see him.

SOLDIER: Sir, I'm going have to ask you to wait here a moment -

LYDECKER: Sorry, son. This is urgent.

(Lydecker brushes past him. The soldier taps his com as he watches Lydecker walk away)

SOLDIER: Command, this is Walker. There's someone here from Manticore. Name's Lydecker.

(Alone inside White's tent, Lydecker searches the shelves and the desk, rifling through lots of empty CD cases and not finding anything. He spots Renfro's briefcase and opens it. He puts the disks in his jacket pocket, takes the flat computer, and closes the briefcase. Outside, White is talking angrily with some soldiers and the man wearing the tie.)

WHITE: He identified himself? What the hell was he thinking?

(Guns drawn, they burst into the tent, but find nobody inside. White sees the briefcase sitting in a different spot from where he left it. He opens it to find it empty and hurls it at the wall.)

WHITE: Damn it!

---

(That night, Logan is sitting at his computer. His cell phone rings and he answers it quickly.)

LOGAN: Hello?

(We see Lydecker sitting in his car in the dark, talking on a cell phone.)

LYDECKER: It's Lydecker.

LOGAN (alarmed): How did you get this number?

LYDECKER: Never mind that. I need you to help me get in touch with Max.

LOGAN: What for?

LYDECKER: I can't tell you that. Do you know where she is?

(Logan wrestles with the decision of whether or not to tell him.)

LOGAN: Somewhere in the woods outside Manticore.

LYDECKER: He'll be looking for her.

LOGAN: He? Who's he?

LYDECKER: If you hear from her...tell her to get out of there as fast as she can.

(Before Logan can say anything else, Lydecker hangs up and looks at Max's DNA workup.)

---

(At the encampment at night, White is standing with a couple of soldiers in front of a large piece of machinery.)

SOLDIER: Satellite's in range, sir.

(The machine whines and the satellite starts blinking with the same signal the Manticore kids saw in the sky.)

---

(In the barn, Max watches over the others as they sleep and then sits down. She stares at the X7. He looks out the window and speaks ultrasonically with two other X7 clones standing outside. He turns to look at Max, who is still watching him. Then he turns back to the window and starts speaking ultrasonically again. His eyes start moving back and forth very rapidly, as do those of the X7s outside. For the first time, he smiles.)

(The next morning, Bullet walks through the barn, limping slightly. Ralph takes his arm.)

RALPH: You've got to keep the weight off it.

BULLET (removing her arm): I'm fine, Ralph. Would you cut it out?

(Bugler begins playing and Max quickly takes his bugle.)

BUGLER: X8-621 is ready to commence training, ma'am.

(She chuckles and ruffles his hair.)

MAX: Name's Bugler, remember? And there's not going to be any training today.

BUGLER: There's not?

MAX: Nope, not ever again.

BUGLER: Really?

MAX: Really. See, you don't have to take orders anymore. Not from anyone.

BUGLER: Even you?

MAX: Especially not from me.

ALEC (putting on his jacket): Well, when the going gets cute, the tough get going.

MAX: You're really leaving?

ALEC: Afraid so.

MAX: Figures you'd forget the one good thing Manticore ever taught us: never abandon your unit.

ALEC (pauses to glance at the kids and then chuckles): Well, thanks to you, there is no more Manticore. You made this mess, not me.

---

(In his tent, White shows the picture of Max to the X7s who had been standing outside the barn as a woman sits at a row of computers)

WHITE (to the X7s): You're sure this girl was with them?

WOMAN: See for yourself. Let me position the mike.

(The X7s begin speaking ultrasonically. Their eyes move quickly back and forth.)

WOMAN: Okay, they're downloading. The computer's translating the ultrasound signals, reconstructing a sonic image relayed to them by the X7 inside. Now we convert the sonic image into a visual one. (A computerized face that vaguely resembles Max appears on the monitor) Let me see if I can enhance it. (The face sharpens to form a better picture of Max) That's pretty much what she looks like.

(The soldier who was on the bridge when Max arrived on her bike looks on and nods)

SOLDIER: That's her.

WHITE: Take her alive if you can.

---

(In the barn, Zero is at the wheel of the truck while Fixit works under the hood)

FIXIT: Okay, Zero, hit it!

(The truck starts)

MAX: Nice work, Fixit.

FIXIT: Just give me a few more minutes to adjust the timing.

MAX: All right.

BULLET: Max! Soldiers outside!

MAX: Get away from the window! (To the X7) You, too!

(The X7 glances at her and then turns to the window. Max looks out the window and sees two X7 clones standing outside. She ducks the window and grabs the X7.)

MAX: Someone's been talking out of school. Ralph, tie him up and blindfold him. We're leaving him here. Fixit, we gotta go now!

(Zero tries to start the engine, but it won't start.)

ZERO: What the hell?

(He keeps trying while Fixit keeps working under the hood. Outside, one of White's soldiers fires at the window. The window shatters and smoke begins filling the barn.)

BULLET: Why are they using smokers? I thought they wanted us dead.

MAX: Me too. Come on. Hurry up!

(White's soldiers enter approach the barn, wearing gas masks. The soldier who recognized Max speaks into his radio.)

SOLDIER: I want all units advance, approach pattern Omega Thirteen.

(The kids pile into the truck)

MAX: As soon as it starts, get the hell out. That's an order!

(The soldiers enter the barn and start looking around. Max takes some of them down. They fire. Max ducks behind a tractor. She runs up the ladder to the loft, unnoticed. Fixit gets the truck running and jumps in, joining the rest of the kids.)

BULLET: Go.

RALPH: Bullet, we can't just -

BULLET: You heard what she said. Move it!

(The truck bursts through the wall of the barn, knocking a couple of soldiers over, and drives away. Max jumps down from the loft and takes out a couple of soldiers. One of them comes up from behind and knocks her out with his gun. The soldiers gather around and aim at her, but she stays unconscious. The soldier who recognized her removes his gas mask and speaks into his radio.)

SOLDIER: Foxtrot One to command. We have her, sir.

WHITE: Say again, Foxtrot One.

SOLDIER: We have X5-452.

---

(Max wakes up in a cage, in a tent, and slowly stands up. She sees the reptilian soldier in a cage next to hers and gasps. He looks at her.)

MAX: Sorry. I, uh . . . didn't know somebody else was in here. (Peers through her cage's feeding slot to get a better look at him) You don't look so hot. (He takes a sharp breath) Probably need some sun, huh? Bet they had you all hooked up back at Manticore. Nice, sandy barrack . . . heat lamps . . . (He looks away) Sorry. (sees a cockroach on the ground and stomps on it) Ugh! I hate those things. (Notices him looking at her and picks it up by the wing.) You want it? (He makes clicking noises) Yes? No?

(He continues clicking. Max holds out the cockroach through the feeding slot in her cage. He ducks his head to his own feeding slot. His long tongue whips out and snatches the bug from her hand.)

MAX: Nice move.

(White enters the tent)

WHITE: Having a little family reunion?

MAX: You must be the new bad guy in my life.

WHITE: You know, 452, you're much prettier than in your picture.

MAX: Gee, miss the old bad guys already.

WHITE: I had a chance to peruse the DNA workup done during your most recent stay at Manticore.

MAX: Let me guess. My insurance didn't cover it and you want me to go out-of-pocket.

WHITE: Are you familiar with the term "junk DNA?"

MAX: Layman's terms for base pairs that don't contain viable genetic information. Doesn't do much more than fill space. Kind of like that gray, squishy thing in between your ears.

WHITE: Would you be surprised if I told you that you didn't have any junk DNA? Seems every single base pair is coded for some specific genetic purpose. Now the money question is . . . what does it mean? What is it that your genes are coded to do?

MAX: Kick ass, mostly. After that, wouldn't know.

WHITE: Well, not to worry. We're gonna find out.

---

(The kids drive the truck down the road through the woods.)

RALPH: I can't believe we left her there . . . after all she did for us.

BULLET: She gave us a direct order.

BUGLER: She told me we don't have to take orders anymore. Not from anyone. Not even her.

RALPH: That's good enough for me.

ZERO: Me too.



FIXIT: I'm in.

BULLET: Let's do it.

(Zero yanks the wheel and the truck turns around. Soon they pass Alec, who is driving a convertible with the radio blaring)

ALEC (to himself when he sees the truck): They're heading the wrong way. (Yelling as the truck passes) Hey, you're heading the wrong way! (The truck keeps going and he shakes his head) Typical.

---

(That night, a soldier operates the satellite machine while White stands nearby)

SOLDIER: Satellite's in range, sir.

WHITE: Light her up.

(The machine emits a laser toward the sky and the satellite starts blinking. The kids approach and crouch in the bushes nearby. Alec sneaks up behind them.)

ALEC: Let me guess. She got herself caught saving your butts.

BULLET: Pretty much.

ALEC: All right. Well, let's get this over with.

(Zero takes out a soldier guarding the generator and Fixit approaches it. Moments later, all the lights go out.)

WHITE: Keep at it. I'm going find out what the hell's going on.

(Ralph and Bullet take out a couple of soldiers guarding Max's tent. Alec retrieves a gun and keys from one of the soldiers and signals to Bullet and Ralph. They run off while he enters the tent.)

MAX: Alec.

ALEC: To the rescue. (Kneels to unlock the cage) Still wanna kick my ass?

MAX: Maybe later. Hurry up.

(He gets the lock open and she points at the reptilian man in the next cage.)

MAX: Him too.

ALEC: Are you kidding?

MAX: Do it!

ALEC: All right, all right.

MAX (to the reptilian soldier): It's gonna be okay. We're gonna get you out of here.

(Alec opens the cage and the soldier steps out) Go, go.

(The soldier runs out and Alec goes to follow.)

ALEC: You're welcome. Come on, let's go.

MAX: Wait.

ALEC: What?

MAX: The laser show's still going. If you wanna be the hero, you can't be half-assed about it. Let's go.

(Outside, Max stands next to the man running the laser and looks at the sky.)

MAX: All those stars kinda make you feel small and insignificant, huh?

(Alec knocks the man out and they start typing on the computer running the laser. Elsewhere in the woods, another group of Manticore kids is walking and sees the signal in the sky. White and some of his soldiers find one of the felled guards.)

WHITE (into his radio): We've got a security breach. The perimeter's been compromised. (notices the man wearing the tie watching the sky) What are you looking at?

MAN: That's not the signal to regroup. It's the signal to scatter and go to ground.

WHITE (into radio): White to all units. Disable the signal now.

(The group of kids walking through the woods sees the new signal. They turn around and walk the way they came. Max and Alec finish up with the laser)

MAX: It's done. Trash it.

(Alec takes his gun and shoots the machine. A soldier approaches them from behind. The reptilian man suddenly knocks him out)

MAX (waving at him): Come on.

(White and a group of his men see the reptilian soldier walking across the encampment. White pulls out a gun and shoots him. Max sees him collapse and gasps. She starts in his direction, but Alec holds her back.)

ALEC: We gotta get out of here. Go, go.

(They leave. White and his men approach the fallen soldier. White looks around in anger and shoots him again. His eyes close.)

---

(The next day, somewhere along the road leading through the woods, the kids are lined up in front of Max. Alec is sitting on his convertible nearby. Logan is standing against his Aztek a short distance away, and Max's Ninja is parked near the Aztek. Max gives the kids some papers.)

MAX: IDs and passports to get you across the border to Canada.

ZERO: Are we ever gonna see you again?

MAX: Promise. Now I'm going to drop a little wisdom on you grunts, so pay attention. First time I got out in the world, I lost track of all the kids I escaped with. Spent the next ten years trying to find them. Don't let that happen to you. Stay together. You're family.

ALEC: Okay, I'm out of here before the waterworks start.

MAX: Hold on. We have one last thing to do . . . as soldiers.

ALEC: And what's that?

MAX: Pay our respects to those who didn't make it. Attention!

*(Alec and the kids stand at attention. Bugler plays Taps. There are flashbacks to the first group of Manticore kids being shot down on the bridge. Max remembers killing Ben in the woods, Manticore burning, Eva being shot by Lydecker, Zack pointing a gun to his head, hugging the dead Tinga, and again Manticore burning.)*

*(Bugler finishes playing. Max hugs Fixit and Ralph, bumps fists with Zero and Bullet, ruffles Bugler's hair, and glances at Alec. She turns and walks over to Logan. Alec drives away in the convertible, radio blasting, and the kids drive away in the truck.)*

MAX: Thanks for coming through on their papers.

LOGAN: No problem.

*(Max puts her hands behind her back and there is an uncomfortable pause)*

LOGAN: You did a good thing, Max. Not just for them, but for all of 'em. They'll figure it out. *(Max nods)* So you heading back into town?

MAX: Yeah, I'll take a ride. *(Nods towards the motorcycle)* Clear my head.

*(Logan nods. Max straddles her bike and starts it up. She looks back at Logan. He waves and watches her leave and she smiles and rides off)*

MAX: I look at Logan, and I want to take my own advice and stay together. But how are we supposed to do that when his life depends on us staying apart? Who knows, maybe we can beat this thing. I guess we'll just have to see where this road takes us

DARK ANGEL  
Season Two, Episode #3: "Proof of Purchase"  
First Aired 10/12/2001

*(Two men are fighting in a caged ring, surrounded by people sitting on bleachers, yelling, and waving money. Normal is among the crowd cheering on the fighters)*

NORMAL: Come on! Kill him! Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah! Yeah. Get him, tubby. Oh, yes! *(One fighter gets thrown to the mat)* Oh, no! Come on! *(After the fighter is kicked a few times, the bell sounds and he is helped out of the ring)* You bum! You bald, large bum!

*(A woman enters the ring and addresses the crowd)*

WOMAN: And now it's time for the main event of the evening. Grand prize, five thousand bucks. (The crowd cheers and waves more money) First, the champion. With a record of forty-five wins and no losses, standing six foot ten and weighing in at 260 pounds, Stan "The Mangler" Miller! (A large man enters the ring and raises his arms to the crowd) And now the challenger. Undefeated in his three times in the ring, he hails from parts unknown. Standing six feet tall, weighing in at a mangy 178 pounds, Monty Cora!

(Alec enters the ring. Normal hands a man some money.)

NORMAL: Three hundred dollars on the good-looking one.

MILLER (to Alec): I'm gonna tear your head off and stuff it up your ass.

ALEC: Shouldn't we shake hands first? (half-heartedly offers his hand and laughs. His opponent hits him in the head and he reels, landing against the cage in front of Normal) I'll take that as a "no."

NORMAL: Hey, he jumped the bell! He jumped the bell! (The bell rings and Normal yells at Alec) Go get him, tiger! Come on!

(Alec gets up and uses his speed to run behind his opponent and elbow him hard in the small of his back)

NORMAL: Oh, yeah!

(Miller tries to land some punches, but Alec uses his speed and strength to give him a good beating, including kicks as well as punches. Finally Alec pins his opponent's arms to his sides and they stand face-to-face.)

MILLER: What the hell are you?

ALEC: Better.

(Alec head-butts him and releases his arms. The opponent staggers and Alec fells him with one large punch.)

NORMAL: That's the ticket! Yeah! That's what I like to see!

(The woman enters the ring and raises Alec's hand.)

WOMAN: The champion!

(The crowd goes wild. Later, in the locker room, Alec is getting dressed while talking to the woman.)

WOMAN: What do you mean, this is your last fight?

ALEC: I'm done. Gonna retire undefeated.

WOMAN: Retire? They love you out there. We've done twice the business since you showed up.

ALEC: Look, Annie, as much as I enjoy beating people up, I've got bigger plans for my life. And this is gonna help me get started.

(She hands him a wad of money)

ANNIE: If you change your mind, you know where to find me.

(Annie leaves and Alec finishes dressing. Two men in suits appear in the locker room)

ALEC: What do you guys want?

(One of the men uses a taser on Alec and he falls unconscious to the floor. A man in a suit steps over him—it is White)

WHITE: Take him out the back.

(Opening credits)

---

(In his kitchen, Logan stands at the counter chopping vegetables while Max sits on another counter and watches. They are smiling and laughing. Some sauce is heating on the stove)

LOGAN: So the mayor of our fair city calls the cops and tells them somebody ripped off his Towncar last night.

MAX: Wasn't me, swear.

LOGAN: Found it over in sector four with five hundred hits of ecs in the trunk.

MAX: What, a drug dealer stole it?

LOGAN: No, the drug dealer got it from a hooker he pimps. The hooker got it from His Honor, as a gift. The mayor sobered up the next morning, forgot all about it, except she had the signed pink slip. Said she'd tell the press everything unless he dropped the charges against her boyfriend, and she said she'd really like to keep the car.

MAX (laughing): Where'd you hear this touching story?

LOGAN: I have my sources. (Points to the sauce) Stir that for me, will you?

MAX: All right. So this is what the Eyes Only Informant Net has been reduced to, huh? Trading information about crooked politicians' sex lives?

LOGAN: Well, you know, you can only fight corruption and injustice so many hours in the day. Every once in a while you gotta kick back.

(Max stirs the sauce, uses the spoon to taste it, and puts the spoon back in it.)

MAX: Mmm. This is great.

LOGAN: Thanks. It's a family--

(He turns around and sees that she put the spoon back in the pot. She notices his look and turns to look at the sauce)

MAX: I can't believe I just did that.

LOGAN: You know, it's okay, because if you just turn up the flame, heat kills pretty much anything.

MAX (angrily grabbing the pot off the stove and dumping the sauce in the sink): Salmonella, maybe, but not a Frankenstein virus targeted specifically to your DNA. You know, it's bad enough they made it so we can't touch. Now we can't even have dinner.

LOGAN: You can still have some.

MAX: I'm gonna go.

LOGAN: Wait! We have bread; we have salad. I'm sure I can rustle something else up. Please.

MAX: I can't do this. It's too hard. (Leaves the kitchen)

LOGAN: Max! (Chops the knife into the counter in frustration.)

(In the other room, Max is heading for the door but turns around.)

MAX: My jacket.

(She goes to pick up her jacket from the computer desk and sees Logan standing on the other side of the frosted glass, touching it. She touches the glass where his hand is, then turns and leaves. He sighs.)

---

(Outside a building that night, a hand touches the address numbers--542--and we hear a low growl. Inside, a man is taking pictures of a woman. She pretends to do household chores while striking sexy poses.)

MAN: Ooh, yeah! Oh, yeah! Oh, baby. Oh.

WOMAN: Meow!

MAN: Good kitty. Good kitty.

WOMAN: Hot stuff.

MAN: Beautiful. Oh.

WOMAN: Baby, do me. Uh-huh.

MAN: Beautiful!

WOMAN: Ooh! Oh!

MAN: Oh. Okay, show daddy what you got. Come on, show daddy. Yeah!

WOMAN: Oh!

MAN: Ooh, ooh. That's nice. Let's get some shots of you vacuuming the sofa.

WOMAN: Okay.

MAN: Ooh. (She turns the vacuum on) What are you turning that on for? Nobody's gonna know the difference.

WOMAN: Yeah, but I might as well get it done, right?

(She turns the vacuum off and hears a noise—something is creeping about outside the window)

MAN: Thanks. Good, good.

WOMAN: What was that?

MAN: What? Oh, yeah.

WOMAN: There's something outside.

MAN: Relax, baby. Nobody here but me and you.

(Joshua bursts in the door, growling)

JOSHUA: Where is he?

(The woman screams. The man turns around and snaps a picture of Joshua before dropping the camera and holding up his hands as Joshua lunges at him)

MAN: Holy mother...

JOSHUA: Who are you?

MAN (whispering to woman): Call the police.

(The woman runs to the phone.)

VOICE ON PHONE: You've reached Seattle Emergency. No one is available to take your call right now.

(Joshua growls and steps into another room.)

JOSHUA: Where is he?

VOICE ON PHONE: Please continue to hold.

(The man grabs a baseball bat and stands by the doorway.)

JOSHUA (emerging): Not here.

(The man whacks Joshua in the gut. Joshua growls and throws him to the floor. Then he runs out the door.)

WOMAN: What the hell was that thing?

(The man uncovers a Polaroid and it develops into a picture of Joshua's face.)

MAN: Good question.

---

(The next morning, Logan's cell phone rings. Logan wheels into the room and answers it.)

LOGAN: Hello.

LYDECKER: It's Lydecker.

LOGAN: I had a feeling I'd be hearing from you again.

LYDECKER: Don't sound so happy about it. (calling from his SUV, parked on a street)

LOGAN: Well, if you're calling to follow up on our previous conversation, Max made it back fine.

LYDECKER: She always does.

LOGAN: Mmm. That's high praise coming from a man who spent the last ten years hunting her down.

LYDECKER: Those days are over now. Tell Max I'll be in touch soon. I'm working on a lead.

LOGAN: Oh, no. Okay, I'm done taking down these cryptic messages for you. I want to know what's going on.

LYDECKER: They did a DNA assay on Max when she was back at Manticore. There's something unusual about her genetic makeup...something even I didn't know about.

LOGAN: What does it mean?

LYDECKER: I don't know yet. But Renfro must've thought it was important. I found the test results in her briefcase, along with an employee ID from a company that, as far as I can tell, doesn't exist. Tell Max I'm looking into it. (He looks at Renfro's ID card. It is from RCF DEMOLITION & DISPOSAL and the name on the card is Elizabeth Renfro.)

LOGAN: I'll pass it on.

LYDECKER: Thanks. I appreciate your help.

LOGAN: Yeah? Then maybe you can help me with something.

LYDECKER: I'm listening.

---

(Max and Logan are standing in a run-down apartment while a man peers nervously out the window. He is the same man who "helped" Zack escape from Manticore last year so he would lead Lydecker to Max and the others.)

LOGAN: Lydecker said you worked as a lab tech at Manticore?

TECH (smiling): I'm the one who spliced your DNA to the virus strand.

MAX: Keep bragging about it, I'm gonna kick your ass.

TECH: Do you want my help or not? 'Cause as soon as I scrape enough cash together I'm leaving town. They're trying to kill me and anyone else who worked there.

LOGAN: How much?



TECH: Ten grand.

MAX: You gotta be kidding me. (sees Logan opening an envelope full of cash) Where'd you get that?

LOGAN: Sold some stuff. (Hands some money to the tech) Half now, half when you deliver.

TECH: Gonna need a blood sample. (Opens a case full of vials) Gimme a couple of days to figure out how to kill this virus of yours, and then you two lovebirds can get back to suckin' face.

---

(Max enters Crash, looking glum, and sits next to Original Cindy at the bar.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: What's up, boo?

MAX: Logan found an ex-Manticore tech thinks he can cure the virus.

ORIGINAL CINDY: When you gonna let your face in on the good news?

MAX: I don't know. I'm starting to think things between me and Logan are...never gonna...

VOICE: Hey, Max.

(Max turns to see the woman who helped Logan at the VA office approach the bar.)

WOMAN: I didn't know you kicked it here.

MAX: Yeah. I'm practically a regular. (Making introductions) Original Cindy, Asha.

(Asha and Original Cindy greet each other. Sketchy approaches and leans on the bar.)

SKETCHY: Max, we're having a disagreement at the table. Maybe you and your fine new friend here can referee?

MAX: Sure, Sketch. Break it down.

SKETCHY: The guys are dissin' on Eyes Only, sayin' that Manticore place that burned down and let out the superfreaks was really just a VA hospital. Come defend the great man's honor.

(Max, Original Cindy, and Asha all exchange looks.)

MAX: I try and stay out of that political stuff.

ASHA: Yeah, me too.

SKETCHY (holding up a rolled-up tabloid): Says right here they're out there, looking to feed.

ORIGINAL CINDY: One too many forties and now he's seeing zombies among us.

SKETCHY: Not zombies. Creatures made in labs. Some look just like us; some don't. They all got barcode transmitters on the back of their necks so they can beam information about us to the main headquarters.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Wigga, you faded. News said it was some terrorist group called SW1 that burned the place down and killed a bunch of vets. Period point blank.

ASHA: Uh, it's the S1W, and they would never do anything like that. But, I mean, come on. You can't believe anything on the government news anyway, right?

SKETCHY: If I was making creatures in a lab, I'd make 'em look just like you.

(They all laugh.)

ASHA: Really? That's--that's really sweet.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Leave her alone, fool. (Bonks Sketchy on the head with the tabloid) And stop reading this trash, before you ruin what's left of your brain cells.

(Max glimpses the cover story and grabs the tabloid.)

MAX: I gotta go.

(Max walks through the bar and Original Cindy follows her.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Max! What's the matter?

(Max shows her the front of the tabloid. It has a picture of Joshua growling--the one the man took with the Polaroid the night before--and the headline says "MUTANT ATTACKS CONTINUE...CREATURE ON THE LOOSE.")

ORIGINAL CINDY: This somebody you know, sugar?

MAX: His name's Joshua. He helped me escape from Manticore. This is bad.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Nobody believes this stuff anyway.

MAX: Not yet.

---

(In an abandoned warehouse, Alec wakes up to find himself in a cage suspended from the ceiling. White stands nearby.)

WHITE: That was a very impressive display last night.

ALEC: It's so nice to have fans.

WHITE: Tell me, 494, have you been in contact with this girl? (Holds up the digital picture of Max. Alec shakes his head.) We know that you were breeding partners back at Manticore.

ALEC: It was just a summer fling.

WHITE: What about any other transgenics?

ALEC: I make it a point not to fraternize with automatons. They slow me down. So what are you? FBI? NSA?

WHITE: Let's just say that I've been sent to wipe out all evidence that Manticore ever existed, and leave it at that. (To a man standing nearby) Make sure you take a DNA sample before you dispose of the body.

ALEC: Wait. Killing me isn't gonna solve your problem. (jumps up)

WHITE: You're right. I have to take out all of them.

ALEC: You gotta find 'em first. I can help.

WHITE: Is that a fact?

ALEC: Who better to hunt transgenics than another transgenic?

WHITE: You expect me to believe that you would turn against your own kind?

ALEC: Try me.

(White nods at the man standing nearby and the cage floor opens under Alec. He falls out and lands on the floor below. Immediately several guns are pointed at him. A short time later, Alec is sitting in a chair. The men with guns are still standing nearby and White faces him in another chair with a watch in his hand. A man uses an instrument to insert something into the back of Alec's neck.)

ALEC: What was that?

WHITE: Just a little something to make sure that you don't run off on me, as you were undoubtedly planning to do. (Holds up a small round object) Microexplosive. (Steps on it and it pops) Not much punch to it, really, but enough, considering it's lodged against your brain stem. If it goes off, you will never know what hit you. Locate and kill three transgenics, and I'll disarm it.

ALEC: How long do I have?

WHITE: The explosive is timed to detonate in exactly twenty-four hours.

ALEC (laughing): A day?

WHITE: You come through, I have three less freaks to worry about. You don't...(makes a popping noise)...your head explodes. (hands Alec the watch. It says 23:59 and is counting down.) Time's a-wasting. (Alec looks at the watch but doesn't move.) I'd get started, if I were you. (Alec stands up and starts to walk away) Oh, one more thing. Bring back their barcodes. Proof of purchase. (Tosses Alec a folding knife) Happy hunting.

(Alec leaves. White sits back down and remarks to the man standing next to him)

WHITE: This could prove to be a very interesting little experiment.

MAN: Think he's lying about not knowing the girl?

WHITE: Always assume they're lying. You'll live longer.

MAN: We could get lucky. He brings in her barcode, we scrape it for DNA...answer a lot of questions.

WHITE: Either way...I win.

---

(In Logan's apartment, Max stands near the window while Logan sits in his wheelchair across the room and looks at the tabloid.)

LOGAN: Looks pretty dangerous.

MAX: He's not. Don't judge him because of the way he looks.

LOGAN (tossing the tabloid on the coffee table): Well, fine, but apparently he is breaking into people's houses. Any idea why?

MAX: Maybe he's looking for a place to sleep, or something to eat. I have to get to him before something really bad happens.

LOGAN: I'll see if I can get a hold of those police reports, find the addresses on the break-ins. They're probably all in the same area, near wherever he's hiding.

MAX: Should narrow things down, at least.

LOGAN: I can boot up my police scanner, monitor the calls. If he shows up somewhere else, maybe you can get to him before the cops do.

MAX: Thanks. He's so not ready to be out there in the world. I put him there. If something happens, it'd be my fault.

(Alec appears in the doorway behind Logan.)

ALEC: Don't be so hard on yourself, Max. You put me out in the world, and I'm loving it.

LOGAN: Don't you people ever knock?

MAX: What are you doing here?

ALEC (entering the room): Looking for you. The fact is, I should be with my own kind. Was wondering if you hooked up with any of the others.

MAX: You looking to start a support group?

ALEC: Ah, just bored, really. Ordinary people are so ordinary. (To Logan) No offense.

MAX: I'll set up a play date later. Kind of in the middle of something.

(She grabs Alec to escort him out and he picks up the tabloid.)

ALEC: Whoa. Isn't this your dog-boy pal? Looks like he's gotten himself into quite a jam. Guess you're gonna swoop in and save the day, huh?

MAX: I was thinking about it.

ALEC: Well, you're gonna need a hand.

LOGAN: She's got two of her own, but thanks.

ALEC: This affects me, too, you know. People catch wind that stuff like this is out there, it's exposure for all of us. Today the tabloids, tomorrow the nightly news. (Puts the tabloid back on the table.)

MAX (after a pause): Logan's tracking down a few leads. In the meantime, thought I'd check out Terminal City.

LOGAN: Max...

MAX: It's where I'd head if I was looking to lay low.

ALEC: Why? What's--what's Terminal City?

MAX: Come on. I'll show you.

---

(Max and Alec approach a fence that has a sign on it, saying "BIOHAZARD--DO NOT ENTER--BY ORDER OF THE CITY OF SEATTLE." They step through a broken part of the fence.)

ALEC: What's the deal with this place?

MAX: Used to be a bunch of biotech labs out here, and then when the Pulse hit, the power went down. A few of them lost containment. Some pretty nasty stuff got out.

ALEC: Kinda like you and me, huh?

(They walk past some broken-down buildings.)

MAX: City couldn't afford to clean up the mess, so they just sealed off the area. Nobody goes out here unless they got nowhere else to go and nothing to lose.

ALEC: Lucky thing they made us immune to your common biowarfare agents. Hey, speaking of bioagents, how's that thingy with you and Logan? (Max gives him a look.) Just asking.

---

(In another part of the city, Lydecker stands across the street from an abandoned building. On the fence around the building is a sign that says "R.C.F. ENVIRONMENTAL CLEANUP & DISPOSAL." Lydecker glances at Renfro's I.D. card for "R.C.F. Demolition & Disposal." He checks to make sure his gun is loaded and tucks it in his waistband, then enters the building. It is dark inside. He walks on a catwalk and sees a man sitting in a chair below him, reading something. Lydecker draws his gun, walks down the stairs, and approaches the man from behind.)

LYDECKER: Got a light?

(As soon as the man turns around, Lydecker knocks him out. He grabs the man's flashlight and looks around. In a pile of dirt and rubble he finds some buried small skeletons with holes in the skulls and takes pictures of them. On the wall he sees a painted image. There are *flashbacks of the Manticore logo*; the painting on the wall resembles it.)

---

(At Terminal City, Max and Alec approach two homeless men, one of whom is holding a small dog.)

FIRST MAN: You two lost?

ALEC: We're, uh, looking for someone. Maybe you've seen him around.

SECOND MAN: What's he look like?

MAX: Um...really tall, wears an Army jacket, kind of...uh...

ALEC: ...hairy. Lots of growling, some barking...

(The man's dog barks.)

FIRST DOG: Hush, Bongo.

ALEC: Like that.

SECOND MAN: Sorry.

FIRST MAN: Saw a lizard guy the other day, though. Remember, Bill? I told ya.

BILL: You were drunk!

FIRST MAN: Maybe he's a friend of yours, too.

MAX: No, but we wouldn't mind talking to him.

FIRST MAN: Check the sewer. That's where he went, along with his panther lady friend.

MAX: Thanks.

(Max and Alec walk through the sewer.)

ALEC: Well, this is hands down the most disgusting sewer I've ever been in.

MAX (seeing some bloody remains): What's that?...Ugh, it's a dog.

ALEC: Something big took it out.

MAX: Not Joshua.

ALEC: What, he wouldn't turn against his own kind?

(Max's pager beeps.)

MAX: It's Logan. I have to get to a pay phone.

ALEC: Wait, wait, wait. (Tosses her a cell phone) Come into the twenty-first century, will ya?

(She dials and Logan picks up.)

MAX: Logan, it's me.

LOGAN: I just hung up with my police contact. He managed to find the address of Joshua's last break-in.

MAX: Where was it?

LOGAN: Across town in sector six, 542 McCallister. Name's Sandeman.

MAX: Sandeman?

*(Max flashes back to her first meeting with Joshua, then to Renfro's words in the lab)*

*JOSHUA: Father...Sandman. He made us all.*

*RENFRO: Find...Sandman.*

LOGAN: Does that name mean something to you?

MAX: Joshua called him Father. Got a feeling he founded Manticore or something.

LOGAN: Well, if that's true, then why would he turn Joshua away and report him to the cops?

MAX: Think I'll ask him. Later. (Hangs up)

ALEC: Did you get a lead on dog boy?

MAX: Sorta. Come on.

ALEC: You go ahead. We can cover more ground if we split up.

MAX: Right. Hit me up if you find him.

ALEC: You got it.

---

(In the house that Joshua broke into earlier, the man who was taking pictures is comforting the woman with a brand-new deadbolt lock on the door.)

MAN: There you go, honey. Safe and sound. Ain't nobody gonna get through there.

(Max bursts in the door and the woman screams. Max grabs the man by the neck.)

MAX: You Sandeman? (He grunts) You don't look like the father of my country. Name Manticore mean anything to you?

MAN: Honest, lady, I don't know what you want.

MAX: Hey! I asked you a question. You got any kids, any little mutant kids?

MAN: I don't know what you're talking about.

MAX: You don't know anything about genetic enhancement?

WOMAN (indicating her breasts): He got me these.

(Max looks at the woman with disgust, then drops the man and leaves)

---

(Alec walks through the sewer. He glances at his watch, which now says 13:47, and hears the man above ground looking for his dog.)

MAN: Bongo, where are you, boy? Come on, boy!

(Alec peers around a corner and sees a woman about to chew on a dog. It is Bongo and he is yipping.)

ALEC: You're not really gonna eat that, are ya?

(She turns and growls at him. She has a panther-like face and is covered with dark fur.)

ALEC: Come on, sister, have a little dignity.

(She looks at him hungrily)

ALEC: Yeah, that's right, dinner bell's a-chiming. Come and get it.

(She approaches, slashing at him, and he kicks her down. She gets up and bites his arm)

ALEC: Ow! Bitch!

(He slams her against a wall. They struggle for a minute until he pulls out White's folding knife and stabs her. She howls and falls dead. Alec straightens up and looks around)

MAN'S VOICE: Bongo!

ALEC: Oh, shut up! (Notices Bongo whining nearby) Come here. (picks up Bongo and pushes him up through a drainage grate. Bongo barks and the man hurries over.)

MAN: Bongo! There you are! Come on, fella.

(Alec turns the woman over to reveal her white barcode and pauses before beginning to remove it with the knife)

---

(In his apartment, Logan is sitting in a desk chair and Max is sitting in another chair facing him. Voices come over Logan's police scanner in the background.)

LOGAN: If this guy Sandeman founded Manticore, how come you don't know his name?

MAX: It's not like there was a statue in the quad. I never heard of the guy until Joshua and then Renfro said something. Some crap about me being the one they're looking for.

LOGAN: I wonder if that's what Lydecker was talking about. He called. Said something about your DNA being unusual.

MAX: Whatever.

LOGAN: Not whatever. There's something going on here.



MAX: Yeah, Joshua's out there and he needs my help. What about the other addresses? Did you get them?

LOGAN: Yeah, and they don't add up. None of the others are named Sandeman.

MAX: It doesn't make any sense.

LOGAN: Plus the addresses are all over town. No pattern at all.

MAX: So we've got nothing.

(Logan nods. Max looks up and sees an empty spot on the wall where a painting used to be.)

MAX: Don't tell me you sold your Hockney to pay that lab tech creep.

LOGAN: Yep.

MAX: Grandmother left that to you.

LOGAN: Small price to pay. The creep called. Says that he analyzed the blood sample you gave him. Thinks he's close to a cure.

MAX: Are you serious?

LOGAN: Mm-hm. (Hands her an envelope of cash) Wants you to come by tomorrow.

MAX: Whether he comes through or not...I'm kicking in for half of this.

LOGAN: It's okay.

MAX: I want this too, you know.

LOGAN: Get it to me when you can.

(A voice speaks up on the scanner and Logan turns up the volume.)

VOICE: Says he has a crazed dog cornered in his garage. Make that a guy. No, make that a dog.

SECOND VOICE: Whatever. We'll check it out.

FIRST VOICE: 349 Whitney.

LOGAN: Hey, do you think that-- (turns to find that Max has already left)

---

(In a garage, a man is pointing a gun at Joshua, who crouches behind a motorcycle and growls.)

MAN: One move and I'll blow your head off!

(A police car pulls up and a male and female officer jump out)

MALE OFFICER: What is it?

MAN: Don't ask me. I found it rummaging through my garbage.

FEMALE OFFICER: Maybe you should've called Animal Control.

MALE OFFICER (to Joshua): Stay back. I'm warning you!

(Suddenly Max roars in on her motorcycle and uses it to knock down the female officer. She kicks the male officer down while Joshua takes the opportunity to jump through a window. Max takes a threatening step at the man and he runs away. Max runs to the window and calls out.)

MAX: Joshua?

(Joshua is nowhere to be seen)

---

(Alec walks down a street and finishes putting the panther woman's barcode into a small notebook.)

ALEC: One down, two to go.

(He tucks the notebook in his jacket and checks his watch. It now says 7:59. He walks past a group of homeless people and recognizes the face of a young man sitting wrapped in a blanket. The young man recognizes him as well. He scrambles up, tossing the blanket aside, and we see he is wearing a Manticore shirt and fatigues. He addresses Alec loudly.)

YOUNG MAN: Sir! Are we remobilizing?

(The other homeless people turn around and look at them.)

ALEC: Follow me. Don't make a big deal out of it.

(He follows Alec into a narrow alley.)

ALEC: Where's the rest of your squad?

YOUNG MAN: We got separated when the fire broke out. Then I saw the signal--the one that told us to go to ground.

ALEC: So you're alone?

YOUNG MAN: Yes, sir.

(Alec glances around and grabs him by the neck. A moment later the young man stops struggling and drops to the ground, unconscious. Alec turns him over, looks at his barcode, and takes the knife to it.)

---

(That night, Lydecker is sitting in his SUV, looking at prints of the pictures he took in the RCF building. He is talking on his cell phone to a man who is sitting in an office and looking at some papers.)

LYDECKER: What are we looking at here?

MAN: A Kiloma Indian burial site, probably from the early 1800s. These pictures...they're just like in the stories.

LYDECKER: Stories?

MAN: Legend has it that a group of white fur traders kidnapped a young girl from the tribe--forced her to have a child for them.

LYDECKER: With who?

MAN: A boy they had with them. He was only fourteen, but described as being over six feet tall. The baby was stillborn, terribly deformed. (As the man talks, Lydecker looks through the pictures of the small skeletons) They forced her to have another, nevertheless. They weren't satisfied until the third was born. They took the child away--

LYDECKER: --and they killed the mother. Why was this child so important?

MAN: I don't know. I always assumed it was just a story.

LYDECKER: What about the last picture--the one with the painting on the wall?

MAN: It's not a Kiloma design. I've never seen anything like it.

LYDECKER: I have.

MAN: I might be able to tell you more if I can see the original photos.

LYDECKER: I'll bring them to you...tonight.

---

(In the warehouse, White is looking through Alec's notebook. The young man's barcode has been stuck to another page, next to the panther woman's barcode.)

ALEC: So I got two. I just need more time to get the third.

WHITE: We had an agreement.

ALEC: Just a few hours.

WHITE: That's not what I'm talking about. I told you to kill them.

ALEC: Yeah.

(White nods to a man standing nearby. The man hits a button on a remote control and the floor of the cage, which is still suspended from the ceiling, opens. The young man Alec met on the street drops down, dead.)

WHITE: Someone left him outside an emergency room with a bandage on the back of his neck.

ALEC: He was just a kid.

WHITE: You disappoint me. Now apparently you had no trouble with *whatever* this was! (Indicates the panther woman's barcode) But him...one of your own...you couldn't do it. So now you're a dead man.

ALEC: I can do it. Give me another chance.

WHITE: All right. I'll let him count against your final total. But you still owe me one more. Say thank you. A

LEC (through gritted teeth): Thank you. Can I have more time?

WHITE: No. But you can have this. (Hands him a taser wand) Maybe if you don't have to listen to them beg and scream, you can actually go through with it. Tick tock.

---

(In Logan's apartment, Max stands looking out the window at the nighttime skyline as Logan works on his computer in the other room.)

LOGAN: I think I figured it out--why the addresses don't add up. (Removes a sheet of paper from the printer as Max joins him.) Joshua's been looking for Sandeman, all right; it's just his information's out of date.

MAX: What do you mean?

LOGAN: Well, I ran the addresses I got against the listings in a pre-Pulse directory. Ten years ago, people with the last name Sandeman lived at all six addresses.

MAX: Joshua must've gotten his hands on an old directory and not realized it's no good anymore.

LOGAN: He's going through 'em one by one, in order.

MAX: Any left?

LOGAN: Two more. (Hands her the printout)

MAX: Thanks, Logan. I'd hug you, but...

LOGAN: Maybe in a couple days.

---

(Max walks down a street, reading the printout. Alec suddenly steps in front of her.)

ALEC: Max.

MAX (gasping): You scared me!

ALEC: We need to talk.

MAX: Wish I could, but I don't have time right now.

ALEC: I'm afraid you're gonna have to make time. (He fingers the taser wand in his back pocket) It's a matter of life and death--mine.

MAX: Look, I don't know what your drama is, but I got a lead on Joshua and I'm outta here, now.

ALEC: Joshua?

MAX: Yup.

(She bends over her bike and Alec glimpses her barcode. He checks his watch, which now says :59.)

ALEC: I'll go with you.

MAX: Fine. Ready?

ALEC: Yeah.

(He gets on the bike behind her. They ride to one of the two addresses left and pull up next to a fence. They step through a hole in the fence.)

MAX: This is the right address. Guess they tore the place down. (sees a figure sitting amongst the bushes and rubble, and smiles) Joshua!

JOSHUA (turns and approaches her): Max.

MAX (hugs him): Hey, big fella.

JOSHUA: Hey, little fella.

MAX: How you doing? I've been worried.

JOSHUA: Father not here...not anywhere.

MAX (notices a crumpled piece of paper in his hand): Where'd you get that?

JOSHUA: Took it, uh, from people upstairs, after Father left.

MAX: See, those addresses are old. That means that those people may not live there anymore.

JOSHUA (points to the paper): One more.

MAX: Okay. We'll check it out.

ALEC: I hate to be a killjoy, but nobody's going anywhere.

(He pulls out the taser wand and zaps Max with it. She falls to the ground, shaking. Joshua swings at Alec but misses. Alec zaps him. Joshua swings again, Alec zaps him again, and Joshua falls to the ground, gasping. Alec turns him over and looks at his neck, which is bare.)

ALEC: Where is it? Where the hell is your barcode?!

JOSHUA: No barcode. I was first...special.

(Alec zaps him again and Joshua growls. Alec turns to Max and tosses the wand away.)

ALEC: I'm sorry. There's no other way. (Pulls out the knife)

MAX: Alec.

ALEC: I don't want to die.

(He kneels over Max and holds up the knife. He pauses for a minute, then stabs. Alec falls to the ground next to Max and we see he has driven the knife into the ground on her other side.)

---

(In the lab tech's apartment, Alec sits in a chair while the tech looks at his neck. Max paces in front of them. Joshua stands nearby.)

TECH: Yeah, thought so. Planted a few myself back in the day. Mind my asking how you ended up with one of these pop guns attached to your brain stem?

MAX: Because he's a cold-blooded, opportunistic showoff who thought he could run his game on a major bad guy who, it turns out, is an even bigger scumbag than he is! That about cover it?

ALEC: Yeah, that's pretty much how it happened.

MAX (sarcastically): Oh, before I forget, thanks so much for not killing me.

JOSHUA: Me too.

TECH: I can disarm it. It'll cost you ten grand.

MAX: That the only number you know?

ALEC (handing him a wad of cash): I can get you the rest later.

TECH: Need it up front.

ALEC (jumps up and pins him to the wall by the throat): Where the hell am I gonna get that kind of cash in the next five minutes, huh?

MAX: Wait. You're paying me back. (pulls Logan's money out of her jacket. Alec releases the tech and sits back down)

ALEC: No problem.

TECH: Great. I can leave town tonight.

MAX: What?! You haven't finished my job!

TECH: Have I not mentioned that my life is in danger?

MAX: I'll make sure nothing happens to you.

TECH: Not good enough. Look, you can have the work that I've done so far. Take my analysis. You can find some other Manticore geek to help you finish it off.

MAX: Where?

TECH: Don't know. If they're smart like me, they're probably already on their way out of town. We got a deal? This guy's got like two minutes to live.

(Max pauses. She looks at Alec, then at the lab tech.)

MAX: Do it.

(She hands him the money and he hands her some papers. A short time later, Alec glances at his watch while the man works on his neck. The watch has eight seconds left.)

ALEC: Time's almost up, pal.

TECH: Don't distract me.

(The tech removes the microexplosive and holds it in the air as it pops. Alec jumps at the sound and turns around to look.)

TECH: Congratulations. You're not dead.

(Max looks at the papers in her hand. Alec rubs his neck. The tech closes a suitcase and heads for the door.)

TECH: That's it. I'm out of here. (To Max) Sayonara. (Leaves)

ALEC: I owe you, Max. I know I screwed things--

MAX: Shut up! And listen, 'cause I'm only saying this once. That guy was the last chance for me and Logan. He's gone, and it's your fault. Don't think I'm ever getting over that.

ALEC: I know.

MAX: Just...do me a favor, all right? Go away. I can't even look at you right now.

(She turns away. Joshua growls at Alec, who takes the hint and heads for the door. He picks up his jacket and pauses.)

ALEC: I'm sorry, Max...for everything.

(He leaves. Joshua stands behind Max.)

MAX (voice breaking): I shouldn't have gotten my hopes up anyway. I just wish I knew what I was gonna tell Logan.

(Joshua pats her shoulders and she looks down.)

---

(Lydecker is driving his SUV. A larger SUV suddenly appears behind him, tailgating. The other car hits him repeatedly as Lydecker tries to control his car. The next day, some workers are pulling Lydecker's SUV from the water while police stand nearby. Lydecker's pictures float in the water.)

MAN: Body must've been thrown clear. Guess we're gonna have to drag the river.

---

(Max and Joshua enter an abandoned house. The room they're in has papers and books strewn across the floor.)

MAX: This is the last address.

(Joshua picks up a book and looks around.)

JOSHUA: Father's house.

MAX: You sure?

JOSHUA: His books...I remember.

(He smiles. A moment later, he spots a cane lying on the floor and shows it to Max. The top end of the cane is carved into the same shape as the Manticore logo and the painting on the RCF wall.)

MAX: The Manticore symbol. (Points at a Manticore logo on Joshua's jacket) See?

JOSHUA: No. Father's.

*(Max flashes back to a man using this same cane and approaching her when she is very young. She is wearing a Manticore gown. He reaches down and picks her up. We do not see his face)*

*MAN (in flashback): There she is. My little one. My special little one.*

JOSHUA (trying to get Max's attention): Max. Little fella. Max. Father not here.

MAX: Nope. Looks like he hasn't been here in a long time. I'm sorry. I know that wasn't the plan.

JOSHUA: Joshua and Father. That's the plan.

MAX: Max, Joshua, and Father. That's the plan. You wanna find him, I'll help you. I got some questions for this guy.

JOSHUA: He'll help you. Just like the man helped your friend.

MAX: You think he can cure this virus thing?

JOSHUA: He made us. He'll make you better. And that's what you tell Logan...to have hopes up.

MAX: Okay.

(Later, Joshua lies sleeping on the floor while Max watches him. Then she extinguishes the candles around them and kisses him on the forehead, smiling.)

DARK ANGEL  
Season Two, Episode #4: "Radar Love"  
First Aired 10/26/2001



(Joshua wakes up on the floor of Sandeman's house and finds it empty. He sniffs the air and follows a scent outside. He walks down the street, sniffing the air and a fire hydrant. Upon seeing a dog, he barks with it for a minute, then crosses the street. He walks through a market, sniffing a fish and licking it before a shop owner shoos him away. He follows the scent through Max's building. When he reaches Max's door, he whines and howls. Inside the apartment, Original Cindy hears him and opens the door, expecting a dog. Joshua bursts in and faces her, sniffing the air, and she gasps)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Ooh! Max!

MAX (enters the living room): Joshua!

JOSHUA: Max.

MAX: How'd you get here?

(Joshua smiles and points to his nose.)

MAX: Did anyone see you?

(He shrugs)

MAX (to Original Cindy): It's okay. He's a friend.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Yeah, sure. (To Joshua) You just...threw me back there, that's all. You're Joshua, right?

JOSHUA: Joshua. Right. (He extends his hand and she shakes it)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Original Cindy. Good to meet you. I'm making breakfast. You hungry?

(Joshua nods and smiles. A short while later, Joshua is sitting at the counter and wolfing down some oatmeal from a bowl, barely bothering with the spoon. Max is sitting across the counter, drinking coffee. Original Cindy stands next to her, tending the pot of oatmeal.)

MAX: I was gonna come by and bring you some stuff.

JOSHUA: Time to find Father.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Father? Who's Father?

JOSHUA: Sandman. He made us. He's gonna make Max better.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You mean your lovebug thing where you can't touch Logan? (Max nods) Well, get on it, boo! I'm tired of seein' you mopin'. This virus bitch has gotta go down so that you can get busy with your man. (Max smiles)

JOSHUA: Max and Logan, gettin' busy. That's the plan.

MAX: The plan is we're gonna find Father. Logan's tracking down some leads. In the meantime, you've gotta lay low. You can't be walking around out there.

JOSHUA (smiling): Don't mope. I'm on it.

ORIGINAL CINDY (to Joshua): Hey, hey, you want some more? We got more food. (Joshua nods and starts to lick the serving spoon) Ah! Ah! Down! (She swats him and he backs off, holding out his bowl instead) Okay.

---

(In Chinatown, a man wearing a large hat shuffles down a busy street. He looks around and approaches a pair of vendors. The vendors see his face and exchange looks. The man points to an overcoat hanging behind the vendors and one of them gets it for him)

VENDOR: Eight dollar.

(The man holds out some money. Blood drips from his hand onto the T-shirts lying on the counter.)

SECOND VENDOR (in Chinese): Don't take his money. Tell him to leave!

FIRST VENDOR (to the man, in Chinese): Go away. Go away right now! (The other vendor hands the man the coat) Hurry up. Don't come back.

(The man shuffles away. People stare at him as he passes by. At a motel, also in Chinatown, a man checks in a guest. His son sits on the step outside the door. The boy watches a firecracker burst high in the air. The man hears the burst and addresses his son.)

MAN (in Chinese): Henry, I told you no more bottle rockets!

HENRY: Chill, Pop. It wasn't me, I swear.

MAN (in Chinese): Don't lie to me. Now get out there and sweep.

(Henry takes a broom that is standing just inside the door. He slams the door shut and begins to sweep the front step. A young man staggers down the street nearby, bleeding from the nose. He begins gasping and collapses, now bleeding from the eyes as well. A small crowd gathers around to help. A man wearing a suit pushes through the crowd and looks at him closely.)

MAN: Somebody call an ambulance. Somebody call an ambulance!

(Some distance away, the man who tried to buy the overcoat is wrapping his withered and deformed hand with tape. The camera moves up to the back of his misshapen head, which has a sparse layer of hair, and we see a barcode on his neck. He finishes taping and puts on the large hat.)

(Opening credits)

---

(In Logan's apartment, he is sitting at his computer while Max stands across the room.)

LOGAN: So then I ran a search of university records. If this guy Sandeman was the genius behind Manticore, he'd probably have some sort of degree in genetics, or biochemistry, or something.

MAX: Anything turn up?

(Logan stands up and walks over to her. She backs up a little bit.)

LOGAN: Yeah, a couple of Ph.D.'s, but nothing in the sciences.

MAX: What about the house?

LOGAN: Mmm. His name wasn't on it. Mortgage was held by an offshore corporation, and the taxes were paid out of a numbered account.

MAX: Guess if you're splicing genes for a secret government agency, gotta make sure you cover your tracks.

(Logan takes a step toward her and she takes a step around him.)

LOGAN: In May of '08, bank repo'd the property after six months of non-payment, and it's sat there empty ever since. Looks like Sandeman just disappeared.

MAX: Maybe...retired someplace sunny.

LOGAN: Or he ran for his life. I mean, hey, we're talking about Manticore. Place wasn't exactly known for job security.

(He takes another step toward her and she heads for the kitchen. He follows.)

MAX: Yeah, well, if he had time to pack his bags, he probably would've taken this.

(From her bag on the table, Max pulls out Sandeman's cane. A plastic bag has been wrapped around the Manticore carving on the top.)

LOGAN: The Manticore symbol. And we're sure he's one of the good guys?

MAX: Joshua's sure; that's enough for me. Thought maybe we could check it for prints, or DNA.

LOGAN: I don't know. After ten years?

MAX (tossing the cane on the table in frustration): Worth a shot. I mean, we got nothing on this guy. Not even a first name.

LOGAN: I'll call Matt Sung...see if he can get the police lab to do it. We're gonna find him, Max. And we're gonna beat this.

MAX: I just want things to be the way they were. You know, when we could hold hands without you keeling over on me.

(They both smile. The door opens. Max remains in the kitchen while Logan goes out to the living room to see who came in. Asha has entered.)

LOGAN: Asha.

ASHA: I just got this close to getting busted at a checkpoint.

LOGAN: Yeah. Listen--

ASHA: They ran my papers through the computer, and I could tell they were getting onto them being forged, 'cause they were taking forever.

LOGAN: Yeah--

ASHA: So I just got the hell out of there.

LOGAN: That's a smart move--

ASHA: All I wanted to do is go home and take a bath. Now I gotta get my hands on a whole new fake I.D.

LOGAN: I can probably help you with that--

ASHA: And we gotta talk about this Manticore thing. You know, I'm really glad your friend Max and her furry little friends got out of there, but it's really--

(Max steps into the living room next to Logan.)

ASHA: Oh. Hi.

MAX: Hi.

ASHA: What I meant was...we...my group...the...

LOGAN (to Max): The S1W is that political organization that I was--

MAX: Yeah, yeah, (to Asha) government's trying to say Manticore was just a VA hospital you guys burned down. (Asha nods) Sorry...from me and all my furry little friends.

(Asha gets the point. Logan covers his face with his hand.)

MAX: I gotta get to work. (To Logan) Have fun.

(Outside, Max angrily unlocks her mountain bike while mocking Asha.)

MAX: "All I wanna do is take a bath." All I wanna do is drown her in one. (She rides her bike through the streets, oblivious to the traffic, still fuming in her mind) Don't get mad. It's not her fault everything handcuffs you to friggin' Manticore. But what is up? Is someone trying to tell me something?

(Max speeds out of an alley and hits a car. Max flies off her bike and lands flat on her back. Rafer jumps out of the car and kneels over her, touching her cheeks, shoulders, and arms)

MAX: Rafer?!

RAFER: Lie still.

MAX: I'm okay.

RAFER: I don't know. You went down pretty hard.

MAX: That was you?

RAFER: Sorry. You came out of nowhere.

(He begins to slide his hand under her shirt. She swats it away.)

MAX: What the hell are you doing?

RAFER: Relax. I'm a paramedic.

MAX: You deliver pizzas.

RAFER: That was just part-time. We spent one night together four months ago; you think you know my life story? Now try and lie still. I gotta check for broken bones--

(Max flips him over her onto his back. She follows so that she is sitting on top of him.)

MAX: Next time you wanna cop a feel, hit me harder and make sure I'm out cold. (She starts to walk away, shooing away the gathering crowd) No damage. Just a scratch.

RAFER: Max.

(She turns around to see him holding up her shoe. After glancing downwards at her shoeless foot, Max snatches the shoe away from him. She puts it on and stalks away.)

---

(In his apartment, Logan paces while talking on his cell phone. Detective Matt Sung is in his office, looking at Sandeman's cane.)

LOGAN: Matt? Logan. Did you get it?

MATT: Yeah. Just arrived.

LOGAN: Listen, I appreciate you doing this.

MATT: Yeah, no problem. I'll get you the results as soon as I can.

LOGAN: Great.

(They hang up. Matt notices a man standing in the main room, arguing with the person behind a desk. It is the same man who told the crowd in Chinatown to call an ambulance.)

MAN: ...biochemist. Do you understand? I'm a scientist. Now I'm sure you have a great team of scientists working at the precinct, but...

(Matt enters the next room and addresses the man.)

MATT: Hi.

(The man turns and begins talking to Matt.)

MAN: Yes. Hello. The boy that died today in Chinatown--I was there, and I think that I may have been exposed to something.

MATT: Sir, the coroner's still trying to figure out what happened. We'll have the report in the morning, okay?

MAN: Well, I would like to see a copy of that report, yes?

MATT: You'll have to file a request with the ME's office.

MAN: No. No--

MATT: Just follow them.

(A couple of people lead the man out of the room as he protests.)

MAN: This is totally unacceptable. I don't have time...

(Matt walks back into his office. Another man follows him, holding a piece of paper.)

OTHER MAN: Sung?

MATT: Yeah?

OTHER MAN: You had a sketch artist working on something?

MATT: Yeah, rumor's flying around Chinatown about some strange guy in an overcoat.

OTHER MAN: I'll say.

(He hands Matt the sheet of paper. On it is a drawing of a face, half of it misshapen.)

MATT: Yeah, the eyewitness says his face was bleeding. Could be the dead kid was exposed to something he's got.

OTHER MAN: Could be. Let's keep this under wraps until the autopsy comes out. I don't want to start a panic.

MATT: You haven't been to Chinatown lately, have you? It's already panic.

(The man walks out and Matt sits down, looking at the drawing.)

---

(Max walks into Jam Pony carrying her bike, which is in two pieces.)

SKETCHY: Hey, what happened to you?

NORMAL: Where you been, little missy? Huh? Been paging you all morning.

MAX: Well, I lost my pager when I got hearsed on Charles Street. But I'm all right, thanks for asking.

NORMAL (handing Sketchy a package): Here. Hot run, sector nine.

MAX: Can I borrow--

NORMAL: No. Don't even ask. You're not covered on company bikes, and if you so much as break a fingernail, we both know you'll sue. (To other workers) Hey, let's go! Bip bip bip! It's called Jam Pony, not Jam Clydesdale.

(Max hangs her bike up. Rafer enters and Max sees he is wearing a paramedic's uniform.)

RAFER: Hey.

MAX: Okay, you are a paramedic. So what? You showed up to try to make me feel bad for not believing you?

RAFER: No, I came by to give you this. (Hands Max her pager and holds up two lunch bags.) And to see if you wanted to have lunch. My way of making up for our, uh, little run-in.

---

(In Logan's kitchen, Asha is standing at the counter while Logan digs around in the fridge.)

ASHA: Listen, I'm really sorry about--

LOGAN: Forget about it.

ASHA: How can I? I put my foot so far down my mouth, I got teeth marks on my knee. She must hate me.

(Logan walks over to the counter next to her and sets down some food.)

LOGAN: Really, forget about it. Eat something.

---

(Max and Rafer are sitting at a table at Jam Pony with food spread out before them.)

MAX: I'm not really hungry.

RAFER: Look, um, about what happened that...night...

MAX: I'd really rather just forget about that night.

RAFER: Me too. I was in a really weird headspace 'cause, uh, I just broke up with my girlfriend like three weeks before...Anyway, if I came on too strong, I'm sorry, 'cause I'm not like that.

MAX: It's okay.

RAFER: Came by here looking for you a couple times. No one knew where you were.

MAX: I had to deal with some family stuff. It's complicated.

RAFER: Family stuff's always complicated.

MAX: You have no idea.

RAFER: Thought maybe you had a boyfriend somewhere.

MAX: That's complicated too.

(The scene starts to switch back and forth between Jam Pony and Logan's apartment, each conversation echoing the other.)

ASHA: Which has gotta be the understatement of the century.

LOGAN: Max and I danced around each other for almost a year. Just when we finally figure out what's going on between us, this virus thing happens, and...

MAX: We can't be together.

RAFER: What do you mean? Why not?

MAX: It's hard to explain. It's like...it's too intense. Sometimes I think maybe we're just not meant to be.

LOGAN: I mean, if it's right, why does it have to be so hard?

ASHA: I don't know.

MAX: Logan's probably just better off without me.

ASHA (fingering his shirt): I just want you to be happy.

RAFER: He'd be lucky to be with you. Anybody would be.

(Asha stares into Logan's eyes. Logan shakes his head a bit and starts to say something. Before he does, Asha drops his shirt.)

ASHA: I should go.

RAFER: I'd better get back to work.

MAX: Yeah, me too.

(Asha heads for the door.)

LOGAN: You don't have ID. Asha... (The door closes behind her)

RAFER (leaving): See you around.

MAX: Okay.

---

(In the motel, Henry's dad is asleep on the couch. Henry is at the counter, checking in the transgenic with the overcoat.)

HENRY: This is your bus ticket, sir.

(Henry hands the man a ticket and a key. He goes upstairs as Henry watches.)

---

(Another firecracker bursts over Chinatown. Sketchy and Original Cindy stop to make a delivery. Original Cindy holds Sketchy's bike while he hands a package to a man behind a counter. The man talks to a coworker nearby.)

COUNTER MAN: Yeah, that mutant--saw it here yesterday. Grabbed a pigeon...bit its head off. Looked at me like I was next.



(Sketchy, looking concerned, returns to his bike and Original Cindy.)

SKETCHY: You know, it's worse than I thought, O.C.

ORIGINAL CINDY: What?

SKETCHY: The mutant infestation. It's here in Chinatown as well.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Were you born dumb, or do you put in work?

(Suddenly they notice lots of people around them start coughing, bleeding from the eyes and nose, and collapsing. The clerk Sketchy just gave the package to is one of them.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Ambulance. We gotta get an ambulance.

---

(The next day, Matt Sung stands on the street while men in biohazard suits handle body bags. He is talking on his cell phone to Logan.)

MATT: Twenty-two. All Chinese.

LOGAN: What'd the ME say?

MATT: If it's the same thing that killed the kid yesterday, it's some kind of, um, pathogen. She said she's never seen anything like it.

LOGAN: I mean, is it...some kind of toxin, or what?

MATT: She's running some tests, trying to figure it out. Listen...did you catch Eyes Only's hack about that place Manticore?

LOGAN: Yeah, why?

MATT: Well, the government's trying to say it never existed, okay? But the word on the street is that the place burned down and a bunch of these genetically-engineered whatsits got out.

LOGAN: Well, those are just rumors.

MATT: Yeah, well, the rumor's that one of them is hiding out here in Chinatown. Supposedly deformed. It bleeds out through his skin.

LOGAN: You think there's a connection?

MATT: I don't know, but Eyes Only might. Can you talk to him for me?

LOGAN: Yeah, I'll try and get to him.

MATT: I appreciate it.

LOGAN: Sure thing. And listen...I'm sorry, Matt. I know this is close to home.

MATT: Yeah.

---

(At Jam Pony, Max and Original Cindy are talking at their lockers.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: It was horrible.

MAX: Those poor people.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Said on the news that anybody that was there is supposed to get checked for infection. I'm scared.

(Logan walks in.)

LOGAN (to Max): Hey. Can I talk to you?

NORMAL (to Max as he passes by): Five minutes and I start docking.

(In a secluded area of Jam Pony, Max and Logan keep their voices down.)

MAX: Even if there is some screwed-up transgenic out there...doesn't mean he's got whatever's killing these people.

LOGAN: When you were at Manticore, were you aware of any experiments that involved exposure to virulent bacteria or pathogens or--

MAX: No. And why are you jumping to conclusions?

LOGAN: Because the guy's been seen in the area.

MAX: If this has something to do with me and my furry little friends, then how come all the victims are Chinese? Manticore's always been real big on equal opportunity.

LOGAN: Could be that it takes prolonged exposure. If this guy was downtown, maybe it'd be rich white people who were dying.

MAX: Ever think maybe it was something they ate? Or they all got bit by the same mosquito? Or maybe some bug that got released from a lab?

LOGAN: Come on, Max! This is nothing new to Manticore. Look what they did to you and me, for God's sake.

MAX: Just because I'm poison doesn't mean we all are. Your five minutes are up. (Walks away)

---

(At a sector checkpoint, Asha attempts to sneak through a broken fence.)

SECTOR COP: Hold it right there.

(She looks up to find one cop on each side of the fence pointing a gun at her.)

---

(At Sandeman's house, Max walks into the living room. Joshua has cleaned it up and is sitting in an armchair, book in hand.)

MAX: I love what you've done with the place.

JOSHUA: Laying low.

MAX: Good, 'cause it's dangerous out there. Especially these days.

JOSHUA: Like it here. Father's books...Father's house.

MAX: Yeah. Listen, about Father...(Goes to stand by the window)...Logan's come up empty. He's still working on it. He'll find Sandeman, just as soon as he's done saving the world...from us.

(Joshua joins her at the window.)

JOSHUA: Max and Logan. That's the plan.

MAX: I don't know. I'm starting to think there is no plan, and if there is, I'm not clued in at all. Father ever talk to you about fate? You know, like...whether some things just weren't meant to be?

JOSHUA: Canine with human DNA...not meant to be. Then Joshua. (Points to himself and smiles.) Max and Logan not meant to be...then gettin' busy.

MAX (chuckling): We'll see.

JOSHUA: Yeah, you'll see. This virus bitch going down.

(Max's pager beeps)

MAX: It's him.

(At a pay phone on the street, Max calls Logan.)

LOGAN: Hello?

MAX: If you're calling to apologize--

LOGAN: I'm not, but I will, if that's what it takes.

MAX (harder): Spit it out.

LOGAN: Asha was heading home, and--

MAX: She left already?

LOGAN: Yeah. And she got arrested by sector cops. I need your help.

MAX: You want me to save her.

LOGAN: I don't know who else I can ask.

MAX: Try Sung.

LOGAN: I did. He's not answering his page.

MAX: Smart man.

LOGAN: Look, Max, if they run her prints and find out who she is--

MAX: Yeah, yeah. Where are they holding her?

LOGAN: Sector Four headquarters.

MAX: We'll meet you at Crash in an hour.

---

(In an interrogation room, a man is questioning Asha while two cops stand guard.)

ASHA: Look, I told you, I left my I.D. at work. I can--I can bring it in tomorrow.

(The door opens and the man is handed a sheet of paper.)

MAN: Your prints came through, Ms. Barlow. We know you're with the S1W.

ASHA: I don't know what you're talking about.

(He pushes pen and paper towards her.)

MAN: I want the names and addresses of everyone in your group.

ASHA: This is crazy.

(He smacks her face.)

MAN: This department does not take terrorist activities lightly.

ASHA: The S1W are not terrorists.

INTERROGATOR: Tell me what I want to know, or this is going to get ugly.

(Suddenly Max bursts through the glass covering a large vent and begins taking out the cops. Asha jumps onto the man's back.)

ASHA (repeating): I'm gonna kick your ass! I'm gonna kick your ass!

(Max finishes with the cops and turns to see Asha attempting unsuccessfully to take out the man. Max knocks him out with one punch. Asha watches him drop and looks at Max, astonished.)

MAX: It's my thing. Come on.

---

(At Crash, Logan is sitting at the bar, checking his watch. Rafer approaches nearby and addresses the bartender.)

RAFER: You know a girl named Max? (Logan turns to look at him) Dark hair, hangs out here a lot?

BARTENDER: Yeah, hard to miss. But, uh, hasn't been in here tonight.

RAFER: I'll have a beer.

BARTENDER: Take that one.

LOGAN (to Rafer): You know Max?

RAFER: Yeah. You?

LOGAN: Yup.

RAFER (offering his hand): Rafer.

LOGAN (shaking it): Logan.

RAFER (realizing who it is): Right.

(Outside, Max and Asha pull up on Max's Ninja. Asha gets off.)

ASHA: Listen, uh, thanks. I know you didn't have to.

MAX: It was a favor to Logan. Besides, it wouldn't be right for you to take the rap for something you didn't do.

ASHA: Um, you going in? I'm just gonna get my ID from Logan and go, so...

(The scene once again jumps between the two conversations, outside and inside Crash)

RAFER: You're waiting here for Max, right?

LOGAN: Yup.

RAFER (standing up): That's my cue to go.

LOGAN: You don't have to.

MAX: Things between me and Logan are really screwed up right now.

ASHA: Yeah, but he's crazy about you.

RAFER: She digs you, man. I'm just gonna back off.

LOGAN: Have a seat.

MAX: I don't know how things are gonna play out between us...so I'm gonna go.

LOGAN (standing up): I wouldn't want to mess anything up for her. (To bartender) Hey, Neal?

NEAL: Yeah.

LOGAN: You know Asha?

NEAL: Yeah, I know Asha.

(Logan takes out an ID packet from his shirt pocket and hands it to Neal)

NEAL: I'll give it to her.

LOGAN (paying his bill): Great. Thanks. (To Rafer) See ya.

MAX: Good night.

(She puts on her bike glasses and rides down the alley. Logan walks up the stairs and leaves. Asha walks through Crash; Neal gives her the I.D. Logan gets in his car, sighs, and drives away. Seconds later, Max rounds the corner behind him and rides into the other direction. Neither one sees the other.)

---

(At the motel, Henry is climbing up a ladder attached to the outside of the building. He reaches the transgenic's window and leans over to peer inside. The transgenic is unpacking a suitcase. Downstairs, Henry's father is on the phone.)

HENRY'S FATHER (in Chinese): I saw him and called the police right away. (Matt and another cop walk in) They're here.

(He hangs up and Matt flashes his badge.)

MATT (in Chinese): I'm Detective Sung. You the one who called the police?

HENRY'S FATHER (in Chinese): It's here. My son, he rented. I was asleep. I had no idea.

(They walk up the stairs. Meanwhile, Henry is still peering in the window while the transgenic removes his hat and coat. His father, Matt, and the other cop reach the hallway.)

HENRY'S FATHER (in Chinese): I keep telling him not to rent to strangers. The creature, his room is over there.

MATT (in Chinese): OK...you stay here...and stay back.

(Matt and the other cop walk towards the transgenic's closed door. Henry leans over too far and the ladder falls. He hangs from the window ledge.)

HENRY: Help! Help!

(Matt and the other cop draw their guns. The transgenic leans out the window and extends a hand to Henry. Henry takes it and the transgenic pulls him inside. We that half the transgenic's face is deformed, almost tumorous. He smiles and pats Henry on the cheek. The door opens suddenly and the other cop shoots the transgenic dead. Matt enters, gun drawn. Henry's father rushes in and hugs Henry. They all stare at the transgenic.)

---

(Later, Logan and Matt are waiting outside Dr. Shankar's autopsy room. Max enters and Logan stands up.)

LOGAN: Hey, what are you doing here? I told you I'd call you.

DR. SHANKAR: He's clean.

MATT: Clean?

DR. SHANKAR: Not a trace of the pathogen found in the others.

MATT: Let me take a look at that.

(He takes her clipboard and enters the autopsy room. Dr. Shankar follows with Logan and Max. She turns back the sheet covering the transgenic. The left side of his body is as deformed as the left side of his face is. Matt notices something and removes a pen from his pocket. He uses the pen to brush aside the transgenic's sparse hair.)

MATT: What is that?

(They all see the barcode on the back of his neck.)

LOGAN: Looks like a tattoo.

(Matt notices Logan, Max, and Dr. Shankar exchanging glances.)

MATT: Why do I get the feeling you guys aren't telling me something here? What's going on?

MAX: You killed an innocent man. That's what's going on. (She leaves, obviously upset)

MATT: It looked like he was hurting the kid.

LOGAN: We know, Matt.

MATT: Something killed all those people, okay? I--

DR. SHANKAR: Lab tests came back this morning. It's not an infectious agent. They were exposed to the pathogen directly.

MATT: Where'd it come from?

DR. SHANKAR: Don't know. I can tell you this--Mother Nature didn't cook this thing up. The pathogen's genetically engineered.

LOGAN: Well, if the pathogen's man-made, then either it escaped from a lab, or somebody's exposing people to it on purpose.

---

(In a messy lab, the man who insisted he was a biochemist is peering into a microscope and talking on the phone.)

MAN: No, don't worry. I got my hands on a copy of the ME's report. They're chasing their tails...Well, I'm ready when you are. All I need is a test subject...I'll be expecting you.

---

(In Sandeman's house, Joshua is looking at the police sketch while Max paces.)

JOSHUA: He was downstairs people. Didn't turn out so good.

MAX: Spends his whole life in the basement in case Manticore needs to cut him up for spare parts, finally gets out in the world, and they shoot him dead like he's some kind of animal! See, this is why I'm always on you--because it's not safe out there.

JOSHUA: People get real scared...when things are different.

MAX: Yeah, but what I forgot to tell you is when they get scared...they can get really mean. I'm sorry.

---

(In his apartment, Logan is talking to Matt Sung on his cell phone. Matt is in his office.)

LOGAN: There's a rumor going around the black market about a new kind of bioweapon, capable of distinguishing between population groups. It's a nasty little trick no one's ever been able to pull off before.

MATT: Yeah, maybe some kind of anti-Asian hate group.

LOGAN: Maybe. Maybe what's happening is some kind of field test.

MATT: Why do you say that?

LOGAN: Well, first off, no one's claimed responsibility, but second, look at the way this thing's playing out. Starting with a single victim, then a handful in a narrowly targeted area...

MATT: Well, I'm not sure what's worse--that somebody's out to kill me and mine, or that they're using us as...as guinea pigs. You got anything else for me?

LOGAN: Well, I'm working on some leads, but it's slow going. Internet's been crashing all day.

MATT: Do what you can.

LOGAN: Talk to you later.

---

(That night, Max walks into her apartment as her phone rings. She answers.)

MAX: Hello?

LOGAN: Hey. I just wanted to, uh...call, and...never got a chance to...thank you for springing Asha.

MAX: No big deal.

LOGAN: And because...you were right. I shouldn't have jumped to conclusions. Whatever it was that killed those people had nothing to do with transgenics. Guess our thing's just got me a little spun, you know?

MAX: Yeah, me too.

(Both their lines beep)

LOGAN: Is that me or you?



MAX: I think it's me. Hold on.

(They each press a button to take another call. Asha is calling Logan and Rafer is calling Max.)

ASHA: Logan?

MAX: Hello?

RAFER: Max.

LOGAN: Hi.

ASHA: I'm at Crash. Why don't you come over?

MAX: Hey.

RAFER: Come over. I'm at Crash.

MAX: I don't think so.

LOGAN: Not tonight.

ASHA: You sure?

RAFER: Well, I'll be here if you change your mind.

LOGAN: Yeah. I'm on the other line.

MAX: I have someone on the other line.

RAFER: All right.

ASHA: Okay. See ya.

(Logan and Max hang up with Asha and Rafer, and return to their own call.)

MAX: Hey.

LOGAN: Hi.

MAX: So...

LOGAN: Anyway, I...just wanted to say...sorry. About...everything.

MAX: Yeah. Me too. Good night.

LOGAN: Good night.

(They both hang up and just stand there for a minute.)

---

(Later, Max walks through Crash and joins Rafer at the bar.)

RAFER: Hey, Max.

MAX: Hey.

(Logan walks down the steps into Crash, spots Asha sitting at a table, and joins her.)

(Later, Rafer talks to the bartender and Max takes the opportunity to look around. A friend approaches Asha and Logan takes that opportunity to look around. Max and Logan make eye contact and awkwardly smile.)

---

(In his lab, the man who was looking into the microscope is talking to a man seated in a chair. Several large men in suits are standing nearby.)

MAN: What delays? I told you three steps were going to be involved, did I not? Step one: Target the pathogen to a single individual, expose him to it via airborne dispersal, make sure he's the only one it affects. Went off without a hitch, did it not?

(One of the men sets his beverage can on top of a nearby piece of equipment.)

MAN: Uh, excuse me--could you not put that there, please? That is a very expensive piece of equipment. (The man removes the can) Thank you. Step two: Target the pathogen to a specific race of people. The Chinese at the bus stop. I used, uh, gene expression on the base pair for the epicanthic fold--you know, the, uh, the eyelid. Worked perfectly. No one died but them, yes?

(The camera shows us the seated man's face—it's White)

WHITE: Your technology is very impressive. But let's move on to step three.

MAN: I'm ready. See, it was--it was easy with the Chinese. I had specific gene sequences that I could target. But the kids you're targeting...(Chuckles)...Wow, that was tough. See, because, uh, they're just a little bit of everything, aren't they? In the end--

WHITE: Cyril.

CYRIL: In the end, I targeted their immunological surveillance cells--

WHITE: Cyril! (Stands up and gets very close to him) Action is character. Show me some. I showed you, didn't I?

CYRIL: Yes.

WHITE: I paid you half, up front. I gave you everything that you asked for. Now it's time for you to show me. (Points to an unconscious young man in a restraint. We see a barcode on the back of his neck.) This is your test subject.

CYRIL: No problem. We could do it right now, if you'd like.

WHITE: No. I want to do it in the field. I want to know for sure.

CYRIL: Well, you're the boss. (Reaches into a case and pulls out a dispersal gun and a cartridge.) How does, uh...tomorrow sound?

WHITE (nodding): Now assuming that everything goes according to plan, how soon can you ramp up production on the pathogen?

CYRIL: Well, I can manufacture enough to blanket the entire western seaboard by Friday. How you disperse it is, of course, up to you. (Shows White the cartridge.) You see, these are good for small areas, but they are very expensive and very hard to get a hold of.

WHITE: We'll use helicopters.

CYRIL: Well, that sounds like a plan. By the weekend, there won't be a transgenic left alive from here to San Diego.

WHITE (sarcastically): Good. Maybe I'll play a round of golf on Sunday.

---

(The next day, in his apartment, Logan is talking on his cell phone while adjusting a servomotor on his ankle with a wrench. Matt Sung is in his office.)

LOGAN: Matt? I think I may have a lead. Said in the police reports that both times, when the boy died and at the bus station, people said they thought they heard fireworks.

MATT: Yeah, so? It's Chinatown.

(Logan bends his knees a couple times and puts on his jacket.)

LOGAN: No, listen. There's a type of bioagent dispersion cartridge. It's fired from a handheld launcher. Triggered by an altimeter.

MATT: Okay.

LOGAN: According to my source, a buyer recently shelled out for three of 'em, twenty grand apiece. Took delivery last week.

MATT: Tell me you got an address.

LOGAN: Have I ever let you down?

(Later, Matt bursts into Cyril's lab and checks it out, gun raised. Logan follows him in. The place is empty.)

---

(At a sector checkpoint, White steps into a delivery truck. Cyril is inside, along with the unconscious test subject.)

CYRIL: All right. Three steps are going to be involved.

WHITE: Why am I not surprised?

CYRIL: Step one: We take the test subject into the target area, where we release him. (Picks up a cartridge.) Step two: We use this to disperse the pathogen. There's enough here to kill any transgenic within a two-mile radius, which should be more than enough to cover, uh, Sector Four.

WHITE: What if he escapes the kill zone?

CYRIL: No. That--that will be impossible. Only takes a minute for the plume to hit ground level, and it takes another four minutes for it to dissipate. There's no way on earth he can make it out alive.

WHITE: All right.

(Cyril attaches a tracking device to the transgenic's shin, under his pant leg.)

CYRIL: Step three: We track him and retrieve the body.

WHITE: I have a correction to step three. You track him and retrieve the body. I'm staying away from here until this thing is done.

CYRIL (surprised): Uh...

WHITE: What if you messed up--got a couple of base pairs wrong? For all we know, we could end up with a sector full of dead people.

CYRIL: You don't trust me?

WHITE: Make a believer out of me, Cyril. You'll get the rest of your money. (Steps out of the van.) You have a nice day now.

---

(In Cyril's office, Logan is hacking into Cyril's computer.)

LOGAN: Come on.

(The computer screen comes up with a map of Sector Four. An animation shows something going up into the air and then a plume covering the ground. After the plume has spread, the following information appears:

TARGET ZONE - APPROX. 2 miles

Detonation To Ground Contact: 1 minute

Hot Time: 4 minutes

Test Subject - BARCODE X5-692)

LOGAN: Matt.

(Matt walks over while Logan dials his cell phone.)

MATT: What is it?

(Logan points at the screen and speaks into the phone.)

LOGAN: Max, it's me. We got a problem.

---

(Cyril's truck backs into an alley between some industrial buildings. Cyril releases X5-692's restraint, wakes him up, and opens the truck's rear door.)

CYRIL: You're free to go.

(X5-692 takes off running down the alley. Cyril smiles and loads the cartridge into the dispersal gun.)

CYRIL: You can run, but you can't hide.

(Outside the sector checkpoint, White is sitting in the backseat of a parked car. A police car and Matt Sung's car pull up nearby.)

WHITE: What the hell are the cops doing here? Son of a bitch. (To the driver) Drive.

(White's car leaves. Logan steps out of Matt's car. Matt steps out and speaks into a walkie-talkie.)

MATT: Units three and four, move into position.

(Max pulls up on her Ninja and approaches Logan.)

LOGAN: They've got an X5 they're gonna test the pathogen on.

(They hear a voice come over the radio in Matt's car.)

VOICE: Eyewitness said he busted out of a van on Mercer. Took off down 11th.

(Cyril fires the cartridge into the sky. Max and Logan notice the midair burst.)

MAX: I gotta get him out of there.

LOGAN: There's no time. In about a minute it'll hit ground level. Whole sector'll be toxic for another four minutes after that.

(Max sets a timer on her pager. It starts at 0 and counts up.)

MAX: I'm going in.

LOGAN: Max--

(Max runs through the sector gate.)

MAX: Jam Pony messenger. Coming through.

LOGAN (following her): Max!

SECTOR COP (stops him): Hold up. Sector passes only.

LOGAN: Max!

(Cyril closes the truck's rear door from the outside and walks away, tracking X5-692 with a handheld computer. Max reaches 11th Street. She looks around and sees Cyril, standing on one side of the street and looking up. She follows his gaze and sees X5-692 quickly climbing a ladder attached to a building. She starts up the ladder after him. Cyril sees her. Max reaches one roof of the building and sees X5-692 climbing up another part of the building.)

MAX: Hey! No, wait!

(She follows him up the ladder. He runs across the roof and jumps over the alley onto the roof of the next building. Max follows. X5-692 runs to the other side of the roof and jumps down onto the slanted roof of another part of the building. He half-runs, half-slides to the edge of the roof and stops. Max reaches the edge of the flat roof and looks down. She sees a large tank

of water in the alley below, jumps onto the slanted roof, and pushes X5-692 off. She jumps after him. They both fall into the tank and remain underwater. He tries to swim away from her, but she grabs him and shows him her barcode. She makes hand signals and he nods. She shows him her pager.)

(Matt opens the door of the truck and points his gun inside. It is empty. Logan points to the alley behind them and they walk down it.)

(X5-692 starts to rise to the surface. Max pulls him back down and checks her pager. It says 4:58. A few seconds later, they surface. Cyril is standing on the edge of the tank, computer in hand and pointing a gun at them. Cyril tosses the computer away.)

CYRIL: Lady, I have no idea who you are, but you just cost me five million dollars.

(Cyril goes to shoot but is suddenly shot himself and falls into the pool. Max looks up to see Logan and Matt Sung standing on a catwalk a short distance away. Matt has shot Cyril. Max smiles.)

---

(That night, at Sandeman's house, Joshua covers a sleeping X5-692 with a blanket in front of a fireplace. Then he joins Max across the room.)

MAX: Thanks for letting him stay the night. He's had a rough couple of days. Logan's gonna help me get him over the border tomorrow.

JOSHUA: Killing us all. That was the plan.

MAX: Still is. We just got lucky this time. (Gets up to leave.) See you first thing in the morning.

JOSHUA (calling her back): Hey.

(She stops and turns around.)

JOSHUA: You lay low, little fella.

MAX: You too, big fella.

---

(Later, Logan and Max are at his window, watching the rain.)

LOGAN: Convinced Sung to let me hang onto everything we found at the guy's lab. Didn't want whoever hired him to get their hands on it again.

MAX: He's a good guy, Sung.

LOGAN: Yeah, he is. And he's got a lot of questions. I'm not sure what I'm gonna tell him.

MAX: As little as possible is usually a good idea.

LOGAN: I'll do my best. (They chuckle) Did I mention I was sorry for jumping to conclusions?

MAX: Yeah. (Pause) Anything turn up on Sandeman's cane?

LOGAN: Nothing but traces of rodentia calcium. The rats tried to eat it.

MAX: Another dead end.

LOGAN: Yup. (He sighs) Listen, about the other night at Crash--

MAX: Didn't know you were gonna be there.

LOGAN: Same with me.

MAX: I...just...needed to get out.

LOGAN: I know the feeling.

MAX: So...

LOGAN: Anyway...

(Max's pager beeps and Logan's cell phone rings. They both look to see who's calling. Max silences her pager.)

MAX: Rafer.

LOGAN: Asha.

(Neither one answers their call, and they continue to watch the rain without speaking. Fade to black as Logan's cell phone continues to ring.)

DARK ANGEL  
Season Two, Episode #5: "Boo"  
First Aired 11/2/2001

(In Logan's apartment, he is sitting at the computer while Asha looks over his shoulder at the screen.)

ASHA: So what's the deal on this hit man?

LOGAN: He's an independent contractor. Rumor is he got into town last night.

ASHA: This the same guy they brought in to do the Rivera hit last year?

LOGAN: Yeah. It's-- (He accidentally knocks her book off the desk.) Sorry.

(Asha bends down to pick it up. Logan sees Max standing behind them, across the room.)

LOGAN: Hey, Max. Didn't hear you come in.

MAX: How's it going?

ASHA: Hey.

MAX: Just came by to cadge some coffee.

LOGAN: Ah, sorry. The market's been out for a week, which is ironic, considering Seattle was the coffee capital of North America back in the day.

MAX: Sounds like you guys got a situation. Who the bad guys looking to whack this time?

LOGAN: Not sure yet. But you can bet it's one of the good guys.

MAX: What do you need me to do?

LOGAN: Ah, don't worry about it. We got it covered.

MAX: Oh.

ASHA: Me and the S1W are gonna do some recon--narrow the list of potential targets.

LOGAN: Yeah, I didn't want you to worry about it. I know you got your plate full these days.

MAX: Yeah. Well, good luck. I gotta jet. What are you doing later on? There's a party at Crash. It's Halloween.

LOGAN: Ah...you know, we'll probably be working on this all night.

MAX: Okay. Later.

---

(At Jam Pony)

ORIGINAL CINDY: So Blondie was there at eight AM.

MAX: Gotta get up pretty early to save the world.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Mm-hmm.

MAX: Don't even go there. You should see them together. They're both so into their hero stuff.

(Normal is behind his desk with signs posted nearby that say "NO HALLOWEEN COSTUMES DURING BUSINESS HOURS.")

NORMAL: Hot run. (No one pays attention.) Hello? People? HELLO? (He steps out from behind his desk. Many of the employees are costumed and most are ignoring him. One employee is dressed as Normal.) Great. I'm talking to myself.

(Sketchy rides in dressed as Dracula and Normal attempts to hand him a package.)

NORMAL: 237 Magnolia. Take off that getup. You look like a weirdo.

SKETCHY: For your information, I am the shape of things to come. Demons, mutants, monsters, creatures out of this world walking among us. (Max overhears him from across the room and turns to look.) Says so right here.

(He hands Normal a tabloid whose cover story is TRANSGENICS: WHAT DO THEY WANT FROM US? The headline is accompanied by a pencil drawing of a wild, furry, angry man with fangs.)



NORMAL: What is this folderol?

SKETCHY: It's alternative press following up on the Eyes Only story about the escapees from Manticore. Everything that the government doesn't want you to know.

NORMAL: You have an ass where your head should be. Now bip bip bip.

SKETCHY: It's three o'clock, man.

NORMAL (thumbing through the tabloid): Yeah, that's the time. D'you wanna give me the weather?

ORIGINAL CINDY: It's Halloween. The whole town's shuttin' down early.

NORMAL: Just another business day as far as I'm concerned.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I'm not hearin' that. Why you gotta be so salty?

NORMAL: You can whine all you like in that illiterate dialect of yours, but we're not closing early! Capiisce?

MAX (smiling): Normal, when it comes to a test of wills, you're gonna win, hands down.

ORIGINAL CINDY: 'Cause you the man.

MAX: But at what price? I mean, you're gonna lose half a day tomorrow easy, just getting the toilet paper off the building.

(They stare him down for a minute, and then he sighs.)

NORMAL (calling to all the workers): All right, last run today will be at four o'clock. (They cheer.) But I want all of you in here extra early tomorrow. Losers.

(Max and Original Cindy laugh and turn to walk away. Rafer enters.)

RAFER: Max.

MAX (turning back around): Hey.

RAFER: How's it going?

MAX: Oh, you know. Just another day in a broken world.

RAFER: Yeah. There's a party going on tonight at Crash. I was wondering if you were gonna go.

MAX: Thinkin' on it.

RAFER: So maybe I'll catch you there.

MAX: Maybe. (Turns and walks away.)

---

(Later, Max and Original Cindy are waiting at a stoplight on their bikes.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: What'd old boy want?

MAX: To hang out.

ORIGINAL CINDY: And you said...?

MAX: Maybe.

ORIGINAL CINDY: "Maybe"? That is a sign of mental health.

(A homeless man walks up to them.)

MAN: Hey, I ever tell you ladies the one about the priest, the minister, and the rabbi?

ORIGINAL CINDY (waving her hand in front of her nose): Ooh. Every day, Murray, every day.

MURRAY (chuckling): Heh, heh. Good one.

(He walks away. The light changes and they ride down the street.)

MAX: So what are you gonna go as tonight?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Either Snow-Ho and the Seven Little Pimps, or Rick James. I'm thinkin' Superfreak, but it depends on how much curl activator I can get.

MAX: Can we go by Joshua's? I got some groceries I gotta drop off.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Let's say hey to doggie-dog.

---

(In his house, Joshua is looking out the window at trick-or-treaters walking down the street, intrigued. Someone knocks on his door. He sniffs the air, approaches the door, and slowly opens it. Three kids in costume are standing on his porch. As he emerges from the doorway, one of the trick-or-treaters screams.)

(Opening credits)

---

(The girl continues screaming. Joshua begins screaming right along with her. Max and Original Cindy arrive and run onto the porch.)

MAX: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!

(They stop screaming.)

GIRL: Trick or treat. Did I scare you?

(Joshua still looks shaken. Original Cindy pats his hand.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Why they call it Halloween, boo.

GIRL: So, you got candy? 'Cause me and my crew here got a carton of eggs. (A girl behind her holds up said carton as proof.)

MAX: Here's five bucks. Beat it.

GIRL (to Joshua): Cool costume, mister. (She and her friends leave.)

MAX (smiling): You all right?

(Joshua looks terrified, but smiles and shrugs it off, pretending he wasn't scared. They go inside.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Whoo. I used to live in a crib kinda like this, with a Dominican sister named Veronica. Ay, mami.

MAX: Joshua, we can't stay too long. We're going out tonight.

JOSHUA: Halloween. (Imitating the girl) "Cool costume, mister."

MAX: Huh?

JOSHUA (excited): Max and Joshua. Outside with up-there people.

MAX: Oh, no.

JOSHUA: Oh, yes.

MAX: Do you wanna end up in a cage?

JOSHUA: Lived in cage. Down-there cage. Basement.

MAX: No, I mean a real cage, like an animal in the zoo. And that's if they don't just kill you.

JOSHUA (pleading): Tonight up-here people look like Joshua. Tonight...safe.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Man's got a point. Halloween's the one night when he can get his swerve on.

JOSHUA (smiling): Get my swerve on. Tricks and treats.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Come on. What's the worst thing that could happen?

MAX (to Original Cindy): I know you think you're trying to help. Don't. (To Joshua) You gotta promise me you won't go out. You have to lay low. (Joshua looks disappointed) Trust me. I'm looking out for you.

JOSHUA (sadly): Okay. Lay low. (He picks up a book and sits in an armchair.) Read Father's books. *Little Women*...woo-hoo.

(There only sadness in his voice and Max feels bad. She reaches into her bag and tosses him something.)

MAX: Good. I brought you some of those snack cakes you like.

(He catches them, but doesn't smile.)

---

(That night, Max is wearing a bathrobe and carrying hot water from the stove to the tub.)

MAX: I been thinking about a nice, hot bath all day.

ORIGINAL CINDY: And I been thinking about poor Joshua, all alone in his crib while the rest of the world is out having a par-tay.

MAX: What am I supposed to do? Let him tag along with me tonight? "Hey, gang, say hi to Joshua, my transgenic mutant friend."

ORIGINAL CINDY: You saw for yourself. Everyone's just gonna think it's a costume.

MAX: He's better off where he is. No one can ask him any questions or make any judgments.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Judgments about who...him or you?

(Max looks at her. Original Cindy has hit a nerve.)

MAX: Look, all I wanna be is a nice, normal girl...and have a nice, normal Halloween.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Whatever "normal" means.

(Max looks at her for another moment while putting her hair up in a clip, and then removes her robe and gets into the tub. She relaxes happily. Max stays in the tub a long time, falling asleep. Finally, Original Cindy reenters the bathroom, dressed as Rick James. She goes to the tub and nudges Max.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Wake up, boo.

MAX: I'm awake.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Your boy is here.

MAX: My boy?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Your date. Rafer.

MAX: Oh.

(Max gets out of the tub. A short time later, she finishes putting on her shoes in the bedroom and goes out to the living room. Rafer is waiting there, dressed normally.)

MAX: Hey.

RAFER: Hey. No costume?

MAX: I don't really do Halloween. What about you?

RAFER: I'm a, uh, genetically-engineered killing machine escaped from a government lab. (Max looks aghast. Rafer turns around and shows her a cardboard barcode he has stuck to his neck.) What, you don't read the tabloids?

MAX: Um...weren't we supposed to meet at Crash?

RAFER: Yeah. Um...this is kind of embarrassing, but...would you mind coming by my mom's place with me?

MAX: Your mom?

RAFER: She really wants to meet you. Is that a problem?

MAX: No. Not at all.

---

(At Rafer's mom's house)

RAFER'S MOM (dressed as a gypsy): Rafer. And this must be Max.

MAX: Nice to meet you.

(Max goes to shake her hand, but Rafer's mom cups Max's face with her hands instead.)

RAFER'S MOM: Oh, he's told me so much about you, and I said I must meet this special girl.

MAX: Oh, I'm not so special.

RAFER'S MOM: Oh, come. Let me tell your fortune.

MAX: I don't know. Um...

(She pulls Max by the hand to the table, on which rests a crystal ball.)

MAX: I can really see the family resemblance.

(Rafer's mom begins looking into the crystal ball and becomes very worried.)

RAFER'S MOM: Max is not your name.

MAX: You two have the same nose.

RAFER'S MOM: Your name is--

MAX: Guevara. Max Guevara.

RAFER'S MOM: No.

MAX: Says so right here on my sector pass.

RAFER'S MOM: You have no name. Only a number.

(Max begins looking worried herself. Rafer's mom gets more and more dramatic.)

RAFER'S MOM: I see secrets...dark secrets...wrapped in mystery...shrouded in illusion...You are not what you seem!

MAX: Guess you busted me on my push-up bra.

RAFER'S MOM: You are running from something. Running from your past.

MAX: I was gawky in high school.

RAFER'S MOM: But no matter where you run, there is danger. I see danger all around.  
(Breathing heavily) And then I see...I see...nothing. Except...a face!

MAX: Whose face? Is it a guy? (Rafer's mom shakes her head.) A girl, then. With blond hair, right?

RAFER'S MOM (nearing hysteria): It is neither man nor woman. It is the face of...death!

(She moans and Rafer goes over to her.)

RAFER: Mom, you okay? Let's get you some water, okay?

(He leads her out of the room as she continues moaning.)

MAX: Great first impression.

(She notices a noise at the window and pushes aside the curtain to reveal Joshua standing outside.)

MAX: I thought I told you to stay home.

JOSHUA (urgently): Max and Joshua outside.

(Joshua ducks away from the window. Max notices and whirls around to see Rafer has entered the room. She smiles and touches the curtains.)

MAX: You just don't see fabric like this anymore.

RAFER: My mom's all right. Sometimes she gets a little carried away, but she really likes you.

MAX: That's great.

RAFER'S MOM (from other room): Rafer...my son...

RAFER: Be right back.

(He leaves the room again and Max turns back to Joshua.)

JOSHUA: Max and Joshua gotta blaze.

MAX: Go home.

JOSHUA (pointing to something outside): Pretty whack.

MAX: If I go out there for one minute, will you go away?

JOSHUA: Lay low 'til you say so.

MAX: Okay.

(Max goes outside and they step into the street.)

MAX: How'd you find me?

JOSHUA: Original Cindy said (Imitating Original Cindy) "She's with hot boy."

MAX: What was so damn important it couldn't wait?

JOSHUA: Sally.

MAX: Sally? Sally who?

JOSHUA (pointing): Sally.

(A short distance away lies a man whose head is backwards. His body is face down and his head is face up.)

MAX: Is he dead?

(The man raises himself off the pavement and begins speaking.)

SALLY: Do I look like I'm dead? Do I sound like I'm dead? Criminy, I thought you said she was an X5.

JOSHUA (nodding): X5.

MAX: What happened?

SALLY: All you need to know, dollface, is I had an accident. Being a Manticore alum myself, I can't exactly beat feet to the emergency room, now, can I?

MAX: You're a Nomlie.

SALLY: An anomaly? Hell, no. I'm exactly what they wanted. Designed with cartilage instead of bone. Good news is I don't fracture on the battlefield. Bad news...I get bent out of shape sometimes.

MAX: I guess.

SALLY: Well, don't just stand there gawking like a couple of chuckleheads. Do something.

MAX (to Joshua): Uh...I'll immobilize his upper body while you...rotate his head back into position.

(Max lifts up the man's shoulders and Joshua grasps his head.)

MAX: I'll move his shoulders this way; you move his head the other way.

SALLY: Put your back into it, dog-breath. I haven't got all night.

MAX: On three. One...two...three.

(Joshua starts to turn Sally's head. It comes off and he holds it, stunned. It continues to talk.)

SALLY: Now you've done it.

MAX: This can't be happening.

SALLY: What's the matter--you never seen a soldier whose parts are self-sustaining and regenerative?

JOSHUA (poking at the severed neck): Starfish. Starfish in his cocktail.

SALLY: I can take a direct mortar hit and shake it off. (A firecracker goes off nearby.) Incoming!

(Max and Joshua duck as some boys toss some more firecrackers. Sally's body takes the opportunity to run away. Joshua tosses Max the head and runs after the body.)

MAX: What the hell are you doing? Get your ass back here!

SALLY: What do you want me to do? Body's got a mind of its own. Rover doesn't have a prayer. I run like the wind, baby.

(Joshua runs back, out of breath.)

JOSHUA: Body's gone. Very fast.

SALLY: Like I said.

MAX: Yeah, well, we gotta do something, and fast. I have enough problems without a headless transgenic on the loose!

RAFER: Max!

(Max tosses Joshua the head just as Rafer approaches. Joshua hides the head behind his back.)

RAFER: Where'd you disappear to?

MAX: Rafer. Say hi to my friend Joshua.

JOSHUA: Tricks and treats.

RAFER: Hey. Cool costume.

MAX: Rafer, I--I was wondering--maybe we could borrow your car? Run an errand?

RAFER: Sure. Yeah. I guess.

MAX: Cool. Meet you out front.

(Rafer walks away. Max and Joshua start to follow, with Joshua still holding Sally's head.)

SALLY: We're gonna need reinforcements. We're gonna have to call some people.

MAX: Who?

SALLY: Coupla transgenic colleagues of ours happen to be in town.

MAX: Sure that's a good idea?

SALLY: Just get me to a phone.



(Max gets into the passenger seat of Rafer's ambulance. He is already waiting in the driver's seat.)

RAFER: Hey. We set to go?

MAX: In a sec. They just--I mean...he just...needed to make a phone call. Joshua...needed to make a phone call. So...you're a paramedic.

RAFER: Yeah. Right.

MAX: Cool. You probably see some really gruesome stuff out there, right?

RAFER: Yeah, sometimes.

MAX: Torn-off limbs...guts hanging out...decapitations.

RAFER: Not a lot of those, thank God.

MAX: But you'd know what to do, right? I mean...if someone's head was off and...needed to be put back on...you could handle it.

RAFER: Once, uh, someone's head comes off, it pretty much stays off.

MAX: Right.

---

(At a pay phone, Joshua is dialing while holding Sally's head.)

JOSHUA: It's ringing.

SALLY (annoyed): Okay, Lassie, you align the receiver to my ear so I can communicate verbally with the person who's going to answer on the other end. (Joshua does so, but backwards.) Other way, moron.

(Joshua turns Sally's head around so the phone is at his ear the right way. A woman answers the phone. She is painting her toenails. Her eyes have vertical pupils like a cat's, and her voice and mannerisms are catlike as well.)

WOMAN: Hello?

SALLY: Hey, baby, it's me.

WOMAN: Me who?

SALLY: Come on, don't be like that. Sally.

WOMAN: Oh, you mean Sally, who stood me up for the third time straight last night? I'm not talking to him.

SALLY: Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait. I will make it up to you later, kitten. Right now I'm in a situation, extreme in nature. Get my drift?

WOMAN: Let me guess. The business part of you's run off again.

SALLY: Matter of fact, yes. But I still got mad skills, sugar. (Audibly waggles his tongue.)

(She giggles, then catches herself and becomes serious.)

WOMAN: Don't even try and get on my good side.

SALLY: Fun and games aside, I gotta get the rest of me back, pronto. Hook me up with your lizard buddy. We gotta strategize.

WOMAN: Hold on.

(She hits a button for three-way calling and a phone rings in a house. A man with green, lizardlike skin, wearing desert fatigues and a football helmet, puts it on speakerphone. He talks while feeding bugs to a lizard in an aquarium.)

MAN: Speak.

WOMAN: Sally's on the line. His body's gone AWOL again, and we're putting together a search party.

MAN: Sorry. Me and Chad are going to a Halloween party.

SALLY: Chad? Who the hell is Chad?

MAN: My life partner. And watch your language.

WOMAN: We've been out of Manticore for three months and you've already got a life partner?

MAN: You never know when love will find you. Chad's been working on his costume all week. I can't let him down. (Eats some of the bugs himself.)

SALLY: You listen to me, frog-boy. I'm in a major situation and I need backup. You tell your life partner you've made other plans, and you get your slimy butt in gear. Capisce?

JOSHUA (into phone): Gotta blaze. (Hangs up.)

---

(A short time later, Rafer is driving while Joshua sits in the passenger seat. Max is sitting in the back and Sally's head is lying on a seat, under Max's leather jacket.)

RAFER: So where we going?

MAX: To meet some friends.

RAFER: Am I going the right way here?

(Joshua grabs the wheel suddenly and the ambulance turns onto another street.)

SALLY: Good thing I'm without my stomach currently. I'd be losing it right about now.

MAX: Quiet!

RAFER: Huh?

MAX: Quiet...the ambulance sure is quiet without the sirens going.

RAFER: So Joshua, um...you're, what, a Wookiee? A Planet of the Apes guy?

JOSHUA: Uh-uh. Special. First.

RAFER: First what?

MAX: First prize. He...won first prize for his costume...at school. He's...an exchange student. You know, English as second language.

RAFER: Way to go. Where you from?

JOSHUA: Father.

MAX: Father...land.

RAFER: I always wanted to visit Germany.

SALLY: This is gonna be a long night.

(Max smacks him through the jacket.)

RAFER: So what kind of errand are we running, anyway, guys?

JOSHUA: Looking...(Sighs)...everywhere.

MAX: See, it's like a tradition in Germany this time of year to look for stuff.

RAFER: You mean like a scavenger hunt?

MAX: Exactly.

RAFER: Kind of like an Oktoberfest thing.

MAX: Exactly.

RAFER: I'm down with that.

JOSHUA: Fest thing. (Grabs the wheel.) Stop!

RAFER: Where?

(The ambulance screeches to a stop outside a café.)

JOSHUA: Here.

(Joshua gets out of the ambulance. Rafer starts to get out but ducks back in to talk to Max.)

RAFER: You coming?

MAX: Yeah. Um, my foot fell asleep. Be right in.

RAFER: All right.

(As soon as Rafer enters the caf , Max uncovers Sally's head and glares at him.)

SALLY: I'm suffocating under here.

MAX: While we're in there, not one peep out of you. (Stuffs his head in a bag.)

SALLY: Easy. Ow. Come on.

---

(Inside, Rafer and Joshua are sitting at a table with the catlike woman and the lizardlike man. The man salts his coffee and then licks the saltshaker. The woman laps milk from a saucer she's holding. Rafer gives them an odd look. Joshua sips his coffee through the stirrer.)

RAFER: You guys from Germany too?

(The man and woman exchange a look. Max enters with the bag containing Sally's head and sits down, setting the bag on the floor.)

MAX: Um...yeah. This is...Dieter and Katarina.

("Dieter" drinks coffee straight from the coffeepot. "Katarina" extends her hand.)

KATARINA: Call me Kat.

RAFER (shaking her hand, then pointing to Joshua): You know, I thought his costume was great, but you guys are tight. (Looks at Dieter.) What are you supposed to be? Some kind of desert-acclimated combat soldier?

DIETER: Wide receiver.

JOSHUA: Reinforcement.

MAX: He means they're...part of our...scavenger-hunt team. (To Dieter and Katarina) Right?

DIETER AND KATARINA: Right.

(Joshua and Dieter continue drinking their coffee. Katarina continues lapping her milk. Joshua belches and Katarina takes away Dieter's coffee.)

KATARINA: Easy on the caffeine.

(A waitress approaches.)

WAITRESS: Tonight's special is haggis.

MAX: Haggis? What--what's haggis?

WAITRESS: Heart, liver, lung of a sheep, minced with suet, onions, and oatmeal, boiled in the animal's stomach. Comes with French fries or coleslaw.

JOSHUA: Haggis. (Pounds the table in excitement and laughs.) Yum.

KATARINA: I'll have the haggis.

DIETER: I'll have the haggis.

RAFER: Just water.

MAX: Nothing for me, thanks.

WAITRESS (reviewing the orders): Haggis, haggis, haggis, one water, one nothing.

(Rafer looks over Katarina's shoulder, searching for something. She notices and points.)

KATARINA: The sandbox is over there.

(Rafer nods and walks away.)

MAX: Here's the deal. Under no circumstances do I want that guy to know he's rolling with a bunch of transgenics. Mess up and your mutant asses will be kicked.

JOSHUA (punching his palm): Yeah.

(Max bends down to talk to Sally, whose head is still in the bag on the floor.)

MAX: Do you have any idea where your body might be?

SALLY: Not a clue.

MAX: Think!

SALLY: Excuse me for being a little light-headed, no thanks to you. I think I'm supposed to meet somebody.

MAX: Who?

SALLY: A female. Yeah. Redhead. Great set of hooters, nice round bubble butt. Me and this hottie were supposed to hook up.

MAX: Where?

SALLY: Can't remember. No--wait. First I'm supposed to get something.

MAX: What?

SALLY: Package. I was waiting for a delivery, but it never showed, 'cause the messenger service closed early. So I was gonna go get it myself--after hours, if you know what I mean.

MAX: Where?

SALLY: Some place in Sector Nine.

MAX (annoyed): Can you be a little more specific?

SALLY: I can't remember the name. Jam Clydesdale? Clam Pony?

MAX: Jam Pony?

SALLY: Yeah. That's the one.

MAX: Oh, my God.

(Max closes up the bag and stands up.)

MAX: We gotta blaze.

(Max sees Normal across the room, wearing a Scottish outfit complete with a kilt.)

JOSHUA: Blaze now? Before haggis?

(Normal sees Max. She sits back down and tries to hide her face behind the menu.)

NORMAL: Max, looks like you're hanging out with a higher class of people than usual.

(Max gives up, drops the menu, and covers her face with her hand. Normal approaches the table and introduces himself to Katarina.)

NORMAL: Reagan Ronald's the name.

KATARINA (offering her hand): Call me Kat.

NORMAL (kissing it): Ah. I'm charmed.

JOSHUA: Cool costume.

NORMAL: It's not a costume. It's for haggis night. Le sp'cialit' de maison. (He sneezes) I'm sorry. Allergic to cats. Not that you're really a cat, of course, but...just goes to show you the power of the human mind. I see a cat, I sneeze.

(He sneezes again. Rafer returns to the table.)

SALLY: I can't breathe in here.

(Max kicks him.)

NORMAL: What was that?

MAX: Dieter can throw his voice. He's a scream at parties.

RAFER: Can you make that saltshaker talk, too?

SALLY: Moron.

(Max kicks him again.)

RAFER: Better keep practicing.

MAX: We're outta here.

RAFER: I thought you people wanted haggis.

MAX: They ran out. See ya.

NORMAL (to Katarina): Great to meet you.

(They leave. Normal sneezes again.)

---

(The ambulance pulls to a stop outside Jam Pony.)

MAX: We'll be right back.

RAFER: What are you looking for here?

MAX: Ming vase.

JOSHUA (at same time): Saxophone.

MAX: You know, one of those fourteenth-century, royal Chinese saxophones?

(Max, Joshua, and Katarina exit the ambulance.)

RAFER: Aren't you going with them?

DIETER (putting his arm on Rafer's seat): You remind me of my friend Chad.

---

(Inside Jam Pony)

MAX: How big's your package?

SALLY: Let's just say I don't get any complaints.

MAX: How'd you like me to reach in there and pluck out your eyes? Now tell me what I'm looking for.

SALLY: A package. That's all I know.

MAX (to the others): Everybody take a pile.

(She angrily drops the head to the floor.)

SALLY: Ow.

(They start sifting through piles of envelopes and packages, but are soon interrupted by Normal opening the door and leading some costumed men inside.)

NORMAL: This way, everyone.

KATARINA: It's Reagan Ronald!

(Max and the others hide under Normal's desk.)

NORMAL: Let's go. Hurry up. C'mon, let's go!

(The men all enter Jam Pony.)

NORMAL: Okay, gather round. (They all stand in front of him.) Clear the way. (Two of the men step aside so he can walk through.) I'm pleased to announce our greatest fears have been realized. Mutant transgenic monsters live among us. I surreptitiously photographed these fiends earlier on this evening.

(He passes around pictures of Joshua, Katarina, and Dieter.)

NORMAL: Unfortunately, my undercover activities forced me to relinquish my post here at Jam Pony. While I was out, a headless mutant broke in and stole a package. Surveillance video caught the entire thing. (Sneezes.) Is there a cat in here? Someone bring a cat in here?

(Normal sneezes again. One of the men speaks.)

MAN: Excuse me, sir, but the, uh, package that this mutant absconded with--do we know what was in it?

NORMAL: No, we do not. However, in this vermin's haste to flee, he dropped this piece of paper, which reads, "Be at the coordinates at ten PM."

(Normal sneezes again and reaches behind his desk from the other side, looking for Kleenex.)

NORMAL: I hate cats. Vile creatures. They're always sleeping and licking themselves.

(Max holds up a box of Kleenex. Normal takes some and sneezes into it.)

NORMAL: Oh, lovely. (He puts the Kleenex away and passes out baseball bats.) As for this headless mutant, he will not succeed in his nefarious mission. While I coordinate operations here at HQ, you will scour the night, you will find him, and you'll beat him into a transgenic paste. But first--cake and ice cream upstairs! Yeah? An army marches on its stomachs.

(Normal and his friends walk out.)

SALLY: What a loon.

MAX: What does that mean? "Meet at the coordinates at ten PM."?

SALLY: Got me. I told you before--I was planning to hook up with that redhead.

MAX: Where are you meeting her? And talk fast, or the left eye goes first.

SALLY: Some bar. Munch? Crunch? Smash? Rash?

MAX: Crash?

SALLY: That's the one.

MAX: Oh, this just gets better and better.

---

(At Crash, they walk down the stairs and look around. Lots of people are in costume.)

RAFER: What are you looking for here? Waffle iron...ukelele...stuffed moose head...whatever?



MAX: It's not even like that. We're, uh, playing by German rules. Can you get me a beer?

RAFER: Yeah. One brewski, coming up.

(Rafer walks away. Max gives the others hand signals and they split up. Max sees Original Cindy sitting by herself and approaches.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Look at my girl, comin' correct and takin' Joshua for a night out on the town.

MAX: That is so not what's happening.

(She lets Original Cindy peek into the pillowcase.)

SALLY: Hey, brown sugar, what's cookin'?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Sweet baby Jesus! Tell me I did not see what I just saw.

(Max nods. She looks across the bar and thinks she sees Logan and Asha kissing.)

MAX: Hold this. I'll be right back.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Ugh!

(Max angrily approaches the couple.)

MAX: I thought you two were tracking down a hit man.

(The couple stops kissing to look at her, confused. Max sees it is not Logan and Asha after all--just a couple of people who vaguely resemble them.)

WOMAN: Excuse me?

MAX: Oh, sorry. Have you two seen a headless body around?

WOMAN: Back room.

(Joshua waves Max into the back room. Inside, she sees a woman snuggling up to Sally's body. Joshua growls at it. Sally's body grabs a gun and runs away. Rafer and Sketchy enter the room.)

RAFER: Hey, Max. (Sally's body runs past.) Cool costume, bud.

SKETCHY: Just been discussing the mutant infestation with your boy here.

MAX: Not right now, Sketch!

(Max and Joshua push past them and see Sally's body leaving Crash. Dieter is sitting at the bar, chugging a beer from the bottle, while Katarina and Original Cindy talk nearby.)

---

(At Jam Pony, Normal is eating a piece of cake at his desk. Sketchy's voice comes over Normal's watch and Normal speaks into it.)

SKETCHY: Alpha leader. Come in, alpha leader.

NORMAL: Roger. This is alpha leader. Over.

SKETCHY (still at Crash, speaking into his own watch): This isn't Roger. This is Sketchy.

NORMAL: "Roger" is an acknowledgement in the affirmative, not some person's name, moron. And how many times have I told you? Say "over." Over.

SKETCHY: Acknowledged. Over over.

NORMAL: No, not "over over." "Over." Over.

SKETCHY: Well, that's what I just said. "Over over."

NORMAL: Oh, God, never mind. What do you got for me? Over.

SKETCHY: The headless mutant transgenic male caucasian subject just left, armed with a sniper rifle. The others went after him. Over over.

NORMAL: Roger. Guess we know what was in that package he was after. All right, this is alpha leader clear.

SKETCHY: Now you forgot to say "over over." Over over.

NORMAL: Nitwit!

---

(Outside Crash, Sally's body is riding a motorcycle while the ambulance chases it, siren blaring.)

RAFER: Why are we chasing this guy?

MAX: That rifle he's got--he stole it from us, and we need it to win.

JOSHUA: Other team.

RAFER: Isn't a rifle kind of a weird thing to get for a scavenger hunt?

MAX: German rules. Step on it!

(The ambulance sputters to a stop.)

MAX: What?

RAFER: We're out of gas.

(Sally's body gets away.)

MAX: Great. Just great.

---

(Later, Dieter and Joshua push the ambulance up to a gas station while Rafer steers. He steps out to get gas.)

RAFER: Thanks, guys.

(They climb in the back of the ambulance as Max angrily talks to Sally's head.)

MAX: Okay, start talking. Why's your body packin' heat?

SALLY: Seattle's a rough town. Maybe I wanted some personal protection.

MAX: A rifle as personal protection? Try again.

(Dieter plays around with the oxygen tank, using the mask on himself.)

SALLY: You'll never get it out of me.

(Max covers his mouth and nose. He grunts, unable to breathe. After a minute she lets go.)

SALLY: Fine. Fine. I'm in town on a mission, all right?

MAX: A mission?

SALLY: For Manticore. Sheesh.

MAX: Manticore's gone. Finito. Kaput.

KATRINA: No more missions? (Dieter wheezes loudly, grinning.) For any of us?

MAX: Your mission from now on is to lay low, which is why we can't have this idiot running around waving an assault rifle!

(Dieter wheezes again, still grinning.)

SALLY: Manticore or no, I take pride in my work. And Mr. Lemkin expects the job to be done.

MAX: Lemkin? Pierpont Lemkin?

SALLY: I can't believe I just said that.

MAX: You're the hit man Logan was talking about.

DIETER (laughing): Lemkin. Lumps in my Lemkin.

(Katarina snatches the oxygen mask away from him.)

KATARINA: Give me that! (To Sally) How can your body complete a mission without the rest of it tagging along?

SALLY: Muscle memory. I trained for months for this job.

MAX: Who's the target?

SALLY: No way. I've said too much already.

MAX: Now you listen to me--

(Rafer approaches the ambulance.)

RAFER: Okay, we're good to go.

(Max stuffs Sally's head back in the bag. Rafer gets in the driver's seat.)

MAX: There's been a change in plans. We're going to Logan's.

RAFER: You wanna go to your ex-boyfriend's house?

MAX: He's not my ex-boyfriend. I mean, we're not like that.

---

(At Logan's apartment, Max stands behind Logan while he sits at his computer. The others are playing charades in the living room. Asha is acting something out, Dieter is playing in Logan's wheelchair, and Joshua and Katarina are guessing.)

JOSHUA: My Girl.

KATARINA: Breakfast at Tiffany's.

JOSHUA: Pretty Woman. (gets an idea and gasps) Little Women.

(Asha touches her nose. Joshua and Katarina cheer.)

JOSHUA: I read that. (Looking a little sad) Beth dies.

KAT: Aww. (gives him a hug.)

MAX: So I'm thinking my head is your hit man.

LOGAN: Could be. We still need to figure out who the intended victim is.

SALLY: Good luck.

MAX: Zip it!

(Now Rafer is acting something out.)

KATARINA: Tokyo Decadence.

JOSHUA: Idle Hands.

ASHA: Born Free. Born Free.

RAFER: No.

KATARINA: Faster, Pussycat! Kill, Kill, Kill!

(Joshua gives her a weird look. Shortly afterwards, he takes his turn.)

JOSHUA: Look at me. Look at Joshua!

KATARINA: Monty Python and the Holy Grail.

ASHA: The Voyage Home.

(At his computer, Max is watching Logan, who is apparently searching hard for information)

LOGAN: Bingo!

MAX: You found something?

LOGAN: No, I got bingo. (His computer screen shows a winning bingo game.)

MAX: Logan, how is this going to help us find the target?

(Logan's phone rings and he answers it.)

LOGAN (into phone): Yeah...Mm-hmm...Good work. Thanks. (Hangs up.) That was my informant. According to him, the target is either a priest, a minister, or a rabbi.

MAX: Why do I feel like I've heard this joke before?

LOGAN: It's not a joke, Max. A man's life is at stake. Father McCallister, Reverend Beckwith, and Rabbi Stutz are outspoken religious leaders with a lot of clout in the community. Any one of them could have tangled with Lemkin and bought themselves this hit.

MAX: You can't narrow it down any more than that?

LOGAN: Not unless that head starts talking.

(Max carries Sally's head into Logan's bathroom and closes the door behind her.)

MAX: Let me break it down for you, Sally. You're gonna tell me what you know, or you're in a world of hurt.

SALLY: I can take anything you dish out.

MAX: Yeah? You ever had a swirlie?

(Max lifts the toilet seat and holds Sally's face in the water as she flushes. After a couple of minutes she lifts him out to look at her.)

MAX: You ready to talk, Sally? Huh?

(He smirks and squirts water at her through his teeth. She coughs and angrily gives him another swirlie. Rafer walks in.)

RAFER: Max? What are you doing?

(She straightens up and faces Rafer, Sally's head still in her hands. Rafer looks shocked. Sally sputters, thoroughly soaked.)

SALLY: All right, all right! I'll tell ya. It's the priest--Father McCallister.

RAFER: That's a--

MAX (speaking very quickly): Battery-operated, voice-activated, fully articulated animatronic head. Realistic, isn't it?

RAFER: Yeah.

(Rafer pokes at Sally's face. Sally bites his finger.)

RAFER: Ahh!

MAX: There's a perfectly simple explanation for this.

(Rafer stares at Sally's head in fear and shock.)

SALLY: Boo!

(Rafer runs out of the bathroom.)

MAX (to Sally): I've had enough of you!

(She sets Sally's head face down in the sink and stalks out of the room. Rafer enters the living room, panting.)

RAFER: Head...talking...no body...

LOGAN: It's okay, man. We're all friends here.

(Rafer looks at Dieter, Joshua, and Katarina.)

RAFER: Wait a minute. You're not really German exchange students on a scavenger hunt. You're monsters!

(Max comes into the room and taps Rafer on the shoulder.)

MAX: Rafer, I had a real nice time. Call me.

(She knocks him unconscious and he flops out on the floor.)

MAX: All right, team, we're moving out. (To Logan) Can you keep Rafer entertained?

LOGAN: No problem.

MAX: Let's go. Come on, kids.

---

(Joshua, Max--carrying Sally's head in the bag--Dieter, and Katarina walk in slow motion through an auditorium hallway. Joshua tosses his hair back. Suddenly they walk at normal speed again.)

MAX: Here's the deal. Logan says Father McCallister's receiving a humanitarian award on Sunday night.

JOSHUA: Father?

MAX: Different Father. Stay with me here. Tonight they're doing a run-through. Not a lot of security; perfect opportunity for a hit. We need to fan out and search the place top to bottom. Joshua, you take the basement.

JOSHUA (rolling his eyes): Joshua in basement. Always the plan.

MAX: Fine, take the roof. (To Dieter) You take the basement. (To Katarina) You handle backstage. I'll do the catwalks.

KATARINA: I think I might be better suited to handle the catwalks.

MAX: How 'bout you do what I say and we don't have a problem?

JOSHUA (to Dieter): Catfight.

MAX: Let's get moving.

(They split up. Max sets the bag down. She sees something moving on the catwalks. She uses a stage rope to rise to the catwalks and arrives to find herself staring down the barrel of Sally's body's gun.)

MAX: Uh-oh.

(The body fires and Max ducks. She rises, kicks the gun from the body's hands, and begins fighting it. Sally's head works the bag down and spits out a gag. Max and Sally's body continue fighting. The body throws Max against a wall, stunning her, grabs its gun, and runs away. Father McCallister enters with a group of people and walks past Sally's head.)

McCALLISTER: So I walk over here to the podium, where I am to accept my award--well-deserved, I might add--and I wait 'til the applause dies down, and I give my acceptance speech, and I promise you, there won't be a dry eye in the house.

(Sally's body points the gun at Father McCallister.)

SALLY (muttering to his body): Come on, come on, what are you waiting for? (Calling to Father McCallister) Yo! Father McCallister, over here!

McCALLISTER (following Sally's voice): Who--who's that calling my name?

SALLY: Uh...a great admirer of yours. How 'bout an autograph, Your Eminence?

(As the priest moved into range, Sally's body begins to pull the trigger. Max swings over to the body on a rope and kicks it. She lands on the catwalk and they begin fighting again. Dieter, Katarina, and Joshua run, grab Father McCallister, and push him out of range.)

McCALLISTER: Let me go!

SALLY (muttering to his body): Kick her ass!

(Max kicks his body in the groin. He groans. Max kicks his body over the edge of the catwalk and it lands on the floor below.)

(A short time later, Max talks to Father McCallister while Dieter and Katarina try to put Sally's head back on his body.)

McCALLISTER: So this was some kind of a--a drunken Halloween fraternity prank?

MAX: Apparently so, Your Worship. That hooligan was intending to egg you as part of a pagan initiation ritual.

McCALLISTER: Oh, thank you, my children, for putting a stop to this heathen plan.

(Logan walks in with Asha.)

LOGAN: Don't thank her, Your Godliness.

ASHA: Thank us. We're the ones that saved you.

MAX: Now just hold the phone!

LOGAN (dramatically removing his glasses): I'm Eyes Only.

ASHA: I'm Supreme Commandant of S1W.

McCALLISTER: Saints preserve us.

LOGAN (putting his arm around Asha): When you have a moment, Your Cleanliness, would you marry us?

McCALLISTER: It would be a privilege, my son.

(Max and Asha smile at each other. Max rolls her eyes. Normal and Sketchy run in, followed by police.)

NORMAL: There they are, constables! Do your duty!

(Father McCallister looks at them. Logan puts his glasses back on.)

SKETCHY: Pardon the interruption, Your Significance, but these people are monsters. Max, get away.

(A cop handcuffs Joshua.)

JOSHUA: Max...

MAX: No--he wasn't hurting anybody!

COP: And what do you know about it? Are you one of them?

(Max looks around, unsure how to answer. Everybody looks at her.)

RAFER: Well, answer him, Max.

MAX (quietly): No. I'm not one of them.

COP: Well, then, move along and mind your own business.

JOSHUA: Max...

(The police take Joshua, Dieter, Katarina, and Sally away. The camera focuses on Max's face as her voiceover begins. When the camera pulls back, Max is sitting on top of the Space Needle.)



MAX: All I wanted was a normal night out. But I guess for a girl like me, normal is just too much to ask. And the thing of it is--

ORIGINAL CINDY'S VOICE: Boo.

(Original Cindy walks out onto the Space Needle and sits down next to Max.)

MAX: What are you doing here?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Checking in on you. (Sits next to Max.) Poor Joshua's gonna spend the rest of his life in a cage.

MAX: I know, and it's all my fault.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Got that right.

*(Max flashes back to earlier that day in Joshua's house.)*

*JOSHUA: Max and Joshua. Outside with up-here people.*

*MAX: Do you wanna end up in a cage?*

*ORIGINAL CINDY: Come on. What's the worst thing that could happen?*

ORIGINAL CINDY: What the hell was that?!

MAX: Flashback. Happens all the time.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Thought I was trippin' there for a minute.

MAX: This whole evening's been one great big nightmare.

ORIGINAL CINDY: But the worst part wasn't some talking head in a bag, or anomalies eatin' haggis, or even Joshua gettin' hauled off by the po-pos. It was my girl denying who she really is...denying the people that she loves. Sugar, that's the worst thing that you ever coulda done. That's the worst thing that coulda happened. But can I ask you one question? Where are your clothes?

(Max looks down and suddenly she is naked. She covers herself and looks up in shock. The camera pans away from the Needle and onto Max's bathtub. Max is still asleep. Original Cindy, not dressed in costume, is trying to wake her up.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Boo! Hey! (Max wakes up.) What are you gonna be for Halloween? A prune?

MAX: I just had the weirdest dream.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You better put some clothes on. You're gonna be late for the party at Crash. And your boy Rafer is waitin' on your ass.

MAX: Tell him I couldn't make it. There's something I gotta do.

---

(In his house, Joshua is asleep in the armchair. Little Women is in his hands and a fire is going in the fireplace. Max wakes him up.)

MAX: Hey, big fella. Whatcha doing?

JOSHUA: Lay low.

MAX: I've been thinking. You and me aren't like other people. We're different, and nothing's gonna change that.

JOSHUA: Joshua and Max...different.

MAX: Yeah. Some people might even call us freaks.

JOSHUA (smiling at the word): Freaks.

MAX (smiling): Which is why we gotta stick together. So I'm gonna take you out. Even if it's just for one night. Come on.

JOSHUA: Tricks and treats?

MAX: What's the worst that could happen?

(Shortly afterwards, Max and Joshua stand in the street outside the house. Joshua is holding a bag for candy and looking around at the people passing by in costumes. A headless body walks by. Max looks panicky.)

JOSHUA: Cool costume.

(Max relaxes and takes Joshua by the hand. Joshua does a little hop and they walk into the night, under a full moon.)

DARK ANGEL  
Season Two, Episode #6: "Two"  
First Aired 11/9/2001

(Max climbs the outside of a building at night and sneaks across its roof. Someone follows her, unnoticed. She removes a window and climbs inside. She drops from the ceiling on a rope, moving down into a large rotunda. A few feet from the floor, she stops, remaining on the rope. She has arrived in front of a baseball resting in a case. Engraved on the base of the case are the following words:

September 17th, 2009

Home Run No. 756

Max begins to unscrew the glass part of the case. Suddenly Alec drops next to her on another rope. Max is surprised and extremely annoyed.)

ALEC: Hey, Max.

MAX: Alec, what the hell are you doing here?

ALEC: Stealing a baseball. How 'bout you?

MAX: Trying to get back the money I lost because of you.

ALEC: Yeah, me too. Figured I'd swipe this ball, repay my friend Max...

MAX: Yeah, right.

ALEC: I'm serious.

MAX: You wanna pay me back? Get a job. Find out what it's like to live in the real world.

ALEC: I'm sorry, is this what you call your real-world job?

MAX: This is an extreme situation, which--in case you didn't hear me two seconds ago--is entirely your fault.

ALEC: That's why I want to make things right. I mean, if you hadn't paid that doctor, I'd have been a dead man.

MAX: Don't remind me.

ALEC: I owe you, Max. Why don't you go on home? I'll finish this up. I'll fence this thing and get you the money tomorrow, huh? What do you say?

(Max finishes unscrewing the glass, lifts it away from the baseball, and sets it down on the pedestal.)

MAX: A, I don't believe you, and B, Sammy Sosa's 756th home-run ball is worth way more than what you owe me.

(Alec grabs the baseball. Max grabs his wrist in an effort to take the ball. They begin tugging back and forth, swinging on their ropes.)

MAX (angrily): Give it back!

ALEC: All right, all right, all right, we'll split it fifty-fifty.

MAX: Yeah, right! I got here first!

ALEC: Okay, okay, sixty-forty. Sixty-forty, huh?

MAX: Read my lips, pretty boy. Get a life, get a job, and stop sticking your nose into mine. Don't make me kick your ass!

ALEC: You know, this whole tough-chick act thing is really unbecoming. "I'm gonna bounce you on your ass. I'm gonna smack your bitch head." It's so unfeminine.

(They continue to struggle. Max kicks Alec's wrist to loosen his grip. He drops the ball, but Max misses it, and it lands on the floor and rolls out of reach. An alarm begins to sound.)

ALEC: Great. Look what you did.

MAX: God, I hate you!

(Max scrambles back up the rope to the ceiling and Alec follows her.)

ALEC: Hey, I know this is a bad time, but can I get a ride home?

---

(Later, Max and Alec ride Max's Ninja up to a sector checkpoint.)

ALEC: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Stop. Stop.

MAX (stopping a short distance from the checkpoint): What now?

ALEC: No sector pass. Been gettin' past the checkpoints the old-fashioned, sneaky-creep, Manticore way. (Gets off the bike) Thanks for the ride.

MAX: Thanks for blowing my plan to get my money back.

ALEC: Hey, I was willing to deal. You should've let go when you had the chance.

MAX: I should've let your head explode when I had the chance.

(Alec walks away and Max moves up to the checkpoint. Alec watches from the shadows.)

SECTOR COP: All right, sweetheart, let's see your sector pass. Come on, come on. I haven't got all day.

MAX (showing him her pass): Jam Pony messenger.

SECTOR COP: Okay.

(Alec smiles and walks away. The sector cop steps inside his booth, sets down his gun, turns the TV on to a football game, and drinks from a bottle in a brown bag. He hears a noise and steps outside to investigate. He sees a man hunched over some trash cans. We only see him from the rear, but he resembles Joshua.)

SECTOR COP: Hey. Let's see some ID. (The man slowly walks away into a junkyard without turning around.) I'm talking to you. Hey!

(The man walks past a dumpster and an abandoned car, disappearing behind another dumpster.)

SECTOR COP: Come out of there! You make me come back there to get you, you're comin' out on a stretcher, you hear me?

(The cop hears growling and suddenly the man knocks him to the ground. We see their shadows on a nearby wall as the man beats the cop, rips something out of his mouth, and roars.)

(Opening credits)

---

(The next day, Max is pacing around Logan's living room while ranting about Alec. Logan is mockingly agreeing with everything she says.)

MAX: Practically had it in my hand. My fence even had a buyer lined up. Fifteen grand.

LOGAN: And Alec had to come along and ruin everything.

MAX: Couldn't believe it.

LOGAN: It was your heist. You were there first.

MAX: That's what I said! And I bet you he was gonna take whatever he got from it and blow it on hookers and beer.

LOGAN: Guy has no decency.

MAX: Tell me about it.

LOGAN: And the nerve to rip off what you were rightfully stealing.

MAX: Exactly. It's like he's a child who doesn't know right from wrong.

(Logan tries to hide a smile, but a little chuckle escapes. Max notices.)

MAX: Are you busting on me?

LOGAN (innocently): Me?

MAX: I only steal from bad people. And only for a good cause.

LOGAN: Like when you need a part for your motorcycle, or a cocktail dress to wear at a wedding?

MAX: Without my motorcycle, I can't...and the whole dress thing...I was gonna return it...and this isn't even about me. This is about you.

LOGAN: How do you mean?

MAX: I went after that baseball to pay you back the money you lost on that doctor.

LOGAN: Really.

MAX: Really.

LOGAN: Huh.

MAX: But seeing as how you feel, I guess I'll just forget about it.

LOGAN: Yeah. I guess so. I mean, I could use the cash...to keep Eyes Only going. But...I'll figure it out.

MAX: I suppose I could find something else to steal.

LOGAN: There are a lot of bad guys out there.

MAX (smiling): But I wouldn't want to drag you down to my level. (Logan smiles) See ya.  
(leaves)

---

(At Joshua's place, Max walks in and finds Joshua asleep in front of the fireplace, facing away from her.)

MAX (waking him up): Joshua? Hey, big fella. Hey.

(With a growl, Joshua turns and grabs Max by the neck.)

MAX: It's me, Max.

JOSHUA: Max. (Lets go of her) Sorry.

MAX: Bad dream?

JOSHUA: You didn't come yesterday.

MAX: Um...I know. I--I'm sorry. I had this thing. It took a lot longer than I thought.

JOSHUA: I was hungry. (Picks up a box of Strawberry Shortcake Rolls that Max brought.) Little Debbie.

MAX: I bought you a book. It's about a killer clown that lives under the city...eats small children.

JOSHUA: Why?

MAX: I don't know. Why do clowns do anything?

JOSHUA: Maybe it's angry.

MAX: Maybe.

(She hands him the book. He winces as he reaches for it.)

MAX: What's wrong? You okay?

JOSHUA (reluctantly): Hurt.

MAX: Let me see.

(She lifts up his shirt and sees a bloody bandage.)

MAX: What happened? Did you go outside?

JOSHUA: Had to. I--I was hungry.

MAX: Who did this to you?

JOSHUA: Dog bit me. I was trying to get his food.

MAX: Look. I'm sorry I didn't come by yesterday and get you food, and I'll try to never let it happen again, but you can't go outside. It's too dangerous, and if people see who you--

JOSHUA: I know. People are afraid of what they don't understand. I know.

MAX: Never forget it.

JOSHUA: Okay.

(Max's pager beeps.)

MAX: I gotta go to work. I'll be back tonight. Promise.

JOSHUA: Okay.

---

(At Jam Pony, Max and Original Cindy talk by their lockers.)

MAX: What's up with the checkpoints today? Lines are around the block.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I don't know. I heard some cop got jumped or something.

MAX: Huh.

(Alec walks in the door.)

MAX: I cannot believe this.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Who's that?

MAX: You don't want to know. (angrily approaches Alec) Was "Stay the hell out of my life" not direct enough?

ALEC: Max, you told me to find a job. I figured what better place than somewhere I already have a friend?

MAX: If by "friend" you mean someone who'd just as soon drop an anvil on you, then welcome.

ALEC: You don't mean that.

MAX: Find me an anvil and watch me go.

ALEC (with false sincerity): Max, that hurts, it really does. Your words inspired me. I want to change my ways.

MAX (making a face): Whatever! This'll only take a second. Hey, Normal! Loser looking for a job.

NORMAL (not even looking up): No jobs here. Got enough of you slugs to keep me in Maalox 'til the cows come home.

MAX (to Alec): Oh, well.

SKETCHY (to Alec): Hey, aren't you that boxer dude?

(Normal looks up, recognizes Alec, and grins.)

NORMAL: You're Monty Cora!

MAX: Monty Cora?

ALEC: It's a stage name.

NORMAL: I once saw this beautiful man take down "Mangler" Miller in less than forty-five seconds flat. Wonderful! Bravo!

ALEC: Thank you, um, Normal.

NORMAL: Please, call me Reagan. So you're looking for a job, huh?

ALEC: Yeah. Yeah, I'd love to be a part of Team Jam Pony.

NORMAL: I could use a good, strong rooster in the henhouse.

MAX: Normal, you don't want to do this.

NORMAL: Shut up, missy-miss.

ALEC: You know where I could score a bike around here?

NORMAL: Here you go. (Grabs a bike hanging nearby and brings it to Alec.) Here you go, easy-peasey-Japanesey.

ALEC: Thank you. Oh, uh, don't I need one of those, uh, sector-pass things?

NORMAL: Yes. I'll put in a request; you'll have it by morning. (Pointing to Max) This one here'll show you the ropes. (Hands Max a couple of packages.) Now bip! These packages are missing their mommies horribly.

MAX: This isn't happening.

NORMAL: Ah, good catch, Maxie. (To Alec) You're a rock star. Rock star!

MAX (to Alec, who's smirking at her): Shut up.

---

(Later, Max and Alec park their bikes by a house and walk up the steps to the front door.)

MAX: Monty Cora?

ALEC: Yeah, it's a play on "Manticore."

MAX: Yeah, yeah, I got that. Way to lay low.

ALEC (laughing): Why don't you relax?

MAX: Why don't you wise up? You can start by covering that barcode. Now, remember, be polite.

(Alec knocks on the door. A woman answers. Alec hands her a package and shoves a clipboard at her.)

ALEC: Need a signature.

WOMAN: What's this?

MAX: Jam Pony, ma'am. It's a package for you.



WOMAN: I'll go and get my glasses. (Walks away)

MAX: You call that polite? (Notices Alec peeking into the woman's living room and yanks him away from the door.) What are you looking for?

ALEC (looking into the woman's window): Nothing.

MAX: You're casing the place.

ALEC: No, I'm not.

MAX: Yes, you are. I knew that's why you took this job--because you wanted the sector pass and you were looking for a place to rob.

ALEC: Isn't that why you took this job?

MAX: It was, but it's not anymore.

ALEC: Hey, check it out. Grandma's got herself a plasma-screen TV.

MAX (smacking him on the back of the head): You are not gonna come back here and steal her TV.

ALEC: Why not?

MAX: Because it's wrong!

ALEC: Oh, as opposed to stealing a baseball?

MAX: That's different. The guy who owns the gallery happens to be a major crook.

ALEC (sarcastically): Oh, okay. So it's okay to steal from him because he's a bad guy. I'm just trying to get by.

MAX: Get by on a salary.

ALEC (laughing): Minimum wage?

MAX: Plus tips. That's where the whole "polite" part comes in.

ALEC: Right.

(The woman comes back to the door.)

WOMAN: Did I get it right?

MAX (checking the clipboard): Yeah. Have a nice day.

WOMAN: Oh, just a second. (Takes out a coin purse and hands one coin to each of them.) These are for you.

ALEC: Ooh, a quarter.

MAX (to the woman, while twisting Alec's head around): Thanks again.

(Max and Alec go back down the steps to their bikes.)

ALEC: She might as well kiss that TV goodbye.

(Max smacks him on the head.)

---

(That night at Crash, Max and Original Cindy are sitting at a table while Alec and Sketchy shoot pool in the next room.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: He's from Manticore, huh? Say what you want--they sure know how to make 'em pretty.

MAX: Try spending an afternoon with him. He'll drive you crazy with his laughing, and his talking, and his breathing...

ORIGINAL CINDY: Sugar, you got issues.

(The guys finish their game and join the girls at the table.)

ALEC: Ladies, let me get the next one. Skippy here owes me about eighty bucks' worth of beer.

MAX: It's all right. You don't have to.

ALEC: No, no. I want to.

(The guys grab the empty pitcher and walk away.)

MAX: I'm telling you, he's no good.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I know. Free beer. Just flat-out evil.

(At the bar, Sketchy and Alec wait for beer.)

ALEC: So I saw on the sign-up board that you're working Sector Four tomorrow.

SKETCHY: Yup.

ALEC: Do me a favor? Drop this off for me at, uh, this address. (Hands Sketchy a small box and a piece of paper.) Twenty bucks in it for you.

SKETCHY: What's inside?

ALEC: Don't ask and I'll make it thirty.

SKETCHY: That works for me.

(Sketchy and Alec join Original Cindy and Max at the table.)

SKETCHY: You guys hear about the sector cop that got attacked by a mutant last night?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Here we go again.

SKETCHY: Some kind of dog-faced thing.

ALEC: Dog-faced?

SKETCHY: Yeah. Big, with lots of shaggy hair.

ALEC: Really. (glances at Max)

SKETCHY: Cop caught it looking for food in the trash before he jumped him. Ate the tongue right out of his mouth.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Ugh.

SKETCHY: Apparently he got a piece of it before it ran off, so now you gotta figure it's hurt, and mad, and none of us are safe.

MAX: I gotta go.

(Max gets up and walks away. Alec follows.)

SKETCHY (to Original Cindy): What's with her?

(Across the room, Alec catches up to Max and stops her.)

ALEC: Where you going?

MAX: Gotta swing by Joshua's.

ALEC: Wait, wait, wait, wait. You think he had something to do with this?

MAX: Of course not. Joshua would never hurt anybody.

ALEC: You don't know that. You don't know what he's capable of.

MAX: Yes, I do.

ALEC: Then why you going over there?

MAX: Because I promised I would.

---

(Max walks through Joshua's house, which is dark.)

MAX: Joshua?

(There is no answer)

---

(A sector cop walks down an alley. He hears a noise inside a nearby shed. He shines his flashlight through the slats of the shed's door. Inside the shed, a man resembling Joshua growls. The cop knocks on the door.)

SECTOR COP: Anybody in there?

(The man bursts through the door and knocks the cop to the ground. He strikes a blow at the cop's face, grabs the cop's tongue, and yanks it out. He growls in triumph.)

---

(The next day, Max enters Logan's apartment.)

LOGAN: Hey. Been paging you all morning.

MAX: Couldn't find a pay phone. What's up?

LOGAN: Sector cop was attacked last night. Makes three in the last week.

MAX: Yeah, I heard something about that.

LOGAN: One of them survived. Claims he was jumped by some kind of half-man, half-animal.

(Max walks away. Logan follows.)

LOGAN: Good news is no one believes him. Apparently he's known for drinking on the job.

MAX: What do they think it was, then?

LOGAN: Pack of wild dogs, maybe, or some coyotes that wandered into the city.

MAX: Makes sense.

LOGAN: Except for the "half-man, half-animal" part. I don't get it. I thought you'd be all over this.

MAX (testily, facing him): I can't chase down every rumor that comes along.

LOGAN: It's not a rumor, Max. Two cops are dead and the third's in the hospital with his tongue ripped out of his head. If a transgenic's responsible, you have to do something before anyone else gets hurt.

MAX: Give me some solid evidence and I will do something.

LOGAN: I'm working on it. What is with you, anyway?

MAX: I gotta get to work.

(She starts to leave. Logan stands in her way.)

LOGAN: What are you not telling me?

MAX (after a pause): I--I went by Joshua's last night and he wasn't there.

LOGAN: But you don't think--

MAX: No. I'm just...worried about him, that's all.

LOGAN: There's something else, isn't there?

(Max sits down one of Logan's living room chairs. He sits down on the couch nearby.)

LOGAN: People are dying. If a transgenic's involved--

MAX (interrupting testily): Yeah, I know. It's on me, 'cause I let them out in the world.

LOGAN: I was gonna say you better do something before people find out what's going on. Otherwise, it means exposure for all of you.

MAX: I gotta go. (Gets up to leave.)

LOGAN: Hey. (She turns back and he tosses her a cell phone.) In case you can't find a pay phone again.

---

(Sketchy rides his bike into a market-like area. A man with large spikes sticking out of his forearms, several piercings, and smaller spikes sticking out of his shaved head stops him menacingly.)

MAN: Can I help you, little man?

SKETCHY: No, I'm just making a delivery.

(A second man with a British accent and small spikes sticking out of his forehead joins them.)

SECOND MAN: I think you might be lost, mate.

SKETCHY: No, dude, this is the address. Says so right here.

(The first man snatches the piece of paper from Sketchy's hand. A third man with blue hair and one arm takes the paper and reads it.)

THIRD MAN: Yeah, it says so right here.

SECOND MAN: Well, then, I stand corrected. What's in it?

SKETCHY: None of your business.

SECOND MAN (laughing): Well, it is our business. That's the problem.

THIRD MAN: See, uh, this is our little piece of paradise.

SECOND MAN: We're what you call, uh, territorial. (The three of them laugh.)

---

(At Jam Pony, Alec is sitting on Normal's desk, telling Normal about a fight.)

ALEC: So he hits me in the face like three times. I'm just smiling. You know, waiting for my opening. And then wham! One punch, right in the jaw. He goes down.

NORMAL: Ahhh. What about Sam the Superfly? How'd you handle that jab combination there?

ALEC: Superfly--Superfly's not as fast as he seems--

(Sketchy enters, bloody.)

ALEC: Holy...what happened to you?

SKETCHY: Steelheads beat the snot out of me.

ALEC: Steelheads?

SKETCHY: Yeah, you know. They're into implants and biotech stuff.

NORMAL: You oughta know better than to hang out with those lowlifes. They're amped off their gourds on hormones and who knows what else. Wait, you weren't on a run, were you?

SKETCHY (glancing at Alec): Not exactly.

NORMAL: Thank God. (Walks away)

SKETCHY: So, uh, what was in that package, anyway? Drugs?

ALEC: Of course not.

SKETCHY: Why don't you tell me, or I'm gonna bust you and Normal will can your ass.

ALEC: Androstamine. It's a synthetic hormone. Bodybuilders use it. I got my hands on some. Been doing some nice business with it.

SKETCHY: Not anymore. They told me to tell whoever I was working for to stay off their turf.

ALEC: Really. Sorry, man, I didn't know. I wouldn't have sent you down there if I did.

SKETCHY: Well, next time, why don't you just keep me out of it?

ALEC: Hey, hey. (Hands Sketchy some cash.) Why don't you, uh...why don't you get a new shirt? On me.

SKETCHY: Got some dirt on my pants.

ALEC (handing him more money): Get yourself some new pants.

SKETCHY: Thanks. And, uh, you're buying at Crash tonight, right?

ALEC: Yeah, you got it.

SKETCHY: Buddy.

---

(At Joshua's house, Max reads a book while waiting for him to show up. He doesn't. After a while she closes the book and starts to leave. She notices some blood on the front steps. She glances into the street and sees blood on a grating. Max lifts the heavy grating with one hand and drops into a service tunnel.)

---

(Logan enters a hospital room, wearing a lab coat and carrying a clipboard. A man lies in the bed with a large bandage over the lower part of his head. Logan sits next to the bed.)

LOGAN: Officer Pearson? I'm Dr. Livingston. I need to ask you a few questions.

(Pearson nods)

LOGAN: You claimed you were attacked by some kind of creature?

(Pearson nods and mumbles something like "Uh-huh.")

LOGAN: Well, if that's the case, then, uh...rabies could be a concern. Did you get a good look at whatever it was that did this to you? (Pearson nods.) You think you could identify it in a picture?

(Pearson nods again. Logan holds up the tabloid with Joshua's picture on the front. Pearson nods, points at the tabloid, and makes noises as if trying to speak. The beeps on his heart-rate monitor increase in frequency.)

LOGAN: That's him? You're sure?

(Pearson continues trying to speak)

LOGAN: I'm sorry. I don't--

(Pearson grabs a box of Kleenex from his nightstand and shows the back of it to Logan. At first Logan doesn't understand, but then he sees a barcode on it.)

LOGAN: Barcode. He had a barcode on his neck.

(Pearson nods)

LOGAN: Okay.

---

(Max walks through the service tunnel. The phone Logan gave her rings, and she answers. Logan is standing near a fence outside the hospital.)

LOGAN: Max, it's me. I just talked to the cop that survived the attack the other night.

MAX: Yeah?

LOGAN: Bad news. I showed him that picture of Joshua that turned up in that tabloid a few weeks ago. He ID'd him.

MAX: That's impossible.

LOGAN: Max, the guy recognized him.

MAX: Well, he's wrong.

LOGAN: Well, he got a look at his barcode.

MAX: Barcode? Joshua doesn't have a barcode.

LOGAN: I thought you all did.

MAX: He's the first one Manticore ever made. He doesn't have one.

(There is some static on the line.)

LOGAN: What? I couldn't hear you. Max? Max?

(Max sees the man resembling Joshua enter the service tunnel and she hangs up and tucks the phone in her jacket. She approaches the man, who is standing near a window with his face in the shadows.)

MAX: Joshua?

(He turns toward her and growls.)

MAX: That's not very nice.

(He barks at her. Suddenly Joshua appears behind her outside the room and addresses the other man.)

JOSHUA: Run, Isaac! Run!

MAX: Joshua?

(Somebody shoots at Joshua. He and Isaac run in different directions. Max steps through a doorway and some cops run by. One of them stops.)

COP: What are you doing down here?

(Max punches and kicks him to the ground. The cops surround Joshua, taze him, and take him away.)

---

(Later, Joshua is in a cell with a heavy door, sitting on the floor. Two cops peer through the window in the door.)

FIRST COP: We should cap this sack of crap right now.

SECOND COP: Yeah. It'll probably walk on the doggie defense.

FIRST COP: It's not a dog, you idiot. It's a werewolf.

SECOND COP: I'm an idiot? So where's the full moon?

FIRST COP: Full moon's just a legend. Read a book sometime.

THIRD COP (joining them): You're both idiots. What we have here is one of those, uh, mutants been in the paper the last few weeks. Sarge says feds are on their way down. Gonna take him off our hands.

SECOND COP: The feds?

THIRD COP: Some agency I never heard of.



FIRST COP: I don't care who they are. Thing's been killing cops. We oughta teach it a lesson.

(He unlocks the door and they walk into the cell. Joshua stands up. The cops start beating him.)

FIRST COP: How do you like that? Huh? Huh?

JOSHUA: Don't.

(The cops stop beating him and stand astonished as Joshua cries.)

JOSHUA: Don't like it.

THIRD COP: Christ. Damn thing talks.

---

(In Logan's apartment, Logan sits in his desk chair while Max faces him in his wheelchair.)

LOGAN: Two of them? You're sure?

MAX: Don't you see? That's how Joshua got hurt--trying to stop Isaac.

LOGAN: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Slow down. Joshua got hurt? And who--who's Isaac?

MAX: That's the other one's name.

LOGAN: Okay.

MAX: And when I went over to Joshua's house the other day, his side was all bandaged up.

LOGAN: You didn't tell me that.

MAX: I didn't know what it meant. Now I do.

LOGAN: Care to let me in on it?

MAX: Joshua got hurt trying to stop Isaac from killing that cop.

LOGAN: Now that's a bit of a reach, don't you think? For all we know, they both attacked him.

MAX: Joshua would never hurt anybody.

LOGAN: Fine, then why didn't he tell you what happened?

MAX: I don't know.

LOGAN: Any way you slice it, he's protecting a killer.

MAX: Any way you slice it, the cops got the wrong guy.

LOGAN: Guess what? It doesn't matter. They've got a dog-man in custody and they don't care if he's been murdering cops or herding sheep. They just want to know what the hell he is.

MAX: I gotta get him out of there. Where are they holding him?

LOGAN: Twelfth precinct. (Max gets up to leave.) What about Isaac?

MAX: I'll get to him later.

LOGAN: After he kills somebody else?

MAX: Here's an idea. Instead of busting my chops because I can't do two things at once, why don't you do something about it? (Stalks out)

---

(At the market-like area, the third Steelhead loads one of many metal boxes onto a truck while the first Steelhead stands nearby, shaking a box.)

THIRD STEELHEAD: Hey, are you gonna help me? Or has the one-armed guy gotta load the whole truck by himself?

FIRST STEELHEAD: I'm just trying to figure out what's in it, that's all.

THIRD STEELHEAD: What do you hear?

FIRST STEELHEAD: I don't know. Sloshing.

(The second Steelhead approaches.)

SECOND STEELHEAD: All right, lads. Step it up. Gotta get these lovelies on ice.

THIRD STEELHEAD: Uh, Eddie, we're just wondering--what's in the boxes?

EDDIE: Livers and kidneys.

(The first Steelhead makes a face, smells his hand, and wipes it on the third Steelhead's leather jacket.)

THIRD STEELHEAD: You mean--we've been hefting these things around just so you can make some nasty English pie?

EDDIE: These are human livers and kidneys, mate.

FIRST STEELHEAD: Hey, whoa, whoa, whoa. I'm not eatin' any pie made out of people, Eddie.

EDDIE: We're gonna sell 'em, you dim. They're for transplants. We've got buyers overseas willing to pay top dollar for this lot.

(Alec rides up on his bike.)

ALEC: Excuse me, gentlemen. I'm looking for three butt-ugly Steelheads that beat up a friend of mine this morning.

EDDIE: Well, you found 'em.

ALEC (to the third Steelhead): What happened to you? Did you, uh, accidentally chew your arm off?

THIRD STEELHEAD: Actually, I'm pre-op. I'm gettin' a top-of-the-line, Japanese-made cyber-arm put in next week.

ALEC: Well, whatever moves your furniture. Here's the thing, fellas. My friend was carrying a package that didn't belong to him. It belonged to me. You guys took it. I need to get it back.

EDDIE: There seems to be a breakdown in communication, doesn't it? Maybe your friend didn't relay our message.

FIRST STEELHEAD: Nobody around here sells andy but us.

ALEC: Yeah, see, here's the problem. I had a buyer who was willing to pay me five hundred dollars for that package. Now he's upset that he didn't get his andy, I'm upset that I didn't get my cash, and you guys are upset because--well, I'm not quite sure why you're upset, but you seem to be. So what do you say you give me five hundred dollars, and I get out of here before anybody gets more upset than they already are?

EDDIE (getting in Alec's face): What's a poofter like you need with five hundred bucks, anyway, eh?

ALEC (in a British accent): Actually, I need it for a ride on your mum.

(Eddie starts to punch Alec but is interrupted by the ring of a cell phone. All four of them stop and check to see if it's theirs.)

ALEC: It's me. Excuse me, fellas. I'm sorry. (Into phone) Hello?

EDDIE: You cheeky bastard! (Punches Alec)

(In his apartment, Logan is throwing some things into a bag, including a very large flashlight, while talking on his cell phone.)

LOGAN: Alec. It's Logan.

ALEC: Oh, hey.

(Alec fights the Steelheads while talking on the phone. Logan hears grunts and punches in the background.)

LOGAN: What was that?

ALEC: Nothing, nothing. What's going on?

LOGAN: You okay?

ALEC: No, I'm--I'm fine. (Knocks out the last steelhead and takes some cash from the third Steelhead's jacket pocket.) So what's up?

LOGAN: I need your help.

---

(Later, Logan and Alec are walking through the service tunnel. Logan shines the flashlight around.)

ALEC: It's just 'cause she's hot, you know.

LOGAN: What is?

ALEC: Everything. Everything she gets away with. You honestly think we'd be down here in this moldy dump looking for God-knows-what if she were ugly?

LOGAN: We're down here to give Max a hand.

ALEC (laughing): You're so whipped.

---

(At the jail, the third cop escorts Max through the cell halls. She is wearing a hat and carrying a large camera.)

MAX: We're doing a public service. Monsters on the loose, people have the right to know.

THIRD COP: All right. Take as many pictures as you want. So, uh, this newspaper you work for--

MAX: New World Weekly.

THIRD COP: Right. You need any quotes, you know--something from, uh, the law enforcement perspective--let me know.

(They enter Joshua's cell block.)

THIRD COP: To your left.

(Max sees Joshua lying on a bunk in a regular jail cell, facing away from her, and begins taking pictures of him.)

MAX: Can I get closer?

PRISONER BEHIND HER: Sure thing, baby. Come as close as you want.

THIRD COP: Careful. It's dangerous. (Leans close to her) You're never gonna believe this...

MAX: Try me.

THIRD COP: It talks.

MAX: Really? What'd he say?

JOSHUA (seeing who it is and standing up): Max.

THIRD COP: Hey...

(Max knocks out the cop and takes his keys. She unlocks Joshua's cell door. The other prisoners start yelling for her to let them out too. She and Joshua hug and then run down the hall. Some other cops run after them.)

FIRST COP: Hey! Open the gates! Open the gates!

(Another cop opens a gate standing between the cops and Max and Joshua, who are quite a ways ahead of them. Max and Joshua try to open doors along the way; they are locked. Finally they find a door that opens and they duck inside to find several German shepherds in cages. Joshua smiles and barks with them, opening the cages. Max crosses the room to another door.)

MAX: I don't want you to take this the wrong way, but I got a thing with dogs. Feline DNA.  
(Opens the door.) Come on.

(Joshua follows her out the door, leaving the dogs in the room. The cops burst in the first door to find the dogs running toward them. They back out the door.)

---

(In the service tunnel, Logan and Alec lift a grating that covers an opening into a room of some kind.)

ALEC: After you.

(They step through and look around.)

ALEC: Whoa! What is that smell?

(They see something hanging from a clothesline that is strung across the room.)

ALEC: Are those--tongues?

(Logan shines the light around and it illuminates Isaac's face. Isaac growls and knocks Logan to the ground. Alec tears Isaac away from Logan. They fight. Alec throws Isaac to the ground. Isaac runs out the opening, slams the grating down, locks it from the outside, and leaves.)

ALEC: Guess we should've called first.

---

(At Joshua's house)

MAX: Why didn't you tell me about him the other day?

JOSHUA: Wanted to.

MAX: We could've done something to stop him.

JOSHUA: Tried to stop him.

MAX: I know. Why's he doing it, Joshua? Why's he killing people?

JOSHUA: Angry.

MAX: About what?

JOSHUA: Manticore guards. They hurt him bad.

MAX: They hurt us all.

JOSHUA: You don't know. You don't know. Little brother was gentle. Father made him that way. Then Father was gone...lost in all the people.

*(In a flashback, Isaac is alone in some kind of cell, crying and howling.)*

*ISAAC: Father!*

JOSHUA: Isaac was sad. Couldn't stop crying.

*(Isaac howls and is beaten by Manticore guards)*

JOSHUA: So the guards...they tried to make him stop.

*ISAAC (in flashback): Father...*

JOSHUA: Father never came back. He was gone. Isaac wouldn't stop. So they made him stop.

*ISAAC (handcuffed to a metal bar): Father!*

*(A guard picks up a pair of cutters and opens Isaac's mouth. The camera moves off Isaac's face as he screams.)*

JOSHUA: Police...Isaac sees Manticore guards. That's why he hurts them.

---

*(In the service passage, Alec slams into the grating several times with his shoulder. The grating doesn't budge.)*

ALEC: Oh, this is great. Great. This is just great!

*(In frustration, he hits the grating with his hands. Behind him, Logan holds up a large piece of pipe.)*

LOGAN: Maybe you should try this.

---

*(At Joshua's house, Max stands up.)*

MAX: Stay here. Don't open the door; don't do anything. Just stay put.

JOSHUA: Where you going? *(Stands up.)*

MAX: To find Isaac.

JOSHUA: I'll--I'll come.

MAX: No! The cops are looking for you. You have to stay here.

JOSHUA: Don't hurt little brother.

MAX: Stay put, you hear me?

JOSHUA: You hear me?

MAX: He's killing people, Joshua!

JOSHUA: I'll stop him.

MAX: You tried. Look what he did to you!

JOSHUA: He didn't mean to! They made him like this!

MAX: Doesn't matter! He still has to be stopped!

JOSHUA: You let him out! You let us all out! Now you hurt him?

MAX: I won't unless I have to. Out of my way, big fella.

(She tries to walk past him. He pushes her back.)

JOSHUA: I don't think so, little fella.

(She tries to push him out of the way. He shoves her and she falls over the desk. Joshua runs out. Max gets up and runs after him. She sees the entranceway to the service tunnel open and jumps down into it. She runs down the tunnel, looking for him.)

MAX: Joshua! Joshua!

---

(In the tunnel, Alec bangs the pipe on the grating in an effort to open it. Joshua walks by, looking for Isaac.)

JOSHUA: Isaac!

ALEC: Joshua! Hey, open up.

(Joshua stands there and looks at them in surprise.)

LOGAN: Where's Max? (Joshua shrugs.) Isaac's out there.

(Joshua turns and walks away.)

ALEC: Jo--hey, come back here! (To Logan) What is it with these guys, huh?

(He pounds on the grating in frustration. It comes loose.)

ALEC: Yeah.

(They push on the grating to open it. Meanwhile, Max walks up some stairs.)

MAX: Joshua? Joshua?

(Nobody answers. She looks around. Suddenly Isaac leaps onto her from behind. They fight. Eventually Isaac throws her to the ground, holds her by the throat, and prepares to attack. Suddenly Joshua runs up the stairs, holding a long, sharp piece of pipe.)

JOSHUA: No, Isaac!

(Isaac looks up and pauses, then starts to attack Max.)

JOSHUA: No!

(Joshua rushes forward and stabs Isaac in the chest with the sharp pipe. Isaac gasps and collapses. Joshua runs to his side. Isaac dies. Joshua moans and howls softly, kissing Isaac's forehead. Logan and Alec run in.)

LOGAN: Max! Max!

(They stand at the top of the next flight of stairs to see Joshua with his head on Isaac's chest, still whimpering.)

---

(Later, Max and Logan sit at a table at Crash.)

MAX: Thanks for hanging with me.

LOGAN: No problem.

MAX: I shouldn't have let them out, Logan. I should've known something like this was gonna happen.

LOGAN: You did the right thing. The only thing.

MAX: Tell that to the families of those cops who died.

LOGAN: Manticore made Isaac a killer, not you.

MAX: What if there are others like him out there?

LOGAN: For every one you let out that might be dangerous, you gave a hundred others the chance to have a real life. (Points to Alec, who is standing at the bar across the room.) Like him.

MAX: Thought you were trying to make me feel better.

LOGAN (chuckling): Almost forgot. (Shows her some cash.) He gave me this. Said it was to cover the money we lost on that doctor.

MAX: Where'd he get it?

LOGAN: Off some bad guys. All I needed to hear.

MAX: I'm gonna drop by Joshua's.

LOGAN: How's he doing?



MAX: I don't know. He won't even talk to me...except to say "Go away." Thanks. (Gets up to leave)

LOGAN: Bye.

(On her way out, Max passes Alec. He nods and raises his glass of beer as a wave. Max smiles and leaves. Then Alec turns to the woman standing next to him. She has lots of piercings, a shaved, pointy head, and metal curls coming out of the point.)

ALEC: So what'd you say your name was again?

WOMAN: My friends call me Lux.

ALEC: Lux.

LUX: Think you might know some of them.

ALEC: Oh yeah?

LUX: Mmm. Those three guys you went all primitive on.

(She holds up her hand and pops out an inch-long metal claw from each fingernail.)

ALEC: Nice.

(She leans close and touches his neck, stroking his barcode.)

ALEC: Are you vibrating?

LUX (whispering into his ear): We know what you are.

(She steps back. Alec looks at her, suddenly worried. She smiles at him, licks her fingers, and walks out. He gulps.)

---

(At his house, Joshua has just finished burying Isaac. He takes a broken piece of concrete and places it in the dirt as a headstone. Max approaches.)

JOSHUA: Go away.

MAX: I can't. Joshua, you saved my life. I'm sorry about your brother, I really am, but...I'm glad to be alive. I want you to be too.

JOSHUA: Brother gone. Not alive anymore.

MAX: I know. But I'm here. And I'm not going anywhere. I'm just not. (She kneels beside him.) You don't have to be alone. Tell me about him.

JOSHUA: Why? Isaac gone.

MAX: I want to know him the way you did.

(Joshua looks at her and smiles at the memory of Isaac.)

JOSHUA: Isaac was Father's favorite.

MAX: Must've made you jealous, huh?

JOSHUA: At first. Later, no.

MAX: You got over it.

JOSHUA (nodding): Little brother...smaller, gentle. Father said, "Protect him." I tried.

MAX: You did. You were a good brother.

(Max hugs him as he cries, his hand on Isaac's headstone.)

DARK ANGEL  
Season Two, Episode #7: "Some Assembly Required"  
First Aired 11/16/2001

(An electronics store is closing for the night. A customer leaves, escorted by the store owner.)

STORE OWNER: Good night. Thank you for your kind patronage of Shashi's Electronics Emporium. (Under his voice, after the customer leaves) Cheap bastard.

(He closes and locks the gate in front of the door. British Eddie approaches, accompanied by the same two Steelheads as before, as well as an unidentified fourth man.)

EDDIE: Hate to trouble you when I see you're about to close, mate, but I need a couple of D batteries.

STORE OWNER: Fresh out. Sorry.

EDDIE: Really? No D batteries in the whole bloomin' store, eh?

STORE OWNER: We're closed. Go away.

EDDIE: Well, if you're gonna be rude about it, I just might take me patronage elsewhere.

STORE OWNER: Good. Go. Take it away.

(The store owner goes back inside the store. Eddie smiles, turns to the fourth man, and nods at the gate. The fourth man pulls the gate open with his right hand. His forearm and hand are covered by a metal exoskeleton. The four men enter the store and the Steelhead with the blue hair, who now has his Japanese-made cyber-arm attached, addresses the store owner.)

FIRST STEELHEAD: Guess what? You're having an after-hours sale.

(The Steelheads begin trashing the place. The store owner runs away. The first Steelhead smashes open a case full of batteries.)

FIRST STEELHEAD: Hey, Eddie--D batteries. (Eddie gives him a withering look.) What? I thought you needed some.

(The other Steelhead picks up a barking robotic toy dog and grins.)

SECOND STEELHEAD: Hey, check this out. (Chuckling) Hey, I heard of these things. Supposed to, uh, bark and walk and act just like a real dog.

FIRST STEELHEAD: It's annoying.

SECOND STEELHEAD: I don't think he likes you.

FIRST STEELHEAD (addressing the robot dog): Shut up. I'm--I'm warning you!

(The dog keeps barking and he rips its head off, plucking a small part out from the exposed circuitry.)

FIRST STEELHEAD: C-437! Been lookin' for one of these.

(He uses the dog to smash a glass case and chuckles gleefully.)

EDDIE: Boys! I think we got a little problem.

(Eddie points to a security camera. They make faces at it. The view of them changes and now Logan and Max are watching the tape from the security camera on his computer. Max is sitting in Logan's desk chair at the computer, and Logan is standing behind her.)

MAX: Yeah, so? Some Steelheads robbing an electronics store. Why'd you want me to see it?

LOGAN: Hang on.

(He reaches next to her briefly to click the mouse. On the tape, the fourth man stands in front of the camera. His back is to it and he is facing the Steelheads. Max recognizes the back of his head.)

MAX: Zack.

LOGAN: Your brother's alive, Max. You might want to brace yourself for what comes next.

(Zack slowly turns to face the camera. The upper left side of his face consists of a metal plate. A blinking red light is where his left eye should be. Max gasps. Zack looks into the camera for a moment, then knocks it out.)

(Opening credits)

---

MAX: I can't believe it. He's alive.

LOGAN: You told me you saw him when you were back at Manticore.

MAX: They'd been harvesting his organs.

(Max remembers standing with Renfro, looking at Zack through a window.)

*RENFRO: His liver and kidneys went to an X5 wounded on a mission; his heart--of course, as you know--went to you...*

MAX: I wouldn't be alive if it wasn't for him.

LOGAN (softly): Hey.

MAX: Renfro said something about moving him to another facility...that they had plans for him.

LOGAN: Looks like they were experimenting with cybernetic implants. Probably replaced his missing organs with artificial ones.

MAX: How'd he end up with a bunch of Steelheads?

LOGAN: Could be when Manticore shut down, an enterprising lab tech unloaded him on the black market. A genetically-engineered soldier with cutting-edge cybernetics...Steelheads would be all over it.

MAX: All I know is I've gotta find him. Do you have any idea where they hang?

LOGAN (handing her a file): Wish I did. Been looking to take them down for months. British Eddie and his crew are running a body-parts ring. Paying off hospitals, getting their hands on organs meant for transplant candidates, shipping them overseas for a profit.

MAX: Any leads?

LOGAN: Nothing solid. But I put word out on the Informant Net. I'll let you know as soon as anything turns up.

MAX: Thanks.

---

(At Jam Pony)

ORIGINAL CINDY: I'm telling you, she's gonna be here in fifteen.

NORMAL: Well, let's see. Fifteen minutes from now, which is thirty-three minutes from when she should've been here, brings us to a grand total of forty-eight minutes late. Okay. (Handing a package to an employee) Thirteenth and Kendrick. Hot run.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Fact is, she had a doctor's appointment this morning.

NORMAL: Yeah, I don't pay you people enough to see a doctor. (Handing another package to another employee.) 2348 Euclid. Bip bip bip.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Look, she made me promise to keep it on the low-low, but, um...this doctor that she's been seeing is a shrink.

NORMAL: I see. Has the stress from her eleven-to-four job finally become too much for her?

ORIGINAL CINDY: As a matter of fact, yeah. She's been acting strange at home lately. She keeps going on about these violent work-related fantasies that she's been having. Hate to think what's gonna happen if she finds out that she's been fired.

NORMAL: Did you say "violent?"

ORIGINAL CINDY: Gave me nightmares.

(Max enters. Normal gestures at a package.)

MAX: What?

NORMAL (meekly): I got a package for you here whenever you're ready for it.

MAX: Give me five minutes.

NORMAL: Yeah, take ten, or whatever you feel is appropriate. I'm flexible. (She walks away.)  
Very flexible.

(At their lockers)

ORIGINAL CINDY: You know you're my girl and all, but you have got to try a little bit harder to get here on time. Normal was lookin' to fire you again. Luckily, I did you a favor and talked him out of it.

MAX: Thanks.

ORIGINAL CINDY: So you gonna tell me what's on your mind, or am I gonna have to smack it out of you?

MAX (somerly): It's Zack. He's alive.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Whoa. Okay, one might think that you'd be happy to know that your boy is all right.

MAX: That's the thing. I don't know if he is. For some reason, he's running with a bunch of Steelheads, and I've got no clue how to reach him.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Steelheads. (Max nods) Sketchy!

(Sketchy appears.)

SKETCHY: You bellowed, Your Originalness?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Tell Max what you told me about those guys that kicked your butt.

SKETCHY: It's been a pretty violent month for the Sketchmeister. Could you be a tad more specific?

ORIGINAL CINDY: The guys with the shiny spikes coming out of their appendages.

SKETCHY: Ohhh, those guys. Um...Look, I'm afraid the specifics of that particular butt-kicking are a little hazy.

MAX: Then un-haze. Fast.

SKETCHY: See, the thing is, I can't.

MAX: Why not?

SKETCHY: I sort of promised someone I wouldn't talk about my run-in with those guys, especially to you.

(Max shoves him against a wall.)

MAX: Who, Sketch?

SKETCHY: Have you been lifting weights, Max?

MAX: Who?

SKETCHY: I made a promise.

MAX: I promise you if you don't tell me in five seconds, I'm gonna introduce your face to your colon.

(A few minutes later, Max slams Alec's hand in his locker.)

ALEC: Ahhh!

MAX: We need to talk.

---

(Alec and Max ride their bikes into the market-like area where Alec beat up the Steelheads.)

ALEC: All right, whoa, whoa, whoa. This is the place.

(They stop.)

MAX: You're sure?

ALEC: Yeah. Yeah, in fact, I specifically remember slamming one of their heads against this post right here. (They park their bikes against the post.) All right, can I go now?

MAX: Nope. This is your penance for scamming Sketchy into selling steroids. You're lucky I don't turn you in to the cops.

(They walk around, looking for the Steelheads.)

ALEC: You know, I got out of the whole andy business once I heard it could make your heart explode. I mean, once your clientele starts dying off, who the hell are you gonna sell it to? Just didn't make any business sense--you know, long-term.

MAX: Now, if this is the Steelheads' turf, where are they?

ALEC: How should I know? They're probably holed up somewhere, tweaking each others' circuits.

MAX: Guess we're just gonna have to get their attention, then.

ALEC: Please tell me you're gonna get naked.

MAX: Nope. You're going back into the steroid biz.

ALEC: Yeah, they made it pretty clear that they didn't want me around here, so--

MAX: Exactly. Now imagine how ticked off they're gonna be when they find out you didn't listen.

ALEC: Yeah, they're gonna come packing this time. No. No, I--I have zero interest in tangling with these psychos again. You're on your own. (Starts to walk away.)

MAX (grabbing his arm): I'm gonna find my brother and you're gonna help me.

ALEC: Your brother. That's cute, Max.

MAX: He's the closest thing to family I have. I don't expect you to understand that. What I do expect is your cooperation, or else.

ALEC: Or else what?

MAX: Or else I tell Normal how you used Jam Pony to peddle steroids, and he'll can your ass. No more job means no more sector pass.

ALEC: How am I supposed to get around?

MAX: I don't know, but it's gonna make it pretty difficult for you to be a cat burglar.

(Alec looks at her for a second, then sighs and starts talking to people in the area.)

ALEC: Andy, anyone? Anyone want some andy? You lookin' for some andy, pal? You could beef up a little bit, huh? No? All right. Andy, anybody?

---

(In a house nearby, a TV is playing cartoons. Lux walks by, carrying a whip. Zack and the first Steelhead are sitting on opposite sides of a table. The Steelhead uses a screwdriver to tweak his cyber-arm.)

FIRST STEELHEAD (to Zack): All right. One more time.

(Zack turns to him unemotionally and they start arm-wrestling. The Steelhead grunts and strains. Zack holds steady and doesn't even break a sweat. British Eddie walks into the room.)

EDDIE: Oh, God, not this again. Hey, you've had that arm less than a week. You keep it up, you're gonna break the sodding thing.

FIRST STEELHEAD: No. I can beat him, Eddie, I know it.

(Zack slams his arm down. The Steelhead grunts in frustration. British Eddie smiles and pushes a button on a nearby machine.)

FIRST STEELHEAD: Went and chopped my stupid arm off, and all I needed was an exo-harness like G.I. Jerk here's got.

LUX: Cheer up, Birdy. Maybe Santa'll bring you one for Christmas.

(Eddie removes a needle from Zack's other arm. The needle is attached to the machine.)

EDDIE: There. Oughta do you for the day, mate. Blood's nice and clean. Yeah, keepin' good care of him, aren't we, Bird? Makin' sure he don't get all rusty inside.

(Zack picks up a gun and walks across the room. Eddie sits down next to Lux in front of the TV. Zack begins cleaning the gun. Bird speaks in a low voice to Eddie.)

BIRD: Our boy sure is a weird one. Quiet. Too quiet.

EDDIE: He knows when to shut his gob, that's all. (Kicks Bird away.)

LUX: I think he's kinda cute.

EDDIE: Hey! Can't you see I'm trying to watch me cartoons?

(The other Steelhead walks in the door.)

SECOND STEELHEAD: Hey, guess who's pushing andy again? That frail that, uh, mangled us a couple weeks ago in the marketplace.

EDDIE: Soldier! (Zack stands up) You're moving out.

---

(Outside in the marketplace)

MAN: What you mean, you don't have it on you?

ALEC: Well, like I said, sir, if you just wanna give me your name and address, I promise I'll pop it in the mail tomorrow.

MAN: You wack punk!

(The man walks away. Alec nods in frustration, and he and Max keep walking.)

ALEC: This is ridiculous.

(Bird steps into view a short distance away.)

BIRD: Hey, you.

ALEC: Finally! You realize how long I've been waitin' for you?

BIRD (smiling): Not nearly as long as I've been waitin' for you.

(Bird raises his gun. Max and Alec quickly get out of the way. Alec zigzags up to Bird and flips behind him. The second Steelhead approaches with gun raised and Max kicks him down. Alec wrenches the gun out of Bird's hand and flips Bird into some crates. The second Steelhead attempts to hit Max with the spikes coming out of his forearm; she blocks him and kicks him in the back. Alec cracks his knuckles, looking satisfied with himself. Zack takes him by surprise and grabs him by the throat. Max shoves the second Steelhead out of the way.)

MAX: Zack!

(Holding Alec in midair by the throat with one hand, Zack pulls a gun on Max with the other.)

MAX: Zack. It's me. It's Max.

ZACK: Who are you?

MAX: Zack, it's me. Zack? It's Max.



*(Zack has flashbacks to their early years at Manticore, a few of the times they'd had contact since, and the DNA lab during their raid on Manticore.)*

ZACK *(pointing to a barcoded vial)*: Max, it's you.

ZACK: You're an X5. Show me your barcode.

ALEC *(choking)*: Max, show it to him already.

*(Max turns around, pulls her hair aside, and shows him her barcode. Zack has two brief flashbacks--one of Max's barcode on the wall of vials, and one of her face when she was young--and drops Alec.)*

ZACK: You're 452. I know you. You're in my unit.

MAX: That's right. I'm Max.

ZACK: Max.

MAX: Come on. Let's get you out of here.

ZACK *(glancing at the people lying on the ground)*: What about them?

MAX: They're not in our unit.

*(They walk away. Alec stands up, trying to catch his breath.)*

ALEC: I'm fine.

---

*(In his apartment, Logan talking to Dr. Carr on his cell phone while putting on his jacket and stepping into the elevator.)*

LOGAN: Appreciate you doing this, Sam.

DR. CARR: No problem, Logan. Tell Eyes Only I'm glad to help.

LOGAN: Listen, I should warn you--he's undergone some pretty radical medical procedures.

DR. CARR: Believe me, I've seen it all.

LOGAN: Well, you might want to meet them downstairs just the same. I don't think either of us want anyone at the hospital asking questions.

DR. CARR: Whatever you say.

---

*(In a hospital lab room, Zack sits on an exam table while Max stands nearby. Dr. Carr is standing in front of Zack, looking surprised.)*

DR. CARR: Well...um...why don't we get started? Any allergies I should know about?

*(No response from Zack.)*

DR. CARR: Guess not. Moving right along--are you currently taking any prescription medication? How about vitamin supplements? Something for your skin?

(Logan knocks on the window and Max steps outside to join him in the waiting room. They both watch the exam through the window.)

MAX: He didn't even recognize me at first. It was like he'd never seen me before.

LOGAN: Took a bullet point-blank to the head. Stands to reason there'd be some cognitive damage.

MAX: Zack was the leader. Any situation, he knew what to do. Now look at him. He's so lost.

(Zack sits down in a wheelchair and a nurse pushes him out of the exam room. Dr. Carr waves Logan and Max inside. They stand in front of a large display screen, which is currently showing an X-ray of Zack's chest.)

DR. CARR: I'm running some additional scans on him now, but I wanted to show you these. Most of his major organs are biosynthetic, and from what I can tell, they're actually more efficient and more durable than the ones they replaced.

LOGAN: What about his arm?

(Dr. Carr hits a key on a keyboard and the display changes to X-rays of Zack's right hand and exoskeleton.)

DR. CARR: Looks like there was some nerve damage, so they grafted on an exoskeleton to enhance motor function. This thing is way more advanced than the one you got a hold of. This place Manticore was doing some cutting-edge stuff.

MAX: If they're so good, then how come they didn't fix it so he can remember his own name?

DR. CARR: Memory's a tricky thing. All the various associations that form a particular memory are stored in different parts of the brain. Now it's the temporal lobe's job to keep track of how those things are all interconnected.

MAX: And his was damaged?

DR. CARR: Right. (Dr. Carr hits a key and the display changes to an X-ray of Zack's head.) But they replaced it with a cybernetic implant, which seems to be capable of actually rebuilding those connections.

MAX: So there's a chance that his memory could come back?

DR. CARR: It's possible. I mean, look what happened with you. Seeing your face wasn't enough for him to recognize you, but when he heard your name, read your barcode, the implant was able to pull those fragments together to form the memory of who you were.

MAX: So if I take him to a place we've been together...

DR. CARR: It might trigger some more memories. Now, he could get confused at times. He might not be able to distinguish between, say, an event that actually happened and something he dreamed about. And obviously there's some things he's gonna lose because of tissue damage, but that aside, there's a chance he could recover almost everything.

MAX: When will we know?

DR. CARR: It's hard to say. Could take some time.

(The nurse opens the door and Zack wheels in. He sees Logan.)

ZACK: I've seen you before.

MAX: This is Logan.

(Zack stands up and steps closer to Logan.)

LOGAN: It's good to see you, Zack.

(Zack has *flashbacks of being in Logan's apartment while Max kept an eye on Lydecker elsewhere.*)

ZACK: *You're really worried about Max? The biggest threat to her safety is you.*

LOGAN: *How do you figure?*

ZACK: I remember you.

DR. CARR: It's a good sign.

---

(At their house, Bird and the second Steelhead are talking to Eddie, who is sitting at the table eating.)

EDDIE: What do you mean, you lost him?

BIRD: They got the drop on us.

EDDIE: Who's "they?"

BIRD: There was this girl, revved-up just like he is.

LUX: You mean she's another one of those Manticorians?

SECOND STEELHEAD: The way she moved? Had to be.

BIRD: Yeah. And she took off with our boy. I saw.

EDDIE: I want him back. He cost me a pretty penny, and...I--I miss him, I do.

BIRD: Aw, don't worry, Eddy. We'll get him back.

EDDIE: Lux, you know where this bloke selling the andy hangs, right?

LUX (nodding): Place called Crash.

EDDIE: Right, then. You two are gonna stake the place. Next time he shows his face, you nab him, you get him to tell you where the bird took G.I. Joe, then you get our boy back.

BIRD: That's a good plan, Eddie.

EDDIE: It is, isn't it? (He sits back down and starts eating again, then notices they haven't moved.) So why the hell are you two standing around here for, eh?

(Bird starts to say something, but the other guy grabs him and they leave.)

---

(In Max's apartment that night)

MAX: You don't remember? (Zack looks around and shakes his head) You came here once, looking for me. You were hurt. (Zack still doesn't recognize the place) It's okay. Doctor said it would take a while, anyway. Have a seat.

(Max sits on the chair and Zack sits on the floor. The lights go out. Max starts lighting candles.)

ZACK: Lights out. It's time to bunk down.

MAX: It's just a brownout. We're not in Manticore anymore.

ZACK: Manticore?

(Zack has *brief flashbacks of training when they were young.*)

MAX: Home sweet home for the first ten years of our lives.

ZACK: We ran away.

(Zack *flashes back to the escape in 2009.*)

ZACK: We abandoned our mission. (Stands up)

MAX: We got a new mission. It's called getting a life. It was your idea. You looked out for us...made sure we were all okay.

ZACK: The others--where are they now?

MAX: All over the place.

ZACK: Are they safe?

(Max *remembers hugging Syl, seeing Tinga dead in the tank, leaving Brin on a bench to be taken back to Manticore because she had progeria, seeing Krit, and hugging Tinga's body.*)

MAX: Don't worry about that right now. Just concentrate on getting better. You should get some sleep. (shows him to Original Cindy's bed.)

ZACK: This isn't my bunk.

MAX: You can use it. My roommate's staying with some friends. Welcome home, Zack.

(She leaves and closes the curtains separating the bedroom from the main room. Zack falls asleep and *dreams about the times he has spent with Max, including several hugs and brushing her hair out of her face. He also remembers being arrested and tortured, Tinga*

*giving herself up, Brin being captured, and being locked up when Lydecker double-crossed them.)*

ZACK *(in flashback)*: Max!

*(He remembers the time Max took him to Logan's when he was hurt.)*

ZACK: Stay out of this.

LOGAN: Back off...

*(Zack remembers being shot, Max playing dead in jail, and being wheeled into Manticore's operating room after he and Max were shot.)*

ZACK: Max!

*(He remembers more time with Max, a paper target with Eyes Only printed on it and bullet holes in it, getting shot, and standing over an unconscious Max in Manticore.)*

ZACK: X5-599, I've got a heart for you.

*(The shot rings out in the flashback and Zack wakes up. He sits up in bed, gasping. He looks around and notices a mirror. He sees his reflection, touches his face, remembers the way his face looked before he shot himself, and begins to cry. He walks into Max's bedroom, where she is reading by candlelight.)*

ZACK *(crying)*: I'm sorry.

MAX: What's wrong?

*(Zack sinks to the floor. Max kneels next to him.)*

ZACK: I remember...everything. I failed you. I failed all of you.

MAX: No.

ZACK: I let Manticore catch Brin...kill Tinga...

MAX: That wasn't your fault.

ZACK *(touching her face)*: I even let them kill you.

MAX *(taking his hand)*: Zack...

ZACK: Look at me. What did they do to me? What am I?

MAX *(placing his hand on her chest)*: Feel that? That's you in there. You saved my life. That's who you are. You're someone who will sacrifice everything to protect the ones you love.

*(They hug.)*

ZACK: I love you, Max. I'll never let anything happen to you again.

MAX: I know you won't. I know.

---

(The next morning, Max goes in the bedroom to wake Zack up.)

MAX: Up and at 'em.

(Zack stretches and sits up. Overnight, skin has formed over the metal plate. Max looks at him in surprise.)

ZACK: What?

---

(In the hospital lab, Dr. Carr examines Zack while Max looks on.)

DR. CARR: It's unbelievable.

MAX: What happened?

DR. CARR: Nanocytes circulating in his bloodstream. Self-replicating, molecular-scale biomachines designed to repair tissue damage. I've read theoretical papers about the technology, but to see them in action...

MAX: If he's got these nanocytes buzzing around fixing things, how come they weren't doing their job yesterday?

DR. CARR: Got me.

ZACK: It's the machine.

MAX: What machine?

ZACK: Eddie and the others hooked me up to it almost every day. Said it would filter my blood, keep it clean.

MAX: My ass. They were sifting out your nanocytes.

DR. CARR: That would explain why there was no tissue repair going on. Didn't have a chance to replicate in your bloodstream.

ZACK: Eddie said I looked cooler with no skin.

MAX: At least we can take you out in public now. Just gotta hook you up with a pair of shades.

DR. CARR: Hold on a second. Let me see something. Close your eyes for a second. (Zack obliges) A little pressure ought to stimulate the ocular implant. (Dr. Carr uses one finger to rub Zack's left eyelid.) Open.

(An image of a normal-looking eye forms. Dr. Carr shines a light on it and the "pupil" contracts.)

DR. CARR: Huh. Thought so. It's coated with a thin layer of liquid crystal. You know, the stuff they use on high-def TV's.

(Zack gets up and looks in a mirror.)

MAX: Guess Manticore wanted you to look normal so they could send you out on missions.

ZACK: Guess what? Got a new mission. It's called getting a life.

---

(In Logan's apartment, Max and Logan sit across from each other while Zack walks around.)

MAX: Can you believe it?

LOGAN: Actually...no.

ZACK (indicting his arm exoskeleton): This I think I'll hang onto for a while. Doc said the nerve damage should heal before long.

MAX (joking): Better watch out. People might think you're a Steelhead.

ZACK (sitting down): That's all I need.

LOGAN: Speaking of which, I was wondering if you could do me a favor.

ZACK: Sure thing.

LOGAN: Those Steelheads you were with--Eyes Only's been trying to track them down for months. I was hoping maybe you could tell me where Eddie and his crew were holed up.

*(Zack's eyes narrow. He remembers being tortured while forced to look at a screen showing Eyes Only, being shot, Eyes Only, being tortured, and Eyes Only. He then focuses on Logan's eyes.)*

ZACK: You...you're Eyes Only.

LOGAN: Yeah. You knew that.

MAX: Logan did that Eyes Only broadcast for us, remember? To warn the others that Lydecker was on to them?

ZACK (suspiciously): Yeah. Sure, I remember. You helped plan our assault on Manticore. You and Lydecker ran the operation while we went in.

LOGAN: Yeah, that's right.

ZACK (standing up): It's funny how that mission went sideways.

LOGAN: What are you trying to say?

ZACK: I think I just said it, didn't I?

MAX (standing up): Come on.

ZACK: I'm not telling you anything. (Walks away)

LOGAN: What the hell was that?

MAX: I don't know. I'm so sorry.

---

(At the waterfront, Zack is standing on the beach and throwing rocks into the water. Max walks onto the beach.)

MAX: Logan didn't deserve that. You were way out of line.

ZACK: I know. I'm sorry. Guess I'm still having a hard time accepting what happened...looking for someone else to blame besides myself.

MAX: We already talked about that, Zack.

ZACK: Anyway, I'm sorry. Remember the night we decided that it was time to stop running and to take down Manticore? We were right here.

MAX: I remember.

(He steps closer to her.)

ZACK: Seems like just yesterday.

MAX: A lot's changed since then. Manticore's gone.

ZACK: What do you mean?

MAX: Burned to the ground. Don't worry. I got everybody out.

ZACK (smiling): You finished the mission.

MAX: Thanks to you.

ZACK: So...there's a whole lot more of us out in the world. They're gonna need looking out for.

MAX: I was hoping you'd say that.

ZACK: So much for settling down into a nice, normal life, huh?

MAX: What's normal, anyway?

ZACK: Yeah. Besides, we have each other. Like always.

(They hug. Zack remembers the time he brushed Max's hair out of her face.)

MAX: I gotta swing by work. Come on.

(She starts to walk away. Zack *remembers a couple of the times he and Max have hugged in the past*. Max turns around and waves him on. He follows her.)

---

(At Jam Pony)



MAX: Wait here. I'll just be a sec, okay?

ZACK: Okay.

(Normal is poking through the holes in Max's locker door with a pencil.)

MAX: Normal! (Normal's pencil breaks.) What are you doing to my locker?

NORMAL: Uh, your locker. No, uh, it was nothing. I thought I saw a roach.

(Max nods, unlocks her locker, and takes some stuff out of it.)

MAX: Sorry I haven't been around much the last coupla days. Stuff I had to deal with. Doctors' appointments.

NORMAL: Yeah. That's okay. No problem.

MAX: I didn't want you to think I up and vanished on you again.

NORMAL: Yeah. Take all the time you need. You know, after all, one's health is, uh, you know, gotta be the most important thing. By the way, uh, have I told you how--how impressed I've been with your work lately? (Hands her an envelope.)

MAX: You feeling okay?

NORMAL: Listen, uh, I understand that, uh, I'm hard on you kids sometimes. But believe you me, it all comes from a place of love. You realize that, don't you, Max? That it all comes from a place of love?

MAX: Whatever.

NORMAL: Okay.

(Back at the entrance to Jam Pony, Sketchy is now standing with Zack.)

SKETCHY: Max, why didn't you tell me my boy was back in town?

MAX: Didn't know you two were so close.

SKETCHY: What, are you kidding? Back when he was a Jam Pony hump, this generous man showed me some tight shortcuts through downtown. Helped me shave hours off my workday.

MAX: Giving you extra time to nap and get high.

SKETCHY: Precisely. (Bowing to Zack) I'm forever in your debt.

ZACK: Glad I could help.

SKETCHY: Hey, you must come to Crash tonight. Whole crew's gonna be there. What do you say?

(Zack looks to Max for an answer.)

MAX: Sounds good.

SKETCHY: Outstanding! Eight o'clock, back room. Last one there does a naked keg stand.  
(Walks away.)

ZACK: I always liked Sketchy...I think.

---

(That night at Crash, Zack and Sketchy are playing foosball while Max, Original Cindy, and Alec sit at a table and watch.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Now that he's got his total recall on, what's next? Hook him back up at Jam Pony, help get him his own place?

ALEC: Living the dream.

MAX: I haven't really thought about it. I'm just glad he's back.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Things are looking up now. It's about time.

(They smile and clink glasses. Zack and Sketchy finish their game.)

MAX: Who won?

SKETCHY: He spanked me, ten-zip.

ZACK: It was no big deal.

SKETCHY: Wasn't a fair fight, what with that cyber-hand of his. Thinking maybe I oughta get one.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Maybe you should try to get you a cyber-head.

SKETCHY: What I could really use is another beer.

MAX (getting up and grabbing an empty pitcher): I think it's my turn to buy.

ALEC (getting up): Yeah, I'll go with you.

ORIGINAL CINDY (to Zack): Sit down, six-dollar man.

(Across the room, Alec catches up to Max.)

ALEC: Max, Max, let me ask you a question. Think there's something a little, uh, a little off about Brother Zack?

MAX: Like what?

ALEC: Well, for starters, he doesn't act like any brother I've ever seen.

MAX: You got something to say, Alec, spit it out.

ALEC: Seems to me like he's got the hots for you. It's kinda kinky, if you ask me.

MAX: I didn't. And stay out of it.

ALEC: I'm just saying.

MAX: Well, don't, 'cause I don't want to know what goes on in that sick little mind of yours.

ALEC: That hurts.

MAX: Truth always does.

(Max heads for the bar and Alec goes back to their table. At another table, Bird finishes a drink and pops a needle out of one of the knuckles on his cyber-arm. Max takes the empty pitcher to the bar.)

MAX: Can I get a refill?

(She notices that the man next to her is one of the Steelheads and then feels a poke from behind.)

MAX: Ow!

BIRD (behind her): Sorry.

(At the table)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Wonder what's keepin' my girl.

ALEC: Well, I'd give her a hand, but she'd just bite it off.

(Zack, who can see the bar from his seat, suddenly gets up and walks toward it.)

ALEC: There goes her knight in shining armor. Oh, God forbid our little Max have to lug a big, heavy pitcher of beer with her delicate little hands, huh? (Original Cindy gives him a look.) What?

(At the bar, Zack grabs the bartender's wrist.)

ZACK: Max--where is she?

BARTENDER: Had too much to drink. Left with a couple Steelhead friends of hers.

---

(At the Steelheads' house, the men are gathered around a table on which Max lies, covered completely with a sheet.)

SECOND STEELHEAD: Hey, Eddie, think she's got nanocytes inside her like our boy did?

BIRD: Ooh! Let's hook her up to the machine and find out.

EDDIE: Yeah. First things first. We find soldier boy, then we start tinkering with the both of them. At the very least, we ought to have a fresh supply of organs for our friends overseas.

(Bird pulls away the sheet. Max is tied down and gagged. Eddie removes the gag.)

EDDIE: Don't worry, love. You're not dead.

BIRD: Not yet.

MAX: What do you want from me?

EDDIE: We want our boy back. Where is he?

MAX: How should I know? He ran off on me.

(Eddie gives her a look, obviously not believing her, and turns to the other guys.)

EDDIE: Was she at the bar alone?

BIRD: Uh...didn't notice. (To the second Steelhead.) You, Tuck?

TUCK: Uh-uh.

BIRD: No.

EDDIE: Well, what was she doing when you snatched her up?

TUCK: Gettin' a pitcher of beer.

BIRD: Yeah.

EDDIE (to Max): Oh, a pitcher?

MAX: I'm a big drinker.

EDDIE: Oh, shut up. (To the others) Come here. Come here. (He takes them aside.) It could be that our boy was there, too, and right under your noses. You check the back room?

BIRD: Didn't know there was one. You, Tuck?

(Tuck looks away.)

EDDIE: You twits! (He smacks them both across the face.) Lock her up!

(A short time later, they walk toward the door, Bird and Tuck with guns.)

BIRD: Don't worry, Eddie. This time we'll check the back, the front, the whole place!

(Suddenly Zack opens the door. The door hits Bird on the head and sends him to the ground. Zack shoves Tuck into the wall and turns to Eddie, who looks scared. Zack locks the three of them in coffins that have been sitting around the house. He steps into another room and hears Max call from the closet.)

MAX: Zack!

ZACK: Max!

(Zack talks to her through the broken window in the door. Her hands are handcuffed above her head, across a metal bar.)

ZACK: What did they do to you? Are you okay?

MAX: I'm fine. Can you get these off me?

(Zack breaks the lock on the closet door and opens it.)

ZACK: I don't know what I would've done if anything would've happened to you.

(He leans in to kiss her. She backs away.)

MAX: Zack!

ZACK: I'm not gonna let anybody hurt you. You know that.

(He tries again to kiss her.)

MAX: Stop it! (kicks him hard)

ZACK: What's wrong? I love you. I just want things to be the way they used to be with us.

MAX: Things were never like that with us.

ZACK: But I remember...

*(Zack remembers brushing Max's hair out of her face at the cabin and hugging her a couple of times. Then he remembers Logan brushing Max's hair out of her face before the Manticore raid and Logan and Max kissing on their anniversary when Zack walked in.)*

ZACK: It was him, isn't it? How can you love him and not me? He betrayed us, Max!

*(Zack remembers him and Max getting shot in the woods outside Manticore.)*

MAX: What are you talking about? Who?

ZACK: Logan!

*(Zack remembers being tortured while a TV screen alternated images of Eyes Only with the words ENEMY, TARGET, AGITATOR, SUBVERSIVE, TRAITOR, TURNCOAT, TRAITOR, BETRAYED, TRAITOR, ENEMY, ENEMY, TARGET, and TARGET. This memory alternates with memories of Max getting shot, Logan's face, and Zack getting shot.)*

ZACK: He's been working against us the whole time! That's the reason the mission went wrong!

MAX: Just undo these handcuffs. We can talk about it.

ZACK: He's a traitor! Why don't you believe me?

MAX: You've got it all wrong! They did something to you back at Manticore!

ZACK (yelling): I died for you!

MAX: Zack...

ZACK (holding up his hand): He did this to me! (Starts tearing at his face.) He's the reason I look like this!

MAX: Zack!

(He keeps tearing. The skin starts coming off.)

MAX: Stop it!

(Zack pulls away the rest of the skin. The metal plate is now visible, and the ocular implant shows a red light again instead of an iris. He *remembers being back at Manticore, shooting at the paper target with Eyes Only printed on it, while three people watch and take notes.*)

ZACK: Now he's gonna pay for what he did...to both of us. (turns and runs out)

MAX: Zack! Zack! Zack!

---

(A short time later, Max yanks her hands down and breaks the handcuff chain. She runs to the phone sitting on a nearby desk and dials. Logan's cell phone rings; he wheels over to it and answers. Max talks while removing the cuffs from her wrists.)

LOGAN: Yeah?

MAX: Get out of the apartment, Logan. Now.

LOGAN: Max, what's wrong?

MAX: It's Zack. He's coming after you. Get out! (Hangs up)

(Logan hangs up, grabs his keys from the counter, and wheels over to the exoskeleton. He puts it on and heads for the elevator, jabbing the button. Zack drops through the skylight into Logan's apartment. The elevator doors open, and Logan steps in and presses the P1 button. Zack points his gun and starts walking around the apartment, looking for Logan. Logan keeps jabbing the DOOR CLOSE button. He glances out through the still-open elevator doors and sees Zack walk into view. Zack sees him. Logan ducks away from the doors, which finally close. The elevator starts to descend. Zack runs to the elevator doors and pries them open. He sees the elevator below. He grabs the cable until the elevator comes to a stop. The elevator's floor indicator says P1. Zack slides down the cable. Logan starts to pull the elevator doors open. Zack's hand punches through the elevator ceiling. Logan gets the doors apart. The elevator floor has stopped a few feet above the floor of P1, but there is enough room for Logan to jump out. He does and starts running. Zack jumps down into the elevator and starts running after him. Logan goes through a door into a stairwell and runs downstairs. Zack shoots after him, but hits nothing but glass. Then he goes through the door and runs downstairs. Logan reaches the next level, P2, and runs between some cars. Zack reaches the next level and shoots, missing Logan. As Zack shoots, a man who had been washing his car nearby ducks, then runs upstairs. He has dropped his bucket of soapy water and it has spilled onto the floor. Logan runs to his car, ducking, and Zack looks around for him. Logan stays down and goes to a nearby car. Zack walks around, still looking, ready to shoot. Logan peeks above the car, sees Zack nearby, and ducks down again. He uses the remote on his keys to disarm his car's alarm. The Aztek's lights flash once and the alarm makes a brief noise. It draws Zack's attention and he fires at the car. Logan jumps up and starts running again. Zack stops shooting at the Aztek, sees Logan, and fires at him. Logan goes down. He is okay, but the exoskeleton shuts down. He checks his hip and sees that a servomotor has been shot loose. Zack approaches, gun pointed at Logan.)

ZACK (screaming): Traitor!

(Suddenly Max zooms by on her motorcycle, knocking Zack down and knocking the gun out of his hands. The gun lands in a puddle of soapy water, a short distance in front of Logan. Max gets off her bike, swings on a pipe near the ceiling, and kicks Zack down with both feet. He jumps up. She grabs him by the jacket.)

MAX: Zack, don't do this!

ZACK: Out of my way, Max!

(They start to fight. Logan starts to crawl toward the gun. Max and Zack exchange punches and kicks. Max throws Zack onto the windshield of a nearby car. Max immediately starts running toward Logan, but Zack jumps on top of her, picks her up, and throws her at a nearby pole. She hits an electrical box mounted on the pole and lands on the ground under it. Zack picks up the gun and advances toward Logan. Max detaches some wires from the electrical box and touches them to the soapy water on the ground. Zack, who is standing in the soapy water, gets shocked. Max removes the wires from the water and Zack collapses in front of Logan. The red light in his ocular implant fades out.)

---

(Later, Dr. Carr is tending to Zack, who is unconscious and hooked up to breathing tubes. Max and Logan sit outside in the waiting room. Dr. Carr joins them.)

DR. CARR: He's gonna be okay...physically, anyway.

MAX: What do you mean?

DR. CARR: The cranial implant. It's still working, but the shock overloaded the circuitry and wiped it clean.

LOGAN: Then...?

DR. CARR: He's not going to remember anything that's happened to him since it was first switched on.

MAX: Nothing?

DR. CARR: It'll be just like before. He won't recognize your face--not unless he puts it together with your name, and so on, and so on.

MAX: Then what? Everything else will play out the same way?

DR. CARR: Whatever Manticore did to his head to make him go after Logan is still in there. It's a pretty safe bet that, sooner or later, it'll happen again.

LOGAN: Can we have a minute?

DR. CARR: Yeah. Sure. (Leaves)

LOGAN: It doesn't have to play out the same way. Maybe this time we can make him understand that I'm not a threat.

MAX: I need him, Logan. Now more than ever. I don't want to lose him. But I can't risk losing you. (Sadly, after a pause) I have to let him go.

LOGAN: I can use my contacts...give him a new identity. He can get a fresh start somewhere else.

MAX: A chance at a normal life. It's what he always wanted.

(A tear runs down her cheek as she turns to look through the window at Zack again.)

---

(In a hospital room, Zack wakes up. The skin on his face has regenerated, his ocular implant displays a normal-looking iris, and the exoskeleton has been removed from his arm, which is in a sling. He turns over and sees a man sitting beside the bed. The man folds the newspaper he has been reading.)

MAN: You're awake.

ZACK: Who are you?

MAN: It's me--Buddy. You don't remember me?

(Zack shakes his head)

BUDDY: Well, Dr. Carr said this might happen.

ZACK: Who?

BUDDY: The doc that treated you after the accident. Said you might have some memory loss.

(Zack still looks confused. Buddy approaches the bed.)

BUDDY: Your name's Adam--Adam Thompson. You've been working on my ranch for going on three years. You were driving one of trucks into Seattle when a tire blew. Sent you right off the road. Any of this ring a bell?

ZACK: No.

BUDDY: Well, the doc said it might take a while. What say we hit the road? Get home in good time, Mary'll cook you up anything you want for dinner. Sound good?

ZACK (smiling): Yeah. Actually, it does.

(Later, Zack is dressed and Buddy is wheeling him down the hall while he looks through "his" wallet. He looks up and sees Max sitting in a chair nearby, reading a magazine.)

ZACK (to Buddy): Hold up. (To Max) Do I know you?

MAX: No. I don't think so.

(Everybody smiles a little bit and Buddy starts pushing Zack again. Buddy glances back at Max and smiles. Max sadly watches them go. Her voiceover begins and she is sitting on top of the Space Needle.)

MAX: I think about Zack every day. I just hope that he's safe and happy, living the normal life he always wanted--the life he deserves to have. Letting him go was the hardest thing I've ever done. But sometimes you have to make sacrifices to protect the ones you love. (Smiles) I learned that from my brother



DARK ANGEL  
Season Two, Episode #8: "Gill Girl"  
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(In her apartment, Max is putting on her jacket and putting some things into her backpack. The phone rings and she answers it. Logan is calling from his apartment, looking worried.)

MAX: It's me.

LOGAN: Max, are you there? Can you come over?

MAX: Maybe later. I'm taking some stuff to Joshua's. Why?

LOGAN: I got a situation.

MAX: What kind of situation?

LOGAN: It's an emergency. (Something crashes offscreen) Oh, God. No! (Drops the phone)

MAX: Logan! Logan! (She hangs up and runs out.)

(Max bursts into Logan's apartment, looking panicky. She sees his wheelchair overturned and empty, and her eyes widen. She goes through the apartment looking for him, ending up in the living room, which is in disarray. Logan's feet are sticking out from underneath several bedsheets, which are draped over something.)

MAX: Logan...

(Logan pushes away the sheets that are covering his face.)

LOGAN: Oh, Max. Thank God.

MAX: Are you okay? What happened?

LOGAN: Eyes Only met his match.

(A little girl emerges from the sheets.)

GIRL: Uncle Logan...

(Max and Logan both smile.)

MAX: Hi. What's your name?

GIRL: Go away.

MAX: Nice name. I'm Max.

LOGAN: Brittany, say hi.

BRITTANY: No.

LOGAN: Max is here to help me take care of you.

BRITTANY: No.

MAX: Took the word right out of my mouth. (She starts to walk away.)

LOGAN: Wait, Max. No. Wait. (He climbs out from under the sheets and walks over to her.) Wait. You gotta help me out here. My cousin Bitsy called. Some rigmarole...she said she needed to drop her off for the whole day.

MAX: "Bitsy"? Where's husband Biff? Where's the nanny?

LOGAN: I don't know; maybe husband Biff ran off with the nanny. Who cares? I'm exhausted. She won't take a nap...she won't eat anything I give her...

MAX: Oh, she doesn't like bruschetta with a crisp pre-pulse sauterne?

LOGAN: I'm begging you.

MAX: Look, I'd love to, but she doesn't like me.

LOGAN: Oh, no, she's just saying that. She--she does like you. I can tell. (Holds up a Barbie doll.) Please help me.

(Max laughs)

---

(A short time later, Max sits down on the couch and pulls a chocolate Hostess cupcake out of her backpack. She opens the package loudly. Brittany pokes her head out of the sheet tent and watches. Max makes a big show of sniffing the cupcake and acting hungry.)

MAX (sniffing): Mmm.

BRITTANY: Can I have one?

MAX: Depends.

BRITTANY: On what?

MAX: On whether you read a story with me.

BRITTANY: Okay.

(Brittany joins Max on the couch and Max gives her the cupcake.)

MAX: Logan, you got any kids' stories?

LOGAN: Uh, as a matter of fact, I think I do. (Pulls a book off a shelf.) This oughta do it. Hans Christian Andersen. (Removes some papers that were stuffed in the book.) I've been looking for this stuff.

(He hands Max the book and she opens it. She comes across a picture of a mermaid.)

MAX (to Brittany): Oh, look, a mermaid.

BRITTANY: There's no such thing.

MAX (smiling): How do you know?

BRITTANY: They're just stories.

MAX: Want me to read this or not?

BRITTANY: Okay.

(Max chuckles and begins to read aloud.)

MAX: "Once upon a time, in a splendid palace on the bed of the bluest ocean, lived the sea king with his five daughters--very beautiful mermaids. Serinetta, the youngest of them all."

BRITTANY: She's pretty.

MAX: "She had a beautiful voice, too. When she sang, the fishes flocked from all over the sea to listen. She'd sing and gaze upwards, seeking the faint sunlight that barely managed to filter down into the depths. Nothing pleased the little mermaid more than to hear about the world above the sea, and she made her grandmother tell her everything she knew about the ships and towns. 'Oh, how I'd love to go up there and at last see the sky, which everyone says is so pretty, and smell the scent of the flowers, and hear the voices of the humans...'"

(As Max reads, the scene changes to a fishing boat in the harbor. Three fisherman are on board.)

FIRST FISHERMAN: Which one of you idiots left the rig out? We've been dragging the damn net this whole time.

SECOND FISHERMAN: Sorry, Jack. I'd have swore I pulled this thing up.

(He flips a lever and the net, full but not containing fish, rises out of the water.)

JACK: Just a bunch of crap. Let's get it off.

(The net drops onto the ship. The other fisherman opens it and sees a woman's body.)

THIRD FISHERMAN: Oh, my God. We snagged a floater.

SECOND FISHERMAN: Oh, crap.

JACK: Great. All we need.

(The second fisherman touches the woman's arm. She quickly turns over and stares at them.)

THIRD FISHERMAN: Whoa! She's alive.

(They notice that her outfit has a hole cut into it on her side, and there they see three flaps of skin moving.)

SECOND FISHERMAN: What the...?

THIRD FISHERMAN: Looks like...some kinda...gills.

JACK: Gills? What the hell is she?

SECOND FISHERMAN: A mermaid.

(Without opening her mouth, the woman emits a high-pitched, dolphin-like squeal.)

(Opening credits)

---

(In Logan's apartment, a woman who is presumably Brittany's mother is carrying Brittany toward the door. Max and Logan follow.)

BITSY: Thanks so much. Do I owe you anything?

MAX: Me? No. It was fun.

LOGAN: She's a friend, Bits.

BITSY: Oh.

MAX (handing her Brittany's bag): Here you go.

BITSY: Thank you.

MAX (to Brittany): See ya, sweetie.

BRITTANY: Kiss, Max?

(Brittany kisses Max on the cheek.)

BITSY: How 'bout a kiss for Uncle Logan?

(Brittany kisses Logan on the cheek.)

BRITTANY (to Max): We never got to finish the story.

MAX: That's because you got all sleepyheaded. We'll finish it next time.

BRITTANY: Did the mermaid ever get to see her family again?

MAX: Yup. And they all lived happily ever after.

BITSY: Thanks again, you guys.

LOGAN: No problem.

BITSY (opening the door): Oh, and Max, it was nice meeting you.

MAX: You too.

(Bitsy and Brittany leave. Max closes the door behind them. She and Logan smile at each other and Max heads for the kitchen. Logan follows.)

LOGAN: And I don't think that's how it ends, actually.

MAX: What?

LOGAN: "The Little Mermaid." I think she falls for a prince or something, but then he blows her off for a real girl. (He leans on the counter.)

MAX: What do you mean, "real"? Just because someone happens to have a tail doesn't mean they're not real.

LOGAN: You know what I mean. God, it's like this exoskeleton weighs a ton.

MAX: Why do writers always have to go for the tragic endings, anyway? I mean, what's wrong with a happy ending once in a while?

LOGAN: I prefer the Disney version myself. Is it hot in here?

MAX: Are you okay?

LOGAN: You know, I think I might be getting a cold. Feels like I have a fever. (He puts a hand to his forehead.)

MAX: Oh, my God.

LOGAN: What?

MAX: Your wrist.

(Logan looks at his wrist and sees some welts.)

LOGAN: Oh, God. It can't be. I mean, we didn't touch.

MAX (starting to panic): No, we didn't. Did we?

LOGAN: No. Take it easy.

MAX: We both touched Brittany.

LOGAN: That's not how the virus works.

MAX: We don't know that.

LOGAN: Look, it's one thing for Manticore to give you a retrovirus tailor-made to kill me, but I seriously doubt that they factored a six-year-old into their evil plan.

MAX: She kissed both of us--me first. Logan, your face.

(Logan touches his face. It now has welts too.)

LOGAN (weakly): It's nothing.

MAX: We gotta get you to a hospital.

LOGAN: I'm just gonna take a little nap here. (He leans over a counter and lies down on it wearily.)

MAX: Can you get into your chair?

LOGAN: No.

MAX (frantically): I can't touch you! You have to do it yourself! We need someone to help. Who do I call?

LOGAN: Speed dial six.

MAX: Speed dial six. Okay. (Dials the phone.) Who's this? Asha. We need you to get over here right away.

---

(At the hospital, Logan is being rushed down the hallway on a gurney. Max and Asha follow.)

DR. CARR: What do we got?

NURSE: B.P. sixty over forty and falling.

DR. CARR: What's his temp?

NURSE: Came in at 105.

DR. CARR: Okay, start I.V. Naprosyn, a hundred cc's of methicillin. Logan? (Logan says nothing.) Gimme a chem seven, stat. What's his temp?

NURSE: 105.5 and rising.

DR. CARR: Okay, get him on ice. Logan, buddy, can you hear me? (Logan still doesn't answer.)

(They enter the emergency room.)

NURSE: Need some ice. Let's move, people.

MAX (tearfully): Sam, please do something.

DR. CARR: You said this Manticore place planted the virus in you?

MAX: Targeted specifically to his DNA. We don't know how much contact it takes to transmit.

DR. CARR: No antidote? No drug therapies?

MAX: Only at Manticore.

DR. CARR: Okay, look, Max. Whatever it is, there's nothing you can do to help in here right now. Why don't you go out with your friend and wait? Please.

(Dr. Carr steps away and over to Logan. Max takes a few steps back. She and Asha watch from the doorway.)

DR. CARR (to Logan): How you doing? Logan, it's Sam. Can you hear me? Logan, hey. (To the nurse) Let's get that I.V. moving.

NURSE: I'll get right on it, doctor.

DR. CARR: We gotta get his temperature down. How's that I.V. coming?

NURSE: It's open full.

(Max leaves. Asha follows.)

---

(In an old building with humvees outside, White is jumping rope. A man comes downstairs and interrupts him.)

MAN: Excuse me, sir.

WHITE: What's the rule on fitness time, Otto?

OTTO: No interruptions, sir.

WHITE: Then what are you doing here?

OTTO: Sir, we've got a lead on a possible code red.

(White stops jumping rope immediately.)

(Shortly afterward, White and Otto walk through the building into an office area.)

OTTO: Some fisherman came to the dock this morning, started showing off their catch.

WHITE: And how is that a code red?

OTTO: Apparently they netted a girl...with gills.

WHITE: Gills. (Otto nods.) Huh.

OTTO: They think they've got themselves a mermaid.

WHITE: Idiots. What did they do with it?

OTTO: That's what we're trying to find out.

WHITE (dialing a phone): All right. Let me know when they confirm code red. Could be we're dealing with a bunch of drunks telling fish stories.

OTTO: Yes, sir. (Leaves.)

WHITE (rolling his eyes): Gills.

---

(At the hospital, Max walks down a hallway. In front of her, a nun exits from a door. Max watches the nun walk away, then looks up and sees a sign that says "CHAPEL." She goes inside. Only one other person is in the chapel, an older woman, who glances at Max and nods. Max sits down in a pew and murmurs.)

MAX: Please don't let him die. I know I...I don't have the right to ask for a miracle...because I haven't really been much of a believer in anything. But I'm asking now. I'll do anything. Please don't let him die. (She starts to cry.)

(Asha opens the door and walks over to her.)

ASHA: Max. (Max looks up at her.) He's gonna be okay.

(Max smiles, still teary but relieved.)

ASHA: It's chicken pox. Do you believe it? Doctors couldn't figure it out because he had it when he was a kid. Anyway...he's gonna be fine.

(Asha leaves. Max looks up and sees that the old woman has disappeared. She leaves the chapel.)

---

(At Jam Pony, Normal is talking on the phone.)

NORMAL: No, no, no, no. No, it's no problem. You just came in under the wire. Right. I'll have somebody out there in a jiffy. You're welcome, sir. Thank you for using Jam Pony.

(Alec and Sketchy walk by.)

ALEC: All right, stud, you ready?

SKETCHY: Ladies, here we come.

NORMAL: Hey! Hey! I got a pickup. Sector twelve. Here's the address.

SKETCHY: What do you mean? Last run's at seven and it's seven.

NORMAL: No, it's not seven. It's not seven for another...(checks his watch)...seven seconds. Now scram.

SKETCHY: But--

NORMAL: But nothing. Customer called in before closing. They're gonna get their pickup.

SKETCHY: If I gotta go all the way out to sector twelve, I'm gonna miss two-fers.

NORMAL: Well, if you don't go all the way out to sector twelve, you're gonna miss workin' here, potatohead! Now bip!

SKETCHY: But two-fers...

NORMAL: Stop saying that. That's annoying. There's no such word.

ALEC: Uh, actually there is. You know, two-fers..two dances for the price of one.

SKETCHY: Or, conversely, two fine ladies dancing simultaneously for the duration of one song.

ALEC (smiling): Or you could do it that way.

NORMAL: I understand you're going to a, uh...(clears throat)...burlesque hall?

SKETCHY: Strip club, yup.



ALEC: And you're coming with us.

NORMAL: Me? You're inviting me?

ALEC: Well, that's why we came over here.

NORMAL: Really?

SKETCHY: Really?

ALEC: Really.

NORMAL (after a pause): We'll put a rush on this in the morning.

ALEC (smiling): That's what I'm talking about.

---

(The three of them walk up to the Blowfish Tavern.)

ALEC: Normal, get ready to live. All right, boys, here we go. (To the bouncer) It's all right, chief, these guys are with me.

NORMAL (awkwardly, to the bouncer): Hey. Nice to meet you.

(They walk through the bar. A scantily clad woman whispers into Alec's ear.)

WOMAN: Alec, where have you been? I've missed you.

(She licks his ear and walks away.)

NORMAL: You know her?

ALEC: Yeah, Virginia. Or Veronica. I don't know--something with a V. You like? Get yourself a dance.

NORMAL: No, no, we just got here. Besides, I wanna check out some other chicks first.

SKETCHY: Check her out.

(They approach a crowd at the other end of the bar. The crowd is gathered around a large tank full of water. Inside is the woman the fishermen netted.)

ALEC: See, this is what I love about the girls in this place, fellas. Always coming up with new acts.

SKETCHY: That's amazing. How does she breathe in there?

NORMAL: Must be some kind of trick. I don't see any breathing tubes, though.

SKETCHY: Well, trick or no, I'd say she's the smokingest babe in the place.

(The woman turns and Alec notices a barcode on her neck.)

SKETCHY: Am I right? Or is she not your type?

ALEC: Yeah. She's my type, all right.

---

(At the hospital, Max and Dr. Carr walk down the hall.)

DR. CARR: Logan's cousin told me her daughter just got over a case of chicken pox. He must have picked it up from her. He can't figure it, since he should have immunity from when he got it as a kid, but hey--let's take the win, right? Anyway, I'm putting him on antivirals. He should be feeling fine by morning.

MAX: Thanks.

DR. CARR: Gave you a scare, though, huh?

MAX: Yeah.

DR. CARR: Just be careful. All right? If it had really been this bug Manticore gave you, I doubt I could have done anything for him. That place knew what it was doing. Whatever they cooked up must be pretty nasty.

MAX: I'll be careful.

(Dr. Carr walks away, passing Logan and Asha. Asha is pushing Logan in a hospital wheelchair and they approach Max.)

LOGAN: Hey, Max.

MAX: Hey.

ASHA: Why don't I pull the car around? I'll meet you guys downstairs.

LOGAN: Okay.

(Asha walks away. Logan starts to wheel closer to Max, but she backs up.)

LOGAN: You all right?

MAX: Am I all right?

LOGAN: Come on, it was just a false alarm.

MAX: We got lucky this time. I gotta go.

LOGAN: You don't have a ride. We came together, remember?

MAX: I'll walk.

LOGAN: What, so now we can't even be in the same car?

MAX: I need to clear my head.

(Max walks away. She glances back at him a couple of times. He is staring after her.)

---

(That night, Max is heating water on the stove and pouring it into the bathtub.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Chicken pox? Thought that went out with Starbucks and Madonna.

MAX (morosely): Yeah.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Cheer up. This is good news.

MAX: If I tell you something, promise not to laugh?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Yeah.

MAX: At the hospital, I kinda came across a chapel they got there, and sorta sat down for a minute. I don't know...prayed, I guess.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Ain't nothing wrong with that. Original Cindy prays from time to time.

MAX: But, see, I...sort of asked for a miracle, and I know this sounds crazy, but...I think I sorta got it.

ORIGINAL CINDY: What do you mean? It was chicken pox.

MAX: Yeah, but how did Logan pick it up again? I mean, what if it was me that got him sick, and...I don't know...something happened?

ORIGINAL CINDY (smiling): Like a miracle.

MAX: You promised not to laugh.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I am not laughing.

MAX: Either way, it's a second chance, and those don't come along too often. I don't want to risk hurting him again...but that means not seeing him at all. What am I supposed to do? Give him up?

(Original Cindy kneels in front of Max.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Hey.

(Max leans her forehead on Original Cindy's. Alec steps into the doorway.)

ALEC: Is this a bad time?

MAX: What do you want?

ALEC: Need you to come somewhere with me, Max.

MAX: Can't you see I'm getting ready for a bath?

ALEC: Funny, women and water. Seems to be the theme of my evening. Come on.

---

(In the old building, White's headquarters)

OTTO: Sir, code red's been confirmed. She's got a Manticore barcode.

WHITE: And where did our merry fishermen take their prize?

OTTO: Sold her to a guy who runs a bar in sector nine.

WHITE: You've gotta be kidding me.

OTTO: They've got her on display. Drawing quite a crowd, too.

WHITE: That's great. I don't want to attract any more attention to the situation. This has gotta be clean, surgical.

OTTO: We've already got someone in place.

---

(Outside the Blowfish Tavern, a man takes a poster off the wall and looks at it. It says "THE REAL MERMAID!" He enters the bar while another man stands at the front door, trying to attract customers.)

MAN AT FRONT DOOR: Come on, take a look at this blowfish beauty. Real mermaid from the deep. Hundred percent real, hundred percent guaranteed.

ALEC: They've been passing these things out all over town. I wouldn't be surprised if old White's already on to it.

MAX: We gotta get her out of there.

ALEC: Hold on, hold on. There's one problem. There's no ladies allowed inside--not unless they're working.

MAX: What?

ALEC: That's okay, there's a line around back. Girls show up, and management picks the good ones.

MAX: No way!

ALEC: Come on, Max, don't sell yourself short. I mean, you've got a decent shot.

MAX: Forget it!

ALEC: All right, fine, be a prude. We'll just leave her in there for White.

(Max listens to the man at the door. She glares at Alec, takes off her jacket, and shoves it at him. He smiles. She walks toward the back of the building. Alec steps into the bar.)

MAN AT FRONT DOOR: Come on, step up, take a look. Don't be shy. Come on, you want to be inside. Come on, take a look. Take a look. Come on. Let's go, fellas. Don't be shy. Step up. Mermaid. Check it out. Splish splash, mermaid takin' a bath. Won't believe your eyes. All right, come on in, fellas. (To Alec as he passes) Have a good time. Get a look at the catch of the day. You ain't never seen seafood this fresh. (To another entering customer) Hey, slick.

(At the rear door, a man is turning women away. Max approaches, removing her shirt to reveal a tank top underneath.)

MAN AT REAR DOOR (to other women): No, no, show what you got, girls. Turn around. Turn around. Show what you got. No. No, no, no, come on, scram, that's it. Go home. Go home. Go. We got all the girls we need. You--

(He gets a good look at Max, who is waltzing right by him.)

MAN AT REAR DOOR: Right this way, miss. (To the other women.) All right, ladies, get lost. It's time to go home. That's it for the night.

(Max walks through the bar and sees the woman in the tank. She steps through a curtain next to the tank into a back room. She knocks on the rear of the tank, and the woman turns around to look at her. Max shows the woman her barcode. The woman makes a high-pitched noise, like the one she made on the fishing boat. Max uses some hand signals. The woman nods and uses some signals of her own. Max nods, then leaves the back room. She searches the crowd and spots Alec. He is sitting on a couch, smiling, while a woman dances in front of him. Max rolls her eyes and approaches. As soon as Alec sees Max, he waves the dancer away.)

ALEC: All right, that's good, sweetie. Thank you.

WOMAN: But the song isn't over yet.

ALEC: You know, you're just so beautiful I can't take it anymore. Look, why don't you go over there and give my two buddies a dance, huh? (Hands her some money.)

WOMAN: Sure.

ALEC: All right. (He pats her hip as she walks away.)

MAX: This is how you rescue a mermaid? (He grabs her wrist and pulls her into his lap.) Hey! Hey!

ALEC (lowering his voice): White's got someone here.

MAX: Where?

ALEC: Two o'clock.

(Max looks around and sees the man who pulled the poster off the wall.)

ALEC: See him? No drink, no girls. He's been casing the place the entire time.

MAX: Yup. Looks pretty shady to me.

(The man makes eye contact with them. They quickly look away.)

ALEC: Okay, now would be a good time to look like we belong here, huh?

(Max starts rubbing his head distractedly while looking around the room.)

ALEC: Wow, Max. You, uh, you done this before?

MAX: Shut up. Why isn't he making his move?

ALEC: There's too many people around. He's just waiting 'til closing.

MAX: Or backup.

ALEC (removing her hand from his hair): Look, either way, we're not getting her out of here alive as long as he's around.

MAX: How'd she end up in a dump like this, anyway?

ALEC: I don't know. Heard fishermen snagged her.

MAX (quickly trailing a finger back and forth across his chest): Probably won't last long out of the water. Once we get her out, we're gonna have to get her back into the ocean, fast.

ALEC (as she begins quickly stroking his cheek): Maybe the ocean's not the way to go. I mean, she got caught once. What are you doing?

MAX: Fitting in! She's Manticore. She won't let it happen again.

ALEC: Still, though...a beautiful girl like that, all by herself out there in the ocean...she's gonna get lonely.

MAX: Can we concentrate on coming up with a plan?

ALEC: I'm thinking.

MAX: You're talking.

ALEC: I can do both.

MAX: I doubt that.

ALEC: Well, you just lost your tip.

(She gives his head a smack.)

(Meanwhile, woman after woman dances for Normal. He gives them money and is clearly enjoying himself.)

ALEC: It's a shame.

MAX: It's sick, is what it is.

ALEC: No, I mean her all alone out there in the ocean, nothin' but fish to talk to...

MAX: Give it up, Alec. The two of you would never work.

ALEC: Yeah, you're right. I always do this. I always go for the ones I can't have.

MAX: Figures.

ALEC (chuckling): You should talk. I mean, hello? You, Logan, the virus...

MAX (angrily, grabbing his shirt): Don't! Don't even--

(Sketchy and Normal walk up to them.)

SKETCHY: Hey, hey.

ALEC: Hey, guys.

NORMAL (seeing Max): Oh, my God.

(He immediately turns around and walks away.)

SKETCHY: Hey, Max! I didn't know you worked here.

MAX: Actually--

ALEC: Just one night a week.

SKETCHY: Well, anyway, we gotta go. We're out of money.

ALEC: Already?

SKETCHY: Yeah, Normal went kinda nutty with the honeys. He spent it all on them. Anyway, see ya later.

(He walks away, giving Max a smile.)

MAX: Can this night get any worse?

ALEC: Check it out. Something's going on.

(They look over and see some guys harassing the woman in the tank.)

MAN: Show your twirl thing. Come on. Come on, dance!

(Max stands up, ready to rush in.)

ALEC: Easy, easy.

(The man who had been casing the place stands up and starts walking toward the tank.)

MAX: He's making his move.

ALEC: Okay, go get him.

(Max steps in front of the man and makes it look like he bumped into her.)

MAX: Hey, pal! He touched my ass! Someone get him out of here!

ALEC (grabbing the guy): That's it. You're gone.

MAX: That's right! This is a decent place!

(Alec takes the man outside. Max steps into the alley outside the bar and finds them fighting. The man pins Alec.)

ALEC: A little help, here?

(Max punches the man and shoves him to the opposite wall. Something rips as she does so. As the man lands, his coat opens and we see a vest with some kind of equipment built into it. Max holds a broken piece of equipment in her hand.)

ALEC: What the hell's that?

(Alec and Max see the same flaps of skin on the man's side as the woman on the fishing boat had. Water is spilling out of his vest.)

ALEC: What the hell are those?

(The man wheezes.)

MAX: Gills. This isn't one of White's guys. (The man makes a high-pitched noise, similar to the woman's squeal. They hear gunshots and a scream.) He can't breathe! Help him!

(Max runs into the bar, against a tide of people running out. She runs to the tank. It is empty.)

---

(In his apartment, Logan is sitting at the computer. Asha brings him a mug.)

ASHA: Welts are gone.

LOGAN: Yeah, I feel okay.

ASHA (feeling his forehead): Yeah, your fever's gone. You hungry?

LOGAN: I am, actually.

ASHA: I'll make you something to eat.

(Asha walks into the kitchen. Logan picks up the phone and dials. Seconds later, the door opens and we hear Max's pager beeping. She and Alec walk in, supporting the man with gills.)

MAX: I'll hit you back in a sec.

ALEC: Sorry.

(Shortly afterwards, the man is sitting in Logan's shower under running water. Max, Logan, Asha, and Alec look on.)

MAX: Can you last like this for a little while?

(The man makes a noise and nods.)

MAX: We're gonna find her. Don't worry.

(He makes another noise.)

MAX: It's gonna be okay. (To Alec) Keep an eye on him.

(She walks out, Logan wheels after her, and Asha follows.)



ALEC: Hi. So...the, uh...the girl in the tank--she's just a friend, right?

(In the other room, Max is fiddling with the equipment on the man's vest.)

MAX: We thought he was one of White's guys. Turns out he was there to get her out. We jammed him up.

LOGAN: There's no way you could have known that.

MAX: Either way, White's got her, and that doesn't work for me.

LOGAN: Where do you think he might have taken her?

MAX: Figure he has some sort of base of operations in the area. Manticore was just outside the city; he's gotta be thinking Seattle's become Transgenic Central.

LOGAN: And it is his job to kill them. So even if do track down where he took her...might be too late.

MAX: He'll want to study her first...take her back to headquarters for analysis.

LOGAN: Wherever that is.

MAX: My point is, he can't exactly put a mermaid on the next plane to Des Moines, which means he's gonna have to arrange some sort of special transport.

LOGAN: Well, that'll buy us some time, but not much. What sector was this bar in?

MAX: Nine. Why?

LOGAN: Maybe if I can hack into the sector police mainframe, I can see if there's any record of a military convoy entering or leaving the area last night. Who knows, maybe they left a trail.

(Asha enters the room.)

ASHA: Hey.

MAX: Hey.

ASHA (picking up the vest): Can I see this?

MAX: Yeah.

ASHA: I think I got an idea how to fix this tear.

MAX: Cool.

---

(In the old building, White is talking on his cell phone while standing in front of a cage. Inside the cage sits the woman with gills.)

WHITE: Yeah, I'm sorry about last night, baby. I had a situation here at work. Yeah. I love you, too. Sure, put him on. Hey, big man! You did? Well, that sounds like fun. Yeah? Yeah,

me too. All right. Well, I'll see you tonight. I promise. Okay. (Hangs up.) So how long can this thing stay alive out of water?

OTTO: No way to be sure. We arranged to ship her out tonight.

WHITE: Keep it alive as long as you can. I'm sure the boys at forensics are gonna want to study it before they take it apart. Now, I wonder what the hell they were smoking when they cooked this up.

OTTO: Probably designed for amphibious sabotage. Laying mines, that kind of thing.

WHITE: Well, what I don't understand is how it made it out of the fire and all the way down to the ocean.

OTTO: Well, there's a stream not far from the Manticore site. It dumps into the Duwamish River.

(The woman looks at them and makes an emphatic noise.)

WHITE: English!

OTTO: Manticore probably used some kind of computer interface to communicate with her.

WHITE: Whatever. (To the woman) I'm not that interested in what you have to say anyway.

(He walks away. Otto pours a bucketful of water over her.)

---

(In Logan's kitchen, several tools are spread out on the counter. Asha is fixing the vest by heating the plastic while Max watches.)

ASHA: Sorry about the smell.

MAX: No, this is a really good idea.

ASHA: There. Let's just let it cool a bit, huh?

MAX: Thanks for your help yesterday.

ASHA: I was just glad I was there when you called.

MAX: Me too.

(Alec walks into the kitchen.)

ALEC: Somebody wanna come help out with the merman in here? I mean, the guy's got nothing to say. I'm getting bored.

ASHA (to Alec): Come on. Help me put this on him.

(She takes the vest and they go into the bathroom. Max goes into the other room and watches Logan work at his computer. She picks up the Hans Christian Andersen book.)

MAX: Find something?

LOGAN: Three identical vans left sector nine after the raid on the bar. They passed through the checkpoint of sector eleven a few minutes later and then moved on to sector twelve a few minutes after that.

MAX: And no record of them leaving sector twelve?

LOGAN: Nope. They're in there somewhere. There was a lot of industry in that area before the Pulse. Could be White set up his operation in an abandoned factory. It's gonna take some time to narrow things down.

MAX: We don't have any time.

LOGAN: I'm doing the best I can, but to tell you the truth, I'm not so sure this is a good idea to begin with.

MAX: I'm not letting White have her.

LOGAN: He could end up with all of you.

MAX: That's a risk I'm willing to take. Help me with this, Logan. (Hands him the book.) I want this story to have a happy ending.

(Alec and Asha walk out of the bathroom behind the man with gills, who is wearing the vest and putting on his coat.)

ALEC: Yeah, well, you're welcome.

MAX: What's going on?

ASHA: Don't know. He wants out.

MAX: Why?

ALEC: Well, maybe he's smart and wants to go back to the water, where he can breathe and no one wants him dead.

(The man pulls Max toward the door.)

MAX: Or maybe he knows where White's got her. Come on.

---

(At the waterfront)

ALEC: I don't know, Max. Doesn't look like White's secret facility to me.

(The man heads for the water.)

MAX: Hey, where you going?

ALEC: What's it look like? See, I told you. He's not gonna die for anybody. He's going right back into the water. He's gonna swim away and meet a nice flounder somewhere.

(The man kneels at the water's edge, where a car tire lies covered with a cloth.)

ALEC: Now what?

(The man uncovers the tire and fingers some round objects floating in the water in the middle of the tire. Max and Alec join him.)

ALEC: What are those?

MAX: Eggs.

ALEC: He's not gonna eat those, is he?

MAX: No. They're hers.

(The man makes a soft high-pitched noise.)

MAX: She's your mate, right?

(He smiles and squeaks.)

MAX: We're gonna get her back.

(Alec's cell phone rings.)

ALEC (into phone): Yeah. Logan. Uh-huh. I'll say one thing for ya--you got great timing.  
(Hangs up.)

MAX: He find White's place?

ALEC: Of course he did. He always does stuff like that.

MAX (to the other man): Come on. Let's go get your girl.

---

(The three of them sneak through a fence into the area surrounding the old building White has been in. Max calls Logan on a cell phone.)

MAX: Hey, it's me. Are you sure this is the place?

LOGAN: Yeah. It's an old steam-generating plant, still operational. White must've bribed somebody to let him set up shop.

MAX: How do we get in?

LOGAN: Well, even if you get past the perimeter guards without drawing attention, gotta figure White's got guys posted at the entrances.

MAX: Guess we're just gonna have to go in through the roof.

LOGAN: Can't. Steel fire doors. Only open from the inside.

MAX: Great.

LOGAN: Turn around. (Max turns around and looks at the water.) There should be an underwater drainpipe.

MAX: I see bubbles.

LOGAN: That pipe leads up into the building. And you've got a merman with you, remember?

MAX: Right. (Hangs up.) Time to get wet.

---

(Inside the building)

WHITE: Bring the planks over.

OTTO: Think she'll last the whole trip?

(They peer into the cage.)

WHITE: Well, it's a freezer car. She'll do as well as any other fish. Seal her up.

(Someone fits wooden panels over the cage.)

---

(The man with gills swims through a pipe while Alec and Max approach the building from land. They climb up some steps and walk across a catwalk.)

MAX: Come on.

(They walk along a fence. Suddenly a soldier speaks from behind Alec.)

MAN: Don't move.

(Alec turns and sees a soldier pointing a gun at him. Max comes up behind the soldier.)

MAX: Hey!

(He turns and she knocks him out. Alec grabs the soldier's gun.)

MAX: Pay attention.

ALEC: I got us a gun, didn't I?

MAX (sarcastically): Yippee.

(They cross a catwalk and reach the side of a building. A large pipe is mounted on the wall and reaches all the way to the roof.)

ALEC: Tell me you brought a rope.

MAX: Just shut up and climb. (They begin climbing.)

(The man with gills reaches the inside of the building, lifts a hatch door, and looks around.)

(Max and Alec reach the roof and approach a door. Max tries to open it, but it is locked.)

MAX: He should be inside by now. Wonder if something happened.

ALEC: Oh, well. We tried.

(He tries to walk away, but Max holds him back. The door opens and the man with gills nods them inside. They walk through some steam-generating equipment and look around.)

ALEC: This place is huge. She could be anywhere.

(They hear a squeal.)

MAX: That's her.

ALEC: All right, but where's it coming from?

(The squealing continues. The man with gills listens for a moment, then signals to Alec and Max.)

---

(In an office area, a soldier at a computer is speaking into a microphone. We see the soldier Max knocked out still unconscious outside.)

SOLDIER: Charlie Six Bravo, report. Report, Charlie Six Bravo. Charlie Six Bravo, report.

WHITE: What's the problem?

SOLDIER: No response from Charlie Six Bravo.

WHITE: Call up his eye-cam feed. Play back the last few minutes.

(The soldier hits some keys and his computer shows footage from the other soldier's camera.)

WHITE: Freeze it. (The camera footage pauses on a shot of Alec's face.) Wait a minute-- that's 494. He's supposed to be dead. (The footage resumes and shows Max winding up for a punch.) And that's 452.

---

(In the production area, the crated cage is being moved via forklift. The woman with gills is still squealing.)

MAX: She must be in that crate. We gotta get her out of there. (An alarm sounds and the forklift stops.) Come on.

(Max jumps down onto the forklift, kicks out the driver, and sits in the driver's seat. The man with gills jumps down and knocks out a soldier. Alec knocks out one soldier, slides down a banister, and kicks down another soldier. At the controls of the forklift, Max drops the crate to the ground. Alec drops to ground level as the other two open the crate and the cage. The man with gills lifts the woman out. Soldiers start firing at them. Max and Alec take cover in one area and the other two take cover a short distance away.)

ALEC: We gotta get out of here.

MAX: Not without them.

ALEC: It's no use, Max. They're penned.

(Max spots the forklift and gets an idea.)

MAX: Cover me.

ALEC: What are you doing?

MAX: I'm going for the Disney version.

ALEC: Oh, great.

(Alec shoots at the soldiers while Max heads for the forklift. White and Otto join the soldiers on the balcony. Max begins driving the forklift, which is still holding the empty crate, towards a steam tank. One of the soldiers lands a shot on Alec's shoulder. Max sneaks out of the forklift and rejoins Alec. He hits a soldier, who goes down. White takes the soldier's gun and fires at the crate. The forklift punctures the tank and steam escapes, creating a hot cloud cover.)

MAX: Come on! (To the man and woman with gills.) Let's go!

WHITE: They're getting away!

(He fires at them, but they escape to the same hatch where the man with gills entered the building.)

MAX: We'll meet you there.

(The man and woman drop through the hatch into the water. Max and Alec go outside and leave the way they came. They run into the same soldier Max knocked out earlier. He is now awake and heading for them. Alec knocks him out.)

ALEC: Go back to sleep.

---

(At the waterfront that night, next to Logan's car, Asha touches Alec's shoulder. He flinches.)

ASHA: We gotta get this thing cleaned up.

MAX (to Alec): Thanks. For, you know...helping out today. (Alec nods.) Wanna go say goodbye?

(They look at the man and woman with gills, who are smiling and standing at the water's edge, tending their babies that are swimming around in the water.)

ALEC: I think we need to get this thing cleaned up.

(Max chuckles and walks toward the beach. Asha and Alec leave. Logan is sitting on the beach, watching the man and woman. Max joins him. The man and woman smile at her; the woman waves. Max waves back and they walk farther out into the water. Max sits down next to Logan.)

LOGAN: Well, you got the ending you wanted.

MAX: They're together. That's the way it should be.

LOGAN: Yep. That's the way it should be.

(They smile at each other and watch the man and woman swim away under a full moon.)

DARK ANGEL  
Season Two, Episode #9: "Medium is the Message"  
First Aired 12/14/2001

(In Joshua's house, Max is sitting at a desk, poring through books and taking notes, trying to decipher the papers the Manticore tech gave her before he left town.)

MAX: Huh.

JOSHUA: Virus bitch going down?

MAX: I'm working on it.

JOSHUA: Max and Logan gettin' busy?

MAX: I just want to be able to shake his hand without killing him. Why do doctors always have such lousy handwriting? I paid that Manticore creep five grand for a cure, and what do I get? A bunch of scribbles I can't even read.

(Joshua turns on a lamp and brings it closer to the desk, but the cord is too short and the plug is yanked out of the socket. He plugs the lamp back in and sets it down, then picks up the desk chair with Max still in it.)

MAX: Hey! Hey!

(Joshua carries her over to the lamp and sets her down, then picks up the desk and sets it down in front of her.)

MAX: Joshua, what are you doing?

JOSHUA: Helping.

MAX: You want to help? Um...get me another pencil.

JOSHUA (smacking the desk resolutely): Pencil!

(Joshua hurries out of the room and Max goes back to her books.)

---

(In his apartment, Logan is on the phone.)

LOGAN: I read about the work you've been doing and I thought you might be able to help...A virus...Genetically targeted to a specific gene sequence...(chuckles sheepishly)...Yeah. It's mine, actually...Because someone wanted me dead...Doctor, please don't hang up. I am not a nut and I am willing to pay you a lot of money--Hello?...Argh!

(Logan slams his phone earpiece down on the desk in frustration. He crosses a name off a long list of crossed-off names and snaps his pencil in half.)

---



(In his basement, Joshua is tossing things aside in his search for a pencil.)

JOSHUA: Pencil...pencil...pencil...

(He notices a painting of a woman, standing on an easel nearby, and looks through the box next to it. He pulls out a tube of paint and looks its color name.)

JOSHUA: Burnt sienna...(Looks at another tube)...Chocolate mousse. Candy. Trick and treat. Heh.

(He squirts some of the paint onto his finger and licks it, then gags. Joshua grabs some papers lying nearby and wipes his tongue with them. He is still holding the tube of paint and accidentally squirts the painting with it. In a minor panic, he tries to wipe off the paint with the papers. It just smears, and the papers stick to the painting. Still gagging, he picks up an ashtray and spits into it. It makes him sneeze, blowing ashes onto the painting, where they stick to the brown paint.)

JOSHUA: Pretty wack.

(He pours some paint thinner onto a sponge and wipes the painting, hoping it will remove the paint. It thins it instead, and the paint spreads. Joshua begins to enjoy spreading the paint around, smearing it over the papers.)

(Upstairs, the lead on Max's pencil breaks.)

MAX: Joshua? (She heads downstairs) Joshua? You down here?

(Joshua, who is now using a paintbrush and has paint smears on his face, suddenly remembers what he was originally doing in the basement.)

JOSHUA: Pencil.

MAX: What's up, big fella?

JOSHUA (standing in front of the easel): Nothing. Uh...no pencil. Not--not anywhere.

MAX: What's that? Let me see.

JOSHUA: Nothing.

MAX: Come on. (He steps aside) Wow. Did you do that? (Joshua nods) It's good. What is it?

JOSHUA: Father.

(We finally see what Joshua has been painting. It is abstract. Max looks a little surprised.)

MAX: Oh. I--I see the...guess he was an art fan. Maybe when Father was mixing you together, he put some Picasso in your DNA.

JOSHUA (smiling): Picasso in my cocktail.

MAX: This is good. A hobby. Keep you out of trouble.

JOSHUA: Lay low...dangerous out there.

MAX: That's right.

JOSHUA: People afraid of things that are different.

---

(In a building somewhere, White and Otto are talking about the transgenic who walked down the street during Max's first Space Needle voiceover since Manticore burned down. He is sitting in a chair with his hands cuffed behind him.)

OTTO: We're not sure yet if he's specifically purposed for something or just an experiment.

WHITE (to the transgenic): So, what is it you're meant to be? Besides ugly.

(The transgenic looks away and refuses to answer. White grasps his head and turns his face back.)

WHITE: I'm talking to you.

(The transgenic growls and bites White's hand.)

OTTO: Sir!

(White punches the transgenic, who releases his hand.)

OTTO: Are you all right?

WHITE: Arrange for transport. The boys at forensics have been itching to take one of these transgenics apart alive. They just got their wish.

OTTO: Yes, sir. (Into a walkie-talkie) This is Carson. White wants this guy transported ASAP.

(While Otto is talking, the transgenic pulls his hands out of the cuffs and lunges at him. The transgenic bursts into the next room with Otto in a choke hold. White turns to look and two other men draw their guns.)

OTTO: Don't shoot!

(The transgenic growls. White draws his own gun.)

OTTO: No!

(White fires on the transgenic, who drops Otto. White continues to shoot until the transgenic is on the ground, dead.)

WHITE: Never turn your back on them.

(Opening credits)

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(In his apartment, Logan is again on the phone. A recorded female voice answers.)

VOICE: You've reached the cellular voice mail for Donald Lydecker. Leave a message after the beep. (Beeps.)

LOGAN: Hey, it's me. Haven't gotten one of your mysterious phone calls in a while. I was hoping, uh, maybe you could hook me up with one of your doctor friends. Last one left town in a hurry; said your former employers were looking to terminate his contract. Anyhow...really like to hear from you.

---

(At Joshua's house, Alec walks in the door. Joshua is sitting in an armchair, reading. His painting stands on its easel nearby.)

ALEC (whistling): Here, boy! Anybody home? (Enters the living room and sees Joshua.) Hey.

JOSHUA: Hey. Max had to blaze.

ALEC: Oh, that's okay. Actually, I came to see you. I, uh, scored a sweet deal on some ham hocks. My buyer fell through on me. You want 'em?

JOSHUA (gasps eagerly): Oh! ... I don't have any money.

ALEC: Oh, that's all right. (Tosses Joshua his backpack.) Take it as an "I'm sorry" for trying to kill you that one time. (Joshua grunts as Alec looks around) Hey, man, this is nice digs. This, uh...(Notices the painting)...oh, wow. This is real nice.

(Alec goes over to the painting and begins examining the frame. Joshua looks up from the ham hocks he has pulled out of Alec's backpack.)

JOSHUA: It's mine.

ALEC: Joshua, this could be worth some serious coin.

JOSHUA: It's good?

ALEC: Oh, yeah, you kidding me? I mean, look at that attention to detail. You don't see that kind of work anymore.

(Joshua eagerly removes the painting from the easel and hands it to Alec.)

JOSHUA: Take it.

ALEC (laughing): No, no, those ham hocks aren't worth that much.

JOSHUA: I want you to.

ALEC: Well, all right. Thanks.

JOSHUA: Wait. (Grabs a black marker and signs the bottom of the painting "joshua") Joshua!

ALEC: All right.

JOSHUA: Okay.

ALEC (leaving with the painting): Enjoy your ham hocks.

JOSHUA: Ham hocks. Bye.

---

(Max knocks on Logan's door as she walks through it. He finishes adjusting a servomotor on the exoskeleton.)

MAX: Hey.

LOGAN: Hey.

MAX: Was wondering if I could raid your library.

LOGAN: Go ahead. Listen, I was gonna give you a call.

MAX: Yeah?

LOGAN: Yeah.

(She walks over to a desk with lots of books strewn across it. Logan follows. Max picks up a large textbook and glances through it.)

LOGAN: Organic chemistry?

MAX: Bedtime reading. So what did you want to talk to me about?

LOGAN: I've been trying to get in touch with Lydecker.

MAX (closing the book): Lydecker? Why?

LOGAN: The last time we talked, he said something mysterious about tracking down some kind of lead.

MAX: Sounds like Lydecker.

LOGAN: I thought it was kind of weird that he never got back to me, so I did some checking around. Police pulled an SUV from the river about a month ago. The plates were registered to Lydecker through a holding company.

MAX: He's dead?

LOGAN: Well, they never found the body. Police say no one could have survived the crash.

MAX: They don't know Lydecker.

LOGAN: You sound like you're almost hopeful.

MAX: Yeah, well, you spend ten years of your life running from someone, you kind of miss not having him around.

LOGAN (smiling): At least you still have White.

MAX: Good old Ames. Somehow it's not the same with him.

LOGAN: Anyway, I had Matt Sung pull the police report. Check it out--some pictures they found near Lydecker's car. (Hands her the photos of the skeletons.) Looks like some kind of dig site. I figure I'll run 'em through a few archaeological databases and see what turns up.

MAX: Might as well.

LOGAN: Anyway, I gotta go see somebody.

MAX: Business or pleasure?

LOGAN: A woman contacted Eyes Only. Her son was kidnapped. Six years old.

MAX: Sucks. Didn't know Eyes Only did missing persons.

LOGAN: She reached out through an informant I've known for a long time. The police have dead-ended. The Olsens are desperate. Plus her husband's a big-time ad exec and she's offered to make a sizable donation to the Streaming Freedom Video Foundation.

MAX (smiling): Oh, how the mighty have fallen.

LOGAN: Hey, even Eyes Only's gotta pay the bills.

---

(In an art gallery, a woman looks at Joshua's painting while Alec stands by.)

WOMAN: I like it.

ALEC: Great. Let me just get this out of the way for you.

WOMAN: Yes, please do. It's hideous. (Alec starts separating the painting and the frame.) Astounding. Look at the use of color.

ALEC: Gold? My favorite.

(Alec pauses, admiring the frame. The woman brushes it aside and gestures at the painting.)

WOMAN: Well, some gold, yes, but it's the broad strokes of cerulean and crimson commingled with found objects and palimpsests that make this work of art so unique and exciting. Don't you agree?

(Alec catches on that she's referring to the painting, not to the frame.)

ALEC: Oh, yeah.

WOMAN: I'll give you six grand.

ALEC: Six grand?

WOMAN: Fine, seven. (Under her breath) Agents. (calls to a man standing in the hallway.) Enzo! Draw seven thousand from the safe and lock this up. No--on second thought, you leave this here. I want to bask in its organic energy, feast my eyes on its heroically gargantuan impasto strokes.

ALEC: Yeah, well, grab some beer and some ham hocks, and you've got yourself a party.

WOMAN: I must meet this artist. I must meet...(sees the signature)...Joshua. (Alec doesn't respond) Hello, little boy?

ALEC: Yeah, yeah. (Clears throat) He's--he's shy.

WOMAN: Listen, my clients don't just want pictures to hang on their walls. They want the opportunity to engage with the artist, to interact with minds more creatively fertile than their own.

ALEC: Well, what can I say? I mean, he's fertile, but he's--he's a homebody.

WOMAN: Well, at least tell me he's prolific.

(Enzo hands Alec an envelope full of cash.)

ALEC: Thank you. (Chuckles.) Oh, yeah. Yeah, he's--he's painting night and day. Can't get enough palimpsests and, uh, cerulean paint to keep up with his bursting organic energy.

---

(Later, Joshua gets enthusiastic with his next painting, dancing around and flinging paint onto the canvas. Alec reads a book and eggs him on.)

ALEC: That's it, Josh, that's it. Come on. Get ready. Show me what you got. Show me what you got now. Beautiful! Beautiful! Hit it up on the left corner there. Left corner. Oh, it's great, Josh. It looks great. Keep going. Show me what you got. Be one with the paint.

JOSHUA: She liked it?

ALEC: Oh, she loved it. You know what she loved? She loved the color. Use some of that yellow. There you go. There you go. Toss it on there. Oh! Ooh, ooh--you know what? The big gargantuan impasto strokes--loved 'em. Get crazy. Go on. Do it up. Do it up. Get crazy, dog-boy. Joshua, get crazy. Oh, it's pretty! It's pretty. Hit it! Oh, it's beautiful.

JOSHUA: Joshua...

ALEC: What's the matter, Josh?

JOSHUA: ...has a new face.

ALEC: Oh, yeah?

JOSHUA: My work is my face, Alec!

ALEC: Yes!

JOSHUA: Good!

ALEC (tossing the book aside): Okay, you know what she liked? She liked the palimpsests, the--the papers with--that are written on. (Grabs some papers and tosses them to Joshua.) Boom! (picks up the Manticore tech's notes.) These are the ones right here. Ooh--oh, Josh, these are great. Here we go. Here we go. Here we go. These are winners. These are winners. (He sticks the pages to the painting.) Look at that. Look at that. Huh? What do you got for me? What do you got for me? What do you got for me? I need some help. I need some help. I need some--help me! Help me! (Joshua tosses paint over the papers.) Boom!

(Joshua roars with exhilaration. Alec sits back down at the desk.)

ALEC: I got a headache.

---

(Logan walks with a woman through a market.)

WOMAN: They took him in the middle of the night. Right out of his room. We didn't hear a thing.

LOGAN: Police find any forensic evidence?

WOMAN: Nothing. They think it was a professional job. We have a video security system at the house. Caught a glimpse of someone, but nothing anyone can make out.

LOGAN: I'd like to see it.

WOMAN: There's a copy of it in here. (Hands him a large envelope.) Who could have done this? We're not anybody important. We're new here to Seattle.

LOGAN: You haven't heard anything from the kidnappers? No ransom note? (She shakes her head.) I may need to come by the house--take a look around myself.

WOMAN: It'll have to be during the day, when my husband's at work. He doesn't know that I'm here. Truth is, he doesn't care much for Eyes Only. Thinks what you people do is...subversive.

LOGAN (smiling): It's okay.

(Later, Logan looks through the contents of the envelope.)

WOMAN: Tried to dig up anything that would be of use to you. Birth certificate, medical files, school records...He's such a smart little boy. He won a spelling contest when he was four. Can you believe it? The word was "chasm."

LOGAN (smiling): I can't even spell that.

WOMAN (pointing at a photo): That's him when he was three.

LOGAN: He's a good-looking boy.

WOMAN: We, uh...lost our first two at childbirth. He's our whole world. Our miracle.

LOGAN: There's something I don't understand. On the birth certificate, it says...

WOMAN: Uh, yeah, that. Um...I go by my maiden name, Olsen. Ray goes by my husband's last name, which is White.

LOGAN: Ames White?

WOMAN: That's us. (Points to a family portrait. It is indeed White in the picture.) Happier times. Please...find him. Find our son.

---

(At Joshua's house, he is howling and singing while he paints. Alec sits in the armchair nearby, counting cash.)

ALEC: Said she loved it even more than the first. Said she wants to get together and discuss your “blossoming artistic sensibility,” or something. I don’t know. (Hands him some money.) Here you go.

JOSHUA: Rita wants to meet me?

ALEC: Yeah. That’d be pretty wild, huh?

JOSHUA: Joshua wants to meet Rita. Discuss my...blossoming.

ALEC: Bad idea.

JOSHUA: Good idea. Good for my career.

ALEC: Look, Josh, you’re a great artist, apparently. But you’re also, to be frank, a dog-boy. (Joshua growls at him.) Listen to me. Listen to me. One look at you, and your benefactress is gonna go runnin’ in fear for her life. That’s gonna cut a blossoming career off right at its knees, not to mention future sales.

JOSHUA: People afraid of things that are different.

ALEC (shrugging): Well, what are you gonna do? All right, now, come on. Show me some of that bursting organic energy. (Joshua moans.) Josh, don’t be like that. Come on.

(Max walks in.)

MAX: Good morning, Joshua. (Sees Alec) What are you doing here?

ALEC: Just paying a friendly visit to the artist-in-residence.

MAX: Uh-huh. Just stopped by to grab my papers.

(She walks over to the desk while Alec and Joshua turn back to the painting.)

ALEC (to Joshua): Focus. Focus.

MAX: That’s weird. They were right here.

ALEC: What’d they look like?

MAX: White grid paper with scribblings all over it.

(Joshua looks up in panic as he realizes Max’s papers are in the painting.)

JOSHUA: Palimpsests!

MAX: Huh?

ALEC: Uh...what...uh...“Pal upset”? Pal upset. He’s just worried about you, the big lug. (Gestures at Joshua not to tell Max.)

MAX: Maybe they’re down in the basement.

ALEC: Yeah.



(Max's pager goes off.)

MAX: It's Logan.

ALEC: Oh, well, you know, that could be important. Why don't you go find out what that's about? Michelangelo and I will find your papers for you, huh?

MAX: Okay.

ALEC: They gotta be around here somewhere, right?

(As soon as Max leaves, Joshua grabs Alec.)

JOSHUA: Gotta help Max! Gotta find virus bitch papers!

ALEC: Okay, okay. (Joshua snarls.) Easy, easy, Josh.

---

(In Logan's apartment, Max is looking at the photo of White and his family.)

MAX: It's him.

LOGAN: So what do you think?

MAX (angrily dropping the photo on the floor and walking away): Bad things happen to bad people too.

LOGAN (picking up the photo): She's not a bad person.

MAX: Married to him, isn't she?

LOGAN: She doesn't know what he does.

MAX: What, she doesn't see the blood on his shirts when she does the laundry?

LOGAN: If she knew, she wouldn't have come to Eyes Only. She's scared, Max. She's desperate to get her son back.

MAX: Yeah, well, maybe if White wasn't so busy trying to kill me and mine, he could do something about it.

(Logan just looks at her.)

MAX: You got that look.

LOGAN: What look?

MAX: Like you know more than I do and you're about to tell me.

(At Logan's computer)

LOGAN: From the Whites' security system. This is the feed from the camera covering the backyard. Whoever took the boy must've spotted the cameras--figured if they timed it right,

they could get in without being seen. What they didn't figure on was this. (He zooms in on a spherical mirror standing on a pedestal in White's backyard.)

MAX: White's bad taste in landscaping?

LOGAN: Hang on. I can correct for the spherical distortion. (He isolates and enlarges the reflection of the house.) There.

(In the camera footage, two men approach the house. One gives the other a boost, and the second man leaps up onto a second-story balcony.)

MAX: Transgenics.

LOGAN: My guess is they couldn't get to White, so they went after his kid as payback.

MAX: White brought it on himself.

LOGAN: Yeah, but the boy's innocent. He can't help who his father is. Now, look, I'm not asking you to get involved. Just wanted you to know what was going on. Wendy could be the next target. I'm gonna warn her, and do what I can to help her get her son back.

MAX: How?

LOGAN: You see this?

(He zooms in on a tag hanging from the zipper of one man's jacket.)

MAX: What is it?

LOGAN: Some kind of badge or I.D. I'm running the image through an enhancement filter. It's gonna take a while, but with any luck, it'll clear up enough to be readable. In the meantime, I'm gonna go see Wendy before the man of the house comes home for dinner.

MAX: I'm coming with you.

LOGAN: You don't have to.

MAX: Yes, I do. Otherwise I'm no better than he is.

---

(At the art gallery, Alec is peering at a piece of art while waiting for Rita.)

ALEC (muttering to himself): You've gotta be kidding.

(Rita walks in, holding a small newspaper.)

RITA: Alec, I'm so glad you dropped by. I have something to show you. Joshua has been reviewed in the Artist's Weekly.

ALEC (reading the headline): "A staggering work of raw genius?" (He chuckles and starts reading the article aloud.) "Joshua #1 gives voice to the angst of expressionism while still reveling in its spectacular ambiguity. The medium is truly the message." Well, that just about sums it up. Uh, listen, Rita, about #2...

RITA: Oh, when they get a chance to view it--

ALEC: Rita, whoa--we're gonna need Joshua #2 back.

RITA: Well, I'm afraid that's not possible.

ALEC: You sold it?

RITA: No. No, it's part of my private collection.

ALEC: Oh. Um, well, it--it's at the artist's request. He, uh...sentimental value, you know.  
(Sniffs a wad of cash and hands it to her.) Yeah, should be all there.

RITA: I couldn't bear to part with it. Perhaps if the artist was willing to explain the situation in person--

ALEC: That's not possible. Listen, Rita, what's it going to take to get that painting back?

RITA: Oh...

---

(At Joshua's house)

JOSHUA (sighing): Two more?

ALEC: Straight trade. Said she'd give us the old one back.

(Joshua groans.)

ALEC: Come on, come on, come on, come on. Burning daylight. Start flinging fuchsia, huh?

JOSHUA: Uh-uh. Can't paint. What about Max?

ALEC: You want to help Max? Get your ass in gear. Come on. Gotta get you started. Come on. What do we need? A little paint? Is that it? (Picks up a tube of paint.) This oughta work. (Squirts some onto the canvas.) See? It's all in the wrist.

(Joshua blows him a raspberry and makes his own squirt.)

ALEC: Good.

---

(At White's house)

WENDY: Genetic engineering? Government cover-up? I mean, even if any of this was true, Ames has nothing to do with it.

LOGAN: He's been lying to you. He's not who he claims to be.

WENDY: I don't believe you.

MAX: I'm sorry, but it's true. The people who took your son did it to hurt your husband because he hurt them.

WENDY: My husband is a good man.

MAX: He put your son in danger.

WENDY: No.

MAX: And as long as you stay here, you're in danger too.

WENDY: Get out. Both of you.

LOGAN: We just want to help you.

WENDY: Ames loves me. He loves Ray. He--

WHITE: --wonders what the hell you're doing here, 452.

(White has appeared in the doorway. He drops a bouquet of flowers and points a gun at Max.)

WHITE: Don't. Don't even think about it. On your knees. Do it now, both of you.

(Max and Logan both kneel and put their hands in the air.)

WENDY: Ames, what's going on? What's happening?

WHITE (to Wendy): They didn't hurt you, did they? Are you all right?

WENDY: Ames...

WHITE (to Max): What are you doing here?

MAX: I was about to ask you the same question.

WHITE: What the hell are you doing in my house?

MAX: You're supposed to be at work. You know, killing people.

WENDY: It's--it's not true. Tell me none of it's true.

WHITE: What did they tell you?

WENDY (tearfully): That you--that--that Ray...You've known all along, haven't you? You knew that these--these transgenics took our son. You never told me?

(Max jumps up, grabs White's gun, throws it away, and punches him. She wrestles him to the ground and pins him. Logan grabs the gun.)

WENDY: Ames!

MAX: You son of a bitch.

WHITE: You animals took my son.

MAX: I should take you out--break your miserable neck and pretend you never existed. But I'm not that kind of animal.

(Max gives him a shove and walks away. Wendy rushes to his side and they hug.)

WENDY: Ames. Oh, God. Ames.

WHITE (to Wendy): I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

LOGAN (to Max): Let's get out of here.

(Max looks at the large family portrait hanging above the mantel. It is the same photo as the one Logan showed her earlier.)

MAX: Wait. (To White) We've got a lead on who took your son. We can find him for you.

WHITE: You'd do that? Why?

MAX: I'm not doing it for you. You deserve whatever pain life can give you, but your wife and son don't. They shouldn't have to suffer for what you've done. We'll keep in touch.

(Max and Logan leave. Wendy and White hug again.)

---

(In the art gallery, Rita is looking at two of Joshua's paintings.)

RITA: No. No, there's no passion here. The contextualization is poor; the juxtapositions are haphazard and lack focus.

ALEC: They look just like the other ones.

RITA: What?! These two canvases put together could never equal the power and majesty of Joshua #2. No, this happens sometimes. An artist burns bright for an instant, and then extinguishes like a scrape of phosphorus.

ALEC: Well, call it his Blue Period. It'll be worth a fortune. (Chuckles.)

RITA: Now if I could only, um, talk to him, I might be able to help him find his muse again.

ALEC: That's not gonna happen.

RITA: Well, then I'm afraid the deal's off.

---

(At Logan's apartment that night, the computer is still working on clarifying the image of the I.D. badge. Max is standing at the window, watching the rain.)

LOGAN: Can't quite make it out yet, but shouldn't be too much longer. (Leaves the computer and sits on the couch to join her.) You okay?

MAX: Just thinkin'. I don't know what I was expecting to see when we went over there...but it wasn't the Hallmark card house, or the pictures on the mantel, or the barbecue in the backyard. It all seemed so normal.

LOGAN: We dropped a pretty big bomb over there today. I'm guessing things won't be so normal anymore. But who knows? Maybe you doing this will force White to get his head on straight--make him feel different about his calling in life.

MAX (smiling): You're just the eternal optimist, aren't you?

LOGAN: That's my nature.

MAX: Yeah. Well, where White's nature is concerned, I wouldn't count on it.

---

(At Joshua's house)

JOSHUA: Lost Max's papers...lost my muse...lost everything.

ALEC: No, Josh, your career's not over. Okay? Let me give you a little advice from my, uh, brief sojourn in the art scene. It's all about supply and demand. You know? Rare doesn't just apply to meat, my friend. Look, you need to kick back. You know, you need to kick back, you need to stop painting, you need to make 'em wait. All right? Before you know it they'll be busting down your door for a--a Joshua.

JOSHUA: No. No, no, no, no, no, no. Virus bitch going down. Need to get Joshua #2 back. (Thinks for a moment, then gets an idea.) Steal it.

ALEC: Steal it. Yeah. Can we, uh, crack one of these windows open? 'Cause I think the paint fumes in here are turning your brain into oatmeal.

JOSHUA: Sneak, sniff, steal it, huh?

ALEC: Listen. Listen to me, okay? We jack that painting, Rita's gonna know it was us. 'Kay? That's a career-ender. Not the plan. Now, look, as soon as we start selling paintings again, you can get Max a new doctor. Heck, you can buy her a whole hospital, okay? You know, but just, uh, tell her you lost the papers. Tell her, uh, I don't know, tell her your dog ate 'em. Tell her you ate 'em. (Joshua groans.) Max will get over it, all right? You know why? Because underneath that--that sadomasochistic leather and that--that tough-girl image, she's nothing but a big softie.

(Max enters the house.)

MAX: Joshua?

ALEC: Okay, I gotta go. (Leaves.)

MAX: What's up, big fella?

JOSHUA: Uh...(Laughs nervously)

MAX: Any luck finding my papers?

(He laughs nervously again and shakes his head.)

MAX: I'll take that as a no.

JOSHUA: Uh...Alec, uh, sold my paintings, and...

MAX: Your paintings?

JOSHUA: They rocked. Uh, for a while.

MAX: Wow. That's great.

JOSHUA (taking a deep breath): Max and Joshua have to talk about paintings. Now.

(Max's cell phone rings.)

MAX: Hold on. (Into phone) Yeah.

LOGAN: Max? Got the whole image completed. It's an I.D. badge for an outfit called RCF Environmental Cleanup and Disposal. I got an address for a site they're working on downtown. Fifth and Grand.

MAX: Got it. (Hangs up.) I gotta go. Um, we can talk later. I promise.

---

(Max rides her motorcycle down a street and parks in front of a building. A sign on the fence outside reads "R.C.F. ENVIRONMENTAL CLEAN-UP AND DISPOSAL," with a phone number beneath. She enters the building. In an office, one man hides Ray behind a desk while another steps out into the building's main room. Max is walking down the steps from the door to the floor of the main room.)

MAX: It's okay, I'm Manticore. X5-452. (Shows him her barcode.) I know you took White's kid. I saw the surveillance footage. (The man strikes a fighting pose.) Look, I don't like the guy myself, but you can't just go around grabbing up people's kids.

(The other man steps out of the office, does a few flips over to the other man, and strikes the same pose.)

MAX: Let me guess. You're with him.

(Max and the two men begin to fight. At one point Max manages to take a look at one man's neck. He has no barcode.)

MAX: Who the hell are you people?

(The fighting continues. Max and the men each land several blows. Finally Max is thrown onto a roller belt and slides down into a basement. The men leave with Ray as Max watches. She walks around a corner and encounters the skeletons. She *remembers Lydecker's photos*.)

LOGAN: *Some pictures they found near Lydecker's car...Looks like some kind of dig site.*

(Max sees the painting on the wall and *remembers looking at Sandeman's cane at Joshua's house*.)

MAX: *The Manticore symbol.*

---

(Later, in Logan's apartment)

MAX: They didn't have barcodes. They fought differently. They're not transgenics, Logan. I couldn't hurt them--how strange is that?

LOGAN: It just got more strange. The place you found was a Kiloma burial ground from the early 1800s.

MAX: 1800s? What was the Manticore symbol doing there?

LOGAN: Good question. Found another one in a Mesopotamian burial chamber, 5000 B.C.

(On his computer, he shows her photographs of similar drawings.)

LOGAN: Another one in an Andean tomb in Atacama, Chile, 2000 B.C. Second-century Etruscan catacombs. Seventh-century Northumbrian Celts. On and on. It's like a virus down through history.

MAX: What does it mean?

LOGAN: All I can figure is that Manticore, or some precursor to Manticore, has been around a lot longer than we ever realized.

MAX: They weren't doing genetic engineering back in Mesopotamia. Didn't exactly have the hardware.

LOGAN: Maybe not, but you just got your ass handed to you by a couple of guys hanging around an Indian burial site.

MAX: What's Lydecker's connection to this whole thing?

LOGAN: I don't know. But he was driving around with pictures from the same place the kidnappers were holding the kid.

MAX: You don't think he's behind all this?

LOGAN: We don't even know if he's still alive. Been trying to hack into his voice mail account. Maybe something will turn up there.

MAX: In the meantime, I'm gonna pay White a surprise visit. Could be he knows a lot more than he's telling.

---

(In Ray's bedroom, Wendy is sitting on the bed. White enters the room suddenly and she gasps.)

WENDY: You scared me.

WHITE: I'm sorry.

WENDY: Didn't hear you come in.

(He joins her on the bed.)

WHITE: Wendy...



(The phone rings)

WHITE: I better get that. (Answers the phone) Hello?...Yes?...My son? Who is this?

WENDY: Ames! Is it Ray? Don't make them mad! Don't--

WHITE: How much do you want?...How do we even know he's alive?...Ray? Ray?

WENDY (into phone): Ray, honey, it's Mommy!

WHITE: Don't worry, pal, we're coming...Hello? Hello?...Yes...(Writes down an address)...Yes...We'll be there.

(He hangs up and begins withdrawing money from a safe.)

WENDY: Should we call the police?

WHITE: No. They said for us to come alone. If we don't, they'll kill him.

(They leave the house, White carrying a briefcase, and get into their car. Max watches from a distance on her bike. She follows as they drive away.)

---

(In the RCF building, White and Wendy are standing alone on the main floor.)

WHITE: Wen...you know I love you, right?

WENDY (stroking his cheek): I know.

(Max is watching through a window. Her cell phone rings and she answers quietly. Logan fills her in on the situation as the scene between White and Wendy plays out inside.)

MAX: What's up?

LOGAN: Where are you?

MAX: I followed 'em. They left the house in a hurry. I think they're gonna meet the kidnappers.

LOGAN: Listen to me. I got into Lydecker's voice mail. There's a message there from some archaeologist he'd been talking to.

WENDY: Something's wrong. Where are they?

WHITE: They're not coming.

WENDY: What do you mean? How do you know?

WHITE: I staged this whole thing.

WENDY: What? You did this?...Where's Ray? I want my son!

WHITE: He's not your son anymore.

LOGAN: There was some kind of genetic breeding going on for generations. Selected women were forced to have children.

WHITE (as Wendy begins to cry): You were chosen for me. It's the early ones who did the smart thing and they...they got rid of the breeding host right away. (She slaps him.) But I made one mistake--I fell in love with you. But you...you just couldn't leave things alone. When I had Ray taken, you couldn't accept it. You had to go out and find him on your own.

LOGAN: Always in threes. They kill the first two newborns. Max, the Whites had two miscarriages before Ray.

WHITE (pulling out his gun): I didn't want it to end like this, but now I don't have a choice. As far as the police will be concerned, we came to meet the men who took our son. They double-crossed us, and you were killed.

LOGAN: When they're through, they kill the mother.

WHITE: I took a shot myself. (Shoots himself in the arm.)

WENDY: What are you?

WHITE: I am the future. Goodbye, my love.

(Just as White is about to fire, Max breaks through the window and knocks the gun out of his hand. Wendy sneaks away and hides. White and Max begin to fight.)

WHITE: Haven't you done enough? (lands a blow on her chin) Surprised? You think you and your little Manticore progeny are special?

(She kicks him several times. He grabs her foot and flips her over. They circle each other.)

WHITE: Transgenic scum. You think those geeks with their chemistry sets and their gene banks and their greasy little paws are the future? (kicks her to the ground) You have no idea what you're up against.

MAX: I should've canceled your ass when I had the chance.

WHITE: You couldn't because you're too weak.

(She kicks him. Max picks up a large board and hits him with it. It breaks. White doesn't even flinch. She stares at him in shock.)

WHITE: Pain is a phantom of the mind.

(Sirens grow closer as he punches Max to the ground. She sees a brick lying nearby. She picks it up and prepares to throw it at him, but he has disappeared.)

---

(Joshua drops into the art gallery after hours via a rope. As he looks around for his painting, we see a control panel on the wall that says "SILENT ALARM ACTIVATED." Joshua finds his painting and begins to leave with it. Rita appears with a gun.)

RITA: Hold it right there!

(Joshua turns toward her, holding the painting in front of him so it covers all but his feet.)

RITA: That's a pretty expensive and important piece of artwork you've got there, mister.

JOSHUA: I know.

RITA: Joshua? Is that you?

(She lowers the gun.)

JOSHUA: My painting. Joshua #2.

RITA: Yeah. Um, I told your representative you could have the painting back if you'd just ask for it in person.

JOSHUA: Here I am, in person. Give it back!

RITA: Yeah, but can't I see you?

(She begins to slowly walk toward him. He steps backward, panicky.)

JOSHUA: Uh...(He backs into a sculpture and it crashes to the ground.)...Oh! Sorry!

RITA: Joshua! Joshua! Let me see you, and you can take the painting back, and--and I'll square it with the cops.

JOSHUA: Cops?!

RITA: Yeah, you tripped the--you tripped the alarm. They're on their way.

JOSHUA: Oh, very wack. (He backs into another sculpture, breaking parts of it off.)

RITA: Joshua! It doesn't matter to me what you look like.

JOSHUA: Screaming...running for your life.

RITA: Joshua, it doesn't matter. I promise.

(Joshua slowly peeks above the painting. His eyes are visible; Rita appears eager to see more. Joshua lowers the painting and sets it aside. Rita approaches, thoughtfully.)

RITA (smiling): It all makes sense now. Your work...your early paintings...they were the expressions of an artist literally seeing the world for the first time, a joyous celebration of life and freedom. But now you've realized you can't be a part of this world, not really.

JOSHUA: People afraid of what they don't understand.

RITA (still smiling): You're too good for us, Joshua. Paint for yourself. Create, because that's what your soul must do to survive. But don't do it for us; we don't deserve it. You're special.

JOSHUA: Special...first.

(Rita nods and slowly frames his face with her hands.)

RITA: You...are...the one...and only...Joshua.

(Rita gives him a kiss on the cheek. Joshua smiles.)

---

(In Logan's apartment, Wendy is asleep on the couch.)

LOGAN: She's not safe here anymore. We have to get her out of town.

MAX: What about White?

LOGAN: I called Matt Sung again, had him check out the house. Big surprise--no sign of him.

MAX: So tomorrow he goes back to his secret government job for the secret government agency nobody's ever heard of. Untouchable.

LOGAN: Whoever this group he's involved with is, they know how to cover their tracks.

MAX: They've had practice. Looks like they've been doing it for a couple of thousand years.

LOGAN: Question is, what's this breeding program all about? Who's behind it?

MAX: And what do they want with Ray?

---

(In an alley, White stands with Ray next to a waiting car.)

RAY: Did I do good?

WHITE: You did real good, Ray. Real good. Your mom didn't suspect a thing.

RAY: I wish she would understand.

WHITE: Me too. But it had to be this way. It's time for you to be with other people like us.

RAY: Will you come visit?

WHITE: When the time comes.

(One of the car windows rolls down and a man looks out.)

WHITE: I love you. (Gives Ray a kiss on the forehead.) And I'll think about you all the time.

(The car door opens and Ray climbs in the backseat.)

WHITE: You be good now.

(The car drives away as White watches. He removes his wedding ring, lets it drop to the ground, and walks away.)

---

(Joshua walks into his house with Joshua #2 to find Max asleep in his armchair. He sets the painting down, looks at Max, and gets out a blank canvas. Glancing at her now and then and smiling, he begins to paint.)

DARK ANGEL  
Season Two, Episode #10: "Brainiac"  
First Aired 1/11/2002

(Asha approaches Logan's car, which is parked in an alley. Logan is sitting inside. She hands him a large envelope.)

ASHA: I didn't think you'd be here.

LOGAN: I figured I'd stick around. (Looks at the contents of the envelope.) So you got it.

ASHA: Just barely. Cops you're trying to nail--they knew we were coming.

LOGAN: You all got out okay?

ASHA: Yeah, but everybody's real spooked.

LOGAN: Well, the S1W takes on police corruption. You didn't think it was gonna be easy, did you?

ASHA: Listen, just get Eyes Only to do the broadcast tonight, okay? I really need something on record. Otherwise the cops can say anything they want and they can make us out to be the bad guys.

LOGAN: You got it.

ASHA: Thanks.

LOGAN: Hey, are you okay?

ASHA: Yeah. I don't know. I--Logan, I'm telling you something. Somebody's on to us.

---

(In his living room, a heavysset young man is watching different programs on six TVs at once. He glances at his watch, and after a few moments he points at the screens. Immediately Eyes Only appears on all six TVs.)

EYES ONLY: Do not attempt to adjust your set. This is a streaming freedom video bulletin. The cable hack will last exactly sixty seconds. It cannot be traced, it cannot be stopped, and it is the only free voice left in this city. Activist group the S1W has again been busy in defense of your freedom, securing indisputable physical evidence of wholesale corruption in the sector police force...

(The heavysset guy stands up, zips up his sweatshirt, and leaves. Later, the guy is playing a game in a video arcade and doing very well. A kid stands next to him, watching, and is amazed.)

KID: God, how many times have you played this before?

HEAVYSET GUY: Um, never. (Without looking away from his game) You might want to move.

(A group of armed sector cops bursts into the arcade. The kid quickly gets out of the way as they run past and burst into the back room. A moment later the heavysset guy pulls the kid's head down and ducks himself. A man runs out of the back room.)

SECTOR COP: Get down! Everybody down! (Shoots at the man) Freeze! Stop right there!

(The cop hits him in the arm. The man goes down. The sector cops shove several people, including Asha, out of the back room with their hands on their heads.)

SECTOR COP: I said move.

ASHA: All right!

(The cops push the people out of the arcade. The heavysset guy and the kid straighten up and watch them leave.)

KID: God, man, that bullet--how'd you know?

(The guy taps the game's button and joystick a few times and leaves without answering. Outside, the cops are shoving the group into the back of a police van. One cop pushes the man who was shot.)

ASHA: He needs a doctor!

SECTOR COP: Quiet!

ASHA: He needs a doctor!

SECTOR COP: Quiet! (Shoves her into the van)

(One of the men in the group grabs the cop in protest.)

MAN: Leave her alone!

(The cops continue shoving people into the van. The heavysset guy steps into the group, putting his hands on his head. The cops finish putting everyone else into the van and congratulate each other, not noticing the guy standing there.)

SECTOR COPS: That's all of 'em. Good job.

(The bus pulls away. Asha watches the guy through the window in the back of the van. He watches the van drive off, takes a candy bar out of his pocket, and begins eating it.)

(Opening credits)

---

(At Jam Pony, Normal is watching a news broadcast on TV.)

ANCHORWOMAN: Last night, here in sector four, an anonymous tip led police to this building--headquarters of dissident group S1W--and the arrest of at least six members...

NORMAL: You hearing this, people? Anonymous tips. That's how we get these outlaws off the street.

(Max enters Jam Pony.)

MAX: They're not outlaws.

NORMAL: Oh yeah? Says who?

MAX: They're just trying to expose corrupt sector cops.

NORMAL: Well, that's an interesting theory, Miss Late-as-Usual. And how exactly did you get to be such an expert on the S1W?

(Max rolls her eyes. Her pager goes off and she steps over to the payphone. As she dials, Alec approaches her.)

ALEC: So how *do* you know about the S1W?

MAX: Why? Thinking of phoning me in?

(Normal gestures for Alec to come over to his desk. Alec does so. Normal speaks in a low voice.)

NORMAL: So what's up with our little Maxie here?

ALEC: What do you mean?

NORMAL: Maybe we got ourselves an S1W type right underneath our noses, huh? She fits the profile.

MAX (into phone): Yeah, I heard. What do I do?

NORMAL: Zero respect for authority, erratic behavior, lots of unexplained absences...

MAX (sighing into phone): Okay, I'll go get it.

NORMAL: Plus I think she's got a *lot* of underlying hostility.

(Max hangs up and notices Normal and Alec watching her.)

MAX: What are you two lookin' at?

(They quickly look away.)

NORMAL: Nothing. I just got a, uh, delivery here for Alec. Oh, what do you know, it's right near where the S1W was arrested.

(Alec takes the package and looks at the address. Max walks by and grabs it out of his hands on her way out the door.)

MAX: I'll take that.

NORMAL (to Alec): What'd I tell you?

---

(At the arcade, Max locks her bike outside and walks in. A sector cop is playing a video game. Another guards the door to the back room. The door is closed and crossed with yellow police tape. The cop playing the game calls to the one guarding the door.)

SECTOR COP: Hey, yo, Mikey--check me out, man, I'm winning.

(The other guard leaves the door and joins him. Max sneaks through the door into the back room and looks around. Suddenly the other door opens and Alec sneaks inside.)

MAX: What are you doing here?

ALEC: Right back at ya.

MAX: Looking for something.

ALEC: Asha's address book? Yeah, me too.

(He begins poking through the debris on the floor as Max stares at him in surprise.)

ALEC: Oh, what? Like it's some big secret? Asha's in the S1W. And they got arrested here last night.

MAX: Yeah, so what's that got to do with you?

ALEC: My number's in the book.

MAX (sarcastically): Oh, sure. You and the S1W, fightin' the power.

ALEC: Who said anything about the S1W? Asha asked for my number one night at Crash.

MAX: She asked?

ALEC: Or maybe I offered it to her. I don't know--it was during that whole mermaid thing. I was feelin' kinda lonely.

MAX: Consider your lonely ass saved. Here's her backpack.

(Max begins picking things up off the floor and putting them into Asha's backpack. Alec picks up Asha's address book and opens it to the A's. His name is not listed.)

ALEC: Okay, question--have you ever pretended to write down a guy's phone number?

(Max smiles. Alec picks up a book off the floor.)

ALEC: What's this? (The book is Leaves of Grass, by Walt Whitman, and has a piece of paper tucked inside.) Asha likes poetry?

MAX: It's none of your business.

(Alec opens the piece of paper and begins to read.)

ALEC: Hey, get a load of this. "Oh, love, let me raise you softer than moonbeams..." (chuckles) Kinda makes you wonder who she's writing to.

MAX: Could be anyone.



(They leave the back room and start walking through the arcade.)

ALEC: You're right, it could be about anyone, but, uh, here's an interesting fact. Logan's name is in her book.

MAX: They work together.

ALEC: Yeah, I'm sure they do.

MAX: They do, smartass. That's why I'm here.

ALEC: Oh, because they work together?

MAX: No, because I don't want Logan's name to end up in some police file.

ALEC: With Asha's.

MAX: With the S1W.

ALEC: Oh, okay, right, right. Now, Logan used to be your thing.

MAX: We weren't even like that.

ALEC: So when Logan asks you to go get his poetess friend Asha out of jail, you jump at the cha--

(Max snatches the book out of his hand and puts it in Asha's backpack, glaring at him.)

ALEC: We weren't designed to be chumps, Max.

MAX: People were arrested here last night. Do you even get that? People risking their lives for something more important than themselves. (Alec looks around and notices something.) They were rounded up because some snitch turned them in. One guy was wounded.

ALEC: Max...

MAX: So forget the cheap shots, because even if that were true, it wouldn't matter, 'cause it's not about me.

ALEC: Max...

MAX: What?

(Alec steps over to the video game the heavyset guy had been playing. Since nobody is currently playing it, its screen is showing high scores. The top score is 452,000 and bears the initials MAX with a heart.)

ALEC: Or maybe it *is* about you.

(Alec notices a sweatshirt lying on top of the machine and pulls it down. Several candy bars fall out of the pockets.)

---

(In an apartment building, a woman gets her mail while the heavyset guy talks to her. She doesn't look at him.)

HEAVYSET GUY: Hey, neighbor. Yeah, I'm kind of expecting someone at, oh, 7:03. So I'll be away two days, at least. So I was wondering, I mean, if it's not too much trouble, if maybe you could...get my mail while I'm gone? (Jingles his keys) Huh, neighbor?

WOMAN (glancing at him): I'm sorry, did you say something?

(She walks away and he sighs.)

---

(At the arcade, Max and Alec are talking to the kid who watched the heavyset guy play.)

KID: You know, I can't actually remember what he looked like. You kind of don't notice him.

(Alec holds up the guy's sweatshirt to indicate its large size.)

ALEC: Don't notice him?

KID: It's hard to explain.

MAX (looking at the scores): He's got game.

KID: Yeah, and he was barely trying. He was just...I don't know...it's like he sees everything.

MAX: What do you mean, sees everything?

KID: Okay, this is gonna sound crazy, but...it's like he knows what's gonna happen before it happens.

ALEC: Yeah, that sounds crazy.

KID: He knew that raid was coming. You see that bullet hole over there? He ducked before the shot was fired. Made me duck too. The bullet went right over our heads. He saved my life.

MAX: You wouldn't by any chance know how to find this guy?

ALEC: Max.

(Alec shows Max the label inside the guy's sweatshirt. It says the following: BRAIN, 113 - 125th PL, APT. 4)

ALEC: What's that? "Brian"?

MAX: Looks like "Brain." One-thirteen 125th Place.

(They turn to leave but stop as the kid speaks.)

KID: Just like he said. Told me the hottest chick I'd ever seen was gonna show up looking for him. I guess that's you, huh?

(Alec snickers.)

MAX (punching his shoulder): Shut up!

---

(In his bathroom, the guy who must be Brain is primping in front of the mirror. When he's finished, he goes out to the living room, where one of his TVs is showing a commercial for eggs.)

WOMAN: ...it's nature's miracle. That's what it is. White, hearty, and true. Not ostrich, or emu, or goose. Uh-uh. It's straight from the chicken to you. So if you want to feel healthy, here's what you'll do. Break an egg. That means you.

(Brain nods and checks a map on the wall.)

BRAIN: "Break an egg." Okay.

(He looks at the clock and sees it turn to 7:03. Hurriedly he shuts off all the TV's.)

(In the hallway, Max and Alec approach his door.)

ALEC: Keep your voice down. Don't knock, either.

MAX: Why?

ALEC: 'Cause you lose the element of surprise.

(Brain puts his ear to the door and listens to them talk.)

MAX: What surprise? That kid said he's expecting us.

ALEC: Yeah, but it could be a trap.

(Upon hearing Alec's voice, Brain frowns.)

MAX: Please. I think we can handle him.

ALEC: Whoa. "We"?

MAX: Nobody asked you to tag along.

(Brain opens the door and looks at Alec.)

BRAIN: That's right. (To Max) You were supposed to come alone.

---

(In an abandoned building, Brain sits blindfolded as Alec handcuffs him to a chair. Alec then joins Max and Logan, who are standing a short distance away. Logan is looking at a map.)

BRAIN (agitated): Okay, this is totally unnecessary.

LOGAN: So this is the guy who turned them in?

MAX: Looks like.

ALEC: Says he admits he knew the raid was going down.

MAX: Although, according to him, only to a 73% certainty.

BRAIN: Hello? Okay, these things are a little tight. I don't know if I mentioned it, but I bruise easily. Look, I'm trying to help you, Max!

LOGAN (to Max): You know him?

(Max shakes her head.)

ALEC: I think he's got a little thing for Max.

LOGAN: Well, we'll have to deal with him and his "little thing" later. They're moving the S1W to a federal facility in about an hour, and there's an opportunity to intercept on Highway 153.

BRAIN (exasperated): Oh, that's a bad idea.

LOGAN: There's a railroad grade crossing in serious disrepair along the route. It's about a mile from the Somerset Poultry Farm.

BRAIN: If you're thinking about the train track, think again.

LOGAN (to Max, annoyed): What is this?

(Max shrugs.)

BRAIN: It's 92% failure scenario.

LOGAN (fed up): Okay, I need you to shut up.

(Logan hands Alec the map and stalks over to Brain. Brain continues ranting. Max takes the map from Alec and looks at it.)

BRAIN: County roads in the area allow unacceptable delivery rates of backup sector personnel. I mean, the probability of subsequent apprehension is--is--is like--

(Logan moves the blindfold off his eyes and he takes a look at their surroundings.)

BRAIN: 3157 Mercer Street?! Is this your idea of a secret meeting place, huh? (Logan moves the blindfold into Brain's mouth.)

(Alec picks up the Whitman book and begins reading aloud.)

ALEC: "I will love you like the..."

MAX: Hey!

(Max grabs for the book, but Alec grins and pulls it away.)

MAX: What are you doing?

(Max keeps trying to grab the book; Alec continues to pull it out of her reach. Brain gets a good look at Logan's eyes and speaks through the gag.)

BRAIN (awed): Eyes Only?

(Logan looks at Brain for a minute, concerned.)

ALEC: Poetry, Max.

MAX: Put it away!

ALEC: It's okay.

MAX: Give it here!

ALEC: It's just nice. I just want to read it.

(Max punches him in the stomach and he surrenders the book. She tosses the book aside as Logan walks back over to them.)

LOGAN: Crossing'll be deserted. Bus'll come to a complete stop. It should be easy in, easy out. What's that?

MAX: Nothing.

ALEC: Poetry.

MAX: It's nothing! Stay with what's-his-name and we'll do the rest.

(Brain begins working the gag out of his mouth.)

LOGAN: So what's his name?

MAX: Brain.

ALEC (at same time): Brian.

(Max and Alec start to head for the door.)

LOGAN: Be careful.

(Alec ruffles Brain's short hair on the way out)

ALEC: "Be careful." That cost him.

MAX: I'll do this alone if I have to.

ALEC: I'm on board.

BRAIN (calling after them): Look, the only way it'll work is if you break an egg! You hear me, Max? Break an egg!

---

(Later, after dark, Asha and the other arrested S1W members are riding in a police bus. One sector cop is driving and another is riding along. A locked gate separates the cops and the S1W members. The driver pulls to a stop as he sees Max standing in the road with her thumb outstretched, as if hitchhiking.)

SECTOR COP: Well, well.

(Alec sneaks up alongside the bus, smashes through the window, and punches the driver. The driver hits a silent alarm button. Max and Alec fight the driver and the other cop and throw them off the bus.)

ASHA: Max.

MAX: Got your back.

ALEC: Max. (Points to the alarm button) It's a silent alarm.

MAX: The keys. Find the keys!

(Alec grabs a nearby keyring and begins trying keys on the gate lock. Sirens sound in the distance.)

MAX: Alec...

ALEC: Drive. Drive!

(Max starts driving.)

ALEC: You know, I'm thinking the fat kid may have been right.

MAX: We'll make it.

(Police cars swing onto the road, behind them.)

ALEC: I'm glad to hear that, because we're being followed.

MAX: We're all clear ahead.

(Police cars swing onto the road a short distance ahead of them and block it.)

ALEC: Yeah, except for the police cruisers.

MAX: Just find the key!

ALEC (waving the keyring): Only a hundred and fifty more to go!

(A train whistles nearby)

MAX: What did Brain say before we left?

ALEC: "Bad plan"?

MAX: I mean as we were leaving.

ALEC: "Break a leg."

(Max sees a billboard by the side of the road ahead. It says "BREAK AN EGG" in the same font the egg commercial used.)

MAX: No, he said "egg." He said "Break an egg."

ALEC: What's it matter what he said?

MAX: Hold on. Everyone hold on!

ALEC: Max, no--

(Max swerves the bus off the road and drives right through the billboard. She crosses the tracks behind the billboard seconds before the train passes by. The police cars have no choice but to stop and wait for the train. Max looks back with a smile and then drives away.)

---

(Max, Alec, and the S1W members walk into the abandoned building.)

S1W MEMBER: Let's go, lads. He needs help.

INJURED S1W MEMBER: Don't worry, I'm okay.

LOGAN: How'd it go, Max?

MAX: Kinda weird, actually. Hold on.

(Max and Alec separate from the others. Logan talks to the S1W while Max and Alec remove Brain's gag.)

MAX: How'd you know?

BRAIN: Know what?

ALEC: "Break an egg."

MAX: And the cops, and the train...

BRAIN: Did I get the schedule wrong?

MAX: No.

BRAIN: Then what are you mad about?

MAX: Just tell us how you knew.

BRAIN: How do you think I knew? I'm an X-series, just like you.

(Alec checks the back of Brain's neck. He has a barcode.)

ALEC: Huh. Yep.

MAX: Then what are you?

BRAIN: What am I?

ALEC: Yeah, she means you don't exactly look like a soldier there, big guy.

BRAIN: Oh, and you two do? I'm an I.T. concentrate. A battle processor. I'm basically a general, his staff, two database groups, and five logistical support teams, all rolled into one stealth package.

ALEC (laughing disbelievingly): Stealth. Yeah.

BRAIN: People look away. They don't remember me. There, are you happy?

ALEC: Yeah, that still doesn't explain your psychic ability.

BRAIN: Psychic? Please. I combine near-absolute data knowledge with fast Fourier neural nets for heuristics.

ALEC: Heuristics?

BRAIN: Predictions using probability algorithms that are stored in my--Look, are you sure you want to hear this?

MAX: Whatever you call it, you can tell the future.

BRAIN: I can see our future. Yours and mine. That's why I'm here, Max.

ALEC: You getting the feeling that, uh, Puffy here's got something else on his mind than betraying the S1W?

BRAIN: Oh, but I didn't betray the S1W. It was one of them.

(He glances over at the S1W and Logan. Max follows his gaze.)

MAX: Come on.

(Logan is talking to Asha)

ASHA: I don't want to get out of town.

LOGAN: Well, you don't have a choice. They have photos of you now. Fingerprints. It's just a matter of time before they pick you up again.

(Max approaches, pulling a still-handcuffed Brain, and hands Asha her backpack.)

MAX: This yours?

ASHA: Thanks.

MAX: There's some personal stuff in there you might want to keep track of. Address book...poems and things... (To Brain) Come on.

LOGAN: What are you doing, Max? S1W went down 'cause of him.

MAX: Or not. That's what I'm thinking. Don't worry--I'll keep him on a short leash. (Starts to walk away with Brain)

BRAIN (to Asha): Oh, it was nice seeing you again. (She looks confused)

---



(In Logan's apartment, Max is at the computer while Brain makes faces into Logan's video camera, watching his image on a television screen.)

MAX: You're right about the S1W. One of them's gotta be a police informant. I mean, they free political prisoners, play Robin Hood, even get fingered for taking down Manticore, and the cops leave 'em alone. Then they attack police corruption head-on and get nailed. (Smacks Brain upside the head) Would you pay attention?

BRAIN: I *am*.

MAX: What did I just say?

BRAIN: You were wondering what, if anything, is going on between blondie and you-know-who.

(Max shuts off the video camera.)

MAX: Let's stick with who's the informant.

BRAIN: I don't know who.

MAX: Well, I pulled up the arrest report from the police database, so just...do your thing.

(The computer screen shows mug shots of the S1W members that were arrested. Max magnifies the picture of the injured S1W member.)

BRAIN: Okay. Well, that's the guy that got shot, so we know it's not him...unless that's what we're supposed to think, and it *is* him.

(Max magnifies Asha's picture.)

MAX: All right, on this next one, could you be a little more--what was it--heuristic?

BRAIN: Ooh. Yeah, she is gonna be a lot heavier than I am when she's thirty. 93% certainty.

MAX (laughing): Did she turn them in?

BRAIN: No idea.

MAX: Okay, then. (Magnifies another mug shot) This guy. What about him?

---

(In the abandoned building)

LOGAN: I don't know who he is. Max went out to get your address book and came back with some crazy guy she found who knows a lot about the S1W.

ASHA: Not a lot. Everything.

LOGAN: Max seems to think he's okay.

(The S1W member whose mug shot Max has just magnified speaks.)

FIRST S1W MEMBER: Yeah, well, Max wasn't turned in, was she?

---

(In Logan's apartment)

MAX: So what you're saying is none of them did it?

BRAIN (frustrated): Maybe all of them did it. Or maybe not. Look, I'm not optimized for this!

MAX: It's okay.

BRAIN: We're finally together, and I'm letting you down. (Max gives him a puzzled look.) You don't remember me at all, do you? From back at Manticore? (Max shakes her head.) That's all right. I'm designed to be forgettable. But I remember you, with your short hair, and your cammies, and--and you could blur and everything. I used to watch you and your friends running around, just having a blast.

MAX: It was no blast. Believe me.

BRAIN: When you broke out, leaving the rest of us behind...I thought I was gonna die, I missed you so much.

MAX: Look, Brain, we didn't know each other.

BRAIN: I knew you. They fed us data on all the X5s to predict battle behavior, and I stayed after every day, learning everything there was to know about you. I knew you.

MAX: That data they fed you--it wasn't me.

BRAIN: I knew you'd come back to Manticore, and you did. I knew you'd get involved the second S1W got into trouble. That's why I'm here.

MAX: What do you mean, that's why you're here?

BRAIN: I know you better than anyone, Max. And I would do anything for you.

(Max puts her hand on Brain's head.)

MAX: What I really need you to do is tell me who the informant is. Okay?

(She turns back to the computer.)

BRAIN (disappointed): Aw.

MAX: What?

BRAIN: There was a .05% chance that you were gonna lean over and kiss me right then. I was just...hoping. (Max chuckles.) Okay.

MAX: Let's go.

---

(In the abandoned building)

FIRST S1W MEMBER: If she's supposed to be on our side, then why's she protecting him?

LOGAN: She's not protecting him.

FIRST S1W MEMBER: Then where is he?

LOGAN: Why don't we just concentrate on getting you guys out of town?

ALEC (to Asha): And why don't you call me when you get there. You've got my number, right?

(Before Asha does much more than nod slowly, the injured S1W member speaks.)

SECOND S1W MEMBER: Who's he working for? That's what I wanna know.

(Max and Brain walk in.)

MAX: He's not working for anyone. He saved your asses, if you wanna know the truth.

FIRST S1W MEMBER: Yeah? Is that what he says?

MAX: That's what I say. You're blaming the wrong guy.

BRAIN (urgently): I think--I think--I think--I think sector police will approach in a scatter "Y" formation. Alpha team in the stairwell, bravo in the elevator. Chances are dead even a third team will stake out the roof.

(The S1W members all begin talking at once.)

ASHA: What is he talking about?

SECOND S1W MEMBER: He turned us in again!

MAX: Shut up!

(The S1W members quiet down.)

BRAIN: Egress through a fire stairwell. Fifty-four steps up to the second floor. There's an exhaust fan behind a four-foot grate in the west hallway. Use it. It's your only way out.

MAX: When? When's this happening?

BRAIN: Now.

MAX: Go! Do what he says! Get out of here!

(Everybody starts to leave except the second S1W member.)

SECOND S1W MEMBER (to Max): You trust him, you lead the way.

(Max turns around to look for Brain, but he is gone, so she and the S1W member leave. Moments later, sector cops run through. Brain stands in their way with his hands up, but they run right past him. He knocks the last cop in the face with his elbow. Brain twists his ankle and falls down. The cop points his gun at Brain and calls to the other cops.)

SECTOR COP: I got one! I think.

BRAIN: Ow.

---

(The next day, a truck pulls up to a building. The S1W members, who have been hiding among some crates on the back of the truck, jump off and enter the building.)

---

(In Logan's apartment, Max paces back and forth while talking on a cell phone. Alec sits in a chair in the corner. Logan is on the computer. Logan's phone rings and he answers.)

LOGAN (into phone): Yeah.

ASHA: We're at the pickup point.

LOGAN: How you doing?

ASHA: I'm off to the frozen north. I don't know who to trust. I'm not happy about this, Logan.

LOGAN: Well, I'm not happy about it, either.

ALEC: Well, if she's not happy, and you're not happy, then I'm not happy. Max, are you happy?

LOGAN: Shut up! (To Asha) No, not you. There should be a loading ramp by the garage.

ASHA: Okay.

LOGAN: A truck will back in at 4:05. That's your ride to Canada. Driver's a friend of Eyes Only. He knows the entire situation.

(Max hangs up the cell phone.)

MAX: He found him! Detective Sung said Brain's in lockdown at twelfth precinct. I'm gonna get him.

(Max grabs her jacket from the back of Alec's chair.)

ALEC (whispering to Max): Hey, wait, wait, wait, wait. (Listens to Logan)

LOGAN: Did you hear that? Big guy's in lockdown, so it's kind of hard to figure him for our police informant. So until we know who is...

(Alec mouths the words "Be careful.")

LOGAN: ...be careful.

(Max rolls her eyes and leaves. Alec laughs.)

LOGAN: You might want to keep your departure plans to yourself.

ASHA: Logan, don't hang up yet. (Pauses) It's just...are you there?

LOGAN: Yeah, I'm here. You're gonna be fine. Good luck. Just stay in touch. (Hangs up.)

ALEC: What in the world do they see in you?

---

(Max rides her motorcycle across town.)

(In a jail cell, Brain is using a metal file on the bars of the window. Max approaches wearing a police uniform.)

BRAIN: Oh, it's you.

MAX (smiling): Spare me. You knew I'd be coming for you.

(He gives her a look while she unlocks the cell.)

MAX: Well, you must have been expecting *someone*, or did you think you could really slip through those bars?

BRAIN: That's hurtful.

MAX: Come on. Let's get going. The guard I stole this uniform off of won't be out forever.

(Brain limps toward her, wincing.)

MAX: What's with the ankle?

(Brain lifts his pant leg to reveal his bandaged ankle. He looks at Max and shrugs sheepishly. Max sighs.)

(A few minutes later, Max is carrying Brain down the hall. She is struggling under his weight.)

BRAIN: You know, while the cops were storming the place and you guys were all getting away, I had this thought. (Pointing) Oh, left. Left.

(Max turns left just as some cops enter the hallway where Brain and Max had been. She walks up a long ramp.)

BRAIN: Maybe people don't see me because there's nothing *to* see.

MAX: Are you sure this is the fastest way out?

BRAIN: What's the point of knowing everything but doing nothing about it?

MAX: I'm not seeing an exit anywhere soon.

(They exit the ramp and head down another hallway.)

BRAIN: Anyways, that's why I turned myself in.

MAX: You what?! I'm dying because you turned yourself in on purpose?!

BRAIN: Well, I thought you were supposed to be strong!

MAX: I'm not Superwoman!

BRAIN (pointing at a door): Oh, here.

(Max walks through the door into an office.)

BRAIN: Hurry! (Pointing) Ooh, right there. Look, they're coming. Gently--gently--okay--oh--oof! (Max drops him to the floor behind a desk. They both sit behind the desk and peer over it. A couple of cops walk into the office and then out.)

BRAIN: Do you have any idea what the chance of this is?

MAX: Of what? You turning yourself in?

BRAIN: No. Of you and me here, together...in this exact precinct...in this exact office...you wearing that uniform...me and my sprained ankle...in this exact moment in space and time. Do you know what the chance is?

MAX: Who knows--one in a trillion?

BRAIN: No. It's a hundred percent. We're here, right? (Pauses.) Okay, I see where all this is going now.

MAX: Where? Where's it going?

BRAIN: You mean where are you going. Because you're running...

(We see scenes of Max doing what Brain is describing)

BRAIN: ...running through a passageway, drawn onward by distant voices. There's machinery...steam...it's some kind of factory. No, it's a sawmill. Oh--

MAX: What?

BRAIN: You look so beautiful when you run.

MAX: What are the voices?

BRAIN: Huh?

MAX: You said "drawn onward by distant voices."

BRAIN: I said that? "Drawn onward"?

MAX: That's what you said.

BRAIN: Well, okay then, you're drawn *onward* by distant voices...voices of the S1W being held captive by the traitor in their midst. Okay, you descend a staircase into another passageway, headed for a door at the end. There's a sign on the door. It says...

MAX: What? What does it say?

BRAIN: "Drawn onward"? Look, I really said that?

MAX: What's the sign say?

BRAIN: Okay. The sign, it says..."Danger." But because you're you, you don't stop. Instead, you kick the door open...

(In the scene Brain is describing, Max is shot by someone standing on the other side of the door. Brain gasps.)

MAX: What? What happened?

BRAIN: I don't know. Nothing.

MAX: Nothing? What do you mean, nothing?

BRAIN: I mean, why did I take so long to find you?

MAX: Well, I don't buy any of it, anyway. I mean, why am I supposed to believe you just happen to know all this?

BRAIN: How could anyone just happen to know all this?

(Max has no answer.)

BRAIN: Why do you think we're here?

(Brain reaches near Max's head and pulls a book off the desk. It is Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass and has a piece of paper tucked inside.)

MAX: It's just like Asha's book.

BRAIN: It's an old CIA trick.

MAX: A poem?

BRAIN: Not a poem. A coded message, keyed to matching books. That's how the informant's been communicating with the cops.

MAX: What are you saying? Asha's the traitor?

BRAIN: Look at the bright side--at least she's not writing love poems to Logan.

MAX (thinking): No, it doesn't make any sense. Betraying the S1W would hurt Logan. She wouldn't do that.

BRAIN: Good point. Musta been someone else's book you found.

MAX: Whose?

BRAIN: Beats me.

---

(At the pickup point, Asha opens the Whitman book and reads the poem written on the piece of paper that was tucked inside. The second S1W member approaches.)

SECOND S1W MEMBER: Oh, *you* took my book.

ASHA: No, it ended up in my backpack somehow.

SECOND S1W MEMBER: Lucky for me. I was afraid I'd lost it.

---

(The next morning at daybreak, Max and Brain are riding on her motorcycle. Brain is reading the poem.)

MAX: What does it say?

BRAIN: "Oh, love, softness swelling--"

MAX: I mean decoded.

BRAIN: The traitor's the group leader, the guy who got shot. He's dangerous, Max, so--

MAX: --I know. "Be careful."

BRAIN: I was gonna say why don't turn around and forget the whole thing? We can live happily ever after. That's 97% certain.

(Max doesn't answer. Brain tucks the book in his shirt and wraps his arms around her chest.)

MAX: Brain...

BRAIN: Yeah?

MAX: Watch the hands.

BRAIN: I'm just tryin' to hang on here.

MAX: Hang on a little lower.

(He drops his arms below her waist.)

MAX: Not that low.

---

(At the pickup point)

ASHA: It's 4:05. Time to move.

SECOND S1W MEMBER: Where?

ASHA: We got a ride to Canada.

SECOND S1W MEMBER: Well, let's go, then.

---

(Max and Brain pull to a stop outside that same building. We now see that it is a sawmill. Brain gets off the bike.)

MAX: Wish me luck.

BRAIN: Max, wait. The poem you found in Asha's backpack...



MAX: You mean the coded message.

BRAIN: Yeah, only you didn't know that at the time. And you helped her anyway. (Pauses)  
How do I look?

MAX: What do you mean?

BRAIN: How do I look?

MAX: Is there something you're not telling me? Something that's gonna happen?

(Brain doesn't answer. Max takes a good look at him.)

MAX: Well...I never actually noticed before, but...kind of...magnificent.

(Brain smiles and limps away.)

(The S1W members exit the sawmill. Police cars pull up, sirens wailing. Max starts riding toward them.)

FIRST S1W MEMBER: Fall back! Fall back!

(The S1W members start running back into the sawmill. The cops get out of the cars and start firing.)

COP: Freeze! Stop where you are!

(Max rides her bike up behind the cops, brakes suddenly, and knocks two of them down with the pivoting bike. She kicks the other one down. She and the second S1W member exchange glances before he follows the other S1W members into the building. Another police car pulls up. Max disposes of the two cops, then runs inside. Brain watches from a hiding place not far away.)

(Inside the sawmill, the S1W members run through a passageway.)

SECOND S1W MEMBER: This way! Come on!

ASHA: Where are we going?

SECOND S1W MEMBER: This way.

ASHA: The gunfire stopped.

SECOND S1W MEMBER: There's more coming.

ASHA: How do you know that?

SECOND S1W MEMBER: Just go!

(The S1W members take the turn he's indicating.)

SECOND S1W MEMBER: Let's go! Let's go!

(A truckload of heavily armed cops pulls up outside.)

(Max runs down the passageway. She pauses, then takes the same turn the S1W members took.)

(Brain breaks a window and climbs through it into the building. He takes a bite from a candy bar, nods, and starts walking.)

(The S1W members descend a staircase and run down a short passageway. The second S1W member indicates an open doorway and the others run through it into a small room.)

SECOND S1W MEMBER: Come on! Let's go! Move! Move!

(The second S1W member locks the door behind them. They start banging on it and yelling for him to let them out. He closes another nearby door and sits behind it. The second door says "DANGER - DO NOT ENTER.")

(Max hears their voices and remembers what Brain had told her behind the desk.)

*BRAIN: 'Cause you're running...running through a passageway, drawn onward by distant voices...voices of the S1W being held captive by the traitor in their midst.*

(Brain starts to take a bite from a candy bar, thinks better of it, then drops it to the ground and smushes it with his foot. He begins limping as fast as he can down the passageway.)

(Max descends the same staircase the S1W had moments earlier. She sees the DANGER sign and again remembers Brain's words.)

*BRAIN: You descend a staircase into another passageway, headed for a door at the end. There's a sign on the door. It says "Danger."*

(Max kicks the door open. The second S1W member is standing behind it, gun pointed at her, and fires. Brain dives from the side and knocks Max down. Max jumps up, kicks the gun out of the S1W member's hand, and knocks him out. She then goes to Brain, who is lying on the ground with a bullet wound in his chest.)

MAX: Brain. Shh, you'll be all right.

(The S1W members burst out of the room and see the other member unconscious and Max holding Brain.)

BRAIN (weakly): Egress through that door...ninety-three feet. Turn right. Hurry.

ASHA: Let's go.

(They leave.)

MAX: You saw this, didn't you?

BRAIN: I saw you.

MAX: You saved me.

BRAIN: What are the chances? You...me...

MAX: One hundred percent.

BRAIN: Max, I don't mind if no one else ever saw me. I just wanted to be seen by you.

(The cops descend the staircase. As they approach, Brain grabs Max and pulls her close, so that her face is hidden from the cops.)

COP: Clear that area.

(The cops look around.)

ANOTHER COP: Clear!

(The cops leave. Brain releases his grip on Max. Max sits up, relieved.)

MAX: Brain. (He doesn't respond.) Brain?

(She realizes he is dead and lays her head on his chest.)

---

(In his apartment that night, Logan is lying on the couch and reading the coded poem. Asha enters.)

ASHA: I got your message. Is it true?

LOGAN: Yeah, it's true. (He sits up and tucks the coded poem back into the Whitman book.) All the police files from the arrest are gone. Your record's clean.

ASHA (smiling): So I can stay.

LOGAN: You all can.

ASHA: God, Logan, thanks.

LOGAN: Don't thank me. (Stands up.) Apparently a candy bar melted on the precinct system server. Ruined all the data.

ASHA: Wow, what are the chances of that?

LOGAN: According to Max, they're, uh...

ASHA: What?

LOGAN: Better than you'd think.

ASHA: So you wanna come along? Tell the group the good news?

LOGAN: I'd promised someone I'd do them a favor. Um, how 'bout if I meet you guys there later?

(Asha nods.)

ASHA: Uh, tell Max I'm sorry, okay? About her friend?

LOGAN: Okay.

(Asha leaves. Logan sits down at his computer and hits a few buttons. Brain's face appears on one of Logan's screens; it is a still from when he was making faces into the video camera earlier.)

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(At Brain's place, Max has all six TVs on. One of them is showing a movie with an invisible man unwrapping the bandages from his head while talking to a woman.)

WOMAN: Jim, when shall I see you? Where will you go?

INVISIBLE MAN: I'll meet you at the manor after I've seen Frank.

WOMAN: Take care of yourself, darling.

INVISIBLE MAN: I will. It's bright and warm outside, thank goodness. I'll be all right.

(Eyes Only appears on all six TVs. Alec enters during the broadcast.)

EYES ONLY: Do not attempt to adjust your set. This is a streaming freedom video bulletin. The cable hack will last exactly sixty seconds. It cannot be traced, it cannot be stopped, and it is the only free voice left in this city.

ALEC: I don't know how he stood it. All that noise, I mean. (Mutes five of the TVs)

EYES ONLY: All around us, the battle rages--a battle between good and evil in the fight for men's souls. There are victories and defeats, and over the years the two sides have...

MAX: Why are you here?

ALEC: Never a welcoming word with you, is there, Max?

MAX: Well?

(A man enters the doorway pushing a dolly. Alec gestures for him to wait.)

EYES ONLY: The courageous among us are not discouraged. The courageous among us do not give up...

ALEC: Maybe, uh...maybe I wanted to come by and make sure you were okay. Did you ever think of that?

EYES ONLY: The courageous among us are called more often than others to sacrifice. (The still of Brain's face appears onscreen.) A great and fearless warrior in this battle died today...

ALEC: "Great and fearless warrior"?

EYES ONLY: ...a citizen called by his conscience and his heart to do what is difficult...

MAX: It doesn't matter what they say. I just want people to see him.

EYES ONLY: Overlooked in his lifetime by all of us...

MAX: Why are you here?

EYES ONLY: I ask that you look at him now...

ALEC (shrugging): Like I said.

MAX: You sold his TVs, didn't you?

EYES ONLY: ...see him as he should be seen: in death a hero, as in life a friend.

ALEC: No, not all of them. I'm gonna keep one for myself.

MAX: You're moving in?

ALEC: Well, Max, it's not like he needs the place anymore.

(Alec snaps at the doorway and two men push dollies in. They begin to remove five of the TVs. Alec stares at Brain's picture on the last TV.)

ALEC: You know, I never really noticed, but...he's actually kind of magnificent.

(A tear runs down Max's cheek.)

MAX: Yeah. He was.

DARK ANGEL  
Season Two, Episode #11: "The Berrisford Agenda"  
First Aired 1/18/2002

(At Jam Pony, Alec, Sketchy, and Original Cindy are standing at Normal's desk, listening to a loud argument happening in the back room. Max enters.)

MAX: What's up?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Marina and Little Suki are having themselves an old-fashioned throwdown.

SKETCHY: Yeah, Normal's back there trying to break it up.

MAX: Good luck. Either one of those girls can kick his skinny little ass on her own, not to mention a tag-team. What started it?

ORIGINAL CINDY: What else? Two fine, proud sisters, standing tall. Lowering themselves into the mud to fight over some totally unworthy man.

ALEC: Well, I wouldn't say totally unworthy.

MAX (smiling): Oh, I should've known. What'd you do now?

ALEC: Now hold on a second. Why do you just assume I did something wrong?

ORIGINAL CINDY: He told Marina that he loved her, and the next week he was catin' around with Little Suki on the side.

ALEC: No, no. No, I never said I loved her. That's a cheap ploy and I don't go there. I said that she was a unique creature, unlike any other.

(Max and Original Cindy roll their eyes.)

SKETCHY: "A unique creature, unlike any other."

ALEC: Yeah.

SKETCHY: Man, I'm totally stealing that.

ALEC: Oh, it works like a charm. I mean, you can almost literally watch them melt.

MAX: Please. You're making me sick.

(Something in the back room breaks loudly.)

NORMAL (yelling): That's coming out of your severance, missy-miss! (approaches the desk, looking disheveled.) Jiminy Christmas. The gentler sex sure can pack a wallop when she has a mind to. What are you doing standing around, huh? Back to work. Nothing to see! Show's over! Bip!

ORIGINAL CINDY: I'm gonna see if my girls need some comforting.

SKETCHY: Yeah, me too.

(Original Cindy and Sketchy step into the back room.)

NORMAL: Should have expected when I hired a man in possession of your raw animal charisma that there'd be some kind of future, uh, l'affaire du coeur.

ALEC: Normal, I promise it won't happen again.

NORMAL: See it doesn't. Hell hath no fury to a woman scorned, my boy. That's why there are rules at this establishment forbidding office romances.

MAX: Not to mention good old common sense.

NORMAL (handing Max some packages): Get a move on, little missy. Both those girls quit without notice, so it's unpaid overtime for the lot of you.

MAX: What?! I have plans tonight!

NORMAL (faking sympathy): Oh! Well, cancel. (Shooing) Away.

ORIGINAL CINDY (stepping out of the back room): Alec, honey.

ALEC: Yo.

ORIGINAL CINDY (winking): Could you come here for a minute? (Rolls up her sleeves) The girls need to have a word with you.

ALEC (to Max): What do you think they want?

MAX: Sounds to me like they stopped fighting each other and figured out who they should really be mad at. Good luck.

(Alec glances back at Original Cindy. She looks angry.)

ALEC: Hold on, Max, I'll tag along.

---

(Max and Alec ride their bikes up to the gate of a large house.)

ALEC: I mean, it's not like I intended to date 'em both at the same time. And then when it turned out that I was dating both at the same time, it's not like I didn't intend to tell both girls about the other one. You know, eventually. Oh my God-- (Falls off his bike, but continues talking as he stands up) But let's be real for a moment, shall we? I mean, suppose I did tell 'em. What would happen, huh? Same thing. Big fight. Lots of anger, and resentment, and recriminations, and then who wins? Nobody wins.

MAX: Well, at least in this case, you won.

ALEC: Exactly. (Pauses) Well, no, seeing as how neither of them are speaking to me right now, which makes any kind of sex a virtual impossibility. At least for a couple of days.

MAX: Do me a favor--shut up and ring the buzzer.

ALEC: Hmm? Yeah.

(Alec takes a look at the buzzer, and the sight triggers a series of flashbacks. Alec remembers standing at that same gate, wearing a suit and glasses, and ringing the buzzer. He also remembers talking to Sandoval at Manticore, and that flashback is interspersed with ones of: strangling a man; standing at the door of the house as it is opened; a girl smiling and playing the piano; a car blowing up; being tortured at Manticore; and again standing at the gate.)

SANDOVAL: Have you been briefed on your target, X5-494?

ALEC: Yes, sir.

SANDOVAL: We've established a cover for you.

(In the present day, Alec is still staring at the buzzer. Max snaps him out of it.)

MAX: Alec. Hey. Hey!

ALEC: What?

MAX: The buzzer? That little button right there below the sign that says "Please ring buzzer for entry"?

(Alec gulps and rings the buzzer. He barely waits for a response.)

ALEC: No one's home.

MAX: Give 'em a chance. From the looks of this place, it probably takes ten minutes just to get from the kitchen to the front door.

(Alec waits nervously as a security camera moves around.)

ALEC: Okay. Great. No one's home. (Throws the package over the gate) Let's go.

MAX: We didn't get a signature!

ALEC: I said let's go.

(Alec turns and leaves abruptly. Max watches in disbelief.)

(Opening credits)

---

(That night, in Logan's car)

MAX: I can't believe how late we are. Can't this thing go any faster?

LOGAN: Hey, cut Bessie a little slack. Considering the number of times she's been shot up and put back together, I'm lucky she even runs at all. Besides, we were already late when you got to my place.

MAX: Don't even get me started. We were short-handed at work. Wanna know why we were short-handed?

LOGAN: Well, if I had to guess, I'd say--

MAX: Because of Alec.

LOGAN: Ah, the latest adventures of Alec, the lovable X-5 rogue. I can hardly wait.

MAX: Like an idiot, he mixes business with pleasure and typically screwed the whole thing up. It's not like he wasn't taught better. You think they encouraged dating within your unit at Manticore? They didn't.

LOGAN: Aside from the whole breeding-partner thing.

MAX: Oh, totally different situation. And also, may I add, disgusting.

---

(At Joshua's house, Original Cindy lights the candles that are sitting on the dinner table.)

JOSHUA (singing): Here's the dishes.

(He sets some dishes down and begins fussing with the plates and candles.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Everything looks great.

JOSHUA: First dinner party. Needs to be perfect...not just great.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Trust me. Everything is perfect.

JOSHUA: Perfect.



---

(In Logan's car)

LOGAN: Well, I am looking forward to spending some time with Joshua.

MAX: Yeah. Yeah, I--I think you two will get along. Just, you know, remember to act natural.

LOGAN: As opposed to the unnatural way I normally act?

MAX: No. You know what I mean. Just...just don't stare.

LOGAN: Oh, okay. Don't stare at the genetically-engineered part-man, part-dog guy. Got it.

MAX (chuckles): He just...has weird...table manners. And...his hygiene's...a little questionable.

LOGAN (smiling): Max, I know how to handle myself at a dinner party.

MAX: I know. I'm...just saying...Of course you do.

LOGAN: Fix myself a dry martini, and (affecting a snooty accent) politely ask after his stock options.

(Max laughs.)

---

(At Joshua's house, Joshua shakes Logan's hand.)

JOSHUA: Welcome to my house.

LOGAN: Lovely house it is, too. And to commemorate... (Hands him a bag) It's a bottle of pre-pulse Chardonnay. I--I didn't know what we were having, so I--I, uh--I thought white would-- (Joshua tips the bag upside down)--no, inside there. (Joshua finds the wine and laughs. Logan smiles.) I thought white would be a good idea. It's a safe choice.

JOSHUA: Having macaroni and cheese, and little--little hot dogs.

LOGAN (chuckling): Dogs. (Joshua looks at him) Sounds good. What else?

JOSHUA: "What else"?

LOGAN: Are we having any--anything else?

ORIGINAL CINDY (jumping in): What else do you need?

LOGAN: Right. That's a good point. (To Joshua) But, I mean, yum.

JOSHUA: Yummy!

(Joshua laughs. After a minute, Logan laughs with him.)

MAX: Joshua, the table looks great.

JOSHUA: Thanks.

MAX: Who's the fifth place for?

ALEC (enters): Hey, Max.

(Max sighs.)

---

(Later, everybody is eating silently. Max and Original Cindy exchange glances. Alec stares down at his plate, barely touching his food. Joshua stops using his fork and begins eating directly off the plate. Logan watches, fascinated. Original Cindy clears her throat and Joshua starts using his fork again.)

JOSHUA (attempting to make small talk): Nice--nice weather we're having.

LOGAN (going along): And not a lot of rain, which is unusual this time of year.

JOSHUA: Virus bitch going down? Max and Logan gettin' busy?

(Logan bursts into nervous laughter. Joshua howls and laughs along.)

LOGAN: Well, we're--you know, we're looking for a...(Sees Max shake her head)...we're--we're hoping.

ORIGINAL CINDY (to Joshua): No sex or politics at the dinner table, boo. (Wipes a bit of food off his chin)

JOSHUA: Oh, sorry. Sorry.

MAX: Anyway...we'll see what happens.

ALEC: Hey, Max, could you pass the ketchup, please?

MAX (mocking): Oh, you mean this unique ketchup, unlike any other?

ALEC (quietly, after throwing his fork down): Why don't you lay off, huh?

(Max sets the ketchup bottle on the table and goes back to eating. Alec stands up.)

ALEC: I'm going to stretch my legs. (Leaves)

JOSHUA: Mac and cheese overdone?

LOGAN: No, it's great. He's upset about something else.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Upset? That boy's so spun his head's gonna fly off.

LOGAN: Yeah, why don't you ease up on him, Max?

MAX (shortly): Fine. But we have to do double shifts for the rest of the week because of him.

LOGAN: Well, far be it from me to defend Alec, but he didn't exactly force those girls to quit. And if he didn't tell either one of them it was exclusive, then what's so terrible about dating them both for a couple weeks?

MAX: They work together.

LOGAN: Yeah, well, it's not like they were sisters or something.

(Joshua laughs in agreement. Original Cindy looks first at Logan, then at Joshua.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Men. Dogs. No difference. (bites into a hot dog)

---

(In the basement, Alec sees a piano covered with a dropcloth. A few keys are exposed, and he plays a few notes. As he does, he *flashes back to Manticore.*)

SANDOVAL: *Have you been briefed on your target, X5-494?*

ALEC: *Yes, sir. Robert Berrisford, fifty-eight years old. Widow. CEO of Mercidyne and one of Manticore's subcontractors.*

SANDOVAL: *We've established a cover for you.*

(Alec remembers a car exploding into flame before his eyes. He then removes the dropcloth from the piano and sits down to play--hesitantly at first, then more emotionally. Upstairs, the other dinner guests hear the music and look up.)

MAX: What's that?

JOSHUA: Alec. A piano in basement.

ORIGINAL CINDY: He's got skills.

LOGAN: Did you know he could play?

MAX (shrugging): Who cares?

(Downstairs, Alec passionately plays a dramatic melody. Meanwhile, he *experiences a series of flashbacks. Alec is playing the piano at Manticore. Sandoval and two other men watch from an observation room.*)

SANDOVAL: *He's very good.*

FIRST MAN: *Yes, sir. He's picked it up even quicker than we hoped.*

SECOND MAN: *When did you start the lessons?*

FIRST MAN: *Yesterday.*

(Alec finishes the piece and stands up as Sandoval and the other men leave the observation room and join him.)

FIRST MAN: *Nice work, X5-494.*

ALEC: *Thank you, sir.*

SECOND MAN: *I understand this will be your first deep-cover mission.*

ALEC: *Yes, sir.*

FIRST MAN: *He's had four successful away missions, but nothing long-term in the field. We've been prepping him for the last year.*

SANDOVAL: *I want him deployed by the end of the week.*

*(In another flashback, a man steps out of the shower and searches his dresser for something. Alec, dressed in black leather and wearing gloves, takes the man's glasses from the dresser and puts them on.)*

ALEC: *Looking for these?*

MAN: *What do you want?*

*(Alec strangles the man until he drops to the ground. Alec then looks at a photo on the man's dresser, opens a dresser drawer, and removes the man's wallet from a suit hanging on the back of the door. He switches the man's driver's license for a fake one with his own picture.)*

*(In another flashback, Alec approaches the gate of the large house. He is wearing the strangled man's suit and glasses, and carrying a briefcase. He rings the buzzer and a male voice comes over the intercom.)*

VOICE: *Yes?*

ALEC: *Simon Lehane.*

*(The gate unlocks and Alec enters. He stands at the door of the house while a man opens it. The man steps aside and Alec enters.)*

MAN: *This way.*

*(As Alec is escorted through the large, ornate house, there is a secondary flashback to Manticore.)*

SANDOVAL: *Have you been briefed on your target, X5-494?*

ALEC: *Yes, sir. Robert Berrisford.*

SANDOVAL: *Our intelligence indicates that Berrisford's been curious lately about the work we do here--asking questions he shouldn't be. Close surveillance has become a necessity.*

ALEC: *Yes, sir.*

SANDOVAL: *We've established a cover for you. Initially, your primary contact will be with his daughter.*

*(Alec is escorted into a room with a piano. A girl standing at the window turns to him and smiles. He smiles back as she shakes his hand.)*

ALEC: *Yes, sir. According to the file, her name is Rachel. She's seventeen. Only child. Mother died when she was ten. She's a good student--excels in history and communications.*

(In the present day, Alec has stopped playing. He reaches into his coat pocket, withdraws a heart-shaped locket, and looks at it with a sigh.)

*(Later in the flashback, Rachel is playing a gentle classical tune on the piano while Alec paces, listening.)*

*RACHEL: Is this all right?*

*ALEC: It's fine. Just watch your dynamics.*

*(Rachel smiles and begins playing the "Peanuts" theme. Alec smiles as well.)*

*RACHEL: How about this?*

*ALEC: It's good. I like it.*

*(Rachel stops playing as her father enters the room, smiling.)*

*BERRISFORD: Well, I see you're expanding your repertoire.*

*RACHEL: Simon's much more fun than my last teacher. He wouldn't let me play anything but Chopin and Mozart.*

*BERRISFORD: I'm all for mixing it up a little. Keeps things interesting. (Shaking Alec's hand) Robert Berrisford.*

*ALEC: Simon Lehane.*

*BERRISFORD: Good to meet you. Don't let me interrupt. She'll use any excuse to avoid lessons or practice. (Stroking Rachel's hair)*

*RACHEL (good-naturedly protesting): Daddy.*

*BERRISFORD: Be firm. (Leaves)*

*ALEC: Your father seems nice.*

*RACHEL: He's great. It's just been the two of us, though, since my mom died. Are you close to your parents?*

*ALEC: No, it's just me. That's okay; they died a long time ago. I don't really remember them.*

*RACHEL: That must have been really rough on you.*

*ALEC (after a pause): We're supposed to be playing piano, not talking about my sad childhood.*

*SECOND MAN (at Manticore): You understand your assignment?*

*(Alec remembers watching a car blow up in front of him and sitting in a chair at Manticore with a bloody lip.)*

*ALEC: No!*

*(In the flashback, a man grabs Alec by the shoulder.)*

(In the present day, Joshua puts his hand on Alec's shoulder. Alec jumps up, turns around, and puts Joshua in a choke hold. Max pulls him off Joshua as Logan and Original Cindy look on.)

MAX: Hey! Hey!

ALEC: Sorry. (To Joshua) Sorry, man.

(Joshua nods.)

MAX: What the hell was that?

ALEC: Nothing.

(Joshua picks up the locket, which has dropped to the floor, and holds it out to Alec.)

JOSHUA: You all right?

ALEC (taking the locket): Yeah. Yeah, I'm always all right. Thanks for dinner. (Leaves)

---

(Later, Alec walks into his apartment, pours himself a glass of liquor, and takes a sip. His cell phone rings.)

ALEC (into phone): Yeah.

(Nobody on the other end speaks; instead, someone plays piano music. It is the same gentle tune Rachel had been playing.)

---

(Later, Alec sneaks up to the Berrisford house. He crouches outside and *flashes back to Manticore.*)

SANDOVAL: *Fine work, 494.*

SECOND MAN: *Anything we need to know that isn't included in your report?*

ALEC: *Yes, sir. I've been invited to dinner.*

SECOND MAN: *When?*

ALEC: *Tonight, sir.*

SANDOVAL: *We had no idea your relationship with Berrisford progressed this far.*

ALEC: *It wasn't Berrisford who invited me, sir. It was the daughter.*

SANDOVAL: *Really.*

ALEC: *Yes, sir.*

SECOND: *Under the impression there's a romantic interest on her part? (Alec looks puzzled, and the man bemusedly simplifies his question.) Do you think she likes you?*

ALEC: *She's given every indication that she enjoys my company, sir.*

SANDOVAL: *Play along, 494. This can bring you beneficial access.*

ALEC: *Yes, sir.*

*(In another flashback, Alec and Rachel are both dressed up. They furtively hurry over to an indoor pool.)*

RACHEL: *Come on.*

ALEC: *Hey, we shouldn't be gone too long. Your father--*

RACHEL: *My father is busy with his cronies, talking business. You'd be bored.*

ALEC: *Oh, maybe not.*

RACHEL: *You're a funny one.*

ALEC: *I am?*

RACHEL: *Mm-hmm. Most boys would much rather spend a few minutes alone with a girl than sit in some smoke-filled room, talking about genetics.*

ALEC: *Well, I'm not most boys.*

RACHEL: *I know. (They both smile) Do you want to go for a swim?*

ALEC *(glancing at the pool, then back at her): All right.*

*(Rachel begins removing her dress straps as Alec watches.)*

RACHEL: *Can you, um, turn around?*

ALEC: *Yeah. Yeah.*

*(Alec turns around and removes his suit coat.)*

*(A few minutes later, both are in the water--Rachel in her slip and Alec in his shorts.)*

RACHEL: *In case you hadn't noticed, I've been sort of throwing myself at you for the past few weeks. Don't you like me?*

ALEC: *I like you.*

*(Rachel smiles and kisses him. Afterwards he looks at her, wide-eyed.)*

ALEC: *I like you a lot.*

*(In a flashback to Manticore)*

SANDOVAL: *Your only thought is to follow our orders.*

*(In another flashback, Rachel slaps Alec and runs out the door. Alec watches a car explode.)*

*ALEC (in flashback, screaming): Rachel!*

(In the present day, a female shadow passes by the window.)

ALEC (whispering): Rachel?

---

(At Jam Pony the next day)

NORMAL: Let's go, people! These packages aren't going to sprout little feet and walk home by themselves! (Max enters) Well, well, well. If it isn't the late-as-usual-and-doesn't-even-do-the-job-she's-been-assigned-to-when-she-is-working person.

MAX: What's got you all rotated?

NORMAL: You neglected to get a signature on that delivery sector ten yesterday.

MAX: That's Alec's fault. Make him do it.

NORMAL: No, Romeo called in sick.

MAX: Typical.

NORMAL: Hurry back. With Alec out and Marina and Little Suki gone, we're short three men...so to speak.

---

(At Berrisford's house, a maid answers the door.)

MAX: Jam Pony messenger. We delivered a package here yesterday. Can I get a signature?

(The maid takes the clipboard Max hands her and walks away. Max steps into the foyer and looks around. She sees a large portrait of the Berrisfords, painted when Rachel was young. Max notices that in the portrait, Mrs. Berrisford is wearing the locket Alec dropped at Joshua's. Max steps back to the doorway as the maid returns and hands Max the clipboard.)

MAX: Thanks. (Reading the signature) What does that say? "R. Berrisford"?

MAID: Mm-hmm.

MAX: Thank you.

---

(In his apartment, Alec is staring at the locket and having flashbacks.)

*(In a flashback, Alec is in Berrisford's office, copying files from Berrisford's computer. Rachel enters just as Alec removes his disk.)*

*RACHEL: Simon?*

*ALEC: Hey.*



*RACHEL: What are you doing in here?*

*ALEC: Uh...I got lost looking for the bathroom.*

*RACHEL: Um, the bathroom's down the other hallway.*

*ALEC (smiling): Right. Right. Well, I can't help it. You've got me all turned around.*

*(They kiss. After a moment, Rachel breaks away and looks at Alec.)*

*RACHEL: I love you. Your hands are shaking.*

*ALEC: They are?*

*RACHEL: Are you all right?*

*ALEC: Yeah. I'm all right. I'm just happy.*

*(He smiles, and they hug. His smile fades.)*

*(In the present day, Alec goes into the bathroom and splashes water on his face. For a moment he sees Rachel in the mirror, but when he turns around to look, no one is there. He turns back to the mirror and punches it. It shatters.)*

---

*(At Joshua's house, Joshua is painting. Max enters the house.)*

*MAX: Joshua? (in the living room) Hey, big fella. Whatcha workin' on?*

*JOSHUA: Joshua #57.*

*MAX: Nice. What is it?*

*JOSHUA: Alec. Alec very complicated.*

*MAX: Listen, Joshua. I know you and Alec have...fun. But he's not someone you could...trust all the time. Especially now, when he's acting...so weird.*

*JOSHUA: You think Alec can outsmart me?*

*MAX: No. Not at all.*

*JOSHUA: Alec only outsmarts Alec. He doesn't know himself. Look. (Gestures at the painting) Outside, lots of pretty colors. Tricks and treats. Inside, darkness. Confusion. Alec.*

*MAX: What's he all dark and confused about?*

*JOSHUA: Manticore.*

---

*(That night at Crash, Alec is drinking at the bar. Max enters and sits at a table with Original Cindy.)*

ORIGINAL CINDY: What's up with your boy?

MAX: He's not my boy, and I don't know.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Never seen him like this...anguished and all Heathcliff-like. No wonder the straight women fall for the tortured types.

MAX: Please. (Watches Alec) I know I'm gonna regret this, but...I should see if he's okay.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Take your time. I got my eye on this fine shorty at the pool table.

(Max joins Alec at the bar.)

MAX: Call me crazy, but I got the feeling you're in some kind of jam.

ALEC: Okay, you're crazy.

MAX: What about the locket? Steal it or something? I went back to that house to get a signature. Saw the locket you've got in a portrait. Now I'm all curious.

ALEC: Curiosity killed the cat, Max. Stay out of my business.

MAX: Fine. (Pauses) I know we don't always get along...

ALEC: Nicely understated. Barkeep!

(The bartender refills Alec's drink.)

MAX: ...but if you're in some kind of trouble and need my help, then you should ask now and not wait until it's too late and everything's all messed up, like you usually do.

ALEC: Well, I appreciate the offer, Max. I really do. But you don't know what you're talking about.

MAX: Then explain it to me.

ALEC: I would, see, but you wouldn't understand. You can't understand; you weren't there. You ran. You and your little rugrat brothers and sisters. You think life was rough when we were ten? A little schooling, a little brainwashing, some maneuvers outside? You think that was tough?

MAX: Sucked pretty hard.

ALEC: Take it from me. Later on, it got a whole lot worse. (Sips his drink and then stares into it) But you did what you had to do. Then you tried to forget. And when you couldn't forget, they had ways of making you not care.

MAX (putting a hand on his shoulder): I'm sorry.

ALEC (shrugging it off): I don't want your pity. I want your absence.

MAX: I'll leave you alone.

(Alec pays for his drink and leaves. Two of Berrisford's men, including the one who answered the door for Alec in the flashback, approach him from behind.)

MAN: Simon Lehane.

(Alec turns and begins fighting them. They fight back, one of them using a taser on him. Max walks out of Crash, sees Alec being tasered, and joins the fray. Max and Alec fight one man each. Max knocks the one guy out and notices Alec kicking his. Alec continues to kick him over and over.)

MAX: Alec! Hey!

(Max pulls him away from the guy and pushes Alec against a nearby car hood. Alec shoves her away.)

ALEC: Stay the hell away from me. (Leaves)

---

(Later, at Logan's apartment)

MAX: Hey.

LOGAN: Hey. What's up?

MAX: Can you come up with some information on a guy?

LOGAN: It's what I do. Got a name?

MAX: Berrisford. First initial R.

---

(Alec's cell phone rings while he walks down a street. After hesitating, he answers.)

ALEC: Yeah.

(Once again, the other end has piano music instead of a voice.)

*(In a flashback, Rachel enters a room and smiles.)*

*RACHEL: Hey! Someone's late for my lesson.*

*(In another flashback, at Manticore)*

*SANDOVAL: The files you brought us are very enlightening, 494. Berrisford's acquired some damaging information about Manticore, and has plans to alert his friend in the Senate.*

*SECOND MAN: This might be a good time to send a message to all our suppliers. Something decisive.*

*SANDOVAL: Eliminate the target tomorrow. According to reports, he takes his daughter to school in the morning?*

*ALEC: Yes, sir.*

*SANDOVAL: Take them both out. That's pretty decisive. You'd better get back there. Lesson starts at four, doesn't it?*

(Back in the present day, Alec hurls the phone away.)

---

(At Logan's apartment)

LOGAN: I think I got something. Robert Berrisford.

MAX: Who is he?

LOGAN: Former CEO of Mercidyne Pharmaceuticals. They specialized in cutting-edge gene-splicing techniques and stem-cell research. At least they did, until two years ago, when someone planted a bomb under Berrisford's car.

MAX: What are you saying? Is he dead?

LOGAN: No. Caught a lucky break, I guess. A few days later, he made a deal with the FBI.

MAX: So the Feds bought him protection from whoever wanted him dead, and in return, he got out of the genome business.

LOGAN: Closed the company and retired.

MAX: What does this have to do with Alec?

LOGAN: Looks like Berrisford's company had several government contracts, including the CDC, but given the givens, can you guess who their biggest client probably was?

MAX: Gene-splicing and stem cells. Sounds like Manticore to me.

LOGAN: Certainly looks like their handiwork.

MAX: Think Alec was responsible?

LOGAN: He was a true-blue soldier back then. Maybe he drew the assignment.

MAX: He said there were things he wanted to forget.

LOGAN: Let's say I'm right. Alec tries to kill Berrisford, but the mission goes sideways. What if a very-much-alive and probably pissed-off Berrisford got a glimpse of Alec when you two made your run to his house the other day?

MAX: So you hire some guys to take Alec out as revenge.

LOGAN: Now Alec knows he's been made. Knows the man he tried to kill is gunning for him. What does he do? What's he been trained to do?

MAX: Take him out first.

LOGAN: What are you gonna do?

MAX: Try to stop him from doing something stupid.

(She grabs her jacket and smiles at him on her way out.)

MAX: I know. "Be careful."

---

(Alec approaches the gate of Berrisford's house.)

(In a flashback, Berrisford waves Alec into a room.)

*BERRISFORD: In here, Simon. Have a seat, son. Want a drink?*

*ALEC: No, thank you, sir.*

*BERRISFORD: I don't usually partake in the middle of the day myself, but, uh...some business problems, that's all. I'm sorry to tell you, but I'm afraid your services won't be needed after this week. I'm sending Rachel away for a while.*

*ALEC: Oh?*

*BERRISFORD: To visit her grandparents in New York. I haven't told her yet. I'd appreciate it if, uh, you kept that between the two of us for the time being.*

*ALEC: Yes, sir.*

(Berrisford hands Alec a check and smiles ruefully.)

*BERRISFORD: Must be nice.*

*ALEC: Sir?*

*BERRISFORD: To be young, like yourself. No responsibilities or cares.*

*ALEC: Yes, sir.*

*BERRISFORD: Once you have children, everything changes. You try to do the right thing, because you want them to be proud of you, but sometimes the right thing can go so wrong. Anyway...I envy you.*

(Rachel enters the room and smiles.)

*RACHEL: Hey! Someone's late for my lesson.*

*BERRISFORD: You kids go ahead.*

(Rachel gives her dad a kiss and a hug.)

(In another flashback, at Manticore)

*SECOND MAN: You understand your assignment?*

*ALEC: Yes, sir. It's just...*

*SANDOVAL: It's just what, 494?*

*ALEC: Sir, I can eliminate Berrisford without involving the daughter. It just seems to me the collateral damage is an unnecessary--*

*SANDOVAL: You're not in charge of this mission, 494. Your job, and your only thought, is to follow our orders.*

*ALEC: Yes, sir.*

*SANDOVAL: Are you capable of doing that?*

*ALEC (after a slight pause): Yes, sir.*

*SANDOVAL: Because if for some reason we lost confidence in you...we'd have no need for you.*

*ALEC: No, sir.*

*SANDOVAL: So we're clear, then?*

*ALEC: Crystal, sir.*

*(Back in the present day, Alec jumps over the gate.)*

*(In a flashback, Alec prepares a bomb and later attaches it to the underside of Berrisford's car. He sees Rachel through the window of the house and has secondary flashbacks.)*

*RACHEL: I love you.*

*BERRISFORD: Sometimes the right thing can go so wrong.*

*SANDOVAL: Take them both out.*

*(Alec gulps and walks away from the car, looking down at the bomb's remote control in his hand. He hears Berrisford and his driver approaching and hides behind some nearby bushes.)*

*DRIVER: Good morning, Mr. Berrisford. (Indicates Berrisford's briefcase) Let me take that for you, sir.*

*(The driver puts the briefcase in the trunk while Berrisford sits in the back seat. Alec looks at the remote and again has secondary flashbacks.)*

*ALEC: I like you a lot.*

*SANDOVAL: Eliminate the target tomorrow.*

*SECOND MAN: You understand your assignment?*

*(Alec sneaks across the driveway and into the house. He runs up the stairs and meets Rachel as she is coming down.)*

*RACHEL: Simon, what are you doing?*

*ALEC (urgently): We don't have a lot of time.*

*RACHEL: What's the matter?*

*ALEC: Listen to me. You and your father need to leave town right now.*

*RACHEL: Why?*

*ALEC (grabbing her shoulders): I'll cover for you. I'll tell 'em that you left in the middle of the night. But you have got to go now.*

*RACHEL: You're hurting me!*

*ALEC: Come with me.*

*RACHEL: No! Tell me what's happening.*

*ALEC: Okay. (Pauses) I was sent here to kill your father.*

*(Rachel gasps and looks frightened.)*

*ALEC: It was my job. You were my job.*

*(Rachel slaps him.)*

*BERRISFORD'S VOICE: Rachel! Come on, honey!*

*(Rachel bursts into tears and runs down the stairs. Alec tries to stop her.)*

*ALEC: Rachel!*

*(She pushes past him and continues running. Her locket has come off and Alec is left holding it. Rachel runs out the door, shrieking.)*

*RACHEL: Daddy!*

*ALEC: Rachel!*

*(One of Berrisford's men runs up the stairs to attack Alec. Alec subdues him and runs down the stairs.)*

*ALEC: Rachel!*

*(Rachel runs to the car.)*

*RACHEL: Daddy!*

*(Alec runs outside.)*

*ALEC: Rachel--*

*(Alec reaches the driveway just in time to see Berrisford's car explode into flame. He screams her name in horror.)*

*ALEC: Rachel!*

*(A black SUV pulls into the driveway. Inside, the second Manticore man is holding a bomb remote and looking angry.)*

*SECOND MAN: Get in. (Alec doesn't move.) Let's go!*

*(Two men get out of the SUV and drag Alec into it. His eyes never leave Berrisford's car.)*

ALEC: *Rach--no! You--*

*(In another flashback, Alec screams while being tortured at Manticore.)*

*(More flashbacks: the car exploding, Rachel smiling as she meets him for the first time, Alec being tortured, and Alec being dragged past the nomlies' cells in Manticore's basement)*

MALE VOICE: *Take him to solitary!*

*(In the flashback, soldiers drag a blank-looking Alec into a cell and lay him on the bunk. He stares into space, his face swollen and bruised.)*

*(Back in the present day, Alec runs up to the Berrisford house's door. He hears piano music coming from inside.)*

ALEC: Rachel?

*(Alec shoves the door open and runs toward the music. A man attempts to stop him; Alec knocks the man out with one punch and heads upstairs. Another man attempts to block his way; Alec quickly disposes of him. Alec runs to the piano. Nobody is playing it now, but a woman is standing at the window, her back to him. The woman turns to face him. It is not Rachel.)*

ALEC: Where is she?

*(Berrisford comes up behind him and puts a gun to his neck.)*

BERRISFORD: Welcome back, Simon.

*(Later, Alec is handcuffed to a chair.)*

BERRISFORD: You came into my house. You pretended to care for my child.

ALEC: I did care.

BERRISFORD: Shut up! *(Hits Alec)* Don't lie to me!

ALEC: You made the phone calls. You played the music.

BERRISFORD: Had to get you back here.

ALEC: What are you going to do now?

BERRISFORD: What do you think I'm going to do? *(Raises the gun and points it at Alec)*

*(Elsewhere, Max zooms down the street on her Ninja.)*

ALEC: Tell me one thing first.

BERRISFORD: What?

ALEC: What happened to Rachel?



BERRISFORD: They didn't tell you?

ALEC: No.

BERRISFORD (voice breaking): She saved my life, that's what happened.

*(In a flashback, Rachel pulls her dad out of the car and hugs him a short distance away. Alec runs outside.)*

ALEC: Rachel!

*(The car explodes. Rachel and her dad are thrown to the ground.)*

(Back in the present day, Berrisford has lowered the gun and is face-to-face with Alec.)

BERRISFORD: If it weren't for Rachel, I would've been sitting in that car. She wasn't that lucky. The blast knocked her unconscious. She fell into a coma. She never woke up.

(Max arrives at the gate and sees the front door open.)

BERRISFORD: She's been dying for two years. Do you have any idea what that's like? Watching somebody you love slip away from you every day? Do you have any idea what you've done?

(Max quietly walks through the house and up the stairs, passing the unconscious men on the way.)

(Upstairs, Berrisford straightens up and again raises the gun. He hesitates.)

ALEC: What are you waiting for? I deserve it. Kill me.

(Berrisford still hesitates.)

ALEC: Do it!

(Max walks up to Berrisford and knocks him out with a punch.)

ALEC: What are you doing here?

(She picks up a nearby key and unlocks the handcuffs.)

MAX: Saving your ass. I told you to ask for my help before it was too late and you messed everything up.

ALEC: And, Max, I told you to leave me alone. (Leaves the room)

(In another room, Rachel lies unconscious in a bed. Monitoring equipment beeps. Alec sits next to the bed, talking to her. A tear runs down his cheek.)

ALEC: I should've tried harder, Rachel. I should've fought them. I didn't understand. (Bows his head, then raises it again) I didn't understand how much I loved you.

(Alec puts the locket into her hand and presses her hand to his forehead, eyes closed. Then he hugs Rachel, buries his face in her shoulder, and sobs. Max stands silently in the doorway, watching, then leaves. Alec continues to cry.)

---

(The next day, Max enters Logan's apartment as he lifts weights.)

LOGAN: Hey, Max.

MAX: Hey. You paged?

LOGAN: Yeah. You haven't been by for a couple of days.

MAX: I've been busy at work, covering for Alec. He's called in sick.

LOGAN: Anyway, I thought you might want to see this.

(He goes to the computer and opens a newspaper article. The headline says, "RACHEL BERRISFORD DIES AFTER LONG ILLNESS. Funeral will be held for daughter of ex-CEO Robert Berrisford.")

LOGAN: Funeral's today.

MAX: So it's over. At least he had a chance to say goodbye.

LOGAN: You think he really cared about her?

MAX: He loved her.

LOGAN: Well, now he's gonna be going through a rough time. Might want to look out for him the next few days.

MAX: He doesn't want me looking out for him. He wants to be left alone...pretend like it never happened. He's so cut off.

LOGAN: Sounds like this girl I used to know. She was just looking out for herself. No responsibilities, no entanglements...

MAX: Yeah. 'Cause she kept thinking if she ran far enough and fast enough, she could forget all the things they made her do. But sooner or later, it always catches up to you. Learned that the hard way.

LOGAN: Now it's Alec's turn.

---

(In a cemetery, Alec stands looking at Rachel's headstone. It reads:

RACHEL  
BELOVED DAUGHTER  
JAN. 15 2002  
OCT. 21 2020

Berrisford steps up to the grave, beside Alec.)

BERRISFORD: Don't come back here again.

(After a moment, Alec starts to step away, but he stops when Berrisford continues to speak.)

BERRISFORD: I thought I could kill you. I hate you that much. Even though she's gone, I'm still Rachel's father. I still want to do the right thing...make her proud of me. I don't want to be like you.

(Alec silently turns and leaves the cemetery.)

---

(At Jam Pony, Max approaches Alec at the lockers.)

MAX: Hey.

ALEC: Hey, Max.

MAX: Listen...if you ever want to talk...

ALEC: About what?

MAX: About anything.

ALEC (smiling): Now why would I want to do that?

MAX: Just consider the offer open.

ALEC: All right. Listen...thanks for saving my ass.

MAX: You're all right?

ALEC (smiling, after a pause): I'm always all right.

(He walks away, and after a moment, Max smiles a bit sadly.)

DARK ANGEL  
Season Two, Episode #12: "Borrowed Time"  
First Aired 2/1/2002

(At Crash, Original Cindy carries some beer and joins Max and Sketchy at the pool table. Logan is writing something nearby. Alec is collecting money from a guy he has just beaten at pool.)

ALEC: Thanks for playing. It's always a pleasure. (Chuckles) Who's next? Anybody? Sketchy, what do ya say, buddy?

SKETCHY: No, man, I already owe you two paychecks.

ALEC: I'll let you break.

SKETCHY: No. Nope.

ALEC: I'll play left-handed. You can blindfold me.

SKETCHY: No.

ALEC: No? Okay. (Looks at Max)

MAX: Nobody likes a showoff, Alec.

ALEC: Max, come on. Fifty bucks and you get to humble your old buddy Alec. What do you say?

MAX: Yeah, right.

ALEC: Well, thanks anyway. Anybody? (Asks different people) You? You? You? Come on, it's not that di--Logan! What do you say, pal? Wanna play me in a little game of pool?

LOGAN: Oh. Uh...I break?

ALEC: Yeah.

LOGAN: Rack 'em.

ALEC (glad to find someone to play): Ha ha! It's all right.

MAX (to Sketchy, smiling): Move over.

(Max sets her drink down behind Sketchy and watches the game. Logan breaks and sinks several balls. Alec whistles. Logan sinks another ball, and as he lines up his next shot, Alec leans in very closely to watch.)

LOGAN: Alec...

ALEC: Yeah?

LOGAN: Could you stand back?

(Alec steps back, and Logan makes the shot.)

ALEC: Well, well, well. Not too shabby. (As Logan is about to shoot again) Can I, uh, get you another beer?

LOGAN: No.

(Logan misses the shot and grimaces.)

ALEC (smiling): You sure?

SKETCHY: He's gonna run it now.

(Alec sinks three shots in a row, blowing on his cue stick afterwards. He sinks another shot and laughs, then jokingly indicates his cue stick.)

ALEC: I just wanna play it. It's just like a guitar, you know? It's beautiful. (lines up his next shot) Corner pocket.

LOGAN: You're sure you don't want to try a bank shot?

ALEC: Oh, no. No, no. I'm sure. (misses the shot) Hmm. Maybe not that sure. (Chuckles)

(Logan sinks a shot and then lines up his next one. One ball is directly between the cue ball and the one Logan needs to sink. Sketchy and Alec lean in closely to examine the table.)

ALEC: Tricky shot.

SKETCHY: Yeah, you can do it.

ALEC: Sketchy, where's the love, huh?

LOGAN (concentrating): Guys...

ALEC: Hmm?

LOGAN: Beat it.

(They step back. Logan hits the cue ball so that it jumps over the first ball and sinks the second.)

MAX (to Original Cindy): You gotta admit, that was pretty cool.

ORIGINAL CINDY (smiling): Silly boys playing with their sticks and balls. I may vomit.

(Logan lines up a shot at the eight-ball.)

ALEC: Hey, Logan--another fifty bucks says you miss this shot.

LOGAN: You're on.

(Logan sinks the shot. Max smiles. Alec chuckles and forks over the money.)

MAX: Nice game.

LOGAN: Thanks.

(Max hands him a beer and their fingers come very close to touching. They both look up in alarm.)

SKETCHY: Dude, you rock! (Shakes Logan's hand)

MAX (to Logan): Go wash your hands.

SKETCHY: What? I'm clean.

(Logan hands Sketchy the beer and steps into the bathroom.)

ALEC: What's going on?

ORIGINAL CINDY: The whole love-bug dealio. After he beat your ass, Max handed him a beer and they might have touched and dosed him with the virus. And now would not be a good time for one of your smart-ass remarks.

ALEC: Hey, I hate to lose, but I'm not wishing the guy dead.

ORIGINAL CINDY: What did I just say?

ALEC: I was being serious.

(Logan comes out of the bathroom and smiles, trying to reassure Max.)

LOGAN: I'm okay.

MAX: I could have killed you over a stupid game of pool.

LOGAN: I thought it was a very satisfying game of pool, actually. Want to get a drink?

MAX: Better not risk it. Um...I'm gonna go home. (Leaves.)

---

(At a junkyard, a man closes the gates for the night. On the gate is a sign that says "WARNING: GUARD DOG ON DUTY." The man talks to a dog standing nearby.)

JUNKYARD OWNER: Good boy, Chopper. Way to stand guard.

(He picks the dog up – it is stuffed and stiff. Later, the junkyard owner talks to the dog while flattening cans.)

JUNKYARD OWNER: Back in the day, they'd give you ten cent a can. Ten cent! Nowadays, you'd be lucky if you get ten cent a pound. I'm tellin' you, Chopper--it's gettin' harder and harder to make a livin' every day. (hears a clattering noise) You hear that? (Grabs a gun and a flashlight.) Shh. Stay. Stay, Chopper, stay.

(He gets up to investigate the noise, walking among the junked cars. There is a flash of a dinosaur-like creature. The junkyard owner peers out from behind one car. There is a screech, and the man screams. A wad of slime hits him in the face and he falls over. He gropes for his gun, but before he can reach it, the creature drags him away.)

(Opening credits)

---

(At Joshua's house, Max is sitting at the desk with books and papers spread in front of her. She keeps glancing at the Manticore tech's notes, which are still stuck to Joshua's painting.)

MAX:  $f$  divided by  $xy$ ...no,  $xz$ . It's gotta be right. That Manticore creep coulda been onto something and didn't even know it.

JOSHUA: Sorry for painting over your virus papers, Max.

MAX: It's okay. I can still make out most of it. It's just this function that's screwing me up.  $f(x1)$  times delta  $x$  equals...what is that?

JOSHUA (looking closely at it): It's a squiggle. (Nods) Squiggle.

MAX: Could be an approximate sign.  $f(x1)$  times delta  $x$  is approximately equal to delta  $q$ . The messenger RNA would codify an interruption in the protein strand, the DNA wouldn't be able to replicate, and the virus would hit a dead end.

JOSHUA: No. It's a squiggle. (He rubs the page and the squiggle disappears.) See?

MAX: Yeah. Still...it makes sense.

JOSHUA: So the virus bitch is going down?

MAX: Could be. You know, I never would've caught this if you hadn't painted over my papers.  
(starts gathering her things.)

JOSHUA: Oh, you gotta blaze?

MAX: I'm gonna see if I'm on the right track. Thanks, big fella.

---

(Later, Max is sitting in a cluttered lab while a man in a lab coat looks over her notes.)

MAX: You're shaking your head. Why are you shaking your head? Are my calculations wrong?

LAB TECH: Well, they're not so much wrong as not right.

MAX: Great.

LAB TECH: You never told me where this virus, uh, came from. Do you mind my asking?

MAX: A secret government agency gave it to me, hoping I'd give it to a friend of mine they were looking to kill.

LAB TECH (laughing): Okay, fine. You don't want to tell me, don't tell me.

MAX: Whatever. Serves me right for getting my hopes up.

LAB TECH: Hey, you're not gonna start crying, are you?

MAX (who had not been about to cry): Just gimme my papers.

LAB TECH: Okay, hold on, hold on. Your numbers were off a little bit, but the theory behind them's viable.

MAX: Which part?

LAB TECH: Well, the whole luring-the-virus-into-a-protein-dead-end part. It's pretty cool. It has a kind of Pied-Piper-ness to it, you know, with a little Chuck Heston thrown in there. "Take that, you damned dirty virus!"

(Max doesn't laugh at his joke. He clears his throat.)

MAX: So you're saying you can make it work?

LAB TECH: Yeah. Yeah, all I need is a blood sample. And, um...twenty thousand dollars.

---

(At Jam Pony)

ORIGINAL CINDY: You ask me, twenty large is still a small price to pay for you and Logan to get together.

MAX: I just want to know I'm not gonna kill the guy if, say, I...touch his hand by accident.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Or if, say, you spend a long weekend making hot monkey love to the man...by accident. Does he know about the man with the cure?

MAX: I'm gonna try to get my hands on the cash first. I don't want to have to owe him again if this guy falls through.

ORIGINAL CINDY: How you gonna get the money?

MAX: I'm gonna sell my soul.

ORIGINAL CINDY (indicating Alec): There's the devil.

(Original Cindy walks away. Max approaches Alec.)

MAX: What are you doing tonight?

ALEC: And why do you ask?

MAX: Got word from this fence I know. There's a collector willing to pay top dollar for Star Wars: Episode VII. After the Pulse, they shut down production. Apparently this is the only footage that exists.

ALEC: Is that the one where Captain Kirk dies?

MAX: I guess. Anyway, the reel's locked up in a vault at the Fox Building in Belltown.

ALEC: Max, are you asking me to steal something with you?

MAX: It's a two-man job.

ALEC (insincerely): I'm shocked. I don't do that kind of stuff anymore, Max. I mean, you yourself showed me the error of my ways.

MAX: Did I mention your take is twenty grand?

ALEC (smiling): What time do I pick you up?

---

(That night, outside a house, something growls from the bushes. Inside, a woman is getting dinner ready while two kids wait at the table. Her husband gargles with salt water.)

WIFE: Do you have to do that in the kitchen?

HUSBAND: My gums are killing me.

WIFE: Yeah, well, rinse out the sink when you're done.

DAUGHTER: Mom, I'm a vegetarian.

SON: And I want pizza.

WIFE: You both are going to eat this meatloaf and that is final. Irving, would you tell them?



IRVING: Somebody kill me.

(There is a screech and something breaks the window. A wad of slime lands on Irving's face as he screams. Clawed, lizard-like hands reach through the broken window and pull him out.)

---

(In Max's apartment, Max and Alec are going over some blueprints.)

MAX: There's security stationed here, here, and here. They do rounds and rotations. We'll have a thirty-second gap when the entrance guard relieves the lobby guard. Once you're past that point, smooth sailing. In and out in five minutes.

ALEC: Does this qualify as stealing from a bad guy, or do you have a new handy excuse for swiping something that doesn't belong to you?

MAX (rationalizing): Hey, people have the right to see this stuff. It shouldn't be locked up in a vault.

ALEC: Oh, of course, yeah. That Murdoch's one evil fiend.

MAX: Just stick to the plan. Trust me--it'll be the easiest money you've ever made.

---

(Later, Max and Alec wait in a closet.)

ALEC: "Trust me," she says. "We'll be in and out in five minutes," she says. We've been in here an hour!

MAX: Shut up!

ALEC: Check and see if the guards are still there.

MAX (peeks through the slats in the door): Still there.

ALEC: How many?

MAX: Two.

ALEC: Two? Max, I think we can take 'em.

MAX: Not before they trip the alarm. Better wait for the next shift change.

(Max looks straight ahead, occasionally checking on the guards. Alec is clearly bored.)

ALEC: Hey, wanna know what I'm doing with my share of the money?

MAX: No.

ALEC (miffed): Fine. Rude, but fine. What are you gonna do with yours?

MAX: Donate it to charity.

ALEC: Yeah, right. I'm thinking, what? New motorcycle? New apartment? New boyfriend?  
(Max glances at him) New DNA markers for current boyfriend.

MAX: He's not my boyfriend.

ALEC: Argh! I can't believe this. I've been stuck in this closet for over an hour to facilitate you having sex! That's what I've been reduced to. I'm a pimp.

MAX: It's not even like that.

ALEC: Yeah, yeah. Tell me--tell me that he's worth all this trouble, Max. I mean, tell me how he...how he rocks your world. Something. (Max says nothing) Maxie. Hey. You and Logan have done it, right? I mean, before the whole virus thing, you knew each other for like, what, a year? Max? (Max still says nothing) Oh, could you two be more lame?

MAX: Not that this is any of your business, but...with me and Logan, it was just never the right time.

ALEC: Oh yeah, yeah, sure. I can see how the right time might elude you...for a year.

MAX (peeks through the slats again): Guards are gone. Let's get the film and get the hell out of here.

ALEC: Great idea.

---

(Later, at the lab, Max watches while the lab tech counts her cash.)

LAB TECH: ...ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, twenty thousand. Okay, so let's do this. Roll up your sleeve. (Max does so and the lab tech begins injecting her.) The immunoglobulin's going to take a quick lap through your system. It's going to neutralize any virulent cells in your bloodstream. (Finishes the injection.) There you go.

MAX: How do I know it worked?

(The lab tech has Max look into a microscope. She sees purple spots being surrounded by green circles.)

LAB TECH: You see the little green circles? Those are antibodies. They're completely encasing the virus nuclei and protein coating.

MAX: So it's working?

LAB TECH: Yeah. Yeah, this thing's completely dead in its tracks.

MAX (smiling): I'm cured. I can't believe it.

LAB TECH: Yeah, this thing couldn't hurt a flea now. I mean, it's totally-- (Looks into the microscope again) Uh-oh.

MAX: Uh-oh? What do you mean, uh-oh?

LAB TECH: Uhhhh...this virus, uh, is mutating.

MAX: Mutating how?

LAB TECH: Well, the little buggers are eating through the protein coating. I mean, once they do that, the virus is back in business. (Looks at Max) You're, uh, you're not gonna cry, are you?

MAX (who this time does look upset): How long until the coating is history?

LAB TECH: Well, at the rate they're going, thirteen, maybe fourteen hours. I wouldn't put it past twelve, though, just to be on the safe side. I mean, I can say with complete confidence you'll be virus-free for twelve hours.

---

(Later, Max stands outside Logan's door. She looks at her pager, which she has set to run as a stopwatch; it says 10:51:01. Logan opens the door.)

MAX: Got a minute?

(Inside, Max and Logan sit down in the living room. Max is holding a bottle of wine. She takes off her coat and is wearing fancier clothes.)

LOGAN: What did you want to talk about?

MAX: Let me ask you a hypothetical question.

LOGAN: Those are my favorite kind.

MAX: Supposing - just supposing - I found a temporary cure for the virus.

LOGAN: Is there such a thing?

MAX: That's where the supposing part comes in.

LOGAN: Okay. Uh, hypothetically, how long would this temporary cure last?

MAX (checking her pager): Ten hours and fifty minutes.

LOGAN: You're serious. (Max nods) So we can touch and nothing will happen?

MAX: I don't know about nothing, but you won't die.

LOGAN: Oh, my...(Sits back to think, overwhelmed)...Max...

MAX: We have to think about this. Because when it's over, it's over. No repeats.

LOGAN: We'd be back where we started.

MAX: Exactly. Ten hours seems like a long time, but it isn't. Not really.

LOGAN: It'll have to be long enough.

MAX: I was hoping you'd say that. We've got ten hours.

LOGAN: Evidently.

MAX: We've been waiting for the right time. Here it is.

(They both stand up. Logan slowly steps over to Max and holds out his hand. She slowly takes it. They both smile. Logan strokes her face and leans in to kiss her. She stops him.)

MAX: I don't...I can't believe I'm gonna be all girly on you, but...I don't want to blow this on a quickie. It should be perfect.

LOGAN: Perfect. How about a perfect quickie?

(Max laughs and hands him the bottle of wine.)

MAX: Open this.

---

(At Crash, Alec sits at the bar and finishes a drink.)

ALEC: Barkeep! Another scotch. And a, uh, tequila shot for the pretty blonde.

(He slides his glass down toward the end of the bar, where Asha is sitting. She looks up.)

ASHA: That's all right. I was just leaving.

ALEC: Come on.

(She leaves her beer behind and steps over to him.)

ALEC: All right, but once you hear the good news about Max and Logan, you might be wanting that drink.

ASHA: What news?

ALEC (handing her a drink): Why don't you fortify yourself?

(Asha nods and takes the drink.)

ALEC: Bottoms up.

---

(In Logan's kitchen, Max and Logan are sitting at a counter and sipping wine.)

LOGAN: So how long were you and Alec stuck in the closet?

MAX: About an hour. He was yapping the entire time.

(They both laugh.)

LOGAN: He's a yapper. (Chuckles) Yeah, stuck in the closet with Alec--you're pretty much describing my worst nightmare.

MAX: It was worth it, though. It got me here.

(They look at each other.)

LOGAN: It feels like old times.

MAX: Better.

(They clink glasses.)

---

(At Crash, Alec and Asha are drinking lots of beer and doing lots of shots.)

ASHA (in a toast): Logan and Max.

ALEC: Max and Logan.

ASHA: Every happiness.

ALEC: Ha!

(They clink glasses and drink.)

ASHA: Wonder what they're doing right now. (Alec gives her a look) You know what I mean. Logan's so romantic--I bet he made her dinner. Wine...candles...I bet it's perfect.

ALEC: Yeah, that sounds like them. I mean, why consummate two years of unbridled passion when we can have pasta?

ASHA: You're a pig. You don't know anything about love.

ALEC: Well, I know more than you think. Besides, you're a liar.

ASHA: How so?

ALEC: Because you don't wish them all the happiness in the world; you want Logan for yourself. I mean, come on. You had it all dialed in when Max was back at Manticore, presumed dead. You and Logan, doing your hero thing, spending hours together in his fancy little apartment, all tuned up about the ways of the world. It was a good time for you, right?

ASHA: Yeah, he was thinking about Max every second of every day. He never believed she was dead. And when she came back, he was the happiest I'd ever seen him.

ALEC: Yeah, until the virus thing.

ASHA: Even with the virus, they never gave up on each other. And no matter how I feel about it, I have to respect that. Because that, my friend, is true love.

ALEC: Yeah, right. Have they ever even once said "I love you"? No. No. Max...Max would choke on the words. Logan...eh, he'd say it, in an email. (Mocking Max) "He's not my boyfriend. We were never even like that. It was never the right time." No, Logan is a repressed WASP and Max is a...a broken toy. The two of them will never work out together.

ASHA: And you are cynical.

ALEC: No. I'm someone who believes in going after what he wants, and damn the consequences. When you've been dead a hundred years, little girl, you have only just begun to be dead. We're living on borrowed time. And if you don't put your heart out there on the line, then you're never really living at all. If I loved someone, I'd tell 'em. And if I wanted someone, then I would let her know, straight up. Asha, I want you. Come home with me.

---

(At his house, Joshua is painting. He takes a minute to read the label on the paint can.)

JOSHUA: "Warning: Use only in well-ventilated areas...headaches...dizziness..." (His eyes widen.) "Could cause harmful health risk..."

(Joshua runs outside and takes deep gulps of air. He catches a scent and follows it to the grating in the street outside his house. Throwing the grating aside, he climbs down into the sewer and notices some slime on a pipe.)

JOSHUA: Gossamer.

(Joshua tracks the scent through the sewers and emerges in another part of town. He covers his face a little with his hair. A man leaves a bakery across the street. Joshua sniffs around the bakery.)

JOSHUA: Gossamer. Smell Gossamer.

(Joshua tracks the scent, which is trailing behind the man who left the bakery. The man turns around and notices Joshua following him.)

MAN: All right, man, who are you and why are you-- (Sees Joshua's face) Oh, my God...

(They hear a screech. A wad of slime lands on the man's face. Once again, a flash of the dinosaur-like creature.)

MAN: Oh, my God!

(Joshua and the creature begin to fight. Joshua is knocked down, and some slime lands on his chin. The creature then turns to the other man.)

MAN: No! No, don't! No!

JOSHUA: Pretty wack.

---

(In Logan's apartment, Max and Logan are dancing.)

LOGAN: Max...there's something I've been wanting to tell you...for a long time.

MAX: Yeah...me, too. (Pause) You first.

LOGAN: Max, I--

(Joshua bursts in and interrupts.)

JOSHUA: Oh. Stop getting busy, please!

MAX: Joshua, what are you doing here?!

JOSHUA: Gossamer.

MAX: What?

JOSHUA: On the loose. He's hurting people.

LOGAN: Gossamer. Okay. What is that, some kind of Manticore thing?

JOSHUA: Max and Joshua have to stop him. That's the plan. So come.

(Joshua reaches for Max. She pulls away.)

MAX: No! Joshua, not now! Can't this wait--(checks Logan's watch)--nine hours and twenty minutes?

(Joshua shakes his head and pulls on Max. She resists.)

JOSHUA: No. Now. Now.

MAX: Joshua, you don't understand--

JOSHUA: Now. Now.

(Logan shuts off the music.)

LOGAN: Hey!

(Max and Joshua stop tugging back and forth.)

LOGAN (to Max, resignedly): Look. If this thing is hurting people, then...

MAX: Can my life suck any harder?

---

(Alec and Asha enter Alec's apartment.)

ALEC: Here we are. Well, make yourself at home. I'll, uh, get us a drink.

ASHA: Thanks. My feet are killing me.

(Yawning, Asha sits on the couch and begins to take off her boots. Alec takes a bottle from the cupboard and pours drinks.)

ALEC: I got this bad boy from an old guy down on the waterfront who, uh, specializes in pre-Pulse small batch, of all things. Turn on some music if you want. I got that tricked-out stereo out of a dumpster, if you can believe it. (No response.) Asha? Asha?

(Alec turns around to find that Asha has fallen asleep with one boot still on. He removes the boot and gently covers her with a blanket.)

---

(In Logan's apartment)

MAX: You're sure he's dangerous?

JOSHUA: Max, he's hurting people.

MAX (resignedly): Then we have to stop him.

LOGAN: Well, first we gotta find him.

JOSHUA: He's in the sewers by my house.

LOGAN: That makes sense. If it can't move in plain sight, it'd have to use the sewer system to move around.

MAX: Doesn't exactly narrow things down.

LOGAN (to Joshua): Where'd you catch up with it?

JOSHUA: Little--Little Debbies.

MAX: Bakery. Sector five.

LOGAN: Well, our best bet's probably to start there and backtrack towards Joshua's place.

MAX: That's a lot of ground to cover.

JOSHUA: Max and Joshua can cover ground.

MAX: No.

JOSHUA: Oh, yeah.

MAX: No.

JOSHUA: Yeah!

MAX: No! I can't chase this thing down and worry about you, too! You know it's not safe for you out there.

(Joshua growls a sigh and sits in the corner to thumb through Logan's books.)

MAX: Should I ask for Alec's help?

LOGAN: That's an idea. I'll talk to Matt Sung, see if there's any other reports about this thing. Maybe I can figure out its M.O.

MAX (checking his watch): We've only got eight hours and fifty-three minutes.

(They kiss.)

MAX: Why do I feel like I'm kissing you goodbye?

LOGAN: Go.

(They kiss once more and she leaves.)

---

(In Alec's apartment)



MAX: Alec? Alec? (Notices the sleeping form on the couch.) Hey, wake up.

ASHA (uncovering her face sleepily): Oh, hey, Max.

MAX: Asha?

(Alec emerges from the bathroom, wet and wearing only a towel.)

ALEC: What?

MAX: I need your help. Can you get dressed?

ALEC: Okay.

MAX: Please hurry.

(She checks her pager. It says 8:34:14.)

---

(Shortly afterward, Max and Alec walk down the street.)

ALEC: So one of the gossamers is loose in the big city, huh?

MAX: You're saying there's more than one?

ALEC: Oh, yeah, there's a bunch of 'em. Manticore used 'em to track down targets on scent. You know, X4 gone rogue? Give Gossamer one of those T-shirts, let him smell it--wouldn't stop 'til the kid was found.

MAX: What'd he do to the target once he found him?

ALEC: Oh, it all depends. You know, some of them were bred for retrieval, so they'd disable the subject and wait for the handlers to come pick him up. Others were bred for elimination. Now those were some pretty bad guys, let me tell you.

MAX: I hope we're not dealing with one of those.

ALEC: Well, either way, they all have this goo that shoots out of their mouth. Stuns the victims.

MAX: Goo?

ALEC: Yeah.

MAX: That's terrific.

ALEC: Should be fun. So where do you want to start looking?

MAX: The sewers.

ALEC: The sewers. (Sarcastically) I mean, I haven't got to crawl around in a stinkin' tunnel with you for about two weeks! It's not like I had anything better to do tonight.

MAX (angrily): Sorry this interrupts your evening.

ALEC: Yeah, it was the funniest thing. I mean, here I am, hanging out at Crash bar with Asha, who I hardly know, and it just seemed to be the right time. How 'bout you? (Max looks away.) Oh, come on. I mean, now that the virus is out of the way, right?

MAX: Just get in the sewers.

ALEC (laughing): You guys crack me up.

(Alec's cell phone rings. He answers.)

ALEC: Hello? Logan, hey, we were just talking about you. (Max reaches for the phone.) Hey, you called me, pal. Yeah, she's right here.

(Alec hands the phone to Max. She takes it with a smile and steps a short distance away to talk.)

MAX: Hey. (Checks her pager) Eight hours and ten minutes. Tell me you got something.

---

(In his apartment, Logan is at the computer while Joshua pokes around at Logan's equipment.)

LOGAN: Talked to Sung. There was another attack earlier tonight, about four miles west of Joshua's place. Irving Green.

MAX: Any connections between the two victims?

LOGAN: Kind of. Uh, I talked to Irving's wife and she mentioned that he'd had a cavity filled yesterday. (Joshua begins pulling the ribbon out of a tape. Logan snaps his fingers to get him to stop.) Uh, the guy that, uh, Joshua saw grabbed, Hal Johnson, had also just been to the dentist.

MAX: Same dentist?

LOGAN: Dr. Carlos Rabell.

MAX: Hmm. Alec says Gossamer's trying to sniff for stuff.

LOGAN: Well, maybe whatever Manticore trained him to find is, uh, at the dentist's.

MAX: All right. I'm going underground; leave a message in case I don't have a signal.

LOGAN: Okay. (Hangs up.)

JOSHUA: Gossamer going down?

LOGAN: Yeah. Uh, I'm gonna check out a lead.

(Joshua starts to follow. Logan stops him.)

LOGAN: Um...remember what Max said?

JOSHUA (rolling his eyes): Stay put, it's not safe, blah blah blah.

LOGAN: That's right. So...you lay low, and don't touch anything, and there's some food in the fridge.

---

(Shortly afterwards, Joshua digs around in Logan's fridge and gathers up an armful of food, leaving almost nothing behind.)

---

(Logan sneaks into Dr. Rabell's darkened office, using a credit card to open the locked door.)

LOGAN: Eight hours to be with the girl of my dreams, and I'm at the dentist's office.

(He looks around with a flashlight, smiling when he finds the file he's looking for.)

LOGAN: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

---

(Max and Alec are walking through the sewers.)

ALEC: Got an appointment or something? You keep checking the time.

MAX: Don't worry about it. So are you and blondie an item, or is she just another one in Alec's long line of conquests?

ALEC: Asha's a good kid. For the record, nothing happened. Why? Did you want to double-date?

MAX (sarcastically): Oh, yeah, sounds like fun.

---

(At another point in the sewers, a lizardlike hand grasps a ladder. In the dentist's office, Logan finds a tray of small cylinders. Something approaches from the hallway, snarling. Logan dials his cell phone and gets Alec's voice mail.)

ALEC'S VOICE: Hey, this is Alec's cell phone. Leave me a message and I'll call you back.

LOGAN: It's me. Listen, I think I know what Gossamer's after. I know it doesn't get us any closer to his location, but--

(He stops and turns to look as something breaks into the dentist's office with a screech.)

---

(In the sewers, Max checks her pager. It says 6:43:09.)

ALEC (sarcastically): This has been a fun night, Max. I want to thank you, really. First I get to spend an hour and a half with you in a dark closet. Now my evening's gonna end in this disgusting sewer.

MAX: Shut up.

ALEC (chuckling): Boy, two years of waiting's really made you tense.

(They see some slime on the wall.)

MAX: Oh, look. It's here.

(Max and Alec emerge from the sewer at the junkyard, clearly disgusted at the slime on the entrance.)

ALEC: Check this place out.

MAX: We should split up. Be careful.

(They split up and begin searching among the junked cars.)

ALEC (calling): Gossamer! Here, boy! (Sees something) Uh-oh.

(A wad of slime lands on his face.)

(Alec's cell phone, which Max is still carrying, beeps. She opens it; the screen reads "1 Call Unanswered." She dials a number as she continues to look around.)

MAX: Come on, Logan, pick up.

(Max hears Logan's cell phone ringing somewhere in the junkyard. She looks up in surprise.)

MAX: Logan?

(Following the source of the sound, Max finds Logan sitting unconscious in the driver's seat of a junked car. He is trapped in dried slime.)

MAX: Logan. Logan, wake up.

(She tries to open the car door, to no avail. She turns around and her eyes widen; the gossamer is standing on a car nearby. With a screech, it slimes her.)

(Later, Max wakes up to find herself trapped in dried slime in the passenger seat.)

MAX: Logan? Logan?

ALEC (from the backseat): Are we there yet?

MAX: Alec? Can you get out?

ALEC (sarcastically): Yeah, I just thought I'd hang around. You know, 'cause it's so comfy.

MAX: You can't move either?

LOGAN: Where are we?

MAX: Some junkyard. Gossamer musta brought you here.

(A man's voice calls out from nearby.)

VOICE: Hey! Is somebody there?

LOGAN: What was that?

VOICE: Hey, get us out of here.

ALEC: Who's "us"?

(The other men who have been slimed call out. They are trapped as well.)

SECOND VOICE: I'm Hal. That's Irving. Then there's Gordie.

GORDIE: I own the place.

HAL: Get us out of here.

IRVING: Before that thing comes back and eats us all!

ALEC: Actually, Gossamer's an herbivore. He only kills for sport.

MAX: That's good to know. (Calling) We're gonna get everybody out. Just hang tight. (In a lower voice) Do you have any idea what Gossamer wants?

LOGAN: It turns out the dentist was using Keveral to fill cavities.

MAX: What's Keveral?

LOGAN: It's a material used in weapon casings and body-armor plating. My guess is Manticore trained this thing to track down enemy soldiers by targeting the stuff.

IRVING: Great. I'm gonna die with armor plating in my teeth.

HAL: I don't want to die!

MAX: No one's gonna die. (In a lower voice) ...I hope. (To Logan) This quack didn't fill your cavities. Why'd it go after you?

LOGAN: I was holding the Keveral when it slimed me.

ALEC: Please. Can we just concentrate on getting out of here before this goo monster comes back?

MAX: Joshua. He'll get us out.

LOGAN: Joshua...who we told not to leave my apartment.

---

(In Logan's living room, Joshua is snoring on the couch. Empty pizza boxes and food crumbs are everywhere. He wakes up and burps.)

JOSHUA: Max? Logan?

---

(In the junkyard)

MAX: I can't believe how screwed up all this is.

LOGAN: I know.

ALEC: And to think I thought my night was gonna end up in a sewer. I wish.

MAX: For the last time, shut up.

ALEC: You know, it's your fault that I am sitting here in this monster saliva to begin with!

LOGAN: It's not her fault.

MAX: Yeah, right. It's not my fault. It's just my life. Even if we get out of this, what happens tomorrow, Logan? We still have the nomlies, and Manticore, and all fates against us. I shoulda known that one night was just too damn much to ask.

LOGAN: How much time do we have left?

MAX: Not enough.

LOGAN (sighing): Oh, Max...it wouldn't have been enough anyway. We knew that.

ALEC: Whoa. Whoa, whoa, call me slow on the uptake, but am I getting the distinct impression that this virus thing is still hanging around?

LOGAN: Shut up.

---

(Joshua follows his nose to the dentist's office. Slime is everywhere.)

JOSHUA: Logan? Logan?

(Joshua walks through the sewers and catches some scents.)

JOSHUA: Logan...Gossamer...Max and Alec.

(Joshua follows their scents up a ladder.)

---

(In the junkyard)

MAX: I'm so sorry.

LOGAN: I know.

(Joshua walks through the junkyard.)

JOSHUA: Max? Logan?

MAX: Joshua! Joshua, in here! Joshua!

ALEC: Hey, buddy!

(Joshua appears at the car window.)

MAX: Joshua! Get us out of here!

JOSHUA: I didn't stay put.

MAX AND LOGAN: That's okay.

MAX: Come on. Come on, hurry up!

HAL: Get us out of here! Hurry!

(Joshua rips the door off the car and begins to free Max.)

MAX: Come on!

JOSHUA: You okay?

MAX: Yeah.

ALEC: Hey, buddy. Back here. Back here. Come on!

MAX (to Logan): Keveral! Where's the Keveral?

LOGAN: By the phone. By the phone. By the phone. Right there.

ALEC: Back here. Back here.

(Joshua frees Alec while Max grabs the Keveral cylinders. The gossamer appears.)

JOSHUA: Oh! Gossamer!

(Max jumps out of the car and faces the gossamer. It tries twice to slime her, but she dodges each time. They begin to fight. Max holds up the Keveral angrily.)

MAX: Want some of this? Come on! You're going to get it!

(Max lures the gossamer through the junkyard.)

MAX: Come on. Come on. That's right. That's right. Come on. This way. (She climbs through a van whose doors are open.) Nasty-ass mutant son of a...

(Max climbs out the other side of the van. The gossamer follows behind. As soon as it is inside, Max slams the door shut. The gossamer turns to go out the other side, but before it can, Max flips over the van and shuts the other door. The gossamer pounds on the walls and windows. Max gets into the cab of a crane with a large magnet on the end. She uses the magnet to suspend the van in midair.)

MAX: That oughta hold him for a while.

---

(Later, everybody has been freed and is busy removing slime.)

IRVING: What was that thing?

ALEC: Not to worry. There is a logical explanation for everything that happened here tonight, all right? (Irving gives him a look.) Just give me a minute.

MAX (to Joshua): Hang tight.

(Max steps over to Logan.)

ALEC: Come on, everybody. Let's clear out of here, huh? Give these two some breathing room.

(The three other men file past Alec.)

ALEC (to Gordie): You all right?

(Gordie nods as he passes by. Alec nods at Max. A little distance away, he finds Gordie playing fetch with the gossamer.)

GORDIE: Come on. Here it is. Come on. Ha ha. Here ya go.

ALEC: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Watch out there, pal.

GORDIE: He's okay. He's just lookin' for somethin' to keep him busy. (To the gossamer) Here you go, boy. (To Alec) That's why he came here, I guess--you know, all the Keveral in all these old car parts. It's mostly just the junkers that have any in them. So--so what is he, anyway?

ALEC: Uh, well, like I already explained to the other fellas, he's, um...a Tasmanian ant-eating aardvark...an "antvark," as we in the trade like to call him.

GORDIE: Trade?

ALEC: Uh, zoo trade. I'm with the Tasmanian Zoology Foundation. He escaped from one of our facilities.

GORDIE: Now, wait a minute. Finders keepers.

ALEC: You want to keep this thing? Like as a pet?

GORDIE: Why not? His spit's gotta come in handy. Smells like silicone--worth at least a buck a pound. (To the stuffed dog) What do you say, Chopper? You want a little brother? Ha ha! What? (To Alec) Chopper says yes. (To the gossamer) Good boy.

ALEC: Well, good. Looks like everything's sane and right in your world. Just, uh, keep him locked up at night, okay?

GORDIE: No problem. No problem.

---

(Some distance away, Logan is sitting in the backseat of a convertible and staring straight ahead. Max joins him.)

LOGAN: How much time?

MAX: Two minutes.



LOGAN: I keep thinking about the night we took down Manticore...when I thought I'd lost you. I came home and sat on my sofa and I didn't get up again for days. The sun came up...the sun went down...I just sat there. It was like I couldn't move. It hurt too much to move. That's how I feel right now.

MAX: I knew this would happen. We shouldn't have taken the chance.

LOGAN: We had to. You know we did. We can't keep going through this, though.

MAX: I know.

(Logan finally looks at her.)

LOGAN: That year we wasted, dancing around each other, afraid of actually admitting how we felt...If I had that time back, I would do that so differently.

(Max's pager beeps.)

LOGAN: Well, I guess that's it.

(He kisses her. Afterwards, Logan climbs out of the car and looks at her.)

LOGAN: I love you, Max. (walks away)

MAX: I love you, too.

(Fade out as a tear runs down Max's cheek.)

DARK ANGEL  
Season Two, Episode 13: "Harbor Lights"  
First Aired 2/8/2002

(In her apartment, Max picks up the phone and hangs it back up immediately. Then she reconsiders, picks it up, and dials.)

(In his apartment, Logan is busy doing sit-ups when the phone rings, but he stops to listen when he hears Max's voice on the answering machine.)

LOGAN'S VOICE: No one's around. Leave a message.

MAX: Hey. It's me. I'm leaving a message. I haven't heard from you in a while. Just...checking in. Hoping you're okay. All right...um...take it easy.

(Max hangs up. Logan goes back to his sit-ups.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Things are still weird between you and Logan, huh?

MAX: Define "weird."

ORIGINAL CINDY: Weird as in he's still upset that the twelve-hour window you had to be together got slammed shut on his fingers.

MAX: When you put it that way, yeah. Things are still weird.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Did it ever occur to you that maybe this cure worked better than you thought? Far as you know, that virus bitch could be out of your system for good.

MAX: No, I went to see Delbert the lab geek. He said the bug's back, full-blast. I touch Logan, he dies. (Original Cindy is silent) Hey, this is the part where you're supposed to say that Logan and me have been through worse, and we're gonna get through this.

ORIGINAL CINDY (nodding): Straight up. Now come on. You're gonna be late to work.

MAX: Tell Normal I'm sick.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Not again, boo! You've gotta get out of this apartment.

MAX: I'm going to. I'm just gonna get out of town for the day. You know--take a ride, clear my head.

ORIGINAL CINDY: All right. Sounds like you got a plan.

MAX: Yeah. I just need to score some gas.

---

(On a street, Max is among many people are waiting in line to fill containers with gas from a gasoline truck. Sector police stand guard. As the line moves forward, a woman kneels to talk to her young son. A man on a motorcycle takes the opportunity to cut in front of them.)

WOMAN: Hey! Excuse me. We were in front of you.

MAN: You snooze, you lose.

(A man in line is reading a tabloid. From her place in line a short distance behind him, Max can see that the article he's reading is headlined "GENETIC MUTANTS ARE AMONG US! More sightings of demons, mutants & monsters! Manticore's super soldiers have escaped!")

(At the front of the line, a man dispenses the last of the gasoline. He gestures to a nearby sector cop.)

MAN: That's it.

SECTOR COP (addressing the people in line): Truck's tapped, people. Everybody go home.

(The crowd groans. The man on the motorcycle who cut in line shoves his way to the front.)

MAN: Hey, I got a rally in Portland tomorrow, man. How am I gonna make it there without any gas?

SECTOR COP: Lots of lonely truckers out there, pal. Pretty boy like you would have no trouble gettin' a ride.

MAN: Oh, well, I ain't leavin' without my gas!

(He pulls out a gun. The sector cop wrestles him. As they struggle, the man fires, and bullets fly in random directions. People in line scream and scatter. The woman gets swept away by fleeing people and separated from her son.)

WOMAN: Joey! Joey, no! My little boy! Somebody help me! Joey! Joey!

(Max runs toward the boy. Before she can reach him, a bullet hits her. The boy looks down at Max as she lies on the ground, bleeding.)

{Opening credits}

---

(In a busy hospital hallway, people move in slow motion. Two patients begin to fight.)

SECTOR COP: Come on, hey! Hey! Break it up! Take your hands off him!

(A doctor approaches a set of double doors. As the doors open, normal speed resumes. Two EMTs hurry Max in on a gurney. She is awake. The doctor turns and walks with them as they fill her in on Max's condition.)

EMT: Gunshot wound to the abdomen. Airway's clear, but respirations are shallow. Pulse 135 and thready.

DOCTOR: Blood pressure?

EMT: Eighty over forty and dropping. Belly's indurated and distended. Bullet might have nicked a blood vessel.

DOCTOR: Extremities?

EMT: Good motion and sensitivity. No indication of a spinal cord injury.

DOCTOR: Prep her for surgery.

---

(Still breathing hard, Logan replays the message on his answering machine.)

MAX'S VOICE: Hoping you're okay. Anyway...take it easy.

(Logan picks up the phone and dials.)

MAX'S VOICE: You've reached my pager. Punch in your number.

(Logan enters his number.)

---

(The EMTs wheel Max into the operating room.)

DOCTOR: Come on, people! Hurry it up.

NURSE: She's lost a lot of blood.

(They prepare to move Max to the operating table.)

DOCTOR: One, two, three. (They move her.) Gotta hurry. Let's do it.

MAX: Where am I?

(Max's pager goes off.)

NURSE: Harbor Lights Medical. You've had an accident, but we're going to take care of you now.

(Logan hangs up the phone.)

(Max rips off her oxygen tube.)

MAX: I can't stay.

DOCTOR (smiling): Why not? Your co-pay too high?

NURSE: Try to relax. We're going to take good care of you.

(Max begins to sit up. The nurse gently pushes her back down.)

DOCTOR: Hang three units O-neg. Get her typed and cross-matched.

MAX: No tests.

DOCTOR: You'll be okay.

MAX: No tests!

(Max grabs the doctor's forearm. The doctor struggles to loosen Max's grip but fails.)

NURSE: No no no, just try to relax.

DOCTOR (calling): A little help, here?

(Several other people come over and pry Max's hand off the doctor's arm. The doctor gives her an injection and Max passes out.)

---

(Logan's phone rings. He wheels over to it in a hurry and answers. On the other end is the nurse who was in the operating room.)

LOGAN: Hello?

NURSE: Hello. To whom am I speaking?

LOGAN: Well, that depends. To whom am I speaking?

NURSE: Sorry. This is Julie Camby; I'm a nurse in the emergency room at Harbor Lights. And you are?

LOGAN: Still wondering why you're calling me.

JULIE: We treated a young woman this morning for a gunshot wound. She didn't have any identification on her, only her pager, and yours was the last number to call in.

(Logan looks up in alarm.)

JULIE: Still with me, sir?

LOGAN: Would you mind describing the woman you treated?

JULIE: Five-six, long brown hair, pretty, barcode tattoo on the back of her neck.

LOGAN: Is she okay?

JULIE: Her doctor tells me she's doing fine. Been out of surgery about an hour now, resting.

LOGAN: Can I see her?

JULIE: That depends.

LOGAN: On what?

JULIE: I can't issue a guest pass unless I know your name. Her name might help, too.

(Later, Logan talks to Dr. Carr on the phone while walking around his apartment, looking for his keys.)

DR. CARR: Linda Eastman. Got it.

LOGAN: Room 614. Her attending is a Dr. Colleen Harrington.

DR. CARR: I know her. I'll give her a call. I'll explain that, uh, Linda is a patient of mine. I seriously doubt she'll mind handing over the case.

LOGAN: How fast can you get to Harbor Lights?

DR. CARR: Fifteen minutes.

LOGAN: Well, find out everything you can about the people who treated Max. See if anyone noticed anything unusual about her physiology.

DR. CARR: I will.

LOGAN: We can't risk that kind of exposure. We can't let anyone tip to the fact that she's different.

DR. CARR: I know the drill, Logan. I won't let anything happen to her.

LOGAN: All right. See you there.

---

(Later, in the hospital, Dr. Carr walks down the hall with Dr. Harrington.)

DR. HARRINGTON: Once we got the bleeding under control, surgery went off without a hitch. She should be up and running in a few days.

DR. CARR: Any tests run?

DR. HARRINGTON: The usual. They haven't come back yet, though.

DR. CARR: Should've had 'em back hours ago.

DR. HARRINGTON: This place...yesterday we ran out of sterile gloves. Gloves! You believe that? Bet that never happens at Crestview, though.

DR. CARR: Thanks again, Colleen.

DR. HARRINGTON: No problem. Hey, listen, Sam? Word of advice--keep your distance when she wakes up.

DR. CARR: Why's that?

(She rolls up her sleeve and shows him the bruise on her forearm.)

DR. HARRINGTON: Girl's got a grip like a vise.

DR. CARR: Thanks for the warning.

DR. HARRINGTON: No problem.

---

(In the hospital's lab, a lab tech looks for Max's blood sample while Dr. Carr waits.)

LAB TECH: Eastman...Eastman...There you go. I was just about to get to it.

DR. CARR: Great. I'm gonna have it run at a private lab.

LAB TECH: No sweat off my back.

---

(In her room, Max wakes up. She starts to sit up but winces in pain, then takes a look at the bloody bandage on her wound and groans. Looking around, she notices her file hanging on a clipboard on the wall. Slowly she stands up, detaches the clipboard from the wall, and looks at her file. A nurse enters the room.)

NURSE: Mrs. Eastman, you really shouldn't be out of bed, you know.

MAX: Oh. Sorry.

NURSE: You have a visitor.

MAX: I do?

NURSE: Mm-hmm. Your husband's been waiting to see you.

(Logan walks in, smiling.)

LOGAN: Hello, Linda.

MAX: Hey, you.

NURSE: Visiting hours are over in a couple minutes. Try to keep it short.

(The nurse leaves. Max tosses the clipboard onto the bed.)

MAX: Nice haircut.

LOGAN: Nice gunshot wound.

MAX (sitting on the bed): If I knew this is all it took to get a visit from Logan Cale, I would've gotten my ass shot up a while ago.

(Logan sets a bag on the bed.)

LOGAN: Brought you a change of clothes.

MAX: Thanks.

(Awkward silence.)

LOGAN: So how you feeling?

MAX: Like gettin' out of here.

LOGAN (smiling): Well, there's no need. I got Sam Carr to take over your case. He's going to look out for you. Nobody'll be the wiser. Why don't you lie down and relax?

MAX: Yeah, okay. Guess it would be kinda weird if I just jumped up and left a few hours after I got slugged in the gut.

(Max gets under the covers and lies down. Logan starts to reach out and help her, but remembers the virus and stops.)

LOGAN: Yeah, how'd that happen, anyway? Thought you were supposed to be faster than a speeding bullet.

MAX: I wish. I was trying to get this kid out of the crossfire. Lost track of the shooter.

(The nurse knocks on the door and gestures at her watch through the window.)

MAX: Guess you better get going.

LOGAN: Yeah. Uh...if you don't mind, I was going to come by tomorrow, just to check on you...see how you're doing.

MAX: Yeah. I'd like that.

LOGAN: Okay. Bye.

MAX: Bye.

---

(In the lab the next day, a computer beeps an alert. The lab tech looks at the monitor.)

LAB TECH: What...?

(He picks up the phone and dials. Shortly afterward, Dr. Harrington is standing next to him, looking at the monitor. We see it showing a picture of Max's blood cells, with her virus clearly visible.)

DR. HARRINGTON: This is not good.

LAB TECH: I ran it through the PCA. It came back as a match to that Hanta virus that turned up in L.A. a couple years ago.

DR. HARRINGTON: Yeah, but the protein structure's different. Must be a mutated strain.

LAB TECH: Is it virulent?

DR. HARRINGTON: Sure as hell looks it. The RNA's replicating like crazy. Who's the patient?

LAB TECH: Uh...(looks through some files)...Eastwood. L. Eastwood.

DR. HARRINGTON: Can't be right. He was my patient. I released him this morning.

LAB TECH: It says so right there. L. Eastwood.

DR. HARRINGTON (looking at the files): L. Eastman. You mixed them up.

LAB TECH: Oh, my God.

DR. HARRINGTON: CDC's gonna want to know about this. We could be looking at L.A. all over again.

---

(On a driving range, White is hitting golf balls into the harbor. His cell phone, which is lying on the ground, rings. White leaves it on the ground and opens it with his golf club.)

WHITE: This better be important.

OTTO: It is, sir.

WHITE: All right. Hit me, Otto.

OTTO: Communications just intercepted a call to the CDC from Harbor Lights Medical. Seems they're treating a patient contaminated by an unidentified viral agent. The CDC dispatched a team to assess the situation.

WHITE: And I should find this interesting because...?

OTTO: Patient's only distinguishing mark was a tattoo on the back of her neck. The barcode, sir. It's 452. (White scowls and hits another ball.) Are you still there, sir?

WHITE: Still here, Otto. Assemble the team. We'll rendezvous in twenty.

OTTO: Yes, sir.

---



(In her room, Max wakes up to find a man standing next to her bed. The man is wearing a biohazard suit.)

MAX: Who are you?

MAN: My name's Dr. George. I'm with the Centers for Disease Control.

(Several other people in similar suits are sealing off her room with clear plastic.)

MAX: What are they doing here?

DR. GEORGE: Try to keep calm. It's just a precaution until we can determine the origin of your infection.

MAX: My what?

DR. GEORGE: When you were brought into the ER yesterday, your blood was run through a special machine. That machine detected a virus in your system. The hospital called us in so we could help you.

MAX (smiling): I'm not contagious. You don't need any of this crap.

DR. GEORGE: Well, we just want to be sure.

MAX (sitting up): I am sure. I'm going home.

DR. GEORGE: Please, we need to run some tests, but I promise we won't hurt you. We'll do everything we can to keep you comfortable.

MAX (sarcastically): Oh, as long as I'm a comfortable prisoner, that's a whole 'nother deal.

MAN OUTSIDE THE PLASTIC: We're sealed up here. Ready to decontaminate.

MAX (rolling her eyes): Come on. (removes the tubes from her arm.)

DR. GEORGE (to the man): Go ahead. (To Max) I'm going to have to give you a physical test. Check for lesions, scar tissue, anything out of the ordinary.

(He touches her shoulder. Max brushes him off.)

MAX: Nice try, perv. (Stands up)

DR. GEORGE: Mrs. Eastman, please. Don't make me put you in restraints.

(Max walks over to the plastic and addresses the man blocking the zippered door.)

MAX: Out of my way, now, or I'm counting to three. You know what? No, I'm not.

(Max starts to approach the door, but her knees buckle. Dr. George catches her.)

DR. GEORGE: It's not a good idea to exert yourself so soon after surgery.

MAX: I'm fine.

DR. GEORGE: No, you're not fine. In fact, you've lost a great deal of blood. If you're not careful, you just might--(Max faints)--faint.

(Dr. George and the other man put Max back on the bed.)

---

(Outside, Logan parks his car at the hospital and walks in, carrying some flowers. Seconds later, a car pulls up with White and Otto inside.)

WHITE: This is going to be a pissing contest.

OTTO: Sir?

WHITE: Well, the CDC's hardly gonna hand her over if they think she's a biohazard.

OTTO: So what do we do now?

(White opens a briefcase. It contains identification badges from the FBI, the NSA, and the CIA--all of which bear his name and likeness. He selects the one from the FBI and closes the briefcase.)

WHITE: Now? Well, now we, uh, go home. We pray really, really hard that she doesn't expose the massive government conspiracy that we've been assigned to cover up.

OTTO: Oh, sarcasm. Very good, sir.

(White rolls his eyes and gets out of the car.)

---

(Inside the hospital, the lobby is swarming with sector cops. One of them stops Logan.)

SECTOR COP: No visitors. Check in over there.

(Logan steps over to the check-in desk and speaks to the cop standing behind it.)

SECTOR COP: Can I help you, sir?

LOGAN: Yeah. I'm, uh, here to see my wife.

SECTOR COP: This facility's under CDC quarantine. No one's allowed beyond this point.

LOGAN: Did something happen?

SECTOR COP: Lady on the sixth floor has a nasty bug inside of her. CDC's here to check it out.

LOGAN: When you say "bug," what kind of bug are you talking about?

(White walks into the lobby.)

SECTOR COP: Can't let you through here, sir.

WHITE (flashing his I.D.): Special Agent Ames White, FBI. I'm here for Linda Eastman.

(Logan listens in alarm. He doesn't turn around, instead leaving his back toward White so as to remain unnoticed.)

SECTOR COP: You'll have to talk to one of the CDC guys.

WHITE: What, are you slow? I'm FBI. I don't need to talk to anybody.

(White keeps walking. The sector cop steps out from behind the desk and blocks him.)

WHITE: Out of the way, bub.

SECTOR COP: I don't care who you are. No one gets by without clearance.

(Nearby, Dr. George steps off an elevator and speaks to a man who was on the elevator with him.)

DR. GEORGE: Run that through our PCA and see if you can't get a more specific match.

WHITE: You in charge here?

DR. GEORGE: I am.

(Logan steps closer to hear better while blending in with the crowd.)

WHITE: Special Agent Ames White. I understand that you're treating a Linda Eastman. Is that correct?

DR. GEORGE: Correct. What's it to the FBI?

WHITE: She tops our most-wanted list. I need her prepped and ready for transport in fifteen minutes.

DR. GEORGE: You're kidding, right?

WHITE: I wish I was.

DR. GEORGE: Well, what did she do?

WHITE: I'm afraid that information is classified.

DR. GEORGE: Well, classified or not, she's not going anywhere.

WHITE: I don't think you understand, Doctor. I'm not asking you. I'm telling you.

DR. GEORGE: Tell me again.

WHITE: This is a matter of national security.

DR. GEORGE: I'm sure it is, but until I know what I'm dealing with here, I'm keeping her under quarantine.

WHITE: I am taking her. Now.

(A news crew enters. A reporter speaks into the news camera.)

REPORTER: ...public has a right to know what's going on. (To Dr. George) Doctor, Channel Three News. Can I get a statement?

DR. GEORGE: Smile, Mr. White. You're on Candid Camera.

REPORTER: What's the CDC doing at Harbor Lights?

DR GEORGE (to White): Now unless you want me to walk over there and tell that reporter that you're going to override a CDC quarantine and expose the public to a health threat, I think we're done here. (White scowls.) Thought so.

(Dr. George steps over to the news crew. White leaves the hospital, passing Logan, who hides his face behind the flowers. After White has passed, Logan leaves the flowers at the desk and follows White outside.)

(Outside, White approaches the car and Otto gets out to talk to him.)

WHITE: CDC idiot won't turn her over. Not willingly.

OTTO: Has he figured out what she is yet?

WHITE: No, but it won't be long before he figures out he's not dealing with a regular girl.

(Logan casually passes by a short distance away, listening.)

OTTO: If she decides she's got nothing to lose, she could tell him what she knows and blow this whole thing wide open.

WHITE: We have to find a way to get to her. Terminate her before she does.

---

(That night, Dr. George steps through the plastic into Max's room. He is not wearing a biohazard suit. Max's wrists are in restraints.)

MAX: Hey, doc. Where's your body condom? Better hope I don't sneeze.

DR. GEORGE: Your test results just came in. You're not contagious.

MAX: Wow. Told you that about a thousand times.

DR. GEORGE: Well, we needed to take every precaution. Hope you understand.

MAX: Yeah. You know, we could still be best friends. (Indicates the restraints) Why don't you take these precautions off of me and I can get the hell out of here?

DR. GEORGE: I'm afraid that won't be possible. At least not yet.

MAX: Question--did you pay your malpractice insurance? 'Cause, you know, I'd prefer a cash settlement to taking your house and car.

DR. GEORGE: You know, when we ran these tests, we made some very interesting discoveries about your DNA. (Max doesn't react) Why don't you look surprised?

MAX: What's wrong with my DNA?

DR. GEORGE: Nothing. In fact, these are some of the most amazing samples of genetic material I've ever seen. Every single matched pair coded with information. Not a single speck of junk DNA in the entire batch. I'm wondering if this has something to do with your enhanced recuperative powers.

MAX: So now you're keeping me here because I'm too healthy.

DR. GEORGE: Would it surprise you to know that there's a man from the FBI here? He seems to think you're a national security threat. Wants me to turn you over to him.

MAX (quietly): You can't do that.

DR. GEORGE: No. I don't intend to. I'm taking you to CDC headquarters. Gonna see if we can't figure out the mystery of Linda Eastman. (Max looks worried) Hey, don't look so down. Atlanta's very beautiful this time of year.

---

(Outside in the rain, Otto and another man stand under an umbrella. White is sitting in the car and talking on his cell phone.)

MAN: Who's he talking to?

OTTO: I didn't ask. He didn't say.

(A few cars away, Logan is sitting in his Aztek and keeping an eye on White. He waits for his laptop to make a connection.)

LOGAN: Come on, come on. (Connects) There we go.

(From Logan's laptop, we hear the voice of a man on the other end of White's call.)

MAN'S VOICE: From our ancestors. For our children's children.

WHITE: From my father before me. For my sons.

MAN'S VOICE: Why have you called me?

WHITE: I need help. Do we have a Familiar at Harbor Lights Hospital?

MAN'S VOICE: Elizabeth Blanchard. Nurse.

WHITE: I was hoping you'd say that. I'm always prepared to reciprocate. You know how to reach me.

MAN'S VOICE: We'll be in touch.

(White hangs up and dials another number. Logan's laptop loses its connection.)

LOGAN: Damn it!

(Logan tries to reestablish his connection. Meanwhile, the nurse who showed Logan into Max's room looks at a computer screen at the nurse's station.)

NURSE: Mario, could you check on 604? Guy's monitor's on the fritz again. (The phone rings) Nurse's station. Mm-hmm. (To another nurse standing nearby) Betty?

SECOND NURSE: Yeah?

FIRST NURSE: Line two.

(Betty picks up another phone and the first nurse hangs up.)

BETTY (into phone): Yes?

WHITE: From my father before me. For my sons.

BETTY: From my mother before me. For my daughters.

WHITE: A Familiar needs your help.

BETTY: I'm listening.

(Logan reestablishes his connection.)

LOGAN: There you go.

(We hear the rest of the conversation through Logan's laptop.)

BETTY: You want me to kill her?

WHITE: Is that a problem for you?

BETTY: I could never refuse a Familiar.

WHITE: Very good. Contact me when it's done.

(They hang up. Betty speaks to the other nurse.)

BETTY: Sue?

SUE: Mm-hmm?

BETTY: Can you cover me for a minute?

SUE: Sure thing.

BETTY: Thanks.

(Logan begins trying to connect to something else.)

(Betty takes a syringe and a vial from a shelf and walks to Max's room.)

BETTY: Hi there. Dr. George wanted me to check on you, see how his favorite patient today.

(Logan hacks into a 3-D diagram of the building.)

LOGAN: There we go.

(Betty prepares the syringe.)

MAX: What's that?

BETTY: This is just a little something to help you sleep.

MAX: I'd sleep fine if people would stop coming in here every ten minutes.

BETTY: Doctor's orders.

(Logan accesses Max's heart monitor.)

LOGAN: Come on, Max, listen.

(Max's heart monitor flatlines.)

MAX: Why is it doing that? I feel fine.

(They both look at the monitor. It stops flatlining and instead beeps at varying intervals.)

BETTY: Hmm. Probably just a glitch. I'm sure it's nothing to worry about.

MAX: Maybe you should go check it out.

(Logan controls the heart monitor by typing on his laptop.)

LOGAN: White...has...someone...inside...

(Max notices the pattern.)

MAX: Six...three...two...six...

BETTY: Now this might burn a little bit, and then it's off to dreamland.

LOGAN: You're...in...

MAX: ...danger.

(The nurse starts to insert the needle into Max's I.V. tube. Max pulls against her restraints and manages to free herself. She rips the tube out of her arm.)

BETTY: What are you doing?

MAX: I'm suddenly feeling a whole lot better.

BETTY: You still have to take your medicine.

(Max kicks Betty against the wall and jumps out of bed on the other side, ready to fight.)

BETTY: Transgenic filth. I was trying to make it painless for you. Now it's going to hurt.

MAX: Took the words right out of my mouth.

(Max kicks the bed so that it pins Betty to the wall. Betty throws the bed out of the way and strikes a fighting stance.)

MAX: Let me guess. You're one of White's breeding-cult psychos. (They begin to fight) You'd think after ten generations of selective reproduction, you wouldn't have such a fat ass.

(Max and Betty continue fighting. Betty gets Max onto the ground, grabs some of the plastic that had been pushed aside after the quarantine was lifted, and covers Max's face with it in an effort to suffocate her. Max spots the dropped syringe on the ground and reaches for it. When she manages to reach it, she drives it into Betty's leg.)

BETTY: Is that supposed to hurt? I don't feel pain. How about you?

(Max head-butts her and manages to stand up, wincing in pain from her gunshot wound. Betty removes the syringe from her leg and rushes at Max with it. Max drops to the ground, throwing Betty over her, through the window. Betty falls six stories as White and Logan watch. White gets out of the car and runs over to Betty, along with Otto and the other man. Logan ducks a little as White passes. Sector cops and hospital staff also approach Betty.)

OTTO: My God. She's alive.

WHITE: Stay with her. I'm gonna see if Dr. George is ready for some help. (Leaves.)

OTTO (calling): Let's get some help here!

(White runs around to the side of the building. After checking to make sure no one is around, he leaps up to a second-story ledge and continues running.)

---

(In an office inside the hospital)

DR. GEORGE: All right, let me see if I can get this straight, Doctor. You're trying to tell me that she has been your patient for over a year, and you never noticed anything unusual about her bloodwork?

DR. CARR: She's only been to see me twice--once for a cold, once for the stomach flu. There was never any need for bloodwork.

(Dr. George hands Dr. Carr a copy of the tabloid the man in the gas line was reading.)

DR. CARR (laughing): This is why you're harassing my patient? You think she's some sort of mutant?

DR. GEORGE: Have you ever heard of Manticore, Doctor?

DR. CARR: Can't say that I have.

DR. GEORGE: Rumor has it Manticore was a covertly-funded genetic engineering facility. Grew babies in test tubes and trained them to be super-soldiers.

DR. CARR: With all due respect, Doctor, I think you've seen one too many science-fiction movies.

(A man who had been speaking on the phone in the background interrupts them.)

MAN: Doctor? Linda Eastman's escaped.

---



(With the bag of clothes over her shoulder, Max sneaks down a hallway, holding her side and wincing. As she passes a cart with some bandages on it, she takes a few and adds them to her wound. She looks up at a sign above a nearby door; it says "MORGUE.")

(Minutes later, a couple of cops notice blood spots on the floor outside the morgue. They enter, guns raised, and look around. When they spot a body on a table, covered by a sheet, they nod to each other and uncover it. It is not Max. They leave the morgue, not noticing that Max is hiding under a cart just outside the door. Once they're gone, she slips inside the morgue and closes the door.)

---

(In his car, Logan is listening in on radio communications. We hear one of the cops.)

COP'S VOICE: Thought we had her. She's gone. She couldn't have gone far.

(Logan's cell phone rings.)

LOGAN: Hello?

MAX: Linda Eastman. I'm looking for my husband.

LOGAN: Are you all right?

(In the morgue, Max has changed clothes and is tying her boots while talking on the phone.)

MAX: Been better. I take it that was you on the other end of my EKG.

LOGAN: Yeah, it was the best I could do on short notice.

MAX: How'd you know that bitch was coming after me, anyway?

LOGAN: I hacked into White's cell. I heard him call in a favor from one of his no-pain, no-gain freaks.

MAX: Yeah, well, she's hurting now. Any chance of you getting me out of here before White finds another way in?

LOGAN: Yeah, I'm working on it, but hospital security's got every exit blocked. (Logan's computer loses its connection.) Damn it!

MAX: What's wrong?

LOGAN: It's the damn news team. Every time they broadcast, it interferes with my signal.

MAX: Got a feeling they're interfering with your cell. I can barely hear you.

LOGAN: Yeah, I can't hear you either. (Logan glances at the news van and gets an idea.) Max, get to the roof as fast as you can.

MAX: Then what?

LOGAN: The top floor has been closed due to budget cuts. It's totally abandoned. (Through static) Shouldn't be any security up there. (More clearly) I need you to get to the roof, Max.

MAX: Logan?

LOGAN (through static): ...hear me? Get to the roof.

MAX: Logan!

(Finally there is too much static and Max hangs up.)

LOGAN: Max? Max! (hangs up)

(Max sees cops passing by the morgue doors. She walks over to a ventilator hood, removes the grating, and crawls up into the air duct.)

---

(Outside, Logan bangs on the driver's-side window of the news van. The driver rolls the window down. He is busy eating and reading, and barely looks at Logan.)

LOGAN: Hey.

DRIVER: Hey.

LOGAN: I need to get in touch with Artie McKeon. Does your traffic report. He's a friend of mine.

DRIVER: Good for you. I'm busy.

(Logan reaches in and grabs him by the collar.)

DRIVER: Hey!

LOGAN: It's an emergency.

---

(Max emerges from the air duct into the dark top floor of the hospital. She looks around at the abandoned equipment and sees a door with a sign that says "ROOF ACCESS." As she heads for it, a light shines on her.)

VOICE: I wouldn't do that if I were you.

(Max turns to see two cops aiming guns at her.)

COP: Sorry, ma'am, but we're under strict orders to keep you in the confines of this facility.

MAX: How strict?

COP: Please put your hands up.

(Suddenly the cops are shot from behind. As they fall, we see White holding the gun. Max quickly hides.)

WHITE: Wait! I'm on your side here! I killed them to protect us. You have any idea what would happen if the CDC discovered what you really are? If they told the rest of the world what you really are? (Gun drawn, he begins approaching the spot where he last saw her.)

MAX (from her hiding place): I got one for you. What if they find out about your little breeding program?

WHITE: I'm trying to help you, 452.

MAX: Sure you are. That's why you sent that nurse to kill me.

(Max crawls a short distance, grimacing. White follows the sound of her voice.)

WHITE: I couldn't take the risk that you might decide to talk. It wasn't anything personal.

MAX: That's good to know.

(As White talks, he keeps looking around for Max, slowly getting closer.)

WHITE: I'm a practical man. And at this point, the only way to keep the CDC from uncovering who you really are is to help you escape--alive.

MAX: Yeah, right.

WHITE: Come on, 452. You're only making this harder on the both of us. Someone might have heard those gunshots, and if they did, they'll be here any minute.

(From her spot behind a counter, Max throws a metal object so that it clatters on the floor some distance away from her, in an effort to throw White off. He doesn't fall for it, instead drawing closer to her actual position.)

WHITE: You want to go back into quarantine, or do you want to go home?

(He jumps onto the countertop and looks down. Max is no longer there. She moves around while White continues to look for her, gun still drawn.)

WHITE: I'm not gonna hurt you. You ever heard the expression "My enemy's enemy is my friend?" Well, the CDC, in their ill-fitting rubber suits, are your enemies. They're my enemies too, so that makes me your friend.

(Max is hiding on the ceiling. White does not see her as he passes underneath.)

WHITE: Come on, 452. I'll make you a deal. I'll put my gun down; you come out. Deal? Huh? (Max doesn't answer) I'll take that as a yes. Que tacet, consentire videtur. My pronunciation sucks, but that's Latin. It means, "He who is silent is understood to consent." It's a legal term. I went to law school. Bet you didn't know that.

(He removes the clip from his gun and sets the gun and the clip down on the floor. Max drops from the ceiling with a grimace, still out of White's sight.)

WHITE: See? We're sharing. We're getting to know one another. Now I've held up my part of the bargain. I'd say it's time that you held up yours. (brushes his jacket aside and touches another gun holstered at his hip) Chop chop, 452. Time's wasting.

(He quickly turns around and draws his gun. Before he can shoot, Max hits him in the head with a heavy metal object, and he falls to the floor. Max runs through the roof-access door and up a flight of stairs. White follows.)

(On the roof, White looks around for Max, gun drawn. As he rounds a corner, Max kicks him. White punches her a few times and Max falls to the ground. White kicks her twice at the point of her injury. He retrieves the gun he had dropped when she kicked him and stands over her.)

WHITE: It's been fun, as always. Bye, 452.

(As White raises his gun, the Channel Three traffic helicopter appears over the building. Momentarily distracted, White glances over his shoulder at it, and Max takes the opportunity to break his leg with a kick. He falls to the ground, and Max stands up.)

(In the helicopter, Logan puts on a pair of leather gloves.)

(White sees his gun lying a short distance away and starts crawling toward it. Max staggers over toward the helicopter. The pilot drops the helicopter until it is just a few feet off the roof. Logan extends his hand.)

LOGAN: Max, take my hand!

(Max hesitates. She looks over her shoulder and sees White drawing closer to the gun.)

LOGAN: Now, Max! Take my hand!

(After another moment of hesitation, Max grabs Logan's arm. With Logan's help, she climbs into the helicopter as it begins to rise. White reaches the gun and begins shooting, but misses, and eventually stops when the helicopter is too far away.)

LOGAN: You okay?

MAX: Not even close.

---

(Later, in Max and Original Cindy's apartment, Max is sitting on the couch. Logan is sitting at the kitchen counter, fiddling with something. Original Cindy puts a pillow under Max's ankle, which is wrapped up.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Better?

MAX: Better. Thanks.

ORIGINAL CINDY (to Logan): I know you saved my girl and all, but couldn't you have brought her back in better condition than this?

MAX: O.C.!

ORIGINAL CINDY: What? You have a hole in your stomach, you got a sprained ankle, couple cracked ribs, not to mention all the cuts and bruises all over the damn place. (To Logan) Do me a favor. CDC ever lock me down in quarantine, leave me there.

(They all chuckle.)

LOGAN: Consider it done.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Just so long as we understand each other.

MAX: Hey, do we have any more of that soup left? I'm kinda hungry.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I'll go heat some up for you.

(Original Cindy goes to the kitchen. Logan approaches Max.)

LOGAN: Well, looks like you're in pretty good hands.

MAX: Looks like.

LOGAN: I got some Eyes Only stuff that I gotta take care of, so... (Starts to leave)

MAX: Hey.

LOGAN (turning back eagerly): What?

MAX: Thanks. For...(Indicates her ankle)...you know.

(She smiles. After a moment, Logan smiles very briefly.)

LOGAN: Yeah. (Pause) Take care of yourself, Max.

(Max's smile fades. Logan leaves. Original Cindy rejoins Max.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: So things are still weird between you and Logan?

MAX: Yeah, I guess.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Man still loves you, you know. Risked his ass to save your life.

MAX: Yeah.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Wasn't for him, the CDC would have their hands on a real live transgenic. Now all they got's a few funky lab results.

MAX: And a whole lot of questions. They're gonna want answers, and I got a feeling they won't stop until they get them. We can't hide forever. Sooner or later, we're gonna run out of luck...and I don't even want to think about what'll happen then.

---

(Somewhere else, a man is leafing through a binder that contains Max's hospital files, a picture of her in her hospital bed, her DNA workup, and a picture of her blood cells. The man closes the binder and looks at the man sitting next to him. The second man is Dr. George. He nods, and the first man puts the binder in his briefcase. We see they are sitting on a park bench. The first man walks away. Dr. George continues to sit there as the landscape of Washington, D.C., is revealed behind him.)

DARK ANGEL  
Season Two, Episode #14: "Love in Vein"  
First Aired 3/8/2002

(In Max and Original Cindy's living room, Original Cindy is finishing painting her nails.)

ORIGINAL CINDY (calling to the other room): Max, if we don't leave absolutely, positively right now, we won't get in.

(Max doesn't answer. Original Cindy heads toward Max's bedroom to check on her.)

ORIGINAL CINDY (muttering): Girl is always late.

(In the bedroom, Original Cindy sees that Max is wearing a clubbing outfit that shows a good amount of skin.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: My oh my.

MAX (lifting her hair): Can you see my barcode?

ORIGINAL CINDY (smiling): No, but sugar, the rest of you is comin' in loud and clear.

MAX: I'm done with being miserable.

ORIGINAL CINDY: It's about time.

MAX: And I'm through with feeling sorry for myself. And since you got love at the classiest club in town, tonight we're gonna party like it's 2099.

---

(Later, Max and Original Cindy are waiting in a long line outside the club.)

MAX: Thought you said you were tight with the bouncer.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Boom Boom. He's gotta be around here somewhere.

MAX: Thought you said he was gonna get us in.

ORIGINAL CINDY: He will as soon as he sees that we're in line.

(A car roars up. Two guys and two girls get out, whooping and laughing, and head for the door.)

MAX: Oh. Looks like they're tight with Boom Boom, too.

(The four people, all of whom are wearing white makeup with darkened eyes, start walking in the door. A suited bouncer tries to stop them.)

ONE OF THE GUYS: Ha! To the Marrow, brother!

ANOTHER GUY: To the Marrow!

BOUNCER: Excuse me, we've got a reservation policy.

ONE OF THE GIRLS: We're the entertainment.

BOUNCER: You can't-- (To the other bouncer) Get Boom Boom.

(The other bouncer goes inside.)

(Inside the club, the four people weave through the dancing crowd, taking drinks out of their hands, bumping into them, and laughing.)

(Outside)

ORIGINAL CINDY: I'm gonna go up front and I'm gonna see what's going on. If I come back and find out that you bailed--

MAX: I'm not gonna bail. I'm here to have a good time.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Okay.

(Inside, one of the guys jumps onto the bar and does a flip.)

GUY ON BAR: Whoo! Have no fear, excitement is here! (Looking at the women in the crowd.) Oh, somebody pinch me. I think I've died and gone to heaven.

BARTENDER: Off the bar, buddy!

(The guy kicks the bartender in the head.)

GUY ON BAR: Not you, Mr. Serious.

(He pockets a bill from the tip jar and sits down on the bar, addressing a woman nearby.)

GUY ON BAR: Oh, hey there, creature of the night. (Pointing to different women) I want you. I want you. Oh, I want you. I want--hell, I want all of you. Concubinage.

(A man in the crowd approaches as if to get him off the bar.)

MAN: Come on, man.

(The guy on the bar kicks him. He whoops and goes back to walking around on the bar. Meanwhile, the other three members of the group are weaving through the crowd and stealing wallets and purses.)

GUY ON BAR: What a crowd!

(He drinks from a glass that was sitting on the bar and then hurls it against the wall. He does a backflip off the bar. The other three members of the group are still stealing money. Two of them kiss.)

(Outside, Original Cindy is talking to the bouncer, describing Boom Boom.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Boom Boom. Big brother. Built like--just big. (The bouncer waves some other people in.) And gets real mean when his friends get left out in line!

BOUNCER: I know who Boom Boom is. Now, you're gonna have to wait like everyone else.

ORIGINAL CINDY: That ain't waitin' in line. That is doin' time.

(The gang inside continues to pick pockets. The guy who had been standing on the bar approaches a man in the crowd. The man is wearing a suit.)

GUY: Dude! Dude, I love your tie. Hey, can I have it?

(He punches the man, swings him around by the necktie, and lets him go so that the man slams into a table and falls to the floor.)

GUY: Never mind.

(One of the girls in the group, a brunette, kisses the man on the floor, then takes his money. The other girl, a blonde, goes up to the guy who knocked the man down and yells at him.)

BLONDE: What are you doing, Push? You lost it?

PUSH: You lost it. You're the one who's crashing.

(The other guy in the group joins them.)

SECOND GUY: Come on! Let's jack the house money and get gone from this dreck!

(He leaves, followed by the girls, and after a moment Push follows. He glances behind him to see two large bouncers headed their way--the second bouncer from outside, and a guy who must be Boom Boom. Push smiles.)

(Outside)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Just call Boom Boom.

BOUNCERS: You think every time that someone claims to know him, Boom Boom's just gonna come runnin' out the door?

(Suddenly, the door bursts open and Push throws Boom Boom to the ground. Several people scream. The other guy in the group smashes the suited bouncer's head into the glass of the ticket window, shattering it, then reaches inside. Max leaves her place in line and heads up front. Push kicks Boom Boom a couple of times, hard. The brunette walks out the door, followed by the other bouncer.)

ORIGINAL CINDY (rushing forward): Hey! Ghost face!

(The brunette shoves Original Cindy into the brick wall of the building. Max is still running up the line. The second guy waves some money.)

SECOND GUY: I got it! Let's go!

(Push is punching Boom Boom repeatedly. The blonde tries to restrain him.)

BLONDE: No! You'll kill him! Come on! Come on!

(Original Cindy sees barcodes on their necks.)

(The blonde manages to pull Push away, and all four of them run to their car and hop in.)

SECOND GUY: To the Marrow! Ha ha ha!

PUSH: To the Marrow! Whoo!

(They drive away, whooping. Max reaches the front of the line and kneels by Original Cindy.)

MAX: Are you okay? What happened?



ORIGINAL CINDY: Those line-jumpers...they had barcodes, Max.

(Opening credits)

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(In a clinic, the blonde approaches the check-in window. Her makeup is smeared, her hair is messed up, and she is hoarse and near tears.)

BLONDE: Please, um...I need help. I'm sick.

WOMAN AT THE WINDOW: Are you injured?

BLONDE: I said I'm sick.

WOMAN: Okay. Um, have a seat, fill this out, and somebody will be with you shortly.

BLONDE: You don't understand.

WOMAN: Honey, you're gonna have to wait just like everybody else, okay?

(The blonde takes the clipboard the woman hands her and sits down in the waiting room. After filling out the form, she puts her head in her hands.)

(Later, Dr. Shankar picks up a file and addresses the waiting room.)

DR. SHANKAR: Donna Stein?

(She approaches the blonde, whose head is still in her hands.)

DR. SHANKAR: Excuse me, are you Donna Stein?

(The blonde shakes her head. Dr. Shankar notices the barcode on her neck.)

---

(At Jam Pony, Max is signing a cast on Original Cindy's arm. Normal passes by.)

NORMAL: What are you doing standing around? Let's go. Back to work. Bip. Bip.

MAX: I'm really sorry about your arm.

ORIGINAL CINDY: It's not your fault.

MAX: Except for how it was me who opened the cages and let everybody out of the Manticore zoo.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You let 'em out 'cause you figured that they'd be smart enough to lay low and blend in. Sounds to me like somebody needs to smack some sense into 'em.

MAX: Believe me, if I can find them, I will.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You talk to Logan about it?

MAX: No. I've put him through enough mutant mayhem to last a lifetime. Not to mention if I sneeze on the poor guy, he drops dead. No wonder he's over me.

ORIGINAL CINDY: He's not over you. Not ever. He just needs some time, that's all.

MAX: Which is why I don't need to do anything to remind him that I'm not just a regular girl. (Max's pager goes off. She checks it.) Logan.

ORIGINAL CINDY: What are you waiting for? Go call him back.

MAX: I don't know.

ORIGINAL CINDY: It's what a regular girl would do.

(Max smiles and heads for the pay phone. Alec is on it, with his cell phone on his other ear.)

ALEC (into pay phone): I told you the merchandise would be in today, and it's in. (Into cell phone) It's in, right? Good. (Into pay phone) Look, why don't you meet me around noon? We'll make the excha--

MAX: Excuse me.

ALEC (into phone): Hang on. (To Max) Trying to do a little business here, Max, okay?

MAX: People need to use the phone.

ALEC: Just give me a sec. (Into pay phone) Hello?

(Max ends his call.)

ALEC (annoyed): You know what you just did?

(Max takes the phone and starts dialing.)

ALEC: I'll forgive you--this time. (Into cell phone as he walks away) Hello? Hello? Yeah, I don't know. He had to go. Little girl problems.

---

(Logan wheels over to the ringing phone and answers it.)

LOGAN: Hey.

MAX: Hey.

LOGAN: How you doing?

MAX (awkwardly): So, uh...how's your week been?

LOGAN: Slow.

MAX: Tell me about it.

LOGAN (after an awkward pause): Well, I thought you should know I've been getting all kinds of earplay about some kind of whacked-out gang.

MAX: Uh-huh.

LOGAN: Revved up. And, need I say it, barcodes.

MAX: Yeah, I heard something about that.

LOGAN: Well, they're drawing attention to themselves, which is not good, especially after the close call you had last week. Rumors are still flying about how the CDC had their hands on a real live transgenic.

MAX: Nice to know they miss me.

LOGAN: Well, there's more. Beverly Shankar does pro bono at the Helman Clinic. She just contacted me about a girl with a barcode who walked into the ER about a half-hour ago. I thought maybe we should check it out.

MAX: It's okay. I'll do it. I mean, what's the big deal? I go in there, show her my barcode to prove I'm simpatico, give her the "you gotta lay low" speech, and send her on her way.

LOGAN: Well, I got a funny feeling about this one, Max.

MAX: Don't sweat it, Logan.

LOGAN: I'm not sweating it. I just thought that--

MAX: Got it covered. Thanks for the tip, okay?

LOGAN: Okay.

(They hang up. Original Cindy approaches.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Well?

MAX: He got a lead.

ORIGINAL CINDY: So much for being a regular girl, huh?

MAX: Come on. I'll take you home.

NORMAL: Hot run, 457 Slattery.

(He tosses a package at Original Cindy. She doesn't catch it and it drops to the floor.)

MAX: Can't you see she's hurt?

NORMAL: Oh. In that case, here you go. (Picks up the package and hands it to Max.)

MAX: Get someone else to do it. I'm taking her home.

NORMAL: No, there is nobody else.

(Alec walks by.)

MAX: Oh, sure there is.

(Max hands Alec the package, and she and Original Cindy leave.)

ALEC: Oh, I'd love to help you out with this, boss, but I, uh--

NORMAL: No buts. We're short-handed.

ALEC: No, I really can't. I--

NORMAL: Here, take these too. (Hands him several more packages.)

ALEC: I'm gonna be late for an appointment. I--

NORMAL: Well, get somebody to cover you. It's no skin off my nose.

(Normal walks away. Alec talks to coworkers passing by.)

ALEC: Sky. Buddy, pal. Hey.

SKY: Don't even think about it.

ALEC: Okay. Sketch, my man.

SKETCHY: No, dude, I can't.

ALEC: Somebody? Anybody?

---

(At Joshua's)

JOSHUA: Money? For me?

ALEC: We'll go fifty-fifty on my salary, and the tips you can keep.

JOSHUA: Rather paint.

ALEC: Come on, come on, this isn't for me. This is--this is for you. You know? A chance for you to get out there, see the world. I thought your kind liked to take walks. (Joshua growls at him.) Okay. All right. You know what? You can take my bike.

JOSHUA (interested): Bike?

ALEC (smiling): Huh? Ha ha.

JOSHUA (shaking his head): Max...

ALEC: You know, Max is a worrywart, and she treats you like a pet. Now do you want to be dependent on her for the rest of your life? You think she wants that?

JOSHUA: People afraid...of things they don't understand. Screaming...running...dog--

ALEC: Well, I got you covered. (Holds out a helmet.) Safety first, my friend. Try it on.

(Joshua puts on the helmet. The lower part of his face is covered.)

ALEC: Oh, it's perfect. I mean, no one would ever know there was a dog-boy under there. Now, here's your packages, all right? Great? (Hands his backpack to Joshua.) Here's your map. (Hands him a map.) Don't lose that. And remember, a messenger is friendly, courteous, and kind.

JOSHUA: Friendly, courteous, and kind.

ALEC: That's right. And always get a signature.

JOSHUA: Signature.

ALEC: Yeah. And no matter what happens, don't take the helmet off, okay?

JOSHUA: Safety first.

ALEC: Safety first. (Laughs) I'm so proud of you. (His cell phone rings.) Now I gotta go. Uh, meet me back here tonight. (Into phone) Hello? Yeah...

JOSHUA (as Alec leaves): Goodbye.

---

(At the clinic, the blonde is sitting in a chair with her eyes closed. She opens them and slowly focuses to see the other members of her group sitting nearby, watching her. She gets up and runs into the hallway.)

PUSH: Not thinking of leaving us, are ya?

(They catch her. Push holds her against the wall as she struggles.)

BLONDE: No! Let me go!

PUSH: Dumbass play, Lida. I can't believe you wanna go belly-up in a freakin' hospital bed.

LIDA (to the brunette): I trusted you, and you sold me out.

BRUNETTE: No. No.

SECOND GUY: Lida, relax.

BRUNETTE: Come with us. It's not too late.

PUSH: Marrow will help you. He's the only one who can, and you know that!

LIDA: I'm not going back!

SECOND GUY: Let's go.

(Max is walking down the clinic hallway with Dr. Shankar. They see the four walking away.)

DR. SHANKAR: There they are.

MAX: Hey!

(Max runs after them. They hurry outside to their car.)

SECOND GUY (supporting Lida): Get the door. Get the door.

(The brunette opens the door. The second guy helps Lida into the car.)

SECOND GUY (to Lida): You'll be okay. You'll be okay. You'll be all right. Watch your head.

(Push and Lida get in the car. Max comes out of the building and calls to them.)

MAX: Hey! Uh, children? We need to chat.

PUSH: Hey, what's with sweetpants over there?

SECOND GUY: Just get rid of her.

(They laugh. The brunette approaches Max.)

BRUNETTE: Who the hell are you?

MAX: Let's skip the Manticore handshake and cut to the chase. You and your playmates have been naughty little transgenics, not to mention stupid. Maybe I should just bend you over my knee.

BRUNETTE: Oh, yeah?

(The brunette takes a swing at Max. Max blocks the punch and knocks her to the ground.)

MAX: That was for my friend.

(The brunette gets up and takes another swing. Max kicks her in the gut and she falls to the ground again. She gets up and rushes at Max, who flips over her and kicks her into the side of the building.)

MAX: All that clubbing's slowed you down, hon.

BRUNETTE: I am gonna kill you, you bitch!

(She rushes at Max again. Max holds out her hand so the girl runs into it, face-first, and collapses.)

MAX (to the others): Who's next?

PUSH: Come on, sweetheart.

(Push starts to climb out of the car, but stops when Logan's Aztek roars in and comes to a sudden stop in front of their car. Push puts the car in reverse and backs up, then turns the car around and drives away. Logan gets out of his car and walks over to Max.)

MAX: What are you doing here?

LOGAN: Well, like I said, I thought you might need a hand.

(Max pins the brunette's arm behind her back.)

MAX: Guess you missed some training, sweetie. What are you? X-5? X-6?

BRUNETTE: X-what? What the hell are you talking about?

(Max pokes the brunette's barcode. The girl yelps in pain.)

BRUNETTE: Ow! Hey! Hey, hey! I just had it done! Take it easy!

MAX: What?

BRUNETTE: My tattoo.

(Max and Logan look surprised.)

LOGAN: She's not Manticore.

---

(Joshua walks down the hallway of an apartment building, wheeling Alec's bike and muttering to himself.)

JOSHUA: Friendly, courteous, kind. Friendly, courteous...(finds the door he's looking for)...kind. (Knocks) Jam Pony messenger!

(A woman holding a cat opens the door and smiles.)

WOMAN (excitedly): Oh, my God. My Franklin Mint plate collection. I can't believe it's here already.

JOSHUA: Sign here, please.

WOMAN: Here, you hold Leo. (Takes the clipboard and hands him the cat.)

JOSHUA: Uh...

WOMAN: You just made my year. Now hang on--you deserve a tip and a half.

(Joshua looks at the cat warily. The woman returns the clipboard after signing and ducks into the apartment to fetch Joshua's tip. The cat hisses at him.)

JOSHUA: Nice kitty.

(The cat growls and scratches him.)

WOMAN: What's going on out there?

(Joshua puts the cat inside the apartment and closes the door.)

JOSHUA (panicky): No tip. Keep the cat.

(He stops for a moment to recover, then heads down the hallway. A guy passes by, also wheeling a bike and carrying a backpack.)

GUY: Hey, man, how's it going?

JOSHUA: Made a delivery and the cat scratched me.

GUY: Oh, Leo. So you must have made chow mein out of that little rat, huh?

JOSHUA: Chow mein.

GUY: Yeah. He get you bad?

JOSHUA (showing him his scratched hand): Pretty bad.

GUY: I got just the thing. Little herb, you'll be feeling no pain.

(The guy digs into his backpack and hands Joshua a pipe.)

JOSHUA: Like father's pipe.

GUY: There you go. Like father, like son. (Pulls out a lighter.) Toke up, dude.

(Joshua puts the pipe in his mouth, behind the helmet, and the guy lights the pipe.)

---

(In Logan's living room, the brunette is sitting in an armchair while Max and Logan talk to her.)

LOGAN: Well, it looks like she's on something. Pupils are dilated. (To the brunette) And you're a little jumpy.

MAX: What's got you all revved up? Steroids? Amphetamines?

BRUNETTE: What's it to you?

MAX: Where'd you get the barcode?

BRUNETTE (smirking): Why, you want one?

MAX: I already got one.

(Max lifts her hair and shows off her barcode. The girl looks a little disturbed.)

BRUNETTE: Where'd you get that?

MAX: You tell me, I'll tell you.

BRUNETTE: No. No, I'm out of here. (Gets up)

MAX: I don't think so, girlie. (Shoves her back into the chair)

LOGAN: Look, you don't have to be scared.

BRUNETTE: I'm not scared of anything.

MAX: Maybe you should be.

BRUNETTE: Maybe you should be.

MAX: Why? You gonna hit my fist with your face again? Why don't you be a good little bad-ass and tell us what we want to know.



BRUNETTE: No need for that. You'll find that out from Marrow when he comes for me.

MAX: Marrow? Who the hell is Marrow?

---

(In a large building that used to be a church, we see a man with a barcode on his neck. The other three members of the group are in the room with him, along with two other people. Lida is lying on a couch. The man, whom we assume to be Marrow, is holding a church donation basket.)

MARROW: So tell me about this little firecracker you ran into.

(He holds out the basket and everybody puts money into it.)

PUSH: All I know, man, is she wasn't normal. She was amped up on something.

SECOND GUY: She took out Rain in, like, two seconds and said something about...what...uh, Mantle something? Push?

PUSH: Yeah, yeah, it was, um...Manticore?

MARROW (after a pause): Whatever. (To Lida) They were helping you. Taking care of you. Now we've lost Rain.

LIDA (weak and crying): I made a mistake. I know that now. Please. I just wanted to try and make it on my own. I'm sorry.

MARROW: You're sorry? (To Push) She's sorry.

(Push chuckles. Marrow hands him the basket and approaches Lida. He pulls out from his jacket a glass pipette, narrow at one end and wide at the other.)

MARROW: Let me ask you something. What were you before I gave you this incredible life that you're leading now?

LIDA (quietly): I don't know.

MARROW: What? I didn't quite catch that.

LIDA: I--I was ordinary.

MARROW: Ordinary. Lida, darling, you were a shadow. You were like the grass that grows too close to the fence to be cut, or the water gathering in an abandoned tire.

LIDA (still crying): Please. I hurt.

MARROW: Ordinary? You weren't even close. And then I made you strong. I made you special. It is a world gone Darwin out there, baby, and I jacked you up into the tribe of the alive. All of you! And...you betrayed me.

LIDA (shaking): I need to sip.

MARROW: Well, of course you do. I told you. I told you that this was forever, didn't I? (Kneels next to her and speaks softly.) Look at you. You know what the shaking means. Even if I helped you, you know it's too late.

LIDA: Please. Make it stop.

MARROW: I wish I could.

(He nods at one of the other people.)

(Upstairs, a door slams shut as Lida is locked into a room. She bangs on the door.)

LIDA: No! Please!

(Lida looks around and sees robes hanging and a statue propped up. She gasps, sinks to the floor, and continues sobbing.)

---

(At Logan's apartment, Rain is breathing heavily and staring into space as she mutters quickly.)

RAIN: May I live my life to the Marrow.

MAX: This is just great.

(Rain nearly collapses. Max props her up.)

MAX: Hey! You okay?

RAIN (urgently): You gotta let me go.

MAX: Tell me about the barcode.

RAIN: We only got them to be like him, okay?

MAX: Like who? This Marrow guy?

RAIN: I gotta go back. Please.

MAX: Looks like you're going through some kind of withdrawal. (Rain continues to pant. Max feels her cheek.) She's burning up.

LOGAN: Get her jacket off. I'll call Shankar and see if she can swing by and take a look at her. (Dials his cell phone)

RAIN: May I live my life to the Marrow. Strive. Reach.

MAX: Come on. Arms out. (Max takes Rain's jacket off.) What are you on?

RAIN: May I live life to the Marrow. Strive. Reach. Take.

(Max reaches into Rain's jacket pocket and pulls out a church donation envelope. It is full of cash and a little jewelry.)

RAIN (still muttering quickly): The true test of anyone's worth is...

LOGAN: She's on her way.

MAX (pocketing the envelope): Keep an eye on her. I'm gonna go.

LOGAN: Where?

MAX: To church.

RAIN: May I live life to the Marrow...

---

(Joshua and the guy he met in the hallway enter a building called Jah Bone. Mountain bikes and their parts hang from the walls and ceiling, and a guy and girl are seated at one of the tables.)

GUY: Guys, hey.

OTHER GUY: Hey.

FIRST GUY (to Joshua): Over here, Josh. (They approach the table.) Janis, Kurt, this is Josh. He works over at Jam Pony.

(The first guy sits down at the table. Kurt waves at Joshua. Joshua waves back.)

KURT: Sit down, man. You're like eight feet tall, dude. You're freaking me out.

(Joshua sits down.)

JANIS: You hungry, mystery man?

JOSHUA: Hungry. Like, a lot, dude.

JANIS: Great. We got some buffalo wings coming.

JOSHUA: Buffalo wings?

JANIS: Chicken wings.

JOSHUA: Ah, chicken with buffalo in his cocktail.

(The others laugh.)

FIRST GUY: Want some pretzels while we wait?

(He hands Joshua a bowl of pretzels. After trying to figure out how to eat them with the helmet on, Joshua raises the bowl and pours the pretzels behind the helmet into his mouth. The others laugh. After a moment, Joshua laughs too.)

FIRST GUY: You're all right, Josh.

---

(In the upstairs room, Lida is lying on the floor, shaking and moaning. Marrow kneels next to her and strokes her face.)

MARROW (softly): You brought this on yourself.

LIDA: I don't want to die.

MARROW: You should have thought about that before.

LIDA: I'm begging you.

MARROW: I'm not a cruel man. It pains me to see you suffer. Relief is here.

(He smothers her with a cloth.)

(Shortly afterward, Max silently enters the building and watches from a balcony. Marrow brings Lida's body, eyes still open, into the main room and lays it on the couch, as the others stand and watch.)

MARROW: She was our sister. Beautiful, devoted, passionate...a promiscuous advocate of mischief. (He closes Lida's eyes) It didn't have to end like this. Her death...senseless. She knew the covenant. She knew what we all know, that this...(holds up the glass pipette)...this is forever. Still she left, knowing that she couldn't survive without this.

(Marrow sits on a couch and rolls up his sleeve. He stabs his own arm with the narrow end of the pipette. As he flexes his wrist, the pipette fills with blood. One by one, the others sip from it.)

MARROW: You've all found what everyone else is searching for: strength in a fear-stricken world. And I've found you.

(Max hears a floorboard creak behind her. As she turns around, someone knocks her out.)

---

(Later, Max stands handcuffed to a column. Marrow sits a short distance away, watching her.)

MARROW: What are you doing here?

MAX: Came to light a candle.

MARROW: You shouldn't have come. This isn't your business.

MAX: You're Manticore; that makes it my business. What's your deal, anyway?

MARROW (smiling): What's my deal? I'm the Red Cross. I'm the motha of all blood brothas. I'm the bank of Sangria. Our good friends and neighbors at Manticore gave you the perfect body; they gave me the perfect blood.

MAX: Please. We're all universal donors.

MARROW: What? Please, that tap water you got in there? Uh-uh. No, this is the high-test stuff. Chock-full of endorphins, and coagulants, and all sorts of feel-good enzymes.

MAX: And you got those kids out there hooked on it. They don't know who you really are. They think you're some kind of holy vampire.

MARROW: They know what I give them. Temperament...vida...life.

MAX: Oh, really? What about that poor girl out there on the bench?

MARROW (standing up and screaming angrily): There is no out! She knew that! I am the only out!

(Max doesn't even flinch. Marrow calms down.)

MARROW: Gods. I make them gods. They get a taste of superiority, what it means to be like...us.

MAX: Us?

MARROW: Miss...I'm sorry, I never got your name.

MAX: Kiss my ass.

MARROW: You're cute. You're also a freak. You are a mutant, with tangled genetics and a barcode...just like me. The only difference between you and me is that you're still hunted, and I'm in demand. See, you are fooling yourself if you think you can go on hiding. Sooner or later, the world is going to realize that we are out there, and that we are better than they are. The time will come when they will declare war on our kind, and when they do, I'm gonna have my own private army to protect me. See, those kids out there...they'd do anything for me. Fight...kill...even die. They love me.

MAX: Love you?

MARROW: Well, they can't live without me. Isn't that the same thing? (Uncuffs her) Now, I really should kill you, but I want my Rain back. So I am going to let you go and hope that you send her back to me because if you don't, she'll die. And you can spin that any bloody way that you want, but at the end of the day, whose fault will that be?...Get out.

---

(At Jah Bone)

KURT: Where'd you say you came from, J-man?

JOSHUA: The basement.

(The others laugh. Joshua laughs along with them.)

FIRST GUY: I dig you, J-man. I dig your scene. You're, like...worldwide, man. You know?

(Janis sits in Joshua's lap.)

JOSHUA: Oh.

JANIS: You got a hottie stashed somewhere, mystery man?

JOSHUA: Hottie?

JANIS: A girl. You know, a little friend.

JOSHUA: Friend. Uh...Max--Max and Cindy friend.

KURT: What, two? You dog, you!

(They laugh.)

FIRST GUY (to Janis): Sorry, girl, doggie's got a kennel club and you're not invited.

JOSHUA: Oh, no, everyone invited to J-man's.

(Janis sticks out her tongue at the first guy.)

JANIS: My hero, my big dog. (Climbs off his lap)

JOSHUA (nodding): Joshua dog.

(They laugh. Kurt howls and barks. Joshua looks startled. The others break out into more laughter and Joshua laughs along.)

JOSHUA: Messengers rock!

FIRST GUY: Tell it, doggie!

JOSHUA: Friends--they like the...the doggie's dog.

(They're still laughing.)

KURT: Solid, baby-J. Solid.

JANIS: We love you, Josh.

(Kurt howls again.)

(The first guy sips his beer, and Kurt & Janis kiss. Nobody is looking at Joshua. Joshua takes off his helmet.)

JOSHUA: Joshua dog-boy.

FIRST GUY (still focused on his beer): A-freakin'-men. Joshua dog... (Looks up)

(Moments later, Joshua runs outside as we hear screams coming from inside. He grabs Alec's bike and runs home.)

---

(At Logan's, Rain is lying on the couch, panting and moaning. An I.V. hangs from the coatrack. Dr. Shankar is wiping Rain's neck with a cloth. Max and Logan watch from a short distance away.)

LOGAN: His blood? That's what they're amped on?

MAX: What can I say? Once you've had transgenic, you never go back.

LOGAN: The girl at the hospital?

MAX: She didn't make it.

RAIN (crying out): Oh! It burns!

(Logan approaches.)

DR. SHANKAR: She's postictal. Her heartbeat's arrhythmic, cardiac output weak...

LOGAN: We gotta do something.

DR. SHANKAR: At this rate, she might not survive the night. Unfortunately, this one of those that I've never seen before.

RAIN (moaning): Ohh. Please. Please, you gotta help me.

LOGAN: Rain, we're doing everything we can.

RAIN: I'll die without his blood. But it's not too late. Just take me to him. Okay?

LOGAN: It's not too late? How do you know?

RAIN: He told us. Marrow. Up front. He tells everyone up front. Once the shaking starts, you're gone.

(She moans again. Logan walks back over to Max.)

MAX: I can't believe I let something like him out there in the world.

LOGAN: You didn't know.

MAX: It's sick. The whole thing is sick. (watches Rain a moment) It's no use. There's nothing we can do.

LOGAN: I'll take her back.

MAX: Thanks. I just can't look at that guy again. I'm going to Joshua's.

---

(At Jam Pony)

ALEC (to Sketchy): Oh, yeah, I cleared like two grand on the deal.

NORMAL: Well, well, well. If it isn't God's gift to messengers.

SKETCHY: What's up?

NORMAL: I said God's gift, not God's blunder, moron. (To Alec) I got three people called say they didn't get their packages, huh?

ALEC: No, that can't be.

NORMAL: Let me see your signatures.

ALEC: The...yeah. (Digs around in his backpack.) Where's my clipboard? (Normal sighs.) Where's my clip--I left it at my last run.

NORMAL: Honestly, you young people would lose a large intestine if it wasn't attached to you. Go. Go get your clipboard.

ALEC: On it.

NORMAL: Bip. Bip. Bip. Bip.

---

(At Joshua's house, Max walks around looking for him. Suddenly he runs in the door, panicky and moaning. He dives into an armchair and covers his head with a blanket.)

MAX: Joshua! Where the hell have you been? Joshua, are you okay? Are you hurt? Hey.  
(Removes the blanket.)

JOSHUA: Dudeheads said they were cool, but they weren't cool at all.

MAX: I don't understand.

JOSHUA: Tried to go outside with outside people. Made delivery for Alec.

MAX: What? Alec? (Sniffs his hair) Have you been smoking?

JOSHUA: Got baked with dudeheads. (Max groans) Ate winged buffaloes. (Imitating Janis) "My hero, my hero." Lying hottie!

MAX: These "dudeheads"...did any of them try to follow you home?

JOSHUA (eyes widening): No! (Covers back up and moans) No!

MAX: It's okay.

---

(In Logan's car)

RAIN: So what's her problem, anyway, huh? She's special, like Marrow. They're the same, except that she's just...trying to ruin what we have.

LOGAN: Not quite.

RAIN: She's just jealous of him because we love him and he cares for us.

LOGAN: Rain, he owns you.

RAIN: He made me better than I was.

LOGAN: So you think he's special, then? That he's born to some kind of glorious destiny?

RAIN: What do you know, anyhow?

LOGAN: I do know he was genetically engineered by a government agency called Manticore. They designed him in a lab, and they brainwashed him with the same kind of lies he's been using on you...that you don't exist apart from the family.

RAIN: I don't believe it.



LOGAN: But he believed it. They all did...except for Max, and eleven of her brothers and sisters. They wanted out so much they escaped, and they've spent the last eleven years defending their freedom with their lives. That barcode on the back of their necks? That was put there to keep track of them, like a brand. So when she sees someone like you, eager to be a slave, wearing it...it kills her inside. (Quietly) And you think they're the same. What do I know.

(Pause)

RAIN: It's just up here in the middle of the block.

(Logan stops the car and Rain starts to get out.)

LOGAN: Good luck. You're gonna need it.

RAIN: You know, even if I wanted out, I can't leave. You said so yourself...he owns us.

---

(At Joshua's)

MAX: What happened to the good old happy Joshua we all know and love?

JOSHUA: Good old happy Joshua should've listened to Max. People are scared of things that are different.

MAX: I know. But you didn't...

JOSHUA (upset): Joshua's different, different...not meant to be with outside people. Not meant to be...

MAX: It's okay.

JOSHUA: I thought they would understand. So I took off my helmet, and they didn't understand, Max. They were just like, "Ahhh! Ohh! Oh my God, dude, look at him! He's got a dog face! He's got a dog face! I'm trippin'! Are you trippin'? I'm trippin'!" "Sorry! Sorry!" "I'm trippin'! Oh my God!"

(Logan bends down and picks up Joshua's helmet off the floor. Joshua is still breathing heavily and yelling, and Max tries to calm him down.)

MAX: It's over. It's over. It's over. (Joshua stops yelling) It's okay. It's okay. It's all over. Okay?

LOGAN: Hey, guys. What's going on?

JOSHUA: My head is gonna fly off.

MAX: He's stoned.

JOSHUA: Father's pipe.

MAX: Some idiots pumped him full of weed.

(Joshua grabs the helmet out of Logan's hand.)

JOSHUA: See? Safety first, right? (Lets the helmet drop to the floor.) Kind, courteous, friendly. Signatures. And...(imitates cat hissing and dog barking)...Bad Leo!

LOGAN: Joshua! Joshua! Listen! (Joshua stops.) It's just the drugs. It's just the effect of the drugs, okay?

JOSHUA: Joshua not worldwide. That's not the plan.

LOGAN: I know. That is not the plan, is it?

JOSHUA: Flying buffaloes inside my stomach...

LOGAN: Joshua, it's all inside your head.

JOSHUA (calming down): Flying buffaloes...inside my head?

LOGAN: All of this is just inside your head.

(Max has a series of flashbacks.)

*RAIN: It's not too late. Just take me to him.*

*MARROW: There is no out! I am the only out!*

*MARROW: It didn't have to end like this.*

*MARROW: This is forever.*

*RAIN: I'll die without his blood.*

*MARROW: Whose fault will that be?*

MAX: I gotta go.

---

(At Marrow's, Rain is lying on a couch, shivering and panting.)

MARROW: Sweetheart, did the shaking start yet? (Rain shakes her head.) Thank God there's still time. Don't be afraid. You're here, you made it back to us, and I can save you.

(Marrow jabs the pipette into his arm. Rain sits up a little to get closer to the pipette.)

MARROW: Now sip, Rain.

(Rain flashes back to her conversation with Logan in the car.)

*LOGAN: He owns you.*

MARROW: Sip your troubles away.

*LOGAN: They designed him in a lab.*

MARROW: Rain, come on.

RAIN: I'm shaking.

MARROW: Rain, you are going to die if you don't let me save you. Sip. Now.

LOGAN: *...and they brainwashed him with the same lies he's been using on you.*

(Rain lies back down.)

MARROW (sternly): Rain!

(She continues shaking and panting.)

MARROW: Rain, sip. Please.

(Suddenly Rain stops shaking and panting. She takes a moment to catch her breath, then looks at Marrow, realizing.)

RAIN: You lied to us.

(Marrow angrily removes the pipette from his arm, then turns around and speaks calmly.)

MARROW: So you've found out my little secret.

RAIN: Please. Please, just let me go.

MARROW: I wish I could. I mean, you're a real kick to have around. But I have a...tactical imperative here. What if you tell the others?

RAIN: I won't. I won't.

MARROW: But you will.

RAIN: No. No, I won't.

MARROW: You will. There's nothing worse than a nagging conscience, know what I mean? I'm sorry.

(Marrow starts to stab Rain with the pipette. He is interrupted by a crash as Push is thrown through the door into the room.)

(In the main room, Max finishes subduing the other members of the group. Marrow steps into the room.)

MAX: Oh, hello. You might want to whip up another batch of plasma milkshakes for these guys. You don't look like a very happy vampire. What'd you do with Rain?

MARROW: I think you should be more concerned with what I'm going to do to you.

MAX: Bring it on.

(He tries to stab her; she blocks him. They begin to fight. Rain runs into the room.)

RAIN: Stop! You guys, he's totally been lying to us.

MARROW: Rain!

RAIN: We don't need him.

SECOND GUY: What is she talking about?

RAIN: He tried to kill me.

MARROW: Rain, that is enough.

RAIN: Because I found out the truth.

MARROW: Shut up! Rain, I told you that it was forever, and I meant it.

RAIN: You guys, it's all a lie.

MARROW: Ungrateful little bitch.

(Marrow throws Rain across the room, onto a couch. He starts to run after her, but Max blocks him with a head-butt. He falls backwards and lands on the spike of a large candlestick, which spears through his chest. He dies.)

MAX (helping Rain up): You all right? (Rain nods.)

SECOND GUY: He's dead.

PUSH: So are we. (To Max) You killed him; now we're all gonna die.

MAX: No you're not.

RAIN: It's true, you guys.

PUSH: No, no. He--he told us this was forever.

RAIN: Well, he lied.

PUSH: Yeah, how do you know?

RAIN: Because I didn't sip.

SECOND GUY: What do you mean?

RAIN: I didn't sip, and I made it through without him.

PUSH: What about Lida?

MAX: He killed Lida, because he wanted you guys to think you'd die without him. You're gonna be okay. All of you.

RAIN: Thanks. You know, um, who told me about you?

MAX: Who?

RAIN: Your friend. It must be nice to have somebody like that. And, you know, he's right...(Indicates Marrow)...You're nothing like him.

---

(The next morning, Joshua is asleep in an armchair. A scent wakes him up, and he opens his eyes to find Max waving a box in front of his nose and smiling.)

MAX: Rise and shine, big fella. It's a new day.

(They sit at the kitchen table and eat breakfast.)

JOSHUA: New day...same problems.

MAX: Not for Alec, especially when I get my hands on him. (Waves her fork to imitate hitting) Whack, whack.

(She notices Joshua doesn't smile.)

MAX: Hey, cheer up.

JOSHUA: Joshua sees life go by through window. Life looks back, screams at Joshua.

MAX (smiling, after a pause): I know who you are. I love who you are. That matters. At least, I hope it does.

JOSHUA: Max is worldwide.

MAX: What?

JOSHUA (chuckling): It matters.

(Max's pager goes off.)

MAX: It's Logan. It's urgent.

JOSHUA: Thank you. Go.

MAX: You sure? (Joshua nods) Okay.

(Max gets up, kisses the top of his head, and leaves.)

---

(At Logan's apartment)

MAX (urgently): Logan, what happened? What's up?

LOGAN: "Up" is right. That thing flies.

MAX: What flies?

LOGAN: Another creature.

MAX (groaning): Oh, no.

LOGAN: Yup. Wingspan of a jet. The thing breathes fire. Titanium claws. Some kind of screeching thing that makes people's heads explode...

(Max realizes he's putting her on, and they both laugh.)

LOGAN: I just thought you'd want to know about the group. Shankar says they're in the clear.

MAX: Well, that's good.

LOGAN: And I don't think we have to worry about exposure. They'd just as soon forget they ever met a transgenic.

MAX: We hope.

LOGAN: Well, you're off the hook, at least for today.

MAX: Great. I'll just kick it and be a regular girl, then.

LOGAN: A regular girl...what fun is that?

MAX: Hey, I'll take what I can get.

DARK ANGEL  
Season Two, Episode #15: "Fuhgeddaboutit"  
First Aired 3/15/2002

**Note to readers:** This episode centers on Mia, a Manticore psy-ops alum who can mess with people's minds by putting a mental whammy on them. Onscreen, this is signified by a change in the background music and a fuzzy, soft shot of her. Since this is hard to relate in writing, I have signified the moments when she is coercing people with **bold type**.

(At Logan's apartment, Max is in the bathroom, changing clothes and applying makeup. Logan is making cappuccino.)

LOGAN: Appreciate you doing this for me, Max. You almost ready?

MAX: Uh-huh.

LOGAN: 'Cause Fat Tony and his crew always show up at the 49 Club by nine. Get there late and you risk them already hooking up with their goumadas.

MAX (opens the bathroom door): Their what?

LOGAN: Goumada. Like a comare. A girlfriend. (Hands her the cappuccino)

MAX: Oh. Thanks. Just tell me about the guy I'm supposed to get close to. (Closes the door and continues getting ready)

LOGAN: Dougie Colantonio. Goes by the name of Books.

MAX: What is it with these wise guys and their stupid nicknames?

LOGAN: He's an accountant for the Sparacino crime syndicate. A while back, he was all set to rat on the family, in exchange for Eyes Only's guarantee of witness protection and a new identity. I mean, it was the scoop of a lifetime, Max. He was gonna give me the capo di tutti capi.

MAX (opening the door): The capi tutti what-ie?

LOGAN: The boss of bosses.

MAX: Oh. (Closes the door)

LOGAN: I mean, no one outside the organization's even seen this guy. He's totally paranoid. No one knows what he looks like. Every time he goes out in public, he wears a disguise. (Chuckles) Dougie was gonna get him to the track, tip his identity, so Matt Sung could swoop in and slap the cuffs on him.

MAX: What happened?

LOGAN: Ah, he lost his nerve. Now he won't even talk to my source. Says that, uh, he's a stand-up guy and he's no stoolie. I ain't buyin' it. Little mook just needs convincin'.

MAX (laughing): Someone's spent too much time listening to surveillance tapes.

LOGAN: What?

MAX (more loudly): I said I got it. My mission is to flip Dougie.

(Max leaves the bathroom. She's wearing fishnet stockings, a short skirt, a low-cut top, and a short, blond wig.)

MAX: What do you think?

LOGAN (looking at her and smiling): Fuhgeddaboudit.

---

(At the 49 Club, Max is eating dinner with three men. She speaks in a ditzzy voice.)

MAX: So you guys are in waste management? Is that like garbagemen?

FIRST MAN: No, sweetie, we're, uh, more on the corporate end.

SECOND MAN: Yeah, see, local businessmen pay us a fee, and we send our crews out to take the trash off the streets.

MAX: Wow. There's, like, so much trash on the streets.

THIRD MAN: Business is booming.

(The men laugh and raise their glasses in a toast.)

FIRST MAN: To the Pulse.

OTHER MEN: To the Pulse.

MAX: You guys are kidding, right?

FIRST MAN: Best thing that ever happened to a small collective of honest businessmen such as ourselves.

SECOND MAN: Crime rate is up...police corruption is back...even the Pezzonovantes have their hands out for gifts.

FIRST MAN: End of the century, the mob was on the run. Dying breed. Then, badda-bing, one little nuclear airburst fried all the Sputniks, and we are back, baby.

THIRD MAN: Number one with a bullet.

MAX (to the fourth man): And, uh, what do you do with the corporation, good fella?

FOURTH MAN: I'm the accountant.

THIRD MAN: Yeah. He cooks the books. (Sees the second man shaking his head) Uh, he keeps the books. Right, Doug?

(Dougie has fallen asleep. The other men chuckle.)

SECOND MAN: Don't take it personal, hon. He's got a condition.

THIRD MAN: Epilepsy.

SECOND MAN (laughing): "Epilepsy." It's not epilepsy. That's necrophilia.

FIRST MAN: All right, shut up, both of you. It's narcolepsy. Makes a person fall asleep for no good reason, like some kind of babbo. (To Dougie) Hey! (Bangs on table. Dougie wakes up) Heads up, here. We got ladies present.

(A woman approaches the table.)

WOMAN: Nice for you to call me a lady, Tony.

TONY: Wasn't talkin' about you, Mia. Now scram. You know the boss don't want you around Books here.

MIA: Shouldn't that be up to Dougie?

(Dougie pauses, exchanging glances with the other men.)

DOUGIE: You heard him. Scram.

MIA (indicating Max): Who's the skirt?

SECOND MAN: You want we should start barring you from the club, huh? Now beat it!

(Mia walks away and talks to a waiter.)

MAX: What's her dealio?

TONY: Don't worry about it. You just have a nice time.

MAX: Okay.

(The waiter spills water all over Max. Tony grabs him by the shirt.)

TONY: You think that's funny? You think you're some kinda comedian, huh?

WAITER: I didn't mean to. I swear. I...I don't know how it happened.



SECOND MAN: Clumsy guys like you need to be more careful. You could have an accident.

MAX: It's okay. It's okay. I'll just go to the ladies' room and dry off.

TONY (to the waiter): Get out of here.

(Max enters the ladies' room and begins drying herself off. Mia walks out of a stall.)

MIA: Oh. Sorry about before.

MAX (still in her ditzy voice): Oh, it's okay.

MIA: I'm Mia.

MAX: Dorothy.

MIA: That's a pretty name.

(Max begins retouching her makeup.)

MIA: So, Dorothy, what do you do?

MAX: I'm a bike messenger at Jam Pony.

MIA: That sounds like fun. So...you're Dougie's new girl, huh?

MAX: Not exactly.

MIA: **Well, what exactly?**

(Max looks at Mia in the mirror and stands for a moment, transfixed by Mia's eyes)

MAX (in her normal voice): Actually, my name's Max. I'm undercover on a mission for Eyes Only.

MIA: What kind of mission?

MAX: I'm supposed to get Dougie to flip on the Sparacino family, finger the boss for Eyes Only. It's the scoop of a lifetime.

MIA: That is so exciting. But, Max, you have to be careful. Those guys are dangerous.

MAX: Oh, it's cool. I'm genetically engineered. I can totally kick their asses.

MIA: You're kidding.

MAX: No. I'm from Manticore. I covered my barcode with makeup.

MIA: Wow! Me too! I'm psy-ops. What about you?

MAX: X-series.

MIA: Neat! Well, Max, since you and I are sharing all girlfriend-like, why don't you tell me who Eyes Only really is? 'Cause I'd really like to talk to him about something.

MAX: I can't.

MIA: **I won't tell. I promise.**

MAX: I'm sorry.

MIA: That's okay. You don't have to. **But...for tonight...forget about Dougie, okay? You just go on home and get some rest.**

MAX (nodding and yawning): Actually, I am kinda tired. (Realizes what she's said) I've said too much.

MIA: Oh, don't worry. You won't remember.

MAX: Remember what?

MIA (smiling): **Remember to powder your nose.**

(Mia leaves. Max watches her go, then stands there looking puzzled.)

(Opening credits)

---

(Max walks into Logan's apartment the next day)

LOGAN: Oh, see I thought you'd swing by last night, which is why I was paging you.

MAX: Got really tired all of a sudden. Went home and slept for like four hours.

LOGAN: You slept for four hours?

MAX: Yeah, I must be coming down with something. What'd you want, anyway?

LOGAN (surprised she doesn't remember): To find out what happened with Dougie.

MAX: Dougie?

LOGAN: Yeah.

MAX (remembering): Oh, yeah. Didn't work out.

LOGAN: What do you mean, didn't work out?

MAX: A waiter spilled a drink on me. Kinda killed the evening, so I bounced.

LOGAN: Okay, Max. If you didn't want to do this for me, all you had to do was say so.

MAX: I told you, it just didn't work out.

LOGAN: Well, it sounds to me like you weren't trying very hard.

MAX: Sounds to me like I did you a favor, and now I'm getting a scolding for it.

LOGAN: Max, this is important. If your heart's not in it, feel free to opt out. I'll find someone else.

MAX: I told you I'd do it, so I'll do it. You know, now hook me up again, and I'll take another shot at Dougie. If I wanted to get reprimanded, you know, I could always go to work. (Leaves)

---

(At Jam Pony)

NORMAL: I just don't know why you won't consider a triumphant return to the ring. You were like a master, my friend. You were unequaled--without peer.

(Mia enters, wearing sunglasses.)

ALEC: Well, it's not like I didn't enjoy knocking grown men unconscious for a living. It's just that there comes a time in life when you say, "That was then, and this is now," and move on to bigger and... (Notices Mia) ...oh-so-better things. Hi there.

MIA: Hi.

NORMAL: Hey.

MIA: I'm looking for a job.

NORMAL: Oh. Well, sorry. We're staffed.

ALEC: Normal! Why so quick to say no? Why don't you at least let the lovely young lady fill out an application?

NORMAL: What?

(Alec glances toward the back room, urging Normal to leave.)

NORMAL (rolling his eyes and mumbling): All right. There's an application form in the back.

ALEC: Yeah. Thanks, man.

(Normal steps into the back.)

ALEC: Hi there. I'm Alec, by the way.

MIA: Mia.

ALEC: Well, it is a pleasure to know you.

(Mia removes her sunglasses.)

ALEC: I know you.

MIA: I don't think so.

ALEC: No, I do. I'm sure of it. (Realizes where he knows her from) Back at Manticore. Mm-hmm. I spent six months in psy-ops for evaluation. You were there. I never forget a face.

MIA: Can't put anything past you.

ALEC: Not now, not ever. Now what was your specialty again? Was it, uh, hypnosis? Telekinesis?

MIA: Telecoercion, actually.

ALEC: Right.

MIA: **Hi. I'm Mia.**

ALEC: Alec. Nice to meet you.

(Alec walks away, looking a little puzzled. Sketchy joins him.)

SKETCHY: Hey.

ALEC: Yeah?

SKETCHY (indicating Mia): Who's the honey?

ALEC: Some girl looking for a job.

SKETCHY: Please, God, tell me Normal's gonna hire her.

ALEC: Yeah.

(Normal steps out of the back room and hands Mia an application.)

NORMAL: Here you go. I gotta warn you, though, I got a stack of r'sum's in there as high as my tush.

MIA: Uh-huh. **Can I be a dispatcher?**

NORMAL: Yeah. Nothing less will do.

MIA: Neat!

(Mia steps away from Normal's desk and encounters Max.)

MAX: Hey. Do I know you?

MIA: I don't think so, since I just started working here today. I'm a dispatcher. It's really fun.

MAX: Yeah, I guess.

(Mia steps behind the desk, next to Normal, and hands Max a package.)

MIA: Here you go.

MAX: Thanks.

---

(At Crash that night)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Bad day, boo?

MAX: Yeah, I had this weird scene with Logan earlier.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I thought you two were trying to get things back to normal.

MAX: Right. So I figured what's more normal than volunteering for his oh-so-urgent, let's-save-the-world-by-Tuesday Eyes Only missions?

ORIGINAL CINDY: The man loves his work.

MAX: Only I guess I forgot how focused he can get. I mean, he asks for my help, but then it's like nothing I do is good enough. Sometimes I just don't get him.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Well, get this. Here comes your boy, and I bet he's bringing an apology with him.

LOGAN: Hey, guys. Mind if I join you?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Have a seat. I was just gonna zip to the ladies' room.

(She leaves. Logan sits in the chair she just vacated.)

LOGAN: Wanted to talk to you about earlier.

MAX: Okay.

LOGAN: When you said you wanted to stick with the mission?

MAX: Mm-hmm.

LOGAN: 'Cause I got a tip Dougie's gonna be back at the club tomorrow night. Now, if you were serious about taking another run at him, that'd be the time.

(Max, who had clearly been expecting him to apologize, looks away briefly and shrugs.)

MAX: Whatever.

LOGAN: "Whatever"? That all you're gonna say?

MAX: Is that all I'm gonna say?

LOGAN: What? What did I do?

MAX: Nothing. Never mind.

LOGAN (confused): I'm gonna go get a drink--

MAX: Bar's over there.

(Logan walks away.)

(Alec and Mia are talking at the bar.)

ALEC: Are you sure we've never met before today?

MIA: Positive. I'd remember you.

ALEC: You just seem so familiar.

MIA: Who was that guy talking to Max?

ALEC: Who, Logan? That's her boyfriend. 'Course they like to pretend that nothing's going on between 'em. It's psychotic.

**(Mia stares at him, smiling)**

ALEC: ...but sweet.

MIA: You don't like him?

ALEC: Logan? Eh, he's all about saving the world, and doing good for others. It's really boring.

**(She continues to stare into his eyes)**

ALEC: ...but admirable.

(Logan steps up to the bar.)

LOGAN: Hey, Alec.

ALEC: Logan.

MIA: Hi. I'm Mia.

LOGAN: I'm Logan. Nice to meet you.

**MIA: Logan, I think there's something that Alec wants to say to you.**

ALEC: Yeah, Logan, I just...wanted to say that I understand why Max admires you so much. Sometimes I wish I had more of a purpose in life.

**MIA: Logan, is there something you want to say to Alec?**

LOGAN: Well, it's just that...I don't know, sometimes I wish I was more of a free spirit, and...it must be nice to be a happy-go-lucky sociopath. Kinda envy you.

MIA: Awww. **Group hug!**

(Logan and Alec hug.)

MAX: What the hell is going on over there?!

ORIGINAL CINDY: If I hadn't seen it with my own two eyes, I wouldn't have ever believed it.

SKETCHY: Uh...hey, guys.

(Alec and Logan break apart to see Sketchy watching them. They stand around awkwardly, puzzled.)

ALEC: Okay. Later.

LOGAN: Yeah, later.

(Alec leaves. Logan gulps a shot.)

MIA: So you're Max's boyfriend, right?

LOGAN: Something like that. **(Mia stares at him)** Actually, I'm crazy about her.

MIA: Well, then, why aren't you together?

LOGAN: Oh, it's a long story.

MIA: **Oh, I love long stories. Plus I've got oodles of time.**

LOGAN: Well, I probably shouldn't be telling you this, but...a secret government agency called Manticore infected her with a deadly virus that's genetically targeted to my DNA.

MIA: Bummer. Why'd they do that?

LOGAN: They wanted to kill me.

MIA: How come?

LOGAN: Oh, 'cause I'm Eyes Only.

MIA (smiling): Really.

LOGAN: Yeah.

---

(At Jam Pony the next day)

ALEC: Morning.

MIA: Morning. Oh, gosh, it's so exciting!

ALEC: What?

MIA: **Well, that you're getting back into the ring and coming out of retirement.**

ALEC: I am?

MIA: Mm-hmm. Just in time for the big elimination fight tomorrow night.

ALEC: Huh.

NORMAL: Do my ears deceive me? Monty Cora rides again?

ALEC: I'm back, baby!

NORMAL: Oh! Oh, lovely! Do you know how long I've been waiting to hear this? This right here-- (Points to Alec) --magnificence. Shirtless muscle, ripplin', sweat flyin' off like a thousand points of light...

ALEC (smiling, to Mia): He's one of my bigger fans.

NORMAL: You're my hero. I live to serve you. I had this dream about you the other night. You were this, uh, Roman gladiator, and you slew barbarians and Medusa-like women, and I was your tiny little valet. (Alec looks uncomfortable.) I wiped your sword clean after every sweet victory. I rubbed your tired, beautiful, golden muscles...

ALEC: Hot run! Fourth and Main! (runs)

(Alec grabs a package and leaves. Max walks by, looking bummed.)

MIA: Hi.

MAX: Hey.

MIA: Ooh, sweetie, what's wrong? Is it Logan?

MAX: Yeah.

MIA: Listen, everything's going to work out, okay?

MAX: You really think so?

MIA: We'll talk. Come to Crash later.

MAX: I can't. I promised Logan I'd do this thing for him.

MIA: At the 49 Club, with Dougie? **You don't have to worry about that.**

MAX: Wait, how'd you know?

MIA: **Never mind. Forget I said anything.** Meet you at Crash later?

MAX: Okay.

---

(At Crash that night)

MAX: There's something about that girl.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Who?

MAX: The new dispatch girl. Mia.

ORIGINAL CINDY (smiling): Yeah, there's something about her, all right.

MAX: I feel like I've met her before, but I can't place where.

(An Eyes Only broadcast comes on the TV over the bar.)



EYES ONLY: Do not attempt to adjust your set. This is a streaming freedom video bulletin.

MAX (to bartender): Hey, Sid--turn it up.

EYES ONLY: The cable hack will last exactly sixty seconds. It cannot be traced, it cannot be stopped, and it is the only free voice left in this city. For too long, the Sparacino family has held Seattle in a stranglehold. From behind a veil of secrecy, its boss and his men tyrannize and rob our citizens. But Eyes Only knows who you are.

MAX: Since when?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Isn't that the case you've been helping Logan with?

EYES ONLY: You can't hide from justice any longer.

MAX: Yeah, I was supposed to do it tonight...I think.

(At the 49 Club, Tony and his men are eating and watching the hack.)

EYES ONLY: Your disguises will no longer protect you. Your identity is about to be exposed. And once that happens you will have nowhere to run...

TONY: I thought we had a stranglehold on waste collection. Listen to this trash comin' out of this bocca. (They laugh.)

EYES ONLY: Your empire is in ruins. Even your own lieutenants can't be trusted.

(They stop laughing and look at each other.)

EYES ONLY: They're ripping you off, making a fool out of you. Check the records, Sparacino, because something doesn't add up.

(Tony's cell phone rings.)

EYES ONLY: You think you can operate unchecked?

TONY (into phone): Yeah.

EYES ONLY: That your money and your underworld influence will keep you safe?

(Tony hangs up.)

EYES ONLY: Well, just look around. For too long, you've trusted the wrong people--the people closest to you.

TONY: The boss wants to see us. Now.

EYES ONLY: Now that misplaced trust will mean the end of you, and the destruction of your illegal operations. Be warned.

(In Logan's apartment)

LOGAN: This has been a streaming freedom video bulletin. Peace. Out. (Ends the hack.)  
How was that?

(We now see Mia standing next to him.)

MIA: Perfect. Are you okay?

LOGAN: Yeah, it's just...I think I was supposed to do something with Max tonight.

MIA: It must be nice to have a transgenic to help you with your missions and stuff.

LOGAN: Oh, yeah, it's great. Wait a second. How'd you know that?

MIA: **Never mind. Forget I said anything. Forget I was even here.** See you at Crash later?

LOGAN: Okay.

---

(At Crash)

SKETCHY: It may seem like I'm content being this good-for-nothing slacker, but...but the truth is, I don't plan on being a bike messenger the rest of my life.

MIA: It's good to have goals.

SKETCHY: Yeah. Um...I haven't told anybody this, but last week I dropped them off a r'sum'.  
(Shows her a tabloid)

MIA: That's swell, Sketch!

SKETCHY: Yeah. If *New World Weekly* hires me, I'm gonna get to the bottom of this whole mutant thing. You see, it says here, uh, some of them even have paranormal psychic abilities.

MIA (excitedly): Ooh, like what?

SKETCHY: Like they can mess with your mind and you don't even know what's happening.

MIA: Mmm, seems a little farfetched to me.

SKETCHY: I wouldn't be so sure about that.

MIA: Gosh, imagine what would be involved. Manipulating brain wave patterns, interfering with short-term memory formation...just seems a little hard to believe.

SKETCHY: Yeah...I guess it does seem a little ridiculous when you put it like that.

MIA: Still, sounds like a really good job. I hope you get it.

SKETCHY: Thanks.

(Sketchy walks away. Mia notices Alec sitting at the bar, about to have a drink.)

ALEC: Just what the doctor ordered.

MIA: **Probably shouldn't drink the night before a big fight.**

ALEC: You know what? You're right. (Puts the drink down)

MIA: You are gonna do great. I just know it. That's how come I'm gonna stake you five grand. How's that sound?

ALEC: That sounds great.

MIA: **You should probably go home and rest up for tomorrow, huh?**

ALEC: Yeah, I'll just go home and rest up for tomorrow night.

(Alec heads for the stairs. Logan comes down them. They look at each other uncomfortably as they pass. Logan joins Max and Original Cindy at the pool table.)

LOGAN: Hey.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Maybe I should go check out the action over there. (Walks away)

MAX: Caught your hack.

LOGAN: Oh. Well, I didn't come to talk shop. I just wanted to see you.

MAX: Oh. Well. (Smiles) How'd you flip Dougie?

LOGAN: I didn't.

MAX: Then how'd you know who the capo tutti-frutti guy was?

LOGAN: I don't.

MAX: Then why'd you say you did?

LOGAN: I have my reasons.

MAX: Like what? I mean, you just tipped the guy you're looking to out.

LOGAN: I thought you said you weren't interested in this case.

MAX: I'm not.

LOGAN: Then what's with all the questions?

MAX: I'm just wondering--

LOGAN: Well, then, what--

(Mia interrupts them)

MIA: **Hey. Hey. Kids, come on. You guys love each other, remember? Don't fight. You're here to have a good time.** See you tomorrow. (walks away)

LOGAN: I like that Mia. She's nice. Although there is something about her...

MAX: Yeah. That's what I keep thinking, ever since I met her, except...I can't exactly remember when I met her.

(Original Cindy comes back. Max and Logan are standing there, looking puzzled.)

ORIGINAL CINDY (sighing): Should I go powder my nose again or something?

(Max remembers what Mia said in the restroom at the 49 Club.)

MIA: *Remember to powder your nose.*

MAX: Wait a minute. I did meet her.

LOGAN: You did?

MAX: At the 49 Club. With...Dougie. At least...I think it was with Dougie.

LOGAN: You think?

MAX: Yeah. I don't know.

LOGAN: Max...

MAX: All I know is that if it was her, it's not exactly a coincidence, her looking for a job at Jam Pony.

(They all turn and watch Mia walk out of Crash.)

---

(Later, a taxi pulls to a stop and Mia gets out. Max has followed on her Ninja and watches from a distance. Mia walks into a construction site and gets into a car parked there. Dougie is at the wheel, asleep.)

MIA: Wakey, wakey.

(Dougie wakes up.)

DOUGIE: I'm a dead man. I'm history.

MIA: What's wrong?

DOUGIE: "What's wrong"? Didn't you see what that Eyes Only got on the TV and said?

MIA: No, I must have missed it.

DOUGIE: The boss is gonna get onto that I talked to him. Oh, God, what was I thinking?

MIA: Here. (Hands him a paper bag)

DOUGIE: I'm about to be killed to death, and you give me a paper bag?

MIA: Well, you're gonna hyperventilate. Breathe!

(Dougie breathes into the bag.)

MIA: Poor Dougie. I told you the life wasn't for you.

DOUGIE: Don't start with that again! (Breathes into the bag) I gotta do something, something to prove my loyalty. I need a plan, a course of action. Something! It's--it's that Catholic thing. I'm having bad thoughts. I'm having bad thoughts.

MIA: Everything's gonna be okay.

DOUGIE: No, Mia! Not unless that Eyes Only shuts his trap!

(Still watching from a distance, Max listens in on their conversation.)

MIA: Don't worry about Eyes Only. I'm gonna take care of him. I'm gonna make everything all right for you. Okay? Now did you bring the money?

(He hands her an envelope.)

DOUGIE: Five thousand. I've gotta be crazy.

MIA: No, you're not. I've got a sure thing that's gonna make a lot of money for you, me, and the boss. You have to just trust me, okay? I won't let anything happen to you. I'm crazy about you.

DOUGIE: I still can't believe a girl like you could love a guy like me.

MIA: Believe it. Just make sure you bring your boss to the fight hall tomorrow. Okay?

(Dougie nods. Mia gets out of the car and Dougie drives away. Max ducks to avoid being seen in the headlights as he passes. When she looks up again, Mia is gone. Max looks around for her, but Mia sneaks up behind Max and punches her. Max's pager clatters to the ground as Max falls.)

MIA (smiling): Hey, you.

MAX: Hey yourself.

(Max kicks Mia's leg so that she falls to the ground.)

MIA: Okay, I deserved that.

(Max grabs Mia by the collar.)

MAX: You're Manticore.

MIA (implying that it's obvious): Uh, yeah.

(Max hauls Mia to her feet.)

MAX: You don't look like an X-series.

MIA: I'm psy-ops. You know, cozying up to the big shots, getting them to tell me what they know. It's fun.

MAX: Good for you. Now what's your connection to Dougie Colantonio?

MIA: Well, I don't think that's any of your business.

(Max shoves Mia against a post and holds her there.)

MAX: Tell me what you were doing with him, or I wrap you around this post.

MIA: Dougie's in big trouble with his boss on account of the Eyes Only broadcast. I gotta help him prove his loyalty or he's gonna wind up dead.

MAX: Prove his loyalty how?

MIA: I gave him a really hot tip on a cage fighter that can't be beat. He passes that tip along to his boss and everybody winds up making a mint at the fight tomorrow night. Dougie proves his worth, and he and I run away and live happily ever after. The end.

MAX: Give me a break. You expect me to believe you're in love with Dougie?

MIA: What's wrong with Dougie?

MAX: Never mind. He's not going anywhere until he comes through and fingers the boss for Eyes Only.

MIA: Says who?

MAX: Says me.

MIA: **Well, that's funny, 'cause you're not gonna even remember this conversation.**

---

(The next day, Max walks into Jam Pony with a black eye.)

MIA: Morning, Max.

MAX: Hey, Mia.

MIA: Ouch. What happened to your eye?

MAX: Craziest thing. Woke up this morning and it was just there. No idea how it happened.

MIA: **Seems to me like you slipped in the shower and banged yourself on the shampoo caddy. Must've hurt like the dickens.**

MAX: That's so weird.

MIA: What?

MAX: That's exactly what happened. Slipped in the shower, banged my head on the shampoo caddy. Hurt like the dickens.

MIA: Thought so. You should try to be more careful, Max.

MAX: Yeah. Thanks. I will.

(Max walks away. Mia goes over to Alec and hands him the envelope Dougie gave her.)

MIA: Here you go. That's for you.

ALEC: Where did you come up with this kind of cash?

MIA: Don't ask.

ALEC: Okay.

MIA: Eight o'clock tonight, Monty. Don't be late.

ALEC: Yeah.

---

(At the 49 Club, Dougie and the other gangsters are talking to Sparacino, who is sitting in the shadows.)

DOUGIE: The kid gets in the ring at eight o'clock. You let it ride the rest of the night. You'll make a couple of mill, easy.

SPARACINO: You say it's a sure thing?

DOUGIE: A sure thing, boss.

SPARACINO: Good, because I need a sure thing right about now. What's this about this Eyes guy going on TV, saying my men disrespect me? It's like a knife in the heart.

SECOND GANGSTER: He's lying, boss.

TONY: We'd never to anything to disrespect you, and you know that.

SPARACINO: What I know is I got a reputation to uphold. Can't let the other families be talkin' behind my back, thinkin' I lost my edge. Are you sure this is a sure thing?

DOUGIE: We're sure, boss.

SPARACINO: You better be, because if your boy doesn't come through, you two are gonna end up at opposite end zones. Capiisce?

TONY: Let's go.

---

(At Jam Pony, Logan approaches Max, who is at her locker.)

MAX: Logan.

LOGAN: Hey. You all right?

MAX: Yeah. What are you doing here?

LOGAN: Well, I was worried about you. After I didn't hear back from you last night, I started paging you, and I have been paging you ever since.

MAX: Batteries in my pager must be dead. Didn't hear it beep. (Looks for it in her bag.) Huh. I must have lost it.

LOGAN: So how'd it go last night?

MAX: How'd what go?

LOGAN (surprised she doesn't remember): You followed Mia to see if there was any connection between her and Dougie Colantonio.

MAX: I did?

LOGAN: You don't remember? (Notices her black eye) What happened to your eye?

MAX: Slipped in the shower, banged my head on the shampoo caddy, hurt like the dickens.

LOGAN: You're kidding.

(Max starts to remember *fighting with Mia the night before*)

MAX: Or...maybe I was in a fight.

LOGAN: Maybe you were in a fight?

MAX: With Mia.

(Max remembers *Mia punching her*)

MAX: She hit me. Really hard, that bitch!

LOGAN: What are you talking about?

MAX: She's Manticore.

LOGAN: Mia?

MAX: Yeah. In psy-ops. Paranormal research division. She does this...thing, to make me forget.

LOGAN: So Manticore made transgenics that can screw with people's heads. Makes sense.

MAX: Yeah, she met with Dougie. She's up to something.

LOGAN: What else happened?

(Alec heads for his locker. Normal hands him a pair of boxing shorts with "MARVELOUS MONTY CORA" on the waistband.)

NORMAL: I sat up embroidering them all night. May be a little itchy, but...

ALEC (chuckling): Wow. Thanks, Normal. They're great.

NORMAL: Yeah. Good luck, buddy.

ALEC: All right.

(Normal walks away.)



MAX: What was that about? You fighting again?

ALEC: Tonight.

MAX: Are you insane? The last time, White caught you and threw your ass in a cage.

ALEC: True.

MAX: So how could you be stupid enough to get back into the ring?

ALEC: Funny, I've been asking myself the same question.

(Alec walks away. Max and Logan look at each other.)

LOGAN AND MAX: Mia.

---

(That night, a fighting ring is set up in a fancy building with bleachers and betting windows. Most of the crowd is dressed up. A couple of guys are fighting. Max and Logan enter the building and look around.)

LOGAN: Oh, look who's here. Tony and his crew.

MAX: Mia and Dougie have got to be around here somewhere.

(In the distance, Tony and the other gangsters are sitting at a table.)

(The fight ends. The announcer enters the ring and speaks into a microphone.)

ANNOUNCER: Let's hear it, ladies and gentlemen, for Ricky "The Ripper" Ramberg! And now, ladies and gentlemen, it is my distinct pleasure to introduce our next challenger. New to our arena, coming in at six feet and weighing in at 178 pounds, the marvelous Monty Cora!

(Alec enters the ring, and the crowd cheers.)

MAX: What is he thinking?!

NORMAL (ringside): The shorts look great!

(Max sees Dougie and Mia at the betting windows.)

MAX: There they are.

LOGAN: Let's do it.

(In the ring)

ANNOUNCER: On the bell, gentlemen.

(Alec nods. The announcer leaves the ring. The ring girl sounds the bell, and Alec's opponent rushes at him. Alec fells him with one punch. The ring girl rings the bell again, Normal cheers, and Tony and the other gangsters smile.)

NORMAL (at the betting window): Let it all ride on Monty Cora, there, Sparky. Thank you.

DOUGIE: He's fantastic, Mia!

MIA: Told ya!

(Tony waves Dougie over.)

MIA: Uh, you better get back over there.

DOUGIE: Thank you.

(Dougie walks away. Max approaches Mia.)

MAX: Give me one good reason why I shouldn't kick your ass.

MIA: Oh, hi. Hey, there's Logan. Hi, Logan! (Waves to Logan, who is a little distance away.) So what are you guys up to?

MAX: I was about to ask you the same question.

MIA (sighing): Here we go again.

(Alec defeats another opponent. The ring girl smiles at him. The gangsters nod approvingly. Normal places another bet.)

ANNOUNCER: ...the titan of terror, give it up for Jim the Jackal!

(Alec defeats Jim the Jackal. The crowd cheers. The ring girl smiles. Normal gleefully places another bet.)

NORMAL: Thank you, my man.

(Alec wins fight after fight.)

ANNOUNCER: ...Tommy Thunderfists!

(Alec wins another fight. Normal looks very satisfied at the betting window.)

(Logan is sitting at the bar with a glass of wine. Max approaches, frustrated.)

MAX (to bartender): Can I get a drink?

LOGAN: You okay?

MAX: Yeah. Except...I think Mia put the whammy on me again, because I have no idea what we just talked about.

LOGAN (removing an earpiece): I do.

MAX (glancing at the microphone on her collar): Oh, yeah. Forgot you were listening. Thank God.

LOGAN: Dougie's worried the boss is gonna find out he talked to Eyes Only. Mia convinced Alec to fight so Dougie could do a solid for the don.

MAX: So the boss is here?

LOGAN: Somewhere. Dressed as a peanut vendor, probably. Dougie's about to make him a small fortune, and once he gets back in his good graces, he'll never flip.

MAX: Unless Alec goes down and the boss loses all his money on account of Dougie.

LOGAN: And what are the chances of that happening?

MAX: Depends on Alec.

LOGAN: I'll call Matt Sung.

MAX (at same time): Call Matt Sung. Tell him to get his men over here.

(Alec counts to himself as he finishes off an opponent.)

ALEC: Four, three, two, one.

(The ring girl smiles at him as she rings the bell. He winks at her. Max approaches the ring.)

MAX: Alec!

ALEC: Max, hey. You wanna bet on me?

MAX: You gotta lose this next fight.

ALEC: What?

MAX: Take a dive, hit the mat, lose the fight.

ALEC: Yeah, right. I'm up like a hundred grand.

MAX: You don't get it. Mia played you.

ALEC: No, no, she spotted me my startup money.

MAX: No, she fixed the fight so a bunch of mobsters could make a killing on you.

ALEC: You say that like it's a bad thing.

MAX: Logan's been trying to take these guys down for months. If you don't throw the fight, they get off scot-free.

ALEC: It's not my problem.

ANNOUNCER: ...weighing in at 310 pounds, let's hear it for the avatar of agony, Mako! (To Alec and Mako) All right, gentlemen. You know the drill. When I leave the ring, the fight begins. Any questions?

(At the betting window, Normal places another bet.)

NORMAL: Thank you very much.

(Alec begins to fight.)

NORMAL: Let's go. Let's go.

(Alec wins quickly. Normal cheers, as does the rest of the crowd. Normal talks to Alec ringside.)

NORMAL: You're up \$122,000.

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen, undefeated against twelve opponents and still standing after all comers, we have a new champion--

MAX: Not so fast.

(Max enters the ring. Normal and Alec look up in surprise.)

MAX: I'll take him on.

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen, we have a new challenger...

ALEC: What the hell are you doing?

MAX: I told you to take a dive. Now I'm gonna have to beat your ass myself.

ALEC: What do you have against me making money?

ANNOUNCER (to Max): So what's your name, cupcake?

ALEC: She doesn't have a name. You know what? She's not here. She's not fighting.

MAX: Oh, yes, I am.

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen, in this corner, hailing from parts unknown, let's hear it for the Curvaceous Killer!

SECOND GANGSTER: What do you think?

TONY: What do you mean, what do I think? Look at the freakin' odds. [47 to 1 in Alec's favor] Put it all on Dougie's guy for the boss.

THIRD GANGSTER: How much?

TONY: How much? All of it. (Mutters) "How much."

NORMAL (at one betting window): You are so dead, missy-miss.

MIA (waiting in line at another window): **Excuse me, I'm gonna scootch to the front. Hi, excuse me. Excuse me.**

THIRD GANGSTER (at yet another window): Everything on Monty Cora.

ANNOUNCER (to Alec and Max): All right, here are the rules. Well, there ain't no rules. Hitting below the belt's allowed...eye gouging's allowed...

ALEC (while the announcer talks): Max, you don't want to fight me.

MAX: Are you kidding? I've been waiting for this chance for months.

ALEC: Yeah, well, see, you're just a girl, and so--

(Max punches him.)

NORMAL: Hey! She jumped the bell! What are you doing? She jumped the bell!

(The announcer quickly leaves the ring.)

ANNOUNCER (to the ring girl): Ring the bell! Will you ring the bell? (She rings it)

ALEC: Should've known you'd cheat.

(Max kicks Alec in the leg.)

MAX: That's for the virus.

ALEC: That was not my fault!

(She punches him.)

MAX: That's for trying to kill Joshua.

ALEC: I was just trying to protect my own...

(She punches him twice.)

MAX: And that's for getting paint all over my research papers.

ALEC: Okay, yeah, that was my bad.

DOUGIE: She's good. Yeah, she's really good.

TONY: Yeah.

(Max punches Alec again.)

MAX: That's for making Joshua deliver your packages.

ALEC: Max, cut it out!

(She kicks and punches him.)

MAX: That's for losing my baseball.

(The gangsters look at each other.)

MAX: And this...(Kicks Alec in the stomach)...is for whatever stupid thing you do next.

NORMAL: Kick her ass!

ALEC: Okay. That's it.

(Max goes to kick Alec again, but he grabs her leg, punches her, and shoves her to the ground. Before she can get up, he kicks her. She lands near the edge of the ring, in front of Normal.)

NORMAL: Oh, lovely! (To Max) You better be at work tomorrow, there, miss. Huh, pumpkin?  
(Yelling, to Alec) Kill the messenger!

(Max stands up. Alec smiles.)

ALEC: My turn now, bitch.

MAX: What'd you just call me?

ALEC (chuckling): You heard me. B-I-T-C...

MAX: Oh, look at that. Ring girl just lost her top.

ALEC (not believing her): Yeah.

(Despite his disbelief, Alec can't help glancing at the ring girl. She smiles at him, top intact. Max takes the opportunity to kick him in the groin.)

(The crowd groans. Eventually the women in the crowd cheer. Alec stops in his tracks, wide-eyed with pain. Max pushes him a little and he falls over.)

MAX: Oops. Sorry.

(The bell rings and the announcer enters the ring.)

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen, let's hear it for our new champion, the Curvaceous Killer!

(The crowd cheers. Logan and Matt Sung head for Tony's table, followed by some cops. Mia sees them and starts to head for Tony's table. Max steps in her way.)

MAX: Hey! If you were thinking of going over there and working your mojo on Dougie, think again.

(At the table)

TONY: Come on. Let's take a little ride, hmm?

(The gangsters get up from the table. Logan, Matt Sung, and the cops approach.)

MATT SUNG: Douglas Colantonio? (Flashes his badge) Detective Matt Sung, Seattle P.D.

TONY: He's got nothing to say to you.

LOGAN: You're about to get dead, Dougie. You were on thin ice with the boss already, and that's before you lost him a lot of money. You go with them, you're gonna end your night in cement shoes.

SECOND GANGSTER: "Cement shoes"? Who talks like that?

TONY: These clowns don't know what they're talkin' about. Come on.

MATT SUNG: We're ready to take you into protective custody. Just say the word.

LOGAN: You won't get as good an offer from the boss. Tell us who he is, you get a fresh start.

TONY: Come on, Books. Let's go. Come on.

LOGAN: All you have to do is point a finger.

(Tony and the second gangster try to get Dougie to go with them. Dougie nervously tries to make a decision. Finally he points and yells.)

DOUGIE: That's him right there!

(Sparacino, dressed as a woman, gets up from a table and starts running.)

MATT SUNG: Stop her!

(The gangsters try to grab Dougie. The cops grab them instead.)

TONY: You're dead! You're dead!

(Sparacino runs from the cops, not looking where he's going. Mia stops him with a punch.)

MIA (to Max): I never really liked him much anyway.

MATT SUNG (handcuffing Sparacino): You're under arrest for murder, racketeering, and bookmaking. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. Go. (The cops take him away.)

---

(Later, when the crowd is gone, Logan and Max talk to Mia. Dougie is sitting at a nearby table, asleep.)

LOGAN: Now wait a second. I don't get it. You wanted Dougie to flip?

MIA: I've been trying to get him out of this life since the day we met. That's why I had you do the Eyes Only hack--to push Dougie into doing the right thing.

MAX: So this whole thing was a setup?

MIA: Uh-huh. I knew you guys would show up here as soon as you got onto me. Plus I knew you'd do whatever it took to help keep Dougie from running off.

(The announcer hands Mia a bagful of money.)

ANNOUNCER: Here you go, miss.

MIA: Thank you.

MAX: What's that?

MIA: My winnings.

MAX: You bet on me?

MIA: Of course.

MAX: How'd you know I'd win?

MIA: 'Cause girls kick ass. That's what the T-shirt says, right?

LOGAN: Now wait a second. If you wanted to get Dougie to quit the life, why didn't you just do your little thing to make him do what you wanted?

MIA: You know, I think that's why I love him so much. He's totally immune to me. I think it's 'cause his brain wiring's a bit screwy on account of his condition.

LOGAN: So you like not having him wrapped around your finger?

MIA: Yeah. What fun is being in love if everything's easy?

(Normal walks by, supporting Alec.)

NORMAL (to Max): Look what you did to him. What the hell are you?

MIA: **Uh--Normal, honey, you need to forget everything you saw here tonight.**

NORMAL: I do?

MIA: **Mm-hmm. Just take Alec back to his place, then you go on home to bed. Maybe you'll have one of those nice gladiator dreams you like so much.**

NORMAL: Yeah. I like that.

MIA (to Alec): And you--here you go. (Hands him some money) Thank you so much.

NORMAL (ruffling Alec's hair): Let's go, there, buddy.

(Alec looks uncomfortable and glares at Max as they leave.)

MIA: All right, Dougie. (Sets the bag in his lap and he wakes up) Time to go.

DOUGIE: Where? Where we going?

MIA: Maui. (Giggles) Come on. We've got a plane to catch.

(Mia gives Logan a kiss on the cheek.)

MIA: You are a beautiful, talented man. (To Max) And you? You couldn't be a more rocking, awesome chick if you tried. You two are going to have the best life together. You're so perfect for each other. I know life stinks a little right now, but it can't always stink, right? Believe me. If Dougie and I can make it work, so can you. Always remember that, okay?

MAX: I have the feeling I will.

MIA: All right, Nappy, time to go.

(Mia and Dougie leave, arm in arm.)

MAX: Can't really be mad at her. I mean, you got your guy.



LOGAN: And she got hers. Shall we?

MAX: May as well.

(They start leaving.)

LOGAN: So I hear you're a rocking, awesome chick.

MAX: And you're a beautiful, talented man.

LOGAN: That's right.

DARK ANGEL  
Season Two, Episode #16: "Exposure"  
First Aired 3/22/2002

(At Jam Pony)

ALEC: Here you go, boss. One hot run delivered to Fifth and Maple, in a timely and courteous fashion, by yours truly.

NORMAL: That's my rock star.

MAX: Are you kidding me? One package? That's it? All day?

ALEC: Quality, not quantity, Max.

ORIGINAL CINDY: That's what all men tell themselves. Helps them sleep better at night.

SKETCHY: Greetings, all y'all! Big news, my brothas. You are looking at the newest reporter for America's fastest-growing magazine. (Holds up a tabloid)

ORIGINAL CINDY: New World Weekly?

NORMAL: You're not reportin' anything on Jam Pony time, mister.

SKETCHY: No worries, it's strictly freelance. I dropped my r'sum' off last month, and they finally called. Said they're willing to give a hungry young newshound a chance.

ALEC: And what exactly are you gonna be doing for 'em, Sketch?

SKETCHY: I'm gonna hunt down mutants in my spare time and immortalize their horrible, deformed faces for tabloid posterity.

(Normal laughs)

MAX: That's just great.

ALEC: Yeah.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Except there are no mutants, and that rag is full of lies.

SKETCHY: Wait 'til I get my first exclusive. In the meantime, everybody, drinks on me at Crash! (The employees cheer)

(Max and Alec step away and speak privately)

MAX: This is not good.

ALEC: No, no, I'm as worried about exposure as you are.

MAX: I'd believe that if you covered your barcode better, Monty Cora.

ALEC: Look, I seriously doubt White and his, uh, merry band of transgenic hunters get their tips from the New World Weekly. I mean, besides, this is Sketchy we're talking about. What are the chances he stumbles across an actual Manticore alum that's stupid enough to let him snap a shot?

SKETCHY: Hey, guys. (Snaps a picture of them on his way out)

MAX (to Alec): You were saying?

---

(In Logan's apartment, the phone rings and he wheels over to answer it.)

LOGAN: Yeah.

VOICE: Logan? It's Wendy White.

LOGAN: Wendy? Where are you? I've been trying to reach you, but your sister said that you were--

WENDY: I know. I--I talked to her. She said you were tracking down some leads on Ray?

LOGAN: Yeah, I have nothing solid yet, but--

WENDY: I found him.

LOGAN: What?

WENDY: I found Ray.

LOGAN: Is he with you?

WENDY: No, but I know where my husband took him. You've gotta help me get him back.

LOGAN: I will. But, Wendy, you have to promise me that you're not going to do anything until I get there, okay? I don't have to tell you how dangerous these people who took your son are, right?

WENDY: Hurry, Logan. I think they're onto me.

LOGAN: Okay, Wendy. Tell me where you are.

WENDY: Even the policeman that I talked to--

LOGAN: Wendy, where are you?

WENDY: A little town--

(There is a crash as White kicks the door open.)

WENDY: Oh, my God.

LOGAN: Wendy?

(White yanks the phone cord out of the wall and Logan is cut off.)

LOGAN: Wendy?

(Wendy picks up something heavy and hits White on the head with it. He doesn't flinch.)

WHITE (without emotion): Ouch.

(He smacks her hard and she lands on the bed.)

WHITE: You shouldn't have come here.

WENDY: I want my son.

WHITE: He's not your son anymore. He's one of us.

WENDY: Who are you people? What are you doing to him?

WHITE: That is not your concern. We've protected ourselves for thousands of years. (Begins removing his tie)

WENDY: Ames...

WHITE: You should've left well enough alone.

WENDY: Please...

(White approaches her, wrapping the ends of his tie around his fists.)

WHITE: I loved you, Wendy. You were chosen for me. But you should've forgotten about him...and you should've forgotten about me.

(Wendy screams)

(Opening credits)

---

(In his apartment, Logan is adjusting the exoskeleton, and Max enters with some containers of gasoline.)

MAX: Hey. Only managed to score about five gallons.

LOGAN: That should be enough to get us there.

MAX: So you traced the call?

LOGAN: She called from a town called Willoughby, which is located three hours south of here. Trying to pinpoint the address.

MAX: Why is Wendy trying to track down Ray by herself? I mean, she knows how psycho White and his cult pals are.

LOGAN: I can't even tell you how many times I've tried to tell her that. She's called me more than once with what turned out to be bogus leads.

MAX: Think this might be another dead end?

LOGAN: It occurred to me, until I heard someone bust in and the line went dead.

(Logan's computer beeps and shows the following information:)

Address:  
Hotel Willoughby, 43  
Sasson St. Willoughby, WA

Telephone:  
1-360-555-0194

LOGAN: Bingo.

MAX: The address.

LOGAN: Yup. Here we go.

---

(At Jam Pony)

NORMAL (not believing a word): Max is sick again?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Up all night. I couldn't get her out of that bathroom. I think it's cholera.

ALEC: Or diphtheria.

NORMAL: Or maybe bubonic plague.

ALEC (distracted): I hear that's been going around.

NORMAL: Look, you want to cover her shift as well as your own, makes no never-mind to me. Happy riding.

(He hands them some packages and walks away. Original Cindy tries to give some to Alec and he refuses. Sketchy approaches.)

SKETCHY: Hey, is that going to sector three? Trade ya.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Whatever.

SKETCHY: I got a tip from the paper about a grotesque mutant living in the sewers over there. Maybe I'll get lucky and snap a shot. (Leaves)

ORIGINAL CINDY: What do you think?

ALEC: I think he'll slog around in the sewers for about an hour, come back empty-handed, tired, and smelling like garbage.

---

(In the sewers, Sketchy is looking around with a flashlight. He sees a large shadow on the wall ahead. Gasping, he takes out his camera and snaps some pictures of the shadow. A moment later he is disappointed to discover it was only a rat.)

---

(In Logan's car, Max and Logan pull up outside a building in Willoughby.)

LOGAN: Phone number's listed to this hotel.

MAX: Which room did she call from, though?

LOGAN: Records didn't break it down that far.

MAX: Well, let's go check it out.

LOGAN: Wendy said she had the feeling someone was onto her. We don't want to tip the wrong person we're looking for her.

MAX: Well, that kinda makes things tough.

LOGAN: Watch and learn.

(Max and Logan enter the hotel lobby, suitcases in hand, and approach the front desk.)

DESK CLERK: Morning.

LOGAN: Morning. Uh, we're here with the Connor party.

DESK CLERK (checking the computer and not finding a reservation): Connor party?

LOGAN: Hunting weekend. Booked two rooms.

DESK CLERK: No, I'm sorry. Is it under another name?

LOGAN: You know, maybe Bill's girlfriend used her name to check in. Uh...try...(Chuckles sheepishly)...I can't remember her name. I only met her that once. Oh, God, this is embarrassing. Um, maybe if I just take a look, it might jog my memory.

DESK CLERK: It's okay. We've got a couple extra vacancies, so...

LOGAN: Oh, great! Well, then, we'll take a room.

DESK CLERK: Okay. Well, just fill that out. (Hands him a form)

LOGAN: Hate it when that happens. Right on the tip of your tongue, and...

DESK CLERK (smiling): Yeah, yeah. Yeah, I know the feeling. Why don't you go ahead and take a look? (Turns the computer monitor toward Logan)

LOGAN: Ah, thanks, I appreciate it. (To Max, after checking the screen) I don't see anything. Do you?

(She takes a look. He points to the screen's calendar. There are no reservations for that week.)

LOGAN: Wow. Pretty quiet week.

DESK CLERK: Yeah, it's mostly a weekend sort of place. Folks hunting, like yourselves.

LOGAN: Huh.

MAX (abruptly): So nobody? All week?

(Logan gives her a look. The desk clerk suddenly looks wary.)

DESK CLERK: That's, uh, that's what it says.

LOGAN (handing him the form): Here you go.

DESK CLERK: Yeah. You're in, uh, 203. Back stairs.

LOGAN: Thanks.

DESK CLERK: Have a nice stay.

(Upstairs, Max and Logan walk down the hallway.)

LOGAN: I said "Watch and learn," not "Watch and tip the guy off."

MAX: I was just trying to make sure. Think he's one of White's fellow travelers? What did he call them--Familiars?

LOGAN: Maybe. (Dials his cell phone) Reception in this town is terrible, but there we go, it's ringing. You hear anything?

MAX: Not yet.

(Max slowly walks down the hallway, stopping when she hears a phone ringing from inside one of the rooms. Logan hangs up, the room's phone stops ringing, and Max picks the lock on the door. They enter the room and look around.)

LOGAN: New strikeplate. Fresh coat of paint.

MAX: Huh. Looks like a new phone jack.

LOGAN: Somebody went out of their way to make it look like nothing happened here.

(Max opens a small refrigerator, removes a can, and glances at the price list lying on the fridge.)

MAX: Ten bucks for a soda?!

LOGAN: Honor bar prices. They'll gouge you any way they can.

MAX: No honor in a broken world.

(Opening the can, she picks up a roll of film that was in the fridge.)

MAX: Oh, look what I found.

LOGAN: Best place to keep film until you're ready to develop it.

MAX: Think it's Wendy's?

LOGAN: Let's find out. Nice work.

MAX: I watch, I learn, I steal sodas.

---

(In the sewer, Sketchy is still looking around. He rounds a corner and several men suddenly point guns at him.)

MAN: Freeze! What the hell are you doing here?

SKETCHY: Uh...

SECOND MAN (pointing behind Sketchy): There he is!

(The men run past Sketchy and chase another man, who is climbing a ladder out of the sewer.)

FIRST MAN (into a microphone on his collar): Subject is headed for daylight. Repeat--subject is headed for daylight.

(Above ground, White is in a car with Otto.)

WHITE: Damn it. (Into a radio) All units form a perimeter above ground.

FIRST MAN: Go! Go!

(The men climb the ladder and leave the sewer. A short distance behind, Sketchy follows.)

(Above ground, a man--clearly a Manticore escapee--runs through a market area, chased by the other men. Sketchy follows. The man being chased approaches a street, but turns back when White pulls up and gets out of the car.)

FIRST MAN: Freeze!

(The man being chased is cornered, and the other men take aim at him. Sketchy arrives, hides, and begins taking pictures. The men in suits use tasers on the Manticore escapee. He tries to fend them off, but eventually they bring him down.)

WHITE: Get these people out of here.

SECOND MAN (to the gathering crowd): All right, let's move it back.

FIRST MAN: All right, let's go. Move back.

SECOND MAN: There's nothing to see here.

WHITE: Put a sheet over its ugly head. Get it to HQ, ASAP.

(Sketchy turns and hurries away)

---

(At a convenience store, a clerk is showing Max and Logan how to use a photo-developing machine.)

CLERK: Just takes a few minutes. And, uh, the photos, they come out right here.

LOGAN: Great. Thanks.

(A sheriff enters the store and approaches them.)

SHERIFF: Afternoon. Uh, you folks staying at the hotel?

LOGAN: Yeah.

SHERIFF: Yeah, I heard we had visitors. Welcome.

MAX: Just passing through.

SHERIFF: Well, you enjoy your stay.

(The sheriff walks away to return a video. Max and Logan look at the photos as they develop. Most of the photos are of a large building.)

MAX: What's that?

LOGAN: Don't know.

(They glance out the window to see a group of uniformed kids walking down the street.)

LOGAN: School uniforms. (Looking back at the pictures) Could be a prep school nearby. Place looks pretty posh...must be exclusive.

(In one of the pictures, a boy peers out a window.)

MAX: That's Ray.

LOGAN: White must have stashed him here so Wendy couldn't find him.

(The sheriff approaches from behind, surprising them.)

SHERIFF: You folks have a kid up at Brookridge?

LOGAN: Yeah.



MAX (at same time): No.

(They laugh awkwardly. The sheriff doesn't.)

LOGAN: Uh, we're, uh, we just happened to drive by, and we happened to see it, and we just thought that it looked like the kind of place that we might send our kids someday.

MAX: If we could afford it.

LOGAN: Right.

SHERIFF: Just happened to see it, huh? 'Cause it's nowhere near the roads. I mean, you've gotta, you know, pull right up to the gate.

LOGAN: Right. Well, I took a wrong turn.

MAX: I gave him bad directions.

LOGAN: She had the map. (To the clerk) Anyway, thanks.

CLERK: Yeah, take care.

LOGAN: Bye. (He and Max turn to leave)

SHERIFF: Hey!

(They turn back, looking worried. The sheriff removes one last photo of Ray from the machine.)

SHERIFF: Forgot one.

MAX (taking it): Thank you.

(Max and Logan leave the store. The sheriff follows them out and watches them walk down the street.)

LOGAN: Keep walking, act natural, we're just passing through.

(They step aside to let the uniformed boys and girls walk by. Max exchanges a glance with one of the boys, who looks at her strangely.)

MAX (after the kids have passed): I'm starting to get the funny feeling this isn't your average boarding school for rich kids with disciplinary problems.

LOGAN: Think maybe it's the breeding cult's version of Manticore?

MAX: If so, then Willoughby's Cult Central and we don't know who's involved – sheriff, hotel clerk . . .

LOGAN: Let's get Wendy and Ray and get out of here.

MAX: Works for me.

---

(At their headquarters, White and Otto are talking about the Manticore escapee, who is chained to a wall.)

OTTO: We're thinking he was probably designed to be some kind of worker drone. Good for hauling equipment, digging fossils, that kind of thing.

WHITE: It talk?

ESCAPEE: Talk . . . I can talk.

WHITE: Good. Then you'll understand what I'm about to say. (To Otto) Give it a last meal; we don't want to be accused of being inhospitable. Ship it out in tomorrow's transport. The boys in Forensics can take it apart at their leisure.

OTTO: Yes, sir.

(White and Otto leave the room)

OTTO: On another matter, sir, we may have a situation. The team came across a kid down in the sewers right before the damn thing broke for the street. He had a camera. May have gotten off a couple of shots.

WHITE: Terrific.

(White's cell phone rings)

WHITE (into phone): White. Yes, sir. Of course, but can it wait 'til tomorrow? I've got a family situa-- (His jaw tightens) Very good, sir. I'll be there. (hangs up) That was the Director. He wants to meet to talk about today's little snafu. I do not want to have to tell him that on top of everything else, we have a kid running around with photographs of the takedown.

OTTO: We do have a lead. One of the men remembers that he was wearing a backpack with some kind of company logo on it.

WHITE: Find him, find out what he knows, get rid of the film.

OTTO: Yes, sir.

WHITE: And if he knows too much, get rid of him. (Checks his watch) Damn it. I'm supposed to have seen my kid today. I'll be lucky if I get out of town before rush hour.

---

(At Jam Pony, Sketchy runs in and joins Alec and Original Cindy, who are eating lunch.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: What's up? Looks like you ran all the way from sector three. (Makes a face) And you smell like it, too.

SKETCHY: You guys will not believe what I just saw. A mutant. A real, live miscreation of science, and I've got the photographic proof. (Holds up his camera)

ALEC: Well, why don't you, uh, take a load off and tell us all about it?

(Alec takes the camera and hands it to Original Cindy. Sketchy sits down and starts talking. He doesn't notice Original Cindy turn away briefly and open the back of the camera, exposing the film to light.)

SKETCHY: Okay. So I'm trolling the area, looking for the mutant. I come across this military action in progress. They had the fiend trapped in an alley. You should have seen him, dude. Wait, what am I saying? You're gonna see it as soon as I get the film developed.

ALEC: That's right. I can't wait.

ORIGINAL CINDY (handing Sketchy his camera): Here. Wouldn't want that falling into the wrong hands.

SKETCHY: Thanks, O.C. I'm gonna take this to the paper right after lunch. (Leaves)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Poor little white boy. He was excited about that story, too.

ALEC: Had to be done. Thanks.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I did it for Max. But you're welcome.

---

(At the harbor, a man who is presumably the Director talks to White.)

DIRECTOR: What were you thinking, chasing a Manticore escapee into broad daylight?

WHITE: It posed a clear and present danger to the public, sir.

DIRECTOR: If your men couldn't make the capture under wraps, they should've let it go, not flush the damn thing into the street where everybody could see it.

WHITE: Perhaps I should've waited until it ate somebody's child, sir.

DIRECTOR: You are out of line, Agent White.

WHITE: With respect, what's out of line is the way this entire operation is being handled. We're understaffed and underfunded.

DIRECTOR: Your funding is off the books. We can't risk diverting any more without raising some eyebrows.

WHITE: Well, I thought that my job was to capture transgenics, not to cover somebody's ass.

DIRECTOR: If it got out that billions of tax dollars were diverted to a secret government program to build transgenic soldiers, well, that would be bad enough. But if it got out that millions more were being diverted to catch the damn things because they got away, it would be a disaster. Damn it, Ames. It could bring down the Committee itself. Bottom line: I don't care what you do with these transgenics. Catch them, kill them, let them skulk around the sewer to their hearts' content. You just keep them off the nightly news.

(The director leaves. White's cell phone rings.)

WHITE (into phone): Yeah. Hi, Ray. How's my big man? Well, I can't, you know? You know the parents aren't allowed to be there until it's finished. But don't worry. It's gonna be just fine. You just do like you practiced, right? And I'll see you soon. I love you too. Okay. Bye.

---

(In Logan's car, Max and Logan pull up to the driveway of the school.)

LOGAN: Ready?

MAX: Watch and learn.

LOGAN: If you're not out of there in an hour, I'm coming in after you.

MAX: Damn right you are!

(She gets out of the car and heads for the building. He drives up to the door, where a uniformed guard stands watch. Logan pulls out a map and hides a gun under it.)

GUARD: Can I help you?

LOGAN: Hey. Yeah, I must have taken a wrong turn somewhere. I'm looking for, uh, county road four?

(While the guard is distracted, Max sneaks up to the building and begins climbing the wall.)

GUARD: Sure thing. Go back the way you came. Make a left at the drive. About six or seven miles you'll hit a light. Make another left...

LOGAN: Left?

GUARD: It's your first right.

LOGAN: Maybe I should write this down. You got a pen?

(The guard checks his pockets. Logan sees that Max has reached a ledge.)

GUARD: Not on me. Let me get one.

LOGAN: Uh...that's all right. I think I can remember. Thanks. (Drives away)

(Max crawls in an open window into a bedroom. A boy is sleeping in one of the two beds. Max notices a book on the nightstand. The book has a symbol on the cover. She opens the book; the words "Raymond White" are handwritten inside the cover. The rest of the book consists of hieroglyphic-like symbols. A gong sounds in the distance. Max quietly follows the sound downstairs. She sees some cloaked figures, carrying candles, headed for the basement. She follows. In the basement, the cloaked figures put on white and brown makeup and approach an altar. There stands a priestess, wearing makeup but no cloak, and flanked by two people in cloaks. Max watches, hiding behind a curtain.)

PRIESTESS: Adara mo'ke tali. Konoss rehu jek. Hiif polna menos kori. Konoss rehu jek. Kariff mo'ss!

OTHER PEOPLE (in unison): Miisru eh-nu.

PRIESTESS: Kariff daah.

OTHER PEOPLE: Miis'ru koss.

(A cloaked man sounds the gong and the other people kneel. Ray White, not wearing a cloak, is escorted into the room.)

PRIESTESS: Kan'dara mo'ss re'kali.

OTHER PEOPLE: Mo'ss re'kali, ken'da hiif.

PRIESTESS: Kon'ta ress.

(The other people rise. Two men carry a large wooden chest to the altar and open it. The priestess lifts out a pair of live snakes.)

PRIESTESS: Kariff mo'ss, miis'ru eh-nu. Kariff daah, miis'ru koss. Miis'toka ben tahari filus par'ri ben'ta koss.

(The priestess hands one snake to an older, cloaked priestess standing nearby. We see that one of the cloaked people is the boy with whom Max exchanged glances on the street.)

YOUNGER PRIESTESS: Mis'rah hek.

OLDER PRIESTESS: Mis'ra'kahi fe'nos tol.

OTHER PEOPLE: Fe'nos tol.

(The younger priestess sets the snake down on the altar. A man hands her an ornate dagger. The older priestess escorts Ray to the altar.)

YOUNGER PRIESTESS: Kiv'sa pol...tu'ri kom'sa....konoss rehu jek.

(The younger priestess uses the dagger to slice off the snake's head. She drains the blood into a chalice and hands the snake to a man standing nearby. She dips the bottom of the dagger's handle into the blood and looks at Ray. Max restrains herself from rushing forward in alarm. Ray rolls up his sleeve.)

RAY: Kan'dara mo'ss re'kali.

YOUNGER PRIESTESS: Konoss rehu jek.

(She presses the bottom of the dagger's handle onto Ray's forearm.)

YOUNGER PRIESTESS: Kan'dara mo'ss re'kali. Mo'ss re'kali, ken'da hiif!

(Ray raises his arm. It has been branded with the same symbol that was on the book's cover.)

OTHER PEOPLE: Mo'ss re'kali, ken'da hiif.

(The boy Max saw on the street turns to look at the curtain. The curtain moves aside, revealing Max. Max rushes the altar. The younger priestess tries to get her with the dagger, but Max blocks it. The bottom of the dagger's handle presses into her gloved hand for a moment. The older priestess shields Ray. Max punches the younger priestess and kicks a cloaked man, but some of the other people take her down.)

---

(Outside, in the car, Logan checks his watch.)

LOGAN: Damn it.

(He prepares his gun, gets out of the car, and approaches some bushes near the school. He stands there for a moment, looking at the building. The sheriff suddenly points a gun at Logan's head from behind.)

SHERIFF: Just passing through, huh?

(Logan slowly turns around and raises his hands in surrender. The sheriff takes Logan's gun.)

---

(Alone in a car, White speaks on his cell phone to the older priestess while he drives. She is watching over Ray, who is unconscious.)

WHITE: Yeah, I'll be there soon. How's Ray?

PRIESTESS: It's too soon to tell. But the symptoms have come fast.

WHITE: I see.

PRIESTESS: We had an incident involving one of the transgenics.

WHITE: What?

PRIESTESS: She tried to stop the ceremony and take Ray.

WHITE: 452.

PRIESTESS: We have her. She was cut with the kariff. It should take effect on her soon.

WHITE: I'll be there in an hour. Fe'nos tol.

PRIESTESS: Fe'nos tol.

---

(Max wakes up in a supply room, caged behind a wire wall. The older priestess and the boy Max saw on the street enter the room, on the other side of the wire. Max sees a tear in her glove and removes it to find that her palm has been branded with the symbol.)

PRIESTESS: Does it hurt?

MAX: Yeah, except I want my money back. I asked for the heart with the dagger through it.

PRIESTESS: Why did you come here? Did she send you, the Mother? If you're trying to protect her, don't bother. It's too late for that.

MAX: What are you doing with Ray?

PRIESTESS: What is necessary.

MAX: Could you be a little more specific? 'Cause I left my copy of Wacky Cult Rituals for Dummies at home.

PRIESTESS: Ray is proving himself.

MAX: Oh, really? Well, I'd like to see you prove yourself.

PRIESTESS: I have. (Rolls up her sleeve to reveal the brand on her forearm) We all have.

MAX: Yippee. So, uh, after you pass the sacred snake blood test, what do you get? A lollipop?

PRIESTESS: You shouldn't have interfered.

MAX: Sorry I spoiled the party.

PRIESTESS: You will be sorry...soon enough.

---

(At Jam Pony, Otto enters with two other men in suits. Normal calls out without looking up from his Chinese food.)

NORMAL: We're closed. Come back tomorrow.

OTTO (flashing his badge): Special Agent Otto Gottlieb, NSA. I'd like to ask you a few questions.

(Normal looks up and quickly puts away the food.)

NORMAL: Hey, sorry. Didn't realize that, uh...I mean, you know, I never expected, uh...(Takes a deep breath and salutes briefly)...Whatever. Reagan Ronald, proud American, at your service, sir.

OTTO: You run this place?

NORMAL: Yes, as best I can, sir.

OTTO: We're looking for one of your messengers. Male, early twenties, long hair, ratty clothes.

NORMAL: Uh, tragically, sir, you've just described every young man in my employ.

OTTO: He had a camera.

NORMAL: Calvin Simon Theodore, a.k.a. Sketchy. Six foot, roughly 180 pounds, smells vaguely of rotten fruit. What'd he do?

OTTO: That's classified.

NORMAL: Got it.

OTTO: Just tell us where we can find him.

NORMAL: Uh, Crash. 1313 Euclid. It's a bar. He and his fellow reprobates go there after work to drink themselves into stupors.

(Otto and the other men leave silently.)

NORMAL: Glad I could help.

---

(At Crash, Sketchy is sitting at a table with Original Cindy and Alec. He is depressed and looking at his photos, which are nothing but black.)

SKETCHY: Dude, I just don't...I don't get it.

ALEC: Well, maybe you left the lens cap on.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Or loaded the film in backwards.

SKETCHY: Yeah, maybe I'm just a loser who can't do anything right. That's what my editor thinks.

ALEC: These things happen, Sketch. Don't be so hard on yourself.

ORIGINAL CINDY: It just wasn't meant to be, that's all.

ALEC: I mean, come on. You really think you saw an honest-to-God mutant? You know how these tabloid things work. Slap a photo of a weather balloon on the cover and call it an alien invasion.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Or a shot of a guy in a Halloween mask and say that there's monsters on the loose.

ALEC: Sketch, they make this stuff up.

SKETCHY: Yeah, I guess you're right. It's just...I really wanted to believe it, man. You know? My life's not that interesting, Alec. I'm a bike messenger.

ALEC: We're all bike messengers.

SKETCHY: Yeah, but with you and Max and O.C., it's like it's not all you are. If the mutant stories were true, then life would be more interesting, and as a reporter bringing that story to the world, then I would be more interesting. But I am what I am...a bike messenger.

ORIGINAL CINDY: It's not true, Sketchy.

SKETCHY: Well, it feels true. (Standing up unsteadily) All right, thanks, you guys. I'll go home now and puke. (Walks away)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Tell me again how that had to be done.

ALEC: Had to be done.

(Sketchy is about to walk into the men's room when Otto stops him.)

OTTO: Calvin Theodore, you're coming with us.

(Sketchy throws up on Otto's shoes.)

---

(In the jail, Logan is behind bars, talking to the sheriff.)

LOGAN: I've got a permit for the gun. It's in my car.



SHERIFF: Look, I don't care about the permit. I'm interested in what you were doing up at the school. This is about the boy, isn't it? The one in the picture? What do you think you're going to do--take him?

LOGAN: You got it all wrong.

SHERIFF: Do I? (Logan nods) Look, I make it my business to take care of that school and everybody in it. I'm going to ask you one more time: What were you doing up there?

---

(In the supply room, the boy is watching Max through the wire.)

MAX: What are you lookin' at, you little freak?

BOY: You. How do you feel?

MAX: What do you care?

BOY: It should've started by now. It's started with Ray.

MAX: What's started? Is he okay?

BOY: If he's one of us, he'll live.

MAX: If he's sick, you should get a doctor.

BOY: If he's not meant to survive, no one can help him.

(Max looks down at the brand showing through the rip in her glove.)

MAX: It's getting hot in here. Can you turn down the heat?

BOY: It's begun.

MAX: What's begun?

BOY: That's why I'm here. To watch.

MAX: Watch what?

BOY: Watch you die.

---

(Otto and one of his men take Sketchy, who is blindfolded and handcuffed, to headquarters. They shove him into a chair, remove the blindfold, and interrogate him.)

SKETCHY: Whoa, man, I said I'm sorry about the shoes.

OTTO: What were you doing down in that sewer?

SKETCHY: I was on assignment. I work for a newspaper.

OTTO: You had a camera. I want that film.

SKETCHY: Yeah, man, the pictures didn't come out.

OTTO: You expect me to believe that?

SKETCHY: What can I say, man? I screwed up. I'm bummed about it too. Woulda made great copy.

OTTO: What would've? What did you see?

SKETCHY: Some loser in a Halloween mask. I don't know.

OTTO: What paper is it exactly that you work for?

SKETCHY: New World Weekly.

OTHER MAN (relieved): It's a tabloid.

SKETCHY: Yeah, you know, you get a picture of a weather balloon, the aliens are coming.

OTTO: Some kid pulls a holdup wearing a Halloween mask...

SKETCHY: ...mutants are on the loose. Man, I would've had a cover if I hadn't messed up the film. Look, dude, I'll totally score you a new pair of shoes, all right?

(Otto and the other man step away to talk privately.)

SECOND MAN: What do you think?

OTTO: He doesn't know anything. Let him go.

---

(At the jail)

LOGAN: There's something going on at that school. Something dangerous.

SHERIFF: What are you talking about?

LOGAN: Haven't you ever noticed anything strange about those people up there?

SHERIFF: What is this? Are you involved in some kind of custody dispute over that kid in the picture?

LOGAN: Come on, you're a cop! It's your job to notice things! You haven't noticed anything unusual about that school? About those kids?

SHERIFF: Maybe.

LOGAN: Then hear me out.

---

(In the supply room, Max is lying weakly on the floor.)

MAX: It was something in the blood. (Coughs) I'm so thirsty. I need water.

BOY: It won't do any good.

MAX: I'm going to die anyway. Please?

---

(White enters the school's basement and goes to Ray, who is still unconscious.)

WHITE (whispering tenderly): Miis'toka ben tahari filus par'ri ben'ta koss.

(One of the men who was at the ceremony touches White on the shoulder. White turns around and sees a man also dressed in the ceremonial garb and paint.)

WHITE: I didn't know you would be here. I'm honored. (Looking at Ray) How is he?

PRIESTESS: He's weak. I'd be surprised if he survives.

MAN: I am sorry, Ames. But we all have our destiny.

WHITE: Ray...(Caressing him)...He's my only son.

MAN: This is how it's always been for us.

PRIESTESS: You said you had some business with 452. I'll call you if there's any change.

(Ray gives White a kiss and then leaves.)

---

(In the supply room)

MAX: Please.

(The boy prepares a glass of water for Max and unlocks the door in the wire to give it to her. Max runs past him.)

BOY: Stop!

(Max stops in her tracks. The boy turns to look at her and she is flung against the wall.)

BOY: I said stop.

(Max struggles, but can't move away from the wall. The boy lifts her up with just a look, until she is hanging in midair.)

BOY: You were just pretending to be sick. (Max struggles) Want me to put you down?

MAX: Depends. If you hold me up here long enough, will your head explode?

(Max drops to the ground. She starts to rush at him, but she is pushed against the wall again.)

BOY: You can't win.

MAX: Really? Not even if I do this?

(She lifts her shirt and flashes him. He blinks, stunned, and Max takes the opportunity to kick him to the ground.)

MAX: Made you look.

(Max runs out of the supply room. A person wearing a cloak walks down a hallway as Max watches. Moments later, Max enters the basement, wearing the cloak and passing White, who is on his way upstairs. She enters the area where Ray is lying, still unconscious. Max chokes the older priestess until the priestess passes out.)

MAX: Sweet dreams, bitch.

(White enters the supply room with his gun drawn, finds the boy lying unconscious, and runs to Ray's bed. Ray is gone.)

(Max carries Ray outside. White runs after her and draws his gun.)

WHITE: Not another step!

(Max stops and turns around.)

WHITE: Put him down.

MAX: You want to shoot me through your own son?

WHITE: Put him down.

(The sheriff and Logan pull up in the sheriff's SUV, siren wailing. The sheriff gets out, stands by the open driver's-side door, and points a gun at White. While White is distracted, Max slips into the bushes.)

SHERIFF: Drop your gun. Keep your hands where I can see 'em.

(White fires. The glass in the door window shatters and the sheriff falls to the ground with a grunt. White turns to aim at Max again, but she is gone. Logan climbs over to the driver's side of the car and runs into White.)

LOGAN: Max, hurry!

(Max puts Ray into the car and gets in herself. White sits up. Logan backs up until they reach the sheriff, who saw what happened to White.)

LOGAN: Get in, sheriff. Get in!

(White stands up. The sheriff gets in. White reaches his gun and fires in vain at the retreating SUV.)

---

(At Jam Pony)

NORMAL: Well, I expect the long arm of the law has given you a sound and deserved thrashing.

SKETCHY: You tipped those goons I was at Crash?

NORMAL: That I did. Whatever they suspected you of, I'm quite certain you were guilty. Hot run, Ninth and Grand.

(Normal hands him a package and Sketchy walks away.)

ALEC: Dude, pal, you okay?

SKETCHY: Yeah. The weirdest thing happened to me last night. Some government suits grabbed me up, took me to their secret headquarters. Wanted to know what I saw in that sewer.

ORIGINAL CINDY: What'd you tell 'em?

SKETCHY: I saw some dude in a Halloween mask. Then they let me go.

ALEC: Good man.

SKETCHY: But then I started thinking.

ALEC: Thinking?

ORIGINAL CINDY: What do you mean, thinking?

SKETCHY: Well, if they were that spun about what I might have seen, then maybe I actually saw something.

ALEC: Yeah, a guy in a mask.

SKETCHY: Yeah, right. Use your head, dude. Like the government needs to cover up the existence of guys in costumes? I don't think so. They nabbed me 'cause they got something to hide. The truth is out there, people. The mutants exist, and I'm gonna prove it. (Leaves)

ALEC: Well, that didn't go as well as I'd hoped.

ORIGINAL CINDY: No, it did not.

ALEC: Of course, the important question is, who gets to tell Max?

---

(At the school, White talks to the priestess and the man who had been with them earlier. All three are wearing regular clothes and no makeup.)

MAN: She was exposed. She not only survived--she didn't even show symptoms. How is that possible?

WHITE: Sandeman. His work at Manticore must have progressed further than we thought.

MAN: We need to find out if the other transgenics are immune as well.

WHITE: I'll deal with the other transgenics, and I'll deal with 452. But I have to find out what happened to Ray.

PRIESTESS: Ames...

WHITE: It's possible he survived.

PRIESTESS: Possible, but doubtful.

WHITE: I need to know. I have to be sure.

MAN: Do whatever you have to do. You just find out what the hell is going on. This could jeopardize everything we've worked towards.

(They walk out of the school, passing the boy, who is standing just outside the door.)

PRIESTESS: It's a shame we have to leave this place after all this time.

MAN: It can't be helped. We'll find somewhere else. (To the boy) Samuel.

(The boy turns and looks at the door, and it closes.)

---

(At headquarters, White walks into the room where the Manticore escapee is being held. White sets down a briefcase and pulls out a pocket knife.)

WHITE: Don't worry, this isn't gonna hurt. But, with any luck, it'll kill you.

(He opens the briefcase to reveal a live snake.)

---

(At Logan's apartment, Ray is lying asleep or unconscious on the couch as Max sits with him. Logan joins them, hanging up his cell phone.)

LOGAN: That was Sam Carr at the hospital. Ray's bloodwork came back. He's going to be fine.

MAX: Doc have any idea what they exposed him to?

LOGAN: Some kind of pathogen or viral agent he's never seen before.

MAX: Those snakes must be carriers, hosts for whatever bug it is.

LOGAN: Well, whatever it is, kid's immune system kicked in with the right antibodies.

MAX: That nutcase priestess bitch said he had to prove himself, like this was some kind of test to see if he would survive. If he didn't, he wasn't one of them.

LOGAN: You were exposed. You didn't get sick.

MAX (holding up her bandaged hand): Guess that makes me an honorary member.

LOGAN: Congratulations.

MAX: Think if I concentrated hard enough, I could make stuff fly around the room?

LOGAN: I wouldn't count on it. My guess would be that the, uh, kid that went all Poltergeist on you was part of some kind of special breeding line.

MAX: Make you wonder what other tricks they have up their sleeves. (Looking at Ray) Poor kid. Mom's gone...dad's a freak...Not exactly the storybook ending we were hoping for.

LOGAN: Well, at least we got him away from those people. That's what Wendy wanted. Oh, I talked to her sister, by the way. She's on her way down. Made arrangements to get her and Ray on a plane, as far away from White as I can .

(Ray wakes up.)

MAX: Hey, Ray. How you feeling?

RAY: Okay. Did I pass? Am I strong?

MAX: You did fine.

LOGAN: What do you need to be strong for, Ray?

RAY: For the Coming.

LOGAN: The Coming? What's that?

RAY: Nobody ever told me yet, 'cept it's bad if you're not one of us.

(Ray looks at his forearm, which has been bandaged. Fade out as Max and Logan exchange glances.)

DARK ANGEL  
Season Two, Episode #17: "Hello, Goodbye"  
First Aired 4/5/2002

(In his basement, Joshua is scratching himself all over. An aerosol can labeled "FLEA BOMB" stands nearby.)

JOSHUA: Ahh! Damn fleas! (reads the label) "Depress tab to activate and immediately leave area."

(Joshua presses down on the tab, and the can sprays up into his face. He runs upstairs, leaving the can. In the living room, Max is standing near a similar can and scratching her leg.)

MAX: Did you set it off?

JOSHUA: Yeah.

MAX: Okay. Let's do the other two and get out of here before these little buggers eat us alive.

JOSHUA: Yeah.

(Joshua goes into the kitchen, where another can stands waiting. He and Max stand with their fingers on the tabs.)

MAX: Hold your breath. Ready? On three. One...two...three!

(They start the cans spraying and then run out onto the porch, closing the door behind them.)

MAX: That was close.

JOSHUA (scratching): Thanks for bringing the...for the bombs.

MAX: No problem. You're gonna have to stay out of there for a couple hours.

JOSHUA: Yeah. Stay right here with my little fella.

MAX: Oh. Um, actually, I gotta bounce. I'm meeting Logan at Crash.

JOSHUA: Oh.

MAX: I wish you could come. You know that. Tomorrow maybe I'll get some time off from work...hang.

JOSHUA: Okay.

MAX: I got some flea powder. (Hands him a container) Douse yourself with it before you go back in there, or else you'll be right back where you started. Okay? Good night.

JOSHUA: Okay. Night.

(Max leaves. Joshua dumps the entire contents of the jar over his head.)

---

(At Crash, Logan is sitting at a table, making notes on a napkin. Down the left side of the napkin is written "Cult powers, FAMILIARS, Ames White, Wendy 'chosen', 2 babies killed, Ray, cult." Down the right side of the napkin is written "Genetic engineering, MANTICORE, Sandeman, Joshua #1, Lydecker, MAX, X5 SERIES." At the bottom, the columns are joined with "MAX IMMUNE?")

MAX: This seat taken?

LOGAN: Oh, hey.

MAX: Sorry I'm late. Had to stop by Joshua's. Whatcha doin'?

LOGAN: Oh, just trying to piece a couple things together.

MAX: That's cool, but...here?

LOGAN: Yeah, no one's looking. Can I see the cut on your hand for a second? (Max gives him a funny look.) Come on.

(Max briefly removes one glove and shows Logan her palm.)

LOGAN: Mmm. It's fading fast. You said all of White's cult pals have one?

MAX: Yep. Right here. (Points to her forearm) I saw it when they were saluting their holy snake god, or whatever the hell it was.

LOGAN: Looks like a modified version of a caduceus, the symbol of medicine. (He draws the symbol on his napkin.)



MAX: You know what? All work and no play makes Logan a dull, dull boy.

(Alec sits down at the bar and orders a drink. He glances down at the other end of the bar and sees Asha talking to a guy. Asha notices Alec.)

ASHA (quietly, to the guy): I'll talk to you later, okay?

(Alec comes over and sits down next to Asha.)

ALEC: Hey.

ASHA: Hi.

ALEC: Long time, no see.

ASHA: I guess so.

ALEC: Yeah. You avoiding me?

ASHA (shaking her head): No. But I gotta say that I'm really glad that nothing happened that night.

ALEC: Yeah, me too.

ASHA: Probably works for days, huh? Your whole "Time is short, gotta put your heart on the line, baby I want you" speech?

ALEC (smiling briefly): Look, you don't want to get involved with me. I was made in a lab. You know? I spent my formative years learning the fine art of assassination. There are guys out there right now looking to kill me, and I'm sure someday they'll probably succeed.

ASHA: Spare me the drama. You're just too scared to let go and actually care about somebody.

ALEC: Right, because the last time I let go, somebody got caught in the crossfire and died.

ASHA: I'm sorry. I didn't--

ALEC: Just do yourself a favor, Asha. Leave me alone.

ASHA: Alec--

ALEC: Beat it.

(Alec turns back to his drink. After a moment, Asha walks away, passing Max. Max approaches the bar and sets an empty pitcher on it.)

MAX (to bartender): Can I get another beer? (To Alec) So, what'd you do now?

ALEC: Why am I always the bad guy with you, Max?

MAX: Whatever. You want to blow your shot with her, be my guest.

ALEC: Oh, right, yeah, 'cause I could be this charming, sweet guy and score myself a really nice girlfriend but, unlike you, I'm actually trying to do the right thing.

MAX: And what is that supposed to mean?

ALEC: Oh, you think the only problem you and Logan have is some genetically-engineered virus that'll kill the guy if you touch him?

MAX: Yeah, that takes a front seat.

ALEC: Mmm. Max, we don't belong with 'em. Okay? We're a danger to them. When are you gonna finally see that?

MAX: Me and Logan are none of your business.

ALEC: Why don't you just open your eyes and--

MAX: You're just--

LOGAN (approaching the bar): Hey, guys, what's going on?

MAX (after a pause): Nothing.

ALEC: Yeah. Right. Nothing. (Walks away)

LOGAN: Max?

MAX: I'm beat. I'm gonna...I'm gonna go.

(She starts to walk away, but Logan steps in her way.)

LOGAN: What was that all about?

MAX: Nothing, it was just...I'm tired. (Starts again to walk away)

LOGAN (grabbing her arm): Hey--

(Max shakes off his hand, horrified. Logan looks at it, alarmed himself.)

(Suddenly, Logan is lying on the ground, unconscious, as Alec and other Crash patrons try to revive him. In quick succession, the paramedics come. Max watches through the window of the emergency room. In a hospital room, Logan lies unconscious and broken out in hives. Max stands in the doorway, staring into space. Dr. Shankar, who is attending to Logan, attempts to get her attention.)

DR. SHANKAR: Max? Max? (Approaches Max) You okay?

MAX: How's he doing? (Dr. Shankar sighs) Don't let him die. Please.

DR. SHANKAR: From what I can tell, the virus is a mutated strain of a biowarfare agent called Zycinor. There's no known cure.

MAX: Manticore made us immune to a bunch of germ-warfare bugs. I'm pretty sure this is one of them.

DR. SHANKAR: That'd explain how you can be a carrier and not be affected. You've got antibodies.

MAX: So what about a transfusion?

DR. SHANKAR: You'd just reinfect him.

MAX: No, not my blood. Another transgenic.

DR. SHANKAR: It's worth a try. We've got nothing to lose.

(Alec is still at Crash. His cell phone rings.)

ALEC (into phone): Yeah.

MAX: It's me. I need you to come to the hospital, now.

ALEC: Yeah, you got it, Max. I'll be there as soon as I can.

(Alec heads for the door. A man sitting at the bar watches him go and then speaks into a hidden microphone.)

MAN: He's coming your way. Get ready.

(As Alec leaves the bar, he finds several policemen pointing guns at him. Alec starts to step back toward the door, but the man who alerted the police comes out and puts a gun to Alec's head.)

MAN: Don't even think it. You're under arrest. (At the hospital, Max watches Logan worriedly)

(Opening credits)

---

(At his headquarters, White steps into a room. Inside, the transgenic Sketchy saw is polishing several pairs of shoes.)

WHITE: So I hear you're feeling better.

TRANSGENIC: I'm working hard. Doing what the men tell me.

WHITE: Doing a good job. (He steps closer and the transgenic backs away.) It's okay. I'm not going to hurt you, Mule.

MULE: You cut me...and put the snake blood in me and said it would kill me.

WHITE: You didn't tell anybody about that, did you?

MULE: You told me not to.

WHITE: Good. See, I figured you were a solid guy. I'm sorry I had to do that to you, you know, but it was the only way. Sort of like a...like a test, you know? Don't worry, you passed. Remember, though...see, that, uh...(lowers his voice)...that is between you and me.

(Mule nods. White leaves the room.)

---

(At the hospital)

DR. SHANKAR: If we're going to do this, your friend better get here soon.

MAX: He's coming. He knows how serious this is. He's...(sighs)...a completely unreliable jerk.

DR. SHANKAR: Is there anybody else you can get? Because right now this is the only shot Logan has.

MAX: I'll be back.

---

(On his porch, Joshua is taking a nap. A guide dog approaches and licks Joshua's face. Joshua laughs, still half-asleep. The woman holding the dog's harness speaks.)

WOMAN: Is someone there?

(Joshua wakes up and ducks, hiding his face.)

WOMAN: Are you hurt?

JOSHUA: Uh...no, I--I'm not hurt.

WOMAN: Billie's never done this before. She just pulled me off the sidewalk and up these steps.

JOSHUA (petting the dog): Hi, Billie.

WOMAN: Guess she just likes you.

(Joshua takes a look at the woman and notices she's blind. He waves a hand in front of her face to be sure.)

JOSHUA: She helps you.

WOMAN: She leads me around. Makes sure I'm safe.

JOSHUA: Makes sure you don't bump into things.

WOMAN: I guess so. (Chuckles)

JOSHUA (petting the dog): Good Billie. Good Billie.

WOMAN (offering her hand): I'm Annie. Annie Fisher. I live up the street.

JOSHUA (shaking it): I'm Joshua. I'm, uh, from...(starts to point at the house, then thinks for a second)...not...here. Not here. I mean, I'm visiting.

ANNIE: Oh, from where?

JOSHUA: Manti-- (catches himself) ...uh...coro.

ANNIE: Mantia Coro.

JOSHUA: In France.

ANNIE: Your English is very good.

JOSHUA: Merci beaucoup.

ANNIE (laughing): Well, we should probably be going. Come on, Billie. Come on.

(Joshua watches as she walks away. Once at the sidewalk, she stops to call back to him.)

ANNIE: It's nice to meet you, Joshua.

JOSHUA: Nice to meet you, Annie.

(As Annie leaves, Max pulls up on her Ninja.)

MAX: Joshua! I need your help!

---

(In the hospital, Max is pulling a gurney through the hallway. The person lying on the gurney is covered by a sheet. Original Cindy approaches.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Hey.

MAX: Hey.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I came as soon as I heard.

JOSHUA (from under the sheet): Hi, Original Cindy.

ORIGINAL CINDY: That doggie-dog under there?

(Max nods. Dr. Shankar joins them in the hallway.)

DR. SHANKAR: Did you find someone?

(Max lifts the sheet a little bit to reveal Joshua's face.)

MAX: He has a little...canine DNA.

DR. SHANKAR (briefly taken aback): Right. Well...okay, so long as he's got the antibodies.

MAX (to Original Cindy): Be right back.

(Shortly afterwards, Joshua sits at Logan's bedside, transfusing him. He touches Logan's face.)

JOSHUA: Logan'll get better now.

---

(At the police station, a woman stands before a two-way mirror, looking into a lineup room. The man who arrested Alec joins her.)

MAN: We're ready when you are, Mrs. Ryan.

(She nods. He speaks into an intercom.)

MAN: Bring 'em in.

(Alec and four other guys enter the lineup room.)

MRS. RYAN (indicating Alec): Him. He's the one.

(The man steps over to Alec as the guys leave the room.)

ALEC: Hey, I gotta be somewhere, pal. Can I go now?

MAN: You've been I.D.'d.

ALEC: For what?

MAN: For the murder of Timothy Ryan.

---

(At the hospital, Max and Original Cindy sit in the hallway.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: It's gonna be all right. You'll see. He's a fighter. He's gonna hang on.

(Dr. Shankar emerges from Logan's room.)

DR. SHANKAR: The antibodies in your friend's blood are neutralizing the virus, keeping it from replicating. He's gonna make it.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You hear that? He's gonna be okay.

(She and Max hug.)

DR. SHANKAR: He asked to see you. (Walks away)

MAX: I can't go in there.

ORIGINAL CINDY: He's asking for you.

MAX: I can't see him. Not now. Not ever again.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You're just saying that 'cause you're upset. You heard the lady--he's gonna be fine.

MAX: This time. But what about next time? No, this has to stop. Tell him I'm glad he's okay.

(Original Cindy watches as Max turns and walks away.)

---

(At Jam Pony the next day)

NORMAL: Alec! (To a couple of messengers) Any of you reprobates seen Alec?

(They shake their heads and Normal walks around, muttering.)

NORMAL: Isn't here, doesn't call, thinks only of himself, always hurts the one... (To Sketchy)  
Hey, you--crustacean--you seen Golden Boy?

SKETCHY: No.

NORMAL (raising his voice): Let's go, people. Mission bells are ringing. Let's go. Hear it? Bip, bip, bip!

ORIGINAL CINDY: Logan kept asking where you were. I didn't know what to say.

MAX: It's okay. It's not your problem. (Her pager goes off)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Is that him? (Max checks it and nods) If you're serious about this, you owe the man an explanation.

(Max calls Logan.)

LOGAN: Hi, stranger.

MAX (hesitantly): Hi.

LOGAN: You missed it. I wandered all over the hospital looking for you with the back of my gown open.

MAX: Yeah. Uh, sorry about that. Listen--

LOGAN: I'm feeling pretty good, actually. Must be all that transgenic blood.

MAX: We need to talk.

LOGAN: And, you know, I pulled out an old board I had lying around, and put up all the doodlings I made at the bar the other night. It's kind of my, uh, wide-screen version, you know?

MAX: Logan--

LOGAN: Don't, Max.

MAX: I can't do this anymore.

LOGAN: Look...I'm fine. Everything turned out okay.

MAX: We got lucky again. I mean, how many miracles do you think we're going to get?

LOGAN: Do I get a vote? It is my life on the line.

MAX: So, what, you end up dead and I get to spend the rest of my life knowing it was my fault? (Softly) I pass.

LOGAN: I've been where you are, remember? Thinking it was all too hard. But I realized being away from you was worse.

MAX: I have to hang up now.

LOGAN: Max . . .

(Max hangs up and rests her forehead on the pay phone.)

---

(In an empty parking lot, White and the Familiar priestess meet.)

WHITE: Fe'nos tol.

PRIESTESS: Fe'nos tol.

WHITE: I tested the transgenic. The damn thing got sick, but it pulled through.

PRIESTESS: Then that girl's survival wasn't just a fluke.

WHITE: I'm afraid not. Though there is something different about 452. She never exhibited any symptoms.

PRIESTESS: What should I tell the Conclave?

WHITE: I think it's time to accept the possibility that Sandeman made the Manticore transgenics immune. This changes everything. It's time to make a move.

---

(At Joshua's house, he opens the front door to find Annie standing on the porch.)

ANNIE: Joshua?

JOSHUA: Annie.

ANNIE: It's the funniest thing. We were just walking past, and Billie just veered up your steps again. She really likes you.

JOSHUA: I like her, too.

ANNIE: She's usually a really good judge of character. (Takes a deep breath) I hope you don't think I'm being forward, but I wanted to invite you to dinner.

(Joshua sees a woman on the sidewalk passing the house, and ducks out of the doorway so she won't see him.)

ANNIE: Are you there?

JOSHUA: Yeah, I'm here.

(He checks to make sure the woman is gone, then stands in the doorway again.)

ANNIE: I thought, with you being new in town and all... (Losing her nerve) That's okay. You're probably really busy.

JOSHUA: I--I'd love to.

ANNIE: What?



JOSHUA: Love to have dinner.

ANNIE: Great. I live down the street, across from--

JOSHUA: No, here. (Tries to think of a reason) Because I love to cook. Do you like macaroni and cheese?

ANNIE: It's my favorite. (Sniffs) Is that turpentine?

JOSHUA: Yes. I--I paint.

ANNIE: You're a painter.

JOSHUA: Yes.

ANNIE: Wow. A painter from Mantia Coro, right here on my little street. I'll see you around seven, okay?

JOSHUA: Okay. (grins)

---

(At Crash)

ORIGINAL CINDY: So you did it. It's over.

MAX (moping at the bar): Yeah. It's over.

(Sketchy approaches the bar and sets an empty pitcher on it.)

SKETCHY: Ladies, did you hear what happened to our bud Alec?

MAX: Don't care.

SKETCHY: He's in jail.

MAX: Whatever.

SKETCHY: You know Hummer, the bartender from last night? Saw him get pinched right outside of here. Kind of makes you wonder what he did, huh?

MAX: Not really.

(Sketchy walks away with the refilled pitcher.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: You're not gonna go help?

MAX: I got my own problems. Alec can take care of himself.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Now, you know you gotta come correct on this. Suppose they tip to his barcode? Exposure. The whole thing. Bad for Alec, bad for you, bad for Joshua, bad for everybody.

MAX: Not like saving his butt isn't already my full-time job. Thanks for the beer. (Leaves)

---

(At the jail, a cop escorts a handcuffed Alec into an interrogation room. Max, dressed in a suit, stands up.)

MAX: Whitney Mann, public defender's office. I'll be handling your case.

ALEC: Pleasure.

(The cop shoves Alec into a chair at the table.)

COP: You need anything, I'm right outside. You got five minutes.

MAX: Thank you.

(The cop leaves. Max sits down at the table, across from Alec.)

ALEC: Max, I'm sorry, I was on my way to the hos--

MAX: Shut up. I came down here to bail your sorry ass out, 'cause I figured you got grabbed up off of one of your scams going sideways. But the officer just told me you killed somebody!

ALEC: I didn't do it.

MAX: You got I.D.'d. There's a perfect DNA match.

ALEC: I'm telling you--

MAX: Don't tell me anything, all right? I'm sorry I let you out of Manticore. I'm sorry I inflicted you on the world. Screw exposure. I'm leaving you here for White to deal with.

(Max gathers up her briefcase and starts to leave.)

ALEC: Max, I swear, I'm innocent.

MAX: Tell that to Ames. And, uh, give him my regards.

ALEC: You really think I could do it? You think I could murder someone in cold blood?

MAX: Yes, Alec, I think you could.

ALEC: Guy's teeth were pulled from his head, for God's sake!

(Max stops in her tracks.)

MAX: Ben...

*(Max remembers seeing a toothless body in the morgue, a napkin full of bloody teeth, and Ben in the church.)*

MAX: *Ben, why are you doing this?*

BEN: *You know why.*

ALEC: Come on, Max! You know, no matter what you think, there's no way it could've been me. That guy was killed over a year ago. I was at Manticore.

(The cop walks into the room.)

COP: Time's up.

(Max knocks the cop out and takes his keys. She uncuffs Alec and they sneak down the hall.)

ALEC: Hey, Max, I'm not complaining, but what made you think I didn't do it?

MAX: Shh.

ALEC: I mean, I'm just curious, you know? Was it the sincerity in my eyes? Some people say I have sincere eyes.

MAX: Quiet. (Points at a door) Here.

(They go into a room and Max looks out the window. In the alley below, some cops are talking near their cars, blocking access to her motorcycle.)

ALEC: It was the teeth thing, wasn't it? I mean, come on, I can hardly stand going to the dentist.

MAX: Shut up, okay?

ALEC: Why are you taking this so personally?

(Max and Alec climb out the window onto a narrow ledge. They begin to shuffle over to a drainpipe, checking to make sure the cops.)

MAX: Because it was Ben.

ALEC: Ben? My Manticore twin, Ben?

MAX: He killed Timothy Ryan and ten other people. Same M.O.

ALEC: Whoa. They told me back at Manticore that he'd gone nuts, but...(whistles)...serial killer?

MAX: One more word and I shove you off this ledge.

(They reach the drainpipe. Max climbs down it a little ways.)

ALEC: Max, tell me you got a plan.

MAX: Hang on.

ALEC: What are you doing? No, no, no, no!

(Max presses her foot against the wall so the drainpipe pulls away from the building and falls over, with Max and Alec on it. The cops look up.)

COPS: Hey, what's going on?

(At a point below Max and Alec, the drainpipe comes to rest on top of an electric fence. Sparks fly. The cops duck. Max sees a police car directly below.)

ALEC: This is your plan?

MAX: Jump!

(They let go of the drainpipe and drop onto the roof of the car. The cops start shooting.)

COPS: Freeze!

(Max and Alec jump off the car and duck on the other side of it to avoid the gunfire.)

ALEC: I should've stayed where I was and taken my chances.

(Max sees that her Ninja isn't far away. The drainpipe sparks on the fence again, momentarily distracting the cops.)

MAX: Come on!

(She and Alec run for the Ninja and hop on, racing away from the continuing gunfire.)

---

(At Max's apartment)

ALEC: So the thing that's got me worried is I can't exactly use "Well, I was locked up in a secret government facility" as my alibi.

MAX: Guess not.

ALEC: Hey, maybe Logan could pull one of his little, uh... (Remembers) Oh my God--Logan. Is he all right?

MAX: He's fine. Joshua came through.

ALEC: Oh, good. Logan could use a little canine plasma to loosen him up. (Chuckles)

(Max gives him a look and starts making coffee.)

ALEC: Just kidding, Max. Come on, you know I love Logan. I mean, not the way you love him, it's just...well, he's okay. Right?

(Max nods uncomfortably.)

ALEC: So what's the problem?

MAX: I'm not going to see him anymore.

ALEC: Any more this week?

MAX: Ever. I can't risk it. And I don't want to hear an "I told you so."

ALEC: No, I wasn't going to.

MAX: Coffee?

ALEC: Yeah, sure. (Pauses) Listen, since we're already knee-deep in painful subjects...tell me about him. About Ben.

*(As she speaks, Max remembers young Ben at Manticore. Ben is making butterfly shadows on the wall, and Max is watching and smiling.)*

MAX: When we were kids, back at Manticore, he always wanted answers for everything. You know? Why we were there, what was outside. So he would make up these fantastic stories to explain things. Somehow it made us feel...loved. Like we weren't all alone.

ALEC: Sounds like a nice kid. What went wrong?

MAX: After we escaped, it was like there were too many things in this world he didn't have answers for.

*(Max remembers Young Ben leading the hunt through the woods.)*

*BEN (in the Space Needle): We never should've left. Everything made sense there.*

MAX: I don't know. He just...lost it.

*(Max turns to get a couple of coffee mugs, then stares into space.)*

ALEC: Hey, you okay?

*(She remembers sobbing over Ben's body in the woods.)*

MAX: I'm fine.

*(She sits down. Alec sees she is clearly not fine and rounds the island counter to stand next to her.)*

ALEC: Max, what is it?

MAX: We were in the woods. He was hurt. Manticore was closing in on us. He didn't want to go back there.

ALEC: Reindoctrination. Or worse.

MAX: I killed him. (Alec's surprised) He asked me to, so I did. (Her voice breaks and her eyes tear up) And then I ran. I saved myself. And I just left his body there for them to take away.

*(Tears run down Max's cheeks. Alec puts an arm around her shoulders and kisses the top of her head.)*

ALEC: Max, I'm sorry.

---

*(At Joshua's, he and Annie are eating dinner.)*

ANNIE: It was an outbreak of measles after the Pulse hit. Everything was such a mess. The only place to get medicine was the black market, and my parents just didn't have that kind of money. I almost didn't pull through. And when it was over, I couldn't see anymore.

JOSHUA: But you have Billie.

ANNIE: Mm-hmm. She's a good friend. But I still remember what some things look like. Colors...my mother's smile. (Pauses) You're not like most people, are you?

JOSHUA: Uh...

ANNIE: What I mean is, sometimes people feel sorry for me. I can hear it in their voices when they talk to me. I guess it's 'cause I can't do everything they do.

JOSHUA: But you can go out, and you can talk to people. You could go to Crash, and party, and dance...

ANNIE: I know. But... (trails off)

JOSHUA: You should do that.

ANNIE: Maybe you could come with me.

JOSHUA (looking down): Maybe.

ANNIE: I wish I could see your paintings. I'm so curious. I bet they'd tell me everything there is to know about you.

(Later, Joshua guides Annie's hand over one of his paintings)

JOSHUA: Blue, like the sky. And this is green, like your eyes.

ANNIE: It's beautiful, Joshua.

JOSHUA: Thank you.

ANNIE: No. Thank you.

---

(In the room at White's headquarters, Mule is lying on a bench. He sits up as White enters.)

WHITE: Guess what, Mule? You're gettin' out of here.

---

(In his apartment, Logan is pacing back and forth, phone in hand and looking agitated. Finally he makes a decision and grabs his car keys.)

---

(Max and Alec walk out of Max's apartment building.)

MAX: You better lay low until we get this whole mistaken-identity thing sorted out.

ALEC: Yeah, maybe I'll crash at Joshua's. Think he'll mind?

MAX: Are you kidding? He'll love it.

ALEC: Well, thanks for saving my butt, again. Must be hard, huh? Having me around? Some guy with Ben's face, making you think about things you'd rather forget?

MAX: Yeah. That's probably why I'm such a bitch to you sometimes.

ALEC: Maybe.

(Logan gets out of his car and starts to head for the building, sees Max and Alec in the distance, and stops. Alec looks up and puts his arm around Max. Logan sees it.)

ALEC: Or, you know, maybe 'cause I'm such a pain in the ass sometimes.

(Max smiles as Alec starts to walk away.)

MAX: Be careful.

ALEC: Always.

(Hurt, Logan turns back to his car.)

---

(In his living room, Joshua is painting a portrait of Annie. Offscreen, Alec enters the house and calls out.)

ALEC: Josh!

(As Alec walks around looking for him, Joshua quickly sets the canvas aside.)

ALEC: Where you at, pal? Josh? Josh, you around?

(Alec walks into the living room.)

ALEC: Hey hey, roomie.

JOSHUA: Roomie?

ALEC: Yeah. Yeah, I need to hang out for a little while 'til the heat's off my place. It turns out my, uh, dead twin brother was a psycho killer. Go figure.

JOSHUA: Oh.

ALEC: Yeah. Where's your TV?

JOSHUA: No TV. (Takes a book from the bookcase and bops Alec lightly on the head with it before handing it to him) Book. You can read.

ALEC (laughing): What are we living in, the Dark Ages? Come on, pal. I need my boob tube. You know? The hot medium. The vast wasteland. (Joshua shakes his head.) Well, that's all right. You know what? I think I know where I can score one.

(Alec pulls out his cell phone and dials. While it rings, he catches a glimpse of the painting, despite Joshua's best efforts to stand in front of it.)

ALEC: What you got there? That a new work?

JOSHUA: Uh...

ALEC: Joshua #320?

JOSHUA: Uh... (Sighs and steps aside) Annie.

ALEC (hanging up): Annie?

JOSHUA: Annie. Yes.

ALEC: Who exactly is Annie?

JOSHUA: Uh...the girl who lives down the street.

ALEC (sighing): Listen, Josh...

JOSHUA: Alec, she can't see. No running, no screaming. It's okay.

ALEC: Oh, boy. Uh, I think we need to have a little talk about your friend Annie.

JOSHUA: I don't want to have a little talk. I know I have to lay low. I'm tired of laying low, Alec.

---

(At a busy marketplace, White's car pulls to a stop. Inside, White is in the driver's seat and Mule is ducking in the back seat.)

WHITE: Mule. (Mule sits up, looking nervous) All right, do you see that fence?

(He indicates a fence behind the car with a sign on it that says "MUNICIPAL VEHICLES ONLY - SECTOR 8")

WHITE: All you have to do is get over it, and you'll be safe.

MULE: Okay.

WHITE: But you have to watch out for enemy soldiers, 'cause if they see you, they will try to kill you. They'll be wearing helmets, carrying guns, and they'll have badges that say "Sector Police."

MULE: "Sector Police."

WHITE: That's right. Good luck.

MULE: Thank you....for everything.

(Mule puts his hood up and gets out of the car. White watches in the mirror as Mule slowly walks toward the fence. Passersby comment on how he looks and pull their children away. As a crowd gathers round and stares at him, Mule pulls on the fence gate. When it doesn't open,



he puts his hood down to see better and yanks on the gate. It comes off the hinges. An alarm sounds and a police hoverdrone approaches.)

HOVERDRONE: You have violated checkpoint security. Stay where you are.

(Two police cars pull up. Some cops get out and take aim at Mule.)

FIRST COP: Freeze!

SECOND COP: On your knees, freak.

THIRD COP: On the ground! Now!

FOURTH COP: Down! Now!

(Mule stands there, overwhelmed. The cops begin beating him. Eventually he starts fighting back, hurling one cop into the fence and another into a dumpster. The others start shooting him. After six shots, he finally goes down. White watches in his rearview mirror.)

---

(In Joshua's living room, Alec is watching a rap video on TV. The TV is labeled "PROPERTY OF HARBOR LIGHTS HOSPITAL." Joshua is sitting in an armchair across the room, trying to read a book.)

JOSHUA: Alec, the boob tube is too loud.

ALEC: Well, that's the only way to enjoy it. Why don't you come over and have a look?

(Joshua joins Alec and watches for a moment.)

JOSHUA: Tricks and treats.

ALEC: Welcome to the world of attention deficit.

(The video is interrupted by a screen that says "KIPH 3 SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN.")

ANNOUNCER: This is a Channel Three news break.

(An anchorman speaks as the TV shows Mule throwing the cops.)

ANCHORMAN: A hoverdrone recorded this shocking footage. Authorities are refusing to comment on the nature of the assailant. But, as you can see for yourself, the attacker has what can only be described as superhuman strength.

ALEC: This is bad. This is so, so very bad.

ANCHORMAN: The subject, who was described by witnesses as a mutant, refused to comply with police officers on the scene. He is believed to have escaped from what is purported to be a covert government project known as Manticore.

(At Jam Pony, Normal and all the messengers are gathered round the TV, solemn and amazed.)

ANCHORMAN: Authorities have denied all knowledge of Manticore, but so far no one has been able...

SKETCHY: Dude, that's the thing I saw in the sewer last week.

NORMAL (murmuring): Whoa, Nellie. Look at that sucker.

(Max and Original Cindy exchange a worried glance.)

(In his apartment, Logan is watching the same newscast.)

ANCHORMAN: ...obvious physical prowess. One of the officers was seriously injured before others opened fire. Some eyewitnesses claim that it took police six shots to bring down their attacker, but Channel Three can neither confirm nor deny...

LOGAN (clearly worried): Max.

(He dials his cell phone.)

---

(At Joshua's, Alec puts on his jacket and gets ready to leave.)

JOSHUA: Lay low, Alec.

ALEC: Lay low? Is that all you have to say to me, Josh?

(They hear a knock on the door.)

ANNIE (from outside): Joshua? It's me, Annie.

ALEC (in a low but urgent voice): Send her away. You can't be with her now. All right? (Points at the TV) You see that. You see what's going on.

JOSHUA: Alec, she's...

ALEC: Send her away, Josh. All right? Let her go before she falls in love with you, before she wants you to meet her family, before you get yourself killed, before you get her killed. Send her away.

(Joshua sadly opens the door. Alec stands a short distance away.)

ANNIE: Billie and I were going to take a walk to the store. Thought maybe you'd like to come.

JOSHUA: Uh...Annie...

ANNIE: What's wrong?

JOSHUA: The news...

ANNIE: What news?

JOSHUA: News from back home. I have to go.

ANNIE: When?

JOSHUA: Today.

(Annie struggles to remain calm, wiping a tear from her eye.)

ANNIE: I'll miss you.

JOSHUA: I'll miss you, too. Goodbye, Annie.

(Annie starts to walk away and Joshua starts to close the door. Annie stops.)

ANNIE: Joshua?

(Joshua opens the door wider and Annie turns back to face him.)

ANNIE: Can you do something for me? (Holds up her hand) I just...I want to remember you.

(Joshua looks at her for a moment, then glances back at Alec, asking silently. Alec understands and quietly steps forward until Annie's hand brushes his jacket. She reaches up and feels his face. Joshua's eyes tear up as he watches.)

---

(At Jam Pony, everyone is still watching the news.)

ANCHORMAN: You can see it right there--the barcode. Unconfirmed reports suggest these tattoos were used to keep track of the various soldiers involved in the program. The mutant's body was rushed from the scene based on officials' concerns regarding a potential biohazard.

(Max's pager goes off. She checks it and calls Alec. Joshua is sitting on the floor in the middle of the living room, sadly looking at Annie's portrait.)

ALEC: Hey. Thanks for hitting me back.

MAX: So I take it you've seen the news.

ALEC: Yeah, but that's not why I'm calling. I need you to get over here.

---

(Shortly afterwards, Max consoles Joshua.)

MAX: I know you're sad, but you did the right thing. Remember we talked about how we're not like other people, and we need to stick together? Right now that's more important than ever.

JOSHUA: Annie's not like other people. She's different. She's--

MAX: She's not like us, either. And when you care about someone, you have to do what's best for them, even when it hurts.

JOSHUA: Love sucks.

(Joshua lets go of his pendant, which he had been fingering. As it falls back to his chest, Max sees the Familiars' symbol engraved on it.)

MAX: Joshua, where did you get this?

JOSHUA: Father gave it to me.

(Max removes one of her gloves and compares the symbol on her palm to the one on the pendant. They match.)

---

(Max sneaks into Logan's darkened apartment. She goes over to the whiteboard Logan had set up and hangs the pendant on it. With a marker, she circles the pendant and draws a connecting arrow between the words "SANDEMAN" and "BREEDING CULT.")

(Suddenly the lights and the computer equipment go on. Max turns to find Logan sitting at the kitchen table, having just pulled the switch. He has been drinking.)

LOGAN: Hi there!

MAX: The lights were out. I didn't know you were home.

LOGAN: 'Cause if you did, you wouldn't have come, huh?

MAX: I found this around Joshua's neck. He said Father gave it to him. It's the same symbol the breeding cult uses.

LOGAN (pouring another drink): So Sandeman is one of White's cult loonies, huh? Woo-hoo.

MAX: Logan, there's a connection between the breeding cult and Manticore.

(Logan stands up and starts walking toward Max.)

LOGAN: Maybe I oughta do an Eyes Only hack, huh? I mean, this is a big news day. In case you hadn't noticed, I tried paging you. Wanted to talk to you, but, uh...guess you were busy.

MAX: I'm going. I just thought you wanted to know.

(Max turns to leave, but Logan rushes over and gets in her way. She tries several times to go around him, but each time he blocks her.)

MAX: Cut it out.

LOGAN: I could keep you here all night.

MAX: Come on, Logan.

LOGAN: At least 'til I drop dead.

MAX: I've said everything I needed to say.

LOGAN: I don't think so. I think there's something else.

MAX: Logan...

LOGAN: Or is it someone else?

MAX: What?

LOGAN: I needed to talk to you, so I came by your apartment...and I saw him leaving. (Max is silent) I--I mean, if I've got it wrong, just say so. (Max says nothing) Tell me it's not true.

MAX: I can't. (After a pause) It's over. We're done. Get used to it.

(Max walks around him and leaves the apartment. Logan doesn't move.)

---

(Later, Max is sitting on the Space Needle. Alec comes and stands next to her.)

ALEC: Hey, Max. Thought I'd find you here.

MAX: I come here to be alone.

ALEC: Yeah, I know, but considering everything that went down today, I figured we could both use a friend right now.

MAX: Sit down. (Alec sits)

ALEC: So, you got any deep thoughts you want to share? Any, uh, profound realizations about life?

MAX: Yeah. Love sucks.

(They sit there in silence.)

DARK ANGEL  
Season Two, Episode #18: "Dawg Day Afternoon"  
First Aired 4/12/2002

(In Joshua's kitchen, Alec is flipping through the TV channels.)

CHANNEL EIGHT ANCHORWOMAN: It's been six days since the brutal attack on police officers at the hands of the so-called "transgenic"...

CHANNEL SIX ANCHORMAN: Police officials are still refusing to comment on the shocking footage, exhibiting...

CHANNEL THREE ANCHORMAN: Yesterday the attorney for the officers addressed the media at a press conference.

ATTORNEY: As soon as we find the parties responsible for unleashing these transgenics, we'll be seeking damages in the tens of millions.

ALEC: Oh, yeah, I'm sure Manticore is gonna write you a big, fat check for that one, buddy. (turns off the TV and wanders through the house.) Josh? (a morose Joshua in the living room, painting) Hey, buddy, whatcha working on? Ah. Annie. It's nice. (Sees several more portraits of Annie nearby) They, uh, all are. (Gently) Hey, man, I know you miss her but, uh, ... don't you think it's time you moved on? I mean, you can't see her anymore.

JOSHUA: I know.

ALEC: Especially not now.

JOSHUA: I said I know, Alec.

ALEC: Okay. Okay.

(Max enters with a bag of groceries)

JOSHUA: Hey, little fella.

MAX: Hey, big fella.

ALEC: I guess that makes me medium fella.

MAX: Got you some food and stuff.

ALEC (poking around in the bag): Did you get those little pretzels I asked for, Max?

MAX (slapping his hand away): Hey!

ALEC: Max, come on. I'm stuck here, you know? An innocent man, framed for the murder committed by his clone. (Max rolls her eyes) Yeah, I was thinking about selling the story to Hollywood. It'd make a great TV movie. What do you think?

MAX (handing him some papers): Here.

ALEC: What's this?

MAX: Fake birth certificate to prove you had a twin, and a fake passport to prove you weren't in the country when the murders were committed.

ALEC: Yeah. Well, this oughta be enough to clear the charges. Thanks, Max.

MAX: You owe me twenty-five hundred bucks. Guy's best in the business. Same guy Logan uses.

ALEC (whistling at the price): How's, uh, how's Logan, anyway?

MAX: I wouldn't know. Come on, go get dressed. \$2,500 is a lot of deliveries.

ALEC: Yeah. Yeah. (Leaves)

MAX: So I'm thinking of swinging by tomorrow.

JOSHUA: I'll be here.

MAX: See ya.

---

(At Jam Pony, Normal is watching TV when Max and Alec walk in. On TV, a man sits in an armchair, being interviewed.)

MAN: If God had intended these transgenics to walk among us, don't you think he would have mentioned them in the Bible?

NORMAL: Amen, sir. Amen.

MAN: These transgenics are simply the latest in a long line of abominations perpetrated by the scientific community.

NORMAL: Hallelujah.

MAX: Who the hell is that?

NORMAL: That is the right Reverend Terry Caldwell, a man not afraid to speak the truth, gally-gal.

INTERVIEWER: If I'm hearing you correctly, Reverend, you don't believe the transgenics should be accorded even the most basic human rights.

CALDWELL: Because they're not human.

NORMAL: Tell it, Terry! You tell it!

(In his apartment, Logan is watching the same interview.)

CALDWELL: In the eyes of the Lord, they're not even animals. The individuals that we speak of are manufactured. They're stamped with barcodes on their necks when they come off the assembly line. And since only God has the power to create life, then we must ask ourselves if they can even be said to be alive.

(Eyes Only interrupts the broadcast)

EYES ONLY: Not alive? Not human? Who are you to sit in judgment, Mr. Caldwell? Have you seen that tape? Did you see the look in his eyes? He was scared, cornered. And despite what people like you have been saying about them, transgenics aren't that different from you and me. They do feel, they do hurt, they are alive. And all they want is to be...

ALEC: You know what this is about.

MAX: Logan's just doing what he thinks is right.

ALEC: He's reaching out to someone. I'm pretty sure it ain't me.

EYES ONLY: ...take a moment to talk to those you're condemning. They could tell you what it's like to be afraid, alone in a hostile world. And it might be more convenient to pretend otherwise, but in the end, who does that say more about - them, or us? This has been a streaming freedom video bulletin. Peace. Out.

(Opening credits)

---

(In a park that night, White is talking to his supervisor.)

WHITE: How am I supposed to do my job when my entire operation officially does not exist?

MAN: This is a disaster.

WHITE: You want to contain the transgenics? Give me a free hand. The cat's out of the bag; we might as well acknowledge the fact that they're out there. If we enlist the public's support, this thing'll be done in a week.

MAN: We acknowledge anything, and it's over. Congressional hearings, subpoenas, no. We're gonna make this go away. We're gonna spin it, and spin it good. Luckily we now have the chief of police in our pocket. He's willing to give us the body of the transgenic and all the autopsy work, provided nothing like this ever happens again. You understand?

WHITE: Yes, sir.

---

(In his apartment, Logan inserts a small disk into his computer.)

LOGAN: Thanks, Asha. I appreciate this.

ASHA: It was your five hundred bucks. Though why you'd pay off a cop to get your hands on the same stuff you could see for free on TV...

LOGAN: This is the complete hoverdrone footage of the attack. My guess is the cops edited out the parts they didn't want people to see.

(Logan's computer screen shows the cops beating up Mule.)

LOGAN: The cops went after him first. I knew it. I'm gonna talk to Eyes Only, see if he can't put this on the air.

ASHA: Yeah, okay . . . but I don't know what good it's gonna do, though. (Logan looks surprised) However it went down, I mean . . . what's got people freaked is what he looks like, you know? What he is.

LOGAN: I guess I've been living with the idea that transgenics exist for so long, I've gotten used to it.

ASHA: Heard from her?

LOGAN: She still won't talk to me.

ASHA: Give her time. She's just scared.

LOGAN: Mmm. I'm the one that almost died last week.

ASHA: You don't think that wasn't scary for her? She's a loner. She's not used to worrying about anyone else. This relationship stuff, it's all new to her. It's new to the both of them.

LOGAN: Both?

ASHA: Her and Alec.

LOGAN: Right.

---

(Max and Alec sneak into a darkened doctor's office.)

ALEC: This is gonna hurt, isn't it?

MAX: Lasers tend to, yeah.



ALEC: Our barcodes are just gonna come back, you know.

MAX: Then we'll do it again in a couple of weeks. Don't be such a sissy.

(Alec lies face-down on the table and Max starts to laser off his barcode.)

ALEC: Ow! Easy, huh?

---

(At Logan's)

ASHA: I've gotta get going. Call me if you need anything else.

LOGAN: Take a look at this.

ASHA (joining him at the computer): What?

(Logan points to White's car in the hoverdrone footage.)

LOGAN: You see that car?

ASHA: Yeah, so?

LOGAN: When the cop gets attacked, everyone else runs up to see what's going on. This guy puts the car in gear and drives off, nice and slow. Hold on a sec. (Rewinds the footage) Now, you see the mirror? Look at this.

(He enlarges the mirror until White's face is visible in it.)

LOGAN: White. I gotta let Max know.

---

(At the doctor's office, Alec is removing Max's barcode. Her pager goes off and he checks it.)

ALEC: Oh, guess who. You know, this is the second time he's paged you in like ten minutes. Don't you think you oughta call the guy back already?

MAX: Why don't you mind your own business? Hurry up.

(Alec's cell phone rings)

ALEC (into phone): Yeah.

LOGAN: Hey, Alec. It's Logan.

ALEC: Hey, buddy! We were just talking about you.

LOGAN (after a pause): Then Max is with you?

ALEC: Oh, yeah, yeah, she's right here. Hang on a sec.

(Max mouths "No!" but Alec just smiles and hands her the phone. She gives him a dirty look and shoves him before answering.)

MAX: Hey.

LOGAN: Hi.

MAX: What is it, Logan?

LOGAN: I think there might be a connection between White and the transgenic on the news. I have hoverdrone footage that puts White at the scene.

MAX: He was probably looking to take him down when the cops showed up.

LOGAN: I don't think so. He just sat in his car and watched. In fact, he looked pretty pleased with how it went down.

MAX: Doesn't make any sense. The government pays White to keep the transgenic thing under wraps.

LOGAN: That's right, unless White's taking his orders from somebody else.

MAX: Like one of his breeding-cult buddies.

LOGAN: We know they hate transgenics. Could be they've decided to try and turn the public against you.

MAX: Maybe.

LOGAN: Now, listen, Max . . . I really think we should get together and talk about this.

MAX: Logan . . .

LOGAN: Just business, nothing more.

MAX: I can't.

LOGAN: Max . . .

MAX: I'll look into it, tell you if I find something. Until then, please don't call me.

(She hangs up. Logan kicks a wastebasket.)

---

(In his living room, Joshua sits sadly looking at his portraits of Annie. He makes a decision, takes his jacket, and walks over to her house. On the way, he passes by a group of three guys, keeping his head down with his hood up.)

FIRST GUY: Whoa. You see the size of that guy?

(When he arrives at Annie's house, Joshua peeks in a side window. Inside, Annie makes a cup of tea and sits down near the window to read. Joshua smiles as he watches. Suddenly Billie goes up to the window and barks.)

ANNIE: What is it, girl?

(Joshua, startled by the bark, stumbles backward and falls over some garbage cans. The three guys he had passed on the street hear the clatter.)

FIRST GUY: Hey!

SECOND GUY: Let's check it out. Come on.

(The three guys enter Annie's side yard, where Joshua is lying on the ground near the cans.)

FIRST GUY: Hey, man, what do you think you're doing?

THIRD GUY: Man, that is sick--peeping at a blind girl.

(Joshua stands up. They see his face.)

SECOND GUY: Whoa, it's one of those freaks from the TV.

(The third guy picks up a piece of wood lying nearby. Joshua runs.)

THIRD GUY: Get him!

---

(The next morning, the three of them are still looking for Joshua. The third guy is carrying a large chain and the second guy is carrying a metal pipe.)

SECOND GUY: Hey, we've been looking for this thing all night, all right? We're never gonna find it.

THIRD GUY: Shut up. (Calling) Here, trannie, trannie, trannie, trannie.

FIRST GUY: Come on! We just wanna play!

THIRD GUY: Here, trannie.

FIRST GUY: Come out, come out, wherever you are!

(In an alley not far away, Joshua is hiding between a crate and a dumpster. He peeks out, sees cops walking down the street, and ducks back. A minute later, Billie finds him and licks his face.)

ANNIE: Come on, Billie. Come on.

JOSHUA (smiling): Annie.

ANNIE: Joshua? What are you doing here?

JOSHUA: Uh...uh... (Picks up a beverage can sitting nearby) Cans. I'm recycling, uh, cans.

ANNIE: I should've known it was you. Billie dragged me all the way here. I guess she missed you.

JOSHUA: I missed her, too. You too, Annie.

ANNIE: Then why didn't tell me you were back?

JOSHUA: From Mantia Coro.

ANNIE: Right. Where you're from. I looked it up...wanted to know what it was like. Turns out it doesn't exist.

JOSHUA: Annie...I...I wanted to tell you, Annie, but--

ANNIE: It's okay. You don't have to lie anymore. I guess I just got it wrong and made a fool of myself. But I won't bother you anymore.

(The three guys looking for Joshua enter the alley.)

FIRST GUY: Hey! There he is!

THIRD GUY: Get away from the girl, freak.

ANNIE: Joshua, what's happening?

JOSHUA: Annie, just...just stay back.

(Joshua steps between Annie and the three guys.)

FIRST GUY: Whoa! Hey, he's even uglier than the one that attacked the cops.

SECOND GUY: Oh, no. No, he--he's bigger, too. We should--we should call the cops.

THIRD GUY: No, the cops won't give this freak what he deserves.

(He swings the chain at Joshua. Joshua grabs the chain, picks the guy up by it, and hurls him at the other two. The second and third guy fall into some garbage cans.)

ANNIE: Joshua!

(Joshua takes Annie's hand and they start running. Joshua knocks the first guy out of the way as they run past. The guys get up and chase them. Around the block, Joshua and Annie stop briefly.)

ANNIE: Who are they? What do they want?

JOSHUA: Annie, you and Billie go home now.

(The three guys round a corner.)

ANNIE: They're coming back.

JOSHUA: Annie, please!

ANNIE: Don't leave me alone!

(Joshua picks Annie up.)

JOSHUA: Come, Billie!

(A short distance away, he sets Annie down and removes the cover from a manhole. He then helps Annie down into it.)

JOSHUA: Careful. Nice and slow.

(The three guys approach and see the open manhole with Billie standing over it, barking.)

SECOND GUY: I ain't goin' down there.

FIRST GUY: Yeah, man, forget about it. Hey, let's just call the cops or somethin'.

SECOND GUY: Yeah.

---

(Max walks into Joshua's house and looks around for him.)

MAX: Joshua? Joshua?

---

(At an aquarium, White stands in front of a tank, watching some beluga whales swim. The priestess joins him.)

WHITE: A hundred thousand years ago, some humpback violates a dolphin, and this is what we get. Makes a pretty good argument for selective breeding, huh?

PRIESTESS: That footage of the transgenic attacking those policemen seems to have put a good scare into the public.

WHITE: I've been leaking information to certain media contacts. Just little tidbits about the Manticore project.

PRIESTESS: It's the opinion of the Conclave that you take things even further. The average citizen is looking over his shoulder for monsters, but the greater threat to our interests are the X-series transgenics. They're able to pass as human, integrate themselves.

WHITE: Makes them more difficult to expose.

PRIESTESS: Even so, just imagine how people will react when they learn there are transgenics out there that look just like them. Think of the paranoia, the panic.

WHITE: Joe Six-Pack finds out his daughter is dating one of them, or that he lost his job to one . . .

PRIESTESS: Exactly. We need to exploit that kind of fear.

WHITE: Leave it to me.

PRIESTESS: Fe'nos tol.

WHITE: Fe'nos tol.

(She leaves. His cell phone rings.)

WHITE (into phone): White.

OTTO: Otto, sir. We just intercepted a 911 call reporting a wolfman loose in sector three.

WHITE: All right. I'll meet you there. We gotta get on this fast before some idiot cop makes a scene and the media gets wind of this.

OTTO: Yes, sir.

(White hangs up and dials a number.)

FEMALE VOICE: Good afternoon. Channel Three.

WHITE: Bill Leakey, news desk, please.

(A moment later, a male voice comes on the line.)

MALE VOICE: Bill Leakey.

WHITE: Bill, it's me, your Deep Throat. Heard the one about the wolfman?

---

(At Joshua's, Max is wandering around, waiting for him. She opens the fridge, gets a bad whiff, and closes it immediately. She sits down and turns on the TV. A Channel Three reporter is standing next to the guys who chased Joshua.)

REPORTER: I'm standing with the young man who phoned the police. Tell us what happened.

THIRD GUY: We chased it out of our neighborhood last night. We caught up with it again this morning. The thing attacked us for no reason.

REPORTER: The police aren't confirming this, but we've heard rumors about a girl.

THIRD GUY: Annie. (Max leans forward in alarm) She's from our neighborhood. It took her down to the sewer.

REPORTER: I'm sorry, are you saying the creature abducted a girl from your neighborhood?

THIRD GUY: Yeah. It took her down to the sewer. We tried to stop it, but...

REPORTER (addressing the camera): And there you have it. The creature kidnapped a young woman--

THIRD GUY: Blind, too.

REPORTER: Correction, a young blind woman.

(Max runs out of the house. On TV, the reporter turns to the camera, while the three guys stand behind her and wave at it.)

REPORTER: Stay with Channel Three news as this extraordinary situation continues to unfold. We'll be bringing you continuous coverage live from the scene. Back to you, Steve. (Lowers her microphone) Well, how was that? Good? Let's go try the cops again, see if they're ready to give a statement yet.

---

(At the scene, an ambulance and a fire truck approach as police crowd the area and put up roadblocks. Max approaches the scene, where a crowd of passersby is gathering. A short distance away, one of the cops is addressing some others, pointing at a laptop computer screen in front of a van labeled "MOBILE COMMAND CENTER." Max listens in.)

COP: The thing dragged the girl underground here. Now, it can't have gotten too far. Carson, get on the horn to the DWP and have 'em close the sluice gates here, here, and here. I want men posted at every entrance to the sewer, every manhole within four square miles. Nobody gets in or out. We're gonna trap this thing down there, and deploy from the perimeter. We search every tunnel, every nook and cranny, until we flush it back to this position for the takedown.

ANOTHER COP: What about the girl?

FIRST COP: We assume she's alive until we know otherwise. Her safety is our top priority. All right, gentlemen, we got jobs to do. Let's get to 'em.

(In the crowd, Sketchy is tagging along behind a cop.)

SKETCHY: Look, dude, I'm a reporter. Tell me something.

COP: Sir, if you don't move along, I'm going to have to arrest you.

(Sketchy catches sight of Max from behind and tries to get her attention.)

SKETCHY: Max! Hey! Hey, Max! Max, what's up? (Max groans to herself and turns around) What are you doing?

(White honks his horn because Sketchy is standing in the middle of the road.)

WHITE: Wake up, dirtbag.

(Max takes the opportunity to slip out of sight. Sketchy steps out of White's way and then sees that Max is gone. He heads in the direction he last saw her.)

SKETCHY: Max!

---

(Joshua and Annie are walking through the sewers.)

JOSHUA: Careful.

(They go up a step and enter a chamber at a junction of several tunnels. Water pours into the middle of the chamber and there is a walkway around the pool of water.)

ANNIE: Where are we?

JOSHUA: We'll be safe here. They won't find us.

ANNIE: The water, Joshua. It's too loud.

JOSHUA: Wait here.

(Joshua finds the controls and uses them to stop the flow of water.)

JOSHUA: Better?

ANNIE: Yeah. So what do we do now?

JOSHUA: We just wait.

ANNIE: Shh!

(Police are talking in the distance.)

COP: Tunnel D-5 is secure. Proceeding to D-6. Over.

VOICE ON RADIO: Roger that. Over.

ANNIE: The police. We're safe now. They'll protect us from the men that attacked you.

JOSHUA: No, no. No police.

ANNIE: Why? What's wrong?

(Joshua sees police approaching. He puts a hand over Annie's mouth and carries her to a hiding place. The police search the area.)

COP: Alpha Team to Command. D-6 is secure. We are proceeding to D-7. Over.

(The police move away. Joshua still has his hand over Annie's mouth.)

JOSHUA: I'm sorry, Annie. I'm so sorry. I didn't want to do this. I'm going to let go of you-- please don't scream, okay?

(Annie nods. Joshua lets go.)

ANNIE: Tell me what's going on, Joshua. Right now! Why are you hiding from the police?

JOSHUA: I can't tell you.

ANNIE: What did you do?

JOSHUA: Not what I did. What I am.

---

(In his apartment, Logan is watching the news on TV.)

CHANNEL THREE REPORTER: The police are hoping to force the creature to the surface here, where it can be apprehended. Mike?

MIKE: We have a description of the transgenic. This exclusive rendering of the transgenic was drawn from eyewitness accounts by the three brave young men who first saw it. (It is a rough drawing of Joshua)

LOGAN: Joshua. (Grabs his car keys)

---



(Max sees a manhole with only one cop guarding it. A minute later, Sketchy comes by, still looking for Max. He sees the open manhole and the cop lying unconscious. Sketchy goes down into the sewer.)

---

(At the busy area, the crowd has grown thicker. A man is selling Fudgy Buddy ice-cream cones, and another is selling T-shirts. Otto and a few other men arrive and approach White, who is sitting in his car.)

OTTO: Sir.

WHITE: This is so FUBAR it's almost funny.

OTTO: What do you want us to do?

WHITE: There's nothing you can do. Go back to HQ and watch it on TV like everybody else.

OTTO (to the other men): Let's go.

(They leave. White gets out of his car and approaches the ice cream vendor.)

WHITE: I'll have a Fudgy Buddy cone. (Buys one) Thanks.

(He eats his ice-cream cone and looks around. Some bystanders are juggling. Some hold up protest signs; one says "TRANSGENICS ARE UNWANTED DNA." White sees it and laughs.)

---

(In the sewer)

ANNIE: What are you saying? You're one of these things they're talking about on TV?

JOSHUA: Annie, I wanted to tell you before, but I . . .

ANNIE: I touched your face. I saw you.

JOSHUA: It wasn't me.

ANNIE: You tricked me?

JOSHUA: Yes, I tricked you, because I--

ANNIE: You took advantage of me because I can't see?

JOSHUA: Annie, please...

ANNIE: Oh, God!

(Annie starts to crawl out of their hiding place. Joshua tries to hold her back.)

JOSHUA: Annie, please...

ANNIE: Stay away from me. Stay away from me!

(Annie leaves the hiding spot, walks around the edge of the chamber, and stands against a far wall.)

---

(At the mobile command center, the cop who was giving out instructions before listens to a voice over the radio. A second cop stands with him.)

VOICE: Tunnels J-6 and J-12 are secure.

SECOND COP: That's the last of them.

FIRST COP: There's no way it could've gotten out. Just no way. (Into a radio) All units return to your initial deployment points. We're searching the area again.

---

(Alec walks through the crowd, putting his sweatshirt hood up. He notices Logan sitting in his car nearby.)

ALEC: Hey, buddy.

LOGAN: Hey.

ALEC: I take it you saw the same newscast I did. Have you seen Max?

LOGAN: No. You?

ALEC: Let me see if I can get her. (Pulls out his cell phone)

---

(In the sewers, Max is looking for Joshua. She rounds a corner and sees a police team approaching.)

DELTA TEAM LEADER (into radio): Delta Team moving to east junction. Over.

(Max ducks back around the corner and sees another police team approaching down the adjacent tunnel.)

ALPHA TEAM LEADER (into radio): Alpha Team moving to east junction. Over.

(Moments later, the two teams meet at the corner.)

ALPHA TEAM LEADER: Anything?

(The others shake their heads. Max's pager goes off. They look up to see her hanging from a pipe near the ceiling.)

MAX: Should've put it on vibrate.

(Max knocks out all the policemen. Afterwards she sees that she has knocked out Sketchy as well.)

MAX: Sketchy? Idiot.

(Her pager goes off again. She takes Sketchy's cell phone)

MAX: Thanks.

---

(Aboveground, a man is selling T-shirts printed with the police sketch of Joshua and the words "I SURVIVED A MUTANT ATTACK.")

VENDOR: T-shirts! Get your mutant T-shirts! Ten dollars!

(Alec's cell phone rings)

ALEC: Hello?

MAX: It's me.

ALEC (to Logan): It's her.

MAX: Who you talking to?

ALEC: Oh, Logan. He's here with me.

MAX: "Here" where?

ALEC: Here at the All-American Media Circus. Where are you? Wait, wait, let me guess. You're in the sewers.

MAX: Looking for Joshua.

ALEC: And what makes you think you're gonna find him before the cops do? (Logan snaps his fingers for the phone) Hang on.

(Alec hands him the phone. Logan has his laptop out and is looking at a diagram of the sewer system.)

LOGAN: Max, I hacked into the sector police computer. They're using a GPS to track their men. They've searched about half the area. There's no sense in you going over the same ground. Where are you?

MAX: Um...(checks a sign on the wall)...Junction J-12-R.

LOGAN: Okay...head right at the next intersection and take a look around there.

MAX: Once I find him, we're gonna need a way out of here. They've got all the entrances blocked.

LOGAN: Well, we'll figure something out.

MAX: Hey, be careful. White's up there too.

LOGAN: We'll keep an eye out. Be in touch.

MAX: Okay.

---

(Aboveground)

CHANNEL EIGHT REPORTER: I'm reporting live from the scene, where Reverend Terry Caldwell has arrived to lead a prayer service for the missing woman.

TERRY CALDWELL: Now I'd like everybody to bow their heads and ask God to watch over that poor girl.

NORMAL (arriving at the scene): Amen, Terry.

VOICE ON POLICE RADIO: Alpha Team on their way up.

(The Alpha Team climbs out of the sewer and the cop who had been giving out instructions approaches them.)

FIRST COP: What the hell happened?

ALPHA TEAM LEADER: Wasn't the creature, sir.

FIRST COP: Then who was it?

ALPHA TEAM LEADER: Some girl. Caught us by surprise. Kicked our asses.

ALPHA TEAM MEMBER: She got away and took off.

(White, standing in the crowd nearby, overhears.)

WHITE: 452.

(He leaves the crowded scene and approaches a quiet sewer entrance. Two cops stand guard. One lights up a cigarette.)

COP: Hey, let me get one of those.

(As the other one shares his lighter, White jumps them and knocks them out. He then enters the sewer.)

---

(In the sewer, Max is searching one tunnel and White is searching another. White draws his gun. He rounds a corner and knocks the person on the other side unconscious. It is Sketchy. White looks at Sketchy's press tag, hanging on his jacket zipper.)

WHITE: Idiot.

---

(In the chamber)

JOSHUA: Annie . . .

ANNIE: Just . . . leave me alone.

JOSHUA: Annie, I'm sorry I tricked you. I was . . . I was trying to protect you. And look what happened. Annie, we're going to go to the police, and you'll be safe.

ANNIE: But they'll lock you up. Or . . . worse.

JOSHUA: But you'll be safe.

(Annie sighs and takes off her gloves.)

ANNIE: Come here, Joshua.

JOSHUA (realizing what she plans to do): Annie, no.

ANNIE: You owe me that much, don't you think? (Holds out her hand) Joshua, I have to know.

(After a moment's hesitation, Joshua slowly steps forward into her hand. Annie feels his face. She looks a little surprised, but smiles.)

ANNIE: No wonder Billie took such a liking to you. And, like I said, she's always been a great judge of character.

JOSHUA: You're not mad at me anymore?

ANNIE: I wouldn't go that far. But I understand why you lied to me.

(They hear distant footsteps and voices.)

JOSHUA: Someone's coming.

ANNIE: We can't hide here forever.

JOSHUA: Come. (Helps her over a ledge) Careful.

(They walk through a tunnel and arrive at a junction, hearing voices again in the distance.)

JOSHUA: This way.

ANNIE: No. No, that way.

JOSHUA: How do you know?

ANNIE: I'm a good listener. Had a lot of practice.

JOSHUA: Come on.

ANNIE: You go ahead. I'm going to stay here.

JOSHUA: But, Annie, I can't leave you here.

ANNIE: It's okay if they find me, Joshua. It's not okay if they find you. (Joshua hesitates) Go on. When they find me, I'll tell them you went the other way.

JOSHUA: Uh-uh. Annie, I can't leave you here by yourself.

ANNIE: It's the only way you'll get out. Now go before somebody comes. Tomorrow I'll come by your house to see you, okay?

JOSHUA: Promise?

ANNIE: Promise.

JOSHUA: Tomorrow?

ANNIE (stroking his cheek): Tomorrow.

(With a glance back at her, Joshua walks away.)

---

(Aboveground, darkness has fallen, and cops are still gathered in the area where they're hoping to flush out Joshua. The crowd of onlookers remains. A man sells hot dogs he's roasting over a barrel fire.)

ALEC: This place is a war zone.

LOGAN: We should've heard from Max by now. Let's get her on the line.

(Alec dials his cell phone and hands it to Logan. In the sewers, Max ducks as some cops pass by. Sketchy's cell phone vibrates and she answers it.)

MAX: Yeah?

LOGAN: Where are you?

MAX: Junction J-42.

LOGAN: Sector police have doubled back. They're heading your way.

MAX: Tell me about it.

LOGAN: Joshua can't be far.

(A hand reaches out and covers Max's mouth. She gasps.)

LOGAN: What was that?

(Max turns to see it is Joshua and hugs him.)

MAX (into phone): You were right. I found him.

LOGAN: All right, well, let's get you out of there. There is a tunnel up ahead on your right, about twenty yards.

MAX: Okay.

(Max and Joshua go into said tunnel.)

MAX: Now what?

LOGAN: Keep going. You'll see a ladder on your left. Take it down one level.

MAX: Down? You sure?

LOGAN: Max, go.

MAX (to Joshua): Come on.

LOGAN (to Alec, pointing to the diagram): This is where I'm going to bring them out. Gotta figure there'll be soldiers posted on the street.

ALEC: Mmm. Not for long. (Gets out of the car)

(Max and Joshua descend the ladder.)

MAX (into phone): We're in some kind of chamber.

JOSHUA: I was here with Annie before.

LOGAN: There are three tunnels at the far end. Take the second one on the right. Hurry.

(Police enter the chamber from the tunnels. Max and Joshua hide.)

MAX (into phone): We can't get through. There are too many of them.

LOGAN: They're coming in behind you, too.

(Joshua sneaks over to the water controls. A cop sees him at the last minute, but Joshua immediately starts the flow of water, flooding the chamber. Two cops are knocked into the water. Max swings from a chain and kicks the others. As more police enter from another tunnel, Max and Joshua run.)

MAX: Let's go!

COPS: Halt! Stop!

(The police fire after them and give chase. One of them speaks into his radio.)

COP: We are in pursuit. Repeat, in pursuit.

(Aboveground)

FIRST COP: Roger. Out. Let's go! You heard him! Let's go!

(All the police aboveground swarm around the manhole and take aim at it.)

(In the sewers, Max and Joshua climb a ladder.)

(Aboveground, the police turn a spotlight on the manhole. The crowd cheers. Some onlookers wave signs, reading "PROTECT THE PEOPLE, DESTROY TRANSGENICS" and "TRANSGENICS ARE TRASH." Normal pushes to the front of the crowd to watch. Everybody is watching the manhole.)

(Sketchy emerges from it. The crowd groans.)

NORMAL: You idiot!

(Terry Caldwell gives Normal an odd look)

NORMAL: I don't know him. I don't know him. He's just an idiot.

---

(In an unoccupied area, Max and Joshua emerge from another manhole. Unconscious policemen lie on the ground, and Alec stands there, counting some money.)

ALEC: You have any idea how little the cops in this burg get paid? It's pathetic.

(Logan drives up. Max smiles at him and Logan grins back.)

---

(In the sewers, Annie hears footsteps approaching.)

ANNIE: Hello? Is somebody there? Hello? Hello?

(White steps up to her.)

WHITE: Don't worry, miss. It's all over.

---

(Logan pulls up to Joshua's house.)

ALEC: Well, that was fun. What say we order a pizza, huh?

JOSHUA: Thank you, Logan.

LOGAN: No problem, big fella.

(Alec and Joshua get out of the car.)

LOGAN: Need a ride to your place?

MAX: Oh, no, it's okay. I got my bike. Thanks, Logan. (Starts to get out)

LOGAN: Max?

MAX (turning back): Yeah?

LOGAN: I just want you to know...however things may be between us, I always got your back.

MAX: I know. Me too.

(Max gets out of the car. Logan drives away, as Max stands and watches.)

(Inside, Alec is on the couch, watching TV. Max and Joshua join him.)

ALEC: What's Logan's problem, anyway? I mean, everything turned out okay.



CHANNEL EIGHT REPORTER: Questions remain. Community leaders are demanding to know how the creature could have eluded the manhunt with so many law enforcement agencies involved.

JOSHUA: Creature has friends, that's how.

CHANNEL THREE REPORTER: We're here to bring you breaking news in this shocking development. Police have now confirmed that the cause of death was a snapped neck. Witnesses say it would have taken someone with superhuman strength to account for the state in which the body was found.

(Max, Alec, and Joshua look up in alarm.)

REPORTER: Once again, a tragic ending to tonight's events: The kidnapped girl, Annie Fisher, was found dead at the scene just moments ago, murdered by her abductor, who remains at large. Police have a description of the kidnapper...

(Joshua roars, pounding the floor.)

REPORTER: ...sewers early this morning. Miss Fisher, who had been blind from childhood, spent several terrifying hours with her attacker, as police tried in vain to locate and rescue her. Sadly, that was not to be.

JOSHUA: Annie...

REPORTER: A terrible end to this story tonight. Annie Fisher was only twenty-three years old.

(As the reporter continues to speak, a body bag is loaded into an ambulance.)

REPORTER: And so, to recap, the situation here tonight is grim. After an exhaustive all-day search involving police and rescue departments, the kidnapped girl, Annie Fisher, has been found murdered. Stay with us as Channel Three News brings you all the details tonight at eleven o'clock.

(White is standing in the crowd. His cell phone rings.)

WHITE (into phone): White. Fe'nos tol. Just keeps gettin' better and better, doesn't it?

(He gets into his car. The ambulance drives away.)

REPORTER: Once again, the attacker remains at large. And equally disturbing are rumors that a transgenic from what is apparently called the X-series, which appear to be human while possessing extraordinary strength and speed, may have assisted in the creature's escape.

(Fade out as Alec and Max hug Joshua.)

DARK ANGEL  
Season Two, Episode #19: "She Ain't Heavy"  
First Aired 4/19/2002

(At Jam Pony, Normal is watching a Congressional hearing on TV while stamping some papers.)

SENATOR: Since the transgenics escaped into our streets seven months ago, the crime rate has spiked twelve percent in the city of Seattle alone. In Portland, an unknown viral agent has claimed the lives of thirty-nine citizens. This is more than just a coincidence.

NORMAL: Got that right.

SENATOR: These creatures are violent; many of them are diseased. This committee wants to know--the American people want to know--how many of them are out there? How do we contain the threat they pose?

NORMAL: Smoke 'em out and string 'em up, that's how.

(A voice on TV identifies the Senator who was speaking.)

VOICE: Senator James McKinley, chairman of the Congressional task force on the transgenic threat.

(Druid watches while a fellow messenger uses a knife to modify one of Normal's stamps.)

DRUID: Good. That's good.

(He stamps the wall and they look at the design with approval.)

BOTH: Nice.

(They walk past Sky and bump into him, making it look accidental. As they do so, Druid stamps the back of Sky's neck. The design is a barcode.)

SKY: Hey.

DRUID: It wasn't me.

OTHER MESSENGER (to Druid): Grow up.

(Sky shrugs and walks away.)

(At their lockers, Max and Original Cindy watch a messenger walk by wearing a T-shirt that says "WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE" with the police sketch of Joshua.)

MAX: I just want to get through my day without seeing one of those.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Don't even look like him. Doggie-dog is way better-looking than that.

(A pager goes off. Original Cindy and Max both check their pagers.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: It's me. (Max looks a little disappointed) Hopin' it was Logan?

MAX: Don't know why I would. It's over.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Wouldn't be so sure about that.

MAX: Thing is, I kinda told him I was seeing someone.

ORIGINAL CINDY: What?! Who?

(Alec comes by and opens his locker.)

ALEC: Hey, ladies.

(Max and Original Cindy exchange glances as they step away from the lockers.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: You gotta be kidding.

MAX: It was the only way after what happened. I know myself. Little by little, I'd forget about the virus, start hanging with him again...

ORIGINAL CINDY: ...and sooner or later, you two would accidentally touch again.

MAX: Can't risk it.

ORIGINAL CINDY (indicating Alec): Does he know he's your new squeeze?

MAX: Hell, no.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You gonna tell him?

MAX: Not if I can help it.

(In Normal's office)

DRUID: I'm telling you, Normal, just come see for yourself.

(Druid and the other messenger leave the office. Normal reaches into his desk drawer.)

(In the main area of Jam Pony, Sketchy is holding a tabloid and talking to Sky.)

SKETCHY: The paper dumped the whole mutant story once the mainstream press picked it up.

SKY: Bummer.

SKETCHY: And now they got me doing this totally made-up article about some bogus ten-thousand-year-old breeding cult.

(Normal points a gun at Sky. All the messengers watch and the room goes quiet)

NORMAL: Get out, freak. Now.

SKY: What'd I do?

NORMAL: Get down, you mutant bastard!

SKY: Mutant? Are you crazy?

NORMAL: You got three seconds! Get down!

(Sky kneels and puts his hands up. Max rushes over, grabs the gun, twists Normal's arm behind his back, shoves him across the room, and unloads the gun.)

NORMAL: Hey!

MAX: What the hell are you doing?

NORMAL: He's one of them! He's got a barcode!

(As Normal approaches him to check his neck, Sky rubs it. The barcode smears and Normal sees it is just ink.)

NORMAL: Oh. Well, he could have been one. Anybody could be. Let that be a lesson to all of you--vigilance. (To Sky) Go, wash your neck. (To Druid and the other messenger) You--get in my office. Now.

ALEC: All right. Crash, anyone? Huh? I'm buying. Sky?

(The crowd disperses, some leaving for Crash.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: You comin'?

MAX: No.

(Max tosses the gun back to Normal and leaves.)

NORMAL: Girl's got quite an arm on her.

SKETCHY: Yes, she does.

(On top of the Space Needle, Max sits alone.)

MAX: I remember when I first got here, how it felt so right...like home. Never figured things would get so screwed up. Maybe it'd all be just as bad if I'd gone somewhere else. But then again...maybe not.

---

(In San Francisco, a woman who looks just like Max carries a bag of groceries up some steps and enters an apartment. She is joined by a boy who must be her son and a man who must be her husband.)

WOMAN: I'm home.

SON: I got an A on my spelling test.

WOMAN: That's great! Did you show Dad?

HUSBAND: Hey, honey.

WOMAN: Hey.

(They kiss. The man takes the groceries and rubs the boy's hair.)

HUSBAND: Get cleaned up, kiddo. It's chow time.

(The boy runs upstairs.)

WOMAN (looking at the spelling test): This is awesome.

HUSBAND: I know, huh?

(Later, the woman sits on the couch, reading a book. The man joins her.)

WOMAN: Munchkin down?

HUSBAND: Yeah.

WOMAN: So I got Friday off...so we can get out of traffic, and maybe try and do some night-skiing.

HUSBAND: Or maybe some hot-tubbing under the stars?

WOMAN: Sounds even better. (They kiss)

(Suddenly some men burst through the front door with guns. Some other men break through a window. The woman throws one of the men across the room. One man uses a taser on her. Another punches her husband. White enters the apartment.)

SON: Mom!

WHITE: Get him and the kid out of here.

WOMAN: No! (They keep tasing her)

SON: Mom!

WHITE: You're a long way from your usual haunts.

WOMAN: What are you talking about?

SON: Dad!

(The men handcuff her and take her husband and son away.)

WHITE: You really think you could hide from me, 452?

WOMAN: Oh, God.

WHITE: What, no witty rejoinders today?

WOMAN: My designation is 453.

WHITE: What?

WOMAN: 453.

(White checks her barcode.)

WHITE: I can't believe this.

OTTO: What's wrong?

WHITE: It's not her.

OTTO: It isn't?

WHITE: It's a clone.

OTTO: A clone?

WHITE: Get her out of here.

(Opening credits)

---

(At Joshua's house, Max enters with some groceries. The easel is empty and Joshua is painting the window black. The place is a mess.)

MAX: Hey, Joshua.

(Joshua doesn't say anything.)

MAX: Brought you some stuff.

(Joshua glances at her and then turns back to the window. Max sees that he is withdrawn and tries to make him smile with a joke.)

MAX: Easel's over there.

(Joshua still says nothing. Max wanders over to the table and sees a map lying on it. Part of the map has been marked with a red pen.)

MAX: What's up with this map?

JOSHUA: It's Terminal City. There's a biochemical accident in sector seven. It's a fenced-in area.

MAX: Been there. There isn't much to see. People usually go there when they've got nowhere to go and nothing to lose.

JOSHUA: Like downstairs people. Transhumans.

MAX: Who told you that?

JOSHUA: Alec. Why didn't you, Max?

MAX: Because it's dangerous there.

JOSHUA: Yeah, but we're immune. It doesn't matter.

MAX: And this is your home.

(Joshua looks at her. Max starts picking up the papers lying around.)

MAX: ...under this mess, anyway. So forget about Terminal City.

JOSHUA: No.

MAX: I'll help you clean up.

JOSHUA: No.

MAX: It's okay. I don't mind.

JOSHUA: Leave it!

MAX: Joshua...

JOSHUA: Everything here reminds me of Annie. Books, chairs, sitting, eating, painting. This is not my home anymore, Max.

MAX: You have to hang on. It'll get better. I promise.

---

(In his apartment, Logan begins an Eyes Only broadcast.)

EYES ONLY: Do not attempt to adjust your set. This is an Eyes Only streaming freedom video bulletin. The cable hack will last exactly sixty seconds. It cannot be traced, it cannot be stopped, and it is the only free voice left in this city.

(At his headquarters in Seattle, White watches the broadcast while some men sit at computers, attempting to figure out Eyes Only's location. The man who often works with White and Otto stands by.)

EYES ONLY: Lately every crime, every act of violence committed on our city streets is being blamed on transgenics...

WHITE: Sixty seconds enough time for a trace?

SECOND MAN: When he gets started on this whole transgenic thing, sometimes he goes over.

WHITE: Keep rambling, pal.

EYES ONLY: Don't believe the hype. This has been an Eyes Only streaming freedom video bulletin. Peace. Out.

(Logan ends the broadcast.)

SECOND MAN: Damn. A few more seconds and we would have had him.

WHITE: Remind our Korean friends that if they don't come through, they don't get paid.

SECOND MAN: Yes, sir.

(The second man addresses the computer guys in Korean. Otto enters.)

OTTO: 453's DNA assay just came back.

---

(In a small room at headquarters, X5-453 is handcuffed to a chair. White shows her the DNA assay.)

WHITE: So, you're the cheap knockoff. See, 452 doesn't have any junk DNA. Every base pair sequence she's got is coded with genetic information. I'd like to know why.

X5-453: You should ask her.

WHITE: Fair enough. Where is she?

X5-453: How should I know?

WHITE: You mean to tell me you that you haven't been in contact with her?

X5-453: Why would I?

WHITE: Because she broke you out, along with all the other mutants.

X5-453: I was already out. I was on a deep-cover mission for two years. Industrial espionage.

WHITE: So that poor sap that you're married to--he was just part of your cover.

X5-453: At first. But when I found out Manticore went down, I...

WHITE: ...you fell in love with him and wanted to adopt his little boy. (Sarcastically faking tears) I'm sorry, I'm tearing up here a little bit. How sweet.

X5-453: Where are they? They don't know anything.

WHITE: You never told him you were built in a lab?

X5-453: Please.

WHITE: They're fine. And you will see them again, after you help me find 452.

X5-453: I already told you, I don't know where she is.

WHITE: Well, you're in luck, because I have a lead for you. See, she turned up at a local hospital a while back. Really stirred things up. The CDC was even brought in, and her doctor told them that he didn't have any idea she was transgenic.

X5-453: And you think he knows more than he's letting on.

WHITE: Now we had him under surveillance for a while, hoping she'd turn up again, but...now that I have you, why wait?

X5-453 (sighing): What do you want me to do?

WHITE: I want you to find out everything he knows about her--which shouldn't be too hard, considering--and then I want you to find her.

X5-453: And my family?

WHITE: You pull this off, and the three of you are free to go.



(He uncuffs her. She stands up and faces him.)

WHITE: I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, "I could kill him right now." But you won't.

X5-453: You seem pretty sure of yourself.

WHITE: You won't do anything to endanger your family. I know this, because I have family too...or at least I did, before 452 took my son away. I am very motivated, and I want to find her really badly. I am not a patient man. Don't let me down.

---

(At Metro Medical, Logan sits on an examination table in his shorts. The exoskeleton lies on the table next to him.)

DR. CARR: Okay. Raise your right leg. (Logan does) Good. Now the left. (Logan does) Okay. Good.

LOGAN: So what do you think?

DR. CARR: Well, this is your second go-around with transfusions of transgenic blood. We both know what happened the first time. Nerve cell regeneration didn't last, and you lost mobility again.

LOGAN: This is different. Last time nothing happened for weeks after the transfusion. This time it was almost instantaneous.

DR. CARR: Maybe you're right; maybe this time it'll stick. Bottom line is...only time will tell.

(Logan nods and smiles.)

---

(In the hospital's parking garage, X5-453 parks her motorcycle. She drops a cigarette to the floor and grinds it out with her boot. She removes her wedding ring and puts it in her pocket. Logan, wearing the exoskeleton, comes out of the hospital into the garage. X5-453 walks right by him on her way in.)

LOGAN: Hey.

X5-453: Hey.

(Logan turns, confused, as she passes without a second glance at him.)

(In his office, Dr. Carr is working on something, unaware that X5-453 is standing there, watching him. He looks up and starts.)

DR. CARR: Oh! (Chuckling) Max. You scared the hell out of me.

X5-453: Sorry.

DR. CARR: You know, you just missed Logan.

X5-453: Logan? Huh. That's too bad.

DR. CARR: So what brings you by?

X5-453: I was wondering if, uh, I could take a look at my file.

DR. CARR: You're kidding, right? You asked me to get rid of it. I did.

X5-453: Right. Thanks.

DR. CARR: The CDC's still poking around, asking questions about you. I just keep telling 'em I don't know anything.

X5-453: I was...wondering if you could take a look at my back. I'm having a muscle spasm. Check it out.

DR. CARR: Let me have a look.

(She hops up on the examination table and lifts up the back of her shirt. He check her back.)

X5-453: Maybe you can write me a prescription. I'm kinda low on cash.

DR. CARR: Jam Pony doesn't have much of a health plan, huh?

X5-453: Not really.

DR. CARR: Well, there's nothing unusual here. Could be some nerve damage from when you were... (Moves her shirt aside to check her abdomen and is shocked)...shot. Max, there's no wound here. This just happened a few weeks ago.

X5-453: I heal fast.

DR. CARR: Not that fast, you don't.

(She grabs him by the throat and holds him against the wall.)

X5-453: The people who sent me--they're not gonna like that you've been lying about how well you know Max. So when you wake up, grab your family, pack your bags, and get the hell out of town.

DR. CARR: What are you talking about?

(She punches him out and leaves.)

---

(In the garage, Otto and another man sit in a parked car. They watch as X5-453 rides by on her motorcycle.)

MAN: There she is.

OTTO: Don't lose her.

(She turns around and drives toward the car.)

OTTO: What the...?

(She pulls out a pair of guns and shoots out the car's headlights and windshield. Otto and the other man duck. When she stops shooting, they slowly raise their heads.)

X5-453: If I'm on to you, then she'll be on to you. Got it?

(Otto nods.)

X5-453: Good boy. Tell your boss I work alone.

(She shoots out the car's tires.)

---

(At Jam Pony)

NORMAL: You were here yesterday. You saw the way she muscled me.

ALEC: Yeah, she's been working out a lot. What are you guys gettin' at?

NORMAL: That maybe we've got the wrong person and Sky isn't the transgenic.

ALEC: Oh, and Max is?

SKETCHY: Look, man, I don't want to believe it either. But I'm gonna sneak a peek to see if she's got a barcode, just in case.

NORMAL: No, these trannies are fiendishly clever. She could've had it removed somehow.

SKETCHY: That's true. Not having a barcode doesn't prove anything.

ALEC: I don't know, guys. I mean, listen to yourselves. You know? "If she's a witch, she'll float; if she's not, she'll drown." It's like either way, she's guilty.

(Outside, Alec sees Max ride up on her bicycle.)

ALEC: Max, hold up, hold up.

(He checks the back of her neck. Her barcode has started to come back.)

MAX: What are you doing?

ALEC: Yeah, that's what I thought. You need a little laser touch-up.

MAX: Thanks for the tip. (Starts to go inside)

ALEC: Wait, hold on, hold on. You can't go in there. Normal and Sketchy are all trippin' about your little stunt you pulled yesterday. Go to Joshua's. I'll meet you there later, all right? (Max groans) Go. Go.

(A short distance away, X5-453 pulls up and watches.)

---

(At Joshua's house, he is ripping up most of his paintings and throwing them into the fireplace.)

MAX: You'll get caught. You won't even make it to Terminal City.

JOSHUA: I'll take the sewers.

MAX: Why are you doing this?

JOSHUA: I can't be with upstairs people. I don't want to be alone anymore.

MAX: You won't have to be alone. I'll come every day.

JOSHUA: You come, then you go, then I'm alone. I'm tired of being alone, Max.

MAX: If you go to Terminal City, I won't be able to look after you.

JOSHUA: You don't have to look after me, Max. I can look after myself. At Manticore I took care of myself. I took care of everybody else.

MAX: It's different out here.

JOSHUA: No! I'm talking now! You listen! I don't want to hide anymore. I need to be with people like me. (Picks up his backpack and heads for the door)

MAX (upset): Fine. You want to go, you want to live in toxic waste, you want to eat rats for dinner, be my guest.

(He glances back at her, then starts to leave.)

MAX (pleading): Joshua...

(He sees that she's upset and kisses her forehead.)

JOSHUA: Goodbye, little fella.

---

(At his headquarters, White is talking to the man who must be his superior.)

WHITE: We've been subpoenaed.

MAN: Yes, I know. McKinley's committee. The good Senator is determined to blow this thing wide open. Needless to say, we're taking the Fifth.

WHITE: Sir...

MAN: I don't want to hear it. Right now your priority is to maintain your cover.

WHITE: Not capturing transgenics?

MAN: As far as anyone needs to know, they don't exist. Understand?

WHITE: Perfectly, sir.

MAN: Well, then, I'll see you in Washington on Thursday.

WHITE: Very good.

MAN: Oh...(Looks White up and down)...don't wear a black suit.

(As his superior leaves, White glances down at his suit. Then he talks to the second man about Eyes Only.)

WHITE: How are we coming?

SECOND MAN: Well, we got a partial trace from his last hack. With any luck, we should lock on his position next time he comes on.

WHITE: Good. I'm gettin' tired of looking at this guy's mug.

(Otto and the man who was in the car with him enter.)

WHITE: And you are not tailing 453 because...?

OTTO: She made us, sir. Shot out our tires and took off. Said to tell you she works alone.

WHITE: That's my girl. Good to know she's on board.

---

(That night, X5-453 sits on her motorcycle outside Jam Pony smoking a cigarette. Logan goes inside. A girl passes by who looks like Max from the rear, but then she turns around and X5-453 sees it isn't Max. Eventually X5-453 goes inside. By then, Logan is on his way out, and they meet. X5-453 still doesn't know who he is.)

LOGAN: Max.

X5-453: Yeah?

LOGAN: Oh, so you are speaking to me. I guess I should be flattered.

X5-453: What do you mean?

LOGAN: This morning, outside Sam Carr's office?

(She remembers passing him that morning, remembers what Dr. Carr said, and puts the two together.)

X5-453: Logan.

LOGAN: Yeah?

X5-453: Sorry. I was in a hurry.

LOGAN: Great. In a hurry. Hmm. It's bad enough you won't return my calls or come over, but just because you're seeing someone else, now you're going to treat me like a stranger?

X5-453: Yeah. I already told you it's over.

(She pushes past him. He moves aside quickly to avoid touching her and stares at her as she walks away.)

---

(In their apartment, Max packs her things while Original Cindy looks on.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: What do you mean, leaving town?

MAX: White's on my ass 24/7, I can't go back to work, I can't see Logan, and Joshua said he doesn't need me anymore. Why am I staying here?

ORIGINAL CINDY: I'm here, for one.

MAX: Yeah, and one of these days, White and his men are going to bust through that door, and you're liable to get caught in the crossfire.

ORIGINAL CINDY: I'll kick their asses.

MAX: I'm serious. I've stayed too long. I need to go somewhere new, where nobody knows who I am and I don't have to worry about anybody but myself.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You think that's going to make you happy?

MAX: Maybe.

ORIGINAL CINDY: What about Logan?

MAX: He's better off without me in the picture.

ORIGINAL CINDY: If you say so.

MAX: He'll be fine. He's got his whole Eyes Only thing.

---

(In his apartment, Logan takes a deep breath and begins an Eyes Only broadcast.)

EYES ONLY: Do not attempt to adjust your set. This is an Eyes Only streaming freedom video bulletin. The cable hack will last exactly sixty seconds. It cannot be traced, it cannot be stopped, and it is the only free voice left in this city.

(At White's headquarters, they are working on tracing Eyes Only's location.)

EYES ONLY: The so-called "transgenic threat" has continued to dominate the news. As usual, facts--

(He stops abruptly as his computer beeps. On the computer screen is a message that says, "Broadcast security compromised! Unauthorized trace detected...")

SECOND MAN: Got him.

(On Logan's computer screen, a message says "Trace successful." Logan turns back to the camera.)

EYES ONLY: All right, people, this is the last you're going to hear from me for a while. Stay strong in the struggle. Peace. Out.

(Logan ends the broadcast and goes to the computer.)

LOGAN: This is not good.

---

(At Jam Pony, X5-453 hides while Normal locks up the place. When he leaves, she goes into his office, opens the file drawer, and pulls out Max's file. There is a note stuck to the front of it, written in Normal's handwriting. It says, "Keep an eye on this one; won't give her home address. Rooms with Nubian princess; keep an eye on her too.")

X5-453: Nubian princess?

(She opens the file. Inside is Original Cindy's job application.)

X5-453: Cindy. 339 Waverly.

---

(Joshua enters Terminal City and looks around. Figures in the distance move around but don't show themselves. An empty glass bottle rolls on the ground. As Joshua picks it up, three inhuman-looking transgenics point guns at him.)

FIRST TRANSGENIC: Don't move.

SECOND TRANSGENIC (looking at Joshua's face): It's all right. He's one of us.

---

(At Joshua's house, Alec walks around, searching.)

ALEC: Max? Josh? Where are you guys?

(He sees the map lying on the table.)

---

(At Logan's apartment, the second man and the rest of White's men except Otto burst in the door. They enter and find nobody inside. The second man checks Logan's computer; it says, "Unable to locate system folder. Hard drive erased." He and the rest of the men shoot everything to pieces--the computer, the kitchen table, the TVs. They smash his computer equipment, kick down the room dividers, and topple the stand that holds A/V equipment. Logan watches from a rooftop across the street. After a moment, he sighs and walks away.)

---

(At Max and Original Cindy's apartment)

ORIGINAL CINDY: You gonna call him and tell him you're going?

(Max picks up the phone and looks at it. Then she puts it back, glances at Original Cindy, and continues preparing to leave.)

(In his car, Logan pulls out his cell phone and opens it. Then he puts it back and drives away.)

(Outside Max and Original Cindy's building)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Before you go, there's something I want to say. You, Max Guevara, are my sister. You are my family.

MAX: I love you. (They hug)

ORIGINAL CINDY: I love you, too.

MAX: You take care of yourself, okay?

ORIGINAL CINDY: You, too.

(X5-453 pulls up a short distance away and sees Max leave on her Ninja. She follows.)

(Logan waits for a red light at an intersection. Nearby is a sign that says the following:)

SECTOR BORDER CONTROL  
YOU ARE NOW LEAVING THE MILITARY PROTECTORATE OF SEATTLE, WASHINGTON  
ALL PERSONS AND VEHICLES ARE SUBJECT TO SEARCH

(Max rides through the intersection in front of him.)

LOGAN: Great. Now I'm seeing her everywhere.

(The light turns green. Logan starts to turn but is cut off by X5-453, who is still following Max. He stares.)

(Eventually X5-453 pulls up even with Max. They ride side-by-side for a few moments before Max looks up. She is shocked to see that the other rider looks just like her. X5-453 pulls out a gun and shoots out Max's rear tire. Max wipes out.)

---

(Later, White looks around Logan's apartment, alone. He sees the whiteboard, chuckles, and erases the words "Ames White" and "government cover-up." His cell phone rings. X5-453 is calling from an abandoned building.)

WHITE: Yeah.

X5-453: It's 453. I have her.

WHITE: Is she secure?

X5-453: She's not going anywhere.

WHITE: Where are you?

X5-453: An abandoned building. Corner of Parish and Beechwood.

WHITE: All right. I'm on my way.

(On the road, Logan comes across Max's abandoned bike.)

(Alone in his car, White hears his cell phone ring and answers it.)



WHITE: Fe'nos tol. Tell the Conclave I've found 452. I'll bring her to you. (Hangs up) ...once I find out where she took my son.

---

(In the abandoned building, Max is tied to a post with a thick chain. X5-453 leans against another post nearby.)

MAX: You look familiar. Have we met before?

X5-453: Yeah. In a test tube.

MAX: Who came first, me or you?

X5-453: I'm 453.

MAX: Well, do what your big sister says and untie me.

X5-453: Sister? Yeah, right.

(X5-453 lights up a cigarette.)

MAX: I'm gonna tell Mom and Dad.

X5-453: Tell 'em I quit 'til yesterday. (Looks at Max's bag) So, looks like I interrupted a little vacation. Or were you skipping town?

MAX: Something like that.

X5-453: Same old 452.

MAX: What's that supposed to mean?

X5-453: It's what you do, isn't it? Run away? Like when it got too rough for you back at Manticore. Bet you never once stopped to think about what they'd do to the rest of us. They wanted to make sure it wouldn't happen again, so they tightened the leash. We got the worst of it, your twins. Manticore figured since we had the same basic psychological makeup as the twelve of you, we were the greatest flight risks, so they hauled us into psy-ops for evaluation...

(She briefly *flashes back to her childhood at Manticore, enduring tests and experiments.*)

X5-453: ...for six months. You have no idea what they put us through, do you? While you were out in the world, living the dream, we paid the price.

MAX: "Living the dream" isn't exactly how I'd put it.

X5-453: Oh, so it's too tough for you out here, too? Guess I don't feel so bad about turning you over to White, then. See, he got onto me because of you. It's been ten years since the first time you ruined my life. I'll be damned if I let that happen again.

---

(In Terminal City, the transgenics lead Joshua into a large building. Some other transgenics are gathered in living and working quarters.)

JOSHUA: You have power.

THIRD TRANSGENIC: I put together a generator with some old car parts. That's what I do--I build stuff. Do you have any skills? Any special talents we could use?

JOSHUA: I paint.

THIRD TRANSGENIC: Paint? I don't know. I guess a couple new coats could brighten up the place.

JOSHUA (greeting the other transgenics): No, pictures. I paint pictures.

THIRD TRANSGENIC: Oh. Pictures. Right.

(A table has lots of guns lying on it.)

JOSHUA: Where'd you get these?

FIRST TRANSGENIC: Stole 'em.

THIRD TRANSGENIC: They're a little old, but they keep the ordinaries off our backs.

JOSHUA: Uh...ordinaries?

FIRST TRANSGENIC: Humans.

THIRD TRANSGENIC: Yeah. They mostly stay away from Terminal City, 'cause the biotoxins make 'em sick after a while. Not us, though. No, we do just fine, huh?

SECOND TRANSGENIC: City's full of transgenics. Must be ten different groups between here and Oak Street. Everyone tends to stick with their own kind.

THIRD TRANSGENIC: Yeah, Xs with Xs, freaks with freaks...I guess that means you're with us.

FIRST TRANSGENIC: You do any weapons training at Manticore?

JOSHUA: Uh, no.

FIRST TRANSGENIC (handing him a gun): I'll teach you what you need to know.

SECOND TRANSGENIC: We're not looking for trouble. We just want to be left alone.

THIRD TRANSGENIC (to the second transgenic): Dix! Someone's outside.

(He points to a couple closed-circuit TVs, which show Alec walking around outside. Moments later, the transgenics go out and point guns at him.)

DIX: Don't move.

ALEC: Hey, fellas. (Sees Dix) Whoa. What happened to you?

DIX: What are you doing here?

ALEC: I'm X-5.

THIRD TRANSGENIC: Then head over to Oak Street with your own kind.

ALEC: Well, I'm looking for a friend of mine, one of your kind.

JOSHUA (smiling, from behind Alec): You found him.

---

(In the abandoned building, Max watches as X5-453 puts her wedding ring on.)

MAX: You're married?

X5-453: I have a husband and a little boy.

MAX: You're lucky.

X5-453: Yeah. You know, I had a nice, normal life...until White came looking for you and found me instead.

MAX: He has them. I'm sorry.

X5-453: Yeah, well, I get them back once I turn you over to him.

(Logan, hiding behind a post in the distance, watches and listens. He sees a lead pipe lying on the ground nearby and picks it up.)

MAX: That's if he keeps his word.

X5-453: Don't have a lot of options, do I? This is my family. Maybe you don't know what that means. Maybe you'd just run off and save your own hide, like you always do. Not me.

(She hears a noise in the distance and walks away to check it out. Logan emerges from the shadows and approaches Max.)

MAX: Logan!

LOGAN: You okay?

MAX: Untie me. Hurry.

(He starts to loosen the chain, then pauses.)

MAX: What?

LOGAN: How do I know it's really you?

(X5-453 returns.)

X5-453: Logan?

LOGAN (to Max): Max?

MAX: Logan!

X5-453: Don't untie her!

(She runs over and kicks him in the head. He falls to the ground, unconscious.)

MAX (angrily): Hey!

(Max works her way out of the loosened chain.)

X5-453: Guy's really stuck on you, huh?

MAX: I thought I was a bitch, but you take the prize.

(They circle each other and begin to fight. Each lands several kicks and punches. Eventually X5-453 gets a hold on Max.)

X5-453: It's no use. I've got ten years of training on you.

MAX: Yeah, well, they didn't teach you to fight dirty.

(Max whirls around and punches her.)

---

(Later, White arrives at the building. Max, dressed as X5-453, lights up a cigarette. X5-453, dressed as Max, is chained to a post, unconscious.)

MAX (as X5-453): Where the hell have you been?

WHITE: I had a thing.

MAX (as X5-453): Where's my family?

WHITE: All in good time, 453.

MAX (as X5-453): Yeah, right.

(Logan sneaks up behind White and knocks him unconscious with the lead pipe.)

(Later, White wakes up, chained to the post. X5-453 is still dressed as Max and still chained to the same post, but awake now. Max is still dressed as X5-453 but is no longer pretending to be her.)

MAX: Ames White. I oughta put a bullet in your head. But twenty-odd years ago, me and her got cooked up in the same test tube. So, in my book, that makes us sisters.

WHITE: Get to the point.

MAX: The point is, I'm gonna trade your sorry ass for her husband and kid.

WHITE: I don't think so.

MAX (holding up the lead pipe): No? Well, then, I guess we get to find out how high your pain threshold really is.

---

(At Terminal City)

ALEC: I thought Max was with you.

JOSHUA: No. Is she all right?

ALEC: I don't know.

JOSHUA: You don't know?

ALEC: I don't know.

FIRST TRANSGENIC (pointing to Alec): He can't stay here.

ALEC: Easy, pal, I'm not planning to. (To Joshua) I'll hook up with you in a couple days, okay?

JOSHUA: Okay.

THIRD TRANSGENIC: Guys! What are they doing here?

(They all look at the TVs and see Max and Logan escorting White through Terminal City. Max is dressed in her own clothes. White's hands are cuffed behind his back, and Logan holds him at gunpoint.)

FIRST TRANSGENIC: Just a bunch of humans.

ALEC: It's Max.

DIX: You know her?

JOSHUA: She's a friend. She's X-5.

THIRD TRANSGENIC: X-5, huh? Not our problem.

ALEC (pointing to White): Yeah, well, you see that guy right there? He's in charge of hunting you down, so I suggest you make it your problem.

---

(Later, outside, a car drives into Terminal City. Max, White, and Logan stand waiting. Otto and the second man get out of the car.)

MAX: Let's see what you're packing.

OTTO: We're unarmed.

MAX: I don't have a whole lot of patience. I don't think you boys want to stay in Terminal City any longer than you have to.

(Otto and the second man glance at each other. Each pulls a gun out of his jacket and sets it on the ground.)

MAX: All right, let's do this.

(X5-453's husband and son get out of the car, looking scared.)

MAX: Okay, on three. One...two...three.

WHITE: Is my son still alive?

MAX: You won't be if you don't start moving.

(White slowly walks toward his men, and X5-453's husband and son slowly walk toward Max. They pass each other. When White reaches the guns lying on the ground, he jumps through his handcuffs and picks up a gun. Otto and the second man each pull out another gun. A couple more men get out of the car, and now there are several guns pointed at Max and the others.)

WHITE: Not another step. Nice work, Otto.

(Suddenly they hear a lot of guns cocking around them. They look up to see Alec, Joshua, and lots of other transgenics taking aim. White and his men are greatly outnumbered.)

MAX: You guys want to throw down, go ahead. But a whole lot of people are gonna get hurt.

WHITE: This isn't over, 452. (Calling off his men) All right, gentlemen.

(White and his men lower their guns and head for the car. The first transgenic leads X5-453's husband and son away from the area.)

(Inside, in the living quarters, X5-453 comforts her son.)

HUSBAND (to X5-453): Sam, what's going on here?

SAM: I'll explain everything later. Okay?

(A short distance away, Max talks to Joshua.)

MAX: So I guess you really can take care of yourself...and me, too.

(Joshua growls playfully and gives her a kiss on the forehead. Alec approaches.)

MAX: Score anything?

ALEC: Jacked an SUV from some, uh, gangster guys outside a strip club. (Hands her some car keys)

MAX: Thanks.

ALEC: It's gonna be a long ride to Canada. She's got some 'splaining to do.

MAX: I appreciate this.

ALEC: Yeah, no worries. Anything for a friend, or a clone of a friend.

(Max approaches Sam.)

MAX: You're all set.

SAM: If you're expecting a thank-you, forget about it. None of this would've happened if it weren't for you.

MAX: You're right.

ALEC: You know, if Manticore hadn't gone down, you wouldn't even be with them. You know who took it down. (Looks pointedly at Max and walks away)

SAM: Not bad.

MAX (handing Sam the keys): Good luck.

SAM: You, too.

(Logan is sitting a short distance away, working on his laptop and trying to get a signal on his cell phone. Max approaches him.)

MAX: So White really messed up your place, huh?

LOGAN: Yep.

MAX: I'm sorry.

LOGAN: Got my files out. It's gonna take some pricey equipment to get Eyes Only up and running again.

MAX: You're going to need a good cat burglar.

LOGAN (surprised): Thought you were leaving town?

MAX: Nah. Got some family stuff to take care of.

---

(The next day, McKinley is conducting another Senate hearing. White is wearing a blue suit. As usual, lots of reporters are in the room. White's superior is also there.)

McKINLEY: Committee calls to the stand Special Agent Ames White. Now, Agent White, I'm sure you've been instructed by counsel and by your superiors to invoke your Fifth Amendment right. But I want to remind you, as an officer of this committee and as your fellow American, that all this committee is interested in is truth.

WHITE: The truth, sir, is quite simple. Did parties within our government secretly divert funds for genetic experiments? Yes.

(The crowd murmurs. White's superior looks angry.)

WHITE: Did they allow those transgenics to escape? Yes. Did they then choose to withhold that information from the American people? Yes. Are those transgenics dangerous? Most assuredly, yes.

(At Jam Pony, Normal and all the other messengers--except for Max, who isn't there--are watching the hearing on TV.)

WHITE: And I cannot, in good conscience, continue to be part of this cover-up.

NORMAL: That, my friends, is a true patriot.

WHITE: These transgenics are a great threat to our national security and our American way of life. Make no mistake - this is a war...a war we cannot afford to lose.

(Max enters behind the crowd of messengers and turns off the TV with the remote.)

NORMAL: Hey!

MAX: Bip bip bip, people. C'mon, these packages aren't gonna deliver themselves.

(Normal and Sketchy look at her for a minute.)

NORMAL: You heard her. Get back to work.

(The other messengers scatter. Normal and Sketchy keep looking strangely at Max.)

MAX: What? You got something to say?

NORMAL: Not me. Nope.

SKETCHY: No. It's all good.

(They walk away. Max hugs Original Cindy.)

MAX: Miss me?

ORIGINAL CINDY: You know it, boo. You know it.

---

(In White's car, he is talking with Senator McKinley.)

WHITE: Simms is going to want my badge.

McKINLEY: Don't worry about Simms. By the time I'm through, you'll be a national hero, positioned to eliminate the transgenics once and for all. The Conclave will be in touch. (Getting out of the car) Fe'nos tol.

WHITE: Fe'nos tol.

---

(On top of the Space Needle, Max once again sits alone, and thinks.)

MAX: Wonder if Manticore cooked up any more of me... 'cause one clone is plenty, especially when she's got a nasty left hook. She was right about one thing, though--running away isn't the answer. 'Cause as messed up as everything's gotten lately, this is home

DARK ANGEL  
Season Two, Episode #20: "Love Among the Runes"  
First Aired 4/26/2002

(In a mental hospital, a man looks out his window and talks to his roommate.)



MENTAL PATIENT: Stan, my man, you should really check this out!

(His roommate, who is bound in a straitjacket and gagged, lies down on the bed.)

MENTAL PATIENT: Ah, never mind.

(He starts to file one of the bars on the window. It is obvious he has been working on it for a long time.)

(Outside, the Familiars are standing around a fire, wearing cloaks and holding a ceremony. There is a meteor shower going on. As a shooting star passes overhead, Senator McKinley raises a torch toward the sky, and the older priestess raises a hand toward it.)

OLDER PRIESTESS: Kon'ta ress!

(The others all raise their hands to the sky as well. More shooting stars go by.)

YOUNGER PRIESTESS: Ken'da hiff!

ALL: Ken'da hiff!

MENTAL PATIENT: And they call us crazy.

(Senator McKinley opens a wooden box, and the older priestess removes from it a snake.)

OLDER PRIESTESS: Adara mos rekali, konoss rehu jek.

(She passes the snake to the younger priestess, who holds it above her head. Meanwhile, the mental patient finishes detaching the bars from the window.)

MENTAL PATIENT: Ha ha! It's my chance! I'm out of here! Huh? (Pretends to listen to Stan) Yeah, I'm going to miss our talks, too. Take care, okay?

(He climbs out the window and jumps to the ground outside, a short distance from the ceremony. Some extra cloaks sit in boxes nearby; he puts one on and sneaks into the ceremony.)

ALL (chanting repeatedly): Adara mos rekali, konoss rehu jek.

(The younger priestess dances around with the snake above her head. Then she hands it to a couple of other people, and they pass the snake above their heads to the mental patient. He sneaks it into his cloak and slips out of the ceremony.)

---

(Somewhere else, White stands on a hillside, watching the sky. He is quietly chanting to himself.)

WHITE: Adara mos rekali, konoss rehu jek.

(Otto approaches behind him.)

OTTO: Agent White?

WHITE (without turning around): It's beautiful, isn't it?

OTTO: Yes, sir. Just wanted to remind you...you've got an eight-o'-clock with the chief of police to discuss jurisdictional issues.

WHITE: Right. (Turns to Otto) Is it just me, or was this job more fun when we were covert, hunting transgenics all on our own?

OTTO: It's getting late, sir. You should probably knock off.

WHITE (turning back to the sky): What, and miss the show? It only happens once a year.

OTTO: Really? Didn't know you were into astronomy.

WHITE: There's a fair number of things you don't know about me, Otto.

OTTO: Good night, sir.

WHITE: Good night.

---

(Max enters the building at Terminal City with a couple containers of gasoline.)

MAX: Gas up the generator. Got anything?

(The transgenic who built the generator sits at the closed-circuit television sets. He looks just like Mule, the transgenic captured by White and released to be beaten by the sector cops in "Hello, Goodbye." Thus, he will be known as Mule 2.)

MULE 2: It's all quiet on the transgenic front.

MAX: Let's hope it stays that way.

JOSHUA: Hey, little fella.

MAX: Hey. Logan managed to grab this out of his apartment before White's guys trashed it. (Hands him his pendant)

JOSHUA: I'll have to thank him.

MAX: Listen, about that symbol...

JOSHUA: Father told me that the two snakes interwind together.

DIX: Sort of a caduceus. You know--the wand carried by Hermes, messenger of the gods.

JOSHUA (to Max): Messenger, like you.

DIX: The Greeks adapted it from a more ancient Babylonian symbol representing fertility. (Notices the others looking at him) I read a lot.

MAX: All I know is it's the same symbol White's breeding cult uses. I hate to say this, but maybe Sandeman was involved with them somehow.

JOSHUA: No, Max.

MAX: These are major bad guys. I mean, I'm wondering if--

JOSHUA: I don't like you wondering. Father was a good guy. I remember.

MAX: If you say so.

MULE 2: Good or bad, if Sandeman did create Manticore, he was one strange dude. I mean, look at us. What was he thinking?

DIX: And why did he bother? Humans hate us.

(The transgenic who offered to teach Joshua about weapons, a lizardlike guy, sits nearby.)

LIZARD GUY: The feeling's mutual.

JOSHUA: People afraid of things that they don't understand.

(A voice comes over the monitors)

VOICE: All cars, we have a transgenic on the loose, heading eastbound towards...

MULE 2: Uh-oh.

MAX: What's going on?

MULE 2: Transgenic. The cops got him on the run.

MAX: Location?

MULE 2: Sector five. Last seen headed east on Fourth. White's men are on their way.

MAX: So am I.

---

(At Jam Pony, Alec talks to a fellow male X-series, who is now employed there.)

X-MESSENGER: No, first thing we ever did together was the Volkovitch job, over in Kezmekistan or wherever.

ALEC: Oh, yeah, that's right. Ooh, the off-hours were definitely the highlight of that mission.

BOTH: Lola.

ALEC: Yeah. (His cell phone rings) Hang on.

(He answers the phone)

ALEC: Yeah?...We'll meet her there. (Hangs up) Let's go.

---

(At a sector checkpoint, there is a long line of people waiting to pass through.)

SECTOR COP: Just a few more minutes 'til we get the all-clear, folks. There's something going down in sector five.

(Max arrives on her Ninja and pulls up to Alec and the other X-5, who are already in line on their motorcycles.)

MAX: Ready?

ALEC: I'm always ready.

X-MESSENGER: Funny...that's what Lola said.

(They move up to the front of the line. Max flashes her I.D.)

MAX: Jam Pony messenger.

ALEC: Got a pickup for Harbor Lights Hospital.

(The sector cops let them through.)

(In sector five, a transgenic with white skin and hair runs through the street, pursued by several police cars and by White's car.)

WHITE (into radio): This is White. All units form a perimeter.

(The cars surround the transgenic. The cops get out and take aim at him.)

COPS: Freeze! Don't move!

(Alec, never leaving his motorcycle, grabs a pole and uses it to knock down a couple of the cops. The other X-series kicks some cops down as he rides by them. Max pulls up to the transgenic.)

MAX: Come on!

(He climbs on the Ninja, behind her. Alec shoots out the tires of a police car. White arrives on the scene and takes aim at Max and the other transgenic. The other X-series shoots out White's tires. White is momentarily distracted by that, and Max takes the opportunity to kick him in the head as she passes by. Otto and White both fire at her, but she gets away. In anger, White throws his gun after them and knocks down one of the cops.)

(At the edge of Terminal City, Joshua and another transgenic stand watch on top of a building. Max and the others approach.)

JOSHUA: Here they come! Open the gate!

(The gate is opened long enough for them to ride through, and then is closed again. They are joined by other transgenics as they dismount.)

MULE 2: Way to go, guys. You okay, pal?

RESCUED TRANSGENIC: I am now.

MAX: Welcome to Terminal City.

(Opening credits)

---

(At Jam Pony, Alec sees Normal making copies of some flyers.)

ALEC: Whatcha got there, boss?

NORMAL (handing him one): Check it out.

ALEC (reading): Coalition for a Transgenic-Free Seattle.

NORMAL: That's right. The mutants are getting organized; we're getting organized, too.

ALEC: Yeah, good idea.

NORMAL: It's not the ones that look like monsters we gotta worry about. It's the other ones, the X-series. They look just like you and me, so you really can't tell.

(The other X-series rides in on his motorcycle and comes to a stop in front of Normal's desk.)

NORMAL: Hey! What are you doing? Don't ride the motorcycle inside!

ALEC: Cut him some slack, Normal. You know, Biggs here has already been on three runs this morning, huh?

BIGGS: And I'm ready for my next one, boss.

ALEC: What'd I tell you? I told you he was a good worker. And, you know, my idea about doing the deliveries on motorcycles has upped our efficiency by, what, fifteen percent?

NORMAL: Yes, Moto-Pony is a huge success. Doesn't mean you can ride the hogs indoors.

(A couple of new messengers, one male and one female, enter.)

ALEC: Hey, did you get those sector passes I wanted for these guys?

NORMAL: What? Yeah, here. (Hands him two sector passes)

ALEC: Ah, perfect. (Passes them out) There you go. There you go. Happy riding.

(In the locker area Max and Original Cindy talk. Original Cindy checks out the new female messenger as she passes by.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: That is one fine transgenic sister.

(Normal passes out the flyers.)

NORMAL: Vigilance, yeah? They're everywhere, people. Our fair city has become Transgenic Central. Don't be afraid to rat out your friends and neighbors.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Normal, how do we know that's you're not a transgenic that's just running a game so that nobody suspects you?

(Normal laughs and walks away)

MAX: Normal's calling for vigilance. Meanwhile, Jam Pony's home to the transgenic underground.

---

(Later, in Terminal City, Biggs is revving his motorcycle as Mule 2 and the lizard guy watch.)

BIGGS: It keeps backfiring on me.

MULE 2: Timing must be off. I'll take care of it.

(Nearby, a computer beeps. Logan appears on its screen.)

LOGAN: Anybody home?

MULE 2: Hey, Logan. Adjust your camera. You're a little off-center.

(In Joshua's house, Logan sits down at a desk where he has set up his computer equipment, which looks worse for the wear. He adjusts the camera mounted on top of his monitor and sees that Joshua has joined Mule 2 at their computer.)

LOGAN: How's that?

MULE 2: Much better.

JOSHUA: How's the new digs, Logan?

LOGAN: They're pretty sweet, Joshua. Thanks for letting me crash.

MULE 2: No problem. You need anything?

LOGAN: Well, yeah. Talked to Eyes Only; he's trying to get his operation up and running again.

MULE 2: Takes some pretty sophisticated hardware to pull off those cable hacks of his.

LOGAN: Getting on the air isn't the hard part. It's not getting traced.

MULE 2: What does he need?

LOGAN: I.T. server. Couple of C-34 processors, for starters.

MULE 2: I'll look around. You ordinaries--no offense--left a lot of good stuff behind when you cleared out of Terminal City.

LOGAN: I appreciate it.

(Alec and Max enter the building. They drop off some stuff they've brought with weapons expert Lizard Guy, who is hereafter known as Mole.)

ALEC: Hey, Mole. Look what I got.

MAX: Here.

JOSHUA: Hey, little fella.

MAX: What's up?

JOSHUA: Logan's on TV.

(Max approaches the computer. She and Logan talk awkwardly.)

MAX: Hey, you.

LOGAN: Hey yourself.

MAX: Doesn't exactly have the penthouse view. How's it going?

LOGAN: Warm and dry. Can't complain. How you doing?

MAX: All right.

LOGAN: Good. Was that Alec I heard?

(Alec, overhearing, looks up in surprise.)

MAX: Yeah.

LOGAN: How's he doing?

MAX: Good.

LOGAN: Good.

MAX: So, um...catch you later?

LOGAN: Yeah. See ya, Max.

MAX: See ya.

---

(Later, Max and Alec walk through an abandoned building somewhere in Terminal City. It looks like it must have been a lab at one point, but is now littered with debris.)

ALEC: Each place worse than the last. We're never going to find anything Logan can use in this dump.

MAX: Here we go. (Finds a piece of computer equipment) This looks salvageable.

ALEC: Good. Can we go now?

MAX (reading a sign on the wall): "Advanced Recombinant Genetics." Wonder who they were.

(While Max puts the computer equipment in her bag, Alec pokes around the lab.)

ALEC: So how are you and Logan? (Max gives him a look) Just making conversation, Max. You oughta try it sometime.

MAX: It's over. I already told you that.

ALEC: Why was he asking about me?

MAX: Just making conversation, Alec.

(Alec idly opens an autoclave and finds a snake inside.)

ALEC: Whoa!

MAX: What?

ALEC: Look at that.

MAX: Ugh. What the hell is that doing here?

ALEC: I don't know. Can we please go now?

(Alec closes the autoclave and they start to walk out of the lab.)

MAX: What is it with these snakes? It's like Ames White and his Familiars are following me around.

ALEC: "Ames White and his Familiars." Kinda sounds like a rock band, you know?

(After they leave, the mental patient enters. He opens the autoclave and gently removes the snake.)

MENTAL PATIENT: Oh, did they hurt you, George? Huh? I know, it does sound like a rock band. Question is, how do they know about all that, huh? It's a good thing you scared them off. Now we got the place to ourselves, huh?

(He dances around with the snake, singing a waltz.)

---

(At his headquarters, White joins Otto at a computer.)

WHITE: So what am I looking at here?

OTTO: Thermal imager. Fifth-generation. Very high sensitivity.

WHITE: And I should care about this because...?

(A man escorts an X-series into the room.)

WHITE: Why's he in here?

OTTO: Take a look. (Points to the transgenic's image on the computer) See how the image is whiter? That's 'cause the X-series run an average basal body temperature of 101.8 degrees--three degrees higher than a human being. Scan the crowd with the thermal gating set at, say, a hundred...

WHITE: ...It picks out transgenics. Otto, my friend, you have earned your pay this week. Requisition as many of these as you can, and get 'em in the field ASAP.

OTTO: Very good, sir.



(White's cell phone rings. The older priestess is calling him from the mental patient's room.)

WHITE (into phone): White.

PRIESTESS: He's escaped.

WHITE: Escaped? When?

PRIESTESS: Last night, during the ceremony.

WHITE: Any leads?

PRIESTESS: No, but we'll find him.

WHITE: We'd better. He knows too much. Fe'nos tol.

PRIESTESS: Fe'nos tol.

---

(In Terminal City, Mole assembles a gun next to a space heater. The transgenic Max and Alec rescued opens the fridge and sits on a crate in front of it.)

MOLE: Will you quit doing that?

RESCUED TRANSGENIC: It's hot as hell in here.

MOLE (to Mule 2): These Arctic Division guys. Always complaining.

ARCTIC GUY (to Mule 2): Would you listen to him? With his little space heater over there.

MOLE: When we took out Saddam, we did fifty clicks across the desert in one day.

ARCTIC GUY: Siberian campaign, we did sixty clicks through the snow in one night.

MOLE: I'm talking 115 degrees.

ARCTIC GUY: Wind chill 30 below.

MOLE: Baking sun.

ARCTIC GUY: Driving snow.

(They both look to Mule 2.)

MULE 2: What do I know? They made me to dig trenches.

(Max and Alec enter the building)

MAX: We gotta get this over to Logan right away.

ALEC: Can't really send any of the, uh, mutant parade over there. I'll do it.

MAX (quickly): You don't have to.

ALEC: I don't mind.

MAX: I can ask Biggs to bring it when he gets here.

ALEC: Okay, I understand why you don't want to go over there, but I can do it. I mean, the sooner he gets it, the better.

MAX: Leave it.

ALEC: What's your problem?

MAX: I guess you're going to find out sooner or later. I told Logan you and me were together.

ALEC (dismayed): What?

MAX: I'm sorry. I had to.

ALEC: Are you kidding?

MAX: This virus thing isn't going anywhere, and I can't afford any more accidents.

ALEC: Why do you have to drag me into it?

MAX: I had to push him away.

ALEC: Yeah, so blame Alec, 'cause he's just the kind of jerk that'd steal another guy's girl.  
(Picks up the bag)

MAX: Please don't.

ALEC: Max, whatever's going on with you and Logan has nothing to do with me, okay? I'm not going to be the bad guy.

---

(At Joshua's house, Logan walks into the living room, wearing the exoskeleton. He briefly jumps up a few feet, much higher than a regular person would be able to.)

LOGAN: Huh.

(He notices some large planks of wood lying by the fireplace. Logan props one up against the mantel and breaks it with a kick. As he throws the wood into the fire, Alec enters.)

ALEC: Hey.

LOGAN: Hey.

ALEC: Thought you didn't need that thing to walk anymore.

LOGAN: I don't.

ALEC: So is it more like an enhancer, then, or...?

LOGAN: Something like that. What are you doing here?

ALEC: I, uh, got that computer hardware you wanted.

LOGAN: Thanks.

ALEC: Yeah, no problem. (Sets the bag down) Listen, um, this thing with Max and I--

LOGAN: Yeah, she told me. If you're here to apologize or give me some kind of explanation about how it happened, I'm not real interested. (Breaks another plank)

ALEC: No, no, no, no. You got it all wrong. You see--

LOGAN: Listen. We've been through some rough times, me and Max. But I never gave up on us. I always figured we'd get through it. Now, I guess...I don't know, I'm thinking maybe, uh...I've been selfish. With everything that's going on in the world...maybe she...should be with someone like her. Someone who understands what she's going through. But then the funny part is, it never mattered...to me what she was...or where she was from. Not to me.

ALEC: Logan--

LOGAN: Just treat her right.

(Logan breaks another plank. Alec leaves.)

---

(At Crash)

ORIGINAL CINDY: It had to come out sooner or later.

MAX: Yeah, I guess so.

(Alec joins them.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Don't make her feel any worse than she already does.

(Original Cindy walks away. Alec takes her seat and sips his drink without a word.)

MAX: So you gonna tell me what happened?

ALEC: I didn't say anything.

MAX (surprised): Thanks. Why'd you change your mind?

ALEC: 'Cause you're right. I mean, you had to say something. Only, you didn't push him away. I'm not sure what could. He let go, because he wanted you to be happy. (Max doesn't say anything.) Now, don't start crying on me, 'cause he said I had to take care of you.

(As Max reaches for the pitcher of beer, Alec notices some marks on her wrist.)

ALEC: What is that? Your barcode's not enough, you're getting tattoos now?

(They both take a closer look. The marks resemble the symbols Max found in Ray's book.)

MAX: Oh, my God.

ALEC: What the hell are they?

MAX: I don't know.

---

(Later, in Terminal City, Max shows the symbols to Logan via the computer. The symbols look like runes--letters from an ancient alphabet.)

LOGAN: Huh.

MAX: "Huh" as in, "Strange, but I know exactly what it is, huh," or "Huh, what the hell is going on?"

LOGAN: Closer to the second one. So they just popped up? You didn't do anything...come into contact with anyone...drink anything?

MAX (sarcastically): Yeah. I drank a bottle of something that said "Tattoos From Within." Was that wrong?

LOGAN: Hey, take it easy.

MAX: Sorry. It's just freaking me out.

LOGAN: They look a little like the symbol on Joshua's medallion. Maybe they're like your barcode--some sort of genetically-encoded imprint, designed to appear on your skin at a given time.

MAX: What for and why now?

LOGAN: I don't know. Maybe it's a message.

MAX: From who?

JOSHUA: Father.

---

(Later, Alec and Biggs walk down the street toward their motorcycles.)

BIGGS: It's pretty freaky, huh?

ALEC: Logan'll figure out what's going on. He always does.

(Alec's cell phone rings. Biggs notices a man in the distance standing outside the Light of Life Mission, collecting change from passersby.)

MAN: Your donation will help keep this neighborhood clean. (Someone puts money in the cup) Thank you, sir.

ALEC (into phone): Hello? Hey, boss. Yeah, I'm on my way in right now...

MAN: Yes, one of those trannie freaks could be dating your daughter.

ALEC: All right, but you better put me on the clock now. Bye. (Hangs up) I gotta go for a pickup in sector nine.

BIGGS: All right.

ALEC: Catch you later.

BIGGS: See ya.

MAN: Those trannie freaks--they're all over the place, man.

(Alec and Biggs get on their motorcycles and leave.)

---

(At White's headquarters, Otto approaches a second man, who sits at the computer with the thermal imager.)

OTTO: How we doing?

SECOND MAN: Nothing yet.

(A man sits in the driver's seat of a taxicab, aiming a small handheld device at passersby. He has a small thermal imaging screen in the car)

MAN IN CAR (into radio): Control, this is Position Twelve.

SECOND MAN: You got something?

MAN IN CAR: Think so.

(Otto and the second man watch on the computer screen as a white image moves into view. Her temperature registers as 100.2 degrees. The man in the car sees it is a woman blowing her nose.)

MAN IN CAR: Never mind. Just an old lady with the flu.

SECOND MAN: Roger, Position Twelve.

(Moments later, Biggs rides into view and dismounts his motorcycle a short distance away. He shows up white on the thermal imaging screen, and his temperature registers at 101.8 degrees.)

MAN IN CAR: Wait a minute. Check it out.

SECOND MAN: Hey, copy, Position Twelve. We see him. Stay on him.

MAN IN CAR: Copy that.

(As Biggs stops at a juice stand, he notices several men in the area watching him, including a sector cop. Suspicious, he starts to walk away.)

OTTO (into radio): Listen up, people, you've been made. All units converge.

SECTOR COP: Control, this is Position Nine. We're in pursuit.

OTTO: Copy, Position Nine. Calling in backup now.

(The sector cop and a couple of the other men who had been watching Biggs now approach him. The cop takes aim at him.)

SECTOR COP: Freeze!

(Biggs throws his juice in one of the men's face and starts running. The cop fires and misses. Biggs, pursued by more police, manages to get away.)

SECTOR COP: Control, this is Position Nine. We lost him.

---

(In the abandoned lab, the mental patient uses a couple of mirrors to draw a barcode on the back of his neck.)

MENTAL PATIENT: That should do the trick. (To his reflection) Wish me luck.

(The snake hisses)

MENTAL PATIENT: All right, you can come. (Puts the snake into a bag)

---

(At Terminal City)

MAX: Logan says it's some branch of ancient Minoan language.

ALEC: Did he figure out what it says?

MAX: He's working on it. The problem is, no one's ever deciphered the whole alphabet.

ALEC: Well, that doesn't make sense. I mean, if Sandeman is involved with this breeding cult, and he did encode whatever that is into you, then why did he do it in a language you can't understand?

JOSHUA: Maybe he was going to teach her before she left.

ALEC: Yeah, but why not just plain English?

JOSHUA: So no one else could read it.

MAX: Sorta makes sense.

ALEC: Are we sure he's one of the good guys?

JOSHUA: Well, he left Manticore, didn't he?

MAX: Did he ever tell you why he left?

JOSHUA: No. He just left in a hurry.

(Mule 2 escorts the mental patient into the building.)

MULE 2: Hey, all. Say hello to the newest resident of Terminal City. (Making introductions)  
C.J., everyone. Everyone, C.J.

ALL: Hey, C.J.

DIX: Welcome.

MOLE: What are you? X-3? X-4?

C.J.: I'm X-5...dash four one one.

MAX (disbelievingly): X-5?

C.J. (saluting): The few, the proud. You don't believe me? Okay. (Hands his bag to Mule 2 and strikes a fighting stance) You want a little, huh? You want a piece?

(He jumps around, making very bad martial arts moves, complete with strange noises-- including barking. The others stare at him, amused. C.J. obviously has no fighting experience whatsoever.)

C.J.: Didja see that? The way I blurred?

MAX: No.

C.J.: Exactly. That's 'cause I'm so fast. Still don't believe me?

(He tries to fight Max to prove himself. She fends him off with hardly any effort, and fells him with a punch.)

C.J.: Ow.

(Joshua picks him up by the lapels and growls at him. C.J. notices Joshua's pendant.)

C.J.: Where'd you get that?

MAX: Why?

C.J.: No reason.

MAX: Is that something you've seen before?

C.J.: No.

MULE 2: Guys! Hey, guys! Guys!

(A newscast has come on TV, announcing that the police are pursuing a transgenic. They show a picture of Biggs' face.)

ANCHORWOMAN: If you see this individual, please alert the authorities immediately. This alleged transgenic is considered to be a dangerous fugitive and should not be approached under any circumstances. It is unclear if the suspect is armed.

ALEC: It's Biggs. (Dials his cell phone) Come on.

(With everyone else suddenly distracted, C.J. sneaks out of the building.)

(Walking down the street, Biggs answers his cell phone.)

BIGGS: Hey. You won't believe what just happened to me.

ALEC: Where are you?

BIGGS: Near your place.

(The man who was collecting donations is watching the newscast. He notices Biggs walking by, and he and his friends follow Biggs.)

ALEC: You need to get back to Terminal City right now, pal.

BIGGS: Why? What's wrong?

DONATION MAN: Excuse me.

BIGGS: Hang on a sec, Alec. (To the donation man) Yeah?

DONATION MAN: You wanna help keep the neighborhood trannie-safe?

BIGGS: Some other time.

(Biggs notices the newscast on a nearby TV. While he is distracted, the donation man takes the opportunity to hit him. Biggs' barcode is visible as he hits the ground)

DONATION MAN (to his friends): Hey! He's one of 'em!

(He and his friends begin beating Biggs.)

DONATION MAN: How do you like that, freak?

ALEC: Biggs! (To Max) He's in trouble.

MAX: Let's go.

---

(Some time later, after dark, Max and Alec arrive near the mission. Max talks to one of the people gathered around.)

MAX: Hey, what the hell's going on?

GUY: Bunch of the neighborhood guys got a hold of one of them mutants that's been on the news.

MAX: What do you mean, "Got a hold of"?

GUY: Gave 'em hell. (Points proudly) What do you think?

(Biggs is hanging upside-down. A large wooden X burns nearby.)

GUY: That oughta teach them freaks a lesson, huh?

---



(At Transgenic City, everybody is watching the news on TV.)

REPORTER: The suspected transgenic met a violent end when it was confronted by members of a local neighborhood watch group. We take you live to Senator James McKinley, chairman of the Congressional task force on the transgenic threat.

(Senator McKinley is holding a press conference.)

McKINLEY: Obviously, I don't condone this sort of vigilantism. Though I understand the fear and anger that drove these people to take matters into their own hands, I have to ask you to remember these transgenics are dangerous. Let the authorities do their job.

MULE 2: Yeah. Leave the trannie-killing to the experts.

McKINLEY: Progress is being made. A recent technological breakthrough helped us identify and capture three transgenics in the city of Seattle alone. We anticipate many more arrests in the days ahead.

REPORTER: Where are the captured transgenics being held?

McKINLEY: I'm afraid that information is classified. They'll be transported to a central and secure facility within the day. We are winning the war, ladies and gentlemen. You have my word.

(He walks away as the reporters continue to call out questions.)

SECOND REPORTER: Is the public in danger?

THIRD REPORTER: Senator, can you tell us more about the technology...

(White waits for him in the doorway. They speak quietly.)

WHITE: Imagine...a good old-fashioned lynching.

McKINLEY: I hope I didn't sound too disapproving. So, he escaped? During the Katara ceremony, no less. Could be bad for us...for you.

WHITE: I'll take care of it.

McKINLEY: See that you do. Fe'nos tol.

WHITE: Fe'nos tol.

---

(At Terminal City)

MAX: Are you still tight with the arms dealer in Koreatown?

ALEC: Yeah.

MAX: Tell him we're gonna need the nastiest stuff he's got. TK-67's, grenade launchers, whatever. Money's no object.

MULE 2: Sorta is when you don't got any.

ALEC: Then we'll get some.

DIX: What's the plan?

MAX: We're gonna hit his headquarters and get those transgenics out of there before White ships 'em off.

MOLE: Sounds good to me.

MAX (to Mule 2): That so-called X-5 you brought here the other day--where's he from?

MULE 2: Met him outside on the street. Why?

MAX: I think he's connected to White's breeding cult. I want to know what the hell he was doing here.

MULE 2: Don't know. But, uh, he left this behind.

(He hands her the bag. She glances inside and looks at Alec. He empties the bag onto the table; it's George the snake.)

---

(Otto and his men enter Jam Pony menacingly.)

OTTO: Reagan Ronald.

NORMAL: Hey, Special Agent Gottlieb. How you doing? Good to see you.

OTTO: Wish I could say the same.

(A short distance away, Sketchy suddenly looks nervous.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: You okay?

SKETCHY: That's the guy.

ORIGINAL CINDY: What guy?

SKETCHY: The government guy. Roughed me up when I was covering that story about the transgenic that lived in the sewer. He must be here to shut me up for good.

(Otto holds up an I.D.)

OTTO: You recognize this?

NORMAL: That, uh, appears to be a Jam Pony I.D. badge, sir.

SECOND MAN: We found it on the body of a transgenic last night.

OTTO: Now how do you suppose it got there?

NORMAL: Look. Look, you gotta believe me. I had no idea he was one of them. If I had, I never would have hired him.

(Sketchy hides. Worried, Original Cindy sneaks into Normal's office and opens his file drawer.)

OTTO: How many transgenics do you have employed here, Mr. Ronald?

NORMAL: None that I know of.

SECOND MAN: That you know of?

(Original Cindy removes some files from the drawer.)

NORMAL: Yeah. I mean, you know, how can anybody be sure? I just-- (Defensively) Listen, guys, I gotta tell you, I hate them. I hate them. I loathe them, like any God-fearing American should.

(Original Cindy leaves Normal's office and ducks behind the counter as the men approach.)

OTTO: Then you won't mind if we take a look at your personnel files.

NORMAL: No, that's--that'd be okay, sir. Go ahead. Take your time.

(Normal and the NSA men enter his office. Original Cindy walks away from the counter. Sketchy joins her.)

SKETCHY: Hey, what'd you just do?

ORIGINAL CINDY: What do you mean?

SKETCHY: I saw you go into Normal's office. There are more transgenics, huh? And you're trying to protect them.

ORIGINAL CINDY: You're trippin'.

(Sketchy tries to look at the files. Original Cindy turns away, but not before he catches a glance.)

SKETCHY: Why'd you take Max and Alec's files?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Why do you think?

(Sketchy realizes and walks away in dismayed shock.)

---

(In the abandoned lab, C.J. is napping under a table. George the snake crawls over him, and C.J. wakes up.)

C.J.: Hey, George, you found me.

MAX: So did I.

C.J. (to the snake): Oh, why'd you bring her here?

MAX: Who are you and what the hell are you doing in Terminal City?

C.J.: Same as you. Hiding out.

MAX: Why? You're not a transgenic. (He ignores her.) Hey!

(She grabs him and pulls him out from under the table.)

MAX: Don't make me slap you around.

C.J.: They're after me.

MAX: Who?

C.J.: Familiars! Think I want to go back to that loony bin of theirs? Don't look at me like that. I'm not crazy.

MAX: Right.

C.J.: They locked me up because of my dad. He was part of it all until he got out. Turned his back on the whole damn thing.

MAX: Why'd he leave the breeding cult?

C.J.: Because...he knew I wouldn't survive, and he didn't want me to die.

MAX: You mean the whole initiation thing with the snake blood?

C.J. (surprised): How did you know about that?

MAX: Never mind. How did he know you wouldn't survive?

C.J.: He was a scientist. This place was his. He tested my DNA. That's not allowed, see. "Everyone has to be initiated," they said. "Thousands of years of tradition," they said. But he said "Screw tradition," and sent me away. (Puts the snake in the autoclave)

MAX: Until they caught you, and locked your ass up.

C.J.: They're everywhere. (Whispers) You never know who's part of it.

MAX (whispering): The initiation thing--what's it for?

C.J. (whispering): I don't know. (At normal volume) They don't tell you unless you take it and survive. My dad wanted to change things with science and technology, but they said that was heresy.

MAX: So your dad got sick of the whole selective-breeding thing and started to get into the gene-splicing game?

C.J.: He didn't come here until later, after the government took over.

MAX: Took over what?

C.J.: Hello! Manticore.

MAX (shocked): What?

C.J.: Who do you think made you?

MAX: Sandeman. Sandeman's your father?

C.J.: Haven't you heard a word I've said?

MAX: Is he alive? Do you know where he is?

C.J.: Maybe.

MAX: I gotta find him!

C.J.: Why?

MAX: Got a lot of questions! Like why he made us...why he left...and what are these?

(She shows him the runes on her wrist.)

C.J.: Oooh, ancient Minoan.

MAX: Do you know what it says?

C.J.: How should I know? I don't read Minoan. Why don't you ask whoever drew them?

MAX: That's the thing. Nobody drew them. They just popped up.

C.J.: Oh, that sounds weird.

MAX: I think they're a message from your father.

C.J.: What kind of message?

MAX: If you help me find him, I can find out. Will you set up a meet?

C.J.: I don't know...

MAX: Come on. I mean, we're kind of related.

C.J.: Well, when you put it that way...

---

(That night, at Terminal City)

JOSHUA: Sorry about Biggs.

ALEC: Yeah. I'd like to have a little talk with whoever did that.

JOSHUA: Me, too.

ALEC: There were some guys hanging around, talking crap about transgenics.

JOSHUA: Think it was them?

ALEC: Wanna go find out?

---

(Outside the mission, the man and his friends are again taking donations from passersby.)

DONATION MAN: Donations here, please. (Someone puts money in the cup) Thank you, sir.

(Alec and Joshua approach. Joshua is wearing the helmet he wore to make deliveries for Alec.)

DONATION MAN: Y'all wanna make a donation?

ALEC: Yeah, but my friend here thinks you're running a scam.

DONATION MAN: I guess you ain't seen the news.

ALEC: What about it?

DONATION MAN: Well, we strung the trannie up that bridge, over there.

ALEC: I've got a problem with that.

DONATION MAN: Oh, yeah?

JOSHUA: Yeah. (Removes his helmet) He was a friend of ours.

(The guys' eyes open wide when they see Joshua's face. Alec and Joshua then proceed to beat them bloody.)

ALEC: You and your friends need to get out of town tonight. I see you around here again, I'm gonna kill you. (To Joshua) Let's go, Josh. Come on.

(They leave. The other guys run away.)

---

(Somewhere else, Max and C.J. wait outside. C.J. is stacking some rocks in a little circle.)

MAX: Where is he?

C.J.: Dad drives kinda slow.

WHITE'S VOICE: Always made our poor mother crazy.

(White and his men surround them and take aim.)

WHITE: Hello, 452.

C.J.: Fe'nos tol...my brother.

---

(Later, in a closed room, Max's hands are cuffed above her head. White examines the runes on her arms. C.J. sits in the corner, watching.)

MAX: Poor Sandeman. One son's a loon, the other's a psychopath.

WHITE: Be nice. We're practically family.

MAX: Don't remind me.

WHITE: Hey, I'm not happy about it, either.

C.J.: Did I do the right thing, Ames? Did I do good?

WHITE: Oh, yeah. You did real good, C.J. Real good.

C.J.: So you're not gonna send me back there, right? To that place?

WHITE: No, no worries. Nothing like that, little brother. (To Max) If you're wondering about the name, I changed it. Sort of a symbolic thing.

(He rips the front of her shirt.)

MAX: Hey!

(He examines the runes on Max's collarbones.)

WHITE: White, as in unsullied, free of my father's betrayal and shame.

C.J.: What do they say? Ames, what do they say? What do they say, Ames?!

MAX: Answer him!

WHITE: What do you think they say? They say all of the same stuff that he was spouting off about for years, about how all life is sacred, blah blah blah, and how the meek will inherit the earth, and you know what? The meek will not inherit the earth. The strong will take what is theirs and crush the meek. After our long wait, our time has come.

MAX: Good. Can I go now?

(White unzips the back of Max's shirt and examines the runes on her back.)

WHITE: See, he wanted to destroy our destiny. Five thousand years of planning.

C.J.: Destroy? How?

WHITE: By creating her.

C.J. (realizing): She's the one he used to talk about.

WHITE (to Max): Now, before I kill you and end this little story, I have to ask you about my son.

C.J.: Oh, boy, this changes everything.

WHITE: Is he alive?

MAX: No. Yeah. Well, what was the question?

(White uses a taser on Max.)

C.J. (to himself): You made a big mistake!

(White drops the taser and grabs Max's face.)

WHITE: Is he alive? Answer me!

C.J.: But it's not too late.

WHITE: Will you shut up?

(C.J. picks up the taser and uses it on White. Eventually White passes out.)

C.J.: Sorry, brother, but if what you said is true, she's the only chance I've got.

(He takes White's keys and uncuffs Max.)

C.J.: Oh, he's gonna be mad. He's gonna be really mad. He's got a will to him like you won't believe.

MAX: Not that I'm complaining, but why the change of heart?

C.J.: Don't you ever listen? You're it, man! Time's running out. It's coming.

MAX: What's coming?

(Someone knocks on the door.)

SECOND MAN: Sir?

C.J. (disguising his voice): Yeah?

SECOND MAN: Prisoners are ready for transport.

C.J.: Five minutes.

SECOND MAN: Very good, sir.

(Max and C.J. leave the small room and stand at the entrance to the main room of the building. Several transgenics, chained together, are being led up a ramp into the back of a van.)

MAX: You ready?

C.J.: You kidding? I'm sticking with you.

MAX: I'll take that as a yes.

(Max rushes into the main room and knocks out the men guarding the van. In the small room, White wakes up. Max throws the driver out of the van and gets in. C.J. picks up a gun and fires at several of the men.)

MAX: C.J.! Come on!



(White enters the main room and fires at the van, missing Max. C.J. jumps into the open door of the van, blocking Max.)

C.J.: Stop! Hi! All done, all done! I was wrong! Mistakes were made here!

WHITE: Move!

C.J.: Come on, bro, it's all good!

WHITE: I said move!

(White shoots C.J., who falls to the ground. White and his men fire on Max as she shuts the van door.)

C.J. (to Max): Go! Go!

(Max drives the van out of the building. The men chase her a little ways and stand there shooting at her, but she gets away.)

---

(At Crash, Sketchy and Original Cindy sit at a table.)

SKETCHY: How long you known?

ORIGINAL CINDY: About a year.

SKETCHY: Why didn't you tell me?

ORIGINAL CINDY: What difference would it make?

SKETCHY: How can you say that? She's one of them.

ORIGINAL CINDY: She's been a good friend to you. You gonna believe what you hear on TV or what's in your heart? So what if she was made in a lab? She's the best person you know.

SKETCHY (considering): You're right. She is. It's all good.

---

(At Terminal City, Alec takes bets from the various transgenics, who are in a partying mood.)

MOLE: All right, let's do this. Huh? Huh? Let's see what you've got, igloo.

ARCTIC GUY: Yo, salamander boy, time to get schooled. Come on.

(Max talks to Logan via the computer.)

LOGAN: So Sandeman is White's father?

MAX: And I guess in some twisted kind of way, it means he's my brother.

LOGAN: Huh. Well, one thing's for sure. If Sandeman tried to leave the cult, then Joshua was right--he's one of the good guys.

MAX: So is C.J., in his own crazy way. Whatever Sandeman was trying to tell me with these things, it sure as hell freaked White out. I mean, he made it sound like I was the Second Coming, here to foil his big, evil plan. Like I even know what it is.

MOLE: Three...two...one. In there!

ARCTIC GUY: Schooltime!

(Mole stands in front of an air conditioner. The arctic guy stands in front of the space heater. Each continues to trash-talk the other. The other transgenics look on and cheer.)

ALEC: Hey, Max, check it out.

(Logan looks away and picks up a book.)

ALEC: We've got a little bet going on over here, to see who can last the longest. You want in?

MAX: No.

(Alec walks away. Max turns back to the computer.)

LOGAN: I'll let you get back to the party.

MAX: Logan...

(Logan looks up. Max tries to decide whether to say something.)

MAX: Take care.

(Max ends the call. Logan slams the book down.)

---

(In the mental hospital, C.J. is bound in a straitjacket and gagged. White is talking to him)

WHITE: I'm disappointed in you, C.J. You did a bad thing. Very bad thing. You had a chance to redeem yourself, and redeem our family. You threw it away, like garbage.

(White goes to the window and looks out. A shooting star passes overhead.)

WHITE: I'll find her. Now that I know what she is...I have to.

DARK ANGEL  
Season Two, Episode #21: "Freak Nation"  
First Aired 5/3/2002

(Intro: On top of the Space Needle, Max does a voiceover as scenes from Manticore and the second season of the show flash by.)

MAX: Here in post-Pulse Seattle, my home, my friends, and my family are under fire. See, I was cooked up in a gene-splicing lab by an outfit called Manticore. They trained us to be soldiers, but really, we were slaves. Nine months ago, I torched the place and set everybody free--let them out into the world. Government's been trying to catch us ever since. The public

is afraid; we are hunted, hated, and living in fear. Thank God for Logan. Even though we can't be together, on account of this virus Manticore put in me because they want him dead--long story, don't ask--he's still there for me, and he's helping me figure out what this black-ops government guy in charge of hunting me down is really up to. Turns out he's part of some weird ancient cult dealio--several thousand years of selective breeding, so they got some pretty nasty tricks up their sleeves. For some reason, they want me dead in a big way, and I've got a bad feeling they're not going to give up until they get what they want.

---

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON  
2021

(At night, outside Terminal City, a reporter is speaking into a news camera. Near the fence, a wooden X burns. Several guys are throwing debris over the fence, screaming at the transgenics, who are not in sight.)

REPORTER: Terminal City is a twenty-block no-man's land here in the heart of Seattle. Closed ten years ago after a massive toxic spill, it is without power or water, and it is a felony to go beyond this security fence right behind me. Terminal City is far from empty; it is home to rats, stray cats, a few homeless humans, and--according to reports--an ever-increasing number of transgenics, some of them far from human. Local citizens have begun setting up flaming X's, like this one, outside the fence as a warning to the transgenics inside.

FIRST GUY: Get out of here, you freaks!

SECOND GUY: Go back where you came from!

THIRD GUY: Hey! Freakazoids!

(Max rides her Ninja down the street and arrives on the scene. The guys stand and look at her as she pulls to a stop and revs the engine.)

MAX: Two million years of human evolution and this is what we get. You morons.

(Max pops a wheelie and rides right through the flaming X as the men dive aside. Dropping her front wheel back down, she uses a ramp to jump the fence into Terminal City, and then disappears into the abandoned buildings.)

REPORTER: What the hell?! (To the cameraman) Did you get that? Tell me you got that!

(Max rides through an area that looks like it used to be a parking garage. She parks her motorcycle in the main part of the building, which is huge and dark, and mostly unfurnished. Max dismounts the Ninja and removes from it a metal briefcase. After taking a few steps she is surprised to see the lizard guy standing by a post.)

MAX: Hey, Mole.

MOLE: Hey, Max. How'd it go?

MAX: Ever notice how drug dealers have no sense of humor when it comes to money?

(She points to dents made in the briefcase by bullets and hands it to Mole.)

MAX: That oughta keep us in Skittles and beer for a coupla weeks.

MOLE: Good, 'cause we got a lot of new people around here.

(Mole hands the briefcase to someone else. As he and Max walk through the building, which is lit by torches, they pass quite a few transgenics. Some are playing chess, some are warming themselves by barrel fires, and a guy sits with his arm around a girl.)

MOLE: We got X-5s, X-6s, even a few sevens. We got transhumans, anomalies, pregnant females...It's turning into Grand Central Station around here. Now we're gonna need gas for the generator, iodine tablets ASAP, blankets, bedrolls, Sterno for stoves, we're gonna need food, we're gonna need weapons, bullets, ammo, guns, grenades, anything we can scrounge. Oh, I'm gonna need more cigars.

MAX (smiling): Hey, there are only so many hours in the night.

(They enter the building that has living quarters, computers, and TVs. Dix and Mule 2--from the last episode, who resembles the transgenic, Mule, that White released to be beaten by the sector cops--watch the news on TV.)

MAX: Evening, gents.

MULE 2: Hey, Max.

DIX: Hey, Max.

(On TV, a reporter is interviewing some guys on the street.)

REPORTER: Some people are calling you vigilantes. How would you answer that?

FIRST GUY: Nah, we're just concerned citizens, that's all. Kinda like, uh, a neighborhood watch group. Look, we just want our streets safe from these mutant freaks. You know what I'm saying? I mean, what are we supposed to do--wait until they break into our houses and take our daughters?

MOLE: You believe this pudknocker?

FIRST GUY: I mean, they need to go back wherever the hell they came from and stay out of our neighborhood.

SECOND GUY: Yeah, get out of town, you egg-sucking freaks!

FIRST GUY: Yeah, you're right on, Charlie.

DIX: Well? You heard him, boys. Looks like it's back to Manticore.

(Mule 2 laughs. Max walks over to Joshua, who is painting a flag. It has a black stripe on the bottom, a red stripe in the middle, and a white stripe on top. In the middle of the black stripe, there is a barcode. In the middle of the flag, Joshua has painted a white dove, wings spread.)

MAX: Hey, Joshua.

JOSHUA: Hey.

MAX: Whatcha doin'?

JOSHUA: It's a flag. It's our flag.

MULE 2: Yeah, 'cause we're gonna need a flag when our transhuman drill team is marching down Fifth Avenue in the St. Paddy's Day Parade.

DIX: Let's not forget halftime at those Seahawks games.

MAX: Hey, cut it out.

(Joshua explains the flag. He begins by pointing to the barcode.)

JOSHUA: This is you, me, even them. It's all of us. (Points to the black stripe) This is where we came from--where they tried to keep us.

MAX: In the dark.

JOSHUA: Secret. (Points to the red stripe) This is where we are now, because our blood is being spilled. (Points to the white stripe) This is where we want to go.

MAX: Into the light.

JOSHUA: Right.

---

(At the train station, White talks to the older priestess on his cell phone.)

WHITE: You understand that bringing in this team now could compromise my cover at the Agency?

PRIESTESS: Your Agency position has served us well, Ames, but the Conclave feels that--

WHITE: With all due respect to the Conclave, bringing in outside muscle is not the solution to this problem.

PRIESTESS: Hardly outside muscle. The Phalanx are the best we have--the elite of our warrior breeding line, the tip of the spear. They come by direct order of the Conclave, so discussion is pointless.

WHITE: I bow to the wisdom.

(White hangs up. Two women and three men get off a train and approach White.)

WOMAN: Fe'nos tol. I'm Thula, team leader.

WHITE: Fe'nos tol.

THULA: I've heard a lot about you, Brother White. I'm surprised you couldn't handle one girl on your own.

WHITE: Your target's a little more than just a girl.

THULA: You defend your failure by flattering your enemy?

WHITE (handing her a picture of Sam): 452 is a threat to everything we've worked for throughout the generations. Her death is our highest priority.

THULA: Don't worry, Brother. We'll clean your mess up for you.

---

(Opening credits)

(At Jam Pony, a female messenger--apparently an X-series--joins Original Cindy at her locker.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: You seen my girl?

X-MESSENGER: No. Do I need a touch-up?

(She lets Original Cindy check the back of her neck.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: No, you're good.

SKETCHY: Hey, guys, check this out. (Puts on a Jam Pony baseball cap)

ORIGINAL CINDY: It's a hat.

SKETCHY: Yeah, with a fully rotational brim, so you can always represent. (Turns the brim to the side)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Yeah, represent your massive stupidity.

(Original Cindy turns his brim back to the front, and she and the X-messenger walk away.)

SKETCHY: That's one opinion.

(Alec enters Jam Pony, walking with a female messenger.)

ALEC: All right, babe. (In greeting) Sky. Normal, what's the good word, buddy?

NORMAL (singing): For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellooooow...

ALEC: The man's finally lost it.

(Normal stops singing and hands Alec a cake he had been holding behind his back. The cake has one lit candle.)

NORMAL: Many happy returns, there, buddy boy.

ALEC: It's not my birthday.

NORMAL: Yeah, it's right there in black and white on your application form.

ALEC: Oh yeah, yeah. Boy, nothing gets by you, does it, Normal?

NORMAL: Now I made that without eggs and butter, all right? I know you like to look after the ol' physique. Go ahead. Blow it out. (To Original Cindy, while Alec blows out the candle) By the way, if you see your shiftless colleague Max, tell her she's fired.

ORIGINAL CINDY: She's gonna be here like any minute.

NORMAL: Do you think I buy your tissue of lies for like a nanosecond?

ALEC: The man is like a steel trap.

NORMAL: You keep covering up for that reprobate, you're gonna be out of here, miss.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Ya promise?

---

(At Joshua's house, Max sits backward on a chair and removes the top part of her jumpsuit. Logan puts on two layers of latex gloves, the first layer duct-taped to his sleeves.)

LOGAN: Basic CDC procedure.

MAX: Yeah, to protect you against your biohazard girlfriend. (Pauses) I didn't mean that last part.

LOGAN: It's okay.

(Logan brushes her hair aside and unzips the back of her shirt. Slowly he pushes it down over her arms, and moves her bra straps down as well. Her back and shoulders are now bare, and the runes on her back and shoulder blades are completely visible.)

MAX: This is awkward.

LOGAN: For me, too.

(Logan looks at and touches the runes on her back. They are different from the ones White saw, and Max no longer has runes on her chest or on the front of her shoulders.)

MAX: But I figured you should look at these before they faded.

(Logan picks up his camera and starts taking pictures of the runes.)

LOGAN: When did they appear?

MAX: Last night. So, any luck on translating the stuff?

LOGAN: Hold still. I'm making progress, but some of it's still missing.

MAX: Maybe not. (Turns around to look, then realizes she's not holding still) Sorry.

LOGAN: Hmm.

MAX: Hmm, what?

LOGAN: Just hmm.

(Logan puts down the camera and kneels in front of Max to talk to her. She pulls her bra straps and shirt back up.)

LOGAN: If Sandeman put these in your genome from day one, like your barcode, then it's part of a plan.

MAX: Yeah, well, instead of turning my skin into a JumboTron, why didn't he give me something I could use, like X-ray vision or something?

LOGAN: Maybe he did. (Strokes her hand) Maybe it just hasn't shown up yet.

(Max watches his hand for a moment. They look at each other.)

MAX (not moving): I gotta jet.

LOGAN: Yeah.

(After a moment, Max moves her hair aside with both hands.)

MAX: Could you zip me?

(Logan goes around to zip up the back of her shirt.)

MAX: I'm way beyond late, and I still gotta go home and change, so... (Puts on the top part of her jumpsuit and grabs her bag) Thanks for this.

LOGAN: Yeah. I'll give you a call if I, uh, turn up anything on these.

MAX: Okay. (Leaves)

LOGAN: Yeah.

(Logan dips his gloved hands in some bleach. Then he takes them out and looks at them, thinking.)

---

(A male and a female walk down the street. The female, who is pregnant, looks few years older than the male. As they pass some cops, the female puts her hood up.)

MALE: You sure this is the right way?

FEMALE: I think so. (Checks the directions she's holding) Said south on Seventh. I figure we got another half a klick or so.

(She groans a little and stops, wincing in pain.)

MALE: Can you make it?

FEMALE: I'll make it.

(A police hoverdrone passes overhead. They duck into a phone booth, and the female pretends to be making a call. The hoverdrone snaps pictures of them and a nearby building, and then goes away. The two start walking again.)

(A van approaches them. One of the two people inside points, and the van pulls to a stop in front of the male and female. They turn and start to run. The door of the van opens and Joshua waves them back.)

JOSHUA: No no! Hey! Hey! Come back! Hurry!



(They climb in. Mole is the one in the driver's seat.)

JOSHUA: Get in. Get in. (To Mole while closing the door) Go! Go!

(Mole quickly starts driving.)

FEMALE: Hey. I'm Gem, X-5. This is Dalton.

DALTON: X-6.

JOSHUA: Joshua. (Sees her large belly) You're having a baby?

GEM: Yeah.

JOSHUA: When's the baby due?

GEM: Last week. Just been keeping my legs crossed until we reach the Promised Land.

MOLE (looking back at them): Yeah, well, Terminal City ain't exactly the Promised Land, honey, but we got a couple guys with some medical training--

JOSHUA: Watch out!

(Mole looks back at the road, but not quickly enough to avoid slamming into the rear end of a pickup truck that has suddenly backed into the street.)

JOSHUA: Is everyone fine?

DALTON: Yeah, I think so.

GEM: Yeah.

DALTON: You all right?

GEM: Yeah.

MOLE (trying to get the van started again): Bastard son of a bitch backs out without even looking.

JOSHUA: We need to go.

(Joshua has noticed that a crowd is gathering.)

JOSHUA: Uh, we need to go.

MOLE: Yeah, yeah, hang on.

DALTON: It's not starting?

(The driver of the pickup gets out of his truck, holding a tire iron and looking angry. His passenger gets out as well.)

GEM: This is not good. We've got company.

JOSHUA: Uh, we gotta--we gotta blaze. We gotta blaze now!

MOLE: Man up, dog. You're the one who wanted some action.

(The other driver and his passenger approach the van.)

JOSHUA: Uh-oh.

OTHER DRIVER (banging the van with the tire iron): Hey! Punk-ass! Look what you did to my truck!

JOSHUA: Uh-oh.

MOLE: Punk-ass?

JOSHUA: Uh-oh.

(Mole gets out of the van and stands with a shotgun resting on his shoulder.)

MOLE: You mean Mr. Punk-Ass, don't ya?

(The other driver and the other people gathered around get a look at Mole.)

OTHER DRIVER: Damn. It's one of those freaks.

MOLE: Now, that hurts.

(Mole shoots once into the air. The crowd, including the other driver, runs away. Joshua, Gem, and Dalton get out of the van.)

MOLE: I'll say one thing for ordinaries--they know when to run.

JOSHUA: Maybe we should run, too.

MOLE: We don't run, we fall back. Let's go.

(They run in the other direction. Joshua calls Max on a cell phone as they run through a busy marketplace, attracting stares. Max pulls her Ninja to a stop and answers her cell phone.)

MAX: Go for Max.

JOSHUA: Little fella, little fella, everything's gone sideways, it's FUBAR, people screaming, and Gem is trying to keep her legs crossed so the baby won't pop out!

MAX: What? Where are you?

JOSHUA: I'm at uh, South Market--

MAX: You're right around the corner from Jam Pony. Find Alec; he'll get you a car. Okay? Joshua?

JOSHUA: Max? Max? (Checks the phone) Battery died. She said Jam Pony, then battery died.

MOLE: Which way? Come on!

JOSHUA (taking Gem's hand and leading the way): Come! Come!

MOLE: Go! Go! Go!

(They run down the street, pushing people aside.)

MOLE: Out of the way! Out of the way!

PASSERBY: Whoa!

SECOND PASSERBY: Freaks!

THIRD PASSERBY: Look at that!

(A cop notices them and speaks into his radio.)

COP: ...suspects in sight.

(They turn around and run a different way. )

COP: I'm in pursuit!

(Some other cops join him in the chase. The group arrives outside Jam Pony. All of them, except for Dalton, have their hoods up. Alec rides his bike out of the building and is surprised to see them.)

JOSHUA: Alec! I'm so glad to see you.

ALEC: Uh-huh.

JOSHUA: This is Gem. She's having a baby.

ALEC: Oh, so naturally you thought of stopping by Jam Pony in broad daylight.

JOSHUA: Max said to come see you, and to get a car, and head back--

(Alec sees police cars arriving behind them.)

ALEC: Don't turn around. Don't turn around. Keep walking. Keep walking.

(They walk away as police get out of their cars and take aim.)

COP: You, in the hood! Drop your weapon!

(Another police car cuts the group off from the other side.)

COP: Drop the weapon now! Put your hands on your head!

SECOND COP: Don't move!

ALEC: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa! Whoa!

(Mole shoots once into the air, grabs Alec, and points the shotgun at him as if he were a hostage.)

MOLE: Get back! Or he's dead!

(Joshua grabs Gem and aims a revolver at the police. Gem pulls his hand down so that the gun is pointed at her.)

MOLE: I said, stay back or he's dead! (To Alec) Play along.

ALEC: Yeah, no problem.

(Mole pulls him into Jam Pony. Joshua, Gem, and Dalton follow.)

ALEC: Oh, this should be interesting.

(Normal and the messengers watch the five of them enter. Mole is still holding Alec at gunpoint.)

NORMAL: Jumpin' George Dubya.

ALEC (quietly, to Mole): Don't blow my cover.

ORIGINAL CINDY: This cannot be good.

MOLE (to Alec): Got a back door?

ALEC: Yeah.

MOLE: All right, nobody move!

(Joshua closes the front door. The five of them walk through as everybody stares, dumbfounded. Both Mole and Joshua pass very close to Normal on the way. Joshua and Original Cindy exchange a glance as he passes. The group reaches the back door and Normal heads for his office.)

NORMAL: They've got my boy.

(Alec opens the back door and Mole follows him out. Police cars are parked outside and cops are taking aim.)

ALEC: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, go back!

COP: Freeze!

(Before Joshua and the others get outside, Mole and Alec turn around and head back for the door.)

COP: I said freeze!

(The cops start firing. One bullet hits Alec in the left arm.)

MOLE: Get back!

(They run back inside and close the door.)

NORMAL: Hold it right there, freak show!

(They stop in their tracks as Normal points a gun at Mole and Joshua.)

NORMAL: You're bleeding.

ALEC: Yeah, bullets will do that to you.

(Sirens sound outside as more police cars arrive.)

NORMAL: Okay, you're safe now.

ALEC (sighing): No...

(Alec rushes over, twists Normal's arm over his head, and wrenches the gun away from him. Mole points his shotgun at Normal.)

ALEC: ...I'm safe now.

(Alec gestures to Mole, who nods and lowers the shotgun. Normal holds his arm and stares at Alec in shock. One of the messengers runs toward the door.)

ALEC: No one leaves!

(The X-series messenger, who had been standing nearby, knocks the fleeing messenger down.)

X-MESSENGER: Nobody move!

SKETCHY (to Original Cindy): Cece's one of them, too? Cool!

ALEC: Cece, call base. Tell 'em we're in trouble. Joshua, take the front. Mole, you got the back?

MOLE (watching out the back window): Got it.

ALEC: Kid, what's your name?

DALTON: Dalton.

ALEC: All right, Dalton, why don't you head upstairs and keep an eye on the street for me?

NORMAL: My golden boy's a mutant.

ALEC: We prefer "genetically empowered."

NORMAL: Take me, Jesus.

MOLE: Careful what you wish for.

---

(Outside, police cars are surrounding the building and lots of cops are taking aim at it. A police hoverdrone passes overhead. Dalton runs upstairs and looks out the window.)

COP ON BULLHORN: You in the building! This is the Seattle Police Department. The building is completely surrounded. Throw your weapons out and come out with your hands visible, and you will be treated fairly under the law.

(Max arrives on the rooftop of the building across the street from Jam Pony.)

COP ON BULLHORN: Throw your weapons out, and come out with your hands on top of your head.

(A hoverdrone passes in front of Max. She jumps on top of it and balances her weight to steer it across the street. She breaks through the window of Jam Pony, surfing on the hoverdrone as it slides to a stop on the floor in front of everybody.)

MAX: Hey. Who ordered a pizza?

---

(Later, Mole watches from Jam Pony's upstairs window as more and more police arrive outside. Cece comes upstairs.)

CECE: My watch.

MOLE: It's all yours.

(Downstairs, the messengers are sitting around, nervously watching the goings-on. Dalton dresses Alec's wound.)

MAX: What's that?

ALEC: It's a hole in my body made by a bullet.

MAX: Been there, done that. Check the news.

(Original Cindy is sitting with Gem, who is sitting on a couch and breathing a bit heavily.)

MAX: Hey. How's Gem?

ORIGINAL CINDY: This girl is having a baby.

GEM: I can still move, if you need to displace.

MOLE: Turning into a damn pig farm out there. (Sky walks by and Mole stops him) Who said you could get up?

SKY (clearly intimidated): Uh...bathroom.

(Sketchy pulls out his camera and snaps a picture. Mole quickly turns around and points the shotgun at him.)

MAX: Hey!

(Max pushes the gun down and snatches the camera away.)

MAX: No more pictures. (To Mole and Sky) Go.

SKY: Uh...

MAX (to Sky): Go!

(Sky runs to the bathroom.)

MOLE: Who put you in charge?

MAX: These people are not the enemy.

MOLE: Don't be so sure.

(At Mole's comment, Max looks around at all the messengers, who are watching her.)

NORMAL: I always knew you were a wrong number. You never had me fooled for a second there, miss.

SKETCHY: Yeah, whatever. Transgenic Central, right here under your nose.

NORMAL: Shut up.

(Max looks at the messengers again.)

MAX: All right, people, listen up. I know things are really tense right now--

MESSENGER: Gee, I wonder why.

MAX: But if you'll just sit tight and be patient, me and mine will get out of here before you know it.

NORMAL (standing up): Well, I got a hot flash for you, girlfriend. Me and mine are gonna get out of here right now. Let's go, people! Bip bip bip!

(The messengers start standing up.)

ALEC: Hang on. Sit down.

NORMAL (to Mole): Go on, take your best shot, frog boy!

ORIGINAL CINDY: Nobody's shootin' at anybody. Now sit your raggedy ass down.

NORMAL: Oh, I see. Not only are you one of Sappho's daughters, you're one of them, too.

ORIGINAL CINDY: No. What I am is a friend to Max, and Alec, and Cece, and the rest of 'em. We walk outta here now, and they're toast.

NORMAL: Well, I don't have a problem with that.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Well, I do. And I'm guessing so does anyone else here who's down with my girl. So how 'bout we just take a minute and figure this bitch out, so that nobody else gets hurt. Aiight?

---

(At Joshua's house, Logan is working on something, half-listening to the news on TV.)

ANCHORWOMAN: It's been less than an hour since an unknown number of armed transgenics and transhumans barricaded themselves inside this building--the offices of the

Jam Pony messenger service--but already angry crowds have gathered, shouting anti-transgenic slogans.

(At the mention of Jam Pony, Logan looks up. The TV shows footage of Max riding the hoverdrone.)

ANCHORWOMAN: Just moments ago, an unknown woman apparently commandeered a hoverdrone. She somehow rode it over the police cordon and into the building in which the suspects are barricaded. Police believe that the woman is also a transgenic, apparently come to the aid of the suspects inside.

(Logan grabs his gun out of the desk drawer and walks toward the door. He stops, looks at the exoskeleton standing in the corner, and puts it on.)

---

(Inside a building, the Phalanx are working out and preparing weapons. Thula's cell phone rings. White is calling her from the street outside Jam Pony, where a huge crowd is making lots of noise against the transgenics. Many are holding up signs.)

THULA (into phone): Yeah.

WHITE: Good news. We found our target.

THULA: Excellent.

WHITE: The bad news is she's sitting smack in the middle of Seattle P.D., sector cops, my agency people, and every news crew in the city.

THULA: This complicates things.

WHITE: I think we can get her right under their noses. I need a little bit of time to heat things up. Be ready.

THULA: Always.

(Thula hangs up and fires at a paper target with Sam's picture pasted on it.)

---

(Outside Jam Pony, some people in the crowd are holding up signs with slogans including the following:

OUR KIDS ARE NOT SAFE  
STAY OUT OF OUR NEIGHBORHOOD, FREAKS  
MAKE OUR STREETS MUTANT FREE  
KILL THE FREAKS

Some of the police are keeping the crowd under control.)

CROWD MEMBER: Get the mutant freaks out of our city!

COP: Stay behind the barricades!

(A police detective wearing a suit and a bulletproof vest, who is apparently in charge of the situation, is walking around giving orders to some of the cops.)



POLICE DETECTIVE: Where the hell is my phone? A secure line should have been in here ten minutes ago. And get that damn news team behind that barricade! Next camera I see in the street, the guy carrying it goes for a ride.

(White and Otto approach him, flashing their badges.)

WHITE: Special Agent in Charge Ames White.

POLICE DETECTIVE: Nice badge. Picture looks just like you.

WHITE: Appreciate you securing the area, Detective. We'll take it from here.

POLICE DETECTIVE (sarcastically): I'm so pleased. Now I won't have to miss my little boy's recital this afternoon. (To a cop) Get this idiot out of here.

(Another officer moves to make White leave, and Otto steps between them)

WHITE: You're out of your league, Detective. Please ask your men to stand down.

POLICE DETECTIVE: Not until all those hostages are out of there in one piece. (To someone else) Where's my freakin' phone?

WHITE: You're not dealing with a bunch of thugged-out punks who boost TVs for a living. They're highly-trained, genetically-engineered killing machines.

POLICE DETECTIVE: As far as I know, no one's dead yet, and I intend to keep it that way. So I need you and I need your lady friend to situate yourselves behind that barricade so I can do my job.

WHITE: You forcing me to go over your head?

POLICE DETECTIVE: Do what you gotta do, Special Agent in Charge White. Just do it someplace else! (White opens his cell phone and walks away) Where the hell is my phone, damn it?

---

(Inside Jam Pony, everybody is watching the news on TV. Reporters are interviewing people on the street.)

FIRST GUY: The economy's bad enough; you want 'em taking your job? You want 'em living next door, spittin' out their mutant, half-breed kids?

(The second guy they interview is the driver of the truck that got smashed by the van earlier.)

OTHER DRIVER: These mutant freaks are an affront to nature. They don't deserve to live.

(At that comment, one of the messengers glances behind her at Max and Joshua. Joshua is standing with his arms around Max.)

OTHER DRIVER: Where's the accountability? Who's taking care of this? Nobody! These freaks are running rampant. They get to do whatever they want. They got protection or somethin'? These things aren't natural. They shouldn't be alive. They don't deserve to live. They should be lined up with the scientists and shot like the bunch of rabid dogs they are. These freakoids smashed up my truck. That's taking bread out of my mouth. That's screwing up my job, my livelihood. Who's gonna feed my kid? Who's gonna pay my rent?

JOSHUA (during the other driver's rant): Really FUBAR, little fella.

MAX: We just gotta hang tough. It's gonna be okay.

JOSHUA: I don't know. The way upstairs people look at me...I don't know if it'll ever be okay.

FIRST GUY: I say kill the freaks, or send 'em back to whatever cesspool they came from! Yeah!

(The crowd behind the guy cheers. Jam Pony's phone rings and Max goes to answer it.)

NORMAL: If it's a package, get a number.

MAX (into phone): Start talking.

POLICE DETECTIVE: Detective Ramon Clemente of the Seattle P.D. Who is this?

MAX: Let's just keep it simple and you call me 452.

CLEMENTE: Okay...452.

MAX: I want a van parked outside with a full tank of gas.

CLEMENTE: Before you give me your Christmas list, why don't you let those people that you're holding in there come on out?

MAX: Not until I get my transportation and a guaranteed safe passage out of here.

CLEMENTE: I understand you have a wounded man and a pregnant woman in there who I'm sure need medical attention.

MAX: Just the van. We'll take care of our own.

CLEMENTE: If I agree to your terms, when do I get my hostages?

MAX: Half when the van arrives, half when we get to our destination.

CLEMENTE: Which would be where?

MAX: It's not far. They'll be home for dinner. (Hangs up)

MOLE: You're dreaming if you think they're gonna let us just drive off into the sunset. Get it through your head--the only way they want this to end is with us dead.

---

(Later, a reporter is interviewing a woman on the street.)

WOMAN: Oh, there's no point in discussing human rights, since they're not human, so they don't have rights. They don't even have souls. And it's worse than that, because animals don't have souls, but they were meant to be here. These things were never even intended by God to exist. They are an insult to everything in His creation.

(The people inside Jam Pony are waiting around. Most are no longer paying attention to the TV interview. Sketchy stands up and cautiously approaches Max.)

SKETCHY: Hey, Max. I was hoping you might possibly be interested in having me interview you about your life as a hot transgenic female on the run in post-Pulse America?

MAX: No!

(Mole gets in Sketchy's face. Sketchy sits back down.)

SKETCHY: Sorry, dude. Whatever.

(Mole walks away. Original Cindy watches him go by.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Please tell me that he is not the baby daddy.

GEM (shaking her head): He was another X-5. We were breeding partners.

ORIGINAL CINDY: That sounds real romantic.

GEM: It wasn't.

(Clemente calls Jam Pony again and Max answers.)

MAX: What do you got?

CLEMENTE: A headache. And I got the vehicle. Now send out the hostages.

(A bus bearing the words SEATTLE METRO POLICE arrives. Max hangs up the phone.)

MAX: It's on.

(Outside, White sees the bus pull up.)

WHITE (to Otto): Get our people in position.

(NSA snipers stand at the windows of a nearby building and point their guns out small holes in the window panes. Police snipers take aim from the rooftop. Logan arrives on the scene, walking through the crowd and adjusting an earpiece. Alec partly opens the front door of Jam Pony. Everybody inside is gathered around the door, but nobody is visible from the outside. Max peers out and speaks into her cell phone.)

MAX: How's it look?

LOGAN (into the microphone attached to his earpiece): I don't know; it's dicey. We got shooters on the roof and the bus door's on the exposed side.

MAX: Yeah, looks pretty messy.

LOGAN: All right, you're going to have to use the messengers as shields.

MAX (sighing): Okay. (Yelling outside) Clemente! I'm gonna need the snipers on the roof pulled back, or no deal!

CLEMENTE (into radio): Sniper team, pull back. Pull back.

(The police snipers step back from the rooftop edge.)

LOGAN: All right, you're clear.

MAX: Wish me luck. (Hangs up, then yells outside) First group's coming out!

(Alec opens the door the rest of the way. Max talks to some of the messengers.)

MAX: Okay, guys, come on. Keep your arms in the air and go slow, all right? Be careful.

(That group of messengers walks outside with their hands up.)

CLEMENTE: This way. Come this way. Keep your hands in the air. Come towards the barricades. (After those messengers have left) Okay, 452, the keys are in the vehicle. Your ball.

(Max waves the transgenics and the rest of the messengers to the door.)

MAX: Okay, guys. They're not going to shoot at us. We got a kid and a pregnant girl. They don't know which ones are transgenic and which aren't.

MOLE: Yeah, well, a couple of us they got a pretty good idea.

(Mole grabs Normal to use as a shield.)

MAX: Come on.

ORIGINAL CINDY: They saw you, boo--flyin' right over their heads. I got you.

(Original Cindy puts Max's arm around her so it looks like Max is using Original Cindy as a shield.)

MAX: Thanks.

CECE: They don't know about me.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Then help me protect my girl. (Positions Cece in front of Max on the other side)

MAX: All right, let's file in, guys. Come on.

(Joshua uses Sketchy as a shield.)

SKETCHY: This is my cover story, man.

MAX: Let's do this.

(White speaks into a microphone so the NSA snipers can hear him on their earpieces.)

WHITE: Wait for my command.

(Slowly the group walks outside, led by Mole and Normal. As they walk around the front of the bus, headed for its door, Logan notices White and Otto standing in the crowd. He follows their gaze to the building nearby. The police snipers from the roof are still gone, but now Logan sees other guns pointing out the windows.)

WHITE (to the snipers): Take the shot.

(Logan pulls out his gun and shouts a warning to Max.)

LOGAN: Max!

(He uses the exoskeleton to jump onto the roof of a nearby police car.)

MAX (to the others): Go!

(They turn back and start to run for the door of Jam Pony, but one of the snipers gets off a shot. It hits Cece and she goes down.)

MAX: Get back!

(Logan fires several times at the windows as he jumps off the car. Logan, Mole, and Alec exchange gunfire with the snipers as the group runs inside.)

CLEMENTE (into radio): Cease fire! (Shooting continues) Cease fire!

(Max and Mole drag Cece inside.)

MAX (to the group): Move! Move! Move! Move!

(Once everybody else is inside, Logan runs in and Joshua closes the door behind them all.)

MAX: Fall back! Cover the door! Anyone else hit?

OTHERS: No.

(Max and Logan check Cece over. He shakes his head; she is dead.)

MOLE (to the messengers): All right, get down. I want everybody on the floor, now. Get down. Stay there. Stay down.

ORIGINAL CINDY: They killed her.

MAX: Go take care of Gem.

(Original Cindy sits with Gem, whose labor has grown more intense.)

JOSHUA: Why did they do this? We did everything they wanted.

MOLE (pointing at Max): This is on you. I told you not to trust the cops.

LOGAN: It wasn't the cops. It was White.

(The others look surprised.)

JOSHUA: White is out there?

LOGAN: Yeah, White's guys did this. They killed Cece.

(Joshua growls.)

MAX: They screwed this whole thing up on purpose to escalate the situation.

ALEC: Yeah, well, it worked.

MOLE: What difference does it make who fired? They all want to see us dead!

LOGAN: Everybody needs to calm down.

MOLE: I'm not gonna wait around for them to try again. (Grabs Sketchy)

SKETCHY: Whoa!

MAX: What are you doing?

MOLE: Until we get safe passage, we kill one hostage every hour, starting now.

LOGAN: Let him go!

MOLE: I don't take orders from your kind.

MAX: No, but you take orders from me. Now let him go.

MOLE: No! We gotta show them we mean business, or we're dead!

LOGAN (sarcastically): That's a good idea. Start shooting people, 'cause that's what White wants, and then you can prove you're the monster people think you are.

MOLE: Shut up! You're not one of us!

LOGAN: No, I'm not. But I'm standing right here with you, aren't I?

MAX: All right, people, listen up! If we don't stick together, we don't get out of here alive. (To Mole) You understand that?

MOLE: Okay. (Releases Sketchy) Okay. But if they come near the building, I start taking them out. Come on, Joshua.

(Mole walks away. Joshua looks at Max.)

MAX: Joshua...

(Joshua follows Mole.)

MAX: Joshua!

SKETCHY: Thanks, guys. That was close.

---

(Outside, White and Otto approach Clemente again.)

CLEMENTE (angrily): You fed son of a bitch! You get off my scene right now, or I swear I will kick you to the curb myself.

WHITE: Seems your snipers got a little carried away.

CLEMENTE: Those were your men back there, and we both know it.

WHITE: Is that what we know? See, I don't know that at all, but what I do know is that this was just faxed in from the governor's office. (Hands him a piece of paper)

CLEMENTE: So you got friends in high places. I'm supposed to be impressed?

WHITE: I draw your attention to the part where I'm given overriding jurisdiction. You screwed up, Lieutenant.

CLEMENTE: Yeah, when I voted for this nimrod. (Crumples the paper)

WHITE: Now my tactical team is going to go in and we're going to get this thing done, and you are going to stay out of my way. But thanks for coming out. (He and Otto walk away)

CLEMENTE: Damn it.

---

(At Jam Pony, Logan lays Cece's body on Normal's desk. Max covers the body, looking pensive.)

LOGAN: Wasn't your fault.

MAX: This is all my fault. I let these people loose in the world. But there's no place for us out here. There's no place anywhere.

LOGAN: You gave them freedom, Max. The thing about freedom...it's never free.

---

(Later, after dark, Gem is in heavy labor, breathing hard and moaning.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Push. Push. That's it, girl. (Gem pushes) Yes. Push! Push.

(Normal shakes his head and joins them.)

NORMAL: No. Wrong. Ca-ca. Don't you know anything about birthing babies? Pushing is exactly what she should not be doing right now. (To Gem, gently) Listen, I want you to breathe and relax, okay? All right, now breathe...and relax. Breathe and relax. All right, that's it. That's it.

(He looks under her skirt.)

NORMAL: Okay. Okay, you're fully dilated. You're in a late second stage. It's not going to be long now. I want you to breathe from your diaphragm, okay?

ORIGINAL CINDY: And you know this how?

NORMAL: Dad was a dairy farmer. I know my way around the inside of a heifer better than you do. (Gem pushes him) Okay. All right.

GEM (to Max): I need a weapon.

MAX: You're out of this fight, soldier.

GEM: Me and my baby are getting out of here alive.

MAX: You get that baby into this world. We got your back. Okay? (Gem nods)

NORMAL: Just breathe, honey.

---

(A reporter interviews another guy on the street.)

THIRD GUY: I say we kill 'em like cockroaches. Burn 'em out, before they spread...before they breed.

(Outside, a van pulls up. The Phalanx get out, dressed in black combat gear, and approach White.)

WHITE (into radio): Clemente, this is White. I'm inserting my team now. Remember, zero interference.

CLEMENTE (into radio): It's your world.

OTTO: What is this? Who are these people?

WHITE: They're on loan from another agency.

OTTO: What agency? I don't understand what's going on here, sir.

WHITE: Let's keep it that way. You're not cleared for this op. Now move the men back and secure the perimeter. (Otto hesitates) Walk away. Do it now.

(Otto walks away. White speaks to Thula.)

WHITE: Look at them. (Indicates the crowd) When we carry her out in a body bag, they'll be clapping and cheering. They'll never know that she was their only hope.

---

(Inside Jam Pony)

MAX: It's me White wants. I'm going out there.

LOGAN: No way.

MAX: He wants this thing to end as badly as possible, and I'm not gonna let that happen.

LOGAN: Max, you're not going out there.

MAX: I have to.

LOGAN: Max, listen to me. After you left, I translated the new runes on your skin. (Shows her a piece of paper)

JOSHUA: Is that the message from Father?

LOGAN: That's right. I think it's complete now. The symbols have multiple meanings, but the gist is something like, "When the shroud of death covers the face of the earth, the one whose power is hidden will deliver the helpless."



MAX: What's that supposed to mean?

LOGAN: It means something really, really bad--like maybe biblically bad--is going to happen.

ORIGINAL CINDY: And you're the one who's gonna stop it.

MOLE: Look. If all of this is about White getting Max--I mean, specifically Max--then I think she should go out there.

LOGAN: Forget it.

MOLE: No, she makes a break for it, lets him see her. She's fast; she has a chance at making it.

LOGAN: Nope.

MOLE: Then he'll leave us alone because he knows she's gone.

LOGAN: No. No. Out of the question, Mole!

MOLE: Wake up, chimp! We're out of options here!

LOGAN: No, you wake up. If she is the key to saving millions of people from some kind of apocalypse...

MOLE: Your people or my people?

LOGAN: People! Human beings, like you and me!

(While Logan and Mole argue, Max tunes out. She turns away from them and stares into space for a minute. Suddenly she turns back around and snaps into urgency.)

MAX: They're coming. They're coming. Carry Gem. Come on, let's go!

MOLE: I don't hear anything.

MAX: Shh! Joshua, you carry Gem.

ALEC: Max, we're clear.

MAX: Don't argue with me. Dalton, let's go. Come on. I need everybody upstairs right now. Let's go. Follow me.

JOSHUA (picking up Gem): Hang on.

MAX: Come on.

---

(Outside, White and the Phalanx walk toward the building.)

WHITE: Remember, our primary target is 452.

THULA: What about the hostages?

WHITE: Let's show the viewers at home what the mutant menace does to innocent people. Take out the hostages, the freaks, the kid...take out anything with a pulse.

(Thula nods. She and three other Phalanx begin climbing the outer wall of the building.)

---

(Inside, most of the group arrives on the upper level. It is divided by glass partitions, and is empty except for a couple of desks, a file cabinet, some shelves, some mannequins, and general debris. Alec and Mole stay downstairs)

MAX: Come on, guys, file in. Stay low. All the way to the back. (To Sketchy) Hey, Sketchy--keep 'em quiet, and keep 'em down. (To Original Cindy, Dalton, and Normal) Take cover behind the desk. Behind the desk. Come on! Hurry up! (To Joshua, who is still carrying Gem) Keep her behind the desk.

(Downstairs)

ALEC: Mole!

MOLE: Go! Go! Go!

(Jam Pony's front door explodes open. Mole and Alec head upstairs. White and one of the Phalanx enter the building, guns drawn. Mole and Alec arrive upstairs; Alec closes and locks the door.)

MAX: Take cover.

(The messengers are hidden in the back; the others duck behind columns and the file cabinet. Logan has his gun ready. Alec and Mole discover that they are out of ammunition and turn their guns around for use as blunt objects.)

MAX: Wait for my signal. We hit hard, we hit fast, and we don't back off. This is for all the marbles, people.

(Somewhere a window breaks, and four of the Phalanx enter from the ceiling. They walk around, guns drawn, searching. Gem is unable to keep from grunting and moaning. Normal tries to shush her. Original Cindy puts a rag in Gem's mouth for her to bite on and to muffle the noise. Max silently signals to Logan, Joshua, Mole, and Alec. Each gives a thumbs-up in response. One of the Phalanx opens the door and lets the other Phalanx and White in, and all six continue to search. Gem's breathing and grunts grow a little louder.)

NORMAL (whispering): Shhh. Wait. Wait.

(The Phalanx hear Gem's muffled moans and slowly head toward the desk, which is behind a glass partition. Mole, Max, and Alec--who have hidden on the ceiling--drop down, and each begins fighting one of the Phalanx. The fourth Phalanx is taken by surprise by Joshua, growling and snarling, and they begin to fight. The fifth Phalanx is standing near the glass partition behind which Logan is hiding. Logan stands up and fires at him through the glass. The Phalanx falls to the ground. Logan discovers he has just run out of ammunition and starts to reload. Mole defeats his Phalanx and fires at White. White ducks, and while Mole continues to shoot, a Phalanx grabs him from behind and shoves him into a shelf. Alec's Phalanx shoves him through a glass partition. Joshua bashes his Phalanx's head into a wall and a column, and then throws him across the room. Alec and his Phalanx continue fighting. Max's Phalanx loses her helmet. It is Thula. She and Max circle each other, and Max kicks Thula's gun away.)

THULA: 452.

MAX: Just bring it.

(Max and Thula begin to fight. After Mole knocks out his Phalanx, he and White begin to fight. Max lands several blows on Thula. Thula kicks Max to the floor and then throws her through a glass partition. Thula jumps from a desk and wraps her legs around Max's neck, and they both fall to the ground. While Logan is reloading, the Phalanx he fired at rises from the ground and pulls him through the glass partition. Joshua knocks out his Phalanx and goes to help Mole. Logan's Phalanx punches him and throws him through the glass again. Thula shoves Max headfirst through a glass partition. Logan's Phalanx punches him several times. Joshua stops the Phalanx and hurls him across the room. Thula swings a chair at Max. Max ducks, and the chair breaks a partition, shattering glass over Gem and the others hiding behind the desk. White kicks Mole.)

NORMAL: Okay, it's time to push now. Come on. Push push push push push, with all your might, all your might, all your might...

(Max and Thula continue to fight.)

NORMAL: All right, it's coming. It's coming.

(Thula backflips onto Max and knocks her down. White knocks Mole down with a large, metal milk can and begins kicking him. Joshua grabs White from behind and shoves him up against a wall. Joshua is about to strike White, but stops when he recognizes him and realizes he is facing Annie's killer. He roars with rage, bashes White against the wall, and slams him into a shelf. Alec's Phalanx swings a mannequin at him. He ducks and they continue to fight, slamming through a glass partition in the process.)

NORMAL: Okay, the baby's coming out. I can see the head. Now you really gotta bear down, now. Really bear down. Time to push now.

(Max and Thula keep fighting. Alec's Phalanx kicks him in the head, and he falls to the ground. As she is about to hit him with a mannequin leg, Logan comes over and kicks her hard. Thanks to the exoskeleton, she goes flying across the room, landing next to Gem.)

NORMAL: Bear down hard, now, honey. Bear down hard. (Gem punches out the Phalanx) That's it. Good.

(Joshua breaks a desk over White. Original Cindy and Dalton sit on the Phalanx while they handcuff her.)

NORMAL: Go! Push push push push push push push push!

(The baby cries. Thula leans over Max, punching her repeatedly. Max sneaks some handcuffs out of Thula's pocket and gets a cuff around one of Thula's wrists. Thula stands up, pulling Max with her, and starts to choke her. Max uses a column to flip over so that she is out of the choke hold and standing behind Thula. She swings Thula by one arm so that Thula ends up wrapped around the column and then handcuffs her other wrist. Thula is now standing with her arms around the column, wrists cuffed together. She struggles, and tries to kick at Max, but doesn't succeed. Joshua, snarling, throws White through a thin wall, then picks him up and throws him again. Logan grabs a gun that was left on the ground by one of the Phalanx and helps Alec up.)

LOGAN: You all right?

ALEC: Yeah.

NORMAL (to Gem): One more big push. You gotta really crank down. Really crank down, okay?

(Except for Thula, who is still cuffed to the post, the Phalanx are now all lying on the ground. Some are unconscious. Logan, Alec, and Mole disarm them and check to make sure the fight is over.)

LOGAN (to a conscious Phalanx): Stay down!

ALEC: Max! Clear!

MOLE: Clear!

(Joshua, still snarling, bends White backwards over his knee. We can hear White's back cracking.)

MAX: Joshua, no. Joshua, no!

(Max runs over and tries to restrain Joshua.)

MAX: Joshua, no!

JOSHUA: He deserves to die! He killed Annie!

MAX: No. He deserves to die, a lot. But if you kill him now, the only thing people will remember about today is how some transgenic killed a human being in cold blood...and then they'll never stop hunting us.

(Joshua takes a moment to consider this, and then drops White to the ground. He plants his foot on White's chest to restrain him, and Max leans in close to speak to White.)

MAX: Bring around your muscle queens anytime. I'll be happy to kick their ass.

WHITE: We are not finished.

MAX: Fe'nos tol, bitch.

(Max flicks him on the nose and goes over to join Gem and the others. Normal is handing the baby to Gem.)

NORMAL: There you go. Oh, what a dear little sweet soul.

(Gem checks the back of the baby's neck and smiles in relief.)

GEM: No barcode. She doesn't have one.

MAX: Then she's free.

MOLE: Not yet, she ain't.

---

(Later, Logan is dressed as one of the Phalanx. He pokes his head out the front door and shouts to the police outside.)

LOGAN: Weapons down! Hold your fire! Team coming out! (Opens the door all the way and walks out.) Let's go. Federal agents! Step back!

(Alec, Sketchy, and Original Cindy are also dressed as Phalanx. Original Cindy escorts Gem, Dalton, and the baby. Alec and Sketchy escort Max, Joshua, and Mole--all handcuffed--at gunpoint. Logan parts the crowd of police as the group walks toward the Phalanx van and an ambulance parked nearby.)

LOGAN: I need you back. Move! Move! We may have a biohazard here, people. Make a hole. Make a hole. Move! Move! Let's go. (To Clemente) Agent White wants your people in there to secure the crime scene ASAP. Let's go! Let's go! Let's go, let's go!

(Max, Joshua, and Mole are led into the back of the van. Dalton, Gem, and the baby are led into the back of the ambulance.)

LOGAN: We're going to need to commandeer this ambulance. (To Clemente) Agent White is not a man who likes to be kept waiting, Detective.

(Original Cindy climbs in the back of the ambulance and shuts the door. Alec does the same in the van. Sketchy approaches the driver of the ambulance.)

SKETCHY: All right, we'll take over from here--unless you want be stuck in a six-hour decontamination hose-down.

(The driver backs off, and Sketchy gets in the ambulance driver's seat. Max, Joshua, and Mole remove their handcuffs as Logan gets in the van driver's seat. Logan yells at the police to get the crowd of angry onlookers out of the way.)

LOGAN: Clear the barricades. Clear the barricades. (Starts the van) Clear the barricades! Clear 'em! Let's go!

MAX: Nice and easy.

(The crowd moves aside as the van and ambulance slowly start driving.)

LOGAN: Let's move it! Move! Move! Let's go! Let's move it! Move, move, move, move! Get out of the way!

SKETCHY: All right, where are we going?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Just drive.

SKETCHY: Can I turn on the siren?

ORIGINAL CINDY: Just drive, fool!

CLEMENTE (heading for the building): All right, let's get in there.

(After a minute, the van and the ambulance get away from the crowd and drive down an empty street.)

MAX: We're clear.

(Everybody cheers.)

MOLE: Yeah, baby. That's what I'm talkin' about.

ALEC (removing his helmet): It's all good.

(Sketchy and Original Cindy hear Max's words via the radios in their helmets.)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Yeah!

SKETCHY: All right! We rock!

(They remove their helmets in excitement.)

LOGAN (to Alec): Just for the record, that chick was kicking your ass.

ALEC: I had it. I was just settin' her up.

MAX (to Logan): All right. Head for Terminal City.

---

(Clemente and his men enter Jam Pony, guns drawn. They see Normal and the remaining messengers sitting on a bench, waiting.)

CLEMENTE: Anyone hurt?

MESSENGER: No, we're okay. But you better go look upstairs.

(Upstairs, Clemente and his men find White and the Phalanx tied to a column with packing tape. Their mouths are taped as well, and they are wearing only their underwear.)

CLEMENTE (laughing): Special Agent in Charge White.

(White tries to yell at Clemente, but his words are muffled and unintelligible, thanks to the tape. Clemente pretends to understand him.)

CLEMENTE: What? The transgenics taped you up and took your uniform?

(White tries to say something that sounds like "Let me go!")

CLEMENTE: No way.

(White tries to say something.)

CLEMENTE: And you want me to go after them? That's a good idea. (To his men) Let's go.

(White keeps trying to yell at Clemente as he walks away.)

---

(In police cars, Clemente and the rest of the police chase Max and the others, sirens blaring.)

LOGAN: We got company.

CLEMENTE (over his bullhorn): Stop your vehicles now, or you will be fired upon. Pull over now, or we will use deadly force to stop you.

MAX: Don't stop. Keep moving.

SKETCHY: Uh-oh, what should I do?

GEM: Keep driving.

ORIGINAL CINDY: Just follow Max. She's gotta know what she's doing.

SKETCHY: Okay.

(They approach Terminal City. Its gates are closed and locked.)

MAX: Go straight through the gates.

LOGAN: Hold on.

(The van breaks through the gates, followed by the ambulance and the police cars.)

MAX: You're gonna make a right, a left, then straight up the ramp.

(They enter the parking garage.)

MAX: Straight through the building.

(They reach the other side of the garage and come to a stop.)

LOGAN: End of the line.

(The police pull up, get out of their cars and draw their guns. Clemente speaks over the bullhorn.)

CLEMENTE: Throw your weapons out and let me see your hands.

MOLE (to Max): So what's your plan now?

JOSHUA: Max?

CLEMENTE: Throw your weapons out now!

MAX (after a pause): You heard the man.

(The others groan and sigh in defeat.)

MOLE: Well, this sucks.

ALEC: I fought the law, and the law won.

CLEMENTE: Throw your weapons out and put your hands where I can see them. Throw them out. Do it!

(The van and ambulance doors open and the people inside throw their guns out. Then they slowly step out, their hands in the air, while Clemente keeps yelling.)

CLEMENTE: Step away from the vehicle, and keep those hands up. Do it! Put your hands up. Keep them up! Keep those hands up. Step out of the vehicle and keep those hands up. Get down on your knees and put your hands on your head.

(Everybody complies except Max.)

CLEMENTE: Get down on your knees now. Do it!

(Max puts her hands down and slowly steps forward. Clemente lowers the bullhorn.)

CLEMENTE: 452?

MAX: You can call me Max.

CLEMENTE: I think you better get down on the ground.

MAX: Actually, I think you should probably go.

CLEMENTE: I'm not gonna tell you again.

MAX: I'm not gonna tell you again.

(He hears guns cocking in the background, and one by one, Terminal City's many other transgenics appear and take aim. The police are vastly outnumbered.)

MAX: You can try to arrest us all, but you guys might want to call it a night and go have a beer.

CLEMENTE (to the police): All right. All right, everybody, let's back it up. Let's back it up! Outside the fence! Back it up! Come on, let's move!

(Every police car except Clemente's leaves.)

CLEMENTE: You kept today from turning into a bloodbath, and I respect that.

MAX: You held up your end, too.

CLEMENTE: But you haven't won anything. This is gonna get real ugly, and this is way over my head now. These people's lives depend on the decisions that you make right now. I pray you make the right ones...Max.

(Clemente leaves.)

MOLE: Escape and evade. We divide up into teams, pick an azimuth, and go to ground.

MAX: No, we stay here.

MOLE: In a couple of hours, that perimeter will be completely locked down. Tanks, National Guard, every cop within a hundred miles.

DIX: We'll be digging our own grave, Max.

MULE 2: Mole's right. If we move now, they'll never be able to catch us all.

MAX: Where are we gonna go? I can't stop anyone from leaving, but I'm through running and hiding and being afraid. I'm not gonna live my life like that anymore. Aren't you tired of living in darkness? Don't you want to feel the sun on your face? To have a place of your own where you can walk down the street without being afraid? They made us, and they trained us to be soldiers, to defend this country. It's time for them to face us and take responsibility, instead of



trying to sweep us away like garbage. We were made in America and we're not going anywhere. So they call us freaks; who cares? Today I'm proud to be a freak. And today we're gonna make a stand, right here. Who's with me?

(Max raises her fist into the air. After a moment, Joshua does the same, followed by Logan and Alec. One by one, the others join in. Mole looks around.)

MOLE: What the hell. (Raises his fist)

ORIGINAL CINDY: Right on.

---

(The next day, a TV reporter interviews Normal, who is sweeping the sidewalk in front of Jam Pony.)

REPORTER: Tell us about your captors. What are these creatures like? Is it true you delivered a transgenic baby?

NORMAL: Yes, I did indeed. And a beautiful, bouncing baby girl she is.

REPORTER: So you're saying they're not all monsters, then?

NORMAL: Monsters? No. No more than you and me. (To a messenger) Hey! Let's go, there, Sparky. Not a country club. Bip bip bip! Move!

---

(Days later)

REPORTER: As dawn breaks on this, the third day of the siege at Terminal City, the situation is tense but unchanged. While several hundred transgenics remain barricaded inside the restricted area, police and National Guard stand an uneasy watch at the perimeter--each side seemingly waiting to see what the other will do next.

(On a rooftop inside Terminal City, a group watches as Joshua and a few other transgenics raise the flag he painted. Max and Logan, both wearing gloves, are holding hands.)

LOGAN (to Max): Now look what you've done.

(They give each other's hands a squeeze. Fade out as the flag flaps in the wind.)