

2nd revised network draft
1-8-2010

NIKITA

Written By
Craig Silverstein

1/07/2010

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON SOMEONE IN A BUNNY RABBIT MASK - DAY

Staring directly at us, breathing hard, inhale and exhale echoing inside the plastic like a drum kick.
In-OUT. In-OUT. In-OUT.

A shotgun is racked and BUNNY turns to see her partner in a CHIPMUNK mask free an Ithaca-37 pump-action from a heavy overcoat and nod - go time. Bunny pulls a Glock.

Bunny's breathing now matched by a BEAT on the soundtrack as they wait by the service door on the loading dock of a giant PHARMACEUTICAL SUPPLY DEPOT. Bitter cold outside.

Title: Detroit, Michigan -- Alex

The service door opens. A WORKER exits. They grab him.

CUT TO:

INT. PHARMACEUTICAL SUPPLY DEPOT - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Worker hits the floor, cowering next to a SECRETARY, a SUPERVISOR, and finally a FLOOR MANAGER, all prone with hands over heads. An empty pill bottle is dropped in front of Manager. OXYCONTIN. He looks up into a shotgun barrel.

INT. PHARMACEUTICAL SUPPLY DEPOT - WAREHOUSE

Chipmunk escorted down a massive aisle by the Manager. He unlocks a temp-controlled palette filled with Oxycontin.

Chipmunk hands him two garbage bags. Fill 'er up.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE

Bunny watches the hostages, who are terrified... except for the Supervisor - face calm as he spreads his hands, like he's getting ready to do a push-up... then SPRINGS up and into Bunny, smashing her against the wall. He then FLIPS her onto her back, disarming her in the process.

He aims Bunny's gun at Bunny and fires. Click. Click.

BOOM! The office window SHATTERS INWARD and the Supervisor is blown off his feet. Chipmunk steps in, barrel smoking.

Hostages SCREAM. Bunny is stunned, shards of glass twinkle on her coat and sprinkles of blood dot her plastic whiskers.

BUNNY MASK P.O.V. - all sound drops out except breathing. Chipmunk tosses us a trash bag of oxy. Our hand reaches out to pills inside. Sweet, sweet painkillers.

COP SIRENS sound from outside. Chipmunk hoists the other bag and runs. Bunny scrambles to her feet to follow, grabs her bag, but then trips over the Supervisor's body and takes a mighty spill outside the office. Pills scatter everywhere.

Chipmunk stops and turns. They lock eyes. Cop sirens grow louder. Bunny panics, begins hopelessly scooping pills.

She barely notices Chipmunk fleeing, or the loading door flying open or the shouts of the cops. She tries to frantically down a handful when she is kicked in the back and sent sprawling. The bunny mask is torn off to reveal long blonde hair and a 19 year old girl, ALEX, wild blue eyes almost totally dilated. The world around her seems to spin as the Police cuff her hands behind her back.

POLICE

Don't move! You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say...

FEMALE PROSECUTOR (V.O.)

(overlap)

...Murder during a kidnapping, murder committed by the use of a firearm during a crime of violence-

MALE JUDGE (V.O.)

(overlap)

...Sentence you to 25 years in a federal penitentiary...

Alex SCREAMS as we hear the sound of a prison door SLAM SHUT.

WHITE OUT TO:

INT. WHITE ROOM - NIGHT

Alex's eyes blink open, no longer dilated.

They stare up at a vaulted white ceiling, then tilt down to look out over her body, naked under a paper hospital gown, stretched out on a military cot with white sheets. Beyond her bare feet is a white door with no handle set into a white wall. Where is she?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Evening.

Alex jolts back against the wall, away from the MAN in the dark suit, seated just to her right.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
It's Alex, right? Never Alexandra?

ALEX
Who are you? Where am I?

MICHAEL
You're not in prison anymore. Not even in Michigan, though we're the only ones who know that.

He tries to hand her a file. She doesn't take it. He drops it open on her bed. PHOTOS of a Mausoleum.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Your death was officially ruled a suicide by the prison coroner on November first. This is where your ashes are stored.

Alex looks at him. Terrified, bewildered. He smiles.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
My name's Michael. I work for the government. We've decided to give you a second chance.

Alex is now staring at her supposed final resting place.

ALEX
Why? Why me?

MICHAEL
Because you fit an extremely rare profile. Attractive, young, white female with virtually no personal ties or paper trail. Now, those do exist but they're hard to come by.

Alex's fear begins to make her shake.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What really grabbed our attention, though, was the way you killed one of our own agents on your little drug raid...

Alex leaps off the bed toward the door. Michael's hand shoots out - grabs her in a wrist lock. The pain drops Alex to her knees. Michael has not even left his chair.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

His name was Kyle, by the way. He was working undercover tracking a smuggling ring - *stand and your wrist breaks.*

Alex grits her teeth in agony, lowers back down.

ALEX

I didn't kill no one! It was Ronnie!

MICHAEL

Your boyfriend's body was found near his apartment. He's not alive to take the blame, so it will fall on you.

He releases her. Alex scoots back against the bed, cradling her wrist, tears in her eyes.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You don't have to end up like him, Alex. You're meant for something more. I can help you, but you have to take the first step.

Alex's look hardens. Promises from a guy.

ALEX

Yeah? What're you gonna help me do?

MICHAEL

Learn. How not to sound like a teen methwhore for starters.

(Alex is stunned)

Learn to stand up straight. Learn to walk right...

FLASH TO:

A PAIR OF SEXY LEGS STRUTTING...

BACK TO:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Learn to talk right.

FLASH TO:

A PAIR OF FULL LIPS ORDERING IN FRENCH

LIPS

Un mojito, s'il vous plait?

BACK TO:

MICHAEL

Learn to serve your country,
instead of just yourself...

CUT TO:

EXT. POOLSIDE RESORT - DAY

We reveal the legs and lips belong to NIKITA (27), who reclines in a chaise lounge, her swimwear drawing gazes as she stares out over an infinity pool. She sets down her mojito and picks up a camera, looking every inch the exotic resort beauty promised in travel and leisure magazines.

In fact, the whole scene looks like it's out of a magazine - glossy, saturated, hyper-real.

Nikita wanders near the pool taking pictures. She dazzles in a haute couture sunhat, Prada shades, and bikini by Sauvage. An iPod nano is strapped to her arm.

Nikita FRAMES a shot of a swarthy BILLIONAIRE in a hot-tub. We say Billionaire because that's how much he'd need to afford the bathing BEAUTIES that flank his grossness.

Nikita snaps the pic, but before she knows it, a BODYGUARD accosts her. We say Bodyguard because he is toned, terse, and dressed a little too warm for the heat. He says something in a foreign tongue (Belgian) and takes her camera, deletes the picture she just took.

NIKITA

Hey! Give me that!

BILLIONAIRE

Bresso. Bresso.

Bodyguard turns. Billionaire trades some Belgian with him.

NIKITA

Um, could I get security here?

Billionaire laughs, rises from the tub against the protest of his concubines. He approaches Nikita, smiling and dripping.

BILLIONAIRE

No need for that. Bresso is security. Just doing his job.

NIKITA

Taking cameras from strangers?

BILLIONAIRE

Only ones with pictures of me. Ms..

NIKITA

Nikita. I was just trying to get a picture of the ocean.

BILLIONAIRE

Nikita. Herge. See, we're no longer strangers.

He hands her camera back. Nikita flashes a sheepish smile.

NIKITA

I'm sorry, I never recognize celebrities. The whole flight down here I was sitting next to some rock star and we kept talking like I knew who he was, but I didn't. Still don't.

Herge smiles, says something to his bodyguard in Belgian, we can pick out the words, "rock star."

NIKITA (CONT'D)

Anyway, I'll just...

HERGE

No, no, you're right. This is the best view. Let us take a picture of you and the ocean.

NIKITA

That's okay...

HERGE

Nikita. I insist.

She laughs, flirty. Herge says something to Bresso, who forces a tight smile and extends his hand. Nikita fiddles the settings on her camera and hands it back to him with good humor. Herge's eyes take her in as she walks and turns back, striking a sexy pose against the ocean. Bresso frames her.

HERGE (CONT'D)

Perfect.

Bresso presses the button. Camera EXPLODES, knocking his head back like he was cracked with a bat, killing him instantly.

Nikita takes two deliberate strides toward a shell-shocked Herge, STRAIGHT-ARMS his face, CUPS it, turns and BREAKS HIS NECK over her shoulder. Herge's body hits the ground by Bresso's. Nikita checks his pulse to make sure he's dead, ignoring the screams of the girls in the hot tub.

Nikita runs for the edge of the infinity pool. A steep slope runs down the other side. Waiting there are a pair of Texas-like climbing shoes and a cable to help her descend.

She grabs the cable with one hand while inserting the earpiece from her nano with the other and pressing a button.

NIKITA

This is Nikita, target is down! I need extraction.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

(filtered through radio)
Negative. Extraction impossible.

NIKITA

What? Say again!

MICHAEL (V.O.)

(filtered through radio)
You always had trouble listening, didn't you?

NIKITA

Michael, please! I need to get out of here now!

MICHAEL (O.S.)

You still don't hear me. I told you-

His voice is no longer over the radio. Nikita looks up to see Michael looking very out of place in a heavy black coat, balancing on the edge of the infinity pool. The way he is balancing there is surreal and impossible.

He is pointing a gun at her. He whispers, but the sound ECHOES across the sky, deafening.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

There is no out.

The blue sky above Michael SHIFTS into dark, nightmarish STORM CLOUDS. He pulls the trigger. BLAM!

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

Nikita snaps awake from her nightmare. She's in plain clothes, no make-up. Hyper-colors are gone, we're definitely back in reality. She drifts back into her seat.

The bus is slowing to a stop at the station. A kindly PASSENGER from across the aisle leans over.

PASSENGER

Just a bad dream, honey. Over now.

NIKITA

Almost.

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

Title: Roselle, New Jersey -- Nikita.

Nikita gets off the bus. She walks off with no bag.

EXT. RUN-DOWN HOME - DAY

One step above a trailer park. Nikita collects herself on the porch and rings the doorbell.

INT. RUN-DOWN HOME - CONTINUOUS

GARY MEERS, 45, too young for his hairpiece and way-too-old for his Ed Hardy knock-off T, moves with supreme annoyance across his living room and opens the door. He sees Nikita.

NIKITA

Hi, Gary.

He looks her over, cracks a lecherous smirk.

GARY

"Hi, Gary?" Look, honey, upfront? That's a nice touch but I ain't buying anything. On the other hand, you wanna step inside and drop to your knees, I'll say three Hail Marys to Jehovah right now.

NIKITA

Okay. Let's try this again.

She traps his WRIST (the exact same wrist-lock Michael used) and he goes down on *his* knees right inside the door.

NIKITA (CONT'D)

Hi, Daddy.

GARY

N...Nikita? No friggin' way!

Nikita kicks the door shut behind her.

NIKITA

God, were you always this weak? I don't know what I was scared of. Come on, Gary, get up! Be a man!

Gary grits teeth, plants feet and pistons up. His wrist SNAPS. His scream cut short by a hand-flick to the windpipe.

NIKITA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Nikita walks him backwards and dumps him in his Barca-Lounger. He gasps for air. She turns off the TV.

NIKITA (CONT'D)

Damn, you really let this place slide after Caroline died, huh? I guess no more foster kids like me to clean up your crap, either...

GARY

I... I don't have any money!

NIKITA

Relax, Gary. I'm not going to hurt you. I need to tell you something important, and you need to listen very carefully.

GARY

You broke my God damn wrist!!

NIKITA

Actually, you did that. Try to pay attention, okay? We don't have much time.

(sits on edge of couch)

I have to tell you what happened to me, after I ran away from you. It starts out like what you'd expect, and then gets kinda weird.

GARY

Nikita...

Nikita cuts him off, launching into a semi-rehearsed speech.

NIKITA

After I ran away, I got with a pretty bad crowd, did a lot of drugs. Ketamine, to be exact. I did whatever I had to do to get it, 'cause it was the only thing that helped me forget about you.

GARY

Nikita, baby, that was ten years ago...

NIKITA

Eleven. I'm twenty seven now, and if you call me baby again I will shatter your collarbone.

Gary clams up. Nikita takes a deep breath.

NIKITA (CONT'D)

They told me I killed a cop. I still don't remember it. I've tried to. I guess I was high. I had just turned eighteen so they were able to charge me with murder one. I was sentenced to die by lethal injection.

GARY

(shocked)
No friggin'...

NIKITA

Trust me, you'll wanna save your "no friggin' way" for this next part; where my execution was faked by a secret unit inside the government called Division.

Gary's expression is priceless. Nikita sits back.

NIKITA (CONT'D)

They told me they were giving me a second chance. They told me I was going to serve my country. They're probably telling the same thing to some other girl, right now...

INT. DIVISION - SHOWER - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON A SHOWER HEAD beginning to spray water.

ALEX alone in the bunker-style shower, washing the grime off. Note a large BUTTERFLY TATTOO between her shoulder blades.

NIKITA (V.O.)
 What they didn't tell me, was they
 were training me to be an assassin.

INT. DIVISION - ALEX'S ROOM

Nondescript, label-less clothes on a military cot; black
 sweater, cargo pants, combat shoes.

NIKITA (V.O.)
 There was a year of training before
 my first mission. Sort of like
 Military Charm School.

TIME CUT - Alex, dressed, finishes tying the shoes, looks up
 to see Michael waiting for her in the doorway.

INT. DIVISION - TRAINING AREA

Alex passes a classroom where young people watch a
 demonstration of someone with a hood over their head
 manipulating some kind of computer board.

NIKITA (V.O.)
 Discipline, etiquette, seduction...

In another room, a handsome young man (THOM) in loose sweats
 pulls a vicious combo on a martial arts pad. Alex's wide
 eyes meet his for a second before she passes the door.

INT. RUN-DOWN HOME - BACK TO NIKITA

NIKITA
 Everything to make me the best
 killer I could be. Which is
 exactly what I was, until I broke
 one of their rules.

GARY
 What rule?

She flashes a modest diamond engagement ring.

NIKITA
 Fell in love. With a civilian.
 His name was Daniel.

Nikita looks off into nowhere, remembering something fondly.

NIKITA (CONT'D)
 After three months together, all I
 wanted was to be with him. Live a
 normal life.

(MORE)

NIKITA (CONT'D)

But Division couldn't have that, so they killed him, made it look like an accident.

GARY

Why are you telling me all this?

Nikita leans forward, menacing.

NIKITA

You know why, Gary. Because they're still after me. And I know they've been keeping tabs on you in case I showed up.

Gary turns pale, reveal he's been pressing a panic-button mounted on the underside of his end table this whole time.

Nikita grabs his hand and holds it down on the button.

NIKITA (CONT'D)

It's okay, I want them to know I'm here. I want you to tell them everything I just told you. I want to send them a message:

INT. DIVISION - OPERATIONS ROOM

Michael escorts Alex into the hi-tech room, AGENTS crossing.

ALEX

What is this?

MICHAEL

(smiles)

This is the beginning.

BACK TO NIKITA

Finishing her message to Gary.

NIKITA

It ends now.

SLAM TO TITLE

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. DIVISION - BRIEFING - DAY

A cold, spartan room. No leather, no cigar smoke. Several folding chairs face a SMARTboard.

Michael briefs his boss, PERCY, 55, the Machiavellian leader of Division. Michael refers to video on the SMARTboard of a well-dressed BLACK MAN strolling out of a New York hotel, followed by BODYGUARDS who hold his bags.

MICHAEL

This is surveillance of our target
leaving the hotel...

He freezes the image, circles a Bodyguard with a digital pen.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This is his personal bodyguard.
There are three more guards in his
suite, and one advance guard in the
lobby. The lobby guard is the weak
link. That's our way in.

Michael steps back from the board.

PERCY

We can't afford any mistakes on
this one, Michael.

MICHAEL

Do you see a problem with the plan?

PERCY

Do you? I'm sensing a certain lack
of enthusiasm.

Michael hesitates, then admits his reluctance.

MICHAEL

General Safwani is a man trying to
bring peace to his country. It's
hard to get enthusiastic about
killing him.

A tense beat. The phone rings. Percy picks it up.

PERCY

(into phone)
Hold on a second.
(puts phone to chest)
We're not the good guys, Michael.
We're the necessary guys.
(MORE)

PERCY (CONT'D)

We do what's necessary to protect
U.S. interests in the region. And
right now, peace runs counter to
those interests. We clear?

MICHAEL

Our priorities seem to be getting a
little less clear every year.
(off Percy's look)
But you don't have to worry about
me.

Percy stares at Michael, then puts the phone to his ear.

PERCY

This is Percy.

Percy listens for a beat. Then his entire being tenses up.

PERCY (CONT'D)

When?
(beat, listens)
We'll be right down.

Percy hangs up. Thinks to himself for a moment.

PERCY (CONT'D)

I'm taking you off of Operation
Black Arrow.

MICHAEL

I said you don't have to worry
about me...

PERCY

And I'm giving you a new
assignment: Nikita.

Michael takes that in, shocked to hear that name.

MICHAEL

Nikita?

PERCY

She just popped up on the grid.
Sprung one of the mousetraps we
laid out for her.

Michael's mind races.

MICHAEL

Cemetery?

PERCY

Foster Dad's.

(beat)

I want you to hunt her down, and
kill her. I'm going to send a
Cleaner along with you.

MICHAEL

Why? More doubts about my
enthusiasm?

PERCY

Just want to make sure she doesn't
elude you this time.

Michael takes that on the chin. He exits.

INT. DIVISION - CAFETERIA - DAY

Michael emerges from a corridor into a large room, cross
between a military bunker and a high school cafeteria.
People sit at the metal tables, eating. *

ALEX is one of them, alone with a tray of food, sullen.
She perks up slightly when she sees Michael enter - the only
person she's really met here.

But Michael, his mind on Nikita, doesn't even acknowledge
Alex as he crosses the room to a STEEL ELEVATOR, secured by
keycard and retinal scanner. Michael passes through the
security check and into the elevator. Doors close.

Alex, paranoid and vulnerable, looks around at the other
people here, trying to figure this place out.

A table of ten MEN with close cropped hair, izod shirts, and
muscled arms eat in complete silence. At another table two
AGENTS IN SUITS study off the same laptop.

Alex catches the eye of a GIRL her own age, dressed in the
same kind of clothes Alex was given. The Girl is leaning
back in her chair and staring at Alex. Alex looks away.

The girl smirks. She leaves her tray but takes her banana as
she crosses the cafeteria toward Alex like a predator.

She sits down across from Alex, and stares. Alex looks down
at her food. Girl waits.

ALEX

What?

Girl just stares. Alex meets her look, hard.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 What're you looking at, bitch?

Girl suppresses a laugh, begins to slowly peel her banana.

GIRL
 (casual)
 You're gonna die here, you know
 that?

Alex UP-ENDS her tray in the girl's face. CRASH! They both stand, a fork gripped in Alex's hand. Before the Girl can jump the table, a pair of arms wrap around her from behind.

THOM
 The hell are you doing?!

A loud whisper from THOM, young like them. He uses his strength to sit the girl (JADEN) down into his lap.

THOM (CONT'D)
 (to Jaden)
 If you don't think they watch us in
 here, you're wrong.
 (to Alex)
 I'd put that down if I were you.

His eyes flick to the right, and Alex sees the table-full of muscled izod guys staring at her.

JADEN
 I love it when you hold me like
 this.
 (off Thom's look)
 God, *calmate*. I was just saying hi
 to New Girl.

THOM
 (to Alex)
 This is Jaden. She doesn't think
 she's still new here, but she is.
 What's your name?

ALEX
 What's yours?

JADEN
 This is Thom. With an "h" like
 Thom Yorke. He's a *pro* because
 he's about to go on his first
mission.

THOM

Shut up.

(to Alex)

Look, we're recruits, just like you. I've been in almost a year, they brought Jaden in two months ago. None of us are volunteers, understand?

JADEN

Meaning whatever they got on you, whatever your big bad past is, it's nothing we haven't heard before.

THOM

Meaning we gotta stick together if we're gonna make it through training. Trust me.

Alex shakes her head, not ready for trust.

THOM (CONT'D)

You can start by telling us your name.

Alex holds her ground, not sure about that, either.

AGENT (O.S.)

Alex.

An AGENT in a SUIT approaches. Alex puts the fork down.

AGENT (CONT'D)

Amanda is ready to see you. Follow me.

Alex looks back at Thom, who nods. Somehow, it comforts her. She follows the Agent. Thom watches her go. Jaden grins.

JADEN

Dropped my banana.

Thom roughly unseats her from his lap. She laughs.

INT. RUN-DOWN HOME - DAY

Michael is questioning a very pissed off Gary, wrist in cast.

GARY

Did she appear injured? Did... I'm the injured one here!

MICHAEL

We understand that.

GARY

Well, understand this. FBI better be payin' for this cast, 'cause this is way beyond the call of duty. Hey, don't touch that!

ROAN, a very tall man in a long coat, ignores Gary as he uses a hi-tech fingerprint scanner on the coffee table. He snaps it shut and walks into the bathroom.

GARY (CONT'D)

She didn't go in the bathroom!

MICHAEL

Did she say anything else?

GARY

Man, we been over this fifty friggin' times already.

MICHAEL

What do you think she meant by, "it ends now?"

GARY

I don't know, I kinda tuned out after she went into the whole James Bond thing...

MICHAEL

I meant her tone. Was she tired? Weary? Like she wants to surrender, or turn herself in?

GARY

I wasn't concentrating on her tone, man. My wrist was friggin'-

Gary DROPS like a marionette as Roan SHOOTS him in the head, passes Michael, and picks up his briefcase.

ROAN

I'm all set.

Michael stares at Gary's body, furious. He turns to Roan.

ROAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I'll clean it.

Roan pops open his briefcase, begins taking out industrial strength cleaning chemicals - along with hydrochloric acid.

MICHAEL

Roan. I was talking to him.

ROAN

He told you everything she said.
He was dead the second she told
him.

Roan plucks his spent shell casing out of the shag carpet.

ROAN (CONT'D)

Nikita knew what we would have to
do. Wish I could take credit, but
this kill belongs to her.

He hands Michael the shell casing, lifts Gary under the arms.

ROAN (CONT'D)

I don't think she liked this guy.

Michael watches Roan drag the body into the bathroom.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Nikita's shoes tromp through the grass around headstones.

She slows as she finds the headstone she is looking for.
Daniel Monroe, Beloved Son, 1981-2007.

Nikita steadies herself. She has never been here before.
There are week-old flowers resting on the grave. Nikita
kneels, and picks one up. Thumbs the petals.

DANIEL (V.O. PRE-LAP)

I'm not asking annoying questions,
okay? I'm giving annoying advice.

A bittersweet POP SONG lulls us into...

INT. APARTMENT - BED (FLASHBACK)

DANIEL spoons a moody Nikita. ROSES scattered on the bed and
night-table, next to a cupcake and birthday candle.

DANIEL

The job's too stressful, let it go.

NIKITA

You know I can't, Daniel.

DANIEL

The airline will find another
consultant. You can find something
that keeps you in the city more.

She twists a rose stem, finds the one thorn and presses it.

NIKITA
Too much would have to change.

DANIEL
How much?

She doesn't answer. He slides a ring box in front of her.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
This much?

She looks back at him, her face breaks into a smile.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Don't get too excited, it's just
the box.

NIKITA
What?

She opens it. It's more than a box. 1.5 carats more.
Nikita playfully elbows him. Well, playfully for a trained
assassin. Hits him in the solar plexus without thinking.

NIKITA (CONT'D)
Daniel, it's beautiful.

DANIEL
Ah. I think you broke a rib...

She rolls on top of him, kisses his torso near his top rib.

NIKITA
Which rib? This one?
(kisses the one below it)
This one?
(kisses the one below it)
This one?

DANIEL
I'm not sure. Keep going.

Nikita smiles. Then gets serious as she looks into his eyes.

NIKITA
Promise me something.

DANIEL
Right now, anything.

NIKITA
Promise me this is real. Not some
dream I'm going to wake up from
tomorrow.

Daniel searches her eyes. She means it. He sits up, takes her face in his hands, and kisses her.

EXT. CEMETERY - BACK TO NIKITA

Nikita, tears in her eyes, takes off her ring.

She begins to bury the ring in the grass.

INT. DIVISION - OPERATIONS ROOM - SAME TIME

ON A MONITOR - Nikita's pixelated figure resolves on a satellite image, which zooms out to show the whole cemetery.

Percy enters. Computer Specialist BIRKHOFF is on his feet.

BIRKHOFF

It's her. It's definitely her. I got a hit on the pressure sensor at Greenlawn, pulled up AthenaSat and boom. Took her three years, but she's finally paying her respects.

PERCY

Can we get a clearer image?

BIRKHOFF

It's her.

Percy picks up the phone.

INT. RUN-DOWN HOME - DAY (INTERCUT WITH OPERATIONS)

Michael on his phone, taking in the update from Percy.

MICHAEL

Doesn't make any sense. She's eluded capture for three years... I don't think she'd come out of hiding just to get caught.

PERCY

She's lying prone on the grave of her dead boyfriend. She's cracked.

MICHAEL

No, she's up to something. At least wait for me before you move on her. I can be in Bethesda in 45 minutes...

PERCY

Strike team will be there in
twenty, without a chopper. We'll
finish this. Just get back here.

Michael hangs up. Roan leans out of the bathroom, wearing an
apron and cleaning gloves.

ROAN

Almost done.

Michael, frustrated, heads out the door.

INT. DIVISION - AMANDA'S ROOM - DAY

A security door clicks open and Alex steps from a concrete
corridor into a wood-paneled entryway. Her escort closes the
door behind her. She takes a few steps, walks into a dream.

At least, that's what it feels like. A large space, warmly
lit and decorated like a banquet room in a five star Paris
hotel - if banquet rooms came with DRESS RACKS dripping with
the full spectrum of current fashion.

ALEX

Hello?

No one answers. Alex approaches the dress rack, tentative.
Runs her fingers through the satin of a coral evening dress.

AMANDA (O.S.)

That's a Balghetti. Fresh off the
rack from Milan.

Alex turns to see a beautiful woman in an elegant suit
watching her. AMANDA. Alex steps away from the dress.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

It's alright, Alexandra. Would you
like to try it on?

ALEX

I don't wear stuff like this.

AMANDA

As a style choice? Or because
you're not used to it?

ALEX

Because it's ugly.

AMANDA

And you're beautiful. Michael was
right about that much.

Alex is trying to be tough, but she's intimidated.

ALEX

So, what... you're the one who's gonna teach me how to walk and talk? Chew with my mouth closed?

AMANDA

My name is Amanda. And I'm the one who's going to show you how to embrace your beauty. Instead of denying it, you're going to learn how to trust it, and use it to your advantage.

ALEX

And what if I don't want to? What are they gonna do to me?

Amanda pulls out a chair near a mirrored vanity lined with cosmetics and a few wigs.

AMANDA

Everyone wants to be beautiful. To travel, to see the world, experience the best life has to offer. Your journey begins right here, in this chair.

ALEX

I'm not smearing that crap on my face.

Alex walks away.

AMANDA

It's not like this will be the first time you've re-invented yourself, Alex. We're all impressed with your accent. Or lack thereof.

That stops Alex cold. Amanda switches to fluent Russian.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(Russian with subtitles)

What does the butterfly on your back mean if not transformation?

ALEX

How...

AMANDA

Do we know? That's what we do here. What we teach you to do.

Amanda takes her first steps toward a stunned Alex.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

The identity you purchased was enough to get by with on the streets, because that's where you purchased it.

Alex looks like she's about to bolt. Amanda calms her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

It's alright, dear. It actually makes you more desirable to us - someone with no real past to erase. Or rather, no legal one. I know how real it was.

ALEX

Do you?

AMANDA

Based on your age now, and taking into account the five years or so you'd have to work to lose your accent, it wasn't hard to answer the question; "What kind of fourteen year old Ukrainian girl purchases a forged identity?" Perhaps one who was brought here against her will, on a boat, with many other girls just like her?

ALEX

Not like me. I escaped.

AMANDA

Your captors, yes. But not the junk they hooked you on.

Alex bites her lip. Amanda gently brushes her hair away from her face, and Alex looks younger than ever.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

You're a survivor, Alex. You made it through hell, and you'll make it through this. All I'm here to show you is that you don't have to be hard, to survive...

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Without sound, a Soccer-Mom looking Chevy Trailblazer pulls up to the entrance and five AGENTS alight, weapons concealed beneath plain clothes.

AMANDA (V.O.)
Sometimes you need to be soft.

INT. CHEVY TRAILBLAZER - CONTINUOUS

Birkhoff is in the back. A large case is open with monitor and surveillance drone controls, sending back aerial image of the cemetery, a red target box around Nikita's location.

AMANDA (V.O.)
Sometimes vulnerability can be your greatest weapon...

BIRKHOFF
(into headset)
Row A, Plot 30. Mausoleum to the Southeast should cover your approach.
(to himself)
Bye, Nikki.

EXT. CEMETERY - SAME TIME

ALPHA TEAM (we recognize them from the izod crew) move through the cemetery like wraiths, closing in on Nikita from 45 degree angles. Hand signals - target is low.

They rise above the gravestones, weapons spitting silent FIRE and ventilating the BLOW UP-DOLL draped in Nikita's jacket.

The doll wheezes out its death rattle through puncture holes.

BIRKHOFF (V.O.)
(over radio)
Target on the move! North Gate!
North Gate!

Alpha team breaks into a charge to the North.

INT. CHEVY TRAILBLAZER - SAME TIME

BIRKHOFF
(into headset)
Radio back when you have visual.

Reveal Nikita, in T-Shirt, holding a gun to his head. She whips off his headset the second he's done talking.

NIKITA

Good boy.

BIRKHOFF

What're you gonna do?

NIKITA

You'll find out.

Nikita strikes Birkhoff with the butt of her gun at the hollow right below his ear, knocking him out. She hops past him into the driver's seat, drops the car into gear.

Nikita hits the gas.

EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

The Trailblazer blazes out of the exit and down the road.

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HIDE-OUT - NIGHT

Birkhoff is cuffed to a chair in a dark room with a hood over his head. He moans, awake. Nikita pulls his hood off and Birkhoff winces under the glare of a halogen light shining right into his eyes.

NIKITA
Congratulations, Birkhoff. You found me.

BIRKHOFF
Ow! Bright. Too bright.

His eyes adjust. He sees a shadowy image of Nikita in front of him, filling a syringe. She sets it on a table.

BIRKHOFF (CONT'D)
What is that, truth serum?

NIKITA
Pain desensitizer. I don't want you passing out on me.

BIRKHOFF
You gonna torture me, is that it?

NIKITA
Not if you tell me what I need to know.

BIRKHOFF
I always told you you were hot, you know that.

NIKITA
I want access to Division's network. Logins, passwords...

Birkhoff laughs, miserable.

BIRKHOFF
Bitch, just skip to the part where you kill me.

Nikita stands and PISTOL-WHIPS him.

NIKITA
No.

She PISTOL-WHIPS him again. He spits blood.

BIRKHOFF

Seriously, do it. 'Cause if I give you those codes, Percy will kill me, and I'd rather you do it...

Nikita puts the gun to his head, clicks the safety off.

BIRKHOFF (CONT'D)

(dazed)

At least you're someone I like...

NIKITA

Shut up!

Nikita puts her hand up to deflect the spray. Birkhoff closes his eyes. Beat. She holds her breath. Beat. Beat.

NIKITA (CONT'D)

Damn.

She can't do it. She stalks away. Birkhoff blinks through his pain, trying to take in his surroundings. Notices that the walls curve - is the room circular?

BIRKHOFF

What do you want with the network, anyway? Not like it's been any help to us in finding where you've been hiding out...

NIKITA

I'm not hiding anymore.

BIRKHOFF

Then what are you doing? You trying to come in? 'Cause this is a weird way to do it.

NIKITA

Shut up, Birkhoff.

BIRKHOFF

What? You're not coming at us, are you?

He chuckles. Sees her look. Stops chuckling.

BIRKHOFF (CONT'D)

Oh, man. Nikki, you're insane.

NIKITA

Don't call me Nikki.

BIRKHOFF

Then don't call me Nerd. That's what you used to call me, remember? "Nerd, patch this through to Michael." "This computer's busted, Nerd. Fix it."

He has a big grin. She can't help but smile a little.

BIRKHOFF (CONT'D)

None of the noobs would dare call me that. Place ain't the same without you, babe.

NIKITA

Then let's burn it down.

BIRKHOFF

You seriously think you can burn down Division all on your own?

NIKITA

Who says I'm on my own?

Birkhoff takes that in. Can't believe it.

BIRKHOFF

You wouldn't...

NIKITA

Division's made some pretty powerful enemies over the years.

BIRKHOFF

You're playing for the other side now? Who? China?

NIKITA

I'm playing for my side.

BIRKHOFF

Your side. Okay. If you got such big guns backing you up on *your side*, what do you need me for?

NIKITA

Because they may be able to get me the intel I need, but I know you can get it.

BIRKHOFF

Then we're right back where we started.

(MORE)

BIRKHOFF (CONT'D)
Just know if you do this, you're
gonna have to kill your way through
a lot of people you know. Starting
with me, *Nikki*.

Birkhoff sits back, defiant. Off Nikita, ball in her court...

INT. DIVISION - OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Michael and a TECH study a GPS beacon on a digital map.

TECH
She ditched right here near the
interchange. Probably switched
cars. We're checking traffic cams.

MICHAEL
What about Birkhoff's implant?

TECH
Still searching for a signal.
There's some kind of interference.

MICHAEL
I hope it's still inside him.

TECH
No bloodstains in the vehicle...

Michael sits down, staring vacantly at state maps.

MICHAEL
(under his breath)
Why now, why now, why now...

Thom enters, slows as he notices all the activity, curious.

THOM
Michael? What's going on?

MICHAEL
Training mission. Is there
something you need?

THOM
Question, Sir. In regards to
Operation Black Arrow.

Michael smiles at the kid's formality. He likes Thom.

MICHAEL
You should talk to Roan. He's the
lead on that now.

THOM

But you planned it. My question's about the plan.

MICHAEL

But you don't know the plan, Thom. You know your part of it. Your vital, but contained part of it. What question is there?

THOM

It actually has to do with General Safwani. The target.

Michael's smile drops.

MICHAEL

Where did you get that name?

THOM

I...

MICHAEL

Who gave you that name?

Michael stands, gets in Thom's nerve-wracked face.

THOM

No one. I guessed it.

Michael grabs Thom by the arm, ushers him across the floor and into a side office, closes the door and backs him against the wall. Thom starts talking fast, regretting speaking up.

THOM (CONT'D)

It's my first op, I got, I got anxious so I was doing some research and it was the only name that made sense...

MICHAEL

You were doing some *what*?

THOM

Research. Strike point is the Windmere Hotel, so it follows that our VIP is staying there as a guest. I cross-referenced news feeds and it's no secret General Safwani is in New York for the U.N. peace summit. Clearly our mission calls to take him out before he can make that meeting...

MICHAEL
What's your *question*, Thom?

THOM
Why?

Michael shakes his head, closes his eyes.

THOM (CONT'D)
I mean, a peace treaty has the
chance to end civil war in that
region...

MICHAEL
This isn't about peace, it's about
business. Diamonds, and Big Oil.
If stability comes to that region,
those resources will be
nationalized, and our allies in the
diamond and oil industries will be
kicked out. Understand?

THOM
So... we want the war to continue?

Michael notices PERCY at Operations. He is heading this way.

MICHAEL
Word of advice, kid: avoid why.
You're not ready for it yet.

Percy opens the door.

PERCY
We've located Birkhoff.

Michael follows Percy out, leaving Thom disturbed.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

A shadow is slumped on top of a spring rider rocking horse.

High beams illuminate Birkhoff as two S.U.V.'s roll up quick
onto the deserted playground. Birkhoff, alive and super duct-
taped to the horsie, winces under the blinding glare. Again.

BIRKHOFF
Ow. Bright.

Michael and two teams of Agents fan out from the vehicles.

BIRKHOFF (CONT'D)
She's long gone, guys.

They ignore Birkhoff, securing the area first and scanning with nightvision goggles, searching for Nikita.

BIRKHOFF (CONT'D)
HELLO! Get me offa this thing!

He angrily rocks back and forth.

INT. DIVISION - CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Alex, hair pulled back from her face, already looking more beautiful just with that, puts food on her tray in line.

She scans the room, sees Thom brooding at a table, trying to shut out Jaden who is talking to him. Alex hesitates for a moment, weighing something internally, then decides with resolve and approaches their table, sets her tray down.

JADEN
New Girl. So glad you could join us for dinner.

ALEX
Well, lunch was fun, so...

She tosses something at Jaden, who catches it on reflex. A banana.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I figured what the hell. Hi, Thom.

THOM
Alex.

Alex picks up a weird vibe going on.

ALEX
If you guys are talking, I can...

JADEN
No, stay. He likes you, maybe you can get him to talk.
(needling Thom)
Thom's going out on his first mission, and he won't give up the goods.

THOM
You don't wanna know, okay?

JADEN
Oh God, that makes me wanna know even more. Come on, I know it's going down at the Windmere hotel...

THOM
How do you know that?

JADEN
This is spy school, Thom. I *spied*
on you googling stuff in the
computer lab.

THOM
You could get in trouble for that.

JADEN
Please, who am I gonna tell? We're
all on the same side here.

ALEX
Yeah, Thom. We gotta stick
together if we're gonna make it
through training, right?

Jaden looks at Alex, impressed. Thom smiles just a little.

Just then the Steel Elevator opens and all heads turn to see Birkhoff, face bruised, escorted back in by Michael and a coterie of Agents.

Michael makes eye contact with Alex as they pass. Alex finds herself blushing. The room buzzes with whispers when they're gone, we can hear the name, "Nikita."

JADEN
Someone messed him up good.

THOM
Nikita.

ALEX
Who's Nikita?

THOM
She was a recruit, like us. Kind
of a legend around here.

JADEN
Yeah, the "one who got out." More
like punked out.

THOM
You weren't even here, yet.

JADEN

Neither were you. Everyone's all Nikita this, Nikita that, but the stories all end the same way; chica couldn't pull the trigger anymore.

Alex looks at Jaden, feels a chill.

JADEN (CONT'D)

I mean what are we here for, right?
(off Alex's disturbed
look)
What? You disagree?

Alex, coming to a terrible realization, turns to Thom

ALEX

What are we here for? Really?

JADEN

Is she playing with me?

ALEX

Michael talked about learning languages, computers...

THOM

You will.

ALEX

Amanda showed me all these dresses...

JADEN

And where'd she say you'll be wearing them? Prom?

Jaden begins to laugh at Alex. Thom tries to comfort her.

THOM

At least half of our missions are counterintelligence. Infiltration. Deep Cover. Stealing secrets...

ALEX

And the other half?

JADEN

You're here to kill, honey. For the man. For free. They're gonna teach you how to kill with a gun, they're gonna teach you how to kill with your nails.

(MORE)

JADEN (CONT'D)

They're gonna tell you who to kill
and when to kill 'em and if you
don't deliver they're gonna kill
you.

Alex turns to Thom, shocked.

ALEX

Is that true?

THOM

The truth is we're expendable.
We're useful to them because we
don't exist.

Thom, upset, feeling the pressure of his impending mission,
gets up and leaves. Jaden watches him, surprised.

JADEN

Now look what you did.

Jaden gets up and follows Thom out. Alex is speechless.
She rises, half panicked, half dazed, and heads for the
elevator. No way past the sophisticated security.

She turns around, heart pounding, realizes there are no
windows - she hasn't seen one since she's been here. She
catches a few PERSONNEL looking at her, and slowly walks back
to her seat.

She sits, not touching her food, and stares like a laser at
the elevator. The only exit out of here...

BIRKHOFF (PRE-LAP)

She's running out of options.

INT. DIVISION - BRIEFING - NIGHT

Percy and Michael are de-briefing Birkhoff.

BIRKHOFF

I mean, if she can't kill me, or
even crack me, there's no way she's
gonna crack this place.

PERCY

She say who she was working for?

BIRKHOFF

No, but honestly? I think it was
a bluff. I think she's actually on
her own.

(MORE)

BIRKHOFF (CONT'D)

You shoulda seen her, she's emotional, she's impulsive, she's a mess. I was able to turn the tables on her easy.

MICHAEL

Was that before or after she duct-taped you to the springy rocking horse? The only reason you're alive is because she wanted you that way. It's part of some plan.
(to Percy)

We need to suspend all operations until we can contain this.

PERCY

All operations?

MICHAEL

As long as she's out there, she is a threat.

PERCY

No, threats are what we put down using our resources. Nikita's a complication. An isolated one.

MICHAEL

If you believe Birkhoff.

BIRKHOFF

I'm telling the truth, Michael. And she didn't kill me because she *likes* me. I think you're just jealous she didn't ask about you.

Percy checks his watch, heads for the door.

MICHAEL

Where are you going?

PERCY

The Joint-Intelligence Fundraiser is tonight, I've got to go sing for our supper. In the meantime, I'm not gonna let a piece of street trash slow this organization down for one minute. All operations are a go. Including Black Arrow.

Percy exits.

INT. HIDE-OUT - NIGHT

Nikita steps out of the shower, towel around her, to see a message blinking on her computer. She crosses to it.

ON MONITOR - the data package decodes through a series of Cyrillic-looking characters to form a message: *Black Arrow Target: Safwani. Windmere Hotel. 2200hr.*

Nikita crosses to a closet and opens it, revealing a colorful array of beautiful CLOTHES, SHOES, and DRESSES on one side...

And a full selection of WEAPONS on the other side.

She stands back in her towel, trying to decide what to wear tonight... and which gun best goes with it.

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. WINDMERE HOTEL - NIGHT

To establish. 35 floors of stylish hotel.

INT. CORNER SUITE - NIGHT

GENERAL SAFWANI (mid-40s, handsome), the target, tries on clothes he's bought on Madison Avenue in front of a full-length mirror. His PERSONAL BODYGUARD stands by, making comments in *Bassa* dialect.

Doorbell rings and the THREE OTHER BODYGUARDS go to answer it. Room Service.

EXT. FLOOR 33 HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Bodyguards frisk the ROOM SERVICE GUY, check the food before wheeling the table in themselves.

Room Service Guy reaches into his vest and 3 GUNS come out. He freezes. He was just going for the check.

WAY DOWN THE HALLWAY

ROAN, disguised as a Maintenance Man, steps into the alcove by the Ice Machine, keys a mic in his shirt cuff.

ROAN

Food's in. Move them.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

A Division AGENT, dressed as STAFF (black suit, name clip), responds.

AGENT

Five minutes.

Agent's eyes are on a FOURTH BODYGUARD stationed in the lobby - an early-warning asset for the ones upstairs.

#4's job is to basically watch for suspicious characters and report them up. He does this by reading the newspaper on one of the lobby couches, while keeping his eyes open. His eyes track a YOUNG COUPLE entering and checking in. He's bored.

Agent flips a VIAL into his palm and back up into his cuff with sleight of hand as he approaches #4.

Agent passes the couch, plucks a half-filled glass of icewater off the low table. Bodyguard reacts.

BODYGUARD
(West-African accent)
Hey. This was my water.

AGENT
Oh, I'm sorry. I thought it was left by another guest. Would you like a new one?

#4 shakes his head, takes his water back. Agent smiles and walks away. Behind a column, he checks his vial. Empty.

In a lobby mirror, he watches #4 take a drink.

AGENT (CONT'D)
(into his mic)
Four is inbound.

#4 shifts in his seat. Finds he suddenly has to pee. Now. He gets up and heads for the bathroom off the lobby.

INT. LOBBY BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beautiful like the rest of the lobby. #4 heads straight for the urinal, ignoring the Bathroom Attendant, who is THOM.

Thom is wearing a valet-style jacket with the Windmere logo. As #4 is busy, Thom removes a tiny bottle of CHLOROFORM and douses one of the nice hand towels with it.

Thom is anxious but his movements are practiced, robotic.

INT. LOBBY - SAME TIME

The other Agent quietly places a CAUTION - OUT OF ORDER sign outside the men's bathroom, and stands by it.

INT. LOBBY BATHROOM

#4 flushes and heads for the sink. Thom graciously turns on the sink nearest him. Once #4's hands hit the water...

Thom moves behind and GAGS him with the towel. #4 struggles but Thom is strong and the struggle accelerates the Chloroform. In five seconds #4 is K.O.'d on the tile.

Thom is breathing hard, scared and a little thrilled. He turns off the water, then keys his mic.

THOM
Four is down.

Agent enters and together they drag #4 into a stall. He removes #4's Nextel and gives it THREE QUICK BEEPS.

INT. CORNER SUITE - SAME TIME

Safwani's Personal Bodyguard receives the beeps, makes eye contact with the others. He keys his Nextel.

PERSONAL
(in *Bassa* with subtitles)
What's wrong?

Beat. The only response is another THREE BEEPS.

INT. LOBBY BATHROOM - SAME TIME

The Agent and Thom finish sending the beeps and wait.

AGENT
That should send the cavalry.

NIKITA (O.S.)
I agree.

Heads whip to see NIKITA standing outside the stall, in tight jeans and slim black leather jacket, equal parts gorgeous and kick-ass.

The Agent MOVES on Nikita, reaching behind his belt as he does so, but she is already raising her hand and FIRING.

It happens fast so it's hard to see, but it's not a gun - the thing goes POOF and a BLUE GOB hits the Agent in the face and blinds him. Welcome to the future of PepperSpray.

His momentum carries him into her knee and he goes down.

She fires her second GOB at Thom, whose arm is already up and blocking. Blue OC Glob hits his white jacket at 270mph. Ow.

Nikita drops the weapon and engages Thom hand to hand. He is stronger but she is more experienced. She traps his strike, takes an elbow to her jaw, but hooks his leg, makes sure his head hits the wall as he falls. Ouchie ow.

Before he can get up, Nikita presses Thom's chloroform towel to his own face. After he passes out she does it to Agent.

She sits back against the sink, rubs her jaw, looks at the three unconscious men in front of her - one on a toilet and two on the floor.

NIKITA (CONT'D)
That could've gone better.

PERSONAL (V.O.)
 (over #4's Nextel)
Gardiah?

Nikita re-focuses herself, takes #4's Nextel, rifles through his clothes until she comes up with his SUITE KEYCARD.

INT. CORNER SUITE - NIGHT

Personal Bodyguard waits for a response. None.

SAFWANI
 Check it out.

Personal nods the other Three, and they head out the door.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Nikita walks through the lobby and up to the Elevators.

She takes one UP. Floor 33.

INT. FLOOR 33 HALLWAY - SAME TIME

The three bodyguards get in an elevator going DOWN. Lobby.

A Maintenance Man (Roan) down the hall begins to approach.

INT. NIKITA ELEVATOR

Nikita clears her throat, then keys #4's Nextel. She begins to fake a hacking cough, and a male voice.

NIKITA
 (in *Bassa* with subtitles)
 He got... past me... on his way up!
 ... Janitor!

Nikita checks her translation notes on a card.

NIKITA (CONT'D)
 Hope that means Janitor.

INT. BODYGUARD ELEVATOR

It worked. They Bodyguards scramble to stop their elevator.

BODYGUARD 1
 (in *Bassa* with subtitles)
 Go up! Go up!

BODYGUARD 2
 (in *Bassa* with subtitles)
 Have to switch elevators, idiot!

INT. FLOOR 33 HALLWAY - NIGHT

Elevator opens and Nikita steps out, looks left, right...

At Roan coming her way. He slows when he sees Nikita.

His face registers surprise. Hers shows fear. This is one opponent she knows she cannot take. She steps back.

Roan steps forward. He knows it, too. 30 feet. Both of their hands slide to where weapons are concealed...

And then a FAMILY spills into the hallway in between them, dressed for a night out and happily squabbling in German. MOM, DAD, TWEEN GIRL and YOUNG BOY.

Nikita subtly shakes her head. Roan pauses as the family crosses to the elevators, presses the button, and waits.

And waits. The Mom smiles at Nikita, who smiles back.

The Dad is checking his phone and the kid is on his DS. Only the daughter notices something is wrong - the two statues staring at each other on either side of her family.

Roan's hands inch toward his pocket. Nikita tenses.

Elevator DINGS. Roan's eyes smile at Nikita.

The doors open and BODYGUARDS step out. Brief commotion as the BODYGUARDS push into the hallway, German Dad apologizing as his family squeezes into the elevator.

The Bodyguards see Roan. Janitor. They brandish their weapons, yelling at him.

BODYGUARD 2
You! Show your hands!

Nikita smiles as the Bodyguards swarm Roan, who puts his hands up, feigning innocence.

While their backs are turned, Nikita hurries the other way, toward the end of the hall.

She reaches the corner suite, kneels beneath the door handle and inserts #4's key-card into the lock.

The second the light turns green she SHOULDERS the door open.

INT. CORNER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

And SLAMS the face of Safwani's Personal Bodyguard, who was pressing his eye to the peephole. His head hits the wall, then the door again as it traps him.

Nikita uses the door as a weapon, knocks him out.

SAFWANI

No!

Nikita takes a knee, aims a TASER and fires it into Safwani. He twitches, then goes down!

Nikita grabs CAR KEYS from his Personal Bodyguard.

She runs past Safwani to the room service table, grabs the tablecloth and pulls it up over food, forming it into a big bag that she then lifts off the table...

INT. FLOOR 33 HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Roan still stands with his hands in the air as the Bodyguards frisk him. One has a gun on him.

BODYGUARD 2

Where is Gardiah? The man in the lobby?

ROAN

Por favor, no hablo ingles...

BODYGUARD 2

Look at me!

Bodyguard slaps him across the face. That's it. Roan's hand drops to his pocket and comes up with a blur.

Bodyguard 2 grabs his throat, gurgling.

Roan moves so fast it's scary, hands whipping from one guard to the next. All three are dead or dying in six seconds.

CLOSE ON ROAN'S KNIFE - held down by his side. A COMBAT KARAMBIT, like a tiny monster claw, dripping blood.

CLOSE ON ROAN'S FACE - primal, unmasked. He runs down the hall.

ANGLE - END OF THE HALL

A slightly comical sight as Nikita wheels the room service table with General Safwani slumped on top of it into a SERVICE ELEVATOR.

She turns to see Roan barreling down the hall toward her.

Nikita fumbles and brings up her 9mm...

The doors close right before he gets to her. They SHAKE as he SLAMS them.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Elevator opens and Nikita rolls Safwani out into the garage.

She presses the key fob and the lights flash on a LIMO.

Nikita rolls the General up to the back door and opens it.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Thom stumbles out of the men's room, holding his head. He holds his radio with his other hand, forgetting about using the concealed earpiece.

THOM
Hello? Control?

Elevator opens and Roan charges across the lobby toward the street exit. Thom takes this in, nonplussed.

BIRKHOFF (V.O.)
This is Control. What's your status?

Thom watches Roan run out into the street.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - NIGHT

Roan runs down the street. He can see Safwani's limo. It's already turning on Broadway. He'll never catch up.

He keeps running.

INT. DIVISION - OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Birkhoff on his headset at his console.

THOM (V.O.)
We're blown. We need support.

Michael, overhearing, steps in and grabs Birkhoff's headset.

BIRKHOFF
Hey!

MICHAEL
Thom. What's going on?

THOM (V.O.)
Ambush. She came outta nowhere...

Michael knows who "she" is. Doesn't have to ask.

EXT. UNITED NATIONS BUILDING - NIGHT

Dramatically lit at night. Safwani's Limo pulls to the curb.

INT. DIPLOMATIC LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Nikita turns to look through the window into the back of the limo. Safwani is awake, hazy. She lays on the horn. Safwani snaps to full consciousness.

NIKITA
General Safwani. Some people tried
to kill you tonight, just because
you tried to do something good.

He looks at her, goes for the door, finds it locked.

SAFWANI
Who are you? What do you want?

NIKITA
They didn't want you to make your
summit here tomorrow. They don't
think you can make peace with your
neighbors.

Safwani looks out the window - sees the U.N. Building, as well as a few U.N. Security Guards heading this way. Nikita attracted them on purpose with her horn honk.

NIKITA (CONT'D)
Prove them wrong.

Nikita exits the limo, leaving Safwani inside as the U.N. Security approaches. She slips across the street and out into the night.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

Our nation's capitol, case you didn't know.

EXT. HERITAGE FOUNDATION - NIGHT

A long line of town cars are parked in the oval driveway/lot.

Michael walks past a cluster of chatting DRIVERS, approaches a door where SECURITY GUARDS wand formally dressed GUESTS.

INT. HERITAGE FOUNDATION - NIGHT

Black-Tie affair. You'd think with the biggest defense budget in the world the department would be ashamed to hold exclusive fundraisers to fleece the elite, but here we are.

We find Percy away from the center of the party, as close to the shadows as he can get. He is speaking with a mysterious Pentagon BUREAUCRAT, one of those behind-the-scenes lifers who actually run America. Percy is hocking him.

PERCY

I don't see the problem, John.
It's moving zeroes on a black
budget. Change the name of
Division, if you want...

THE BUREAUCRAT

It's not that simple anymore,
Percy. The world's changed.

PERCY

You're right, it's more dangerous.
You trust any of the yahoos in this
room to get the job done? CIA?
NSA? *This* idiot?

Percy nods to the CIA DIRECTOR who passes by.

CIA DIRECTOR

Percy!

PERCY

Brian!

Percy notices Michael standing nearby, and his smile falters.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Will you excuse me for one minute?

Percy approaches Michael, who whispers in his ear.

MICHAEL
Black Arrow was blown. Nikita
sabotaged the op.

Now it's Michael's turn to appreciate Percy's reaction.

PERCY
....Alone?

MICHAEL
She herself, and not a Seraph.

PERCY
Then what the hell are you doing
here? *Find her.*

MICHAEL
I'm gonna need to pull in assets
from the field. We trained Nikita
to be a ghost, and she learned
well. Finding her when she doesn't
want to be found will be next to
impossible.

NIKITA (O.S.)
Hi guys.

REVEAL NIKITA crossing to them in a STUNNING PARTY DRESS,
shimmering and sexy. High heel shoes and diamond earrings.

NIKITA (CONT'D)
Thought I heard my name.

Nikita smiles. Percy and Michael (and everyone watching at
home) are speechless.

INT. DIVISION - AMANDA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Amanda sits at her vanity, brushing her hair back into a bun,
though what she's really doing is testing a weapon - she sets
the brush down and a concealed blade in the handle SNAPS out.

She hears something, looks up to the mirror to see Alex
entering the room. She quietly closes the blade (so as not
to frighten the girl), and turns with a smile.

AMANDA
Hello, Alex. It's good to see you
again.

ALEX
I was... I wanted to know if you
could help me.

AMANDA

Of course. That's what I'm here for. Tell me how I can help.

Alex steps closer, shy, then snatches a pair of SHEARS off the vanity and points the tip at Amanda's face!

ALEX

You can help me get out of here.

AMANDA

Alex...

ALEX

Shut up! We're gonna walk to the elevator, you're gonna open it. I'm gonna get in.

AMANDA

And go where?

ALEX

Up. Out. Get up!

Amanda doesn't move. Alex brings the shears under her neck.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I didn't kill anyone, I don't wanna kill anyone. But I swear to God, if you don't get up right now I will kill you.

Alex is feral, desperate. Amanda is ice.

AMANDA

The elevator doesn't lead to freedom. Just another room.

ALEX

What?

AMANDA

I was just like you once, Alex. Until I learned that there is no such thing as escape. There will always be another room.

Amanda slowly rises from her chair to stand at full height, Alex keeping the shears on her the whole way, trembling.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

The only way to deal with your fear is to turn around, stare it in eye, and cut its throat.

Off Alex, freaking out...

INT. HERITAGE FOUNDATION - NIGHT

Nikita faces down Michael and Percy.

MICHAEL
How did you get in here?

NIKITA
Front door, just like you.

She smiles at an approaching man, SENATOR MARKUS, who carries two drinks from the bar, hands one to Nikita.

SENATOR
Who are you bothering now?

NIKITA
What, I can't mingle?

PERCY
She's been behaving herself,
Senator. I'm sorry, I didn't catch
your name...

NIKITA
Nikita.

PERCY
Beautiful. Your daughter?

SENATOR
Family friend.

Michael passes behind Nikita, bumping her and spilling her WINE on the Senator's suit.

MICHAEL
Oh! I'm sorry...

PERCY
Better get some seltzer on that.

As the Senator surveys the damage, Nikita plucks the still-full drink from his hand, hands him her empty one.

NIKITA
I'll wait for you.

Senator heads off, shaking his head. Percy nods to Michael, who follows him, leaving just Nikita and Percy.

PERCY

If Senator Markus is your idea of leverage, it won't work.

NIKITA

He's just my ticket tonight. Found which escort service he used and worked it so I was his date.

PERCY

You've been planning this for a couple months, haven't you?

*
*

NIKITA

Couple years, actually. Took me a while to get the resources together, but now I'm ready.

*
*
*

PERCY

Ready to betray your own country? After all we've given you?

*
*

NIKITA

Please. This country doesn't even know you exist. Most of the people in this room don't even know you exist, and the ones that do think you're a retired spook. I know Division takes its orders from a group of corrupt Senators who take their orders from corrupt corporations. You think no one can challenge you, but you're wrong. I want you to know that I can get to you, and hit you where it hurts the most.

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PERCY

My feelings?

NIKITA

Your funding. "Our program lives by its results." Take away those results, you take away Division. Your masters don't like failure.

*

PERCY

Tonight was a glitch.

NIKITA

No, tonight was a taste. I'm going to take you apart piece by piece, mission by mission. Chinese call it the death of a thousand cuts.

PERCY

And you came all the way down here to tell me that.

NIKITA

No, I came here to give you a way out. Your only way out.

PERCY

Oh? And what's that?

NIKITA

Fold. Close down Division. Tonight. It'll save a lot of grief, and a lot of lives. Yours included.

Percy looks at Nikita fondly.

PERCY

You accompanied me to one of these before, didn't you?

NIKITA

Five years ago. You needed arm candy to distract some VIP. I'm surprised you remember that...

PERCY

I remember everything. It's why I decided to bring extra men tonight.

Nikita looks over her shoulder to see Black Tie wearing AGENTS from Strike Team Alpha subtly blocking the entrance.

PERCY (CONT'D)

...And why I'm afraid I'm gonna have to pass on your offer.

Nikita turns to see AGENTS watching her by the door to the kitchen, and the emergency exit in back. She's SURROUNDED.

ALEX (PRE-LAP)

Nikita. Nikita got out...

INT. DIVISION - AMANDA'S ROOM

Alex still holds the shears on Amanda.

ALEX

If she got out, then so can I.

AMANDA

Nikita? You don't know Nikita.
She'll be running for the rest of
her life. Is that what you want?

Alex doesn't answer. Amanda doesn't wait for her to.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I don't know who told you these
things, Alex. About Nikita, about
us, but they're not true. We're
not murderers. We're protectors.
We protect our home.

ALEX

Home? What home?

AMANDA

Home is wherever you stop running.
You haven't been home for so long,
you probably forget what it even
feels like. Or how it begins.

(beat)

Would you like me to tell you?

Alex wavers, unsure what to do.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

It begins with a promise. You
promise to put down the shears, I
promise to forget this ever
happened, and we begin again. It's
as simple as that.

Alex slowly lowers the shears. Amanda gently takes them from
her hand. Alex begins to break down. Amanda holds her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Welcome home.

Amanda quietly lets go of the comb-knife as she holds Alex.

INT. HERITAGE FOUNDATION - NIGHT

Nikita glances around to see the exits quietly being sealed
off. The party guests are completely unaware.

NIKITA

Think I have to powder my...

She spots a FEMALE SERVER blocking the hall to the bathroom.
The woman grips a gun under her hors d'oeuvres platter,
stares at Nikita. Nikita decides to do her make-up here.

PERCY

This doesn't have to be awkward.
Take my arm, we'll walk right out
that door.

Nikita pops out her compact, checks the mirror, begins to touch up her lipstick. In the reflection, she can see Michael walking back this way. Percy is patient.

PERCY (CONT'D)

We can do this quiet, or the other
way. It's your choice.

NIKITA

No, Percy, it's yours. And you
just made it.

Nikita rotates her lipstick tube. Click.

INT./EXT. HERITAGE FOUNDATION - CONTINUOUS

BOOM! A parked TOWN CAR EXPLODES, shattering windows and setting off car alarms.

Inside, lights FLICKER and SPRINKLERS ERUPT. Guests SCREAM and hit the floor.

Michael picks himself up, looks to see Percy doing the same. They look to the exit - fleeing guests are stampeding through, overwhelming the covert agents. Nikita is NOWHERE.

Outside, People spill out across the street.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A BLOCK DOWN, a Metro PD CRUISER sirens down the street, cherries flashing. SQUEALS to a stop as a woman stumbles out in front of it.

NIKITA

Help! Help me!

Nikita is limping, shoes off, dress torn, victim of a bomb blast. The OFFICER jumps out in first responder mode.

OFFICER

Ma'am, are you alright?

NIKITA

No, I'm not! Someone set off a
bomb, and this dress was a rental!
Now look at it!

He looks down at her body as he enters trapping range and Nikita STRIKES, disarming his MAGLITE and knocking him out with it. She takes his radio, leaves everything else.

NIKITA (CONT'D)
 Sorry. I'll make sure this gets
 back to you...

She hops in his car, reverses it, 180's, and drives off!

EXT. HERITAGE FOUNDATION - NIGHT

The town car is on fire, people running everywhere. Michael is not running. He scans the scene deliberately, watching AGENTS checking behind bushes, shining lights under cars.

AGENT
 Can't have gone far. Metro PD is
 forming a ten block perimeter. She
 won't get through.

Michael nods, Agent exits. Michael looks at METRO CRUISER pulling up, then another one. He pulls his cell phone.

INT. DIVISION - OPERATIONS ROOM - (INTERCUT PHONE)

Birkhoff, off the clock and on his free time, is kicking back with a Red Bull and potato chips, watching skateboarding bloopers on YouTube. Some skater tries to grind a rail and ends up nailing his crotch and then his head.

BIRKHOFF
 (to YouTube)
 Whoops. Thanks for playing.

A call from Michael comes in. Birkhoff puts on his headset.

MICHAEL
 Birkhoff. I need you to get into
 the DC Metro fleet board.

BIRKHOFF
 I already own it. What do you
 need? I thought you were going to
 a party or something...

MICHAEL
 Party's over. I want a GPS track
 on all cruisers in a five mile
 radius of my location. There
 should be a pattern.

Birkhoff owns it, but he still has to pull it up.

BIRKHOFF

Yep. Two, four... twelve cars
converging on your location. What
happened? You need bail money?

MICHAEL

Any cars heading the opposite way?

BIRKHOFF

Uhhh...yeah. One.

Michael is already getting in his car.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Nikita's police car pulls into an alley and goes dark. She gets out, closes the door, walks fast to a DUMPSTER. Reaches in and pulls out a garbage bag. Inside is a change of clothes. First thing she takes out are running shoes.

She is just getting the second one on when a CAR whips into the alley from the opposite end, and brakes.

Nikita heads to the cop car. We can see the shotgun inside, courtesy of the headlights behind her.

MICHAEL

Nikita.

She stops. Turns, knowing what she is going to see:

Michael, alone, pointing a gun at her.

FADE OUT.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The headlights from Michael's car dramatically cast his shadow over Nikita, and throws hers up against the wall.

MICHAEL

Get down on the ground. Slowly.
Spread your arms and legs.

NIKITA

Just like old times, huh?

She doesn't move. Michael shakes his head.

NIKITA (CONT'D)

Just admit it, you're a little
proud right now.

MICHAEL

Of you, yeah. Some impressive
moves back there.

NIKITA

Yay for me.

MICHAEL

I'm serious, Nikita. You may be
the best we ever trained.

NIKITA

Guess you should've thought about
that before you murdered my
boyfriend in his sleep.

MICHAEL

I didn't know anything about that.
That was Division...

NIKITA

No! You don't get to do that. He
was innocent. And if I blame
anyone I blame you, because you
knew that. You knew how it would
destroy my life.

MICHAEL

It wasn't your life, it was your
cover. You were allowed to have
your "boyfriend" because it helped
the cover seem real.

*
*
*
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*
*

NIKITA

You promised as long as he didn't know anything, he would be safe. *

MICHAEL *

I promised nothing. I warned you not to get emotionally attached.

NIKITA

You mean the way you did? With me?

Nikita moves toward him, gently. He thumbs the hammer back. *

MICHAEL

Don't.

She stops.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Percy never asked me about Daniel, 'cause he knew I would warn you. I did warn you when it was time to run. I'm trying to protect you, can't you see that?

NIKITA *

Then why are you standing in my way? Protecting them.

MICHAEL *

Because attacking them is suicide. Play that game, you will lose.

NIKITA *

Not if you play it with me. I know you're not blind to what Division's become. It used to be the lesser evil, now Percy's driven it into the lead. *

MICHAEL *

I thought you were in this for revenge... *

NIKITA *

I'm doing this because no one else can. Daniel being gone just means I've got nothing to lose. Revenge won't bring him back, just like it won't bring your family back. *

MICHAEL *

Leave my family out of this. *

NIKITA
 But isn't that why you're in this?
 To avenge them?

*
 *

MICHAEL
 This isn't about me.

*
 *

But Michael is wavering. Nikita softens, takes another step.

*

NIKITA
 You were good to me, Michael. We
 were good... together. Whatever
 hold Percy has over you, whatever
 you feel you owe him... let it go.

Michael considers her for a long beat.

MICHAEL
 You know I can't.

NIKITA
 Then let me go. Or stop me now.

*

Michael lowers his gun.

MICHAEL
 I'll let you get a head start. If
 we meet again... I can't promise
 what'll happen.

NIKITA
 I can.

Nikita pulls a .25 strapped to her thigh and SHOOTS Michael
 just under the shoulder. He's knocked to his knees.

Nikita walks up, keeping him in her sights.

NIKITA (CONT'D)
 It's a good wound. They'll believe
 you tried to stop me.

She picks up his gun from the ground. Shrugs.

NIKITA (CONT'D)
 Just trying to protect you.

Nikita runs to Michael's car, gets in and reverses it out of
 the alley as he slowly stands. The headlights pull out,
 dropping him into darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DIVISION - BRIEFING - DAY

An old photo of NIKITA is on the SMARTboard. Percy walks in front of it, addressing the room, stacked with PERSONNEL.

PERCY

This is our new priority target.
Threat level six. Every operative
engaged yellow or lower will be on
this full-time. Michael will be
heading the detail.

Reveal Michael sitting, arm in a sling. Amanda is nearby.
We note Roan as well as some other faces.

PERCY (CONT'D)

I'm also activating our assets
overseas. Someone is running her,
and I want to know who. There's
only a handful of organizations who
possess the intelligence capability
to infiltrate us. I want her head,
and I want all of theirs. This is
war. Get to work.

As everyone stands, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HIDE-OUT - DAY

Nikita sits at her desk, having just put on some MUSIC. She
closes her eyes. Her computer CHIRPS. She opens them.

ON MONITOR - a window opens, and those familiar CODE
CHARACTERS roll out, then decipher themselves: *"Nice Job,
Ms. Legendary."*

Nikita shoots up straight, types, angry. *"Log Off Now."*

INT. DIVISION - COMPUTER LAB - SAME TIME

ON MONITOR - *"Log off Now"* appears in a small black window
(known as a shell) in the middle of a typing tutor program.
The font is crude, DOS-like, as it represents a hidden
backdoor deep within the network.

REVEAL ALEX at the computer. She types, *"Chill, Sensei.
Escape attempt sealed the deal, just like u said. They
suspect nothing."*

A beat later, Nikita's response: *"They will. Never forget
what I taught you. LOG OFF."*

Alex smirks, and just as we are reeling from the realization that Alex is the one helping Nikita, Alex sees Michael walking by. She clicks off the shell. Her computer monitor just looks like a normal typing tutor now.

Alex slumps back, pretending to be the sullen new recruit again, and gives the keyboard a thump.

ALEX

Never gonna learn this.

MICHAEL

Someone else told me that, once.

She was wrong, too.

(off Alex's shrug)

Remember, you're just getting started.

Michael keeps walking. Alex's eyes follow him.

ALEX

(under her breath)

Damn right.

Just who is this girl?

INT. HIDE-OUT - DAY

Nikita leans back in her chair, pensive. She is still holding the gun she shot Michael with. She exhales.

NIKITA

Here we go.

She pops out the clip, and lays it on her desk, right next to a plastic CHIPMUNK mask. The same one used in the opening heist. Push in on that as the MUSIC RISES, and we...

FADE TO BLACK

END OF SHOW