

LEAD DOCTOR
Multiple compound radial and ulnar
fractures of the right arm -- severed
brachial artery, transected median nerve --
(grimly)
Right arm's a shredder.

DOCTOR 2
We're looking at complete AK
amputation on both legs --
neurovascular damage is catastrophic --

DOCTOR 3
I've lost the fetal heartbeat.

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

NURSE 1
Dr. Masters, BP's falling, 40 over 60 --

ERIC
Stabilize her, goddammit!

NURSE 1
I can't!

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

ERIC
(flatly)
She's dying.
(cold as ice)
Prep her.

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

LEAD DOCTOR
Dr. Masters, we can't --

ERIC
(shouting)
Do it now!

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

INT. COMPLEX MEDICAL FACILITY -- CORRIDOR -- DAWN

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

JONAS BLEDSOE is first -- he'S in charge, and it shows. A
tall, forceful man in his 50's, he carries himself with the
unconscious confidence of a LEADER OF MEN -- and a dangerous,

"The Bionic Woman"

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RUTHLESS one at that. He's not polished or political -- men follow him because he goes first through the door.

He's flanked by JAE KIM, his second in command, wiry and lithe, early 30's. As they stride down the corridor --

Start

SECURITY CHIEF

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

JONAS

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

SECURITY CHIEF

Um -- you gave him unrestricted access. Sir.

JONAS

I did, didn't I.

JAE

(sotto)

Told you.

INT. COMPLEX -- OPERATING ROOM -- DAY

ERIC and his TEAM OF DOCTORS work on Jaime. Eric is using a ROBOTIC ARRAY with waldo-like hand controls and MAGNIFYING GOGGLES, working at the pelvic juncture of Jaime's RIGHT LEG. *

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

ERIC

I expected you a lot sooner.

JONAS

I was in China.

ERIC

Lucky me.

JONAS

This is no joke, Eric. What the hell are you doing? I didn't authorize this --

ERIC

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

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

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

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

ERIC
 Jaime. Her name is Jaime.

JONAS
 (furious)
 You're out of your damned mind, boy.
 You know what we're dealing with,
 you'd risk all of it for this? She's
 just some girl --

Eric looks up at him for the first time -- eyes BLAZING.

ERIC
Not to me.
 (a threat)
 You need me, Jonas. I'm the last
 one. And if you want my help ever
 again, you won't try to stop me now.

A beat -- but Jonas is outflanked, and he knows it. He NODS
 with implicit, very RELUCTANT, permission.

JONAS
 This conversation isn't over.

ERIC
 (right back to work)
 Fine. Get out.

— STOP

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

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

JONAS
 (it's not a question)
 You think I should stop him.

JAE
 Why aren't you?
 (realizing, in disbelief)
 You think we can use her?

JONAS
 Maybe. But even if we can't -- most
 studies have a baseline, a blind
 control. For Eric's program, we
 never did.

Jonas looks down at the OPERATION, strangely SATISFIED.

JONAS (CONT'D)
 Until now.

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ACT THREE

INT. HOSPITAL/LABORATORY SECTION -- DAY

JONAS STRIDES through the hospital section. His footfalls ECHO against the dingy, metallic walls; we linger ON HIS FACE, something clearly TROUBLING him -- as we go into

FLASHBACK, quick, IMPRESSIONISTIC IMAGES of THE SAME HALLWAYS AND ROOMS, years earlier, a slightly younger JONAS walking the same path through them -- holding a DRAWN GUN.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY as Jonas continues WALKING, the only sound the ECHOING FOOTSTEPS -- it OVERLAPS as we

FLASHBACK again, Past Jonas moving like he's in a MINEFIELD, hyper-alert -- FLASHES of DESTROYED EQUIPMENT scattered in the corridors, a GLIMPSE of BODIES in white coats SPRAWLED on the floor. *

JAE (also younger) flanks Jonas, followed by several MEN IN FATIGUES. Jonas is IMPASSIVE, but SWEAT beads at his temple --

-- and over the almost FRANTIC PACE OF IMAGES, SFX the even metronome of THE ECHOING FOOTSTEPS, implacable, steady.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY for an INSTANT, as Present Jonas walks past a WALL by a common room, GLANCES at the wall --

FLASHBACK as we see Past Jonas and Past Jae standing together, terrible EMOTIONAL PAIN in Jae's face --

JAE (V.O.)

Jonas?

END FLASHBACK as Jonas TURNS, back in the present day, to see Jae catching up with him.

JAE (CONT'D)

She's getting mobile, fast --
(sees his expression)
What is it?

JONAS

Just... thinking. About the day after the breakout. When we came back.

JAE

(quietly)
We should never forget it. *

INT. JAIME'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Jaime DRAGS herself up, sweating, determined, using the bed rail to pull herself to her feet, as JONAS enters. Her arms and legs now look totally NORMAL.

Start

JONAS

I'm Jonas Bledsoe. I'm with the Department of Agriculture -- we have oversight of this facility.

JAIME

Yeah --

(grunting as she pulls herself up)

-- it's got a real crop-growing kind of feel around here.

Jonas watches as she PULLS HERSELF all the way to her feet. *

JAIME (CONT'D)

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

JONAS

It's been dealt with. She's been told you went away for the weekend with Dr. Masters. Your neighbor is watching her.

Jaime, taking an uncertain step, shoots him a look.

JAIME

You called my family? What gives you the right --

JONAS

(flatly)

Miss Sommers, let's get something straight. What Dr. Masters did was not only a breach of medical ethics. It was against federal law. You are now in illegal possession of fifty million dollars of highly classified U.S. government technology. *

JAIME

(in disbelief)

Fifty --

JONAS

-- million. Your body is capable of things now that you can't imagine. You'll need to stay here, train, learn how to control your new abilities as they come online -- *

JAIME

Wait a minute! I didn't ask for any of this -- *

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JONAS

Luckily for you -- for all of us -- this facility is off the grid. We don't, for all intents and purposes, exist.

JAIME

What is that supposed to mean?

Jaime lets go of the wall, takes another step.

JONAS

(relentless)

It means your body is stolen property worth more than the GDP of a small country, but no one knows it. Since you can't give it back, you're going to have to earn it. By working for us.

Jaime takes another step. TOWARD HIM. STEADIER by the second.

JAIME

Or what? You'll have to kill me?

JONAS

(evenly)

I'd prefer not to.

Jaime STARES at him for a second -- that wasn't a denial.

JAIME

I want out of this place. Now. I'm going home --

She takes another STEP toward him, not shaky at all --

JONAS

I'm afraid I can't allow that.

Jonas steps back through the open door, SLAPS his hand on the CONTROL PANEL outside the door --

-- and a flat greasy STEEL SECURITY DOOR SLAMS CLOSED in the doorway, SEALING it, turning the windowless room into a CELL.

There's a small reinforced PLEXI WINDOW high in the steel door -- Jonas steps up to it, hits the MICROPHONE.

JONAS (CONT'D)

You'll agree to it, sooner or later. It's not like you have a choice.

Jaime takes a step toward the door -- her movements are SHAKY but controlled, as she reaches the steel door -- and with sudden FURY, SLAMS her BIONIC FIST into the plexi.

STOP

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JAIME

Let me out of here, goddammit! Now!
 (shouting)
Let me out!

Jonas turns away, the sound of her POUNDING on the door.

INT. COMMAND INFORMATION CENTER (CIC) -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON A LARGE FLATSCREEN MONITOR, showing JAIME POUNDING mercilessly on the door, KICKING savagely at it. The walls are DENTED and GOUGED in places, the plaster has A FEW HOLES torn in it, that shows the STEEL PANELS behind them. *

RUTH (O.S.)

*She's already well beyond human
 baseline strength.* *

WIDEN to reveal the monitor in the center of A DARKENED CIC -- a barn-like structure with an ad-hoc government issue feel, sort of grungy lived-in high-tech.

Light comes mostly from MONITORS and READOUTS, giving the place an eerie GLOW, barely catching OUTLINES of several STAFF MEMBERS working in the background.

THREE PEOPLE are gathered around the main monitor -- JONAS, JAE, and RUTH TREADWELL, 50's, as tough as she is smart. *

JAE *

We're sure she's got no training? *

Ruth's fingers FLY over FIVE KEYBOARDS in front of her -- VARIOUS ANGLES of Jaime appear on SMALL SCREENS around the monitor. *

ON THE SCREEN as Jaime WRENCHES the bedrail from the wall (the one she threw at Eric) and tries to PRY THE DOOR with it.

RUTH

Not unless you're talking about making
 vodkatinis.

(typing)

I'm getting some good psych
 assessments off this, though.

JONAS *

How long until the other functions
 start to kick in? *

RUTH *

Hard to say. Not long, though --
 days at the most. She's already
 getting stronger by the hour -- *

A horrific CRASH -- they all look ON THE MONITOR to see Jaime RIPPING the rest of the bed apart, tearing the heavy STEEL FRAME into pieces.

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JAE
Sommers --

JAIME
(gently, to Becca)
Honey, I'll be right back. But
there's something I've got to take
care of, right now. Ok?
(to Jae)
Take care of her.

JAE
Jaime, wait --

But she's already clattering down the stairs.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO -- NIGHT

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

INT. COMPLEX -- COMMAND CENTER -- NIGHT

JONAS AND RUTH and in the Command Center, JAE on the MONITOR in front of them.

JONAS
Damn it, Jae --

RUTH
There's a breach at the main gate --
it's her. Headed underground.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LOCKDOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

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

JAIME
Get out of my way.

GUARD 1
We don't have authorization to --

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

She TEARS open the door, hinges RIPPING off --

INT. LOCKDOWN ROOM -- NIGHT

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

B.U.
Scene
Fyi only

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ERIC
Jaime? What -- ?

JAIME
Are you all right?

ERIC
Of course I am -- what's wrong?

Jaime is looking quickly around the room, VFX as she SCANS with the BIONIC EYE --

JAIME
Sarah said you had an hour -- there's only minutes left --
(worried)
There could be a bomb, or an assassin, or --

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

JAIME
You said yourself, she never gives up -- and she was so sure, the way she said it --

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

ERIC
Remember what I said? I'll never leave. I won't. I'll always be here, always --

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

JAIME
Eric? Eric!!

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

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

start - JAIME (CONT'D)
He's gone! Sarah, she's, she's done something --

JONAS
Listen to me -- did she touch you?

JAIME
She's gotten in here, somehow -- but --
(MORE)

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JAIME (CONT'D)
 (hysterical, mystified)
 He was right here! We have to find
 him, she's going to kill him --

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

JONAS
Did Sarah touch you?

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

JAIME
 (incredulously)
 What do you think?

JONAS
 Did she touch your head?
 Specifically?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jaime STAGGERS back as if Jonas had HIT her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

JAIIME (CONT'D)
 But I don't have to forgive you.

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

JAIIME
 (finishing the sentence)
 -- that I'd kill someone for you if
 I didn't have anything left to
 (MORE)

*
 *

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JAIME (CONT'D)
 protect? So you lied to me to get
 what you wanted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He COUGHS violently, looks up at her.

JONAS (CONT'D)
 I didn't have a choice. I needed
 you.

JAIME
 There are always choices. And I'm
 making one, right now.

Jaime turns and WALKS OUT.

INT. COMPLEX -- CORRIDORS -- NIGHT

Jaime STRIDES through the complex, tears DRYING on her face
 as she heads for the exit.

RUTH comes hurrying after her.

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— Stop