

TOUCH 1.01
V3

Written by

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Based on the comic book "Touch" by Heinz Olaf Klöppel

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EXT. ROOFTOP, ABOVE A BUSY STREET - NIGHT

After a night without sleep, JONA (f, late 20s/early 30s, an attractive but not skinny cop in jeans, boots, leather gloves, and leather jacket) is standing at the rail of an aerial maintenance walkway, far above the commuters below her. Cold wind tousles her hair. She's got a steaming takeaway mug of hot tea in one hand, and an advertising flyer in the other.

She inhales deeply and closes her eyes - then wrinkling her eyebrows in a mixture of pain and sadness.

Her phone rings. With an eye-roll she takes it out of her jacket pocket and answers it.

JONA

Yes?

STEPHEN

Good morning, Jona. Already on your main-street tea?

JONA

Are you stalking me?

Jona sips her tea as a slight drizzling rain starts.

STEPHEN

No. The wind in the background gives it away. I could have tracked your phone, of course. Master spy that I am.

JONA

Stephen, you're a cop!
(introverted)
At least I hope we all still are.

STEPHEN

Rough night?

Jona's looking at the flyer. It has the photo of a man working on a remote oil rig and claims on it that say, "Need to change your life?" "Secure job. Good wages." "Far away from everybody."

JONA

I'll be fine! But -
(trailing off)

STEPHEN

(completes her sentence)
- it's still one of those mornings
when you envy the ordinary.

Jona sadly looks down at the street, then answers.

JONA

There's nothing ordinary about my powers.

STEPHEN

You don't have to deal with this alone. If you'd stop isolating yourself -

Jona pulls her act together and pushes the flyer back into her pocket.

JONA

(cutting Stephen off)
You're not calling me to dump your early morning wisdom on me, are you?

STEPHEN

No, I'm not.
We've got a new case, Jona.

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL PRE-OPERATIVE PREP. ROOM - NIGHT

A SURGEON (m/f, in his 50s) meets his patient, EMILY - a young soldier (f, early 20s) who is currently being prepared for brain surgery, just about to be anesthetized.

SURGEON

(squeezing her hand
comfortingly)
Are you ready, private?

EMILY

I was born ready, sir.

SURGEON

This isn't the drill ground, Emily.
Even though we start just as early.

EMILY

I know, sir. But after the diagnosis, a dozen doctors told me it's not curable -

SURGEON

Don't worry. The device is still experimental, but you're my fifth inoperable brain tumor this month. The other four are back on their feet and cancer-free.

EMILY

(smiling)
So what are we waiting for?

Surgeon smiles to her and nods to the ANESTHETIST (m/f, around 40). Emily passes out.

An ASSISTANT SURGEON (f/m, around 30) opens the door.

ASSISTANT SURGEON

The A.I. scalpel is ready, sir.

SURGEON

So are we.

Surgeon and Assistant Surgeon leave to scrub before the surgery.

SURGEON (CONT'D)

You look uneasy.

ASSISTANT SURGEON

No, it's just...

(sighs)

This scalpel is awesome and the other patients are well, but - should we really risk a fifth one? Our research task was completed after number two.

SURGEON

These are soldiers, not guinea pigs, lieutenant. The private chose to continue service for our country, even though she only has one good year left, according to her prognosis. If I can help her, I certainly will.

INT. STAIRWELL IN FRONT OF SIMONES' FLAT - DAY

An ordinary stairwell in a small apartment building. Jona is approaching the crime scene via the stairs. PATRICK (m, early 20s - a handsome cop in civilian clothes) is standing in front of an unsuspecting looking apartment door. He's guarding it so that no one stumbles in while the crime scene is being examined. He sees Jona, shows her his police badge and raises his hand in a "halt" gesture.

PATRICK

Hold on! You're not allowed in here.

Jona shows her badge as well.

JONA

I'm allowed to go wherever I want, rookie.

Jona squeezes past Patrick and enters the flat.

INT. SIMONES' FLAT - DAY

KRISTOFFER SIMONES (m, mid 30s) is slumped dead in an armchair, with dried blood from a bullet hole in his head, down his shirt as far as the floor. Several forensics technicians are already examining the crime scene. One of them (the CORONER - f/m, in her 50s) is kneeling beside the dead body. Some work-related items with Cataphract Industries logo are in the room (backpack, notepad, pens...).

WALTER (m, in his 40s, a seasoned detective), is standing in the middle of the room, taking notes.

JONA
(nodding at Walter)
Walter.

WALTER
Johanna! Was wondering when you guys were going to interfere.

JONA
You know I prefer "Jona."

WALTER
And I prefer to solve my cases without a watchdog breathing down my neck.

JONA
I'm just doing my job. So?

WALTER
(reading from his notebook)
Kristoffer Simones, 34, married. A neighbor heard a gunshot, around 5:30. There's a suicide note.

JONA
(standing at a crib)
He had a baby.

WALTER
(gesturing at a laptop)
A son, seven weeks old. His wife broke up with him by e-mail. Modern crap.

Jona goes into an adjacent room where the forensic team is also busy. It's bursting with baby stuff (changing table, diapers, wipes, sterilizer, baby clothes, a packed and ready to go diaper backpack, and other things.)

JONA
Where are they?

WALTER
The woman and the child? Probably at her parents' or with friends. We haven't had time to look for them yet.

JONA
(looks at the backpack)
Why would a new mother with a baby leave the house without the prepared diaper backpack?

WALTER

He had a gun and was obviously mentally unstable. Chances are she ran away from his temper.

JONA

(back in the main room,
squatting beside the dead
body)

Temper is a lack of impulse control. Usually, people die close to their suicide note. This one wrote it, walked across the room, sat down comfortably and then put a bullet in his head. That doesn't sound very impulsive to me.

CORONER

I can't be sure until the autopsy's done, but it looks like suicide.

The Coroner is packing her things to leave. Patrick is approaching the three of them from the door he guarded. He overheard the conversation. Jona stands up.

WALTER

We look forward to your report, Doctor.

JONA

Not "we." Just me. I'm taking over this case.

Patrick's confused, first looking at Jona, then Walter.

PATRICK

You can't just walk in and take our case. We're the Major Crimes Unit.

WALTER

(resigned)
Yes, she can, Patrick.

PATRICK

Is this about the note?
(no one answers him)
When his name came up on the 911 computer, instructions to sweep it under the rug lit up in big red letters.

JONA

We grown-ups call it "discretion."

Jona is unconsciously going into a power pose (feet shoulder wide, hands on hips).

PATRICK

Grown-ups? I've earned my badge, but I've yet to see one like yours.

WALTER

Save it, Patrick. The dead man's on a list of "persons of special interest." If one of them turns up in an investigation, a special unit comes into play and we're out.

JONA

This one worked for Cataphract Industries.

Patrick looks puzzled.

JONA (CONT'D)

A leading mind at our country's largest weapons and intelligence technology producer is dead. You should be able to figure out why we want to know more about this before it goes public, rookie.

(looking at Walter)

This is why I'm asking you for a little help this time. Find me his wife.

WALTER

If you want the case, take it completely. I have no spare men.

PATRICK

I could -

WALTER

(interrupting Patrick)

No spare men with enough experience in telling the mother of a newborn that she's a widow.

(to patrick)

Our job now is to find anyone who witnessed anything and get them to shut up for 24 hours.

JONA

24 hours might not be enough.

WALTER

You guys made the 24 rule. Good luck with it.

JONA

Walter, please -

WALTER

(interrupts her)

A gunshot in the middle of the night in a quiet residential neighborhood? I'm not even sure we can pull off 24. Whatever you're up to, you'd better hurry.

INT. SURGERY - DAY

Emily's brain surgery is underway. Surgeon uses a laser scalpel in her open skull. The scalpel is connected to two ridiculously large server racks and a battery of screens monitored by TECHNICIAN. Assistant Surgeon, Anesthetist and several NURSES are with them. One rack is brand new, the other is made up of an assortment of older computers. Both racks carry several Cataphract Industries logos.

SURGEON

This scalpel's incredible. A child could cut out a tumor with it.

ASSISTANT SURGEON

Scientific advancement. One day we'll all be obsolete, replaced by robots.

SURGEON

To be fair, I wouldn't be able to hit this uneven tumor edge without the scalpel's A.I.

Surgeon is surprised by an electric shock from the high-tech scalpel, accompanied by items on the computer monitors switching to red. He reflexively pulls back his hand and drops the scalpel. Assistant Surgeon instinctively reaches for the scalpel with her free hand and catches it in the air.

SURGEON (CONT'D)

(yells out in pain and surprise)

What the hell?

He looks up and sees smoke billowing from the shiny computer rack.

SURGEON (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Cover the surgical area!

One nurse is running to the wall to turn up the ventilation, others move surgical instruments out of the way and hand sterile cloths to Assistant Surgeon, who covers Emily's open skull with it. Technician disconnects the computers from the power source. Surgeon looks at the heart-beat monitor.

ANESTHETIST

Respirator's okay. She's stable.

The smoke clears.

SURGEON

(raising the scalpel)

I need this scalpel up and running!

TECHNICIAN

(looking at the computers)

No chance, this thing's fried.

SURGEON

Let's switch to the backup.

TECHNICIAN

Our backup's the prototype.

SURGEON

If I try to finish this with a conventional scalpel, I'm going to kill her.

Technician operates some mechanical switches and his screens come back to life. Lights on the pick 'n' mix rack show that it's now active.

A nurse hands a slightly more bulky version of the laser scalpel to Surgeon.

SURGEON (CONT'D)

Never wanted to use this one again.

ASSISTANT SURGEON

We hooked it up to the new rack last week so the A.I. would be updated. It should be as good as the new one, now.

TECHNICIAN

(hits a last switch)

That's it. Have a try.

SURGEON

(turns the scalpel on -
nothing happens)

Nothing.

TECHNICIAN

(typing on the keyboard,
concentrating on his
screen)

Strange. That was exactly by the manual.

SURGEON

Don't you dare tell me "it should have worked!"

TECHNICIAN

I've got it.

SURGEON

So fix it, then.

TECHNICIAN

I can't. The software versions of scalpel and computer don't match. They won't talk to each other. It also doesn't connect to the Cataphract server for an update.

SURGEON

Any chance of getting this fixed anytime soon?

TECHNICIAN

I need help from Cataphract. This might take hours or even days.

SURGEON

Hopefully not. We have a day or two at max before she dies if we close her like this.

ASSISTANT SURGEON

You wanna abort?

SURGEON

We've no choice. Close her. I'll inform her father.

Surgeon walks away, while Assistant Surgeon picks up instruments to close Emily's skull.

EXT. CATAPHRACT OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Establishing shot of an office building that has the company name "Cataphract" on it.

INT. CATAPHRACT OFFICES, CUBICLES - DAY

CATAPHRACT BOSS (f/m, in her 40s, business outfit) is in a big office with multiple cubicles and a spacious, informal meeting area with screens, sofas, and a coffee machine.

Many Cataphract employees are here, busily typing, running around to get folders, discussing, or using their mobile phones. Everything looks a little chaotic. Jona, accompanied by a Cataphract receptionist, wearing a visitors badge as she approaches Cataphract Boss who is standing at a wall mounted screen.

CATAPHRACT BOSS

(to employee with tablet)

... and double check that.

(sees Jona)

Ms. Maza, please excuse me for not being able to pick you up. We have a little situation here.

JONA

Something serious?

CATAPHRACT BOSS

It looks like Simones left us more trouble than we thought.

JONA

Excuse me?

CATAPHRACT BOSS

Sorry. I know not to speak ill of
the dead. But this is bad.
(trailing off)

YOUNG WOMAN (f, in her 20s, a Cataphract Employee) approaches
the Cataphract Boss with a clipboard and a pen.

CATAPHRACT BOSS (CONT'D)

(to young woman)

That's for the emergency user
credential?

Young Woman nods, Cataphract Boss signs the document.

JONA

Why don't you start by telling me
what projects he worked on?

CATAPHRACT BOSS

Ms. Maza, this is highly classified
information. You -

JONA

Let's cut this short and skip to
where you tell me what I'm allowed
to know.

CATAPHRACT BOSS

(sighs)

He was a software developer
specializing in artificial
intelligence. He worked in the
Military Software Department until
we fired him the day before
yesterday. That's why most of his
projects are classified.

JONA

You fired him?

CATAPHRACT BOSS

(stops reading on a
tablet, turns to Jona)

See, Simones was a nice guy. We all
tried to cover for him when he
started refusing to work and
insulted everybody.
But as he tried to implant a
backdoor in our deployment servers,
he'd just gone too far.

Cataphract boss studies sticky notes on a nearby wall.

CATAPHRACT BOSS (CONT'D)

It was strange, he always was very
loyal. His wife left him. Maybe
that explains it all.

JONA

He didn't cope well with it?

CATAPHRACT BOSS

No. He just wasn't the same man as before. But at some point, we just couldn't tolerate his behavior anymore.

Just a sec, please.

Cataphract boss takes a sticky notw from the wall and waves it at JOE (a Cataphract employee passing by).

CATAPHRACT BOSS (CONT'D)

Joe!

Joe approaches them.

CATAPHRACT BOSS (CONT'D)

Any news?

JOE

Looks like the scalpels deployment server was the real target of Simones' backdoor hack and the rest just a distraction.

CATAPHRACT BOSS

So at least our other field projects work properly?

JOE

It looks like it. We're trying to upload the last working scalpel A.I. version, but the device won't yet connect to our servers.

CATAPHRACT BOSS

(gives him the sticky note)

Set this up in conference room 3.

JOE

On my way.

JONA

Did you try talking to Simones?

CATAPHRACT BOSS

Yes, but he hadn't been very talkative lately.

JONA

And what's this fuss about? A scalpel?

Another employee with a tablet is approaching them. Cataphract Boss reads it while talking.

CATAPHRACT BOSS

For whatever reason, the servers he hacked won't update an A.I. scalpel that's currently in field test.

(MORE)

CATAPHRACT BOSS (CONT'D)

If we can't fix that, a young
soldier will die.

JONA

(looks around at all the
busy people)
I'll keep my fingers crossed for
you.

CATAPHRACT BOSS

(shocked by what she just
read)
Oh no!

JONA

More Bad news?

CATAPHRACT BOSS

(downhearted)
The update that caused the scalpel
malfunction - it was by Simones.

JONA

I need full access to all the hard-
and software connected to this for
my forensics team. And I need
access to Simones' office. Now!

INT. CATAPHRACT SIMONES' OFFICE / INT. STEPHEN'S OFFICE - DAY

The room is big but furnished only with one desk, a coffee
table, and a couch. The walls are plastered with whiteboards,
all of them erased.

(If there are windows to the inside of the building on this
set - like "glass office doors" - their roller blinds are
closed.)

A Cataphract receptionist opens the door for Jona but stays
outside as she steps in. Jona sits down at the desk and calls
Stephen from her mobile while looking through the desk
drawers. She then has a closer look at a framed picture,
showing Kristoffer Simones' wife and newborn, taken in
hospital.

We cut back and forth, seeing this or Stephen (m, early 30s,
short and bulky, but well-muscled geek) sitting at his desk
in his office. Stephen's office is bursting with tech and
geeky posters, figures, and gadgets. In front of him is a
steaming coffee mug. He talks into a headset while typing on
one of his keyboards.

STEPHEN

Hi, Jona!

Jona plugs a fancy-looking USB flash drive into Kristoffer
Simones' laptop.

JONA

Stephen, I'll get you access now.

STEPHEN

Working! Data transmission started.

JONA

Did forensics find anything useful in his apartment?

STEPHEN

I'm afraid not. No usable fingerprints, except from him and his wife, and his personal laptop has insanely strong encryption.

JONA

Is that suspicious?

During the following dialog, Jona takes off her boots - carefully not touching anything else with her bare feet.

STEPHEN

If you ask me: No. He was working on intelligence software. Paranoia's part of the job profile.

JONA

I'm so sick of all this "intelligence" crap, Stephen. A baby and his mother have disappeared and all we're supposed to do is find material to quiet the press.

STEPHEN

You don't buy into the "gone into hiding with a friend or family" theory?

JONA

No. You should have seen all the baby stuff. They were into it, and then the father commits suicide a few weeks after the baby's birth? That doesn't make sense.

STEPHEN

Ah - here's something. My search program got a hit on his company laptop. Looks like he was being blackmailed via e-mail. He was under pressure to smuggle source code out of the office. Project Onyx 5.

JONA

Another piece of the puzzle that doesn't fit with suicide. We need to find that baby. My gut tells me he's in danger.

STEPHEN

Your gut or your skin?

JONA

I should never have told you.

Jona inhales deeply. Jona stands up and as her bare feet hit the office floor, we see her powers kicking in. She staggers and her eyes twitch, but she regains control. Everything around her is tinged in shades of red and an almost unobtrusive hum in the background is noticeable. Jona breathes heavily.

STEPHEN

You OK?

Jona's still listening to Stephen, but concentrates on what she's seeing, perceiving him only distantly.

JONA

Yes ... Yes. There's just a lot of fear and anger in this room.

(short pause)

Who was blackmailing him?

STEPHEN

This is all heavily encrypted. It's going to take some time to crack it and even longer to trace it back.

Jona navigates with gestures through images representing past emotions, felt in this office. She sees Kristoffer Simones, running around in his office like mad, full of fear and anger, shouting into his mobile, crying at his desk and, more often than not, looking helpless and desperate. The pictures she sees are overly emotional.

JONA

Any idea what he was being blackmailed with?

STEPHEN

Till the attachments are decrypted, I can only guess. From the file size, I'd say it's photos or a short video.

Jona moves to the office sofa, seeing the image of Kristoffer Simones and Young Woman having sex on it.

JONA

I have a hunch about what's in these photos. I'll get back to you.

Jona hangs up, then lets her mobile slide and fall to the floor, her full concentration on the sofa scene. She tries to get closer to the sofa, but the emotions intensify. She sees flashes of the two having sex. The red color of the scene intensifies and darkens. The background hum gets louder. She blinks multiple times and her head starts to hurt. She backs off. She staggers back to her boots, tries to sit down on the office chair, but ends up on the floor. Her visions and their side effects cease the moment she lifts her bare feet off the floor.

EXT. HQ OF SPECIAL UNIT - DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. HQ OF SPECIAL UNIT, STEPHEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Stephen is sitting at his desk. Jona comes in with two big takeaway mugs - one tea, one coffee. Stephen gets up and stretches before taking his mug.

JONA

Hi Stephen.

STEPHEN

Jona, good to see you! And you've brought decent coffee!

JONA

I thought I'd drop by real quick before I start checking out Simone's pals from the soccer team.

STEPHEN

(raising his mug)
Lucky me. Cheers!

Jona raises her mug to return the toast, but stops halfway in an expression of sudden pain, reaching to her head with her free hand.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

(worried)
Is your gift giving you a headache again?

JONA

I didn't sleep and used my powers in Simones' office. I'm just exhausted.

(takes a deep breath)
And don't call this curse a gift.

STEPHEN

What happened?

JONA

Nothing!
Nothing changed since I was twelve.
(uses her fingers to count while she's listing the facts)

I don't know why I'm a freak,
I can't talk to anyone about it,
I'm not able to touch anyone
without -

The door to Stephen's office flies open and SOS (Secretary of State, m, in his 50s, dressed in a suit) rushes in.

At the very same moment, he knocks twice to fulfill the minimum requirements of courtesy. He's followed by FINNES (Jack Finnes, m, in his 50s, head of the special unit, clad in a suit), one ASSISTANT, and two BODYGUARDS. Stephen is a little uneasy about the sheer number of people in his office and retreats behind his desk.

FINNES

Mr. Secretary, I said we'd go to him in a minute, but -

SOS

(interrupting)

I don't have time for pleasantries, Jack. As Secretary of State, I'm your superior.

FINNES

(mumbling)

Kind of.

SOS

(looking at Stephen and Jona)

And he's your superior, so I order you to answer me immediately!

JONA

Now I'm curious.

FINNES

The Secretary's daughter is the soldier who was on the table as the A.I. scalpel failed.

SOS

Why have you demanded the surgery computers?

STEPHEN

(a little intimidated)

Wasn't me.

JONA

The software engineer who developed the scalpel A.I. was found dead last night. That's our current case.

SOS sits down in Stephen's visitor chair, completely slumped.

SOS

This explains why Cataphract can't get the scalpel working again.

FINNES

Mr. Secretary, Stephen is the best IT-Guru I've ever met and Jona's my best investigator.

SOS

I trust you, Jack. But don't let me down. If we can't restore the A.I., my daughter will die within days.

FINNES

(to Stephen and Jona)

You heard the Secretary, Stephen. Your only priority now is to get this scalpel running.

JONA

Oh, we get to focus on helping people instead of politics for a change?

FINNES

(glaring angrily at Jona)

There's no love lost between you and politics, is there?

The door opens and a few Cataphract employees come in with pushcarts. On the pushcarts are both sets of computers from the surgery.

STEPHEN

(inhales sharply)

Well, let's see if I can summon a miracle, then.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

Timelapse: Sun rising high above the park until it's about noon.

MARA (f, roughly the same age as Jona) is sitting on a bench waiting, take-away sandwiches and home-made, bottled drinks beside her.

Jona approaches her hastily.

MARA

Jona!

Mara stands up to hug Jona - Jona accepts the short hug but does not feel comfortable with it.

MARA (CONT'D)

So good to see you.

JONA

Hi Mara.

MARA

(looking at Jona's face)

You haven't been sleeping well, have you?

Had a night out without me?

JONA

Just work, nothing to be jealous of. And to be honest I'm in a hurry now, too.

Mara sits down.

MARA

Don't dare, bestie. No matter how rushed you are, you need to eat. And this is your favorite sandwich, my home-made lemonade and all served on a bench in the middle of nowhere. No room for excuses.

Jona sits down and takes a sandwich.

JONA

Thank you. I know you prefer it less remote.

Mara opens her handbag and hands Jona a pair of silky gloves.

MARA

Admit it: if you hadn't forgotten these, you'd have stood me up today.

JONA

You know my job's demanding...

MARA

If I hadn't seen you leave with that cute drummer on Saturday, I'd say you only live for your job.

JONA

(blushes)

I wasn't in control of things.

MARA

Tell me how it went. Will you be seeing him again?

JONA

(false smile)

No. You know I'm more the one-night stand type, Enjoying the fire as long as it burns hot.

MARA

Bestie, I've known you for twenty years now. Don't try fool me. You're lonely.

JONA

Who isn't these days?

MARA

At least we others try to find Mr. Right.

(MORE)

MARA (CONT'D)

As your mother can't tell you, take it from me: You should occasionally give a man more than a single night to proof himself worthy.

JONA

Relationships arn't for me.

MARA

(talking softly, taking
Jonas hands)

Jona, I'm worried. You've been doing that special unit job for five years now. And for five years I've watched my best friend fade and wither bit by bit.

JONA

It's not the job, Mara. At least not all of it.

MARA

I know. And I know you're the mistress of secrets - you always have been. But promise me to allow yourself some happiness, will ya?

Jona's mobile beeps and she reads the incoming text. Her look to Mara says "sorry"

MARA (CONT'D)

(waves her away)

Yeah, go save the world.

Jona leaves and waves her goodbye without looking back.

MARA (CONT'D)

(shouting after her)

But this topic isn't done - not yet!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Young woman is sitting at the desk in the interrogation room, crying and sobbing, an open file before her. She's gently stroking a picture of the dead Kristoffer Simones, which is part of the file. Jona is standing near the opposite wall.

JONA

I know you slept with him.

YOUNG WOMAN

(angry)

That's none of your business.

(sobbing)

He's dead.

Kristoffer is dead.

JONA

He was being blackmailed.

YOUNG WOMAN

Because of me?

JONA

(closes in)

Or maybe by you?

YOUNG WOMAN

I loved him!

JONA

And wanted to pay him back for
staying with his wife?

YOUNG WOMAN

No!

No - it was - I begged him to stay
with her -

JONA

So it was over?

YOUNG WOMAN

(regaining her composure)

We - we still had sex, but -
He wanted to leave her -
He really wanted to -
Then she got pregnant and -
a child needs its father.
We tried to stop. We really did!

JONA

(sitting down at the
table)

Who knew about the two of you?

YOUNG WOMAN

No one! It's our business to know
how to keep things a secret.

JONA

When did you last see him?

YOUNG WOMAN

Tuesday, 'round 6 pm. We - we made
out.

JONA

6 pm? Are you sure?

YOUNG WOMAN

Yes. Why?

JONA

That's the same time he hacked the
servers.

YOUNG WOMAN

No, the servers were hacked at
Wednesday 3:07am.

(MORE)

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm part of our data security team,
I know all the details.

Jona browses the file to find a sticky note.

JONA

I just learned, that ...
(reading the sticky note)
... the logfiles have been
manipulated to conceal the real
time of the hack, at Tuesday 5:56
pm.

YOUNG WOMAN

(happy)
That finally proves it wasn't
Kristoffer.

JONA

You don't seem surprised.

YOUNG WOMAN

The scalpel was more than
Kristoffer's pet project. It was
his penance. Reparation for all the
deaths his other software causes.
He would never have sabotaged the
project.

(with resignation)
I don't expect you to understand
it.

JONA

I do. I know a few things about
penance myself.

INT/INT. CATAPHRACT OFFICE/STEPHEN'S OFFICE - DAY

We see Stephen in his office, sipping on a big mug of coffee,
surrounded by the opened cases of the surgery computers,
having a video call with Joe from Cataphract. They
screenshare some source code. On Stephen's screen we see a
bunch of developers working behind Joe.

JOE

Yes, Mr. Brannon, I agree with your
analysis. This is clearly a
programming error.

Stephen leans back in his desk chair.

STEPHEN

That means the scalpel malfunction
was not intentional, but a side
effect of Simones trying to lock
someone out of its system.

JOE

Not someone - everyone. The scalpel will only open up to the one device with the appropriate key. And I'm glad this part worked.

Stephen is surprised by that line.

JOE (CONT'D)

(shaking his head)

We found a backdoor in the latest A.I. software on our servers. If it had deployed, innocent lives would have been at the mercy of a hacker. I'm not even sure we'd have noticed it anytime soon.

STEPHEN

But now this lockout's a problem. We can't update the prototype scalpel.

Stephen stands up and looks at the open computer cases.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

And if you setup new hardware?

JOE

That won't help. A fresh A.I. is like a toddler, it'd need months of training.

STEPHEN

(sighs)

And Private Falk doesn't have that long.

INT. POLICE STATION AND ELEVATOR - DAY

Jona is on her way back to her car from the interrogation room. Patrick sees Jona passing by. He has never seen her here before, so he's astonished. Acting quickly, he follows her immediately.

PATRICK

(shouting after her)

Jona!

Jona looks back and sees him following her but ignores him. She looks forward again and isn't slowing down.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Jona! Please wait a moment.

Jona has to wait for the elevator, so Patrick catches her up.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I've never seen you here before.

JONA
(rolling eyes)
That's a lame pick-up line, rookie.

PATRICK
The name's Patrick. And you've just
come from our interrogation rooms.

JONA
(slightly impressed she
couldn't derail him)
Interagency cooperation. Your rooms
are available and ours are out of
action.

The elevator arrives, Jona gets in and presses the button for
the underground parking. Patrick follows her inside.

PATRICK
Talking about cooperation, I looked
for Ms. Simones, as you asked.

JONA
I asked Walter and he refused to
help. Remember?

PATRICK
I'll help you. He doesn't have to
know. After all, we're playing for
the same team.

JONA
So?

PATRICK
I was at her parents' place, her
sister's, and some of her friends -
No one has seen her, lately.

JONA
(squinting)
That's odd.

PATRICK
There's more: None of them knew she
left her husband - not even her
parents.
I also asked a friend from the
cyber department to check on her
mobile: it's been offline for a
week.

JONA
So she's gone into hiding. The only
question is why.

PATRICK
So what's our next step?

JONA
My next step. You've done enough.

PATRICK

(laughing)

You seriously want to have all the fun by yourself, don't you?

JONA

(smiling - as laughing is infectious)

Go find some age-appropriate fun.

PATRICK

(engaging smile)

Like having a drink together after work?

(short pause)

As a tiny compensation for the trouble Walter will give me when he finds out I helped you?

Jona's perplexed for a second, thinking about it. Then the doors of the elevator open at her floor and she shakes it off.

JONA

Hell no! You're a child, rookie.

Jona goes off. Patrick remains in the elevator, watching her walk away.

PATRICK

(whispering to himself)

We'll see.

INT. SPECIAL UNIT MEETING ROOM - DAY

Stephen is standing in front of the special unit's meeting room located between his office and the coffee machine. It has a glass partition so he can see SOS and his assistant inside. They're talking to each other while Assistant is taking notes. They have their backs to the glass door. Stephen hesitates to open it, so they haven't seen him yet. Finnes approaches Stephen.

FINNES

Bad news, Stephen?

STEPHEN

(sighs)

There's nothing left, boss. Without the device Simones locked the scalpel to, there's no way to get it ready on time. We're not talking days or hours - it'll take months.

FINNES

(looking inside)

Let's wait another minute, then. Like his bodyguards, he'll send his assistant away once he's finished briefing her.

(MORE)

FINNES (CONT'D)

Thomas has never wanted witnesses
when he feels weak.

STEPHEN

Thomas?

FINNES

I know him quite well. From days
gone by.

(a little harsh)

And I know you, Stephen. You're
standing out here because you're
afraid of uncomfortable social
interaction.

STEPHEN

I'm a hacker, not a psychiatrist.

FINNES

Star Trek, "City on the edge of
Forever," 1967 - kind of.

Stephen smiles at Finnes, getting the Star Trek reference.
Finnes smiles back, and the tension fades.

STEPHEN

Socializing just isn't my cup of
tea.

FINNES

I'm afraid I have to agree.
And this is probably the wrong time
to practice. I'll deliver the bad
news. You go and help Jona, if
possible.

STEPHEN

(going)
Okay.

FINNES

And if you're stuck there, too,
call it a day and get some rest.
You'll return tomorrow with fresh
ideas.

STEPHEN

Maybe, that's a good idea. I could
also work from home if -

Stephen suddenly stops and widens his eyes as a stroke of
genius hits him. He runs off, leaving behind a puzzled
Finnes, who eventually enters the meeting room.

INT/INT. SIMONES' FLAT/STEPHEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jona has just entered the crime scene again and is looking
around as her phone rings. We cut back and forth, seeing her
at the crime scene and Stephen in his office.

JONA

Hi, Stephen. Any news?

STEPHEN

Big news, actually. The coroner's sure it was a suicide. All the evidence fits.

JONA

Not really surprising. Still, it doesn't make sense.

STEPHEN

Did his girlfriend look guilty?

JONA

She was seriously shaken up by his death. I don't think she purposely pushed him to suicide. But something's not right about this case. I just can't put my finger on it yet.

STEPHEN

(looking back and forth
between his screen and
Simones' personal laptop)
Eureka!

JONA

What happened?

STEPHEN

It looks like Simones would sometimes log in to the Cataphract servers from his personal laptop ... and he did it the time the scalpel was updated.

JONA

In plain English, please.

STEPHEN

His personal laptop is the device he used to lock the scalpel software.

JONA

Does that mean you can save the soldier?

STEPHEN

(scuffling his hair)
No. I can only find and use the key to unlock the scalpel if the laptop is unlocked. And it's heavily encrypted.

JONA
(starts pulling off her
gloves)
So now we have to find his wife.

STEPHEN
You've lost me.

JONA
There wasn't a second laptop in the
apartment. I bet they used the one
as a family device.

STEPHEN
Then she's got the password!
I'll try tracking her mobile again.
Maybe she turned it back on.

JONA
(taking off her jacket)
I'm gonna check Simones' apartment
again for a clue. I must have
missed something.

STEPHEN
Copy that.

JONA
And, Stephen - ?

STEPHEN
Yes?

JONA
Good job!

INT. SIMONES' FLAT - DAY

Jona hangs up and puts her jacket and mobile down on a chair, where she placed her gloves before. Now she's wearing a tank top. With bare arms, she squats and braces herself to touch the floor and use her powers.

JONA
(whispering)
Let's do this.

Before she can touch the floor, Jona hears a sound at the front door: unexpected company. She takes up her pistol and conceals herself, eyeing the entrance. Jona sees BAD GUY 1 (m/f, a masked guy with a gun), entering the room. He hasn't spotted her and moves cautiously.

Jona retreats into the kitchen to stay out of sight. Pressing herself against the doorframe, she glances around to find Bad Guy 1 and BAD GUY 2 looking for her in other rooms.

JONA (CONT'D)
(takes a stand, points her
gun at them and shouts)
Police, freeze!

Suddenly, the glass of the balcony door behind her breaks. Jona instinctively ducks and whirls around, but BAD GUY 3 is already dashing at her through the broken glass, taking a swing to kick her.

Jona catches the leg supposed to hit her and, in a smooth movement, holds it tight to her chest and throws herself into a sideways roll. This takes the power from the kick and the attacker off his feet, both of them lying on the floor now.

Jona immediately rolls deeper into the kitchen while short blasts of gunfire from Bad Guy 1 and Bad Guy 2 smash stuff around her. Finally, she finds cover behind a cabinet, but is cornered.

She swiftly leans around the cabinet and fires her own weapon. After she's back in cover, the cabinet takes some bullets. She does it again, this time hitting the closest of the attackers, Bad Guy 3, with a headshot.

The bad guys retreat a little, but still some bullets go in Jona's direction, when suddenly they stop firing. A second later, Jona hears a loud "thud" she can't identify, then again. Once more, and the wall she's leaning on shakes. It takes Jona by surprise when the drywall behind her breaks. Bad Guy 1 has demolished it from the room behind her with a fire extinguisher. She has no room to maneuver when he reaches out for her, grabbing her bare arms with his bare hands.

The moment skin touches skin, Jona's powers kick in with an intensity we haven't yet witnessed. Dazzling red light, deafening humming sounds, and pictures of pure violence.

JONA (CONT'D)
(loud scream of pain)

As she passes out, she recognizes Patrick's voice.

PATRICK
Police! Drop the gun!

Patrick has entered the flat by the main door, aiming his gun at Bad Guy 1, who immediately drops Jona.

A bullet hits the wall near Patrick. It was fired by Bad Guy 2, but from an angle that made it impossible to hit Patrick.

Patrick ducks and jumps inside to get a better angle and a clear line of fire for himself.

While Patrick is exchanging gunfire with Bad Guy 2, Bad Guy 1 breaks through what's left of the wall into the kitchen.

Eventually Patrick hits Bad Guy 2 with a lethal shot. When he turns around, he sees Jona still lying in the kitchen and Bad Guy 1 dashing out onto the balcony.

Patrick goes after him, but when he reaches the balcony rail, Bad Guy 1 is just mounting a motorbike in the street below, having roped himself down. Patrick could use the rope, which is still attached to the rails to follow him but, before he can even start, Bay Guy 1 is already out of sight with his motorbike.

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL, ICU - DAY

We see Emily in her bed, a big bandage around her head, still unconscious, still on a respirator and attached to an awful lot of wires and tubes. Assistant Surgeon is with her, monitoring her progress and keeping her file up to date.

SURGEON

Any change?

ASSISTANT SURGEON

Nothing good. She's getting weaker.

SURGEON

You were right about the risk. This is my fault. We should never have started that surgery.

ASSISTANT SURGEON

We couldn't know that the scalpel would fail. We even had a backup.

SURGEON

A useless backup.

ASSISTANT SURGEON

Another thing we couldn't know.

Assistant Surgeon hangs the file back on Emily's bed. Surgeon holds Emily's hand.

INT. SIMONES' FLAT - DAY

Close up on Jona, lying on the floor in the destroyed kitchen with Patrick's jacket as pillow, her own jacket as blanket, opening her eyes.

PATRICK

Hello.

Patrick kneels next to her, opening a water bottle and handing it over as she slowly gets up.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Everything alright?
Drink some.

JONA

Thank you.

Jona takes the bottle and drinks.

PATRICK

You were out cold for a few minutes. I was about to call an ambulance when -

JONA

(interrupts him, shouts)

No!

(calmer)

No doctors!

PATRICK

You should get yourself checked over.

JONA

I don't like doctors.

Jona, already standing again, searches for stuff she lost in the fight, like her dropped gun and her gloves.

JONA (CONT'D)

Thanks for your help.

PATRICK

Anytime.

JONA

Why did you follow me, rookie?

PATRICK

I felt our conversation needed a sequel. And I wanted to know what you found out.

JONA

(assessing him with a look)

You were looking for an adventure? Congrats! You found a rough one.

PATRICK

Rough? This place is a battlefield!

JONA

If that was enough adventure for you, get out of my way, I have work to do.

Jona squeezes past Patrick and starts to dig in the pockets of a Bad Guy.

PATRICK

(surprised by her callousness)

Jona! One got away, two are dead. A team will be here any minute to cordon everything off again. They'll have questions for us. Lots of questions.

Jona ignores him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
If you're looking for ID, none of them have anything on them. Not even a phone or a key. They have tattoos, though.

Jona pulls up the pullover of an attacker and reveals a military looking tattoo on his forearm.

JONA
I've seen these before.

PATRICK
Soldiers?

JONA
Mercenaries.

Jona's cell phone starts ringing. She looks around for it.

JONA (CONT'D)
That's way above your pay grade, rookie.

She finds it in Patrick's hand. He picked it up after the battle while she was unconscious and now holds it away from her.

JONA (CONT'D)
That's mine.

Patrick accepts the call on speaker, so they both can hear it. He holds it in between them. He has made his point clear: "I've got the phone and I'll listen in".

The call is from Stephen, who's still in his office. With a mug of steaming hot coffee, of course.

JONA (CONT'D)
Yes?

STEPHEN
Jona, I've decrypted the attachment. It's a video, but you're not going to like it. I'm streaming it now.

We see a video shot in a dirty cellar. SIMONES' WIFE (f, in her 30s) is sitting on a chair, her newborn in her arms. KIDNAPPER (a black-clad, masked man) holds a gun to her head.

JONA
This is Simones' wife.

SIMONES' WIFE
(from the vid, in panic)
Kris! They say you're not doing what they want!
You have to help us, Kris! Please!

KIDNAPPER

(from the vid)

You're not following our instructions, Simones. You have exactly 48 hours left to give us the Onyx 5 source code. Otherwise, your wife and child will die.

PATRICK

So that's how they put pressure on Simones!

STEPHEN

Who's that?

JONA

It's okay, Stephen. Just an overeager colleague from the local police.

Jona takes control of her cell phone.

PATRICK

But why do they talk about getting the code and then make him sabotage the system?

STEPHEN

They sabotaged the scalpel. I read about Onyx in the Cataphract files. It's something different. Top secret stuff. As far as I could figure out, it's some kind of military A.I.

JONA

How many people worked on Onyx?

STEPHEN

I saw source code committs from at least seven developers.

JONA

Makes sense.

PATRICK

Does it?

JONA

Anyone who knows about Onyx and that Simones is working on it would easily find out about his scalpel pet project. If they wanted to kill two birds with one stone and Simones recognized this, it would explain why he tried to lock the scalpel.

STEPHEN

And he did well, as the bad guys hacked the servers to deploy their own version of the source code. But he also made a mistake in the code and the scalpel failed.

PATRICK

If the reason for the kidnapping was Simones, the hostages are worthless now.

JONA

Which the kidnappers didn't know until a few minutes ago.

STEPHEN

Why - what happened?

JONA

I'll tell you later, Stephen. Bye.

STEPHEN

Hey, wait -

JONA

I need some quiet, I need to think.

STEPHEN

Jona, don't -

Jona hangs up.

PATRICK

So someone kidnapped his family to make him reveal some secret software while sabotaging another program written by him?

Jona's back in the kitchen, taking off her boots during the following dialog - carefully still standing on the boots so she doesn't touch the ground.

JONA

But the scalpel was much more important to him than the hackers had guessed.

PATRICK

He tried to prevent the damage but ended up falling under suspicion of being the hacker himself and getting fired.

JONA

Either the kidnappers didn't believe him, or they thought he could beg his way back in. So they tightened the screw - with this video.

(MORE)

JONA (CONT'D)

But the bridges were completely burned, so he committed suicide in desperation.

PATRICK

In the hope of becoming undeniably useless to the kidnappers so they'd just give up their plan?

JONA

Unlikely - but from his desperate point of view, at least a small chance.

PATRICK

These guys didn't know that he's dead and wanted to check on him.

JONA

Now they do, and they won't keep worthless hostages.

Jona is bracing herself for stepping on the floor.

JONA (CONT'D)

Please leave the flat.

PATRICK

What? Why?

JONA

We're running out of time. Just do it!

PATRICK

(looking at Jona's bare feet)

You won't do anything illegal, will you?

JONA

(slightly annoyed)

Get Out! Now!

Patrick retreats and Jona takes a step on the floor. Her powers kick in and she gets nearly overwhelmed by the aggression she can feel, seeing images from the recent fight. These images are not the same as the actual fight. The attackers look more monstrous and Patrick appears as a white knight on a horse, looking even more handsome than in reality.

Jona shrugs off this broad hint from her subconscious and takes a step toward the dead Bad Guys. Her visions shift a little. As the first set was her own emotional perception of the fight, now the perception of the Bad Guy she killed in the kitchen blends in.

Jona breathes heavily to calm herself. Then she takes another careful step and is hit by an emotion - she screams and stumbles.

JONA (CONT'D)
(loud scream)

PATRICK
(from outside)
Jona!

Patrick rushes back in again. Around him, she sees a half transparent knight's armor. Other images fade in his surroundings. Jona grabs her head as she feels a terrible, stinging headache but manages to raise her other hand in a "halt" gesture.

JONA
Stop! Don't come closer. You're blurring the traces.

PATRICK
What traces?

JONA
Emotions.

Jona pulls herself together and continues her way through the past images, going further back.

JONA (CONT'D)
They cling.
To the people who felt them.
And to the objects they touched.
Elusive, like footprints in the sand.

PATRICK
I can't say I understand what you're telling me.

Jona squats beside the attacker in the kitchen, seeing him stroke the shape of a woman lying next to him.

JONA
When emotions are very strong or fresh, then I can see them when I touch things.
Distorted.
Surreal.
Subjective.
Just like they were important to those who felt them.

The attacker "echo" strokes gently upward to the woman shape's neck.

JONA (CONT'D)
Sometimes I even start feeling what they felt.

Suddenly the signature color of Jona's powers intensifies and shifts to become more threatening. The Bad Guy grabs the neck of the female shape with a mad laughter and gags the shape to death. Jona screams loudly and passes out.

EXT. SIMONES' BALCONY - DAY

We zoom out to see snow start to fall on Simones' balcony.

INT. SPECIAL UNIT SMALL MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

It's still snowing outside the windows. Patrick and Finnes are sitting in a very small meeting room (as SOS is still using the big one). Jona is standing and looking out of the window. She looks worn and tired, Patrick sad, Finnes stern.

FINNES

At least now we know what happened to Simones and that his work wasn't compromised.

JONA

None of this will help the woman or her child anymore.

PATRICK

Or the Secretary's daughter.

FINNES

(getting up)

Speaking of which, I have to inform him now.

There's nothing you could have done about it, Jona. I'm glad you both survived.

(leaving the room)

Patrick approaches Jona from behind. Wordless, he stands with his chest millimeters away from her back, holding her jacket-clad upper arms with a firm yet gentle grip, inviting her to lean back against him.

PATRICK

He's right. You did more than anyone else could have done. But he doesn't know about your abilities, does he?

JONA

No. Only three people know about it. One of them is you. I'm usually better at hiding it.

To his mild surprise, she really leans in, resting her head on his shoulder.

JONA (CONT'D)

I rushed things. If I hadn't lost control, we might have been able to save them all.

PATRICK

I don't claim to understand what you're doing, but your self-control looked impressive to me.

Patrick leans in slightly to offer a kiss.

JONA

Impressing you is easy.

Jona is tilting her head to also lean in for the kiss. They are not yet touching skin to skin.

PATRICK

Maybe we should discuss this over
breakfast?

Patrick unconsciously raises his hand, touching her chin with two fingers to guide her into the kiss.

Suddenly, hell breaks loose for Jona. Her powers fire, we hear a hum (rather loud, but not as loud as when she passed out) and see glaring red pictures of their fantasies, stripping each other naked and making out very passionately. It hits her off guard. She shoves Patrick away. He has to steady himself against the conference table to avoid falling. Patrick is completely surprised, as nothing changed for him.

JONA

(shouting, bursting out in
tears)

No!

PATRICK

(reaching for her)

Jona. What - ?

Jona runs out of the meeting room, crying uncontrollably.

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Again in Emily's room. She's alone. We stick with her, not moving for a little while, then we see her heartbeat monitor going to a flat line and hear an alarm ringing.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The stairwell door slams open, Jona throwing away her tank top, now just wearing her underwear (she took the rest off while running up the stairwell). She steps into the snow barefoot. No one can see her here. She goes a few steps, leaving tracks in the snow. Then she spreads her arms as if she wants to fly away and inhales deeply. The color tint of her power's signature and the hum fade slowly.

She shivers a little but stays in this position a bit longer with relief on her face. Then she calls a number on her cell phone. The display reads "Dad."

DR MAZA

Jona! Everything okay?

JONA

More or less, Dad. Do you have a minute?

DR MAZA

What happened?

JONA

My powers knocked me out twice today. A third time was close.

DR MAZA

You used them three times in one day? Oh dear. How do you feel now?

JONA

Exhausted, but I'm okay.

Jona's sitting down in the snow, hugging herself, more because of the topic of conversation than because of the cold. The snow is turning into rain again.

JONA (CONT'D)

I'm so fed up, Dad. Fed up of hiding, of isolating myself... of lying to everybody I know.

DR MAZA

If you wanna stop with police work -

JONA

(interrupts him)

No. That's my life!

DR MAZA

Because you make it your life. Your mother always wanted you to -

JONA

(slightly upset)

My mother died giving birth to me, Dad, years before my powers came. How would she know what's right for me?

(getting up again)

What could she possibly know about my life today that would help me?

A moment of silence.

DR MAZA

Your voice sounds weird. Are you freezing again?

JONA

(relaxing)

You know I love the snow and the cold. It gives me a break from my powers and helps me think clearly.

Patrick's approaches the stairwell entrance. He carries her clothes, which he collected while following her. He's a little irritated at seeing Jona barely clothed out in the cold - in different circumstances, he would be turned on by this sight. Jona recognizes him.

JONA (CONT'D)

I have to go back inside, Dad. I love you.

DR MAZA

I love you, sunshine.

INT. SPECIAL UNIT MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Stephen gets himself a fresh mug of coffee and heads back from the coffee kitchen to his office. As he passes the glass-fronted meeting room, he sees SOS alone in the room, taking a call on his cell phone. Stephen reaches out for the door handle, fighting a second with himself but then starts to turn and go away. In that very moment, SOS hangs up his call looking as if he's seen a ghost. He struggles to stand up straight and reaches out for a chair for support. The chair tilts, and Stephen pushes the door open and takes a step in to support SOS.

STEPHEN

Are you okay?

SOS

No.

STEPHEN

Sit down.

Both sit down. SOS looks up at Stephen.

SOS

Please tell me you'll get it running.

STEPHEN

I'm not there yet. At least not within two days.

SOS

(starts crying)

We don't even have one day.

STEPHEN

What are you saying?

SOS

That was the hospital. Her condition is deteriorating. They had to revive Emily twice in the last hour.

Stephen, short of words, lays his hand hesitantly on SOS's shoulder.

STEPHEN

There's still hope of finding
Simones' wife with the password.

SOS

(gains back control)
But the kidnapper escaped, and
Simones' wife is certain to be dead
by now.

Finnes rushes in the room, having overheard the last
sentence.

FINNES

She's not!

He takes the remote control for the wall-mounted screen and
switches it on.

FINNES (CONT'D)

But that's all the good news,
already!

A video shows. Again the cellar, the Kidnapper and Simones'
wife.

FINNES (CONT'D)

The police just received this.

The video starts playing.

KIDNAPPER

(from the vid)
We rely on you to relay this
information to the Secretary of
State. We know his daughter's life
depends on this woman.
If you want her back alive, send
the Onyx 5 source code to this
server.

An IP Address is shown above the video.

KIDNAPPER (CONT'D)

You have three hours left of the
time we gave Simones. No extension
granted.

The video ends. SOS is staring at the screen.

SOS

(talking more to himself
than anyone else)
She's alive.

FINNES

Mr. Secretary?

SOS

(still talking to himself)
My daughter can be saved.

FINNES
(shouting)
THOMAS!

SOS
(regains self-control)
My daughter can be saved!
I want all details about Onyx 5.

FINNES
We'll have to ask Cataphract. The
project's top secret - even I
couldn't find out anything about
it.

SOS
(reaches for his phone)
I'll get the data.

FINNES
Mr. Secretary, that buys us some
time, but we mustn't give in to
their demands.

SOS
Don't tell me what to do and what
not to do, Jack. Focus on your job
and find them. Now!

Finnes nods and leaves the room together with Stephen.

FINNES
Get Jona here. Quick!

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Jona enters the morgue and switches on the lights. A few
steps behind her is Patrick.

PATRICK
What are we doing here? The
coroner's already taken a first
look at the two and found nothing
unusual.

Jona opens the drawer with one of her attackers inside.

JONA
The coroner can't do what I can.

Jona takes off her right glove.

PATRICK
I'm worried. Whatever you're doing,
it knocked you out last time.

JONA
That's why I need you. Hold me.

Patrick stands behind Jona. She guides him to hold her in a way pretty similar to their failed kissing attempt - but romance is the last thing on Jona's mind. Jona touches the dead man and her powers kick in. The room turns red and the images of past violence appear, dimmed by Patrick's appearance of the shiny white knight. Still, it hurts and she cringes.

PATRICK

Be careful. Take it easy.

Jona's touching the dead body again, a stubborn look on her face.

JONA

No time for carefulness.

The emotions hit her again, she winces, but refuses to let go.

PATRICK

Do you see the dead man's past?

JONA

Not the past. Echoes of past emotions.

PATRICK

Is there a difference?

JONA

Yes. Emotions are less accurate.

She concentrates and is able to dim Patrick's presence and gets a shape to appear that gradually becomes clearer. It's the image of a scantily clad girl, probably a prostitute or a lap dancer. She's having sex with the Bad Guy, sitting on his lap.

JONA (CONT'D)

It's hard to tell which images I can trust and which are exaggerated fears or wishful thinking.

Jona recognizes a sales slip sticking in the bra of the girl. It has a logo of the nightclub "Radial Pleasure" on it.

JONA (CONT'D)

But sometimes they contain important details.

INT. SPECIAL UNIT MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

SOS and Finnes are in the meeting room waiting for news from Jona. Stephen has provided a laptop that sits open on the table, it is showing an idle upload screen. SOS is walking up and down nervously.

SOS

Why's this taking so long?
(short pause, the question
hangs in the room)
And why is this Maza going alone?
If her anonymous tip's so good, why
aren't a dozen squads of policemen
on their way, for God's sake?

FINNES

Maza has proved that she works best
alone. She'll call for backup as
soon as she finds the kidnappers.

SOS

It's about my only daughter, Jack!

FINNES

Stay calm, we still have time.

SOS

My Emily could die any minute.

SOS dashes to the laptop.

SOS (CONT'D)

This is ridiculous. I'll upload
that damn file right now.

Finnes jumps between him and the laptop.

FINNES

No!

The two wrestle a little.

SOS

Let go of me. You're fired!

FINNES

You're not thinking rationally
anymore, Thomas!

SOS

(almost pleading)
It's not even important. It's a
piece of software for a drone that
hasn't been built yet.

FINNES

If these kidnappers want it, then
it IS dangerous.

EXT. AMUSEMENT DISTRICT - NIGHT

It's raining. The streets are dirty and full of puddles and half-melted snow. Jona and Patrick are standing in front of the Radial Pleasure nightclub. Jona's barefoot, using her powers. She's already exhausted, has trouble standing up straight, her nose is bleeding and her head hurts terribly.

Patrick stays close enough to catch her if she falls but as far away as possible. He looks very worried.

Jona guides them, stumbling and falling, through some backstreets and finally, sitting in a big rain puddle, points at an inconspicuous door.

PATRICK
(whispering)
Are you sure?

JONA
(whispering)
Absolutely. In the cellar.

INT. AMUSEMENT DISTRICT CELLAR - NIGHT

The cellar room from the blackmail videos. Kidnapper as well as Bad Guy 1 and BAD GUY 4 are here with Simones' Wife. She's bound to a chair. Bad Guy 1 is playing with a pistol.

BAD GUY 1
How long until we can end this?

BAD GUY 4
(looking at his watch)
Hold on a little longer. They'll deliver.

KIDNAPPER
(looking at a laptop)
Nothing on the server yet.

BAD GUY 1
Nothing we see.

KIDNAPPER
You don't trust our client?

BAD GUY 1
Him and his ecological attitude?
He was able to hack Cataphract.
He chose Simones, who was coward
enough to kill himself. He didn't
tell us about that whole scalpel
thingy until everything was messed
up.
We should end this while we can
still walk away.

Bad Guy 1 puts the pistol to the woman's head.

BAD GUY 2
I agree, our client endangered the
mission with a side job unknown to
us. It cost us men. That's not
acceptable.

At that moment, the door is kicked open by Patrick. He and Jona (wearing shoes again) are standing behind it, their pistols pointing at the Bad Guys.

PATRICK
(shouts)
POLICE!

Bad Guy 1 is surprised for a split second, enough time for Jona to leap forward and disarm him before he can shoot the hostage.

Bad Guy 4 and Kidnapper reach for their weapons.

Patrick fires a knee shot at Bad Guy 4.
Kidnapper aims at Patrick, but Patrick takes cover in time.

Jona now stands besides Kidnapper, holding her gun against his head. She was able to sneak closer while he concentrated on Patrick.

JONA
Give me a reason to pull the
trigger.

Kidnapper surrenders. All three (Bad Guy 1, Bad Guy 4, Kidnapper) are handcuffed by Patrick while Jona frees Simones' Wife.

JONA (CONT'D)
It's alright. You're safe now.

Simones' Wife immediately rushes to her child, who is safely asleep in a cheap travel crib. She falls on her knees and cries with relief.

Jona squats down beside her and puts her arm around the former hostage.

JONA (CONT'D)
(warm and empathic)
I know you're tired, but I need
your help to save another life.

INT. SPECIAL UNIT MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

SOS and Finnes are still wrestling.

SOS
Get out of my way! Your career is
over!

Suddenly, the meeting room landline phone rings. Both stop in the middle of their tussle, looking at the phone, then looking at each other with hope on their faces.

INT. SURGERY - NIGHT

Stephen and two male nurses rush along the hospital corridors at high speed.

They're pushing trolleys on which are the pick 'n' mix computers and monitors. Nurses hold doors open for them and people jump out of their way.

STEPHEN
(shouting)
Make way! Make way!

They enter the surgery. The whole staff is there again. Emily is lying on the table, already prepared.

SURGEON
Not a minute too soon.

Technician and Stephen plug in the computers and Assistant Surgeon hands over the laser scalpel to Surgeon. Surgeon looks at the scalpel with a little fear.

TECHNICIAN
Ready!

Surgeon takes a deep breath and presses the button. The device comes to life and we see relief on his face. The nurses and the Assistant Surgeon are cheering.

SURGEON
Let's go, people. We've got a life
to save!

INT. WAITING ROOM IN FRONT OF SURGERY - NIGHT

Stephen, Finnes, and SoS are anxiously waiting to hear how the surgery went. Stephen and Finnes stand a little apart from SoS at the water cooler. Stephen is reading a status e-mail on his smartphone.

FINNES
(worried)
We still don't know who hired the
mercenaries?

STEPHEN
No, but this report from the first
interrogation of the mercenaries
says it was the mysterious client
who knew about the scalpel and
Emilys' condition.
(looking up from his
phone)
Boss, that's bad.

FINNES
I know, Stephen. Only we, the
police and Cataphract knew that the
Secretary of State was in dire need
of the password.

STEPHEN
There must be leak.

FINNES

Or a mole.

Surgeon and Assistant Surgeon enter the room. SoS jumps up from his chair and approaches the surgeons.

SURGEON

(nods with a smile)

Everything went well. We'll need to wait until she wakes up, but her chances are good.

SoS bursts into tears of relief. Finnes is there to support him.

EXT. ROOFTOP, ABOVE A BUSY STREET - NIGHT

Starts exactly like first scene: After two nights without sleep, Jona is standing at the rail, far above the commuters below her. Again: cold wind and hot tea. The flyer is still in her jacket pocket. She inhales deeply, and closes her eyes, and here the picture is different: Her eyebrows relax and a very brief moment of satisfaction is visible on her face.

We see she's not alone - Patrick is with her, holding a takeaway cup of coffee.

PATRICK

Nice place. Do you show it to all your breakfast dates?

JONA

This is not a date.

(short pause)

But I have to admit, you've earned your coffee.

PATRICK

If that's just enough for a coffee, I'll have to stretch quite a bit to earn a real date.

JONA

(with a smile that Patrick returns)

Dream on, rookie.

(taking deep breath, bracing herself)

I brought you here to talk. Only one other person was ever here with me and -

(hesitates)

- only two others know of my powers.

Patrick looks at the horizon as Jona's hand glides unconsciously inside her pocket, finding the flyer she forgot about. She takes it out and looks at it.

PATRICK

Don't worry, your secrets are safe
with me.

A moment of silence.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

This was the most intense day of my
life, and it ends with three lives
saved. I can't just go back to
hunting bag-snatchers tomorrow.

Jona doesn't answer. She looks at the flyer, sunk in her
thoughts.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What's this?

JONA

A way out.

PATRICK

You want to leave?

Jona looks at him, then tears up the flyer and lets the
pieces fall to the busy street below.

JONA

(with confidence, smiling)
No. Not yet, rookie.

= = = Let the Games begin = = =