LA FEMME NIKITA

Episode 6x02

“FRACTURED BLOOD”

Unofficial Fan Fiction Teleplay

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. SECTION ONE - VAN ACCESS - NIGHT

The heavy doors open.

MENDEZ, SHAYNE, and the remaining mission team return from Kosovo, bruised, armed, and moving with the fatigue of survivors.

Across Van Access, NIKITA waits.

Beside her stands MICHAEL.

Still. Silent. Unreadable.

Shayne sees him.

Her expression hardens.

SHAYNE

What’s he doing here?

NIKITA

Michael is here to help us figure out what Red Cell is planning.

Shayne steps closer.

NIKITA (CONT’D)

He was one of the best operatives Section ever had.

SHAYNE

I don't care how bright he is.

She looks Michael dead in the eyes.

SHAYNE (CONT'D)

We don't need him.

Michael says nothing.

That only irritates her more.

Shayne hands Nikita her mission panel.

SHAYNE (CONT'D)

I'm taking downtime.

Call me when the next mission preps.

She walks off.

Mendez watches her go, then glances at Nikita.

Nikita gives nothing away.

Michael's eyes follow Shayne until she disappears into the corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. SECTION ONE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Shayne walks fast, coat swinging behind her.

Controlled fury.

Section operatives step out of her path.

CUT TO:

INT. SECTION ONE - SHAYNE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Formerly Madeline's office.

Cold. Precise. Haunted by old authority.

Shayne logs off her computer, grabs her coat, and prepares to leave.

Suddenly...

The SIM-REP TABLE powers on.

A miniature female figure appears.

MADELINE.

Or what remains of her.

Shayne freezes.

The office door opens.

QUINN enters.

SHAYNE

What is this, Quinn?

QUINN

AIM.

Shayne stares at her.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Artificial Intelligence Madeline.

The hologram stands perfectly still.

Elegant. Surgical. Almost human.

QUINN (CONT'D)

She was Paul Wolfe's chief strategist before Nikita took over.

SHAYNE

I know who Madeline was.

Shayne circles the table.

SHAYNE (CONT'D)

Question is, why is she in my office?

QUINN

Because Red Cell's pattern is starting to look familiar.

SHAYNE

The Collective?

Quinn nods.

SHAYNE (CONT'D)

The same organization that killed my grandfather twenty years ago.

QUINN

Yes.

Madeline's image turns toward Shayne.

MADELINE

What do you know about Red Cell's motivation?

SHAYNE

They want to erase Section.

A beat.

SHAYNE (CONT'D)

I won't let that happen.

Quinn steps toward the sim table.

QUINN

Madeline, before we continue, there are a few things you need to know.

MADELINE

I've read the system archives.

Madeline turns, voice cool as glass.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Paul was killed trying to save Adam. Mr. Jones surrendered himself to the Collective to protect him. Nikita now runs Section One while Michelle oversees Center.

Shayne watches carefully.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

And this is Shayne.

Madeline faces her fully.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Daughter of Michael and Nikita.

Shayne's eyes narrow.

SHAYNE

Wait.

A cold silence falls.

SHAYNE (CONT'D)

Who's Adam?

Quinn lowers her gaze.

Madeline studies the room.

MADELINE

She doesn't know.

QUINN

I think Nikita and Michael should tell you.

Shayne turns slowly toward Quinn.

The betrayal lands before the truth does.

MADELINE

A complicated family affair.

SHAYNE

No one asked you.

Shayne steps toward the table.

SHAYNE (CONT'D)

Disappear.

Madeline's image flickers.

Then vanishes.

Shayne grabs her coat and storms out.

Quinn rushes to the intercom.

QUINN

Nikita, we have a problem.

CUT TO:

INT. SECTION ONE - THE PERCH - NIGHT

Nikita stands at the glass, arms crossed, watching the machinery of Section below.

The door opens.

Shayne enters.

No greeting.

No softness.

SHAYNE

Where’s Michael?

NIKITA

He left.

SHAYNE

Who’s Adam?

Nikita closes her eyes briefly.

The question she had delayed has finally arrived with teeth.

SHAYNE (CONT’D)

And don’t lie to me.

I’m done with lies.

Nikita turns.

Shayne holds a panel.

NIKITA

You already searched the system.

SHAYNE

I want to hear it from you.

Nikita approaches gently.

Shayne steps back.

NIKITA

Adam is Michael’s son.

A beat.

NIKITA (CONT’D)

Your half-brother.

Shayne absorbs it.

Quietly.

Dangerously.

NIKITA (CONT'D)

He's been missing for months. That's why Michael came back.

SHAYNE

So once again, Section One becomes Michael's personal errand girl.

NIKITA

Watch your tone.

SHAYNE

Whatever.

She drops the panel onto the ledge.

SHAYNE (CONT'D)

Tell Michael congratulations.

He found another way to ruin dinner.

Shayne exits.

Nikita watches from the Perch as Shayne crosses below, heading for Van Access.

Nikita pulls out her phone.

Dials.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Yes.

NIKITA

Jacque.

She disconnects.

Her face gives away nothing.

But her eyes do.

FADE OUT.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. NIKITA & SHAYNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is dark.

The front door unlocks.

SHAYNE steps inside, exhausted.

She drops her coat over a dining chair.

Her SIG SAUER slides from its holster onto the kitchen island.

She opens the refrigerator.

Finds a bottle of white wine.

SHAYNE

(to herself)

Don't tell Mom.

She pours a generous glass.

Across the room, she powers on the stereo.

Thirty Seconds to Mars' "The Kill" fills the apartment.

For the first time in days...

Silence gives way to memory.

Shayne sinks onto the couch.

She closes her eyes.

FLASHBACK

EXT. CITY PARK - FLOWER GARDEN - DAY

Ten-year-old SHAYNE chases butterflies between rows of flowers.

NIKITA watches from a nearby bench.

Alert.

Protective.

Yet smiling.

Young Shayne runs back carrying a dandelion.

YOUNG SHAYNE

For you.

Nikita accepts it like it's priceless.

NIKITA

Thank you, Sugar.

Young Shayne grins.

FLASHBACK

INT. SMALL FAMILY RESTAURANT - DAY

Young Shayne stares suspiciously into her first cup of coffee.

She dumps in another packet of sweetener.

Then another.

Creamer follows.

She takes a sip.

Her face lights up.

YOUNG SHAYNE

Mommy...

It doesn't taste like dirt anymore!

Nikita bursts into laughter.

NIKITA

That's because you've turned it into dessert.

Young Shayne proudly takes another sip.

NIKITA (CONT'D)

Easy there.

You're going to bounce off the walls.

She reaches for the mug.

Young Shayne pulls it away protectively.

YOUNG SHAYNE

Mine.

Nikita laughs again.

NIKITA

Walter calls me "Sugar."

She smiles warmly.

NIKITA (CONT'D)

I think it's time I handed that nickname down.

Young Shayne beams.

YOUNG SHAYNE

Really?

NIKITA

You earned it today.

Mother and daughter laugh together.

END FLASHBACK

INT. NIKITA & SHAYNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shayne smiles despite herself.

A rare smile.

Then...

BANG!

The apartment door explodes inward.

Two MEN dressed in black tactical gear storm inside with pistols drawn.

Shayne springs from the couch.

One operative grabs her arm.

She drives an elbow into his ribs.

The second operative joins the struggle.

The wine glass shatters across the hardwood floor.

A third figure steps calmly through the doorway.

Late twenties.

Dark hair.

Brown trench coat.

Cold blue eyes.

He isn't hurried.

He already knows how this ends.

He studies the apartment.

ADAM

Interesting.

I would've sworn this was Nikita's apartment.

Shayne glares at him.

SHAYNE

Nikita who?

Adam crosses the room.

Without warning...

SLAP!

The blow echoes through the apartment.

The operatives pin Shayne's arms.

ADAM

Who are you?

Where's Nikita?

Shayne answers with silence.

The same unreadable expression Michael has worn for decades.

Adam studies her.

The green eyes.

The posture.

The defiance.

Recognition dawns.

He laughs.

ADAM

Well...

That's unexpected.

He circles her slowly.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Only one person I've ever met could stare at me like that.

He smiles.

Not warmly.

Curiously.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Bring her.

She just became valuable.

The operatives begin dragging Shayne toward the door.

SHAYNE

Do I know you?

Adam pauses.

Looks over his shoulder.

ADAM

Think of me...

...as the brother you never wanted.

The apartment door slams shut.

Silence returns.

Only the broken wine glass remains.

CUT TO:

INT. RED CELL HEADQUARTERS - HOLDING ROOM - UNKNOWN

Darkness.

A hood covers Shayne's head.

Hands cuffed behind her back.

She sits cross-legged on a padded floor.

A steel door opens.

Footsteps.

The hood is removed.

Bright lights flood her vision.

Adam crouches in front of her.

ADAM

Good morning.

SHAYNE

I've had better.

Adam smiles.

ADAM

I need Nikita.

You're going to help me get her.

SHAYNE

Go to hell.

I'd die before I'd hand her over.

Adam slowly circles behind her.

ADAM

Your mother would be proud.

He stops.

ADAM (CONT'D)

So would your father.

Shayne's jaw tightens.

SHAYNE

I don't have a father.

Adam chuckles.

ADAM

That's funny.

Because all Michael ever talked about...

...was you.

Shayne says nothing.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Shayne this.

Shayne that.

"I can't wait until they meet."

He was insufferable.

Adam removes a DVD from his coat pocket.

Slides it into a monitor.

Static.

Then...

HOME VIDEO.

Four-year-old Shayne races across a backyard playground.

Nikita follows closely.

NIKITA (VIDEO)

Careful, Sugar!

YOUNG SHAYNE (VIDEO)

I know!

The image changes.

A bicycle.

Michael jogs behind a tiny Shayne, steadying the seat.

She pedals.

Laughing.

Michael smiles.

A genuine smile.

One Shayne has never seen.

The memory ends.

Adam ejects the disc.

Shayne stares at the blank monitor.

Speechless.

Adam kneels beside her.

ADAM

You don't remember any of it...

...do you?

A tear escapes.

Adam gently brushes it away.

Shayne jerks her face aside.

Adam's expression hardens.

He slaps her again.

ADAM

Back to business.

The steel door opens.

A massive SECURITY GUARD enters.

Adam walks toward the exit.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Teach her some respect.

Don't kill her.

I still need Section's location.

Adam leaves.

The heavy door seals shut.

The guard smiles.

Rolls his shoulders.

Raises his fists.

Shayne slowly rises.

Still handcuffed.

Blood trickles from the corner of her mouth.

She squares her shoulders.

Ready.

The guard charges.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. RED CELL HEADQUARTERS – HOLDING ROOM – NIGHT

The SECURITY GUARD lunges.

His fist catches Shayne across the jaw.

She crashes to the concrete floor.

Blood trickles from her split lip.

The guard grins.

SECURITY GUARD

That's one.

He kicks her in the ribs.

Shayne curls instinctively, absorbing the impact.

Another kick.

Another.

The guard paces in front of her like a boxer entertaining a crowd.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Come on.

I thought Section trained their operatives better than this.

Shayne slowly raises her head.

One eye already swelling.

She spits blood onto the floor.

SHAYNE

You done talking?

The guard charges again.

This time Shayne pivots.

Using her bound hands for leverage, she swings her legs around, knocking his feet from beneath him.

The guard crashes backward.

Before he can recover, Shayne rolls to her feet.

Hidden inside her sleeve...

A small tactical knife.

One quick motion.

The blade buries itself in the guard's chest.

He freezes.

Looks down.

Collapses.

Silence.

Shayne breathes heavily.

She kneels beside the body.

Searches the guard's pockets.

Keys.

She unlocks the handcuffs.

Freedom.

She cuffs the unconscious guard behind his own back.

SHAYNE

Enjoy the accommodations.

She retrieves the guard's sidearm.

Then his combat knife.

The steel door begins to unlock.

Shayne slips behind it.

The second guard enters.

He immediately notices the body.

SECOND GUARD

What the...

Shayne steps from behind him.

She slams the pistol across his temple.

The guard drops instantly.

She catches his radio before it hits the floor.

No alarm.

Not yet.

She grabs his AK-47.

Moves into the hallway.

INT. RED CELL HEADQUARTERS – CORRIDORS – CONTINUOUS

Red Cell operatives move throughout the complex.

Shayne hugs the shadows.

Every movement measured.

She reaches an intersection.

Two terrorists' pass.

Laughing.

Neither notices her.

She looks upward.

A ventilation shaft.

Perfect.

She wedges the rifle into the vent cover.

Pops it loose.

Climbs inside.

Carefully replaces the grate.

Seconds later...

Boots pass beneath her.

She doesn't move.

INT. SECTION ONE – COMMUNICATIONS – NIGHT

The Operations Center feels unusually quiet.

Quinn sits alone.

Screens scroll endlessly with satellite imagery.

Missing-person algorithms.

Financial transactions.

Facial recognition.

Nothing.

Nikita paces behind her.

Michael stands against the far wall.

Motionless.

Arms folded.

QUINN

Still nothing.

No passport activity.

No border crossings.

No communications.

Nikita stops pacing.

NIKITA

She's alive.

Michael watches Nikita.

MICHAEL

You sound certain.

Nikita doesn't hesitate.

NIKITA

Because she's my daughter.

She'd find a way.

Michael lowers his eyes.

For the first time...

He looks unsure.

EXT. EUROPEAN CITY STREET – PRE-DAWN

Rain falls steadily.

JASMINE walks through the thinning crowd.

Civilian clothes.

Hands in her pockets.

Always alert.

She passes a park bench.

Something catches her attention.

A black trench coat.

She slows.

Carefully reaches beneath it.

Her hand instinctively moves toward her concealed pistol.

Then she sees her.

JASMINE

Holy...

Shayne.

Shayne lies curled beneath the coat.

Bruised.

Exhausted.

Barely conscious.

Jasmine kneels immediately.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Shayne!

Wake up!

Shayne opens one swollen eye.

She struggles to breathe.

SHAYNE

Get me...

back to Section...

The apartment's compromised...

Jasmine lifts her gently.

Notices the bruised ribs.

Split lip.

Black eye.

Anger flashes across Jasmine's face.

JASMINE

Come on.

I've got you.

They disappear into the crowd.

INT. SECTION ONE – COMMUNICATIONS – DAY

Seventy-two hours later.

Quinn suddenly freezes.

Two thermal signatures appear on her monitor.

She leans closer.

QUINN

That's impossible...

Nikita rushes over.

NIKITA

What?

QUINN

Her thermal signature.

Van Access.

With Jasmine.

Michael is already moving.

Nikita grabs a pistol from the nearby weapons locker.

The three sprint toward Van Access.

INT. SECTION ONE – VAN ACCESS – CONTINUOUS

The massive blast doors slide open.

Jasmine supports Shayne as they enter.

Shayne barely remains standing.

Her hoodie conceals most of the injuries.

Her face does not.

Nikita rushes forward.

NIKITA

Shayne...

She reaches for her daughter.

Shayne leans into her just enough to remain upright.

Jasmine exhales.

JASMINE

Found her sleeping on a bench outside my neighborhood.

I don't think she realizes she's been gone three days.

Michael approaches slowly.

He gently lifts Shayne's chin.

His expression changes.

Bruises.

Cuts.

Fear.

MICHAEL

Who did this?

Shayne locks eyes with him.

SHAYNE

Your son.

Michael's hand falls away.

Silence spreads through the corridor.

Nikita looks directly at Michael.

Her voice is quiet.

More dangerous because of it.

NIKITA

Medical.

Now.

Jasmine guides Shayne away.

Nikita doesn't move.

Neither does Michael.

NIKITA (CONT'D)

You'd better figure out who your family is.

Before someone else does it for you.

Michael has no reply.

For perhaps the first time in years...

He is completely speechless.

Nikita turns.

Following her daughter toward Medical.

Michael remains alone in Van Access.

His reflection stares back at him from the steel walls.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

LA FEMME NIKITA

Episode 6x02

"SIBLING RIVALRY"

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SECTION ONE – SYSTEMS – DAY

The SIM-REP TABLE projects a three-dimensional image of a warehouse complex outside MUNICH.

Red security zones pulse across the hologram.

QUINN works at the console.

JASMINE, MENDEZ, MICHAEL, and NIKITA stand around the table.

An image rotates.

ADAM SAMUELLE.

Late twenties.

Former Section trainee.

Now Red Cell.

NIKITA

This is Adam Samuelle.

Three days ago we confirmed he's operating with Red Cell.

Yesterday...

He kidnapped my daughter.

Silence.

No one misses the personal tone.

Quinn enlarges satellite imagery.

QUINN

Intercepted communications place Adam here.

Red Cell has converted the warehouse into a temporary operations center.

If we move quickly, we'll catch them before they relocate.

MENDEZ

Estimated resistance?

QUINN

Twenty to twenty-five hostiles.

Explosives are likely.

Michael studies the layout.

His eyes linger on Adam's photo.

MICHAEL

He'll have an escape route.

He always plans two exits.

Nikita nods.

She knows he's right.

The doors slide open.

Everyone turns.

SHAYNE enters.

She's dressed in black cargo pants, boots, and a dark hoodie.

Her injuries remain visible.

One eye bruised.

Lip still swollen.

She carries a freshly loaded 9mm.

Nikita's expression hardens.

NIKITA

What are you doing?

You should still be in Medical.

SHAYNE

I'm fine.

NIKITA

You're injured.

SHAYNE

Then I'll limp.

No one argues.

Shayne steps beside the sim table.

Her eyes never leave Adam's photograph.

SHAYNE (CONT'D)

If anyone finishes this...

it's me.

She looks directly at Michael.

SHAYNE (CONT'D)

You don't have to come.

Michael doesn't respond.

Nikita steps between them.

NIKITA

Enough.

This mission isn't about revenge.

It's about bringing Adam in alive.

She lets those words settle.

Then looks directly at Shayne.

NIKITA (CONT'D)

Alive.

Do you understand me?

Shayne doesn't answer immediately.

Her jaw tightens.

SHAYNE

...

Yes.

Nikita knows it isn't the truth she wanted.

NIKITA

Mission departs in one hour.

Gear up.

Everyone disperses.

Michael remains standing.

Looking at Adam's picture.

Looking older than before.

EXT. RED CELL HEADQUARTERS – OUTSIDE MUNICH – NIGHT

Rain falls steadily.

Lightning flashes across abandoned industrial buildings.

Floodlights sweep the perimeter.

Guard dogs patrol chain-link fencing.

Two Section teams wait in concealed positions.

ALPHA TEAM.

Led by SHAYNE.

With JASMINE and another operative.

One hundred meters away...

BRAVO TEAM.

Led by MICHAEL.

With MENDEZ and another operative.

INT. SECTION ONE – COMMUNICATIONS – NIGHT

Rows of monitors illuminate the room.

QUINN tracks both assault teams.

NIKITA stands beside her.

Headset on.

Watching.

Waiting.

QUINN

Alpha Team...

Bravo Team...

Both teams are in position.

Nikita keys her microphone.

NIKITA

Stand by...

Three...

Two...

One...

Execute.

EXT. RED CELL HEADQUARTERS – CONTINUOUS

SHAYNE

Alpha Team...

Go.

Bravo Team opens fire first.

Muzzle flashes erupt through the rain.

Guards scramble for cover.

Sirens begin sounding.

Shayne's team immediately joins the assault.

Suppressive fire pins the guards.

Several Red Cell operatives fall.

Others retreat toward the warehouse.

INT. RED CELL HEADQUARTERS – CONTINUOUS

Michael breaches the entrance.

Weapon raised.

Mendez follows close behind.

Room by room.

Methodical.

Professional.

Michael clears a hallway.

Another room.

Nothing.

A terrorist suddenly bursts from beneath a desk.

Michael reacts instantly.

Two shots.

The operative collapses.

MENDEZ

Clear!

EXT. RED CELL HEADQUARTERS – CONTINUOUS

Shayne scans the rear of the compound through binoculars.

Movement.

One figure.

Brown trench coat.

Running.

SHAYNE

(into comm)

Michael.

Someone's exiting the rear.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Can you identify him?

Shayne focuses.

Recognition.

SHAYNE

It's Adam.

I'm moving.

Inside Communications...

Nikita immediately reaches for her microphone.

NIKITA

Negative.

Hold your position.

Wait for Bravo.

Shayne lowers the binoculars.

Looks toward the fleeing silhouette.

Then back toward the firefight.

Decision made.

SHAYNE

Hell if I'm staying put.

She sprints after Adam.

JASMINE

Shayne!

Jasmine and the remaining operative provide covering fire as Shayne disappears around the warehouse.

EXT. WOODED SERVICE ROAD – CONTINUOUS

Adam reaches an idling Jeep.

He opens the driver's door.

Before he can climb inside...

Shayne tackles him from behind.

Both crash into the muddy ground.

Adam shoves her away.

Shayne rolls.

Comes up with her pistol already aimed.

Adam slowly raises his hands.

Smiling.

Almost amused.

Behind Shayne...

Michael steps into view.

Weapon lowered.

Rain pours between father and son.

No one moves.

The moment hangs in silence.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. RED CELL HEADQUARTERS – WOODED SERVICE ROAD – NIGHT

Rain pours through the trees.

Shayne stands over Adam; her SIG SAUER leveled at his chest.

Adam slowly raises his hands.

He isn't afraid.

Behind Shayne, Michael emerges from the darkness.

His weapon remains lowered.

Neither father nor son breaks eye contact.

For a long moment...

No one speaks.

Finally...

ADAM

Congratulations, old man.

You used Section again.

Looks like everyone danced exactly the way you wanted.

Michael steps closer.

MICHAEL

This isn't who you are.

ADAM

(smirking)

You still believe that?

MICHAEL

I know it.

Adam laughs bitterly.

ADAM

Do you?

Because the last time you chose family...

you disappeared.

His eyes shift toward Shayne.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Looks like history repeated itself.

Shayne tightens her grip on the pistol.

SHAYNE

Shut up.

Adam ignores her.

ADAM

Tell me something, Michael.

After you arrest me...

what happens?

Do we all pretend we're a happy family?

Michael says nothing.

He has no answer.

INT. SECTION ONE – COMMUNICATIONS – SAME

Nikita and Quinn watch the body-camera feed from Michael's tactical camera.

The room is silent.

QUINN

Everyone's waiting for someone else to make the first move.

Nikita keys her microphone.

NIKITA

Michael.

Take him into custody.

Michael slowly raises his weapon.

MICHAEL

Adam...

It's over.

Come home.

Adam smiles.

Almost sadly.

ADAM

There isn't a home left.

EXT. WOODED SERVICE ROAD – CONTINUOUS

Shayne's breathing becomes heavier.

Every bruise.

Every cut.

Every memory of the last seventy-two hours comes flooding back.

Adam notices.

ADAM

Did they tell you?

You're tougher than you look.

The room.

The beatings.

You never gave us Section.

I almost respected you.

Shayne's eyes burn with anger.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You know...

I was actually starting to like having a sister.

SHAYNE

Don't.

Adam takes one step.

Michael immediately raises his hand.

MICHAEL

Adam...

Stop.

Adam takes another.

Nikita's voice comes through every headset.

NIKITA (V.O.)

Shayne.

Put the weapon down.

Shayne never looks away from Adam.

NIKITA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That's an order.

A long beat.

Then...

SHAYNE

You told me not to kill him.

She lowers the pistol.

Adam exhales.

Until...

The muzzle drops toward his leg.

SHAYNE (CONT'D)

You never said I couldn't slow him down.

BANG!

Adam cries out.

His right leg buckles beneath him.

He collapses into the mud.

Michael rushes forward.

He pulls the pistol from Shayne's hand before she can fire again.

Section operatives surround Adam.

Mendez secures him in restraints.

Jasmine watches Shayne.

Neither approval nor disappointment.

Only concern.

Michael looks at Shayne.

MICHAEL

Why?

Shayne's voice is steady.

SHAYNE

Because next time...

he won't outrun anyone.

She turns and walks away into the rain.

Michael watches her disappear.

For the first time...

He sees himself in her.

INT. SECTION ONE – COMMUNICATIONS – LATER

The operation has ended.

The monitors return to idle status.

Nikita removes her headset.

Drops it onto Quinn's console.

She sinks into the nearest chair.

NIKITA

What am I supposed to do with her?

Quinn removes her own headset.

She sits beside Nikita.

QUINN

She's hurting.

NIKITA

That doesn't excuse insubordination.

QUINN

No.

It doesn't.

A pause.

QUINN (CONT'D)

She disobeyed a direct order.

Mission protocol only leaves one option.

Abeyance.

Nikita leans back.

Exhausted.

NIKITA

I hate that you're right.

Quinn smiles faintly.

QUINN

You don't have to like leadership.

You just have to survive it.

Nikita looks toward the Perch overlooking Section.

Thinking.

NIKITA

We've got another operation coming.

Lebanon.

She pauses.

An idea forming.

NIKITA (CONT'D)

Michael's going.

Quinn nods.

QUINN

And Shayne?

Nikita stands.

NIKITA

She's going too.

One mission.

One father.

One daughter.

No place to run.

Maybe it's time they stop fighting each other...

and start fighting for each other.

Quinn watches Nikita leave for the Perch.

The burden of command has never looked heavier.

INT. HOLDING CELL – SECTION ONE – NIGHT

Adam sits alone.

His wounded leg bandaged.

The cell door slides shut.

He leans back against the wall.

A faint smile crosses his face.

ADAM

(to himself)

See you soon...

family.

The security lights dim.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE

TO BE CONTINUED...