

ACT THREE

INT. HIDE-OUT - NIGHT

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

NIKITA

Congratulations, Birkhoff. You found me.

BIRKHOFF

Ow! Bright. Too bright.

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

BIRKHOFF (CONT'D)

What is that, truth serum?

NIKITA

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

BIRKHOFF

You gonna torture me, is that it?

NIKITA

Not if you tell me what I need to know.

BIRKHOFF

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

NIKITA

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

Birkhoff laughs, miserable.

BIRKHOFF

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

Nikita stands and PISTOL-WHIPS him.

NIKITA

No.

She PISTOL-WHIPS him again. He spits blood.

BIRKHOFF

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

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

BIRKHOFF (CONT'D)

(dazed)

At least you're someone I like...

NIKITA

Shut up!

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

NIKITA (CONT'D)

Damn.

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

BIRKHOFF

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

NIKITA

I'm not hiding anymore.

BIRKHOFF

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

NIKITA

Shut up, Birkhoff.

BIRKHOFF

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

He chuckles. Sees her look. Stops chuckling.

BIRKHOFF (CONT'D)

Oh, man. Nikki, you're insane.

NIKITA

Don't call me Nikki.

BIRKHOFF

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

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

BIRKHOFF (CONT'D)

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

NIKITA

Then let's burn it down.

BIRKHOFF

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

NIKITA

Who says I'm on my own?

Birkhoff takes that in. Can't believe it.

BIRKHOFF

You wouldn't...

NIKITA

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

BIRKHOFF

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

NIKITA

I'm playing for my side.

BIRKHOFF

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

NIKITA

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

BIRKHOFF

Then we're right back where we started.

(MORE)

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

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

INT. DIVISION - OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

MICHAEL  
What about Birkhoff's implant?

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

MICHAEL  
I hope it's still inside him.

TECH  
No bloodstains in the vehicle...

Michael sits down, staring vacantly at state maps.

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

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

THOM  
Michael? What's going on?

MICHAEL  
Training mission. Is there  
something you need?

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

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

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