

# FIREBIRDS

"Pilot"

by  
Juliana Weiss-Roessler  
&  
Joshua Weiss-Roessler

Juliana Weiss-Roessler &  
Joshua Weiss-Roessler  
7045 Woodley Ave. #119  
Lake Balboa, CA 91406  
818.309.9134

TEASER

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Three SUVs flank a semi as it speeds down an empty highway.

INT. SEMI - DAY

The DRIVER is nervous. His passenger, JOHN SAVAGE (mid-30s), a grizzled warrior in the Bruce Willis mold, pats his arm.

SAVAGE

Relax. We're just a few miles away.

Suddenly the rear SUV explodes upwards in a fireball.

DRIVER

Yaaahhhh!

Four HELMETED BIKERS dressed head-to-toe in leather and riding Ninja motorcycles burst through the fireball.

Savage pulls out a gun and slams in a clip.

SAVAGE

Do not slow down. We can't let them get their hands on it.

Terrified, the Driver floors it.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

GUNMEN fire from the two remaining SUVs. The Bikers dodge.

One SUV protects the rear of the truck; the other REVERSES INTO THE BIKERS. They SCATTER -- except for the largest, MUSCULAR BIKER -- CRUNCH! It runs over both Biker and bike.

ANGLE ON THE UNDERBELLY OF THE SUV

The Biker hangs on under the SUV Indiana Jones-style, somehow unhurt, plants a bomb, and lets go. BOOM!

Another Biker drops back to pick up the muscular one.

INT. REMAINING SUV - SAME

The Gunmen are wide-eyed, completely freaked out.

GUNMAN 1

Who the hell are these guys?

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

The Bikers converge on the last SUV. Two Bikers CONNECT their bikes to form a DOUBLE BIKE. They pull alongside the SUV and the SMALLEST BIKER jumps onto the roof.

INT. SUV - SAME

Immediately the Gunmen spray the roof with gunfire.

GUNMAN 2

Got him!

He opens his window to look out. The Small Biker swings down from the roof and HEADBUTTS him back inside.

SUV DRIVER

Holy--!

The Biker mimes blowing them a kiss, tosses something into the SUV and leaps back onto the double bike. The Gunmen look down, realize the object's a bomb just before -- BOOM!

INT. SEMI - SAME

Savage sees the Bikers race up the driver's side of the semi.

SAVAGE

Damn it.

He stands and heroically cocks his gun... then leaps out the cabin door and rolls into the bushes by the side of the road.

DRIVER

Hey! You can't--!

TAP, TAP. The Driver turns to his window: a Bikers hangs on outside the door with a gun aimed at him.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Savage watches from the bushes. The Bikers tie up the Driver, and ride off in the semi. He takes out his cell and dials:

SAVAGE

We've got a problem.

INT. JO'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

JOSEPHINE "JO" ANDREWS, 18, lounges on her bed in bra and panties, flipping through TV channels. She pauses, looks at the GRADUATION CAP AND GOWN on her closet door. Flips again.

GRANDPA (O.S.)  
Josephine, this is becoming a  
problem. Where'd you hide my tie?

JO  
I didn't hide anything, Grandpa.  
You take your pills yet?

GRANDPA ANDREWS, 70s, pops his head in, looking quite dapper  
in his best suit and tie.

GRANDPA  
Of course I took them. Now, tell me  
where you hid my tie!

JO  
Have you looked in the mirror?

GRANDPA  
Why would it be...?

He glances down at the tie he's wearing and leaves muttering.

JO  
You won't need a tie, though. I  
told you, I'm not going.

Jo's door opens and TONY BURNS, 19, also in a suit, enters.

TONY  
But you're valedictorian!

JO  
(trying to cover herself)  
Tony! This is not why I gave you a  
house key! You can't just burst in  
whenever you want without warning  
people who might, you know, not be  
ready for bursting. You know?

She wraps a nearby towel around herself.

TONY  
(blushing)  
Your grandpa called me. Said to  
come right over.

JO  
Of course he did. Thinks you'll  
change my mind.  
(yells)  
Nice try, Grandpa!

TONY  
So you're really not going?

JO  
Everyone's gonna be annoying,  
talking about what they'll major  
in, where they're moving to.

Jo's eyes dart to her bulletin board, then back. Tony sees.

TONY  
You know, Princeton doesn't offer  
full rides to just anyone. I'm sure  
you could still change your mind--

JO  
No. This is where I need to be.

TONY  
Come on, I didn't get dressed up in  
this monkey suit for nothing.

JO  
(finally noticing)  
You do look nice...

TONY  
So do you. I mean, in those  
dresses. Or will. One will. On you.

He points to two dresses draped over her bed. One's ULTRA-  
CONSERVATIVE, the other SLIGHTLY LESS CONSERVATIVE.

JO  
I don't know...

Tony holds the slightly less conservative dress up to her.

TONY  
Come on, do it for your grandpa.

JO  
He is having a good day.

GRANDPA (O.S.)  
Ready! Now I just need to find that  
photo.

JO  
(under her breath)  
Mostly.  
(to Grandpa)  
(MORE)

JO (CONT'D)

We've looked through all the albums, Grandpa. Every photo's accounted for.

TONY

Even if he doesn't remember it, I know he'd love seeing you up there.

JO

Fine, you win. Now please, leave.

With a final smile, Tony goes.

Jo considers the revealing dress, but tosses on the conservative one instead before sliding her gown over it.

She glances at the Princeton acceptance letter tacked to her bulletin board. Sighs. She tears the letter down, SLICING OPEN HER ARM ON A TACK in the process. She YELPS!

TONY (O.S.)

You okay?

Blood seeps out of Jo's cut... which CLOSES UP BEFORE OUR EYES, until it's completely healed. Tony pops his head in, and Jo whips her arm behind her back.

TONY (CONT'D)

What happened?

JO

(nervously)

Oh nothing.

TONY

Of course not. Nothing ever happens in Hillandale.

Tony smirks and leaves. Jo looks relieved.

EXT. ABANDONED AIRFORCE BASE - AFTERNOON

The Bikers, still wearing helmets lock the semi up in an empty airplane hanger.

MUSCULAR BIKER

What's next?

LEAD BIKER

Hillandale.

They hop on their bikes and roll out.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. HILLANDALE AND BOOKS - MORNING

Jo unlocks the door, turns the sign to 'OPEN.' A FIGURE in the dark store rushes her. She instinctively whacks him with a nearby book. He falls.

TONY

Owww!

Tony -- in his police uniform -- struggles to his feet with the remains of the danishes he had been holding.

JO

Tony, you scared me!

TONY

Just surprising you with breakfast.

JO

Surprise is one word for it.

TONY

Sorry.

Jo opens a register and counts the cash drawer.

JO

Just be less... creepy next time.  
And what's that smell?

TONY

(mischievous)  
You really wanna know?

JO

What I really want is for it to  
leave my store.

TONY

You can't tell anyone, but you know  
how those a-holes over at Jefferson  
PD stole our drug bust last month?

JO

I know you wouldn't shut up about  
it.

She closes one cash drawer and starts counting the next.

TONY

Well, last night me and the other  
guys left them a little surprise.

JO  
Was it a flaming bag? Tell me  
you're better than that.

TONY  
We, uh, liberated a donkey from one  
of their barns and left him in the  
middle of their squad room!

Tony keels over laughing. Jo sighs, but can't help smiling.

JO  
You've got the mentality of a 12-  
year-old. This is what we pay our  
cops to do? Steal farm animals and  
lurk in bookstores with danishes?

TONY  
(turning serious)  
Well... Delivering danishes isn't  
the only reason I came by.

Jo stops counting.

JO  
Please don't say Grandpa.

TONY  
He's totally fine now, but... he  
was wandering around town again.

JO  
He wasn't even awake when I left  
for my run! Let me guess -- he was  
looking for his photograph?

TONY  
Yeah. What's that about?

JO  
I don't know. An old girlfriend  
maybe? Scarlett somebody.

TONY  
I'm sure it'll pass eventually.

Tony hands her a smooshed danish. She forces a smile.

EXT. HILLANDALE AND BOOKS - EVENING

Jo flips the sign to 'CLOSED' and locks up, then turns down

## THE ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

She heads to the parking lot. Suddenly, two of the Bikers from earlier block the alley exit. Jo stops. They slowly ride toward her, and she turns back the way she came, her walk brisker. They follow, getting closer.

Jo throws her purse at them and runs, but two more Bikers block the other alley exit. There's no way out.

JO

What do you want?

Finally, ten feet from Jo, they stop. In unison, they slide off their helmets to REVEAL -- they're all YOUNG WOMEN (20s).

The Small Biker, pixie-like with fiery eyes, steps off her cycle. She pulls out a huge knife...

JO (CONT'D)

Listen, I don't--

...then CUTS HER OWN THROAT. She collapses and writhes on the ground, spurting blood. Jo SCREAMS.

Finally, the Small Biker stops moving. Jo falls to her knees.

JO (CONT'D)

Wh-why...?

Suddenly, the Small Biker pops back up.

SMALL BIKER

Boo!

JO

YAAAAAH!

SMALL BIKER

(touches throat)

Owww... Damn.

LEAD BIKER (O.S.)

Annabelle! Cut that crap out!

Jo turns as RED (30s) dismounts her bike. She's an imposing African American woman with world-weary eyes. ANNABELLE shrugs, the cut on her throat quickly becoming a scar.

ANNABELLE

(rasping)

Just having some fun, Red. Oww...

This might be my worst idea ever.

The other women fall over each other laughing. Except Red.

JO  
Who the hell are you people?

Annabelle grins.

INT. HILLANDALE AND BOOKS - MOMENTS LATER

Jo sits, facing Annabelle. Red paces by the front door on her cell. The rest of the gang explores the store.

Annabelle takes Jo's hand in hers.

ANNABELLE  
What I share with you requires  
utmost secrecy. We are the  
Firebirds. Scions of the Sisterhood  
of Phoenix, a Holy Order entrusted  
with the power to heal our bodies  
and minds.

JO  
(beat)  
Okay.

Annabelle holds up an ancient-looking text.

ANNABELLE  
This is our Holy Writ. Within these  
hallowed pages are the tenets--

JO  
Wait. Did you steal that from here?  
How did you even--?

ANNABELLE  
That is one of the many mysteries  
our Holy Order can bring to light.  
May I please see your wallet?

Jo snags the book and stares her down. Finally Annabelle stands to leave -- and bumps right into a glaring Red.

ANNABELLE (CONT'D)  
What? I was just bored.

RED  
That's twice.

Annabelle slinks off, tail between her legs.

RED (CONT'D)

What are we this time, aliens?  
Superheroes powered by gamma rays?

JO

Holy Sisterhood, I think. Should  
have known she was lying when she  
said you were called the  
"Firebirds."

RED

Actually, that part is true.

JO

Oh.

RED

Name's Red. Over there is Bobbi.

She points to a tall, elegant Biker rooting around near the  
cash register. BOBBI stops to wave enthusiastically.

BOBBI

Hey, do you sell lip gloss here? A  
lot of bookstores sell lip gloss.

JO

Uh, no, sorry.

BOBBI

Aww, shucks! What about a copy of  
Guns and Ammo?

(off Jo's look)

What? I like sexy things.

Jo points to the magazines. Bobbi skips off, excited.

RED

That's London.

Red nods to the tattoo-covered Muscular Biker, who has busied  
herself rearranging a bookshelf.

LONDON

You know, you could really organize  
this place better. Increase sales.

Jo jumps up and grabs a book out of her hand.

JO

I think I've got it under control.  
Thanks.

LONDON  
Just trying to help.

Jo sits back down, still holding the book.

RED  
Sweeney Todd over there  
(mimes cutting throat)  
is Annabelle.

JO  
And all of you heal? Like me?

LONDON  
It's an X-linked recessive trait  
that doesn't express in the  
presence of a Y-chromosome.

JO  
Huh?

RED  
It's genetic. No men, and only a  
very few women get it.

JO  
So, what? You ride town to town  
seeking women with this... thing?

RED  
No, we've known about you your  
whole life. Since the crash.

Jo's brow furrows, and she opens her mouth to speak, but--

LONDON  
And now that you're out of school,  
we want you to join us.

JO  
Your biker gang?

RED  
Our CIA task force.

JO  
You want me to fight crime?

RED  
Well, first I'd like to grab a  
drink.

Jo looks uncertain.

INT. BIKER BAR - NIGHT

London and Annabelle toss back shots at the bar. Men ogle Bobbi, who now wears a SLINKY DRESS.

Red and Jo sit at a table. Red pours beers for each of them.

RED  
Best part of being what we are. No  
liver damage.

JO  
I don't drink. Or frequent biker  
bars.

Red shrugs, downs one beer, and begins nursing the other.

LONDON (O.S.)  
Ladies, check it out.

She points to a TV. Onscreen is a NEWSCASTER in front of a semi that's the twin of the one from earlier.

NEWSCASTER  
Earlier today, a truckload of the  
chemical Exodosius was seized from  
terrorists on their way to L.A.

ANNABELLE  
A fake semi. They went all out.

The women chuckle.

NEWSCASTER  
Experts tell us Exodosius is a  
neuro-toxin so powerful that a  
teaspoon could take out the entire  
population of the state of Texas.  
With us now is the brave team that  
took down the terrorists.

The women GROAN. Annabelle throws her beer at the TV.

ANNABELLE  
Booooo!

Patrons frown at her. The Bartender walks out from the back.

BARTENDER  
Hey, who threw that?

Bobbi climbs up on the bar and shuts off their TV.

JO  
What was that all about?

BOBBI  
Some of us don't want to accept  
that we're a secret weapon.

ANNABELLE  
Whatever.

On the other end of the bar, Patrons CHEER and pat an ARMY PRIVATE on the back. They shove beers into his hands.

ARMY PRIVATE  
...really, I can't accept. Those  
men are the heroes.

PATRON 1  
Men like you keep our country safe.

PATRON 2  
A toast. God bless our men in arms!

GROUP OF PATRONS  
God bless our men in arms!

The gang watches as the Private takes the beer.

BOBBI  
Mmm, he's kind of cute.

LONDON  
Hope he enjoys our beers.

ANNABELLE  
I hope he chokes. Taking what  
should be ours. Back in my day that  
would just be plain rude.

BOBBI  
Hold up, grandma. Did you just say  
'back in my day'?

JO  
(jumping up)  
You just reminded me. I forgot to  
call Grandpa.

Red flinches.

BOBBI  
You have a curfew? You're eighteen!

JO  
 It's not a curfew, it's just...  
 Grandpa has Alzheimer's. He doesn't  
 always remember to take his meds...  
 or who he is.

As Jo leaves...

RED  
 Worse things in the world than  
 forgetting.

EXT. CHARLIE'S BIKER BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jo paces anxiously with her cell phone.

GRANDPA (O.S.)  
 Hello?

Something BEEPS in the background.

JO  
 Grandpa, did you forget to take  
 your pills?

GRANDPA (O.S.)  
 Oh, that's why my alarm went off.  
 It's been annoying me all night.

A scuffling noise, then silence on his end of the line.

JO  
 Grandpa? Grandpa! Are you there?

More scuffling, then:

GRANDPA (O.S.)  
 Done.

Jo exhales, relieved.

GRANDPA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Hey, where are you? It's late.

JO  
 At a bar with some friends.

GRANDPA (O.S.)  
 A bar? Well, now. You be careful.  
 Oh! I realized where Scarlett is. I  
 put her in the attic!

JO  
 What...?! Oh, your photo-- Wait!  
 Don't you dare go up in the attic  
 by yourself! I can be home in no  
 time.

GRANDPA (O.S.)  
 Don't you dare! Stay out and have  
 some fun for once. Sometimes you  
 take life too seriously, Josephine.

Jo rolls her eyes.

INT. CHARLIE'S BIKER BAR

Jo returns to the table, but doesn't sit.

RED  
 How is he?

JO  
 Listen, I don't think I'd be a good  
 match for your, uh, team. I really  
 should be heading home.

RED  
 Jo, you have a gift that can help  
 people. And we can teach you things  
 about your power.

JO  
 I am helping people. My grandfather  
 needs me, and I've been dealing  
 with my "power" for eighteen years  
 now. I think I know how it works.

RED  
 Really? Girls.

ANNABELLE  
 I'm forty-eight.

BOBBI  
 Ninety-nine and still sexy.

LONDON  
 One fifty-six.

RED  
 Three hundred and sixty-seven.  
 (off Jo's shocked stare)  
 You have a long life ahead of you.  
 (MORE)

RED (CONT'D)

Spend it doing something good. With people who understand.

JO

Maybe I will have a drink.

Jo slumps into her seat, dumbfounded.

INT. CHARLIE'S BIKER BAR - AN HOUR LATER

Jo mopes at a table, her beer untouched.

Suddenly, music blasts from the jukebox. Annabelle climbs on a pool table and howls.

ANNABELLE

Come on, Jo. Let's dance!

JO

Seriously? I'll pass.

Bobbi and London walk over.

BOBBI

Moping won't do you any good. Loosen up. Have some fun.

LONDON

Don't make us drag you out there.

Jo shakes her head, so they drag her onto a pool table with them and HOWL. Patrons CHEER and WHISTLE as they dance.

JO

I don't think--

ANNABELLE

Yeah, don't! Have fun for once!

Jo takes a deep breath, joins in and... smiles. It is fun. She gains confidence as the music continues over a MONTAGE:

-- Jo and London beat guys at pool.

-- Annabelle cuts in front of the Army Private at the bar, gets a shot of gin for herself, and hands Jo a ginger ale.

-- Out back, Bobbi shows her gun collection in-between making out with two GUYS. Jo fires a shotgun and falls over.

-- Jo and Annabelle play darts. Annabelle 'accidentally' knocks over the Army Private's drink. He fumes.

END MONTAGE.

ON JO, dancing with Bobbi, whose sexy moves entrance the two guys hanging on her arms.

BOBBI

(to Guys)

Get me another whiskey. Actually,  
two. One for my friend. Thanks.

The Guys scramble to please her.

JO

But I don't drink.

BOBBI

I know.

JO

(beat)

Ever think you'll find the one?

BOBBI

I prefer two. Or three, sometimes.

JO

I just wish I knew when you know,  
you know? I mean, how do you know  
you really like someone and they  
like you back when you've been  
friends all your life and you don't  
want to make things weird but--

BOBBI

Okay, you need to just kiss this  
boy and get it over with.

JO

But then he'll know I like him.

BOBBI

That's sort of the point.

JO

I can't do that.

Bobbi grabs Jo's shoulders and looks her square in the eye.

BOBBI

You're young. You're hot. You're  
invincible. And so is he, but he  
won't always be.

(beat)

(MORE)

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
 Okay, technically he's not  
 invincible, but--

JO  
 You're right. I can do this.

Jo grabs her purse and runs out of the bar... and back in.

JO (CONT'D)  
 No. No, I can't do this.

BOBBI  
 Think: young, hot, invincible.

JO  
 (takes a deep breath)  
 Young, hot, invincible. Okay.

She runs out again. Bobbi's Guys return. One has the drinks,  
 the other a bloody nose.

BOBBI  
 Excellent. Drink guy, you may stay.  
 Nose guy, better luck next time.

Bloody Nose Guy stomps off, pissed.

EXT. CHARLIE'S BIKER BAR - MOMENTS LATER

As Jo drives away, a car pulls out of the shadows -- Savage,  
 now with two TERRORIST UNDERLINGS -- and follows.

INT. CHARLIE'S BIKER BAR - MOMENTS LATER

The girls join Red's table. Annabelle drags a stool over.

BOBBI  
 Think Jo's got what it takes?

LONDON  
 She doesn't know our protocols.

BOBBI  
 I'm sure you'll be happy to teach  
 her. My question is: will she join?

ANNABELLE  
 That's your question? Because mine  
 is: why ask her when we could just--

RED  
 Because I said so.

LONDON  
And if she won't join?

RED  
She will.

The Army Private drunkenly taps Annabelle on the shoulder.

ARMY PRIVATE  
You been giving me crap all night.  
Do you have a problem with me?

ANNABELLE  
You're asking a very loaded  
question. Why don't you just go  
back to your seat?

ARMY PRIVATE  
YOU ARE SITTING IN MY SEAT!!!

ANNABELLE  
(innocently)  
This is your seat?

ARMY PRIVATE  
My! Seat!

ANNABELLE  
(standing)  
Really?

She picks up the stool, turns it over...

ANNABELLE (CONT'D)  
I don't see your name on it  
anywhere.

...and then slams him in the face with it.

ANNABELLE (CONT'D)  
Bar fight!

RED  
(sighs)  
Bar fight.

As pandemonium ensues, Red motions for another drink.

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jo gathers her courage outside his front door and knocks.  
Tony opens the door, rubbing his eyes.

TONY  
What are you doing here this late?

JO  
(checking phone)  
Oh, God! I didn't realize. I just  
came over to-- You see--

Tony looks at her quizzically.

JO (CONT'D)  
Aw, hell!

She plants a kiss on his lips, then nervously pulls back.

TONY  
(pleased)  
Wow. That was unexpect--

BEEP-BEEP!

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
Tony, you copy?

TONY  
That's my-- It's the--

JO  
Police radio?

BEEP-BEEP!

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
Tony, you there?

TONY  
Yeah. Be right back.

Jo waits as he steps inside and grabs his radio.

TONY (CONT'D)  
10-4.

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
Problem down at the bar. All out  
fight. May be some injured women.

Jo's eyes go wide.

TONY  
Roger. I'll be right there.  
(to Jo)  
(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

So... I have to go, but we should continue this, uh, talk later.

JO

Mind if I tag along?

TONY

It could be dangerous. I'm not sure I'm comfortable with you--

JO

Have I ever taken no for an answer?

TONY

(sighs)  
Come on.

From the shadows, the Terrorists watch them drive off.

INT. CHARLIE'S BIKER BAR - NIGHT

The Army Private and Patrons nurse wounds. The Firebirds, unscathed, look amused as Tony handcuffs them. Jo watches.

JO

Listen, can't you let it slide?  
These are my friends.

Tony eyes London's buff, tattooed arms.

TONY

Seriously?

LONDON

What do you mean 'seriously'?

JO

Yeah. And, see, the thing is... they're, uh, new in town. New employees, actually. Unfamiliar with the way things are done here.

TONY

Unfamiliar with the-- What does that even mean?

JO

They're from Los Angeles.

TONY

Oh. Still, they broke the law, and--

JO  
I'll talk to them. Make sure it  
doesn't happen again.

TONY  
You'd have to convince Charlie...

Jo nods and rushes into the bar.

EXT. CHARLIE'S BIKER BAR - LATER

\*

The women, still cuffed, are annoyed. Tony's uncomfortable.

LONDON  
We should have just called Patrick.

BOBBI  
I think you can get to my cell if--

RED  
We're not calling anyone.

Jo rushes out of the building with a wide grin.

JO  
Okay, we're good.

ANNABELLE  
Seriously? But I drop kicked that  
dude twice... Allegedly.

JO  
No one wants to advertise that a  
bunch of girls kicked their asses.  
Just one catch. Charlie's banned  
you all from the bar.

ANNABELLE  
Like we'd come back anyway.

Tony starts removing the girls' cuffs.

BOBBI  
You know, if you want to do this  
bondage thing again sometime....

She pulls a card out of her bra and hands it to him. Jo  
snatches it and gives her a dirty look.

RED  
Jo, we'll talk.

The women mount their bikes and zoom off.

JO  
Thanks, Tony. I should check up on  
Grandpa.

Jo hightails it for her car. Tony shakes his head as she drives off. As he takes out his keys, a bag swoops down over him, and the Terrorist Underlings knock him to the ground.

TONY  
(struggling)  
Hey! Help!

But no one comes as they drag him off screen.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. JO'S HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jo takes a stack of pancakes over to Grandpa at the table.

JO  
How many you want, Grandpa?

GRANDPA  
Who are you?

Jo stops dead in her tracks and takes a deep breath.

JO  
Name's Josephine.

GRANDPA  
What a lovely name! Are you my  
waitress?

JO  
I will be serving you today. Yes.

She gives him pancakes and fills his glass with OJ.

GRANDPA  
Can I get some syrup with that?

JO  
Certainly.

She gets syrup. Grandpa pulls out a letter.

GRANDPA  
Could I trouble you to read this  
for me? A young man left it this  
morning, but I can't make it out.

JO  
Okay, but I expect a nice tip.

GRANDPA  
Oh, so you're a waitress and a  
comedian.

Grandpa chuckles. Jo reads the paper and freezes.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)  
Miss? Miss? Are you alright?

Jo's face is ghost white.

INT. HILLANDALE AND BOOKS - DAY

Jo and the gang gather around as London brings up a video conference system on her laptop. PATRICK (late 20s), sweep-you-off-your-feet-handsome, appears on the screen.

PATRICK

Three days without checking in? I thought we were past this passive-aggressive avoidance.

RED

Jo, meet Patrick, our CIA handler.

ANNABELLE

He's a bit of a drama queen.

BOBBI

But so adorable. Hi, Patrick.

LONDON

Give it up. You've been trying to sleep with him for a decade.

PATRICK

(ignoring them)

Nice to meet you, Jo.

Jo waves, uncomfortable.

RED

She'll fill you in on the details.

JO

Uh, yeah. Sure. I was talking to my grandpa at breakfast, and he gave me this note saying Tony-- Well, maybe first I should explain who Tony is-- Really, what's important--

LONDON

(all business)

Her friend is being held hostage by the terrorist group that had the Exodosius. They want to exchange him for the toxin.

(typing)

We're supposed to bring it to this address at midnight tonight.

RED

Kidnapper must have assumed Jo was part of the gang.

PATRICK  
And seen that she was close with  
Tony...

BOBBI  
That's why I don't date.  
(off their looks)  
Dating and playing aren't the same.

RED  
(to Patrick)  
Just tell us where the creeps are.

PATRICK  
Give me one second...

Patrick goes off screen and a map fills the monitor.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
They're headquartered not far from  
where you are now. The box  
highlighted shows the facility--

JO  
Wait, hold up. What facility? Whose  
facility?

LONDON  
Name's Brotherhood of the Hand.

PATRICK  
Run by...

A photo of Savage appears.

BOBBI  
(re: Savage)  
Yum.

PATRICK  
...Jonathan Savage. For the last  
few years, he's waged a quiet  
campaign against the government.  
Unleashing the toxin would have  
raised his profile considerably.

ANNABELLE  
Good thing we stopped them on our  
way here.

JO  
"On your way here"? So they  
followed you. You caused this!

LONDON

Technically, we can't be held responsible for--

RED

Yes. We did. That's why we're going to raid that base and get him back.

PATRICK

Since there is a personal connection, I recommend sending in another squad. We can--

RED

We're doing this, Patrick.

JO

Shouldn't we just do the exchange? Won't charging in put him in greater danger?

ANNABELLE

Greater danger? He's being held by deranged killers!

JO

How do we even know he's there?

LONDON

(reading screen)

Patrick's reports say this is where they took their last two hostages.

RED

We go in hard and fast. You'll have Tony back before morning.

JO

Fine. But I'm coming with you.

Jo stands heroically. Red smiles. The rest of the women collectively shrug and go about their business.

WOMEN

Whatever. / Good luck. / Just try to stay out of the way.

EXT. IMAGI-NATIONS TOYS HIGH-RISE - LOADING DOCK - EVENING

WORKERS unload boxes from trucks while MEN WITH MACHINE GUNS stand guard.

ACROSS THE STREET, Jo and Bobbi watch from a parking lot.

JO  
The terrorist headquarters doubles  
as a toy factory?

BOBBI  
That's no toy factory.

A Worker drops his box and DOLLS spill out.

BOBBI (CONT'D)  
I stand corrected.  
(slams clip into gun)  
Good thing I brought along some  
toys of my own.

Jo shakes her head at the guns adorning Bobbi's thighs,  
calves, upper arms, back, and belt.

JO  
What, did you have a buy one, get  
twelve free card?

BOBBI  
(stroking gun)  
My boys get jealous if I leave one  
of them behind.

Jo rolls her eyes and turns to the rest of gang. They kneel  
around a building schematic:

LONDON  
(pointing)  
They'll have Tony here, the most  
secure room in the building. Hit  
all the marks I've laid out at the  
exact time or this could get dicey.

RED  
You heard her. Speed and accuracy.  
Hit 'em hard and we'll be out  
before they recover. No hesitation.  
Our only goal is to get Tony out.

Everyone nods. Jo fidgets uncomfortably.

INT. TONY'S CELL - SAME

Tony, still hooded, sits at a table in the center of the  
room. Savage paces around him.

SAVAGE  
Your friends are stupid, reckless.

TONY  
Says my kidnapper. You know that's  
a felony, right? Man, I didn't  
think you guys had it in you.

SAVAGE  
You think I like resorting to this?

TONY  
(shrugs)  
What do I know? Maybe this is how  
you get your kicks.

SAVAGE  
You need to watch your mouth.

Tony laughs.

EXT. IMAGI-NATIONS TOYS HIGH-RISE - LOADING DOCK - LATER

Workers continue unloading boxes. Canisters of TEAR GAS roll  
into the loading dock. Immediately the gang rushes in, guns  
blazing, and easily takes out the panicked Guards.

ANNABELLE  
Cakewalk.

RED  
Come on!

They race up stairs, blast in the door and charge in, firing.

Beat.

Finally, Jo enters the loading dock, her pistol held  
awkwardly. She cautiously makes her way over to the stairs.  
Annabelle reappears and runs to Jo.

ANNABELLE  
What's your problem?

JO  
Nothing. I'm just being cautious.

ANNABELLE  
Place like this, that's the kind of  
thing that'll get you--

BANG! BANG! Annabelle lurches forward as she's shot, but  
barely hesitates before turning and taking the Guard out.

ANNABELLE (CONT'D)  
 (grimacing)  
 No more caution.

Jo nods and they run into the building.

INT. TONY'S CELL - SAME

Savage continues to circle Tony.

SAVAGE  
 We're wasting time. I just need to  
 know where--

TONY  
 You poached from us, so we got you  
 back. Game over. That's the end.

SAVAGE  
 That's not the end!

Savage erupts, knocking over the table. Tony doesn't flinch.

TONY  
 Dude, seriously, the bad cop thing?  
I'm a cop. You know what, get  
 Menendez out here. Or Hurtzfeld. I  
 want to talk to someone I know.

SAVAGE  
 You think this is a game? I need it  
 back!

Savage knocks Tony's chair over and gets in his face.

INT. IMAGI-NATIONS TOYS - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

\*

Jo and Annabelle sprint down the corridor. Jo has the map.

JO  
 Left here!

They turn into

ANOTHER CORRIDOR

And continue running. Annabelle shoots the few Guards who  
 dare to get in their way.

JO  
 Now right!

They race down

YET ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Where the rest of the gang finishes off a group of Guards.

ANNABELLE

(to Jo)

Aww, you made me miss all the fun.

Alarms sound. BIG METAL DOORS lined with SPIKES on the bottom slowly lower, sealing off the rest of the building.

RED

Come on.

They run for the doors. Guards appear behind them and shoot. Bobbi lags behind to give them cover fire.

As they run:

LONDON

This is why we needed to stay on time.

She glares at Jo, who turns away, sheepish.

They reach the door. London, Red, and Annabelle dive under it to the other side. Jo hesitates, eyeing the deadly spikes.

ANNABELLE

Sure, hang out. No rush.

JO

I just wanna make sure I get the right angle...

BOBBI

(running at them)

Hurry up so I can go!

LONDON

If you can't do it, I'll do it for you.

London slides back through, tosses Jo safely under the door, then rolls back herself. The door is inches from the floor.

LONDON (CONT'D)

Go!

The rest the gang races down the corridor, but Jo waits for Bobbi. She sprints and slides feet first under the door, just barely making it -- CRUNCH!

BOBBI

Aaaaah!

-- except for half of her right arm.

Jo is frozen in shock as Bobbi slowly stands, her stump of an arm still spurting blood. Jo snaps out of it.

JO

Bobbi, I-- Are you--?

BOBBI

(icy)

When we get out of here, you're going to pay for that.

JO

(fighting tears)

Your arm! I'm so sorry. I didn't--

Bobbi waves her ALREADY-REGROWING ARM at Jo.

BOBBI

That was my favorite gun.

Jo stares, speechless, as Bobbi runs after the others.

INT. TONY'S CELL - SAME

Savage sets Tony right side up in his chair.

SAVAGE

I'm sorry, I lost my temper.

TONY

Screw you. What we did wasn't that big of a deal. It was a joke.

SAVAGE

Not a big deal? I'll bet that's what you thought about Hiroshima.

TONY

(confused)

No, that was a pretty big deal--

SAVAGE

Or Agent Orange. Blister agents, nerve agents--

TONY

You know you automatically lose the argument if you invoke Hitler or Nazis, right?

SAVAGE

All from your government. The same government that signs your paychecks and you obey so blindly.

TONY

I hate to break it to you, but you work for the government too.

SAVAGE

No. I will make a new government, a new order. One that is at least honest about its goals.

TONY

Okay... I think you've moved on from bad cop to crazy cop.

SAVAGE

Do not insult me!

TONY

I can't believe you're getting so bent out of shape over a donkey.

Savage does a double take.

SAVAGE

Wait, what?

INT. IMAGI-NATIONS TOYS - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bobbi and Jo run straight into an all-out battle. Dozens of GUARDS attack the gang. London carries a Guard in one hand like a shield and fires with the other hand. Annabelle tackles two Guards and wails on them. Red calmly picks her targets and fires, never missing.

JO

(re: Bobbi's stump)  
Will you be able to--?

But Bobbi has already entered the fray, firing left-handed.

JO (CONT'D)

(deer in headlights)  
Okay, less cautious.

Jo takes a deep breath and lifts her gun to shoot... but her phone rings: GRANDPA. She ducks around the corner to answer.

JO (CONT'D)  
Hello? Is something wrong?

INTERCUT WITH

INT. JO'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Grandpa stands at the base of the pull-down attic stairs with the phone in his hand. A bright bulb glows above.

GRANDPA  
Do you know how to turn off the light in the attic?

JO  
Why is the attic light on? Did you go up there?!

GRANDPA  
Oh, loosen up.

She covers her ear with her hand as gunfire blazes.

JO  
You could have gotten hurt.

GRANDPA (O.S.)  
Pfah! I'm fine.

JO  
This time, sure. But--

WHACK! -- a GUARD kicks the phone out of her hand...

JO (CONT'D)  
Ow! Geez!

Grandpa looks at the phone, the connection lost.

GRANDPA  
Must be in a bad area.

INT. IMAGI-NATIONS TOYS - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

\*

Jo aims her gun at the Guard, and he kicks that away too.

JO  
Seriously?

She dives for it, but he stops her and BEATS THE CRAP OUT OF HER. Broken nose. Black eyes. Cuts and welts everywhere. By the time he slams her into a glass award case, shattering it, she looks worse than Rocky at the end of a match.

But just like Rocky, she won't quit. Desperate, tears welling, Jo grabs the closest trophy from the case -- a DIAPERED BABYDOLL STATUETTE.

The Guard kicks. She blocks with the baby, and he slips and falls. She takes her chance, leaping onto him in a fury and whacking him with the baby again and again.

Finally she stops, realizing that the fighting is over. The rest of the gang just stands over her, staring.

She tosses the doll aside and stands.

JO (CONT'D)  
Aren't we on a schedule?

INT. IMAGI-NATIONS TOYS - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

\*

CLOSE ON A CELL DOOR

The gang approaches.

LONDON  
He's right behind that door.

JO  
Cakewalk.

INT. TONY'S CELL - SAME

Savage rips Tony's hood off and grabs his face.

SAVAGE  
(intense)  
What did you say?

TONY  
(holy shit)  
You're not a Jefferson police.

There's SCUFFLING outside the door. Savage turns, concerned.

CLOSE ON THE DOOR

It flies inwards in a BLAST of smoke and fire. The Firebirds step into the doorway. And pause...

ANNABELLE

Uh...

PULL BACK to reveal a completely empty room.

INT. TONY'S CELL - SAME

The door opens and an UNDERLING steps in.

SAVAGE

What is it?

UNDERLING

There's a problem.

Savage glares at Tony.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. IMAGI-NATIONS TOYS - EMPTY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The gang hasn't moved.

ANNABELLE

So, uh, Tony looks a lot like an empty room.

JO

Where is he?

BOBBI

They must have moved him.

RED

No. He was never here. We should have been more cautious.

LONDON

I knew we shouldn't have come here.

BOBBI

(sarcastic)

Yeah, you fought us every step of the way.

Annabelle kicks the wall in frustration.

INT. HILLANDALE AND BOOKS - NIGHT

The gang crowds around the laptop screen, horrified. ZAP!

TONY (V.O.)

Aaaahaah!

Jo cringes. On screen, Savage circles Tony, still tied to the chair, ZAPPING him with a taser.

TONY (CONT'D)

Please-- aaahh! Please, stop--!

Savage grabs Tony's hand and slowly PULLS OUT A NAIL with pliers. Tony WAILS. Savage YANKS OUT ANOTHER NAIL...

TONY (CONT'D)

Please... Ohhhhh, god....

...then looks directly into camera.

SAVAGE

You didn't take me seriously. Now you will.

(MORE)

SAVAGE (CONT'D)

Follow the instructions I sent, or you won't see this one again. Not alive. **And do not bring a fake toxin, because -- I. Will. Know.**

The recording ends. The girls avoid meeting Jo's eyes.

PATRICK

This disc was just waiting for you outside the bookstore?

RED

In a giftbox.

JO

So what do we do now?

(no answer)

Come on, I thought you were these badassess who couldn't be stopped. That's it? That was the end?

A long, silent beat, then--

RED

No, not the end.

(beat)

We give him the neuro-toxin.

ANNABELLE

What?!

LONDON

I really don't recommend--

Red cuts her off with a glare.

RED

Relax. We'll get it back. Patrick, bring up a street map.

PATRICK

No. You can't give them the Exodosius.

RED

Since it's still sitting in the hanger where we left it and I've got a key, you don't have a choice.

PATRICK

(sighs)

I hope you know what you're doing.

He types and a street map pops up on screen.

RED  
While Anna and Jo do the exchange--

ANNABELLE  
Anna and who?

RED  
--the rest of us will set up a  
quarter mile away.

JO  
Why so far?

LONDON  
Isn't it obvious? They'll be  
canvassing the area. Any closer and  
they'll see us.

JO  
Right. Obvious.

RED  
This is also the perfect mission to  
test out the project Bobbi's been  
working on.

BOBBI  
(delighted squeal)  
Really?

Red nods. Bobbi gently places a case on the counter and opens  
it. Inside is a plain, ordinary pistol.

ANNABELLE  
Wow. That's amazing. Really.

Bobbi takes out the gun and shoots Annabelle.

ANNABELLE (CONT'D)  
Hey!

Instead of a bullet, a GPS CHIP hits her and sticks to her  
clothing. From the computer: BEEP. BEEP. They look over and  
see a flashing dot on the map that reads "Annabelle."

LONDON  
GPS beacon? What's the firing range  
on that thing?

BOBBI  
(proud)  
Fifty feet.

LONDON

I guess that's pretty decent. You might get more if you--

JO

(overriding)

Incredible. How'd you--?

BOBBI

Easy. I just hollowed out his barrel with a stiff wire brush because GPS chips are wider than bullets, about the circumference of a penny, which made rigging him a new magazine a snap -- I just used a coin dispenser! The hardest part--

JO

Geez, you MacGyvered the hell out of that thing.

They look at her with blank faces.

JO (CONT'D)

MacGyver? He builds stuff out of everyday... stuff? On TV? No?

Red pushes on.

RED

That's why you'll be there for the exchange, Annabelle. Plant a chip on the Savage's car, and we'll follow the signal right to them.

ANNABELLE

I like it.

LONDON

I don't. We're still risking the toxin just to save one person.

RED

Lose the toxin, we'll have chances get it back later -- we can't get Tony's life back if we lose that.

London doesn't look convinced.

ANNABELLE

Look at it this way: if the toxin does get released, chances are it can't hurt us, so win-win, right?

Off their dumbfounded expressions.

INT. ABANDONED AIRPLANE HANGER - NIGHT

London backs a van up to the semi while Jo watches with the rest of the girls.

JO

(to the group)

I've been thinking. When we were storming their headquarters, Annabelle healed from getting shot.

BOBBI

That does tend to happen.

JO

And Bobbi re-grew her entire arm.

ANNABELLE

Half her arm. Don't give her free bragging rights.

Red opens the semi trailer. Foam that's several feet thick lines the walls, leaving an aisle just wide enough to walk. Wedged into the foam is a duffel bag-sized canister of thick plastic containing five vials of clear liquid: Exodosius. Red and Bobbi carry the canister out together.

JO

So... what can kill us?

LONDON

Isn't it obvious? Our ability's genetic. Our metabolisms move into hyperdrive when we need them to. So if we stopped getting fuel -- like oxygen or food -- we're done.

ANNABELLE

Wrong. I hid underground once for two months with nothing to eat but bugs and I was fine.

BOBBI

Gross.

Red and Bobbi carefully load the toxin into the van.

LONDON

Bugs have lots of nutrients.

ANNABELLE

Point is, that wouldn't kill us. It would have to be something like falling into an active volcano.

BOBBI

That's just silly. I've been burned lots of times and I always heal.

ANNABELLE

Well, what's your theory?

BOBBI

Head chopped off. No brain to tell your body to heal. Duh.

Red slams the back of the van closed.

JO

So what you're saying is you're as clueless as me? Awesome. How about you, Red? What do you think?

ANNABELLE

Oh boy.

BOBBI

Here it comes.

RED

Life.

JO

That's cryptic.

RED

In three hundred and sixty-seven years, I haven't come across one damn thing that could kill me. Not for good, anyway. So when I die, probably thousands of years from now, after having to watch countless more friends and loved ones fade away, it will be because life finally lets go of me.

Everyone is silent and solemn for a beat, then:

ANNABELLE

What about getting sucked out an airlock into space?

LONDON  
That could work.

BOBBI  
Yeah, totally.

Jo laughs, and Red can't help but smile.

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Annabelle drives, and Jo rides shotgun.

JO  
I just realized Tony's going to  
recognize us.

ANNABELLE  
Maybe we should cover our faces.

Annabelle holds up her helmet, but Jo shakes her head.

JO  
He's seen you in your biker gear.

ANNABELLE  
Ski masks?

JO  
Are we robbing a bank? No. Bobbi's  
all about clothes. Let's ask her.

Annabelle shrugs.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Jo and Annabelle wait. Wearing panty hose over their heads.

ANNABELLE  
Yeah, this is much better than the  
ski masks.

JO  
Shut up.

ANNABELLE  
No, really. It breathes.

The CB radio CRACKLES to life.

LONDON  
Everybody in place?

JO  
 (into radio)  
 Roger that.

INT. CIA COMMAND OFFICE - SAME

Patrick, wearing a headset, watches a map on his screen.

PATRICK  
 Waiting to receive the signal.

EXT. ROAD - SAME

Red, London, and Bobbi sit on their motorcycles.

RED  
 We're in place.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

A black Suburban drives up. Jo and Annabelle exit the van. Annabelle opens the rear van doors, revealing the canister.

Savage points a scanner at the canister. A laser beam scans it and beeps. He nods, and an Underling emerges from the car with Tony, who wears handcuffs.

TONY  
 (re: the girls)  
 Who the hell are these people?  
 Where are you taking me?

UNDERLING 1  
 Walk.

The Underling shoves him forward. Tony stumbles toward Jo as Annabelle hands off the canister to the Underling.

ANNABELLE  
 You've gotta be very careful--

BANG! One side of Annabelle's face EXPLODES, and she falls.

UNDERLING 1  
 (freezing)  
 Sweet mother....

REVEAL Savage with the gun. He quickly turns and fires at a stunned Jo and Tony.

JO  
 No!

She shields Tony's body with hers, and BULLETS TEAR INTO HER BACK. Somehow she fights through the agony, jumps in the van, and peels out. Savage continues to shoot at them.

SAVAGE  
(to Underling)  
Hurry up!

Underling 1 snaps out of it and runs to the rear of the SUV.

ANNABELLE  
Hey!

Savage turns as Annabelle struggles to her feet. She only has one good eye, but already the skin and muscle is knitting itself back together.

SAVAGE  
(awed)  
It's true, then. Incredible.

ANNABELLE  
Incredible's coming, when I shoot  
you with only one good eye.

She levels her gun at him... and MISFIRES WILDLY, hitting everything but Savage: SUV, ground, Underling 1's arm--

UNDERLING 1  
Yaaah!

ANNABELLE  
That's embarrassing.

The canister slams into the ground, knocking the latch open. A vial of the toxin FLIES OUT towards Annabelle. She dives forward and just barely catches it. She and Savage both breathe a sigh of relief, then--

UNDERLING DRIVER  
(driving past)  
Boss!

Savage scoops up the canister and dives into the SUV. They shower Annabelle with bullets as they speed away.

She powers through the barrage, steadies the GPS GUN...

ANNABELLE  
Please let my aim be better...

...and fires. The GPS chip hits! She grabs her walkie-talkie.

ANNABELLE (CONT'D)  
(fading)  
GPS chip... on... the car.

She collapses, totally spent.

INT. CIA COMMAND OFFICE - SAME

A BLINKING DOT appears on the map in front of Patrick.

PATRICK  
Okay, package is traveling--

The dot DISAPPEARS.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Uhh... hold, please.

He desperately pushes buttons, turns knobs -- nothing. He stares at his blank map, dumbfounded, then punches his desk.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Damn it! The signal's gone. The GPS  
must have malfunctioned.

EXT. ROAD - SAME

Red and London look at Bobbi.

BOBBI  
Whoops?

Off their panicked faces.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Red, Bobbi, and London huddle around a street map.

RED  
We'll split up and hit the two main  
routes they'll use.

LONDON  
But if they don't use either of  
those routes--

RED  
They will.

The radio chirps.

ANNABELLE (O.S.)  
You're looking for a 2004 black  
Suburban, no license plates.

They peel off in opposite directions -- Bobbi with London;  
Red alone.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Tony MOANS, and Jo's eyes dart to him as she drives.

JO  
Tony? Tony? Are you alright?

He MOANS and slumps, revealing blood all down his side.

JO (CONT'D)  
Oh, my god!

Jo turns back to find herself heading into oncoming traffic.  
She swerves back into her lane as horns BLARE.

EXT. HIGHWAY ON-RAMP - NIGHT

Bobbi leans on her bike, filing her nails. London is all  
business, watching the road with BINOCULARS.

BOBBI  
We're right next to the road. Do  
you really think those are going to  
help us see them that much earlier?

London hands her the binoculars and starts her engine.

LONDON

I don't know. What do you think?

BOBBI

You're kidding, really?

(using binoculars)

What am I supposed to be seeing?

Suddenly, a black Suburban flies past.

LONDON

That.

She gives chase, and Bobbi quickly follows. They try to force the SUV off the road. It dodges, using other cars as buffers.

Finally London boxes it into the curb while Bobbi cuts in front, forcing it to slam to a stop.

They leap from their bikes, guns drawn.

LONDON (CONT'D)

Out! Now!

BOBBI

Hands high!

Two SCARED COLLEGE GUYS get out. London and Bobbi share a confused glance.

COLLEGE GUY 1

Don't shoot.

COLLEGE GUY 2

We're sorry.

LONDON

(to Bobbi)

Check anyway.

Bobbi shoves the Guys to the ground and jumps into the SUV.

LONDON (CONT'D)

(to Guys)

Why'd you run?

COLLEGE GUY 2

We didn't know. We didn't know...

COLLEGE GUY 1

Shut up, man.

Bobbi reappears and shakes her head: no toxin.

BOBBI  
Just a dozen cases of the cheapest  
beer I've ever seen.

COLLEGE GUY 2  
Dude, that is not ours, I swear.

COLLEGE GUY 1  
We're holding it for a friend. I  
turn twenty-one in a week.

COLLEGE GUY 2  
(fierce whisper)  
I told you this was dumb.

London holsters her gun and goes back to her bike.

COLLEGE GUY 1  
Wait, so we're free to go?

LONDON  
(into radio)  
False alarm. Nothing here.

BOBBI  
(kneeling by them)  
Sorry we bothered you. But if  
you're free later tonight...

She pulls a card out of her bra and hands it to the driver  
with a wink.

London rolls her eyes.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Jo drives, frantic, as Tony MOANS again. She grabs her radio.

JO  
Patrick, Tony was hit. What do I  
do? Tell me what to do!

INTERCUT WITH

EXT. CIA COMMAND OFFICE - SAME

Patrick enters GPS coordinates into a computer.

PATRICK  
(into headset)  
First of all, keep your eyes on the  
road. I've got you on radar, and a  
copter squad is on their way.

JO  
But where do I go? What--?

PATRICK  
I need you to stay calm and keep  
heading straight.

Tony GROANS again.

JO  
How long will they take?

PATRICK  
You should see them momentarily.

Jo swerves into the right lane, cutting off a car. It HONKS.

JO  
He needs help now. Just tell me  
where the nearest hospital is!

PATRICK  
We have a full team ready to care  
for Tony just ahead. They'll get  
him to a hospital faster in their  
helicopter than you can in that  
van. I need you to trust me, Jo.

Jo takes a deep, calming breath. WHOMP-WHOMP-WHOMP.  
Helicopters approaching in the distance.

JO  
There they are! I see--!

She swerves again, narrowly missing yet another collision.

PATRICK  
Just keep your eyes on the road.

Jo nods and inhales deeply.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Red lurks just off to the side of the empty road.

RED  
(into radio)  
No luck.

LONDON (O.S.)  
I'm not sure this is the best way  
to go about this.

RED  
I based this on your traffic  
pattern model.  
(to herself)  
That'll shut her up.

A beat.

LONDON (O.S.)  
Hey! I never made a traffic pattern  
model.

Red squints into the darkness and headlights flash on: the Suburban, headed right toward her.

RED  
Bogey spotted.

Red blocks the road with her bike. The Suburban stops, and the engine revs. Red pauses, then revs her bike in response.

INT. SUBURBAN - SAME

The Underling Driver turns to Savage.

SAVAGE  
She won't risk releasing the toxin.

UNDERLING DRIVER  
And you will?

Savage points his gun at the Driver's head.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - SAME

Tires screech on the SUV. It barrels toward Red on her bike, the least fair game of chicken ever.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - NIGHT

Red stands up on the bike, preparing for the crash. As the SUV hits, Red CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD and into the Suburban. The SUV drives erratically for another twenty feet, then comes to a safe stop in the middle of the road.

For a moment, there's no movement, then the back doors open. Savage crawls out, beaten and bloody... then collapses.

Red walks over to him, toxin in hand.

RED  
(into radio)  
We got it.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - LATER

Bobbi and Annabelle lean against the van as Jo paces in front of them and gesticulates.

JO  
No, the same buff Army guys from the news. They were on the chopper, and they took Tony in to get help.

ANNABELLE  
And to take the credit again, naturally. Jackasses.

JO  
No, they were really nice. They kept telling me how great we are and how they're all in awe of us.

BOBBI  
You forgot the most important part. Are they as hot as they are on TV?

ANNABELLE  
Your words make my brain hurt.

Jo smiles as London walks past with the Exodosius canister. She wedges it into the back of the van nice and tight.

SAVAGE (O.S.)  
You don't know what you're doing.

Red approaches Savage and his Underlings, cuffed to the SUV.

RED  
We're putting the toxin in safe hands. Your attack plans are done.

SAVAGE  
Safe? Where do you think we got the Exodosius in the first place?

RED  
The government made this? And you stole it?

SAVAGE  
Right after I blew up the lab where they created it. This is all that's left. There's a facility in L.A. where I can eradicate the toxin forever. Just give me the chance.

Red turns away, conflicted.

INT. JO'S HOME - ENTRANCE WAY - NIGHT

Jo walks in the door.

JO  
Grandpa? Where are you? Have you taken your medicine?

GRANDPA (O.S.)  
What? Who's that?

JO  
I'm gonna grab it for you. Hold on.

Jo enters

THE KITCHEN

She grabs the pillbox from the counter and pours water.

GRANDPA (O.S.)  
Where is that darn-- Aha!

INT. JO'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Boxes litter the room. Grandpa places a photo on the side table of his younger self smiling with a familiar woman: Red!

GRANDPA  
(admiring)  
Here she is. Me and my gal.

Jo enters.

JO  
I've got your medicine.

GRANDPA  
Scarlett?

JO  
No, it's-- Yeah, I'm Scarlett.

He whips around, knocking the photo under the couch.

GRANDPA  
You're not Scarlett.

JO  
No, but I've got something for you.

She holds out his medicine, and he takes it.

GRANDPA  
I do feel like I've been coming  
down with something lately. Who are  
you again?

JO  
A friend. Did you find that photo  
you were looking for?

GRANDPA  
What photo?  
(indicating boxes)  
Who made such a damn mess?

JO  
Never mind, I'll help you with it.

They start cleaning.

JO (CONT'D)  
You ever think that it might be bad  
for someone else to be with you?

GRANDPA  
(shaking his head)  
You sound just like Scarlett. Let  
people live their own lives. Make  
their own decisions.

JO  
I want to, I do. But Tony was in a  
lot of danger today. Because of me.  
(MORE)

JO (CONT'D)

If we're together, I'm pretty sure it won't be the last time, either.

GRANDPA

I like that Tony. He's a keeper.

JO

Yeah, he is. So how do I keep him out of danger without leaving him?

Beat.

GRANDPA

Excuse me, miss. Have you seen my photo?

Jo smiles sadly at him and shakes her head.

INT. TONY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jo sits in a chair at Tony's bedside.

JO

Great cop you are. Can't even hack it in Hillandale, "where nothing ever happens."

TONY

(laughing)

Guess we're not in as much of a bubble as I thought.

JO

So, uh, what exactly did happen?

Tony's eyes darken.

TONY

First I thought it was a prank, you know, but... I think maybe I was getting too close to something on this drug case I've been working on. Something big. I never thought I'd see something scary as that, but even in Hillandale....

Tony puts her hand between his.

TONY (CONT'D)

Promise me you'll be careful out there, Jo. It seems like more scary people pop up every day. Guess there just aren't enough good guys left to keep 'em away.

JO

And that is why I gave you my keys.

They share a smile.

TONY

(gathering courage)

So listen, uh, Josephine. Tied to that chair, I had a lot of time to think. Life is too short--

JO

(quickly)

I want to apologize for last night.

TONY

(disappointed)

Oh?

JO

You know, I was drinking, and one thing led to another. I hope it didn't make you too uncomfortable.

TONY

Wha--me? No, not uncomfortable. I wasn't... Drinking? That doesn't seem like you. You've always been a good girl, not like... Well, I'm not so sure I like those new girls you hang out with.

JO

They're not so bad. Sometimes.

TONY

Well, they seem like a bad influence. You sure you really want them as friends?

Off Jo's torn look...

INT. CHARLIE'S BIKER BAR - DAY

The girls are living it up again. Jo enters and goes over to the gang at the bar.

JO

Thought Charlie banned you guys.

RED

(winks)

We have our methods.

JO  
 So, I've been thinking over your,  
 you know, offer.

Red doesn't respond, just takes a deep swig of her drink.

JO (CONT'D)  
 I want in. But I'll only do it on  
 one condition.

ANNABELLE  
 (aside)  
 This should be good.

JO  
 I get to live here in town.

BOBBI  
 Not happening.

LONDON  
 Our missions take us all over the  
 world. We never stay in one place.

ANNABELLE  
 Yeah, and the gang always stays  
 together.

RED  
 Annabelle's right.

ANNABELLE  
 Damn straight.

RED  
 Which is why we should find a place  
 to stay in town. We'll make it our  
 new base of operations.

BOBBI  
 What? I didn't sign on for  
 this.

LONDON  
 This is not the way we do  
 things.

RED  
 (to Jo)  
 Only until your grandfather passes.

Jo nods.

BOBBI  
 But Red, this town is really small.

ANNABELLE

Yeah, and I don't think they like us.

They nod toward the far side of the bar, where the Guy that Bobbi rejected earlier and the banged up Army Private glare.

NEW BARTENDER (O.S.)

(to Jo)

Besides, it'll be healthy for the team to learn how to stay in one place for a while and form normal human relationships.

Jo jumps and turns toward the voice behind the counter. It's Patrick, even more dashing in person.

JO

Aren't you...

Patrick puts his finger to his lips.

JO (CONT'D)

...new here?

PATRICK

(shakes her hand)

Name's Patrick. I just bought this bar with a very generous offer. What can I get you?

JO

Ginger ale, please.

(to Red)

Methods, huh?

RED

I was prepared for this scenario.

Jo flashes Red a huge smile. Red nods to Patrick and they go into the back room. Annabelle drags Jo toward her.

ANNABELLE

Come on, you're doing shots.

LONDON

To celebrate you joining the gang.

JO

But I--

BOBBI

Look, if we're staying here, I'm going to need to be drunk a lot more of the time.

They all look at Jo expectantly.

JO

Well... okay. But just this once.

They cheer.

INT. CHARLIE'S BIKER BAR - BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Red glares at Patrick.

PATRICK

I was following orders. There's classified information I can't--

She holds up a hand, takes out the vials of the toxin.

RED

The world's gray, I know that. Just promise me... Promise it's going to be used for good.

Patrick meets her eyes and nods. She hands him the vials.

EXT. CHARLIE'S BIKER BAR - LATER

They exit the bar. Red hands Jo a motorcycle helmet.

JO

What's this?

Red nods toward a shiny new Ninja motorcycle.

RED

Figured you should look the part if you're gonna be one of us.

JO

Wow, I... Wow.

RED

So, why did you decide to join?

JO

Because there just aren't enough good guys.

Annabelle approaches and gives Jo a big slap on the back.

ANNABELLE

You sure you're ready for this?

In one move, Jo straddles the bike and slides the helmet on.

JO

(badass)

I was born ready.

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The Firebirds rocket down the highway, a phalanx of bikes.

WIDEN to reveal one lone bike a mile back, wobbling at a granny's pace.

JO

Hold on, guys!

The group zooms off screen.

END OF SHOW