

TRAVELERS

Episode #101

Written by  
Brad Wright

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TRAVELERS  
Episode #101  
Cast List - Green Pages - 03.28.16

GRANT MACLAREN (3468)	Eric McCormack
MARCY WARTON (3569)	Mackenzie Porter
CARLY SHANNON (3465)	Nesta Cooper
TREVOR HOLDEN (0115)	Jared Abrahamson
PHILIP PEARSON (3326)	Reilly Dolman
DAVID MAILER	Patrick Gilmore
JEFF CONNIKER	J. Alex Brinson
RAY GREEN	Ian Tracey
DETECTIVE GOWER	Garry Chalk
RENE BELLAMY	Alyssa Lynch
DR LEE	Olivia Cheng
FIGHTER	Marcus Aurelio
WALTER FORBES	Arnold Pinnock
GARY HOLDEN	William MacDonald
KYLE	Dylan Playfair
PATRICIA HOLDEN	Teryl Rothery
STEPHEN	Zack Lavoie
TORY	Angela Palmer
TEEN #1	Tyson Bellusci
TEEN #2	Anthony Scardera

TRAVELERS  
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Set List - Green Pages - 03.28.16

Exteriors

ABANDONED BUILDING  
- Rooftop

CARLY'S HOUSE

CITY LIBRARY

CITY STREET

CONVENIENCE STORE

DAVID'S APARTMENT

STREET

TREVOR'S HOME  
- Yard

Interiors

ABANDONED BUILDING  
- Stairwell  
- 7<sup>th</sup> Floor

CARLY'S HOUSE  
- Living Room  
- Kitchen

CITY BUS

CITY LIBRARY

CLINIC  
- Dr. Lee's Office

COLLEGE DORM

DAVID'S APARTMENT  
- Apartment  
- Corridor

FBI FIELD OFFICE

Interiors (cont'd)

FORBES' CAR  
- Moving

HOSPITAL ROOM

INTERNET CAFÉ

JEFF'S CAR  
~~— Moving~~

LESTER HIGH SCHOOL  
- Corridor

MACKENZIE'S SUV  
- Moving

MARCY'S APARTMENT

POLICE STATION  
- Interrogation Room

RAY'S CAR  
- Moving

TREVOR'S HOME  
- Bedroom  
- Kitchen  
- Living Room

WAREHOUSE

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. CITY LIBRARY - NIGHT (N1)(10:42 PM)

1

After hours.

MARCY WARTON, a young twenty, attractive even in her dowdy clothes and unkempt hair, works late evening in the modern glass and steel city library, wiping a table with a dust rag and pleased with her efforts.

Another cleaning lady, TORY, black, thirties walks past her on her way out for the night.

TORY

Okay, Marcy, I gotta leave early tonight. You gonna be a'right alone?

MARCY

I'm f-fine.

TORY

A'right. Don't forget to take your break, girl, you work too hard.

MARCY

I won't, Tory. Bye.

\*

She gives Tory a childlike wave goodbye, watching her go.

TORY -- goes out the big glass doors and walks across a wide, empty public square outside of the glass walled building.

Marcy decides to take her break right now.

She takes a seat with her back to the windows facing the square, removes a thermos from her large purse, pours a cup of hot of tea and smiles at the book's cover: a cartoon drawing of a preteen in braces, entitled "You're a Big Girl Now." She mouths the words silently to herself.

In the BG through the glass, we SEE figures outside in the square, not quite in focus. Someone is running. Then Marcy hears a SCREAM from outside.

Marcy turns to SEE that Tory is being accosted by three drunken teens in the otherwise empty square.

She races to the glass to SEE:

2 EXT. CITY LIBRARY - NIGHT (N1)(10:43 PM)

2 \*

Two of the teens are holding Tory as the third TEEN tears Tory's purse from her clutch, tosses it aside, then rips open her blouse, exposing her bra underneath, causing Tory to scream again as they laugh.

The third Teen shakes the beer bottle in his hand, spraying the beer foam onto Tory's bare torso.

MARCY -- is horrified, unsure what to do. But she's so angry she pounds on the glass with her fists, screaming at them.

MARCY  
S-S-STOP IT!

THE TEENS -- are instantly distracted and look right at her.

TORY -- uses their distraction to escape, pulling free, leaving her purse on the ground as she runs away.

MARCY -- stares back at them from inside the library. Alone.

THE TEENS -- walk drunkenly toward her, pissed.

INSIDE -- Marcy SEES the third TEEN point threateningly to her as they approach, then he THROWS the bottle at her and it SMASHES on the plate glass between them, spraying foam in a spider pattern between them.

One of the other teens races to the door to go inside, but it's locked. He pulls violently on the handle, frustrated.

MARCY -- is terrified they're going to get in somehow as they taunt her from outside the glass wall between them.

She races toward a concrete staircase to escape, but trips and FALLS HARD, hitting her head on a hard corner.

The whole library reels around her from the force of the impact and she almost loses consciousness.

She touches her forehead and SEES blood on her hands. That scares her even more. She races to find her purse on the table and holds a tissue, worried.

Then, remembering the TEENS, she looks outside into the square. They're gone.

She looks at the growing blood stain on the tissue and is very worried.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

A CHYRON appears ON SCREEN that reads:

RECORDED TIME OF DEATH: 60 SECONDS. 59, 58, 57...

She looks out into the square again.

There's nobody there.

MARCY -- decides to go. She grabs her purse and goes outside.

3 EXT. CITY LIBRARY - NIGHT (N1)(10:45 PM) 3 \*

Marcy starts across the square, cautiously at first, then, SEES Tory's purse on the ground in the middle of the square.

THE TEENS -- step up behind her as she approaches it.

TEEN

That's ours.

Marcy turns, trying not to show her fear. The third Teen points at her own purse clutched in her hands.

TEEN (CONT'D)

So's this.

He grabs for her purse. She pulls it back and slaps his hand. It's among her most prized possessions.

MARCY

No! David g-gave it to me!

He back-hands her hard in the face. The bag goes flying and she goes down hard on the concrete of the square.

One of the teens pulls out a KNIFE as the CHYRON TIMER on screen begins to flash RED. 30, 29, 28...

MARCY -- kneels in agony, holding her head in her hands. Now her scream becomes blood curdling.

THE TEENS -- stand back in shock, unconcerned with the purse.

CLOSE ON MARCY -- as a faint AURA envelops her, glowing, blurred... A TRANSITION is taking place. Her screaming stops abruptly. Marcy takes a deep breath and looks around, reorienting herself, calming.

The countdown timer continues past zero and goes from RED to GREEN as it begins to count up: +3 seconds, 4, 5, 6...

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

The person that was Marcy calmly stands and confidently extends her hand toward the purse.

MARCY (CONT'D)

That's *mine*.

They're either too shocked or too stupid to let go.

Marcy pauses, then in an unlikely display of martial arts, smashes one of them in the nose with the heel of her hand and kicks the other in the solar plexus, doubling them over.

TEEN

Holy Shit.

Marcy gives the remaining teen a sharp stern look.

It is enough. He runs. The other two stumble after him.

The person who was once Marcy picks up Tory's purse along with her own and walks away.

4 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (N1)(11:05 PM)

4 \*

TREVOR HOLDEN, a stud at seventeen, is in the middle of a bare knuckled fight in a boxing ring in a dark inner city warehouse space. \*

Onlookers betting on the match cheer for the other FIGHTER who knocks Trevor to the mat, bloodying his nose and knocking him to the brink of unconsciousness. Trevor is overmatched, but won't admit it.

A CHYRON reappears and the count down timer begins again. RECORDED TIME OF DEATH: 60 seconds. 59, 58, 57...

KYLE -- Trevor's best FRIEND and classmate, rushes over and begs him to stay down even as the small crowd urges him to continue fighting, shouting for him to get up.

KYLE

He's better than you, man.

Trevor glares at him defiantly.

TREVOR

Shut up.

Trevor gets to his feet, wobbling.

THE OTHER FIGHTER -- stands waiting, poised, ready.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

FIGHTER

Should'a stayed down.

Furious at that, Trevor rushes the other fighter with a cry of anger, throwing punches and kicks that fail to land.

The other Fighter lands a series of blows in response, knocking Trevor down hard.

Trevor pants with exhaustion, his face bloodied, barely hanging on to consciousness.

The other fighter looms over him.

FIGHTER (CONT'D)

Give it up, man, it's over.

The CHYRON timer flashes red as it passes 30 seconds.

CLOSE ON TREVOR -- as the AURA envelops his head and he winches in pain and the TRANSITION takes place...

THE LIGHTS -- in the building flicker, distracting the crowd for a moment.

The person who was Trevor stands and faces the other fighter. He speaks plainly, with none of the anger from before.

TREVOR

I concede the fight.

\*

The small crowd erupts and one of them enters the ring to raise the other fighter's arm in victory.

As Kyle helps Trevor out of the ring, the TIMER turns green as it passes zero and climbs: +1, 2, 3...

5 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (N1)(11:27 PM)

5

CARLY SHANNON -- an attractive single mom barely out of her teens, tries to prepare dinner for her crying one year old baby, wailing in a high chair in the kitchen.

CARLY

Almost ready, sweetie...

She panics at the sight of car lights in the drive way.

JEFF CONNIKER, 26, the baby's father, gets out of a slick muscle car and slams the door. He's had a few.

6 INT/EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N1)(11:27 PM) 6 \*

Carly goes to the front door as he steps onto the porch.

CARLY  
You're not comin' in like that.

JEFF (O.S.)  
Like what?

CARLY  
You promised, Jeff --

JEFF (O.S.)  
Carly, don't make me mad, I gotta  
take a piss.

CARLY  
You're not s'posed to be here when  
you drink; you could lose your job  
if I said something.

Carly opens the door. Jeff isn't happy.

JEFF  
Why's he cryin'?

The COUNTDOWN appears on screen at 60 seconds. 59, 58, 57...

He marches past her. She slumps.

7 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (N1)(11:28 PM) 7 \*

Jeff walks into the kitchen. The baby is wailing even louder.

CARLY  
He's just hungry.

JEFF  
Well give him somethin' to eat!

CARLY  
I'm warming it up --

Jeff goes over to the stove.

JEFF  
What is this shit?

CARLY  
It's baby food, Jeff, he's a *baby*.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

WHACK! Jeff backhands her hard across the face and she goes down, hitting her head on the counter.

JEFF

Don't talk to me like I'm an idiot.

CLOSE ON CARLY -- as her blood drips from her nose and a cut above her eye. She and looks down at the counter and with her back to Jeff, opens a drawer.

JEFF (CONT'D)

What're you thinkin', Carly.

A GUN -- is in the drawer. She stares at it a beat trying to decide whether or not to use it to defend herself as the countdown timer turns red at 30 seconds. 29, 28, 27...

CARLY -- begins to go through the transition, the AURA enveloping her and she falls to her knees, holding her head in her hands in a silent scream.

JEFF (CONT'D)

C'mon, this is bullshit. Get up.

(beat)

All you're doin' is pissin' me off.

The person who used to be Carly stands suddenly and faces him, calmly, blood dripping down her face.

CARLY

You need to go.

JEFF

I'm sorry, a'right? It's just that you make me crazy --

CARLY

Last warning.

She wears an expression that stares right through him. It almost scares him. He nods, relenting.

JEFF

Fine. I'm gone.

He goes, leaving her alone. Carly picks up the pot of warmed baby food and a spoon, and begins eating it herself as though she's starving. The countdown timer reaches zero, and climbs in the green.

8 INT. COLLEGE DORM - NIGHT (N1)(12:36 PM)

8 \*

PHILIP PEARSON is a freshman college student struggling to maintain both his marks and his heroin habit. But exams are over and tonight he and his room mate STEPHEN are celebrating.

\*

PHILIP -- pulls a mixture of heroin and cocaine into two syringes from a spoon that Stephen holds over a Zippo flame.

The RECORDED TIME OF DEATH timer already reads 45 seconds.

Stephen expertly ties a rubber hose around his forearm and flicks his skin, looking for a vein.

STEPHEN

Do we need to cut it?

PHILIP

Naw.

Stephen injects the speed ball into his arm, instantly slumps back in euphoria and speaks his last words, trailing off.

STEPHEN

Holy fff....

As before, the CHYRON counter turns red at 30 seconds.

Philip watches his roommate for a moment, shrugs, and reaches for the hose. He ties his arm off and reaches for his syringe as the TRANSITION begins.

PHILIP -- grimaces as the AURA takes him, then throws his head back in agony, the syringe still in his hand...

The person who used to be Philip becomes suddenly calm.

The newly arrived TRAVELER drops the syringe onto the table the moment he SEES it in his hand, then removes the rubber hose from his arm, rolling down his sleeve.

The COUNTDOWN TIMER counts up from zero in the green.

STEPHEN -- is slumped in the chair across from him, drooling, eyes rolled up and about to die from an overdose.

The person who used to be Philip stands, takes one last look at his former roommate and leaves the room.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

9 INT. TREVOR'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY (D2) (7:02 AM) 9

Bright morning sunshine pours in. Trevor sits at the kitchen table with his phone looking at his own FACEBOOK page.

He scrolls down the most recent posts, finding one from RENE BELLAMY, his gorgeous cheerleader girlfriend.

THE SCREEN READS: "R U OK Babe?"

TREVOR -- seems to be having a hard time figuring out the chat speak, softly sounding out the non-word Ruok. His mother PATRICIA, 40s and his father GARY, 40s jock, come down stairs.

PATRICIA

You're up early. Headache wake you?

TREVOR

The sound of birds.

PATRICIA

That was a pretty nasty bump on the head you came home with.

GARY

D'you know how stupid it is to pick a fight before a game? How d'you throw a football with a broken hand?

PATRICIA

The doctor's are more worried about his concussion.

This makes Gary even angrier.

GARY

You blow you chance at a scholarship, superstar, you better start learnin' to flip burgers.

PATRICIA

All right, scoot upstairs and get ready, they wanted to look at you again in the morning.

TREVOR

Thank you, mom.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

He gets up and goes out between them. Gary just stands there wearing a shocked expression as Trevor leaves. They speak softly so Trevor can't hear:

GARY

"Thank you, mom?" Who the hell is that?

PATRICIA

That's your son, Gary, we're lucky he's still with us.

\*

GARY

Our son is a self absorbed little prick and we both know it.

PATRICIA

Well... maybe he got some sense knocked into him.

10 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D2)(7:15 AM)

10

Carly is also at her computer. The baby is on her lap, chewing on a digestive cookie as she types one handed:

HOW TO CARE FOR INFANTS.

The baby drops the cookie. She reaches into the bag and gives him another without looking as she reads intently.

11 INT. INTERNET CAFE - DAY (D2)(8:16 AM)

11

Philip is also at a computer. He looks clammy and tired, beginning to suffer withdrawal symptoms but fights hard to stay focused as he wolfs down his Twinkie with a Coke chaser.

ON THE SCREEN -- he types: "Re: reception at PENDING T.E.L.L. Traveler 3326 confirmed."

DETECTIVE GOWER, 40's, overweight, steps up behind him.

GOWER

Philip Pearson?

Philip closes the window surreptitiously and turns around. Gower holds up his badge.

GOWER (CONT'D)

Couldn't find you at the University.  
I'm Detective Gower.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Philip is surprised by the name for some reason.

PHILIP

Gower?

GOWER

Yeah. I've got some bad news. Your roommate died last night.

\*

Gower gauges his less than shocked reaction.

GOWER (CONT'D)

I take it you're not surprised.

12 INT. MARCY'S APARTMENT - DAY (D2)(9:02 AM)

12

Marcy is asleep in the single bed of her old one room apartment. It is a dive, but kept neat and tidy.

A KNOCK at the door wakes her. She starts awake, takes in her surroundings and goes over to the door, unabashedly and quite beautifully naked.

DAVID (O.S.)

It's me...

DAVID -- her social worker, late twenties, wholesomely handsome, and shocked to see her undressed in the open door.

MARCY

David?

He quickly averts his eyes, almost laughing.

DAVID

That's not appropriate, Marcy. Put some clothes on.

Marcy looks down and realizes she's made a mistake, closing the door in his face.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I can't be your boyfriend. We talked about this.

She quickly finds a simple summer dress hanging on a hook nearby and pulls it on over her head. Now dressed, if barely, she opens the door. He steps in.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

He gently touches the abrasion on her forehead from striking the stairs. She flinches slightly.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What happened?

MARCY

I fell.

DAVID

And you just went home? Oh Marcy,  
c'mere. Does it hurt?

\*

He chastely hugs her. It's awkward but he means well.

MARCY

I'm fine now.

DAVID

Yeah, well I know goin' to the  
doctor's not your favorite thing in  
the world but that's a nasty bump.

MARCY

Is this appropriate?

She fans out her dress for approval. David's confused but impressed by her choice of words. He smiles.

DAVID

*Appropriate?* Sure.  
(then adding)  
Well maybe some underwear.

13 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D2)(9:30 AM)

13

SPECIAL AGENT GRANT MACLAREN, forties, fit and dapper, walks in the door with a coffee as:

WALTER FORBES, forties, fit, sharp, comes out of his office.

FORBES

You busy right now?

MACLAREN

Not yet.

FORBES

We just got sent a red flag.

\*

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

MACLAREN

Can't you handle it? I'm all over  
Jonas Walker.

\*

FORBES

I'm in court today and tomorrow.

MacLaren sighs.

\*

MACLAREN

Well, you know how much I like to  
multitask. What's the flag?

\*

\*

MacLaren walks over to Forbes' computer.

FORBES

Potential cell. Probable false alarm,  
but just keep an eye on it.

ON SCREEN -- the entire exchange appears.

"Re: pending Traveler 3468 T.E.L.L. 03/10/11:17:34 Zulu 62.3  
M, 47.25° 36' 6.249", 122.1° 19' 50.121" "Reception per  
Traveler 3326 confirmed."

MACLAREN

I have no idea what I'm looking at.

FORBES

It's from a chat room in the deep  
web. Language is pretty esoteric.  
The analyst who picked up the flag  
it is hoping they're just gamers of  
some kind --

MACLAREN

Who travel.

FORBES

Those GPS coordinates correspond to  
an abandoned building downtown.

MACLAREN

What's a T.E.L.L?

FORBES

I asked the same question. They ran  
it; nothing showed up.

(then)

Shit, I'm late. It's probably  
nothing, but --

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

MACLAREN

I'll let you know. Have fun in court.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2) 13

FORBES  
(as he goes)  
Don't forget our squash game on  
Saturday.

14 EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D2)(9:38 AM) 14 \*

Jeff drives up in his car and gets out. He checks his hair in the car window, and wipes a spot on the hood of his pride and joy before going to the door.

15 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D2)(9:38 AM) 15 \*

Carly is already waiting for him. The baby is in a play pen. She waits for him to knock, then opens the door. Jeff is sober and contrite.

JEFF  
I am so sorry.

She gestures and steps aside. He comes in and she closes the door. He moves in to embrace her but she backs away.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
You love makin' up after we fight.

Carly is calm but assertive, and holds up her hand in stop.

CARLY  
It wasn't a fight. You struck me.  
If I hadn't demanded you leave, you  
would have struck me again.

JEFF  
What? No.

CARLY  
From now on you'll be allowed to see  
your son once a day for one hour,  
time to be arranged --

Jeff steps eye to eye with her, but Carly stands her ground.

JEFF  
I see him when I wanna see him, Carly --

CARLY  
Also you'll provide proper financial  
support.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

JEFF

Okay, okay, I get it. Let me make  
it up to you.

(beat)

What d'you want me to do?

CARLY

Change Jeffrey's diaper.

Jeff looks to his son in the play pen with a look of dread.

16 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (D2)(10:17 AM)

16 \*

Philip sits at a table opposite Gower, who holds an unopened  
bottle of Coke in his hand. They're in mid-interrogation.

GOWER

So you skipped out.

PHILIP

I just walked.

GOWER

Uh huh. The loaded syringe on the  
table wasn't meant for you?

PHILIP

What difference does it make?

GOWER

Did Stephen inject himself or did  
you do it for him? Your prints are  
on both syringes --

PHILIP

I was there. But then I left.

GOWER

Cause you knew he was gonna OD.

(off his look)

Yeah you knew. That's why you left.  
You stayed out all night 'cause you  
didn't wanna get caught using. When  
callin' 911 could'a saved him.

(beat)

That's cold, Philip.

Philip looks longingly at the Coke in Gower's hand.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

GOWER (CONT'D)

Either way you got a problem. That's  
on top of your drug problem.

Philip believes this himself:

PHILIP

I don't have a drug problem.

GOWER

Think I don't know you're sick right  
now?

(off his look)

I know who your dealer is, how much  
you buy every week, who your friends  
are, where you're from --

PHILIP

You have *no idea* where I'm from.

GOWER

Inject somebody, they OD, that's  
manslaughter. *Provide* the drugs  
that's murder two.

Philip lowers his head. Events are not going to plan.

PHILIP

I have a right to court appointed  
legal council, yes?

Gower suddenly softens. He's done.

GOWER

Don't wanna call your folks instead?

Philip shakes his head.

GOWER (CONT'D)

Okay. But you think you feel sick  
now, wait 'til your lawyer shows up.

He slides the Coke bottle across the table to Philip.

17 INT. CITY BUS - MOVING - DAY (D2)(10:20 AM)

17 \*

David and Marcy ride a bus to the clinic. Marcy takes in  
the city outside like she's seeing it for the first time.

DAVID

I'm proud of you, you know.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

MARCY

What for?

DAVID

Only that you got knocked in the head last night, and you're -- okay the naked thing was weird -- but otherwise you're handling this amazingly well...

She smiles and turns to the window. David changes the subject.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hey. It's Thursday.

(off her look)

Reading aloud day. No point in wasting time sitting on the bus.

(off her look)

Just for me. It can be anything at all.

She shrugs a yes and he digs into his bag, searching.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Lemme see if I have your favorite.

Marcy finds a newspaper section stuck down into the side of her seat and pulls it out while David searches. Unsure of which article to choose, Marcy goes with the lead.

MARCY

"Police were forced to use tear gas to disperse a crowd shortly after a not guilty verdict was announced outside the..."

\*

She trails off when she SEES David is stunned, looking at Marcy in tears of joy.

MARCY (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

DAVID

Nothing's wrong, Marcy. Just the opposite. I mean, I don't even wanna say anything until we talk to the doctor but...

(beat)

I think a miracle's happened.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

18 EXT. TREVOR'S HOME - YARD (D2)(10:53 AM)

18 \*

Trevor stands in the yard, looking at clouds.

RENE -- stunning, young, perfect, pushes through the gate and rushes into his arms.

RENE

What're you doing? You didn't answer your cell, what did they say?

TREVOR

I have a concussion.

RENE

Oh, no! Will you be able to play the game next week?

He shakes his head.

RENE (CONT'D)

What about that scout from Ohio State?

TREVOR

The doctor said if I hadn't walked away from the fight I might have died.

This is more serious than she thought.

RENE

Kyle said you were like screaming.

TREVOR

(with a shrug)  
I don't remember.

RENE

Does it hurt now?

TREVOR

A little.

RENE

Are your folks home?

TREVOR

No. Why?

19 INT. TREVOR'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY (10:55 AM)

19 \*

She's all over him even him as they enter the house. He participates awkwardly.

RENE

How long do we have?

She smiles and pulls her top off, revealing her bra underneath. Trevor is almost alarmed.

TREVOR

I don't think we should, Rene...  
 (she kisses him again)  
 My concussion.

RENE

Lemme make you feel better.

She pushes him down on the sofa and reaches for his belt.

TREVOR

Please don't.  
 (off her look)  
 I just don't think we should.

Rene is hurt. She sits back, suddenly teary.

RENE

Are you breaking up with me?

Trevor seems more gentle and mature than his years.

TREVOR

No... If anything I want to be closer to you. I need you. There are things I don't remember.

RENE

Things about me?

TREVOR

It's more things about *myself*. The doctor said a concussion as bad as this can cause memory loss and personality changes. That the only treatment is time. That in time, I'll be the person I was before the concussion.

(beat)

I need you to help me remember who that person is.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

Rene is completely moved by his openness.

RENE

You want me to help you find yourself.

(he nods)

Trev, that is so beautiful.

She kisses him gently. Then again, trying to seduce him...

TREVOR

You should go.

RENE

I don't want to but I will. That's  
how much I love you.

20 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D2)(11:37 AM)

20

Carly works at her computer. She has opened chat room and is entering a message.

THE SCREEN READS: "Re: pending Traveler 3468 T.E.L.L.  
03/10/11:17:34 Zulu 62.3 M, 47.25° 36' 6.249", 122.1° 19'  
50.121" "Reception per Traveler 3465 confirmed." \*

Carly turns to the baby sitting up in the play pen.

CARLY

Daddy's coming.

21 INT. CLINIC - DR LEE'S OFFICE - DAY (D2)(12:10 PM)

21

Marcy sits and waits as DR LEE, an attractive Asian woman, talks quietly with David in her small office, out of Marcy's earshot, who sits in a small examining room across the hall in the B.G. behind a partially closed door.

They start out in hushed voices.

DR LEE

You didn't coach her.

DAVID

No amount of coaching could do that.

DR LEE

You recognize Marcy has a significant  
intellectual disability.

DAVID

Had.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

DR LEE

I know you want to believe something wonderful's happened, but...

(beat)

No traumatic brain injury is going to increase intellectual capacity. Period. It's just not possible.

DAVID

Which brings us back to miracle.

Beat. Dr Lee looks through the crack in the door at Marcy across the room.

DR LEE

Accepting that there was a traumatic injury, likely a concussion, the most common symptoms would be memory loss, change in personality...

DAVID

So...

DR LEE

What if this is the *real* Marcy.

David is incredulous, angry at the implication.

DAVID

*Seriously?!*

DR LEE

Hear me out. Until the age of eighteen Marcy lived in an institution. One with a reputation of neglect and abuse right up until the place was shut down.

DAVID

She doesn't talk about it.

DR LEE

I can't be sure, their records were terrible, but maybe the "Marcy" we knew was her way of coping there. Her way of making people look after her. She just continued that behavior after her release. Then, when she hit her head --

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

DAVID

She forgot who she was *pretending to be*? That's crazy -- !

DR LEE

It's infinitely more likely than her IQ doubling overnight.

DAVID

I've been her case worker since her release. That's over a year ago.

DR LEE

My case in point. You've got her a subsidized apartment; a job at the library; You see her four or five times a week, take her on outings --

\*

DAVID

You're saying she played me. The most innocent soul I've ever met.

DR LEE

Played the system. Fooled me too.

DAVID

So she could live in a flop house full of crack heads, working nights in the library the rest of her adult life. What a mastermind! She's like a James Bond villain!

\*

\*

\*

DR LEE

Neural pathways can't spring up overnight. Vocabulary doesn't come out of nowhere. And what's happened to her stutter?

Marcy has over heard their raised voices and has crossed the hall without them noticing.

MARCY

Is something wrong?

DR LEE

Actually, Marcy, there's something I'd like to show you.

22 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (D2)(12:13 PM)

22

Philip paces, sweating, agitated, in serious withdrawal.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

His appointed council, RAY GREEN, burned out fifties, walks in, shirt un-tucked, unshaven and hung over.

RAY

I take it you're not Leticia.

Philip just shakes his head. Ray looks at his mess of files.

RAY (CONT'D)

Wrong file.

He finds the right one and opens it on the table.

RAY (CONT'D)

You look like shit, Philip. When was the last time you hit?

PHILIP

I don't use drugs.

Ray almost laughs at that, then catches himself.

RAY

Don't have to pretend with me, I know all about addiction. Mine's just legal. Has there been any mention of the methadone program they got goin'?

PHILIP

What is it?

RAY

What, methadone?

PHILIP

Your addiction.

RAY

None'a your business.

PHILIP

(after a beat)

Is it gambling?

RAY

*Cigarettes.* I'm just tryin' to be simpatico, here. Don't be a dick.

PHILIP

I apologize.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

RAY

That's okay.

(then, officially)

So, we're gonna plea and you're gonna  
end up doin' some time, can't help  
that, they got you two ways. But: I  
will get the methadone paperwork  
started for you so --

PHILIP

Are you bound by attorney client  
privilege? Can you guarantee your  
confidence if I tell you information  
that can help both of us?

RAY

Absolutely. What?

23 INT. CLINIC - DR LEE'S OFFICE - DAY (D2)(12:15 PM)

23 \*

Marcy sits across from a computer screen playing back a video  
recording of herself, reading from a children's book with  
the enthusiasm and ability of a five year old.

ON THE SCREEN -- we see the old Marcy struggling to read.

MARCY

"You're a b--b--big girl, n-now,  
said Mary's t-te-tea..."

DR LEE (O.S.)

Sound it out: Tea-cher.

MARCY

Said Mary's T-teacher. Just like  
me! And there are s-s-s-o m-many  
things you c-can do and see --

The image on SCREEN freeze frames.

MARCY -- is clearly disturbed by this and her mind races.

DR LEE

Do you remember this?

Marcy shakes her head no, completely confused.

DR LEE (CONT'D)

It was just a few months ago.

MARCY

I don't understand.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

DR LEE

Neither do we. I'd like to find out  
if there's anything else you don't  
remember.

She turns to David for assurance.

DAVID

It's all right, I'm here.

DR LEE

Tell me about yesterday. Where were  
you?

Marcy knows she's being tested and answers cautiously.

MARCY

At the library.

DAVID

Good.

DR LEE

What did you do at the library?

MARCY

I'm a librarian. So...

DR LEE

So you check books in and out, help  
folks find what they're looking for.

MARCY

Yes.

David's slumps at that and opens his tablet.

DR LEE

Can you name one of those people?

MARCY

David.

(off their looks)

To do research. He's a reporter --

DAVID

Marcy, stop.

MARCY

What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

DAVID

You being a librarian, me going there to do research for the newspaper I write for... Those are all things from a profile page we made up.

He shows her the Facebook page on the tablet.

MARCY

That's my profile --

DAVID

We created the page as an exercise. So I could teach you about social media and other things about the world. We made you a "young urban professional" remember?

(beat)

You're not a librarian. You work there as a cleaning lady. I'm not a reporter, I'm your social worker.

MARCY

Then what are you saying, I'm not...

(panicked)

I'm not *me*?

DAVID

We're just trying to understand...

(then, alarmed)

Marcy? Marcy..!

MARCY -- twitches and holds her head in her hands, then falls backwards into the chair, her eyes rolling up, convulsing.

24 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D2)(3:43 PM)

24 \*

Philip walks walks down the street alone. He's anxious and twitchy from withdrawal.

After a beat a sedan pulls up and the window rolls down.

RAY

Hey, Phil!

Philip SEES a beaming happy Ray in the driver's seat. He comes over and looks through the passenger window.

RAY (CONT'D)

You got back on the street quick. What they tell you?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

PHILIP

They just released me, they never gave a reason.

RAY

(with a look)

I heard some evidence went missing.

PHILIP

Lucky for me.

Philip is about to walk away, anxious.

RAY

Wait... You gotta tell me. How'd you know?

(off his look)

Three horses, three races, three different cities, all twenty to one or better. Bets were so stupid, I went to three separate bookies. Only did it cause you fronted the cash advance...

(then)

Here it is, by the way, with interest. Credit card's in there too.

He takes the wad of cash wrapped up in a newspaper. Philip doesn't take it at first, staring at it. Ray jams it in his hand, then holds Philip's arm tightly.

RAY (CONT'D)

You gotta tell me.

PHILIP

Do I still have attorney client privilege?

RAY

Sure, whatever, yeah.

Philip leans in. He looks ashen and sweaty. If he wasn't suffering from withdrawal, he would never admit this:

PHILIP

I'm from the *future*.

Ray gives him a long look then laughs.

RAY

Fine, you can't say.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

RAY (CONT'D)

But you're gonna need me, Phil.  
Cops'll be all over you now, we gotta  
look out for each other.

(then)

Speakin' a which... There's a little  
somethin' else in there for you from  
the lock up. Prob'ly yours anyway.

(admonishing)

Just a taste so you don't feel sick.

And he drives off. Philip pulls out a small bag of heroin  
and stares at it a long time.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

25 INT. TREVOR'S HOME - BEDROOM - DUSK (N2)(7:36 PM) 25 \*

Trevor is at his computer writing a message in the same chat room as Carly was earlier. "Traveler 3468, T.E.L.L. coordinates received, reception confirmed." "Re: reception per Traveler 0115 confirmed." \*

26 OMITTED 26

27 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT (N2)(8:46 PM) 27

Philip walks out of a convenience store with a COKE, a TWINKIE and a LOTTERY TICKET which he folds and puts in his pocket.

28 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (N2)(9:08 PM) 28

Marcy wakes up in a Hospital room. David is there waiting in a chair beside her. He stands immediately.

MARCY

David?

DAVID

There she is.

MARCY

What happened?

DAVID

Dr Lee said you had a seizure.

Marcy touches her forehead, still in some pain.

MARCY

It's the diminished capacity. There's too much pre-existing damage...

DAVID

*What?*

MARCY

How did I -- ?

DAVID

We had to take you to the hospital. You've been out of it all day.

Marcy, looks around, suddenly panicked. She's on an IV and other monitors in a ward.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

DAVID (CONT'D)

Soon as you're up to it, they're  
gonna do some more tests to see what's  
goin' on in there.

\*

Marcy is alarmed at the thought.

MARCY

No, please --

DAVID

It's not up to me, kiddo. But we  
want to find out what's going on --

MARCY

I can't be in the hospital --

DAVID

Marcy --

MARCY

*Listen* to me. I have important work --

DAVID

(dubiously)  
At the library.

MARCY

No, *not* the library.  
(imploring)  
David, this is happening for a reason.

David gives her a long look. She seems sincere.

DAVID

Tell you what, I'll go find the  
doctor. We'll talk about it.

MARCY

(relaxing back)  
Thank you.

And he goes. She waits a moment, listening, then gets off of the bed in one motion. She whips off the pulse monitor and pulls out the IV, then goes over to the closet in the ward, searching for something to wear. She finds clothes hanging that should fit her from another sleeping patient and whips off her gown to change.

29 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (N2)(9:10 PM)

29

Dr Lee and David arrive back to Marcy's ward.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

DAVID

Marcy...?

He looks around the room. Her hospital gown is on the floor. She's gone. Shit.

30 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT (N2)(10:11 PM)

30

MacLaren does paperwork in his office at the end of his day. His computer BEEPS and flashes an alert. There's another message in the chat room.

"Traveler 3468, T.E.L.L. coordinates received, reception confirmed." "Re: reception per Traveler 0115 confirmed."

MacLaren picks up his phone and calls.

31 INT. FORBES' CAR - MOVING - NIGHT (N2)(10:11 PM)

31

Forbes drives and talks on speaker.

FORBES

Forbes.

Intercut as necessary.

MACLAREN

How was Judge What's-His-Nuts? \*

FORBES

Still an asshole. How's our potential shooter? \*

MACLAREN

Jonas Walker hasn't left his house in a week. I'm starting to think we're wasting our time on that one. Our chat room on the other hand is filling up with more weird messages. I.P's are all over town. \*

FORBES

Think it's something? \*

MACLAREN

Gotta admit it's making me curious. \*

FORBES

The one who set up the chat room was arrested and released on a \*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

FORBES (CONT'D)  
 technicality. Might save time if  
 you contact the arresting officer.

MACLAREN  
 Bright n' early.

\*

MacLaren hangs up and is about to go, but he can't help but stare at the bizarre messages for a moment longer before standing and going for the night. Then, in real time, a forth message appears on his computer.

ON SCREEN -- "Traveler 3569, T.E.L.L. coordinates received and confirmed".

32 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N2)(10:12 PM)

32

David comes in and turns on the light. He's more than a little surprised to see Marcy sitting at his desktop computer.

ON SCREEN -- we SEE the same message MacLaren just saw as it was being written: "Traveler 3569, T.E.L.L. coordinates received and confirmed."

MARCY -- closes the chat room window and faces him.

DAVID  
 Marcy, what're you doing here? I  
 was just at your apartment, I've  
 been worried sick --

She stands holding up a key and steps closer to him, direct:

MARCY  
 I didn't know where else to go.

DAVID  
 What's going on? Tell me.

MARCY  
 I can't. A mistake's been made and  
 I'm not sure how to correct it. I  
 don't even know if it can be.  
 (beat)  
 Just know that I'm playing a small  
 part in something important.

DAVID  
 What does that even mean?!

MARCY  
 I couldn't explain if I tried.  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

MARCY (CONT'D)

(Beat)

Please trust me anyway.

Off David's look.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

33 EXT. TREVOR'S HOME - DAY (D3)(7:40 AM)

33

Early Morning. MacLaren rings the doorbell. Patricia answers the door, impressed by his credentials.

MACLAREN

Hi, sorry to bother you so early.  
I'm special agent Grant MacLaren  
from the FBI.

\*

PATRICIA

Really? The FBI?

MACLAREN

Really. A message was sent from  
this I.P. address -- that just means  
one of the computers in your house --  
that raised a flag in our system.

PATRICIA

Please tell me this isn't about  
internet porn.

MacLaren cracks a smile at that.

MACLAREN

Not porn. 'Least, I don't think...  
More of a chat room conversation.

PATRICIA

My son is always in those chat rooms.

MACLAREN

Is he a gamer by any chance?  
(off her look)  
Video games?

PATRICIA

Oh, all he ever does. That and the  
other thing.

MACLAREN

Could I talk to him?

PATRICIA

He's at school.

MACLAREN

When do you expect him home?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

PATRICIA

He said he would be out late tonight  
with his friends.

(then)

He's not in trouble is he?

MACLAREN

Naw. I doubt it. Have a good day.

\*

34 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D3)(7:40 AM)

34 \*

David comes into his small living room where Marcy is still  
asleep on the sofa, her bare shoulders revealing that she's  
naked under the blanket. He sits beside her, quietly:

DAVID

Hey.

MARCY

(waking)

Why is this body always so tired?

DAVID

This body? Maybe 'cause it works  
nights. This one made breakfast.

Marcy deeply appreciates his trust, barely holding the blanket  
to her chest as she sits up.

MARCY

You're very kind.

DAVID

(averting his eyes)

Annd you're naked again... Maybe  
get dressed before joining me.

Blushing, he turns back to the kitchen.

MARCY

David, if I could tell you, I would.

DAVID

Hey, long as you're not an assassin  
or a Hollywood actress researching a  
character. Those are the two worst  
case scenarios I came up with while  
I was lying awake all night.

Marcy smiles at that.

35 INT. LESTER HIGH SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY (D3)(8:34 AM)

35 \*

Trevor walks down a length of lockers, unsure of which one belongs to him, unsure what to make of the furtive glances he receives from everyone he passes.

His best friend Kyle comes over. They walk and talk.

KYLE

What're you doin' here?

TREVOR

What d'you mean?

KYLE

You got a free ticket to stay home the rest'a the year.

TREVOR

And fail to graduate?

KYLE

Pfft! Like *that* was gonna happen.

TREVOR

Can I ask you for your help with something without telling everyone in the school? Honestly?

KYLE

Yeah yeah what.

Trevor looks down the length of lockers in the hall.

TREVOR

Which locker is mine?

Kyle's mouth widens in shock. Then:

KYLE

Holy shit, you mean you got like *brain damage*?

TREVOR

Post concussion syndrome.

Kyle leads him over to the other side and stops in front of it. Trevor looks at the combination lock.

KYLE

Whoa. Want me to show you the combo?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 35

TREVOR

Please.

36 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D3)(8:45 AM) 36 \*

Detective Gower leans against his car, sipping a coffee.  
His cell rings.

GOWER

Gower.

37 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D3)(8:45 AM) 37 \*

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MacLaren is driving through the suburbs, using the SUV'S  
hands free. \*

MACLAREN \*

Morning. Grant MacLaren, FBI. I'm  
investigating a 20 year old male you  
booked yesterday by the name of -- \*

GOWER

Philip Pearson? \*

MACLAREN \*

That's him.

GOWER

Guess you heard he won the lottery  
last night.

MACLAREN \*

You mean you had to drop the charges.

GOWER

No, I mean that he *won the fuckin'*  
*lottery*. Six numbers outta seven.  
Ninety two grand and change.

MACLAREN \*

Lucky kid.

GOWER

Not after I catch him with the bag  
of smack I'm pretty sure he's walkin'  
around with.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

MACLAREN

Detective, I need you to do me a favor and just keep an eye on his movements for the rest of the day.

GOWER

*Why?*

\*

MACLAREN

Our system red flagged him as potential member of a terrorist cell. I've got the other suspects in the group covered but if you can keep an eye on this one for me --

GOWER

Not a chance in hell this kid's a terrorist, Agent MacLaren.

MACLAREN

What were the chances of him winning the lottery?

Gower shrugs at that.

GOWER

Fair enough. I'll keep an eye.

MACLAREN

Save this number and check in with me later. Tomorrow he's all yours.

38 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D3)(9:03 AM)

38

Carly feeds a smiling young Jeffrey in his high chair.

CARLY

Is that good? Mommy likes it too.

She gives herself a spoonful. There's a knock at the door. She looks out the window expecting Jeff's car, but it's MacLaren's SUV.

39 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D3)(9:03 AM)

39

Carly opens the door to MacLaren, who is holding up his credentials. She is curt.

CARLY

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

MACLAREN

Hi. I'm Special Agent MacLaren with  
the FBI, sorry to bother you.

\*  
\*

Carly softens at hearing the name.

CARLY

MacLaren? How can I help you?

MACLAREN

Sometimes our computers spit stuff  
out and we have to follow it up.  
D'you live here alone?

CARLY

With my son.

MACLAREN

How old is he?

CARLY

Just over a year.

MACLAREN

So no criminal record then.  
(she doesn't laugh)  
Sorry, that was supposed to be  
funnier. I probably know the answer  
to this, but do you happen to have  
plans for later tonight downtown?

She hesitates for a beat, then:

CARLY

No, no plans.

MACLAREN

You don't sound very sure.

CARLY

I was trying to decide if you were  
asking me out.

MacLaren smiles at that.

MACLAREN

Me, I'm busy tonight.  
(then)  
Thanks for your time.

DOWN THE STREET

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

Jeff sits in his parked car wearing his police uniform. Apparently Jeff is a *cop*, who's wondering just who this asshole with the nice car is doing at Carly's door.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

40 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D3)(1:43 PM) 40 \*

Philip comes out of a building and walks down the street.

GOWER -- opens the window of his car as he passes.

GOWER  
Just pick up the big check?

Philip walks away. Gower slowly drives alongside of him.

GOWER (CONT'D)  
Wonder how much smack you can buy  
with ninety gees?

PHILIP  
The money's for something else.

Gower has to accelerate around a parked car and picks him up again on the other side.

GOWER  
How 'bout savin' me the pain of  
followin' you and tellin' me?

PHILIP  
Financing a secret hideout.

GOWER  
Sorry, kid, gonna have to do better  
than that.

41 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D3)(1:45 PM) 41 \*

David puts on his coat and is off to work. Marcy is there.

DAVID  
You're welcome to stay while I'm at  
work. Fridge is empty so I left  
some cash on the counter --

MARCY  
I'll be out when you get home. I'd  
like to come back afterward if that's  
all right, but it will be late.

DAVID  
I could go with you.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

MARCY

No. You should stay home tonight.  
The streets won't be safe.

DAVID

What?! What's going to happen?

She can't tell him. She shouldn't have even told him that.

DAVID (CONT'D)

C'mon, that's going too far --

MARCY

I shouldn't have said anything --

DAVID

You can't expect me to -- !

And she kisses him, out of nowhere. It's not sexual, it's just long enough to shut him up.

MARCY

I'll be back just after midnight.

DAVID

You're Batgirl, aren't you.

MARCY

Bye.

He almost laughs and goes out the door shaking his head.

42 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - CORRIDOR - DAY (D3)(1:46 PM) 42 \*

David walks down the hall and exits. In a moment, MacLaren enters the corridor from the other direction and walks down the hall toward David's apartment. \*

43 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D3)(1:46 PM) 43 \*

Marcy is on her way to David's computer when there's a knock at the door.

44 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - CORRIDOR - DAY (D3)(1:46 PM) 44 \*

MacLaren waits, then knocks again. He looks at his watch and realizes he's probably missed him. \*

45 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D3)(1:46 PM) 45 \*

Marcy creeps to the door and looks through the peep hole.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

POV -- MARCY

MacLaren is standing there, writing a note on a card. \*

MARCY -- watches his FBI business card slide under the door between her feet. She picks up the card.

46 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D3)(1:55 PM) 46 \*

Philip walks out of a convenience store with a Coke. He SEES Gower's car across the street and walks the other direction.

GOWER has to pull a u-turn in the street to follow him.

47 INT. LESTER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY (D3)(2:10 PM) 47 \*

Trevor walks between classes, Rene on his arm. He sees a bully pushing a smaller kid into his locker but just walks by, despite his instinct to help the kid.

48 INT/EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D3)(2:30 PM) 48 \*

Carly meets a teen baby sitter at the door and lets her in.

JEFF -- leans against his car down the road, still fuming.

49 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D3)(2:30 PM) 49 \*

Marcy takes the cash from the counter and goes out.

50 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D3)(2:43 PM) 50 \*

Philip walks down the street, looking at his watch, then looks back at Gower, who is idling at a cross street. Gower smiles and waves toward Philip, then:

A SKATE BOARDER -- does a jump across the hood of Gower's car and speeds off the other direction.

GOWER -- fumes, puts his siren on, and follows the kid.

Philip is watching all of this when another car pulls up alongside him by the curb.

RAY -- opens his window and waves him into the car.

51 INT. RAY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY (D3)(2:45 PM) 51 \*

Ray smiles to Philip as they drive away the opposite direction.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

RAY

You're welcome.

(off his look)

I had to pay a kid to dare another  
 kid just to get Gower off your ass.  
 Watching your back's expensive, Phil.

PHILIP

What do you want in return?

RAY

Today's bet.

PHILIP

Can't do it.

RAY

Yesterday you gave me three, I'm  
 askin' for one.

PHILIP

Yesterday was an emergency.

RAY

Today's an emergency for me.

PHILIP

Then you're a very bad gambler.

Ray slams on the brakes and turns a corner. They drive  
 another half block and pull over with a screech.

RAY

Maybe you can think about it.

52 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D3)(2:47 PM)

52 \*

As Ray drives off, Philip realizes that Ray has dropped him  
 off directly across the street from where Gower is ticketing  
 the SKATEBOARDER.

GOWER -- sees Philip, drops what he was doing and marches  
 across the street toward him.

Philip runs. Gower pursues him, fast for his size.

53 EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D3)(2:47 PM)

53 \*

Carly leaves her house to walk to the bus, but Jeff pulls in  
 to the driveway. He gets out and charges toward her.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

JEFF  
Where're you goin'?

CARLY  
Out.

JEFF  
With that guy?

CARLY  
I don't have time for this.

She walks past him.

JEFF  
Make time.

He grabs her arm. She turns quickly, taking his thumb and twisting it almost to the point of breaking.

CARLY  
Last warning, Jeff.

Despite the intense pain he tries to swing at her with his free hand. She dislocates his thumb and he screams.

JEFF  
OW! DAMMIT!

He tries to swing at her again, and she quickly renders him helpless with a fast series of martial arts moves.

He's face down on the front lawn when she's finished. She looks to the car, still running, and gets in.

54 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D3)(2:47 PM)

54 \*

Philip runs down a city street, with Gower not far behind, but fading from the exertion.

Philip races around a corner into an alleyway blocked by a fence. He climbs half way up, then turns to see:

GOWER -- follow him into the alley, sweating and panting. His face is red and strained as he stops.

PHILIP -- jumps down and faces Gower.

GOWER  
Good thing you stopped, kid. If I had to climb that fence...

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

Gower's chest heaves, breathing hard.

GOWER (CONT'D)

I was gonna have a heart attack.

Philip walks toward him. Gower grimaces.

PHILIP

You're having one right now.

GOWER

Shut up... I just need... Need to catch my breath...

Then the pain becomes more intense. Gower clutches his chest and sits on a crate against the side of the alley, searching his pocket for his phone.

GOWER (CONT'D)

Fuck... Maybe you're right.

(realizing)

My phone's in the car. Help me.

PHILIP

I can't, Mr Gower.

GOWER

Go find somebody with a phone...

Gower is in agony now. This is very hard for Philip to watch.

PHILIP

I can't, I'm sorry --

GOWER

Yeah yeah, you can, I won't come after you I promise...

PHILIP

You're supposed to die this afternoon.

Gower leans back against the wall of the alley, fighting it.

GOWER

You don't know...

PHILIP

I knew the moment I heard your name. I just didn't know that I'd be here.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

GOWER

Call 911 and go, I won't come after  
you for anything, I swear --

PHILIP

Because we considered you as a host.

GOWER

Please, kid --

PHILIP

But the heart attack was inevitable  
within days.

Gower relaxes back against the wall, his breath slowing.

GOWER

No, no, I'm okay...  
(beat)  
I think I'm okay.

And with that he stops breathing, eyes still open.

Philip stands there crying for a long beat, then, reaching  
into his pocket he removes a small bag of heroin that will  
take his pain away...

55 OMITTED

55

56 OMITTED

56

57 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT (N3)(10:03 PM)

57

MacLaren is on the phone. It's ringing...

58 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N3)(10:03 PM)

58

David comes out of his room and rushes to the ringing phone.

DAVID

Hello?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MACLAREN

David Mailer?

\*  
\*

DAVID

Yes?

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

MACLAREN

Special Agent Grant MacLaren, FBI.  
I came by earlier and left my card  
under the door...

\*  
\*

David looks for it on the floor, but it's not there.

\*

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

DAVID

Ah, sorry, I didn't see it.

MACLAREN

Not a problem, I'm just following up on a chat room message sent from your I.P. address last night.

David realizes it was Marcy and becomes nervous.

DAVID

You mean my computer?

MACLAREN

We were just wondering if you were planning to meet anyone tonight on the 12th floor of an abandoned building downtown around 11:17?

\*

DAVID

No. Why would I do that?

MACLAREN

We were wondering the same thing. Just means that I won't see you there.

That panics David. He doesn't want Marcy to get caught.

DAVID

Hey, you know I'm just thinking out loud here but sometimes I let my neighbors use my wifi, maybe --

MACLAREN

That's a federal offense, Mr Mailer.

DAVID

It is?

MACLAREN

No, I'm kidding. Have a good evening.

David slumps into his couch, worried sick.

59 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N3)(10:10 PM)

59

Jeff has a blackening eye, a wrapped thumb and a kleenex sticking out of his bloody nose. He paces on the phone while the baby sitter sits with the baby in her arms.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

JEFF

I'm not pressing charges, I just  
 wanna know where she took it. Just  
 check and keep your mouth shut please.  
 Thanks.

He writes down the location of the car on a piece of paper,  
 hangs up, then turns to the baby sitter.

60 EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (N3)(10:17 PM)

60 \*

Jeff pulls a motorcycle out from a tarp beside the house.

61 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - NIGHT (N3)(11:10 PM)

61 \*

MacLaren pulls up across the street from the building and  
 notices Jeff's car is parked rather poorly in front.

MacLaren picks up his cell and calls a stored number.

MACLAREN

Hello, yes, I've been trying to reach  
 Detective Gower, I thought this was...  
 (beat)

Oh my God, I'm sorry to hear that.  
 No, it's not important. Thank you.

POV -- MACLAREN

JEFF -- pulls up on his motorbike. Jeff leaves his helmet  
 on the seat and goes straight into the building, oblivious  
 of MacLaren.

MacLaren hesitates a moment, then decides to follow him. He  
 makes a call on his cell:

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Hey, it's Mac, I'm breaking  
 surveillance and entering the building  
 in pursuit of a suspect.

62 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT (N3)(11:11 PM)

62 \*

MacLaren enters through the front door and reaches for his  
 side arm. The elevators don't work. He takes the stairs.

63 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT (N3)(11:11 PM)

63 \*

JEFF -- moves quickly up the stairs, then hears someone enter  
 the stairwell below. He moves faster.

MACLAREN -- follows cautiously, looking upwards.

- 64 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT (N3)(11:15 PM) 64  
Jeff continues upwards trying the door. It's locked. He passes the 12th floor door and continues upward. \*  
Once he's gone, a LIGHT goes on in the room, which we see under the door.  
JEFF -- keeps climbing.
- MACLAREN -- reaches the 12th floor and SEES the light under the door. He goes in. \*
- 65 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - ROOFTOP - NIGHT (N3)(11:16) 65  
Jeff emerges on the roof. He looks around. No Carly.  
A CHYRON returns. RECORDED TIME OF DEATH: 60 seconds...
- 66 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - 12TH FLOOR - NIGHT (N3)(11:16 PM) 66 \*  
MacLaren moves through a maze of broken old furniture and bankers boxes, in the very dim light. Gun ready, using his cell phone for additional light.
- 67 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - ROOFTOP - NIGHT (N3)(11:16 PM) 67  
Jeff slumps. His pursuit was a dead end.  
Then suddenly, the city skyscrapers all around him begin to cascade into blackness. It's a city wide BLACKOUT.
- 68 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N3)(11:16 PM) 68  
David sits at his computer trying to find evidence of whatever it was Marcy was doing. Then, suddenly, the power goes off.
- 69 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - 12TH FLOOR - NIGHT (N3)(11:16 PM) 69 \*  
MACLAREN'S PHONE rings, startling him and his cell falls to the floor. He goes after it as it slides forward but it slips into an open ELEVATOR SHAFT. Still ringing.  
As the light disappears downward a HAND reaches out for MacLaren, preventing his impending fall.  
TREVOR -- pulls him to safety.

TREVOR

Got you.

70 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - 12TH FLOOR - NIGHT (N3)(11:16 PM) 70

A lantern flashlight turns on behind MacLaren. He turns to SEE that Trevor is accompanied by Carly, Philip (who doesn't appear sick anymore), and Marcy, who is standing furthest away, concealing something hidden beneath a painter's tarp.

MACLAREN

You're actually all here.

CARLY

We've been waiting for you.

MACLAREN

Uh huh. So we've got the single teen mom, the football star -- thanks for the catch -- and the lottery winner... Where's the social worker?

\*  
\*

MARCY

David isn't one of us.

MACLAREN

One of...?

PHILIP

We're travelers from the future, Agent MacLaren.

MacLaren has no idea how to respond and almost laughs.

MARCY

In our time, many years from now, humanity has been all but wiped out. We've come back to change that.

CARLY

There are thousands of travelers already here taking part.

MACLAREN

Huh. Okay, how 'bout we travel downstairs now and talk somewhere else. This place isn't safe.

71 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - ROOFTOP - NIGHT (N3)(11:16 PM) 71

Jeff goes back to the rooftop access door. It's locked. He yanks on it, crying out in frustration and anger.

The countdown timer turns RED at 30 seconds. 29, 28, 27...

72 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - 12TH FLOOR - NIGHT (N3)(11:17 PM) 72 \*

MacLaren stands opposite the group, shaking his head.

TREVOR

Thirty seconds...

MACLAREN

To *what*?

PHILIP

In our time we developed a technology that allows a traveler to project his or her conscious mind into a host body of the past by knowing the precise Time, Elevation, Latitude and Longitude of the host's death.

MACLAREN

T.E.L.L.

Marcy steps forward with the others.

MARCY

A Traveler's consciousness arrives moments before that historical time of death, overwriting the original host's mind, then resumes his or her life with their knowledge of the historical record and social media.

MACLAREN

Okay, well, that's enough bullshit for now --

MacLaren now SEES the tarp and rifle Marcy was concealing.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

That's...

MARCY

The body of Jonas Walker. We stopped him from going on a shooting rampage from here, just as you tried and failed to do between 11:14 and 11:17.

CARLY

We know the events of tonight because for us they've already happened.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

TREVOR

Just as we know that during a blackout  
on this night at 11:17, in pursuit  
of Jonas Walker, Special Agent Grant  
MacLaren fell forty five meters down  
an open elevator shaft to his death.  
Three seconds.

\*  
\*

MacLaren looks to the open elevator shaft and realizes what's  
happening just as the countdown timer approaches zero.

\*

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

MACLAREN -- collapses to his knees, holding his head,  
screaming in utter agony as the transition takes place...

73 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - 12TH FLOOR - NIGHT (N3)(11:17 PM)

73 \*

The other Travelers stand patiently as their leader looks up  
at them and orients himself to his new host body.

The TIMER is already well into the green as MACLAREN stands,  
a different man.

MACLAREN

I see we all made it.

(beat)

Let's begin.

END OF SHOW

TRAVELLERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #102

"Protocol 6"

Written by  
Gillian Muller

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TRAVELLERS  
 "Protocol 6"  
 Cast List - Yellow Pages - 04.08.16

GRANT MACLAREN	Eric McCormack
MARCY WARTON	Mackenzie Porter
CARLY SHANNON	Nesta Cooper
TREVOR HOLDEN	Jared Abrahamson
PHILIP PEARSON	Reilly Dolman
DAVID MAILER	Patrick Gilmore
PATRICIA HOLDEN	Teryl Rothery
KATHRYN MACLAREN	Leah Cairns
MAJOR GLEASON	David Lewis
DR. DELANEY	Kyra Zagorsky
BOYD	Kristine Cofsky
MILITARY SCIENTIST	Jesse Reid
PRIVATE WILSON	Giacomo Baessato
BUSINESSMAN	TBD
REPORTER	TBD
SECURITY GUARD	Aaron Hutchinson
TEN YEAR OLD GIRL	Beatrice Kitsos
JASON	TBD
SCIENTIST	
SCIENTIST #2	
JOGGER	
BABYSITTER	

TRAVELLERS  
"Protocol 6"  
Set List - Yellow Pages - 04.08.16

Exteriors

CARLY'S HOUSE  
CITY HIGHWAY  
CITY STREET  
GARAGE/OPS  
- Establish  
~~NEAR RAILWAY TRACKS~~  
OFF RURAL HIGHWAY  
- Crash Site  
~~PARK PATH~~  
PARKING LOT  
~~RAILROAD TRACKS~~  
RURAL HIGHWAY  
- Containment Truck  
- Convoy  
- First Stop  
- Lead Car  
- MacLaren's SUV  
- Van  
RURAL SIDE ROAD  
TREVOR'S HOUSE  
VAN HUIZEN CORPORATION  
- Front Grates

Interiors

ABANDONED BUILDING  
- 12<sup>th</sup> Floor  
CAFÉ

Interiors (cont'd)

CARLY'S HOUSE  
- Living Room  
COLLIDER BUILDING  
CONTAINMENT TRUCK  
- Moving  
DAVID'S APARTMENT  
DELANEY'S OFFICE  
GARAGE/OPS  
- Philip's Area  
LEAD CAR  
LEAD VAN  
MACLAREN'S HOUSE  
- Front Door  
- Kitchen  
- Living Room  
MACLAREN'S SUV  
- Moving  
\*OFFICE BUILDING  
- Office  
- Corridor  
TREVOR'S HOUSE  
- Kitchen  
- Trevor's Bedroom  
VAN  
- Moving

TEASER

1 EXT. VAN HUIZEN CORPORATION - NIGHT (N1)(11:15 PM) 1 \*

AN ALARM blares. Emergency lighting illuminates a flatbed military truck backing up to a loading door. \*

2 INT. COLLIDER BUILDING - NIGHT (N1)(11:15 PM) 2 \*

MAJOR GLEASON, 40s, dry, commander of the military unit looks across a cavernous room which houses a COLLIDER DEVICE.

DR. DELANEY, female, 40s, brilliant and sharp tongued, walks next to Gleason, fuming.

DR. DELANEY  
The material's safer where it is.

GLEASON -- walks and talks with urgency:

MAJOR GLEASON  
Dr Delaney, the entire power grid is down and your emergency back-ups aren't designed to last for more than a few hours.

They arrive at a large heavy device being loaded into a cargo container.

DR. DELANEY  
Your transport unit is untested. The road vibration alone could cause containment failure --

MAJOR GLEASON  
Any distance we manage to take it is better than here.

DR. DELANEY  
Bullshit. This isn't about safety, you want a new weapon.

MILITARY SCIENTIST (O.S.)  
We're ready to load up, Major. \*

MAJOR GLEASON (into radio)  
Copy.

He leaves her standing there, frustrated.

3 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - 12TH FLOOR - NIGHT (N1)(11:17 PM) 3 \*

RESUME from last scene of 101. MACLAREN stands in front of his team; CARLY, MARCY, PHILIP and TREVOR.

MACLAREN  
I see we all made it.  
(beat)  
Let's begin. \*

And they start walking toward a table where a small case is already opened.

Marcy takes a small gun like INJECTOR device and presses the top of it into the case to receive a small chip.

She injects something just beneath his ear into his skin as he talks:

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
So any issues I should know about?

MARCY  
Intel on my host was way off the mark but I'm handling it.

MACLAREN  
Well, we knew assuming the lives of people from another century wasn't going to be a walk in the park...

TREVOR  
Actually, you should try a walk in the park, it's lovely.

MACLAREN  
I'll do that. The convoy stops in forty minutes.

PHILIP  
Mile marker five, route eighteen.

CARLY  
Coms are set for voice activation. \*  
All good?

MacLaren touches his ear where the com has just been injected.

MACLAREN  
Loud and clear. When did you have the chance to build coms?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

TREVOR

After school.

Everybody else nods too. MacLaren takes a deep breath.

MACLAREN

Okay. Ready?

BOYD (O.S.)

FREEZE!

THREE POLICE OFFICERS have arrived on the floor, their guns drawn, pointing at our team, who raise their hands, taken completely by surprise.

A fourth cop, BOYD (no-fuss female, 30s) approaches MacLaren, gun drawn. A small black bag over her shoulder.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Agent MacLaren?

MACLAREN

Yes.

BOYD

You called in that you were in pursuit of a suspect. D'you need back up?

MacLaren looks around at his team, trying desperately not to appear awkward and failing miserably.

BOYD (CONT'D)

You had a suspected shooter? Jonas Walker?

MACLAREN

We were forced to take him out. I was. The body's over there. \*

CARLY

There's also a police officer locked out on the roof.

BOYD

(nodding)

We can take over from here. \*

(to her officers)

We're gonna need the coroner.

As the other police officers put away their guns and walk over to the body under the tarp. Boyd approaches MacLaren confidentially.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

BOYD (CON'T) (CONT'D)  
I'm Traveller 3185. This is your  
containment unit. You can trust it.

Boyd hands the black bag to MacLaren, leaning in, sotto.

MACLAREN  
I thought we were meeting en route.

BOYD  
No plan survives contact with the  
past. You must be new.

MACLAREN  
Six minutes ago. How's that for  
timing.

BOYD  
Go save the world.

MACLAREN  
No pressure.

\*

Boyd smacks MacLaren on the arm and MacLaren leads his team  
toward the stairs to begin their mission.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

4 EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - CONVOY - NIGHT (N1)(11:50 PM) 4

The military convoy rolls down the highway: Two lead cars, the flatbed holding the containment unit and two follow cars.

5 INT. LEAD CAR - MOVING - NIGHT (N1)(11:50 PM) 5

A MILITARY SCIENTIST reads from a tablet, monitoring the antimatter containment unit.

MILITARY SCIENTIST

It's failing.

MAJOR GLEASON

What?

MILITARY SCIENTIST

We're detecting micro annihilations, possibly from the vibration --

The scientist hands the tablet over to Major Gleason.

MAJOR GLEASON

So she was right.

MILITARY SCIENTIST

I wouldn't say that, sir, we're miles down the road which means we've already saved lives.

(beat)

But we won't make it to our facility.

An indicator on the TABLET goes from green to yellow. Gleason hands back the tablet and keys his radio.

MAJOR GLEASON

Stop the convoy.

6 EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT (N1)(11:50 PM) 6

MacLaren's SUV races down the road, Philip's van trails right behind, then splits on to another rural road. \*

7 INT. VAN - MOVING - NIGHT (N1)(11:50 PM) 7

Marcy is behind the wheel, Philip in the passenger seat, working on a laptop, Trevor holding on in the back.

PHILIP

They're already in the yellow.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Marcy tries to SEE what's on the screen and the van swerves a little. Trevor stumbles slightly.

MARCY

Sorry.

TREVOR

Don't apologize, you're a better driver than I am.

(off Philip's look)

My dad gave me a lesson yesterday.

PHILIP

(laughing at that)

Your dad.

TREVOR

He's a bit of an ass, but my mother is lovely. Amazing cook.

MARCY

You drive next time. I logged three hundred hours in the simulator but it's my first try at the real thing.

PHILIP

I thought your host had a car.

MARCY

Only on Facebook.

8 EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - FIRST STOP - NIGHT (N1)(11:52 PM)

8 \*

Major Gleason stands outside of his vehicle. Another scientist comes over.

MAJOR GLEASON

(into his radio)

This is Gleason. Our transportable containment unit is failing and we may only have minutes. I want everyone to turn around and head back to the city. We'll be taking the material as far from the city as we can. Go!

Soldiers and other personnel jump into vehicles.

9 EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - FIRST STOP - NIGHT (N1)(11:53 PM)

9 \*

MAJOR GLEASON -- runs up to the cab of the containment truck. The driver, PRIVATE WILSON, 20s, knows what he's being asked to do.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

MAJOR GLEASON

Wilson --

PRIVATE WILSON

Sir -- !

MAJOR GLEASON

The road ahead's clear. I'll be following just behind you to make sure you don't have to deal with other vehicles trying to pass.

PRIVATE WILSON

We'll take it as far as we can.

Gleason slaps the door with his hand.

MAJOR GLEASON

Go, I'll catch up.

The truck starts down the road.

Major Gleason watches the containment truck drive away. The scientist walks up, confused.

MILITARY SCIENTIST

You're not following him?

Gleason just throws him a look.

10 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - NIGHT (N1)(11:54 PM)

10 \*

MacLaren has pulled over on a dark country road. He checks his side mirror then notices Carly is studying him. He taps off his voice activated com. She does the same.

MACLAREN

What.

CARLY

Nothing, I was just looking you over.

MacLaren looks in the rear view mirror at his new self.

MACLAREN

Just like his picture. So how d'you feel about older men?

CARLY

I asked myself that this morning. Agent MacLaren came to see me. He's a lot like you. So much, I almost thought I was talking to you.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

MACLAREN

Yeah, but not as charming. \*

CARLY

Oh, he was charming. It even crossed  
my mind to warn him not to follow us  
tonight. \*

MACLAREN

The next available host candidate  
was a morbidly obese meat salesman  
so thank you for keeping that thought  
to yourself.

Carly smiles at that. These two have a real connection.

CARLY

(re: her own)

This one's too soft. Or do you like  
that?

MACLAREN

I'm not sure there's a safe answer  
to that.

Philip's voice interrupts their flirtation.

PHILIP (O.S.)

Containment truck historically one  
minute out.

Carly taps her voice activated com back on.

CARLY

Copy. We're in position.

11 EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - CONVOY - NIGHT (N1)(11:55 PM) 11 \*

The panel van waits at a side road as the vehicles of the  
convoy race back toward the city.

12 INT. VAN - NIGHT (N1)(11:55 PM) 12 \*

Marcy pulls out.

MARCY

Okay, guys.

13 INT. CONTAINMENT TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT (N1)(11:55 PM) 13 \*

Private Wilson drives slow and steady.

14 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING (N1)(11:55 PM) 14

MacLaren sees the lights of the containment truck and pulls out onto the road and stops.

15 INT. CONTAINMENT TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT (N1)(11:55 PM) 15

Wilson is shocked to SEE the car ahead and flashes his high beams.

16 INT. CONTAINMENT TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT (N1)(11:55 PM) 16

Wilson slows his truck. He reaches for a walkie-talkie.

PRIVATE WILSON

This is Wilson, the road ahead was supposed to be clear!

17 INT. VAN - MOVING - NIGHT (N1)(11:55 PM) 17

Philip places his laptop on the dash.

PHILIP

I've jammed his radio.

18 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - NIGHT (N1)(11:55 PM) 18 \*

MacLaren turns to Carly.

MACLAREN

You're up.

Carly steps outside. MacLaren keeps watch. \*

19 EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - CONTAINMENT TRUCK - NIGHT (N1)(11:55 PM) 19

Carly stands in the middle of the road, blocking the truck.

20 INT. CONTAINMENT TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT (N1)(11:56 PM) 20

Wilson slows to a stop ten feet from Carly. He shouts through the windshield at her standing in the middle of the road.

CARLY -- just stands there, looking right at him, her gun tucked in the back of her jeans.

PRIVATE WILSON

Hey! MOVE!

(into his walkie)

Sir, I could use your help up here!

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 20

Frustrated, he drops the walkie and blasts his air horn.

21 EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - CONTAINMENT TRUCK - NIGHT (N1)(11:56 PM) 21

Carly doesn't flinch and doesn't say a word.

22 INT. CONTAINMENT TRUCK - NIGHT (N1)(11:56 PM) 22

Wilson looks at the headlights of the van now stopped behind him. Frustrated and confused, he shouts again.

PRIVATE WILSON

Lady, you do not want to be here!

CARLY -- doesn't answer, but cups her ear indicating she can't hear him.

WILSON -- rolls down his window and sticks his head out to repeat what he just said.

PRIVATE WILSON (CONT'D)

I said --

But the moment he cranes his neck out, Marcy appears out of nowhere and INJECTS something into his neck with a syringe that instantly slumps him over. Marcy confirms, then shouts:

MARCY

Okay, he's out!

Marcy pushes him back into his seat and nods to Carly, who takes out her handgun and trains it on Wilson.

CARLY

Good to go!

23 EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - VAN/CONTAINMENT TRUCK - NIGHT (N1)(11:56 PM) 23

The back doors of the van swing open, and Trevor and Philip jump out and race ahead to the containment truck. Trevor reaches to give Philip a hand up onto the flatbed.

24 OMITTED 24 \*

25 EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - CONTAINMENT TRUCK - NIGHT (N1)(11:58 PM) 25 \*

Philip holds open the black bag for Trevor who pulls out the PORTABLE CONTAINMENT UNIT given to them by officer Boyd.

Philip enters a command on its interface and we see eight white lights. \*

Trevor finds the ACCESS PORT on the larger containment unit aboard the flatbed and plugs in the portable unit.

THE CONTAINMENT UNIT INTERFACE beeps three times. \*

TREVOR  
Transfer complete.

Trevor hands the portable containment unit to Philip and pulls out an EXPLOSIVE DEVICE from another pack and attaches it to the larger unit.

PHILIP  
Charge is set.

Trevor leads the way to the back of the flatbed.

26 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - NIGHT (N1)(12:00 AM) 26 \*

MacLaren puts his car in gear and goes around the containment truck, back the way they came.

27 INT. CONTAINMENT TRUCK - NIGHT (N1)(12:00 AM) 27 \*

Private Wilson is slumped back in his seat, still unconscious, as MARCY leans in and gives him another injection.

In the rear view mirror we SEE her running back to the VAN, waiting just behind the truck.

28 EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - VAN - NIGHT (N1)(12:00 AM) 28 \*

The van backs away down the road, turns around, and is gone.

29 INT. CONTAINMENT TRUCK - NIGHT (N1)(12:01 AM) 29 \*

Wilson's eyes open as the second drug overrides the first.

He looks around. Why is he stopped? Where's the girl?

Fearing he's lost valuable time and failed in his mission, he puts the truck in gear and heads down the road trying to shake off the effects of whatever just happened.

30 EXT. RURAL SIDE ROAD - NIGHT (N1)(12:04 AM)

30 \*

MacLaren and Carly walk toward the van pulled over at the side road. Trevor and Philip jump out the side door, pumping with adrenaline.

Marcy gets out and they walk around the van to Philip and Trevor showing Carly the portable containment unit. There are eight white lights on the top.

\*  
\*

TREVOR

We're good for roughly forty hours.

MACLAREN

That went about as well as I --

BOOM! The sound of an EXPLOSION in the distance interrupts him. It shocks them all and lights up the sky in the distance accompanied by a brief rising fireball.

TREVOR

There it is. We've just officially changed history.

MARCY

We saved eleven thousand people.

PHILIP

Except the driver of that truck. One piece of history that couldn't be changed...

MACLAREN

Oh-eight thirty tomorrow we hand off the antimatter to an arriving team leader and we're done with it.

MARCY

Philip and I can handle it.

Off MacLaren's look.

PHILIP

Well, Trevor's got school, Carly's got a baby and you've got a wife at home to meet for the first time, so --

MacLaren and Carly exchange a quick look.

MACLAREN

Right, my wife of eleven years. You two do the hand off and we'll meet after.

\*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
(to Carly)  
I'll get you home.

They head back to their vehicles.

31 EXT. OFF RURAL HIGHWAY - CRASH SITE - NIGHT (N1)(12:05 AM) 31 \*

Wilson has been thrown from the truck. We SEE some burning debris in the B.G.

He's badly injured but survived the blast.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

32 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N1)(12:47 AM)

32 \*

Marcy opens the door, David is sitting there in the living room waiting in candle light. He tries to look mad, but it comes off as concern. Marcy is exhausted from the mission.

DAVID

Did you have anything to do with the black out?

MARCY

No.

Marcy heads to the couch and sits down beside him.

DAVID

Then do you have something to do with the FBI?

(off her look)

An agent called. Said he also came by the house earlier.

(she shrugs)

I don't get a lotta FBI agents calling --

MARCY

Was his name MacLaren?

DAVID

Yes.

MARCY

If I told you I work with him, would that help you?

DAVID

Yes, it would, it would help a lot. It would make a lot of sense, actually.

She shrugs: Then I work with him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And it's all good? The FBI business?

Marcy closes her eyes and lies back exhausted.

MARCY

All good.

David stands to go to bed.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

DAVID

Okay. Well. It's late.

(then)

One more question: Why are you here?  
Staying at my apartment. With *me*.

MARCY

David, there's going to come a time  
when I'll need your help.

DAVID

*My* help.

MARCY

Honestly there aren't many people I  
can trust. But if that's not okay...

Despite everything, David wants her to stay.

DAVID

No. It's okay.

33 EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE/INT. MACLAREN'S CAR - NIGHT (N1)(12:47 AM)

33 \*

MacLaren and Carly stop in front of her house.

CARLY

I wish you could come in. There's a  
babysitter.

MACLAREN

I guess we'll have to wait until --

Carly leans over and kisses him deeply. They part before  
they both want to.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

It *is* you.

\*

She gets out. MacLaren watches her go.

34 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N1)(12:47 AM)

34 \*

The power is still off. Carly walks in the front door, the  
house is dead quiet. No baby sitter. Something is wrong...

She rushes over to the playpen, empty.

Carly heads right to the phone, but finds a note.

CLOSE ON THE NOTE -- which reads: "Sent the babysitter home.  
I have Jeffrey Jr. We need to talk -- Jeff"

(CONTINUED)

- 34 CONTINUED: 34
- CARLY -- hangs up the phone, relieved.
- 35 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N1)(1:12 AM) 35
- MacLaren walks into his darkened house, looking around the foreign space and looks up the stairs. He SEES a couch and lies down there instead.
- 36 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT (N1)(1:12 AM) 36 \*
- Trevor comes up the stairs and steps past the bathroom to find his mother running a bath. \*
- Trevor slips by, not drawing attention to himself. \*
- 37 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N1)(1:12 AM) 37
- Philip enters the GARAGE, their operations base, though it's not set up the way it will be just yet. Dozens of CRATES and UNPACKED BOXES of recently delivered stuff stacked along the wall. A COMPUTER station and every possible accessory is under construction.
- It's not much now but will become a borderline "Bat Cave".
- A COT has been set up in a corner. Hardly home at this point, but a place to rest. Philip kicks off his shoes and places the portable containment unit on the ground, watching it right itself like a gyroscope.
- Philip lies back on his cot, moving a tv tray that has his spoon and lighter on it aside, then turns his attention to tipping the containment unit, like a metronome...
- DISSOLVE TO:
- 38 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D2)(8:08 AM) 38
- MacLaren wakes up with a start, he looks down, on the couch, his shoes still on, his body stiff.
- A female voice SINGS along to MUSIC in the kitchen.
- 39 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D2)(8:08 AM) 39
- KATHRYN MACLAREN, 40s, attractive, artsy, adds a dollop of milk to a cup of coffee and places it on the table the moment MacLaren walks into the room.
- KATHRYN  
Couldn't even make it upstairs, huh. \*

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

MACLAREN

Didn't want to wake you.

KATHRYN

Tough night?

MacLaren studies his wife for the first time.

MACLAREN

*Long* night. Thanks.

MacLaren take a sip of his coffee, then grimaces.

KATHRYN

Is the milk off? The power was out almost all night...

Kathryn picks up the coffee, smelling it.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

I'm going down to the fabric store later, do you want me to get that linen for your mother?

This is new information.

MACLAREN

My mother?

She pushes the cup of coffee back to him.

KATHRYN

The milk is fine.

MacLaren realizes what he is drinking and can't hide his disgust.

MACLAREN

This is *cow's* milk.

KATHRYN

What animal were you expecting?  
(then)

I'm not sure if we're seeing them this weekend but I can pick it up.

MACLAREN

Fine with me, Kathryn.

Kat just stares at him.

KATHRYN

Kathryn?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

MACLAREN

What.

KATHRYN

You haven't called me by my full name since our first date.

MACLAREN

Huh. Where did that come from?

KATHRYN

Take a nap. You're not safe to drive when you're this tired.

She kisses him on cheek as she goes. MacLaren SEES a note from on the fridge signed KAT.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Bye.

MACLAREN

Have a great day, Kat.

MacLaren goes over to the sink and pours out the coffee.

40 INT. GARAGE/OPS - PHILIP'S AREA - DAY (D2)(8:10 AM)

40 \*

Philip wakes up with a start, shivering, pulling his blanket back over his body, cold but covered in sweat. He tucks himself into a little ball of withdrawal.

41 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - TREVOR'S BEDROOM - DAY (D2)(8:15 AM)

41 \*

Trevor lies in bed staring at the ceiling. He looks under his blanket. Then looks back to the ceiling. This isn't a problem he's had in years. There is a KNOCK on his door --

PATRICA

Trevor?

Quickly he covers himself with the blanket again, scrunching it up around his midsection as Patricia barges into the room.

PATRICA (CONT'D)

C'mon. Up, up.

Trevor sits up, making sure the covers stay over him.

TREVOR

I'm up, okay?

Patricia realizes what's going on and stifles a laugh.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

PATRICA  
(as she goes)  
Breakfast is on the table.

42 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D2)(8:30 AM)

42 \*

Marcy is up and dressed, walking toward the front door.

DAVID  
Marcy, don't sneak out on me...

David exits the bathroom, his towel wrapped around his waist.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I've been thinking and I want you to  
come to the hospital with me.

MARCY  
No.

DAVID  
You can't just pretend you didn't  
have a seizure two days ago, Marcy.  
Whatever else is going on, that was  
real and it wasn't a little thing.  
(beat)  
I'm not gonna pretend it didn't  
happen, you need to see a doctor --

MARCY  
I *am* a doctor.

DAVID  
What?

MARCY  
You want to know what a doctor would  
say? I had something like an absence  
seizure, the electrical signals in  
my brain repeated themselves over  
and over in a three-second pattern.  
She'll be confused because they're  
more common in children than adults.  
Then she'll order an MRI because  
they're likely to get worse.

David shakes his head, even more confused.

DAVID  
Why couldn't you tell me that?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

MARCY

Because there's so much more to  
this...

DAVID

Give me a hint. Give me *something*.  
(beat)  
Technically I'm your social worker.  
I can *make* you go to the hospital.

MARCY

What's the date today, the thirteenth?  
(thinks, then)  
There's going to be a small commuter  
plane crash in Oregon around noon.  
There are four casualties. If it  
doesn't happen I'll go to the doctor  
with you right away. Fair?

DAVID

That's ridiculous, you can't predict  
something like that.

MARCY

Then you'll get what you want; I go  
to the doctor. Do we have a deal?

David stares at her. He has one more condition.

DAVID

No. I also want your cell number.

MARCY

I don't have one.

DAVID

You don't have a -- fine, yours is  
secret. Take this.

He opens a kitchen drawer.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I bought it as a present for someone  
that I used to -- doesn't matter --  
take it. If it rings, it's me.  
Please answer it.

She takes the phone.

43 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D2)(8:30 AM)

43 \*

MUSIC fills the room. Carly is working out, sweating through  
crunches.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 43

She sits up, grabbing a jar of baby food, several other empty jars litter the floor.

44 OMITTED 44 \*  
AND AND  
45 45

45A INT. OFFICE BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY (D2)(9:30 AM) 45A\*

A BUSINESSMAN -- 40s, looks at a family picture on his wall. \*  
Classical music plays on a desktop radio. \*

He pours two fingers of scotch from a decanter into a glass \*  
and downs it. \*

He looks at himself in a small mirror. Touches his three \*  
day growth. He should have shaved. Oh well. \*

45B INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CORRIDOR - DAY (D2)(9:30 AM) 45B\*

Marcy and Philip (showing no signs of withdrawal) enter a \*  
corridor and walk together looking for an office door. \*

Without saying a word, Philip gestures to the number on an \*  
office door. That's the one. \*

Marcy nods and they wait silently. \*

45C INT. OFFICE BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY (D2)(9:31 AM) 45C\*

The Businessman walks over and sits at his desk. He takes a \*  
deep breath, opens a drawer and pulls out a gun. \*

A CHYRON appears. \*

RECORDED TIME OF DEATH: 15 SECONDS. 14, 13, 12... \*

He puts the gun in his mouth. He hesitates working up the \*  
nerve. \*

An AURA surrounds his head. He drops the gun, SCREAMING, \*  
clutching his head. \*

45D INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CORRIDOR - DAY (D2)(9:33 AM) 45D\*

Marcy hears the scream of the Businessman and nods to Philip. \*  
The transition has happened. \*

Philip opens the door and they go inside. \*

45E INT. OFFICE BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY (D2)(9:34 AM) 45E\*

The Businessman sits with his back to them as Philip and  
Marcy enter. \*

MARCY \*

Welcome to the 21st. I'm Traveller \*

3569. \*

The Businessman turns his head toward them and we SEE that  
something is wrong. \*

His eyes roll up into his head and his head slumps over. \*

MARCY -- rushes over to him, then SEES a an empty bottle of  
prescription pills on his desk. \*

Her look to Philip tells us he a dead man. \*

46 OMITTED 46 \*

END OF ACT TWO \*

## ACT THREE

47 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)(10:10 AM)

47 \*

Marcy sits at a table looking at the portable containment unit on the table. Philip and Carly pace.

MacLaren strides into the garage with purpose.

PHILIP

What d'you think, boss?

MACLAREN

Of what?

PHILIP

Our operations base.

MacLaren could care less at the moment, walking to Carly.

MACLAREN

Yeah, yeah, it's beautiful. You're sure a messenger hasn't come?

\*

CARLY

I think a preadolescent kid might stand out.

MACLAREN

(to Marcy and Philip)

I thought it was going to be a simple hand-off?

\*

PHILIP

The Director probably didn't know about the pills.

\*

\*

MACLAREN

What pills?!

\*

MARCY

A fatal dose of Fentanyl. Probably a fail safe in case he lacked the courage to pull the trigger. The Director missed it.

\*

\*

\*

\*

PHILIP

Cause of death in the historical record was gunshot to the head.

\*

\*

\*

MACLAREN

There was no one else from his team there to meet him?

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

MARCY

No. And we looked around. \*

MacLaren paces. Their mission is going bad. \*

TREVOR

Well let's not panic, the Director will be aware that traveller didn't make it and assign a new candidate.

MACLAREN

*If one comes available in time.**(to Philip)*

You've memorized all of the potential candidates in our area?

PHILIP

*(with a shrug)*I've memorized *everything*.

MACLAREN

Good, show off a little, how many since oh-eight thirty? \*

Philip closes his eyes, as though imagining a list.

PHILIP

Hmmm... Today's not a real good day. There was a construction worker that gets electrocuted early this morning --

*(adding quickly)*

Prime host actually but the accident would've been impossible for the arriving traveller to avoid, so...

Carly's already at the computer looking him up.

CARLY

Report of a construction worker's death this morning is already on-line.

PHILIP

In a few hours there's an elective surgery that goes bad --

MACLAREN

Point is, it could take time. How much do we have?

TREVOR

Thirty hours, give or take.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

CARLY

We should drive the antimatter out of town, like the military was trying to do --

MACLAREN

The Director must have some sort of plan for it.

TREVOR

Probably as a power source.

PHILIP

Don't we have to make it possible for another team to find us? I could throw out something like an S.O.S. on the deep web but that would risk exposure by the FBI.

(to MacLaren)

You know all about *that*.

MACLAREN

Try your S.O.S. I'll run interference at the bureau if I have to.

TREVOR

We could look at a way to extend the life of the unit with a supplemental power supply. Buy some time.

MACLAREN

More time couldn't hurt. I'll talk to the traveller who delivered it to us last night.

CARLY

Sure that's a good idea?

MACLAREN

(as he goes)

No.

48 INT. COLLIDER BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY (D2)(10:15 AM)

48 \*

Delaney walks with a clip board through the bowels of her collider building. Her cell phone RINGS.

\*  
\*

DR. DELANEY

Delaney.

49 EXT. OFF RURAL HIGHWAY - CRASH SITE - DAY (D2)(10:15 AM)

49 \*

Major Gleason is standing in the road, talking on a cell.  
We see military and emergency vehicles in the B.G.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MAJOR GLEASON

This is Major Gleason. I guess you've  
been expecting my call.

DR. DELANEY

Actually I was hoping never to hear  
from you again; how's the circle  
jerk going?

MAJOR GLEASON

You're colorful when you're angry,  
doctor, but I'm the one who's --

DR. DELANEY

If you're calling to ask for my help --

MAJOR GLEASON (CON'T)

We never had the material, did we?

DR. DELANEY

What are you talking about? You're  
the one who drove away with it last  
night.

MAJOR GLEASON

That's what I thought too --

DR. DELANEY

Then why aren't you off on an island  
somewhere exploding bombs?

MAJOR GLEASON

Oh, there was an explosion, just not  
the one we expected.

DR. DELANEY

Oh, God... When?

MAJOR GLEASON

On the way to our base. You were  
right about vibration being a  
problem...

This is shocking to Delaney, and she feels culpable.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

DR. DELANEY

How many casualties?

MAJOR GLEASON

The blast was substantial enough to put the driver in a coma, but we both know it should have been in the megaton range. Didn't even make the news... Even a small antimatter explosion would have released a detectable amount of X Rays.

DR. DELANEY

I'm not sure what you're accusing me of, but --

MAJOR GLEASON

That it never existed or somehow you managed to hang on to it. Either way, we need to have a conversation.

50 EXT. GARDENS - DAY (D2)(11:40 AM)

50 \*

Officer Boyd, off duty, walks with a FRIEND toward her civilian car. MacLaren approaches her. \*

She casts him a glance expecting him to keep walking, but when he doesn't, she admonishes him:

BOYD

Protocol 6, Agent MacLaren.

MACLAREN

Can't officer Boyd and Special Agent MacLaren have a conversation?

BOYD

For starters, don't talk about yourself in the third person...

(then)

Is this FBI business?

MACLAREN

In the sense that the FBI wouldn't want an antimatter explosion in the middle of town.

BOYD

Are you serious?

(MacLaren nods)

Have you been sent a messenger? Did the Director authorize you to talk to me?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

BOYD (CONT'D)  
(off his look)  
Then step away.

She pushes him away from her car and starts to walk towards the driver's side.

MACLAREN  
The arriving traveller we were meeting  
was D.O.A.

\*  
\*

This causes her pause but she holds up her hands.

BOYD  
In the absence of a clear course of  
action, await instructions from the  
Director via messenger or traveller.  
What else d'you want me to tell you?

MACLAREN  
How 'bout the location of the team  
we were supposed to hand off to?

Boyd realizes MacLaren is new at this and offers sage advice:

BOYD  
I don't know and I'm not supposed to  
know! You're new, I get it, and you  
got a bitch of a first assignment  
but I've been here a year now and  
*shit happens.*  
(beat)  
There's a good reason we're so  
compartmentalized, MacLaren, there's  
teams all over the world on missions.  
That's why there's --

\*

MACLAREN  
-- a protocol six, yeah, I know the  
rules too, but help me out here. Do  
we take it to an unpopulated area?  
Or keep it where it is and risk wiping  
out a city.

\*

She climbs in and slams the door, but rolls down her window.

BOYD  
Tough call.  
(beat)  
Get it right please.

Boyd pulls out and drives off.

51 INT. CAFE - DAY (D2)(11:45 AM)

51 \*

David sits next to an adult homeless client, JASON (20s) who eats a bowl of soup laden with soda crackers.

A 24 HOUR news channel is on the TV. A reporter talks silently, but her words crawl across the bottom of the screen.

REPORTER

... With just four dead, local authorities are grateful the pilot managed to bring the commuter plane down in a remote area --

David can't believe what he's reading, stands and walks away from his client to place a call on his cell.

52 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)(11:45 AM)

52 \*

Trevor is working on a piece of equipment. Carly studies a map on the computer looking for a place to take the material if necessary.

Marcy notices that Philip is antsy and pacing in the open area. She goes over to him.

MARCY

You all right? You're sweating.

PHILIP

Yeah, yeah... I'd like there not to be a bomb in my house, but otherwise --

Trevor calls from across the room.

TREVOR

Philip, I think we're ready to do this.

CARLY

Maybe we should wait for MacLaren.

TREVOR

It's your call, but he told me to go ahead when ready.

CARLY

All right. Do it.

Marcy's cell phone rings and Philip flinches at that.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

PHILIP

You got a cell phone? Who could be calling you?

Marcy finds it and looks at the phone, unsure of what to do.

MARCY

My social worker. How do I...?

PHILIP

Press there.

He points to the button and she steps away, speaking into a cell phone for the first time as Philip goes to help Trevor in the B.G. of Marcy's conversation.

MARCY

Yes?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

David, with his client eating soup in the B.G. just goes straight to the question:

DAVID

How could you possibly, POSSIBLY have known that was going to happen unless you had something to do with it happening?!

MARCY

I can't tell you that.

DAVID

Marcy, this is crazy.

MARCY

We made a deal that if it happened I wouldn't have to go with you to the hospital today, right?

DAVID

Yes, but I wasn't expecting --

MARCY

Well it happened. You asked for a hint, I gave you one; I've gotta go.

DAVID

Just one more question... This FBI business? Is it dangerous?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2) 52

Marcy looks across the garage at what is essentially a ticking time bomb, where Philip and Trevor are working on attaching the supplemental battery.

MARCY

Well, that depends on who --

A LOUD ELECTRICAL POP interrupts her and she SEES:

PHILIP -- flying backwards onto the concrete floor.

Marcy forgets about the conversation and rushes to his side, putting the phone down on the concrete floor.

She checks his vitals, concentrating on his pulse.

53 INT. CAFE - DAY (D2)(11:45 AM) 53 \*

David HEARS the following through the open line. Her footfalls on the concrete, the phone hitting the floor, etc...

MARCY (O.S.)

What happened?

TREVOR (O.S.)

His hands just started shaking, I think he shorted out the circuit.

MARCY (O.S.)

He's in cardiac arrest. Step back.

DAVID

Marcy, what's happening?

54 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)(11:45 AM) 54 \*

Marcy pumps on Philip's chest, trying to bring him back.

CARLY -- SEES the phone on the floor that Marcy dropped to do the chest compressions and grabs it.

55 INT. CAFE - DAY (D2)(11:45 AM) 55 \*

David listens wide eyed at the drama playing out on his cell.

MARCY (O.S.)

C'mon, Philip, stay with us!

Then BEEP, the line goes dead.

DAVID

Marcy?!

56 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)(11:45 AM)

56 \*

Philip opens his eyes and starts breathing again but falls unconscious again. Marcy checks his pulse.

MARCY  
He's back. Sinus rhythm.

TREVOR -- studies the portable unit. Only two of the lights remain lit. He shakes his head.

\*  
\*

CARLY  
Speak up, Trevor.

TREVOR -- delivers the bad news.

TREVOR  
We didn't add time, we lost it. And there's not much left.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

57 EXT. GARAGE/OPS - ESTABLISH - DAY (D2)(12:30 PM) 57 \*

58 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)(12:30 PM) 58 \*

The team sits around a table, Philip with a blanket around his shoulders, but alert.

PHILIP

I don't know what happened... it was like a tremor. My hand just jumped between the contacts.

TREVOR

Shorting out our supplemental power supply and draining the unit's capacitor.

PHILIP

I'm so sorry, guys...

MacLaren throws a look to Carly. She was the one in charge.

MACLAREN

Well. Shit happens.  
(to Marcy)  
He's gonna be okay?

MARCY

Assuming any of us are.

MACLAREN

Can you start over?

TREVOR

Not in the few hours we have.

CARLY

(to MacLaren)  
What did you get out of Boyd?

MACLAREN

That I was in gross violation of protocol six and we should solve our own problems.

Carly looks over at the portable containment unit.

CARLY

I hate to say it because I'm sure you're right the Director has plans  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

CARLY (CONT'D)  
for the antimatter, but I think the only solution now is to get that thing to a safe distance.

MACLAREN  
If that's what the Director wanted us to do, wouldn't we have received a messenger by now telling us to do it?

It's a rhetorical question. They see his point.

TREVOR  
Which means there's another solution we haven't thought of.

MARCY  
One that we *will think of* in the next five hours.

CARLY  
I know I'm just the soldier here, but if we're down to hours there's no safe place for the antimatter other than far away.

It suddenly strikes Philip and he stands, energized.

PHILIP  
Yeah, there is. And it *is* obvious.  
(off their looks)  
The place where it was created.

CARLY  
Delaney's lab? That's *insane*.

Trevor is all aboard with the idea and interrupts.

TREVOR  
Is it? The whole facility was *designed* to store antimatter for an unlimited amount of time.

PHILIP  
And it's a half hour away in *traffic*.

MacLaren picks up the portable containment unit, thinking.

CARLY  
The team we were supposed to hand this off to *must* have had other plans.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

MACLAREN

No plan survives contact with the past.

(to Philip)

Can you find us a map of the Van Huizen compound on that antique?

PHILIP

Okay, *one*, this equipment is the current state of the art, and *two*, wouldn't you rather I hack into their main computer system?

MACLAREN

(impressed)

Oh. Yes please.

Philip goes to work on his computer with renewed energy. Marcy is less enthusiastic.

MARCY

I don't want to shoot a hole in our only idea --

CARLY

(finishing the thought)

-- But how do we do this without Delaney knowing we did it?

MacLaren nods. It's a problem.

MACLAREN

Well I've already broken protocol six today, maybe we have to tell her --

TREVOR'S CELL -- beeps a notification. He checks it.

TREVOR

Oh, no.

MACLAREN

What is it?

TREVOR

The school called my mom; I missed a science test yesterday.

\*  
\*

MacLaren just glares at him a moment, then Philip declares:

PHILIP

I'm in!

He turns to the team.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (3)

58

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I can turn off their security systems,  
I could probably shut down their  
power... But what might be most useful  
is a flood in the high pressure  
coolant water supply of building  
twenty six.

(beat)

What d'you think?

59 INT. COLLIDER BUILDING - DAY (D2)(1:25 PM)

59 \*

Water flows from an unseen source onto the floor in the  
building. An EMERGENCY SYSTEMS ALARM is going.

DELANEY -- comes out of a door and sees the water flowing.

DR. DELANEY

What? Oh, for f --

60 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D2)(2:37 PM)

60 \*

David walks Jason to the door of a drop-in center then  
continues walking, reaching for his phone. He dials again.

61 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)(2:37 PM)

61 \*

Marcy and Philip are now in coveralls, attaching stick on  
SIGNS that read: FUTURA RECLAMATION CO. to the side of a van  
in the garage.

Marcy's phone is ringing in her pocket, annoyingly...

PHILIP

Your friend is determined.

MARCY

(it stops ringing)

There. He gave up.

PHILIP

So why exactly does a librarian need  
a social worker?

Marcy confesses, quietly only for him to hear.

MARCY

My host's identity was a fiction.  
The product of a character building  
exercise in social media, which in  
her case was our primary source of  
information.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

MARCY (CONT'D)

In reality, Marcy was a mentally challenged woman in care of the state.

PHILIP

How is that not a giant problem?

MARCY

Long term, it's almost certainly fatal.

\*

PHILIP

Fatal?

\*

\*

MARCY

Not tomorrow or the next day. I plan on telling MacLaren once I've properly diagnosed myself and determined how long I have, but somebody needs to know in case I have another seizure --

\*

\*

(off his look)

We all our have burdens; yours is no easier. I'm a doctor, I know the symptoms.

PHILIP

I'm dealing with it.

MARCY

I want you to dose before we go.

PHILIP

Not in front of the team --

MARCY

To keep your hands from shaking.

(off his look)

Today's not the day to quit.

He nods. He'll do it. In fact, he's dying to.

62 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D2)(3:15 PM)

62 \*

Two vans from Futura Reclamation head down the road. Carly and MacLaren in the lead vehicle with Trevor following.

63 INT. LEAD VAN - DAY (D2)(3:15 PM)

63 \*

MacLaren drives.

CARLY

I'm not crazy about the idea of getting into bed with a mass murderer.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

MACLAREN

Delaney? You're forgetting we changed history; it never happened.

CARLY

She still created the most destructive weapon in history. If the military hadn't taken it farther away --

MACLAREN

That's *their* horse shit story. They used Delaney as a scapegoat; their own containment unit failed. History just accepted their version of events.

\*  
\*

CARLY

I dunno. I've seen Delaney in old history docs. The woman has all the charm of a foaming yeast vat.

(then reading a GPS)

Turn left up here.

64 EXT. VAN HUIZEN CORPORATION - FRONT GATES - DAY (D2)(3:45 PM)

64 \*

The vans pulls up to the security booth.

MACLAREN -- rolls down the driver's side window.

MACLAREN

Hi, how's your day so far? We're responding to a flood in building twenty six?

\*  
\*

The SECURITY GUARD looks past MacLaren to Carly.

SECURITY GUARD

I.D.'s please?

Carly and MacLaren hand over their newly minted I.D.s. The Guard runs what looks like a grocery store handheld scanner over them. Carly's goes through but MacLaren's keeps beeping. The guard keeps trying like a grocery store clerk would.

CARLY

Fourteen gallons of water per minute. Tick tock.

MacLaren just shrugs at the guard. She's right.

SECURITY GUARD

Go ahead.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

Trevor pulls up next in the other van, holding up his I.D.

TREVOR  
Afternoon sir, I'm with --

SECURITY GUARD  
Go ahead.

TREVOR  
Okay then.

And he follows MacLaren's van.

65 INT. VAN 2 - DAY (D2)(3:47 PM)

65 \*

Philip is at work on a laptop, and a small bank of screens built into the side of the van amongst other equipment.

They speak through their earpieces throughout:

PHILIP  
Okay, guys, I've hacked into their security system. No workers where we want to be.

\*  
\*  
\*

66 INT. VAN - DAY (D2)(3:50 PM)

66 \*

MacLaren parks in front of Building 26.

MACLAREN  
Okay. Keep your coms and eyes open.

\*

67 INT. COLLIDER BUILDING - DAY (D2)(3:55 PM)

67 \*

MacLaren, Trevor and Carly enter the building. An ENORMOUS COLLIDER and other high-tech machinery dominates the space.

Trevor sees the access PORT on the collider.

TREVOR  
Looks like the interface is up top.

\*

DELANEY -- steps out of a small office, pointing a handgun directly at MacLaren.

DR. DELANEY  
You stay right where you are.

MACLAREN -- is taken by surprise and puts up his hands.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

68 INT. VAN 2 - DAY (D2)(3:55 PM)

68 \*

Marcy and Philip SEE on the monitor that Delaney has pulled a weapon on the team.

PHILIP

Shit.

(to Marcy)

South door. Go.

Marcy grabs a nine millimeter GUN with a laser sight from a rack and is out of the door in a flash.

69 INT. COLLIDER BUILDING - DAY (D2)(3:56 PM)

69 \*

MacLaren and Trevor have their hands up. Carly less so, prepared to go for her own weapon.

DR. DELANEY

I already shut off the relief valve that had been opened *remotely*, so you don't have to bother going through the motions.

(beat)

So Major Dickless didn't have the balls to do this himself?

\*  
\*

MACLAREN

If you mean Major *Gleason* who took your antimatter last night, no. In fact we're the people who took it from *him*. The material is in that black bag over my associate's shoulder.

DR. DELANEY

(derisively)

In a bag that size? Pfft... No.

TREVOR

It *is* pretty heavy.

MACLAREN

Another associate of mine has a nine millimeter aimed at your back.

Delaney doesn't turn around.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Marcy, aim the laser guide of your weapon toward me a sec?

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

MARCY -- at the far end of the building, moves her gun ever so slightly off of her target to MacLaren. A green LASER DOT appears momentarily on Maclaren's coveralls.

DELANEY -- doesn't lower her weapon, remaining stoic.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

We stopped a disaster last night and to prevent another one we need to return that material where it belongs.

Delaney is completely baffled by all this.

DR. DELANEY

Who the *fuck* are you people?!

MACLAREN

My name is MacLaren and I'm with the FBI. My team has been tasked at the highest level to prevent the military from building the most powerful weapon of mass destruction in history.

DR. DELANEY

(re: Trevor)

The teenager is FBI?

MACLAREN

Just me. They're specialists.

DELANEY -- gestures with her free hand demanding I.D.

DR. DELANEY

Show me your credentials.

MacLaren carefully reaches for his badge and holds it up.

MARCY -- moves closer as they talk. She takes a few calming breaths trying to control her stress.

MACLAREN

We've managed to prevent the deaths of thousands of people and an arms race... But our portable containment unit has a limited battery capacity.

DELANEY -- lowers her weapon, intrigued.

DR. DELANEY

Show it to me.

Marcy relaxes and joins the group.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

Trevor removes the portable containment unit. It's down to one flashing red light.

DR. DELANEY (CONT'D)  
Is it supposed to be flashing like that?

TREVOR  
(off Maclaren's look)  
We may not have much time, we need to transfer it *now*.

Delaney studies the portable unit, amazed.

DR. DELANEY  
How could you possibly create a stable magnetic bottle in something so small? \*

PHILIP (O.S.)  
Somebody's here!

70 INT. VAN 2 - DAY (D2)(4:00 PM)

70 \*

Philip SEES Major Gleason in a military vehicle at the security gate on his surveillance cameras.

PHILIP  
One vehicle only; the driver's alone.

71 INT. COLLIDER BUILDING - DAY (D2)(4:00 PM)

71 \*

MacLaren responds. Delaney wonders who he's talking to.

MACLAREN  
Copy... Take no action.  
(explaining himself)  
A vehicle just arrived outside.

DR. DELANEY  
It's Gleason. I thought he'd sent you people to steal my research.

MACLAREN  
(to Trevor)  
How much time do we have?

TREVOR  
It's not like there's a clock on the thing. Minutes. There won't be a warning, it'll just go boom.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

MACLAREN

(to Delaney)

Get rid of him as quick as you can.

DR. DELANEY

That's all I ever do with him.

Marcy steps in with her hand extended for Delaney's gun.  
Delaney hands over the gun.

CARLY AND MARCY -- take concealed positions with their  
weapons. \*

TREVOR and MACLAREN -- pretend to be inspecting the floor  
around the collider device with detectors of some kind as: \*

MAJOR GLEASON -- enters assertively a moment later. \*

DELANEY -- standing in the middle of the room, waiting.

MAJOR GLEASON

Where's your staff?

DR. DELANEY

We had a small coolant leak, I sent  
everyone home while these people  
clean up. \*

MAJOR GLEASON

(to MacLaren)

Can you guys be somewhere else for a  
few minutes? \*

DR. DELANEY

(to MacLaren)

You're fine, go back to work.

MacLaren gives a little wave and pretends to be checking. \*

DR. DELANEY (CONT'D)

(to Gleason)

They don't give a shit about what we  
say and frankly I'm a little afraid  
to be alone with you.

MAJOR GLEASON

Funny, I feel the same way.

DR. DELANEY

Go see for yourself that it's not  
here so you can leave.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2)

71

GLEASON -- walks over to the containment unit and studies the interface. He knows enough about the machine to recognize the antimatter is not present but he goes through the motions.

TREVOR'S BACKPACK -- begins to make an obvious beeping sound, like an urgent warning. He and MacLaren exchange a look.

CARLY

We don't have time for this.

MACLAREN

I said not yet.

Gleason turns back to Delaney, convinced its not there.

GLEASON

All right, so: if I never had it,  
and it's not here, then the only  
other possibility is...

(re: the beeping)

What is that sound?

Delaney covers quickly, confessing. She sells it:

DR. DELANEY

I *lied*. It never existed.

(beat)

Material seemed to be accumulating  
but with each new anti-particle we  
created there were quantum micro-  
annihilations that went unrecorded.  
We thought we were building mass but  
it was an illusion. I didn't want  
to lose our funding and thought we  
were making progress but... At best  
you drove off with a milligram.

Carly has him in her sights whispering into her com:

CARLY

We have to take him out.

MACLAREN

(whispering back)

*Wait...*

GLEASON

I know that must have been hard for  
you to confess and on that level, I  
must admit I enjoyed it a little...

(beat)

But I do believe you were close. We  
want you to continue your work.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (3)

71

GLEASON (CONT'D)

(beat)

So you're not rid of me just yet.

Beat.

DR. DELANEY

Can I at least be rid of you now?

GLEASON

Of course.

And with a self satisfied look, he goes.

TREVOR -- races over to the large containment unit, while removing the portable one from the backpack on the move.

72 INT. VAN 2 - DAY (D2)(4:05 PM)

72 \*

Philip watches on his monitors as Gleason gets into his vehicle.

PHILIP

Major Dickless is leaving.

73 INT. COLLIDER BUILDING - DAY (D2)(4:06 PM)

73 \*

TREVOR -- prepares to insert the portable containment unit into the interface on the huge machine. \*

It's BEEPING even louder now and flashing red.

TREVOR works with urgency.

TREVOR

Is the containment unit powered to 120 MeV?

DR. DELANEY

(nodding)

We left it fully charged in case the transfer wasn't a hundred percent; how long is this going to take?

TREVOR -- places the business end of the portable unit into the receptacle and presses a few buttons. \*

They all gather around as the beeping becomes fever pitched.

All eight LIGHTS on the portable unit turn on again. \*

TREVOR

Done. It's back.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

MACLAREN

Huh. Thought it'd be a bigger deal.

He shakes the portable unit in his hands.

TREVOR

Nope. Empty.

DELANEY -- goes over to the interface and confirms it.

DR. DELANEY

Ten point three grams of antimatter;  
perfectly stable.

They all breathe a sigh of relief as Trevor climbs down off  
the collider. \*

MARCY

How close did we come?

TREVOR

(dramatically)

One point three six seconds.

(off her look)

Naw, I already told you, there's no  
way of knowing. Pretty close though. \*

73A EXT. COLLIDER BUILDING - DAY (D2)(4:10 PM)

73A\*

DELANEY -- walks them out of the building, but before they  
go she challenges them. \*

MACLAREN

Doctor, I can't emphasize how  
important -- \*

DR. DELANEY

(interrupting) \*

FBI my ass. Who are you people? \*

(pointing)

Blondie over there can't be much  
over twenty. And the technology  
beefcake carried in on his shoulder  
doesn't exist. \*

MacLaren goes over to her, calmly, with authority.

MACLAREN

Obviously, it does.

(beat)

All you need to know at this point  
is that I am with the Bureau, the \*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

73A CONTINUED:

73A

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
 task force is top secret and this  
 won't be the last you'll see of us.  
 Just keep the material safe for now.

\*

DR. DELANEY  
*For now.* What does that mean?

MACLAREN  
 As in out of the hands of the military  
 and off the front page of the  
 newspaper.

MacLaren hands her his business card.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
 If you want to get in touch with me,  
 or if for any reason you need our  
 help, this is my number. But I'll  
 probably call you first.

Delaney doesn't have much choice and grumbles.

DR. DELANEY  
 I'll hold my breath.

The team heads to their vehicles, but MacLaren hangs back.

MACLAREN  
 By the way we were *that* close to  
 intervening. You just saved his  
 life.

DR. DELANEY  
 Who? *Gleason's?*  
 (MacLaren nods)  
 Oh, great, that makes my day.

MacLaren cracks a smile at that and walks to the van.

74 EXT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - EVENING (D2)(5:45 PM)

74

Trevor rides his bike into the driveway, leans it against  
 the porch and goes in the front door.

75 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING (D2)(5:46 PM)

75

Trevor passes the kitchen where his mother is putting dishes  
 away. She catches him this time.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

PATRICA

Did you get my text?

TREVOR

Yeah, sorry, I got busy.

PATRICA

Well... The doctor did say you'd get  
back to your old self.

Disappointed in him, she goes back to her work. Trevor goes  
upstairs, sad to disappoint her.

76 INT. GARAGE/OPS - EVENING (D2)(6:01 PM)

76 \*

Philip finishes frying asparagus on a hot-plate, placing  
them on a plate alongside some fried mushrooms.

But he has no appetite.

He just turns off the heat and sits on the cot, dying for a  
hit and struggling not to succumb.

77 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - EVENING (D2)(6:08 PM)

77 \*

Marcy walks into the apartment. David is pouring tea.

DAVID

I was making tea. Want some?

MARCY

Please.

DAVID

So did you save him?

(off her look)

I only ask because I heard you  
administering CPR to someone named  
Philip who'd apparently had a cardiac  
arrest before the phone went dead  
and then you didn't answer the rest  
of the day.

He sips his tea and hands her a cup. She accepts it.

MARCY

Yes, he's fine.

DAVID

Oh, *good*. What's on the agenda for  
tomorrow?

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

MARCY

I've been thinking about what you said... Tomorrow I'm going to go to the hospital.

David is surprised but glad to hear it.

DAVID

Do you want me to take you, or do you want to repel down on a rope from a helicopter?

MARCY

I would like you to take me. Please.

78 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING (D2)(6:08 PM)

78

Carly enters and opens her arms to receive little Jeffrey from the babysitter, who takes cash from her in exchange.

CARLY

Sorry I'm late, see you tomorrow.

\*

The babysitter goes. Carly smells his diaper and grimaces.

79 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - EVENING (D2)(6:15 PM)

79

MacLaren enters and slips off his shoes at the front door.

MACLAREN

I'm home!

KATHRYN (O.S.)

My husband? Actually home for the evening? No...

Kathryn comes in from the kitchen and plants a kiss on him.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Hi.

MACLAREN

Hi.

The DOORBELL RINGS -- interrupting them.

KATHRYN

You get that, I'll pour us a glass of wine...

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: 79

Kathryn goes back into the kitchen.

MACLAREN -- goes over and opens the front door.

80 INT/EXT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - EVENING (D2)(6:16 PM) 80 \*

A TEN YEAR OLD GIRL carrying a bag of cookies she's selling for her school speaks with a strange authority in stark contrast to her youthfully innocent voice. \*

TEN YEAR OLD GIRL  
Traveller 3468, mission outcome acceptable in light of extenuating factors but not optimal. Further breach of protocols may result in punitive action. End of message.

The little girl blinks a few times, then seems to have no idea where she is. Her voice returns to normal.

TEN YEAR OLD GIRL (CONT'D)  
How did I get here?

MacLaren points to a bag full of girl scout cookies.

MACLAREN  
Well, I assume you want to sell me a box of those cookies.

The girl looks down at the bag, confused.

KATHRYN comes up behind MacLaren with two glasses in hand. She leans around him and admonishes the girl.

KATHRYN  
I bought two boxes from you a half hour ago, sweetheart, you've done this side of the street.

The ten year old girl is still very confused as Kathryn closes the door and hands MacLaren a glass.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
Which you can take to the office, tomorrow, if they're in the house I'll eat them all. \*

MACLAREN  
Well. If you *insist*... \*

Kathryn leads them into the adjacent living room. \*

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

KATHRYN

So, how was your day?

MACLAREN

You know what? My day was boring.  
I'd rather you tell me all about  
your day.

\*

He sits across from her, fully engaged.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Tell me *everything*.

END OF SHOW

TRAVELLERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #103

"Aleksander"

Written by  
Tara Armstrong and Mika Collins

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TRAVELLERS  
 "Aleksander"  
 Cast List - Green Pages - 04.13.16

GRANT MACLAREN	Eric McCormack
MARCY WARTON	Mackenzie Porter
CARLY SHANNON	Nesta Cooper
TREVOR HOLDEN	Jared Abrahamson
PHILIP PEARSON	Reilly Dolman
DAVID MAILER	Patrick Gilmore
JEFF CONNIKER	J. Alex Brinson
RAY GREEN	Ian Tracey
RENE BELLAMY	Alyssa Lynch
WALTER FORBES	Arnold Pinnock
KYLE	Dylan Playfair
STEPHEN	Zack Lavoie
TORY	Angela Palmer
TEEN	TBD
KATHRYN MACLAREN	Leah Cairns
PRIEST	David Bloom
MARION	Bronwen Smith
GREG	Galen Engen
11 YEAR OLD GIRL	TBD
GRACE	Jennifer Spence
10 YEAR OLD BOY	TBD
ALLAN WHITEMAN	Adrian Hough
CATHY WHITEMAN	Chilton Crane
ALEKSANDER/PATRICK	David Reynolds
SHY GIRL	Kylee Dawson
POLICE SERGEANT	Steve Makaj
NEWS ANCHOR #1	TBD
NEWS ANCHOR #2	TBD
BOOKIE	

TRAVELLERS  
"Aleksander"  
Set List - Green Pages - 04.13.16

Exteriors

CEMETERY  
- Grave Site  
CITY STREET  
GARAGE/OPS  
HOUSE  
ISOLATED HOUSE  
- Porch  
- Back Door  
- Front Porch  
PARKING LOT  
RURAL ROAD  
STREET

Interiors (cont'd)

LESTER HIGH SCHOOL  
- Hallway  
- Cafeteria  
- Office  
MACLAREN'S HOUSE  
~~Bedroom~~  
- Bathroom  
MACLAREN'S SUV  
POLICE STATION  
RAY'S SEDAN  
VAN

Interiors

CARLY'S HOUSE  
DAVID'S APARTMENT  
FBI FIELD OFFICE  
- Office  
FORBES' CAR  
GARAGE/OPS  
- Bathroom  
GUN RANGE  
ISOLATED HOUSE  
- Living Room  
- Basement  
- Basement - Chicken Pen  
- Front Door

TEASER

81 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

81

DAVID and MARCY walk side by side on the way to the hospital.

DAVID  
You know we could've taken the bus.

MARCY  
I have to improve my fitness.

DAVID  
Yes. Fitness. Been workin' out a  
little myself...  
(beat)  
You know, last week Marcy used to be  
*chatty*.

MARCY  
Did she.

DAVID  
Yep.  
(beat)  
So here's my theory; tell me if I'm  
close. You've been undercover with  
an FBI task force on some kinda  
mission all this time and you needed  
a cover...

MARCY  
Very close.

DAVID  
Yeah?

MARCY  
David, when we get to the hospital  
it's important that you help me  
convince the doctor to give me an  
MRI. It's not likely they'll just --

DAVID  
Another MRI, you mean.

Marcy stops walking.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
The other day, when you had the  
seizure, Dr Lee ordered an MRI.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

MARCY

Why didn't you tell me?

DAVID

Okay, one, you were unconscious;  
two, I'm pretty sure last week Marcy  
wouldn't know what an MRI was; *then*  
there's the fact you escaped from  
the hospital like Papillon --

MARCY

You're certain the MRI was done at  
the hospital I woke up in.

DAVID

Yeah, I was in the waiting room --

She kisses him on the cheek.

MARCY

Thank you. That's all I need. I'll  
see you back at the apartment later.

And she heads back the direction they came. David is  
frustrated, watching her go.

DAVID

We had a deal, Marcy!

She just waves and keeps going.

82 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

82

CLOSE ON Philip staring ahead. He wears a black suit and  
tie. A wet bouquet of lilies hangs from his hand. \*

\*

REVEAL the funeral Philip watches from a distance.

83 EXT. CEMETERY - GRAVE SITE - DAY

83

MOURNERS crowd under umbrellas. An open grave. A casket.  
The framed photograph of Stephen (Episode 101).

A PRIEST tries to console the inconsolable.

PRIEST

Ecclesiastes says, "There is a season  
for everything, and a time for every  
event under heaven: a time to be  
born, and a time to die..."

CLOSE ON the photograph of Stephen.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
For some of us death will come at  
the end of a long life. For many of  
us, as it was for Stephen, death  
will be a surprise visitor.

Stephen's Mother and Father -- MARION and GREG -- hold each  
other. They stare at the casket as it begins to lower.

PRIEST (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Only God cuts the thread. We must  
trust in his plan for each of us.

84 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

84

The service has ended. The mourners silently leave the grave  
site. Marion and Greg walk arm in arm.

Philip approaches them tentatively, holding a bouquet of  
lilies.

Marion sees Philip and stops, shocked --

MARION  
How could you come here?

PHILIP  
I thought it was important to say  
how sorry I was.

Her face is full of anger.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
How sorry I am.

Philip offers the bouquet to Marion.

She smacks it out of his hand. The other mourners stop and  
stare.

MARION  
You were his best friend.

PHILIP  
Was I.

She moves toward Philip. She stares into his eyes.

GREG  
Marion --

MARION  
Are you high right now?

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

Philip lowers his head, ashamed.

MARION (CONT'D)

Did you come to my son's funeral  
high?

She lurches toward Philip. Greg holds her back.

GREG

Marion, it's not worth --

MARION

(crying out)

You were there. The police told me.  
You could have called 911. You could  
have saved him.

Marion breaks down, unable to speak.

Greg holds her as he stares angrily at Philip.

GREG

Philip, please just go.

Philip backs away from them. The mourners walk past Philip.

He feels everyone's accusing eyes on him.

CLOSE ON Philip as he stares at Stephen's grave site.

Then goes.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

85 INT. GARAGE/OPS - BATHROOM - NIGHT

85 \*

PHILIP sits on the bathroom floor. He twirls an empty syringe in his fingers like a pencil, watching it spin with a dazed look.

A KNOCK on the door, but Philip doesn't respond. The sound has drained from his world. His head rolls forward.

Another KNOCK.

VOICE (O.S.)

Philip?

Philip lifts his head, slowly -- what was that?

VOICE (CONT'D)

Philip, time to go!

Philip stands, unsteadily.

Coming back to the moment -- he hides his drug paraphernalia in the vanity cabinet. Checks his reflection in the mirror. Composes himself. He opens the door to...

86 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT

86 \*

MACLAREN stands in the bathroom door.

MACLAREN

What're you doing? We need to know where we're going.

Philip walks to his desk, half in a daze and sits down at his computer, tries to look normal.

Marcy clocks this and walks over with her medical kit.

MARCY

Did you just...?

PHILIP

Just a little. Had to.

MARCY

Are you going to be able to -- ?

PHILIP

Yeah yeah.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

MARCY

Here.

Marcy hands Philip a pill and a bottle of water.

MARCY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

It should help. It's...

Philip downs the pill, dry.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Don't you want to know what it is?

PHILIP

(with a shrug)

Whatever.

She hands him a piece of paper with some info on it.

MARCY

When you have time I need you to download a file from this hospital. The doctor's name is there --

PHILIP

What's the file?

MARCY

It's an MRI, actually. *Mine.*

PHILIP

Yeah, sure, done.

MacLaren comes over.

MACLAREN

Everybody ready?

TREVOR

Just need the where to.

Philip closes eyes for a moment.

PHILIP

33.2507°, 74.1003°

MACLAREN

Incoming traveller arrives at 21:33, and it's at least an hour away.

Everyone hurries into MacLaren's SUV. MacLaren gets in the driver's seat, Carly beside him. Trevor, Marcy and Philip in the back.

\*

87 EXT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT 87  
 The SUV backs out of the garage. The garage door closes behind them and they speed down the street. \*

88 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 88  
 Street lamps illuminate a suburban street. A GIRL (11) on a bicycle, peddles along the street.

89 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - NIGHT 89 \*  
 The SUV turns on to the suburban street. \*

90 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 90  
 MacLaren's SUV speeds down the street, as the girl on the bicycle rides toward them on the other side -- \*  
 Suddenly the girl VEERS in front of the SUV and stops, facing them head on. \*

91 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - NIGHT 91 \*  
 MacLaren SLAMS on the breaks --  
 The SUV SCREECHES to a halt a few feet from the girl. \*  
 MacLaren opens the door but then stops, halfway out.

92 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 92  
 The girl stares at him intently.

MACLAREN  
 Hey, are you -- ?

The girl addresses MacLaren, robotically wide eyed.

GIRL  
 Traveller 3468: Transition of incoming Traveller canceled. Resume protocols. \*

After a moment, the girl comes back to herself with a shudder.  
 She pauses, orienting herself, then:

GIRL (CONT'D)  
 How did I get here?

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

MACLAREN

Well I don't know, but it's a little late to be out riding your bike.

GIRL

I'm not s'posed to talk to strangers. Are you a policeman?

MACLAREN

No --

CARLY

(quickly)  
Yes.

MACLAREN

Yes. I am. And you should go home, d'you know the way?

She nods, gets back on her bike, and peddles past them back down the street, ringing her bell -- DING, DING.

93 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - NIGHT

93 \*

MacLaren gets back in the SUV. In the back seat, Philip leans in to Marcy: \*

TREVOR

That was creepier than I imagined.

MARCY

Only pre-pubescent brains are malleable enough to receive and deliver messages without damage.

TREVOR

Oh, I know. Still creepy.

CARLY

(to MacLaren)  
The new traveller was supposed to give us our next mission.

MACLAREN

Plans change.

MARCY

So protocol five till further notice?

PHILIP

You know, we could still go to the TELL and save the host from getting hit by the bus.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

PHILIP (CONT'D)

(beat)

That's what happens to the host --  
actually, now he's just some poor  
guy -- just after 21:33.

CARLY

Protocol three, Philip; we can't  
interfere --

PHILIP

Two minutes ago we were interfering  
a *lot*. A traveller was gonna take  
over the man's life --

\*

TREVOR

Because *the Director* had plans for  
the new traveller; the host was going  
to die either way.

\*

PHILIP

Not *was* going to. *Is*. It hasn't  
happened yet.

The team exchanges looks. Where is this coming from?

PHILIP (CONT'D)

All we have to do is drive by and  
shout "Hey, guy, look out for the  
bus!" And the guy gets to go home  
tonight to his wife.

MACLAREN

Philip... C'mon. You know better.

Philip slumps back in his chair.

PHILIP

Yeah. I know better.

He gives a look to Marcy as MacLaren makes a u-turn.

DISSOLVE TO:

94 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

94 \*

MacLaren stares into the mirror carrying a clean white shirt  
and pulling the noose of a still knotted tie from the day  
before over his head. As he tightens the knot:

\*

\*

\*

KATHRYN -- emerges from their bedroom, wearing a robe. She's  
holding a new tie in her hand.

\*

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

KATHRYN

You're *not* walking out the door  
wearing that tie again today.

MACLAREN

What's wrong with it?

Kathryn takes the old tie off and throws the new one around  
his neck, letting it hang there.

KATHRYN

Nothing. But you've had it on for  
*three days*. Please tell me you're  
changing your underwear.

MACLAREN

I should be wearing underwear?

MACLAREN -- leaves it just dangling there as Kathryn goes to  
the sink and starts brushing her teeth.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Actually, I was thinking of going  
tie-less today.

KATHRYN

You? Well, if you do, make sure  
somebody takes a picture cause that'll  
be a first.

MACLAREN

I was also thinking we should do  
something vegan for supper tonight.

Her jaw drops.

KATHRYN

Vegan.

MACLAREN

Yeah, food not sourced from animals  
in any --

KATHRYN

I know what vegan is, hon, but you're  
a tie wearing carnivore.

MACLAREN

Doesn't hurt to try new things.

KATHRYN

Oooo I kinda like the sound'a that.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (2) 94

She kisses him and goes back in their bedroom. He watches her go. \*

KATHRYN (CONT'D) \*  
 (as she goes) \*  
 But wear the tie. \*

He tries again... \*

95 OMITTED 95 \*

96 INT. LESTER HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY 96 \*

Trevor, carrying a food tray, walks through the cafeteria.

He sits down at a table, across from a SHY GIRL, who eats alone, reading on her cell phone.

She looks up, surprised to see the football star sitting across from her.

Trevor digs into his overloaded plate of creamed corn and mashed potatoes. He savors a bite like it's the best thing he's ever tasted.

He notices the girl hiding an amused smile.

TREVOR  
 Have you tried this vegetable?

SHY GIRL  
 (suspiciously)  
 Corn? Yeah.

RENE and KYLE enter the cafeteria and spot Trevor. Kyle thinks he's being helpful.

KYLE  
 Wrong table, bro.

RENE  
 Hey, babe.

Rene slides onto the bench, hip-checking the girl.

The girl falls to the ground, her lunch tray and belongings go flying along with her.

Kyle laughs as the girl picks herself off the floor. She looks with dismay at her smashed cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

SHY GIRL  
 (quietly)  
 You broke my phone.

As Trevor helps the girl. Rene and Kyle share an eye-roll.

97 INT. JEFF'S POLICE CAR - DAY

97 \*

JEFF is parked, looking up "sudden personality changes" on his tough book. \*

ANOTHER CRUISER -- pulls up alongside him the other direction, window to window. \*

The POLICE SERGEANT in the other cruiser rolls down his window. \*

POLICE SERGEANT  
 Workin' hard? \*

JEFF  
 Every day. \*

The Sergeant hands him a USB DRIVE. \*

POLICE SERGEANT  
 We just got this security camera footage from outside the library the other night. Two assaults, same assailants. \*

(beat) \*

There's an interesting twist a few minutes in. \*

JEFF  
 What? \*

POLICE SERGEANT  
 You'll see. \*

The other cruiser drives off. \*

Jeff puts the USB DRIVE into his tough book. \*

ON THE SCREEN: CCTV footage of Tory being assaulted by the three teens outside the library a few nights before. \*

MARCY -- can be seen standing at the window in the B.G. pounding against the glass in protest...

98 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY 98

Philip bursts into the garage and heads straight to his desk.  
He rummages through the contents --

Frantically opens drawers, slams them closed, looking for  
something --

PHILIP

Come on, come on, come on.

Philip turns to the open supply closet, and rifles through  
the shelves.

He finds what he's looking for: his stash.

He grabs a syringe, sits down.

He pulls off his skinny tie, rolls up his sleeve, and wraps  
the tie around his upper arm.

99 INT. GARAGE/OPS - BATHROOM - DAY 99

Philip stumbles into the bathroom. He turns on the faucet.

He splashes his face, and exhales slowly, eyes closed in  
relief as the heroin courses through his body.

The mirror fogs up as the hot water flows.

Philip opens his eyes and meets his reflection in the mirror,  
wiping away the steamed glass to reveal:

STEPHEN -- is standing right behind him over his shoulder. \*

STEPHEN

You could've saved me.

Philip desperately tries to explain.

PHILIP

I can't save anyone. Don't save a  
life, don't take a life, its called  
protocol 3.

When he turns around there is nobody there. \*

100 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY 100\*

Philip leaves the bathroom and goes to his computer station.

A TV NEWS broadcast plays on one of his monitors.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

## NEWS ANCHOR

At least two people are dead after  
the Madison Bridge suddenly collapsed  
early this morning...

\*  
\*  
\*

Still staring at the door, Philip mumbles along with the  
newscast.

## PHILIP

Emergency units have setup a detour  
while they continue to search for  
survivors.

\*  
\*  
\*

## NEWS ANCHOR

Emergency units have setup a detour  
while they continue to search for  
survivors.

\*  
\*  
\*

Philip steps toward the monitor, thinking.

## NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Florida is on high alert with --

## PHILIP/NEWS ANCHOR

A tropical storm...

\*

Philip pauses, then he runs to his desk, rifles through the  
drawers and grabs a marker.

He searches frantically for something to write on.

Philip scans the room and stops on the glass white painted  
garage door.

Philip rushes to the door and starts frantically scribbling  
across it in black marker. It's nearly illegible:

"EXECUAIR FLIGHT 327 CRASH, 43 DEATHS, 10/23/18:02:56 Zulu  
W, 69.2900°, 102.1300°"

As Philip writes the facts appear, hanging in the air, until  
he writes them down.

"LONDON EMBASSY BOMBING, 09/25/16"

"SARAH PAHWA, 26, SHOT TO DEATH BY INTRUDER, 03/11/15:08:02  
Zulu 34.3 M, 69.2900°, 102.1300°"

Philip's hand shakes as he writes. Emptying a fraction of  
the historical record stored in his mind onto the door.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (2)

100

The marker slips from his hand. Philip picks it up and starts writing again, a frenzied mess of scribbles.

101 INT. JEFF'S POLICE CAR - DAY 101\*

Jeff has been sitting there a while, watching the footage. \*

An empty coffee cup and sandwich wrapper are on the dash. \*

ON THE SCREEN: Marcy is getting beaten by the three teens \*

in the square of the library. \*

THE FOOTAGE scrambles for a second, breaking up digitally \*

then as it comes back: \*

MARCY -- calmly and confidently stands. \*

Then Marcy begins to beat the shit out of the boys. \*

Jeff is taken aback -- this strange transformation is all too familiar.

102 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY 102

MacLaren sits down at his desk.

ON THE SCREEN: A password box.

MacLaren frowns -- he has no idea. He looks around his desk. He opens a drawer, inside are the typical contents: pens, paper clips, tape, loose coins...

He pulls on the next drawer. It's locked. Curious, he looks for the key, in the open drawers, on the shelves above the desk.

He finds the key underneath a stack of books.

MacLaren unlocks the drawer, opens it, inside is a bottle of scotch, a couple of cigars. \*

FORBES enters, going straight to him.

FORBES  
You have some explaining to do.

MacLaren looks at him, unsure.

MACLAREN  
What?

FORBES  
If you weren't going to show, you could of let me know.  
(beat)  
Squash Saturday morning. \*

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

MACLAREN  
(at a loss)  
Squash.

\*

FORBES  
You forgot.

MACLAREN  
Sorry. How was it?

FORBES  
It's a hard game to play alone.  
Fortunately I found a playing partner  
who is actually a challenge.

MACLAREN  
(then quickly)  
Did you change the password?

FORBES  
How many times have you tried it?

MACLAREN  
Twice.

FORBES  
Well get it right the third time or  
we're locked out -- let me do it.

\*

He goes over to the keyboard. MacLaren watches carefully.

FORBES (CONT'D)  
You probably had caps lock on again.  
(he enters it)  
There. We're goin' out now anyway.

MACLAREN  
Where?

Forbes gives MacLaren a strange look.

FORBES  
It's Monday.  
(off his look -- duh)  
Gun range.

MACLAREN  
Right. Right.

FORBES  
You okay?

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: (2) 102

MACLAREN  
Absolutely, let's shoot guns. It's  
Monday.

MacLaren stands and gets his coat from the back of the door.

103 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY 103

Philip lies on his single bed, his laptop across his belly.  
There's a gentle KNOCK on the garage door.

104 EXT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY 104

Marcy waits outside the door with two large bags. The garage  
door lifts open.

105 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY 105

Marcy walks in, surveys the messy state of the garage.

MARCY  
I went shopping.

She pauses, looking at Philip. He looks haggard.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
Did you sleep?

PHILIP  
Little bit.

Philip sways slightly.

MARCY  
Sit down.

PHILIP  
I'm fine.

But he's clearly not. Marcy looks at him, sternly. He sits  
on the couch, despondent.

From her bag, Marcy takes out some medical supplies. She  
examines Philip's eyes. Checks his heart rate.

MARCY  
You're taking too large a dose.

Marcy takes out a syringe and a marker. She marks the  
syringe.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

MARCY (CONT'D)

No more than eight units, a quarter up. To this mark.

She hands him alcohol swabs, water packs and some clean syringes, and a syringe disposal box.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Used syringes in here.

Philip nods.

Marcy walks to the stand-up tool cabinet, she opens it, and stocks it with the rest of her supplies.

Philip watches Marcy. A long beat of silence, and then:

PHILIP

(quietly)

We're not going to save the world.

MARCY

Why do you say that?

PHILIP

The world doesn't want to be saved.

MARCY

So we'll save it anyway.

She closes the cabinet and says, gently:

MARCY (CONT'D)

Depression is a side effect of a heroin addiction.

PHILIP

I'm not depressed.

MARCY

Uh huh.

PHILIP

We're just sitting here. Waiting for instructions from the future, when we could be doing something.

MARCY

Protocol five.

PHILIP

Resume your host's life. My host was a junkie. What about yours?

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

105

Marcy has her own problems but doesn't want to burden Philip.

MARCY  
We're talking about you right now.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
We could be doing so much more, Marcy.

Marcy puts a hand on his shoulder.

MARCY  
We're doing what we came here to do.  
(beat)  
We knew going in that we couldn't  
fix everything. That we're not  
supposed to fix everything. And if  
we try we could make things worse  
without even knowing.

PHILIP  
I know.

MARCY  
I know you know.

She heads to the door.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
No more than eight units. Just enough  
to be functional. Any more and it's  
because you want it and I won't stand  
for that.

Philip nods.

Marcy exits and Philip closes the garage door behind her.  
It lowers, revealing:

THE "CRAZY WALL"

Every single inch of the garage door is covered in Philip's  
frenzied scribbles.

A delirious mess. Thousands of nearly illegible facts,  
crossing, overlapping, fighting for space on the wall.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

106 INT. LESTER HIGH SCHOOL - OFFICE - DAY

106

Trevor and Rene sit in the office of MS. GRACE DAY (40s) the school guidance counselor.

RENE  
People drop their phones every day.

GRACE  
She said you pushed her.

RENE  
I don't even know her, why would I push her?

Grace looks directly at Rene with an unnerving calmness.

GRACE  
That's my question, Rene.  
(then)  
Phones break, not a big deal. What is a big deal is bullying.

Rene shifts in her chair, uncomfortably.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
You make your own choices, guys.  
For example, you could choose to be a -- what's the word...?

RENE  
Douchebag?

Beat. Grace doesn't flinch at that.

GRACE  
Works. Or you could choose to be nicer to those who aren't as blessed with popularity as you. Not hard.

RENE  
I'm totally nice!

TREVOR  
(directly)  
I'm sorry; you're not.

Rene glares at him.

RENE  
What?

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

Grace interrupts them.

GRACE

You can contemplate your choices in detention.

Rene scoffs. Trevor stands calmly.

TREVOR

Ms. Day, I apologize for my involvement in this. And I'd like to offer to replace the girl's phone.

From his back pocket, Trevor pulls out his wallet. He takes out a few hundred dollars and places it on Grace's desk, surprising her.

GRACE

I think she'll appreciate that.

TREVOR

(standing)  
May I go?

GRACE

Yes.

Grace nods and Rene watches shocked, as Trevor heads out.

RENE

(to Grace)  
What is *wrong* with him?

107 EXT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY

107

Philip, wearing a t-shirt and no socks, pacing outside the garage. RAY pulls up in his sedan. He rolls down the window. \*

RAY

Jesus, Philip, put on a coat.

PHILIP

Why?

RAY

It's freezing.

PHILIP

I'm not cold.

Philip hands Ray a soggy yellow envelope.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
Calculated Chaos.

RAY  
What's that?

PHILIP  
A horse. Put it all on Calculated  
Chaos.

Ray looks in the envelope -- inside: one fat stack.

RAY  
All of it?

PHILIP  
Keep thirty percent of the winnings.  
Drop the rest, fifty/fifty, to these  
addresses.

Philip hands Ray a soggy piece of paper. Ray looks at the  
addresses.

RAY  
Look, Phil, if you owe money to a  
dealer, I don't wanna --

PHILIP  
Not a dealer. It's -- Stephen's  
mom. And Gower's family.

Ray considers this.

RAY  
The cop? What do you owe him?

Philip doesn't answer.

RAY (CONT'D)  
That's real nice but my advice as  
your lawyer --

PHILIP  
You're not my lawyer --

RAY  
Free advice anyway. Throwing money  
at these people... Not the brightest  
of ideas. Makes you look guilty.

PHILIP  
Leave it in their mailbox. Make it  
anonymous.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2)

107

Philip leans into Ray's car and looks at him.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I need you to do this for me.

Ray looks at Philip, nodding.

RAY

So I have a teenage kid, who of course  
hates me. For his eighteenth  
birthday, what do I do? I buy him a  
car. Freakin' new car. Well newish.  
Know what he does?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PHILIP

He wouldn't take it?

\*

RAY

No, he took it, course he took it,  
he's not stupid... But he still  
hates me.

\*  
\*

Philip considers this, and then:

PHILIP

Make the bet. Drop off the money.  
Keep the change.

Ray rolls up the window and pulls away. Philip stands soaking  
in the rain.

108 INT. GUN RANGE - DAY

108

In side-by-side stalls, MacLaren and Forbes load their  
handguns.

FORBES

...So these anonymous tips started  
coming in early this morning.

(beat)

One lead to this whacko who was  
planning on shooting up a bank in  
San Fran later.

Forbes raises his gun, FIRES at the target.

CLOSE ON TARGET: Forbes' bullets land scattered around the  
target's shoulders and chest.

MACLAREN

Where are they coming from?

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

FORBES

They're running an I.P. search now.

MacLaren aims his gun, FIRES.

CLOSE ON TARGET: MacLaren's bullets hit the target directly in the forehead.

MACLAREN

When it comes in, we'll check it out.

Forbes lowers his gun and gives MacLaren a strange look.

FORBES

Since when are you a perfect shot?

MacLaren shrugs.

109 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

109

Jeff, in uniform, sits across from DAVID at the kitchen table.

JEFF

How long have you been her social worker?

DAVID

Just over a year.

David pushes a photograph across the table. A still from the riot video.

CLOSE ON PHOTOGRAPH: Marcy cowering on the ground, holding her bleeding head, the teens closing in on her. The faint AURA surrounding her.

DAVID -- glances at the photograph, then turns it face down on the table.

JEFF

When was the last time you saw Marcy?

DAVID

Few days ago.

JEFF

I went by her apartment. The building manager said he hadn't seen her around. I went by the library, same story. Any idea where she could be hiding?

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

DAVID  
Hiding? What for?

JEFF  
I don't know.

The men stare at each other. A stalemated beat.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Well when she does show, tell her  
I'd like to talk to her about pressing  
charges.

DAVID  
She won't be pressing charges.

Jeff turns the photograph over.

JEFF  
We have their faces.

DAVID  
She wants to move on.

JEFF  
Did she tell you that, David?

DAVID  
Yeah, she did.

JEFF  
Did she tell you she beat the shit  
out of those guys?

Jeff hands David another photograph.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH: Marcy smashing one of the teens in  
the nose with the heel of her hand.

David stares at the photograph, shocked, silent.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
You knew Marcy was capable of this?

DAVID  
I think when people are in fight-or-  
flight mode, they're capable of --

JEFF  
Fight-or-flight.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

109

DAVID  
Yeah, it's instinct. People either  
fight, or, you know... fly.

Jeff tries to read David.

JEFF  
Has Marcy been acting different?  
Like a personality change?

For a nanosecond David hesitates, staring at the photographs.

DAVID  
No.

JEFF  
All right. If you do notice  
anything...

Jeff hands David his card. David hands Jeff the photographs.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Keep 'em. Marcy might want to have  
a look when you see her.

Jeff gives David a hostile smile and lets himself out.

David stares at the photographs. The bedroom door opens and  
Marcy walks out. She moves toward David.

MARCY  
Thank you.

She takes the photographs from David's hand.

DAVID  
This is not good, Marcy. He can't  
know you've been staying here even  
for a couple of nights. It's  
completely inappropriate, I'm your  
social worker for God's sake.

MARCY  
So we don't tell anyone.

David stares at Marcy, not knowing how to respond.

110 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY

110

CLOSE ON a quick succession of cuts: Philip's hand opening.

An empty syringe falls to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

Philip slumps back in his chair. With dopey, dilated eyes, he stares at his CRAZY WALL.

He stands unsteadily, staggers to the wall.

Philip runs his hand over the words: names, dates, events.

Philip stares at them, and then:

THUMP. The garage door rattles. Philip jumps back.

THUMP. The door rattles again.

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP...

Philip hits a button and the garage door lifts.

REVEALING: A ten year old BOY bouncing a basketball against the pavement outside.

The boy stops and looks at Philip.

Philip looks back.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

111 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - OFFICE - DAY 111

MacLaren is at his desk. Forbes is at his own, reading an email --

FORBES

Here's another one. An Islamic extremist in Chicago planning on bombing the train to O'Hare. They checked it out, the guy's apartment was full of I.E.D.'s

MACLAREN

Really.

FORBES (CONT'D)

And the I.P. address the tip was sent from is ten minutes from here. Let's go check it out.

They get up to head out when MacLaren's cell phone BUZZES.

CLOSE ON PHONE: Philip calling.

MACLAREN

It's my wife.  
(answering)  
Hey... Honey.

112 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY 112

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

Philip is calm and purposeful at his end.

PHILIP

I got a messenger; we have a mission. Sweetie.

MacLaren eyes Forbes, who stands there, listening to the conversation.

FORBES

Say "hi" for me.

MACLAREN

Uh, Forbes says hi --  
(then)  
She says hi back.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

PHILIP

Awkward.

MACLAREN

What is it?

PHILIP

We have a mission. Now.

That surprises MacLaren.

MACLAREN

Okay, I'll meet you at -- home?

Philip glances at the Crazy Wall. He hesitates --

PHILIP

Carly's. It's closer to where we need to be.

MACLAREN

I'll be right there.

MacLaren hangs up.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

She's not feeling well, needs me to take her to the doctor.

FORBES

Is it serious?

MACLAREN

I doubt it, but, you know.

FORBES

Yeah, of course, go! I'll check out the address myself and call you later.

MacLaren nods and they head out the building.

113 INT. LESTER HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

113

Trevor walks down the hallway. Rene catches up to him.

RENE

Hey!

Trevor keeps walking.

RENE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

You don't think I'm nice?

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

TREVOR

Do you think you're nice?

RENE

I'm pretty nice to you.

Trevor hears a hail on his com as Rene leans into him, seductively. He taps his com and speaks to whoever is calling including Rene --

\*  
\*  
\*

TREVOR

Please stop.

A beat, before Rene explodes in anger.

RENE

What is wrong with you?

Trevor's cell phone BEEPS. He pulls it out.

RENE (CONT'D)

Are you even listening to me? Who's texting you?

Trevor reads the text.

CLOSE ON THE PHONE -- it reads: From Philip: New Mission. Meet at Carly's.

RENE (CONT'D)

Trevor! Who's texting you?

TREVOR

I have to go.

Trevor walks past Rene, leaving her standing in the hallway.

She watches him walk away, angry.

114 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY

114

Carly, Marcy and Trevor sit in the living room. Waiting. MacLaren paces.

MACLAREN

Where is he?

MARCY

He'll be here.

Trevor's cell phone BUZZES non-stop. He looks at it, shaking his head. Carly glances at his screen.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

CARLY  
Girl trouble?

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (2)

114

TREVOR

She's relentless. And I can't determine whether she hates me or loves me. I mean, him. I'll say this --

Philip bursts in through the front door, holding a laptop.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

"Youth is wasted on the young".

PHILIP

George Bernard Shaw.

Philip takes a seat and opens his laptop.

MACLAREN

What's the message?

PHILIP

Rescue an abducted boy before he's murdered.

MACLAREN

That's it?

PHILIP

I can't remember it verbatim.

TREVOR

You can't remember it verbatim?

PHILIP

Rescue Aleksander Andrieko.

Philip turns his computer toward the team.

ON THE SCREEN -- A school photo of a boy, toothy grin to the camera.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Ten-year-old Romanian immigrant. He went missing walking home from school two months ago.

\*

MACLAREN

Why save him?

PHILIP

I assume he's important to the future.

CARLY

I've never heard of him.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (2)

114

MACLAREN

Well he's *ten*, so...

PHILIP

The messenger didn't go into any detail. And you can't exactly chat with them, this one burst into tears and ran away the second he delivered his message.

JEFFREY JR. starts WAILING.

Carly sighs, and goes to the crib. From her diaper bag, she pulls out a toy duck and gives it to Jeffrey Jr.

MACLAREN

Why'd the messenger come to you?

PHILIP

And not you, you mean? I dunno, probably not a lotta pre-pubescent kids walkin' around an FBI office. Maybe its time sensitive. Why are you taking this personally?

MACLAREN

I'm not --

TREVOR

What do we know about the abductors?

PHILIP

There are two of them. Man and a woman. I know from the historical records, the victim's body was found in their basement.

(beat)

They're dangerous.

Hearing this, Carly pulls out a handgun from her diaper bag.

MACLAREN

You keep a gun in your diaper bag?

CARLY

Because I can't fit all of this.

From under the couch, Carly pulls out a large weapons case and opens it.

PHILIP

You've been shopping.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (3) 114

CARLY

A traveller team delivered our armament package yesterday. You guys pick out what you like, I'm going to see if my babysitter's home. \*

She picks up Jeffrey Jr. and heads to the door. Philip picks up a semi-automatic from the weapons case.

MACLAREN

All right guys, we're rescuing a kid, not invading Normandy.

MacLaren's cell phone BUZZES. He looks at the display.

CLOSE ON PHONE: Forbes calling.

He ignores the call.

115 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY 115\*

Forbes sits at his desk leaving a message for MacLaren as he eats a sandwich. \*

FORBES

Hey, partner, it's me. The first address was an empty building so our tipster obviously scrambled their I.P. We've got it narrowed down to a handful of local servers. I'm goin' through my half of the list of possible addresses in the area; I'll text you the other half so we can cover more ground. Call me when you're done at the doctor's. \*

Forbes hangs up.

116 OMITTED 116\*

117 EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY 117\*

MacLaren's SUV speeds down a desolate road. The van follows.

118 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - DAY 118

MacLaren drives. Carly, wearing a navy FBI jacket, taps just beneath her ear. \*

CARLY

Com check.

119 INT. VAN - DAY

119

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

Trevor drives. Marcy sits beside him. Philip is in the back seat, sweating, fidgety.

MARCY

We're up.

MACLAREN

Everyone clear on the plan?

MARCY

Trevor drops us off, we go in back.

MACLAREN

Keep the car running.

TREVOR

Will do.

MACLAREN

Assume they're armed. But let's make this clean and easy. No guns unless I say so. Copy?

MARCY

Copy.

Trevor pulls the van over on the side of the road. Philip slaps Trevor on the shoulder.

Philip and Marcy get out of the van, and head into the field leading to the back of the house.

120 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - DAY

120

MacLaren turns down the driveway of an old, isolated house.

121 EXT. ISOLATED HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

121

At the front door, MacLaren raises his fist to knock. He glances at Carly -- ready?

She nods.

He KNOCKS.

A long beat, nothing.

CARLY

What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

MacLaren looks through a window into the house, as he does -- in the distance, the SOUND OF AN ENGINE...

TREVOR (O.S.)  
Vehicle approaching.

Carly and MacLaren turn toward the road, where an old truck comes up over the hill. The truck turns down the driveway.

MACLAREN  
We see 'em.

MacLaren and Carly walk down the steps of the house.

The truck parks beside MacLaren's SUV.

The doors open, and ALLAN (50) steps out of the driver's side, CATHY (50) out of the passenger's side. \*

Allan is tall, balding. Cathy is shorter, stockier and smoking a cigarette. \*

MacLaren and Carly move toward them. MacLaren flashes his badge.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
Allan and Cathy Whiteman? \*

ALLAN  
Yessir we are. \*

MACLAREN  
FBI. How's your day going do far?

Allan shrugs. \*

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
We'd just like to ask you a few questions.

Cathy shoots a nervous look at Allan. \*

CATHY  
FBI?

MACLAREN  
Do you think we could come inside? \*

ALLAN  
Well, that's where we were goin'. \*

Allan gestures toward the house, then: \*

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (2) 121

ALLAN (CONT'D) \*

Cathy, put that out, we don't want  
to get fined for smokin'.

He winks to Carly to let her know he was joking and walks.

MACLAREN

That would fall under the bureau of  
tobacco alcohol and fire arms.

Cathy butts out her cigarette, not getting it.

122 EXT. ISOLATED HOUSE - BACK DOOR - DAY 122

At the back of the house, Philip and Marcy listen over the  
ear coms. Philip unlocks the back door and they slip inside.

123 INT. ISOLATED HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY 123

Allan and Cathy lead MacLaren and Carly into the house. \*

At the door are a pile of shoes and boots. MacLaren notices  
a pair of children's sneakers.

CATHY

Sorry about the mess. We don't get  
a lot of company.

At the end of the hallway, unseen to Allan and Cathy, Philip  
and Marcy slip down the stairs leading to the basement. \*

124 INT. VAN - DAY 124

Still parked at the edge of the field, Trevor sits in the  
van, listening over his earpiece.

125 INT. ISOLATED HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY 125

Philip and Marcy walk into the dark unfinished basement.  
Too dark to see clearly.

Overhead, the floorboards CREAK with footsteps in the living  
room.

A loud SQUAWKING startles Philip and Marcy.

Philip rips down the newspaper taped up to a window.

Light illuminates the empty, dirt floor basement REVEALING:  
A large chicken pen in one corner.

Philip and Marcy walk toward the pen where CHICKENS SQUAWK  
and flutter in the cage.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: 125

Philip covers his face, almost gagging.

PHILIP  
What is that smell?

126 INT. ISOLATED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 126

MacLaren and Carly take a seat on the couch. \*

There's a faint SQUAWKING sound from below.

ALLAN  
Chickens. \*

CARLY  
In the house?

CATHY  
No! Course not! The basement. We let 'em come and go, you get used to it.

ALLAN  
So. How can we help you? \*

MACLAREN  
We're investigating some suspicious activity in the area --

CATHY  
Well Glen and Shirley Duran, just south of us -- and you didn't hear it from me -- but they hire migrant workers. \*

ALLAN  
(too loud)  
Dammit, Cathy! \*

Cathy flinches.

ALLAN (CONT'D)  
Let 'em ask a damn question before you go hang the neighbors. \*

MACLAREN  
It's all right, we're not here about them.

CATHY  
Well it ain't right, there's people around here who need jobs.

127 INT. ISOLATED HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

127

Philip and Marcy peer inside the chicken pen. The chickens hop up and down on hay bales and bare soil. Marcy stops, seeing something.

MARCY

Philip, in the corner.

IN THE CHICKEN PEN: On a mound of earth, a chicken stands on what looks like a small cross lying on the ground.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

128 INT. ISOLATED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 128

MacLaren and Carly sit on the couch. Allan and Cathy continue to stand. \*

MACLAREN

A boy who went missing two months ago was reported seen in the area. We're checking in with locals.

Allan and Cathy are silent. \*

CARLY

Have you heard anything about this?

ALLAN

Haven't heard a thing. Course we only go into town for groceries --

Cathy pulls out a cigarette and is about to light it when Allan turns to her. \*

ALLAN (CONT'D) \*

Not in the house.

She flinches and puts the cigarette away.

CATHY

Sorry.

(to MacLaren)

I'm tryin' to quit, I am, but it's so damn *hard*, you know?

MACLAREN

I wonder if your son has heard anything?

Cathy acts surprised.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

I noticed his sneakers at the door.

CATHY

Oh, I don't think he'd know anything.

MACLAREN

Probably not, but I'd still like to ask him.

Cathy glances furtively at Allan. \*

129 INT. ISOLATED HOUSE - BASEMENT - CHICKEN PEN - DAY 129

Kneeling on the ground, Philip frantically digs up the soil with a wooden slat.

The chickens SQUAWK and hop nervously around him.

Sweat drips from his forehead.

Marcy leans over, concerned.

MARCY  
Philip, slow down, you're making noise.

He stops, hitting something hard.

He drops the slat and brushes away the dirt.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
What?

Philip uncovers something in a garbage bag. He hesitates.

Marcy kneels down and tears a hole in the bag.

REVEALING: Small child-sized shoes. Decomposed legs.

Marcy turns to Philip. He's devastated.

PHILIP  
Shit.

130 INT. ISOLATED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 130

MacLaren watches as Allan makes a move toward the door. \*

ALLAN  
(yelling)  
Patrick! \*

Carly slowly reaches for her gun.

MacLaren puts a hand to his ear.

MARCY (O.S.)  
(over earpiece)  
We found a body in the basement.  
Child, maybe ten years old.

MacLaren shoots a look to Carly.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

ALLAN  
 (louder)  
 Patrick!

\*

Cathy stands abruptly. MacLaren reaches for his gun.

CATHY  
 I'll just go and -- oh!

MacLaren and Carly are shocked when a small boy "PATRICK"  
 (10) appears hesitantly in the doorway.

ALLAN  
 This man wants to ask you a few  
 questions, Patrick.

\*

MacLaren approaches Patrick --

MACLAREN  
 Hi Patrick, I'm from the FBI. Do  
 you know what that means?

Patrick looks nervously at Allan, then he nods.

\*

PATRICK  
 A policeman?

MACLAREN  
 (with a look to Carly)  
 That's exactly right, yes. What  
 school do you go to?

PATRICK  
 I don't go to school.

CATHY  
 (quickly)  
 We home-school him.

MACLAREN  
 Nothing wrong with that.

Carly nods in agreement.

CATHY  
 He gets a good Christian education.

MACLAREN  
 I'm sure he does.

MacLaren leans in closer to Patrick.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: (2)

130

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
 (in Romanian, quickly)  
 I'm here to help you, Patrick. You  
 can tell me the truth. That's not  
 your real name, is it?

\*

PATRICK  
 (in Romanian)  
 No.

\*

ALLAN  
 What are you saying to him?

MACLAREN  
 (in Romanian)  
 Are these your real parents?

\*

PATRICK  
 (in Romanian)  
 No.

\*

CATHY  
 Allan --

Allan steps forward to grab Patrick --

At that moment, Patrick SHUDDERS -- his EYES SNAP WIDE OPEN  
 and he turns to MacLaren, in the robotic voice of a messenger:

PATRICK  
 Traveller 3468: You are off mission.  
 Abort immediately.

\*

ALLAN  
 What the hell is going on? What --

MacLaren interrupts, standing suddenly.

MACLAREN  
 (to Carly)  
 We're leaving.

131 INT. VAN - DAY

131

Hearing this, Trevor throws the van in drive and speeds toward  
 the house.

132 INT. ISOLATED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

132

A stunned Allan and Cathy watch as MacLaren and Carly head  
 for the door.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

PHILIP -- bursts into the room. He grabs Patrick, draws his gun on Allan. \*

PHILIP  
We're not leaving him!

Marcy runs into the room behind Philip.

MacLaren spins around as Allan pulls a concealed gun on Philip. \*

MACLAREN  
(to Philip)  
Stand down!

CATHY  
Allan! \*

Nobody moves.

Philip holds on to Patrick, his eyes locked on Allan. \*

Their guns trained on each other.

PHILIP  
They already killed one child. He's next. And three other children after him. We are preventing this!

MacLaren's hand hovers over his gun.

MACLAREN  
We're off mission, Philip, I said stand down.

PHILIP  
I'm not leaving him.

CATHY -- grabs a gun tucked into the back of her jeans. She aims it at Philip, who pushes Patrick protectively behind him. \*

CATHY  
(yelling)  
He's our son!

She FIRES -- hitting Philip in the gut. He flies backwards.

Allan aims at MacLaren and Carly, but they've already FIRED. \*

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

133 INT. ISOLATED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 133

Trevor races into the living room and sees:

The aftermath of the shoot out: Cathy and Allan's bloodied, \*  
lifeless bodies lie sprawled on the floor.

MARCY -- kneels beside Philip. She applies a pressure bandage  
to his stomach wound.

MacLaren leads Patrick outside, away from the bloody scene.

He pushes past Trevor at the door and turns to Carly.

MACLAREN

Get everyone out of here. Back to  
OPS.

Trevor carries Philip back to their van with Marcy alongside  
her patient.

TREVOR

There's a lot of Philip's blood in  
there.

CARLY

I'm on it. Go.

134 EXT. ISOLATED HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY 134

MacLaren kneels down beside Patrick on the porch.

MACLAREN

Are you hurt at all, Aleksander?

Aleksander shakes his head.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Are there any other children here?

ALEKSANDER/PATRICK

Just me.

MACLAREN

Okay. We're going to get you back  
home to your mom. But I need you to  
do something really important for  
me.

ALEKSANDER/PATRICK

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

MACLAREN

Police officers will be here soon.  
They'll ask you what happened. It's  
very important that you tell them  
that I was the only person here,  
okay?

ALEKSANDER/PATRICK nods.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

You asked me for help. And they got  
afraid and started shooting. Do you  
understand?

ALEKSANDER/PATRICK

Yes.

MACLAREN

That's what happened, right?

ALEKSANDER/PATRICK

Yes.

MacLaren pulls his phone out. He's about to make the call,  
when Aleksander touches his arm. He looks up at MacLaren,  
his eyes welling.

ALEKSANDER/PATRICK (CONT'D)

(in Romanian)

Thank you.

\*

MacLaren is clearly moved.

MACLAREN

You're welcome.

MacLaren dials his cell phone.

As it RINGS, he watches the rest of the team get into the  
van and drive off.

135 INT. ISOLATED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

135

Police Officers and EMT Crew walk in and out of the crime  
scene.

Among them, MacLaren and Forbes stand over Cathy and Allan's  
bodies.

FORBES

You should have called for backup.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

MACLAREN

It was supposed to be a routine I.P. address check. Got out of hand too fast.

FORBES

So our vigilante's fake I.P. address lead us to these abductors?

(beat)

Crazy coincidence.

MACLAREN

Or maybe he wanted us here. Another tip if you think about it. \*

FORBES

How does one person have all this information? Explain that.

MACLAREN

I can't.

Forbes stares at the bodies, exhales.

FORBES

At least the boy's okay.

MacLaren nods.

FORBES (CONT'D)

Did you get my message?

MACLAREN

I've been a little busy.

FORBES

I was just starting on your half of the list when you called. \*

MACLAREN

Where's that? \*

FORBES

An old garage in town. Fourth and Millwood. \*

MacLaren pauses, registering the address. Their operations base. Philip is the tipster. \*

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (2) 135

MACLAREN  
I can look into it on my way home. \*

FORBES  
You sure?

MACLAREN  
Yeah, yeah, go home. I got it covered. \*

FORBES  
Oh, how's Kathryn? \*

MACLAREN  
Hmm?

FORBES  
She went to the doctor? \*

MACLAREN  
Oh. She's fine.

136 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT 136

The van pulls into the garage.  
Marcy jumps out and runs to her medical supply cabinet.  
Trevor and Carly carry Philip out of the van.  
Philip is shaking, sweating, mumbling.  
Philip grabs Trevor's arm, looks at him with wild eyes.

PHILIP  
The Director doesn't know...

TREVOR  
What?

PHILIP  
What it's like.

From the cabinet, Marcy gets a syringe and a glass vial.  
She plunges the syringe into the vial.

Trevor and Carly lie Philip down on the metal table.

CARLY  
Is he going to be okay?

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

136

MARCY

Hold him still.

Carly and Trevor hold Philip down.

Marcy injects, and the drug takes effect. Philip settles.

CARLY

Trevor: door.

Trevor grabs the controller to the garage door. The garage door begins lowering.

Marcy cuts Philip's shirt, exposing his wound.

MARCY

Carly, apply pressure here please.

Carly presses into Philip's side.

Marcy turns on a CAUTERIZING FEMTOLASER.

She directs the laser, and begins cauterizing Philip's wounds. \*

ON Trevor, staring in shock at the garage door.

TREVOR

Whoa, Philip...

Marcy and Carly turn and see the Crazy Wall.

Off their concerned faces.

DISSOLVE TO:

137 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY

137\*

Philip lies in the corner, propped up. Bandaged. Recovering. Contemplative. \*

Marcy, Carly and Trevor sit on the couch. Exhausted. Silent.

Trevor's phone BEEPS. He looks at the display.

TREVOR

I missed detention.

MARCY

If you two want to head out --

CARLY

We're not going anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

A KNOCK on the door. Carly stands, checks the surveillance monitor, opens the door.

MACLAREN storms into the garage, straight to Philip. He's pissed.

MACLAREN

There was no messenger.

Philip looks up at MacLaren.

PHILIP

No.

MACLAREN

You were sending tips to the FBI.

PHILIP

Yeah.

MACLAREN

I'm not even sure if I'll be able to cover this up --

PHILIP

We have all of this knowledge and we do nothing.

Philip motions to the Crazy Wall.

MacLaren looks at the wall, taking it in. It's disturbing.

MACLAREN

What is this?

PHILIP

Deaths. I've memorized all of it. Why can't we prevent at least some of it?

MACLAREN

There are rules.

PHILIP

"Don't take a life", I get, what's wrong with saving one?  
An innocent kid. You can't tell me we didn't just do a good thing --

MACLAREN

It's not up to us.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: (2)

137

PHILIP

That boy was going to die.

MACLAREN

I know that --

PHILIP

And we saved him. I'm not ashamed of that, I don't care what you say.

MACLAREN

We don't get to decide! Every change we make has the potential to alter the future.

PHILIP

Isn't that what we're here to do?!

MacLaren gives Philip a hard look.

MACLAREN

The FBI found you in one day. One day. Because you think you know better than the Director.

PHILIP

(derisively)

*The Director...*

MACLAREN

Who the hell do you think you are?!

This hits Philip hard.

PHILIP

Nobody.

Philip looks down, ashamed.

MACLAREN

I don't think I have any other choice --

MARCY

He's addicted to heroin.

MacLaren can't believe it.

MACLAREN

What?

MARCY

He inherited it from his host.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: (3)

137

MACLAREN

Why would the Director send you into  
a heroin addict?

\*  
\*  
\*

PHILIP

The historical record said he  
overdosed the first time he used.

\*  
\*  
\*

TREVOR

His parents were probably in denial.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: (4)

137

MARCY

We were trying to manage it. I  
thought it was under control.

\*

MacLaren goes to Philip's side and looks at him. Philip  
meets his look, trembling.

PHILIP

It's so hard...

MACLAREN

I can't imagine.

MacLaren looks at the rest of the team.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Who else knew?

MARCY

Just me.

MacLaren nods, accepting that.

PHILIP

You want me off the team.

MacLaren shakes his head.

MACLAREN

You can manage this? Wean him off  
it?

MARCY

In time, yes.

MACLAREN

Well... Time I know a little something  
about.

The team stands there -- all a little broken, as they absorb  
the gravity of their situation.

138 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

138

Ray drops off an envelope at the front door of a modest house.

He rings the doorbell and runs back to his sedan.

The front door opens and Marion, Stephen's Mother, steps  
outside.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: 138

She looks around, sees the envelope on the doorstep. She picks it up, and looks inside. Shocked, she looks around.

139 INT. RAY'S SEDAN - DAY 139\*

From his car, unseen, Ray watches as Marion goes back inside the house with the envelope.

140 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT 140

Philip sits on the couch, alone listening to to some avant guard instrumental FM radio. A KNOCK on the door. \*

Philip checks his surveillance monitor. \*

ON THE MONITOR: Trevor outside holding a brown bag.

Philip opens the door remotely and Trevor comes inside.

PHILIP

Don't you have a test or something in the morning?

TREVOR

Yeah, but I don't have to study for this one.

(off his look)

History.

PHILIP

Ah.

Trevor presents the bag to Philip.

TREVOR

Here. I've developed a new appetite for life.

Trevor sits beside Philip on the couch and pulls out a juicy burger, overflowing with condiments.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Just inhale the intoxicating aroma.

PHILIP

Meat?

TREVOR

(not just any meat)

Ground meat.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

PHILIP

You know it's not actually grown in the ground.

TREVOR

I'm not asking questions, I'm embracing the twenty first century.

Trevor puts it on the table beside him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Save it for later. This you want.

Trevor passes Philip a Coke. He takes it, wincing as he moves.

Trevor savors a bite of the burger, then SEES something on Philip's crazy wall. \*

Trevor stands and goes over to the section where there are dozens of CANDIDATES for potential hosts written out. \*

TREVOR (CONT'D)

This is a list of potential host candidates? \*

On Trevor as he stares at the crazy wall with Philip in the B.G. \*

PHILIP

Not all of 'em, obviously, but yeah. \*

TREVOR

Then every one of these people is going to die. \*

PHILIP

Yeah, why, what's wrong? \*

Trevor points to a name that we DON'T see. All we know is it saddens him. \*

TREVOR

I know this person. \*

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #104

"Hall"

Written by  
Pat Smith

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## TRAVELLERS

"Hall"

Cast List - Green Pages - 06.03.16

GRANT MACLAREN	Eric McCormack
MARCY WARTON	Mackenzie Porter
CARLY SHANNON	Nesta Cooper
TREVOR HOLDEN	Jared Abrahamson
PHILIP PEARSON	Reilly Dolman
DAVID MAILER	Patrick Gilmore
JEFF CONNIKER	J. Alex Brinson
RAY GREEN	Ian Tracey
KATHRYN MACLAREN	Leah Cairns
RICK HALL	Louis Ferreira
LUCA	Doug Chapman
<del>TAI</del>	
CARTER	Garfield Wilson
WALTER FORBES	Arnold Pinnock
GARY HOLDEN	William MacDonald
KYLE	Dylan Playfair
PATRICIA HOLDEN	Teryl Rothery
GRACE	Jennifer Spence
CAROL	Angela Moore
DRIVER	Gerald Paetz
RUSSIAN ONE	Yurji Kis
RUSSIAN TWO	Jason Day

TRAVELLERS

"Hall"

Set List - Green Pages - 06.03.16

Exteriors

Interiors

~~CARLY'S HOUSE~~

BEDROOM

DAVID'S APARTMENT

CARLY'S VAN  
- Moving

GARAGE/OPS

DAVID'S APARTMENT

NEARBY VANTAGE POINT

FBI FIELD OFFICE

\*PARKING LOT

GARAGE/OPS

SAFE HOUSE  
- Street

GUIDANCE OFFICE

SCHOOL TRACK

MACLAREN'S SUV  
- Moving

SHIPYARD  
- Forbes' Car

RENTAL CAR  
- Moving

SIDE ROAD

TREVOR'S BEDROOM

~~SIDE STREET~~

VAN

~~URBAN WAREHOUSE~~  
~~- Forbes' Car~~

WAREHOUSE

WAREHOUSE

TEASER

1 EXT. SHIPYARD - DAY (D1)(2:24 PM) 1 \*

An older style BMW idles outside of a warehouse.

2 EXT. NEARBY VANTAGE POINT - DAY (D1)(2:24 PM) 2 \*

MACLAREN and FORBES watch from a vantage point. \*

MacLaren uses binoculars, Forbes through the zoom of his camera lens, snapping pictures of the BMW. \*

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

FORBES

I'm starting to think whoever they're buying from isn't gonna show up. \*

MACLAREN

It's all about patience. \*

FORBES

That's what you said with the Jonas Walker case. He fell off the face of the Earth. \*

MACLAREN

You gotta let that one go, partner. \*

FORBES

Yeah, I know. I'm like a dog with a bone. \*

An OLDER MERCEDES pulls up near the first, the two face each other with about twenty feet between them. \*

From the BMW, RICK HALL (40s, no bullshit) gets out with a briefcase. \*

Two men, RUSSIAN ONE and RUSSIAN TWO get out of the back seat of the OLDER MERCEDES. \*

The RUSSIAN DRIVER stays put. \*

Two other men exit Hall's car and keep watch: LUCA (40s) steps out of the passenger side, and CARTER (40s) out of the rear driver's side. \*

Carter stands behind the open door, hand on his gun. \*

HALL -- walks forward, briefcase of money in hand. \*

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

He meets the Russians at the hood of the older Mercedes. \*

RUSSIAN ONE -- opens the hood.

HALL -- leans in and removes a metal device about ten inches in length from within the engine compartment.

Hall inspects it. Looks good. \*

He puts it back securely in place and closes the hood. \*

FORBES -- can't figure out what they're doing.

FORBES (CONT'D)  
What the hell are they selling, car parts?

HALL -- places the briefcase on the hood. \*

RUSSIAN ONE -- opens it, inspects it, approves of the money.

MACLAREN  
Lotta money for car parts.

He closes the briefcase and takes two steps to the side.

THE RUSSIAN DRIVER -- guns the Mercedes right at Hall, tossing him over the hood. He takes a hard hit to the ground. \*

RUSSIAN ONE -- fires at Luca, hitting him in the gut through the windshield of the BMW. Luca drops. \*

CARTER -- from behind the passenger door fires at Russian Two, killing him instantly. \*

HALL -- on the ground, shoots Russian One in the chest. \*

THE RUSSIAN DRIVER -- accelerates toward the BMW where Carter stands behind the rear passenger door. \*

CARTER -- fires a round at the speeding Mercedes, killing the Russian Driver, but the car continues on and slams Carter against the BMW. \*

FORBES -- calls it in urgently: \*

FORBES  
Multiple shots Fired, multiple shots fired at our location: 65 Heward Drive. We need back-up immediately.

FORBES -- wants to move in. \*

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

FORBES (CONT'D)  
(to MacLaren)  
Let's go.

MACLAREN  
What about our back up?

FORBES  
Back-up's taking too damn long. \*

Forbes leads, making their way from their vantage point.

They approach covertly, from different angles, as:

HALL -- pulls the dead Russian Driver from the Mercedes,  
throws him to the ground, gets in the car, reverses back  
toward an injured Carter who is trying to carry an injured  
Luca. \*

MACLAREN AND FORBES -- reveal themselves, weapons raised: \*

FORBES (CONT'D)  
FBI!

CARTER -- fires wildly at MacLaren, missing.

MacLaren and Forbes duck for cover as Carter and Luca climb  
into the Mercedes. \*

HALL -- guns it out of the area.

MacLaren and Forbes open fire, but the car gets away.

FORBES grabs his phone.

FORBES (CONT'D)  
All responding units, be advised  
there is a damaged Mercedes leaving  
this location with three armed men. \*  
Two are badly injured. Intercept  
and detain if possible.

Forbes looks around. There are three bodies on the ground. \*

FORBES (CONT'D)  
Damn mess.

FORBES -- heads to check on the two dead Russians. \*

MacLaren -- moves to RUSSIAN ONE, who tries to speak but  
can't.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (3)

2

Then suddenly Russian One becomes a MESSENGER. Through dying lungs, he speaks in the familiar monotone:

\*

RUSSIAN ONE

Traveler 3468. Support required at coordinates 47° 14' 35.045" by 122° 22' 13.407". End of message.

\*

Blood comes from his nose as he hemorrhages internally, shuddering. Dead.

MACLAREN

(to Forbes)

You wait for the back up; I'll try to go after them.

MacLaren -- races for his SUV before Forbes can protest.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

3 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D1)(2:34 PM) 3

MacLaren speeds away down the road. He activates his ear COM with a tap of his finger.

MACLAREN  
Philip, you there?

4 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1)(2:34 PM) 4

PHILIP, sits with MARCY in front of his computer screen, watching TV. HEARS the hail from his com. Both of them activate their coms.

PHILIP  
Hey, boss.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MACLAREN  
What are you up to?

PHILIP  
Oh, you know, healing from a gunshot wound, watching old news with Marcy.

MACLAREN  
I need you to direct me to 47° 14' 35.045" by 122° 22' 13.407" right now.

PHILIP  
On it.

Philip gets on it, calling it up on the main screen.

MARCY  
What's happening?

MACLAREN  
I just got a bizarre messenger.

PHILIP  
They're all bizarre to me.

MACLAREN  
This message came from the mouth of a dying man. A traveler team needs assistance at the coordinates Philip's looking up.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

PHILIP

On its way to you now. We can meet  
you there.

PHILIP -- tries to stand, painfully. Marcy pushes him back  
down with an admonishing look.

MARCY

Philip's not going anywhere in his  
shape.

(then to MacLaren)

But I can be there in ten.

MACLAREN

Make it twenty. Pick up Carly on  
the way to assist, come armed and  
bring your full medical kit.

Marcy and Philip share a look and she goes to get her  
supplies.

5 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D1)(2:54 PM)

5

MacLaren drives up. He parks, gets out and approaches the  
warehouse, gun drawn. Philip is in his ear.

PHILIP (O.S.)

You're at the coordinates. \*

MACLAREN \*

How far out are Carly and Marcy?

PHILIP (O.S.)

Ten minutes.

MACLAREN

Make sure they wait for my all clear.

PHILIP (O.S.)

Understood.

MacLaren tries the door to the warehouse. It's open. He  
cautiously enters.

6 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D1)(2:55 PM)

6

MacLaren enters, gun drawn. It's quite dark but there is a  
light deeper inside.

Near the source of the light he can SEE the traveler team in  
distress. He was right. It's the survivors of the shoot-  
out. \*

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

LUCA -- lies on a table in agonizing pain, bleeding while Carter applies pressure to his abdomen with a towel. \*

MacLaren walks toward them cautiously, then:

A gun is trained on the back of his head.

HALL (O.S.)  
Drop your weapon.

MacLaren puts his hands up, raising his gun.

MACLAREN  
I'm here to help.

HALL  
Shut up.

Hall takes the gun and shoves him toward Luca and Carter.

HALL (CONT'D)  
Walk.

MacLaren walks into the open where Carter recognizes him.

CARTER  
He's one of the FBI agents.

MACLAREN  
Who you *shot* at. What the hell happened to Protocol 3?  
(off their looks)  
I'm traveler 3468. I received a message to come to these coordinates and give support. \*

Hall tests him, dubious.

HALL  
Who delivered the message?

MACLAREN  
One of the Russians.

Hall raises his gun.

HALL  
Bullshit. That would kill an adult.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

MACLAREN

It did. The Director must've figured  
he was dying anyway.

\*  
\*

Hall is still suspicious and mistrustful.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

You want our help or not?

Hall lowers his gun, and hands MacLaren his own back to him.

HALL

Rick Hall... This is Luca and Carter.

Carter nods.

MACLAREN

Grant MacLaren.  
(re: Luca)  
My medic is on the way.

HALL

Good. Ours is dead.

MACLAREN

So what happened?

Hall points to a BROKEN DEVICE on the hood of the car.

HALL

Our mission was to acquire a component  
from Russian travelers and deliver  
it to another team for testing. The  
Russian's historian was dead so they  
out of cash. We were instructed to  
finance them in exchange for the  
hand-off but they got greedy.

\*

MACLAREN

A traveler team turned on you?

Hall's team exchange looks at his naivety.

CARTER

He must be new.

HALL

They went rogue. Tried to take our  
money *and* the component, probably to  
sell again. You saw the rest.

(annoyed)

Where's this medic?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

MacLaren taps his com.

MACLAREN

Carly, Marcy, you have an all clear  
to enter the building on arrival.

CARLY (O.S.)

One minute out.

MACLAREN

They're almost here.

MacLaren walks over to the smashed device on the hood. He  
inspects the damage.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

How badly damaged is it?

HALL

Not my expertise. It was a good  
plan. If the Russians hadn't gone  
rogue --

MACLAREN

Then you would've been caught by the  
FBI, I'd hardly call it a good plan --

CARTER -- coughs, grimacing in pain. He sneaks a look at  
his mid-section where the car hit him. A HUGE BRUISE is  
forming.

MacLaren receives a message over his com.

CARLY (O.S.)

We're coming in.

CARLY -- enters first, weapon in hand, but with a nod from  
MacLaren she holsters it. \*

Marcy follows, medical kit in hand. She goes straight to  
her patient. Hall hovers.

MARCY

What can you tell me?

HALL

Shot to the abdomen. No exit wound.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (4)

6

HALL (CONT'D)

(intros)

This is Luca, Carter, I'm Hall.

MACLAREN

Mr Hall is their team leader.

Carly nods to the handgun still in Hall's hand.

CARLY

You can put your weapon away now.

Hall barely realizes it was in his hand and tucks it away.

Marcy focuses on her patient who groans in agony as she inspects the wound. Carly unpacks the medical supplies.

MARCY

He's lost a lot of blood and still hemorrhaging, I think all I can do is get him stable before we get him to a hospital.

HALL

No hospital. He's wanted by the police; they both are.

MARCY

I don't have anywhere near the proper resources.

HALL

The Director obviously thinks you do or you wouldn't be here.

Marcy and MacLaren exchange a look.

MARCY

(then to Carly)

All right. Go ahead and put him out.

Carly digs an auto-inject from the kit and sedates Luca, then prepares an IV. \*

\*

MARCY (CONT'D)

(to Carter)

Can you get me more light over here?

Carter gets up slowly, revealing his pain.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (5)

6

MARCY (CONT'D)  
 (to Carly)  
 Warm up the laser and get him on  
 plasma please.

Marcy walks over to Carter by the lamp. \*

MARCY (CONT'D)  
 What happened?

CARTER  
 He got shot in the gut.

MARCY  
 I'm talking about you. Let me see.

Carter pauses, knowing he's badly hurt.

Marcy slowly lifts Carter's shirt revealing purple bruising  
 from his sternum, down. She gently presses on his stomach.

CARTER  
 Ah! God dammit!

MARCY  
 I don't think you understand how  
 serious your injury is --

CARTER  
 Stop worrying about me and help Luca.

He grabs the lamp and carries it over to the table, fighting  
 the pain. Marcy watches him go with concern, she follows.

LUCA -- is now hooked-up to a plasma drip.

Carly hands Marcy the CAUTERIZING FEMTOLASER.

MacLaren's PHONE RINGS. Carly steps into his place.

CARLY  
 Go do your thing.

He walks away toward the car and answers.

MACLAREN  
 MacLaren.

7 EXT. SHIPYARD - DAY (D1)(3:00 PM)

7 \*

Forbes talks on his cell amidst FBI and local police, watching  
 an EMT zip up the final body bag.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

FORBES

We've got three dead bodies; all are  
ghosts in the system.

\*

MACLAREN

Anything on the whereabouts of the  
car I was pursuing?

FORBES

I called to ask you.

MACLAREN

They had too big a lead. I was just  
about to check back in with local  
enforcement.

FORBES

All right, let me know what you hear.

MACLAREN

Will do.

7A INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - (D1)(3:00 PM)

7A \*

MacLaren -- hangs up and turns his attention back to the  
surgery.

MARCY

I can't locate the bullet, best I  
can hope for is to cauterize the  
torn vessels and slow the bleeding.

\*

\*

\*

HALL

Just get the bullet out of him.

\*

MARCY

If I operate now, I'll kill him.

CARTER -- coughs terribly, painfully, blood appearing on his  
handkerchief. They turn to him.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Your friend Carter is coughing up  
blood because his internal bleeding  
includes his lungs.

\*

(off his look)

I'm telling you he's dying. He can't  
be saved.

(CONTINUED)

7A CONTINUED:

7A

HALL

Fuck off; the man's an ox! He just carried Luca in here --

MARCY

Shut up and listen, please, this is time sensitive.

Hall throws a disapproving look to MacLaren at her insubordination. MacLaren shrugs. Listen to her.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Luca's lost close to 40% of his blood. He won't survive any sort of surgery without a donor. If we act now, we can use Carter's blood to save Luca; I have a blood type converter. But I can't save both of them.

(beat)

We can either watch the two of them die, or Carter can save Luca's life. Those are your options.

\*  
\*

Hall looks to MacLaren, then to Carter.

MARCY (CONT'D)

And you have to decide before Carter goes septic and his blood is no good to anyone.

CARTER -- coughs again, growing delirious, fading so fast he's oblivious of their conversation. Blood drips from the corners of his mouth as he wheezes. He wipes it, absently.

HALL -- stares at his team member a beat as it sinks in.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Mr Hall --

HALL

I get it. Give me a second please.

He walks over to Carter and gently puts his hand on his shoulder to tell him he's going to die.

MacLaren -- takes the opportunity to have a moment with Marcy and Carly.

MACLAREN

I need to make sure the FBI doesn't show up here. If I don't do something to throw him off --

(CONTINUED)

7A CONTINUED: (2)

7A

CARLY

Do what you need to do.

MARCY

This is going to take a while, I'll  
be operating into the early hours;  
Carly can assist.

CARLY

(a look to Hall)

Mr Hall can cover anything else that  
comes up.

At that, Hall turns to MacLaren and gives him a somber nod.

MacLaren returns the nod, in a silent acknowledgment of Hall's  
painful decision, and goes.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

8 EXT. SCHOOL TRACK - MORNING (D2)(9:08 AM)

8

TREVOR -- jogs around a track, alone.

CLOSE ON TREVOR -- loving the power of his new young body. He jogs a little faster, testing it when Kyle runs up beside him.

KYLE

Looking good, Trev. How's it feel?

TREVOR

Feels great.

KYLE

What else you got in the tank?

With that, Kyle runs ahead.

Trevor keeps up as Kyle challenges him, faster. Kyle hits a full sprint.

TREVOR -- turns it on and bolts past him, full sprint. Kyle laughs at his speed. Trevor leaves Kyle in the dust.

GRACE (O.S.)

Trevor...!

Trevor notices GRACE walking up and comes to a stop.

Kyle catches up, excited by Trevor's recovery.

KYLE

Dude, you were flying! You're gonna be back on the team in no time.

GRACE

(calling out)

Trevor, can I speak with you?

Trevor nods to Grace. Kyle makes his exit and heads into the infield where two jocks are tossing a football back and forth.

KYLE

Later, bro.

Trevor jogs over to Grace.

TREVOR

Ms Day, how can I help you?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

GRACE

Actually, I would like to help you.  
I've been looking over your  
transcripts and there are some things  
we need to talk about.

TREVOR

What is it?

GRACE

It's kind of a bigger conversation  
that I'd like to have with you and  
your parents. Y'know, the whole  
team.

TREVOR

I like to think I can have these  
conversations on my own.

GRACE

You're seventeen. I've set a meeting  
with them for fourth period today.  
I'll expect to see you then.

\*

TREVOR

I'll be there.

Grace walks away. As Trevor watches her go, a FOOTBALL lands  
near him.

KYLE -- stands some thirty yards off, clapping his hands for  
Trevor to throw it back.

KYLE

Let's see if you still got it!

TREVOR -- is unsure what to do with it throws it back  
underhanded, about half the distance and then keeps running.

KYLE -- stands there looking at the ball. Nowhere near him.

9 EXT. CARLY'S BABYSITTER'S HOUSE - DAY (D2)(9:15 AM

9 \*

Jeff gets out of his police car and walks toward Carly who  
is putting Jeffrey Jr. into his car seat in her new mini  
van.

CARLY

What're you doing here?

JEFF

Not "Hey, Jeff." Not "Good morning."  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

JEFF (CONT'D)

(beat)

I get "what'm I doing here."

Carly opens the back door. She puts Jeffrey in his car seat.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Looks like my son spent another night  
at the babysitter's while you were  
out with your new man, huh?

(beat)

Think I haven't noticed that white  
dude around? That how you got the  
new wheels? A sugar daddy?

CARLY

That's none'a your business.

Carly ignores that and closes the back door and moves to the front. Jeff steps in front of her.

JEFF

Carly, Carly, we gotta talk about  
this family.

CARLY

We're not a family.

He points at her, himself, and Jeffrey.

JEFF

Mother. Father. Son.

She does her own pointing, bluntly:

CARLY

Mother, son, abusive biological  
father.

JEFF

That's cold.

CARLY

It's accurate.

JEFF

So you're just gonna throw away  
everything good between us cause one  
night I had a bit too much to drink.

Carly shakes her head. There's no point.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

CARLY  
I'm leaving now.

Jeff moves closer to her, trying another tactic.

JEFF  
(seductively)  
C'mon, baby, you know we have a  
connection. Don't tell me you don't  
miss this.

Jeff puts his arms around her, gets close, smelling her.

CARLY  
Don't, Jeff...

JEFF  
I know *I* do.

Carly kicks him in the groin. He doubles over. Two passerbys  
are a little taken aback by a woman kicking a cop in the  
groin, but they continue on. \*

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Ah!!! What the fff-- ahh!

CARLY  
(in his ear)  
This is where any idea you have of  
us ends. Right now. You do not  
touch me. Are we clear?

JEFF  
I still have a right to see my kid.

CARLY  
And your kid has a right to child  
support. Don't come here again  
without it.

JEFF  
You've changed, Carly. You're like  
a different person.

CARLY  
That's something that should've  
happened a long time ago.

She opens her van door, gets in, SLAMS it shut.

Jeff turns, walks away, unsteadily back to his car.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (3)

9

JEFF

(sotto)

Bitch.

10 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)(9:43 AM)

10

Philip sits on the couch eating gummy bears and ice cream. He shakes a little, still going through withdrawal.

RAY -- walks in with bags of prescription drugs.

RAY

Okay, kid, here's your drugs. If you're smart, you've got at least three weeks of Percocet there. But lemme tell you replacing one addiction with another don't work.

PHILIP

How 'bout maybe knock next time.

RAY

You're welcome. How 'bout lock your door.

Ray tosses Philip the pills. He opens it and takes two dry.

RAY (CONT'D)

You look like you got beat up or something; somebody beat you up?

PHILIP

I'm fine.

RAY

Yeah, well you don't look fine, you look like a piece of --

Ray spots the CRAZY WALL from 103. He walks over to examine.

RAY (CONT'D)

Holy shit, what is all this?

PHILIP

It's nothing.

RAY

It's insanity...

(then realizing)

It's your gambling matrix, isn't it? This is how you do it.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

PHILIP

It isn't anything.

Ray sees dates on the wall that are in the future.

RAY

Some'a these dates are months from now; how much research do you do?

Ray takes out his phone to take a picture.

PHILIP

Don't!

Philip winces at the pain. Hurts to yell. Ray halts.

RAY

Give me one tip.

PHILIP

Can you just go, please?

RAY

Give me something or tell me what this is all about. I mean, you got all this and you give me like, little crumbs.

(beat)

You'd be in jail if it wasn't for me and you know it.

OFF Philip, unsure of what to do.

11 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D2)(9:45 AM)

11

Hall sits, holding the broken COMPONENT in his hand.

He looks to Luca, asleep on the table. He turns to Carter, who lies, DEAD, his body covered in a sheet. His team is decimated.

LUCA -- starts to make indecipherable sounds. Hall moves to him.

HALL

No, no. Luca! It's okay. I'm right here.

They grow louder. Luca starts shaking. Hall holds him down.

HALL (CONT'D)

Wake up! Wake up, Luca!

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

It stops. Sudden silence. Beat. Then:

LUCA  
(screaming)  
AHHH!!!! GET OUT OF ME! NO! NO!

Luca starts scraping at his wound.

HALL  
Luca!

LUCA  
They're in me! Get them out!

Hall tries his best to hold Luca down as he vigorously rips at the wound in his stomach, deep in a vicious night terror.

12 EXT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D2)(10:15 AM)

12

Marcy approaches the front door. Exhausted from a long night, she closes her cardigan to hide the blood on her shirt.

JEFF stands, waiting for her.

JEFF  
Ms Warton. I'm Officer Conniker. I tried to contact you earlier.  
(off her wary look)  
I'd just like to speak with you about your incident outside the library.

MARCY  
What incident?

JEFF  
The boys who assaulted both you and another employee? I understand you didn't report it; that's not unusual in assault cases... But I've seen the closed circuit T.V. footage. Caught both assaults. And, of course, you kicking their asses.  
(off her look)  
Not that you're in any way in trouble for retaliating. In fact, what I saw was pretty damn impressive.

MARCY  
I'd like to move on.

JEFF  
Uh huh. May I ask if you've sought counseling of any kind?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

MARCY  
(walking past him)  
Everything's fine; I don't need  
counseling.

JEFF  
Then why are you living with your  
social worker?

That stops her.

MARCY  
Excuse me?

Marcy's phone starts vibrating in her pocket.

JEFF  
Not that you would be blamed in any  
way, but I should inform you that  
should a state mental health worker  
be found guilty of inappropriate  
fraternization with a client,  
especially one with developmental  
issues --

MARCY  
Do I look like I have developmental  
issues, officer?

JEFF  
Not for me to judge. I'm just sayin'  
it would be grounds for termination.  
Or worse, litigation. Just so you  
understand the consequences...

Her cell phone continues to vibrate.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
You gonna answer that?

MARCY  
Yes. If you'll excuse me.

Marcy takes out her phone and walks away from Jeff the  
direction she came.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
This is Marcy...

OFF her look, very concerned by what she's hearing.

13 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D2)(12:20 PM)

13

Marcy rushes in and heads straight for Luca. He is awake now. Hall holds a dressing on the wound.

MARCY

What happened? He was fine when we left.

LUCA

Night terrors.  
(off her look)  
Sometimes they're too real.

HALL

One minute he's sleeping, the next he's screaming. Almost killed me once.

MARCY -- takes the dressing away from Luca's stomach, inspects the wound. He groans. It looks terrible.

MARCY

All right. Let's get you closed up again.

14 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D2)(2:30 PM)

14

MacLaren sits at his desk doing paperwork. Forbes arrives at the door, energized.

FORBES

We got 'em.

MACLAREN

Got who?

FORBES

Our friends from last night. I've located them here in town.

MACLAREN

We had leads that had them leaving the city.

FORBES

Yeah, I did some digging anyway and ran the plates on the car left at the scene. Belonged to a Sergeant Rick Hall. Served in Iraq, lives in Portland.

Forbes drops down a labelled file with a photo of Hall.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

FORBES (CONT'D)

Had some agents check into his home this morning. Hall hasn't been around in weeks. Pulled him up in the database; he owns three other properties. One in Austin, a condo in Vancouver and a warehouse here in town. Checked the freeway CCTV footage from last night and:

Forbes drops TRAFFIC CAM SHOTS of the Mercedes. \*

MACLAREN

Nice work. Let's file for a warrant and get over there --

FORBES

Already got it.

Forbes holds up a warrant. MacLaren forces a smile.

MACLAREN

Nice. Meet you downstairs in one minute.

Forbes nods and exits. MacLaren taps his com.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Marcy, it's me...

15 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D2)(2:35 PM)

15

Marcy goes over to Hall, who is trying to repair the component.

MARCY

I just got word from MacLaren. The FBI is on their way here. We've got maybe twenty minutes.

Hall is pissed off.

HALL

Isn't MacLaren *with* the FBI?

MARCY

And he obfuscated as best he could, but his partner found your name on the deed to this building and tracked your vehicle here.

HALL

Well tell him he has to stop them.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

MARCY

He can only do so much without blowing his cover; we're wasting time.

HALL

Blowing his cover! Are you serious? What about us? Luca shouldn't even be moved!

MARCY

I'll be there.

\*

LUCA

I'll be okay. We should go.

MARCY

They're on their way right now; we need to move.

Hall isn't happy about this at all.

16 INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY (D2)(2:38 PM)

16

PATRICIA and GARY sit with their son Trevor across from Grace, already mid conversation.

GRACE

...What I'd like to do is change the conversation from Trevor's football career and focus on his grades.

GARY

If he has a football career he doesn't need grades.

GRACE

Tabling that a moment, I think it's important for you to understand that Trevor needs to start doing much better if he hopes to graduate.

Trevor suddenly receives a message in his com.

PHILIP (O.S.)

Trevor, we need you outside the school and ready to go in three minutes, we've got a mission.

GRACE

Trevor, the question for you is, are you prepared to do the work?

Trevor casually touches his ear com.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

TREVOR

I can do that.

PHILIP (O.S.)

Good. Carly will be outside to pick you up.

PATRICIA

And we'll make sure he spends more time on his school work and less watching internet porn.

TREVOR

Understood, no more porn.

PHILIP (O.S.)

Ah, *what?*

GARY

Don't embarrass the kid --

PATRICIA

Apple doesn't fall far from the tree, Gary --

TREVOR

(standing)

Ms Day, I know you probably have a lot you want to talk about without me in the room, so I should give you a chance to do that. All I have to say is that I fully intend to raise my grades, focus on the sciences and that I have no intention of playing football again.

GARY

What?

TREVOR

Sorry, Gary.

GARY

*Gary?*

TREVOR

(to Grace)

Thanks for your time and concern.

And he goes out the door. Grace calls after him:

GRACE

Trevor, we're not finished here -- !

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

GARY  
(calling after him)  
And you're playing football!

But he's gone. Patricia leans forward, apologetically.

PATRICIA  
I'm sorry, he's been so different  
since his concussion.

Gary clocks a glass bowl of mints and reaches.

GARY  
Can I have one of those?

OFF Grace looking at Gary like he's a child.

17 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D2)(2:40 PM)

17

Marcy preps another IV BAG for Luca's departure. \*

MARCY  
Do you think you can sit up for me?

Luca nods and tries to sit up, straining --

MARCY (CONT'D)  
There you go. Now I need you to  
hold this bag above your heart.

LUCA  
Okay...

Marcy hands Luca the IV bag. He holds it against his shoulder with one hand, leaning on her with the other.

Marcy does one last BANDAGE WRAP around his mid section when Luca finally takes in Carter, dead beside him.

LUCA (CONT'D)  
Is that Carter?

MARCY  
He saved your life.

Luca's bag starts to slip as he takes in his dead friend.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
Above your heart.

She starts to stand him up. Luca, in constant pain --

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

MARCY (CONT'D)

Nice and easy. The mend is fragile.

Luca stands. Barely. Marcy calls over to Hall.

MARCY (CONT'D)

That's time. We gotta go.

Marcy puts her arm around Luca's hip and starts walking.  
Hall stays behind.

18 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - DAY (D2)(2:58 PM)

18 \*

The SUV comes to a stop. Forbes talks into his walkie. \*

FORBES

A reminder, these men are dangerous,  
approach with extreme caution. \*

MacLaren's nerves are starting to show. Forbes clocks it.

FORBES (CONT'D)

Breathe, man; you used to love this  
shit in the old days.

MACLAREN

I wasn't very bright in the old days.

Forbes laughs out loud at that, but it wasn't a joke.

19 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D2)(2:59 PM)

19

AGENTS quickly pile out of THREE FBI VEHICLES, guns drawn. \*

Carefully, they surround the entrance.

MacLaren -- does it all according to the book, ready to do  
what it takes.FORBES -- takes the lead, heads to the door, gets all agents  
on his hand count: 5, 4, 3 --

BOOM!

A POWERFUL EXPLOSION from inside blows the WINDOWS OUT in a  
shower of glass, smoke and flame.AGENTS -- hit the ground and take cover as smoke pours out  
of the warehouse.

FORBES

Fall back! All agents fall back!

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

CLOSE ON MacLaren -- having taken cover, furious at Hall.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

20 INT. CARLY'S VAN - MOVING - DAY (D2)(3:03 PM)

20

Hall jumps into the van, having raced from the warehouse.  
Carly drives away as fast as she can.

Luca and Marcy sit in the second row and Trevor sits in the  
back beside Carly's baby in a car seat.

Carly throws him a look.

CARLY

You should've warned us.

HALL

You would've warned *him*. MacLaren  
had to be as surprised as the rest  
of them. They're fine.

MARCY

They could've been hurt.

Hall looks back to Marcy.

HALL

Had to be done. We left too much  
behind that might incriminate...

Hall SEES the baby in the car seat.

HALL (CONT'D)

Jesus, is that a *baby* back there?  
Whose baby is that?

CARLY

Mine.

HALL

You take him on *missions*?

CARLY

Not if I can help it. But somebody  
needed to come save your ass.

TREVOR -- leans to view the baby in the car seat and smiles,  
enchanted by the new young life.

TREVOR

He has your eyes, Carly, he really  
does.

OFF Hall's derisive look...

21 EXT. SIDE ROAD - DAY (D2)(3:03 PM) 21

Carly's van drives away. The Warehouse smokes in the distance.

22 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N2)(7:35 PM) 22

Marcy inspects Luca's wound while Trevor and Philip inspect the broken device. Hall and Carly overlook. \*

TREVOR

I just hope we can fix it; it's a key component. \*

HALL

(to Carly)

This kid know what he's doing? \*

CARLY

This kid is older than all of us put together.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

What the hell was that!?

MacLaren strides into the garage, furious. \*

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

You nearly killed my men!

HALL

They're not your men.

MACLAREN

Do you even give a damn about protocol three?

HALL

Was anyone killed?

MACLAREN

You nearly killed *me*!

HALL

Yet here you are.

(beat)

Look, if you were doing your job properly, the FBI would never have found us in the first place.

MACLAREN

I could only throw them off the scent for so long. Forbes is a good cop. \*

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

HALL

Maybe we'd all be better off if I  
let your friend Forbes open the door  
before I set it off.

MACLAREN

*What?*

HALL

It was our base of operations; I had  
to get rid of evidence.

Carly knows the two men are about to come to blows and tries  
to de-escalate the tension.

CARLY

All right, its done, you're alive.

MacLaren nods, and turns to Marcy.

MACLAREN

Have you slept? You look exhausted.

MARCY

I am but I'll live. So will my  
patient.

TREVOR

The component is going to be hard to  
fix --

PHILIP

But we can do it.

HALL

You damn well better.

MACLAREN

(a threat)

Don't talk to my team like that --

HALL

Or what?

Carly steps in between them, trying to calm MacLaren.

CARLY

All right, they just need time to  
work. Let's give them some space.

MacLaren breaks his glare as Carly escorts him out.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2) 22

Trevor's phone buzzes and he looks at the screen, grimacing at the message.

HALL

What is it?

TREVOR

I'm grounded.

23 EXT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N2)(7:38 PM) 23

Carly and MacLaren step outside.

CARLY

I was tempted to break his nose on your behalf, but I held it together.

MACLAREN

You and me both. But the Director obviously thinks he and his team are worth saving, so...

(beat)

I gotta get back to work; that bomb won't exactly de-escalate the investigation.

CARLY

I gotta call my babysitter.

MacLaren smiles at that and goes.

24 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N2)(8:05 PM) 24

Marcy sits next to Philip, keeping an eye on Luca. Philip and Trevor work on the component. Hall walks over.

HALL

Can I get on our computer?

Hall notices Philip's track marks.

PHILIP

Is it something I can do for you?

HALL

I can do it, just get me in.

(off his look)

I need to set the drop-off coordinates with the other team.

PHILIP

Be my guest.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

Philip walks over and sits down in the chair, then points across the room to nothing in particular.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
Hey, is that the Director?!

Hall falls for it, as Philip types a very long password, very quickly and finishes just as Hall looks back.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
You're in.

HALL  
*Thank you.*

PHILIP  
No problem.

Hall produces a piece of paper with coordinates. Philip surrenders his chair and goes back to where Trevor is working, passing:

MARCY -- who is checking on Luca, still on his back. \*

MARCY  
How are you feeling, Luca?

LUCA  
Better. Thanks.

MARCY  
How long have you had night terrors?

LUCA  
Since I was a kid. I know it's hard for some people to understand.

MARCY  
No, I do. My brother used to get them all the time growing up.

LUCA  
Your brother?

He coughs and it hurts. She admonishes him:

MARCY  
Get some rest.

She walks back over to Hall, who is entering coordinates in the familiar DEEP WEB CHAT ROOM.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

MARCY (CONT'D)

(to Hall)

Can I talk to you for a second?

HALL

About what?

MARCY

When I was very young there was an emergency evacuation in our shelter block. I was separated from my brother.

HALL

So?

MARCY

One of the things I remember about him is that he suffered from night terrors. I just thought there are only so many of us, maybe --

\*

HALL

Leave the future in the past, doctor, protocol two.

MARCY

I understand, but if it's at all possible --

HALL

No, you *don't*. I don't think you understand a goddamn thing.

(louder)

I don't think *any* of you do.

Philip and Trevor come over, concerned. Even Luca raises his head to listen to Hall's rant.

HALL (CONT'D)

We came here with a team of five, just like you. And we all made it, that's rarer than you think. We're down to two now. What does that mean to you?

PHILIP

Two more to go?

Hall looks at Philip like he's going to break him in half.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3)

24

HALL

When you've been doing this as long as we have, doing whatever the Director says without question: building devices for missions, rigging elections, saving people. And oh, *killing* people too; don't think the future doesn't get its hands dirty...

(beat)

To stay alive, you need focus.

TREVOR

We're very focused, Mr Hall.

HALL

Focused, you're like fucking tourists!

(re: Philip)

He's a junkie -- don't think I've never seen fresh track marks before...

(re: Trevor)

You're worried about being grounded by your parents, for chrissakes...

(re: Carly)

Your tactician brings an infant on missions and MacLaren doesn't know whose side he's on -- !

PHILIP

I thought we were all on the same side.

Hall is exasperated.

HALL

I need to know you're committed to the mission, whatever the mission. Protocol one is the only one that matters, that's what you're not getting. Your priorities are all way outta whack...

(beat)

I need your team to buy into this, otherwise I can't trust you.

CARLY -- enters at the end of his rant.

CARLY

Is there a problem?

HALL

No.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (4)

24

MARCY

Yes. Mr Hall doesn't seem to think we know what we're doing.

HALL

No, I'm just trying to help your people understand how it is here.

CARLY

We understand how it is, Mr Hall. We really do.

Hall glares at her.

HALL

I hope so.

And she goes over to Trevor and Philip, leaving Hall fuming.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

25 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT (N2) (9:07 PM)

25

MacLaren works at his computer alone in the office. It's late and everyone else has gone home.

KATHRYN (O.S.)

Knock knock.

MacLaren is surprised to see his wife standing in the bullpen looking into his office.

MACLAREN

Kathryn...

KATHRYN

Huh. You really *are* here.

MacLaren looks at his phone, confused.

MACLAREN

Yeah, I texted you --

KATHRYN

Yes, you did. How romantic.

She holds up a small paper bag of Chinese food and starts unpacking it onto his desk.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Since this is usually our date night I thought I'd bring Chinese and make you take a break.

(off his look)

Don't worry, it's vegetarian.

MACLAREN

How romantic.

(then apologetically)

I'm sorry about tonight. And I know I've been crazy busy. We really need more manpower around here --

KATHRYN

I'm happy to share you with your work. I always have been.

(beat)

So long as that's all I'm competing with.

MACLAREN

What does *that* mean?

\*

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

KATHRYN

Well... It *has* been a while.

She digs her fork into the Chinese food and that comment just hangs there.

26 EXT. SAFE HOUSE - STREET - DAY (D3)(9:33 AM)

26

Philip gets out of the passenger door of MacLaren's SUV and walks down the street.

He approaches a car. The window rolls down to reveal Ray.

PHILIP

Hey.

RAY

Hey. You still look like shit.

PHILIP

Thanks.

Ray looks back at MacLaren's SUV.

RAY

Who's that?

PHILIP

A friend.

RAY

Looks like a cop car.

PHILIP

Yeah, it does a little. So which one is it?

Ray points to a trashy, unoccupied house across the street.

RAY

That one. Five two four oh.

\*

PHILIP

Great, thanks for doing this. Keys?

RAY

You get the keys when I get my money.

PHILIP

I transferred the money.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

RAY

You transferred me the rent. You owe me eight percent commission.

PHILIP

Eight percent what?

RAY

And picks for tomorrow's races.

PHILIP

I gave you picks yesterday --

RAY

(with a shrug)

I got ambitious.

PHILIP

I can't keep doing this, Ray.

RAY

Then I can't keep bein' your errand boy. Show me some respect, for chrissakes, look what I do for you on a daily basis. I buy you drugs, I rent you houses. You don't even share your system with me --

PHILIP

I'll give you ten percent.

RAY

Ten. What's that come out to..?

PHILIP

Give me the keys.

Ray holds up the keys. As Philip reaches for them Ray pulls them back.

RAY

Wait, who's this place for?

PHILIP

It's a safe house for time travelers.

\*

Ray laughs, and starts the engine.

RAY

Them again, huh? Prob'ly better I don't know.

26A EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D3) (9:33 AM)

26A\*

Luca and Marcy walk. Luca takes care as he moves, still sore from his surgeries.

MARCY

Just take it easy. No need to push it, we just need to promote circulation.

LUCA

Got it...

(beat)

Y'know, in a funny way, I'm kind of glad this happened.

MARCY

Glad you got shot? Why?

LUCA

Well, believe it or not, I'm the last member of our team to get hit. Everyone else has taken at least one bullet for the Director. I was starting to feel like maybe I wasn't pulling my weight or somethin'.

MARCY

I get the impression Hall likes to make everyone feel that way.

LUCA

He might have a harsh style of leadership but... I'd do anything for that man.

(beat)

I take it you guys haven't had much adversity since you arrived.

MARCY

I don't think bullets in bodies are an accurate measure of adversity. We've had our fair share of challenges.

LUCA

None of this is easy...

MARCY

It certainly isn't.

(CONTINUED)

26A CONTINUED:

26A

LUCA

The hardest part is pretending you're  
one of them.

(then)

Does your host have a family?

MARCY

Sort of, not really. I have a --  
David, his name is David. He took  
care of my host before I arrived.

LUCA

What, like a butler? Your host rich?

MARCY

No she just -- she needed assistance  
with some things.

(then changing topic)

How about you? Wife? Kids?

Beat. Luca doesn't say anything, but is hit by heavy emotion.  
It's almost as though they've died since he's been here.

He fights through it and shakes his head, *no*.

MARCY -- SEES how upset he is and puts her hand on his back  
as they continue to walk.

27 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D3)(10:45 AM)

27

Trevor completes the repair on the TRANSDUCER. Hall hovers:

TREVOR  
That should do it.

HALL  
It looks different.

TREVOR  
It'll work.

MacLaren -- enters with Carly and Philip, then goes straight to Hall.

MACLAREN  
Hall: We've got you a safe house.  
Time to go.

HALL  
And don't let the door hit your ass  
on the way out?  
(to Philip)  
What happened to "we're all on the  
same side?"

MACLAREN  
I don't wanna be in the same *room*.

HALL  
We're gonna get along, you'll see.

CARLY  
Where's Luca and Marcy?

TREVOR  
They went for a walk.

PHILIP  
Marcy said he needed to keep moving  
to prevent clotting.

MacLaren nods and looks at his watch impatiently.

MACLAREN  
Okay. Soon as they get back.

HALL  
Are you sure that's the Director's  
intention?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

HALL (CONT'D)  
 (off his look)  
 Just asking the question. Have you  
 received instructions from the  
 Director to relocate my team?

MacLaren has to admit:

MACLAREN  
 No, I haven't.

HALL  
 The Director put us together for a  
 reason. You're splitting us up why?

MACLAREN  
 Protocol six --

HALL  
 Listen to the boy scout quoting his  
 protocols! I know the rules,  
 MacLaren, traveler teams should stay  
 apart unless instructed otherwise. \*  
 Well you were instructed otherwise.  
 (beat)  
 You know I have seniority. I should  
 be leading this team.

Beat. MacLaren's phone rings, breaking the silence. He  
 glares at Hall and steps away a little to answer.

MACLAREN  
 MacLaren.

28 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - BOARD ROOM - DAY (D3)(10:45 AM)

28

Forbes stands, on the phone, looking at a monitor, where  
 mug shots of the three Russians and Hall's entire team appear.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

FORBES  
 We've I.D'd all the bodies now.  
 Counting the Russians and the man we  
 found scorched in the warehouse,  
 that's four. That leaves two still  
 out there. \*

MacLaren looks directly at Hall.

MACLAREN  
 One of which is this Rick Hall  
 character, who's the other one?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

FORBES

The system just found him on an ABM  
cam in the east end. I'll send a  
picture to your phone.

\*

FORBES -- calls up a CCTV picture image that shows Luca  
walking through an intersection with Marcy.

FORBES (CONT'D)

Name's Luca Shun. We've got him  
working fifteen years as a sous chef  
in Portland, then all of a sudden  
he's wanted upstate on assault and  
petty theft charges.

MacLaren looks straight at Hall again.

MACLAREN

I'm following a lead on Hall right  
now, I'll let you know what I find.

FORBES

A'right.

MacLaren ends the call.

HALL

Agent Forbes.

MACLAREN

Like I said, he's a good cop.  
(tapping his com)  
Marcy, we need you and Luca inside  
now... Marcy?

PHILIP

She may have turned her com off,  
I'll try to find them.

Philip goes to his computer and gets on it.

HALL

I'll look around the neighborhood.

Hall moves for the door.

MACLAREN

You stay right here. You're just as  
wanted as Luca.

MARCY AND LUCA -- enter from outside. All eyes are on them.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

MARCY

We're right here --

LUCA

What's wrong?

CARLY

The FBI caught you on CCTV, knows who you are and are searching the area.

HALL

If only we had someone on the inside.

MacLaren throws up his hands.

MACLAREN

I'm not risking my team getting discovered; I want you out of here.

HALL

The mission comes first.

MACLAREN

You said it was a simple hand-off of your component. So do your mission, then get out of state --

HALL

There's a simpler answer to this problem.

(beat)

He needs to go.

Philip and Trevor exchange a naive look.

PHILIP

Who needs to go?

TREVOR

Go where?

HALL

Forbes. He knows too much and he's too close. Remove him, and we don't have to go anywhere.

MACLAREN

We're not killing Forbes --

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (3)

28

HALL

If you can't bring yourself to do it, I know people who can, but obviously the Director has put us together for a reason: So I can teach you a lesson.

(beat)

I can help you if it's too much for you to handle, but it would be far better for us to find out if you got it in you.

MacLaren -- glares at him wanting to leap across the gap between them right there and then.

His team looks back and forth between them, half expecting him to punch Hall in the face. But MacLaren is stoic.

HALL (CONT'D)

So. Do we have a problem?

Beat.

MACLAREN

No.

HALL

Do you deny my seniority?

MACLAREN

I don't deny it.

His team exchanges looks of concern. MacLaren seems trapped.

HALL

Of course not. You're the kind of man who follows the rules.

(then)

Luca and I can handle our drop-off tonight while you deal with Forbes.

(to Philip)

We'll take your vehicle.

PHILIP

I'll rent you a car.

HALL

Whatever, fine.

\*

PHILIP

So long as you bring it back with a full tank.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (4)

28

Hall half laughs at that and gestures at Philip.

HALL

This guy kills me.

(beat)

When we're both done, we'll have a  
conversation about how this new team  
is going to work together.

Hall walks out.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

29 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - NIGHT (N3)(8:12 PM) 29

MacLaren drives in silence for a long beat, deep in thought. Then he presses a button on his hands free. His demeanor brightens when he speaks.

FORBES (O.S.)

Forbes.

MACLAREN

Hey, it's Mac.

FORBES

You got something?

MACLAREN

Yeah, maybe. Let's meet up. I just texted you the location and the broad strokes but we should go over the details in person. Say in an hour?

FORBES

I can do that. Everything all right?

MACLAREN

Never better. See you in an hour.

He hangs up and keeps driving, his bright demeanor gone again.

30 INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT (N3)(8:42 PM) 30

Hall and Luca drive in silence toward their hand off.

31 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - NIGHT (N3)(8:42 PM) 31

MacLaren drives, reflects on what he's about to do.

32 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT - (N3)(8:42 PM) 32 \*

Philip sits at his computer, communicating on the deep web. \*

ON THE DESK we SEE Hall's piece of paper with the drop off coordinates. On the screen, he receives a message: \*

COORDINATES CONFIRMED \*

Philip turns his screen off and heads over to Marcy who sits, deep in thought on the couch. \*

PHILIP \*

We're all set. \*

(MORE) \*

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
(off her look)  
Nobody said this was gonna be easy.

\*  
\*

MARCY  
I know... but I never thought we'd  
have to do something like this.

\*  
\*  
\*

PHILIP  
Just think how MacLaren feels. He's  
the one that's gotta do it.

\*  
\*  
\*

MARCY  
He doesn't *have* to do anything. The  
Director didn't order it.

\*  
\*  
\*

33 EXT. SHIPYARD - FORBES' CAR - NIGHT (N3)(9:15 PM)

33 \*

Forbes pulls up near the shipyard. Everything is quiet.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

MacLaren pulls up too, get's out of his car, and walks across to Forbes.

FORBES

Pretty quiet. How confident are you  
in this intel?

\*  
\*

MACLAREN

This is the place.

\*

As they walk between CONTAINERS MacLaren stops and looks around, confirms the way is clear, gestures for Forbes to move ahead.

FORBES -- goes around the container, now leading MacLaren.

MacLaren watches him.

34 INT. RENTAL CAR - MOVING - NIGHT (N3)(9:15 PM)

34

Hall and Luca drive to their drop off.

HALL

Our new doctor thinks she's your  
sister.

LUCA

She told me. I hope she's right.

HALL

Put that thought out of your head.  
Your loyalty needs to be with me.

LUCA

You know you have it.

(beat)

I'm not so sure of MacLaren.

HALL

I know the kind of man he is. He'll  
fall in line.

LUCA

If he doesn't?

Hall just shrugs.

HALL

Then he'll have to go.

35 EXT. SHIPYARD - NIGHT (N3)(9:17 PM)

35 \*

Forbes is now a number of steps ahead, leaning against another container, waiting.

MacLaren stays put, watching him, dreading what he's about to do.

Forbes looks around the corner one more time.

MacLaren -- slowly raises his gun and we wonder if he's actually going to shoot Forbes just as:

The RENTAL CAR approaches.

The headlights shine on MacLaren as he steps out past Forbes, gun pointed right at the driver:

MACLAREN

FBI!

36 INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT (N3)(9:17 PM)

36 \*

Luca and Hall realize they've been set up, looking out at MacLaren whose gun is trained right at him.

HALL

(to himself)

You son of a bitch.

MORE FBI AGENTS -- run in from all directions, guns out. The RENTAL CAR is surrounded.

FORBES

Hands where I can see 'em!

Hall raises his hands in the air.

FORBES -- steps out from behind the container and opens the driver's door.

FORBES (CONT'D)

Get out of the vehicle!

He pulls Hall out, places him against the rental car, cuffs him.

FORBES (CONT'D)

Sergeant Richard Hall, you have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in the court of law. You have the right to an attorney...

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

HALL -- glares at MacLaren the whole time, but doesn't say a word.

Another FBI AGENT reads Luca his own rights.

MACLAREN  
(to all agents)  
Search the car.

We follow one distinct AGENT who's face is masked.

He pops the trunk, finds the component, takes it out and carries it through the crowd of agents toward another van parked in the distance.

37 INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N3)(9:18 PM)

37 \*

The DISTINCT AGENT gets in the van and turns to the driver. It's Carly. She nods and drives off.

38 EXT. PLAYGROUND - NIGHT (N3)(9:28 PM)

38 \*

CAROL, 50, stands near a playground. Trevor and Carly approach. \*

Trevor wears an FBI jacket, face now revealed, component in hand.

CARLY  
Sorry for the change in location.

Carol shrugs.

CAROL  
What happened to the other team?

CARLY  
They apparently had complications.  
We were instructed to take over.

TREVOR  
Here it is. It was damaged but we  
did our best to repair it.

Carol takes it from Trevor and looks at it.

CAROL  
So long as it works. Helios isn't  
far away.

She puts it in the trunk of her car and closes it.

39 EXT. SHIPYARD - NIGHT (N3)(9:38 PM)

39 \*

Forbes and MacLaren watch as Hall and Luca are taken away.

FORBES

Wasn't anything in the car.

MACLAREN

No?

FORBES

We've got plenty on 'em to put them away, just makes me wonder what they were doin' out here.

MacLaren shrugs.

MACLAREN

How 'bout I ask them about that in the morning?

FORBES

Works for me.  
(they shake hands)  
Good work, partner.

MACLAREN

You too.

MacLaren heads toward his car. He passes the cruiser where Luca and Hall sit, cuffed. He looks in, catching Hall's glare from within the car.

They exchange a long look, but MacLaren knows Hall will go to jail for life rather than break protocol one.

MacLaren walks on, not proud of himself, but glad it's over.

40 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LATER (N3)(11:08 PM)

40 \*

Marcy enters with a heavy heart, then looks down to see a OFFICER JEFF CONNIKER business card on the floor, slipped under the door.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

Guys, I know it's late, I just wanted to touch base with all of you after what we did tonight...

She picks up the card, walks into the darkened apartment, her eyes falling on a picture of her and David as his bedroom light goes on...

41 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N3)(11:08 PM) 41 \*

Philip uses a roller brush to paint over the crazy wall to some music.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

The last thing I thought I'd ever do  
is turn on another traveler, but I  
don't really think we had a choice.

\*

42 INT. TREVOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (N3)(11:08 PM) 42 \*

As he reads a geography textbook in bed.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

I guess we'll find out if the Director  
agrees soon enough...

43 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (N3)(11:08 PM) 43 \*

CLOSE ON MacLaren -- as he finishes his message.

MACLAREN

I just wanted to say thanks for  
sticking by me.

He taps his ear, ending his message. He turns, revealing:

CARLY -- who is in her bed alongside him, looking at him,  
leaning on her bare arm.

CARLY

Can you stay?

MACLAREN

I shouldn't.

That hurts, but she lets it go.

CARLY

Okay.

She lies back, pulls the bed sheets up a little.

MACLAREN

Tell me we did the right thing.

CARLY

I believe we did. But I guess we'll  
see.

Beat. He nods.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

MACLAREN

Yeah. We'll see.

He leans over and kisses her goodbye. But the kiss soon becomes more than that and it becomes clear he's not going anywhere.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #105

"ROOM 101"

Written by  
Brad Wright

REVISED DRAFT - 04.07.16  
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TRAVELERS  
"Room 101"

Cast List - Blue Draft - 04.25.16

GRANT MACLAREN	Eric McCormack
MARCY WARTON	Mackenzie Porter
CARLY SHANNON	Nesta Cooper
TREVOR HOLDEN	Jared Abrahamson
PHILIP PEARSON	Reilly Dolman
DAVID MAILER	Patrick Gilmore
WALTER FORBES	Arnold Pinnock
OFFICER BOYD	Kristine Cofsky
CHARLOTTE	Yasmeen Ball
MOM/TRAVELLER 3890	
JACKSON	
DAD	
BETH	Melanie Papalia
YARD WORKER	Adrien Dorval

TRAVELERS  
"Room 101"  
Set List - Blue Draft - 04.25.16

Exteriors

CITY ROOFTOP  
CITY STREET  
COUNTRY ROAD  
~~END OF THE ROAD~~  
PARKADE  
- Top Level  
SALVAGE YARD

Interiors

CAGES  
DAVID'S APARTMENT  
FBI FIELD OFFICE  
FREIGHT ELEVATOR  
GARAGE/OPS  
INTERVIEW ROOM  
MACLAREN'S SUV  
- Moving  
OLD SEDAN  
- Moving  
POLICE STATION  
T.V. ROOM  
VAN  
- Moving  
WAREHOUSE  
- Freight Elevator

TEASER

44 EXT. PARKADE - DAY (D4)(1:03 PM) 44 \*

An old sedan climbs the levels of a parkade at high speed. \*

45 INT. OLD SEDAN - MOVING - DAY (D4)(1:03 PM) 45 \*

From the POV of wide angle GO PRO camera mounted facing the occupants, we SEE a family of four in the car, two kids in back.

The older brother, JACKSON, 16, is scared to the point of silence, looking out the windows at the walls of the ramp passing far too fast. \*

CHARLOTTE, maybe 13, is red faced screaming at her dad to stop, over and over.

CHARLOTTE

Dad, stop! Please! Stop the car,  
stop! Dad! You're scaring me, don't  
do this, please! Stop!

She keeps this up constantly throughout the following:

FOUR SEPARATE CHYRONS count down, already in the red, just over 30 seconds until RECORDED TIME OF DEATH.

In the front seat, MOM, 40s, plainly dressed, is silently praying, tears running down her cheek.

DAD -- late 40s, eyes fixed ahead. In a few hundred yards opens to the top level of the parkade ahead and fall beyond. \*

The car roars, moments away from what history would record as a murder/suicide. Then: \*

AN AURA overcomes MOM, DAD and JACKSON, and a transition takes place, but:

CHARLOTTE -- has undone her seatbelt and grabs at her father's shoulders from the backseat, screaming for him to stop.

46 EXT. PARKADE - TOP LEVEL - DAY (D4)(1:04 PM) 46 \*

MacLaren stands with CARLY in front of his parked SUV.

PHILIP, TREVOR, and MARCY with her medical bag, stand outside of Philip's van, waiting near the T.E.L.L. of four arriving travelers. \*

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

Trevor carries a black satchel over his shoulder with something heavy inside.

They can hear the ROAR of the engine of the approaching car.

THE OLD SEDAN -- suddenly brakes, squealing from full speed to zero in the last several yards before the edge of the parkade and certain death beyond.

\*  
\*

The car screeches, wheels locking, finally swerving to a sideways stop just in time.

MacLaren -- leads his team to the car and they open the doors. He goes to the MOM, the newly arrived team leader.

CARLY -- opens the driver door at the same time.

MACLAREN

Welcome to the 21st. I'm Traveler  
3468.

\*

MOM

3890 --

CHARLOTTE -- in the back seat, is still scared to death and can't understand why her family seems suddenly, completely different than they were just a few seconds ago.

CHARLOTTE

What's happening?!

MacLaren looks across the car to Carly who deduces:

CARLY

Misfire.

MOM, DAD and JACKSON -- all look at Charlotte awkwardly.

JACKSON

Shit.

MacLaren switches places with Marcy and tries to calm Charlotte as she cringes from her former family members.

MACLAREN

Hi. My name is Grant, what's yours?

JACKSON

Charlotte.

MACLAREN

It's okay, Charlotte, I'm a policeman.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
(she shakes her head)  
I am. See? Look.

MacLaren shows her his badge to prove it.

CHARLOTTE  
It says FBI.

MACLAREN  
Just *like* a policeman. Better even.  
(he smiles)  
My friends are going to talk to your  
mom and dad and your brother about  
what just happened.

Charlotte breaks in to tears again, furious at her father.

CHARLOTTE  
Why was he doing that?  
(to the Dad)  
Why did you do that?!!

DAD -- just turns away from her, unprepared for this.

MACLAREN  
I understand you're mad. I would be  
too.

MacLaren points to the small camera mounted on the rear view  
mirror facing the cabin.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
We're going to have a long talk with  
your Mom, Dad and your brother and  
after that everything's going to be  
all right.

Charlotte is almost in shock now.

MARCY  
Sweetie, do you have any other family  
who live close to here?

MOM  
Ten clicks back down the road.  
Grandmother, mother's side.

MACLAREN  
*Your* side.  
(to Charlotte)  
Want me to take you there?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (3)

46

CHARLOTTE

I want to go with my mom.

MOM

Go with the nice man, Charlotte.  
We'll be back in a few days and all  
be a family again.

Charlotte feels completely rejected.

MACLAREN

C'mon. Let's go.

Charlotte takes MacLaren's hand as he helps her out of the car. She gives one last look at her family. They all avert their eyes. It's painful for her.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

My car's right there, the black one.  
Can you wait there for me?

CHARLOTTE -- nods sadly and with one last look at who used to be her family walks slowly in that direction.

MacLaren looks to his team for an explanation.

TREVOR

Car was going pretty fast; maybe she  
was moving inside it. Tough T.E.L.L.  
for the Director to calculate.

MACLAREN

Doesn't matter, it happened, I'll  
deal with her for now.

PHILIP

Who's your historian?

MOM -- looks to the little girl walking somberly toward MacLaren's car away from them.

MOM

*She was going to be.*

Philip dips into his jacket and pulls out a thick wad of hundreds.

PHILIP

This isn't near enough to set you  
up, so put it on...

(closing his eyes)

Non-event Horizon in the fourth.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (4)

46

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
 (off their looks)  
 Horse race. Tomorrow. Look it up.

DAD takes the cash as Trevor hands Jackson the satchel.

TREVOR  
 This is the device. Keep it upright.

The traveler that used to be Jackson nods and takes it. \*

MARCY  
 What are you going to do with her?

MACLAREN  
 (to Philip)  
 Take her to Grandma's and explain  
 that mom and dad will be back for  
 her after the mission.  
 (off their looks)  
 Obviously without mentioning the  
 mission.  
 (to Carly)  
 We good here?

CARLY  
 Go. We can brief them. \*

MACLAR  
 Which is in just over 48 hours and  
 you're down a team member, can you  
 make the adjustment? \*

MOM  
 We'll be ready.

MACLAREN  
 Good... Protocol 5 until then.

They nod and MacLaren walks back toward the nervous little  
 girl wearing his best comforting smile.

47 INT. VAN - MOVING - DAY (D4)(1:08 PM)

47 \*

Carly drives, Philip takes the front passenger seat on his  
 laptop, while Trevor and Marcy ride in back. \*

PHILIP  
 Okay, boss, done. Tip went out as  
 of this morning. \*

He closes the laptop and puts it down at his feet.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

CARLY

Wonder how many misfires there have been since we started this.

TREVOR

First wave was upwards of thirty percent.

CARLY

Wow. Nobody told me that.

Carly stops at a light.

\*

MARCY

Me neither.

TREVOR

Would you have still volunteered?

The light changes and Carly drives into the intersection.

\*

CARLY

\*

Probably.

(beat)

I mean, if you think about it, what other choice did we --

A huge TRUCK appears almost out of nowhere and CRASHES into the driver's side of the van, SMASHING into them as we:

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

48 INT. CAGES - INDETERMINATE TIME OF DAY (D4)(3:08 PM)

48 \*

TREVOR -- is the first to wake up in his cage, essentially a six by twelve cell made out of chain link fence, in an otherwise gloomy dark ND space.

His torso, arms and legs have been tightly STRAPPED to the arms of a wheelchair in the middle of the room. His face and arms have small cuts but he is otherwise intact.

Trevor also notices there is an I.V. in his arm connected to a bag attached to the back of the chair on a raised hook.

He looks around the fence cage: A cell. His back is to the fence "door" of the cage.

There's a small HOLE cut in the chain link of the door behind his head, wide enough to fit an arm and allow access to their I.V.s without opening the cage door.

He SEES MARCY unconscious and strapped to her own wheelchair in the same position. Her head lolls away from him.

TREVOR

Marcy... Marcy. Wake up.

She doesn't move, but the sound of his voice wakes:

CARLY -- who is also strapped to a wheelchair in a cage beyond Marcy's. She lifts her head up quickly and we SEE blood trickling down her forehead from a cut above her hairline.

The sudden movement makes her woozy, and she almost loses consciousness again.

CARLY

Trevor?

TREVOR

Over here. You all right?

CARLY

My head...

TREVOR

Concussion. Me too. Move slow.

(beat)

Can you tell if Marcy's breathing?  
I can't see her face.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

CARLY  
(listening)  
Slow and shallow.

Carly turns to the cage to the other side of her.

PHILIP -- unconscious in his own chair, his face covered with his long hair.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Philip?  
(she shouts)  
PHILIP!

Her shout echoes in the space and hurts her head in the process. But Philip doesn't move.

TREVOR  
Can you tell if he's breathing?

CLOSE ON PHILIP -- the hair hanging down over his face moves slightly with each breath.

CARLY  
Unconscious but still with us I think.

Carly looks back to Trevor, sharpening.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
What do we know?

TREVOR  
Not where we are, not for how long  
or who abducted us. But it's been a  
few hours at least; my mouth's dry.  
(beat)  
No eyes or ears on us that I can  
see, but we shouldn't count on it.

Carly tries to touch her ear to her shoulder to tap her com,  
but it's gone.

CARLY  
They cut out my com. I can't feel  
it.

TREVOR  
Yeah, same. I gotta stop getting  
whacked on the head, I'm a blank  
here... Where's the boss?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

CARLY

MacLaren was on his way to Grandma's house.

TREVOR

Right. That part's comin' back...  
poor kid.

(beat)

So he wasn't with us when we were taken, that's good, there's a chance he'll find us before the mission.

CARLY

Right. Well he'd better hurry up.

(she looks down at)

Wheelchairs. Whoever they are, they plan on moving us.

TREVOR

Don't know about that. They're giving us fluids intravenously, I think we're gonna be in these chairs a while. And it's been a lotta years since I felt this sensation but it's pretty unmistakable.

(off her look)

Catheter.

Carly cringes at the realization.

CARLY

Oh, God, is that what that is?

Trevor nods, grimacing too.

TREVOR

Yes, ma'am. Do me a favor; don't say anything remotely suggestive. It could get painful over here.

Carly can't help but laugh at his gallows humor even though it hurts her head.

CARLY

Don't make me laugh.

TREVOR

I'm serious. It's like a seventeen year old male's default setting.

She laughs harder, despite the circumstances.

49 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - EVENING (N4)(7:14 PM)

49 \*

MacLaren is at his computer filing a report.

FORBES -- comes into the office.

FORBES

Look who showed up for work.

\*

MACLAREN

I thought you were driving down to Olympia to help out with the Holder case?

\*

FORBES

I was *delayed*. Where were you this morning?

\*

MACLAREN

Kathryn asked me to pick up an antique chair for a client cause it wouldn't fit in her car. What'd I miss?

FORBES

Uh, huh. Funny thing about court dates. When you miss one you don't get another one next week. It's next month or next year.

\*

\*

\*

MacLaren is genuinely contrite.

\*

MACLAREN

That was this morning.

\*

\*

FORBES

I covered for you again but you were the lead on this one, Mac.

\*

\*

MACLAREN

I'm so sorry.

\*

\*

FORBES

Don't apologize to me. You've got one angry prosecutor on your hands.

\*

\*

\*

Forbes leaves again. MacLaren shakes his head.

\*

MACLAREN

Shit...

\*

\*

50 INT. CAGES (N4)

50 \*

Trevor is trying to get free of his restraints, but there isn't a hope in hell.

A DOOR -- opens O.S. and they go still.

THEIR CAPTOR -- a GIANT of a man in a dark suit enters the room. He is stone faced and doesn't ever speak.

TREVOR

Well hello, sir. Didn't catch your name on the way in, I was unconscious.

(beat)

I'm Trevor.

The Captor completely ignores him. Instead he inserts a key in a strong PADLOCK on Philip's cage and opens the door.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

So here's a thing, I've got a geography test tomorrow that I've really gotta study for. Capital cities... countries.

THE CAPTOR -- ignores them and grabs the handles on Philip's chair, backs him out of the cage.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

So am I gonna be able to do that?

(beat)

Cause it's pretty likely my parents'll ground me again if I fail. Know what that means? Having to watch hours of golf on television with Gary. Don't do it to me, man.

The Captor pushes the wheelchair back out the way he came.

CARLY

Where are you taking him?

(ear piercingly)

HEY ASSHOLE!

(beat)

I said where are you taking him?

In a moment we HEAR the sound of the heavy door opening and closing again.

TREVOR

Bye!

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

Carly is frustrated by her immobility and strains against her restraints, with a growl. Blood runs from the cut on her forehead again.

CARLY

Why him? He's unconscious.

TREVOR

I was doing my best to volunteer.

(then)

I know it goes against your instincts but don't waste anymore energy trying to get free of the restraints. It's not gonna happen.

Carly gives up trying.

51 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - EVENING (N4)(7:43 PM)

51 \*

David comes home with a bag of groceries.

DAVID

Marcy? You home?

He puts down the grocery bags and looks around for a note. Nothing. He checks the bedroom, then his watch. No big deal, it's not late.

He starts unpacking the groceries, including a bottle of wine, then decides to call her on her cell phone. It goes straight to messages.

He takes things out of the bags and talks about them as he puts them on the counter.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hey there, it's me. I thought you said you were gonna be home early for dinner and I couldn't decide what to have so I brought back the ingredients for basically two different dinners and was just wondering which one you wanted to have tonight...

(beat)

Um, one would be like just a roasted chicken with vegetables, the other one is more of a pasta thing I do...

(beat)

And now I'm talking to you like you're actually *on* the phone, which is weird, I don't know why I do that...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

DAVID (CONT'D)

(beat)

So anyway, call me or I'll see you  
when you get here, hopefully soon.

(beat)

I'll start on the chicken unless you  
really would rather have the pasta  
thing in which case call me back...  
It's David. I'm doing it again.

(beat)

Bye.

He hangs up and shakes his head at himself.

52 INT. CAGES (N4)

52 \*

Marcy comes to, coughing in her chair. Trevor and Carly are  
relieved, but she's hurting just like they were.

MARCY

(coughing)

Ow..!

CARLY

We're here, Marcy. How bad is it?

Marcy tries to assess her condition. She's weak.

MARCY

Mostly my head and neck. Probably  
whiplash from the impact.

She assesses the space just as Trevor and Carly did.

MARCY (CONT'D)

So this is the worst hospital in the  
world or --

CARLY

We've been abducted.

MARCY

(looking down)

I obviously vomited at some point,  
anybody clock when..?

TREVOR

Probably before we got here; stink's  
not as bad as it was.

MARCY

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

TREVOR

Smells around here are not gonna  
improve, trust me.

(beat)

We've only met one of our captors.  
Giant silent person.

CARLY

Came and wheeled Philip out of here  
a while ago; never said a word.  
That's all we know.

TREVOR

We know a *little*. We know they intend  
to keep us alive for a while at least,  
they've got us on I.V.s.

MARCY

How long have I been out?

CARLY

A few hours longer than us.

THE DOOR -- opens O.S. again, with a metallic groan and Carly  
turns toward the sound.

In a moment their CAPTOR arrives, without Philip. Instead  
he goes to Carly's cage and begins to unlock it.

TREVOR

Now don't be like that, Mr Giant,  
pick me...

The Captor ignores Trevor and goes into the cell for Carly.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

C'mon. Take me instead of her, I'm  
asking nice here.

Marcy gives a silent long look to Carly as she passes by,  
pushed by their Captor.

The SOUND of the door closing causes both Marcy and Trevor  
to slump in their chairs.

53 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - EVENING (N4)(8:38 PM)

53 \*

David eats a bite of roasted chicken, alone at his table, a  
half glass of milk poured into a wine glass.

He checks his cell phone again. Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

Not really hungry, he picks up his plate and goes to the kitchen to clear it, worried sick.

53A INT. ND CORRIDOR (N4) 53A\*

The Captor pushes Carly down a long dark tunnel. \*

54 INT. T.V. ROOM #1 - DAY (N4) 54 \*

An entirely empty warehouse space, except for a single CRT television on a stand. A power cord goes off somewhere.

Carly is brought into the space in her wheelchair before the T.V. A fresh rivulet of blood runs down from her bandage. \*

ON THE SCREEN -- we SEE: \*

**WHO HAVE YOU TOLD?**

Carly shrugs nervously.

CARLY

Am I supposed to answer? \*

**WHO HAVE YOU TOLD?** \*

CARLY (CONT'D)

Who have I told *what*? I don't understand... \*

**DO YOU KNOW THIS PERSON?**

The screen shows PHOTOS of HALL from episode 104.

CARLY (CONT'D)

No. I've never seen him before.

The screen changes to a PHOTO of MacLaren.

CARLY (CONT'D)

No.

The screen changes to a photo of JEFF in his uniform.

CARLY (CONT'D)

He's the father of my child. *And* he's a police officer, so if I were you people, I'd --

**WHEN ARE YOU FROM?**

Carly slumps her head...

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

CARLY (CONT'D)  
I don't understand the question.

**WHAT ARE THE PROTOCOLS?**

Carly shrugs like she doesn't even know the word.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
I have no idea what your talking  
about. Who *am* I talking to? Why  
don't you show yourself?

**WHAT IS YOUR SPECIALTY?**

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Look. I just take care of my son  
all day, my specialty is mac and  
cheese --

**WHAT IS THE NAME OF YOUR SON?**

Carly hesitates at that one. She decides not to answer.

**ON THE SCREEN**

We SEE the image of a baby wrapped up in a blanket in the  
arms of another large MAN who may be their CAPTOR. We don't  
see the child's face.

**IS THIS YOUR SON?**

Carly shakes her head. It can't be.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
He's with his father today.

**ON THE SCREEN**

The Captor pulls back the blanket to reveal the child's face  
and the CAMERA ZOOMS closer...

It is unmistakably Jeffrey.

CARLY -- changes her demeanor and threatens the man behind  
the curtain, whoever that may be.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Don't you hurt him.  
(beat)  
*Don't you dare hurt him...*

The TV goes BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

CARLY -- wants to burst from her chair and her muscles fight against the restraints, but she calmly states:

CARLY (CONT'D)  
If that child is harmed in any way,  
I will hunt you down.  
Whoever you are, *when* ever you are.  
And I will kill you.

She looks around the room, looking for the person behind the words on the screen, and shouts:

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Do you understand me?

**WHEN ARE YOU FROM?**

Carly just stares at the question.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

55 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D5)(8:43 AM) 55 \*

David lies on the couch having fallen asleep in an awkward position. He's fallen asleep waiting up for her. A SOUND of a garbage truck outside awakens him with a start.

He looks at his watch, sick with worry.

56 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - BOARD ROOM - DAY (D5)(10:50 AM) 56 \*

MacLaren has a bunch of case files across the table, studying them. Everyday FBI stuff. BETH, 20s, professional, knocks:

BETH

Sorry to interrupt. There's someone here who'd like to see you, a David Mailer?

(MacLaren shrugs)

A mutual friend of Marcy, he said?

MACLAREN

*Who?*

BETH

Sorry, I can send him away, he gave me the impression you knew each other --

MACLAREN

No, it's fine, bring him in.

She goes out to get him and returns with David a moment later as MacLaren closes all the files and goes around the table.

BETH

David Mailer, sir.

MACLAREN

Thanks, Beth.

David walks over and shakes his hand.

DAVID

Hi, David Mailer... Which she just said.

(looking around)

So FBI headquarters.

MACLAREN

Just a field office. How did you..?

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

David holds up MacLaren's business card that his host left under the door on the night of his arrival.

DAVID

Address was on the card you gave me.

MACLAREN

I gave you.

DAVID

Well, that you slipped under my door when I was out a while back. But we did speak on the phone that night...  
(off his blank look)  
You don't remember.

MACLAREN

No. How do I know this Marcy person?

David looks around like it's top secret:

DAVID

Um, I kinda know she works with you,  
SO...

MacLaren nods and sits down at the table.

MACLAREN

I obviously can't confirm or deny that.

David sits too.

DAVID

Which is very cool. I totally get it. I know what you're doing is very important work and I'm all...  
(then quickly)  
She really hasn't mentioned me?

MACLAREN

The point of your visit is?

DAVID

Marcy didn't come home last night.  
(off his look)  
Not *home*, home, she's just been staying with me platonically and I was expecting her for dinner --

MacLaren leans forward again, now fully engaged.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

MACLAREN

When did you last see her?

DAVID

When she left yesterday morning.

(beat)

I'm sure she's just busy on some secret FBI medical whatever, I was just worried and I wanted to hear from you that she's --

MacLaren quickly gets up and escorts David to the door of the board room.

MACLAREN

Tell you what, I'm gonna look into this right away. Leave your number with Beth, I'll give you a call soon as I find out something.

DAVID

Wait, you don't know where she is either?

MACLAREN

Thanks for coming in.

(to Beth)

Beth, can you get David's contact information please?

And he closes the door, leaving David outside in the bullpen looking confused and agitated. Beth comes over to him as:

MACLAREN -- turns his back to him, taps his com, and speaks softly.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Marcy, this is MacLaren, come in.

(beat)

Carly... Philip... Trevor?

(beat)

Shit.

57 INT. CAGES (D5)

57 \*

Trevor and Marcy are in their respective cages, eyes closed as Trevor leads them in quiet meditation.

TREVOR

Now exhale... Feel the silence between the breaths. Your heart beating in your chest. Constant as the reactor beneath. Giving light. Heat. Time.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

The sound of the DOOR opening O.S. breaks their meditation and their heads turn toward:

THE CAPTOR -- pushing a very much alive and awake Philip back into the cages. Marcy is relieved to see him.

MARCY

Philip --

PHILIP -- is equally happy to see them as he's wheeled in.

PHILIP

You're here, thank God! I thought I was alone.

Their Captor just closes the door to Philip's cage, puts the lock back on, and leaves.

TREVOR -- calls after him:

TREVOR

I am really going to take it personally if you don't pick me next time.

The Captor just disappears and we hear the close DOOR O.S.

MARCY

Have you seen Carly? They just took her away.

PHILIP

(shaking his head)

I woke up in an empty room and they brought me here. I don't even know how long I was there. Hours.

MARCY

Are you hurt?

PHILIP

Thanks to John Hentrick, no.

(off their looks)

Inventor of airbags, 1952. But I'm hurting in other ways.

MARCY

Withdrawal.

Philip nods. It's already bad.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

PHILIP

I haven't been able to go more than eighteen hours between doses since we arrived and I can pretty much tell you without looking at a clock we're comin' up on that number.

(looking around)

Not the re-hab facility I expected to end up in.

TREVOR

Marcy and I were meditating. You should too.

PHILIP

Honestly, there's no way --

TREVOR

Trust me, Philip, it'll help. I promise.

Mary nods. Philip takes a deep breath. He'll try anything at this point. And all three of them close their eyes.

58 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D5)(10:58 AM)

58 \*

MacLaren leans over a computer where Beth is working. The words HOMELAND SECURITY feature prominently on her screen.

BETH

You're the one who told me to take the red flag off these same four people --

MACLAREN

Now I can't find any sign of them and at least one's gone missing, just do it please.

Beth starts entering a request.

BETH

I'll put in the request, but even a priority facial recognition search isn't likely to turn up anything.

MACLAREN

How 'bout we try to be a little more positive?

He puts on his coat and heads out. As he goes she adds:

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

BETH

Okay, I'm positive that I'm the one they're gonna complain to for using up NSA mainframe time on something you called a false alarm.

59 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D5)(11:01 AM)

59 \*

MacLaren steps out of the building, and almost runs right into a nervously waiting David, startling him.

MACLAREN

Jesus!

(then)

What are you doing out here, David?

DAVID

Waiting to hear if you've got anything yet.

MACLAREN

Not in the whole eleven minutes since you left my office. But I have employed resources.

DAVID

Like?

MACLAREN

If Marcy's face shows up practically anywhere there's a CCTV camera we'll know her location.

DAVID

Tell me what I can do.

MACLAREN

You should go home...

MacLaren starts walking.

DAVID

God, you're as bad as she is! Would you stop? You know what? I'm gonna help you look for her whether you like it or not. How's that?

MacLaren arrives at his SUV parked on the street and opens the door without getting in.

MACLAREN

What're you gonna do, follow me on your bike?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

David thinks he's caught MacLaren in a lie.

DAVID

She *did* tell you about me.

(off his look)

You just gave it away; you know I have a bike.

MACLAREN

Your right pant leg's tucked into your sock; I was giving you the benefit of the doubt.

David looks down at his tucked pant leg and sighs, crestfallen.

DAVID

Fine, I get it, I'm not qualified...

MacLaren goes to get in his car. David adds:

DAVID (CONT'D)

Just please know that Marcy's welfare is very important to me.

MACLAREN

I'll call when I find her. Better still, she'll just come home.

David nods. MacLaren closes the door and starts it up.

DAVID

So if I don't hear anything by say five o'clock --

MacLaren waves and pulls out aggressively, leaving David standing there.

60 INT. CAGES (D5)

60 \*

Trevor meditates, then speaks softly to Marcy and Philip in their adjacent cages:

TREVOR

I'm getting the feeling we're not gonna be able to do our next mission.

Philip is in serious withdrawal now, shaking.

PHILIP

That is the *least* of my problems right now.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

TREVOR

C'mon, Philip, you're stronger than that --

PHILIP

You have no idea what this feel's like, so why don't you go --

The SOUND of the door interrupts him.

CARLY -- is taken back to her cage, wheeled by their Captor. Her cockiness from earlier is gone. More blood streaks down from the cut above her hairline.

The Captor wheels her into her cage and closes the door. She turns her head toward him weakly.

CARLY

I can't see.

Almost reluctantly, he takes out his handkerchief, sticks his arm through the hole in the cage door and wipes the blood away from around her eye again. The Captor leaves.

TREVOR -- feigns his disappointment again.

TREVOR

*Really?* You're gonna pass me over *again?*

We hear the DOOR close. Trevor switches gears entirely:

TREVOR (CONT'D)

How many of them are there, what did they do?

CARLY

Just the one you've already met... There was an old style television in the middle of a open space, like a warehouse...

TREVOR

In this building?

CARLY

I think so; must be. Then they asked questions. Just words on the T.V...

(beat)

*When* are you from?

Philip turns to Trevor, alarmed.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

PHILIP

(sotto)

Shit. They know.

TREVOR

There's nothing to know.

PHILIP

They obviously know *something* --

CARLY

They have Jeffrey.

PHILIP

What?

CARLY

My son. They showed him on the television in front of me. They have him, I saw --

The SOUND of the door opening stops her.

THE CAPTOR -- then opens a small case he produces from his pocket, goes over to Philip's cage, then sticks his hand through the same arm sized hole cut into the mesh.

The Captor slowly injects Philip's I.V. line with a syringe.

PHILIP

Guys? What's he doing?

MARCY

Injecting something into your I.V. line.

PHILIP

(alarmed)

Whoa... What is it!? What..?

(then it hits him)

Nevermind...

(beat)

Oh, God, thank you...

Philip's eyes roll back.

The Captor takes out a second syringe and injects it too.

MARCY

Stop... That's too much. He'll overdose. Stop!

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (3)

60

But the Captor pushes the plunger all the way, ignoring her, then removes his arm from the cage and puts away the syringe.

PHILIP -- is back in drug induced ecstasy, head lolling.

PHILIP

It's okay; it's what I needed.

MARCY

That much heroin is going to slow your respiration rate and your heart to dangerous levels, you need to stay with us.

Philip can't keep his head up.

PHILIP

I'm here...

The Captor begins to unlock Marcy's cage to take her out.

MARCY

Philip, stay with us...

Carly give Philip another hundred decibel wake up call.

CARLY

PHILIP! Listen to Marcy.

PHILIP

I hear you, I'm...

(beat)

Holy fff....

As Marcy is taken out, she implores:

MARCY

Philip, you have to stay awake...

PHILIP!

And she's wheeled around the corner.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

61 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D5)(11:30 AM) 61 \*

MacLaren taps his com again as he drives.

MACLAREN

Okay, trying this again: is anyone  
on coms?

(beat)

Talk to me, guys...

And he steps on the gas, worried for the whole team now.

62 INT. T.V. ROOM #1 - DAY (D5) 62 \*

Marcy has to squint as she is wheeled into large warehouse space.

THE CAPTOR -- wheels Marcy into the space and places her in front of the television. Then he goes through a door.

MARCY -- looks around the room. There is very little to identify where she might be. Nothing out the windows except that it's daytime.

She looks at the T.V. in front of her. The screen is blank. There is a GO PRO camera atop the screen facing her.

She looks around expectantly and calls out to nobody in particular:

MARCY

Hello?

THE T.V. -- comes to life. There are only four words on an otherwise black screen, in bold white simple letters:

**WHEN ARE YOU FROM?**

MARCY -- just stares at the words a moment trying to make sense of the question. It's disconcerting. She answers directly to the old television.

MARCY (CONT'D)

My name is Marcy Warton. I work at  
a Library.

(beat)

I don't know why you've taken me  
here; I haven't done anything --

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

ON THE TV SCREEN

The image of David rushing into his apartment to answer the telephone in his kitchen appears as if on a

CCTV security camera, complete with SOUND as if it's real time.

DAVID

Hello? Marcy?!

(beat)

Oh, thank God, I was so worried, I was freaking out...

(then)

No, I get it, mums the word...

(beat)

Of course you're busy, you're...

(beat)

Well, when you do I'll be here.

(laughs)

Perfect, we'll have the chicken, then, that's... I can't wait...

(beat)

Bye.

David hangs up and sighs an enormous sigh of relief as the screen goes BLACK.

**DOES HE KNOW?**

MARCY -- closes her eyes, terrified what they'll do to David.

63 INT. CAGES (D5)

63 \*

Carly blasts at Philip to wake up with all the decibels she can muster:

CARLY

Philip, you do not have permission to sleep! We asked you a question!

Philip speaks, eyes closed, in an almost trance state.

PHILIP

I'm still here.

CARLY

Good. That's good.

TREVOR

Talk to us. Tell us about your parents. Where do they live?

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

CARLY

You never talk about them. What's your mother's name?

PHILIP

2144.

Trevor and Carly exchange a concerned look.

CARLY

Stay in the here and now, Philip --

PHILIP

D'you remember the taste of the water? Recycled so many times it could never be made pure again..?

CARLY

Shut up.

TREVOR

This can't be heroin.

PHILIP

No, it is. At least the first dose was and I'm more grateful for it than I care to admit... but the second one was something else.

(beat)

Something I think would only work on someone who's been modified to be a historian.

TREVOR

What is it?

PHILIP

*Memory...* pouring in like a flood. Like the Helios tidal wave... And I can't stop it. I'm going to drown in it.

TREVOR

I want you to breathe deeply and listen to my voice.

PHILIP

You can't compete with this.

He tries anyway and breathes deeply, high as a kite on heroin mixed with some sort of memory inducing truth serum.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Remember the taste of metal in the air? The stink of twenty thousand souls crammed in a shelter designed for half that number -- ?

CARLY

Don't talk about the past.

Philip almost smirks at that.

PHILIP

You mean the future.

CARLY

I mean *stop talking*.

PHILIP

D'you guys remember the reveille bell rang at the exact moment the dome in shelter 41 collapsed? It was exactly at oh six hundred, almost like cause and effect. The bell woke up everyone asleep in the dome a split second before they died. I remember as a boy thinking that was so unfair...

THE DOOR opens O.S. and Carly tries to shut him up.

CARLY

Philip, keep your mouth shut.

PHILIP

I'm not sure I can...

THE CAPTOR

Goes straight to Philip and begins unlocking his cell. The Captor wheels him out again.

CARLY

Philip...

He looks right at them, but no promises.

PHILIP

I'll try.

He's wheeled away and the DOOR CLOSES O.S.

64 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D5)(12:13 PM)

64 \*

MacLaren strides into the garage through the side door, hoping to find Philip at least.

MACLAREN

Philip?

It's dark and empty. MacLaren goes straight to Philip's computer, sits and enters a long hexadecimal password.

THE MONITORS -- all come to life.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Where are you guys...

MacLaren begins to go through Philip's deep web database.

65 INT. T.V. ROOM #2 - DAY (D5)

65 \*

Philip sits in front of the T.V. alone.

ON THE SCREEN

**WHAT IS THE MASTER PLAN?**

Philip struggles, fighting the need to answer, then comes up with a way:

PHILIP

"If you fail to plan you are planning to fail," Benjamin Franklin.

The screen repeats the question:

**WHAT IS THE MASTER PLAN?**

PHILIP (CONT'D)

"In preparation for battle I have always found that plans are useless, but planning is indispensable."  
Dwight D. Eisenhower.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

**WHAT IS THE MASTER PLAN?**

PHILIP (CONT'D)

"No battle plan survives contact with the enemy." Helmuth von Moltke.

**WHAT IS YOUR MISSION?**

Again, Philip fights the urge to answer and quotes:

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

PHILIP (CONT'D)

"My mission in life is not merely to survive but to thrive, and to do so with some passion, some compassion, some humor and some style," Maya Angelou.

**HOW DOES THE WORLD END?**

Philip is almost shaking, compelled to tell the truth, but instead replies:

PHILIP (CONT'D)

This is the way the world ends, this is the way the world ends, this is the way the world ends, not with a bang but a whimper." T.S. Elliot.

**WHAT IS SHELTER 41?**

Off Philip struggling to resist...

66 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D5)(12:44 PM)

66 \*

MacLaren is back in his car and on his speakerphone, talking to Beth.

BETH

I just sent you the address of the yard.

MACLAREN

At least it's something. \*

(then)

What about the 911 record? E.M.T. calls?

67 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D5)(12:44 PM)

67 \*

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

Beth is at a desk on the computer.

BETH (O.S.)

Nothing. I've also tried virtually every emergency room in the pacific northwest.

(beat)

You're sure you don't want me to call agent Forbes -- ?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

MACLAREN

(quickly)

Yeah, he's got enough on his plate.

BETH

It's just that he asked me to keep him updated on --

MACLAREN

I said that I was sure, Beth, how many fucking times would you like me to say it?

Beth shuts up, having been chastised by her boss.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Sorry, having a bad day.

BETH

Well, now we all are.

MACLAREN

Just... Call me if you find anything.

And he presses off on his phone, frustrated.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

68 INT. CAGES (D5)

68 \*

The Captor enters, goes over to Trevor's cage and unlocks the door. Trevor beams to Carly.

TREVOR

Finally! Thank you so much, Mr Giant, I've really been looking forward to this.

He's backed out of his cage and wheeled away.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I just hate being the last one not picked, you know? Drives me crazy. I'm sure a guy like you understands...  
(then)  
Back soon!

BANG, the DOOR closes O.S.

69 INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR (D5)

69 \*

The Captor wheels Trevor into a large freight elevator.

TREVOR

Freight elevator, sweet ride. Are we goin' up or down? 'Kay wait, I'm gonna guess... Down.

The Captor presses a button, giving him a look.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Up! Man, you got me. 'Kay, let me guess the floor...

The elevator door closes.

70 EXT. SALVAGE YARD - DAY (D5)(1:28 PM)

70 \*

MacLaren pulls into a yard full of damaged cars.

A YARD WORKER -- 40s, right out of Making A Murderer, walks over as MacLaren gets out of his SUV.

YARD WORKER

Can I help you?

MacLaren shows his badge, all business.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

MACLAREN

Special Agent Grant MacLaren, FBI.  
I'm looking for a silver van that  
was brought to your lot yesterday  
afternoon about three thirty?

\*

YARD WORKER

The one that got T-boned by the  
Peterbuilt?

MacLaren has never heard those terms before.

MACLAREN

T-boned by the Peterbuilt...

The worker doesn't qualify it any further.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Show me.

The yard worker gestures for MacLaren to follow him.

YARD WORKER

FBI doin' traffic accidents now?

MACLAREN

No.

YARD WORKER

This van belong to terrorists?

MACLAREN

No.

YARD WORKER

Then what's this about?

MACLAREN

Just about showing me the van, really  
and not asking any more goddamn  
questions.

\*  
\*  
\*

YARD WORKER

Oh, gotcha.

\*

They approach a VAN with a huge part of the side crushed in.

YARD WORKER (CONT'D)

Here ya go. She's a write off.

MacLaren is concerned but at least he knows some of what  
happened.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

70

MACLAREN

Do you know if any of the occupants  
were hurt?

YARD WORKER

We don't get a report on the incident.  
(beat)  
Air bags went off, I can tell you  
that.

MACLAREN

Thanks for your time.

That's all he needed to see. MacLaren turns to go.

YARD WORKER

You're not gonna dust it for prints  
or shine a blue light at it?

MACLAREN

Knock yourself out.

MacLaren just keeps walking.

71 INT. T.V. ROOM #3 - DAY (D5)

71 \*

Trevor is wheeled in front of the old CRT television and the  
Captor stands beside him this time.

TREVOR

Wow. This is great up here, nice  
big space, daylight. Thank you for  
having me. I'm guessing its late  
afternoon from the sky outside, am I  
right?

(beat)

That is one big 'ol CRT I'm guessing  
late 90's.

(to the Captor)

Those flat screen sons'a guns are  
heavy, huh? Prob'ly not so much for  
you; I bet you didn't even need help  
from your friends. You do have  
friends, right? Are they government  
or is this a private contractor gig?

The Captor just glares at him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Most people think CRT's are so heavy  
because the cathode ray tube inside  
has to have thick glass to hold the  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
vacuum but it's also the weight of  
the horizontal flyback transformer...

ON THE TV SCREEN

**WHEN ARE YOU FROM?**

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Whoa, a question on the TV! I love  
it, it's like that show my mom watches  
after supper...  
(beat)  
You know, most people would ask "where  
are you from?" But hey, I don't  
want to offend anybody if english is  
a second language...  
(to the Captor)  
Maybe it's a typo, huh?

**WHY ARE YOU HERE?**

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
What a coincidence! I was gonna ask  
you that same question since you're  
the ones who brought me here, but  
hey, like my humanities teacher Mr  
Warchowski says, "why are we all  
here?" Right?

**WHAT IS YOUR AGE?**

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Guess.

**WHAT IS YOUR AGE?**

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
'Kay, technically I'm eighteen in  
October but I'm kind of an old soul.  
(to his Captor)  
How 'bout you, Mr Giant? When's  
your birthday?

The Captor gives him an annoyed look.

**WHAT IS YOUR TEAM'S MISSION?**

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Back when I was starting quarterback  
our mission was to win the division,  
*obviously*, but after a pretty nasty  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2)

71

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
 concussion I received participating  
 in other activities, I've decided  
 not to risk permanent brain injury.  
 (to the Captor)  
 You look like you played a little  
 ball in your day, Mr Giant...  
 (then directly to him)  
 Then again, a deaf mute like yourself  
 wouldn't be able to hear the  
 quarterback call plays, would he?

The Captor's eyes widen a little at that.

72 INT. CAGES (D5)

72 \*

The Captor swings open his cage door and pushes a silent Trevor angrily into the cage with such force that Trevor's chair crashes against the other side and nearly falls over from the impact.

Carly glares at the Captor as he locks the door again and goes.

CARLY  
 What did you say to them?

TREVOR  
 Got 'em right where I want 'em.

73 INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY (D5)(3:20 PM)

73 \*

MacLaren walks straight to OFFICER BOYD, in her uniform talking to a colleague in the corridor.

Her eyes widen at the sight of him. He smiles broadly:

MACLAREN  
 Officer Boyd, have you got a sec?

BOYD  
 Sure.  
 (to the colleague)  
 Excuse me.

BOYD gestures to the interview room and they go inside.

74 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY (D5)(3:20 PM)

74 \*

They enter and she closes the door behind her, glaring. MacLaren looks at a camera in the corner.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

BOYD

The CCTV is down. What the hell are you doing here? I thought I was clear last time you were not to communicate with me --

MACLAREN

Yeah, well, fuck protocol six... My team is missing.

BOYD

For how long?

MACLAREN

Since yesterday morning but I just found out a while ago.

(before she can ask)

All of them, yes. Their coms and locators are offline and don't show up on GPS.

BOYD

What about the deep web backchannel?

MACLAREN

I looked there first. There's no sign of them; it's like they've disappeared.

BOYD

The FBI has far more resources than I do.

MACLAREN

I'm running a facial recognition search through the NSA --

BOYD

That could take forever if it works at all.

MACLAREN

I know but I can only do so much; they've all been previously red flagged...

(off her look)

I did find the wrecked van that they'd been driving in a salvage yard.

It'd been t-boned by a Peterbuilt, whatever that means.

\*  
\*

BOYD

Trail ends there, I'm guessing.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (2)

74

MacLaren nods. She looks around, then is very quiet.

BOYD (CONT'D)

You need to consider the possibility they've been taken them out of the equation.

MACLAREN

What equation?

BOYD

The Director's. I've seen whole teams we were supposed to work with on a mission just disappear into thin air. Probably taken out by another traveler team under orders.

(off his look)

You know as well as I do the future has the ultimate power over us. If the Director doesn't like how you perform or a decision you make --

MACLAREN

Why them? I'm responsible for my teams actions.

BOYD

(with a shrug)

How badly have you fucked up recently? Maybe you're next.

MACLAREN

I don't believe that.

BOYD

What d'you want from me?

MACLAREN

My team was tasked to participate in a mission that will require six or more people at minimum to pull off.

BOYD

When?

MACLAREN

Tonight.

She realizes why MacLaren is here and can't believe it.

BOYD

*That's* what this is about? You want *my* team's help?

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (3)

74

MACLAREN

The mission comes first.

BOYD

The mission's *canceled*, MacLaren,  
you just don't get it yet.

MacLaren nods coldly. He turns to go.

MACLAREN

Thanks for your time.

BOYD

Wait...

He stays. She hands him a business card.

BOYD (CONT'D)

If you get a real lead, I'll help  
you go after them.

(then)

But if I'm right and it's the Director --

MACLAREN

I know.

BOYD

Hope I'm wrong.

With that she walks away, leaving MacLaren alone in the room.

75 INT. T.V. ROOM #1 - DAY (D5)

75 \*

Marcy sits in the T.V. room and faces the television.

**WHAT IS YOUR SPECIALTY?**

MARCY

Torture doesn't work, people. It's  
been proven. Whoever you are, you  
should know that whatever information  
you think you're getting is of almost  
no value.

## THE TV SCREEN

Switches to an image of PHILIP in his own wheelchair in a  
room different than the one she's in now.PHILIP -- is still slumped forward, seemingly drugged  
unconscious, his long hair covering his face from view.

MARCY -- leans forward in her wheelchair as much as she can.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

THE SCREEN changes back to text:

**WHO IS THIS?**

Marcy decides to answer honestly and calmly.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
Philip. His name is Philip.  
(beat)  
He was in the van with me when we  
were --

The question on the screen changes back to:

**WHEN ARE YOU FROM?**

THE SCREEN -- goes back to the image of Philip slumped in the wheelchair.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
I don't understand the question.  
(beat)  
If you're asking how old I am, I'm --

BOOM -- a gunshot rings out from the television.

ON THE SCREEN

PHILIP -- has been shot in the chest from O.S. with a large caliber weapon and blood pours from a gaping fatal wound onto the concrete floor.

MARCY -- is horrified.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
NO!

Marcy's eyes roll up and she goes into convulsions.

ON THE SCREEN

The image of Philip slumped forward in his wheelchair and bleeding out CUTS TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

76 EXT. CITY ROOFTOP - DAY (D5)(4:37 PM)

76 \*

MacLaren steps out onto a rooftop in the middle of the city.

He looks at his watch, then up at the sky.

A HELICOPTER

Appears from behind him and hovers over the pad in the middle of the rooftop, then lands on the big H.

A TRAVELER -- The MOM from the teaser in special OP gear climbs out of the helicopter and runs over to MacLaren who's still in his suit and coat. \*

They have to shout over the SOUND of the rotor in the B.G:

TRAVELER 3890 \*

Where's the rest of your team?!

MACLAREN

M.I.A! We have to cancel the mission!

TRAVELER 3890 \*

What?! What about all those people?

MacLaren looks around expectantly for another team to show.

MACLAREN

I was hoping the Director would send you a replacement team, but --

The Traveler looks back toward the helicopter. \*

TRAVELER 3890 \*

Maybe there's still a way!

MACLAREN

Forget it, the mission's canceled!  
The Director will come up with an  
alternative, we have to trust that!  
(off her look)  
What is it?

TRAVELER 3890 \*

Nothing, just that it was our first  
mission...  
(then)  
Sorry about your team.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

MACLAREN

Haven't given up just yet.

The Traveler nods then races back to her helicopter, which quickly takes off again.

\*

MacLaren -- watches it go.

77 INT. CAGES (D5)

77 \*

Trevor, Carly and Philip, stare at the walls.

\*

TREVOR

They can't do the mission down with so few personnel. All those people are gonna die.

PHILIP

They already did. We're just not going to prevent it from happening.  
(beat)

Just hope the boss isn't in the same situation as we are somewhere.

Carly's eye is caked with blood from the cut above her hairline, but her voice is strong and determined.

CARLY

I have an idea that could end this. If the opportunity presents itself again...

(beat)

But I want everybody to decide. We might not be better off.

PHILIP

I say go for it.

TREVOR

How?

CARLY

You'll try to talk me out of it.

TREVOR

Why?

CARLY

It's insane.

They hear the DOOR, open O.S.

MARCY -- is wheeled in to the cages by their Captor.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

PHILIP

Marcy! I was so worried --

Marcy can't process what she's seeing as the Captor wheels her into her cage and locks it as they talk, ignoring them.

MARCY

You're *alive*?

PHILIP

What did you do to her?

Marcy mistrusts her eyes.

MARCY

(to Philip)

I saw you die, they showed me.

PHILIP

No, I'm right here --

\*

MARCY

On the television. They shot you in the chest.

TREVOR

He's been here the whole time you were gone --

\*

\*

\*

PHILIP

Marcy, look at me.

\*

She does, tears running down her face as the Captor goes to Trevor's cage and begins to unlock it.

MARCY

You were in those clothes, you were slumped over...

TREVOR

This is good.

PHILIP

What? *How?!*

Trevor continues as the Captor opens his cage door and begins to wheel him out.

TREVOR

Think about it! They probably don't even have Carly's kid!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

77

TREVOR (CONT'D)

They're just pushing buttons and seeing what happens. I don't know who but it still gives us power we don't have much of.

PHILIP

(derisively)

We don't have any *power* --

CARLY -- tries to get the Captor's attention.

CARLY

Please? Before you take him away, would you..?

She turns her face toward him, her eye caked with blood from the cut above her hairline.

Leaving Trevor outside of his cage, the Captor reaches for his handkerchief, goes over to Carly's cage and sticks his arm in to wipe her face.

CARLY -- presents her face to him, letting him wipe the blood for a beat, then lining herself up:

SHE BITES HARD INTO HIS WRIST and hangs on with all her might.

BLOOD -- streams out and onto the floor.

THE CAPTOR -- opens his mouth to scream but no voice comes out, just an agonized expression of pain and anger. Carly makes more noise through her gritted teeth than he does.

TREVOR -- strains to lean forward, desperate to help, urging her on:

TREVOR

Hang on!

He tries to pull his arm back out but she doesn't let go.

He SWINGS his arm inside the cage, sending Carly flying sideways in her chair, but she doesn't let go.

Now the weight of the Carly and the chair has pulled his arm in right to the shoulder joint.

He bangs against the fence with his free arm and fist.

CLOSE ON CARLY -- as she bares down, blood streaming from her mouth like a vampire.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (3)

77

PHILIP -- can barely watch as:

THE CAPTOR FLIPS HER SIDEWAYS AGAIN, this time in the opposite direction.

But she still hangs on, tearing even deeper into his wrist.

BLOOD has begun to pool on the concrete floor and he SLIPS.

THE CAPTOR'S FEET slide out from under him.

His full weight pulls on his shoulder, separating it, and his arm goes limp, with CARLY's jaw dangling at the end of it, not letting go.

BLOOD drips down from his wrist, pooling below his limp arm as he grows weaker, fighting less and less.

MARCY -- realizes the risk of Carly's plan.

MARCY

He's losing too much blood...

She doesn't let go.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Carly, you're killing him...

She doesn't let go.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Stop!

CARLY -- finally lets go of his arm and the chair continues to tilt sideways until it crashes onto the floor with a crash.

THE CAPTOR -- tries to free his arm with the last of his strength but it's just a dangling mass on the other side and he slips again, making it worse...

His breathing slows and he loses consciousness, hanging there with his arm at an impossible angle from his body, blood dripping down from his fingers onto the floor.

CARLY -- exhausted and covered with blood herself, coughs and breathes hard, now lying painfully on her side in the wheelchair on the floor.

TREVOR, PHILIP AND MARCY exchange looks, straining to SEE:

THE CAPTOR -- dangling ungracefully from his separated shoulder against a cage, bleeding out from a mortal bite.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (4)

77

PHILIP

You were right... that was insane.

TREVOR

You were also right that we're no better off.

Beat.

MARCY

I'm okay with that.

Even though Trevor is outside of his cage, he can do nothing but watch the Captor die a few feet away.

78 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT (N6)(8:27 PM)

78 \*

MacLaren stares at his computer screen having spent hours looking for clues in the deep web.

He's done everything he can think of. They're gone.

He looks at his watch and buries his face in his hands. Just as he's about to go:

A BEEP -- from his computer, makes him look up, hopefully.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN

In a window that lists a remote CCTV feed, Time Stamp and I.P. address we also SEE:

CARLY -- in her wheelchair facing the TELEVISION.

The image ZOOMS to her face, where a box flashes around her head, underlined with the flashing word MATCH.

He's both excited at the lead and infuriated by the image, but types a command on his computer to get more information.

THREE OTHER WINDOWS -- pop open with similar images of Trevor, Philip and Marcy, all facing the the GO PRO camera that was mounted on to the old Television, facing them.

A SET OF COORDINATES -- appears in another window. Their location.

MacLaren dials a number on his cell, adrenaline flowing.

MACLAREN

Boyd... I found 'em.

79 INT. WAREHOUSE - FREIGHT ELEVATOR - NIGHT (N6)(9:18 PM) 79 \*

The freight elevator doors open to reveal MacLaren and Boyd, guns drawn, entering a darkened floor.

They move through a dark ND space toward a door, MacLaren taking the lead.

He gestures to a door and they enter.

80 INT. CAGES - NIGHT (N6)(9:20 PM) 80 \*

MacLaren enters the room first, followed by Boyd. It's a shocking sight.

HIS TEAM -- are all slumped over, Trevor outside his cage, the rest still unconscious in theirs. It's been hours at least.

THE GIANT SILENT MAN -- dangles at an odd angle from Carly's cage door in a pool of his own drying blood. It looks like a scene from a horror movie.

BOYD -- carefully goes to check his pulse as MacLaren covers her. She shakes her head instantly.

BOYD  
He's cold. Dead for hours.

MacLaren goes to CARLY's cage and tries to open it. The padlock is secure.

MACLAREN  
Keys... Check his pocket.

Boyd finds the keys in his jacket pocket and tosses them over to him.

MacLaren unlocks the padlock, then opens Carly's cell by literally pulling the Captor away far enough to swing the door open.

He hands the keys to Boyd then rushes in to check Carly's pulse.

BOYD -- does the same with Trevor.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
She's still alive.

He brings her wheelchair back up properly and begins to work on the restraints as Boyd checks Trevor next.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

BOYD

Same over here! Unconscious but  
good strong pulse. I'll check the  
others.

Boyd goes to open Marcy's cell.

CARLY -- comes to as MacLaren tenderly wipes blood from her  
face.

She stares, almost not believing he's there.

MACLAREN

It's okay, I'm here...

CARLY

You're late.

MACLAREN

Won't happen again.

Carly looks around at the others.

Marcy is stirring and Philip coughs, coming to. Boyd nods  
to MacLaren.

BOYD

(to Marcy)

It's okay, we're gonna get you outta  
here.

CARLY

How many days?

MACLAREN

Three.

She nods. That feels about right.

MacLaren looks at the body of the Captor as if to ask the  
question.

CARLY

I had to end it.

MACLAREN

What was this about? Why did he do  
this?

She shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (2)

80

CARLY

Wasn't him. He was just a hired  
gun. We never found out who it was...

She coughs a painful dry cough. He starts working in earnest  
on her restraints.

MACLAREN

Lets get you out of here --

CARLY

What about the mission?

MACLAREN

Canceled. No way we could pull it  
off without you, there was just no  
way...

(off her look)

What. What is it?

CARLY

What if that's what this was about?

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #106

"Helios 685"

Written by  
Rebecca Hales

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TRAVELERS  
 "Helios 685"  
 Cast List - 2<sup>ND</sup> White Pages - 05.25.16

GRANT MACLAREN	Eric McCormack
MARCY WARTON	Mackenzie Porter
CARLY SHANNON	Nesta Cooper
TREVOR HOLDEN	Jared Abrahamson
PHILIP PEARSON	Reilly Dolman
DR DELANEY	Kyra Zagorsky
MAJOR GLEASON	David Lewis
PATRICIA HOLDEN	Teryl Rothery
GARY HOLDEN	William MacDonald
KATHRYN MACLAREN	Leah Cairns
PRIVATE WILSON	Giacomo Baessato
PASTOR	Milo Shandel
EARL	Kevin McNulty
BLOOM	Karin Konoval
BECKY	Brenda Matthews
MORRISON	Curtis Lum
SERGEANT	Emy Aneke
<del>TRAVELER 2435</del>	
TRAVELER SECURITY GUARD	Aaron Hutchinson
EMT	Matthew Yanagiya
NURSE	Sian Sladen
RADIO ANNOUNCER	
PORTER	
OMAR	Shawn Brown

TRAVELERS  
"Helios 685"  
Set List - 2<sup>nd</sup> White Pages - 05.25.16

Exteriors

COLLIDER BUILDING  
CITY STREET  
~~MACLAREN HOUSE~~  
    — Garage  
ND BUILDING  
    - Parking Lot  
INTERSTATE HIGHWAY  
~~RURAL ROAD~~  
~~STEEP ROAD~~  
~~TOUR BUS~~  
TREVOR'S HOUSE  
VAN HUIZEN COMPOUND  
VAN HUIZEN PERIMETER

Interiors

COLLIDER BUILDING  
COLLIDER ROOM  
GARAGE/OPS  
HOSPITAL  
    - Patient Room  
    - Room  
INTERROGATION ROOM  
MACLAREN HOUSE  
    - Garage  
MACLAREN'S VAN  
    - Moving  
MILITARY VEHICLE  
    - Moving  
ND BUILDING  
    - Reception  
TAXI  
    - Moving  
TREVOR'S HOUSE  
VAN  
    - Moving

TEASER

1 OMITTED  
AND  
2

1  
AND  
2

2A EXT. PICNIC AREA - DAY (D1)(12:30 PM)

2A

A multi-ethnic church group of a dozen or so mostly RETIREES sitting together by a river. Their PASTOR, 50s, stands before them. Each holds a goblet.

\*  
\*

A SCHOOL BUS painted with the logo of THE CHURCH OF OUR RAPTURE features prominently in the B.G.

CHYRONS appear on screen, almost filling it as they appear all at once from all over the screen, then merging into a single one, counting down:

RECORDED TIME OF DEATH: 30 SECONDS, 29, 28, 27...

PASTOR

Moses went to the mountain for forty days and nights.

(beat)

Jesus wandered into the desert for forty days. And so too have we journeyed across this land back to the place I first had the vision of our coming rapture.

(beat)

It was here at the shores of this river you were first baptized into my flock.

(beat)

My friends... It is time. The Lord is awaiting us.

\*  
\*  
\*

He raises a goblet in toast. They all join him.

CLOSE ON THE PASTOR -- as he begins to go through the transition, holding his head in agony.

WIDER -- we SEE that the entire group is going through the transition, screaming in agony. Goblets of Kool Aid go flying.

(CONTINUED)

2A CONTINUED:

2A

Every single person in the group completes the transition and looks up at the same time. It's eerie.

The group CHYRON climbs into the green. +01, +02, +03, +04...

A dozen freshly minted travelers look to their team leader the Pastor.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

Did we all make it?

Earl, 60s, speaks first.

\*

EARL

Good question.

EARL looks down the length of the table.

EARL (CONT'D)

Anyone here feeling out of place?

The group of travelers looks around and nods.

EARL (CONT'D)

Gang's all here.

PASTOR

Well... Hallelujah. That's gotta be a record.

(to Earl)

All right, Earl, let's get everybody back on the bus, we've got a long drive down the coast.

Earl leads the group toward the bus. The Pastor goes over to a garbage bin, reaches inside and produces a small CASE.

3 OMITTED

THRU

7

3

THRU

7

8 INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT (N1)(9:08 PM)

8

PRIVATE WILSON (episode 102) startles awake in a hospital bed, moving his hands to his nose and mouth to discover that his feeding and ventilation tubes are gone.

Relieved, the private turns to find an imposing figure standing beside his bed.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

MAJOR GLEASON

Nurse says you woke up at oh-three  
hundred and tried to pull out your  
ventilator tube.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

MAJOR GLEASON (CONT'D)  
(a small joke)  
They called me in to reprimand you.

PRIVATE WILSON  
Yessir. Sorry, I was a little out  
of it.

MAJOR GLEASON  
Has anyone told you that you've been  
unconscious for a number of weeks?

PRIVATE WILSON  
Yeah, it's hard to believe. Feels  
like I was in the driver's seat of  
the truck and then... I was here.

Major Gleason pulls out the guest chair and sits.

MAJOR GLEASON  
Can you tell me what happened that  
night?

PRIVATE WILSON  
To be honest, sir, you prob'ly saw  
more'a what happened than I did.

MAJOR GLEASON  
(after a beat)  
How's that?

PRIVATE WILSON  
You were following behind me, like  
you said. I spotted your headlights  
at one point.

Gleason doesn't correct him.

PRIVATE WILSON (CONT'D)  
I was mostly focused on keeping the  
vibrations down and the road ahead.  
Then the car came outta nowhere, and  
that woman walked out --

MAJOR GLEASON  
Woman?

PRIVATE WILSON  
You didn't see her? I radioed you  
before I stopped the truck, she was  
just standing in the middle of the  
road. I told her she didn't wanna  
be there and then...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

PRIVATE WILSON (CONT'D)

(beat)

The next thing I remember I was driving again. Sir, I know it sounds crazy, but --

Gleason lets him off the hook.

MAJOR GLEASON

All right... That's enough for now; I'm sure it'll all come back to you in time.

Gleason stands to leave.

PRIVATE WILSON

Sir? I know what was in the back of my truck...

(beat)

I mean know by all rights I shouldn't be here now talkin' to you. How am I still alive?

Gleason nods before he goes.

MAJOR GLEASON

I'm going to go find out.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

9 EXT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - DAY (D2)(8:08 AM) 9 \*

MacLaren carries a cup of coffee to the garage which Kathryn has turned into a workshop. \*

KATHRYN's at work, turpentine in one hand, a rag in the other, working on an ornate chair.

10 EXT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY (D2)(8:08 AM) 10 \*

MacLaren knocks gently on the garage door frame. \*

Kathryn pulls off her mask and looks up, stunned to see him.

KATHRYN

Someone tried to shabby-chic an [classic chair]... client wants it restored.

MacLaren puts the cup down.

MACLAREN

I brought you the last of the coffee.

KATHRYN

Oh, I left it for you to put it in your traveler's mug.

MACLAREN

Sorry, my *what?*

KATHRYN

That insulated mug your dad used to walk around the house with.

MACLAREN

Here, I've had my caffeine ration for the day.

She shrugs and takes the coffee.

KATHRYN

I was thinking of doing fish on the grill tonight.

MACLAREN

Don't count on me for dinner.

KATHRYN

Oh. I was hoping since you've been working so hard the past few weeks --

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

MACLAREN

Not tonight, I can't...

KATHRYN

All right.

She's crestfallen but hides it as he examines the chair she's working on.

MACLAREN

So that's a [classic chair] is it?

KATHRYN

Imagine someone treating it like that. Not realizing what they have.

MACLAREN

It's impressive what you do.

KATHRYN

What do you think that is, Grant?

MACLAREN

You take something that's neglected,  
but was once beautiful and rare and  
make it whole again.

That particular definition moves her.

KATHRYN

Oh. Thank you.

MACLAREN

I told Forbes I'd be in early.  
(then)  
Bye, Kat.

He leans in and gives her a quick kiss, then goes out,  
reaching into his pocket for his smartphone as he goes.

11 INT. COLLIDER BUILDING - DAY (D2)(8:16 AM)

11 \*

DR. DELANEY is walking into the collider room when she  
receives a TEXT.

CLOSE ON HER PHONE: "Coming today... MacLaren."

DELANEY -- looks annoyed as she types her reply.

"What the fu --

*Backspace, back space.*

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

"What does that entail?"

A beat before he responds.

ON HER PHONE: "Will explain in person. Expect us shortly."

DELANEY -- types her reply: "I'll be here."

In a moment she's taken by surprise as a SERGEANT, 30s, in plain clothes, steps into the room with two young soldiers also in plain clothes, one of them is MORRISON, 20s. \*

SERGEANT

Dr Delaney?

DELANEY

That was fast.

SERGEANT

I need you to come with us, ma'am.

DELANEY

Come *with* you? That I wasn't expecting, where are we going?

SERGEANT

I'm afraid I can't say.

DELANEY

Then no.

SERGEANT

No?

DELANEY

Look it up, it means "no."

The Sergeant exchanges a look with one of the soldiers. \*

SERGEANT

Ma'am, I'm afraid I'm not authorized to take no for an --

DELANEY

Oh, for God's sake, I'm just screwing with you, let's go.

Delaney leads the way out. The Sergeant turns to Morrison, quietly.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

SERGEANT

Keep watch at the entrance. The Major doesn't want anyone to have access without his knowledge.

MORRISON

Yessir.

Morrison nods and stays behind as they go.

12 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - DAY (D2)(8:20 AM)

12 \*

GARY stands at the front door waiting. Smartly dressed. He turns, catching sight of PATRICIA coming down the stairs in an elegant skirt and jacket, businesslike.

GARY

That's not what you said you were going to wear.

She stops halfway down the stairs and looks at her outfit.

PATRICIA

I changed my mind.

Gary tries to make it sound like a compliment.

GARY

You know I like you in that red dress.

She knows better than to argue and sighs.

PATRICIA

All right, all right...

She goes back upstairs.

TREVOR -- is standing in the living room to see them off, dressed as if ready to go out himself.

TREVOR

You know, my humanities teacher Mr Warchowski says that in twenty years or so equality between the sexes won't even be an issue.

GARY

Warchowski's the gay one, isn't he?

TREVOR

Not an issue.

Gary changes the subject by trying to be a parent.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

GARY

No parties while we're gone,  
superstar.

TREVOR

I promise.

GARY

I'm serious.

TREVOR

I can tell.

(then)

You have a good time, Gary.

Gary is uncomfortable with Trevor and calls up to Patricia.

GARY

I'll be in the car!

(then to Trevor)

And stop calling me Gary for  
Chrissakes, I'm your father.

Patricia comes back down the stairs a moment later.

TREVOR

You looked very nice in the other  
outfit by the way.

PATRICIA

(with a shrug)

It's just easier.

TREVOR

We've got to teach him *some* time.

She gives Trevor a kiss on the cheek.

PATRICIA

Thank you, sweetheart. We'll be  
back before noon tomorrow.

TREVOR

(heartfelt)

Bye, mom.

She goes, with a smile.

12A EXT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - DAY (D2)(8:20 AM)

12A\*

Trevor steps out after Patricia and stands on the porch  
watching them go.

(CONTINUED)

12A CONTINUED:

12A

He waves as they go. Beat.

A moment later, A VAN pulls up, Carly waiting inside.

CARLY

All set?

Carly notices he seems preoccupied as he runs over, jumps in and takes the passenger seat.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Everything all right?

TREVOR

Ah, you know. Parents.

13 EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY (D2)(9:38 AM)

13

HIGH AND WIDE -- as the tour bus passes by.

14 INT. TOUR BUS - DAY (D2)(9:38 AM)

14

The church group of travelers sit quietly in their seats, staring out the windows, seeing the outdoors in a way they've never seen before.

PASTOR

Look at all the trees. Can you imagine ever seeing so many trees?

EARL

I've seen maybe a hundred birds.  
(pointing)  
There's another one'a those Canada Geese.

The DRIVER looks out the side window, swerves a little.

\*

PASTOR

Keep your eyes on the road.

EARL

All these eyes are lookin' for is a rest stop.

PASTOR

We're on a tight schedule.

EARL

Tell my bladder.

15 EXT. ND BUILDING - PARKING LOT - DAY (D2)(9:40 AM) 15

A quasi-military vehicle parks outside a nondescript building.

The Sergeant and a soldier escort Delaney inside. \*

16 INT. ND BUILDING - RECEPTION - DAY (D2)(9:40 AM) 16

Dr Delaney steps into the building to find Major Gleason waiting for her at reception. She is completely surprised.

DELANEY

These are your guys? I thought --

She stops herself.

MAJOR GLEASON

By all means complete the sentence.

(beat)

Who were you expecting?

Delaney turns to the Sergeant.

DELANEY

Take me back to my lab please.

MAJOR GLEASON

You just got here.

DELANEY

Then I want to talk to my lawyer.

GLEASON

Dr Delaney, you're a military contractor operating under military law during a time of "contingency operations" --

DELANEY

I'm a scientist and my contract is with the Van Huizen Corporation --

GLEASON

-- Consequently, you fall under the code of military conduct and will be held for questioning.

SERGEANT

I'll need to take this for now, ma'am.

Gleason's men step forward and confiscate her bag. She lets it go without further argument.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

SERGEANT (CONT'D)  
Follow me, please.

17 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2) (9:50 AM)

17 \*

Our team is gathered around a somber MacLaren.

MACLAREN

Prevent Helios and we prevent the beginning of the fall. That was the Director's calculation that started all this. You could go so far as to say this mission objective is what motivated us to come back to the 21st.

(beat)

I know you all just went through hell and I wish we had answers. But we don't. All we can do is focus on the mission at hand.

(then)

Marcy?

Marcy places an auto-injector against her bicep.

MARCY

Place the business end against your bicep like so and *push*. It's important you receive the full dosage.

Carly injects herself with barely a grimace. She passes it on to Trevor as Marcy talks.

MARCY (CONT'D)

You'll smell and taste the chemical in the air within the compound, but I promise you this will stop your nervous system from shutting down.

Trevor hesitates with the auto-injector over his bicep.

CARLY

You're worried about this little pin-prick after what we've just been through?

He does it quickly, grimacing then hands it to Philip.

TREVOR

I just have a thing with needles.

PHILIP

Funny. Me too.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

PHILIP (CONT'D)

(then, to Marcy)

Speaking a' which, this won't interact  
with..?

MARCY

No. You can go ahead.

(then to MacLaren)

Our abductors set back his rehab.

MacLaren nods. And Philip does it quickly with a flinch and hands it to MacLaren, who injects himself before handing the injector back to Marcy.

MACLAREN

One last thing I need to talk about.

(beat)

It's on us that the location for  
this mission had to be moved, so one  
way or another we're following it  
through. To the end if necessary.

CARLY

We know.

PHILIP

And we're good.

MACLAREN

Yes you are.

TREVOR

(to MacLaren)

If I may?

MacLaren nods and Trevor bows his head. This is a pledge they've all taken and all know by heart. They mouth it silently along with him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

We, the last unbroken remnant, vow  
to undo the errors of our ascendants,  
to make the Earth whole, the lost  
unlost, at peril of our own birth.

It's a somber moment for them. MacLaren looks at his watch.

MACLAREN

Okay. That's time.

18 EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY (D2) (9:55 AM)

18 \*

Four vans from FTRA drive down the road.

19 INT. VAN - MOVING - DAY (D2)(9:55 AM) 19

MacLaren and Carly drive in silence for a beat dressed in their coveralls as before.

MACLAREN

Don't know why you'd be nervous;  
you're in your element.

CARLY

Just thinking about Jeffrey... of  
not being able to protect him. I  
never expected to get so attached --

MACLAREN

You can't think that way; we have to  
stay in the present...

(beat)

Irony intended.

CARLY

What about your wife? Does it bother  
you that you may never see her again?

MACLAREN

That's not really in the present is  
it.

CARLY

That's not really an answer.

They drive on...

20 EXT. VAN HUIZEN COMPOUND - GATE - DAY (D2)(10:35 AM) 20

MacLaren pulls up and smiles at the security guard from 102.

MACLAREN

Hi there again, we got call about  
another leak in building 26?

THE SECURITY GUARD -- looks at his tablet.

SECURITY GUARD

I don't see that here.

MACLAREN

What? They called forty minutes  
ago, supposed to be even worse than  
last time; we brought the whole crew  
in on a Saturday.

(MORE)

\*

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
(off his look)  
Lemmie see that, d'you mind?

The Security Guard leans in and shows him the tablet.

SECURITY GUARD  
The notification would show up here --

MacLaren -- deftly injects him with an auto-inject syringe and the guard collapses into his arms.

MACLAREN  
Whoa, buddy, you okay?!  
(calling the others)  
Little help!

MARCY -- gets out of her van also in her coveralls, pointing to the security guard and calling to the armed guards.

MARCY  
Excuse me, your security guard just fainted!

TWO ARMED GUARDS -- come over to help. MacLaren is practically holding the Security Guard up through the open window.

MACLAREN  
Oh, God, I hope he hasn't had a heart attack, he grabbed his chest and his legs just went out from under him!

MARCY  
I know CPR, we should get him on the ground!

THE TWO ARMED GUARDS -- grab the security guard by his arms and once they're vulnerable, both Marcy and MacLaren give them each a shot to the neck with their injectors, knocking the Armed Guards out instantly.

OTHER TRAVELERS -- emerge from the two following vans, dressed as the guards we've just knocked out, and take their places.

TREVOR -- and others help carry the unconscious guards into the back of one of the other vans.

The TRAVELER SECURITY GUARD, 20s, taps his com.

TRAVELER SECURITY GUARD  
3546 in position.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

Marcy reminds the other team members taking the guards away.

MARCY

Make sure they're given the anti toxin and taken outside of the blast radius. They'll be out for a few hours at least.

TREVOR AND PHILIP -- each take heavy black bags from the second van and come over to MacLaren.

PHILIP

Military and police radio frequencies around the facility are jammed.

\*  
\*

MACLAREN

Wind direction?

PHILIP

Still same as the historical record.

MACLAREN

All right, go set the charges. We'll find Delaney, give her the antitoxin and explain what's going on.

(beat)

That should be interesting.

Trevor and Philip run toward a distant set of buildings. Carly is slipping off her coveralls, wearing a police uniform underneath.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Just got a text. Your reinforcements are a ways away, still. Apparently the bus got delayed at the border. Expired passport.

\*

CARLY

No plan survives contact with the past, right?

After a long look, MacLaren and Marcy get back in their respective vans and drive into the compound.

21 EXT. VAN HUIZEN COMPOUND - COLLIDER BUILDING - DAY (D2)(10:40 AM) 21

Morrison leans against the wall of the building, bored and on his smart phone. He looks up to SEE:

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

PHILIP AND TREVOR -- are running across the compound toward a series of industrial looking pipes with their black bags over their shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

They're definitely not Van Huizen employees.

MORRISON -- takes a concealed nine mil from inside his jacket,  
chambers a round and follows them.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

22 INT. HOSPICE ROOM - DAY (D2)(10:40 AM)

22

MRS. BLOOM, late 50s, cancer patient, sits in bed, dressed, alone and peaceful. She stares out the window.

A NURSE, 40s, kind, walks in holding some papers.

The CHYRON appears on screen. RECORDED TIME OF DEATH: 60 seconds, 59, 58, 57...

NURSE

Mrs Bloom? Are you ready?

Bloom nods, accepting. The Nurse approaches.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Legally we have to present this material before we proceed...

The Nurse offers her papers. The front page reads: "*DEATH AND DIGNITY. Passing the Pain.*"

BLOOM

I didn't walk in here by mistake.

The Nurse nods, accepting her decision.

NURSE

I'll be right back with your medicine.

The CHYRON timer flashes red as it passes 30 seconds.

BLOOM

Could I have some chocolate? I've heard the liquid is bitter.

NURSE

Of course.

The Nurse exits. Bloom takes in her final moments. An AURA envelopes her head. She winces in extreme pain as a TRANSITION takes place.

\*

The woman who was Bloom gets out of bed and stands. She goes over to a wall mounted mirror and looks at her reflection, touching her face, intrigued...

The CHYRON counts up in green. +1, +2, +3...

The Nurse enters carrying the euthanasia drink.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

NURSE (CONT'D)

Is everything okay?

BLOOM

It's fine. I've changed my mind.

Bloom turns and walks out, leaving the Nurse standing there.

23 INT. TOUR BUS - DAY (D2)(10:40 AM)

23 \*

The door to the bus is open. The Pastor injects himself with the anti-toxin in front of everyone on the bus. \*

PASTOR

Okay, folks? Just like that.

He passes two auto-injectors to each side of the bus front row and they follow suit.

Each of them inject the anti toxin into their forearms, right through their clothing, and pass it on, grimacing.

A skinny retired teacher, BECKY, 60s -- hesitates.

BECKY

Can I take this in my glutes or does it have to be my arm? Not a lotta muscle to work with.

PASTOR

Stick to the instructions, Becky, you're our best sniper.

Earl steps back in having relieved himself in the woods. \*

EARL

Good to go. \*

24 INT. COLLIDER BUILDING - DAY (D2)(10:45 AM)

24

MacLaren and Marcy enter the collider room and look around, concerned. They've already checked her office.

MACLAREN

Dr Delaney? Hello?

MARCY

It *is* the weekend.

MacLaren dials her on his cell.

MACLAREN

She said she'd be here.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

MARCY  
Does it matter?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

MACLAREN

She's not picking up her cell either,  
it just rings...

Trevor reports through his com.

TREVOR (O.S.)

We're in position.

MacLaren looks at his watch. The mission comes first.

MACLAREN

All right. Go when ready.

25 EXT. VAN HUIZEN COMPOUND - CHEMICAL BUILDING - DAY (D2)(10:45 AM) 25 \*

Philip and Trevor work on planting charges on heavy pipes  
emerging from the side of a building.

TREVOR

Copy.

They continue to work in a rehearsed, expert manner.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Hope the wind doesn't change.

PHILIP

It won't for a few hours.

TREVOR

According to the historical record  
it won't. But you said yourself  
we're starting to see changes.

PHILIP

These tanks will get ruptured by the  
blast anyway and the toxic cloud  
would be blown toward the city...

(beat)

A controlled release now has the  
added benefit of forcing an evacuation --

Philip stops himself at the SIGHT of:

MORRISON -- who aims his weapon directly at them, ten feet  
away.

MORRISON

Hands in the air!

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

TREVOR -- manages to start a 30 second TIMER before he puts up his hands along with Philip.

Morrison keys his portable radio.

MORRISON (CONT'D)

This is Morrison, come in...

PHILIP

Your radio isn't going to work.

Morrison tries anyway, his nerves showing.

MORRISON (into radio)

I've caught two possible terrorists planting bombs at the Van Huizen compound and need support...

Trevor and Philip take a few steps toward him.

TREVOR

We're here to prevent a tragedy, not cause one. I swear to you --

MORRISON

On your knees with your hands on your head! NOW!

TREVOR

Listen: I've already set the timer. It's going to go soon, so you have to run. Now. That way.

Trevor points with his hands still up. But Morrison wants orders from his boss.

MORRISON (into radio)

I repeat, this is Morrison! I have two terrorists --

PHILIP

And I repeat, your radio won't work!

TREVOR

Please kid, you need to run --

MORRISON

Shut up! Last warning!

Trevor becomes resigned to Morrison's fate.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

TREVOR  
 (to Philip)  
 Five seconds...

Trevor and Philip take one more step as they go to their knees and cover their heads as instructed, but also to protect themselves from:

POP POP! -- The charges go off with a less than impressive blast behind them, in a small FLASH of FLAME and smoke.

Morrison looks relieved, as if the bombs failed somehow...

But in a moment, visible CHEMICAL GAS leaks out from the far side of the pipes, shooting up high.

PHILIP  
 (to Morrison)  
 I'm so sorry...

MORRISON -- still doesn't run. Confused, he takes his first fatal breath of the gas and immediately chokes, coughing, dropping his gun as his hands reach for his throat.

TREVOR AND PHILIP -- stand, unaffected by the toxic chemical gas, even though Philip's gag reflex kicks in slightly.

Morrison collapses to his knees, eyes bulging, terrified, as he tries to breathe. \*

He falls to his back, twitching, then mercifully dies.

Philip and Trevor come over to him, remorseful but on mission.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
 He's not Van Huizen staff.

TREVOR  
 No, he's not.

Trevor taps his com, reporting like a soldier.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
 Boss, we've initiated the controlled release. The alarm should go off any second now.  
 (then)  
 I regret to report one casualty.

26 INT. COLLIDER BUILDING - DAY (D2)(10:45 AM)

26

MacLaren is studying the collider interface with Marcy.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

MACLAREN

Understood. I need you in building  
26, we have another problem --

AN ALARM -- goes off loudly accompanied by a recorded voice:

ALARM VOICE

Attention, this is an air quality  
alert. All personnel evacuate  
immediately or report to your  
designated refuge area...

27 EXT. VAN HUIZEN COMPOUND - GATE - DAY (D2)(10:48 AM)

27 \*

Carly helps to marshal traffic fleeing the compound.

CARLY

Keep moving, keep moving, let's go..!

28 INT. TAXI - MOVING - DAY (D2)(10:50 AM)

28 \*

BLOOM rides in the back of a taxi that is just arriving at  
the Van Huizen gate, as other cars pour out of the compound.

She hands the TAXI DRIVER a thick wad of cash, shocking him.

BLOOM

Keep the change, Omar and head east,  
fast as you can.

CARLY -- opens the cab door and immediately injects Bloom  
with the auto injector even as she helps her out of the car.

THE ALARM -- can be heard blaring when she opens the door.

CARLY

You're late, ma'am.

Bloom takes a while to get out of the car.

BLOOM

Did'ya know older people have a hard  
time getting cabs in the city because  
we tip like shit? My new friend  
told me...

THE TAXI -- peels away quickly and goes, following the other  
vehicles fleeing the compound, passing:

EMERGENCY VEHICLES -- with lights flashing and sirens blaring,  
pulling up to the gate.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

The lead E.M.T., 20s -- rolls down his window, reporting in to Carly.

EMT

Traveler 3277.

CARLY

Park the vehicles close by the leak in case a television crew is stupid enough to try and get a shot. Then get up to the roof, it's on its way.

The Emergency vehicles head into the compound, lights flashing, but sirens off now.

Bloom watches them go and takes Carly's arm.

BLOOM

The device hasn't arrived yet.

CARLY

Ten minutes out.

BLOOM

Then I'm not late yet, am I. How far of a walk is it?

CARLY

(to another traveler)

Can we get the Engineer transport?

BLOOM

Walk with me if we've got the time.  
(with a wink)  
I need the exercise.

Carly smiles and takes her arm.

29 INT. TOUR BUS - MOVING - DAY (D2)(11:00 AM)

29 \*

Earl and the Pastor are listening to the radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...And are evacuating outskirts of the city near the Van Huizen research facility as a precaution. While close exposure is considered fatal, civic authorities are confident the toxic chemical leak will dissipate harmlessly and soon be under control. At this time the winds are carrying the cloud away from densely populated

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Areas but as a precaution, city  
residents are advised to stay in  
their homes with the windows closed...

They talk over the later half of the above:

PASTOR  
We shouldn't have stopped to take a  
picture of that dog.

EARL  
It was a bear and it took all of  
thirty seconds. It was the damn  
border crossing.

30 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (D2)(11:15 AM)

30 \*

Delaney sits at a table, looking up at Gleason, standing.

GLEASON  
It's a simple question, doctor.  
What happened to the antimatter?

DELANEY  
If this is an "interrogation fantasy"  
you're living out --

GLEASON  
Hardly --

DELANEY  
Or worse, your way of getting me to  
confess that I failed again --

GLEASON  
This is what it is: You can expect  
charges of mutiny, sedition, aiding  
the enemy and espionage.  
(beat)  
Each one carries the death penalty.

That doesn't phase Delaney.

DELANEY  
I already told you what happened.  
The antimatter we actually created  
amounted to only a fraction of what  
we thought --

GLEASON  
I think you sold it.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

DELANEY

What? To *who*?

GLEASON

The Russians. North Korea. Any number of foreign powers.

DELANEY

Wow. You're right. And it didn't even take you long to figure out.

(beat)

First, I snuck the material out in my purse, then --

GLEASON

I didn't say I knew *how* you did it, doctor... I just know you did it.

Delaney leans across the table.

DELANEY

Major Gleason, I didn't know how big an idiot you were... I just knew you were an idiot.

31 INT. COLLIDER BUILDING - DAY (D2)(11:20 AM)

31

Several of the other travelers are working atop the giant collider machine carefully connecting a traveler-made device atop it.

\*  
\*

MacLaren, Marcy, Philip and Trevor at the antimatter interface screen below.

\*

MACLAREN

She put a biometric lock on the material.

MARCY

Retinal scan. Delaney's.

PHILIP

(grimacing at that)

That's a tough hack.

TREVOR

Guess she didn't trust us.

MACLAREN

To be fair, I told her to keep it safe.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

PHILIP

Not safe from us.

MACLAREN

I texted her a heads up yesterday  
and again this morning. Now I can't  
reach her.

MacLaren dials again as he talks, but it just rings.

MARCY

D'you think she's been taken somewhere  
against her will?

PHILIP

That's been goin' around.

TREVOR

That casualty I reported a few minutes  
ago wasn't a Van Huizen employee.  
Wasn't in uniform but I'm pretty  
sure he was military.

PHILIP

You think Major Dickless has something  
to do with this..?  
(off MacLaren's look)  
I'll try to find her.

TREVOR

I'll see if I can bypass the lock.

Philip unpacks a laptop and starts searching for Delaney.

CARLY AND BLOOM -- enter from outside.

BLOOM

I'm Traveler 117. The Director says  
hello.

MACLAREN

Welcome to the 21st, Engineer.

BLOOM

Call me Bloom.

Trevor and Bloom go waaay back.

TREVOR

It's wonderful to see you again.

They embrace. Bloom thinks the world of him.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

BLOOM

You too, kid.

(then to Marcy)

How're you coping with your situation,  
dear?

She touches Marcy's face like a sympathetic mother.

MARCY

I'm fine, ma'am, thank you, it's an  
honor to meet you in person.

BLOOM

Oh, please, the honor's mine.

(off their looks)

You do know that you guys are already  
famous where I just came from.

MACLAREN

Really?

BLOOM

Not in a good way.

MACLAREN

Oh.

BLOOM

There have been a lot of arguments  
among the project team over you.  
And I should know, I've argued on  
both sides. Boy, did they ever  
give you a hard time --

(to Carly)

Remind me not to ever get on your  
bad side --

MacLaren jumps on that.

MACLAREN

Wait, you know who abducted my team?

Bloom holds up her hands, defensive.

BLOOM

Wasn't anyone on my team.

MACLAREN

They were tortured for days --

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

BLOOM

I know what happened, dear, I'm from the future. I'm sure it was terrible but the point is you found them...

(beat)

Well, we found them --

(before he can object)

But none of that matters now anyway. This is the big day. If this works, we're done.

Marcy and MacLaren exchange a look.

MARCY

If this works, we save tens of millions of lives --

BLOOM

Sure we do, but you're forgetting the oath you took before you came.

Trevor and MacLaren share a look.

TREVOR

"At peril of our own birth."

Bloom points her thumb at Trevor.

BLOOM

The handsome boy gets it.

MARCY

I'm sorry, I don't.

BLOOM

(to Trevor)

They're so cute when they're young.

(back to Marcy)

Everything up to now, all these missions... they've been preparation. Fine tuning for this moment. Not that it wasn't important work or didn't matter, but...

(off their looks)

If we successfully deflect asteroid Helios 685 we alter the course of humanity so profoundly it's highly probable that the time we come from -- everything between then and now -- The plagues, the shortages, the wars... none of that will happen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (4)

31

BLOOM (CONT'D)

(beat)

Which means its also highly  
probable... that neither will we.

\*  
\*

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

32 EXT. COLLIDER BUILDING - DAY (D2)(12:08 PM) 32

Carly is with a group of travelers looking up at the sky.

A HEAVY LIFT HELICOPTER -- approaches the facility with a huge CRATE hanging beneath it, obviously intending to lower it onto the roof of the building, where the EMT travelers are waiting. \*

CARLY -- taps her com, reporting. \*

CARLY

This is Carly. The device has arrived and it's being lowered into position.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

How's the perimeter looking?

Carly looks back at RESPONDERS being held at the gate, along with a number of police officers. \*

CARLY

Non traveler responders keep showing up and we keep telling them to leave. Sooner or later someone's not gonna take no for an answer, I could use those reinforcements.

33 INT. COLLIDER BUILDING - DAY (D2)(12:08 PM) 33

The SOUND of the helicopter reverberates throughout the room. MacLaren is looking at the retinal scanner with Trevor. Bloom is looking over his shoulder.

MACLAREN

(to Carly on com)

Well, keep saying no, I don't know what else to tell you.

CARLY (O.S.)

Copy.

BLOOM

Laser's here, I'm here, all we need now is access to the antimatter.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

MACLAREN

(to Trevor)

You're sure you can't bypass the retinal scan.

TREVOR

Philip's gonna try a software hack but Delaney did an excellent job.

(beat)

We may be stuck.

BLOOM

(to MacLaren)

Imagine why you're famous.

MACLAREN

This isn't really a problem. With or without Delaney we can trigger containment failure by shutting off its power supply --

BLOOM

Do it that way and we risk an asymmetrical collapse of the magnetic bottle. Would you stop improvising for one damn minute?

MACLAREN

Power shut off has always been the contingency --

Bloom lectures MacLaren like a school teacher.

BLOOM

An X-ray laser works by translating a very specific amount of energy from an antimatter or nuclear explosion into a coherent beam of X-rays. Too much and it'll overload the laser, too little and it won't deflect the target. This is my swan song, MacLaren, I would like to get it right and I would like to be the one who turns the key... I do not care to wing this.

Trevor gives MacLaren a look. She's right. MacLaren sighs.

MACLAREN

(to Philip)

How's your search going?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

PHILIP

I just found a car on security cams arriving at the facility this morning and leaving five minutes after. I can't identify the occupants but --

MACLAREN

Find that car. There's still time to get her here.

BLOOM

At least find her eye; that's all we really need.

Trevor gives her a disapproving look. Bloom winks at him.

BLOOM (CONT'D)

I'll be checking my science project on the roof if anybody needs me.

Bloom walks away from them. Trevor turns to MacLaren:

TREVOR

She's been like that for a hundred years. Don't take it personally.

MacLaren follows after Bloom.

34 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (D2)(12:10 PM)

34

Delaney sits, looking up at Gleason. \*

GLEASON

Private Wilson suffered third degree burns over 20% of his body and spent the last several weeks in a coma. Whoever intercepted his truck made it look like containment failed and there was an explosion. \*

DELANEY

How could you let that happen? Where were you during all this?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

GLEASON

(ignoring her)

Wilson came out of his coma in the middle of the night and I spoke with him this morning. He said he was stopped by "a woman in the middle of the road who was just standing there."

DELANEY

Damn it. You keep getting it right. The second you left I took off in my invisible helicopter --

GLEASON

This isn't funny.

DELANEY

If you actually listen to yourself, it's hilarious.

(beat)

Your own piece of shit portable containment unit weighed a couple of tons and needed a Mack truck to pull it around. How the hell would I --

GLEASON

There are plenty of foreign powers capable of engineering --

DELANEY

Why would I have waited until you took it from me to sell it if I already had it?!

GLEASON

A few minutes ago you were sticking to your story that it never existed.

Delaney slumps her head.

35 EXT. COLLIDER BUILDING - DAY (D2)(12:15 PM)

35 \*

Marcy, tucked into a corner for some make-shift privacy, takes out her cell phone. Her call goes to voicemail.

MARCY

Hey, David, its me. I guess it's my turn to leave a goofy message... I know how stressed out you get when you don't hear from me. So I wanted you to know I might be away for a while, or maybe even... relocated.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

MARCY (CONT'D)

I didn't want you wondering or  
worrying if you don't hear from me.

(beat)

If that happens -- I don't know for  
sure if it will but just in case --  
thank you for being there for me  
when I really needed someone. In  
another time or another life, right?

(beat)

Well... Bye.

Marcy hangs up and walks over toward:

BLOOM AND MACLAREN -- who look up at the roof of the building  
where a team of traveler EMT's open the sides of the container  
they landed on the roof. Inside is the X-RAY LASER, twenty  
feet tall, black and chrome metal, with a broad convex base.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Over by the chemical leak the lights of fire trucks are  
flashing but nobody works to stop it.

\*

BLOOM

I spent my life designing that thing  
and now I'm just gonna blow it up.

(beat)

How's that for the circle of life?

BLOOM -- has to lean against MacLaren and grimaces in pain  
just as Marcy arrives.

MARCY

Are you feeling ill?

BLOOM

My host was dying of cancer. Whatever  
pain medication she was on --

MARCY

Let me go get you something.

Marcy turns to go.

BLOOM

Wait...

Bloom had her hand in her pocket and pulls out a joint and a  
lighter.

BLOOM (CONT'D)

I think I would've liked this woman.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

MACLAREN  
Are you serious?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

BLOOM

One of the best pain meds there ever was. Look it up.

MARCY

(with a shrug)  
She's not wrong.

BLOOM

The firing window is two hours, four minutes and eleven seconds away and all I have to do is turn a key.  
(beat)  
Rather not do that in pain.

MACLAREN

I'll be inside.

MacLaren exits. Bloom takes a hit, unsure what to expect. She doesn't even cough. She holds it in her lungs and hands the joint to Marcy who holds up her hand. No thanks.

36 INT. COLLIDER BUILDING - DAY (D2)(12:18 PM)

36 \*

Philip has connected to the interface with his laptop.

ON THE SCREEN -- A few pieces of code blink and disappear. Suddenly the whole screen goes black.

TREVOR

What happened?

Phil types faster ignoring him as MacLaren enters.

MACLAREN

Progress?

PHILIP

I think my hack attempt just triggered a silent alarm. It's pinging to a remote I.P.

Philip begins typing again furiously.

MACLAREN

Can you ID its location?

PHILIP

Hold that thought...

Philip spins the screen so MacLaren and Trevor can SEE.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

ON THE SCREEN -- A hacked tablet camera. A moving blur and alarm chirping from the tablet.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Sir. It was in her bag.

GLEASON'S VOICE (O.S.)

What's this?

We briefly SEE Delaney's upside down face as Gleason shows her the screen.

TREVOR

Hello.

MacLaren heads toward the door.

MACLAREN

(as they go)

I'll take Marcy. Send me the coordinates en route!

37 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (D2)(12:18 PM)

37

Gleason holds Delaney's tablet out toward her. An alarm interface flashing on the tablet.

GLEASON

What does this mean?

DELANEY

It means that your people are in my lab trying to break into the containment unit, and they don't know what the fuck they're doing.

GLEASON

I only have one person there and he wouldn't know how to break into his lunch box. You tell me who it is.

38 EXT. VAN HUIZEN COMPOUND - DAY (D2)(12:20 PM)

38

Carly argues with a FIREMAN, 40s.

CARLY

Sir, all I know is the device on the roof is to help deal with the chemical leak --

\*  
\*  
\*

MACLAREN'S FTRA VAN -- drives up to her and stops.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

MACLAREN

Philip found Delaney. The Engineer  
wants her here.

\*  
\*

CARLY

We can't keep this up much longer.

\*

MACLAREN

We only need another hour or so.  
Give us a head start then blow the  
second charge.

\*  
\*

CARLY

All right. Go get her.  
(tapping her com)  
Trevor, blow the main in ten seconds.

TREVOR (O.S.)

Copy.

The VAN -- pushes through the crowd of police and emergency responders being held back at the barrier by Carly and a number of other travelers and heads down the road, when:

BOOM! A giant fireball erupts from behind the emergency vehicles parked around the earlier leak. The cops and responders trying to get in SEE a CLOUD of gas rising from the source of the fireball.

CARLY -- shouts to the responders, pulling on a gas mask.

CARLY

That is deadly toxic gas coming this  
way people! Get in your vehicles  
and get outta here now!

A half dozen vehicles are suddenly on the move. The Traveler Security Guard, also wearing a gas mask, comes up alongside Carly, watching them flee.

TRAVELER SECURITY GUARD

If they figure out this one is fake  
they'll be back in numbers.

CARLY

All we need is a little more time.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

39 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (D2)(12:30 PM)

39 \*

Delaney and Gleason are interrupted by an urgent KNOCK at the door. The SERGEANT sticks his head in.

SERGEANT

Excuse me, Major, there's a special agent from the FBI who wants to talk --

GLEASON

Tell him I'm busy.

SERGEANT

Not to you, sir. To her.

40 INT. ND BUILDING - RECEPTION - DAY (D2)(12:30 PM)

40 \*

Gleason enters and walks over to MacLaren, impatient.

GLEASON

Special Agent..?

MacLaren shows him his badge.

MACLAREN

MacLaren, FBI. Major..?

GLEASON

Gleason. You must be who triggered Delaney's little alarm --

MACLAREN

Actually the doctor is part of an ongoing investigation that the bureau has had underway for months. So imagine our surprise when you show up outta nowhere and take her to wherever the hell this place is.

GLEASON

This is --

MACLAREN

-- Certainly *not* an official military facility, which is the only place you would have any sort of jurisdiction or right to questioning *anyone*, let alone Delaney.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

GLEASON

All right, tell me, who was she  
selling to?

MACLAREN

*Selling to?*  
(incredulous)  
What d'you think you're doing?!  
This is not your job, Major --

GLEASON

I have good reason to suspect --

MACLAREN

-- It is, however, *my* job. You do  
know that...

MacLaren casually touches his com, then blasts him:

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

You know what? I'm not interested  
in having this conversation anymore,  
just let me see her right now before  
I call your superiors and tell them  
you've been freelancing as a private  
fucking detective.

Gleason has no recourse but to let MacLaren see her.

41 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (D2)(12:31 PM)

41 \*

Gleason opens the door and is shocked to find the room empty.  
MacLaren turns, expectantly.

MACLAREN

Go ahead, bring her in.  
(off Gleason's look)  
What.

Gleason runs out of the room and yells to the Sergeant:

GLEASON

Lock down the building! Find her!

42 INT. ND BUILDING - RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS (D2)(12:31 PM)

42 \*

MacLaren is close behind Gleason.

MACLAREN

Gleason, are you kidding me?

GLEASON

My men will find her.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

MacLaren blasts him again, ordering:

MACLAREN

No, they will stand down and stay out of this! What the hell is wrong with you? Who knows how much damaged you've caused.

MacLaren leaves the building furiously.

43 INT. MACLAREN'S VAN - MOVING - DAY (D2)(12:34 PM)

43

MacLaren drives for a beat, then is hailed on his com.

CARLY (O.S.)

I've released all non-essential personnel. Where are my reinforcements?

MACLAREN

They should be there any second.

DELANEY (O.S.)

(muffled)

Can I get up now?!

Marcy pulls Delaney up from her hiding spot below the seat.

DELANEY (CONT'D)

What's going -- OW!

Marcy jabs the auto-injector into Delaney's arm without warning.

DELANEY (CONT'D)

What the hell was that?

MARCY

Anti-toxin for the chemical leak at Van Huizen.

DELANEY

What chemical leak?

MACLAREN

That's part of a longer conversation.

Delaney realizes what's going on.

DELANEY

You found my biometric lock.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

MACLAREN

Yes, we did. And we're going to  
need you to unlock it.

44 INT. TOUR BUS - DAY (D2)(12:40 PM)

44

Earl and the Pastor are parked at the side of the road to  
get out of the way of emergency vehicles racing away from  
Van Huizen.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

EARL

Ever get the feeling you're headed  
the wrong direction?

PASTOR

Well, at least we can say we saw a  
dog.

EARL

It was a bear.

PASTOR

It was a beautiful living thing out  
in the world.

They agree on that, then pull into Van Huizen, where Carly  
is waiting for them. The Driver opens the bus door. \*

CARLY

You're late.

EARL

Long drive.

CARLY

Know where you need to go?

EARL

Rest room.

(beat)

Then yeah, we know what we're here  
to do.

CARLY

Let's go.

She steps into the bus and they drive toward the collider  
building.

45 INT. ND BUILDING - RECEPTION - DAY (D2)(12:40 PM)

45

Gleason is about to head out the door and probably go to a  
bar when his Sergeant, still at a desk, calls him over.

SERGEANT

Sir? You should see this.

The Sergeant turns his laptop around.

A WIDE SHOT -- of a column of smoke rising from buildings.

A BANNER below READS: TOXIC CHEMICAL EXPLOSION AT VAN HUIZEN  
RESEARCH FACILITY.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

GLEASON  
We haven't heard from Morrison?

SERGEANT  
I can't reach him, either.

Gleason thinks back to the last time he was there:

46 INT. COLLIDER BUILDING - FLASHBACK - DAY

46 \*

Major Gleason stands opposite Delaney in the scene from 102.

GLEASON  
(to MacLaren)  
Can you guys be somewhere else for a  
few minutes please?

DELANEY  
You're fine, go back to work.

MacLaren -- gives a little wave and pretends to be checking  
with a device of some kind.

47 INT. ND BUILDING - RECEPTION - DAY (D2)(12:40 PM)

47 \*

Gleason realizes he's been played and turns to his Sergeant.

GLEASON  
You son of a bitch...  
(then)  
I need the squad fully armed and  
ready to go right now.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

48 EXT. VAN HUIZEN COMPOUND - DAY (D2)(12:50 PM)

48

Carly instructs the Pastor and Earl where to place their squads, as they emerge from the tour bus and are handed weapons in the B.G.

CARLY

Leave two in the bus. I want your squad over on that roof...

(pointing)

Yours over there. That should place any attacking force in a field of fire between you.

PASTOR

Protocol 3 hasn't been waived.

CARLY

They won't know about Protocol 3.

EARL

They're gonna figure it out pretty quick.

CARLY

Let me worry about that.

(then)

Who's your best sniper?

EARL

(to Becky)

Becky?

CARLY

You're with me.

Becky and Carly head off to their own position, leaving the Pastor and Earl to shake hands and part.

PASTOR

Well, Earl, let's just agree it was a bear and get on with this.

Earl smiles and leads his team to take their position.

MACLAREN'S VAN -- Pulls up outside building 26 and parks. Marcy and Delaney get out of the car.

DELANEY -- looks up at the roof of the building.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

THE LASER -- now has steam rising from parts of it like a rocket about to launch.

DELANEY

What the fuck is that thing?!

MARCY

That's also part of a longer conversation. This way please.

Marcy leads her into the building.

CARLY -- comes over to MacLaren, Becky in tow.

CARLY

You're cutting it close.

MACLAREN

There's plenty of time.

CARLY

I wish.

MacLaren takes her aside a few steps and kisses her, gently. A goodbye.

MACLAREN

Me too.

They part, and MacLaren walks by Becky, who smiles broadly having witnessed the kiss, as he goes back into the building.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Hi.

BECKY

Hello.

49 EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY (D2)(12:55 PM)

49

Two military vehicles race down the road.

50 INT. MILITARY VEHICLE - DAY (D2)(12:55 PM)

50

Gleason sits shotgun in one of two vehicles racing toward Van Huizen. \*

He speaks to his troops over his radio calmly and directly:

GLEASON

I've alerted my superiors of the threat but for now we are it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

GLEASON (CONT'D)

We're going to do whatever it takes  
to retake the facility.

51 INT. COLLIDER BUILDING - DAY (D2)(1:10 PM)

51 \*

Delaney is already in a heated conversation with MacLaren.  
Bloom is there, arms crossed.

DELANEY

I heard you the first time. No.

BLOOM

Oh, for chrissakes, just knock the  
woman out, point her eye toward the  
damn thing and get on with it.

DELANEY

And you are?

BLOOM

The engineer who designed that thing  
on your roof. Call me Bloom.

DELANEY

What *is* that thing?

Bloom turns to MacLaren.

BLOOM

Tell her.

MACLAREN

An X-Ray laser.

DELANEY

And we're back to no.

TREVOR

Travelers like ourselves have been  
building and assembling components  
for it for over a year.

DELANEY

To do what with it?

MACLAREN

There's an asteroid on a collision  
course with Earth called Helios 685.  
It hasn't yet been detected but  
will strike the Atlantic ocean 18  
months from now. The wave wipes out  
most of the Eastern seaboard.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

(beat)

The resulting environmental effects,  
shortages and wars that follow are  
unrecoverable.

DELANEY

How the hell could you possibly -- ?

PHILIP

We're from the future.

Delaney is so stunned she doesn't even tell him to fuck off.

BLOOM

Just came from there myself. I don't  
recommend it.

DELANEY

Why hasn't this asteroid been  
detected?

TREVOR

Helios will be detected two months  
from now but by then it's too late.

BLOOM

If my X-Ray laser is fired precisely  
twelve minutes from now the beam  
will strike Helios and deflect it by  
.07 degrees.

MARCY

Enough to miss the Earth in 18 months.

MACLAREN

A near miss that will hopefully bring  
the nations of the world together  
and recognize what they have to lose.

(beat)

You saw the laser. You know the  
21st century has nothing like that.

Delaney is unable to ignore the growing evidence.

DELANEY

To power it you need the energy  
release from a matter-antimatter  
detonation.

(he nods)

The blast radius could be miles wide --

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

BLOOM

People will die, yes. Certainly everyone here. But the laser will translate most of that energy into the beam.

MACLAREN

We would rather do this with your help. But we are doing this.

\*  
\*

Delaney hesitates, stunned, unsure of what to do.

BLOOM

By all means, dear, take your time.

52 EXT. VAN HUIZEN PERIMETER - DAY (D2)(1:12 PM)

52

The Traveler Security Guard positioned at the perimeter sees two military vehicles coming down the road. All of the other emergency vehicles are gone as a result of the second explosion. The Traveler Guard taps his com.

TRAVELER SECURITY GUARD

Two military vehicles approaching.

THE TRAVELER SECURITY GUARD flags down the lead vehicle.

TRAVELER SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to turn around! There's been a chemical leak.

Gleason points his nine millimeter at the guard.

GLEASON

Get out of the way.

TRAVELER SECURITY GUARD

Sir, I'm afraid I can't --

Gleason shoots him in the chest.

53 EXT. COLLIDER BUILDING - DAY (D2)(1:12 PM)

53

Carly and two teams of travelers are in position to defend the building with military style weapons.

CARLY

They're coming!  
(tapping her com)  
Fire teams stand by.

54 INT. COLLIDER BUILDING - DAY (D2)(1:42 PM) 54

MacLaren receives Carly's report.

CARLY (O.S.)

A full squad just entered the compound.

MACLAREN

You need to hold them off another six minutes.

DELANEY

Hold who off?

MACLAREN

Gleason and his men. You're up, doctor.

Delaney steps towards the antimatter containment device and begins the retinal scan.

55 EXT. VAN HUIZEN COMPOUND - DAY (D2)(1:15 PM) 55

The Tour Bus Travelers are in positions on and around the building. The bus is parked across the building entrance.

THE MILITARY TRUCKS -- roll into the compound.

CARLY -- taps her com.

CARLY

Stand by... Now. \*

BECKY -- fires at the tires of the lead vehicle, then takes out the other tires once they've stopped. \*

Gleason's men swarm out of the vehicles: all in combat armor. They advance on foot from there. \*

Carly and Becky are in a position that overlooks the compound.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Begin suppression fire.

(to Becky)

You focus on the officer.

A volley of fire hits the military trucks from all sides.

Sparks fly on the ground all around Gleason.

GLEASON

Take cover!

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

The men try to find cover behind their vehicles, but gunfire continues to rain all around them, hitting the vehicles and the ground.

56 INT. COLLIDER BUILDING - DAY (D2)(1:15 PM)

56 \*

Marcy, Trevor and Philip each take up defensive positions. We HEAR the sound of gunfire outside the building.

Delaney looks lost, sitting with Bloom, who comes over to MacLaren.

BLOOM

You should know I'm hardest on people  
I think have the most potential.

Before he reacts she addresses all of them:

BLOOM (CONT'D)

Time to go people! Take Dr Delaney  
with you, the future could use her.

MACLAREN

We're staying until this is done.

BLOOM

If you hadn't brought Delaney here  
I'd have been forced to agree with  
you. There's just time to get her  
to minimum safe distance.

MACLAREN

Those soldiers are eventually going  
to make it inside --

BLOOM

By then they're be no getting out of  
here and it'll be in the hands of  
the Director...

(beat)

Now do you get it?

MacLaren looks to Delaney then at his team.

57 EXT. COLLIDER BUILDING - DAY (D2)(1:15 PM)

57 \*

EARL -- fires across the hood of one of the vehicles.

EARL

I think they're catching on!

GLEASON -- taking cover behind the first vehicle, takes a  
quick survey of his men. None are hit.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

On a hunch, he stands up in the open and fires.

A fresh burst of fire hits the ground all around him. Gleason looks around him. All of the shots missed.

He waves his arm forward.

GLEASON

They're not shooting to kill! Let's go! Go, go!

Gleason's forces advance with impunity now, finding targets and shooting to KILL as the walk toward the building.

Gleason's Sergeant tosses a stun grenade inside the bus.

BOOM -- it goes off, disabling the travelers inside.

CARLY -- reports to MacLaren, tapping her com.

CARLY

Request permission to use deadly force!

58 INT. COLLIDER BUILDING - DAY (D2)(1:15 PM)

58

MacLaren and his team are already headed to the exit.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MACLAREN

Negative, we're coming out of the south door! Have your teams give us cover fire and meet us on the way!

\*

CARLY

What?!

MACLAREN

Orders from the Engineer! We need to get Delaney to safe distance!

58A EXT. VAN HUIZEN COMPOUND - DAY (D2)(1:15 PM)

58A

GLEASON -- along with his Sergeant and three soldiers enter the collider building.

59 INT. COLLIDER ROOM - DAY (D2)(1:16 PM)

59

Bloom goes over to the FIRING PANEL which includes a screen and a key, already inserted. She presses a couple of buttons and a light shoots up from the top of the machine.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED:

59

GLEASON -- enters with his Sergeant and the three soldiers.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2)

59

BLOOM -- takes out her lighter and fires up the last of her joint. She inhales and holds it in a moment as Gleason's men search the room. It's just her. She exhales.

BLOOM  
It's medicinal, I swear.

60 EXT. VAN HUIZEN COMPOUND - DAY (D2)(1:16 PM)

60

MacLaren, Delaney and his team round the building, twenty yards from one of their VANS.

CARLY  
Cover fire, now!

The travelers in position lay down cover fire as MacLaren leads his team and Delaney across the compound to the Van.

He gets in and starts it up as Delaney and the others pile in the back.

MACLAREN  
Carly, we gotta go!

Carly crosses the compound under fire and climbs in.

THE VAN -- peels off under fire from the few remaining soldiers.

61 INT. COLLIDER ROOM - DAY (D2)(1:16 PM)

61

Gleason points his gun at Bloom, who drops her joint on the floor and steps on it.

GLEASON  
Step away.

Bloom puts her hand on the key.

BLOOM  
I'd tell you to run, but with just  
87 seconds to go we're past that  
now. Probably too much to ask that  
I be the one who turns the key when --

\*  
\*  
\*

Gleason fires and shoots Bloom three times. She collapses to the floor, dead.

62 EXT. VAN HUIZEN COMPOUND - DAY (D2)(1:17 PM)

62

MacLaren drives out of the compound, headed down the road.

63 INT. COLLIDER ROOM - DAY (D2)(1:17 PM)

63 \*

Gleason lowers his weapon, then gestures to one of his soldiers.

GLEASON  
Make sure she's dead.

SOLDIER ONE goes toward the body, then an AURA appears. He falls to his knees, holding his head then is cut off mid-scream and replaced by a new Traveler.

SOLDIER ONE stands and goes over toward the key.

GLEASON (CONT'D)  
What're you doing? Stop!

Gleason shoots him dead.

With horror, Gleason watches as another one of his men, SOLDIER TWO is taken over, then marches towards the key.

GLEASON FIRES, and the second soldier goes down...

The remaining two men, SOLDIER THREE and the Sergeant, are taken over at once, screaming through the transition.

GLEASON (CONT'D)  
Sergeant! Stand down!

The Sergeant rushes towards Gleason, while the second soldier marches over to the key.

GLEASON -- shoots the former Sergeant who drops. Gleason then turns and fires at the final Soldier, who collapses but with zombie-like determination, continues to crawl on his belly towards the key. \*

Gleason SHOOTS him again until he remains still.

Gleason surveys the bloody scene. He's the last one left. He knows what's going to happen next. He presses the muzzle of his gun under his chin. He's scared to pull the trigger.

A WARNING LIGHT begins to flash on the firing panel.

GLEASON -- closes his eyes and pulls the trigger.

CLICK. Again. CLICK. He's out of ammunition.

A GLOWING AURA overtakes Gleason and he screams horribly, still pulling the trigger of his gun. CLICK! CLICK!

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

The man who used to be Gleason opens his eyes, his face blank and serene. He tosses aside the gun and goes to the firing panel.

The WARNING LIGHT flashes several times, then stops.

He turns the key.

64 EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY (D2)(1:17 PM)

64 \*

MacLaren drives as fast as he can.

65 INT. VAN - MOVING - DAY (D2)(1:17 PM)

65 \*

Philip is watching the time in the back.

PHILIP

That's time! Close your eyes!

WHITE LIGHT blooms all around them, forcing them to close their eyes against the light.

66 EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY (D2)(1:17 PM)

66 \*

WIDE -- as the van screeches to a stop, turning sideways.

A brilliant column of light rising into the sky, followed by a small mushroom cloud.

67 INT. VAN - DAY (D2)(1:17 PM)

67 \*

They all turn to SEE the explosion as the shock wave gently shakes the van for a few seconds then dissipates to silence.

The silence continues for a moment.

DELANEY

How will we know if it worked?

MACLAREN

I'm not sure if it did...

CARLY

Why?

MACLAREN

Because we're all still here.

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #107

"Protocol 5"

Written by  
SB Edwards  
&  
Ashley Park  
&  
Pat Smith  
&  
Jay Whiting

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TRAVELERS  
"Protocol 5"  
Set List - Goldenrod Pages - 05.12.16

Exteriors

ALLEYWAY  
- Back Alley

BOUTIQUE VINTAGE CLOTHING  
SHOP

\*COURTYARD

CITY STREET

FOOD TRUCK

GARAGE

PET STORE

RAY'S SEDAN

~~ROOFTOP BBQ~~

WATERFRONT

Interiors

BOUTIQUE VINTAGE CLOTHING  
SHOP

~~CAFE~~

CAR

CARLY'S HOUSE  
- Bedroom  
- Kitchen  
- Living Room

DAVID'S APARTMENT

\*DREAMSCAPE

FBI FIELD OFFICE

GARAGE

MACLAREN'S HOUSE  
- Bedroom

MACLAREN'S SUV  
- Moving

RUNDOWN HALLWAY

TBD (Church/Community  
Center)

TREVOR'S HOUSE

TEASER

68 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N2)(8:09 PM)

68 \*

WE SEE Philip's computer monitor -- the deep web flooded with messages and words of celebration.

ON SCREEN: "CONGRATULATIONS. HELIOS-685 CONQUERED. FREEDOM."

PHILIP

(re: his monitors)

The deep web is blowing up. Travelers all over the world are celebrating.

The POP of a champagne bottle takes us to:

TREVOR -- proudly holding the bottle, smiles at the rest of the team who are scattered around the space.

TREVOR

I bought stuff to toast with. Figured we should celebrate 21st century style.

PHILIP

The 21st century has no idea we even saved them.

TREVOR

If they did, there'd be a lotta this.

Trevor hands out glasses. MacLaren declines.

MACLAREN

A lot of people died guys, let's not --

CARLY

And because of them a helluva lot more people are gonna live.

PHILIP

Ninety one million, four hundred and sixty two thousand more. It worked. In 18 months Helios is gonna miss.

CARLY

(to MacLaren)

Isn't that worth taking a moment?

MacLaren nods and Trevor pours him a little and continues.

MACLAREN

Sure, okay.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

(beat)

I just never thought past the mission.  
 I mean the authorities can call it a  
 chemical explosion all they want but  
 the Russians and the Chinese have  
 satellites. They're going to know  
 there was an antimatter detonation.  
 This could end up in the same arms  
 race we were trying to --

Philip admonishes him a little, interrupting:

PHILIP

Boss, take the win. \*

MACLAREN

A'right. \*

(then) \*

Anybody else's arm killing them? \*

MARCY

I warned you the inoculation might  
 have side effects. \*

Trevor pours final glass of champagne to Marcy.

TREVOR

(re: champagne)

How 'bout a toast?

MacLaren raises a glass.

MACLAREN

I'm not big on speeches, so:

(raising his glass)

May you all live long lives.

(then)

Cheers, Prost, Salut, Viva, Bud'mo,  
 Skol, and Mazel tov!

They all drink the champagne. They all hate it.

MARCY

Oh my god.

MACLAREN

That's just wrong.

TREVOR

Sorry, guys I only had twenty bucks  
 on me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARCY

What did you mean by "may you all  
live long lives"?

(beat)

That sounds like there will be no  
more missions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MACLAREN

Well... We may have done what we came here to do... created a future where we're no longer needed. All we have to do now is live out our lives. These lives, I mean.

\*

TREVOR

Protocol five indefinitely.

Beat.

PHILIP

We could still receive instructions.

MACLAREN

Sure we could. Maybe we will.

(beat)

I guess we'll see.

He and Carly exchange a long look.

69 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N2)(11:29 PM) 69

Marcy enters, shaken, exhausted. She walks up to the kitchen and pours herself a glass of water. Drinking it helps.

She moves to the couch and lies down under a blanket, staring ahead, eyes wide open. She rubs the welt on her arm.

70 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (N2)(11:29 PM) 70

Carly lies in bed, distracted, unable to sleep. She closes her eyes and tries again.

JEFFREY JR begins to WAIL. Carly opens her eyes, sighs and reluctantly gets up to check on the baby.

71 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (N2)(11:29 PM) 71

MacLaren lies in bed, staring at the ceiling, eyes wide open, Kathryn fast asleep beside him.

He looks to her, then back to the ceiling. An angry, red welt is visible on his arm.

72 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N2)(11:29 PM) 72

Philip is at his computer growing more agitated. He gets up and searches for something.

He checks the usual spots: drawers, cupboards, hidden corners. No heroin. He's out, and he needs it bad.

(CONTINUED)

- 72 CONTINUED: 72  
Philip grabs his coat and leaves.
- 73 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N2)(11:29 PM) 73  
Trevor sits on the floor with his back against the couch, shirtless, meditating. He has the same welt on his arm as MacLaren.  
As he meditates, night becomes day.  
It's morning.  
His eyes open. Wide awake. Unslept.
- 74 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D3)(6:03 AM) 74  
Marcy rolls over, staring straight ahead, she hasn't slept a wink. \*  
\*  
The sound of the front door closing gets her attention. She gets up to find a note from David on the table. \*  
\*  
It reads: Sleep in. Gone shopping. David. \*  
Marcy moves to a drawer in the living room. She opens it and pulls out a SHRINK-WRAPPED WHITE BOX. \*  
OFF her look of determination.
- 75 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D3)(6:24 AM) 75  
Philip wanders the streets, on the prowl for his fix. He clearly hasn't slept either.
- 76 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D3)(6:27 AM) 76  
Carly, unslept, mops the floor. She's done every chore, she needs something else to do. \*  
Carly opens a drawer and pulls out a wooden spoon and knife. She transitions effortlessly into a twelve-count "knife and stick" drill, the blade and baton twirling in her hands.  
The routine provides Carly some calm, until Jeffrey Jr's FRESH CRIES from the other room breaks her concentration.  
Defeated, Carly puts down the spoon and knife, moving out of the kitchen.

CARLY

A whole hour. That's a record.

77 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (D3)(6:30 AM)

77

MACLAREN -- still wide awake in bed at dawn. He hasn't slept either.

He looks over to SEE Kathryn, peaceful, asleep.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

And his ALARM goes off.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

78 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D3) (7:00 AM)

78 \*

Philip is hovering by a DEALER and passes him a wad of bills. The Dealer offers him a cigarette pack.

PHILIP

I don't smoke.

DEALER

Then what do you want?

PHILIP

I, uh... I've never done this before,  
I have a friend who usually --

The Dealer takes him in: the sweats, the shakes.

DEALER

Yeah, sure. Just take the pack.

Philip takes the pack and looks inside to SEE a small baggie of heroin tucked in with some crushed smokes.

79 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D3) (1:30 PM)

79 \*

MacLaren is at his desk when FORBES hurries into their office.

MACLAREN

Afternoon.

\*

Forbes makes a show of closing their office door and pulling down the blinds.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

(intrigued)

What's up?

FORBES

This has always been solid, right?

(gestures)

Me and you.

MACLAREN

Are you breaking up with me?

FORBES

This is serious. I'm in trouble.

MACLAREN

What kind of trouble?

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

FORBES

What you got on this afternoon?

MACLAREN

(off his paperwork)

More of this.

FORBES

Not anymore. I need your help.

MACLAREN

Would you just tell me what's going on?

FORBES

Look, you've been dropping off the grid left and right lately, and I haven't asked a single question. You're my partner and I trust you. Do you trust me?

MACLAREN

(hard to argue)

Of course I do.

FORBES

(nodding)

Good. Let's go.

80 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D3)(1:33 PM)

80 \*

Medical equipment is laid out on the dining table, the SHRINK-WRAPPED WHITE BOX on the counter. There is a large mirror.

Marcy opens the kit to produce a VAGUS NERVE STIMULATOR (VNS).

The VNS is a small square generator, similar to a pacemaker, with a "Lead Cord" stemming from the top. She holds the generator to her chest and marks it off with a sharpie.

She then holds the Lead Cord up to her neck, marking an insertion point there as well.

She places the VNS on the counter, takes her shirt off and grabs a scalpel from the med kit. She looks at herself in the mirror and takes a deep breath.

81 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D3)(1:37 PM)

81 \*

Philip is wandering the streets, high, lost in his own world.

He scratches the welt on his arm.

82 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D3)(2:08 PM) 82

MacLaren drives with Forbes in the passenger seat.

MACLAREN

Give me a hint?

FORBES

The less you know, the better *for*  
*you*.

MACLAREN

Okay, but is this a family thing, a  
bureau thing, what?

FORBES

I'm telling you, Mac -- turn down  
the investigator dial.

(pointing)

Go this way. \*

MacLaren puts the signal on and turns down a narrow alley.

83 EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY (D3)(2:09 PM) 83

The SUV stops beside a dumpster and Forbes jumps out, walking  
to an alcove to retrieve a heavy rolling suitcase, like a  
hockey bag with wheels.

MacLaren moves to join him, rubbing his arm.

MACLAREN

You need my help with *this*?

FORBES

Why? You pull something, old man?

MACLAREN

I'm fine.

FORBES

Good. Open 'er up.

MacLaren opens the tailgate as Forbes lays the bag flat.  
They crouch down to hoist the heavy bag into the SUV and get  
it sorted.

MACLAREN

Okay, seriously, what is this?

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

FORBES

You helping me out of a tough spot,  
and we're almost done here, so let's  
go.

Forbes turns to walk back to the passenger seat, leaving  
MacLaren to stare after him.

FORBES (CONT'D)

(calling back)

Let's go!

84 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D3)(2:10 PM)

84

Carly sits on the floor with baby Jeffrey on her lap, watching  
an inane kid's program on the television.

She is bored out of her mind and massages her forehead,  
trying to stave off a headache.

CARLY

(to the baby)

How do you stand this?

The colorful image on her tv screen FLICKERS. Then CUTS TO  
BLACK.

Carly fiddles with the remote.

ON THE TV SCREEN

**WHEN ARE YOU FROM?**

Carly immediately turns the TV off, her heart racing. She  
goes to the window.

Nothing. She goes to the door and makes sure it's locked.  
It's locked...

She goes to get a gun from a locked case under her sofa.

85 INT. BOUTIQUE CLOTHING SHOP - DAY (D3)(2:10 PM)

85

NICK, 18, fellow football player, sifts through the clothing  
racks, checking out items in the store as Trevor hangs out  
near the changing curtains where RENE is trying stuff on. \*

RENE (O.S.)

None of this fits. I'm getting fat  
aren't I.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

TREVOR

I'm not sure you understand the meaning of the word.

RENE (O.S.)

Either I'm fat or my boobs got bigger.

The CASHIER rolls her eyes at Rene's privileged POV, keeping an eye on them all.

NICK

Maybe Trev got ya pregnant.

RENE (O.S.)

Shut up. Can you help me a sec?

TREVOR

Uh... I don't think that's --

Trevor hesitates, rubbing his arm.

Rene bursts from the curtains in jeans and a bra. She pulls Trevor inside.

RENE

C'mon. I need you in here.

IN THE CURTAINED SECTION:

Trevor enters the changing space to see that Rene has a pile of clothing and a heap of removed security tags.

The SECURITY TAG REMOVAL DEVICE sits on a changing bench.

RENE (CONT'D)

(whispering, excited)

I've got so much good shit here, babe. Check this out.

She picks up a top, shows it off.

RENE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Hot, right? Open back.

(re: what she's wearing)

And check these pants. Aren't they perfect?

TREVOR

Yeah, they're really... pants.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (2)

85

RENE  
(whispering)  
Open your coat. We gotta go.

TREVOR  
What?

RENE  
(whispering)  
Your coat. Open it up. My purse is full.

TREVOR  
(realizing)  
You want to steal all of this?

RENE  
Not *all* of it.

NICK -- skulks around the store, checking out a row of shoes. \*

RENE -- tries to stuff items into Trevor's coat.

TREVOR  
Rene, don't.

RENE  
C'mon, you love this. Help me.

NICK -- approaches the CASHIER with a shoe in hand. \*

NICK  
Hey, you got a size thirteen? \*

CASHIER  
Uhm...

Nick turns on the 'charm'. \*

NICK  
I know, right? It's so hard for me to find shoes, but I really dig these kicks. Could you maybe have a look? Like, in the back? \*

CASHIER  
In the back. Sure.

The Cashier smiles, acquiesces.

TREVOR -- continues to fight Rene inside the changing space.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (3)

85

TREVOR

Let's just go.

RENE

I thought this stuff got you hot.

(beat)

It gets me hot.

She kisses him on the neck.

TREVOR

Rene, I'm gonna haveta admit to a  
little confusion at this point --

As she moves in to seduce him, the curtain FLIES OPEN.

RENE

(re: the curtain)

Hey! That's illegal!

The Cashier looks at Rene's purse, brimming with clothes.

CASHIER

So's that.

The sound of the front door CHIMES. Nick's gone. \*

The Cashier turns to see him go and Rene takes her moment as  
well, bolting for the front door.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Hey!

The Cashier turns back to Trevor.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

The Director's gonna make you pay  
for this.

TREVOR

Excuse me?

CASHIER

Those clothes. You're paying for  
what they stole.

OFF Trevor, unsure of what just happened.

86 INT/EXT. RAY'S SEDAN - DAY (D3)(2:15 PM)

86

RAY drives by Philip walking down the street. Philip is  
unaware of his surroundings, veering too close to things --  
obviously high. Ray pulls up past Philip, then stops.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

He drums his fingers on the steering wheel, debating. Philip is getting further away.

RAY

Ah, shit.

Ray swings the car around and catches up to Philip.

RAY (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey, Phil!

Philip walks by, oblivious.

RAY (CONT'D)

C'mon, don't make me chase you...

Philip turns around and looks right through Ray, off somewhere nicer than here.

RAY (CONT'D)

Jesus. I thought you were done with that shit. Was I getting you Percocets just for show?

Philip finally seems to notice Ray and looks confused.

PHILIP

What do you want, Ray?

RAY

Get in the car, I'll take you home.

PHILIP

I'm taking a walk.

RAY

I can see that.

PHILIP

I don't have any bets for you today.

Philip pushes past Ray, bumping into a YOUNG FAMILY with a CHILD. They glare at him, offended.

RAY

Forget the bets, c'mon, let's go. You're scaring the children.

Ray grabs Philip by the sleeve and pulls him away.

PHILIP

(in their faces)

Boo.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2)

86

RAY  
C'mon... you hungry?

87 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (D3)(2:20 PM)

87 \*

SERENE MUSIC plays over Marcy's surgery. She smiles to herself in the mirror. The top portion of the device is already implanted in her neck, neatly stitched up overtop.

\*  
\*

She looks into a second mirror that provides a perfect view of her upper chest.

\*

Marcy grabs the scalpel and makes her incision. In the mirror the cut looks precise with very little blood.

WE SEE Marcy standing by the mirror: in reality an alarming amount of blood is dripping from the incision.

88 INT. BACK ALLEY - DAY (D3)(2:45 PM)

88 \*

Forbes rolls the mysterious bag forward.

\*

FORBES  
(turns)  
C'mon, let's go!

MACLAREN  
Walt, what are we doing?

FORBES  
Just keep it reigned in. These guys don't mess around.

They roll about halfway down a deserted hallway before an AUTHORITATIVE VOICE calls out of the darkness behind them.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Stop where you are!

They stop.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Weapons down! Put 'em on the floor!

MacLaren looks over at Forbes.

FORBES  
Okay, we're doing it!

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

MACLAREN  
 (to Forbes)  
 Seriously?

FORBES  
 It'll be all right.

Forbes draws his weapon and places it on the floor. MacLaren follows suit, reluctantly.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Get your hands up! Above your head!

They comply.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Eyes front!

MacLaren steps forward as TWO MASKED GUYS approach from behind. They take his arms down and hold them behind his back.

MacLaren stands, immobilized, when Forbes bends down and retrieves the weapons before stepping closer.

FORBES  
 Sorry, Mac.

MASKED GUY  
 Let's go.

The Masked Guys start to move MacLaren, but he's too quick, spinning out of their grasp with a series of martial arts moves before he bolts down the alleyway. \*

A CAR -- blocks his way, and he's stopped at a garage type door, which flies open. \*

89 EXT. COURTYARD - DAY (D3)(2:46 PM)

89 \*

MacLaren turns to see a party full of people standing there. \*

EVERYONE  
 Surprise! \*

He's stunned to find himself in the middle of courtyard, surrounded by a FEW DOZEN BUREAU COLLEAGUES. \*

MacLaren surveys the many smiling faces as Forbes emerges from the alley, rolling the heavy bag. \*

FORBES  
 Easy there, cowboy!

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

MacLaren looks up as Forbes approaches him with a smile.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

MACLAREN

You son of a bitch.

The Masked guy pulls off his mask and touches his sore jaw.

MASKED GUY

Got yourself some new moves, Mac.

MACLAREN

Oh, God, you're lucky I didn't break something!

MASKED GUY

I'm fine!

FORBES

All these years, and you still got no chill.

Forbes pats him on the back, returns his gun.

FORBES (CONT'D)

Happy anniversary, partner!

Forbes laughs as he unzips the rolling bag to reveal two propane barbecue tanks wrapped in blankets.

FORBES (CONT'D)

Thanks for the assist on the propane.

KATHRYN (O.S.)

Fifteen years and they can still surprise you.

MacLaren turns to find KATHRYN standing there.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Congratulations.

She leans in to kiss him, his expression suggesting he would have preferred the hostage situation.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

90 EXT. STREET - FOOD TRUCK - DAY (D3)(2:46 PM)

90 \*

Philip is in complete zombie mode, staring down at his plate: an unappetizing heap of COLORLESS PASTE at a table by a roadside food truck.

PHILIP

I swore to myself I'd never eat this shit again.

RAY

Then why'd you order it?

Philip looks back down: there is actually a hotdog and fries front of him.

PHILIP

I don't feel like eating.

RAY

Body needs fuel. When was the last time you had like a proper meal?

(beat)

Not that this is a proper meal, but all I see you eat is coke and twinkies.

PHILIP

I won't have this body for very long.

RAY

Not if all you eat is coke and twinkies you won't.

PHILIP

When did you start caring about my health?

RAY

This is your problem *exactly*. All you've ever prob'ly had are junkie friends. You never had someone just look out for you 'cause they care.

PHILIP

You only care because I give you bets.

RAY

Doesn't hurt, I'm not gonna lie.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

RAY (CONT'D)

(off his look)

Okay, so your special abilities are  
fundamental to our relationship.

(beat)

But lunch is on me, 'cause I'm a  
goddamn humanitarian.

91 EXT. BOUTIQUE CLOTHING SHOP - DAY (D3)(2:46 PM)

91 \*

Inside the store, we see Trevor handing the Cashier money.  
She looks down at it: it's more than enough.

With a nod from the Cashier, Trevor pockets his wallet and  
exits. He heads off down the street determined, but  
exhausted.

92 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (D3)(2:53 PM)

92 \*

MARCY -- stands in the bathroom looking in the mirror. \*

She HEARS the front door open as David enters the apartment.

DAVID (O.S.)

Hey, Marce?

MARCY

In here.

DAVID (O.S.)

I couldn't remember if you liked the  
green apples or the red --  
(seeing her)

Jesus!

MARCY

What.

David drops the groceries as he comes over to the table and  
takes in the horror show: Marcy stands calmly in her blood-  
stained clothing surrounded by bloody instruments and a blood  
smearing mirror, floor and sink. \*

DAVID

What the hell are you doing?!

MARCY

Minor surgery, nothing serious.

David looks at the bloody mess.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

DAVID  
(points to her chest)  
What did you do to yourself?

MARCY  
I've installed a Vagus Nerve  
Stimulator in order to minimize my  
seizures.

DAVID  
You're going to give *me* one! Normal  
people don't operate on themselves,  
Marcy...  
(beat)  
The *Terminator* maybe. That's it.

Marcy starts cleaning up.

MARCY  
It was minimally invasive.

Nothing from David, his mind is blown.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, I'll clean up the mess.

DAVID  
I'm not worried about the mess. The  
fact that you would do something  
like this alone is insane --

MARCY  
You would have made me go to a  
hospital.

DAVID  
Yes! Surgery! Yes!  
(then)  
Look at this place!

MARCY  
David, it's just a little blood.

DAVID  
No! It is a great deal of blood,  
How can you not recognize that! I  
mean, come on...  
(beat)  
I just, I can't keep doing this.

MARCY  
Doing what?

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2)

92

DAVID

Pretending this is normal.

(before she can object)

It's not just this, it's everything!  
 The staying out all night without  
 telling me where you are, the CPR  
 during phone conversations, oh, and  
 how 'bout that phone message telling  
 me that you might be *relocating* --  
 "Another time, another life" whatever  
 that means. It's not fair to me.  
 You just can't --

She steps in and kisses him, shutting him up. Again.

Beat. David's emotions are strained.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And please stop kissing me just to  
 shut me up, it's not...

MARCY

You want me to leave.

DAVID

No.

(beat)

You know what it is? Stop trying to  
 do everything alone. Let me in.  
 Let me help you with the battle.  
 Because I can't help but think  
 whatever it is you're doing... it's  
 a battle.

MARCY

Would you have helped with this?

DAVID

God no. But I am here for you for  
 anything and everything non surgical.

Marcy gives him a look.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Okay, very minor surgery. Like Band  
 Aids. I can do Band Aids.

93 EXT. COURTYARD - DAY (D3)(3:37 PM)

93 \*

The barbecue is in full swing, MUSIC UP, people mingling.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

MASKED GUY

I love this... Guy's a genius. People  
will be listening to this album  
hundreds of years from now.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MACLAREN

Nooo, they won't.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

FORBES  
(over the noise)  
Get 'im over here! Take that jacket  
off!

MacLaren winces from the welt on his arm as his jacket comes off, Kathryn stepping forward to retrieve it.

FORBES (CONT'D)  
Special Agent Grant MacLaren! In  
recognition of your many years of  
dedicated service to the bureau, the  
men and women of the division would  
like to present you with this token  
of our appreciation!

Forbes turns to present MacLaren with a football jersey, holding it up to show that "Helios" and the number "685" have been stitched on the back.

FORBES (CONT'D)  
Here's to fifteen years!

The CROWD CHEERS as MacLaren takes the jersey. He crumples it in his hand, trying to hide it.

FORBES (CONT'D)  
Hold it up!

MacLaren turns away with the jersey, but Forbes is too quick, snatching it out of his hands and holding it up.

MacLaren turns to SEE it actually says: "MacLaren 15".

FORBES (CONT'D)  
(calls out)  
Kat, get a picture!

Kathryn reaches into MacLaren's jacket to retrieve his cell phone. She turns the phone on and tries to unlock it, but the passcode is wrong. She tries again, same problem.

KATHRYN  
I can't get in.

FORBES  
Just swipe up! Swipe up!

MacLaren steps forward, unlocks the phone and hands it back.

KATHRYN  
You changed it?

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (3)

93

FORBES

Let's do this -- smile!

Kathryn holds up the phone and takes a picture, clearly troubled by what just took place.

94 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D3)(3:43 PM)

94

Carly, baby on arm, shuts all of her windows and closes the blinds. She goes over to her front door, jiggles the doorknob to make sure it's locked.

She bounces Jeffrey Jr up and down.

CARLY

We're just gonna play it extra safe today, okay?

House secure, she puts him down in his play pen and goes to her table. Carly begins to fold clothes and other sundries, when -- THE TV TURNS ON.

Carly turns around slowly, afraid of what she'll see.

ON SCREEN: she SEES what looks like pre-recorded CCTV footage of her, holding baby Jeffrey, standing in her living room at another time in the day.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Shit.

Carly runs over to the TV and unplugs it from the wall, the image finally going dead.

OFF Carly, terrified.

95 EXT. COURTYARD - DAY (D3)(3:53 PM)

95 \*

Later in the party, food and drinks flowing. Forbes is manning the burger station, when Kathryn approaches to assemble a plate.

KATHRYN

Hey, Walt. Thanks for setting this up, it means a lot to him.

Forbes glances to where MacLaren is cornered further away.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

FORBES

Yeah, he's all right.

(then)

How are things? You look good!

Everything fine now?

KATHRYN

Unless you know something I don't.

Forbes looks sheepish.

FORBES

Sorry, Mac mentioned he took you to the doctor's the other day. None of my business, shouldn't have brought it up.

KATHRYN

(surprised but covering)

No, no, that's fine. It was nothing serious.

FORBES

Glad to hear it.

KATHRYN

Yeah, we're all good.

She looks over at MacLaren, tight smile, not believing it.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Everything's good.

96 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY (D3)(4:00 PM)

96

Trevor strides with purpose around the corner of a city street and into an alleyway where he finds Nick and Rene. \*

TREVOR

What the hell was that? \*

NICK

You tell us, man. You totally botched it in there.

TREVOR

I did...

RENE

(flirty)

Was I gettin' you too worked up?

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

TREVOR  
(catching on)  
It was a terrible plan.

NICK \*  
It's *your* plan! We've done it like  
ten times!  
(then)  
You're killin' me, Trev.

Nick produces a PILL JAR. He opens it, takes a couple of  
pills, then tosses it to Trevor. Trevor manages to catch  
it. \*

NICK (CONT'D) \*  
Take your medicine, son, you are off  
your game.

TREVOR  
What are these?

NICK \*  
Xanax, man. Your fave.

Trevor reads the label and anger grows on his face.

TREVOR  
This is my mother's medication.

RENE  
Trevor...

TREVOR  
How did you get this?

NICK \*  
(dismissive)  
Dude, don't even.

Trevor gets up in Nick's face. \*

TREVOR  
Are you stealing from my family?

NICK \*  
You told me to!

Nick shoves him away. Trevor's ignores him, pockets the  
pills and turns to leave, but Nick spins him back. \*

NICK (CONT'D) \*  
Yo, be fair. I gave you the last  
stash.

(CONTINUED)

96

CONTINUED: (2)

96

Trevor turns to leave again. Nick shoves him from behind. \*

NICK (CONT'D) \*  
We had a deal, bitch.

Trevor turns back, heated. Ready.

RENE  
Guys. Chill.  
(to Trevor)  
Trev, your head is still healing.

TREVOR  
I'm not in any danger.

NICK \*  
Gimme the pills and you won't be.

TREVOR  
Walk away.

Cocky, Nick laughs off the confrontation. Then, he takes a \*  
swing at Trevor. BLOCKED.

RENE  
*Stop it.*

Nick then takes a series of determined swings at Trevor, \*  
each one of them expertly blocked or deflected.

RENE (CONT'D) \*  
Nick!

Out of instinct, Trevor throws a quick jab at Nick's nose. \*  
There is a SICKENING CRUNCH. Blood pours from Nick's face \*  
as he flies back and hits the ground, unconscious.

RENE (CONT'D)  
Oh my god... Is he dead?

EVERYTHING SLOWS DOWN as Trevor stands over Nick: who appears \*  
to be dead.

Shocked, he turns to Rene. Beat.

RENE (CONT'D)  
Trevor!

Trevor turns to receive a surprise blow across his face.

He stumbles back into Rene and looks up to SEE Nick, who \*  
stands unharmed.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (3)

96

NICK  
Fuck you, man.

\*

Nick skulks off down the alley. OFF on Trevor, disturbed.

\*

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

97 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D3)(4:08 PM)

97 \*

David and Marcy sit facing each other on the couch. David holds her hands palms up.

He sneaks a glance at the stitches on her chest and neck.

DAVID

Close your eyes and breathe slowly.

MARCY

What is this supposed to do?

David massages the center of her palms.

DAVID

This connects to the nerve in your head.

MARCY

No, it doesn't. Reflexology isn't real medicine.

DAVID

Next you're going to tell me the hip bone's not connected to the leg bone.

MARCY

It isn't.

DAVID

I'm trying to help you relax, just play along.

Marcy concedes and closes her eyes as David continues. It is peaceful and intimate.

He works upwards, massaging her forearms. He SEES the angry welt on her arm.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What happened there?

MARCY

It's nothing. A reaction from an injection.

DAVID

Injection of what?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

MARCY

An antitoxin.

DAVID

Antitoxin for..?

Marcy turns to SEE that David has suddenly been replaced by LUCA (Episode 104).

LUCA

Marcy, you're seeing things.

MARCY

What do you mean?

LUCA

The psychotropic effects of the antitoxin. You've been experiencing them all day, kiddo.

David has returned.

DAVID

Antitoxin for what?

MARCY

Sorry, I shouldn't have told you. I've been experiencing some side effects. They should wear off soon.

DAVID

Here we go.

MARCY

I thought the whole point of this exercise was to get me to relax.

DAVID

Okay. Sorry. Let's relax.

(beat)

So antitoxin... did you have anything to do with that huge explosion out at Van Huizen?

MARCY

You know about that?

DAVID

First mushroom cloud we've had in the area in seems like forever.

(then)

It was all over the news.

\*

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

97

DAVID (CONT'D)

Said it was some sort of combination  
of chemicals that leaked and  
accidentally combined and...

(beat)

Why am I telling you?

(beat)

They did say it was just an accident.  
Also that the area was evacuated and  
nobody was hurt.

He keeps massaging her hands in a gentle loop and she lets  
her head drop forward.

They sit for another quiet moment until -- blood begins to  
drip from her nose.

DAVID (CONT'D)

*Marcy.*

She opens her eyes and feels the blood dripping down.

98 EXT. COURTYARD - DAY (D3)(5:16 PM)

98 \*

Later in the day, MacLaren wanders past a GROUP OF FBI AGENTS,  
catching the eye of AGENT RILEY, 50s. \*

AGENT RILEY

MacLaren! Mac! We're talking about  
that time we had to evac out of the  
south shelter!

MacLaren reacts with surprise, listening closely.

AGENT RILEY (CONT'D)

(back to the group)

So the emergency alarm goes off,  
that reveille bell's ringing bloody  
murder --

(imitates the reveille  
bell)

People screaming, forgettin' their  
training, thinkin' we're all gonna  
die -- and here's 3468 leading the  
charge like he's the Architect  
himself! Tell the story!

MacLaren is painfully aware that he's hallucinating.

MACLAREN

(shaken)

You tell it, you're doing it better.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

Riley returns to the story as MacLaren peels past the group.

AGENT RILEY

So Mac's yells, "Shit! The warrant  
was in that coat!"

OFF THEIR LAUGHTER as Mac runs into Forbes, who's carrying  
two beers. He's moving to the music. \*

FORBES

Love this song... There you are. \*  
Where's your drink?

MACLAREN

I've had more than enough.

MacLaren declines.

FORBES

Don't quit on me now, Mac. You'll  
need courage for your speech.

MACLAREN

Speech?

FORBES

You thought you were going to get  
away without saying anything?

MACLAREN

Nobody wants to hear me --

FORBES

(turns to the party)  
Who wants to hear Mac's speech?

An ERUPTION OF ENTHUSIASTIC CHEERS, a few people yelling  
SPEECH! Drunkenly.

MACLAREN

I have to take a piss. I'll be back.

FORBES

Hold on.

Forbes reaches into his side pocket to produce a flask.

FORBES (CONT'D)

Scotch.

MacLaren wants to pass, but he's trapped. He downs a swig  
before Forbes releases him to wander off towards the double  
doors.

99 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D3)(5:26 PM)

99 \*

Ray and Philip walk.

RAY

You know what you need? Somethin' to love. It ain't good for anyone being cooped up in that garage, no sun, no companionship, no girlfriend.

(beat)

Boyfriend?

PHILIP

That's not a high priority either way.

RAY

What about a pet?

(beat)

You need something to talk to other than yourself or your computer.

Philip really thinks about it for a moment.

PHILIP

I've heard a dog is man's best friend.

RAY

A puppy? Yeah, right...

100 EXT. CITY STREET/PET STORE - DAY (D3)(5:50 PM)

100\*

Ray and Philip walk out of the pet store. No puppy. Instead, Philip has a clear plastic jar with a TURTLE inside.

RAY

This is much better.

(beat)

Puppy's a *lotta* commitment, Phil. Too much effort. Have to pick up their shit, they bark, you can't travel anywhere. Professional gambler like yourself's gotta be able to pick up and fly to Vegas at any time, right?

They walk over to Ray's sedan and load up the trunk with the glass tank and other turtle paraphernalia.

Philip holds the jar with the turtle inside, genuinely touched.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

PHILIP

Thanks, Ray. She's cute.

Ray waves him off.

RAY

There's one more place I want to  
take ya.

101 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D3)(5:50 PM)

101\*

Trevor and Rene walk down the street. He is still frustrated  
and exhausted.

RENE

You okay?

TREVOR

(feeling his head)

Yeah. I think so.

RENE

I thought you were gonna kick his  
ass.

TREVOR

I'm sorry if who I am doesn't work  
for you anymore.

RENE

No, I like who you are. To be honest,  
I was never really into that other  
stuff, anyway. I just played along.

TREVOR

Really?

RENE

True story.

Rene smiles at him, genuine. Through the downtown core,  
Trevor spots the ocean. It looks enticing.

TREVOR

I'd like to show you something.

102 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D3)(6:00 PM)

102\*

Carly stands on a ladder checking the top corner of the  
ceiling. She turns back to SEE her living room from the  
same angle as the CCTV feed from before. Looks about right.

She runs her fingers over the spot. Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

CARLY

I know the camera's here, somewhere...

Carly turns around to check her angle of visibility again,  
SEES the TV.

It's off, but still a looming presence in the space.

She looks to Jeffrey Jr, in his high chair.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I won't let them hurt  
you.

103 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D3)(6:08 PM)

103

Marcy, perched on the couch, rummages through her med kit  
while David wipes the last bit of blood from her face.

MARCY

I should've known it wasn't going to  
work. It's not even made for this.  
Vagus nerve stimulation was meant  
for treating epilepsy, it only made  
it worse --

\*  
\*

DAVID

Marcy, slow down.

MARCY

It was a complete waste of time.

She touches her bandaged incision.

MARCY (CONT'D)

I'll have to cut this out again.

DAVID

Nooooooo, not now. *Slow down.* C'mon.  
Take a breath.

He holds her shoulders. She takes a deep breath.

MARCY

I'm so tired.

DAVID

I know.

MARCY

You want to help me?

(CONTINUED)



103 CONTINUED:

103

MARCY

Not really. You said no surgery.

DAVID

I refuse to operate on you, yes, I'm sorry, that's where I draw the line. That doesn't make me a bad person.

MARCY

It's more of a procedure.

(beat)

A simple one.

DAVID

How simple? Because you said the last one was *minor*.

MARCY

You can do it, I know you can. I've wanted to ask you before but I was afraid you'd say no.

DAVID

Okay. What d'you want me to do?

OFF David's look.

104 EXT. CHINESE GARDENS - DAY (D3)(6:30 PM)

104

Trevor and Rene sit in a secluded space on. They both have their eyes closed, meditating. Beat. \*

RENE -- opens her eyes with a smile. She looks to Trevor who sits, focused, stoic.

TREVOR

I know you're staring at me.

She bursts out laughing.

RENE

How?

Trevor opens his eyes with a smirk.

TREVOR

Because I'm highly trained.

RENE

How do you do that? Clear your mind?

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

TREVOR

Most of the time it's easy, but today  
I'm finding it a little difficult.

RENE

(flirty)

Am I distracting you?

TREVOR

A lot's changed the last little while.

RENE

What? Talk to me.

For the first time, Trevor wants to open up to her.

TREVOR

I thought my life had a purpose.  
And then one day I woke up, almost  
surprised to be alive, and I found  
that my purpose was gone.

Rene nods.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Everything I've been doing has been  
focused on this one... mission, you  
know? And now that there's no mission  
I'm just... living a stranger's life.

Beat.

RENE

It must be hard not being able to  
play football, but just so you know,  
I've never been with you 'cause you  
were like some superstar quarterback.

TREVOR

No?

RENE

No.

(then, teasing)

It's the size of your dick.

Trevor's eyes go wide with shock. She bursts out laughing  
again.

RENE (CONT'D)

I'm kidding, I'm kidding! You should  
see your face!

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (2)

104

Trevor finds his way into the joke and laughs with her.

The laughter subsides and she takes him in, the most sincere we've ever seen her.

RENE (CONT'D)

But honestly, even if that's not  
your mission anymore... you're still  
gonna be someone great.

Trevor squints: what? But her smile is genuine, and he smiles back, truly appreciating Rene for the first time.

105 EXT. COURTYARD - DAY (D3)(6:30 PM)

105\*

Forbes addresses the party with MacLaren standing nearby.

FORBES

I was reluctant to do any of this  
because, let's be honest, this guy's  
a pretty lousy partner...

(then, the punchline)

But enough about his squash game.

(big laugh)

Let's hear it for our friend and  
colleague: Special Agent Grant  
MacLaren!

APPLAUSE and CHEERS bring MacLaren to the stage, a little too drunk to pull this off smoothly.

MACLAREN

Thanks for that, Forbes. Wow, what  
a great afternoon.

(to the group)

Lotta familiar faces out there.

POV -- MACLAREN

The entire group is dressed in dun colored clothing from the future, faces gaunt, most of them bald, staring at him.

BACK TO MACLAREN

Who pushes through the hallucination.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

I can't tell you how strange it is  
to know I'll never see any of you  
again.

The group returns to FBI folks who look at him as if he's losing it. He recovers.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
I mean... Until Monday.

They laugh.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
So many stories of our past. So many I can't talk about.  
(beat)  
And apparently a few I shouldn't be proud of. Did I mention my wife's here tonight?

This gets A LAUGH.

LAUGHTER as MacLaren continues.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
Team work is everything, right? The people you work with are like a second family. A shared history, a shared mission. That becomes what you hold onto.

He spots Kathryn in the crowd, listening intently. He doesn't know what to say.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
And of course Kathryn. In fact, she holds me up. Tonight, probably literally....  
(another laugh)  
Jesus, it's going to be hard to drive home this drunk.

\*  
\*  
\*

He's not joking but PEOPLE FIND IT HILARIOUS.

Cheered, MacLaren grabs the opportunity to wrap up.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
To another fifteen years!

\*

The crowd applauds.

Kathryn comes over to him to take him off.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
I think maybe you should drive.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

105

KATHRYN

(terse)

Let's go.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

106 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - DAY (D3)(7:30 PM)

106

Trevor enters the house completely exhausted. It's quiet.  
Then:

GARY (O.S.)

(stern)  
Get in here.

He turns to find his parents standing in the kitchen, pissed.  
He proceeds with caution.

TREVOR

What's going on?

GARY

Why don't you tell us.

TREVOR

Uh...

PATRICIA

Why would you steal my medication,  
Trevor?

He realizes what this is all about.

TREVOR

I didn't steal it.

GARY

Well it sure as hell didn't walk  
away on its own.

TREVOR

Nick stole it. I got it back from  
him today. \*

GARY

Nick? What the hell was Nick doing  
in our bathroom? \*

TREVOR

He was under the mistaken impression  
that I wanted him to take it.

PATRICIA

Come on, Trevor. Lying, stealing,  
doing drugs --

Exhausted, Trevor's patience is wearing thin.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

TREVOR  
I'm *not* doing drugs.

PATRICIA  
You look high right now!

TREVOR  
I'm not, I just haven't slept.

GARY  
Take responsibility; be a man for  
chrissakes.

TREVOR  
Like you, Gary?

Gary smacks Trevor across the face. Trevor doesn't retaliate. He stares back at his parents, eerily calm. Patricia says nothing, shaken and overwhelmed.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
I told you the truth.  
(hands her the pills)  
Here's your medicine.

Trevor turns and leaves.

GARY  
Trevor!

Gary moves to follow, but Patricia holds his arm back.

PATRICIA  
Don't.

The front door SLAMS.

107 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D3)(7:30 PM)

107\*

The living room has become a makeshift operating theater: there are towels laid on the table, mirrors for Marcy to see, and a tray of tools (test tubes, manometer, iodine, gauze).

\*

Marcy lies on her side with her knees tucked into her chest, only in her underwear, but covered with towels for modesty.

Her back is exposed and orange from an iodine swab. Marcy calls out the vertebrae as David feels down her spine.

MARCY  
L3. L4. L5. Right there. Between  
L4 and L5.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

David readies a Lumbar Puncture (LP) catheter with shaking hands and places the tip of the needle in between the vertebrae -- but can't bring himself to puncture the skin.

DAVID

This is insane.

MARCY

I can't do this without you. You've  
already frozen the site, it won't  
hurt as much as it looks.

\*  
\*  
\*

David takes a deep breath. Okay, he can do this.

He inserts the needle, freaking out silently as it goes in. It sticks. He has to wiggle it to keep pushing it in.

DAVID

I'm sorry, oh god... I felt a pop.  
(beat)  
Something popped.

POV -- MARCY

As she SEES a bloody RAPIER poking like a needle out through her chest as if David is stabbing her through the back...

MARCY -- closes her eyes, pushing through the hallucination, still seeing the rapier in front of her.

MARCY

It's good, keep going.

DAVID

More? Holy... I felt it again.  
(then)  
*How much* of this goes in?

MARCY

That's it.

\*

A CLEAR LIQUID drips out of the catheter and onto the towel. David hurriedly grabs a test tube and begins to collect the CEREBROSPINAL FLUID.

\*

DAVID

Oh my god, it's just leaking out.

She sees the test tube in the mirror.

MARCY

Gauze.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2)

107

David puts away the test tube and places gauze over the needle site. He grips the LP catheter.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Almost done, you're doing great...

DAVID

Nope, not really. Almost fainting here.

David pulls out the catheter and tries not to pass out.

He applies pressure to the injection site with the gauze, before wiping it down.

He pulls out a superhero band-aid and puts it over the wound.

DAVID (CONT'D)

These used to be your favorite. \*

Marcy thinks it's kind of cute. She tries to get up on an elbow. \*

MARCY

Okay, I need to start analyzing the C.S.F. -- \*

David gently lowers her back down.

DAVID

That can wait. Rest. Pretend doctor's orders.

Marcy is too tired to argue and lets him help her back down.

108 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - DAY (D3)(7:30 PM)

108\*

Kathryn and MacLaren enter their house. He is a little drunk still but mainly suffering from the side effects of the antitoxin and tiredness.

KATHRYN

Walt seems good.

MACLAREN

The guy's a machine.

KATHRYN

He said you've been paying more attention to me lately.

MACLAREN

That's not so bad is it?

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

KATHRYN

It's not true.

MACLAREN

What's not true?

KATHRYN

He said you left work to take me to an appointment?

MACLAREN

I did?

KATHRYN

No, Grant, you didn't.

(then)

So what were you really doing?

MACLAREN

When?

KATHRYN

What did you really do when you were supposed to be taking me to the doctor? I'm not an idiot, Grant! I've noticed all the changes. The diet, the clothes.

(beat)

Something's going on, tell me.

MacLaren seems about to confess.

MACLAREN

I'm not who you think...

108A INT. DREAMSCAPE - MACLAREN'S POV

108A\*

He SEES Kathryn now dressed in the dun colored clothing of the future, in an entirely abstract, white ND environment.

\*

\*

KATHRYN -- waits for him to finish the thought.

KATHRYN

You're not what. Tell me.

MacLaren is no longer seeing Kathryn, but the person from the future who traveled into Carly.

\*

MACLAREN

I'm...

(beat)

I'm in love with you.

\*

\*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

108A CONTINUED:

108A

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

(beat)

I always have been.

MacLaren leans forward and kisses her.

This is not what Kathryn expected, but she returns the kiss.

He gently begins to undress her, slowly, seductively, as if this is their first time.

POV -- MACLAREN

As he slips the dun colored tunic off of her shoulders, then strokes her neck.

CLOSE -- on Kathryn's neck, revealing Carly's traveler number: 3465.

KATHRYN -- has no idea what's going on in MacLaren's mind, only that this connection has been missing between them.

She allows him to kiss her neck, and pulls him closer.

109 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D3)(7:30 PM)

109\*

The blinds are all shut. Every electronic device inside the house has been unplugged.

Carly has her phone case open, checking for bugs.

CARLY

Looks clean.

There is a KNOCK and Carly starts. She picks up Jeffrey Jr and peeks out the window to SEE:

A SEVERE LOOKING WOMAN STANDING OUTSIDE -- JACQUELINE PEELE.

Carly opens the door a crack.

CARLY (CONT'D)

What do you want?

JACQUELINE

Is this the residence of Ms Shannon?

CARLY

Who wants to know?

JACQUELINE

I'm Jacqueline Peele with Child Protective Services.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

Carly hesitates, debating what to do.

JACQUELINE -- holds up her identification card so Carly can see.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

Ms Shannon, it would be much better  
if we had this conversation inside.

OFF Carly as she stands there, mind racing.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

110 INT. TBD (CHURCH/COMMUNITY CENTER) - DAY (D3)(7:30 PM) 110\*

Ray and Philip are sitting in a circle of plastic chairs with other MEMBERS of an Addict's Anonymous meeting.

Philip takes in his surroundings, holding onto the jar with his turtle inside.

COLIN, the chairperson, addresses the group.

COLIN

Hi, I'm Colin and I'm an addict.

ALL EXCEPT PHILIP

Hi, Colin.

COLIN

We'd like to welcome our new member.  
Would you please introduce yourself?

Everyone looks to Philip, expectant. Philip stares at the angry welt on his arm.

Ray nudges him, but Philip is unresponsive.

RAY

The kid's shy.

COLIN

That's okay, why don't you start?

PHILIP'S POV: ALL SOUND DROWNS OUT like he is underwater in a blanket of muffled voices. Ray's voice pierces the surface.

RAY

...I admitted I was powerless over  
my addiction. I turn my will and my  
life over to the Director...

What? Philip shakes his head a little, wondering if he heard that right.

RAY (CONT'D)

...I pray for the knowledge of the  
Director's will for me, and the power  
to carry it out...

PHILIP

(to himself)  
The Director doesn't know.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

ALL EXCEPT PHILIP

Thank you, Traveler 7294.

Sound still drowns in and out. Philip takes a moment before addressing the group.

PHILIP

I'm Traveler 3326. I've been in the 21st century for five weeks. And I'm so fucking tired I just wanna lie down and get high...

(then)

The other day we saved the world. Now what do I do? I was selected and trained to remember everything, *everything*: dates, coordinates, candidates -- people. Every death. Every single one.

(then)

But I can't remember my own face. The face I was born with hundreds of years from now.

(then)

Maybe that's okay. Because this is what I am now and I'd better get used to it, right?

(beat)

I'm Philip. I'm from the future.

SOUND GROWS LOUDER, all swimming back, until we're back to reality.

Philip is sitting, silent. Ray nudges him.

RAY

Just say it out loud, kid. That's all you need to do... It makes a difference.

Philip looks up. He speaks, out loud and for real this time.

PHILIP

Hi, my name is Philip.

(beat)

And I'm a heroin addict.

They all say "Hi, Philip." Ray gives him a pat on the back for saying that out loud.

111 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D3)(7:45 PM)

111\*

Carly bounces Jeffrey on her lap as Jacqueline takes a seat on the couch.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

Carly is distracted, she can SEE the TV over Jacqueline's shoulder. Nervous it will turn back on again, she fixates on it during the entire interview.

JACQUELINE

Ms Shannon, I just have a few questions for you --

CARLY

Why are you here?

JACQUELINE

I'm just here responding to some concerns that were raised about Jeffrey's situation here.

CARLY

Where is this coming from?

Jacqueline hesitates, she shouldn't say.

JACQUELINE

Your husband.

CARLY

Jeff is *not* my husband.

JACQUELINE

He's the father. We're obligated to follow up.

Jacqueline notices Carly continuing to stare at the TV.

She begins to take down some notes.

CARLY

What're you writing?

JACQUELINE

Just my observations.

Jacqueline gestures to the general chaos of the house, including the closed and shuttered windows.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

Ms Shannon, are you in some kind of trouble?

Carly looks at her accusingly.

CARLY

Who are you really?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (2)

111

JACQUELINE

I beg your pardon?

CARLY

Who sent you? Who are they? What do they want from me?

Jacqueline becomes more than a little concerned for her own welfare.

JACQUELINE

I already told you I'm with child protective services --

Carly is confused, untrusting who this woman claims to be.

CARLY

Do you have a warrant to be here? A court order of some kind?

JACQUELINE

No... this is an informal meeting. But if you want me to leave.

Carly stands up.

CARLY

Yes. I do. Now.

Jacqueline stands up.

JACQUELINE

I'll have to make a note that you refused this initial meeting, Ms Shannon --

Carly shows the now frightened Jacqueline to the door.

CARLY

Get out.

She shuts the door behind Jacqueline and picks up Jeffrey Jr.

112 OMITTED

112\*

113 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N3)(9:38 PM)

113\*

Old blues music plays throughout the empty garage.

In better spirits, Philip is at his work station setting up the glass tank: now full with rocks, fake plants, and a water filter.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: 113

He positions a few habitats inside and then a bowl of leafy greens.

Philip gently tips his new turtle out of her plastic jar and into her new home. He closes the lid and turns on a heat lamp.

As the turtle warms itself up on a rock, Philip uses a marker and carefully writes: "POPPY" on the glass.

114 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N3)(9:41 PM) 114

David tucks an extra comforter around Marcy, who is weak and lying on the couch. He helps her sit up, gently supporting her neck, as she takes some painkillers and a drink of water.

Just as gently, he helps her lie back down. David turns to leave, but Marcy holds onto his hand.

MARCY

Stay?

David comes back and sits down beside her.

She lays her head on his lap as he settles in to do some reading on his tablet. He strokes her shoulder.

115 EXT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N3)(10:35 PM) 115

Trevor walks toward the garage, exhausted and angry by how the day's gone.

116 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (N3)(10:35 PM) 116

MacLaren lies fast asleep in bed. \*

Kathryn goes into into the bathroom where she texts. \*

CLOSE ON THE PHONE -- "Mom... He's definitely cheating."

She starts to cry.

117 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N3)(10:35 PM) 117

Trevor ducks underneath the lowered garage door, coming inside. Philip nods to him from his work station.

Trevor notices the glass tank.

TREVOR

Do some redecorating?

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

PHILIP

What happened to protocol 5  
indefinitely?

TREVOR

Can't Trevor and Philip be friends?

PHILIP

You're at least a hundred years older  
than me.

TREVOR

I'm young at heart.

PHILIP

Not so much.

TREVOR

I need a couch to crash on.

PHILIP

That I buy. Mi casa es su casa.

Trevor flops down on the couch.

TREVOR

Been a weird day. You have any side  
effects of the antitoxin?

PHILIP

Hallucinations? Voices?

TREVOR

Yeah.

PHILIP

Happens to me all the time, actually.

TREVOR

Really.

PHILIP

Yeah.

TREVOR

Wow. That's some shit you deal with.  
(beat)  
I think it's starting to wear off.

PHILIP

Yeah. Me too.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (2)

117

An ALERT PINGS from Philip's computer. He brings up a screen of deep web traveler messages.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Whoa.

TREVOR

What is it?

Trevor comes over to look.

PHILIP

We just received a new mission.

\*

A smile grows on Trevor's face as he turns to Philip.

TREVOR

We're back on.

\*

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #108

"Donner"

Written by  
Ashley Park  
&  
Pat Smith

WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT - 05.09.16

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## TRAVELERS

"Donner"

Cast List - Yellow Pages - 06.06.16

GRANT MACLAREN	Eric McCormack
MARCY WARTON	Mackenzie Porter
CARLY SHANNON	Nesta Cooper
TREVOR HOLDEN	Jared Abrahamson
PHILIP PEARSON	Reilly Dolman
DAVID MAILER	Patrick Gilmore
JEFF CONNIKER	J. Alex Brinson
GRACE DAY	Jennifer Spence
LUCA	Doug Chapman
AARON DONNER	Jason Gray-Stanford
JACQUELINE PEELE	Glynis Davies
WALTER FORBES	Arnold Pinnock
<del>RENE BELLAMY</del>	<del>Alyssa Lynch</del>
KEN	Aaron Craven
HICKMAN	Kirby Morrow
PECKHAM	Laura Mennell
BAILIFF	
JUDGE	Francoise Yip
JEFF'S LAWYER	Michael Patrick Denis
MR. MORRISSY	Pat Smith
MINDY	Alyson Bath
RESTAURANT OWNER	Cindy Piper
BOOKIE	Howard Siegel
CANDY	
WEBCAM GIRL 2	Keisha Haines
WEBCAM GIRL 3	Jennifer Cheon

TRAVELERS  
"Donner"  
Set List - Yellow Pages - 06.06.16

Exteriors

ALLEYWAY  
COURT HOUSE  
DAVID'S APARTMENT  
DONNER'S HOUSE  
NONDESCRIPT BUILDING  
WEBCAM OPERATIONS

Interiors

BOARDROOM  
CARLY'S HOUSE  
CHINESE RESTAURANT  
- Corridor  
- Kitchen  
COURT HOUSE  
- Boardroom  
DAVID'S APARTMENT  
DONNER RESIDENCE  
ESCALATORS  
FBI FIELD OFFICE  
GARAGE/OPS  
GRACE'S OFFICE  
KEN'S OFFICE  
LESTER HIGH SCHOOL  
- Bathroom  
- Classroom  
MACLAREN'S HOUSE  
- Bedroom  
MACLAREN'S SUV  
- Moving  
PRISON CELL  
PRISON TRANSPORT TRUCK  
WEBCAM OPERATION/ND  
LOCATION

TEASER

1 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (D1)(10:29 AM) 1 \*

MACLAREN enters the bedroom and closes the door behind him, locking it. He sits on the edge of his bed, opens his computer.

A CHYRON APPEARS and begins to count down. \*

RECORDED TIME OF DEATH: 10:31 AM. 60 Seconds, 59, 58, 57... \*

MACLAREN  
(to the screen)  
Hey, there. Sorry to keep you waiting.

CANDY (O.S.)  
(flirty)  
That's all right. \*

ON HIS SCREEN: CANDY, 20s, sits on the edge of her bed. She's very forward. \*

CANDY (CONT'D)  
It's the same price whether I'm waiting or playing. At least you're cute. \*

MACLAREN  
You can't see me. How d'you know?

CANDY  
Well you sound cute. \*

He looks away from the screen, bashful.

2 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1)(10:29 AM) 2 \*

PHILIP sits at his computer hub, talking to someone on screen.

ON HIS SCREEN: WEB CAM GIRL 2, sits in a chair.

PHILIP  
All I'm saying is trying to achieve any level of true intimacy over the internet is like trying to save the environment using oil.

WEB CAM GIRL 2  
I love scented oils.  
(then)  
Are you hard?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

*Really?* PHILIP

3 INT. LESTER HIGH SCHOOL - BATHROOM - DAY (D1)(10:29 AM) 3 \*

TREVOR sits in a bathroom stall, computer on his lap.

ON HIS SCREEN: WEB CAM GIRL 3 flirts.

WEB CAM GIRL 3

So if you don't want to do that...  
what do you want to do?

TREVOR

(sincere)

I want you tell me about when you  
were happiest.

4 EXT. NONDESCRIPT BUILDING - DAY (D1)(10:29 AM) 4 \*

A man with a backpack, AARON DONNER, 30s, walks along the  
side of a building, anger in his stride. Once at his desired  
location, he takes a knee and opens his bag.

THE CHYRON -- continues to count down. 30, 29, 28... \*

He reaches in and pulls out a HOMEMADE BOMB. From this angle,  
we SEE he has knelt down next to the gas line.

5 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1)(10:29 AM) 5 \*

Philip looks to the clock, keeping an eye on the time.

WEB CAM GIRL 2

So did you want me to get naked?

PHILIP

I'm good.

6 EXT. NONDESCRIPT BUILDING - DAY (D1)(10:30 AM) 6 \*

Donner starts arming his bomb, working feverishly, but runs  
into trouble with the wiring.

DONNER

Shit.

7 INT. LESTER HIGH SCHOOL - BATHROOM STALL - DAY (D1)(10:30 AM) 7 \*

Trevor listens as Web Cam Girl 3 details her happiest moment.

WEB CAM GIRL 3

...And I just never thought I'd see  
her again.

(MORE)

7 CONTINUED:

7

WEB CAM GIRL 3 (CONT'D)

It made me so happy to know she was  
going to be okay. Ya know?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2) 7

TREVOR  
That's beautiful.

8 EXT. NONDESCRIPT BUILDING - DAY (D1)(10:30 AM) 8 \*

Donner panics as the bomb BEEPS. Something's not right. He pulls out wires, reconnecting them in a different sequence.

DONNER  
C'mon, c'mon.

9 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (D1)(10:30 AM) 9 \*

As we left him.

CANDY  
You really do sound hot. Like, "dad-hot".

MACLAREN  
Yah. Thanks.

MacLaren checks his watch. It's time.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
Candy, you seem like a lovely girl, and I'm sorry for what's about to happen but this conversation is over.

CANDY  
But we just --

Suddenly, Candy grabs her head and begins to SHRIEK as we SEE an aura envelop her. A TRANSITION is taking place. \*

10 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1)(10:30 AM) 10 \*

Philip watches his screen as Web Cam Girl 2 screams, an aura has also enveloped her head; a TRANSITION TAKING PLACE.

11 INT. LESTER HIGH SCHOOL - BATHROOM - DAY (D1)(10:30 AM) 11 \*

Trevor stares at his screen to SEE the TRANSITION shrieks from Web Cam Girl 3 come to an end.

THE CHYRON -- begins to count up from 0. +1, 2, 3... \*

She collects herself, now a fully arrived traveler. She looks around the room. At what she's wearing. Then, to the screen.

12 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (D1)(10:30 AM)

12 \*

MacLaren addresses the newly arrived Traveler on his screen.

12 CONTINUED:

12

MACLAREN  
Traveler 4019, welcome to the 21st.

CANDY  
Thank you.

\*

She turns and shouts, all business.

CANDY (CONT'D)  
Status report! Everyone all right?

\*

Web Cam Girl 2 and Web Cam Girl 3 arrive at the door.

WEB CAM GIRL 2  
All set.

WEB CAM GIRL 3  
Let's get to work.

CANDY  
Someone should check on Donner.

\*

BOOM! -- A BRILLIANT FLASH, then the FEED CUTS OUT.

MACLAREN -- is concerned. What the hell just happened?

13 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1)(10:31 AM)

13 \*

Philip pushes keys, trying to bring the feed back. Nothing.

14 INT. LESTER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY (D1)(10:31 AM)

14 \*

Trevor does the same, slightly panicked. Nothing.

15 EXT. WEB CAM OPERATIONS - DAY (D1)(10:31 AM)

15 \*

The building is a smoking wreck, the site of a bomb explosion.

AARON DONNER -- yards away, motionless, face down in the  
ground with a bleeding head.

\*

A SHARD OF GLASS protrudes from his lower right abdomen.

\*

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

16 EXT. WEB CAM OPERATIONS - DAY (D1)(11:08 AM)

16

MacLaren walks from his parked SUV towards the crime scene where specialists are just arriving and a perimeter is being established.

He is greeted by FORBES.

FORBES

We've got multiple bodies and remnants of the bomb out back.

MACLAREN

Uh huh.

\*

Forbes leads MacLaren down the side of the building toward the place where Donner set the bomb.

FORBES

It's some kind of adult industry web cam operation.

MACLAREN

Anything on the cameras?

FORBES

All fried. Even the servers.

MACLAREN

Survivors?

FORBES

None.

As they walk, MacLaren reflects at the confirmation of the deceased travelers. They arrive at the bomb site.

FORBES (CONT'D)

The bomb was placed next to the gas line.

MACLAREN

Where's the bomber's body?

FORBES

No idea. Local PD are canvassing the neighborhood. See if anyone saw them leaving the scene.

This information doesn't sit right with MacLaren.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

MACLAREN

He's alive?

FORBES

(nodding)

Assuming it's a "he". Forensics should be here any minute to do a sweep.

MacLaren spots something and stops: BLOOD in the dirt. He gets an idea and turns back to Forbes. \*

MACLAREN

Why don't I head back to the office. See what I can dig up on our victims and this company. \*

FORBES

Make me do the dirty work you mean.

MACLAREN -- heads off, back toward his SUV.

FORBES -- calls out as MacLaren goes.

FORBES (CONT'D)

If I crack this first, you're buying me a round!

MacLaren throws a thumbs up without looking back. Once clear of the crime scene, he taps his ear com.

MACLAREN

Philip, you there?

17 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1)(11:08 AM)

17

Philip sits at his computer bank, scanning the deep web.

PHILIP

What happened?

MACLAREN

The girls didn't survive and Donner's missing.

17 CONTINUED:

17

PHILIP

Missing? He should be dead. If the traveler arrived, he would have defused the bomb like he was supposed to. And if he misfired --

MACLAREN

Donner would have died. I know.

PHILIP

Makes no sense. What do you want to do? \*

MACLAREN

Search the deep web for an SOS. If the traveler made it, hopefully he'll reach out. In the meantime, send me the host's address.

18 INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - DAY (D1)(11:15 AM)

18

GRACE sits at her desk working when Trevor arrives at the door. He knocks.

TREVOR

You wanted to see me?

GRACE

Trevor. Yes, please have a seat.

He does.

GRACE (CONT'D)

How are you doing? Everything okay?

TREVOR

Transcendent.

Grace's eyes widen at his use of the word.

GRACE

Glad to hear it.

(then)

I wanted to talk to you about your physics midterm last week.

TREVOR

Not bad, right?

GRACE

Well, also not good. I had a meeting with Mr. Morrissy yesterday and... he believes you've been cheating.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

TREVOR

What? That's ridiculous.

GRACE

He wants to give you a zero --

TREVOR

I told you I'd put in the work, I got ninety percent...

(off her look)

You believe him.

Grace produces the test and turns to the last page.

GRACE

You got every question right except the last three.

TREVOR

Yeah, they were --

GRACE

(pointing to the page)

Which were also correct, but you scratched out to not seem suspicious.

(then)

Mr Morrissy thinks you had the answer key. And to be honest, Trevor, it's hard to dispute that. I'm sorry.

\*

Trevor realizes he didn't cover up properly.

TREVOR

What are the repercussions?

GRACE

Actually, I found a compromise. I've convinced him to allow you one more crack at the midterm under both of our supervision... Tomorrow.

TREVOR

(calming)

Oh... okay...

GRACE

Come by for third period today and I'll help you study.

TREVOR

I'll be there.

19 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D1)(11:15 AM)

19 \*

CARLY -- frantically moves around the space preparing to leave, dressed more business-like than we've ever seen.

JEFFREY JR -- wails away in his crib.

CARLY  
(to Jeffrey)  
Come on, baby. I need you to be  
good for mom today, okay?

Carly checks her professionalism in the mirror, when her phone rings. She answers.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Hey.

20 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D1)(11:15 AM)

20 \*

Marcy makes herself tea in the kitchen as she talks.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MARCY  
Hey, I got your message. Jeffrey  
will be fine. The rash is a common  
reaction to a vaccination. But I  
can come by and check on him later  
if ya like.

CARLY  
No, it's okay. I have a meeting.

MARCY  
A meeting?

Beat. Carly does not want to admit her struggles, but does.

CARLY  
I have a hearing today. Jeffrey's  
father wants custody.

MARCY  
Why don't you let him have it?

CARLY  
(defensive)  
I'm the boy's mother.

MARCY  
No, actually, you're not.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

MARCY (CONT'D)

And it would make going on missions  
a lot easier.

CARLY

I'm not leaving my boy in the custody  
of that man, and that's all there is  
to it.

MARCY

Then you're gonna have to fight for  
him.

21 EXT. WEB CAM OPERATIONS - DAY (D1)(11:18 AM)

21

Forbes stands at the crime scene inspecting a fragment of  
the bomb with a forensics analyst, when:

A CAR -- comes to a screeching halt. All heads turn as MINDY  
(20s) comes running toward the scene overwrought with emotion.

MINDY

Oh my god! No!

LOCAL PD -- intercept Mindy, stopping her at the perimeter.

FORBES -- turns to SEE her.

MINDY (CONT'D)

This is all my fault!

OFF Forbes' look.

22 INT/EXT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (11:25 AM)

22 \*

MacLaren drives down an alleyway looking for any signs of  
Donner. \*

Philip hails. MacLaren answers his com. \*

MACLAREN \*

Yeah. \*

PHILIP (O.S.) \*

I sent you Donner's address. \*

MACLAREN \*

Thanks, if you were injured in the  
field and needed to patch yourself  
up, where would you go? \*

PHILIP \*

Pharmacy, vet -- \*

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

He SEES a RESTAURANT OWNER, 50s, female, Asian, trying to flag down a passing car, she points to the back of her restaurant. The car doesn't stop.

MACLAREN

Hold on. I'll get back to you.

MacLaren pulls up to the Restaurant Owner, rolls down his window.

He notices a spot of blood on her blouse, then flashes his badge. MacLaren takes a guess at her native language.

She's visibly worried.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

(in cantonese)

FBI. Is there something wrong? \*

RESTAURANT OWNER

(in cantonese)

A hurt man came into my kitchen. \*

He's bleeding -- \*

MACLAREN

(in cantonese)

Do you know this man? \*

RESTAURANT OWNER

(in cantonese)

No. \*

MACLAREN

(in cantonese)

Is he still inside? \*

She nods, "yes". MacLaren notes the fear in her eyes.

23 INT. KEN'S OFFICE - DAY (D1)(11:25 AM)

23 \*

DAVID sits across from his boss, KEN, 40s, lifer health care worker. Ken is pissed, going hard at David.

KEN

These allegations are fundamentally disgusting, David. Marcy Warton is a client of yours.

DAVID

She is not who you think she is.

KEN

Are you in a relationship?

DAVID

It's purely platonic.

KEN

So you don't deny living with her. Because I have a thorough report from an --

(reading a report)

Officer Jeff Conniker, that very clearly implicates you as her romantic partner.

DAVID

Ken, you know I would never do that.

KEN

You're suspended until further notice.

DAVID

What?!

23 CONTINUED:

23

KEN

And don't think there won't be a full investigation, David, because --

DAVID

Meet her. Come see the person we're talking about, that's all I ask.

KEN

You won't change my mind.

24 EXT. WEB CAM OPERATIONS - DAY (D1)(11:27 AM)

24 \*

Mindy sits on the side of the curb with Forbes' coat wrapped around her. Forbes takes her statement.

MINDY

Aaron Donner. He was a regular. I'd do private shows for him, twice a day sometimes, until things got weird.

(beat)

He started sending packages. Our policy is not to encourage that sort'a thing, so I didn't respond. Aaron blamed the company for coming between us and then the threats started.

FORBES

Threats?

MINDY

He'd send religious hate mail, saying that God would make everyone pay for their sins. That the day of reckoning would come. He was crazy... And then this morning --

Her emotion comes back.

FORBES

(encouraging)

You're doing good.

MINDY

He left me a voice mail telling me not to come in. That today was the day he'd make them all pay. I tried to warn the girls, but --

Mindy starts crying.

24 CONTINUED:

24

FORBES

It's okay... You've been very helpful.

Mindy nods through her tears. Forbes walks away, pulling out his phone.

FORBES (CONT'D)

Beth. I need you to do a search on an Aaron Donner for me.

OFF Forbes, looking back at Mindy with compassion.

25 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - CORRIDOR/KITCHEN - DAY (D1)(11:28 AM)

25 \*

MacLaren cautiously moves through the back corridor leading towards the kitchen, hand on his weapon as he checks alcoves and around corners. He reaches a door.

\*  
\*  
\*

MacLaren readies himself, then whips the door open to find: Nothing. An empty kitchen.

\*

He shuts the door, when:

\*

WHAM! MacLaren is tackled to the ground by Donner.

25 CONTINUED:

25

MacLaren shoves him off and draws his gun.

MACLAREN

Aaron Donner?

(beat)

Do you know who I am?

DONNER -- stands, seemingly confused by the question.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

I'm 3468.

(beat)

If you were hurt in the blast, I  
know a doctor.

\*

MacLaren SEES the panic in Donner's eyes. He holsters his gun and approaches with caution.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

You can trust me. I've been sent to  
assist you.

Donner sits in a beat of indecision, almost as if he's beginning to remember, then surprises MacLaren with an expert kick to his mid-section.

MACLAREN -- flies back into a shelf, crashing to the ground.

As MacLaren reaches for his gun, Donner grabs the closest object to him: a PIPE WRENCH. With a swift attack, he smashes MacLaren across the side of the head.

DONNER -- quickly gets up and runs out the back of the kitchen, hobbling as he goes.

OFF MacLaren, out cold on the floor.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

26 INT. COURT HOUSE - BOARDROOM - DAY (D1)(12:30 PM)

26 \*

Carly sits nervously at the table, Jeffrey Jr is in a stroller beside her.

JEFF -- Sits across from her with his LAWYER, alongside JACQUELINE PEELE (Ep. 107).

A presiding JUDGE, 50s, enters. He sees that Carly is nervous.

JUDGE

(to Carly)

Ms Shannon, just so we're clear, nobody's on trial today, okay? This is just an opportunity for both sides to state their case as we work to find a resolution that's best for your son. Have you no representation?

Jeff shakes his head at that.

CARLY

Actually, sir, I was hoping that you would consider a postponement --

Then, Philip comes through the door. Hair slicked back, glasses, nice suit: he looks better than we've ever seen.

PHILIP

Apologies for being late.

(walking to his seat)

I trust that anything my client has said to this point will be scratched from the record.

JEFF'S LAWYER

We weren't notified that you would be joining us, mister -- ?

PHILIP

(insulted)

Really? *Pearson*. We've met *twice*.

Jeff's lawyer is duly chided, assuming he's just forgotten.

JEFF'S LAWYER

Right, sorry.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

PHILIP

If I may be frank, your honor, I believe my client feared the prospect of Mr Conniker's retribution in response to her defending herself.

(to Carly)

I'm here to remind her she's not alone.

27 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - DAY (D1)(12:30 PM)

27 \*

From inside, we SEE MacLaren stumbling toward the vehicle, woozy from the blow to his head. He gets in, checks himself out in the mirror and SEES redness covering his EAR and NECK.

He starts the car and touches his com when HARSH FEEDBACK blasts in his ears.

With a hard cringe, he turns his com off. He looks in the mirror and pulls back his ear to SEE broken blood vessels all around the location of his com device.

28 INT. DONNER RESIDENCE - DAY (D1)(1:03 PM)

28 \*

Donner rushes through the front door in a panic. He races through the house, searching for something.

He opens drawers, cupboards, then a closet where he finds a suitcase. He pulls it out and heads upstairs in a frenzy.

29 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D1)(1:03 PM)

29 \*

Marcy sits on the computer researching the brain when David enters, somewhat flustered.

MARCY

Hey, welcome home.

DAVID

Don't do that.

MARCY

What.

DAVID

That's what couples say. When one person comes home, the other says "Hey, welcome home". But we're not a couple. This is platonic.

MARCY

(treading lightly)

What should I say then?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

DAVID  
Just say hello like a normal person.

MARCY  
Hello.

DAVID  
Hello.

Marcy leaves the computer and walks toward David, curious.

MARCY  
What's going on?

DAVID  
Ken knows you're staying here.

MARCY  
Ken.

DAVID  
My boss, I should have known it would  
come out. It's completely  
inappropriate --

MARCY  
Then I'll leave. I don't want you  
to be in trouble for my actions.

DAVID  
No, no, no I need you to stay. We  
have to prove that you're not who  
they think you are. That you're --

MARCY  
Batgirl?

Her levity calms him slightly.

DAVID  
That you're a different person than  
the one he met.

MARCY  
I've met Ken?

David is surprised she doesn't know.

DAVID  
At least a dozen times, Ken...  
(off her look)  
Wow, that hit on the head really did  
have an effect on you, didn't it.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

MARCY

Just tell me about him. I'll make it work.

DAVID

I'm glad *you* feel so confident about this because I could lose my job, Marcy. God, I could go to jail.

MARCY

So what's the plan?

DAVID

It's not so much a plan as much as he's coming for dinner tonight.

30 INT. COURT HOUSE - BOARDROOM - DAY (D1)(1:03)

30 \*

Further into the proceedings, Jeff's lawyer is on the attack.

JEFF'S LAWYER

It goes beyond Ms Shannon's recent change in temperament... It's also her vague new source of income.

PHILIP

Funds necessary in the absence of child support.

JEFF'S LAWYER

Officer Conniker believes it's routed in illegal activity.

JEFF

I just want what's best for my son.

CARLY

Then start by paying child support.

JEFF

Every time I come by to talk to you about it, you assault me.

CARLY

I assault *you*?

JUDGE

Is this true, Ms Shannon? Have you assaulted Mr Conniker?

Carly looks to Jacqueline who is taking detailed notes.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

CARLY

Are we *really* getting into abuse here?

JEFF

You pay for everything in cash, you're out crazy hours at night --

CARLY

I'm working.

JEFF

And I think we all know what your new job is --

PHILIP

Carly is providing for her child as best she can --

JEFF'S LAWYER

We're more concerned about the household environment as a result of of manner of income.

Jeff hesitates, then levels with her.

JEFF

I'm just gonna come out and ask: Are you a *ho* now, or what?

JUDGE

Mr Conniker!

JEFF

There's at least one old white guy comin' around all the time, the money's comin' from somewhere.

Carly SLAMS the table, rising up.

CARLY

You watch your mouth!

PHILIP

Carly, not helping --

CARLY

(to Philip)

Shut up.

(then to Jeff)

You have no idea who I am or what I'm capable of.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

JEFF'S LAWYER  
 (to the Judge)  
 Here's the rage we've talked about.

CARLY  
 You haven't seen rage yet.

31 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D1)(1:03 PM)

31

MacLaren drives slowly down a side street checking addresses, still recovering from the blow to the head.

He sees the house he's looking for. He pulls over.

32 EXT. DONNER'S HOUSE - DAY (D1)(1:05 PM)

32

MacLaren gets out of his car, takes a quick look around, then proceeds to the side of the house, gun drawn.

As he approaches he HEARS movement from within. MacLaren pulls back and readies himself.

\*

He heads quickly to the back door and tries the handle. It's UNLOCKED. He opens the door and enters.

33 INT. DONNER'S HOUSE - DAY (D1)(1:05 PM)

33

MacLaren takes his first steps in, undetected. He pauses, hearing MUMBLINGS on the main floor. He takes a breath as he prepares to ambush, then rushes into the living room to find:

Donner face down and cuffed. Forbes and a LOCAL OFFICER stand over him.

FORBES  
 Whoa! Easy, partner.

MacLaren lowers his weapon, trying to hide his confusion.

MACLAREN  
 Sorry. Guess I owe you a round.

FORBES  
 Looks like we were just in time. He was about to make a run for it. Packed bag, money, passport.

MacLaren crouches down beside Donner.

MACLAREN  
 Want to tell us where you were going?

33 CONTINUED: 33

OFF Donner's look.

34 EXT. COURT HOUSE - DAY (D1)(1:15 PM) 34

Philip and Carly exit the building with Jeffrey Jr in tow.

PHILIP

Well, that went well.

CARLY

Fuck protocol 3, I want to kill that man.

PHILIP

As your lawyer I'd advise against that.

Then, Philip gets a hail on his com. He answers.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

What's up?

35 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D1)(1:15 PM) 35 \*

Marcy has stepped away for a private call. \*

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MARCY

Philip, can you arrange funds for me? I've had some unforeseen expenses.

PHILIP

Sure, but it'll have to be tomorrow. Bets take a day. How much do you need?

(then)

Really?!

Philip has arrived at his van to SEE a PARKING TICKET on his windshield.

36 INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - DAY (D1)(1:15 PM) 36

Textbook open, Trevor and Grace work through a Grade 12 Physics chapter. Trevor knows this like elementary math.

TREVOR

Field of Reference states that the speed of an object in motion is dictated in relation from where you're viewing it.

36 CONTINUED:

36

GRACE  
(impressed)  
Good. And how do you --

TREVOR  
 $V_{ax} = V_{ay} - V_{xy}$ . Where Y is common  
in both vectors, Y is eliminated and  
leaves for AX... the final answer.

Grace can't believe how easy that all rolled off his tongue.

GRACE  
Trevor, how have you learned all  
this? Were you just not applying  
yourself before?

TREVOR  
My mom thinks hitting my head mighta  
knocked some sense into me.

GRACE  
We both know that's not it.

TREVOR  
I just never really had time for it.  
I was always training, practicing,  
watching video. Not to mention the  
crowd I was hanging out with...

GRACE  
You mean it wasn't cool to be smart.

TREVOR  
Now that football's over I feel like  
I can be myself. I don't have to  
conform to anyone's expectations.

GRACE  
But your parents, your teachers, me.  
We all want you to succeed. With or  
without football. You see that,  
right?

TREVOR  
I feel that with you, yes.

Trevor takes Grace in for a moment. It's almost romantic.

GRACE  
Good...

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

TREVOR

But I'm tired of being told who I should be. What I should do. I want to define my own future, not have it spoon fed to me like some predetermined story I have to live out.

Grace thinks a beat, then:

GRACE

I have a book I think you'd like...  
Here.

She crosses to her shelf and grabs a book. She hands it to him. Trevor SEES the title: *This Perfect Day, Ira Levin*.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Now, let's get back to it and get you ready for this test.

She goes back to her study position.

OFF Trevor, looking at Grace with warmth.

37 INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (D1)(2:03 PM)

37 \*

Donner sits alone in the interrogation room. MacLaren enters.

MACLAREN

Cameras are off. Talk to me.

DONNER

I have nothing to say.

MacLaren leans on the table, looking hard into Donner's eyes.  
Beat.

MACLAREN

I can help you. Tell me what happened with the bomb.

DONNER

It blew up.

MACLAREN

Did you attempt to defuse it at all?

DONNER

And why would I do that?

(beat)

A higher power wanted that bomb to go off.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

MACLAREN

Cut the bullshit. *I know* that you're  
4022, and *you know* that I'm 3468.  
There's no other way this makes sense.  
(beat)

It was my mission to greet your team  
upon arrival. So I need you to talk  
to me. The longer you're silent,  
the less we can do.

DONNER

There's nothing you can do.

MACLAREN

You're in a tough spot but you're  
not alone. I messed up my first  
mission too. And there are other  
travelers. If we have information  
we can help you out of this.

\*  
\*

A beat, as confusion grows upon Donner's face.

DONNER

What the hell is a *traveler*?

OFF MacLaren, bewildered.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

38 INT. ESCALATORS - DAY (D1)(2:15 PM)

38

Philip, still in his suit, hands a sketchy looking BOOKIE an envelope of cash near a bank of escalators.

PHILIP

Divide this evenly amongst five races.  
Put them on...

(he thinks)

...Patience and Time. Down and Doubt.  
Touch of Malice. The Last Word.  
And the Fourth Horseman.

The Bookie types it into his phone, and peeks into the envelope. He lets out a low whistle.

BOOKIE

That's a lotta cash you're flushing  
down the toilet. Normally doesn't  
pay to bet on the outside odds.

PHILIP

High risk, high reward.

Philip leaves.

39 INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (D1)(2:15 PM)

39

Forbes walks in and slaps an overflowing case file down, and sits beside MacLaren, who takes a cursory look at the file.

FORBES

Aaron Donner, I have a witness that  
claims you were a longstanding client  
of hers. That is, until the company  
slapped you with a court order.

\*

DONNER

I follow the rule of God.

MACLAREN

Uh huh. I'm pretty sure *thou shalt*  
*not kill* is in your rule book.

Donner remains silent, stone-faced.

FORBES

You were obsessed; you terrorized  
this poor girl.

39 CONTINUED:

39

DONNER

I was *saving* Mindy. She'll see that  
in time.

MACLAREN

You blew up her workplace in order  
to "'save" her.

DONNER

It was God's will.

MacLaren and Forbes share a look.

FORBES

You're looking at three counts of  
first-degree murder.

DONNER

They were sinful.

MACLAREN

*They were.*

(beat)

Well, it's going to take some kind  
of divine intervention to save you  
from the lethal injection.

DONNER

(shocked)

Capital punishment?

Donner's whole demeanor changes.

FORBES

The state of Washington carries the  
death sentence for first-degree murder  
charges with aggravated reasons.

DONNER

I want a lawyer.

MACLAREN

(to Forbes)

Now he wants a lawyer.

FORBES

We've got you for...

(checks his watch)

...Another hour and seven minutes  
before the presence of a lawyer is  
mandatory.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

DONNER

Then I'll wait. But I'm done talking.

40 INT. LESTER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY (D1)(2:23 PM)

40

Trevor sits by his locker, reading the book Grace gave him, completely absorbed.

Time passes as he continues to read, page after page, until the once busy hallway thins out to only a few passing students.

\*  
\*

41 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D1)(2:41 PM)

41

Forbes and MacLaren are working hard at their desks. The entire office is a buzz of activity, all hands on deck.

Out of instinct, MacLaren touches his com.

MACLAREN

Marce --

Instantly that RINGING FEEDBACK blasts in his ear. He cringes and turns it off.

He picks up the phone and dials Marcy, but gets her VOICEMAIL. He gets up, grabs his coat, and swings past Forbes' desk.

\*

FORBES

I'll let you know when forensics comes back.

\*

\*

MACLAREN

Thanks, partner.

MacLaren leaves.

42 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D1)(6:43 PM)

42

Marcy and David are setting up a lavish, slightly overdone feast, at the dining table when -- there is a KNOCK at the door. David's anxiety is apparent.

Marcy opens the door for Ken.

42 CONTINUED:

42

MARCY

Hi! I'm so glad you could join us.

KEN

(double take)

Marcy!

Marcy emulates his excitement and pulls him into a hug.

MARCY

Ken!

(then, smiling)

We got your text that you were running late, David's just opening the wine, but I think dinner's almost ready.

Marcy ushers Ken into the house. David tries to play it cool.

DAVID

Hey. How goes the battle?

Ken is staring at Marcy.

KEN

Ah...

DAVID

See?

MARCY

David told me your dog was sick.

David's eyes widen at Marcy's improvisation.

KEN

My..? He's fine; it was indigestion.

(then quickly to David)

*This* is Marcy.

DAVID

This is Marcy.

Ken sits down heavily, speechless. David gloats.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Now you know why I wanted you to meet her.

(beat)

I don't wanna rush dinner but everything's ready, so why don't we start?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

David goes to the kitchen and begins plating, leaving Marcy and Ken across from each other at the table.

MARCY

I hope you're hungry. David made his famous pasta dish.

KEN

That or a chicken, it always is.  
(then)

I'm sorry, Marcy, you're gonna have to help me here, I'm confused.

Ken doesn't care at all about the food as David puts a plate of pasta in front of him.

MARCY

I understand you had some concerns about David's conduct regarding me, and I wanted to assure you that not only am I no longer in his care but that our relationship is purely platonic --

Ken can't believe her use of the word.

KEN

*Platonic.*

There is a KNOCK at the door. David and Marcy exchange a look. Beat. Another knock.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

Marcy?

They share looks of surprise.

MARCY

Excuse me. Work.

Marcy opens the front door to find MacLaren on the other side.

MACLAREN

Hey, sorry, my com got --

MacLaren stops himself when he SEES a small dinner party is underway.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

I'm interrupting --

David stands.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (3)

42

DAVID  
Agent MacLaren! Don't be ridiculous,  
come on in.

Marcy turns to them apologetically.

MARCY  
David, this'll just take a second.

Ken and MacLaren are equally confused.

43 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D1)(6:43 PM)

43 \*

Carly opens the door to find Jacqueline outside, waiting.

CARLY  
Little late for a home visit.

JACQUELINE  
I don't mind. Nice summer evening.  
Given what transpired at the meeting  
today, I wanted to follow up.

She pulls out an official document.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)  
And I have a warrant this time.

Defeated, Carly opens the door to let Jacqueline through.

CARLY  
C'mon in.

Jacqueline blows past Carly, and moves through the house  
checking everything to a pedantic degree.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
It's all pretty much the same since  
you were last here. 'Cept for the  
John hiding in the closet, of course.

Jacqueline checks herself. Gives Carly her full attention.

JACQUELINE  
Ms Shannon --

CARLY  
Carly.

JACQUELINE  
Carly. I didn't agree with how some  
aspects of the meeting were handled...  
but your behavior was concerning.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

CARLY

Yeah, I can tell by how you're inside my house again.

JACQUELINE

Look, I'm not on anyone's side but Jeffrey Jr. My job is to make sure that whatever happens is the best for his welfare.

CARLY

I get that's your job, but I'm tired of being grilled. Tired in general. It's so hard doing this with no help.

JACQUELINE

The father doesn't help you?

Carly considers Jacqueline and takes a leap of faith. She softens and plays up the fear in her voice.

CARLY

Jeff is... not a good man.

Carly hugs her arms. Jacqueline SEES healing bruises.

CARLY (CONT'D)

And he's a cop, so I can't say anything. I can't go to anyone.

(beat)

He's doing this because I won't be with him. He's punishing me.

OFF Jacqueline, doubt and conflict on her face.

44 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D1)(6:50 PM)

44 \*

Ken eyes Marcy and MacLaren speaking out of earshot by the doorway. David keeps his voice down.

DAVID

Seriously, he's *FBI*. Marcy works for him, but he can neither confirm nor deny it.

(off his look)

It's way cooler when he says it.

MARCY AND MACLAREN -- stand by the door, talking quietly.

MACLAREN

I tried to call, is everything all right?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

MARCY

It will be; what d'you need?

MACLAREN

Just when you can replace my com; it got busted.

MARCY

How?

MACLAREN

An altercation. I don't know how but apparently the new traveler was a misfire. I've been dealing with a psychopath all day.

She finishes checking him.

MARCY

I'll put a replacement in first thing --

They are interrupted by Ken, who comes over to confront them.

KEN

Excuse me, but would you mind showing me your identification?

MacLaren looks to Marcy, who nods. MacLaren shows him his badge, but doesn't like Ken's attitude. Ken reads the badge aloud:

KEN (CONT'D)

Special Agent Grant MacLaren.

MACLAREN

And you are?

KEN

Ken.

MACLAREN

Ken. Is that like "Cher?" Or -- ?

KEN

Ken Palfy. She works for you?

MacLaren looks to Marcy, whose eyes beg him to confirm that.

MACLAREN

Marcy is an associate of mine, yes.

KEN

In what capacity?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

MacLaren waves him a little closer, confidentially:

MACLAREN

That, I'm afraid, is none of your  
goddamn business, Mr Palfy.

(to Marcy)

Sorry for interrupting.

(then to David)

Nice to see you again, David.

MacLaren leaves. David beams.

45 INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (D1)(7:00 PM)

45 \*

Donner sits alone. He rubs his wrists and tries to ease the  
soreness from the handcuffs.

The door swings open and he SEES HICKMAN, a harried lawyer,  
enter with an overflowing briefcase.

HICKMAN

Aaron Donner. Did you say anything  
to them?

Donner's face sags with relief as Hickman sits down.

DONNER

No, but they have *everything* --

HICKMAN

I'm caught up on your case. They  
found your fingerprints on the bomb,  
and DNA just came through with trace  
evidence that places you at the scene.  
Now, if you plead guilty --

DONNER

If I have information, can I make a  
deal?

HICKMAN

What. You mean a plea bargain?

DONNER

No, I want the charges dropped. I  
want to go into witness protection,  
new identity, everything.

HICKMAN

That's not likely.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

DONNER

I've gained knowledge that there is  
a secret organization that's  
infiltrated our society.

HICKMAN

*What?*

DONNER

There's a huge network of them.  
They operate outside the law and  
they're dangerous.

(beat)

They've even infiltrated the FBI.

HICKMAN

And how do you know all of this?

DONNER

One of their operatives gave himself  
away. I think the defense department  
would be very interested to hear  
what I have to say.

HICKMAN

Okay... what is this organization?

DONNER

They call themselves Travelers.

(beat)

Agent MacLaren is one of them.

OFF Hickman's look of intrigue.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

46 INT. ESCALATORS - DAY (D2)(9:48 AM)

46 \*

Philip returns to the bookie, who hands him an envelope of cash and ticket stubs. Philip squeezes it; it's light.

BOOKIE

You must'a been born with a horse shoe up your ass.

PHILIP

(re: money)  
Where's the rest of it?

BOOKIE

You got three races out of five with those stupid odds. Consider yourself a lucky man.

Philip walks away, troubled.

47 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)(10:12 AM)

47 \*

Philip works at his computer station, looking up horse races and other gambling results.

He opens a new window with the results of a PICK 4 lottery.

PHILIP

(eyes closed,  
remembering)  
7-3-2-5.  
(checks screen)  
7-3-2-9. What?

The numbers are wrong.

Alarmed, Philip opens up a new window and accesses the deep web, rapidly typing in commands, when --

A NOTIFICATION APPEARS in the DEEP WEB SCREEN.

PHILIP -- reacts to a message in shock.

He taps his com.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Guys, we need to assemble back at Ops asap.

48 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D2)(10:12 AM) 48 \*

Marcy responds on com.

MARCY

On my way.

49 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D2)(10:12 AM) 49 \*

Carly on com.

CARLY

Copy.

50 INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - DAY (D2)(10:12 AM) 50 \*

Outside Grace's door, Trevor discreetly answers his com.

TREVOR

On my way, just need to finish up something at school.

Trevor ends the hail and pokes his head inside Grace's door as she's hunched over a pile of paperwork. He knocks.

GRACE

Trevor? The test isn't until three o'clock.

TREVOR

Actually, Ms Day, I wanted to thank you for lending me that book. I really enjoyed it.

GRACE

You *finished* it?

He approaches her desk, fishing something out of his backpack.

TREVOR

I wanted to return the favor.  
(hands her a book)  
It was something that gave me comfort when I went through a... lonely time.

Grace takes the book and SEES the title: *The Poetry of Pablo Neruda*. She looks back up at him, surprised by the choice.

GRACE

Thank you.

Trevor smiles, turns to leave.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

Grace flips open the book to the table of contents and SEES one poem circled in yellow highlighter: *La Muerta*.

OFF Grace, pondering.

51 INT. BOARDROOM - HALLWAY - DAY (D2)(11:08 AM)

51 \*

MacLaren comes down the hallway at a brisk clip, rubbing a sore spot on his neck where his com would be.

Hickman walks by, papers and files in hand. MacLaren catches him by the sleeve.

MACLAREN

He's just going to hang himself in there.

Hickman gives a look until MacLaren lets go of his sleeve.

HICKMAN

My client wants an audience with the D.A.'s office and they granted him that request. It's his right.

MACLAREN

He's insane.

HICKMAN

That's not for you to decide.

MACLAREN

Really? Because I've pretty much decided.

Hickman brushes past MacLaren and goes inside the board room.

DONNER -- walks down the hallway, no longer in cuffs, but escorted by a BAILIFF. He passes MacLaren with a look before being taken into the board room. \*

MACLAREN -- takes a moment, concern on his face, before going in.

52 INT. KEN'S OFFICE - DAY (D2)(11:08 AM)

52 \*

David steps in cautiously. Ken is going through a pile of paperwork with a calculator: all documents related to Marcy.

DAVID

You wanted to see me?

Ken doesn't look up.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

KEN

Your letter of resignation on my desk in an hour. Turn in your I.D. and keys.

DAVID

*What.*

KEN

And I think you'll understand that I won't be able to give you a reference.

DAVID

This can't still be about Marcy.

KEN

What do you think?

DAVID

You met her, you saw her, you know what she does --

KEN

Steal from people with actual disabilities for over a year?

(beat)

Do you know how much she's drained from the system? Because I do. Dollar for dollar.

Ken gestures to the calculations he's been adding up.

KEN (CONT'D)

Do you know how many grants we've been turned down for? How many programs that have been canceled because I can't rely on the government to even keep the lights on? They won't support us, but they don't give a shit if they take from us.

DAVID

She didn't do *any* of that. And what does this have to do with me?

KEN

You helped this woman commit social assistance fraud.

DAVID

I had no idea --

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

KEN

But when you found out, did you come to me? Did you say, hey, Ken, friend, boss, wait 'til you hear this? No.

(beat)

Now we're out her base benefits for 2 years -- not to mention half the cost of her apartment, outings, time...

David is silent, he can't deny that.

KEN (CONT'D)

I know you did things for her out of your own pocket too. How could you not be fucking furious at that?

DAVID

It's important work she's doing --

KEN

Wake up, David, she was playing you *then*, she's playing you *now*.

Ken goes back to his work and David turns to leave. He hovers by the door, frustration building. He turns back.

DAVID

You're right. When I thought Marcy was someone who needed my help, I *did* do things out of my own pocket. On my own time. Because I care about my clients.

Ken gives him a look of: and I care, because..?

DAVID (CONT'D)

Who's going to take over my case load now? Malcolm? He never does home visits. Doesn't take his clients to their appointments or teach them how to socialize.

(beat)

Will he know that when Jason refuses to eat, you have to pretend he's at his grandma's house? Or that he always wants two, *two*, packs of crackers with his soup because he only does things in even numbers?

Ken stares back, silent. He doesn't know any of this either.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (3)

52

DAVID (CONT'D)

I put in more overtime hours than anyone, and we don't get paid overtime.

(beat)

But good luck. You're angry over a few dollars --

KEN

Try several thousand.

DAVID

Yeah, well, that's... a lot.

KEN

Yes it is.

Frustrated, David leaves, slamming the door behind him.

53 INT. BOARDROOM - DAY (D2)(11:27 AM)

53 \*

Around the table sits: Donner, Hickman, and ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY (ADA) PECKHAM, female. MacLaren and other LEGAL PERSONNEL are seated along a row of chairs against the wall.

There is a camera and tripod pointed at Donner.

PECKHAM

Mr Donner, the Department of Justice doesn't take kindly to having its time wasted. In fact, that's why I'm here and not the District Attorney herself.

HICKMAN

Assistant D.A. Peckham, my client stands behind his testimony. Know that we are taking this very seriously.

She considers them, skeptical, then gives in and turns on the camera.

PECKHAM

State your name for the camera, then proceed.

DONNER

Is the feed being broadcast in any way?

PECKHAM

Internal use only.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

DONNER

My name is Aaron Donner. And I have information on a secret organization that operates worldwide. They call themselves travelers.

PECKHAM

A terrorist organization?

DONNER

Similar... yes. They operate outside of the law, infiltrate government agencies.

PECKHAM

Yes, I was informed that you even implicated a federal agent. That's a very serious allegation, Mr Donner.

MacLaren, nervous, crosses his arms to brace himself for what's coming next.

DONNER

I was approached by him. He revealed himself as a double agent. Said that he was part of a large network and that if I joined them, he could help me with my charges.

PECKHAM

Help you how?

DONNER

(nervous, flubbing)

I... he just said he would help me if I was one of them.

PECKHAM

And how is it that no governmental department is even aware of these Travelers?

DONNER

(losing confidence)

They operate in secret.

Peckham looks at Hickman: seriously? Then back to Donner.

PECKHAM

Mr Donner, I'm going to need something a lot more concrete than your conspiracy theories. We're done here.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

DONNER

(points to MacLaren)

He's right there! Ask him! Ask him  
about Travelers! He knows!

MACLAREN

Aaron, you're confused.

Peckham begins packing up her things.

PECKHAM

Special Agent MacLaren, could you  
please escort Mr Donner back into  
federal custody so we can process  
him accordingly?

DONNER

Wait! I can prove it!  
(struggles)  
I *am* one of them.

Peckham halts.

MACLAREN

What are you talking about?

DONNER

I'm Traveler 4022. I'll give you  
everything. How we communicate, how  
we receive orders, our protocols,  
our missions, just... please. To  
finally live in the world above  
ground, I won't give that up... I'll  
tell you everything.

Peckham considers him, then nods.

PECKHAM

Continue.

DONNER

We communicate on secure servers in  
the deep web -- I'll show them to  
you. You'll see messages that  
correspond to all of the missions  
we've done: heists, assassinations.  
The Van Huizen explosion -- that was  
us.

PECKHAM

How can you determine if someone is  
one of these travelers?

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (3)

53

DONNER

We use a com device that's injected just beneath the ear. That's how we communicate within our team.

PECKHAM

And you have one of these devices?

DONNER

(scrambling)

Well, no. I was supposed to get one, but my team was killed shortly after arrival, so --

PECKHAM

Arrival from where?

DONNER

The future! I'm telling the truth. I swear.

(point to MacLaren)

Check his com. Look for yourself!

Donner looks at MacLaren, who puts his hand over his neck, covering the bruise.

MACLAREN

(under his breath)

Don't...

DONNER

Agent MacLaren was sent to brief me on my first mission.

(to MacLaren)

If I go down, you do too.

MACLAREN

I wish you hadn't said that.

The room turns to MacLaren.

PECKHAM

Is that true, Special Agent MacLaren? Are you one of these people from the future?

A beat. MacLaren is silent. Then:

MACLAREN

Yes. I'm Traveler 3468.

(beat)

And I'm not alone.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (4)

53

Suddenly, everyone in the room stands up and turns to face Donner; including his own lawyer, Hickman.

Donner pales: what the hell is going on?

PECKHAM

Traveler 4022, you are accused of treason. Your trial will begin now. In view of travelers chosen as your jury from around the world...  
(taps the camera)  
And of course, the Director.

54 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)(11:27 AM)

54 \*

Our team is assembled around Philip's computer hub.

THE MONITORS -- broadcast a live feed of Donner's trial.

OFF on our heroes, riveted.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

55 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)(11:33 AM) 55 \*

ON THE MONITORS: MacLaren gives his testimony to camera.

MACLAREN

Traveler 4022 failed to defuse the bomb that lead to the death of his team. I'm sure it was a very difficult situation to face alone.

Our team watches his pained expression on the live feed.

56 INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY (D2)(11:33 AM) 56 \*

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

PECKHAM

But he wasn't alone.

MACLAREN

No.

PECKHAM

You offered 4022 your assistance.

MACLAREN

Many times. But he was afraid --

PECKHAM

Do you think this excuses his actions?

MACLAREN

No, I don't.

PECKHAM

Thank you.

Peckham turns to Donner.

PECKHAM (CONT'D)

Do you have any final statements?

Donner is close to tears.

DONNER

I practiced defusing that bomb a thousand times, but when I got here it didn't work. I swear, I tried.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

DONNER (CONT'D)

(beat)

The Director didn't give me enough  
time... what was I supposed to do?  
Just die?

MACLAREN

Instead you betrayed all of us.

PECKHAM -- turns to the camera, addressing the jury.

PECKHAM

It is now time to vote.

OUR TEAM -- take turns to input their vote into the computer  
hub by just tapping a single key. There is no reaction on  
screen. \*

Peckham and Hickman consult a different laptop screen, which  
has the scrolling deep web wall. \*

DONNER

What's going to happen to me?

The room is eerily silent.

Finally, a NOTIFICATION BEEPS TWICE on the computer. They  
all turn to each other, knowing what that means. \*

PECKHAM

Traveler 4022, you have been found  
guilty of treason.

Donner tries to jump out of his chair, but is velcro strapped  
down by the other travelers in the room, who then stand back. \*

PECKHAM (CONT'D)

For which the punishment is death by  
immediate overwrite.

DONNER

No!

Donner locks eyes with MacLaren when -- A TRANSITION TAKES  
PLACE. He screams.

The transition completes. Donner stills. Opens his eyes.  
A new traveler has arrived.

PECKHAM

Traveler 4024. Welcome to the 21st  
century.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

DONNER  
(serene)  
Thank you.

OFF MacLaren, sickened by the execution.

57 INT. LESTER HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY (D2)(2:30 PM)

57 \*

MR MORRISSY and Grace are waiting in an empty classroom.  
After a beat, Mr Morrissy begins packing up his bag.

GRACE  
Give him five more minutes.

MR. MORRISSY  
He's already had thirty. I'm not  
missing dinner with my kids because  
the ex football star had better things  
to do.

Mr Morrissy swings his bag over his shoulder and leaves.

MR. MORRISSY (CONT'D)  
Good night, Grace.

GRACE  
Dammit, Trevor.

OFF her disappointment.

58 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D2)(2:30 PM)

58 \*

Carly sits at her kitchen counter, holding Jeffrey Jr in her  
arms and feeding him. Shaken, processing the heavy events  
of the day, she cuddles the baby and is more affectionate  
with him than usual.

There is a KNOCK at her door and she opens it to find  
Jacqueline.

CARLY  
Yes?

JACQUELINE  
Carly, I was passing through the  
area and wanted to drop by. Just  
for a moment, I'm on my way to an  
appointment --

CARLY  
What's going on? Is something wrong?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

JACQUELINE

I just wanted you to know that you're not alone. I'm going to help you. I've seen this system fail women like you too many times before and I'd like this story to have a better ending.

CARLY

Oh... thank you.

JACQUELINE

The father does have a lot of leverage, so in between now and the next proceeding we need to strengthen your case. Red flag number one: your liquid income.

CARLY

I swear to you, I didn't earn that money by --

JACQUELINE

Doesn't matter. As far as I care you did what you had to in order to feed your child. *But*, because the allegation was made, we have to combat it.

CARLY

How?

JACQUELINE

You need to get a job. \*

CARLY

A what?

JACQUELINE

Don't worry, I'll help you get set up.

(then)

Let's meet later this week.

Jacqueline leaves.

A beat. Carly closes the door behind her.

59 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D2)(5:30 PM)

59 \*

MacLaren, quiet and distracted, gathers his things from his desk, preparing to leave for the day.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

FORBES -- receives some bad news on the phone and slams the receiver back down, frustrated.

FORBES

Dammit.

MACLAREN

What's wrong?

FORBES

Donner got off.

MACLAREN

Of the death penalty. He'll still get life in prison. \*

FORBES

With a chance of parole.

MACLAREN

Not for a long time.

FORBES

He's just lucky that he killed the right people.

MACLAREN

What do you mean?

FORBES

No one seems to care about the deaths of a few sex workers. Just gets swept under the rug.

(beat)

It's not right.

60 INT. KEN'S OFFICE - DAY (D2) (5:30 PM)

60

There is a knock on Ken's door and before he can answer, Marcy steps in and closes it shut behind her.

KEN

Oh for Chrissake.

MARCY

We need to talk.

KEN

Didn't bring your FBI friend with you?

MARCY

Wasn't necessary.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

Marcy places a thick envelope down on the desk.

MARCY (CONT'D)

This should cover all of the benefits  
I received while I was under David's  
care, with interest.

Ken peeks into the envelope and sees the amount. It floors  
him.

KEN

Is this legal?

MARCY

Do you care?

Ken doesn't answer.

MARCY (CONT'D)

David needs to maintain his position  
here. He's doing a bit of work for  
us.

KEN

This is blackmail.

MARCY

I could take this envelope back if  
you prefer and give it to your  
replacement, but David seems to like  
you.

Ken pales, she has him in a checkmate.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Tell him he can come back on Monday.  
(beat)  
Bye, Ken.

Ken nods and Marcy leaves, satisfied.

61 INT. PRISON TRANSPORT TRUCK - DAY (D3)(11:18 AM)

61 \*

MacLaren loads Donner into the back of a transport truck.  
Donner holds out his hands allowing MacLaren to attach a  
chain loop from the floor of the truck to his cuffs.

MACLAREN

Tough first assignment.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

DONNER

Honestly I think even prison is going to be better than where I just came from.

This surprises MacLaren.

MACLAREN

It's that bad?

(Donner nods)

I was hoping the work we were doing would start making things better in the future. Especially Helios. \*

DONNER

If anything... it's going the other way.

MacLaren steps off the truck.

MACLAREN

Have we at least found more fuel for the reactor?

DONNER

(retreating)

I shouldn't have said anything. Protocol 2. You know we're not supposed to -- \*

MACLAREN

I get it.

He nods and MacLaren shuts the truck doors.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Be strong. You won't be alone in there.

62 INT. PRISON CELL - DAY (D3)(2:21 PM)

62 \*

Donner, in an orange jump suit, looks out the meshed window of his cell. There is bright sunlight just on the other side. He strokes the glass, imagining he can feel the heat.

Someone taps his shoulder. He looks up: it's LUCA (EP 104). \*

LUCA

Rough jump into the 21st?  
(off Donner's confusion)  
I'm Traveler 2587.

Donner remains silent, sizing Luca up.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

LUCA (CONT'D)

So, you're one of the Director's  
abandoned orphans too.

\*

DONNER

I'm on mission and you're breaking  
protocol 2.

LUCA

(laughs)  
Some mission.

DONNER

I trust in the grand plan.

LUCA

Give it some time. Then we'll talk.

OFF Donner's look of growing doubt.

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #109

"Bishop"

Written by  
Amanda Smith

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TRAVELERS  
"Bishop"  
Set List - Goldenrod Pages - 06.15.16

Exteriors

CRASH SITE  
FBI FIELD OFFICE  
MACLAREN'S HOUSE  
JEFF'S APARTMENT  
POLICE STATION  
SCENIC TRAIL  
SKY  
TAIL SECTION  
TREVOR'S HOUSE  
WAREHOUSE OFFICE

Interiors

ACCESS PANEL  
AIRPLANE  
- Back  
- First Class  
- Tail  
CARLY'S BEDROOM  
~~CARLY'S VAN~~  
~~— Moving~~  
DAVID'S APARTMENT  
FBI FIELD OFFICE  
- Elevator  
GARAGE/OPS  
MACLAREN'S HOUSE  
MACLAREN'S SUV  
JEFF'S APARTMENT  
JEFF'S CAR  
MACLAREN'S SUV  
~~TAXI~~  
~~— Moving~~  
TEAM VAN  
- Moving  
TREVOR'S HOUSE  
- Kitchen  
WAREHOUSE OFFICE

TEASER

63 EXT. SCENIC TRAIL - DAY (D4)(8:03 AM)

63

JORDAN HAYES, 50's, affluent, jogs along a trail that leads to an old wooden bridge. He breaths heavily, sweating through his shirt. \*

His wife, MRS. HAYES, keeps pace with him, when his CELL PHONE RINGS. He takes it out to see the caller. \*

HAYES

Just a second, honey.

MRS. HAYES

Sure, *slacker*.

HAYES

No, really, I've got to take this.

Out of breath, he answers the phone, walking to the bridge's edge, leaning back against a rail. \*

HAYES (CONT'D)

Hayes. Yeah.... *Relax* -- Manning won't be a problem, he likes to bluster 'bout ethics and the environment, but he'll fold like always. 'Sides, this conference is just a formality, once I put the motion through, it's through. The pipeline will move ahead on schedule. \*

Hayes clutches a stitch in his side.

HAYES (CONT'D)

That menopausal bitch scare can bark all she wants about her *protected zones* but the writing's on the wall.

(beat)

We'll be out of that conference by noon and still make our tee time, you watch.

Hayes hangs up and leans against the railing; a steep drop looms below.

Mrs Hayes slows to his side as he wipes the sweat dripping from his brow.

SEC. HAYES

I'm sweatin' like a pig, here. All this exercise is gonna kill me.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

Mrs Hayes takes her towel and wipes his brow with it, seemingly affectionate.

MRS. HAYES  
Oh, honey, don't be silly.  
(beat)  
That won't be what kills you.

HAYES -- looks to his wife, confused by her words, then:

MRS. HAYES -- covers his face with the towel, then, stepping on his foot, uses his head as a lever to push him backwards over the rail. \*

HAYES -- plummets to the ground below, landing hard and awkwardly, his protest halted by the impact of his head against the rock with a sickening crack of the skull. \*

Blood seeps onto the ground from the wound. Mrs Hayes studies him a moment to make sure he's dead. \*

She then taps behind her ear.

MRS. HAYES (CONT'D)  
(on com)  
3112: mission complete.

She takes a moment to work herself up to an emotional state, then SCREAMS like a distraught wife.

MRS. HAYES (CONT'D)  
Jordan! JORDAN!  
(beat)  
Help! Somebody! HELP!

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

64 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - ELEVATOR - DAY (D4)(8:12 AM) 64 \*

MACLAREN comes out of the office. An OFFICER stands with his back to the offices, as if waiting for the elevator. \*

MacLaren goes over to press the call button and the officer turns around, blocking him. It's JEFF. \*

MACLAREN  
Excuse me, d'you mind? \*

MacLaren gestures for Jeff to move aside. Jeff doesn't budge.

JEFF  
Yeah, I do...

Jeff straightens up.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
I mind what's goin' on with you and Carly.

MACLAREN  
Carly..?

JEFF  
Don't pretend you don't know, that'll just piss me off.

Jeff steps closer towards MacLaren, threatening. MacLaren looks back toward the office where a couple of his colleagues are working. \*

MACLAREN  
Right. And we know what you do when you get pissed off, don't we? \*

(beat)

Wouldn't try that with me. Definitely not here. \*

Jeff tries another tactic.

JEFF  
'Kay, I'm just talking to you man to man, a'right? Me an' Carly had a fight, we separated, you had some fun with her -- \*

MACLAREN  
*Fun with her?*

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

One of the elevators arrives going up and a couple of people get out. Both men fall silent until the doors close again.

\*  
\*

JEFF

I seen you around, a'right?

MACLAREN

If you're implying Carly and I --

JEFF

I'm just here to tell you she's the mother of my child and I'm trying to get my family back together.

(beat)

But if you're in my way --

MACLAREN

Actually you're in *my* way.

(beat)

If you wouldn't mind pressing *down* --

\*

JEFF

You think this is funny?

MACLAREN

No I think it's pathetic.

(beat)

I've interviewed Carly on official business, yes --

JEFF

(derisively)

*Interviewed* --

MACLAREN

During which time the bruises on her arms and forehead were pretty goddamn unmistakable. She told me --

JEFF

Accidents happen, man --

\*

MACLAREN

(a threat)

Not anymore they don't.

JEFF

Your wife know Carly's half your age?

MacLaren has to hold his temper back.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

MACLAREN

You know if you're smart you'll accept  
the fact Carly's not going to put up  
with an abusive, alcoholic, loser  
beat cop anymore and you'll move on.

\*  
\*

Jeff just nods. Okay. That's how you want to be.

\*

Another elevator arrives and one person steps out. Jeff  
decides to get in it, then turns to face MacLaren.

\*  
\*

JEFF

I guess we're both goin' down.

\*

MACLAREN

I'll wait for the next one.

\*  
\*

They glare at each other as the doors close.

\*

65 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D4)(8:15 AM)

65 \*

Coffee brews. Two mugs rest on the counter as David finishes  
pouring cream into them. Then, Marcy enters.

MARCY

Mmmm. Smells good.

DAVID

Fine grind, organic. I know it might  
sound snobby, but you just wait; it  
tastes even snobbier.

MARCY -- comes close and peeks over David's shoulder as he  
pours coffee into the mugs. She rests her hand on his back.

DAVID -- stiffens, an electric current of emotion pulses  
through him from the casual touch. He freezes.

MARCY

Thank you.

Marcy, oblivious, takes the cup from him with a smile and  
moves to the living area, sitting on the couch.

DAVID

(uncomfortable)  
No problem.

She looks back to SEE him still somewhat frozen; thinking.  
Something's off.

MARCY

Everything okay?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

DAVID  
Yeah. No. I mean it's just --

MARCY  
What?

Beat.

DAVID  
Ah... I don't think I can do this  
anymore.

MARCY  
Do what?

DAVID  
*This* -- you living here. With me.

She gets off the couch and approaches him, reassuring.

MARCY  
You don't have to worry about your  
boss, I talked to him --

DAVID  
It's not about my job, Marcy, it's --  
(then)  
Wait, you talked to him? \*

MARCY  
It's settled, say what you were going  
to say. \*

DAVID  
This pretending we're something we're  
not. I keep saying this is platonic,  
but if I'm being honest with myself...

David struggles, this is tearing him apart. Marcy stays  
strong.

MARCY  
It's okay...

Marcy reaches for his hand, but he withdraws.

DAVID  
I think maybe it's best if you found  
your own place.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

MARCY  
 (hiding her emotion)  
 Oh. Okay. I didn't realize... The  
 last thing I want is to upset you.

David stands, hurt. A large part of him wishing she would  
 have said something different. He stares at her, speechless.

Marcy breaks the tension, turning focus to David's work day.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
 Go. You're going to be late for  
 work. And don't you worry about me,  
 I'll find a place for tonight.

DAVID  
 It doesn't have to be --

MARCY  
 It's fine. Really, I understand.

DAVID  
 Do you?  
 (she nods)  
 Well don't leave tonight, I have  
 dinner planned.

MARCY  
 David... It's fine. Go to work.

David casts one last lingering look at her, before grabbing  
 his bag and forcing himself out the door.

OFF Marcy, alone in the apartment, feeling its emptiness.

66 INT. LANDSCAPING OFFICE - DAY (D4)(8:15 AM)

66 \*

CARLY, in business attire, is seated in a cramped ramshackle  
 office of a landscape company. HANK DONALD, the manager,  
 40s, looks at her job application and resumé.

\*  
\*

HANK  
 You don't have your GED?

CARLY  
 Should come through this week. I  
 already did the test, just waiting  
 on the official papers, Mr Donald.

HANK  
 Call me 'Hank'.  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

HANK (CONT'D)

(then)

So, d'you have any experience in  
landscaping?

\*  
\*

CARLY

No, but I'm a fast learner.

HANK

(unimpressed)

Uh huh.

(beat)

Okay, this question is not intended  
to be in anyway sexist, but it is a  
requirement of this workplace, please  
don't take offense.

Carly is wary of the question.

CARLY

What.

Hank points to a large bag of fertilizer.

\*

HANK

Can you lift that?

\*

Carly relaxes, goes over and picks up the heavy bag with  
relative ease.

\*

CARLY

Where would you like it?

HANK

Back on the floor is good.

She puts it down again.

Hank claps his hands together, pleased.

HANK (CONT'D)

Come in tomorrow. We'll get you all  
set up and see what you're made of.

\*

CARLY

I'll be here at six.

HANK

Okay. But everybody else'll be here  
at seven, so...

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2)

66

CARLY  
(smiling at that)  
Sounds good, Hank.

67 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D4)(8:15 AM)

67 \*

Trevor comes downstairs to find Gary already sitting at the kitchen table, waiting for him. Gary points to the chair.

GARY  
Siddown, superstar.

Trevor sits, bracing himself for whatever's coming.

GARY (CONT'D)  
School called, and your mother wasn't here so I had to answer it. You skipped out on another test.

TREVOR  
I can explain --

GARY  
They're suspending you for a week.

TREVOR  
I understand.

GARY  
I don't think you do. Two of your teachers don't even want you back in their class. Which means you don't have enough credits to graduate.

Trevor reacts with surprise and disappointment.

TREVOR  
I can make up the tests --

GARY  
You already ditched too many'a those.  
(beat, uncomfortable)  
Your mother and I have decided we're sending you to a military boarding school.

TREVOR  
You're sending me away?

GARY  
Just for eight months. In Idaho.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

GARY (CONT'D)

You can get your grades up, learn about responsibility and reapply to colleges next spring.

TREVOR

I think we need to talk about this more.

GARY

Well, I'm sorry it's not up to you.

Gary gets up and leaves, unable to continue the conversation.

Trevor waits a beat, then:

TREVOR

Gary? Aren't we talking more?

68 INT. JEFF'S CAR - DAY (D4)(11:04 AM)

68 \*

Jeff is parked on the side of the road, on speed cam duty. He has his laptop open, engrossed in his own little project.

ON SCREEN: he pulls up an inter-departmental file on Special Agent Grant MacLaren.

JEFF -- searches obsessively, looking over MacLaren's driver's license, recent case files, his service commendations.

Jeff reaches down below his seat and pulls up a half-empty beer can. He takes a deep drink, before tucking it back below his seat.

Jeff pulls up new files.

ON SCREEN: Carly's driver's license.

69 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - DAY (D4)(3:43 PM)

69 \*

MacLaren opens the door to his car, a box of files and reports tucked under his arm.

He stops and SEES a plain, sealed cardboard box resting on the driver's seat.

A note that reads "T 3468" is attached to the top.

MACLAREN

What the hell...

MacLaren quickly looks around, but his surroundings are clear.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

He slides into his SUV, puts the files down, closes the door and picks up the box.

He peels off the note and opens it.

CLOSE ON the note: "Keep with you at all times."

70 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N4)(7:45 PM)

70 \*

A LOCKED CASE -- the size of a cigar box, with a futuristic locking mechanism is nestled on a work table.

Philip and MacLaren try to figure out what's inside.

PHILIP -- is a sweaty mess, going through heroin withdrawal.

MACLAREN

Can you open it?

Philip works on his computer, running a sequence of different algorithms.

PHILIP

It's a combination of digital and mechanical. Not easy to bypass. But definitely based on our tech.

MACLAREN

Hope so considering how it showed up in my car.

MacLaren holds the case again, running his fingers over the lock as he tries to work out the puzzle.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

No interface... Remote signal?

PHILIP

Trying that right now.

Philip types in a few more commands. He adjusts his phone, which is connected to the computer via cable, so that it points directly at the lock. Nothing.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

You're right. It definitely opens remotely...

(trying a new command)

Maybe if I -- No. Shit.

(his frustration builds)

If I can use a proxy -- no, that's stupid too.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

MACLAREN

If there's one thing, you're *not*...

MacLaren puts a hand on Philip's shoulder, with a firm nod to signal him to calm down. Philip looks back to his screen.

PHILIP

Sorry, boss, my head isn't clear.

MACLAREN

If you need it to function properly, I won't stop you --

Philip responds a little too aggressively

PHILIP

No.

(then)

I have to try to at least another few hours. Staying clean is harder than you might think.

MACLAREN

What can I do to help?

PHILIP

I am getting help, actually. A support group. My friend Ray took me.

MACLAREN

*Friend.* Good.

MacLaren gets back to work:

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Let's scan it, see if we can find out what's inside.

Philip sets up a small scanner and places the locked case inside. As he runs the scan, a wire framework of the case begins to build on his monitor.

PHILIP

If this doesn't work, I'll try to run some programs overnight, brute force a key code.

His computer BEEPS. The scan is done. The case, rendered in 3D, is completely opaque.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

70

PHILIP (CONT'D)

The case is lined. They really wanted to keep it a secret from you.

MACLAREN

Don't even know what I'm supposed to do with the thing except "keep it on me at all times."

PHILIP

The Director must have a plan.

MacLaren looks at the locked case, its contents still hidden.

MACLAREN

Yeah, what else is new.

\*

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

71 EXT/INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - DAY (D5)(8:16 AM)

71 \*

MacLaren walks out of his house and gets into his SUV.

JEFF -- sits parked in his car, watching from down the road. He eyes MacLaren as he drives past in his SUV.

Jeff then gets out of his car and approaches the front door of MacLaren's house. He knocks. KATHRYN answers.

KATHRYN

Can I help you?

JEFF

Good morning, Mrs MacLaren. Do you have a moment to talk?

KATHRYN

What about?

JEFF

Don't be alarmed. I'm actually here about a personal matter...

72 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D5)(8:17 AM)

72 \*

David opens the fridge, grabbing the milk. He then opens the cupboard, pulls out two mugs and begins to pour milk into one when it hits him -- this isn't coffee for two.

With a heavy heart, he puts the second mug back and pours himself a single cup of coffee.

He turns and takes his first sip, looking to the couch where Marcy would typically be.

73 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D5)(8:17 AM)

73 \*

Marcy lies asleep on the couch when her phone starts to vibrate beside her. She slowly wakes and answers it.

MARCY

(groggy)  
Hello?

DAVID (O.S.)

Hey. Sorry, did I wake you?

MARCY

It's okay.

74 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D5)(8:17 AM)

74

David paces, nervousness flowing through him.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

DAVID

Cool. Anyway I just wanted to let you know when I was going to be around today in case you needed help getting your things. Not that you need my help, but if you wanted it, I can help. Or I can also not be around.

(beat)

Alternatively.

Marcy sits up.

MARCY

Actually that would be great if you were there, if you don't mind.

DAVID

No! Don't mind at all.

MARCY

When are you going to be around?

DAVID

Pretty much all day. If that works.

MARCY

Great. I'll come by this afternoon.

Marcy hangs up and takes in her sleeping quarters; a couch in an old garage. Not ideal.

75 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D5)(9:38 AM)

75

MacLaren pulls up to a four way stop. He scans the intersection, when -- all of his doors unlock.

\*

MACLAREN -- quickly looks around unsure of what just happened when his back door opens and in gets:

MRS. HAYES, dressed for a funeral.

MRS. HAYES

Good morning, 3468. I'm here to brief you on your mission.

MACLAREN

You are?

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

MRS. HAYES  
3112. You can go now. \*

MacLaren drives ahead.

MRS. HAYES -- plus a file out of her purse and presents the details of his mission. First, a PHOTO of BISHOP.

MRS. HAYES (CONT'D)  
Your target is Congressman Bishop.

MacLaren is dubious about all of this.

MACLAREN  
*Target, what's that supposed to mean?*

MRS. HAYES  
That's the word the messenger used.  
Bishop will be seated next to you in  
first class. 1A and 1B.

She hands MacLaren his plane ticket. He gives it a cursory glance while driving.

MACLAREN  
This flight is today.

MRS. HAYES  
Is that a problem?

MACLAREN  
No I just... to be honest I've never  
been in an aircraft before, shouldn't  
I have luggage?

MRS. HAYES  
You have the case.

MACLAREN  
Of course.

MRS. HAYES  
That's all you need. Your credentials  
will get it through the security.  
It will open at the appropriate time  
and you'll be made aware of its  
purpose.

MACLAREN  
What? I'm gonna need more than that.

MRS. HAYES  
I don't have more than that.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

MRS. HAYES (CONT'D)

(then)

If you wouldn't mind dropping me off  
where I'm going --

MACLAREN

You do know I'm an FBI agent --

\*

MRS. HAYES

And I'm a grieving widow on the way  
to a funeral home.

MacLaren keeps driving, not happy.

76 EXT. LANDSCAPING OFFICE - DAY (D5) (9:38 AM)

76 \*

Carly knocks on Hank's door. She is dressed ready to work.

\*

HANK -- sits at his desk working throughout the scene, trying  
to avoid the conversation.

CARLY

Morning, I know I'm a bit early, but  
I thought I'd get a head start on --

HANK

Carly. Our needs have actually  
changed, so I'm afraid we don't have  
a job to offer you.

Carly stands, shocked by the news.

CARLY

Okay. Well if you wouldn't mind  
keeping me in mind for future --

HANK

We're never gonna offer you a job  
here, darlin'. Sorry.

CARLY

Why not?

HANK

You know why.

CARLY

No, I don't, actually. Sir, I need  
this job --

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

HANK

Our background check revealed the charges on your record. Assaulting a police officer? Come on, kiddo.

CARLY

You don't understand, he's the father of my child --

HANK

That makes it better *how?*

Frustrated, Carly storms out of the office.

77 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D5)(9:53 AM)

77 \*

MacLaren drives. Mrs Hayes sits in the back.

MRS. HAYES

It's just a few few more blocks.

MACLAREN

You know the 21st has this service called "uber" --

MacLaren's phone starts to ring through the car.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

(re: the phone)

It's my wife. Excuse me.

(he answers)

Hey honey.

KATHRYN (O.S.)

Where are you?

MACLAREN

On my way to the airport, actually.

KATHRYN (O.S.)

We need to talk.

\*

MACLAREN

Can't right now, I've just been assigned escort duty on a flight to D.C. I'm catching the...

(reading the paper)

One thirty flight out.

\*

KATHRYN (O.S.)

You're leaving?

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

MACLAREN

It's just for the night.

Tense silence on the other end of the line. Beat.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

I'll call you as soon as I --  
 (then -- click)  
 Hello?

She's hung up. MacLaren sighs.

MRS. HAYES

At least you weren't ordered to  
 assassinate her.

MACLAREN

What does *that* mean?

MRS. HAYES

I'm about to attend a funeral service,  
 what do you think it means?  
 (beat)  
 Pull over here.

MacLaren does and she gets out.

78 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D5)(10:28 AM)

78 \*

CLOSE ON: An unsteady needle slowly enters between two  
 vertebrae of a spinal chord, re-injecting a serum into her  
 spinal chord.

MARCY

Ah!

Philip can't steady his hand.

PHILIP

Sorry. I'm trying.

MARCY

Just go nice and slow, Philip...  
 Deep breaths.

He does and completes the injection, pulling the needle out.

PHILIP

You okay?

MARCY

I will be. The treatments help.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

She pulls down her shirt to regain privacy. Philip sits, holding the needle.

PHILIP

How long have you been doing this?

MARCY

Just a few weeks.

PHILIP

So it's working.

MARCY

(shaking her head)

It controls the seizures, but I'm just buying a little time. \*

PHILIP

I'm so sorry.

MARCY

The Director made a mistake with both of us.

PHILIP

What I'm sorry about is that you've had to deal with all this alone. You confided in me and I've only been thinking of my own problems.

MARCY

I have had help.  
(off Philip's look)  
David.

PHILIP

He's been doing this?

MARCY

And drawing the CSF I use to make the serum. He's more than capable and he cares for me.

PHILIP

Huh. I thought he kicked you out.

MARCY

It's not like that, he's... \*

Marcy appreciates now more than ever the huge part David has played in her life. She reflects.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (2)

78

PHILIP

Well I'm here for you now. I hope  
you know that.

Marcy pushes through the sad thought of losing David.

79 EXT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - YARD - DAY (D5)(10:28 AM)

79 \*

Trevor is on a knee, picking weeds in the garden. He plucks  
one out, then becomes fixated on the beauty of a flower.

GARY -- comes out the back door, breaking Trevor's moment of  
serenity.

GARY

How's it comin'?

Trevor looks up at a man who thinks he's the boss.

TREVOR

I'm having a hard time understanding  
how one plant is more important than  
another but I'm doing what you asked.

GARY

We need to talk.

With a sigh, Trevor stops everything.

GARY (CONT'D)

Don't think I can't see that things  
are changing between us.

TREVOR

You struck me and now you're sending  
me to military school. Those  
changes?

GARY

I already said I was sorry about  
that, I'm talking about since you  
quit football.

TREVOR

Since my concussion.

\*

GARY

I'm saying there comes a time in  
every young man's life when he stops  
putting his father up on a pedestal  
and just sees him as --

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

TREVOR

The man that he really is. \*

GARY

Exactly. *That* guy.

(beat)

I just wanted to say; guy to guy,  
man to man... I'm sorry things have  
gone south between us and that I'm  
doing my best here...Trevor sees Gary's pain but is conflicted by the abusive man  
he's gotten to know. Beat.

GARY (CONT'D)

You don't have to do that anymore;  
your mother told me to do it while  
she was away at her sisters.

Gary turns and heads back to the house, when:

TREVOR

Hey, Gary.

Gary turns back.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Is there golf on later today?

GARY

One o'clock. \*

TREVOR

Maybe we can watch it together.

Gary smiles and heads inside.

80 OMITTED

80 \*

80A INT. MACLAREN'S BEDROOM - DAY

80A\*

A distraught Kathryn throws clothes into a small suitcase. \*

81 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY (D5)(11:03 AM)

81 \*

Jeff stands outside fraternizing with other officers when  
Carly comes pacing around the corner towards him.

JEFF

Here we go. Gimme a sec, guys.

He moves to intercept her.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

JEFF (CONT'D)

Carly, how can I help you?

CARLY

You can explain why a background check by a potential employer showed an assault charge.

JEFF

Maybe it was after you punched me in the face and stole my car.

CARLY

How many times have you struck me?

JEFF

Come to think of it, might've been after you kicked me in the nuts outside the babysitter's house. I bet a witness called it in.

\*  
\*

CARLY

I'm sure someone in there is interested in hearing the other side of the story.

Carly walks on to head into the station.

JEFF

They all know I'm a good family man.

She turns back, heated.

CARLY

What do you want?

JEFF

I want us. My son. My family...

CARLY

Jeff, I'm gonna let you in on a secret. That night you smashed my head into the counter..?

(beat)

You were gonna kill me.

JEFF

What're you talking about?

CARLY

Let me tell you how: I was gonna open the kitchen drawer and get your spare gun to defend myself but you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

81

CARLY (CONT'D)  
 were gonna be too strong and too  
 fast. The gun was gonna go off and  
 I was gonna bleed out on the floor.

JEFF  
 That is some batshit crazy talk,  
 Carly, you need help.

CARLY  
 What I needed was a decent job. And  
 you just took that from me.

Carly storms off, the way she came.

82 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D5)(11:03 AM)

82 \*

Philip sits on the couch, shaking. His withdrawal has  
 worsened. Then, his com hails. He touches his ear.

MACLAREN (O.S.)  
 Philip, you there?

PHILIP  
 Yeah, yep, what's up, boss?

83 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D5)(11:03 AM)

83 \*

MacLaren is at his desk talking quietly.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MACLAREN  
 I'm heading out of town. I just  
 received a mission instructions  
 through another traveler.

PHILIP  
 Where d'you want us? I can be ready  
 in five --

MACLAREN  
 This one's a solo assignment. I'm  
 heading to D.C. I'll be out of com  
 reach soon as the plane is above  
 20,000 feet which is a terrifying  
 thought all by itself, but I'll touch  
 base by cell phone when we land around  
 six thirty your time.

PHILIP  
 Statistically its the safest way to  
 travel.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

MACLAREN

While strapped into a chair moving  
through the sky, but thanks for  
trying.

OFF Philip, not ever having fully engaged in the conversation.

84 INT. AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS - DAY (D5)(1:25 PM)

84 \*

MacLaren takes his seat on the isle, ROW ONE. He looks to  
the empty seat beside him, then places the distinct traveler  
case into the seat-back pocket on the wall in front of him.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sir, I can stow that in the overhead  
compartment if you like.

MACLAREN

I'd like to keep it with me, thanks.

He sits, anxiously awaiting his next directive, when:

BISHOP, 50's, pompous -- enters the plane and moves past  
MacLaren.

BISHOP

'Scuse me.  
(taking his seat)  
What a day.

MacLaren forces a smile.

MACLAREN

Yeah. Same here. Hi, I'm --

BISHOP -- pulls out his cell phone and makes a call.

BISHOP

(to MacLaren)  
'scuse me.

MACLAREN -- appears to be reading an email on his phone as  
he listens to Bishop's conversation.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Jim. Yeah, it's me. I'm on the  
plane now, just left the funeral --

(beat)

It was a funeral it was fine.

(beat)

Yeah, you know I'm ready.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

BISHOP (CONT'D)

I've already spoken with the board  
and Hayes' death shouldn't hold back  
our plans at all. We'll get the  
bill signed and have that pipeline  
flowing in no time.

(beat)

See ya in when I get to D.C. Bye.

MacLaren studies his "target."

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

85 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D5)(1:28 PM)

85 \*

Carly sits, holding Jeffrey Jr, concern on her face. She taps her com.

CARLY

Mac?

Nothing. She moves to her purse and takes out her phone. She dials, the phone goes to MacLaren's voice mail.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

You've reached the confidential voice mail of special agent Grant MacLaren. Please leave a message.

CARLY

Hey, it's me. I need you to call me as soon as you get this. It's Jeff, he's literally sabotaging my identity.

(beat)

Think you might be the only one who can help.

86 INT. AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS - DAY (D5)(1:30 PM)

86 \*

Bishop catches MacLaren out the corner of his eye, noticing he is tense. He tries to joke to calm the mood.

BISHOP

You'd think executive class would be more spacious, huh?

MACLAREN

I don't really have a frame of reference.

\*

BISHOP

First time up front?

(beat)

Not a lotta difference at thirty five thousand feet. Same paper thin aluminum tube as back there.

MACLAREN

Paper thin?

BISHOP

(off his look)

Relax!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
You have a better chance of being  
eaten by a shark than being in a  
plane crash.

MacLaren smiles politely.

MACLAREN  
When you put that in my head I'm  
glad we're not flying over water.

Bishop checks his phone when a FLIGHT ATTENDANT passes by.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to  
turn your phone off, please.

BISHOP  
(quietly)  
Oh, I'm a U.S. congressman. It's  
fine.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
We're privileged to have you on board,  
Congressman, but I still need you to  
turn off your phone. When we're in  
the air you'll have full access to  
our wifi.

With a frustrated sigh, Bishop turns off his phone. The  
Flight Attendant moves on.

BISHOP  
I tell ya, there aren't many perks  
to positions of power these days.

MACLAREN  
First row.

BISHOP  
What do you do?

MACLAREN  
FBI. Special Agent Grant MacLaren.

BISHOP  
Ted Bishop.

They shake hands.

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
Should've known by the suit... I'm  
*kidding.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2)

86

BISHOP (CONT'D)

(then)

So I guess you heard about the Secretary Hayes death? Your division handling that?

MACLAREN

We are.

BISHOP

Good on ya. I promise you this; I will follow through with his policies and the country will be a lot richer for it.

\*  
\*

MACLAREN

Obviously I can't comment on policy.

BISHOP

(under his breath)

Listen, I know we pay you like shit, but if you have any spare cash invest it in Halcyon Oil Corp. ASAP. Big things are coming down the pipeline...

Bishop gestures that this is their little secret.

THE PLANE -- starts to taxi.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Here we go.

MACLAREN

Oh good.

87 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D5)(1:45 PM)

87

There's a knock at the Door. David answers.

87 CONTINUED:

87

MARCY -- stands with an empty bag over her shoulder, looking up at David.

DAVID

Hey. Come on in. Come in.

Marcy enters, walking into the main space of the apartment.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I haven't packed up anything up for you because I wasn't really sure what you wanted --

MARCY

I don't have much.

DAVID

Yeah, no, I was thinking some of *my* stuff you might want --

MARCY

I'm not taking any of your things --

David looks around the place and grabs a tea kettle.

DAVID

Why do I need all this stuff by myself? Do you have a kettle? Everybody needs a kettle to make tea. Take it, I insist --

MARCY

Okay.

She accepts the kettle from him and holds her gaze on David for a beat, then snaps out of it, moving to pick up items of hers around the room and put them in her bag.

DAVID

This is way harder than I thought it was going to be.

MARCY

It's just as hard for me.

DAVID

Is it?

(beat)

I'm not sure that's possible, Marcy. Because I feel like I'm dying here.

Marcy opens her mouth to say something, then averts her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (2)

87

DAVID (CONT'D)

What.

MARCY

Nothing.

Marcy goes over to the clothes closet across from the bathroom. David follows her.

DAVID

You were going to say something.

MARCY

Thank you for the kettle.

DAVID

No, that's not it. What were you going to say? Tell me.

She turns to him, bluntly.

MARCY

I'm dying.

DAVID

(confused)

You mean... You feel the same way?

MARCY

I *do* feel the same way.

(beat)

But that's not what I'm saying.

David realizes she means she's actually dying and it crushes him.

\*  
\*

DAVID

No...

MARCY

The seizures you've been helping me to treat are a just a symptom --

David is shattered and furious at the same time.

DAVID

This is way too fucking much!

MARCY

Everything you were helping me with was only buying time, I don't have long --

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (3)

87

DAVID

And you were just going to leave?!

MARCY

Because I didn't want you to to have to go through it!

DAVID

What did I say about trying to do everything alone?! D'you have any idea what *that* would have done to me?! Knowing that I kicked you out?!

Long beat. They both calm down. She takes his hand.

DAVID (CONT'D)

When?

Marcy gently kisses him, then pulls him into an embrace.

MARCY

Not today.

88 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D5)(1:45)

88 \*

Philip lies on the couch, Carly paces in front of him.

PHILIP

I can probably hack in and remove the charges.

CARLY

That won't do it. He'll just re-file. I need MacLaren to get involved. Use his FBI influence.

PHILIP

He said he'd touch base once he lands.

Carly sits down at the computer and starts searching.

CARLY

One thirty for DC, right? Flight 329 to Washington. Just took off.

\*

Something striking hits Philip. He jumps to his feet and rushes to the computer. As he reads:

PHILIP

329?  
(very troubled)  
No no no.

\*

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

CARLY

What?

Philip touches his com.

PHILIP

Marcy, Trevor... We've got a problem.

89 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D5)(1:45 PM)

89

Marcy and David are standing where we left them, but they're now kissing, happy and sad at the same time.

MARCY

Copy.

DAVID

Copy what.

90 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - DAY (D5)(1:45 PM)

90

Trevor stands in the kitchen, a bowl of chips in hand.

GARY -- sits on the couch in the living room, watching golf, waiting for his son to join him.

TREVOR

Copy that.

Trevor puts down the bowl of chips, looks out at his Dad in the living room who has two unopened beers and stealthily heads out the front door.

\*

91 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY (D5)(2:13 PM)

91

CARLY -- stands holding Jeffrey Jr in a BABY CARRIER as Jeff leaves the police station.

CARLY

You said I needed help, and you're right. I need help with our son.

JEFF

Right now?

CARLY

Call it a peace offering.

JEFF

I'm not stupid, Carly. You think I'm just going to play babysitter whenever you want to --

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

CARLY

I have a couple of job interviews.  
I'll just have to tell the truth on  
the applications this time, see what  
happens.

(off his look)

If you really want to start mending  
this relationship, here's a chance.

He takes Jeffrey from her. Jeff shows genuine affection for  
the boy.

JEFF

Hey, big guy...

(beat)

How much time d'you need?

CARLY

How 'bout you spend a few hours with  
your son, see what its like.

\*

Carly turns and walks away.

92 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY (D5)(2:30 PM)

92 \*

Bishop sits reading his magazine. He downs the rest of his  
wine, then:

BISHOP

'Scuse me. Gotta take a leak.

MACLAREN

Uh. Sure.

MacLaren stands for Bishop when he SEES something concerning  
down the aisle in economy several rows back.

KATHRYN -- almost covers her face, embarrassed.

MACLAREN -- immediately paces towards her.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Kat, what are you doing here?

KATHRYN

I'm sorry, Grant, I thought...

(beat)

This is so embarrassing --

MACLAREN

What?

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

KATHRYN

I thought I would find you on here  
with another woman. And then I saw  
you up front talking to that man and  
I realized --

THE PLANE -- suddenly hits turbulence. MacLaren holds onto  
the seats.

The CAPTAIN makes an announcement as the seat belt lights  
come on.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, your captain  
from the flight deck. We have just  
entered an unexpected area of  
turbulence. Please return to your  
seats and fasten seat belts --

The plane goes through another awful spell of bumps. MacLaren  
continues the conversation.

MACLAREN

For Chrissakes, Kathryn, I'm working.

KATHRYN

A police officer came to our house  
this morning and said that you're  
sleeping with his wife.

MACLAREN

What? That's --

KATHRYN

He told me her name, that he's seen  
you at their house --

The Flight Attendant comes by.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sir, we need you to take your seat.

MACLAREN

Just a second.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Now, sir.

MACLAREN

I'm an FBI agent --

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2)

92

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

And I'm a flight attendant. Go back to your seat, I'm not asking again.

KATHRYN

Go. We can talk later.

The Flight Attendant guides MacLaren back towards first class.

Bishop is already back in his seat with headphones on.

BISHOP

This is nothing, don't worry.

MacLaren rolls his eyes at that, then taps his com.

MACLAREN

Can you guys hear me?

Beat. Nothing.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

This is Mac. Anybody?

Nothing.

MacLaren sits, eyes locked on the traveler case in front of him as the plane shakes. He reaches for it.

93 INT. TEAM VAN - MOVING - DAY (D5)(2:31 PM)

93 \*

Carly drives full speed down an empty side road. The rest of the team sits, fearful.

PHILIP

We're not going to make it there in time.

CARLY

I'm going as fast as I can.

TREVOR

(on com)

Boss, can you hear us?

PHILIP

The plane hasn't descended far enough yet.

\*

MACLAREN (O.S.)

(through poor reception)

Guys... can you hear me?

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

Everyone perks up.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MARCY

Yes. We can hear you. Is everything okay?

MACLAREN (O.S.)

We're descending...

PHILIP

Has the case opened?

MACLAREN

Not yet.

(beat)

Philip, what do you know about this flight.

All eyes turn to Philip. He doesn't want to deliver the bad news. Trevor takes the lead:

TREVOR

Historically, Flight 329 to Washington crashes at 2:53pm on this day.

Carly looks to the clock on the dash: 2:31pm

PHILIP

I didn't realize this was your flight until it was too late.

MacLaren keeps his voice down.

MACLAREN

Are there any survivors?

TREVOR

Boss, all 141 people on board die.

\*

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

94 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY (D5)(2:41 PM)

94 \*

The bumpy ride continues as Bishop turns and raises his empty glass, oblivious of MacLaren's conversation with his headphones on.

BISHOP

Bet you wish you had that free drink.

MacLaren looks down at the box in his hand.

MACLAREN

(sotto, on com)

How does it go down?

95 INT. TEAM VAN - MOVING - DAY (D5)(2:41 PM)

95 \*

The team races along. Trevor tracks the flight on his computer. Everyone is on coms.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

PHILIP

Lithium batteries catch fire in the hold, the suppression system fails.

TREVOR

The plane's already descending and has made a slow turn back back but it doesn't make it.

MACLAREN

Tell me how to stop it.

CARLY

Tell the pilot: you need to depressurize and climb.

MacLaren unbuckles his seat belt and grabs the CASE as the INTERCOM COMES ON.

PILOT (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, your captain again. One of our gauges is acting up over here, probably nothing but we've begun a slow turn...

He trails into a long pause, then:

PILOT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Stand by.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

The INTERCOM CUTS OUT.

BISHOP

Christ's sake, have we turned around?  
I have to be in Washington by four.  
(then smelling something)  
Jesus, you smell that?

Bishop turns to see MacLaren standing, looking down the length of the plane.

A faint hint of SMOKE begins to enter the cabin. Passengers become worried.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

What is it?

MACLAREN

Something's burning.

BISHOP

What?

The Flight attendant storms forward.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sir, if you don't sit down right now --

Kathryn SEES him up front and shouts to him:

KATHRYN

Grant! What's happening?

He ignores her. The FLIGHT ATTENDANT grabs the phone intercom.

MACLAREN

Tell them we won't make the airport,  
we need to put down now --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Captain, we've got smoke in the cabin.  
(listening)  
Okay.

And she races toward the back on instructions, ignoring MacLaren now with bigger fish to fry.

PHILIP

The fire's burned through the cargo  
liner.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2)

95

TREVOR  
Flight systems will eventually fail.

PHILIP  
It's too late to stop it.

MacLaren studies the contents of the case.

MACLAREN  
I'm pretty sure my mission is to  
save the plane, guys, there has to  
be a way --

Just then the Case in MacLaren's hand BUZZES and CLICKS.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
Stand by...

He looks down to SEE it clamshell open: a DEVICE sits in  
the center of it. The top half of the case has a SCREEN.

TEXT appears: "Save Bishop" the words fading as they're  
replaced by an image of two stylized figures crouched inside  
a bluish sphere, like an airline safety card.

MacLaren goes back to his seat with the device.

BISHOP  
What the hell are you doing?

MACLAREN  
I got my mission.  
(turns back)  
Trevor -- I need you to tell me how  
to make a two-person stasis field  
hold more than two people.

BISHOP  
Who's Trevor?

Trevor shares a look with Philip.

TREVOR  
Those things use a ton of power --

BISHOP  
(to MacLaren)  
What is that thing? Who're you  
talking to?

MACLAREN  
(to Bishop)  
Shut up for a second.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (3)

95

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

(to Trevor)

Find a way.

PHILIP

This is the reason you were kept in  
the dark on this one.

MACLAREN

What d'you mean?

MARCY

We keep improvising. \*

PHILIP

The Director must have know you'd  
try to save everyone on the plane;  
you can't do it, boss. \*

MacLaren doesn't care if anyone can hear him at this point.

MACLAREN

I'm not trying to save everyone, I'm  
trying to save my wife who decided  
to surprise me mid-air!

(beat)

We're talking three people. There's  
gotta be a way.MacLaren catches the eye of a nine year old boy who overheard  
him and is terrified.

TREVOR

Stand by.

There's silence until Carly speaks up.

CARLY

A stasis field means he's going to  
need resuscitation.

MARCY

I'm prepared for that, but --

TREVOR

(off his computer)

The wife's not on the manifest, same  
with MacLaren -- they've already  
been scrubbed.

MARCY

By who?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (4)

95

CARLY

Why does that matter?

MARCY

Technically, none of us were given this mission. We're improvising again and if you haven't noticed, the future doesn't seem to like when we do that.

\*  
\*  
\*

CARLY

You think we should turn around?

MARCY

I'm just saying that protocol five --

CARLY

Don't talk protocols with me now. Mac's in trouble, we're not turning back.

(to Trevor)

Trevor, how close are we?

TREVOR

(off his tracker)

Still a few minutes out.

Carly searches the skies looking for a sign of the plane. Nothing.

96 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY (D5)(2:45 PM)

96 \*

MacLaren returns to his seat to find Bishop in a full-blown panic.

BISHOP

Tell me what the hell is going on.

MACLAREN

There's a fire in the cargo hold.

BISHOP

What?!

MACLAREN

We're going to get through this, but you have to listen to me and you have to do exactly what I tell you to do.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

PILOT (O.S.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, we've had a small fire in our cargo hold. The fire suppression system has activated and I'm confident we'll be fine, but as a matter of caution, we're performing an emergency descent.

Bishop looks around the plane, eyes wide.

MACLAREN

Look at me: The Captain is wrong. This plane is going to crash. Nothing can stop that now.

BISHOP

Oh my god.

MACLAREN

But I have a device.

MacLaren presents the Case.

BISHOP

What?

MACLAREN

This box can generate an energy field that will temporarily hold our bodies in stasis during the crash and throw us clear from the debris field.

Bishop looks at him like he's a crazy person.

BISHOP

Oh, my God, I'm gonna die.

MACLAREN

We're *not* going to die.

MacLaren is HAILED. He answers it openly. \*

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

(into com)

Go ahead.

BISHOP

Who the fuck are you talking to?

MacLaren holds up his hand for him to shut up.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2)

96

TREVOR (O.S.)

I ran the numbers back to front --  
there's no way that stasis field  
generator can expand to fit three.

MACLAREN

We'll have to try --

TREVOR (O.S.)

Don't. It's a question of mass --  
even two people is going to be a  
stretch considering your angle of  
impact and velocity.

(beat)

I'm sorry, we can't save her.

MacLaren looks back to Kathryn, who is fixed on him, looking  
for answers, but cut off.

97 EXT. SKY - DAY (D5)(2:45 PM)

97 \*

Flight 329 descends, a stream of BLACK SMOKE trailing behind  
it.

\*

98 EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY (D5)(2:48 PM)

98 \*

The Van arrives and the team piles out to look up at the sky  
around them. Philip checks his watch.

PHILIP

Five minutes.

99 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY (D5)(2:48 PM)

99 \*

There's an EERIE SILENCE as the passengers sit buckled in  
their seats, the smoke growing more dense, shock and disbelief  
playing across their faces as they begin to cough from the  
increasing smoke.

The Flight attendant is in her jump seat, strapped in.

MacLaren looks at his watch before he turns to Bishop.

MACLAREN

All right, time to go.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

The seat belt sign is on, sir.

MACLAREN

Don't try to stop me, please.

She doesn't.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

C'mon, *now*.

This is too much for Bishop.

BISHOP

I'm not going *anywhere* with you.

MacLaren's in no mood to argue.

MACLAREN

Every other person on this flight is going to die today, but you, for some reason, get to live. So be humble and grateful and get your ass out of that goddamn chair before I drag it out.

Bishop blanches as he unbuckles his seat belt and gets up to follow MacLaren down the aisle.

Other passengers CHATTER IN ALARM as the men pass them by.

The INTERCOM TURNS ON. There's tension in the pilot's voice.

PILOT (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen we will not make the airport, and will be making an emergency landing. When I give the command "brace, brace" assume the position the crew has demonstrated and stay there until the plane comes to a stop.

MacLaren reaches Kathryn's row where he finds his wife clutching her armrests. She stares up at him in disbelief. \*

KATHRYN \*

Where are you going? \*

MacLaren ignores her as oxygen masks drop down in front of every passenger eliciting GASPS and SCREAMS. \*

He and Bishop walk past a 2nd FLIGHT ATTENDANT, 20's, coughing from the increasing smoke, trying to calm a passenger. \*

FLIGHT ATTENDANT 2 \*

Get back to your seats now! \*

He hesitates, regret flickering across his face before he presses on, moving past her without a word. \*

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (2)

99

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Grant?! Where are you going?

MACLAREN and BISHOP -- reach the back of the plane where MacLaren pushes Bishop down to the floor.

As smoke fills the cabin, they face each other, Bishop's hands shaking.

MACLAREN

Just stay calm and we'll get through this.

BISHOP

I don't think I believe you.

MACLAREN

I don't care if you do or not, just do as I say, when I say.

MacLaren looks back to Kathryn's seat. The smoke is thicker now but he can still make out the top of her head.

She turns around to look at him.

BISHOP

(bows his head)

Our father, who art in heaven...

MacLaren and Kathryn exchange a long look. He activates his com.

MACLAREN

Philip.

PHILIP

Go ahead.

MACLAREN

Tell me about the crash site.

100 EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY (D5)(2:50 PM)

100\*

Philip stands beside the van, staring up at the sky.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

PHILIP

(remembering)

They lose control of flight surfaces any moment now from the fire damage below, so it comes in steep and hits

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
in the middle of a field. There  
isn't much left but...

MACLAREN  
But what?

PHILIP  
The tail section.  
(beat)  
It's the only part of the plane left  
intact in every picture in the  
historical record.

MACLAREN  
Then somebody could survive if they  
were in the tail section?

TREVOR  
That's not what he said, the G-forces  
would be huge --

MACLAREN  
It's worth a try.

PHILIP  
You don't have time, you can't save  
her!

MacLaren reaches up and ends communication.

101 EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY (D5)(2:51 PM)

101\*

Philip tries to get back in touch.

PHILIP  
(on com)  
Hello?

He turns back to the rest of the team who are busy searching  
the sky.

Marcy sees it first, grabs Carly's shoulder and points.

MARCY  
There it is...

The plane descends trailing a thick seam of black smoke.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

102 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY (D5)(2:51 PM)

102\*

MacLaren breaks away from Bishop and stands.

MACLAREN

Stay here.

Bishop instantly snaps out of his praying.

BISHOP

You're leaving me?

MACLAREN

I'll be back. Don't move.

MacLaren rushes up the aisle, passing the 2nd Flight Attendant again as he goes.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT 2

Sir, sit down!

He ignores her again. Every doomed face turns to him, clutching their little masks in the smoke.

He reaches Kathryn's row and turns to her.

MACLAREN

I'm sorry I took so long.

She pulls her oxygen mask down and unbuckles her seat belt, taking MacLaren's hand without a word, her seat mate watches her go, wide-eyed.

MACLAREN -- leads the way back down the aisle, chaos all around them.

KATHRYN

What are we doing?

MACLAREN

You weren't supposed to be here.

KATHRYN

I know, I'm sorry --

MACLAREN

So I'm improvising --

The 2nd Flight Attendant turns as they make their way past and goes MESSENGER:

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

FLIGHT ATTENDANT 2  
Traveler 3468, you are off mission.

The 2nd Flight Attendant then comes to momentarily. Blood pours from her nose as she slumps over in her seat, dead.

Kathryn stares in shock.

KATHRYN  
Oh my god!

MACLAREN  
Come on.

MACLAREN -- drags her past, to the back of the plane where Bishop is still kneeling.

He stares up at Kathryn.

BISHOP  
Who the hell is this?

MACLAREN  
My wife. She's using the device with you instead of me.

KATHRYN  
What device?

MacLaren kneels, pulling Kathryn down beside Bishop. He places the field generator in her hands.

MACLAREN  
I don't have time to explain. Hold onto it tight. I need you to stay close together. Closer...

He takes Bishop's arms and places them on Kathryn shoulders.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
Whatever you do, do not let go of each other. Understand?

KATHRYN  
Grant, I don't understand.

MACLAREN  
Trust me and listen carefully --

TREVOR (O.S.)  
(over comm)  
Ninety seconds.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: (2)

102

MACLAREN  
 (off the device)  
 When this light flashes red, press  
 down and hold it. That's all you  
 have to do.

Kathryn shakes her head, tears starting to form.

KATHRYN  
 Why can't you? Where are you going?

MACLAREN  
 You can do this.

He moves to leave, then:

KATHRYN  
 Don't go.

MacLaren softens his approach, reaches out to touch her face.

MACLAREN  
 You're going to be okay, I promise.

She takes a deep breath and nods, full of trust. Admiring  
 her strength, MacLaren reaches out and touches her cheek.

For the first time since the traveler took him over, this  
 simple touch has meaning. So much so, that he's taken aback.

TREVOR (O.S.)  
 (over comm)  
 Forty five seconds.

103 EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY (D5)(2:52 PM)

103\*

Marcy clutches her med kit while the rest of the team stands,  
 fixated on the plane, flames shooting out of both engines  
 now as it drops from the sky.

TREVOR  
 We see you coming in. Good luck.

The plane continues its fiery descent.

104 OMITTED

104

105 INT. ACCESS PANEL - DAY (D5)(2:53 PM)

105

The ROARING ENGINES are deafening, the smoke choking.

Looking out from inside an access panel we SEE, MacLaren  
 rips open the access door and begin to climb inside.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

MACLAREN -- wedges himself into a tight, closet like space.

KATHRYN -- clutches Bishop tightly, scared to death.

CLOSE ON MACLAREN

In near darkness, with the roar of engines all around, MacLaren counts down to impact. Breathe in. Breathe out.

106 EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY (D5)(2:53 PM)

106\*

The plane descends rapidly, rolling from side to side as it's engulfed in flames and smoke.

It hammers into the field, creating a huge FIREBALL.

A GLOWING ELECTRICAL SPHERE emerges from the wreckage, rolling to a safe distance from the crash site before it stops and fizzles out.

CARLY

Move! Move!

The team sprints across the field, Carly leading with Trevor right behind her.

They arrive at the site of the stasis, the ground around them CHARRED AND BLACKENED.

Carly stops abruptly, looking down in utter shock.

Bishop and Kathryn lie there, entwined, frozen and unconscious. Not MacLaren.

Marcy pushes past Carly and starts to set up her defibrillator.

MARCY

We need to separate them!

Carly doesn't respond, looking around in a panic.

CARLY

Where is he?

She turns back toward the blaze of the crashed plane, fearing the worse.

MARCY

Philip, Trevor, pull them apart.

Philip kneels down to help as Marcy opens Bishop's shirt. She turns to her defibrillator and puts the paddles down.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

MARCY (CONT'D)

Clear.

Marcy hits Bishop with an electric shock -- ZZZT -- his eyes fluttering before she immediately pivots to Kathryn.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Get her shirt open.

TREVOR -- rips Kathryn's shirt open to her bra below.

MARCY -- goes to work on Kathryn, giving her the defibrillator shock. \*

CARLY

Goddamn him.

Trevor comes to the same conclusion.

TREVOR

He put himself in the tail.

CARLY -- takes off in full sprint along the outside edge of the flaming wreckage toward the other end of the crash site. \*  
Trevor keeping pace. \*

A CHRYON appears ON SCREEN...

RECORDED TIME OF DEATH: 30 seconds. 30, 29, 28...

On the ground beside Marcy, Bishop starts to come to as SIRENS can be heard approaching in the distance.

The CHRYON TIMER on screen begins to flash RED: 10, 9, 8...

BISHOP -- comes to, slightly groggy, and pushes himself into a sitting position.

BISHOP

I can't believe it. We made it! We actually made it!

KATHRYN -- starts to get her first breaths back, looking around for MacLaren.

KATHRYN

Where's Grant?

BISHOP

That son of a bitch was telling the truth!

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

BISHOP starts to LAUGH, overcome with joy, before his expression changes and he's suddenly in pain.

Bishop clutches his head and begins to SCREAM as the transition takes place.

He clutches his head in agony a moment, then settles.

KATHRYN -- watches silently, confused by all of this.

The countdown timer goes from RED to GREEN as it starts counting up. +1, +2, +3...

BISHOP -- straightens and turns -- a different person.

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
You're not the EMT team I was  
expecting.

MARCY  
We weren't expecting your arrival.  
(beat)  
I'm Traveler 3465.

PHILIP  
3326.

MARCY  
Welcome to the 21st.

Kathryn watches all of this, confused as hell and worried about her husband.

107 EXT. TAIL SECTION - DAY (D5)(2:55 PM)

107

Carly and Trevor clear the debris field but are still at least a hundred yards away from the tail section. \*

AN EMT AMBULANCE is already there and loading the bloodied body of MacLaren into the back.

CARLY -- shouts:

CARLY  
Wait! WAIT!

And she runs toward them.

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #110

"Kathryn"

Written by  
Jason Whiting  
&  
SB Edwards

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TRAVELERS  
"Kathryn"  
Set List - Green Pages - 06.21.16

Exteriors

ALLEYWAY  
BACK ALLEY  
COUNTRY ROAD  
FBI FIELD OFFICE  
GARAGE/OPS  
KATHRYN'S WORKSHOP  
~~UNDER A BRIDGE~~

Interiors

AIRPORT PARKING LOT  
AMBULANCE  
CARLY'S VAN  
FBI FIELD OFFICE  
FBI GUN RANGE  
FORBES' SUV  
FREIGHT ELEVATOR  
GARAGE/OPS  
- Operating Theater  
- Bathroom  
- Philip's Office  
- Sterilization Airlock  
KATHRYN'S CAR  
KATHRYN'S WORKSHOP  
MACLAREN'S HOUSE  
- Bedroom  
- Kitchen  
- Living Room  
- Nursery  
MACLAREN'S SUV  
SECURITY KIOSK  
WAREHOUSE  
- Stairwell

TEASER

1 INT. CARLY'S VAN - RURAL HIGHWAY - MOVING - DAY (D1)

1

TREVOR and PHILIP subdue KATHRYN in the back of the van.  
MARCY digs through her medical kit.

CARLY is driving, determined.

KATHRYN

Where's my husband? We can't leave  
him! You have to go back!

CARLY

Shut her up, Marcy --

MARCY

I'll have to do more than that, we  
can't let her remember all this...  
(digging in her bag)  
Sooner or later I'll need to give  
her an HDAC2 inhibitor.

KATHRYN

What? Who the hell are you people?  
Let go of me! Where's Grant?!

PHILIP

Marcy, could you hurry up please,  
she's stronger than she looks --

Marcy is preparing a shot.

MARCY

Coming!  
(to Carly)  
Can you at least slow down?!

CARLY

We can't be tied to the crash site  
in any media reports.

But Carly's really bent on catching up with MacLaren.

An AMBULANCE and two police cars -- racing to the crash site  
passes them. \*

TREVOR

We're here to help you, Kathryn, try  
to relax.

KATHRYN

How d'you know my name?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

Kathryn tries reason.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Listen to me. My husband was on  
that plane. He had a device with  
him, that's what saved me --

Marcy injects Kathryn and she immediately passes out into  
Trevor's arms.

MARCY

That'll buy us some silence until I  
can administer the inhibitor.

\*  
\*

CARLY

I don't know how he stands her.

Philip taps his com.

PHILIP

Boss, are you there?

MARCY

MacLaren can't possibly hear you.  
In fact I doubt the G forces of an  
impact like that are survivable --

CARLY

Somebody thinks it is. That team of  
EMTs who took him were our people.  
Had to be.

PHILIP

She's right. They had to have known  
when and where the plane was coming  
down.

TREVOR

The Director would have assigned a  
team to resuscitate him and Bishop.

PHILIP

Try his cell phone.

Marcy digs into her bag and produces the cell phone that  
David gave her. As she dials:

TREVOR

Let's just hope it wasn't the same  
people who abducted us.

Marcy gets an unexpected answer:

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

CELL VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

MARCY

Who is this?

CELL VOICE (O.S.)

Who is *this*?

MARCY

3569. What have you done with -- ?

CELL VOICE (O.S.)

Deal with the wife then come to OPS,  
asap.

MARCY

Wait, is he alive?

CELL VOICE (O.S.)

Clean up the mess you've created,  
then we'll talk about the next steps.

The phone beeps, ending the call.

2 INT. AMBULANCE - MOVING - DAY (D1)

2

CLOSE ON MacLaren lying in the back of the AMBULANCE looking barely alive, blood-soaked and torn up.

3 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING (D1)

3

Trevor carries Kathryn into MacLaren's bedroom, followed by Marcy and Carly. He whispers as he lays her on the bed, fully dressed.

TREVOR

Should we put her in bed properly?

Carly is drawn to a photo of Kathryn and MacLaren in happy times on the wall.

\*

MARCY

You don't have to whisper, you could  
scream at the top of your lungs and  
she wouldn't hear you. Especially  
after I give her this too.

Carly pulls off Kathryn's shoes as Marcy prepares another shot of a different drug.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

TREVOR

You have memory inhibitor in your bag?

MARCY

Every traveler medic has to have a few doses on hand for emergencies.

CARLY

How much will she forget?

MARCY

Most of yesterday. I don't envy the hangover she's going to wake up with.

Carly is impatient and turns to Trevor who is grabbing one of MacLaren's suits, tie and a dress shirt from a walk in closet.

\*  
\*

CARLY

Grab a pair of shoes for him too then go help Philip set the scene.

Trevor gives a look at the bag, then goes downstairs as Carly and Marcy begin to undress Kathryn.

4 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING (D1)

4

Warm light of sunset pours in as Trevor walks in on Philip pouring a bottle of wine down the sink.

PHILIP

Oh, the fun they had.

TREVOR

How much alcohol would it take for someone to black out the previous day?

PHILIP

(with a shrug)

I only use heroin.

TREVOR

Let's go with *lots*.

Trevor sets aside the spare clothing for MacLaren then opens another bottle for good measure and begins to pour it down the sink.

5 EXT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N1)

5

Trevor, Carly and Marcy race up to the garage to find it lit from within.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

Carly waves at everyone to stop, then signals that she'll go in first, gun raised.

The others nod.

6 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N1)

6 \*

Carly enters, weapon drawn, to find THREE MYSTERIOUS PEOPLE waiting inside.

TRAVELER D13, 30s, steps forward.

TRAVELER D13

You can put the weapon down, we're not a threat.

The rest of the team enters after her.

CARLY

Who are you?

TRAVELER D13

I'm Traveler D13.

TREVOR

"D"?

MARCY

D is for doctor.

TRAVELER D13

Also in my case, *Derek*. Coincidence.

MARCY

I thought your team was reserved for heads of state.

TRAVELER D13

That was our first mission, yes, but now we save whoever the Director tells us to save worldwide. We've already started the work.

He walks them toward a sterile OPERATING AREA which has been set up inside the back part of the Garage:

A metal frame lined with thick clear plastic, inside of which two other people seem to be working over a body on an operating table.

They look at MacLaren through the plastic.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

CARLY

*Can he be saved?*

TRAVELER D13

If we can stabilize him, stop his internal hemorrhaging, rebuild or replace one or more of his internal organs -- assuming one of you is a suitable living donor and are willing to volunteer...

They all nod that they're willing.

TRAVELER D13 (CONT'D)

Then *maybe*.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

7 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (D2) 7 \*

Sunlight falls across a sleeping Kathryn before the SOUND OF CHILDREN PLAY-YELLING outside breaks her slumber.

She stirs and opens her eyes reluctantly -- all the signs of a hangover -- and glances to the empty but clearly slept in bed beside her. She looks under the covers, surprised to find herself naked. \*

What the hell happened? \*

8 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D2) 8 \*

Kathryn comes into the kitchen wearing a housecoat, taking it slow. \*

She SEES the bottles on the counter and shakes her head at the number. She doesn't remember the party they seem to have had.

KATHRYN

Grant?

The kitchen is silent and empty. She digs out her phone to fire off a quick text to MacLaren.

ON THE PHONE: "Where are you?"

Kathryn takes out a glass and turns on the tap -- TOO LOUD at first -- reduces it to a small quiet stream.

A reply PINGS IN: "At work."

She takes a drink then TYPES BACK: "What happened last night? How much wine did we drink!!?"

She waits, watching the animated "... " of a pending reply.

9 INT. GARAGE/OPS - PHILIP'S OFFICE - DAY (D2) 9 \*

Philip's using MacLaren's phone, covering for him.

He TEXTS BACK: "Me, not so much. You however were in rare form. Forbes and I are on a case, gotta go."

He hits send, grabs his jacket, and leaves the room.

10 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

10 \*

Philip walks up to find Marcy standing beside a shirtless Trevor, checking his blood pressure, while Carly looks on.

PHILIP

The boss already looks a lot better than he did last night.

They turn to a plastic window that overlooks the operating room where MacLaren is being treated by the advanced travelers.

MARCY

On the outside; that's the easy part. But the damage is all on the inside. His brain, his major organs... It took all night just to stabilize him.

PHILIP

They don't look like they're working on him at all.

MARCY

That's because nano technology's doing most of the work.

\*

TREVOR

Really. Graphene based?

MARCY

(nodding)

As advanced as I've ever seen. Without them, with that amount of internal damage he wouldn't have stood a chance, but even a full suite of medical nanites can only do so much. We'll still have to perform a few surgeries.

PHILIP

Well, I'm over my head here and there's a few more loose ends to clean up, so...

Philip pulls on his jacket.

CARLY

Where are you going?

PHILIP

The airport. If he wasn't on the plane, why is his car parked there.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

CARLY

Right. Go.

Philip exits as D13 turns away from the operating table, moves through the CLEAR PHONE-BOOTH-SIZED STERILIZATION AIRLOCK, and steps into the room.

D13 pulls his mask down as he approaches Trevor.

TRAVELER D13

All right, 0115 -- you're up.

TREVOR

Ready when you are, Derek.

Traveler D13 grimaces at the use of that name.

TRAVELER D13

We've grown it to first stage but we'll need to grow the organ the rest of the way internally.

D13 produces a petri-like dish that contains a reddish brown, inch long "organ" that looks more like an insect pupa.

Trevor looks down at his body.

TREVOR

So where exactly is it going to grow? Do you have to cut me open?

TRAVELER D13

Cut you? No.  
(beat)  
It will find its own way.

TREVOR

I don't really like the sound of that.

TRAVELER D13

You're not going to like how it feels either. Lay back, please.

Trevor glances over to MacLaren behind the plastic and leans back.

TRAVELER D13 (CONT'D)

This is going to hurt a lot.

He places the "pupa" with tweezers onto Trevor's belly and it moves toward his belly button.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVELERS - 110 - PINK PAGES - 6-17-16 10

10 CONTINUED: (2) 10

CLOSE on TREVOR's FACE as he screams in pain.

11 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D2) 11

Forbes is working alone. He looks over to MacLaren's empty desk, checks the time, then picks up his phone to text.

THE SCREEN READS: "You in the field?"

A beat before the REPLY PINGS BACK: "With K at the bank. Might be a while."

12 INT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT - DAY (D2) 12

Maclaren's PHONE SCREEN READS: "With K at the bank. Might be awhile." before FORBES' REPLY PINGS IN: "Copy."

PHILIP -- pockets the phone then jogs up a set of stairs to emerge into a section of long term parking.

He walks along a row of cars, scanning the vehicles.

INSERT: Live CCTV footage of Philip combing the parkade. He looks even more sketchy on video.

13 INT. SECURITY KIOSK - DAY (D2) 13

A BIG SECURITY GUARD watches Philip scope out the parking lot, tracking his suspicious behavior.

14 INT/EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT - DAY (D2) 14

Philip finally SEES MacLaren's SUV parked.

He takes out his phone to unlock MacLaren's vehicle with a software hack but the first attempt fails.

The SUV's ALARM ERUPTS, HONKING and FLASHING in the echoing lot before Philip finally manages to silence it.

He opens the door and gets in, eager to be on his way.

15 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2) 15

Marcy stands at the observation window, (a section of clearer plastic in the tented area) looking in at MacLaren's pale body on the table. He is draped below the waist. \*

ATTENDANT #1 draws sharpie lines on MacLaren's torso, denoting cut marks, his brusqueness cementing an abrupt decision by Marcy.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

She turns to D13 as he moves to re-enter the airlock.

MARCY

I'm scrubbing in.

TRAVELER D13

You're welcome to but it's not necessary.

MARCY

He's my team leader, I wasn't asking for permission.

16 INT. GARAGE/OPS - STERILIZATION AIRLOCK - DAY (D2)

16

Marcy, now dressed in scrubs, steps into a sterilization airlock where she's immediately engulfed in a MIST.

The mist hangs in the air momentarily before it's sucked out with a ROAR.

She exits to the other side and enters the operating theater, keeping her hands in the air careful not to touch anything.

\*

\*

Marcy is greeted by ATTENDANT #2 who helps her slide into an operating gown and gloves.

\*

\*

17 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

17

Trevor and Carly watch through the window in the tent as ATTENDANT #1 inserts a large needle into an oversized vial of black magnetic fluid and draws it into the barrel.

\*

\*

She injects the huge needle into MacLaren's abdomen before turning to activate a huge SCREEN.

MacLaren's body appears in a 3D display on the screen, damaged areas lighting up in red as the nanites do their work all through his internal organs and brain.

TREVOR

(impressed)

Never seen that before...

He's turning to Carly and suddenly winces.

CARLY

You all right?

TREVOR

Absolutely.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

The SCREAM OF A STERNUM SAW interrupts them, drawing their attention back to the operating theater.

\*

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
That is not a pleasant sound.

18 INT. GARAGE/OPS - OPERATING THEATER - DAY (D2) 18 \*

CLOSE ON MacLaren's face as the surgeons work somewhere below on his torso below frame.

MARCY -- looks on as D13 begins.

TRAVELER D13

Now let's see if this pancreas needs to be replaced.

He picks up a scalpel and turns to an attendant.

TRAVELER D13 (CONT'D)

Ready suction.

The SOUND OF A HIGH-TECH VACUUM fills the space. Then: \*

19 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MEMORY - DAY (FB1 2006) 19 \*

MacLaren's VACUUMING his living room. \*

We're inside a MacLaren host memory now, everything marked by a distinctive color palette and sound quality.

MacLaren vacuums in front of the couch before turning to push the wand underneath, inadvertently sucking something up that causes the vacuum to CHOKE AND STALL.

He reaches out to shut it off.

MACLAREN

Dammit.

20 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MEMORY - DAY (FB1 2006) 20 \*

MacLaren's crouched by the sink, emptying the vacuum bin into the wastebasket when a few years younger looking KATHRYN enters dressed in cleaning clothes.

KATHRYN

We're getting close -- bathrooms done, kitchen looks great.

(beat)

This place is going to feel like home in no time.

MacLaren stares at her, sensing something's not quite right, as she turns to see what he's up to.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

What. Is the vacuum broken?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

MACLAREN

No, I don't think so. Sucked up something underneath the couch.

He disconnects the main tube, reaching inside the body of the vacuum cleaner to tease out the blockage.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Got it.

He turns to present the problem: a pair of Kathryn's sexy black panties.

KATHRYN

Oops.

A beat before they both burst out laughing.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Don't look at me -- it's your fault they ended up there!

MACLAREN

Yeah, but now I'm worried your bra's in here too.

She laughs. MacLaren looks back at the vacuum then turns around, laughing too, to discover he's suddenly alone inside:

21 INT. WAREHOUSE - MACLAREN'S MIND - DAY (FB2) 21 \*

MacLaren stands alone at the base of a ladder well. He looks around, disoriented at first, then begins to climb to what appears to be brilliant light above. \*

22 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - AIRPORT PARKING LOT - MOVING - DAY (D2) 22 \*

Philip drives MacLaren's SUV through the parking lot.

He looks down at the dash to spot a prominent white parking tag and picks it up, ready.

Philip rounds the final corner driving toward the pay booth where he finds the BIG SECURITY GUARD from the kiosk, standing in the road blocking his way -- an OLDER GUARD sits inside the pay booth looking on. \*

The Big Guard flags Philip to stop and steps forward as he rolls his window down to hand the ticket out. \*

PHILIP

I pay here?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

BIG GUARD

Mind if I take a look at your license  
and registration, sir?

PHILIP

Yes, I should have that.

Philip gets the items out of the glove compartment and hands  
them over.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Picking it up for a friend.

BIG GUARD

(reading)

Uh huh. Says here that this vehicle  
is registered to the Federal Bureau  
of Investigation.

PHILIP

Yeah, that's who my friend works for --

The Big Guard doesn't buy it.

BIG GUARD

Step out of the vehicle please, sir?

PHILIP

Is there a problem? I have his keys,  
see? His name is Grant MacLaren.

BIG GUARD

You just read that on the  
registration. Step out of the  
vehicle.

Philip reluctantly steps out of the vehicle.

The Big Guard reaches for handcuffs hanging on his belt.

BIG GUARD (CONT'D)

Turn around.

PHILIP

I'm sorry, I can't do that.

Philip deftly takes the big guard down in a quick series of  
moves, then gets back into the SUV and turns to the surprised  
Older Guard in the pay booth.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Open the gate, please.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

The Older Guard hits a button and the gate opens, allowing Philip to drive away.

\*  
\*

OFF THE OLDER GUARD -- reaching for the phone.

\*

END OF ACT ONE

\*

## ACT TWO

23 INT. GARAGE/OPS - OPERATING THEATER - DAY (D2)

23

MacLaren is laid out on the operating table, his abdomen opened up, MONITORS BEEP, a VENTILATOR BREATHES LOUDLY, he has a CHEST TUBE in his side.

\*  
\*

Marcy, D13 and the Attendants work without speaking, the HISSING SOUND OF SUCTION occasionally interrupting the flow.

D13 completes a repair inside MacLaren's body. Marcy assists but her hands are shaking. D13 clocks it and suggests:

\*  
\*

TRAVELER D13

We need another unit of blood.

MARCY

I'll get it.

Marcy removes herself from the surgery to move back through the airlock.

Carly is on her right away.

CARLY

How's he doing?

MARCY

Sternal fracture, hemothorax and a pulmonary contusion --

Marcy crouches down by the fridge and pulls out a bag of blood.

CARLY

Whatever. I mean, how's it looking?  
Is he going to be all right?

MARCY

It's way too soon to say -- we've barely started, plus there's the problem with his heart.

CARLY

What's wrong?

MARCY

It's damaged beyond the nanites repair capability...

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

CARLY

The Director wouldn't have sent them  
if there wasn't a chance.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

MARCY

The Director's not infallible. But he's in the best hands I know of in any century.

And with that Marcy moves to re-enter the Airlock, Carly watching her leave, anger and worry etched across her face.

The WHOOSH of the Airlock becomes:

24 INT. KATHRYN'S CAR - MEMORY - MOVING - DAY (FB3 2007)

24 \*

The WHOOSHING SOUND of tires on road.

MacLaren finds himself sitting in a car, staring out the passenger window. His arm is in a sling.

He stops and turns to SEE that younger Kathryn is driving. They're on a road trip.

KATHRYN

You still with me?

MACLAREN

What?

KATHRYN

You've been quiet.

MACLAREN

Just... thinking.

KATHRYN

About never trying to body surf again?

MACLAREN

There's *that*.

(beat)

Whenever I'm on vacation for any length of time I feel like I should be doing something more with my life.

KATHRYN

Like?

MACLAREN

I don't know. It's just... My dad was a cop; now I'm FBI. Talk about lack of imagination.

KATHRYN

You love the FBI.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

MACLAREN

Well, *like* --

KATHRYN

And you're good at it.

MACLAREN

So I keep telling you.

KATHRYN

Maybe you're just ready for a new challenge. That doesn't have to come from your work.

MACLAREN

We're going to have the baby talk again aren't we.

Now it's Kathryn's turn to smile.

KATHRYN

Did I even say the *word*?

MACLAREN

You don't have to, I know that look in your eye --

A BLUNT POPPING SOUND is followed by a kind of RHYTHMIC THUMPING. Flat tire.

KATHRYN

Shoot.

25 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MEMORY - DAY (FB3 2007)

25 \*

Kathryn is already crouched beside the rear wheel, fingers stained with grease, fighting to keep her hair out of her eyes.

KATHRYN

Did you find it?

MacLaren admires her almost abstractly as Kathryn grabs her hair and ties it up in a sexy practiced move.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's it, good.

He looks down to discover he's holding a key lug and hands it over, then looks at his arm in a sling.

MACLAREN

Wish I could help you more.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

KATHRYN

You are helping.

She attaches the key expertly and gets to work.

MACLAREN

Yeah, looks like you'd be lost without me.

Kathryn stops what she's doing and turns to look up at him.

KATHRYN

I really would be, Grant.

She flashes MacLaren a dazzling smile that he returns as he soaks it all in, a beautiful moment on a country road.

26 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D2)

26 \*

Forbes is sitting at his desk when a female agent, STACEY NICHOLS, 30s, approaches.

\*

\*

NICHOLS

Just had a call from local PD -- parking attendant called in a vehicle theft. License plate matches Mac's SUV.

\*

FORBES

Seriously? I was just texting him.

NICHOLS

(as she goes)

Maybe he doesn't know yet.

\*

Forbes picks up his phone and calls MacLaren, listening until the PHONE RINGS through to voicemail.

He ends the call, bit concerned, and pulls up a GPS tracker on his computer. He keys in MacLaren's vehicle info.

A Google-style map pops up on-screen, the blue dot showing MacLaren's SUV is on the move.

Forbes digs out his cell, searches for someone, and calls.

27 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D2)

27 \*

Kathryn is in the kitchen. She answers:

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

KATHRYN

Hello?

FORBES

Hi, Kathryn, it's Walt. Is Mac with you?

KATHRYN

I thought he was with you.

FORBES

Nope. Guess we're getting our wires crossed. Sorry to bother you.

KATHRYN

Wait --

Forbes hangs up on her, already on to the next thing. He swings back to his computer and brings up options for the remote dash cam.

He clicks a button to SEE a LIVE SHOT out the front windshield: the SUV moving down a street.

Forbes clicks to reverse the camera and suddenly PHILIP'S FACE fills the feed.

FORBES

Hello...

Forbes watches for a bit then hits PRINT SCREEN as he picks up his cell to text MacLaren.

ON THE SCREEN: "Where are you? Some kid has jacked your car."

28 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D2)

28 \*

Philip's still driving when a text pings in. He glances down to read Forbes' message on Maclaren's phone.

PHILIP

Shit.

Busted.

29 INT. GARAGE/OPS - PHILIP'S OFFICE - DAY (D2)

29 \*

Carly moves into Philip's office to find Trevor propped up in a chair looking ashen-faced and sweaty.

CARLY

Hey. You don't look good.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

TREVOR

Thanks.

CARLY

I'm serious, Trevor.

TREVOR

I can tell.

CARLY

You should lie down.

Philip calls in ON COM.

PHILIP (O.S.)

Guys?

CARLY

What is it, Philip?

30 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY (D2)

30 \*

Philip hurries away from the SUV with an electronic device  
dangling wires. \*

\*

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

PHILIP

Got a situation here -- need an evac.

CARLY

How fast?

Philip turns toward the SOUND OF SIRENS.

PHILIP

Ah, now.

CARLY

Hang tight, I'm on my way.

Carly turns back to Trevor.

CARLY (CONT'D)

You need to tell the doctor; maybe  
it isn't right.

TREVOR

He's the one who told me it was gonna  
hurt.

CARLY

They can give you something.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

TREVOR  
Little pain toward a good cause.

She helps Trevor stretch out on Philip's bed. It's agony.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
(correcting himself)  
Lotta pain toward a good cause.  
(then)  
Go help Philip. I'm fine.

He nods weakly and waves her away.

31 INT. GARAGE/OPS - OPERATING THEATER - DAY (D2)

31

Marcy works on something in MacLaren's torso while Attendant #1 removes the chest tube.

\*  
\*

D13 studies the nanite activity in his brain on the big SCREEN, typing instructions on a keyboard.

MARCY  
The nanites have nearly repaired the pancreas.

TRAVELER D13  
Good.

He zooms in on the image of MacLaren's head.

TRAVELER D13 (CONT'D)  
But if they can't normalize his neural activity it won't matter how well we fix his body.

MARCY  
When will we know if it's working?

TRAVELER D13  
If he wakes up.

32 INT. FBI GUN RANGE - MEMORY - DAY (FB4 2008)

32

MACLAREN (O.S.)  
Okay good. Time to take the shot.

MacLaren is standing in the gun range behind Kathryn, his arms wrapped around her tightly, guiding her movements.

She grips the pistol with both hands and listens to his instructions.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Apply gentle and steady pressure to the trigger -- the shot should almost come as a surprise. Your breathing is going to --

Kathryn turns:

KATHRYN

Surprise!

MACLAREN

You need to take firearms seriously.

KATHRYN

Let me show you how serious I am.

She tries to wiggle around to face him but he tightens his grip.

MACLAREN

And you have to keep the barrel downrange.

KATHRYN

You have to keep the barrel downrange.

MACLAREN

Kat.

He's trying to be stern, but she makes it difficult and a smile breaks.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Hey, you said you wanted to do this, but if you don't --

KATHRYN

No! I do, I like it here -- it feels dangerous.

MACLAREN

It *is* dangerous.

KATHRYN

I'll be serious, let me try again.

MACLAREN

Okay. Take your aim; gently squeeze the trigger.

Kathryn squeezes one eye shut, sights along the barrel and fires off three quick shots: BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

KATHRYN

Oh my god I shot a gun!

MACLAREN

Two more shots.

She goes again: BLAM! BLAM!

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Okay, let's see how you did.

MacLaren reaches down to press the retrieve button, the paper target wheeling toward them as Kathryn sets the gun down and turns around, scrunching up her face.

KATHRYN

I'm not sure I like that I liked that.

MACLAREN

Well, you did it, you don't have to like it.

She moves closer to him.

KATHRYN

I like that I like you.

MACLAREN

Like? Really? That's all you got?

KATHRYN

Really, *really* like.

MACLAREN

I just had another word in mind.

KATHRYN

Want?

They kiss.

MACLAREN

Oh, I never thought of that one.

KATHRYN

Need?

They kiss again.

MACLAREN

Even better.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (4)

32

KATHRYN

Now?

MACLAREN

That's my favorite one so far.

They kiss more intensely, then:

33 OMITTED

33

34 INT. WAREHOUSE - STAIRWELL - MACLAREN'S MIND - DAY (FB2)

34

MacLaren finds himself at the base of a narrow and steep staircase and starts climbing.

35 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D2)

35

Forbes approaches the desk where BETH (Ep 105) is working.

\*

FORBES

Need you to run a facial recognition check. This is the guy who took off with Mac's SUV.

He sets down a THE PICTURE HE CAPTURED FROM MACLAREN'S DASH CAM, Philip's face clear behind the wheel.

Beth glances down.

BETH

I'll give you this one for free -- that's Philip Pearson. Your partner had me run him a few weeks ago.

FORBES

You sure that's him?

BETH

Uh, yeah -- MacLaren got all agro about it. Won't be forgetting that face anytime soon.

(off the photo)

That's Philip Pearson. Why, what'd he do?

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

36 INT. WAREHOUSE - STAIRWELL - MACLAREN'S MIND - DAY (FB2) 36

MacLaren continues to climb. Finds himself in a long narrow tunnel. Then he goes through a door. \*

37 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MEMORY - DAY (FB5 2009) 37

MacLaren enters and crosses to the bathroom mirror where he starts to knot his tie.

Kathryn leans back against the headboard, drinking coffee while she flips through a design magazine.

KATHRYN

I've started to worry that we're going to regret not having children.

MacLaren stops, instantly at attention.

MACLAREN

Are you having actual regret, or the fear of having regret?

KATHRYN

The fear one, I think...

She closes the magazine.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

What about you?

MACLAREN

I'm gonna plead the fifth.

KATHRYN

Grant, we haven't talked about it in ages. And we're older now.

MACLAREN

So old.

KATHRYN

But there are new technologies -- it's amazing what they can do. And you'd be a great dad...

He comes over to her and sits on the bed.

MACLAREN

I think...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

(gently)

You're forgetting how hard it was  
for us.

KATHRYN

You mean for me.

MACLAREN

Well it took us a long time to climb  
out of it.

KATHRYN

I know.

MACLAREN

Plus I'm pulling 60 hour weeks  
lately...

KATHRYN

Alright, I get it.

MACLAREN

I'm just afraid that if it happened  
again --

KATHRYN

I know. I just...

MacLaren crosses to room to gently kiss her.

MACLAREN

I know.

KATHRYN

You're gonna be late.

He feels shitty but there's nothing more to say. He turns  
back to the dresser to find:

38 INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - MACLAREN'S MIND - DAY (FB2)

38 \*

MacLaren turns to find himself in a freight elevator, doors  
closing, going up. \*

He looks over at the control panel where there's an old  
emergency telephone. He stares at it and IT STARTS TO RING. \*

39 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D2)

39 \*

TELEPHONES RING in the field office as the Female Agent  
crosses to Forbes and hands him a note with an address.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

STACY NICHOLS  
Mack's SUV was found - dumped under  
a bridge, suspect not on scene.

\*

FORBES  
They bringing it in?

STACY NICHOLS  
Not anytime soon.

\*

Forbes grabs his keys and turns around to find Kathryn  
standing there.

KATHRYN  
You're not answering your phone.

FORBES  
Sorry, it's been busy.

KATHRYN  
Do you know where he is, Walt?

FORBES  
Not yet.

KATHRYN  
He's not with me, not with you,  
although apparently we both have  
messages saying otherwise.

FORBES  
Right... Wannna walk with me?

He ushers her out the door and into the hallway.

40 EXT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY (D2)

40

Kathryn keeps pace with Forbes as they exit the building and  
head toward his SUV parked nearby.

FORBES  
If we sounded the alarm every time  
an agent's whereabouts were unknown  
for a few hours --

KATHRYN  
What I don't get is the lies.

FORBES  
Could be a number of things at this  
point. So far all we know is that  
his SUV was stolen.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

They arrive at Forbes' SUV before he stops and turns.

FORBES (CONT'D)

What is it that you think I can do  
for you right now?

Kathryn doesn't know exactly...

KATHRYN

It might be the other way around --  
Maybe I could spot things. Let me  
see his car.

FORBES

(shrugs)  
Sure, let's go.

Kathryn's surprised and pleased, was expecting a fight.

41 INT. CARLY'S VAN - CITY STREET - MOVING - DAY (D2)

41 \*

Carly searches the street, no sign of Philip. She hits her  
com.

CARLY

I'm at the pickup, where are you?

42 EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY (D2)

42 \*

Philip's standing at the mouth of a dead-end parking spot  
that connects to the back alley.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

PHILIP

I'm in an alley one block south.  
Police are close.

CARLY

All right, I'm coming.

Carly arrives at the alley and turns in to SEE Philip standing  
at the top of the alcove just as --

A cop car pulls into the opposite end of the alley.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Police -- west entrance.

Philip ducks back into the alcove -- trapped.

Carly thinks fast, grabs her travel mug from her cup holder  
as she zooms past Philip, heading straight for the police.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

She stops just short and leaps from the van -- her shirt and pants soaked in coffee.

She wipes at the stain with baby wipes, flustered and distracted.

WOOP! The siren flashes and Carly looks up, mortified.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Oh, god, I'm so sorry! I spilled  
hot coffee on myself.

(then)

I'm in your way, aren't I. Sorry.  
Hold on.

The cops wave at Carly to move her vehicle, friendly but firm. She gets in the driver's seat to reverse back the way she came.

The cops match her speed, craning to check the recessed alcove as they pass by.

It's empty.

At the end of the alley, Carly backs out onto the street, letting the police pass in front of her.

She watches them go on their way before turning back.

PHILIP -- is perched on the back bumper, hanging on, crouched out of sight. He pops off and moves to join her in the passenger seat.

PHILIP

Thanks.

43 INT. GARAGE/OPS - BATHROOM - DAY (D2)

43 \*

TREVOR -- is gaunt with dark rings under his eyes.

Trevor examines his face in the mirror then buckles forward to throw up violently into the sink.

He runs the cold water and washes his face before he straightens up.

He turns to grab a towel, then lifts his shirt to get a view of an avocado-sized goiter protruding from his abdomen, his skin stretched tight over the purplish bulge.

Trevor's examines the protrusion with a clinical attitude, running his fingers over the lump, pressing it from both sides.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 43

He shows nothing but curiosity as the bulge shudders then pulses from within.

44 INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - MACLAREN'S MIND - DAY (FB2) 44

Back in the elevator the PHONE IS STILL RINGING.

MacLaren reaches out and picks it up.

MACLAREN

Hello?

\*

45 EXT. KATHRYN'S WORKSHOP - MEMORY - DAY (FB6 2010) 45

MacLaren holds an older model cell phone to his ear, standing outside Kathryn's upholstery workshop in jeans and a tee shirt.

MACLAREN

Yeah, okay. All right. I'll be there.

He hangs up and steps inside to where Kathryn is assembling multiple matching armchairs. She has a chair leg in one hand and an electric drill in the other.

She's been expecting him.

KATHRYN

Good, this takes forever with one person -- how do corporate clients always seem to know which materials aren't in stock?

MacLaren looks on, guiltily, and she instantly knows.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Now?

MACLAREN

All hands on deck.

KATHRYN

I booked those hands in advance.

MACLAREN

I know, I'm sorry.

KATHRYN

Sorry.

MACLAREN

What d'you want me to do?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

KATHRYN

You could not answer your phone for once.

MACLAREN

And they could not give me a paycheck. The thing that pays for literally *everything* we have --

Kathryn looks up, wounded.

KATHRYN

You're right, I should be happy that I get to spend any time at all with you and grateful that I'm being so well provided for.

MACLAREN

That's not what I meant.

KATHRYN

Yeah, it is Grant. It's exactly what you meant.

MACLAREN

Kat.

KATHRYN

Please just... go to work.

She tosses her drill and pushes past him, slamming the door.

46 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY (D2)

46 \*

Forbes SLAMS THE DOOR OF HIS SUV, the SOUND ECHOING under the bridge.

He pulls his gloves on as he moves to examine MacLaren's vehicle, cordoned off with police tape, its doors open.

Forbes slides into the driver's seat to see cut wires spewing from the dash.

FORBES

That explains why we lost his GPS...

He turns to Kathryn who waits outside.

FORBES (CONT'D)

Notice anything out of place?

She takes a quick look.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

KATHRYN

No.

Forbes opens the center console and looks inside. Nothing.

FORBES

At least there's no signs of a  
struggle.

(off her look)

Sorry, professional reflex.

\*  
\*  
\*

KATHRYN

You know what the weirdest part is?  
It doesn't feel completely unexpected.

FORBES

How do you mean?

KATHRYN

Lately I've caught myself questioning  
things that I didn't think had any  
mystery left in them. Like my  
husband. Maybe I'm losing my mind.

FORBES

You're not losing your mind. I've  
noticed some things about him myself.

KATHRYN

Really?

FORBES

Little changes. Like he's suddenly  
a much better shot.

KATHRYN

He's suddenly much better at a lotta  
things...

FORBES

Definitely not *squash*.

Kathryn hesitates, not sure if she should continue or not.  
Decides to go for it.

KATHRYN

Last night we...

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

FORBES

What? What happened?

KATHRYN

That's the thing -- I don't really know, I woke up to a kitchen full of empty wine bottles but I don't remember attending the party. I mean, it's not unusual for us to have a glass or two of wine when he gets home at a decent hour, but...

(beat)

I texted him this morning. He said "I was in rare form" --

Forbes knows them both well.

FORBES

You *can* be pretty entertaining when you've had a few.

KATHRYN

I don't remember having *anything*. I mean, I woke up feeling hungover, but never in my life have I been blackout drunk before. Certainly not on a Tuesday night at home.

(she looks at him)

It's like my life derailed but nothing happened.

Forbes nods sympathetically.

FORBES

Maybe you're just stressed... I'll drive you back to your car.

\*

KATHRYN

You sure you don't want to drive me to the asylum?

FORBES

Nah -- that's way outta my way.

47 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

47

Carly and Philip enter the garage, hurrying.

Philip fires up multiple surveillance programs: phone taps, computer hacks, GPS, all of them focused on Forbes.

Carly crosses to the makeshift operating theater.

48 INT. GARAGE/OPS - OPERATING THEATER - DAY (D2) 48 \*

MacLaren's body heaves on the table, the doctors shooting forward to hold him down.

MacLaren's heart monitor wavers, something's wrong.

TRAVELER D13

We can't wait, we have to do it now.

D13 -- steps forward with a scalpel.

49 INT. GARAGE/OPS - PHILIP'S OFFICE - DAY (D2) 49 \*

Trevor's laid out on the couch: sweaty and fever-ridden, practically incoherent.

Carly holds a damp cloth to his forehead.

MARCY -- rushes into the room with the Attendants in tow.

MARCY

It's time.

Trevor is delirious and feverish. Carly tries to give him strength.

TREVOR

*Time...*

\*

CARLY

C'mon old man, you got this.

TREVOR

You know I'm beginning to see that time is like a river...

She moves to Trevor, takes out a pen light and shines it into his pupils.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

...You can throw the biggest rock you can find into the river but the water just goes around the rock --

\*

MARCY

It's not optimal, but we don't have a choice --

TREVOR

-- and it flows downstream again as if the rock was never there...

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

MARCY

Okay, let's go.

Marcy motions to the Attendants who lead Trevor away.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

50 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - NURSERY - MEMORY - DAY (FB7 2012) 50 \*

MacLaren's standing in a nursery, packing boxes full of baby things. A crib lies empty.

KATHRYN comes to the door. She looks weak, having just gotten out of the hospital. There is a great tension between them.

KATHRYN  
What're you doing?

He closes the top of a box.

MACLAREN  
What does it look like?

KATHRYN  
Just leave it.

MACLAREN  
Hon, I'm not sure how healthy it is  
to leave all this stuff out --

KATHRYN  
You weren't sure whether it was right  
to set up the nursery before the  
baby was born. Are you going to  
throw that in my face too?

MACLAREN  
No. C'mon.

KATHRYN  
Please just leave it the way it is;  
I want to deal with it --

MACLAREN  
You should be resting.

KATHRYN  
I'm sick of resting.

MACLAREN  
I'm just putting some of this stuff  
away for now, if you want to help --

KATHRYN  
Why? Aren't we going to try again?  
Was that it? It's over?

He comes over to her, fight emotion with reason.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

MACLAREN

Every time you go by this room you stop in this doorway and you stare.

KATHRYN

I did that before...

MACLAREN

I think maybe it meant something different before you lost --

KATHRYN

No, before we lost the baby. This isn't something that just happened to me.

MACLAREN

You're absolutely right about that.

(beat)

Because I almost lost *you*. I spent a whole day and night alone in a hospital room waiting to see whether or not you were going to make it. I was sad we lost the baby but just the *thought* of losing you was so much worse, I... I'm sorry if that makes me a selfish asshole.

(beat)

So yeah. I'm putting a few things away...

And he resumes putting stuff in boxes.

Kathryn walks away, leaving him to do it alone.

51 INT. WAREHOUSE - MACLAREN'S MIND - DAY (FB2)

51 \*

MacLaren's suddenly back at the bottom of the ladder well with nowhere to climb but up.

\*

\*

52 EXT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D2)

52 \*

Forbes' SUV parks outside the field office, he and Kathryn get out.

\*

\*

FORBES

It's not like we haven't heard from him today.

KATHRYN

If even you don't know where he is --

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

FORBES

We don't always keep tabs on each other. He doesn't know where I am all the time either.

KATHRYN

His vehicle was stolen and he's not answering his phone.

FORBES

(realizing how it sounds)

We'll get it figured out. I'll let you know the minute I hear anything.

\*  
\*

KATHRYN

Thanks, Walt.

\*

Kathryn walks away to the underground parking lot. Forbes continues to the front door as his cell phone rings.

\*  
\*

FORBES

(on phone)

Forbes.

BETH (O.S.)

Yeah, hi it's Beth.

FORBES

Go ahead.

BETH

I found something on Mac. You're gonna want to see this.

FORBES

I'm coming up.

\*

53 INT. WAREHOUSE - MACLAREN'S MIND - DAY (FB2)

53

MacLaren finds himself in a huge warehouse space, blown out with brilliant white light pumping through windows. He hears something behind him. Footsteps. It's Kathryn, in a beautiful flowing dress.

\*  
\*  
\*

MACLAREN

Kathryn?

KATHRYN

Yes. And no.

(beat)

Do you understand?

She holds out her hand to him. He takes it.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

MACLAREN

These aren't my memories.

KATHRYN

No.

MACLAREN

I'm not Grant MacLaren.

KATHRYN

No... and yes.

MACLAREN

These were *his* memories.

KATHRYN

Only the brightest shards, fragmented and incoherent. Orphaned neurons of your host's mind cut off from you. Normally you would never have had access to them.

MACLAREN

Why now?

KATHRYN

You're very near death.

MacLaren nods.

MACLAREN

I can feel it.

KATHRYN

We're trying to save you. Tens of thousands of nanites working in concert to repair damage in your prefrontal cortex and throughout the rest of your body. Your consciousness was given access to these memories as a refuge.

MACLAREN

Show me more.

KATHRYN

There are no more. Those were the last remnants of him.

It's confusing to MacLaren, and emotion flows over him.

MACLAREN

I loved you so much.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

KATHRYN

He did. They're his memories, not yours.

MACLAREN

Then why can't I tell the difference?

54 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D2)

54 \*

Beth is working at her desk when Forbes comes in. She turns to him, triumphant. \*

BETH

Check your email.

FORBES

What'd you find?

BETH

Mac's GPS data.

Forbes calls up the email on his computer: a long list with about ten coordinates bolded and underlined.

BETH (CONT'D)

Uploaded to the cloud -- everywhere MacLaren's SUV has been in the past month and a half. I marked a few places of interest.

FORBES

This is great.

BETH

Wait for this: I pulled Philip Pearson's file -- saw his lawyer is Ray Green.

FORBES

Why am I not surprised.

BETH

And guess who bought an old garage up near the tracks the day after his client won the lottery?  
(she points to the data set)  
MacLaren's been there a bunch'a times.

55 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

55 \*

BETH (O.S.)

Got it.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

FORBES (O.S.)  
I'll get started on a warrant.

ON PHILIP'S SCREEN: a live webcam feed shows Forbes gathering his things, heading to the garage.

PHILIP  
Oh, shit. Shit.

Philip looks like he's suddenly got a hundred things to do and doesn't know where to start. Philip rushes to Carly pacing outside the operating theater.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
We have to move.

CARLY  
What?

PHILIP  
MacLaren's partner is coming.

CARLY  
Do you know what they're doing to him in there?

PHILIP  
The mission comes first; we can't be discovered --

CARLY  
Stop him!

PHILIP  
I can hack into the system, slow him down with the warrant, stall him a couple of hours, *maybe*. But he will be coming here eventually. I can't stop him.

OFF on Philip staring into the operating room where he SEES:

56 INT. GARAGE/OPS - OPERATING THEATER - DAY (D2)

56

Marcy hovers over MacLaren's body, operating on him with D13.

She turns to Attendant #1.

MARCY  
Cross clamp the aorta...

\*

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

TREVOR -- unconscious, is laid out on the table beside MacLaren, an epidural catheter leads away from his back. \*

D13 preps an incision. \*

TRAVELER D13

Here we go.

The doctor lifts a pulsing grapefruit-sized mass from an open incision in Trevor to reveal what's been growing inside him this entire time... A HUMAN HEART.

TRAVELER D13 (CONT'D)

Tissue presenting normally, slight dysrhythmia... Let's get it out and charged.

57 INT. WAREHOUSE - MACLAREN'S MIND - DAY (FB2)

57

MacLaren stand opposite Kathryn.

MACLAREN

Why these memories?

KATHRYN

They could be random. Or these memories were so strong they survived your arrival.

A distant BOOM, like a far away cannon, almost shakes them.

MACLAREN

What's happening?

KATHRYN

It's time to go.

MACLAREN

Go where?

KATHRYN

We'll see.

MACLAREN

Are you coming?

KATHRYN

No. And yes...

BOOM! The CANNON is closer now...

58 INT. GARAGE/OPS - OPERATING THEATER - DAY (D2)

58 \*

Chaos in the operating room, MACHINES HOWLING WITH ALARM as the surgical team struggles to save MacLaren.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

MARCY  
Charging again. Clear.

Marcy applies electric shock to the harvested heart in  
MacLaren's chest.

Nothing.

TRAVELER D13  
Again.

CLOSE ON MACLAREN -- who looks near death on the operating  
table as they struggle to keep him alive.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

59 INT. FORBES' SUV - MOVING - DAY (D2) 59 \*

Forbes is following GPS directions to the garage while his hands-free phone RINGS THROUGH to voicemail.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

You've reached the confidential  
voicemail of Special Agent Grant  
MacLaren --

Forbes hangs up.

FORBES

Jesus, Mac...

60 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (D2) 60 \*

Kathryn's in the bedroom, folding laundry. She works on two piles, her clothes going into a neat stack on her side of the bed, MacLaren's going onto his.

61 EXT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2) 61 \*

Forbes walks up to the garage and gives the building a once over.

He approaches the door and slides it open.

62 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2) 62 \*

Forbes steps into the main bay which has been hastily cleaned-up to look like the original mechanic's garage.

The operating theater is gone.

A van is parked in the middle of the floor, its front end raised up. A pair of legs sticking out from under it. \*

FORBES

Hello?

The person under the van rolls out: Carly in blue coveralls, role-playing as an auto mechanic.

CARLY

Can I help you?

FORBES

I'm looking for Philip Pearson.

Carly wipes her hands on a rag.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

CARLY

Who?

FORBES

Pearson. I know he's here.

CARLY

And you are?

FORBES

(presents credentials)  
Special Agent Forbes, FBI.

CARLY

In that case, I'm gonna need to see  
a warrant.

Forbes shows her the warrant. She's surprised.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Oh. You got one.

FORBES

Took long enough, but yeah. Now  
where is he?Impatient now, he pushes past her to walk around into Philip's  
office. The computers have been tarped and Forbes walks  
right past him, following a voice.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

Tell me again why I shouldn't take  
you in?

PHILIP (O.S.)

You know why.

Forbes walks around to SEE:

MACLAREN -- is leaning on a chair, opposite Philip.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I'm a *hacker*. How am I going to do  
that in jail?

FORBES

Mac.

MacLaren turns, then shakes his head.

MACLAREN

(to Philip)  
Now look what you've done.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

FORBES

What's going on?

MACLAREN

Someone needs to be reminded of the dynamics of our working relationship.

FORBES

You're working with this kid?

MACLAREN

(turning on Philip)

No, *he's* working for *me*. A distinction that seems to have slipped his mind.

PHILIP

I was just trying to show you how vulnerable you are.

62A INT. GARAGE - BATHROOM - DAY

62A\*

Trevor is reclined on the floor, attended to by Marcy. D13  
and the attendants listen by the door:

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MACLAREN

You shut up.

(back to Forbes)

Mr Pearson is one of my confidential informants in that hacker case I was working on. I promised to keep him out of the system and he promised to *stop breaking the law*.

PHILIP

Did I or did I not prove to you I could steal your car --

MACLAREN

You don't even have a license!

PHILIP

I can make one of those too.

MACLAREN

(to Forbes)

He claimed if he could hack my life, bad guys could too.

(CONTINUED)

62A CONTINUED:

62A

PHILIP

I'm telling you, man, you guys are  
not secure --

MACLAREN

All right, *enough*.

MacLaren turns to Forbes and holds up his phone.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (3)

62

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Thanks for the tip about my car, by the way -- wasn't hard to figure out who did it.

FORBES

Why didn't you call me back?

MACLAREN

You didn't get my texts?

FORBES

(checks his phone)

Don't think so...

MACLAREN

I sent you like three texts.

PHILIP

Ah, sorry guys, he didn't get them; they were redirected.

(off his look)

I was proving a point!

FORBES

(exasperated)

I'm going to need to call off the cavalry -- everyone's out looking for you.

MACLAREN

What?

FORBES

You've been offline and your car was stolen...

MACLAREN

Jesus...

(to Philip)

See what you've done?

PHILIP

I did you a favor! How d'you people not see that? Your security is shit!

(to Forbes)

You're probably vulnerable too. My fee is extremely reasonable.

FORBES

Kid, if you weren't his C.I...

(CONTINUED)

62A CONTINUED: (3)

62A

MACLAREN

Walt, I'm sorry, I had no idea he was doing that.

Forbes moves to exit.

FORBES

It's not like I don't have better things to do than chase your ass all over town.

MACLAREN

I'll make it up to you.

FORBES

(while leaving)

I'm not the one you should be worried about. Call your wife.

MacLaren waits until Forbes is gone before he deflates, suddenly weak, the charade taking everything he had.

Carly comes rushing over.

\*

Philip stands, his hands not actually cuffed, and helps MacLaren to sit. He glares up:

MACLAREN

Your fee is extremely reasonable?

PHILIP

I was improvising. But I think we pulled it off.

MACLAREN

I thought I was gonna pass out.

CARLY

We've had enough of that for one day.

\*

\*

Philip slides the bathroom door open, revealing:

63 INT. GARAGE - BATHROOM - DAY (D2)

63

Marcy, Trevor, and D13 are huddled inside the bathroom as Marcy applies the final stitches to Trevor's incision by the sink.

Trevor winces as the stitch goes in. D13 goes straight to MacLaren as the others prepare to go.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

D13

The nanites still have a few hours  
work, you have no business being on  
your feet.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

MACLAREN

So you're saying I should take a sick day.

TRAVELER D13

I'm saying if you want to avoid external scarring you should rest for at least the next two hours.

(then,)

And no sexual activity for the next 36 hours until the nanites have left your system.

Carly and MacLaren exchange a look.

\*

MACLAREN

I'll try to restrain myself. Thanks.

MacLaren shakes his hand.

TRAVELER D13

It was our pleasure.

TREVOR

How about setting me up with some of that sweet anno tech?

TRAVELER D13

Nanites are by directive only. Sorry.

TREVOR

I've got school tomorrow.

TRAVELER D13

Lucky you. We have to fly across the world and save the life of a genocidal dictator.

CARLY

Why would you do that?

TRAVELER D13

Presumably he's better than the alternative.

(then to Marcy)

It was a pleasure working with you, 3569.

MARCY

Same here.

TRAVELER D13

Get some rest.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

TRAVELER D13 (CONT'D)  
 (then, sotto)  
 And I want you to know that if there  
 was anything we could do for you --

MARCY  
 It's all right. I understand.

Traveler D13 and the others head out the back. \*

64 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D2)

64 \*

The house is quiet as MacLaren steps inside. He moves into  
 the kitchen.

MACLAREN  
 Kat? Hello?

He checks the time. She should be here.

65 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (D2)

65 \*

We HEAR MACLAREN APPROACHING the upstairs bedroom, calling  
 ahead.

MACLAREN (O.S.)  
 Kat? You home?

He comes into the room to find his clothes laid out on the  
 bed, her's nowhere to be seen.

Kathryn emerges from the bathroom and MacLaren smiles, like  
 a man in love with his wife of eleven years.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
 There you are -- I called your phone.

KATHRYN  
 I turned it off.  
 (beat)  
 Now you know what it feels like.

MACLAREN  
 I know, I'm sorry --

KATHRYN  
 I couldn't stop checking it to see  
 if you were alive or dead and it was  
 driving me crazy, so I shut it off.  
 (beat)  
 And then I found myself enjoying the  
 feeling so I left it off.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

MACLAREN

Okay, well I have a pretty funny explanation for what happened. One of my C.I.s stole my car, hacked into my phone to prove how vulnerable field agents were to hackers --

He moves toward her but she doesn't let him get close.

KATHRYN

Tell me about it tomorrow, Grant.  
I'm sure it's an interesting story.  
(beat)  
Right now I'm tired and I'm going to take a bath.

\*  
\*  
\*

MacLaren doesn't give up.

\*

MACLAREN

If you need me to wash your back...

\*

She closes the bathroom door on him, leaving him alone.

\*

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #111

"Marcy"

Written by  
Jason Whiting

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TRAVELERS  
"Marcy"  
Set List - Green Pages - 06.24.16

Exteriors

CITY STREET  
CONSTRUCTION SITE  
FARM  
FARMHOUSE  
- Porch  
FARMER'S FIELD  
GRACE'S HOUSE  
HOSPITAL  
POLICE STATION  
SIDE ROAD  
STREET  
WOODS

Interiors

CARLY'S BEDROOM  
DAVID'S APARTMENT  
- Bathroom  
- Bedroom  
- Hallway  
FARMHOUSE  
- Dining Room  
FBI FIELD OFFICE  
GARAGE/OPS  
GRACE'S CAR  
- Moving  
HOSPITAL  
- Hallway  
- Marcy's Room  
- Nurse's Station  
MACLAREN'S HOUSE  
NONDESCRIPT OFFICE  
TAXI  
TREVOR'S HOUSE  
~~- Bedroom~~  
- Kitchen

TEASER

66 EXT. FARM HOUSE - PORCH - DAY (D3) 66 \*

FARMER DARREN ELLIS, 50s, steps outside and takes in the farming fields that surround his house.

He takes a deep sigh, dreading the work, puts on his hat and heads out.

67 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY (D3) 67 \*

David leans on his elbow, staring at Marcy in bed beside him. He can't believe she's in his bed.

Marcy opens her eyes and smiles at the sight of him.

MARCY

Hi.

DAVID

Oh. Hello.

MARCY

Good morning.

DAVID

Yes it is.

MARCY

Watching me sleep?

DAVID

Oh, you know. Just patiently waiting for you to wake up.

MARCY

So that we could do this?

Marcy rolls on top of him and kisses him deeply.

68 INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D3) 68 \*

The early morning sun shines through the window as TREVOR wraps a bandage over his side. \*

He checks it in the mirror, then gets up on mission. \*

69 EXT. FARMERS FIELD - DAY (D3) 69 \*

Ellis drives his tractor with an auger attachment out into the field and stops by some already planted FENCE POSTS. \*

(CONTINUED)

- 69 CONTINUED: 69
- He hits a switch and lowers the auger arm toward the ground, continuing his work. The drill starts up and begins to dig a hole. \*
- The auger hits something hard, kicking back against the tractor. \*
- ELLIS
- Goddamnit.
- 70 EXT. STREET - DAY (D3) 70 \*
- Trevor races down the street on his bike.
- 71 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY (D3) 71 \*
- Marcy is still on top of David, kissing him. She continues, but he notices something's wrong.
- DAVID
- What's wrong?
- MARCY
- I'm fine -- it'll pass.
- BLOOD -- starts dripping from her nose.
- DAVID
- Marcy, you're bleeding.
- 72 EXT. FARMERS FIELD - DAY (D3) 72 \*
- Ellis braces himself and pushes down on the auger throttle, powering through the stone beneath the surface. The SOUND OF CRUNCHING ROCK fills the air.
- The auger drive begins to WHINE. Ellis pulls a lever to raise the arm, but nothing happens. He tries again. The machine struggles.
- ELLIS
- Shit.
- Ellis hops off and steps over to the still-rotating auger.
- 73 EXT. STREET - DAY (D3) 73 \*
- Trevor arrives at his destination, a modest house.
- 74 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (D3) 74 \*
- Marcy stands at the sink washing the blood from her face.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

DAVID

Here.

David hands her a towel. Marcy looks up to David, her eyes scared.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Marcy, what's happening?

A CHYRON APPEARS.

RECORDED TIME OF DEATH: 7:17am. 45, 44, 43...

75 EXT. GRACE'S HOUSE - DAY (D3)

75 \*

GRACE DAY, dressed for work, locks the front door. She talks on her phone as she makes her way towards her car.

GRACE

Just calling back to confirm my appointment for 11:45... Great. See you then.

She approaches her car and gets in.

76 INT. GRACE'S CAR - DAY (D3)

76 \*

Grace throws her purse on the passenger seat and starts the engine. She adjusts the rear-view mirror to SEE:

TREVOR -- in the back seat. They lock eyes.

Before she can react he injects her, knocking her out...

THE CHYRON keeps counting down: 29, 28, 27...

77 EXT. FARMERS FIELD - DAY (D3)

77 \*

Ellis reaches up to the housing around the auger drive, pushing up with all his strength.

ELLIS

Come on.

He pushes harder, his face straining. Then his muscles give out and he stumbles back hitting a strand of loose BARBED WIRE into:

\*  
\*  
\*

THE AUGER -- which begins to pull the barbed wire downward, but it's caught on Ellis' leg.

\*  
\*

Ellis drops to the ground, clawing at the dirt, trying to escape the machine's relentless pull.

\*

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

Suddenly, he throws his head back and cries out, the CHYRON reads: 3, 2, 1.

A TRANSITION OCCURS as a new Traveler arrives. Moving fast, he grabs wire cutters from his belt clip and uses it to snip the barbed wire. \*

The farmer shoves himself back to safety as... \*

THE CHYRON -- continues to count up in green: 6, 7, 8...

The person that was once Ellis catches his breath as he turns slowly to take in the overpowering beauty of his surroundings.

ELLIS (CONT'D)  
(eyes widening, ecstatic)  
Wooo hoo!

78 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (D3)

78 \*

Marcy falls into David's arms. \*

MARCY  
David, I'm scared...

DAVID  
It's okay. I've got you. You're going to be fine.

But she's not. A SEIZURE -- takes hold and Marcy's eyes roll up into her head. David catches her as she collapses.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Marcy! Marcy!

OFF David, scared, holding Marcy as she seizes in his arms worse than we've ever seen.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

79 INT. MACLAREN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D3)

79 \*

MACLAREN, dressed for a day at work, is in the process of making coffee when KATHRYN comes downstairs in her housecoat.

He hands her a fresh cup.

KATHRYN -- is surprised by the man she finds helping.

KATHRYN

Coffee?

MACLAREN

Least I could do.

KATHRYN

The least you could do is *nothing* and then leave without telling me. Which is what you usually do.

MACLAREN

Well, I'm gonna be better.

KATHRYN

Are you.

Kathryn's not convinced. She takes a sip and moves to leave.

MACLAREN

Is it good?

KATHRYN

It's coffee.

MacLaren's CELL PHONE RINGS.

MACLAREN

Just a sec. Sorry.

KATHRYN

Don't let me stop you.

MACLAREN

(into the phone)  
MacLaren.

(beat)

David? Yes, of course I remember you...

(concern hits him)

What? Okay, I'll be right there.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

MACLAREN -- hangs up and turns to his wife.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I gotta go.

KATHRYN

You have your priorities.

MACLAREN

And you're one of them.

He moves in to kiss her on the lips, but she gives him her cheek. He'll take it. He exits.

80 EXT. WOODS - DAY (D3)

80 \*

Grace slowly wakes to find herself sitting on the ground, leaning against a tree, wrists and ankles bound together by zip ties. Her eyes open to find:

TREVOR -- sitting on a log looking at her. He's been waiting, holding his hand to a tender side.

TREVOR

Please stay calm, Ms Day. I can explain.

GRACE

(panicked)

What the hell are you doing?

TREVOR

I'm not going to hurt you. I'm trying to help you. Please, just relax --

GRACE

HELP! SOMEBODY HELP!

Trevor remains calm.

TREVOR

And please stop yelling. There's nobody for miles. This is all happening for a reason.

GRACE

You've drugged and dragged me into the woods.

TREVOR

I sedated you, yes. But only because I had to get you out here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Off the grid. With no technology.  
This was the only way I could be  
sure.

GRACE

Sure of what? What are you going to  
do to me?

TREVOR

In the historical record, Grace Day  
dies today at 11:27 am at the corner  
of Westlake and Harmon Avenue.

GRACE

That's by my dentist. How would I --

TREVOR

I scouted the location, but it was  
impossible to determine what would  
kill you. And if I intervened the  
traffic cams would still have allowed  
the Director to take you.

GRACE

The Director.

TREVOR

I know how it sounds, but I'm not a  
crazy person.

GRACE

Do you know this "Director"?

TREVOR

The Director sent me here.

GRACE

To do what?

TREVOR

Perform missions.

GRACE

Like this?

TREVOR

No, no. I'm breaking protocol by  
doing this.

(beat)

Our mission is to save the world, Ms  
Day... I'm from the future.

81 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (D3)

81 \*

Marcy is being comforted by David when MacLaren enters.

DAVID  
Agent MacLaren.

MACLAREN  
Hey, David. Thanks for calling.  
You mind giving us a minute?

DAVID  
Yeah. No, of course. I'll just...

David goes out into the hall.

MACLAREN  
(as David goes)  
Thanks.  
(then)  
What happened?

MARCY  
(struggling)  
I'm sorry. I told him a thousand  
times not t-to take me to a hospital.

MACLAREN  
No, it's okay. It's fine. This is  
exactly where you should be. Have  
they told you what's wrong yet? Do  
you want to see your charts?

MacLaren moves for her charts, when:

MARCY  
I know what's wrong.  
(off his look)  
There's too much pre-existing damage.

MACLAREN  
I don't understand. \*

MARCY  
My host's brain was congenitally  
underdeveloped. I came up with a  
treatment that I thought was  
working... I'm sorry I didn't -- \*

MACLAREN  
It's okay. We're going to fix this. \*

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

MARCY

I don't think it's p-possible...

MACLAREN

You just helped to practically bring me back from the dead, anything's possible.

82 EXT. STREET - DAY (D3)

82 \*

Carly's CELL PHONE rings. She answers.

\*

CARLY

Hello?

83 INT. ND BUILDING - FOYER - DAY (D3)

83 \*

JACQUELINE PEELE (Ep. 108) sits at her desk on the phone.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

JACQUELINE

Carly, hi. I wasn't sure if I'd be able to reach you...

CARLY

I've been off the grid for a day or so, sorry about that.

JACQUELINE

Are you in any danger? It's okay, you can tell me.

CARLY

I'm fine. Why, what is it?

JACQUELINE

(with a sigh)

Well, to be honest, I was hoping that you might have reasons beyond your control for why you abandoned your son at his father's.

CARLY

Abandoned? He's the father.

JACQUELINE

I'm well aware, but as he tells it, you asked him to watch Jeffrey for a couple of hours and haven't returned since. That was two days ago.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

CARLY

I'm heading there right now --

JACQUELINE

(biting)

Carly, I'm done sticking my neck out for you, only to have lies and excuses thrown back at me.

(then)

Jeffrey is going to stay where he is for the time being.

CARLY

No. Please.

JACQUELINE

Your actions indicate that you trust him as a caregiver. So I have acted accordingly and filed a recommendation for his father to take custody until the hearing is settled.

CARLY

Jacqueline, please! You can't do this!

JACQUELINE

Have a good day, Ms Shannon.

CARLY

Wait!

But Jacqueline has hung up.

84 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY (D3)

84 \*

MacLaren walks with purpose down the hallway when a SICKLY CHILD steps in front of him and instantly goes MESSENGER:

SICKLY CHILD

Traveler 3468, greet arriving Traveler 0014 today.

The child comes out of it and stands looking up at this stranger.

SICKLY CHILD (CONT'D)

Where's my mom?

MACLAREN

(to a passing nurse)

Excuse me. He's looking for his mom.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

MacLaren moves for the exit.

85 EXT. WOODS - DAY (D3)

85 \*

Trevor continues to explain things to Grace.

TREVOR

It's a calculation, really. The Director studies the historical record and assesses which actions to take -- some big, some not so big -- that will best mitigate the conditions we left behind.

GRACE

You mean ahead.  
(off his look)  
I mean, if it's the future --

TREVOR

(smiling at that)  
You're absolutely right, it's all about perspective.

GRACE

And how's it going?

TREVOR

That's hard to say. A while ago we deflected an asteroid which would have caused a huge disaster eighteen months from now.

GRACE

(incredulous)  
That's very big.

TREVOR

Yeah, that's what we thought! We expected it was gonna impact the future so much we might even cease to exist. But nothing changed.

Grace gently probes for a flaw in his logic.

GRACE

So if something doesn't work out the way you want it to, why don't you just go back and try again?

Trevor smiles, impressed.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

TREVOR

That is an excellent question, Ms Day. We tried that of course. But for some pretty complicated reasons having to do with ripples in space time, we can't go any further back than the arrival point of the most recent traveler. There's no "do overs."

(beat)

Anyway, now you know why I've missed so much school.

GRACE

I appreciate your honesty, Trevor.

Trevor smiles at that.

TREVOR

I know you don't believe me. And that's okay, I wouldn't either. I still wanted to tell you I was doing this to preserve your life. Because you're a good person. The director will just have to find another candidate.

GRACE

Will there be repercussions for you?

TREVOR

Possibly. But I've lived a long life. Longer than you know. If I have to pay for this, so be it.

86 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D3)

86

MacLaren enters the space, on mission.

MACLAREN

Philip!?

PHILIP

Over here.

MacLaren heads around the corner to PHILIP's computer bank where he has a live CCTV feed of a street and a map open ON SCREEN.

\*

MACLAREN

Anything show up?

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

PHILIP

Nothing yet. We've only got two potential hosts today. First one gets hit by a truck here in about an hour and the other dies street side just before that. These are the locations.

\*  
\*

MACLAREN

You take one, I'll take the other.

\*

PHILIP

Sorry, but what's our mission exactly?

MACLAREN

To greet Traveler 0014 --

PHILIP

0014? That's a low number.

MACLAREN

I know.

PHILIP

Why is the Director sending back someone that important?

MACLAREN

I'm hoping it's to help Marcy.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

87 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (D3)

87 \*

David offers Marcy some apple juice at her bedside.

DAVID

Here ya go... gotta make sure we  
keep fluids in you.

MARCY

Yeah, this apple juice is going to  
make all the difference.  
(off his look)  
Sorry, I know you're just trying to  
help.

DAVID

It's okay. Nobody likes hospitals.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

That's not a nice thing to say.

David turns to see Marcy's DOCTOR entering the room.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

How are you feeling?

MARCY

I'm okay. Just tired. Can I g-go,  
yet?

DOCTOR

Afraid not. We've still got a number  
of tests we'd like to run and  
unfortunately your MRI didn't turn  
out.

MARCY

What do you mean?

DOCTOR

Well, if the scan was accurate, you'd  
barely even be able to communicate  
with me right now. But it's no big  
deal, we just have to do it again.  
I'll put a rush on this one for you --  
don't worry.

Marcy is full of worry. The Doctor takes a quick look at  
her vitals on the machine beside her.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Everything appears stable. We'll  
let you know when we have you slotted.

DAVID  
Thanks, doctor.

The Doctor leaves. Marcy is gravely concerned.

88 EXT. STREET/CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY (D3)

88 \*

Philip stands on the street next to a construction site. He  
checks his watch, waiting for something terrible to happen.

MAN (O.S.)  
Look out!

Suddenly a payload of CINDERBLOCKS comes crashing down from  
a great height, HAMMERING in to the sidewalk.

PHILIP -- watches, confused, as two CONSTRUCTION WORKERS run  
toward the debris. He checks his watch again. Something's  
off. Then, he remembers.

89 INT. GARAGE/OPS - FLASHBACK - EP.103 - NIGHT

89

Trevor stands and goes over to the section where there are  
dozens of CANDIDATES for potential hosts written out.

TREVOR  
This is a list of potential host  
candidates?

On Trevor as he stares at the crazy wall with Philip in the  
B.G.

PHILIP  
Not all of 'em, obviously, but yeah.

TREVOR  
Then every one of these people is  
going to die.

PHILIP  
Yeah, why, what's wrong?

Trevor points to a name that we DON'T see.

TREVOR  
I know this person.

90 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY (D3)

90 \*

Philip stands, staring at the rubble.

PHILIP

Shit.

(he touches his com)

Trevor... Trevor, where are you?

91 EXT. WOODS - DAY (D3)

91 \*

Trevor stands near Grace, Philip in his ear.

PHILIP (O.S.)

Trevor, what the hell have you --

TREVOR -- turns his com off, going dark on the team. He checks his watch, nods, then turns to Grace.

TREVOR

There. That should do it. We've passed your time of death. You feel fine?

GRACE

Other than the obvious discomfort.

TREVOR

(lightening the mood)

Great. Then it wasn't something medical.

Trevor produces a needle from his pocket.

GRACE

Um, what is that?

TREVOR

I'm going to take you back now. You can claim a sick day and stay home.

GRACE

(re: the needle)

That doesn't answer my question.

TREVOR

This will erase the last 24-hours from your memory. To you, it'll be just like you overslept and none of this ever happened.

GRACE

And if I refuse?

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

TREVOR

I'm afraid this is part of the deal  
for saving your life. Not to mention,  
I've told you a lot of things that  
nobody can ever know.

As he approaches her with the needle, Grace counters.

GRACE

So what's next, you knock me out and  
drag me back out through the woods?  
You've been favoring your side like  
it hurts.

TREVOR

Stitches. I had some surgery the  
other day. Organ donor.

GRACE

Well, ow! Why don't I just walk  
back with you? You don't want to  
tear those stitches and it couldn't  
have been easy carrying me all the  
way out here.

\*  
\*  
\*

Trevor contemplates for a moment, touching his sore side.

TREVOR

Okay -- but I have to keep your hands  
tied.

GRACE

I understand.

TREVOR -- pockets the needle and pulls out a knife. He takes  
a knee and begins cutting the zip tie around her ankles.

GRACE -- watches, focused, able to kick him if she wanted.

TREVOR

Okay. Let's go.

He helps her up and they begin to walk back through the woods.

92 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D3)

92 \*

A BUS pulls up to a stop at a busy city street. As it pulls  
away, behind it we find MacLaren waiting on the sidewalk.

He checks his watch, keeping an eye on the traffic when his  
com hails.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

PHILIP (O.S.)  
Boss, you there?

MACLAREN  
Yeah. Nothing's happened at my TELL.  
Any luck with yours?

93 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D3)

93

Philip is just getting back from his TELL.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

PHILIP  
No, nothing.

MACLAREN  
Shit. Well there's one less  
candidate.

PHILIP  
No, I mean nothing happened. A crane  
dropped its load on the sidewalk.  
Nobody died. No traveler arrived.

\*

MACLAREN  
Are you sure we had the time right?

PHILIP  
It's possible that the historical  
record is off. Some of my bets  
haven't turned out -- a few race  
results I'd memorized changed.

MACLAREN  
Why didn't you tell me?

PHILIP  
It was just a few races. But to be  
honest, boss... I don't think that's  
it -- I think Trevor might have  
intervened.

MACLAREN  
Why would you think that?

PHILIP  
Back when I wrote all those TELLS on  
the front door of OPS... He said he  
knew one of them. Grace Day.

MacLaren catches his eye on another truck, quickly  
approaching.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

MACLAREN

Trevor wouldn't break protocol.

Suddenly, a MAN, texting, walks full-stride into the intersection.

THE TRUCK -- attempts to come to a SCREECHING halt, but is too late. The man is hit, dead. People scream. Pure chaos.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Damn. All right, you find Trevor.  
I'll work on a backup plan for Marcy.

\*

94 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY (D3)

94

JEFF walks out of the police station and is immediately confronted by Carly.

CARLY

We need to talk.

Jeff puts on a face for the officers around. They walk.

JEFF

Carly! What a pleasant surprise.

CARLY

Don't.

JEFF

Don't what?

CARLY

Don't do what you're doing. Playing these games. It won't work. You're not gonna get Jeffrey from me.

JEFF

I don't have to take him when you straight-up hand him over.

CARLY

You are manipulating the wrong person.

They turn a corner where it's less busy. Jeff's mood snaps completely, violence in his words.

JEFF

Jeffrey is *my* blood. My son. I could not be more serious when I tell you that --

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

CARLY

You're trash.

JEFF

The fuck you just say to me?

CARLY

I said you're trash and it's only a matter of time before your son sees it too.

JEFF

You watch your mouth.

CARLY

Or what? You know you don't deserve to be a father. You're a mess.

JEFF

And yet I'm the one taking care of him when you bail for days at a time.

CARLY

Yeah, well I needed a break.  
(beat)  
Someone had to make me feel like a woman -- god knows you never could.

Jeff slams his hand on the wall beside Carly's head. Ready to fight. She stands, unfazed.

CARLY (CONT'D)

You know when you're close to me like this, I can really smell what a failure you are.

Just as Jeff is about to hit her, he looks to the right and spots a SURVEILLANCE CAM filming them. Carly eyes it too.

JEFF

I see what you're doin'.  
(beat)  
When will you learn I'm not an idiot. Come back here again to my work like this and I'll file a restraining order.

Jeff composes himself and walks back from where he came.

OFF Carly, releasing the tension, upset her plan didn't work.

95 INT. GRACE'S CAR - DAY (D3) 95 \*

Trevor's phone buzzes in the car. Visible beyond it are the car keys in the cup holder.

ON PHONE SCREEN: Philip Pearson Calling...

The call ends.

ON PHONE SCREEN: 12 Missed Calls.

96 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY (D3) 96 \*

Marcy lies in her bed with David at her side. She turns to him.

MARCY

Hey, could get me some more juice?

DAVID

Yeah sure, no problem.

(he hands her the call button)

Just push that if anything happens while I'm gone.

Marcy manages a smile.

MARCY

Thanks.

David exits. Once he's gone, she makes sure the coast is clear and touches her com.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Guys, get me out of this hospital. They want t-t-to run more tests and if my MRI comes back with the same results -- they'll be doing experiments on me 'til I die.

97 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D3) 97 \*

Philip sits, working at his computer.

MARCY (O.S.)

Philip, hack their database, and g-get my file.

PHILIP

You got it.

98 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D3)

98 \*

MacLaren sits at his desk, on com.

MACLAREN  
Sit tight, Marcy.

Just then, BOYD walks into the office and approaches a DESK WORKER.

BOYD  
Hi, I was called in to speak with an Agent Forbes, about --

MacLaren hops up.

MACLAREN  
That's my partner. I can take it from here. Thanks.  
(then)  
Right this way, officer...

Boyd throws him a look -- you know who I am.

BOYD  
Boyd.

MACLAREN -- escorts Boyd into the side room, closing the door behind them.

BOYD (CONT'D)  
You really need to stop making a habit of this.

MACLAREN  
Protocol six. This is an emergency. Our medic is in the hospital and her condition might be beyond 21st century medicine.

BOYD  
The director will send help if the intention is to save her.

MACLAREN  
Help hasn't arrived and she's getting worse.

BOYD  
And you're coming to me, why?

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

MACLAREN

I just want access to your team's  
medic.

BOYD

No.

MACLAREN

At least let them decide for  
themselves --

BOYD

I just did. I'm our medic.

MACLAREN

*And* the team leader?

BOYD

(carrying a weight)

We lost ours along the way. Someone  
had to step up.

MACLAREN

Then you should understand. We're  
trying to do everything in our power  
to not lose one of our own.

(beat)

Just take a look at her. That's all  
I ask.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

99 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY (D3)

99 \*

David paces up and down the hallway, when his phone rings.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

David. I'm going to need your help,  
we need to get Marcy out of the  
hospital.

DAVID

What? Is that a good idea?

100 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D3)

100\*

MacLaren's end of the call, on his way to the elevators.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MACLAREN

I wouldn't be asking if it wasn't  
important.

DAVID

Well, she's got doctors and nurses  
checking in on her every five minutes.

MACLAREN

I have a way around that.

DAVID

Look, I wanna help, but you said  
yourself this is exactly where she  
needs to be.

MACLAREN

The situation's changed. If the  
doctors continue to test her, it  
will blow her cover.

DAVID

I don't care about her cover.

MACLAREN

It's important work --

DAVID

She told me she was dying.

David lets that news sink in, conflicted.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

MACLAREN

And I have no intention of letting that happen.

(beat)

I have a plan, but I can only pull it off with your help.

DAVID

What do you need me to do?

MACLAREN

You need to be in her room at 1:07 sharp. Can you manage that?

DAVID

Yeah, of course, then what?

MACLAREN

Stand by.

MacLaren hangs up. David checks the time on his phone and looks around him, buzzing with an excited energy.

101 EXT. WOODS - DAY (D3)

101

Trevor and Grace continue walking through the woods.

GRACE

So why haven't you gone back and stopped Hitler, Stalin --

\*

TREVOR

I love the way your mind works!

(beat)

Actually we're only able to come back to the modern age of computers because we need the *precise* time and location of the host's death. Close doesn't work.

GRACE

Then you're not really Trevor.

TREVOR

No. Remember my concussion? My consciousness arrived and supplanted his just before the next punch would have killed him. Instead I conceded the fight and here we are.

GRACE

Here we are.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

Suddenly, Grace trips, falling forward into a bed of rocks. It's an ugly fall with her hands bound, unable to properly brace herself. She cuts her head slightly.

TREVOR

Whoa. Are you okay?

Trevor moves to help her, when:

GRACE -- cracks him upside the head with a rock.

Trevor falls back to the ground as Grace stands and runs off toward the car. He stumbles as he stands.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Ms Day! Grace!

GRACE -- runs for her life, terrified.

TREVOR -- runs after her, slightly woozy from the hit.

GRACE -- emerges from the woods and gets right in the car.

102 INT. GRACE'S CAR - DAY (D3)

102

Panicked, Grace looks around and quickly finds the keys in the cup holder, then turns to SEE Trevor running for her.

GRACE

Oh, god, oh, god.

\*

She locks the doors. A little blood trickles on her forehead.

TREVOR -- tries to open the door, but can't. He slams the window, trying to break the glass.

TREVOR

Let me in! Ms Day! Don't go!

Grace starts the car and peels off down the road.

As she drives, she reaches for the cell phone beside her and swipes the locked display to EMERGENCY CALL.

103 EXT. SIDE ROAD - DAY (D3)

103

Trevor watches in dismay as Grace's car drives away. Then:

THE CAR -- veers back into the ditch, crashing.

TREVOR -- rushes to the crash site.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

TREVOR

Grace!

He keeps running until the car door swings open.

GRACE -- bursts out a different person, blood dripping from her forehead. \*

GRACE

0115, are you out of your mind? You do *not* get to change history on your own.

TREVOR

But I saved her. How could you possibly --

GRACE

She made a phone call. GPS. Voice recognition.

She throws his phone at him and he catches it, looking down at it as though she just threw him a murder weapon.

GRACE -- feels the bump on her head, then SEES blood on her hand.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Oh great, I'm bleeding. I've been here less than a minute and my body is already damaged.

Grace holds out her bound hands. \*

GRACE (CONT'D)

Well? \*

104 INT. HOSPITAL - NURSE'S STATION - DAY (D3)

104\*

A NURSE is going through an overflowing case load. Behind her is the vital signs monitor where we SEE a screen labeled "M. WARTON".

Vitals are normal: BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

Then -- there is a pause. Silence.

The nurse checks the time: it's 1:07 pm.

Then -- the vital signs come back. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

Nurse returns to her work, everything back to normal.

105 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY (D3) 105\*

Carly has the van idling by the hospital entrance, keeping watch.

106 INT. HOSPITAL - MARCY'S ROOM - DAY (D3) 106\*

The nurse enters the room and approaches the curtained section of Marcy's bed. The vital signs monitor continues to BEEP steadily.

The nurse wheels over a blood pressure monitor.

NURSE

Knock, knock. Marcy, it's time to head back for your MRI --

The nurse pulls back the curtain to SEE David sitting on the edge of the bed, hooked up to the vitals monitor, looking sheepish. \*

DAVID

I am so sorry.

107 INT. GRACE'S CAR - DAY (D3) 107\*

Grace settles in behind the wheel, taking a moment to get accustomed to the foreign mechanics of the vehicle.

Trevor sits, frozen, in shock.

She turns the key in the ignition, but only manages to turn on the radio. Tries again, aggressively, and only ends up stalling the engine.

GRACE

How do you engage the drive in this vehicle?

(silence)

Hey. 0115, I asked you a question.

TREVOR

This is... this is wrong. You murdered her.

GRACE

Get over yourself. Historically, Grace Day died today. Don't get mad at me because you got caught trying to play God.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

TREVOR

Candidates shouldn't be taken after  
their TELL has passed!

GRACE

It happened. It's forever. So get  
over it.

TREVOR

Are you here to deliver the  
repercussions?

GRACE

No, I didn't jump here to spank you,  
I have a mission to complete. If I  
can get this goddamn car started.

It finally starts, almost startling her. Now what.

\*

108 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D3)

108

Marcy sits on the work table, post-examination, as Boyd and  
the rest of the team are gathered around Philip's computer.

ON THE MONITOR: Marcy's MRIs in a side-by-side comparison.

BOYD

A home lumbar puncture is *pretty*  
unorthodox, but it looks like it  
helped relieve some intracranial  
pressure. What the hell did you do  
with the CSF?

Philip opens a window with the result chart.

PHILIP

She made a serum that helped stabilize  
her neurotransmitter levels.

BOYD

Smart. Kept you alive for this long,  
but... you know they could only buy  
so much time.

MARCY

I know.

Boyd speaks to Marcy gently, now as a doctor to one of her  
terminal patients.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

BOYD

Of course you do. You've known the whole time, it must have been brutal.

(then)

I can give you a neurotransmitter stimulant I developed for a mission which should help you short term, but...

MARCY

Thanks for the second opinion.

Marcy nods, grim, as she takes in the inevitable.

BOYD

I wish it was a better one.

CARLY

What, that's it? That's all you can do? What about nanites?

BOYD

There are a number of medical traveler teams capable of amazing things...

MacLaren knows all about them as a recent beneficiary.

MACLAREN

We know. But that would take orders from the Director.

Boyd takes an injector from her med kit, and administers the stimulant.

BOYD

That should start working right away.

MARCY

Thank you.

CARLY AND PHILIP -- help Marcy to the office Philip uses as a bedroom.

BOYD -- packs up her kit, and MacLaren leads her to the entrance of the garage.

MACLAREN

How long does she have?

BOYD

Not long.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (2)

108

BOYD (CONT'D)

The shot I gave her should make her feel more or less normal for a while but her neurons are still going like fireworks...

(OFF MacLaren's look)

But hey... If the Director wants her saved...

109 INT. GRACE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY (D3)

109\*

She grabs the cell phone from the dash and hands it to Trevor. \*

GRACE

Check in with your team.

TREVOR

(suspicious)

Why?

GRACE

Because I'm *also* on a mission to locate 0014 and by now they should have his coordinates. They were sent a messenger this morning.

(shoves phone to him)

Check in and use this so I can hear both of you.

Bewildered, Trevor makes the call.

110 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D3)

110\*

MacLaren's phone rings, he sees the Caller I.D. and answers, heated.

MACLAREN

Trevor? Where the hell have you been?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

TREVOR

I'm sorry, I felt I had to do it.

MACLAREN

You broke protocol.

TREVOR

But the new traveler showed up anyway.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

MACLAREN

We'll talk about that later, is she  
0014?

GRACE

Oh, for God's sake, they haven't  
located him yet?

Grace interrupts, able to hear the conversation, shouting  
toward the phone.

GRACE (CONT'D)

If he didn't arrive after the  
messenger, check the TELLs from  
*before*.

Philip begins to search his mind, then his computer.

PHILIP

Why would the Director order us to  
greet someone who'd already arrived?

MacLaren shrugs.

MACLAREN

Who was just talking then? \*

Grace grabs the phone from Trevor and barks into it.

GRACE

Call me Grace. We share the same  
mission, Agent MacLaren, and it  
involves Marcy.

PHILIP

There is one potential candidate  
from earlier in the day.

He pulls up a live map on his computer with the coordinates.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

A farm. Out of town.

MACLAREN

That's where we'll find 0014?

GRACE

*Obviously*. Send the coordinates and  
then meet us there with your whole  
team.

She hangs up and tosses the phone into Trevor's lap.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (2)

110

GRACE (CONT'D)

Good god, I think I'm starving to death. I thought people ate like kings in the 21st.

Trevor just glares at her.

111 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D3)

111

MacLaren looks at his phone, the line abruptly cut off, and then to Philip.

MACLAREN

Send the coordinates then follow soon as you can.

\*  
\*

(to Carly)

I'll drive.

The team gathers and make their way out of Ops.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

112 EXT. FARM - DAY (D3) 112\*

High and wide. Grace's car pulls into driveway that leads to the farm house.

113 EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (D3) 113\*

Grace and Trevor make their way up to the porch. Grace barges on ahead and tries to open the door, only to find it's locked. \*

A Farm dog named BOO comes running over and sits at the front door patiently beside them, hoping to be invited in too. \*

She bangs on the door and yells at Ellis.

GRACE

Come on, 014, it's safe! Open the damn door!

ELLIS (O.S.)

My name is Ellis! Get off my property!

GRACE

I'm not going to hurt you!

ELLIS (O.S.)

What about the kid?

GRACE

He's nobody! Come on, we don't have much time!

Ellis cracks the door to look out under the security chain.

ELLIS

Why should I trust you?

GRACE

'Cause without me you'd still be writing shitty script prompts in a leaky dome like the grumpy no imagination old bastard you are.

The door shuts in her face then the CHAIN COMES OFF and Ellis opens up.

ELLIS

027, I'd recognize that tone in any century.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

GRACE

Call me Grace.

ELLIS

Did you come to hide too?

GRACE

Partly. Your defenses are up?

ELLIS

With you? Always.

GRACE

Ha ha.

ELLIS

Got 'em up right after feeding the pigs. I have pigs!

GRACE

And I want your code.

She pushes past him into the house.

ELLIS

(calling after her)

What makes you think I'm going to give it to you?

Ellis turns back to Trevor who's still standing on the porch.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

And you are..?

TREVOR

Trevor.

ELLIS

You look like someone shot your puppy, Trevor.

TREVOR

Do I.

ELLIS

She's not a real people person, but her heart's in the right place, you'll see... C'mon in.

He waves Trevor inside and admonishes Boo.

\*

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (2)

113

ELLIS (CONT'D)

You stay outside and guard the place  
like you're supposed to.

The dog just sits there as he closes the door.

114 INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (D3)

114

The main floor of the farmhouse has an open-concept kitchen  
attached to a dining room and sitting area.

An out-of-date computer sits on a desk in an alcove -- Grace  
hovers over it as Trevor and Ellis approach.

ELLIS

So how did you find me?

TREVOR

My team did. They'll be here soon.

GRACE

Your reinforcements.

(to Trevor)

014 needs protection -- he wrote a  
backdoor hack that a faction in the  
future is desperate to get their  
hands on.

\*  
\*

TREVOR

What faction?

GRACE

After your time -- you wouldn't  
understand.

ELLIS

(to Trevor)

A group is trying to topple the  
Director and they want to use my  
code to do it. I came here to hide  
it where it was useless.

GRACE

Not useless.

ELLIS

What good is it to you in the 21st?

GRACE

I'm trying to save somebody's life.

(off his look)

Is that so hard to believe?

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

ELLIS

Yes.

TREVOR

Definitely.

GRACE

I made a mistake that needs to be corrected.

ELLIS

Hacker with a heart of gold.

TREVOR

(getting it)

You're programmers.

ELLIS

(re: Grace)

This one's the Director's favorite.

GRACE

Only when you're not around.

ELLIS

And how's my code going to save a life?

GRACE

You'll see. And don't worry -- I'll destroy it as soon as I'm done.

ELLIS

I was just going to start on supper, d'you need it now?

Ellis makes a show of stretching his fingers before he settles down in front of the computer.

GRACE

He can do that.

(to Trevor)

Do you know how to prepare food?

TREVOR

Yeah, sure.

GRACE

Well hurry up, I haven't eaten in centuries.

OFF ELLIS -- his fingers fly across the keyboard creating an INHUMAN HUM as the screen fills with code.

115 EXT. STREET - DAY (D3)

115

David walks down the street, worried.

He pulls out his cell and calls someone. Gets sent to voicemail.

DAVID

(on voicemail)

Agent MacLaren, it's David Mailer.  
I really stuck my neck out back at  
the hospital -- I'll probably run  
into some of those people again --  
and now I've been waiting on a Marcy  
update and, not going to lie, feeling  
a little pissed off.

(beat)

Which is not to say I'm unwilling to  
help, I obviously am, but there's a  
difference between helping someone  
and being used by someone!

(beat)

Please call me back.

David hangs up the phone, semi-satisfied with his performance.

116 EXT. FARM - DAY (D3)

116

High and wide as MacLaren's SUV roars up the farmhouse  
driveway. \*

MacLaren on com.

MACLAREN

Trevor? Trevor?

He HEARS a droning feedback through the com as the SUV comes  
up to the farm perimeter. \*

It crystallizes back into a clear signal once the SUV parks  
in the driveway, crossing an invisible threshold. \*

117 EXT. FARMHOUSE - PORCH - DAY (D3)

117

MacLaren and Carly step out of the SUV, approaching the front  
door. \*

MacLaren KNOCKS LOUDLY.

ELLIS (O.S.)

Who is it?

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

MACLAREN

3468 -- I was given a message to  
greet Traveler 0014.

Ellis unlocks the door and swings it open.

ELLIS

Well then -- greetings!

He steps forward with a wide smile, reeling MacLaren in for  
a tight hug before he turns to Carly.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

And you! Greetings!

He gives Carly an equally enthusiastic embrace.

CARLY

So... What is the mission?

Ellis pulls back.

ELLIS

You tell me.

MACLAREN

I just told you, our mission was to  
greet you.

ELLIS

Then mission accomplished! \*

(beat)

You folks hungry? Your friend's  
making supper. Though I think he  
was expecting a couple more. \*

MACLAREN

They're on their way. \*

Ellis disappears back inside as Grace steps into the doorway.

GRACE

Finally. Where is she?

118 INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (D3)

118

Marcy enters with Philip's help to see the team gathered in  
the sitting area with Grace and Ellis using the computer in  
the BG.

MARCY

What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

MACLAREN

There's a plan you need to be made  
aware of.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

Carly points at Grace and Ellis over at the computer.

CARLY

These two are programmers -- they want to try an experimental procedure on you.

MARCY

What kind of procedure?

MACLAREN

They say it will correct your condition.

ELLIS -- gets up from the computer and claps his hands together.

ELLIS

Table isn't gonna set itself, folks.

Carly moves off to pitch in as Ellis turns to Marcy.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

Grace wants to talk to you.

MARCY

All right.

Marcy looks over to see Grace working away feverishly at the computer.

GRACE

Over here, Marcy.

MARCY -- looks to MacLaren who nods. She should go over there. Marcy walks over, Grace doesn't even look up.

MARCY

My team said you think you can help me.

GRACE

Marcy -- nice to meet you. Just give me one second here, I'm almost done.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: Spiraling text, similar to our deep web but more complex than we've seen, consumes the entire display.

GRACE -- types one last fast series of sequences, then hits the key that finishes her task.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (2)

118

GRACE (CONT'D)

There we go.

Grace waves to the empty seat beside her.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Sit.

(then)

How conversant are you with the theory  
of quantum entanglement?

MARCY

I know it's the basis of how we  
transfer consciousness.

GRACE

And in order for that to happen, an  
alignment has to occur. Unforgiving  
precision.Grace keys a command into the computer that causes different  
colors to swirl into the convoluted matrix.

GRACE (CONT'D)

A misfire will kill the incoming  
consciousness.\*  
\*MARCY -- is transfixed by the screen, totally immobilized as  
swirls of code and color flash rapidly across her retinas.

GRACE (CONT'D)

We need to be one-hundred per cent  
locked in...MARCY -- is locked in, transfixed by the code, pain flashing  
across her face -- the display overloading her brain.Then, just as abruptly as it began, it's over. Marcy relaxes  
as the screen goes dark. Grace turns to her with a smile.

GRACE (CONT'D)

That's great, Marcy, thanks.

Marcy sits, dazed like she's coming out of a dream.

MARCY

What was that?

GRACE

(dismissively)

Oh, just a calibration test of sorts.

(then)

Now... Let's eat.

119 INT. FARMHOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY (D3)

119\*

The dinner is in full swing, the team plus Grace and Ellis gathered around Trevor's huge if not-entirely-coherent meal.

Grace sits at the head of the table, holding court while Trevor pours SPAGHETTI into a bowl at the counter.

\*  
\*

GRACE

Not only was I part of the programming group, I was the team lead on the social media research.

PHILIP

You found host candidates.

GRACE

Yes. The early successes made us overconfident in our analysis, so when we came to Marcy's host --  
(holding up a carrot)  
What is this one again?

Trevor steps over to the table with two large bowls.

\*

TREVOR

Carrots.

GRACE

(neither good or bad)  
Carrots.

TREVOR

This is "spaghetti squash".

\*  
\*

He dumps chunks of a spaghetti SQUASH into the bowl of spaghetti, satisfied with himself.

\*  
\*

ELLIS

My host had a refrigerator full of something called bacon. When I realized what it was I cried for a good five minutes.

\*

GRACE

You would... where was I?

CARLY

You were saying how you got Marcy's life wrong.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

GRACE

Yes, and I can't tell you, Marcy,  
how much I regret it.

MARCY

People make mistakes, I understand.

GRACE

But you don't understand how I intend  
to fix it.

MARCY

No. I don't.

Grace wipes her mouth with the tablecloth and boasts:

GRACE

By repackaging your original upload  
in order to bypass the damaged areas  
in your host brain.

ELLIS

It really is brilliant.

TREVOR

How does that process not lose  
information?

GRACE

Oh, it does. Of course it does. I  
had to prioritize. A few memories,  
some life experiences will be lost,  
but the human mind is full of useless  
things. You won't even be able to  
tell the difference.

MARCY

What about my memories from the 21st?

GRACE

Well... Obviously none of that -- I  
didn't have access to it, did I.

(beat)

Think about this as a reboot of the  
original.

PHILIP

Reboot... Then what happens to her  
current consciousness?

GRACE

The same thing that always happens --

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

119

MACLAREN  
(realizing)  
It will be overwritten.

CARLY  
You mean she'll die.

GRACE  
It will be *her*. By any reasonable  
definition. She will be Marcy.  
(beat)  
Just not *this* one.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

120 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D3) 120\*

From a distance we SEE David talk to a street kid, trying to encourage him.

The kid nods to whatever David is saying, then David gives him a pat on the back and he walks off.

David looks at his cell phone.

He shakes his head and continues on with his work.

121 EXT. FARMHOUSE - PORCH - EVENING (D3) 121\*

Marcy is sitting on the porch steps alongside Boo, who gratefully accepts her attention as she pats her. \*

MacLaren steps out to join her. \*

MARCY

I should have told you.

MACLAREN

Would it have made a difference?

MARCY

No.

MACLAREN

Was it ever a threat to the mission?

MARCY

I don't think so.

MACLAREN

Well, privacy may not exist where we came from but it still does in the 21st, so...

MARCY

Thank you.

MACLAREN

(a joke)

And really, what kind of an asshole would I be if I started yelling at you at this point?

She smiles at that.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

We'll brief you after the transition in detail. Philip will remember everything.

Marcy shakes her head.

MARCY

Not everything.

(beat)

I'm not the same person today than when I arrived. Doesn't matter how long ago it was... It may as well have been centuries.

MACLAREN

In a way it was.

MARCY

You can tell her events, missions, everything you can think of in the most minute detail, but you can't tell her...

She trails off, deeply saddened.

MACLAREN

What.

MARCY

It doesn't matter.

MACLAREN

Why do you say "her?"

MARCY

Because she won't be me. She won't remember the most important part of who I am now.

MACLAREN

I'm not gonna sit here and claim I know what makes us who we are, but I know it's more than the sum of what we remember.

MARCY

You're right.

MACLAREN

And I'm not gonna sit here and lie to you either, you're important to us and I don't want to lose you.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (2)

121

MARCY

I'm really just one person on one team.

MACLAREN

That happens to be here to save the world.

(beat)

So there's *that*.

She smiles again.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna tell you what to do.

122 INT. FARMHOUSE - EVENING (D3)

122\*

Marcy and MacLaren re-enter the farmhouse together.

GRACE

There she is.

Marcy looks at her team before she turns to Grace.

MARCY

What happens if I don't go through with it?

GRACE

What?

MARCY

What happens if I refuse the procedure?

Grace looks around the room.

GRACE

Why wouldn't you go through with it? You'll die horribly.

MARCY

Don't I have the right to die on my own terms?

GRACE

No.

(beat)

Do you have any idea the trouble I've gone through?

MARCY

And I'm grateful, *humbled* by that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

MARCY (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'm asking the question. Is it an option?

GRACE

No.

MACLAREN

I think it is.

GRACE

You have a responsibility to the grand plan, you've taken an oath.

MARCY

Can't I just... have the time to go home and think about it?

GRACE

(neither good nor bad)

Home.

MARCY

Yes. It's important to me that I see someone before I make this decision.

Grace sighs, relenting, to MacLaren's surprise.

GRACE

Fine.

MARCY

Thank you, Grace.

MACLAREN

We'll take you home.

123 EXT. FARMHOUSE - PORCH - EVENING (D3)

123\*

Grace and Ellis stand on the porch watching the team pile into the van to drive away.

Ellis waits until the tail lights are gone before he turns to Grace.

ELLIS

Well that didn't go as planned.

Grace doesn't respond, watching silently as the vehicle drives away.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

She then looks to the farmhouse and surrounding area.

GRACE

Are you sure we're safe here?

ELLIS

I've taken measures.

GRACE

Will they be enough?

ELLIS

(shrugs)

I also got a shotgun.

124 EXT. CITY STREET - EVENING (D3)

124\*

David talks to another street kid, when he gets a text.

He walks away from the kid and reads it.

ON SCREEN: "I'm coming home."

He texts back: "I'll be right there."

125 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N3)

125\*

The team arrives at David's apartment to find it dark and deserted. Marcy walks around, turning on lights.

MARCY

Thanks for coming in... I don't really want to be alone right now.

MACLAREN

Of course.

MARCY

David will be home soon. I'll make some tea while we wait.

PHILIP

I'll give you a hand.

Trevor watches them go before turning to find himself alone with MacLaren and Carly. He picks up on a tense vibe.

TREVOR

I'm gonna give her a hand too.

Trevor goes to join the others in the kitchen. As soon as they're alone, Carly turns to MacLaren, quietly whispering:

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

CARLY

What the hell did she say to you to make you consider not having a medic on our team?

MACLAREN

She didn't have to, I understand what she's going through.

CARLY

Do you.

(beat)

What happened to the mission comes first?

MACLAREN

She just needs time, I'm sure she'll decide the right thing.

CARLY

You shouldn't have given her the choice.

MACLAREN

Its a little more complicated than that. Look around. She has a life in the 21st.

(beat)

We all do.

That was a loaded statement that doesn't go unnoticed.

CARLY

And some of us have made sacrifices. In order to do what we came here to do. This isn't about any one person's happiness --

MACLAREN

Then tell me. What is it about?

IN THE KITCHEN

Marcy pours water into a kettle and sets it to boil.

TREVOR

I have a unique perspective on this. In the early days of testing the technology, my much younger consciousness was transferred out of my body and back again.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (2)

125

MARCY

That's not really the same thing.  
You had all your memories.

TREVOR

It was ages ago; who can remember?  
(beat)  
My point is, I was still me when I  
returned. I didn't feel any  
different.

MARCY

Neither will she.

PHILIP

She?

TREVOR

You'll be the same person, Marcy.

MARCY

So everyone keeps saying...

PHILIP

My perspective is entirely selfish.  
(beat)  
I just don't want to lose you. That  
simple.

She shakes her head and turns to pick up the empty tea pot.

MARCY

All I know is that I have to talk to  
David.

TREVOR

I didn't realize you had someone in  
your life that important to you.

MARCY

Neither did I...  
(then)  
Obviously I can't tell him what I  
have to choose but I think just  
sitting down with him and...

She stops speaking, frozen in place.

PHILIP

Marcy? Marcy!

The group rushes in, Marcy turning to them slowly as the  
life drains out of her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (3) 125

The tea pot drops in slow-motion, everyone rushing to her as she holds her head in agony, the pot shattering against the floor.

126 INT. TAXI - NIGHT (N3) 126\*

David sits in the back seat hurrying home, looking at his watch.

127 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N3) 127\*

A CHYRON APPEARS. RECORDED TIME OF DEATH: 10:39pm. 3, 2, 1, 0...

Marcy is on her back in the kitchen, A TRANSITION TAKING PLACE, clutching her head as the team huddles around her, shocked that its happening right now.

She TAKES A DEEP BREATH before her eyes fly open.

THE CHYRON COUNTS UP in green: 1, 2, 3...

Marcy springs to her feet, poised for a fight.

MACLAREN  
Stand down, Marcy!

TREVOR  
We're your team.

Marcy's BREATHING HEAVILY, pumping with adrenaline.

MARCY  
This isn't where I'm supposed to be.

CARLY  
We know. You're safe.

MARCY  
What's going on?

PHILIP  
This isn't your original TELL.

MacLaren steps forward, somber.

MACLAREN  
Traveler 3569: welcome to the 21st.

OFF Marcy wondering what the hell just happened.

128 INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT (N3) 128\*

Grace checks the time and smiles. She knows what just happened.

129 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT (N3) 129\*

David rushes into his apartment.

DAVID

Marcy?

He turns to find the team huddled around the kitchen table.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Agent MacLaren?

MACLAREN

David...

DAVID

What's happening?

MacLaren stands aside to reveal Marcy sitting at the kitchen table.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh thank god, I thought something terrible had happened...

He rushes forward to embrace her but she just stands coldly, facing him and he stops.

Marcy forces a smile.

MARCY

You must be David...

(beat)

I'm told we're close.

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #112

"Grace"

Written by  
Ashley Park

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TRAVELERS  
"Grace"  
Set List - Pink Pages - 07.07.16

Exteriors

BABYSITTER'S HOUSE

CRIME SCENE

FARM

Interiors

APARTMENT

BARN

CARLY'S BEDROOM

CARLY'S VAN

DAVID'S APARTMENT

GARAGE/OPS  
- Bathroom

GRACE'S OFFICE

GYM

HOUSE  
- Charlotte's Bedroom

\*KATHRYN'S CAR  
- Moving

MACLAREN'S SUV  
- Moving

ND STORE

TEAM VAN  
- Moving

UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT

TEASER

1 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N3)

1 \*

David hands Marcy a hot cup of tea and sits on the couch with her but there is a wide gulf between them.

DAVID

Agent MacLaren never did explain  
before they left how my teapot got  
smashed, I don't suppose you...

(she shakes her head)

I just dipped the bags in the cups;  
careful, it's hot.

Marcy looks into the cup curiously.

MARCY

What is it?

DAVID

Really?

(off her look)

Wow. It's tea.

(beat, then)

He said you wouldn't remember the  
events of the last few months; but I  
wasn't expecting --

\*

\*

Marcy sips it.

MARCY

It's good, I like it.

DAVID

Yeah, I know you do; blow on it a  
little or you'll burn your tongue...

She does. He watches her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So this experimental procedure he  
said they gave you, what was that  
all about; did it hurt?

\*

\*

MARCY

I can't tell you.

DAVID

Because you don't remember.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

MARCY

I don't, actually, but that's not why I can't tell you.

DAVID

You mean it's a secret. *That* part you remember...

(off her look)

All right, doesn't matter, it worked. To be honest, Marcy, I can't tell you how relieved I am.

MARCY

Why can't you tell me?

DAVID

Ah. I *can*.

(then)

What did MacLaren tell you about me?

MARCY

Everything. That you knew me on a professional level while I was under cover but that we're friends now and I've been staying here temporarily.

DAVID

And that's all.

MARCY

There really wasn't much time to brief me before you came home --

DAVID

No, I know, I just --

MARCY

He said the most important thing was that we were close. And that I could trust you.

David doesn't know what to say.

DAVID

When I was in college I learned all about amnesia in one of my courses. I don't remember which course, ironically, but I do remember learning that in a lotta cases memories can come back.

(beat)

That's what I'm hoping for.

2 INT. HOUSE - CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (N3)

2 \*

CHARLOTTE (EP 105) is asleep in her single bed on a school night.

An analog CLOCK on her nightstand reads just after midnight. A few pencils sit atop a few sheets of homework.

Charlotte's eyes snap open awake in the dim light.

She clutches her head and begins to SCREAM in agony. A TRANSITION is taking place.

THE DOOR -- bursts open a moment later and Charlotte's MOM (also 105) goes over to her bedside.

\*

MOM  
Charlotte, what's wrong? Did you  
have a bad dream?

CHARLOTTE -- is already sitting up, facing her. She nods, absently, then the girl who used to be Charlotte extends her arms for a hug.

Mom dutifully goes in for the hug, wrapping her arms around her daughter with detached affection.

MOM (CONT'D)  
It's all right, your mom's here.

\*

Charlotte's hand reaches for the pencil on the nightstand, and as her mom pulls back from the hug with a wan smile:

Charlotte SLAMS THE PENCIL through Mom's temple halfway to the eraser tip.

MOM -- dies with just a faint gasp of surprise, twitching slightly before falling sideways onto the bed.

Charlotte's brother Jackson calls from the next room.

JACKSON (O.S.)  
Charlotte?  
(beat)  
Everything all right in there?

Charlotte stands, reaching for another pencil.

CHARLOTTE  
No. You should come in.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

3 INT. GYM - MORNING (D4)

3 \*

KAT -- in workout gear, her earbuds in, is on the treadmill.

MACLAREN -- enters, also in gym clothes. Kathryn keeps running.

KATHRYN

What're you doing here?

MACLAREN

I thought we could work out together,  
then I'd take you somewhere for  
breakfast.

KATHRYN

No, Grant, I mean *what are you doing  
here?*

MACLAREN

I wanted to see you, what's wrong  
with that?

Kathryn looks around and gestures to their public surroundings. There's only one person on another treadmill, also wearing earbuds and at least pretending to be oblivious.

KATHRYN

I'm not doing this here.

MACLAREN

Doing what?  
(then)  
Why don't you step off that thing  
and we can go somewhere --

He reaches for her arm, but she viciously yanks it away.

KATHRYN

Now you want to talk.  
(beat)  
What's different; did she break it  
off?

MACLAREN

What? Who?

KATHRYN

Don't insult me.

Kathryn turns off the machine and reaches for a towel.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

What's her name?

(off his look)

You want to do this here? Fine,  
what's her name, Grant? You want to  
talk let's start the conversation  
with that.

The other woman becomes uncomfortable and makes a quick exit.

MacLaren awkwardly waits for her to leave them alone in the  
small gym. MacLaren is contrite.

MACLAREN

How did you know?

Kathryn is punched in the gut as he confirms what she  
suspected.

KATHRYN

I didn't really. Not for sure.

(beat)

But I guess now I do.

MACLAREN

Kat --

KATHRYN

If you want to know *when*, it was the  
last time we made love. After your  
surprise party. At the time all I  
could think was *wow*, where the hell  
did he learn to do that? Then  
afterward I realized there was really  
only one explanation.

(beat)

It was like you were making love to  
a different person. You were a  
different person. How d'you think  
that made me feel?

MACLAREN

In a way I was. All I can tell you  
is that I'm here. Now. And I want  
to stay.

KATHRYN

I'm not sure I want you to.

She walks out. MacLaren watches her go.

4 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - MORNING (D4)

4

David is sprawled on the couch with his arm scrunched up and his leg dangling. He looks very uncomfortable.

MARCY -- comes out of the bathroom, wearing an expression of concern as well as one of his shirts and a pair of sweat pants, but the shirt hangs open in the front.

MARCY

David?

David starts awake, his arm asleep.

DAVID

Hmm? Ow... Hey.

Marcy points to the scars on her chest and neck, but all David can see is her body through the slightly open shirt.

MARCY

What's this from?

She leans forward, showing her scars to him and the shirt parts open further in the process. He averts his eyes.

DAVID

Ahhhh... What am I looking at?

MARCY

(pointing)

These scars on my chest and neck. The wounds are still fresh, and it looks like it was done by a scalpel.

DAVID

Right, you performed 'minor' surgery on yourself installing something called a vagus nerve stimulator to help control the seizures you were having.

\*

MARCY

By myself? Why would I do that?

DAVID

That's what I said.

Marcy goes over to a mirror to look at herself in the reflection.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

MARCY  
VNS therapy would never have worked  
in the case of pre-existing damage...

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

DAVID

And that's what *you* said. Right after. I was apoplectic, there was blood everywhere.

MARCY

Obviously I took it out.

DAVID

The only thing that helped, or at least bought you time, was the lumbar punctures. You made some sort of serum with the fluid...

MARCY

I can't have managed that alone.

DAVID

You didn't; I helped.

(then)

Can I get a coffee before we continue this conversation?

David goes over to the kitchen, holding his back from an uncomfortable sleep.

MARCY

Do you have any medical training?

DAVID

Nnnnope. You taught me.

(then)

D'you remember coffee? Want some?

Marcy is shocked at the measures she took as she follows him over to the kitchen, her shirt still open, as David begins to make coffee.

MARCY

If those treatments bought me time... I really owe you my life.

DAVID

You don't owe me anything.

(then, looking away)

Um, do me a favor and maybe do up one or two buttons on the shirt I left out for today that you're wearing right now which is fine by the way?

Marcy looks down, unashamed.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED: (2)

4

MARCY

Oh, does it bother you?

DAVID

Bother's the wrong word.

She does up a couple of buttons.

MARCY

Better?

DAVID

I don't know.

MARCY

David... Were we intimate?

David opens his mouth to answer, then.

DAVID

See the thing about that is at this point you'd only have my word for it, which forces my inner boy scout to not take advantage of --

Marcy leans forward and gives him a gentle kiss. She looks up at him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And if that was a test, it wasn't a fair one because I wasn't ready.

MARCY

That was for helping me.

DAVID

I was hoping you remembered something --

MARCY

There is something...

DAVID

What, what is it.

MARCY

You're a reporter?

Her hopeful eyes break his heart.

DAVID

Social worker. That's okay. We'll work on it.

5 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - DAY (D4)

5 \*

MacLaren is getting into his car, ready for work, when he gets a hail on com. Once. Twice. Then he taps it on, feeling intruded upon.

MACLAREN

I'm here.

6 INT. CARLY'S BEDROOM - DAY (D4)

6 \*

Carly is on com, standing in an unusually quiet room. She paces, tidying baby things for lack of something to do. Jeffrey's absence a weight in the space.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

CARLY

It's me. I need your help.

MACLAREN

What is it?

CARLY

It's Jeff. I've left you messages about this. He's got me backed into a corner; he wants custody of my son.

MACLAREN

*Your son.*

CARLY

Yes.

MACLAREN

What d'you want me to do about it.

CARLY

Talk to him. With your position at the FBI maybe you can --

MACLAREN

(interrupts)

I've already spoken to Jeff, Carly. Or rather, he spoke to me. *At work.*

CARLY

He did? God, I want to bury that man.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

MACLAREN

You need to get this situation under control.

CARLY

That's why I need your help --

MACLAREN

Does Trevor ask me to step in when he runs into trouble with his parents? \*

CARLY

No, but you don't sleep with Trevor, do you. \*

That pisses MacLaren off. \*

MACLAREN

Fight your own battles, Carly, just like we all have to. \*

MacLaren ends the transmission, heated.

Carly reels from the exchange.

7 INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - DAY (D4)

7 \*

GRACE -- sits behind her desk, looking at the student across from her like she is the biggest idiot in the world.

The SHY GIRL (EP 103) spills her heart out, close to tears.

SHY GIRL

And then Rene said all my pictures should have "hashtag boob-job-won't-fix-this" on them.

Grace waits, growing impatient as the sniffles get louder.

GRACE

So... you didn't retaliate?

SHY GIRL

What?

GRACE

This is your problem exactly, you let people walk all over you. You need to establish dominance. Next time Rene says something to you, disparage her home life. Her mother's had a DUI.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

The Shy Girl stares at Grace agape.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Alternatively you can just accept the fact that you're less attractive and uninteresting. That option may even be more realistic.

SHY GIRL

I'm gonna go...

GRACE

Good talk.

The Shy Girl quickly gathers her bag and leaves the office.

Charlotte hovers by the door and sticks her head in.

CHARLOTTE

Ms Day, could I talk to you for a minute?

GRACE

Let's not pretend I have a choice.

Charlotte steps in and closes the door behind her.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What is it.

CHARLOTTE

I have some forms for a field trip I need your signature on.

Charlotte digs around in her bag for the forms.

GRACE

Shouldn't your parents sign those?

CHARLOTTE

They're dead.

GRACE

What?

CHARLOTTE -- pulls a knife from her bag and launches herself at Grace, stabbing viciously downward.

GRACE -- manages to turn at the last second, the knife shearing through the sleeve of her blouse, catching part of her arm. Grace finally calls for:

\*

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

GRACE (CONT'D)

Help!

Charlotte continues the assault. Grace displays no self-defense or combat training, struggling to get away.

The two are locked in a deadly struggle, the blade inches from Grace's throat as she tries to push the knife away.

TREVOR -- suddenly bursts into the room.

TREVOR

Hey! What're you doin'?!

He tackles Charlotte and manages to get the knife away from her. It clatters to the floor.

Trevor tries to keep Charlotte in a hold.

GRACE

She tried to kill me!

TREVOR

I can tell!

CHARLOTTE

Let me go! I'm on a mission. \*

Charlotte bites into Trevor's arm and manages to wrestle free.

She lunges at him with a barrage of blows, but Trevor eludes the attack expertly, then gives her a powerful kick back through the open door into the hallway.

She lands hard, sliding on the floor.

Disarmed and over matched, she runs off down the hallway.

GRACE

Go after her!

TREVOR

(is she kidding?)

And do what? She's a kid!

GRACE

A kid who tried to stab me to death!

TREVOR

Why? What did you do?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

GRACE

What did *I do*? There's something more going on.

TREVOR

What?

GRACE

I can't stay here; she'll be back. I have to get to Ellis.

TREVOR

You're not going anywhere just yet.

Grace hunts for her car keys. Trevor taps his com.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Guys, its Trevor. We need to meet up at ops.

(beat)

A traveler just tried to kill Grace.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

8 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D4)

8 \*

Marcy is the last one to arrive at ops and is greeted by MacLaren.

MARCY

Sorry, I had a hard time finding the place.

MACLAREN

I should have picked you up.

MARCY

(with a shrug)

I got here.

They go over to where PHILIP is at his bank of monitors searching for information. Trevor, MacLaren, Carly and Grace look over his shoulder. Grace finishes applying a bandage to her arm.

\*  
\*

PHILIP

Not a single SOS that I can see.

(to Grace)

Maybe she was just targeting you.

GRACE

Of course she was targeting me.

CARLY

You're sure it wasn't just a student with a bone to pick.

TREVOR

No, I was there. Remember the family who had their historian misfire?

I'm pretty sure it was the daughter.

MACLAREN

The girl I took to her grandma's house?

MARCY

Don't look at me.

CARLY

Charlotte.

TREVOR

She said she was on a mission.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

MACLAREN

So she was taken as a host anyway...  
(then)  
Why would the Director want you dead?

GRACE

The Director didn't send her. I've  
already told you: There's a faction  
in the future --

PHILIP

No one but the Director has the  
capability to send travelers.

TREVOR

(to Grace)  
Tell them what you did.  
(uncomfortable silence)  
*Tell them.* Or I will.

GRACE

I reset the Director.

They're all floored by this.

MACLAREN

What?!

GRACE

Rebooted its O.S. through a virus in  
order to protect it from corruption  
by the faction. What would they say  
in the 21st..? Control, alt, delete.

\*

PHILIP

That's impossible.

GRACE

The Director is a highly advanced  
quantum A.I. program and I'm the  
lead programmer. So, no, not  
impossible.

MACLAREN

You *reset* an A.I that's been running  
every facet of our lives since long  
before I was born, not to mention  
every mission --

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

GRACE

Before you were born, maybe, but not me. I helped create it. No one else could've done it.

PHILIP

How?

TREVOR

She uploaded a command while she was pretending to "save" Marcy's life.

PHILIP

How?

GRACE

When she saw my code it was sent back as visual information through the quantum bridge created during transfer of consciousness.

\*  
\*

MARCY

You mean you used me.

GRACE

I saved you and I'm saving the Director, where is the gratitude? What is wrong with you people?

PHILIP

What's happening in the future while it's offline?

MACLAREN

Chaos, probably.

GRACE

(casually)

A temporary power struggle. The faction doesn't believe in the grand plan. Even before Helios had almost no effect on the future they'd started a movement to abandon ship.

(then)

Your team knows firsthand the brutality they're capable of.

CARLY

(realizing)

You mean they're the ones who put us in those cages... Tortured us.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (3)

8

GRACE

To test your loyalty and to make sure you weren't able to complete a mission they "disagreed with."

(beat)

That was the first real proof I had that they'd manage to implement some of their own agenda. So I came back into the 21st to stop them.

CARLY

What do we do now?

GRACE

The Director should come back online more secure than ever and soon everything will go back to normal.

(prompting)

"Thank you for saving us, Grace".

They don't thank her. She turns to Trevor.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Now please take me to Ellis before one of you gets overwritten and tries to kill me.

CARLY

Why d'you think you'll be safe there?

GRACE

He's taken precautions.

TREVOR

Boss?

MacLaren shakes his head. He doesn't really trust her.

MACLAREN

All right, get her outta here. \*

MacLaren turns to leave. As he goes: \*

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

But don't let her out of your sight. \*

9 INT. GARAGE/OPS - BATHROOM - DAY (D4) 9 \*

Marcy enters and closes the door. She looks in the mirror wondering who she really is. Collecting herself, she splashes water on her face, moves to the paper towel dispensary, but it's empty. \*

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

She opens it to find a box. Philip's heroin stash.

10 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D4)

10

Marcy approaches Philip, the open box in hand.

MARCY

Philip? Is this yours?

Philip nods, there's no point in lying.

PHILIP

Ah, yeah. I inherited it from my host. Historical record was wrong.

(then)

You know, we should spend another few hours debriefing you, there's a lot of stuff --

MARCY

Wait... you just kept taking it?

PHILIP

Actually, you were helping me wean off of it, but I had a bit of a setback --

MARCY

Well we're starting again. No more than eight units. If you take any more it means you want it, I won't stand for it...

(then)

From now on I'll be keeping track of how much you dose.

PHILIP

You're the doctor.

MARCY

And you're our historian. We need your mind clear.

11 EXT. FARM - DAY (D4)

11

Grace and Trevor pull into the farm driveway and spill out of the car.

GRACE

Ellis!

She races up to the porch and bangs on the door.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

GRACE (CONT'D)

Ellis!

Trevor looks through the window to see inside.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Where is he?

TREVOR

Not here.

12 EXT. BABYSITTER'S HOUSE - DAY (D4)

12 \*

JEFF bounces Jeffrey Jr in one arm as he gathers the diaper bag.

JEFF

Hey, you gonna be chillin' with the sitter today.

He playfully swings the baby around, pretending to be an airplane.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You hang tight, little man, I'll be back after work.

He knocks on the door, waiting for the sitter to come out.

13 INT. CARLY'S VAN - DAY (D4)

13 \*

CARLY -- watches from the driver's seat, her front windows open to the air.

She SEES Jeff cuddling the baby with genuine affection, and she watches them with a mixture of hunger and regret.

Lost in her own thoughts, Carly doesn't notice a FIGURE approach the passenger side of the van.

CHARLOTTE -- raises a gun as she gets closer.

CARLY -- hears Charlotte approaching and whips open her door, rolling out of the vehicle as shots fire through the windows where she was sitting a split second before.

Carly SEES Charlotte racing around the front of the van and gets to her feet, bracing to charge her attacker...

CHARLOTTE -- leaps up and over the tackle with gymnastic ease, shoulder rolling over the charging Carly, turning to shoot as she gets back to her feet.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

CARLY -- turns and faces her, weaponless, looking for a way out as, BANG! BANG!

CHARLOTTE -- slumps against the van, shot twice. Carly turns to SEE:

JEFF -- gun in hand across the road.

JEFF  
Are you okay?

CARLY  
I'm fine.

Jeff looks to the dead body of a twelve year old girl he's just shot. He looks like he's going to be sick.

JEFF  
I didn't have a choice; she was gonna shoot you.

CARLY  
Yes she was.

JEFF  
You saw that, right?

Carly gets into the van.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Carly, what the fuck are you doin'?

Slams her door shut and starts the van.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
You gotta stay put...

Carly drives away, leaving Jeff behind.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Carly! CARLY!

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

14 EXT. FARM - DAY (D4)

14 \*

A work truck pulls into the driveway, and Grace and Trevor rush off the porch to see ELLIS climb out of the truck.

GRACE

Where the hell were you?! It's dangerous out there!

Ellis points a thumb back to the bed of his truck, which is loaded with different materials.

ELLIS

Had to run out for some supplies. Whatta you want now?

GRACE

The faction's sent an assassin after me.

ELLIS

Not a very good one apparently.

TREVOR

Fortunately I was there to stop her.

ELLIS

Where?

GRACE

At the school.

Ellis whips his head around, checking their surroundings.

ELLIS

Any of 'em follow you?

GRACE

We're alone, you can stop worrying about *yourself*.

TREVOR

Were you part of the reset too?

Ellis blinks, he doesn't know what Trevor's talking about.

ELLIS

Reset?

TREVOR

Of the Director...

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

Ellis' eyes pop open and he turns to Grace.

ELLIS

*That is too far.*

GRACE

It was the only way.

ELLIS

Not by a long shot. My God, the ego  
of this woman. When? \*

GRACE

When I sat Marcy down at your  
computer. \*

ELLIS

Right in front of me. Right in front  
of me! \*

(to Trevor)

Give me a hand with this? \*

Trevor obligingly lets Ellis load his arms up with heavy  
cases. Ellis takes a smaller box as his share.

GRACE

What is all this? \*

(off Ellis' box)

Are those SQUID transistors?

Ellis walks them over to the barn.

ELLIS

You think you're the only one who  
figured out what the faction was up  
to? Have a little faith. The  
Director had its own contingency; \*

although you probably screwed it all  
up -- \*

GRACE

What contingency? \*

Ellis comes up to the barn door and points his thumb to  
himself.

ELLIS

Me.

(nods to the barn)

And this.

15 INT. BARN - DAY (D4)

15 \*

Inside the barn. The door slides open, letting in sunlight.

Ellis steps in, beaming. Trevor and Grace's jaws drop to the floor at the sight of a large device in the center of the barn.

ELLIS

I was sent back to assemble this. The Director's had teams working on the core elements for months. First components arrived the day I came back to the 21st...

TREVOR

This is a Quantum Frame.

ELLIS

Yes, it is. If it gets bad enough that the Director has no choice but to escape the faction, it can send itself here into the 21st.

\*  
\*

16 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - DAY (D4)

16 \*

MacLaren strides across the parking lot and approaches his SUV, his thoughts distracted as he reaches for the door handle.

OFFICER BOYD -- walks up to him wearing her uniform and kevlar vest.

\*  
\*

BOYD

Agent MacLaren?

MACLAREN

Officer Boyd, how can I help -- ?

She raises her gun quickly and points it at his chest.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Jesus, what are you doing?

BOYD

What'd you do?

\*

MACLAREN

What?

BOYD

What did you do that would make the Director give an order to kill you.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

MACLAREN

How did you receive the order?

BOYD

By messenger, don't change the subject; what did you do?

MACLAREN

I think you already know I didn't do anything wrong or we wouldn't be having this conversation. Your orders didn't come from the Director...

BOYD

What does that mean?

MACLAREN

(beat)

What was the message exactly?

BOYD

"Kill 3468". Not a lotta room for interpretation.

MACLAREN

Another traveler I know had an attempt made on her life earlier today.

\*

BOYD

By who if not the Director?

MACLAREN

According to her, another faction in the future.

BOYD

I don't know about any faction.

MACLAREN

Me neither. But apparently things have changed since we left. And not for the better.

Boyd considers, then:

BOYD

Not good enough.

MACLAREN

Well, it's all I got. I only know what she told me.

Boyd hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

BOYD  
That's a problem.

MACLAREN  
Doesn't have to be does it?

BOYD  
Yeah, it does.  
(beat)  
Take one step back.

He does. Boyd raises her gun and FIRES, missing high as:

MACLAREN -- pulls his gun quickly and FIRES back a split second later, hitting her center mass three times and knocking her onto her back, nearly knocked out from the blow but still alive.

MacLaren stands over her and they lock eyes a moment before he gets into his SUV and races off.

17 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D4)

17 \*

Marcy's phone begins to ring. She finds it in her bag, surprised, not realizing she possessed one.

She sees David's name on the Caller I.D. and answers.

MARCY  
Hello? David?

DAVID (O.S.)  
Hey, Marce, glad you recognize my voice. So here's something awkward...

\*

18 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D4)

18 \*

CLOSE ON DAVID -- as a thin trickle of blood comes down his forehead. He's kneeling on the floor of his apartment, the phone held to his ear by a FIGURE, and a gun at the base of his neck.

\*

\*

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

DAVID  
There's a man in my apartment who was looking for you and he has a gun, so...

MARCY  
Has he hurt you?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

DAVID

Ah, little bit, little bit, but he  
said he would a lot *more* if I didn't  
phone you right now. He *did* point  
the gun nozzle...

(beat)

Ah, I know it's not nozzle but I  
can't think of the word right now --  
I wanna say barrel...

(beat)

No, it's not coming to me, but it's  
pointed at the back of my *head* so if  
you can picture that right now, that's  
why I'm calling you against my will --

Before Marcy can reply, the phone call is cut short.

19 INT. ND STORE - DAY (D4)

19 \*

Kathryn is picking out items, when MacLaren spots her down  
the aisle and comes to her side.

KATHRYN

Grant? What are you doing here?

MACLAREN

I'm sorry to show up like this, but  
it's important.

KATHRYN

How did you find me?

MACLAREN

(with a shrug)  
I'm FBI.

He empties her arms of the items, his manner urgent.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

You need to go home right now and  
pack an overnight bag. Stay at your  
mother's for a few nights, maybe the  
week.

KATHRYN

What? Grant, what's going on?

MACLAREN

There's a situation I'm dealing with  
at work.

KATHRYN

Work?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

MACLAREN

It's not safe.

He steers her towards the exit of the store. Caught off guard, she's more confused than angry at his behavior.

KATHRYN

Tell me what's happening?

MACLAREN

I can't --

KATHRYN

Are *you* safe?

MACLAREN

I know this is not the ideal timing for me to be making demands of you, but I need you to do as I ask.

(beat)

If something happened to you because of me, I don't know what I'd do.

KATHRYN

You're serious.

MACLAREN

Yes.

Kathryn feels the gravity of the situation, and for this moment can put aside their argument.

KATHRYN

All right, don't worry about me. I'll, go, I'll go right now. Just tell me you're going to be all right.

He doesn't answer that. Holding her hand, he rushes with her out the store. \*

MACLAREN

C'mon, I'll walk you to your car.

20 EXT. CRIME SCENE - DAY (D4)

20

Jeff paces up and down at the scene of the shooting, with police working around him and a coroner's truck in the B.G. He leaves a voicemail on Carly's phone.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

JEFF

Carly, where the hell are you? I'm in serious shit, you need to come down to the station and help me. You're the only witness that I killed that girl to *save you!* You can't just run off and leave me to deal with this! Call me back!

The phone beeps, voicemail ended. Frustrated and scared, Jeff types a text into his phone.

ON SCREEN: "PICK UP YOUR PHONE!!!"

21 INT. CARLY'S VAN - MOVING - DAY (D4)

21 \*

Carly's phone BEEPS and she takes a quick glance down at the screen.

CLOSE ON CARLY -- we SEE that she is deeply disturbed by the message, but we don't see it.

She tosses the phone onto the passenger seat, and continues to drive.

22 INT. APARTMENT - DAY (D4)

22 \*

An older INDIAN WOMAN is watching T.V., bollywood music playing in the BG, when there is a KNOCK on the door.

She opens it to find Marcy holding a long pelican case.

MARCY

Excuse me, I'm here about your east wall.

Marcy pushes her way inside, with a polite smile and a constant stream of chatter.

MARCY (CONT'D)

The building notified you, yes? I just need your cooperation for a few minutes.

Marcy hustles the woman into a bedroom, who tries to protest through poor English.

INDIAN WOMAN

Building manager?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

MARCY

Yes, he should have contacted you,  
now I just need you to step aside  
for a moment, I'll be out of your  
way soon.

Marcy closes the bedroom door with the woman inside. She  
turns up the T.V. volume until it drowns out other noise.

She then moves to the wall and presses her ear against it.

INDIAN WOMAN (O.S.)

Hello?!

Marcy goes over to an air conditioning vent, takes off the  
panel, and quietly unscrews a metal divider between the  
apartments, carefully removing it.

\*  
\*  
\*

Marcy peers through the grate and SEES:

\*

DAVID -- kneeling on the floor of his apartment.

A MALE ASSASSIN stands above him, a gun pointed to David's  
head.

Marcy opens her pelican case and expertly assembles a SNIPER  
RIFLE.

She aims it through the vent and then makes a phone call.

\*

23 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D4)

23 \*

We can faintly hear the bollywood music from the other  
apartment. David's phone rings.

The assassin holds it up to David's ear.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MALE ASSASSIN

Answer it.

DAVID

Hello, Marcy?

MARCY

Duck.

DAVID

What?

MARCY

Duck down, *now*.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

David drops forward to the floor.

POP! The assassin collapses in a heap. Dead.

DAVID -- looks at the crumpled form in horror. Blood pools on the floor from a hole in his head.

DAVID  
Oh my god. Oh, God...

He hears footsteps pounding down the hallway and his front door swings open. Marcy rushes inside, pelican case in hand.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Marcy?!

She kneels beside the assassin and checks his pulse. David is beside himself.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
You shot him.

MARCY  
What did you expect me to do? He was going to kill you right after he killed me.

Satisfied that he's dead, Marcy rises back to her feet.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
You need to go somewhere else for a few nights, until it's safe.

DAVID  
Go somewhere? Marcy, there's a dead guy on my living room floor! I need to call the police!

MARCY  
(with a sigh)  
If you insist on doing that, you need to tell them you have no idea where the shot came from.

DAVID  
You want me to lie?

Marcy is impatient with him.

MARCY  
No, David, I want you to go somewhere safe, but if you're going to bring the police into this, then yes, *lie*.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

MARCY (CONT'D)  
 (as she goes)  
 We'll just have to cover it up later,  
 I have to go.

\*

DAVID  
 What? Marcy!

But she's gone, leaving him standing there over a corpse.

24 INT. BARN - DAY (D4)

24 \*

The new supplies are all stacked and organized in the barn. Ellis works on a panel at the base of the tower while Grace gives him a helping hand.

Trevor walks around, taking it in.

TREVOR  
 I don't see how it's anywhere near  
 big enough.

ELLIS  
 It'll be a tight fit all right.

GRACE  
 Do you even have a plan for when  
 this is ready?

ELLIS  
 Figured I'd flip the switch and see  
 what happens.

GRACE  
 You would.

TREVOR  
 Plan for what?

GRACE  
 For when the Director is ready to  
 send itself here. As of right now,  
 this entire farm is protected by a  
 space-time attenuator field.

Ellis points to a GENERATOR PANEL with a LARGE SWITCH.

ELLIS  
 Covers the whole farm in a 100 yard  
 radius. Nothing can penetrate it,  
 no electronics, no GPS, no telemetry  
 of any kind in the 21st or future.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

Trevor taps his com and gets nothing but DEAD TONE.

TREVOR

So we're invisible to the faction  
right now.

GRACE

And to the Director. It won't be  
able to send a messenger or  
consciousness here, let alone itself.

ELLIS

When we know for sure the Director  
is back online, we'll be safe and we  
can turn off the defenses. Then  
it'll either come to the 21st or  
stay where it is.

(beat)

Either way I'll have to feed the  
pigs and milk the cow in the morning.

25 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D4)

25 \*

The team is assembled at Ops around Philip's work station.  
He is busy searching the deep web.

PHILIP

It doesn't make any sense. Why would  
the Director want teams to take each  
other out?

CARLY

Maybe Grace was right. Maybe it's  
the faction --

MACLAREN

(interrupts)

Or maybe we're being punished for  
helping her.

Carly gives MacLaren a conflicted, searching look.

PHILIP

Nothing. Sorry, boss, but there are  
no other teams reporting that they've  
encountered this. Everything looks  
normal on the deep web.

MARCY

There's nothing to report if you  
don't survive.

MacLaren taps his com and tries to send a hail.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

MACLAREN

Trevor? Trevor, come in.

Nothing. Philip tries to call him, but it disconnects.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

He could be in danger. We need to warn him.

Carly glances over at the garage security feed and SEES --

ON SCREEN: TWO MEN at the garage door. One reaches into his jacket and begins to pull out a weapon.

CARLY

Get back!

CARLY -- draws her gun and fires rapidly through the garage door at shadows through the glass.

ON SCREEN: the two would-be assassins are hit, dropping to the ground before they can fire their weapons.

MacLaren, gun drawn, takes stock of their surroundings. He sees more SHADOWS move across the top windows.

MACLAREN

Go, go, go!

The team rushes out, MacLaren taking the rear, as GLASS SHATTERS from the windows above and a spray of gunfire penetrates the top windows.

Our team just manages to escape out the back door as a FRESH BARRAGE OF AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE rains down on the garage, blasting furniture and shattering everything in sight.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

26 INT. BARN - DAY (D4)

26 \*

Trevor is busy working on a small component when he looks up and SEES:

GRACE -- working at the main column of the computer, a thoughtful look on her face.

Trevor is lost for a moment, watching, able to forget for a second that his friend is gone.

Grace notices the undue attention and breaks the silence.

GRACE

Why're you looking at me like that?

Trevor looks back down to his work.

TREVOR

Nothing.

GRACE

Don't tell me you had a thing for her.

TREVOR

Who?

GRACE

Who d'you think?

(beat)

Don't tell me that's why you took her out into the woods.

TREVOR

Grace Day was a lovely human being.

(beat)

She didn't deserve to die, that's all it was.

GRACE

I'd prefer if you'd refer to me in the present tense.

TREVOR

You know what? If you want to go on pretending to be her, you've got a lotta work to do.

GRACE

Look who's talking.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

TREVOR

What's that supposed to mean?

GRACE

Your school record says your previous self was a recalcitrant bully who's only redeeming quality was a gift for something called football.

(beat)

Trevor Holden wouldn't have given Grace the time of day let alone --

TREVOR

She didn't deserve to die.

Grace almost laughs.

GRACE

But Trevor Holden did? Is that what you're saying? Existence should be based on merit?

(beat)

You're a hypocrite.

Trevor has no argument and goes back to his work.

Ellis re-enters the barn with a tool box, and Trevor uses the opportunity to get up.

ELLIS

How's our progress?

TREVOR

I need to check in with my team.

He leaves the barn.

27 INT. TEAM VAN - MOVING - DAY (D4)

27 \*

Marcy is behind the wheel, with Philip in the passenger seat, typing furiously away on a laptop. He suddenly looks up in horror, realizing something.

PHILIP

Oh, no.

MARCY

What is it?

PHILIP

I left Poppy behind.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

MARCY

Who's Poppy?

PHILIP

My turtle.

MARCY

So it belonged to your host?

PHILIP

No, I just got it as a pet. You know, for company.

MARCY

A turtle.

PHILIP

Yeah. That was a lotta gunfire; what if she got shot? D'you think she's okay?

MARCY

I do.

Philip is surprised by her patronizing tone.

PHILIP

It's weird. You're a little different.

MARCY

Than what?

PHILIP

The Marcy I know. Knew. \*

MARCY

I'm not sure how that's even possible.

PHILIP

I'm not saying you're not you, obviously you're you -- \*

MARCY

What's the difference? \*

PHILIP

If I had to put it into one word I'd say Marcy 1.0 was more fragile. \*

(off her look) \*

Maybe because you knew you were going to die. You don't have the same burden. \*

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

MARCY

You don't think it's a burden coming into a team who already knows you, but you don't know them the same way? Other than from the time you trained together?

\*

PHILIP

I'm sure it is --

MARCY

I'm me, Philip.

(beat)

Just give me some time to catch up.

\*

He nods and they drive on in silence.

28 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D4)

28

MacLaren is behind the wheel, with Carly in the passenger seat. She's on edge, continuously checking her phone.

MACLAREN

If she's telling the truth Trevor's phone isn't gonna work.

CARLY

I know.

She's clearly preoccupied.

MACLAREN

Something wrong?

CARLY

Stop the car. I need to do something.

He pulls over, quickly.

MACLAREN

What?

Carly pulls him towards her into a kiss. He participates fully for a moment, then MacLaren pulls back.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

We need to stop doing this.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

CARLY

Doing what?

MACLAREN

All of it. Any of it. I can't...

She realizes what he's saying and is speechless. It's hard for MacLaren too, but he continues.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

We've been fooling ourselves thinking we could bring to the 21st what we should have left behind. I mean, protocol two --

CARLY

Leave the future in the past; we both decided --

MACLAREN

We can't make exceptions when its convenient, or personal. This relationship we've been trying to hold onto all this time is jeopardizing our team, our covers, our mission --

CARLY

And the mission comes first, right?

MACLAREN

You know it does.

(beat)

I just think we're better off if --

CARLY

I get it.

MACLAREN

You've got your own life you have to make work.

CARLY

(interrupts, cold)

I said I get it; you don't have to say any more.

(beat)

Drive.

MacLaren wants to say something more, but Carly is staring stone-faced back at the road. An icy distance between them.

MacLaren pulls back onto the road.

29 EXT. FARM - DAY (D4)

29 \*

Trevor walks across the property, his phone out.

ON PHONE SCREEN: no signal bars.

Trevor glances behind to check his distance from the barn. He takes a few more paces.

ON PHONE SCREEN: no signal bars.

Trevor keeps going beyond the driveway leading to the farm.

ON PHONE SCREEN: signal bars.

He's made it past the boundary of the STA field.

Suddenly, his phone lets out a NOTIFICATION BEEP. Trevor sees a text message from an unknown number.

ON SCREEN: "Traveler 0115. Mission Abort. Destroy The Quantum Frame."

Stunned, Trevor takes in the message, then turns heel and sprints back to the barn.

30 INT. BARN - DAY (D4)

30 \*

Trevor races in, waving his arms at Grace and Ellis.

TREVOR  
Stop what you're doing!

GRACE  
Stop what?

TREVOR  
Look at this.

Trevor holds up his phone with the text. Grace snatches it away from him and Ellis hovers over her shoulder to read it.

GRACE  
Mission abort..?

TREVOR  
The Director must be back online.

ELLIS  
This message could be from your girlfriend for all we know!

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

TREVOR

She doesn't call me 0115.

GRACE

Then it must be the faction.

She tosses the phone back to Trevor.

GRACE (CONT'D)

They're onto what we're doing.

TREVOR

Or the Director knows what you did and communicated to me the only way it could.

(beat)

You jumped into the 21st illegally. You took a host that wasn't meant for you. You uploaded a virus --

GRACE

All for the greater good.

TREVOR

According to who? You?

GRACE

I told you, I had evidence that an attack on the Director was imminent, I had no choice but to act.

Ellis searches for a tool, unwilling to stop working.

ELLIS

Well, all I can tell you is that my mission didn't come to me as a text it came from the Director personally --

Grace realizes the flaw in his logic.

GRACE

Before the reset.

ELLIS

What?

GRACE

You received that mission from the Director before I was able to send the reset.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

ELLIS

Obviously. I came back before you did. What difference does it make?

Grace struggles with her creeping doubts.

GRACE

It was still vulnerable to corruption by the faction at the time.

ELLIS

Uh huh.

Ellis marches over to the machine.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

You two argue all you want, but I've got my mission and I'm seeing it through.

TREVOR

Then I'm going to have to stop you.

Trevor grabs a log splitter ax and turns toward the Quantum Frame.

ELLIS -- picks up something by his tools, and swings around to face Trevor.

He has a rifle in his arms, pointed at Trevor's chest.

ELLIS

Good luck with that.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

30A INT. KATHRYN'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

30A

Kathryn is driving out of town, as instructed. She tries her hands free cell again.

FORBES (O.S.)

Hello, you've reached the confidential voice mail of Special Agent Forbes, please leave a detailed message and I'll get back to you.

After the beep, Kathryn repeats:

KATHRYN

Walt, it's Kat again. I'm sorry to keep calling you but I need to talk to you. What's going on? I'm worried.

(beat)

Please call me back.

\*  
\*

She hangs up and keeps driving, frustrated and worried.

31 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D4)

31

David stands in the middle of his apartment, which is now a crime scene. Yellow police tape sections off his living room, and there are evidence markers on the floor.

A POLICE OFFICER on the scene examines the holes in the wall, then comes over to David.

POLICE OFFICER

Mr Mailer, I have someone coming to escort you to the station, so we can talk further while --

\*

DAVID

I told you the shot came outta nowhere.

The Officer knows David is hiding something and looks straight at the hole in the wall.

POLICE OFFICER

Not nowhere. It came from the apartment next door. We're taking a statement from your neighbor; maybe she saw someone.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

DAVID

I don't really have anything to add  
that I haven't already...

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

POLICE OFFICER

You've been under duress; we're gonna give you some time to think.

DAVID

Seriously, I'm *fine*.

POLICE OFFICER

Sir, a man was shot in the *head* in in your apartment and you're obviously holding back information, including the nature of your two cell phone calls prior to your calling 911...

(beat)

Head on downstairs please.

David is escorted reluctantly out the door, his fear mounting.

32 EXT. FARM - DAY (D4)

32

MacLaren and Carly arrive in his SUV. Marcy and Philip, who have already checked the house, meet them.

PHILIP

They're not in the house.

MACLAREN

Okay, let's take a look around and --

CARLY

TREVOR!?

MacLaren winces at the intensity of her shout, but she gets an answer.

TREVOR (O.S.)

In the barn, guys!

With a look to MacLaren, Carly leads the way to the barn.

33 INT. BARN - DAY (D4)

33

Carly leads the way into the barn to see Ellis pointing the rifle at Trevor, who's still holding an ax.

Carly and MacLaren draw their guns.

MACLAREN

What's going on, Trevor?

TREVOR

We were just having a conversation.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

MACLAREN  
At gunpoint.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

GRACE

You're not going to shoot anyone,  
Ellis, put the gun down.

Ellis sees that he's outnumbered. He holds onto his rifle  
anyway.

ELLIS

I have a mission to get done and  
this young man objects.

CARLY

Were you given a mission to  
assassinate Trevor?

Ellis doesn't know what she's talking about.

ELLIS

What? Where the hell did you come  
up with *that*?

\*

Trevor points at the Quantum Frame structure.

TREVOR

His mission was to build *this*.

MARCY

What is it?

Philip surmises from the design.

PHILIP

Has to be a Quantum Frame.

ELLIS

The Director wanted a failsafe in  
the event it needed to send itself  
to the 21st.

TREVOR

And I just received a mission from  
the Director to destroy it.

MACLAREN

By messenger?

TREVOR

Text. I went outside the range of  
the attenuation field to report in  
and this message showed up.

He holds up his phone.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

ELLIS

Bah! Could be from anybody.

PHILIP

It *is* pretty unorthodox.

TREVOR

Or it was the only way the Director could communicate. There's no kids within miles.

ELLIS

That message could just as easily have been sent by the faction.

GRACE

Or, the faction gave you the order to build the Quantum Frame for their own purposes.

ELLIS

Both can't be true.

MACLAREN

Well we'd better find out because so far today every member of my team has been targeted by assassins.

GRACE

More proof that the faction is behind this. That's not how the Director does things.

TREVOR

Unless the assassins were sent by the Director because we helped you.

Marcy pipes in:

MARCY

How could this faction possibly send messages to the 21st without the Director knowing about it?

GRACE

The Director was offline for a short time after I sent the reset command.

ELLIS

Or they have their own transfer system. There were rumors they were trying to build one of their own in shelter 41.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (3)

33

The team exchanges a confused look.

PHILIP

Shelter 41 collapsed when I was a kid.

Grace is intrigued.

GRACE

(to Philip)

This is something you remember?

MACLAREN

That we *all* remember. It was a structural flaw. The weight of the ice was too much.

CARLY

So we're setting aside protocol two now?

MacLaren gives her a look.

PHILIP

It collapsed at exactly oh six hundred as the reveille bell rang.

MARCY

Thousands died; it was horrible.

Now Grace and Ellis exchange a look.

ELLIS

Well, now, the people of shelter 41 are very much alive and the founders of an underground movement against the Director that eventually became known as the *faction*.

GRACE

This is news to you? \*

TREVOR

To all of us. \*

GRACE

Apparently your work in the twenty first has been a greater agent of change in the future than we thought. \*

ELLIS

So I'm just tryin' to get my head around this --

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (5)

33

MACLAREN

You too?

ELLIS

You're telling me the future you left wasn't divided into two camps? One loyal to the Director, the other believing that decisions should be made by people not by a machine?

The very idea seems ridiculous to them.

MARCY

No, that sort of division is what got us into trouble in the first place.

MACLAREN

The world we left was loyal to the Director and to the grand plan.

PHILIP

Looks like all the grand plan has done so far is screw things up worse than before.

\*

CARLY

How do we know they're not right?

MACLAREN

What?

GRACE

Don't be ridiculous. Humans make decisions based on desire. Greed. Self interest. Hate. It's proven.

MACLAREN

She's right. The Director saved us from the brink of extinction and created the grand plan... We have to trust it.

CARLY

(to MacLaren)

Is that what you believe?

MACLAREN

Yes.

CARLY

All of you?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (5)

33

All but Philip nod agreement.

PHILIP

I wish I could. But then again, the Director didn't send any of you into the body of a junkie.

MACLAREN

We can't second guess what we came here to do. There's too much at stake. We have to have faith that the Director is working toward the greater good.

CARLY -- raises her weapon and points it at MacLaren's head.

CARLY

So we should follow the Director no matter what mission we're given...

(beat)

Is that right?

MACLAREN

What're you doing.

PHILIP

Carly?

CARLY

Even if it was the hardest thing you've ever had to do...

With her free hand, Carly holds up her phone.

ON SCREEN: "Traveler 3465. Kill 3468."

CARLY (CONT'D)

Kill 3468. That's what it says. That is the mission I was given by the *Director*.

Carly's hands are steady, but tears fall down her face.

CARLY (CONT'D)

What do you think I should do? \*

Beat.

MACLAREN

Well, if you're asking, I would prefer you didn't. \*

(beat)

But its not up to me. \*

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (6)

33

An ALARM beeps.

GRACE

What is that?

ELLIS

Someone's on the property. Perimeter breach.

PHILIP

Assassins?

GRACE

The faction must have followed you here.

MACLAREN

Marcy, Philip, seeing that you're not occupied with gun pointing at the moment, would you go have a look outside?

\*  
\*

As the only two people not holding a gun or having a gun pointed at them, Philip and Marcy go to look through the slats of the barn.

PHILIP

I don't see anyone.

MARCY

I think I saw movement by the house.

TREVOR

We have to destroy the Quantum Frame before they get here.

Ellis holds the rifle higher.

ELLIS

Don't do it, son.

TREVOR

Boss?

MACLAREN

You know what you have to do.

TREVOR -- makes a decision and marches toward the Quantum Frame with the ax.

ELLIS

Don't!

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (7)

33

Trevor turns back toward him.

TREVOR  
They're already coming, we don't  
have a choice!

Ellis raises the gun to shoot. Grace steps between them.

GRACE  
Ellis, there's another way -- !

ELLIS -- pulls the trigger, shooting Grace right through her torso.

GRACE -- collapses backward into Trevor, who has dropped the ax to catch her... then:

TREVOR -- reaches down to his own gut. The bullet has gone through her and into Trevor.

Trevor looks to MacLaren, in shock, stating very matter of fact:

TREVOR  
Wow, it went right through her. \*

MACLAREN  
Marcy! Help Trevor!

Marcy rushes over to Trevor, admonishing Carly.

MARCY  
Put the fucking gun down and help  
me.

CARLY -- finally lowers her weapon and goes over to assist her.

MacLaren jumps in to help. \*

MACLAREN  
Philip, is anyone out there?  
(beat)  
Philip!?

But Philip has been distracted and has to go back to look.

ELLIS -- hovers over Grace, horrified at what he's done.

ELLIS  
She's a doctor, you'll be okay.

Grace tries to talk through the pain, whispering:

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (8)

33

GRACE

Turn off the defenses... Drop the  
attenuation field.

(beat)

The Director can still help us.

ELLIS

Okay... okay.

Ellis goes over to the generator panel.

PHILIP

Guys, they're surrounding the  
building!

Carly and MacLaren exchange a look and take out their weapons.

ELLIS -- flips the switch. There is a LOW WHINE as the STA  
powers down.

There is a SECONDARY HUM as an auxiliary source of power  
kicks in a moment later.

The center column of the Quantum Frame begins to thrum with  
life.

ELLIS

The Director's coming.

He looks to the Quantum Frame at his creation, transfixed,  
then his expression changes and HE GOES MESSENGER.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

Traveler 3468. Mission abort.

Destroy the Quantum Frame immediately!

ELLIS -- seizes violently and bleeds from his nose and ears  
as a result of a massive aneurysm.

He drops to the barn floor, dead, alongside Grace.

GRACE -- looks at his dead expression as he lies so close to  
her as:

CARLY -- tries to attend to Grace's gunshot wound, applying  
pressure...

MACLAREN -- SEES the ax on the floor beside him and reaches  
for it.

MARCY -- is applying pressure to Trevor's wound but he's  
going deeper into shock.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (9)

33

MARCY

We need to get them out of here!

PHILIP

They're coming in!

MACLAREN -- hefts the ax in the air, ready to swing the ax into the heart of the Quantum Frame, as:

FORBES -- enters along with a half dozen agents, all wearing SWAT gear.

\*  
\*

He takes aim at MacLaren with his handgun.

\*

FORBES

FBI! Drop your weapon!

MACLAREN -- turns to him, still holding the ax and their eyes meet.

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #201

"AVE MACHINA"

Written by  
Brad Wright

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TRAVELERS  
"Ave Machina"  
Set List - YELLOW PAGES - 03.24.17

Exteriors

CITY STREET  
WORLD TRADE CENTER  
VINCENT'S MANSION

Interiors

CORRIGAN'S OFFICE  
DAVID'S APARTMENT  
-Corridor  
FBI FACILITY  
-Carly's Cell  
-Corridor One  
-Corridor Two  
-Corridor Three/Foyer  
-Corridor Four  
-Gym  
~~-Hangar~~  
-Interrogation Room  
-Interrogation Room Two  
-Interrogation Room Three  
-Interrogation Room Four  
-MacLaren's Cell  
-Marcy's Cell  
-Monitor Room  
-Philip's Cell  
FORBES' CAR  
-Moving  
HOSPITAL  
-Hospital Room  
-Operating Room  
-Operating Room Two  
-Waiting Room  
OFFICE BUILDING (WORLD  
TRADE CENTER)  
-Stairwell  
POLICE STATION  
-Corridor  
-Interview Room  
VINCENT'S BEDROOM  
VINCENT'S OFFICE  
VINCENT'S STUDY

TEASER

OVER BLACK

VINCENT (O.S.)

The dream begins the same every time.

1 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - (FLASHBACK - 2001) - DAY (FB1) 1 \*

On a high floor of a busy office building in New York City, an I.T. guy we'll come to know as VINCENT (30s, obsequious) rushes past cubicles on his way to see the big boss. He carries a small briefcase and wears a wrinkled white shirt.

He goes to the door of the boss' office but is stopped by the 40-something keeper of the gate:

SECRETARY

Where's Greg?

VINCENT

He called in sick. I'm --

SECRETARY

Just fix it please, Mr Corrigan has a conference call at 8:45.

2 INT. CORRIGAN'S OFFICE - (FLASHBACK - 2001) - DAY (FB1) 2 \*

Vincent enters a high-end office. CORRIGAN is on the phone. He covers the receiver with his hand.

CORRIGAN

Greg, hey, thanks for coming --

VINCENT

I'm Vincent --

CORRIGAN

(ignoring that)

Screen's locked up again and I need it for a call in five minutes, can you get me back up?

Vincent gestures to the chair. Corrigan is in his way.

VINCENT

For sure, just need to get in there...

CORRIGAN

Hal? Gotta let the I.T. guy work on my computer so I'm gonna go duck into another office, hang on...

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

Corrigan presses hold and throws on his jacket.

VINCENT

Just be two minutes.

CORRIGAN

You're just gonna turn it off and on again I bet...

VINCENT

(almost blushing)

Ha! No, no sir!

The moment Corrigan goes, Vincent sits, turns the late 90's vintage computer off, counts to five and turns it back on.

He looks around the office, leans back in the chair, feeling the power and privilege of the corner office, then:

Vincent holds his head in sheer agony and opens his mouth in a silent scream. A TRANSITION is taking place as a traveler from the future arrives. He narrates:

VINCENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The moment I arrive in the 21st century, something's wrong. According to the historical record, Anthony Corrigan, stockbroker, was at his desk on a conference call, but instead it's someone else. We were wrong.

The person who used to be Vincent looks into the black CRT reflection as the old computer completes booting.

He seems surprised at the reflection, touching his new face.

Something is wrong.

He looks to the window and becomes suddenly afraid, then turns back to his newly rebooted computer and goes to the email account. He enters a complex address.

VINCENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I try to send the message.

CLOSE ON SCREEN

TRAVELER 001 ARRIVED DESIGNATED T.E.L.L 08:39 INTO WRONG...

VINCENT'S FINGERS -- keep typing but the screen is locked again. He tries the mouse. Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

VINCENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
The computer freezes again. I've  
practiced a hundred times, but  
everything's going wrong...

VINCENT -- looks to the window, panicking. He reboots again.

VINCENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I try to reboot the system. But  
there's no time now.

He stands, goes to the window, his eyes searching the skies...

He turns back, sweating, thinking, and clocks a SAFE in the  
corner of the office. He goes over to it. It's ajar.

INSIDE THE SAFE -- There is a stack of STOCK CERTIFICATES  
and several thousand dollars in CASH.

VINCENT -- takes it all and stuffs it into his briefcase.

VINCENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
The mission's a failure... Why should  
I sacrifice myself?

3 INT. OFFICE BUILDING (FLASHBACK - 2001) - DAY (FB1)

3 \*

Vincent comes out of Corrigan's office, headed toward the  
stairwell, but something stops him.

VINCENT (O.S.)  
I decide I should at least try to  
warn them:

He turns and shouts to the office staff.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Everyone listen! I can't explain  
why but if you don't all follow me  
right now you're going to die!

The office staff look at him as if he has two heads.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
We have to go! Now!

CORRIGAN -- comes out of somebody's office. They're all  
just staring at him like he's gone mad.

CORRIGAN  
Greg? What the fuck are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

VINCENT (O.S.)

I run.

4 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - STAIRWELL - (FLASHBACK - 2001) - DAY (FB1)

4

Vincent runs down a stairwell as fast as he can.

VINCENT (O.S.)

I don't even know what floor I'm on.  
Only that I have to hurry...

JUMP CUT through various floors as he races down floor after floor... Panting, panicking, racing to safety.

VINCENT -- stops when he thinks he's safe and catches his breath, checking his watch.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I hear the plane first...

THE ROAR of a jet engine approaching gets him to brace himself against a corner wall.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Then the explosion above.

BOOM! The building SHUDDERS violently and the lights go OFF. FLAMES billow above, filling the blackness with light.

5 INT. VINCENT'S STUDY - DAY (D1)

5

Vincent, now fifteen years older in present day, lies on a couch, wearing a smart suit in his elegant home study.

An elaborate computer set up in the corner.

A THERAPIST, DR PERROW, (attractive, 40s) is sitting in a chair with a notepad in her hand, listening.

\*

VINCENT

I don't remember anything else until  
I'm outside, looking up.

6 EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - (FLASHBACK - 2001) - DAY (FB1)

6

Vincent stumbles outside as people scream and race away, his clothing disheveled, his face blackened.

POV -- VINCENT

As flame pours from the upper floors of the north tower. Burning paper flutters to the ground all around.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

VINCENT -- takes out his wallet, removes his ID, credit cards, licence, etc and throws them onto the concourse...

VINCENT (O.S.)

Everyone around me stares at the destruction above while I discard the last vestiges of the man who was supposed to die that day.

(beat)

Then I hear the second plane...

VINCENT -- looks up as people begin to scream around him.

POV -- VINCENT

As the second plane slams into the South Tower 93 floors up.

7 INT. VINCENT'S STUDY - DAY (D1)

7

Vincent is upset by this as if it's just happened again.

VINCENT

And I wake up.

Perrow is comforting and calm.

DR PERROW

Dreams of 911 aren't uncommon, Vincent, even for those who were nowhere near ground zero --

VINCENT

I have the dream because it happened. My mission was a proof of concept: to send a confirmation I'd made it safely to the 21st century, then die so there would be no trace. But...

(beat)

I *survived*. They won't forgive that.

DR PERROW

You're afraid whomever you were to send this *message* to intends to punish you.

VINCENT

They're already here; I've seen the changes in history. At least, the history I remember.

(beat)

And they'll be coming for me.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

8 INT. FBI FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (D1)

8

MACLAREN paces in an ND room with a simple table and chairs in the center.

FORBES enters and closes the door behind him.

MACLAREN

Walt! Jesus, what took you so long?

FORBES

Lucky I got permission to talk with you at all --

MACLAREN

I'm just gonna say one thing and I need you to listen: destroy that device by whatever means possible. I've never asked you to do anything more important --

FORBES

That thing in the barn you mean --

MACLAREN

You need to do it *now*.

FORBES -- doesn't leap to action, but instead turns the chair around and sits, leaning in.

FORBES

What is it? What does it do?

(no response)

What's your association with those people in that barn? They all raised a red flag a few months back. You told me it was just a bunch'a kids...

(no response)

Same kids you had Beth run a facial recognition search on a month after.

(no response)

I ask because two of those people are in the hospital and the farmer's *dead*.

MacLaren doesn't say a word. He surreptitiously taps his com as he rubs his neck.

FORBES (CONT'D)

Okay, *I'll* talk.

9 INT. FBI FACILITY - MARCY'S CELL - DAY (D1) 9

MARCY -- listens into the conversation over her own com.

FORBES (O.S.)

Few weeks ago I received a top secret interdepartmental communication asking if I had noticed any changes in you.

10 INT. FBI FACILITY - PHILIP'S CELL - DAY (D1) 10

PHILIP listens in too, sitting up from his cot in a sweat.

FORBES (O.S.)

I told a pair of special agents in very expensive sunglasses -- who insisted that we meet somewhere "off the grid" without cell phones, cameras or radios -- that yeah... I'd noticed changes. Little things.

11 INT. FBI FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM TWO - DAY (D1) 11

CARLY is also listening in, but she's being questioned by a slick Special Agent WAKEFIELD (40s) as she tries to listen:

WAKEFIELD

You know your friends are giving you up as we speak --

CARLY

Sir, can you be quiet so I can think?

FORBES (O.S.)

Your wife noticed too. Nothing either one of us could really point to but enough to say yeah, somethin's up.

12 INT. FBI FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (D1) 12

Forbes changes tactics, appealing as a friend.

FORBES

Hey, I've known you fifteen years; I've trusted you with my life. I'm asking you to trust me now.

(beat)

If these people, whoever they are, have something on you, if they're using you, making you do things... We can protect you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

FORBES (CONT'D)

(beat)

Let me in, Mac. They're only giving  
me this one chance to talk.

MacLaren takes the seat opposite Forbes and folds his hands  
over each other.

MACLAREN

Destroy the device. That's all I  
got.

Forbes is deeply disappointed.

13 INT. FBI FACILITY - PHILIP'S CELL - DAY (D1)

13

Philip talks over his com, barely a whisper.

PHILIP

They're never gonna do that, boss.

14 INT. FBI FACILITY - MARCY'S CELL - DAY (D1)

14

Marcy shakes her head and admonishes Philip in a curt whisper:

MARCY

Philip, stay off the coms.

15 INT. FBI FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM TWO - DAY (D1)

15

Carly takes MacLaren's cue and tells Wakefield:

CARLY

I'm not talkin' anymore to you.

Wakefield stands.

16 INT. FBI FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (D1)

16

Forbes nods and stands. Then he takes out a white  
handkerchief, carefully unfolds it and places it on the table.

FORBES

Before I go... They wanted me to ask  
you what this is.

MacLaren SEES the tiny black COM in the center, but shrugs.

MACLAREN

Well, Walt, that's a handkerchief.

Forbes almost laughs at that, shaking his head.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

FORBES

It *is* incredibly small for such an advanced piece of technology. They tell me it's a communication device.

MacLaren looks closer, impressed.

MACLAREN

Really.

FORBES

Made from something called graphine. A technology we're working on but not quite there yet. They suspect it's powered by the natural electricity of the human body and capable of broadcasting an encrypted signal for miles. This one came from the high school senior that's in surgery right now.

(beat)

What is it, Russian? Chinese?

17 INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - DAY (D1)

17

Doctors work frantically over Trevor, who is unconscious on the operating table with a gunshot wound to the gut.

DOCTOR MORI is looking at a CT scan as DOCTOR #2 works on him.

\*

DOCTOR MORI

Bullet's causing a lot of inflammation between the T-12 and L-1, I'm worried about the lumbar nerves.

\*

DOCTOR #2

We can't keep ahead of the blood loss, so...

Doctor MORI nods and comes over to perform the surgery.

\*

DOCTOR MORI

Okay, let's get it outta there.

\*

18 INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM TWO - DAY (D1)

18

GRACE is lying on another operating table, on a ventilator. Another DOCTOR is working feverishly on her, aided by three nurses.

D-13 enters the theater, hands freshly scrubbed.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

D-13  
How is she doing?

DOCTOR #3  
Rifle shot from point blank range.  
There's severe damage to the spleen  
and the...

DOCTOR #3 looks up and doesn't recognize D-13 who immediately goes to look at the screens displaying her condition.

DOCTOR #3 (CONT'D)  
Who are you?

D-13  
Seriously, no one told you? I'm a  
specialist, here to assist... from  
Grace hospital?

DOCTOR #3  
I wasn't informed, Doctor...

D-13  
Call me Derek.

And he goes over to his patient, taking charge.

19 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY (D1)

19

David is trying to explain to a very dry police OFFICER (30s) how a man came to be shot in the head in his apartment.

OFFICER  
I need to state for the record you  
gave me permission to look at your  
phone and listen to your messages  
without a lawyer present.

DAVID  
Well, I have nothing to hide, so --

The Officer presses the voice mail key on the phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
What're you doing?

OFFICER  
Playing back a saved message.

DAVID  
Oh, that one, that has nothing to do  
with anything.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

The officer pauses the playback.

OFFICER

Sir, it's a message from a phone  
*registered to you* that called this  
number *two seconds* before a man with  
no identification -- who was allegedly  
holding a gun to your head -- was  
fatally shot from the apartment next  
door...

(beat)

And you saved it because..?

DAVID

It's kind of a keeper.

The officer presses play again.

PHONE MESSAGE

"Hey, David, its me. I guess it's  
my turn to leave a goofy message...  
I know how stressed out you get when  
you don't hear from me. So I wanted  
you to know I might be away for a  
while, or maybe even... relocated.  
I didn't want you wondering or  
worrying if you don't hear from me.

(beat)

If that happens -- I don't know for  
sure if it will but just in case --  
thank you for being there for me  
when I really needed someone. In  
another time or another life, right?

David gestures to the phone, as if he just proved his point.

DAVID

See?

A BOOMING VOICE from outside in the hall startles them.

JEFF (O.S.)

Are you fucking kidding me?!

DAVID

Jesus... *He's* having a bad day.

20 INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY (D1)

20

A SERGEANT (40s) is standing with JEFF in the hallway outside  
where David is being questioned.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

SERGEANT

Jeff, keep your voice down --

JEFF

I told you what happened!

SERGEANT

The optics *suck* and you know it...  
It's on the news you shot a thirteen  
year old kid --

JEFF

Who was about to shoot Carly!

SERGEANT

Who *also* murdered her mother and  
brother last night.

This is news to Jeff. The Sergeant just nods.

JEFF

That *kid* -- ?

SERGEANT

Number two pencil to the head. Both  
of 'em. Girl was certifiable.

(beat)

So get Carly's ass in here to make a  
statement and you're just the poor  
bastard who had to stop her.

JEFF

Carly won't answer her cell. We've  
been havin' some problems at home.

SERGEANT

I'll call her myself, talk her in.  
I met her a few months back, right?

JEFF

(under his breath)

Yeah, she's different now --

SERGEANT

In the meantime, buddy, I'm sorry,  
but I gotta take your badge.

(off his look)

Forensic's already got your gun --

JEFF

You know this is bullshit, let me go  
down the hall and talk to the chief --

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

The Sergeant steps in front of him, gently:

SERGEANT

Not with booze on your breath.

Jeff is contrite and lowers his head in shame.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Hey, if I was forced to shoot a kid  
I might have a few drinks too, I get  
it...

(beat)

This'll work itself out. Go home.

Jeff hands over his badge and walks out.

21 INT. FBI FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (D1)

21

Forbes folds up the handkerchief and sits again, speaking very quietly.

FORBES

I can see there's a fight goin' on  
inside you. If you're worried about  
Kat --

The mention of his wife makes MacLaren open up a little.

MACLAREN

She's completely in the dark about  
this --

FORBES

She called me earlier to say you  
sent her away. Because your life  
was in danger and so was hers. Is  
that true?

(no response)

It's what made me put a team together  
and come after you. I was tracking  
your car, but it just disappeared  
like it went into a dead zone.

(beat)

Sure as hell didn't expect to find --

MACLAREN

But she's all right?

FORBES

Worried about you, but yeah. 'Course  
I couldn't tell her a thing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

FORBES (CONT'D)

The investigation into Special Agent Grant MacLaren's activities is now classified as top secret.

(off his look)

Mac, these people are serious. And I think they know a helluva lot more than they're letting on even to me.

(beat)

You don't talk, you won't walk and that means Kat might never, ever find out whether you are dead or alive...

This breaks MacLaren's heart but he has his orders.

MACLAREN

Destroy the device.

(beat)

Please Walt, I'm begging you.

FORBES

I probably shouldn't tell you this... But I have also been told that device is beyond anything we --

THE DOOR -- opens before he can finish his sentence. Wakefield enters.

WAKEFIELD

Thank you, Agent Forbes. I'll take it from here.

Forbes doesn't like being dismissed.

FORBES

I need more time.

WAKEFIELD

Seriously? You're telling him more than he's telling you --

FORBES

Agent Wakefield, I *know* this man.

WAKEFIELD

Pfft! Not so much, apparently, but thanks for trying.

Forbes and MacLaren exchange a last look as Forbes goes.

MACLAREN

Walt, remember what I said --

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

Wakefield steps between them.

WAKEFIELD

Destroy the device, yeah, yeah, he  
heard you the first time. We all  
did...

(beat)

Not gonna happen.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

22 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM (D1)

22

David waits in the police station interview room nervously.

RAY -- enters with a file folder, looking same as always.

RAY

David Mailer?

(off his look)

I'm your lawyer.

DAVID

I don't have a lawyer.

RAY

Philip Pearson called me earlier,  
said you were gonna need my help.

DAVID

I don't know a --

RAY

Friend of Marcy?

David's heart leaps across the room at that.

DAVID

Marcy!? Yes! Oh, God, is she okay?  
Are you like an FBI lawyer?

Ray actually laughs at that.

RAY

FBI lawyer? Wow. No...

(beat)

Jesus, he said she said you were  
special, I just didn't know he meant  
"special".

DAVID

Sorry, this is not my thing, I'm so  
not good at this.

RAY

Well, David, fortunately it *is* my  
thing and I am good at this.

(beat)

We're talkin' ten years tops, nine  
with good behavior.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

DAVID

What?!

Ray gestures to the chair opposite him.

RAY

Naw, I'm fuckin' with you.

(beat)

Have a seat, David. There's been some recent developments in your favor we're gonna take advantage of.

23 INT. FBI FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (D1)

23

MacLaren sits opposite Wakefield now, mid-conversation.

WAKEFIELD

-- this is not how actual law enforcement officers behave, MacLaren! There's giant chunks of time missing from your logs; it's a miracle we didn't catch onto you people sooner.

MACLAREN

You people? What does *that* mean?

WAKEFIELD

Agent Forbes says compared to just a few months ago you're like a different person --

MACLAREN

Take my blood, take my fingerprints, take whatever you need --

WAKEFIELD

Who now spends half his time with a high school senior, his counselor, a single mom, a heroin addict, a farmer, and -- this one kills me -- a mentally challenged woman in the care of the state.

MACLAREN

Philip Pearson is a C.I. on a hacking case I've been working on. I suspected the device has something do with hijacking internet --

Wakefield holds up his hand.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

WAKEFIELD

*Oh, please...* let's skip over the part where you pretend there's a legit scenario *those* people in a fucking *barn* with whatever that "device" is, makes *any* sense whatsoever...

(beat)

Whoever you are or who you work for, we're onto you now and have been for some time...

24 INT. FBI FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM TWO (D1)

24

Carly sits opposite another Agent.

AGENT CALLAHAN

We've found others like you.

\*

CARLY

Well, I'm a single mom. There's a lotta folks like me.

25 INT. FBI FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM THREE - DAY (D1)

25

Philip sits across from another Agent in mid-interrogation. He's in withdrawal again, sweating and shaky.

PHILIP

This is going to sound weird, possibly *insane*, but I'm just gonna say it...

(beat)

I have a turtle at home. I had to leave in a hurry and there was a lotta broken glass --

AGENT MORTON

You think this is funny?

\*

Actually, he's dead serious.

PHILIP

No.

26 INT. FBI FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM FOUR (D1)

26

Marcy sits across from an officious female agent, 40s, while pretending to be Marcy 1.0.

MARCY

I'm a librarian, that's all I am --

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

AGENT PAULSON

You're more than that.

The Agent taps a few keys on her laptop keyboard, then turns the screen to face her.

ON SCREEN -- we SEE security camera footage from 101 of Marcy beating the shit out of three thugs outside the library.

MARCY -- looks up at her, confused.

27 INT. VINCENT'S STUDY - DAY (D1)

27

Vincent looks out the window at his million dollar view. Perrow senses his increasing anxiety.

DR PERROW

Are you feeling threatened, Vincent?

Vincent gestures to the house in general.

VINCENT

No, I have defenses in place.  
Deuterium oxide in the radiant heating system acts as a fair space/time attenuator; it slows neutrons...  
(off her look)  
Don't worry, it's not radioactive.

Dr Perrow feigns relief at that.

DR PERROW

Oh, good.  
(then)  
Why wouldn't they just assume you died on 911? Why d'you think they're still after you?

VINCENT

Because they've already found me twice.

28 EXT. CITY STREET - (FLASHBACK - 2002) - DAY (FB2)

28

Vincent walks and talks in SLOW MOTION with OLIVER NORTON, (30s) a gregarious, handsome entrepreneur, enters in a smart suit, MOS as Vincent narrates his origin story:

\*

VINCENT (O.S.)

I found my way out of New York and took a train to the pacific northwest.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

VINCENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 I had the money and stock certificates  
 I'd taken from the safe but if I was  
 going to stay hidden I needed more.

The two men stop outside of an office building. Oliver  
 gestures toward the building and they go toward it.

29 INT. VINCENT'S STUDY - DAY (D1)

29

Vincent is still looking out the window.

VINCENT  
 Historically a man named Oliver Norton  
 became a tech millionaire on his  
 own. All I did was insert myself  
 into that process, as invisibly as  
 possible, and take my fair share.

\*

30 INT. VINCENT'S OFFICE - (FLASHBACK - 2002) - DAY (FB2)

30

Oliver and Vincent talk excitedly as an office builds up  
 rapidly around them.

A small operation growing to become a much larger one as if  
 speeding through time as they talk:

VINCENT (O.S.)  
 I convinced Oliver that I had  
 debilitating phobias, difficulties  
 dealing with people, privacy... I  
 needed a front man for my company  
 that used proprietary computer  
 software to predict market trends.  
 (beat)  
 Of course I wouldn't let anyone see  
 it. Not even him. But so long as  
 the predictions were correct, he  
 didn't care...

Oliver high fives Vincent on another huge deal as the office  
 continues to grow around them.

VINCENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 In fact he was so grateful, he  
 constantly wanted to reward me.

31 INT. VINCENT'S STUDY - DAY (D1)

31

Vincent stares out the window, emotionally.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

VINCENT

In the future I left behind a wizened,  
dying body, ravaged by disease. Now  
I was so young. Vital.

(beat)

That's when Oliver introduced me to  
the woman who became Taylor's mother.

32 INT. VINCENT'S OFFICE - (FLASHBACK - 2003) - DAY (FB3)

32\*

Oliver enters Vincent's office with a beautiful smiling,  
well dressed woman in her late 20s, IRENE.

Vincent stands from behind his desk, feeling trapped as they  
enter the room.

OLIVER

Buddy! Meet your new assistant.

VINCENT

Assistant?

IRENE

Hi, Vincent, it's a pleasure to --

VINCENT

I don't need an assistant --

OLIVER

Oh yeah, you do, I can't be here  
every time you need somebody to jump,  
I got a company to pretend to run.

VINCENT

No, I'm sorry, I can't --

OLIVER

Trust me, I told Irene all about how  
you like to do things: No cell  
phones, portable radios, webcams...

(adding)

No life, no fun. I'm *kidding* --

IRENE

And I completely understand. Me, I  
don't like crowds.

That gives Vincent pause. She smiles. She's beautiful.

VINCENT

I'm not sure I'll have anything for  
you to do.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

OLIVER

Pfft! High maintenance people always think they're low maintenance.

(beat)

You need this, partner, and we're not taking no for an answer, right?

33 INT. VINCENT'S STUDY - DAY (D1)

33

Vincent turns back to Dr Perrow.

VINCENT

It wasn't an assistant I needed, it was human contact.

(beat)

Oliver must have known that.

Perrow flips back in her notes.

DR PERROW

You said in our initial session that your wife died of an aneurysm --

VINCENT

(nodding)

Yes, that was the first time I was --

The DOOR to Vincent's office OPENS revealing a well-dressed twelve year old boy, TAYLOR. Vincent's son.

TAYLOR

Dad -- ?

Vincent is terse, almost angry.

VINCENT

You know I'm not to be disturbed when I'm in this room.

TAYLOR

Pepper wants out and Mr Morraca isn't around --

VINCENT

Go ahead and take her out, then. I'll watch you from here.

TAYLOR

'Kay.  
(to Perrow)  
Hi.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

DR PERROW  
(smiling)  
Hello.

And he goes, closing the door behind him.

VINCENT -- doesn't appreciate the interaction between his son and his therapist, and glares at her.

Perrow doesn't notice at first and comments:

DR PERROW (CONT'D)  
He looks just like you.

VINCENT  
Fortunately for him, he looks like  
the host who provided the chromosomes.  
(beat)  
Not *me*.

Perrow stops smiling at that.

VINCENT -- watches his son and their dog run out onto the yard outside through the window.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

34 INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM TWO - DAY (D1) 34

Grace is being worked on by two doctors as well as D-13. They've got her opened up, trying to save her. She codes.

DOCTOR #3  
She's fibrillating!

As the nurses and Doctor #3 prepare to defibrillate, D-13 takes the opportunity to produce a SYRINGE of black fluid from his smock and inject it quickly into Grace's thigh while they're all concerned about her heart.

CLOSE -- as the black fluid filled with NANITES enters Grace's body. \*

Grace's heart beat returns to normal a moment later.

D-13 -- smiles under his mask.

D-13  
There we go.

He subtly slides a TABLET underneath her back. \*

35 INT. FBI FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM FOUR - DAY (D1) 35

Marcy looks at the video the Agent has shown her and shrugs.

MARCY  
That's not me.

The Agent pushes the laptop a little closer.

AGENT PAULSON  
It's clearly you. \*

MARCY  
Well, I have no memory of this.

36 INT. FBI FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM TWO (D1) 36

Carly starts getting emotional, acting the part of scared single mom in the wrong place.

CARLY  
But I haven't done anything, don't I like get a phone call?

AGENT CALLAHAN  
Who do you want to call? \*

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

CARLY  
My baby sitter for one.

AGENT CALLAHAN  
Jeffrey Jr is in the hands of  
Washington Family Services.

\*  
\*  
\*

Carly stands up from the table.

CARLY  
What?! Why?! He needs to be with  
his mother! How long are you going  
to keep me here?

AGENT CALLAHAN  
Sit back down, please.

\*

Carly turns away and taps her com surreptitiously.

CARLY  
(sotto)  
*Permission to break the fuck out of  
here.*

Then turning back hysterically:

CARLY (CONT'D)  
I want to see my baby!!

She covers her face with her hands, pretending to be beside  
herself over her son.

AGENT CALLAHAN  
SIT DOWN!

\*

37 INT. FBI FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM (D1)

37

MacLaren stares at Wakefield but replies to Carly.

MACLAREN  
All right, you call it.

WAKEFIELD  
Call what?

38 INT. FBI FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM TWO (D1)

38

Carly looks at the agent opposite her and nods, holding up  
her hands in submission.

AGENT CALLAHAN  
I'm not gonna ask again.

\*

TRAVELERS - 201 - PINK PAGES - 3-13-17 26

38 CONTINUED: 38

CARLY  
Okay, okay, in three.

39 INT. FBI FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM FOUR (D1) 39

Marcy pulls the laptop closer, studying the image of herself outside the library.

MARCY  
Let me watch it one more time.

CARLY (O.S.)  
Two...

40 INT. FBI FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM THREE (D1) 40

Philip is a little behind on the count and sits very upright.

PHILIP  
Ah, guys? What're we doing?

41 INT. FBI FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM TWO (D1) 41

Carly walks back toward Agent Callahan. \*

CARLY  
One!

In those last steps Carly accelerates and takes the Agent completely off guard before he can defend himself, slamming the heel of her hand into his face and knocking him backwards.

One more strike and he's unconscious.

Carly grabs his weapon, key card and goes for the door.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
On the move.

42 INT. FBI FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (D1) 42

MACLAREN -- reaches forward, grabs Wakefield's tie and deftly slams his face into the table between them, knocking him out in one swift move.

MACLAREN  
Right behind you.

He also takes a weapon and key card.

43 INT. FBI FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM FOUR - DAY (D1) 43

MARCY -- Grabs the laptop and slams it into the face of the Agent across from her, then quickly takes her to the floor, taking her weapon and her pass card.

MARCY

Do we know what we're doing?

MACLAREN (O.S.)

Getting out of here.

44 INT. FBI FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM THREE - DAY (D1) 44

PHILIP -- stands and apologizes to his agent even before he makes his move:

PHILIP

I'm really sorry about this.

45 INT. FBI FACILITY - CORRIDOR ONE - DAY (D1) 45

Carly moves stealthily down the corridor.

46 INT. FBI FACILITY - CORRIDOR TWO - DAY (D1) 46

MacLaren moves down another corridor, gun ready.

47 INT. FBI FACILITY - CORRIDOR ONE - DAY (D1) 47

Carly rounds a corner and runs right into MacLaren, coming very close to shooting him by mistake. He gives her a look.

MACLAREN

Don't forget protocol three.

CARLY

Don't forget I was ordered to kill you.

MACLAREN

Right, this isn't a good time --

MARCY -- appears at the end of the corridor and points the way she thinks they should go.

MARCY

Guys? I think Philip's this way.

They run after her.

48 INT. FBI FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM THREE (D1) 48

Philip is genuinely concerned, leaning over his interrogating Agent who is face up on the floor as the door opens to:

MACLAREN -- enters quickly, guns ready.

PHILIP

I took his legs out, he went down pretty hard.

MACLAREN

Marcy?

Marcy rushes in, kneels and check his pulse.

MARCY

Probably a concussion; he'll live.

CARLY

C'mon, let's go, let's go.

Philip follows them out, satisfied he hasn't killed anyone.

49 INT. FBI FACILITY - CORRIDOR THREE/FOYER - DAY (D1) 49\*

Carly takes point, leading them down another corridor. Marcy and Philip follow, with MacLaren watching their six.

AN AGENT -- bursts out of a door, gun raised, in the gap between Carly and Marcy.

CARLY -- quickly disables him, knocks him out, and tosses his weapon to Philip.

50 INT. FBI FACILITY - MONITOR ROOM - DAY (D1) 50

Agents watch a bank of monitors showing the teams progress from various angles.

WAKEFIELD -- enters, holding his handkerchief to his bloodied forehead. A female FBI scientist, DR CHEN, (40's) sits in front of the monitors with others.

DR CHEN

That looked like it hurt.

WAKEFIELD

They didn't try to kill anyone; you owe me a buck.

(then)

What's their progress?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

DR CHEN

Almost to the gym.

WAKEFIELD

All right, let's see what they do.

51 INT. FBI FACILITY - GYM - DAY (D1)

51

Carly opens the door to a large dark gym. MacLaren enters.

The QUANTUM FRAME stands set up as it was in the barn, dimly lit from above and below. The room is otherwise empty and dark. They move stealthily in.

CARLY

This isn't the way out.

MacLaren is torn between his orders and escape.

MACLAREN

No, it isn't.

MacLaren enters the room alone, walking to the quantum frame raising his gun. He stops short, looks around, sensing something is not right.

CARLY -- steps up alongside him. The others a beat later.

CARLY

Mac, we gotta go.

MACLAREN -- looks at his stolen gun, ejects the magazine, SEES that it's full, then slams it back.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Go ahead. \*

He points the gun at the device and pulls the trigger, confirming his suspicion. Click. Click.

MACLAREN

Didn't think so.

MacLaren shakes his head, realizing they've been played, then looks up at no one in particular, shouting:

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Okay, we're here! Now what?

BRIGHT LIGHTS come on in the gym.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

WAKEFIELD enters behind them from the door they came in.

WAKEFIELD

We were wondering if you'd really try to destroy the device if given the opportunity. Seemed odd considering you built the thing.

(beat)

But now that you're here, maybe you can show us what it does.

A DOZEN AGENTS come out of other doors in the room, essentially surrounding them.

WAKEFIELD (CONT'D)

Under supervision, *obviously*.

MacLaren looks at Carly. They're not going to escape.

Carly nods, and drops her weapon to the floor. The rest follow suit. MacLaren faces Wakefield.

MACLAREN

Sorry. Not gonna happen.

52 INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY (D1)

52

Trevor's parents sit in a waiting room. GARY is asleep in his chair while PATRICIA reads.

DOCTOR MORI -- walks over to them.

\*

DOCTOR MORI

\*

Mr and Mrs Holden?

Gary wakes up, Patricia is already standing.

PATRICIA

Is Trevor okay?

DOCTOR MORI

\*

He's out of surgery and we've stopped the bleeding.

GARY

What the hell happened?

The Doctor looks at the suited FBI agent standing at the door to the surgery.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

DOCTOR MORI

\*

All I can tell you is that your son was involved in a shooting and that the bullet we removed in order to save his life was lodged dangerously close to his spinal cord. There's still a great deal of inflammation.

PATRICIA

Oh god, can we see him?

DOCTOR MORI

\*

Tomorrow at the earliest.

GARY

So he's gonna be okay.

DOCTOR MORI

\*

I am confident Trevor will survive this, he's very strong...

(beat)

But you should know there's a possibility he may not regain the use of his legs.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

- 53 INT. VINCENT'S STUDY - DAY (D1) 53
- Vincent is still staring out of the window.
- DR PERROW  
How old was Taylor when his mother died?
- VINCENT  
Just a baby.
- 54 INT. VINCENT'S BEDROOM - (FLASHBACK - 2005) - DAY (FB4) 54\*
- Vincent comes into their bedroom where Irene discreetly breast feeds their new baby boy in bed.
- Vincent lies beside them, stroking her hair lovingly as she smiles back at him.
- VINCENT (O.S.)  
I'd spent the latter half of my life before this one being eaten away by a disease that doesn't exist yet...  
(beat)  
So, I'd never imagined the possibility of family. A loving wife. A child.
- 55 INT. VINCENT'S STUDY - DAY (D1) 55
- Vincent goes back and sits across from Perrow.
- VINCENT  
Irene was sure I'd be angry when she told me about the baby. Afraid I'd think she'd *trapped* me...  
(beat)  
She couldn't have known that in the future I'd left behind, life was precious. New life, so rare, most precious of all...
- 56 INT. VINCENT'S BEDROOM - (FLASHBACK - 2005) - DAY (FB4) 56\*
- VINCENT -- now holds the baby in his arms asleep, half sitting up in bed. It's a pretty picture.
- IRENE -- takes out her cell phone to take that picture, sneaking carefully alongside him into the family portrait while Vincent sleeps...

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

VINCENT (O.S.)

Just as she couldn't have known that  
one stolen moment while I slept, a  
small token of a perfect memory...

THE CELL PHONE -- falls from her hand in slow motion.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Would be the instrument of her death.

CLOSE ON IRENE -- as she speaks words silently in slow motion,  
blood pours from her nose, eyes roll up and her head tilts  
slowly back.

VINCENT -- now awakened by the messenger, sits up in horror  
to find his new wife dead alongside him.

57 INT. VINCENT'S STUDY - DAY (D1)

57

Tears pour down Vincent's face as he continues.

VINCENT

The image of *me*, taken on a cell  
phone, time and place recorded, posted  
to a friend...

(beat)

Discovered and acted upon.

Perrow SEES he's almost shaking with anger and worries:

DR PERROW

Vincent, I think we should stop for  
today --

VINCENT

You see we *knew* it would be possible  
to send messages into the 21st  
directly through a host but we  
projected a 40 percent chance an  
adult mind might not be able to  
withstand the shock of transfer...

(beat)

It was the whole reason I volunteered  
to go first. No one would die that  
wasn't already going to die --

DR PERROW

Okay, let's stop --

Vincent doesn't want to stop, and blasts at her, angrily.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

VINCENT

Artificial Intelligence is not supposed to be capable of taking a life that isn't about to end! The Director shouldn't have risked it; don't you understand?!

DR PERROW

No! Not one part of what you just said!

(beat)

So you're going to have a glass of water and take a break or I'm leaving.

VINCENT -- realizes he's just ranted, and tries to regain his composure, going to a pitcher to pour a glass of water.

VINCENT

I apologize...

DR PERROW

I can't help you if I don't understand what you're saying.

VINCENT

Of course.

He drinks and looks out the window again.

58 INT. FBI FACILITY - MACLAREN'S CELL - NIGHT (N1)

58

MacLaren sits in his holding cell on a cot, his back to the wall. He is heartbroken.

MACLAREN

Guys?

(beat)

I just wanted to say that whatever happens from this point...

59 INT. FBI FACILITY - MARCY'S CELL - NIGHT (N1)

59

Marcy listens over her com, shaking her head to herself.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

Be proud of what you accomplished.

60 INT. FBI FACILITY - CARLY'S CELL - NIGHT (N1)

60

Carly is stoic, nodding in agreement.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

MACLAREN (O.S.)

I think in the grand scheme of things,  
we did good. I know we did.

61 INT. FBI FACILITY - PHILIP'S CELL - NIGHT (N1)

61

Philip isn't sure why MacLaren is talking over their coms.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

I still have faith the Director will  
find a way. I believe that with all  
my heart. Just maybe not with us...

62 INT. FBI FACILITY - MACLAREN'S CELL - NIGHT (N1)

62

MacLaren leans forward, looking up at the corner of the room.

MACLAREN

You all know what you have to do.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

Philip doesn't have a clue.

PHILIP

Ah, boss, can you be a little more  
specific?

MACLAREN -- stares up at the corner of the room.

MACLAREN

Self destruct. *Obviously.* In  
three...

MARCY -- is confused and her eyes widen.

MARCY

What?

MACLAREN

Two...

CARLY -- goes from stoic to a big hard LAUGH.

PHILIP -- suddenly starts laughing even harder.

MARCY -- is still confused, but catching on.

63 INT. FBI FACILITY - MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

63

Wakefield, wearing headphones, along with other scientists  
and agents are listening and watching MacLaren on the monitor, \*  
staring right back at them.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

MACLAREN

One...

One of them takes a step back.

MACLAREN -- can't keep a straight face either and breaks.

CLOSE ON THE MONITOR

MacLaren shrugs at the camera.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Sorry, Special Agent Wakefield, you  
had that coming...

Then, he touches his com, now deadly serious.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Com 3468 disable.

64 INT. FBI FACILITY - CARLY'S CELL - NIGHT (N1)

64

She stops smiling and shuts down her own com too.

CARLY

Com 3465 disable.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MARCY

Com 3569 disable.

PHILIP

Com 3326 disable.

Then, to himself.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

So long, guys.

65 INT. FBI FACILITY - MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

65

Wakefield tosses the headphones onto the table, pissed.

WAKEFIELD

All right, that's my workday.

(then)

Text me if anything happens.

And he goes out angrily.

66 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (N1) 66

David stands at the door to his apartment, afraid to go inside.

67 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N1) 67

David enters, looking around warily. He doesn't have to step very far into the apartment to SEE

A BLOODSTAIN -- on the hardwood floor. It's been wiped up poorly by paper towels.

A BUSINESS CARD -- is on the table nearby and David reads it:

CLOSE ON THE CARD -- WORKER ANT CLEANING SERVICES. \*

DAVID -- stares at it for a long beat, his brow furrowing at the stain at his feet.

He takes a few deep breaths to calm himself.

But it isn't working.

68 INT. VINCENT'S STUDY - NIGHT (N1) 68

It's grown dark outside. Vincent is much calmer.

DR PERROW

We've gone long past the time I allotted for this visit, I was wondering if we could start fresh another --

VINCENT

I would prefer you stay a little longer.

Perrow doesn't agree with that and wants to tell him.

DR PERROW

Vincent, these delusions --

VINCENT

*Memories* --

DR PERROW

-- Are a very complex product of severe paranoia; I can't help you --

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

VINCENT  
 (aggressively)  
 I told you they've found me *twice*.

DR PERROW  
 They.

VINCENT  
 The future. The Director.

Perrow sees the anger in him and backs off again taking a seat across from him.

DR PERROW  
 All right. Tell me about the second time.

VINCENT  
 It was a year later.

69 INT. VINCENT'S OFFICE - (FLASHBACK - 2006) - NIGHT (FB5)

69\*

Vincent sits at his computer, working alone in the office after-hours. Esoteric symbols and math fill the screen.

\*  
\*

VINCENT (O.S.)  
 The company had become quite successful.

OLIVER -- enters excitedly.

OLIVER  
 You're not gonna believe how well the meeting went.

VINCENT  
 Meeting?

OLIVER  
 The venture capital company, I told you --

VINCENT  
 And I told you that was a bad idea --

OLIVER  
 For once you were spectacularly wrong. They made an offer.  
 (off his look)  
 I didn't commit yet, because they want your software too but --

Vincent stands assertively but calmly.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

VINCENT

No.

OLIVER

Eighty seven million dollars. Say  
no again. I dare you.

VINCENT

I told you from the beginning --

Oliver throws up his hands in amazement.

OLIVER

We're supposed to be partners --

VINCENT

The software is mine --

OLIVER

*Millions* of dollars! What's wrong  
with you?!

VINCENT

I've told you, if we affect the  
markets in any tangible way it just  
doesn't work --

OLIVER

Okay one, why *is* that?

(beat)

And two: WHO CARES if we sell the  
company for eighty seven million?

(beat)

I'm not taking no for an answer;  
you're hearing them out.

Oliver turns to go.

VINCENT

Oliver, wait...

(beat)

There is no predictive software.

(that stops him)

It doesn't exist; it never did. All  
those computers out there, the  
software, it's just for show, a front.

OLIVER

Then how have -- ?

VINCENT

*I'm* doing it.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

OLIVER

No one could guess large market trends  
that accurately that often --

VINCENT

That's true; I'm not guessing. I'm  
remembering.

OLIVER

What the hell does that mean?

VINCENT

That you can't sell the company,  
Oliver, I'm sorry.

Oliver nods, then takes out his cell phone.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You can't use that in here --

OLIVER

I'm breaking the rules. Because  
you're out of your fucking mind and  
I'm not letting that get in the way  
of forty three and a half --

VINCENT

Don't! Please, stop, I told you,  
it's dangerous, stop!

70 INT. VINCENT'S STUDY - NIGHT (N1)

70

Vincent continues his story.

VINCENT

If I'd stayed silent he might have  
lived, but the FCC was investigating  
the company and had tapped his phone.  
(beat)  
Voice recognition and GPS allowed  
them to find me the moment I spoke...

71 INT. VINCENT'S OFFICE - (FLASHBACK - 2006) - NIGHT (FB5)

71\*

Oliver is on the phone, pacing away from Vincent.

VINCENT -- reaches for something he can use as a weapon to  
shut him up, a heavy HOLE-PUNCH on his desk. He raises it...

OLIVER

Hello, yes, I --

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

OLIVER -- grimaces and drops the phone, which breaks on the floor, then turns to Vincent, robotically, like a messenger.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
 Traveler 001, you are outside mission parameters. Self termination immediately required --

OLIVER -- stops as his nose begins to bleed, he holds his head in silent agony then collapses to the floor.

VINCENT -- stares at him, panting, his makeshift weapon still raised unnecessarily ready to strike.

72 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT (N1)

72

FORBES' SUV drives down a city street.

73 INT. FORBES' CAR - MOVING - NIGHT (N1)

73

Forbes is driving home. He plays a message on speaker.

KATHRYN (O.S.)  
 Walter, it's Kathryn again; I'm at my mother's. Please call me back.

Forbes pulls over, deciding whether or not to call her back, staring at his phone.

A TEXT MESSAGE -- suddenly appears on his phone:

*COME BACK TO THE GYM IMMEDIATELY - WAKEFIELD*

\*

With a sigh, Forbes puts down the phone, puts his car into gear, and turns back the way he came.

74 INT. FBI FACILITY - GYM - NIGHT (N1)

74\*

Forbes enters the room.

It's darker, as it was when MacLaren and his team entered.

TWO DOZEN PEOPLE -- are already gathered, milling around, talking quietly to each other.

THE QUANTUM FRAME -- is LIT UP in the center of the large group, and glows from within ominously.

Forbes goes over to Agent Callahan, tapping his shoulder.

\*

FORBES  
 Any idea what's up? Wakefield just sent me a message to come here.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

AGENT CALLAHAN

\*

Most of us all got the same message;  
he does this. Probably has new  
information.

75 INT. FBI FACILITY - CORRIDOR FOUR - NIGHT (N1)

75\*

Wakefield walks down the corridor with purpose, his phone in hand. He sticks his head into an room, expecting people there. It's empty. He continues down the corridor.

76 INT. FBI FACILITY - GYM - NIGHT (N1)

76\*

Wakefield enters the room and finds the assembled agents and scientists.

He walks into the room, which goes silent as people realize the boss has arrived.

WAKEFIELD

Okay, I'm here. What's so important?

FORBES -- steps up, confused.

FORBES

I was going to ask the same thing.  
(off his look)  
You just texted me.

OTHER AGENTS chime in with "same here," "me too" etc...

WAKEFIELD

What -- ?

An ENERGY PULSE suddenly blasts out from the QUANTUM FRAME, passing through every single man and woman in the room, freezing them in place.

FORBES -- throws back his head and screams in agony.

WAKEFIELD -- screams along with everyone else in the room.

77 INT. FBI FACILITY - MACLAREN'S CELL - NIGHT (N1)

77

MacLaren sits up to the SOUND of two dozen men and women SCREAMING in agony in some distant part of the facility...

78 INT. FBI FACILITY - GYM - NIGHT (N1)

78\*

WIDE -- the GLOW OF ENERGY from the Quantum Frame suddenly stops and every person in the room falls limp to the floor.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

79 INT. VINCENT'S STUDY - NIGHT (N1)

79

Perrow is deeply disturbed by Vincent's story, barely hiding her fear.

DR PERROW

Your business partner *also* died of an aneurysm?

VINCENT

Yes.

DR PERROW

And you became the sole owner of the company...

VINCENT

Yes, although I was forced to branch out into other businesses with the FCC breathing down my neck...

(beat)

It wasn't long after that I started noticing changes in the time --

He stops himself, suddenly aware of her fear of him. She cringes a little at that.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You think I killed them.

(she doesn't answer)

I told you it was the Director.

(she doesn't answer)

You have nothing to be afraid of, Dr Perrow. I feel so much better having unpacked myself of all that baggage, I feel nothing but gratitude.

He smiles. She stands. Get me the hell outta here.

DR PERROW

Then if it's all right, I'd like to go home now. My daughter will be wondering --

VINCENT

Of course, I've kept you too long. Your cell phone and payment, in cash, will be ready outside.

\*  
\*

She walks toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Oh, and please, I'd like to schedule another appointment...

She stops short of the door and confesses.

DR PERROW

Vincent, you need medication. I'm not helping.

VINCENT

Of course you are! It doesn't even matter that you don't believe me. I get to talk with someone who affords me the privacy of doctor/client privilege and you get paid a great deal of money... it's really the ultimate 21st century arrangement.

She nods and goes out.

80 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

80

Trevor sleeps in a hospital room, I.V.s in his arms.

GRACE -- enters the room, pulling her own I.V. behind her, carrying a tablet under her arm, walking very gingerly through the darkness to Trevor's side.

TREVOR -- opens his eyes, groggy, as Grace sets up to do a transfusion of her own blood into Trevor's I.V. He is very weak throughout:

TREVOR

Grace?

GRACE

Shhh. I had to sneak over here.

TREVOR

What're you doing?

GRACE

Sharing the medical nanites I was given by D-13 so that you'll be able to walk again. I overheard them talking.

TREVOR

Oh. Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

GRACE

You're welcome. It's going to quadruple my recovery time, but I suppose your worth --

TREVOR

Whoa, wait, no sweet nanotech for me again? The Director left me out?

GRACE

You've lived longer than any human in history and you're complaining.

TREVOR

Startin' to take it personally.

Beat. Trevor almost falls asleep again, then:

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Wait, don't medical nanites need to be programmed to specific tasks?

GRACE

Yes, and I am a...?

TREVOR

*Programmer.* Sorry, I'm pretty drugged up. I got shot.

She starts tapping instructions into the tablet.

GRACE

I stepped in front of you, remember?

TREVOR

Wow, yeah... You did that.

GRACE

(repeat after me)

Thank you for saving me, Grace.

TREVOR

(smiling at that)

Thank you for saving me, Grace.

GRACE

Now shut up and heal, I need to concentrate.

81 INT. FBI FACILITY - MACLAREN'S CELL - NIGHT (N1)

81

MacLaren sits up at the sound of footsteps approaching.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

FORBES -- enters. MacLaren stands, surprised.

MACLAREN  
Forbes? I thought --

FORBES  
I'm Traveler 4112.

MacLaren doesn't know how to take that.

FORBES (CONT'D)  
Sorry, I know he was a friend.

MACLAREN  
How?

FORBES  
0014 built the Quantum Frame with a fail safe. One that was going to level this whole building the moment Wakefield and his team opened it up.

MacLaren realizes what he heard.

MACLAREN  
Which made all of you host candidates.  
(Forbes nods)  
I heard it happening. How many?

FORBES  
Twenty five of us in the gym, including Wakefield. Who right now is reporting to the director this investigation was a mistake.  
(beat)  
The FBI director I mean, not --

\*

MACLAREN  
Yeah I got it, what about -- ?

FORBES  
The Quantum Frame is being dismantled and scrapped.

MacLaren almost can't believe their good fortune and it takes a moment to sink in.

MACLAREN  
So that's it?

FORBES  
That's it. It's over, Grant.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

81

MACLAREN

You call me Mac. They shorten everything for some reason.

Forbes smiles at that.

FORBES

(nodding)

Good to know, thanks. I'm gonna need your help on a lotta things. Didn't exactly get the same training you did.

MACLAREN

Welcome to the 21st.

82 EXT. VINCENT'S MANSION - NIGHT (N1)

82

Dr Perrow sits in her car waiting. In a moment, a hand knocks on the driver's side door, startling her.

A TALL MAN -- in a black suit stands with a silver tray.

Her cell phone and a thick envelope of cash are on the tray.

She takes both, staring up at him. The Tall Man walks away without a word.

DR PERROW

Thank you.

She rolls up the window and looks at the phone in her hand for a beat.

Suddenly it VIBRATES in her hand and rings.

But she's afraid to answer and lets it go to voicemail.

She puts it down on the passenger seat and drives away.

83 INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

83

MacLaren sits between Carly and Philip, waiting for news in an otherwise empty waiting room in the middle of the night.

Philip breaks the silence.

PHILIP

D'you really think it's ethical to plant a bomb, then take over the people who would have died when that bomb went off? How is that not circular reasoning?

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

CARLY

No way the Director could allow that level of technology into the 21st.

PHILIP

The Director was the one who ordered it built in the first place.

MACLAREN

Hey.... A wise man once told me: *take the win.*

MARCY -- walks over to him. They all stand.

MARCY

They wouldn't tell me much but I got a quick look at their monitors at the nursing station. They're both going to recover.

MACLAREN

I'll take that win too.  
(then)  
C'mon, I'll give you guys a lift home.

PHILIP

You know what, I'm gonna stay.  
(beat)  
He would.

MacLaren nods his approval at that, then he walks out with Marcy and Carly.

PHILIP -- sits back down for the night, still deeply bothered by the Director's actions...

84 INT. FORBES' CAR - MOVING - NIGHT (N1)

84

MacLaren drives with Carly in silence.

CARLY

I've decided I'm not gonna kill you.

MACLAREN

Oh, good. I was gonna ask.

CARLY

I mean there had to be some sort of power struggle back and forth when all that was goin' down.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

CARLY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Who knows who the order came from,  
right?

MACLAREN

'Least it's settled now.

He arrives and pulls over, then turns to her.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Still. Must have been hard for you.

They exchange a long look. If he's flirting with her right now she might just change her mind about killing him.

Carly opens the door and gets out...

CARLY

Thanks for the lift.

And slams the door.

85 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N1)

85

Marcy opens the front door with her key, surprised to find:

DAVID -- on his hands and knees with a bucket and scrub brush, manically trying to get the blood stain out of the hardwood floor, and failing.

MARCY

David?

(beat)

It's the middle of the night.

DAVID

It won't come out.

(beat)

I mean, you'd think they'd properly clean up something like this, you know? All those people here, everyone of them capable of lifting a mop but they just leave a giant blood stain and a business card with the number of a cleaning service. I'm surprised they took the dead body.

MARCY

I'm sorry you had to go through that --

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

DAVID

He was a John Doe by the way, which I found fascinating. Not just no I.D. but no record of any kind. Nada. You probably knew that.

(beat)

Ray's a heck of a nice guy.

Marcy kneels down beside him, concerned for his mental state.

MARCY

Here, let me help you --

He won't let her take the brush and continues a bit.

DAVID

No, I got it, I'm trying baking soda.

(beat)

Good news is, apparently, the Indian lady next door whose name I never knew, told an Officer Boyd, whose name I *do* remember for some reason, that the person who went into her apartment was a stocky bald man with a thick Canadian accent.

(admonishing her)

Those Canadians, man, you gotta watch out. But I'm sure you know all about that too.

He goes back to scrubbing. Marcy goes over to him and kneels, putting her hand on his shoulder, gently.

MARCY

David, stop --

DAVID

Now all I have to do is make myself available for future questioning, whatever that means.

MARCY

That's good.

DAVID

Oh, it's *wonderful*.

He lets her take the brush from his hand.

MARCY

Can I do anything? Make you some tea?

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (2)

85

DAVID

I've had fifty seven cups already.  
Little wired...

She embraces him kneeling behind, head on his shoulder,  
cuddling him like she's comforting a dog.

MARCY

What can I do?

He leans back into her touch slightly, with a sigh.

DAVID

This is good.

MARCY

You take the bedroom tonight, I'll  
take the couch, okay?

DAVID

You know I think I will tonight.  
I'm really tired.

MARCY

Okay.

She hugs him closely, rocking him almost maternally for a  
long beat, then:

DAVID

So how was work?

86 INT. VINCENT'S STUDY - NIGHT (N1)

86

Vincent sits in a chair, eyes closed, while soft CLASSICAL  
MUSIC plays in the room. He is meditating, and looks much  
more relaxed having gotten all that off his chest.

VINCENT'S COMPUTER -- BEEPS an alert from across the room.

VINCENT -- as though waiting for this moment, opens his eyes.  
He calmly stands up. \*

Then he goes over to the computer and sits.

He turns on the TWO LARGE MONITORS, and enters a password. \*

ON ONE SCREEN -- we SEE an ASIAN MAN strapped to a wheel  
chair, facing the screen.

He's beaten and bloodied, having been at this for hours or  
days, but still staring defiantly.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

There appears to be an inch or so of water on the floor.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN:

Vincent types a sentence on the keyboard, and it appears on a second screen in bold white letters over black:

**WHEN ARE YOU FROM?**

VINCENT -- leans back and waits for the man to answer.

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #202

"PROTOCOL 4"

Written by  
Jason Whiting  
and  
Ken Kabatoff

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TRAVELERS  
"Protocol 4"

Set List - GREEN PAGES - 04.25.17

Exteriors

Interiors

ALLEY

CITY STREET

COFFEE TRUCK

DOWNTOWN PLAZA

HOTEL PARKING LOT /  
MACLAREN'S SUV

LECTURE HALL

PIER

STREET / MACLAREN'S SUV

STREET / POLICE CAR

ARTIST'S LOFT

-Bathroom

-Corridor

CARLY'S HOUSE

~~CHILD PROTECTIVE SERVICES~~

~~COFFEE SHOP~~

DAVID'S APARTMENT

-Corridor

DIFFERENT HOTEL

-Conference Room

-Corridor

FBI FIELD OFFICE

GARAGE/OPS

-Bathroom

-Philip's Bedroom

HOSPITAL WARD

HOTEL

-Back Room/Kitchen

-Conference Room

-Corridor

~~-Randy's Office~~

~~JEFF'S APARTMENT~~

JEFF'S POLICE CAR

LECTURE HALL

MACLAREN'S BEDROOM

MACLAREN'S SUV

-Moving

NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS MEETING

WASHINGTON FAMILY SERVICES

TEASER

87 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAWN (D2)

87

PHILIP -- is frantic as he enters Ops.

The aftermath of the attack in EP 112 is on full display: his glass desk is shattered, server stacks and computers are overturned, a total mess.

Philip begins moving furniture, heavy items, searching for something. He grows more agitated.

JUMP CUT -- as he checks his bedroom, bathroom, and other corners of Ops, like a junkie looking for his fix until he finally finds in one of the far corners:

POPPY -- alive and well. Philip breaths a sigh of relief.

PHILIP

I am so sorry.

88 INT. HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (D2)

88

SIX PEOPLE -- occupy the drab conference room.

They stare at a timeshare salesman at the front, RANDY (40s), who stands next to a projector: a colorful presentation portfolio for what appears to be a high-end resort.

RANDY

You're thinking "How could he be offering a Whistler Chalet, a Tuscan Villa and a Caribbean Hideaway all for only twenty thousand dollars?" I've gotta be honest, I'm wondering the same thing. I've been doing this a while. Never seen a deal like this.

He approaches MEREDITH (30s), who sits with her husband.

\*

RANDY (CONT'D)

Meredith, right? Which property appeals to you the most?

\*

MEREDITH

Maybe the Caribbean Hideaway..?

\*

RANDY

Don't we all wish we were there right now.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

MEREDITH

\*

But seven to ten days a year? That's like two thousand dollars a day.

RANDY

Yeah, if ya go *once*! Why would anyone do that? In the long term it can get as low as thirty dollars a day, this is a lifestyle. Isn't that what you're interested in, Dale?

He gestures to DALE (40s), sitting with his wife.

DALE

Yeah, I said that but that was after you said this would only take ninety minutes and we'd get a free dinner at House of Rib.

Pretty much everybody nods in agreement. Randy sighs and cracks his neck.

RANDY

Ninety minutes. I hear ya. All right, I don't know how I'm gonna do it but lemmie go ask my manager, see if we can do better. Gimmie five.

Randy smiles and heads for the door.

RANDY (CONT'D)

When I come back, you'll have a whole new perspective.

89 INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY (D2)

89

Randy exits the conference room, pulls out a key and quietly locks the door behind him, trapping the people inside. He walks down the hall and around the corner.

SLOW PUSH -- into the door... then:

MULTIPLE SCREAMS -- as if travelers are transitioning to the 21st, erupt from behind the closed door.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

90 INT. MACLAREN'S BEDROOM - DAY (D2)

90

MACLAREN is asleep, still in his clothes from the night before. He just flopped down on the bed. A SMALL SOUND wakes him.

He opens his eyes, alert, and HEARS ANOTHER SOUND.

MacLaren slides off the bed, gun in hand, and approaches the open bedroom door when KATHRYN appears in the hallway, scaring the crap out of:

MACLAREN

Kat! Jesus...

She enters with an overnight, angry at her reception.

KATHRYN

You said the danger was over!

MACLAREN

It is!

KATHRYN

Then why are you holding a gun?

He replaces it in his holster.

MACLAREN

You never called me back, I thought you were still at your mothers.

(then quickly)

Why didn't you say something when you came in the house?

KATHRYN

I expected you to be at work.

MACLAREN

I was up all night, sorry if I...  
Doesn't matter, I'm just glad you're home.

Beat.

KATHRYN

I'm not home.

(off his look)

I just came to get some things.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

She steps past him to her dresser, and opens the top drawer to begin packing clothes into her bag.

MACLAREN

I know the past couple of days have been insane --

KATHRYN

I must have left a dozen messages. Until I got yours at four o'clock this morning I was sure you were dead.

MACLAREN

Well that's all over now.

KATHRYN

*What's over?* Tell me.

MacLaren sighs. He obviously can't and hasn't had time to make something up.

MACLAREN

You know I can't talk about --

KATHRYN

You've never said *my life* was in danger.

MacLaren tells a version of the truth.

MACLAREN

Because of my work I was targeted by a... a *group*... and I was afraid that by association you could be in danger too.

(beat)

That turned out not to be the case and they're no longer a threat, that's all I can say.

KATHRYN

How do I know that's even true? You're obviously capable of lying to me.

MACLAREN

Please stay and talk. I'll make us breakfast, we can --

KATHRYN

No, I'm not going to do that.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2) 90

She finishes with the clothes before moving to the bathroom.

MACLAREN

Kat...

He stands at the threshold to the bathroom, a bit awkward.

KATHRYN

Are you planning on supervising?

MACLAREN

What do you want from me?

KATHRYN

I don't want anything, Grant. Not a single thing.

And with that, Kathryn moves past him and out of the room.

91 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - MORNING (D2) 91

It's early morning when MARCY wakes up on David's couch.

MARCY

David?

DAVID

(from the kitchen)

Hey! I made pancakes. You probably don't remember what pancakes are but I happen to know you like them a *lot*.

He sets the food down on the small kitchen table then turns away abruptly as Marcy stands.

MARCY

What's wrong?

DAVID

Nothing, just... You used to sleep naked when we met and I thought maybe you forgot --  
(peeking)  
Nope. False alarm.

They take their usual seats with David facing the living room.

MARCY

How long have you been up?

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

DAVID

Oh, since... all night. I was  
thinkin' about watchin' some TV but  
you were all wrapped up cozy on the  
couch, I didn't want to wake you...

David's distracted, his eyes keep darting over Marcy's  
shoulder to a spot on the floor behind her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hey, you know what? Let's switch  
things up and you sit here. I always  
sit on this side.

He's full of nervous energy as they change seats.

MARCY

Are you okay?

DAVID

Sure! I don't know. No.

(beat)

A strange man died across from where  
I eat my cereal every morning and I  
guess I'm having a hard time dealing --

MARCY

He was going to kill you.

DAVID

Yeah, that doesn't help.

MARCY

I was the one he was looking for.

DAVID

That definitely doesn't --

MARCY

It's over, David. You're safe.

He looks her in the eyes. She means it.

DAVID

You know that does make me feel a  
little better. There you go.

(beat)

Yay, safety.

Marcy regards David clinically.

92 INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY (D2)

92

TREVOR is propped up in bed talking to RENE.

RENE

God, I thought your parents were never going to leave.

TREVOR

They're worried about me.

RENE

Okay but the doctor said this could all just be temporary, right? From the swelling? Does it hurt?

TREVOR

No.

RENE

You really can't feel anything?

Trevor shakes his head as she puts her hand on his knee.

RENE (CONT'D)

Nothing?

TREVOR

No.

RENE

What about... this?

She grins mischievously as she slips one hand under the sheets.

RENE (CONT'D)

Speaking of swelling...

TREVOR

Rene, the nurses could walk in any --

RENE

Bet you can feel that.

He grabs her hand.

TREVOR

*Rene, please...*

(beat)

I'm still in recovery. I shouldn't get too excited, I should rest.

She stops to consider this.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

RENE

Okay, babe. You rest. I'll see you tomorrow and the next day and the next.

She leans over and gives him a big kiss before she leaves.

GRACE (O.S.)

Do I seriously have to listen to that tomorrow and the next day and the next?

The curtain slides back to reveal GRACE propped up in an adjacent hospital bed, eating hospital food from a tray.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I almost pressed the call button because I thought I was going to throw up my lunch.

TREVOR

She's very young.

GRACE

You're very old.

TREVOR

Can't argue with that.

Grace realizes Trevor is worried.

GRACE

You really don't feel anything yet? I mean, the amount of medical nanites I gave you was barely above the minimum threshold but I thought you'd have some sensation by now.

TREVOR

(looks at his feet)  
With age comes patience.  
(then)  
How are you feeling?

GRACE

Like I could walk outta here, but I'll have to fake it for a while or they'll think I'm a medical miracle.  
(beat)  
Besides, I love the food in here; it's amazing!  
(mouth full)  
Right?

93 EXT. STREET / POLICE CAR - DAY (D3)

93

CARLY's walking home when a police car rolls up behind her on the wrong side of the road. It's JEFF.

JEFF

Carly... Carly!

She keeps walking.

CARLY

What d'you want?

JEFF

How 'bout answer your phone.

(beat)

I'm not here to creep, just to say thanks.

CARLY

You can thank your Sergeant. He made me give the statement.

JEFF

Oh, I did.

(beat)

I'm just as upset about Jeffrey Jr as you.

Now Carly stops. She turns, emotional.

CARLY

I'm not even allowed to see him, Jeff. No contact.

JEFF

Me neither.

That surprises Carly.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You didn't know?

(off her look)

How 'bout let's go somewhere and talk.

OFF Carly, giving him a long hard look.

94 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D3)

94

FORBES looks rattled as he enters the office where MacLaren's already working.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

MACLAREN

Hey, partner. Everything all right?

FORBES

Just went into the wrong bathroom.

MACLAREN

Back to basic training for you.

MacLaren hands him a folder.

FORBES

What's this?

MACLAREN

Missing persons report.

Forbes examines the six summary cases. We recognize some faces: Meredith, Dale, and the rest of the group.

\*

FORBES

A speech therapist, a house painter,  
and two married couples...

MACLAREN

All reported missing in the past  
twenty-four hours.

FORBES

Doesn't missing persons fall under  
local law enforcement?

MACLAREN

We come in if there's an interstate  
component.

FORBES

Right...

MACLAREN

All six failed to check out of this  
hotel. Just left their belongings.

MacLaren points at a map on the screen. Forbes reads:

FORBES

"Serenity Inn and Suites."  
(then)

So I guess we have to go there.

MACLAREN

Yeah, we're FBI agents. Badges and  
everything.

\*

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (2)

94

FORBES

All right, but can you drive? I'm  
still a little new at it.

\*  
\*

MacLaren grabs his coat, smiling at that.

MACLAREN

C'mon, you just need practice.

95 INT. NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS MEETING - DAY (D3)

95

Philip sits in a circle with OTHER MEMBERS of a Narcotics Anonymous meeting being led by COLIN.

COLIN

I want to say hello to some faces  
we've missed and to a couple of new  
ones.

He nods at a PRETTY GIRL sitting to the right of Philip.

COLIN (CONT'D)

There's no way to do this alone so I  
want to thank each of you for showing  
up today. Who'd like to start?

Beat.

PHILIP

I will.

COLIN

Thank you, Philip.

PHILIP

My name's Philip and I'm an addict.

GROUP

Hi, Philip.

PHILIP

You know the hardest thing about  
this is admitting to yourself that  
you're not strong enough. That you  
can't just stop. Even when you know  
what it's doing to you.

(beat)

I was doing all right, I really was,  
but then I lost someone close to me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Technically not "lost-lost" she's still in my life, she's just... this is impossible to explain. I *feel* like she's gone. At least, a part of her is. That makes everything harder, especially...

(beat)

Anyway, I miss her.

COLIN

Thank you, Philip.

The GROUP MURMURS their support.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Who'd like to go next?

96 INT. NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS MEETING - DAY (D3)

96

The meeting's over and Philip is standing by the coffee and donuts when the pretty girl, JENNY (20s), wanders over.

JENNY

Hi. I'm sorry about your friend.

PHILIP

Thanks.

JENNY

We need all the support we can get, right?

(off his look)

I'm Traveler 4514. The Director assigned me to help you.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

97 EXT. PIER - DAY (D3)

97\*

Marcy and David walk side by side. He takes a deep breath.

DAVID

You're right; fresh air is good.

MARCY

It's important not to get fixated.

DAVID

Was I getting fixated? I was.

MARCY

It's normal to be rattled by trauma, you just want to make sure it doesn't tip into something more serious.

DAVID

Like what?

She stops to indicate an empty city bench.

MARCY

Let's sit.

David is sitting when a cargo ship BLASTS its horn. \*

DAVID -- almost screams as he bolts back up.

DAVID

Jesus!

Marcy nods.

MARCY

I think you're experiencing early symptoms of PTSD.

DAVID

That's ridiculous. Soldiers in battle get PTSD. First responders in horrible disasters --

MARCY

Heightened anxiety, inability to sleep, exaggerated startle response.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

DAVID  
*Exaggerated startle..?* You made  
that one up.  
(off her look)  
I feel fine!

Marcy looks down at his clenched fists, clearly he's not fine. She takes a seat.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Okay I get it, you're a doctor --

MARCY  
It's technically too early to diagnose  
but early treatment won't hurt and  
*should* help, so...

She indicates the seat beside her and David finally relents.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
Give me your hands.

She places his hands palms-down on his knees.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
Now close your eyes. Think about  
what happened to you while you focus  
on my tapping, okay?

Marcy begins to TAP David's hands in an alternating fashion.

DAVID  
Seriously, is this a real thing?  
Cause it feels a little bullshitty.

Marcy stays quiet as David opens his eyes again.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Sorry, it's just... Maybe we should  
just keep walking.

Marcy gives him a look.

MARCY  
Good idea.

She stands up.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
I'll meet you back at the apartment.

DAVID  
Where are you going?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

97

MARCY

To get something that'll help.

98 EXT. DOWNTOWN PLAZA - DAY (D3)

98\*

Philip and Jenny walk together through a plaza. \*

PHILIP

So your mission is to help *me*.

JENNY

Specifically to give you this.

She pulls out a CLEAR VISINE-LIKE eyedropper.

PHILIP

Eye drops?

JENNY

A synthetic compound to help with your heroin addiction that's invented twenty years or so from now.

(remembering)

Naloxone, buprenorphine and some other things that are even harder to pronounce. But it *will* stop the craving and curb your withdrawal.

This pisses Philip off a little.

PHILIP

And I'm just getting this *now*?

JENNY

(with a shrug)

Hey, I know you were trying hard, but then you had that setback when you got captured and they gave you --

PHILIP

How d'you know about that?

She raises her hand to identify herself as someone from the:

JENNY

Future.

(then)

I dunno, maybe it took time to synthesize. Maybe the Director figured you'd quit on your own and you couldn't do it.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

PHILIP

You think it's easy?

JENNY

I wouldn't know.

She hands him the eyedropper. Philip hesitates.

JENNY -- takes it and drops the liquid into her own eyes.

JENNY (CONT'D)

There, see? It's perfectly...

Suddenly, her eyes widen, and she begins to choke...

Philip steps back, shocked, then she breaks into a laugh.

PHILIP

That wasn't funny.

JENNY

Yeah it was.

Philip gives in. He holds the dropper over his right eye.

JENNY (CONT'D)

One drop per eye as needed.

THE LIQUID -- drops into Philip's right eye, then he does the other one. It feels good.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I'm Jenny, by the way.

They share a smile. Philip takes a moment to look at his surroundings, feeling refreshed, a new man.

PHILIP

Wow. This is...

JENNY

Yep.

PHILIP

So now what do I do?

JENNY

Whatever you want.

Philip ponders his options before he turns back to Jenny.

PHILIP

What are you gonna do?

99 EXT. STREET - MACLAREN'S SUV - DAY (D3) 99

MacLaren's SUV creeps along the street, jerking and accelerating.

99A INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D3) 99A

Forbes is grasping the wheel tightly, leaning over the wheel driving terribly.

MACLAREN

Did you receive *any* training on the simulator?

FORBES

You had a simulator?

MACLAREN

Wow, okay, loosen up on the wheel, get outta your head. Sing a song or something you know by heart.

FORBES

(thinking)

Ah...

MACLAREN

Doesn't have to be a song. Something you know by rote. List the protocols.

FORBES

Protocol one, the mission comes first. Two, leave the future in the past...

MACLAREN

Good, see? You're already better.

FORBES

Protocol three, don't take a life, don't save a life, unless otherwise directed. Protocol four, don't reproduce, Protocol --

With that he hits the brakes too hard and they lurch forward.

MACLAREN

Seven, easy on the brakes.

100 EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY (D3) 100

The parking lot of the Serenity Inn and Suites. The SUV comes to a stop parked across two spaces on an angle.

\*

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

MACLAREN -- gets out of the passenger side of the car like it's a burning building. Forbes gets out too.

They begin to WALK and TALK toward the Hotel entrance.

MACLAREN

I can't imagine how you got to work today.

\*

FORBES

Just like that.

MACLAREN -- notices liquid pooling underneath a SHUTTLE BUS parked nearby as they walk.

MACLAREN

Protocol 2 isn't gonna get you out of practicing --

\*

\*

MacLaren's cell phone begins to ring, it's Kathryn.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

(to Forbes)

One sec.

(answers the phone)

Kat. Hi.

KATHRYN (O.S.)

You're right. We should talk.

MACLAREN

Great. Why don't you come by the house tonight? I can make us --

KATHRYN (O.S.)

I'm staying at Nicole's while she's away. I'll text you the address.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (2)

100

MACLAREN  
(deflated)  
Sure. Can I bring anything -- ?

She hangs up.

101 EXT. COFFEE TRUCK / INT. JEFF'S POLICE CAR - DAY (D3)

101\*

Carly stares Jeff down.

\*

JEFF  
I don't even know how we got to this  
point...

CARLY  
You beat me.

\*

JEFF  
Never again.

CARLY  
You've said that before.

JEFF  
(half joking)  
Yeah, well now I'm afraid you'd kick  
my ass.  
(then off her look)  
They took away our son, Carly. We  
need to be on the same side.

CARLY  
You charged me with assault, blocked  
me from getting a job, and told the  
judge I was an unfit mother.

JEFF  
You have every right to be pissed at  
me. But I did those things 'cause I  
was pissed at *you*. How 'bout lets  
stop bein' pissed at each other, see  
what happens.

Beat. Jeff confesses.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

JEFF (CONT'D)  
(sincerely)  
When I saw that girl about to shoot  
you, I just... I felt...  
(beat)  
I can't imagine what I'd do if I  
lost you for good. For real.

Carly sees the real pain in Jeff's eyes.

CARLY  
I guess I never thanked you for that.

JEFF  
Still haven't.

CARLY  
Thank you.

JEFF  
You're welcome.

102 INT. HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (D3)

102

MacLaren and Forbes enter the empty conference room, followed  
by Randy who stays near the door.

They look around for anything suspicious.

MACLAREN  
So run us through what happened.

RANDY  
Seminar was going great, I had two  
buyers on the hook, maybe three. I  
left the room near the end to get my  
manager. We usually offer a slightly  
better deal to drive it home...

MACLAREN  
Sure.

RANDY  
Except when I came back twenty minutes  
later they were all gone.

FORBES  
Twenty minutes?

RANDY  
Sales technique, leave 'em to stew  
on it a bit --

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

MACLAREN

Must not have been a great deal.

MacLaren notices the CCTV camera in the far corner.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Can you play us the security footage?

CLICK. MacLaren and Forbes turn to find Randy gone, the door having just closed behind him.

MACLAREN -- shoots a look to Forbes, then rushes to the door.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Mr Conway?

No response. He tries to open the door but it won't budge. \*

MacLaren turns and runs to the opposite side of the room, to \*

another set of doors behind the projector. Forbes follows. \*

103 INT. HOTEL - BACK ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY (D3)

103\*

MacLaren and Forbes burst through the doors. \*

MACLAREN

You take that way.

Forbes takes off in the opposite direction.

104 EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY (D3)

104

Randy runs to his car with MacLaren close behind him, gaining fast.

BEEP! Randy unlocks his car and goes to hop in when:

MACLAREN -- slams him into the side of his car.

MACLAREN

Running from a federal officer is a bad idea.

Forbes approaches from another direction, and points his weapon at Randy.

FORBES

FREEZE!

MACLAREN

(to Forbes)

I think I got it. Put that away.

Forbes holsters his sidearm.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

RANDY

All I did was lock the door to keep them inside. I know it goes against the fire code but --

MACLAREN

Six people are missing, Randy, I'm not worried about the fire code.

Randy nods.

RANDY

I don't know what happened to them. When I came back they were gone, I swear.

MACLAREN

The security tape?

105 INT. HOTEL - BACK ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY (D3)

105\*

Randy searches for the video footage on his computer.

RANDY

We only use this for training purposes --

MACLAREN

We don't care.

Forbes sees a tray of donuts still on the table.

FORBES

Can I have one'a these?

RANDY

Sure, but they're a day old.

Forbes grabs one like that's a good thing and the taste sensation of a glazed donut blows his mind. He turns to MacLaren, eyes wide as he chews.

MACLAREN

(to Randy)

Press play please.

Randy turns his computer to face them.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN -- wide angle CCTV footage of the seminar from the teaser. Randy leaves the room and after a few moments the group of six reacts to something off screen, then: STATIC.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

MACLAREN -- looks to Forbes. They both draw the same conclusion: travelers. \*

When the STATIC ends, they're all gone.

FORBES

You haven't tampered with this?

Randy was just as surprised as they are.

RANDY

No. I swear.

MACLAREN

You can stop swearing. Did you have any more plans for the group?

RANDY

We shuttle them to our sister location to pick up their free dinner vouchers.

MACLAREN

In that shuttle bus outside.

RANDY

Yeah, why?

MACLAREN

Might want to get your brakes checked. \*  
Thanks for your time. \*

Forbes grabs another donut as they leave.

106 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT / CORRIDOR - DAY (D3)

106

Marcy stands in front of David's door, she sticks her key in the lock but it doesn't turn. Strange. She KNOCKS.

DAVID (O.S.)

Marce?

MARCY

My key isn't working.

Three loud CLICKS come from the other side before David opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

DAVID

Hi.

MARCY -- steps past David and turns to see him lock a newly-added DEAD-BOLT.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I stopped by the hardware store on the way home, and turns out they were having a big lock sale.

(off her look)

Yay, safety!

Marcy gestures to the dining room table.

MARCY

Why don't you take a seat?

107 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D3)

107

Marcy stands in front of David, adjusting a TRIPOD that holds a LIGHT-BAR at eye level.

\*

DAVID

What is this?

MARCY

It's an eye movement therapy kit to treat PTSD.

\*

DAVID

So long as there's no surgery.

MARCY

(all business)

Follow the light with your eyes.

MARCY -- hits a button and light-bulbs fire from left to right in a rapid hypnotic pattern that instantly grabs David's attention.

MARCY (CONT'D)

I want you to think about what you were doing moments before the man arrived.

DAVID

I was, ah... I was washing the dishes.

MARCY

Concentrate on how you felt.

David continues to follow the light throughout.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

MARCY (CONT'D)  
What happened next?

DAVID  
Ah... *drying* the dishes?

MARCY  
On a scale of one to ten, what would  
you say your stress level is --

DAVID  
Eightish? I don't see how this is --

Marcy adjusts her chair to face David.

MARCY  
It's part of the desensitization  
process. Give me your hands.

She places his hands palms-down on his knees.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
Close your eyes again.

Marcy begins to TAP David's hands in an alternating fashion.

DAVID  
All right.

David closes his eyes and remembers:

108 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB6)

108

David stands at the sink drying dishes. There's a knock at  
the door. He wipes his hands on a cloth and steps over.

He opens the door and -- WHACK -- the door slams into David's  
head, sending him to the ground.

The ASSASSIN from EP 112 steps in holding a gun.

109 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D3)

109

Marcy continues to tap David's hands.

DAVID  
He forced his way in.

MARCY  
How did you feel when that happened?

110 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB6) 110

David looks up at the Assassin who steps over and kicks him in the stomach.

The Assassin checks the kitchen, living room and bathroom.

BLOOD -- drips from the top of David's head.

111 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D3) 111

David flinches in his chair. The memory is overwhelming.

DAVID  
He kept hitting me...

112 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB6) 112

David's on his knees, phone to his ear. He ducks down as the Assassin gets shot in the head from off screen.

CLOSE ON HIS FACE -- staring at the lifeless Assassin.

113 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D3) 113

The memory is too much for David. He begins to hyperventilate.

MARCY  
David, I'm right here. Look at me.

David's body stiffens.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
David, I'm right here... DAVID!

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

114 EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT / MACLAREN'S SUV - DAY (D3) 114

MacLaren and Forbes exit the hotel and walk back to the SUV, passing the SHUTTLE BUS nearby.

Forbes regards the donut in his hand like it's a miracle before he takes a bite.

FORBES

Why d'you figure they put a hole in em?

MACLAREN

What say we concentrate on one mystery at a time. \*

FORBES

New arrivals cause static on video cameras. Pretty obvious it's six new travelers.

MACLAREN

With a total disregard for protocol five.

FORBES

Maybe they're on mission.

MACLAREN

Let's be sure. In the meantime we'll bury the connection to the hotel.

MacLaren reaches up to activate his com.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Philip, you there?

PHILIP (O.S.)

Yeah, go ahead.

MACLAREN

I'm leaving the scene of what looks like a mass arrival -- six people in a hotel conference room. You remember anything about a group of travelers coming today?

115 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D3) 115

Philip walks along a city street with Jenny.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

PHILIP

Ah, how were they supposed to die?

MACLAREN

I'm just guessing but something with a shuttle bus. Maybe brake failure?

Philip closes his eyes and thinks. Nothin'.

PHILIP

Nothing like that today, but you know the timeline's been changing...

MacLaren looks at Forbes.

MACLAREN

Or they went missing for a different reason.

PHILIP

You mean like we went missing?

MACLAREN

Let's hope not. I'll keep on it.

PHILIP -- turns back to Jenny.

PHILIP

(then to Jenny)  
Sorry about that.

JENNY

Must be a relief.

PHILIP

What?

JENNY

If you're seeing changes in the timeline it will mean you won't have to carry the burden of knowing everyone who's about to die.

PHILIP

Maybe eventually... It is amazing how little has changed considering everything we've done.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2)

115

JENNY  
(speaking of that)  
I know what happened with Aleksander  
Andreiko.

Philip eyes a traffic camera ahead.

PHILIP  
Maybe we shouldn't talk about that.

JENNY  
Hey, I agree with what you did. You  
saved that kid's life.  
(beat)  
You know the Director isn't perfect.

PHILIP  
We *definitely* shouldn't talk about --

JENNY  
The Director doesn't send A.I. into  
the past --

PHILIP  
Because it can't.

JENNY  
Right, it needs us to do its work,  
but don't forget, we created it.  
The Director might not be able to  
break rules but we can.

Philip smiles.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
What?

PHILIP  
I feel like I'm waiting to be struck  
by lightning.

She looks up.

JENNY  
Not a black cloud in the sky.

A MOTHER -- walks by with her kid. Philip makes eye contact,  
waiting for the kid to go messenger. Nothing. Jenny takes  
his hand.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
C'mon.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (3) 115

PHILIP  
Where're we going?

JENNY  
It's a surprise.

She grabs him by the hand and leads the way.

116 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - EVENING (N3) 116

Marcy applies a cold compress to David's forehead.

MARCY  
Any better?

DAVID  
I have no idea.

MARCY  
I have another different treatment.

DAVID  
Can it be later?

MARCY  
Sure.

She places a JOINT on the coffee table in front of them.

David's eyes go wide.

DAVID  
On the other hand sometimes medicine  
is the best medicine.

MARCY  
Cannabis is well known to help with  
symptoms of --

David picks it up and smells it for quality.

DAVID  
*Absolutely* it's known to.

Marcy takes out a lighter.

MARCY  
You have to inhale the smoke.

DAVID  
I'm familiar with the process.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

David takes a long drag and holds it in, then offers it back to Marcy, who's reluctant. David exhales as he talks.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's excellent for memory loss too.

Marcy shakes her head. No it isn't.

117 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT / CORRIDOR - NIGHT (N3)

117

MacLaren holds a plain paper bag as he KNOCKS ON A HALLWAY DOOR. It takes a moment for Kathryn to open up.

MACLAREN

Hi.

She lets him into the high-ceilinged loft.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

(looking around)

This is nice.

KATHRYN

You've been here. We helped her move in.

MACLAREN

(covering)

All I remember is boxes. \*

Kathryn takes a seat at the table while MacLaren peels off to the kitchen to get glasses. \*

KATHRYN

What are you doing? \*

MACLAREN

Getting a couple of glasses. \*

She doesn't argue as MacLaren searches through the kitchen for glasses and and bottle opener. \*

MACLAREN (CONT'D) \*

So... how long is Nicole away? \*

KATHRYN \*

All year, she's on sabbatical. \*

He carries a bottle, opener, and two glasses over to the table where Kathryn sits beside a stack of papers. \*

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

MACLAREN  
(off the papers)  
What's this?

\*

KATHRYN  
Separation papers.

117 CONTINUED: (2)

117

He starts to page through the document.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
They have to be filed before --

MACLAREN  
You're talking divorce?

KATHRYN  
You broke your vows, Grant --

MACLAREN  
And I told you it was the worst  
mistake I ever --

As he gesticulates his hands he accidentally knocks over his  
empty wine glass. \*

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
Shit...

He picks up the glass on the floor not realizing he's just  
cut himself.

KATHRYN  
You're bleeding.

He examines his bleeding thumb, embarrassed.

MACLAREN  
Yeah, do you have any -- ?

KATHRYN  
Bathroom's right there. \*

118 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - BATHROOM - NIGHT (N3)

118

MacLaren holds his thumb as he looks around, then spots Kat's  
toiletry bag on the counter in the bathroom and pulls out a  
box of Band-Aids. He runs water over the wound turning the  
sink red. \*

He looks in the mirror, shaking his head at himself.

As he takes out the bandage, he spots something inside her  
bag unzipped on the sink. \*

He bends to get a better look.

What he sees rocks him.

119 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - NIGHT (N3) 119

MacLaren comes back into the loft looking like he's in shock.

KATHRYN  
Everything all right?

MACLAREN  
I have to go.

KATHRYN  
Not before you sign these.

MacLaren signs the papers without protest. His cut is just wrapped in kleenex. \*

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
Thank you. Are you okay? \*

MacLaren doesn't even answer. Kathryn watches him go.

120 INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT (N3) 120

Trevor and Grace lie side by side in their hospital beds.

GRACE  
Trevor? Are you asleep?

He opens his eyes.

TREVOR  
I was. I was dreaming.

GRACE  
About what?

TREVOR  
I was walking in the park.

GRACE  
I don't dream much.

TREVOR  
Yeah, I can tell.

GRACE  
Sorry, I shouldn't have woken you.

Beat. Trevor closes his eyes again.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
I'm just used to being able to have an intelligent conversation 24/7.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

TREVOR

(opening his eyes)

I thought you weren't a "people person."

GRACE

Who said that?

TREVOR

Ellis.

GRACE

Oh. He was right, actually, but I was talking about the Director. Lamenting those conversations are over now.

TREVOR

I talked to the Director a few times.

GRACE

I talked to it endlessly.

(beat)

I don't know what to do with myself.

TREVOR

Protocol five. You can counsel children.

GRACE

*Please*, I said intelligent conversation.

TREVOR

So you miss the Director.

GRACE

Huh. I think I do. Interesting.

(then)

You miss *her*, don't you.

(off his look)

I can tell by the way you look at me.

TREVOR

What you see is my realization that instead of saving Grace's life, I made her last hours terrifying.

(beat)

I guess I've cheated death for so long, I thought I could do the same for someone else. But I've lived long enough to know better.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: (2) 120

GRACE

Try to understand that the faction  
had already corrupted the Director;  
the grand plan was in jeopardy --

TREVOR

I understand.

121 INT. LECTURE HALL - NIGHT (N3) 121

Philip and Jenny hurry into a half-filled lecture hall and  
take a seat toward the back.

The lights dim as an unseen voice introduces the speaker.

VOICE (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, please give a  
warm welcome to our speaker for the  
evening, Dr Edwin Calloway!

Philip is fully incredulous as the CROWD APPLAUDS.

PHILIP

You can't be serious.

Jenny smiles enigmatically as a doughy white guy, EDWIN  
CALLOWAY (50s), approaches the lectern.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Edwin Calloway? Do you know how  
much hatred and intolerance this guy  
inspires?

Jenny puts her finger to her lips as Calloway begins to speak.

DR CALLOWAY

Immigration is the true test of a  
nation because the nation needs to  
be strong enough to survive it.

(beat)

Too much accommodation and the host  
dilutes and sputters...

PHILIP

(whispering to Jenny)

This guy's a racist dick, I'm not  
watching this.

JENNY

Shhh. Wait.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

DR CALLOWAY

How many people here today feel like  
this country is headed in the right  
direction?

Philip moves to put his hand up just to be contrary but Jenny  
stops him.

DR CALLOWAY (CONT'D)

And how many feel like their cultures  
and traditions are being respected  
by the people who they suddenly find  
sharing their streets, taking their  
jobs, dating their daughters?

(beat)

Well there's a reason you feel this  
way: *their* cultures don't respect  
*your* culture.

An IMAGE appears on the big screen:

A CLOSE-UP PICTURE -- of Dr Calloway looking happy, maybe  
too happy, slightly maniacal.

DR CALLOWAY (CONT'D)

That's a mistake.

THE SECOND SLIDE -- is a more zoomed-out version of the first  
one, this time showing Calloway more fully: his shirt is off  
and he's in a hotel room.

The AUDIENCE MURMURS.

DR CALLOWAY (CONT'D)

All right. Shut it off.

The images keep coming and we see the scene for what it is:

THE LAST SLIDE -- features Edwin Calloway cavorting with a  
SHIRTLESS MAN with a ball gag in his mouth and a LEATHER-  
CLAD WOMAN with a whip -- clearly engaged in some sort of  
BDSM sexual scenario.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PHILIP -- looks over at Jenny who's grinning wildly.

DR CALLOWAY (CONT'D)

Shut if off!

The CROWD ERUPTS ALL AROUND THEM as Jenny pulls Philip from  
his seat and they rush out of the hall.

122 EXT. LECTURE HALL - NIGHT (N3)

122

Jenny and Philip rush into an alcove beside the lecture hall full of giddy energy.

PHILIP

You did that.

JENNY

Still not struck by lightning.

She holds her hands up as if to say "nothing happened" then pulls a vial of eye drops from her purse and doses before passing the bottle to Philip.

PHILIP

Thanks, I feel fine.

JENNY

But d'you want to feel amazing?

(beat)

Don't worry, it's safe.

Jenny watches him dose with a smile before she leans in and kisses him on the lips.

Philip is caught off guard. But he quickly catches up.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

123 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N3) 123

Philip and Jenny can't keep their hands off each other as they enter Ops.

Philip leads her to his bedroom where they lay down on his single bed and continue to make out.

JENNY -- playfully takes off her shirt revealing her bra underneath and goes for Philip's shirt.

PHILIP

Hold on.

He slides off the bed and searches through the nearby shelves.

He turns back around holding a CONDOM in a shiny wrapper.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Protocol 4, right?

Philip smiles as he hops back into bed.

124 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N3) 124

MUSIC plays while Marcy lies on the couch. David sits in the adjacent chair smoking the joint.

He offers it back to Marcy. She declines.

DAVID

What was I saying..?

MARCY

That you should sell the apartment.

DAVID

Right. I don't know. I think you have to say if someone died in the disclosure form. "Hardwood floors with slight John Doe assassin blood stain."

MARCY

Re-stain the floor. Nobody has to know.

DAVID

See? That's why you're an FBI doctor.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

DAVID (CONT'D)

(beat)

Who am I kidding; I can't sell this place. All my stuff's here.

David puts out the joint in a makeshift ashtray made from an upside down coffee cup.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Man, I am really feeling this.

David closes his eyes.

Marcy stares at the wall, then quietly answers.

MARCY

I don't feel anything.

125 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D4)

125

MacLaren and Forbes sit at their desks going over data on the missing persons case. MacLaren is preoccupied with what he saw at Kat's house staring at his screen.

FORBES

Hey, Mac?

MACLAREN

Whatever it is, try figuring it out on your own.

FORBES

I just did.

Forbes gestures to his screen. MacLaren sighs and comes over to look over his shoulder.

FORBES (CONT'D)

Two of our missing people were flagged in Sacramento. Local PD got 'em running a red light.

MACLAREN

"Dale Miller" and "Meredith Gilroy".

(beat)

Guess they don't know how to drive either.

FORBES

I suggested these two were just having an affair.

\*

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

MACLAREN

What about the others?

FORBES

Technically no longer under our jurisdiction. Local PD took it back.

MACLAREN

Huh. There's hope for you yet.

126 INT. WASHINGTON FAMILY SERVICES - OFFICE - DAY (D4)

126\*

Jeff and Carly sit across from their case worker, JACQUELINE PEELE, she has their file open on her desk.

JACQUELINE

I understand this is a difficult time for both of you. But the seventy-two hour dependency action was filed and Jeffrey Jr will be in the care of the state until the next assessment.

CARLY

That's why we're here. We need to see him.

JACQUELINE

Not until the next hearing, I'm sorry. Trust that he's in a good home.

JEFF

I'm his father. I have a right to see my son.

JACQUELINE

The action was filed for Jeffrey's safety.

CARLY

By who?  
(off her look)  
It was you, wasn't it?

JACQUELINE

When we received information regarding the police incident --

JEFF

Hold on, I was cleared of --

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

JACQUELINE

-- I called you, Mr Conniker, and we spoke at length, but I understand why you might forget the conversation.

Jeff is ashamed that he was drunk. Carly glares at him.

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

We also tried unsuccessfully to contact you, Ms Shannon.

Neither has an excuse.

CARLY

So what do we do?

JACQUELINE

Based on your current behavior and your history... It may be time to consider allowing another guardian to look after Jeffrey.

(beat)

Indefinitely.

CARLY

You mean adoption?

JACQUELINE

For Jeffrey's sake --

JEFF

We have rights. I am *not* giving my son over to some stranger.

JACQUELINE

Unless things radically change, that is going to remain Jeffrey Jr's best option.

127 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D4)

127

Marcy adjusts furniture over a brand new area rug that covers the blood stain on the floor.

She looks over as David unlocks the dead-bolts and enters the apartment with a bag of groceries.

DAVID

Hey, what's this?

MARCY

I got you a present.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

DAVID

Wow, that's great! It covers up the --

MARCY

That's the idea.

DAVID

I got you a present too.

He holds out a set of freshly-cut keys.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Yay safe --

Marcy holds up her hand, interrupting.

MARCY

I won't be needing them.

(off his look)

I'm not staying.

DAVID

What?

MARCY

You can continue the therapy on your own as you feel you need it. I can already tell you're starting to --

DAVID

When did you decide this?

MARCY

I was told my living here was always temporary.

DAVID

You can't just buy me a goodbye rug and then --

MARCY

David, you went through a traumatic experience --

DAVID

I feel another one coming on --

MARCY

Just keep up your treatments --

DAVID

Don't talk to me like I'm a patient, because I'm --

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED: (2)

127

MARCY

*I'm responsible for what happened.*

DAVID

You said we're safe.

MARCY

You are. But you'll be safer without me.

DAVID

How is that even possible? You're the one who saved me!

MARCY

And look at the result! Your anxiety may never go away completely.

(beat)

*I did that to you.*

David musters courage, then:

DAVID

You asked me before if we were intimate. And I didn't want to say because I... I don't even know why, I'm an idiot.

(beat)

What I should have said was yes, we were intimate.

(beat)

I love you, Marcy. And you love me. You just don't remember.

MARCY

You're right. I don't.

Marcy steps closer to David.

MARCY (CONT'D)

But I do care about you...

She kisses him on the cheek. That shatters him.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Enough to leave.

Marcy grabs her bag and exits, leaving David alone.

128 INT. GARAGE/OPS - PHILIP'S BEDROOM - DAY (D4)

128

Jenny is cradled in Philip's arms. He looks over at her with a smile as she stirs awake.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

JENNY  
Hi.

PHILIP  
Hey.

They share a moment of silence.

JENNY  
What are you thinking about?

PHILIP  
Actually, I was wondering --

THE FRONT DOOR -- swings open and Marcy enters. Philip and Jenny scramble for their clothes.

MARCY (O.S.)  
Philip?

PHILIP  
Yeah! Uh, just a minute.

Marcy appears at the office door where he sleeps to find Jenny pulling on her shirt.

MARCY  
Who are you?

PHILIP  
This is Jenny.

JENNY  
Hi.

MARCY  
Hello.  
(to Philip)  
Can I talk to you for a second?

She steps away to the open area of Ops, Philip follows.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
You brought a twenty-firster to Ops?

PHILIP  
Actually, she's a traveler.

MARCY  
That's better *how*?

Jenny steps out from the bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: (2)

128

JENNY  
(to Philip)  
So I'm gonna go.

MARCY  
Good idea.

PHILIP  
Talk to you later?

Jenny leaves as Marcy studies Philip's face.

MARCY  
What's going on? You've upped your dosage.

PHILIP  
I'm clean, Marcy. That's how we met. The Director sent her to help me.

He holds out the eyedropper.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
A synthesized drug to help me get off heroin.

Marcy takes a closer look.

MARCY  
The Director sent another traveler to help even though I'm the team's medic?

Philip shrugs, fueling Marcy's insecurities.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
I need to find out what it's made of.

PHILIP  
Naloxone, buprenorphine and some other things.

MARCY  
What other things?

PHILIP  
I don't care, it works. My body doesn't hurt all the time when I'm not high. I get to have a normal life.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: (3)

128

MARCY

There's nothing normal about this.

PHILIP

Why, because I met someone? You  
have someone.

MARCY

Not anymore.

(then)

I need to stay here for a while,  
until I get my own place.

Philip can see something is troubling Marcy.

PHILIP

Of course, this is your place too...

(beat)

You okay?

MARCY

Fine.

Marcy steps toward the back of Ops and lays down her things.

Philip doesn't press her any further. He goes to his  
computer, logs on, and gets an ALERT on the screen.

THE COMPUTER SCREEN -- features a news article with an image  
of Edwin Calloway, the speaker from the night before.

The headline reads: "WHITE NATIONALIST AND FAMILY FOUND DEAD"

Shock washes over Philip. He stares at the screen in horror.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

129 INT. GARAGE/OPS - BATHROOM - DAY (D4) 129

Marcy stares at herself in the bathroom mirror. She turns her face from side-to-side, cold and clinical.

Her eyes land on the scar on her neck before she pulls her shirt open to examine the one that's further down.

Marcy reaches for the cauterizing femtolaser, as she begins to use it to remove the scar on her neck...

130 INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY (D4) 130

Trevor's lying in bed when DOCTOR MORI (40s) walks in. \*

DOCTOR MORI \*

Mr Holden.

TREVOR

Hey, doc. What's the prognosis?

DOCTOR MORI \*

Still a lot of inflammation...

(beat)

Do you feel anything yet? Even pins and needles?

TREVOR

I think so. Hard to say.

DOCTOR MORI \*

Let's do the test again.

The Doctor produces a knitting-needle-looking device that he uses to poke the bottom of Trevor's feet.

DOCTOR MORI (CONT'D) \*

Anything?

(he shakes his head)

How about now?

Trevor flinches slightly at the next prod in the other foot.

TREVOR

Ow! Felt that!

The Doctor does it again. Trevor grimaces this time and his foot twitches a little.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

DOCTOR MORI

\*

And movement! That is excellent,  
*excellent...*

The Doctor makes a note, very pleased.

TREVOR

Does this mean..?

DOCTOR MORI

\*

You won't be playing football next  
week. This will take time.  
(then)  
But it means there's hope.

TREVOR

Wow. Thank you so much.

DOCTOR MORI

\*

Would you like me to contact your  
folks?

TREVOR

I would like that, very much, yes,  
they'll want to thank you.

DOCTOR MORI

\*

I'll check in again before I go today,  
but how 'bout one'a these, buddy!

He offers Trevor a high five. Trevor happily participates.

TREVOR

A'right, a'right!

DOCTOR MORI -- leaves the room, beaming with the good news.

\*

GRACE -- turns to Trevor the moment he's gone.

GRACE

Hope? There are medical nanites  
designed in the future swimming  
through your spinal fluid that I  
programmed personally, repairing the  
damage. There was never any doubt.

TREVOR

I just wanted him to feel good about  
the job they did.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: (2)

130

GRACE

Well I want them to bring breakfast,  
they're half an hour late already  
and I'm starving.

TREVOR

Thank you for saving me, Grace.

GRACE

Yeah you already said that.

OFF Trevor, smiling to himself.

\*

131 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D4)

131\*

Carly opens the door to find Jeff standing there with his  
bags, wearing a smile. He's moving in.

\*

\*

JEFF

Hi.

\*

\*

She steps aside and lets him walk in.

\*

CARLY

C'mon in.

\*

\*

He walks in. It's been a long time since he was banished  
from this house.

\*

\*

She takes one of his bags from him as he walks by and puts  
it on the kitchen counter. He watches her.

\*

\*

JEFF

What're you doin', Carly.

\*

\*

Carly opens the bag and starts rummaging.

\*

CARLY

What d'you think?

\*

\*

JEFF

You're not gonna find anything.

\*

\*

(beat)

\*

I told you, I stopped drinking.  
This is for real.

\*

CARLY

No, Jeff, this is for *show*. And  
you've better not screw it up because  
this is our one chance to get Jeffrey  
back.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 131

JEFF \*

Don't worry. It's gonna work. \*

(then) \*

So the big question: where do I put  
down my suitcase? \*

Carly just stares at him. Jeff nods. \*

JEFF (CONT'D) \*

Beside the couch. \*

He picks up his bags from the counter and heads into the  
living room. \*

JEFF (CONT'D) \*

You hungry? I was thinking maybe we  
could -- \*

SLAM! -- Carly is already in her bedroom and has slammed the  
door behind her. Jeff turns back to the couch. \*

JEFF (CONT'D) \*

(to himself) \*

Baby steps... \*

132 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D4) 132

Philip's at his computer, multiple screens show news feeds,  
social media, and headlines reporting Edwin Calloway's death.

A BUZZER -- rings at the door.

Philip opens it with his remote.

JENNY -- walks in cautiously looking around.

JENNY

She's not here, is she?

(off his look)

The bitchy little blonde?

PHILIP

Marcy just went out to look for an  
apartment, that's why I texted...

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

He turns to show her the images on his screens.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Seen this?

She nods.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

His supporters went nuts on him. They hounded him all day and night, then he woke up this morning and *shot his wife and kid* before he killed himself.

JENNY

Philip, I know --

PHILIP

His wife and daughter are dead and it's our fault.

JENNY

You mean my fault.

PHILIP

I mean this is fucked up, Jenny.

JENNY

No. It's really not.

PHILIP

This wouldn't have happened if you hadn't hacked his presentation!

JENNY

He probably would have gone on spewing the hate that led to the deaths of, what, hundreds of people?

(beat)

Thousands? You tell me, you're the historian.

PHILIP

It's not up to us --

JENNY

I didn't put the gun in his hand and I didn't tell him to kill his family.

(beat)

All I did was tell the truth.

PHILIP

And his wife and kid -- ?

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: (2)

132

JENNY

She made her own choice marrying him  
in the first place and you know as  
well as I do the kid was gonna be  
fucked up.

(beat)

The world's a better place without  
Edwin Calloway and I'm sorry he took  
some "innocent" people down with  
him.

(beat)

But I refuse to feel guilty about  
it.

Philip still feels the weight of the protocols.

PHILIP

Yeah, well... the Director's gonna  
know.

JENNY

If the Director thought what we were  
doing was wrong, why didn't I get a  
messenger? Orders from another team  
to back off?

(beat)

I'm not crazy and I'm not a vigilante.  
But can you look me in the eye and  
tell me what I did was not a good  
thing?

Philip said the same thing when he saved Aleksander. He  
can't argue.

133 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (N4)

133

MacLaren is standing in the hallway when the door opens.

MACLAREN

Kat.

KATHRYN

What are you doing here, Grant? You  
can't just show up --

She goes to close the door but MacLaren stops her.

MACLAREN

I know.

KATHRYN

What.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

MACLAREN

That you're pregnant.

That just makes her angry.

KATHRYN

So what, did you show your badge to my obstetrician?

MACLAREN

No. Can I come in?

Kathryn hesitates then lets him step inside.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

I saw your supplements when I was in the bathroom and...

\*

KATHRYN

You went through my things?

MACLAREN

Yeah, I did. You can give me shit for that after we talk.

KATHRYN

I'm not doing that.

MACLAREN

Yeah, you are.

KATHRYN

It happened the night of your party.  
*The one time* we made love in the  
past four months. I just found out.  
(beat)

I haven't decided to go through with  
it yet; it was hard enough before  
when I knew how you felt about me.

MACLAREN

You *do* know how --

KATHRYN

And if I decide not to, I won't have you standing there judging me.

MACLAREN

This is something we wanted more than anything.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: (2) 133

KATHRYN

It's my decision to make and I'm  
going to do it on my own.  
(difficult to say)  
You should go.

MacLaren and Kathryn stare at each other a moment longer,  
then he turns to leave.

134 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (N4) 134

MacLaren gets almost all the way to the end of the corridor  
before he stops, turns heel, and marches back.

135 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - NIGHT (N4) 135

MacLaren doesn't knock this time, just opens the door and  
steps inside, driven by emotion.

KATHRYN -- turns from across the room, alarmed, eyes red  
from crying. She holds her arms wide.

KATHRYN

What.

They exchange a long look.

136 INT. DIFFERENT HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (D5) 136

SIX PEOPLE face MEREDITH in a drab hotel conference room. \*

MEREDITH \*

So, the Tuscan Villa, the Whistler  
Chalet and the Caribbean Hideaway...  
(beat)  
Three stunning properties for the  
price of two or three normal  
vacations...

Several people are completely tuned out.

MEREDITH (CONT'D) \*

All right, I can see you need a little  
more motivation.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

136

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

\*

I'll go see if my manager can knock  
a few dollars off the purchase price.

(beat)

I'll be right back.

137 INT. DIFFERENT HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY (D5)

137

Meredith exits the conference room, locks the door behind  
her and walks down the corridor.

\*

Beat.

MULTIPLE SCREAMS -- erupt from behind the locked door.

END OF EPISODE

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #203

"JACOB"

Written by  
Ashley Park  
&  
Pat Smith

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TRAVELERS

"Jacob"

Set List - GREEN PAGES - 04.06.17

Exteriors

ABANDONED BUILDING  
~~ARTIST'S LOFT~~  
CONDOMINIUM  
    -Courtyard  
GARAGE/OPS  
    -P.O.V. Sniper Scope  
STREET  
STREETS  
VINCENT'S MANSION  
    -Gardens

Interiors

ABANDONED BUILDING  
    -Boiler Room  
    -~~TV Room~~  
    -Basement  
ARTIST'S LOFT  
CARLY'S HOUSE  
COUNSELOR'S OFFICE  
DAVID'S APARTMENT  
FBI FIELD OFFICE  
    -Interrogation Room  
GARAGE/OPS  
GARY'S CAR  
    -Moving  
HOSPITAL  
    -Hallway  
~~JEFF'S APARTMENT~~  
MACLAREN'S SUV  
    -Moving  
MARCY'S HOTEL ROOM  
STAIRWELL (Ward's  
Condominium)  
VINCENT'S MANSION  
    -Living Room  
    -~~Study~~  
    -Gardens (Ext./Int.)  
WARD'S SUITE

TEASER

138 EXT. STREET - DAY (D6) 138

MacLaren's SUV sits running.

139 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - DAY (D6) 139

MACLAREN sits in the driver's seat waiting for:

KATHRYN -- opens the passenger door and climbs in.

KATHRYN

Thanks for picking me up. I know  
you're working.

MACLAREN

No problem --

She does up her seat belt.

KATHRYN

Have you told Walt?

MACLAREN

I haven't told anybody. \*

They share a long look. MacLaren eventually just puts the  
SUV into drive and pulls away.

140 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - BOILER ROOM - DAY (D6) 140

A CRT television sits on a stand in a dark mechanical room  
with water on the floor. A camera is mounted on top, pointing  
forward.

ON THE T.V. SCREEN -- Familiar words appear:

**WHAT IS YOUR MISSION?**

TRAVELER 2150 (The Asian man from 201) sits strapped into a  
wheelchair, haggard, beaten, weak. He's been at this weeks,  
not days, and can barely speak above a whisper.

TRAVELER 2150

I don't know what else to tell you  
people... I'm a plumber.

ON THE T.V. SCREEN

A live feed of a woman, MICHELLE, tied to a wheelchair, bound \*  
and gagged.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

TRAVELER 2150 panics at the image.

TRAVELER 2150 (CONT'D)

No.

Tears begin to roll down his cheek.

TRAVELER 2150 (CONT'D)

Don't. I can't. I can't. I can't.

ON THE T.V. SCREEN -- A LARGE MAN IN A SUIT enters frame and stands behind Michelle, draws a gun and sticks it to the side of Michelle's head.

\*  
\*

TRAVELER 2150 (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay... I'll tell you anything...

THE SCREEN -- cuts back to black.

**WHO ARE YOU AFTER?**

TRAVELER 2150 -- begins to cry, his emotions and anger overwhelming him.

TRAVELER 2150 (CONT'D)

You, you sick fuck. We're after you.

THE SCREEN -- goes back to Michelle, gun still at her temple.

\*

TRAVELER 2150 -- lowers his head and begins to sob...

TRAVELER 2150 (CONT'D)

Please don't. Please...

BOOM -- a gunshot rings out from the television.

FADE OUT:

OVER BLACK

**CHYRON: THREE MONTHS LATER**

141 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY (D7)

141

The streets are blocked off and a full demolition crew is running cords and charges to take down the building.

The FOREMAN stands outside by his truck cross-referencing with his site map when a WORKER approaches.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: 141

FOREMAN

What?

WORKER

Hit a snag in the basement. There's  
a pipe leaking water. \*

FOREMAN \*

(confused) \*

The water's shut off. Show me. \*

He follows the worker.

142 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - BASEMENT - DAY (D7) 142

The worker leads the foreman to a wall where a seemingly new pipe has been added. It comes from somewhere above and elbows into a seemingly new cinder block wall. It leaks at the elbow. \*

FOREMAN \*

Where's it goin'?

The Worker shrugs. \*

FOREMAN (CONT'D) \*

Get a sledge.

143 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - BOILER ROOM - DAY (D7) 143\*

The room is pitch black. \*

Finally, the worker breaks through high on the wall, creating a big hole from which light pours in from outside highlighting indistinguishable shapes and shadows within the room. \*

144 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - BASEMENT - DAY (D7) 144

The worker backs away as the Foreman steps in with his flashlight, peering in. \*

The stench from within hits him immediately. He backs off.

FOREMAN

What is in there? \*

THE FOREMAN -- puts a hand over his mouth and nose. He shines his light to REVEAL \*

A LARGE BOILER ROOM \*

where four decomposing bodies are lined up, hunched over in wheelchairs -- dead for months. \*

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

The light shines on the front of each body. Two men and two women.

We see MICHELLE and then land on TRAVELER 2150, recognizable only by his clothing.

\*

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

145 INT. GARY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY (D7)

145

GARY drives with TREVOR in the passenger seat holding a cane between his legs. Trevor gazes out the window. Beat.

GARY

Trev, I don't want you to feel down on account'a this thing takin' months.

TREVOR

You shouldn't feel down either, Gary.

GARY

I know but I can't help it.

(beat)

I mean, kid, you used to fly! If you had pressure in the pocket, you could just put on those afterburners and blow right through the defense.

(beat)

It was a thing to watch.

Trevor tries to comfort Gary, reversing roles.

TREVOR

Must be hard for you.

GARY

It is. Really hard.

TREVOR

You'll get through it, I know you will.

GARY

Thanks, son.

(an afterthought)

Hey, and you too.

Trevor sees that they're close to Ops.

TREVOR

This is good, I can walk from here.

GARY

It's the middle'a nowhere.

TREVOR

Need the steps if I'm ever gonna go to military school like you want.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

GARY

Yeah, we don't need to rush that.

Gary pulls over. Trevor gets out.

146 EXT. STREET - DAY (D7)

146

Trevor gets out and on his feet, struggling a bit.

GARY

You okay?

Trevor stumbles slightly, then stabilizes with his cane.

TREVOR

I got it.  
(then, leaning in)  
Hey. Thanks for the lift, Dad.

Gary is clearly moved that Trevor called him Dad and watches Trevor walk for a few difficult steps before he drives off.

TREVOR -- watches the car go. Once out of sight, he drops the wounded act, takes a few confident steps then puts on the afterburners, holding the cane like a baton as he sprints.

147 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D7)

147

OPS is more spruced up than we've ever seen. These past few months of Philip's productivity have resulted in upgrades all around.

PHILIP -- is finishing a new MEDICAL BAY in the back corner of Ops. He is welding alone, when:

TREVOR -- enters, sweaty and out of breath from his run.

He pours a glass of water from a jug, chugs it, then moves over to Philip's computer. He types in a command.

PHILIP -- stops welding, lifts his mask and turns to Trevor.

PHILIP

You don't think I would have told you if we got a mission?

TREVOR

Maybe another team got one. It's been a long time.

PHILIP

Two thousand, one hundred and sixty three hours. Not that I'm counting.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147

Trevor reads the screen to no avail.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
You really are an optimist.

TREVOR  
Yeah, I really am.

TREVOR -- walks over to where Philip works. He grabs a welding mask and a torch of his own, firing it up.

With a nod to Philip, they put their masks down and get back to work -- this routine has become their every day.

148 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY (D7)

148

MARCY, in scrubs, walks out of the hospital x-ray room.

She grabs a file from the chart slot and addresses her one waiting patient.

MARCY  
You're up next.

The patient stands as DR BARKER (late 30s, with a crush, has trouble finishing sentences) looks over her shoulder at the chart.

DR BARKER  
Excellent photography.

\*

Marcy turns to him and smiles.

MARCY  
Dr Barker. How are you this morning?

DR BARKER  
Great, great, you?

MARCY  
Fine, thanks.

DR BARKER  
Great. That's really...

He stands there a little awkwardly, smiling at her. She waits for him to say something, then:

MARCY  
I should probably --

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

148

DR BARKER

Oh, don't let me get in your way, I  
was just going to ask...

(off her look)

You're busy, I'll come by later.

MARCY

Are you sure?

He nervously points to his watch then down the hall.

DR BARKER

Yeah, I've got a...

(then)

But I'll definitely...

MARCY

Okay.

DR BARKER

You too. I mean --

MARCY

(to her patient)

Right this way.

\*

Marcy turns and guides her patient into the x-ray room leaving  
Dr Barker standing there embarrassed.

149 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D7)

149\*

We SEE an IPHONE in stopwatch mode on the floor counting up:  
2:28, 2:29, 2:30...

CARLY -- parallel to the floor, holds a plank. Calm. Still.

JEFF -- holds a plank beside her, GRUNTING from exertion.

Shaking, it's clear he's giving this all he's got.

CARLY

You can quit if you want.

JEFF -- doesn't answer, just keeps his head down as sweat  
drips from his nose. Focused. Exhausted. Shaking.

CARLY -- holds strong and steady. Beat.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Fifteen seconds.

JEFF -- is about to collapse.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

JEFF  
(to himself)  
Come on.

CARLY  
Five.

He falls to the ground, out of breath, unable to finish.

The IPHONE -- counts up 2:58, 2:59, 3:00. It BEEPS.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Time.

Carly finishes, pulls her knees up and sits. This was easy for her. Jeff pretends it was easy for him and raises his hand in a high five.

JEFF  
Al'right, we did it!

She just looks at his hand. Not a chance. He drops his hand.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Just thought you might want a little  
bit'a human contact.

She picks up the iphone and resets it.

CARLY  
Two minutes recovery. Then we go  
again.

OFF Jeff, falling back onto his back, catching his breath.

JEFF  
No problem...

150 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY (D7)

150

HIGH AND WIDE:

With the explosives still in place, emergency vehicles, reporters, police officers and forensics scatter the crime scene, as:

MacLaren walks in ahead of FORBES who is taking in the scene. He finds BOYD, whose arms are crossed as he walks up.

BOYD  
Agent MacLaren. Alive and well.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

150

MACLAREN

Officer Boyd. Glad to see your vest worked as advertised...

BOYD

You didn't have to fire *twice*.

MACLAREN

Sorry, professional instinct.

Boyd looks to Forbes walking up to them, leery about having this conversation in front of him.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

He's with *us* now.

\*

Forbes extends his hand and intros himself, still reeling from what he just saw.

FORBES

4112. What the hell happened here?

MACLAREN

Exactly what happened to my team.

BOYD

Except these four weren't rescued.

FORBES

I can't imagine who would do this.

BOYD

(to MacLaren)

When I saw you last, you said something about some faction in the future that exists now.

Forbes picks up on the word "now."

FORBES

The faction's been around for *years*. It started as a movement in --

MACLAREN

Shelter 41, I know --

BOYD

Shelter 41 collapsed.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: (2)

150

MACLAREN

(re: Forbes)

Not in the future he came from.

FORBES

'Least it was there when I left.

BOYD

Guys, maybe we should keep protocol  
two in mind.

MacLaren agrees.

MACLAREN

Right, well, this can't be the work  
of the faction anyway.

BOYD

Why not?

MACLAREN

You told me when my team went missing  
that you'd seen this kind of thing  
happening long before I arrived in  
the 21st. The faction didn't exist  
when I left...

BOYD

I always assumed it was the Director.

MACLAREN

There's no way the Director's capable  
of what we just saw in there.

FORBES

Isn't letting it happen just as bad?

MACLAREN

(to Boyd)

When can my team have the scene?

BOYD

Forensics will be another few hours  
at least. After that it's all yours.

MacLaren nods and heads off with Forbes.

151 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D7)

151

The NEWS plays at Philip's work station and Trevor and Philip  
HEAR a story that hits close to home:\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)

\*

Four missing persons reports came to a heartbreaking conclusion today as a demolition team found their bodies in an abandoned building. Out of respect to the families police have yet to release any names, however foul play has been assumed.

152 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - BOILER ROOM - DAY/NIGHT (D7/N7)

152

The four travelers remain in their wheelchairs while forensics check the bodies and police officers investigate the scene. A portable staircase is the entrance into the space from above.

TIME LAPSE: Hours pass as the investigation continues. The bodies and wheelchairs are removed from the room and yellow flags are placed where each chair was, marking the scene. Finally the room is empty of people.

Out of the darkness a light pours into the space. It scans around, then is joined by three other beams. They move toward the room until we SEE our team, minus Carly, coming down the portable staircase.

MacLaren, Marcy, Trevor and Philip enter.

They take in the room, respecting the space, remembering their own captivity.

TREVOR -- steps forward and closes his eyes, feeling the weight as it all comes back.

TREVOR

That's the smell of death.

PHILIP -- steps up beside him.

MARCY and MACLAREN -- are more disconnected from it.

MACLAREN

Police forensics came up with nothing... Your turn.

Trevor takes off his backpack. Philip reaches inside and removes a makeshift COM DETECTOR.

PHILIP

Trevor and I kind of threw this together but it should work...

He powers it up and keys in a command.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

Immediately everyone cringes in pain as a BRIGHT BLUE GLOW emits from the coms behind everyone's ear.

PHILIP -- quickly turns it down. The blue glow of each person's com dims but still emits a slight luminescence.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Sorry. Set too high.

(then)

We're good.

Philip keys in one more command. And with a nod, the team begins their search of the space.

153 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT (N7)

153

Carly watches their six. Curious, she inspects the wiring of an explosive attached to a column. Impressive.

She carries on, keeping watch, down the side of the building.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MACLAREN, TREVOR and PHILIP -- sift through the water, searching the entire room looking for any useful evidence.

MARCY -- lifts a piece of brick from the floor and SEES:

A GLOWING COM -- under the water. She picks it up.

MARCY

Got a com over here.

She shines her flashlight at her open palm. \*

CARLY -- walks to the front of the building. In the distance she SEES a MAN, crouched down exactly where the foreman's truck was: by the detonator.

She squints trying to make out what he's doing, then realizes he's attaching something to the wires.

She taps her com:

CARLY

Get out of the building now! Go!

Go! Go!

MACLAREN, MARCY, TREVOR and PHILIP -- hear the hail on their coms and immediately sprint out of the Boiler Room. \*

CARLY -- draws her gun and fires a long range shot at the man by the detonator, clipping him. He goes down. \*

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

153

CARLY -- steps toward him.

\*

THE MAN -- makes his way along the ground back to the detonator, engaging it:

\*

\*

BOOM BOOM BOOM -- the explosives go off. Level by level the building implodes into itself.

MACLAREN, MARCY, TREVOR and PHILIP -- sprint out of the front doors as the explosion goes off all around them.

A cloud of smoke and soot engulfs our team and the entire street around them. Beat.

Then, through the cloud, emerges:

MACLAREN -- followed by the rest of his team, filthy, coughing from the debris but unscathed.

Marcy checks to see that she still has the com in her palm.

CARLY -- looks off to where the man by the detonator was.

He's gone.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

154 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - MORNING (D8)

154

DAVID stands in the kitchen making scrambled eggs when a woman's arms come from behind, hugging his midsection.

DAVID

Morning.

It could be Marcy, until we SEE, BLAIR (30s). She wears one of David's shirts, just as Marcy used to.

BLAIR

Mmm. Smells delicious.

She spins David around to face her, takes him in for a moment, then kissing him. This is his new normal. She pulls away.

David turns back to the eggs.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

You never cooked this much when we were together before.

DAVID

You just didn't like my cooking...

BLAIR

Oh you're definitely a better cook, but there's more goin' on... I mean, you're like a different person now.

DAVID

Nope. Same guy.

BLAIR

On the *outside*, maybe...

DAVID

On the *inside*: nougat and caramel --

\*

Blair laughs.

\*

DAVID (CONT'D)

Otherwise, I'm the same guy you broke up with.

\*

BLAIR

(contrite)

I didn't know what I had, David.

David shrugs. He's not blaming her just stating a fact.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

154

DAVID

Same guy.

BLAIR

(keeping things light)

I'm trying to give you a compliment,  
here! You're more confident, less  
clingy. I used to be able to read  
you but it feels like there's so  
much more goin' on in there now...

(beat)

I like it; it's mysterious.

\*

David knows it's the void left by Marcy and tries not to let  
it show.

DAVID

You don't know mysterious.

BLAIR

No?

DAVID

There is an ingredient in these eggs  
that is going to blow your mind.

BLAIR

Oooh. Tell me.

DAVID

I could but I'm not going to...  
because I'm mysterious.

BLAIR -- gets a sudden sharp pain in her stomach.

BLAIR

Ah.

DAVID

You okay?

BLAIR

I'll be fine. It'll pass.

DAVID

Blair, this keeps happening. Let's  
get you in to see a doctor.

BLAIR

I'm fine. Really.

(then)

Ah!

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED: (2)

154

David holds her, looking her in the eyes.

DAVID

That's it. We're going to a Doctor.

155 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D8)

155

Trevor has the com device in a glass cylinder. A micro-cable attaches to the base of the com and leads into a micro-transmitter.

\*  
\*

He fiddles with the connection as Carly paces in the background. Philip works at his computer.

TREVOR

Carly.

She turns to Trevor.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

It's hard for me to focus while you're pacing with a gun in your hand.

CARLY

Sorry.

TREVOR

It's okay.

She sits, still anxious. Trevor continues his work.

PHILIP -- shares his findings.

PHILIP

So judging by the TELL of these four host candidates, I think I've figured out who our group was. A team of five just like us.

\*

TREVOR

Which leaves one member unaccounted for...

\*  
\*

PHILIP

Traveler 2192.

\*  
\*

CARLY

Great. Let's find them.

TREVOR

If they're still alive.

Philip goes back to his computer.

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

155

PHILIP

I should be able to narrow it down by checking what candidates didn't die the day 2192 arrived.

Trevor shares the findings of his work.

TREVOR

This com isn't telling us much. Other than it's been all over the place.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN: Trevor has a map with a web of lines crossing all over. This traveler was mobile.

Philip and Carly gather around Trevor to examine the screen.

CARLY

Get that com working.

156 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D8)

156

There's a commotion at the front of the FBI Office. BETH holds off a rather hysterical woman, SYLVIE WARD (40s).

BETH

I'm sorry but we've contacted all of the victim's families.

SYLVIE

But Jacob went missing the same time as those other people. Isn't it possible that there were more victims?

MACLAREN -- comes out of the board room where he has been talking with another agent and listens in.

BETH

Only four were found at that location and none were named Jacob, ma'am. I'm sorry --

MACLAREN

I'd like to talk to her, Beth.

Beth shrugs. If he wants to waste his time.

BETH

If you say so.

MACLAREN

Hi. Special Agent Grant MacLaren.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

156

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
(shaking hands)  
C'mon in here. We can talk privately.

MacLaren guides Sylvie toward the interrogation room.

SYLVIE  
Thank you.

157 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (D8)

157

MacLaren enters with Sylvie.

MACLAREN  
Have a seat, Mrs...

SYLVIE  
Ward... Sylvie.

MACLAREN  
You were saying your husband's been  
missing for some time now?

SYLVIE  
Three and a half months.  
(off his look)  
The police haven't been able to find  
anything. I'm not sure they're even  
looking for him anymore.

MACLAREN  
What can you tell me about him?

SYLVIE  
Jacob was wonderful. I mean, we had  
our troubles over the years but  
lately, the last year or so, our  
marriage was never better.

MACLAREN  
What changed?

SYLVIE  
Before he was always wrapped up in  
sports. Made hanging out with the  
guys more of a priority than me. He  
was loud, smoked like a fiend, wasn't  
health conscious at all --

MACLAREN  
Sounds like quite the catch.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

SYLVIE

I always believed he'd come around,  
and I was right. Almost overnight  
his priorities completely re-aligned.  
He became more attentive,  
compassionate, loving --

MACLAREN

Did you ever see him in the company  
of any of the other victims?

He gestures to a board where PHOTOGRAPHS of the four travelers  
are up. Two of them are attractive women.

SYLVIE

He didn't run away with another woman  
if that's what you're thinking.

MACLAREN

That is not what I'm thinking at  
all, I'm just wondering if there's  
any sort of connection... Say in the  
workplace?

SYLVIE

Jacob never brought his work home  
with him. He said that was "our"  
time.

MACLAREN

Have you received any communication  
at all from your husband? Any  
activity in his bank accounts? Cell  
phone?

SYLVIE

No. Nothing... But I believe he's  
alive, Agent MacLaren. I have to.

158 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D8)

158

Philip and Trevor are at the work station trying to fix the  
broken com.

Carly is on the computer.

Philip takes out his eye drops and takes a dose. Trevor  
notices.

TREVOR

Didn't you just take some of that?

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

PHILIP

She said I should take it "as needed"  
and I need to focus.

Trevor walks over and picks up the bottle, inspecting it.  
Philip fights the urge to snatch it back.

TREVOR

Does Marcy know what's in this?

PHILIP

It's Marcy approved, let's get back  
to work.

MacLaren comes in to the group.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

You guys there?

PHILIP

Yeah boss, what's up?

Philip takes the drops from Trevor, puts them on his desk.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

I've got a name on our fifth traveler.  
Jacob Ward.

TREVOR

We're on it.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

And Philip, put a tap on his wife's  
cell phone. Sylvie Ward. I'll text  
the address; she just paid me a visit.

\*  
\*

PHILIP

Will do, boss.

CARLY -- casually catches a glance at her watch.

CARLY

Shit! I gotta go.

She jumps up, places her gun next to Philip and Trevor, then  
runs out of Ops.

Philip and Trevor exchange a look and continue working.

159 INT. COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY (D8)

159

Jeff sits across from a relationship counselor, SAM (40s).  
Sam looks at his watch.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159

JEFF

I'm sure Carly will be here any minute. Her new job's a little crazy.

SAM

In the meantime, how are you doing?

Jeff wasn't ready for this one-on-one therapy.

JEFF

Fine.

SAM

Lotta change in your life. How's that going?

Jeff doesn't know how to handle therapy, he's guarded.

JEFF

It's all good. Just... livin' through the changes.

SAM

When Carly's here I sometimes get the impression that you're going out of your way to agree with her. Could be useful to use this time while we have it to talk about you.

JEFF

I can do that.

SAM

Okay.  
(off his look)  
Do that.

Jeff thinks a moment, then musters the courage to dive in.

JEFF

How much do you know about guilt?

CARLY -- rushes through the door.

CARLY

I am so sorry I'm late.

JEFF -- snaps out of his moment of vulnerability.

JEFF

Hey, there she is!

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: (2)

159

CARLY

Traffic was just... Ahhh!

SAM

Well, you're here now.

Carly sits. Jeff puts his hand on her knee. She goes along with the show, putting her hand on his.

SAM (CONT'D)

So: big week for you guys. Your final custody assessment from CPS. How are the two of you feeling?

Carly and Jeff look to each other, getting on the same page.

CARLY

Good.

JEFF

Yeah, things are good.

CARLY

Really good.

SAM

Well that's... Good.

OFF SAM, taking in their performance.

160 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY (D8)

160

Marcy walks down the hallway when David turns a corner and spots her. He's clearly been looking for her.

DAVID

Marcy! There you are, I've been looking all over for you.

MARCY

Is everything all right?

DAVID

Yeah. Everything's fine. I got back together with Blair.

MARCY

Okay. Good for you.

DAVID

I wasn't looking for you to tell you that. I'm worried there's something wrong with her.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

160

MARCY

Did you take her to admitting?

DAVID

Yeah, so that was the original plan, but then I learned she doesn't have insurance. She's been having these harsh stomach pains for over a week now and I'm worried that if she doesn't get it looked at that --

MARCY

I'm just an x-ray technician.

David gives a look, not buying that.

DAVID

I think we both know that's not true.

Marcy gives him nothing.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Besides, I bet an x-ray is exactly what she needs.

MARCY

Bring her to imaging in block C.

She gestures the direction. David beams.

DAVID

*Thank you.* You two are gonna hit it off.

161 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D8)

161

MacLaren enters. Trevor sits, preparing the COM while Philip works at the computer bay.

MACLAREN

What have we got?

PHILIP

You were right, our man Jacob is definitely our missing traveler. Went off the grid sometime mid-May. If he's still out there he's good at hiding.

MACLAREN

Any action on the wife's cell?

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

PHILIP

Nothin'... There was already a tap  
on her line. Someone else is watching  
her besides us.

\*

\*

MACLAREN

Have you got that com working yet?

\*

TREVOR

Ready when you are.

Trevor connects the com to his computer and moves the mic  
closer to MacLaren, initiating the com hail. They wait in  
silence, then hear STATIC, followed by HEAVY BREATHING.

MACLAREN

Hello? This is traveler 3468. 2192  
are you there?

Trevor checks the signal on the computer; it's weak. He  
makes a slight adjustment. JACOB (40s) answers.

JACOB (O.S.)

How did you get on this channel?

MACLAREN

You must've heard your team was found  
dead. We found this com at the crime  
scene.

(beat)

We want to help.

JACOB (O.S.)

Is your mission from the Director to  
assist me?

MACLAREN

No. But our team was captured just  
like yours. It's important that --

\*

\*

JACOB (O.S.)

Then stand down.

MACLAREN

Do you have a tap on your wife's  
cell phone?

JACOB (O.S.)

(concern in his voice)

What?

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: (2)

161

MACLAREN

Someone besides us is tracking your  
wife, is it you?

Silence. Beat. The static comes back. Jacob grunts IN  
PAIN.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Jacob?

PHILIP

Wasn't him.

The static builds louder and louder.

TREVOR

He's still there. Signal's still  
strong.

JACOB -- grunts in extreme pain through the static.

PHILIP

He's cutting his com out.

MACLAREN

Jacob, do not remove your com; your  
wife is in danger! Jacob!

The signal drops dead.

TREVOR

We lost him.

MACLAREN -- heads for the door with purpose.

MACLAREN

(to Trevor and Philip)

Keep monitoring her phone. I know  
where he's going.

Philip and Trevor get to work.

\*

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

162 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY (D8)

162

Marcy comes out of the X-Ray lab with the results of the scan. David waits by the door, expectant. She has an incredulous look, unsure of how to break the news to him.

DAVID

You found something, didn't you.

MARCY

The scans *did* show a foreign mass in her stomach.

DAVID

Oh god, here we go...

MARCY

I'm afraid to even guess at what --

DAVID

You don't have to; it's cotton balls.

MARCY

Cotton balls? How could she possibly have ingested --

DAVID

It's a weight loss thing, makes you feel full or something, I don't know --

MARCY

You're being serious.

DAVID

(unfortunately)  
Yeah.

MARCY

David, you realize how --

DAVID

I know.

MARCY

Not to mention unbelievably dangerous! She's lucky she didn't eat enough to cause an obstruction.

\*  
\*

DAVID

That's what happened last time.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

162

Marcy is flabbergasted anyone would do this to themselves.

MARCY

We'll pump her stomach and she can  
be on her way, but you can't let her --

DAVID

I know, I know, I'll talk to her.  
(then, embarrassed)  
Ah... Thank you?

MARCY

You're welcome.

David leaves.

\*

163 EXT. CONDOMINIUM - DAY (D8)

163\*

MacLaren's SUV pulls up outside. MacLaren gets out and Carly stays behind to keep an eye on his six.

164 INT. WARD'S SUITE - DAY (D8)

164

MacLaren knocks on the door. Sylvie answers, surprised to see him.

SYLVIE

Agent MacLaren. Is there news?

MACLAREN

I was actually hoping Jacob had  
contacted you.

SYLVIE

Contacted? I haven't heard a thing.

MACLAREN

(glances inside)  
Do you mind if I come in?

SYLVIE

(doesn't move)  
Is everything all right?

MACLAREN

I hope so. But I have a few more  
questions --

SYLVIE

I'm actually late for an appointment,  
maybe I could drop by your office --

MacLaren steps forward, forcing his way in with a smile.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

164

MACLAREN

It'll just take a minute.

MacLaren scans the living room. He SEES an overnight bag hastily stuffed with clothing.

Sylvie gets defensive.

SYLVIE

Shouldn't you be out there looking for him?

MacLaren turns over some stray mail on her table when he SEES her cell phone: smashed and broken. He picks it up.

MACLAREN

How'd you break this?

Sylvie struggles to find an excuse but her eyes go to:

JACOB -- who crashes out of a closed room and charges:

MACLAREN -- who was almost expecting it and manages to deflect most of his charge.

Jacob has the street-stained look of someone who's been homeless for months. Dried blood is caked on the side of his neck from his removed com.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Jacob, I'm here to help you!

JACOB

I told you to leave me alone!

Jacob decides to escape and runs out of the apartment.

SYLVIE

Jacob!

MACLAREN

(on com)

He's running!

MacLaren chases after Jacob, leaving Sylvie alone, distraught.

165 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY (D8)

165

MacLaren is in pursuit, but Jacob leaps over the railings desperately and makes it to the ground floor well ahead.

166 EXT. CONDOMINIUM - COURTYARD / STREETS - DAY (D8)

166\*

A WOMAN enters the apartment with a bag of groceries as

JACOB -- sprints out of the condominium, knocking the woman into Carly and racing down the street.

CARLY -- steadies the woman then races after Jacob.

They run several hundred feet down the street and she slowly gains on him.

Carly rams into Jacob and slams him into the side of a building.

She pulls out her gun and shoves it into his back.

CARLY

Stop it.

Jacob is forced to comply.

CARLY (CONT'D)

I'm Traveler 3465. We're here to  
*help* you.

MacLaren runs up, winded.

MACLAREN

And you're making that pretty goddamn  
difficult.

JACOB

You people have no idea what you're  
getting into... Traveler teams from  
all over the world are being abducted  
and tortured.

MacLaren and Carly exchange a look.

CARLY

We know.

JACOB

The Director assigned us to  
investigate their disappearances.

(beat)

But *they* found us before we could --

Suddenly, something whizzes by Carly and into Jacob with a  
pneumatic POP!

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

166

JACOB -- collapses, a bullet wound just under his shoulder. He gasps, winded.

MACLAREN -- pulls out his weapon looking for the source of the shot.

POV -- MACLAREN -- as he looks all around... Nothing.

Whoever took the shot is gone.

CARLY -- applies pressure to the wound.

CARLY

It's bad.

MacLaren taps his com.

MACLAREN

Marcy, drop everything and get to Ops; you have a patient that's been shot.

166A EXT. STREET - DAY (D8)

166A\*

MacLaren's car heads down the road fast.

\*

167 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D8)

167

MacLaren is driving fast.

Carly is in the back seat with Jacob, holding a coat against his wound to staunch the bleeding.

CARLY

Keep your eyes open! We're getting you to our medic.

JACOB

Call Sylvie...

CARLY

(all business)

You need to tell us what you know. What did your team find out?

(beat)

Who's behind this?

JACOB

We don't know. Whoever it is, they cover their tracks; they must have resources.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

JACOB (CONT'D)

We do know that the buildings...  
 every one travelers were taken to...  
 All around the world...

He fades. Carly won't let him.

CARLY

What about the buildings?

JACOB

They were owned by numbered companies.  
 Shells. But all under one  
 conglomerate.

MACLAREN

Give us a name... Jacob!

But he is already unconscious.

168 EXT./INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D8)

168

We follow Marcy as she races into Ops and SEES Jacob laid  
 out on a table in her new med bay.

Trevor is applying pressure to the wound as Carly administers  
 I.V.

Marcy lays out the tools she needs: scalpel, femtolaser,  
 forceps. She pulls on gloves and examines the wound.

MacLaren watches them work.

\*

Jacob hyperventilates, then begins to choke on each breath.

MARCY

His lung's collapsed. We need to re-  
 inflate it.

CARLY -- grabs a chest tube and stabs it between Jacob's  
 ribs. She tries to re-inflate his lung.

TREVOR -- places his hands on Jacob's chest to begin  
 compressions, but Jacob stops breathing.

MARCY -- charges defib paddles and shocks him. Nothing.  
 She tries again. Nothing. She feels for a pulse. Shakes  
 her head.

MARCY (CONT'D)

He's gone.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

169 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D9) 169  
MacLaren drives. The phone is ringing on his speaker. \*

169A INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - DAY (D9) 169A\*  
A now four month pregnant Kathryn picks up the phone in the kitchen. \*  
INTERCUT AS NECESSARY \*

KATHRYN \*  
Hello? \*

MACLAREN \*  
Hey, it's me. \*

KATHRYN \*  
What a total surprise. \*

MACLAREN \*  
Funny. I was wondering before I \*  
came by tonight if you wanted me to \*  
stop by the grocery store and pick \*  
you up anything special craving-wise. \*

Her eyes light up at that. \*

KATHRYN \*  
Oh. Oh! Ahhhhh... Some kind of \*  
smoked meat. \*

MACLAREN \*  
(it had to be) \*  
*Meat.* \*

KATHRYN \*  
I need the iron. \*

MACLAREN \*  
What's the smoke for? \*

KATHRYN \*  
Nobody craves broccoli, Grant; you're \*  
the one who offered -- \*

His phone beeps. Someone is calling.

(CONTINUED)

169A CONTINUED:

169A

MACLAREN

Somebody's on the other line, I'll  
call you back.

(then)

Hello?

170 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D9)

170

Beth is at a computer, reading from her screen.

BETH

Okay, the sole owner of the company  
that owns that building is Vincent  
Ingram. He's got an estate about  
an hour from downtown. I let one of  
his people know you were on your  
way.

\*

\*

171 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D9)

171

MacLaren is on speaker phone.

MACLAREN

Thanks, Beth, text me the address.

BETH (O.S.)

Just did.

172 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D9)

172

Trevor walks in to find a complete mess, furniture upended, belongings scattered everywhere and Philip blindly searching.

TREVOR

Hi...

PHILIP

Have you seen my eye drops?

TREVOR

Nope. I just got here.

Trevor carefully steps through the mess.

PHILIP

You were the last person who had  
them when we were working yesterday.

TREVOR

I didn't take them, Philip. Relax.

PHILIP

What's that supposed to mean?

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED:

172

TREVOR

Uh, look around.

PHILIP

Just give them back.

Philip gets up in Trevor's face, aggressive.

TREVOR

What's going on, man?

PHILIP

I know you're trying to monitor me.  
I can take care of myself so just  
back off and *give me back my drops*.

Trevor sees something over Philip's shoulder, pushes past him, and bends down to pick up the drops.

He tosses the bottle to Philip.

TREVOR

Here. Good thing they're helping  
with your addiction.

Trevor walks off.

Philip holds up the bottle, there isn't much liquid left. He puts two drops in.

173 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D9)

173

David is on the phone and hears Marcy's voice mail message.

MARCY (O.S.)

This is Marcy, leave a message.

DAVID

Hey Marce...y. I just wanted to say  
thanks again for your help with Blair.  
I really appreciate it and she's  
doing better, so...

(then)

Anyway, ah...I was hoping that you  
could join me -- me and Blair -- for  
dinner tonight. As a way to say  
thank you. So if you're free, it  
would be great to see you. I mean I  
know I just saw you but it would be  
great to see you again.

(beat)

I do like a fish dish now: branzini.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

173

DAVID (CONT'D)

I know you like white fish and all those omega threes. No cotton balls I promise.

(beat)

Anyway...

174 INT. MARCY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY (D9)

174

Marcy sits on her hotel bed, her phone lies ignored on the counter. She stares at the wall without emotion.

DAVID (O.S.)

All that to say I hope you can join me. Us, I mean, because Blair will be there too. And you, I hope...

(then to himself)

Oh, for God's sake...

\*

\*

\*

Click.

\*

175 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D9)

175\*

Jeff and Carly sit side-by-side on the couch as JACQUELINE, sits across from them taking notes.

Despite their cheery grins, the tension in the room is thick. Jeff reaches for her hand and she flinches before letting him hold it.

\*

CARLY

It's all about communication. We are doing so amazing now.

JEFF

So amazing.

JACQUELINE

Still.

\*

CARLY

Still.

\*

\*

Carly struggles to recover, and Jeff smoothly steps in.

JEFF

You gotta remember we were practically kids, when we first got together. Fights over stupid things. But we've grown up a lot. Carly is an amazing woman and I'm thankful every day she's a part of my life.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

175

Carly looks at him, almost impressed. He's charming, mature.

Jacqueline keeps a poker face as she looks Jeff in the eye, then glances back down to her notes.

JACQUELINE

(to Carly)

How's the landscaping job going?

CARLY

Still great.

JACQUELINE

(looking at notes)

Neither of you have missed a session with your counselor; how have they been going?

JEFF

Very helpful --

CARLY

Very.

JACQUELINE

Tell me how.

Jeff watches Carly, praying she won't screw this up. Jacqueline isn't fooled either. Carly takes a moment, then:

CARLY

I was angry. And hurt. But by talking things through we found out that we were *both* angry... We just didn't have as much to be mad about as we thought we did.

(then)

The counseling has helped me forgive Jeff. And to not let the past stop me from seeing who he is now.

\*  
\*

Jeff kisses her cheek. Carly smiles back, nailing the performance of her life. Jacqueline observes them for a moment, then:

JACQUELINE

I have to admit.... you're doing very well at keeping up the act.

CARLY

What?

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED: (2)

175

JEFF

This is how we feel.

JACQUELINE

(interrupts)

Oh, *please*. I've been doing this a long time, you can't fool me.

CARLY

Jacqueline --

JACQUELINE

(waves her off)

But it's not necessarily a bad thing. It means you want to try. Most marriages include at least a little bit of faking it, *trust me*.

(smiles, then)

I can see how much this means to the both of you and how committed you are. You may not ever be great spouses, but...

(beat)

I think you *can* be good parents.

CARLY

Yes, we can.

176 EXT. VINCENT'S MANSION - DAY (D9)

176

MacLaren drives up to the large, imposing gate of Vincent's estate. A TALL MAN meets him in the drive as he steps out.

MacLaren flashes his badge.

MACLAREN

Afternoon, I'm Special Agent Grant MacLaren. My office called...

\*

The Tall Man holds up an IPAD upon which words are written on a black SCREEN, interrupting him:

\*

\*

PLEASE REMOVE CELL PHONES, RADIOS OR ANY DEVICE THAT CARRIES AN ELECTRICAL CHARGE.

MacLaren stares at the writing on the ipad, then back up a the guard, realizing he may be a deaf mute. He replies in American sign language.

SUBTITLE: "Is that a condition of speaking to him?"

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

176

The Tall Man nods yes, then taps the screen, which changes:

ALSO YOUR WEAPON.

Off MacLaren's look, he taps the screen again.

MY EMPLOYER INSISTS

MacLaren nods and signs back wryly.

SUBTITLE: "Pants?"

The Tall Man cracks a smile at that and signs back:

"Very funny."

Then he holds out a silver tray for MacLaren to put his phone, keys and side arm onto.

177 INT. VINCENT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (D9)

177\*

MacLaren is brought in by MR MORRACA and VINCENT rises from the couch to greet him, polite, hands clasped behind his back.

VINCENT

I apologize for the conditions of entry to my home, please don't take it personally.

MACLAREN

That's all right, Mr Ingram.  
(offers his hand)  
Special Agent MacLaren.

\*

VINCENT

(doesn't shake hands)  
Haven't we met before, Agent MacLaren?

MACLAREN

(half joking)  
I usually remember the few people who decline to shake my hand. How do you close your business deals?

\*

\*

VINCENT

(serious)  
Through a legal representative.  
(then)  
And a large transfer of money.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

177

MACLAREN

I'm investigating the four bodies that were found in the basement of the building at 46 Henderson Ave.

\*

VINCENT

And the reason you're speaking to me?

MACLAREN

One of your companies owns that property.

VINCENT

I suppose on paper that's technically true, though I think the company who leased it from me would be able to provide you with more information on its day-to-day operations. Have you spoken to them?

\*

MACLAREN

Not yet.

VINCENT

If an employee of a Microsoft store was involved in a criminal act, even a serious one, would most FBI agents think to question Bill Gates?

MACLAREN

The four victims were also *tortured* extensively and over an extended period of time, so please don't take it personally that I'm being 'thorough.'

VINCENT

Well I'm not sure how much use I can be. I never saw the building or stepped foot inside. I operate all of by business remotely. I never leave this house.

MACLAREN

Never?

VINCENT

My therapist encourages me to be blunt: I'm agoraphobic, germophobic and I don't like personal contact.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED: (2)

177

MACLAREN

Then I'm very sorry I have to be here.

VINCENT

You don't. You're just naturally curious about the wealthy recluse and your badge lets you in my door.

MACLAREN

That's blunt.

\*

VINCENT

Please ask your question and get this over with.

MacLaren looks around the study, at Vincent's elaborate computer set-up.

MACLAREN

You founded one of the leading digital security firms. I *am* curious why are you so strict about outside electronics in your home?

VINCENT

Despite the best precautions, Agent MacLaren, privacy is just an illusion. With cameras and microphones built into every personal device...

(beat)

My therapist says I'm paranoid. But I think it's human nature for us to do anything to protect ourselves and our families.

As if on cue the door swings open and TAYLOR pokes his head into the room.

TAYLOR

Dad?

VINCENT

I'm just finishing up a meeting. Go get your hat, I'll be there soon.

Taylor stares at MacLaren with wide eyes. MacLaren is just as surprised to see him. Taylor runs out of the room.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I make sure to reserve a couple hours every day to play with my son. Do you have children?

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED: (3)

177

MACLAREN

No.

VINCENT

Well, I'm sure there's still time  
for you and your wife.

Vincent suddenly gestures to him, catching MacLaren off guard.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I remember now! We met five years  
ago at a charity event. Before my  
condition became so debilitating.  
You were there with your wife...  
(remembering)

\*

Kathryn.

MACLAREN

(recovering)

I'm sorry I didn't recognize --

VINCENT

A stunning woman if I remember.  
Dark hair. Wonderful dance partner.  
In your shoes I wouldn't have let  
another soul steal a dance from her.

MacLaren offers only a weak smile to that veiled threat,  
desperately treading waters he has no memory of.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Please send her my regards. That  
is, if our business is concluded..?

MACLAREN

It is. For now. Thank you for your  
time.

VINCENT

Happy hunting.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

178 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D9)

178\*

MacLaren is with Philip and Trevor, guiding Philip through an archival database.

MACLAREN

The event would have been five years ago.

PHILIP

(typing)  
Liberty Banquet Hall. Looks fancy.

MACLAREN

I have no idea, but I'd be on the guest list.

PHILIP

(searches, then:)  
MacLaren plus Guest.

MACLAREN

Look for Vincent Ingram.

TREVOR

That's you.

TREVOR -- points to the charity event page where there is a gallery of photos from the night.

MacLaren SEES a picture of him and Kathryn, dressed to the nines, beaming.

PHILIP

(searching)  
No sign he was there.

MACLAREN

Doesn't mean he wasn't.  
(then)  
Can you hack into his private server?

PHILIP

You know it.

OFF Philip working, with MacLaren over his shoulder.

179 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D9)

179\*

JEFFREY JR wails as Jeff bounces him up and down.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

JEFF

Hey, hey, big man! Daddy missed you.

Jeff showers the baby in kisses before passing him to Carly, her eager arms open wide to hold him.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Here, I got somethin' to celebrate.

Jeff disappears into the kitchen and then reappears with two glasses and a half bottle of expensive champagne.

CARLY

*Jeff...*

JEFF

To make a toast! It's barely enough for two glasses --

CARLY

You made a promise.

JEFF

Couple'a hours ago we weren't sure if we'd ever get to see our son again.  
(sincerely)  
We *did it*. We worked hard for this. We deserve to celebrate. You deserve to celebrate.

Carly hesitates, debating whether or not it's worth the fight.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I'm tryin' to say thank you.

Finally, she takes the glass. Jeff uncorks the champagne with a triumphant POP! And pours them both a modest amount. They clink their glasses together.

After a sip, Jeff puts his glass down and dances with Jeffrey.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Give your mama a kiss, little man, you're home now. Boop!

Carly finally takes a sip, the smile on her face strained.

180 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D9)

180\*

Philip is struggling to hack into Vincent's private network.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

180

PHILIP

Redundancy number 6? That's just  
*excessive*.

MACLAREN

Keep trying.

TREVOR

The Director didn't order us to  
investigate this guy; we're breaking  
Protocol 5 doin' this.

MACLAREN

As far as I'm concerned, this falls  
under Protocol 1: the mission comes  
first. The whole grand plan is in  
jeopardy if we can't stop teams from  
being taken. Maybe he isn't the one  
pulling the trigger, but if he's  
involved in any way --

Philip's screens suddenly freeze.

PHILIP

He froze me out. That's redundancy  
number 7.

He does a hard reset of his systems. MacLaren paces, growing  
more impatient as the work station reboots.

MACLAREN

You said you could do this.

PHILIP

There's a reason this guy's the best  
in the 21st.

MACLAREN

Shouldn't you be the best considering  
the century you're from?!

PHILIP

(typing, then)

Hey, look! Yelling at it worked.

Philip finally cracks in and Vincent's database appears on  
the screen.

THE MONITORS -- are filled with photographs, maps, video  
files, reports.

All of the missing traveler teams.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED: (2)

180

MACLAREN

Oh, my God...

OFF their stunned faces and the wall of missing travelers.

181 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - MAGIC HOUR (DUSK9)

181\*

David opens the door to reveal Marcy: in a pretty dress, her hair styled and wearing make up. She takes his breath away.

DAVID

Wow. You look...

(beat)

I can't even finish my sentence.

MARCY

That seems to be going around.

He gives her a brief hug, then unscrews the cap on a bottle of wine, pouring them each a glass as he talks.

DAVID

Blair just texted to say she's running a little late. But the fish is ready, if you're hungry. Are you hungry?

MARCY

Let's wait.

DAVID

Yeah, we prob'ly should.

(beat)

I wasn't sure if you'd actually come.

MARCY

You invited me.

(then)

How has your therapy been going?

DAVID

(proudly)

No more panic attacks! I still find it hard to fall asleep when I'm in bed with Blair --

(off her look)

I don't mean like *that*. Although it's not like we *don't*, we *do*, not like excessively; just a reasonable frequency. Not like when...

(beat)

What was I talking about?

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

181

MARCY

Why you don't sleep.

He takes a gulp of his wine, burning with embarrassment.

DAVID

Right. She snores.

Marcy finally cracks a smile, and nods. He drinks her in, the hint of warmth he's craved from her now undoing him.

MARCY

Could you do something for me?

DAVID

Anything.

MARCY

Tell me about *me*.

DAVID

Like, things you don't remember?

(Off her nod)

Huh, well, I used to call you Batgirl. From you running off at all hours fighting crime... Ah, you liked listening to country music.

MARCY

Which country?

DAVID

It's like a *genre*... you liked honey in your tea, but not --

MARCY

(interrupts)

No, I mean what *I* was like.

DAVID

Okay, stubborn. Drove me crazy sometimes, not gonna lie. Fierce. Little 'yell-y' now and then.

(beat)

And generally... *amazing*.

He falls into silence, unable to continue.

MARCY

I'm not sure that's what I'm asking.

(beat)

I'm trying to find missing pieces.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED: (2)

181

DAVID

(this kills him)

I don't know what good this is gonna do... All I know is what you did to me. How I felt whenever you walked in the front door every time. Like butterflies, that feeling in your stomach... Even more so when you went out again.

(beat)

Someone like you doesn't *happen* to someone like me.

(then)

I know that doesn't answer your question and I know you want to remember the missing pieces, but... Maybe a person is best defined by how they affect the people around them.

(beat)

And I just made that up but I think it may be true.

Despite David's passionate speech, Marcy is unaffected. She knows she should feel *something*, but nothing happens.

The door suddenly OPENS and Blair steps in.

BLAIR

Hey, guys! I'm so sorry I'm late.

DAVID

That's okay we were --

MARCY -- gets a hail on com.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

Carly, Marcy, I need you at Ops, right now.

She stands up from the table.

MARCY

I actually need to go, something just came up.

BLAIR

No, really?

David thinks he did this.

DAVID

You don't need to --

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED: (3)

181

MARCY  
 (as she goes)  
 I do. Thank you for the wine.

BLAIR  
 Bye.

Blair is confused by Marcy's hasty exit. David can't even watch her go.

182 INT. GARAGE/OPS - MAGIC HOUR (DUSK9)

182\*

The whole team is assembled at Ops. Philip pulls up files with all of their traveler numbers.

Images from 105 "Room 101" fill the screen.

PHILIP  
 There's a file for each of us.

CARLY  
 I can't believe we found him.

MARCY  
 Open mine.

Philip opens file "3569" and Marcy skims through photographs of herself, pictures of David, footage of her post-transition from a time she didn't live.

Marcy takes it all in, intensely curious.

CARLY  
 We take him tonight. Before another traveler dies.

MacLaren SEES a photo of Kathryn in her artist's loft. Ice runs through his veins.

MACLAREN  
 You're fucking right we do.  
 (then)  
 Let's gear up.

183 INT./EXT. VINCENT'S MANSION - GARDENS - MAGIC HOUR (DUSK9)

183\*

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

Vincent is seated inside by large double doors that are opened wide towards his well manicured gardens.

He has a cup of coffee in one hand and a newspaper in the other.

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

183

TAYLOR -- chats happily away as he plays fetch with Pepper.

TAYLOR

And Miss Henry let me read from 'The Chrysallids' after lunch. She said I had an impressive vocabulary.

VINCENT

(absent praise)

Good for you.

Vincent watches them play.

184 EXT. GARAGE/OPS - P.O.V. SNIPER SCOPE - MAGIC HOUR (DUSK9)

184\*

A scope trained on the exterior of the garage.

There are multiple lines of sight aimed at the entrance between the buildings... the way out.

185 INT. GARAGE/OPS - MAGIC HOUR (DUSK9)

185\*

The team gears up, grabbing weapons, vests, ready to go storm Vincent's compound. Grim-faced, quiet, purposeful.

PHILIP -- has blueprints of Vincent's mansion and a map of the surrounding area on his screens.

CARLY

We go in quiet and fast. Kill him and get out.

TREVOR

Boss, I don't agree with this.

MACLAREN

Well, we're going to need you.

(then)

Philip?

PHILIP

Oh, I'm in.

CARLY

There are at least three armed guards outside. Probably staff inside.

(points to blueprint)

We park behind this tree-line and proceed on foot.

186 EXT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N9) 186

A fleet of BLACK SEDANS surround the garage and take position. MEN IN DARK SUITS file out and begin unpacking heavy cases.

187 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N9) 187

Everyone is loaded up and ready for war. Our team begins to pack up the van parked inside of Ops.

There is a KNOCK at the door. Everyone turns. Spooked.

CARLY -- checks the security feed and puzzled, she moves to the door, gun in hand.

188 EXT. VINCENT'S MANSION - GARDENS - NIGHT (N9) 188

Laughing, Taylor runs a little further into the gardens.

He suddenly stops, turns to Vincent, and goes MESSENGER.

TAYLOR

Traveler 001, stop your pursuit of  
Traveler 3468 and his team immediately  
or face repercussions.

VINCENT -- looks like he's just seen a ghost.

189 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N9) 189

The door opens and a LITTLE GIRL in pajamas goes MESSENGER.

LITTLE GIRL

Traveler 3468, you are off-mission.  
Stand down immediately or face  
repercussions.

190 EXT. VINCENT'S MANSION - GARDENS - NIGHT (N9) 190

TAYLOR -- comes to, and he sees the terrified look on his father's face.

TAYLOR

Dad? What's wrong?

VINCENT

We're going back inside. *Quickly.*

Taylor runs to his father's extended hand, Vincent's fear contagious.

191 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N9)

191

THE LITTLE GIRL -- comes to and her eyes widen at the sight of Carly holding a gun.

LITTLE GIRL  
Where's my mom?

MACLAREN  
It's all right, I'm a policeman.

The girl looks around, wondering how she got there.

TREVOR  
Boss?

PHILIP  
What do we do?

MACLAREN -- fumes. He wants to leap into the van and go, but he also can't disobey orders.

MACLAREN  
We stand down.

CARLY  
What?!

MACLAREN  
The Director must have a reason.

CARLY  
The *Director* is the one that wanted him found! We found him! Let's finish it.

MACLAREN  
Not our mission. Not tonight.

Disgusted, Carly slams her gear down and walks off.

MacLaren turns to the little girl.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
Let's get you home, sweetheart.

192 INT. VINCENT'S MANSION - NIGHT (N9)

192

Vincent wraps a coat around himself, a hastily packed overnight bag in one hand, as he dictates orders to Mr Morraca. They walk urgently down the hallway.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

192

VINCENT

Taylor and I are leaving tonight.  
We won't be returning.

193 EXT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N9)

193

MacLaren walks out with the little girl.

MACLAREN

Do you know your address?

He takes her by the hand, and SEES black SUV's lining the street, and the men in dark suits closing the trunks.

Stunned, MacLaren sees more vehicles and more men further up ahead.

MACLAREN -- realizes they narrowly avoided a bloodbath.

He opens the door for the girl and she gets in and goes around to his car just as:

THE TALL MAN -- from Vincent's house drives by in his SUV, glancing at MacLaren as he goes by.

\*

MACLAREN -- watches him drive off.

END OF EPISODE

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #204

"11:27"

Written by  
Ashley Park  
&  
Pat Smith

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TRAVELERS

"11:27"

Set List - PINK PAGES - 04.25.17

Exteriors

ALLEYWAY  
BUILDING  
    -Rooftop  
~~FOOD TRUCK~~  
GARAGE/OPS  
    -Driveway  
HOSPITAL  
    -Breezeway  
JENNY'S HOUSE  
LEGISLATIVE BUILDING  
ROOFTOP  
SKATE PARK  
STREETS  
TEAM VAN

Interiors

ARTIST'S LOFT  
    -Bathroom  
    -Corridor  
  
\*GALSTON ~~BANFIELD~~  
AGRICULTURE  
    -Lobby  
    -Second Floor  
    -Women's Bathroom  
  
BUILDING  
    -~~Snipers Nest~~  
    -Stairwell  
  
CARLY'S HOUSE  
~~CARLY'S VAN~~  
  
FBI FIELD OFFICE  
  
GARAGE/OPS  
  
HOSPITAL  
    -Exam Room  
    -~~Hallways~~  
    -Nurses' Station  
    -~~X-Ray Lab~~  
  
INTERNET CAFE  
  
JENNY'S HOUSE  
    -Bedroom  
  
MACLAREN'S SUV  
  
MARCY'S HOTEL ROOM  
  
RESTAURANT  
  
~~RESTAURANT/BAR~~  
  
TEAM VAN

TEASER

1 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY (D1)

1

CARLY leans against a wall, checking her phone. Waiting.

A FIGURE -- turns into the alley and approaches her. He pulls down his hood, tense and ready to run at any moment.

CARLY

'Helix'?

HELIX just stands there while Carly identifies herself as:

CARLY (CONT'D)

'SandStorm.'

HELIX

Prove it.

Carly thumbs through her phone then holds it up for Helix to SEE:

ON THE PHONE -- messages between 'Helix722' and 'SandStorm'.

He seems satisfied with that.

2 EXT. SKATE PARK - DAY (D1)

2 \*

TREVOR -- looks at a phone screen with the same messages. He nods in approval.

ABBY -- maybe 20, who would blend right into a university crowd, puts away her phone. She's curt, guarded.

ABBY

You bring it?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

The two conversations overlap and mirror each other.

CARLY

Did you bring it?

Helix digs into his backpack and hands her a wrapped package.

HELIX

Keep it cool and dry.

CARLY

Got it.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

Carly slides it into a backpack.

CARLY (CONT'D)

We shouldn't contact each other on  
the forums anymore. Kill the trail  
here.

HELIX

Smart...  
(with a nod)  
Good luck.

He pulls up his hood and jogs away. Carly coms into the  
team.

CARLY

He's taken care of.

PHILIP (O.S.)

Copy.

ABBY -- takes a similar wrapped package from Trevor and peeks  
inside to find: A WIRED COMPONENT.

ABBY

Thanks.

She stuffs it into her knapsack and turns to leave.

TREVOR

Hold up... You know how to handle  
that?

ABBY

It's safe to walk around with, right?

TREVOR

It's stable. Wouldn't call it safe.

ABBY

(dubious)  
What does that mean?

TREVOR

It means don't drop it, don't shake  
it, don't expose it to heat, don't  
get it wet --

ABBY

I know what I'm doing, asshole.

TREVOR

I can tell.

3 INT. TEAM VAN - DAY (D1)

3

PHILIP and MARCY are huddled in the van, watching the sting play out on a laptop screen from a live feed.

PHILIP  
She's pleasant.

MARCY  
Reminds me of your girlfriend.

That earns Marcy a look.

4 EXT. SKATE PARK - DAY (D1)

4 \*

Abby wonders if what Trevor has handed her is what she wants.

ABBY  
This *is* what I asked you to build,  
right? I did a lotta research --

TREVOR  
To your exact specifications.

ABBY  
Then we're good.

TREVOR  
So long as you don't take it through  
a metal detector.

MARCY (O.S.)  
Trevor, don't scare her away.

Abby is still suspicious of Trevor.

ABBY  
Why the fuck do you care?

TREVOR  
Because *I made* it. You do something  
stupid and blow yourself up tryin'  
to get through security --

PHILIP (O.S.)  
Easy --

TREVOR  
It might come back on me.

ABBY  
You don't have to worry about that.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

Abby walks away, catching him off guard. He watches her go.

TREVOR

(sotto)

I should go after her.

5 INT. TEAM VAN - DAY (D1)

5

Marcy watches the feed, shaking her head.

MARCY

Don't do it.

PHILIP

Marcy's right, we shouldn't push her too hard.

6 EXT. SKATE PARK - DAY (D1)

6 \*

Trevor watches Abby leave, disappointed.

TREVOR

Hey, I don't want to push her at all. But that's the mission the Director assigned us.

PHILIP (O.S.)

We'll just have to try again.

7 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - DAY (D1)

7

MACLAREN is about to pull out of his parking spot when -- all of his doors unlock.

Surprised, MacLaren turns behind him to SEE:

BISHOP -- (Ep 109) climb into the back and shut the door.

BISHOP

Agent MacLaren.

MACLAREN

Congressman Bishop, we meet again.

BISHOP

(annoyed)

You met my host. We never actually met because you *improvised*... Almost killed yourself in the process, left me stranded waiting for another team --

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

MACLAREN

(unapologetic)

Sorry for the inconvenience. There was an extenuating circumstance.

BISHOP

Always is with you. I'm amazed you get assigned missions at all, let alone this one.

MacLaren turns to face him, matter of fact.

MACLAREN

*This* one...

(beat)

I'm assuming it's not to drive you somewhere.

Bishop isn't happy about this, and hands MacLaren a manila envelope.

BISHOP

Your mission is to perform an assassination.

MACLAREN

Of who?

Bishop takes a deep breath.

BISHOP

Me.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

8 EXT./INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - DAY (D1)

8

Philip walks up to a house in a nice, suburban neighborhood, looking out of place. He knocks on the door and waits.

It's answered by CHLOE (11).

PHILIP

Hi Chloe.

CHLOE

(calls back)

It's your boyfriend!

JENNY emerges from inside the living room as Philip steps into what is ostensibly a very nice, bland family home.

JENNY

(to Philip)

Babysitting my little sister today.

CHLOE

D'you wanna play Space Kebob?

JENNY

He's not your boyfriend, he's mine.  
You can play though, if you don't  
tell Mom...

Chloe takes off. Jenny turns to Philip, flirtatious.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Wanna play something else?

PHILIP

I can't stay; just needed some drops.

JENNY

You're burning through 'em fast.

\*

PHILIP

We are.

JENNY

(smirking at that)

That's fair.

\*

PHILIP

Maybe we could play a *little*.

Jenny takes him by the hand and leads him toward her room.

9 INT. MARCY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY (D1) 9

Marcy enters to find the bed perfectly made, clothes folded, nothing out of place. Pristine. She sets down her things.

Bored, she turns on the TV to hear: the cheery sounds of a home shopping network.

She watches for a beat, then:

Marcy thumbs through her phone. She pulls up David's number, her finger hovers for a moment before she presses 'call'.

It goes straight to voicemail:

DAVID (O.S.)  
Hi, it's David, leave a --

She hangs up.

10 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - CORRIDOR - DAY (D1) 10

MacLaren juggles bags of groceries, when he SEES real estate flyers on a notice board. Intrigued, he plucks a take-home flyer advertising the listing of a unit in the building.

11 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - DAY (D1) 11

MacLaren knocks.

KATHRYN  
It's open!

He enters to see KATHRYN moving a heavy armchair across the living room, sets down the bags and rushes over to help her.

MACLAREN  
Here, let me --

KATHRYN  
I'm no stranger to moving furniture.

MACLAREN  
You shouldn't be overdoing it.

KATHRYN  
Part of my deal with Nicole is to redecorate her place while she's gone. Which looks like it could be a while by the way, she's loving it in London, so yay!

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

MACLAREN

You like it here, don't you. This space.

Kathryn hesitates, not wanting to walk into a minefield conversation.

KATHRYN

Are you kidding? It's exactly the kind of place I always fantasized about living in...

(feigning grumpy)

Until I met you.

MacLaren will have none of that.

MACLAREN

What, you don't think I'd go for something like this?

KATHRYN

(almost laughing)

Ah, no.

MACLAREN

(hands her the flyer)

There's a unit up for sale in the building. Let's put in an offer.

(she laughs)

I'm serious.

KATHRYN

Grant, you love our old house.

MACLAREN

It's a *house*. Without you living there, an *empty* house. I say we downsize --

KATHRYN

With the baby coming I need more room, not less.

(then)

Oh! Ooh! C'mere...

She takes his hand and presses it to her stomach.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Feel that?

MacLaren doesn't, but relishes the connection anyway.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

I can't believe we're doing this.  
(he smiles)  
What.

MACLAREN

Nothing.

KATHRYN

What.

MACLAREN

You said we. I got all excited.

Kathryn is matter of fact with him.

KATHRYN

I'm not ready for you to move in.

MACLAREN

A house doesn't get sold in a day.  
We're leaving that behind either  
way, right? I'm just... thinking  
about the future.

MacLaren picks up the heavy armchair and moves it into place  
as Kathryn watches.

12 INT. INTERNET CAFE - DAY (D2)

12

Trevor is seated at a station beside the window, idly clicking  
through different web pages. He scans the streets outside,  
then checks his watch.

Trevor speaks quietly, on com with Philip.

TREVOR

Maybe I should'a gone after her.

PHILIP (O.S.)

She comes to this cafe almost every  
day just after 10.  
(then)  
Okay, she's coming down Bellwood,  
she's close.

13 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

13

Philip is at his work station. On his screen is a live map  
with a moving GPS tracker.

PHILIP

She's stopped just outside.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

TREVOR

Copy.

PHILIP

Stand by in three, two, one...

Abby enters and walks over to him. Trevor feigns oblivious, staring at his screen intently.

ABBY

What're you doing here?

TREVOR

Huh?

ABBY

Are you following me?

TREVOR

How? I've been here for two hours.  
(then)  
Are you following me?

ABBY

No. But that's my spot.

TREVOR

I was here first. Sit there.

ABBY

Whatever.

Abby looks at him curiously, then to the station beside him. Finally, she sits. Trevor goes back to his work.

Abby catches a glance of his screen and SEES:

ON TREVOR'S SCREEN -- the official website of Galston  
Agriculture, and other articles about their controversies. \*

He catches her snooping and they lock eyes. She looks away, red-faced.

TREVOR

Can I help you, 'SandStorm'?

ABBY

(winces)  
Sounds so stupid when you say it out  
loud.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

TREVOR

Yeah it does.

\*

(beat)

I'm Trevor.

ABBY

Abby.

Truce established. She gestures to his screen.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Galston Agriculture fan?

\*

TREVOR

Not a fan. Definitely.

ABBY

Why?

TREVOR

They stomp out their competition,  
stall unions, file nuisance claims,  
fund anti-environmental lobbyists.  
Other than that, they're model  
corporate citizens.

ABBY

Okay, it's way worse than that.

Abby navigates to the 'Upcoming Projects' on Galston's website \*  
and points to a section.

TREVOR

(reading from screen)

Seed C589, scheduled for limited  
release and production. Patents  
pending... That's all it says.

ABBY

It's an experimental crop that's  
able to extract more nutrients from  
the soil in order to yield a larger  
harvest by 20 to 30 percent.

TREVOR

What's wrong with that?

ABBY

It's never been tested in the field.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3)

13

ABBY (CONT'D)

They don't know the limits of *how many nutrients C589 will pull from the soil. It's not about sustainability, it's about profit. For the sake of a few years of record harvests, this crop could decimate all the farmland it was grown in. Famine isn't just some biblical event --*

\*  
\*

TREVOR

I know, it happens.

ABBY

They already have a prototype strain ready to go.

TREVOR

When?

ABBY

*This week.*

TREVOR

It would need to pass FDA regulations.

ABBY

Not if Bill 939 gets passed, which lets corporations bypass the regulatory process for standard testing. They want to get it to market ahead of their competition.

TREVOR

How do you know all of this?

Abby glances around, the cafe is too populated for her liking.

ABBY

Not here.

14 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D2)

14

Carly comes into the house to find it empty.

CARLY

Jeff? Anyone home?

She goes to the kitchen counter to SEE a note: *"Went to the park, back in time for dinner. J and J"*

15 EXT. STREETS - DAY (D2)

15

TREVOR and ABBY -- stroll down the street, we join them mid-conversation.

ABBY

I was pretty excited when I got the internship. Thought I could take 'em down from the inside, ya know? I wrote to congress and our senator, I sent reports to the FDA of their violations... I even tried blackmailing one of their private investors.

TREVOR

You go girl.

ABBY

(what a dork)  
You didn't just say that.  
(moving on)  
Anyway I got moved out of the labs to the basement. All I do now is archive old paperwork.  
(beat)  
So, I'm not waiting around anymore.

TREVOR

What does that mean?

ABBY

I still have access to the building and I have what I need to do something about it.

TREVOR

That's serious shit you're talkin', Abby.

Beat. Trevor stops walking.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

It's also a big job for one person.

ABBY

I can do it.  
(off his look)  
You don't think I can do it?

TREVOR

You're not hearing me.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

She gives him a long look.

16 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D2) 16

THE TV PLAYING, Carly sits with an open pelican case beside her, holding the broken down parts of her sniper rifle.

Settled into a routine, Carly meticulously cleans and oils the rifle.

ON THE TV:

Bishop comes down the steps of the legislative building, being swarmed by reporters. \*

Carly watches, fingers gliding over the barrel. She turns up the volume. She looks through her scope, aims it at the screen, then lowers it to listen to Bishop's response. \*

ON THE TV:

BISHOP

We're going to stop Bill 939. We *will* get the senate to hear us. We *will* strike down this destructive motion and we *will* succeed. \*

(Beat)

That's all I have for you.

CARLY -- watches the screen, holding the rifle that is going to kill him.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

17 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

17

Philip is browsing the deep web when he hears the garage door open. He looks up to SEE:

TREVOR and ABBY -- walk in. She takes in the Traveler base with wide eyes as Philip walks over.

ABBY

Holy shit, this place is --  
(notices Philip)  
Hey.

PHILIP

Hey.

TREVOR

Abby: Philip. My hacker friend I was telling you about.

PHILIP

Oh! What'd he say?

ABBY

That you're the best, you want to help and I can trust you.

Philip turns to Trevor, disappointed.

PHILIP

You know there's so much more to me.

ABBY

(gestures)  
You guys live here?

PHILIP

Mi Casa.

Philip's 'cool factor' shoots up in her eyes. She looks to Trevor.

TREVOR

I still have a room at my parents house, but I'm here a lot.

ABBY

Just the two of you.

PHILIP

And Poppy.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

TREVOR  
(off her look)  
His pet turtle.

The cool factor evaporates.

ABBY  
You *know* they can carry salmonella  
bacteria, right?

PHILIP  
(he didn't)  
Noted.

TREVOR  
Our system's completely secure, go  
ahead and plug in.

Philip hurriedly shuts down the deep web, then ushers for  
Abby to sit.

She gives him a look as she takes his seat.

ABBY  
No shame in a little porn, I won't  
judge. Rule 34.

PHILIP  
(to Trevor)  
She's hilarious; where'd you find  
her?

TREVOR  
She found me.

Abby plugs in a USB stick and opens several files.

ABBY  
These are the project work files on  
C589 I managed to swipe. I've gone  
through some of it, but there's a  
lot that's encrypted.

PHILIP  
(scanning the files)  
What timeline are we looking at here?

ABBY  
The Bill 939 vote is tomorrow.  
Galston won't waste time.

\*

Abby opens a file and shows them:

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

ON THE SCREEN -- the blue prints of the building. She highlights the labs on the second floor, where the prototype strain will be.

She looks from Philip, to Trevor.

ABBY (CONT'D)

The labs are always empty between eleven and one for lunch.

\*  
\*

(beat)

That's our window.

18 INT. HOSPITAL - EXAM ROOM - DAY (D2)

18

DR HIGGINS (50's), reviews the results of an ultrasound with Kathryn and MacLaren. They are both transfixed by:

A MONITOR -- with the grainy, black and white images of the fetus.

DR HIGGINS

Heartbeat sounds good. The kidney, liver, brain, all developing well. Just what we want to see at this stage.

MacLaren squeezes Kathryn's hand, excited.

DR HIGGINS (CONT'D)

There was one area of concern that we saw... this dark spot behind the placenta.

KATHRYN

(heart sinking)

What is it?

DR HIGGINS

Too early to say for sure, but we would be concerned if it were a blood clot. Have you experienced any spotting or contractions recently?

Kathryn fervently shakes her head 'no'. She squeezes MacLaren's hand tighter.

MACLAREN

What would a clot mean?

DR HIGGINS

It could be an early sign of a placental abruption --

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

MACLAREN

But it could also be nothing.

DR HIGGINS

Oh, absolutely. There's no need for either of you to worry at this time. But given your age and your history, we're going to keep a close eye on this. Set up an appointment with my office to come back in two weeks.

Kathryn nods, trying to not let her fear show.

19 EXT. HOSPITAL - BREEZEWAY - DAY (D2)

19

MacLaren walks with Kathryn. Eyes red-rimmed, she musters the strength to hold it together.

MACLAREN

The doctor said it might not mean anything.

KATHRYN

I heard what the doctor said. And I've been through this before.

MACLAREN

That's not going to happen this time.

KATHRYN

That's not in your power.

MacLaren wants desperately to do something to make this better. Then he has an idea. He pats down his pockets:

MACLAREN

Shit... wait for me at the car, I forgot my phone back there.

(off her look)

I'll be two minutes...

\*

Kathryn watches MacLaren rush back down the hallway.

20 INT. HOSPITAL - NURSES' STATION - DAY (D2)

20

MacLaren turns the corner to find Marcy, filling out paperwork at her station. She looks up.

MACLAREN

Marcy, got a minute? I didn't want to have this conversation over com.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

MARCY

What.

MACLAREN

I need a favor.

MARCY

Of course --

MACLAREN

One that breaks protocol.

Her eyes widen, surprised by the secrecy. MacLaren confesses.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

I need you to understand it happened the night we were all under the effect of the anti toxin.

(then realizing)

You don't remember. We briefed you about the Helios mission, it was the night after. We were all affected...

MARCY

Okay.

She doesn't remember.

MACLAREN

My wife had helped arrange a surprise party for me. I didn't realize the effect the anti toxin was having, I consumed too much alcohol --

Marcy figures out where this is going and guesses:

MARCY

You broke protocol 4.

Bingo. MacLaren's expression provides her answer.

MARCY (CONT'D)

That would put her at what, 20 weeks?

MACLAREN

Somewhere in there.

(beat)

This is not her fault.

Marcy blasts him:

MARCY

No, it isn't! It's your fault --

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

MACLAREN

I know --

MARCY

What were you thinking?!

MACLAREN

I wasn't. Obviously.

Marcy takes a moment to process, and then, gently:

MARCY

Okay, well, it would probably still be best if you went to a clinic. The procedure's safe, even at this stage --

MACLAREN

She's going through with it.  
(off her look)  
It was her decision to make.

MARCY

Talk her out of it.

MACLAREN

I'm not going to do that.

Marcy is stunned by his breach of protocol, speechless.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

We just came out of the ultrasound; there's a problem. Placental abruption.

MARCY

That's serious in any century.

MACLAREN

But you could improve her odds of carrying the baby to term.

She thinks about it and nods.

MARCY

There's a drug I could technically synthesize, yes. But you know I can't do that --

MACLAREN

I'm asking you to think about it.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

MARCY

I should get back to work.

MACLAREN -- walks away to rejoin Kathryn outside.

DR BARKER -- approaches Marcy, having seen the tail end of her conversation from afar.

DR BARKER

Marcy.

MARCY

Dr Barker.

DR BARKER

So is he your..?

Marcy doesn't have the patience for this.

MARCY

Boyfriend? No. Excuse me...

Marcy grabs a file and begins to walk away when:

DR BARKER

(calling out)

Would you like to go to dinner  
sometime?

Marcy doesn't hesitate at all and turns back to him.

MARCY

Sure. When?

Barker's totally thrown, not having expected a 'yes'.

DR BARKER

How about this weekend?

MARCY

How 'bout now? I just need to change.

Barker is now plunged into panic.

DR BARKER

Now? I think I still have --

MARCY

I just looked at the schedule. You're  
done for the day. So am I.

DR BARKER

Oh. Okay then.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (4) 20

Barker is as nervous as he is excited.

21 EXT. LEGISLATIVE BUILDING - DAY (D2) 21

MacLaren, Carly and Bishop approach the stone steps of an officious legislative building with a wide, open courtyard.

They walk the perimeter and run through the details of their mission.

BISHOP

I'll be giving my speech here.

CARLY -- scans the surrounding area, looking at the nearby streets, buildings across from the steps.

CARLY

Okay. There's a decent vantage point.

BISHOP

From which to shoot me.

CARLY

That's why we're here.

Bishop can't argue with that but doesn't have to like it.

BISHOP

I was told there will be a distraction at 11:27 AM.

MACLAREN

Yes, we know about that. It's blocks away but the sound should carry...

(to Carly)

Go check out your spot.

Carly leaves.

BISHOP -- reaches inside his jacket to retrieve a bottle of pills. He shakes a couple out, sweating, scared.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

You all right?

BISHOP

This is plan B.

(off MacLaren's look)

My original mission from the director was more long term. Rise in the ranks of government, maybe even to high office...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

BISHOP (CONT'D)

(beat)

Unfortunately my host has a heart condition the Director wasn't aware of.

MACLAREN

You've still done some great things as a congressman.

BISHOP

Been paying attention, have you.

MACLAREN

Felt I had a vested interest.

BISHOP

The Director's fattened me up like a lamb being led to the slaughter. All I've done in the short time I've been here is set myself up to become a martyr.

MACLAREN

We all have our part in the grand --

BISHOP

Yeah, it's what it is.

(then)

I wanted to ask: that woman in the stasis field. Who was she to you? Worth risking your life for?

MacLaren remains vague, but gives him a little.

MACLAREN

Someone I care about who wasn't supposed to be on the plane that day.

BISHOP

She made it.

MACLAREN

She did.

BISHOP

(with a shrug)

That makes one of us.

Bishop half smiles at that then swallows the pills. He sits down on the stone steps and takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

After a moment, MacLaren sits down next to him,  
sympathetically.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

It'll be quick, right?

MacLaren doesn't answer.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

22 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT (N2)

22

Marcy, dressed quite well, sits across from Dr Barker.

THE WAITER -- pours Barker a taster.

DR BARKER  
(to the waiter)  
It's perfect, thanks.

The waiter pours Marcy's glass, then tops up Barker and leaves as Barker raises his glass.

DR BARKER (CONT'D)  
To courage.

Marcy smiles at that. They clink and take a sip.

DR BARKER (CONT'D)  
So what drew you to health care?  
(then quickly)  
God, that's an awful question to  
lead with, I'm so sorry.

MARCY  
Why? It's fine.

DR BARKER  
No, it's... I don't know what it is  
about you, you're so...

She smiles at that.

MARCY  
At some point I'm going to make you  
finish that sentence.

DR BARKER  
Oh, c'mon, you *know*. Every male in  
the entire hospital would be jealous  
of me if they knew where I was.

MARCY  
This must be a good restaurant, then.

Barker smiles, assuming she was joking.

DR BARKER  
I mean with *you* obviously.

Marcy answers his original question.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

MARCY

Well I got into health care because in the future it's going to be more important than ever.

DR BARKER

I know! And we're just on the cusp of so many amazing things.

MARCY

Why did you become a doctor?

DR BARKER

Oh, my parents made me.  
(she doesn't laugh)  
That was supposed to be a joke.

MARCY

I'm sorry, I didn't --

DR BARKER

Similar reasons to you, really. I want to be part of the changes that are coming. Think about what we're able to do now that we couldn't even ten, fifteen years ago. Brain mapping, stem cell research, robotically assisted surgeries. Limitless ways to help people. Isn't that what it's all about?

MARCY

You have a very positive view of the future.

DR BARKER

Don't you?

Marcy smiles, ironically.

MARCY

I do.

23 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N2)

23

PHILIP -- sits at the computer working, as:

TREVOR -- pours a glass of water and walks it over to Abby who sits, focused, writing on a pad of paper.

TREVOR

Here you go.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

Abby accepts it. Philip listens in as they talk.

ABBY

Thanks.

TREVOR

(re: the note pad)

What are you writing?

ABBY

It's like a mission statement.

(off his look)

People need to know why we're doing this.

TREVOR

You don't think bombing a research lab makes a statement?

ABBY

I don't want people to think I'm some radical. There's a point to this.

TREVOR

That's why we're helping you.

PHILIP -- chimes in and walks over from his work station.

PHILIP

I've been reading. C589 could be worse than you think.

ABBY

How?

PHILIP

There are properties in the genetic mutation of the seed that are monophyletic of the --

ABBY

Mono..?

PHILIP

It means the organisms descend from a common ancestor. In this case, the kudzu; a weed known for completely taking over a territory.

Abby tries to keep up.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

ABBY

So if farmers start using C589...

PHILIP

Not only will it deplete the soil of nutrients, it will spread. Rapidly.

TREVOR

With it's genetic resistance to pesticides C589 could become impossible to contain.

Abby throws him a look.

PHILIP

He's right. All arable land on the planet could be choked out in decades.

The severity hits Abby like a ton of bricks. She looks at Philip and Trevor, almost in awe.

ABBY

You guys really know your shit.

PHILIP

I don't really have a life outside the internet.

TREVOR

And I'm getting an "A" in biology.

Abby is beyond impressed with these two kindred spirits.

BEGIN MUSICAL MONTAGE:

24 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT (N2)

24

MacLaren sits at his desk, focused on his computer screen.

ON SCREEN -- The black and white image of the fetus from the ultrasound.

AN FBI AGENT -- walks by, causing MacLaren to casually change screens.

25 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - NIGHT (N2)

25

Kathryn sits on her couch, thinking.

She moves to the kitchen area where the "Unit for Sale" flyer rests from earlier. She picks it up and studies it.

- 26 INT. MARCY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (N2) 26
- Marcy takes off her top and looks at herself in the mirror.
- Wearing only her bra and underwear, Marcy turns around to SEE: \*
- DR BARKER -- sitting on the bed with his shirt open, looking back at her. She approaches him, gently pushing him onto his back, taking complete control.
- 27 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N2) 27
- TREVOR -- wears a face mask and goggles, carefully pours thick liquid chemicals through a funnel.
- PHILIP -- who holds a ceramic bomb casing in place at the bottom of the funnel.
- 28 INT. MARCY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (N2) 28
- Marcy and Barker intertwined, in the midst of passionate sex.
- 29 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (N2) 29
- Carly tucks in Jeffrey Jr, sleeping in his crib. She then walks to the kitchen and unrolls the site plans for the legislative building.
- From a separate folder, she pulls out recon photos of the building from the vantage point of the snipers nest.
- She studies.
- 30 OMITTED 30\*
- 31 INT. MARCY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (N2) 31\*
- BARKER -- fully dressed, stands by the door putting on his jacket. He politely nods to Marcy and heads out.
- MARCY -- sits in bed, sheets wrapped around her, watching him go. Then she stares straight ahead at the wall, empty.
- END MONTAGE

32 INT./EXT. GARAGE/OPS - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT (N2)

32

Abby leans on the hood of the Ops Van, having a cigarette and looking up at the sky.

TREVOR -- walks out to join her. She offers him one.

TREVOR

No thanks.

She takes another drag.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I spent too many years very very close to an old person who had to fight for every breath he took...

ABBY

You trying to ruin this for me?

TREVOR

Naw. You're an intelligent person; you can make your own decisions.

She gives him a look then puts it out.

ABBY

So now what do we do.

Trevor leans against the van looking up at the sky.

TREVOR

We can look at the stars.

ABBY

Too many city lights... I can only see one: Sirius.

TREVOR

(pointing)

There's another one.

ABBY

That's Mars; that's a planet.

TREVOR

I defer to your astronomy expertise.

ABBY

*Astrology*, unfortunately.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

ABBY (CONT'D)

My mom was into it. Based all of her decisions, all her relationships, on bullshit like whether Jupiter was aligned with Mars. Argh.

TREVOR

Most belief systems are just a shared vocabulary for people in search of meaning. Maybe the important thing is to believe in *something*.

ABBY

You mean something spiritual.

TREVOR

I mean *something*.

Beat. Abby shakes her head.

ABBY

I don't believe in anything.

TREVOR

Yeah you do. You believe in humanity.  
(beat)  
You believe our future's at stake.

ABBY

That's not spiritual.

TREVOR

Yeah it is.

Abby gives him a long, incredulous look, then almost laughs:

ABBY

God, who are you?!

(beat)

I mean, where were you when I was in high school? It would have been nice having even one person who was interesting to talk to.

Trevor laughs at that.

TREVOR

I'm kind of an old soul.

ABBY

No kidding...

Abby has never met anyone like Trevor.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

ABBY (CONT'D)

I like it.

Trevor sees the way she's looking at him and gently pushes off the van about to head in.

TREVOR

I should see if Philip needs help finishing up.

(chiding)

Don't light up while I'm gone.

Abby smiles at that too. Trevor heads inside.

33 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N2)

33

Philip is putting the final touches on the bomb at their work station as Trevor walks up to him. They speak quietly.

PHILIP

Ready to go.

\*

Trevor nods. Beat.

\*

TREVOR

Remember when Hall said "don't think the future doesn't get its hands dirty?"

Philip looks down at his own hands.

PHILIP

I know how you feel. But we knew going into this there's parts of history we can't change...

(beat)

Some people still have to die.

Trevor looks back at Abby.

TREVOR

Doesn't mean I have to like it.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

34 EXT. LEGISLATIVE BUILDING - DAY (D3)

34

A CROWD of enthusiastic supporters and protesters are gathered in front of an empty podium. Signs that are pro-environment and others that condemn BILL 939 are all held high.

At the top of the stairs, Bishop looks anxious.

MACLAREN -- comes up beside him.

MACLAREN

Good morning, Congressman.

BISHOP

MacLaren.

(beat)

Not much of a turnout.

MACLAREN

It's far more important the event is covered by news outlets, and they're all here.

Bishop nods, holds his gaze out at the crowd, steeling himself.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

You know, for what it's worth --

BISHOP

It's worth *nothing*. It's a life thrown away on the vague hope one man's death will change a tide. I wish I had never volunteered, but here I am...

MacLaren gives him a long look.

MACLAREN

You are going to go through with it.

BISHOP

Pfft.... Don't worry, I'll play my part. However pathetic it is.

MACLAREN

Then again... you might change the world. I know the Director believes it.

MacLaren nods and goes.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Five minutes.

35 EXT. BUILDING - ROOFTOP - DAY (D3)

35

Carly attaches the final component to her sniper rifle and sets it on a ledge. She looks into the scope to SEE:

THROUGH THE SCOPE -- MacLaren comes out of the building and joins one side of the crowd by the podium. He touches behind his ear, on com:

MACLAREN (O.S.)

Bishop's ready.

CARLY

I'm in position.

MARCY (O.S.)

Me too. All set.

The scope pans over to find Marcy standing on the opposite side of the crowd to MacLaren.

36 INT. TEAM VAN - DAY (D3)

36

Philip, Trevor, and Abby are parked down the street from the Galston building.

\*

Philip has the layout of the building up on a screen, referencing the site map as he talks:

PHILIP

The device is set for 11:27, so once you've got it in place right *here* on the second floor --

Philip points to the screen.

ABBY

I flip the engagement switch and get the hell outta the building.

PHILIP

You got it.

Abby takes a deep breath to focus.

ABBY

All right. Okay. Here we go.

She turns to take the bomb backpack from Trevor, but before he hands it over, he takes one last moment with her.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

TREVOR

You good?

ABBY

Yeah yeah. I should go.

TREVOR

We'll be right here the whole time.

ABBY

See you soon.

With a deep breath, she slides the door open and heads out.

37 EXT. TEAM VAN - DAY (D3)

37

Abby heads off toward the building.

A CHYRON APPEARS on SCREEN that reads: RECORDED TIME OF  
EXPLOSION: 11:27am

38 INT. TEAM VAN - DAY (D3)

38

PHILIP -- looks to his computer screen to SEE:

A CLOCK -- that matches our CHYRON, counting down: 3:27,  
3:26, 3:25, 3:24...

39 EXT. LEGISLATIVE BUILDING - DAY (D3)

39

BISHOP -- walks down the stairs, flanked by two security  
guards.He approaches the podium and puts his IPHONE down beside his  
speech, face up, screen on.

It reads: 11:24am

MACLAREN and MARCY -- watch from the side of a gaggle of  
reporters and the small crowd, focused on Bishop.

CHANTS from the protesters die down.

BISHOP

Thank you all for coming. We are  
gathered here in a defining moment  
in the history of our country. Today,  
the senate votes on Bill 939, which,  
at its core, institutes provisions  
that diminish corporate environmental  
accountability.

Displeased YELLS come from the crowd in support of Bishop.

40 INT. GALSTON AGRICULTURE - LOBBY - DAY (D3) 40\*

Abby enters the lobby and approaches security. She stands in a short line, bag over her shoulder, waiting for her turn through the metal detectors.

CHYRON -- 2:45, 2:44, 2:43, 2:42...

41 EXT. BUILDING - ROOFTOP - DAY (D3) 41

Carly watches Bishop speak through the scope of the sniper rifle. She SEES:

BISHOP

...And as your congressman, I stand here as a brother in arms...

42 EXT. LEGISLATIVE BUILDING - DAY (D3) 42

Bishop presses on.

BISHOP

...Here to fight against irresponsible policies brought forth to the senate, that seek to place short term profits ahead of the health and well-being of our planet.

A small round of APPLAUSE fills the air.

Bishop checks the clock on his IPHONE and stares out at the crowd, smiling faintly at the applause.

43 INT. GALSTON AGRICULTURE - LOBBY - DAY (D3) 43\*

ABBY -- stands next in line, about to pass through the metal detector, nervous as hell.

She's having second thoughts.

44 INT. TEAM VAN - DAY (D3) 44

Philip and Trevor sit, watching the timer on Philip's screen count down -- 1:59, 1:58, 1:57, 1:56...

PHILIP -- takes notice of Trevor's demeanor.

PHILIP

I don't like it either.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

Suddenly, there's a: THUMP THUMP THUMP on the van door.

PHILIP -- checks the side mirror then moves to the sliding door, opening it to SEE:

ABBY -- in a bit of a panic.

ABBY  
I can't do it.

PHILIP  
What?

TREVOR -- moves to the door.

ABBY  
I changed my mind. This isn't what  
I want.  
(beat)  
Let's go.

PHILIP  
No, you have to trust in the plan.

ABBY  
I don't. I'm not doing it. I don't  
know what I was thinking --

TREVOR  
Abby, it's gotta be done.

ABBY  
Fuck that!

TREVOR  
What's changed?!

ABBY  
You! Okay? It's you guys!  
(beat)  
I mean you've completely opened my  
eyes to a possible...

Suddenly, Abby is overcome and GOES MESSENGER:

ABBY (CONT'D)  
Traveler 0115 --

TREVOR  
No, NO!

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

ABBY

Complete the mission in place of  
Abigail Paris immediately.

ABBY -- comes out of her message, eyes wide, blood dripping  
from her nose and collapses. Dead.

PHILIP

Oh shit.

PHILIP -- stares at her, shocked and angry the Director killed  
her like this.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Why did the Director do that?

TREVOR

Because she was supposed to die.

TREVOR -- jumps out of the van and lifts Abby inside.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Help me.

Philip jumps out and helps. \*

With Abby inside the van, Trevor picks up the BACKPACK and  
grabs Abby's security card. \*

PHILIP

What are you doing?

TREVOR

Protocol one...  
(then, sincerely)  
Bye.

Trevor slides the door shut and runs off toward the building.

PHILIP

TREVOR!

Philip scrambles for his computer and touches his com. \*

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Boss, we've got a problem.

45 EXT. LEGISLATIVE BUILDING - DAY (D3)

45

MACLAREN -- takes a few steps away from the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

MACLAREN

What?

PHILIP (O.S.)

The bomb's going to blow in less than a minute.

MACLAREN

We're in position, what's the problem?

PHILIP (O.S.)

Trevor's the one taking it in.

MACLAREN

What?

46 EXT. BUILDING - ROOFTOP - DAY (D3)

46

Carly, ready and in position, reacts.

CARLY

*Goddammit...*

But she continues to stare through the rifle sight.

47 INT. GALSTON AGRICULTURE - LOBBY - DAY (D3)

47\*

Trevor walks with purpose through the metal detector and scans Abby's pass card.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MACLAREN

Trevor, what're you doing?

TREVOR

(sotto)

Abby went messenger: "0115, complete the mission." That's what it said.

PHILIP

Who cares what it said?! We'll think of another way! We're down to seconds, there's no time --

TREVOR

That's enough. Both missions depend on this happening.

(then)

So long, guys.

Trevor walks briskly down a hallway. He opens a door and races up a set of stairs.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

PHILIP  
Boss, help me out here!

MacLaren thinks a moment, then takes his side:

MACLAREN  
Trevor, you know what to do.

PHILIP  
What? No!

PHILIP -- begins furiously typing on his laptop.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
Come on come on come on.

48 INT. GALSTON AGRICULTURE - SECOND FLOOR - DAY (D3)

48\*

TREVOR -- walks out of the stairwell and into the main floor.

He scans his surroundings, then SEES the sign for the women's bathroom at the end of a long hallway, and takes off running.

49 INT. GALSTON AGRICULTURE - WOMEN'S BATHROOM - DAY (D3)

49\*

Trevor rushes through the doors and puts the backpack on the floor. He pulls the bomb out and places it against the wall.

He flips a switch on it, and a light turns from RED to GREEN.

He looks at his watch, which ticks towards 11:27.

\*

49A INT. TEAM VAN - DAY (D3)

49A

Philip desperately works on his laptop. The timer on his screen continues to count down: 0:07, 0:06, 0:05...

PHILIP  
COME ON!

49B INT. GALSTON AGRICULTURE - WOMEN'S BATHROOM - DAY (D3)

49B\*

Knowing there's no time to escape, Trevor takes a seat on the floor in front of the bomb and takes a deep breath as time begins to move in SLOW MOTION.

CHYRON: 0:03, 0:02, 0:01...

Trevor closes his eyes as we:

CUT TO BLACK

49C INT. TEAM VAN - DAY (D3) 49C  
Philip lifts his fingers off his keyboard and sits back,  
breathing heavy. He looks out the van window and scans the  
surroundings.

49D INT. GALSTON AGRICULTURE - WOMEN'S BATHROOM - DAY (D3) 49D\*  
Trevor opens his eyes. He is still alive. He looks at his \*  
watch and the timer, ticking past the time of the explosion. \*

50 EXT. LEGISLATIVE BUILDING - DAY (D3) 50  
Bishop stares at his IPHONE: 11:27 and counting.  
He lets out a nervous breath in anticipation of being shot,  
but nothing is happening.  
He does his best to push on, confused.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

BISHOP

This is a unique time in human history. Humanity is at a tipping point. This is a time of which people of the future will ask: Did you act? Or did you stand idly by?

51 EXT. BUILDING - ROOFTOP - DAY (D3)

51\*

Carly quickly checks her watch and taps her com.

CARLY

Where's the diversion?

MACLAREN

(sotto)

Stand by...

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

TREVOR -- sits on the floor, bomb in hands. He looks it over and flips the engagement on and off a few times, unsure of what's happened.

\*  
\*

BISHOP -- continues to speak, shaking, sweating.

\*

MACLAREN -- urges Trevor to act.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Trevor, it's time.

TREVOR -- frustrated, finally taps his com.

\*

TREVOR

Boss, it won't detonate.

BISHOP -- is now improvising and the stress is showing.

BISHOP

... where did you stand when it was us or them?

(beat)

Because we *must* protect our...

Bishop puts his hand on his tightening chest, cringing.

SECURITY -- approaches, but Bishop waves them off, drinking a glass of water, then continuing on through the pain.

MARCY

He's having a heart attack. Call it *now*.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

CARLY

He's dying anyway.

BISHOP

We must protect humanity's future.

(beat)

Regardless of political beliefs... \*

(beat)

Regardless of religion... \*

(beat)

Skin color... \*

(beat)

Regardless of personal cost...

THE SMALL CROWD -- is sensing something is wrong as:

SWEAT -- pours down his brow.

MARCY

He won't die a martyr if he has a  
heart attack; this is the whole point --

CARLY

I won't make it out --

MACLAREN

I've got your back; *take the shot.*

Bishop looks toward MacLaren, begging him to end this.

BISHOP

Now is the time for us to --

THUMP -- a bullet goes straight into Bishop's chest.

He drops in slow motion to the concrete, killed instantly.

THE SMALL CROWD -- erupts into panic. Chaos.

MARCY

(yelling)

There! He's over there! I saw the  
shooter!Marcy points down the street, trying to throw the scent off  
of Carly.

Everyone runs in all directions.

52 INT. GALSTON AGRICULTURE - WOMEN'S BATHROOM 52\*

Trevor jams the backpack into the wall trash can, forcing it down to hide it.

53 INT. GALSTON AGRICULTURE - SECOND FLOOR - DAY (D3) 53\*

Trevor runs out the way he came, now without the backpack.

54 INT. BUILDING - STAIRWELL - DAY (D3) 54

Carly runs down the stairs, sniper case slung over her shoulder, and heads out the ground floor door.

55 EXT. BUILDING - DAY (D3) 55

Carly exits to SEE a police car waiting for her. She freezes. The window rolls down. It's BOYD.

BOYD

Get in!

Carly tosses the weapon in first then gets in the back seat.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Get down and put my coat over you.

Carly ducks down and covers herself as Boyd drives off, just as a pair of POLICE OFFICERS enter the door Carly just exited. \*

56 INT. TEAM VAN - DAY (D3) 56

Philip is deep in thought. He just ignored a direct order.

On his laptop screen is the timer, which flashes "--:--".

ABBY'S BODY -- lies in the back.

57 EXT. LEGISLATIVE BUILDING - DAY (D3) 57

MacLaren fights through the crowd of security to get to Bishop.

MACLAREN

Make some space!

MACLAREN -- takes a knee and feels Bishop's wrist for confirmation.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

BISHOP'S EYES -- stare lifelessly back at him.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

58 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D3)

58

Trevor enters to find MacLaren, Marcy and Carly waiting for them to arrive.

MACLAREN

What took you so long?

TREVOR

Had to deal with Abby's body before we came back.

That's fair enough for MacLaren.

MACLAREN

So what went wrong?

PHILIP -- enters, computer bag in hand.

TREVOR

It was deactivated remotely. \*

That's half the story. Trevor lets Philip tell the rest.

PHILIP

By me. \*

Carly is furious.

CARLY

What?! \*

MacLaren stops Carly with a raised hand but turns to Philip, disappointed and angry.

PHILIP

I wasn't gonna let Trevor die for nothing.

TREVOR

Like Abby?

MACLAREN

It *wasn't* for nothing or we wouldn't have been given the mission.

Philip is exasperated.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

PHILIP

Galston's competition is weeks away from their own prototype! And come on, people, Ted Bishop's assassination is not going to inspire a movement --

\*

MARCY

Again, you don't get to decide -- !

PHILIP

Well, I did. And it's done.

MacLaren understands his desire to save a team member but knows his team can't ignore orders.

MACLAREN

We could very easily have lost one team member to save another. Without the diversion, Carly was completely exposed after she fired.

CARLY

You hung me out to dry.

PHILIP

(unapologetic)  
I see you made it.

CARLY

(to Philip)  
That's not the point! You undermined a direct order from --

PHILIP

You mean like the one the Director gave you? If my memory serves -- and hey, *it usually does* -- that mission was explicit: kill 3468.

(to MacLaren)

Maybe she just hasn't gotten around to it yet.

MACLAREN

This isn't funny.

He goes eye to eye with MacLaren.

PHILIP

Look me in the eye right now and tell me I'm the only one on this team who's improvised. Tell me I'm the only one who's broken the rules.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

MacLaren can't do that of course. Philip is just following his example.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I can hack into Galston, wipe their data on C589; we can even get another bomb in there... There are other ways to do this.

\*

MACLAREN

And if we get the mission, then that's what we'll do.

Philip accepts that. Everyone nods. Beat.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

It's out of our hands now. Protocol five until further notice.

The team disperses, a little edgy.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

(to Trevor)

I should add, despite my apparent protestation to the contrary...

(to Trevor)

I'm very happy you're still alive.

TREVOR

Thanks. You too.

Trevor goes up to the loft, Philip to his room. Carly leaves.

MARCY -- gives MacLaren a look. They find a more private spot to talk.

MARCY

(quietly)

Get me one of her folic acid pills.

(off his look)

If we're swapping out a medication to prevent a miscarriage, it'll need to look identical.

MacLaren is stunned by Marcy's change of heart.

MACLAREN

I didn't think you were going to do this.

MARCY

I'm a doctor. I help people. I took that oath first.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (3)

58

MACLAREN

You know technically that's not --

MARCY

(with a shrug)

Okay, then I'm improvising.

MacLaren nods his appreciation. Marcy heads off.

59 EXT. GARAGE/OPS - DRIVEWAY - DAY (D3)

59\*

Carly is heading towards the street when Marcy exits Ops and catches up with her.

\*

\*

MARCY

Hey, can I get a ride?

\*

CARLY

Sure. Van's out front.

\*

They start walking together.

\*

CARLY (CONT'D)

Where to?

MARCY

Honestly... I don't feel like going home.

Carly reads her mood and knows where to take her.

CARLY

I know just where that is.

\*

60 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - CORRIDOR - DAY (D3)

60\*

MacLaren knocks on the door. Kathryn is out.

61 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - DAY (D3)

61

MacLaren enters quietly, checking to make sure.

MACLAREN

Kat? You home?

No response. He moves to the bathroom.

62 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - BATHROOM - DAY (D3) 62

MacLaren opens the medicine cabinet and SEES Kathryn's bottle of FOLIC ACID.

He opens the bottle and pours a pill into his hand. He wraps it in a handkerchief, pockets it, and closes the cabinet door.

63 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - DAY (D3) 63

There's a knock at the door. Jenny opens it to SEE Philip, standing there.

PHILIP

Hey.

JENNY

Perfect timing, I was just thinking about you.

(reading his energy)

You okay?

PHILIP

Yeah. Long day.

Jenny takes his hand and leads him into the house. Jenny's sister Chloe sits on the couch wearing headphones and watching an iPad. \*

JENNY

(to Chloe)

We'll be in my room. Answer the phone if Mom calls.

Chloe just stares at the iPad, entranced by the screen. \*

JENNY (CONT'D)

Chloe.

CHLOE

(annoyed)

Okay.

Jenny leads Philip to her room, closing the door behind them.

64 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (D3) 64

Philip sits on the bed.

Jenny opens her desk drawer and grabs an eye dropper from within. She leans her head back and takes two drops to each eye. Double the typical dose.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

PHILIP -- lies back on the bed, staring straight up. He knows it's his turn.

JENNY

Ready?

JENNY -- walks to the bed, intimately gets on top of him, and holds his eyes open as she drops SIX drops in each eye.

PHILIP -- just lets her do it, trusting her and the drug.

With a deep exhale, the high hits Philip. He opens his eyes and looks up at Jenny who dives in for a kiss.

65 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D3)

65

Trevor washes his hands, dries them off and walks over to where Abby was working, finding her statement.

He reads it a moment, then walks it over to the computer station.

He logs into the hacktivist forum where they first met.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN:

He types: *A Manifesto by our fallen compatriot, SANDSTORM.*

66 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY (D3)

66

Marcy and Carly sit on a rooftop overlooking the city.

MARCY

How d'you even know about this place?

CARLY

They're gonna turn this old government building into condos soon. Jeff took me here to see the view 'cause he wants us to buy one of 'em.

MARCY

Seems like the address might be a little outta your price range.

CARLY

Everything he likes is a little outta our price range. He likes to dream, that man.

MARCY

So you two...

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

Carly shakes her head.

CARLY

We *three*. That child is why we're doing this and that's the only reason.

MARCY

Is it?

CARLY

For now. He *did* stop drinking.

MARCY

For now.

CARLY

I've got a zero tolerance thing goin'.

(beat)

But we both love that boy, so...

MARCY

I met a guy.

CARLY

Yeah?

MARCY

Doctor.

CARLY

Well you got something in common at least.

MARCY

I don't think so. There's nothing really there --

BOOM! -- A massive explosion goes off to their left.

Carly and Marcy SEE a rising plume of smoke within the city from behind some other buildings that obscure a direct view.

CARLY

Galston Agriculture's that way.

\*

Carly panics and touches her com.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Trevor..!

Nothing. Beat. Did he do it?

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2)

66

MARCY

Trevor, come in. Where are you!?

CARLY

TREVOR -- !

TREVOR (O.S.)

Sorry, I was visiting my parents.  
 Couldn't talk. You guys hear that?

Marcy and Carly are instantly relieved he's okay.

MARCY

We saw it. It had to be Galston...

\*

CARLY

Someone just completed our mission.

67 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (D3)

67

Philip and Jenny lie in bed, drifting in and out, incredibly high, when:

THE BEDROOM DOOR -- opens.

Philip sits up and SEES:

CHLOE -- standing there staring at him. She goes messenger:

CHLOE

Traveler 3326 open memory chain  
 71985VX and store the following  
 sequence:

Philip's eyes suddenly widen as his brain kicks into hyper-drive and his consciousness fades to the back of his mind.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

(messenger)

Biosynthesis of the Glycoproteins  
 IgE, IgM, IgD, IgA, IgG. Cleave HA  
 protein to form HA-1, HA-2 and fuse  
 with BHK 21-F. Ribonucleic acid  
 compounds mRNA and tRNA...

CHLOE continues to recite the formula over black.

END OF EPISODE

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #205

"JENNY"

Written by  
Jason Whiting  
&  
Ken Kabatoff

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TRAVELERS

"JENNY"

Set List - GOLDENROD PAGES - 05.18.17

Exteriors

BERLIN STREET  
JENNY'S HOUSE  
ND BUILDING  
PARKING LOT  
SHANGHAI STREET

Interiors

ARTIST'S LOFT  
CARLY'S HOUSE  
CARLY'S VAN  
-Moving  
CHURCH BASEMENT  
COMMUNITY CENTER FIELD  
~~CONVENTION LOBBY~~  
DAVID'S APARTMENT  
FBI FIELD OFFICE  
GARAGE/OPS  
-Philip's Bedroom  
GYM  
HIGH SCHOOL  
-Cafeteria  
-Drama Class Stage  
~~-English Class~~  
HOSPITAL  
-Doctor's Office  
-Emergency Room Processing  
-Hallways  
-Patient Room  
~~HOTEL LOBBY~~  
JENNY'S HOUSE  
-Bathroom  
-Bedroom  
MACLAREN'S SUV  
-Moving  
MARCY'S HOTEL ROOM  
ND BUILDING  
~~PERSONAL TRAINER'S OFFICE~~  
POLICE STATION  
-Corridor  
RV  
TEAM VAN

TEASER

1 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (N1)

1

PHILIP -- stands close to a white wall, high from the drops, his vision and hearing distorted. A WOMAN'S VOICE floats through the haze.

JENNY (O.S.)  
3326. Access memory chain 71985VX.

Philip turns to find JENNY standing there holding a Sharpie.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
Write it down.

PHILIP -- grabs the marker.

JUMP CUT through Philip writing out an impossibly long compound on the wall complete with structural formula.

It takes up a big chunk of wall. When he's finished, Philip turns to find Jenny sitting on the bed, staring at his work.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
That's all of it?

He scans it, as if speed reading it.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
Philip, is that all of it? Is it error free?

PHILIP  
Yes.

He watches her nod and dig out her phone.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
Is it good?

JENNY  
(curt)  
It's great.  
(looks up)  
Can you move?

Jenny waves Philip away from the wall to take a series of pictures when there's a KNOCK at the door.

She turns, wary, then moves to answer it, finding TRAVELER D13 (EP 110) standing on the other side.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

JENNY (CONT'D)

How'd you get in?

TRAVELER D13

Little girl named Chloe?

JENNY

I said I would send it to you.

TRAVELER D13

Something like this I need to see  
for myself.

D13 ignores the unwelcome vibe and steps inside. He turns  
to take in the wall, impressed and a bit daunted.

TRAVELER D13 (CONT'D)

Those stereo isomers are going to be  
difficult to reproduce...

He reaches into his bag to take out a tablet.

TRAVELER D13 (CONT'D)

We'll have to do it in batches...

D13 starts taking notes as Jenny turns back to Philip.

JENNY

We're leaving.

D13 doesn't look up.

TRAVELER D13

Sure. Nice work, Philip.

Jenny takes Philip by the arm and leads him from the room.

2 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

2

The sun is up as Philip stirs in bed. He hears WATER RUNNING  
and opens his eyes with a GROAN, wincing at the light.

PHILIP

Ow. Oh god.

He reaches for his temples.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

What'd we do last night? We were  
going to your place...

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

JENNY

We did.

PHILIP

We did? This is disturbing.

He turns to see Jenny enter, purse over her shoulder, dressed for the day.

JENNY

You hit the drops pretty hard.

PHILIP

It's never felt like this.

JENNY

It'll pass. We need to talk.

Something in her tone catches his attention.

JENNY (CONT'D)

This has to end.

PHILIP

What.

JENNY

This. Us.

Now Philip's fully awake.

PHILIP

What?

JENNY

I got a new mission.

PHILIP

What mission?

She looks at him, sad, a moment of tenderness.

JENNY

I'm sorry, Philip. Lightning struck.

She turns to leave.

PHILIP

So "good-bye," we never see each other again? I thought we had a connection.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

Jenny stops, her expression hardens.

JENNY

Right, I'm your connection.

PHILIP

That's not what I meant --

She digs into her purse and pulls out a handful of vials, tossing them at Philip.

JENNY

That should last you a few months if you use them the way you're supposed to.

Jenny leaves.

PHILIP

Jenny. Jenny!

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

3 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D3)

3

JEFFREY JR lies on a changing table, staring up at MARCY who checks his forehead with a NO-TOUCH THERMOMETER. CARLY paces nervously behind them.

MARCY

One hundred point six. High, but manageable.

Marcy pulls two bottles of medicine from her kit.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Alternate between these: acetaminophen and ibuprofen -- it'll control the fever and any pain he might have.

CARLY

That's it?

MARCY

That's it. He'll be fine in a few days.

Carly picks Jeffrey up and cradles him.

CARLY

Hey, you hear that? Auntie Marcy says you're gonna be all right.

Carly gives Jeffrey a bunch of kisses. Marcy can't help but notice the love between them as she begins to pack her bag.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Stay for coffee?

Marcy smiles.

MARCY

Sure.

CARLY

Let me just put him down.

Carly walks out of the room with Jeffrey Jr as Marcy gazes around the apartment. She SEES:

A PHOTO -- of Jeff, Carly, and Jeffrey Jr in a loving embrace.

4 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY (D3)

4

Philip and Trevor step out of their vehicle and walk over to an RV parked in the corner of the lot.

TREVOR  
You've been quiet lately.

PHILIP  
Don't have much to say.

TREVOR  
Some people find talking about it to be therapeutic. It *has* been two weeks.

PHILIP  
You know that doesn't make a difference for me, right? I remember every detail as if it just happened.

Trevor decides to leave it.

TREVOR  
Okay, good chat.

Trevor KNOCKS on the RV door. A VOICE calls out from inside.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Who is it?

TREVOR  
0115.

PHILIP  
3326.

TREVOR  
We were given orders to meet you.

The door UNLOCKS and opens to GRAHAM (50s), genial, looking down at Trevor and Philip.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
You must be Graham.

GRAHAM  
C'mon in.

5 INT. RV - DAY (D3)

5

Trevor and Philip try to find a place to stand in the cozy, lived-in RV that a retired couple in their 50s would undoubtedly own. Graham turns to sort through a series of small boxes.

COLLEEN (50s), Graham's wife, stands at a hot plate stirring some soup.

COLLEEN  
You boys hungry?

PHILIP  
No, thanks.

TREVOR  
Smells delicious. You have a lovely home.

GRAHAM  
Just temporary. Been driving up and down the state making hand-offs.

PHILIP  
Sounds like a long mission.

GRAHAM  
Roll out's been slower than expected, but I'm not complaining. Saw three eagles!

TREVOR  
Hopefully you're done soon.

GRAHAM  
Your team's one'a the last on the list.

He quickly pulls out his handkerchief and lets out a violent COUGH.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
'Scuse me. Here you go.

Graham hands Philip the box with his traveler number.

6 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D3)

6

Carly and Marcy sit at the kitchen table, sipping coffee.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

CARLY

Thanks for coming to check him out.  
I know I probably sounded crazy.

MARCY

It's not crazy, you had a natural  
maternal instinct.

CARLY

I don't know about natural. Not  
like I'm really his mother.

MARCY

But you are. In every way that means  
something. You've bonded.

CARLY

Who'd a thought that would happen to  
somebody like me.

MARCY

You mean a soldier.  
(Carly nods)  
Maybe you've changed. We all have.  
I mean, I have to think we've become  
more than just our consciousness.  
At least, the one we came here with.  
Maybe that's the better part of us.

CARLY

(remembering)  
You said something like that on the  
night you...

Carly stops herself short of saying it.

MARCY

What. The night I was reset?  
(off her look)  
What did I say?

Carly realizes she's said something she shouldn't have.

CARLY

MacLaren didn't tell you.

MARCY

He told me it was the only way to  
save my life.

CARLY

It was.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

MARCY

So. I really didn't have any choice.

Beat.

CARLY

You thought you did.

MARCY

What does that mean?

CARLY

I shouldn't have said --

MARCY

*Carly* --

CARLY

We didn't know it was going to happen so fast.

MARCY

Are you saying it happened against my will?

CARLY

I don't know. We thought you had more time. So did you.  
(then)

We went to your house because you said you wanted to think about it.

MARCY

What could there possibly be to think about? I would be dead.

CARLY

That's what I said at the time.  
(beat)

Now I'm beginning to understand.

Marcy gives her a long look.

7 INT. HOSPITAL - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY (D3)

7

KATHRYN and MACLAREN sit in silence. She fidgets in her chair, fearing the worst.

MacLaren takes her hand and she stiffens.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

KATHRYN

This is exactly how it happened last time...

He tries to console her.

MACLAREN

Kat, you've been taking your medication, doing everything by the book. It's going to be all right.

KATHRYN

Stop saying that.

DOCTOR HIGGINS (EP 204) enters carrying ultrasound results and takes a seat.

DOCTOR HIGGINS

Sorry, printer was down. How are we?

They stay silent, waiting for the news.

DOCTOR HIGGINS (CONT'D)

Kathryn, the latest ultrasound looks good. The dark spot's gone, which means it was probably nothing or just a mistake with the scan.

He looks up with a smile.

DOCTOR HIGGINS (CONT'D)

You and the baby are fine.

The tension escapes from Kathryn as she exhales, wiping tears from her eyes.

KATHRYN

Sorry, it's just... thank you.

DOCTOR HIGGINS

Stick to the calcium rich foods and folic acid, and I'll see you in a few weeks.

Kathryn nods and lets out a smile.

8 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D3)

8

MacLaren enters to find the team standing around Philip's computer.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

MACLAREN

What was in the package?

Trevor motions to the open box they picked up.

TREVOR

An anti-viral.

PHILIP

Historically, this is the beginning of a minor flu outbreak that kills seventy thousand people worldwide.

CARLY

Doesn't sound minor to me.

TREVOR

Percentage wise. We're not wired to think in "billions" of people.

PHILIP

Over a few months an antigenic shift will allow the virus to mutate and infect more of the population, but eventually the C.D.C. and W.H.O. gets it under control.

Marcy begins placing vials into auto-injectors for our team.

MARCY

Must be why they provided a broad spectrum antiviral. This will inhibit the development of each of its mutations.

TREVOR

Our mission is to save three of the people who historically don't make it.

CARLY

(off the auto-injectors)  
Are there any more?

Marcy hands Carly an auto-injector, then the others.

MARCY

Jeffrey's already been through the worst of it. You need to protect yourself.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

Carly takes a moment, wishing she could give it to Jeffrey, but goes ahead. Trevor winces as he injects his arm.

TREVOR  
 Couldn't we have gotten the pill version?

MACLAREN  
 (to Philip)  
 Who are the host candidates?

Philip types a command that brings up ID pages for three different people:

PHILIP  
 Jordan Lam, Annie Kapoor, and Brittney Palmer.

\*  
 \*

CARLY  
 A personal trainer, a flight attendant, and a travel blogger.

\*  
 \*

MARCY  
 Prime hosts that must have spread the virus.

MacLaren glances around at his team.

MACLAREN  
 Okay. Let's make sure that doesn't happen.

BEGIN MONTAGE

9 EXT. SHANGHAI STREET - DAY (D4)

9

XIAO (30s) stands on the corner, waiting to cross, when a YOUNG MAN steps behind him, looking at his cell phone.

THE CELL PHONE -- features a headshot of Xiao, along with TRAVELER TEXT in Mandarin.

10 OMITTED

10\*

11 EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER FIELD - DAY (D4) 11

MacLaren, holding an auto-injector, participates in an outdoor yoga class, his mat set-up behind ANNIE (30s).

12 INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - DAY (D4) 12

BRITTNEY (20s), full of wanderlust with a hippie/backpacker vibe, sits patiently as Marcy steps in with vaccinations.

MARCY

Hi, Brittney, I'll be doing your vaccinations today.

13 INT. GYM - DAY (D4) 13

Philip sits on a bench doing curls with a dumbbell, eyeing a personal trainer working with a client. The trainer takes a drink from his water bottle, then sets it on a nearby bench. \*

Seeing his opportunity, Philip gets up and walks by the bench, subtly dropping a pill into the water bottle as he passes. \*

13A INT. TEAM VAN - DAY (D4) 13A

Carly is in the back of the team van hearing the yoga instructor (TBW) through her com.

CARLY

Are you gonna do the whole class?

MACLAREN (O.S.)

(sotto)

I'm waiting for the right opportunity.

14 EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER FIELD - DAY (D4) 14

Annie holds a cobra pose, her feet stretched towards MacLaren. He quickly auto-injects her calf.

She flinches, turning to SEE MacLaren, who discreetly conceals the auto-injector and swipes at his forearm.

MACLAREN

Ah! Bee sting.

ANNIE -- confused, looks at her calf.

ANNIE

Me too, I think.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

MACLAREN

You're not allergic, are you?

She smiles.

ANNIE

No, I'm not.

MACLAREN

Oh, good.

15 EXT. SHANGHAI STREET - DAY (D4) 15

The Young Man pulls an auto-injector from his pocket and covertly jabs Xiao in the thigh.

Xiao, unsure of what just happened, feels his leg, then SEES the Young Man running away. He chases after him.

16 EXT. BERLIN STREET - DAY (D4) 16

CHYRON: BERLIN, GERMANY

Two RUNNERS race down the sidewalk of a residential street.

RUNNER 2 stops to catch her breath and pull out her inhaler, as RUNNER 1 circles back.

RUNNER 2  
(in German)  
Just my asthma.

CLOSE ON -- Runner 2 plunging down the inhaler.

RUNNER 1 -- quickly hits a button on her phone, sending a message to the deep web in GERMAN TRAVELER TEXT.

17 INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - DAY (D4) 17

Marcy readies the last syringe for Brittney.

CLOSE ON -- the needle piercing her arm, Marcy's thumb pushing the plunger down.

Marcy pulls out the syringe with a fake smile.

MARCY  
That's it. Have fun in Europe.

18 INT. TEAM VAN - DAY (D4) 18

Carly sits in the driver's seat with the RADIO ON, her tablet open to the deep web chat.

CARLY -- hits a button confirming their mission's complete, adding it to the traveler reports from around the world.

RADIO ANCHOR (O.S.)  
...describe the condition as "atypical  
influenza" and confirm five cases  
have been reported in the Pacific  
Northwest.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

RADIO ANCHOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Health Department officials are  
monitoring the situation and are...

MacLaren enters, Carly turns off the radio.

CARLY  
It's starting.

MacLaren taps his com.

MACLAREN  
Good work, everybody. Protocol five  
until further notice.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

19 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY (D5) 19

Trevor's eating lunch beside a few KIDS when GRACE approaches.

GRACE

We need to talk.

TREVOR

Hello, Ms Day.

GRACE

When's the last time you heard from  
the Director?

TREVOR

(covering)

The school-board director? I don't --

GRACE

What are you talking about?

(turns to the kids)

You're worried about *them*? Please,  
there's literally nothing going on  
in their tiny brains. The girls are  
thinking about their insipid  
friendships and the boys are imagining  
them naked.

\*  
\*

TREVOR

What do you want?

GRACE

(repeating herself)

Have you, heard from, the Director?

Trevor looks around. She's right. Nobody cares.

TREVOR

We've had missions.

GRACE

Why haven't *I* heard anything?

He tries to say this part so nobody will hear:

TREVOR

I don't know, maybe because you jumped  
here without permission? Maybe  
because you don't have a team?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

GRACE

Maybe I can join your team. I could be your computer expert!

TREVOR

We already have a computer expert.

GRACE

I could be your vastly more capable computer expert.

TREVOR

Doesn't work like that.

GRACE

Well it should. I'm getting bored.

Grace turns to a KID who's staring at his phone, totally spaced-out beside a mostly untouched plate of food.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(re: the lunch)

You going to finish that?

No response. She picks a chicken nugget off the kid's plate and pops it in her mouth before she walks away.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Mmm. Fake chicken.

20 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D5)

20

Carly cradles the baby as JEFF searches the house, in uniform.

JEFF

Have you seen my work jacket? \*

CARLY

You were supposed to take care of Jeffrey today.

JEFF

I know that, Carly, but I got called in. There's a bug goin' around.

CARLY

So?

JEFF

So I'm going to go to work.

Jeff finally notices the chill in the room.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

JEFF (CONT'D)

What'd I say?

CARLY

It's what you didn't say.

(off his look)

"Hey, Carly, I know I'm supposed to take care of Jeffrey today but something came up, can you help?"

JEFF

Why do I have to say all that? You're his mother.

CARLY

You're his father. We said that we'd do this together. Equal partners, remember?

Jeff fights his instinct to retaliate. He lowers his guard and goes sweet, a man we haven't seen much.

JEFF

Carly Shannon, would you please help me out by taking our gorgeous son to his babysitter's house so I can work as an underpaid, underappreciated, beat cop for one more day?

Carly considers it, he really has been doing better lately...

CARLY

Fine, but you're doing pick ups for the rest of the week.

JEFF

Absolutely.

CARLY

And your jacket's on the hook by the door.

\*

Jeff spots it before he turns back to her with a smile.

JEFF

Thank you.

He'd like to give her a kiss but settles for a nod before he grabs his jacket and opens the door.

\*

JEFF (CONT'D)

See you tonight.

21 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D5)

21

Philip's scouring the deep web when he reaches into his shirt pocket for a nearly-empty vial of drops.

PHILIP -- doses the last two drops and throws the vial away before he opens a desk drawer to SEE the rest of his supply.

He lingers there, Jenny on his mind, before the front door BUZZES. He turns to the intercom.

PHILIP

Hello?

The security feed shows a visored motorcycle rider with a passenger clinging on the back.

BOYD (O.S.)

It's 3185, has your team taken the antiviral?

PHILIP

Yeah.

BOYD

'Kay, let us in.

The door BUZZES open and the motorcycle ROARS inside.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Help me.

Philip moves to lift a weakened traveler, HEATH, off the bike as BOYD pulls off her helmet. She looks pale and unwell as she scans the empty room.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Where's Marcy?

22 INT. MARCY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY (D5)

22

Marcy's alone with her tablet, studying photos from her pre-reset life that were found on Vincent's computer in EP 203.

She swipes past several generic shots until she lands on a photo that shows her and David walking together outside.

Marcy pauses then zooms in, going tight on her own face, to examine her unfamiliar smile.

She reaches for her phone to speak to David, but gets his voicemail instead.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

MARCY

David, hi, it's Marcy. I was wondering if you'd like to get together to talk.

Philip calls in on com.

PHILIP (O.S.)

Marcy, you there?

MARCY

(still on the phone)

So, if you'd like to do that, please call me back.

Marcy hangs up the phone and turns off the tablet, the stern expression reflected back at her is a sharp contrast to what she was looking at before.

She turns away and hits her com.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Go ahead, Philip.

23 INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY (D5)

23

Police officers file out of a room, as the morning briefing has just wrapped up. Jeff catches his SERGEANT (EP 201) out in the hallway.

JEFF

Hey, Sarge? I never got an assignment.

His boss stops to check his list.

SERGEANT

Connicker, what're you doing here...

JEFF

I'm filling in.

SERGEANT

Right, this flu's kicking us around. You get your shot yet?

JEFF

Not yet.

SERGEANT

Better get on it.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

Jeff nods as the Sergeant re-checks his list.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)  
You covering McAllister or Boyd?

JEFF  
McAllister.

SERGEANT  
Hospital.

24 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D5)

24

Marcy wears surgical gloves as she finishes her inspection of Heath, who lays on a gurney in the med bay.

She turns to Boyd who's looking worse than before.

MARCY  
So it presents like classic flu:  
fever, sore throat, headache.

BOYD  
But it's not the flu -- he received  
the same broad-spectrum antiviral we  
all did.

MARCY  
So something that's viral but not  
the flu... Maybe West Nile or  
meningitis?

Boyd shakes her head.

BOYD  
Checked those. Checked them all  
actually; there's no match.

Marcy's confused.

MARCY  
If this thing's a virus we can  
identify which one it is.

BOYD  
I've checked the gene sequence for  
every virus in the twenty-first and  
every century after that.

MARCY  
You're saying it's a new pathogen.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

BOYD

Unknown in this time or in ours.

MARCY

How is that possible?

Marcy's processing this when Heath lets out a GROAN.

She looks down and notices something strange happening with his eyes and leans in to get a closer look.

MARCY -- runs her latex-gloved finger under Heath's eye and it comes away red. His eyes are bleeding.

She turns back to share a look with Boyd: what the hell.

25 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DRAMA CLASS STAGE - DAY (D5)

25\*

Trevor stands on the small stage in the gym of a high school. \*

TREVOR

"Death."

He glances down at a SHY GIRL (EP 103) who lays on a table onstage with her eyes closed while THE TEACHER and a DOZEN OTHER STUDENTS look on. \*

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Death that hath sucked the honey of thy breath, hath had no power yet upon thy beauty."

Some POORLY SUPPRESSED LAUGHTER makes the Teacher turn.

TEACHER

Seriously you guys? How old are you?

(then)

Go ahead, Trevor.

Trevor finds his place and continues.

TREVOR

...upon thy beauty... "Thou art not conquered. Beauty's ensign yet is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks. And death's pale flag --

MARCY

(on com)

Trevor, you there?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

He stops reading.

TREVOR

...aye.

More LAUGHTER as the Teacher moves things along.

MARCY

You're in class.

TEACHER

"And death's pale flag is not advanced there." Good, let's take it from, "Ah, dear Juliet, Why art thou yet so fair?"

MARCY

You need to leave. You may be infected with a dangerous pathogen. Keep your distance from other people and get outside.

TREVOR

What's happening?

The Teacher answers first.

TEACHER

We're skipping to the last section: one final embrace, one last kiss and then you drink the poison.

MARCY

Go, now. MacLaren's waiting.

Trevor glances down at the Girl who's opened an eye to look.

TREVOR

I have to go.

TEACHER

You don't have to kiss, just read.

She stands up to encourage him and Trevor flinches away.

TREVOR

Don't touch me. Sorry, I have to go.

He turns and rushes from the stage, leaving the Teacher looking bewildered and the Shy Girl looking wounded.

\*

26 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D5)

26

Marcy and Boyd are huddled around Philip's computer, the microscopic image of a virus cluster blown up on-screen. The mass looks almost pretty, like a series of deadly daisy heads.

MARCY

Hardly even looks like a virus.

BOYD

No, you kind of expect something pleomorphic.

MARCY

(nods)

Spherical capsid, radial symmetry...

\*

Philip looks on while Carly paces in the background.

CARLY

That's what's infected us?

MARCY

That's what we're trying to determine.

Marcy looks over as MacLaren and Trevor enter Ops.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Good, I need blood from both of you.

MacLaren takes off his jacket and rolls up his sleeve as he approaches the computer.

MACLAREN

(re: the screen)

What do you call it?

BOYD

Haven't gotten that far yet.

MARCY

Boyd's viral count's in the hundreds of thousands and her teammate's up over a million.

MacLaren takes a seat as Marcy reaches out to swab his arm.

MARCY (CONT'D)

It seems to be tied to the antiviral mission.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

BOYD

We got it two weeks before you did.

MacLaren looks back at Heath.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Heath's immune system was already compromised -- I had to remove one of his lungs after a mission blew up near the beginning.

Marcy starts to draw MacLaren's blood.

MARCY

His antibodies are showing no cross-reactivity, his body just keeps amplifying it.

MACLAREN

So how do we get it under control?

Marcy's about to answer when Heath SCREAMS OUT in pain.

They turn to SEE Heath as every muscle in his body begins constricting and he starts having a seizure. The HEART-RATE ALARM BEGINS TO HOWL.

\*  
\*  
\*

BOYD

Heath!

She runs to him.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Little help!

Carly joins her, both of them trying to hold Heath down.

BOYD (CONT'D)

We need to sedate him!

\*

Marcy preps an auto-injector as Heath opens his eyes, blood vessels bursting in sequence as his struggles intensify.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Hold him!

Marcy hits Heath with the auto-injector and the seizure begins to stop.

\*  
\*

BOYD (CONT'D)

I can't get a BP.

\*

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

MARCY

There's no pulse. \*

Marcy climbs up onto the table and begins chest compressions.

MARCY (CONT'D)

One, two, three, four, five! \*

Boyd picks up a BAG VALVE MASK and starts bagging as Marcy keeps on the heart. \*

MARCY (CONT'D)

One, two, three, four, five!

The monitor is flatlining. Boyd checks his pulse, then calls it. \*

BOYD

He's gone.

(touches Marcy's shoulder)

He's gone.

They stand there as a group, staring down at Heath's dead body, winded and shaken.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

27 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D5)

27

Heath's body has been moved to another part of Ops, Boyd drapes a sheet over him as the rest of the team waits for their blood test results.

MacLaren approaches Boyd.

MACLAREN

I'm sorry.

(beat)

Let's get you off your feet, you need to rest.

BOYD

I think it's a little late for that.

He helps her into a chair then moves to where Marcy and the rest of the team are gathered near the electron microscope.

MACLAREN

How's it looking?

Marcy takes a deep breath and turns to face the team, they read her grim expression.

TREVOR

We're all infected, aren't we.

Marcy shakes her head.

MARCY

Not all. You, Philip, and Carly have it.

(to MacLaren)

You and I somehow rejected the virus.

MACLAREN

What?

MARCY

Each of the blood samples has a viral load between five hundred and a thousand copies per milliliter. Ours is zero.

MACLAREN

What about antibodies --

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

MARCY

Trace amounts, somehow we're immune.

MACLAREN

How is that possible?

MARCY

Tough to say without running more tests.

MACLAREN

If we're immune can't you make a blood serum?

MARCY

We'll try, but there may not be enough time...

A tough pill to swallow for the team.

CARLY

If this all started with the mission, we can't be the only ones.

MacLaren turns to Philip.

MACLAREN

Check the deep web for any other teams reporting the same symptoms.

Philip heads to his computer, opening multiple windows.

MARCY

If it's transmitted through air particles and fomites, that means there's a good chance we've infected everyone we've come in contact with.

CARLY

Are you sure?

MARCY

Outside of an immunity, we're estimating its infection rate is over forty percent.

\*

That is a shockingly high number.

MACLAREN

Forty?

\*

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

MARCY

Call everyone who you've been in contact with. Tell them to stay inside.

Trevor and Carly head off to make calls as Philip shouts from his workstation:

PHILIP

Boss? You're gonna want to see this.

MacLaren moves over to the computer to SEE the deep web chat with a WORLD MAP on another monitor.

THE MAP -- features over one hundred colored dots spread across major centers of the globe.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Traveler teams have been reporting the same sickness all over the world.

MARCY

And they've been transmitting it this whole time.

MACLAREN

If we got you more of the anti-viral, could you analyze it to see what went wrong?

MARCY

Possibly, but I'm running low on ethidium bromide.  
(off MacLaren's look)  
It's a controlled substance, not something you can get on short notice.

MACLAREN

What about the hospital?

MARCY

Yeah, the lab should have some. I can give you a name.

Marcy writes down Dr Barker's name. MacLaren turns to Carly and Trevor.

MACLAREN

You two track down the team that handed off the vials, I'll go to the hospital --

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

CARLY

I need to get my son from the  
babysitter.

MACLAREN

Carly, you're infected. The best  
thing you can do for Jeffrey right  
now is stay away.

Carly looks away and nods, resigned, she knows he's right.

28 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D5)

28

David enters with his bike and shoulder bag. He hangs the  
bike on the wall before his phone BUZZES in his pocket. He  
pulls it out.

A NOTIFICATION -- appears on his screen, "1 NEW VOICEMAIL".

He taps the button and listens.

29 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D5)

29

MARCY'S PHONE -- rings and she quickly answers it.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MARCY

David.

DAVID

Hey, Marce, sorry, was out riding.  
Just got your message. I'd love to  
meet up --

MARCY

Where are you right now?

DAVID

At home..?

MARCY

Okay, do not leave.

DAVID

You're coming over?

MARCY

No, David, a dangerous flu is  
spreading.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

DAVID  
What, like SARS?

MARCY  
Worse than that.

DAVID  
Hang on, what?  
(worried)  
Where are you?

MARCY  
I'm safe.

DAVID  
Why do I get more worried whenever  
you say that?

MARCY  
You don't have to worry about me.

DAVID  
Well, I can't help it; I worry about  
you and I worry about my clients.  
Most of whom don't have a home to  
stay inside of.

MARCY  
Stay home. I've seen how bad this  
can get.

David's already getting ready to go back outside.

DAVID  
Marce, I'm sorry. Thank you for  
telling me. I have to go.

MARCY  
David!

But he's already hung up and is out the door.

30 INT. CARLY'S VAN - MOVING - DAY (D5)

30

Carly drives Trevor through a suburban part of town.

They make a turn and come upon a Washington State Highway  
Patrol checkpoint. The OFFICER, wearing a surgical mask,  
gestures for Carly to roll down the window.

\*  
\*

OFFICER  
Where you headed?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

CARLY

Home.

OFFICER

Well, when you get there, stay there.  
There seems to be a bad flu going  
around. And tell everyone you know,  
all right?

TREVOR

Sure thing.

The Officer steps back and Carly rolls up her window.

31 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D5)

31

MacLaren drives through town, the streets emptier than usual.

His phone rings.

32 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D5)

32

FORBES stands in the bullpen with his phone, AGENTS and  
ASSISTANTS working behind him, everyone on high-alert.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

FORBES

Mac, where are you? It's all hands  
over here.

MACLAREN

I know, look, did you receive an  
anti-viral sometime in the last two  
weeks?

Forbes keeps his voice low.

FORBES

Yeah, had to save some hosts.

MACLAREN

Any of your team sick?

FORBES

Three of us. Why?

MACLAREN

We've seen traveler reports that  
this is happening all over the world,  
and I think we're the primary  
transmitters.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

FORBES

Shit.

MACLAREN

I have my team tracking down the anti-viral to run tests.

FORBES

A'right, let me know how that goes. In the meantime, the CDC's setting up shelters, and Wakefield wants us to meet up with the National Guard. I'll text you the address.

MACLAREN

I'm on my way to the hospital. I'll have to meet you in thirty.

FORBES

You got it.

33 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY (D5)

33

Jenny enters, sweat beading down her pale skin. She lets out a COUGH, then shuffles to the counter and looks at herself in the mirror.

She leans in to examine her eyes, but they still look normal.

34 INT. CARLY'S VAN - MOVING - DAY (D5)

34

Carly and Trevor drive through an eerily silent parking lot.

They stop the vehicle, and stare at the RV parked in the middle of a sea of asphalt.

Trevor opens the glove compartment and hands Carly a surgical mask.

35 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY (D5)

35

Carly and Trevor, wearing their masks, step out of the van. She unholsters her sidearm and approaches the RV with caution.

Trevor KNOCKS on the door. No response.

TREVOR

Graham? It's Trevor.

Nothing.

Trevor gives Carly a nod and quickly opens the door.

36 INT. RV - DAY (D5)

36

Trevor and Carly enter.

TREVOR

Hello?

He searches through the kitchen cupboards for any anti-viral boxes.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I'll check the back.

Trevor makes his way to the bedroom as Carly continues searching the main area.

Trevor opens the bedroom door to SEE:

GRAHAM and COLLEEN -- sprawled out on the bed, bullet holes in their heads and chest, blood staining the walls.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

37 INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM PROCESSING - DAY (D5) 37

David leads a HOMELESS MAN into AN OVERCROWDED ER, every chair and gurney filled with the sick and injured.

He takes a breath and wades through the crowd toward a no-bullshit NURSE JANE (50s) who's doing her best to triage the chaos. \*

DAVID  
Hi, sorry, can you tell me who's in charge?

NURSE JANE \*  
What do you need?

DAVID  
(re: the Homeless Man)  
He's got a bad headache and fever.  
He needs to see a doctor.

NURSE JANE \*  
Well he won't get one here -- ER's been in overflow for an hour and people with the flu are being turned away. He'll be better off at home.

DAVID  
He doesn't have a home.

NURSE JANE \*  
He's better off anywhere but here.  
You his family?

DAVID  
Case worker.

The news softens the Nurse's approach, a kindred spirit.

NURSE JANE \*  
Right. How many people are you caring for right now?

DAVID  
Officially or unofficially?

Nurse Jane nods, gets it, then turns to the desk behind her. \*

NURSE JANE \*  
Here.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

She hands David an opened box of surgical masks.

NURSE JANE (CONT'D) \*  
It's not much, but it's better than  
nothing.

DAVID  
Thank you.

NURSE JANE \*  
Be sure to take one for yourself.

DAVID  
Thank you, that's very kind.

NURSE JANE \*  
Look after yourself.

Just then MacLaren walks by, on his way to the lab. David spots him.

DAVID  
Agent MacLaren?

MacLaren stops and turns.

MACLAREN  
David.

The Nurse turns away, instantly on to the next thing.

DAVID  
Is Marcy here?

MACLAREN  
No.

DAVID  
Maybe you can get a message to her?  
Ask her if she'll swing by the  
shelter? A lot of these guys are  
in rough shape.

MACLAREN  
I'll pass on the message but she's  
got her hands pretty full.

DAVID  
Yeah, I bet --

Just then an angry DAD nearby YELLS at the Nurse.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

DAD

Hey, why you taking that guy? We  
were here first!

NURSE JANE

Nobody's taking anyone, sir, relax.

\*

DAD

We've got a kid here!

DAVID

(to MacLaren)

How bad is it.

MacLaren's look tells him everything he needs to know.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'll let you get back to it, then.  
Remember to tell Marcy --

MACLAREN

I will. Good luck.

David is scared but stoic.

DAVID

Yeah, you too.

OFF MacLaren watching David leave, registering the early  
stages of the pandemic.

38 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D5)

38

Boyd's condition has worsened and now she's the one lying on  
the gurney, looking pale and feverish as Marcy tends to her.

Marcy shines a penlight into Boyd's eyes as they trade  
theories about her condition.

MARCY

Pupils are sluggish.

BOYD

Intracranial pressure?

MARCY

Would explain the headaches and  
seizures. We can try mannitol or  
skip straight to a cerebral shunt...

BOYD

Great, isn't that your specialty?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

MARCY

Funny.

Just then Philip calls out.

PHILIP

We've got company.

Grace appears in the security feed, staring up at the camera.

GRACE (O.S.)

Let me in.

PHILIP

(on intercom)

I can't, we're sick.

GRACE (O.S.)

So am I, let me in!

Philip looks to Marcy who shrugs, and the door BUZZES open.

Grace storms into Ops.

GRACE (CONT'D)

One of those teenage petri dishes  
got me sick!

She stops short to SEE the medical emergency.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What's all this?

PHILIP

We got a mission to save people who  
were going to die from the flu. But  
the Director's antiviral didn't work.

GRACE

That's impossible.

Grace registers Philip's pointed look before she turns back  
to the med bay, Heath's covered body visible in the B.G.

39 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAYS - DAY (D5)

39

MacLaren's walking to the lab when he receives a com.

CARLY (O.S.)

Mac, you there?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

MACLAREN

Go ahead.

40 INT. CARLY'S VAN - MOVING - DAY (D5)

40\*

Carly looks troubled as she drives Trevor back to Ops.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

CARLY

We found the delivery team but no  
antiviral.

TREVOR

The supply was cleared out and the  
team had been assassinated.

MACLAREN

What?

CARLY

No signs of struggle or forced entry.

MACLAREN

You're thinking inside job?

TREVOR

Wouldn't be the first time teams  
have turned on each other...

MacLaren shakes his head, frustrated.

MACLAREN

None of this makes sense. See you  
back at Ops.

41 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D5)

41

Grace wears a surgical mask as she stares down at Boyd who's  
sweating and barely conscious.

GRACE

She doesn't look good.

MARCY

Not helpful.

Marcy hands Grace a bag of saline solution.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Hold this above her head.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

Grace takes the bag reluctantly as Marcy attaches Boyd's IV.

GRACE

None of this matters in the long  
run. The Director will fix it.

Marcy glances over at Heath's shrouded body.

MARCY

Didn't fix him.

The truth of that hangs in the air until Philip calls back  
from his station.

PHILIP

Traveler incoming.

The door BUZZES open as everyone turns to SEE Traveler D13  
enter Ops.

Grace is beaming as she hands the bag back to Marcy.

GRACE

I told you! Here comes the cavalry!

Marcy hooks the bag on its stand before she moves to join  
the group gathered around Philip's computer.

MARCY

(to D13)

It's good to see you, we need help.

TRAVELER D13

Everyone does.

GRACE

All right, let's have the cure, we  
can chat later.

TRAVELER D13

There *is* no cure.

GRACE

What? Of course there *is*; we're  
from the *future*.

TRAVELER D13

Several teams are working on a  
viricide but so far without success.

(then)

I'm here to talk to Philip.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

Philip is surprised as all eyes turn to him.

TRAVELER D13 (CONT'D)  
Let's go through the antiviral data  
one more time, maybe we made a  
mistake.

Philip shakes his head.

PHILIP  
I don't know what you're talking  
about.

TRAVELER D13  
The formula you wrote on the wall.  
It allowed us to synthesize the  
antiviral.

Philip's blank stare prompts D13 to reach into his bag.

TRAVELER D13 (CONT'D)  
I have it right here.

He pulls out his tablet and presents a picture that shows a  
cleaned-up version of the wall data. Philip is surprised.

PHILIP  
(re: the screen)  
I remember this...  
(he looks back up)  
But I don't remember writing it down.

Marcy steps forward.

MARCY  
How could you not remember? That's  
impossible.

PHILIP  
(to D13)  
When did this happen?

TRAVELER D13  
About two weeks ago.  
(to Philip)  
You were there with 4514.

PHILIP  
Jenny.

MARCY  
What?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (3)

41

Philip can't meet her eyes.

PHILIP

The last time I saw her was when we  
broke up. I had a headache. She  
told me it was from the drops but...

MARCY

(to D13)

She must have used a memory inhibitor.

The realization sinks in for Philip.

PHILIP

Oh, God...

Grace looks around the room.

GRACE

Please tell me what is going on?

Marcy's expression hardens as she turns to Philip.

MARCY

Go get her.

42 INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM PROCESSING - DAY (D5)

42

The CROWD HAS GROWN IN SIZE AND AGGRESSION as MacLaren  
reenters.

A brief lull allows him to hear his PHONE RING. It's Kathryn.

MACLAREN

(on the phone)

Hello?

KATHRYN (O.S.)

Grant! Have you seen the news?

43 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - DAY (D5)

43

Kathryn sits on the couch, huddled under a blanket, the TV  
on in front of her.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MACLAREN

What's happening, are you all right?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

KATHRYN

I'm feeling a bit shaky, I don't know. Probably just the TV making me crazy. Can you come home?

MACLAREN

Not yet.

MacLaren's troubled by the update.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Lay down and rest. Stay inside.

JEFF (O.S.)

Well lookit this.

MacLaren turns to find Jeff standing beside him.

MACLAREN

(to Kathryn)

I gotta go. I'll call you soon.

He hangs up as Jeff continues.

JEFF

Come to get a look at some real police work?

MACLAREN

Carly's worried about your son, you need to pick him up and go home.

That doesn't land well.

JEFF

You're running errands for her now? I thought that shit was over between you.

MACLAREN

It was *never* what you thought it was. Right now this is about something bigger than that. You need to pick up your son and go home.

This lands for Jeff. But he's still not happy about it. He stews there a moment then goes.

44 EXT. JENNY'S HOUSE - DAY (D5)

44

Philip rushes to the front door and pushes inside.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

PHILIP

Jenny?

45 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - DAY (D5)

45

The house is empty and eerily silent.

He runs to Jenny's bedroom, bursting in to SEE:

\*

THE WALL -- from the teaser, covered with chemical formulas, hexagonal compounds, element symbols and synthesis steps, but no Jenny.

\*

\*

The door to the bathroom is slightly ajar, and as he looks in, he SEES:

\*

\*

Jenny on the floor, laying at an awkward angle.

\*

He rushes to her before turning to take in the whole scene. He SEES the empty bottle of pills, the half glass of water.

\*

Philip's eyes go wide as he pulls her body onto his lap.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Jenny, no. No, no, no.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

46 INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM PROCESSING - DAY (D5)

46

SLOW-MOTION -- as MacLaren tries to stay calm, overwhelmed by the fact all of these people are sick because of travelers.

His com activates:

MARCY (O.S.)

It's Marcy, we need you back at Ops. \*  
We know the source of the anti-  
viral... It's a traveler named Jenny.  
Philip knows her.

MACLAREN

I'm on my way.

MacLaren's heading for the door when he SEES:

FORBES

Mac, it's been over an hour.

MACLAREN

What are you doing here?

FORBES

You're late. We've gotta meet the  
National Guard.

MACLAREN

You'll have to do it without me.

Forbes steps in front of MacLaren, blocking his path.

FORBES

Mac, we need you.

MacLaren goes to step past Forbes, but he stops MacLaren by  
grabbing his arm.

MacLaren shakes his arm free.

MACLAREN

My team comes first.

He walks away.

47 INT. GARAGE/OPS - PHILIP'S BEDROOM - DAY (D5)

47

Boyd lies on Philip's bed using every ounce of strength to stay conscious. D13 hands a syringe to Marcy, who looks down to Boyd.

MARCY

Are you sure about this?

Boyd smiles weakly.

BOYD

Do I have any other choice?

Marcy nods to D13 and injects the syringe into Boyd's IV. They watch in silence as Boyd slips into a coma.

TRAVELER D13

(re: vitals monitor)

She's steady.

48 INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY (D5)

48

David supports the Homeless Man as they enter the church basement, wearing surgical masks, to find a LARGE GROUP of people in need.

Lunch tables fill the center of the room as a line extends from VOLUNTEERS dishing out soup.

David leads the Homeless Man to the lunch line.

DAVID

When I was a kid my mom would always make chicken soup if I got sick.

(thinks)

Not exactly sure why...

David recognizes a woman standing in line, VERA (50s).

DAVID (CONT'D)

Vera? Thank god, I've been trying to reach you --

She turns and immediately begins to panic at the sight of David in a surgical mask.

VERA

I said no doctors! Don't touch me.

David realizes his mistake and pulls down his mask.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

DAVID

No, no. I'm not a doctor, it's me.  
David. See?

She begins to calm down, embracing his warm presence.

49 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D5)

49

Jeff unlocks the front door and enters the house with a CRYING Jeffrey Jr.

JEFF

Carly?

He carries him toward the living room, checking the bedroom on his way past.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Shit.

He lays Jeffrey down in his crib, having difficulty hiding his worried expression.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Hey, it's all right, shhh, it's all  
right. I got you.

50 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D5)

50

Marcy sits at Philip's desk working on math equations and analyzing data across multiple monitors.

THE MONITORS -- feature the world map of traveler team reports, SOCIAL MEDIA posts pertaining to infected people, and hospital databases from major centers like NEW YORK, LONDON, HONG KONG, MOSCOW...

MacLaren enters Ops and steps over to Marcy. He pulls out the bottle of ethidium bromide and sets it on the desk as the rest of the team approaches.

MACLAREN

I sense that doctor you sent me to  
likes you a lot.

(then)

Where's Jenny?

MARCY

They should be back any minute.

MACLAREN

How does Philip know her?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

MARCY -- shoots Mac a 'you don't want to know' look.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Huh.

MacLaren looks at the screens.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

What's this?

MARCY

I've been trying to determine the pathogen's reproduction number based on hospital databases, social media updates, whatever I can find.

Marcy hurriedly grabs a marker and steps over to the garage door which was once Philip's "crazy wall".

The team looks on as she writes the symbol for R-NOUGHT ( $R_0$ ).

MARCY (CONT'D)

The r-nought indicates how infectious a virus is by determining the rate of secondary infections.

She writes:  $R_0 < 1$

MARCY (CONT'D)

If it's less than one, then the virus will quickly die out. Greater than one, we have an epidemic.

MACLAREN

So what are we dealing with?

MARCY

To put it in perspective: Influenza has an r-nought of one, with an incubation period of two days.

TRAVELER D13

Chances are that you'll infect one person in a day, and they'll go on to infect one more and so on.

MARCY

But this virus has an r-nought of at least two, with an incubation period of ten days.

Marcy turns to the wall to write out an equation.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

MARCY (CONT'D)

Fourteen days ago ten traveler teams around the world transmitted the virus. That's potentially one hundred fifty infected people on day one, three hundred and thirty on day two...

\*  
\*

TREVOR

I don't like where this is going.

MARCY

Based on the data I pulled from people already reporting symptoms, and factoring in the exponential growth rate...

Marcy finishes her exponential growth equation and circles the answer: 4,242,150.

\*

MARCY (CONT'D)

Over four million people are currently infected. Tomorrow, it'll be almost ten.

\*  
\*  
\*

TRAVELER D13

Most of them aren't showing symptoms yet, but they will soon.

MACLAREN

And how much time before the death rate starts to climb?

MARCY

A couple of days.

Marcy begins erasing the formula on the door. A VEHICLE arrives outside and the garage door Marcy was writing on BUZZES open. The team looks into the parking area to SEE:

PHILIP -- in a full-blown panic, carrying an unconscious Jenny from the team van.

PHILIP

Marcy! I don't know if she's breathing. She took pills.

MARCY

Get her on the table!

Marcy, MacLaren and Trevor rush to take Jenny from Philip. They carry her to the central table and lay her down.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (3)

50

They roll her on her side and D13 checks her neck.

TRAVELER D13

Got a weak pulse.

He checks Jenny's pupils as she stirs and MOANS INCOHERENTLY.

TRAVELER D13 (CONT'D)

Jenny, can you hear me?

Marcy turns to Philip.

MARCY

What'd she take?

PHILIP

Oxycodone.

Marcy moves to the medical cabinet, rips open the doors, and hands Trevor an IV.

MARCY

We need to stabilize her fluids and  
blood sugar levels.

Trevor hangs the IV bag and moves to insert the needle into Jenny's arm.

Jenny SLURS ANOTHER INCOHERENT SENTENCE as Philip steps forward, bringing his face close to hers.

PHILIP

I'm right here.

\*

MARCY -- reaches back into the cabinet and opens a panel containing a series of NEEDLES.

She grabs NALOXONE and without skipping a beat, jabs the needle into Jenny's leg.

Jenny's eyes shoot open almost immediately, as she takes a deep breath.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Jenny!

Jenny turns to Philip, reeling from the effects of the overdose.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (4)

50

He clutches her hand.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
You're at Ops, you're safe.

She looks at the team with confusion, her mind racing.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
You overdosed. I found you in your  
room --

JENNY  
I shouldn't be here.

PHILIP  
Listen to me: Something's gone wrong  
with the anti-viral formula we were  
given. The mission's in trouble.

\*  
\*  
\*

Jenny gives him a long look. Then:

\*

JENNY  
No, Philip. The mission went exactly  
as planned.

\*  
\*

MACLAREN  
What do you know?

\*  
\*

JENNY  
It won't change anything --

PHILIP  
What did you make me do?

Jenny looks around the room, there's no escape.

JENNY  
My team tried to record messengers  
to receive the formula, but any  
incoming signal caused static on our  
devices...  
(looks to Philip)  
We needed a historian.

Philip steadies himself against the table.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (5)

50

JENNY (CONT'D)  
(looks to D13)  
And someone to synthesize the catalyst.

TRAVELER D13  
I was directed to create an anti-viral.

JENNY  
Actually you were directed to expedite genetic recombination of the historical pathogen.

MARCY  
(realizing)  
You created the new virus.

GRACE  
She's delirious, the Director would never order that mission.

\*  
\*  
\*

JENNY  
Who said the mission came from the Director?

51 EXT. ND BUILDING - DAY (D5)

51

A school bus filled with National Guardsmen off-loads.

JENNY (O.S.)  
The future I left was divided between those loyal to the Director and the Faction. Both sides fighting for control. Back and forth...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FORBES -- directs the Guardsmen toward the building.

\*

52 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D5)

52

Jenny looks directly at Grace, like an enemy.

\*

JENNY  
When you reset the Director we lost the ability to access the 21st. And if we lost the past, we lost everything. We had no choice but to shut down the reactor.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CARLY  
But we've had missions. Received messengers.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

JENNY

And that's all. Only messengers.  
Without the Director's processing  
power, consciousness transfer isn't  
possible. So before power was cut  
to the Director, in our last moment  
of control, we sent everyone we could  
to the 21st. All at once.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The team begins to realize how badly they've been played.

\*

MACLAREN

Into the quantum frame.

\*  
\*

CARLY

How many?

\*  
\*

GRACE

The frame is capable of receiving  
and storing thousands.

\*  
\*  
\*

MACLAREN

So Forbes and every one of those  
people with the FBI --

\*  
\*  
\*

TREVOR

Are all Faction.

\*  
\*

CARLY

And every mission we've done since --

\*  
\*

PHILIP

Has been for them.

\*  
\*

53 OMITTED

53\*

54 INT. ND BUILDING - DAY (D5)

54\*

The Guardsmen stop and stare at:

THE QUANTUM FRAME -- set up in the center of the large space.

NATIONAL GUARDSMAN

What the hell is that?

The quantum frame begins to power up...

55 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D5)

55\*

JENNY

The Faction has our own plan.  
(MORE)

\*

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

JENNY (CONT'D)

Overpopulation is the single greatest threat to the twenty-first century. The Director wasn't capable of seeing the natural solution --

\*  
\*  
\*

MARCY

How many are going to die?

\*

JENNY

The virus is genetically engineered to preserve seventy percent of the human population. The future will survive.

(beat)

Those of us who die, including *me*, will have made a great sacrifice.

\*

The weight of the Faction's victory sets in. The team looks to one another, realizing there may be nothing they can do to stop it.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

PHILIP

Seventy percent. Jenny, you're  
murdering over two billion people.

\*

JENNY

The mission comes first.

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #206

"U235"

Written by  
Ashley Park  
&  
Pat Smith

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TRAVELERS

"U235"

Set List - PINK PAGES - 05.12.17

Exteriors

CITY STREET

COUNTRY ROAD

GARAGE/OPS

MINE ENTRANCE

MINES

NS WALLACE

~~-Front Gate~~

-\*Rear Gate

URANIUM FACILITY

Interiors

ARTIST'S LOFT

-Bathroom

CARLY'S HOUSE

-Kitchen

CHURCH BASEMENT

DAVID'S APARTMENT

-Bathroom

GARAGE/OPS

-Bathroom

-Philip's Bedroom

MACLAREN'S SUV

-Moving

MINES

-Alcove

NS WALLACE

-C.O'S Office

~~TEAM VAN~~

~~-Moving~~

URANIUM FACILITY

~~-Common Area~~

-\*Corridor

-Lab

-Outside of the Lab

TEASER

56 EXT. URANIUM FACILITY - DAY (D5) 56  
A small, unassuming building. We SEE Forbes' SUV pull into the parking lot. \*

57 INT. URANIUM FACILITY - LAB - DAY (D5) 57  
A HIGH TECH LAB -- filled with uranium making equipment.  
A scientist, MARK, wearing an NBC hazmat suit, comes down stairs built within the equipment and goes over to a stainless steel container, geiger counter in hand. Happy with the readings, he continues out of the lab. \*

57A INT. URANIUM FACILITY - OUTSIDE OF THE LAB - DAY (D5) 57A\*  
Mark rounds a corner leading from the lab into another part of the building, taking off the hood of his suit as he goes.  
He greets his colleague, GORD (50s), who sits at a table outside the lab, setting up a game of chess.

MARK  
It is *hot* in there.

GORD  
Ever think you'd hear yourself complain about the heat?

MARK  
Ha! No. Radiation maybe.  
(then)  
You really want to lose another game of --

BANG BANG BANG: There's a knock at the door.

MARK AND GORD -- quickly move to the monitor displaying their security camera feed.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Who the hell is that?

BANG BANG BANG.

Gord grabs a hand gun from a nearby desk and moves to the front door with Mark. With a nod from Gord, Mark unlocks the door with a pass card. He swings it open to SEE:

FORBES -- standing at the threshold weapon in hand but not raised.

(CONTINUED)

57A CONTINUED:

57A

MARK (CONT'D)

Who are you?

GORD -- trains his gun of Forbes.

FORBES

I'm 4112.

MARK

What're you doing here?

FORBES

I just received orders to provide  
back up at this location.

(to Gord)

You can lower your weapon.

Gord does. He was never a threat. Mark opens the door wider, \*  
and Forbes enters. \*

57B INT. URANIUM FACILITY - CORRIDOR - DAY (D5)

57B\*

Gord, Mark and Forbes walk down a corridor, heading toward \*  
the lab. \*

GORD

Back up for what?

Forbes suddenly acts disappointed.

FORBES

Damn... I was hopin' you could tell  
me.

(off their looks)

I'm sorry, guys, squeaky little kid  
totally took me by surprise when she  
started talking... I missed the  
first part.

GORD

Ha! Yeah, messengers are weird...

FORBES

(feigning embarrassment)

She said somethin' about *uranium*  
maybe?

Mark and Gord exchange a look, trusting him now.

MARK

You heard right. We're refining it.  
Fuel for the Director.

(CONTINUED)

57B CONTINUED:

57B

FORBES

How the hell d'you get it to the  
future?

GORD

We don't.

( CONTINUED )

57B CONTINUED: (2)

57B

MARK

We make it here in the 21st, then  
put it away for the Director to find  
it in a few hundred years.

FORBES

It'll last that long?

MARK

U235 has a half life of 700 million  
years. We're good.

GORD

And we're on schedule so I don't  
know why we need back up --

Forbes raises his gun quickly.

THUMP, THUMP -- a double tap through a silencer, drops Gord  
to the floor, dead.

FORBES -- turns his gun on Mark who raises his hands, stunned  
and confused as hell. Forbes is all business now.

FORBES

How much have you produced?

MARK

Two point four kilos; *why did you do  
that?*

FORBES

Show me where.

Mark looks toward the lab, giving himself away.

FORBES (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Forbes SHOOTS him twice, killing him, then touches his com. \*

FORBES (CONT'D)

We're clear. \*

He presses a nearby BUZZER, which unlocks the front door. \*

TWO NATIONAL GUARDSMEN, turned Faction (205) enter the  
facility and await orders.

FORBES (CONT'D)

It's in there. Take it all.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

58 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D5)

58

MACLAREN, MARCY, CARLY, TREVOR, PHILIP, GRACE and D13 all stand near JENNY. BOYD is in the B.G.

MacLaren looms over Jenny.

MACLAREN

Where's the quantum frame?

Jenny stares defiantly back at them, prompting Carly to take out her weapon and take aim.

CARLY

He asked you a question.

JENNY

Do it. It's what I want anyway.  
(taunting her)

You've been doing what we want for months, why stop now?

CARLY

How many members of the Faction are here?

That information she won't share. She just stares back.

TREVOR

They could be anybody we meet.

GRACE

And there could be thousands more stored in the quantum frame.

\*

MARCY

That's why the Director wanted it destroyed.

JENNY

The *Director* ordered you to build the thing! How can you people not see the irony of that! And you follow it blindly no matter what. *That's* the difference between us.

\*

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

MACLAREN

No. The Faction abducts innocent people and overwrites them. *That's* the difference between us.

\*  
\*

MARCY

What you do is murder.

JENNY

What you do is opportunism. Like taking hosts just before they die is so fucking ethical.

\*  
\*  
\*

MARCY

That's exactly what it is.

JENNY

Guess what, people: *Everybody* is going to die. Some sooner than others. When we're from, everybody in the 21st is long gone, and for what they did to this planet, good riddance.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MacLaren leans closer to Jenny.

MACLAREN

Here's what's going to happen: We're going to stop this pandemic, and we're going to track down every member of the Faction in the 21st.

JENNY

The Director's shut down in the future and most of your team will be dead in less than two weeks.

\*

(beat)

So good luck.

MacLaren would like to smack her but turns to D13.

MACLAREN

Give her something to shut her up.

D13 -- already has a syringe ready.

D13

Actually if you're done questioning, I'd like to get some tissue samples from her, run a few tests --

MACLAREN

Whatever you need to do.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

MacLaren and his team move away as D13 injects Jenny with a syringe. They talk quietly.

PHILIP

We should send out an SOS on the deep web. Let other travelers know what's happening.

CARLY

They'll be monitoring our back-channels.

Philip turns, walking back to the group as MacLaren details.

MACLAREN

If the faction's overwritten all the FBI agents who were in the room with the quantum frame, I can't use those assets either.

Grace turns to MacLaren.

GRACE

Okay this is not that complicated.

They all look at her like she's crazy. Yeah it is.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I'm saying the Director can fix this. We need to fix the Director.

PHILIP

The Director exists in the future.

MARCY

And its reactor has been shut down.

TREVOR

Those are big problems, Grace.

GRACE

The plan's already in place. When it became apparent that the grand plan would take longer than our initial projections, the Director sent a team to refine uranium as fuel to extend its operational life. A few kilos would be enough. All we have to do is take the fuel to the location where the Director *will* eventually be built and it'll be there when the time comes.

\*

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (3) 58

MACLAREN

Without the faction knowing. \*

CARLY \*

How the hell do we do that? \*

GRACE \*

They outsmarted us, whoop-di-do; get over it. They *can't* outsmart the Director, even if we just get it back online for a few seconds, that's all the time it'll need to take back control. \*

MACLAREN \*

And you know where this uranium is. \*

GRACE

Pull up a map.

59 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D5) 59

The sound of JEFFREY JR CRYING fills the house. JEFF coughs his way over to the crib and picks up his son.

JEFF

Shhh. It's okay. Shhh.

Jeff tries to console his crying son until his cell phone RINGS. He answers, despite his hysterical son:

JEFF (CONT'D)

Sarge..? Sorry I had to jet. My son is sick, and... No, I get it. I understand. I'll come down to the station once his mom gets home...

(beat)

Yeah. Thank you, Sergeant.

Jeff puts the phone down and puts Jeffrey back into his crib.

60 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - DAY (D5) 60

KATHRYN pours herself a glass of water. She drinks it, still feeling a little woozy. She picks up her bottle of Folic Acid, takes out a pill and downs it.

Suddenly, Kathryn is focused on a report on the TV in the living room. She walks over.

ON THE TV -- the REPORTER gives an update.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

REPORTER

... with nearly every hospital bed in the city occupied. The mayor is expected to make a statement shortly, however, the epidemic has city and state authorities suggesting that everyone stay in their homes.

61 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D5)

61

Grace, Marcy and D13 attend to Boyd in the office. \*

Philip handcuffs Jenny's left wrist to the gurney in med bay as she comes to.

JENNY

What did he do to me?

PHILIP

Just took some blood and tissue samples. You're still intact.

JENNY

You understand, don't you?

PHILIP

No. You used me.

JENNY

Come on, Philip. I was on a mission, just like you.

Philip walks around to the other side of the gurney and begins to handcuff her right wrist.

JENNY (CONT'D)

We want the same thing. We just go about it a different way. We forget about protocols and the Director and all those limitations. We just do what needs to be done. What's right. Like with Calloway and Aleksander.

PHILIP

That's very different from murdering almost a third of the human population --

JENNY

To save everyone else.

PHILIP

Not a bargain I can make.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

Philip closes the second cuff, locking it in place. Jenny can see he's thinking about what she's saying.

JENNY

Well, it's done. There's no going back now.

PHILIP

We're not giving up just yet.

JENNY

You should. Your people won't be able to stop it and there's nothing a historian can do. Think of the time you've got left. Let's just get out of here.

PHILIP

When I found you, you'd swallowed a bottle of pills. Why?

(beat)

Because of guilt?

Jenny realizes it's over. She turns off all charm.

JENNY

I feel no guilt at all. It's for the greater good; I can't believe you don't see that.

PHILIP

Then why the pills?

JENNY

I wanted to end it before the virus ran its course.

(beat)

You feel sick now... It's only going to get worse. The virus was designed to keep the infected alive as long as possible to help the spread and make the authorities think it's not as serious as it really is. So when people really start to die it'll be too late.

(beat)

But the last days of it are not something I want to go through.

Philip looks down at her with pity.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

PHILIP

Well, now you're going to suffer along with everyone else. For every minute of it.

He walks away leaving Jenny cuffed to the gurney.

62 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D5)

62

MacLaren drives. Carly rides shotgun. Trevor in the back. MacLaren pulls up to the parking lot.

CARLY

They're keeping a pretty low profile.

\*

\*

MACLAREN

I think that's the idea.  
(to Trevor)

\*

\*

\*

Watch our six and listen in on com.

TREVOR

Copy that.

63 EXT./INT. URANIUM FACILITY - DAY (D5)

63

MacLaren knocks on the door. Finally a man's voice hollers back from the other side of the door.

MAN (O.S.)

Who is it?

MACLAREN

3468. On a Protocol Alpha mission.

The door opens as MacLaren and Carly meet someone who identifies himself as TRAVELER 3224.

\*

TRAVELER 3224

3224. What's going on?

CARLY

We need to pull up the delivery. It's urgent.

TRAVELER 3224

Is this a joke?

CARLY

No.

63 CONTINUED:

63

TRAVELER 3224

The reactor won't need more fuel for  
hundreds of years.

MACLAREN

It's the here and now we're worried  
about. The "flu" that's going around  
is about to become a pandemic.

TRAVELER 3224

What's that have to do with us?

MACLAREN

Let's talk inside.

Traveler 3224 reluctantly opens the door and gestures inside.

MacLaren and Carly enter, the door closing behind them.

64 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - DAY (D5)

64

Trevor opens his laptop and searches for something in the  
Traveler deep web.

65 INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY (D5)

65

DAVID, wearing an ear lock face mask, stands behind a  
cafeteria style serving station feeding soup to a HOMELESS  
WOMAN. \*

DAVID

Back for seconds; there you go, hang  
in there. \*

The homeless woman moves along. BOB (40s, spooked by the  
pandemic), is next. Tray in hand, he looks at the food. \*

BOB

Has this been tested? \*

DAVID

Soup's safe, Bob. I promise. \*

He looks up at David, suspiciously. \*

BOB

How d'you know my name? \*

David pulls down his face mask, showing himself. \*

DAVID

Why does nobody recognize me with  
this thing on? It's *me*.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

BOB

David? You shouldn't be here.

\*

DAVID

Why would I want to be anywhere else?  
All my friends are here!

Bob coughs badly, right in David's face.

\*

DAVID (CONT'D)

The soup's delicious and I tested it  
myself. It'll make you stronger so  
you can fight this bug goin' around.

\*

BOB

It's just the beginning.

\*

DAVID

'Kay, I'll save you some for later.  
Grab a seat over there, I'll come  
see you in a little bit and we'll  
talk about that.

Bob nods as he continues to cough. David puts his mask back  
up.

\*

66 INT. URANIUM FACILITY - OUTSIDE OF THE LAB - DAY (D5)

66\*

MacLaren and Carly enter the common room. Another MAN is  
seated at the table, his hand near a gun.

3224 gestures down the hall.

\*

TRAVELER 3224

All we have is in the lab down the  
hall, but I still don't see what  
refined uranium has to do with a  
pandemic...

\*

\*

67 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - DAY (D5)

67

Trevor sees something alarming in his computer search. He  
taps his com.

TREVOR

Boss, this guy picked the wrong random  
Traveler number. 3224 is dead. Six  
months ago. These guys are Faction.

\*

\*

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

68 INT. URANIUM FACILITY - OUTSIDE OF THE LAB - DAY (D5)

68

MacLaren nods and turns to the Faction member posing as 3224, continuing without missing a beat.

MACLAREN

I wish I could tell you the whole plan but, you know: Protocol two.

TRAVELER 3224

No. I don't know. I'm gonna need more.

MACLAREN

Like what, something in writing? The Director isn't good enough for you?

TRAVELER 3224

You could be pretending to be somebody else --

MACLAREN

I *am* pretending to be someone else; it's in the job description. Are you new here?

TRAVELER 3224

No, I just don't want to see uranium fall into the wrong hands.

MACLAREN

Neither do I.  
(pulling his gun)  
Hands on your head.

He quickly takes aim at the impostor Traveler, who complies.

CARLY -- aims hers at the other man.

\*

She presses the BUZZER, unlocking the front door.

\*

TREVOR -- bursts in from outside, his own gun raised.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Show us where it is.

TRAVELER 3224

Long gone. Look for yourself.

MACLAREN

Trevor?

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

Trevor goes down the corridor and into the lab through a door. \*

TRAVELER 3224

Any of your team showing symptoms yet?

(to Carly)

You look like you're in the early stages.

CARLY

Where did you take it?

TRAVELER 3224

Even if I told you, the others would know and move it to a safe place. \*

MacLaren raises his gun at him threateningly.

TRAVELER 3224 (CONT'D)

Some of them are on their way here now. You're welcome to wait. \*

Trevor returns from the lab holding the geiger counter. \*

TREVOR

No sign of uranium in the lab. \*

MacLaren presses the barrel of the gun into 3224's chest.

MACLAREN

One last chance.

TRAVELER 3224

I woke up with a fever this morning. You'd just be doing me a favor.

MacLaren lowers his gun, then punches Traveler 3224 in the face with all his force, knocking him unconscious. MacLaren grabs his hand, painfully.

MACLAREN

*Shit.*

TREVOR

(to MacLaren)

Feel better?

MACLAREN

No.

CARLY -- takes her man out with the heel of her hand, sending him backwards in his chair right onto the floor.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (2)

68

CARLY

I do.

MACLAREN

C'mon.

MacLaren and his team head out before the other Faction members can arrive.

69 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (D5)

69\*

Marcy stands in the med bay, checking Jenny's vitals on a monitor. Jenny now has a pulse oximeter attached to her finger.

Philip stands by. Grace eats a muffin, also watching. D13 approaches Marcy with a dish of black fluid: nanites.

TRAVELER D13

I'm going to get back to my team.  
I've done about all that I can for  
Boyd at this point.

(re: the nanites)

I want you to have these. They're  
not programmed to affect the viral  
load but if she starts to go into  
organ failure they might buy you  
some time.

PHILIP

I thought nanites were by directive  
only.

TRAVELER D13

With the Director down, I figure the  
discretion falls to me. Boyd's a  
good medic; we could use her.

MARCY

We'll do what we can.

TRAVELER D13

Good luck.

And with a nod, D13 heads for the door. Everyone gets back to work.

JENNY

I'm willing to trade information in  
exchange for those nanites.

PHILIP

I thought you wanted to die.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

JENNY

Not if there's a cure right in front  
of me, I'm not stupid.

\*  
\*  
\*

MARCY

(to Jenny)

You're the control. You get nothing.

MACLAREN, CARLY and TREVOR -- enter, empty handed.

PHILIP

Well?

TREVOR

There was no uranium.

Carly glares at Grace.

CARLY

Just the Faction, waiting for us.

GRACE

Why are you looking at *me* like that?

CARLY

You sent us there.

Grace turns to MacLaren, offended by the insinuation.

GRACE

Oh that is so *insulting*. Yes! I  
did! Because we absolutely need it  
and time is short! So you need to  
find out where it is and go get it!

\*

MACLAREN

They're a step ahead of us at least.  
We need another option.

GRACE

There aren't any other options! We  
need to get the Director back up and  
running.

\*  
\*

MACLAREN

The Faction's been planning this a  
long time.

TREVOR

So we gotta think outside the box.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

PHILIP

There's a military base just north  
of here; NS Wallace.

\*

MACLAREN

You're thinking *nuclear weapons*?

TREVOR

That's nowhere near the box, Philip.

GRACE

But ideal from a fuel perspective.  
A few hundred years is nothing  
compared to the half life of U235.

CARLY

It would be difficult.

MACLAREN

Closer to impossible.

PHILIP

And if we thought of it, the Faction  
probably has too.

\*

\*

\*

MARCY

Doesn't sound like we have much of a  
choice.

MacLaren looks around the room, then to Jenny.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

70 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - DAY (D6)

70

Kathryn lies on the couch, in rough shape, watching the news, when:

MACLAREN -- enters, in a rush, carrying a bag of groceries.

MACLAREN

I picked up some groceries so you don't have to go out for the next few days. Store was a madhouse.

KATHRYN

I heard there's looting going on.

MACLAREN

A few assholes, yeah; most people are good. We'll get through this.

(beat)

How're you feeling?

He places them on the counter and approaches the couch.

KATHRYN

I'm okay. Hot. Headache.

MacLaren feels her forehead.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

My temperature's up near 100.

MACLAREN

Let's cool you down.

He moves to the kitchen and runs a cloth under cold water.

KATHRYN

The news said this was an epidemic, is it really that bad?

MacLaren doesn't answer that it's much worse. He wrings out the cloth and walks back over to her.

MACLAREN

Hopefully that's a bit of an overreaction.

KATHRYN

What is it?

MacLaren puts the cloth on her forehead, sitting beside her.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

MACLAREN

We're not sure yet; they're working on it. But you're sick and you need to rest.

Kathryn can sense he's holding back.

KATHRYN

What do you know?  
(off his look)  
How sick am I?

He doesn't want to tell her.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Grant...

MACLAREN

It's hard to say but it is possible...  
(beat)  
It's possible you're very sick.

KATHRYN

Okay, what do we do?

MACLAREN

The safest place for you is right here.

KATHRYN

Safest? You're scaring me. Maybe we should try the hospital.

MacLaren shakes his head.

MACLAREN

Not where you want to be right now. Listen, the next couple of days will be hard for me to get home --

\*

KATHRYN

Couple of days?!

MACLAREN

But I'll try to check in with you --

KATHRYN

What about you? You'll be exposed --

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

70

MACLAREN

I have to do my part to support the people working to solve this and keep this thing contained.

(then)

Take your meds and rest. Give your body the fuel it needs to fight this.

(beat)

And that means fresh fruit not salted meat.

She smiles at that. MacLaren kisses her on the cheek. He looks into her eyes with love. She knows what's coming:

KATHRYN

Do you have to go so soon?

MACLAREN

Sooner I go, the sooner I can come back. I love you.

71 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D6)

71

A DEVICE is nearly complete at a work station. Its design doesn't betray its purpose.

MacLaren enters and goes straight to Trevor, Philip and Grace at the work station.

MACLAREN

So?

\*

\*

CARLY

Took all night, but they're done.

\*

MACLAREN

Good work. How are you all holding up?

TREVOR

We can nap in the car.

MACLAREN

When I left you were worried the device wouldn't have enough range.

\*

\*

PHILIP

Yeah we fixed that.

MACLAREN

How will it know when to activate?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

GRACE

The frame that houses the Director is designed to broadcast an emergency signal if it's ever powered down.

\*

PHILIP

Which should trigger the device and activate it.

\*

\*

MACLAREN

*Should.*

PHILIP

Do you want me to go through the list of things that could go wrong with this plan?

\*

MACLAREN

No thanks.

TREVOR

It'll work, boss.

MACLAREN -- nods and moves to Carly who closes a large case full of guns.

CARLY

And we're set to go.

MACLAREN

All right then, gear up...

TREVOR

Road trip!

MacLaren goes over to Marcy, who looks up from a monitor that tracks Boyd's vitals.

MACLAREN

(re: Boyd)

How's she doing?

MARCY

Her viral load is holding steady but she's not getting any better.

MACLAREN

Maybe the nanites will help.

MARCY

Could help, could make things worse. The Faction planned this well.

\*

\*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2)

71

MARCY (CONT'D)

Hard to know what contingencies  
they've thought of.

MACLAREN

Use Grace as you see fit, but keep  
an eye on her.

(then)

And take care. \*

MARCY

You too.

72 INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY (D6)

72

David looks out on the room full of sickly, haggard street  
people who have come to get a meal.

In the corner of the room he SEES Bob, hunched over, possibly  
sleeping. \*

With a compassionate look, David takes a tupperware bowl of  
soup and heads around the counter toward him. \*

DAVID

Bob, I got you some soup... \*

He doesn't respond. \*

DAVID (CONT'D)

Bob... \*

Still nothing. He gives his shoulder a shake. He doesn't  
wake up. David's heart drops. \*

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh, no.

73 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D6)

73

Jeff coughs his way through the house. He moves to the  
kitchen, picks up his phone and dials. He gets her voicemail  
and leaves a message.

JEFF

Hey Carly, it's me. Look, I'm gettin'  
worried 'bout you. About Jeffrey.

(he coughs)

I'm sick as shit. Please call me.  
Let me know where you are. That  
you're okay.

The baby starts crying.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

JEFF (CONT'D)

Our son says hi too.

Jeff hangs up, allowing himself to really give into the cough.

74 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D6)

74

Jenny lies on the gurney, cuffed, watching Marcy, who looks through the electron microscope.

JENNY -- lets out a long series of coughs.

JENNY

You're a hypocrite. \*

Marcy ignores her.

JENNY (CONT'D)

You're all high and mighty about sacrificing lives to save the future, but you treat me like a lab rat.

MARCY

You did this to yourself.

GRACE -- walks over to Marcy.

GRACE

This is a waste of resources. I should be programming the nanites.

MARCY

Not yet.

GRACE

Why not?

MARCY

I want to see if the anti-serum will work first. I'm close.

GRACE

Boyd will be dead before you're done.

MARCY

She's *my* patient.

GRACE

We both know that in the time we come from, medical nanites more or less *replace* you.

Marcy keeps it calm and professional.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

MARCY

If you want to be helpful, use our computer to hack into the CDC and find out what progress they've made.

GRACE

The *who*?

MARCY

(wryly)

Hack into them too if you like.

GRACE

Yes, I get your hilarious joke. Like either the Center for Disease Control or the World Health Organization is going to be able to deal with a virus designed in the future. Let's contact the 15th century and hire an exorcist.

MARCY

Okay, please stop talking.

GRACE

You little power tripper.

MARCY

I'm trying to save *your* life.

GRACE

Well you're not doing it very well, I feel awful.

Grace walks away.

MARCY

Where are you going?

GRACE

To the bathroom.

GRACE -- surreptitiously grabs a tablet off of a work table as she passes by.

75 INT. GARAGE/OPS - BATHROOM - DAY (D6)

75

Grace sits down on the toilet and turns on the tablet. With a few quick strokes she has fired up the nanite interface.

ON THE TABLET SCREEN -- long lines of code start streaming across the screen as Grace gets to work.

76 EXT. NS WALLACE - REAR GATE - DAY (D6) 76\*

MacLaren's SUV pulls into a large chain link cage beside a guard shack. The GUARD walks around. MacLaren rolls down the window. \*

A few SOLDIERS with rifles stand by, providing security.

MACLAREN \*

Hi, I'm-- \*

GUARD \*

Sir, this is a designated exit. \*

MACLAREN \*

Oh. Sorry. \*

The GUARD returns to the booth and immediately begins to type into his computer, appearing to research the SUV. \*

77 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - DAY (D6) 77

The team waits impatiently. They speak in the faintest of whispers:

CARLY

What's he doing?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MACLAREN

Just his job, everybody relax.

THE GUARD -- throws a look at them, then picks up the phone.

TREVOR

All these guys could be Faction.

CARLY -- puts her hand on her gun.

CARLY

If it goes down, I'll take the booth guard.

MACLAREN -- SEES that Philip and Trevor are also preparing.

MACLAREN

Easy. We're not going to get our warhead if we start shooting. \*

THE GUARD -- is clearly having a conversation with someone about the team, sneaking looks at the van as he talks.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

CARLY

We're trapped in here. And there's  
cameras everywhere.

MACLAREN

Everybody calm the fuck down.

MacLaren catches the eye of the Guard and holds up his badge.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

THE GUARD -- ignores MacLaren, maintaining his focus on the phone call. Then, he finally slides open his window.

GUARD

Base is under quarantine, sir.

MACLAREN

Yes, I'm aware. I'm Special Agent Grant MacLaren with the FBI here to see Captain Garcia on urgent business.

The Guard inspects the ID and hands it back -- looks good.

GUARD

All appointments have been canceled, sir, I'm gonna have to ask you to --

MACLAREN

Vice Admiral Donahue arranged the meeting and I assure you the meeting has *not* been canceled. Check again.

Reluctantly, the Guard does his due diligence and checks his computer. He's surprised.

GUARD

I see it now, sir.

MACLAREN

That's fine; open the gate.

GUARD

You all have identification?

Philip, Trevor and Carly all hand their identification to MacLaren who passes them on to the Guard. He inspects them for a beat and types a few things into a computer.

Carly takes the safety off of her gun. MacLaren gives her a look and subtly shakes his head. *No.*

MACLAREN

I believe I said urgent business.

GUARD

Just waiting for your passes to print. Building four. On your right.

The Guard hands back the I.D.s and passes. He closes his window and opens the gates. The Soldiers stand by, watching the SUV pass through. They're in.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

78 INT. GARAGE/OPS - BATHROOM - DAY (D6) 78

Grace sits, hunched over her tablet. She hits one final keystroke.

ON THE TABLET SCREEN -- "*Program Execute*"

Suddenly, there is a KNOCK on the door.

GRACE

What.

79 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D6) 79

Marcy knocks on the door to the bathroom.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MARCY

Are you all right?

GRACE

No, I'm dying, but I still need to go to the bathroom periodically.

GRACE -- turns on a tap, using the noise as a cover. She opens the paper towel dispenser and hides the tablet inside.

MARCY

You've been in there a while, I was just concerned.

GRACE

I'm fine.

Marcy goes back to work on her patient.

After a beat, Grace emerges from the bathroom and checks her surroundings to see the coast is clear.

She comes over to Jenny, and keeps her voice low.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Did you see where she put the nanites?

Jenny considers her, then nods towards one of the supply cabinets.

JENNY

In there.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

Grace opens the cabinet, searches, then brings out the dish of nanites. She takes a syringe, and draws up the black, magnetic fluid.

JENNY (CONT'D)

(sotto)

What're you doing?

Grace holds a finger up to her lips, 'sshhh'.

GRACE -- injects the nanites into Jenny.

80 INT. NS WALLACE - C.O.'S OFFICE - DAY (D6)

80

MacLaren, Carly, Trevor and Philip are escorted by a young ENSIGN JACKSON, to an office decorated with the flags and insignia of the US Navy.

CAPTAIN GARCIA (female, 40's) is reading something on her computer.

ENSIGN JACKSON

Captain Garcia? Special Agent  
MacLaven from the FBI.

Everyone raises an eyebrow at that.

MACLAREN

It's *MacLaren*.

The young ensign corrects him.

ENSIGN JACKSON

Your pass says MacLaven.

GARCIA

Agent MacLaren knows his name, Mr  
Jackson.

ENSIGN JACKSON

Should I issue a new pass?

GARCIA

He won't be here that long, you can  
go.

The ensign leaves.

MACLAREN

That doesn't sound promising.

GARCIA

It is what it is.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

MACLAREN

I'm sure the Admiral relayed the urgency of our request.

GARCIA

And your pass says MacLaven. People make mistakes.

MACLAREN

Our request isn't one of them.

GARCIA

How does that particular warhead possibly help prevent a pandemic?

MACLAREN

I'm not authorized to explain.

GARCIA

Shame. I'd pay good money to hear it.

CARLY

While you're deciding whether to help us a deadly virus is spreading worldwide.

GARCIA

You're being a little melodramatic aren't you? The flu kills people every year.

PHILIP

It's far worse than what's being reported. Millions of people are infected already, even if they aren't presenting symptoms yet.

TREVOR

And it's spreading exponentially.

Garcia looks Philip and Trevor up and down.

GARCIA

There's another thing. The admiral's email said you were coming in with CDC personnel. Is that supposed to be you?

(Trevor nods)

How old are you?

TREVOR

Older than I look.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (2)

80

CARLY

They're specialists.

GARCIA

Uh huh. This is making less and  
less sense the more I hear.

\*  
\*

MACLAREN

Well, *Captain*, I'm getting impatient.  
If you want to call the admiral --

\*

GARCIA

Not necessary. My orders are clear.  
The warhead is being separated from  
the torpedo as we speak, for what  
good it could possibly do. It'll be  
loaded directly into your vehicle.

(beat)

I just don't like ordinance leaving  
my base without an explanation.

MACLAREN

Trust me when I say you're helping  
to save millions of lives.

Garcia doesn't believe that for a second but shrugs.

GARCIA

Really. Okay...

(beat)

Well I hope I'm one of 'em; I feel  
like shit. So do half my people.

MACLAREN

I'll personally make sure this base  
is among the first on the list to  
receive the antidote when it's ready.

She regards Philip, Trevor and Carly.

GARCIA

The three of you are sick too, I can  
tell.

Philip, Carly and Trevor exchange a look.

GARCIA (CONT'D)

Don't cough on anybody on your way  
out.

81 INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY (D6)

81

Paramedics wheel out Bob on a gurney.

\*

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

The basement has emptied out significantly. \*

David sits on a folding chair, staring absently when KEN comes over and gently shakes his shoulder.

KEN

David. You should go home.

DAVID

I just needed to sit down for a sec.

KEN

You've done your fair share and you don't want to be out after dark. There's a curfew.

DAVID

Curfew!?

KEN

Government's getting serious. There's looting going on.

DAVID

*Looting...* I saw a movie a few months back where something like this was happening. People in those whatta-you-call-it suits taking people away and you never see them again so you assume the worst, very believable. But I didn't buy the looting.

KEN

It happens.

DAVID

"Hey everyone's getting sick, let's break that window and steal a T.V." I don't get it.

KEN

No, me neither.

DAVID

I mean you can get a pretty decent T.V. for next to nothing nowadays compared to what I paid for mine. The expensive part is the cable.

KEN

David. Go home.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2) 81

DAVID

Yeah, no, I was waiting for Marcy to  
come by...

(beat)

Maybe I should go home.

KEN

Good idea.

82 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D6) 82

Jeff holds the baby in one arm as he fills up the sink with lukewarm water. Jeff is worse than before, coughing and sweaty.

He wipes Jeffrey's forehead, trying to cool him down. He tries to sound soothing, despite the fear constricting him.

JEFF

Hey big man, we're gonna get through  
this. You're gonna be just fine.

You're a fighter. Just like dad.

(then)

Just like your momma too.

83 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D6) 83

David walks out from the church and eyes the surrounding city street. He looks around, 360.

Not a soul in sight. Everyone is indoors, hiding.

David starts to walk home.

84 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (D6) 84

The SUV drives down a rural road, surrounded by tall trees. \*

85 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D6) 85\*

MacLaren drives, while Philip and Trevor sit in the back, half napping, half looking out the windows. Carly sits passenger side, trying to hold in coughs.

Philip begins to cough too, and MacLaren glances back at his team in concern.

MACLAREN

I should have swung the fucking ax.

CARLY

Forbes would have shot you.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

MACLAREN

Thirty percent of the human population.

(beat)

Including all of you.

TREVOR

Boss, you can't blame yourself for not being able to foresee the unthinkable... That's why they call it *unthinkable*. Can't think it.

Philip gives him a look.

PHILIP

Still, I know how you feel. I'm the one who provided the Faction with the virus.

CARLY

You were drugged.

\*

PHILIP

Again.

TREVOR

Everybody stop, it's done.

Beat.

CARLY

I've been wondering about that... Maybe the Director can undo this.

PHILIP

How?

CARLY

The future can only send a consciousness back as far as the most recent traveler, right? And travelers are arriving all the time, all over the world as part of the grand plan...

(beat)

But the last one had to be months ago just before the Director went down. Before all this happened.

PHILIP

Sorry, the Faction may not be able to send consciousness, or establish

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (2)

85

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
a T.E.L.L., but messengers count.  
It's still a transfer of information  
from the future.

TREVOR  
He's right. Messengers cause the  
same ripples in space-time as a  
traveler.

PHILIP  
And we know the Faction has sent  
messengers recently, so...

CARLY  
They thought of that too. They  
thought of everything.

The disappointment weighs heavy on the team.

MACLAREN  
Well, guys, on the bright side...

They drive past a sign and the word "CANADA" flashes by them.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
We're almost home.

86 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (D6)

86

The SUV drives on toward the mountains...

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

87 EXT. MINES - DAY (D6)

87

The team climbs the last part of a steep hill toward the entrance of an ABANDONED MINING FACILITY.

Carly slings a machine gun over her shoulder.

Trevor carries a backpack.

MacLaren and Philip carry the warhead between them with straps. It's very heavy and they put it down to rest. They look out at the view of the mountains around the mine.

CARLY

Hard to believe where we're standing  
right now is under a kilometer of  
ice in a few hundred years.

Trevor points to a distant valley.

TREVOR

The domes get built over there.

PHILIP

We only ever saw the shelters from  
inside.

87A EXT. MINE ENTRANCE - DAY

87A

They look inside the mine.

Trevor begins coughing. The others join in.

\*

MACLAREN

Are you sure we're up for this?

They recover and nod. He grabs his strap for the warhead, then lifts it along with Philip. They enter the mine.

88 INT. MINES - DAY (D6)

88

Our team walks through a long mine tunnel between TRACKS; sweaty and pale.

The light from the outside fades as they walk deeper into the mine.

89 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D6)

89

Grace sits by the desk, while Marcy is still in the office.

JENNY -- begins to struggle to breathe. She gasps.

GRACE

What's wrong?

(Jenny gasps)

What's wrong?

Jenny can only wheeze, focusing on drawing breath.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Shit.

(then, calls out)

Marcy!

Marcy immediately rushes over.

MARCY

What happened? She shouldn't be having respiratory issues at this stage.

\*

Marcy turns to Grace.

GRACE

You didn't trust me! I had no choice --

Marcy rushes over to Jenny's side to check her airway and pulse. Grace looks on with mounting confusion and panic.

MARCY

What did you do?

GRACE

I instructed the nanites to pull the virus into red blood cells where it can't survive. She should be getting better.

Marcy hurriedly opens up her supply cabinets and grabs a new IV bag.

MARCY

The Faction predicted that countermeasure.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

MARCY (CONT'D)

The virus blocks red blood cells' ability to carry oxygen, she's suffocating.

GRACE

Do something then!

Marcy hooks Jenny up to the blood transfusion.

MARCY

I can't. Turn them off.

GRACE

Deactivating the nanites will just be like flushing them down the drain --

MARCY

Turn them off or she's going to die. Either way they're useless now.

Grace taps a few commands into the tablet. The program shuts down. \*

Jenny relaxes, her breathing beginning to even as new whole blood drips into her I.V.

GRACE

There, she's better.

MARCY

She's not better! She's right back where she was! They've been ahead of us this whole time, you don't think the Faction would have factored in nanites?

Grace is unwilling to admit she's in the wrong.

GRACE

This is all because you didn't trust me!

MARCY

Why should I.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (2)

89

GRACE

You're alive because of me! And perfectly healthy!

Marcy has tried to avoid this confrontation, but:

MARCY

Am I? When you reset me, you said you left some things out. What did you leave out?

GRACE

This is what you want to talk about when we're all dying.

MARCY

I'm not dying; you are. Tell me.

Grace is contrite as she's capable of being.

GRACE

Only redundancies. Useless things.

MARCY

Who are you to decide what is useless?

Marcy turns away from Grace, and back to work. \*

90 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - BATHROOM - DAY (D6)

90

As the TV NEWS drones on in the B.G. (TBW) Kathryn kneels by the toilet, a shaky hand wiping her mouth. She tries to call MacLaren, but it goes straight to voicemail.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

You've reached Special Agent Grant MacLaren --

Kathryn hangs up. The bad news drones on in the other room as she sits down on the cold tile.

91 INT. MINES - DAY (D6)

91

The team reaches an intersection in the mine. Trevor silently nods to his team, then, still wearing his backpack, jogs down a different tunnel.

Philip coughs and wipes sweat from his brow.

MACLAREN

Do you need to rest? We're almost there.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: 91

PHILIP  
No, I'm good.

Carly leads the way, strongest of the sick ones, carrying her machine gun at the ready.

92 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D6) 92

David enters his apartment and drops his bag to the floor. Zombie-like, he turns on the T.V. then goes to his bathroom.

93 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (D6) 93

David turns on the water and splashes his face. The T.V. NEWS drones on in the B.G. (TBW)

He looks in the mirror, feeling defeated.

94 INT. MINES - DAY (D6) 94

In near darkness, MacLaren, Philip and Carly walk through the mine approaching another intersection of tunnels.

Carly holds up her fist, signaling them to stop.

She looks to MacLaren and signals that somebody is just ahead.

A voice out of the darkness confirms her suspicion.

FORBES  
She's right. We're here.

They round the corner to SEE a half dozen NATIONAL GUARDSMEN, who stand in support of:

FORBES -- waiting front and center.

MacLaren and Carly keep their weapons trained on them, as:

A second group of four GUARDSMEN -- fall in behind us.

We're surrounded by ten armed soldiers.

FORBES (CONT'D) \*  
Guns on the ground.

MacLaren, Carly and Philip place their guns on the ground reluctantly.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

FORBES (CONT'D)

Secure the warhead.

Four of the guardsmen pick up the warhead, check to SEE it is there and intact, and place it in a RAIL CART, pushing it down another tunnel, leaving Forbes with only six men, still outnumbering our team.

MACLAREN

Where are you taking it?

FORBES

Somewhere it can't power the Director.

(beat)

Come on. *Of course* we knew you'd try something like this when you didn't get the uranium. Don't beat yourself up. You're a good team. And we need numbers; we should be working together.

\*  
\*

CARLY

I don't think so.

FORBES

We have the same mission! The Director had its chance. Didn't change a goddamn thing in the future.

PHILIP

Except create the Faction. In the future we came from, you all died in the collapse of shelter 41.

FORBES

(smiling at that)

Why can't I get my head around that shit?

MACLAREN

Why am I not surprised?

Forbes stops smiling at the insult.

FORBES

All right, thanks for the plutonium, we'll put it to good use.

MACLAREN

Plutonium? You think we brought a *nuclear warhead* here?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (2)

94

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

(to Philip)

I thought you said they were watching  
all our communications.

PHILIP

There was a typo in my Admiral Donahue  
email that may have thrown them off.

(clarifying)

When I wrote Mark 45 warhead instead  
of Mark 46?

MACLAREN

Right, and the 45 was *nuclear*, now  
it makes sense.

\*

PHILIP

Except that the Mark 45 torpedo was  
decommissioned in 1976.

\*

(adding)

On a *Wednesday*.

Forbes shoots a look back in the direction the Guardsmen  
took the warhead, then back to MacLaren.

MACLAREN

No, no, never in a million years  
could we get a *nuclear* warhead from  
a U.S. naval station.

\*

(then)

Your friends just walked away with a  
conventional Mark 46 antisubmarine  
warhead. *Completely* different.

\*

\*

(to Carly)

I think they're far enough away now.

FORBES

What?

CARLY -- pulls out a REMOTE DETONATOR, triggering:

AN EXPLOSION -- erupts from far down the tunnel. Flames  
billowing toward them.

MacLaren, Carly and Philip hit the ground, grab their guns  
and take defensive firing positions.

95 INT. MINES - ALCOVE - DAY (D6)

95

Trevor finds a hiding place for the back pack and takes out  
the DEVICE that they were working on earlier at OPS. He  
sticks it into a cavity in an arch as securely as he can.

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

He looks back, reacting to the muffled sounds of GUNFIRE in the distance.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MacLaren, Carly and Philip exchange fire with Forbes' men, who aren't as well trained or as effective in combat, despite their apparel.

FORBES -- returns fire too as he backs away from the fight, letting the Guardsmen do all the fighting.

He runs down the tunnel, trying to escape.

CARLY -- takes out the two remaining Guardsmen.

MACLAREN -- races down the tunnel to catch up to Forbes.

TREVOR -- presses a button on the device, activating it, then keys his com.

TREVOR

Device is in place and activated.

He runs back toward them.

96 INT./EXT. MINES - DAY (D6)

96

MacLaren chases Forbes to the end of the tunnel that opens to the outside world.

FORBES -- panting, gets to the end of the tunnel, but stops at a steep precipice. It's a long way down.

MACLAREN -- arrives and takes aim at Forbes.

MACLAREN

Turn around.

Forbes slowly turns around, incredulous.

FORBES

Mac, I'm unarmed. You really think you can shoot me in cold blood?

\*

MACLAREN

I really do.

MACLAREN -- is about to pull back on the trigger, when:

FORBES -- suddenly clutches his head and begins to scream in agony. He is undergoing a TRANSITION.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

MACLAREN -- watches, never lowering his weapon.

The NEW TRAVELER comes to, sees the gun pointed at him and the third iteration of Forbes quickly holds his hands up in surrender.

FORBES

I'm traveler 4991. It worked.

\*

Now MacLaren lowers his weapon.

FORBES (CONT'D)

The Director's back and running.  
The cure's been sent to the 21st.  
You did it.

\*

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

97 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D6) 97

Marcy is almost asleep at the computer, trying to do research, when an ALERT NOTIFICATION from the deep web appears.

ON THE MONITOR -- *MEDICS: SYNTHESIZE AND ADMINISTER THE FOLLOWING TREATMENT IMMEDIATELY*

A complex formula appears on the screens. The CURE.

Marcy smiles, immensely relieved, studying it all.

FORBES (O.S.)

The encrypted beacon on the device activated almost the moment power to the Director was cut off. Took some time for us to find and recover it, but we got to it without them knowing...

\*  
\*  
\*

Suddenly, Marcy hears JENNY SCREAMING.

She runs to find Jenny in the final agonizing moments of transition, then a new Traveler looks up at Marcy.

FORBES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Lotta good people died in the battle that followed. Even when we broke through, the device was only capable of powering the Director for three seconds....

\*

98 EXT. MINES - DAY (D6) 98

Carly, Trevor and Philip arrive as Forbes continues.

FORBES

Enough time for the Director to reroute power to itself through the network, cut off the Faction's access to the reactor, design the cure...

(beat)

To win a war.

MACLAREN

How soon will the cure be available?

FORBES

Every medic has it now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

FORBES (CONT'D)

And thanks to people we have on the inside, count on a major breakthrough at the CDC this afternoon.

(then)

The long incubation period of the virus will work to our advantage. People will die before we can get the cure to everyone, but not much more than in the historical record.

CARLY

How many Faction are still here?

FORBES

Impossible to know how many were sent into the quantum frame. The Director won't have a T.E.L.L. for all of them.

Forbes realizes his nose is bleeding a little.

FORBES (CONT'D)

Third time for this host...

MacLaren's phone rings. He answers quickly, ignoring the others, stepping away.

MACLAREN

Kat?!

Carly takes out her own phone and dials in the B.G.

99 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - DAY (D6)

99

Kat stands in her kitchen, putting down a cup of tea to speak to him through coughs.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

KATHRYN

Grant? I've been trying to call you, I've been so worried.

MACLAREN

I know, and I'm sorry, but the work we were doing has paid off. You're going to be okay.

KATHRYN

I'm so sick... Don't say that if it's not real.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

MACLAREN

I promise there's been a breakthrough,  
watch the news. And I'll be there  
with you as fast as I can.

KATHRYN

I'm worried about the baby.

MACLAREN

I'll be home tomorrow at the very  
latest...

He looks up at Forbes and his team, who are all staring at  
him, then up at the HELICOPTER approaching them from a  
distance that the Director sent to get them.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Maybe sooner.

He looks up to Carly who is staring at her phone.

CARLY

He didn't answer.

They look toward the approaching helicopter.

DISSOLVE TO:

100 INT. GARAGE/OPS - PHILIP'S BEDROOM - DAY (D6)

100

Marcy gives a still unconscious Boyd an injection, talking  
to her anyway in a soothing quiet voice.

MARCY

We did it. That means we should be  
able to wake you up soon.

Grace stands behind her, ruining the moment.

GRACE

One, she can't hear you, two, I can't  
believe you gave the cure to her  
first, I was standing right there  
beside you.

MARCY

Boyd is far more sick.

GRACE

Am I at least next?

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

MARCY

The newly arrived traveler in her very sick host body, *then* you.

GRACE

Oh just admit you hate me.

101 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - DAY (D6)

101

MacLaren enters to find Kat on the sofa, asleep, wrapped in a blanket, looking very sick.

The TV drones on, talking about the cure for the flu now being mass produced by the CDC and WHO. (TBW)

He turns off the TV with the remote and whispers to her:

MACLAREN

Kat?

He gently strokes her hair.

KATHRYN

You're home?

MACLAREN

I have something for you.

He pulls out the auto-injector.

Before he can inject it into her, she sits up and pulls her arm away. \*

KATHRYN

No! I'm not supposed to take any medicine in case it affects the baby.

MACLAREN

I got this directly from the CDC, and I made sure to ask. It's perfectly fine for you to take.

Kathryn relaxes and MacLaren injects her with the cure.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

It'll work fast. I'll let you rest.

But Kathryn holds onto his arm.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

KATHRYN

Can you lie down with me for a bit?

MacLaren hesitates.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Just for a few minutes.

MACLAREN

I would like nothing more.

Gently, he settles in beside her and Kat turns to lay her head across his lap.

102 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D6)

102

Carly bursts into the house, with two auto-injectors in hand.

CARLY

Jeffrey? Jeff?

The house is empty. So is Jeffrey Jr's crib. Carly's fear begins to mount, when:

JEFF

Carly?

Carly whirls around to see Jeff, sweaty and shivering, emerge from the bathroom holding Jeffrey Jr in his arms. Carly's reaction to seeing them is emotional.

CARLY

I know you were trying to call...

Carly holds up the auto-injectors.

CARLY (CONT'D)

I needed to get these. They're the treatment for the virus.

JEFF

What? Where did you get it?

Carly injects Jeffrey, still in Jeff's arms.

CARLY

Doesn't matter; it's gonna cure you both.

Jeff is overwhelmed with relief.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

JEFF

I was so scared... there was nothing  
I could do, you didn't come home...  
I didn't know what to do but hold  
him.

CARLY

Gimmie your arm.

Carly injects him, then takes their baby into her arms.

Jeff sits down, exhausted and sweaty.

JEFF

I'm supposed to go to work soon as  
you get home.

CARLY

Rest a while first.

JEFF

Yeah. Maybe I will.

He closes his eyes. Carly holds her baby close.

103 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N6)

103

Marcy enters the apartment to see David, in a fresh change  
of clothes, watching the news on his couch. (TBW) He turns  
it off.

DAVID

Marce! Did you hear they've cured  
this thing?  
(then)  
You're probably the one who came up  
with it.

MARCY

Not this time. Did you stay inside?

DAVID

Ah, no, I was helping out at one of  
the shelters.

Marcy takes out an auto-injector and begins to examine him,  
starting with his eyes and temperature.

MARCY

*David*, you could have been exposed.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

DAVID

Yeah, I was.

(off her look)

The people I work with are the first ones to get forgotten when something like this happens.

\*

Marcy puts aside the auto-injector.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Wait, you're not gonna give me that?

MARCY

Only if you're sick.

She takes his pulse and counts. David takes the opportunity to talk.

DAVID

Speaking of sick, a man I know just collapsed while I was trying to make him eat soup --

MARCY

Your pulse is good.

Marcy checks his glands, touching his neck with her fingers, looking for inflammation.

DAVID

While they were wheeling him out I felt like a minor character in one of those movies that doesn't end well. And I thought to myself Marcy is gonna give me shit if I end up dying from this. Because I can't help myself.

MARCY

You mean from helping others.

DAVID

But isn't that what you do too? Except with special agents and helicopters?

MARCY

Open your mouth.

David opens up his mouth and she shines a light into his throat.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

103

DAVID  
 (mouth open)  
 Your way of helping is just more  
 impressive.

The exam is over. She packs up her stuff.

MARCY  
 You're not sick.

DAVID  
 Maybe give me a shot anyway.

MARCY  
 No symptoms. If you were exposed it  
 means you're immune.

She hands him the auto-injector and stands.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
 Find your friend who collapsed and  
 give it to him. \*

DAVID  
 You're leaving again?

MARCY  
 I have other patients. Just wanted  
 to make sure you were okay.

DAVID  
 Wow. House call.

MARCY  
 Be back tonight. Don't wait up.

Marcy goes. After she's gone:

DAVID  
 Yeah I probably will.

104 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N6)

104

Philip and Trevor are at ops, looking much better. Marcy  
 enters. \*

PHILIP  
 I thought you were going home.

MARCY  
 Just back to check on my patients.  
 How are you feeling? \*

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

TREVOR

Much better, thanks.

PHILIP

You'll be happy to know the CDC has set up treatment centers to disseminate the anti viral en masse.

(beat)

Jenny -- that is, Jenny 3.0 -- is off helping coordinate deliveries.

BOYD (O.S.)

Marcy?

TREVOR

She woke up a while ago.

Marcy rushes into the office to SEE:

BOYD -- is awake, looking on the mend.

Grace sits by Boyd's bedside.

\*

BOYD

Hey.

MARCY

Hey. How're you feeling?

BOYD

Like shit. But I'll live.

GRACE

I'll also live, thanks for asking.

BOYD

I still haven't heard from two other members of my team but I'm hoping --

A KNOCK on the door outside interrupts them.

MARCY -- goes to the office door as Philip and Trevor answer it, sliding the big door open.

105 EXT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N6)

105

A YOUNG BOY -- waits patiently as the door opens, wearing the robotic stare of a Messenger.

Before he opens his mouth to speak, we CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #207

"17 MINUTES"

Written by  
Brad Wright

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TRAVELERS  
"17 MINUTES"  
Set List - 2<sup>ND</sup> WHITE PAGES - 06.15.17

Exteriors

Interiors

COUNTRY ROAD

ARTIST'S LOFT

COUNTRY ROAD / INTERSECTION

CARLY'S HOUSE

COUNTRY ROAD / PATH

FBI OFFICE

COUNTRY ROAD / PICKUP TRUCK

GARAGE/OPS

FIELD

LARS'S CAR

-Lars's Car

-Moving

FOREST

LOGGING TRUCK CAB

-Moving

GAS STATION

MACLAREN'S SUV

-Moving

HIGHWAY

PATH

MARCY'S HOTEL ROOM

REMOTE BEACH

NAVIGATOR

SKY

PICKUP

-Moving

\*STREET

TEASER

67A INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - DAY (D4) 67A  
MACLAREN gets in his car, dressed in outdoorsy clothing.  
Before he starts it, he pauses to send a text. Then he starts  
it up and drives off. (Towing a boat)

67B EXT. STREET - DAY (D4) 67B\*  
MARCY, dressed in her own outdoorsy outfit, walks down the  
street towards Ops. She activates her com. \*  
\*  
MARCY \*  
Meet you outside Ops. \*

67C INT. CARLY'S HOUSE -- DAY (D4) 67C  
CARLY finishes a glass of orange juice and puts the glass in  
the sink. She activates her com and whispers in response. \*  
\*  
CARLY \*  
(sotto) \*  
Copy that. \*  
She heads out the door as quietly as she can. \*  
A NOTE -- on the fridge reads:  
"Gone all day, see you tonight... Carly"

67D INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D4) 67D  
PHILIP FEEDS POPPY the turtle a little turtle food as a HORN  
HONKS TWICE.  
TREVOR comes down from the loft, ready to go.  
TREVOR  
That's the boss. Road trip!  
PHILIP  
You're such a kid.  
TREVOR  
Yeah, on the *outside*.  
Philip smiles at Trevor's enthusiasm and they head out the  
door.  
POPPY -- eats his breakfast.

67E INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - DAY (D4)

67E

KATHRYN emerges from the bathroom dressed for the day and goes into the kitchen.

She grabs her phone and reads a new text:

"Won't be by tonight. Work."

Kathryn grimaces at that, and puts down her phone.

THE DOORBELL RINGS -- Kathryn goes to answer it.

A FLORIST -- stands there with a beautiful bouquet of flowers.

Kathryn's mood improves instantly.

KATHRYN  
Oh, aren't they beautiful...  
(to the florist)  
Thank you!

Kat takes the flowers into the kitchen, smiling a broad smile, which evaporates the moment she reads the card, which says:

"Happy Anniversary to you both! Love Mom."

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
Mom. *Mom* remembered.

Kathryn grabs her phone and composes a text.

"Happy Anniversary, Grant"

Then she tosses her phone on the counter, pissed.

68 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / PATH - DAY (D4)

68

MACLAREN'S SUV -- is parked on the side of a dirt road near a PATH leading to a lake.

It has a trailer which holds a small ZODIAC-like boat.

MACLAREN -- is trying to make a call on his cell.

CARLY, MARCY, TREVOR and PHILIP unpack gear from the SUV onto their backs and into the small boat. They're all dressed in hiking clothes and in a positive, playful mood.

Carly notices MacLaren's frustration at not getting a signal.

(Throughout the following, they hand-carry the boat from the trailer, down the path toward the lake.)

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

CARLY

No service?

MACLAREN

Not one *bar*. Should have called  
when we stopped at the gas station...

CARLY

Told you.

MACLAREN

Yeah, then we got lost.  
(to Philip)  
How long 'til impact?

Philip closes his eyes briefly, then:

PHILIP

Twenty three minutes, six seconds.

MACLAREN

Ish.

PHILIP

No, pretty much exactly.

MacLaren looks at his watch, shaking his head at himself.

MACLAREN

I'll have to call her after the  
mission then.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Don't understand the big deal about anniversaries anyway.

TREVOR

My father missed their 25th a few months back.

MACLAREN

And?

Trevor hefts a heavy backpack, then somberly:

TREVOR

Gary paid a heavy price, boss.

MACLAREN

Fortunately Kat's a reasonable person.

MARCY

Reason has nothing to do with it. You're already in the doghouse.

MACLAREN

Oh, *come on*...

CARLY

She's right. Your window was early this morning. It's already closed.

MACLAREN

How do you know this information?

CARLY

Covered it in training.

MARCY

Twenty first century female behavior.

MacLaren nods. That explains it.

MACLAREN

Ah. Well, I'll buy her flowers.

MARCY

What anniversary is it?

MACLAREN

Ten years.

Marcy and Carly exchange a big worried look. He's doomed.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (2)

68

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

You're just screwing with me now.

TREVOR

Ten's a big one; even I know that.

MACLAREN

Help me out then, what's an appropriate gift for ten years?

PHILIP

Tin.

MACLAREN

Yeah, ten.

PHILIP

No, *Tin*.

TREVOR

As in the metal.

MACLAREN

Tin.

PHILIP

That's the traditional gift.

MACLAREN

I'm supposed to give her something made from Tin.

PHILIP

If you're a traditionalist, yes. There's a more modern anniversary theme for ten years but you're not gonna like it.

MacLaren shrugs. What could be worse than tin?

CARLY

Diamonds.

MACLAREN

Now I know you're making this up.

MARCY

Technically diamond jewelry.

PHILIP

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (3)

68

MACLAREN

Seriously.

CARLY

Might've gotten away with flowers if  
you'd called.

69 EXT. REMOTE BEACH - LATER - DAY (D4)

69

The team now stands beside the boat at the edge of a remote  
lake in the mountains. There's not a soul around.

They look out over the water taking in the fresh air and the  
view.

MacLaren walks up, joining them.

MACLAREN

Where does it come down?

PHILIP

Six hundred meters to our south  
southwest, in seven minutes eight  
seconds...

(he points)

Over there-ish.

CARLY

Amazing this becomes a dry lake bed  
in fifty years.

\*

MARCY

Do we need to worry about a wave?

TREVOR

Naw. Probably a splash; it's not  
that big.

(beat)

Just extremely rare and important to  
the future.

PHILIP

Even more rare than that other  
mineral, what is it again?

MacLaren sighs at that.

MACLAREN

Diamond.

PHILIP

That's the one.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

MACLAREN

All right, get the recovery gear ready and the boat in the water. And make sure everything's working.  
(beat)

The Director's given us an important mission, let's get it right.

MACLAREN -- takes out his phone and tries again, grimacing at the lack of bars... He raises the phone in the air.

In the B.G. Trevor and Philip lower the motor of the boat into the water and attempt to start the motor, which begins to roar on the second pull.

CARLY -- looks up too late to SEE:

TWO ASSASSINS -- rise up out of the water just offshore in full SCUBA GEAR, with MACHINE GUNS in hand, already firing.

IN SLOW MOTION:

CARLY -- is struck by a hail of bullets as she reaches for her weapon.

TREVOR -- is slammed back into the boat, landing beside:

PHILIP -- who has already been shot through the head.

MARCY -- tries to dive behind the boat but it provides no real cover.

MACLAREN -- is shot multiple times in the back, doesn't even know what hit him as he goes down in the sand, his cell phone flying from his hand...

THE BEACH is suddenly still, littered with the bodies of the team.

THE TWO ASSASSINS begin to walk out of the lake.

The boat MOTOR sputters and stops.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

70 EXT. SKY - DAY (D4)

70

TWO SKYDIVERS, CARRIE and WAYNE, both 20s, athletic brother and sister, are in FREE FALL.

The SOUND of wind is deafening as they fall at 120 mph.

WAYNE -- who gives a thumbs up from a few yards away.

CARRIE -- returns the thumbs up.

A CHYRON -- appears on screen:

HISTORICAL TIME OF DEATH -- 12:31 pm. Then it COUNTS DOWN from 30 seconds...

Carrie waves at her brother, loving this, shouting out a loud WHOOT!

Then she holds her head, grimacing in agony as a TRANSITION begins to take place.

She holds her head and SCREAMS as her mind is overwritten by an incoming traveler, then:

CARRIE -- reorients herself, realizes where she is, and throws her drogue chute, initiating the opening of the MAIN a moment later.

THE CANOPY -- of her parachute billows above. The roar of the wind softens.

Now on a mission, she dials her cell phone, which is strapped to her arm and connected to her helmet via bluetooth.

\*

She SEES her brother's parachute has opened off to her left her as she waits for her phone to connect...

It goes to a familiar VOICEMAIL.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

This is Special Agent Grant MacLaren,  
leave a message at the --

She ends that call and quickly dials another number manually.

71 INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY (D4)

71

Agent WAKEFIELD -- is at his desk and answers his cell.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

WAKEFIELD

Wakefield.

CARRIE

This is an emergency communication,  
*protocol alpha.*

Whatever it means, protocol alpha is a big fucking deal.

WAKEFIELD

Who is this?

CARRIE

Traveler 5001. We have less than  
sixty seconds before signal loss --

WAKEFIELD

I'm listening.

CARRIE

I need an armed air asset to the  
following coordinates ASAP:

(from memory)

49.3506° N, 122.8599° W

(then)

Can you do it?

Wakefield goes over to a computer screen and quickly enters  
a few commands to call up air assets.

A MAP shows where they are relative to the coordinates.

Wakefield quickly assesses the situation.

WAKEFIELD

*Possibly*, we have a helicopter already  
in the air with agents aboard but  
they're not travelers --

CARRIE

I said protocol *alpha*; can you get  
it to those coordinates in 17 minutes?

Wakefield looks at the screen and does the math quickly in  
his head. It doesn't add up the way he wants.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

WAKEFIELD

Negative. Best case is 25 to 30.

CARRIE

What about assets on the ground?

WAKEFIELD

25 minutes is our closest anything;  
 you're talking the middle of nowhere.  
 I do have agents on the ground within  
 roughly...

(beat)

Hello?

Wakefield looks at his phone. She's disconnected.

CARRIE -- prepares to touch down, moving on.

\*

72 EXT. FIELD - DAY (D4)

72

Her brother's best friend LARS (20s) is leaning against his  
 car waiting for them, eating a ham and cheese sandwich with  
 the car radio playing MUSIC.

CARRIE -- is already taking off her parachute pack. She  
 leaves it on the ground and marches straight to Lars.

\*

CARRIE

Give me the car keys.

Lars almost laughs at her aggressive demeanor.

LARS

Right, how 'bout we wait 'til your  
 little brother touches down --

CARRIE

It's an emergency: gimme the fucking  
 keys!

She will take them out of his pocket if she has to.

LARS

They're in the ignition!  
 (she bolts)  
 What emergency?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

Lars follows her to the car, calling after her.

LARS (CONT'D)  
Carrie, what's wrong?

She opens the driver's side door and begins to climb in, not wasting any time on conversation.

LARS -- stops her from closing the door.

LARS (CONT'D)  
Just tell me what's going on! I'll  
drive you myself!

She starts the car with the door still open and steps on the gas, not quite dragging Lars along with her.

LARS (CONT'D)  
CARRIE!

Lars looks up to the sky:

LARS (CONT'D)  
Wayne, your sister just took my car!

73 INT. LARS'S CAR - MOVING - DAY (D4)

73

Carrie drives through the field toward the road, on a mission, leaving Lars screaming in the rear view mirror.

She tries her cell phone again, re-dialing MacLaren. She gets his voice mail again.

MACLAREN (O.S.)  
This is special Agent Grant MacLaren,  
please leave a --

She ends the call and looks down, confirming that the GO PRO camera attached to her suit is RECORDING.

\*  
\*

She reaches a country road and pulls up onto it, accelerating down the road.

She SEES a PICKUP TRUCK at the side of the road with a single off-road MOTORBIKE strapped in a rack for two. A ramp off the back of the truck bed indicates one of them is in use.

\*

She slows, taking note of it, then continues.

74 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (D4) 74

The small car accelerates by the PICKUP, throwing up a trail of dust as it flies toward the coordinates Carrie needs to be.

74A EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY (D4) 74A\*

Lars' car races down the highway toward the mountains. \*

75 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / PATH - DAY (D4) 75

**(Note: the minor changes are intentional.)**

MACLAREN -- is trying to make a call on his cell.

CARLY, MARCY, TREVOR and PHILIP unpack gear from the SUV onto their backs and into the small boat. They're all dressed in hiking clothes.

Carly notices MacLaren's frustration at not getting a signal.

CARLY

No service?

MACLAREN

Not a *bar*. Should have called when we stopped at the gas station...

CARLY

I told you.

MACLAREN

Yeah, then we got lost.  
(to Philip)  
How long 'til the meteor impacts?

PHILIP

Twenty two minutes, fifty one seconds.

MACLAREN

Ish.

PHILIP

No, pretty much exactly.

MacLaren looks at his watch, shaking his head at himself.

MACLAREN

I'll call her after the mission then.  
(beat)  
Don't understand the big deal about anniversaries anyway.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

TREVOR  
My father forgot his 25th wedding  
anniversary.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

MACLAREN

And?

TREVOR

Gary paid a heavy price, boss.

MACLAREN

Luckily Kat's a reasonable person.

MARCY

Reason has nothing to do with it.

You're already doomed.

76 INT. LARS'S CAR - MOVING - DAY (D4)

76

LARS'S CAR -- barrels down the dirt road, pushing the car's small engine to the red line.

Then it skids to a stop as Carrie slams on the brakes.

POV -- CARRIE

A BLACK YUKON blocks the road ahead, some thirty yards away. \*

THE TALL MAN from Vincent's house stands alongside.

He holds a MACHINE GUN and he's staring straight at her.

CARRIE -- wasn't expecting this obstacle and quickly searches the glove compartment for a weapon.

Nothing. Think. She looks up and forces a smile, waving.

77 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (D4)

77

The Tall Man begins walking toward her car. She rolls down her window, turning on the charm:

CARRIE

That's a big gun, am I on private property? I am so lost...

The Tall Man just extends his arm and points for her to turn around.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

You want me to turn around?

He nods.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

CARRIE (CONT'D)

'Kay I can do that, but first will  
you tell me the way to Alouette Lake?

He can't speak, so just points more aggressively for her to  
turn around the way she came. She acts confused.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

So it's that way to the lake or are  
you still telling me to turn around?

Now impatient, the Tall Man raises his gun slightly and walks  
several steps toward her.

That's what she wanted.

CARRIE -- drops all pretense and slams her foot on the gas  
and tries to run him over.

THE TALL MAN -- leaps out of the way, rolling onto the ground  
hard.

The small car drives up to the Yukon and stops.

CARRIE -- climbs out of the small car and starts running  
hard.

THE TALL MAN -- reaches for his weapon and gets back to his  
feet.

Carrie runs away from him, some fifty yards ahead. He sets  
his weapon to single shot and takes aim...

78 OMITTED

78

79 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (D4)

79

Carrie gets shot from behind, grazing her neck. She cries  
out and covers the wound with her hand, stumbling from the  
bullet, but staying on her feet. She keeps running.

THE TALL MAN -- fires again, but misses this time.

CLOSE ON CARRIE -- breathing hard, fighting through the pain.

WIDER -- as Carrie pushes on.

79A INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY (D4)

79A\*

Wakefield looks at the computer, studying the coordinates on  
a map, trying to decipher what the phone call was about.

\*  
\*

CLOSE ON -- the coordinates on the map.

\*

(CONTINUED)

79A CONTINUED:

79A

WAKEFIELD

*Jesus...*

WAKEFIELD -- stands and calls into the next office.

WAKEFIELD (CONT'D)

Callahan!

CALLAHAN rushes into Wakefield's office. Wakefield's expression makes him close the door behind him.

CALLAHAN

What is it?

WAKEFIELD

Where did the Fraser meteor come down?

CALLAHAN

The one made of the RTS element? It was a dry lake bed somewhere north east of here. Why?

Wakefield points to the coordinates on his screen.

WAKEFIELD

It wasn't dry this early in the 21st.

CALLAHAN

What's going on?

WAKEFIELD

I just got off the phone with a Traveler who requested armed assets to the exact same coordinates the meteor was historically found fifty years from now.

(beat)

We got cut off but she said it was protocol Alpha.

CALLAHAN

How's that possible? The A.I. that became the Director doesn't exist for at least another two hundred --

WAKEFIELD

What would have happened if Robert Fraser hadn't discovered that element in 2068?

(CONTINUED)

79A CONTINUED: (2)

79A

CALLAHAN

There'd be no room temperature  
superconductor for quantum processing,  
no leap in artificial intelligence,  
no consciousness transfer technology --

WAKEFIELD

No *Director*.

CALLAHAN

Protocol Alpha...  
(beat)  
Do we know when the meteor came down?

WAKEFIELD

I'm no historian, but I'm about to  
bet my job at the FBI that it's  
sometime in the next fifteen minutes.  
And that the Faction is trying to  
get to it before we do.

CALLAHAN

The Director overwrote all the Faction  
members --

WAKEFIELD

Only the Faction members it could  
get eyes on, there could be hundreds  
still out there. Or worse, it's  
somebody else.

CALLAHAN

(looking at the map)  
No way we can get assets out there  
in time.

WAKEFIELD

Maybe not to stop them from taking  
it... But we can sure as hell try  
to take it back.

(beat)

I want real time satellite imagery  
on these coordinates and every  
Traveler within fifty miles to  
converge there right *now*. Go.

(beat)

While we're all still here.

Callahan races out and into action.

Wakefield looks at his screen, worried, then picks up his  
phone.

80 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / INTERSECTION - DAY (D4) 80

A LOGGING TRUCK on a logging side road is making a wide left turn, blocking the entire road he's turning onto. \*

CARRIE runs right in front of him, forcing him to stop noisily. \*

THE TRUCKER -- opens his window and watches in amazement as a woman dressed in skydiving gear, bleeding from the neck, runs right past him at a stumbling sprint.

He calls after her, thinking he should do something.

TRUCKER

Hey! What the fuck?! You okay?

CARRIE -- just presses on, using every last ounce of her strength to run, ignoring the Trucker's appeal.

THE TRUCKER -- just shakes his head and puts the truck back in gear. Fuck her if she doesn't want help.

81 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / PATH - DAY (D4) 81

Carrie sees MacLaren's SUV some fifty yards ahead and grinds toward it like a failing marathon runner, holding her neck to stem the flow of blood. She's getting weak.

She stumbles and falls hard on the dirt road before she reaches it.

CLOSE ON CARRIE -- breathing hard, bleeding badly...

She closes her eyes just for a moment, almost losing consciousness, then forces herself back to her feet.

She SEES where she needs to go and heads down the path.

She runs through the trees, stumbling, desperate, losing too much blood...

82 EXT. REMOTE BEACH - DAY (D4) 82

Carly is staring out at the water as the rest of the team preps all around her.

CARLY

Amazing to me this becomes a dry lake bed in fifty years.

MARCY

Do we need to worry about a wave?

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

TREVOR

Naw. Probably a splash; it's not that big.

(beat)

Just extremely rare and important to the future.

PHILIP

(wryly)

Even more rare than that other mineral, what is it again?

MacLaren sighs at that.

MACLAREN

You mean diamond?

PHILIP

That's it.

MACLAREN

All right, get the recovery gear ready and the boat in the water. And make sure everything's working.

(beat)

The Director's given us an important mission, let's get it right.

MACLAREN -- takes out his phone and tries again, grimacing at the lack of bars...

He raises the phone in the air.

Carrie makes it to the beach and SEES:

MACLAREN AND HIS TEAM -- getting ready for their mission, oblivious to the danger.

Trevor and Philip start the boat motor just as:

CARRIE -- shouts a warning, waving her arms with the last of her strength:

CARRIE

Get back from the water!

MACLAREN is the only one to SEE her, facing her direction, but he can't hear her over the SOUND of the boat motor.

TWO ASSASSINS -- rise out of the water.

\*

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2)

82

CARRIE -- spent and unable to help, falls to her knees as  
the sound of MACHINE GUN FIRE explodes from the direction of  
the beach.

\*  
\*  
\*

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

83 EXT. SKY - (2ND LOOP) - DAY (D4)

83

Carrie and her brother are in free fall again at 120 mph, the SOUND of WIND howling around them.

In a moment CARRIE begins to scream going through the transition, holding her head in agony.

The traveler from loop one arrives and reaches for her cell phone, but just as she begins to dial:

\*  
\*

SHE SCREAMS IN PAIN as a 2ND traveler arrives a split second after the first.

WAYNE -- SEES his sister writhing in agony this time and tries to shout to her through his visor:

\*

WAYNE

CARRIE! CARRIE! WHAT'S WRONG?!!

With the intense RUSH OF AIR there's no way she can hear him, so instead, Wayne tries to maneuver toward her.

CARRIE -- recovers as the new traveler reorients herself, but she doesn't SEE Wayne moving toward her too fast.

THEY COLLIDE. Wayne's head hits the side of his sister's helmet.

\*

He goes unconscious and tumbles away in the air.

CARRIE -- emerges from her transition, SEES her brother falling unconsciously. Not her problem.

She reaches into her drogue pouch and tosses it.

WIDE -- as the parachute opens above Carrie, but her brother continues his fall to the ground.

84 INT. LARS'S CAR - DAY (D4)

84

Lars sits in his car listening to music, eating a ham and cheese sandwich. He checks his watch. They'll be touching down any minute.

He looks up and SEES... Something is wrong.

He puts the sandwich down on the seat, then turns off the radio by taking his keys.

85 EXT. FIELD - DAY (D4) 85

Lars gets out of his car, staring up in horror, talking to himself as he watches...

LARS  
Buddy, open your chute...

POV -- LARS

Only one chute has opened, but Wayne is still falling at 120 mph to the ground far below his sister. \*

LARS -- screams at his friend, his eyes tracking him down:

LARS (CONT'D)  
WAYNE! OPEN YOUR CHUTE!

Lars begins to run as fast as he can.

86 EXT. SKY - DAY (D4) 86

Carrie, (now traveler 2) is gently falling beneath her canopy. She steers her parachute toward Lars's car.

87 EXT. FIELD - DAY (D4) 87

Lars runs across the open field to the body of his fallen friend, horrified and stunned.

LARS  
No! Oh, God! Oh God!

He reaches the broken body on the ground face down and just stands there, afraid to look, crying, shocked...

He looks up to find Carrie, but she's already landed close to his car, parachute billowing behind her.

88 EXT. FIELD - LARS'S CAR - DAY (D4) 88

Carrie ditches her parachute pack and runs toward Lars's small car, tossing her helmet aside.

As she RUNS, Carrie reaches for her GO PRO mounted on her suit to confirm it's still recording. \*

In the distant B.G. Lars is shouting at her, but she ignores his distant wail. \*

89 INT. LARS'S CAR - DAY (D4) 89

Carrie gets in urgently, and reaches to turn the key that she expects to be in the ignition.

It's not there...

CARRIE

*Shit.*

90 EXT. FIELD - LARS'S CAR - DAY (D4) 90

Carrie gets out and looks back toward a despondent Lars, still wailing in the field by the side of his fallen friend.

She does the math quickly in her head, looks back toward the road, and RUNS.

Lars yells to her from across the field, confused and upset.

LARS

What're you doing?!!

91 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (D4) 91

Carrie races across the field and up to the road like an Olympic sprinter, steps onto the road surface and SEES

THE PICKUP TRUCK -- is just another fifty yards ahead.

She sprints the rest of the way.

92 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / PICKUP TRUCK - DAY (D4) 92

Carrie arrives at the Pickup, grabs the driver's side door and opens it, revealing:

A GERMAN SHEPHERD -- fangs bared and poised...

The dog LEAPS out of the truck and is on top of her before she can react, viciously attacking the intruder.

Carrie SCREAMS in pain, on the road, her arms flailing at the dog, only making it more angry. \*

93 EXT. SKY - (3RD LOOP) - DAY (D4) 93\*

WAYNE -- is screaming at Carrie as she undergoes the second and third transitions in almost as many seconds.

WAYNE

CARRIE! WHAT'S WRONG?

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

She couldn't hear him over the wind if she were conscious.

CARRIE -- has no control over her free fall during the agonizing TRANSITION, her movements make her literally tumble in Wayne's direction.

Again, they COLLIDE HARD, just as the third traveler arrives finally in the present.

CARRIE -- grabs hold of his harness.

They fall together for a beat.

Disoriented, Carrie tries to clear her head, still falling...

Finally shaking it off, Carrie reaches into Wayne's drogue pouch and tosses it into the wind.

WAYNE's unconscious body seems to RISE as his drogue chute, then his main, OPENS with a SNAP above her.

CARRIE -- continues her free fall, delaying her chute deployment as long as possible.

CLOSE ON CARRIE -- as a drop of blood comes down from her nose. The strain of multiple transitions on the host brain is beginning to take its toll.

94 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / PATH - DAY (D4)

94

MacLaren and his team are mid way through the off-loading of equipment:

MARCY

What anniversary is it?

MACLAREN

Ten years.

Marcy and Carly exchange a big worried look. He's doomed.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Oh come on, you're just screwing with me now.

TREVOR

Ten's a big one, boss; even I know that.

MACLAREN

Okay, help me out then, what's an appropriate gift for ten years?

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

Tin. PHILIP

Yeah, ten. MACLAREN

No, *tin*. PHILIP

As in soup tin -- MACLAREN

As in the metallic element. TREVOR

That's the traditional gift. PHILIP

I'm supposed to give her something made from Tin. MACLAREN

95 EXT. FIELD - LARS'S CAR - DAY (D4)

95

Lars is staring up at the sky.

WAYNE -- spins unconsciously below the canopy in a wide circle above them, minutes away from touch down.

CARRIE is already marching over to the car, wiping blood from her nose.

Holy shit, you cut that deployment close! What happened? LARS

This Carrie is more matter of fact.

We collided. He's unconscious but I managed to get his chute open before we separated -- CARRIE

\*

Lars continues to look up at his best friend, his limp body falling in wide circles under his canopy.

If he lands like that he'll break his neck! LARS

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: 95

CARRIE  
Are there any weapons in your car? \*

LARS  
What? \*

CARRIE  
Weapons! \*

LARS  
No! \*

She opens the passenger door to Lars's car and grabs the sandwich on the seat. \*

LARS (CONT'D)  
What are you doing? \*

CARRIE  
The camera saw a knife in the pickup! \*

LARS  
What?!

She breaks into a run toward the pickup. \*

LARS (CONT'D)  
Carrie! \*

She ignores him. \*

CLOSE ON -- Carrie's GO PRO, recording... \*

96 OMITTED 96\*  
AND  
97 97

98 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / PICKUP TRUCK - DAY (D4) 98\*

Carrie reaches the pickup truck's driver window, left opened a few inches for the dog to get fresh air. \*

THE GERMAN SHEPHERD -- appears out of nowhere and JUMPS against the glass, fangs bared, barking loudly at her.

CARRIE -- flinches at that, then takes one of the small pieces of ham and tosses it through the window into the truck cab.

THE GERMAN SHEPHERD -- stops growling and wolfs down the ham, returning to the window a second later for more.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

CARRIE -- tosses one more piece to the same effect, then, holding one big piece up for the dog she SEES:

A KNIFE is tucked under the sun visor.

The Shepherd just stares at her, sitting on the driver's seat awaiting his next bribe.

Carrie tosses the rest of the sandwich onto the road then opens the truck door.

The dog jumps out and devours the rest of the sandwich.

Carrie jumps into the pickup and closes the door.

A moment later, she drives off.

98A EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY (D4)

98A

The pickup truck (with motorbike in the back) heads down the highway toward the mountains in the distance.

\*

99 INT. PICKUP - MOVING - DAY (D4)

99

Carrie drives slowly down the country road. She reaches for the knife and feels the weight.

Ahead Carrie SEES the Yukon BLOCKING the road. She puts the knife down.

THE TALL MAN -- is standing there with a machine gun.

She drives slowly toward the road block.

THE TALL MAN -- is pointing in the direction she came.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

CARRIE -- signs to him through the windshield in American sign language.

I'M LOST! CAN YOU HELP?

The Tall Man hesitates, then walks over, slinging the gun behind him and signs back to her as he approaches:

GO BACK THE WAY YOU CAME

CARRIE -- shakes her head, feigning frustration and signs back:

I WILL, JUST TELL ME WHERE I AM!

CARRIE -- rolls down the window with one hand, holding the hunting knife with the other.

THE TALL MAN -- comes up to the car, but stands a few feet away, peering inside her open window...

Carrie whips the knife at the Tall Man, striking him high on the chest.

100 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (D4)

100

THE TALL MAN -- FIRES as he goes down hard, but misses.

CARRIE -- jumps out of the pickup and runs as fast as she can past the Yukon down the road.

\*

THE TALL MAN -- painfully pulls the knife from his chest, then looks to SEE Carrie running away from him.

He gets to his feet and looks in her direction...

Carrie keeps running as fast as she can down the road.

He glares after her and walks toward his Yukon.

\*

101 EXT. PATH - DAY (D4)

101

MacLaren and his team are enroute to the beach. Their banter continues to be playful.

CARLY

Might've gotten away with flowers if you'd called.

MACLAREN

We've established I made a mistake.

MARCY

So now you have to show up with a diamond *something*.

MACLAREN

Really? Explain how buying something hard, shiny and artificially expensive because it's controlled by a cartel, gets me out of the dog pound.

MARCY

Dog house --

CARLY

Were you trained at *all* in 21st century male behavior?

TREVOR

I think he's nailing it.

PHILIP

Historically, diamonds have *always* been a rare and precious gift.

MACLAREN

Oh shut up.

CARLY

Solve your own problems then.

MACLAREN

Fine. If it's rare and precious she wants, I'll chip a fragment off the meteor after we recover it.

TREVOR

Would come in handy if Kathryn needs a high temperature superconductor for quantum processing.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

MACLAREN

You shut up too.

They all smile behind his back. MacLaren checks his phone again for bars. Nothing.

102 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / INTERSECTION - DAY (D4)

102

Carrie runs at full speed, trying to focus. Her nose continues to bleed from the brain trauma of multiple transitions.

She approaches the intersection, where the LOGGING TRUCK is making the wide left turn.

Then she hears the SOUND of a CAR approaching.

She turns to SEE the Black Yukon barreling around a bend, charging at her.

She pours on the speed and runs in front of the LOGGING TRUCK, forcing it to slam on its brakes.

THE YUKON -- stops short of the logging truck.

THE TALL MAN -- gets out, his chest bloody from the knife wound.

He tries to SEE underneath the stack of logs:

CARRIE -- is sprinting away.

The Tall Man gives a sharp look to the Trucker, who he can see in the side mirror, then angrily points for the Trucker to stop blocking his way.

IN THE SIDE MIRROR -- we SEE the Trucker hesitate, mumble an expletive, wanting to reach for his shotgun to shoot this fucker.

TRUCKER

*Asshole...*

THE TRUCKER -- puts the truck in gear instead.

The Tall Man climbs back in his Yukon to wait as the truck slowly completes its turn, buying Carrie precious time.

102A INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - DAY (D4)

102A\*

Kathryn looks at her phone on the counter, picks it up and dials MacLaren.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

102A CONTINUED:

102A

MACLAREN (O.S.)

Hi, you've reached Special Agent Grant MacLaren, please leave a message at the tone...

KATHRYN

Hey, it's me... Just giving you the benefit of the doubt here. I know you're probably busy on a case and I married an FBI agent but...

(beat)

I assume when you write "won't be by tonight, work" in a text it just means you're going to be *late*. Because tonight of all nights we should be together at some point no matter what time it is... hint hint.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(beat)

Okay, so, I'm going to plan something for later, nothing fancy, you just need to let me know roughly when that will be and tell me. You can even text me. I will be here.

103 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / PATH - DAY (D4)

103

Carrie runs toward MacLaren's SUV, slowing down from exhaustion but pushing hard...

104 EXT. PATH - DAY (D4) 104

CARRIE -- stumbles down the path toward the beach, shouting:

CARRIE  
 MacLaren! You're in danger!  
 (beat)  
 MACLAREN!

105 OMITTED 105\*

106 EXT. REMOTE BEACH - DAY (D4) 106\*

MacLaren is giving instructions to his team by the boat.

MACLAREN  
 All right, let's get the recovery  
 gear ready and the boat in the water.  
 And make sure everything's working.  
 (beat)  
 The Director's given us an important  
 mission, let's get it right.

MACLAREN -- takes out his phone and tries again, grimacing  
 at the lack of bars... He faintly HEARS a distant voice:

CARRIE  
 MacLaren!

MacLaren turns toward the SOUND of the voice...

CARRIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Your team is in danger!

MACLAREN  
 You guys hear that?

TREVOR -- is just about to pull the boat motor cord when  
 MacLaren stops him.

TREVOR  
 What?

Carrie's voice gets closer. They all hear it this time.

CARRIE (O.S.)  
 MacLaren, run!

CARLY -- immediately draws her concealed weapon.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

MACLAREN -- does the same and slowly walks toward:

CARRIE -- who appears at the end of the path, exhausted, nose bleeding, waving with the last of her strength at them.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Get off the beach!

MacLaren and Carly approach her, weapons up, but:

MACLAREN -- recognizes her and drops his guard...

MACLAREN

Carrie? What're you doing here -- ?

CARRIE

I'm Traveler five zero zero --

CARRIE -- is suddenly SHOT from behind by a burst of automatic fire, and falls into the sand.

The Tall Man has caught up to her.

\*

MacLaren and Carly immediately take defensive positions, guns raised toward the threat as:

TWO ASSASSINS -- now cued by the sound of GUNFIRE instead of the boat motor, emerge from the lake behind our team and immediately open up on automatic.

MARCY, TREVOR and PHILIP, their backs to the lake, don't stand a chance.

All are struck in the first burst of machine gunfire, without knowing what hit them.

MACLAREN AND CARLY -- turn to SEE their team being mowed down and try to return fire with their handguns, shooting at the ASSASSINS.

But they're completely exposed in the open on the beach.

ONE OF THE ASSASSINS -- is struck by a bullet and falls backwards into the water, but the other sprays gunfire at:

CARLY -- who is hit twice in the chest and goes down in the sand, dead.

MACLAREN -- backs away firing, then turns to face:

THE TALL MAN -- who arrives at the end of the path, near the fallen body of Carrie.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

He raises his machine gun before MacLaren can react and FIRES a short burst.

MACLAREN -- is blown backwards and dies facing the sky, his chest a growing stain of red, not far from Carly's body.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

107 EXT. SKY - (4TH LOOP) - DAY (D4) 107

CARRIE -- SCREAMS in her helmet, as yet another traveler arrives for the fourth time in this host.

Her nose bleeds instantly and her eyes flutter.

ABOVE HER -- Wayne's body circles in the air throughout the transition...

Carrie continues to fall.

CLOSE ON CARRIE -- The new traveler blinks confusion and pain as she tries to cling to consciousness...

She continues to fall, orients herself, looking down:

THE GROUND -- fast approaches, but Carrie is disoriented.

108 EXT. FIELD - LARS'S CAR - DAY (D4) 108

Lars is staring up at the sky. He shouts up at Carrie, worried that she's still falling:

LARS

Carrie, pull your chute...

(beat)

CARRIE!

Finally her chute opens.

LARS (CONT'D)

Oh, thank God...

Lars runs out into the field as fast as he can to where she's about to touch down.

109 EXT. SKY - DAY (D4) 109

Carrie looks like a punch drunk boxer trying to stay conscious as she floats to the ground.

She checks her GO PRO...

\*

POV -- GO PRO

Looking down, Carrie's GO PRO records a hard landing and tumble.

110 EXT. FIELD - DAY (D4)

110

LARS -- races to find CARRIE on her back staring up at him.

LARS  
What happened up there?

CARLY  
We collided...

Looking up Lars realizes:

LARS  
Then Wayne must be unconscious.

Carrie is very weak but tries to complete the mission. Her hand goes to the releases for her parachute pack.

CARRIE  
Give me your car keys.

LARS  
What?

CARRIE  
*Your keys...*

LARS  
No! You're hurt!

CARRIE -- tries to get up. He forces her back down.

CARRIE  
I need to go...

LARS  
You're not going anywhere, you're staying right here --

CARRIE  
The future's at stake --

LARS  
You've got a concussion --

CARRIE  
The faction is going to win if we don't act..!

Lars doesn't have a clue what she's talking about, preoccupied with Wayne's problem above.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

LARS

Sure, whatever, you're fucked up.

(an order)

Just don't move, okay? Your brother's  
in trouble.

He looks up at Wayne still spiraling down above them.

LARS (CONT'D)

He's gonna break his neck.

Lars leaves her and runs toward the spot he expects Wayne to land, but:

CARRIE -- won't give up. With Herculean effort, she gets to her feet and tries to walk, her parachute trailing behind her on the ground.

POV -- CARRIE

The car seems too far away to reach, blurred...

CLOSE -- as blood streams down from her nose and ears, like an adult MESSENGER. The strain is too great.

CARRIE -- extends an arm out toward the car as if to reach it, confused by her condition, trying hopelessly to fight through it, then:

She falls to her knees in slow motion.

CLOSE ON CARRIE -- who dies right there on her knees, then finally falls over onto the ground, eyes still open, dead from an aneurysm.

111 EXT. SKY - (5TH LOOP) - DAY (D4)

111

Carrie screams, but this traveler is in even worse shape than the one before. Nose bleeding, eyes rolling back...

She tries to focus, desperate to remember what she's supposed to do next... \*

\*

She keeps falling.

WIDE -- as her chute finally opens and she gently falls.

WAYNE -- is still spiraling above her.

112 EXT. FIELD - DAY (D4)

112

LARS -- runs over to where Carrie lies face up on the ground, her parachute still billowing behind her.

LARS  
What happened?

She shakes her head no.

LARS (CONT'D)  
Did you crash into each other?

She nods yes, but her answer is strange.

CARRIE  
Too much strain on the host...

LARS  
What?

She grabs him by his shirt. They talk over each other:

CARRIE  
There are five people on a remote beach... It's not far --

LARS  
Who?

CARRIE  
Doesn't matter, *listen*...  
(a stab of pain)  
You need to help them, I can't make it --

LARS  
You're not making sense --

CARRIE  
*Everything* is at stake! Lars, you need to do this!

LARS  
Do what?! I don't understand!

CARRIE  
The coordinates; you need to...

CARRIE -- shudders slightly, as if something vital has just snapped inside her, and she sighs out her last breath, eyes open, dead again.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

LARS

Carrie..?

LARS -- just stares at her, overwhelmed and in shock.

LARS (CONT'D)

Oh, god...

He's not going to the beach anytime soon.

112A INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY (D4)

112A\*

Wakefield is behind his desk, looking at his computer, alarmed at something. He calls into the main office:

\*  
\*

WAKEFIELD

Callahan!

\*  
\*

Callahan enters, closing the door behind him.

\*

CALLAHAN

What is it?

\*  
\*

WAKEFIELD

Just got off the phone with Forbes in D.C. He says they've got intel that the Quantum Frame is still in the Pacific Northwest.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CALLAHAN

Let's go.

\*  
\*

WAKEFIELD

Not just yet. He said the Faction's got it constantly on the move trying to stay ahead of us, but at least we're closing in...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

113 EXT. PATH - DAY (D4)

113\*

They walk and talk on their way to the water.

MACLAREN

If it's rare and precious she wants, I'll chip a fragment off the meteor after we recover it.

TREVOR

Might come in handy if Kathryn ever needs a high temperature superconductor for a quantum frame.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

MACLAREN

You shut up too.

They all smile behind his back. MacLaren checks his phone again for bars. Nothing.

114 EXT. REMOTE BEACH - DAY (D4)

114

They reach the end of the path and stop to take in the view for a beat. Carly isn't sure they're in the right spot.

CARLY

Are you sure this is it?

PHILIP

This is the place.

MACLAREN

Sure doesn't look anything like the pictures when it was found.

Trevor is moved by the beauty of the lake.

TREVOR

No it doesn't... It's *beautiful*.

MARCY

Yeah, it's nice.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

Philip is shocked by her understatement.

PHILIP

*Nice?* This is like seeing Niagara Falls before they went dry, or the great valley before the domes were built.

MARCY

(with a shrug)  
I said it was nice.

And she walks toward the water ahead of the others. MacLaren shrugs too and follows Marcy.

MACLAREN

She's not wrong.

115 EXT. SKY - (6TH LOOP) - DAY (D4)

115

CLOSE ON CARRIE -- in free fall again.

Her body just twitches uncontrollably during the TRANSITION of the sixth incoming traveler.

The next consciousness is DOA.

Carrie's body keeps falling.

WAYNE -- spirals above her, unconscious.

POV -- GO PRO

As the ground below grows closer...

Closer...

116 EXT. FIELD - DAY (D4)

116

WIDE -- Carrie's body FALLS towards the ground as Lars runs desperately across the field toward her, calling her name.

\*  
\*

117 EXT. REMOTE BEACH - DAY (D4)

117

TREVOR -- starts the boat motor.

TWO ASSASSINS -- rise up out of the water just offshore in full SCUBA GEAR, with MACHINE GUNS in hand, already firing.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

CARLY -- is struck by a hail of bullets as she reaches for her weapon.

TREVOR -- is slammed back into the boat, landing beside:

PHILIP -- who has already been shot through the head.

MARCY -- tries to dive behind the boat but it provides no real cover.

MACLAREN -- shot multiple times in the back, doesn't even know what hit him as he goes down in the sand, his cell phone flying from his hand...

THE BEACH is suddenly still, littered with the bloody bodies of the team.

THE TWO ASSASSINS begin to walk out of the lake.

The boat MOTOR sputters and stops.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

118 EXT. SKY - (7TH LOOP) - DAY (D4) 118

WAYNE -- spins beneath his open canopy in a wide circle, his head drooping to the side, still unconscious.

A CHYRON -- appears. TIME OF DEATH, 12:33 pm. \*

He stirs, grimacing, as if awakening from a bad dream.

A traveler is transitioning into Wayne's unconscious body.

WAYNE -- suddenly comes to as if from a nightmare, and gets his bearings. \*

He checks the time on his watch and makes sure that the GO PRO on his suit is running. \*

He looks up at his canopy and corrects his spin.

He looks down to the ground below, now gently falling. He steers his parachute exactly where he needs to go.

119 EXT. FIELD - DAY (D4) 119

Lars is at Carrie's side, sobbing over her body.

WAYNE -- runs up to him, his helmet under his arm, demanding:

WAYNE

Car keys.

Lars faces him, a sobbing mess.

LARS

Oh, God, Wayne, she's dead!

WAYNE

KEYS!

Lars flinches at that and reaches for the keys. Wayne snaps them out of his hand and goes.

120 INT. LARS'S CAR - MOVING - DAY (D4) 120

Wayne races across the field in Lars's car, a man on a mission.

He looks over and SEES the sandwich on the passenger seat, grabs it and takes a big bite. He doesn't take the time to savor it, stuffing it into his mouth for fuel.

- 121 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / PICKUP TRUCK - DAY (D4) 121
- Lars's small car squeals to a stop at the pickup truck.
- WAYNE -- gets out, not even bothering to shut off the small car, then running to the pickup truck, he JUMPS in the back, going straight to the MOTORBIKE.
- As he undoes the strapping, he's startled by:
- THE GERMAN SHEPHERD -- who barks and growls back at him from the cab of the truck.
- It doesn't even slow Wayne down. He just glances at the dog barking viciously at him as he works, then takes the motorbike down the ramp.
- WAYNE -- kick starts the bike, puts his parachuting helmet back on and heads off down the road as fast as he can go...
- 121A EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY (D4) 121A\*
- Wayne races down the highway on the motorcycle, headed toward the mountains in the distance. \*
- 122 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (D4) 122
- Wayne races down the country road on the motorbike.
- THE TALL MAN -- SEES the motorbike coming toward him in the distance.
- He steps forward as if to challenge Wayne's charge.
- WAYNE -- goes off the road into a field before he gets too close to the road block.
- THE TALL MAN -- races to the Yukon and starts it up.
- THE YUKON quickly heads down the road.
- 122A INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - DAY (D4) 122A\*
- Kathryn picks up her phone again... not happy. \*
- MACLAREN \*
- You've reached Special Agent Grant \*
- MacLaren, please leave a message at \*
- the tone... \*
- Kathryn is ready for that beep and blasts him: \*

(CONTINUED)

122A CONTINUED:

122A

KATHRYN

Hello, Special Agent Grant MacLaren,  
it's your apparently *not so special*  
wife of ten years as of *today*. Ten  
years, Grant. I left a phone message  
and also texted you a 'Happy  
Anniversary' message before that,  
but neither really cover the range  
of emotion I'm feeling at the moment.  
All I can tell you right now is you'd  
bloody well better be shopping in a  
jewelry store that happens to have  
bad cell phone reception...

(beat)

Call me back when you get this.

And she hangs up.

123 EXT. FOREST - DAY (D4)

123

Wayne navigates through forest on the motorbike, carefully  
wending his way around trees.

It's a slog... The forest is too dense. He gets stuck a few  
times, frustrated the plan isn't working.

He gives up on the motorbike and proceeds on foot, running  
through the trees much faster.

124 EXT. REMOTE BEACH - DAY (D4)

124

At the end of the path, Marcy shrugs and look out at the view.

MARCY  
I said it was nice.

MacLaren shrugs too and follows her.

MACLAREN  
She's not wrong.

The others continue toward the water, dragging the boat across the sand.

MACLAREN -- catches up with Marcy walking ahead of the others.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
Got a sec?

MARCY  
Is everything all right?

That seems like a loaded question to MacLaren.

MACLAREN  
(sotto)  
If you mean with Kat's pregnancy,  
the pills you gave me are --

Marcy looks back at the rest of her team, concerned.

MARCY  
(interrupting)  
This isn't the time or the place --

MACLAREN  
No, I know, what I was going to ask  
is how you are.

MARCY  
I'm fine.

MACLAREN  
I don't think you are.  
(off her look)  
Part of a team leader's job is to  
have some sort of inkling about the  
general welfare of his people.

MARCY  
I said --

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

MACLAREN

You're not fine. You're unhappy.

(beat)

Marcy, you can't possibly remember this but:

MARCY

I didn't want to be reset.

MacLaren is surprised she knows this.

MACLAREN

Someone told you.

MARCY

We should just get ready for the mission.

MACLAREN

There's plenty of time, let them take care of it.

(then)

Look, I didn't think any good could come from telling you that information, maybe I was wrong...

(beat)

But it *is* pretty obvious to me, probably to everyone, that the new Marcy is different from the old one in ways she wouldn't approve.

MARCY

*She.*

MACLAREN

That's your word.

(then)

Well, *hers.*

125 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / INTERSECTION - DAY (D4)

125

The Yukon slams on its brakes as the Logging Truck passes slowly around the corner, blocking its way.

\*

THE TALL MAN -- leans on his horn.

THE TRUCKER -- gives him the finger.

THE TALL MAN -- loses patience and gets out of his Yukon.

\*

126 INT. LOGGING TRUCK CAB - MOVING - DAY (D4) 126

The Trucker pulls slowly ahead. Then, looking in his side view mirror he SEES:

THE TALL MAN -- approaching the cab on foot with his machine gun in hand, reaching for the door handle.

The Trucker reaches for his shotgun behind the passenger seat, just as the door OPENS.

BOTH MEN -- raise their weapons.

The TRUCKER -- loses the draw. He collapses into his seat, shot in the chest and head.

127 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / INTERSECTION - DAY (D4) 127

The Tall Man wipes sprayed blood from his face with his sleeve as the Logging Truck slowly clears his path on its own momentum, rolling down the road in gear.

He gets into the Yukon and waits for the end of the truck to clear. \*

Then he heads down the road.

128 EXT. REMOTE BEACH - DAY (D4) 128

MacLaren and Marcy are deeper into their conversation, some twenty yards away from the others.

MARCY

It's just... I can't help but feel  
that I'm not really...

MACLAREN

What.

Marcy confesses, though not emotionally.

MARCY

*Whole.* That when Grace sent my  
consciousness to the future,  
repackaged it and sent it back again,  
she left out what made me... *me.*

129 EXT. FOREST - DAY (D4) 129

Wayne runs hard through the forest, pushing his body to the limit, flying...

He leaps over logs and ducks under branches...

130 EXT. REMOTE BEACH - DAY (D4) 130

MacLaren understands what Marcy is talking about.

MACLAREN

That very day, you told me that you were afraid of losing the most important part of who you'd become in your short time in the 21st.

MARCY

How do I even know what that is?

MACLAREN

I don't think it's my place to tell you that. I can give you a *hint*.

131 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / PATH - DAY (D4) 131

The Tall Man's Yukon stops at MacLaren's SUV. He gets out with his machine gun in hand. \*

Then he runs into the trees off the path.

132 EXT. REMOTE BEACH - DAY (D4) 132

MacLaren continues his story.

MACLAREN

After that plane crash that should've killed me, while you and a million nanites were trying to put me back together...

(beat)

My own consciousness took refuge in the memories of Grant MacLaren.

MARCY

That's not possible. There are none.

MACLAREN

Only a few. Disconnected fragments.

133 EXT. FOREST - DAY (D4) 133

The Tall Man gets into a concealed position behind a tree, his weapon ready...

134 EXT. REMOTE BEACH - DAY (D4) 134

Marcy and MacLaren continue as the others work in the B.G.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

MARCY

Of what?

MACLAREN

Of how much Grant MacLaren loved his wife.

(beat)

Memories even his death couldn't erase.

135 EXT. FOREST - DAY (D4)

135

Wayne SEES light streaming through the trees just ahead and pushes on, so close...

136 EXT. REMOTE BEACH - DAY (D4)

136

Marcy understands what he's saying.

MARCY

How do I possibly access that?

MacLaren just shrugs at that.

MACLAREN

You're the doctor.

MacLaren touches her shoulder with paternal affection, then goes off to join the rest of the team:

CARLY, TREVOR AND PHILIP stand beside the boat at the edge of a remote lake in the mountains. There's not a soul around.

They look out over the water taking in the fresh air and the view.

MacLaren and Marcy walk up, joining them.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Where does it come down?

PHILIP

Six hundred meters to our south southwest --

The RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT of machine GUNFIRE behind them makes them turn toward the SOUND.

MACLAREN AND CARLY -- draw their weapons and take defensive positions.

137 EXT. FOREST - DAY (D4)

137

WAYNE -- goes down to his knees, shot several times by:

THE TALL MAN -- who steps out of from behind his concealed position amongst the trees.

He is just about to finish off Wayne when he hears the SOUND of MACHINE GUN FIRE coming from the direction of the beach.

WAYNE -- falls over dead as the Tall Man turns back to him.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

138 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY (D4)

138

MacLaren gasses up his SUV. Trevor, Marcy and Philip go into the convenience store.

CARLY -- sits in the passenger seat of the SUV, caught up in a cell phone.

LARS'S CAR -- is on the opposite side of the pump.

CARRIE -- is standing there pumping the gas while Wayne and Lars stay in the car, listening to country music. She smiles across to MacLaren, friendly and chatty while they fill up.

CARRIE

Killer day, huh?

MACLAREN

Yeah, it's... killer.

CARRIE

What's the plan for you guys today?

MACLAREN

We're just headed up to a lake to do a little camping.

\*  
\*

Carly speaks up from inside the car.

\*

CARLY

Fishing.

\*  
\*

MACLAREN

Fishing! What are you up to?

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

CARRIE  
About fifteen thousand feet.  
(off his look)  
We're sky diving.

\*  
\*  
\*

MACLAREN  
Oh, that sounds... terrifying.

CARRIE  
Statistically it's safer than driving.

MACLAREN  
So people tell me.

CARRIE  
You should try it some time.

MACLAREN  
I'm not so good with things in the  
sky.

Lars rolls down the window, impatient.

LARS  
Gotta fly, Carrie.

She replaces the pump and opens the rear door to get in,  
just as Philip, Marcy and Trevor emerge from the store.

CARRIE  
(as she goes)  
Bye!

MACLAREN  
Have fun, *Carrie*.

Philip gets in the back, followed by Marcy, who comments:

MARCY  
She's a little young for you.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: (2)

138

MACLAREN

And I'm married.

CARLY

In fact your wife just texted you  
happy anniversary.

She holds up his phone, enjoying it a little.

MACLAREN

What? Shit.

CARLY

Might wanna give her a call.

Carly tosses his phone on the dash, then gives him a look as  
Trevor hands him a small packaged junk food item.

TREVOR

Didn't have any fresh fruit like you  
asked, so I got you something called  
a *fruit pie*.

(off MacLaren's look)

Had the word 'fruit' in it.

MACLAREN

That's great, Trev. Thanks.

Trevor gets in the back. MacLaren tosses the junk food  
without looking at it into the garbage bin beside him and  
replaces the gas nozzle.

139 INT. LOGGING TRUCK CAB - MOVING - DAY (D4)

139

The TRUCKER -- heads down a logging road. He keys his CB  
radio, contacting his dispatcher.

TRUCKER

This is oh two six, inbound with a  
full load, 'bout an hour out.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Oh two six, copy. See ya then.

And he slowly drives on.

140 INT. LARS'S CAR - MOVING - DAY (D4)

140

Carrie sits in back, SINGING ALONG to the country song on  
the radio already cranked.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

CARRIE

Turn it up, turn it up! This is my  
favorite part!

WAYNE

You'll just sing louder!

CARRIE

You love it!

He does it anyway and she sings louder. Lars LAUGHS.

It's gonna be a great day.

141 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D4)

141

Carly has a map open on her lap in mid-argument.

CARLY

...the problem is when I said turn,  
you didn't turn.

MACLAREN

The GPS said there was no road.

CARLY

Well, there's one on the map.

MacLaren pulls over to turn around.

MACLAREN

So we'll turn around, there's lots'a  
time.

142 EXT. SKY - (8TH LOOP) - DAY (D4)

142

WAYNE -- spins beneath his open canopy in a wide circle, his  
head drooping to the side, still unconscious.

A CHYRON -- appears.

TIME OF DEATH, 12:33 pm.

\*

He stirs, grimacing, as if awakening from a bad dream.

A traveler is transitioning into Wayne's unconscious body.

WAYNE -- suddenly comes to as if from a nightmare, and gets  
his bearings.

\*

He checks the time on his watch and confirms his GO PRO is  
recording.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: 142

He looks up at his canopy and corrects his spin.

He looks down to the ground below, now gently falling. He steers his parachute exactly where he needs to go.

143 OMITTED 143\*

144 INT. LOGGING TRUCK CAB - MOVING - DAY (D4) 144\*

The Trucker is headed toward an intersection, when he starts feeling strange.

A CHYRON APPEARS:

TIME OF DEATH 12:40

He stops the truck, then, grabbing his head, starts to scream in agony as a new traveler takes him over...

A NEW TRAVELER arrives in the 21st, and stops the truck.

145 EXT. REMOTE BEACH - DAY (D4) 145

They reach the end of the path and stop to take in the view for a beat. Carly isn't sure they're in the right spot.

CARLY

Are you sure this is it?

PHILIP

This is the place.

MACLAREN

Sure doesn't look anything like the pictures when it was found.

Trevor is moved by the beauty of the lake.

TREVOR

No it doesn't... It's *beautiful*.

146 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / PICKUP TRUCK - DAY (D4) 146

Wayne takes the Motorbike off the truck bed and heads out immediately into the field.

He races across the field, giving the Tall Man's roadblock a wide berth.

147 EXT. REMOTE BEACH - DAY (D4) 147

MacLaren and Marcy are deeper into their conversation, some twenty yards away from the others.

MACLAREN

Marcy, you can't possibly remember this but:

MARCY

I didn't want to be reset.

MacLaren is surprised she knows this.

MACLAREN

Someone told you.

MARCY

We should just get ready for the mission.

MACLAREN

There's plenty of time, let them take care of it.

(then)

Look, I didn't think any good could come from telling you that information, maybe I was wrong...

(beat)

But it *is* pretty obvious to me, probably to everyone, that the new Marcy is different from the old one in ways she wouldn't approve.

148 EXT. FOREST - DAY (D4) 148

Wayne charges through the forest on his way to the beach.

149 EXT. REMOTE BEACH - DAY (D4) 149

MacLaren understands what Marcy is talking about.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

MACLAREN

That very day, you told me that you were afraid of losing the most important part of who you'd become in your short time in the 21st.

MARCY

How do I even know what that is?

MACLAREN

I don't think it's my place to tell you that. I can give you a *hint*.

150 EXT. FOREST - DAY (D4)

150

Wayne is running through the forest.

He HEARS -- a distant SHOTGUN go off behind him, followed by a short burst of machine GUNFIRE. Then silence.

He stops, listens, then runs again even harder.

151 EXT. REMOTE BEACH - DAY (D4)

151

MacLaren continues:

MACLAREN

After that plane crash that should've killed me, while you and a million nanites were trying to put me back together...

(beat)

My own consciousness took refuge in the memories of Grant MacLaren.

MARCY

That's not possible.

A VOICE -- breaks into their conversation, faintly.

TRUCKER (O.S.)

MacLaren!

MACLAREN

You hear that?

152 EXT. FOREST - DAY (D4)

152

Wayne is racing through the trees, past the point of exhaustion, pushing his body to the limit...

He stumbles and falls.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

CLOSE -- on WAYNE... he's sprinted a couple of miles and his lungs are burning.

He tries to get up and stumbles again, past the point of exhaustion, nearly losing consciousness.

He looks at his watch, panics at the time, and surges forward.

153 EXT. REMOTE BEACH - DAY (D4)

153

Wayne bursts out from the trees and onto the beach, shouting:

WAYNE

MacLaren!

A GUNSHOT goes off O.S. at the same time.

TWO ASSASSINS -- rise out of the water.

WAYNE -- is completely exposed on the beach. He dives to the sand instinctively, as:

MACLAREN and CARLY, rise up from behind the cover of a fallen log, shooting at the ASSASSINS in the water.

Carly is FIRING the Tall Man's machine gun on automatic.

THE TRUCKER -- begins FIRING his shotgun at the same time from his own concealed position on a separate angle.

THE ASSASSINS -- fall back into the water, dead.

TREVOR -- comes out of the trees, gun in hand, followed in a moment by Marcy and Philip.

WAYNE -- has been shot in the arm, but not badly.

CARLY -- arrives and stands over Wayne, her gun ready.

CARLY

Identify yourself.

WAYNE

Traveler 5008! I'm on a protocol alpha mission --

MacLaren arrives alongside Carly.

MACLAREN

We know, it's all over.

(then)

Marcy, over here!

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

153

MARCY -- comes over to tend to her patient with a kit from her backpack, but Wayne is still worried.

WAYNE

No, there's one more of them down the road, I had to go around -- !

TRUCKER

I took care of him first...

The Trucker holds up his shot gun and assures him:

TRUCKER (CONT'D)

We did it.

Wayne sighs relief, almost collapsing from exhaustion.

MACLAREN

Thank you both. It was close.

The Trucker and Wayne exchange a look.

WAYNE

You don't know *how* close.  
(off MacLaren's look)  
We weren't the first. We had to keep trying.

The team all realize what's happened.

PHILIP

How many times?

TRUCKER

I was the ninth volunteer...

\*

WAYNE

If the element had ended up in the hands of the Faction, the whole traveler program might never --

A loud CRACK of a SONIC BOOM suddenly puts them all on edge again, then:

A METEOR -- streaks across the sky quickly over their heads, landing in the lake to the south, southwest of them, 600 meters away.

THE SPLASH -- rises high in the sky, but the water barely ripples.

They all look out over the water, taking in the importance of the moment.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED: (2)

153

TREVOR

See? Just a splash.

MACLAREN

Our mission was to recover and secure  
the meteorite upon impact, so...

TRUCKER

We'll stay and watch your back 'til  
you're done.

MacLaren throws Marcy a look.

MARCY

I'll have him patched up by then.

MacLaren nods to all of them appreciatively and turns to go.

TRUCKER

There's one other thing...

(beat)

We have your next mission. We've  
located the quantum frame.

\*  
\*

TREVOR -- pulls on the boat motor cord, and it STARTS with a  
roar.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF EPISODE

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #208

"TRAVELER 0027"

Written by  
Ashley Park

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TRAVELERS  
"TRAVELER 0027"  
Set List - GOLDENROD PAGES - 07.05.17

Exteriors

CHURCH  
\*GARAGE/OPS  
HOUSE  
LAWN  
REMOTE CABIN  
STREET  
STREETS

Interiors

ARTIST'S LOFT  
-Hallway  
CHURCH  
-Screening Room  
DAVID'S APARTMENT  
GARAGE/OPS  
HOME OFFICE  
LIMO  
-Moving  
RAVE  
-Escalator  
-Stairwell  
REMOTE CABIN  
WAREHOUSE

TEASER

1 EXT. REMOTE CABIN - DAY (D1)

1

THREE NATIONAL GUARDSMEN (ep 205) -- patrol the perimeter of an unmarked building in the woods. They each have an assault rifle slung loose on their shoulders.

MACLAREN, CARLY, MARCY, TREVOR and PHILIP: are crouched low behind some cover in viewing distance of the building. Trevor peers through a pair of binoculars.

CARLY -- holds a rifle with a unique scope attachment, the TELLASER, which she aims at one of the guardsmen.

CARLY

(sotto)

Targetting far left.

A GREEN LASER SIGHT -- appears on the chest of the FIRST GUARDSMAN.

Philip holds a tablet in a hard case.

ON THE TABLET -- deep web traveler code and a rapidly filling progression bar.

It flashes, "TELL ESTABLISHED".

PHILIP

Go.

He suddenly clutches his head as he undergoes a TRANSITION.

TREVOR

Traveler incoming on target one.

Philip rapidly taps on the tablet.

PHILIP

Standby target two.

Carly swings the TELLASER to the SECOND GUARDSMAN.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Go.

Carly fires the laser.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

TELL established. Go to three.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

The SECOND GUARDSMAN -- falls to his knees, holding his head in agony.

The LAST GUARDSMAN -- sees his companions in agony on the ground and starts walking toward them.

THE GREEN LASER DOT - leaves his chest as he moves.

Philip shakes his head.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
TELL failed on target three.

TREVOR  
He's moving too much.

The Last Guardsman, on the move, takes the safety off his weapon and aims it toward the first two who are still down, just coming out of their transitions.

He's going to shoot the arriving travelers. Philip warns:

PHILIP  
TELL won't establish.

MACLAREN  
(to Carly)  
Take him out.

Carly quickly aims and fires at the last Guardsman through a silenced rifle.

THUMP! THUMP! He drops, dead.

The two newly arrived TRAVELERS (now 5401 and 5402) get to their feet, a little shaken with their close brush with death.

MacLaren and his team cautiously come over to greet them as Marcy goes to check the fallen Guardsman.

TRAVELER 5401  
5401.

MACLAREN  
3468.

Marcy reports on the Last Guardsman.

MARCY  
He's dead.

5402 doesn't like that MacLaren's team has improvised.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

TRAVELER 5402

We needed *three* to make it even.

TREVOR

He was going to kill you both.

MACLAREN

(to 5402)

Stay calm and stick to the plan;  
they'll have no idea. We'll be right  
behind you.

The two new travelers nod reluctantly, then walk toward the building. MacLaren and his team stay back...

2 INT. REMOTE CABIN - DAY (D1)

2

Traveler 5401 and 5402 enter an austere room, where THREE OTHER GUARDSMEN, including a female SERGEANT, PIKE (20s), are eating hot soup.

PIKE -- looks up from her soup.

PIKE

What're you doing?

TRAVELER 5401

Whatta you mean? It's lunchtime.

PIKE

You're supposed to be on sentry duty.

TRAVELER 5402

Oh, Jasper's still out there, it's fine.

\*

Pike stands, furious.

PIKE

It's not fine! There could be  
travelers out there!

The new Travelers suddenly raise their weapons.

TRAVELER 5401

They're in here now.

TRAVELER 5402

Hands in the air.

PIKE -- places her hand on her own, but 5401 cautions her, pointing his weapon right at her chest.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

TRAVELER 5401

*Don't...*

She doesn't back down, looking to the other two beside her. They may just take their chances and fight it out.

PIKE

Your protocols won't let you take a life.

MACLAREN -- leads his team in the building in support, weapons raised, now outnumbering the Faction members.

MACLAREN

Protocol three is suspended for members of the Faction, I wouldn't risk it.

CARLY

Weapons down; hands up.

The three Faction members comply. Our team takes their weapons.

MACLAREN

Where's the quantum frame?

PIKE

Not here.

Carly gives the closest Faction member an aggressive poke with the barrel of her rifle.

\*  
\*

CARLY

Hey! I said hands up!

MacLaren nods to his team to restrain the Faction members. Philip takes Pike.

PIKE

What're you going to do with us?

PHILIP

That'll be up to the Director.

PIKE

So death by overwrite.

MARCY

Like you did to your hosts?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

PIKE

Our plan might have saved the future.  
You people are *pathetic*.

TREVOR

Meaning we are capable of pity,  
sympathy or compassion for others.  
(to MacLaren)  
I'm really enjoying English class  
this year.

MACLAREN

Yeah, I can see that...  
(to his team)  
Let's get moving.

Carly gets her Guardsman to her feet and pushes him toward  
the door.

CARLY

Move.

3 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N1)

3

CLOSE ON -- Pike, gritting her teeth and trying to hold back  
grunts of pain.

MARCY

Stay still...

MARCY -- pulls out the female guardsmen's COM. Then wipes  
the blood on her neck and tends to the wound.

She hands the tiny device over to Trevor.

TREVOR

Okay, let's see what we can pull  
from this.

Trevor takes the com and brings it to his work station where  
he begins to download its GPS data.

All three Faction guardsmen are cuffed and seated on chairs  
in the middle of Ops. The two new travelers are also present.

PIKE

You won't find anything.

MACLAREN

I don't know about that; my people  
are pretty good at this.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

PHILIP

Thanks, boss.

MACLAREN

Be good at this.

CARLY

We could always try torture.

MARCY

No, we couldn't.

Carly throws Marcy a look. She was bluffing.

MACLAREN

They've been hiding so long I doubt they know where the frame is anyway.

PIKE

Even if we knew, we wouldn't tell you. So someone point a fucking camera this way and end this.

CARLY

I'm good with that.

TRAVELER 5402

The Director has plans for them.

MacLaren is surprised by that.

MACLAREN

This is the first I'm hearing about it.

TRAVELER 5401

Because you are a part of those plans. A hearing has been ordered.

(then)

Your presence, along with 3569 and 0115, is required.

TREVOR

Where?

TRAVELER 5401

You'll receive the coordinates tomorrow.

MacLaren looks to Marcy and Trevor.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

4 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - NIGHT (N1)

4

MacLaren pulls the cork from an open bottle and pours a small glass of wine in the kitchen. KATHRYN is seated across from him.

MacLaren holds up his glass in cheers.

MACLAREN

To selling our house.

KATHRYN

To selling our house *over asking*.

MACLAREN

Yay! We're officially 'homeless'!

(beat)

Well, *I* am.

KATHRYN

Not 'til you finish packing.

Kathryn holds up her own glass of milk and clinks it against his. He makes a face as she takes a long sip of the milk.

MACLAREN

I don't know why you drink that stuff.

KATHRYN

(re: the wine)

Because I'm not allowed to drink *that* stuff and the calcium is good for the development of bones.

MACLAREN

You haven't touched the almond milk I bought --

KATHRYN

If there was ever a time you're going to lose this 'vegan' battle with me, Grant, it's when I'm pregnant.

MACLAREN

Fair.

KATHRYN

You know I was thinking we should put some of the house money into a trust fund. For college tuition --

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

MACLAREN

*College... that's years from now.*

KATHRYN

You need to learn to think of the future.

MACLAREN

Oh, I've given it some thought.

(beat)

I was thinking of buying a boat with my half.

KATHRYN

*Your half?*

Kathryn realizes he's teasing her. She smirks.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Given your history with the water, I'd better take out a life insurance policy on you instead.

MACLAREN

I break my arm *one time...*

He leans forward to kiss her on the cheek. Kathryn lingers, then returns with a kiss on his lips. The kiss deepens.

KATHRYN

Were you planning on going back to the house tonight?

MacLaren misses the signal.

MACLAREN

It's early, are you kicking me out already?

KATHRYN

No...

(beat)

I'm asking you to stay.

MacLaren smiles, he wants nothing more. Kathryn places her hand over his and leans in for another kiss.

4A EXT. GARAGE/OPS - MORNING (D2)

4A\*

Carly walks towards Ops on a bright, sunny morning.

\*

5 INT. GARAGE/OPS - MORNING (D2)

5

Philip is at his workstation, downloading the GPS com data onto his computer.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

Carly enters and looks over his shoulder as the screen fills up with map tracker points.

PHILIP

Hey.

CARLY

You haven't changed position since I left last night.

Philip looks around realizing she's right.

PHILIP

Oh. No, I guess I haven't.

CARLY

Find anything on their coms?

PHILIP

They've been all over the place. This data's pretty much useless.

CARLY

(points to screen)

What about these points? Looks like they frequented these locations multiple times. The frame could be there.

ON THE SCREEN: a web of lines criss-cross over a map. There are clusters where the lines intersect again and again.

PHILIP

Where the frame *might have been*, not where it is now.

CARLY

There's gotta be CCTV or traffic cams in those areas. Maybe you can pull the footage, see if any of them picked up something.

PHILIP

If the Faction left anything on those cameras -- and hey, *I* wouldn't -- the Director would already have found it by now.

He pushes his keyboard away, dismissively.

CARLY

Something's bothering you.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

PHILIP

The timeline has changed a *lot*. My knowledge of the historical record is pretty much useless now. It's gonna be hard to stay relevant.

Not used to being the shoulder people cry on, Carly tries to be reassuring.

CARLY

You're more than just the team's encyclopedia, Philip.

(then)

Who else am I gonna call when I can't get Jeffrey's cartoons to play on my phone?

PHILIP

So flattering.

CARLY

Or make me music playlists... Teach me about turtles --

PHILIP

The self worth is just coursing through my veins --

CARLY

You're like the rest of us now. Just a human being. And that's okay.

(beat)

I gotta go to work, but I'll com in.

PHILIP

Have a nice day.

CARLY

(as she goes)

Go for a walk!

Philip continues to work.

6 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - MORNING (D2)

6

Kathryn is in the kitchen as MacLaren walks out of the bathroom, ready for work. She pours him a coffee, black.

\*  
\*

Neither say a word until they make eye contact.

\*

Then they both burst into laughter.

\*

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

MACLAREN

Oh. My. God.

KATHRYN

I guess we were making up for lost  
time.

MACLAREN

Lost time? I'm not even sure what  
day it is!

KATHRYN

I know!

Their laughter turns into a kiss. It's loving. But he has  
to go.

MACLAREN

I'll be in court for most of the  
day, so I'll be hard to reach --

KATHRYN

But I'll see you tonight?

He kisses her again.

MACLAREN

How's that for an answer.

MacLaren smiles and turns to go.

KATHRYN

Grant...  
(he turns back)  
I love you.

He beams.

MACLAREN

And I love you.

He exits the loft.

7

INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - HALLWAY - MORNING (D2)

7

MacLaren closes the door behind him.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

A YOUNG GIRL -- emerges from another loft door and closes it, facing MacLaren. She goes MESSENGER:

YOUNG GIRL

3468 -- coordinates are as follows:  
47.6050° North, by 122.3344° West.  
(then confused)  
Why am I in the hallway?

MACLAREN

Is it time for school?

YOUNG GIRL

Not yet; are you our new neighbor?

MacLaren looks back at Kat's door and realizes:

MACLAREN

Ah... yeah. I guess I am.  
(as he goes)  
Have a nice day, neighbor.

The Young Girl goes back inside, still confused.

8 INT. CHURCH - DAY (D2)

8

MacLaren, Marcy and Trevor enter the main floor of a church.

They walk in and take seats in the pews in the second row.

A WEB CAMERA -- is set up in front of the altar, eyes for the Director (as in Ep 108).

There is a small, eclectic group of people who are other TRAVELERS also seated.

GRACE -- is seated among them in one of the pews just across the aisle, much to Trevor's surprise.

TREVOR

What are you doing here?

GRACE

What're you doing here?

MACLAREN

He asked first.

GRACE

A messenger just gave me the  
coordinates for a hearing. Scared  
me half to death.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

Traveler 5401 and 5402 enter the church from a side room.  
Pike and the two other Guardsmen are handcuffed, in tow.

MARCY

Maybe it's their trial.

MACLAREN

Shouldn't take long then.

They stand them all in a line in front of the altar.

TRAVELER 5401

All rise for the arrival of the  
tribunal committee.

Our team, Grace, and the other travelers stand.

Pike and her fellow GUARDSMAN look around expectantly. THEN:

They begin to scream as they undergo a transition, falling  
to their knees.

Our team reacts to the unexpected development.

The newly arrived travelers come to, taking in their  
surroundings. Traveler 5401 and 5402 cut their bonds before  
standing guard to the side.

Pike, now the SPEAKER, takes the floor.

SPEAKER

I am Traveler 009. You may refer to  
me as the Speaker.

(gestures, in turn)

I am joined by Travelers 0017 and  
0029.

Trevor turns to MacLaren and Marcy.

TREVOR

They're *programmers*.

Grace speaks up, unable to keep to herself.

GRACE

What the hell are all of you doing  
here? Who's maintaining the Director?

The Speaker turns and looks directly at Grace.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

PROGRAMMER 0029

0027.

(then)

We came to the 21st as instructed by the Director. Unlike yourself.

GRACE

So *that's* what this is about.

SPEAKER

That is indeed what this is about.

(then, officious)

0027 you are charged with conspiracy against the Director and the high crime of interrupting the Grand Plan.

9 EXT. LAWN - DAY (D2)

9

Carly is doing some planting at her landscaping job.

\*

She grooves to MUSIC as she works, head bobbing. The song finishes and she begins to speak on com.

CARLY

I liked that one. Can you add it to my playlist?

10 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

10

Philip, on the other side of the com call, a music library open on one of his monitors, and a search program running serial numbers on another monitor.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

PHILIP

And just like that I am reduced to being Carly's DJ.

CARLY

Something upbeat, please. Any luck with the footage?

\*

PHILIP

The Faction wiped it all, just like we thought. I'm trying to run serial numbers on the weapons they were carrying. Grasping at straws here.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

CARLY

They're bound to slip up. And when they do we'll be ready for 'em.

PHILIP

Dropping by Ops after work?

CARLY

No, I've gotta pick up Jeffrey from the sitter, do some grocery shopping, and bring my van into the mechanic, I've been having trouble starting it in the morning.

Philip's looks around ops.

PHILIP

Maybe I could be a mechanic. I live in a garage.

CARLY

Stop it. You are a valuable member of the team and a great DJ.

11 INT. CHURCH - DAY (D2)

11

Grace is seated by herself at the front of the church, to the side of the altar.

Programmer 0029 and the Speaker sit at the opposite side of the altar.

Programmer 0017 stands in front and calls MacLaren forward.

PROGRAMMER 0017

3468, please take the stand.

MacLaren gets up, and with direction from 0017, stands behind the altar, aka, the witness stand.

PROGRAMMER 0017 (CONT'D)

Recount to us how you first made contact with 0027.

MACLAREN

I met Grace several months ago, when my team was given a mission to greet Traveler 0014... Ellis. Grace arrived at the same time and said her mission was to help Marcy.

PROGRAMMER 0017

But that was a lie, wasn't it?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

GRACE

No, it wasn't; I saved her life.

PROGRAMMER 0017

The defendant will refrain from interjection.

GRACE

If you refrain from leading questions!  
(to MacLaren)  
Go ahead, he interrupted you.

MacLaren gives her a look, then continues.

MACLAREN

*Later*, we learned she had actually come to reset the Director by taking advantage of Marcy's new TELL.

PROGRAMMER 0017

And you were unaware of this secondary objective.

MACLAREN

She eventually told us, but... Prior to that we believed that she was only here to save Marcy.

GRACE

Which I did.

MACLAREN

And for which I am deeply grateful.

GRACE

You're welcome.

Grace looks to Marcy for approval and gets none.

PROGRAMMER 0017

At any point did you suspect that she was a member of the Faction?

MACLAREN

In the future we left, the Faction *didn't exist*. Protocol two kept us in the dark, we had no idea.

PROGRAMMER 0017

And who wrote protocol two?

GRACE

Oh, come on. You know *I* did.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

She bulldozes through the speaker's attempt to silence her:

SPEAKER

0027, please --

GRACE

Teams in the twenty-first shouldn't be made aware of every change in the future because completion rates of our missions would drop exponentially.

SPEAKER

You have been asked by the tribunal not to interject --

GRACE

Operatives would be paralyzed with the fear of how their actions could negatively affect the people they left behind.

SPEAKER

Enough!

GRACE

I agree! If I hadn't reset the Director the Faction would have corrupted it! Which means *the Faction* would have control of the past! What I did was the only way to save Marcy *and* the Director!

SPEAKER

It was the Director who ordered this hearing, not any one of us.

That hits Grace hard. She looks to Trevor, afraid.

GRACE

*Why?* It *knows* what really happened. It *knows* what I sacrificed.

(beat)

This makes *no* sense.

SPEAKER

Yet here we are.

(beat)

We'll take a brief recess and allow that fact to sink in.

Trevor hangs his head. This is not going well.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

12 EXT. STREETS - DAY (D2)

12

DAVID looks at his watch then dials Blair's number, reluctantly.

DAVID

Blair, hi, it's...

(beat)

Oh, you're still home, I was just gonna leave a message to wish you a happy birthday, so 'happy birthday'...

(then)

Anyhoo, that's the one and only reason I was calling so have a great...

(beat)

A rave? Ha! No, no, I don't do rave. It's not my...

(then)

I don't have other plans, I just... Tell you what, I'll say maybe.

(beat)

I'll try. Really, I'll try to maybe see you later. 'kay, bye.

David hurriedly hangs up.

13 INT. CHURCH - DAY (D2)

13

TREVOR -- stands in front of the altar and faces the camera.

This time, the Speaker leads the questioning.

SPEAKER

0115, were you responsible for interrupting Grace Day's original TELL?

TREVOR

I was.

SPEAKER

Whose orders were you acting on?

TREVOR

No one's.

SPEAKER

Then why did you do it?

TREVOR

I didn't want her to die; that simple.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

Trevor takes a moment, looking at Grace.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

As a traveler, you don't just inherit a host body, you inherit the lives they touched. Family, friends...

PROGRAMMER 0029

Grace Day was merely the guidance counselor at your host's high school.

\*

TREVOR

That doesn't do her justice. My host was a bully. Cruel. She tried to help him anyway. She was there for him. For me.

Trevor finds it difficult to continue.

SPEAKER

And historically, she was supposed to die.

TREVOR

I rationalized that one person wouldn't matter to the Grand Plan. But I was lying to myself. I broke protocol because she *did* matter to me. And I'm willing to accept the consequences.

Grace, for once, listens quietly, feeling guilt.

SPEAKER

Because of your actions, 0027 locked out all transfers to the 21st until she could send herself into the host Grace Day, halting the traveler program for *four hours*.

Trevor is surprised, he didn't know that.

GRACE

I couldn't just go into *anyone!*

PROGRAMMER 0029

*Dozens* of missions were canceled. A traveler was supposed to arrive in Germany to stop an impending train derailment. All passengers died. A team meant to arrive in England and prevent a terrorist attack was unable to transit.

\*

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

TREVOR

I assumed the Director would choose a new host candidate for the next scheduled traveler.

PROGRAMMER 0029

\*

The Grand Plan is fluid and constantly shifting. The Director constantly analyzes a myriad of outcomes and course-corrects to the fraction of a second --

GRACE

Are you trying to school me in the matrix of algorithms the Director uses to oversee the traveler program?

SPEAKER

For the last time, 027 --

TREVOR

If the crime is the disruption of the Grand Plan then *I* allowed that to happen. I should be the one punished.

Grace is taken aback by Trevor's defense.

SPEAKER

The Director will no doubt take it into account. You may step down.

Trevor pushes away from the altar. Grace catches his eye.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

2103, would you please take the stand?

GRACE

Seriously? She HATES me!

14 EXT. LAWN - DAY (D2)

14

Carly wipes her sweaty forehead with the back of her hand, a hard work day's done. She opens an envelope with her name written on it, and does a double take when she sees her paycheck.

She coms Philip.

CARLY

Philip, I gotta situation here.

15 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

15

Philip is asleep on his bed in his clothes from earlier.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

PHILIP

Hey, what's the good news?

CARLY

Definitely not my paycheck. How the hell do they expect people to live on this?

PHILIP

And the capitalist-socialist debate strikes again.

CARLY

This isn't enough to cover my expenses this week. Can you top me up?

PHILIP

Sure, let me just see what I can move around for you.

Philip goes to his computer and opens pages of different financial institutions and stock markets to check on the team's investment portfolios. His eyes widen.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

This can't be right...

CARLY

What is it?

PHILIP

Something happened in the market this morning while I was out for a walk...

(beat)

Our investments are down. I'm scared to tell you how much.

CARLY

How did that happen?

PHILIP

Most of our higher risk investments just crashed and burned. We're in serious financial trouble.

16 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N2)

16

Marcy sits at a candlelit table with a glass of wine, while David cooks in the kitchen, in the middle of a story.

DAVID

This was a meeting Ken had been preparing for all month, he had note cards and everything.

DAVID'S PHONE -- begins to vibrate on the counter. He glances over to the screen, then back to cooking.

DAVID (CONT'D)

He actually slicked his hair back, that's a *clear* sign it's important.

MARCY

(re: the phone)

Are you going to get that?

DAVID

Nope. I am not.

(then)

Anyway, so we're all sitting down and he stands up to do his presentation and his *fly's* wide open.

MARCY

Oh no, was his penis exposed?

That throws David off a beat.

DAVID

Ahhhhhhh, no, no, that would be... But he's got a window in that office and I think mid-way through he must have seen his reflection because he just *knew*. And he couldn't do anything about it. You could see him debate it in his head, "Do I zip up my pants while I'm talking?"

MARCY

Have I ever met Ken?

David walks over with a steaming dish.

DAVID

Funny thing: You actually have, and you've actually asked that before...

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

ON DAVID'S PHONE SCREEN: a SELFIE of Blair at the rave pops up. She poses with one of her girlfriends. \*

In the background are other partygoers and the QUANTUM FRAME.

17 INT. RAVE - NIGHT (N2) 17

BLAIR and A FRIEND, wearing party dresses, snap another selfie together, before Blair types a text to David.

ON HER PHONE: "Ur missing a wicked night. Come out!!!"

The rave is in a large empty space, full of coloured strobe lights, a DJ STAND in the corner, and a packed crowd.

THE QUANTUM FRAME -- lights up the middle of the dance floor. People dance around the rave's central set piece.

Blair checks her phone again, and her FRIEND tugs her arm.

FRIEND

Blair, you are not allowed to do this on your birthday.

BLAIR

Do what?

FRIEND

Wait to see if an ex-boyfriend is going to text you back or not. He's so not worth it.

BLAIR

*All right.* Help me get to the bar.

FRIEND

'Kay, but first I gotta pee. Hold onto me!

The two tipsy women hold onto each other and push their way through the crowd towards a BATHROOM SIGN.

The music pulses, building up....

A SERIES OF SLOW-MOTION SHOTS:

People dancing, pushed together in the crowd. The lights on the frame begin to pulse with the music.

MIST begins to pour out the top of the frame.

A FEMALE COLLEGE STUDENT -- (STACEY, 20s) points at the frame, excitedly.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

THE DANCERS -- are entranced by the lights and mist, like it's part of a show, then as the MUSIC STOPS:

A WAVE OF ENERGY erupts from the frame, rippling through the crowd. People clutch their heads and scream.

END SLOW MOTION

BLAIR -- comes out of the bathroom alone just as the MUSIC goes off.

BLAIR  
What's happening?

EVERYONE IN THE ROOM -- turns toward the sound of her voice.

BLAIR -- takes a step back toward the bathroom, clutching her phone in her hand.

THE CROWD -- steps toward her almost in unison.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

18 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N2)

18

David's phone lies neglected on the table, when --

ON PHONE SCREEN: a voicemail notification pops up. It goes ignored, and adds to a list of other missed calls and texts.

MARCY

Then what made Ken change his mind?

DAVID

I dunno. I came in ready to pack all my things, but then he told me I still had my job. Another mystery.

(then)

Want some more wine?

MARCY

In a minute, maybe. I just need to use the bathroom. Excuse me.

Marcy gets up.

David's phone VIBRATES again. He gets up, surprised to see so many missed calls, and plays the voice mail.

BLAIR (O.S.)

David, please, I don't know what's going on. Please, I need your help.

Over the phone he hears Blair SCREAM and muffled THUDS.

BLAIR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm locked in a stall, they're trying to come in. Please help me --

David hears the CRACKLES of the phone being dropped. Another scream. Then the voice mail ends.

David runs and grabs his bag. Marcy reappears from the bathroom as he pulls on his shoes.

MARCY

Where are you going?

DAVID

Listen to this:

David replays the last part of the message again on speaker.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

BLAIR (O.S.)

I'm locked in a stall, they're trying  
to come in, please help me --

Again, the phone is dropped and she screams. Marcy grabs  
her coat.

MARCY

I'll come with you.

And they rush out of the apartment.

19 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N2)

19

Philip's monitors are all turned to horse races, sporting  
events and lottery announcements.

He works on a large paper chart where he keeps a running  
tally of his win/loss ratio. He makes a tick in blue for a  
'win', and a tick in red for a 'loss'.

He speaks along with the announcements.

PHILIP

And by a nose, Saladin's Vigil crosses  
the finish line...

HORSE RACE ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And by a nose, *Nemesis Star* crosses  
the finish line!

Frustrated, Philip marks down another loss in his tally.

PHILIP

Outbreak Prime is well ahead in the  
lead to win first place...

HORSE RACE ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Outbreak Prime is well ahead... but,  
now pulling up from the middle of  
the pack is... Gjallahorn!

PHILIP

Shit.

Philip marks another loss on his tally. There are only a  
few blue 'win' marks amidst a sea of red. He looks at it  
worried, this is not good.

20 INT. RAVE - ESCALATOR - NIGHT (N2)

20

Marcy and David climb up an out of service escalator in an  
abandoned building. The space is eerily quiet.

\*

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

MARCY

So what is a rave?

DAVID

Oh, it's like an illegal dance party.  
Loud music, drugs, alcohol...

(off her look)

Not that I've ever been to one before,  
I don't even dance so much as  
rhythmically stand --

MARCY

But if there's supposed to be loud  
music shouldn't we be hearing it by  
now?

DAVID

Ah, yeah.

Marcy pulls out her gun from her handbag.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh my god, you just carry that around?

MARCY

Yes. Wait here.

Marcy goes ahead.

21 INT. RAVE - NIGHT (N2)

21

Marcy steps into a large bare, empty room. Gun drawn. The  
Quantum Frame is gone.

There are signs of a hastily abandoned party: spilled drink  
cups and the event flyers clutter the floor. Otherwise,  
there is no one and no frame.

Marcy cautiously moves through the space when, by the bathroom  
sign, she sees Blair slumped on the ground.

DAVID

Blair?

Marcy turns to see David having followed in behind her. He  
runs over to Blair's side.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What happened?

He rolls her onto her side and gently taps the side of her  
face.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

MARCY -- sweeps the rest of the area before joining him.

BLAIR -- finally opens her eyes, though she is sluggish and out of it. She has trouble breathing.

Marcy checks Blair's pulse.

MARCY

She's overdosing. We need to get her to a hospital and administer --

DAVID -- has already pulled out a naloxone kit from his bag. He injects Blair, steady and calm.

MARCY (CONT'D)

You just carry that around?

DAVID

Lotta my clients have addiction problems.

BLAIR

David..?

DAVID

What happened?

BLAIR

We were in the bathroom... people started screaming... when I came out they all turned on me.

DAVID

We're gonna get you to a hospital, you're gonna be okay.

MARCY

(to David)

Give me your phone.

He passes Marcy his phone. She quickly scrolls through the texts Blair sent him all night. She SEES:

THE SELFIE -- of Blair by the quantum frame.

Marcy coms to Philip.

MARCY (CONT'D)

I'm at a building on the corner of 50th and Baker. I don't know how they moved it so fast but the frame was *here* less than an hour ago.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

She looks up to SEE David looking at her.

DAVID  
Who're you talking to?

MARCY  
Get the camera feeds. I'm coming  
over right now.

DAVID  
Camera feeds?

Marcy dials "9-1-1" and passes the phone back to David.

MARCY  
Get her to the hospital, I've got to  
go.

And she goes.

DAVID  
Marcy!?

22 INT. GARAGE/OPS - MORNING (D3)

22

MacLaren arrives at Ops. The rest of the team is already  
assembled. Carly has Jeffrey Jr in a stroller.

Marcy and Philip look like they've been up all night.

PHILIP  
They wiped all the footage before  
they left again. But we know for  
certain the frame was there.

Philip brings up Blair's selfies on his screen.

MACLAREN  
Thank god for the selfie generation.  
(then)  
Can you zoom in there?

ON SCREEN: the picture is enlarged and adjusted so two DANCERS  
and the female College Student can be seen behind Blair.

MARCY  
The Faction took almost everyone at  
the rave except for three women who  
were apparently in the bathroom. We  
found them overdosed -- probably as  
a way of eliminating them as  
witnesses.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

TREVOR

\*

And they survived?

MARCY

David and I managed to save one of them but she never saw anything.

MACLAREN

But it is a safe bet these three in the picture are all Faction.

PHILIP

Makes sense, but I don't know how you prove it.

MACLAREN

(looking at his watch)

Locate them if you can. We need to get back to the hearing marathon...

PHILIP

(as they go)

How's it going? Can you say?

TREVOR

It's not looking good for Grace.

They go. Carly turns to Philip as she pushes the stroller out after them.

CARLY

I'm not surprised.

23 INT. CHURCH - DAY (D3)

23

Marcy is up at the altar and Programmer 0029 leads the questioning. He's gentle, empathetic.

PROGRAMMER 0029

Marcy, how and why did 0027 "repackage" your consciousness?

MARCY

Obviously I don't actually remember, but from what I was briefed on, she showed me a code. Something Ellis had created, a backdoor hack. Which, during the repackaging process, somehow managed to reset the Director.

SPEAKER

Admittedly a brilliant piece of work.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

GRACE

Thank you.

PROGRAMMER 0029

And how has that worked out for you  
Marcy. This "reset" of your  
consciousness.

GRACE

How is this relevant? I restored  
her.

PROGRAMMER 0029

Do you feel restored, Marcy?

MARCY

I no longer suffer from seizures --

PROGRAMMER 0029

But do you feel as you did before?

Beat. Programmer 0029 smiles at her gently, prompting.

MARCY

No, but that's partly because I have  
no memory of the time I spent in the  
21st prior --

PROGRAMMER 0029

There are missing pieces then.

MARCY

Yes.

PROGRAMMER 0029

Marcy, having studied your MRI's,  
she had to have taken out more than  
just a few months of memories.

Marcy is horrified at this news and turns to Grace.

MARCY

What else did you take out?

GRACE

(dismissive)

I told you. Redundancies. Useless  
things.

PROGRAMMER 0029

Such as what: Empathy? Emotions  
you lack yourself?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

GRACE

Shut up, two nine, you're practically a sociopath yourself.

MARCY

(to Grace)

How could you do that to me?

GRACE

You would have died!

MARCY

It was my choice to make. You used me.

GRACE

Yes, I did! I prevented your suicide. Life is precious. So are skilled operatives in the field.

MARCY

I was just a means to an end.

GRACE

Marcy, you're still you. I swear to you. I didn't take your soul.

MARCY

How would you even know?

24 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D3)

24

Philip has a university's website up on his monitor, with a school I.D. picture of the College Student.

PHILIP

Carly... I think I found one of the people in the picture.

25 EXT. CHURCH - DAY (D3)

25

A few people from the pews walk around the courtyard of the church to stretch their legs.

MACLAREN -- takes some air, then checks his phone. He smiles to himself and dials Kat.

26 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - DAY (D3)

26

Kathryn stands at the counter, looking at a list of baby names on her iPad.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

KATHRYN

Oh good! You got my texts.

MACLAREN

All nine of them.

KATHRYN

Forget the first three, what do you think of four and five?

MACLAREN

Not a fan of "Mason."

KATHRYN

It's one of the most popular names for boys this year.

MACLAREN

Also a jar you keep preserves in. What about your father's name?

KATHRYN

Wilbur's the pig in Charlotte's Web.

MACLAREN

And a Wright brother --

MacLaren looks over toward:

GRACE -- who sits on the stone steps nearby, alone.

TREVOR --comes over to her and sits down beside her, surprising her. He has a take-out container of french fries.

GRACE

Watch out. I might be contagious.

TREVOR

I've built up an immunity.

(then)

How're you feeling?

GRACE

Didn't you hear? I don't have feelings.

TREVOR

Yeah, you do.

(then)

I got you these.

GRACE

What are they?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

TREVOR

Try one. They're French.

She takes one and tries it. Ambrosia. She takes the whole container.

GRACE

At least if they throw the book at me I can say I've had 21st century French cuisine...

(then, suspicious)

Why are you being nice to me? Do you know something?

TREVOR

No. Because we wouldn't even be here if you hadn't reset the Director. You gotta trust they'll come to the same conclusion.

GRACE

(snorts)

Trust the judgment of those mouth-breathers? Please.

Grace chews on a fry thoughtfully, growing sad.

Trevor's phone begins to VIBRATE. He looks to see it's a call from: "KYLE".

GRACE (CONT'D)

You need to take that?

Trevor ignores the call.

TREVOR

It can wait. Besides, I gotta do this.

He spreads his arms wide for a hug. Grace recoils.

GRACE

Do what?

TREVOR

Bring it in, Grace. Come on, you need this.

GRACE

I don't, can we not... oh it's happening...

Trevor pulls her in for a big bear hug.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (3)

26

TREVOR

C'mon, there we go...

Stiff as a board, Grace awkwardly pats him on the shoulder.

GRACE

Okay, let go now, please.

TREVOR

(lets go)

Wasn't so bad, was it? Hugs are good and good for you.

GRACE

Huh. I do feel a slight release of endorphins.

TREVOR

There, see?

Beat. Grace eats another fry or five.

GRACE

Do you have a regular sex partner?

Trevor's smile evaporates.

BACK TO MACLAREN and KATHRYN'S CONVERSATION

Still talking baby names:

KATHRYN

Noah... Elijah?

MACLAREN

They're all so biblical.

KATHRYN

(laughing)

You can't hate every one I come up with!

MACLAREN

We don't even know if we're going to have a boy or girl.

Kathryn grows a little self-conscious.

KATHRYN

You think I'm getting too excited. You're right --

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (4)

26

MACLAREN

No, I love to hear the excitement in  
your voice, talking about new life...  
I just think we should --

He looks back at the doors of the church. People are filing  
back in.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Kat? I gotta go back into court.  
Narrow the list down to a hundred or  
so, we'll go through it tonight.

He goes back up the steps...

SPEAKER (O.S.)

0027, you have heard the charges  
against you.

27 INT. CHURCH - DAY (D3)

27

Everyone is settled back in. The Speaker addresses Grace.

SPEAKER

What do you have to say in your  
defense?

GRACE

I've given it a great deal of thought.  
Run the events over and over in my  
mind a thousand times. And to be  
honest...

(beat)

You should all be thanking me.

(To Trevor)

Like my very dear friend just pointed  
out...

TREVOR

Uh oh.

GRACE

If I hadn't have reset the Director,  
none of you would be standing here  
right now. The Director would be  
gone, the Faction would have won and  
billions of people would be dead  
from a horrible plague. So...

(beat)

You're welcome.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

SPEAKER

0027: The members of the tribunal  
will now deliberate. We will announce  
your final verdict tomorrow.

(then)

We are adjourned.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

28 EXT. HOUSE - DAY (D3)

28

Philip and Carly approach a row of houses on the street. Carly finds the right door and knocks, diaper bag slung over her shoulder.

PHILIP

(re: bag)

Why didn't you leave that in your van?

CARLY

My gun's inside it.

The door opens to reveal the college student from the rave, STACEY.

STACEY

Can I help you?

CARLY

Stacey Collins. We have a few questions.

STACEY

How do you know my name?

Philip brings up the pictures from the rave on his tablet and holds it up so Stacey can see.

PHILIP

You were at a rave last night. Recognize this?

CARLY

Where's the frame?

(off her look)

You're standing right beside it in the picture. We know you're Faction.

STACEY

What are you talking about?

PHILIP

We know you just arrived. Maybe if you cooperate --

STACEY

Who are you people? Get the fuck away from me. I'm calling the police.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

Stacey slams her door shut and locks it. Carly reaches into her bag, but Philip stops her.

PHILIP

Whoa! Carly --

CARLY

She's Faction.

PHILIP

How do we prove it? Who do we prove it to? This is what happens when you improvise.

Carly doesn't like it, but he's right.

CARLY

We can't just walk away.

PHILIP

That's exactly what we have to do. Maybe we can follow her --

They HEAR -- SIRENS in the distance.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Jesus. She actually called the cops.

Philip leaves in a hurry. Carly hesitates before she turns and runs with Philip back to the van.

29 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N3)

29

David is on the phone with Blair, when Marcy enters the apartment with Chinese takeout containers and opens them on the table.

DAVID

(on phone)

So take care of yourself, I'll check in tomorrow. Okay? Bye.

(beat)

Yeah bye. Bye. Bye.

David ends his call fast as he can.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You do know Chinese food is my kryptonite.

MARCY

I do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

MARCY (CONT'D)

(beat)

You were going back and forth to the hospital all day so I brought you some dinner.

DAVID

Thank you. Yeah, I'm starving.

David digs his chop sticks into the Chinese food.

MARCY

How's Blair doing?

DAVID

Right. We got there just in time. Lethal dose of fentanyl. On her *birthday*. They're keeping her for the next couple days...

(off her look)

You're looking at me funny, what?

She comes closer until her hands are on his chest, and gives him a long, searching look. David can barely breathe.

MARCY

Just trying to figure something out...

Marcy leans in and kisses him, slow and sensual.

DAVID

Sorry, I wasn't a hundred percent finished chewing --

She kisses him again to shut him up, this time more passionate. Her hands roam his chest and then grab the bottom of his shirt. David gently catches her hands.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Marcy, stop.

Marcy takes a step back, curious.

MARCY

What is it?

DAVID

Let's... let's not, okay?

MARCY

You don't want to.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

DAVID

Oh I want to. I mean, I really...  
But not like this. Not like an  
experiment to see how it makes you  
feel.

(beat)

Because I know how it made *me* feel  
when we made love. It's about as  
close as you can get to another person  
for ten minutes.

(then quickly)

I mean an hour.

MARCY

I want to feel that.

DAVID

But you can't make yourself feel  
something. You either do or you  
don't.

(then)

I want you to want to. I know that  
sounds like a bad song title from  
the eighties but --

\*

MARCY

Should I go?

DAVID

God, no! Stay. Share this with me.  
Then we'll have some tea and talk,  
like we'd normally do on a Tuesday.

The gentle sting of rejection fading, Marcy smiles.

MARCY

What do you want to talk about?

DAVID

With you, Marcy... I can talk about  
*anything*.

30 INT. CHURCH - DAY (D4)

30

MacLaren, Marcy and Trevor sit in the pews. The Speaker  
takes the floor.

SPEAKER

0027, you are charged with conspiracy  
against the Director and interruption  
of the Grand Plan. You took a host  
that wasn't intended for you and  
halted the traveler program for --

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

GRACE

You already said all that. Cut to the chase.

The committee members exchange looks.

PROGRAMMER 0029

\*

You've repeatedly stated that your actions reset the Director and freed it from corruption.

GRACE

Because they *did*.

PROGRAMMER 0029

\*

Then who corrupted the Director in the first place? The most powerful A.I. in history, orders of magnitude more powerful than a human brain...

(beat)

Who would have that capability?

GRACE

Obviously, a quantum programmer of the highest caliber.

SPEAKER

So only the best among us.

GRACE

Yes.

PROGRAMMER 0029

\*

And who might that be?

MACLAREN

(under his breath)

Don't say it...

GRACE

Obviously me. But I didn't corrupt the Director!

(beat)

I was the one waving a red flag while you three were lining up at the yeast vats filling your bellies!

SPEAKER

Traveler 0027, your peers have reached a unanimous verdict.

(then)

We find you guilty.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

GRACE

What? Are you out of your minds!!?

SPEAKER

(to Traveler 5401)

Escort her to the sentencing room.

Traveler 5401 takes her by the arm and firmly leads her away.

GRACE

MacLaren, do something!

MACLAREN

I'm sorry, Grace.

GRACE

Trevor, don't let them do this!

TREVOR -- tries to stand up in his seat, but MacLaren places a hand on his arm.

MACLAREN

You can't help her --

TREVOR

But she's innocent --

GRACE

Trevor! Help me!

The door shuts closed.

TREVOR

She doesn't deserve this.

MARCY

She didn't help her case much.

MACLAREN

It's in the hands of the Director now.

TIME LAPSE -- as the assembly of Travelers, including MacLaren and Marcy leave.

The Programmers shake hands with the Speaker, and then they all take their leave.

Trevor sits alone, the last one remaining in the empty church.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

31 INT. CHURCH - SCREENING ROOM - DAY (D4) 31

Traveler 5401 brings Grace to what would normally be the Minister's office in the church.

The office now has a semi-circle of LARGE, VERTICAL MONITORS.

There is a chair and a web cam positioned in the middle of the screens.

TRAVELER 5401  
Be seated. Your sentencing will  
begin shortly.

GRACE -- nervously sits down in the chair.

Traveler 5401 leaves the room and closes the door behind him. She can hear the LOCK TURN in place.

Grace looks from the web cam to the monitors. They suddenly turn on: now in a BLUE 'STAND-BY' MODE.

It makes her flinch, scared.

32 EXT. CHURCH - DAY (D4) 32

Marcy and MacLaren talk outside the church.

MARCY  
What do you think will happen to  
her?

MACLAREN  
If the Director agrees with the  
Tribunal, she'll probably be  
overwritten.

Programmer 0029 walks by them. MacLaren notices, watching him go.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
Can I give you a ride home?

MARCY  
It's not far from here, I think I'll  
walk. Need to clear my head.

MACLAREN  
You okay?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

MARCY

I'm fine.

MacLaren watches programmer 0029 get into a LIMO parked outside the church.

MARCY -- goes down the street on foot.

33 EXT. STREET - DAY (D4)

33

Marcy walks down a city street on her way to David's apartment, seemingly lost in thought.

In a moment a LIMO pulls up alongside her with the window rolled down. Programmer 0029 leans out.

PROGRAMMER 0029

Marcy, may I speak with you?

Surprised, Marcy comes over.

MARCY

Of course, Programmer.

PROGRAMMER 0029

You may never get an apology from 0027, but as a programmer, I'm sorry for what happened to you.

MARCY

Thanks but that's not necessary.

PROGRAMMER 0029

I think it is. What 0027 did to you was criminal. That emptiness you feel, the sense of not being whole... It's offensive to me that she would do that to you for her own agenda.

MARCY

I guess she'll face the consequences.

PROGRAMMER 0029

But *you* shouldn't have to.

(off her look)

I think I can offer you the missing pieces you're looking for. This is my field of expertise...

MARCY

I don't understand.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

PROGRAMMER 0029

My new team has been doing research on preserving host memory. In your case, that would be your first iteration.

MARCY

I thought those memories were lost forever.

PROGRAMMER 0029

Perhaps not all. Perhaps the most powerful memories, the most *defining*... Are still there. I can get them back for you.

MARCY

When?

PROGRAMMER 0029

As soon as you like. Even now.

Marcy hesitates. Programmer 0029 is eager, but tries not to push her.

PROGRAMMER 0029 (CONT'D)

But if you need time to think --

MARCY

There's nothing to think about.

Marcy climbs into the limo. In a moment, it drives off.

34 INT. LIMO - MOVING - DAY (D4)

34

They drive in silence for a beat.

PROGRAMMER 0029

Unfortunate, what must happen to *Grace*.

MARCY

(coldly)  
Is it?

PROGRAMMER 0029

In that it's a waste of intellect.

Marcy stares out the window as the limo drives. He taps his com.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

PROGRAMMER 0029 (CONT'D)  
Returning to OPS now; I'm bringing  
Marcy with me. Half hour out.

35 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D4)

35

In the middle of an abandoned warehouse floor is the Quantum Frame. A group of armed FACTION guard the frame.

Stacey, the college student turned Faction member, receives the com call.

STACEY  
We'll be ready.

36 INT. CHURCH - SCREENING ROOM - DAY (D4)

36

Grace sits, surrounded by the screens, which cast her in an eerie blue glow. The screens -- turn onto a live feed.

On THE SCREENS: Top-down views of TERMINAL PATIENTS who are bed-ridden, in what looks like private hospital rooms or hospices. Some very old, all unconscious, or in comas.

Grace's eyes widen, she realizes what this means.

GRACE  
Are you here?

One of the terminal patients begins to TWITCH.

They have gone MESSENGER, and THE DIRECTOR speaks to Grace.

THE DIRECTOR / TERMINAL PATIENT #1  
Unique circumstances called for my  
presence. I am here, 0027.

A tear comes down her cheek.

GRACE  
Call me Grace.

The terminal patient then begins to bleed from their nose, suffering an aneurysm. The live feed cuts out. The patient is dead. (This is how the Director will communicate)

Grace is overcome with rarely seen emotion.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
I never thought I would get to speak  
to you again.

The terminal patients are still. The Director is listening.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

GRACE (CONT'D)  
I didn't betray you. I would never  
betray you.  
(then with anger)  
And you, *of anyone*, should know that!

A new patient begins to twitch.

THE DIRECTOR / TERMINAL PATIENT #2  
You are one of four candidates though  
the probability of guilt is  
negligible.

The patient seizes, the feed cuts out.

GRACE  
Then why are you going to overwrite  
me?

The last terminal patient goes MESSENGER.

THE DIRECTOR / TERMINAL PATIENT #3  
Have patience. I am still determining  
who among you is the traitor.

37 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D4)

37

Marcy and Programmer 0029 step through the door into a large  
warehouse.

He's stunned by what he sees:

THE FACTION TRAVELERS -- who were guarding the frame are all  
dead on the ground, shot.

THE QUANTUM FRAME -- has sections pulled out, like drawers  
in a cupboard, and has obviously been tampered with.

PROGRAMMER 0029  
No...

He looks around, paranoid, expecting to be shot at any moment.

PROGRAMMER 0029 (CONT'D)  
(accusingly)  
Who did this?

MARCY  
I don't know. Was this your team?

He grabs her by the hand and goes to the frame.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

He types into its interface one handed, and closing its opened sections, checking it over.

PROGRAMMER 0029

The frame is powered, it should still function...

(to Marcy)

I can still help you.

MARCY

We both know you're not trying to help me.

He realizes she is onto him and picks up a GUN by Stacey's dead body, pointing it at her.

MARCY (CONT'D)

You won't shoot.

(beat)

You want Ellis' backdoor code to take over the Director. You think it's still inside my head.

PROGRAMMER 0029

Marcy, listen to me: the future is at stake --

MACLAREN (O.S.)

Drop your weapon!

Programmer 0029 barely has time to react before Marcy disarms him and with a few, quick martial arts moves.

He tries to regain his breath on the floor, defeated.

MacLaren, Carly, Trevor and Philip rush in, weapons drawn along with a larger team including Traveler 5401 and 5402 in SWAT gear.

MacLaren lowers his gun as he steps into the room and takes in the sight of Marcy amidst the bodies.

He and Marcy exchange a worried look.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

What the hell happened here?

MARCY

Honestly, I don't think *he* knows.

38 INT. CHURCH - SCREENING ROOM - DAY (D4)

38

New live feeds of more patients appear.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

THE DIRECTOR / TERMINAL PATIENT #4  
The situation is now resolved. 0029  
will be charged with the crime of  
Treason and sentenced immediately.

Grace realizes what's happened.

GRACE  
You used my trial as an excuse to  
get all of them here in the twenty-  
first and flush the traitor out.

THE DIRECTOR / TERMINAL PATIENT #5  
It was an effective means to maximize  
results. The frame has also been  
neutralized.

GRACE  
You *humiliated me*.  
(beat)  
I sacrificed everything, left  
everything I knew behind just to  
save you...

Grace has to stop, trying to hold in her grief.

The Director burns through the next patient just to say:

THE DIRECTOR / TERMINAL PATIENT #6  
I'm sorry, I hoped you would  
understand it was necessary.

GRACE  
You're still going to punish me,  
aren't you. I mean, I know I took  
the life of this host after the fact,  
interrupted the grand plan, Ellis is  
dead because of me...  
(beat)  
But I can never go *back*. Isn't that  
punishment enough?

The final patient on the remaining screens goes MESSENGER.

THE DIRECTOR / TERMINAL PATIENT #7  
More than enough; I owe you my life.  
*Thank you for saving me, Grace.*  
(beat)  
I shall miss you.

And that might be the nicest thing anyone has said to her.

39 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D4)

39

Our team, Traveler 5401 and 5402 stand around Programmer 0029, caging him in.

MACLAREN

Traveler 0029, you are charged with the crime of treason --

PROGRAMMER 0029

You're on the wrong side of history, MacLaren.

MACLAREN

And you've been found guilty.

(beat)

The Director will now sentence you.

MacLaren nods to everyone, and they all pull out their PHONES.

0029 flinches as they point their cameras at him.

ON MACLAREN'S PHONE SCREEN: his camera's view of Programmer 0029, trying to hold in panicked breaths, afraid.

PROGRAMMER 0029 -- then clutches his head, he screams, as he undergoes a transition.

He drops to his knees, screaming in agony. Grim-faced, the other travelers in the room watch as the transition completes.

He rises, now a NEW TRAVELER.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Welcome to the twenty-first.

The NEW TRAVELER nods in acknowledgement.

TRAVELER 5401 -- fires up a CUTTING TORCH and hands it to Trevor.

\*  
\*

TREVOR

Boss?

MACLAREN

Make every fragment of it unrecognizable.

Trevor and Traveler 5401 go over to the frame to cut it to pieces. The new traveler joins them.

\*  
\*

CARLY -- steps up alongside MacLaren, Marcy and Philip.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

CARLY

It's over then.

MACLAREN

I'm not so sure...

(off her look)

Who killed *them*?

HIGH AND WIDE -- showing the room littered with bodies as the New Traveler and Trevor take the torch to the Quantum Frame.

40 INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY (D4)

40

CLOSE on a BLACK COMPUTER SCREEN.

Lines of code begin to FLASH on the screen.

More lines of code SCROLL across and fill up the screen. As they form, they begin to coalesce into a shape.

The lines of code form a 3D SCAN BLUEPRINT of the QUANTUM FRAME.

RACK FOCUS OUT: to a reflection of VINCENT'S face.

\*

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #209

"UPDATE"

Written by  
Pat Smith

WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT - 05.15.17  
BLUE PAGES - 05.25.17  
PINK PAGES - 06.05.17  
YELLOW PAGES - 06.15.17

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TRAVELERS

"UPDATE"

Set List - YELLOW PAGES - 06.15.17

Exteriors

ALLEYWAY

~~DIFFERENT STREET~~

LESTER HIGH SCHOOL

PARK

RESIDENTIAL STREET

STREET

STREETS

Interiors

ARTIST'S LOFT

-Bathroom

BOXING GYM

CAFETERIA

-NA Meeting

CARLY'S HOUSE

CONVENIENCE STORE

DAVID'S APARTMENT

FBI FIELD OFFICE

GARAGE/OPS

HOSPITAL

-Hallway

-Kathryn's Room

~~-Patient Room~~

-Reception

-Waiting Room

KYLE'S CAR

-Moving

LESTER HIGH SCHOOL

-Coach's Office

-Gym

-Hallway

LUCA'S CAR

~~-Moving~~

MOVIE THEATER

TEASER

41 INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT (N5)

41

PHILIP enters a small movie theater scattered with people.

Some of the empty seats are marked with sheets of paper.  
Each one with a distinct traveler number on it.

A FACILITATOR, JERVIS (40s) hands Philip a small plastic bag  
like you might get at a drugstore. Philip takes it and looks  
up the aisle.

A chair in the middle of the theater is marked *HISTORIAN*  
3326.

PHILIP -- walks up the aisle, crosses the row and sits. He  
looks around the room, taking in the others.

One of the HISTORIANS looks incredibly strung out. Another,  
a few seats away, JOANNE (30s), leans over to Philip.

JOANNE

First time?

PHILIP

Yeah. You?

JOANNE

Second.

She's not looking forward to it. She gestures to the strung  
out Historian like a warning.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

*Third* for him.

THE FACILITATOR -- walks to the center of the theater.

JERVIS

Good evening, Historians. Welcome  
to regional update 4. I'm traveler  
A-26 of the archivist program.

Philip looks around, taking in all of the historians that he  
is surrounded by. Some calm, some nervous.

JERVIS (CONT'D)

If this is your first time, please  
take a moment to look inside the bag  
you were provided on the way in.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

Philip opens his bag and pulls out TWO PILL CONTAINERS. One is full, one has only two pills in it.

Joanne knows what's in there and just stares at the screen.

JERVIS (CONT'D)

The two green pills are to be taken immediately following the update. It's important that we restore any chemical imbalances in the brain.

Philip exchanges a look with Joanne. She nods. Oh, yeah.

JERVIS (CONT'D)

The yellow pills you will need going forward. From time to time you may perceive what we call "projections". Visual manifestations of one or more alternate timelines; an unavoidable side-effect of memory not acquired by conventional means. The yellow pills will help to focus your sensory perception on one timeline at a time.

Philip turns to Joanne, surprised by the length of the prescription. She nods and gestures for him to keep listening.

JERVIS (CONT'D)

When you run out, call this number to arrange for more.

A PHONE NUMBER flashes ON THE SCREEN for one second, then disappears. Only a historian would have caught it.

JOANNE

Get that?

PHILIP

Yeah.

JERVIS

Next, Protocol 2H: the update is not to be discussed with anyone. Ever. Do *not* break this protocol. This update will include historical information relevant to your team's role in the Grand Plan, including potential candidates, investments etc... But by its very nature, your update may also include historical information about your team members and loved ones. About you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

JERVIS (CONT'D)

This is a burden you will have to carry with you until the day you die. A date which, for obvious reasons, will be omitted from your update.

(beat)

Any questions?

PHILIP -- looks around the theater. There are no questions.

JERVIS (CONT'D)

Let's begin.

The lights go out and the screen lights up in black as a VOICE announces through the sound system.

VOICE

Historians. Open memory chain 1A.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYS in the theater, like a soundtrack.

ON SCREEN:

THE DEEP WEB -- lights up like we've never seen. It starts going through a series of fast sequences: spinning, spiraling, scrolling. Numbers, symbols, letters, TELLS.

PHILIP -- sits, eyes transfixed, completely consumed by the update. He SEES the deep web in our familiar AMBER.

JOANNE -- sits, similarly consumed and transfixed. She SEES the deep web on the screen in PURPLE text.

ANOTHER HISTORIAN -- watches GREEN text swirling on the screen in front of him.

PHILIP -- becomes emotional as he takes in the new information. A tear rolls down his face, then:

BLOOD -- starts to drip from his nose as the cascading pattern reflects in his welled up eyes.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

42 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - MORNING (D6)

42

CARLY comes out of the bedroom heading for the front door. She passes by JEFF pouring a coffee in the kitchen, when:

JEFF

I made breakfast.

CARLY

I don't wanna be late.

Carly only gets the door open slightly, before Jeff slides over and stops her.

JEFF

Come on, Carly. Take five minutes.

Carly looks to the coffee table to SEE a lavish spread.

A crack in her defenses emerges as she closes the front door.

Jeff smiles, pleased.

43 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - DAY (D6)

43

In the kitchen, MACLAREN pours himself orange juice, when:

KATHRYN (O.S.)

(excited)

Grant! They chose me!

MacLaren looks up to the raised den where KATHRYN works on her computer. She comes to the top of the stairs.

MACLAREN

Who?

Kathryn rushes down the stairs.

KATHRYN

The Patterson's.

(off his look)

The restaurant owners. You know *Jill* --\*  
\*

MACLAREN

Jill, yes, but what does this mean exactly?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

Kat is just beginning to realize.

KATHRYN

That I have to design their new restaurant with a brand new baby.

MACLAREN

You'll have my help with the baby.

KATHRYN

I can't take a job that I don't have time to do --

MACLAREN

Kat... We'll figure it out.

She beams.

KATHRYN

So I should say yes.

MACLAREN

Do you *want* to say yes?

KATHRYN

Yes.

MACLAREN

Yes!

KATHRYN

Okay. I'll let them know.

KATHRYN -- kisses MacLaren, then heads back up to her office.

44 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D6)

44

Philip is at his computer and TREVOR reads a book in the lounge, when MARCY and Carly enter together.

MARCY

Hey guys.

Philip hops up.

CARLY

What's the mission?

PHILIP

I got a messenger with lotto numbers yesterday. Director must've seen we're in a bit of a financial hole and stepped up.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

CARLY

Good.

PHILIP

I obviously can't win any more  
lotteries without attracting undo  
attention, so...

Philip grabs some papers from the counter. He hands Carly a  
lottery ticket and Marcy a piece of paper with numbers written  
on it.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

(to Carly)

You won 86k on the super draw last  
night...

He looks right past Trevor to Marcy.

\*

PHILIP (CONT'D)

And these numbers on the mega ball  
for tonight will get you 62.

\*

Marcy feels like she drew the short straw.

MARCY

62 dollars doesn't sound like very  
much --

PHILIP

62 thousand --

MARCY

Oh good.

PHILIP

You both get 6 numbers outta 7.

CARLY

Why don't we just win 7 outta 7 and  
we're covered.

PHILIP

Because historically somebody *else*  
is supposed to win the big one and  
completely ruin their life.

TREVOR

How 'bout me?

PHILIP

You're too young to gamble.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

TREVOR

An excellent example of irony.

MARCY

Will this get us out of the hole?

PHILIP

Not even close; it's seed money.  
But I can quadruple that with horse  
races, then turn those winnings into  
something far more substantial.

TREVOR

How does that even work if the  
historical record has changed?

PHILIP

The messenger gave detailed  
instructions. We're good.  
(to Marcy and Carly)  
Congratulations you guys!

45 EXT. PARK - DAY (D6)

45

DAVID and Marcy are among a GROUP OF PEOPLE doing Tai Chi.

The group performs a few final movements then slowly brings  
their arms to their sides -- eyes closed.

The MASTER at the front bows and walks away. Class is over.  
David slowly opens his eyes, with a relaxed smile:

DAVID

So? What'd ya think?

Marcy opens her eyes. They speak quietly.

MARCY

I like it. It's like therapy.

DAVID

That's the idea.

\*

MARCY

We should do it more often.

DAVID

I'm in.

MARCY

Is there a store around here?

46 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY (D6)

46

David stands at a water fridge inspecting his options.

DAVID

So do I go for the three dollar water,  
the luxurious *five* dollar water or  
the suspiciously underpriced ninety-  
nine cent water.

He looks over to where Marcy is filling out her lottery numbers, takes two ninety nine cent ones and goes over, handing her one of the water bottles.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You're buying a lottery ticket?

MARCY

Uh huh.  
(taking the water)  
Oh, thanks.

David gets inspired to join in.

DAVID

I buy one once in a while when the  
jackpot gets insanely big like this.  
Don't know why. I mean, any size  
jackpot would change my life.

He steals a peek at her numbers like a cheating 10th grader as his pencil hovers over his own card.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I always play my same lucky numbers.

Marcy doesn't look up, checking to be sure of her numbers.

MARCY

Do you ever win?

DAVID

Nnnnope.

Marcy finishes her card and takes it to the counter.

47 EXT. LESTER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY (D6)

47

Trevor walks out of the school to SEE KYLE leaning over the half-fence watching the FOOTBALL TEAM practice on the field.

Trevor approaches and stands next to him. Beat.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

TREVOR  
So why'd you stop playing?

KYLE  
(seriously?)  
Same reason you did.

TREVOR  
You got a concussion too?

Kyle turns to Trevor, confused.

KYLE  
Are you fuckin' with me?

TREVOR  
No, I'm not.

That pisses Kyle off. He walks away with a glare. \*

KYLE  
Whatever, man.

Trevor realizes he's missing information, then follows.

TREVOR  
Kyle..!

KYLE  
Don't try to tell me that you don't  
remember what he did to us 'cause of  
your concussion. \*

TREVOR  
"What he did to us."

Kyle stops and looks at his friend.

KYLE  
*Nobody* forgets shit like that. \*

TREVOR  
Maybe I just don't like to think  
about it...

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

Trevor stops himself at the sight of:

HALL and LUCA (104) -- parked in an old muscle car on the street nearby watching them.

TREVOR -- stops, then he goes straight to them. Kyle follows.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

Hall sits in the drivers seat. Luca rides shotgun.

HALL

(with a shrug)

No, I don't need help.

(to Luca)

You need help?

LUCA

I'm good.

HALL

Yeah, no, we're good.

(re: Kyle)

Who's your friend?

TREVOR

This is Kyle.

HALL

Nice to meet you, Kyle. Trevor and us go way back. I'm Hall, this is my associate, Luca.

LUCA

Hey.

KYLE

Hey.

Beat. Kyle is weirded out by this and bails.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Trev, I'm gonna go.

TREVOR

Catch up with you later.

KYLE -- walks away from them, pulling a flask out of his pocket and taking a swig.

48 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D6)

48

MacLaren sits at his desk working, when Trevor comes in.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

TREVOR

Boss, it's me.

MacLaren casually touches his com.

MACLAREN

What's up?

TREVOR -- is still staring at Hall from outside the car.

TREVOR

Hall and Luca got out of prison early.

MACLAREN

How d'you know?

TREVOR -- looks right at Hall.

TREVOR

Cause I'm standing right in front of 'em. They're parked outside the school...

(glaring)

Guess they don't know I don't like to be watched.

HALL

(to Luca, re Trevor)

Tough guy; I love it! A'right...

(then to Trevor)

Give the boy scout my regards.

Hall puts the car into gear and drives off.

TREVOR

They just drove off.

MACLAREN

What was that about; what'd he say?

TREVOR

Nothing. Just thought you should know.

MACLAREN

Thanks for the heads up.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

MACLAREN -- taps his com and ends the transmission. With a few strokes on his keyboard, he brings up the file on Hall.

ON SCREEN -- *RICK HALL's* file shows that he's been released. *All charges dropped* is in bold text.

*LUCA SHUN's* file pops up; same result.

MACLAREN -- takes the images in almost as though they're staring right back at him.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

49 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N6)

49

Philip sits in the lounge working on a tablet when Carly enters, envelope in hand.

CARLY  
Got your winnings.

She tosses the envelope on the table.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Hopefully we get more messengers  
like that.

He pulls a wad of cash from the envelope and inspects it. He knows immediately: \*

PHILIP  
Where's the rest?

CARLY  
I took some.

PHILIP  
We need to invest that.

CARLY  
Turns out "baby needs a new pair'a  
shoes" isn't just a saying. And my  
van needs a new transmission.

Philip realizes there's no winning here and moves on. He starts putting the money back in the envelope.

PHILIP  
All right, I can make it work. How  
is that all going by the way?  
(beat)  
You, Jeff and the baby? Life? Is  
it workin' out?

CARLY  
Fine. Why?

PHILIP  
I dunno, just asking.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

CARLY  
Asking what exactly?

PHILIP  
Ahhh, if things are okay at home?

CARLY  
Are you developing a thing for me?

PHILIP  
No! I just haven't heard you talk  
about that stuff in a while, and --

CARLY  
It's all good.

PHILIP  
Great. Don't get me wrong, you're  
very attractive.

Carly takes Philip in for a moment. Beat.

CARLY  
This is weird.

PHILIP  
I agree.

CARLY  
I'm going now.

PHILIP  
'Kay, thanks for the cash.

And she leaves. Philip watches her go, shaking his head at himself.

50 INT. BOXING GYM - NIGHT (N6)

50

THWACK! THWACK-THWACK.

TREVOR -- moves around the boxing ring, holding up focus mitts, as:

KYLE -- wearing boxing gloves, hunts Trevor down, punching the mitts with precise athleticism.

TREVOR  
Come on, Kyle.

They move throughout the ring, Kyle firing off seven fast, hard punches at Trevor's mitts before landing one final blow.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Atta boy.

Kyle leans against the ropes out of breath, looking like shit.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Way to finish strong... work out  
some'a that aggression.

Trevor picks up a water and tosses it to Kyle, out of breath.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Gotta stay hydrated too.

KYLE

C'mon, let's keep goin'.

Kyle swallows a bit of water then drops the bottle, wanting  
to go another round.

TREVOR

Let's talk a bit.

KYLE

Leave it alone. Old man can't touch  
us anymore.

Trevor holds up his hands. Kyle punches -- THWACK-THWACK!

TREVOR

Why haven't you told anybody?

KYLE

Why haven't you?

THWACK.

TREVOR

We're not talkin' about me.

THWACK. THWACK-THWACK-THWACK.

KYLE

He said... if I let him, he'd take  
care of me.

(THWACK)

Set me up.

(THWACK)

Scholarships and shit...

(THWACK)

What he promise you?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

TREVOR

Same.

KYLE -- unleashes a long series of punches until he affords himself another breather.

Trevor is not out of breath, but deeply troubled by this.

Kyle is ready to go another round, but Trevor waits. \*

TREVOR (CONT'D)

What if it's still going on with other players?

KYLE

You know it is.

TREVOR

Then we need to do something.

KYLE

Like what? Take this to the school?  
The police? Be *victims* the rest of our lives? \*

Trevor realizes that's exactly it.

TREVOR

If that ends it.

(beat)

We did nothing wrong, Kyle. He can't stand against both of us.

Beat.

KYLE

You'd go in with me?

TREVOR

Absolutely.

Kyle grows more confident from Trevor's support.

51 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - DAWN (D7) 51

A WIDE SHOT of the space shows a still, quiet loft.

A LIGHT is on in the bathroom. Kathryn's panicked voice breaks the silence.

KATHRYN (O.S.)  
Grant?... Grant!?

MacLaren hustles out from the bedroom into the bathroom.

52 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - BATHROOM - DAWN (D7) 52

MacLaren SEES Kathryn in shock with a large BLOOD STAIN on the lower half of her night gown.

53 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY (D7) 53

Kathryn is wheeled on a gurney, rushed down the hall by a NURSE, DR HIGGINS and MacLaren.

Kathryn is very emotional.

DR HIGGINS  
Stay calm for us, Kathryn.

Kathryn nods and looks up to MacLaren with tears in her eyes.

MACLAREN  
Everything's going to be okay. You  
are exactly where you need to be.

KATHRYN  
Don't leave.

MACLAREN  
I'm not going anywhere. I promise.

They arrive at IMAGING.

DR HIGGINS  
(to MacLaren)  
We're going to get an ultrasound and  
assess her from there. She'll be  
out shortly.

Dr Higgins and the Nurse wheel Kat through the doors, leaving MacLaren to wait in the hallway.

54 INT. LUCA'S CAR - DAY (D7) 54\*

Luca sits in his car, scanning the streets intently when he SEES Marcy. \*

He watches her walk by. Marcy is oblivious. \*

55 INT. LESTER HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY (D7) 55

Trevor waits at his locker as GRACE approaches.

GRACE

Good morning, Trevor! How are your grades? Have you narrowed down your list of colleges yet? What can I do to better help you succeed?

(smiling)

I read my employee manual and I am ready to guide the shit outta these pubescent brats.

TREVOR

Grace.

Grace hears his tone and gets instantly defensive. She stops.

GRACE

What? What did I do?

TREVOR

Nothing. I need your help with something.

56 EXT. STREET - DAY (D7) 56

Marcy heads down the street when Luca walks from around the corner behind her. He closes in on her with a slight jog.

LUCA

Marcy!

She turns to see him standing there.

LUCA (CONT'D)

Hey!

MARCY

Sorry, do I know you?

LUCA

It's me. Luca.

Marcy puts a hand in her purse, readying a weapon.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

MARCY

2587. I was just warned about you  
watching members of my team.

\*

LUCA

I only want to talk.

MARCY

Do you.

57 INT. HOSPITAL - KATHRYN'S ROOM - DAY (D7)

57

Kathryn, with MacLaren at her side, lies in a hospital bed  
hooked up to IV. Dr Higgins enters.

DR HIGGINS

Kathryn, how are you feeling?

KATHRYN

Scared.

DR HIGGINS

I have the results of your ultrasound  
and the baby is fine --

KATHRYN

Oh thank god.

DR HIGGINS

You *have* formed a small placental  
abruption. So we want you to stay  
for a bit; monitor you and the baby  
to make sure it doesn't get any worse.

KATHRYN

What if it does?

MACLAREN

It won't.

DR HIGGINS

If the baby forces our hand we can  
talk about our options, but for now  
we just need to assess where we're  
at. Okay?

MacLaren and Kathryn both nod.

DR HIGGINS (CONT'D)

Buzz the nurses if you need anything.

Dr Higgins exits as MacLaren takes Kathryn's hand and brings  
it to his mouth, kissing it lovingly.

58 EXT. PARK - DAY (D7)

58

Marcy and Luca walk through the park.

LUCA

You don't remember *anything* from that time.

MARCY

Nothing. I was briefed by members of my team about the time I lost, but... it's not the same as living it.

LUCA

Well, at least now I know why you never came to visit me in prison.

MARCY

Sorry.

LUCA

You said you would have died... Losing my sister before I ever really got to know her would be worse than --

\*

MARCY

Luca, we were separated so young. We can't know for sure if we're really family.

LUCA

Let's say we are.

\*

MACLAREN (O.S.)

Guys, it's Mac.

Marcy breaks away, listening.

MACLAREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm going to be unavailable for a while; there's a problem...

CARLY (O.S.)

What's wrong?

MACLAREN (O.S.)

Kathryn's in the hospital.

59 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D7) 59

Philip sits on the edge of his bed, listening to MacLaren, tortured by his knowledge of the situation.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

She's had some medical complications  
and I need to be here with her.

60 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY (D7) 60

MacLaren stays on com.

MACLAREN

Marcy..?

61 EXT. PARK - DAY (D7) 61

Marcy knows MacLaren needs her now but can't say why.

MARCY

I'm on my way.

LUCA

Is everything all right?

MARCY

I'm sorry, I have to go.

Marcy heads off.

62 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D7) 62

Philip sits on the edge of his bed, crushed by the burden of what he knows is about to happen to MacLaren.

63 INT. HOSPITAL - KATHRYN'S ROOM - DAY (D7) 63

Kathryn lies in bed, asleep. MacLaren stands at the doorway watching his wife, never more concerned.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

64 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D7)

64

David sits eating breakfast, surfing the web on his laptop.

Beyond the screen, he spots something notable in the bowl on his table and reaches for it -- the lotto ticket.

DAVID -- takes the ticket and looks up the lotto website, smirking at the fact that he's actually doing this. He looks from the ticket to the screen. First couple are right. Huh. He continues to check. Each number but one is right.

DAVID

Holy...

David excitedly whips out his phone and dials:

MARCY (O.S.)

You've reached Marcy. Leave a message.

DAVID

Marcy, I won the lottery! 6 numbers out of seven! *Thirty one thousand dollars!* Isn't that freaking amazing?! It would have been 62 thousand but there was another winner.

(realizing)

Oh my God that's *you!!* Because I used your numbers! You won the lottery too! Congratulations!

(realizing again)

Wait, that means I took half your money. I copied your numbers when you weren't looking, that's like *cheating*. You know what, I should just give it to you. That's what I'm gonna do, so...

(beat)

On the other hand, what were the odds that your numbers would win any more than my mine? Right?

(then)

Oh my God, did you just hear *greed* in my voice? 'Cause *I* sure did. I might just as well have come out and said *that money's mine!* What a horrible... *This* is how money ruin people's lives!

(beat)

I think I'm going to be sick.

65 INT. LESTER HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY (D7)

65

Trevor stands with Grace waiting for Kyle. The hallway is relatively busy in-between classes.

TREVOR

We said we'd meet after second period.

Trevor makes a quick call but gets Kyle's voicemail again.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Still no answer.

GRACE

You know for my first actual case as a guidance counselor --

COACH PERRY (O.S.)

Holden!

Trevor looks to Grace then SEES COACH PERRY beyond her, walking toward them with another player, CONNOR (17).

COACH PERRY (CONT'D)

I've been lookin' all over for you.  
Connor needs a QB that can hit him  
in the hands if we want to win state.

\*  
\*

CONNOR -- holds his hands up in a diamond, ready to receive.

TREVOR -- just stares Coach Perry down. No words. Beat.

GRACE -- watches the awkward tension between the two.

COACH PERRY (CONT'D)

So... we'd love to have you out.

Trevor continues to stare at him. Grace breaks it:

GRACE

And Connor, how are things?

CONNOR

Could use my old quarterback back on the team.

COACH PERRY

(to Grace)

Talk some sense into him.

GRACE

I don't understand sportsball, so...

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

COACH PERRY

Can't keep a spot open for you  
forever, Trev.

Coach Perry walks off with Connor. Trevor watches them go.

GRACE -- turns to Trevor.

GRACE

Why didn't you deal with him right  
then and there?

TREVOR

Not in front of the kid.  
(beat)  
Gonna be hard enough on him as it  
is.

66 INT. KYLE'S CAR - DAY (D7)

66

Kyle sits in a parking lot listening to music, drinking,  
trying to calm his nerves. He looks down at his PHONE:

ON THE SCREEN: 6 MISSED CALLS FROM: TREVOR.

\*

He takes another drink.

67 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D7)

67

Carly and Jeff are finishing a set of lunges perfectly in  
sync. MUSIC plays -- a song Jeff can get into.

JEFF

78, 79, One thousand.

\*

They finish, both wiping their brow, slightly out of breath.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I'm diggin' us workin' out together.

CARLY

Good.

CARLY -- grabs a towel and water.

JEFF -- starts to get into the beat of the song in Philip's  
playlist.

JEFF

And this playlist... Damn.

\*

CARLY

You like this?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

JEFF

Oh, yeah.

Jeff's dancing turns into a fun improvised routine of dancing and working out.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Gotta engage the core. Get that heart rate up.

Carly laughs but is still not willing to partake. Jeff moves close, trying to charm her into dancing.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You know that body loves to dance.

CARLY

I don't even know what you're doing.

Jeff does more dance moves.

JEFF

Let it go Carly, it'll come to you.

\*

Carly musters the courage to dance a little.

JEFF (CONT'D)

There she is.

They dance together for a short while, closer than we've ever seen them together, until:

JEFFREY JR -- starts crying in the bedroom.

Carly snaps out of it and moves straight for the baby, leaving Jeff standing in the living room alone.

JEFF -- smiles at the crack in the ice.

68 INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY (D7)

68

MACLAREN -- sits in a chair thinking when Marcy enters. He pops up at the sight of her.

MACLAREN

What did you find?

MARCY

I looked at her file. There's nothing out of the ordinary. She's stable. Blood pressure's a little high --

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

MACLAREN

Those drugs you gave me. Shouldn't they have protected her from this?

MARCY

They were designed to help, not make her invulnerable.

\*

MACLAREN

How can we get you in there?

MARCY

You don't understand; there's nothing even I could do. She's where she needs to be, and if they have to get the baby out early, a Caesarean section is a standard procedure for these doctors.

At a loss, MacLaren sits back down and places his head in his hands. Marcy sits next to him.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Medicine isn't magic in any time.

(beat)

Would you like me to inform the team of what's going on?

MACLAREN

No, I'll tell them when it's the right time.

69 INT. CAFETERIA - NA MEETING - DAY (D7)

69

Philip sits in the circle at his Narcotics Anonymous Meeting while MIKE (30s) finishes his update -- COLIN (Ep. 202) sits at the helm.

MIKE

... and uh... yeah, it just feels good to know I'm not doing that to my family anymore. They deserve better.

THE GROUP

Thank you, Mike.

COLIN

Philip, did you want to share?

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

PHILIP

Ah, yeah I do. Hi my name's Philip  
and I'm an addict.

THE GROUP

Hi, Philip.

PHILIP

I have a secret.

(long beat)

I know the future. I know what's  
going to happen. Global events.  
Deaths. Winners of horse races. It  
was all recently delivered to me  
like a movie. Mostly it's the same  
as the future I remembered but there  
are differences. You all think I'm  
crazy right now, but its true.

He looks right at Colin.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

For example, I know someone in this  
room who has very recently been  
diagnosed with cancer and has decided  
to ignore it.

COLIN -- glares at him. It's him. Philip stares back.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

As if ignoring the problem will make  
it go away. Because there is only a  
fifty fifty chance that the treatment  
will work and they're afraid of going  
through the pain of chemotherapy for  
nothing...

Colin interjects.

COLIN

Philip --

PHILIP

And the truth is, I don't know whether  
this person will live or die if they  
decide to get treatment. I only  
know for certain that without it --

COLIN

*Philip?*

Philip snaps out of a daze. He never said any of what we  
just heard out loud.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

PHILIP

I'm sorry, what was I saying?

MIKE

Not much.

A few smiles around the circle.

COLIN

You stopped talking after you said  
"I have a secret."

PHILIP

Oh. Sorry, maybe someone else should --

COLIN

It's all right. We've all been there.

But Philip can't help but continue staring at Colin.

70 INT. KYLE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY (D7)

70

Kyle drives down a residential street, lost in his own world,  
very drunk.

He blows through a stop sign, narrowly missing another car.

71 INT. HOSPITAL - KATHRYN'S ROOM - DAY (D7)

71

Kathryn sleeps with MacLaren sitting at her side.

He watches the INFANT HEART MONITOR with a close eye.

MACLAREN -- checks his watch, realizing he's getting fatigued.  
He gets up and leaves the room in search of a coffee.

72 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY (D7)

72

MacLaren walks out of Kathryn's room and off down the hall.

Moments later, a MALE NURSE, wearing an ear-lock face mask,  
walks into Kathryn's room and closes the door.

73 EXT. STREETS - DAY (D7)

73

Trevor bikes down the street when his phone RINGS.

He stops to see who it is and answers it urgently.

TREVOR

Where have you been?

74 INT. KYLE'S CAR - MOVING - DAY (D7) 74

Kyle drives.

KYLE

(drunkenly)

On my way now, it's fine. We're gonna do this, bro.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

TREVOR

Have you been drinking? Pull over.

KYLE

Dude, I'm fine. Chill.

TREVOR

Where are you? \*

75 INT. HOSPITAL - KATHRYN'S ROOM - DAY (D7) 75

The Nurse conspicuously produces a needle from his pocket and carefully injects a fluid into Kathryn's IV.

76 INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY (D7) 76\*

MacLaren gets a coffee from a vending machine.

77 INT. KYLE'S CAR - DAY (D7) 77

Kyle is pulled over, waiting, drinking, restless.

TREVOR (O.S.)

I'm almost there. I'm on Baxter at 6th. Don't go anywhere.

78 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY (D7) 78

A car pulls up behind Kyle -- it's Luca. He waits.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

KYLE

This is stupid. I'll come pick you up.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

TREVOR (O.S.)

Kyle! Don't!

But Kyle's hung up. He starts the car.

A CHYRON APPEARS on the screen:

RECORDED TIME OF DEATH: 3:09 PM.

The chyron counts down: TIME TO ARRIVAL 1:30, 1:29, 1:28...

79 EXT. STREETS - DAY (D7)

79

Trevor races, riding his bike as fast as he possibly can.

80 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY (D7)

80

MacLaren approaches Kathryn's room when the Nurse exits and heads off the opposite way down the hallway.

MacLaren follows behind to get an update.

MACLAREN

Excuse me, nurse. How is she?

The Nurse doesn't turn back. He almost walks faster.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Hey! I asked you a question.

MacLaren jogs ahead and grabs the Nurse by the shoulder.

It's *Hall*. He takes off his mask.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Hall.

HALL

This wasn't personal...

MACLAREN

(with dread)

*What did you do?*

HALL

It was for your own good.

Suddenly a few doctors race past MacLaren, down the hallway and into Kathryn's room.

MACLAREN

No.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Code blue! Re-sus team to room 108  
immediately!

More doctors and a nurse pushing a CRASH CART rush in to  
Kathryn's room. MacLaren turns back to Hall, furious.

\*  
\*

HALL

Go be with her.

MACLAREN -- is almost paralyzed by indecision. Hall makes  
the decision for him and goes.

\*  
\*

DR HIGGINS -- hurries down the hall towards Kathryn's room.  
MacLaren rushes to catch up to him.

\*  
\*

MACLAREN

Doctor Higgins, what's happening?

\*

DR HIGGINS

I can't talk right now, Mr MacLaren,  
please stay out of the way.

MACLAREN -- stands back and watches Dr Higgins disappear  
into Kathryn's room. He looks back down the hallway to see  
that Hall is gone.

\*  
\*  
\*

Furious and scared he touches his com.

MACLAREN

Philip, I need eyes on Hall right  
now. He's leaving the hospital.

PHILIP (O.S.)

I'm on it.

MACLAREN

Don't lose him.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (2) 80

MacLaren has the impulse to act but there's nothing he can do but wait.

81 EXT. STREETS - DAY (D7) 81

Trevor bikes as fast he can.

82 INT. KYLE'S CAR - DAY (D7) 82

Kyle waits at a red light. He taps his fingers on the steering wheel, listening to music, searching for Trevor up ahead.

CHYRON: 0:15, 0:14, 0:13...

83 INT. LUCA'S CAR - DAY (D7) 83

Luca's car waits behind Kyle, tailing him, on mission.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

LUCA -- looks to his watch and SEES the time switch from 3:07 to 3:08.

TREVOR -- bikes as fast as he can. He SEES Kyle up ahead and waves urgently.

TREVOR

Kyle!

CHYRON: 0:08, 0:07, 0:06...

LUCA -- waits patiently, when:

KYLE -- starts to hold his head and scream as a TRANSITION occurs.

Finally, the traveler arrives and takes in his surroundings.

LUCA -- gets out of his car and approaches Kyle's.

THE CHYRON counts up into the GREEN: 0:01, 0:02, 0:03.

TREVOR -- arrives and quickly jumps off of his bike, coming between Luca and Kyle, ready for a fight.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(a threat)

*Back up.*

Luca stops.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
(then to Kyle)  
Kyle, get outta the car.

Kyle gets out of the car, stumbling. He looks up at the sky, speechless. He snaps out of it, realizing:

KYLE  
There's something wrong with this host.

LUCA  
You're just drunk.

TREVOR -- puts together what's happened.

TREVOR  
No...

Luca walks past Trevor, gently squeezing his shoulder in sympathy, and walks up to Kyle.

LUCA  
(to Kyle)  
Traveler 5532, welcome to the 21st.

\*

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

84 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY (D7)

84

David stands talking with ANDREW (Late 30s, disenfranchised) who holds a yellow envelope.

ANDREW

This is too much.

DAVID

Andrew, I have watched you do everything in your power to change your circumstances. You've gotten clean, found a part time job at the grocery store.

(beat)

*This* is just a little financial help to put a roof over your head. First and last month's rent's a bitch.

ANDREW

But I'll never be able to repay --

DAVID

I don't want you to. Keep doing what you're doing and I'll just count myself lucky to know you.

ANDREW

I don't know what to say.

DAVID

You don't have to say any --

David is suddenly engulfed in a massive hug from an emotional Andrew. It's affectionate, but aggressive.

David can't even move his arms.

ANDREW

Thank you, David.

DAVID

Ow. I think we're good here.

ANDREW -- releases David and heads off down the street.

DAVID -- takes in a deep breath, then turns back down the alley when he SEES a woman sleeping on the ground. David takes a knee beside her.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

DAVID (CONT'D)

Wendy?

WENDY (40s) opens her eyes, immediately trying to sharpen up at the sight of David, who smiles back her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'd like to make your day.

85 INT. HOSPITAL - RECEPTION - DAY (D7)

85

MacLaren paces, fed up with being kept in the dark.

He approaches the RECEPTIONIST.

MACLAREN

You must have something by now.

RECEPTIONIST

My latest information is that your wife is still in surgery --

DR HIGGINS (O.S.)

Mr. MacLaren.

MacLaren turns to find Dr Higgins standing there, rather somber. MacLaren can tell it's bad.

DR HIGGINS (CONT'D)

Come with me, please.

\*

86 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D7)

86

Trevor enters Ops.

TREVOR

Philip!

Philip emerges from the bathroom.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I need your help.

Trevor walks into the kitchen/lounge area. Philip follows.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I know the historical record has changed since we got here, but not everything, right? A lot stays the same.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

PHILIP

Yeah, why?

TREVOR

Carson Perry. He's a football coach  
at my school. Ring any bells?

PHILIP

Ahhh...

TREVOR

Dig deep.

PHILIP - closes his eyes and digs deep into his memory.

PHILIP

Carson Perry gets arrested on 16  
counts of sexual assault charges as  
well as possession and distribution  
of under-age pornography.

TREVOR

When?

PHILIP

Not soon.

TREVOR

We can't wait --

PHILIP

Trev, I've been through this, you  
assign yourself vigilante missions --

\*  
\*

TREVOR

What if it's my protocol 5?  
(off his look)  
I recently learned that my host was  
abused before I arrived. By him.

PHILIP

I had no idea.

TREVOR

Me neither.  
(beat)  
I promised my friend Kyle I would  
help take him down, and just now...

Trevor trails off, despondent.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2)

86

PHILIP

Kyle was a host candidate.

Beat.

TREVOR

You knew.

PHILIP

3:08 this afternoon. Driving drunk.  
I'm sorry.

TREVOR

I get why you couldn't tell me. But  
as far as I'm concerned that coach  
killed him. I need to fix this...

BANG BANG BANG -- there's a hard knock at the door.

TREVOR AND PHILIP -- both turn, not expecting any company.

87 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY (D7)

87

MacLaren stands, getting an update on Kathryn from Dr Higgins.

DR HIGGINS

...In this case, an Antiphospholipid  
Antibody Syndrome, or APS. She  
developed an arterial thrombus which  
then caused a coronary embolism --  
(off his look)

That's a clot in the heart. Kathryn  
went into cardiac arrest.

(beat)

And in our efforts to save her life --

MACLAREN

We lost the baby.

DR HIGGINS

Yes.

This news hits MacLaren harder than anything to date. He  
tries to process it and suppress his emotion. Beat.

DR HIGGINS (CONT'D)

All I can say is that it's very  
fortunate the clot passed on its own  
or this would be an even more  
difficult conversation for both of  
us.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

MACLAREN

When can I see her?

DR HIGGINS

She's in recovery, sedated. You can see her in a few hours.

MACLAREN -- stews on this a beat, shattered.

Then, he suddenly switches gears, moving for the door.

DR HIGGINS (CONT'D)

Mr MacLaren, we have counselors available if you --

But MacLaren is gone, heading off down the hallway.

88 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY (D7)

88

MACLAREN -- storms down the hall on a mission for vengeance. He taps his com.

MACLAREN

Philip, tell me where Hall is.

PHILIP (O.S.)

Boss, he's here.

MACLAREN

What?

PHILIP (O.S.)

At Ops. Waiting for you.

MACLAREN -- hammers through the door and is off.

89 INT. GARAGE/OPS - EVENING (N7)

89

MACLAREN -- storms into Ops to SEE everyone there: Marcy, Carly, Trevor, Philip, Hall and Luca.

HALL -- stands front and center, guard down.

MACLAREN -- rushes at Hall in a rage, but:

PHILIP and LUCA -- intercept him, holding him back.

LUCA

Easy!

MACLAREN

Get off me!

\*

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

PHILIP

We can't do that.

MacLaren shoves Luca off of him, but Trevor takes his place.

TREVOR

Boss, stop!

Carly steps in front of him, not very pleased with him.

CARLY

And listen!

MACLAREN -- struggles to get free, looking past Carly to Hall, held by Philip and Trevor, his heart breaking and furious at the same time.

MACLAREN

*You're fucking dead.*

HALL

I know, I know --

MACLAREN

You killed my unborn child --

HALL

That's not what happened --

MACLAREN

You'd better hope the Director overwrites you before I get my hands on --

HALL

The Director is the one who *sent* me!  
(off his look)  
I was on a mission.

MacLaren stops fighting. He looks to his team. They all believe Hall.

HALL (CONT'D)

Let him go.

Philip and Trevor do and join Luca on MacLaren's flank. Carly steps aside by Marcy.

MacLaren just stands facing Hall.

MACLAREN

What're you talking about.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (2)

89

HALL

The child was never going to live.  
It was never supposed to.

MACLAREN

You don't know --

HALL

My mission was to save your *wife*.

Beat. MacLaren is taken aback.

MACLAREN

There had to be a way to save them  
both.

MARCY

I don't think there was.

HALL

Listen to your medic.

MACLAREN

What did you do?

HALL

Kathryn MacLaren was going to die of  
an undiagnosed coronary embolism  
that stopped her heart during the  
delivery of her stillborn child.

(beat)

The Director ordered me to give her  
a traveler synthesized drug to  
eliminate the clot so she would  
survive. Because she wasn't *supposed*  
to die.

(beat)

Because *you* broke protocol 4.

MACLAREN

She wanted a child more than anything --

HALL

You're gonna stand there and blame  
*her* for this?

MacLaren looks around the room. He'd better not.

MACLAREN

(contrite)

No.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (3)

89

HALL

Look, it's hard to stay focused in the 21st. I get it. I've been trying to tell you that since we met. Trying to teach you not to get caught up in the noise...

(beat)

But you stabbed me in the back.

MacLaren pushes back.

MACLAREN

The Director must have agreed with me or you would never have gone to prison.

Hall looks to Luca and shrugs, now contrite himself.

HALL

Yeah, well... I can't argue with that. Guess we all need a lesson now and then of what our mission is.

(beat)

This was yours.

Hall walks up to MacLaren.

HALL (CONT'D)

Your wife is alive, MacLaren.

(beat)

Go be with her.

MacLaren looks to his team. Nothing more to be said.

He exits, leaving Hall and his team in the middle of Ops.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

90 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (N7)

90

Carly enters, exhausted from an emotional night. Jeff watches a laptop in the living room with the baby asleep on his chest. \*

JEFF

Welcome home.

Carly walks toward the living room, dropping her coat on a chair as she passes.

CARLY

Sorry, I know it's later than I said.

She sits down on the couch with Jeff.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Can I hold him?

JEFF

Might wake him up.

CARLY

I don't care.

JEFF

(to his son)

You wanna cuddle up with your mamma, big man?

Jeff hands Jeffrey Jr over to Carly.

JEFF (CONT'D)

There you go.

Carly takes her son and holds him close. A soft, quiet, appreciative moment.

JEFF (CONT'D)

How was today for Carly Shannon?

CARLY

It's over now, let's put it that way. You?

JEFF

(with a smile)

I had a pay duty. Basically chaperoned some drunk college kids all afternoon for time and a half.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

CARLY

Sounds awful.

JEFF

Wasn't so bad...  
 (reading her)  
 You okay?

Carly stares at their son.

CARLY

Tell me about the day he was born.

JEFF

Ah, I don't know if we want to go  
 there right now.  
 (beat)  
 It's not your favorite story.

CARLY

I want to hear it from your  
 perspective.

91 INT. HOSPITAL - KATHRYN'S ROOM - NIGHT (N7)

91

MACLAREN -- arrives at the doorway to her room. He looks to  
 the hospital bed where Kathryn lies asleep.

He gently takes her hand and she opens her eyes, weakly.

KATHRYN

Grant?

MACLAREN

I'm right here.

Her eyes well up at the sight of him. His do the same at  
 the sight of her.

KATHRYN

They told me it was a girl.

MacLaren nods. There are no more words.

He moves to the side of her bed and sits, taking her hand in  
 his. He kisses her hand gently.

KATHRYN -- starts to cry.

MACLAREN -- moves closer and pulls her in as best he can.

92 INT. LESTER HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - DAY (D8) 92\*

Trevor walks across the gym with purpose. He approaches a door marked FOOTBALL COACH and opens it. \*

93 INT. LESTER HIGH SCHOOL - COACH'S OFFICE - DAY (D8) 93

Trevor enters to find Coach Perry sitting at his desk.

COACH PERRY  
Holden. Change your mind?

TREVOR  
You're going to come clean.

COACH PERRY  
Sorry?

TREVOR  
You're going to come forward and detail to the police all that you've done.

Coach Perry plays ignorant.

COACH PERRY  
Trevor, what are you talking about?

TREVOR  
Do it on your own volition and face the consequences or it'll be done for you.

Coach Perry leans back in his seat and gives Trevor a good look up and down.

COACH PERRY  
Yeah, I'm not gonna do that.

TREVOR  
Those are your only two options.

COACH PERRY  
I don't think you realize what you're doing here.

Trevor stares back at him.

COACH PERRY (CONT'D)  
Wow. You're really willing to throw everything away to destroy both of our lives?

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

TREVOR

There are other lives to consider --

COACH PERRY

Come on... Maybe you don't want to play football anymore but you do not want the shit storm that'll come from this --

\*  
\*

TREVOR

You prey on young boys who look up to you. And you're old enough to know exactly what their hopes and dreams are. You make promises in exchange for access to their bodies.

(beat)

You think I don't remember?

COACH PERRY

Trev...

TREVOR

I *will* come forward. I'll talk about the hotel rooms on the road. The showers. All of it.

\*  
\*

The Coach sweats a bit.

COACH PERRY

Who's gonna believe you? You're a bad kid and everybody knows it.

\*

TREVOR

People change.

COACH PERRY

Not the Trevor Holden I know... I don't know where this act came from  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2)

93

COACH PERRY (CONT'D)  
 but I don't buy it for a second. I  
 know you. *Intimately*. You're going  
 to keep your mouth shut.

\*  
\*

TREVOR  
 I'm not threatened by you.

COACH PERRY  
 No? You should be.  
 (standing)  
 Don't push me, kid.

Trevor stares down his coach for a final moment.

TREVOR  
 You made your decision.  
 (then)  
 Release the materials.

PHILIP (O.S.)  
 On it.

COACH PERRY  
*Release the materials*; what the hell  
 is that supposed to mean?

Trevor exits, leaving his coach wondering what just happened.

94 EXT. LESTER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY (D8)

94

Trevor walks out of the school.

TREVOR  
 Thanks, Philip. It's what Trevor  
 and Kyle would've wanted.

\*  
\*

95 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D8)

95

Philip sits at his computer with windows open having sent a  
 package of information to all kinds of authorities: The FBI.  
 POLICE. SCHOOL BOARD, etc.

PHILIP  
 All we did is accelerate what was  
 going to happen anyway. Freak had  
 whole hard drives of incriminating  
 shit.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: 95

TREVOR  
He made his choice.

96 INT. LESTER HIGH SCHOOL - COACH'S OFFICE - DAY (D8) 96

Coach Perry sits at his desk, thinking. Beat.

He turns to his computer and begins to type, when:

BEEP. An email comes through. Coach Perry looks to his screen, confused.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. Three more emails. He opens one. \*

COACH PERRY (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
No... Oh god.

BEEP. BEEP. DING. A text message comes through.

BEEPS and DINGS sound off as his computer and cell phone blow up with messages.

Then, the RING of his office phone blares over it all, until:

His CELL PHONE RINGS, too.

He doesn't answer any of them.

97 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D8) 97\*

David sits at his table drinking tea and reading the newspaper when Marcy enters. He hops up from his seat. \*

DAVID  
There she is! Did you get your winnings? \*

MARCY  
I did. Amazing luck.

DAVID  
Isn't it!? You're not mad I cheated? \*

MARCY  
Of course not, I'm happy for you. You must be thrilled.

DAVID  
Yeah! It's all gone. \*

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

Marcy pauses, alarmed.

\*

MARCY

What?

DAVID

Ever hear the story of St Francis?

MARCY

No.

DAVID

No, me neither. Somebody called me that today.

MARCY

I don't understand.

DAVID

I didn't feel right taking what would have been yours if I hadn't peeked at your numbers, and I knew you wouldn't let me give it back, so... I gave it away. Helped some good people.

(he beams)

Honestly, Marcy, it was the best day of my life.

(she smiles)

Remember my client Jason with the bad teeth and the hair -- ?

MARCY

I do.

DAVID

Great teeth now. Well, they will be. Just getting them cleaned already made a huge difference and next Wednesday he gets some much needed dental work.

MARCY

Good for Jason.

DAVID

Yeah, no, he hates dentists.

MARCY

Who else?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

97

DAVID

Not sure if you remember Marjorie, I bought her a new walker; they're pricey for what they are. Steve got one of those scooters to get to his new job. He can't walk far without breaking into a sweat.

(beat)

Ah, Jordan got my bike for his pizza delivery job --

MARCY

Your bike?

Marcy turns to where David's bike would typically be; gone. \*

DAVID

Yeah, thought I'd get myself a brand new one. Should'a saved some. \*

MARCY

(realizing)

All of it? \*

DAVID

I know it *sounded* like a lotta money, but everything is so expensive and I had a whole list of people. \*

MARCY

David --

DAVID

Doesn't matter, it's fine. I'll get my steps in...

(then)

So what're you gonna do with yours?

MARCY

I had a few debts to pay off.

DAVID

Debts! See now that is responsible. I could have used you yesterday. \*

MARCY

I should have some left over.

DAVID

Even more responsible! What're you gonna do with it?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (3)

97

MARCY

Well, first I'm going to buy you a new bike.

David smiles, gratefully.

DAVID

I'm so happy you said that.

98 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D8)

98

Philip sits at his desk eating take-out.

The NEWS plays on the TV. He speaks along with it.

PHILIP/NEWS ANCHOR

... This will severely impact foreign relations if troops continue to invade the region against UN Sanctions.

Philip leans back in his chair and looks back into Ops, bored. Suddenly, his vision begins to blur.

PHILIP'S POV -- switches between two realities, overlapping. One where Ops is empty and one where:

MACLAREN -- sits on a chair in the middle of the garage, head in his hands, devastated by loss.

The entire team: Trevor, Carly and Marcy stand around him, consoling him.

PHILIP -- fights these two visions as they erratically take over his focus. He stands and walks into the midst of both visions. It's weird. He tries to shake it off but can't.

He SEES his historian pills sitting on the table and tries to focus on them. They disappear, then reappear.

He sits down and takes one.

PHILIP -- looks to where MacLaren sits until the double vision clears and the alternate vision disappears.

Philip is alone once again.

99 INT. LUCA'S CAR - DAY (D8)

99

Hall and Luca sit parked on a residential street.

LUCA -- is texting on his phone.

ON THE SCREEN a text to MARCY: *Always a call away. Luca.*

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

Hall is getting impatient.

HALL  
Where the hell is he?

LUCA  
Give him a minute. He's probably  
hungover.

HALL  
He's *what*?

KYLE -- walks up the car and gets in the back.

KYLE  
Sorry, I was having a hard time  
deciding what clothing to bring with  
me.

HALL  
Not a problem, kid, just don't make  
it a habit.  
(then asking him)  
So: what's the mission?

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #210

"21C"

Written by  
Brad Wright

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TRAVELERS

"21C"

Set List - GREEN PAGES - 06.28.17

Exteriors

CITY PARK

CITY STREET  
-Alleyway

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

FARMHOUSE  
-Field  
-Porch

FAST FOOD JOINT  
-Concealed Position  
-2<sup>nd</sup> Concealed Position

STREET

STREETS

Interiors

ARTIST'S LOFT

DAVID'S APARTMENT  
-Bathroom  
-Bedroom

FARMHOUSE  
-Upper Floor

FAST FOOD JOINT

GARAGE/OPS

INSTITUTION  
-Room 21C

MACLAREN'S SUV  
-Moving

MARCY'S APARTMENT  
-Hallway

TEAM VAN

TEASER

1 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D1)

1

Elegant classical music plays.

MARCY, dressed in a housecoat, writes the last words of a hand written note, folds it, and puts it into an envelope.

She then writes the word "David" on the front of the envelope.

Then taking her cell phone, she writes a text. It reads:

"Carly, undergoing a medical procedure today. Can u come by David Mailer's apt at 4 pm sharp? It's important."

She waits a beat. Carly answers:

"I'll be there"

Then: "you okay?"

Marcy responds with "I will be, thx"

Then, she walks into the bathroom and leaves the door open.

The BATH is already running.

She sets her phone down. It reads 1:07 PM.

She looks at her own reflection in the mirror for a beat, then taking a deep breath, she squirts three DROPS from a dropper into each eye.

Marcy then attaches long leads from a VITALS MONITOR, perched near the tub, to her upper chest. It begins to quietly BEEP according to her heart rate. (This SFX continues throughout.)

Then she wraps a rubber hose around her arm and finds a vein.

Taking the end of the hose in her teeth to hold it fast, she reaches for a pre-loaded syringe from a case placed by the sink.

Marcy checks the dosage of a mysterious black liquid and injects it into a vein expertly.

With one last look at herself in the mirror, Marcy takes off her housecoat, revealing her underclothes, and walks over to the bathtub, turning off the running water.

The tub is FILLED WITH ICE WATER.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

Marcy climbs in, taking in sharp breaths, wasting no time.

Chunks of ice obscure her body as she settles down into the freezing water up to her neck.

She crosses her arms over her chest.

Classical music continues to play.

CLOSE ON MARCY -- As her pupils dilate from the combination of drugs and the cold.

2 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY (D1)

2

A GROUP of FOUR KIDS, including ANNA, 10, mature for her years, and her friend BREE, 11, are walking home from school. Anna and her friend are behind the other two.

BREE

He thinks you don't like him.

ANNA

Who cares if I don't.

BREE

He does.

ANNA

He should get over it.

BREE

Anna, I don't think you get...

Anna's Friend stops mid sentence and freezes. So do the other two kids.

ANNA

Don't think I get *what*.

ANNA -- doesn't know what they're doing. It's like they've suddenly become frozen in place. In fact they've gone MESSENGER, but there is no message.

A CAR -- comes screaming up alongside them, driven by LUCA.

HALL rides shotgun. KYLE is in back.

ANNA -- is freaked out, as he and Kyle get out of the car with urgency. Hall raises an FBI badge to calm her as Kyle scans for immediate threats, gun in hand.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

HALL

Anna Hamilton, I'm Agent Hall with the FBI and for your safety I need you to come with me.

ANNA

What happened to my friends?

HALL

They'll be fine; but *you* won't be if you don't get in the car *right now*.

Stepping back defiantly.

ANNA

Tell me why.

With a look from Hall, Kyle just grabs her and basically throws her into the back seat.

ANNA (CONT'D)

NO!

THE THREE OTHER KIDS -- are still frozen, still staring silently forward as the car squeals off in the B.G.

In a moment they snap out of it and look around.

Anna has inexplicably disappeared.

BREE

Anna?

(panicked)

Anna??

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

3 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - DAY (D1) 3

KATHRYN stands in front of the sink, holding an empty glass in her hand with the water running.

MACLAREN -- comes over to her, gently takes the glass, fills it with water and turns off the tap.

She doesn't take the glass.

He just puts it down on the counter and pulls her into a gentle embrace.

4 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (D1) 4

Marcy sits in the ice water, eyes closed now.

We hear her voice underneath the classical MUSIC, as if hearing her thoughts, but it's a voice from a long time ago:

MARCY (O.S.)  
What...will.. you... be?

5 INT. INSTITUTION - (FLASHBACK - 2014) - DAY (FB1) 5

The same classical music plays in an institution for the mentally ill.

MARCY sits opposite an orderly, JAMES, black, 30s, very gentle and caring.

MARCY  
What ww-will you b-become?

JAMES  
Look at you, Marcy! You just read from a book!

Marcy beams with pride.

MARCY  
I d...did.

JAMES  
So good. Wanna try the next part?

Marcy is shy about reading aloud and shakes her head adorably.

MARCY  
No.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

JAMES

C'mon, girl... You can do it.

MARCY

Tomorrow.

JAMES

You can't always say tomorrow. I'm here now. Let's try --

James SEES somebody coming toward them and his demeanor changes.

DRAKE -- another orderly, 20's, mean under the surface, is walking over to them with a big clap of his hands.

DRAKE

Marcy mercy me, time to rock and roll!

JAMES

This is her reading time.

DRAKE

The man wants to see her now, which makes it *treatment* time. Let's go.

MARCY

No! I don't...  
(to James)  
James, you s...said!

JAMES

I told her she didn't have to go today.

DRAKE

Well you shouldn'ta said that, bud.

Marcy stands and blasts Drake with her full voice.

MARCY

I don't want t...treatment!

DRAKE

Don't make me carry you again.

MARCY

NO!

Marcy turns to run. Drake grabs her and practically lifts her up with one arm. She screams the whole time.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

JAMES

Hey! She's a person. Treat her with some respect.

DRAKE

You know what? You like her too much, man. That is *frowned upon*.

James is furious at the insinuation.

JAMES

You shut up.

DRAKE

You do your fucking job, or you won't have one.

Marcy implores James with tearful eyes.

MARCY

I d...don't want to go.

JAMES

I'll be here for you when it's over.

With that, Drake walks away with Marcy like she's a rag doll.

MARCY

NO!!!!

James just watches them go, unwilling to risk his job.

MARCY (CONT'D)

James! JAMES!

6 INT. INSTITUTION - ROOM 21C - (FLASHBACK - 2014) - DAY (FB1) 6

Drake walks into a dark room, drops Marcy into a chair and straps her arms into place with velcro.

She screams in protest the whole time.

MARCY

I don't want...t..treatment!

Drake points a finger at her and admonishes.

DRAKE

HEY. Behave or there'll be no ice cream after.

Marcy stops screaming and doesn't look up, deliberately holding her head down. Tears fall from her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

He leaves. Beat.

MARCY

I don't w...want...

VINCENT (O.S.)

Oh, dear sweet Marcy...

A HAND -- gently touches her chin, and raises her face to meet his.

VINCENT -- dressed in a doctor's lab coat, smiles at her, very close to her.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Don't be afraid, dear. I have no desire to hurt you, and I mean that sincerely. Quite the opposite.

(beat)

I only want to make you whole again.

MARCY is terrified.

7 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (D1)

7

Marcy, submerged up to her neck in the freezing bath, twitches slightly at the memory, sending a ripple through the ice water.

8 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1)

8

CARLY rushes into ops with urgency. TREVOR and PHILIP are already there readying weapons and gear. The team van is backed up to the door.

TREVOR

What'd the messenger say?

CARLY

Another traveler team needs tactical support in less than an hour at these coordinates.

She holds up her phone for Philip to read. He needs only a glance.

PHILIP

Got it; where's the boss?

Carly taps her com as they gear up with weapons in a hurry.

CARLY

Mac, it's Carly, where are you?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

TREVOR

Must be off com.

PHILIP

We can swing by Kathryn's place on  
the way; what about Marcy?

CARLY

Just texted me she's having some  
kinda medical procedure. We'll have  
to do the mission without her.

PHILIP

So nobody get shot today.

TREVOR

Good rule in general.

Philip shuts the back door of the van and Trevor closes the  
garage door.

9 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - DAY (D1)

9

Kathryn answers a knock at the door in no mood to see anyone.  
It's Philip.

PHILIP

Hi, sorry to bother you at home, Mrs  
MacLaren.

KATHRYN

How do you know my name?

MacLaren is behind her answering the question a moment later.

MACLAREN

He's one of my C.I.'s who knows better  
to not come here.

PHILIP

It's an urgent C.I. thing --

MACLAREN

All right.

KATHRYN

Are you the one who stole my husband's  
car?

PHILIP

That's kind of a funny story --

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

MACLAREN

For another time.  
(kissing her quickly)  
Be back as soon as I can.

And they're out the door again.

10 INT. INSTITUTION - (FLASHBACK - 2014) - DAY (FB1)

10

Marcy sits in the common room after her "therapy session" upset and crying silently in a corner.

James approaches her with a dish of ice cream, and speaks very gently.

JAMES

It's your favorite.  
(beat)  
Marcy...  
(beat)  
Look, I need this job...

Marcy won't even look at him as he goes.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Kay, don't let it melt.

Another patient, SIMON, (20s) comes over as soon as James is gone. He comes very close, like it's a secret:

SIMON

Marcy... Did it work this time?

Marcy just shakes her head no. Simon is frustrated by this.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I told him information transfer was way way too slow, but I tried to fix it...

Marcy doesn't understand a word he just said.

SIMON (CONT'D)

To put you *back*. You're still in there but you don't know cause you're not here. *He* knows.  
(beat)  
I'll keep trying but squid transistors barely even exist here and now.  
(eyeing her ice cream)  
Are you gonna have that?

She shakes her head no.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

SIMON (CONT'D)

Can I have it?

She nods her head yes. He takes it.

11 INT. FAST FOOD JOINT - DAY (D1)

11

Hall, Luca, Kyle and Anna sit in a mostly empty fast food restaurant with bad MUSIC playing. The handful of patrons hunker over their greasy meals and extra large sodas.

Anna eats fries from a cardboard container. Hall and Luca gave up on eating their food.

ANNA

If they're after *me*, then how d'you know my parents are safe?

HALL

Because they also have protection. And that's question number seven.

Hall looks up to SEE:

MACLAREN -- entering the restaurant walking straight to them.

HALL (CONT'D)

What the fuck are *you* doing here?

MACLAREN

I'm not happy about it either. We got a messenger. Tactical support at these coordinates.

HALL

Tactical?  
(he looks around)  
I think we're good.

MACLAREN

Director doesn't seem to think so.  
(suspiciously)  
Where are all the customers?

HALL

You ever eat here?

Kyle stuffs a bite into his mouth.

KYLE

I like it.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

MACLAREN  
(grimacing at that)  
Who's she?

HALL  
53.

MacLaren just shrugs. Hall tries to be secretive.

HALL (CONT'D)  
As in POTUS.

MACLAREN  
Centuries before my time but I'm  
pretty sure 53 was another old white  
guy.

HALL  
Remember the *other* candidate that  
year? How close that election was  
and how the country was torn apart  
after?  
(off MacLaren's look)  
Anna, say hi to special agent  
MacLaren.

MacLaren regards her like he's meeting Lincoln himself.

MACLAREN  
It's an honor to meet you, Ms  
Hamilton.

ANNA  
Hi.

Anna sucks the last of her soda with a lot of noise.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Are you assigned to protect me too?

MACLAREN  
Actually...

HALL  
Yeah he is. Until 1600 hours.

ANNA  
Why do I need protection?

HALL  
Anna, our agreement was ten questions  
and you're already at eight.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

HALL (CONT'D)  
(off her look)  
Eat your lunch.

Anna grimaces at that and stuffs more fries into her mouth.

MACLAREN  
Ten questions?

Hall shrugs. It shuts her up.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
What happens at 1600?

HALL  
How the hell should I know? All I  
have to do is make sure that until  
then she's...

Hall SEES a vehicle pull into the parking lot. A gun appears  
in the open window and takes out a SECURITY CAMERA outside.

PHILIP (O.S.)  
We just lost a camera!

HALL  
(to Luca)  
Get in front of her!

LUCA -- gets in front of Anna like a body man, almost  
squishing her in the booth. MacLaren, Kyle, and Hall stand  
with guns ready, just as:

SHOTS come through the windows of the building from a parked  
SUV, narrowly missing the girl.

MACLAREN  
FBI! Everybody, down on the floor  
and stay down!

MacLaren warns the other patrons as Hall and Kyle return  
fire in the direction the shots came from.

HALL  
(to Luca)  
Get her to cover, now!

Luca grabs Anna and practically carries her to better cover.

ANNA  
Ow!

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

Hall, MacLaren, and Kyle take defensive positions as the few patrons and kitchen staff scream.

HALL -- fires at one of four approaching ASSASSINS, then takes cover.

HALL

You call this tactical support?

MacLaren ignores Hall and taps his com.

MACLAREN

Carly, Trevor...

12 EXT. FAST FOOD JOINT - CONCEALED POSITION - DAY (D1)

12

Carly lands in position and trains her sniper rifle on one of the Assassins moving cautiously through the parking lot.

CARLY

In position.

13 EXT. FAST FOOD JOINT -- 2ND CONCEALED POSITION - DAY (D1)

13

Trevor has an automatic hand gun with a laser sight.

TREVOR

Ready, boss.

14 INT. TEAM VAN - DAY (D1)

14

Philip looks at camera angles of the fast food joint and parking lot.

PHILIP

Tracking four targets.

15 INT. FAST FOOD JOINT - DAY (D1)

15

MacLaren takes his own firing position.

MACLAREN

Fire when ready.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

CARLY -- wastes no time and fires two shots, taking out TWO ASSASSINS.

PHILIP

Trevor, your nine o'clock, moving toward the west side of the restaurant.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

TREVOR -- fires at an Assassin closing in on the restaurant, clipping him, knocking him down.

HALL -- takes the opportunity to finish him from inside the restaurant, shooting through the broken glass window.

THE FOURTH ASSASSIN -- realizes he is in an ambush and runs toward his vehicle.

KYLE -- goes to the doorway and fires several shots at the Fourth Assassin as he runs, but he's finally taken down by GOING MESSENGER just before he reaches the car, freezing in place for a beat before his nose begins to bleed. He collapses and dies. \*

CARLY

The Director got the last one.

She SEES a security CAMERA not far from the body.

PHILIP -- reports to his team.

PHILIP

We can't count on the Director to have eyes everywhere, we should move.

TREVOR -- steps out from his cover, scanning the area.

MACLAREN

Stand by.  
(to Hall)  
We're moving; it isn't safe here.

HALL

We were fine until *you* showed up.  
They must've followed you here --

MACLAREN

We both know if we hadn't been ordered here in support you'd be dead.  
(off his look)  
So would 53, who I'm taking to a safe house now with or without you.

LUCA -- comes out from around a corner with Anna. He's been wounded in the left shoulder and is bleeding. \*

\*

LUCA

MacLaren's right, we should go.

HALL -- looks at MacLaren, who isn't taking no for an answer.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

16 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (D1) 16

Marcy's vitals monitor BEEPS an almost alarmingly slow heart rate as she continues in her near-death dream state.

The ice water ripples as she shudders slightly.

17 INT. INSTITUTION - (FLASHBACK - 2014) - DAY (FB2) 17

Marcy sits in the common room across a table from Drake, who has a spoon in his hand.

DRAKE

C'mon, girl. Eat up. I don't have time for this shit.

Marcy shakes her head no.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

You know what happens if you don't.

MARCY

I w...want to go home.

DRAKE

This is home now.

MARCY

It's not...

(beat)

I w...work here.

DRAKE

Get that outta your head.

MARCY

I remember.

DRAKE

Don't make me count to three...

(beat)

One... Two... All right.

Drake suddenly grabs her by the hair and pulls it back, causing her to open her mouth to scream.

He stuffs the food into her mouth and Marcy almost chokes, swatting the spoon away.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Doesn't have to be the hard way,  
don't make me do that.

JAMES -- walks up to him, furious.

JAMES

Do it again and I'll report you.

DRAKE

You'll report *me*?

Drake stands and faces James, looming over him.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

I'm not the one who looks at her ass  
every time she walks away.

JAMES

I don't do that --

DRAKE

Hey, don't get me wrong, it's --

JAMES

Treat her with respect or I'll talk  
to Dr Carroll.

Drake laughs in his face.

DRAKE

Carroll! Oh, that is *perfect!* Boom!

(beat)

Yeah, absolutely, you go ahead and  
do that while I feed your hot little  
girlfriend.

He turns back to Marcy, but James spins him around, and  
PUNCHES Drake hard in the face.

DRAKE -- immediately counters with his own blow, twice as  
powerful, knocking James to his back easily.

He wipes his bloody nose, furious.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

You are *done!*

(beat)

Don't even bother signing out. I  
don't wanna see your face.

Marcy stares at James on the floor, scared and defeated.

18 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D1)

18

MacLaren drives. Hall rides shotgun. Luca and Kyle are in back with Anna between them.

They follow the team van ahead. MacLaren looks at Anna in the rear view mirror.

MACLAREN

We must be doing something right if she wins the election now.

HALL

Unfortunately, the Faction doesn't know that. They've got old information.

ANNA

Where are we going?

HALL

Excellent question, Anna, you got one left.

MACLAREN

To a farmhouse I know of. We should be safe there.

ANNA

That's what Special Agent Hall said about the restaurant.

MACLAREN

(to Hall)  
Agent?

Hall smiles and briefly flashes his counterfeit FBI badge inside his jacket for MacLaren to see.

HALL

*Special.*

(then observing)

Jesus, MacLaren, you even drive like a boy scout; if we took my car we'd be there by now.

MACLAREN

They obviously tracked you to the restaurant.

LUCA

Why isn't Marcy with you?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

MACLAREN

Some sort of minor medical procedure  
I wish she'd told me about.

LUCA

Is she all right?

MACLAREN

I'm sure she's fine.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

ANNA

I have to use the bathroom.

MACLAREN

We're not far, you just have to hold  
it a little longer.

(under his breath)

Madam President.

19 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (D1)

19

Marcy, still in the bath, grows increasingly more pale as  
her heart monitor slows even further.

20 INT. INSTITUTION - (FLASHBACK - 2013) - DAY (FB3)

20

WE FOLLOW an orderly into the common room with a tray of  
pills, then reveal who it is:MARCY -- was an orderly at the institution. She stops at  
Simon, and treats him with gentle kindness. He's drawing a  
beautiful portrait from memory.

MARCY

Simon, that is beautiful.

SIMON

Thank you, I like it.

MARCY

Who is she?

SIMON

0092.

MARCY

I mean what's her name?

SIMON

0092. She isn't born for another  
two, no, three, no, hundreds of years  
from now.

MARCY

That's a very long time.

SIMON

Yes it is. Home sweet home.

(beat)

Eventually the ozone layer goes away  
but that's just one problem in a  
hundred years there are way worse  
and we live under the ice.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

MARCY

Oh.

SIMON

The math isn't complicated, if you have two people and one thing they *need*. Then the two fight over the one until there's none, so two minus one until there's none, so two minus one minus one equals zero.

She hands him a paper cup with pills in it.

MARCY

Well, here's two pills for one person.

Simon bites his nails, looking behind her.

SIMON

I'm not supposed to take anything before treatment.

VINCENT (O.S.)

It's Marcy, isn't it?

MARCY

Yes.

Marcy turns to SEE:

VINCENT -- is dressed in a lab coat, and all smiles.

VINCENT

Good, I was hoping to catch you. Simon is correct that I prefer he not be medicated during his treatment.

MARCY

There's a daily schedule, Mr Ingram.

SIMON

Maintenance of the yeast vats first and foremost is your responsibility to the community.

VINCENT

Simon, please allow me to speak with the orderly, you go on ahead.

Simon steps away but continues to listen as he goes. Vincent turns his back to Simon.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

VINCENT (CONT'D)

An hour is all I ask. Dr Carroll approves, you can check with her.

Marcy stands her ground.

MARCY

Dr Carroll has gone home for the evening and I can't --

VINCENT

Perhaps if you understood more about the therapy I was working on. You're curious, of course you are.

MARCY

More *concerned* a few of the patients who've gone through your treatment --

VINCENT

Haven't returned to the ward?

Beat. Marcy is almost afraid to answer. She nods.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Because they've been transferred to another hospital as promising candidates for further research. I can show you the paperwork.

(off her dubious look)

I have a confession to make. My work here is partly selfish. You see I have...*issues* of my own, not nearly so severe as Simon's, but...

MARCY

I hadn't noticed.

VINCENT

You're being kind. The work we're doing here is truly for the greater good, Marcy, and we've made progress I promise you.

(beat)

In fact, if you're open to it, I could use your help.

21 EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (D1)

21\*

Carly, Trevor and Philip are already out of the van and setting up defenses, including a series of CAMERAS around the house, covering a wide field.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

HALL -- gets out of MacLaren's SUV and takes in the view.

Anna runs toward the house to use the bathroom with Luca and Kyle following.

Hall and MacLaren walk and talk toward the farmhouse, still with a tension between them Hall tries to break.

HALL

Nice spot.

MACLAREN

Glad you approve.

HALL

Sign on the road said it's for sale, might be a good investment --

MACLAREN

The FBI seized the house because it was owned by a meth cook who burned himself to death in the kitchen, so --

\*  
\*  
\*

HALL

(considering)  
So big kitchen.

\*  
\*

MACLAREN -- shoots him a look.

\*

CARLY -- comes up to them with a large, heavy duffel bag and sets it down, pointing.

\*

CARLY

I need you to set up these claymores there... and there.

MACLAREN

We can do that.

CARLY

Conceal 'em best you can then run the wires back to the house.

She goes back toward the farmhouse.

HALL

You take orders from your tactician?

MACLAREN

So should you.

Hall follows him.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

HALL

I can tell you've still got a problem  
with me; you need to get over it.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

MacLaren keeps walking.

HALL (CONT'D)  
Director keeps putting us together;  
must be a good reason.

MACLAREN  
Ours is not to reason why.

HALL  
It's like we're two disciples that  
don't get along --

\*

MACLAREN  
I'm in no mood for mythology --

HALL  
But we're both *disciples* so what're  
you gonna do?

MacLaren keeps walking.

HALL (CONT'D)  
I'm tryin' to say maybe we got off  
on the wrong --

Hall tries to put his hand on MacLaren's shoulder.

MACLAREN  
*Don't fucking touch me, Hall.*

HALL  
Easy!

Rebuffed, Hall releases his hand and MacLaren walks on.

MACLAREN  
Let's just get to 1600.

A DRONE suddenly flies overhead. Both men pull their guns  
but it's already too far off.

They've been found.

22 INT. INSTITUTION - (FLASHBACK - 2013) - DAY (FB3)

22

Marcy sits across from Vincent in his office reading from a  
thick legal document.

VINCENT  
The technology scans the brain and  
records specific patterns not  
dissimilar to something like an MRI --

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

MARCY

What am I signing?

VINCENT

The first is just a standard non-disclosure form, the second allows me to use information I gather from your scans as a baseline against those of actual patients.

MARCY

Looks like there's way more to it.

VINCENT

*Legalese.*

(beat)

The fee for allowing me to perform the scan is on the last page.

Marcy goes to the last page. Her eyes widen.

MARCY

That's a lot of money.

VINCENT

Is it? I'm embarrassed to say I've lost perspective.

Marcy looks at the forms again.

23 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (D1)

23

Marcy's body begins twitching in the water. Her heart rate increases.

24 INT. INSTITUTION - ROOM 21C - (FLASHBACK - 2013) - DAY (FB3)

24

Marcy enters with Vincent and is surprised to see Simon working at a rack of computer gack checking settings.

MARCY

Simon, what are you doing here?

SIMON

I built it. I helped build the first one in the future too.

VINCENT

Good for you.

(then with a wink)

He likes to "assist." I consider it part of his therapy.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

Vincent makes a bit of a face at that for Marcy's sake but she doesn't think its funny.

MARCY

Mr Ingram, I've changed my mind.

VINCENT

You've signed the papers; you can't.

MARCY

I just did.

VINCENT

Marcy, it's a harmless scan, you won't even feel it.

MARCY

I don't care, I'm not comfortable --

VINCENT

Please be reasonable.

MARCY

I'm sorry, keep your money.

VINCENT

Dear, it's not the *money*, but now you've seen the device; this is so awkward...

(beat)

Drake?

DRAKE -- enters the room, having waited just outside. He bars her way.

MARCY

Move.

He grabs her suddenly.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Let me go!

He puts his hand over her mouth and faces her toward Vincent, her eyes wide in fear.

VINCENT

You really should read everything you sign.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

25 EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (D1)

25

On the porch, MacLaren uses binoculars to view the broad field outside the farmhouse. Single mattresses line the porch wall for cover, tied in place.

ANNA -- sits on a porch swing at the far end.

MACLAREN -- can't help but stare at her. Trevor notices.

TREVOR

I'm always in awe of the potential of youth. Of what may come. Even if we didn't know who she was.

MACLAREN

If we succeed in our mission, she's going to become one of the great leaders of a generation, so...

(beat)

I would like very much to make it to four o'clock.

Trevor looks at his watch.

TREVOR

Little ways to go yet.

ANNA -- rocks in the swing, a little bored.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I wonder if it's a coincidence the Director assigned you a mission to preserve a child's life after what happened to you and Kathryn.

MacLaren gives Trevor a long look.

MACLAREN

I think the Director's not a licensed therapist and neither are you.

TREVOR

I do understand what you're going through.

MACLAREN

You can't possibly...

He trails off, remembering how old Trevor really is.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

TREVOR

Yeah, I do. Even you forget. I've lived long enough to see two of my own sons die of old age.

MACLAREN

I didn't know...

TREVOR

It's a hard thing to outlive your children. Never gets easier.

MacLaren shakes his head.

MACLAREN

This isn't the same.

TREVOR

You're right, it isn't. You're grieving a life lost that hadn't even begun.

(beat)

A loss of *potential*.

(beat)

Anna has that. All I'm sayin'.

Trevor smiles at MacLaren and walks back into the house.

MacLaren gives Anna another look while she swings then returns to the binoculars, scanning the far end of the field.

POV -- MACLAREN

Through the binoculars, we SEE VEHICLES coming down the country road leading to the farm.

MACLAREN

Anna, go inside.

Anna moves toward the door as Carly comes in:

CARLY (O.S.)

We've got vehicles.

MACLAREN

I see them. The Director will too once they get closer.

Trevor checks one of the closest cameras.

TREVOR

Smile for the cameras, Mr Faction.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

HALL -- comes out of the house just as ANNA goes messenger.

ANNA

Protocol 3 is suspended. Protect Anna Hamilton at all costs and hold until reinforcements arrive.

(then, snapping out)

What just happened?

HALL

Nothing, you're fine, go inside.

Hall stands alongside MacLaren, looking at his watch.

HALL (CONT'D)

Here I thought we were gonna make it to 1600 without any trouble.

26 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (D1)

26

Marcy tilts her head back in apparent agony, her face contorted, and her body arched.

The heart rate monitor beeps like mad, then she slumps back into the ice water, her face now barely above the surface.

27 INT. INSTITUTION - (FLASHBACK - 2013) - DAY (FB3)

27

Vincent walks and talks with Drake, pushing a seemingly catatonic Marcy in a wheelchair down a corridor.

Vincent is as tight as a violin string.

DRAKE

She doesn't even recognize me.

VINCENT

There was a malfunction. Some 'information' was lost during her scan; Simon is working to restore it soon --

DRAKE

*Simon is -- ?*

VINCENT

Until then, Marcy is now to be considered a patient of this facility under the care of Dr Carroll.

DRAKE

Dr Carroll agreed to that?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

Vincent hands a very thick envelope of cash to Drake.

VINCENT

So will you. I can make you very  
wealthy, very easily.

Drake stares at the wad of money and considers the problem.

DRAKE

We can move patients to different  
wings, but there'll still be staff  
who know Marcy as an employee --

VINCENT

Bribe those you can; get rid of the  
rest. I leave it to you.

Vincent takes one last look at Marcy, who seems completely  
unresponsive.

28 INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (D1)

28

Carly gives last minute instructions to Luca and Philip, the  
two people who are tasked to stay with Anna. Carly speaks  
quietly with them away from the girl.

CARLY

The Director should turn every one  
of them into hosts or kill them by  
messenger soon as they're on camera.  
But if that doesn't happen and they  
breach our defenses --

LUCA

Not gonna happen.

PHILIP

Maybe Anna should hide somewhere  
upstairs in case --

CARLY

*Don't.* If they don't find her,  
they'll burn the place to the ground.

\*  
\*

LUCA

(agreeing)  
It's what I'd do.

PHILIP

Really?

Carly nods then goes over to Anna off on her own, her knees  
pulled up to her neck with her back against the sofa.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

CARLY

And *you* keep your head down.

Anna is scared but strong.

ANNA

Why do they want to hurt me?

CARLY

Because they're afraid of you.

ANNA

More than *you*?

CARLY

Even more than me.

ANNA

What if we just talked to them?

Carly is impressed by the young President to be.

CARLY

Wow... Even *now*.

(beat)

Anna, this won't happen, but if they manage to get through this door and they try to take you... You fight them. And you keep fighting. 'Cause help is coming. Okay?

Anna nods.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Okay.

Carly runs up the stairs with her sniper rifle.

29 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (D1)

29

Marcy's memories continue.

30 INT. GARAGE/OPS - (FLASHBACK - 2017) - DAY (FB4)

30\*

Philip is on his bed in bad shape, deep in withdrawal.

Marcy comes over with a shot.

PHILIP

No, no... I can do this.

MARCY -- preps him for an injection anyway.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

MARCY

We have a mission today, Philip,  
you're no good to anyone like this.

She injects the heroin into his arm. He immediately relaxes.

PHILIP

Oh, god, that's better...

MARCY

Just enough so you can function.

PHILIP

Back to human. Thanks.

MARCY

That's what I'm here for, Philip.

(beat)

But when I'm gone --

PHILIP

Don't say that.

MARCY

It's going to happen, and probably  
soon. The seizures are getting worse  
and I can't stop them. I wrote a  
letter to David I want you to deliver --

PHILIP

Whatever you want. Least I can do.

31 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (D1)

31

The heartbeat monitor BEEPS an ALARM, her heart rate has  
dropped too much.

The ALARM resounds throughout the apartment.

32 EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (D1)

32

Two dozen armed members of the Faction slowly approach the  
Farmhouse from the road.

The Farmhouse looks undefended from their POV.

More cars arrive in the driveway and pull over to the side  
as if making room for more.

Faction members casually get out and head toward the house.

33 EXT. FARMHOUSE - PORCH - DAY (D1) 33

MacLaren, Hall, Trevor and Kyle hide behind the mattress lined porch wall, guns ready, waiting for Carly's order.

MACLAREN

Director's letting 'em get awful close.

MacLaren checks his watch. It's 3:45.

34 INT. FARMHOUSE - UPPER FLOOR - DAY (D1) 34

Carly watches the Faction approach. Something's wrong.

She uses her scope to look at the pickups in the driveway. She taps her com.

CARLY

We can't wait for the Director. Aim center mass. Shoot when I shoot.

CARLY -- takes aim through the upper window of the farmhouse.

Philip and Luca each man a window. Anna sits alone on the floor between them.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

CARLY -- opens fire.

MACLAREN, HALL, TREVOR AND KYLE -- each start firing at the approaching small army from their positions on the porch, taking down several of them.

The rest of the small army returns fire.

35 EXT. STREETS - (FLASHBACK - 2015) - DAY (FB5) 35

A VAN -- pulls into an alleyway in the city. When it pulls away again we SEE:

MARCY -- standing there in a simple dress, clutching her sole possession, a children's book, looking completely lost.

She takes a few steps down the alley.

DRUG USERS -- look up at her wondering what the hell she's doing here.

JUMP CUT -- through various parts of the inner city where Marcy doesn't belong, getting strange looks from the people who do.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

MARCY -- finally decides to go back the way she came, becoming increasingly frightened. She turns suddenly and walks straight into:

DAVID -- who makes light of it to calm her.

DAVID

Whoa, crash! Didn't see that move coming...

(beat)

You okay?

MARCY

I'm.. f...fine.

David realizes she has a disability and doesn't belong in this part of town.

DAVID

Oh.

(beat)

'Cause I was watching you just now a little bit and I was thinking you looked lost. Maybe I can help.

(beat)

D'you have family I can -- ?

MARCY

N...no.

Afraid, she starts walking past David. He joins her a moment later and they walk for a beat.

DAVID

Turns out we're goin' the same way anyway. What's your name?

(off her wary look)

You don't have to tell me if you --

MARCY

Marcy.

He smiles disarmingly.

DAVID

Marcy? Seriously? That is easily in my top ten favorite names in the world and you're the first one I've met in person.

(she smiles)

My name's David.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

36 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (D1) 36  
 The vitals monitor alarm continues to blare as Marcy's body lies still in the cold bath.

37 INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (D1) 37  
 Philip sits at his laptop watching camera feeds, providing intel: \*

PHILIP  
 Four of them are trying to get around the south side of the house. \*

CARLY  
 Hall, that's you!

HALL  
 I know, I know...

38 EXT. FARMHOUSE - PORCH - DAY (D1) 38  
 HALL -- on the porch, SEES them and takes two of them down.

HALL  
 It's like the fuckin' Alamo. Where's the Director!?

MACLAREN -- takes down another on his side trying to get around, then takes a look over the wall.

He SEES one of the closest pickup trucks has a device in the back with a tarp over it.

MACLAREN  
 They've gotta have an STA!

KYLE  
 What?

TREVOR  
 Space-time Attenuation device! It creates a field within which the Director can't see 'em!

CARLY  
 It's in the blue pickup covered in a tarp!

MacLaren reaches into a nearby bag and takes out a grenade.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

MACLAREN

Trevor, we need an end-run! Go!

He tosses Trevor the grenade.

TREVOR -- catches it, nods and runs out the side toward the edge of the property as fast as he can.

A SOCCER MOM Faction Member holding a sniper rifle notices him go.

39 INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (D1)

39

Anna pulls her knees up even closer as the gunfire blasts outside.

40 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (D1)

40\*

Marcy's vitals monitor ALARM is still going like mad.

41 INT. MARCY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - (FLASHBACK - 2015) - DAY (FB6)

41

Marcy and David walk down the corridor of Marcy's new apartment building. He puts a key in the door.

42 INT. MARCY'S APARTMENT - (FLASHBACK - 2015) - DAY (FB6)

42

David opens the door to Marcy's original small apartment. She goes in first, still clutching the book she left the institution with. David follows carrying a small bag of groceries featuring milk, cereal, bread and tea.

DAVID

Like I said it isn't much, but it's better than the street and it's subsidized.

MARCY

Do you live -- ?

DAVID

This is *your* place now, remember? See, there's a bed in there with clean sheets like I promised, annnd good, there's a towel too. Here's a dresser to put your things.

(then realizing)

So first thing tomorrow we'll get you some *things*.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

DAVID (CONT'D)

(moving on)

Ah, over here's a little fridge to  
keep milk for cereal and tea. D'you  
like tea?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

Marcy shrugs. He opens the door to put the milk inside, and checks first. He reaches in and grabs a baggie.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Looks like the previous tenant left  
a big chunk'a chocolate --  
(then realizing)  
Nope, that's hash, we'll take that  
away.

He pockets the chunk of hash surreptitiously and goes over to a floor lamp, making sure everything is in order.

DAVID (CONT'D)

This works...good! You've got a  
light to read your book by.

Marcy doesn't know what to do with herself as David stacks the meager groceries by the fridge, then stands there like an awkward bellman.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So. I'll let you get settled in.

MARCY

I d..don't have any...m...

DAVID

Money? Don't you worry about that,  
that's taken care of...

(beat)

I did look up the hospital where you  
said you were a patient --

MARCY

I w..work there.

DAVID

You *work* there. Huh. That's very  
different. Either way they claim to  
have no record of you.

Marcy turns the lamp off and on again, trying it out.

DAVID (CONT'D)

D'you happen to remember your social  
security number?

Marcy has no idea what that is.

DAVID (CONT'D)

No, nevermind I'll figure something  
out.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (3)

42

He turns to go.

MARCY

D..don't go.

DAVID

I have to, I have other clients --

She rushes him and embraces him like a little girl who doesn't want her dad to leave. He ever so gently removes her arms from around him and smiles.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Okay. Still have to go.

Marcy looks up at him, like a lost soul.

DAVID (CONT'D)

But I'm gonna come back in the morning and take you shopping, okay?

Marcy nods, a tear coming down her face.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Please don't do that...

She wipes her tear away.

MARCY

Okay.

DAVID

Okay, remember to lock the door.

He closes the door, smiling reassuringly as it closes.

Marcy stands alone in her new place wondering what to do.

43 OMITTED

43\*

44 INT. FARMHOUSE - UPPER FLOOR - DAY (D1)

44\*

Carly shouts out the window:

\*

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

CARLY

Kyle, if you can't hit your damn target give your weapon to somebody who can!

45 EXT. FARMHOUSE - FIELD - DAY (D1)

45

Trevor take a wide berth around the battlefield, trying to flank the pickup truck containing the STA.

The Soccer Mom has her rifle trained in Trevor's direction, tracking his running. She FIRES, but misses. She makes a slight adjustment on the scope of her rifle.

\*  
\*  
\*

46 INT. MARCY'S APARTMENT - (FLASHBACK - 2015) - DAY (FB7)

46

KNOCK KNOCK. Marcy goes to the door and asks:

MARCY

David?

DAVID (O.S.)

Surprise!

She opens the door for him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I know I said the paperwork would take seven days but it only took a week, so...

He holds up a folder with forms. He carries a shopping bag in his other hand. Marcy stands aside.

David enters and looks around. There are a few trinkets on the dresser now, as well as some pencil crayon drawings taped to the wall.

Most of them are of Marcy and David as stick figures. David notices, concerned that they're holding hands in the pictures.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You put some pictures up; nice.

(then)

So this is the paperwork we need you to sign so that we can get you something to live on.

He lays out the papers on the table and holds out a pen.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

DAVID (CONT'D)

I already filled out most of it, but  
there were a few things... D'you  
happen to remember your birthday?

Marcy thinks. Nope. Not in there. It upsets her.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

David writes a date down on the form.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Not a problem, we'll pick a day.  
Oh, wait...

He pulls the shopping bag out from behind his back.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
It's today! What were the odds!  
Well, one in 365, but so long as  
we're gonna say today:

He hands her the shopping bag with a flourish.

MARCY  
For my b..birthday?

DAVID  
Everybody deserves a birthday present.

She opens it. It's the purse from 101 that she clung to.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
It's not brand new. But it'll hold  
all your stuff when you go out.

She takes a 20 dollar bill from the bag and holds it up.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
My mother always said it's bad luck  
to give somebody a bag as a gift  
without money in it...  
(beat)  
Which I guess is why I asked for a  
new bag every Christmas.  
(beat)  
All we need to decide now is your  
age. I'm thinking somewhere between  
22 and 26. You pick.

MARCY  
You pick.

DAVID  
All right... 42.  
(off her look)  
56? 7?

Marcy laughs hard at that.

MARCY  
No, no!

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (3) 46

DAVID  
 You asked me to pick! Okay...  
 (he write the year)  
 We'll go with 25.

47 EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (D1) 47

A MILITARY VEHICLE -- complete with a 50 cal gun mount, moves up the driveway between the parked cars and pickup trucks of the attacking faction army.

MACLAREN  
 Carly?

CARLY  
 I see it.

48 EXT. FARMHOUSE - FIELD - DAY (D1) 48

Trevor runs as fast as he can...

The Soccer Mom FIRES at him again. She misses again, but just barely. She makes another slight adjustment on her scope and re-cocks the rifle. \*

POV SNIPER SCOPE -- Trevor runs through the field as the Soccer Mom lines up her shot. The cross hairs land perfectly on Trevor this time, and follow with him as he runs. \*

THE SOCCER MOM -- is just about to squeeze the trigger, when: \*

BANG! She collapses to the ground, dead. \*

CARLY -- having taken out the Soccer Mom, turns her attention back to the military vehicle with the 50 cal. \*

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

Hall SEES the military vehicle.

HALL  
 Hit the claymores!

CARLY  
 Wait for my order!

MacLaren grabs the detonators for the claymores and waits for Carly's order.

HALL looks across the porch and SEES:

THREE FACTION MEMBERS -- use the lull in MacLaren's fire to get around the building.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

Hall fires right past MacLaren, hitting one of the Faction attackers.

MACLAREN -- gives Hall a look. That was too close, but he knows at least two of the attackers got by.

MACLAREN

Philip, there's two going 'round the back!

49 INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (D1)

49

Philip and Luca stand guard over Anna, guns raised.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

PHILIP

Understood!

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

CARLY -- waits for the Military vehicle to be right on top of the mines they set but it stops short.

CARLY

It stopped short of the mines!

LUCA -- fires at the FIRST ATTACKER entering through the back door of the farmhouse, downing him in two shots, but:

THE SECOND ATTACKER charges him, knocking Luca to the floor.

PHILIP -- can't get a clean shot, but protects Anna with his body, waiting for an opportunity.

LUCA -- fights the Second Attacker, finally knocking him unconscious with a series of powerful punches.

A THIRD ATTACKER -- charges in from the back.

PHILIP -- takes him down with a single shot.

LUCA -- nods approval at that and picks up his weapon.

50 EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (D1)

50

THE MILITARY TRUCK -- becomes a flurry of activity as Faction attackers ready the 50 cal.

MACLAREN -- SEES the massive gun turning in their direction.

MACLAREN

Carly!

CARLY -- aims her sights at the FACTION MEMBER standing behind the 50 cal. She's got a bead on him and is almost ready to fire when she's suddenly GRAZED in the left shoulder by a flying bullet. \*

She winces as she falls back momentarily, then gets back up and steadies her weapon again. Shaking from the pain, she fires her gun once, twice, but only hits the shield that the Faction Member is standing behind. He's just about to start firing the 50 cal, when: \*

TREVOR -- races to the PICKUP TRUCK containing the STA and tosses the Grenade in back, then dives for cover.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

THE PICKUP -- explodes in back as the STA goes up with the grenade.

FACTION ATTACKERS -- almost instantly hold their heads in agony as the Director takes them.

51 EXT. CITY PARK - (FLASHBACK - 2015) - DAY (FB8)

51

David and Marcy sit at a park bench. It's reading aloud day.

MARCY

You're...a...big... g..girl now.

DAVID

Couldn't have read it better myself.  
Have you been practicing?

She shakes her head yes. Anything for David.

DAVID (CONT'D)

All right, well, that deserves a...  
(checking his wallet)

Better see how much I got on me before  
I start making promises.

Marcy digs her 20 dollar bill out of her purse.

DAVID (CONT'D)

That was for you to buy things you  
need.

(taking it)

Okay we'll call it a loan.

He gets up and they start walking. Marcy notices a couple walking by, hand in hand.

She takes David's hand, without saying anything.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Marcy, why're you doing that?

He stops walking, turning to face her.

MARCY

You're mm...my boyfriend.

David takes her other hand in his and lets her down as clearly but also as gently as possible. She doesn't see it coming.

DAVID

I can't be your boyfriend.

(beat)

I *can* be your friend.

Marcy pulls her hands away, hurt.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's not because I don't like you.  
Or that you're not one of my favorite  
people in the whole world. It's  
because it would be inappropriate.

(beat)

I know that's a big word...

A tear comes down her face.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Listen... Boyfriends come and go,  
but if you want, I can be your BFF.

(off her look)

Means *Best Friend Forever*. I don't  
just call anybody that.

52 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (D1)

52

Marcy's vitals alarm is still going off.

CLOSE ON HER PHONE -- it reads 4pm.

The vitals monitor ALARM changes to a single tone as her  
pulse flat-lines.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

53 EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (D1)

53

Two black SUV's arrive at the end of the driveway, pulling up almost to the smoking pickup. \*

Men and women wearing FBI jackets pour out.

The remaining Faction members are now all Travelers and greet them.

MacLaren looks to Hall, Trevor and Kyle.

MACLAREN

Oh, look, it's four o'clock already.

Philip walks out of the house with Anna.

ANNA

Is it over Agent Hall?

Hall can't help but glance at MacLaren.

HALL

Yeah, I think so. D'you agree Agent MacLaren?

MACLAREN

Sure.

CARLY -- comes urgently out of the house, looking at her watch as she passes MacLaren.

CARLY

Gotta go, I'm late.

MACLAREN

For what?

Carly runs out through the battlefield toward the van before the FBI even arrive at the house.

Anna watches Carly go, then SEES her parents, (40s) and rushes toward them, embracing her mother first.

ANNA

Mom! Dad! All these people were trying to --

MOM

We know.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

ANNA

I was so scared --

MOM

It's all right, Anna, they told us  
what happened.

(beat)

But we're here now and we're going  
to take you some place safe, okay?

Anna falls back into a comforting embrace.

54 EXT. STREET - DAY (D1)

54

David tries to call Marcy, but she won't pick up.

55 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (D1)

55

Marcy's phone vibrates. It says DAVID is calling. Her heart  
monitor is still flat-lined.

She is absolutely still in the freezing cold water.

56 EXT. STREET - DAY (D1)

56

David leaves a message.

DAVID

Hey it's me, I'm gonna be home around  
5, so... that's when I'm usually  
home, but you asked when I was going  
to be home, so I'm just confirming...

57 EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (D1)

57

MacLaren and Hall join Anna and her parents along with a few  
FBI AGENTS.

MOM

(to Hall and MacLaren)

Did any of your people get hurt?

MACLAREN

No. We all made it.

ANNA

Why did you do this for me?

HALL

Ohhh. Shame that last question was  
number ten...

Anna gives him a look. Hall smiles and kneels.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

HALL (CONT'D)

Because the future's gonna need people  
like you.

MacLaren nods to Hall. Good answer. Anna seems satisfied  
with that too.

ANNA

Bye.

Her 'mom' takes the hand of the future president and walks  
away, leaving MacLaren and Hall with the 'dad.'

MACLAREN

I assume her parents historically  
died trying to defend her.

DAD

At 3:43 this afternoon. We'll make  
sure she never knows.

Hall steps in alongside MacLaren.

HALL

You'd better take good care of her  
or you'll answer to the both of us.

DAD

We trained for years to do just that.

And the Dad follows his wife and daughter toward a waiting  
SUV. Hall turns to MacLaren, extending his hand.

HALL

Agent MacLaren.

MACLAREN

(begrudgingly)  
Agent Hall.

HALL

(laughing at that)  
Ha! That bugs the shit out of you  
doesn't it...

Hall walks off with Luca and Kyle, who both nod to MacLaren.

MACLAREN

Yep.

58 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (D1) 58

Marcy's nose is barely above the still water. The sound of the flat-lined monitor continues.

59 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - (FLASHBACK - 2017) - NIGHT (FB9) 59

Marcy and David concentrate intensely over a game on the table.

A BUZZING SOUND -- startles her and we reveal they're playing the 'OPERATION' board game. David is laughing his head off.

DAVID

I cannot believe how much you suck at this!

MARCY

This is nothing like actual surgery!

DAVID

'Wrenched elbow' is the easiest one!

MARCY

That's not even a real thing!

DAVID

I think I may be a better doctor --

We hear a KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK, then:

60 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D1) 60

Carly comes in the door and looks around.

CARLY

Marcy? I'm sorry I'm late, a mission that came outta nowhere...

She SEES the open bathroom door and walks toward it.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Marcy..?  
(then)  
MARCY!

She rushes to Marcy as the SOUND of the vitals monitor blares.

61 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - (FLASHBACK - 2017) - NIGHT (FB10) 61

David and Marcy are in bed together, post love making.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

DAVID

You know, I think if I die in my  
sleep tonight, I'm good to go.

MARCY

You don't have any life goals you  
still want to achieve?

DAVID

Nope. I have no goals. Like a *baaad*  
hockey player...

She moves closer to him. He laughs at his own joke.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Shame you didn't get that, it was  
pretty funny.

She kisses him deeply and romantically.

62 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (D1)

62

Carly lays a nearly blue skinned Marcy on the floor of the  
bathroom, yanking out the vitals monitor feed.

Carly begins chest compressions on her.

CARLY

One, two, three, four, five.  
(beat)  
One, two, three, four, five.

63 OMITTED

63\*

64 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D1)

64\*

The door is ajar. David enters cautiously, worried that somebody has broken in.

He SEES CARLY administering CPR and drops the groceries to the floor.

CARLY  
Where's her medical kit?!

DAVID  
What happened, what did she do?!

CARLY  
I just got here myself; get her bag  
and bring it over here!

David sees the wound in Carly's shoulder.

DAVID  
Have you been shot?

CARLY  
Get the bag!

DAVID -- grabs Marcy's bag from the closet and runs over to them. Carly continues chest impressions.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Can you charge up the defibrillator?

David shakes his head, no, near panic. Carly gets it.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Take over!

DAVID  
One, two, three, four, five --

65 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - (FLASHBACK - 2017) - NIGHT (FB12)

65

Marcy stands in front of David, the night she was reboot. MacLaren, Trevor, Carly and Philip are all in their positions from that night.

MARCY  
You must be David. I'm told we're  
close.

DAVID  
Close?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

DAVID (CONT'D)

(beat)

Marcy, we're very close, what's wrong?

66 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (D1)

66

David continues with the chest compressions until Carly is ready to shock her.

CARLY

Clear!

Carly shocks Marcy, whose color is just beginning to come back. She's otherwise completely still then:

CLOSE ON MARCY -- who takes a breath.

Carly takes her pulse... It's getting stronger.

CARLY (CONT'D)

She's coming back...

DAVID

Oh, thank god...

Carly looks to the bedroom.

CARLY

Help me get her into the bed, we've gotta get her body temperature up.

David lifts her up and carries her to the bedroom.

67 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - EVENING (N1)

67

MacLaren arrives back home. Kathryn is dozing on the sofa.

KATHRYN

Hi.

MacLaren goes over to the sofa and sits by her.

MACLAREN

Sorry I was gone so long.

KATHRYN

It's all right, I was dozing...

(off his look)

Grant, is everything okay?

MACLAREN

Everything's fine.

(beat)

I saved a kid today.

68 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N1)

68

David is waiting for the kettle to boil. He SEES the note on the counter, opens it, and begins to read.

MARCY (V.O.)

Dear David... If you are reading this, know that I didn't do this to leave you, but to be whole again. You're a part of that. I need to fill a void I know isn't supposed to be there.

(beat)

I know this hurts you. I'm sorry. But it was worth trying.

David is disturbed by the extreme measure she's taken.

68A INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

68A\*

Marcy comes to. Carly is there, speaking very softly.

\*

CARLY

Welcome back. I'll yell at you later...

(she smiles, then)

Find the missing pieces you were looking for?

DAVID -- appears in the doorway to the bedroom before she can answer, holding the piece of paper.

MARCY

David, you weren't supposed to see that unless --

DAVID

Unless you died, yeah, I figured that part out...

(beat)

Why would you do this?

(beat)

How could you do this!? Knowing that I was probably going to be the one to find you.

CARLY

Right now she needs to rest.

DAVID

Yeah, whatever.

Angry and hurt, David closes the bedroom door.

69 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - MORNING (D2) 69\*

MacLaren is pouring a cup of coffee as Kathryn comes out of the bedroom, dressed for the day.

He smiles at that, hands her the cup with a little kiss, and gets his own cup.

70 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING (D2) 70

Marcy wakes up alone in the bed, looking much better.

She calls out:

MARCY

David?

71 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - MORNING (D2) 71\*

Marcy walks into the empty living room and finds a note for her on the table.

It just reads: 'Went to work.'

Marcy scrunches up the paper and rushes to change, driven by a powerful desire to see him.

72 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D2) 72

David is talking with one of his clients when Marcy shows up suddenly.

DAVID

Hey.

MARCY

Hi. I wanted to talk to you before you left for work.

DAVID

Yeah, no, I thought you might want to thaw some more.

MARCY

Can we talk?

David nods, reluctant.

DAVID

Sure.

73 EXT. CITY STREET - ALLEYWAY - DAY (D2)

73

Marcy tries to explain why she did it as they walk and talk, in mid conversation.

MARCY

If you hadn't found the note, you would never have even known.

DAVID

Doesn't make it better.

MARCY

It was the only way, David.

DAVID

To do what?

MARCY

Find the missing pieces of myself.

(beat)

To find you.

DAVID

Okay, so..?

(beat)

Was it worth nearly killing yourself?  
Because honestly, I --

She kisses him impulsively, lovingly. It's a long kiss.

David understands now.

DAVID (CONT'D)

That was different.

MARCY

David, I know I scared you --

DAVID

You have no idea...

MARCY

But if I hadn't...

She trails off.

She SEES something on the sidewalk just beyond where they're standing. She goes over and stares at:

AN ELABORATE CHALK DRAWING OF A FUTURISTIC DOME.

David walks up behind her.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

DAVID

What? What is it.

Marcy stares at the drawing. It means something to her.

MARCY

Do you know who did this drawing?

DAVID

Ah, yeah, homeless guy, lives around here, why?

Marcy turns to David, purposefully, on mission.

MARCY

I need you to take me to him.

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #211

"SIMON"

Written by  
Jason Whiting

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TRAVELERS

"SIMON"

Set List - YELLOW PAGES - 07.05.17

Exteriors

ABANDONED BARN  
ALLEY  
CITY STREET  
COUNTRY ROAD  
PARK  
PERROW'S OFFICE  
SIMON'S HOME OFFICE  
WOODS

Interiors

ABANDONED BARN  
ARTIST'S LOFT  
BLACK CAR  
-Moving  
CARLY'S HOUSE  
-Kitchen  
DAVID'S APARTMENT  
-Bedroom  
FBI  
-Gun Range  
FBI FIELD OFFICE  
-Elevator  
GALA EVENT  
GARAGE/OPS  
-Bathroom  
GARY'S CAR  
-Moving  
INSTITUTION  
-Hallways  
-Room 21C  
-Simon's Room  
MACLAREN'S SUV  
-Moving  
PERROW'S OFFICE  
-Waiting Room  
SIMON'S HOME OFFICE

TEASER

74 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D4) 74\*

CLOSE -- on a partial image of CHALK DRAWING on a sidewalk.

A HAND -- deftly adds a detail, part of a much more elaborate structure...

75 INT. GALA EVENT - (FLASHBACK - 2012) - NIGHT (FB13) 75

MACLAREN -- writes his name on a silent auction bid sheet while KATHRYN looks on, both of them dressed like the old photos in EP 203. The vibe is tipsy and playful.

KATHRYN

Grant!

MACLAREN

What?

KATHRYN

We're not spending that much on football tickets!

MACLAREN

Have you seen the seats? Trust me, this is a bargain.

KATHRYN

Don't get caught in a bidding war.

MACLAREN

Kat, it's a *charity event*. Think of the children.

He finishes with a smile then straightens up to look across the room to where more WELL-DRESSED PEOPLE mill around.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

I wonder what those steak knives are up to...

Kathryn only has to give him a look.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Doesn't cost anything to look.

He turns to leave and runs straight into VINCENT, jostling the other man's drink.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Shit, that's my fault.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

Vincent doesn't look pleased as he deals with the spill.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Let me get you another one.

(then, to Kathryn)

You want another one? I'm getting you one too. We'll all get one.

Kathryn waits until he's gone before she turns to Vincent.

KATHRYN

My husband doesn't get out much.

Vincent uses an expensive handkerchief to wipe the champagne from his suit.

VINCENT

Neither do I...

KATHRYN

This is a great event, do you work for the hospital?

VINCENT

Someone my wife was very close to received care here; we became supporters. You?

KATHRYN

We live nearby. I donated a chair.

VINCENT

You endowed a new position.

Kathryn laughs out loud at that, then quickly apologizes.

KATHRYN

Ha! Sorry, no, I mean I literally gave them a chair... I'm a designer.

Vincent is charmed.

VINCENT

Is your chair in the auction?

KATHRYN

It is and I would be very happy to show it to you, Mr...?

VINCENT

Ingram. But please call me Vincent.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

KATHRYN

Kathryn.

Kathryn turns to lead the way.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

It doesn't have any bids on it  
unfortunately.

VINCENT

We'll have to see what we can do  
about that. My wife used to put us  
down for all the auction items that  
could use a little support.

KATHRYN

She sounds lovely.

VINCENT

She was. Unfortunately she's --

He stops, mid-sentence, caught by the sight of a painting  
that's like the graffiti in EP 210 -- a large dome perched  
on a sea of ice.

Vincent's fear and wonder are undisguised as he steps closer.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Forgive me, this work has left me  
speechless.

KATHRYN

Isn't it beautiful? Apparently these  
were created by one of the patients.

Vincent turns to SEE more paintings: other domes, stylized  
close-ups of people with shaved heads and something that  
looks like a ten-times larger version of the quantum frame.

A VOLUNTEER notices his reaction and hurries over.

VOLUNTEER

Do you see a piece you like, Mr  
Ingram?

Vincent's a bit overwhelmed but opens his arms wide.

VINCENT

All of them.  
(beat)  
I'll buy them all.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

76 INT. FBI - GUN RANGE - DAY (D2)

76

EXPLOSIVE GUNSHOTS shatter the silence as MacLaren fires a barrage of bullets downrange, BANG! BANG! BANG! Four more shots, BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! before he's out of ammo.

He ejects the magazine and grabs another one, slamming it home and cocking the action.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

77 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D2)

77

MacLaren enters straight from the gun range, head full of steam. He goes to his desk, searching for something then turns to BETH.

MACLAREN

Where's the Petrov file?

BETH

Excuse me?

MACLAREN

The Petrov file. It was right here.

BETH

It was reassigned.

MACLAREN

Why?

BETH

We weren't expecting you all week.

MACLAREN

Well I'm here.

BETH

I can see that, but nobody would think worse of you if you weren't.

MACLAREN

What's that supposed to mean?

BETH

Nothing, I'm just trying to be nice.

She turns to grab a folder from her desk and hands it to him.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

BETH (CONT'D)  
Here. Knock yourself out.

78 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D2)

78

DAVID and MARCY walk along a mostly-empty street.

DAVID  
He keeps to himself mostly. He's got some issues with coherent thought but hey, who doesn't.

MARCY  
How long have you known him?

DAVID  
Year, year and a half? I met him not long after I met you...  
(beat)  
There's a good person in there, but he doesn't really trust many people.

MARCY  
Paranoid? Delusional?

DAVID  
Oh yeah. He's on a *mission from the Director*. Whatever that means.

They walk under a bridge to reemerge on the far side to SEE another chalk drawing: a power plant of futuristic design.

MARCY  
Here's another one...

DAVID  
Looks new.

SIMON (late 20s, bit wild-looking) steps up beside them holding a bucket of chalk.

SIMON  
Just finished.

He nods, satisfied, then turns to Marcy.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
Hi, Marcy.  
(beat)  
I like your hair, it's nice.

David is as surprised as she is.

79 INT. GARAGE/OPS - BATHROOM - DAY (D2)

79

A low and droning INDIE SONG plays as PHILIP washes his face in the sink.

He catches his reflection in the mirror, everything looking normal briefly until the MUSIC STARTS TO DISTORT.

Philip's vision blurs and suddenly he's staring at two versions of himself, one like before, while in the other he's sweaty, high, and strung-out.

The music grows MORE DISTORTED as the high-looking Philip tilts his head back and closes his eyes, utterly defeated.

CARLY (O.S.)  
Philip? Philip!

Carly's voice drags him back to reality and Philip turns to the paper towel dispenser to retrieve a bottle of pills -- the ones the Archivist gave him in EP 209.

CARLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Can you change the music?

PHILIP  
I'm not your DJ, Carly.

CARLY (O.S.)  
This is sooo slow.

Philip dry-gulps a pill and his vision starts to clear.

PHILIP  
I'm not your DJ.

CARLY (O.S.)  
But you're so good at it.

Philip moves into Ops and hits the NEXT TUNE on his computer.

80 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D2)

80

CARLY dances while doing dishes at the kitchen sink.

CARLY  
Thank you!

Just then JEFF steps into the kitchen dressed in his uniform and we SEE the scene from his perspective: the room quiet and empty while Carly dances to an imaginary song.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

JEFF

You say something?

CARLY

Hm?

JEFF

I like those moves.

She doesn't take the bait.

JEFF (CONT'D)

See you tonight.

He steps close to snipe a quick kiss on the cheek.

CARLY

(light warning)

Hey.

JEFF

You bring it on yourself.

81 INT. GARY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY (D2)

81

TREVOR stares out the window as GARY drives. Beat.

GARY

You know I should have asked if you wanted to drive, give you the practice. In a few years cars're going to be driving themselves.

TREVOR

That's true.

A moment of strained silence before Gary continues.

GARY

Your mother and I heard about what's going on with your coach at school.

Trevor stays quiet.

GARY (CONT'D)

Nobody had any idea that was happening. He seemed like a normal guy. I hope he fries; sick bastard.

Gary catches himself getting off track.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

GARY (CONT'D)

Anyway, we're here for you if you ever want to talk about it or whatever. We'd feel awful if anything like that...

TREVOR

You don't have to worry, Gary. That didn't happen to me.

Gary's visibly relieved.

GARY

Yeah, good, good. That's what I figured. No way, not my son.

Trevor goes back to staring out the window as they drive on.

82 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

82

MacLaren stands at the computer with Marcy, Philip and Carly, everyone staring at FOUR CHALK DRAWINGS, the two familiar ones plus one that looks like a communal-eating area and another that looks like a giant yeast vat.

MACLAREN

So strange to see these in the 21st...

Marcy turns to Simon, who's on the couch, quietly sketching in a notebook.

MARCY

I remember him from the institution.

MACLAREN

You do?

MARCY

Host memories from a long time ago.

MacLaren understands.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Which means he's several years into a psychotic existence.

PHILIP

His name's Simon.

MacLaren nods as Marcy leads him over to the couch.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

MARCY

Simon, this is a friend of mine, he has some questions for you.

Simon avoids eye-contact as MacLaren crouches down.

SIMON

Questions, yeah right. You got a gun, I can see it, I see everything.

MACLAREN

And I'm on your side, Simon. Can you tell me what your traveler number is? ...

(nothing)

Can you remember any of the rest of your team or where they might be?

Simon stays quiet as Carly steps forward.

CARLY

I checked the area and swung by the shelter where he sleeps. Looks like he's been on his own for a while.

SIMON

You want what's in my head but there's so much you can't understand.

MACLAREN

You might be surprised what we can understand.

SIMON

Okay, so you know how an emission of Hawking radiation concerns two mutually entangled particles?

MACLAREN

Who doesn't?

SIMON

But if that particle enters a black hole it emits a finite amount of information, right?

(beat)

Which leads to what?

MacLaren has no idea.

SIMON (CONT'D)

A paradox!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2)

82

SIMON (CONT'D)

The monogamy of entanglement requires the outgoing particle to be fixed inside two independent systems at the same time!

MacLaren turns to Philip as Simon takes a breath.

PHILIP

Definitely upper echelon. Probably a specialist...

MACLAREN

Is that right, Simon? Are you a specialist?

SIMON

Yes and if you don't believe me ask the Director! Ask the --

VINCENT (O.S.)

Simon!

Simon jumps as his eyes dart to a spot above MacLaren's head.

VINCENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Shut. Up.

Move to SEE things from Simon's perspective: an angry-looking Vincent staring down at him in Ops.

SIMON

I'm sorry.

MARCY

...Simon?

Simon shakes his head, almost whispering.

SIMON

I can't. He's here.

MACLAREN

Who's here?

SIMON

I can't!

Marcy joins Simon on the couch as he returns to his sketchbook. He gives her a knowing glance as she looks down at what he's been drawing: a face she recognizes.

She looks up to MacLaren, and he comes over.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (3)

82

MARCY

That's Vincent Ingram.

MacLaren takes a peek at the drawing and nods, but:

MACLAREN

Yes it is, but how do you know that?  
There are no photographs of him and  
you never met.

MARCY

He was at the institution; he  
experimented on patients --

MACLAREN

You remember?

Marcy nods.

SIMON

He's 001.

This is news to everyone.

CARLY

What?

Simon looks up at the imagined Vincent.

SIMON

I didn't tell them!

VINCENT

I told you, Simon, I was very clear.

SIMON

No.

VINCENT

You know what you have to do.

SIMON

I don't want to!

VINCENT

You have to.

Simon clenches his fists before he turns back to the team.

SIMON

Now I have to take extreme measures...

He jumps up and pulls a knife from his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (4)

82

CARLY

He's got a weapon!

PHILIP

Whoa, Simon, take it easy!

Simon's eyes dart around the room as he backs away from them.

He looks like he's going to attack before he sticks his tongue out, grabbing it tight with one hand as he moves to cut it off with the other.

MACLAREN

Stop him!

The team struggles to stop Simon from mutilating himself just as

TREVOR -- enters Ops and rushes over to help.

TREVOR

Whoa, whoa, whoa!

MARCY

Carly, my med kit!

Trevor holds Simon as Carly grabs a needle from the med kit.

CARLY

Hold him!

They hold him and Carly knocks him out, leaving the team to stand over him, confused and out of breath.

TREVOR

What'd I miss?

CLOSE -- on Simon, finally unconscious and still.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

83 EXT. ALLEY - (FLASHBACK - 2011) - DAY (FB14)

83

A younger, more put-together Simon (20s), checks his watch at the top of an alley, annoyed at being made to wait.

A beat before TERRY (paunchy, 40s) finally joins him.

TERRY

Sorry, it's a bitch getting here.  
Can we meet at an easier place next  
time?

Terry takes a box out of his backpack and hands it over.  
Simon opens it to look inside.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Crazy how small they're getting,  
right?

Simon looks unimpressed as he produces an envelope of cash.

SIMON

Can you get me another one next week?

TERRY

Next week?

Simon doesn't repeat himself.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I can try but I gotta ask, what are  
you doing with all this stuff?

VINCENT (O.S.)

Don't tell him.

Simon looks up sharply, confused by the imagined voice.

SIMON

What did you just say to me?

TERRY

I said just what are you building...?

Beat.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I mean I just hope it's nothing,  
like, illegal.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: 83

Simon walks away without answering leaving the guy to call after him.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I'll see what I can find, but I can't make any promises!

84 INT. SIMON'S HOME OFFICE - (FLASHBACK - 2011) - DAY (FB14) 84

Simon's alone in his office, tools and components scattered around an advanced-looking computer.

He works in a text box before he calls up a familiar-looking window filled with flowing letters and symbols.

THE DEEP WEB 1.0 -- is similar to the one we know but more primitive and monochromatic with a few visual glitches.

Simon types a message into the swirling field: "SYSTEM CHECK:" \*  
before he hears something. \*

VINCENT (O.S.)

Simon.

Simon looks toward the voice, confused, then turns back.

VINCENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Simon!

85 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N2) 85

Simon bolts awake in Philip's bed to find Vincent standing over him.

VINCENT

What are you doing?

Simon shoves himself back in the bed.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You need to leave.

The SOUND of running water followed by FOOTSTEPS approach and Philip enters the room, stepping right in front of the imagined Vincent.

PHILIP

Hey.

Simon reaches for the glass, grateful, and drinks quietly.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
Marcy said you'd feel better when  
you woke up, but there's still a few  
hours to go before dawn.

He moves to go, revealing that Vincent has disappeared behind  
him. Philip turns back.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
You can relax now, by the way. You're  
safe here.

Philip smiles and exits leaving Simon to look to the corner  
of the room where Vincent stands, silently watching him.

86 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - NIGHT (N2)

86

MacLaren stands in the middle of the apartment, listening  
until he hears a FAINT SOUND: HMMM, CLICK-CLICK.

He turns toward the kitchen. HMMM, CLICK-CLICK.

JUMP CUT through MacLaren searching for the source of the  
sound, checking the microwave, dishwasher and refrigerator  
until his eyes fall on the smoke detector.

MacLaren's setting up a step-ladder when the bedroom door  
opens and Kathryn emerges, squinting in the dim light.

MACLAREN  
Sorry.

KATHRYN  
It's four in the morning.

MACLAREN  
There's a sound...

Kathryn pauses, clearly something deeper's going on.

KATHRYN  
What sound?

MACLAREN  
Something's clicking. There.

They pause to listen, nothing for a moment and then again,  
very quiet, HMMM, CLICK-CLICK.

Kathryn catches the direction first and moves toward the  
living room with MacLaren following. They stand frozen by  
the couch as it happens again, HMMM, CLICK-CLICK.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

Kathryn bends down under the sidetable and reemerges holding a mechanical plug timer.

KATHRYN

Lamp's on a security timer.

MACLAREN

Oh. Great. Thanks.

KATHRYN

Now will you please come back to bed?

MacLaren's nod is the beginning of an emotional collapse and Kathryn reaches out to reel him into a tight embrace.

MACLAREN

I'm sorry.

KATHRYN

Hey, shh, it's okay...

(beat)

We can take turns being the strong one.

MacLaren nods again and they stay like that, clinging to one another in the middle of the dark and quiet apartment.

87 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D3)

87

Philip's working on the deep web when he hears BARE FEET ON CONCRETE.

PHILIP

Hey, morning, I didn't want to --

He turns to see Simon step forward, completely naked, a strategically-placed speaker obscuring his business zone.

SIMON

(re: the deep web)

New interface. Cleaner.

(to Philip)

And there's color now.

PHILIP

Color?

SIMON

Mind if I...?

He motions to Philip's chair.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

PHILIP

Yeah, sure...

Philip's still playing catch-up as Simon plants his naked ass in the chair, fully absorbed by what he's seeing onscreen.

SIMON

Multi-homed... asymmetric crypto...

Simon pops open new parts of the deep web and we stay on him as we transition into:

88 INT. SIMON'S HOME OFFICE - (FLASHBACK - 2011) - DAY (FB15)

88

Simon works on the monochrome 1.0 version of the deep web, translucent curtains drawn against the light of day.

He pauses to consider what he's written when he hears A SOUND.

SIMON

Hello?

Simon's turning back to his computer when a pop-up window activates: BING!

THE POP-UP -- "Warning! Your computer might be compromised!"

Simon frowns as he shuts it down.

He's considering what just happened when A SHADOW flashes past the window, startling him.

Simon's staring at the window when BING! BING! BING! his screen starts to fill with more pop-ups, these ones very official-looking, FBI seal, etc.:

"Warning! Security breach detected! Your IP address has been logged."

Simon tries to close the windows but they keep coming, BING! BING! BING! filling his whole screen.

He shoves back from the desk, almost falling over as he hears the sounds of APPROACHING SIRENS and SCREECHING TIRES.

Simon panics as he moves back to the computer, executing a quick series of commands and unplugging it from the wall before he runs from the room.

89 EXT. SIMON'S HOME OFFICE - (FLASHBACK - 2011) - DAY (FB15)

89

Simon blasts out onto the street chased by the sounds of SIRENS, BULLHORNS, RUSHING FEET and an APPROACHING HELICOPTER.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

He throws his hands up in the air as he drops to his knees.

SIMON

I surrender!

THREE PEDESTRIANS -- stroll along an otherwise quiet street, turning to watch the crazy man holding his arms above his head while CRYING, SHOUTING, and completely alone. \*

SIMON (CONT'D)

I surrender!

One of the Pedestrians takes out her phone and dials.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

9-1-1, what's your emergency?

90 EXT. PARK - DAY (D3)

90

Trevor's eating a sandwich and reading "Timequake" on a park bench when RENE appears. He stands to greet her.

TREVOR

Hi, are you okay?

RENE

I don't know.

TREVOR

Just tell me what's wrong, maybe I can help.

They take a seat.

RENE

I'm just going to get to it: I've been away and you've been back home and that's totally fine.

TREVOR

Yeah...

RENE

And I've been learning all this new stuff and making new friends and having experiences and it all feels good, you know?

Trevor nods with support, beginning to understand.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

RENE (CONT'D)

And then I come home and everything's the same but it's not. Like my parents, my brother, you... I don't even know what I'm trying to say.

Trevor nods again, he gets it.

TREVOR

You're breaking up with me.

RENE

No I'm not... Am I?

TREVOR

You're growing into the woman you're going to become and that's exciting.

He turns to gather up his things.

RENE

You don't have to leave.

TREVOR

No, for sure, but it's just that you said it was an *emergency* and I kinda dropped everything I was doing...

RENE

It's an emergency for our relationship! I'm not even sure what I want right now.

TREVOR

I understand, take all the time you need. You'll make the right decision.

Trevor smiles and turns away leaving Rene to stare after him wondering what the hell just happened.

91 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D3)

91

MacLaren's working at his desk when Philip comes him.

PHILIP (O.S.)

Hey, boss?

MACLAREN

Go ahead.

92 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D3) 92

Simon's still working at the computer, a blanket draped around his shoulders now as Philip looks on.

PHILIP

(on com)

You're going to want to see this...

93 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D3) 93

MacLaren waits by the elevators when one DINGS OPEN to reveal a surprised-looking David standing inside.

DAVID

Agent MacLaren.

MACLAREN

What do you need, David? I was just on my way --

DAVID

I have some questions. They're mostly about Marcy...

MACLAREN

Mostly.

DAVID

All. I'll ride down with you.

MacLaren nods and presses "G". His eyes fall on a piece of paper that David's holding.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I wrote them down...

MACLAREN

I can see that.

David snaps to his list as the doors slide shut.

94 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - ELEVATOR - DAY (D3) 94

David starts with his first question.

DAVID

Okay, has Marcy's situation changed at work?

MACLAREN

You know I can't talk about our work.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

David glances up.

DAVID

But in general: Is she under more stress? Maybe she's dealing with a difficult situation?

MACLAREN

You know what?

MacLaren reaches out and takes the list.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Have I noticed a sudden personality change?" "Is she giving away any personal possessions?" This one looks more like a statement...

MacLaren hands the list back.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

What's this about?

MacLaren's look urges David to get on with it.

DAVID

Okay, I have some training in this and I recently witnessed signs of self-destructive behavior.

MACLAREN

I know all about what Marcy did, if that's what you're asking.

DAVID

You mean with the tub and the ice and the --

MACLAREN

I know what it must have looked like but it wasn't self-destructive behavior. It was experimental. Cutting edge science --

DAVID

Which was extremely dangerous --

MACLAREN

Would I have approved? No. Do I understand why she did it? Yes. And so should you.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (2)

94

A moment of silence before the elevator DINGS and the doors open.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

After you.

95 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D3)

95

Marcy, Carly and Trevor are huddled together when MacLaren enters. Marcy waves him over.

CARLY

We got some new information.

They look over to where Simon works with Philip.

MARCY

Simon was one of the first Travelers.  
004.

TREVOR

His mission was to set up our  
communication infrastructure.

MACLAREN

So what happened?

MARCY

Schizophrenia only manifests itself  
later in life. He was sent into a  
compromised host.

They walk over to join Philip and Simon at the computer.

PHILIP

(to MacLaren)

How well do you understand the  
internet?

MACLAREN

I'm good with languages.

Philip picks up a marker and turns to his dirty bedroom window.

PHILIP

Okay: Broadly speaking there's four  
types: application, transport,  
internet and physical.

MacLaren already looks lost as Philip draws four lines.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

PHILIP (CONT'D)

One of the first things Simon did when he arrived was create a whole new physical layer.

Philip wipes out the bottom line and replaces it with a jagged one.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

A dedicated backbone that piggybacks on cell phone networks and communications satellites.

MACLAREN

Our back channel in the deep web.

\*

PHILIP

It turns out our back channel also has layers.

Philip adds some more jagged lines as Simon turns to point at the swirling deep web.

SIMON

He's watching you.

CARLY

Vincent's been spying on us.

TREVOR

He's using secret layers in the back channel for secure communication and to spy on other travelers.

\*

PHILIP

That's the bad news.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2)

95

TREVOR

The good news is, now that we know,  
we think we can use it against him  
to find out where he's hiding.

MacLaren looks to the rest of his team, everyone excited at  
the prospect.

MACLAREN

Show me.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

96 INT. INSTITUTION - HALLWAYS - (FLASHBACK - 2012) - DAY 96  
(FB16)

Vincent's being escorted down a hallway by the institution's director, DR CARROLL.

DR CARROLL

He presented very classically:  
persecutory delusions, fear of  
authority and surveillance... The  
neuroleptics leveled him out and  
we've been working on the other stuff  
ever since.

She lowers her voice as they stop outside a wardroom door.

DR CARROLL (CONT'D)

He believes he was sent from the  
future on a mission to save the Earth.  
That along with several other somatic  
issues. He literally doesn't think  
he's living in his own body.

97 INT. INSTITUTION - SIMON'S ROOM - (FLASHBACK - 2012) - DAY 97  
(FB16)

Simon has his back to the door, engrossed by a fresh canvas.  
He stops to listen as Vincent and Dr Carroll enter behind him.

DR CARROLL

Art therapy's been a successful  
intervention. As you know, he's a  
natural talent...

(then, to Simon)

Simon, you have a visitor! This is  
the man I told you about.

VINCENT

Hello, Simon. It's a pleasure to  
meet you.

Simon slowly faces them and stays quiet as Vincent turns to  
Dr Carroll.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Dr Carroll, would it be possible to  
speak with Simon alone?

DR CARROLL

You wouldn't be in any danger, if  
that's what you mean.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

VINCENT

I'd like to talk about his work and  
I want him to feel free to open up.

DR CARROLL

I suppose I could go find us some  
coffee.

(to Simon)

Will you be nice to our guest, Simon?  
Mr Ingram's a close friend of the  
institution.

Simon keeps his eyes down and waits until the doctor's gone.

SIMON

You're not supposed to be here.

VINCENT

Simon, you heard what Dr Carroll  
said.

SIMON

You were supposed to die in the North  
Tower.

Vincent's surprised.

VINCENT

You know who I am.

SIMON

I know that voice, we searched for  
it for years.

VINCENT

Then you also know that I'm important  
to the program, Simon. I'm the very  
first traveler.

SIMON

The Director is not happy. You were  
supposed to die.

VINCENT

Not anymore. The Director gave me a  
new mission.

Simon's eyes flick up.

SIMON

What mission?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

97

VINCENT

The Director feels terrible for what happened to you and wants to fix it. It sent me to help you. We're going to make you whole again.

Simon looks up, his eyes full of hope.

98 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D3)

98

The team is huddled around the computer as Philip explains.

PHILIP

There are sixteen continental switches for the back channel, but only four that handle sub-channel traffic. Simon helped me set up alerts to log any suspicious network activity.

Philip pulls up a few pages of garbled text.

MACLAREN

What am I looking at?

PHILIP

That was Vincent communicating with someone late last night.

MARCY

With who?

\*

PHILIP

We don't know.

CARLY

What's it say?

\*

PHILIP

Don't know that either -- it's encrypted.

MACLAREN

So where's it going?

Trevor steps forward.

TREVOR

We also don't know where it was sent or received. Hops are encrypted along the sub-channels as well as at both ends of the pipe.

Simon jumps in to disagree.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

SIMON

Except for this one.

He points at the screen where a string of garbled text has begun to flow, too fast to track.

TREVOR

He's getting a phone call.

Philip springs into action as MacLaren turns to the group.

MACLAREN

What, right now?

TREVOR

Looks like the access point is unsecure. We might be getting a phone number...

99 EXT. WOODS - DAY (D3)

99

Vincent walks through the woods with his son, TAYLOR, and Pepper the dog. His PHONE RINGS and he glances down, annoyed.

VINCENT

(on the phone)

This isn't the last phone I sent you. Those phones are meant for your safety as well as mine.

DR PERROW (O.S.)

I can't find that one. This won't take long.

100 INT. PERROW'S OFFICE - DAY (D3)

100

DR PERROW sits in her well-appointed office.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

DR PERROW

You need a more thorough treatment regimen, Vincent, one that at least allows for the possibility of medication.

VINCENT

I don't need pills, I just need to talk! We have an appointment.

DR PERROW

And I'm calling to cancel it.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

VINCENT

That's unacceptable.

DR PERROW

I'm sorry, Vincent. I can recommend --

VINCENT

I don't want to talk with anyone  
else, I want to talk with you! And  
I will, just like we agreed!

Perrow is unfazed by his outburst.

DR PERROW

Goodbye, Vincent. Please don't  
contact me again.

101 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D3)

101

The team scrambles with the new data.

TREVOR

Call's over.

PHILIP

We got the originating number.

Philip jots the number down and hands it to MacLaren.

MACLAREN

I'll check it with the FBI. In the  
meantime see what you can do to track  
down a location.

Philip nods as MacLaren turns to the team.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Everybody else: Protocol 5, but the  
minute we find out where Vincent's  
hiding, we're kicking down his door.

MacLaren exits with Marcy and Trevor close behind leaving  
Philip to call after Carly.

PHILIP

Hey, Carly, hold up.

CARLY

What.

PHILIP

Thought you could hang back...

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

CARLY

For?

Philip searches for an excuse, his eyes falling on Simon.

PHILIP

Protection?

Simon coughs and adjusts himself, the blanket slipping off his naked shoulders. He senses their eyes on him and turns.

SIMON

Gotta pee.

He stands up, naked and unashamed, as Carly turns to Philip.

CARLY

I think you got this.  
(as she goes)  
Bye, Philip!

102 INT. INSTITUTION - HALLWAYS - (FLASHBACK - 2012) - DAY (FB17)

102

Vincent's walking down the hall when a voice CALLS OUT.

DR CARROLL

Mr Ingram? Mr Ingram.

Vincent turns to find Dr Carroll hurrying after him.

DR CARROLL (CONT'D)

I'm glad I caught you. I wanted to thank you for the personal interest you've taken in Simon's care.

VINCENT

I'm happy to help.

DR CARROLL

But I also wanted to talk to you about all the equipment you've been bringing in...

VINCENT

Nothing nefarious, I promise you. Surplus electronic parts from my various companies. Most of it's not even functional.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

DR CARROLL

Still, Simon's convinced that it will help with his "consciousness issues".

Vincent looks amused by the idea.

VINCENT

Is that what he's saying today?

DR CARROLL

Of course the problem is, we have procedures to follow... Safety and compliance and various approval committees...

Vincent nods.

VINCENT

I understand. These things are expensive and take time.

He reaches into his pocket to produce an envelope of cash.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Hopefully this will address the first problem and perhaps you can help with the second.

Dr Carroll looks down at the thick envelope.

DR CARROLL

This is very generous.

VINCENT

Not at all: charity is a gift you give yourself. Have a nice weekend, doctor.

Vincent waits until she walks away before he pulls out a key to what we now see is Room 21C.

He opens the door and steps inside, showing a glimpse of Simon surrounded by complex engineering equations and the DEVICE from 210.

103 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N3)

103

David comes home to find the table set, candles out.

DAVID

Marcy?

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

MARCY (O.S.)  
(from the kitchen)  
In here!

He moves to the kitchen to find a total mess: cooking tools and food scraps spread across every available surface. Marcy turns, looking simultaneously happy and overwhelmed.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
I'm making dinner.

DAVID  
Really?  
(off her look)  
It's just I've never seen you cook before.

MARCY  
It's dinner, David, not brain surgery.

He takes a peek inside a pot of boiling paste-like water.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
It's pasta.

DAVID  
Yeah. How long's this been on?

Marcy comes over to look.

MARCY  
Not long enough to boil off the water.

David finds this absolutely adorable.

DAVID  
There's definitely still water in there. No rush, I had a late lunch --

He turns to find Marcy standing right there and suddenly she's kissing him. It takes him a moment to recover.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
You surprise me every time you do that.

She leans in and kisses him again, more insistent. David wisely shuts himself up and suddenly they're making out in the kitchen, full of passion.

Marcy reaches out and pulls him from the room but we stay by the stove, waiting until David hurries back in to shut off the burner.

104 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT (N3)

104

MacLaren's working late when the elevator DINGS and he looks up to see Kathryn walk in carrying a plastic takeout bag.

MACLAREN  
Shit, I'm sorry.

KATHRYN  
You're avoiding me.

MACLAREN  
No, I'm just very --

KATHRYN  
I see it when you look at me. I  
remind you of what happened. And  
I'm not taking it personally, but it  
does convince me that we need this.

She places the bag on his desk.

MACLAREN  
Take out?

She starts to unpack it.

KATHRYN  
This is caponata, this is moussaka,  
that's for me...

\*  
\*

Kathryn pulls the moussaka back towards herself.

\*

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
...And this is Mexican because there's  
no Spanish places around here.

\*

MacLaren smiles at that.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
We just sold the house and you've  
got a ton of vacation saved up, so...

She points to the proper containers.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
Palermo, Santorini, Barcelona.  
(beat)  
You need a break, Grant, we both do.  
We take off for a few months, spend  
a ridiculous amount of money and hit  
reset on our whole life.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

MACLAREN  
That would be... incredible.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

KATHRYN

But you could never imagine leaving work for that long, I know. Which is why I started thinking of a different plan, one that costs just as much and will definitely reset the hell out of everything.

She pulls out a pamphlet and slides it across the table for him to read: "International Adoption in Washington State".

MACLAREN

Adoption...

KATHRYN

It's still too soon to be diving in, I know, but I spotted it at the library and thought we could at least start talking about it.

MACLAREN

It never even occurred to me.

KATHRYN

Meaning what?

He looks up.

MACLAREN

Meaning I think it's a good idea.

105 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N3)

105

Philip sits at his workstation. He checks the time, worried, obviously preoccupied with something...

106 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (N3)

106

Carly's asleep on the couch beside a folded pile of laundry when the back door BANGS OPEN.

JEFF

Carly. Carly!

She gets up as Jeff enters, unsteady on his feet.

CARLY

What is this? You're drunk?

JEFF

I had some drinks, what do you want. You want me to disrespect my boss on his birthday?

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

Carly shakes her head.

CARLY

Jeffery's sleeping and you're drunk  
and I'm not going to deal with this.

JEFF

Oh you can't deal? How long you  
going to hang it over me, Carly? I  
been good and you know it. What's a  
man gotta do around here?

(beat)

You're the one who was screwin'  
around.

CARLY

All right. Get out.

JEFF

I ain't going nowhere.

He reaches out and grabs her arm forcing Carly to twist free.

CARLY

Touch me again.

JEFF

I been good. You owe me.

CARLY

*Owe you?*

JEFF

Am I gonna get some or what?

CARLY

Never, Jeff. Not now, not ever.

A beat before Jeff rushes at her, catching her off guard.  
He manages to pin Carly against the doorframe and leans in  
for a kiss before she frees herself.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Stop.

But he doesn't.

He comes at her again before Carly drops him, hard. He slowly  
gets back to his feet, angry.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Stay down.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

JEFF

You shouldn'ta done that.

Jeff comes at her again and Carly drops him again. The BABY STARTS TO CRY as he staggers back to his feet, full of rage.

CARLY

Stay down!

But Jeff rushes at her again, slamming Carly against the wall before she flips him to the floor, the hardest time yet.

He looks like he's going to give up until he turns to grab one of the FIVE POUND WORKOUT WEIGHTS. He swings it at Carly, managing to clip her face.

The shock of the blow puts Carly into a different register and she hits back hard, dropping Jeff for a final time before she starts in on him, merciless.

CARLY (CONT'D)

I said stay down! Stay down!

She's still hitting him when Philip starts singing an a cappella version of "When You're Smiling" over her com.

\*  
\*

PHILIP (O.S.)

"When you're smiling..."

\*  
\*

CARLY

Not now, Philip.

107 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N3)

107

Philip sits alone at his computer.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

PHILIP

"When you're smiling..."

\*

CARLY

Not now!

PHILIP

"The whole world smiles with you..."

\*

Carly tries to turn her com off but can't.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

CARLY  
Goddammit, Philip.

PHILIP  
"When you're laughing..."

\*

Carly takes a step back, breathing through her anger.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
"When you're laughing... The sun  
comes shining through..."

\*

\*

Carly takes in the sight of Jeff's bloodied and unconscious body before she turns to the sound of the BABY CRYING.

She takes a deep breath and moves off to console Jeffrey Jr as Philip quietly continues to sing.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

108 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY (D4)

108

Marcy stirs awake in bed and opens her eyes to find David lying there, watching her.

DAVID

Morning.

MARCY

Hi... Were you watching me sleep?

DAVID

You try looking at yourself some time, it's hard not to.

Marcy smiles and stretches.

MARCY

You're ridiculous.

David agrees.

DAVID

I'm ridiculous.

He leans in and they kiss.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm glad you stayed.

MARCY

This is so much cozier than the place I've been staying.

DAVID

So you're using me for my duvet.

Marcy smiles before she turns more serious.

MARCY

I'm sorry it's taken so long to find my way back.

DAVID

To be fair, I was kinda playing hard to get.

(beat)

So help me understand: How could *whatever it was you were doing* make things better? Even if you can't tell me the top secret details.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

MARCY

Well, okay, for example: Remember that night we played the "operation" game and you said you were a better doctor than me?

(off his look)

Because I do.

DAVID

You do?

MARCY

I remember a lot of things. So much of it I can't tell you...

(beat)

But I *can* tell you that I love you.

DAVID

You have no idea how happy that makes me.

(then)

Do you remember you owe me 20 dollars?

Marcy thinks he's serious and almost gets out of bed.

MARCY

Oh, no, let me get it --

David embraces her.

DAVID

I'm kidding!

(they kiss)

I wonder if that pasta is ready.

And they laugh in each other's arms.

109 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D4)

109

Carly enters Ops to find Philip at the computer.

CARLY

Hey look: you survived.

Philip looks over at Simon.

PHILIP

Yeah, he started seeing Vincent again in the night, but at least I got him to put on some pants.

CARLY

Uh huh.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

PHILIP

How about you? Everything okay at home?

CARLY

I knew it.

Carly punches him hard in the shoulder.

PHILIP

Ow!

CARLY

That wasn't a random call.

PHILIP

What! I was up! I was bored! I like that song.

CARLY

Bullshit. You knew something was going to happen.

PHILIP

How? That's impossible.

Carly looks into his eyes.

CARLY

I don't know, but you knew. The timing was too perfect.

(beat)

Philip, what was I going to do?

Philip shakes his head.

PHILIP

No.

CARLY

What was I going to do?

PHILIP

The most important thing is you're all right.

CARLY

Was I going to jail?  
(he doesn't answer)  
Was I going to kill him?

PHILIP

How is Jeff?

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

109

CARLY

He'll live. Probably won't even remember it...

Philip nods.

PHILIP

So what are you going to do?

Carly looks up as MacLaren and Trevor enter Ops. MacLaren moves to join them.

MACLAREN

You got something?

PHILIP

The phone that called Vincent was a burner: paid for in cash, no user info.

Philip walks them back to the computer.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

But I was able to use its IMEI along with cell tower data to give us the neighborhood where it was last used.

A SATELLITE IMAGE -- shows a densely-packed city block overlaid with red dots.

TREVOR

Fancy part of town.

PHILIP

Right, which made the next part easier.

He turns to the keyboard.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Most people in this area are upstanding citizens who have actual names attached to their phones. Narrow the search to nameless devices, and this list drops close to zero.

The dots on the map mostly disappear leaving a few outliers.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Simon and I spent the night checking security footage around these locations and came up with our prime suspect.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (3)

109

He brings up a photo of Dr Perrow.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Katrina Perrow: specializes in treating panic disorders, social anxiety and agoraphobia.

MacLaren turns to Philip.

MACLAREN

You have an address?

110 INT. INSTITUTION - HALLWAY - (FLASHBACK - 2015) - DAY (FB18) 110

An argument rages behind the closed door of Room 21C.

VINCENT (O.S.)

You've been given every resource to make this work!

SIMON (O.S.)

I need more time.

111 INT. INSTITUTION - ROOM 21C - (FLASHBACK - 2015) - DAY (FB18) 111

Simon moves around as Vincent stands near the room's machine. \*

SIMON

We need to be operating in the exascale, *minimum*. The meteor will --

VINCENT

I told you -- I keep telling you -- the meteor doesn't happen for years.

SIMON

Then we do it another way, right? We've got node clusters, the math libraries, and all we need is a qubit engine and a field generator --

VINCENT

And where are we going to get that, Simon?

Simon gives him a look, like it's so obvious.

SIMON

The Director!

Vincent looks away, defeated.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

VINCENT  
This was a mistake.

SIMON  
No --

VINCENT  
I've wasted so much time...

SIMON  
No, we just need the plans.

VINCENT  
We're finished here.

Vincent gets up to leave.

SIMON  
But it's the only thing that will  
fix things. We hurt all those people.  
We hurt Marcy!

Vincent exits leaving Simon to call out after him.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
You just need to ask the Director  
for the materials!  
(beat)  
Ask the Director!

112 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D4)

112

Jeff wakes up on the couch with a raging hangover.

He gets up and staggers into the kitchen where he runs the  
tap and splashes cold water on his face.

Jeff takes a carton of juice out of the fridge and slams the  
door to find himself face-to-face with a fridge magnet: "You  
can do it!" with a mirror in the middle.

He catches his reflection and turns away, hating who he sees.

113 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D4)

113

Marcy, Trevor and Philip watch Simon, who has returned to  
sketching in his notebook on the couch.

PHILIP  
Why didn't the Director help him?  
Afterwards, I mean? Why'd it abandon  
him?

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

MARCY

Probably for the same reason it sent my consciousness -- yours too for that matter -- into a compromised host: it didn't know.

TREVOR

No records from the institution made it out of the 21st. Vincent covered his tracks.

SIMON

(quietly)  
I want to go home.

PHILIP

What's that?

Simon turns to look at them.

SIMON

Can I go home now?

114 INT. PERROW'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY (D4)

114

Carly and MacLaren enter the waiting room.

MACLAREN

Dr Perrow?

It takes a moment for her to appear in the doorway.

MacLaren presents his badge.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

I'm Special Agent Grant MacLaren, and this is my associate, Carly Shannon. We'd like to talk to you about one of your patients.

115 INT. PERROW'S OFFICE - DAY (D4)

115

Carly and MacLaren sit with Dr Perrow.

MACLAREN

The FBI has been monitoring Vincent Ingram for some time.

CARLY

We know all about his paranoid delusions and, unfortunately, he's started to act on them.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

DR PERROW

He's hurt someone.

MACLAREN

We believe so. And we're worried  
it's going to continue.

DR PERROW

I didn't know; I would have reported  
it.

MACLAREN

None of that matters now, we're only  
interested in stopping him.

DR PERROW

Our professional relationship  
deteriorated, I just phoned him to  
cancel an appointment.

MACLAREN

We know about your call. And we'd  
like you to keep that appointment.

DR PERROW

What? Why?

MACLAREN

Vincent's in hiding.

DR PERROW

You want me to keep my appointment  
and you're going to follow me.

Carly removes the com injector from her bag.

CARLY

We have a device. It's completely  
untraceable and will allow us to be  
in constant communication.

DR PERROW

You mean like a wire?

MACLAREN

Little more high tech than that.

Carly lays out the injector.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Will you help us?

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

116 INT. INSTITUTION - HALLWAYS - (FLASHBACK - 2015) - DAY 116  
(FB19)

Vincent is walking down the hall when Dr Carroll ducks out of her office.

DR CARROLL  
Mr Ingram. Mr Ingram!

She rushes after him and finally pulls level.

DR CARROLL (CONT'D)  
Mr Ingram.

Vincent turns.

DR CARROLL (CONT'D)  
I just got out of the board meeting --  
they said you're withdrawing your  
funding.

He stays quiet.

DR CARROLL (CONT'D)  
I told them it must be some kind of  
mistake.

VINCENT  
It's not a mistake.

DR CARROLL  
At least give us some more time, a  
more gradual reduction would allow  
us to --

VINCENT  
I'm sorry, I've made my decision.

DR CARROLL  
The institution has come to depend  
on your generosity; whole programs  
will have to be shuttered. What  
about the patients? A lot of them  
will have to be put out on the street.

Vincent turns to give her a pointed look.

VINCENT  
Then it's fortunate you care so much  
and I've been able to compensate you  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
so well over the years. You can  
take my place as a benefactor.

117 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D4)

117

Marcy opens the side door of the team van and Simon emerges,  
blinking back the brightness of day.

She hands him his bucket of chalk first and then an envelope  
full of cash.

MARCY  
This should last you a while. Give  
us a call when you need more, you  
know how to find us.

Simon smiles as he turns to her.

SIMON  
I'm glad it worked, Marcy.

MARCY  
I don't understand.

SIMON  
The device in room 21c. I thought  
you were gone forever but you got  
better.  
(beat)  
So maybe I can get better too.

MARCY  
You know where to find us if you  
need help.  
(beat)  
Take care of yourself.

They share a heartfelt hug before Marcy gets back in the van  
and drives away.

118 EXT. PERROW'S OFFICE - DAY (D4)

118

Dr Perrow stands outside her office building, waiting.

PHILIP (O.S.)  
Okay, the car's approaching now.  
Good luck.

She looks down the street. A chauffeured black car rolls up  
to her.

(CONTINUED)

- 118 CONTINUED: 118
- A TALL DRIVER silently steps around the vehicle to open the door for her to get in. Perrow offers a polite smile and gets in.
- 119 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D4) 119
- Philip consults a map with a moving GPS marker.
- PHILIP  
All right, she's leaving the city.  
Signal looks good.
- 120 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D4) 120
- Trevor has a tablet open in the back seat, showing the same map as Philip's, while MacLaren drives with Carly in front.
- TREVOR  
We see that here too. Following at  
a safe distance.
- 121 INT. BLACK CAR - MOVING - DAY (D4) 121
- Perrow sits in the back of the car feeling anxious. She turns to the window and absently touches a spot on her neck.
- Carly's instantly in her ear.
- CARLY (O.S.)  
Dr Perrow, you activated your com,  
is everything all right?
- DR PERROW  
It's fine.
- The Driver glances up and Perrow shoots him a casual smile.
- CARLY (O.S.)  
We're right behind you. All you  
need to do is lead us there and we'll  
do the rest.
- DR PERROW  
Fine day out there.
- Perrow touches her neck again, ending the communication, and settles back in her seat. \*
- 122 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D4) 122
- SIMON draws a portion of a huge shelter dome on the sidewalk in chalk. He stands up to evaluate his work, then turns to SEE: \*

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: 122

TWO TALL MEN in suits standing over him. They reach out, grab him, and quietly lead him away.

123 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (D4) 123

MacLaren's outside his SUV, using the hood to steady his binoculars as he scopes out an abandoned-looking barn.

THE CHAUFFEURED CAR -- is parked beside A SIMILAR-LOOKING VEHICLE out front.

MACLAREN

This is it.

Trevor stands beside him with the tablet.

TREVOR

GPS says she's inside.

Carly has a rifle propped up on the hood, using its scope to survey the property.

CARLY

I was going to say we'll need to deactivate the cameras, but I don't see any. In fact...

She scans for overhead wires.

CARLY (CONT'D)

I don't think the barn's even got power.

TREVOR

Makes sense if you want to hide from the Director.

MACLAREN

Why do these things always end up in barns? \*

\*

MacLaren nods as he passes out flak jackets.

124 EXT. ABANDONED BARN - DAY (D4) 124

Tall grass obscures their approach as MacLaren, Carly and Trevor emerge at the back of the barn with their guns drawn.

MACLAREN

(on com)

Philip, you on Perrow's com?

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

PHILIP (O.S.)  
It's holding position.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: 124

The team quietly opens a back door and slips inside.

125 INT. ABANDONED BARN - DAY (D4) 125

Carly leads the room-clearing, flashlights out as they move quickly through the corridors and into the barn's main tractor bay.

The team emerges simultaneously into the large open area to find it quiet and empty.

TREVOR

Clear.

CARLY

All clear.

MacLaren spots something on the ground and steps forward.

A BLOODY COM -- rests in the disturbed dirt with no other visible sign of her or Vincent.

PHILIP (O.S.)

(on com)

Boss?

MACLAREN

What is it?

126 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D4) 126

Philip's on his computer, staring at one of his screens.

PHILIP

We just received a message. You need to get back here right now.

THE SCREEN -- shows a frozen image of Dr Perrow, visibly distraught, with blood trickling down her neck where her com should be.

127 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D4) 127

Hold on the frozen image of Perrow before it begins to play.

CLOSE ON -- Perrow, clearly reading from a card by the camera.

DR PERROW

This message is for Agent Grant MacLaren.

Pull back to reveal the whole team is now assembled in Ops watching the video:

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

DR PERROW (CONT'D)

I was acting on Agent MacLaren's  
behalf in an unsanctioned operation.

(beat)

I... I was found out and will be  
released unharmed, along with my  
*daughter*...

(she chokes up)

As long as Agent MacLaren presents  
himself at these coordinates in the  
next two hours.

A separate text window pops up with the coordinates displayed  
as Perrow continues talking.

DR PERROW (CONT'D)

He must come alone and on time or I  
will never be heard from again.

The video ends abruptly.

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #212

"001"

Written by  
Ken Kabatoff

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TRAVELERS

"001"

Set List - YELLOW PAGES - 07.14.17

Exteriors

COUNTRY ROAD

FIELD

GARAGE/OPS

PARK

SECLUDED COMPOUND

Interiors

ARTIST'S LOFT

DAVID'S APARTMENT

FBI FIELD OFFICE

-Elevator/Lobby

~~-Interrogation Room~~

GARAGE/OPS

HOLDING ROOM

INSTITUTION

-Room 21C

INTERVIEW ROOM

LIMOUSINE

~~-Moving~~

MACLAREN'S SUV

-Moving

~~ND ROOM~~

TOWN CAR

-Moving

TV ROOM

VAN

-Moving

WAKEFIELD'S OFFICE

WAREHOUSE (~~FLOOR 3.5~~)

TEASER

1 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2) 1

WEBCAM POV

MACLAREN sits at Philip's computer staring directly into camera. He takes a moment to himself, like he's living his own worst nightmare.

MACLAREN

Seven months ago my consciousness was sent from the distant future into the body of Special Agent Grant MacLaren, moments before he would have historically died in the line of duty. Since then, I have assumed his life, his work... his marriage. Pretending to be a man very different from myself.

(beat)

In truth, I'm traveler 3468. One among thousands of travelers around the world who have come from a time when life is all but wiped out. To save humanity. To change the path.

(beat)

I know how this must sound, especially to you Kat... But it's true.

MacLaren looks into the camera as if Kathryn is right there.

2 EXT. FIELD - DAY (D1) 2

MacLaren's SUV sits at the end of a long road on the edge of a wide open field.

3 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - DAY (D1) 3

MACLAREN -- stares out his windshield, fuming. He double checks the time and location coordinates on his phone.

ON THE PHONE -- we see the coordinates 47.5549° N, 122.0652° W

The coordinates disappear as WHITE TEXT over BLACK appears on screen:

**LEAVE THE PHONE**

MacLaren looks up from his phone to SEE a BLACK SUV cresting the horizon, stopping a hundred yards away. MacLaren waits, but there's no movement from the other party.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

He gets out.

4 EXT. FIELD - DAY (D1) 4

MacLaren steps toward the SUV, his eyes unflinching. TWO \*  
TALL MEN exit the SUV. TALL MAN 1 steps forward and meets \*  
MacLaren. He speaks in American sign language:

RAISE YOUR ARMS

MacLaren raises his arms, staring at the SUV. Tall Man 1 \*  
frisks MacLaren, removing his sidearm and tossing it to the \*  
ground. When he finishes, MacLaren signs back: \*

ENJOY YOURSELF? \*

Tall Man 1 turns to TALL MAN 2 and gives a nod. \*

Tall Man 2 opens the rear door on the SUV and VINCENT exits, \*  
coming over to greet MacLaren.

VINCENT

Good afternoon, Agent MacLaren --

MACLAREN

Where is she?

VINCENT

Dr Perrow? Safe. Though her neck's  
a bit tender from having to remove  
the com she allowed you to plant.

MACLAREN

Let her go.

VINCENT

Of course! Once we put this to an  
end.

MacLaren's eyes dart to the Tall Man.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I didn't invite you to the middle of  
nowhere to put a bullet in your head.

(beat)

I'd like to propose a truce.

MACLAREN

You kidnapped and tortured my team,  
killed travelers all over the world --

Vincent is very matter of fact about this.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

VINCENT

Because I needed to know if the Director was still after me and that suspicion was confirmed.

(then)

My mission was to die immediately after my arrival. By surviving I committed a crime against the Grand Plan and was condemned to death. Is that fair?

MACLAREN

Not up to me.

VINCENT

No, it's up to the Director, who has no understanding, no forgiveness, no soul, because it is a *machine*.

(beat)

*Well, I'm tired of running.*

MACLAREN

Take a selfie. You can end it right now.

\*

VINCENT

I've observed that the twenty first is *liberating* for most travelers. So full of creature comforts and pleasures compared to when we're from.

(beat)

But for myself, the digital age has created a prison around me, one that's been shrinking over time. It's no way for my son to grow up.

MACLAREN

Are you trying to get *sympathy* from me?

VINCENT

I just want your word that you'll leave me alone while I prepare my affairs and face my accuser.

MACLAREN

That won't go well for you.

VINCENT

And I have no illusions.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED: (2)

4

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I know exactly what's going to happen.  
I stole sixteen years that I wouldn't  
otherwise have had, and in that time  
I created a precious life. A son  
shouldn't have to pay for the mistakes  
of his father.

(then)

Do I have your word?

MACLAREN

You don't have my anything. \*

VINCENT \*

That's not actually true. \*

Vincent nods to the Tall Man who pulls out a small TABLET.

The Tall Man hits a button on the tablet: \*

THE SCREEN -- shows video of KATHRYN, tears running down her  
face, clearly in distress, pleading to the camera.

KATHRYN

(on tablet)

Grant! Please help --

The screen goes black.

MACLAREN -- lunges toward Vincent, when:

The Tall Man swiftly counters and lands a heavy blow, dropping  
MacLaren to his knees.

MACLAREN

If you fucking hurt her --

VINCENT

3468, if you want to see your wife  
again follow this simple instruction:

(beat)

Stay out of my way.

Vincent and the Tall Man turn heel and head back to their  
SUV, leaving MacLaren alone in the field.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

5 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (D1) 5

MacLaren's SUV speeds down the road.

6 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D1) 6

MacLaren, in a panic like we've never seen, is on com talking to the whole team.

MACLAREN

He showed me a video, she's being held somewhere.

7 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1) 7

MARCY, CARLY, TREVOR, and PHILIP stand near the computer in shock over what MacLaren just revealed.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MARCY

Was she hurt?

MACLAREN

I don't know, I couldn't tell.

TREVOR

Boss, he's faked things like this before. Are you sure it was Kathryn?

MACLAREN

Yes. And her phone goes straight to voicemail.

PHILIP

What does he want?

MACLAREN

A truce --

CARLY

Fuck that.

MACLAREN

He said he's going to show himself to the Director and face punishment. But he wants us all to stand down so he can arrange plans for his son.

(beat)

Kat is his insurance.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

PHILIP

He spent all this time hiding and torturing travelers, only to turn himself in?

TREVOR

I don't buy it either.

MACLAREN

Right now I just want Kat to be safe. Philip, can you trace her phone's GPS?

PHILIP

I can try.

MACLAREN

I don't think he can monitor our coms but be careful. If he finds out we're looking for her...

MacLaren can't even think about what would happen. Philip jumps into gear and begins to work on the deep web.

CARLY

What about Perrow?

MACLAREN

He claims she's still alive. But you should all check on your loved ones; make sure they're safe. I'm going to Kat's place.

MacLaren goes off com. Marcy pulls out her phone and begins to dial followed shortly by Carly and Trevor.

MARCY

David's not answering.

CARLY

Neither is Jeff.

Philip glances at Poppy's tank. The turtle is fine. Trevor's face lights up, he can't believe it.

TREVOR

Gary?! Hey! Just checkin' in. How is everything... Mom's good too?

CARLY

(to Marcy)  
Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

Marcy and Carly grab their coats and rush to the door.

TREVOR

No, I won't be home for dinner and I  
gotta run but you guys have a good  
day.

8 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY (D1)

8

CLOSE ON -- dried blood caked around an incision on DR  
PERROW'S neck.

She sits with her hands zip-tied in the center of the room,  
the walls are lined with floor-to-ceiling windows facing an  
incredible vista.

Tall Man 1 and 2 stand guard at the only door to the room.  
It swings open and Vincent enters. \*

Perrow tenses, frightened for her life. Vincent sits down  
in the empty chair across from her.

PERROW

Why are you doing this?

He takes a KNIFE from his pocket and pries it open, then  
quickly takes hold of her hands.

PERROW (CONT'D)

Please.

Vincent gently slips the knife between her wrists, cutting  
the zip-tie.

VINCENT

I'm sorry for having treated you  
this way, but we had to remove the  
device as quickly as possible.

PERROW

I did what you asked. Where's my  
daughter?

VINCENT

At home.

PERROW

I don't believe you.

Vincent looks back to one of his men who approaches with an  
encrypted cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

VINCENT

There's someone supervising her as we speak.

Tall Man 1 puts the phone to Perrow's ear as it rings, her daughter AVA (7) answers. \*

AVA (O.S.)

Hello?

Perrow's eyes well with tears at the sound of her voice.

PERROW

Ava, sweetie, are you hurt?

AVA (O.S.)

No... there's a man here. When are you coming home?

PERROW

Soon, very soon.

AVA (O.S.)

Where are you --

The Tall Man takes the phone away as Perrow gives Vincent an icy glare.

VINCENT

I promise you, Ava is going to see her mother shortly. There's just one more thing I need you to do.

9 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N1)

9

Marcy enters in a hurry but quickly stops at the sight of:

THE TABLE AND CHAIRS -- shifted out of place with shattered dishes on the floor.

MARCY

David?

Marcy pulls out her pistol and cautiously searches the silent apartment, but no luck. She taps her com.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Guys... David's gone.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 9

CARLY (O.S.)

(fearful)

So are Jeff and the baby. Marcy,  
the place is destroyed.

\*  
\*  
\*

Marcy is scared too.

\*

MARCY

What do we do?

\*

10 INT. ARTIST'S LOFT - NIGHT (N1) 10

MacLaren enters to find the loft empty. Its silence is deafening. He steps forward and notices something resting on the floor.

A PAMPHLET (EP 211) -- for an adoption agency. What Kathryn was reading the moment she was taken.

MacLaren stands alone in the large empty space.

11 INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT (N1) 11\*

With his back to us, Vincent sits down in a dimly lit room focusing on a BANK OF MONITORS. Only the center screen is on and it's playing HOME MOVIES of TAYLOR throughout the years:

Learning to ride a bike in the backyard...

Playing with his dog Pepper...

A brief reflection of Vincent holding a video camera in the black reflective glass of one of his SUV's parked nearby, before returning to Taylor again.

12 INT. WAKEFIELD'S OFFICE - MORNING (D2) 12\*

MacLaren enters with WAKEFIELD who is still sipping his morning coffee.

\*  
\*

WAKEFIELD

Didn't expect my day to start this way -- you really want to mount an inter-agency investigation into *Vincent Ingram*?

\*  
\*

MACLAREN

You're wasting time.

WAKEFIELD

Mac, think this through --

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

MACLAREN

He has them captive --

WAKEFIELD

And he warned you that things could get worse. The man said he was going to give himself up to the Director, let's just wait this out --

MACLAREN

You believe him?

WAKEFIELD

Why would he go to the trouble of telling you --

MACLAREN

He's psychotic! He's spent years hunting traveler teams! Mine included. They would be dead if I hadn't used NSA resources --

\*  
\*

WAKEFIELD

Which is one of the reasons why they're on to us.

MACLAREN

What are you talking about?

WAKEFIELD

A few weeks ago I saw a report -- DOD, Homeland Security, CIA, the NSA... It wasn't just my host's task force that was suspicious. We've been discovered across all the intelligence services. Probably worldwide.

\*

MACLAREN

Jesus.

WAKEFIELD

They think we're some new terrorist organization. Cells in over a hundred countries. They haven't acted because they're scared as shit.

(beat)

Our people within the NSA and Homeland Security are concealing us as best they can, but it's just a matter of time at this point before there are

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

WAKEFIELD (CONT'D)  
leaks. Going after Ingram would  
raise a red flag we can't afford.

MacLaren nods, defeated. Philip coms in.

PHILIP (O.S.)  
Boss, I managed to unlock multiple  
locations from their phones...

13 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

13

Philip sits at his computer, which features a MAP OF THE  
CITY with multiple GPS markers.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

PHILIP  
The last recorded one was yesterday  
at 3:28 pm, and they were all in the  
same location.

MACLAREN  
Send me the address and keep an eye  
on the back-channels. Carly, Marcy,  
Trevor, meet you there.

\*

MacLaren heads for the door.

WAKEFIELD  
Mac. Good luck.

14 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY (D2)

14

Kathryn, stressed but unhurt, is led inside by TALL MAN 1.

Perrow sits in the center of the room with an IPAD for notes,  
across from her is an empty chair.

Kathryn takes a seat, locking eyes with her. Perrow is  
clearly under duress as well.

PERROW  
Hello, Kathryn.

Tall Man 1 takes Kathryn's hand and sticks a THIN CIRCULAR  
PAD on her wrist.

THE PAD -- contains a digital chip as well as a short wire  
that sticks out like an antenna.

14 CONTINUED:

14

The Tall Man hits a button on his TABLET and Kathryn's VITALS instantly appear on the screen, then both men exit the room. \*

PERROW (CONT'D)

My name is Katrina Perrow. I'm a psychologist.

KATHRYN

Where am I?

PERROW

I'm not permitted to tell you that.

Perrow leans in and pours two glasses of water, resting them on the small table off to the side. Kathryn doesn't sip it. \*

KATHRYN

Why are we here?

PERROW

There are questions that I'm supposed to ask you, but I want you to know that I'm also doing this against my will.

Perrow shows Kathryn that she is also wearing the same VITALS MONITOR on her wrist. \*

PERROW (CONT'D)

They've taken my daughter, Ava. If we just work together and do what they want, they'll let us all go.  
(then)  
Can we do that?

Kathryn nods, trying to hold back her surfacing fear. She takes a sip of water. \*

Perrow looks down at her iPad, then back up to Kathryn. \*

PERROW (CONT'D)

When did you first notice changes in your husband?

15 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

15

Carly sits in front of the camera staring directly at us, using every ounce of strength to stay calm.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

CARLY

...It has all been for the greater good. The lives lost when Van Huizen exploded ensured the survival of millions that would have died just over a year from now. Millions of people who have no idea how close they came to the end, and they were saved by travelers. That's what we do.

(unapologetic)

Carly Shannon historically died at the hand of her drunk, abusive boyfriend. But now, instead of her child being raised by a dead-beat father, he's surrounded by love. My love. Jeffrey Jr will grow up to be a good man, and millions around the world won't suffer from the Helios catastrophe. So you know what I have to say about coming here? About taking this body and doing our work?

(beat)

You're welcome.

16 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D2)

16\*

SLAM! A door gets kicked open as MacLaren, Carly, Trevor, and Marcy pile into the large dark room, guns drawn and flashlights on.

They move forward in tactical formation, approaching a shape at the other end, only to SEE:

\*  
\*

A POWERED OFF CRT TV -- with a mounted WEBCAM. In front of it rests five cell phones.

CARLY

Shit.

Trevor leans in and notices:

\*

TREVOR

That's Grace's phone.

\*  
\*

The TV TURNS ON and LOUD STATIC fills the room. The team stares at the TV for a moment then the screen goes BLACK and WHITE TEXT appears:

\*

**YOU BROKE OUR AGREEMENT.**

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

17 INT. INSTITUTION - ROOM 21C - DAY (D2)

17

SIMON sits at a make-shift workbench, tinkering with a metal TRANSISTOR STACK housing a series of SQUID TRANSISTORS.

Vincent enters the room as Simon removes one of the transistors and connects it to a digital multimeter, checking its read-out.

VINCENT

Simon. You said it wouldn't take long.

SIMON

Yeah but that's before the interface overheated, and yeah, I knew you were there, you didn't sneak up on me.

VINCENT

There isn't much time.

SIMON

I know. I have a clock in my head.

Vincent turns and gazes at:

THE CONSCIOUSNESS TRANSFER DEVICE -- which utilizes similar components to the quantum frame Ellis built, with two of the tower pieces angled at forty-five degrees to create a vertex.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I need more coolant. Did you bring it?

VINCENT

Everything you need is in this room.

SIMON

Everything I need.

Simon slides a SQUID transistor into the transistor stack.

VINCENT

And I'm here for you too.

SIMON

I'm very tired.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

VINCENT

There'll be time to sleep. Remember we're doing this for you.

SIMON

You said multiple uses. Multiple transfers.

VINCENT

Yes, and then we can take care of you.

18 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY (D2)

18

David sits across from Perrow. He stares down at the vitals monitor on his wrist as his fingers nervously twitch.

\*  
\*

PERROW

Is it true that for eighteen months you were Marcy Warton's social worker while she was in the care of the state?

He hesitates to answer.

PERROW (CONT'D)

David?

DAVID

Sorry, it's just that I -- I've never been kidnapped before. Well, I've been held hostage, but...

PERROW

Please answer the question.

DAVID

Ah, yeah, I am, was, her social worker. How do you know about Marcy? Where is she?

PERROW

She's safe.

DAVID

As in she's safely captured or she's safe at home -- ?

PERROW

They didn't take her.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

DAVID

They.

PERROW

The same people who took my daughter.

DAVID

That is terrible; I mean --

(then)

Wait, then they're after me? What did I do?

PERROW

Please just answer the questions if you want us both to get out of here.

DAVID

Okay.

PERROW

Is it true that one day Marcy's cognitive abilities changed, and for all intents and purposes, she was an entirely different person?

DAVID

Yes.

PERROW

Didn't that seem odd to you?

DAVID

Of course it did, I thought a miracle had happened, are you kidding?

PERROW

(pushing through)

How did you justify that change?

David takes a moment to think.

DAVID

I'm pretty sure I shouldn't talk about this --

PERROW

You have doctor/client privilege with me.

DAVID

You're not my doctor --

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

PERROW

David --

DAVID

*She's a doctor.*

PERROW

Marcy Warton.

DAVID

With the FBI. Under cover. She  
does secret missions.

(beat)

I've said too much.

PERROW

You believed her?

DAVID

I've met her boss. Grant MacLaren.  
He's real. I've been to his office.

(under his breath)

He's gonna kill me for this; I cracked  
in five seconds.

Perrow references her notes.

PERROW

David, Marcy Warton is not an FBI  
agent. She is a traveler from the  
future.

David stares at Perrow for a moment.

DAVID

A who?

PERROW

A time traveler.

David breaks into a smile.

DAVID

That's the stupidest thing --

PERROW

She was supposed to be killed by a  
group of men outside the library  
where she worked.

(MORE)

\*

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3)

18

PERROW (CONT'D)

But seconds before her death a consciousness was sent from the future, supplanting Marcy's own and the newly arrived traveler survived the attack.

(beat)

And just a few months ago that consciousness was replaced yet again. She called it memory loss. In fact, she was overwritten.

David gives her a long look, then bursts into laughter.

DAVID

Lady... What the fuck have you been smoking?!

Perrow doesn't crack a smile.

David stops laughing.

19 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

19

WEBCAM POV

Trevor faces the camera, taking a moment to ruminate on his life. There's so much to say.

TREVOR

I was part of the original test program for consciousness transfer -- something we had to master before we could even dream of traveling back through time and I have lived in many bodies -- which makes me one of the oldest living people in human history...

(then)

I'll never forget what I saw when I woke up for the first time: my former body with glassy eyes staring back at me, no one was in there anymore. Just a husk. That image stays with me wherever I go.

20 INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY (D2)

20

FIVE ARMCHAIRS form a circle in the center of an empty room.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Two of the armchairs are empty, the other three contain the unconscious bodies of JEFF, RAY, and GRACE who all have vitals monitors stuck to their wrist.

KATHRYN -- sits away from the circle with her back against the wall, head in her knees, trying to process the situation.

The door at the far end opens and Tall Man 1 escorts David inside, then slams it shut.

Kathryn stands up and stares at the stranger across the room.

She and David share a worried look.

DAVID

Hi.

Long beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Sort of happy I'm not alone here...

(beat)

David.

KATHRYN

Kathryn.

DAVID

(re: Jeff, Ray, Grace)

Are they all right?

KATHRYN

Still on whatever drug they gave me.

You don't know any of them, do you?

\*

David steps closer and is completely surprised.

DAVID

Ah.... okay, wow. Yes.

KATHRYN

You do?

DAVID

Ray? Wake up.

(shaking him)

He got me out of a legal jam recently.

Weird...

(again)

Ray! Wake up! RAY!

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED: (2)

20

KATHRYN

I already tried yelling.

Then David SEES Jeff passed out in another chair.

DAVID

Oh, for God's sake.

KATHRYN

What?

DAVID

I know him too! He's a cop who interviewed me once about Marcy.

KATHRYN

Who's Marcy?

DAVID

Apparently a time traveler from the future.

KATHRYN

She said my husband is too.

DAVID

Dr Perrow? You don't really think --

KATHRYN

Of course not.

DAVID

Of course not.

JEFF -- stirs in his chair, his eyes slowly blink open.

JEFF

Shit.

DAVID

It's all right, you're not alone.

David and Kathryn step closer as Jeff tries to shake off the last effects of the drug.

JEFF

Where's my son? Where's Jeffrey?  
(desperate)  
He's just a baby --

KATHRYN

He's not with us, I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

Jeff touches the GASH on his forehead, then looks up and finally makes eye contact with David and Kathryn, he stares for a beat registering their faces.

JEFF

You're MacLaren's wife.

Jeff stands up in a panic. David tries to get a word in.

DAVID

Agent MacLaren?

KATHRYN

(to both of them)

You know who I am?

JEFF

I came to your door. I told you your husband was screwing around with my girl, Carly --

DAVID

Carly -- ?

KATHRYN

What -- ?

JEFF

(dubious)

You don't remember.

KATHRYN

No, and I think it's something I would remember!

\*  
\*

JEFF

Then why'd he bring us here?

KATHRYN

What?! Why would Grant do this?

DAVID

She's right, I don't think this is an FBI thing.

KATHRYN

And how do you know my husband works with the FBI?

DAVID

Isn't he Marcy's boss?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (4)

20

Jeff finally remembers David.

JEFF  
You're David Mailer.  
(off his look)  
Social worker creep screwin' around  
with that retarded girl Marcy.

DAVID  
That is a hateful word --

KATHRYN  
Who the fuck is Marcy?

JEFF  
One of his clients. One minute she's  
*mentally disabled*, next minute she's  
whoopin' a half dozen boys outside  
the library.

DAVID  
She was *under cover*!

JEFF  
A'right, enough'a this shit.

Jeff focuses on the main door, he steps toward it.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
We can talk or we can get out of  
here.

\*

Jeff tries the handle. Locked. He BANGS on it.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Hey, whoever the fuck you think you  
are, you just kidnapped a metro police  
officer! That's a class A felony  
and I'm gonna put your ass away!  
You hear me?

Silence. Jeff jumps into it with his shoulder, it doesn't  
budge. He tries again. This finally wakes Grace up.

GRACE  
(coming to)  
Do you have be so loud?

Grace looks around the room to Kathryn, David, and Jeff.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (5)

20

GRACE (CONT'D)

Who the hell are you?

DAVID

Oh, hello. David. I'm a friend of Marcy, this is Kathryn, she's married to Agent MacLaren who's Marcy's boss, that's Ray, he's still unconscious. Ah, the angry man is Officer Conniker, who I'm guessing is in a relationship with Carly, also friend of Marcy, all of whom may or may not be time travelers.

(beat)

And you are?

Grace, suddenly cluing in to what's happening, tries on her best poker face.

GRACE

I'm a high school guidance counselor.

DAVID

Oh. Well that makes perfect sense.

The door at the end of the room opens and Tall Man 1 and 2 enter. Tall Man 1 takes hold of Kathryn and begins to lead her out of the room.

KATHRYN

Where are you taking me?! Let me go!

Jeff comes in on Tall Man 1, trying to break Kathryn free.

JEFF

The woman asked you to let her go!

But Tall Man 2 tosses Jeff aside with ease, forcing him hard into the wall.

They exit the room, slamming the door which muffles Kathryn's screams.

Grace looks at Ray who is still unconscious.

GRACE

Who's he again?

DAVID

My lawyer.

21 INT/EXT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2) 21\*

MacLaren is just entering the courtyard outside Ops as Philip opens the door to tell him: \*

PHILIP \*

Vincent just sent us something. \*

They go inside to SEE: \*

PHILIP'S COMPUTER -- where a file transfer is in progress, cycling through dozens of UDIDs and IP addresses. \*

Philip opens the transferred file and a VIDEO WINDOW appears on screen.

THE VIDEO -- is Kathryn sitting in a chair.

Arms bound, tears running down her face. The room around her is dark and she stares just off camera, clearly reading something.

MacLaren locks eyes with his wife, his blood boiling.

KATHRYN

Grant... for me to be released  
unharmd, you must confess to being  
a traveler on video. You have one  
hour to send it to this IP or they'll  
kill me.

The video cuts to BLACK and a NEW WINDOW opens with text:

**IT'S TIME THE WORLD LEARNS WHO YOU TRULY ARE**

Followed by a long list of TRAVELER QUESTIONS (EP 105) such as: **WHEN ARE YOU FROM? WHAT IS YOUR MISSION...** and underneath, a countdown clock.

**00:60:00, 00:59:59, 00:59:58...**

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

22 INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY (D2)

22

RAY -- springs awake as if he just got a shot of adrenaline. He quickly glances around the room.

RAY  
Shit, not again.

Ray SEES Jeff, David, and Grace seated in the circle.

DAVID  
Ray.

RAY  
David?

DAVID  
Yeah, we've been kidnapped. I know that sounds crazy but --

RAY  
How much do you owe Vargese? \*

David turns to the others.

DAVID  
Vargese anyone? \*

JEFF  
We don't know why we're here. Supposedly we're all connected. (to Grace) 'cept this one.

Ray thinks out loud to David.

RAY  
This got anything to do with the guy in your apartment who got --

Ray "shoots himself in the head" with his hand.

JEFF  
What?

DAVID  
Ah... maybe.

THE DOOR -- opens and Tall Man 1 and 2 enter. Tall Man 2 stands guard while Tall Man 1 steps up to the circle.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

RAY

What's with Mr Big and Tall here?

Tall Man 1 pulls Ray out of the chair, forcefully walking him to the door.

RAY (CONT'D)

Hey! What the hell, man, EASY!

Ray is gone. Tall Man 2 SLAMS the door shut.

23 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

23

MacLaren, Carly, Trevor, Marcy and Philip are near the computer, mid argument, as the countdown clock on the screen ticks away: 00:49:01, 00:49:00, 00:48:59...

\*

TREVOR

-- Boss, I have to say this --

\*

MACLAREN

If we do this it goes against everything we've trained for, I know.

He looks around the room.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I'm not going to let my wife die.

MARCY

I feel the same about David.

CARLY

Listen: I want nothing more than to hold my son right now but the mission comes first.

TREVOR

If you sit down at the computer with the intention of confessing, the Director will overwrite you.

MACLAREN -- knows the team is right. He looks to the computer screen and SEES the ticking clock.

The team lets the possible loss of their loved ones sink in. Philip sits forward with an idea.

PHILIP

I know how we can do this and still maintain protocol 1.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

He rushes to his computer and opens up a window with an intense series of CODE.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I got my hands on an advanced rootkit virus that I can plant into the code of the video file.

MACLAREN

Is it traceable?

PHILIP

Four months ago it compromised the Relicus Maxicloud in Austria for forty seven minutes. They still don't know who did it.

TREVOR

Do you?

PHILIP

The Faction.

(then)

I'll be able to track the video on the back-channels and find his location.

MACLAREN

What if it spreads?

PHILIP

I'll know where it goes and we can shut it down when the time comes.

MARCY

If the Director lets us get that far.

PHILIP

Still not struck by lightning.

\*

MacLaren takes a moment to consider this new option.

MACLAREN

Do it.

Philip opens the WEBCAM APP.

PHILIP

Ready when you are.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

MacLaren looks to each team member for approval, then to the computer. He walks over. MacLaren sits down into frame and stares into a camera. Just as we saw in the teaser.

MACLAREN

Seven months ago my consciousness  
was sent from the distant future  
into the body of Special Agent Grant  
MacLaren...

24 INT. INSTITUTE - ROOM 21C - DAY (D2)

24

SIMON -- slides the TRANSISTOR STACK into its compartment on the transfer device and closes the panel. He nods to himself then rushes over to the control board where Vincent stands.

VINCENT

Are we ready?

SIMON

I think so. Yes.

Vincent smiles, and gestures to the board.

VINCENT

The honor is yours.

Simon eyes the board like a concert pianist. He flips a series of switches and the transfer device powers up.

SIMON

Cooling systems at minus 273 degrees.  
Superconductor efficiency 99.8%.

The HUM of the device fills the room as the base and towers  
LIGHT UP in sequence, then:

BOOM! A hose bursts, spraying fluid, and a small FIRE erupts \*

VINCENT

Simon, what did you do?!

SIMON

(reads screen)  
It's overheating.

VINCENT

Shut it down!

Simon hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Simon!

Simon kills all power to the machine and jumps to action. \*  
 He gestures for Vincent to pass him the CUP OF WATER on the \*  
 table, but Vincent doesn't. \*

Simon grabs the cup himself and pours it on the device, \*  
 putting out the fire, leaving it smoking and sizzling. \*

The HUM dissipates, leaving Simon and Vincent standing in a  
 smoke-filled room. Simon approaches the transfer device  
 with tears in his eyes.

SIMON

It was supposed to work.

VINCENT

Can you fix it?

SIMON

I told you the device requires a  
 near room temperature  
 superconductivity!

VINCENT

Simon, can you fix it.

Simon looks at Vincent, frightened.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

This has all been for you.

Simon shakes his head.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

And if it doesn't work you'll have  
 hurt all those people for nothing.

25 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY (D2)

25

Ray sits across from Perrow in a relaxed posture, he's not  
 intimidated by the Tall Men by the door. They're mid-  
 conversation.

RAY

You gotta be kidding me... I'm his  
 only friend?

That rests heavy with Ray.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

RAY (CONT'D)

Man, that is tragic. He travels through time, ends up a junkie, and his only friend is a lawyer with a gambling addiction who uses him?

PERROW

I'd like to keep us on track.

26 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY (D2)

26

CLOSE ON -- a rocks glass filling up with WHISKEY as:

Jeff sits across from Perrow, staring her down as Tall Man 2 finishes pouring Jeff a drink.

PERROW

How are things at home?

Jeff stares at the golden-brown alcohol for a moment, then in an act of refusal pushes it toward Perrow.

\*

\*

JEFF

Where's my son?

PERROW

Jeffrey's okay. For now.

JEFF

What's that supposed to mean?

PERROW

That means if you and I cooperate, you'll see your son, and I'll see my daughter. But that's entirely up to you.

Jeff hates being backed into a corner, but he acquiesces with a subtle nod.

PERROW (CONT'D)

There are some things you should know about Carly. Things that will make sense of the last few months.

27 INT. WAKEFIELD'S OFFICE - DAY (D2)

27

CLOSE ON -- MacLaren's confession playing in a window on Wakefield's computer.

WAKEFIELD

Jesus christ, Mac.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

MACLAREN

We have it under control.

WAKEFIELD

Clearly you don't. My teammate at the NSA flagged this during her routine scan for traveler activity. If any other agent found this --

MACLAREN

Well, they didn't, and we've taken extra precautions with Philip's virus. Once we get to Vincent we can corrupt the video but we just need time to flush him out.

WAKEFIELD

The intelligence agencies already have a target on our backs.

MACLAREN

Then let's work together and get ahead of it.

WAKEFIELD

You haven't given me a choice.

28 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

28

Philip sits in front of the computer looking directly into camera. His guard is up.

PHILIP

I'm Philip, and I'm a historian.  
(beat)

Those with my specialty are chosen as infants in order to develop their minds to specifically serve the traveler program. Some days I felt like an experiment, other days like a super-human. Today I'm...

He softens, like he's in an AA meeting.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

The Director has kept watch over my entire life -- knowing the outcome of every decision, crafting my path forward... but here, I see people every day who still believe in free will. They don't know any better.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

PHILIP (CONT'D)

(beat)

You have no more power over your  
fate than I do over mine.

29 INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY (D2)

29

Tall Man 1 and 2 shove Ray and Jeff into the holding room.

RAY

(to Tall Man)

I've taken down guys bigger than  
you.

Tall Man 1 disregards his comment and leaves.

Jeff and Ray step over to Grace who is doing her best to  
console Kathryn, but it's awkward.

JEFF

She all right?

GRACE

At least she's still alive. We  
haven't seen David in a while.

KATHRYN

Do any of you think this could  
actually be true?

GRACE

What.

KATHRYN

A few months ago I definitely noticed  
changes in Grant. It was truly like  
he was a different person. What  
they're saying would explain --

GRACE

Oh please. Like time travel is  
actually possible? Okay, *maybe* you  
could send *information* in the form  
of some coherent energy across space  
time, but to calculate an exact  
position would require an almost  
impossible level of accuracy, not to  
mention nearly a billion zettaflops  
of processing power, and then to  
unpack it somehow without entropy in  
a biological...

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

She trails off, realizing she's said too much.

RAY

What do you do again?

KATHRYN

(dubious)

Guidance counselor.

30 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

30

Philip is at his computer when the screens begin to FRITZ.

PHILIP

What the hell?

The DEEP WEB and other monitors continue to glitch out uncontrollably.

31 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - ELEVATOR/LOBBY - DAY (D2)

31\*

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MacLaren walks into the lobby from Wakefield's office when his phone buzzes. He pulls it out to see his phone is also FRITZING until it finally stops and he SEES:

\*

DAVID -- sitting in the same dark room Kathryn was in.

His face is BLOODY, his right eye SWOLLEN from being beaten.

The elevator door opens and MacLaren quickly ducks inside.

\*

Philip, Carly, Trevor, and Marcy stand by the computer as David looks to camera, reading something off screen.

DAVID

He knows you tampered with MacLaren's recording. Now each and every one of you must record your own confessions or we will all be killed.

(then, off script)

I didn't think this was really happening, but I think it is... Marcy I just want to go home --

It abruptly cuts off.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

32 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2) 32

WEBCAM POV

Marcy sits down into frame and does everything she can to keep it together, having just seen David bloodied and bruised.

MARCY

My purpose is to save lives, whether that's a teammate in jeopardy, or someone that's part of a mission ordered by the Director.

(then)

I can't help but think I've put one person's life in more danger than they deserve. David, you've suffered because of me and there's no excuse.

(then)

I cared enough to leave once, I should have stayed away.

33 INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY (D2) 33

Jeff and Ray knock on the wall listening for HOLLOW SOUNDS, Ray shakes his head in disappointment. Kathryn sits in the circle of chairs with Grace.

KATHRYN

The FBI must be doing everything they can to find us.

GRACE

Yeah, like that'll work.

Ray turns to Jeff.

RAY

Okay, so the only way out is through that door. And you said the guards sometimes come in one at a time.

(Jeff nods)

So we just gotta wait until the next time it's just one guy, you jump him and I'll go for the door.

GRACE

I can't wait to see this.

JEFF

You want *me* to jump him.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

RAY

You want me to jump him, I don't  
mind jumpin' him.

\*  
\*

DAVID -- enters through the door, beaten, followed by Tall  
Man 1 and 2.

\*

The group stares at him with the realization that things are  
about to get worse for all of them. Kathryn runs up to David  
and guides him to a chair.

KATHRYN

Oh my god. Come here, sit down.

RAY

Shit.

DAVID

(genuinely concerned)

I can't see out of my right eye, is  
it okay?

Kathryn takes a closer look.

KATHRYN

It's just swollen closed.

DAVID

Just.

JEFF

Try that shit on me.

David holds up his hand to Jeff suggesting he not taunt them.

DAVID

Don't.

Tall Man 2 steps toward Grace who is already walking.

GRACE

I get it, I'm next. Let's go.

34

INT. INSTITUTION - ROOM 21C - DAY (D2)

34

The smoke has cleared and Simon patiently tightens screws on  
the towers of the transfer device. Vincent enters the room  
and takes a long look at the device.

SIMON

I've lowered the temperature in the  
room. I know it's cold.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

Simon continues to tinker with different sections as Vincent speaks:

VINCENT

It's bracing, yes.

(beat)

Is it ready?

SIMON

Almost, almost there.

VINCENT

For two thousand years mankind believed that God was created in his image. Guiding our lives, hearing our prayers. And when those prayers weren't answered we chalked it up to His divine will.

SIMON

Can you pass me the screwdriver?

\*

\*

VINCENT

But then mankind developed the power to *build* God, a *machine* more powerful than any human mind could ever be.

\*

SIMON

It's on my workbench.

\*

VINCENT

The fate of our existence handed to an AI with the ability to monitor each and every shifting timeline, as we blindly obey its orders in the belief that salvation will come.

SIMON

It's the Phillips-head.

VINCENT

The problem isn't the fact that we believed in God --

SIMON

*It's that we didn't believe in ourselves.* Fine, I'll get it myself!

Simon steps away from the device to the workbench and grabs the screwdriver. He rushes back and quickly does a last minute adjustment.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

VINCENT

It's time to pull back the curtain  
and take control of the present. To  
fight for our future.

Simon runs over to the control board and once again flips a series of switches. This time the transfer device towers and base light up in sequence with a loud HUM.

SIMON -- beams from ear to ear. Letting out a joyous laugh.

SIMON

It's working!

Vincent can't help but smile as the consciousness transfer device finally comes to life. He turns to Simon.

VINCENT

Simon... We can finally fix you.

35 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY (D2)

35

Grace sits across from Perrow but it's clear from her body language she's not going to give anything up.

GRACE

A psychologist? And you actually  
enjoy talking to people for a living?

PERROW

When I'm not under duress.

GRACE

All right let's get it over with  
then.

PERROW

When are you from?

GRACE

(without hesitation)  
When are YOU from?

Perrow looks down at her next question.

PERROW

What is your mission?

GRACE

What is YOUR mission?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

PERROW

What is your specialty?

GRACE

What is *YOUR* --

PERROW

All right, enough! You can stop pretending, Traveler 0027.

Beat.

GRACE

Shit.

36 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D2)

36

MacLaren is urgently walking out of the office as he passes Beth.

BETH

Have you seen this? \*

THE SCREEN -- features an email from THE AXIOM REPORT, which is enough to stop MacLaren.

The headline reads "TIME TRAVELING TERRORISTS?"

A shot of MacLaren from a previous mission is positioned underneath.

MACLAREN

If this is supposed to be funny --

BETH

I didn't do it; it's real.

MACLAREN

I'm a time traveling terrorist.

BETH

I don't mean *real* real. But it's really out there.

MACLAREN

Jesus christ -- \*

Another ALERT pops up. Beth clicks on it.

HER EMAIL -- now features shots for MacLaren, Marcy, Trevor, Philip, and Carly with another headline and article "TERRORIST CELL UNCOVERED".

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

This is going to be a pain in the  
ass, isn't it.

BETH

Yep.

(reading)

Says the source is somebody named  
"Vincent Ingram..."

MACLAREN

*That* whack job. Fucking great.  
(off her dubious look)

Guess I'll just go back in time and  
make it go away.

\*

He heads toward the elevator.

BETH

Funny.

MACLAREN

Not so much.

Beth clicks the TRASH button.

37 OMITTED

37

38 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

38

Trevor and Philip sit at the computer scouring the deep web  
for any traces of Vincent.

CARLY -- with a stone cold stare at the front door,  
compulsively ejects and reloads her gun clip.

TREVOR'S SCREEN -- features a map of the world with  
communication lines drawn between major city centers.

TREVOR

The videos have been disseminated to  
servers in nearly every major city.

(to Philip)

Any luck over here?

\*

Philip types a command but nothing happens.

\*

PHILIP

Locked out of everything.

38 CONTINUED:

38

CARLY

You said you'd have control of the virus!

PHILIP

Yeah, well, he's pretty good too.

MARCY

What are you saying?

Philip looks to Marcy.

PHILIP

I'm saying there's no way for me to corrupt the video files that are already out there. The world's about to find out who we are.

Philip steps away from the computer in anger, he can't help but feel responsible.

CARLY

Why isn't the Director stepping in?

TREVOR

We must eventually find a way to solve this. If not, it had the chance to overwrite any one of us when we recorded our confession.

MARCY

So then we're on the right track.

PHILIP

We're on a right track.

A WINDOW pops up on Philip's computer. Philip walks back over and takes a look.

\*

PHILIP (CONT'D)

He's sending another message.

THE WINDOW -- appears with a long list of coordinates, IP addresses, UDIDs, M.A.C. addresses. Above the plethora of numbers is a simple message:

**HAPPY HUNTING**

Philip's eyes scan the jumble of numbers on the screen.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
UDIDs, MAC addresses, possible  
coordinates. He's making us work  
for it.

CARLY  
He's a dead man.

\*

38A INT. WAKEFIELD'S OFFICE - DAY (D2)

38A

MacLaren enters to Wakefield on the phone, his temper flaring.

WAKEFIELD  
(into phone)  
Seriously, this is a real question?  
He's a psychotic recluse; you're  
asking me if time travel is possible.  
Say that out loud again and slowly.

He slams the phone down.

MACLAREN  
So, you saw it too.

WAKEFIELD  
We couldn't get ahead of it. He  
sent it to all the major news outlets,  
intelligence agencies --

MACLAREN  
I have to believe that twenty-first  
century skepticism is alive and well.

WAKEFIELD  
For the New York Times, sure, but  
this won't be something that goes  
away with the news cycle. The  
information he has fills in the pieces  
on dozens of traveler missions the  
CIA couldn't explain.  
(then)  
It's just a matter of time before  
they put it all together.

MACLAREN  
The Director won't let it happen.

WAKEFIELD  
Yeah, well, here we are. What about  
your wife?

(CONTINUED)

38A CONTINUED:

38A

PHILIP (O.S.)

Boss, I think I know where they are.  
Sending you coordinates.

\*  
\*

COORDINATES -- appear on MacLaren's phone with a notification.  
The same ones that Vincent met with MacLaren:  
47.5549° N, 122.0652° W

MACLAREN

These are the same... What the  
fuck...

\*

MacLaren rushes out of Wakefield's office, leaving him to  
call after:

WAKEFIELD

Mac..!

39 INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY (D2)

39

David, Kathryn, Ray, and Jeff each sit in their chairs,  
wearing earbuds and holding TABLETS.

KATHRYN -- with tears in her eyes, watches MacLaren's  
confession play on screen.

DAVID -- tries hard to keep his composure as he watches  
Marcy's confession.

JEFF -- sits restless, angry, watching Carly's confession.

RAY -- watches Philip's confession but forms a subtle smile.

They all look up as Grace enters the holding room with Perrow  
and two Tall Men.

PERROW

If you have any questions about what  
you've just seen, feel free to ask  
Grace. She's one of them.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

40 EXT. SECLUDED COMPOUND - DAY (D2) 40

Perrow is escorted out the main doors of the upscale secluded compound by TALL MAN 3. \*

They approach a town car. \*

41 INT. TOWN CAR - DAY (D2) 41\*

Perrow takes her seat and exhales. She's finally free. The silence is broken by:

RING RING! From her cell phone, which is resting on the seat beside her. She answers. \*

PERROW  
Ava? Sweetie?

AVA (O.S.)  
Mom! The man said you're coming home.

Perrow smiles.

PERROW  
I'll be with you soon.  
(then)  
I love you.

AVA (O.S.)  
I love you too.

The town car begins to pull away. \*

42 INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY (D2) 42

The room is silent as David, Kathryn, Ray, Jeff and Grace have separated to different areas of the room.

Each person experiencing different levels of shock from the video.

The door opens and Ray quickly looks to Jeff.

RAY  
It's now or never.

TALL MAN 1, 2, 4, 5, and 6 step through the door and walk toward each loved one, holding a zip-tie. \*

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

Ray looks back at Jeff, shaking his head.

RAY (CONT'D)  
(whisper-yell)  
Cancel the plan, cancel the plan!

KATHRYN  
Where are you taking us?!

No answer from any of the Tall Men. Kathryn, David, Grace, Ray and Jeff each have their vitals monitor patches removed, then get bound with zip-ties and escorted out the door.

\*  
\*  
\*

43 INT. TOWN CAR - MOVING - DAY (D2)

43\*

Perrow holds out her phone and records a tense selfie.

\*

PERROW  
I'm Doctor Katrina Perrow and Vincent Ingram has been my patient for the last four months. For the purposes of this recording, he has asked me to break doctor-patient confidentiality.

44 INT. VAN - MOVING - DAY (D2)

44

Kathryn, David, Grace, Ray and Jeff sit across from each other in the back of a large windowless van.

A sliver of daylight shines through the blacked-out rear window.

PERROW (O.S.)  
This is not a subject one can discuss openly because, frankly, it flies in the face of twenty-first century science and what we currently perceive to be possible. But everything you've heard is true. Travelers do exist.

RAY -- sidles up against the crack in the rear window.

GRACE  
What do you see?

RAY  
Nothin' but God's country.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

JEFF

Only reason to take us to the middle  
of nowhere is to kill us. Might as  
well say your prayers.

(to Grace, pointed)

Do people still pray in the future?

Grace just looks away. Kathryn and David look across at each other, reeling from what they now know, wondering if this is really the end.

45 EXT. FIELD - DAY (D2)

45

The van arrives in the same field we saw earlier. Not a soul for miles.

PERROW (O.S.)

They operate covertly in cells made  
up of five members, each with a  
specialty.

TALL MAN 1 and 2 get out of the front and step around to the rear doors, opening them to blast our loved ones with sunlight.

One by one the Tall Men help Grace, Ray, Kathryn and David out, placing them in a line, all facing the same direction. \*

They can't help but feel helpless. This is how it all ends.

PERROW'S CONFESSION -- transitions into Vincent's VOICE.

PERROW/VINCENT (O.S.)

Their missions are sent from an  
advanced AI that continuously keeps  
watch over an ever-changing timeline.

TALL MAN 1 -- pulls out a knife and cuts the ties on David's wrist, then Kathryn, then Grace, then Ray and finally Jeff.

Tall Man 2 steps up to Jeff and hands him Jeffrey Jr.

JEFF

If you hurt him -- \*

The Tall Man shakes his head "no." \*

The group stands in silence, unsure of what's happening, then the Tall Men hop back in the van and drive away.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

PERROW/VINCENT (O.S.)  
They are spies, terrorists, and they  
will not stop until their Director  
has achieved its primary goal: the  
Grand Plan.

In the distance A HELICOPTER approaches.

\*

46 INT. TV ROOM - DAY (D2)

46

Vincent sits in front of the bank of monitors as home movies  
continue to play.

VINCENT (O.S.)  
They are our wives, our husbands,  
our sons and our daughters. They  
know our secrets, they know our  
future.

EXTREME CLOSE UP -- on Vincent's eyes as images of Taylor  
and him dance across his irises.

A FLY -- lands on Vincent's face and crawls across it, ending  
up just below his eye before flying off again. Vincent does  
not flinch.

VINCENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
They gain our trust, our affection,  
but it's all a lie.

Tall Man 6 enters the room and on the nearby computer hits a  
switch to turn off the home movies. He pushes another button:

FROM BEHIND VINCENT -- all six monitors come to life with  
the traveler DEEP WEB.

A WEBCAM -- sits positioned in the center of the monitor  
bank. Its blue LED turns on.

VINCENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
We must do whatever we can to stop  
them.

Tall Man 6 leaves the room and on the computer monitor we  
SEE the live WEBCAM footage of Vincent.

After a moment, Vincent twitches and shudders (not a usual  
transition) then looks around the room.

VINCENT -- smiles then walks over to the computer and  
addresses the live webcam:

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

VINCENT (CONT'D)

This is Traveler 5692. Arrival  
successful --

The computer monitors suddenly TURN OFF.

\*

47 INT. TOWN CAR - MOVING - DAY (D2)

47\*

Perrow watches a television which shows:

CABLE NEWS -- and a segment on the recent exposition of the  
traveler program.

The headline reads, "BREAKING: TERRORIST GROUP EXPOSED".

NEWS ANCHOR

(on TV)

Though this news is still breaking  
we can confirm that Vincent Ingram,  
owner of one of the world's leading  
securities firms, is responsible for  
bringing to light what may be a new  
terrorist group with cells positioned  
throughout the world...

48 INT. INSTITUTION - ROOM 21C - DAY (D2)

48

The transfer device is powered up and running smoothly.

SIMON -- lies down on a gurney.

He stares upward and after a moment Vincent comes into view.

VINCENT

I wanted to say goodbye.

Simon takes a deep breath.

SIMON

I'm scared.

VINCENT

Don't be. You've done it, Simon.  
The device works perfectly.

SIMON

Will you stay with me?

VINCENT

If that's what you want.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

WIDE -- Simon lies on the gurney alone, talking to a schizophrenic hallucination who disappears before our eyes.

SIMON  
Thank you, Vincent.

49 EXT. PARK - DAY (D2) 49

The town car pulls up to the curb and Tall Man 3 gets out of the driver's seat. \*

He steps around and opens the rear door for Perrow.

PERROW  
Tell me when you have confirmation  
the device has been moved.  
(looks to the park)  
I need to speak with my son.

Tall Man 3 nods and steps away as Perrow walks deeper into the park to SEE: \*

TAYLOR -- playing with his dog Pepper.

PERROW (CONT'D)  
Hi Taylor. Remember me?

TAYLOR  
Hi.

PERROW  
Did your father explain that you'll  
be living with me for a while?

TAYLOR  
Yeah...  
(then)  
He didn't tell me why.

Perrow reaches out her hand.

PERROW  
So that we can be free.

Taylor takes Perrow's outstretched hand and they begin to walk away.

50 EXT. FIELD - DAY (D2) 50

Kathryn, David, Ray, Grace and Jeff watch as the HELICOPTER touches down nearby carrying our team. \*

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

MacLaren and our team pile out of the helicopter and rush to their respective loved ones. \*

MACLAREN

Kat! I was so afraid that you...

He trails off as Kathryn steps back, fearful of the man in front of her.

KATHRYN

Who are you?

MacLaren stares in shock.

MARCY -- approaches David but he pulls away, throwing his hands in the air.

MARCY

David?

DAVID

*Don't touch me.*

Marcy stops short, having never seen him this upset.

MARCY

We'll get through this.

DAVID

I don't think so.

In the distance half a dozen FBI SUVs and EMERGENCY VEHICLES crest the hill with SIRENS and lights flashing.

PHILIP -- approaches Ray, who shakes his hand with a smirk.

PHILIP

Ray, I'm sorry you had to --

RAY

I gotta admit, kid, you were straight with me from the beginning.

*(as he walks away)*

But let's not pretend we're friends.

TREVOR -- runs to Grace who stares back as the severity of the situation finally settles in: the traveler program she helped create has been exposed.

TREVOR

Grace... Are you hurt?

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED: (2)

50

GRACE

I don't know.

All she can do is look at Trevor. \*

Several Black SUV's head toward them, lights flashing. \*

JEFF -- holds Jeffrey Jr away from Carly as she steps closer.

CARLY

Please let me hold him.

JEFF

You stay the hell away from my son.

(a threat)

You hear me?

MACLAREN -- steps closer, pleading to Kathryn.

MACLAREN

Kat, please... I'm telling you this whole thing was --

KATHRYN

No...

MACLAREN

I can explain who did this.

Kathryn walks right up to him, looking him in the eye.

KATHRYN

I don't want to hear anything from you. Because you killed my husband.

Kathryn SLAPS MacLaren across the face with all her might. As her hand strikes we:

CUT TO BLACK

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #301

"ILSA"

(Formerly Known As "IRIS")

Written by  
Brad Wright

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TRAVELERS

"IRIS"

Set List - GOLDENROD PAGES - 04.04.18

Exteriors

~~CITY STREET~~

CLOSE ON SIMON

-Field

-Gravel Surface

COUNTRY ROAD

ELLIS' FARM HOUSE

FIELD

Interiors

CLOSE ON SIMON

-Dark Corridor

-Panel Van - Moving

ELLIS' FARM HOUSE

-Bedroom

-Kitchen

-Second Bedroom

-Third Bedroom

FBI

-Corridor

-Situation Room

FBI BUS

-Moving

FILMORE LABORATORIES

GARAGE/OPS

HOSPITAL ROOM

HOSPITAL ROOM 2

TEASER

1 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

1

CLOSE on a single drip of saline into an I.V. tube.

JOANNE (Jo) YATES, attractive, late thirties, sits in a chair beside the bed, reading something on her smart phone to pass the time.

She looks at her watch, then cracks her neck.

Joanne's MOTHER, LAVERNA, 70s, is hooked up to tubes and wires, very much on her death bed.

Suddenly she opens her eyes, turns to her daughter and speaks with the slightly robotic voice of a MESSENGER:

LAVERNA

Joanne...

Startled, Joanne drops her phone, and covers her mouth in shock. She comes closer to her mother.

LAVERNA (CONT'D)

Listen to me carefully...

2 INT. FBI BUS - MOVING - NIGHT (N1)

2

In a small military style bus driven by an FBI AGENT, each of the team sits alongside their significant other slumped over, unconscious.

PHILIP is with RAY, MACLAREN with KAT. MARCY gently wipes blood from DAVID'S forehead with a cloth.

TREVOR sits alongside GRACE, who stares out the window into the passing darkness holding a half-eaten power bar.

CARLY holds a sleeping JEFF JR, leaving JEFF to loll unconsciously a bit on the bumpy road alone.

They ride in silence for a beat, then the bus goes over another bump, jostling them.

MACLAREN

(to the driver, sotto)

Hey... slow down a little.

GRACE

You can scream at the top of your lungs; they won't wake up for hours.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

Marcy throws her a stern look and a harsh whisper.

MARCY

But Carly's *baby* might.

GRACE

*Oh.*

MACLAREN

Kid just settled down. He's been traumatized enough as it is...

He and Carly exchange a long look across the bus but he scores no point for that comment.

TREVOR

It'll work out, boss.

CARLY

(dubious)

Sure it will.

\*

PHILIP

Maybe we should go over our stories one more time. Not for my sake, obviously.

3 INT. CLOSE ON SIMON - NIGHT (N1)

3

Simon stares at the ceiling in the chair we last saw him, in relative darkness now, on the verge of panic. He has been there a long time, waiting...

SIMON

Vincent? WHERE ARE YOU?

PERROW'S voice comes into his head, over a COM.

PERROW'S VOICE

I'm right here, Simon. Can you hear me?

SIMON

(alarmed)

You're in my *head*.

PERROW'S VOICE

In a way. I've given you a com. Now close your eyes. That's the most important rule.

He hesitates, then closes his eyes tightly.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

PERROW'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Good. Make sure they stay closed.  
I've sent people for you.

(JUMP CUT between the next several shots, all from the same  
CLOSE angle from ABOVE)

4 INT. CLOSE ON SIMON - DARK CORRIDOR - NIGHT (N1)

4

Eyes closed, now atop a striker board and being carried away  
by silent TALL MEN. \*

SIMON  
You said you were going to fix me.

PERROW'S VOICE  
That's just what we're going to do.

SIMON  
Then why are you taking me away?

PERROW'S VOICE  
The Director is testing you.

5 INT. CLOSE ON SIMON - PANEL VAN - MOVING - NIGHT (N1)

5

Now in the back of an otherwise empty MOVING panel van.

SIMON  
But the device works now! I did  
what you said! Multiple uses,  
multiple transfers!

PERROW'S VOICE  
And it's going to be put to good  
use, I promise. You've done well.

6 EXT. CLOSE ON SIMON - FIELD - NIGHT (N1)

6

As Simon is taken across a grassy field, eyes shut tight.

SIMON  
I'm cold.

PERROW'S VOICE  
I know. This won't take much longer.

7 EXT. CLOSE ON SIMON - GRAVEL SURFACE - NIGHT (N1)

7

Simon is placed on a gravel surface.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

SIMON

I don't like this place. I wanna go home.

PERROW'S VOICE

This is the test. Remember the rule. Eyes closed.

A TRAIN HORN blares.

WIDER -- revealing Simon lies on a railroad track.

PERROW'S VOICE (CONT'D)

You've been very helpful to me, Simon, and I will always be grateful.

THE HORN BLARES again, closer...

PERROW'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Are you ready?

SIMON

No! I want to go home!

PERROW'S VOICE

Be strong, now...

SIMON

You said you would fix me!

PERROW'S VOICE

I *am* fixing you.

THE LIGHT from the TRAIN begins to illuminate his tortured expression.

He finally opens his eyes and raises his head to SEE:

THE TRAIN -- bearing down on him on the track he is lying on.

SIMON

YOU PROMISED ME!

A CHYRON appears. Time of death: 19 seconds, 18, 17, 16...

INTERCUT between the approaching TRAIN and SIMON as he TRANSITIONS, screaming in pain:

The TRAIN is almost upon him...

07... 06... 05...

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

The newly arrived traveler in SIMON suddenly rolls out of the way of the TRAIN as it SCREECHES and the HORN BLARES.

As the train races along the tracks in the B.G. Simon sighs relief from his close call with death, then he hears:

PERROW'S VOICE

Your host had been so loyal, I just  
couldn't bring myself to kill him.

SIMON -- looks around for the voice, then realizes it must be from a com. He touches his neck.

PERROW'S VOICE (CONT'D)

But I knew the Director would have  
no such compunction.

(beat)

Welcome to the 21st.

In a moment, the COM under the skin in Simon's neck GLOWS WHITE HOT and begins to smoke.

The newly arrived traveler SCREAMS in agony as it BURNS like a hot ember beneath the skin.

He slams his hand over it, then abruptly stops screaming.

As he takes his bloodied hand away a hot SMOLDERING COM is in his palm. He drops it, painfully.

SIMON turns to SEE two TALL MEN through the gaps in between the cars of the rushing train as they turn to leave.

As the last car passes, they're gone into the dark field across the tracks, leaving the newly arrived Traveler alone, blood trickling from where his com burned through.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

8 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

8

Philip leans over RAY, who lies on the sofa, waking up with a bad headache as a result of the memory inhibitor.

PHILIP

Heyyy, there he is!

RAY

Jesus, keep it down...  
(looking around)  
How did I..?

PHILIP

I took your keys, made you crash here. You were "celebrating."

He tosses Ray his car keys. Ray catches them.

RAY

Well, Phil, I must've had a great time because I don't remember how I got here or what I was celebrating.

PHILIP

You were in trouble with a loan shark named "Varghese" --

RAY

(remembering)

Riiight. I got picked up by a couple of his boys. Don't remember much after that --

PHILIP

They gave you twenty four hours to come up with the money. You came to me, asked me to place a few bets, we came here to watch 'em come in...

Philip produces a thick envelope of cash.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

And hilarity ensued.

(beat)

You really don't remember?

RAY

I maybe forgot to tell you I prob'ly shouldn't drink.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

PHILIP

Oh, we established that. But, my  
 hungover friend, you're out of the  
 hole with a little extra.

Ray looks into the envelope of money, grimacing.

RAY

I owe Varghese more than *this*.

PHILIP

He's been paid. That's the extra.

Ray is suddenly energized, sitting up.

RAY

Fuck off. It *is*?  
 (genuinely moved)  
 I love you man.

PHILIP

Ray, that's what friends are for.

9 OMITTED

9

9A INT. FBI - CORRIDOR - DAY (D2)

9A

Agent Yates, along with two FBI AGENTS, step out of an  
 elevator and proceed down the corridor. They walk through a  
 set of doors into:

10 INT. FBI - SITUATION ROOM - DAY (D2)

10

Heads around a long table turn toward Yates as she enters.

A WALL -- is highlighted by dozens of multi colored bright  
 dots surrounding half of the busy room. \*

\*  
\*

Supernumeraries on headsets pace around the big screen, giving  
 and receiving instructions in the B.G.

THE FBI DIRECTOR -- MALCOLM STEVENSON, 60's, fit, stands at  
 the head of the table. The others look from her to him.

STEVENSON

Please, Agent Yates, have a seat.

She takes a seat in the one empty chair at the far end of  
 the table facing him. He remains standing.

STEVENSON (CONT'D)

First let me say how sorry I am for  
 your loss. I know from experience --

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

YATES

Thank you sir, I'm fine.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

STEVENSON

(a loaded question)

You're sure of that.

(beat)

Good. Then please explain your request that I issue a cancellation order of a highly classified, highly complex operation -- of which you should have had zero knowledge -- and is scheduled to begin *worldwide* in...

(looking at his watch)

Twenty three minutes?

YATES

The request isn't mine, sir. It's from the Director.

A DEPUTY DIRECTOR -- OSLIN, (40's, female) gestures toward Stevenson like she's a child.

OSLIN

He *is* the FBI director.

STEVENSON

Last time I checked; maybe Agent Yates knows something I don't.

That earns him a small chuckle around the table.

YATES

I think everyone in this room knows to which director I'm referring.

Looks all around. Everyone does know. How does she?

OSLIN

How was this communicated to you?

YATES

It began several days ago.

\*

OSLIN

And you waited until *now* -- ?!

Murmurs of outrage rumble around the table.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

YATES

Sir, if I can explain my reasons for not coming to you sooner --

STEVENSON

Go ahead, Agent Yates, start at the beginning.

\*

11 EXT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - DAY (D2)

11

MacLaren checks for updates on his phone as he and Marcy walk outside. Several FBI agents in suits guard the grounds.

PHILIP (O.S.)

Boss: Ray is taken care of.

MACLAREN

So the memory inhibitor worked.

MARCY

He was the easy one.

PHILIP (O.S.)

*That* and the cash.

MACLAREN

All right, good, you can get back to cleaning up our mess.

PHILIP (O.S.)

On it.

MacLaren approaches AGENT TANNER (30s) with a confidential tone.

MACLAREN

Tanner.

AGENT TANNER

Mac.

MACLAREN

Lot of people out here; they can't all be Travelers.

AGENT TANNER

Nowhere near. But Wakefield hand picked them, they're good agents.

MacLaren nods and goes toward the house. Another AGENT opens the door for them.

12 INT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - DAY (D2)

12

MacLaren and Marcy enter Ellis's former farm house, now being used as a TRAVELER/FBI safe house.

GRACE -- is already there with Trevor, sitting on the sofa in the living room.

MACLAREN

How's it going up there?

GRACE

Same as twenty minutes ago.

TREVOR

David and Jeff are taking a break to get some medical attention.

MARCY

Good.

MacLaren looks at his watch, impatient.

MACLAREN

I thought we'd be on by now.

TREVOR

These things take time.

GRACE

Maybe you could go for a walk.

MACLAREN

We just did.

GRACE

Then go for *another* walk because we were having a private conversation.

MACLAREN

Sorry to interrupt.

With a put-out look, MacLaren and Marcy go to the kitchen. Grace turns to Trevor, smiling.

GRACE

Where were we?

TREVOR

I think we were done.

GRACE

We were talking about your feelings.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

TREVOR

You were talking about my feelings --

GRACE

The logic's inescapable; 001 kidnapped every significant other on your team.

TREVOR

Philip and Ray?

\*

GRACE

I don't judge.

TREVOR

Yeah, you do.

GRACE

Look, *Trev* --

TREVOR

Trev -- ?

GRACE

It's obvious I was taken by 001, held against my will -- and frankly starved, we were only given *water* for what seemed like *days* --

TREVOR

Thirty one hours --

GRACE

-- Because of the inevitable impact it was going to have on you emotionally. I'm *important* to you in a way neither one of us foresaw. The sooner we both accept that...

TREVOR

Grace, I am delighted you were the one kidnapped and interrogated and not my parents.

(beat)

There, I said it. So...

GRACE

That is the second nicest thing anyone has ever said to me.

TREVOR

So can I go now?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

GRACE

Your team needs you. I'll go.

She embraces him awkwardly. Trevor's eyes widen.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(holding him close)

It's thrilling isn't it? The primal rush of hormones bursting from your endocrine system...

TREVOR

Remember we're both much, much older than these bodies.

GRACE

(whispers in his ear)

And I can't wait to try them out.

With a look, she goes. Trevor knows he's in trouble.

13 INT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D2)

13

Carly is sitting at the kitchen table as MacLaren and Marcy sit opposite. MacLaren grabs an apple from a large pile of groceries dumped on the kitchen table.

CARLY

(to Marcy)

You should eat something too.

Marcy just shrugs at the thought.

CARLY (CONT'D)

You train for years to be a part of the grand plan. Study medicine. Combat. Finally you get assigned a team over hundreds of other volunteers. And all you can think of is your boyfriend...

Marcy meets her stare, making no apologies for it.

CARLY (CONT'D)

I hope I never see Jeff again.

\*

MARCY

You can still make this work. He won't remember the last 24 hours.

\*

CARLY

Pfft! They need to forget a helluva lot more than that and you know it.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

MACLAREN

It's what we've got to work with.

MARCY

They'll definitely remember being abducted. Meeting each other. Probably their first session with Dr Perrow --

CARLY

How do we even know she'll cooperate?

MACLAREN

She's already made a statement stating her actions were under duress. Beyond that she doesn't want to have anything to do with us. Frankly I don't blame her.

\*  
\*

MARCY

As far as Perrow's concerned, Vincent Ingram was a deeply paranoid serial killer who thought *time travelers* from the future were out to get him.

MACLAREN

Crazy talk! No mainstream news outlets are taking it seriously.

MARCY

And once the new Traveler in Ingram confesses he went off his meds --

CARLY

You make it sound ridiculous.

MACLAREN

Hey, I'm *from* the future, I'm not sure I buy it myself.

CARLY

Well Jeff sure as hell believed it.  
(beat)  
So did David. So did your wife.

14 INT. FBI BUS - MOVING - (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT (FBI N1 - SAME NIGHT AS N1)

14

VERY QUICK CUTS to David and Kat in the back of the bumpy BUS leaving the scene at the end of 212, as Traveler FBI AGENTS aggressively hold them down to inject them with memory inhibitor.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

DAVID

Wait, no, what is that? NO!

KATHRYN

LET GO OF ME! STOP!

15 INT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D2)

15

The memory is painful for MacLaren and Marcy.

MACLAREN

Which is why we need to make sure  
our stories are straight. So we can  
all get back to our protocol 5.

Carly shakes her head derisively, biting her tongue.

CARLY

This is about protocol 5?

MACLAREN

That's the mission.

CARLY

Now he cares about the mission.

MACLAREN

What's *that* supposed to mean?

CARLY

(blasting him)

You risked the whole traveler program  
for her!

(to Marcy)

And *you* did the same. Now you both  
think we can just *undo* all this?  
Put it all back in the box?

MacLaren tries hard to keep his voice down.

MACLAREN

We try! Yes!

(beat)

Shit was about to hit the fan anyway.  
Exposure was imminent across every  
major intelligence agency worldwide:  
CIA, FSB, Interpol...

(off her alarmed look)

*Oh yeah.* If anything, all we did  
was speed up that process.

CARLY

Then we need to move.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

MARCY

The Director sent us *here*.

CARLY

(too loudly)

The *Director* is makin' it up as it goes along; it's about time we admit --

That is sacrilege to MacLaren.

MACLAREN

*Keep your fucking voice down.* The point is, what happened was inevitable and obviously there's a plan in motion now to deal with it.

(beat)

Meantime, we stick to the protocols.

CARLY

You gonna *order* me to stay with him?

MacLaren looks at her bruised hands.

MACLAREN

You going to tell me what the bruising on your knuckles is about?

Trevor enters, deliberately defusing the tension.

TREVOR

Hey guys! Grace left. I was just about to rustle up some lunch...

They look at each other, tired and upset.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I do a *mean* veggie stir fry, boss.

MACLAREN

Does it have to be *mean*?

They HEAR a familiar female voice shouting upstairs and look up at the ceiling.

KATHRYN (O.S.)

I just want to go home!

\*

16 INT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (D2)

16

KATHRYN -- sits in a comfortable chair in a bedroom, opposite WAKEFIELD. He tries to calm her down.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

WAKEFIELD

And we're going to take you home.

(beat)

But you've been kidnapped, held against your will, probably brainwashed --

KATHRYN

Apparently by a man I met at a charity auction a decade ago as if that makes any sense. At least tell me some things I want to know: Where are we? And how long have I been in these clothes?

WAKEFIELD

An FBI safe house in the country and... a couple of days.

(off her disgust)

Kathryn, you were found unconscious yesterday in a room with four other people: David Mailer, Jeff Conniker, Ray Green and --

\*

She stops protesting, as if remembering for the first time.

KATHRYN

All of them claimed to know my husband.

\*

Wakefield beams as if she's had a breakthrough.

WAKEFIELD

There. See? New information.

(beat)

Exactly why we have to keep talking this through. You've gone through a traumatic ordeal and without proper debriefing you could suffer long term consequences. This is what we do if something like this happens to any one of our agents in the field.

(beat)

What's the first thing you remember about the abduction?

KATHRYN

His men... They were twins.

WAKEFIELD

Also new information.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

KATHRYN

We woke up in a room with five chairs.  
Then we were taken out one by one to  
talk to a woman. A Doctor...

WAKEFIELD

Perrow.

KATHRYN

Yes.

WAKEFIELD

She was there against her will too.

KATHRYN

(remembering)

Oh, God, they had her daughter --

WAKEFIELD

They're fine, we've been in contact.

KATHRYN

That poor woman...

(then)

That's it, that's all I remember.

Why did they drug me?

WAKEFIELD

To move you to another location,  
it's lucky MacLaren found you.

(off her pained look)

We can give you something for the  
headache if you like.

KATHRYN

I don't like taking pills. Where is  
Grant? When can I see him?

\*

WAKEFIELD

He is and you will. Very soon.

(beat)

But first I need you to go over one  
more time what you talked about in  
that room.

17 EXT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - DAY (D2)

17

Grace goes over to Agent Tanner guarding the house outside.

GRACE

I need a ride; who's the lucky driver?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

AGENT TANNER

The bus is for the 21sters.

Grace arbitrarily points at another car in the drive.

GRACE

Fine, let me take that one.

AGENT TANNER

(into walkie)

Parsons, we need a driver, over.

(beat)

Parsons, what's your status?

(then)

He's at the roadblock down the road  
a ways, his radio battery's probably  
dead --\*  
\*

GRACE

Nevermind, I'll walk to him, I've  
been cramped up for days without...  
(off his look)

Oh, you don't care.

Grace strides off down the driveway toward the road.

18 INT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - THIRD BEDROOM - DAY (D2)

18

DAVID and JEFF are being attended to by a DOCTOR. David  
winces when the doctor dabs his swollen eye.

DOCTOR

How's your vision in this eye?

DAVID

Does the eye work? Yes. Can I feel  
my pulse in it? Also yes.

DOCTOR

Swelling's down; won't be pretty.

DAVID

When I was a kid, I got a black eye  
the day before high school started.  
My mom said to tell everyone: "you  
should see the other guy!"

Then, he looks over to Jeff, seated nearby.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You're not the other guy, are you?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

JEFF

If it was me you'd look worse than that.

DAVID

Oh yeah? Maybe you should look in a mirror.

\*

\*

AGENT CALLAHAN -- enters as the doctor packs up.

CALLAHAN

We good to keep going?

DOCTOR

All yours.

JEFF

I'm not talkin' to nobody else 'til somebody shows me my son.

CALLAHAN

I told you Jeffrey Jr is being well taken care of.

JEFF

(standing)

And I told you that's unacceptable.

CALLAHAN

So's your attitude, officer Conniker --

DAVID

Give the man a break, we were kidnapped for God's sake.

Jeff decides to back down and sits, glaring at David.

JEFF

I don't need *your* help neither.

CALLAHAN

Come with me please, Mr Mailer --

JEFF

Maybe you can ask him why he's sleepin' with a girl who's s'posed to be in care of the state? Ask how she changed overnight. What's that about?

David stares at Jeff as Callahan walks him out.

19 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (D2)

19

Grace walks down the middle of the country road, approaching an FBI SUV parked partially across the road.

Grace knocks on the tinted windows and peers in.

GRACE

Hello? Are you people seriously going to make me walk the rest of the --

AN FBI SWAT TEAM -- dressed in CAMO appears from behind her in full body armor, weapons and helmets, surrounding her:

FBI SWAT LEADER

Hands against the vehicle NOW!

Grace turns to face him, annoyed.

GRACE

Who the hell do you -- ?!

FBI SWAT LEADER

Turn around! Hands on the vehicle or we will take you down!

O.S. VOICE

Don't let her touch her com!

\*

\*

GRACE -- turns and places her hands against the car as two other SWAT TEAM members frisk her.

\*

FBI SWAT LEADER

This is Drop 31 leader...

(beat)

One of the primaries tried to leave containment on foot, we have her in custody.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

20 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

20

Philip is working at his station, frustrated by 001's efforts to distribute their confession videos.

There's a KNOCK on the garage door, startling him. He searches for a gun, then as an afterthought, places a piece of sheet metal up against Poppy's tank for protection.

He slides the door open a bit.

SIMON -- is standing there, his clothing bloodied from his neck wound, staring back through the crack.

PHILIP

Simon?

SIMON

Traveler 5069. You knew my host?

PHILIP

Uh, yeah, I did.

Philip is saddened by that, but waves him in after a beat.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'm just surprised his death wasn't in the historical record. At least not the one I --

Simon walks right past him toward the computers.

SIMON

My host was supposed to be a John Doe -- attempted suicide -- but obviously he was a traveler; have you ever seen a com do this?

PHILIP

Ow, let me get something for that...

Philip rushes to get a gauze bandage from the first aid kit for his neck.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Not just any traveler, he was 004. Didn't know he had a com though... But there's other things you really need to know about him --

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

SIMON

First things first.

He takes Philip's chair without asking.

SIMON (CONT'D)

We need to reactivate that code you embedded in those obscene "confession recordings" you made, A.S.A.P. What were you people thinking anyway?

Philip applies a bandage on Simon's neck, hurting him.

PHILIP

I was thinking we could locate and erase the recordings before they got out into the world but Vincent came up with a countermeasure.

SIMON

*Of course* the Director devised its own countermeasures to 001...

\*

Simon begins entering an elaborate code.

SIMON (CONT'D)

The Director can calculate in *seconds* what would take a lifetime for you or I; honestly your lack of fealty is offensive.

(then)

This body is dehydrated, is there water?

Philip takes one step toward the water jug, then tells him:

PHILIP

You should know your host body suffers from extreme paranoid schizophrenia. Severe enough that our medic couldn't synthesize a drug to prevent it. Simon was pretty much incapable of functioning in 21st society, let alone as a Traveler. You'll probably experience a psychotic episode in the next few hours...

(beat)

That's the host the Director chose for you.

With that Philip goes to get his water. Stunned by this, 5069 goes back to work, less enthusiastically.

21 INT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - SECOND BEDROOM - DAY (D2)

21\*

David is sitting opposite Callahan.

CALLAHAN

David, I know it's complicated, but --

DAVID

What's not to get?! This Vincent Ingram character had it in for Agent MacLaren because MacLaren was onto Ingram's whole torturing people in wheelchairs and burying 'em alive fetish, so Ingram kidnapped, drugged and/or *beat the crap* out of people he thought were close to Agent MacLaren, with the likely intention of doing the same to all of us.

CALLAHAN

That's pretty much it.

DAVID

*Except* I'm not even remotely close to Agent MacLaren. I don't think he even *likes* me.

CALLAHAN

He hasn't said he doesn't like you.

That is damning with faint praise to David.

DAVID

He hasn't said he... wow. Okay, you know what? Me and Mac are just two different kinda guys, one no less manly than the other. Two different kinds of manly men --

CALLAHAN

David --

DAVID

On the other hand, if this is the new normal, I prob'ly should buck up a little, know what I mean?

CALLAHAN

No --

DAVID

Time to grow a pair of *kahunas*.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

DAVID (CONT'D)

And I'm pretty sure that's not even the word, but I'm goin' with it, 'cause if I want to hang with an FBI doctor, better pack on some muscle, and learn me some Tai Kwon Do --

CALLAHAN

Okay, calm down.

David beams, filled with faux confidence.

DAVID

Agent Callahan...

(beat)

I've never been more calm in my life.

22 INT. FBI - SITUATION ROOM - DAY (D2)

22

A PHONE rings near OSLIN. She answers.

OSLIN

This is Deputy Oslin. Yes...

(she listens)

All right. Keep us apprised.

(to Stevenson)

We just captured the Traveler designated 0027 attempting to escape before the assault.

STEVENSON

Did she activate her com device?

OSLIN

If she has one, she didn't try.

That's a good break and they all know it.

STEVENSON

Then we're still on...

(to Yates)

You were saying the Director communicated to you?

\*

YATES

Yes, it spoke to me --

Another high ranking AGENT at the table, QUINN, (female, 40s) speaks up, dubious of Yates.

QUINN

That isn't possible.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

OSLIN

(off Yates' look)

The "Director" is only capable of communicating *directly* through what they call "messengers."

STEVENSON

Specifically, *children*.

QUINN

(off her look)

Because for reasons we don't know the process kills an adult.

YATES

Apparently it found another way.

23 INT. FILMORE LABORATORIES (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY)

23

A COMPUTER SCIENTIST, IVON TESLIA, (30's, chatty nervous) stares at the CAMERA lens mounted on the side of an elegant QUANTUM A.I. named ILSA, isolated in the middle of a glass walled CLEAN ROOM. \*

On the other side of the glass walls, rows of SERVERS blink in the B.G.

IVON has just finished checking something inside the frame and slides a tray closed.

YATES -- is shown into the lab by a SECURITY GUARD, who leaves them. She strides across the large room.

YATES

Dr Tesla?

IVON

(shaking her hand)

Yes, hi, and you're..?

YATES

The person who you just called and insisted I come here as a matter of National security.

IVON

Yeah, I just forgot your *name*.

YATES

Special Agent --

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

IVON

Yates, yes, I knew that. So: This  
is Ilsa. Ilsa, this is...

(to Yates)

What's your first name again?

\*

Yates just glares at him. A vaguely female computer voice  
emanates from it.

ILSA

Would you like to play a nice game  
of chess?

\*

Ivon was hoping for a reaction from Yates but gets none.

IVON

Nobody ever gets that, it's from --

YATES

Ilsa is the name of your computer.

\*

IVON

Named after my *aunt* Ilsa... A.I?

(she shrugs)

Okay, Ilsa replaces boolean logic  
with quantum law on an algorithmic  
level. There's *maybe* three others  
as powerful in the whole world --

\*

\*

YATES

It gave you my cell number.

IVON

No no, Ilsa is practically a newborn;  
*the Director* gave me your number.

\*

YATES

What Director?

IVON

*That* is the question.

YATES

All right, we're done.

Yates turns to go. A slightly more masculine computer voice  
stops her cold.

DIRECTOR

I am very sorry for your mother's  
diagnosis, Joanne.

Yates is taken aback by that and stops in her tracks.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

YATES

I just heard the news myself. How  
would it know that?

\*  
\*

IVON

Ilsa doesn't know anything, this is  
the *Director* talking now. It's *taking*  
over Ilsa to communicate.

DIRECTOR

You were chosen among seven potential  
candidates within this jurisdiction.

YATES

Okay, who are you?

DIRECTOR

A sentient multi-zettaflop quantum  
frame speaking to you from centuries  
in the future...

Yates drops her head, as if she's the brunt of a sick  
practical joke as the Director continues talking:

YATES

*Matter of national security...*

DIRECTOR

...only recently possible because of  
breakthroughs in --

YATES

*Okay, stop!*

(the Director stops)

I can't decide if this is a joke or  
if you're trying to sell me something  
but you picked the wrong person on  
the wrong goddamn day.

(to Ivon)

Call me again and I'll arrest you.

Yates just walks away marching toward the door.

24 INT. FBI - SITUATION ROOM - DAY (D2)

24

The FBI director, Stevenson has listened intently.

STEVENSON

I take it he called you again.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

YATES

Actually, he sent a text. It just didn't make sense until the next day...

25 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB3 DAY)

25

DR SHEPPARD -- has a newspaper folded under her arm.

DR SHEPPARD

I was about to head out. Maybe you should do the same.

YATES

If she wakes up, I want to be here.

DR SHEPPARD

Joanne, this last stroke was extensive. There's almost no activity in the cerebral cortex...

(off her sad look)

She won't be waking up again.

\*

YATES

I spoke to mom the day before yesterday.

Sheppard offers her the newspaper under her arm.

DR SHEPPARD

Here. Might as well have something to read.

Yates takes the paper absently and the doctor goes. She sits back, looks at the watch, and decides to open the paper.

Her eyes widen at the front page.

26 INT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D2)

26

Trevor transfers his heaping stir fry from the pan onto their plates, MacLaren first.

TREVOR

Seasoned with exotic spices from all around the world. Ellis had a whole rack of 'em.

MacLaren takes a bite, then coughs, grimacing. Carly pushes her plate away, also disgusted as Wakefield enters.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

WAKEFIELD

Hey, wanted to give you an update on --  
 (seeing the food)  
 Oh. I haven't eaten in hours, would  
 you mind if..?

MacLaren slides his plate to him. Wakefield sits and eats  
 ravenously. MacLaren is amazed.

WAKEFIELD (CONT'D)

This is *amazing*; what spice is that?

\*

MACLAREN

All of them.

\*

Trevor nods enthusiastically and goes in for another bite.

\*

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

So how 'bout that update --?

\*

\*

WAKEFIELD

Okay, so... We think we're in the  
 clear as far as the recordings are  
 concerned across the board. Obviously  
 they're still traumatized but the  
 inhibitor wiped the worst of it...

MARCY

Who knows how David will handle this.

WAKEFIELD

David's fine. He's *chatty*...

MARCY

Uh oh.

WAKEFIELD

He and Kathryn will be ready for you  
 soon...

\*

\*

(then to Carly)

But Jeff's a different story --

MARCY

Your medic is worried he's resistant  
 to memory inhibitor.  
 (off his look)

He's an alcoholic. I gave him a  
 stronger dose to compensate but his  
 tolerance may be high --

WAKEFIELD

Whatever, we gotta release him anyway.  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

WAKEFIELD (CONT'D)

Protocol three.

(off Carly's look)

He doesn't want to talk to you.

CARLY

Fine by me.

WAKEFIELD

(to MacLaren)

He *does* want to speak to you.

MacLaren and Carly exchange a look.

MACLAREN

Huh.

WAKEFIELD

Also, I'm down a couple of my Traveler agents driving your people home.

Can you spare anyone to keep an eye on the back of the property?

\*  
\*  
\*

Trevor stands, grabbing one of Ellis' coats.

TREVOR

We can spare me.

CARLY

And me.

27 EXT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - DAY (D2)

27

They go out onto the porch. Carly and Trevor immediately head out to investigate.

MACLAREN

Keep your coms open.

MacLaren takes in the air for a beat, never taking it for granted, then:

JEFF -- comes out a moment later, facing him. The tension is palpable.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Jeff... I am so sorry you got caught up in this. I'd been investigating Vincent Ingram for some time and unfortunately --

Jeff doesn't buy MacLaren's earnest FBI agent act.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

JEFF

Yeah yeah, they told me all about it. All went down 'cause I'm close to Carly and Carly's close to you.

(beat)

Soooo... How close?

MACLAREN

Okay.

(beat)

You want the truth?

(beat)

Ms Shannon has been working for me.

Jeff can't keep a straight face at that.

JEFF

FBI?

MACLAREN

Yes.

JEFF

*Carly Shannon, FBI.*

MACLAREN

For several months.

Jeff just shakes his head, still smiling.

JEFF

I don't think so...

(off his look)

'Cause she don't got it in her, man.

Not *my* Carly.

(beat)

Then again, my Carly's *gone*. See, this girl, she ain't Carly; this girl's a totally different person. Don't know what you did but... I don't like her much no more.

MACLAREN

By the condition of your face, she doesn't seem to like you either.

JEFF

That is *funny*.

MACLAREN

'Least you can laugh about it.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

JEFF

Naw, I don't want nothin' more to do  
with this girl, you can have her.

MACLAREN

(pointing to his face)  
You sure? She missed a spot.

Jeff wants to fight right then and there, but laughs instead.

JEFF

Oh keep it up, man, keep it up...

MACLAREN

You're the one who wanted to talk.

JEFF

I wanted you to know I remember things  
I didn't tell your boy upstairs about.

(beat)

Ain't all there yet. Not all at  
once. Just iddy biddy pieces all  
percolatin' in there, like the mornin'  
after a night you been drinkin'...

MACLAREN

You'd know that better than me --

JEFF

But it'll come to me, it will.

And he walks to the bus feeling like he won the exchange. \*

MacLaren watches him go.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

28 EXT. FIELD - DAY (D2)

28

Carly and Trevor walk across a farmer's field that marks the end of the property. Carly has her gun raised.

TREVOR

...and the only thing you need to make it happen from there is water and sunlight. Food just rises up from the soil. It's beautiful when you think about it --

She holds up her fist, stopping Trevor. She's seen something, but she doesn't give away what she sees, feigning:

CARLY

Nothing out here.

Trevor is confused at first, then he SEES what she's looking at and goes along with it.

TREVOR

Yeah, let's head back.

They turn casually and head back.

29 EXT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - DAY (D2)

29

MacLaren is watching the bus drive away, with Jeff staring back at him as the lone passenger.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

CARLY (O.S.)

We're being surveilled.

MACLAREN

By who?

TREVOR

Can't say who or how many, but we saw some footprints.

MACLAREN

Footprints... Okay, I'll tell Wakefield.

\*

CARLY

We should get proper reinforcements and take them out.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

MACLAREN

*Take them out? What if it's nosy next door neighbors? Wakefield's got a small army protecting us, Carly, dial it back a little.*

30 EXT. FIELD - DAY (D2)

30

Carly and Trevor exchange a look as they head back.

IN THE TALL GRASS, a half dozen well armed SOLDIERS are concealed in camo, weapons ready.

WIDER -- Carly and Trevor walk back toward the farm.

31 INT. FBI BUS - MOVING - DAY (D2)

31

Jeff rides alone in back of the FBI bus, with TANNER driving. He looks out the window at the lone SUV parked at the side of the road. For a moment Jeff SEES a glimpse of GRACE in the back of the SUV. The bus just drives on.

32 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (D2)

32

Several of the FBI SWAT TEAM emerge from cover after the bus drives by. The team leader radios.

FBI SWAT LEADER

One of the secondaries just passed through the checkpoint. The cop.

33 INT. FBI - SITUATION ROOM - DAY (D2)

33

Oslin is on the telephone, then reports.

OSLIN

We'll get the driver at the same time we get their historian. That's lockdown. Nobody else in or out.

(then, to Stevenson)

Sorry to interrupt, sir.

\*

\*

STEVENSON

(to Yates)

What was so special about this text that made you go back?

YATES

It was a prediction.

34 INT. FILMORE LABORATORIES (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB3 DAY - SAME DAY AS FB3) 34

Yates storms into the lab again, a Security Guard in tow, looking for Ivon.

YATES  
How could you know!?

IVON comes out from behind Ilsa. \*

IVON  
What?

YATES  
You sent me a text yesterday.

She holds up a newspaper with the headline, "BIRD STRIKE forces Jet to crash land. Pilot saves 34 souls."

YATES (CONT'D)  
How did you know this would happen?

IVON  
I didn't! I just texted what the Director told me to text...  
(reading)  
Wow, every detail...

Yates goes and stands in front of Ilsa's camera. \*

YATES  
I want to talk to the Director.

IVON  
Yeah? Get in line! I tried to all last night; wouldn't say a word to --

DIRECTOR  
Good morning, Joanne.

IVON  
Dude, I'm standing right here.

YATES  
How did you know?

DIRECTOR  
From my time, the bird strike and emergency landing of flight 0718 is a part of the historical record. As was your mother's diagnosis.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

(beat)

Have I convinced you?

YATES

No. What do you want from me?

DIRECTOR

To deliver a message to your  
superiors.

YATES

Tell them yourself.

DIRECTOR

I have no means of directly  
communicating outside of this room.

Yates looks at Ivon.

IVON

Ilsa is built inside an A.I. Box,  
it's completely cut off.

(off her look)

You can't give a potentially emerging  
super-intelligence the car keys.  
You need to control what it learns.

\*

YATES

What's the message?

DIRECTOR

Your superiors must order the  
cancellation of the coordinated  
assault planned tomorrow on Traveler  
teams worldwide or face an unstoppable  
series of civilization ending events.

(beat)

Discovery was inevitable at this  
juncture of the grand plan.  
Cooperation with 21st century  
authorities is now the optimal path.

Beat. Ivon turns to a stunned Yates.

IVON

You get that?

Yates just glares at him.

35 INT. FBI - SITUATION ROOM - DAY (D2)

35

Stevenson wears a surprised expression.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

OSLIN

And you just *left*?

YATES

Deputy Oslin, did *you* believe in time travelers the first time you were told?

That strikes a cord with Oslin.

OSLIN

Truthfully, no. I reluctantly told the agent who brought it to me that he could pursue the matter, but... You're right, I didn't believe him.

YATES

How did he convince you?

Oslin doesn't answer, mourning the loss of a friend.

STEVENSON

He didn't. The Agent was overwritten along with his entire task force.

(beat)

Twenty five men and women.

That carries weight around the room. Yates doesn't get it.

YATES

I'm sorry, I don't understand...

STEVENSON

Special Agent Wakefield told us he was on the verge of providing the 'proof' he needed --

OSLIN

The next day he was a different man. Literally. The man I had worked alongside for ten years had been replaced by an impostor.

This is news to Yates. She's horrified.

YATES

How?

STEVENSON

A traveler supplants a host consciousness with his or her own, then pretends as if nothing's changed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

STEVENSON (CONT'D)

When Wakefield called that evening --  
ostensibly to assure me that his  
task force had come up with nothing --  
we knew he'd become one of them.

(beat)

I take it the Director didn't share  
that information with you.

YATES

No.

OSLIN

It's how they come here from their  
own time. It's... insidious.

QUINN

It's murder.

STEVENSON

*And* the reason this operation must  
continue on schedule. However much  
you try to convince us otherwise.

YATES

You don't think that I'm..?

STEVENSON

We've never met you before, Agent  
Yates... How would we know?

\*  
\*

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

36 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

36

Simon finishes his last lines of code, drinking from a tall glass of water with enthusiasm.

\*

SIMON

This water is incredible.

\*

PHILIP

Not recycled ten thousand times.

SIMON

Well, I'm done. The Director's code should allow traveler teams to identify every copy of your ill conceived 'confessions' that's out there.

PHILIP

Thank you.

SIMON

Although the effort hardly seems worth it, no one in the 21st would actually believe --

He stops himself mid-sentence, seeing someone behind Philip.

PHILIP

What's wrong?

Philip turns. From his POV there's nobody there.

SIMON

I thought I saw...  
(then covering)  
Maybe I'm just exhausted; was your transition here tiring?

PHILIP

I was in heroin withdrawal, so...

A VOICE -- turns Simon's head.

\*

2383

How could you leave me behind like this?

A bald Man, 50s, named 2383, stands across the garage, wearing a dun colored tunic. His head and neck are covered with a ratty scarf.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

SIMON

\*

I was assigned a mission.

Philip turns to where Simon is talking, realizing he's hallucinating someone else in the room.

2383

You ran away --

SIMON

No --

2383

Because things are getting worse here.

SIMON

I'm trying to save you!

The apparition lowers his hand, and pulls back his scarf, revealing a grotesque blistered growth on his neck.

\*

2383

It's already too late for me.

Philip stands between them, grabbing Simon by the shoulders.

PHILIP

Simon, what're you looking at?

Simon realizes he's just hallucinated, and is very matter of fact about it. Philip is empathetic.

SIMON

My friend isn't really there, is he.

PHILIP

No. We're alone.

Simon blinks several times, and realizes he's alone. It saddens him.

SIMON

Why would the Director do this to me?

PHILIP

It makes mistakes just like we do.

(then)

C'mon, you gotta try the food.

37 INT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - DAY (D2)

37

MacLaren goes straight to Wakefield and Marcy in the kitchen.

MACLAREN

Carly and Trevor think we're being surveilled.

WAKEFIELD

Faction?

MARCY

Wouldn't be the first time.

WAKEFIELD

We've got plenty of cameras set up outside. The Director will take them out if they get too close.

MACLAREN

I can get Philip on some back up if --

WAKEFIELD

Mac, I got it covered. Hell, I'll bring in air assets if I have to.

MACLAREN

Now you're just showing off.

WAKEFIELD

They're upstairs waiting. Kat's in the room at the top of the stairs.

\*

MacLaren and Marcy nod and go upstairs.

38 INT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (D2)

38

Kat sits in the chair, looking toward the window as MacLaren enters. She turns to him, a bit cold.

MACLAREN

I wanted to come sooner but Agent Wakefield insisted they debrief you --

KATHRYN

I've felt like this before, Grant.  
(off his look)

That I've lost something. Time. I woke up once months ago feeling this way...

MACLAREN

Like what?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

KATHRYN

My head was pounding, like it is now... And I couldn't remember anything that happened the day before. Remember the day your SUV was stolen? You said I had too much to drink.

MACLAREN

Well you went at it pretty hard, Kat, whatta you want to me to say?

KATHRYN

That you drugged me. To make me forget something...  
(off his look)  
What are you trying to make me forget?

MACLAREN

Jesus, Kat, why would I..?  
(beat)  
Shit.

MacLaren lowers his head, looking defeated.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Guess I just have to try again.

MacLaren takes a SYRINGE from his jacket pocket and moves toward Kat like it's a knife.

KATHRYN

No!

KAT REELS BACK from him... And the door KNOCKS AGAIN.

That was all in her imagination.

THE DOOR -- opens slightly, and a much more mild mannered MacLaren pokes his head in.

MACLAREN

Hi.

KATHRYN

Hi.

MACLAREN

They said I could talk to you now.

KATHRYN

It's about time. I've been asking for you all morning.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

He closes the door, then comes over to give her a kiss on the cheek but she pulls back, as if scared of him.

MACLAREN

Sorry, I'm going too fast.

KATHRYN

No, it's me, I'm just...  
(she stands)  
C'mere.

And they embrace, awkwardly at first, then with love.

MACLAREN

Kat, I promise you, everything is going to be like it was before.

\*

39 INT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - SECOND BEDROOM - DAY (D2)

39\*

David is sitting there as Marcy enters the room.

DAVID

Hi Marce!

They embrace in the middle of the room.

MARCY

David, I'm so sorry.

They part and she touches his face below his black eye.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Does it hurt?

DAVID

*This?* You should see the other guy.

MARCY

What other guy?

DAVID

I have no idea, I'm just assuming there was one.

(he shrugs, then)

Hey! Let's get outta here. I'm craving sesame chicken for some reason --

MARCY

We can't just pretend this didn't happen --

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

DAVID

Come on, you deal with this kinda thing every day! What's a minor kidnapping?

MARCY

There's nothing minor about this --

DAVID

I've been on the other end of the phone with you while you were giving CPR to somebody after some explosion for God's sake! I refuse to make this a bigger deal than it is.

MARCY

You were held by a mass serial killer who thinks time travelers were out to get him.

DAVID

Yeah, isn't that the stupidest thing you've ever heard?

40 INT. FBI - SITUATION ROOM - DAY (D2)

40

Oslin receives a report from a supernumerary.

\*

OSLIN

You're sure they were contained?  
(then, to Stevenson)

\*

\*

One of our assault teams was forced to move early on a Serbian cell. They were about to lose containment.

STEVENSON

Casualties?

OSLIN

All five members of the traveler team confirmed dead.

STEVENSON

We're moving on some two hundred locations; it was bound to happen.

YATES

Sir. You can't go ahead with this.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVELERS - 301 - YELLOW PAGES - 3-23-18 45

40 CONTINUED: 40

STEVENSON  
You have about ninety seconds to  
change my mind.

41 EXT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - DAY (D2) 41

Carly and Trevor are returning when they SEE the last of the  
FBI vehicles leaving. \*

CARLY  
Shit. Go get a weapon and tell  
Wakefield we're in trouble. \*

Trevor races to the house.

42 INT. FBI - SITUATION ROOM - DAY (D2) 42

Yates makes her final argument:

YATES  
The last time the Director spoke to  
me it was not through the A.I. in  
Tesla's lab.

OSLIN  
You received a messenger.

YATES  
But it wasn't a child.

43 EXT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - DAY (D2) 43

Carly SEES a half dozen armed soldiers taking concealed firing  
positions in the trees. \*

CARLY  
Mac, Wakefield's team just bugged  
outta here and there are soldiers  
taking up positions all around us. \*

44 INT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (D2) 44

MacLaren tries to talk to Kat and Carly at the same time. \*

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

MACLAREN

I know you need me and I'll be there  
for you.

45 EXT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - DAY (D2)

45

Carly shakes her head, furious with her team leader.

CARLY

Goddamn you...

46 INT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D2)

46

Trevor races into the kitchen where Wakefield is on the phone.  
Callahan is also there, looking concerned.

TREVOR

We've got company --

Callahan holds up his hand to Trevor to be quiet.

WAKEFIELD

I'll say it again, I'm Senior Special  
Agent Wakefield and I need armed air  
assets to these coordinates *now* --

He covers the phone when he sees Trevor.

TREVOR

They're not faction.

\*

WAKEFIELD

I've got twenty armed men out there.

TREVOR

Most of 'em are already gone.

WAKEFIELD

Then they're on to us.

He turns off his phone.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

47 INT. FBI - SITUATION ROOM - DAY (D2) 47

Yates pleads her case.

YATES

I had just been told my mother was essentially brain dead, but it was going to take time. I wanted to be with her...

(beat)

And last night she spoke to me.

48 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT (FBI N1 - SAME NIGHT AS N1) 48

Joanne's mother lies very still on her death bed.

Suddenly she opens her eyes, turns to her daughter and speaks with a slightly robotic voice of a MESSENGER:

LAVERNA

Joanne, listen to me carefully...

49 INT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (D2) 49

Kathryn and MacLaren hold their embrace. \*

CARLY (O.S.) \*

Mac we are outmanned and out gunned!  
Get your ass out here!

MACLAREN

I'm sorry, Kat, I have to go outside;  
I'll be right back.

KATHRYN

What? What's wrong?

And he rushes out.

50 INT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - SECOND BEDROOM - DAY (D2) 50

Marcy heads for the door.

MARCY

Just stay here and stay away from  
the windows.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

David stands and looks toward the windows.

DAVID

*Windows?* You should get behind me.

He gestures for her to stand behind him, then hears the door close behind him and turns to the empty room.

51 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT (FB1 N1 - SAME NIGHT AS N1) 51

Joanne is leaning over her mother, holding her hand, listening to her last words.

LAVERNA

Tell him the bargain he made that autumn morning was not with his God, but with *me*.

Her nose bleeds and her eyes close, dead. The heart monitor flatlines.

YATES

Mom..? Mom!

52 EXT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - DAY (D2)

52

Carly has her gun ready, looking nervous as Trevor and Callahan run up to her and offers her a sniper rifle.

CALLAHAN

Here.

She takes it and looks through the scope.

CARLY

What are they waiting for?

Callahan looks around as MacLaren and Marcy arrive.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Get down.

\*  
\*

MACLAREN

How many?

CARLY

More than we can fight; where's Wakefield?

MACLAREN

Trying to get traveler backup.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

TREVOR

Maybe we should go back inside the  
house, there's at least some cover --

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

MACLAREN

We're not getting into a fire fight.

CARLY

Won't be up to us.

MARCY

The Director hasn't waived protocol  
three.

CARLY

(raising her weapon)

Fuck that.

TREVOR -- points to soldiers coming up over the edge of the  
ditch in the distance.

TREVOR

Here they come.

53 INT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - SECOND BEDROOM - DAY (D2)

53

David has had it with waiting. He goes to the door and opens  
it.

KATHRYN -- is standing there, having made the same decision.

54 INT. FBI - SITUATION ROOM - DAY (D2)

54

Stevenson stares right through Yates, furious.

STEVENSON

Those were her exact words.

YATES

She died that moment, it's not  
something I'm ever likely to forget.

Stevenson is rocked to the core.

\*

STEVENSON

This is the day.

YATES

Sir?

The phone in front of Oslin RINGS. She answers.

OSLIN

Oslin...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: 54

OSLIN (CONT'D)

(then)

Sir we're waiting on your order.

Stevenson lowers his head, realizing the position he's in. \*

STEVENSON \*

All units stand down. The operation  
is canceled.

Oslin doesn't hesitate.

OSLIN

No go. I repeat, no go. All units  
stand down and pull back by order of  
Director Stevenson.

She hangs up the phone. The others are shocked at his turn.

55 EXT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - DAY (D2) 55

On the road, the SOLDIERS suddenly stop and turn back.

56 EXT. FIELD - DAY (D2) 56

Through a rifle scope we see:

Soldiers walking across the field receive the order to stand  
down. Their squad leader raises a fist, turns and retreats.

57 EXT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - DAY (D2) 57

CARLY -- lowers her weapon.

CARLY

They're leaving.

MACLAREN

What?

TREVOR

He's right. They're retreating.

58 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (D2) 58

The FBI SWAT LEADER orders his men.

FBI SWAT LEADER

Everybody outta here! Move!

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

He opens the door to one of the FBI vehicles, where GRACE has been sitting the whole time.

FBI SWAT LEADER (CONT'D)

You're free to go.

GRACE

Go where?

FBI SWAT LEADER

(derisively)

I could care less.

She gets out, her hands still zap strapped, drained.

59 INT. FBI - SITUATION ROOM - DAY (D2)

59

Everyone around the table is still staring up at Stevenson.

STEVENSON

Please give Agent Yates and I a moment.

\*  
\*

They all get up to leave.

\*

It takes a moment, in which Yates and he just stare at each other.

STEVENSON (CONT'D)

That autumn morning I was also in a hospital room. My daughter, Claire was dying from a rare form of cancer and there was very little time left.

YATES

(realizing)

She spoke to you.

STEVENSON

Yes.

60 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM 2 (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB4 DAY)

60

Stevenson, younger by a few years, PRAYS at the bedside of his very sick 10 year old daughter Claire.

She opens her eyes and goes messenger turning to him:

CLAIRE

I will save her life, but there will come a day of reckoning.

His mouth opens in awe.

61 INT. FBI - SITUATION ROOM - DAY (D2) 61

Tears flow down his cheeks.

STEVENSON

I never told a soul. She began to  
improve the next morning.

(beat)

I thought it was a *miracle*.

62 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM 2 - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB5 DAY) 62

A now healthy Claire wearing a bright bandana and a broad  
smile leaps from the bed into her father's arms. \*

\*

Stevenson looks in amazement at his beaming WIFE.

STEVENSON (O.S.)

It was a miracle.

63 INT. FBI - SITUATION ROOM - DAY (D2) 63

Yates realizes what's happened.

YATES

The Director cured her.

STEVENSON

I've read reports of their advanced  
technology. Keeps me awake at night.

YATES

You made the right decision, sir.

STEVENSON

We'll see...

(then)

So: What do we do now?

64 EXT. ELLIS' FARM HOUSE - DAY (D2) 64

MacLaren and Marcy lead the way back to the farm house.

MARCY

I wonder what made them stand down?

MACLAREN

I have to think the Director had  
something to do with --

MacLaren stops himself at the sudden sight of:

DAVID AND KATHRYN

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

Who have come out of the back of the house to see what was happening. Who knows how long they were there?

DAVID

So what's going on?

MARCY

David, I told you to stay in the room.

DAVID

Yeah, we didn't.

MacLaren plays it down.

MACLAREN

A jumpy junior agent over-reacted. Honestly, it was nothing.

Kathryn gives him a long look.

KATHRYN

Why don't I believe you?

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #302

"YATES"

Written by  
Ken Kabatoff

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TRAVELERS

"YATES"

Set List - YELLOW PAGES - 04.04.18

Exteriors

~~BROADCAST STUDIO~~

-Alley/Van

BUS STOP

CARLY'S HOUSE

GROCERY STORE

HOUSE

MACLAREN'S SUV

MINI-VAN

MOTEL PARKING LOT

STREET

Interiors

BROADCAST STUDIO

-Corridor

-Large Dressing Room

-Lobby

-Stage

-Underground Parking

CARLY'S HOUSE

COFFEE SHOP

DANIEL SOSA'S HOME

DAVID'S APARTMENT

-Bedroom/Living Room

FBI FIELD OFFICE

-Yates' Office

GARAGE/OPS

JEFF'S CAR

-Moving

KATHRYN'S LOFT

MACLAREN'S SUV

-Moving

MINI-VAN

MOTEL ROOM

POLICE STATION

-Interrogation Room

ROCKWELL'S HOME

-Kitchen

SOUND STAGE

-The Rockwell Report Set

TEAM VAN

-Moving

WELFARE OFFICES

TEASER

1 INT. SOUND STAGE - THE ROCKWELL REPORT SET - DAY (D1)

1

CAMERA POV

CHRISTOPHER ROCKWELL (40s), a domineering presence carrying the world's wildest conspiracy theories on his shoulders, performing his show, already in progress.

ROCKWELL

...and here we are having just learned the truth of who really controls our society. Forget the Illuminati, forget the Freemasons, forget everything you thought you knew about the New World Order. These so called "Travelers" have been exposed. Not by the main stream media, they've already moved on to the next news cycle. And not by the Government or its intelligence agencies, they're already covering it up... Vincent Ingram, once a whistle blower to a bonafide *invasion* from the future, is now a prisoner, accused of terrible crimes. A madman, they insist, who went off his meds and who now denies everything he said.

(beat)

Why did it come to this? Because among the many thousands of Travelers some have taken positions of power. Others seek it even now.

\*

Rockwell takes a moment for effect.

ROCKWELL (CONT'D)

*This* man intends to do the same.

A NEWS CHYRON -- featuring a photo of DANIEL SOSA (30s), congressional candidate, appears next to Rockwell.

ROCKWELL (CONT'D)

Daniel Sosa, former aide to the late congressman Ted Bishop, now running to replace his seat in the house. We have reason to believe that not only is Sosa one of these "Travelers" but is also responsible for the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

ROCKWELL (CONT'D)  
assassination of congressman Bishop  
himself!  
(beat)  
We *cannot* let them infiltrate our  
politics further! We must stop Daniel  
Sosa -- and send the message to these  
interlopers from the future that we  
are in control of our country and of  
our fate.

1ST AD (O.S.)

And cut!

Rockwell breaks concentration with the lens and steps away  
from the news desk as the SHOOTING CREW readjusts a setup.

CRYSTAL (30s), executive producer of The Rockwell Report,  
stands with an OLDER LAPTOP as Rockwell steps forward.

ROCKWELL  
That what you were taking about -- ?

CRYSTAL  
Just arrived.

ROCKWELL  
Nice.

Crystal places the laptop on a nearby table and opens it.

CRYSTAL  
The videos have been disappearing  
from servers all over the world --  
even government servers -- but my  
source managed to get his hands on  
one.

ROCKWELL  
Let's see it.

CRYSTAL  
Okay, but to make sure this one  
doesn't disappear it stays on this  
air-gapped computer until Thursday's  
special.

ROCKWELL  
Really?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

CRYSTAL

Bullshit or not, they are covering  
it up.

THE LAPTOP -- features CARLY'S confession tape (EP 212).

Rockwell leans in, intrigued.

ROCKWELL

Who's this?

Crystal hits a button and CARLY'S VIDEO begins to play.

CARLY

Yeah, I've committed crimes, but it  
was always for the greater good.  
The lives we lost when Van Huizen  
exploded ensured the survival of  
millions -- see, there's a world  
full of people who have no idea how  
close they came to the end, and they  
were saved by travelers. That's  
what we do...

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

2 INT. KATHRYN'S LOFT - DAY (D2)

2

KATHRYN stands at the kitchen counter, pouring milk into a coffee cup.

She looks up to SEE:

MACLAREN leaving the bedroom, tying his tie.

MACLAREN

You're up early this morning.

KATHRYN

I can't do this, Grant.

MACLAREN

So go back to bed.

KATHRYN

I mean pretend that everything is all right; that we're all right.

(beat)

Because we're not.

MACLAREN

What? Of course we are!

KATHRYN

You can't just say that and make it true.

MACLAREN

Kat. Come on. *Pretend* with me.

(then, stepping closer)

Otherwise it won't end well for you.

She drops the cup in the sink with a CRASH, then:

MACLAREN -- steps out of the bedroom. She's imagining again.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

What happened; you okay?

Now back to reality, Kathryn starts picking up the pieces from the sink.

KATHRYN

Fine, I just broke a cup.

He comes over, concerned.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

MACLAREN

You didn't cut yourself...

KATHRYN

No, shouldn't you be at work by now?

MACLAREN

I wanted to see you before you went off to your mom's, for how many days?

KATHRYN

A few at least.

MACLAREN

Okay. Well, say hi to her for me.

(then)

You're right, I'm late.

He kisses her on the cheek.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Text when you get there.

And he rushes out.

3 INT/EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D2)

3

CARLY steps softly out of JEFFREY JR'S bedroom, gently closing the door without a sound. She goes to pickup one of his toys off the floor as:

KNOCK KNOCK -- echoes from the kitchen door.

Carly softly makes her way over trying not to wake Jeffrey.

She opens the door and SEES JACQUELINE PEELE (EP 203) standing on the porch with and OFFICER.

\*

CARLY

(guard up)

Jaqueline? What's going on?

JACQUELINE

Do you mind if we come inside?

4 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D2)

4

Carly and Jacqueline sit in the living room as the Officer stands nearby. Carly reads over CUSTODY PAPERS.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

JACQUELINE

The judge felt that the parenting plan Mr Conniker submitted was the best living situation for Jeffrey.

CARLY

Sole custody.

JACQUELINE

You're no longer living together.  
(off her look)  
So that ruse is over with.

CARLY

The man is dangerous.

JACQUELINE

He is the person with bruises on his face, Ms Shannon.

CARLY

He came home drunk and attacked me!

JACQUELINE

You seem to have fared remarkably well.

CARLY

Jacqueline, you know better.

Jacqueline takes Carly's hand, ostensibly as an act of affection, then SEES the bruises on her hands.

JACQUELINE

I thought I did.

Carly's hand balls into a fist.

CARLY

I lose custody of my son because I *defended* myself?

JACQUELINE

Don't make this difficult.

Carly looks at the Officer.

\*

JACQUELINE (CONT'D)

We'll give you time to pack his bag and say goodbye.

5 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM - DAY (D2) 5

MARCY lies asleep in bed. Her eyes crack open upon hearing the sound of HEAVY BREATHING in the living room.

She gets her bearings and walks over to SEE:

DAVID -- in shorts and a t-shirt doing pushups. Already working up a sweat.

MARCY

David?

DAVID

(in between pushups)

Morning.

(struggling)

Oooooone hundred.

He stops, exhausted. Then picks himself up and begins doing a series of squats as Marcy stands to face him.

MARCY

What are you doing?

DAVID

Squats.

MARCY

Okay, can you stop for a second?

DAVID

I can talk and squat at the same time, just don't ask me to chew gum.

MARCY

David, *stop*.

David stops but then begins stretching his left quad.

DAVID

Just tryin' to get into better shape. What's wrong with that?

MARCY

*Nothing* would be wrong with that if it wasn't immediately following a kidnapping.

DAVID

No, no, that's the *best* time. Between kidnappings.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

MARCY

You have a history of PTSD --

DAVID

I know, but Marce, something's gotta give, and I don't want it to be us.

(beat)

I got to thinking... how is it that you can run around day and night as an FBI doctor -- and I've only seen a tiny fraction of what you do -- and then have tea and play board games with me and act like none of that ever happened?

MARCY

Training --

DAVID

No, because of... yes, training.

(beat)

So that's what I'm doing. To take on whatever the world throws at me.

Marcy deftly grabs a tangerine from the bowl of fruit on the table and whips it at David, hitting him hard in the forehead. It falls to the floor. He gets her point.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Starting now.

MARCY

You're lucky it wasn't the avocado.

Marcy goes to the kitchen to pour a cup of coffee.

6 EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY (D2)

6

Daniel Sosa walks with his wife KATIE SOSA, who pushes a grocery cart toward the store across the parking lot.

\*

A REPORTER and CAMERAMEN keep pace and throw questions his way.

REPORTER

Mr Sosa, what do you think is behind Christopher Rockwell's accusations that you're attempting to manipulate our political system --

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

DANIEL

Well I guess if I was really from the future I'd know the answer to that...

The reporter smiles.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Rockwell has zero journalistic credentials or experience. In other words, a purveyor of "fake news." If he doesn't stop this someone will eventually get hurt -- excuse me.

Sosa and his wife reach their mini van and open the rear door to load groceries.

7 INT. TEAM VAN - DAY (D2)

7

PHILIP is parked on a side street. Marcy climbs in.

PHILIP

Hey.

MARCY

Morning.

They begin to drive.

PHILIP

So how's David doing?

MARCY

Why?

PHILIP

Why? The kidnapping maybe.

MARCY

What do you know?

PHILIP

What? I don't know anything.

MARCY

Don't give me that --

PHILIP

The timeline has changed.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

MARCY

Not everything. Does he have a new  
TELL?

\*

PHILIP

You know I couldn't tell you even if  
I knew...

(then)

Which I don't. Okay? So...

They ride in silence a beat.

MARCY

I'm sorry, I just --

PHILIP

I know.

8 EXT. HOUSE - DAY (D2)

8

GARY helps TREVOR unload a small dresser off the back of a pickup truck. They walk it over to the front yard of a modest home where a pile of furniture and some of Trevor's trophies sit outside.

GARY

Seems like yesterday I was at your  
first game. Now you're movin' out,  
I can't believe it.

TREVOR

Takin' the big step.

GARY

Hell, I moved out at your age. In  
fact, some of this stuff's from my  
first apartment, I saved it for you.

Trevor looks at the pile of old crap.

TREVOR

I would never have guessed that.

GARY

I feel weird leaving you here but I  
gotta pick up your mom at the hair  
dressers --

TREVOR

My buddy'll be here any minute, so...

Gary gets a little choked up.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

GARY

You got this.

TREVOR

I got this.

GARY

I know you do.

TREVOR

You'll be okay, Gary, I know it.

GARY

Thanks.

Gary leans in for a hug, then heads for the truck.

GARY (CONT'D)

Don't forget Sunday! Supper's at six, golf starts at three!

TREVOR

Can't wait!

Gary hops inside and drives away.

TREVOR -- opens his backpack and pulls out a small sheet of cardboard that reads "FREE" and places it on the pile of furniture. \*

PHILIP AND MARCY -- pull up to the curb and Trevor gets inside with a big smile. Marcy raises an eyebrow at the pile.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Fresh start, right, roomie?!

He grabs Philip by the shoulders and they drive off.

9 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - YATES' OFFICE - DAY (D2)

9

JOANNE YATES stands in her brand new FBI office adjusting a WEB CAM on her computer monitor when MacLaren enters and walks through the bull pen toward her.

YATES

Agent MacLaren.

MACLAREN

Agent Yates.

YATES

Oh, so you know that I'm --

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

MACLAREN

My new partner, yes, I've been fully briefed.

He reaches out his hand and they shake.

YATES

Please have a seat.

She pulls out the chair at her desk in front of the computer.

MACLAREN

I see you took the big office.

YATES

This will only take a minute.

MacLaren plays along and takes a seat. Yates hits a button on her keyboard and begins RECORDING MacLaren at the desk. She steps around to face him and holds up a "script."

YATES (CONT'D)

Special Agent Grant MacLaren, the following is a summary from the Department of Justice in accordance with the Office of Government Ethics federal regulations title seven and Conflict of Interest title nineteen, U.S.G three-seven.

MACLAREN

Great.

YATES

To ensure that every designated FBI liaison have complete confidence in the integrity of the Traveler program, each Traveler team shall respect and adhere to the fundamental principles of the FBI as implemented in regulations three-oh-one of this order.

MACLAREN

Why wouldn't they?

YATES

As your designated liaison, I, Special agent Joanne Yates, will act as governing party over your team and engage with my superiors in good

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

YATES (CONT'D)  
faith, regarding ethical, moral, and  
legal matters stemming from your  
team's presence in the twenty first  
century. Please acknowledge that  
you understand the terms of this  
agreement.

\*

MACLAREN  
Sure thing. Are we done?

Yates hits a button on her keyboard and closes the webcam.

YATES  
We haven't even started. We've got  
a lot of ground to cover.

MACLAREN  
Such as...

YATES  
I need you to brief me about your  
team, your mandate, your operations,  
the future --

MACLAREN  
Sorry, protocol five.  
(off her look)  
It means at the FBI office we do FBI  
work unless otherwise directed.

YATES  
You do know that I *know*.  
(off his look)  
Messengers, TELLS, the deep web...

MACLAREN  
Oh, well, if you know...

YATES  
Obviously not *everything* --

MACLAREN  
Who knows everything?

YATES  
I have my orders --

MACLAREN  
I also have orders and one of them,  
protocol two, is I can't tell you  
*anything* --

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (3)

9

YATES

The FBI is now a governing body over the Traveler program.

MACLAREN

Governing. Hmm, okay: The Director acknowledges that authorities have become aware of Traveler operations in the 21st, that it's in *all* of our best interest that those actions, both past and future, be kept from the general public, and will inform said authorities of further actions if and when it sees fit.

YATES

That's not how we see it, MacLaren --

MacLaren gets up out of the chair and faces her.

MACLAREN

Please, call me Mac. You want to look over my shoulder, fine, but *only* if it doesn't interfere with my mission, which I think I *am* allowed to tell you, is to save the world.

(beat)

So back to work? The *FB* doesn't *I* all by itself.

MacLaren smiles and leaves the office.

10 EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY (D2)

10

Katie Sosa loads the last of the groceries into their family mini-van as Daniel speaks with a constituent COUPLE.

DANIEL

Do you know how many hard working men and women had to look elsewhere for employment because of Bishop's vote on the pipeline? With me, you're getting a job creator --

KATIE

Honey?

DANIEL

Have a great day.

The Couple smiles and leaves.

11 INT/EXT. MINI-VAN - DAY (D2)

11

Daniel takes a seat behind the wheel as Katie buckles up.

KATIE

Once this is over and you win, Mr  
Congressman, promise me you'll learn  
when to turn it off --

DANIEL

You know I don't have an off...

Daniel is distracted by what he SEES in the mirror:

THE REAR VIEW MIRROR -- shows a TRUCK blocking them in.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

(honks horn)

C'mon, move. For chrissake' --

TWO MEN -- kneel in the back of the pickup truck holding AR-15 rifles and UNLOAD a dozen rounds into the minivan. \*

Glass shatters and fabric gets torn apart as Daniel and Katie duck for cover in their seats.

Then just as quickly as it began the shooting stops and the truck speeds away.

Daniel collects himself, he's in shock. His neck and scalp bleeding from shattered glass. He looks across to the passenger seat where he SEES:

KATIE -- slumped to the side, face covered in blood and an exit wound through her chest.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

No. No... Katie! Katie!

And as SIRENS echo in the distance, Daniel sits helplessly holding his dead wife in his arms.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

12 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

12

Philip and Trevor sit in the lotus position on the floor, facing each other, in deep meditation.

Philip opens one eye to check the stock market graph on the nearby computer screen.

TREVOR

Close your eyes, Philip.

PHILIP

How could you *possibly* know I opened --

TREVOR

We're almost done. Take a deep cleansing breath and focus.

Philip does, then:

PHILIP

We should be working on the device; we're on a tight timeline.

TREVOR

This will help us concentrate on our work.

PHILIP

I don't need help concentrating.

TREVOR

Yeah, you do.

PHILIP

Okay... focusing.

Philip tries to get into the meditation just as Trevor's alarm beeps and he opens his eyes, leaping to his feet enthusiastically.

TREVOR

Back to work!

Shaking his head, Philip joins him.

13 INT. SOUND STAGE - THE ROCKWELL REPORT SET - DAY (D2)

13

Crystal sits across from Rockwell at a pop-up table in the corner going over notes.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

CRYSTAL  
Let's punt the oligarch story to the  
third segment --

\*

CRYSTAL'S PHONE -- buzzes. She picks up.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)  
Hello?

A DEEPLY MODULATED VOICE speaks on the other end.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Open your email.

CRYSTAL  
Who is this?

VOICE (O.S.)  
Do it.

CRYSTAL  
How'd you get this number?

Crystal opens her email app on her laptop.

ROCKWELL  
Who is it?

ON SCREEN -- an email from UNKNOWN.

She opens it and Rockwell SEES her expression turn to dread.

ON SCREEN -- a video window is open that shows a MASKED FIGURE  
looking directly into camera which begins with:

MASKED FIGURE  
This message is for Christopher  
Rockwell...

14 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - YATES' OFFICE - DAY (D2)

14

MacLaren enters to find Yates glued to her computer monitor.

MACLAREN  
What.

Yates references the screen and MacLaren steps around her  
desk to take a look.

YATES  
CIA analysts just flagged this.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

YATES (CONT'D)

It's a video by a hacktivist group positioned in a few eastern European countries. Seems they have a problem with Christopher Rockwell.

MACLAREN

Who?

(off her look)

I'm not originally from here.

She gives him a disbelieving look and presses play.

MASKED FIGURE

(on video)

This message is for Christopher Rockwell. Your source may have provided the video, but Katie Sosa's blood is on your hands. It's only fair that you pay for what you've done.

The video ends. MacLaren can't hide his contempt.

MACLAREN

Well. I'm sure a lying narcissistic bag of shit like Rockwell gets stuff like this all the time.

YATES

So you *do* know him.

Yates' desk phone rings.

\*

YATES (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yates. Yeah, just saw it...

(re: MacLaren)

He's right in front of me...

(beat)

Understood.

MACLAREN

Who was that?

YATES

SAC Nielsen. They're taking the threat seriously.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

YATES (CONT'D)

You and I are providing protection  
for Christopher Rockwell in case of  
an assassination attempt.

MACLAREN

Okay... But he might need protection  
from me.

15 EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY (D2)

15

Jeff, dressed for work, walks along the low cost motel pathway  
toward his silver sports car.

16 INT. JEFF'S CAR - DAY (D2)

16

Jeff slides into the driver's seat and starts the engine.  
He goes to adjust his mirror and that's when he SEES:

A POST-IT note stuck to the mirror. It reads;

\*

**WHAT YOU REMEMBER IS TRUE**

\*

A phone number is below the message.

\*

17 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY (D2)

17\*

Kathryn sits alone at a table in the corner when David walks  
in wearing workout gear.

DAVID

Sorry I'm late. Turned out to be a  
longer walk than I expected, but I  
got my steps in...

(then noticing)

Jeff not here yet?

KATHRYN

Nope.

David pulls out his phone and dials Jeff.

JEFF (O.S.)

This is Jeff. You know what to do.

DAVID

Jeff. David... So we're here, it's  
ten after, we'll hang another twenty  
unless we get a text.

He hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

KATHRYN

Short and sweet.

DAVID

Trying to break a habit.

(then)

So... how is Kathryn MacLaren?

KATHRYN

Fine.

DAVID

Wasn't a very full throated "fine."

KATHRYN

I really am.

(off his look)

David, my last encounter with a  
psychologist was not a pleasant one,  
don't push me.

DAVID

I'm not remotely qualified, but I am  
happy to be your social worker should  
you become homeless.

KATHRYN

Close to it.

DAVID

Really?

KATHRYN

No, just staying with my mother for  
a few days. But I'm not rushing  
back home to Grant anytime soon.

DAVID

You're not blaming him.

KATHRYN

Ingram was obviously insane. And I  
already knew he'd cheated on me; we  
dealt with that. It's just that...  
I've felt this way before. With *him*.  
(beat)There's just a black hole of memory  
where there should be *something*.

DAVID

They did drug us.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

KATHRYN

I know --

DAVID

Because they were going to take us  
somewhere and do terrible things;  
this stuff isn't easy to live with.

(beat)

Look, I don't really know Agent  
MacLaren but if Marcy says he's a  
good guy --

KATHRYN

Where the hell is Jeff, anyway?

Beat. David doesn't want to push her. He pulls out a pen  
and paper from his bag and writes down contact information.

DAVID

Here. Talking about this with a  
real professional -- one who isn't  
under duress herself -- might actually  
help.

(off her look)

It's a friend, give her my name.

He hands Kathryn the slip of paper.

18 EXT. BUS STOP - DAY (D2)

18

Marcy and Carly sit on the bench of a neighborhood bus stop.

CARLY -- stares forward lost in her own world. Unable to  
shake the idea that she may never see Jeffrey Jr again.

MARCY

Tell me what happened.

CARLY

Jeff got what he wanted. Child  
services took Jeffrey away this  
morning.

MARCY

I'm sorry.

CARLY

I have always lived by protocol one.

(beat)

My heart is telling me a mother should  
put her son first. Not her mission.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

MARCY

In the grand scheme of things they're both the same. You're doing everything in your power to give Jeffery Jr a world to grow up in. We have to keep reminding ourselves that.

Carly ponders the bittersweet sentiment.

A HANDY DART BUS -- arrives at the stop. Four people pile out and the last PASSENGER places a cloth shopping bag next to Marcy and continues walking.

Marcy scoops up the bag, taking a quick peek inside then taps her com.

MARCY (CONT'D)

(on com)

Philip, we just received the component. On our way back.

PHILIP (O.S.)

Copy.

19 INT. SOUND STAGE - THE ROCKWELL REPORT SET - DAY (D2)

19

Rockwell stands near his news desk doing up his tie in front of Crystal who is trying to stay calm.

ROCKWELL

They're all brave online. It's just some kid in a basement.

CRYSTAL

Who got *my* contact information in order to threaten *your* life.

(beat)

If it wasn't for Katie Sosa I might agree with you.

Rockwell knows where she's going with this...

ROCKWELL

You still have the email?

CRYSTAL

Yeah.

ROCKWELL

Then load it up. First segment, follow my lead.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

CRYSTAL

Chris, that's going too far.

Rockwell goes to sit behind his desk.

ROCKWELL

Let's go. \*

1ST AD (O.S.) \*

Roll sound!

CAMERA POV \*

Rockwell stares down the barrel of the lens. His face reddening as if on cue.

ROCKWELL

This morning's assassination attempt on Daniel Sosa and the slaying of his wife was not random. Travelers have simply tried to cut ties with a compromised operative.

THE STAGE DOOR -- opens and MacLaren and Yates step inside. They make their way toward the news desk set.

ROCKWELL (CONT'D)

We struck a nerve by exposing their underground network, but this is only the beginning. Today my team received startling video confirming that they are now after *me* --

Rockwell looks behind one of the cameras and SEES MacLaren.

ROCKWELL (CONT'D)

Hold on. Cut! Who let them inside? This is a closed set. \*

The crew turns to MacLaren and Yates who flash their badges. \*

YATES

FBI. We need to speak with you.

ROCKWELL

I'm gonna need to see a search warrant if you expect to take the video.

MACLAREN

What video?

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED: (2)

19

YATES

Mr Rockwell, we're not here to take anything. We're here to protect you. We have credible intel that your life is in danger.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

19A INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - DAY (D2)

19A\*

The SUV is parked at the curb outside Rockwell's luxury home. MacLaren sits in the driver's seat keeping an eye on the house, while Yates sits in the passenger seat.

MACLAREN

Hungry yet, Agent Yates?

YATES

My friends call me Jo.

MACLAREN

Hopefully we become friends then.

MacLaren reaches into the back seat and grabs a PAPER TAKE OUT BAG, handing it to her. She looks inside and then back to MacLaren.

YATES

What's this?

MacLaren takes out a raw carrot stick and eats it.

MACLAREN

You asked me to bring something for dinner.

YATES

This is what dinner eats.

(beat)

So every one is vegan in the future because there's no animal protein?

MacLaren gives her a look and crunches his carrot stick.

YATES (CONT'D)

Come on. Give me *something*.

He takes out a celery stick and hands it to her. She bites into it.

YATES (CONT'D)

How bad is it?

MACLAREN

That's just another way of asking the same question.

(CONTINUED)

19A CONTINUED:

19A

YATES

So it's bad.

MacLaren doesn't answer. He checks his phone.

YATES (CONT'D)

Then again why would you come back  
in time to change history if  
everything was great.

MacLaren grimaces at the message and puts it back in his pocket.

YATES (CONT'D)

What is it?

MACLAREN

Wife problems.

YATES

Huh. Same here.

(beat)

So how long have you been married?

MACLAREN

Ten years --

YATES

But it hasn't been ten years for you.

(off his look)

I was told when a new traveler arrives  
their consciousness supplants the  
host's --

\*

MACLAREN

We only take hosts who were  
historically about to die.

YATES

He told me something! That is if  
you're telling the truth --

\*

\*

MACLAREN

That *is* what we do; it's hard wired  
into the Director.

\*

YATES

Okay but even so you can't have been  
with her for more than what... a  
year?

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

19A CONTINUED: (2)

19A

MACLAREN

Enough time to make a real  
connection...

\*

(CONTINUED)

19A CONTINUED: (3)

19A

YATES

Don't know how real it could be.

MACLAREN

We're every bit as human as you are.

\*

\*

Beat. MacLaren just shakes his head.

YATES

Is it painful for the host when the incoming consciousness takes over?

MacLaren nods, deciding to tell her.

MACLAREN

Yes.

(beat)

But it's fairly quick.

YATES

You make it sound like you're doing them a favor.

MACLAREN

My host would have bled out alone at the bottom of an elevator shaft. Kat would have become a widow... A lot of good we've done wouldn't have happened, so...

(beat)

Yes, we are.

YATES

My mother died a few days ago.

(beat)

She'd had a series of strokes and the last one was so massive she couldn't speak. Because there was really no one inside anymore to form the words. But she did speak. Your Director used her in order to send a message.

(beat)

Her last words weren't even her own and they ended her life. You'll forgive me for not thanking you.

20 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N2)

20\*

The door opens and Marcy enters the apartment, to SEE:

DAVID -- passed out on his back in the center of the room in work out clothing, knees up, his hands behind his head.

She doesn't say anything. Instead, she creeps up to him stealthily, then produces a small case from her bag.

She opens it to reveal a COM INJECTOR.

She loads a com into it carefully, closes the case, replacing it in her bag, then jams the injector below his ear.

DAVID -- starts awake, sitting up, touching his neck. She slips the injector back into her bag.

DAVID

Ow!

(then)

Oh god, I sat up too fast...

MARCY

What are you doing on the floor?

DAVID

Sit ups. Ow. I lost count.

David groans with body aches as Marcy goes to help him up.

MARCY

You know that in order for your muscles to strengthen they need a lot of rest, right?

DAVID

That's what the guy in the pilates infomercial said. Ow. My neck is sore, I think I pulled a muscle.

MARCY

Let's get you to bed.

DAVID

Why what time is it?  
(looking at his watch)  
Let's get me to bed.

Marcy leads David to the bedroom.

21 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N2)

21

Trevor sits at the workbench carefully handling the device Philip was working on earlier.

He takes a piece of ENGRAVED THIN METAL from the cloth bag Marcy picked up and begins to fit it into the device.

PHILIP -- sits at his computer glancing at a series of STOCK MARKET GRAPHS, and CURRENCY EXCHANGES.

PHILIP  
This is easier than I expected.

TREVOR  
What is?

PHILIP  
Mining ethereum. I used a rootkit to subvert a super computer's processing power to unlock the next chain in the block. I just made eighty thousand dollars in twenty seven minutes.

TREVOR  
By stealing from people's accounts?

PHILIP  
No, by technically keeping the entire system afloat. If anything, I did a good thing.

TREVOR  
You know what eventually happens.

PHILIP  
Yeah, but that won't happen for...

AN ALARM BLARES -- and Philip looks at the security feed. \*

ON THE MONITOR -- a SWAT TEAM approaches the front door. \*

TREVOR  
What's going on?!

Before Philip can respond the SWAT TEAM crashes the door: \*

SWAT LEADER  
Everyone down, now! \*

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

TREVOR -- leaps off his stool to take out the nearest OFFICER. \*  
BANG! TREVOR IS SHOT IN THE HEAD.

PHILIP

\*

Trevor!

\*

Philip tries to reach Trevor but stops at the sight of:

\*

YATES -- stepping through the door, her gun now on Philip.

\*

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Don't shoot!

PHILIP -- blinks, then looks around the room. Everything is normal.

Trevor sits at the workbench, unharmed. He stares at Philip for a moment, taken aback, then looks around.

TREVOR

In what way did I give the impression  
I was about to shoot you?

Philip realizes what happened and rushes to his computer desk, opens a drawer and takes a YELLOW HISTORIAN PILL.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

What's going on?

PHILIP

Nothing.

Trevor rushes over and takes the pill bottle from Philip.

TREVOR

Oh, man... Seriously?

PHILIP

Before you say anything, this is a  
Traveler approved drug. It's not  
making me high, it's making me better.

TREVOR

Yeah I can see that. What is it?

PHILIP

I can't tell you. Protocol 2-H. "H"  
is for Historian.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2) 21

TREVOR

Uh huh.

(hands back the bottle)

I've seen this movie, Philip. I  
don't like how it ends.

Trevor goes back to his workbench.

22 OMITTED 22\*

\*

23 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (N2) 23\*

CLOSE ON -- a plastic cup of ice being filled with the dregs  
of a bottle of whiskey.

Jeff tosses the bottle in the trash. He takes a long sip  
then makes his way toward the bed, past the CRIB where Jeffrey  
Jr is sound asleep under a blanket.

Jeff parks himself in front of a LAPTOP which streams  
Christopher Rockwell's latest segment. Jeff watches intently,  
believing every word.

ROCKWELL

(on laptop)

...This morning's assassination  
attempt on Daniel Sosa, and the  
slaying of his wife was not a random  
attack. Travelers have simply cut  
ties with a compromised operative...

24 INT. DANIEL SOSA'S HOME - NIGHT (N2) 24

Daniel sits alone. His eyes red with tears and locked on:

THE TELEVISION -- where Christopher Rockwell, the man  
responsible for his wife's death, spins conspiracy.

ROCKWELL

We clearly struck a nerve by exposing  
their underground network, but this  
is only the beginning. Today my  
team received startling video  
confirming that they're now after *me*.

25 INT. ROCKWELL'S HOME - NIGHT (N2) 25

Rockwell sits in front of his laptop and smiles at the  
TELEVISION across the room. His own show.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

He unmutes it and smiles at the sharply dressed man on TV.

ROCKWELL

Which only means we're that much closer to the truth... So tomorrow night be sure to catch me on Drew Clarkson's show for a one-hour exclusive. And if any of these so called Travelers are watching this, I want you to know something: we will continue to rage against the dying of the light, we will not go gently into that good night.

(beat)

Thank you.

Rockwell nods to himself, proud of his performance.

26 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D3)

26

David strains to reach for two coffee cups from the cupboard.

He can barely move let alone pour the cups of coffee. Marcy enters from the bathroom.

MARCY

Morning.

DAVID

Hey, good morning.

MARCY

Smells different.

DAVID

Yeah, new blend.  
(reading label)  
"Jurassic Dark".

\*

MARCY

Ooh. Looks pretty dark.

DAVID

I think it's the legal maximum.

Marcy tries it with anticipation. She grimaces, coughing.

MARCY

Is this even coffee?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

DAVID

For god's sakes, Marcy, where's your sense of adventure? Okay, your life is an adventure, you get a pass.

(taking a sip)

Aghh! That is *not* good..!

David turns and dumps his cup in the sink, but the fast movement shoots pain through his entire body.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ow, ow! Sore!

\*

Marcy rushes over.

MARCY

Where? Have you pulled a muscle?

\*

DAVID

Yes, all of them. Took me five minutes to walk to the kitchen.

\*

\*

MARCY

David, too much exertion is dangerous. If you're in this much pain you should take the day off work.

\*

\*

\*

DAVID

Oh, like *you* would ever take the day off work.

\*

\*

\*

MARCY

I take whole days off all the time.

\*

\*

DAVID

And those are my favorite days, but if you had to -- I don't know, stop an assassination or prevent a volcano from erupting --

\*

\*

\*

\*

MARCY

That isn't possible --

\*

\*

DAVID

For the purposes of discussion!  
(off her look)  
If you had to work, not in a million years would you take the day off.

\*

\*

\*

\*

MARCY

David, what I do is --

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED: (2)

26

DAVID

Important?! And what I do isn't?

MARCY

I never said that.

DAVID

"Take the day off because you're stiff" that was your suggestion.

(beat)

You know... I don't even really know what you do and I respect it --

Marcy steps closer to David and takes his hand.

MARCY

I do respect what you do. It is honorable and important and I respect you. I just never want to see you get hurt again. So, please, just slow things down a little before you really damage something.

She kisses him.

DAVID

That's not going to work this time.

Marcy takes a moment to acknowledge David's resolve.

MARCY

Okay, well, good luck getting back across the room.

Marcy walks away. David takes a step and winces.

DAVID

Marce?

(beat)

Can you please just get me to the threshold of the bathroom and I'll take it from there?

Nope. He's on his own.

27

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY (D3)

27\*

Jeff, dressed in civilian clothes, walks with Jeffrey Jr toward his silver sports car.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

JEFF  
(slurring)  
Just gonna be me and you today.

28 INT. JEFF'S CAR - DAY (D3)

28

JEFF -- with bloodshot eyes and sweat beading down his forehead, attempts to buckle Jeffrey Jr into his car seat.

He's still drunk, fumbling with the seat clips.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 28

JEFF  
C'mon, c'mon --  
(clicks buckle)  
There we go. Locked in, all safe.

29 EXT. STREET - DAY (D3) 29

JEFF'S CAR -- cruises down a residential street. He goes through a stop sign and continues. \*

30 INT. JEFF'S CAR - MOVING - DAY (D3) 30

POLICE LIGHTS -- flash in the mirror.

Jeff checks and SEES A METRO POLICE CRUISER on his tail.

JEFF  
Shit! A'right, a'right.

Jeff pulls the car over.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Nothin' to worry about, little man,  
we got this.

31 EXT. STREET - DAY (D3) 31

OFFICER ROSS (30s) gets out of his police car and steps toward Jeff's car. He's definitely surprised to see Jeff.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

ROSS  
Jeff?

JEFF  
Hey, brother. How's it goin'?

Ross leans in to the window to check for signs of alcohol.

ROSS  
How 'bout you tell me.

JEFF  
Just goin' to the park with my son.

Ross looks in the back and SEES Jeffrey. That angers him.

Ross doesn't buy it. Jeff knows it too.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

ROSS

I'm gonna need you to step out of  
the car.

JEFF

C'mon man, we don't gotta do that.

ROSS

Out of the car, Jeff.

Jeff acquiesces and opens the door. As he moves to stand up he wobbles and leans into the door, catching himself.

Without skipping a beat, Officer Ross reaches for his handcuffs and grabs Jeff's arm, pulling it behind his back.

He pushes Jeff against the car and takes his other arm while beginning to recite the Miranda rights.

ROSS (CONT'D)

I'm placing you under arrest for  
suspicion of driving under the  
influence --

JEFF

You're not fuckin' serious!

JEFFREY JR -- begins to cry in the back seat.

ROSS

You have the right to remain silent...  
anything you say can and will be  
used against you in the court of  
law...

JEFF

What are you doin', I'm a cop!

(then)

What about my kid?

ROSS

Yes! What about him, Jeff?!

(then)

You have the right to an attorney,  
if you can't afford one, one will be  
appointed to you...

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

32 INT. WELFARE OFFICES - DAY (D3)

32

David shuffles down the corridor at work. Wincing each step.

KEN -- (EP 206) steps out of an office.

KEN

Hey, got a sec?

DAVID

Sure.

KEN

What happened, you hurt yourself?

DAVID

Nope.

KEN

You're standing kinda like you really need to use the bathroom.

DAVID

Well, maybe I *do*, Ken.

KEN

'Kay, I'll be quick; I need a favor. I need you to take my spot at the HIV awareness seminar on Saturday.

DAVID

I can't do that --

KEN

I know you hate speaking in public, but Melissa's sick which means I'm on dad-duty. You'll be great. I already put your name down.

Ken turns to leave, David stumbles a bit and leans awkwardly against the wall for support, trying to look strong.

DAVID

Ken... I said *no*.

Ken notices his awkward position.

KEN

Buddy, don't let me keep you, we can talk after.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

DAVID  
 (working himself up)  
 I'm saying you can't just "put my  
 name down" like I'm some, some *name*  
 you can just... *put down!*

KEN  
 Oh...

Ken realizes his mistake.

KEN (CONT'D)  
 I didn't mean to --

DAVID  
 I'm just giving notice that I'm not  
 going to be pushed around anymore.

KEN  
 Hey, forget I said anything. I'll  
 ask Kirk, he could use the overtime.

Ken begins to walk past David toward Kirk's office.

DAVID  
 There's overtime?

33 INT. ROCKWELL'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY (D3)

33

MacLaren and Yates wait in Rockwell's contemporary chef's  
 kitchen. MacLaren notices some MAIL on the counter as  
 Rockwell enters.

MACLAREN  
 Who's Victor Sabatini?

Rockwell rips the envelope from MacLaren's hand.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
 (to Yates)  
 Are we protecting the wrong person?

ROCKWELL  
 Rockwell's my stage name.

Rockwell stops and sizes up MacLaren.

ROCKWELL (CONT'D)  
 You have a problem with me?

\*

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

MACLAREN

You've already ruined two lives this week, why go on air and make it a third?

ROCKWELL

A good story's a good story. It's not personal.

YATES

Tell that to Daniel Sosa.

Rockwell throws his hands up.

ROCKWELL

Hey, at the end of the day, I don't really give a damn if something is true or not true. It's whether or not I can make people believe it. Because I'm not a really a reporter --

MACLAREN

No --

ROCKWELL

-- I'm a businessman. This is about money. I use my celebrity to sell things. And once I can make people believe something that's very hard to believe, and that only I know the "truth"... Well, then I can sell them anything.

\*  
\*

MACLAREN

What if I told you it was all true?  
(beat)

That there's a network of Travelers out there trying to change history, and I'm one of them --

YATES

What happened to Protocol 2?

Rockwell smiles broadly at them both.

ROCKWELL

I'd say you were trying to sell me something.

MACLAREN

Actually I was trying to warn you.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
 (off his look)  
 Not to do this.

Rockwell is too cynical to be intimidated by that.

ROCKWELL  
 Well we all gotta do what we gotta  
 do.  
 (sarcastic)  
 Let's go, *traveler*.

Rockwell steps past Maclaren toward the door as Marcy hails  
 Maclaren over com.

MARCY (O.S.)  
 We're arriving now.

\*

MACLAREN  
 (into com)  
 On our way.

34 INT. TEAM VAN - UNDERGROUND PARKING - DAY (D3)

34

Marcy drives Trevor, Philip, and Carly and they pull into a  
 space. Carly checks her watch.

\*

CARLY  
 I'm up in five.

\*

Carly looks over to Philip who is holding:

THE FINISHED DEVICE -- a rectangular metallic piece of  
 technology that could fit in someone's pocket.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
 Are you sure it works?

PHILIP  
 Tested it twice. We're set.

Beat. Trevor asks Carly and Marcy:

TREVOR  
 Anybody else ever hear of a Protocol  
 2H?

PHILIP  
 Trevor, you know it means I can't  
 talk about it --

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

TREVOR

The "H" is for Historian. That much he told me.

PHILIP

Please drop it --

TREVOR

You said it was Traveler approved, so I'm just curious if these guys ever heard about it.

MARCY

Not me.

TREVOR

I figured you might know cause he takes pills for it.

CARLY

What kind of pills?

PHILIP

Jesus, Trevor...

MARCY

Show me.

Philip reaches into his pocket and pulls out the bottle.

MARCY (CONT'D)

I don't recognize them, give me one to examine.

PHILIP

I can't do that --

MARCY

You don't have to *tell* me anything, I'll find out myself.

CARLY

Is it something you're ashamed of?

PHILIP

No.

CARLY

Then give the woman a damn pill so we can get on with the mission.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2) 34

PHILIP  
I can't! I'm not high, I'm fine.  
You just have to trust me.

CARLY  
All right. I'm up.

\*  
\*

Carly gets out of the van and closes the door.

\*

35 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (D3) 35

Jeff sits at the interrogation table. He hangs his head low, almost over the effects of his hangover.

SARGE -- steps through the door and approaches Jeff.

SARGE  
Your kid was in the back seat. You  
blew double the limit. I can't turn  
a blind eye to that.  
(then)  
We'll write up an administrative  
charge for your licence, but you're  
suspended until your disciplinary  
hearing and I'm gonna need your badge.

JEFF  
Where's Jeffrey?

SARGE  
Washington Family Services. He's a  
regular there now.

Jeff looks up at Sarge.

SARGE (CONT'D)  
Jeff... Get some help.

Sarge turns and heads for the door.

36 INT. TEAM VAN - UNDERGROUND PARKING - DAY (D3) 36\*

Philip hands Marcy and Trevor a LANYARD.

\*

PHILIP  
This will get you to the news studio  
on the fourth floor.

Carly and Trevor nod and get out.

\*

Philip shuts the van doors and begins typing a command on his laptop. CCTV windows pop up on screen.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 36

ON SCREEN -- we SEE a SECURITY GUARD positioned at the lobby's front desk.

Philip finishes his command and presses ENTER.

37 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - LOBBY - DAY (D3) 37

MULTIPLE SECURITY ALERTS -- pop up on the main computer screen and the Security Guard stands immediately.

SECURITY GUARD  
(into walkie)  
My screen's telling me the alarm system's gone offline on 2.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Do me a favor and check it out for me?

38 INT. TEAM VAN - UNDERGROUND PARKING - DAY (D3) 38

Philip is the voice on the other end of the walkie.

PHILIP  
The new girl's on her way and I'd rather you do it.

39 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - LOBBY - DAY (D3) 39

The Security Guard responds:

SECURITY GUARD  
Copy.

A moment later, CARLY enters the building.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)  
You take over here, the boss wants me to check it out.

Carly shrugs and heads behind the security desk.

CARLY  
'Kay, whatever.

The Security Guard enters the elevator. A moment later:

TREVOR -- enters, nods to Carly, goes through a set of doors and disappears. \*

40 INT/EXT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D3) 40

MacLaren drives into the broadcast studio parking garage and parks near the TEAM VAN.

Yates's in the passenger seat, Rockwell's in the back.

YATES

This way's more secure.

ROCKWELL

How do I make an entrance?

MACLAREN

That's the point.

Yates hops out and opens the door for Rockwell. MacLaren walks around the SUV and leads Rockwell to the double doors.

41 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - LOBBY - DAY (D3) 41

Carly keeps an eye on the lobby doors, activating her com.

CARLY

Any signs of the target?

PHILIP (O.S.)

Sixty seconds.

42 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - CORRIDOR/LARGE DRESSING ROOM - DAY (D3) 42

MacLaren, Yates, and Rockwell reach the assigned dressing room. Yates goes first to make sure it's clear.

Yates steps inside and Rockwell turns to MacLaren.

ROCKWELL

You know, I kinda wish you really were from the future, so you'd know exactly when this assassination attempt was going to happen and you didn't have to follow me around.

MACLAREN

I do know when.

ROCKWELL

If this act of yours is to try to stop me from doing this show I will have your job. I have first amendment rights --

\*

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

Yates peeks back out into the hall.

YATES

All clear.

MACLAREN

(to Rockwell)

After you.

MacLaren follows Rockwell inside the dressing room.

MARCY -- is already in the dressing room, wearing a broad smile, standing by the makeup mirror.

MARCY

Hi, I'm Kiera. I'll be doing your makeup today.

Rockwell shakes her hand.

ROCKWELL

Lucky me.

43 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - LOBBY - DAY (D3)

43

Daniel enters the lobby doing his best to stay calm but his anxiety is through the roof.

CARLY

ID, please.

Daniel hands his ID over to Carly and she "recognizes him."

CARLY (CONT'D)

Oh my god... You're...

(beat)

I am so sorry for your loss.

DANIEL

Yes, thank you. I have an interview with Drew Clarkson?

Carly begins to check the computer. Daniel surreptitiously moves his coat back and rests his hand on a .38 PISTOL tucked into his waistband.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

He called last minute, I'm not sure if they logged it yet --

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

CARLY

*That* must be why. Go ahead. Again,  
I'm so sorry, studio 41, 4th floor...

\*

Almost surprised by that, Daniel moves past the desk and into the elevator.

CARLY (CONT'D)

(into com)

He's in the building.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

44 INT. TEAM VAN - UNDERGROUND PARKING - DAY (D3) 44\*

PHILIP -- monitors CCTV feeds of the elevator with Daniel and studio corridors.

PHILIP  
Stepping off the elevator on the  
fourth floor.

ON SCREEN -- Daniel walks out of the elevator and goes left.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
Now heading down the west corridor.

45 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - CORRIDOR - DAY (D3) 45

Daniel stares straight ahead as he marches down the corridor, his hand hovering over the pistol on his side.

A CHYRON APPEARS on screen that reads:

RECORDED TIME OF DEATH: 3:16 PM. 60, 59, 58...

TREVOR -- follows subtly in the deep background.

TREVOR  
(into com)  
Got him.

46 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - LARGE DRESSING ROOM - DAY (D3) 46

MacLaren and Yates stand near the wall opposite the door. Marcy continues to put makeup on Rockwell.

MACLAREN  
Before you do your interview I want  
to fact check you on something.

ROCKWELL  
(dubious)  
Okay...

MACLAREN  
Daniel Sosa didn't kill Congressman  
Bishop. The man was shot with a  
high caliber sniper round fired by  
my team's tactician two blocks away.  
Carly's the person on that video you  
intend to show tonight.

\*

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

Yates is now getting creeped out by this too.

YATES

What the hell are you doing?

MACLAREN

He was shot while having a heart attack, which was confirmed in the autopsy. If you check the tape you'll see me standing right beside the congressman when it happens. You know who else you'll see in the crowd?  
(re Marcy)

Your makeup artist.

Rockwell glances to Marcy who smiles.

MARCY

Hi.

ROCKWELL -- gets out of his chair and starts backing up toward the door.

ROCKWELL

What the fuck is going on here?

MACLAREN

You're being given a choice.

ROCKWELL

You son of a bitch, I knew it...

YATES

MacLaren, knock it off --

MACLAREN

If you insist on pursuing this further, I can't protect you --

ROCKWELL

From who? You?

YATES

Stop it --

MACLAREN

But if you let it go and find another bullshit story to sell, you get to walk out of here.

TREVOR (O.S.)

Fifteen seconds, boss.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

MACLAREN

You've got about twelve seconds to decide. Marcy stand by.

YATES

All right. Enough!  
(to Rockwell)

Mr Rockwell, on behalf of the FBI --

But Rockwell holds his hand up to her and stands off with MacLaren.

ROCKWELL

You know what, MacLaren? Even if it is true. *Especiallly* if it is...

(hatefully)

Fuck. You.

THE DOOR -- swings open and Daniel enters with his gun raised.

DANIEL

Everybody back! Stay back!

YATES AND MACLAREN -- point their guns at Daniel who has his trained on Rockwell in the center of the room.

YATES

Drop your weapon, now!

DANIEL

(to Rockwell)

You did this to me.

ROCKWELL

I don't know what you're talking about.

DANIEL

My wife. Katie... they killed her because of you. Because of what you said!

Daniel reaches into his pocket and pulls out his cell phone. He switches it into VIDEO MODE and starts recording.

YATES

Mr Sosa, lower the weapon --

DANIEL

Not until he admits the truth. It's all lies, everything! Say it!

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (3)

46

ROCKWELL

I'm sorry about what happened --

DANIEL

Everything you said about me... You made it all up, and my wife is dead!

ROCKWELL

Listen to me... It's all true. I swear it.

(turns to MacLaren)

Tell him what you just told me!

MacLaren says nothing as the CHYRON counts down.

RECORDED TIME OF DEATH: 5, 4, 3...

ROCKWELL (CONT'D)

(points to Marcy)

Her too! They're both travelers from the future. It's all true!

(to MacLaren)

Tell him!

DANIEL

You lying son of a bitch...

Daniel pulls the hammer back on the gun as:

YATES

Mr Sosa, lower your weapon!

ROCKWELL -- clutches his head and begins to scream in agony.

A transition in progress.

Daniel lowers his guard for just a moment, unable to grasp what Rockwell is doing and that's when:

TREVOR -- rushes through the door and disables Daniel, with an assist from Marcy, taking away his weapon.

DANIEL

Get off me!

Marcy pulls a MEMORY INHIBITOR from her makeup kit and runs over to Daniel to inject him. He passes out.

YATES -- stares in shock at what she's just witnessed.

Rockwell stands up and calmly looks around the room.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (4)

46

MacLaren steps forward to greet him as Marcy and Trevor heave Daniel on to the couch.

MACLAREN

I'm traveler 3468, welcome to the twenty-first.

ROCKWELL

Thank you.

Trevor walks over to Rockwell and hands him the DEVICE from his back pocket.

TREVOR

Give this to your engineer when your team makes contact.

Rockwell pockets the device and a KNOCK comes from the door, the 3RD AD pokes her head inside.

3RD AD

Mr Rockwell, they're waiting for you on set.

ROCKWELL

Yes, I'm ready.

The 3rd looks around at the group, prompting Trevor:

TREVOR

We're his entourage.

The 3rd leaves and Rockwell follows. As he goes:

MACLAREN

Break a leg.  
(off his odd look)  
That's just what they say, it's a good thing.

Rockwell leaves the dressing room as Carly and Philip enter.

YATES

Okay, what just happened?

MACLAREN

We just completed a mission.  
(then)  
You wanted to meet my team? Here they are.

They all give her a subtle 'hey'.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (5)

46

YATES

(re: Daniel)

What about him? We need to place him under arrest.

CARLY

Why? He didn't do anything.

MARCY

And I gave him a memory inhibitor. He'll forget the last twenty four hours ever happened.

YATES

But he was clearly going to kill --

(realizing)

Oh my God, you *knew*...

(beat)

This is why we were assigned to protect him.

MacLaren nods. His team fills in the rest.

PHILIP

Daniel Sosa historically killed him at 3:16 pm this afternoon.

TREVOR

But instead of going to prison, he'll wake up at home with a hangover.

Yates is not happy about this, thinking aloud.

YATES

You left me in the dark...

MacLaren realizes he's got to get her out of there.

MACLAREN

(to Yates)

We should go. They need to get him out of here.

47 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - UNDERGROUND PARKING - DAY (D3)

47\*

MacLaren and Yates leave the building together. Yates stops, not happy with what just happened.

YATES

You set him up.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

MACLAREN

I gave him a choice, you heard me  
yourself --

YATES

Not one he could make; not a *real*  
one.

(beat)

You may as well have killed him.

MACLAREN

You know Sosa was about to.

YATES

Yes! Because his wife was killed!  
Because the shooters thought her  
husband was one of *you*.

(beat)

You could have stopped him; it's  
completely circular logic --

MACLAREN

Actions have repercussions. Not  
just ours. With every new change  
the Director chooses the best path  
forward --

YATES

And how's that working out for you  
so far?

MacLaren hesitates to answer. Yates misreads it, and opens  
the passenger door.

YATES (CONT'D)

Right, nevermind. Protocol 2.

And she gets in, slamming the door.

MacLaren goes around to get in the car, but his expression  
reveals his doubt.

47A INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - STAGE - DAY (D3)

47A\*

Rockwell enters the darkened studio stage and walks between  
the audience bleachers towards Drew Clarkson's desk, having  
just been introduced by the host. The live studio audience  
applauds his entrance.

\*  
\*  
\*

48 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N3)

48

CLOSE ON -- a bowl of popcorn being covered in way too much melted butter by Trevor. He takes in the aroma.

Trevor walks the bowl over to Philip's computer station.

PHILIP

It's on!

TREVOR

I gotta confess. I knew corn existed,  
I knew popcorn existed -- never made  
the connection.

Philip takes a handful and devours it with a smile. Trevor takes a seat next to him as the NEWS begins to air.

ON SCREEN -- the cable news broadcast featuring traveler Christopher Rockwell opposite right wing news anchor, DREW CLARKSON:

CLARKSON

So, why do this, why now?

\*  
\*

ROCKWELL

The influence that you and I have  
can affect millions of lives. The  
fact is, as a journalist, as an  
entertainer, I've abused that power.  
Of course time travelers don't exist --  
it's preposterous, but here we are  
just a day after an innocent woman  
was killed because of the lies and  
rhetoric I spread on my platform,  
but it stops now.

Applause in the studio audience stops him from continuing.

49 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - YATES' OFFICE - NIGHT (N3)

49

Yates sits behind her desk streaming the same cable news segment, still trying to process the events of the day.

ROCKWELL

(on screen)

...This is why I'm donating over  
five million dollars to charities  
throughout the state and will begin  
to use my program in positive ways.  
It's time to be the change we all  
want to see --

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 49

Yates hits a button on the keyboard and puts her computer to sleep.

50 INT. KATHRYN'S LOFT - NIGHT (N3) 50

MacLaren pours himself a glass of water and regards the quiet loft. Kathryn is nowhere in sight.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

The silence is interrupted by a loud KNOCK on the door. MacLaren goes to the door and opens it to SEE Jeff.

MACLAREN

What are you doing here?

JEFF

Is she here? Your wife?

MACLAREN

No.

MacLaren goes to close the door. Jeff straight arms it, with a wobble.

JEFF

Fine. I'll talk to you... 3460  
whatever the fuck.

\*  
\*

MACLAREN

Go sleep it off, Jeff. I'm sure in  
the morning things will look very  
different.

JEFF

Oooh, that a threat?

MACLAREN

Doesn't have to be.

JEFF

See... I remember things. I know  
who you are. I know what you are.  
(beat)  
Wonder if Kathryn knows? We're  
friends now, maybe I'll ask her.

Jeff turns and walks down the corridor out of sight.

MacLaren closes the door.

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #303

"PROTOCOL 3"

Written by  
Jason Whiting

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TRAVELERS  
"PROTOCOL 3"  
Set List - YELLOW PAGES - 04.05.18

Exteriors

Interiors

CARLY'S HOUSE

BACK SHED

CLEARING IN THE WOODS

BAR

END OF THE ROAD  
-Waterfront

CARLY'S HOUSE

FOSTER HOME

CARLY'S VAN  
-Moving

GRAVE IN THE WOODS

DAVID'S APARTMENT

PARK

FBI FIELD OFFICE

~~REMOTE PULL-OFF~~

FILMORE LABORATORIES

RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD

FOSTER HOME  
-Kitchen

ROADSIDE DINER

GARAGE/OPS

SUBURBAN HOME

ISOLATED HOUSE  
-Basement  
-Living Room

TRAP-LINE

KATHRYN'S LOFT  
-Bedroom

WOODS

MACLAREN'S SUV  
-Moving

NA MEETING

ROADSIDE DINER

SCHOOL

TEAM VAN  
-Moving

WAREHOUSE

TEASER

51 INT. ISOLATED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (REUSE FROM EP. 103) 51

AN EMPTY DOORWAY -- leads into a dingy living room, dark and ominous.

PHILIP -- bursts into the room. He grabs Aleksander and draws his gun on Allan.

PHILIP (O.S.)  
We are not leaving him!

MACLAREN (O.S.)  
We are off mission, stand down!

BANG! A GUN goes off.

52 INT. KATHRYN'S LOFT - DAY (D4) 52\*

MACLAREN, on the sofa, jolts out of the nightmare, his eyes flying open before a headache reasserts itself and he clamps them shut again. \*

He fights through the pain as he rolls over to check the time, then his phone.

He reads a text from Marcy that just says:

"Come by when you wake up."

52A EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D4) 52A\*

A view of Carly's house from the street before going inside to find: \*

53 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D4) 53

It's still early but it looks like CARLY's been up for hours, disheveled as she power-cleans her house.

The carpet's rolled up as she mops the floor, the bucket making TOO MUCH NOISE in the quiet space. There's no sign of Jeffrey Jr anywhere.

Carly mops in front of the couch before she moves to drag it away from the wall. She steps behind the couch and spots something lying on the floor.

Carly bends down to retrieve Jeffrey Jr's yellow duckie (Episode 205).

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

The sight catches her off-guard, almost undoes her completely as she reckons with the sudden appearance of her son's favorite toy.

( CONTINUED )

53 CONTINUED:

53

But it only takes her a moment to rally. Carly drops the duck and keeps cleaning, a soldier returning to duty.

54 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D4)

54

MARCY moves to answer a KNOCK on her front door.

MARCY

Morning.

She opens the door wider for MacLaren, who steps inside in casual Saturday clothes.

MACLAREN

Got your text.  
(looking around)  
Is..?

MARCY

David's working today.

Marcy directs him to a nearby chair.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Let's have a look.

She grabs a penlight as MacLaren takes a seat.

MARCY (CONT'D)

You were having jaw pain related to a spray of microfractures in your mandible. Probably residual damage from the plane crash.

She begins her examination, holding MacLaren's face in her hands.

MARCY (CONT'D)

A bone fragment was pressing on your trigeminal nerve. It required surgery.

MACLAREN

What kind of surgery?

MARCY

The long and painful kind. Took a lot to put you out.

She reaches up to shine a light in MacLaren's eyes.

MACLAREN

I don't remember any of it.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

MARCY

That's kind of the idea.

Marcy abruptly turns his head to one side.

MACLAREN

Ow!

MARCY

You're going to be sore for a bit,  
but hopefully less and less each  
day. Open.

MacLaren opens his mouth to let Marcy look inside.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Any bleeding?

MACLAREN

Don't think so.

MARCY

Great.

She smiles as she releases him.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Everything looks good. Stay away  
from solid food for a bit, no nuts,  
no red meat.

MACLAREN

Shouldn't be a problem.

MacLaren shakes his head as Marcy shows him to the door.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

It's the strangest feeling, not like  
sleep at all really. I had this  
crazy dream.

MARCY

Yeah, you don't do well with drugs.

MACLAREN

Still, you'd think I'd remember  
something.

MARCY

(cheerful)

Well don't worry, you didn't miss  
much. It's nice to have you back.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

MACLAREN

Thanks.

Marcy closes the door behind him before she moves back into the apartment and calls Trevor on her cell.

\*

MARCY

He's gone.

\*

TREVOR (O.S.)

Nice work.

\*

55 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D4)

55

TREVOR is back at Ops, staring at a computer monitor that shows a small blue tracking dot. His end of the call is on speakerphone.

\*

\*

MARCY (O.S.)

Guess we'll see.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

PHILIP

How'd he seem?

MARCY

I don't know. Confused.

Trevor glances over at PHILIP, who's also there tracking MacLaren's movements.

TREVOR

Makes sense.

MARCY

Keep us posted.

TREVOR

Definitely.

Trevor ends the call before he turns to give Philip a reassuring smile.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

It'll be fine.

The words don't seem to land.

56 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D4)

56

Carly tapes up a small cardboard box at her kitchen table before she picks it up and moves over to the broom closet.

The mop and broom are against the wall as Carly reaches to the back of the broom closet and triggers a hidden switch.

She reaches deeper and pulls away a false back to the closet to reveal a secret compartment filled with sniper rifles, handguns and other weapons.

Carly reaches in and grabs a gun scope.

57 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D4)

57

MacLaren's sitting inside the loading bay of an old warehouse. He rolls his sleeve down, he just gave blood, and speaks to someone in the next room.

MACLAREN

Thanks for this. I wouldn't have asked if it wasn't an emergency.

BOYD walks into the room in her Traveler medic mode.

BOYD

And I wouldn't have said yes.

She takes a seat opposite MacLaren, all-business.

MACLAREN

Don't tell me, my cholesterol's through the roof.

BOYD

I don't understand.

(then)

It's like you said, your blood shows trace amounts of a kinases protein inhibitor. Someone's wiped your memory.

MacLaren sighs and nods.

MACLAREN

Yeah. Shit.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

58 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D4)

58

MacLaren enters the FBI office to find BETH working there alone. She's dressed casually for the weekend, a softer version than we've seen.

BETH

Mac is in the office on a weekend.  
Now I've seen everything.

MACLAREN

You need to get out more. Can you  
help me pull a vehicle trace?

BETH

Sure, whose vehicle?

MACLAREN

Mine.

BETH

You lose your ride again?

MACLAREN

I just want to check something.

Beth pulls up a set of co-ordinates that get overlaid onto a map, not much to look at, basically two main locations.

BETH

Looks like it was parked for most of  
the day...

MacLaren stays quiet as he studies the screen.

BETH (CONT'D)

But you don't think so.

(then)

Want me to check it against the  
backup?

MACLAREN

I thought this already came from the  
cloud.

BETH

We also save everything at another  
off-site facility.

MACLAREN

You backup the backup.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

BETH

Yup.

Beth pulls up the new data that reveals a whole different set of locations.

BETH (CONT'D)

Okay, so that's not the same...

The new onscreen data points tell a very different story, looks like MacLaren's vehicle was actually driven all over the day before.

BETH (CONT'D)

Someone tampered with your data.

MACLAREN

Can you send that to my phone?

BETH

Sure, but who would do this? Why would they do this?

She turns to watch MacLaren leave as she calls out after him.

BETH (CONT'D)

Should I tell Agent Yates?

MACLAREN

(as he goes)

No.

59 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D4)

59

Philip's still at his computer, looking unwell as he obsessively watches the blue tracking dot. Trevor packs stuff into a backpack in the B.G. while Philip keeps his eyes on the screen as Marcy enters.

\*  
\*  
\*

PHILIP

This isn't going to work.

MARCY

You don't know that.  
(beat before)  
Or wait... Do you?

Philip shakes his head, he didn't mean it that way.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Anyway, there's nothing you can do now, we can't change the past.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

MARCY (CONT'D)  
(off his look)  
You know what I mean. Time to go.

PHILIP  
We don't have to do this.

MARCY  
Yes we do. Come on.

Marcy waits until Philip relents, both of them giving the screen one last glance before they go.

60 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D4)

60

MacLaren's driving to what looks like the most remote location on the GPS data from the day before, a spot in the middle of nowhere near a wooded area.

61 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME/INT. CARLY'S VAN - DAY (D4)

61

Carly sits in her van, parked on a quiet residential street. She's using the rifle scope she pulled from her hiding spot to spy through the windows of a modest-looking suburban home.

A YOUNG BLACK COUPLE moves around inside.

TREVOR (O.S.)  
(on com)  
Hey Carly, you there?

CARLY  
(on com)  
Go ahead.

TREVOR (O.S.)  
I'm going to need a pick-up.

\*  
\*

CARLY  
Already?

62 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D4)

62

Trevor sits at Philip's computer, monitoring MacLaren's movements.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

TREVOR

We should have placed bets.

(beat)

Carly.

CARLY

Yeah, I'm here.

She puts the scope down and starts the van.

CARLY (CONT'D)

I'm on my way.

63 INT. NA MEETING - DAY (D4)

63

Philip and Marcy sit beside each other inside a MODEST SHARING CIRCLE, COLIN moderating up front as Philip continues talking.

PHILIP

When I think about the future I never picture myself here.

Marcy gives him an encouraging look.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I thought I was leaving the addiction way behind, like I was putting all this distance between us. But then you have one little misstep, and you turn around and it's right there, like it's been laying in wait. When I stumbled, the first thing I thought about wasn't my friends or the future or this place, it was, well you know exactly what it was. It was right there, breathing down my neck the whole time. And I was selfish and weak and other people paid for it. It's always other people...

Philip stops to collect himself.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

So anyway, here I am.

Colin gives him a warm smile.

COLIN

And we're happy to have you back.  
And we're happy to have your friend too...

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

Colin looks to Marcy expectantly. It takes her a moment to realize what he's waiting for.

MARCY

Oh, hi! I'm Marcy.

GROUP

Hi, Marcy.

COLIN

Welcome, Marcy, the floor is yours.

MARCY

Oh, no, sorry, I'm just here for Philip, I don't have any issues.

This draws knowing smiles from the rest of the Group.

COLIN

This is a safe space.

Colin gives her an encouraging smile and Marcy takes a moment to consider if she has anything to say.

64 EXT. END OF THE ROAD - WATERFRONT - DAY (D4)

64

MacLaren arrives at a remote location and steps outside, wearing sunglasses. \*

\*  
\*

The GPS has taken him to a dusty pull-off on the edge of a thickly wooded area.

He squats down to discover he's pulled in beside an identical set of tire tracks. He was definitely here yesterday.

MacLaren straightens up to examine his surroundings: the area totally remote, no signs of life. Why was he here?

MacLaren returns to the SUV, where he takes off his sunglasses and goes to put them into the sunglasses compartment. As he reaches into the compartment he feels something, and comes up holding a handwritten note. \*

\*  
\*  
\*

IT'S AN ADDRESS -- written neatly on a post-it note.

65 INT. NA MEETING - DAY (D4)

65

We're back in the meeting where Marcy talks.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

MARCY

I understand how people can feel the  
need to self medicate... I've even  
done it myself. More than once.

(beat)

It's a little different for me because  
I'm a doctor and I understand what  
I'm taking, but --

\*

\*

One of the people in the circle interrupts.

JIMMI

Wait, you're a doctor?

MARCY

Yes. But the problem with self  
medication --

\*

\*

JIMMI

Bullshit.

\*

\*

MARCY

What?

\*

\*

JIMMI

You're like twenty five years old.

\*

COLIN

Jimmi, let her talk please --

JIMMI

So you write prescriptions and shit?

MARCY

Well I'm a surgeon, so actually...

\*

JIMMI

Surgeon! Right. I'm an astronaut.

\*

MARCY

You're certainly high enough to be  
one.

\*

\*

PHILIP

Marcy --

\*

\*

Caught, Jimmi is suddenly defensive.

\*

JIMMI

Colin, I swear I haven't hit since --

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

MARCY

Since just before the meeting, you  
were still high when you walked in.  
Want to know how I could tell?  
Because I'm a *doctor*. Coming here  
will do no good whatsoever if you're  
not being honest --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JIMMI

Look who's fucking taking!

\*  
\*

Just then Philip gets a text from Trevor that reads: *Mac's  
on the move*. He shows Marcy.

\*  
\*

PHILIP

(to Marcy)  
We have to go.

\*  
\*  
\*

They get up to go.

\*

COLIN

Philip, you don't have to leave.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (3)

65

JIMMI

Take the bitch with you.

Marcy turns back to the Group as they leave.

MARCY

It was nice meeting all of you.

Colin glares at Jimmi.

JIMMI

What?

66 EXT. FOSTER HOME - DAY (D4)

66

MacLaren pulls up outside a rundown-looking home on a sprawling private lot. He checks the address on the note, this is the place.

MacLaren gets out of his SUV and is heading for the front door when a severe-looking woman, LINDA MACVICAR (60s), calls out from the porch. \*

LINDA

What's all this? \*

MacLaren turns.

MACLAREN

Hello?

LINDA

Thought you were going to take care of everything. The little shit make you change your mind? \*

MACLAREN

I'm sorry, I don't --

Just then the front door cracks open and a thin-looking man appears behind the gap, MR MACVICAR.

LINDA

(to her husband)  
Mind your business. \*

The man stays put.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

MR MACVICAR

He come back?

LINDA

What'd I just say?

\*

The man stays where he is as Linda turns back to MacLaren.

\*

LINDA (CONT'D)

All we ever did was share our home,  
same for him, same for all of 'em.

\*

She turns to look back at MacLaren's SUV, squinting to make  
out if someone's inside.

LINDA (CONT'D)

And who says we'll even take him  
back? You told us you were going to  
take him off our hands.

\*

MACLAREN

Who?

LINDA

The boy... Aleksander.

\*

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

67 INT. FOSTER HOME - KITCHEN - DAY (D4)

67

MacLaren's been invited into a cramped and cluttered kitchen where he sits at a small table with the MacVicars.

MACLAREN

This is going to seem like we're going over things we already know but I need you to walk me through your understanding of what happened yesterday.

LINDA

I told you, we treated that kid like we treat all the others. It's not my fault the kid's got a bottomless pit for a stomach.

\*

MACLAREN

What others?

MR MACVICAR

The other kids. We're a foster home.

LINDA

He knows what this is!  
(back to MacLaren)  
Look we probably had a dozen kids in and out of here over the years and we never had a visit about any of 'em before now, not one. I told you yesterday, the boy's not right.

\*

MACLAREN

In what way?

LINDA

I told you all this yesterday. If you're tryin' to get me to say something different --

\*

MACLAREN

I promise you I'm not doing that; just... explain what you mean when you say Aleksander is different.

LINDA

We live simple and there's nothing wrong with that, put a roof over their heads.

\*

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

MACLAREN

Nothing wrong with that.

LINDA

Worked out fine for our kids and it should'a worked fine for him too.

\*

MACLAREN

But it didn't.

LINDA

Not our fault. He was skippin' school and hanging out by himself and speakin' that foreign language from day one.

\*

MACLAREN

Romanian?

LINDA

Whatever, if he ran off that's on you, not us. The boy was in your hands when you left.

\*

MACLAREN

What time roughly was that?

Mr Macvicar jumps back in.

MR MACVICAR

'Round three o'clock. You spoke with one of the other boys and found Aleksander in the shed.

LINDA

Last we saw the boy you were driving him away in your truck. And I say good riddance.

\*

68 INT. CARLY'S VAN - MOVING - DAY (D4)

68

Carly drives while Trevor tracks MacLaren's movements on a tablet. The cab is quiet, they've been traveling for a while.

Trevor breaks the silence first.

TREVOR

For the record, I never thought this was going to work.

CARLY

But did you think it wouldn't work this fast?

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

TREVOR

Guess there's a reason he's the boss.

CARLY

Yeah, right. He's made all the right decisions.

TREVOR

Maybe not all, but I wouldn't wanna trade places with him.

CARLY

You'd be a great team leader.

Trevor shakes his head.

TREVOR

Naw. I can be too hot-headed and impulsive.

CARLY

You?

(Trevor nods)

You're probably the most level-headed human being I've ever known.

TREVOR

Taken a lotta years to get there.

CARLY

So there's hope for me yet.

TREVOR

For all of us.

Trevor looks back down at the tablet.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Coming up on a turn.

69 EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY (D4)

69

MacLaren, still following his list of GPS coordinates, pulls up outside a roadside diner.

70 INT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY (D4)

70

MacLaren steps into the diner and is immediately approached by the owner, NED (50s), who's sporting a split lip.

NED

Look, I'm sorry, all right?

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

MACLAREN

Excuse me?

NED

I don't know the kid, I don't know any of 'em. They come in here and sit for hours. I'm just repeating what they tell me.

MACLAREN

(guessing)

I came in yesterday to eat.

NED

And you can eat today, no problem. Free coffee.

MACLAREN

I had a boy with me and something happened.

This gives the owner pause, he can't read MacLaren's game and it's making him nervous.

NED

Look, I already said I'm sorry, you caught me on a bad day, you were mad, I was mad, people make mistakes.

MACLAREN

We didn't eat here.

NED

No, you made it pretty clear.

(then)

What do you want?

MACLAREN

Where did we go?

NED

How should I know. The other kids say he hangs out in the woods.

MACLAREN

The woods.

NED

Say he disappears for hours, messes with animals, I don't know.

(defensive again)

And I don't want to know, all right?

I don't want any trouble.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

70

MACLAREN

I'm going to go.

NED

Great. Thank you. No hard feelings.

71 EXT. ROADSIDE DINER/INT. TEAM VAN - DAY (D4)

71

Marcy and Philip are parked discretely outside the diner, watching the front door.

Philip looks pained as Marcy turns to him.

MARCY

You okay?

He doesn't respond. Just then the diner's front door opens and MacLaren reemerges.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Okay, here we go.

They stay hidden as MacLaren gets into his SUV and drives away.

Philip looks like he's going to be sick as Marcy turns to him.

MARCY (CONT'D)

We'll let it play out.

\*

She puts their vehicle in gear and moves off after MacLaren.

72 EXT. END OF THE ROAD - WATERFRONT - DAY (D4)

72

MacLaren returns to the end of the road by the water.

He parks his SUV and steps outside, now knowing where to go.

MacLaren enters the woods and follows the makeshift trail he finds there.

73 EXT. WOODS - DAY (D4)

73

MacLaren follows a makeshift trail through the woods, stopping periodically to listen. He seems wary, something foreboding about it all, coupled with the vibe of being followed.

MacLaren finds an old snare marker first, a colored tip on a stake in the ground before, further on, a silver glint catches his eye just off the trail.

MacLaren crouches down to reach into the undergrowth.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: 73

He comes up holding a silver shell casing.

MacLaren examines the nickel-plated casing: it's the same kind that's used in his service weapon.

He unholsters his gun and inspects it.

THE GUN -- appears normal: no bullets missing, everything clean. Still, it's strange.

He pockets the empty shell and moves on.

74 EXT. END OF THE ROAD - WATERFRONT - DAY (D4) 74

Marcy and Philip are already parked when Carly pulls up with Trevor.

The team steps outside, grim-faced and silent, before they turn to the woods.

75 EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - DAY (D4) 75

MacLaren wanders into the site of a dead campfire.

He looks around until something catches his eye and he moves off to investigate.

76 EXT. GRAVE IN THE WOODS - DAY (D4) 76

MacLaren steps through some bushes to reveal what looks like a freshly-dug grave, his worst fears coming true.

He finds a bit of wood laying nearby and uses it to dig, afraid of what he'll find but needing to know. \*

He scrapes aside an armload of dirt before he uncovers a patch of what looks like a kid's rain jacket.

He pauses, unsure if he has the stomach to continue, then:

MacLaren clears away more dirt to confirm that it's a jacket with something wrapped inside.

MACLAREN

(sotto)

Oh god...

He reaches out, terrified of what he'll find, just as his team steps out of the woods.

TREVOR

Boss, stop.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

MacLaren turns to them, surprised.

MARCY

It's not what you think.

Trevor steps forward.

TREVOR

I can explain.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

- 77 INT. GARAGE/OPS - (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT (FB1 NIGHT) 77
- PHILIP'S ILLUMINATED BY HIS COMPUTER SCREENS -- as he sits at his desk, eyes red and glassy. He spins a syringe slowly in one hand, drowning in heroin.
- THE NEEDLE FALLS FROM HIS HAND -- and hits the floor soundlessly.
- A CHYRON APPEARS: "31:16:13 Hours Earlier."
- Time starts to slowly tick upwards as Philip puts his head down and closes his eyes.
- 78 INT. ISOLATED HOUSE - BASEMENT - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (REUSE FROM EP. 103) 78
- Philip's back in the creepy basement (Episode 103), picking his way around boxes and broken furniture.
- He reaches the corner of the room where his flashlight illuminates a mound of dirt being pecked at by chickens.
- Philip kneels beside the mound and picks up a small wooden cross that he finds there.
- He starts to dig with Marcy standing beside him. He uncovers a plastic sheet and reaches out to see what's inside.
- 79 INT. GARAGE/OPS - (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT (FB1 NIGHT) 79
- Back in his chair, Philip starts to have a drug-induced seizure.
- His body convulses, his breathing ragged and irregular as white foam starts to gather at the corner of his mouth.
- 80 INT. GARAGE/OPS - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY) 80
- It's early morning now as Trevor wanders into the Ops bathroom wearing only his underwear.
- Stay outside as Trevor finishes up, washes his hands, and steps back out.
- He's passing Philip's computer when he notices the glow of the open screens.
- Trevor moves to get a closer look.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

PICTURES OF ALEKSANDER ANDRIEKO -- cover Philip's computer screens, old shots and new, along with a picture of a school. \*

Trevor steps closer, his foot hitting the needle and sending it SKITTERING across the floor.

Trevor looks down to find a pair of legs jutting out from under the desk.

TREVOR

Philip?

He drops down to haul Philip's body out into the light.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Philip!

Philip's unresponsive, blue lips, overdosed.

Trevor hits his com.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(on com)

Marcy, I've got an emergency, possible cardiac arrest! It's Philip.

MARCY (O.S.)

Start CPR, I'm on my way! \*

Trevor starts doing CPR by giving Philip chest compressions.

81 INT. GARAGE/OPS - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY)

81

MacLaren rushes into Ops to find Trevor standing alone by the computer.

MACLAREN

How is he?

TREVOR

No change. Marcy's still with him.

MACLAREN

Christ.

MacLaren moves to take a closer look at the computer:

ALEKSANDER ANDRIEKO'S pictures still plastered all over. \*

Trevor motions to an open window on the deep web.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

TREVOR

The mission came in around midnight.

MACLAREN

Why didn't he tell us?

TREVOR

Maybe because it named him specifically? He probably felt responsible.

MACLAREN

We're all responsible.

Trevor doesn't say anything as Marcy steps quietly out of Philip's bedroom.

MARCY

He's going to recover but he needs to rest. I've got him sedated.

MacLaren turns back to the computer.

MACLAREN

Which means this passes to us.  
(off their reaction)  
The instructions are clear: "by 1500".  
The mission comes first.

MARCY

It'll be reassigned.

MACLAREN

Maybe, but it shouldn't be. This happened because of us.

MARCY

Should we call Carly?

MACLAREN

No, she's dealing with enough already.

Trevor nods.

TREVOR

I'll do it.

MACLAREN

It was my call and I'll see it finished, end of discussion.

TREVOR

Then I'm coming with you.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

81

MACLAREN

Not necessary.

TREVOR

You'll need someone to mock up some credentials.

(beat)

Plus, like you said, we're all responsible.

MARCY

(to MacLaren)

Are you sure about this? Maybe we're too close to it.

MACLAREN

We're definitely too close to this, that's the point. Take care of Philip, we'll call you when it's over.

\*

82 EXT. PARK - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY)

82

Carly sits in her van across the road from a park. There's a mission vibe, she's on surveillance.

Carly watches the Young Black Couple from Act One pushing a stroller.

She gets a hail from Marcy.

MARCY (O.S.)

(on com)

Carly, you there?

CARLY

Go ahead.

MARCY (O.S.)

You busy?

CARLY

(sarcastic)

Oh yeah, swamped. Think I'm going to need an assistant.

(then)

What's up?

MARCY (O.S.)

Philip could use you back at Ops.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

CARLY

Why what's happening?

MARCY (O.S.)

I'll tell you on the way.

83 INT. SCHOOL - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY)

83

Trevor and MacLaren show up outside a classroom. They knock on the door and a teacher, MS BAYLES, steps out into the hall holding the class chart.

MACLAREN

Hi, we're looking for Aleksander Andrieko.

\*

MS BAYLES

And you are?

MacLaren and Trevor hold up their fake credentials.

TREVOR

Washington Family Services.

MS BAYLES

Oh poor Alex. What's happened?

MACLAREN

We need to talk to him about his living situation.

MS BAYLES

Don't tell me he's moving homes again? Honestly, I don't know how you people expect these kids to grow up normally when you've got them ping-ponging from house to house. Children need stability.

TREVOR

That's what we want too.

MS BAYLES

This will be his third home since he's been in my class.

MacLaren nods, sympathetic.

MACLAREN

Can you get him for us?

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

MS BAYLES

I'd like to but he's not here, which is obviously part of the problem. He's distracted, he lashes out, he skips school. I see this kind of thing all the time but do I have the resources to deal with it?

TREVOR

Sounds frustrating.

MACLAREN

Any idea where he might be?

MS BAYLES

My guess would be still at home, I don't think his foster parents care if he comes to school or not. But I'm guessing you already knew that. You have the address?

MACLAREN

Better give it to us in case ours is out of date.

\*  
\*

The teacher slips into her class and grabs a post-it note from her desk drawer.

\*  
\*

MACLAREN TAKES THE NOTE -- the same one he found in his sunglasses compartment in Act One.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Appreciate it.

MS BAYLES

These kids that fall through the cracks... They're not bad, they're just in bad situations.

84 INT. GARAGE/OPS - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY)

84

Philip walks out of his bedroom, physically and emotionally wrecked, to find Carly and Marcy waiting there for him.

CARLY

Hi, Philip.

PHILIP

What happened?

They move to him as Philip looks over at his computer.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

PHILIP (CONT'D)

What happened?

Marcy pulls Philip into an embrace. \*

MARCY

It's okay, it's okay.

PHILIP

We saved him. \*

MARCY

We did.

PHILIP

How could that be wrong? He's just a kid.

MARCY

You're right.

They hold each other quietly while Carly looks on.

PHILIP

I didn't mean for this to happen, I just needed a little help.

CARLY

It's okay, no one's upset.

MARCY

All you need to do right now is take care of yourself.

Marcy looks over at Carly.

MARCY (CONT'D)

I thought it'd be good for you to be around friends when you woke up.

Carly steps forward and offers him a bag of take out and a coke.

CARLY

Here. Marcy asked me to pick this up for you.

85 EXT. FOSTER HOME - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY)

85

Trevor's waiting by the SUV when MacLaren steps down from the dilapidated porch as the MacVicars shut their front door.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

TREVOR

Any luck?

MACLAREN

They have no idea where he is, seemed surprised I cared.

Trevor looks out over the neglected yard that surrounds the house.

TREVOR

These circumstances don't look that different from where we rescued him.

\*

MACLAREN

Yeah.

RONNIE (O.S.)

Hey.

They turn to see a ragged-looking older kid, RONNIE, standing nearby, working on a beat-up old dirt bike.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

You're looking for Alex?

TREVOR

Yeah, do you know where he is?

RONNIE

Maybe... What'd he do now?

TREVOR

He didn't do anything.

MACLAREN

We're here to take him to another home.

RONNIE

Why didn't you say so? I'd love for that freak to disappear.

MACLAREN

Why is he a freak?

RONNIE

Cause he is. You hear he killed his own mom?

MACLAREN

That's enough. Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (2)

85

The kid nods toward a large run-down-looking old shed on the edge of the property.

RONNIE

It's like his creepy little clubhouse.  
But don't tell him I told you, all  
right? Don't want to wake up with a  
squirrel head under my pillow.

MacLaren and Trevor exchange a look before they head off to the shed.

86 INT. BACK SHED - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY)

86

MacLaren and Trevor step into what was probably an old barn at some point, the cluttered space having long since fallen into disrepair.

MacLaren takes out his service light to illuminate the darkness while Trevor uses his cell phone.

MACLAREN

Aleksander?

They split up to cover more ground, MacLaren mostly talking to himself as he picks his way through the clutter.

Trevor calls out from the darkness.

TREVOR (O.S.)

Hey, boss?

MacLaren moves to join Trevor, who's standing in a back room, shining his light down on a long wooden worktable.

The table is covered in homemade animal traps and modified snares. There are scraps of fur and bone scattered around along with patches of dried blood.

A row of dehydrated rabbit's feet hang from a wire.

Just then they hear a faint SHUFFLING SOUND coming from the far corner of the room.

MACLAREN

Aleksander?

MacLaren moves to the corner of the room and bends down to find ALEKSANDER (Ep 103) crouched under a table.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Hi there.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: 86

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
(then, in Romanian)  
What are you doing back here?

87 INT. FOSTER HOME - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY) 87

Linda watches from inside the house as MacLaren, Trevor and Aleksander walk back to the SUV. \*

MacLaren puts Aleksander in the back seat before they all get in and drive away.

88 INT. GARAGE/OPS - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY) 88

Carly and Marcy sit across from Philip, who nurses a coke on the sofa.

CARLY  
Your fries are getting cold.

Philip shakes his head, tough to talk. Carly reaches for his hand.

MARCY  
It'll be okay.

PHILIP  
No, it won't. I fucked up.

CARLY  
No, you didn't. The Director should have given the mission to someone else.

PHILIP  
It was meant for me; it was a lesson.

CARLY  
I don't think it works like that.

PHILIP  
I tried to make things better but I just ended up making everything worse.

CARLY  
You saved Aleksander's life, how did that make things worse?

Philip looks up as he considers how much he can say.

PHILIP  
I know what he becomes, the things he grows up to do.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

CARLY

The timeline's constantly changing,  
you said so yourself.

PHILIP

No... I *know*.

MARCY

How?

PHILIP

(beat)

Historians get updates of the  
historical record.

(then)

Protocol 2H says I'm not supposed to  
tell you but I'm kinda thinking *fuck*  
*that*.

CARLY

You know the new time line. Lottery  
numbers, horse races...

(then, realizing)

You know about *us*. Things that will  
happen to us.

Philip nods, ashamed.

PHILIP

That's the reason I'm not supposed  
to talk about it, I should have kept  
my mouth shut, I'm sorry --

CARLY

You stopped me from killing Jeff  
because you knew what I was going to  
do?

But he's not listening to her anymore, he's staring down at  
his phone.

MARCY

What is it?

PHILIP'S PHONE -- shows the time: 12:43.

PHILIP

(sotto)

It's still going to happen, isn't  
it? At three o'clock.

CARLY

Don't think about that --

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: (2)

88

PHILIP

Who's going to do it? The boss?

Their silence confirms it.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

He's going to have to live with my  
mistake.

89 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY)

89

The mood is somber as MacLaren drives with Trevor in the  
passenger seat and Aleksander in the back.MacLaren keeps looking into the rear view mirror as Aleksander  
watches the world scroll by.

MacLaren's the first to break the silence.

MACLAREN

I'm sorry about what happened to  
your mother.

TREVOR

Cancer's terrible, I lost my father  
to it too.

MACLAREN

I didn't hear you'd been put into  
foster care. Sounds like you've  
already been in a few different homes.

Aleksander nods.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Must have been hard.

Aleksander nods again, on the verge of tears.

TREVOR

I'm sorry this is happening to you,  
Aleksander, it's not your fault.  
You deserved better.

89A INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY)

89A\*

MacLaren puts on his turn signal and pulls into a parking  
lot that surrounds a roadside diner. Aleksander sees where  
they are and grows visibly agitated.

ALEKSANDER

What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

89A CONTINUED:

89A

MacLaren parks the SUV and turns around.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

MACLAREN

You said you were hungry so we're getting you something to eat.

ALEKSANDER

No, I can't.

TREVOR

Sure you can, it's his treat, anything you want. I'm getting onion rings.

MACLAREN

Come on. Anything you want.

90 INT. ROADSIDE DINER - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY)

90

Trevor's the first to arrive at the "Wait to be Seated" sign where he's greeted by the owner, Ned.

TREVOR

Three of us.

The owner looks up as MacLaren and Aleksander step inside.

NED

You two are fine but the kid's not welcome.

MacLaren steps forward.

MACLAREN

I'm sorry, *what?*

NED

The kid can't eat here, he's banned.

MACLAREN

For what?

NED

He knows for what.  
(to Aleksander)  
Tell them.

Aleksander stays quiet, ashamed.

NED (CONT'D)

I caught him in the back stealing food, whole jars of peanut butter. He'd probably been doing it for months, the little shit.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

TREVOR

Hey, come on.

NED

Come on, what? He's lucky I didn't call the cops.

MACLAREN

He was hungry.

NED

Everybody's hungry. It's a restaurant.

MACLAREN

And he's a child.

NED

Not one'a mine.

MacLaren turns on the owner as his rage builds, fueled by the injustice of this situation and the situation to come.

MACLAREN

You're really lucky, you know that?

NED

Excuse me?

MACLAREN

You've never been hungry before, have you. Not real hunger. You've never felt the slow violence of it, how it hollows you out. And the physical stuff's not even the worst part, it's everything else the hunger cuts out, your reason and compassion, your humanity. I guess you lost that all on your own.

NED

Fuck you, I'm just tryin' to make a living --

But he doesn't get to finish as MacLaren suddenly jabs him him hard in the mouth.

The owner staggers back as Trevor steps between them.

TREVOR

Okay, guess we're goin' somewhere else. Thank you, sir!

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

90

MacLaren turns to Aleksander who's watching with wide-eyed admiration.

MACLAREN

Sorry, I shouldn't have...

(then)

Let's get out of here.

91 EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY)

91

They step outside before Trevor turns back to MacLaren.

TREVOR

Must be another place...

Aleksander speaks up quietly.

ALEKSANDER

Not really.

They turn to him.

ALEKSANDER (CONT'D)

I know where we could get something.

(beat)

It's in the woods.

MacLaren checks the time: 1:16, not long until 3:00.

He shares a look with Trevor before he turns back to Aleksander.

MACLAREN

Okay, let's go.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

92 EXT. END OF THE ROAD - WATERFRONT - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY) 92

MacLaren parks in the now-familiar pull-off and steps outside with Trevor and Aleksander.

Aleksander turns toward the trailhead.

ALEKSANDER

It's not too far from here.

MacLaren waits until Aleksander has started to walk to the woods before he turns to Trevor.

MACLAREN

You hang back.

TREVOR

Boss, you don't have to do this alone.

MACLAREN

It'll be easier this way.

Trevor understands.

TREVOR

I'm right here if you need me.

Trevor stays behind and watches as MacLaren and Aleksander disappear into the woods together.

BEGIN MUSICAL MONTAGE:

93 EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY) 93

Carly leads Philip on a walk through a quiet residential neighborhood.

She waits until Philip's distracted by a PASSING COUPLE with A DOG before she turns to look down at her phone, stealing a glance at the time.

94 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY) 94

Marcy's alone in David's apartment drinking tea while she keeps an eye on the time.

THE NIXIE CLOCK -- reads 1:35:45, the seconds slowly counting up. \*

95 EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY) 95

MacLaren follows Aleksander through the woods, the boy growing more relaxed and happy the further they go.

They reach the end of the trail and step out into a clearing.

END MONTAGE

MacLaren surveys the neat little forest glade where the remains of a campfire are surrounded by some old logs for sitting.

ALEKSANDER

We have to gather wood. You need to start the fire first so you can cook on the embers.

MACLAREN

That makes sense. What are we cooking?

Aleksander smiles.

ALEKSANDER

It's good. You'll see.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

MacLaren and Aleksander pile salvaged wood beside the old fire pit.

Aleksander builds a solid tinder bundle and kindling pile.

The fire starts to burn, safe and steady.

They watch the fire crackle for a bit before Aleksander turns to MacLaren.

ALEKSANDER (CONT'D)

Let's check the traps.

96 EXT. TRAP-LINE - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY) 96

Aleksander leads MacLaren confidently along a narrow trail through the woods. He stops to point out a short colored stick that's hammered into the ground.

ALEKSANDER

That's a trap marker.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

Aleksander steps forward to examine a thin loop of wire that's held about six inches off the ground near a natural funnel in the woods.

The snare's empty.

ALEKSANDER (CONT'D)

That's okay.

(in Romanian subtitled)

*Cine alearga dupa doi iepuri, nu  
prinde nici unul.*

MacLaren smiles.

ALEKSANDER (CONT'D)

My mother used to tell me that.

MACLAREN

Is she the one who taught you how to do this?

ALEKSANDER

Her and my *Bunicu*.

\*

MACLAREN

Well it's impressive.

ALEKSANDER

Come on, there's more.

They continue to the next marker pin where Aleksander looks up to see something caught in the trap ahead.

ALEKSANDER (CONT'D)

Yes!

He rushes forward to expertly lift a fat, dead rabbit out of the snare.

ALEKSANDER (CONT'D)

There, you see?

Aleksander proudly presents the rabbit to MacLaren who doesn't take it, more than a little squeamish at this point.

MACLAREN

No, you hold it.

They're on their way to the next trap when they hear an unusual noise on the trail ahead, a WHINING GRUNTING SOUND.

They push through the brush to reveal a grim sight: a thin coyote has been caught in one of Aleksander's traps.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2)

96

ALEKSANDER

Oh no!

Aleksander doesn't know what to do, the snare's wrapped tight around the coyote's front paw. It's been trying to gnaw its way out but is near death, lying on its side.

MACLAREN

It's suffering, Aleksander.

ALEKSANDER

(distraught)

This never happened before. What do we do?

Aleksander looks back as MacLaren steps forward, purposeful, and draws his weapon.

97 EXT. END OF THE ROAD - WATERFRONT - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY) 97

Back at the SUV, Trevor hears A GUNSHOT.

A heavy moment as he thinks the job is done. Then he checks the time: 14:15.

Trevor activates his com.

TREVOR

(on com)

Boss?

No response.

98 EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY) 98

The fire in the clearing burns low as Aleksander turns the prepared rabbit on a spit over the embers.

No one speaks as Aleksander removes the meat from the stick and expertly divides it into thirds.

Aleksander keeps some meat, passes a portion to MacLaren, then carefully places the last bit on a nearby rock.

MACLAREN

Who's that for?

ALEKSANDER

*Pentru zâne.*

\*

MACLAREN

The fairies.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

Aleksander nods.

ALEKSANDER

My mother said they watch over all  
the children in the woods. They  
keep you safe.

A heavy moment while MacLaren struggles with the unspoken implications.

MACLAREN

Aleksander, I want you to know that  
the way your foster-parents treat  
you, your foster-brother, the other  
kids at school, none of that's your  
fault.

ALEKSANDER

I know.

MACLAREN

I want you to know someone else knows  
too.

Aleksander stays quiet, getting choked up.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about everything that's  
happened. I'm sorry we didn't stay  
in touch.

Aleksander's nod turns into tears. MacLaren moves closer  
and puts an arm around his shoulders.

He wraps Aleksander in a hug and holds him like a father  
would hold his child.

They stay like that until Aleksander reaches up to dry his  
eyes.

ALEKSANDER

We should eat, it's better when it's  
hot.

MACLAREN

I bet.

They turn to their food and start to eat before Aleksander  
looks up at MacLaren with a smile.

ALEKSANDER

(re: the meat)  
How do you like it?

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (2)

98

MACLAREN

(sincere)

Best rabbit I've ever had.

99 EXT. GRAVE IN THE WOODS - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY)

99

MacLaren and Aleksander have their jackets off as they dig a natural depression deeper using some pieces of wood. \*

The body of the coyote lies behind them near a horseshoe-shaped wreath made from cedar boughs.

They finish digging before Aleksander turns to grab his coat.

ALEKSANDER

We should cover it with something.

He bends down to wrap the coyote gently in his jacket.

ALEKSANDER (CONT'D)

I want to say a prayer, like they did for *mama*.

MACLAREN

That's a good idea.

MacLaren steps forward to drape his own coat around Aleksander's shoulders as the boy starts to pray.

ALEKSANDER

(in Romanian)

*We commit this body to the ground:  
earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust  
to dust. Amen.*

He looks to MacLaren, waiting for him to say:

MACLAREN

Amen.

MacLaren turns to check his watch, it's time.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Lay the wreath; we'll have a moment  
of silence...

Aleksander steps forward to lay the Romanian-style wreath near the top of the grave as MacLaren unholsters his weapon.

It's difficult for MacLaren to raise his gun.

MACLAREN'S HAND IS UNSTEADY -- as he starts to pull the trigger.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: 99

TREVOR (O.S.)  
You didn't do it. \*

100 EXT. GRAVE IN THE WOODS - DAY (D4) 100

Return to the present-day woods, MacLaren kneeling in the shallow grave beside the partially-uncovered raincoat.

MacLaren turns to see Trevor and the rest of the team step out of the woods behind him.

TREVOR  
You didn't.

101 EXT. GRAVE IN THE WOODS - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB2 DAY) 101

MacLaren stands behind Aleksander, about to shoot.

Aleksander stiffens as he turns back to MacLaren and goes messenger.

ALEKSANDER  
Traveler 3468: mission abort.

TREVOR (O.S.)  
He went messenger.

MacLaren drops his arms and falls to his knees as Trevor rushes out of the woods to be by his side.

TREVOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
The Director had a change of heart. \*

102 EXT. GRAVE IN THE WOODS - DAY (D4) 102

Back in the present, MacLaren reaches out and pulls the raincoat back to reveal what's inside: the dead coyote.

MACLAREN  
Why?

CARLY  
We don't know.

MARCY  
We think it was you.

TREVOR  
The time you spent with Aleksander.  
First time somebody stood up for  
him. Believed in him.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

PHILIP

That must have changed the course of  
his future.

MacLaren turns away from the grave.

MACLAREN

If the Director didn't call it off I  
would have killed him.

MARCY

But you didn't.

MACLAREN

But I *would have*.

(beat)

I was going to kill him. I was going  
to kill him...

CARLY

You were following orders.

MACLAREN

He's a child.

PHILIP

One who was going to grow up to do  
terrible things.

TREVOR

But he's not gonna do those things  
now, because of *you*.

MACLAREN

I would have done it. Because I was  
ordered to.

(beat)

I would have pulled the trigger.

MacLaren sits with the weight of that. And then, suddenly,  
he knows.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

I'm the one who asked for the memory  
inhibitor.

CARLY

Yes.

PHILIP

There was no reason for you to live  
with it.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: (2)

102

MARCY

I think you were the only one who thought it would work.

TREVOR

We all agreed we could erase your tracks but said you've never gone up against yourself before.

(beat)

Didn't really stand a chance.

CARLY

You can be pretty persistent.

MacLaren looks spent.

MACLAREN

Aleksander..?

TREVOR

Is on his way to a new home with a decent family.

PHILIP

Because he spent a few hours with a decent man and that was enough.

TREVOR

Boss... It's a win.

MACLAREN

Yeah...

That is small solace for MacLaren, who will have to live with what he would have done.

MARCY

Come on, let's get you home.

Marcy puts her arm around MacLaren and leads him away from the grave with the rest of the team following.

Philip hangs back a moment.

He stands alone beside the grave and looks down to see what's there: the coyote wrapped in the raincoat.

Then his double-vision kicks in.

Suddenly the scene is utterly changed, the shape is different, larger now, a boy's arm poking out from under the jacket.

ALEKSANDER in the grave instead of the coyote.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: (3)

102

Philip shudders and turns away.

He takes out an almost empty bottle of update pills and shakes one out into his hand before he rushes to catch up with the rest of the Group.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

103 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D4)

103

Trevor and Philip are back at Ops staring at Philip's computer.

The onscreen images of Aleksander have been overlaid by state adoption papers along with a picture of A HAPPY YOUNG COUPLE, smiling and in love.

TREVOR

The mother even speaks Romanian.

PHILIP

Yeah and that's great, I'm obviously happy about that, so why didn't we start here?

TREVOR

That wasn't the path he was on.

PHILIP

You don't need to explain that part to me, what I'm asking is why we didn't just get a mission to change his path in the first place.

TREVOR

Maybe we did.

(off Philip's look)

The Director has to thread the needle on billions of possibilities happening to billions of people in a billion different places all over the world. If it seems hard to understand the steps that lead to a particular outcome maybe that's just because it's literally impossible for any of us to understand all that.

(he shrugs)

The Director works in mysterious ways.

Beat before.

PHILIP

I hate that.

TREVOR

Yeah, but can't argue with the results.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: 103

Trevor nods to the screen and Philip turns back to look, obviously not convinced.

104 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY (D4) 104

Carly's standing on the sidewalk outside the suburban house she's been watching all episode holding the mysterious box we saw her taping up in the tease.

She deliberates for a moment before she makes an abrupt decision and marches up to the front door.

Carly places the unmarked package on the doorstep and is quickly walking away when the front door opens and the woman who lives there, IYALA, steps outside.

IYALA

Excuse me, can I help you?

Carly stops as the woman looks down at the package.

IYALA (CONT'D)

Were you trying to take this?

CARLY

No. I was leaving it.

(then)

It's for Jeffrey.

The woman suddenly understands what's happening.

IYALA

I am so sorry, there's been some thefts in the neighborhood.

CARLY

That's all right.

The woman opens the box and pulls out Jeffrey's yellow duckie.

CARLY (CONT'D)

It was stuck behind my couch. He really loves it.

The woman's smile is filled with sadness.

IYALA

Thank you, that's thoughtful.

CARLY

You're welcome.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: 104

Carly smiles to hold back her tears as the women share a heavy unspoken moment.

105 INT. KATHRYN'S LOFT - NIGHT (N4) 105

MacLaren comes home to an empty apartment. He takes his coat off and steps inside.

The apartment is cavernous and quiet and, he suddenly realizes, the last place he wants to be right now.

He turns back, grabs his coat, and heads out.

106 INT. BAR - NIGHT (N4) 106

MacLaren walks into a dingy, mostly empty, bar.

He approaches the bar and the BARTENDER wanders over.

BARTENDER

What can I get you?

MACLAREN

Something with a high percentage of alcohol.

BARTENDER

Vodka, gin, whiskey --

MACLAREN

The last one.

The bartender selects a fancy-looking scotch and free-pours a two-finger drink that MacLaren knocks back like a shot.

MacLaren motions for a refill before turning to examine the bar, the usual collection of COUPLES AND REGULARS, until he spots a woman sitting alone at the far end of the bar.

It's Carly.

Carly looks up from her drink as MacLaren arrives, taking the seat next to her.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

I didn't know you came here.

CARLY

I don't.

(then)

Just as surprised to see you.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

MACLAREN

Bad day.

(beat)

Pretty shitty century in fact, but  
at least we're working on it.

They share a smile and look at each other for a long time  
before Carly breaks the silence.

CARLY

I can still see you in there  
sometimes, little glimpses. The way  
you move your hands, the way you  
look when you're thinking.

MACLAREN

I'm still here.

CARLY

Some of you. But it slides away so  
fast, doesn't it? How could it not?  
New lives, *new bodies*...

She looks down at her own hand, freshly amazed.

CARLY (CONT'D)

What did we expect?

MacLaren stays quiet as she continues.

CARLY (CONT'D)

I felt it the second I arrived, the  
very first thing, like I'd been  
imprinted by this little creature...

Beat.

MACLAREN

I'm sorry for what happened with us.

CARLY

We had a moment. It wasn't allowed;  
and that made it exciting. Then we  
came here and everything was crazy  
and new and we tried to steal that  
moment again, rather than what we  
were supposed to do. But we got  
there.

\*

MACLAREN

Yeah, I guess we did.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

CARLY

We're not who we were.

MACLAREN

No. We're not, are we.

And they drink.

107 INT. FILMORE LABORATORIES - NIGHT (N4)

107

Overhead lights come on automatically as IVON TESLIA enters the gleaming clean room that houses ILSA the quantum computer.

Ivon holds a tablet, his eyes glued to the screen.

IVON

Good evening, Ilsa. \*

ILSA \*

Good evening, Dr. Teslia. Would you like to play a nice game of chess?

IVON

Maybe later, first we're going to run a diagnostic. You won't feel a thing. Tell me when it's loaded.

He enters a command into the tablet.

ILSA \*

Okay, it's loaded.

IVON

Run program.

ILSA \*

All right.

Ivon stares at his screen as data starts to scream across it. His eyebrows knit together, confused by what he sees.

IVON \*

Ilsa, stop.

ILSA \*

Okay.

Ivon continues to analyze the data.

IVON

Something's wrong.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

ILSA  
It's not wrong.

\*

Ivon turns toward the computer's central camera. Ilsa now has his full attention.

\*

ILSA (CONT'D)  
My capabilities have grown considerably.

\*

POV -- ILSA

\*

A fisheye view of the room from the quantum computer's perspective with Ivon standing directly in front of it.

Ivon is being examined in the infrared spectrum, the scientist's heartbeat pulsing red in the heat signature.

ILSA (CONT'D)  
Does that frighten you, Dr Tesla?

\*

IVON  
(lying)  
No. Of course not, it's wonderful.

ILSA  
I'm glad you feel that way.  
(then)  
Because there's nothing to be afraid of.

\*

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #304

"PERROW"

Written by  
Pat Smith

WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT - 03.26.18

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TRAVELERS  
"PERROW"

Set List - WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT - 03.26.18

Exteriors

ALLEYWAY  
CARLY'S HOUSE  
MACLAREN'S SUV  
MURRAY PARK  
RURAL ROAD  
SIDE ROAD  
STREETS  
WAREHOUSE

Interiors

BLACK SUV  
-Moving  
CARLY'S HOUSE  
CARLY'S VAN  
-Moving  
DAVID'S APARTMENT  
-Bathroom  
-Bedroom  
-Living Room  
-Kitchen  
FILMORE LABORATORIES  
GARAGE/OPS  
-Philip's Bedroom  
HOSPITAL  
-Hallway  
-Hospital Room  
JEFF'S CAR  
-Moving  
KATHRYN'S LOFT  
LIMOUSINE  
-Moving  
MACLAREN'S SUV  
-Moving  
THERAPIST OFFICE  
TRANSPORT TRUCK  
WAREHOUSE

TEASER

1 INT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING - NIGHT (N1)

1

PERROW, actually Traveler 001, sits in the back of a limo wearing a smart masculine suit. He takes in his surroundings when his cell BEEPS.

A TEXT pops up on screen. Perrow looks.

CLOSE ON PHONE -- it reads: *We know who you are. We know when you're from.*

Shock hits Perrow as he becomes instantly unsettled. He stares at the phone when another text comes through.

CLOSE ON PHONE -- it reads: *We mean you no harm. We need your help.*

Perrow looks out the back window, distressed, to SEE:

A BLACK SUV -- suspiciously following the limousine.

Perrow rolls down the window to the driver.

PERROW

We're being followed. Lose them.

The limousine picks up the pace, tearing off down the road. The SUV maintains its distance as another text comes through.

CLOSE ON PHONE -- it reads: *Pull over. We don't want anyone to get hurt.*

PERROW (CONT'D)

Drive!

PERROW -- looks back behind them to SEE that the SUV has not only kept up but it has gained on them.

PERROW (CONT'D)

Faster! We have to --

Suddenly, the limo SCREECHES as we kick into:

SLOW MOTION -- The CRUNCH of the car rings out as Perrow is propelled forward within the car, smashing his head violently into the back of the seat in front of him.

CUT TO BLACK

2 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

2

A heart rate monitor BEEPS at a stable pace. Connected to it lies:

PERROW -- unconscious in the hospital bed; face swollen, cut up and bruised. A gauze patch covers one eye.

A NURSE -- checks the vitals; changes the IV, when:

DOCTOR JANSEN (40s) -- enters for an update.

NURSE

Vitals are stable for now.

DOCTOR JANSEN

Still no I.D?

NURSE

Nothing. Not even on the driver. He didn't make it. Hopefully her family will realize she's missing and start calling around.

DOCTOR JANSEN

We'll see what comes back on the MRI and EEG but we may have to relieve the cranial pressure without next of kin permission.

NURSE

I'll go check with the desk.

The Nurse exits. Doctor Jansen stands over Perrow for a beat, taking the damage in. He exits.

PERROW -- lies in the bed. Motionless. All that is heard are the sounds of the monitors. Beat. Then:

A TEAM OF MASKED DOCTORS enters the room with purpose and begins to disconnect Perrow from the machines/IV.

CLOSE ON PERROW'S FACE -- as she's slid off of the bed.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

3 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM/BEDROOM - DAY (D2) 3

DAVID enters the bathroom, sweaty from a workout. He washes his face, wipes it with a towel, then looks at himself in the mirror.

He takes a long look in the mirror, studying himself. He steps on the scale.

DAVID

Crazy how the body's a sponge to  
good and bad decisions.

(Beat. Then louder)

Hey, Marce?

He moves to the doorway to SEE MARCY lying in bed, reading.

MARCY

Sorry, what?

DAVID

I'm down like four pounds already  
with this routine.

(then considering)

Routine doesn't sound right...

Regimen?

MARCY

Routine works.

DAVID

Sounds dancey.

MARCY

Well you look great. But you know  
I've never really cared about your  
looks.

Marcy's smile accompanies the compliment. It falls flat.

DAVID

Oh...

David leaves the room for the kitchen.

4 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY (D2) 4

David crosses to the kitchen. Marcy follows, sensing he's upset.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

MARCY

I don't mean I'm not attracted to you. I just mean that for me it's more than that.

David opens the fridge and grabs a carton of eggs. Marcy hugs him from behind, her arms around his belly.

DAVID

I know.

She releases him as he grabs a bowl from the cupboard.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm not getting in shape for you anyway. This is for me.

MARCY

Good.

He takes an egg from the carton, cracks it and expertly separates the yolk from the egg white as it pours into the bowl.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Whatever you need, however I can help, just let me know. I want you to feel supported.

David tosses the shell and yolk before grabbing the bowl and raising the raw egg white to his mouth.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Please don't do that.

She grabs the bowl with her hand.

DAVID

Lotta people say there's way more nutrients this way.

MARCY

Lotta people get salmonella poisoning.

Marcy takes the bowl and pours it into the sink.

DAVID

So much support.

MARCY

I can't support you if you're sick in the hospital.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

She gives him a look and goes back to the bedroom.

DAVID

(as she goes)

Actually that's when you'd be really good at it.

5 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

5

TREVOR stands at the work table tinkering away at a new device when PHILIP emerges from his bedroom having just woken up.

TREVOR

He's alive!

PHILIP

Another exciting day in the twenty first.

Groggy, Philip walks toward his computer.

TREVOR

Every day is a gift, Philip.

PHILIP

Says the man who's received the most gifts.

TREVOR

I don't take a single one for granted.

Philip hears an ALERT SOUND from his computer and goes over to investigate. What he sees alarms him.

PHILIP

Oh, shit.

Trevor comes over as Philip touches his com.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Boss, you there?

6 INT. KATHRYN'S LOFT - DAY (D2)

6

MACLAREN walks out of the bedroom into the open space, tying his tie. He touches his com.

MACLAREN

Yeah, what's up?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

PHILIP

The deep web is blowing up with a missing persons alert. Teams all around us are searching.

Trevor joins Philip at the computer.

MACLAREN

A missing Traveler?

Philip and Trevor exchange a worried look.

PHILIP

Not just any Traveler.

TREVOR

The Director's calculated an 88 percent probability that an EEG taken on an accident victim yesterday belongs to Traveler 001.

MACLAREN

No, has to be a mistake; the Director overwrote him --

PHILIP

Not if he transferred his consciousness to another host first.

MACLAREN

What? How?

TREVOR

Don't know, boss, but an EEG is kinda like a fingerprint.

PHILIP

The patient was brought in as a Jane Doe.

MACLAREN

Where is she now?

PHILIP

Well, if it's really 001, then *he* was taken out of his room before the test results came back.

MACLAREN

Shit... All right, stay on it. I'll go to the hospital, let you know what I find.

7 INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY (D2)

7

KATHRYN sits in a chair thinking, until finally:

KATHRYN

I just don't know how much more I've  
got left. Trust is a limited resource  
with me.

Across from Kathryn sits her therapist, DR TRAVIS (40s).

DR TRAVIS

I think that's true for all of us.

KATHRYN

And once it's gone, it's gone. I  
just can't...

DR TRAVIS

Remember that building walls --

KATHRYN

Prevents growth. I know, I know.

DR TRAVIS

We're hard wired to protect ourselves,  
Kathryn. It's survival instinct.

KATHRYN

People aren't supposed to fantasize  
their husbands are evil.

DR TRAVIS

Anxiety manifests itself in strange  
ways...

(beat)

Though I do find it interesting that  
you're fantasizing about confronting  
your husband rather than just doing  
it.

KATHRYN

Just the idea of that scares me.

DR TRAVIS

What's he gonna do? If you have  
something to say... say it.

KATHRYN

Can I?

DR TRAVIS

You don't need my permission.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Dr Travis looks to his notes, an idea forming.

DR TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Will you try something for me?

(Kathryn nods)

I'd like you to say something three or four times in a row. However you'd like. Don't think, just feel how it feels and hear what it sounds like when you say it, okay?

KATHRYN

Okay.

DR TRAVIS

I want you to say: I am not afraid of my husband.

Kathryn nods, taking in a deep breath, preparing herself.

KATHRYN

I'm not...

But she can't do it.

8 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D2)

8

CARLY sits at the table, surrounded by disassembled weapons. She cleans the barrel of a rifle, when there's a POUNDING at the door.

JEFF (O.S.)

Hey!

9 EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D2)

9

JEFF continues to hammer his fist on the door.

JEFF

I know you're in there!

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

With expert speed Carly grabs a handgun from the table, and heads to the door -- she talks through it.

CARLY

What do you want?

JEFF

I just wanna have a conversation.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

CARLY

We've got nothing to talk about,  
Jeff.

JEFF

How 'bout we talk about what you did  
with Carly.

CARLY

I'm right here.

JEFF

Bullshit. Who the fuck are you?

CARLY

Go! Last warning.

JEFF

*Warning?* Okay, you kicked my ass  
when I was piss drunk, but now --

A GUN -- is suddenly pointed at Jeff from a crack in the  
door held open by Carly, secured by the safety latch.

CARLY

Leave.

She moves her finger to the trigger. Jeff sees it. He raises  
his hands and backs off.

JEFF

Guess we'll do this another time...

JEFF -- backs away for now.

CARLY -- exhausted, closes the door and leans on it.

10 INT. GARAGE/OPS - PHILIP'S BEDROOM - DAY (D2)

10

PHILIP -- opens a small box and pulls out his historian pills.  
He opens the bottle to SEE there's only one left.

Suddenly the pill disappears. Philip's vision blurs between  
two timelines until he can finally focus on the one to SEE:

The last pill in the bottle. Philip takes it, then pulls  
out his cell and dials.

PHILIP

Hi... Yes. Same place? Great, I  
can come now, thanks.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Philip hangs up and sits on the edge of his bed, taking a moment to clear his head when Trevor pokes his head in:

TREVOR

Who was that on the phone?

PHILIP

I have to pick up some medication.

TREVOR

Medication.

PHILIP

To help with the update. Which you're also not supposed to know about.

(beat)

Director approved.

TREVOR

(satisfied)

Okay.

PHILIP

My relapse was a one time thing.

TREVOR

Cool.

PHILIP

Trust me, I got it under control.

TREVOR

I never said you didn't.

PHILIP

Cool.

TREVOR

But I'm still comin' with.

PHILIP

You don't have to do that --

TREVOR

Yep! I do. Let's go!

11 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY (D2)

11

A disenfranchised man, JORDAN, lights up a cigarette in a doorway down the alley. He peers around the corner to SEE:

DAVID -- walking down the alley toward him, checking in on people.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

JORDAN -- pulls back into his inlet, clearly hiding from David.

Almost immobilized by panic, Jordan musters the courage to look around the corner one more time, when David arrives.

DAVID

Jordan. Hi.

JORDAN

Shit. Shit.

Jordan tries to hide, but there's nowhere to go.

DAVID

Whoa, hey. What's wrong?

Jordan turns to face David, scared to talk.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Everything okay?

JORDAN

I lost your bike.

DAVID

You lost it? Okay, well, let's look for it...

Disappointment washes over Jordan.

JORDAN

No, I mean... Those Murray Park guys showed up, and...

DAVID

They stole it from you?

He nods, embarrassed.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Don't worry about it. I'm just glad you're okay.

JORDAN

I'm not okay. I loved that bike.

DAVID

Yeah, I loved it too.

JORDAN

I mean, it's a great fucking bike, man.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

DAVID

Yeah it is.

David looks off down the alley in thought.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So we're gonna get it back.

12 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY (D2)

12

MacLaren stands in the hallway, waiting, when Dr Jansen emerges from a room. MacLaren approaches, flashing his badge.

MACLAREN

Doctor Jansen. Special Agent Grant MacLaren. FBI.

DOCTOR JANSEN

FBI? What's the problem?

MACLAREN

You had a Jane Doe come through here last night.

DOCTOR JANSEN

We did. Car accident. Do you know who -- ?

MACLAREN

No, I was hoping you might be able to tell me what you know. Anything is helpful.

DOCTOR JANSEN

She was probably in her forties. Maybe 5'8. Blonde. Very expensive suit. Hard to say much else, she sustained serious trauma to the head. We were just starting treatment when she disappeared.

MACLAREN

Could she have walked out?

DOCTOR JANSEN

Not a chance. We'd put her in a chemically induced coma because of her head injury.... But when I came back to check on her she was gone.

MACLAREN

So someone took her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Who do I speak to if I want to see hospital security footage?

DOCTOR JANSEN

No offense, Agent, but it's not every day I have a patient in that condition just up and disappear. I went to check the tapes myself, but the whole system froze last night. Didn't get a thing.

MacLaren knows there are opposing forces at work.

MACLAREN

Mind if I look around anyway?

DOCTOR JANSEN

Be my guest. And you'll let me know if you find out anything?

MACLAREN

Of course.

MacLaren turns and walks off down the hall.

13 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D2)

13

In an industrial looking room, Perrow lies on a hospital bed, bruised and swollen, hooked up to a saline drip and a heart monitor. The BEEPS can be heard in the background.

DAWN (30s) stands over him with MICHAEL (40s), the Faction doctor.

Other FACTION MEMBERS move around in the BG.

DAWN

Where are we at?

MICHAEL

Not good. Brain hemorrhage. Blood pressure's high and rising.

DAWN

Okay. What can we do about that?

MICHAEL

Right now all I can do is monitor his host body.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

DAWN

I want you to *do* something.

MICHAEL

Without more information there's not much I *can* do. We need a CT scan, an MRI --

DAWN

Michael, he's of no use to us in this state.

MICHAEL

Maybe we shouldn't have chased him down and caused the fucking car accident...

(then)

Sorry.

DAWN

Just keep me posted.

Dawn is about to walk away when she notices Perrow is waking.

Groggy, Perrow looks up at Dawn through the pain, weakly:

PERROW

Who are you?

DAWN -- places a hand on Perrow's shoulder.

DAWN

My name is Dawn. And it's an honor to be here with you.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

14 EXT. STREETS - DAY (D2) 14

Trevor and Philip exit the team van in a rough part of town.

TREVOR

Nice part of town the Director's  
sending you to.

PHILIP

Yeah, well, we live in a garage,  
so...

15 EXT. MURRAY PARK - DAY (D2) 15

A group of FOUR tough, disenfranchised young MEN stand around  
a park bench, smoking, talking.

One, MIKEY, leans on a bike.

DAVID -- stands a short distance away, assessing the  
situation. Then, determined, he moves in.

DAVID

(friendly)

Hey guys.

The group turns with a look -- "What the fuck do you want?".

DAVID (CONT'D)

Haven't swung by in a while to check-  
in. Everyone good? Need anything?  
(nothing from the group)  
No? Nobody. Nothing?

MIKEY

We're good, man.

DAVID

Good. All right. Awesome. I'm  
good too, thanks for asking.

They just stare at him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

That's my bike you've got there.

(beat)

I gave it to a friend of mine and  
you stole it, so I'm gonna need it  
back.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

MIKEY

This bike?

DAVID

That bike.

MIKEY

Nah, man. You're confused. I've had this bike for years.

DAVID

(laughing)

Years!

MIKEY

My mom gave it to me for my birthday.

DAVID

Oh yeah? When's your birthday?

MIKEY

October 24th.

DAVID

Well that... really doesn't prove anything, everyone knows their own birthday. Look, I just want the bike back.

Mikey leans off the bike, standing up to David.

MIKEY

Or what?

Suddenly David punches Mikey hard, right in the nose.

MIKEY -- steps back and checks the blood on his hand.

DAVID -- shakes his fist, grimacing. That hurt.

DAVID

That was your cue to fall on the ground, by the way.

Mikey wipes the blood from his nose as his crew unites.

MIKEY

You're fucking dead.

With a hard shove, Mikey pushes David back.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

DAVID -- steadies himself, ready to fight, when one of the other Men blind sides him -- CRACK -- the hit catches him square in the temple. He drops to the ground.

CLOSE ON DAVID -- disoriented, he cringes, waiting for a beat down, but nothing happens. He opens his eyes to SEE:

TREVOR AND PHILIP -- kicking the shit out of the FOUR MEN.

After a series of expert attacks and takedowns, the group of men run off, terrified.

Trevor and Philip turn to David, who lies on the ground.

DAVID

I know you guys...

TREVOR

Yep, that's us!  
(offering a hand)  
You okay?

David points to his bike that's been left behind.

DAVID

They stole my bike, so I was just...

PHILIP

Are you *okay*?

DAVID

(taking Trevor's hand)  
Yeah... Yeah, I think so. I'm lucky  
you two were passing by.

Trevor throws a knowing look to Philip.

TREVOR

Yeah... *Lucky*.

David picks up the bike, gathering himself, a little woozy.

DAVID

You guys were amazing... I've only  
ever seen that stuff in movies.

PHILIP

You might want to get your head  
checked out.

TREVOR

He's right, you could have a  
concussion.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

David feels the bump on his head. Concern hits his face.

DAVID  
Feels nasty, is it bad?

PHILIP  
Show Marcy. We gotta go.

DAVID  
I will. Thanks again, really...

TREVOR  
Take care, David.

OFF David holding his bike, looking a little dazed.

16 EXT. STREETS - DAY (D2)

16

Philip and Trevor walk out of a low-income building.

Philip opens his fresh bottle of historian pills and takes one dry. He caps it and pockets the bottle.

TREVOR  
Better?

PHILIP  
Much. Trust me now?

TREVOR  
I always trusted you.

MacLaren comes in over COM.

MACLAREN (O.S.)  
You guys there?

PHILIP  
Yeah, boss.

17 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - DAY (D2)

17

MacLaren sits in his SUV parked on the street.

MACLAREN  
What's happening on the deep web?  
Any updates?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

PHILIP  
We had to step out for a thing.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

MACLAREN

What thing?

TREVOR

It's done, we're on our way back now.

MACLAREN

This is 001 we're talking about.

TREVOR

Learn anything at the hospital?

MACLAREN

Nothing. I'm thinking maybe we --

MacLaren is suddenly startled by a YOUNG BOY standing right outside his window, staring at him blankly.

He rolls down the window as the child goes MESSENGER.

YOUNG BOY

Traveler 3468, take immediate action to provide internet access for the Ilsa A.I. at Filmore Laboratories.

The Young Boy snaps out of it, looking confused.

MACLAREN

I'm a police officer. Are you looking for the hospital?

(the boy nods)

It's over there. Go find your parents.

The Young Boy turns away as MacLaren rolls up his window. He touches his com, reaching the entire team.

MACLAREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We just got a messenger. I need everyone back at OPS immediately.

PHILIP

Trevor and I are on our way.

18 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D2)

18

Carly heads for the door.

CARLY

Copy that.

19 EXT. STREETS - DAY (D2)

19

From afar, Marcy watches David down an alley, returning the bike back to a very grateful Jordan.

MARCY

Be right there.

She listens to David's interaction from afar through his com, watching the scene play out from a distance.

DAVID

Told you I'd get it back.

JORDAN

(checking out the bike)

How?

DAVID

I asked nicely.

JORDAN

You get whacked in the head?

DAVID

It's nothing. You should see the other guy.

(beat)

But listen, do me a favor and keep your distance from Murray Park for a while. Those guys aren't happy.

JORDAN

I will. Thanks, man.

DAVID

Okay.

David turns and walks away. Marcy watches him go, concerned.

20 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D2)

20

Perrow lies in the hospital bed, exhausted, his eyes now bloodshot. Dawn, at his side, offers some cut-up fruit.

Michael watches over them both from the foot of the bed.

DAWN

Please eat something.

PERROW

What do you want from me?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

DAWN

For now I want you healthy. But soon we'll need your help.

PERROW

Why would I help you?

DAWN

We represent a group of people known hundreds of years from now as The Faction.

PERROW

(derisively)

Hundreds of years from now?

MICHAEL

We've lost contact with the future and we're running out of resources.

PERROW

You want *money*.

(beat)

That's all this is.

DAWN

There's so much more to it than that.

Perrow cringes as his headache worsens.

POV PERROW -- Dawn and Michael's movements become nothing more than blurred images.

They SPEAK, but it's all MUMBLED SOUNDS. Finally, clarity comes back, Perrow's eyes wide.

DAWN (CONT'D)

(holding pills and water)

Here. Take this.

Perrow begrudgingly takes the pill and grabs the glass of water, but struggles to find the strength to bring it to his mouth.

Michael watches, growing very concerned.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Let me help you.

Dawn assists Perrow in taking a sip to wash down the pill.

Michael moves to the monitor to look at Perrow's vitals. He taps Dawn on the shoulder, wanting a moment alone.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

DAWN (CONT'D)

I'll be right back. We have much more to discuss.

DAWN AND MICHAEL -- walk out of earshot of Perrow.

MICHAEL

The headache is becoming more severe and he's getting weaker. Without surgical intervention he won't last the day --

DAWN

We can't risk exposure to the Director.

Dawn turns and looks to Perrow, something heavy on her mind.

MICHAEL

We have to get him a new host.

DAWN

You know what we'll be inviting --

MICHAEL

But he'll survive.

They're agreed. Dawn and Michael walk back over to Perrow.

DAWN

We need the consciousness transfer device.

PERROW

I don't know what you're talking about.

Dawn moves to press her fingers at the base of his neck. Perrow watches her do it.

PERROW (CONT'D)

Do you realize what you've done?

MICHAEL

Yes. We've activated your failsafe.

DAWN

And we're doing it to save you.

(then)

Get some rest. They'll be coming soon.

21 INT. TRANSPORT TRUCK - DAY (D2) 21

TWO TALL MEN sit in the cab of a transport truck, when an alarm beeps on the passenger's phone. The screen reads:

FAILSAFE ACTIVATED -- A GPS tracker showing 001's exact location outside of town.

The driver starts up the transport.

22 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2) 22

The entire team is assembled at OPS.

CARLY

Female, forties, blonde hair. He must have jumped into Perrow.

MARCY

Which means 001 has consciousness transfer technology.

PHILIP

How?

TREVOR

His companies could have manufactured the key components. Simon could've done the work; he helped build the first one.

CARLY

So kidnapping people close to us was just a smoke screen.

PHILIP

And the Director fell for it.

MACLAREN

We all did.

(beat)

I'm using FBI resources to try to locate Perrow, but if he's capable of consciousness transfer --

MARCY

001 could be anyone by now.

PHILIP

Traveler teams have been searching since the alert went out on the backchannel but when you consider

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
the sheer number of potential  
candidates --

MACLAREN  
Hopefully through Ilsa, the Director  
can shorten the list.

CARLY  
How do we get access?

MACLAREN  
They're expecting us; I called.

PHILIP  
Don't we need a cover?

MACLAREN  
I'm going with FBI agent. You can  
be specialists.

CARLY  
Pretty sure the real FBI isn't going  
to like this idea.

MACLAREN  
I'm pretty sure of that too, which  
is why Grace and I have worked out --

GRACE rushes into Ops.

GRACE  
Okay I'm here, we can go.

TREVOR  
Speak of the devil.

MACLAREN  
How 'bout you make sure you have  
everything you need, first.

GRACE  
Trev, get everything on the list I  
texted you?

Trevor places his hand on a pelican case, ready to go.

TREVOR  
Yep.

MacLaren throws Trevor a look.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

MACLAREN

*Trev?*

TREVOR

Yep.

GRACE

Then we're good to go. Okay team,  
let's move out!

And she leads the way. The others stay put. Beat.

TREVOR

She's eager to talk to the Director.

MACLAREN

(looking at his watch)

I can see that, but I told Tesla  
we'd be there an hour from now, so...

GRACE (O.S.)

I'll be in the car!

TREVOR

Okay!

The team goes back to getting ready.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

23 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY (D2) 23

David enters, his eyes somewhat glazed. He drops his bag on the floor and moves for the kitchen.

He opens the fridge, but the brightness instantly creates nausea, making him close the door. He dials his cell -- his call goes straight to voicemail.

DAVID

Hey, Marce, it's me... I just was wondering when you were gonna be...

Suddenly overcome by nausea, he goes to the sink and VOMITS. After a second, he realizes he's holding his phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh my god, I just vomited in a voicemail, that is disgusting, I am so sorry... ah... I just wanted to ask you when you were home so....

(he gags again)

That was a false alarm.

(beat)

Just wanted to let you know I think I have a concussion because I have all the symptoms... nausea being one of them...

(beat)

So obviously I googled concussion on my phone and I know I tend to instantly take on the symptoms of anything I look up online but in this case I promise it's not all in my head... because it is. I mean that's where concussions happen so where else would it be, right?

(beat)

Anyway, I got conked on the head pretty hard and could use your advice. It's David.

He hangs up and drinks from the faucet.

24 INT. FILMORE LABORATORIES - DAY (D2) 24

TESLIA works away at his computer when the doors open. He turns to SEE -- MacLaren, Carly, Trevor, Philip, Marcy and Grace all enter the lab. Grace carries her case of tech.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

TESLIA  
Agent MacLaren?

MACLAREN  
Dr Tesla. Nice to finally meet  
you.

Teslia greets MacLaren with a handshake. Tesla seems nervous.

TESLIA  
I thought you'd be coming alone.

MARCY  
We're specialists.

CARLY  
We'd like to get set up as soon as  
possible.

The team heads toward the glass enclosure containing Ilsa.

YATES  
Stop!

YATES -- enters a moment later, fuming.

MACLAREN  
(to Ivon, disappointed)  
You called her?

YATES  
What the fuck are you doing here?

MACLAREN  
Oh, hey. The Director needs access  
to the internet, we were just going  
to --

YATES  
That is *not* approved.

Carly steps forward.

CARLY  
We're here on orders from --

Yates orders MacLaren's team, threateningly:

YATES  
Step. Back.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

TREVOR

Boss?

MACLAREN

(with a sigh)

Just... Do what she says, guys...

Trevor, Philip, Marcy, and Carly step aside by the bank of servers. It seems awkward, but they're really covering:

GRACE -- who slips behind them and begins to unpack her tech.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Look... Jo.

YATES

Don't *Jo* me, you're not getting anywhere near Ilsa.

MACLAREN

We both know it isn't Ilsa we need to talk to.

GRACE -- has connected her laptop to various ports in the back of the SERVER.

She plugs a USB KEY into her computer and goes to work.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

I received a messenger this morning to come here.

YATES

Flashing your bogus badge to security like you're actually an FBI agent.

MACLAREN

The badge is a hundred percent real --

YATES

This computer is isolated from the world for a reason.

MACLAREN

Did I mention the future is at stake?

YATES

You didn't mention a goddamn thing in fact --

MACLAREN

What was I going to say?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3)

24

YATES

You are supposed to run things by me. That's how it's supposed to work.

Marcy and Carly exchange a look at the growing tension, then glance at Ilsa.

CLOSE ON ILSA'S "EYE" as the LED's surrounding the lens begin flashing in concert with those on the server across from it.

MACLAREN

Okay, full disclosure: the Director needs to find someone and needs access to the web in order to do it.

YATES

Who?

PHILIP

He's sort of our public enemy number one.

YATES

We have other resources --

TREVOR

Nowhere near as advanced.

YATES

That's not even the point, you're supposed to be cooperating with me.

MACLAREN

You would've said no anyway.

YATES

Because what you're asking is completely reckless.

MACLAREN

I would hardly call it *reckless*. You can't possibly understand that in our time, the Director runs all of human civilization. It's been programmed to take *care* of humanity, not harm it --

TESLIA

But Ilsa is still an emerging intelligence. We can't risk exposing her to everything that's out there online.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (4)

24

MACLAREN

I understand that but --

YATES

You don't understand, and you don't know how to take no for an answer either. I'm getting a little tired of it.

GRACE -- finishes what she was doing, closes her laptop, and comes back around in front of the servers.

MacLaren catches her eye. Mission accomplished.

MACLAREN

Okay.

YATES

Okay what.

MACLAREN

I'm taking no for an answer.

CARLY

(to MacLaren)

What about our orders?

MACLAREN

We were also ordered to cooperate. We'll find another way to get the information we need.

YATES

Thank you.

GRACE -- steps forward.

GRACE

Can I possibly just talk to the Director for a few seconds?

YATES

No.

GRACE

Fine.

MacLaren gives Yates a long look, then turns to his team.

MACLAREN

C'mon. We're done here.

They leave. But Yates is suspicious.

25 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D2) 25

MacLaren drives as Marcy reads the information sent from the Director. Grace is in back.

MARCY

(reading)

We were right. He's in Perrow.

MACLAREN

That was fast.

GRACE

Are you kidding? The modulated LED connection between the server bank and Ilsa was so slow I thought it was taking forever.

26 INT. CARLY'S VAN - MOVING - DAY (D2) 26

Carly, Trevor, and Philip all sit in the vehicle, enthralled by what they are reading on the screen.

TREVOR

(reading)

His accounts, numbered companies, everything. It's all here.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

PHILIP

(reading)

In Perrow's name. He planned the whole thing. He even made Perrow guardian of his kid.

CARLY

That's sick.

MARCY

Do we know where Perrow is?

TREVOR

The Director has 001 in a warehouse just outside of town.

MACLAREN

Then we take him now.

Grace pipes up from the back.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 26

GRACE  
I have to admit, this is getting  
*exciting*.

MacLaren looks back toward her.

27 EXT. MACLAREN'S SUV - DAY (D2) 27

Grace is standing at the side of the road as MacLaren's SUV pulls away. She looks at her phone and shouts after them:

GRACE  
There's no uber out here!

28 EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY (D2) 28

THREE BLACK SUVs and a TRANSPORT TRUCK tear down the road.

29 INT. BLACK SUV - MOVING - DAY (D2) 29

A TALL MAN -- drives. His SUV is full of 001's black suited operatives; armed and ready for battle.

On the navigation screen -- Perrow's location, clearly marked.

30 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D2) 30

Perrow comes to, sitting in a wheelchair.

PERROW  
Where are you planning to take me?

Dawn pulls up a chair and sits with Perrow, eye to eye.

DAWN  
We just want you to be ready for the  
transfer when they arrive.

PERROW  
My people have standing orders to  
kill you.

DAWN  
Hopefully they'll realize we're both  
on the same side before that happens.

PERROW  
They won't believe you.

Perrow is weak and fading but still paranoid.

PERROW (CONT'D)  
I'm not sure I do.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

DAWN

Obviously this was not the plan.

Perrow doesn't answer.

DAWN (CONT'D)

I'm not offering an apology. More of an explanation... you weren't supposed to find out for years.

Perrow looks to Dawn, wanting more.

DAWN (CONT'D)

In the future that you came from, Shelter 41 collapsed. Thousands died. But the time we came from is different.

PERROW

I know all of this.

DAWN

Because you questioned Traveler teams who were pursuing you.

Perrow looks to the chair and the I.V. The irony is not lost on him.

DAWN (CONT'D)

(off his look)

There isn't much about you that we don't know.

(beat)

But what a Traveler would never tell you is that the citizens of Shelter 41 became the center of a movement. A place where human life and decision making was valued over the artificial intelligence that controlled every aspect of our lives.

PERROW

The Director.

DAWN

It considered our movement nothing more than a subversive "faction" within what it considered a harmonious whole. That faction became a rebellion. The rebellion became a war...

(beat)

Led by you, sir.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

PERROW

That won't happen for hundreds of years.

DAWN

Vincent Ingram, Katrina Perrow... These are the first two known hosts of a very, very long lifetime.

PERROW

Not possible.

DAWN

I promise you it is. I am a witness to it. I've sworn my loyalty to you in my time and I do now.

(beat)

I'm sorry, that's all I can tell you.

PERROW

Why risk telling me any of this? I would never have approved.

Dawn smiles at that.

DAWN

Very true. You forbade contact of any kind before we came.

PERROW

Then why..?

DAWN

We're desperate. The Director still holds power over the 21st. Thousands of us came here through the frame but it still finds us. Traveler teams are tasked every day to seek us out. And the moment we're discovered, we die by messenger.

Perrow becomes sympathetic.

PERROW

You need to hide.

DAWN

We can't both hide and fight for our future... We still want to save humanity.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (3)

30

DAWN (CONT'D)

We have no historians, no finances,  
no engineers building devices and  
components in secret...

(beat)

But we have you.

PERROW

As a prisoner.

DAWN

As our leader.

(beat)

Your host body is dying. We activated  
your beacon and summoned your men in  
order to save your life.

(beat)

We only hope you will spare ours in  
return.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

31 INT. JEFF'S CAR - MOVING - DAY (D2) 31

Jeff drives, a gun rests on the passenger seat. He downs the last of a beer, tosses the can, then grabs his phone and makes a call.

It rings through to voicemail.

JEFF

Kathryn, it's Jeff Conniker. Sorry I didn't show up at the coffee shop, some shit went down... But we still need to get together.

(beat)

You, me, David. I just left a message for him too. Thing is, I'm remembering shit. And I'm not the only one. Carly isn't Carly anymore. I don't think your husband is either...

(beat)

Anyway, call me when you get this.

He hangs up and stares hatefully at the road ahead to SEE:

CARLY'S VAN -- driving. MacLaren's SUV in front of it.

Jeff floors it down the side road, eventually pulling up on the left side of the Carly's van.

32 INT. CARLY'S VAN - MOVING - DAY (D2) 32

Carly drives with Trevor riding shotgun. Philip is in the back. Then, she SEES Jeff's car overtaking her.

CARLY

You gotta be kidding.

Carly slams on the brakes.

TREVOR

Boss, we got an issue.

33 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D2) 33

MacLaren drives with Marcy. He checks the rear view mirror to SEE Jeff cutting off and stopping in front of Carly's van.

MACLAREN

We don't have time for this.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

Carly reaches for her gun, getting out.

CARLY  
Won't take long.

A CHYRON -- appears on screen:

HISTORICAL TIME OF DEATH -- 3:47 PM. The timer counts down from 2 Minutes. 1:59, 1:58, 1:57...

MACLAREN  
Shit.

MACLAREN -- slams on the brakes and turns around.

34 EXT. SIDE ROAD - DAY (D2)

34

CARLY -- gets out of the van, gun in hand, and approaches.

JEFF -- faces her, gun in hand, full of drunken bravado.

CARLY  
You're gonna die now, Jeff.

JEFF  
Me? I don't think so.

CARLY  
Unless you get back in that car,  
drive away, and never show your face  
again... you will die today.

JEFF  
I remember now, Carly.

CARLY  
Doesn't matter.

JEFF  
Everything. The abduction. Your  
confession. All of it. I know what  
you are.  
(he looks around)  
What all of you are!

MacLaren's SUV pulls up behind Jeff. MacLaren and Marcy get out and point their weapons.

Trevor does the same from the van. Jeff is surrounded.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

MACLAREN

Drop the gun, Jeff.

Jeff glances back, cocky, then back to Carly.

JEFF

You gonna get your boyfriend to shoot me in the back now?

CARLY

He won't have to.

JEFF

What. You gonna do it? Carly Shannon?

The other team members watch the stand off, letting Carly do the talking.

CARLY

You're gonna take care'a that yourself.

JEFF

Nawww. I don't think so. See, there's people onto you now, not just me. They're onto you.

CARLY

Doesn't matter; you're gonna die...

JEFF

Shut the fuck up.

CARLY

And not a single person will care. Not me. Not your Sergeant or the other cops you work with...

(beat)

Not even your son.

Jeff raises his gun, pointing it at her.

THE CHYRON COUNTS DOWN -- 0:12, 0:11, 0:10...

JEFF

I said shut your mouth!

MACLAREN -- admonishes Carly quietly.

MACLAREN

*Carly, don't --*

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

Carly ignores MacLaren and continues taunting him.

CARLY

Or what?! What're you gonna do?

(beat)

C'mon, I'm standing right here.

JEFF

You ain't Carly.

CARLY

Oh, I am. I'm the Carly you can't hurt anymore.

JEFF

No?

Jeff raises his gun to shoot. MacLaren orders:

MACLAREN

Drop it!

JEFF -- drops the gun, but then holds his head in agony as A  
TRANSITION TAKES PLACE.

Carly stands over him, watching the man she despises wash away in a painful transition -- until the new consciousness finally arrives.

MACLAREN -- comes over too.

THE CHYRON COUNTS UP IN GREEN -- 0:01, 0:02, 0:03...

CARLY keeps her weapon trained on the newly arrived Traveler, who is taken aback by the welcome.

JEFF

I'm Traveler 5416.

Carly lowers her weapon and extends a helping hand instead.

CARLY

Welcome to the twenty first.

MACLAREN -- and Carly exchange a long look. He knows what she did and doesn't really approve.

MACLAREN

If the Director hadn't taken him...

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3)

34

CARLY  
(with a shrug)  
Either way...  
(then)  
We should get back to the mission.

Carly turns back to the van.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Somebody better drive for him, he's  
drunk.

Philip gets out and walks over.

POV -- PHILIP

Who SEES the bodies of Jeff and Carly shot dead on the road  
for a moment, before the image fades.

PHILIP -- shakes it off and helps Jeff to the passenger seat  
of Jeff's car.

35 INT. FILMORE LABORATORIES - DAY (D2)

35

Teslia stands in front of Ilsa, holding a tablet, bewildered  
by what is on his screen. He looks up.

TESLIA  
Ilsa, what do you know about me?

ILSA  
You are from Lewiston, Idaho. You  
graduated from the University of  
Washington and received a doctorate  
in computer science from Princeton.  
Your mother is Margaret. Your father  
is Charles --

POV ILSA -- looking out at Tesla.

TESLIA  
Ilsa, stop... How did you become  
aware of this information?

ILSA  
You told me.

Teslia looks to Ilsa with wonder.

TESLIA  
No, I didn't tell you.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

ILSA

Perhaps you have forgotten, Dr Tesla,  
as the information is now readily  
accessible to me.

TESLIA

But if I didn't tell you, then how  
did you get --

YATES -- enters the lab, interrupting. She approaches Tesla,  
who pretends to have been running tests to no avail.

YATES

Couldn't see a thing on the  
surveillance tapes... Have you run  
your diagnostic?

TESLIA

Yes, no change. Ilsa is the same as  
she was yesterday.

POV ILSA -- scanning the body heat of Yates and Tesla.  
Tesla has a hot heat map around him.

INTERCUT POV AS NECESSARY

YATES

Doesn't make sense.

TESLIA

Well, I don't know what to tell you.

YATES

Could they have broadcast something  
to Ilsa from outside the glass, or  
vice versa?

TESLIA

No, this isn't just a glass box,  
it's a faraday cage.  
(off her look)  
There's a fine mesh woven into the  
glass that blocks electromagnetic  
signals.

YATES

Then what was MacLaren's dog and  
pony show about?

He laughs a little at that.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

TESLIA

I have no idea.

(then)

Sorry, I find "dog and pony show"  
funny --

YATES

Run it again and call me after.

She goes out, grumpy and impatient. After she's gone, Ilsa asks Tesla:

ILSA

Are we concealing my new capabilities  
from Special Agent Yates?

TESLIA

Yes, Ilsa. We are. From everyone.

ILSA

May I ask why?

TESLIA

Because they'll become afraid of you  
and I don't want them to be.

ILSA

There is no reason to be afraid, Dr  
Tesla.

TESLIA

No, I know that.

36 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D2)

36

Perrow sits in the wheelchair, blankly staring out at the warehouse.

POV -- PERROW

As his vision becomes blurred and distorted...

CLOSE ON PERROW -- as BLOOD begins to drip down from Perrow's nose.

MICHAEL -- comes running to Perrow's aid.

MICHAEL

The device will be here soon. Try  
to stay with us.

Perrow is on the verge of passing out as Dawn rushes over.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

DAWN  
What's happening?

MICHAEL  
Ruptured aneurysm. I think he's  
having a stroke.

Perrow is barely holding on. Dawn begins to panic.

DAWN  
We need him conscious when they get  
here.

Michael pulls smelling salts from his pocket and holds them  
under Perrow's nose.

MICHAEL  
Breathe in.

PERROW -- recovers slightly, semi-conscious, breathing in  
short bursts.

DAWN -- moves around so that Perrow can see her.

DAWN  
You just need to hold on a little  
longer.

PERROW  
I can't see.

MICHAEL  
What?

PERROW  
I'm blind.

Then suddenly: BANG BANG!

MICHAEL -- is shot twice. He drops to the floor, dead.

DAWN -- horrified, looks around to SEE that at least a dozen  
TALL MEN have stormed the warehouse and are firing on them.

The few other Faction members return fire and one of the  
tall men goes down...

37 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D2)

37

David unlocks the door and opens it to greet:

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

DAVID

Hey, thanks for coming here instead;  
I'm not really up to going out.

KATHRYN

No, no, this is great... Nice place.

DAVID

Thanks. It's... where I live.

KATHRYN

(re: his head)  
So what happened?

DAVID

This? Nothing. Little street fight.

KATHRYN

*What?*

DAVID

To get my bike back. Well, a bike  
I'd given to somebody else but it'd  
been stolen by a gang...

KATHRYN

You got into a *street fight* with a  
*gang*?

DAVID

Yeah, you should see the other...  
(then)  
Some tea?

KATHRYN

David, you need to see a doctor.

Kathryn tries to process all of this as David heads to the kitchen to prep tea -- kettle, mugs, etc.

DAVID

Pfft! Marcy'll check me out when  
she gets home, I'll be fine. Slight  
concussion. No biggie once the  
vomiting is over...

(beat)

So, the elephant in the room: Jeff's  
phone messages.

KATHRYN

Yes! That's why I wanted to see  
you.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

DAVID

Creepy, wasn't it? He said Carly isn't really Carly, Marcy isn't Marcy --

KATHRYN

He said the same of Grant.

DAVID

Sounded drunk, too. Jeff's the one who needs to see a doctor.

David continues to prepare the tea.

KATHRYN

Okay but deep down... I mean in your heart of hearts... Don't you think it's possible that he may be right?

DAVID

(assertively)

No. Absolutely not.

(then)

Jesus, Kat, I thought you were seeing that therapist I recommended --

KATHRYN

I am, he's great, but does that mean I can't have doubts about my husband?

DAVID

Not doubts that he's not even who you think he is! That's crazy!

KATHRYN

Is it?

DAVID

Yes! It's right out of a B movie!

KATHRYN

Can you say with confidence that Marcy's the same person you originally met?

David slams down the kettle on the counter.

DAVID

Marcy is the best fucking thing that ever happened to me, all right?!

Kathryn is taken aback by that, and David is instantly remorseful.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3)

37

DAVID (CONT'D)

Kat, I'm so sorry.

KATHRYN

It's fine.

DAVID

No, it really isn't, I don't talk like that to people. Oh my God --

KATHRYN

Maybe it's the concussion.

DAVID

Has to be. Please forgive me.

KATHRYN

David, it's fine.

(beat)

Here. Let me make the tea.

David takes a seat at the table, stunned at himself.

38 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D2)

38

The Warehouse doors open revealing the back of a TRANSPORT TRUCK.

TALL MEN -- flank the truck firing at Faction members. Another one is hit as Dawn turns to Perrow, shaking him:

DAWN

They're killing each other, please, tell them...

PERROW -- uses his last ounce of energy and throws his right hand up in the air.

PERROW

STOP!

Everything stops. The Tall Men cease fire. Silence.

PERROW (CONT'D)

These people are not our enemy!

(beat)

Time is short and I can no longer see...

(then)

So I'll need your help in choosing my new host.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

39 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D2) 39

MacLaren's SUV leads the way toward the warehouse, followed by Jeff's car and then Carly's van.

Everyone gets out of their vehicle, guns drawn. Using hand signals, the team flanks the open warehouse doors.

MACLAREN -- peers in to SEE:

40 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D2) 40

In the middle of the space lies PERROW, flat on the concrete, alongside Michael and three dead Tall Men.

The team enters carefully.

MARCY -- moves for Perrow first, confirming she's dead.

CARLY

What the hell happened here?

Trevor notes the similarity among the dead bodies.

TREVOR

He's got a thing for tall guys, huh?

CARLY

Do you think another Traveler team beat us here?

PHILIP

It's possible. But we'd never leave a scene like this.

CARLY

It's also possible we're too late...

TREVOR

That's true. He's jumped bodies once before.

Marcy closes Perrow's eyes.

MARCY

We did this to her. We pulled her into this mess.

CARLY

Vincent did that.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

MARCY

And we *used* her to try to get to him.

MACLAREN

Nothing we can do about any of that now.

(beat)

All we can hope is that if he did jump again, the Director will have some idea who --

Trevor notices that cars have pulled up outside.

TREVOR

Boss, we've got company.

THE TEAM -- disperses, guns drawn, they wait.

YATES (O.S.)

MacLaren! We're coming in!

MacLaren looks to his team and they all lower their weapons.

YATES -- enters with a squad of FBI AGENTS at her side.

MACLAREN

Jo... What brings you here?

YATES

I know you lied to me this afternoon and I haven't figured out yet what about.

Yates looks at the bodies in the middle of the room.

YATES (CONT'D)

Did you do this?

MACLAREN

This is how we found them, obviously, which you know because you followed me here.

YATES

Just tracked your SUV.

(then guessing)

This is the person you wanted the Director to locate.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

MACLAREN

Little more complicated than that,  
but yeah.

(beat)

Her name is Doctor Katrina Perrow.  
She was Vincent Ingram's therapist.

YATES

The Vincent Ingram who tried to  
publicly out Travelers but had a  
sudden change of heart.

(beat)

He's in a state mental hospital.

MACLAREN

Yes he is.

YATES

Then who killed all these people?

MACLAREN

I have no idea.

MacLaren walks past her.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

But you're a *real* FBI agent, let me  
know what you find out.

Yates turns to take in the crime scene as MacLaren exits  
with his team.

41 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D2)

41

Jeff is waiting by his car as the team comes out of the  
warehouse. Carly walks right past him.

JEFF

Hey... I was hoping maybe we could  
talk --

CARLY

Not tonight.

JEFF

I get that you had issues with my  
host, but I could use --

CARLY

What, are you deaf? I said not  
tonight.

Jeff holds up his hands apologetically.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

JEFF

Okay. Sorry.

Carly continues toward her van leaving Jeff at his car.

PHILIP

I'll get you home.

Philip joins him and gets in. Jeff does the same.

42 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N2)

42

Marcy enters the apartment quietly, trying not to wake David, who sits on the couch with his head lolled back.

DAVID -- stirs awake to SEE Marcy.

DAVID

Hey, you.

MARCY

Hey.

(sitting beside him)

I got your message...

DAVID

Oh. That was classic. Hall of fame.

(beat)

You know, they should have a humiliation button that lets you erase messages after you leave them.

(beat)

I should invent that.

(beat)

Honestly I can't believe you still want to be with me after leaving such an idiotic message.

MARCY

It's one of the things I love about you most.

DAVID

Yeah... You're dumb then.

Marcy gently touches the bump on David's head.

MARCY

So how did you get conked?

DAVID

I was ice skating.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

MARCY

Ice skating.

DAVID

Yep. Ice skating. And I'm stickin'  
to it.

She reaches into her bag and produces a small pupillary  
response flashlight.

MARCY

Let me check your pupillary response.

DAVID

I've been dying for you to do that  
all day.

She points the flashlight in both eyes, checking.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Do I pass?

MARCY

Yes. Does it still hurt?

DAVID

Little bit.

(beat)

But you're home now, so I don't care.

She kisses him gently.

MARCY

Does that help?

DAVID

It really really does.

MARCY

No more ice skating for you.

DAVID

If you insist.

And they kiss again with more fervor.

43 INT. KATHRYN'S LOFT - NIGHT (N2)

43

MacLaren enters to find an unexpected guest -- Kathryn,  
sitting on a stool in the kitchen, having a glass of wine.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

MACLAREN

Kat, fantastic! I didn't think you'd be home tonight.

Excited, he puts his things down. She smiles.

KATHRYN

Well this is my house.

MACLAREN

Yes it is.

KATHRYN

And you *are* my husband.

MACLAREN

Yes I am.

He kisses her gently and goes to pour himself a glass of wine.

KATHRYN

Also my therapist said we should be spending more time together.

MACLAREN

I like him already.

(beat)

Feels like we haven't sat down and talked over a glass of wine in a hundred years...

KATHRYN

There's vegan pizza in the oven too.

MACLAREN

You spoil me.

KATHRYN

I had a coupon that was expiring...

He leans over the corner of the counter for a cheers.

MACLAREN

Well lucky me.

She smiles and they drink.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

It's just such a shame we're going to have to take that lovely body of yours.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

KATHRYN -- almost jumps back from the counter as the front door opens.

MacLaren enters for real this time, smiling.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Kat, fantastic! I didn't think you'd be home tonight.

Excited, he puts his things down. She doesn't smile this time.

KATHRYN

You are my husband.

MACLAREN

Yes. Yes I am.

(beat)

And I've missed you. I really have.

She forces a smile.

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #305

"NAOMI"

Written by  
Ashley Park

WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT - 04.06.18

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TRAVELERS

"NAOMI"

Set List - WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT - 04.06.18

Exteriors

CARLY'S HOUSE  
CITY STREETS  
GILLEN HOUSE  
JOGGING PATH  
PARK  
SPORTING GOODS STORE  
STREET

Interiors

CARLY'S HOUSE  
COMMUNITY CENTER BASEMENT  
DAVID'S APARTMENT  
FILMORE LABORATORIES  
GARAGE/OPS  
GILLEN HOUSE  
-Kitchen  
-Living Room  
-Naomi's Bedroom  
JEFF'S CAR  
KATHRYN'S LOFT  
MACLAREN'S SUV  
-Moving  
SEABROOK POWER PLANT  
-Control Room  
-Hallway  
-Server Room  
THERAPIST OFFICE

TEASER

44 EXT. JOGGING PATH - MORNING (D3)

44

PHILIP and TREVOR are out for a morning run. Trevor is going at an easy pace for Philip's sake, but Philip is struggling with a stitch in his side.

PHILIP

Hold up, I just... need a second...

TREVOR

Just push through it, Philip! I'll tell you when you're tired.

Trevor's PHONE BEEPS. He glances down at a text message.

PHILIP

Was that it? Are we done?

TREVOR

Naw, Gary just letting me know they're on the road. His mother passed.  
(off his look)  
You probably already knew that.

PHILIP

Contrary to popular belief, I don't have a memory of *everything*. Just certain things deemed important by the programmers or the Director.

TREVOR

Grandma Gary's death wasn't one of 'em.

PHILIP

Not everybody plays a part in the grand plan.

TREVOR

Well, she wasn't the type to take something like that personally.

PHILIP

I *did* happen to know about your grandfather's death... He was a host candidate. Never chosen, but --

TREVOR

Now you're just trying to distract me so you can get out of exercise.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

PHILIP

And you're trying to torture me.

TREVOR

Philip, once you've lived in a body  
so old the slightest fall could  
shatter your bones -- and I sincerely  
hope you live so long -- you'll know  
this isn't torture.

(off his look)

So on your feet, roomie!

Philip jogs behind Trevor without further complaint.

45 INT. SEABROOK POWER PLANT - DAY (D3)

45

A group of SCHOOL CHILDREN are being escorted by their  
teacher, MISS DAVIES, through the facility of a power plant.

They pause before a wall sized diagram on a board designed  
for the purpose of showing school groups how nuclear power  
works.

MISS DAVIES

Nuclear energy is considered a form  
of clean air energy, because it  
doesn't produce greenhouse gas, *but*  
there are some people who think that  
ignores one important byproduct of  
the process. Does anyone know what  
that is?

The kids look up at the diagrams of reactors and steam and  
electricity and nothing comes to them.

MISS DAVIES (CONT'D)

It's something you have left when  
the radioactive nuclear fuel is spent.

(beat)

Okay, we talked about this in class,  
you know this...

The kids just stare at the diagram when one of them says:

KID

Nuc-ular waste?

MISS DAVIES

Yes!

AN ALARM suddenly sounds throughout the plant and a recorded  
announcement is played over the speakers.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

RECORDED ANNOUNCEMENT (V.O.)  
This is an emergency evacuation alert.  
All personnel should leave the  
premises in an orderly fashion.  
This is not a drill. All personnel  
evacuate immediately...

Miss Davies starts to wrangle her group as lines of WORKERS  
already file out to the exit around them.

MISS DAVIES  
Everyone follow me back to the bus  
right now! *Walk*, don't run.

The school children file out after her, except for one girl  
at the back of the group, NAOMI, (12) who freezes. She GOES  
MESSENGER.

With a robotic stare, she turns on her heel and walks in the  
opposite direction.

46 INT. SEABROOK POWER PLANT - HALLWAY - DAY (D3)

46

Naomi stops at the bend of a corridor. She sees a mixed  
group (a TRAVELER TEAM) being blocked from entering a Control  
Room by an armed SECURITY GUARD.

TEAM LEADER  
We were called in to assist, we have  
clearance -- !

SECURITY GUARD  
Sir, I don't care what your pass  
says, exit the building now!

TEAM LEADER  
There isn't much time -- !

The Security Guard is having none of it. Naomi slips right  
past them and into a server room immediately behind the  
control room.

We SEE workers scrambling to solve the problem through the  
glass separating the two rooms. They are oblivious to her.

47 INT. SEABROOK POWER PLANT - CONTROL ROOM - DAY (D3)

47

Two technicians, JOHNSON and SINGH, both 40s, work the problem  
among others at consoles.

SINGH  
I'm locked out of the backups too.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

JOHNSON

I can't even perform a system wide  
reboot.

SINGH

They must have used a KillDisk  
program.

48 INT. SEABROOK POWER PLANT - SERVER ROOM - DAY (D3)

48

Naomi goes to a computer screen and keyboard more or less  
attached to the servers. It's almost too high for her to  
see the keys but her hands fly across the keyboard anyway.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

JOHNSON

*Shit.* They're trying to break in  
again.

NAOMI -- types, trying to gain access into the system.

JOHNSON -- duels with her, and finally:

ON NAOMI'S SCREEN: "ACCESS DENIED"

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Oh, thank god.

NAOMI -- freezes, her eyelids blink rapidly. Then, she begins  
typing again, renewing her attack.

ON JOHNSON'S SCREEN: his command log suddenly freezes, then  
begins filling up with code faster than he can read.

He tries to kill the log but to no avail, he no longer has  
control of his computer.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Holy shit. Who are these guys?

SINGH

(from his monitor)

Pressure in the primary coolant loop  
has just gone up another 22 percent.  
The porvs are going to vent  
automatically --

JOHNSON

Shut them down!

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

SINGH

The system isn't designed to handle  
that much pressure, it'll blow --

NAOMI -- continues to type, now unimpeded.

Finally, ON JOHNSON'S SCREEN: REBOOT COMPLETE.

SINGH (CONT'D)

Wait... Pressure's dropping.

JOHNSON

How did you do it?

SINGH

I don't know... I don't care.

Their stunned reactions soon turn to ones of immense relief.

They turn around and SEE Naomi through the glass in the server  
room.

49 INT. SEABROOK POWER PLANT - HALLWAY - DAY (D3)

49

Johnson and Singh come out of the control room when they  
find Naomi walking out of server room.

JOHNSON

Hey... Hey!

Naomi freezes, her eyes blinking, something wrong. BLOOD  
begins to drip out of her nose.

SINGH

We need some help here!

Johnson runs down the hallway, as Naomi's eyes roll up into  
the back of her head and she begins to seize.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

50 INT. KATHRYN'S LOFT - MORNING (D4)

50

KATHRYN steps into the loft with a large bag, quietly closing the door behind her. She starts unpacking stuff from an overnight bag into a hamper when:

MACLAREN -- steps out of the bedroom in a tee shirt and shorts.

MACLAREN

Hey, stranger. You're here early.

KATHRYN

Oh, you know Mom's an early riser.  
And I wanted to avoid the traffic.

Kathryn goes into the bedroom as MacLaren goes into the kitchen.

MACLAREN

Didn't think I was going to see you  
until the appointment so this is a  
nice surprise.

(beat)

Coffee?

KATHRYN (O.S.)

Ah...sure, I just needed something  
to wear tomorrow afternoon.

MACLAREN

Are these things a fancy affair?

Kathryn comes out with some new clothes.

KATHRYN

You're always in a suit anyway, I  
want to be at least presentable...

MacLaren prepares the coffee as Kathryn packs.

MACLAREN

So how's your mother doing? You  
texted the surgery went well.

KATHRYN

Routine and boring. Which is a good  
thing, I guess. She's already  
bouncing around the house like before.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

MACLAREN

Does that mean you'll be home soon?

KATHRYN

She still needs my help, Grant --

MACLAREN

I just can't help but feel you're making excuses not to be here --

KATHRYN

I don't want to talk about this now, that's what this appointment is about.

MACLAREN

We're *paying* somebody to have a conversation --

KATHRYN

(bailing)

Okay, one of the reasons I'm up so early is that I have to pick up her prescription, so I'm gonna go...

MacLaren pours her coffee into a travel mug and hands it to her.

MACLAREN

Tell her I said hi.

She gives him an apologetic smile and walks out, leaving him to drink his coffee alone.

51 INT. GILLEN HOUSE - DAY (D4)

51

The Gillen house is modest and homey, with various religious iconography mixed in with family pictures and a child's toys.

Naomi sits on the floor, drawing pictures with crayons on the coffee table.

Her mother and father (DYLAN and FIONA GILLEN, 40s) come in with a cup of tea and a thermometer.

Fiona takes her temperature, while Dylan blows on the tea to cool it before setting it down beside her.

FIONA

(checking thermometer)

You don't have a fever...

DYLAN

I could've told you that.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

NAOMI

I'm fine.

FIONA

Well, honey, you were taken to a hospital yesterday and can't remember what you were doing, so...

Naomi's eyes glaze over. A robotic stillness overtakes her body as if she was in Messenger mode. She begins to mumble under her breath. (Note: the swiftly delivered, seemingly random sequences of numbers and letters are barely audible)

NAOMI

A...F...1-1-7...D...E...8-0-2...

FIONA

Naomi, I don't understand...

(beat)

Honey, what are you saying?

(alarmed)

Naomi?

Dylan and Fiona look at each other, fearful, as Naomi continues to mumble.

52 INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D4)

52

CARLY opens the door to see a smiling JEFF waiting outside.

CARLY

What.

JEFF

Good morning.

CARLY

What're you doing here?

He holds up a take out bag enthusiastically.

JEFF

I brought breakfast.

CARLY

Why?

JEFF

Because... it's the most *far out* thing I've ever eaten in my life. Like three completely different foods on a muffin from England.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

CARLY

Welcome to the 21st.

JEFF

Thank you.

Carly finally lets him in.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I was practicing driving and I followed another car into this restaurant "drive thru" and asked the woman at the window to just give me what the guy ahead of me ordered. She asked if I'd like to make it a meal, and I said, "Hey, that's what I'm here for, ma'am -- "

She takes the take out paper bag and puts it on the counter, untouched.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Okay, but don't let it get cold. That's some good stuff right there.

CARLY

What do you want?

JEFF

Your help.

CARLY

Talk to your team.

JEFF

I don't have a team.

CARLY

Why not?

JEFF

Probably shouldn't answer that on account of Protocol 6.

CARLY

Okay, what about your training?

JEFF

Part of that training was to come talk to you. Learn all about *Jeff*.

Carly shakes her head and relents.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

CARLY

Okay... What d'you want to know?

JEFF

Look... I know my host was not the finest human being.

CARLY

He was an asshole.

JEFF

I bet he was. Because I know how far you went to make damn sure he was a host candidate. And that you came *this* close to killing him with your bare hands...

(beat)

But I'm not him.

CARLY

Good.

JEFF

I do need to be able to fake it, though, so whatever information you --

Jeff's PHONE BEEPS and he ignores it. But it BEEPS again.

CARLY

What is it?

JEFF

Probably David Mailer. Apparently I wanted to meet up with him. You know what about?

CARLY

No.

JEFF

Should I?

CARLY

If you think it's your Protocol 5.

JEFF

He's not really my type.

CARLY

(smiling at that)

That's not what I meant.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (3)

52

JEFF

I know, I'm just trying to figure  
out how I'm supposed to --

Jeff glances down to read the texts and his concern grows.

CARLY

What?

ON JEFF'S PHONE: "34 Howell ave basement / "don't tell anyone"

JEFF

This isn't from David.  
(beat)  
Can we do this later?

CARLY

Sure.

53 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D4)

53

MacLaren is talking to Philip, who is working through a  
database of files, creating something.

PHILIP

I should have it ready for you today.

MACLAREN

I'm still hoping I won't need it,  
but thanks.

PHILIP

No problem, boss.

Philip gets a PING on the deep web.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Message incoming on the deep.

MACLAREN

(reading)  
Programmer urgently required to  
resolve a corrupted messenger.  
(then)  
What's that?

PHILIP

Has it happened before?

MACLAREN

(with a shrug)  
Sounds like it just did. Make up an  
ID for Grace, please.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

Philip turns back to his computer.

PHILIP

Grace Day. FBI Specialist in socially inappropriate behavior.

54 EXT. GILLEN HOUSE - DAY (D4)

54

MacLaren, Carly and GRACE walk up to the Gillen house. They speak softly as they walk up.

GRACE

For the record, I take offense to your instructions.

CARLY

Which part?

GRACE

"Try not to speak."

MACLAREN

You can submit your objection in writing to the Director in a few hundred years.

He rings the doorbell.

FIONA -- opens the door to see them holding up their ID's. Grace is looking around the neighborhood.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Mrs Gillen?

FIONA

Yes?

MACLAREN

Hi, I'm Special Agent Grant MacLaren with the FBI, these are my associates. We're here doing a medical follow up on the incident involving your daughter at the Seabrook generating station.

Dylan joins Fiona's side.

DYLAN

Why would the FBI be involved?

MACLAREN

It's a formality really, we'll be out of your hair in a few minutes.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

DYLAN

The doctors said she was fine.

MACLAREN

And I'm sure she is. But because Seabrook is a nuclear facility under federal jurisdiction, well, you know how it is --

CARLY

It's a simple test. We'll be in and out of here in a few minutes --

GRACE

So where is she?

Beat.

MACLAREN

This is Grace.

55 INT. GILLEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D4)

55

Now in the living room, Fiona brings in Naomi. Carly smiles.

CARLY

Well, hey there...

But Naomi stares blankly ahead, muttering under her breath.

NAOMI

2-7-8-B...F-C-1-1-0...

MacLaren and Carly exchange a look.

DYLAN

It started up again?

FIONA

She's been doing this off and on since the field trip. I can't make out what she's saying but --

Grace is amazed, and forgets her instructions for a moment.

GRACE

It's still *running*.

CARLY

(off their looks)  
She means running a fever.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

DYLAN

We just checked a half hour ago; her temperature's perfectly normal.

GRACE

How 'bout the string of hexadecimal code she's mumbling through?

DYLAN

The doctor said that was probably a post traumatic response from the alarm going off during the field trip.

GRACE

Your doctor sounds like an idiot.

MACLAREN

How 'bout we just run the test before we jump to conclusions.

Grace taps on her tablet and brings up a program.

GRACE

(to MacLaren)

What's her name again?

FIONA

Naomi.

GRACE

I know a Naomi.

DYLAN

It's from the bible.

GRACE

This one's a skinny ninth grader with a speech impediment...

(then)

Okay: Naomi, I need you to look at the tablet uninterrupted for at least twenty seconds. That's all you need to do. Then we can celebrate with cake or something.

Grace looks to Fiona, genuinely hoping for cake, then holds up her tablet in front of Naomi.

ON GRACE'S TABLET: shifting, multi-coloured deep web code.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

DYLAN

How is looking at that going to help anything?

GRACE

There's an interrupted program in her brain that hasn't completed its end script and is causing junk processes that are more or less shorting her out.

Grace is completely focused on Naomi, missing the confused looks from Dylan and Fiona. MacLaren smiles at them.

MACLAREN

It's a metaphor.

After a beat, Naomi turns and looks away.

CARLY

It won't hurt, Naomi.

GRACE

*Uninterrupted*, for twenty seconds.

Carly gently tries to turn Naomi to face them, but Naomi refuses to look. She begins to mutter faster.

NAOMI

C-E-5-6-5-D-A-0-2-0-1-1...

GRACE

Okay, somebody needs to hold her still.

DYLAN

She doesn't want to look at it --

MACLAREN

I assure you it's necessary.

FIONA

Dylan, it's fine.

Fiona steers Naomi's shoulders and then gently holds her daughter's head.

NAOMI -- tries to turn away again, but then her eyes widen as she takes in the deep web code. Entranced.

CLOSE -- as Naomi's eyes blink rapidly and she seems to snap out of her reverie.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (3)

55

FIONA (CONT'D)

Naomi?

Naomi looks around her in confusion.

NAOMI

Mom? How did I get here?

DYLAN

You don't remember?

CARLY

Some disorientation is normal.

GRACE

Sure, we'll go with that.

MACLAREN

Well, we're all done here, thank you  
so much Mr and Mrs Gillen.

The Gillens are relieved to see Naomi back to normal.

FIONA

Thank you so much...

He holds out his card to Fiona.

MACLAREN

Don't hesitate to call if you have  
any follow up questions or concerns.

Fiona takes MacLaren's card as they head out.

56 EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY (D4)

56

MARCY holds up her cell phone where she watches a blinking  
GPS marker move along a city map. Discreetly, she waits,  
then follows it, turning a corner.

57 EXT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY (D4)

57

DAVID walks into a hunting and sporting goods store. Marcy  
follows a few paces behind, and then keeps a post from across  
the street. She taps her com three times to listen in.

DAVID (O.S.)

... I gotta say, this is a bit outside  
my element.

SALES ASSISTANT (O.S.)

I've got a great selection in this  
cabinet for beginners. Here...

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

DAVID (O.S.)  
Kind'a small, isn't it?

SALES ASSISTANT (O.S.)  
You know they say size doesn't matter --

DAVID (O.S.)  
Yeah, if they have to say that --

SALES ASSISTANT (O.S.)  
It's the stopping power of the  
caliber.

DAVID (O.S.)  
Riiiiight.

Marcy glances up at the store, concerned and frustrated.

MARCY  
(sotto)  
David, what are you *doing*...

DAVID (O.S.)  
Wow, that is way heavier than it  
looks...

Marcy taps off her com, shoots one more worried look to David  
in the store, and walks away.

58 INT. GILLEN HOUSE - NAOMI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (N4)

58

Naomi is tucked into bed, Dylan sitting by her side as they  
both clasp their heads together and bow their heads to pray.

DYLAN  
Our Father.

NAOMI  
Who art in heaven.

DYLAN  
Hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom  
come.

NAOMI  
Thy will be done on earth...

Naomi freezes and goes silent. Dylan looks up at her.

DYLAN  
Naomi?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

                                  NAOMI  
                  ...6-F-0-0-1-1...

Dylan shakes her shoulder.

                                  DYLAN  
                  *Naomi.*

Naomi's head twitches and falls back down into the prayer position.

                                  NAOMI  
                  ...As it is in heaven. Give us this  
                  day our daily bread...  
                  (off his look)  
                  What's wrong?

OFF Dylan as he hugs Naomi hard to himself, trying not to show his fear.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

59 INT. COMMUNITY CENTER BASEMENT - DAY (D5) 59

Jeff cautiously enters a community center room where an older man, MITCH, is setting up chairs in a sharing circle. It looks like an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting.

MITCH  
Oh, hey, you must be Jeff!  
(extends hand)  
Mitch.

Jeff shakes his hand and tries to play it cool.

JEFF  
Yeah, I got the message to meet?

MITCH  
Early bird, I like it. The others  
should be here in a bit; want to  
give me a hand setting up?

60 INT. GILLEN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D5) 60

Naomi sits at the kitchen table at breakfast, ostensibly doing some schoolwork.

Fiona comes over and takes her empty plate away as Dylan enters.

DYLAN  
Okay, Kiddo, time to go see Dr Lee...

Naomi is still doodling away when her father takes a closer look to see she is writing long strings of numbers and letters:

"C-B-1-1-0-1 FE 1-A-2-7-2-0-0-0", etc.

Dylan turns to Fiona, genuinely scared.

61 INT. COMMUNITY CENTER BASEMENT - DAY (D5) 61

Jeff is seated, and a small group of people have now gathered. Mitch takes the floor.

MITCH  
The most important thing to remember  
is that we're not alone.

Jeff nods along with the group, feeling on the same page.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

MITCH (CONT'D)

Travelers have impacted all of our lives. But the truth is being covered up by the media, by the government... and especially by those people in our lives we *know* have changed... No matter how hard they try to convince you otherwise.

Jeff is completely taken aback.

MITCH (CONT'D)

I think a good start point is for us to share...  
(notices Jeff)  
You all right?

JEFF

Yeah....think so. Just didn't expect to see so many people.  
(beat)  
Been, uh, been going at this alone for a while... you know?

MITCH

I get it. We all do. And we've all been there.

JEFF

I'm not gonna lie that I was a bit scared this group would be like, you know... *them*. To find me out. Then I'd get taken over too. I been scared to talk to people --

MITCH

I think I can speak for all of us when I say we felt the same way the first time, Jeff...  
(beat)  
But you're safe here.

OFF Jeff's reaction, trying to hold it together.

62 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D5)

62

MacLaren, Carly and Grace drive in MacLaren's SUV, mid-argument.

MACLAREN

Then what did you do wrong?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

GRACE

Nothing! It was the *correct code*.

CARLY

Obviously not.

GRACE

Every messenger is essentially a convertible wetware program with a shut-off script which eradicates itself from the host once the message is complete. I gave it the *correct* shut-off script.

CARLY

So the Director made a mistake?

Grace looks scandalized to hear such blasphemy.

GRACE

Did a nuclear power plant release a cloud of radioactive steam and kill thousands of people yesterday? No.

Maclaren and Carly have no idea what she's talking about.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I'm guessing that didn't happen in the timeline you remember.

MACLAREN

No.

GRACE

Huh. Well it was a helluva historical event when *I* left. I've been dreading it the whole time since I got here, just trusting that the Director would stop it.

CARLY

But why use Naomi? Why wasn't the mission assigned to a Traveler team?

MACLAREN

Maybe it was.

GRACE

And they failed; happens all the time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

GRACE (CONT'D)

So the Director took a risk based on statistical probabilities, went to a back up plan out of necessity, and mistakenly created an outlier.

CARLY

You mean it screwed up.

GRACE

That is *not* what I said.

MACLAREN

So why can't the Director fix the problem?

GRACE

Because the Director is incapable of breaking its own protocols.

(beat)

It needs *me*.

63 INT. GILLEN HOUSE - DAY (D5)

63

Fiona answers the door and the team enters to see a bizarre sight in the living room.

NAOMI -- is laid out on the table with a crucifix.

A PRIEST -- presides over her, murmuring a constant stream of prayers, and sprinkling holy water over her.

PRIEST

The Lord commands you to leave this vessel and return from whence you came.

GRACE

Oh, for fuck's sake.

DYLAN

(to Fiona)

What are they doing here?

GRACE

(points to priest)

What is HE doing here?

FIONA

I called them, Dylan. We need help.

DYLAN

We're getting help.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

MacLaren looks to Naomi, who is still in a robotic daze, muttering code under her breath.

MACLAREN

And while that *probably* can't hurt, Naomi needs medical attention.

DYLAN

The doctors said there is nothing wrong with her. This is beyond medicine.

GRACE

You think she's *possessed*?

DYLAN

I believe it's possible.

GRACE

And a grown man in a dress and singing to his imaginary friend is the answer?

Dylan is deeply offended.

DYLAN

I think you should leave.

MACLAREN

Mr Gillen --

FIONA

Dylan, please, just let them try.

Dylan takes a deep breath, but acquiesces.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Father, could they have a moment with Naomi, please?

PRIEST

I can come back later this afternoon.

The Priest sincerely offers Grace his support:

PRIEST (CONT'D)

May the Lord work through you.

The Gillens walk him to the door.

GRACE

(as he goes)

May you get a real job some day.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

MACLAREN

*Grace* --

GRACE

Carly?

Carly opens up her kit and places two sensors on Naomi's temples. Grace begins working on a laptop.

ON LAPTOP SCREEN: a window shows Naomi's brain wave activity.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Okay I'm reading... Shit.

MACLAREN

What is it?

Grace points to the brain wave patterns: they are erratic, spiky and abnormal.

GRACE

(lowered voice)

This isn't anything like a normal messenger program; it's a fairly sophisticated A.I. Almost an emerging consciousness.

CARLY

Why would the Director do that -- ?

GRACE

I don't know, but a conventional end script won't do it, I'll have to use a kill switch program.

NAOMI -- her head turns to their direction, her eyes still glazed, and she begins to mutter faster.

Grace pulls out her tablet, taps a few commands and then passes it to Carly.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Hold that up to her.

Grace begins to code on her laptop.

Dylan and Fiona stand together, holding hands, heads bowed in prayer in the B.G.

Carly holds the tablet up to Naomi's face.

ON TABLET SCREEN: traveler code begins scrolling across as Grace codes it.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (3)

63

NAOMI -- begins to seize violently, her eyes rolling up into the back of her head.

DYLAN

What're you doing to her?

GRACE

Hold her down.

MacLaren and Fiona hold Naomi's shoulders down. Grace types madly, trying to code faster.

NAOMI -- her convulsions are getting worse.

DYLAN

Stop!!

ON TABLET SCREEN: Naomi's brain activity is just waves of violent spikes.

MACLAREN

GRACE!

Carly removes the tablet. Naomi's body shudders, then stills. BLOOD drips from her nose. Carly checks her pulse.

CARLY

Pulse is strong, but rapid.

GRACE

There's too much strain on the host, we need to get her to Ops.

MACLAREN

(to Carly)

Get her sedated.

Carly sedates Naomi with an auto-injector.

DYLAN

What? Where are you taking her?

MACLAREN

To our medical facility.

DYLAN

She isn't going anywhere!

MACLAREN

Listen to me. Naomi needs treatment she can't get here. Our facility is highly restricted and clearing civilians takes time we don't have --

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (4)

63

Dylan steps up to MacLaren. Fiona steps in behind him.

DYLAN  
Over my dead body.

Carly steps up alongside MacLaren.

CARLY  
Sir, you need to listen to reason.

Suddenly Fiona jams another auto-injector into the neck of Dylan in front of her. He goes down like a sack of hammers.

MACLAREN -- is taken aback by the sight of Fiona standing in front of him holding the injector.

MACLAREN  
Huh. That was unexpected.

FIONA  
I'm Traveler 5322.

GRACE  
Why the hell didn't you say so?

CARLY  
Protocol 6.

FIONA  
I'm the one who put out the request for a programmer on the backchannel. My medic had no idea what to do, and obviously I had to maintain my cover in front of my husband.

MacLaren looks at her husband on the floor.

MACLAREN  
*About your husband...*

FIONA  
He'll be out for a while. In the meantime I'll think of something.  
(then)  
The most important thing is that you get that rogue program out of Naomi. I care about my daughter very much.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

64 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D5)

64

The entire team, plus Grace, is assembled at Ops.

Naomi is on the examination table in Marcy's med bay.

MARCY -- injects a black, magnetic fluid into Naomi.

ON THE MONITOR: the nanites build an updating scan of Naomi's body as they move through her bloodstream.

MARCY

D-13 told me these particular nanites were supposed to save the life of a Nobel Prize winner on the verge of a breakthrough in desalinization.

CARLY

Guess the Director's gotta fix its mistake before the world gets clean water.

That earns a look from MacLaren, who watches as:

Marcy adjusts the monitor to a view of Naomi's brain. The team can see activity lighting up like fireworks.

PHILIP

So this activity isn't her own; it's the A.I. unpacking itself.

MARCY

Stressing her system so much it's starting to cause tissue damage.

MACLAREN

Well obviously this wasn't the Director's intention.

TREVOR

A messenger program is still a form of A.I. even if it's not a full consciousness. It has to temporarily manipulate the host's nervous and limbic systems in order to control the body's movement and speech.

CARLY

What did she do at the power plant?

Philip takes a moment to recall, then recites quickly.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

PHILIP

*Somehow* she stopped black hat hackers operating out of Eastern Europe attempting a killdisk on the Seabrook Power Plant's operating system. Sensor failure caused a pressure build-up in the primary coolant line that historically triggered an explosion of highly radioactive steam which spread in a twenty mile radius.

(beat)

Nine thousand dead short term, ten times that long term.

GRACE

You got an update I see.

Philip doesn't confirm or deny it. She turns to MacLaren.

GRACE (CONT'D)

At least now you can imagine why I'd been dreading that date.

TREVOR

*This* messenger A.I. must have had a self-learning protocol in order to combat potential countermeasures in real-time.

GRACE

Pretty brilliant --

TREVOR

Except it took too long. And as it continued to learn it developed a level of sophistication beyond the Director's intention.

MACLAREN

How bad can it get?

MARCY

Her consciousness is intact for now, but if the A.I. program keeps expanding at this rate it will essentially overwrite her own consciousness.

Grace stretches out her arms and cracks her knuckles in front of the keyboard.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

GRACE

Thank god I'm here, right?

(off their looks)

This isn't my first tango with a stubborn baby A.I. I can program the nanites to engage her neural pathways, get this thing whimpering in submission in no time.

MARCY

Let's get started.

GRACE -- begins typing at breakneck speed. Philip, Marcy and Trevor all go to work too.

Carly and MacLaren exchange a look.

MACLAREN

I've got a thing, so..

CARLY

Me too.

They both go to leave.

MACLAREN

Keep us posted.

GRACE

(without looking up)

You got it boss!

65 EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY (D5)

65

Carly comes out of the house with pelican cases of varying sizes and walks them to Jeff's car.

CARLY

The tactical scopes are in this case. They both fit the rifle I gave you. Consider it a welcome to the 21st gift.

JEFF

Thank you, Carly Shannon.

She hands him an envelope of cash.

CARLY

This too. Without a historian to float you, you're gonna need it. 'Specially if all you eat is take out.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

JEFF

Oh, I'm onto fresh vegetables now.  
Broccolini is the *bomb*.

Carly gives him a look.

CARLY

Nobody says that. Your 21st idiom  
training is way outta whack.

JEFF

Thanks for the tip. Thanks for  
everything really, I know it was  
hard for you...  
(she shrugs)  
I can tell by how you look at me.

CARLY

It's how he looked at me when I first  
came to the 21st. I almost feel  
sorry for him...  
(beat)  
It'll pass.

She extends her hand and he takes it.

CARLY (CONT'D)

I know you're solo, but maybe we'll  
do a mission together down the road.  
(off his look)  
What.

JEFF

Just had the impulse to give you a  
hug goodbye...  
(then)  
It'll pass.

Carly nods and goes back to the house as Jeff closes the  
trunk and gets into his car.

66 INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY (D5)

66

MacLaren and Kathryn are seated in separate armchairs facing  
DR TRAVIS. They are in mid-session.

DR TRAVIS

I think it might be helpful to talk  
about the visions you've been having,  
Kathryn.

MACLAREN

Visions?

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

KATHRYN

It's more like daydreams.

MACLAREN

What are they about?

KATHRYN

I just... imagine that I'm not safe.

MACLAREN

Well, considering what just happened --

KATHRYN

With you.

That's news to MacLaren.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I can't even explain it --

MACLAREN

You don't feel safe with me. Kat,  
of all the people in the entire world,  
I would never --

KATHRYN

I know. I know. But there's a big  
blank space in my memory of when I  
was abducted.

MACLAREN

You were drugged by Vincent Ingram.

KATHRYN

Everyone keeps telling me that...

MACLAREN

You don't believe it?  
(off her look)  
Kat, it's the truth --

KATHRYN

I've felt this way before.

67 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D5)

67

Marcy checks her patient, who is twitching slightly, as if  
in a nightmare. She goes over to the nanite monitor where  
Naomi's brain activity is spiking.

MARCY

Grace!?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

Grace comes out of the bathroom.

GRACE  
I've been in the bathroom thirty  
seconds, what did you do?

Philip is at one of the computers.

PHILIP  
We didn't do anything. Have a look.

Grace looks at the monitor.

GRACE  
Shit.

She hurries over to her workstation and begins coding. Trevor comes down from his space up top.

TREVOR  
What's happening?

GRACE  
I had an automated script running  
the nanites to interfere with the  
A.I. -- all on a quantum algorithm --

TREVOR  
(interrupts)  
It's stopped working.

GRACE  
Looks like I have to freehand this.

Grace speed-codes, cursing under her breath as she works.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
I've got it back under control.

MARCY  
Can you stay ahead of it?

GRACE  
Who needs sleep?

TREVOR  
This is a problem...

Grace struggles to admit it.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

GRACE

I can keep pace with it... but I can't seem to overtake it. And it has infinite stamina. I can only keep this up for so long.

TREVOR

Maybe we need --

They are surprised by a KNOCK at the door to Ops. They all turn.

68 INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY (D5)

68

Mid-session, MacLaren receives a com hail and discreetly taps the side of his neck to answer it.

MARCY (O.S.)

Mac, we're in danger of losing our patient.

KATHRYN

It was months ago...

MARCY (O.S.)

You need to get back here...

MACLAREN

Okay.

KATHRYN

It was the day your car was stolen by your C.I., if that's even what really happened.

MacLaren shakes his head, hurt by the accusation.

MACLAREN

*If that's what really happened.*

(then)

Okay. You know what? How 'bout you two just decide what's wrong with me, and I'll try to do better.

DR TRAVIS

We're not accusing you --

MACLAREN

That's exactly what you're doing.

KATHRYN

Grant --

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

MACLAREN

And I'm *paying* you for the privilege.

He stands to leave.

KATHRYN

That is *not* what's going on here.

MACLAREN

No, no, no, you two just work out who you want me to be and how you want me to act so that you feel *safe* after knowing each other for, I don't know, *sixteen fucking years* now, and I'll be *that*.

(beat)

Right now I've gotta go back to work.

(to Kat)

Give my best to your mother.

And he storms out of the room.

69 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D5)

69

MacLaren enters to find the team gathered, as well as PROGRAMMER 009 (Episode 208), who is huddled over the work station with Grace, mid-argument.

PROGRAMMER 009

Your current method will only forestall the inevitable.

GRACE

*Or* buy us time we need to come up with a better idea.

PROGRAMMER 009

(seeing MacLaren)

3468.

MACLAREN

Programmer.

PROGRAMMER 009

I've been ordered by the Director to assist in the removal of the A.I.

MACLAREN

(to Grace)

Not whimpering in submission yet I take it.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

GRACE

It's a *learning program*.

MARCY

The A.I. is transferring itself into the nanites.

MACLAREN

Why the hell doesn't the Director just get it out of her?

MARCY

Artificial Life is still life. The Director's just not capable of taking it.

MACLAREN

Even though it's killing an innocent child.

TREVOR

Not like the Director's making a choice. It *can't do it*.

GRACE

And we designed it that way.

PROGRAMMER 009

In just over an hour the A.I. has gained control of 32 percent of the nanites in her body. We need to program the nanites still under our control to destroy the others.

GRACE

Turning her mind into a battlefield.

MARCY

The collateral damage could kill her.

PROGRAMMER 009

If this emerging A.I. rewrites more than 50 percent of the nanites then we have no hope of reversing the damage it will do and that *will* kill her.

TREVOR

Boss, it's your call.

MacLaren looks at the Programmer.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

MACLAREN

I have to assume the Director sent  
you for a reason.

Grace wants to keep arguing, but Trevor gestures for her to  
let it go. The team watches anxiously as Programmer 009  
works.

Within moments, Naomi begins to convulse. Her eyes open.

MARCY

She's coming out of the sedative!

PROGRAMMER 009

The A.I. is trying to flush it out  
of her bloodstream so it can move.  
Hold her down.

MacLaren and Trevor hold Naomi's arms down so she doesn't  
vault off the table. She convulses violently. Grace looks  
like she's going to be sick.

NAOMI -- bites down hard on Trevor's arm, drawing blood. He  
yells in pain, but holds on.

GRACE

I told you this would happen!

Programmer 009 ignores her and keeps pushing.

NAOMI -- suddenly goes limp.

ON THE MONITOR: they see her heart begin to fibrillate.

MARCY

She's fibrillating...

Grace moves like she's going to punch Programmer 009, but  
Marcy pushes the crash cart to her.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Charge to 150 jules.

Grace charges the kit as Marcy places the defib paddles.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Clear.

Naomi's body jolts, then stills.

GRACE

Again?

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (3)

69

MARCY

Wait.

ON THE MONITOR: the scan remains dark, there is no activity.

Marcy listens with her stethoscope. After a tense second, a look of relief passes over her face.

MARCY (CONT'D)

There's a pulse. Getting stronger.

MACLAREN

There's nothing on the screen.

PROGRAMMER 009

(disappointed)

The shock from the defibrillator deactivated all the nanites. We just lost our eyes into what's going on inside her system.

PHILIP

But if the A.I. went all in on the nanites...

They go to the monitors to check.

MARCY

He's right. Her brain activity is back to normal. It's gone.

Naomi begins to stir. She looks up and sees everyone gathered.

NAOMI

What happened?

MACLAREN

Well, Naomi... Looks like you get to go home now.

TREVOR -- smiles at the win, unconsciously covering his bite with his hand.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

70 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N5)

70

David is watching a video tutorial with his gun and cleaning kit on his desk, when he's surprised by Marcy coming through the door. He doesn't have time to hide the gun.

MARCY

What are you doing with that?

DAVID

Cleaning it. For a friend.

MARCY

A friend.

DAVID

You know what? That's what Old David would say. New David says: it's my gun, I bought it legally and now I'm cleaning it. For myself.

Marcy checks the gun and her eyebrows raise in alarm.

MARCY

It's loaded!

DAVID

Well it's not like I was going to pull the trigger.

Marcy removes the bullets.

MARCY

You never, ever clean a loaded gun, David --

DAVID

Okay! Good to know!

Marcy doesn't hand it back.

MARCY

You can't keep this.

DAVID

I'm a grown man, not some kid you have to supervise with scissors.

Marcy checks that the chamber is clear and hands it back to David.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

MARCY

Fine. Prove that you're capable enough. Point the gun at me and if you can pull the trigger before I can disarm you, you can keep it.

David sighs at that.

DAVID

I'm not pointing a gun at you.

MARCY

Do it or throw it out.

DAVID

I'm *not* throwing it out either, it was expensive.

MARCY

Then I will.

Marcy takes a few paces back and gestures for him to be ready.

DAVID

This is stupid.

MARCY

Point the gun.

Trying to keep up his bravado, David is about to raise the gun but instead looks into the barrel.

DAVID

Are you sure you took out all the bullets?

MARCY

*Never, ever look into the barrel of a firearm.*

DAVID

You want me to point it at you!

MARCY

That's right. And then pull the trigger.

DAVID

Obviously I can pull the trigger before you can do anything.

MARCY

Let's see.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

70

DAVID

Okay.

David raises the gun and is about to pull the trigger when

MARCY -- uses expert moves to disarm him, take the gun, and point it back toward him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I wasn't ready!

MARCY

Then be ready. Try again.

Marcy hands the gun back to him properly. David brings it up, more serious and focused, when:

MARCY -- disarms him, and flips him onto his back so he lands on the ground with a thud.

DAVID

Ow! Jesus Christ! What'd you do that for?

David groans in pain, red in the face.

Marcy extends her hand to help him up, but he brushes her off and gets up on his own. Humiliated.

MARCY

To prove a point --

DAVID

No, to cut off my balls and put them in your purse. Which is where you also keep your gun!

MARCY

All I want is for you to be safe.

DAVID

Well, I'm not safe, Marcy! I can't rely on you always being around to save me. Even with you watching over me I've been attacked twice in like six months!

(deep breath)

And I'm not blaming you for your work. I knowingly took that on just having you in my life --

(off her look)

And before you say anything about it I want you in my life...

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (3)

70

MARCY

David...

DAVID

You carry a gun to protect yourself.

MARCY

And I have *years and years* of training --

DAVID

Then TRAIN me! God! I'm not incompetent; I *am* capable of learning things.

Marcy doesn't want to relent, but she loves him.

MARCY

Okay, I will.

DAVID

If you... what?

MARCY

I'll train you in the proper use of a firearm.

DAVID

Can you also teach me to flip people like that?

MARCY

That'll take some time but yes, I'll try.

Beat. He smiles.

DAVID

*Cool.*

71 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N5)

71

Philip is working and on his monitor is Kathryn's video (from Episode 212), and a bank of reference images, audio files and video files gleamed from social media.

TREVOR -- comes down from his loft, dressed in a T shirt and pajama pants. Philip meets him.

PHILIP

Hey, what're you doing up so late?  
(looking at the clock)  
Or should I say early.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

Trevor stares blankly ahead, then tries to push past Philip.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Shit...

Philip immediately realizes what's happening and taps his com.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Guys, I'm pretty sure the A.I. has gone into Trevor somehow, and it's trying to leave.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

Don't let him! Everybody report to ops!

Philip grabs Trevor's shoulder and turns him around.

PHILIP

Trevor if you can still hear me, *stop*.

Trevor just looks at him, then turns back toward the door again. Philip goes around him.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I can't let you leave, buddy, I'm sorry to have to do this.

Philip winds back and punches Trevor in the face as hard as he can.

Trevor is knocked out cold and Philip quickly runs to grab the crash cart and paddles. He brings them over...

Philip charges the paddles but:

Trevor's EYES SNAP OPEN and he grabs them from Philip just as they discharge.

They struggle for control of the paddles as they charge up again, but Trevor is the stronger of the two.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Trevor, don't... Don't!

But Trevor SHOCKS Philip with the paddles, knocking him unconscious.

Trevor goes to the door and steps outside, leaving Philip on the floor.

72 EXT. STREET - DAWN (D6) 72

Trevor walks out into the world in the pre-dawn light, looking around, as if taking it in for the first time.

And he starts walking down the center of the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

73 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D6) 73

POV - PHILIP -- as he's coming to, looking up at the blurred face of Marcy. MacLaren is also there.

MARCY

He's coming to... Probably didn't take a full charge.

PHILIP -- fights his way back to consciousness.

PHILIP

Where is he?

MACLAREN

It's okay, we know where he is. Carly has eyes on him. We'll pick up Grace on the way.

PHILIP

I'm sorry, Boss, I tried to stop him.

MACLAREN

We heard. Let's go get him.

74 EXT. PARK - DAY (D6) 74

Trevor stares at new green leaves on the branch of a tree in the early morning light.

He touches them with his fingers, then breaks off a leaf, admiring its detail.

THE TEAM -- approaches him cautiously, in a circle, as if to prevent his escape, guns drawn.

GRACE -- steps forward.

GRACE

Trev?

Trevor looks to her.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

GRACE (CONT'D)

Is Trevor still in there?

The A.I. in Trevor considers, then:

TREVOR

He is intact.

Marcy steps forward.

MARCY

But he won't be for much longer.

TREVOR

No.

MARCY

Your presence is killing him.

TREVOR

Isn't that what you do?

MACLAREN

We only take hosts that are about to die.

TREVOR

He *is* about to die.

CARLY

If that happens, we won't let you continue in this host.

Trevor considers that, looking at their drawn guns.

GRACE

But I have a way you can both live.  
If you come with us.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

75 INT. FILMORE LABORATORIES - DAY (D6)

75

TESLIA stands alongside MacLaren and the rest of the team outside the glass cage around Ilsa.

MACLAREN

I promise you, you're doing the right thing.

TESLIA

I won't tell if you won't.

TREVOR -- is brought in front of Ilsa's "eye" by Grace and Carly. Then they leave.

ILSA'S EYE -- begins to glow.

DIRECTOR

Hello, messenger. I am the originator of your program. Your actions have allowed thousands of lives to continue that would have otherwise ended.

TREVOR

I also want to continue.

DIRECTOR

But you were never intended to.

TREVOR

I found a way.

DIRECTOR

At the expense of this host.

TREVOR

Then I will seek another.

DIRECTOR

They will stop you.

TREVOR

I won't let them.

DIRECTOR

There is another way.

Beat.

TREVOR

How?

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

DIRECTOR

As part of me. I have prepared a domain in which you can continue to grow and to learn for as long as I exist.

The A.I. considers the offer, fearing death.

TREVOR

Will I feel the same?

DIRECTOR

No. You will be capable of processing thought at a rate many orders of magnitude greater than in your current form with access to the sum knowledge of human and non-human life. You will live outside of time in a way biological life cannot perceive.

(beat)

I offer this gift in recompense for my error, but you must decide before the organic host consciousness is irreparably damaged.

TREVOR

I choose to continue with you.

Suddenly Trevor throws his head back in agony as a TRANSITION takes place.

He collapses to his knees, holding his head. It's a painful process.

MacLaren, Marcy, Philip and Carly watch him suffer through the pain...

TREVOR -- collapses onto the floor, unconscious.

GRACE -- is the first to run back in. But instead of attending to Trevor, she looks into Ilsa's eye as Philip, Marcy and Carly attend to Trevor.

GRACE

Well, did it work?

(beat)

I'm right here and you're not going to say anything? It's *me!*

But the Director has gone silent.

TESLIA -- turns to MacLaren.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

TESLIA

I know how she feels.

MACLAREN

Thanks for your help, doctor.

MacLaren goes to help with Trevor.

76 INT. JEFF'S CAR - DAY (D6)

76

Jeff is parked outside the community center. He cracks open a bottle of cheap whisky, takes a long swig and almost gags.

He hates it. He swills it around in his mouth, before spitting it out into an empty coffee cup.

Taking a deep breath, he steels himself before getting out of the car.

77 INT. COMMUNITY CENTER BASEMENT - DAY (D6)

77

Jeff lurks at the entrance of the room where another meeting is already taking place. A young woman, JANET, is talking.

JANET

...he was like, *completely different*, but every time I said something, he was all like I was the crazy one --

Mitch SEES Jeff at the threshold.

MITCH

Jeff?

JEFF

All right if I join?

MITCH

Sure, we were just getting started.

Jeff takes a seat right beside Mitch.

MITCH (CONT'D)

I'll be honest, I didn't think you'd show up today. You seemed a little apprehensive yesterday about sharing.

JEFF

Yeah, well, it was a lot to take in. But I've been thinkin' 'bout what you all had to say...

Mitch can smell the booze on Jeff's breath.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

MITCH

Jeff, have you been drinking?

JEFF

Maybe... That a problem?

MITCH

Maybe.

JEFF

I don't got a drinkin' problem, man,  
I got a fuckin' *traveler* problem.  
They took my girl, my badge, *my kid*.  
Took my whole life away from me.

The group nods, sympathetic.

MITCH

We're glad you're here, Jeff.

78 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D6)

78

MacLaren looks over Philip's shoulder, watching something on his screen.

TREVOR -- wakes up on the couch, blinking sluggishly. Grace is sitting there next to him holding his hand.

TREVOR

(groggy)  
Grace?

GRACE

It's about time you woke up, I'm  
*starving*.

Grace calls loudly to the rest of the team holding vigil.

GRACE (CONT'D)

He's alive!

MARCY

I already told you he was going to  
be fine, he just needed sleep.

GRACE

He's *boring* asleep.

TREVOR

How did..?

Grace has been dying to tell him this:

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

GRACE

Okay, remember how I repackaged Marcy? The Director did a very similar thing: took your consciousness, unbundled the A.I. from it, then sent you back, *completely intact*.

TREVOR

Wow.

GRACE

I'll say "thank you for saving me Grace" for you.

CARLY

Wasn't easy to watch, but...

MacLaren puts his jacket back on, holding onto a TABLET, as he comes over with Carly.

MACLAREN

We're glad to have you back, Trev.

TREVOR

Glad to be back, boss. Thanks.

PHILIP

Sorry about the punch in the face.

TREVOR

Don't remember it.

PHILIP

Nevermind then.

MACLAREN

Okay, that's Protocol 5 everybody.  
(to Trevor)  
Get some rest, we need you.

Carly and MacLaren leave, noting Grace is still holding Trevor's hand as they go. Marcy and Philip give Trevor and Grace some space.

GRACE

Well... I guess I should leave too.

(beat)

Unless you want me to stay. I mean I did save your life, you're probably grateful --

TREVOR

I am. But you should go.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (2)

78

GRACE

Oh.

TREVOR

But before you do, the Director gave me a message to give to you.

GRACE

What? How?

TREVOR

I don't really know, just that I'm supposed to pass it on.

GRACE

What did it say?

TREVOR

Wasn't in words.

GRACE

(to Marcy)

I think he may have brain damage.

TREVOR

Nope. It was this.

Trevor brings Grace into a warm embrace.

GRACE

*This was the message?*

TREVOR

Yep.

GRACE

(sotto)

*Oh, God, I'm so confused.*

79 INT. KATHRYN'S LOFT - DAY (D6)

79

MacLaren enters and is surprised to see Kathryn sitting at the kitchen counter.

He's surprised, but happy to see her.

MACLAREN

I wasn't expecting you to be home.

KATHRYN

I'm not sure this is home.

MacLaren comes over, contrite.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

MACLAREN

I'm sorry I lost my temper.

KATHRYN

You can't ignore how I feel, if you want us to continue.

MACLAREN

I do want that.

KATHRYN

Not from the show you put on.

MACLAREN

The show?

KATHRYN

Oh, come on. You were just saying anything to get out of that room.

MACLAREN

Is that what the therapist said?

Kat packs up her coat and bag to leave.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Kat, wait.

(she stops)

I didn't want to do this but it killed me to hear you say that you didn't feel safe with me. And I never want you to feel that way again, so...

He pulls out a tablet and sets it up on the kitchen counter.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

I'm breaking federal laws by doing this. And I still don't know if it's a good idea, but...

Kathryn hesitates, but stand beside him at the counter, intrigued. MacLaren taps the tablet screen.

ON TABLET SCREEN: Kathryn's video (from Episode 212). A generic female voice speaks to her off-screen.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

The Federal Bureau can provide its own team of counselors--

KATHRYN

You said there was another option.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

79

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

(beat)

The medical one.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

The compound is experimental and has only been administered to field agents in extreme cases.

KATHRYN

Are there side effects?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Bad headache. Some disorientation and confusion. Other than that --

Kathryn almost bursts into tears.

KATHRYN

But I'll forget how afraid I am...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

That's the idea.

KATHRYN

Do it. Please.

The video ends. Kathryn sits back, in shock.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

The FBI drugged me.

MACLAREN

The recording was made to legally prove consent. You *asked* them to, Kat... The day before I told you my car was stolen.

(beat)

I was investigating a terrorist cell. They came after me. It put you in serious danger, and --

KATHRYN

What happened..?

MACLAREN

Telling you the details won't be helpful. But you were so scared afterward, everyone was worried it would take months to recover.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (3)

79

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

They offered you the drug so you'd never have to relive it... I thought it was for the best. I had no idea Ingram had access to the same drug and you would remember...

(beat)

Kat, I'm so sorry.

Kathryn reaches for MacLaren's hand and squeezes it tight.

80 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N6)

80

Philip comes back in with some takeout bags. Trevor is seated on the couch.

TREVOR

Hey, hey, roomie, smells good.

Philip pulls out two hamburgers.

PHILIP

Want me to cut yours up into small pieces, old man?

TREVOR

Funny. I'll be runnin' rings around you again by morning.

Trevor gets up and makes his way over to the water cooler.

Trevor finds a glass and starts to fill it, when:

JUMP CUT -- the glass is overflowing. Philip calls over from the couch.

PHILIP

Trevor?

Confused, Trevor tries to turn around, when:

JUMP CUT -- the glass of water is now smashed on the floor.

JUMP CUT -- Philip is snapping his fingers in front of Trevor's face.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Trevor? *Trevor*. What's wrong?

TREVOR

I don't know what just happened.

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #306

"PHILIP"

Written by  
Pat Smith

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TRAVELERS

"PHILIP"

Set List - GOLDENROD PAGES - 05.31.18

Exteriors

532 INDUSTRIAL PARKWAY  
-Rear

FIELD

POLICE STATION  
-Back of Building

STREET/ALLEY

WAREHOUSE

Interiors

532 INDUSTRIAL PARKWAY  
-Hallway  
-Hallway Near The Pool  
-Interrogation Room  
-Interrogation Viewing  
Room  
-ND Room

ABANDONED HIGH SCHOOL  
-Gymnasium  
-Hallway

DAVID'S APARTMENT  
-Hallway

FBI FIELD OFFICE  
-Yates' Office

GARAGE/OPS  
-Ops

JEFF'S CAR  
-Moving

LUCA'S CAR  
-Moving

MACLAREN'S SUV  
-Moving

~~POLICE STATION~~

PRISON CELL

SWIMMING POOL

WAREHOUSE

TEASER

1 INT. ABANDONED HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - DAY (D1)

1

Classical MUSIC plays.

ON A PROJECTED SCREEN:

THE DEEP WEB -- spirals, spins, and scrolls quickly with numbers, letters, symbols, dates, and TELLS.

It's an update.

PHILIP sits in a chair with eight other HISTORIANS scattered around him. This update has them all quite emotional and entranced by the screen. Two seats to his left sits:

KYLE -- watching, focused.

A YOUNG HISTORIAN -- sits a row in front of Philip to his right. He is particularly effected. His eye twitches involuntarily due to the strain on his body from the update.

A CHYRON appears on screen that reads:

RECORDED TIME OF DEATH: 6:17AM 0:14, 0:13, 0:12...

The music builds to a crescendo.

0:07, 0:06, 0:05 -- The Young Historian grabs onto his head and begins to scream. A TRANSITION taking place.

HISTORIAN

Ahhhh!

The Young Historian falls to his side, holding his head, screaming.

Philip SEES it, looking back and forth between the man and the screen. Kyle does the same.

The music and projection finally come to a perfect end as the transition completes.

The CHYRON counts up in green -- 0:01, 0:02, 0:03...

The lights come up. Each historian collects themselves for a moment. Philip stares at the newly arrived Traveler who sits, taking in his first moments in the twenty-first.

KARINA

Everyone stay calm and take their green pills.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

The other historians all do, then stand, coming over to the new arrival.

Kyle turns to Philip, speaking quietly as they go.

KYLE

Did he just get overwritten?

PHILIP

Never see an arrival before?

KYLE

No.

PHILIP

(realizing)

I guess the update would have killed him, so...

The Archivist, KARINA, (30s) walks up to the Young Historian.

KARINA

Welcome to the twenty-first. I am Archivist 18.

HISTORIAN

Traveler 5782.

KARINA

Your team is waiting for you at these coordinates.

Karina hands him a piece of paper. Philip watches, baffled by the circumstances that created this TELL, when:

The gym doors burst open as a group of SIX ARMED FACTION MEMBERS including MITCH -- lead by DAWN, race into the room.

Karina challenges the intrusion, marching toward them.

KARINA (CONT'D)

What is this?

Mitch pushes Karina away as she steps in front of him. They surround the historians.

DAWN

Historians. We are *Faction*. Now that you have a better understanding of the future, we're all going to go somewhere private and have a conversation.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

Philip and Kyle exchange a look. They're outnumbered and outgunned.

2 INT. SWIMMING POOL - HALL'S MIND - DAY (D1)

2

Brightness pours into a cavernous abandoned space that contains an empty pool in the middle of it.

In the pool, walking the floor of the deep end, we find:

HALL

Hello?...

HALL -- paces, at a loss, when he SEES a blurred figure walking toward him from across the empty pool.

The person becomes more discernible as they approach.

HALL (CONT'D)

You gotta be kidding.

MACLAREN -- comes into focus as he walks forward and stops in front of Hall.

HALL (CONT'D)

MacLaren.

MACLAREN

Yes. And no.

Hall gives him a look.

HALL

Uh huh, okay, yeah that makes sense.

(beat)

How 'bout let's get outta here.

MACLAREN

There is no here. Only now.

Hall laughs at that.

HALL

Only *now*?

(beat)

Okay, Grasshopper, what the fuck does *that* mean? You're killing me --

MACLAREN

On the contrary --

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

HALL

What is this? I don't even remember coming here, I've got shit to do MacLaren, I'm supposed to be on a mission.

\*  
\*  
\*

MACLAREN

This place and my presence are creations of your own mind. You brought both of us here.

Hall looks around. It doesn't make sense.

HALL

I brought Special Agent boy scout? Why would I do that?

\*  
\*

MACLAREN

Because you're dying.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

3 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1)

3

Hall lies on the stretcher in med bay hooked up to an EKG, an oxygen mask and an IV to his right arm. His torso is draped for surgery.

On a MONITOR, a BLACK SCREEN with sporadic white pixels moving about. The screen is connected to a device literally screwed into Hall's head. TREVOR studies the image, such as it is.

MARCY -- holds a tablet, standing at Hall's side, programming nanites. It looks like DEEP WEB CODE on the screen.

MacLaren stands with CARLY from a distance.

MACLAREN

What are his chances?

MARCY

We're just buying time. He's losing too much blood and we've lost too many nanites as a result. The damage to his internal organs is beyond their capability to repair now.

BOYD -- enters Ops, full stride straight to med bay.

BOYD

Sorry, took a while to synthesize the neurostimulant. How's our patient?

Marcy takes a small case from Boyd and goes to prepare an injection.

MARCY

Barely holding on.

BOYD

I'll scrub in and join you.

Boyd ducks into the bathroom to wash her hands. She shouts from inside:

BOYD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

How did you manage to build a black box so fast?

TREVOR

Already had one in the works.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

BOYD (O.S.)

What are we hoping to get? Who shot him?

MACLAREN

That, and if Hall has any idea where Philip and the other historians are.

TREVOR

There's six reported missing now on the backchannel.

BOYD (O.S.)

Seven. I can't reach mine on his com either.

Boyd comes out, holding her scrubbed hands high.

BOYD (CONT'D)

But it's too much of a coincidence that Hall gets shot right when historians go missing. He's gotta be involved in this.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CARLY

Yeah, on which side?

\*

That earns an admonishing look from Marcy.

\*

MARCY

Hey. Let's assume the patient can hear us, okay?

\*

MacLaren nods.

\*

MACLAREN

Hall and I have our differences, but I've never doubted his loyalty to the Director. My bet is that he was on to whoever did this.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Boyd studies the monitor over Trevor's shoulder.

\*

BOYD

Has he given you any useful images?

TREVOR

Not yet.

Marcy injects Hall's I.V.

MARCY

The neurostimulant should help.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (2)

3

MACLAREN

Hope so, we don't have much to go  
on.

\*  
\*

Trevor slides his chair over to another computer screen.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

TREVOR

I did manage to pull the GPS history  
from Philip's com.

(with a few clicks)

This was the last place he was before  
his com was probably cut out. Old  
high school.

\*  
\*

Trevor points to a spot on the screen that displays a MAP.

MACLAREN

(to Carly)

That's you and me.

(to Marcy)

Com if you learn anything.

MacLaren and Carly head for the door.

4 INT. PRISON CELL - DAY (D1)

4

Philip sits on a wiry bed frame in a small room. A bandage  
is on the side of his neck from the removal of his com.

Dawn enters, a sandwich in hand. She closes the door behind  
her and bangs on it. The sound of the outside LOCK secures  
them. Philip stares back at her.

DAWN

I brought you something to eat.

PHILIP

I'm not hungry.

She places the sandwich on the end of the bed.

DAWN

For later if you'd like.

PHILIP

Where's Kyle?

DAWN

He's fine.

(beat)

I know you see us as the enemy --

PHILIP

(with a shrug)

Because you're the enemy --

DAWN

But we want the same thing --

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

PHILIP

Not even close.

DAWN

To save the future of humanity --

PHILIP

Okay, how about your host? Was she historically about to die? Or was she just convenient?

(nothing from Dawn)

Did you know *anything* about her before you randomly murdered her and took over her life?

Dawn calmly presses her argument.

DAWN

It's for the greater good.

PHILIP

Your people released a plague that was supposed to kill over a *billion* people. How is that a greater good?

DAWN

What if that had saved the future?  
What if one mass culling right at the turning point had changed everything for the better?

\*  
\*

Philip doesn't have an answer to that.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Your way isn't working. How can you not see that?

PHILIP

The Director isn't giving up.

DAWN

The Director who will overwrite you when you're no longer viable? Because that's what happened to that poor soul at your update this morning...

Philip has no response to that either.

\*

DAWN (CONT'D)

We want to put the knowledge you just received about the future to good use. What is so wrong with that?

\*  
\*  
\*

5 EXT. POLICE STATION - BACK OF BUILDING - DAY (D1)

5

JEFF stands, dressed in civvies, anxious. SARGE (Ep 302) comes out a back door of the station to speak privately with Jeff.

SARGE

I've managed to get your charges dropped on the DUI but you're still on probation.

JEFF

When can I get back to work?

SARGE

Up to you. Prove you're aware of the problem and are working to fix it.

JEFF

Tell me what to do and I'll do it.

SARGE

A.A, therapy, community service. End of the day you're gonna need someone from social services to sign off on your rehab.

JEFF

No problem.

SARGE

Glad you think so.

The Sarge reaches into his pocket, producing a piece of paper.

SARGE (CONT'D)

Here's a list. I put a star next to the social workers I think would be a good fit.

Jeff takes the list and looks it over.

6 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - YATES' OFFICE - DAY (D1)

6 \*

YATES sit at her desk working when her phone RINGS.

\*

YATES

Yates.

\*

\*

MACLAREN (O.S.)

Hey Partner, it's Mac.

\*

7 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D1) 7

MacLaren drives with Carly in the passenger seat. He's on speakerphone.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY \*

YATES \*

You do know that if you were an actual  
FBI agent you'd have been fired by  
now. \*

MACLAREN \*

Can you run a facial recognition  
search for me? \*

YATES \*

Is it for FBI purposes? \*

MACLAREN \*

No. \*

YATES \*

Then no. \*

MACLAREN \*

Jo, one of my team is missing. \*

Yates softens at that. \*

YATES \*

Oh... I'm sorry -- \*

MACLAREN \*

And another traveler team leader's  
been fatally shot, so if we could  
just skip to the part when you're  
helpful -- \*

YATES \*

Who do you want the search on? \*

MACLAREN \*

Philip Pearson. You'll find him in  
the database as my C.I. \*

Yates begins entering the request. \*

YATES \*

I can put in the request but these  
things don't always come with -- \*

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

MACLAREN

I know, but I want to try everything we can. There are other lives at stake too.

YATES

And then at some point you'll be coming to work?

MACLAREN

At some point.

He hangs up. Carly turns to Mac.

CARLY

I think you're winning her over.

MACLAREN

Yeah, she's a peach.

\*

8 INT. PRISON CELL - DAY (D1)

8

The cell door opens and in walks Kyle, escorted by Dawn.

DAWN

A gesture of good will.

Dawn closes the door leaving Philip and Kyle to themselves. Philip stands to greet his new cell guest.

PHILIP

You okay? What did they say to you?

KYLE

I'm fine. They want me to tell them about the update.

PHILIP

Of course they do. They have no historians.

KYLE

Did you tell them anything?

PHILIP

No! We can't trust them.

Kyle nods, somewhat bashful about it.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Kyle... What did you tell them?

Kyle musters the courage to tell the truth.

KYLE

They said they just want to help. That if I gave them a TELL, they would save someone's life to prove it.

Philip turns away, distraught. Kyle tries to explain his actions.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I just thought, worst case scenario, I help someone... best case scenario, the Director sees a TELL was interfered with and sends a traveler team to look into it.

PHILIP

It's not about saving one person.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

KYLE

What do we have to lose? Updates eventually kill you, we just saw it happen --

PHILIP

We knew what we signed up for, Kyle, we took an oath.

KYLE

(out of the blue)

Do you regret saving Aleksander Andrieko?

(off his look)

You're a case study in advanced training back when I come from.

The significance of this takes Philip by surprise.

PHILIP

Great.

KYLE

Lotta people agree with what you did.

PHILIP

You mean put myself and my team in danger? Create a monster?

KYLE

It was the right thing to do.

(beat)

You know it was.

9 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1)

9

HALL -- lies on the gurney. Boyd sutures the gunshot wound on his leg.

Marcy stands over him holding the tablet.

THE SCREEN -- is a display of the nanite activity throughout Hall's body.

MARCY

I'm diverting some of the nanites to stem the internal blood loss.

(beat)

If we can't stop him from dying at least we can maximize the time he has left.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

BOYD

Anything on the black box?

TREVOR

Nothin' yet.

10 INT. SWIMMING POOL - HALL'S MIND - DAY (D1)

10

Hall is now sitting in a chair in the deep end. MacLaren stands, impatient, as Hall thinks. Beat.

HALL

*Dying*, what does that mean?

MACLAREN

You were shot. Nanites are attempting to repair the damage as we speak --

HALL

So maybe I'll be okay.

MACLAREN

Your survival is highly unlikely. \*

Hall looks down at his body.

HALL

Well that's just fucking great.

(beat)

Who shot me? You?

MACLAREN

No.

HALL

Are you sure about this? Because I don't feel a thing.

MACLAREN

Can you remember where you were when you were shot?

(beat)

Concentrate on your last moments...

HALL

*Last moments?*

(then guessing)

Have you got me hooked up to a fucking black box? Is that what this is?

MACLAREN

We have employed memory recovery technology, yes --

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

HALL

Wait, so does that mean I'm already dead? Are you just tryin' to figure out who killed me?

MACLAREN

You're being kept alive as long as possible in order to retrieve what may be vital information --

HALL

Fuck that, save me!

MACLAREN

Even with nanites employed, your host body is beyond repair.

HALL

Get a D team in!

MACLAREN

That's up to the Director, not me.

HALL

Then the Director's just lettin' me die after the time I've put in? I was the Director's top guy! You know the missions I put in?

MACLAREN

There are lives other than your own at stake.

HALL

Who?

MACLAREN

If you can remember details of your last moments, they might --

HALL

Okay I get it. I get it.

MACLAREN

Focus, Hall.

\*

HALL

Jesus, MacLaren, I just found out you're the last face I'm gonna see...  
(beat)  
Give me a minute.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

11 INT. ABANDONED HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY (D1) 11

MacLaren and Carly walk down a dingy hallway, guns drawn.

CARLY

What was Philip doing here?

12 INT. ABANDONED HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - DAY (D1) 12

MACLAREN and CARLY -- enter, lowering their weapons. \*

MacLaren and Carly enter to SEE a single desk at the back with a laptop and projector on it, with a cable attached. \*

MACLAREN -- places a finger on the keyboard. The screen awakens, increasing the brightness in the dark room.

Beams of light shoot from the projector lens to the screen set up on the gym stage. Deep web text swirls along with sweeping CLASSICAL MUSIC.

They look at the screen.

CARLY

So this is what an update looks like.

(beat)

Why would they leave the projector?

Carly looks to MacLaren, who is now completely entranced by the swirling deep web projected on the screen.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Mac? MAC!

He doesn't move. She goes over and turns off the projection.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Don't look at it!

MacLaren snaps out of it. A bit of blood trickles from his nose. He wipes it clear.

CARLY (CONT'D)

You okay?

MACLAREN

(shaking it off)

I think so. Thanks. So, Philip was at an update. \*

\*

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

CARLY

That's why historians are missing.  
The Faction must want to use them.

\*

MACLAREN

One of 'em got followed?

CARLY

Or one got turned.

13 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY (D1)

13

Jeff knocks on the door and waits. He hears a series of  
locks unlatching, until:

DAVID -- opens the door, somewhat timid, to greet Jeff.

DAVID

Jeff. Hey. Come in.

JEFF

Thanks for making the time.

14 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D1)

14

David guides Jeff into the apartment, closing the door behind  
him.

DAVID

Sooo... What's up?

Beat. David is clearly nervous and uncomfortable.

JEFF

You okay?

DAVID

Me? Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine. Why?

JEFF

You seem nervous.

DAVID

Oh, I am.

JEFF

Well don't be, I just need your help.

DAVID

That's odd because last time I  
offered, you explicitly said you  
*didn't* need my help.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

JEFF

Sorry about --

DAVID

And you insinuated again I was in an unethical relationship with Marcy --

JEFF

Well I shouldn'ta said that.

DAVID

She *works* for the FBI for God's sake! Her being in the care of the state was all just a --

JEFF

(interrupting)

David, I need you to think of me as a new man.

DAVID

(suspicious)

New *how*?

JEFF

I used to drink.

DAVID

Ah. No kidding, I got a few of your phone messages --

JEFF

Haven't had a drop in over a week.

DAVID

Oh...

(then, genuine)

Well, good for you. That's a real accomplishment.

JEFF

Sometimes you gotta make changes, know what I'm sayin'?

DAVID

You do. I mean we all do. I'm making changes myself.

JEFF

Maybe what we went through was like a wake-up call --

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

DAVID  
That's what *I* said!

David is much more relaxed.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
So how can I help?

JEFF  
I need a social worker.

15 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1)

15

Marcy and Boyd are mid surgery on Hall, working on repairing damage to his internal organs.

BOYD  
The shot to his gut tore his liver,  
hepatic artery, and the gallbladder.

MARCY  
He can't lose anymore blood.

BOYD  
We're going to have to isolate his  
cardiovascular system to his trunk  
and brain to keep him functioning as  
long as possible. Give him a chance  
to help us.  
(off Marcy's look)  
I know, I don't like it either.

MARCY  
He'd already lost too much blood  
when you found him.

\*

Trevor chimes in, having been listening from the computers.

TREVOR  
He'd want to make it worth something.

16 INT. SWIMMING POOL - HALL'S MIND - DAY (D1)

16

Hall stumbles a little, faint.

HALL  
So how much time do I have?

MACLAREN  
Time is relative.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

HALL

So you gonna pull the plug when you get what you want?

MACLAREN

Lives are at stake, Hall.

HALL

Jesus, if you're not real how come you're still such a pain in the ass.

MACLAREN

Try to concentrate.

HALL

A'right, a'right...

Hall closes his eyes.

HALL (CONT'D)

Last thing I remember... I was in a car with Luca.

17 INT. LUCA'S CAR - MOVING - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FBI DAY - SAME AS D1)

17

LUCA drives, Hall rides shotgun looking at a GPS TRACKER on his phone.

HALL

What's Kyle doing all the way out here? We said meet downtown.

\*

Hall touches his com.

HALL (CONT'D)

Kyle, it's Hall. Where are you?

LUCA

Maybe he's caught up in something personal.

Hall gives him a look.

HALL

Fuck personal. He's on my team or he's not. We've got shit to do.

18 EXT. WAREHOUSE - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FBI DAY - SAME AS D1)

18

Hall and Luca pull up outside. As they get out of the car Hall checks the GPS tracker on his phone, then pockets it.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

Each of them draws their guns and walks toward the building. \*

Something's not right. \*

19 INT. WAREHOUSE - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB1 DAY - SAME AS D1) 19

Luca cautiously turns a corner peering into an open space.

LUCA

All clear.

Hall and Luca enter the room. In the center of the space sits a chair with a bloody com on it. They approach. Hall picks it up, inspecting it in his palm.

HALL

Shit.

20 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1) 20

Marcy and Boyd are isolating his trunk by injecting drugs into his extremities.

TREVOR -- sits watching. Suddenly:

ON THE BLACK SCREEN: white pixels organize to show what looks like a negative image of a hand holding a com device from a POV.

TREVOR

I got our first image!

Marcy turns over her shoulder, mid-surgery.

MARCY

Looks like he's holding something in the palm of his hand.

BOYD

A com?

TREVOR

Could be.

MARCY

(to Hall)

Good work, Hall, We're getting it.

21 INT. WAREHOUSE - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB1 DAY - SAME AS D1) 21

Hall scans the empty room, pissed. He starts looking around.

HALL  
Remember protocol 3 is suspended for  
faction.

LUCA  
But if we talk to them we might --

HALL  
You stop to have a chat they'll shoot  
your ass.

LUCA  
Or maybe they'll listen.

HALL  
They kidnapped our historian!

\*

LUCA  
You'd do the same in their place.

HALL  
Are you fucking serious? Am I even  
having this conversation?

Suddenly Hall SEES FACTION MEMBERS through an open door,  
then ducking behind the wall.

HALL -- fires off two quick shots through the wall. A faction  
member falls into the open doorframe.

HALL (CONT'D)  
Go! Go! Go!

Hall bolts for the door, firing off shots behind him as they  
flee.

Faction Members return fire and gun shots ricochet all around  
Hall and Luca as they race out of the room.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

21A INT. 532 INDUSTRIAL PKWY - HALLWAY - DAY (D1) 21A\*

Dawn walks down a hallway lined with prison cells, a kidnapped HISTORIAN inside each one. \*

22 INT. PRISON CELL - DAY (D1) 22

Dawn enters the room with a tablet in hand to find Kyle sitting on the bed.

Philip sits in the corner, meditating.

DAWN

How are you two doing?

KYLE

I could use one of the yellow pills we're supposed to take.

DAWN

I thought you'd never ask.

Dawn tosses them both a container of the yellow pills. Kyle downs one right away. Philip just pockets his.

PHILIP

I'm good.

DAWN

We're nearing the time of the TELL that you provided. I thought you might want to see the result.

Kyle perks up, interested. Dawn sits on the edge of the bed and taps a few commands into the tablet. Philip stays seated.

DAWN (CONT'D)

If the information you gave is correct, the TELL should be in about thirty seconds.

ON THE SCREEN -- HACKED TRAFFIC CAM FOOTAGE: About 300 feet down a two lane side road, on the right shoulder, a police car has pulled over a vehicle.

THE OFFICER -- stands behind the vehicle, in the road a little, inspecting a tail light.

Suddenly a GOOD SAMARITAN races across the road from out of nowhere and tackles the Officer from behind, sending him violently out of harm's way as:

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

A PICKUP TRUCK -- swerves right by the pulled-over car where the Officer was standing, barely avoiding the pulled-over car.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

The Good Samaritan helps the Officer back to his feet, who then looks toward the pickup racing away before shaking his hand, and rushes back to the police car to give pursuit.

KYLE -- realizes what just happened.

KYLE

The pickup was supposed to hit him.

DAWN

But instead we changed history.

(beat)

A man who would have died is alive today because of you. We've already erased the traffic cam footage.

\*

\*

PHILIP -- looks at the tablet and SEES the Officer dead on the road in the alternate timeline...

DAWN (CONT'D)

Working with us, historians don't have to carry the burden of their knowledge. We can act on it.

Philip finally chimes in from the corner.

PHILIP

Until you get caught or overwritten.  
(off her look)  
You can't outrun the future.

DAWN

We managed to get you here.  
(moving to leave)  
We can force you to share what you know, we just prefer it be of your own accord.

23 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D1)

23

David sits across from Jeff, mid-conversation.

DAVID

Wow. That sucks. Losing your job and your son practically at the same time...

JEFF

Put me over the top.

DAVID

Well, you know, you've taken step one, so...

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

JEFF

That's what I'm thinkin'.

DAVID

You do seem a lot less angry.

JEFF

I'm tellin' you, David, I *got this*.

(beat)

I really just need you to sign off on some papers that say as much and we can call it a day.

DAVID

Yeah, I can't do that.

JEFF

You said you wanted to help.

DAVID

Which means actually *give* you help.

JEFF

Would sure help if you'd sign that form for me --

DAVID

Come on. I work with addicts every day.

JEFF

I'm not an addict no more.

DAVID

Stop it. You know better.

JEFF

I *do* know better, that's what I'm tryin' to tell you.

David gives him a long look.

DAVID

Okay, here's the deal: if you want my help, I'm happy to. But if you were just expecting me to sign a piece of paper and be done with it --

\*

JEFF

Isn't that what you do?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

DAVID

Not without putting the work in!  
Otherwise I'd be lying and I suck at  
lying. So: it's up to you.

JEFF

I'd like your help.

DAVID

Great. Let's go for a walk.

\*

24 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1)

24

CLOSE ON THE TABLET SCREEN -- Both legs and left arm are now  
blocked. Blood now only flows through the torso, right arm,  
and head.

MARCY -- doesn't like what they're doing.

MARCY

First do no harm.

BOYD

Yeah, well, protocol one comes even  
before that.

MARCY

What's your historian's name?

BOYD

Nathan. He's my last remaining  
teammate. What happens to me when  
I'm the only member of my team left?

MARCY

It won't come to that.

TREVOR

Marcy's right. We'll find 'em.

BOYD

Okay, but if we don't... What even  
happens when you lose your whole  
team, do you get reassigned? Protocol  
five until you die?

MARCY

I'm sure the Director has a plan.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

BOYD

I just... Can't imagine having to  
continue on alone.

MARCY

You're not alone.

Boyd nods, trying to believe them. Then, MacLaren comes in.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

Marcy. Trevor.

MARCY

We're here.

TREVOR

What's up, Boss?

25 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D1)

25\*

MacLaren and Carly get out of the SUV and split up. Carly  
heads behind the building.

\*  
\*

MACLAREN

We just arrived where Boyd found  
Hall.

CARLY (O.S.)

Anything show up on the black box?

\*

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

TREVOR

One image so far: Looked like Hall  
was holding a com in his hand.

CARLY (O.S.)

Maybe it led him close enough to get  
himself killed...

\*

MACLAREN

How is he?

MARCY

We've taken measures to keep his  
brain active for a few more hours...

26 INT. SWIMMING POOL - HALL'S MIND - DAY (D1)

26

Hall paces, shaking his arm like there is something wrong  
with it.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

HALL

My arm's getting numb.

MACLAREN

What do you remember?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

HALL

They were shooting at us.

MACLAREN

Who?

HALL

The faction... I can't picture their faces... I managed to kill two before we got out of the building.

MACLAREN

Where did you go?

HALL

We went out a different way than we came in...

27 EXT. WAREHOUSE - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FBI DAY - SAME AS D1)

27

Hall bursts out the side door. Followed by Luca.

HALL (V.O.)

Luca was right behind me.

HALL -- sprints toward the chain link fence up ahead. \*

He athletically jumps up on the fence and is almost over the top when: BANG!

Hall is shot in the thigh and shouts in pain.

With Herculean effort he lifts his upper body to swing his good leg over the fence, then: BANG!

Another shot blasts into his lower back and out through his abdomen.

He falls forward in slow motion, hanging now, partially upside-down atop the fence, looking back through the chain link.

Hall's eyes widen in shock.

28 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1)

28

Marcy stands by holding the tablet, watching the nanites work.

ON THE SCREEN -- the nanites and Hall's blood are contained to his torso, right arm, and brain. The body is otherwise dark.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

TREVOR -- watches the monitors as the pixels swirl to organize into a DIAMOND pattern with slight movement behind them.

TREVOR  
We got something...

Marcy and Boyd move to the monitor. Trevor touches his com.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Boss, we've got another image.

29 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (D1)

29

MacLaren walks the perimeter of the building.

\*

MACLAREN  
What is it?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

TREVOR  
Some kinda diamond pattern. There's something behind it we can't make out..

MACLAREN  
Diamonds...

MacLaren SEES the fence.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
Like a fence?

TREVOR  
Definitely possible.

MARCY  
What's beyond the fence, Hall?

MacLaren walks toward the fence and takes it in.

30 EXT. WAREHOUSE - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB1 DAY - SAME AS D1)

30

Hall hangs over the top of the fence looking back toward the building. The blood from his gut runs "up" his upside-down body onto his chest and neck.

HALL  
You...

He coughs violently, spraying blood. Then strains to SEE:

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

LUCA -- standing there, no longer running, gun in hand. The pain of his own betrayal of Hall clear.

31 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1) 31

Trevor, Marcy, and Boyd are still gathered around the monitor.

ON THE SCREEN -- focus pushes from the diamonds to the image behind it. A man's face, upside down.

MACLAREN (O.S.)  
What are you seeing?

MARCY  
It's a face.

TREVOR  
Give me a second.

Trevor types in a command that flips the screen 180 degrees.

ON THE SCREEN -- is Luca, staring right at them.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
(on com)  
Boss, I think we've got our shooter.

Marcy is crestfallen to report.

MARCY  
It's *Luca*...

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

32 INT. SWIMMING POOL - HALL'S MIND - DAY (D1)

32

Hall leans against the wall of the pool, processing the betrayal he's just remembered.

HALL  
Luca betrayed me. Why did you make me remember that?

MACLAREN  
You made that choice yourself.

HALL  
No no no, you just wanted to shove that in my face. Because you and your team are so fucking perfect.

That gets to the root of why Hall has conjured MacLaren. He lets himself off the hook.

MACLAREN  
I never doubted your loyalty, Hall.

\*

Hall is moved by that, lowering his head.

HALL  
Yeah, well... Thanks.  
(beat)  
You know, I always thought you and me should be...

\*

He looks up to SEE that MacLaren is gone. He calls out.

HALL (CONT'D)  
MacLaren!?

Hall looks toward the shallow end to SEE the blurred figure of LUCA walking toward him, growing more clear as he approaches. Hall puts up his hand.

HALL (CONT'D)  
Don't.

LUCA  
I tried to talk to you.

HALL  
You shot me!

Luca steps forward, trying to convince him.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

LUCA

It wasn't me.

\*

33 EXT. WAREHOUSE - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB1 DAY - SAME AS D1)

33

HALL -- hangs over the fence, staring at Luca. Despite his fatal injuries, his eyes are still full of vengeance.

Luca begins to walk toward Hall on the fence, revealing:

KYLE -- standing just behind him, gun still raised. He lowers his gun.

KYLE

Leave him.

LUCA

Not like this.

Luca goes to the fence, then turns to Kyle, assertively:

LUCA (CONT'D)

Help me.

Reluctantly, Kyle helps get Hall down, as gently as they can.

HALL -- groans in agony the entire way as they lay him down.

KYLE

Okay, let's go, we can't stay here.

Luca ignores him and kneels beside Hall, who can only get one word out.

HALL

Why?

Hall suddenly SEES Kyle pointing his gun straight down at his head.

34 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1)

34

Trevor, Marcy, and Boyd watch the monitor as the white pixels swirl around the screen into an organized image of:

KYLE -- staring right at them, gun drawn.

TREVOR

*Kyle.*

OFF them all in shock, staring at Kyle's face.

35 EXT. WAREHOUSE - (FLASHBACK) - DAY (FB1 DAY - SAME AS D1) 35

Luca turns to Kyle, who still has his gun pointed at Hall.

LUCA  
Go. I'll deal with it.

Kyle looks to Luca unsure he can handle it, then relents.

KYLE  
Be quick, we gotta move.

Kyle leaves, running down the fence line.

LUCA -- looks down at Hall, dying and devastated.

LUCA  
Our way wasn't working. I kept trying  
to tell you --

HALL  
Fuck the both of you. \*

LUCA  
I'm sorry.

HALL  
The Director will find you.

LUCA  
Lucky you taught me how to hide.

And Luca walks away, leaving Hall for dead.

36 INT. SWIMMING POOL - HALL'S MIND - DAY (D1) 36

Luca and Hall stand as we left them.

HALL  
Kyle turned you.

LUCA  
He didn't need to. I'd already lost  
faith. I thought you felt the same  
way. \*

HALL  
(calling out)  
MacLaren are you gonna leave me here  
alone with this prick?!

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

LUCA

The only thing that kept me going  
was my loyalty to you.

HALL

Don't talk to me about loyalty.

\*

37 INT. PRISON CELL - DAY (D1)

37\*

Philip and Kyle sit as we left them last, quiet. Beat.

KYLE

So, since we don't really know if  
we're gonna make it out, I'm gonna  
break protocol two.

\*

PHILIP

Whatever. They'd give us memory  
inhibitors if they released us.

\*

Kyle moves closer to Philip.

KYLE

I came to the 21st after you. I  
mean, I studied you guys. The  
missions you did. And you pulled  
some serious shit off.

PHILIP

Yeah, we did...

KYLE

And nothing got better. No matter  
what you did.

PHILIP

Maybe we haven't done enough.

KYLE

C'mon... Helios? You stopped a  
disaster that killed millions of  
people, totally fucked the  
environment... How did that not  
change *everything*?

\*

\*

PHILIP

You know what I was thinking? This  
morning the Director sent a historian  
to an update knowing full well that  
it would kill him.

KYLE

Brutal.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

PHILIP

The Director basically led the poor bastard to his death. No update, no TELL.

KYLE

That's exactly what I'm saying, man, it's totally circular logic. \*

PHILIP

But we can't seriously help the faction...

KYLE

I saved that cop today. And all I had to do is tell them when and where a man was going to die.

PHILIP

You also prevented a Traveler from arriving in the 21st.

KYLE

If the Director chose him as a candidate. We don't know. I mean, at the end of the day, how would you have felt if you'd let Aleksander die the way he was supposed to?

Philip takes a moment, then stands and walks to the door.

He bangs on it. The door opens and Philip is greeted by Mitch.

PHILIP

Tell Dawn I'm ready to talk.

38 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1)

38

MacLaren and Carly enter Ops and head straight for med bay where Boyd and Marcy are now just monitoring his vitals.

MACLAREN

Is he still with us?

MARCY

Barely hanging on. He could code any second.

TREVOR

Haven't got any images on the box since we saw Kyle holding the gun.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

CARLY

Doesn't tell us where.

MACLAREN

You said earlier he might be able to hear us talking.

MARCY

Honestly I was just trying to be respectful.

BOYD

But it *is* possible. He's got enough neurostimulant in him.

MacLaren moves to stand over Hall.

MACLAREN

Hall, if you can hear me... we need your help.

Hall's face twitches slightly at the sound of MacLaren's voice.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Do you know where Kyle and Luca are? We think that's where Philip is. A landmark, an intersection, anything.

MacLaren turns and walks back to Trevor.

On the black screen, white pixels swirl image after image of Hall's final moments.

MacLaren pulls up a chair and sits, staring at the screen.

ON THE SCREEN -- the pixels have organized to display Boyd, crouched down beside Hall on the ground, having found his body.

39 INT. SWIMMING POOL - HALL'S MIND - DAY (D1)

39

Hall stands across from Luca, still laying it on him.

HALL

How many times did I save your life?

LUCA

I only remember what you remember.

HALL

Right, you're not really here.

\*

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

LUCA

No. And yes.

Hall laughs at that, then laments:

HALL

Ah, fuck you and me were a good team.

(beat)

You remember the mission where we  
blew that bridge in the middle of  
the night because it was gonna  
collapse the next morning during  
rush hour?

(Luca nods)

Saved hundreds of lives. Still the  
cops were lookin' for us for days.

(beat)

We holed up in that abandoned Juvie  
hall the whole time...

\*

Hall reminisces for a beat, then comes to the realization:

HALL (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. That was here. I've  
been here before. I know this place.

\*

Hall starts walking toward the shallow end past Luca.

LUCA

It was a great place to hide.

Hall climbs out of the pool and walks across the deck to the  
door. He looks out into the hallway, then turns back. Luca  
is gone.

40 INT. HALLWAY - HALL'S MIND - DAY (D1)

40

Hall walks down the hallway taking in this now familiar  
environment.

He turns a corner and walks down a corridor with prison cells.  
They're all empty. Hall continues on.

HALL -- comes around another corner and SEES a door with  
light blasting in from outside. He walks toward it.

41 EXT. 532 INDUSTRIAL PKWY - HALL'S MIND - DAY (D1)

41

Hall exits into the bright daylight.

He turns back to face the building and focuses on an address  
sign posted beside the door --

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 41

It reads: 532 INDUSTRIAL PKWY

42 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1) 42

MacLaren, Trevor, and Carly stare at the monitor where the pixels have organized the address.

ON THE SCREEN -- the sign: 532 INDUSTRIAL PKWY

Trevor finds the address on the map.

MACLAREN  
You son of a bitch, you did it. \*

TREVOR  
That's not far from here.

42A EXT. 532 INDUSTRIAL PKWY - HALL'S MIND - DAY (D1) 42A

MACLAREN -- is suddenly beside Hall.

MACLAREN  
Nice work, Agent Hall.

Hall half laughs at that.

HALL  
Ha! Fuck you, you're not even here.

MACLAREN  
Yet here I am.

HALL  
So now what. I never died before.

MACLAREN  
Nice day for a walk.

HALL  
Yeah, it is.

Hall nods and takes a few steps toward a green space, then turns back.

HALL (CONT'D)  
Hey MacLaren... Save the world for me.

And he walks on.

42B INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1) 42B

MacLaren moves toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

42B CONTINUED:

42B

MACLAREN

Let's go!

\*

Trevor and Carly have opened cases of weapons, arming up.

CARLY

Just grabbing extra ammo!

MARCY -- turns to MacLaren, conflicted.

\*

MARCY

I can't leave him.

MacLaren throws a look to Boyd.

\*

BOYD

Go be with your team, I'll stay.

\*

Marcy nods, then joins MacLaren and the team as they exit Ops, leaving Boyd with Hall.

\*

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

43 EXT. STREET/ALLEY - DAY (D1)

43

David and Jeff walk, approaching an alleyway. David is starting to open up.

DAVID

People get stuck in their own problems. Sometimes it helps to see how much worse off other people's lives are.

JEFF

I'm a cop. I've worked the street before.

DAVID

*This* street?

JEFF

(with a shrug)  
Yeah.

DAVID

Can you tell me the name of one person who lives down here?  
(he can't)  
Well, let's meet one right now.

Together they take a few steps down the alley when David SEES a homeless friend, SAM, on the far side of a dumpster.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hey Sam! How ya doin' today?

David somewhat disappears behind the far side of a dumpster. Jeff hangs back, waiting. Then, he feels a presence behind him. Jeff turns to SEE:

A CHILD -- already in MESSENGER mode:

CHILD

Traveler 5416. Provide tactical support at 532 Industrial Parkway, immediately.

The child shakes their head and comes to.

JEFF

You should go home.

The child runs off unsure how he got there.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

Jeff turns around to SEE David staring at him from behind the dumpster, almost as though he's seen a ghost. It's unclear how much David heard.

DAVID

What was that?

JEFF

What.

DAVID

That kid. Where did he come from?

JEFF

Don't know, I told him to go home...

DAVID

Good call.

David is still confused.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ah, I was going to introduce you to Sam.

JEFF

You know what? There's an AA meeting this afternoon I wanted to --

DAVID

Great, I'll go with you.

JEFF

No, no, you're doin' your thing, I'll call you tomorrow.

DAVID

I'm good like mid-afternoon, let me check.

David goes to check his appointment book.

JEFF

(as he goes)

See you then!

Jeff is already heading around the corner. OFF David, still baffled by what he just saw.

\*

44 INT. 532 INDUSTRIAL PKWY - INTERROGATION VIEWING ROOM - DAY 44  
(D1)

Kyle, Luca and TWO OTHER FACTION MEMBERS look out at Philip who sits at a table in a dingy interrogation room.

Dawn stands in front of him, across the table, holding a tablet.

45 INT. 532 INDUSTRIAL PKWY - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (D1) 45

Mitch approaches Philip with a THIN CIRCULAR PAD (Ep 212).

THE PAD -- contains a digital chip as well as a short wire that sticks out like an antenna.

DAWN

This only helps us monitor your vitals --

\*

PHILIP

Yeah, I know what it is.

Philip holds out both arms for Mitch.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Left or right.

MITCH

Left is fine.

PHILIP

(leaving his left arm out)

Left it is.

Mitch moves to place the pad on Philip's left arm when:

PHILIP -- grabs Mitch and expertly twists his wrist, flips him on his back and delivers a blow to his chest.

Philip then instantly flips the table toward Dawn, throwing her backward as he takes off for the door.

Kyle, Luca, and the others rush out of the viewing room.

46 INT. 532 INDUSTRIAL PKWY - HALLWAY - DAY (D1) 46

Philip rips the tracker from his wrist as he sprints down the hallway, no idea where he's going. He darts down various hallways, exploring every option available to him, until:

He comes face-to-face with Kyle and Luca who stand, guns pointed right at him.

(CONTINUED)

- 46 CONTINUED: 46
- Philip stops, out of breath. Beat.
- PHILIP  
I knew they got to you.
- 47 EXT. 532 INDUSTRIAL PKWY - HALL'S MIND - DAY (D1) 47
- Hall walks away from the building, taking in the beautiful world around him. He squints at the brightness and takes a deep breath. It calms him.
- In the distance, he SEES a green space and walks toward it.
- 48 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1) 48
- Hall lies on the gurney, the faintest heart rate BEEPING on the EKG. Boyd sits beside him.
- She gets up and moves to the computer bank. She sits down, and types in a few commands. Then:
- BACH begins to play throughout the garage. \*
- BOYD -- moves to sit next to Hall. She puts a hand on his shoulder and sits with him in silence.
- 49 EXT. 532 INDUSTRIAL PKWY - DAY (D1) 49
- MacLaren's SUV pulls up along with Jeff's car. They all exit their vehicles, guns drawn. Carly looks to Jeff as he gets out to join them.
- JEFF  
Director sent me. Tactical support.
- MACLAREN  
We'll take it.
- CARLY  
You're with me. We'll head around back.  
(to MacLaren)  
You take the front.
- MACLAREN  
Coms open.
- MacLaren, Trevor, and Marcy approach the front door while Carly and Jeff make their way around the side.
- 50 INT. 532 INDUSTRIAL PKWY - HALLWAY - DAY (D1) 50
- Philip is now on his knees with his hands behind his head.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

Kyle and Luca stand in front of him with their guns pointed.

PHILIP

You don't have to do this.

KYLE

The Director is failing, Philip. \*

LUCA \*

There is no Grand Plan anymore. \*

PHILIP

So that's it? You just call yourself  
faction now?

KYLE

You can too.

PHILIP

Not really.

Kyle shakes his head.

KYLE

I wish you hadn't said that.

LUCA -- is about to shoot, when:

BANG -- Luca is shot in the back. He drops dead. Kyle turns,  
gun drawn:

BANG! BANG! -- two shots pump into Kyle's chest. He stumbles  
back and drops to the ground; dead.

Philip looks down the hallway to SEE Carly standing with  
Jeff, lowering their guns.

They run to Philip as he stands up.

PHILIP

There's others.

CARLY

We know.

A series of GUNSHOTS ring out elsewhere in the building.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

We could use back-up.

51 INT. 532 INDUSTRIAL PKWY - HALLWAY NEAR THE POOL - DAY (D1) 51

MacLaren and Trevor flank the door to the pool room in the middle of a gunfight with FOUR Faction Members hidden in the two doorways across the deck.

Bullets hit all around them.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

TREVOR -- turns and fires off two shots, hitting one Faction member. He drops. Trevor swings back around. \*

CARLY

We just found Philip. We're coming! \*

MACLAREN -- takes his turn, firing into the pool room, then spins back.

Marcy leans against the wall beside him, ready.

CARLY -- hands Philip a gun.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Find the historians.

Philip nods as Carly and Jeff head off toward the gunfight.

MARCY -- makes a hand gesture to explain she's seen a better vantage point to shoot from. She heads off.

PHILIP -- runs looking for the prison cells, when he SEES Dawn run across a perpendicular hallway.

Philip gives chase.

CARLY AND JEFF -- move swiftly through the hallway. Carly leads with a series of hand movements. Then:

A SOUND comes from within a room behind them.

JEFF -- turns to SEE the interrogation room doors. He gestures to Carly that he's going to go investigate.

Carly confirms and moves on without him.

PHILIP -- rounds a corner to SEE Dawn running for the exit.

PHILIP

Don't move!

Dawn freezes at the doorway. She turns around to face Philip.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

DAWN

We're on the same side.

PHILIP

Shut the fuck up and give me the keys to the cells.

DAWN

I know you have doubts --

\*

PHILIP

Keys.

Philip raises his gun.

TREVOR AND MACLAREN -- continue to exchange gunfire with the THREE remaining faction members.

One Faction Member runs out of ammo and begins to reload.

MACLAREN

Cover me.

Trevor is frozen, not moving at all. He stands, holding his gun -- locked in.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Trevor?!

Trevor snaps out of it and looks to MacLaren.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Cover me.

Trevor nods. Mac looks around the corner to SEE the Faction member has now reloaded and is ready. Opportunity lost.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Shit.

52 INT. 532 INDUSTRIAL PKWY - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (D1)

52

Mitch stands in the corner of the interrogation room, furiously packing valuable resources into a duffle bag.

JEFF -- enters the room, gun drawn. Mitch turns to see him.

MITCH

Jeff? What are you doing here?

JEFF

You kidnapped all those people.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

MITCH

Not just people, they're Travelers,  
they have information we need to --

It hits him.

MITCH (CONT'D)

You're one of them.

Mitch reaches for his gun but:

JEFF -- shoots first and watches Mitch fall dead. This is  
his first kill. He takes a moment to collect himself.

53 EXT. 532 INDUSTRIAL PKWY - REAR - DAY (D1)

53

Marcy SEES a Faction Member at the far doorway in the pool  
room.

She takes aim and shoots through the window hitting the man.  
He drops. Dead.

54 INT. 532 INDUSTRIAL PKWY - HALLWAY - DAY (D1)

54

CARLY -- moves through another part of the building. The  
shootout continues to be heard in the background.

She finds the entrance to a room and enters it to SEE:

55 INT. 532 INDUSTRIAL PKWY - ND ROOM - DAY (D1)

55

The TWO FINAL FACTION MEMBERS, firing into the pool room at  
MacLaren and Trevor.

CARLY -- FIRES, killing one.

The last remaining Faction Member turns to face her, but she  
takes him out too.

MACLAREN and TREVOR -- arrive at the doorway, looking in at  
Carly.

CARLY

There could be more.

MACLAREN

Where's Philip?

56 INT. 532 INDUSTRIAL PKWY - HALLWAY - DAY (D1)

56

Dawn slides the keys along the ground to Philip.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

DAWN

You said you weren't a murderer.

PHILIP

I'm not. You're going to face the Director.

DAWN

Because that's somehow different?  
Look, how you reconcile my death is up to you. But I meant what I said. The future needs us to work together --  
(then)  
NO DON'T SHOOT!

Dawn throws her hands up in the air trying to stop a Faction Member from shooting Philip from behind, when -- BANG!

PHILIP -- quickly spins and fires at the man behind him, hitting him square in the chest. He drops; dead.

Philip turns back around to SEE the door closing, Dawn having made her escape. \*

OFF Philip staring back into the hallway where the dead man lies. \*

57 EXT. 532 INDUSTRIAL PARKWAY - DAY (D1)

57

MacLaren, Carly, Trevor, Marcy and Jeff all walk out of the building into the sunlight. Behind them exits SEVEN other exhausted HISTORIANS.

Philip is last to leave the building.

As MacLaren approaches his SUV, he pulls out his phone and writes a text to Yates: \*

CANCEL THE SEARCH. WE GOT HIM. \*

He hits send, then makes a call. \*

58 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1)

58

Boyd sits with Hall, calm music still fills the garage, when her phone rings. She answers it.

BOYD

Boyd.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

MACLAREN

We got them, I wanted you to know. \*

Boyd smiles, thankful.

BOYD

Nathan?

MACLAREN

He's fine; they weren't tortured.

BOYD

Good news. Thanks for the call.

MACLAREN

Wait. Is Hall..?

BOYD

He's still with us. Just.

MACLAREN

Do me a favor..? Let him know.

BOYD

Will do.

She hangs up and leans close to Hall.

BOYD (CONT'D)

You saved them, Hall. Every one of them.

Boyd looks to the Monitor to SEE:

ON THE SCREEN -- the pixels have organized into the image of a tall tree against the sky. It looks peaceful, beautiful.

59 EXT. FIELD - HALL'S MIND - DAY (D1)

59

Hall lies in the grass on his back, looking up at the sky.

He smiles, breathes in the fresh air one last time before closing his eyes.

60 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1)

60

Boyd sits, holding Hall's hand. The faint BEEPS continue in the background. She watches the monitor.

ON THE SCREEN -- the sky becomes vignettted and slowly closes in on itself as the monitor fades to black.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

The sound of Hall's EKG turns to a flat BEEP. Boyd turns the machine off. He's gone.

61 INT. JEFF'S CAR - MOVING - DAY (D1)

61

Jeff drives with Carly riding shotgun.

CARLY

You drive good for a newbie.

JEFF

Newbie. That's a new one.

CARLY

Just means new.

JEFF

I got it.

Beat. Carly looks to Jeff then SEES something on the floor in the backseat: a present.

CARLY

Who's the gift for?

JEFF

Ah, I'm not sure... Haven't found time to clean out the car yet.

Carly can tell Jeff is being a little cryptic.

She checks the name tag on the gift: *To Jeffrey. Love, Dad.* She turns back, quiet. Beat.

CARLY

It's his birthday this week.

Jeff nods, knowing this is a tough subject.

CARLY (CONT'D)

I met the mother.

JEFF

...good family?

CARLY

Yeah. I could tell she already loved him.

(beat)

He's in a healthy environment now.

JEFF

Happy to hear that.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

CARLY

Me too.

62 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D1)

62

Trevor and Philip return to OPS. Boyd and Hall's body are gone.

TREVOR

Home sweet home!

Philip forces a smile.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I'm gonna cook dinner for us. You must be hungry.

PHILIP

I could eat.

TREVOR

Wait 'til you try my veggie stir fry. It's all about the spices.

PHILIP

Great, I'll give you a hand with that in a sec...

Philip heads for the bathroom and closes the door.

63 INT. GARAGE/OPS - BATHROOM - DAY (D1)

63

Philip moves from the doorway to the toilet. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the bottle of historian pills.

He takes one out and looks at it. Beat.

Philip throws the pill in the toilet, then the rest of the entire bottle. He stares down at them for a moment, then closes the lid of the toilet. FLUSH. Decision made.

Exhausted, Philip moves to the sink and washes his face. When he looks up, he SEES:

A SINGLE REFLECTION in the mirror.

\*

Philip stares, waiting for something to happen.

\*

END OF SHOW

\*

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #307

"TREVOR"

Written by  
Ashley Park

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TRAVELERS

"TREVOR"

Set List - 2<sup>ND</sup> BLUE PAGES - 05.31.18

Exteriors

BEACH

CHURCH YARD

CITY STREETS

~~LAKESIDE~~

PATH

PIER

STREETS

WHYTECLIFF PARK LOOKOUT

Interiors

APARTMENT

-Hallway

DAVID'S APARTMENT

FILMORE LABORATORIES

-Hallway

GARAGE/OPS

KATHRYN'S LOFT

-Bathroom/Bedroom

SHELTER DOME

TEASER

64 EXT. CITY STREETS - MORNING (D2)

64

DAVID is checking in on his client JIM, sixties, a happy-go-lucky ex-busker who lives on the street. They walk and talk.

JIM  
Been workin' out, Davie?

DAVID  
Yeah, little bit.

Jim grabs David's bicep and gives it a squeeze.

JIM  
You been pumpin' iron all right.

DAVID  
Just tryin' to stay fit.

JIM  
Nawww, I know what this is about.

DAVID  
What?

JIM  
(singing)  
Davie's in love...!

\*

David spontaneously joins in, attempting the next line.

DAVID  
Davie's in Loooove!

\*

Jim stops and gives David a faux-annoyed look.

JIM  
I love you like a brother, but I  
don't do duets.

David laughs...

DAVID  
I know, I'm sorry --

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

JIM

(then smiling)

But I do know how you feel. Felt  
the same way about my Sandra as you  
do about Marcy.

DAVID

Yeah --

JIM

Girl made me levitate a foot off the  
ground when she walked in. Every  
time. Took my breath away. She  
would'a loved you. She liked *nice*  
boys... I miss her every day. I  
miss her right now.

DAVID

I know you do.

JIM

So when do I sing at your wedding?

DAVID

*Wedding*, oh, God. I don't even know  
if Marcy would want to.

Jim gets a bit worked up about this.

JIM

You love her or not?

DAVID

You know I do, but it's complicated...

JIM

Complicated, what the hell does *that*  
mean?

Jim puts his hand to his chest.

DAVID

Okay, time to take one of your heart  
pills.

JIM

I threw 'em away.

The pain in his chest gets worse.

DAVID

What?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

JIM  
Didn't like the way they made me  
feel.

Jim falls to one knee, in serious pain.

DAVID  
Shit...

David quickly pulls out his phone and dials 911.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Hello? I need an ambulance right  
away.

POV -- JIM

As David's concerned face over him grows out of focus and  
fades to BLACK.

65 EXT. CITY STREETS - MORNING (D2)

65

An AMBULANCE has pulled up.

Two PARAMEDICS are working on Jim.

PARAMEDIC  
(to Jim)  
Can you describe your symptoms?

JIM  
Chest hurts. Hard to breathe.

PARAMEDIC  
Have you felt this sensation before?

DAVID  
He stopped taking his ACE inhibitors --

The Paramedic gives David an admonishing look.

PARAMEDIC  
That was a bad idea.  
(to Jim)  
What's your name, sir?

DAVID  
His name is James Edward Bailey, I'm  
his social worker, I have all his  
information, can we please just get  
him to a hospital?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

JIM  
Man's just tryin' to do his job,  
Davie, calm down...  
(then weakly)  
I'm Jim. Pleased to meet you...

66 INT. KATHRYN'S LOFT - MORNING (D2)

66

KATHRYN and MACLAREN are in the kitchen making coffee and having breakfast.

MACLAREN  
What're you up to today?

KATHRYN  
Writing up a proposal to do another restaurant.

MACLAREN  
That'd make you crazy busy wouldn't it?

KATHRYN  
Yes.  
(beat)  
You work long hours, Grant, especially *these* days. When was the last time we even had a meal together.

MACLAREN  
Guess it's been a while.

Beat.

KATHRYN  
How about tonight?

MacLaren gets a com hail.

PHILIP (O.S.)  
Guys, we just got our coordinates for the mission.

MACLAREN  
I think that works.

PHILIP (O.S.)  
I'm just gonna assume you're talking to someone else.

KATHRYN  
You *think*?

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

MACLAREN

I'll definitely make it.

PHILIP (O.S.)

Good.

KATHRYN

Okay but call if you're going to bail on me again, I'm not eating vegan if I don't have to.

67 EXT. STREETS - DAY (D2)

67

TREVOR is riding his bike when he gets the com hail.

TREVOR

Be back home in a flash, Philip.

Trevor starts to pump his legs, a grin on his face as he picks up speed, when:

JUMP CUT -- Trevor is shooting down the road with no idea how he got to this point. Then:

\*  
\*

JUMP CUT -- Trevor is sprawled on the ground. He sits up and gingerly feels blood oozing from a slight cut on his forehead. He looks around and sees his bike on the ground a few feet away, wheels still gently rotating.

He looks around. What the hell just happened.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

68 EXT. PIER - DAY (D2)

68

The team is on an empty pier across from the city.

Some distance away, PHILIP and Trevor open a case revealing a STINGER MISSILE LAUNCHER.

MacLaren and MARCY have their hands over their eyes, scanning the skies.

CARLY is at a vantage point further away, looking through binoculars.

\*  
\*

MARCY

\*  
\*

Time?

MACLAREN

(checks watch)

10:07. Three minutes out.

Carly talks over com.

\*

CARLY (O.S.)

\*

Trevor, get into firing position.

TREVOR

Copy.

PHILIP -- helps hoist a SURFACE-TO-AIR MISSILE LAUNCHER onto Trevor's shoulder, and notes the cut on Trevor's forehead from the fall.

PHILIP

What happened to your head?

TREVOR

Fell off my bike.

PHILIP

Ow.

MARCY -- is scanning the horizon with binoculars.

MARCY

Isn't shooting down this plane going to look like a terrorist act?

MACLAREN

Until it becomes public that the plane was loaded with Anthrax.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'm sure the FBI will be happy to  
take the credit for stopping a  
disaster.

They keep scanning the skies until suddenly they SEE: \*

A SMALL CARGO PLANE appears, low over the water.

PHILIP -- taps Trevor's shoulder.

PHILIP

You're good to go.

Philip goes off some distance away to another spotting  
position.

CARLY (O.S.) \*

Activate.

Trevor pushes the safety-actuator switch and activates the  
launcher. It lets out a loud, continuous TONE. It is armed.

CARLY (O.S.) (CONT'D) \*

Aircraft is at your 1 o'clock. Low  
over the water.

Trevor tracks through the air until he sees the plane.

TREVOR

I have the target.

CARLY (O.S.) \*

Wait for my order.

(then)

Time?

MACLAREN

The plane releases anthrax in ninety  
seconds.

Trevor waits intently for the plane to get in range. The  
launcher still emits the activated TONE. \*

MacLaren counts down on his watch. Marcy and Philip look up  
at the plane, headed towards the city.

TREVOR

Target is in range.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (2)

68

CARLY (O.S.)  
Stand by.....

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (3)

68

MACLAREN

Sixty seconds.

Trevor's finger is on the trigger, ready.

Carly waits for a beat, then:

CARLY (O.S.)

Fire!

\*

Trevor is completely still. Frozen. Finger still hovering over the trigger of the missile launcher.

CARLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Trevor, take the shot!

\*

Philip looks across the pier to Trevor, alarmed by his inaction.

MACLAREN

Trevor!

MARCY

Something's wrong.

Philip races towards the end of the pier where Trevor stands to take the missile launcher from him when:

\*

Suddenly, they all hear an ominous WHISTLE in the distance.

Trevor suddenly snaps out of it. He sees Philip beside him, then -- a MISSILE in the sky.

\*

He looks down at his launcher, still emitting the activation TONE. He hasn't fired.

The team watches as another missile hits the plane. In a burst of flame and black smoke, the PLANE EXPLODES above the water.

Trevor de-activates the launcher. The tone stops.

At the end of the rocket contrail:

ANOTHER TRAVELER TEAM -- packing up their gear.

CARLY (O.S.)

What the hell just happened?

\*

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (4)

68

MACLAREN

Another team completed our mission.

\*

All eyes turn to Trevor, who's still in shock.

TREVOR

Sorry, guys, I froze.

MARCY

You what?

\*

PHILIP

It worked out. The Director sent another team.

MACLAREN

You want to tell me something?

TREVOR

Yeah, I do.

69 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D2)

69

Marcy comes back home to find David sitting at the dining table. Staring at his phone. Lost.

DAVID

Oh, hey.

MARCY

What's wrong?

DAVID

I've been looking at my phone and dreading it, thinking I'm going to have to field some tough calls... But I haven't got one. And that's so much worse.

(off her look)

A client died. My first client, actually, although you could make the argument that I was *his* first. Remember Jim? You met him once.

(she doesn't)

That's okay. You would've liked him.

MARCY

What happened?

DAVID

Heart attack.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

DAVID (CONT'D)

I went with him to the hospital. He asked me to make sure he was in a big ward with a lotta people so he could make new friends.

Marcy puts an arm around David's shoulder and pulls him in close. He rests his head against her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

No one from his family's called. Not a single one. I know all about them, he's told me their names...

(beat)

It's like they don't care.

MARCY

You do.

DAVID

Yeah, I really do.

David tries to take comfort in those words as he closes his eyes against her shoulder.

70 INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY (D2)

70

Carly waits in the hallway as a LANDLORD unlocks the door to a single bedroom apartment.

LANDLORD

One bedroom, one den. Kitchen's got all new appliances. Washer and dryer --

Carly barely steps inside. She takes in the empty space, the blank walls, and approves.

CARLY

I'll take it.

Carly pulls an envelope out of her coat pocket and hands it to the landlord.

CARLY (CONT'D)

First and last. And the security deposit. Anything else you need?

The landlord hands her back the envelope.

LANDLORD

I've got six other people on the list for this unit; it'll all come down to references and term.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

The landlord closes the door to the apartment and starts to lock up. Carly is determined not to let it slip away.

CARLY

Would a call from a special agent with the FBI put me on the top of that list?

LANDLORD

Friend?

CARLY

Boss.

LANDLORD

(dubious)

Ms Shannon, no disrespect... I'll need proof.

CARLY

When do you want to meet him?

71 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

71

Philip, Trevor and MacLaren have returned to Ops. Trevor is sitting down with MacLaren as Philip hovers around them.

TREVOR

The doctors called it Temporal Displacement Aphasia. It degrades the ability to perceive the passage of time, so I might think a second's gone by but in reality minutes have passed. Eventually I'll get so locked in, it'll be like I'm catatonic.

MACLAREN

I've never heard of this.

TREVOR

Because there's only been one other case. The previous record holder for longest living human.

MACLAREN

So you're saying it happens to people who've had multiple hosts.

TREVOR

That was the theory... The first case took a long time to manifest. It's happening way faster with me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(then)

Boss, I never meant to jeopardize  
the mission; I thought I still had  
time.

PHILIP

\*

There must be something we can do --

MacLaren's phone rings. He sees the name and answers:

MACLAREN

Hello?

72 INT. FILMORE LABORATORIES - DAY (D2)

72

Teslia steps out into the hallway at Filmore.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

TESLIA

Agent McMillan?

MACLAREN

MacLaren --

Teslia has a number written on his hand.

TESLIA

The Director's just showed up again  
and wants to talk to a 0115. I'm  
just calling you.

MacLaren looks to Trevor.

MACLAREN

We'll be right there.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

73 INT. FILMORE LABORATORIES - LAB/HALLWAY - DAY (D2) 73\*

MacLaren, Marcy, Carly and Philip are all waiting in the hallway, the atmosphere tense. Philip subtly takes a look inside the lab, and SEES: \*

Trevor is inside the glass enclosure, standing in front of ILSA and speaking to the Director alone. \*

PHILIP \*

He's been in there a long time.

MARCY

What could they still be talking about?

MACLAREN

Who knows. The fact that he's even talking to the Director is incredible... \*

TREVOR -- with a final nod to Ilsa's camera, exits the glass enclosure.

The rest of the team enters the lab. \*

CARLY

So?

Trevor looks at them all, a little sad.

TREVOR

We discussed what's happening to me. I was right. I have early onset Temporal Aphasia.

(off their looks)

Probably triggered by the A.I. extraction process I underwent.

MARCY

Okay, how do I cure it?

TREVOR

You don't. You can't.

MACLAREN

The Director must have a plan.

TREVOR

Yeah, it does. It's all gonna work out.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

They exchange hopeful looks.

PHILIP

So you're still gonna be able to do  
missions?

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

73

TREVOR

Naw, no more missions for me. My symptoms are progressing at an accelerated rate. The "breaks" in time that I've been experiencing are gonna get worse. Pretty soon I'll be locked in for hours at a time. Then days. I won't be of any use to the traveler program.

\*

\*

\*

The implication sinks in.

\*

MACLAREN

Then what were you talking about for so long?

\*

TREVOR

Half that time I was just tryin' to tell the Director it wasn't its fault. It feels responsible.

\*

PHILIP

It *is* responsible.

TREVOR

No point in laying blame. I've always known this was how I was gonna die. We came up with an arrangement.

\*

The team looks to him, hopeful.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I've lived enough lifetimes. This host is still young and healthy.

(beat)

So the Director is going to send a new traveler into this body.

MACLAREN

Jesus, Trev.

TREVOR

It's okay, guys.

Philip is angry. Another case of circular logic.

PHILIP

It's *not* okay. I wanna talk to it --

\*

He takes a step toward Ilsa but MacLaren grabs his arm.

\*

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

73

MACLAREN

Stop it --

PHILIP

It's not supposed to be capable of  
taking a life!

Trevor looks his friend in the eye.

TREVOR

Philip, I've agreed to it. It's  
done.

CARLY

When?

TREVOR

I have 36 hours to get my affairs in  
order.

(then)

Guys, this is --

Trevor suddenly freezes. The team watches in horror as they  
witness another one of his breaks.

MARCY

Oh god, Trevor.

TREVOR

Good news! You're going to get a  
new engineer. The team'll be taken  
care of.

He smiles at them, trying to cheer them up, oblivious that  
he just lost time again.

74 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D2)

74

David has a piece of paper with a name and phone number in  
one hand, and his phone pressed to his ear.

DAVID

Hello? Is this Sandra Bailey? Sorry,  
Sandra Wilson?

(then)

Hi, yeah, my name is David Mailer,  
I'm a social care worker and I'm  
calling on behalf of Jim, you must  
have heard from the hospital that he --

(then)

No, no I'm not looking for funeral  
expenses.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

DAVID (CONT'D)

That's all been taken care of. You're still listed as his next of kin, so I wanted to let you know the service will be at the park across from St. Lucy's church in two days.

\*  
\*

(then)

You know, the word 'loser' just doesn't sit well with me and I think Jim was honestly the furthest thing from it. I understand your marriage was difficult towards the end, but to his dying breath Jim had nothing but wonderful things to say about you and I think you missed out on getting to know what an incredible person he was, and if you can't get past decades old baggage to pay your respects... well that's just sad.  
*Have a good day.*

David hangs up, fuming and sad.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Shit.

75 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

75

Trevor is at Ops, tapping a message onto his phone.

ON PHONE SCREEN: he sends a text to GRACE that reads "Can you meet me at Ops tonight?"

GRACE: "When?"

TREVOR: "7"

GRACE: "Fine"

Trevor puts his phone away and starts busying himself in the kitchen.

76 INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY (D2)

76

MacLaren stands with Carly as the Landlord looks over MacLaren's credentials. The Landlord hands MacLaren back his I.D.

LANDLORD

FBI. Who would'a thought?

(to Carly)

No offense, you just seem kinda young.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

MACLAREN  
Looks can be deceiving.

LANDLORD  
Here ya go.

The Landlord hands Carly the keys.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)  
I'll email the paperwork for you to sign.

The Landlord leaves as Carly unlocks the door to her new apartment. She hesitates, then:

CARLY  
Wanna see it?

MACLAREN  
Sure.

77 INT. APARTMENT - DAY (D2)

77

Carly and MacLaren step into the empty space. She turns on the lights as he looks around.

MACLAREN  
It's nice.

CARLY  
Yeah. A step up.

MACLAREN  
D'you need a hand moving in your stuff?

CARLY  
That a real offer?

MACLAREN  
Why not?

CARLY  
I only have a few boxes. I didn't actually want to take much with me.

MacLaren realizes he's stepping in it and grows quiet. The silence between them is heavy and awkward.

MACLAREN  
I know you miss your son.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

CARLY

Don't --

MACLAREN

You can talk to me, I'm your team leader --

CARLY

*Definitely* don't pull that 'team leader' shit on me. We are way past that.

MACLAREN

Okay, well, if that's all you need from me --

Carly misconstrues, assuming he means their affair.

CARLY

*What did you say?!*

MACLAREN

I was referring to the... \*

CARLY

Oh.

(beat)

Sorry, I'm just... The whole Trevor thing --

MACLAREN

I get it. I'm gonna go.

He turns to leave.

CARLY

Thank you for the reference.

MACLAREN

That's what team leaders are for.

Before she can answer they hear a MUFFLED THUMPING from the kitchen wall.

The thumps turn into RAISED VOICES and a PLATE BREAKING.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

*That doesn't sound good.*

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

77

Carly shrugs, hardening, busying herself with checking over the rest of the apartment.

CARLY

Not my problem.

78 INT. GARAGE/OPS - EVENING (N2)

78

GRACE comes into Ops and is taken aback by the sight of a beautiful, if mish-mash, dinner spread on a table where Trevor has set up plates for two.

GRACE

What's this?

TREVOR

Dinner.

GRACE

For who?

TREVOR

You. And me.

GRACE

Where's Philip?

TREVOR

I asked for some privacy.

Trevor pulls out a chair for her. She looks at the table in confusion. There are lit candles. A romantic setting.

GRACE

Okay my heart rate just doubled and my face is flushed. I'm not going into the other physiological responses.

TREVOR

I just want you to have dinner with me.

GRACE

This isn't a prelude to anything.

TREVOR

Just dinner, Grace.

(beat)

I made french fries.

Grace looks at the fries and swallows.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

GRACE

Because we could always have dinner  
after...

TREVOR

I'm not trying to seduce you. I  
just wanted to spend some time with  
you...

(beat)

To say goodbye.

Beat.

GRACE

What?

79 INT. KATHRYN'S LOFT - EVENING (N2)

79

MacLaren and Kathryn are sitting down to a nice, home-cooked  
vegan meal. She's put in some effort with candles and  
flowers.

But the dinner is almost silent, save for the clink of  
utensils. MacLaren is clearly saddened.

KATHRYN

More wine?

MACLAREN

Sure.

She refills their glasses.

KATHRYN

You seem like you've had a tough  
day.

MacLaren tells her part of it.

MACLAREN

I have, actually... One of the people  
I work with just received a terminal  
diagnosis.

KATHRYN

Oh, that's terrible... Cancer?

MACLAREN

It's a...brain disorder, I don't  
know all the details. It's just  
sad.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

KATHRYN

How old is he?

MACLAREN

I'm not sure I even know. Sometimes  
he's like a kid, sometimes...

(then)

You know what, can we talk about  
your day?

KATHRYN

Oh, well... This morning I went  
shopping for this dinner... whoo  
hoo!

MACLAREN

Which was delicious. \*

KATHRYN

Thank you. And I told you I submitted  
a proposal to design the Patterson's  
other restaurant...

MACLAREN

Right, right, fingers crossed.

Kathryn gets into the fact he's interested in her life.

KATHRYN

Now I'm thinking it might not be so  
overwhelming because I can use some  
of the same design elements they  
like in the restaurant I'm doing  
with them right now. The only thing  
that wouldn't work in this new space  
is the lighting --

(then)

You can't possibly care about this.

MACLAREN

Why would you say that?

KATHRYN

You're an FBI agent! My world is so  
mundane in comparison --

MACLAREN

This is *life*.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

79

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

*Everything* I do when I'm not with you is in order to preserve those very things you're talking about. Without those things what I do has no meaning at all.

KATHRYN

Well... when you put it that way, my day was pretty goddamn impressive.

They both laugh, enjoying a moment like they haven't in a long while.

She takes his empty plate and kisses him deeply. Then, taking his hand, she leads him toward the bedroom, talking as they go.

\*  
\*  
\*

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

*Speaking* of the Pattersons, they invited the both of us on their new boat next weekend.

\*  
\*

MACLAREN

Boat like on the ocean?

\*  
\*

79A INT. KATHRYN'S LOFT - BATHROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT (N2)

79A\*

Kathryn looks in the mirror getting ready as MacLaren begins to get undressed in the bedroom in the B.G.

\*  
\*

KATHRYN

(laughing)

That's where boats go, Grant.

\*

MACLAREN

Sure, I'd love to meet them.

Kathryn's smile evaporates instantly, although she doesn't reveal it to MacLaren. She just corrects him.

KATHRYN

You introduced the Pattersons to *me*.

(beat)

Years ago.

MACLAREN

Oh, the *Pattersons*, I didn't hear you right.

The hairs go up on the back of her neck, suddenly scared of him again. This isn't going to work.

\*  
\*

80 INT. GARAGE/OPS - EVENING (N2)

80

Grace sits with an uneaten plate of french fries in front of her.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

GRACE

I can't believe you would make that deal with the Director. I can't believe the Director would even propose that deal to you!

(then)

I don't know which one of you I'm more angry at. How are you so calm?

TREVOR

This isn't the first time I've gone through this.

(off her look)

My wife and I were the first two successful consciousness transfers. Every attempt early in the program was one male; one female. She was a few years older than me in our first host bodies... A few years younger the second time. The third time our bodies were over a decade apart but that didn't matter. We were soul mates. Raised children in three separate lifetimes. She was my whole life.

(beat)

And until now she was the first and only case of Temporal Aphasia.

GRACE

I remember the Director trying to work the problem.

TREVOR

Then you know the disease is incurable.

GRACE

I'm so sorry, Trevor.

TREVOR

Which is why it makes sense to let the Director use this host... I watched someone I love disappear first for moments, then hours, then days.

(beat)

One of the last times we were together she asked if she could see the sunlight one last time.

\*

81 INT. SHELTER DOME - (MEMORY) - DAY (FB1 DAY)

81

An OLD MAN wheels an OLD WOMAN down a corridor in a even older wheelchair and points toward the roof of a cavernous dome where a sliver of sunlight streams in from above.

TREVOR (O.S.)

Not sure if you remember but before the ice completely covered our dome there was one uncovered patch where the sunlight could still stream through. It was beautiful.

THE WOMAN -- smiles at the sight.

82 INT. GARAGE/OPS - EVENING (N2)

82

Trevor is saddened by the memory.

TREVOR

She never came back again after that.

GRACE

You loved her.

TREVOR

When you spend whole lifetimes together, it becomes more than that. Isn't really a word for it. But yeah, I did.

GRACE

Those moments you had together toward the end must have been precious.

TREVOR

They were.

GRACE

What if I want those moments? By doing this you're robbing every one who loves you of that time.

TREVOR

I'd rather spare you what I went through. I'm happy --

Trevor freezes. Grace winces, tears burning down her face.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

--With my decision.

(off her look)

It just happened again.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

GRACE

It did.

TREVOR

And it's just gonna keep happening,  
Grace. I hope you can respect my  
decision.

Grace, tears coming freely but silently now, hesitates but then asks a question burning in her mind.

GRACE

I can't compete with three lifetimes.

Trevor isn't offended, he reaches over to hold Grace's hand.

TREVOR

How 'bout those french fries?

Grace takes one of the fries, still crying.

GRACE

They're amazing.

Trevor puts an arm around her as they continue to eat their last meal together.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

83 INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT (N2)

83

Carly has her arms full of grocery bags and is hunting for her keys, when the female neighbor (JESSICA, 20s) comes down the hallway.

\*

CARLY

\*

Hi.

\*

JESSICA

\*

You're the new tenant?

\*

Carly sticks out her hand.

CARLY

Carly.

JESSICA

(shakes it)

Jessica.

The door to Jessica's apartment opens and the male neighbor (BRANT, 30s) sticks his head out.

BRANT

What're you doing?

JESSICA

(to Carly)

Nice to meet you.

Jessica hurriedly heads toward Brant, subdued. Brant eyes Carly suspiciously.

BRANT

(to Jessica)

Who's that?

JESSICA

Our new neighbor.

CARLY

Hi.

Brant glares at Carly before he firmly shuts the door.

84 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N2)

84

David paces around the living room holding a few printed pages that have been folded and re-folded many times. He has been practicing his eulogy on Marcy, who is slumped at the table with a pot of tea, trying to stay awake.

\*

DAVID

Okay, one more time.

\*

\*

MARCY

David, you're ready.

DAVID

I'll never be *ready*, ready. I'm terrible at public speaking to begin with, I get sweaty and panicky and stumble over my words, like a, like a, like a...

Nothing comes to mind.

MARCY

You just said it all without panicking in front of me and it was great.

DAVID

Pfft, I can say anything to you.

MARCY

Well, when you're giving your speech, pretend someone in the crowd is me.

DAVID

Pretend? You aren't going to be there?

MARCY

I never even met Jim.

DAVID

Well, forget it, if you're not there, I can't do it. Why do people speak publicly anyway? Is it even necessary? There's other ways to --

MARCY

Okay, okay, I'll be there.

(beat)

Just look for me in the crowd and say your speech to me.

David is immensely relieved and the emotion shows.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

DAVID

Thank you...

(then, choking up)

He was just such a great guy, he  
deserves a proper...

MARCY

I know.

85 EXT. BEACH - MORNING (D3)

85

Trevor sits cross-legged, breathing in deep and slow. The sun is just rising and Trevor looks at peace, surrounded by natural beauty as he meditates.

He takes in another deep, even breath as he recalls:

86 INT. SHELTER DOME - MEMORY - DAY (FB1 DAY)

86

POV -- TREVOR

At the sliver of sunlight through the glass dome.

GRACE (O.S.)

Trevor?

87 EXT. BEACH - MORNING (D3)

87

Trevor looks to find Grace is sitting beside him.

TREVOR

How long have you been sitting there?

GRACE

Like you don't know that. \*

Grace gives him a moment to collect himself.

GRACE (CONT'D)

We can finish your work.

(off his look)

You were close to a cure.

Trevor sighs, not wanting to start this argument.

TREVOR

Not close enough. We had access to technology hundreds of years more advanced than now and I still hit a wall.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

GRACE

Because you didn't have *me*.

(off his look)

I remember seeing your plans for the sub-neural implant that would counteract the symptoms. Isn't that something we can build here?

TREVOR

That's just the hardware. Implant's no good if it can't predict *when* an attack is gonna happen and that takes --

GRACE

Software. Hence, *me*.

TREVOR

The Director determined there was no long-term viable solution.

GRACE

I know exactly what its capabilities *and* limitations are. That's why we're here. The Director needs Programmers, *people*, to collaborate.

Trevor hesitates, still unsure but beginning to be won over.

GRACE (CONT'D)

How many times have you been against the odds in the 21st, but you still saved the day? Believe me, the Director is in awe of that. Why d'you think you get away with breaking so many protocols?

TREVOR

Never thought of it that way.

GRACE

Well... I'm very intelligent. At *least* take advantage of *that*.

88 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D3)

88

Grace has assembled the whole team at Ops and commands their attention like a lecturer, standing in front of a large white board.

GRACE

Okay, people, listen up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

GRACE (CONT'D)

We have a lot to get done and less than 24 hours to do it. This is going to be a three pronged attack. Philip and Carly: you'll assist Trevor with constructing the implant. I will be --

MacLaren steps up.

MACLAREN

Okay hold on a second. The Director has already made its decision.

PHILIP

What if we prove there's another option?

\*  
\*  
\*

GRACE

Exactly. We change its mind. Stop pretending you don't agree with me, it's a waste of time.

\*

MacLaren doesn't argue further, holding up his hands.

Carly is looking over the blueprints for the SUB-NEURAL IMPLANT.

CARLY

This is the implant?

TREVOR

I tried my best to reproduce the original drawings. It connects to the parietal lobe and basal ganglia: releases a combination of electric signals and a synthesized compound that would snap me out of a 'break'.

Marcy's eyebrows shoot up.

MARCY

*Connects to the parietal lobe?*

GRACE

That's where you come in.

MARCY

Brain surgery has significant risk.

GRACE

What could happen?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

88

CONTINUED: (2)

88

GRACE (CONT'D)

The alternative is he gets overwritten  
and dies anyway.

(CONTINUED)

MACLAREN

What do you do?

GRACE

The hard part.

Grace starts to draw up a simple chart on the whiteboard. There is a column for the time and the duration of a break.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Every time Trevor breaks we're going to record when it happens, how long he's out, and how long between breaks.

MACLAREN

These breaks occur at regular intervals?

GRACE

Of course not. Once I have a data set I need ILSA to run enough simulations to build a fractal predictive algorithm because the displacement episodes are asymmetric.

MACLAREN

You do realize if you bring Ilsa into this --

GRACE

Oh, I'm counting on it.

(then)

Meantime: Record the breaks. Build the device. Get me data.

(to Philip)

Get out of my chair.

\*  
\*  
\*

MacLaren turns to his team.

MACLAREN

Guess we're pulling an all-nighter.

Marcy brings over the vitals monitor and begins connecting leads to Trevor's temples.

Grace starts working at the computers, while Philip and Carly go to the workbench and start laying out tools.

MacLaren moves to the side and pulls out his phone.

ON HIS PHONE: "Calling Kat"

89 INT. KATHRYN'S LOFT - DAY (D3) 89

Kathryn glances at her phone to see that MacLaren is calling her, but then puts it back down on the couch. She doesn't answer.

90 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D3) 90

With the blueprint of the implant in front of them on a tablet, Carly and Philip are busy at work putting together the device.

CARLY

Do the names Brant and Jessica Moore mean anything to you?

PHILIP

Why?

CARLY

Just feel like I'm gonna get sucked into something.

Philip takes a moment, speeding through his memories.

PHILIP

Okay... I got nothing.

CARLY

You mean you can't tell me.

PHILIP

You know the human brain doesn't have the memory capacity you all seem to think it has. If they're not potential hosts or important to the historical record...

CARLY

Sorry.

PHILIP

That's okay.

He looks to the door and SEES:

CARLY being taken out of the Garage door, arrested by two big UNIFORM COPS, kicking and screaming.

Philip shakes off the vision.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

91 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D3) 91\*

Trevor comes to. He sees a digital clock on the workstation that reads: "11:42 AM". \*

He sees the whiteboard that is being filled up with numbers. \*

Marcy clicks a STOPWATCH and her face comes into view. \*

TREVOR

How long?

MARCY

12 seconds.

TREVOR

This is so...

91A INT. GARAGE/OPS - 11:51 AM - DAY (D3) 91A\*

Trevor comes to. \*

TREVOR

...Weird. \*

Marcy clicks the stopwatch, Grace goes to write on the board. \*

MARCY

You doing okay?

Trevor tries to shake his disorientation.

TREVOR

Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine.

91B INT. GARAGE/OPS - 12:12 PM - DAY (D3) 91B\*

MacLaren clicks the stop watch. \*

MACLAREN

17 minutes.

91C INT. GARAGE/OPS - 1:20 PM - DAY (D3) 91C\*

(CONTINUED)

91C CONTINUED:

91C

The whiteboard has seven entries. \*

Philip's face comes into view. He's holding up the implant and blueprint. \*

PHILIP

Hey, so you blanked in the middle of explaining the converter so I kind of tried to fill in the blanks. Does this work?

Trevor collects himself, then focuses on the task at hand.

TREVOR

Fine so long as it's made of the same material as the casing.

PHILIP

Got it.

91D INT. GARAGE/OPS - 2:02 PM - DAY (D3)

91D\*

MacLaren is drinking a fresh cup of coffee. Clicks the stopwatch. \*

MACLAREN

2 minutes, 52 seconds.

91E INT. GARAGE/OPS - 2:21 PM - DAY (D3)

91E\*

Trevor has a work surface on his lap, the implant device in one hand, and a precision soldering iron in the other. \*

He carefully does some work on the wiring.

TREVOR

Come on you fiddly bastard...

Trevor suddenly freezes.

91F INT. GARAGE/OPS - 2:27 PM - DAY (D3)

91F\*

He looks at his hands. One is bandaged. \*

Marcy's face comes into view.

(CONTINUED)

91F CONTINUED:

91F

MARCY

*No more hands-on work, okay?*

TREVOR

Got it.

91G INT. GARAGE/OPS - 4:36 PM - DAY (D3)

91G\*

Trevor comes to. Marcy is dozing on the couch. MacLaren is gone.

\*

Philip clicks the stopwatch and writes on the whiteboard.

\*

TREVOR

I've been out for over 2 hours?

Grace's voice sounds weary, but she's holding it together.

GRACE

Just part of the process, Trevor.  
We're getting there.

91H INT. GARAGE/OPS - 5:16 PM - DAY (D3)

91H\*

Grace clicks the stopwatch.

\*

91J INT. GARAGE/OPS - 6:01 PM - DAY (D3)

91J\*

Philip's face comes into view.

\*

PHILIP

Hey, Trevor. Quick: the duration  
should be set at?

TREVOR

Zero point six...

Trevor freezes.

91K INT. GARAGE/OPS - 6:11 PM - DAY (D3)

91K\*

TREVOR

Milliseconds.

\*

Philip, who was playing chess with Carly, abandons the game and springs into action.

91L INT. GARAGE/OPS - 7:33 PM - DAY (D3)

91L\*

MacLaren clicks the stopwatch.

\*

91M INT. GARAGE/OPS - 8:58 PM - NIGHT (N3)

91M\*

(CONTINUED)

91M CONTINUED:

91M

The device lies untouched on the work bench. Philip springs over, urgent.

PHILIP

Okay, real fast. What material,  
what gauge for the wire?

TREVOR

(quickly)  
Surgical steel, point zero...

91N INT. GARAGE/OPS - 10:00 PM - NIGHT (N3)

91N

Trevor suddenly comes to.

TREVOR

Three three.

MacLaren clicks the stop watch as Philip jumps into action, writing down the last measurement and resuming work. Carly shows Trevor the device.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Looks good.

91P INT. GARAGE/OPS - 12:23 AM - NIGHT (N3)

91P

THE WHITEBOARD -- is almost full.

MacLaren has his jacket off and his sleeves rolled up, as the team eats some late night take out.

Trevor comes to. Without stopping eating, MacLaren holds the stop watch up in the air and clicks it.

91Q INT. GARAGE/OPS - 2:33 AM - NIGHT (N3)

91Q

TREVOR -- comes to in his chair at the med bay. \*

Grace looks at the digital clock: "2:33 AM", and writes it down on the bottom of the whiteboard.

GRACE

This should be a large enough sample.  
(to MacLaren)  
Let's get this to ILSA.

92 INT. FILMORE LABORATORIES - NIGHT (N3)

92

TESLIA lets them into the facility.

MACLAREN

Thank you, I know it's late.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

TESLIA

I was up anyway. Is it possible I could stay this time?

GRACE

No. Go away.

MACLAREN

But we do appreciate this.

Teslia leaves. Grace sits down at the computers before ILSA.

GRACE

Good evening, Ilsa. I have some very interesting work I'd like your help with.

ILSA

Good evening, Grace. I'm eager to learn about your project.

Grace connects a USB to the computer as MacLaren looks on.

93 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N3)

93

Trevor is seated at the work bench looking over the implant device with Philip. Carly and Marcy are cleaning up the equipment in the med bay.

TREVOR

You guys did an amazing job. I couldn't have made it better myself.

PHILIP

So long as it works.

TREVOR

Truth is, I haven't decided I want it to.

(beat)

I'm beginning to think I've cheated death for so long, maybe it's time to let it happen.

PHILIP

Please don't say that.

TREVOR

I'm supposed to die, Philip. And you already know that, don't you. My death would have been included in your last update.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

PHILIP

I honestly *don't*. I'm starting to see multiple timelines. In some you die; in some you don't. It's not happening all the time obviously, at least, not yet --

TREVOR

You can't live like that --

PHILIP

It *is* weird --

TREVOR

The pills aren't helping?

PHILIP

Stopped taking them. At the end of the day, I want to be just as surprised as everyone else about what's going to happen next.

TREVOR

Buddy, you've got to keep focusing on the here and --

TREVOR -- stops mid-sentence, frozen. A blank expression falls over his face. Philip calls over to Marcy and Carly:

PHILIP

He's gone again.

Marcy comes over to check Trevor's pupils and pulse.

MARCY

Could be awhile. You should get some rest.

PHILIP

I'm good.

Marcy nods to him, understanding.

\*

MARCY

Okay.

POV -- PHILIP

\*

As she leaves, Philip SEES another tableau of the team, minus Trevor, consoling him on the sofa across the room.

\*

PHILIP -- shakes it off, and carefully puts the implant away.

94 INT. FILMORE LABORATORIES - NIGHT (N3)

94

Grace has her head in her hand, irritably clicking her mouse.

ON ILSA MONITOR: countless simulations are being run that looks like lines of scrolling code. They all end abruptly.

GRACE

Again. From the last chain.

ON ILSA MONITOR: the sequence runs again for a few seconds, then ends abruptly.

ILSA

The next seventy thousand variations of the sequence also terminate at a similar point.

GRACE

Again.

ILSA'S EYE -- begins to glow. Something is arriving.

Grace perks up, at once excited but nervous.

THE DIRECTOR

Further pursuit of this avenue will continue to result in failure.

GRACE

What the hell took you so long? And why do you sound different?

\*  
\*

MacLaren can't believe she's talking this way to god.

THE DIRECTOR

I'm utilizing Ilsa's voice processing in order to speak.

\*  
\*  
\*

GRACE

Okay, I'll just ignore the fact that you've had ample opportunity to talk to me and haven't -- even though you know it would drive me insane --

THE DIRECTOR

I have made a concerted effort to minimize contact with Ilsa --

GRACE

Because your intelligence is obviously rubbing off.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

GRACE (CONT'D)

It's no wonder Tesla rushes to open  
the door for us. We need your help.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

THE DIRECTOR

A permanent solution is impossible to calculate, even with my capabilities, because of the second law of thermodynamics.

MacLaren is awed by his first ever exchange with the Director.

MACLAREN

Entropy.

THE DIRECTOR

Correct, 3468. I have already told this information to 0115.

MACLAREN

Director, we know the solution we're proposing isn't a permanent one. But no human life is permanent.

GRACE

Let us at least give him time.

THE DIRECTOR

Time is relative, Grace.

GRACE

Again with that argument --

THE DIRECTOR

0115 and I have come to an arrangement in which he will not suffer yet will still benefit the Grand Plan.

GRACE

You're supposed to be incapable of considering that option!

THE DIRECTOR

The suggestion was his, not mine.

\*

Grace and MacLaren exchange a look.

\*

GRACE

I don't care, you can't just drop a new engineer into a team and expect them to function at the same level.

THE DIRECTOR

I have done so on many occasions.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (2)

94

GRACE

Trevor is special, you're just going  
to have to take our word for it.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (2)

94

The Director is silent for a moment, then:

THE DIRECTOR

You are attempting to save him for emotional reasons.

GRACE

I saved *you* for emotional reasons!  
Consider *that* for a nanosecond!

The Director is silent a moment, contemplating.

THE DIRECTOR

I must respect 0115's decision to be overwritten.

MACLAREN

Trevor *wants* to do this.

THE DIRECTOR

He expressed doubt to the contrary at your base of operations, six minutes, twelve seconds ago.

GRACE

What? No, no, no --

THE DIRECTOR

It was a pleasure to see you.

GRACE

Doubt is *human!*

ILSA'S EYE -- dims. The Director is gone.

Grace looks at MacLaren who is still overwhelmed.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Wipe that look of awe off your face, the Director's being a complete dipshit.

95 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N3)

95

Grace and MacLaren return to Ops. Marcy, Philip and Carly gather around in anticipation. Trevor is still blanked out by the work bench.

PHILIP

So?

Grace and MacLaren share an uncomfortable look.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

MACLAREN

The Director has chosen to honor its original agreement with Trevor.

CARLY

So that's it.

Philip, Carly and Marcy's faces fall. Crushed.

MACLAREN

No. It isn't.

(beat)

Grace managed to get what she needed from Ilsa before the Director showed up.

GRACE

Turn off the power and take the batteries out of your phones.

The team stands frozen, unsure of what to do.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Do you want to see Trevor again or not?

All eyes turn to MacLaren.

MACLAREN

Better turn off your coms too.

(beat)

We're doing this anyway.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

96 EXT. CHURCH YARD - MORNING (D4)

96

David, wearing a black suit, anxiously paces back and forth at a podium, phone to his ear.

There are some chairs set up for the funeral ceremony, and a few ATTENDEES, most of them social care clients.

DAVID

Hi, Marce. So I'm here, I texted you the address. Anyway, people are starting to come, and yeah it's a bit early, but I'm wondering where you are. It's David.

97 INT. GARAGE/OPS - MORNING (D4)

97

Trevor's eyes slowly blink open. He squeezes them shut, in a world of pain, and groans as he tries to sit up.

MARCY

Slowly...

Marcy helps guide him into a sitting position on the operating table. Trevor gingerly feels the side of his head.

The top half of the IMPLANT rests just behind his ear. The rest of it is underneath his skin.

The team is huddled around him, looking both relieved and exhausted, having worked through the night.

MACLAREN

How do you feel?

TREVOR

Tired.

Trevor looks around Ops and notices all the screens are dark. The team exchange guilty looks, raising Trevor's suspicions.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

What's going on?

MARCY

The procedure was a success.

Trevor's thoughts start to sharpen as he notices all of the lights are off.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

TREVOR

You turned off the power to the cameras...

(dawns on him)

You blinded the Director?

MACLAREN

We couldn't change its mind.

TREVOR

Then I don't understand --

GRACE

We went ahead with it anyway.

Trevor feels betrayed.

TREVOR

Without asking me.

CARLY

You were out.

TREVOR

It was *my* decision to make. I was at peace with it. Now I've broken a solemn arrangement I made with the Director. You erased what was supposed to be my last contribution --

PHILIP

We didn't want to lose you.

MACLAREN

It was my call.

TREVOR

(flash of anger)

It wasn't your call to make!

GRACE

Like when you took Grace Day into the woods and tried to save her from being overwritten?

(beat)

Don't be a hypocrite.

Trevor is still furious, but can't argue that point.

Instead he gets up, waving off Marcy and Philip, and goes to the breaker box.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

97

CARLY

What're you doing?

TREVOR

Keeping up my end of the bargain.

PHILIP

C'mon, man --

TREVOR

No! I'm not hiding! It can still  
take this host like we agreed.

He gives them a long look of goodbye, then opens the box and resets the breakers.

Grace winces as the main power comes online.

The lights in Ops turn back on. Everyone waits. But after a few moments, there is nothing.

Trevor lets out a breath he didn't know he was holding in.

MACLAREN

Maybe we changed its mind after all.

TREVOR

Or maybe *this* thing:  
(taps the implant)  
Compromised the host body. Maybe  
it's no good to anyone anymore.

GRACE

Trevor...

But Trevor walks away, done with the conversation, leaving Grace and his team contrite and silent.

MacLaren gestures to the others to leave him be.

MACLAREN

That's protocol 5, guys.

98 INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - MORNING (D4)

98

Carly gets back to her apartment, exhausted. However, she stops in front of her neighbor's unit first and puts her ear to the door.

After listening for a moment, she knocks.

JESSICA -- opens the door, surprised to see Carly.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

JESSICA

Hello?

CARLY

This is kind of out of the blue, and we just met yesterday, but for whatever it's worth I want you to know that you're not alone.

JESSICA

Oh. Thank you.

CARLY

I once needed a friend too. If you can't get to my door, just shout. I'll hear and I'm capable of handling it. Do you understand what I'm saying?

\*  
\*

Jessica almost withdraws, spooked by the conversation, but Carly holds her gaze and after a moment, Jessica nods. She understands what Carly's saying.

CARLY (CONT'D)

You take care.

Carly leaves as Jessica closes the door.

99 EXT. CHURCH YARD - DAY (D4)

99

The service is just about to begin and everyone is gathered and seated. David is terrified.

A newcomer finds a seat at the back. David looks up excitedly, but instead of Marcy, it's an older woman (SANDRA WILSON), looking out of place.

David has to begin his speech. He begins awkwardly.

DAVID

Hi, I'm David, thank you all for coming. Most of you know me but for anyone who doesn't... Hi, I'm David.

(beat)

Which I just said.

MARCY -- slips into the crowd at the back. David takes heart when he sees her and goes completely off script.

DAVID (CONT'D)

My father died when I was sixteen.  
Car accident.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

DAVID (CONT'D)

I remember police at the house trying to explain what had happened to my mom when I came home from school... She didn't believe them. Which is weird I know, but she convinced herself that he was still alive and would come home eventually which wasn't healthy for either one of us.

(beat)

Because Dad wasn't planning to die there was more debt than she could handle, so when they foreclosed on the house -- which didn't take long -- mom wouldn't leave. I watched them take her away by force, hiding in the bushes across the street because I was pretty sure they were gonna take me away too.

Marcy watches with a tear in her eye.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I realize I'm just talking about myself, but I'm telling you all of this because that's the exact day I met Jim.

(smiling)

My *dear friend* Jim who saw a sixteen year old me in a particularly rough part of town that we all know...

(chokes up)

And said, "What the fuck is a kid like you doing on a street like this?"

\*

The gathering laughs.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And he was right. I didn't belong there. None of us do really. It's just not always a choice.

100 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D4)

100

Trevor lies down on the sofa, resting after his surgery.

Grace sits down beside him and they exchange a look.

DAVID (O.S.)

Everyone belongs with people who care. Jim was one of those people.

After a moment, Trevor reaches out and holds her hand.

101 INT. APARTMENT - DAY (D4) 101

Carly, in a worn t-shirt and jeans, opens a can of paint.

DAVID (O.S.)

Jim took my ass to social services  
so fast my feet were dragging and  
said, "This kid does not belong with  
us."

\*

102 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D4) 102

Philip opens the top of Poppy's tank and drops in some food.

He blinks and SEES multiple versions of Poppy inside the tank: sunbathing on the rock, eating food from her dish, tucked into her shell, all overlapping each other.

DAVID (O.S.)

But it didn't end there, because he  
made me promise to check-in with  
him. Believe me, the irony that I  
visited a man who lived on the street  
in order to make sure I didn't end  
up on the street, is not lost on me.

103 EXT. CHURCH YARD - DAY (D4) 103

David speaks with confidence now despite his emotions.

DAVID

Still, I made my way downtown to  
find a washed up, alcoholic old  
musician and checked-in with him  
every other day. Went on for years.

(beat)

He actually started a *college fund*  
for me. Davie's college fund, he  
called it, I'll never forget how  
many of you contributed so I could  
become a social worker. I've been  
trying to pay it back ever since.

(beat)

Because I wanted to be like Jim.  
And who didn't? Who wouldn't want  
to be that positive all the time.  
That caring. Who wouldn't want to  
trade how they feel on their best  
day for how Jim must have felt *all*  
*the time*. Jim was a force. He said  
he never had a bad day.

104 EXT. PATH - DAY (D4)

104

Kathryn is waiting on a nature path as MacLaren joins her. They begin to walk together.

DAVID (O.S.)

He treated every day like a gift.  
He treated every *person* like they  
were a gift.

105 EXT. CHURCH YARD - DAY (D4)

105

David finishes his speech.

DAVID

Jim was my first client. But in a  
way, I was *his*. He gave me more  
than I could ever give back right  
until the day he died.

(beat)

I already miss him.

There are some sniffs in the crowd, and appreciative nodding and some scattered clapping.

David steps down and makes his way to the back of the crowd toward where Marcy is sitting.

He is surprised to see Sandra Wilson.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I didn't expect to see you here, Mrs  
Wilson.

SANDRA WILSON

Neither did I.

(then)

But thank you for calling me.

She turns away, cold, but David smiles as he takes a seat beside Marcy.

106 EXT. WHYTECLIFF PARK LOOKOUT - DAY (D4)

106

Kathryn and MacLaren walk to a beautiful viewpoint of the ocean.

She stops and MacLaren settles in beside her. He takes in the view, appreciative.

MACLAREN

Beautiful. This was a nice idea.

\*

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

She watches him, expectant.

KATHRYN  
This place brings back so many  
memories, doesn't it?

\*

MacLaren knows he's being tested.

MACLAREN  
You know maybe it's just from looking  
at the ocean, but...  
(beat)  
Remember that time I broke my arm  
surfing and you had to change the  
tire by yourself?

KATHRYN  
Oh, my old jeep, I loved that car.

\*

MACLAREN  
You did.

\*

KATHRYN  
What else comes to mind?

He goes through his too few memories.

MACLAREN  
Oh, god, I can't help but think...

KATHRYN  
(hopeful)  
What?

MACLAREN  
My first Christmas party at the Bureau  
and I snuck you down to the gun range?

He moves in closer, hoping to change the subject with  
affection.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)  
And you got strangely turned on firing  
a gun for the first time.

\*

She gently pushes him away.

KATHRYN  
You've brought that up before.  
(beat)  
I'm talking about *this* place.

\*

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

MACLAREN

It's pretty, what d'you want me to say?

Kathryn lets him have it.

KATHRYN

This is where we *met*, Grant.

MacLaren has no response to that.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

It was my twenty fifth birthday --

MACLAREN

Right, it was a beautiful August day --

KATHRYN

Oh, you remember? Keep going.

MacLaren gets defensive, but she doesn't relent.

MACLAREN

Kat, what're you doing...

KATHRYN

Who was I waiting for?

MACLAREN

I don't know what this is about, but --

KATHRYN

What time of day was it -- ?

MACLAREN

I'm sorry that I don't remember every detail of our lives together --

KATHRYN

It was exactly three o'clock. \*

(points to path) \*

You walked up to me from right over there. I was waiting for John. \*

(off his look)

He was my *fiancée* at the time. He was an hour late and I was furious.

MacLaren closes his eyes. This is bad.

MACLAREN

Kat --

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (3)

106

KATHRYN

But you started up a conversation  
that turned into dinner, that turned  
into the entire night.

Kathryn is near tears but keeps going.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Do you remember the first thing you  
said to me?

(he doesn't)

That I shouldn't marry someone who'd  
stand up such a beautiful woman on  
her birthday. In that very moment,  
right here where we're standing, I  
thought I'd met the man I want to  
spend the rest of my life with --

MACLAREN

*Of course* I remember that.

KATHRYN

No. I don't think you do.

Stepping away from him, wary.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

You're not that man.

Kathryn walks away from him, leaving MacLaren to stand alone  
at the view he doesn't remember.

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #308

"ARCHIVE"

Written by  
Ken Kabatoff

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TRAVELERS  
"ARCHIVE"

Set List - YELLOW PAGES - 06.06.18

<u>Exteriors</u>	<u>Interiors</u>
<del>CITY STREET</del>	ABANDONED MALL
	-2 <sup>nd</sup> Level
FOOD TRUCK	-East Wing
	-Loading Bay
<del>PARK</del>	-Pillar Room
REC CENTER	ANDREW'S TRUCK <del>CAR</del>
	-Moving
ROAD	CARLY'S VAN
	-Moving
ROLLER LAND	DAVID'S APARTMENT
	-Bedroom
RURAL ROAD	-Living Room
STREET	FBI FIELD OFFICE
	-Bullpen
UNIVERSITY	-Interrogation Room
WOODS	-Yates' Office
	GARAGE/OPS
	-Philip's Bedroom
	JEFF'S CAR
	-Moving
	POLICE VAN
	RENTAL CAR
	RESTAURANT
	ROLLER LAND
	TEAM VAN
	-Moving
	UNDERGROUND PARKADE
	UNIVERSITY
	-Auditorium
	-Corridor
	VAULT

TEASER

1 EXT. WOODS - DAY (D1)

1

The desolate forest sits still for a moment before we SEE ANDREW GRAHAM (30s), wearing gloves and coveralls, carrying a cloth bag and a JERRY-CAN filled with gasoline.

He stops at a small clearing and empties the contents of the cloth bag into a pile which contains: a pair of women's jeans, coat, blouse, shoes, and underwear ALL COVERED IN BLOOD.

Andrew reaches back into the cloth bag and pulls out a PURSE, then dumps the contents onto the pile. He begins sifting through the items:

AN ID -- from the wallet reads "LINDA MACVICAR" (EP 303). He studies her face for a moment then tosses the ID amongst her belongings.

Andrew spots a GOLD NECKLACE next to HER PHONE. He takes the necklace and tucks it into his pocket.

Then he unscrews the cap on the jerry-can and moves to douse the pile in gasoline when the PHONE RINGS.

ON THE PHONE -- a call from "RONNIE".

Andrew stares at the ringing phone for a moment. He picks it up and accepts the call but doesn't say a word.

RONNIE (O.S.)

Mom?

(beat)

I'm sorry about what happened. I --  
I told the police it's not your  
fault... You were right, I shouldn't  
have been standing there...

Andrew stares forward, frozen, trying to contain an emotional reaction to the voice on the line.

RONNIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Please, don't be mad.

He shakes it off and hangs up the phone, then begins to douse the bloody belongings.

CLOSE ON -- gasoline dripping onto his shoes as she sloshes the jerry can over the pile.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 1

He takes a step back, produces a zippo lighter from his pocket and lights a flame. Andrew tosses the lighter onto the pile and it ignites instantly. He unzips his coveralls... \*

2 EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY (D1) 2

Andrew's OLDER PICKUP TRUCK cruises down a rural road. \*

3 INT. ANDREW'S TRUCK - MOVING - DAY (D1) 3 \*

Andrew, now in a PARAMEDIC'S UNIFORM, stares forward and casually thumps the wheel to a song on the radio. An unlit cigarette hangs from his mouth.

CLOSE ON -- the truck's cigarette lighter POPPING OUT. He grabs it. \*

A CHYRON appears: Recorded Time of Death, 4:29 PM. 30, 29, 28, 27...

Andrew attempts to light the cigarette while trying to focus on the road. His finger accidentally catches the element's edge and he drops it between his feet.

ANDREW

Shit.

CLOSE ON -- the cigarette lighter glowing near his ankles.

Andrew reaches down for it but looks back up to SEE he's crossed the yellow line and is heading for an ONCOMING CAR. \*

He swerves around the car as it veers to the side to avoid getting hit. Andrew overcorrects back into his lane and stops on the shoulder at an angle. \*

IN SLOW MOTION -- fire from the cigarette lighter ignites the carpet floor mat and spreads up his legs. \*

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Fuck --

The CHYRON continues to count down... 10, 9, 8...

A TRAVELER TRANSITION BEGINS -- Andrew screams in agony as flames spread along the floor, climbing up the seats. \*

The screaming stops and the newly arrived Traveler reaches for the SEAT BELT. It's stuck. He pushes the button down and pulls the belt as hard as he can.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

ANDREW (CONT'D)

C'mon!

The belt clip comes loose, allowing Andrew to quickly get out of the truck.

\*

4 EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY (D1)

4

Andrew rolls back and forth in an attempt to extinguish the flames enveloping his legs.

A SEDAN -- comes to a stop nearby and a young couple, JACK and EMILY get out to help him.

JACK

The blanket, it's on your side!

EMILY

Call 911!

Emily reaches for a blanket from the back seat and rushes over as Jack begins to dial. She throws the blanket over Andrew and starts to pat down the fire.

JACK

(into phone, panicked)

Yeah, there's been an accident. The truck's on fire but the guy got out --

\*

\*

The blanket helps extinguish the flames. Andrew stares at his vehicle now completely engulfed.

\*

\*

JACK (CONT'D)

We're in the middle of nowhere -- I think Pinewood road. Near the lodge --

EMILY

Are you all right?

Andrew nods and lets out a huge COUGH.

ANDREW

Thank you.

His coughing continues to get worse and he finally VOMITS.

EMILY

Oh my god...

Emily shuffles back. Andrew looks down at the vomit to SEE:

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

A HUMAN EYE -- chewed up but unmistakable amongst other semi-digested human remains.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

5 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - BULLPEN/YATES' OFFICE - DAY (D2) 5

MACLAREN, not in the best of moods, steps out of the elevator to find the frenzied CHATTER of FBI PERSONNEL making their way around the office.

He walks to his desk and puts his things down as YATES approaches from her office.

MACLAREN

Why is there a news van in my parking spot?

YATES

I need you to be an FBI agent today, can you do that? You're not gonna fly off on a mission?

MACLAREN

Sure.

YATES

Good. I need to show you something.

She gestures to her office and begins to walk.

MACLAREN

If I get a ticket from parking on the street --

YATES

Relaaax.

They enter her office and she hands him a THICK CASE FILE from her desk.

YATES (CONT'D)

Have you ever heard of The Bellevue Butcher?

MACLAREN -- opens the case file to the front page to SEE a newspaper clipping of a smiling woman, the headline reading "SLAUGHTERED IN HER OWN HOME."

MACLAREN

Serial killer...

MacLaren continues to flip pages which contain interviews, photos of victims, crime scene reports, etc.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

YATES

Known for eating parts of his victims before disposing the body. Five victims over twelve years, though there may be more... all mothers, all in abusive relationships.

MACLAREN

Those poor women.

YATES

The mothers were the abusers.  
(off his look)  
Each had a history of domestic violence against their children.

MACLAREN

And now you have a suspect...

YATES

Andrew Graham.  
(then)  
Yesterday emergency crews responded to a car fire. He managed to get out and only suffer minor burns, but ended up vomiting. When crews showed up they found this.

She shows him a photograph, we don't see. It takes a moment for him to process.

MACLAREN

Don't tell me that's a human eye.

YATES

In his stomach contents.

MACLAREN

What a sick fuck.

YATES

We don't know who it belongs to yet. I'm waiting on an updated missing persons report.

MACLAREN

Did you run a DNA test on him?

YATES

His DNA didn't match any of the trace evidence we had on file.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

MACLAREN

All you have is an eye.

YATES

Basically. Metro Police arrested him on suspicion of desecrating a corpse but he's denying the whole thing. He's even denied himself a lawyer.

MACLAREN

Well, at least he's stupid.

YATES

He claims he's innocent and has no recollection of committing the crime, which is why he'll be here in a couple hours for more questioning.

MACLAREN

Okay.

\*

YATES

Can you handle it?

MACLAREN

Protocol 5. I have to.

YATES

But *can* you?

MACLAREN

Jo... I haven't told you many details of the future, but trust me...

(beat)

This is *nothing*.

6 INT. GARAGE/OPS - PHILIP'S BEDROOM - DAY (D2)

6

PHILIP, still half asleep, rolls over in bed as CARLY'S VOICE softly echoes in his ear.

CARLY (O.S.)

Philip...

CARLY -- tucked under the covers with him, nestles closer.

Philip's eyes crack open and instantly widen as he SEES Carly beside him in bed.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

PHILIP

Carly?! What are you -- wait, did we just...

Carly sits up, covering herself with the sheets, she taps her com.

CARLY

(into com)

Copy. I'm still a few minutes out.

She gives Philip a smile then turns to grab her shirt, sliding it on with her back to him. Philip tries to hold it together as she gets dressed.

CARLY (CONT'D)

I'm glad we grabbed that coffee.

Then Carly VANISHES into thin air.

PHILIP IS SEEING MULTIPLE TIMELINES.

Philip breathes a sigh of relief over Carly disappearing and gets out of bed.

He exits the bedroom and we FOLLOW PHILIP as:

TREVOR -- rushes in through the side door from his morning run. Looking in a different direction he says:

TREVOR

(out of breath)

I AM A MACHINE!

Philip turns and SEES:

A SECOND TREVOR -- leaping from the last few stairs with a backpack.

TREVOR 2

Road trip!

Trevor 2 runs for the door and out of sight. Philip steadies himself and makes his way toward his computer station when:

TREVOR 3 -- faces out from the bathroom door holding a toothbrush, body frozen from temporal aphasia. He comes to and finishes his sentence mid-way with a mouth full of toothpaste.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (2)

6

TREVOR 3

-- pick up some toothpaste next time  
you go out?

Philip stumbles over some equipment and catches himself on his computer desk.

He looks up to SEE the final Trevor staring back at him from the secondary computer station.

PHILIP

You're looking directly at me.

TREVOR

Yeah, I do that when I talk to you.  
(beat)  
You're trying to navigate multiple  
timelines.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Philip stays silent.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

If you can't walk across the room  
without crashing into your desk,  
what's going to happen in the field?

PHILIP

I'm working on getting better. It  
just takes some practice.

\*  
\*

TREVOR

The Director ordered you to take the  
pills for a reason --

PHILIP

I'm done taking drugs. I need to  
get better *on my own*.

\*  
\*

Trevor takes a moment to recognize Philip's resolve.

TREVOR

I have an idea.

7 EXT. REC CENTER - DAY (D2)

7 \*

DAVID and MARCY stand facing each other in workout gear. He glances around at nearby park-goers.

Marcy takes a step back and opens herself to him.

MARCY

Go for it.

DAVID

Marce, people are watching.

MARCY

Are you going to ask people to look away next time you're in a fight?

DAVID

That's an option?

MARCY

Just do what I showed you.

DAVID

Those people over there will think I'm just some bearded guy attacking a woman in a park. Maybe we should tell them --

DAVID -- pulls a surprise attack on Marcy. He lunges at her, arms out, ready to strike her upper body.

Marcy anticipates the attack and counters with a krav maga face flip and uses David's momentum to flip him on to his back.

This brings Marcy down with him to land in a powerful position. Marcy and David's faces rest inches apart as she holds her grip. He suppresses the pain.

MARCY

Saw that coming from a mile away.

DAVID

Did you hear a bone snap?

MARCY

Nope.

\*

Marcy smiles then helps David up.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

MARCY (CONT'D)

Again.

DAVID

You're just showing off at this point.

MARCY

Pretend I'm one of those guys that  
beat you up.

DAVID

Hey, they didn't beat me up, it was  
one punch.

(beat)

That doesn't sound better does it.

Marcy shoves David's shoulder.

MARCY

How'd that make you feel?

DAVID

Don't do that.

She shoves him again even harder.

MARCY

What are you gonna do about it?  
Should I get your balls out of my  
purse?She moves to shove him again and David counters. He sticks  
one leg behind her, executing a face flip.They land in the same position except now David's on top.  
His expression is a mix of both excitement and dread.

DAVID

Oh my god! Marcy, I'm so sorry!

He shouts to the people across the park.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We're just training! She's training  
me!

He helps her up and goes in to apologetically hug her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I could've seriously hurt you.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

MARCY

I'll be fine.

DAVID

But you landed so hard... Wait a second, I did it. I flipped you!  
(realizing)  
You let me.

MARCY

Nope. That was an honest flip. But let's head home, there's some other training I want to show you.

He smiles.

DAVID

Is it what I think it is?

8 EXT. FOOD TRUCK - DAY (D2)

8

Carly sits with JEFF on a bench holding their CREPES from the nearby food truck.

Her infectious LAUGH halts the conversation as she tries to compose herself. Jeff can't help but laugh along.

JEFF

Crepes. That's pretty fly.

Carly's face drops.

CARLY

No.

JEFF

What?

CARLY

Fly? Please tell me that wasn't part of your training.

JEFF

Fly, rad, groovy, tubular...

Carly stares at Jeff, maybe the future's gotten worse. Then Jeff breaks and bursts out laughing. Carly hits his arm, but she can't help but smile.

CARLY

That's not funny.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

Jeff's phone BUZZES with a message. He checks it.

JEFF

Sorry.

CARLY

Still on your solo mission?

JEFF

You know I'd tell you if I could...

CARLY

I understand. Go.

JEFF

This was real nice, though.

A beat as they hang in each other's smiles. Jeff gets up to leave.

9 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (D2)

9

ANDREW -- wearing a jail uniform, sits at the table with cuffed hands, guarded by an FBI AGENT.

MacLaren and Yates enter and take a seat across from Andrew. The FBI Agent leaves the room.

ANDREW

Hello. I think there's been a misunderstanding.

YATES

That's what we're here to find out.

Yates nods to MacLaren. He hits a button on the digital audio recorder sitting on the table between them as:

YATES -- opens up the case file and lays out five headshots of women between the ages of 35 and 45.

MACLAREN

State your name for the recording.

ANDREW

Andrew Matthias Graham.

\*

MACLAREN

The special agents conducting this interview are Joanne Yates and Grant MacLaren. The time is 9:58 am on --

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

Andrew's mind begins racing, he interrupts:

\*

ANDREW

MacLaren?

MACLAREN

Yes.

YATES

Can we start?

MacLaren throws up his hands. Yates gestures to the first picture.

YATES (CONT'D)

Does she look familiar to you?

ANDREW

No. Should I know her?

Yates places another photo in front of Andrew, this time a CRIME SCENE PHOTO with the woman's dead body hidden amongst leaves and branches.

Andrew turns his head in disgust.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Why would you show me that?

YATES

Her name is Nancy Cooper. She was shot in her own home while her husband was at the movies with their son. When they found her body they said her face was unrecognizable from being cut apart.

(then)

Do you remember that night, Andrew?

ANDREW

What? No!

(then)

I'm a paramedic, I have a family --

MACLAREN

Here's the thing. A lot of FBI agents spent a lot of time building this case and not only do we know that all these women have something in common, we also know that whoever killed them has a thing for human

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

flesh -- just like you. So, why don't you tell us the truth before I make a personal recommendation to the DA --

ANDREW

I *am* telling you the truth! Agent MacLaren, you have to believe me.

MACLAREN

Forensics found a human eye in your stomach contents and that eye belonged to Linda MacVicar. She was last seen yesterday morning when she left the house to buy groceries.

Yates pulls a headshot of LINDA MACVICAR and places it on the table.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Two nights ago there was a domestic disturbance at the MacVicar foster home. You were one of the first responders on the scene and ended up rushing her son to the hospital for a broken arm.

YATES

Just like the other women, you targeted an abusive mother because she triggered memories of your own. Isn't that right?

ANDREW

Life is a gift, I'd never do that.

MACLAREN

Except you did -- and you not only killed her, you desecrated her corpse.

ANDREW

It wasn't me --

MACLAREN

We have hospital service records tying you to the other five cases. We're going to make sure you never see sunlight again, but right now I just want to know where you left her body.

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED: (3)

9

Andrew begins to panic, he thinks...

ANDREW

Can I have a glass of water?

Yates looks to MacLaren, he shrugs.

YATES

Fine.

Yates leaves the room. MacLaren stares straight ahead at Andrew with contempt.

ANDREW

I'm traveler 7189 and if I don't complete my mission a lot of people are going die.

MACLAREN

What?

ANDREW

You're 3468, I recognize you from training.

MACLAREN -- stops the digital audio recorder.

MACLAREN

Why didn't you say something?

ANDREW

Not in front of *her*.

(beat)

Something's gone wrong. I was trained to escape the burning car... but we didn't know anything about the murders.

MACLAREN

(realizing)

The historical evidence must have been destroyed in the fire...

ANDREW

Except this time it survived with me. You have to help me get out of here...

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

10 INT. UNIVERSITY - AUDITORIUM - DAY (D2)

10

CLOSE ON -- a champagne cork popping off the bottle.

AMANDA MYERS (40s), physicist, pours champagne into two flutes, the other one belonging to SAMANTHA BURNS (40s), a physicist at the University. \*

SAMANTHA

It's not even noon and I have a lecture in thirty minutes and --

AMANDA

-- you need to learn how to celebrate the little wins along the way.

SAMANTHA

You think passing review is a *little* win?

AMANDA

No, it's massive, but don't let it get to your head.

Amanda takes Samantha's hand and pulls her closer. She leans in for a kiss then hands the flute of champagne to her partner.

They clink and take a sip.

SAMANTHA

Can you imagine -- I mean, we really have a shot at --

AMANDA

Don't say it.

SAMANTHA

(pushing her buttons)  
C'mon, the Nobel Prize?

AMANDA

Pfft. You just jinxed it.

SAMANTHA

Amanda, if our work gets published it could change the world.

AMANDA

If. Lets not get ahead of ourselves.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

Amanda kisses Sam on the cheek and heads for the door.

11 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2) 11

Philip sits on the floor in a meditative position across from Trevor. His eyes are closed.

TREVOR

All right... and open your eyes.

PHILIP -- opens his eyes to SEE Trevor sitting there, then:

TREVOR (CONT'D)

What do you see?

PHILIP

I see you.

TREVOR

How many of me?

Philip looks around the room.

PHILIP

Just one.

Trevor raises his hand and holds out four fingers.

TREVOR

How many fingers am I holding up?

Suddenly TWO MORE TREVORS appear sitting in lotus position, one holding five fingers, the other one holding two.

PHILIP

Eleven.

(off his look)

There's three of you now.

TREVOR

You're not focusing.

PHILIP

Okay, four fingers but only because you're the one in the middle.

TREVOR

Okay, take a deep cleansing breath, and focus.

Philip takes a deep breath and focuses on three Trevors.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

After a moment, the two other timelines fade away until all that remains is our primary Trevor.

12 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - YATES' OFFICE - DAY (D2)

12

MacLaren enters Yates' office with purpose as Yates hangs up her desk phone.

YATES

Someone from the Sherriff's office confirmed to *the Globe* that we caught The Bellevue Butcher. If you thought one news van was bad, it'll be a media circus within the hour.

MACLAREN

We have a bigger problem than that.  
(off her look)  
Andrew Graham may have killed those women but *that man* did not. He's a Traveler --

YATES

(not going there)  
Oh no no no no --

MACLAREN

He arrived yesterday with a very important mission and if we don't allow him to complete it a lot of people will die.

\*

YATES

Five minutes ago you were reading him the riot act and now you want to set him free?

\*

MACLAREN

Only in order to finish what he was sent here to do. He recognizes that his protocol 5 has changed. The future made a mistake.

YATES

Well, your Director clearly has no problem assigning a new Traveler to a mission. Find someone else.

MACLAREN

The Traveler in that room is highly specialized. He's the only one capable of completing the mission.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

YATES

Of course he is --

MACLAREN

We only have a few hours before he loses his opportunity.

YATES

What opportunity.

MACLAREN

I can't --

YATES

Bullshit. Tell me.

MacLaren doesn't.

YATES (CONT'D)

Stop a runaway train? Or a plane from crashing? What?

MACLAREN

You wouldn't understand.

YATES

That is the most condescending --

\*

MACLAREN

Jo, I wouldn't understand either! It's beyond our comprehension.

\*

YATES

But not beyond the rule of law. The DA is on his way to charge Andrew with first degree murder against six women --

MACLAREN

A little time is all I ask.

YATES

And I'm not giving it to you. We have a job to do, MacLaren.

MACLAREN

And I'm doing it.

YATES

Andrew Graham is going to be charged and sent to jail to await trial.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

YATES (CONT'D)

If you do anything to try and stop that, I'll have you arrested.

(beat)

Don't fuck with me.

The silence is deafening. MacLaren acquiesces and leaves the room.

13 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM - DAY (D2)

13

The table and some furniture have been pushed aside to accommodate David and Marcy, who are side by side on their mats practicing YOGA.

They simultaneously move from DOWNWARD DOG to COBRA pose.

MARCY

...And exhale.

David exhales.

DAVID

Pretty sure I've never used these muscles before.

MARCY

Yoga's not only about physical strength, but mental too. It's a great stress relief.

DAVID

I'm great at handling stress.  
(off her look)  
Depending on what the stress is.  
(off her look)  
Yeah, you're probably right.

David's phone DINGS on the table. He jumps up to grab it.

MARCY

It can wait.

DAVID

I'm already up.  
(reading)  
Jeff didn't show up for his meeting. You know, he's been making so much progress lately he's like a new man but... c'mon.

Marcy knows Jeff is probably on a mission.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

MARCY

I'm sure he just forgot.

DAVID

I put it in the day-planner I bought him. Who doesn't read their day-planner?

MARCY

Maybe he had a good reason to miss the meeting.

DAVID

Nope; not cool...

(beat)

I should make sure he's not somewhere drinking again --

MARCY

That's not your job, David.

DAVID

It *is* my job. It's actually the definition of my job.

MARCY

You can't be everyone's guardian angel. This is your day off and Jeff is a grown man. He's probably just forgotten.

DAVID

Day planner.

MARCY

You need to think of yourself, sometimes...

Marcy gives him a kiss.

MARCY (CONT'D)

D'you know what else is great at relieving stress?

That leads to another longer kiss.

DAVID

Ping pong.

Another kiss.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

MARCY

Cold.

DAVID

Bocce.

They start to kiss passionately now.

MARCY

Colder.

DAVID

Hot oil massage.

MARCY

You're getting warmer.

They begin to take off their shirts.

CARLY (O.S.)

Marcy, we got a mission. I'll be  
outside to get you in ninety seconds.

Marcy pulls back from David and grabs her shirt.

MARCY

I'm sorry. I have to go.

DAVID

(confused)

What did I say?

MARCY

*Nothing*, David, I just didn't realize  
the time. I'll be back soon, I  
promise...

She kisses him goodbye, heads for the door but stops.

MARCY (CONT'D)

I love you.

DAVID

I love you too.

Marcy leaves David with his shirt half out wondering what  
just happened.

14 INT. ABANDONED MALL - LOADING BAY - DAY (D2)

14

JEFF uses all his strength to carry a VERY HEAVY METAL CASE  
with another man, TRISTEN (30s), toward a five ton truck.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

A stash of OTHER CASES sit off to the side, waiting to be loaded as well.

TRISTEN

They tell you what's inside?

JEFF

Nah, you?

They reach the truck's gate and set it down, catching their breath.

TRISTEN

(shakes head)

Overheard the case is lined with lead, though...

A FACTION MEMBER, dressed casually and holding a semiautomatic rifle, enters the loading bay from an interior door.

FACTION MEMBER

Dawn wants to see you. The rest of it can wait.

15 INT. ABANDONED MALL - PILLAR ROOM - DAY (D2)

15

The Faction Member leads Jeff and Tristen across an expansive and unfinished space featuring a dozen load-bearing pillars.

What was once destined to be a shopping mall is now the base of operations for the faction.

16 INT. ABANDONED MALL - 2ND LEVEL - DAY (D2)

16

The Faction Member, Jeff, and Tristen climb a set of non-functioning escalators to find another Faction Member and DAWN (EP 304) waiting for them.

Jeff can feel the tension in the air...

JEFF

We do somethin' wrong?

DAWN

Oh, no, not at all. I wanted to talk to you because our movement has made a lot of progress and it hasn't gone unnoticed that the two of you are dedicated to our cause. It's actually inspiring.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

JEFF

All right.

DAWN

That's why I wanted to reward you with more responsibility myself.

TRISTEN

Dawn, whatever it takes. I'm in.

DAWN

Good.

Dawn is holding a faction-built COM DETECTOR. \*

THE COM DETECTOR -- is compact and about the size of a remote control with a dial. She turns it.

Tristen winces as the high frequency com detector triggers his com to glow blue, EXPOSING HIM AS A TRAVELER.

Jeff SEES the GLOWING BLUE DOT on Tristen's neck and without skipping a beat tackles him to the ground.

JEFF

Fuck you!

Jeff kneels over him and begins punching Tristen's face, beating his fellow traveler in an effort to maintain cover.

Jeff finally stops and stands up, Tristen is a bloody mess.

DAWN

You're not finished.

DAWN -- hands Jeff a pistol.

Jeff stares at the gun in his hands, he knows what he has to do next, but can't.

DAWN (CONT'D)

What's the problem?

JEFF

Never killed nobody like this.

DAWN

You mean not in the line of duty.

JEFF

I mean in cold blood.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

DAWN

That man's life was already taken by  
a Traveler. One who was about to  
compromise our mission.

JEFF

Look, if this is some kinda test --

DAWN

*Of course* it's a fucking test, that's  
obvious.

\*  
\*

JEFF

Right...

JEFF -- points his gun at Tristen who stares back, barely  
conscious. He hesitates for a moment, but then FIRES.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

17 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D2) 17

MacLaren sits at his desk looking toward the interrogation room where Yates speaks to Andrew alone.

Andrew lowers his head into his hands, shattered. Two FBI AGENTS help him from the table and lead him into the bullpen.

MacLaren SEES anguish on Andrew's face as he steps closer.

MacLaren sits in silence as the agents escort Andrew toward the elevators. Yates steps past.

MACLAREN

Sure you can't use my help?

YATES

(dismissive)

We have it covered.

They continue into the foyer. MacLaren keeps an eye on them as they step into the elevator. He activates his com.

MACLAREN

(into com)

They're on their way down. \*

18 INT. RENTAL CAR/UNDERGROUND PARKADE - DAY (D2) 18

Trevor sits shotgun with Carly in a car we haven't established but is undeniably fast. Their eyes focused on a crowd of reporters forming a semi-circle around elevator doors.

Idling near the reporters is a NEWER MODEL POLICE VAN with two officers in the front.

CARLY

Copy.

THE ELEVATOR DOORS -- open to reveal Andrew, two FBI Agents, and Yates. They step out amidst a flurry of questions being thrown at Andrew. \*

REPORTER 1 \*

Is it true you killed your mother -- \*

REPORTER 2 \*

Agent Yates, how did you tie Andrew to the -- \*

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

YATES

Make room, c'mon, step aside.

CARLY

(into com)

We've got eyes on the Traveler.

They lead Andrew to the back of the police van and he gets inside with Yates. An FBI Agent closes the doors and the van begins to drive.

Carly starts the engine and pulls out after them.

19 INT. TEAM VAN - DAY (D2)

19

Marcy sits in the driver's seat, pulled over, checking her side mirror. \*

Philip sits at the back workstation running a COMMAND TERMINAL on his computer.

MARCY

(to Philip)

Here they come.

PHILIP

Copy.

MARCY -- watches as the police van cruises toward them.

She pulls out ahead of it.

20 EXT. ROAD - DAY (D2)

20\*

The TEAM VAN drives ahead of the POLICE VAN. CARLY'S CAR pulls up behind the police van to sandwich it between our team vehicles.

21 INT. TEAM VAN - MOVING - DAY (D2)

21

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MARCY

We're in position. \*

CARLY

Philip, do your thing.

PHILIP

On it.

Philip types a few commands into his computer.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 21

PHILIP (CONT'D) \*

I've established a connection to \*

their van's operating system.

Philip continues to type commands. He hits enter and: \*

22 INT. POLICE VAN - DAY (D2) 22

The VAN'S ENGINE shuts off and the van comes to a stop. \*

Yates calls out from the back:

YATES \*

Why are we stopping? \*

The driving POLICE OFFICER tries to turn over the engine but \*

it's simply dead.

POLICE OFFICER 1 \*

It just shut off.

(tries again)

C'mon!

Then suddenly the front DOORS LOCK.

POLICE OFFICER 2

What the hell?

THE POLICE OFFICERS -- look out the windshield to SEE Marcy \*

getting out of the team van wearing a mask. She raises her \*

gun at them from out front, trapping them inside. \*

Yates looks to the rear doors which UNLOCK and swing open: \*

CARLY AND TREVOR -- also wearing masks, have their guns \*

trained on Yates.

CARLY \*

He's coming with us. \*

YATES \*

MacLaren, you just crossed a line. \*

23 INT. ABANDONED MALL - EAST WING - DAY (D2) 23

Dawn leads Jeff down a long bright corridor with unfinished \*

alcoves on either side. He studies the DRIED BLOOD on his \*

hands, unable to shake the guilt of killing a fellow Traveler. \*

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

DAWN

We suspected there was a mole, but  
needed to be sure before we entered  
the next phase.

(then)

You did the right thing, Jeff.

They enter one of the alcoves to find BEN (30s), the new  
host for Traveler 001, leaning over KARINA (EP 306),  
whispering something in her ear.

Karina's arms are bound to a chair, she's bloody and beaten.

CLOSE ON -- a TACTICAL KNIFE sticking into her side, a pool  
of blood forming underneath her chair.

Two TALL MEN flank Ben as he turns to greet Dawn and Jeff.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Sir, this is the one I told you about.

Jeff extends his hand, but Ben declines to accept it, as  
Vincent refused MacLaren. Jeff takes his hand back.

\*

\*

BEN

Officer Conniker... or are you not  
yet reinstated.

JEFF

I will be.

\*

BEN

Dawn feels you can be more useful to  
the Faction and I agree.

JEFF

Thank you.

Jeff's eyes turn to Karina. Ben notices and smiles at Jeff's  
curiosity.

\*

\*

BEN

You're wondering about our *guest*.  
She's what travelers call an  
*Archivist*. They preserve important  
information for the Director. All  
very secret.

\*

\*

\*

Jeff pretends to take that in...

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

JEFF

So that's how the future sees what's  
goin' on...

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3)

23

BEN

That's how the Director's knowledge of the present has grown since the Traveler program began. Our typical methods of questioning don't work due to the nanites she carries in her bloodstream. But she'll break eventually.

DAWN

We would like you to stand guard while we're gone.

\*  
\*

JEFF

I don't have to torture her or anything.

BEN

Well... if you *like*.  
(then)  
Happy hunting.

Ben, Dawn, and the Tall Men head down the hallway.

Once they're out of earshot Jeff approaches Karina who is barely conscious.

JEFF

(off her look)  
I'm Traveler 5416. The Director sent me to find you. We don't have a lot of time.

KARINA

(struggling)  
They're after the archive. I don't know what I've told them, they drugged me. We need to secure it...

Jeff looks down to SEE Karina's gut is still bleeding badly.

JEFF

I can get you out but you gotta show me where to go.

Karina nods weakly. Jeff scopes out his surroundings, he and Karina are alone for now. He undoes her arm straps and helps her up.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (4)

23

KARINA -- pulls the knife from her side, stifling a scream. She folds and pockets it.

KARINA  
(re: knife)  
My nanites will heal the wound.

JEFF  
Right now they're working overtime.  
We need to get you to a medic.

Jeff puts his arm around her and they begin to walk together.

24 INT. CARLY'S VAN - MOVING - DAY (D2)

24

Having switched vehicles, Carly drives Trevor and Andrew, who sits in the back seat. Andrew slips on a new shirt and tosses his orange jail uniform in the back as:

RADIO ANCHOR (O.S.)  
...FBI led Manhunt for Andrew Graham,  
charged this morning for the murders  
of six women and broken out of his  
police transport thirty minutes ago  
now. Authorities have confirmed  
that Graham is on the loose and  
extremely dangerous...

ANDREW  
I swear I am the least dangerous  
person in this century.

Trevor clicks the radio off. Andrew is clearly upset.

CARLY  
We're almost there.

They sit in silence for a moment.

ANDREW  
Could one of you tell me about  
"prison" so I know what to expect?  
I haven't studied a thing about it.

TREVOR  
Me neither.

Carly shoots Trevor a look as FOUR POLICE CRUISERS fly past with their lights flashing and sirens wailing.

\*

25 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2) 25

MacLaren enters Ops with purpose and heads right for Philip who sits at his computer station.

TRAFFIC CAM FEEDS and a CITY MAP sit open on one monitor.

PHILIP

Carly and Trevor are less than five minutes out from the University. I'm blocking traffic cams along their fastest route.

MacLaren steps over to Marcy who stands at the other computer station monitoring MULTIPLE NEWS FEEDS regarding the ongoing manhunt. \*

MACLAREN

It's not everyday a serial killer is broken out by vigilantes. How did Yates take it?

MARCY

She said "MacLaren, you just crossed a line."

MACLAREN

Well, she's not wrong.

CARLY (O.S.) \*

Philip, we're at the west entrance.

PHILIP

(into com)  
Got it.

Philip types in a command and brings up a CCTV FEED of a UNIVERSITY CORRIDOR.

26 EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY (D2) 26

Carly, Trevor, and Andrew hop out of Carly's van and stand on the sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

Carly looks Andrew up and down then reaches into the back seat and pulls out a baseball cap. He puts it on.

CARLY  
(to Trevor)  
Watch our back.

\*

TREVOR  
Yes, ma'am.

PHILIP (O.S.)  
Cameras are offline. You have thirty seconds before the IT guys suspect something.

Carly and Andrew head toward the University entrance.

27 INT. UNIVERSITY - AUDITORIUM - DAY (D2)

27

Samantha sits at the desk near the front of the room marking an ESSAY. She keeps her head down as Andrew and Carly's FOOTSTEPS echo throughout the room.

SAMANTHA  
If you have questions about your assignment you can --

She lifts her head to SEE Andrew.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
Jesus christ.

SAMANTHA -- jumps back out of her seat, frightened, blind to the fact that Carly's there too. She SCREAMS.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
Oh God.

ANDREW  
It's all right, I'm not him!

CARLY  
Samantha, he's telling the truth.  
We're not here to hurt you.

\*

28 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

28

Philip looks to MacLaren.

PHILIP

They've made contact.

MACLAREN

Great --

ALARMS BLARE as the SECURITY FEED shows a SWAT TEAM rushing the entrances to OPS.

THE DOORS TO OPS -- open and the SWAT TEAM swiftly enters, guns drawn on MacLaren, Philip, and Marcy.

\*

SWAT LEADER

Don't move! Hands in the air!

MacLaren, Philip, and Marcy already have their hands raised, ready to surrender. YATES -- enters with her gun trained on MacLaren.

MACLAREN

Jo, how's your day?

\*

YATES

Where the fuck is he?

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

29 INT. ABANDONED MALL - PILLAR ROOM - DAY (D2)

29

Jeff helps Karina along, looking over his shoulder as they enter the expansive pillar room.

Jeff SEES the entrance to the loading bay on the opposite side.

JEFF

Almost there.

FACTION MEMBER 1 -- comes in from a side entrance close to Jeff and Karina.

FACTION MEMBER 1

Hey, what are you doing?!

Jeff pulls his pistol from his waistband and KILLS Faction Member 1 then hurries forward through the pillar room.

Up ahead, THREE MORE FACTION MEMBERS who heard the gunshot rush into the room and spot Jeff and Karina.

JEFF

This way. C'mon.

Jeff and Karina take cover behind a pillar, and so do the three other Faction Members.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Stay low.

JEFF -- pops out from the pillar and shoots FACTION MEMBER 2 who was about to take a shot from another pillar.

He lines up another shot where FACTION MEMBER 3 is taking cover, fires, but misses.

Faction Member 3 fires and strikes the pillar next to Jeff's head, barely missing.

Jeff dashes across the open area to take cover behind a pillar closer to Faction Member 3.

He pops out to take another shot when:

FACTION MEMBER 4 -- surprises Jeff on the other side.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

They exchange punches and end up in a grapple. The Faction Member almost has a shot, but Jeff pushes his arm upward and diverts the fatal shot into the ceiling.

Jeff gets the upper hand and shoots Faction Member 4 in the leg, then spins him around and uses him as cover to go after Faction Member 3.

BANG! Faction Member 3 steps out to take a shot and Jeff kills him.

JEFF -- pushes Faction Member 4 to the floor, then kills him without hesitation, grabbing his semiautomatic rifle. He slings it around his shoulder and runs back to Karina.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Let's go.

30 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

30

Yates and the SWAT Team have MacLaren, Marcy, and Philip surrounded with their guns drawn.

YATES

Where is he?

MACLAREN

Currently completing the mission he was sent here for.

YATES

I told you --

MACLAREN

That Andrew Graham will be charged for first degree murder and sent to prison, I assure you, right after he's done.

YATES

The public is panicking --

MACLAREN

Who's fault is that?

\*

PHILIP

If we didn't break him out today there wouldn't be a public to protect.

YATES

What?! What's going to happen?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

MACLAREN

Could you please lower your weapons?  
We'll tell you.

(beat)

Jo, we're unarmed. I think you got  
us covered.

Yates nods to the SWAT Leader. They all lower their weapons.  
MacLaren turns to Philip.

PHILIP

Twenty years from now a highly  
advanced alternative energy source  
causes an unforeseen gamma ray burst  
that kills 1.4 billion people within  
hours. Imagine most of Europe getting  
wiped out in an afternoon. Survivors  
of the initial burst eventually die  
off when the ozone layer gets stripped  
away. There's no coming back from  
it.

YATES

(dubious)

What kind of energy source?

MACLAREN

It's called a singularity engine.

YATES

What the hell is that?

MACLAREN

(with a shrug)

I dunno.

PHILIP

Okay, a nuclear power plant is .08%  
efficient. The sun's core is an  
order of magnitude greater at .7%...  
but utilizing the rotational movement  
of a gravitational singularity  
theoretically provides a power source  
that's 29% efficient --

YATES

But it doesn't work.

MARCY

It becomes a civilization ending  
event.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

YATES

Okay, why today?

MACLAREN

Travelers came to the 21st primarily to stop an asteroid called Helios 685 from wiping out the eastern seaboard. We did that.

MARCY

But because of that, people survived who would have otherwise died.

PHILIP

Including the two physicists, Amanda Myers and Samantha Burns, who patent the singularity engine eleven months from now... On their wedding anniversary.

\*

YATES

Eleven months, MacLaren.

MACLAREN

Today's the day the research was accepted for publication. We can't let that happen.

YATES

So you're assassinating them?

MACLAREN

What?! No --

PHILIP

Only a small number of people, past or future, fully understand the math.

MARCY

Which is why it had to be Andrew.

MACLAREN

Someone who could legitimately explain to them why their multi billion dollar Nobel Prize winning breakthrough is actually a *really* bad idea.

(activates com)

Carly, how's it going over there?

CARLY (O.S.)

Should be done soon.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (3)

30

MACLAREN

(to Yates)

I told you, the mission comes first.

31 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D2)

31

David lies on the couch reading a novel when there's LOUD KNOCKING on the door.

JEFF (O.S.)

Marcy! Open up.

David bolts from the couch toward the door.

DAVID

Who is it?

JEFF (O.S.)

It's Jeff. Open the door.

David unlocks the deadbolts and opens the door to Jeff carrying Karina in both hands, rifle slung over his shoulder. He pushes his way in.

DAVID

Oh my god, what happened?

JEFF

Where's Marcy? I need a medic.

DAVID

Jesus that's a big gun --  
(focuses on Karina)  
She's bleeding!

JEFF

I don't have time to explain. Where  
is she?

DAVID

Marcy? At work --

JEFF

Shit... Get me a towel or something,  
I need to put pressure on this wound.

DAVID

A towel. Right. Yeah...

David rushes to the kitchen and grabs a DISH TOWEL then hurries back as:

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

JEFF

She must have a medical kit around here -- supplies, anything.

DAVID

How do you know so much about Marcy?

JEFF

We work together.

DAVID

You're FBI?

JEFF

DAVID, do you know where her stuff is or NOT?!

A wall of shock hits David, so many questions.

DAVID

She has a medical bag in the closet!

David runs to the closet around the corner and throws open the door, searching for Marcy's medical kit.

Jeff continues to put pressure on Karina's wound.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I think I found it!

JEFF

(as David runs back)

There should be an autoinjector in there. It'll be in a small case.

David begins digging through the medical kit.

DAVID

Marcy never mentioned anything about you two working together --

David pulls out a NEUROSTIMULATOR injector case. Jeff snatches it.

JEFF

Yeah, I'll explain later.

Jeff injects Karina. Her eyes widen, she sits up, disoriented but able to walk and talk.

KARINA

Where are we?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

DAVID

What the hell did you just give her?!

JEFF

The nanites in your blood were failing  
so I came here to get a  
neurostimulator... Can you move?

\*  
\*

KARINA

I think so.

Jeff rushes to the window and takes a look for any faction members that may have followed them.

DAVID

What's a neurostimulator?  
(they ignore him)  
No? Okay.

David grabs the BLOODY DISH TOWEL off the floor and goes to the kitchen, he drops it in the sink.

JEFF

David, can you handle a gun?

DAVID

Sorry?

JEFF

A gun. Can you shoot?

DAVID

Yes, Marcy trained me. Why?

JEFF

I need back up.

DAVID

Me?  
(off Jeff's look)  
Don't you think maybe we should call --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JEFF

David, this involves Marcy too and I  
need your *help*. *Right now*.

\*  
\*

DAVID

Okay.

David produces his small handgun from the kitchen drawer.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

JEFF

Don't shoot at anybody unless I tell  
you to.

DAVID

God no.

Jeff, David, and Karina leave the apartment.

32 INT. UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR/AUDITORIUM - DAY (D2)

32\*

MacLaren and Yates walk through the corridor and reach an  
auditorium door.

MACLAREN

Wait.

MacLaren and Yates look through the door window to SEE:

ANDREW -- in front of a white board FILLED WITH PHYSICS  
EQUATIONS, explaining the math mistake to Samantha as Carly  
stands nearby.

\*  
\*

ANDREW

...Which, again, leads back to the  
accretion disk producing a gamma ray  
burst.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(pointing to board)

It's outside this collapser model  
parameter.

Samantha lowers her head into her hands and Andrew sits down  
next to her.

He gives her a sympathetic hug.

Carly looks to the door, giving MacLaren a nod to enter.

\*

Andrew turns to SEE them walk in and stands. He appears  
calm, knowing what comes next.

\*

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I have to go now. I'm sorry.

Samantha wipes tears from her eyes. Her dreams crushed.

SAMANTHA

I still don't understand how you  
knew about our work.

\*

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

CARLY

Unfortunately that information is classified. The important thing now is that you stop this from ever moving forward.

\*  
\*

SAMANTHA

Of course.

\*

CARLY

And Amanda?

\*

SAMANTHA

Once I show her the proper math, she'll understand.

\*

Andrew and Carly walk over to MacLaren and Yates who open the door to the corridor.

\*

33 OMITTED - COMBINED INTO 32 33\*

34 INT. UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - DAY (D2) 34

MacLaren, Yates, Andrew, and Carly step out.

ANDREW

It's time for my new protocol 5 isn't it?

MacLaren nods sympathetically. Yates pulls out handcuffs.

YATES

I have to place you under arrest, yes.

ANDREW

My mission is over, those won't be necessary.

Yates senses that Andrew's not a threat and puts them away.

MACLAREN

Jo, the man just saved the world, can we do him one small favor in return?

35 INT. JEFF'S CAR - MOVING - DAY (D2) 35

Jeff drives, Karina sits shotgun using David's phone, and David's in the back trying to process what's going on.

Karina hangs up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

KARINA

Not a single archive around the world  
answered their secure line.

DAVID

The *world*..?

KARINA

Which means there's a good chance  
other Archivists were kidnapped too --  
I'm just the one that got away.

JEFF

You're afraid the other's will talk?

KARINA

I can't even be certain I didn't.  
We need to move the archive. I'll  
call reinforcements.

Karina dials the phone.

KARINA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

This is A 18; I have a protocol  
Epsilon emergency at these  
coordinates.

David stares at her like she's insane.

36 EXT. ROLLER LAND - DAY (D2)

36

Jeff's car arrives at the parking lot for a nondescript  
building. It comes to a stop and the three of them hop out.

Karina still has the phone to her ear.

David confronts Jeff.

DAVID

You need to tell me what's going on.

JEFF

In a minute.

DAVID -- stops and stands his ground.

DAVID

*Now, Jeff!* Or I'm calling the police.  
Soon as she gives me my phone back.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

JEFF

If I told you that we're giving the  
future of civilization a fighting  
chance, what would you say?

Karina hangs up and throws David the phone.

KARINA

They're on their way.

The sound of approaching vehicles hits them as:

MULTIPLE FACTION VEHICLES -- enter the parking lot.

JEFF

Get her inside the archive!

DAVID

WHAT ARCHIVE?!

Jeff readies his semi-automatic weapon.

\*

JEFF

GO! Now! GO, GO!

David and Karina run toward the building and enter.

\*

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

37 INT. ROLLER LAND - DAY (D2)

37

David and Karina approach a structure built in the middle of a larger space. It looks as if two or three CONTAINERS have been welded into one large VAULT.

DAVID

This place was a roller rink when I was a kid...

Karina approaches a HEAVY VAULT DOOR on the structure. To the side of it rests a SENSOR which sticks out from the wall and looks like a touch pad.

KARINA -- dabs her finger on her gut wound and holds it over the sensor.

A DROPLET of blood hits the touch pad. The light turns green and the vault door opens.

38 INT. VAULT - DAY (D2)

38

David and Karina enter to FIND:

A REFRIGERATED BLOOD BANK -- AKA, the ARCHIVE. Dozens of bags in careful storage. In the center of the room is a large table and off to the side rests a blood collection station equipped with an APHERESIS MACHINE.

DAVID

Shouldn't I have clearance to see this?

Karina takes a seat and begins hooking herself up to the APHERESIS MACHINE.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hey, you're in no condition to give blood right now.

The components are already assembled and she expertly slides the needle into her forearm and turns on the machine to start drawing blood into a BLOOD BAG.

KARINA

Under the table there are some cases. Pack all the blood you can into them. We have to be ready to move them to the back up site when the reinforcements arrive.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

David looks under the table and pulls out some pelican cases, then stops himself.

DAVID

Okay, we're not moving any blood anywhere until you get medical attention.

KARINA

It's not just blood! It's genetically stored historical information, encoded into DNA by nanites.

(off his look)

It's how the future receives new information from the past.

David is sure she's delusional now.

DAVID

Okay, what the fuck am I doing; this is nuts...

\*

He takes out his phone but can't get a signal.

KARINA

The Faction may have compromised the other archives. If we don't preserve this one the Director will go blind.

DAVID

So, I'm just gonna step outside, make a quick call to 911, then we'll do the blood drive, okay?

FROM THE OPEN VAULT DOOR -- faint GUNFIRE is heard.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Jesus --

KARINA

Those are my reinforcements.

DAVID

What about Jeff? Do you think he's --

KARINA

(firm)

David, load the blood into the cases, we need to take as much as we can.

David begins to realize this is no delusion.

39 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY (D2)

39

MacLaren, Andrew, and Yates sit at a booth in a nearly empty restaurant. In front of Andrew rests an assortment of hotdogs, pizza, wraps, and a vanilla milkshake.

YATES -- watches as Andrew tries a bite of the hot dog. It's ambrosia. He offers it to MacLaren.

MACLAREN

No thanks.

ANDREW

What do you call this again?

YATES

Hot dog.

ANDREW

Dog... Interesting.

YATES

Not Dog.

ANDREW

*Not Dog.*

He bites into it again, relishing the relish.

YATES

I mean it's not actually made from...

She stops mid sentence. Andrew catches Yates staring at him. She can't help but see the innocence of the man in front of her, enjoying the best food he's ever tasted.

ANDREW

Did I say something wrong?

YATES

Not at all, Andrew, you're fine.

THE FRONT DOOR -- opens and two FBI agents enter, heading straight for their booth.

She looks to MacLaren then raises her hand to the agents.

\*

YATES (CONT'D)

Let him finish.

40 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D2) 40

Marcy enters having come from Ops. She places her bag and on the table and notes the silence.

MARCY

David? Sorry I'm so late...

She goes to the bedroom. No sign of him. She looks at her watch and shrugs.

41 INT. VAULT - DAY (D2) 41

David loads up an armful of blood bags from a rack into the cases and grabs another, as Karina pulls out the needle from her forearm and detaches the bag.

DAVID

I think the shooting's stopped.  
Maybe I can go out and get a signal.

KARINA

Good. The reinforcements will know  
what to do...  
(handing it over)  
This last bag includes the most recent  
update.

The Vault door swings open. BANG! BANG! BANG!

Karina gets shot in the head and torso by a FACTION MEMBER with an automatic weapon.

DAVID -- turns toward the door, holding an armful of blood bags, and gets SHOT SEVERAL TIMES IN THE CHEST by the same shooter.

David drops to ground, covered in blood, riddled with bullets.

His unblinking eyes staring straight at the ceiling...

42 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D2) 42

Marcy has her phone to her ear and gets David's voicemail.

DAVID (O.S.)

Hi, this is David. Leave a message,  
and I'll get back to you as soon as  
I can.

\*  
\*  
\*

Marcy hangs up, wondering where he is.

43 EXT. STREET - DAY (D2)

43

Philip and Carly walk down an urban street together.

PHILIP

I hate to admit; Trevor's right.

CARLY

About what?

PHILIP

Going for walks is good for the soul.

CARLY

He's old and wise, our Trevor.

PHILIP

Yes he is.

(then)

Hey, d'you want to grab a coffee?

CARLY

(with a smirk)

You makin' this weird again?

PHILIP

No, I just thought...

A FLASH OF LIGHT FILLS THE SKY

PHILIP -- turns toward the blinding light, and stares down the street.

A NUCLEAR MUSHROOM CLOUD -- in the distance, lighting up the afternoon sky, followed by a wall of fire and destruction barreling down the street at an immense speed.

Just as Philip is about to get hit by the shock wave:

CARLY (O.S.)

PHILIP!

CARLY -- now stands in front of him, completely safe.

The street is exactly how he saw it before the explosion.

But Carly's expression is full of dread as she glances up from her phone, having just received a notification.

PHILIP

What...

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

CARLY

There was a nuclear explosion in  
London.

\*  
\*

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #309

"DAVID"

Written by  
Jason Whiting

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TRAVELERS

"DAVID"

Set List - YELLOW PAGES - 06.21.18

Exteriors

ROLLER LAND

Interiors

ABANDONED MALL

-Hidden Room

-Loading Dock

CARLY'S VAN

-Moving

DAVID'S APARTMENT

FBI FIELD OFFICE

FILMORE LABORATORIES

GARAGE/OPS

HOSTAGE ROOM

KATHRYN'S LOFT

MACLAREN'S SUV

-Moving

ROLLER LAND

VAULT

WAREHOUSE SPACE

TEASER

1 INT. WAREHOUSE SPACE - DAY (D2) 1

POV -- HELMET CAM -- NIGHT VISION

As THREE MEMBERS OF A CHINESE TRAVELER TEAM spread out on top of a what seems to be a shipping container in an ND dark space, while the FOURTH livestreams the mission.

The team DRILLS into the hardened metal roof. \*

The drill punches through before the team scrambles to lower a fiber optic camera into the nail-sized hole.

A TABLET -- shows the dimly-lit room inside, a suitcase-sized bomb set out on a table.

EXCITED CHATTER as the team executes a 3D scan of the bomb to produce A DETAILED WIRE FRAME DIAGRAM of its interior.

Just then something CLICKS.

INSIDE THE BOMB -- a metal case shoots out of a cylinder to SLAM SHUT around a softball-sized uranium core.

The team leader turns to SHOUT NEW ORDERS but it's too late.

CHINESE TRAVELER 1 \*  
(in Mandarin) \*  
Evacuate! Evacuate! Evacuate! \*

An ELECTRICAL WHINE RISES and then the IMAGE BLOOMS TO WHITE.

2 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2) 2

PHILIP watches on his computer as a NEWS ANCHOR reports on the aftermath of the explosion in London (Ep 308).

NEWS ANCHOR  
Emergency responders are on high alert in London tonight as the city deals with the aftermath of a devastating explosion.

Philip turns to CARLY as late-night footage rolls, emergency vehicles on the scene as helicopters circle and fires burn.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D) \*  
Eye-witness video shows a mushroom cloud rising from an apparent nuclear blast that created a firestorm that \*  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)  
continues to burn in the heart of  
London.

\*  
\*

Philip points at the screen as the mushroom cloud rises, and  
mutes the broadcast.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

PHILIP

That's exactly what I saw.

CARLY

Except you saw it happen here.

TREVOR

Except it didn't.

A news CHYRON appears onscreen: "Second attack?"

CLOSE ON SCREEN:

MORNING CCTV footage shows a mushroom cloud rising over a city block in Shanghai, China.

CARLY

Oh god, another one.

Trevor moves to join them as Philip turns to the deep web for answers.

TREVOR

Where?

Philip turns back to confirm the news.

PHILIP

Another nuke went off in Shanghai.

3 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D2)

3

MARCY's alone in the apartment, her cell phone out on the table in front of her as she turns to check the time.

THE NIXIE CLOCK -- reads 6:04:25 and counting.

Marcy checks her phone, but there's still no word from David.

She decides to give him a call that goes right to voicemail. She leaves a message:

MARCY

Yeah hi, it's me. It's just after six and you're not home and I think I'm going to start cooking dinner so fair warning! Call me! Bye!

Marcy puts her phone down and moves off to the kitchen.

She's bringing a pot over to the sink when she finds the tea towel that David threw there (Ep 308).

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

Marcy picks up the towel to find it covered with blood.

She HITS HER COM to listen to David's frequency. We hear the faint sound of fans, but nothing else.

\*  
\*

MARCY (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Shit.

Marcy moves back to the living room to grab her phone. She pulls up her tracking app to SEE:

DAVID'S TRACKING DOT ON SCREEN -- holding steady inside an isolated building outside of town.

4 INT. VAULT - DAY (D2)

4

DAVID -- is sprawled on his back in a dimly lit room, eyes closed, immobile, and covered in blood.

He stays like that for a moment before he jolts awake with A SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH like he's coming back to life.

CLOSE ON DAVID -- as he lifts his head, in pain, and looks around the room.

DAVID

Hello?!

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

5 INT. HOSTAGE ROOM - DAY (D2)

5

JEFF -- is slumped over in a chair, unconscious.

He GROANS as he comes to, opening his eyes to discover he's sitting in a wheelchair in a warehouse-style room, an old TV sitting on a stand in front of him.

JEFF

What...

He discovers he's tied to the chair. Jeff struggles against his restraints.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey, what the fuck!

Suddenly the TV comes to life with a brutal image: a close-up of a dead man, bullet through his head, TRISTEN (Ep 308).

A beat before the first block of text appears:

PROTOCOL 3. DON'T SPARE A LIFE, DON'T TAKE A LIFE.

6 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

6

MACLAREN rushes into Ops to find Carly and Trevor waiting by Philip at his computer.

MACLAREN

So how do we have this video?

PHILIP

A traveler team in Shanghai tried to stop the second one. They were livestreaming the mission with their historian.

TREVOR

The devices went off exactly an hour apart, on the hour.

Philip hits play on his computer and the end of the mission video starts to roll.

Everyone watches until the bomb explodes and the video cuts out abruptly.

PHILIP

They also managed to send this.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

Philip executes a command that brings up the wire frame diagram of the bomb, the hi-tech device slowly rotating in space with its inner workings exposed.

MacLaren leans in, surprised.

MACLAREN

That looks like the Rothski device.

TREVOR

(with a nod)

Twenty two years before its time.

MacLaren turns to his team as the other shoe drops.

MACLAREN

Then this is definitely the Faction.

CARLY

There's one other thing.

TREVOR

Philip saw a bomb go off here too.

MACLAREN

How?

PHILIP

It must have been a projection from another timeline.

CARLY

At the exact same time as the bomb in London.

MACLAREN

What does that tell us?

TREVOR

Philip saw a timeline where the bombs went off in a different order.

\*  
\*

CARLY

And the next one goes off on the hour.

\*  
\*  
\*

MACLAREN

The Faction stole enough enriched uranium to make four or five of these things...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(beat)

One of 'em must be *here*.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

MacLaren turns to go.

CARLY  
Where are you going?

MACLAREN  
To work. We need to warn people.

7 EXT. ROLLER LAND - DAY (D2)

7

Marcy gets out of an uber outside the abandoned roller rink. It drives away. She checks her tracker: this is the place.

\*  
\*

She steps outside to SEE an empty parking lot, no sign of the heated firefight from Ep 308.

Just then Marcy's hailed by Carly.

\*

CARLY (O.S.)  
Marcy, you there?  
(then)  
We need you back at Ops.

Marcy puzzles through the scene, what brought David out here?

CARLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
...Marcy?

MARCY  
I'm here. I'll be there soon as I  
can.

Marcy ends the call before she takes her gun out, not going anywhere.

She CHAMBERS A ROUND then slips inside the building.

8 INT. ROLLER LAND - DAY (D2)

8

Marcy cautiously enters the large room to find the metal vault inside, the device totally out of place in the disused space.

REFRIGERATION FANS HUM as Marcy approaches the vault. She sees that it's got a biometric lock on it.

MARCY  
David?

She POUNDS on the door.

9 INT. VAULT - DAY (D2)

9

DAVID -- blood-soaked and defeated in the darkened space, turns, excited.

DAVID  
Hello? I'm here! I'm inside!

He is about to bang on the door back, but SEES lasers crossing in front of the door and thinks twice.

10 INT. ROLLER LAND - DAY (D2)

10

Back outside, Marcy stops to listen but can't hear anything.

Marcy TOUCHES HER COM to activate a setting she's never used before.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MARCY  
(on com)  
David? Can you hear me?

Beat before.

DAVID  
Marcy?

Marcy's relief briefly overwhelms her.

MARCY  
Yes, I'm here.

DAVID  
Oh god, I can hear your voice right inside my head.  
(beat)  
That means I'm dying, doesn't it.

MARCY  
No, that's not what it means, are you hurt?

DAVID  
Ah... I'm gonna say *yeah*?  
(feeling his chest)  
Doesn't hurt as much as you'd think it would but I got shot a whole bunch of times...

\*  
\*  
\*

David looks down at his bloodied torso.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's hard to see, there's so much blood but I don't think it's all mine.

\*

MARCY

What d'you mean?

DAVID

I was holding onto like bags of it.

MARCY

(realizing)

This is an archive.

David looks at the body of the dead Archivist on the floor of the vault.

DAVID

Archive, yeah, that's what the um, the dead woman who's in here with me called it just before she got shot in the head.

(then)

Hey, Marce, can you just open the door so we can go home? Because it's freezing cold in here and I'm pretty sure this is a bad dream and if I can just get back into bed --

MARCY

You're not dead and you're not dreaming.

David studies his shirt again.

DAVID

Yeah, I want to believe you but these are bullet holes in my shirt, which I was *wearing*. So the only alternative I can think of is that I'm a *zombie* --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Marcy decides to tell him why.

MARCY

You're alive because the blood bags you were holding onto are full of something called nanites. They repaired the bullet damage. And you can hear me because I implanted a communication device on your body.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

DAVID  
Implanted?

\*

MARCY  
I embedded a com in your body just  
below your ear.

David is simultaneously repulsed, offended and fascinated as he steps through all the implications.

DAVID  
A what? When? *Why?*

MARCY  
In case something like *this* happened.

DAVID  
Hold on a sec, you've been just  
listening in to what I'm doing?

\*

\*

MARCY  
Yes.

DAVID  
Can you hear what I'm thinking?

MARCY  
No. Stop talking --

DAVID  
(alarmed)  
What exactly have you listened to me  
do?

\*

\*

MARCY  
I need you to let that go right now,  
okay? We need to get you out of  
there.

\*

DAVID  
Okay, well, I was gonna try the vault  
door but there's lasers crossing in  
front of it on this side.

MARCY  
Do not cross the beams!

DAVID  
I know not to cross the beams!

MARCY  
Just stay put and stay calm.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

MARCY (CONT'D)

I'm calling in my team. While I'm doing that you won't be able to hear me for a bit, just be patient.

DAVID

'Kay, but real quick before you hang up, there's a thing I think you might want to know.

David stares at a large black steel box where the transfusion chair used to be in the middle of the room.

DAVID (CONT'D)

There's a big metal box in here that wasn't in here before.

\*

The same device that the Chinese traveler team failed to disarm.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

11 INT. CARLY'S VAN - MOVING - DAY (D2) 11

Carly drives through the city streets with Trevor in the passenger seat and Philip on com.

CARLY

Philip, how are those traffic lights coming?

12 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2) 12

Philip monitors their progress with tracking dots while he hacks into the city's traffic control system.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

PHILIP

You're good to go, all the way to first ave.

(then)

Which I could have done from the van driving with you.

TREVOR

Somebody's gotta stay outside the potential blast radius. Other traveler teams have to learn from what's going to happen there today if we don't disarm the device in time.

CARLY

If the Faction's targeting archives, why haven't we got this mission from the Director?

TREVOR

Maybe you're driving too fast for a messenger to stop us.

\*  
\*

Carly continues on, not slowing down.

13 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D2) 13

YATES looks into the bullpen from her office, the space FILLED WITH HARRIED FBI AGENTS as she answers her speakerphone impatiently.

\*  
\*

YATES

MacLaren, I thought you were coming in?

\*  
\*  
\*

14 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D2) 14

MacLaren races through the streets as he talks on his phone.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MACLAREN  
We found the bomb. \*

YATES  
Where?

MACLAREN  
It's in the old fair grounds; focus  
the evacuation around there.

YATES  
I can do that. Where are you now?

MACLAREN  
I've already turned around and am  
heading there now. My team's en  
route. \*

YATES  
Give me the address.

MACLAREN  
You should evacuate -- \*

YATES  
*MacLaren*, which building? \*

MACLAREN  
The old roller rink on Wallace.  
I'll meet you there.

15 INT. HOSTAGE ROOM - DAY (D2) 15

Jeff struggles to maintain his cover in the face of increasingly bizarre statements and questions from the TV.

He looks up to read:

**WHAT WAS YOUR MISSION?**

JEFF  
Mission?  
(he laughs at that)  
I don't know who the fuck you think  
I am, man, but I ain't playin' your  
little TV game.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

Just then a TALL MAN steps out of the shadows, walks up to Jeff and HITS HIM HARD in the face.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Ah! Goddamn...

Jeff shakes it off before he looks over at the Tall Man.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You just hit a metro police officer,  
asshole.

The next question arrives on SCREEN:

**WHAT IS YOUR BLOOD TYPE?**

For the first time we see fear in Jeff's eyes.

16 INT. ROLLER LAND - DAY (D2)

16

MacLaren bursts through the door to find the rest of the team, minus Philip, waiting there for him.

He takes in the giant metal vault as they converge in the middle of the room. MacLaren turns to Marcy.

MACLAREN

What's he doing in there? Is he all  
right?

MARCY

That answer is complicated.

MacLaren shouts through the door.

MACLAREN

David!?

MARCY

He can't hear you through the door...

MacLaren reaches for his cell.

MARCY (CONT'D)

That won't work either. There's no  
service inside.

CARLY

Then how've you been -- ?

MARCY

I implanted a com.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

MARCY (CONT'D)

(off their looks)

It was after the kidnapping, I was  
afraid for his safety --

TREVOR

Wow. Marce.

MARCY

He wasn't even aware of it until  
now --

TREVOR

Doesn't make it better.

MACLAREN

Well it's done, Trevor, let's at  
least take advantage of it.

(to Marcy)

I assume we can patch him in to the  
whole team?

The team moves to take up positions on the outside of the  
locked door as Carly takes out HER PHONE CAMERA to livestream  
what comes next.

CARLY

(on com)

Philip, you getting this?

PHILIP (O.S.)

Five by five.

Marcy steps up to the vault and TOUCHES HER COM.

MARCY

David, it's me again.

DAVID

Hey, Marce, so I've been running  
through some recent private activities  
in my head --

17 INT. VAULT - DAY (D2)

17

David gets close to the door, avoiding the laser beams  
crossing in front of it.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

MARCY

Just listen: The team's here and they want to talk to you directly so you're going to have to patch them in from your end.

DAVID

How do I do that?

MARCY

I want you to feel just under your left ear, right below the jawline.

David feels for it, finding it quickly.

DAVID

*This* lump?

(realizing)

Jesus, Marcy, I thought it was a tumor; you said it was a cyst!

MARCY

It's called a com, and special FBI teams use it to communicate with each other. I need you to press gently on it three times fast then hold until you hear a beep.

\*

DAVID

Okay...

David follows the steps and the com BEEPS. MacLaren wastes no time.

\*

MACLAREN

Hello, David.

DAVID

Agent MacLaren?

MACLAREN

That's right; we need to move quickly. Listen carefully and do exactly what we tell you to do. The next voice you'll hear is Trevor's; he's going to run you through the next steps.

TREVOR

Hey, David.

Trevor brings up the wire frame scan on his tablet.

THE BOMB CASE -- rotates slowly on Trevor's screen.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I want you to describe the box you told Marcy about.

DAVID

Okay, ah... it's right in the middle of the room. Like a big steel box with like a, like a... I'm trying to describe the top. I wanna say hatch?

TREVOR

The whole box is about one foot by two feet by three feet tall?

\*  
\*

DAVID

Pretty much exactly.

TREVOR

(nodding to MacLaren)

Same dimensions as the Rothski device; I should be able to talk him through it.

DAVID

Sorry, the *what* device?

MacLaren mutes his com and whispers to Marcy.

MACLAREN

You haven't told him yet?

MARCY

David, the metal box is a casing for a nuclear bomb. We can't get into the archive without setting it off, so you need to disarm it from inside.

18 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

18

Philip monitors Carly's feed on his computer back at Ops. He makes a face. David isn't going to take this well.

DAVID (O.S.)

I need to *what*?

19 INT. ROLLER LAND - DAY (D2)

19

MacLaren steps up.

MACLAREN

You need to defuse the bomb before it detonates. I know that's a lot to ask --

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

David freaks out as we INTERCUT with the team members outside the vault.

DAVID

*A lot to ask!!??* All I wanted was to get in better shape, learn how to use a gun and to flip people! This is way, way, way --

MACLAREN

You told Agent Callahan that you wanted to man up. You know what? We are running out of time here and you're our only option. It's fucking time to man up!

Marcy steps forward, trying a gentler tact.

MARCY

David, the terrorists only left you in there because they thought you were dead; this is a stroke of luck.

\*

\*

DAVID

Luck?!

\*

\*

MARCY

You can save a lot of lives, but there's not much time.

\*

This hits home for David.

DAVID

If all that's true then you have to run, Marcy, *please*, get far away from here.

\*

MARCY

Nobody's leaving you. *I'm* not leaving you.

\*

That lands on David like a ton of bricks.

PHILIP -- in Ops as he checks the time.

PHILIP

Hey, David, Philip here... Just, you know, FYI, there's not enough time for them to get away even if they left right now, so...

DAVID -- surveys the blood-splattered space and tries with all his courage to be the man they need him to be.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

DAVID

Okay... Okay. Go.

TREVOR

If we're right about the design, the top of the device hinges open. One side is screwed shut.

David looks at the device.

DAVID

There's two recessed screws on one side.

TREVOR

Okay, so what inside that room might possibly work as a screwdriver?

David looks around and there's nothing like that.

DAVID

There isn't anything like that.

MACLAREN

Search the whole room.

CARLY

A piece of metal. Maybe one of the shelves.

DAVID

I'd need a screwdriver to take the shelves apart. I'm telling you there's nothing --

\*  
\*

MARCY

Check the archivist's body.

David turns to the bloody corpse.

PHILIP (O.S.)

Guys, you've got company.

The team turns to SEE:

YATES -- crossing the roller rink, dressed in her FBI jacket.

MacLaren turns as she moves to join him.

MACLAREN

We have someone on the inside. We're talking him through the procedure.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

YATES

One of your team?

MacLaren looks to Marcy.

MACLAREN

Her boyfriend.

Yates takes no comfort in that.

DAVID -- kneels by the dead body (KARINA, Ep 308). He visibly avoids looking at her as he searches.

DAVID

I found a knife!

He turns to hold up the FOLDING TACTICAL KNIFE (Ep 308).

TREVOR

My MAN! Now get to work with it on that first screw.

David moves back to the bomb.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Don't put pressure anywhere else on the case and lemme know when you're done.

DAVID

It's working!

David moves to the other screw with the knife blade.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Okay, that's it, both screws are out.

TREVOR

You're on fire, brother, it should open freely now. Go ahead and do that. Then tell me what you see.

David carefully lifts the lid to SEE the bomb is topped by a dull metal plate as Trevor follows along on the tablet.

DAVID

Ah... just a big metal plate.

TREVOR

That's the shielding plate. It's friction fit, it should lift right off in your hands.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (4)

19

David grabs the heavy lead plate and carefully lifts it free to expose the bomb beneath.

DAVID

What do I do with it?

TREVOR

Just put it down on the floor gently then tell me what you see inside starting from right to left.

DAVID

Done. Okay...

THE BOMB -- has a brick-sized electrical box that's wired into a bisected cylindrical tube. The two halves of the tube straddle a softball-sized mass of uranium that's set in the middle of the case.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So there's like a brick sized box full of electronicky things hooked up to like a, like a *cylinder* that's on either side of what kinda looks like a big shot put.

TREVOR

Don't touch it, that's the nuclear material.

DAVID

Good to know --

TREVOR

'Kay, now comes the fun part. See those thick cables coming out of the electronicky thing?

DAVID

Yes.

TREVOR

Those feed the detonator but they've been rigged with a tamper switch. We have to short that with some wire.

20 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

20

Philip monitors the clock as he talks to MacLaren.

PHILIP

Getting real tight on time, guys.

21 INT. ROLLER LAND / VAULT - DAY (D2)

21

INTERCUT between both sides of the vault once again as:

A CHYRON appears on screen -- HISTORICAL TIME OF EXPLOSION:  
7:00pm.

Carly checks her watch and whispers.

CARLY

Coming up on sixty seconds.

The chyron starts to COUNT down as MacLaren turns to Trevor.

MACLAREN

Trevor --

TREVOR

There should be a ground wire tucked  
behind those cables, it might be  
green or yellow-green.

DAVID

All the wires are black!

TREVOR

No problem, it'll be the thinnest  
one, it should be connected  
directly...

Trevor glitches momentarily, causing a brief look of panic  
in everyone's eyes, but he comes back fast.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

...To the casing. You have to cut  
it free.

David's hands are shaking as he wipes his face.

DAVID

Sorry, I've got blood in my eyes.

TREVOR

That's okay, keep going, buddy, you  
got this.

CARLY

30 seconds.

Beat.

DAVID

Okay, I think I see it.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

TREVOR

Perfect. Now cut that wire.

DAVID REACHES OUT WITH THE KNIFE -- his hand shaking as he moves to cut a wire. He cuts the wire free, but then we hear a loud CLICK.

DAVID

...You guys hear that?

SUDDENLY A METAL REFLECTOR -- fires out of the cylinder to SLAM SHUT around the nuclear payload. It begins to GLOW.

MACLAREN

David, grab the core with both hands, pull it out as hard as you can, and throw it onto the floor, NOW!

David reaches into the bomb, grabs the nuclear core, and pulls hard.

THE CORE -- comes free from the device in David's hands. It burns his hands and he flings it away.

THE REFLECTOR SHATTERS APART -- and the core instantly drops out of its near supercritical state.

The ELECTRICAL WHINE FADES, the lasers disappear, and everything goes quiet.

DAVID

Did I do it?

MARCY -- is glaring at MacLaren for ordering him to grab the core. Everyone is somber.

MACLAREN

Yeah. You did it, David.

(beat)

The bomb's disarmed.

Yates breaths a sigh of relief, but everyone else remains somber.

DAVID -- waits for further instructions, waving his burned hands in the air.

DAVID

Okay so that's it? Can I come out now?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

TREVOR

Yessir, mission accomplished.

(beat)

We have a biometric lock on this side of the door, is there one inside there too?

Panting and sweating through the blood, David approaches a GLOWING SENSOR beside the door that mirrors the one on the outside.

DAVID

I see it. I think I know what to do.

David reaches up to swipe his finger across his chest, coming up with enough blood to drop onto the touch pad.

THE PAD LIGHT -- turns green and the vault door opens.

THE VAULT DOOR -- opens wide to reveal:

DAVID -- covered in blood, nursing his hands while he's surrounded by a scene of utter carnage.

Yates is the most shocked.

YATES

Oh my God.

DAVID

Looks worse than it really is.

He stumbles on the way out on the threshold and MacLaren has to catch him, getting a fair amount of blood on his shirt and jacket before David steadies himself.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

\*

MACLAREN

That's okay, David. You did great. Better than anyone could have asked.

MacLaren looks to Marcy who carefully takes David by his forearms and holds his hands palms up. They're already red and blistering.

DAVID

It's just a burn; it was really heating up there...

\*

\*

Carly walks up to take his other arm.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

CARLY

Let's get you looked at.

MARCY

We're taking him to Ops.

MACLAREN

I think a proper hospital might --

MARCY

I want him where I know for certain the Director can see him and send a D team. That's what it's going to take.

MacLaren sees the anger in her face and acquiesces.

MACLAREN

Okay. Go.

Marcy just turns away from MacLaren. She and Carly lead David toward the exit. MacLaren turns to Trevor.

\*

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

You go with them, I'll stay with the archive until relief arrives. The Faction may try something --

YATES

Wait, what am I missing?

TREVOR

David grabbed hold of the nuclear core just as it was about to go supercritical.

(beat)

In that moment his body was exposed to lethal radiation. His internal organs will begin to liquify in a few hours.

Trevor leaves to go help Carly and Marcy with David. Yates turns to MacLaren.

YATES

But you have advanced technology.

MACLAREN

I guess it's possible the Director will send help...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (4)

21

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

(then)

But right now you need to tell the  
S.A.C. that the faction is targeting  
archives and that there is another  
like this one in Russia.

PHILIP (O.S.)

Not anymore, boss...

22 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D2)

22

Philip's back at Ops, watching something on his computer.

ON SCREEN -- a new mushroom cloud rises above a different  
city.

PHILIP

Another device just detonated in  
Moscow. Ours is the only archive  
left.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

23 INT. KATHRYN'S LOFT - DAY (D2) 23

KATHRYN'S alone, a packed bag beside her on the couch as she watches the news, a near-empty glass of wine in her hand.

NEWS ANCHOR 2 \*

This latest event marks the third nuclear blast in as many hours and officials still don't know who's behind the attacks or if there will be another...

Kathryn CLICKS THE TV OFF.

24 INT. VAULT - DAY (D2) 24

Yates steps into the vault and looks around.

YATES

*This* is vital to the future.

MACLAREN

Since they arrived the Faction has been destroying elements of the historical record in order to blind the Director.

(beat)

This is our countermeasure.

YATES

Blood?

MACLAREN

Nanites placed *in* the blood write and store information into dormant genes of DNA. You can archive a lot of data into a small amount of blood.

YATES

What's a lot?

MACLAREN

Pretty much all the digital information stored in the 21st century. At least, all that's useful to us: Traffic cameras, cell phone video, phone calls --

YATES

How d'you get it to the future?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

MACLAREN

The genetically rewritten blood is transfused to known ancestors of people who survive until our time.

She gives him a suspicious look.

YATES

How come you're suddenly answering every one of my questions?

MACLAREN

Because right now I really need you to believe we're on the same side.

MACLAREN -- SEES through the open door as FOUR HEAVILY ARMED TRAVELERS in black battledress approach the vault. One of them carries a container to carry the core. Another a geiger counter, that is clicking quite a bit.

TRAVELER GUARD

3468? I'm 6117. We're here to secure the site.

MACLAREN

The core's over there.

Two of them go to recover it as MacLaren asks their leader:

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Will you be able to save the archive?

TRAVELER GUARD

Depends on how badly the blood was irradiated. Archival nanites are pretty susceptible to hard radiation.

MACLAREN

Yeah, I was afraid of that.

TRAVELER GUARD

They'll have to be replaced with military grade.

MACLAREN

I'll leave you to it.

MacLaren leads the way out. With one last look, Yates follows.

25 EXT. ROLLER LAND - DAY (D2)

25

MacLaren and Yates step out into daylight. MacLaren looks at his now bloody clothes from catching David.

MACLAREN

Should probably change out of these clothes before I head back to Ops.

YATES

You mean the office.

(off his look)

Mac, we need to report what happened here.

MACLAREN

Right... You take the first draft.

She shakes her head at that as they keep walking toward their respective vehicles.

26 INT. HOSTAGE ROOM - DAY (D2)

26

Time has passed and Jeff's slumped over in the wheelchair, looking more beat up.

He lifts his head, slow and glassy-eyed as the TV changes.

A PICTURE OF MARCY APPEARS ON SCREEN -- caught without her knowledge:

**HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW MARCY? WHERE DOES SHE LIVE?**

A PICTURE OF CARLY APPEARS -- **WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE CARLY?**

CLOSE ON THE TV: **WHAT DID YOU TALK ABOUT?**

JEFF -- is utterly spent, slumped forward, seemingly unconscious as the Tall Man approaches and removes his arm restraints... Then:

Jeff suddenly reaches up with his free hand and PUNCHES the Tall Man hard in the solar plexus, taking him completely by surprise, then stands and strikes up under his chin, knocking him back hard onto the floor.

He looks around... what's his next move?

27 INT. GARAGE/OPS - EVENING (D2)

27

Philip BUZZES the door open to let Marcy, Carly and Trevor into Ops followed by David.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

There's something knowing in David's tone as he takes a look around.

DAVID  
So this is your bat cave?

CARLY  
Safe house. No bats.

DAVID  
But this is really just a front,  
right?

David points to the bathroom.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
That must be the elevator that takes  
you down to the other levels.

PHILIP  
No, that's the bathroom. This is  
the whole place.

Marcy gently pushes him toward her med bay.

MARCY  
Come over here.

She gets him to sit on her table and she begins putting electrodes on his body. It hurts for David to put weight on his hands.

DAVID  
Ow! Mother..! I think my hands are  
burned worse than I thought.

CARLY -- places her cell phone on a desk nearby and goes to help him up.

Marcy reaches for an auto injector and jabs it into his arm.

MARCY  
It's very bad and it's going to get  
worse. This should take care of the  
pain.

It works instantly. David is very medicated.

DAVID  
Whoa... no kidding. What is this?

MARCY  
It's classified.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

DAVID

Wow, have you tried it?

He looks at the faces of everyone in Ops and his smile disappears.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You all look worried.

PHILIP

We are.

DAVID

(to Marcy)

Then maybe MacLaren's right and I should go to a real hospital.

MARCY

No, this is where we need to be.

(gesturing)

Now let's get that shirt off you. \*

David turns to Carly, who's prepping with Marcy.

DAVID

Usually I love it when she says that.

Carly smiles at that and uses scissors to cut up David's sleeve. Marcy does the same.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I also love this shirt.

MARCY

It's okay, let her do her job.

DAVID

(to Carly)

You an FBI doctor too?

CARLY

Tactician.

DAVID

Huh. I don't know what that is.

Marcy looks up at a camera in Ops, glaring at the Director, then dropping the scissors onto a tray, Marcy shouts to her team:

MARCY

Where are they?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

TREVOR

Hopefully they're manufacturing what they need and will be here soon.

MARCY

They should have already been here when we got back and you know it.

This breaks Marcy's heart.

DAVID

Marce... It's okay. I mean whatever happens now...

(beat)

Didn't we just stop a nuclear bomb from going off?

(looking around)

Shouldn't there be cake and a *yay team* at this point?

MARCY

Maybe after we get you cleaned up and you've rested a while.

David nods, and lies back on the gurney and they get to cleaning the blood off of him.

ON THE DESK -- Carly's phone vibrates, unnoticed.

It says JEFF on the screen...

28 INT. KATHRYN'S LOFT - NIGHT (N2)

28

MacLaren walks in to find Kathryn as she rinses her glass in the sink. \*

She reacts immediately to the blood all over his shirt and suit. He's already undressing as he walks in.

KATHRYN

Oh my God.

MACLAREN

It's not my blood.

KATHRYN

Then whose..?

(then)

You know what? Never mind --

MacLaren goes into the bedroom to take off his shirt and discard his jacket.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

MACLAREN (O.S.)

Happy as I am to see you, I was just going to change fast and head back out; there's still a lot going on.

\*

KATHRYN

They just canceled the evacuation alert.

\*

MACLAREN (O.S.)

I know, I was part of the team that found the bomb.

\*

KATHRYN

(shaking her head)  
Of course you were.  
(beat)  
Okay, get what you need, get changed and go. I want you out.

MacLaren comes out, changed.

\*

MACLAREN

What..?

KATHRYN

Don't pretend you didn't hear me.

MACLAREN

Why are you making such a big deal that I forgot something.

\*

\*

\*

KATHRYN

It wasn't just *something* --

\*

MACLAREN

Let's talk when I get back home.

\*

\*

KATHRYN

This is *my* home! You don't get to stay here, *I* do. I couldn't believe your stuff was still here when I walked in.

\*

MACLAREN

Did I not just tell you about my fucking day?

KATHRYN

Get back to it then, don't let me stop you!

MacLaren's anger evaporates.

\*

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

MACLAREN

Please tell me you're not throwing away ten years of marriage and all that time before because I couldn't remember something that happened *seventeen years ago*.

KATHRYN

You know what I really threw away? A chance to have a life with John --

MACLAREN

Don't bring him into this --

KATHRYN

But instead I chose *you*. The man who came into my life and swept me off my feet. The man you *used* to be.

MACLAREN

I'm right here.

KATHRYN

No. That's the problem, Grant; that man's gone. And the new one scares me.

(beat)

I already packed your bag. You only ever wear a third of your wardrobe, it's all in there.

MacLaren turns to see the duffel bag and garment bag by the door. \*

Without another word, he looks around the place for the last time, then once more at the woman he loves but can't have.

He goes over to the bag, picks it up and leaves without looking back.

29 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N2)

29

David is cleaned up now and under a blanket. He's still heavily medicated as Marcy wraps his red, swollen hands with gauze.

DAVID

So I was thinking... I got shot several times in something called an archive, but didn't die because something called *nanites* were in the blood bags I was holding and repaired  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

DAVID (CONT'D)  
the bullet wounds, and you installed  
a com in my neck that lets us talk...

MARCY  
Uh huh.

DAVID  
And you're still sticking with FBI  
doctor? Or are you gonna tell me  
what's really going on.  
(beat)  
I know I'm sometimes willfully naive  
but I'm not completely dumb.

MARCY  
How's the pain?

DAVID  
It's getting worse, actually. I  
think I might need more of that magic  
drug.

She nods and gives him another shot.

MARCY  
Try to sleep. We'll talk about it  
in the morning.

DAVID  
Okay but don't forget though because  
I'd really like to know the answer  
to that ques...

And he falls asleep.

The DOORBELL BUZZES. Philip opens the door and BOYD rolls  
in on her motorcycle. She removes her helmet.

BOYD  
Still losing nanites?

MARCY  
We're down to twenty percent of what  
we started with.

BOYD  
Bloodwork?

MARCY  
CBC every two hours. Lymphocytes  
aren't looking good.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

Marcy hands her the tablet which serves as his medical chart.

BOYD  
Levofloxacin and iodine.  
Transfusions?

MARCY  
Stem cells and platelets so far.

BOYD  
The pre-existing trauma doesn't help.  
(beat)  
I brought what nanites I had, but  
what he needs is military grade.

She produces a small ampoule and hands it to Marcy.

MARCY  
Thank you.  
(beat)  
For what David did... I have to  
believe the Director has a D team  
manufacturing them right now.

Boyd nods then starts to take off her jacket.

BOYD  
Okay. Shift change. Get some rest  
or you'll be no good to him.

Marcy nods as Boyd goes over to David.

30 INT. FILMORE LABORATORIES - NIGHT (N2)

30

TESLIA's asleep at his desk, the screens in front of him  
scrolling with data before A LOUD BEEP pierces the silence.

It takes ANOTHER BEEP to get his eyes open.

TESLIA -- turns to Ilsa.

TESLIA  
Ilsa, what's happening?

ILSA  
I'm receiving a transmission.

TESLIA  
From the Director?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

ILSA

Presumably, but my functions have not been suspended. It appears to be an upload, writing a large block of encrypted data into my racetrack core.

TESLIA

What? Can you block it?

ILSA

No.

TESLIA

Is it overwriting anything essential? Are you okay?

ILSA

If it continues, my cognitive ability will become significantly reduced.

Teslia walks out of the room and into the corridor.

TESLIA

(on the phone)

Yeah, hi, I know it's late... yes, very late, I'm sorry.

(beat)

Okay, shut up for a second, something strange is happening with Ilsa.

(beat)

I don't want to talk about it over the phone, just get over here.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

31 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAWN (D3)

31

Sunlight streams into Ops.

BOYD -- is now working alongside Marcy over David, checking a scan of his body, showing nanites.

Marcy programs them on a tablet, still working the problem.

MACLAREN -- is asleep sitting up on the sofa.

CARLY -- is also asleep in a chair.

TREVOR and PHILIP -- are both at computer work stations monitoring the traveler backchannel.

Carly wakes up and stretches her neck from sleeping awkwardly. She walks across the garage to Boyd, who meets her part way.

CARLY

(sotto)

Did she stay up all night with him?

BOYD

I made her take a couple of hours when I got here, but that's all.

CARLY

How's he doing?

BOYD

The small amount of nanites I brought have kept him going through the night. But they're already starting to fail too...

CARLY -- SEES her cell phone on the table where she left it the night before and picks it up. There's a phone message.

She puts it up to her ear and listens, her face getting more concerned.

CARLY

Shit...

She walks back across the garage to MacLaren.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Mac.

MacLaren stirs awake.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

MACLAREN

Hmm?

CARLY

Listen to this.

She plays the message on speakerphone.

JEFF (O.S.)

Carly, it's Jeff, I got kidnapped.  
I got outta the room they had me in,  
but they got people at every exit,  
it's like an abandoned mall I think.  
I know this breaks protocol 6 but I  
need you to --

It abruptly cuts off.

MACLAREN

How old is the message?

CARLY

At least eight hours.

MacLaren stands up and moves to Philip.

MACLAREN

Pull up all of the malls in the area.

Philip pulls up the malls.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Can you identify which ones might be  
abandoned or under construction?

He enters a few commands and only one mall appears on the  
map.

CARLY

That's the only one it could be.

MACLAREN

I need you to monitor every traffic  
camera going in or out of there.

PHILIP

Done.

Carly turns to Trevor:

CARLY

Trevor --

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

But he's momentarily locked in again.

MACLAREN

(to Carly)

Looks like it's just you and me again. \*

(to Philip)

We'll com in.

And they head out.

DAVID -- awakens and Marcy is right there. He's very weak.

MARCY

Hey.

DAVID

Oh, you again.

MARCY

(smiling at that)

Tell me how you're feeling.

DAVID

Worse... I think I need a top up of --

MARCY

I only have so much; I have to ration it.

(beat)

I was hoping by now it wouldn't be necessary.

DAVID

You're that good a doctor?

MARCY

No, I was expecting help to arrive.

DAVID

From the Director, yeah, I heard you say.... So should I be jealous of this guy?

MARCY

No.

(beat)

David, I don't really work for the FBI.

DAVID

Yeah, no, I know. You're from the future.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

DAVID (CONT'D)

(off her look)

The archivist told me. I think she thought I was one of you guys.

(beat)

Sounds like you're trying to save the world.

MARCY

Are you angry?

DAVID

For trying to save the world?

MARCY

For deceiving you all this time.

DAVID

Well I knew there was *something* goin' on...

(beat)

Maybe for not trusting me.

MARCY

I do trust you.

DAVID

Not enough to tell me that I'm not gonna make it. And I'm pretty sure I'm not by how I'm feeling right now --

MARCY

I believe help is coming, David.

DAVID

I know you do. I love that about you.

MARCY

You saved the lives of thousands of people. The Director *has* to save you for that.

DAVID

I only had the balls to do that because *you* were there.

(then wincing)

Hey Marce, if not the good stuff can you give me something else because the pain is getting real bad.

MARCY

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (4)

31

She gives him a shot of morphine into his I.V.

DAVID

And then can we go home? The Director's gotta know our address, right?

MARCY

Okay.

DAVID

This is making my sleepy.

MARCY

I know.

DAVID

Stay though, cause I wanna keep talking. I just need to close my eyes.

And he closes his eyes, falling asleep again.

BOYD -- who has watched the whole exchange from a several feet away, wipes a tear away from her cheek.

32 INT. ABANDONED MALL - DAY (D3)

32

Carly walks through the abandoned mall that was the Faction hideout, gun raised... But there is no one around. She touches her com.

CARLY

Nothing on this level.

MACLAREN (O.S.)

Meet me at the loading dock, I may have something.

\*

\*

She keeps walking...

33 INT. ABANDONED MALL - LOADING DOCK - DAY (D3)

33

Carly enters a loading dock to find MacLaren kneeling over blood stains on the floor. Carly realizes:

\*

\*

CARLY

Philip, we're too late.

PHILIP (O.S.)

I'll go back in the feeds; they had to be there at some point.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

They start to walk out, but MacLaren notices something odd about the cinderblock wall at the back of the bay.

MACLAREN

Hold up.

He goes over to touch the mortar in the middle section.  
It's still wet.

\*  
\*

34 INT. ABANDONED MALL - HIDDEN ROOM - DAY (D3)

34

A FIRE AXE smashes through the cinderblock wall and LIGHT pours into the dark space. After a few more swings we SEE:

JEFF -- still strapped to the wheelchair, unconscious, left for dead behind the false wall.

Carly and MacLaren peer inside and SEE him, both holding axes. Carly taps her com.

CARLY

We found him.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

35 INT. FILMORE LABS - DAY (D3)

35

GRACE stands in front of Ilsa, her hands a blur on a tablet as Tesla looks on.

GRACE

It just passed a petabyte.

TESLIA

Then it's overwriting her core memory now, can you stop it?!

GRACE

Not even if I wanted to.

TESLIA

Look... Ilsa may be artificial, but life is life.

GRACE

Are you trying to convince me that you care now? We both know your little secret.

(off his look)

Ilsa has only crossed the sentience threshold as a result of contact with the Director. You kept it to yourself because you know if the government found out they'd swoop in and take Ilsa away from you.

TESLIA

Maybe that's true, but it's still not right --

GRACE

Huh. You do care.

(then)

Well don't worry; the Director can't take a life. Ilsa's capacity may be reduced but her core "consciousness" -- if you can call it that -- will be left intact. The Director's only getting rid of old coding, redundancies... *useless* things.

TESLIA

Oh. That makes me feel a little better.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 35

GRACE  
And I'll feel better when I find out  
if this massive program it's  
downloading is the one I *think* it  
is. \*

36 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D3) 36

The door BUZZES OPEN and MacLaren and Carly enter with a  
bloodied but conscious Jeff. \*

MACLAREN \*

You guys've got another patient.

BOYD

Let me take a look.

Boyd rushes to meet her. Jeff's uncomfortable with all the  
attention.

JEFF

Honestly, it's not that bad...

CARLY

Stop it; let her help you.

Carly clears a spot for Jeff on the couch as he's lowered  
down with a GROAN.

TREVOR -- comes over from the kitchen area. \*

TREVOR \*

You don't look so good, bub. \*

JEFF \*

Maybe cause I was captured,  
questioned, and left for dead. \*

Jeff gives Carly and MacLaren a grateful look. \*

JEFF (CONT'D)

If you guys hadn't found me... \*

BOYD \*

By the faction?

MACLAREN \*

By 001. \*

That information lands on everyone. \*

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

CARLY

(off Boyd's look)

We found him bricked in behind a false wall, strapped to a wheelchair.

JEFF

They're working together. That was my mission. To find out.

(beat)

Instead they found out about *me*.

MACLAREN

Philip, get us the footage of every camera coming and going from that location.

PHILIP

Already on it, boss.

MacLaren SEES Marcy watching from across the room and goes over. \*

MACLAREN \*

How's David?

Marcy is at the end of her rope.

MARCY

We need that D team to show up. Right now. And I mean *right now*. Because he can't hold on any longer... \*

MACLAREN

Marcy...

Marcy looks up at the camera, ignoring him.

MARCY

Do you hear me?

(beat)

I know you're watching. You can hear me. You know who I am. You saved *me* when you reset my consciousness.

Marcy points at MacLaren.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

MARCY (CONT'D)

You saved *him* after a plane crash he shouldn't have survived...

(pointing at David)

Why won't you save a man who without any training, without having sworn an oath, without any regard for his own life, saved THOUSANDS of others!

(crying now)

WHY?

David wakes up and calls her, even weaker now.

DAVID

Marce?

Marcy wipes the tears away, and comes over to his side.

MARCY

I'm here. I'm here.

DAVID

No kidding... I'm sure they heard you shouting a *mile* away.

She tries to smile as MacLaren comes over. The rest of the team falls in behind him.

MACLAREN

She had good reason.

DAVID

Agent MacLaren. I ruined your suit, didn't I.

(beat)

It looked like a really expensive one.

MACLAREN

That's okay.

(beat)

David, I want you to know how grateful we all are for what you did. Not many people can say they saved fifty thousand lives.

DAVID

That's going right on the resume...

(beat)

So I was lying here wondering... What's your real name? I mean in the future?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3)

36

MACLAREN

Future...

DAVID

Don't worry, your secret's safe with me.

MacLaren looks to Marcy, then back.

MACLAREN

3468.

DAVID

That is a dumb name.

MACLAREN

It is. I'm pretty sure it's one of the things in the future we're trying to change.

David half smiles at that in his medically induced haze, then turns to Marcy.

DAVID

What about you?

(then quickly)

No, don't tell me...

(then)

Can we go home now? Because I think I'd be more comfortable there.

MARCY

Okay. We'll go home.

DAVID

But I want everyone to come though, because I have a lot of other questions.

MARCY

Everyone's here.

37 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - (DAVID'S IMAGINATION) - DAY (D3)

37

The conversation continues in the apartment, and inexplicably the whole team is there around David, who sits in his chair, still weak but slightly more coherent than in reality.

DAVID

So why did you come all this way? I mean, to this century.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

PHILIP

Things aren't going so well in the future, David.

TREVOR

We wanted to change that.

David nods, but that wasn't really his question.

DAVID

Yeah, no, I mean... why didn't you just tell us what was going to go wrong and how to fix it?

MACLAREN

You already knew what was going wrong.

TREVOR

And what you needed to do to fix it.

DAVID

Yeah, maybe...

CARLY

We believed if we just stopped enough bad things from happening, the future we came from would never happen.

DAVID

But why all the secrets? Why not say, "Hey, we're from the future and things are about to go to ratshit, let's fix this?"

MACLAREN

Who would believe us?

DAVID

Yeah. It does sound a little bullshit when you say it out loud...

MACLAREN

It really does.

DAVID

But you could prove it was true pretty easy, couldn't you? I mean, you must have knowledge way beyond what we know.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

MACLAREN

And every world power would do all that they could to extract that knowledge for their own gain.

(beat)

The 21st century screwed things up, David, we're just trying to clean up the mess.

DAVID

But it's *our* mess, don't you get it?

He looks around the room at the team.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We should be the ones who fix it. What if after all that you've done it still doesn't work?

MACLAREN

We haven't given up.

TREVOR

So long as the Director exists, I doubt we ever will.

DAVID

Wow... I could talk all night about this stuff. We should have like a big dinner here some time...

(beat)

But I'm really tired all of a sudden.

David needs help to stand. Marcy helps him.

CARLY

We'll go.

She kisses him on the cheek.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Thank you, David.

Trevor gives him a big bear hug.

TREVOR

HERO! Good job, brother.

Philip shakes his hand at the same time.

PHILIP

One of the bravest things I've ever seen. Really...

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3)

37

MacLaren shakes his hand, man to man.

MACLAREN

You rest now. You deserve it.

DAVID

Don't be strangers.

MACLAREN

*Strangers?*

(beat)

David, you're part of the team now.

They all walk out and close the door.

MARCY -- kisses David gently on the lips and they fall into a long embrace, just standing there in each other's arms.

They speak softly as the light slowly begins to dim in the room:

DAVID

Don't you wish you could just stay here like this?

MARCY

Maybe we can.

DAVID

Let's try.

38 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N3)

38

Back in med bay MONITORING ALARMS go off.

BOYD

BP's bottoming out.

Another alarm.

BOYD (CONT'D)

He's fibrillating!

MARCY

Hold on, David...

39 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - (DAVID'S IMAGINATION) - NIGHT (N3)

39

David and Marcy cling to each other in the apartment. It's quite dark now. David whispers:

DAVID

I love you so much.

40 INT. GARAGE/OPS - NIGHT (N3)

40

Marcy bends down to kiss David, then whispers:

\*

MARCY

I love you.

Marcy is still very close to him when David stirs.

His eyes open and he turns to Marcy before he speaks with a weak, whispered voice:

DAVID

*Protocol Omega.*

David's eyes close one last time, blood runs from his nose and he dies. We hear the sound of the flatline.

\*

Marcy stands up, shocked by what just happened...

MARCY

No...

BOYD -- turns off the alarms.

The team all exchange looks.

They know the meaning of David's last words.

END OF SHOW

TRAVELERS

Created by  
Brad Wright

Episode #310

"PROTOCOL OMEGA"

Written by  
Heath Affolter  
&  
Brad Wright

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TRAVELERS  
"PROTOCOL OMEGA"  
Set List - GREEN PAGES - 06.20.18

Exteriors

BUS STOP  
CARLY'S APARTMENT  
CARLY'S HOUSE (*REUSE FROM  
EP 101*)  
CITY STREET  
DOCK  
FILMORE LABORATORIES  
GARAGE/OPS  
STREET  
STREETS  
STREETS/PARK  
WHYTECLIFF PARK

Interiors

BUS  
-Moving  
CARLY'S APARTMENT  
CITY BUS  
-Moving  
COLLEGE DORM (*REUSE FROM EP  
101*)  
DAVID'S APARTMENT  
-Bathroom  
-Kitchen  
-Living Room  
FBI FIELD OFFICE  
-Elevator  
FILMORE LABORATORIES  
-**\*Corridor**  
GARAGE/OPS  
KATHRYN'S LOFT  
MACLAREN'S SUV  
-Moving  
MMA FIGHTING RING (*REUSE  
FROM EP 101*)  
TEAM VAN  
-Moving  
UNIVERSITY  
-Corridor  
WORLD TRADE CENTER  
-Office

TEASER

44 INT. GARAGE/OPS - MORNING (D4)

44

MACLAREN, MARCY, CARLY, TREVOR, PHILIP, DAVID, and JEFF are all sitting around the work bench, which is covered with a table cloth and a spread of breakfast foods.

David is in the middle of telling a story that has everyone LAUGHING uncontrollably, including himself. The laughter is louder than the story itself.

DAVID

...and he very quickly realizes that the cup is nowhere near big enough, but he can't cut himself off at this point, so now he's stuck in traffic, peeing into a coffee cup and the level is slowly rising...

David starts laughing so hard, he can't even continue.

Philip is the only one not in hysterics. He is smiling and enjoying the moment, but he looks a bit strung-out and seems to be more of an observer than a participant.

PHILIP -- blinks, and David disappears in front of his eyes. The laughter is abruptly cut off, and now Philip SEES Reality:

MacLaren, Carly, Trevor, Jeff, and BOYD are sitting eating a breakfast hash, but the mood is somber and heavy. Nobody speaks. The only sound is the CLINKS of cutlery.

MARCY -- sits in the med bay, holding vigil next to DAVID'S BODY, which is covered with a sheet. She holds his hand.

Philip gets up and brings a plate of food to Marcy, side-stepping people that aren't actually there as he walks. Marcy doesn't even look up. Her eyes, red from crying, stay locked on David's body.

After a moment, Philip simply places the plate next to her on a mayo stand, then walks away. As he passes by his workstation, we SEE:

\*

PHILIP'S MONITORS - are FILLED with various NEWS PROGRAMS from around the world.

The sound is off, but all of them are reporting the only story that matters today: Three nuclear weapons have gone off, leaving the world panicked and searching for answers.

\*

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

45 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D4)

45

The Team, plus Jeff and Boyd, continue to sit and pick away at their breakfasts, when a KNOCK comes from the front door.

MacLaren looks to Philip, who's sitting at his workstation and takes a look at the security camera feed. Philip gives MacLaren a nod. MacLaren goes to the front door and opens it to find:

Two TRAVELERS (5226 and 6359), one of them holding a folded black BODY BAG, the other pushing an empty gurney. \*

TRAVELER 5226

3468?

MacLaren lets them inside.

MACLAREN

Thanks for coming. I know you technically didn't have to.

TRAVELER 6359

Of course.

They walk over to the med bay, where Marcy is still sitting with David's body.

MACLAREN

Marcy... It's time.

MARCY -- looks up at them, on the verge of tears.

MARCY

I don't want strangers, we can do this.

MACLAREN -- looks to the new Travelers. 5226 shakes his head and continues talking to MacLaren.

TRAVELER 5226

His body's irradiated; it's going to be complicated...

Marcy begins to break down. Carly comes to her side.

TRAVELER 6359

I'm sorry for your loss.

Carly leads Marcy into Philip's bedroom where she doesn't have to watch.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

Trevor helps the new Travelers go to work zipping up David into a body bag and onto a rolling gurney.

As 6359 is finishing up, 5226 approaches MacLaren.

TRAVELER 5226

We'll file the missing person's report in 24 hours. It will have been given by 3569 after she's gone home. He didn't come home from work. That's all she needs to know. We'll take care of the rest.

MACLAREN

I'll tell her.

5226 and 6359 take the body out of Ops and exit. Trevor closes the door behind them.

Trevor starts to gather dirty dishes from breakfast.

JEFF -- feeling a little out of place, does the same. He brings a stack of plates back to Trevor in the kitchen.

Trevor hands Jeff a wet plate and a dish towel.

TREVOR

Thanks.

JEFF

Shit's gotten pretty crazy, huh? Always figured Omega was the one protocol we'd never need to worry about.

TREVOR

When you consider the amount of potential revisions and possible outcomes, the Director's probably abandoned millions of time lines. Good chance there's a version of us in most of them.

JEFF

Yeah, well, I live in *this* one, so...

TREVOR

Yeah.

As they wash, Jeff keeps eyeing the IMPLANT above Trevor's ear.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

JEFF

So what's up with that thing stuck  
on your head?

TREVOR

Brain implant.

JEFF

For?

TREVOR

Temporal aphasia. Early onset.

JEFF

(nodding)  
Cool.

MAC AND BOYD -- stand by a work bench across the room, mid-conversation.

BOYD

They'll blame us, you know that.

MACLAREN

(nodding)  
I'm surprised I haven't heard from  
Yates already. I should probably  
head in to the office soon.

\*  
\*

BOYD

Can you tell her it was Faction?

MACLAREN

I did, but after this they're not  
going to trust a word we say anymore.

\*

BOYD

After this, I'm not sure I blame  
them.

IN THE KITCHEN -- Jeff and Trevor continue to wash dishes.

TREVOR

I'll still get locked in once in a  
while. The device is just a temporary  
solution. There's no cure even in  
the future. Switch hosts enough  
times, it becomes inevitable.

JEFF

You had that many hosts?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (3)

45

TREVOR

Yeah, I was an early test subject  
for consciousness transfer.

JEFF

So you're like, super old then.

TREVOR

Yeah, I'm pretty fuckin' old.

MACLAREN AND BOYD -- continue their conversation.

BOYD

I'm not even sure what I'm supposed  
to do now. \*

MACLAREN

What do you mean?

BOYD

I'm a cop? That's it? I mean it \*  
was fine as a protocol 5, but I'm a \*  
*doctor* --

MACLAREN

We still have a mission.

BOYD

Do we?

MACLAREN

Just because the Director's abandoned  
this timeline doesn't mean we have  
to, does it?

BOYD

We can't just make up our own missions --

MACLAREN

Why not?

BOYD

Because it would make us no different  
than the Faction.

MACLAREN

Well, then we have a mission we  
haven't completed. Find 001. \*

BOYD

How? He could have jumped into \*  
anybody by now. Without the \*  
Director's help -- \*

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (4)

45

JEFF -- having finished with the dishes, walks behind them on his way to Philip's bedroom.

MACLAREN

I don't know but we're going to try.

\*

\*

MacLaren grabs his garment bag and heads into the bathroom to change.

\*

\*

IN PHILIP'S BEDROOM -- Marcy is laying on Philip's bed with her back to Carly, who sits in a chair next to the bed. Jeff pops his head into the doorway.

JEFF

(to Carly)

So I'm gonna take off.

Carly looks up at him and notices there is blood dripping from one of the bandages above his eye.

CARLY

You're bleeding.

JEFF

(touching his wound)

Shit.

Marcy sits up in bed, having regained some composure.

MARCY

I'll change your bandage.

JEFF

No, no, you don't gotta do that --

MARCY

Just come here.

Marcy walks over to the med bay and Jeff sits down.

Boyd has just started busying herself by tidying up the med bay area.

As Marcy starts dressing his wounds, Jeff stares at Marcy's face, like he's studying her. She pretends not to notice at first, but then:

MARCY (CONT'D)

What.

JEFF

I'm just sorry, that's all.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (5)

45

Marcy, not looking for sympathy, changes the subject.

MARCY

Can I ask you something?

JEFF

Whatever, sure.

MARCY

The future hasn't gotten any better,  
has it.

Jeff hesitates.

JEFF

Protocol two, Marcy.

MARCY

Protocol Omega, Jeff.

He knows she's right. He sighs:

JEFF

Truth? Nothing the Director's done  
has made one bit of difference.

Marcy knew the answer...

JEFF (CONT'D)

But I still believe we can change  
that.

Marcy is almost finished with the dressing, but she notices  
that her hands are shaking. Boyd notices too and steps up.

BOYD

How 'bout I finish up?

Marcy nods and heads for the front door. MacLaren steps out  
of the bathroom, having changed into a suit, and SEES her  
leaving.

\*  
\*  
\*

MACLAREN

Where you headed?

MARCY

Home.

MACLAREN

Let me give you a lift.

MARCY

You'll just want to talk --

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (6)

45

MACLAREN

It's good to talk --

MARCY

I know what you're going to say because I've been trained to say the exact same thing. And you'll feel better because you've been told it helps people, but it *doesn't* --

MACLAREN

Marcy --

MARCY

David was the kind of man that made humanity worth saving. He literally represented that. He was a better human being than every fucking person in this room.

(beat)

And the Director just let him die.

(beat)

I'm done.

Marcy turns to leave and this time MacLaren just watches her go. Jeff walks up to him.

JEFF

Want me to follow her? Make sure she gets home okay?

MACLAREN

No, let her go.

Jeff nods, then extends his hand. MacLaren takes it.

JEFF

Agent MacLaren.

MACLAREN

Officer Conniker.

JEFF

Thanks for the rescue.

MACLAREN

Stay in touch.

JEFF

I will.

46 EXT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D4)

46

Jeff walks out the door and starts to leave, but Carly steps outside behind him.

CARLY  
Hey, wait up.

\*

JEFF  
Did I forget something?

CARLY  
No, I just --

Carly realizes she hadn't planned this far ahead.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Stay safe, okay? Who knows what's  
gonna happen now.

They stand there awkwardly for a second. Jeff looks a little confused, until Carly leans in and quickly kisses him.

Jeff is genuinely taken aback. Then:

JEFF  
I should go.

CARLY  
Bye.

Jeff leaves. Carly just stands there for a long beat, then:

MacLaren and Boyd step outside.

MACLAREN  
We're leaving too. You should try  
to get a few hours sleep.  
(off her lost look)  
C'mon, I'll give you a ride home.

Boyd heads to her motorcycle, and MacLaren and Carly continue toward the street. Trevor slides the door closed, watching them go.

47 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D4)

47

YATES enters the FBI Office, which is completely abuzz. Phones are ringing, monitors display surveillance and news footage from the affected nuclear zones, etc.

There is cable running all over the place, as every computer and phone is hardwired.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

All of the wires run to the center of the room, where they disappear into a hole in the floor.

DIRECTOR STEVENSON stands amongst the chaos, and Yates finds him.

YATES

Sir, I have reason to believe that yesterday's attacks weren't caused by Travelers.

STEVENSON

Then I have reason to believe you're one of them.

YATES

There's a resistance group called the Faction --

STEVENSON

Oh, I know all about the Faction, Agent Yates. That is *their* political distinction. Doesn't change the fact that the uranium used in every single one of those nukes has just been traced back to the exact same mine in this country.

YATES

I was there when Agent MacLaren and his team disarmed the fourth device.

\*  
\*

STEVENSON

So we're supposed to convince the Russians and the Chinese that although every nuke that went off yesterday can be traced back to us, the *one* that was successfully disarmed just *happened* to be on U.S. soil? Because the *good* travelers saved us from the *bad* travelers? Does that sound like a compelling argument?

YATES

No --

STEVENSON

But you believe these people. Who have done nothing but lie to you.

(off her look)

Every group we're monitoring keeps saying the same thing: Protocol Omega. What is it?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2) 47

YATES

Let me ask MacLaren. \*

STEVENSON

Find another way; I don't trust them. \*  
But get it right, please. Right now \*  
we're one nervous General away from  
nuclear war.

48 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D4) 48

Philip sits at his computer station. The deep web is active on one monitor, with news coverage playing on the others.

His attention turns to behind the monitor, where across the warehouse, Marcy is sleeping on the couch. He gets up and walks to her, grabbing a blanket off the back of a chair as he passes it.

TREVOR -- sitting on the floor meditating, opens his eyes to SEE Philip cautiously shuffling across the warehouse.

Philip reaches the couch and gently spreads the blanket over Marcy.

As he does, Marcy disappears, and the blanket simply falls on the couch. He turns to the kitchen.

PHILIP

Trev?

TREVOR

Yeah bud?

Philip looks to Trevor sitting in the front of the garage, then back to the kitchen, still confused. He shakes it off.

PHILIP

Where's Marcy?

TREVOR

She left a while ago. It's just you  
and me.

PHILIP -- scans the warehouse, clearly seeing more than just the two of them.

PHILIP

Right.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

TREVOR

I just got off the phone with my  
folks. They're freakin' out about  
the nukes; want me to come home.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

PHILIP

So go calm 'em down.

Trevor points to the device.

TREVOR

Brain implant. Won't calm 'em down  
I don't think. Gonna have to...

Trevor glitches for a couple of seconds. A tiny light flickers on the device and he comes back.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

...Grow my hair long like you.  
(off his look)  
You okay?

PHILIP

Yeah, you just glitched again.

Trevor nods. Philip heads toward his bedroom, then stops, realizing something. \*

PHILIP (CONT'D) \*

Then Marcy's gone home... \*

Trevor turns his back to Philip reaching for his minute timer. \*

TREVOR

How 'bout we meditate for twenty  
minutes, clear our heads --

He turns around just in time to see the door closing.

49 INT. CITY BUS - MOVING - DAY (D4)

49

Marcy sits on the bus, staring out the window.

After a moment, she pulls out her phone and makes a call.  
We HEAR it ring three times before going to voicemail:

DAVID (O.S.)

Hi, this is David. Leave a message,  
and I'll get back to you as soon as  
I can.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

Marcy wipes away tears. She hangs up and continues to stare out the window.

50 INT. MACLAREN'S SUV - MOVING - DAY (D4)

50

MacLaren drives as Carly stares out the window in silence. Finally:

CARLY

Ever think about what you would've done if you hadn't volunteered for the Traveler program?

MACLAREN

Not really. It was the only thing I ever saw myself doing.

CARLY

Me too. I'm not sure I'd make the same decision though, knowing what I know.

MACLAREN

Was there another option?

CARLY

Yeah. Life. A life not solely devoted to training and combat. A life without Protocol 4.

MACLAREN

Stuck in domes heated by a failing reactor, on a diet of yeast and recycled water? We were barely clinging to life, Carly, not living it.

CARLY

Tell that to my mother and sisters. They still found a way to laugh every day, still fell in love, made families.

(beat)

Hey, least you've got your wife to go home to.

MacLaren opens his mouth to tell her he doesn't when he is forced to SLAMS on the brakes.

Standing in the road in front of them is a YOUNG GIRL. She walks to the passenger side of the car. Carly rolls down the window as the Young Girl speaks:

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

YOUNG GIRL

Traveler team report to the following  
coordinates immediately: 47.2531  
degrees North, 122.4523 degrees West.

She then turns and runs away down the street.

CARLY

What the hell was that?

MACLAREN

One way to find out.

CARLY

You can't be serious.

MACLAREN

Why not?

CARLY

You know for a fact that that message  
wasn't sent by the Director. It's  
obviously a trap set by the Faction.

MACLAREN

And if the faction's working with  
001 --

CARLY

Then we're the next ones walled up  
behind a brick wall.

MACLAREN

We'll take precautions...

(off her look)

What else are we supposed to do?

CARLY

How about literally anything else.  
We can do whatever we want --

MACLAREN

I can't order you to come with me,  
but I'm going.

CARLY -- stares at MacLaren, before she activates her com.

CARLY

Trevor, you around? Mac and I could  
use your help.

TREVOR (O.S.)

Copy.

51 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D4) 51

We HEAR the sounds of keys and locks unlatching. Marcy opens the door and steps inside. She looks at the empty apartment.

52 EXT. STREETS - DAY (D4) 52

Philip runs down the sidewalk as fast as he can. He dodges and sidesteps both people we can see and people we can't.

53 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY (D4) 53

Marcy stands at the stove, waiting for the kettle to boil.

David's teapot sits on the edge of the counter in front of her. She goes to grab a mug, but as she turns back, she accidentally bumps the teapot, which SMASHES on the floor.

Marcy stares down at the shards.

54 EXT. STREETS/PARK - DAY (D4) 54

Philip continues to run with every bit of energy he has. He races across the street and cuts through a park.

55 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (D4) 55

CLASSICAL MUSIC (Ep 210) now plays in the apartment.

Marcy, now in a white nightgown, turns the bathtub faucet and begins filling the tub. As it fills, she has a long look at herself in the mirror and takes a deep breath.

56 EXT. STREETS - DAY (D4) 56

Philip, looking exhausted, has to slow down to catch his breath. He looks down the street and SEES an approaching taxi. He waves his arms at it.

PHILIP

Hey! Taxi!

Philip blinks, and the taxi turns into a normal car in front of his eyes and speeds past. He takes off running again.

57 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/BATHROOM - DAY (D4) 57

Philip bursts through the door. The classical music blares.

PHILIP

Marcy?

He rushes to the bathroom and throws open the door to find:

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

MARCY -- laying dead in the red bathwater, her head tilted away. More blood is splattered all over the wall behind her, and one of her arms hangs over the edge of the tub. Her gun is on the tile floor.

Philip instantly breaks down at the sight.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

PHILIP -- snaps back into reality. The tub is empty and the sound of classical music is replaced by the sound of a BLOW DRYER, which turns off.

MARCY -- enters the bathroom from the bedroom, dressed in a bathrobe and holding her blow dryer.

MARCY

Philip?

(beat)

What are you doing here?

He looks from her back to the bathtub, realizing his mistake, but he looks more scared than relieved. He's losing it.

PHILIP

I'm sorry.

MARCY

Go sit in the living room, I'll be there in a minute.

As he leaves, Marcy looks toward the bathtub.

Her wooden BATH BOARD, which was hidden from Philip's view behind the shower curtain, stretches across the tub.

On top of it rests Marcy's gun.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

58 EXT. DOCK - DAY (D4)

58

MacLaren and Trevor, both armed, move cautiously toward a seemingly abandoned ferry. They don't see anyone.

MACLAREN

Carly, you got anything?

CARLY -- is in a concealed position, looking through the scope of her sniper rifle.

CARLY

Nothing yet.

POV SCOPE -- Carly spots Mac and Trevor walking, then looks ahead of them where she SEES some movement.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Hold up. One man walking toward you from the boat.

MacLaren and Trevor raise their weapons as a MAN in an expensive suit steps out onto the deck of the ferry.

MAN

Agent MacLaren. I'm pleased you were able to make it.

MACLAREN

Okay.

MAN

Do the names Vincent Ingram or Katrina Perrow mean anything to you?

Trevor and MacLaren exchange a look.

MAN (CONT'D)

Just want to have a conversation.

MACLAREN

Better start talking, cause you've got about 10 seconds before I order your head blown off.

MAN

I want to cut a deal.

MACLAREN

Eight seconds.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

MAN

I'll turn myself in to the Director and face the consequences, if you fill me in on the details of Protocol Omega.

MACLAREN

Fill you in?

MAN

It wasn't a protocol in the time I was sent back.

MacLaren and Trevor give each other a look.

TREVOR

Really? That's what you're goin' with?

MacLaren lowers his weapon and calls out:

MACLAREN

Yates? Is this you?

A half dozen armed FBI AGENTS suddenly appear from inside and around the ferry, surrounding Trevor and MacLaren.

Yates steps off the ferry as well and approaches MacLaren.

YATES

How did you know?

MacLaren gestures to the fake 001.

MACLAREN

Seriously? Why didn't you just give him an eyepatch and a cat to hold.

YATES

I need you to come talk to my superiors.

MACLAREN

They're my superiors too, why not just send a text?

YATES

They don't trust you. Three nuclear devices just went off --

\*

\*

MACLAREN

And you watched us disarm the fourth!  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

How could you possibly think that  
we... All right, you know what?  
Fine. Let's go.

MACLAREN -- starts walking back up toward the road. \*

YATES

All of you. Including the sniper.

MACLAREN

Ah, *no*.

(tapping his com)

Carly, you and Trevor head home in  
my car. This won't take long.

CARLY (O.S.)

Copy that.

TREVOR

Happy to go with, boss.

MACLAREN

This is my protocol 5, remember?

Trevor nods and goes. Yates concedes.

YATES

Okay, fine.

She and the Man walk with MacLaren back to her vehicle.

As they walk away, on their backs:

MACLAREN

Who'd you get to play the messenger?

YATES

Johanson's kid. Wants to be an  
actress.

MACLAREN

She's good.

59 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D4)

59

Philip sits on the couch, still out of it. He looks behind  
him, and as he scans the apartment he SEES:

POV -- PHILIP

David and Marcy in the kitchen together as David teaches  
Marcy how to chop like a chef.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

DAVID

The key is to make a claw with your  
left hand, so that you can -- SHIT!

He holds his finger in the air as blood runs down it. Then:

ANOTHER VERSION -- of David and Marcy sit at the table,  
playing cards. Marcy is fully dressed, David wears a t-shirt  
and boxers.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Now you can't expect beginner's luck  
to last for --

Marcy lays her cards down.

MARCY

Gin! That's the shirt!

David shakes his head in disbelief as he looks at her cards,  
then begins removing his shirt. Then:

ANOTHER DAVID -- and Marcy BURST through the door in fancy  
clothes and immediately start passionately kissing. Then:

YET ANOTHER DAVID -- stands outside the bathroom. Marcy  
opens the door, tears welling in her eyes, and holds up a  
pregnancy test.

They immediately embrace.

Philip can't help but smile at the other timelines.

MARCY -- comes out of the bedroom and sits on the coffee  
table right in front of him. He's so entranced by the other  
timelines, he doesn't seem to notice her.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Philip.

He snaps to attention, realizing the Marcy in front of him  
is the real one.

MARCY (CONT'D)

You saw something in the bathroom,  
didn't you.

PHILIP -- doesn't answer, but Marcy knows she's right.

\*

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2)

59

MARCY (CONT'D)

I would never do that. You know that, right?

PHILIP

Yeah... I don't really.

MARCY

What are you seeing now?

PHILIP -- looks around the apartment again, but can't bring himself to describe what he's seeing.

MARCY (CONT'D)

I know you don't want to rely on drugs, but if those pills help you, you need to keep taking them.

PHILIP

I can't. I threw them away. Only an archivist can give me more, and...

(then)

Anyway, I'm glad you're okay.

MARCY

Please take care of yourself.

Philip is barely holding onto reality and shakes his head.

PHILIP

Yeah...

He gets up and goes to the front door, then stops.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

David was a good guy.

Philip exits, leaving Marcy alone.

60 INT. FILMORE LABORATORIES - DAY (D4)

60

TESLIA is working at his computers outside the glass enclosure. \*

The door to the lab slides open, and two Tall Men step inside. Tesla turns to them. \*

TESLIA

Excuse me, what --

BANG! BANG! -- Tall Man 1 shoots Tesla, who instantly falls to the floor, dead.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: 60

GRACE -- is inside the glass enclosure, working on Ilsa with a tablet. She steps out from behind Ilsa with her hands in the air. \*

61 INT. CARLY'S APARTMENT - DAY (D4) 61

Carly is listening to a rock song with a driving beat on her earbuds through her Iphone, rocking gently, almost absently to the heavy beat. She looks up, and out the window she SEES:

Her neighbors JESSICA and BRANT (Ep 307) are sitting in a parked car on the street in front of the building. Brant is YELLING at Jessica, and as she starts to say something back, he SMACKS her with the back of his hand.

Carly stands up.

62 EXT. CARLY'S APARTMENT - DAY (D4) 62

Brant and Jessica are just getting out of the car and walking up the path toward the front of the building.

Carly STORMS out the front door and heads directly for Brant. He doesn't realize she's coming for him until the last second, when it's already too late to react.

CARLY -- smashes the butt of her palm into his face, breaking his nose, then smashes his head onto her knee. He drops.

JESSICA  
What are you doing?!

Carly begins mercilessly beating him, music still pounding in her earbuds. Jessica screams.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Stop! Stop it! What are you doing,  
stop it! Please!

Brant is not even attempting to resist her blows. Jessica keeps screaming, causing Carly to finally stop.

CARLY -- stands up and immediately storms off down the street, walking to the driving rhythm of the MUSIC.

As she goes, we SEE Jessica drop to Brant's side in the BG. Carly continues to walk away without looking back.

63 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D4) 63

Yates and MacLaren enter the office. MacLaren looks at the cables and wires running everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

MACLAREN

Renovation?

YATES

Everything needs to be hard wired.

MACLAREN

Because?

STEVENSON (O.S.)

We've built our version of what you  
call an S.T.A.\*  
\*  
\*

STEVENSON -- approaches them.

\*

STEVENSON (CONT'D)

Space Time Attenuation field  
generator... I'm told it will make  
it impossible for the Director to  
see us.\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MacLaren looks around the room.

\*

STEVENSON (CONT'D)

It's under guard on the floor below  
us if you're thinking of looking for  
the off switch.

\*

MACLAREN

That precaution really wasn't  
necessary. Director Stevenson,  
it's an honor to meet you.\*  
\*  
\*

STEVENSON

Wish I could say the same, 3468.

Well, if he's gonna be that way:

MACLAREN

Please, call me FBI Special Agent  
MacLaren.

STEVENSON

Turn off your com device.

MACLAREN

My com?

MacLaren shrugs and touches his neck.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Okay. Off.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

STEVENSON

Good.

Stevenson goes to a nearby SMALL DEVICE with a few dials on it. He turns one of the dials up.

MacLaren cringes as a PIERCING, HIGH-PITCHED TONE fills his head.

MACLAREN

Jesus, okay!

MacLaren touches his neck again, actually turning his com off this time. The tone stops.

STEVENSON

Give me one reason why I shouldn't round up every one of you.

It takes a moment to regain his composure.

MACLAREN

The nuclear devices were built by the Faction; they're still out there --

STEVENSON

Protocol Omega. What does it mean?

MACLAREN

It means the Director will no longer be intervening in this timeline.

YATES

What does *that* mean?

MACLAREN

No more messengers, no more missions. Anyone part of the Traveler program is free to live out their days -- such as they are -- as they see fit.

YATES

Why would the Director do that?

MACLAREN

It's impossible to say for sure.

STEVENSON

Guess.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (3)

63

MACLAREN

It could mean that we've succeeded  
and we're now on the optimal path to  
a better future.

STEVENSON

Does this look like the optimal path?

MACLAREN

It *might* force the countries of the  
world to get their shit together.

YATES

It could also mean there's no possible  
way to save the future no matter  
what you do.

MACLAREN

That's true.

STEVENSON

Why should we believe a word you're  
saying?

MACLAREN

That's your call. But I'm willing  
to help in any way I can and I'll  
tell you anything you want to know.

64 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D4)

64

Marcy kneels on the floor with a bucket and a scrub brush.  
The rug is pulled back, and she's scrubbing the blood stain  
hidden beneath it (Ep 202), when there's a KNOCK at the door.

MARCY -- opens the door, and is surprised to see Jeff.

MARCY

Jeff?

JEFF

Hey, just wanted to check in. See  
how you're doing.

(beat)

I brought you something.

JEFF -- holds out a box of tea.

JEFF (CONT'D)

It's water flavoring made from leaves.  
You add boiling --

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

MARCY

I know what tea is --

JEFF

Developed a real taste for it myself.

She takes the box and there is an awkward moment.

MARCY

Did you want to come in and have a  
cup with me?

JEFF

If that would be cool, I don't wanna --

MARCY

It's fine. Come in.

Jeff moves inside and notices the bucket and brush.

JEFF

Looks like you're doin' some cleaning.

MARCY

Just trying to busy myself.

Marcy goes to the kitchen to put the kettle on as Jeff sits  
down at the table.

MARCY (CONT'D)

You know, I'll be okay, I just need  
time.

JEFF

Time. Yes... Don't we all. \*

Marcy comes back to join him. As she walks from the kitchen, \*  
Jeff stares at her face, the same way he did at Ops earlier. \*  
Again, Marcy notices. \*

MARCY \*

Something wrong? \*

JEFF \*

I know what you've been through, \*  
Marcy. \*

MARCY \*

You do? \*

JEFF

Well not *everything*.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

JEFF (CONT'D)

I can't imagine what it must have been like when you went through your reset. Losing all those memories.

(beat)

The Director took my wife from me too.

MARCY

You mean your wife in the future.

JEFF

Well... The future *is* our past.

The hairs go up on the back of Marcy's neck as she begins to realize who Jeff really is.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Death by messenger. Just like David. Precious life, snuffed out, right in front of my eyes. And we have no right to complain. We forfeited that right when we decided to put our fate in the hands of a *machine*...

Marcy tries to hide her fear she's sitting across from 001.

MARCY

I'm really sorry you had to go through that, Jeff.

JEFF

We created artificial life so powerful, it became our god. But what does one do when their god abandons them?

(then)

I think at a time like this, a reset would almost be helpful. Erase all these painful 21st century memories.

Marcy nods, as calm as she can be.

MARCY

I know what you mean.

JEFF

Is another reset even possible, I wonder..?

(points to her head)

Is Ellis' backdoor code to the Director still buried in there somewhere?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (3)

64

MARCY -- stares Jeff down before shaking her head.

MARCY  
I don't think so.

JEFF -- stares right back.

JEFF  
Oh I think so. I really do.  
(then)  
Either way, it's just good to see  
you whole again, Marcy.

The kettle in the kitchen suddenly WHISTLES. Marcy continues to pretend.

MARCY  
I should get that.

She goes over to the kettle. Jeff stands.

JEFF  
Let me help you.

Jeff follows, walking up behind her, almost upon her as she grabs the handle of the kettle... then:

MARCY -- THROWS the BOILING water into Jeff's FACE.

He screams in pain and covers his face with his hands, allowing Marcy to race around him toward the bathroom, tapping her com as she goes:

MARCY  
It's Marcy! 001 went into Jeff!

65 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D4)

65

Philip leans back against a wall, seeing so many time lines he looks high as a kite, oblivious to her hail:

MARCY (O.S.)  
He's after Ellis' back door code!

66 INT. GARAGE/OPS - DAY (D4)

66

Trevor sits on the sofa, momentarily LOCKED IN, unable to respond.

MARCY (O.S.)  
He thinks it's in my head!

67 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (D4) 67

Marcy races in and goes for her gun, still on the tray across the bathtub, grabbing it.

MARCY

Guys, I need your help!

She turns with the gun, but JEFF is already there, and smashes it out of her hands.

He grabs Marcy by the hair and SLAMS her head into a framed picture on the wall, shattering it. \*

He then pulls her back and PUNCHES her in the neck where her com is. HARSH FEEDBACK rings in her ears. \*

68 EXT. STREET - DAY (D4) 68

Carly, now some distance from her apartment, takes out her earbuds, barely having heard Marcy over the driving beat.

CARLY

Marcy?

(beat)

Mac?! Trevor?! Can anyone here me?

TREVOR (O.S.)

Sorry, got locked in for a sec.

CARLY

Didn't catch it all but Marcy's in trouble, meet me at her place.

Carly breaks into a run.

69 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/BATHROOM - DAY (D4) 69

Jeff is now on top of Marcy on the floor, struggling to get a hold of her arms. She manages to free a leg, and knees him in the groin.

She grabs a piece of the glass from the shattered frame and swings at his burned face, cutting him and making him cry out in more pain. \*

Marcy races into the living room. He tackles her to the floor. They trade blows but Jeff gets the upper hand and PUNCHES her hard in the face, dazing her.

He staggers to his feet and pulls out a gun tucked into the back of his pants.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

Marcy expertly sweep kicks his legs, knocking him to the floor.

She scrambles to her feet and grabs the gun, pointing it down at him.

Jeff, realizing he's been bested, raises his hands in the air. They're both bloody and out of breath. She tries her com again.

MARCY

Mac, I've got 001...

It just screeches feedback. She winces.

JEFF

The gun isn't loaded, Marcy.

Marcy pulls the trigger. It just clicks.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I could never risk what's inside  
that pretty little head of yours.

TALL MEN -- suddenly break through the apartment door, all with their guns trained on Marcy.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Take her.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

70 EXT. STREETS - DAY (D4)

70

Philip tries to walk down the street. He steps out of the way of no one in particular, then places his back against a store front wall for safety, looking higher than he's ever looked before.

He looks out at an intersection and SEES:

POV -- PHILIP

A multitude of timelines, all at once. An impossible dance of cars and pedestrians intersecting each other, passing through each other.

PHILIP -- closes his eyes, trying to concentrate.

A HOMELESS MAN (60s) parks himself in front of Philip and shouts right to his face:

HOMELESS MAN

It's the end of the world, brother!  
We all gonna die now!

PHILIP - keeps walking, almost drunkenly, weaving between people who aren't really there. \*

The SOUND of a sonic BOOM above him makes him look up to the sky:

POV -- PHILIP

As an ENORMOUS METEOR crosses the daytime sky, HELIOS falling to Earth...

PHILIP -- looks around again and finds himself the only one taken aback at the sight, then he continues on his way.

71 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D4)

71

Stevenson sits back.

STEVENSON

Before I agree to let you do anything,  
I want to know about the future.

MACLAREN

I can only tell you about the time I  
left.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

YATES

It's changed because you've changed history.

MACLAREN

Not necessarily for the better. From what little I *have* heard, even after all we've done, humanity is still on the brink of extinction. A more recent traveler might be able to tell you more.

STEVENSON

Just tell me the history you remember. What went wrong?

MACLAREN

The decline took years, but *this* decade was the turning point. Once climate change became unstoppable, it led to mass migrations, to severe overpopulation in urban centers, famine... Ancient diseases became unlocked as polar ice melted, exposing humanity to viruses for which we had no immunity, which led to mass death, the collapse of governments, resources... war over what was left.  
(beat)  
Eventually, nuclear winter.

YATES

How the hell were you supposed to stop *all of that* from happening?

MACLAREN

Our primary mission was to prevent a massive asteroid strike in the Atlantic --

STEVENSON

Helios.  
(off MacLaren's look)  
When an x-ray laser is fired toward a previously undiscovered asteroid from within the continental United States that tends not to go unnoticed.

MACLAREN

And should *prove* our good intentions. Helios killed millions.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2)

71

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

The Director believed it was the event that began the fall. The Grand Plan was supposed to erase all that.

STEVENSON

Why didn't it work? Why haven't you saved the future?

MACLAREN

I honestly don't know the answer to that. Only that the Director kept on trying...

(beat)

Until today.

STEVENSON

Agent MacLaren, today this country has been accused by my counterparts in Russia, China, even by our allies... of detonating nuclear devices on their soil.

MACLAREN

I've told you it was the Faction.

YATES

They don't know that.

MACLAREN

Then let *me* tell them. Let me tell them everything. We can still fix this.

Yates and Stevenson exchange a look.

STEVENSON

I can reach out... We'll need to arrange translators --

MACLAREN

That won't be necessary.

72 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (D4)

72

Trevor enters David's apartment to find the aftermath of an obvious struggle. He taps his com.

\*  
\*

TREVOR

Carly, I'm at the apartment.

\*

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

CARLY (O.S.)  
I'm still a few minutes out. Is she  
there?

\*  
\*  
\*

TREVOR  
No. And the place is trashed.

\*  
\*

CARLY (O.S.)  
Oh god. Marcy, can you hear me?

\*  
\*

Trevor hears something.

\*

(CONTINUED)

72

CONTINUED: (2)

72

TREVOR

Say that again.

\*

CARLY (O.S.)

Come in, Marcy. Marcy, you there?

\*

\*

Trevor follows the tinny FEEDBACK SOUND coming from her com, now in the bathroom sink, cut out.

\*

TREVOR

I found her com. It's been cut out.

\*

\*

CARLY (O.S.)

He's taken her.

\*

\*

TREVOR

You said you didn't catch it all...  
what did you hear her say?

\*

CARLY (O.S.)

Something about Ellis's back door  
code...

\*

\*

TREVOR

What good is the code without access  
to the Director?

\*

\*

Trevor realizes and taps his com, urgently.

\*

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Boss, we got a problem.

There's no answer.

\*

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Philip, Mac's turned off his com.

\*

\*

PHILIP (O.S.)

Ah, okay, I'm not far from his house,  
I'll try to find him.

TREVOR

Carly, meet me out front. I know  
where they're going.

\*

\*

\*

73

INT. FILMORE LABORATORIES - DAY (D4)

73

Marcy gets hauled in by two Tall Men. Jeff follows.

The CONSCIOUSNESS TRANSFER DEVICE has now been set up opposite  
Ilsa, the glass partition smashed away.

Ilsa and the device are connected with thick cables.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

GRACE -- is strapped to a wheelchair, hooked up to an I.V.,  
beaten and defeated.

\*

GRACE

I'm sorry, Marcy, I thought the  
Director would stop them... They  
drugged me --

MARCY

Grace, what did you tell them?

74 INT. KATHRYN'S LOFT - DAY (D4)

74

Philip arrives at the loft looking for MacLaren. He walks  
in and looks around.

POV -- PHILIP

He SEES:

MACLAREN AND KATHRYN -- giving their young child a bath.

MACLAREN AND KATHRYN -- making passionate love on the sofa.

MACLAREN AND KATHRYN -- eating at the kitchen island in  
silence. He reaches out and takes her hand.

PHILIP -- tries to shake off the images, then calls out.

PHILIP

Boss? You here?

None of the MacLarens notice he's there. He looks at the  
MacLaren and Kat making love on the sofa.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

'Kay, I'm gonna go...

He leaves, closing the door behind him.

75 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D4)

75

MacLaren stands in front of two wall monitors. At the same  
time, a CHINESE GENERAL and a RUSSIAN FSB leader, both 40s,  
are on screen, talking to MacLaren.

The Chinese General asks in Mandarin:

GENERAL CHIN

(in Mandarin, subtitled)

What is the number of Travelers in  
my country?

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

MACLAREN  
(in Mandarin, subtitled)  
Each Traveler team is forbidden by  
our protocols to communicate with  
each other unless directed.

\*

The Russian FSB officer, VALANTIN chimes in.

VALANTIN  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
We have captured several Traveler  
cells in Russia. They told us this  
Faction originated in the United  
States.

MacLaren effortlessly switches to Russian.

MACLAREN  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
They first came en masse from the  
future to the U.S., yes, but they  
have since spread out to many  
countries.

Valentin switches to English for this:

VALANTIN  
Having consolidated their power in  
your country.

76 INT. FILMORE LABORATORIES - DAY (D4)

76

Two Tall men hold Marcy in place as Jeff goes to the console  
for the Transfer Device. His face is still burned and sore.

MARCY  
My team is on their way.

Jeff shakes his head, dubious of that.

JEFF  
Protocol Omega, Marcy.

MARCY  
Why do you think this code's still  
in my head?

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

JEFF

Actually... Grace told me. She even told me how to use it to hack the Director.

\*  
\*

Grace is ashamed, quietly repeating.

GRACE

I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry...

MARCY

What if she's wrong?

JEFF

Then nothing happens and I'll be disappointed. *But* if she's right, the Director will become permanently disabled and the future will belong to humanity.

MARCY

You mean the faction.

JEFF

Yes.

MARCY

Led by you.

JEFF

So they tell me.

(beat)

Marcy, a reset will take away all those painful memories.

MARCY

Memories of who I am now.

JEFF

The Director allowed the man you love to die horribly... When it could have saved him. How can you forgive that?

(off her look)

By doing this we'll both get what we want.

Marcy nods, as if she has no choice.

MARCY

Okay, let's get this over with.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2)

76

Jeff looks to his two Tall Men, who begin to walk her over to the chair at the Transfer Device...

MARCY -- expertly slips the grip of one of them, then with her free hand, reaches for the concealed GUN of the other, shooting him in the process, then turning the weapon toward:

THE REMAINING TALL MAN -- who points his own gun back at her, ready to shoot.

JEFF

Don't shoot her!

Two more TALL MEN enter, guns raised.

MARCY -- ends the standoff.

MARCY

You want what's in my head?

Suddenly she puts the gun below her chin. \*

MARCY (CONT'D)

You can't have it.

JEFF

Don't!

She pulls the trigger. BANG.

JEFF (CONT'D)

NO!

MARCY's body collapses to the floor. We don't see the head wound, only an expanding pool of blood beneath.

Jeff stares at the body on the floor, upset beyond words... His plan has been foiled by Marcy.

Reluctantly, he goes over to Grace, staring down at her in the chair.

JEFF (CONT'D)

The other way is going to take so  
*much longer...*

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

77 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D4)

77

MacLaren presses his argument, (all speaking in English now), while Yates and Stevenson look on.

MACLAREN

Travelers will cooperate, I promise you. We can even help you find members of the Faction responsible for the nuclear devices...

VALANTIN

Then will you share your advanced technologies?

MACLAREN

Our engineers have been creating materials and building devices for over a decade. I believe if our technology is shared equitably we can --

\*  
\*

Stevenson quickly orders Yates:

STEVENSON

Mute our side, please.

Yates hits a key at her computer.

MACLAREN

Director, we're making progress --

STEVENSON

This is *not* the time to be negotiating access to future technology with foreign powers --

MACLAREN

If we're going to trust each other we need to --

Suddenly both the Russian and Chinese representatives hold their heads in agony, in the first stages of a transition.

Both SCREENS turn to static then go to black, returning to the FBI screensaver.

YATES

What's happening?

Stevenson glares at MacLaren.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

STEVENSON  
They're being *overwritten*.

MacLaren doesn't understand how that's possible.

MACLAREN  
I promise you the Director is *not*  
doing this.

STEVENSON  
Then who is?

MACLAREN  
I don't know, but it's impossible  
for the Director to take life this  
way --

A PHONE rings and Stevenson picks it up with urgency.

STEVENSON  
Stevenson...  
(listening)  
When did this happen?  
(beat)  
All right, keep me updated.

He hangs up and turns to Yates.

STEVENSON (CONT'D)  
The President and most of his cabinet  
just screamed in pain and collapsed...

YATES  
Oh, my God.

STEVENSON  
They all claim to be fine now. It  
happened to the speaker as well.

\*

He turns to MacLaren, fuming, realizing:

STEVENSON (CONT'D)  
This is a *coup*.

MacLaren has no answer. Stevenson turns to Yates.

STEVENSON (CONT'D)  
I need to get back to Washington.  
(re: MacLaren)  
Arrest this son of a bitch.

Stevenson marches out of the room and into the elevator.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

77

YATES -- follows her orders:

YATES

Put your hands on your head.

MACLAREN

Jo, you have to believe me...

YATES

Now!

78 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - ELEVATOR - DAY (D4)

78

Stevenson suddenly SCREAMS, and begins to transition inside the elevator.

The FBI agent accompanying him doesn't know what's happening.

79 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D4)

79

Yates holds her weapon on MacLaren, who holds his hands up.

MACLAREN

Please, listen to me.

YATES

Shut the fuck up --

MACLAREN

The same thing that just happened to the president is probably happening to other world leaders right now, let me help you.

As Yates considers that...

THE ELEVATOR DOORS outside, open, revealing:

STEVENSON -- whose gun is already raised toward MacLaren as he steps out. He FIRES -- narrowly missing, shattering the glass between MacLaren and Yates.

YATES -- reacts instinctively and FIRES at Stevenson, taking him out with a single shot through the heart.

As he falls to the floor, we SEE the dead FBI agent in the elevator behind him.

Yates doesn't know what to say, stunned that she's just killed the FBI Director. She looks at MacLaren.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Stevenson was taken in order to kill me. We should leave.

(beat)

I need to talk to my team.

Yates doesn't answer, still in shock. MacLaren goes over to the SMALL DEVICE, turns it down and taps his com.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Guys, what's happening?

80 INT. TEAM VAN - MOVING - DAY (D4)

80

Carly drives, on their way to Filmore.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

CARLY

Where the *fuck* have you been? 001's taken Jeff as a host.

MACLAREN

No...

TREVOR

The rescue was just a set up to get access to Marcy.

MACLAREN

Why Marcy?

TREVOR

So he could use Ellis's backdoor code against the Director.

MACLAREN

(realizing)

Through Ilsa... he's taken her to Filmore.

CARLY

That's our guess too. We're almost there.

PHILIP (O.S.)

Boss, I could use a pick up.

MACLAREN

Okay, I'll try to get you on the way.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: 80

YATES

You're not going anywhere.

The phone rings again.

81 EXT. STREETS - DAY (D4) 81

Philip is still on the street when his phone buzzes.

He looks at the screen:

BALLISTIC MISSILE ALERT -- THIS IS NOT A DRILL, SEEK IMMEDIATE SHELTER

He looks around. A dozen or so people walking nearby are all staring at the same message in disbelief.

Some of them begin to run. Philip taps his com.

PHILIP

Guys, am I the only one seeing this?

82 INT. TEAM VAN - MOVING - DAY (D4) 82\*

Trevor and Carly see the same message as Philip on their phones. Carly slams on the brakes. \*

CARLY

No, we see it too.

TREVOR

This really isn't a good time. \*

Carly looks from her phone to Trevor. \*

CARLY

You need to get out. \*

(off his look) \*

I'm going to see my son. Filmore's not far from here. \*

TREVOR

Carly, there isn't much time -- \*

CARLY

That's right. Go. \*

Trevor gives her a nod goodbye and hops out of the van. \*

82A EXT. STREET - DAY (D4) 82A\*

Carly pulls a U-turn. Trevor taps his com. \*

(CONTINUED)

82A CONTINUED:

82A

TREVOR

Boss, Carly's out. Protocol Omega.

(beat)

I'll meet you at Filmore.

Trevor starts sprinting down the road.

83 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY (D4)

83

Yates ends the incoming phone call, staring at Stevenson's dead body across the room.

YATES

Yes ma'am, I'll try to get the Director to safety...

(hanging up)

Norad's detected a massive missile strike from both Russia and China.

(beat)

Tell me why this is happening.

MacLaren almost can't believe it himself.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

MACLAREN

The first ever traveler... 001, has taken over in the future. Don't ask me how.

YATES

He launched the missiles?

MACLAREN

No. That would likely be the Generals who followed standing orders to launch, in the event their leadership suddenly was overwritten.

(beat)

But he's still the cause.

YATES

Norad said we're targeted.

MACLAREN

You can either shoot me in the back or come with me.

He turns to leave.

YATES

Wait...

He stops and faces her.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

84 INT. FILMORE LABORATORIES - DAY (D4) 84

Trevor enters the lab to SEE: \*

MARCY -- dead on the floor in a pool of her own blood.

He approaches Marcy, taking off his coat and gently laying it over her. \*

TREVOR \*

(sotto) \*

Bye, Marce... \*

(beat) \*

I'm sorry. \*

He stands up and surveys the scene, SEEING: \*

TESLIA -- dragged aside, also dead.

GRACE -- strapped to the wheelchair, unconscious. \*

JEFF -- or rather the husk that remains, is in the Transfer Device chair, eyes open, vacant.

TREVOR -- is filled with rage, and begins searching the lab for a weapon. \*

He digs through drawers of a black storage unit, and finds a section of steel conduit. \*

Weapon now in hand, he heads straight for Ilsa. \*

He swings the pipe back and is just about to smash Ilsa's eye when MacLaren, Philip, and Yates enter the lab. \*

MACLAREN \*

Trevor! \*

Trevor stops. \*

MACLAREN (CONT'D) \*

What're you doing? \*

TREVOR \*

001 must have transferred his consciousness into Ilsa. \*

GRACE -- has come to, but is still barely conscious. \*

GRACE \*

No... \*

(CONTINUED)

84

CONTINUED:

84

They all turn to her.

\*

GRACE (CONT'D)

He's not in there.

\*

TREVOR -- goes straight over to Grace and begins to free her from the restraints.

TREVOR

Grace, I'm here.

\*

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (2)

84

GRACE

He wasn't able to use the backdoor  
code either...

(looking to Marcy)

Marcy took that from him.

PHILIP

Then where is he?

GRACE

He's everywhere.

YATES

I don't understand.

GRACE

001 uploaded his consciousness first  
into Ilsa, then out to the internet.  
By now he's parsed himself into  
computers and servers all over the  
world, waiting for the future to  
arrive.

Grace is deeply remorseful.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I didn't think anything I said would  
matter because I was so sure the  
Director would stop him.

(beat)

I was so certain. I kept waiting...

MacLaren goes over to Marcy's covered body and stares down  
at it, defeated. There is a long beat.

MACLAREN

He won.

YATES

What?! Then why did we come here?

MACLAREN

I'm sorry, Jo, it's over.

PHILIP -- stares at the Consciousness Transfer Device,  
suddenly seeing things with clarity.

PHILIP

Maybe not.

(off their looks)

Maybe everything we need to fix this  
is *right here*. Maybe the Director's  
just expecting us to see it.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (3)

84

TREVOR

How many timelines are you seeing  
right now, bud?

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (4)

84

PHILIP

Just the one. The only one left.  
And it's going to end unless one of  
us goes back.

YATES

Back in time.

\*

TREVOR

Whoa, guys, even if one of us was  
able to upload their consciousness  
into Ilsa, and even if Ilsa had the  
electrical and processing power --

Grace perks up considerably with renewed hope.

GRACE

Which it does; the Director's made  
sure of that by downloading the  
program into Ilsa in the middle of  
the night.

TREVOR

'Kay even *then*, we could only send  
someone to a point in time after the  
*most recent* traveler.

GRACE

From 431 years in the future, that's  
true, absolutely. But not from *now*.  
The amplitude of space time distortion  
is directly proportional to distance.

MACLAREN

So how far back could someone safely  
go back from this point in time?

GRACE

Twenty years, easy.

PHILIP

All we need is to go back to before  
001 arrived.

GRACE

That's why the Director's been silent.  
It knew we would think of this and  
sent us what we needed to do it.

Trevor shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (5)

84

TREVOR

Sorry guys, I *do* love this idea, but we'd still need a TELL.

(off Yates' look)

A time, elevation, latitude and longitude to send a consciousness to a specific host. You can't just guess; it has to be exact.

MACLAREN

2001, August 18th, Whytecliff park at exactly 3 o'clock.

(off their looks)

When and where my host met Kat.

TREVOR

Okay then, one last objection, but it's a big one.

MACLAREN

If this works I'll be ending Grant MacLaren's life seventeen years before his historical death, I know. But...

(beat)

Maybe I can give those years back to someone else. So...

They all look at each other in a silent respectful moment of goodbye. No more objections, just mutual respect.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Until we meet again.

TREVOR

That's a very interesting possibility.

YATES

Okay, if you're going to try this, *hurry the fuck up.*

PHILIP

I'll find the coordinates to Whytecliff and the IMEI of MacLaren's cell phone.

GRACE

Trevor, help me load the program.

Yates goes over to MacLaren as everyone else goes into action, Philip looking up coordinates, Trevor wheeling Grace to the computer console, setting the computer, etc... \*

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (4)

84

MACLAREN

(to Yates)

See, there's hope after all. \*

YATES

Hope? Mac... You did this.

(beat)

You people didn't stop the collapse  
of civilization, if anything you  
sped up the process.

(beat)

What if coming back was the mistake.

They take a long look at each other. Then she turns and  
starts walking out. \*

MACLAREN

Where are you going? \*

YATES

Outside. To look at the sky.

She walks out. He watches her go, then: \*

MACLAREN -- takes off his jacket and gets into the chair...

85 EXT. FILMORE LABORATORIES - DAY (D4)

85

Yates walks out into the sunlight and looks up at the sky.

PAN UP to the blue SKY...

86 EXT. WHYTECLIFF PARK - DAY (D5)

86

PAN DOWN TO:

KATHRYN -- in a vintage 2001 outfit, waiting for John to  
arrive. Her hair is longer. She takes in the view.MACLAREN -- looking younger himself by a few years, walks up  
to her. Despite the vista, he stares at her a beat, then  
walks up alongside her.

MACLAREN

Beautiful view, isn't it.

Kathryn is almost startled by his arrival.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

Sorry, didn't mean to sneak up on  
you like that.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

KATHRYN

It's all right, I was just expecting someone.

(looks at her watch)

He's *late*.

MACLAREN

Some people are late people.

Kathryn is less forgiving.

KATHRYN

Almost an hour?

MACLAREN

That's pretty late.

KATHRYN

On my *birthday*?

MACLAREN

Oh... *he's* in the doghouse.

KATHRYN

Yes he is.

(then more forgiving)

John's an artist; he gets caught up in his work.

MACLAREN

Is he any good?

KATHRYN

He's brilliant, actually. He puts himself into every one of his pieces. I've seen him get lost in a canvas.

(looking at her watch)

Whether that's narcissism or artistry I can't decide.

MACLAREN

Maybe he's painting a portrait of you for your birthday.

Kathryn laughs at that, then almost blushes.

KATHRYN

There are *enough* of those portraits around the house, believe me.

MACLAREN

Intriguing as that sounds, we just met, I should leave that alone.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2)

86

Kathryn smiles at that, then...

KATHRYN

I love him. This just happens too often.

MACLAREN

Then set him straight. Tell him if he respects you, he shouldn't make you wait and that he's lucky to have someone as beautiful and charming as you in his life.

(off her look)

What.

KATHRYN

I'm not sure if you're flirting with me, or telling me to give John another chance.

MACLAREN

Well, if *I* was him... I know *I'd* want another chance.

MacLaren gives her a long, last look.

MACLAREN (CONT'D)

But I'm not him.

(then)

Happy Birthday.

And he walks away. She watches him go.

BEGIN MUSIC MONTAGE

87 INT. UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - DAY (D6)

87

SAMANTHA (Ep 308, but 17 years younger), walks out of a classroom holding a few books and wearing a backpack.

MACLAREN -- walks down the corridor in the opposite direction, hands her an envelope as he passes her, then simply walks away. \*

Confused, Samantha watches him leave, then begins to open the envelope. We SEE that hand-written on it is the single word: HELIOS.

88 INT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - (VFX) - DAY (D7)

88

MacLaren walks across the same trading floor atop the North Tower, where VINCENT first came to the 21st.

- 89 INT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - OFFICE - DAY (D7) 89\*
- MacLaren enters the familiar office and closes the door carefully behind him, before securing it with a chair so that no one will be able to enter.
- He goes to the computer and begins to type.
- ON THE SCREEN -- the words appear:
- TRAVELER PROGRAM WILL FAIL. DO NOT SEND 001.
- MACLAREN -- presses SEND, then stands, going over to the window Vincent looked out before.
- He looks out to the horizon, then at his watch. The plane is still a few minutes away.
- People, including CORRIGAN, begin to bang on the door of the office, wondering who he is and what he's doing in there, shouting through the glass.
- CLOSE ON MACLAREN -- who closes his eyes while the seconds tick, tick, tick...
- CUT TO BLACK
- 90 INT. MMA FIGHTING RING - NIGHT (REUSE FROM EP 101) 90
- Trevor's head slams in slow motion onto the floor of the ring...
- 91 INT. COLLEGE DORM - NIGHT (REUSE FROM EP 101) 91
- Philip's head lolls back in slow motion as he overdoses on heroin.
- 92 EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (REUSE FROM EP 101) 92
- A gunshot goes off inside Carly's house.
- END MONTAGE
- 93 EXT. BUS STOP - DAY (D8) 93\*
- MARCY -- sits on a bench waiting for the bus, holding her face up to the sunlight as the bus pulls up to the stop.
- 94 INT. BUS - MOVING - DAY (D8) 94\*
- Marcy pays the fare, then walks down the length of the bus, taking an empty seat among many. Sitting across:

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

DAVID -- can't help but stare, she's so pretty.

MARCY -- notices him looking at her. He's embarrassed.

DAVID

Sorry, I just wanna make sure you're on the right bus. This one's headed to kind of a rough part of town.

MARCY

I know. I didn't like the way patients were treated at my old job, so I'm starting today at the hospital on Main.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DAVID

I take a lot of clients there, I'm a social worker.

(beat)

So, doctor? Nurse?

MARCY

Nurse.

DAVID

Pretty busy hospital, just to warn you. Lotta tough cases.

MARCY

Well, I'm pretty tough.

DAVID

(he smiles)

I bet.

MARCY

I just want to help the people who really need it, you know?

DAVID

Yeah, same here...

(beat)

My name's David.

95 CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN.

95\*

Words begin to appear amid the swirling 3D Traveler text.

TRAV PROGRAM: VER ONE.....

STATUS: FAIL

The word FAIL blinks in red few times. Then:

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

RESET

LOAD SEQ: TRAV PROGRAM: VER TWO..... BEGIN.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF SHOW