

AFTERSHOCK
"THE ONE PERCENT SOLUTION"
PILOT EPISODE

Written by
Javier Grillo-Marxuach

Prod. - The Littlefield Company

WRITER'S DRAFT - 12.15.09
REVISED WRITER'S DRAFT - 12.17.09
NETWORK DRAFT - 12.28.09

©2009, ABC Studios. All rights reserved. This material is the exclusive property of ABC Studios and is intended solely for the use of its personnel. Distribution to unauthorized persons or reproduction, in whole or in part, without the written consent of ABC Studios is strictly prohibited.

TEASER

TITLE: LOS ANGELES - 24 HOURS BEFORE EVERYTHING CHANGES

SMASH IN ON THE LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - DAY

LUCY BENNETT'S VOICE (O.S.)
*Bonjour, c'est Lucy Bennett avec le
USAID. Oui...yes, Mrs. Depaul - of
course we can do this in English...*

CLOSE IN ON A SQUAT FEDERAL BUILDING

INT. USAID OFFICE - LARGE CUBICLE FARM - CONTINUOUS

The U.S. Agency for International Development. A logo on the wall of this drab space reads USAID: FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

LUCY BENNETT'S VOICE (O.S.)
Oh, you remember? Yes, I was the
interpreter at your presentation.

PUSH IN ON A CUBICLE...on the desk in a tin frame, a pic of LUCY BENNETT (20's, Amanda Peet a dozen years ago) atop the Empire State building with a HANDSOME YOUNG MAN...Lucy talks into a headset...shutting her eyes...

LUCY
Which makes this difficult because,
we considered your grant
application but...your proposal is
not something we can fund at this
time. Well, because of the economy
and...I know it's upsetting...I
fought for your endowment. Of
course poor children in the
developing world should be
vaccinated against rotavirus. No, I
am not numb to their pain. I wanted
your proposal...that's a horrible
thing to say. No. I don't think I
have blood on my hands: I think I'm
a good person...doing my job.

INT. USAID OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy BARRELS out through the cubicles - gathering herself together - to CROSS with an officious bureaucrat (FRANKLIN) - the two volley in several languages, a routine set long ago.

FRANKLIN
(in *French*)
Lucy! *How's it going?*

LUCY
 (in German)
*I need to call my boyfriend -
 it's his lunch break.*

FRANKLIN
 (in Spanish)
*When is he moving out from
 New York?*

LUCY
 (in Japanese)
That's a longer conversation.

FRANKLIN
 I'm out of languages.

LUCY
 (in Mandarin)
*Good, I don't have the
 strength for the foreign
 language game today.*

Franklin DROPS a stack of files in her hands.

FRANKLIN
 Don't spend too much time on the
 phone with Mr. Wonderful, you have
 eleven more dreams to crush today:
 one for every language.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

TITLE: ATLANTA, GEORGIA - 23 HOURS BEFORE EVERYTHING CHANGES

A BURST OF TELEVISION STATIC

Then the TITLE SEQUENCE for *EXTREME MEGA SCIENCE*: Mythbusters
 style editing! Images of planets! Lasers! Large vehicles!

EXTREME MEGA ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 The Family Learning Channel
 presents *Extreme Mega Science*:
 tackling the extremes of science
 with extreme prejudice...with
 extreme science prodigy and
 Spengler Medal Winner Calvin James!

The images give way to BEAUTY SHOTS OF CALVIN JAMES (30's:
 the cranky child of Good Will Hunting and Doctor House).

INT. EXTREME MEGA SCIENCE SET - DAY

A skate park fantasia of a mad science lab crossed with a Los
 Feliz kicks shop. Calvin, in a Paul Smith suit and Converse
 sneakers, speaks as ROVING HI-DEF CAMERADUDES get the action.

A SET OF MONITORS lights up, showing THE NAZCA LINES IN PERU.

CALVIN
 What's more extreme than geoglyphs
 spanning miles of the arid Peruvian
 desert? The Nazca lines.

(MORE)

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 But what are they? Irrigation?
 Ancient Art? Or - as leading
 scientists believe - a sign that
 aliens once visited the
 Earth...excuse me? Leading
 scientists? Which leading
 scientists? Get that camera off my
 face you mandrills -

Calvin PUSHES past the Cameradudes to REVEAL the show's crew
 and his teleprompter, next to which stands flustered producer
 STEPHEN JOHNSON (Philip Baker Hall two dozen years ago).

<p>CALVIN (CONT'D) I gave notes on this copy three weeks ago and I'm standing here talking about <u>ancient aliens</u>?</p>	<p>STEPHEN Calvin - calm down -</p>
---	--

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 Is it your name being used to sell
 the colossally racist idea that a
 non-white indigenous people
 couldn't have possibly drawn on the
 ground without the help of aliens?

Calvin STRIDES to a chemistry set - a CUTE, NERVOUS PA places
 a butane torch under a flask: boiling a dark liquid.

<p>STEPHEN I'm not going through this again -</p>	<p>CALVIN And I'm not explaining to my mother that she worked three jobs to put me through school so I could abet the pinheading of America!</p>
---	---

STEPHEN
 You have a contract. Say your damn
 lines and tell mother you hope she
 likes the house you bought her with
 the paycheck, or a pack of lawyers
 from the Family Learning Channel
 will shove that physics medal so
 far up your colon you'll be
 crapping bronze for a week...RESET!

Calvin grabs the flask: a syphon coffee maker. Calvin pours
 into a mug that reads: "in fact, I am a rocket scientist."

CUTE P.A.
 Doctor James...I'm sorry.

CALVIN
 (takes a drink, then)
 'least it's a nice house.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE: THE WHITE HOUSE - 21.5 HOURS BEFORE EVERYTHING CHANGES

INT. WEST WING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

WADE SHETTERLY (40's, Jason Bateman) faces off against
MIKHAIL YAKOVLEV (50's: Saville-Suited Soviet) and his AIDES.

WADE

The President signs the Chemical Weapons Convention treaty in Helsinki in four weeks. I'm not going in the Oval Office and telling my boss the biggest push to limit chemical weapons since the Cold War is off because of a word.

YAKOVLEV

That word is "Varcon:" A theoretical chemical weapon no one knows how to make. Why should we ban something that does not exist? If we allow this in the treaty it opens a floodgate to suppress all manner of intellectual expression.

WADE

The foundations for making Varcon gas were laid out by one of your scientists in a published paper. Is that the kind of expression we're discussing?

An AIDE enters and hands Wade a slip of paper.

YAKOVLEV

We are not making Varcon gas.
You have my word.

WADE

That's what you said about your work on Anthrax back during the Gorbachev years.

YAKOVLEV

You hurt me...I came very close to defecting because of that.

(as Wade reads the note)

It is not my fault that the door man at the American Embassy in London didn't speak a lick of Russian and turned me away.

WADE

At least your English has improved...I need for you to excuse me for a moment.

(stands, then)

My President feels very strongly about chemical weapons, even the highly theoretical ones. No Varcon.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - MOMENTS LATER

Busy. Bustling with STAFFERS. FLATSCREENS show feeds from all the news channels. Wade STEPS OUT with his Aide.

WADE

Did you tell the Deputy Director of the CIA I'm in the middle of saving the world from chemical weapons?

The Aide indicates ANNA BRIGGS (late 40's, Angela Bassett), standing dead ahead: anxious and unamused. Wade winces a little, then steps up. Handshakes are exchanged:

Wade.

BRIGGS

WADE

Anna.

BRIGGS

I need facetime with Big Bird ASAP.

WADE

Talk to the Chief of Staff.

BRIGGS

He's waist-deep in the Indonesian crisis, wants you to advise before going to the President.

WADE

I am national security advisor.

BRIGGS

I don't have time for jokes. Signal intelligence picked up a high-energy transmission, we don't know where it's coming from.

WADE

What kind of transmission?

BRIGGS

Unidentified. We picked up three pulses over three parts of the country. Someone's sending a highly-focused, high-energy signal - and it's getting stronger.

WADE

Where are they?

Briggs hands over three SATELLITE IMAGES.

BRIGGS

One pulse appeared over LA two hours ago, one over Atlanta...and the third one's right above us.

Wade looks at the pictures: the White House with an ODDLY COLORED MAELSTROM ABOVE THE WEST WING.

WADE
This thing is above us? And we don't know what it is?

BRIGGS
Do we tell POTUS?

WADE
(with growing alarm)
Are you kidding?

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

CALVIN
Which is why the mystery of the Nazca lines - the work of an inordinately clever natives or the legacy of ancient space travelers - remains to this day.

STEPHEN
CUT! Great work Calvin.

As Calvin SHAKES his head...

THE TELEPROMPTER FRITZES OUT - SPECTACULARLY

All eyes turn to the wayward equipment...which then EXPLODES...and as Calvin DIVES for cover...

INT. USAID OFFICE - LUCY'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Lucy holds her handset, eyes closed, a hand on the cat photo:

LUCY
Ich bin Lucy Bennett von USAID. Ich brauche mit ihnen sprechen.

Her desktop computer FRITZES. Spectacularly. And then EXPLODES. Lucy drops the phone. REELS back.

As LUCY'S CO-WORKERS prairie dog over their cubicles:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Wade rushes to his Aide's desk - takes the phone from the aide's hand and HANGS IT UP.

WADE
We have a red-ball. A suspicious aerial incursion over the nest. Get Tillman, I want to activate emergency evacuation protocols and -

THE OVERHEAD MONITORS SHOWING THE NEWS CHANNELS FRITZ

Spectacularly. And as they EXPLODE:

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE SKIES OVER

LUCY'S BUILDING - THE TV STUDIO - THE WEST WING

As MAELSTROMS OF BRILLIANT LIGHT open above each - gathering strength and FIRING a concentrated, multicolored BEAM...

FOLLOW THE BEAMS OF LIGHT

HURTLING down, PASSING THROUGH clouds and rooftops TO FIND:

LUCY, CALVIN, AND WADE

Who are quickly ENGULFED by the light...then LIFTED a foot from the ground, bodies FLAILING as VORTICES OF WIND SHAKE the air around them.

Papers FLY. Cubicle walls COLLAPSE. Electronic equipment SPARKS and SMOKES. People DUCK AND COVER in fear. CHAOS.

Then it's over. Lucy, Calvin, and Wade COLLAPSE.

And off the shocked expressions of their co-workers:

END INTERCUT ON WADE

SCRAMBLING to his feet as Briggs reaches down -

BRIGGS
Wade - what just happened?

WADE
I need a sharpie...a
marker...a felt tip pen!

Wade grabs a Sharpie off a desk and heads for one of the Lucite dividing walls and WRITES something quickly revealed as a complicated mathematical equation -

BRIGGS
Wade - what's going on?

Wade looks at Briggs through the Lucite, quickly filling up with mathematical symbols:

WADE
It's a message. Something's coming.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

SMASH IN ON A SERIES OF EQUATIONS

Written by Wade across a series of legal pads at:

INT. CIA INTERROGATION ROOM - WASHINGTON DC - DAY

Wade sits at a desk, writing intently as Briggs interrogates:

WADE

You need to let me out of here. You need to let me talk to POTUS.

BRIGGS

You need to unpack this for us. What's the message? What's coming?

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

TITLE: CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY VIRGINIA - TWENTY ONE HOURS BEFORE EVERYTHING CHANGES

RESUME ON WADE

WADE

The equation is the message, a call to action, it has to be solved.

BRIGGS

You sound like a crazy person.

WADE

No. I don't. There were two other pulses: that means two other people must be going through the same thing. We need to -

BRIGGS

You need to tell me if you had anything to do with this, if it's some kind of a first strike.

WADE

First strike? Of what?

BRIGGS

You tell me.
(off Wade's dubious look)
If there's a one percent change that this is a hostile action, I have to treat it with a hundred percent resolve -

WADE

Your reverence for Dick Cheney is truly becoming a liability.

BRIGGS

The President's a mile under the Earth's crust, the VP's circling in perpetuity in Air Force Two, and you're gonna spend years in a lab with electrodes for boxers. This so-called message came to you in the form of an incursion into the White House: that makes you a hostile until I know for sure you're not.

WADE

If the tables were turned -

BRIGGS

- it'd be you giving that speech.

As Wade turns away, all too aware of his plight, Briggs' second, AGENT PRYCE (30's) steps into the room:

PRYCE

Agent Briggs, there's something we need you to see.

INT. CIA FIELD OFFICE - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Lucy puts down equations like a math prodigy - which she isn't. A pair of AGENTS try to interrogate her:

AGENT#1

Miss Bennett, we really need to get some answers from you.

LUCY

You people don't get it. I'm doing math. I hate math. The only way I got through undergrad was dating a math major, and all of the sudden I have a photographic math memory -

AGENT#1

If you could stop writing -

LUCY

This message is in my head. I need to get it out OK? I'll tell you all about my job and my long-distance boyfriend and my cute loft in the flower district when. I. Am. Done.

Frustrated, Agent#1 looks up at a SECURITY CAMERA:

WIDER TO REVEAL BRIGGS WATCHING ON A MONITOR AT

INT. SITUATION ROOM - WASHINGTON DC - CONTINUOUS

Computers, screens and KEYBOARD-POUNDING AGENTS in shirtsleeves and loose ties.

A VIDEO WALL shows feeds from LA (Lucy), Atlanta (Calvin) and Washington DC (Wade, now alone) - all SCRIBBLING away. Briggs GLOWERS over it all.

PRYCE

We just picked her up in Los Angeles, she's doing the same thing as the subjects in DC and Atlanta.

BRIGGS

They are all writing the same thing? Is it gibberish?

PRYCE

We just don't know, it's too early -

BRIGGS

Not good enough, Pryce, I need answers.

Briggs turns to a group of DJ QUALLES/MASI OKA MATH WONKS hovering over flatscreens showing close-ups of the equations:

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

You're the MIT/Berkeley/Carnegie Mellon mathletes: show me my tax dollars at work.

(off cowed looks)

For god's sake - try to put together a thought!

CALVIN (ON SCREEN)

It's incomplete, you gibbons!

Briggs TURNS TO LOOK at Calvin's monitor, where he berates the agents trying to interrogate him.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Incomplete. There's two more parts to the message - they aren't here.

(indicating the board)

You know how $2+2+2=6$? What I have is "+2=" - it's only a third of this equation. Which means A. I'm having a perverse brainfart straight out of *A Beautiful Mind*... which I'm not, B. I'm going to be hit again by a beam of light from space or C. Two other people got the pulse and I need to talk to them to solve this...did other people get hit?

(off blank looks)

Did. Other. People. Get. Hit?

The Agent in the room looks up at the camera. Calvin notices and takes it for a tell:

CALVIN (CONT'D)
Nice poker face. Step aside, let me
talk to your supervisor...

Calvin ADDRESSES THE SECURITY CAMERA - triggering an INTERCUT
with Briggs, who watches intently.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
OK. Big shot. You don't know it,
but I own your ass. I can solve
this equation if you give the me
missing pieces. The only other
person who maybe could do it died
after the Manhattan project.

(then)

I want the rest of the message. I
want to meet anybody else who got
hit by the pulse. I also want a big
room with a lot of white boards...
and some brain food. A steak. From
Ruth's Chris. With the crusty blue
cheese topping and a tub of
Bernaise the size of my head.

BRIGGS
Somebody tell me he's full of crap.

One of the Math Wonks steps up, meekly RAISING A HAND:

MATH WONK #1
I knew Dr. James at Carnegie Mellon
and - uh - he is not full of crap.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

TITLE: CLASSIFIED - 14 HOURS BEFORE EVERYTHING CHANGES

INT. LARGE AIRPLANE HANGAR - NIGHT

AGENTS bring in Ruth's Chris takeout bags. A team of MOVERS
carry a conference table, computers and whiteboards...REVEAL
A JET - TAXI-ING in from the main gate...as Lucy exchanges
semi-heated words with Wade and Briggs.

LUCY
Your agents grabbed me from my
cubicle, shuttled me here and I
don't even know if I'm under
arrest, or accused of a crime.

BRIGGS
You're not under arrest.

LUCY
So what am I?

BRIGGS
Invited by the CIA to cooperate.

LUCY

I wrote down the equation. I can't solve it. Why was I brought here?

WADE

Lucy, I work at the White House. I got hit by the pulse too...and we're kind of in unknown territory. You and I are here because the other person who got hit wants to meet us.

LUCY

I just want to go home.

BRIGGS

That's not an option.

LUCY

Ms. Briggs, have your people searched my home yet?

Briggs reaches into her jacket and pulls out a warrant folio.

BRIGGS

I was about to serve you.

LUCY

If I agree to cooperate, will they bring me my laptop?

(off Briggs' look)

I Skype my boyfriend, Josh, in New York every night. I miss a call, he freaks. Did I mention he's an investigative reporter for the Times?

Briggs stares a dagger at Lucy, who is not backing down, but before the standoff can progress:

CALVIN (O.S.)

Where're the other chosen ones?

LUCY

Chosen ones?

REVEAL Calvin - BUSTLING down the ramp from the Jet and BARRELING over. Wade extends a hand to Calvin:

WADE

Wade Shetterly.

CALVIN

The national security advisor? You're a policy guy, how'd you get the cosmic message? Are you a closeted math prodigy? What do you bring to the party?

LUCY
 (stepping up)
 Hi. I'm the other "chosen one."
 Lucy Bennett - regional grants
 assistant for USAID -

CALVIN
 Assistant like secretary?

LUCY
 Assistant like assistant.

CALVIN
 Who are you people? I thought I was
 gonna get some help. I thought I
 was gonna get intellectual equals.

Calvin's insult hangs there for a moment, then:

LUCY
 You host a science show on basic
 cable.

CALVIN
Extreme Mega Science. Yes.

LUCY
 I Tivo'd that one time. When you
 dropped melons from a cargo plane -

CALVIN
 That was a high altitude barometric
 pressure experiment -

LUCY
 - was really derivative of
 Letterman in the eighties.

Wade looks at Lucy and smiles appreciatively, then:

WADE
 Maybe you'd like some dinner. We
 brought in steaks.

CALVIN
My steaks?

LUCY
 I'm vegetarian - I mean,
 pescatarian - I eat fish.

Calvin turns to Briggs as Wade escorts Lucy away.

CALVIN
 I hear you have some of my old
 Carnegie buddies on the payroll.
 (off Briggs' nod)
 (MORE)

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 Call 'em in - I'm gonna need some
 bonobos to crunch the numbers while
 I do the hard work.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

TITLE: CLASSIFIED - 9 HOURS BEFORE EVERYTHING CHANGES

INT. LARGE HANGAR - NIGHT

The MATH WONKS crowd a kids' table by the main work area.

CALVIN
 You forgot a decimal? I can't turn
 my back on you lemurs. Run it
 again. Show your work this time.

As Calvin turns back to the white boards - RACK TO FAVOR WADE
 AND LUCY - talking over the remains of dinner:

LUCY
 There was this coffee house, red
 building in Silverlake, after ten
 months canvassing the same fifty
 latte-sucking funemployment
 hipsters to sign Greenpeace
 petitions I decided to get a real
 job and...
 (after a deep breath)
 I can't do this...make faux getting-
 to-know-you chit-chat. You seem
 like a nice person and all but -

WADE
 - you need some space, I get it.
 I'll go sit over there.

LUCY
 (a beat, then a smile)
 You do this for a living. Mollify
 people. Keep them talking.

WADE
 Actually...I started my career in
 the Peace Corps and always wondered
 how USAID decides who to finance.

Lucy clicks back in, blissfully unaware of Wade's wiles:

LUCY
 Oh, you have no idea how unclear
 that is - and I work there...

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

TITLE: CLASSIFIED - 6 HOURS BEFORE EVERYTHING CHANGES

INT. LARGE HANGAR - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - NIGHT

Lucy SNOOZES. The Math Wonks SNORE. Wade lies on the table, knees angled - looking over at Calvin, working the white board, calculator in hand.

Calvin stops. Looks down. Lets out a SIGH...and a smile that turns into a HO-HO-HOING CHUCKLE.

Wade sees this and LEAPS OFF the table to stop Calvin's work:

WADE
Know what it is?

CALVIN
Oh yeah. These are coordinates.
Whoever sent this message is
telling us where to meet them and
when.

WADE
Need to write it down?

CALVIN
Photographic memory.

WADE
Good.

MATCH CUT TO THE EXACT SAME SCENE

ON A MONITOR IN A ROOM NEXT DOOR - where Pryce NUDGES Briggs from her cell phone call to see Wade and Calvin:

PRYCE
Agent Briggs - look.

Wade DROPS and SMASHES the calculator... Lucy wakes up as Wade TAKES AN ERASER to the boards.

BRIGGS BURSTS IN THROUGH A DOOR

BRIGGS
The hell's going on here?

WADE
You know damn well. Someone's
coming, genius bar knows where and
when they're showing up, and we're
not sharing until we all get our
lives back.

CALVIN
Easy there, Cochise. I don't want
my life back, I want full access. I
want to go where this goes. Someone
sent me a message, they invited me
to meet them. I want to know who.

WADE

What about you, Lucy? You want to find out who sent you this message?

BRIGGS

(before Lucy can answer)
This isn't a negotiation.

WADE

Not between you and I, it isn't. I want to talk to President Watson...
(points to the Math Wonks)
...or you can reconstruct the solution with the Mathnet boys.

And off Briggs, SHAKING HER HEAD, pinned down:

SMASH CUT TO THE SPINNING BLADES OF A HELICOPTER

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Briggs - and Wade, Calvin, and Lucy ride in the rear bay along with a team of SOLDIERS: armed to the teeth.

BRIGGS

You are damn fortunate you knew him in high school. Damn fortunate you roomed with him in college.

WADE

I'm damn fortunate the President knows a good deal when he sees it.

BRIGGS

This could be the opening gambit in an attack. An invasion.

WADE

Then you'll have all manner of schadenfreude about this.

BRIGGS

And the people you endangered?

WADE

C'mon. If you understood what we've been through -

CALVIN

She can't understand. The pulse was sent for us. We were chosen to receive this message by whoever's coming...and I for one would like to know why whoever sent it picked this motley bunch of hairless apes.

Lucy looks up from her motion sickness bag:

LUCY

Any time you want to stop glancing over here when you say crap like that, I'm good.

BRIGGS

All that math to give us a set of coordinates and a time to show up there. Should have sent e-mail.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE: BARRINGER CRATER, ARIZONA - 3 MINUTES BEFORE EVERYTHING CHANGES

EXT. BARRINGER CRATER - NIGHT

Lit by starshine. A 4000ft. wide, 200ft deep depression in the arid desert...suddenly buzzed by a mechanical bird of prey as the chopper LANDS ON THE FLOOR OF THE CRATER.

CALVIN, WADE, LUCY AND BRIGGS RUSH OUT OF THE CHOPPER

Along with a POD OF SOLDIERS...eight people standing in a WHIRLWIND OF DUST as the chopper LIFTS UP immediately.

LEAD SOLDIER

Form a perimeter! Let's go!

CALVIN

OK...space aliens! Pandimensional beings? We're here! Give it to us!

LUCY

Oh brother.

CALVIN

Easy, barf bag - without me you're still in a cubicle.

WADE

Hey guys...is it supposed to rain in this desert?

A light rain FALLS...but the water EVAPORATES before it hits the ground, forming a FOG around everyone's feet.

A MAELSTROM OF LUMINESCENT VAPOR grows hurricane-like overhead...heralded by TENDRILS OF LIGHTNING...one of which comes dangerously close to the rising chopper.

INSIDE THE CHOPPER COCKPIT

The PILOT RECOILS at the bright light.

RESUME ON BRIGGS

BRIGGS

Move the chopper!

LEAD SOLDIER

What about your safety?

BRIGGS

We won't have any if it comes down!

THE CLOUD OF GAS EXPANDS

Lit from within by massive DISCHARGES OF ENERGY.

THE CHOPPER MOVES AWAY TO REVEAL

A MASSIVE CRACK IN SPACE - OPENING OVERHEAD

EXPANDING TO the crater floor....and on the other side:

A MASSIVE STRUCTURE RESEMBLING AN URANIUM ATOM

Straddling the crater...and at its center:

AN ELEVATOR-LIKE POD - DESCENDING

To deposit FOUR SPACE-SUITED FIGURES into the whirlwind.

THE SPACE-TIME HOLE VANISHES WITH AN INVERSE VACUUM ROAR

All that's left are the figures...standing meters
away...STEPPING FORWARD...their badges COMING INTO FOCUS...

ANGLE ON CALVIN, WADE AND LUCY - REACTING

LUCY

USAID?

CALVIN

The United States -

LUCY

- Agency for International
Development. I know it. What
I meant -

WADE

Is "what the hell?"

The lead Figure takes off his helmet to REVEAL a handsome man
in his late fifties (VICTOR, imagine Harrison Ford)...more
helmets come off to REVEAL: NAM-JUN (30s, Daniel Dae Kim),
SACHI (20s, Sheetal Sheth) and MAX (teens, Zac Efron).

They are The Travelers.

VICTOR

We're here to save you.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SMASH INTO A MONTAGE

Of the chopper LANDING outside a DESERT MILITARY INSTALLATION. Of SOLDIERS rushing out of A SQUAT BUILDING BEHIND A MASSIVE FENCE to meet the chopper. Of The Travelers, leaving the chopper and entering the main building: escorted by the armed soldiers.

INT. MILITARY INSTALLATION - STAGING AREA - DAY

Wade and Briggs watch an Advanced Technology X-Ray along with UNIFORMED MEDICS led by Colonel ANTONIO LOPEZ (60's, Edward James Olmos) as The Travelers walk through the X-ray portal:

MEDIC #1

They're people. Not aliens, not cyborgs, not mutants. Just normal people...in what appears to be perfect physical health.

But Wade turns to Briggs, his mind on other things:

WADE

When did we put a base here?

COLONEL LOPEZ

(stepping in)

It's a small experimental station.
Not a base. It's top secret.

BRIGGS

What about the space suits?

COLONEL LOPEZ

Elastic stocking pressure suits,
composite helmets. Nothing we
couldn't build if we were smarter.

BRIGGS

Are they armed?

GENERAL LOPEZ

I've seen every shiv known to man, and we've run out of ways to prod these people. If they got something past us, they deserve to hit us.

WADE

They could have "hit us" any time.
Let's talk to our guests.

INT. MILITARY INSTALLATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Travelers stand under a light at one end of a long conference table, facing off against Briggs, Wade, Calvin, and Lucy...flanked by Colonel Lopez and two armed SOLDIERS.

VICTOR

My name is Victor Clarence Hudson.
My partners are Nam-Jun Hwa and
Sachi Chandrasekhar, and my son
Max. We traveled from the year
2299. We came on a one-way ticket.
We have a mission.

WADE

You got our attention.

NAM-JUN

And it's an honor, sir.

Wade exchanges looks with the others, what did that mean?

VICTOR

You are going to find what we have
to say hard to hear, but your way
of life is on the verge of
collapse. There's a lot less oil in
the world than you believe, and
you're not close to an alternative.
In twenty years, there won't be
democracy, just armies fighting for
resources. The wars will last
decades. By the time the wars end,
the Earth will look like this.

Victor exchanges glances with Max, who RAISES HIS HAND:

SMASH VFX TRANSITION TO

EXT. POST-APOCALYPTIC NEW YORK CITY - CONTINUOUS

Wade, Briggs, Calvin, Lucy, Colonel Lopez, and The Travelers
now stand in what was once Times Square. The city IS A STEEL
CORPSE: streets littered with Pompeii-like bodies, cars and
buses burned and shattered. Everything is black, from the sky
of acrid clouds to the husks that were once buildings.

Briggs and Colonel Lopez both reach for their guns and DRAW.

SACHI

Don't panic - we're still in the
conference room.

BRIGGS

How did you?

MAX

(a puckish smile)
It's a mental projection. A
teaching tool...like Power
Point.

LUCY

I think I'm gonna -

Lucy RETCHES. Wade steps over to comfort her.

SACHI

This is where we live. Skies choked with toxic gas. No wildlife. The oceans devoid of anything but anoxic sediment.

NAM-JUN

The few hundred thousand survivors live underground...eating cloned fish and vegetable protein.

LUCY

(recovering)

When does this happen to New York? My boyfriend lives here...

VICTOR

New York is one of the first cities to go...what you see is less than twenty years away.

SMASH VFX TRANSITION BACK TO THE CONFERENCE ROOM

The Armed Soldiers - weapons drawn - look at the Colonel:

COLONEL LOPEZ

Stay your weapons.

SOLDIER #1

What just happened?

CALVIN

They...uh came from the future to warn us about our wasteful and unsound way of life.

VICTOR

Not to warn you, to save you.

SACHI

We were selected for the job. I'm an energy systems scientist, Nam-Jun is in advanced materials - Victor is our captain, and a history professor.

BRIGGS

Assuming this isn't a hoax -

CALVIN

The massive time machine didn't convince you?

BRIGGS

Assuming this isn't a hoax - what can the four of you do?

SACHI

Build a fusion reactor that will provide the world clean, plentiful energy, end the planet's dependency on foreign oil and keep you from going to war...I don't know that any of your scientists can do that. Unless you know something we don't.

Calvin smiles - he likes this girl.

CALVIN

Futuresnark. Nice.

Briggs tries to shut him down with a glare, but that just makes him happier - and gets him a smile from Sachi.

NAM-JUN

According to our models, our fusion reactor is the solution most likely to succeed.

WADE

And cause your murder by every oil company on Earth.

SACHI

That's why we chose you to help.

The room goes quiet. Wade, Calvin, and Lucy give each other the exact same look: how are we supposed to help you do that?

VICTOR

You will be our guides and emissaries. We're here to change history. It will be a global effort. Every nation will have to come together under a common goal, and contribute money, material and manpower. You will help us convince the world to get behind the plan.

BRIGGS

And you really think we'd consider any of this without further proof?

VICTOR

We didn't make any assumptions. We chose to come on a day we could predict an event, something we couldn't cause and you couldn't predict. In four hours and thirteen minutes, an earthquake originating at 33.1221 latitude, 138.0263 longitude at a depth of 184.5 miles will strike Japan. The majority of the casualties take place in the Shibuya district.

(MORE)

VICTOR (CONT'D)

The Kentaro-Kato building will collapse, causing an explosion because of a faulty gas valve. Three hundred people will die. If that building is evacuated in time and the gas main repaired, the casualties should be minimal.

INT. MILITARY INSTALLATION - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Briggs BURSTS through the conference room door, pissed, followed by Calvin, Wade, Lucy and the Colonel:

LUCY

So what happens now? Do you call the President? The Japanese?

BRIGGS

What happens is a team of forensic analysts scours the crater and examines the Travelers to make sure we aren't being scammed.

CALVIN

You just witnessed one of the greatest events in history.

BRIGGS

Oh, sure, a rainbow coalition of future people beamed down to save us from foreign oil? This could be a ploy to destabilize the country.

WADE

You could just as easily accomplish that with a truckful of fertilizer and a tank of ammonia.

BRIGGS

Duly noted. You saw the light show and met the Travelers. Now I want you out of the mix.

WADE

I'm a cabinet-level officer in the US Government, Briggs, you don't get rid of me.

CALVIN

And I'm not going anywhere. They asked me here! They want me to work with them!

LUCY

What about Japan?

WADE

If there's a one percent chance we can save those people, we have to get the information to the proper authorities.

BRIGGS

And start an international panic?

WADE

It's not our choice. We have to report to the President. Let's report. Let his conscience guide him.

LUCY

I voted for him.

CALVIN

Yeah, democracy, trust the ordinary lumpen voter.

The conversation ends as Soldier #1 ENTERS:

SOLDIER #1

The Travelers would like a word with Mister Shetterly...and apparently they're hungry.

INT. MILITARY INSTALLATION - CANTEEN - MOMENTS LATER

A bunch of bananas sits on a table, surrounded by the curious Travelers. Max rolls a banana in his fingers: it breaks into three equal lengthwise pieces.

MAX

See that? Portable and modular.

SACHI

They're so yellow.

WADE (O.S.)

They taste pretty good too.

The Travelers see Wade, entering past two SOLDIERS. The moment The Travelers see him, they stand - at attention:

MAX

Sorry, Mr. Shetterly.

WADE

Call me Wade.

VICTOR

We've never seen bananas.

NAM-JUN

The crops were decimated by black fungus a century before we born.

WADE

Wait 'til you get a load of kiwi.

The Travelers CHUCKLE, seemingly nervous and ill at ease.

SACHI

You'll have to forgive us if we're a little starstruck. We trained for this. We prepared ourselves, but there's nothing like the real deal.

MAX

It's kind of like that episode of *Star Trek* with Lincoln.

Wade has no idea what to make of that, so he doesn't:

WADE

Star Trek and Power Point.

SACHI

(a smile)
We're time travelers, not aliens.

WADE

Lincoln. Must have missed that one.

Max turns back to his bananas as Victor WALKS WADE ASIDE:

VICTOR

You have questions you're too polite to ask. Let me break the ice. There's something you can acquire for us, something crucial.

WADE

I want cheap energy as much as the next guy, but I don't work for you.

VICTOR

I know, but I have a feeling you will. Most people would stay away from the challenge of uniting the world and building something completely impossible in a year, but you're not that person.

WADE

Did you just say one year?

VICTOR

We've already changed the future by coming, but there are plans for an emissary from the new 2299 to **come** in a year to report on our progress. I can't say more.

WADE

It sounds so reckless. Changing the future lives of billions.

VICTOR

You mean the deaths of billions. That has a way of refocusing your priorities. We chose you and Calvin and Lucy for a reason.

(MORE)

VICTOR (CONT'D)

We sent our message knowing how long it'd take to solve and how the government would respond, we came to Barringer Crater because we knew you'd bring us to this station, and what we need only exists here.

(driving it home)

It's an ampule of Varcon gas. It's a key part of our fusion ignition sequence.

Wade takes a step back: this is way beyond the pale.

WADE

You're decades early. Varcon is a highly theoretical weapon of mass destruction.

VICTOR

Your government is making it in this base.

Wade struggles with this as the other Travelers step up:

WADE

It doesn't exist.

VICTOR

The lab's ten levels below us.

(off Wade)

What you do with that knowledge is up to you.

NAM-JUN

It will take heroes to stand against the tide of history.

WADE

If there was such a lab, if we could make Varcon, if it could truly ignite this alleged reactor of yours...it will take more than flattery to get me to hand you a weapon of mass destruction.

VICTOR

We would hope so, Mister President.

Wade stands there, STUNNED INTO SILENCE for a moment.

WADE

Mister President? Excuse me?

VICTOR

In our future, you're the most revered President since Lincoln.

NAM-JUN

The last great American. The one
who almost stopped the apocalypse.

INT. MILITARY INSTALLATION - TELECOM HUB - DAY

PRESIDENT DOUGLAS WATSON (a dynamic charmer a year older than
Wade) talks to Briggs and Wade from a flat panel display:

WADE

Mister President, our satellite
imagery confirms what we saw -

BRIGGS

Our satellite imagery confirms an
event, just like it confirms events
over Los Angeles, DC, and Atlanta.

WADE

What skin is it off our nose to
call the Japanese Meteorological
Agency? Or the NPA, say there's a
threat on the Kentaro-Kato building
and they should evacuate?

BRIGGS

Mister President, I strongly
advise you not to -

WADE

(to Briggs)
Why do you want them to be a
fraud?

BRIGGS

Why do you need to believe?

PRESIDENT WATSON

Settle down, people. It's only
hours before we know if this is a
hoax. Keep the civilians tucked
somewhere comfortable - as guests
of the United States Government.
We'll find a way to notify the
Japanese through channels...without
mentioning time travel.

WADE

Thank you. Now, can we talk? Alone?

Briggs shakes her head, then EXITS. The President SOFTENS.

PRESIDENT WATSON

Heck of a day, Flounder.

WADE

Dang skippy, Otter...and we still
have to talk about the Chemical
Weapons Convention negotiations.

PRESIDENT WATSON
Aren't you dedicated.

WADE
Is the Government covertly
manufacturing Varcon Gas?

PRESIDENT WATSON
You asking your President or your
friend?

WADE
Yes.

PRESIDENT WATSON
Piss off and bite me. I resent the
implication that I'd send you to
negotiate a treaty I was breaching
behind your back. You take your
source to the woodshed, and I'll
forget this conversation ever took
place.

INT. MILITARY INSTALLATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Victor sits. Briggs PACES, jacket off (and shoulder holster
very much on display), and shirtsleeves rolled up.

VICTOR
I don't know how else to say this.
I can't travel back and forth in
time, don't know how to build
another time machine and don't have
weapons from the future.

BRIGGS
What about your fusion reactor? You
don't even have blueprints.

VICTOR
My son was given an implant when he
was a fetus. His mind is a human
hard drive. Everything he sees is
recorded. The plans are in his
head.

BRIGGS
You did that to your own son?

Victor leans back, shoots her an easy smile.

VICTOR
When you were a kid, did you like
candy bars? Milky Way? Snickers? Or
the weird ones? Clark, Nut Goodies,
Goo-Goo Clusters?

Briggs regards Victor, then takes a breath and sits in front of him, allowing herself to soften just a bit:

BRIGGS

There was a deli where I grew up,
they had these hand-made bars
called *Zang!* They were really good.

VICTOR

What about toys? Were you a Cabbage
Patch Kid girl? Nintendo?

BRIGGS

I think I understand where you're
going with this.

Victor leans forward, showing the resolve of a true leader:

VICTOR

I don't think so. I don't think you
can truly know the hell we came
from. I don't think you can
conceive of life without everything
that ever gave you comfort or joy.
I don't think you can imagine
living with the knowledge that the
human race is becoming extinct. You
have no business questioning my
motivations or asking me to give up
my secrets on anything other than
my terms.

(as Briggs stands)

I came to share knowledge with the
world, not to let anyone take it
for themselves. Let your superiors
know that.

INT. MILITARY INSTALLATION - GUEST QUARTERS - DAY

A GUARD stands watch outside the door: visible through a
glass. A window lets in the desert sun. Lucy lies on a bunk.
Calvin writes. Wade watches a flatscreen featuring:

A SATELLITE IMAGE OF THE KENTARO-KATO BUILDING

CALVIN

Yo, satellite boy, ever hear "a
watched pot never boils?"

WADE

Ever hear "piss off and bite me?"

LUCY

What happens when the building
collapses...or doesn't?

(off Wade)

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

I don't want to be a "guest of the government" or be stuck in this room any longer than I have to.

CALVIN

You gotta let us talk to the Travelers, we have a future to change.

LUCY

That's not what I meant. I want to go home.

WADE

Would it kill either of you to show some patience?

Silence. Wade sighs. A beat. Then:

CALVIN

"The Savage Curtain."

(off Wade's look)

The *Star Trek* episode you mentioned. The Excalbians kidnap Kirk and Spock and create clones of Lincoln and Surak for the ultimate good-and-evil grudge match against Genghis Khan, Colonel Green, Kahless and Zora. That makes you a good guy. A legendary good guy. I want to know about my future...who do I become? Why was I chosen.

LUCY

Not this "chosen one" crap again.

As Calvin speaks, Wade steps to the window, SEEING SOMETHING:

CALVIN

But we were chosen. We have some greater destiny here - you owe it to us to let us see it through.

WADE

What the hell?

CALVIN

What is it?

EXT. MILITARY INSTALLATION - TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

A series of vehicles ENTER the building...including a high-tech armored truck the size of a Brink's.

WADE
That truck.
(going for the door)
Stay here.

CALVIN
Do we have a choice?

INT. MILITARY BASE - MOTOR POOL - MOMENTS LATER

Wade BARRELS toward Colonel LOPEZ as a SOLDIER gives chase:

SOLDIER
Sir, you do not have clearance -

WADE
Back off! What part of "National
Security Advisor" did you miss?

COLONEL LOPEZ
Stand down, Soldier.

WADE
That's a GW-35 hazardous materials
transport, am I right?
(off the Colonel's
silence)
Why is the Varcon being moved?

And off the Colonel, not about to confirm or deny:

INT. MILITARY INSTALLATION - GUEST QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy PACES, watching the building on the display:

CALVIN
Stop looking. It's gonna fall.

LUCY
I'd just as soon it didn't.

CALVIN
What's your malfunction? Someone
offers you greatness and you're
worried about Skyping your boytoy.

LUCY
These people show up, tell us we
messed up the world, there's no way
to fix it and we suck, and you
think that's greatness?

CALVIN
Greatness is where I get to fix it.

LUCY

So you're ready to just drop everything for these people? What are we supposed to do? Quit our jobs? Stop paying the rent?

CALVIN

Wow. I've just met a person who is completely devoid of vision.

LUCY

This isn't some nerd dream come true for me. I was helping the world in my own way - who am I supposed to be now?

CALVIN

Whoever you choose.

ON THE DISPLAY - THE KENTARO-KATO BUILDING SHAKES

LUCY

Oh - god.

And as the two watch...and the building FALLS...

RESUME ON WADE AND THE COLONEL

WADE

I asked you a question - why is the Varcon being moved.

COLONEL LOPEZ

Mr. Shetterly I cannot confirm or deny the existence of Varcon gas in this facility.

WADE

I'm on the President's CWC renegotiation team. You think I wouldn't know what's being manufactured in experimental quantities ten levels below us?

COLONEL LOPEZ

We are in the middle of a national security crisis -

WADE

Because after I talked to the President, you got orders telling you your operational security was compromised and to move the gas. Now tell me what I need to know.

COLONEL

We're moving an asset.

WADE

What asset? What is the asset? Is it Varcon gas or not, just tell me!

BRIGGS (O.S.)
Wade, step away from the Colonel.

Wade SEES Briggs, flanked three Soldiers brandishing AR-15's:

WADE
What is this?

BRIGGS
There was just an earthquake in Japan. Exactly where and how the Travelers predicted. I'm putting you and them under arrest and taking you to Langley for interrogation.

WADE
On who's authority?

BRIGGS
The President, Wade.

WADE
You finally have proof this thing is real and you put us in chains?

BRIGGS
Yes. These people know the future. They have the plans for a nuclear fusion reactor - and you're part of it. Do you think we can just let them walk out of here and share that knowledge with anybody? You and them are going in a hole until everything they know is in our control.

The Soldiers CUFF Wade, then FRISK HIM against a truck:

WADE
You are making a terrible mistake.

Briggs regards Wade, truly regretting this:

BRIGGS
You asked why I wanted them to be a fraud? This is why.

And off Wade, pissed:

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

SMASH IN ON THE TRAVELERS - ESCORTED BY SOLDIERS INTO

INT. MILITARY BASE - MOTOR POOL - DAY

Where Wade and Briggs are pitched in heated debate for the soul of Colonel Lopez.

WADE

Colonel Lopez, Agent Briggs does not have operational authority here, she is an Agent of the Central Intelligence Agency. As a cabinet-level advisor, I am requesting that you order your men to release us immediately.

BRIGGS

I have authority from the Commander in Chief. You are under arrest.

The Travelers reach the fray as the soldiers move back to form a perimeter, their guns at the ready:

VICTOR

Agent Briggs, we are goodwill ambassadors, I'm requesting that you release us.

Nam-Jun's eyes DART around the perimeter...six soldiers holding them at gunpoint...the two men standing by the Hazardous Materials transport vehicle.

BRIGGS

I can't grant your request.

SACHI

We came to offer you technology that will save this planet.

BRIGGS

And my government wants that technology: on our terms and in a secure location.

As Max speaks, Nam-Jun looks to Sachi, making a subtle hand gesture - as if giving an order.

MAX

You mean someplace like Guantanamo, where you can beat it out of us instead of letting us give what we know to anyone who needs it?

VICTOR

Max. Enough.

CALVIN (O.S.)
This is lower than low, Briggs!

Calvin and Lucy enter, escorted by the Guard:

BRIGGS
I will have you gagged.
(then, to Wade)
This is a question of national
security, it's out of our hands.

NAM-JUN
Then I apologize for this.

Nam-Jun SPINS, landing an OPEN PALM STRIKE to the underbelly
of a Soldier's rifle, sending it into the Soldier's face!

SACHI AND MAX

DO THE SAME to two other soldiers!

VICTOR SHOOTS FORWARD

And PULLS the weapon from Briggs' holster - moving to Colonel
Lopez and doing the same before either has a chance to react.

RATATATAT! ONE OF THE SOLDIERS REFLEX-SQUEEZES HIS TRIGGER

Victor throws himself back, TAKING LUCY TO THE FLOOR,
preventing her from being shot.

AND THEN IT'S ON.

The Travelers move like electrified mercury: landing BLOWS,
TAKING WEAPONS, and SWEEPING OUT LEGS in a display of martial
athleticism that makes Jason Bourne look like Betty Crocker -

- and as the fight moves past like a BURST OF LIGHTNING:

CALVIN, WADE, AND LUCY

Reel - STUNNED -

RATATATATAT! MORE MACHINE GUNS FIRE

- as The Travelers divert the barrels from the group with
their martial arts skills - no one is hit -

- smoke fills the room...along with the MOANS of the fallen
soldiers as the fight ends...

...with the CLICK-CLICK-CLICKING of AR-15s, dismantled with
precision by Nam-Jun and Sachi as Victor grabs a handful of
cable ties and goes to work on binding the soldiers...

AS MAX HITS A SERIES OF SWITCHES

And ALL THE GATES TO THE MOTOR POOL TO CLOSE AUTOMATICALLY.

MAX
Motor Pool's secure, outer gates
locked. MPs on the way - they'll be
tear gassing in sixty seconds.

CALVIN
Holy frack, that was badass! Yeah!
(to Briggs)
Gag me now, Briggs!

Lucy can barely overcome her shock to BARK OUT:

LUCY
SHUT THE HELL UP, CALVIN!

Wade gets in Victor's grill:

WADE
Is this how you hope to recruit us,
by making us part of this attack?

VICTOR
By showing you the truth. Your
government - your best friend -
lied to you and made you party to
deception on a global scale. You
want to stay and be a patsy, help
yourself.

LUCY
What are you talking about?

WADE
(in Victor's grill)
If a single man dies because
of this, I will call down the
thunder in a way you cannot
conceive -

VICTOR (CONT'D)
I'd expect nothing less.

BRIGGS
You people are insane. You are in
the middle of the desert - you just
assaulted eight military officers,
a CIA operative, a Colonel -

SACHI
Do you have children?
(off Briggs' silence)
By 2299 every fertile woman will be
law-bound to have one, to hold back
the inevitable extinction.

(MORE)

SACHI (CONT'D)

I did my duty, then watched my little girl die of Varcon poisoning when the ventilation in her school bunker failed and she was exposed to outside air. We have a mission. We will be no one's prisoners. The world will know what we know.

The sound of ALARMS from outside fills the space.

MAX

Thirty seconds and it's gonna be MP central around here.

VICTOR

Let's go.

LUCY

Go where?

Max and Nam-Jun move to an ARMORED DOOR on the far side.

NAM-JUN

There's a lab ten levels below us, it has an escape tunnel equipped with a high speed transport to the next town.

MAX

Twenty-five seconds.

SMASH CUT TO THE LOCK ON THE ARMORED DOOR

AS MAX HOLDS UP HIS HAND TO THE ELECTRONIC LOCK

And a KEYBOARD LIGHTS UP ON HIS FOREARM - looking like an electronic tattoo - RESPONDING TO HIS TOUCH.

The electronic lock CHIRPS in response. Calvin rushes over.

CALVIN

Heart-powered synaptic bio-processor? Limited telepathy based on brainwave conduction?

Sachi looks at Calvin, a genuine fondness in her eyes:

SACHI

Just like on television.

CALVIN

You saw me on TV?

SACHI

We don't call it TV anymore -

CALVIN

Extreme Mega Science?

The autolocks on the door open with a CLICK-CLICK and the door opens with a HYDRAULIC HISS.

SACHI

No. Not on that one.

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH! A series of windows on the upper level of the motor pool ERUPT into shards with the entrance of multiple INDEPENDENTLY-POWERED TEAR GAS GRENADES.

VICTOR

(herding everyone inside)

Let's go, let's go!

Calvin, Wade, and Lucy enter as the room FLOODS with gas, Nam-Jun SHUTS the door behind them.

INT. MILITARY INSTALLATION - HIGH TECH HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Calvin, Wade, and Lucy follow down to another ARMORED DOOR. The autolocks on the entrance CLACK-CLACK shut behind them.

LUCY

I need to know what you are talking about - the truth? Wade being a patsy? What are you really up to?

Nam-Jun turns to Lucy, making her his sole focus before turning back to a state of high alert.

NAM-JUN

Before we get to the escape tunnel, you will see a lab where your armed forces are manufacturing the weapon of mass destruction that killed Sachi's daughter and millions of others around the world. We will be taking a sample of the gas to use as a component in our reactor.

LUCY

We're stealing a weapon?

VICTOR

Technically, we're borrowing it - our process doesn't actually spend the Varcon. It lasts indefinitely.

The corridor door OPENS to REVEAL six SOLDIERS, brandishing sidearms, but Nam-Jun and Sachi ARE ALREADY THERE.

SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! With four BODY BLOWS, the foremost soldiers are KNOCKED OUT - and then - BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! - weapons are discharged into the walls and ceiling...

...even as the soldiers are DISARMED and used as battering rams to SLAM! the rest of the soldiers into the walls.

Lucy turns to Wade - having a very hard time dealing with all the violence as Victor, Max, Nam-Jun, and Sachi take cable ties from the soldiers' belts...and BIND them.

CALVIN

Wait a minute - you need a lethal
WMD to achieve nuclear fusion?

Before anyone can answer, Victor USHERS The Three through the door and into:

INT. MILITARY BASE - INDUSTRIAL ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Max turns to the controls on the elevator, raising his hand and TYPING FURIOUSLY on his forearm. The elevator responds by LURCHING with an ECHOING MECHANICAL ROAR... DESCENDING.

Sachi picks up the thread of Calvin's question:

SACHI

Calvin. Do you know how, when you were a kid, you watched Carl Sagan's *Cosmos*, and you read Hawking's *A Brief History of Time*?

CALVIN

It made me want to spread the ideas of science to the world, not just work in a lab - I say that in interviews.

SACHI

You inspired me to do what I do...

CALVIN

(flattered)
...I inspired you?

SACHI

(a smile, then)
...and while I studied, I researched your life - and discovered that the last thing you did before your death, after you retired from the public eye, was to create this.

Sachi raises her hand and TAPS her own forearm keyboard...

A HOLOGRAM-LIKE PROJECTION RISES FROM THE PALM OF HER HAND

...a complicated matrix showing the inner workings of the fusion reactor. Calvin stares...awestruck:

CALVIN

I invented your fusion reactor?

SACHI

All we're doing is moving your work ahead a few decades.

CALVIN
And it works?

SACHI
The wars broke out before you had a chance to build it. You're looking at the ignition chamber, hydrogen atoms held in suspension in a matrix of Varcon.

VICTOR
Now, would you explain to Lucy and Wade that this will work, that we aren't just stealing the Varcon for personal power, but because it's the only way to save the world?

CALVIN
W - w - wait! Can you rewind that?

INT. MILITARY BASE - MOTOR POOL - CONTINUOUS

High tension. High alert. MILITARY POLICEMEN untie Briggs, Colonel Lopez, and the soldiers - all HACKING and COUGHING from the tear gas. A LEAD MP addresses the Colonel:

LEAD MP
Are you injured, Sir?

COLONEL LOPEZ
I'm fine - I'm fine -

LEAD MP
We need medics over here!

COLONEL LOPEZ
- and we need to get to the Varcon lab right now!

BRIGGS
Aren't there security protocols? That lab should be inaccessible -

COLONEL LOPEZ
Not all of the protocols are active. We disabled the final seal because of the evacuation.

A SECOND MP SHOUTS from the armored door:

SECOND MP
They changed the passcodes...this is going to take a while.

BRIGGS
Get a freakin' Howitzer.

INT. VARCON LAB ANTECHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

The Gears on a huge VAULT-LIKE DOOR CLICK and ROTATE, mechanized rods MOVE...then a wide SWING OUT to REVEAL The Travelers and The Three - standing in awe of what they see.

VICTOR

Wade: here's proof that your government is as capable of illegal weapons manufacture, deception and genocide as anyone.

Wade shakes his head, ruefully: worst fears confirmed.

WADE

Otter. You incredible bastard.

AS THEY ENTER, REVERSE TO REVEAL

INT. MILITARY INSTALLATION - VARCON LAB - CONTINUOUS

An architecturally fascinating space including a stainless steel blast furnace (a sealed, scientific-grade model used to destroy chemical weapons)...and a glass-walled VAULT holding several hundred ampules of Varcon gas: pill shaped, three inches long, one inch in diameter. Bright yellow.

WADE

It almost feels like it was easy.

VICTOR

It was. Thanks to you. There's a final seal that we shouldn't have opened. If anyone tries to force their way in, the place locks down and is showered with an otherwise harmless knockout gas - anyone in the lab goes unconscious for at least five hours and the base is thrown into chaos. The final seal can only be overridden by Presidential order.

WADE

Which is what happened when I asked the President about the lab. How did you know I'd go to him?

Max looks up from showing his hologram to Calvin:

MAX

Because he knew you'd do the right thing. He wrote a book about you.
(off Wade's look)
It's a good book.

WADE

Then you know I'm not walking out of here without destroying the gas, and every hard drive and computer in the place.

Calvin BOUNDS from Max's side to step up to Wade: a man energized by a vision of the future.

CALVIN

Are you kidding? You can't destroy it! The unique molecular structure of the Varcon molecule makes it the transport matrix for the unstable -

What?

LUCY

CALVIN

- it's gonna work, guys. The fusion reactor. One ampule of that stuff is going to light up the planet.

SACHI

Well...that and the most complicated machine ever built.

Victor steps over to a SECURITY STATION on the wall, a fire extinguisher and axe along with an eye-wash station - then BREAKS the glass and takes out the axe - handing it to Wade:

VICTOR

Max: secure the door and initiate the final seal. Sachi, Nam-Jun: destroy the Varcon, save one.

Victor HANDS WADE THE AXE and ushers him toward a large, sleek, water-cooled computing device:

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Mister President. Here's the lab mainframe - it has all the processes and logs for the manufacture of Varcon. Be my guest.

Wade brings the axe down on the mainframe...which EXPLODES with a SPECTACULAR CRASH.

Nam-Jun and Sachi head for the vault holding the Varcon gas. Nam-Jun taps his own forearm-mounted keyboard, holding up his hand. The vault OPENS...

...and as he and Sachi TOSS THE AMPULES into the furnace.

LUCY

You're just gonna throw it in a furnace? Isn't it, I dunno, lethal?

NAM-JUN

The blast furnace was designed to
destroy the gas.

LUCY

So...OK...what happens now? We take
the thing, go in the tunnel, and
come out wanted for treason?

SACHI

You go in the tunnel and come out a
visionary who will help bring
together the present and the future
in creating something new...someone
who is listened to by millions
because she's an ordinary person
who speaks of their languages and
stands for the possibility of
something better.

Calvin steps up to Lucy, his earnest tone that of a convert:

CALVIN

Or stay, tell the MPs we forced you
into this. They'll eventually
realize you weren't part of it and
send you back to your job.

INT. MILITARY BASE - ELEVATOR - DAY

Outfitted with BULLETPROOF vests, Briggs and Colonel Lopez
stand behind a phalanx of MPs. The elevator COMES TO A HALT.

IN QUICK CUTS

The MPs RUSH out, taking positions on the HALLWAY - the LEAD
MP heads for the VARCON LAB DOOR, attaches a field laptop to
the terminal - the SECOND MP holds Colonel Lopez and Briggs
back in the elevator until he gets a clear signal...

...and the Varcon Lab door SSHHWOMPS! open with all the
previously seen pomp and circumstance.

INT. MILITARY INSTALLATION - VARCON LAB - CONTINUOUS

The MPs storm in cover formation to see the furnace
BLASTING...the vault EMPTY...the mainframes SHATTERED...files
and hard drives BURNING in a steel trash can...and the
Travellers and Wade, Calvin, and Lucy GONE.

Briggs looks down at the burning trash can.

BRIGGS

Must have shut down the fire
suppression system.

And then a SHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! as a thin stream of GAS enters the lab from an overhead nozzle.

And then an ALARM as the vault-door SLAMS shut!

COLONEL LOPEZ
But not the final seal.

The MPs PASS OUT, falling to the floor as gas fills the room.

BRIGGS
Varcon?

COLONEL LOPEZ
No...not Varcon...but you can
kiss the next five hours
good...bye...

The Colonel's eyes ROLL TO THE BACK OF HIS HEAD as he
DROPS...

...and off Briggs, the expression on her face making the
transition from "doing my duty" to "now it's personal" just
as the gas takes effect...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

SMASH IN ON A MANHOLE - NIGHT

Surrounded by desert. POPPING OPEN as Nam-Jun EMERGES, followed by the rest...who look out to REVEAL:

EXT. DESERT VILLAGE - DAY

A glorified truckstop at the intersection of several HIGHWAYS and COUNTRY ROADS...a GLOWING NIMBUS rising before them.

VICTOR
Turley, Arizona, gateway to
freedom.

WADE
Wanna develop that for us?

NAM-JUN
From Turley, we drive to Los
Angeles, the Unified Investments
building. The company went bankrupt
in the crash, but the building is
home to the fattest internet pipe
in the country - we hook Max up and
Bob is our uncle.

LUCY
Wanna develop that for us?

MAX
My role in this mission is as
a mnemonic imaging device.
The bio-implant placed in my
mind records all my memories.
You connect me to the
pipeline, I can upload
everything I have seen in the
past twelve hours to every
computer in the planet.

VICTOR
We go public. You live in a world
where a hundred million people can
see video of a monkey washing a cat
- why don't we give those people
something truly momentous to watch?
(off the looks)
Capture stops being an option for
the government when everyone knows
who we are and what we know.

WADE
You don't know our government very
well, do you?

VICTOR
Hey, we're Americans.

NAM-JUN
 I can name all 59 state capitals.
 (off Wade's look)
 I'm just messing with you.

WADE
 Don't do that.

Nam-Jun TAPS HIS FOREARM COMPUTER...looks up at Victor:

NAM-JUN
 The base is still in lock down.
 They haven't contacted law
 enforcement, put out APBs. Yet.

CALVIN
 You get satellite on that?

SACHI
 It's no different from your
 iPhone.

CALVIN
 iPhones don't freak me the
 hell out.

NAM-JUN
 We're still on schedule, but it's a
 walk to Turley. We need to move.

Calvin, Lucy, Nam-Jun, Sachi and Max MOVE. Victor hangs back
 with Wade - hands him the ampule of Varcon gas.

VICTOR
 Will you to hold on to this for us?

WADE
 You know, I never thought of myself
 as Presidential material. I always
 figured I'd be the guy behind the
 guy...and I guess I was comfortable
 with that...until today.
 (pocketing the Varcon)
 I'll miss having been President.

INT. JACK'S DINER - NIGHT

CROWDED. Townies and truckers. Kenny Chesney croons from a TV
 over the counter. Nam-Jun talks to a COOK (JACK).

NAM-JUN
 Do you have steak knives?

JACK
 Seeing as we serve steak...

Jack reaches under the counter and produces a knife. Nam-Jun
 CUTS A THIN, BLOODLESS SLIT ACROSS THE UNDERSIDE OF HIS ARM.
 Two dozen shiny diamonds spill out. The COOK looks at this
 with growing alarm.

JACK (CONT'D)
How did you do that?

NAM-JUN
It's a smuggling pouch - made of a
biogenetic stealth...magic trick.

Nam-Jun runs his thumb over the slit: it SEALS.

JACK
Are those diamonds real?

NAM-JUN
Yes, they are.

JACK
What are you going to with them?

NAM-JUN
Buy your car.

Nam-Jun looks over to see Victor and Max, in a booth with
Lucy as Calvin and Wade interrogate Sachi at a table.

SACHI
Open your mind - we are building a
high-energy induction catalyst -

WADE
I'm more interested in knowing how
we're gonna get a car.

SACHI
Don't worry. We have a plan.

ANGLE ON LUCY - GRILLING VICTOR AND MAX

LUCY
Stop being coy, there's a reason
you picked Carl Sagan and Mister
President, but me? And don't say
it's because I'm a polyglot, or I
inspire people or any of that
crap...OK, not crap, but you know.

VICTOR
Lucy, you are a very important -

LUCY
Stop that -

MAX
Stop what?

LUCY
The thing where you flatter me then
say nothing. Just spill it...
(off the looks)
...how bad can it be? What am I,
Hitler's mom or something?

Victor and Max exchange glances. Victor takes a deep breath:

VICTOR

In our time you become a savvy operator in the foreign service...then an extremely influential delegate to the UN, where your language skills and organizational ability made you a superstar.

LUCY

You definitely have the wrong person.

VICTOR

You ultimately become President of the Security Council. As the world falls into years of conflict over resources, you advocate for the expansion of the peacekeeping force's mission, manpower, and materiel. By the time you are appointed Secretary General, you are the de-facto leader of a massive Army...

LUCY

Secretary General? An army?

VICTOR

...which you deploy into a hot zone and command to carry out what ultimately becomes the greatest genocide of the century.

EXT. JACK'S DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy BURSTS out of the door..she bends, putting her hands on her knees - but she has nothing left to throw up, so she just stands there, panting...shutting her eyes as tears RISE.

MAX (O.S.)

I'm sorry.

LUCY

That I'm a genocidaire or that you told me?

MAX

Just sorry.

LUCY

Why? Why would I do it? Come on, didn't anybody write a book about me?

MAX

Your boyfriend - Josh - you become engaged in five months.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

Nine months later, he finds a job in Los Angeles...on the day he flies out, his plane's shot down by terrorists on approach to LAX. You witness the disaster, the hundreds of deaths. Afterwards, you tell everyone you're working for peace but the truth is you want revenge.

LUCY

And you came to stop me?

MAX

Maybe we already did by telling you. Josh won't get on that plane now, right?

(off her look)

But my dad thought, what if you could channel all that talent energy you showed after his death in the service of something great?

(then)

I know you won't believe this, but I do envy you. I've been preparing for this mission since before I could think for myself. At least now you have a choice.

Lucy's response is preempted when a minivan stops before them...and the driver's side door opens to REVEAL Nam-Jun.

NAM-JUN

Time to move.

TIME CUT TO

EXT. JACK'S DINER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Empty. Briggs's chopper lands, SPEWING OUT SOLDIERS.

INT. JACK'S DINER - NIGHT

Now deserted but for investigating Soldiers and CIA Agents.

Pictures of The Travelers and the Three sit on the counter. Jack talks to Briggs, now flanked by Pryce.

BRIGGS

He made diamonds come out of his arm and bought everyone's cars?

JACK

Yup and then everybody took off in separate directions.

BRIGGS

Did they board the same car?

COOK

I was back cooking...I think they bought some clothes off people too.

PRYCE

We calculate there's a total of thirty different routes out of the town. We have roadblocks and APBs.

Briggs turns to the TV. The gears turn, then:

BRIGGS

If you could record everything you saw and play it back like a human hard drive and you had nothing to lose - what would you do?

PRYCE

(getting her drift)

I'll put assets on the local TV stations and newspapers between here, Phoenix, Vegas, and LA.

BRIGGS

What is it, 1983? You work for the CIA, you ever hear of computers?

TIME CUT TO

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

The minivan PULLS UP to the side of the building. The side door opens - DISGORGING The Travelers and The Three by...

EXT. UNIFIED INVESTMENT BUILDING - SIDE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

...an industrial/loading gate. Max and Victor rush to a COMPUTERIZED KEYPAD. Max taps his forearm computer:

MAX

I'll have it open in a few seconds.

LUCY SEES SOMETHING THAT DRAINS THE COLOR FROM HER FACE

A RED LASER DOT on Max's side...then a second on Nam-Jun.

TWO POLICEMEN

EMERGE from the shadows around the corner of the building, holding TASER weapons.

COP#1

DON'T MOVE!

LUCY THROWS HERSELF BEFORE MAX

The cops FIRE - WHOOOOSH!

TASER DARTS

Hit Lucy. ZAP! she falls!

Nam-Jun DUCKS the darts and RUSHES for the attack - Sachi FOLLOWS. Max turns to Lucy. Victor pulls him back:

VICTOR
Stay on the door, son! Stay on it!

Nam-Jun and Sachi quickly disarm the cops of their TASER weapons...but as the SOUNDSCAPE fills with SIRENS...

MORE COPS FLOOD THE ALLEY, WIELDING TASERS AND BATONS

Nam-Jun and Sachi keep fighting - but without the element of surprise, this is a losing battle.

THE COMPUTERIZED LOCK ON THE DOOR

CHIRPS and the locks disengage. Victor throws the door open as Max struggles to pick Lucy up.

	MAX	LUCY
Lucy -		Made...a choice...go!

WADE
Let's go!

Victor, Wade and Max rush in...

BUT CALVIN LOOKS TO THE COPS

TASERing Sachi. As she FALLS:

CALVIN
Yo! Assclowns! GET SOME!

CALVIN LEAPS INTO THE FRAY AGAINST THE POLICE

And gets his ass handed to him, right before Nam-Jun is hit by multiple TASER darts and nightsticks!

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Briggs sits at the cockpit as Pryce briefs her:

PRYCE
They're in the Unified Investment building -

BRIGGS
Fattest pipe in the seaboard.
Son of a bitch.

MONITOR AGENT
- minutes away - there's a helipad -

BRIGGS

Notify our assets on the ground to
relieve the police - get us there
and put us down on the roof!

EXT. SKIES ABOVE DOWNTOWN LA - CONTINUOUS

The chopper BANKS - dramatically.

INT. U.I. BUILDING - MEZZANINE - NIGHT

Max, Victor, and Wade RUSH, and are ambushed by RENT-A-COPS!

SLAM!SLAM!SLAM! Victor AIKIDOES them down in seconds!

EXT. U.I. BUILDING - NIGHT

Briggs' helicopter LANDS on the rooftop helipad - the gate
opens, armed SOLDIERS rush out, Briggs with them.

EXT. U.I. BUILDING - STREET - NIGHT

The Police DRAG Lucy, Nam-Jun, Sachi, and Calvin toward a pod
of parked Black & Whites.

INT. U.I. BUILDING - OFFICE SUITE - NIGHT

Large. Empty. Lit by the city skyline. Wade blockades the
front entrance as Victor and Max PULL OUT A FLOORBOARD...and
as Max places his hand over a thick conduit in the exposed
floor and TAPS his forearm keyboard...

INTERCUT WITH

INT. U.I. BUILDING - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

As BRIGGS' SOLDIERS barrel down into a landing -

MAX CLENCHES HIS HAND AROUND THE CONDUIT

The Soldiers PUSH down a corridor, BARRELS LEADING THE WAY.

MAX'S EYES CLOSE

The thin skin of his eyelids GLOWS...as do the VEINS IN HIS
ARM DOWN TO HIS HAND...the computer in him functioning all of
a piece with the body that powers it - pulsating...and as
Wade looks on in disbelief...

THE SCREEN DISSOLVES TO VIDEO STATIC

AND RESOLVES INTO AN IMAGE OF THE CRACK IN SPACE

Opening over Barringer Crater...only now seen in a REVERSE
ANGLE from the first act - from MAX'S POINT OF VIEW...

...as The Travelers appear in a BRILLIANT FLASH OF LIGHT...the massive ATOM-SHAPED machine TOWERING OVER THEM...and approach The Three...

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING

Wade's Aides and Assistants all STAND to watch as EVERY COMPUTER SCREEN and video display IN THE PLACE shows Max's recollection of the arrival of The Travelers....

...and as Victor says the line "We've come to save you" -
REVEAL PRESIDENT WATSON

Standing among the aides in the West Wing, watching...

AS THE SCREEN ERUPTS IN IMAGES OF THE APOCALYPSE

VICTOR (V.O.)
Your way of life will not hold.
We're here to save you.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Traffic STOPS. People STEP OUT OF THEIR VEHICLES - looking to the JUMBOTRON - as the final image - that of post apocalyptic Times Square - RESOLVES into an image of Victor..

VICTOR (V.O.)
We have the knowledge, but every nation and corporation will have to contribute...

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Calvin, Sachi, Nam-Jun, and Lucy lean into Police vehicles - as the UNIFORMED COPS who should be searching and arresting them watch the light show on a JUMBOTRON on a nearby DOWNTOWN SHOPPING MALL.

VICTOR (V.O.)
You will be our guides, and our emissaries. We have a mission. We can save this world.

INT. USAID OFFICE - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Lucy's co-workers, headed by Franklin watch the developing monologue on ALL OF THEIR COMPUTER SCREENS.

VICTOR (V.O.)
We can prevent this future.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - STREETS OUTSIDE STAPLES CENTER - NIGHT

Traffic at a STANDSTILL. People stand in the streets, watching Victor on the Jumbotron...

VICTOR (V.O.)
We can do it together...

INT. U.I. BUILDING - OFFICE SUITE - NIGHT

Max kneels over the conduit, hand still clenched...Wade looks out through the windows to the JUMBOTRON ACROSS THE STREET...watching the broadcast...

VICTOR ON THE JUMBOTRON
...but only if we band together...
it will take heroes to stand
against the tide of history...

...and that's when Wade makes eye-contact with Victor, who offers him a shrug and a smile.

And that's when the door to the office suite EXPLODES!

Both Victor and Wade are KNOCKED OFF THEIR FEET as Max holds on for dear life, eyes HARD-SHUT...

AND SOLDIERS BURST IN - FOLLOWED BY BRIGGS - GUNS AIMED

BRIGGS
You're under arrest.

INTERCUT WITH

TIMES SQUARE/STAPLES CENTER/DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES

As EVERY CIVILIAN WATCHING sees Briggs become the face of malignant government with a single statement.

BRIGGS
You just said good bye to the light
of day.

And as ONE OF THE SOLDIERS strides up to Max and KNOCKS HIM FROM HIS HANDHOLD...

THE SCREEN BURSTS INTO STATIC

RESUME ON PRESIDENT WATSON

Face descending to his palms as the rest of the West Wing watches in silence...

FADE TO BLACK

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

SMASH IN ON AERIAL SHOT OF A DETENTION FACILITY

In the middle of freakin' nowhere: a real-life hurt locker.

NEWSCASTER VOICE (V.O.)
 ...who are the Travelers?
 since last night's
 revelations, the world has
 been debating whether these
 mysterious visitors are real
 or part of a major hoax...

RADIO ANNOUNCER VOICE (V.O.)
 ...America cannot stop
 discussing the freak
 incursion into all media that
 took place last night, nor
 can they stop talking about
 the predictions of Armageddon
 and the claims of the so-
 called Travelers that they
 have a solution...

CUT TO A PAIR OF SHINY LEATHER SHOES

And TILT UP TO REVEAL President Watson, flanked by SECRET SERVICE AGENTS - as well as Agent Briggs - making brisk progress down an industrial HALLWAY and into:

INT. DETENTION FACILITY - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Victor and Wade sit on stools. The Secret Service take positions as Wade, The President and Victor face off...

PRESIDENT WATSON

What am I gonna do with you,
 Flounder? You destroyed hundreds of
 millions in military R&D and forced
 my hand in front of the world...
 we're waist-deep in e-mails from
 people who want us to release you.
 Almost every nation on Earth has
 offered asylum, and the ones who
 haven't want to make them
 presidents for life. It's a mess.

WADE

You forced my hand.

PRESIDENT WATSON

I know you think you "got" me.
 Truth is I could keep you here and
 spend the rest of my administration
 denying your existence. Lucky for
 you, I'd like to do a few other
 things with my Presidency.

(sizing them both up)

Wade, did you destroy all the
 Varcon gas in that facility?

WADE

You think I'd be running around with it? I promise, your people searched the crap out of us.

The President and Wade stare at one another for a beat, then:

PRESIDENT WATSON

Good to know. Well then...it's settled. The government will buy the United Investments Building and give it to you as a base of operations, along with your freedom. In exchange, you will build your reactor in the US and give us the first look at any new technologies and innovations you create as a result.

WADE

Anything else?

PRESIDENT WATSON

I want Agent Briggs as your government-mandated security liaison. The moment you're released, every freak out there is going to want a piece of you. I want someone I trust to keep an eye on our investment...and it's not like she can return to covert work after your little stunt.

Briggs smiles, holding out a handshake for Victor.

PRESIDENT WATSON (CONT'D)

Sound good?

Victor shakes with Briggs, then the President:

VICTOR

Why do I feel like I just made the first of many compromises?

WADE

Because you did.
(to the President)
No offense, Otter.

PRESIDENT WATSON

Gentlemen, do not for a second forget whose prison you're in...and Wade? You may call me Mister President.

SMASH IN ON A PLACARD

It reads "TELL ME MY FUTURE," held by a DEMONSTRATOR at:

EXT. U.I. BUILDING - DAY

A CROWD OF HUNDREDS stands at the door to the United Investments Building...some hold signs in favor of The Travelers..."SAVE US," "CAN I HELP?" "WE HAVE A MISSION"...

...and others hold PROTEST SIGNS..."TIME TRAVEL IS A FRAUD," "The Travelers LIE," "BEWARE FALSE SAVIORS"...and as a phalanx of POLICE keeps the peace, man a barricade and prevents the crowd from entering...

TRAVEL UP THE BUILDING TO FIND LUCY AT A WINDOW

INT. U.I. BUILDING - OFFICE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Looking down. Talking into her iPhone:

LUCY

You oughta see this place, hundreds of people...more and more every day, and it's only been a week since we set up. I know, I know, I'm being interviewed by CNN and MSNBC and Fox News later today...oh, Josh...there's a lot of work to be done...and I don't think I'm allowed to travel without security yet, you just have to bear with me, it's all still being worked out. I know, I love you too.

Lucy hangs up, then strides away from the window and into:

A BULLPEN IN PROGRESS

Someday, this will be the central venue for the series - our West Wing - right now, it's a work in progress...Max, Wade, Nam-Jun, and Sachi stand AT A MASSIVE BANK OF JURY-RIGGED MONITORS showing personnel dossiers...

WADE

The State Department says he's unavailable.

CALVIN

You asked me to look at your list of future geniuses and tell you my top ten, I gave you my top ten.

(points to a screen)

You want me to build the reactor, I need George Thomopolous on systems integration, he's the best.

WADE

When I say "unavailable," I mean he was working on a project in Seoul and was kidnapped by the North Korean government three days ago.

CALVIN

Oh frack.

NAM-JUN

We'll have to mount a rescue, then.

LUCY

We are?

SACHI

(a smile)

Don't worry, we've done this before.

Calvin, Lucy and Wade exchange glances, wondering what adventures lie ahead, but before anyone can reply...Victor appears from the opening door to an office...

VICTOR

Wade, Nam-Jun? A word.

INT. U.I. BUILDING - SECURE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Victor ushers Nam-Jun and Wade inside to show them a large, futuristic safe built into the wall. Victor places his hand against a plate and the safe WHOOSHES OPEN.

VICTOR

After today, you're the only one who will be able to open the safe.

WADE

Still have what I gave you?

Nam Jun produces a switchblade and bloodlessly SLITS open his forearm...producing the ampule of Varcon gas.

WADE (CONT'D)

This doesn't see the light of day until we ignite the reactor.

NAM-JUN

Or when your President changes his mind about us.

(off Wade's look)

I'm just messing with you.

WADE

Don't do that.

Nam-Jun places the Varcon in the safe, then closes the door and EXITS...Victor steps up to the window...looks down...

ANGLE ON THE CROWD BELOW

VICTOR
I didn't think they'd be
demonstrating against us already.

WADE
We were in a federal prison last
week, I'd call this an improvement.

VICTOR
The one thing you learn from time
travel...everything changes.

WADE
It's what it didn't teach you that
worries me.
(off Victor's look)
You may have lived in the future,
but now you're stuck here without a
crystal ball like the rest of us.

VICTOR
You live in a very complicated
time.

WADE
It's the complexity that makes it
worth saving.

The two friends exchange glances...then look down...and as
the crowd below CONTINUES TO WAVE THEIR SIGNS...

FADE TO BLACK

It feels like the end of a Network Television pilot...heroes,
a noble goal...the promise of adventure...even a sweeping
shot of a crowd in the city...but it's not over yet...

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

A LIMO pulls up to an impressive glass and steel monolith. A
DRIVER steps out and opens the rear door to REVEAL Anna
Briggs...in a dark suit and a pencil skirt...striding into
the building, where two ARMED GUARDS open the door...

INT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - VAST CORNER OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

An ASSISTANT opens the door for Briggs, who stops at the
center of the office to square off against three MEN IN SUITS

...a TEXAN (50's, Chris Cooper) a NEW YORKER (60's, William
Hurt) and a SAUDI (30's Alexander Siddig) in a keffiyeh.

THE TEXAN
Madame Briggs.

BRIGGS
Thank you for flying me out in such
luxury. I haven't been to Houston
in a while.

THE NEW YORKER
There's more where that came from.

The Texan motions her toward a chair. She doesn't move.

THE TEXAN
We're honored you would hear our
proposal. We've decided to take a
very close interest in the
activities of the Travelers...and
their plans for free global
alternative energy. We thought you
might be interested in doing
intelligence gathering for us.

BRIGGS
Are you asking me to resign the
CIA?

THE NEW YORKER
Not necessarily. We can find a way
to keep our arrangement private.

BRIGGS
Private like the oath and the
loyalties I'd be betraying?

THE SAUDI
We have loyalties as well.
Loyalties that could be extremely
useful to a someone in the
intelligence business. All we want
is your friendship.

The four stand off. Tense. Until Briggs gives her answer.

BRIGGS
Then let's be friends.

The Men in Suits NOD...and off Briggs, back in the game:

CUT TO BLACK

END OF PILOT