

The Journeyman Project

Episode 1
"Pegasus Prime"

by
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A 13-part series based on

The Journeyman Project
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EXT. OVER BEIJING - DAY

POV: A disasterscape of corroded skyscrapers, their tops black under a fierce rain. Hidden in the canyons between them are patches of spidery YELLOW GLOW.

Superimposed, the pieces of a HEADS-UP-DISPLAY (HUD) flicker into being:

The interface identifies the location as BEIJING, 2307. Altitude is measured by a meter that stampedes down from 6000m. Permanently in the corner is a symbol: the trefoil of THE JOURNEYMAN PROJECT.

The HUD analyzes passing portions of the city below, displays the molecular skeletons of: H₂O, N₂, and SO₂. The SO₂ sample demagnifies to show a swarm of shifting bacteria. The sample labels itself - PROTEUS - in yellow.

A shadow passes over the city. One shaky 180 degree turn reveals its source: an AIRBORNE METROPOLIS. The HUD identifies it with a flicker: CALDORIA CITY.

It glides by in the distance, serene, on a man-made platform.

Suddenly, a flare as the city appears to leave eclipse, but this light's not from the sun. It's the shockwave from a FUSION BOMB. Another flash illuminates the far side of the city. Another.

The HEADS-UP-DISPLAY stutters and shifts against electromagnetic radiation. As it recovers, Caldoria SPLITS INTO PIECES. It sounds like a meteorite breaking up, muffled by the thin atmosphere.

HUD ZOOMING IN: between the pieces is the silhouette of a spacecraft. The HUD reboots and reads, "Unknown Alien Vessel."

The altimeter's almost at 0. In the center of the display, the words "WAKE UP" start flashing repeatedly.

The altimeter hits 0; there's a bone-breaking SNAP.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BLACKWOOD RESIDENCE, CALDORIA HEIGHTS - DAY

A sideways view of a 24th century apartment from the bed. Aquiline, a triumph of convenience. "WAKE UP" continues to flash on the POV HUD. The HUD location reads: CALDORIA HEIGHTS APARTMENTS - 2306.

A video tablet propped up on the bedside table rings shyly. It fades from a screensaver of a PRETTY WOMAN and her CHILD into the face of MICHELLE VISARD, 30s, pouty faced.

MICHELLE (ON COM)
Hey, big day, Gage... are you
there?

END POV. GAGE BLACKWOOD, 30s, hispanic, in perfect shape,
shifts irritably between the sheets of his bed. He mumbles
at Michelle's disembodied head.

MICHELLE (ON COM) (CONT'D)
You aren't still... did you sleep
with your implant on?

Gage reaches up and fingers the rectangular monacle that
frames his eye. On the lens: the reverse outline of his
interface HUD.

GAGE
Uh..

MICHELLE (ON COM)
You look terrible.
Exceptionally, I mean.

GAGE
Come on Michelle. It's early.
Give me a break.

MICHELLE (ON COM)
No, it's late. Again. Remember?

GAGE
Ugh, right. Sandra.

The thought pulls him out of bed.

MICHELLE (ON COM)
You're too hard on her.

GAGE
I think you've got that
backwards, Shell.

MICHELLE (ON COM)
Kinky. Anyway, you can see the
capitol from your side of
Caldoria, right? Since you're
going to be late anyway... maybe
you could send me a vid of the
Cyrollan landing? Please? God,
I wish I could be there. It must
feel amazing, historic. Earth's
first real encounter with alien
beings.

GAGE
Yeah, sure.

MICHELLE (ON COM)
 Thanks hon. Sandra blows her top
 in less than... twenty minutes.
 See you then. And Gage?

GAGE
 Yeah.

MICHELLE (ON COM)
 Wake up!

The com goes dead with a cheerful little sound effect.

Gage plods to his floor-to-ceiling window. He squints out at the view:

At ground level, 10 floors below, a sea of excited people wave banners with peace symbols and slogans, "We Welcome You in Peace!"

Thousands more stretch across the green streets of Caldoria, drawn to a low building decorated with the flag of UNITED EARTH. Still more crowd the balconies of the nearby towers of the floating city, cheering and grinning.

Shielding his eyes against the sun, Gage follows their gaze into the sky where the silhouette of an ALIEN SPACECRAFT, the same one from his dream, slowly descends from the heavens. The crowd goes wild.

GAGE
 A big day. Right.

Gage sighs.

TITLES.

INT. LIFT, CALDORIA HEIGHTS - DAY

The lift display counts down towards 0. Gage watches it impatiently, trying to ignore elevator music and a disembodied advertisement.

ADVERTISEMENT
 Welcome to Caldoria Heights
 apartments 2306, the most
 peaceful apartments in the
 galaxy. Join us on March 15th to
 watch the promised return of the
 Cyrollans from our five-star
 rooftop observatory, or any time
 for the best view of the world's
 first floating metropolis:
 "Caldoria - representing the
 future."

He winces when the floor reaches 0. Ding!

The lift doors slide open in front of him and he's out in a second, battling for inches.

INT. LOBBY, CALDORIA HEIGHTS - DAY

A dense crowd of CITIZENS compete for a place near the news monitors, or make for the lift. Fathers with children on their shoulders, couples, businessmen.

Gage pushes through them irritably. He shoves past an OLD MAN, accidentally knocking the briefcase out of his hand.

Gritting his teeth, Gage stops and retrieves it for him. The old man snatches it back and disappears into the crowd.

Wading through people, Gage makes it to the back of the lobby where a SECURITY GUARD stands nervously next to a GLOBAL TRANSPORT.

Gage and the guard nod to one another as Gage slips past. He swipes a KEYCARD through a slot in one of the transports and it unfolds.

GAGE'S POV:

He settles as quickly as he can into the transport; the shell folds back over his view and an artificial hum cuts out the noise. It presents him with a control panel.

On his HUD - a timer ticks down from 4:00:00 minutes.

GLOBAL TRANSPORT
Welcome to Global Transport.
Please select a destination.

A list appears on the control panel: "Gage Blackwood's recently visited: Hard Rock, Tokyo. Flagstaff Beach, AZ. Undisclosed Location (RESTRICTED). Other..."

Gage reaches out and taps the third option.

GLOBAL TRANSPORT (CONT'D)
Please hold... Preparing
destination transporter...
Recording passenger's organic
substratum... Prepare for
molecular disintegration.

The HUD, and every speck of light bleeding in from the lobby, split into luminescent shards that crystallise around a center point. They reach some critical mass and unfold again, constructing piece by piece the

INT. TEMPORAL SECURITY ANNEX - UNDERGROUND

The location on his HUD changes to TEMPORAL SECURITY AGENCY.

END POV.

Gage gets out of the Global Transport as quickly as he can. It looks out of place in this claustrophobic corridor. At the end of it is a bulkhead anodized with the name and the trefoil logo of the Journeyman Project.

Several kinds of SECURITY FIELDS sweep down the tunnel.

INT. TSA SECURITY - UNDERGROUND

Black metal and marble. ROGER CLARKE, Agent 4, watches through a monitor as Gage walks through the security fields. The fields measure and visualize his biometrics, positively identify his Biotech implant.

WOMAN'S VOICE

What is it?

Roger's startled - it only shows in his face.

Behind him, Agent 2, GAIL SAKARA, puts her hands on his shoulders.

ROGER

Agent Five.

GAIL

Looks like him. Is something wrong?

Gail peers at the screen. The trefoil at the end of the corridor opens in three parts and Gage goes through.

ROGER

It could be anyone. An infiltrator, an impostor. You can never tell just by looking.

Gail looks at him funny.

ROGER (CONT'D)

(defensive)

I'm not saying it's not him. But looking at all these biometrics - cerebral mapping ninety-nine point nine percent conforms. Electromagnetic signature - ninety-nine point nine percent match. Using the computer, there's always that fraction of a percent of doubt.

He peels off his implant and looks up at Gail with the most loving smile.

ROGER (CONT'D)
But I would know you anywhere.

Gail pulls her hands off of Roger unconsciously. His smile fades. She laughs to compensate.

GAIL
Well, when it comes to telling if it's Gage, I just check my watch.

INT. TSA MAIN CORRIDOR - UNDERGROUND

Trefoil bulkheads flank Michelle. She waits with arms folded as Gage, out of breath, lopes up to her.

MICHELLE
Finished your daily run, then?

GAGE
Don't be sadistic.

He catches his breath.

GAGE (CONT'D)
Speaking of which, is Sandra around?

MICHELLE
She wants to see us both in the command center. You were supposed to relieve her twelve minutes ago.

GAGE
Damn.

MICHELLE
Yeah, you might want to get back to the running. Not that it would do much good.

Michelle starts off for the Command Center. Gage tags along.

GAGE
Hey, I could outrun Sandra.

MICHELLE
Yeah right... Even though you do get lots of practice.

GAGE
She can't be the best at everything.

(MORE)

GAGE (CONT'D)

Neil's a better complainer.
You're better at sucking up.
Hey, maybe that's what she's
called you in for.

MICHELLE

Let's hope so.

Michelle winks. Gage shakes his head.

GAGE

I don't know what you see in that
woman.

MICHELLE

She's only the perfect agent and
a damn fine... leader.

They stop in front of one of the bulkheads. Gage hits a
button and SECURITY FLASH scrapes them down. The door
pulls open.

GAGE

You first.

MICHELLE

I hope you're ready for a
spanking.

Gage watches Michelle warily as she winks and steps
through.

INT. TSA COMMAND - UNDERGROUND

A ring of monitors sprout from the ceiling and the floor
like jaws. Agent 1, SANDRA WALSH, dominates a control
station in the center. Energy pipes surge with current
from floor to heavy ceiling.

Sandra frowns over power level readouts on one of the
monitors.

SANDRA

Agent Six, are you there?

One of the monitors flips over to Agent 6, NEIL CRAULLO,
hip deep in electrical tubing. He peers up at her,
anxiously.

NEIL

Something wrong?

SANDRA

I was just about to ask you the
same thing. Pegasus hasn't been
used today, has she?

NEIL

No. You want me to cool her down for a run?

SANDRA

My computer says she's already frigid. I was just starting to feel jealous. Keep an eye on the helium system, will you?

NEIL

But the alien procession starts in less than fifteen minutes.

SANDRA

Just make sure the only time machine in the world isn't about to explode, okay? Not today, and not on my watch.

NEIL

And then I can join the others?

The Center doors hatch open, admitting a sheepish Gage and Michelle. Her gaze lingers on them as they approach.

SANDRA

Sure. It looks like I might even get the chance to join you. Agent One out.

Gage takes a sullen interest in one of the walls. Michelle blushes.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Agent Five, how is it that a ranked member of the *Temporal Security Agency* is so consistently late? I find the irony quite shallow. Well?

He shrugs.

GAGE

I'm only human.

SANDRA

No, you're Earth's best example of human. That's why you were picked for The Journeyman Project. Today of all days you should realize the importance of proving your worth.

GAGE

Proving my worth? What, to the Cyrollans?

SANDRA

To the Project. You could start by reviewing TSA protocols in the briefing room.

GAGE

I can recite the protocols for you now.

SANDRA

Then we will have to devise an alternative method to test actual understanding. As for you, Agent Three...

Sandra stops and watches Gage until he decides to leave.

He looks over his shoulder as the door slides closed behind him.

She grins at Michelle.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

The Cyrollan procession starts in less than fifteen minutes.

INT. TSA COMMUNICATIONS - UNDERGROUND

A number of agents, 2, 4, 7, and 8, cluster around a central mushroom of display panels. Agent 7 is ALLAN EVAINE, eager and young, and Agent 8 is LINDSAY RHODES. She watches the others somewhat removed from the group, but still seems to participate in spirit.

On the displays, a news broadcast covers the human delegation at the Caldoria capitol building. A cut to the crablike ALIEN VESSEL perched on the lawn in front.

Neil comes in through the hatch doors, his face stained with oil.

NEIL

Did I miss anything?

GAIL

Cyrollans are still in their ship.

ALLAN

We were just wondering, what do you think they'll look like?

ROGER

Ghastly, nightmarish, horrific, grisly, repugnant, abhorrent, odious.

GAIL
Showoff.

NEIL
Disappointing.

ROGER
Disenchanted, dispiriting, dis -

GAIL
I'll handle this.

Gail punches him rather hard, which Roger takes as a bigger compliment than it is and grins. Neil rolls his eyes.

ALLAN
What do you think Gail?

GAIL
I don't care what they're like as long as I get to fight one. I'm in the mood.

She stretches out and bends over. Roger takes a peek.

ROGER
So am I.

ALLAN
What if they're like - dinosaurs?

Neil snorts.

NEIL
Shouldn't you be in preschool? I mean - agency training?

ALLAN
Morning's off for the procession.

GAIL
Anyway, I could take a dinosaur, a herrerasaurus or a guanlong, any of the smaller theropod clades would do. What?

ROGER
Showoff.

NEIL
The aliens belong to The Symbiotry of Peaceful Beings; how tough could they be?

ALLAN
You mean the Symbiotry we're about to join, Neil?

NEIL

Shut up.

Allan laughs.

GAIL

Hey, if you two are going to go at it, I want a piece.

ROGER

Since when did you want peace?

GAIL

Officially, since the government voted for it. Unofficially, I just want to kick some ass.

NEIL

(to Roger)

I'd be jealous if I were you.

ROGER

What do you mean?

The bulkhead slides open and Michelle steps through, her hair dishevelled and her cheek bruised. They stare at her. She clears her throat.

MICHELLE

Did I um, miss anything?

INT. TSA BRIEFING ROOM - UNDERGROUND

Gage fiddles with exposed electricals under one of the annex's monitors. The image and audio stutters as it displays equations and diagrams related to the briefing alongside the talking head of ELIOT SINCLAIR - the old man from the Caldoria Heights lobby.

Gage doesn't notice the resemblance.

SINCLAIR

The particle-accelerating space-time transporter, version prime, otherwise known as Pegasus, was invented by myself and a team of other physicists at the World Government's contract research headquarters. Officially destroyed, its original purpose was to gather historical -

Gage makes something spark under the equipment and the briefing skips. He looks up at the display and mutters.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

- when someone travels through time, a tunnel is created which originates when travel is begun, and ends when the traveler lands. If an event in the past is altered, theory states a rip occurs which gives rise to a temporal chain reaction, a wave that travels forward through time to the present day, changing history behind it. Traveling back in time to a point before the oncoming wave would effectively allow a traveler to escape its effects, and maybe even prevent history from being changed in the first place. After all, that is the machine's purpose *now*: to protect and preserve the correct version of Earth's history. -

GAGE

Got it.

More sparks and the display flicks over to a slightly distorted feed of the news:

EXT. DELEGATE RECEPTION, CALDORIA - DAY

A reporter, MEGAN LOVE, reports on a group of POLITICIANS lining up outside the capitol.

MEGAN

Today is a historic day for United Earth. Soon it will be ten years to the minute since the Symbiotry of Peaceful Beings first visited humanity with a message that told us, you are not alone. Our centuries struggling for peace meant something in the end. Ten years since the aliens offered us membership in their alliance and sparked one of the most controversial decisions of Earth's history: to accept a place in their interstellar alliance and take our next step towards the stars. The leaders of the world government have assembled here in Caldoria City to respond as the crowd waits for their first glimpse of alien beings.

INT. TSA COMMAND - UNDERGROUND

SANDRA watches the reception on her ring of monitors. She sits forward, uncharacteristically anxious as cameras follow as

A HATCH OPENS on the alien ship. The hatch unfolds and unfolds again, forming an impossibly thin, proteinous bridge to the front of the capitol building. The crowd is silent.

INT. TSA COMMUNICATIONS - UNDERGROUND

The AGENTS cluster close to the mushroom of active displays. Lindsay bites her lip in the corner.

From the group of politicians, EXECUTIVE BALDWIN steps forward, an OLIVE BRANCH held before him with both hands.

INT. TSA BRIEFING ROOM - UNDERGROUND

Even Gage is rapt as the news cameras catch a glimpse of something moving in the opening of the Cyrollan ship. A shape. It glides forward, into the sunlight, a

CYROLLAN, a spindly transparent creature with many joints that seems to have as much trouble moving in our atmosphere as humans do under water.

It struggles forward across the bridge and with one long, translucent limb, laboriously takes the Executive's gift.

EXECUTIVE BALDWIN

We welcome you in peace.

With a tortured voice, like it hurts to speak in English, it speaks:

CYROLLAN

We welcome ... you ... in peace.

It hands the olive branch back.

Just as the crowd begins to CHEER --

ALARMS ERUPT from the annex. Red emergency lights CUT IN. The displays GO DARK. The images on them are replaced by a flashing warning:

TEMPORAL RIP DETECTED

Gage's eyes WIDEN.

INT. TSA COMMUNICATIONS - UNDERGROUND

Alert lights make the agents' shocked faces flash red in the gloom. The corner where Lindsay was standing is empty.

INT. TSA COMMAND - UNDERGROUND

Sandra, shaken but controlled, straightens in her chair. She hits a com on the control center.

SANDRA
(echoes throughout the Annex)
This is it, Agents. This is the moment we've been trained for. The past has been altered, the future at risk. We knew this day would come. It's our job to fix it and catch whoever is responsible...

She releases the com.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
...before the past catches up with us.

END OF ACT 1

INT. TSA MAIN CORRIDOR - UNDERGROUND

ALARMS.

All 8 agents take posts around the clamshell of TSA displays.

LINDSAY
Security systems show no breach. The time travel must have originated from somewhere else.

GAIL
How is that possible? No one else has the ability to travel through time.

NEIL
Someone else was going to discover it sooner or later.

ROGER
Something tells me today was not a coincidence.

ALLAN
What do we do?

SANDRA
 Handling this is in our job
 description. What do we do? We
 prove ourselves.

Her gaze lingers on Gage.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
 Split up on the timestream
 computer and find me that rip.

The displays generate several fractals that expand rapidly
 into themselves until the figure of a TIME STREAM is
 isolated on Neil's terminal. A portion of the line is
 distorted, and growing more so.

NEIL
 Got it.

SANDRA
 Good work. Real time until the
 wave reaches the present day?

ROGER
 Forty nine minutes, twelve
 seconds.

Neil and Roger exchange competitive glances.

MICHELLE
 My God...

SANDRA
 Synch your Biotech implants with
 the TSA computer. We need to
 make the most of every second.
 Agent Two, make sure those
 diagnostics are as perfect as
 they look. Agent Three, plot
 landing coordinates for the two-
 hundred-million BC timezone.
 Agent Seven, are you going to be
 all right?

ALLAN
 (trembling)
 I... think so. I'll do what I
 can.

SANDRA
 Good. And Agent Five...? I'm
 going to take the chance and take
 you off probation.

GAGE
 Uh. Thanks.

They have their own competitive moment.

SANDRA
Okay, let's go!

INT. TSA READY ROOM - UNDERGROUND

A shielded airlock with an armored vault in the center. Sandra is first in, then the rest. Allan straggles.

SANDRA
Come on, Agent Seven. No one
falls behind.

He grimaces and salutes, but Sandra's back is already turned.

She tugs a lever on the center vault and a SECURITY FIELD scrapes down the room.

TSA COMPUTER
Biometrics authenticated.
Temporal rip emergency confirmed.
Access authorized for Agent One,
Sandra Walsh. Additional biotech
authorized for agents one through
eight.

A green light toggles on the vault and it pulls open, exposing a single three-headed device, jewellike, the JOURNEYMAN KEY. She snatches it up.

The whole room starts to twist down, like the nut on a screw.

SANDRA
Eyes on the Key, people. Ears on
me. Keeping control of this key
is our only chance at repairing
the past. Mapping and Pegasus
software is being uploaded to
your Biotech systems now. The
mapping interface will help you
keep track of the key bearer at
all times. That's me.

GAGE'S POV:

Gage's HUD floods with loading data and a map of the Temporal Security Annex springs up in 3 dimensions. It locates AGENT 1.

A second interface downloads with the winged horse icon of Pegasus. It reads, PEGASUS LINK INACTIVE.

TIME TO RIP IMPACT counts down on his HUD where the altitude meter was in his dream.

END POV.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Now, brace yourselves.

The lift slams to a halt, making them stagger. She smiles weakly.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Because this mission is the
future's last hope, and we are
its agents. All hopes rest on us
now.

INT. PEGASUS PRIME - UNDERGROUND

The vaulted Pegasus. The time machine is a mess - clearly a prototype. Wires dangle from the ceiling and trace the pockmarked metal walls like vines. It hums with the same drone as the Global Transport, but much deeper, stronger.

They climb into human-shaped sockets in the walls. Next to his, marked with a 5, Gage notices a set of MUDDY FOOTPRINTS on the clean time machine floor. He squints at one, then peers down at his own boots. Same pattern.

GAGE
Has one of you been joyriding in
the Pegasus?

Sandra raises an eyebrow.

LINDSAY
No one can enter the Pegasus
without authorization.

They're all a little shocked that she spoke.

MICHELLE
Come on Gage, you're holding us
up.

NEIL
Gage? Never.

Roger watches Lindsay suspiciously as Gage clambers into his spot.

Sandra plugs the Journeyman Key into a terminal. The time machine hum deepens to a THROB.

GAGE'S POV:

His Pegasus interface ACTIVATES. It shows the damaged timestream and relays destination information for EMERGENCY PROTOCOL 328:

Historical Log Site - Southeast Pacific Rim - 199,997,682 BC, temporal distance, spatial distance, energy in the terajoules. Finally, an activity log as the Pegasus begins to SPIN UP.

From across the way, Michelle winks at him.

Arcs of electricity cascade down the vines of wires. Sparks. The metal walls begin to distort, tearing open and sealing together over existing pockmarks.

The distortion spreads until everything is a soup of shifting energy, then resolves into -

EXT. ARRIVAL SITE - DAY

A sandy escarpment looking out over the sea, the cliffs crowded over by creepers and lush palm trees. They rustle in the Pacific wind.

The location pane on his HUD shifts: Historical Log Site - 199,997,682 BC.

The Pegasus pane changes to an ENERGY METER. And of course, the counter keeps ticking.

END POV.

The agents stand as they were, in a semicircle. A few of them grip their heads. All of them are overwhelmed by the freshness of it.

ALLAN

Jesus.

ROGER

He won't be able to help you for a few years yet.

MICHELLE

It's beautiful.

SANDRA

The historical logs are this way.

ROGER

I wonder if Jesus is in them.

SANDRA

Come on. No one falls behind.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

A dense underbrush of ferns and Jurassic flora.

GAIL

There isn't a single place like
it on our Earth. It's like
utopia. Cycadeoid plant
formations, true ferns, oh! An
early angiosperm. Sexy.

NEIL

(to Roger)

I'd be jealous if I were you.
And very afraid.

A reptilian SCREAM pierces the canopy. A shadow flashes
over the group. They crouch low.

ROGER

Care to reword that in the simple
present tense?

GAIL

Showoff.

The line of agents rises warily from the bush.

SANDRA

Quiet from here on out.

Sandra motions for them to start moving again.

ALLAN

(whispering)

What happens when we secure the
historical logs?

MICHELLE

Ask Gage. Supposedly he can
recite all the protocols.

Gage glares at her, but Allan beams at him eagerly. Gage
grits his teeth.

GAGE

We bring them back to the TSA and
compare them with logs corrupted
by the alterations in history.
Differences between the two
versions of events will tell us
where the temporal rip started.
If the distortion wave hasn't
caught up to us by then, we can
jump back and fix it.

ALLAN

And if it has?

GAIL

Then everyone on Earth, including us, will either cease to exist or become completely different people. Who knows. In some of our cases, it might even be an improvement.

She nods after Sandra, who's just held up her hand to signal a stop.

After a moment, they resume in a different direction. Michelle leaves the group to catch up with her.

ALLAN

Are we lost?

ROGER

Let's hope not. She's the only one who's been to this place before.

ALLAN

I thought the Pegasus was only to be used in emergencies?

ROGER

She was part of the original Journeyman team. She was with the group that set up this contingency site several years ago.

Allan's eyes widen. He stares after her in awe.

ALLAN

What happened to the rest of the team?

He shrugs.

ROGER

We were hired to replace them. Well, most of them.

He casts a sideways glance at Lindsay, as anonymous as ever.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I wonder why.

Michelle reaches Sandra at THE HEAD OF THE LINE. She pushes through a bunch of rigid foliage. Noticing Michelle behind her, Sandra holds the vegetation to let her through.

MICHELLE

The other agents are talking about you.

SANDRA
Make sure they keep it quiet.

Sandra holds them up again with a hand signal. Then they're on their way again.

MICHELLE
Is something wrong?

SANDRA
We're being hunted. We need to find open ground. Keep exposed.

MICHELLE
Hunted?

Michelle blinks, then swallows heavily.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
We have thirty five minutes left. We're not going to make it are we?

SANDRA
The log site is hidden, but it's not far off. We can still complete the mission if we're perfect.

MICHELLE
You're the only one here who's perfect.

Sandra blesses her with the most tender smile.

SANDRA
Pretty soon you'll be a better liar than I am.

Michelle reaches out for Sandra.

MICHELLE
Sandra -

A ROAR from the BACK OF THE GROUP.

Gail whirls around. Her face drains as a HERRERASAURUS stalks out of the brush before her eyes.

It LEAPS on her in a bound. TEARS into her side with a SNAP. She SCREAMS.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Oh my God!

SANDRA
Run! That's a God damn ORDER!

The other agents scatter, save Roger. He stares at the dinosaur with wild ANGRY EYES.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Agent Four!

ROGER
Gail!

One agent down, the Herrerasaurus's head flashes up for more prey to wound. Roger couldn't be an easier target.

A PIERCING WHISTLE.

Sandra is there, waving the Journeyman Key over her head in a patch of sunlight.

The herrerosaurus's head flashes up, its eyes trained on the glittering object.

SANDRA
Catch me if you can!

She turns and runs, the reptile not far behind.

EXT. DEEP JUNGLE - DAY

Sandra dashes through the undergrowth, the dinosaur behind her only visible in the form of WAVING and CRASHING foliage, and it's piercing reptile SCREAM.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

Sandra bursts out of a wall of creepers, catches up to Gage, panting just ahead.

Their eyes meet, then split as the herrerasaurus CRASHES out behind them.

They run neck and neck, but the herrerasaurus is catching up. They struggle, running full-tilt on the volcanic sand, but

GAGE IS FASTER. Panting in great heaves, he edges ahead. Sandra's face twists as she realizes she can't keep up.

SANDRA
Gage!

Gage keeps running, but looks, anguished, over his shoulder.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
(panting)
You're the faster runner.

She skids to a halt. Wide-eyed, Gage turns around.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Who would have thought?

GAGE
Sandra!

With athletic ease, she throws the Journeyman Key after Gage just as the herrerasaurus latches onto her and BRINGS HER DOWN.

The key thuds into the sand at his feet.

GAGE (CONT'D)
Sandra!

The herrerasaurus pins her neck in its jaws, thrashes back and forth until she stops struggling. The creature glances at him, considers, then

DRAGS her body back towards the forest like a cat does a lizard.

GAGE (CONT'D)
Sandra!

Gage stares after her, horrified, then down at his feet.

GAGE'S POV:

The Journeyman Key, half submerged in the earth. Next to it, on the HUD, Gage's mission timer ticks down past 30:00:00 minutes.

END POV.

END OF ACT 2

EXT. JUNGLE ESCARPMENT - DAY

Gail pants, holding in a broken rib as Roger walks her through the jungle.

GAIL
We don't have time for this.
You're not a hero, Roger. Leave
me and get back to the others.

ROGER
Yeah, well you're not a hero,
either.

GAIL

God damn it. We could be stuck
in this time zone forever. Put
me down!

ROGER

What are you going to do, beat me
up?

Gail groans, in pain, in anger, it's hard to say.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Besides, if we get trapped in
this time, we could always start
the human race a few million
years early.

He grins at her fondly, holds her gaze. She's sweaty,
awake with pain and endorphins, drawn as he

BENDS DOWN to kiss her. She pulls away and laughs
nervously, making her wince and clutch at her side.

GAIL

Talk about changing history.

Roger searches her face for what put her off. Finding no
answers, he withdraws back into his rough shell.

ROGER

We've got to find you somewhere
safe to rest. Then I can set
that rib.

GAIL

(weakly)
Showoff.

ROGER

The maps says there are some
caves ahead that could do.

POV: The TSA HUD of a hidden agent frames the view on
Roger and Gail from the trees above. The mapping interface
shows the caves ahead. The mission timer ticks down in the
corner.

GAIL (BELOW)

We won't be safe until we find
the others, complete the mission,
and get back home.

ROGER (BELOW)

I wouldn't be so sure. I've got
my suspicions about Agent Eight.

GAIL
You've always got your
suspicions.

ROGER
I've just got this feeling.
She's got her own agenda.

GAIL
You hardly know her.

ROGER
Exactly.

END POV.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Neil and Allan search through the growth for the others,
bickering in whispers.

ALLAN
We're lost.

NEIL
I know that.

ALLAN
In a prehistoric jungle full of
dinosaurs.

NEIL
I thought dinosaurs were supposed
to be cool.

Allan sulks on the edge of tears.

NEIL (CONT'D)
Pull yourself together. We're
going to get through this.

ALLAN
I'm not a child, you know.

NEIL
Yeah, you are.

ALLAN
What it did to Agent Two... I
can't...

He chokes up and stops. Neil rolls his eyes.

NEIL
(his voice raising)
You want monsters? Look at us.
Look what we've done.
(MORE)

NEIL (CONT'D)
 China, Russia, the Middle East,
 all done, dead, not even buried.

This isn't helping. Allan breaks down.

NEIL (CONT'D)
 Just lying there, decomposing
 into sulphur because they weren't
 peaceful enough. They weren't
 democratic enough. They weren't
 tolerant enough. They weren't
 Western enough. It's easy to be
 Unified when there's only one
 point of view. So don't be
 scared of dinosaurs. They're
 going to be extinct soon enough.

Bushes rustle and the two of them freeze.

The rustling comes closer and Gage steps out of the jungle,
 looking haunted.

ALLAN
 Oh thank God!

NEIL
 What's the situation?

Tentatively, grimly, Gage holds up the Journeyman Key.

Allan goes PALE.

EXT. JUNGLE ESCARPMENT - DAY

Roger eases Gail down gently against a pile of rocks.
 She's half unconscious, and hardly notices the STUNNING
 VISTA as cliffs drop not a few feet away into boiling water
 and an endless sea.

ROGER
 We're not out of the jungle yet.

Gail smiles weakly. He frowns anxiously over her.

ROGER (CONT'D)
 You're losing a lot of blood.
 I'm going to see if there's
 anything living in those caves
 over there; we need to find
 cover.

He points across a cliff shelf to a cluster of them.

GAIL
 Don't forget to bring a
 housewarming gift.

Roger smiles halfheartedly, worry behind his eyes.

GAIL (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Rog. We're going to be alright.

ROGER

It's you that I'm worried about.

GAIL

Not we, we, us, we're going to be together, no matter what. I know it. I just wanted it to be perfect.

Roger laughs absurdly.

ROGER

Sorry. Came a little short there.

GAIL

No, it's me. I'm the one that's holding us back. I know that.

ROGER

Shh, Gail. I'll carry you as far as it takes.

They see eye to eye for a precious moment, then Gail breaks the bond, like usual... coughs uncomfortably. Roger frowns. It's going to be tougher than that.

He turns away and makes for the caves when there's an EXPLOSION from cliff shelf below and the ground gives way. GASPING, Roger clings to the cliff face as it SLIDES down into the sea. He catches only BARELY onto THE CLIFF FACE

GAIL (O.S.)

(panicked)
Roger! Roger!

ROGER

Gail!

He scrambles for purchase further up the rock face, but only makes things worse for himself. He slides further down.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Gail! Are you there?

He hears footsteps above, then against the sky the toes of TSA REGULATION BOOTS. Attached to them is Lindsay Rhodes.

Roger growls.

ROGER (CONT'D)
You! You did this! I should
have guessed. I never should
have trusted you!

She walks away. Roger hangs his head, betrayed.

Then she reappears and offers him a long TREE BRANCH, sawed roughly off at the base. He's shocked for a moment.

ROGER (CONT'D)
I...

He looks up at her, swallows his pride, and grabs hold.

BACK ON THE ESCARPMENT

Roger staggers to safety, humbled. Gail has fainted where he left her.

LINDSAY
Still have your suspicions about
me?

Roger blinks, then goes to Gail's side.

EXT. VOLCANIC JUNGLE - DAY

Michelle scrapes leaves away from a rock face, looking for the historical vault.

Steam vents from crevasses in the ground.

MICHELLE
It's got to be around here
somewhere.

GAGE (O.S.)
(shouting)
Shell?

MICHELLE
I'm over here! Sandra said the
vault was nearby.

Gage, Allan, and Neil jog up to her, relieved.

GAGE
Have you seen the others? The
map is next to useless in this
soup.

MICHELLE

They're sunning themselves on the beach.

They stare at her. She flashes them a grin.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Of course I haven't. I've been looking for the historical vault. Sandra was heading this way and these are the only volcanic rocks in the area. It's where I'd put a data vault if I wanted to keep it safe, or if I was really sadistic.

She laughs again.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Speaking of which, where's Sandra?

Her grin slowly fades as they shuffle their feet. He hands her the Key and her face falls.

She chokes and has to lean against the rock face. Gage wraps his arms around her.

ALLAN

(imitating Neil)

Pull yourself together. We're going to get through this.

Neil squints at him.

GAGE

You know what Sandra would say. We've got to prove ourselves now. This mission is the future's last hope. No one falls behind...

Michelle shoves him away.

MICHELLE

You're not Sandra! You're not, and you'll never be, no matter how hard you try!

Gage is taken aback.

Neil motions to Allan and they carry on searching for the history vault, pushing aside loose rocks and ripping down vines.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

We'll never find it without her...

Michelle heaves huge sobs that wrack her whole body. She hangs her head, trying to save face. Then, almost magically, she stops.

She falls to her knees. She starts pawing at the ground, through the mist.

The other agents cluster around as she exposes a mechanical STEAM VENT and soon after a STONE PLATE emblazoned with the Journeyman Project Trefoil. They exchange looks.

She hauls the plate away, revealing a metal VAULT DOOR with an inset for the Journeyman Key.

The object fits perfectly into the slot. Each key-head rotates and clicks, then the vault door SCRAPES ASIDE.

In the spacious box within is a tiny HOLOGRAPHIC DISC.

She lifts it out reverently.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

All Earth's history is recorded here.

NEIL

Come on.

He makes a grab for it, but Michelle closes her hand. They stand off.

ALLAN

We're running out of time. Twenty minutes.

MICHELLE

He's right.

Holding his gaze, she gets up and makes for the greater jungle.

GAGE

I'm going to find Gail and Roger.

MICHELLE

Agent Five...

GAGE

You're not Sandra either, Shell. I'm going, whether you like it or not.

MICHELLE

Look Gage, I'm sorry about what I said.

GAGE

This isn't about you. They're my friends. And I won't see you torn apart like...

He swallows.

MICHELLE

We'll wait for you at the arrival site until T-minus ten minutes. Don't let me down.

GAGE

Fine. And Shell?

She turns and looks at him impatiently. Neil notices something between them.

GAGE (CONT'D)

I didn't mean what I said, either. You're actually a lot like Sandra.

This was a genuine compliment, and she takes it as such. She smiles, and the three agents head off into the jungle.

EXT. JUNGLE CAVE - DAY

Lindsay strips off a piece of Gail's uniform to finish bandaging her side.

Roger, portions torn from his own clothes too, leans back against the cave wall. The space is shallow but wide enough for Gail to lay reasonably flat.

ROGER

You don't say much, do you?

LINDSAY

She's still unconscious.

Lindsay peers at him, then smiles ever so faintly. Roger chuckles to himself.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

I've learned that talking is what gets you in trouble in this job.

ROGER

What do you mean?

Lindsay is quiet again, as if to prove the point. She finishes dressing Gail and turns to Roger.

LINDSAY

Are you alright?

He looks at his scraped hands, then at Gail, still bleeding.

ROGER

I'm fine.

LINDSAY

You're lucky.

He frowns to himself.

ROGER

I guess I am. It's just... I was sure that ledge was stable. It would have taken a bomb to knock down that ledge.

Lindsay settles down against the opposite cave wall.

LINDSAY

You're a suspicious fellow, aren't you?

Roger glares at her. She looks him right back.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

It's okay. So am I. It's paid off over the years.

ROGER

Are you going to stop being oblique or is it in your nature?

LINDSAY

Once I'm sure I can trust you.

Roger laughs.

ROGER

Trust me? You're the one giving off all the wrong signals.

LINDSAY

Which signals?

Roger is silent, a bit of her own medicine.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Okay, okay. I'll tell you if you tell me.

ROGER

Deal. You skulk around, never participate; you disappeared when the alarms went off at the TSA, and then it seems like someone's been using the Pegasus without Agent One's say-so?

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

Who could do that? Who's been at the TSA long enough to know how? Oh, right.

LINDSAY

I never used the Pegasus. As for not being there when the rip was detected, I was already out the door. You chumps are awful slow compared to the original team. Then again, I imagine that was the idea.

ROGER

What are you talking about?

LINDSAY

I'm going to tell you this against my better judgement, because you and I are alike, but I would suggest you keep an eye on Sandra.

ROGER

Why?

Lindsay is about to say more when she hears something. It's GAGE, who marches in purposefully.

GAGE

Sandra's dead. We've got the logs. Time to go. Now.

Roger goes pale.

GAGE (CONT'D)

There's a trail of blood half way across South America. If you stay here it's going to attract every carnivore for miles. Come on, Michelle and the others are already at the return site.

In the distance, a reptilian SCREAM.

EXT. ARRIVAL SITE - DAY

Michelle paces back and forth with the Journeyman Key. Neil is getting more and more bullish. Allan paces anxiously.

NEIL

Michelle, it's time. We have to go. This is the fate of humanity we're talking about here.

MICHELLE

They'll be here. Don't you trust me?

Neil scowls.

NEIL

It's not you I don't trust.

MICHELLE

If we leave them behind they'll surely die. This key is the only transmitter powerful enough to access Pegasus. There's nothing else here for them to use.

NEIL

We can come back for them.

MICHELLE

You honestly think the TSA would allow that? No, they die two-hundred million years in the past and no one will ever discover the remains. Case closed.

NEIL

Michelle! We're talking about the future here.

MICHELLE

You're talking about murder.

NEIL

Who knows what the new present will be like? There might not even be a Temporal Security Agency if we don't get back there and out again in less than... nine minutes!

Allan is getting more and more high strung.

ALLAN

Agent Three, we have to go.

NEIL

Sandra would have left us all behind if she had to.

MICHELLE

Not all of us!

She calms down with a deep breath.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Our dedication to each other is what makes us Unified.

(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

That's why the Cyrollans came to us in the first place. That's why they invited us into their alliance. That's why we're here: because we stand together or not at all.

NEIL

Stupid woman! You're doing all this for a crush.

MICHELLE

I did not... Sandra and I weren't...

NEIL

I wasn't talking about Sandra. Now... give - me - the - key.

Michelle FLUSHES.

MICHELLE

Come and get it.

EXT. JUNGLE

The scream of the herrerasaurus makes Gage and company freeze as they travel through the jungle. Gail isn't looking so good in Roger's arms.

LINDSAY

We can't keep dodging the creature.

ROGER

What do you suggest?

She creeps forward and slips something out of her pocket - a trio of cylindrical EXPLOSIVES.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Where did you get...?

She jams one into a nearby tree, and a second one nearby.

LINDSAY

Through here.

They look at her like she's just pulled a rabbit out of her pants.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

(really loud)

Come on!

Startled, and with the dinosaur surely on its way now if it wasn't before, they scurry after her.

They lay low in the undergrowth a ways away and watch:

The herrerasaur slides out of the bushes, scanning for the source of the sound. It sniffs at the trail of Gail's blood.

Gage watches, wide eyed, as it roots closer, closer, between the two trees and --

BOOM! Two FIREBALLS erupt from either side. The dinosaur's body is crushed and its skin incinerated from its bones. It sways, most of its body already burnt to a crisp, and COLLAPSES on the ground.

Dazed, the agents approach quietly, almost reverently.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

(to Roger)

I learned long ago that this job wasn't a safe one. Not if you followed the *rules*.

She tosses a charge to Roger and smirks.

GAGE

Do you think this was the one that got Sandra?

LINDSAY

I hope it wasn't.

She turns callously from the horrible corpse and marches on.

Gage, literally shell shocked and a little horrified by the mess, glances ambivalently at Roger, then goes after her.

Roger stays, stares at the charge in his hand.

ROGER

It would have taken a bomb to knock down that ledge.

He looks after Lindsay and narrows his eyes.

EXT. JUNGLE ESCARPMENT - DAY

Michelle and Neil go at it. Neil is larger, but Michelle has a lower center of gravity and hits twice as hard, the Journeyman Key lodged in her grip like a punch rock.

She blends with his swings, using a black belt in aikido to her advantage as she avoids the worst of it, waiting for the right moment to hit back.

Neil gets lucky once and gets a hold on her swinging wrist. He yanks her around and

CHOKES her in the elbow of his other arm. She

SQUIRMS a little, Allan watching on in anxious HORROR. But she

TWISTS out of it, the choking hand held in her grasp like a knife, which she

CUTS down into his body. The motion pierces his center and he

COLLAPSES, rising again right into her FIST. He

STAGGERS back, his face already purple from the blow.

NEIL

If only the Cyrollans could see us now, eh, Agent Three? What peaceful beings we are.

MICHELLE

Sometimes you've got to fight for what you believe.

NEIL

True enough.

He braces himself.

MICHELLE'S POV:

Neil charges her head on. The counter ticks down - 00:10:00 seconds. She steps to the side and

KICKS his hips out, knocking him over.

But she moves in at the wrong moment, just in time for him to

LEAP up and KICK her in the head.

Her HUD stutters and flickers.

Neil grabs her, hauls her up so she can't push off the ground, and

GRINS, his teeth right there at eye level. His face swims with her vision. She's at his mercy. Then, slowly, his smile fades.

Michelle's HUD reboots and the timer's there, flashing red: 00:00:00 seconds.

END POV.

He lets her fall to the ground. The air seem to leave him as he slumps down.

He turns slowly and stares out at the sea.

NEIL (CONT'D)
What peaceful beings are we...

Michelle, panting, glares at the Key in her fist.

She lets it thud to ground. Out of the corner of her eye, she catches Allan looking at her like she was a family dog who had just ripped out someone's throat.

MICHELLE
Game over.

Gage, Lindsay, and Roger stumble out of the brush, far too late.

ROGER
Hey! Why are you still here?
Well?!

Michelle spears him with a fierce look; Neil laughs bitterly.

MICHELLE
Why are you still here?

Gage hurries to Michelle, reaches out to her, but she turns away, disappointed and crushed.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Late as usual, Agent Five.

She laughs grimly and shakes her head. The laughter dies out on the sound of the ocean below.

Gage pulls his hand away, then his eyes.

END OF ACT 3

EXT. JUNGLE ESCARPMENT - SUNSET

GAIL'S POV:

The sound of the rolling ocean drifts in with a low light that rises, taking shape: the sky, and below it the setting sun, the sea, the shore, the jungle, each layer a deeper hue than the last.

She turns her head to Roger. He's not looking at her, but longingly into the sky where the first star twinkles on the horizon.

They're all stunned, hair tossed in the Pacific wind: Gage, Neil with a black eye, Allan, Michelle, Lindsay. Windswept. Hopeless.

The Pegasus module on her HUD endlessly reads, "Searching for link..."

END POV.

Gail's looking better; she's still soaked in blood, but it's not wet anymore. It's all in the GRIN.

GAIL
Somebody die or something?

They all just look at her. Roger checks her bandages.

GAIL (CONT'D)
What? What happened?

She struggles one blood-caked hand up to Roger's face, holds it. He glances down at her apologetically.

GAIL (CONT'D)
Oh.

He nods, blankly.

MICHELLE
We failed. We weren't good enough. Our future is gone, wiped away by a rip in time.

GAIL
Stranded in the Triassic, forever...

NEIL
(admiring the sunset)
No more cities. No more technology. No more culture ...
It's not all bad.

Gage fingers the historical log disc, lets sunlight play through its holographic encoding.

GAGE
I wonder what about the past was changed?

ROGER
I wonder who changed it.

MICHELLE
I wonder why.

ROGER
So many questions.

He looks at Lindsay, who faces the implication bluntly.

BEHIND THEM, Allan kicks dirt restlessly. Some of it scatters onto the discarded Journeyman Key. He picks it up idly, polishes it off.

ALLAN'S POV:

He examines the intricacies of the thing. The crystalline construction, the three key-heads. He blows some dust out of it and -

The Pegasus Modules on his HUD activates, unfolds, a stream of data. "Searching..." turns into "Connection reestablished. Link to Pegasus Prime authenticated. READY FOR JUMP."

ALLAN

Oh my God.

GAGE'S POV: He watches Michelle out of the corner of his eye. She glances at him and he looks away with a grimace.

His Pegasus interface activates, like Allan's, and he looks back at Michelle. She's staring back with a face full of astonishment.

LINDSAY'S POV: She looks between Roger, who is preoccupied with Gail for the moment, and Gage's pocket.

She slips her hand in and deftly steals the historical log disc from him, even as her Pegasus interface activates.

END POV.

NEIL

Are you seeing what I'm seeing?

MICHELLE

Pegasus is still out there! We can go home!

ROGER

How is that possible?

NEIL

The TSA must still exist in the corrupted future.

Michelle laughs, tears almost in her eyes.

ALLAN

That means history can't have changed that much!

GAGE

Let's go home.

GAIL

Except - we've still got a mission to do.

They grow solemn again.

ROGER

If we jump back into a corrupted version of the TSA, do you have any idea how many alarms we would set off?

ALLAN

What choice do we have?

LINDSAY

(from behind them)
Agent Seven's right.

Allan blushes. As usual, her voice seems to come from nowhere.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

The new version of the future is the wrong one. A corrupt future created by some non-government organization that has a second time machine. Dim as most of you are, you must realize how dangerous that is. Realizing that is part of the job description.

Despite the insult, they mostly nod. Roger frowns, still trying to figure her out.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

We jump in, use their computer to compare the logs, get back to the Pegasus and fix the rips in time. We put the clues together and figure out who's responsible. Then we find them and teach them about causality.

ROGER

Is that all?

GAIL

Come on, we don't exactly have much to lose.

ROGER

I have you.

Neil snickers.

MICHELLE

Can we at least try and work together this time? We're a team, remember?

GAGE

(eager)

A second chance to prove ourselves...

ALLAN

Let's do it.

Allan hands the Journeyman Key to Gage. Gage appreciates the gesture with a nod.

LINDSAY

Form up. Semicircular pattern, five feet apart, roughly twenty degree intervals.

Roger helps Gail up. She can't stand, slouching instead on a rock in the center of the ring. She grips her side.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

(to Agent 5)

Take your time.

Gage smirks sadly, then takes a deep breath.

GAGE

Relaying telemetry data... now.

The background, lush and prehistoric and peaceful, dissolves away into -

INT. PEGASUS PRIME - UNDERGROUND

Pegasus Prime, just as they left it. Temporal rip alarm lights send their shadows spinning as the agents MATERIALIZE in their sockets. Without support, Gail

COLLAPSES to her hands and knees, spits up blood. Roger hurries to her side.

GAIL

(faint)

I'm okay.

MICHELLE

Pegasus looks just the same as we left it.

ROGER

Looks can be deceptive.

He points at the door. Instead of the trefoil logo of the Journeyman Project, there's a new design. Three triangles closing over a globe.

NEIL

Let's get moving. Someone's bound to notice that the Pegasus has been used.

They move for the Ready Room. Gage takes a step and looks down. He's left a MUDDY FOOTPRINT on the floor.

INT. TSA READY ROOM - UNDERGROUND

Neil breaks open a panel on the center vault. He looks bleakly the mess of wires behind it.

LINDSAY

Can you do it?

Neil gives her a worried look, but goes at it anyway. He fishes around inside looking for inputs and outputs.

ROGER

Something's wrong. Why haven't they raised the alarm yet?

GAIL

They must not have anyone as paranoid on staff as you.

Her laugh is gurgly.

GAGE

No reason to be worried yet.

NEIL

Here goes.

He takes a deep breath and YANKS out a cable. The indicator light on the vault goes RED.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Crap.

The agents try to dodge out of the way, but a SECURITY SWEEP flashes over them. The computer seems to consider, then the light goes green. The room starts to twist up.

They look at each other, perplexed.

GAGE

Perhaps we're expected.

ROGER

That, Agent Five, would be reason to worry.

INT. TSA MAIN CORRIDOR - UNDERGROUND

Eerily silent, save for the light footsteps of the agents as they sneak from corner to corner.

ALLAN
(whispering)
Where is everyone?

Michelle turns to him with a warning look.

Gail lags behind, clearly in pain. Finally, she takes one step too many and starts to pass out. Roger has to catch her to keep her from making noise.

He eases her to the ground and examines the arm he caught her with - it's covered in blood.

GAIL
I'm ok. I... Rog?

Roger holds a finger to his lips but she's seriously out of it.

GAIL (CONT'D)
It wasn't a fair fight. I could
have taken it on if... a
herrasaurus or a... guanlong.

He glances after the other agents, moving away, grits his teeth.

GAIL (CONT'D)
I just wanted you to know, before
I.. before I.. what's the word?

She frowns, unable to remember. Roger stares at her, fills in the word in his head.

ROGER
Shhh...

He looks up after his receding friends, then at a door labeled MEDICAL.

ROGER (CONT'D)
So much for working as a team.

He hoists her up and breaks away, carrying her into the medical center.

INT. TSA MEDICAL - UNDERGROUND

The doors of a room labeled "MEDICAL" hatch open into a sparse lab meant to treat two people at once, max. A steel bed with overhanging instruments glints in the corner.

Roger carries Gail, now unconscious, into the room and lays her out on the bed. He brushes back her hair and tests her pulse.

ROGER
Clock's still ticking.

He lingers over her for just a moment before turning to the Surgery Computer. It scans Gail's biomorphic profile, identifies the damaged ribs and internal bleeding. It reports: AUTOMATIC REPAIR POSSIBLE (67%).

INT. TSA COMMAND - UNDERGROUND

The doors of TSA COMMAND hatch open and admit the rest of the agents. Neil, first in, is arrested by the sight of a RACK OF WEAPONS.

MICHELLE
That's different.

ALLAN
I thought weapons were strictly forbidden by the TSA.

NEIL
It is.

GAGE
Was.

NEIL
I guess it means they're not like us after all.

Neil moves to one of the monitors on the clamshell.

MICHELLE
It means they're barbarians.

LINDSAY
It means they have the upper hand.

Michelle shakes her head.

GAGE
And Roger and Gail are still out there...

ALLAN
What?

They're surprised, look around.

MICHELLE
So much for teamwork.

LINDSAY

So much for intelligence.

NEIL

It's not our problem right now.
Look.

The monitor boots up to a screen of data and diagnostics about Pegasus: temperature, energy levels, etc.

At the bottom is the warning: PEGASUS CURRENTLY ACTIVE and a diagnostic showing the materialization of eight NEW AGENTS.

NEIL (CONT'D)

We've got problems.

LINDSAY

Problems with guns.

INT. TSA MEDICAL - UNDERGROUND

Roger watches, anxiously, as the surgery machine works on Gail's side with ten arms, some that cut with lasers, others tiny things that sew and staple. The eeriest thing about it is that it's perfectly silent.

He fills the space by talking instead.

ROGER

Funny. This is the most I'll probably ever say to you. I don't mean... I mean, you're going to be all right. I didn't mean that. I meant, by this time, if you were awake, you would have already won. The contest. You would have stung me with a quip or shut me down with a smile - or a punch in the stomach. You beat me even when we're not playing, like if you let me go on long enough, you'll be obliged to say just as much back. And you don't want that, do you? I know the words are in you, but you're afraid. It's the one thing you're afraid of - not dinosaurs, not losing your whole past. It's love. Well, I love you, and I'm saying it now because I can. And you know what? You're right. Now you have to say it back one day. I don't care how long it takes for you to realize it.

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

It's like the old stories where a blessing turns out to be a curse in the end, except this time, the curse is a blessing. I'm here whether you like it or not. You said it first: we're going to be together, no matter what, starting now.

He's distracted by the sound of VOICES down the corridor. He looks between Gail and the door and mutters.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Or later.

EXT. OUTSIDE MEDICAL - UNDERGROUND

From around a bend, the VOICES come closer.

Roger hits a button and the Medical doors seal shut with a hiss. The voices go quiet.

ROGER

Hey!

His voice echoes back:

ROGER (CONT'D)

Hey!

Around the bend, their footsteps start up again - the clicking of TSA regulation boots, running.

Roger takes off in the other direction. CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP. The same sound, their footsteps blend together.

INT. TSA COMMAND - UNDERGROUND

Neil, at the monitor.

NEIL

Okay, I've got access to their historical logs. Where's our version?

Gage rummages in his pockets, frowns. His face drains. Michelle gives him a withering look.

LINDSAY

It's here.

She hands it over to Neil. Gage looks at her, outraged.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

...I didn't think you could be trusted to carry them.

Feeling patronized, Gage hangs back as the other agents cluster around the monitor.

Neil sets the disc on the countertop, which, as part of the computer, scans and reads the data.

On screen: the sectors of two visualized discs are superimposed.

TSA COMPUTER
Checking for Temporal
Discrepancies. Number of
discrepancies:

It displays a huge number in the billions.

TSA COMPUTER (CONT'D)
Original discrepancy isolated -
classification: news archive
from: August third, twenty-two
ninety-six.

The screen divides into two sections, ALTERED and UNALTERED.

INT. FREIGHTER, ABOVE MARS COLONY, 2296 - UNALTERED

This is a blocky HISTORICAL LOG framed by a TSA-STYLE interface window. It has the trefoil watermark and a header: Temporal Discrepancy 1 - UNALTERED. Also listed are the location and date.

POV: A shaky mess turns into the precarious view of a proud but slovenly interplanetary trucker, CROWDEN, as he sets up the POV camera.

Satisfied with a job half-done, he gives up and settles back into the center of his cramped and dirty cockpit. Behind him, through the debris shield, Mars and the MARS COLONY SPACE STATION recedes.

CROWDEN
There. See? I told you I
wouldn't let you down. I'm sorry
about last time. I'm only human,
you know.

He looks miserably around at the mess.

CROWDEN (CONT'D)
Truth is, sometimes I don't see
the point either. I've been
hauling freight for thirteen
years. When the company took to
space, I thought it would change
everything for me, make it
exciting again.

(MORE)

CROWDEN (CONT'D)

But life is so empty out here,
especially now that you're gone.
Like I said, I'm sorry about
that. I wish there was a way to
go back and change things. But
there isn't. We have to live
with what we do.

As he speaks, the hulk of a crablike ALIEN VESSEL drifts into view behind him. His instruments squeak a warning. Crowden WHIRLS.

CROWDEN (CONT'D)

What...!

He gapes out.

CYROLLAN (V.O.)

We are the Cyrollans. Please do not be alarmed. We have come because we feel that you are ready. You have reached a point where you are no longer dangerous to yourselves, or others. We have chosen to invite you to join us in the Symbiotry of Peaceful Beings, an alliance of sentient organisms whose objective is to benefit from the sharing of knowledge and culture. We know that it will take some time to fully comprehend the nature of this encounter, so we will give you the opportunity to deliberate our proposal. On this same day, ten years from now, a Cyrollan delegate will visit you to hear your answer. Goodbye.

As suddenly as it arrived, it SPEEDS off into the starscape at alarming speed. Quivering, Crowden turns back to the camera, like it might have something to say about the matter.

The transmission cuts short with the logo of a news network, "archive source: MORIMOTO NEWS NETWORK."

INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - OUTSIDE MARS COLONY, 2296

POV: The scene is duplicated here, but the TSA computer records this one as ALTERED. The interface is in an ALTERED TSA STYLE.

CROWDEN

There. See? I told you I
wouldn't let you down. Have I
ever? I would never risk it!

(MORE)

CROWDEN (CONT'D)

These visits are too good for my wallet and my... ha ha. I'm just sad it's going to be another whole month. I've been in this business for thirteen years. I need a little excitement in my life to keep -

As he speaks, the hulk of a crablike ALIEN VESSEL drifts into view behind him. His instruments squeak a warning. Crowden WHIRLS.

CROWDEN (CONT'D)

What...!

The sound of LASER FIRE. The ship JOLTS violently. The already precarious camera FALLS to the floor. Another jolt and the nose of the ship TEARS OFF.

The camera is SUCKED out into space with most of the cargo. Its view stabilizes in the jet of air on the Mars Colony.

Suddenly, a flare from the colony. It's the shockwave from a FUSION BOMB. Another flash illuminates the far side of the city. Another.

It BREAKS INTO PIECES with a sound like a cracking rock, muffled by the thin atmosphere.

Against the carnage, the silhouette of the CYROLLAN vessel SWOOPS PAST, and then away. Crowden's corpse drifts after.

The transmission cuts short with the Morimoto News logo.

INT. TSA COMMAND - UNDERGROUND

Gage backs away from the group.

LINDSAY

Where are you going?

GAGE

(shaken)

I... To find Gail and Roger.

MICHELLE

Gage, wait...

He stops.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

No one's going to wait for you this time.

GAGE

I won't let you down again. Trust me.

With an edged look at Lindsay, he peels away. The door closes behind him.

INT. TSA MAIN CORRIDOR - UNDERGROUND

Roger runs down the corridor and skids to a halt in front of TSA Communications. Voices and footsteps echo from the bend ahead. And behind. He's cornered.

Panicked, he opens the Com Center door and is about to go through, but he changes his mind.

He fishes around in his pocket and produces the explosive charge Lindsay gave him in the Triassic.

INT. TSA COMMAND - UNDERGROUND

A TREMOR rips through the Annex. The agents look up anxiously as the lights flicker.

NEIL

That can't be good.

LINDSAY

It's time to go. We have what we need.

NEIL

I haven't finished with the security system.

MICHELLE

They probably already know we're here.

Neil pauses, nods, grabs the Historical Log. They head for the door, but it refuses to open.

TSA COMPUTER

Access Restricted to Command Center.

NEIL

(to Michelle)

Yeah, I think that's a pretty safe bet.

INT. OUTSIDE SECURITY - UNDERGROUND

Roger hurries to Security. He looks over his shoulder for the source of angry SHOUTING, but he's lost them for now.

INT. TSA SECURITY OFFICE - UNDERGROUND

Allan follows a tactical map of the complex with tags identifying local agents and the known locations of hostiles (the command center and the main corridor).

He JUMPS when the door hatches open, but relaxes when he sees it's just Roger.

ALLAN
Oh thank God.

ROGER
What are you doing here?

ALLAN
Surveillance for the team.

ROGER
Smart. Where are they now?

Allan lets him at the security controls.

ALLAN
On their way to the Command Center.

ROGER
Still?

ALLAN
Yeah. They were hit by hostiles on the way in.

ROGER
These guys are even better than us. Did you get visual?

ALLAN
No, they've hacked most of the video system. Some technique I haven't seen before.

He switches one of the monitors switches over to video of Command, but the computer just dumps a bunch of code over the image.

ROGER
I know this trick. If I didn't know better, I'd say the inputs were mixed by -

He works at it and gets the two images disentangled. The feed sharpens into a shot of Neil, deep in the guts of the Command Center door panel.

ROGER (CONT'D)
- Agent Six.

ON THE MONITOR: ALLAN walks up to Neil, speaks mutely, then puts his weight against the door.

Perplexed, Roger turns to Allan. Gradually his eyes drift down to the GUN strapped to Allan's waist. It dawns on him: this isn't *his* Allan.

But it dawns on Allan first, and he's already reaching for the gun.

Roger's not an easy mark. He knocks Allan's gun flying with a shove of the chair (and a LASER FLASH), then follows it up with a

PUNCH that pushes Allan against the wall. The younger man recovers quickly, but Roger closes, ignoring a handful of powerful but ill-placed

BLOWS to his stomach. He locks one of Allan's arms and

SWINGS him around then MASHES HIS FACE against the security system.

The computer responds with a tweet.

Allan hooks Roger's leg with his own and yanks him to the ground...

INT. TSA COMMAND - UNDERGROUND

TSA COMPUTER
Access authorized.

The doors HATCH open. Neil looks confused, extracts his hands from the door panel.

LINDSAY
Good work.

NEIL
Thanks...

As they move out, Lindsay grabs a GUN from the weapons rack.

MICHELLE
What are you doing?

LINDSAY
Putting us on the same level.

Michelle blocks her way.

MICHELLE
No.

LINDSAY

Excuse me?

MICHELLE

We aren't the same. That's the whole point.

LINDSAY

Oh come on. We have to leave.

MICHELLE

The TSA was founded to protect how far we've come, all the progress we've made. We can't just throw that out the window when things get tough. Deadly weapons are why we lost the last war.

Lindsay, irritated, disengages a safety mechanism.

LINDSAY

We didn't lose. The East did.

MICHELLE

Them too. Which is why whether you shoot me or not, you'll have proven me right.

They match gazes until Lindsay falters at last. She discards the gun.

NEIL

(to Michelle)

Sometimes you've got to fight for what you believe eh, Agent Three?

He smirks at her as they move out.

INT. TSA SECURITY OFFICE - UNDERGROUND

Allan lies on the floor, eyes open, neck BROKEN.

He flips through locations on the VIDEO FEED: Michelle, Lindsay, Allan, and Neil leaving the Command Center, the TSA Ready Room, then the charred corridor outside of Communications. He stops at Medical.

ROGER

Gail...

She's gone.

INT. TSA MAIN CORRIDOR - UNDERGROUND

Roger marches, wrathful, down the hallway.

From behind him...

GAGE

Roger!

Roger whirls and puts up his FISTS.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Hey - it's just me.

ROGER

Is it? Prove it.

GAGE

What do you mean?

Roger squints at him.

ROGER

You can never tell just by looking.

GAGE

What?

ROGER

Stay out of the way. I need to find Gail; something's happened to her.

Behind Gage, GAIL steps into the light. Roger's eyes widen.

GAIL

Agent Four.

He pushes past Gage and embraces her.

GAGE

She was in Medical.

ROGER

(to Gail)

I'm sorry I doubted you.

GAIL

(startled)

It's all right. I forgive you.

GAGE

(annoyed, at Roger)

I forgive you too.

INT. TSA READY ROOM - UNDERGROUND

Against the sound of LASER FIRE, Michelle, Neil, Lindsay, and Allan fall back into the Ready Room.

Allan and Lindsay position themselves on either side of the entrance, ready to ambush whoever comes through. Neil goes to work on the ripped-up central vault.

Someone's coming behind: Gail runs right into Lindsay's FIST as she comes through. Bloody-nosed, she's ready to hit back when Lindsay raises her hands.

LINDSAY

Sorry! I thought you were one of them.

GAIL

Well I'm not.

Behind her comes Gage, Roger, and the SPARKS from a laser bolt. Michelle pulls Gage aside as more STREAK through the doorway.

GAGE

Thanks.

He blinks as she hugs him.

Neil makes something click in the vault and a SECURITY SWEEP lashes down the room. One green light later and the room starts twisting slowly down.

Looking over Gage's shoulder, Michelle sees, through the closing gap in the entrance, the face of SANDRA. Michelle goes WHITE.

Sandra smirks in her familiar way, and then is gone, cut off by the moving room.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Shell, what's wrong?

INT. PEGASUS PRIME - UNDERGROUND

The agents take their places.

ROGER

They don't just look like us. They are us, from a different, more militant history, it seems.

He looks at Allan and shivers.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Which means that they are as well trained or better, and are as desperate to erase our history as we are theirs. This isn't going to be a cakewalk, people.

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

With another group of agents out there, we've got to patch time faster than they can change it. If we fail, we lose everything and become buried. We lose everything...

He looks possessively at Gail. She smiles back at him.

GAIL'S POV:

Roger smiles back at her. Except - her HUD is all wrong. It's in the ALTERED TSA INTERFACE.

She have several additional modules installed, and instead of the trefoil logo in the corner, it's the CLOSED GLOBE of the corrupted Temporal Security Agency.

She's not *his* Gail.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I've learned that we have to trust each other, no matter what secrets we may have, if we're going to get through this without any more deaths.

Gail watches carefully, studying Michelle as these last words make her blanch. She notices Lindsay staring, embarrassed, at her feet.

ROGER (CONT'D)

We've proven that we can fix our mistakes. Now we have to fix the mistakes of whoever has dared change time, and restore the proper course of events.

She sees Gage takes a deep breath.

ROGER (CONT'D)

And I believe that's as good a goal as any man has ever had.

Neil purses his lips.

ROGER (CONT'D)

They'll be here soon. Gage? It's up to you.

Gage plugs the Journeyman Key into his terminal.

Gail's Pegasus interface activates. It shows the damaged timestream and relays new destination information:

Morimoto Colony - Coprates Minor, Mars - 02/09/2296AD,
temporal distance, spatial distance, energy in the
terajoules. Finally, an activity log as the Pegasus begins
to SPIN UP.

Arcs of electricity cascade down the vines of wires.
Sparks. The metal walls begin to distort, tearing open and
sealing together.

The distortion spreads until everything is a soup of
shifting energy, then to BLACK.

END POV.

END OF ACT 4