

REWIND

"Pilot"

by

JUSTIN MARKS

September 15, 2011

**TEASER**

TWO STRONG HANDS

Rinsing off BLOOD in a rusty sink. The skin is blistered, raw. And as water filters down the drain, we can see this blood does not belong to these hands. WIDER TO REVEAL --

**INT. RESTROOM - LANGLEY, VIRGINIA -- DAY**

DANNY RIVERA (20s). Big guy, tough and capable. Wiping his hands while he looks wearily towards the cracked mirror...

RIVERA

He ain't gonna break, Knox.

...at HENRY KNOX (30s). Standing behind him. Frozen. The kind of man who has an answer for everything, but right now he's all out of answers. Staring at the blood in the sink.

KNOX

Yeah.

Just then, the DOOR opens and an FBI OPS CHIEF (50s) comes storming in. Furious, panicked, checking his watch --

CHIEF

What do you people think you're doing?

RIVERA

Sir, we need to reassess this...

CHIEF

We don't have time to reassess. Get back in there. Push him harder. Make him talk. Whatever it takes --

RIVERA

No man, there's something wrong with this guy. It's like he's enjoying it.

Knox, meanwhile, is staring at a DANGLING KEY in the Chief's hand. As if he's begun to form an idea. And without warning --

HE SWIPES THE KEY and pushes out of there.

**INT. LANGLEY INTERROGATION FACILITY, CORRIDOR -- DAY**

Passing FBI AGENTS -- plucking a file from their hands. They don't have time to react. He's all focus, all energy. Using the key to open a door, then BREAKING IT OFF in the lock so they can't come after him...

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY**

...into a dark cell. Nothing but an aluminum table thrown against a wall. And a BEATEN PRISONER, on his knees.

BENJAMIN ROURKE (60s). Brilliant mind with a detached, haunting calm. He's been enduring a brutal interrogation.

ROURKE

Were we not finished, Mr. Knox?

Knox crosses to a TICKING LCD CLOCK on the wall ("5:12... 5:11... 5:10..."). He shuts it off.

KNOX

Let's talk.

Off the SLOW, CURIOUS SMILE creeping across Rourke's face...

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - PENN STATION -- DAY**

We're now DIVING through thoroughfare, where SWAT TEAM trucks are parked. Curious crowds being held off from the scene...

TOWARDS the entrance of the station, a DELIVERY TRUCK is turned on its side. As if someone drove it into that position. COPS in bomb gear, yelling commands...

...and TWO AGENTS are sweating at the back of the truck.

AGENT #1

Damnit what's taking 'em so long?

AGENT #2

I dunno-- they say there's some kind of specialist on it. Look, if he can't get the code, what's this gonna take?

AGENT #1

Honestly? You tell me.

As the agents lean in, we see they're defusing A COMPLEX AND TERRIFYING NUCLEAR WEAPON. A homemade dirty bomb of uncertain origin. Mickey Mouse clock on top: "4:59... 4:58... 4:57..."

**INT. WEST WING SITUATION ROOM - WASHINGTON, D.C. -- DAY**

WHITE HOUSE ADVISORS working phones, trying to get answers. A MONITOR on the main screen depicts the agents defusing the bomb. Others show local New York news channels...

LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR (on TV)  
 -- *the Mayor's office has been silent  
 on the matter, only saying that there  
 was a collision outside the 34th Street  
 commuter entrance, and that no injuries  
 have been reported at this time --*

Frantic energy. Aides running about. WHIPPING AROUND to  
 the bulldog-like CHIEF OF STAFF, who has just come in --

CHIEF OF STAFF  
 What do we know? Come on!

CIA DIRECTOR  
 Suspect's name is Benjamin Rourke.  
 He's an American-born physicist --

CHIEF OF STAFF  
 And he wasn't on a watch list? How  
 did we not see this coming?

NSA ADVISER  
 It's not that simple, Roy...

CHIEF OF STAFF  
 There must have been something out of  
 a training camp. Where was he  
 radicalized? Libya? Pakistan?

CIA DIRECTOR  
Harvard. Roy, listen-- this guy, he's  
 salt of the earth. His father served  
 in the State Department, 48 years.  
 Brother's a codebreaker for the NSA.  
 This is Rourke in 1976.

Bringing up a picture on-screen.

SECRETARY OF STATE  
 Jesus, is that a --

CIA DIRECTOR  
 Nobel Prize. We'd be on that watch  
 list before he would.

DARTING AROUND the frozen room and finally settling on...

PRESIDENT WALTER TOBIAS (70s). Calm, stoic amidst the storm.  
 A grandfatherly energy. Remains above the fray...

PRESIDENT TOBIAS  
 Nine million people are simply going  
 through their day right now, and we  
 haven't told them a thing.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Sir, we didn't have time to evacuate --

PRESIDENT TOBIAS

Not everyone, no. But a thousand? A hundred? Where could we have drawn that line?

CIA DIRECTOR

Mr. President, right now I am assured that we've got our best men in Langley. With any luck, they've gotten Rourke to give up the code already.

**INT. LANGLEY INTERROGATION FACILITY, CORRIDOR -- DAY**

AGENTS are trying to smash in the door while the FBI CHIEF yells into the microphone --

CHIEF

Knox, damnit open this door!

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY**

KNOX sits at the table and flips through the folder.

ROURKE

What do you see there, Mr. Knox?

KNOX

Honestly, I see a man who doesn't have any interest in blowing up New York. I think you want something else, Rourke.

Holding up an OLD WEDDING PHOTO of ROURKE and a WOMAN.

KNOX (CONT'D)

So let's talk about your dead wife.

**INT. LANGLEY INTERROGATION FACILITY, CORRIDOR -- DAY**

The CHIEF turns to RIVERA --

CHIEF

He's wasting time!

RIVERA

Look man, this is what he does. You gotta give him some space.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY**

ROURKE, momentarily lost in the image. KNOX leans closer.

KNOX

When you came in here, you said you wanted this to be a 'life-creating act of destruction'. What's that mean?

ROURKE

Every act of creation is first an act of destruction. That was Picasso, actually, I can't claim credit.

KNOX

Do you really think destroying New York is gonna bring her back?

ROURKE leans closer. Unblinking now...

ROURKE

Do you have anyone there, Mr. Knox? A wife of your own, perhaps?

**INT. LANGLEY INTERROGATION FACILITY, CORRIDOR -- DAY**

The AGENTS are trying to break the door open as --

A PHONE GOES OFF in RIVERA's pocket. The caller i.d. says simply "JESS". He picks up, in a whisper...

RIVERA

Jess, is that you?

JESSICA (on phone)

Hi-- Danny?

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS -- DAY**

JESSICA KNOX (30s), beautiful in a reassuring kind of way, steps out from a building, carrying a briefcase. She's the portrait of smiling calm. Blissfully unaware.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Sorry, I was calling Henry back --

BEGIN INTERCUT:

RIVERA

It's okay, he wanted me to pick up. Where are you right now?

JESSICA  
I'm still in New York. I just left a  
deposition. Why?

Rivera closes his eyes. Their worst fears realized...

RIVERA  
Listen... something's happened. Henry's  
interrogating a suspect, but Jess,  
you've got to do whatever you can to  
leave the city. Don't ask. Just go.

JESSICA  
Danny, what is going on?

RIVERA  
There is a nuclear threat in Manhattan.  
It's real, Jess.

Jessica freezes in her tracks. Wisdom under pressure.

JESSICA  
How long?

RIVERA  
Doesn't matter --

JESSICA  
Danny! I need to know.

RIVERA  
You've only got a few minutes.

Jessica looks around. Downtown bustle. Kids fighting in  
line at a hot dog vendor across the street. No one knowing  
this could be their last few moments.

JESSICA  
Oh my God.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY**

Banging at the door. KNOX is fixed on his adversary...

KNOX  
Rourke. Trust me. This won't bring  
her back.

ROURKE  
Of course it won't, Mr. Knox. It's  
you who will bring her back.  
(MORE)

ROURKE (CONT'D)

(beat)

You're different. You see things in people. It's why I chose you...

KNOX

Chose me? For what? What the hell are you talking about?

But before Rourke can answer, the door BURSTS open --

CHIEF

Get him out of here --

KNOX

Damnit, wait!

CHIEF

Knox, I am ordering you to leave this room right now!

The agents are yanking both of them to their feet. In the chaos, ROURKE tugs at Knox's arm --

ROURKE

Listen to me closely-- don't listen to anyone but me-- you're the only one who can save her. But it's not going to happen now, and it's not going to happen here --

CHIEF

Knox goddamnit, we are out of time!

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS -- DAY**

JESSICA lowers herself and sits on a stoop.

JESSICA

Danny. I'm not going.

**INT. LANGLEY INTERROGATION FACILITY, CORRIDOR -- DAY**

RIVERA, desperate, pleading with her --

RIVERA

No. No! Jess, don't do this! I'm getting Henry on the phone --

BEGIN INTERCUT:

JESSICA

Don't, please, there's not enough time  
and there's no point-- if he's doing  
what I think he's doing, he has to  
focus. I need...

(deep breath)

I need you to give him a message.

Rising emotion as she fumbles over words --

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I need you to tell him... if he  
doesn't... just tell him it's okay.  
Tell him I don't want him to blame  
himself. I know he's going to, Danny,  
but swear to me you'll look after him.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY**

KNOX, fighting against the other agents. Suddenly Rourke  
reaches to one of the FBI AGENTS' holsters and GRABS A PISTOL --  
putting it to his own head --

ROURKE

Never forget these words: this is but  
one life. There are many others.

And before anyone can react, Rourke SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER --

**EXT. PENN STATION ENTRANCE -- DAY**

As the AGENT desperately clips another wire and sees IT'S  
NOT WORKING. The counter is at ten seconds now...

**INT. WEST WING SITUATION ROOM -- DAY**

The President and his advisors, frozen in fear.

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS -- DAY**

JESSICA hangs up the phone, reaching into her purse and  
pulling out a picture of HERSELF AND KNOX, during happier  
times. Clinging to it... one last moment of bliss. And  
closing her eyes amidst --

THE WHITE WASH OF A NUCLEAR EXPLOSION.

Nine million lives extinguished in a heartbeat.

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE****INT. WEST WING SITUATION ROOM -- NIGHT**

Aftermath. The room is empty but for a few shell-shocked AIDES. On monitors, remnants of a mushroom cloud. On the news... PRESIDENT TOBIAS finishes addressing the nation.

PRESIDENT TOBIAS (on TV)  
*May God bless those we lost. And may  
 God bless America...*

**INT. WHITE HOUSE CORRIDORS -- NIGHT**

PRESIDENT TOBIAS walks out of the Blue Room. A man alone. Weight of the world on his shoulders. He hears SOBBING and sees a FEMALE AIDE crying on someone's shoulder.

**INT. WEST WING OVAL OFFICE -- NIGHT**

Defeated ADVISORS working phones. TVs filter news from around the world. Riots at banks. Vigils in major cities.

SECRETARY OF STATE  
 Russia called in its condolences, but still no word from Iran. I'm telling you, there's no confirmation where these materials came from.

CIA DIRECTOR  
 Christopher, be reasonable. It was American-born --

CHIEF OF STAFF  
 Hey, both of you. Just take a breath.

They all fall silent when they see, standing in the doorway...

PRESIDENT TOBIAS. The loneliest man in the world. No one wants to make eye contact with him. He crosses the room, sits at his desk, and PITCHES FORWARD, head in his hands.

Only GENERAL RANDALL WEBB (50s) approaches. Chairman of the Joint Chiefs. Stoic public servant, proud of the uniform.

PRESIDENT TOBIAS  
 There's just no way to respond to this, Randy. I've never felt so...

GEN. WEBB  
 Powerless.

Webb clasps his shoulder sympathetically. They're old friends. But his eyes are searching the room. Making sure no one else is listening. As he leans in and whispers --

GEN. WEBB (CONT'D)

Mr. President. There is a measure of recourse we need to discuss.

Tobias, lifting his eyes slowly.

GEN. WEBB (CONT'D)

But we can't talk about it here.

PRESIDENT TOBIAS

Here. In the Oval Office?

GEN. WEBB

I know this is... unusual. But I need you to leave the White House with me. No staff, no press, no detail. We have to board Marine One --

PRESIDENT TOBIAS

Randy, we are in the middle of a national crisis...

GEN. WEBB

Believe me, sir, I understand the weight of what's been put upon us. But trust me when I say this-- you need to come with me right now.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE CORRIDORS -- NIGHT**

WEBB and TOBIAS, striding with purpose. They are met by SIX SECRET SERVICE AGENTS. Webb frowns.

PRESIDENT TOBIAS

These men are sworn to protect me. If you have an objection to that, you can take it up with them.

**EXT. WHITE HOUSE SOUTH LAWN -- NIGHT**

A crisp, frozen winter night. TOBIAS, WEBB, and the SECRET SERVICE AGENTS board MARINE ONE. Taking off.

**EXT. NEW ENGLAND LANDSCAPE -- NIGHT**

We're in remote woods. Snow coming down over pine trees. Probably New Hampshire. The lights of MARINE ONE soar in...

**EXT. OFFICE COMPLEX -- NIGHT**

...and touch down in the parking lot of a perfectly nondescript office complex. Just a few cars in the snow.

PRESIDENT TOBIAS climbs out, curious, confused. Clinging to his coat. Cold breath in the air. WEBB guides him...

**INT. OFFICE COMPLEX - LOBBY -- NIGHT**

...into an understated, corporate-feeling lobby. Bad art on the walls. RENT-A-COPS at a desk. Standing, nervous, as...

UNDER THE DESK... we see sliding steel cabinets containing ASSAULT RIFLES, HAND GRENADES. Enough to ward off an army. What the hell is this place?

RENT-A-COP

(re: President)

Um... General, he can't be here.

PRESIDENT TOBIAS

I can't be here? The President of the United States can't be here?

GEN. WEBB

It's all right, guys. I gave him Tier One Clearance.

(re: Secret Service)

But not them.

The SECRET SERVICEMEN glance nervously at TOBIAS, who reluctantly gestures for them to stand down.

Webb escorts the President towards an elevator. They remove cell phones, clips, put everything in trays and go inside.

**INT. ELEVATOR -- NIGHT**

Once the doors close, lights dim and LASERS dance over them.

GEN. WEBB

My password is 'Hindsight'.

The lasers vanish and the elevator begins to descend.

PRESIDENT TOBIAS

Randy, just what the hell is going on --

GEN. WEBB

Do you remember a few years ago, we were working on a high-speed particle collider? Accelerating photons, studying the effects of the Big Bang...

PRESIDENT TOBIAS

Yes. It didn't work. We shut it down when the Geneva collider got underway.

GEN. WEBB

We didn't shut it down. It was classified 'Eyes Only' and moved here.

**INT. THE BUNKER - CORRIDORS**

The doors open and bring them into the heart and soul of our show. "The Bunker" as it will be called, is a self-contained universe. Living quarters for 40 people. Kitchens, bathrooms, testing facilities, an exercise pool, an armory...

TECHNICIANS bustle about. Some double-take at the familiar face of the President, but immediately avoid eye contact.

GEN. WEBB

Sir, our scientists had a difference of opinion with the Geneva team. The Swiss capped the collider at 20% capacity-- they said it was a stability concern. Our team thought it could go higher. So we built one of our own. 20 miles of tunnel encased in 50 feet of solid granite. Amazing what a few extra points on the deficit can buy.

(beat)

Anyway, a month ago, we brought the system to 80%. That's when things got... interesting.

They are met by DR. LINDSAY BRYCE (30s). Passionate scientist. Graduated MIT when she was 18, but she grapples with OCD, and she's notoriously hard to get along with.

GEN. WEBB (CONT'D)

This is Dr. Lindsay Bryce. Project chief. One of our best and brightest.

TOBIAS extends a hand, but Bryce just glares at WEBB.

BRYCE

No.

GEN. WEBB

You haven't even let me ask.

BRYCE

General, I saw the news, and I had a feeling you might show up, but you can't expect me to condone this course of action.

GEN. WEBB

(to Tobias)

Please excuse Dr. Bryce-- nobody really likes her. Not that it matters, because per procedure, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs is the only one permitted to have an opinion on this issue.

BRYCE

And I don't suppose it matters that I'm the only one actually qualified to have an opinion on this issue?

PRESIDENT TOBIAS

General, what issue?

Webb turns to Bryce, all business --

GEN. WEBB

Doctor, I can ask you, or I can order you. Either way, you're showing the President what's inside that core.

#### **INT. THE BUNKER - VAULT ENTRANCE**

Standing before a MASSIVE VAULT DOOR. 30 feet in diameter. BRYCE enters a code into a panel. Another panel opens and she enters another code. WEBB and TOBIAS wait.

BRYCE

I'm telling you, it's not ready. We still have no understanding of how this phenomenon works --

GEN. WEBB

I believe it's time we found out.

#### **INT. THE BUNKER - CORE**

BUZZERS RING. The vault door opens and they enter a colossal space. Steel struts, ceilings fifty feet high. A MASSIVE DETECTOR WHEEL lined with superconducting magnets, positioned at the mouth of a long piped tunnel.

But that's not what TOBIAS is focused on. He's staring at SOMETHING in the epicenter of the magnetic superconductors...

PRESIDENT TOBIAS  
Someone start talking. Fast.

...which we don't yet see. All we get is the President's incredulous gaze as we CUT TO...

**EXT. VIRGINIA BACK ROADS -- DAY**

A BEAT-UP CHEVY bouncing down a dirt road. ZEPPELIN blasting. THREE UNMARKED GMC TRUCKS are following.

**INT. BEAT-UP CHEVY -- DAY**

DANNY RIVERA is driving comfortably over the treacherous road. Next to him -- not nearly so comfortable -- is ERNIE MALCOLM (40s), a bumbling, bespectacled Pentagon bureaucrat who is trying to keep his lunch down.

MALCOLM  
(yelling over music)  
Do you think we might turn that down?

RIVERA  
Sorry? I can't hear you, man.

**EXT. VIRGINIA RETREAT -- DAY**

The truck screeches up in front of a ramshackle wood house. Spartan, understated. The garage is opened and SMOKE is pouring from the hood of an ANTIQUE CORVETTE.

RIVERA and MALCOLM climb out. Malcolm is staving off nausea, while Rivera looks at the garage...

RIVERA  
Uh-oh. He's working on that car again.

MALCOLM  
Is that bad?

RIVERA  
Yeah. Pretty bad.

Rivera puts a hand on Malcolm.

RIVERA (CONT'D)  
Look, before we go in.  
(MORE)

RIVERA (CONT'D)

Guy just lost his wife four days ago. He's not exactly standing on stable ground, you know what I mean? And he wasn't on stable ground to begin with. So a couple ground rules. Don't look him in the eye. Don't try to shake his hand. And just... lemme talk first.

**EXT. VIRGINIA RETREAT - GARAGE -- DAY**

KNOX is unseen beneath the chassis, singing up a storm. All we can see are his legs. The Corvette seems to have suffered at the hand of many mechanical misdeeds. A RADIO on a bench --

NEWSCASTER (on radio)

*...after riots in Singapore and Hong Kong, this morning the fallout reached European markets, where currency dropped near zero and frantic bank runs caused violence in the streets...*

RIVERA approaches, cautious, restrained.

KNOX (O.C.)

Danny? Is that you?

RIVERA

Hey brotha. You weren't picking up the phone.

KNOX (O.C.)

Oil hose is busted again, if you can believe it. I fixed this thing twice last year. You'd think one of these days I'd get it right by accident --

RIVERA

Knox, uh, oil line's under the hood.

Knox pauses, slides out on the dolly.

KNOX

I guess that's why you're the expert.

For a man who just lost his wife, he's holding up pretty well. Which is exactly the problem. He's like a pressure cooker that doesn't know it's about to explode.

Moving to the work bench, passing MALCOLM, who of course sticks out his hand --

MALCOLM

Hi Mr. Knox, I'm Ernie Malcolm. I've been sent by the Pentagon --

Knox just hands Malcolm a wrench and keeps walking.

RIVERA

His name's Ernie Malcolm. He's been sent by the Pentagon. Wanted to talk to you about an operation.

KNOX

Oh yeah? Who for?

GEN. WEBB (O.C.)

For me.

GENERAL WEBB enters behind them. Knox turns, curious. Immediately recognizing the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs.

GEN. WEBB (CONT'D)

Malcolm, give us a minute.

MALCOLM

Yes. Um, Mr. Knox, I don't suppose you'd have some kind of... coffee inside? Espresso, perhaps...?

RIVERA

Come on, I'll show you where he keeps the four-week-old milk.

Rivera leads him out. Webb does a lap around the Corvette.

GEN. WEBB

What's this, a '65?

KNOX

Listen, sir, if this is about what happened in Langley, I told those guys --

GEN. WEBB

This isn't about Langley, Mr. Knox. Or, not in the way you think.

Scanning various PHOTOS hanging on the wall. Shots of foreign countries. Military operatives in a variety of locations.

GEN. WEBB (CONT'D)

Your record speaks for itself. Very impressive set of missions over the years. Covert ops, am I right?

KNOX

Yeah, 'til about three days ago.

GEN. WEBB

Well I've got something new for you.  
Comes straight from the President.

KNOX

With all due respect, I didn't think I  
was all that high on anyone's wish  
list these days.

GEN. WEBB

Knox, I saw the interrogation tape. I  
happen to think you were right about  
Rourke. He wasn't responding to  
torture. He needed to be understood,  
and you saw that need. It was  
unconventional, off-book. And it's  
exactly why you're right for this.

Webb's eyes drift to a picture of KNOX AND JESS --

GEN. WEBB (CONT'D)

That is, if you're still up for it.

KNOX

'Course I am. Why wouldn't I be?

GEN. WEBB

Because this mission involves your  
wife.

Now Knox freezes, turning to face him for the first time.

GEN. WEBB (CONT'D)

What if I told you that she may not be  
dead?

#### **INT. THE BUNKER - BRYCE'S OFFICE**

PASSING OVER PHOTOS ON SHELVES -- mementoes from an  
extraordinary life. Young LINDSAY BRYCE winning the science  
fair in 2nd grade, proudly posing with her smiling FATHER.  
Graduating high school at 14. MIT at 17. Finally settling...

ON BRYCE, at her desk -- her domain -- everything organized  
down to the centimeter -- reading a file marked CLASSIFIED.

A KNOCK on her door. LUCAS LEVINE (20s) -- shy, awkward...

LUCAS

Dr. Bryce? The, uh, Army guys are kinda making themselves at home.

**INT. THE BUNKER - VAULT ENTRANCE**

A line of SOLDIERS are pushing CARTS full of equipment down the long hallway. All-business. Any TECHNICIANS who happen to be in the way are being gently pushed aside.

MALCOLM is giving KNOX and RIVERA a tour. WEBB keeps pace.

MALCOLM

Eventually we're going to have facilities for you here, and here, and oh, a weapons locker here.

RIVERA

Guys, I thought we were talking about some kind of mission...?

GEN. WEBB

This is the mission, Mr. Rivera.

**INT. THE BUNKER - CORE**

Leading KNOX and RIVERA into the massive space...

...where they find themselves staring at a GRASSY FIELD.

Unusual because this "grassy field" is carved between the convergence of two SUPERCONDUCTOR DETECTORS. 30 feet in diameter. We could walk around it on all sides. It's like looking at a three-dimensional PORTAL into another world.

This is the Window.

KNOX, stopping at a yellow line -- regulations for how close people may stand. He can't take his eyes off the light.

KNOX

Well I'll be damned.

BRYCE (O.C.)

Starting without me, General?

Everyone turning as BRYCE walks in, all-business.

GEN. WEBB

Dr. Bryce, just in time. I'd like for you to meet --

BRYCE

Henry Knox, I know. I was just reading from his file. Special Forces, covert ops, all very impressive. Especially the part where his superior described him as 'impulsive, stubborn, the worst loose cannon I ever met.'

KNOX

Did he really write all that?

GEN. WEBB

Doctor, could you dispense with the lovely attitude and explain to Mr. Knox just what we're looking at?

Bryce takes a deep breath, stomaching the frustration, and leading Knox to a kiosk, where she boots a video.

BRYCE

It's a Particle Collider.

RIVERA

A particle what?

BRYCE

We fire photons from one end of this 18-mile track to the other. Here, in the 'Core', the photons collide. It was my theory that at a fast enough velocity, the collision might be able to re-create conditions of the Big Bang. A moment when time did not exist.

KNOX

Danny, you catch all that?

RIVERA

Not a word.

KNOX

You're gonna have to talk a little slower, Doctor. Danny's just another impulsive, stubborn loose cannon and he doesn't like all these big words.

BRYCE

28 days ago, we pushed the capacity, and this... Window just appeared out of nowhere. At that point we sent a probe inside to investigate...

The video shows SCIENTISTS standing around a THICK DUST CLOUD. They're prepping a REMOTE-CONTROLLED BOT.

A POV SHOT from the bot's camera as it rolls closer to the Window. The image begins to SPARKLE, as if something were interfering with the signal. Going white. Then beginning to clear as --

THE CAMERA IS KNOCKED SIDeways. All we get is a brief glimpse of an OLD-FASHIONED BUGGY riding on a dirt road.

RIVERA

Whoa, that's a Ford Model-T. They discontinued that in --

KNOX

1927.

Knox, beginning to put it together. He turns to the Window as Bryce continues to speak...

BRYCE

This Window is a rupture in the temporal fabric. It's governed by the flow of natural radiation. Constantly going through some kind of self-corrective feedback reflux, which makes it bounce between destinations --

KNOX

You're talking about time travel.

A knowing silence from Bryce and Webb.

KNOX (CONT'D)

All right, General. Let's talk about this mission.

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO****INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

The facility in the midst of being transformed from a lab into a military operation. Scientists argue with MILITARY TECHNICIANS about where to sit. Culture clash.

WEBB and BRYCE are arguing at a console while RIVERA fiddles with a Rubik's Cube in the corner. KNOX wanders about.

BRYCE

General, we had an agreement...

GEN. WEBB

Don't worry, the President was very clear on giving you 50% authority --

BRYCE

That's not what I... look, it's not that I object to this-- I want this. I've been working towards this my whole life. But we're not ready yet. All right? A discovery of this magnitude-- it needs to be tested. Carefully.

RIVERA

Hey, I don't mean to be a sucker for details, but could someone tell me just what you guys expect us to do?

GEN. WEBB

(ignoring him, to Knox)  
Knox, you and Dr. Bryce are going to lead a team into that Window. To... surreptitiously enter the Past. Once inside, we'd like you to conduct a clandestine op-- the kind you're used to-- only this time you'd be subtly adjusting the Past to impact the Present. We call it a 'Rewind'.

KNOX

And what exactly would we be rewinding?

GEN. WEBB

We intend to use this Window to prevent the destruction of New York.

BRYCE

It's just not that simple, General.

Bryce passes a BULLETIN BOARD -- a diagram of all the locations the Window has been to in the last 28 days (NOTE: this should be a cool list of varying dates and locations -- but it never spans beyond 100 years ago), heading towards...

BRYCE (CONT'D)

We know next to nothing about this Window. Why it goes where it goes.

AN ARRAY OF EQUIPMENT. Needles and nodes. Various ranges. A giant DIGITAL TIMER above.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

Do you see this? This is natural radiation. It's oozing in a free-flow between both sides of the Window. When it builds up, the Window destabilizes and bounces. We have no way of telling it where to go, and we can only estimate a range for how long it stays open. How do you expect us to form a plan around that?

GEN. WEBB

Doctor, this is why we've gathered a team of specialists --

BRYCE

But you can't rush this! That's what I'm begging you to understand-- is anyone even listening to me?

No. Knox turns to Webb --

KNOX

What you're saying is, we can go back. Into the Past. And we can make sure everything five days ago just gets... erased for good?

GEN. WEBB

That is what we hope.

KNOX

All right, General. Who's my team?

#### **INT. THE BUNKER - CORRIDORS**

KNOX, WEBB, RIVERA, and BRYCE striding through. MALCOLM joins them, fumbling with a stack of folders.

MALCOLM

Hi everyone. We've pulled together experts from a variety of specialized disciplines...

Finding a folder and holding it out to Knox as they approach a door labeled "**TECHNOLOGY**".

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

We'll start with Lucas Levine. He's one of Dr. Bryce's original team.

ZOOMING ON A FILE PHOTO OF LUCAS LEVINE, caught in the photo like a deer in headlights, as we --

FLASH TO:

Tulsa, Oklahoma, 1989. YOUNG LUCAS in 4th grade, getting paper airplanes thrown at his head while he uses a pencil to draw an incredibly complex isometric of a CAR ENGINE...

MALCOLM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Wildly smart. Mechanical and electrical engineering. Sort of a shy duck though. He's never been the center of attention.

QUICK SHOTS of Lucas, making more drawings, as objects are thrown at him in high school, college, grad school, and --

#### **INT. THE BUNKER - EQUIPMENT AND RESEARCH**

Present Day, sitting inside of a messy gearhead's paradise. LUCAS is now surrounded by his designs, including small CAMERA PROBES -- the size of mosquitoes.

MALCOLM

Lucas, this is Henry Knox, ops chief.

Lucas drops his tools, wipes his hands, and clumsily salutes.

BRYCE

You don't have to salute, Lucas.

LUCAS

I don't...?

BRYCE

You do realize you're not military.

LUCAS

Yeah, no, I knew that --

MALCOLM

Lucas will be our communications man. He's built a subsonic frequency that can carry voice and data into the Window-- meaning you'll actually have logistical support. It's very interesting stuff.

RIVERA picks up a HIGH-TECH EARPIECE, studying it curiously.

LUCAS

Uh, you really shouldn't...

The earpiece breaks apart. Lucas cringes sheepishly.

**INT. THE BUNKER - CORRIDORS**

MALCOLM finds another file and passes it to KNOX...

MALCOLM

Charlie Tanaka. Used to build market models for hedge funds. That is, until they got tired of his unique charm...

As we zoom on a file photo of CHARLIE TANAKA (20s), bored --

FLASH TO:

Seattle, Washington, 2005. CHARLIE, in a Batsuit-with-nipples t-shirt (a mockery of the Schumacher Batman design), standing ceremoniously on a trading floor with a cardboard box filled with his belongings -- video game consoles. He's just been fired, and he's trying to pull a Jerry Maguire.

CHARLIE

So I'm gonna ask you morons one last time. WHO'S COMING WITH ME?!

Dead stares from the TRADERS. They hate this guy. SECURITY GUARDS are coming in to escort him out.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Okay, it's just gonna be me then. Just me, and my serial converter --

Making a mad grab for a server panel, where he rips off a BLACK BOX, causing every computer on the floor to BLACK OUT!

**INT. THE BUNKER - PANOPTICON**

CUT BACK TO a door that reads "**MISSION PLANNING**". CHARLIE is in an empty white room the size of a tennis court. Wall panels have been pulled out. He is draped in wires.

CHARLIE

You know how painful it is to watch you people build this lowest-bidder crap? It's like a bad cover of a Beatles song in an airport lobby.

KNOX, looking around with MALCOLM, WEBB, and BRYCE --

MALCOLM

Charlie specializes in predictive modeling-- everything we need to understand the repercussions of our actions in the Past. Basically he'll be our mission planner.

BRYCE

If he can get his toy to work.

CHARLIE

Why does nobody like me around here?

**INT. THE BUNKER - LIBRARY**

On the door it says: "**RESEARCH**". KNOX is striding through an elaborate collection of books, maps, historical records.

MALCOLM

The other half of strategy is Priya Desai, our historian. She'll provide analytical context. Very essential.

FLASH TO:

San Francisco, California, 24 hours ago. PRIYA DESAI (20s), rising from bed. Beautiful, slender, and fit frame.

MALCOLM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We recruited her out of Stanford. PhD in five subjects. Typical egghead, bookworm, overachiever.

But as she slips on a t-shirt, we see things we might not expect. For starters, she's got a faded TATTOO. And in her hallway, there are photos on the wall... PRIYA IN EXOTIC PLACES. Rock climbing in Sri Lanka. Skydiving over China.

MALCOLM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

My guess is she's never been outside a classroom as long as she's lived-- but she sure does know a hell of a lot.

Priya carries a suitcase into the living room, where a friend is baby-sitting her INFANT SON (2). Priya kisses the boy good-bye like he's all she cares about in the world.

**INT. THE BUNKER - LIBRARY**

SOLDIERS cart in books while PRIYA supervises. She nearly bumps into LUCAS, carrying an armful of soda.

LUCAS

...Priya?

Looking at him, as if a spark of recognition but no fire...

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Lucas. From Boardwall Prep?

PRIYA

Lucas, yes, oh my God. What are you doing here?

LUCAS

Well... I was... I work here.  
(hopeful)

Do... you... work here now?

PRIYA

It appears I do.

Lucas nods -- lingering awkwardly. Priya smiles sweetly...

PRIYA (CONT'D)

I suppose I should continue unpacking.

LUCAS

Cool, yeah, I'll see you around --

Stumbling into a cart as he retreats down the hallway.

**INT. THE BUNKER - WEAPONS ROOM**

A door that reads "**OPERATIONS**". Stocked with weapons, armaments from MANY ERAS OF HUMAN HISTORY.

MALCOLM

And finally we have your department,  
Mr. Knox. The... tip of the spear, as  
I like to call it. Operations.

RIVERA starts pouring through the toys.

RIVERA

Cool, is this a Luger?

MALCOLM

We thought it would be best to stock for any historical contingency, since we don't know where in the last hundred years this mission will take place.

RIVERA

Oh man. You guys aren't messing around.

WEBB, studying Rivera with a skeptical eye...

GEN. WEBB

Knox. In terms of your team. We were thinking it might be best to keep that component to a minimum, given the exposure at hand.

KNOX

Oh yeah? Like, how minimal?

Webb gestures to Malcolm. Knox grins like this is a joke.

MALCOLM

I did, of course, complete weapons training at Quantico... I think you'll find I'm a very amicable number two --

KNOX

Right. No. I go with my own here.

BRYCE looks at Rivera, who is trying on a pair of six-shooters and practicing his quick-draw.

BRYCE

General, I still retain half of our operational authority, right?

GEN. WEBB

As I said, yes.

BRYCE

Good. I'd like to use my veto here.

Knox looks to her, for the first time feeling threatened --

KNOX

Well Doctor, I appreciate your objection, but Danny's my partner. You want me, you get him --

BRYCE

Who said anything about wanting you?

GEN. WEBB

Okay. I think it's all right. If Knox wants to have his own man --

BRYCE

He just gets it?

Webb glances at Rivera, shrugs, as if to say to Knox, "you can have him". Bryce, frustrated, turns on her heels...

BRYCE (CONT'D)

Well, I see you gentlemen have this all taken care of, so if you'll excuse me, I have things to tidy up.

And she's out the door. The others exchange looks.

KNOX

She's really great, by the way.

#### **INT. THE BUNKER - CORRIDORS**

BRYCE strides past where SCIENTISTS are in the middle of transporting work-stations. A giant TICKER has been mounted on a wall, right now set to "00:00:00". KNOX follows --

BRYCE

I don't know why you're following me, Mr. Knox. There's nothing to discuss.

KNOX

Well hold up, Doctor, maybe I can change your mind.

She pauses, frustrated, spinning to face him.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Look, I just wanna be clear, I don't intend on screwing up this mission.

BRYCE

Believe me, Mr. Knox, no one does.

KNOX

And I want you to know that I'd really appreciate having you on this team. Seeing as you're the expert on this... thing... I could use your help.

BRYCE

My help?

Spinning towards him, gathering steam --

BRYCE (CONT'D)

Mr. Knox, I don't even know what this 'thing' is yet, okay? The Window is unpredictable. It's dangerous. Especially in the wrong hands --

KNOX

Who's talking about the wrong hands?

BRYCE

I read about your wife.

Knox, cooling over. A defensive grin --

KNOX

Okay. Lemme tell you something about myself, Doctor. I've been running ops like this for about as long as you've been studying lab rats. And my life does not affect my work --

BRYCE

Really. You don't see how it might affect your ability to plan a clean mission?

KNOX

How about this? You do what you do, and let me worry about the mission.

BRYCE

I'd rather cover all bases, if that's all right with you --

Just then, an ALARM begins ringing on the ceiling.

KNOX

What's that?

BRYCE

It means the Window just changed. You might want to get our little team ready.

Storming off down the hallway as KNOX glares after her.

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE****INT. THE BUNKER - CORE**

SCIENTISTS prepare one of Lucas's MOSQUITO PROBES. Behind them, the Window still depicts the utility basement.

**INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

ON SHAKY IMAGES FROM THE PROBE... showing a long line of dripping copper pipes. The probe edges clumsily past it.

RIVERA (O.C.)

Someone want to tell me what exactly  
we're trying to do here?

The team is together for the first time, standing around the monitor with LUCAS on the remote. It's our first glimpse of their dynamic, and it should always be brisk and fun...

LUCAS

We've got to figure out the time and location of the new Window. If it's, you know, maybe... close to the events we're trying to adjust, it might be a good candidate for a Rewind.

MALCOLM

(to Lucas, re: probe)  
Um, maybe you might want to go a little higher right there?

PRIYA

I think he's doing just fine.

MALCOLM raises his hands, as if to say, 'all yours', and walks off, passing CHARLIE -- who is fiddling with the Rubik's Cube while talking to BRYCE.

CHARLIE

Okay, so what they want is, like, a whole new timeline, is that it?

BRYCE

No. A minutely-adjusted new timeline.

CHARLIE

But once we do that, won't we like, disappear? Vanish into a vortex of paradoxical architecture?

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Like, you're going back in time to change the Present, which was the reason you went back in time, which means you wouldn't go back in time, which means you just created a paradox... and I'm cross-eyed.

KNOX

Could you people keep the Mr. Wizard chatter to a minimum over there?

BRYCE

(to Charlie)

You're forgetting something. See, the Window exhibits all the properties of an Einstein-Rosen bridge. Meaning the closer we are to it, the more we're linked to its behavior.

CHARLIE

I'm not following.

BRYCE

Think of the Window like an anchor, okay? And this Bunker is a boat in a storm. What happens if you're outside the boat when the storm hits?

CHARLIE

You better know how to swim.

BRYCE

Exactly. You get carried away with the tide. But if you're inside, and that boat is anchored to some fixed position, you'd be safe. You'd simply be able to watch the storm around you.

CHARLIE

Right, so...

BRYCE

I believe, if we're standing in this Bunker when we make an adjustment to the Past, we won't be changed, because we're anchored to the Window. Only the world around us would change.

CHARLIE

And we'd be the only ones who knew it was different? That is messed up Doc.

LUCAS (O.C.)

Doctor, I've got something.

Lucas finally succeeds in freeing the probe from its snare. The team watches, on the monitor, as the POV of the camera slips through a crack beneath a door and emerges in...

THE BRIGHT OF DAY. Grainy images of commuters in grey suits. Shapes passing by. Hard to tell where we are but...

PRIYA

It's the Washington Monument.

KNOX

How about a date?

Lucas pushes the probe onwards, eventually hitting a NEWSSTAND. The Washington Post lined up in neat piles...

"RUSSIAN NUKES IN CUBA! PRESIDENT WARNS OF IMMINENT THREAT!"

PRIYA

October 23, 1962. This is the Cuban Missile Crisis! Incredible. Kennedy was on the verge of nuclear war...

Knox observes, pensive.

MALCOLM

Doctor, how long exactly before this Window changes?

Bryce looks at the radiation readings behind her...

BRYCE

The Red Zone could be anywhere from 14 to 17 hours from now. Means we have to target 14 hours, to be safe.

RIVERA

So was Rourke alive in 1962?

MALCOLM

(flipping through file)  
Says here he was a Freshman at Harvard.

RIVERA

Then we've got enough time, right?  
Get to Boston, kill him, get back.

BRYCE

I'm sorry, did you say 'kill' Rourke?

RIVERA

October 23, 1962. Fifty years before  
he kills nine million people. Isn't  
that what we're supposed to do?

BRYCE

Benjamin Rourke is a Nobel Prize-winning  
physicist. His work in Uranium decay...  
it revolutionized modern energy policy --

RIVERA

When else are we gonna get a chance to  
do this?

BRYCE

Charlie. Get the machine ready. I'd  
like to show Mr. Rivera something.

CHARLIE

Oh, you know... it's still on the fritz.  
I don't know if that's a good idea...

But Bryce is already gone. He discards the Rubik's Cube --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

And there she goes.

**INT. THE BUNKER - CORRIDORS**

KNOX and the rest of the team follow BRYCE as she walks  
determinedly towards the room marked "MISSION PLANNING".

**INT. THE BUNKER - PANOPTICON**

Entering the vast, empty white space. BRYCE picks up a  
touchscreen LCD remote, but CHARLIE takes it out of her hands.

CHARLIE

I can handle this, thanks.

BRYCE

Show me Hong Kong, Present Day.

Charlie begins typing a series of commands into the remote.  
Around them, the white panels begin to shift and HUM. Small  
laser projectors lift up beneath them.

RIVERA

What are we doing here?

Just then, the humming kicks up to a new level and suddenly --

They are standing in the middle of a city street.

It's a three-dimensional rendering of Hong Kong, down to the smallest detail. Garbage blowing, news on a ticker... but stark, empty. All that's missing are the people.

NOTE: this "simulator" they're standing in is going to be a central conceit of our series.

RIVERA (CONT'D)

Okay... so... that just happened.

Charlie WALKS THROUGH A WALL like a ghost.

CHARLIE

Am I good or am I good?

PRIYA

Where exactly are we right now?

CHARLIE

You're in the Panopticon. Simulated, computer-modeled reality from any time in history.

KNOX

Which in English means...

CHARLIE

It runs on a high-volume processor. Amasses data from weather satellites, radio signals, the internet, it's... complicated. Basically it plays out game scenarios. Builds alternate realities, modeling how fluctuations in the Past could affect the Present.

RIVERA

Really? That was English?

BRYCE

Explain the ripples, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Right, so changing the Past isn't an exact science, you know? It's kind of like predicting the weather. Every action creates a ripple...

RIVERA

Yeah, I know what ripples are. We do something, it causes something else. I get it. Big actions make big ripples.

CHARLIE

But that's just it, see? Sometimes a big action might not create a big ripple at all. And sometimes, like, the smallest little thing might change everything. Like say you bump into a lady leaving a party, and that lady is Princess Diana, and she's about to get in a car on the night she dies. Maybe you just stopped her from dying. Maybe you just changed history. It all depends on minute mathematical factors that we can't even see.

(beat)

Which is where this baby comes in. The Panopticon can show us the effect of our actions in the Past, within 88.7% probability.

KNOX

88.7, huh?

CHARLIE

Well I mean, nothing's perfect.

BRYCE

So Charlie, show us what Hong Kong would look like if we killed Benjamin Rourke in 1962.

Typing in a few commands, removing Rourke from a timeline and hitting ENACT... AS HONG KONG TRANSFORMS ALL AROUND THEM. Buildings rise and fall, streets re-calibrating...

And suddenly the whole city looks different.

It's now a derelict, decrepit version of Hong Kong. Buildings have been abandoned. Others are without electricity.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

Do you see this, Mr. Rivera? Rourke's contributions to energy policy helped major cities like Hong Kong revitalize their economies and stimulate spending throughout the world. Kill him in 1962, and all of that is erased. Lives are irreversibly altered without anyone having a say in the matter. Is this the Present you'd rather live in?

PRIYA

This is... incredible...

KNOX, looking around, impressed --

KNOX

All right, guys. You heard the Doctor.  
Let's find a better Rewind.

**INT. THE BUNKER - LIBRARY**

The RED ZONE TIMER is now ticking down at 11:45:02. LUCAS carries a tray of coffee into the library, where --

PRIYA is hard at work, books spread out all over the floor, plus a "BIG BOARD" -- a giant screen with dozens of windows overlaid. Most of them are biographical articles about BENJAMIN ROURKE. She's trying to concentrate, but...

CHARLIE chews loudly on Cheetos. RIVERA is flipping through a magazine, feet kicked up on a map table.

RIVERA

Panopti-ca?

CHARLIE

Panopti-con. Like Comic Con. Wrath of Khan. It's an 18th century design.

RIVERA

Yeah, but what does that have to do with your weather machine thing?

CHARLIE

I don't know, man, it's a name. It sounded cool.

Finally losing her calm --

PRIYA

Really, you two have nothing better to do than bother me right now?

CHARLIE

Actually, it's my job to help you run these scenarios.

RIVERA

And this is the only room with real air conditioning, so...

Priya turns, frustrated, to the Big Board. Lucas smiles --

LUCAS

How's it going?

PRIYA

Just swimmingly, minus the new friends.  
(MORE)

PRIYA (CONT'D)

(beat)

See, we know that killing Rourke would be too brash. What we need is a discreet action. A way to change what we need to change in the Past, without changing anything else.

CHARLIE

We could warn them. Like, send them some kind of time-released message.

PRIYA

What if it's intercepted? The Doctor's right. We have to be smart about this.

RIVERA

Well, I wouldn't listen to everything that doctor says. She's not exactly a fan of this whole operation.

PRIYA

To be honest, neither am I.

RIVERA

Whoa whoa-- you've got some problem with saving nine million people?

PRIYA

I'm just saying it's not that simple. You know, believe it or not, as awful as it is that so many people lost loved ones in the Past, some of us still have plenty to lose in the Present. Have you ever thought of that?

Intrigued looks from the crew. Priya changes the subject, turning back to the Big Board.

PRIYA (CONT'D)

Look, there's got to be something subtle. What was it that drove Rourke so mad, and how can we change it?

Lucas, gazing at a picture of the younger Rourke in 1980. Smiling on his wedding day, with his beautiful young wife.

LUCAS

I don't know, he looks like a pretty happy guy to me.

PRIYA

Well, of course-- that was his wedding day. Who wouldn't be happy then...

And then Priya stops. Mind moving at a thousand miles per hour. Searching for something on-screen and...

PRIYA (CONT'D)

Lucas, I could kiss you. Charlie, get your little toy back online.

**INT. THE BUNKER - PANOPTICON**

CHARLIE boots up the system, while PRIYA uses a PDA to show various news clippings to KNOX, BRYCE, and MALCOLM.

PRIYA

In June of 1980, Benjamin Rourke was married to Sylvia Rourke, daughter of a Florida Senator. Life was good.

Bringing up a new article: "WIFE OF PROMINENT SCIENTIST SLAIN"

PRIYA (CONT'D)

But all that changed on May 22nd, 1995. When Sylvia Rourke was shot and killed in Georgetown. It was a random mugging gone wrong. In that moment, Rourke was stripped of everything he ever had. He withdrew from public life. His private papers show an increasing breach with reality. Mr. Knox, in your interrogation, he alluded to the subject of his wife's death. I think it was more than just a preoccupation. I think it was a trigger that led to his destroying New York.

(beat)

Charlie, run it through the system.

Charlie types in a series of commands...

CHARLIE

Okay. This is New York, Present Day...

Projectors WHIR to life and NUCLEAR ASH rises around them.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

And this is Present Day if Rourke's wife were still alive...

New York City skyscrapers suddenly RISE BACK FROM THE ASHES. A bright, beautiful, sunny day. Manhattan is okay!

MALCOLM

It works. All we have to do is save Mrs. Rourke, and we save Manhattan?

BRYCE

Priya, she was killed in 1995. We're in 1962 right now.

Priya holds up a 1995 MUG SHOT OF A HARDENED OLD MAN...

PRIYA

Allow me to introduce you to Ronald Marsden. The man who murdered her. He was a vagrant, drifted in and out of halfway houses most of his life. At his arrest, Marsden also confessed to a string of unsolved robberies going all the way back to the '50s. Which gives us exactly where he's going to be tonight. October 24, 1962.

Her PDA displays a newspaper article from October 25, showing POLICEMEN gathered outside a Virginia area bank that has just been robbed. "BELTWAY SAVINGS AND LOAN VAULT THEFT".

PRIYA (CONT'D)

He'll be robbing this bank in Beacon County, Virginia. Charlie and I ran the outcome of eliminating him. Turns out it wouldn't create a damaging ripple at all. He posses a low impact index. He didn't affect any other lives.

(beat)

But if we kill him, we create a ripple that would restore New York as it was.

BRYCE

Well-done, Priya. That's our Rewind.

CHARLIE

Um, hi? I'm Charlie? I invented this machine?

Bryce ignores him and turns to Knox, who has been strangely silent. Focused on the WEDDING PHOTO of Rourke and his wife. As if there's something he's been adding up all along...

BRYCE

Mr. Knox? Is something on your mind?

KNOX

No. Let's get this underway.

Storming out, and off their curious looks we...

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR****INT. THE BUNKER - VARIOUS**

A bustle of activity. SCIENTISTS packing up non-essential equipment. All CREW is heading towards the elevator.

BRYCE (O.S.)

Attention all crew, Rewind Protocol is now initiated. All non-essential support staff are to vacate the Bunker immediately. Doors will be sealed, and communications severed until the conclusion of the mission.

CHARLIE and LUCAS watch as RIVERA begins WELDING STEEL PLATES over the elevator doors.

CHARLIE

End of the world as we know it, right?

PRIYA, thoughts on what she has just left behind.

MALCOLM is loading up on 1960s weapons as well as contemporary surveillance equipment. Practicing loading a gun. Bumbling.

PRIYA pushes a cart through the stockroom, grabbing records from the 1960's. Running them through multiple scanners.

**INT. THE BUNKER - CONFERENCE ROOM**

KNOX argues with GENERAL WEBB on a videocon screen.

GEN. WEBB

Knox, please, you're being unreasonable.

KNOX

He said I would save her. 5 days ago. Way I see it, there's only one way Rourke knows something like that, and it's not by reading a fortune cookie.

GEN. WEBB

Look. Fine. Benjamin Rourke used to consult on this project.

KNOX

Christ, General...

GEN. WEBB

He was a master physicist.

(MORE)

GEN. WEBB (CONT'D)

We had no idea how unstable he'd become.  
He kept demanding we let him save his  
wife, so we discharged him --

KNOX

Does Bryce know?

GEN. WEBB

No, it went through the Pentagon. We  
never let him close to the Bunker.

Knox, head in his hands, disbelief...

GEN. WEBB (CONT'D)

Knox, this doesn't change our mission.

KNOX

He was forcing your hand. This Window  
is the reason he blew up New York!

GEN. WEBB

What Rourke did was... unforgivable.  
But it's not unrepairable. Do you  
understand? We can fix it. And when  
it's done, everything gets erased. I  
won't remember having this conversation.  
And your wife will be alive.

But Knox doesn't like it -- he's playing into the hands of a  
madman. So Webb leans closer...

GEN. WEBB (CONT'D)

You'll do a great job, Knox. And when  
you make it back, in this... new  
Present, gimme a wink or something.  
Even if I won't know what it means.

#### **INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

The timer counts down from 06:42:27. The team is standing  
in front of a map table. LUCAS fiddles with a RED PHONE.

LUCAS

Cool, this is new...

BRYCE

Um, Lucas? That's the direct line to  
the Oval Office.

Lucas, spooked, hangs up. She smiles, turns to the table --

KNOX

Okay. So based on some previously-agreed upon protocol that I, in fact, have not agreed upon-- me, Rivera, Malcolm, and the Doctor will be entering the Window as one happy family at 0100. Its location is here, in a service basement just under the Lincoln Memorial. From there we get ourselves a vehicle, then make the 1 hour, 45 minute trip to Beacon County.

BRYCE

How exactly will you get a vehicle?

He ignores her, brings up a schematic for a BANK.

KNOX

This is Beltway Savings and Loan. At roughly 0300, our target, Ronald Marsden, along with two accomplices, is going to break in and extract 10,000 dollars, 1962 currency, in bearer bonds. Our mission is to intercept Marsden and neutralize him without being seen. Then we return to the Window before it hits the Red Zone, 0700, October 24, 1962. 6 hours, 40 minutes from now.

BRYCE

Charlie, just to be clear, killing Ronald Marsden isn't going to cause any other problems?

CHARLIE

No, we ran it. He's a lowlife. Zero connections. Impact index is minimal.

RIVERA, meanwhile, catches sight of FOUR PILLS on a tray.

RIVERA

Guys, what's this?

KNOX and MALCOLM exchange a long, knowing look.

MALCOLM

That is our, um, insurance policy. Should any of us fail to make it back to the Window before the Red Zone expires, we agree to take this pill.

BRYCE

It's cyanide.

A hush falls over the group.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

We can't risk damaging history by living in it. So if for some reason one of us is left behind, this is the fallback. That is non-negotiable.

KNOX

Let's gear up.

**INT. THE BUNKER - CORE**

It's go-time. RIVERA and MALCOLM are dressed in 1960s clothing, loading up on equipment.

LUCAS is testing the giant COLLIDER DETECTORS next to the WINDOW. Making sure they're ready to beam people back.

RIVERA

So lemme get this straight. You people have never even gone through this thing?

LUCAS

I mean, not human tissue, no.

RIVERA

Not even, like, a chimp?

LUCAS

Well, we did send a cat once.

RIVERA

What happened to the cat?

LUCAS

It's, uh, a little unclear. But hey, if you see a Tabby back there somewhere, I guess just let me know, okay?

Just then, BRYCE comes striding in, wearing a 60's-era blouse -- classy, just absolutely stunning. KNOX, MALCOLM, RIVERA, even LUCAS take note because she looks good.

RIVERA

Wow. Doctor really cleans up, huh?

Knox frowns. Without so much as looking up, she crosses to the equipment table and begins throwing certain gear away.

KNOX

Excuse me, what are you doing?

BRYCE  
Zero-footprint policy, Mr. Knox.

KNOX  
That's valuable equipment --

BRYCE  
And you're not bringing it. Aside from what surveillance gear I approve, only technology available before 1962 is allowed into the Past.

KNOX  
What if I don't agree?

BRYCE  
Well, I'm sure there's a suggestion box somewhere around here. Feel free to write it in.

She walks off, leaving Knox and Rivera alone.

RIVERA  
Gotta be honest, I kinda like her.

Knox flashes him a look. Meanwhile, Lucas steps back.

MALCOLM  
So we just...

LUCAS  
Walk on in. That's the theory.

KNOX, BRYCE, RIVERA, and MALCOLM. Standing before the Window. Even Bryce is caught up in the wonder of the moment...

KNOX  
Something wrong?

BRYCE  
I just... never thought I'd actually get to do this. Going into the Past. I mean, I always dreamed of it, but...

KNOX  
Well don't get too excited, Doctor, we haven't made it through yet.

Knox looks down at the yellow line. He can hear A HUMMING NOISE ahead. Radioactive energy pulsing from the Collider, like it's alive. He swallows nervously. In the palm of his hand he's holding a PHOTO -- the same one Jess had.

RIVERA

One small step for man, one giant leap  
backwards for mankind, right?

Knox can't even force a grin. Taking a step and everything...

FADES TO WHITE.

"THE WHITE": KNOX'S POV

A transitional medium between Past and Present. Not an externalized thing, but internal and psychological. Knox, disoriented, surrounded by POV SHOTS of his own past... HIS WIFE'S LAUGHTER. Flashes from childhood. Ops in foreign territories. All seen from the first person. And finally --

**INT. UTILITY BASEMENT - 1962 -- NIGHT**

The pipes and dripping water of the grimy basement come into view. KNOX drops to his knees, gasping for breath.

RIVERA, MALCOLM, and BRYCE are beside him. Malcolm hits the ground and immediately VOMITS.

KNOX

Everyone okay?

RIVERA

I... I heard my mother's voice.

BRYCE

Flashes into past consciousness.  
Incredible. It must be some side effect  
to crossing over...

Knox hits his earpiece and the subsonic frequency locks in...

KNOX

Lucas.

**INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

LUCAS runs in, past PRIYA, CHARLIE --

LUCAS

Yeah. Knox, hey. We can see you guys!

Through the portal, a view of the Window, where Knox and the others are kneeled inside.

CHARLIE

That is Rod Serling-crazy right there.

**INT. UTILITY BASEMENT - 1962 -- NIGHT**

BRYCE, looking around. From her POV, all she can see is the basement in every direction. She notices a BLUE, DANCING ENERGY in the air. Reaching out, amazed...

Knox checks his watch. 0100.

KNOX

All right. So far so good.

**EXT. WASHINGTON MALL - 1962 -- NIGHT**

The streets are mostly empty at this time of night. A few night strollers walking through, hardly taking notice as --

KNOX, BRYCE, RIVERA, and MALCOLM emerge from a supply exit. RIVERA props the door open for the return. Subtly, with a small plastic disk, so it doesn't latch.

BRYCE stares in wonder at the sights around them. The Lincoln Memorial illuminated at night.

BRYCE

This is incredible. This is before the Civil Rights struggle. Vietnam...

KNOX

Great, Doctor. Danny, get us a car.

Rivera is all business. He strides down the sidewalk past a row of parked cars. Pulls out a SPY CAMERA (one of the crucial pieces of gear Bryce allowed).

BRYCE

You're not planning on stealing one. Do you have any idea the ripple that could create?

KNOX

Do you trust me, Doctor?

BRYCE

No.

KNOX

Right. Well, just... watch and learn.

Rivera kneels behind a car, taking a photo of the plate:

RIVERA

Okay, first plate coming in. Florida.  
Bravo-two-six-one-seven-Alpha.

**INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

PRIYA, seeing the image uploaded, flying through a computer that matches the license plate number with old DMV records...

PRIYA

Let's see... no good. Belongs to Jacob Fuller of Miami. He's a tourist. Probably visiting the Memorial.

RIVERA (O.S.)

All right, how about this one...

Another license plate comes in. LUCAS, aside, to CHARLIE --

LUCAS

What are they looking for?

CHARLIE

A car no one needs for the next 8 hours. It's the official time traveler's rental program. They find a car no one's gonna miss for a little while, put a couple miles on it, then bring it back in the same condition. No harm, no foul, no ripples.

POV SHOT, in video of a third license plate coming up --

RIVERA (O.S.)

What about this one? Buick Regal. District of Columbia. Zulu-Three-Five-Two-Six-One-Tango-Bravo.

PRIYA, scanning records --

PRIYA

This looks promising. Edgar Ramone. He's a security guard who handles the night shift at the Library of Congress. Doesn't get off until 8am, so I think you have a match, my friends.

**EXT. WASHINGTON MALL - 1962**

RIVERA immediately goes to work picking the car's lock.

RIVERA  
 Sorry, Edgar Ramone. We'll bring it  
 back nice and clean.

Takes him about ten seconds flat to get in. KNOX walks off to keep lookout with MALCOLM. Rivera begins to hot-wire the ignition while BRYCE waits nearby.

RIVERA (CONT'D)  
 See, Knox is like an artist when it comes to this stuff. A lotta people don't like that. They think everything's gotta be all planned out. Knox is a little more free-form. He improvises.

BRYCE  
 And you just follow him blindly.

RIVERA  
 He doesn't tolerate much less.

BRYCE  
 I can't imagine how his wife could have ever put up with him.

RIVERA  
 Jess? I mean, she didn't.  
 (off her look)  
 Jess left him. Two months ago. That's why she was in New York in the first place. I thought you knew.

Bryce, stunned.

RIVERA (CONT'D)  
 Who could blame her, I guess. She'd put up with him long enough.

Just then, Malcolm spots a POLICEMAN approaching. He clears his throat, alerting the others. Knox comes over.

KNOX  
 Company. Danny, how much longer?

RIVERA  
 I don't know. These ain't the kind of transmissions I'm used to...

BRYCE  
 Well hurry it up!

Rivera, struggling with the hotwire. Malcolm, watching the policeman approach. There's nothing they can do.

Just then, Knox flips down the visor to find A SET OF KEYS!

KNOX

Really? You didn't even check?

Off Rivera's and Bryce's incredulous looks, everyone gets the car. Rivera keys the ignition and they're driving off.

RIVERA

Goddamned 1962.

**EXT. RURAL VIRGINIA ROADS - 1962 -- NIGHT**

Driving down the empty highway by cover of night.

**INT. BUICK REGAL - 1962 -- NIGHT**

KNOX and BRYCE are in the back seat, listening to a RADIO BROADCAST from 1962. Discussion of the Cuban Missile Crisis.

KNOX

How we doing on time, Danny?

RIVERA

I'm going the speed limit. Lay off.

Bryce leans back, staring out the window. Sentimental.

BRYCE

I think it was around now when my father met my mother. He said everyone was so scared during the Crisis, the bars were just... packed. Said it was the "easiest place to pick up a dame." His words. Those were his memories, and here we are, living them.

Knox isn't paying attention. He's going over maps.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

You can't step back for a minute, Mr. Knox? Take it all in?

KNOX

Not on a mission.

Bryce sees MALCOLM listening, returns to her thoughts...

BRYCE

My father, he used to show me how to fiddle with HAM radios.

(MORE)

BRYCE (CONT'D)

I'd listen to that white noise over the speakers and think it was some... magical voice. Dad used to say it was alive. He got me into science. He taught me that the universe was a living, breathing thing. Something that needs to be respected on its own terms.

MALCOLM

Where's he now?

With an uncharacteristic, understated distance...

BRYCE

He was in Manhattan, Mr. Malcolm. Five days ago.

Now Knox looks up. She doesn't look over.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

It's okay. We lose people-- it's the way things happen. I appreciated him when he was here. I have no regrets. He used to say, he'd know when his time came. And his time came.

**EXT. SUBURBAN MAIN STREET - 1962 -- NIGHT**

The Buick Regal pulls up. No one's around at this hour. KNOX climbs out and looks at his watch.

KNOX

Ten minutes 'til 3. Here's what has to happen. Danny, you come with me. Malcolm, you pull the car around back. No noises. They can't know we're here.

BRYCE

What do I do?

KNOX

Sit in the car. Stay outta my way.

Knox starts to leave, when he notices something. Into comms --

KNOX (CONT'D)

Priya, what is that address again?

**INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

PRIYA, checking on a scribbled sheet of paper.

PRIYA

It's, um, 372 Main Street. Should be on the corner up ahead.

**EXT. SUBURBAN MAIN STREET - 1962 -- NIGHT**

KNOX follows the numbers down the row of stores, finally coming to... 372. It's a Barber Shop!

KNOX

You sure about that? Because I don't think they're stealing jheri curls.

**INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

And that's when it hits PRIYA. She goes running back to old maps, flipping through them hastily.

LUCAS

What is it? What's wrong?

Flipping open two maps side-by-side...

PRIYA

Knox, we've got a problem. I didn't even think... I mean, these southern towns, half their choices don't make sense... county lines, state lines. .. Beacon County changed street names in 1970. We've been looking at the new records instead of the old ones. You're not on Main Street. You're on Olive. Main Street is 14 miles away!

**EXT. SUBURBAN MAIN STREET - 1962 -- NIGHT**

As KNOX's face slowly drops...

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE****EXT. BELTWAY SAVINGS AND LOAN - 1962 -- NIGHT**

A STATION WAGON pulls up in front of an old bank. A DRIVER and two men. One is RONALD MARSDEN (20s). Hardened criminal.

DRIVER

What do you say, hoss?

MARSDEN

Pull around back.

**EXT. RURAL ROADS - 1962 -- NIGHT**

The Regal leaps over a hill and swerves down the road.

**INT. BUICK REGAL - 1962 -- NIGHT**

RIVERA, driving like mad. KNOX on the comms in front.

KNOX

Priya, we're driving blind until you give us some guidance!

**INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

PRIYA hastily pours through maps on the table projector, finding what she needs on a 1958 census.

PRIYA

You'll make a left at the next-- no, right! Make a right!

**EXT. RURAL ROADS - 1962 -- NIGHT**

RIVERA swings a right -- the Buick fishtails -- gets on route.

RIVERA

(sweating)

They're always saying ladies are the worst drivers-- I don't think they're the worst drivers, I think they're the worst navigators!

**INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

PRIYA, keeping her cool, ignoring him --

PRIYA

Okay, you're coming up on an intersection. It'll take you to the old Interstate-- new Interstate, sorry.

**INT. BUICK REGAL - 1962 -- NIGHT**

MALCOLM, looking out the side window as they approach the intersection as LIGHTS rise in his view --

MALCOLM

Hey, look out!

**EXT. RURAL ROADS - 1962 -- NIGHT**

A LOGGING TRUCK blares its horn -- Rivera's just skipped the stop sign. The truck breaks hard, swerves, FLIPS.

**INT. BUICK REGAL - 1962 -- NIGHT**

BRYCE, looking back at the chaos they just created --

BRYCE

Charlie, tell me we didn't just...

**INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

CHARLIE runs data through a computer linked to the Panopticon via remote... graphs for "Control" (reality as they want it to be) and "Actual" (as it is based on their changes)...

CHARLIE

No, small ripple. That was lucky.

**INT. BUICK REGAL - 1962 -- NIGHT**

Slapping RIVERA's head from behind --

BRYCE

Would you drive carefully please?!

**INT. BELTWAY SAVINGS AND LOAN - 1962 -- NIGHT**

A security guard lies unconscious on the floor. The two ACCOMPLICES are working on the vault safe with an old stethoscope and drill bit. MARSDEN checks his watch.

**EXT. BELTWAY SAVINGS AND LOAN - 1962 -- NIGHT**

The Buick Regal pulls up and KNOX hops out.

KNOX

We lost them on the approach. We're gonna have to intercept them inside. Rivera, stay close. Do what I do.  
(to Malcolm)  
Get this car outta sight.

RIVERA pulls out a pistol and follows Knox.

**INT. BELTWAY SAVINGS AND LOAN - 1962 -- NIGHT**

The lock breaks open and the ACCOMPLICES pile loose cash into bags. MARSDEN watches as they work, two hands on a SHOTGUN that's lowered around his waist.

BACK ENTRANCE:

KNOX quietly clicks the lock open and looks through the shadows. No signs of movement. He indicates for RIVERA to remove his shoes. Both of them leave them by the door as they creep inside, quiet on the marble floor.

**INT. BUICK REGAL - 1962 -- NIGHT**

MALCOLM sits behind the wheel with BRYCE in the passenger seat. Both of them staring back at the bank.

**INT. BELTWAY SAVINGS AND LOAN - 1962 -- NIGHT**

MARSDEN steps outside of the vault. Scanning the darkness of the bank lobby, thinking he heard something as...

SHADOWS CREEP BEHIND HIM

KNOX is expertly crossing between pillars, getting in closer. RIVERA, ducking beneath a counter, covering him, eyes on the vault -- ensuring no one else comes out.

KNOX drops next to a garbage can and lifts his pistol, about to get an angle on MARSDEN...

...when Marsden hears something outside. Tilts his head. Crossing out of view and heading towards another window. Leaning closer. What is he listening to, but...

POV: outside, the idling of the Buick Regal.

And suddenly Marsden is rock and roll. Hand on the SHOTGUN -- knowing he's not alone in here and spinning around just as Knox is about to open fire but --

BANG!

A shotgun blast takes out the pillar behind Knox and causes him to drop to the ground, crawling behind a counter next to Rivera. They're both pinned.

MARSDEN

Comin' in on my score? You ain't cops.

Knox points Rivera to the left, but as Rivera tries to move, another SHOTGUN BLAST barely misses him and he drops back.

The TWO ACCOMPLICES come out of the vault, bags over their shoulders -- pistols drawn. Marsden indicates where Knox and Rivera are hiding just as --

KNOX, lightning fast, slides across the floor towards another counter while Rivera fires shots into the ceiling for cover.

ACCOMPLICE

Marsden! Let's get outta here!

MARSDEN finds a service door. The others move out the back.

Knox is about to chase when he hears THE RISE OF SIRENS.

**EXT. BELTWAY SAVINGS AND LOAN - 1962 -- NIGHT**

MALCOLM, in the idling car, sees the distant lights of police cars about to scream around the corner.

MALCOLM

Um, Doctor, I think we need to go...

**INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

CHARLIE, scanning the computers --

CHARLIE

Yeah, guys, bad ripple if there's an arrest. Get out now!

**EXT. BACK ALLEY - 1962 -- NIGHT**

Marsden's accomplices pile into the getaway car.

DRIVER  
Where's Marsden?!

ACCOMPLICE  
Forget him, man. Let's get outta here.

PULLING OFF and disappearing down the road just as MARSDEN -- bag over his shoulder -- emerges from the side alley and sees them leaving. Eyes wild with betrayal. Scanning his options... and running through the alley across the street.

Moments later, KNOX bursts out the door. He sees the TAILLIGHTS of the getaway car heading off.

RIVERA comes out next to him, gasping for breath --

RIVERA  
Did we lose him?

Knox squints at the car... seeing ONLY TWO HEADS INSIDE.

KNOX  
Not yet.

Suddenly Knox is sprinting -- all instinct -- barefoot -- across the street in the direction that Marsden went.

RIVERA  
Knox? Where are you going?!

**EXT. LOADING DOCK - 1962 -- NIGHT**

KNOX rounds the corner just in time to see MARSDEN leaping a fence and vanishing into an adjacent corn field...

**EXT. BACK ALLEY - 1962 -- NIGHT**

MALCOLM swings the car around and RIVERA climbs in.

BRYCE  
What happened to Knox?

RIVERA  
I dunno, he's got a mind of his own.

**INT. BUICK REGAL - 1962 -- NIGHT**

Speeding out of town. MALCOLM keeps his eyes on the POLICE SIRENS disappearing in their rear view. They're clear.

BRYCE  
(into comms)  
Knox, damnit, where are you?

**EXT. CORN FIELD - 1962 -- NIGHT**

Empty corn fields, illuminated by moonlight.

CRANING DOWN to KNOX. He's crouched by some scuffed up earth. On the hunt. Turns off the com-link to hear his surroundings.

**INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

PRIYA, pouring through maps --

PRIYA  
There are train yards south of your position. If Knox went that way, which it looks like he did, you can probably cut him off on the other side.

CHARLIE, eyes on the clock above --

CHARLIE  
Guys, you gotta hurry this up. You've only got 2 hours left and you've still got an hour-forty drive.

**EXT. TRAIN YARDS - 1962 -- NIGHT**

The Buick Regal pulls up to an old HOBO HIDEAWAY. Remote. Nobody nearby. Just faded structures, and old shacks hiding against the shapes of freight trains screaming by.

STOPPING IN FRONT OF --

KNOX, standing alone in the headlights, revolver at his side.

Everyone climbs out. He points to the shacks below.

KNOX  
He went in there. You got my shoes?

Rivera tosses them into his hands. Knox puts them back on and checks the ammunition in his revolver.

KNOX (CONT'D)  
Stay here.

Focused, Knox descends alone into the cluster of shacks.

**INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

LUCAS, CHARLIE, and PRIYA, nervously checking their monitors. Looking at the timer that's counting down the Red Zone.

CHARLIE

They're beneath an hour forty now.  
They're not gonna make it back in time.

LUCAS

You don't know that. The Red Zone is unpredictable. It could go immediately, or it could take hours.

CHARLIE

But it could go immediately, right?

Priya leans into her microphone...

PRIYA

Knox, you really must hurry...

**EXT. TRAIN YARDS - 1962 -- NIGHT**

KNOX creeps through a low line of shacks. Fires burning out of barrels nearby. Shapes of hobos. He comes to a low wall and tucks in. The sound of MARSDEN's voice in the shack...

MARSDEN

Damnit, I told you a hundred times...

Knox pulls out a shaving mirror, lifts it so he can see --

MARSDEN

Dropping a tea kettle onto a table in front of A LITTLE GIRL (9), tattered clothes, muddied face, terrified...

MARSDEN (CONT'D)

You don't clean it out and it rusts.  
Now I'm gonna have to go find another.  
Where am I gonna do that, huh?

LITTLE GIRL

I'm sorry, Daddy.

Knox drops back down -- swearing -- into his com-link:

KNOX

Priya, why does Marsden have a daughter?

**INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

PRIYA and CHARLIE, sorting frantically through computers.

CHARLIE

Really? You missed that?

PRIYA

Why are you looking at me? You were the one who ran his impact index --

CHARLIE

Based on your bio!

LUCAS gets between them, on the comms --

LUCAS

Knox, can you get us a picture or something?

**EXT. TRAIN YARDS - 1962 -- NIGHT**

KNOX, pulling out the DIGITAL CAMERA and snapping a quick shot inside the room. Uploading it back to the Bunker...

**INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

...as it comes in on LUCAS's system. The image of the girl. Which he runs for facial recognition.

CHARLIE

What are you doing?

LUCAS

The system didn't say anything about Marsden having a daughter. Which means I'm guessing she had some kind of new last name, so we need to run her face...

Passing the file to PRIYA's computer as she sits in front of it, waiting for results to come back...

PRIYA

There. Lucas, you're right. Her name is Jenny Tompkins-- given that last name by her foster parents when she was adopted in 1973. Charlie, can you run the numbers on removing Marsden from the timeline now that he's got a daughter in the system?

CHARLIE

Doing it now...

Watching as results come on-screen. WARNINGS, etc.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Damnit.

LUCAS

Damnit, what's damnit?

CHARLIE

It's way too risky. Knox, you can't kill him. She'll be homeless, and in four weeks she's 98% likely to contract fatal tuberculosis. For some reason, on the timeline she's got a high impact index. It says she has to live, and she has to be taken care of.

**EXT. TRAIN YARDS - 1962 -- NIGHT**

KNOX, mind racing, not knowing what to do.

Begin INTERCUT with BRYCE in the Buick:

BRYCE

Knox, that's it. We're aborting the mission. Do you hear me?

KNOX

We're too close.

BRYCE

Knox! It's out of the question. Now get back to the car and let's go!

Just then, the DOOR pushes open and MARSDEN limps out. Not seeing Knox crouched in the darkness. Moving straight past him as he walks...

TOWARDS NEARBY TRAIN TRACKS. Unzipping his fly to take a piss. Knox hears a train on the horizon, and gets an idea...

KNOX

Priya. Is there a train coming through here soon?

**INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

PRIYA, running through records...

PRIYA

Should be in about 40 seconds. Why?

**EXT. TRAIN YARDS - 1962 -- NIGHT**

KNOX makes up his mind.

KNOX

Danny. Whatever happens next, make sure the Doctor stays in the car.

**INT. BUICK REGAL - 1962 -- NIGHT**

BRYCE, incredulous...

BRYCE

Damnit what is he doing?!

Starting to make a move for the door, but RIVERA holds her back. Fighting against him --

**EXT. TRAIN YARDS - 1962 -- NIGHT**

-- as MARSDEN zips up. Not hearing the approaching footsteps of KNOX, who suddenly grabs him by the neck and --

SHOVES HIS FACE DOWN TO THE RAILS. Gun to his head.

MARSDEN

What the hell...?

**INT. BUICK REGAL - 1962 -- NIGHT**

BRYCE, hearing this on the comms --

BRYCE

Oh my God, he's going to kill him.

**INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

The rest of the team, stunned silent as they listen --

BRYCE (O.S.)

Knox, damnit what are you doing?!

**EXT. TRAIN YARDS - 1962 -- NIGHT**

KNOX flips MARSDEN over to face him -- pinning him to the train tracks with his foot.

KNOX  
Your name is Ronald Marsden.

MARSDEN  
How do you know me?

KNOX  
Shut up and listen. I know you were born in West Memphis on November 4, 1929. I know you never knew your father. I know you're a miserable guy. You robbed that bank tonight, you're planning on robbing another in six days, and another four days after that. Does that sound right?

MARSDEN  
How the hell...?!

KNOX  
I'm your guardian angel, Marsden. I'm here to change your life.

Just then, BRIGHT LIGHTS bearing down. A freight train is a few hundred yards off and closing.

**INT. BUICK REGAL - 1962 -- NIGHT**

BRYCE, listening incredulously on the comms...

**EXT. TRAIN YARDS - 1962 -- NIGHT**

KNOX picks MARSDEN up, holding him to his face.

KNOX  
You've got a daughter inside?

MARSDEN  
Yes!

KNOX  
You love her?

MARSDEN  
Please, I...

KNOX  
DO YOU LOVE HER?!

Marsden, stunned. Knox stares at him with rising emotion --

KNOX (CONT'D)  
I know what it feels like. Having someone and not appreciating her. You know what's gonna happen to you, Marsden? Someday you're gonna lose her. You're gonna wish you had her back, but it'll be too late. There'll be nothing you can do, except this...

Dragging him to the tracks. The LIGHTS OF THE ONCOMING TRAIN --

MARSDEN  
Jesus... what are you doing?!

KNOX  
I'm gonna deliver us both tonight. I've got nothing left, and you're on the same track. So let's meet God together. You wanna go with me?

The train is BLARING ITS HORN. Arrival imminent. MARSDEN, staring into the oncoming rush of his death...

MARSDEN  
Please stop...

KNOX  
Do you wanna die tonight, Marsden?!

MARSDEN  
GOD NO I WANNA LIVE!

And suddenly Knox tears him off the tracks, throwing him to the ground just as the train goes HURDLING PAST. Marsden lies on the ground, sobbing, hysterical.

LITTLE GIRL (O.C.)  
Daddy?

His DAUGHTER is holding her teddy bear a few yards off. Marsden just stares at her, tears in his eyes...

KNOX  
What are you waiting for. Take care of her.

He crawls to his daughter and they embrace. Clinging to her like she's all he has left. Knox stares, then walks off.

**INT. BUICK REGAL - 1962 -- NIGHT**

Opening the door and climbing back inside. BRYCE stares at him, incredulous, as KNOX speaks into the comms --

KNOX

Charlie.

**INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

CHARLIE boots up the computers connected to modern news streams, scanning through headlines...

CHARLIE

Already running it.

LUCAS, PRIYA, waiting, hanging on every moment...

**INT. BUICK REGAL - 1962 -- NIGHT**

No one speaking. KNOX reaches into his pocket and pulls out the photograph of JESS. Staring blankly. When finally...

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Uh, guys?

**INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

As Charlie finally gets to what he's looking for... The NY Times is now just a typical headline about labor disputes.

CHARLIE

Everything looks good. I think we just saved New York.

They did it! LUCAS and PRIYA embrace each other.

**INT. BUICK REGAL - 1962 -- NIGHT**

RIVERA pounds his fist on the roof. Even BRYCE is relieved.

MALCOLM

Let's get out of here.

RIVERA puts the car into gear and they drive off. Bryce turns back to KNOX, staring at him with newfound respect.

**EXT. RURAL ROADS - 1962 -- EARLY DAWN**

The SUN begins to crest over the horizon as the Buick passes.

**INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

Everyone in the control room is standing, wringing their hands. LUCAS looks at the big clock -- 00:00:00.

LUCAS

They're officially in the Red Zone.

CHARLIE looks into the Core, where the Window is FLICKERING, but still holding on the utility basement for now.

**INT. BUICK REGAL - 1962 -- MORNING**

RIVERA driving, glances at the dashboard, where his CYANIDE PILL is still sitting. Wary.

**EXT. WASHINGTON MALL - 1962 -- MORNING**

The Buick Regal pulls up and slides into the same open space they stole it from. RIVERA slips the keys into the glove box. MALCOLM sweeps the car for anything left behind, making sure everything is exactly how they left it.

Outside, the beginnings of morning rush hour. Suits walking by. Cars waiting at traffic lights. The team moves through, double-time. Trying to stay discreet, but the haste is obvious. BRYCE, into comms --

BRYCE

Lucas?

**INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

LUCAS looks down at the Window. It's still the same, but it's FLICKERING, about to go.

LUCAS

Still here. But you gotta hurry.

**EXT. WASHINGTON MALL - 1962 -- DAY**

MALCOLM arrives at the door, fiddles with the lock, only to find the plastic broke and it's latched shut. RIVERA doesn't waste any time -- BARRELING THROUGH IT!

**INT. UTILITY BASEMENT - 1962 -- DAY**

STORMING THROUGH at full speed, getting into the glowing perimeter, which is FLICKERING like mad.

**INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

CHARLIE sees them standing inside the Window. Yelling --

CHARLIE  
They're in. Hit the switch!

LUCAS pulls back on the lever and THE COLLIDER DETECTORS EXPLODE WITH ENERGY! The accelerator turns back on, directing its magnetic pulse towards the Window...

**INT. UTILITY BASEMENT - 1962 -- DAY**

KNOX -- A FLOOD OF IMAGES AS HE RE-ENTERS "THE WHITE" --

Now he's seeing his life moving by, except this time something has changed. He's seeing it all in third-person, as if he were witnessing life from the outside. And it's a different life now. A new chain of events unfolding before his eyes...

**INT. THE BUNKER - CORE**

...and they are back in the Present -- inside the Bunker. KNOX looks back, sees BRYCE, RIVERA, and MALCOLM together.

A long silence as they collapse on the floor, out of breath.

And then finally RIVERA BEGINS TO LAUGH. Malcolm too. Bryce and Knox meet eyes -- partners, united in success.

**INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

SILENT, SENTIMENTAL, SLOW MOTION:

Moving into the command center and everyone is all smiles. CHARLIE, LUCAS, PRIYA. Embraces are shared. Stories being exchanged. Everyone patting KNOX on the back. Relieved.

BRYCE, at peace, as she picks up the RED PHONE...

...and only then does her face begin to drop. As the SCORE begins to fade and the noise of...

THE DEAD DIAL-TONE SETTLES IN.

Everyone begins to look over, one after another. Their smiles begin to drop. Bryce's hand slips, the phone hits the floor.

**INT. THE BUNKER - CORRIDORS**

BRYCE, sprinting ahead of the others -- heading towards the elevator doors -- welded shut behind steel plates.

BRYCE  
Get these plates off now!

LUCAS  
Doctor, what's wrong?

RIVERA picks up a welder and turns it on. KNOX comes over and helps. Everyone works together. Silent, frantic. Pulling off the plates until finally they can see...

NOTHING. Just a blank concrete wall where the elevators used to be. BRYCE slams up against it, SCREAMING OUT.

**INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

CHARLIE comes back into the room, frantically going through computers. BRYCE follows with the rest of the team...

CHARLIE  
I'm trying to tap into news feeds off major cities, radio frequencies...

But nothing comes up. Just blank signal. Dead air.

KNOX  
What does that mean?

The team, all exchanging terrified looks --

RIVERA  
Guys. What the hell did we just do?

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT FIVE**

**ACT SIX****INT. THE BUNKER - COMMUNICATIONS**

The team is arguing furiously while PRIYA and CHARLIE search through computer records. Everything is still defunct.

PRIYA

We had to have missed something...

CHARLIE

Look, get off my back. I don't know.

KNOX

Calm down, what happened to the Present?

CHARLIE

I don't know. There's no way of knowing what it looks like right now. All we know is that we're cut off. We're just tethered to this Window. We're stuck down here. It's like the Present is somehow so different that the world doesn't even know we're here.

RIVERA

So what, we're just... underground?

CHARLIE

Or in some alternate dimension where nothing from our dimension exists. I don't know. There's no instruction manual lying around here, okay?

PRIYA

Charlie, you said it checked out. When they left Marsden, it checked out --

CHARLIE

Something must have happened afterwards. After they left the train yards.

RIVERA, going through his back, and suddenly...

RIVERA

Hey guys? Anyone seen my com-link?

BRYCE

You're not saying you left it there.

MALCOLM

We didn't leave anything back there. I swept the car myself --

RIVERA

Well it's not here, man!

BRYCE

Do you have any idea the ripples that might create? A piece of technology in the Past? You could have just rewritten history, damnit!

Rivera, frozen. Priya, tears rising...

PRIYA

Doctor, where are our families?

BRYCE

Honestly, Priya, I don't know.

She looks ashen. Horrified. Silence hangs over the room.

CHARLIE

Guys, check it out.

Charlie rises, bouncing his monitor to the big screen.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I just ran this through the Panopticon. Got it from satellites, radio signals, anything we can access. I think I've found a bunch of discrepancies.

MALCOLM

What is a discrepancy?

A laundry list of HISTORICAL EVENTS FLY DOWN THE SCREEN.

CHARLIE

This is every way our new timeline is different from how it's supposed to be. 127 different alterations from 1962 to the Present. Big ripples, small ripples, you name it.

PRIYA

A man misses a bus in Santa Fey in 1981? A plane crashes en route to France in 1969? What is this?

KNOX, beginning to form an idea, turning to him...

KNOX

Something we can fix.

CHARLIE

Knox, I dunno, man...

KNOX

You're saying one of these ripples caused our realities to break. So fixing one of these could get us back to the Present. Is that right?

BRYCE

Knox, what he's saying is it could be any of them. We have no way of knowing.

KNOX

Then there's only one way to be sure. We'll fix 'em all.

As they all look at each other, beholding the massive list...

**INT. THE BUNKER - THE CORE**

KNOX stands pensively before the Window. It now depicts a DIRT ROAD of some kind, heading towards the horizon.

BRYCE (O.C.)

You know what Oppenheimer said, after he created the atom bomb?

BRYCE is approaching behind him.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

'Now I am become death, the destroyer of worlds.' He looked into the face of his scientific hubris, and he felt remorse. Far too late to change it.

KNOX

I'm sorry about your father, Doctor. I never got to say it before.

BRYCE

Thank you. I'm sorry about your wife.

KNOX

But you're wrong about one thing. There's nothing to feel bad about.

BRYCE

Knox. Our mission failed.

KNOX

Did it? Or did we just not know what we were getting into?

She turns to him curiously...

KNOX (CONT'D)

Look, Bryce, you were right. History's one hell of a complex thing. We can't just flip a switch and make it better. We've gotta work at it.

BRYCE

Do you have any idea how many needles we'd have to thread to make this right?

KNOX

Yeah, well, I like our chances. We've got a pretty good team.

(beat)

And you're an okay partner, too.

A moment between them. Then Knox turns back to the Window...

KNOX (CONT'D)

What do you say, Bryce? You ready to go back again?

She doesn't answer. Instead, she turns to this Window, staring into the unknown future of their Past, as we --

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT SIX**

**END OF PILOT.**