

THE TIME GUARDIAN

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FADE IN:

EXT. DEEP SPACE

THE VAST EXPANSE OF SPACE.

Cold. Remorseless. Terribly silent. Over this...

CROWE (V.O.)
There's a saying..."Time is a
great storyteller."

A symphonic metal score kicks in...

A WORMHOLE appears -- streaks of light tracing a darkened
corridor, bending TIME and SPACE, a doorway of sorts into
another time MATERIALIZES...

The corridor gradually expands. Urgency, in her voice...

CROWE (V.O.)
...in its relentless pursuit
forward towards the future -- time
is unstoppable -- the past is
gone, present fleeting -- and the
future unknown until now...

A turbulent SHOCKWAVE, WHOOSH!

A sleek, futuristic shuttle shoots through the phenomena,
flashing red and blue lights. Across its hull; *T.I.M.E.*
S.H.I.P. "SCHWARZSCHILD."

A NUCLEAR BLAST in the earth's ORBIT fills the screen.

INT. SKYLINE - NIGHT

The STATUE OF LIBERTY crumbles, a tidal wave erupts.

INT. ND LOCATION - NIGHT

We'll hear far off EXPLOSIONS from time to time during
the following.

A MAN in a tattered NASA SPACESUIT, shattered visor,
works the controls of a hand-held box, a potentiometer;
toggle switches, green and red buttons.

The SKYLIGHT OVERHEAD EXPLODES, thousand pieces of shard
glass flying everywhere and raining down...

Noetek looks up to see --

(CONTINUED)

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A BAREFOOTED WOMAN in casual attire descends from thin air, drops straight down into the room, covered in soot.

Our heroine - JORDANNA APPLESEED, 30s, razor-sharp wit, sleekly-muscled.

Noetek whips out a gun. Jordanna IS ON HIM! Her hands around his forearm, bending it back - his wrist almost snaps and he drops the gun --

She kicks the gun away -

Noetek elbows Jordanna in the chest, knocking the wind out of her. Noetek hauls her up and tosses her against a STEEL-BARRED WINDOW - she falls hard -

Jordanna's eyes - surprise, fear - and then focus.

Noetek grabs Jordanna by the foot to pull her out of the corner, as she twists and kicks him across the face with her other foot.

He lets go, she rolls to her feet -

He comes at her again, but she's ready - meets him blow for blow - playing defense - deflecting his rapid volley of punches.

Jordanna - rusty - tiring - he grabs her - throws her so hard against the wall that the plaster actually CRACKS.

Noetek comes at her - it takes all her will power to roll across a table - she reaches for the gun - but he shoves the table, driving her back against the wall -

Jordanna jumps vertically, landing on the table on her feet as it hits the wall -

Jordanna jumps to the floor - decides then and there - no more playing defense.

Grabs a shattered table leg WITH A sharp edge and uses it like a knife, driving him back with thrusts and slices.

Then JAMS the table leg up against his throat, pinning him to a wall. Lightning fast - drives a sleek INJECTION PIN into Noetek's neck, he grimaces, furious --

Suddenly the building SHAKES, the sound of a distant EXPLOSION. He lurches forward with the momentum -

Noetek CLUBS Jordanna with a crushing forearm, then punches her face. So hard her legs go rubbery and she drops like a rag doll.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Queasy from the injected, Noetek adjust his gadget, a needle moves along a calibrated scale. A light blinks red.

JORDANNA (CONT'D)

I'll see you soon... Noetek.

NOETEK

Take you time.

In a blaze of light and a bang he's gone.

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS OF NEW YORK - DAY

NUCLEAR ASH pummels the DECIMATED CITY, buildings collapsed into rubble. Hard to tell what time of day.

There's GUNFIRE. RIOTERS clash with DRACONIAN FORCES in scary SWAT GEAR. A fucking war zone.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

In another part of town, Jordanna tries to get her bearings, physically and mentally exhausted.

PAUL, 20s, follows, wrapped in torn and filthy RAGS, shoulders a shotgun. Both stunned at the devastation.

Shock waves from an EXPLOSION rocks them, fiery fragments shower down --

THWACK! A piece of shrapnel metal rips into Jordanna's sleeve, JERKING her backwards to slam against a car.

Unfazed, tears a swath of cloth from her already-short skirt and ties it around her wound bandanna-style.

He clutches his side in pain.

JORDANNA

Suck it up.

They move through the ruins, dying embers of fires.

The unmistakable sound of a HUM. A distortion in the air. His mouth drops open, eyes widen, they stand motionless. Seconds later...

The gleaming TIME SHUTTLE DECLOAKS, hovers just off the ground.

Jordanna waves her shoes as if they were semaphore flags.

From the distance, DRACONIAN FORCES in scary SWAT GEAR, converge on them, guns trained when --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sh-SHOOOK! Jordanna pumps the shotgun, shell chambered -

PHOENIX ROY storms from the craft, half-human, half-cyborg; she pattered her whole look and style after SEVEN-Of-NINE. A futuristic SUPER-GUN in one hand.

In her other - a TIME DILATION DEVICE (an unorthodox handgun shape) myriad FLICKERING LIGHTS, fires a burst of light --

Soldiers unleash gunfire, thousands of rounds...

The light expanding at BLURRING speed, deploying an EERIE BLUISH-GREENISH FIELD around the soldiers, their bullets-slows down time to a crawl.

Phoenix hurls the sonic-blaster.

Jordanna LAUNCHES herself, grabs hold, the gun lights up -

-

JORDANNA (CONT'D)

You guys got a plan B.

PHOENIX

Yeah. Making plan A work.

Jordanna looks confused, then spins towards Paul --

JORDANNA

You might want to plug your ears.

He does just that.

Obnoxiously loud BLASTS coming from the sonic blaster as Jordanna unloads on the soldiers.

Grabbing Paul, she yanks him out of the line of fire.

The field dissipates -- real-time -- the soldiers are BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS.

A mysterious beep. Phoenix activates her comm link.

CROWE (V.O.)

Phoenix Roy. Report.

PHOENIX

This ain't hell, but you can see it from here.

(then...)

Admiral, we're leaving now.

PAUL

You can't just leave us here to die! Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As they move to the belly of the craft, Phoenix stares hard at Jordanna, then turns on him, a painful look.

PHOENIX

The Time Guardian. Pray she's not too late.

CROWE (V.O.)

Wipe her memory slate clean.

An iconic sound effect... as snippets of the previous events are erased from Jordanna's mind...

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

CHRYON: PRESENT. A gorgeous afternoon.

A sleep-deprived Jordanna wanders aimlessly, wrinkled wardrobe, shoes in hand. But no trace evidence of the previous events.

A BEAT COP yells as she staggers into an intersection -- a speeding car is about to flatten her.

Instinctively, Jordanna jumps, suspended in mid-air to the bewilderment of bystanders.

Real-time - lands on her feet, wobbly, collapsing.

INT. EXAM ROOM - NIGHT

...a beehive of activity. An attractive doctor in her thirties, SHEHADI, shines a penlight in Jordanna's eyes.

Jordanna smiles when she spots STEVEN - 30s, handsome in an Ivy League sort of way. He holds her hand.

SHEHADI

Anything like this ever happened before? Any history of migraines?

JORDANNA

No. I... had a head injury once.

STEVEN

They found your car in a ditch. And you sleepwalking - three days later.

(off Jordanna's look)

Yes. You had us all worried. What happened? Where did you go?

A NURSE hands Shehadi some X-rays. She puts them up on a back-lit display to study them.

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CONTINUED:

SHEHADI

Your x-rays look perfectly normal.

Jordanna shuts her eyes, desperate to remember. Suddenly, a bafflement in her face -

QUICK FLASHES;

-- Terror-fueled citizens running through post-apocalyptic streets.

The pace ACCELERATES --

-- snippets of WWII. A missile obliterates MOSCOW as the "The KREMLIN" falls...

Her eyes open, confused and disturbed by the images.

SHEHADI

Are you sure you don't remember any --

JORDANNA

-- I'm not sure of anything.

On that, the double doors fly open, her parents rush in.

WILLIAM APPLESEED, 50s, handsome nerdy, and MARY BETH, 49, a modern day "Donna Reed."

Great sense of relief on their faces, kisses and hugs. Off their Hallmark moment...

INT. JORDANNA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jordanna wakes up in bed alone to find Steven sitting in a chair, troubled. She goes to him.

Steven pulls away, picks up a 8 x 10 black and white photo. Studies the picture.

INSERT --

A flash, smoke. POLICE OFFICERS and ONLOOKERS dressed in clothes from the era, surrounds wreckage and a burned corpse. A circle drawn around an iPhone.

RESUME SCENE

STEVEN

Where did you get this?

JORDANNA

An old police journal from 1922. Tell me if it's real or fake?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVEN

Well, based on this I'd say yes.

JORDANNA

You sure? You just glanced at it.

STEVEN

I've been a photographer for fifteen plus years. Remember those silver screen movies with the old press cameras that had the big flash and puff of smoke?

Steven directs her attention to the photo.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Well, this photo was taken with one. Probably a Graflex. Back in the day they used flash powder. Makes flashbulbs look like a quantum leap forward -- since flashbulbs weren't invented until 1928. Part of the mixture was magnesium. No way you can get that stuff today.

JORDANNA

So it's authentic?

STEVEN

Well, I can't speak for the tube or the iPhone, but everything else seems legit. What I can tell you, a picture is worth a thousand words. If this is fake. Then whoever did it is a master of trick photography. And I don't think any tabloid would have that kind of cash because those types of imagery artist are damn expensive.

JORDANNA

It took us nearly two months to find this. They had us working around the clock.

STEVEN

What the hell's going on?

JORDANNA

Steven, you know I can't talk about --

STEVEN

Then let's talk about this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He opens a ring box. She manages a faint smile. 24 carats. He slips it on her finger. They kiss.

Steven peers out the curtains, a BLACK SEDAN is parked across the street. She shuts the curtains quickly.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

There it is again. That black car. Maybe I should go --

JORDANNA

No. They work for NSA. There's one assigned to all of us who deal in skunkworks. They watch our every move. Constant surveillance. Monitor our calls. Emails. Yours too.

Off his surprised look...

JORDANNA

Uh huh. It's probably Welch. She's like a cyborg with a head, a heart, and a brain. She just keeps coming at you.

STEVEN

Do I have anything to worry about?

JORDANNA

As long as I don't step out of line. You still want to marry me?

Off Steven - "the proverbial deer look."

EXT. CAPE KILIMANJARO - DAY

In no man's land. Sand and scrub brush for miles. The super tells us; CAPE KILIMANJARO: TOP SECRET (DUMB) DEEP UNDERGROUND MILITARY BASE.

INT. CAPE KILIMANJARO - CORRIDOR - DAY

A sleek, highly advanced research and military facility.

A lab-coated Jordanna hustles to a security checkpoint secured by laser grids and motion detectors. Swipes her ID card into a keypad, then...

Presses a thumbprint against a biometric sensor. A series of BEEPS. The grid vanishes, sensors shut down.

She enters, her heels strikes a huge emblem on the floor -

(CONTINUED)

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A FUTURISTIC DOOMSDAY CLOCK set four minutes to midnight, and the words; "SO MUCH TO DO AND SO LITTLE TIME."

INT. CAPE KILIMANJARO - LEVEL B4 ROOM - DAY

A scientific lab, which looks like it was concocted by some mad scientist. The whole room is sunk underground.

DR. SPIDER NOETEK holds court with an Ipad. Middle-aged man, slightly mad scientists.

JOHN STARK, 30s, a smug little prick, a Washington bureaucrat, escorts an entourage of SUITED EXECUTIVES. One in particular --

J.D. HAWKTHORNE, a hard-nosed and trigger-tempered man in his fifties and wears his power like a badge of honor.

NOETEK

Like i was saying, Mr. Hawkthorne, star trek-style teleportation isn't as crazy as it sounds. Until now. By applying my intricate quantum entanglement system, I've created a golden opportunity --

HAWKTHORNE

-- knock off the technical bullshit! I don't give a flying fuck how it works. Does it work. Surely after billions of dollars -- we deserve a return on our investment.

NOETEK

Okay, let me see your wallet.

Jordanna and Stark swap looks. Reluctant, he complies.

HAWKTHORNE

Haven't you picked our pockets enough?

Noetek punches in a security code.

Armored vault doors open to reveal - two stainless-steel shacks with glass doors, the size of a phone booth.

NOETEK

(air quotes)
What goes in one comes out another.

Noetek opens the door, lights FLICKER on. We glimpse sensors and hardware. Lay his wallet down and closes it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOETEK

Glass "displacement" booths.
Which will allow objects, animals,
and humans, to travel
instantaneously from one point to
point. Of course, for a small
fee.

Mild chuckles from the group. Jordanna rolls her eyes.
Noetek punches in a set of numbers...

NOETEK

Anywhere that has a booth by
merely dialing a destination
number. Much like you'd dial
numbers into a phone. Displacement
occurs at light speed --

JORDANNA

-- Any distance on Earth is
negligible at that speed.

Can't help herself -- mocking him with "air quotes."

JORDANNA

The trip is perceived as
instantaneous.

Viciousness and contempt in Noetek's eyes for Jordanna.

Static, lights dim in the booth... ZAP! Hawkthorne's
wallet vanishes. ZAP! His wallet reappears in the other.

An arousing applause. Noetek hands back his wallet.

HAWKTHORNE

Bravo! We're going global.

JORDANNA

We can't do that -- yet. Sure, he
maybe on the verge of a major --

NOETEK

-- this is just the beginning. Up
until now we've only transported
animals and objects, but soon I'll
be teleporting citizens.

JORDANNA

Someone died.

NOETEK

Yes, Project Scapegoat. This is
true. A homeless man. He
decomposed. But I've resolved the
issue. Just need more time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAWKTHORNE

You got six months. We plan to go global by then or else.

JORDANNA

Let me remind you, Mr. Hawthorne, anything concerning humans require authorization from --

STARK

I think you need to see things our way, Jordan. There's a lot riding on this. It will be up and running. Our stock prices will take a tumble --

HAWKTHORNE

-- and the Carlyle Group, the powers that be -- we're not going to let this get bogged down in some senate debate that will drag on for years.

JORDANNA

This is a mistake...

Hawthorne - enough of this shit.

HAWKTHORNE

The only mistake is the one you're making. You're forgetting something, take a gander at your sworn to secrecy statement. We own your pretty little ass. Jordan, I'm not kidding, don't shit where you eat!

The men file out. Noetek admires his machine - turns to Jordanna - a condescending half-smile on his face.

NOETEK

I figured you'd be thrilled. I hear you hate flying.

JORDANNA

I see no future in this conversation.

NOETEK

The world only focuses on the four horsemen of the Apocalypse, synonymous with frightening prophecies. But there is a fifth, whose ride signifies a much different future and the promise of a far better age to come.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A dark beat, then:

NOETEK

And I still have the alternate key
-- planetary rotation.

Jordanna stares - *"Just how nuts is this guy?"*

JORDANNA

Slam on your breaks in a speeding
car. Everything in it continues
to move forward. Now imagine that
on a global scale. Oceans,
mountains, weather systems,
surging forward at miles per hour.
Way to go superman!

Noetek's nostrils flaring. She goes, looks back at him.

JORDANNA

I'll do everything I can to shut
down your project.

NOETEK

Then I'm afraid the future holds
very little promise for you.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Stark, Noetek, and Hawthorne enter.

HAWKTHORNE

Is she going to be a problem?

STARK

No. You have my word.

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

NOETEK

My password is "tango."

The lasers vanish and the elevator begins to descend.
Hawthorne turns to Noetek.

HAWKTHORNE

What do you think?

NOETEK

She's dangerous. I know her. She
will jeopardize this project.

HAWKTHORNE

Everyone is expendable. She's
becoming a cancer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stark gets an inkling of the truth, something terrible.

STARK
You can't be serious.

All eyes lock on Hawthorne's - fuckin' dead serious.

INT. CAPE KILIMANJARO - TUNNEL - NIGHT

The murkiness of the tunnel..

DR. ALFRED SMITH walks. A hard-bitten, intelligent young-old man in his seventies. Jordanna hurries to catch up.

SMITH
We've been through this a million times. This is my life's work.

JORDANNA
Maybe I should.

SMITH
You have your life ahead of you.

Jordanna reminisces, a bit saddened, then --

SMITH
Can you let this old man have his one last wish?

JORDANNA
Just because the proposal of time travel is backed by scientific theory -- is no reason to expect that it is easily achievable.

SMITH
Hell, I never thought it possible until Project "Turn Ahead The Clock." How are we going to know what's around the corner -- If we don't go look.

INT. CAPE KILIMANJARO - JORDANNA'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

PASSING OVER PHOTOS ON SHELVES -- mementoes from an extraordinary life. Young Jordanna winning the science fair in 3rd grade, proudly posing with her smiling PARENTS. Graduating high school at 14. MIT at 17. On the cover of *TIME*: "Modern day Einstein."

Jordanna, at her desk -- her domain -- everything organized down to the centimeter -- studies a manual "Project Majestic" classified "TOP SECRET."

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CONTINUED:

Clearly troubled, Jordanna studies complex notations on a dry erase board. A buzzer CHIMES.

She lets Stark in without so much as a sideways glance, as the airlock door shuts behind him.

JORDANNA
Did you look at my report?

STARK
Your concerns are duly noted.

JORDANNA
You can't be serious?

STARK
He seems to think so. It's his project. Who better to test it.

JORDANNA
He has heart problems.

STARK
The nutty professor passed his physical. Knows the risks. Hell, the poor old bastard has his heart set on it?

He laughs. She doesn't find it amusing, not one bit.

JORDANNA
And if something happens?

STARK
We still have you.

JORDANNA
You got lucky with project "Turn Back Time."

STARK
So let me get this straight. You want to take his place. So how much merit do you put in your own concerns?

He's got her and she's know it. He goes.

She slams HER EYES SHUT, staring out at the stars and the vast nothingness of infinite space. FROM THE BLACK...

EXT. CAPE GENESIS - DEEP SPACE

An awe-inspiring complex, pods of igloo-like structures connected by corridors. Its centerpiece, a SPACE NEEDLE. STROBE LIGHTS blink from a shuttle, which docks.

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**SUPERIMPOSE: ALLIED JOINT FORCES COMMAND FOR SPACE
EXPLORATION & POLICING. CAPE GENESIS, 2247.**

INT. CAPE GENESIS CONTROL - SPACE NEEDLE - DEEP SPACE

The nerve center of whatever the hell this place is.

The starfield glitters like precious jewels. Soft audible tones. A SKELETON CREW monitors an impressive display of panels, star maps, charts..

They wear a sleek, one-piece uniform, tailored, *yet it holds true to the traditional navy feel*. Rank insignia on the cuff. STAR TREK - eat your heart out.

LIEUTENANT TARJA JAGELLOVSK, 30s, a stunning German science officer, punches in data.

ENSIGN SOLO DAWN, 20s, *green skin*, an androgynous look that is both mysterious and sexy, looks back at --

ADMIRAL JEDEDIAH "Poppy" CROWE, 50s, occupies the command chair. A fierce intensity, but there's still a warmth to her. Her hands work the lit-up counsel.

SOLO DAWN

Why recruit her now?

CROWE

There's no time like the present.

DR. EDWARD NELSON, 50s, grizzled like an old lion, the only one wearing civvies and lab coat.

LT. JAGELLOVSK

Captain, I've locked onto her coordinates. I could manufacture an artificial time storm.

CROWE

Make it so. Have Peace prepare for a welcoming party.

Crowe turns to -- COMMANDER JEAN-CLAUDE BAPTISTE, 40s, all taut muscle and sinew... as usual, stone-faced.

CROWE

Commander -- you have the helm.

INT. CESSNA - DAY

Jordanna pilots the Cessna. In the passenger seat, William. On the horizon, dark, cumulus clouds.

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CONTINUED:

WILLIAM

Your mother is worried about you.

JORDANNA

I figured she'd be happy for me.

WILLIAM

She is. The weather looks bad.

JORDANNA

Yea, even the birds are walking.

They laugh. Now heading for a foggy ice-blue shape surrounded by a grey-orange mist. Miniature lightning bolts.

Both frozen, her expression shifts from confusion to dread. The phenomena BLOTS HER OUT entirely...

INT. TIME SHIP SALLY RIDE - SMALL BRIDGE - DEEP SPACE

A skeleton crew works in the b.g.

Jordanna FADES IN... sways, regains her balance.

JORDANNA

WTF! Holy Spamoli!

A chair swivels around -

LT. ORLANDO PEACE rises - 30, icy cool demeanor - Wears the iconic Time Guardian uniform; a sleek, bad-ass flight suit, *but not an overtly military look*. Status symbol; PILOT WINGS attached to a POLICE SHIELD.

Note: There uniform should differ slightly from the rest of the team.

PEACE

Welcome back.

Jordanna freaks as a door automatically slides open...

JORDANNA

My dad!

Crowe walks in.

CROWE

I can assure you he's quite all right. No measurably time by your standards will have passed while you're here. You're traveling near speed of light -- a touch of speed, time, as you know, doesn't exist.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CROWE (CONT'D)

I'm Admiral Jedediah "Poppy"
Crowe. This is Time Guardian
Peace. You're aboard the Time Ship
Sally Ride.

LTC. JEN NORIKO, 30s, enters. Way hot, this girl, cold
as steel. Her uniform is a mesh dress, mostly white and
go-go type boots.

She scans Jordanna's body, with a hand-held device.

CROWE

Our surgeon, LtC. Karen Noriko.

JORDANNA

What's going on? Why am I--

CROWE

Are you familiar with King Saul?

JORDANNA

He went to see the witch of Endor.
Died for wanting to know the
future.

CROWE

While investigating a temporal
distortion in the year 2024 we
discovered that civilization will
be brought to a cold, dark halt.
In 2024 there was a Top Secret
shuttle launch dubbed "WITCHCRAFT
ENDOR." Powered by a compact
fusion reactor. Stainless steel
rockets.

JORDANNA

Steel? Seems an unlikely step
toward solving a conundrum that
has defeated generations of
physicists. Namely finding an
effective way to control the
fusion reaction.

CROWE

Once it reached orbit, Professor
Spider Noetek teleported himself
off, which, in turn, set-off a
chain of events. The ship
exploded --

JORDANNA

-- An EMP attack? Why, a blast
like that is the stuff of
nightmares.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Crowe activates a work console, a projection screen pops up damn near invisible to the naked eye.

A STACCATO FLURRY OF APACOLYPTIC IMAGES; over this...

CROWE

It'll wiped out the power grid and electronic infrastructure. What follows -- an accidental launch of a nuclear weapon and the start of World War 3. Lethal bio-wars follows. Billions are gonna die.

Jordanna tries to wrap her head around this.

JORDANNA

Will die?

CROWE

That's why you're here. One of the great mysteries of the universe -- it has a way of course correcting itself. With a little help.

CROWE

We caught it in enough time to circumvent a dark matter in the universe and we were able to temporarily stabilize the timeline. A delay between the change in the timeline, and its effect on the timeline as a hole --

JORDANNA

A means for mistakes to be fixed before the permanent changes percolate through out the timeline.

CROWE

(nods, then)

We need someone who doesn't effect the timeline. Second, but more importantly, you're a physicist -- the number one requirement to be a TIME GUARDIAN. Agents who police time, space, and interstellar travel.

PEACE

In our line of work, timing is everything.

CROWE

So far, you've been quite useful. You wouldn't remember. We erased your memory sequence. Twice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JORDANNA

Why?

CROWE

We'd be in violation of the second rule of time travel -- the past cannot have access to future technology or information.

JORDANNA

Yet you trusted me enough to pluck me out from the twenty-first century into whatever year --

CROWE

--2145.

JORDANNA

Okay, so you're hoping the third time is a charm. Is that it?

CROWE

Not exactly. The side effects from jumping back and forth are too much for your body to overcome. Both physical and psychological. A third jump would be fatal without the proper medical treatment.

LT. NORIKO

Quantum plasmosis. In layman's terms, we need to re-sequence your DNA and immune system. In a nutshell, if we were to do so, it must be permanent.

Jordanna's starting to connect the dots.

JORDANNA

How am I suppose to--

CROWE

We need to remove you from the timeline. Our sensors picked up another temporal event -- a flight which takes place three months prior. "Mystic Bullet."

JORDANNA

Yes, Dr. Smith's going to be on that flight. He believes he's found away to travel near light speed. But it's not possible. I've done the math.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CROWE
That flight will be sabotaged. And
we want you to be on it.

JORDANNA
Dr. Smith?

CROWE
One thing at a time. If you refuse
-- we'll erase your memory
sequence for the last time.

JORDANNA
I've got to try and stop Noetek.

CROWE
Someone once defined insanity:
doing the same thing over and over
and expecting different results.

A knowing silence between Jordanna and Crowe.

CROWE
Tempus fugit.
(re: Peace)
Send her back.

PEACE
Erase her memory sequence?

Crowe turns to Jordanna..

CROWE
No.

Before Jordanna can speak, she dissolves away, leaving
her to deal with her guilt and fear all alone.

PEACE
You think that's wise. You're
taking an awful chance.

CROWE
It's called a calculated risk.

EXT. REGIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Still troubled, Jordanna and William walk across the
tarmac.

WILLIAM
Really?

JORDANNA
Uh-Huh. You fell asleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She smiles at him; William looks at her like she's crazy.

EXT. APPLESEED'S HOME - DAY

Mary Beth unloads groceries as she dials a number.

INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

...the White House correspondents filter out.

The Press Secretary, HALEY, 30s, drop-dead gorgeous, a woman other women hate, on her cell.

INTERCUT between them:

HALEY

I'm sorry, mom, I've been busy.
What's her excuse this time, huh?

MARY BETH

Whattya mean!! She's your sister.

HALEY

She's a head case. She's always
has been and always will be. If
the fate of our entire world was
in her hands, all she can think
about is how it affects her.

MARY BETH

So, aren't you even a little
interested in seeing her?

Haley rolls her eyes... heads out.

HALEY

I'm sorry, mom, but I have to go.

MARY BETH

Call her. It's the least you can
do.

INT. APPLESEED'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The home is simple, nicely furnished. Everything looks well-worn and well-maintained. The walls and side-tables have many PHOTOGRAPHS of the family.

Jordanna reads a book; *still in mint condition, one of the first editions of "Relativity," by Albert Einstein.*

Mary Beth knits nearby, watching Jordanna lovingly. William reads the newspaper, reading glasses on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY BETH

How many times have you read that?

JORDANNA

Oh, more than I can count.

WILLIAM

Remember what you said when I first bought it?

JORDANNA

If I could go back in time I'd have him sign it.

Mary Beth gives him a tight smile, a bit annoyed.

INT. JORDANNA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - DAY

Bags already packed. Jordanna pulls out a drawer, a MANILA ENVELOPE taped to its underside labeled: "Top Secret." She grabs it.

A befuddled Steven stares them.

STEVEN

Where are you going?

JORDANNA

D.C.

STEVEN

It's faster if you fly.

JORDANNA

I hate flying -- you know that.

STEVEN

What is going --

JORDANNA

Look, you wouldn't understand and I don't have time to explain.

Jordanna hugs him and gives him a kiss good-bye.

EXT./INT. MERCEDES/HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Jordanna speeds down a dark, open road. She looks back, stares in awe and shock at --

An ominous TRIANGULAR SHAPE craft in a phosphorescent GUNMETAL, deadly silent, tinted windows, following her, flying dangerously low.

She guns the engine, realizes she can't outrun it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She makes a decision, pulls over. Hauls ass out of the car, carrying a backpack - seeks cover into some trees.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

The craft's searchlight PANS across the area, and comes to rest on Jordanna, running full-tilt into a clearing --
-- the craft UNDULATES and SHIMMERS, almost crashing into the field. Its flood lights FLICKER.

She looks for an escape route, there's none. Stands still. Puts on a brave face, more afraid than she lets on.

Two MEN IN BLACK disembark. No hat or glasses. Bald heads, white dead skin, red lipstick. No facial hair, eyebrows, eyelashes included. Grey suede gloves.

For the sake of argument, MARX, the taller of the two, and BADGER, short and stocky.

She's thrown to the ground, puts up a fight until Marx smashes her in the mouth, temporarily paralyzes her as --

The MIB LEADER disembarks, she took her fashion cue from the MATRIX. Black leather, Terminator shades.

She towers over Jordanna like the Angel of Death.

Meet WELCH, 30s, a cold beauty marred by a street-tough edge, in sharp contrast to her charming British accent.

WELCH

Ah, Doctor Appleseed. You almost caused a nasty accident.

WELCH'S P.O.V. -- her lenses provide light boosters, enhancing the scene in a green hue. Viciously backhands Jordanna.

RESUME SCENE

WELCH

So you had to turn trouble maker.
Now I'm gonna show you what happens.

Welch gestures to Badger, who pivots, starts for the aircraft.

WELCH

What're you doing...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She smashes him in the mouth. Badger crumbles in a heap. Wipes his mouth, red smeared lipstick. His voice passive as if it were a machine.

BADGER

Ugh, sorry.

WELCH

If brains were gunpowder you couldn't blow yourself up.

Marx confiscates Jordanna's backpack, and a flash drive.

WELCH

Pay attention. It's free. Next time a stunt like this will cost your family dearly.

JORDANNA

No!

Welch shoves a gun against her temple. Considers, then:

WELCH

This never happened. We don't exist. Just a figment of your imagination.

In one swift motion, Welch jams a hypodermic needle into Jordanna's neck as the toxin surges through her veins --

She lies there, delirious. Welch motions, they board the craft. Launch lights turn on. They lift off.

And that's when Jordanna sees Noriko standing there --

Noriko begins to FLICKER! In and out. Like a GLITCH. Because, y'know, she's a hologram.

JORDANNA

What happens now?

CROWE (V.O.)

I understand you have reserve duty this weekend?

Noriko injects a substance into Jordanna's arm.

Before Jordanna can speak, Noriko FLICKERS and DISAPPEARS.

INT. JORDANNA'S CONDO - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The shower runs. Jordanna seen through rippled glass. She sits on the floor, arms around her knees, weeping.

EXT. SKYLINE - DAY

Somewhere in twilight's last gleaming.

A thunderous ROAR. An F/A-18F SUPER HORNET moves at combat speed.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

It's loud. All WHISTLES AND BELLS. Illuminated in the glow of the instruments. Oxygen masks, we only see their eyes. Stenciled names on their helmets.

The pilot, LTC. Jordanna Appleseed, "THE DOPEY ONE."

Taking up the back seat - her Radar Intercept Officer - LT. BILLY HAYNES, "REAPER," a sweet, wise-ass.

HAYNES

Ahhh... what're you doing? Air boss won't be happy.

JORDANNA

When is he every happy. I'm looking for a dogfight.

HAYNES

Knowing the skipper his Mig is somewhere around here.

JORDANNA

We should've had him the last time. He's going down.

BLEEP... BLEEP. It gets louder. Haynes examines his instrument panels.

JORDANNA

What--?

HAYNES

It's no Mig. It's freakin' huge.

Then - a glow fills the horizon, far from the greens and red of the AURORA BOREALIS. Nor is it behaving like one.

The cockpit is flooded with a single bar brightness.

She arcs her jet in a BONE-CRUNCHING evasive maneuver.

A transmission comes across...

DREAMLAND (V.O.)

Dopey one, this is Dreamland... where in the hell are you two. We have unknown contact --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRE-LAP... roar of engines... hellish SCREAMS --

EXT. SKYLINE - DAY

A 747 blasts INTO FRAME. Lights in the cabin. Passengers tossed like rag dolls. A roller coaster ride from hell.

INT. 747 AIRLINER - DAY

Mass-hysteria. Lots of smoke. A FLIGHT ATTENDANT fights her way to the back.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
PLEASE! Stay in you seats!

She sees an EXPLOSION. The right wing is ablaze - the 747 enters a deadly tailspin!

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

Images of the city, its peace and tranquility shattered by a deafening roar.

PEDESTRIANS look up, panic, scream - run for cover.

Our 747 dropping out of the goddamn sky, as the doomed plane tumble towards the earth.

An invisible force of some sort slows the planes deadly decent to a crawl...

INT. CAPE GENESIS - MISSION CONTROL - DEEP SPACE

Ensign Dawn turns to Crowe, in the Captain's chair.

SOLO DAWN
Uh, Admiral-- we have a problem. It was unexpected. The incursion occurred due to a tare in a time fabric -- along "the Aristotle" warp corridor.

CROWE
Lieutenant Jagellovsk, how much time?

LT. JAGELLOVSK
Not enough, Admiral. But it's stabilized for now.

Crowe rises from her chair...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CROWE

Like the highways of the twentieth century, warp corridors need upkeep. Get it fixed.

Our attention is drawn to -- LT. QURRAT ZAYID, 30s, (everyone calls her Q) a black Native American Creole, entering, iPad in hand -

Q

I'm working on it.

CROWE

Work faster. And get me all you can on those passengers. Connecting flights. The whole shebang!

SOLO DAWN

Yes, sir. Guardian Peace. He's requesting to use the new time cruiser -- Einstien.

CROWE

No. I'm saving it for someone. Have him take the Galileo.

Crowe taps her comm badge.

CROWE

Lt. Noriko - how's our guest?

LT. NORIKO

Just finr, Admiral.

CROWE

Good. Get her up to speed. She's has a plane to catch.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - SICK BAY - DEEP SPACE

A large, antiseptic, multi-purpose ER.

In the b.g., a male nurse works. Noriko keys in commands on a screen, examines a DNA chain while observing...

A naked Jordanna floats in a dim chamber. Stars visible through thick vista panes. She wakes with a start. They make eye contact.

NORIKO

Just relax -- don't fight it.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - TURBOLIFT - DEEP SPACE

Jordanna in her Wilma Deering-inspired jumpsuit. Unit patches, rank insignia, pilot wings, but no shield.

LT. Zayid hands Jordanna a TIME DILATION DEVICE that magnetically attaches to her hip.

JORDANNA

(remembering..)

My TDD-M47. Time Dilation device.
Fires lethal and non-lethal lasers
as well. And it's tuned to the
electrical impulse of its owner...

Q

Correct. So in the hands of
anyone else it becomes useless.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - SHORT CORRIDOR - DEEP SPACE

Jordanna and Lt. Zayid exits the turbolift to find --

Guardian Peace, and Guardian JUSTICE, 30s, an incredibly non-emotive face. He looks at Jordanna, sizing her up.

PEACE

If the Commander's buying... I'm
drinking.

JUSTICE

If anybody's buying, you're
drinking.

(to: Jordanna)

I don't believe I've had the
pleasure. LTC. J.T. Stevens.
A.K.A. Guardian Justice --

JORDANNA

-- Time Guardian --

JUSTICE

-- Not yet.

She's somewhat taken aback, but decides to play it off.

JUSTICE

Rumor has it, you're a genius.

JORDANNA

I don't suppose I've given it much
thought, actually.

(as he walks off...)

I don't think he likes me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEACE

Oh, don't mind him. I like you.
I'm going to bed. Care to join
me?

PRE-LAP... a door CHIMES, slides open, and --

INT. CAPE GENESIS - CROWE'S QUARTERS - DEEP SPACE

An oval office. Crowe inspects Jordanna.

CROWE

Your other wings. The one's
attached to the shield must be
earned.

A saddened Jordanna nods, understands, but skeptical.

CROWE

I see you're skeptical.

Crowe picks up a futuristic Ipad, punches in info, hands
it to Jordanna; Einstein's face on the screen.

CROWE

Ever heard of him?

They smile knowingly.

CROWE

Maybe I'm a bit rusty, but he once
said, "space and time exist in a
continuum" --

JORDANNA

-- the future exists as does the
present and the past. On a plane
we can't perceive. Everything
that's going to happen has already
happened.

CROWE

Well that's one way to look at it.

JORDANNA

Can our efforts change anything
because the future already exists?

CROWE

In theory. Disheartening, I know.
We have to try.

JORDANNA

And how are we going to do that--?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CROWE

Before we can go forward, we must be back. We'll circumvent Dr. Smith -- through his dear friend, Dr. Waldron Jessup. Who you've never met. And vice versa. You could talk to him until your blue in face. But a picture's worth a thousand words.

The irony in the last sentence isn't lost on Jordanna.

CROWE

Let's meet your lifeline --

INT. CAPE GENESIS - MISSION CONTROL - DEEP SPACE

Overseeing it all -- Commander Baptiste.

JEAN-CLAUDE

We must be optimistic enough to hope for the best -- wise and experienced enough to prepare for the worst.

Solo Dawn at his console:

SOLO DAWN

Bit on the fanciful side, isn't it, sir?

Ursula touches the screen and up pops -- a shimmering halo. Words appear; "SALLY RIDE LOOP."

The door slides open - Crowe enters followed by Jordanna.

JEAN-CLAUDE

'tention on deck.

CROWE

Stand at ease. Commander Jean-Claude Baptiste, the XO. Ensign Solo Dawn, mission control specialist. Lieutenant Dasha Jagellovsk. And Doctor Edward Nelson, Chief of Scientific research and development.

They exchange pleasantries.

Ursula loads a small chip into a futuristic INOCULATION GUN. She makes a minor adjustment with the tool.

JAGELLOVSK

I'm about to place a transponder chip behind your ear.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAGELLOVSK (CONT'D)

Quite harmless and unobtrusive.
Will be able to monitor your vital
signs and whereabouts at all
points in time.

Edwards directs Jordanna's attention to a screen:

Colorful web corridors, strange anomalies super-imposed
over a star map of the universe. Some names; "Hawking,"
"Aristotle," "Newton," etc...

JORDANNA

Wormholes at a sub-atomic level.
Billions of times smaller than a
pin head.

EDWARDS

Inflated to a macroscopic,
calculated, then connect to
different spots in time. The
difficulty lies in keeping the
doors open. But we've created
enough negative energy to
stabilize them. The idea that you
can fit a human through one is
absurd, but --

JORDANNA

-- Well you can't fit a piece of
paper through a telephone wire but
you can send an electronic
transmission. So basically,
you're going to fax me.

JAGELLOVSK

Uh-huh. With the aid of this.

Edwards hands her a TEMPORAL TIME AND COMM LINK(a nod to
a futuristic apple watch) slightly bigger which Jordanna
attaches to her wrist. It locks in place.

EDWARDS

A Temporal Timelink. The latest
in time travel. It activates
temporal shielding capable of
withstanding the immense
gravitational forces. Made from a
high grade titanium and a carbon
nanotube alloy textile. Tougher
than steel, but light. Bends light
around you, if you desire
invisibility. It's also--

JORDANNA

My comm. Have you worked out the
kinks?

The silence is deafening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JORDANNA

Why don't I like the sound of that.

EDWARDS

It's the preferred method of travel.

CROWE

Rule one of time travel?

JORDANNA

Observe. Report. Investigate. It allows for minor changes as long as it doesn't effect the timeline as a whole.

CROWE

Very well. We're taking you back to the Naval shipyard. 1943. We need to kill two birds with one stone. One, more readings. Second -- Jessup will be there.

Jagellovsk eyes a viewscreen: oscillating wave-forms. The RED, a timeline-curve dipping, crossing a line marked "CRITICAL," steadily dropping into the BLACK.

CHERNESTKY

Admiral, the temporal stability line -- it's collapsing.

Crowe turns towards Solo Dawn -

CROWE

Solo Dawn. Prepare the time jump matrix. Two-four-seven-three-one.
(re: Jordanna)
Proceed to the launch pad.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - LAUNCH BAY - NIGHT

Q activates a control panel. Crowe and Jordanna enter, Edwards in tow.

Jordanna steps onto a circular launch pad that lights up.

CROWE

A quantum portal through the space/time continuum --

JORDANNA

A cosmic shortcut. Some things I do remember.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CROWE

And some you don't. Shades on.

Cool-ass shades materializes covering Jordanna's eyes.

CROWE

You'll need those going through. The light is too bright. It'll burnout your retinas. Optional once you're safely on the other side.

JORDANNA

Got it. And what if I forget?

Q

Close your eyes.

A shared smile, then --

CROWE

Tempus fugit.

JORDANNA

If time is infinite, then why isn't there never enough?

They all swap looks, can't help but to crack smiles.

CROWE

We're gonna delay their departure by five minutes. All two-hundred and forty souls on board has a connecting flight they can't miss.

Jordanna nods. Crowe steps back.

CROWE

Godspeed. Remember the other Purishkevitch's Laws on time travel.

Jordanna gives a thumbs up. Crowe nods towards Q.

The ROOM LIGHTS DIM and FLICKER and STROBE, as if the power is being drained... Until Jordanna vanishes!

INT. 747 - DAY

The scene resumes. REAL TIME -- seconds before impact. HAND-HELD CHAOS. SMOKE, FLAMES and SCREAMS everywhere. PASSENGERS praying, saying last GOOD-BYES.

A Flight Attendant's ripped from her jump seat, to go FLYING through a gaping hole in the roof of the plane --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDANNA (O.S.)

Hang on!

Whoosh! Jordanna jumps in, holding onto the Flight Attendant. For the briefest moment, their eyes lock.

Jordanna raises her time dilation device, takes aim --

JORDANNA

...this never happened.

The scene "rewinds" before us. All from Jordanna's POV, as the fast montage slowly comes to a halt...

PING! The "FASTEN SEAT BELT" sign comes on.

Passengers chat, read books. Some stare out at the tarmac. FLIGHT ATTENDANTS secure overhead bins.

Our Flight Attendant speaks into the P.A. system.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

We apologize for the delay. At this time, please make sure your seat belts are fastened, your seats and tray tables are in the upright position.

INSIDE A WARMHOLE

Jordanna speeds through a kaleidoscope of LIGHT, traveling through a wormhole in time -- faster and faster. Lights FLICKERING in and out.

Suddenly a rush of anxiety overtakes her.

Jordanna eyes her Timelink. Within the light, an opening slowly comes into FOCUS and she LAND ON --

EXT. PHILADELPHIA NAVAL YARD - DAY

An Overcast sky. **CHRYON: October 28, 1943. 17:15.**

EXT. U.S.S ELDRIDGE - DAY

A GREENISH MISTY FOG envelopes the ship - a blinding FLASH of BLUE LIGHT, and it vanishes. Nothing, but the undisturbed water. A soft humming. Seconds later...

The fog reappears, horrendous SCREAMS, the ship's hull can be seen in it glow, which dissolves to reveal, The Eldridge, damaged.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In dying embers of flames and smoke, a violently sick crew litter the deck. Some FUSED TO THE SHIP'S METAL. SCIENTISTS wade through the chaos.

A series of strange tones...

Jordanna stands there. She shakes off the debilitating sensations, checks the readings on her timelink.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - SPACE

The main view screen -- we see a LIVE FEED through remote viewing -- where they've been watching Jordanna at work. Magic at their side --

INTERCUT as needed between Cape Genesis/Jordanna

CROWE

Don't worry, if they discover your presence. Most of the survivors were classified as mentally unfit.

JORDANNA

Got it. Checking the sensors.

Moving at a fast clip, she trudges through the gagglefuck. Passes a sailor with part of the ship's rail stuck in him.

JORDANNA

PSI factor is high.

She freezes - a SAILOR with fourth degree burns walks through a wall before her - glares oddly, then vanishes.

JORDANNA

(under her breath)
Whoa! That was freaky.

Jordanna pulls out a sleek, handheld device, it's like a SMART PHONE on steroids; blinking LEDS, a sensor, etc...

Resumes her stroll - facial recognition begins to search the people onboard. One by one their identities pop up on screen until finally --

A MATCH is found for WALDRON JESSUP, 19, an arrogant genius in a lab coat, holds a clipboard. He looks up from magnetic coils mounted on the deck.

He eye-fucks Jordanna. Looks baffled, then: notes everything around them moves at a stand-still.

JESSUP

That is some really weird shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDANNA

An electronics person knows that, without a detailed, comprehensive theory behind bench set-up. They can't possibly know how to establish voltages -- currents -- frequencies. If there's a chance a circuit won't work, MURPHY'S LAW dictates that it won't more often than not.

(off his look)

Don't worry, you'll get it when it hits you like a ton of bricks.

JESSUP

I got it. You're a future policeman!

JORDANNA

Shhh. Time is a thief. I'll need to be on that flight.

JESSUP

What flight? You a time prophet? What brings you to our neck of the woods?

JORDANNA

The constant government meddling -- tinkering with things they have no business messing with.

JESSUP

What? All this? The theories and explanations only go so far. We need to see this with our own eyes, and soon we will.

JORDANNA

Instead of per se, building a time machine, focus more on such things as wormholes.

JESSUP

Respectfully, when H. G. Wells published the Time Machine, cars, trains, airplanes were in their infancy. Hell, the notion of traveling hundreds or thousand of years into the future must have seem nothing short of insane. And yet -- Wells was never thrown into a loony bin. No matter what theories are proposed or dismissed, even you cannot rule out the possibilities of time travel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JORDANNA

This feat has not yet been accomplished to your knowledge and its theory involves complicated scenario of tears in four dimensional space-time and traveling near the speed of light. Mind you, obstacles which prevent your hubris attempt to cheat time includes your inability to move even close to the speed of light, and finding a source of energy as powerful as an exploding star.

JESSUP

Then brace yourself. Things are about to get worse.

JORDANNA

But you, the experts could be wrong. And if, as you put it, the time prophet is proven right, the living will envy the dead in 2024. And as your world comes crashing to an end, there will be no denying this one simple truth -- you were warned.

JESSUP

Who are you, really?

JORDANNA

Time will tell.

As she motors on her way...

JORDANNA

What now?

CROWE

Before we go forward, we must go back. Two years. A day before the attack on Pearl Harbor. There's something you need to see.

JORDANNA

Shades on! Take me out.

Solo Dawn observes electrical-like charges on the main screen as the team works the fix the problem.

CROWE

Standby. The magnetic field around the ship is strong.

A shimmering vortex reappears, Jordanna leaps through --

EXT. SEA - DAY

A remote island within the bay of ice. An escarpment of glacial ice lines the far horizon. Old gnarled oaks, tall pines, steep hills with streams.

CHYRON: Bear Island, December 6, 1941.

Jordanna materializes.

CROWE (V.O.)

During the early days of World War II, Germany launched their own teleportation program -- Blitzkrieg VII, an experiment intended to hide a U-boat. You see the Germans were going to launch the surprise attack instead of the Japanese. Its creator, Dr. Gerda Von Heimerdinger was an officer and scientist in the Waffin-SS. That's her there.

DR. GERDA von HEIMERDINGER, 20s, a GERMAN OFFICER trudges through the snow, dressed in full NAZI regalia, carries a thick briefcase. A smoking pistol in hand.

She continues walking right through Jordanna, leaving footprints, as she disappears into nothing...

Off in the distance...

A forbidding deep-sea carrier, a WWII GERMAN U-boat, "Pauenschlag" descends through icy waters...

CROWE (V.O.)

That German U-boat is about to vanish from the waters outside of Bear island, only to reappear instantaneously thousands of miles away in Pearl Harbor.

INT. U-BOAT - DAY

A skeleton crew of GERMAN SAILORS glides over the ocean floor, fighting the current. HANS-DIETER SPRISSINGER, 40s, monitor sonar readings.

There's an observation window that looks into a BELL-SHAPED submersible where a woman is cramped inside

CROWE (V.O.)

She developed a mercury-like substance, code-named "Xerum 525".

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Which was used to power counter-rotating cylinders that spun at an incredibly fast speed. The rapid spinning combined with its highly charged electrostatic tube created an anti-gravity propulsion that powered the ship to considerable heights and rates of speed...

Jordanna lurks in the backdrop.

HANS-DIETER

It's never a good idea to mess with time.

GRETA

Did you say time? What is time? Swiss manufacture it. French hoard it. Italians squander it. Americans say it is money. Hindus say it does not exist. Do you know what I say? I say time is a crook. And I'm perfecting it.

Now the submersible is spinning clockwise at mind-boggling speeds. The lights from the craft gets brighter, hotter, to beyond a visible spectrum, to X-ray intensity.

HANS-DIETER

Wait -- something's wrong, the depth is changing...

The crew screams, plug their ears, blood drips from their noses, mouths. The boat shakes violently...

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

An eerie, lonely place. The seafloor is barren save for... Jordanna in a futuristic dive suit, a light inside her helmet illuminates her face.

The German WWII U-boat rests on its side. Its rotted wooden deck plates. But its hull, conning tower and deck gun - still in tact. The few fish around the wreck have a sickly gray pallor.

Jordanna examines the wreckage.

JORDANNA

This is our U boat all right. Geez, it's in 800 feet of water, well below the "crush depth," yet the pressure didn't collapse its hull. It's still substantially intact. Just as it went down in 1941.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDANNA (CONT'D)

All the hatches are dogged down, closed. It's a tomb... And almost certainly entombed within are the skipper, Hans-Dieter Sprissinger, and those sailors --

INT. CAPE GENESIS - MISSION CONTROL - DEEP SPACE

Automatic doors open, Crowe and Jordanna walk in.

JEAN-CLAUDE

'tention on deck.

CROWE

As you were. But no Dr. Heimerdinger. We located her in 2007. By then, she had become an important historical figure. She had a profound effect on the timeline, and undoing her actions might have profoundly negative consequences. Do you see the dilemma we were faced with?

JORDANNA

I see. Force her to return to her past - set the timeline straight and undo her actions without knowing what the result might be, or allow her to continue living in the future.

SOLO DAWN

Basically she's written herself in history.

JEAN-CLAUDE

Ditto.

EXT. BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS - DAY

AN APOCALYPTIC WASTELAND. Abandoned cars, festering fires; carcasses, bombed-out remains. **CHRYON: PRESENT.**
The "British Virgin Islands."

A FRAGILE MAN in his eighties, lies on the ground, delirious. Screaming. Blood streams from his nose.

The ROAR of a MEDIVAC HELICOPTER swoops overhead. The helo touches down. Mere seconds...

A WOMAN disembarks in one of the most advanced HAZMAT SUITS of its kind (not white). A medical kit in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HER POV - INSIDE OF HER VISOR IS A GRID OF LED; gauges monitor air reserve, heart rate, atmospheres, etc...

RESUME SCENE

The hazmet-suited doctor gives a cryptic nod to the helo, then takes off her helmet...Dr. Gerda von Heimerdinger. Even her German accent is sexy.

TWO SOLDIERS in Hazmet gear strap him to a back board. Welch exits, black leather, dark shades.

WELCH

That's the first I've heard of this. Why wasn't I told?

GERDA

I wanted confirmation before they cried wolf. We'll quarantined the island. As far as anyone knows we have a new influenza outbreak.

WELCH

A very wise and rational decision.

Suddenly his face is a strange recognition: he knows her. She half-grins as she loads a vial into an INJECTION GUN.

GERDA

You know who I am.

AUGUSTA

Dr. Gerda von Heimerdinger -- the Alchemist of death. It can't be.

His blood seeps out of his arm into a vial. She swaps vials filling a second then a third.

GERDA

...to think after all these years we'd still be chasing Nazi war criminals. Augusta Wolf. He was 14 when he served as a soldier in the Third Reich. A proud member of the SS 12th Panzer Division Hitlerjugend. Hitler Youth. I took his virginity. Now I'm going to have the pleasure of taking your life.

Gerda injects drops into one of the tubes, shakes it. The liquid turns green and viscous. He coughs up blood.

GERDA

There's more than enough here to make the necessary vaccines.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AUGUSTA

I'll never tell where it is.

She removes his contact lens, hands them to Welch, who whips off her shades. Her strange eyes can read the *indecipherable chemical equation*.

WELCH

Can you decipher it?

GERDA

Of course, I wrote it. Now I can finish what I started so long ago. If I had, we would have won the war. I will keep you apprised of everything.

WELCH

There's a more pressing matter. I need to stay with Noetek.

He's loaded onto the helo. The helo revs and lifts off.

INT. CAPE KILIMANJARO - SUB-LEVEL ZERO - NIGHT

A large, physic lab. An ELECTRICAL HUM. Wild lights reflects off Jordanna's goggles. NUCLEAR PHYSICISTS observe from outside a test bay.

A whirlpool of plasma coalesce around a compact fusion reactor. Size of a jet engine; sensors, a turbopump.

A group of government officials on a tour. In the group, Jessup, in his nineties. He utilizes a cane.

The reactor powers down. Jordanna types on a keypad. A PRESSURIZED DOOR opens. Physicists pour inside.

OFFICIAL (O.S.)

And what's --

JORDANNA

-- A compact infusion reactor that will revolutionize energy production in the near future. And practical enough to one day power interplanetary spacecraft. Still in the experimental stages. At the moment, this current experiment is focused more on a containment vessel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSUP

Ever since the 1920s, nuclear-physicists have struggled to develop a truly practical means of harnessing this form of energy.

It's not until he lays eyes on Jordanna. You'd think he'd seen a ghost. As polite as he can be...

JESSUP

Please, forgive this old man. I don't mean to stare...

JORDANNA

...have we met before?

JESSUP

I'd like to say yes... but--

Jessup reminisces... bells go off. He remembers.

INT. NOETEK'S MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY

Extravagant. A bottled up BLONDE, in a thong and little else, shrugs on a silky cover-up.

Noetek is putting on his sweatshirt, beneath, a suicide belt of EXPLOSIVES. He stares at himself in the mirror.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Smith and Jessup in a spirited but soft conversation. Jessup, heart in his throat, pats Smith's shoulder.

INT. CAPE KILIMANJARO - JORDANNA'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

A phone RINGS as an alarm clock detonates at 3 A.M.

Jordanna swats the damn thing off, rubbing a bad night's sleep out of her eyes. Before she can speak...

STARK (V.O.)

...you ready?

INT. CAPE KILIMANJARO - TUNNEL - NIGHT

HEADLIGHTS fast approach, illuminates a decrepit subway system, as a RAIL SHUTTLE steamrolls past...

INT. RAIL SHUTTLE - NIGHT

Two TECHNICIANS up front. In the back, Jordanna, in a re-designed NASA SPACESUIT, unzips a cargo pocket, pulls out a family photo. Next to her, Stark ends a call.

STARK

You've been quiet.

JORDANNA

Sorry, I'm a space ranger.

STARK

You'll have plenty of time for that in hyperspace. If everything goes according to plan. Three years to be exact. When you return the year should be 2055.

JORDANNA

I didn't get a chance to say good-bye to my family.

EXT. CAMP KILIMANJARO - TEST RANGE - NIGHT

A steel plate imbedded in the ground, separates, exposing the hull of a bullet-shaped capsule in a missile silo.

INT. CAPE KILIMANJARO - CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

A watered down version of "Houston Control Center." Screens depicts real-time satellite images of space.

The mood is tense. A few CONTROLLERS. Stark ends a call. Noetek, Smith, and Jessup are here.

STARK

Larry, you have the green light.

SMITH

If it goes well, she'll be the first human to travel at those speeds.

They approach LARRY, 60s, at the Flight Director station. He watches the monitors: Jordanna strapped into the cockpit, going through her pre-flight checklist.

LARRY

I've waited damn near half a century for this. Hopefully, things go better than the last one?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STARK

I hope so to. We can't keep diverting funds from the space program to you're operations here, Larry.

SMITH

Too late to change your mind now.

She lets his comment digest, then...

JORDANNA

How do we know what's around the corner -- if we don't go look.

LARRY

That's the spirit. Good luck.

STARK

Do we think she'll reach the speed of light...no, but based on the simulations she'll come close.

LARRY

Not like you have the hindsight of time travel to know for sure.

They laugh. Except Jessup fixed on Jordanna.

JESSUP

Once, we believed only birds could fly.

INT. NEW HORIZON - COCKPIT - NIGHT

A panel's loose: DETONATOR connected to clumps of C4. Jordanna reacts, "shit!" As it turns from green to red -- Phoenix latches onto her.

A billowing FLAME CLOUD churns, melts part of Phoenix's face, exposing a metal plate that covers its left side. The red light glows from her eye-piece.

BOOM! Technicians in the kill zone, blown off their feet, as the explosion rocks the silo. Flames consume everything.

INT. CAPE KILIMANJARO - GROUND CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

ON THE SCREEN: a kind of electromagnetic interference with the quality of the picture, then disappears.

They stare in horror at the smoldering ruins. Noetek grins. Smith collapses. A vacant stare. Jessup sobs.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - MISSION CONTROL - DEEP SPACE

Crowe enters, keeping her emotions in check.

SOLO DAWN
Captain, we got 'em.

CROWE
Good work.
(activates her comm)
Dr. Noriko, how's our patient?

NORIKO (V.O.)
I'm running diagnostics now.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - MEDICAL HOLD - DEEP SPACE

Dimly lit. Phoenix, in a tank and panties, stands on a pedestal, which spins slowly. A dense array of lasers scan her body.

A temporal 3D IMAGE showing her DNA, a complete medical analysis. All the intricate workings of her cybernetics.

The latch in the back of her neck is open, tiny sparks. Phoenix looks back at --

Jordanna, equally dressed, trying to process Phoenix's cybernetics.

PHOENIX
Oh. Welcome to the 23th century.

She extends a hand, Jordanna accepts.

PHOENIX
Hey! What are you trying to pull!

In a surprise move, she steps back, leaves Jordanna holding her hand. Jordanna a bit startled.

Noriko smiles as she monitors them from the medical bay. Over an intercom:

NORIKO
She has a warped sense of humor.
You're not the first to fall for that.

PHOENIX
No, but she's the only one to fall for it twice.

Jordanna smirks. Phoenix nods her head at her limb.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHOENIX

I'm gonna need that back.

As Phoenix screws her hand back in place...

INT. CAPE GENESIS - MESS HALL - DEEP SPACE

Empty, except for Jordanna, half-eaten meal, as she studies a futuristic tablet. She looks like a little girl lost.

SOLO DAWN (O.S.)

Einstein was only half right.

She looks up, eyes wide. Solo Dawn sits with a tray of food. Transformed; he wears leisure clothing and his skin is green.

JORDANNA

Sorry. I didn't mean to stare.

SOLO DAWN

No. It's cool. I'm kelactian. When I'm on duty, I wear this special powder. Makes me look somewhat normal. I hate looking out of place. Much like you do now.

They share a smile and a laugh. Jagellovsk, and Phoenix, with trays of food, joins them.

JORDANNA

Hawking once suggested the absence of tourists from the future constitutes an argument against the existence of time travel.

JAGELLOVSK

Um, we don't make it a habit to go back. Our motto, "No time like the present." It's tightly controlled from here. However, down there, the debate and theories go on.

SOLO DAWN

For the most part, we've been able to put a lot of speculation to bed. In the rule-abiding time-travel protocol, we follow them to a T.

JORDANNA

Yes, I see. No such thing as a multiple-universe. Just a single timeline.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDANNA (CONT'D)

Like my father, I too, have spent my life studying the possibilities of time travel. A major argument against the grandfather paradox.

SOLO DAWN

Impossible. Not to mention no one wants to go back and kill their grandfather.

PHOENIX

Besides, preventing yourself from being born is at worst paradoxical, at best -- horribly impolite.

Off their laughter.

INT. JORDANNA'S CONDO - DAY

CHRYON: PRESENT. Mary Beth's about to close a box, tenses up when she spots a book on "Time Travel." As she takes a trip down memory lane...

FLASHBACK - INT. APPLESEED'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Mary Beth makes breakfast. William comes up from behind, wraps his loving arms around.

MARY BETH

Bill, why do you feel her head with all that nonsense? Time travel.

WILLIAM

Because she likes it Beth. Heck, she even wants to be a scientist like her dear old dad.

MARY BETH

Don't get her dreams and hopes up like that.

(chokes up...)

It would just kill me to see them get crushed.

WILLIAM

I won't let that happen.

MARY BETH

She'll grow out of it.

WILLIAM

You think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With an air of more uncertainty than confidence...

MARY BETH

I hope.

As they embrace, Mary Beth sees Jordanna in the doorway, sad eyes. She turns and runs away.

MARY BETH

Oh no. Jordanna.

Mary Beth goes after her...

INT. JORDANNA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - DAY

William fumbles through the pages of a book, but has a hard time reading through his tears. His mind drifts...

FLASHBACK - INT. APPLESEED'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Jordanna, she's sixteen here, running around her room.

MARY BETH (O.S.)

Jordanna! Breakfast is ready!

No dolls in sight; model airplanes - a soccer ball - a movie poster - H.G Wells "Time Machine."

Jordanna's grown into a beautiful, poised, confident teen. She eyes two dots on a piece of paper, then folds it in half to where the dots are right above one another.

Her gaze lands upon a photo of "Albert Einstein."
Williams stands in the doorway.

JORDANNA

Is it possible?

WILLIAM

Just because the proposal of time travel is backed up by scientific theory -- no reason to expect that it is easily achievable.

She smiles, her father walks in, sits down beside her.

JORDANNA

Do you really think so?

WILLIAM

None of which I can discuss, but I will tell you this. Maybe one day.

JORDANNA

I'd like to be that someone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He can't help but crack a smile.

WILLIAM
It's still in the infancy stages,
so don't go making your
reservations just yet.

HALEY (V.O.)
You okay?

END FLASHBACK

Haley appears. He closes the book, still in mint condition. *One of the first editions of "Relativity," by Albert Einstein.*

Mary Beth storms in fuming.

MARY BETH
She should be getting married,
having our grandchildren. But
no... you kept filling her head
with that nonsense. You had to
have her follow in your footsteps.

WILLIAM
If I had the chance to do it all
over, I would. But I can't?

MARY BETH
Is it possible, time travel, huh?
Can you answer that, Bill?

William has no answer, tears up. Haley comforts him.

HALEY
Mom, stop! Dad's not to blame.
She knew the risk.

Mary Beth knows she's right, but just can't let it go. As she storms out...

MARY BETH
Well, somebody's to blame. And
why do you hate her so much? I
won't answers Bill.

WILLIAM
Your mother hates me.

HALEY
No, she don't.

EXT. OMEGALEONE 4 - DAY

A blood red horizon dominates a desolate wasteland.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dust clouds of particles whipping, blowing garbage and debris, wreckage from spaceships litter the landfall.

The TIME SHIP TELSA, a sleeker space shuttle approaches.

INT. DETENTION CAMP - DAY

An intimidating fortress, made from scrap pieces of metal. The ship maneuvers alongside and touches down. Disembarking --

Peace and Jordanna in spacesuits. Computerized systems. Noriko's voice continuously monitoring their vitals.

They head for the camp. Phoenix guards the shuttle.

NORIKO'S VOICE

All systems are normal. Radiation level at eight-five percent.

JORDANNA

What is this place?

PEACE

Omegaleone 4 has been devastated from years of warfare and radiation fallout. The soldiers, otherwise known as the Heshmerger, a race of human descendants. Most have been mutated to allow them to breathe the air, but still need to wear breathing masks to survive.

NORIKO (V.O.)

Jordan. You there?

JORDANNA

Noriko. I thought --

NORIKO (V.O.)

I tapped into your suits comm system. Only you can hear me. Be careful. They believe themselves to be superior in every way to us. A fascist regime, brainwashed to follow orders blindly, to be obedient and loyal above all else. Oh. You have to hit the quarantine showers when you get back.

JORDANNA

Will you be there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Armed SOLDIERS appear, wrapped in hard-worn heavy coats. A nightmarish breathing apparatus with eye goggles that glow orange, an ever-aware presence.

The leader, SHMO JONES steps forth.

PEACE

Now it gives me great pleasure to introduce the leader of this godforsaken shithole, Shmo Jones.

SHMO

You can save your welcome and tell us why you are here?

PEACE

Lotta love in the air tonight.

SHMO

You get this! Peace! Piss me off and you're here forever.

PEACE

We'd like to see prisoner Jupiter, four, three, seven, bravo.

Shmo turns and gives Jordanna a critical once-over.

PEACE

Time's up. We're moving out.

SHMO

We ain't moving anywhere 'less I say so, Peace!

(re: Jordanna)

Ah, so you the one, rook. I'll pray for you. You're weak. Mentally. Physically.

JORDANNA

Says who?

SHMO

The God Almighty Voice of Reason. Let me know when you hear it. Let's go, you filthy humans --!

INT. PRISON - CELL BLOCK Z - DAY

A lone dark cell. The man in it, steps from the shadows. It's Noetek, wearing an electronic neck collar. He shoots Jordanna an evil mother fucking glare.

Jordanna tries to fathom this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEACE

Sort of.

JORDANNA

Ok, let me get this straight. I'm going back to apprehend Noetek, but you already have him?

INT. CAPE GENESIS - MISSION CONTROL - DEEP SPACE

Crowe takes her the Captain's chair.

CROWE

Yes. We arrested this one the night prior to the flight. Now we just need to grab the one, who took it. When all is said and done they'll just be one, him.

Intercut as needed:

JORDANNA

Just make him tell us.

CROWE

He won't talk. And we don't engage in torture.

JORDANNA

And if we catch him. What makes you think he'll talk?

CROWE

Only time will tell.

NOETEK

Jordan! What're you doing here?

JORDANNA

Just killing time.

NOETEK

Then you better make the most of it -- because yours is about to run out.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - QUARANTINE MODULE - DEEP SPACE

Lots of steam. Separated by frosted partitions, Jordanna and Phoenix shower under powerful jets spraying colorful water. Another woman in the stall next to Jordanna's.

She peers over the partition, eyes her butt, tries hard not to stare at nano-wires meshed with her human cells.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDANNA

I heard you had to see the
Captain. Looks like you still have
most of your ass intact so it
couldn't have been that bad.

PHOENIX

No. It... it wasn't like that. It
was, uh... ok. I mean, I don't
know. It's ok for now. I guess.

She sees Jordanna staring. Her words seem almost dreamy.

PHOENIX

It's all right. A crash killed my
family. Left me severely injured.
They replaced my damaged body with
cybernetics to keep me alive. But
since my mechanical parts were not
inconspicuous, I was shunned from
my home and friends... it's okay,
I can re-generate my cyberskin
whenever I want to. But it's a
pain. I usually just wear special
suits.

Jordanna nods solemnly...

PHOENIX

...yes, I still possess most human
functions, sleep, food, water.
However, my machine-like traits,
needing an appropriate power
source to keep my body running.
I don't know why I did that.
Sometimes the lines between robot
and human is blurring.

JORDANNA

Sure, so much of you is machine
but you still have lungs that
breathe, and heart that beats.

Phoenix nods, grabs her towel and exits. Done, Jordanna
reaches for her towel, only to find she's reaching for
the same one as the other woman, Noriko.

She catches herself staring a little too long at Noriko's
impressive cleavage. Noriko seems pleasantly surprised.

NORIKO

You gonna keep staring or are you
gonna hand me my towel?

Embarrassed, Jordanna snaps out it, hands her the towel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JORDANNA

Sorry. I didn't mean to, uh...

NORIKO

Yea, you did.

Noriko grabs the towel from Jordanna. Offers a parting smirk, makes no attempt to cover up. Jordanna can't help it, keeps staring.

Peace appears, his naked body is strong and tight.

PEACE

No need to rush out?

Jordanna smirks, leaves. Peace showers. Jagellovsk, wearing nothing but a grin, joins him. They kiss.

JAGELLOVSK

You're wasting your charms, such as they are. I know her type.

PEACE

Yeah, and what type is that?

JAGELLOVSK

Not yours.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - MISSION CONTROL - DEEP SPACE

They have assembled, a war room, all business.

CROWE

The 'KING SAUL' experiments went into its initial phase in the winter of 1963. A Time Teleportation Research and Development Program. The study of time travel, teleportation, and to relay information about past, or future events to the Military industrial Complex.

Solo Dawn works his control panel.

JEAN-CLAUDE

Your front row seat to remote viewing of the past. As it happens.

On the main viewscreen; a series of bizarre experiments;

-- A MAN emerges from liquid plasma, only the stump of his legs, writhing in pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- A GREY ALIEN is hooked up to a wicked electric chair in a dark room while objects float before him.

-- on a bus, windows blacked out. KIDS guarded by MPs with sidearms. Among them, Welch (6).

CROWE

Welch was recruited as a child. Her mother was a guinea pig in an experiment to mate with a grey alien. Welch was the by product. So she's not like the other's. She's the real deal, with real mutant superpowers. Her vision alone is 20/2. Twenty times better than normal.

Welch (11) walks through a crowd, observing the GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

CROWE

It was pretty much stuck at the quantum level until the Time Executioner Randolph Ganondorf joined the program in 2016.

Now on the viewscreen; a photo of Noetek, his complete bio. They note Jordanna's incredulous look.

SOLO DAWN

Looks like she could use some air. I would open up a window but --

Jordanna appreciates the attempted humor.

CROWE

You know him as Spider Noetek. He was a genius. Somewhere along the way, he was more interested in profits. While on transport to the prison on Omegaleone 4, he escaped. Made an unauthorized jump. Cut out his transponder chip. And that boy just disappeared off our radar until --

JORDANNA

-- the temporal distortion?

JEAN-CLAUDE

And you would be correct.

On screen, schematics of Noetek's device, disassembled.

SOLO DAWN

He used this, a subspace transformer.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOLO DAWN (CONT'D)

Which among its properties, a capacity to warp time-space. It generates a magnetic field that creates a spiking spacetime curvature, and negative energy at a small radius, thus allowing a wormhole to form.

But its capabilities are limited. You see, the technology to harness the energy it needs doesn't exist in his time. But Noetek knows things they don't. He re-engineered it from the works of D.W. Belfour.

JEAN-CLAUDE

Noetek went to the year 2097. During which he stole Belfour's research, schematics for a teleportation device. Using an unidentifiable dark matter, poorly understood but its properties can bend time-space. But its negative charge helps stabilize his subspace transformer.

Jagellovsk calls up a three-dimensional rendering of a wicked-looking device, down to the smallest detail.

JAGELLOVSK

The device forms a gravitational wave. A sheet of multidimensional energy between two rotating elliptical booms. Passing through this curtain of energy, in conjunction with his subspace transformer, the person enters a vortal tunnel that sends you to a pre-programmed destination.

CROWE

Project Scapegoat was mere child's play. Far inferior to the one he'd been secretly working on. The one that sabotaged his flight.

JEAN-CLAUDE

But ended up doing more harm than good. Thanks to that dark matter, his calculations are off. He needs his notes, the device, to further develop it.

JAGELLOVSK

So you could imagine his surprise when he found you still alive. He realizes you're a problem.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAGELLOVSK (CONT'D)

So he teleports himself back to
kill you. So he plants the bomb.

JEAN-CLAUDE

That was our window to erase you
from the timeline.

JORDANNA

Okay, what now?

CROWE

We catch him. Confiscate his
notes and destroy his machine.
Then clean up the timeline.

(off Jordanna's look)

Go back to the beginning and
prevent it from happening in the
first place.

EDWARDS

But despite our abilities move
back and forth in time, it's
impossible to know everything.
Often, it involves good ole'
fashion, and painstakingly
investigations. And Justice is
having much difficulties, trying
to pinpoint the precise moment
Noetek stole the research. And
we're running out of time.

JEAN-CLAUDE

That's a, uh...a frightening
possibility.

SOLO DAWN

Maybe he destroyed the notes.

JORDANNA

No. Their too important to him.
Time for a little payback.

CROWE

They're not the villain.

Solo Dawn works his console; On screen, a BLINKING DOT
super-imposed over a map of New York.

SOLO DAWN

The first time we extracted you,
it was sort of at the last minute,
and you were ill-equipped to
capture him. No fault of your
own, mind you, but you did manage
to successfully inject him with
the G6 virus. A homing device.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

EDWARDS

It infiltrates the bloodstream.
Not until recently, was it
declassified. Better alternatives.

JAGELLOVSK

Here. The big apple. The signal
is weak but he's there now.

INT. SEWER SYSTEM - NIGHT

A silent flash of light, Jordanna drops in, cuts through
the dark along drainage pipes, water trickles.

JORDANNA

I've heard of aroma-therapy, but
this is insane. This place reeks.

SOLO DAWN (V.O.)

Breathe through your mouth.

JORDANNA

I tried that, it doesn't work.

She approaches --

INT. SEWER SYSTEM - ALCOVE - NIGHT

Makeshift living quarters.

Noetek, bomber jacket, eats. He studies a chalkboard
that is densely covered in scientific notations and
electronic schematics.

A rat scurries across his foot, he yelps - just as --

JORDANNA

Spider Noetek! MY how TIME flies.

He recoils, almost falling out of his chair. He can't
help but to smile at the irony of her remark, then:

NOETEK

How did you find me?

JORDANNA

Have you ever seen a snake travel
in a straight line.

NOETEK

Check out my new toy. .45 Bulldog.

He whips out a scary-looking ray gun with a massive grip
and winky-blinky lights. She ducks. Just as --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A HOMELESS MAN ambles along, into fetid water, hustles his ass out of the way, engulfed in a blinding flash.

INT. SEWER PASSAGE - NIGHT

Noetek scrabbles through a dark, narrow, rough-hewn sewer, crouching over as he gropes his way along --

In pursuit - Jordanna fires her time dilation device, the familiar bluish-greenish field engulfs Noetek.

JORDANNA

Not so fast --

NOETEK

-- no!

She catches up to him, about to make an arrest when --

Welch jams her stealth-black SEMI-AUTO into the back of Jordanna's skull, execution style.

WELCH

There is no truth to the fable that in 1939 playwright Eugene O'Neill wrote "The Iceman Cometh" in a moment of premonition about a future time cop. Nevertheless, here she is.

Jordanna's pissed, having the Noetek dead to rights.

WELCH

Been busy, haven't you?

JORDANNA

You have no idea what you've done.

Jordanna whirls, grips Welch's arm, twisting it back so that Welch shoots herself in the face. The gun drops.

The two erupt into a vicious street fight, which sends them SMASHING and CRASHING all over the place.

With Noetek as time dissolves around him... REAL-TIME. Before he hauls ass, a few parting words for Jordanna.

NOETEK

Maybe next time.

CROWE (V.O.)

Appleseed. Report.

The fight soon ends as Welch unleashes a brutal series of punches that Jordanna can't defend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CROWE (V.O.)
Get her out of there.

NOETEK (O.S.)
Here, stick this in her. She's
done.

He's by her side, brandishing his fork. But Welch isn't listening. She smashes him in the mouth. He's angry.

WELCH
Pay attention. It's free. Go!

Welch eye-fucks her gun out of reach. It flies into her hand, about to deliver the coup de grace when Jordanna's vaporized.

INT. CLINIC - NIGHT

After hours. Illuminated by a portable generators. Loitering nearby, like a harbinger of doom, Welch.

A PRETTY NURSE and middle-aged DOCTOR monitor Noetek - hooked up to a dialysis machine. He's extremely pissed.

NOETEK
That damn Jordan. I'd like
nothing better than to teleport my
balls into her mouth. How?

WELCH
Your blood. We'll know soon
enough.

The Doctor accidentally yanks out one of the needles. Noetek grimaces.

NOETEK
Jesus, Doc. How about some
fuckin' warning?!

Welch trains her gun on the Doctor, turns to the Nurse.

WELCH
Can you do this without him?

The Nurse is too freaked out to speak. She glances at the Doctor, a puddle of piss is forming around his shoes.

Now Welch shoves her gun into the Nurse's face.

WELCH
Don't look at him. Look at me.
You and I are having a
conversation. Or am I boring you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Nurse nods sympathetically towards the Doctor.

Without hesitation, Welch drills him execution style.
Blood and brain matter SPLATTERS Noetek and...

...the hysterical Nurse. Welch addresses her.

WELCH
Stop crying. You're streaking
your mascara.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - SICK BAY - DEEP SPACE

Jordanna, in a tank and panties, going through what resembles a futuristic CT SCANNER. Beams of light scans her abdomen.

Noriko monitor's screens; x-rays of her broken ribs, healing at a rapid pace. The process is over. Jordanna sits up, woozy.

JORDANNA
Whoa. Got a little dizzy there
for a second.

NORIKO
Your equilibrium is stabilizing.

Crowe enters. Noriko runs a device along Jordanna's torso as she studies a screen, pleased with the results.

NORIKO
Captain, she suffered broken ribs.
But she'll be as good as new soon.

JORDANNA
I had him, Captain. I didn't
expect to see Welch.

CROWE
We know. She can read your
thoughts too, so don't let her.

JORDANNA
I'm fine. Send me back.

CROWE
Good. Time's up. For some reason
we're losing the signal.
(activates her comm)
Solo Dawn, prepare the jump
matrix. Four-two-five-one.

INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

MIBs in off-the-rack black suits, cataloging notes, documents. Welch's not impressed by the sophisticated lab. Noetek packs his notes, fuming.

A photo of Jordanna turned into a bulls-eye target.

NOETEK

Screw this! I didn't spend the last years to become a house boy! The next time I see her I'm gonna give her a piece of my mind, I really am --

WELCH

-- right. Now that she knows how you really feel, she's gonna teach you a lesson. Soon as she finds some more bullets for her handgun.

Noetek reacts, frustrated. Neither of them is thrilled about being left alone with the other.

WELCH

This ain't exactly peaches and cream for me either.

And she turns, starts barking orders.

WELCH

Let's go people! Move it!

INT. CLINIC - NIGHT

Jordanna, coughing and spluttering. A misty cloud of vapors, glowing in the pervasive darkness, discharging out of a ventilation grill.

Scans the room with her timelink - inspects the readings.

JORDANNA

There's gas. Initiating A.I. oxygen supply. Did you lose the signal?

JAGELLOVSK (V.O.)

Yes.

JORDANNA

Oh crap. He used dialysis.

CROWE (V.O.)

Clever little bastard, isn't he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDANNA

No. She.

JEAN-CLAUDE (V.O.)

Aye. What is it?

JORDANNA

Your guess is as good as mine.

She checks her readings. Notices our dead Doctor. Just then, whimpering draws her attention.

JORDANNA

Mercury vapors.

CROWE (V.O.)

Get out of there.

JORDANNA

Someone's here.

She advances further. The Nurse is gagged and bound in a violent coughing fit.

Jordanna rushes to her side, almost trips over a fuffel bag. Odd. On second thought, backs up, still scanning.

JORDANNA

Shades on.

From her INFRA-RED/X-RAY POV; a digital clock on the device counting down 10... 9... 8... second digits rapidly flash by.

RESUME SCENE

Jordanna eyes the terrified nurse, sick to her stomach.

CROWE (V.O.)

Get out.

JORDANNA

I just can't leave her.

Suddenly a loud ticking noise followed by an enormous EXPLOSION - RIPPING through the building.

Jordanna, bloody and injured, pulls herself from underneath the rubble. Stagger through the devastation.

Finds the Nurse, what's left of her. Saddened, she coughs, grabs her ribs, grimaces.

CROWE (V.O.)

Jordan, calm yourself. If we're successful, she'll be fine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CROWE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Now destroy that boom! We're
 sending you the coordinates.

JORDANNA
 Copy that.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - MISSION CONTROL - DEEP SPACE

Establishing again. The place is alive and busy.

SOLO DAWN
 Perhaps we should have used the
 new tracking device.

JEAN-CLAUDE
 This was our best chance to take
 out Noetek -- it may not come
 again. Permission to speak freely,
 sir.

CROWE
 Granted.

JEAN-CLAUDE
 How do you feel about this
 decision, personally?

CROWE
 She could be the shape of things
 to come. A blessing, or a curse.

Solo Dawn and Jagellovsk swap looks. Noriko storms in.

NORIKO
 Captain, considering she inhaled,
 oh, maybe ten times the normal
 dosage of that mercury -- I'd like
 to admit her for observation for
 twenty-four hours.

Judging from their looks... just isn't an option.

CROWE
 I don't have twenty-four hours
 right now. Keep a close tab on
 it, and keep me advised.

NORIKO
 Then make time.

CROWE
 Maybe you'll feel different when
 you're sitting in the brig.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORIKO

Forget it. Not looking for a fight.

CROWE

Then don't. You got something else to say -- say it. Dismissed.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The vortex appears - Jordanna leaps into the DUST STORM from hell. Sounds of elephants and fierce fighting.

JORDANNA

Oh this can't be good.

CROWE (V.O.)

A minor hiccup. We're troubleshooting now. Where are you?

Jordanna, hesitant to turn around, but does.

Ancient warfare; PYRAMIDS, outpost, fortresses. EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS in a fierce battle with HYKSOS WARRIORS.

JORDANNA

Bum fucked Egypt.

Hordes of warriors THUNDERS in her direction.

She bolts across oceans of desert, ducking and dodging spears and arrows IN SLOW-MOTION.

JORDANNA

BC more than likely. Get me out of here.

JAGELLOVSK (V.O.)

Almost there.

Jordanna sucks up dust, coughs. Hightails it alongside huge sand dunes. The sun cresting the distant horizon.

Realizing she can't outrun them - punches a code into her timelink. An audible beep --

A ripple in the air, light bends around Jordanna, making her invisible. Of course, we can still see her, but the warriors can't, who pull up, baffled.

She checks her coordinates. A vortex appears --

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

-- the vortex opens -- Jordanna slides through, breathe a sigh of relief. As it closes, finds herself staring at -

A desolate farmhouse juts starkly from the vast cornfields. It's windows boarded, adding to the dark quiet emptiness. Checks her readings.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

On a deserted road -- flat, cornfields. A heavily-armed military convoy, black sedans, escorts two moving trucks.

INT. BLACK SUV - NIGHT

Two MIBs up front. In the back, Noetek and Welch, leafing through a dossier containing documents and grisly sketches of scientific contraptions.

All catch the tail-end of the phenomena.

WELCH

Turn around.

INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dark, the room is crisscrossed with arcing electrical charges. A weather system, Doppler radar, a computer monitor displaying maps and such.

Rushing down from the stairs, Jordanna.

Electricity is flowing between two ROTATING ELLIPTICAL BOOMS, wrapped with copper wires, running parallel, each.

She inspects the overheated electronic components.

CROWE (V.O.)

The ship's weapon's sensors is off line. You'll have to navigate for Peace, he'll be firing blind.

JORDANNA

Copy that.

Her POV through the HUD system; a futuristic - Global Positioning Satellite-based navigation system super-imposed over a star map --

INT. CAPE GENESIS - MISSION CONTROL - DEEP SPACE

Crowe settles in her seat, reacting...

CROWE
He's relaying his position. A
controlled blast, courtesy of the
ship's starboard bow.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

She exits, crunching mathematical calculations in
conjunction with her timelink. Making final
computations.

INTERCUT as needed:

In the distance, sound of cars, trucks, approaching...

JORDANNA
I've got company. Re-calibrating.
I'm sending them now --

A rapid burst of laser fire slices through the dark like
light sabers, the farmhouse EXPLODES.

The fireball slows to a crawl -- long enough for Jordanna
to move a safe distance away before it DISINTEGRATES.

JORDANNA
Target destroyed. Repeat...
target destroyed.

Crowe and Baptiste exchange a glance.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Copy. Good work.

In the short distance - movement in the field, soldiers
and Welch are closing fast on --

Jordanna, running full-speed in the opposite direction.

CROWE
Strike my last. We're bringing
you back through the Einstein-
Rosen- Pudalski bridge. It should
be visible now.

Up ahead, Jordanna stares into the heart of the swirling,
horizontal funnel, about to leap in --

JORDANNA
Crossing it now --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WELCH

-- freeze! Hold it right there!

The soldiers have her in their sights, but they are somewhat distracted by the swirling gateway.

Welch takes dead aim, fires at Jordanna, who's serpentineing towards the void - bullets race to catch up.

Some finding their mark inside the vortex. At last, she jumps into the void, pulsating and swirling.

Welch whips out a RAY GUN and fires into the shrinking vortex.

A blood-curdling scream comes from within as it shrinks to nothingness, leaving the soldiers speechless...

...and Welch - irritated as hell.

The feed ends. Off their reactions...

INSIDE THE VORTEX; not a smooth ride, Jordanna toss and turns. Something's wrong. A forboding darkness... her body jerks violently.

She finds it all troubling. Sparks of lightning.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - TIME PORTAL CONTROL - DEEP SPACE

Warning lights FLASH. A massive gate splits open to reveal a most spectacular view of the stars. The vortex writhes and flashes. Jordanna's stuck inside.

JORDANNA

What's happening?

CROWE

Welch musta pumped enough rays down its throat to damage the aperture. How do you feel?

JORDANNA

Like someone took my brain out and used it to play ping pong.

A concerned Edwards works screens; which shows an undulating two-dimensional surface, with a jagged upswing in the middle.

EDWARDS

It seems she's entered a dead zone. I'm re-calibrating now.

CROWE

Bridge. Send the doctor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORIKO (O.S.)
Out of the way!

But Noriko's already there. Suddenly, the vortex snaps shut leaving us in the dark until...

ANOTHER VORTEX OPENS --

-- a braless Noriko, sheer tank, on a roller coaster ride through hyperspace in a post-apocalyptic nurse outfit; a highly-modular garment, which looks like it was made from "salvaged materials."

And packing health. Everything she needs while roaming any wasteland like this one.

EXT. CHICAGO - NIGHT

A demolished windy city. A wicked sandstorm of dust and rubble. PEOPLE are shell-shocked, coughing, trying to find their way to safety.

Noriko moves cautiously along the rubble-strewn street.

NORIKO
It's complete chaos. Never seen anything like it. The dust in the air. The wind, people wandering the streets.

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Jordanna stumbles, ragged and breathless, collapsing in a heap, either dead or unconscious. Hard to tell.

Noriko rushes towards Jordanna, who takes a turn for the worse. Her face is dripping with perspiration.

Noriko grabs Jordanna, shakes her, violently. She becomes less responsive. Not going to make it.

NORIKO
Jordan. Stay...with...me.
Jordan! Stay...with...me...

Noriko runs a scan of Jordanna's body. Notes her badly damaged right shoulder. Just then - an artillery shell EXPLODES into the alley.

Noriko hits the deck, using her body to shield Jordanna. She look back at a hole in the wall, activates her comm.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - SICK BAY - DEEP SPACE

A frightened Noriko grabs Jordanna by her suit, shaking her, almost violently. A burst of breath, Jordanna's head tilts, eyes blank.

NORIKO
No! You can't die! No!

Not breathing, eyes pinned open in death. A bursts of white light blots her out. Jordanna crosses over to the other side. ALARMS go off over this...

NORIKO
C'mon, stabilize, dammit.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Jordanna (7) running through a fairyland of butterflies and dandelions. Her parents are waiting, with open arms, smiling, all seen from her P.O.V.

NORIKO (V.O.)
I'm increasing the dosage by point oh-oh-four-one percent.

More alarms go off. As the scene fades into black...

NORIKO (V.O.)
Jordan. Jordan.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - SICK BAY - DEEP SPACE

Her eyes blink, come to life, taking in the room. Noriko, holding Jordanna, their faces inches apart.

Jordanna, back from the precipice of death, although confused.

NORIKO
Jordan. Thank God.

JORDANNA
Wow, there was this light. My family was like...

CROWE
Welcome back. You gave us a scare.

Noriko looks back at Crowe. She's been standing there the whole time. Noriko finishes lasering Jordanna's wound, which seals rather nicely.

Jordanna tries to sit up. Noriko guides her back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORIKO

Sit back, I'll take care of you.

CROWE

Well, what's done is done. You get some rest now.

She starts away, but Jordanna grabs her hand, murmurs:

JORDANNA

Why don't we just go back and stop Noetek from being teleported in the first place?

CROWE

What's the third rule of time travel?

JORDANNA

Don't interfere with the creative process.

CROWE

Look around. How do you think all this came to be? Why we're able to do this? From years of research and experiments. Each one played some pivotal role. For instance, the "King Saul Experiments," spring boarded teleportation. Why, if we were to impede the process -- we'd be shooting ourselves in the foot.

JORDANNA

I've some unfinished business.

EXT. SOUTH ANTARCTIC SEA - DAY

A frozen tundra. A transport helicopter flies over a misty, snowy landscape of craggy mountains and glaciers to find --

EXT. MAJESTIC POLAR BEAR - DAY

Fenced off, razor wire, a desolate radar site, a relic from the sixties. GUARDS on snowmobiles, ATVs, patrol.
CHRYON: SR4 DUMB... MAJESTIC POLAR BEAR

An igloo structure with steel doors. The helicopter lands on its helipad, guided by a man in a parka.

A SECURITY DETAIL in snow camouflaged uniforms, armed, fan out. Welch exits, equally dressed, overseeing everything. She motions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A few Pentagon officials pile out, followed by a scientific team. Lead by Noetek, not happy. Hazmet gear, radiation detectors, other equipment.

WELCH

Better get used to this place Professor. Looks like you may be stuck here. For awhile.

NOETEK

And where are you going?

WELCH

Someplace warm. Don't you think it's time you got back to work on that formula?

NOETEK

Oh I've solved the equation.

WELCH

Uh, you're joking.

NOETEK

It wasn't that hard - the important thing is a precise moment I can access --

WELCH

-- Stay frosty.

A COMM OFFICER appears as Welch slams the door shut --

TACTICAL OFFICER

We lost communication with the White House, sir.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

CHRYON: PRESENT. Grief-stricken, William and Mary Beth in the shade of a RECEPTION TENT amidst a lush cemetery. MOURNERS offer their condolences. A closed CASKET.

Haley sees something, walks off --

EXT. JORDANNA'S BURIAL PLOT - DAY

Steven stands alone at Jordanna's grave, a fresh mound of dirt and flowers. Teary-eyed. *FLASHBACK TO...*

INT. HIGH-SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Crowded. Jordanna, alone, studying a SCIENCE BOOK. She drinks her milk, sad eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Steven, 18, cute, socially oblivious, appears with a tray of food. A camera around his neck. He's a zombie, completely mesmerized by her, then --

STEVEN

-- for us physicists believe the separation between past, present, and future is only an illusion, although a convincing one.

JORDANNA

Albert Einstein. Did you really--

STEVEN

-- Naw, I just looked it up.

She smiles at him sweetly - motions for him to sit.

JORDANNA

It's cute.

(re: his camera)

You always carry that thing around?

STEVEN

Yup. So...you're the whiz kid.

JORDANNA

Well, I wouldn't say that. But I hear I'm pretty smart.

STEVEN

Everyone in the school is talking about you.

JORDANNA

Yea, I get that.

STEVEN

How do you jump three grades?

JORDANNA

Time travel.

STEVEN

Time travel. You believe that stuff?

JORDANNA

One day. My father says were close. He's a physicist.

STEVEN

And just how is this suppose to work?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JORDANNA

Some big secret he can't talk about. But I think it may have something to do with Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity.

She removes a rubberband from around her wrist, then stretches it back and forth. In the process --

JORDANNA

-- in theory, the central idea is that time is elastic. Eventually, it can stretch or shrink.

STEVEN

How exactly can time stretch and shrink?

JORDANNA

Well, the answer is relatively simple. The exact --

HALEY (V.O.)

-- hey?

END FLASHBACK

Haley appears, a moving moment for them both. They take each other's hand. He stares, inconsolable, guilty..

HALEY

It wasn't us. She didn't know.

STEVEN

You don't know that.

HALEY

She was closed off, you said it yourself. Her work came first.

She looks away, her mind drifting... drifting...

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Jordanna, 14, avoiding eye contact with other STUDENTS, who whisper and point when they see her.

Eccentric, charismatic BRENDA PALMATEER (forties) weaves through her CLASS, all eyeing one person -- Jordanna.

MRS. PALMATEER

Open your books.

As they do, she walks towards Jordanna, smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. PALMATEER

You've been in my class ten minutes, and you already appear to be the most interesting thing about it.

Further back, Haley sits behind her. Not happy, at all.

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Jordanna and Haley, school books, walk and talk.

HALEY

Why do you always have to embarrass me? All this time travel junk. If time travel was possible then why haven't no one has came and visited us from the future?

Jordanna has no good answer, then...

JORDANNA

And what makes you think they haven't?

HALEY

Stay away from me.

JORDANNA

I'm not going to be around forever.

HALEY

Good!

Haley takes off. Jordanna looks crushed.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

And we stay on Haley long enough to see lingering pain and deep regret on her face.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - LOUNGE - DEEP SPACE

Backlit by myriad glowing jewels. Luxurious, rich fabrics. Noriko sits at a high table, perched on a stool, all sexed up and hot as hell. Peace joins her.

PEACE

What's the weather like outside?

She forces a smirk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEACE
 Couldn't sleep, huh?

NORIKO
 No. Hyper-alertness.

PEACE
 Take a sedative?

NORIKO
 I loathe those things. You know
 that. They mess with my hormones.

He grabs her hand-held BIO-SCANNER and runs it along her lovely body, much to her dismay.

PEACE
 Yeah, I see there's a slight
 increase in your estrogen levels.

NORIKO
 You might very well be the most
 intelligent person I've ever
 met...
 (he's gloating...)
 ...and the most narcissistic.

She snatches it back.

NORIKO
 Uh... it's getting a little
 crowded in here. Think I'll check
 on Jordan.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - JORDANNA QUARTERS - DEEP SPACE

Noriko opens a sleek case, retrieves a medical scanner. Runs it along Jordanna's body, verifies her readings. A flush of hot desire on their faces.

JORDANNA
 I could actually see what they
 were --

NORIKO
 You came through that particular
 vortex. Sometimes when you do,
 you'll hit like these dead zones.
 Almost like having an out of body
 experience. Sometimes you can tap
 into the mind of others'. See
 their thoughts. Kinda weird,
 actually.

JORDANNA
 Well, that explains it. I guess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Noriko stares out at the starfield.

NORIKO

Gosh, there are times I hate everything about this place... other times it's... magic.

JORDANNA

So what's with you and the Captain?

NORIKO

Have you ever heard the story about Cain and Abal. Never invite them to the same party.

NORIKO

You need rest.

JORDANNA

Who says?

NORIKO

Doctor's orders.

She goes to leave. Jordanna pulls her back. Kisses her.

NORIKO

Jordanna, what the hell--? What the hell are you doing?

JORDANNA

Are you in love with Peace?

NORIKO

(blushes)

No. The guy is terminally selfish! And anyway, that's not the point.

(off which)

Look, hotshot -- because the timing's not right. A lot of other factors. Not to mention... this is a terrible breach of protocol.

And Noriko should leave, but she can't. They kiss. The scanner CRASHES to the floor, shattering. Collapsing on the bed, entwined. Noriko on top.

Jordanna winces. Noriko pauses, remembers she's injured.

NORIKO

(re: her ribs)

And you're gonna need to be on top.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jordanna laughs, they kiss deeper. Something dawns on Jordanna, who coyly extricates herself from Noriko...

NORIKO

You got my clothes off, now you're gonna leave...

INT. MAJESTIC POLAR BEAR - TEST LAB - NIGHT

Sunken underground. SCIENTIST move equipment around. Nearby, a dish-like grid, only this one is much larger.

A chalkboard with the letters P,F,Z, X0Y, 8H, written on it - the initiation formula where... an exhausted Noetek, adding some mathematical symbols.

Gerda eyes the board, straining to decipher the formula.

GERDA

Noetek. Any more progress?

NOETEK

This is a kind of mass to energy formula. Without that manual, it would have taken damn near half a century to come up with the proper initiation sequence.

GERDA

And this will open the doorway?

NOETEK

The hope, and dreams of a new tomorrow. Now it's just a question of adjusting the power flow rates for the conductor coils. Designing the rest of my machine is easy.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - MISSION CONTROL - DEEP SPACE

Appearing on the main VIEW SCREEN; Justice.

JUSTICE (V.O.)

Sir, still lotta ground to cover. Searched damn near every street, nick, and cranny. I'd have better luck finding a needle in a haystack. How about your end?

An alarm sounds. Jagellovsk jump to her work station. On screen; a circle of energy waves ripples inward, squeezing out normal space.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAGELLOVSK

Proximity alert.

CROWE

How much time?

Jordanna enters, a nervous energy.

SOLO DAWN

Hard to say. Matter influx decreasing rapidly. According to my calculations... eight hours tops.

JORDANNA

They have a bunch of DUMBs. Deep Underground Military Bases. There's two likely, where he could be. A "jump room" in El Segundo, California. There was also some kind of "holographic technology," which allowed them to travel "both physically and virtually." Of all places, Roswell, New Mexico.

JORDANNA

If they took him anywhere, it would be there. Its subway system connects to the old Area 51.

CROWE

What did the doctor say?

JORDANNA

A clean bill of health.

Crowe, not buying it for a second, but...

CROWE

No heroics. Strictly recon.

Jordanna hesitates -- knows what she's going to propose will sound crazy, but -

JORDANNA

You've got to get me in another way. I'm leaving my timelink gizmo.

CROWE

Let me think about that -- uh, no.

JORDANNA

I have a plan. It's a long shot. There's no time to discuss. You have to trusts me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jean-Claude appears beside Crowe, whispers...

JEAN-CLAUDE

Off the record. This could come back at bite us in the ass.

JAGELLOVSK

Captain, a time portal?

EDWARDS

Even it has problems. Mainly, due to the massive amounts of energy that it creates. We need to be sure we can pin-point down to the millisecond where you'll arrive.

SOLO DAWN

In fact, they've been known to set off hazards. For example, if it goes haywire we could accidentally transport someone or something, and take 'em along for the ride. Such as a dinosaur.

JORDANNA

Can you teleport me?

A deathly silence. Jordanna sees their tortured faces.

CROWE

No. It's hard to do right and easy to do wrong.

JORDANNA

What--? Surely, we --

The door slides open. It's Noriko, she looks flushed.

JEAN-CLAUDE

Apparently, you don't understand how it really work. It requires the analysis, transport, and precise reassembly of all your atoms, more than a quadrillion. Each of which should get entangled, digitized and teleported. The problem, entanglement is a very fragile. The bond can easily break due to the slightest disturbance. Even a minor temperature fluctuation can shatter it --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SOLO DAWN

Not to mention, breaking the comm
between the points of departure
and arrival. It's suicide.

JAGELLOVSK

Excuse me, Captain - this maybe
our one last, desperate chance --
a one-in-a-thousand shot.

CROWE

I'll make this short. No mistakes
this time. And emergency
evacuation procedures in place.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - TRANSPORTER BAY - DEEP SPACE

Crowe stares solemnly at a transporter launch pad.

*QUICK FLASH: Crowe has her hand on a self-destruct mode
of a console. The crew works desperately to save a TIME
GUARDIAN - on the launch pad, screaming. His DNA is not
reassembling.*

*It's no use, they can only watch in horror. Crowe makes
a painful decision, then punches in a code.*

CROWE

*Initiate self-destruct sequence.
Captain Crowe -- Delta -- Bravo --
Zulu Dawn... seven... six...
four... one...*

RESUME SCENE

Now SHIMMERING RINGS resembling hoola hoops, circling
Jordanna in street clothes, standing on the launch pad.

Chernestsky and Edwards carefully monitoring, analyzing
the reassembly of atoms on screens.

Crowe takes a deep breath, preparing for the worst.

EXT. LAND BEFORE TIME - DAY

The rings appear, quadrillions of atoms gathering, taking
the shape of a body. She materializes. The rings fade.

Finds herself meandering through thick vegetation.
Brushes aside tall grass, looks for a clearing.

JORDANNA

This shit's getting old.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CROWE (V.O.)
There's an imbalance. You went
too far back. Re-calibrating...

JAGELLOVSK (V.O.)
Any idea how far back you are you?

A monstrous ROAR. FOOTSTEPS sends little tremors through
the earth. Jordanna manages to regain her balance.

CROWE (V.O.)
Nevermind. We hear them.

At first, she sees nothing. But as she approaches a
clearing, the full head of a TYRANNOSAURUS REX peers over
a mountain.

Jordanna takes off like a bat out of hell.

JORDANNA
Work faster. He looks hungry.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - TRANSPORTER BAY - DEEP SPACE

Edwards and JAGELLOVSK brainstorming as they work their
stations.

EDWARDS
Hard to get a lock.

JAGELLOVSK
In theory, it's possible I could
adapt one of the transporter's
guidance systems into the mouth of
the maelstrom - so it would 'hone'
on the coordinates.

EXT. LAND BEFORE TIME - DAY

Violent tremors ripple across the landscape, knocks
Jordanna off her feet, as the Rex charges, jaws snapping.

She remains prone in towering weeds. The Rex draws
closer. Then she hears rustling. This is different.
Looks back --

-- a VELOCIRAPTOR, a Cretaceous predator with a large,
sickle-shaped toe claw - intelligent and fast as fuck.

She beelines for a mountain, the Raptor snarls, gaining
ground. It's obvious she's not going to outrun him.

CROWE (V.O.)
You should see it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Just over the horizon - a ripple in space, a mini 'AURORA BOREALIS' materializes, opening.

JORDANNA

It's beautiful. Is it safe?

JAGELLOVSK

Safer than flying. And we know how much you hate to fly.

JORDANNA

Only when I'm not the one doing it.

SOLO DAWN (V.O.)

At first we speculated it was a wormhole that somehow managed to remain stable. But beyond that, we were all pretty much in the dark as to what this thing really was. It's a time vortex. The Aurora Borealis Maelstrom. It's outside normal space-time. Therefore normal rules of physics do not apply.

The Raptor brings his foot down with a resounding THUD - on the spot Jordanna's just vacated. She jumps through --

INT. THE LABYRINTH DUMB - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

-- the rings fade away. She stands in a self-contained, underground command center. Living quarters, offices, testing facilities.

A handful of MIBs appear on the front landing, as she approaches, clearly surprised by her presence.

Welch looks more like a quintessential pothead than a brilliant NSA agent.

WELCH

What the hell...?

In a flash -- guns drawn, red dots of their laser sights covers Jordanna from head to toe.

WELCH

Move and I'll cut you to pieces.

JORDANNA

I never argue with the lady who's got the gun. Go ahead. They'll just go back, grab another version of myself. And she won't be so nice.

INT. THE LABYRINTH - TUNNEL - NIGHT

The MIBs are pushing Jordanna along a dark, winding tunnel. They usher her towards a VAULT DOOR, where Welch awaits.

MIB#9

Come on, move it.

WELCH

A great philosopher once said,
'First things first.' Where are
you from? What time period?

Jordanna's frisked by the MIBs as a door is keyed open. Welch drags Jordanna inside, throws her to the floor.

INT. ND ROOM - NIGHT

A posh office. Welch is clearly troubled, paces.

JORDANNA

...I know it sounds crazy, no
matter how fantastic it is. We
can fix this. What happened is
unforgivable. But it's not
unrepairable.

WELCH

Why would you tell me this?

JORDANNA

Because we need your help. For
that. Be smart, Welch. Deal with
me while you've got a chance to
save millions.

Welch sweeps out her gun and points it at Jordanna.

WELCH

Do I need to remind you that I am
the enemy.

JORDANNA

No. Time is.

INT. NOETEK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sealed tight in this underground bunker, a five star hotel room. Noetek, sitting at his desk, writing in his journal. We can hear his thoughts...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOETEK (V.O.)

...we make a choice. We act on that choice. This looks promising.

He finishes. Shuts the journal. Pours himself a shot of brandy from a decanter. Hears the door open behind him. Welch stands there. Gerda on her heels.

WELCH

How's it coming?

NOETEK

I can assure you, our problem can be solved, and I'm the only one on this freakin' planet, who can do it. Now if you'd allow me to get back to work... I'll keep you, and the powers that be informed.

WELCH

Our little traveler paid me a visit.

NOETEK

And you let her get way?

WELCH

Yes, I'm using you as bait to set a trap.

Off their smoldering looks.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - CROWE'S QUARTER'S - DEEP SPACE

A very upset Crowe sits on the edge of her desk. Jordanna stands in front of her maintaining her reserve.

CROWE

What were you thinking?

JORDANNA

Something you call a calculated risk.

Crowe can't help but admire her ingenuity, but... she paces her office. Baptiste is here as well.

JORDANNA

Welch would have cut off my wrists. I figured you'd be happy.

CROWE

Now that's a helluva an assumption.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Smiling as she does air quotes...

JORDANNA

"What I expect is for you to consider the stakes of the situation... and obey the dictates of your conscience. Which is exactly what I have always done."

Crowe glares at Baptiste, can't hide his grin.

CROWE

C'mon, Commander. Spit it out.

JEAN-CLAUDE

Your words when you first assumed command. I was there, remember?

JORDANNA

Well that explains it.

CROWE

Explains what?

JORDANNA

Why you are so captivating.

A beep. Crowe activates her comm.

SOLO DAWN (V.O.)

Captain -- you should take a look at this, sir.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - SPACE NEEDLE - DEEP SPACE

Frantic energy. Mission specialists running about. Whipping around to see-- Jagellovsk and Solo Dawn working at consoles.

JAGELLOVSK

I got something! A low power signal, but... the recognition codes match. We've got a link and a lock!

Suddenly a BEEPING noise. Solo Dawn, a few taps on his screen. A translucent star map pops up, highlighting a signal pulsating over Antarctica.

He can barely contain his excitement.

SOLO DAWN

Captain, we got a signal! It's a bit weak but it's there!

The all look at one another in astonishment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CROWE
I'll be damned.

She turns to Jordanna --

CROWE
-- go get him.

INT. MAJESTIC POLAR BEAR - TESTING LAB - NIGHT

A sinister chamber with high-tech equipment. An almost inaudible humming. Scientists and MILITARY TECHNICIANS open a MASSIVE VAULT DOOR to reveal --

-- cracking strange electrical discharges emanating from a crude machine; two large dish-like grinds, rotating, each, attached to coils, cables, propellers, and turbines.

Noetek makes final calculations on a hand held keypad.

GERDA
Are you ready?

NOETEK
As I'll ever be.

Gerda crosses to her work station, examines the data.

NOETEK
Hold the countdown.

Gerda seems temporally perplexed, glances towards the machine.

GERDA
I don't get it. Are my calculations off?

NOETEK
No at all. I've made a last minute tweak in the quantum mechanics. Only a few more seconds.

Gerda reacts to that, looking at her console. A countdown in progress halts at 44 seconds. An indicator is blinking a message; re-directing...

NOETEK
Resume countdown.

As the digital counter resumes the countdown... 43... 42... Noetek glides towards the platform.

INT. ELECTRICAL CLOSET - NIGHT

Maintenance level. GENERATORS. Welch starts flipping switches. MIB#9 and another are hovering menacingly nearby.

MIB#9

Welch! Just what in the hell you think you're doing?

WELCH

If you could meet God, what would you say to him?

The MIBs exchange "WTF" looks --

Welch wastes no time, slams her fist into MIB#9's windpipe with deadly force, then snapping the neck of the other.

INT. SPACE - DEEP SPACE

The formidable T.I.M.E. S.H.I.P. "VANGUARD" warping towards earth. Larger than the other ships.

INT. TIME SHIP VANGUARD - BRIDGE - NIGHT

A full crew works in the backdrop. Peace's expression looks grim as he eyes the screens. All he sees are rocks of ice and snow, but no Mystic Polar Bear.

PEACE

Are you sure we're in the --

Jordanna and Phoenix appear, ready for battle. Red and blue lights sweeping back and forth those apertures in their kick butt body suits.

JORDANNA

-- Yes. They have holographic projectors hidden in the crevices of the icy rock. Makes it appear as if nothing's there.

PHOENIX

A plasma charge should do the trick.

Phoenix quick draws one of her sleek guns, inspects it while Jordanna looks down the sights of a futuristic assault rifle.

JORDANNA

No sonic blaster?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHOENIX

-- I find them just sort of,
well... boring. A laser "pew!"
That's it. Sure it looks cool, but
I prefer a bit more oomph.

She re-directs her sidearm.

PHOENIX

The N7K. Several phases of fire,
each does something different.
Like the "dummy" plasma burst;
basically a flash bang to stun
targets for minutes. Armored
piercing rounds. Heat-seeking
bullets, tracks targets around
corners -- in crowds. An
incendiary charge. And it's
deadlier than the bubonic plague.
As long as the system doesn't
crash.

Phoenix nods towards the sonic blaster...

PHOENIX

Not to sound like I'm knocking it
or anything. It's one of the
first things people expect our
future selves to bring back.

Peace smirks, Jordanna, too.

PEACE

Phoenix, stop pouring hot sauce on
Jordan's ice cream.

EXT. MAJESTIC POLAR BEAR - NIGHT

Out of a clear night sky, a deadly, silent plasma charge,
streaking... EXPLODES against the icy rock, exposing the
site. Then something else --

Over the horizon, many colors forming in the atmosphere.

GUARD#1

Did you see that?

GUARD#2

What the heck! The Northern
lights. This time of year.

In the eye of the growing storm, a swirling black mass
appears. The intimidating time ship 'Vanguard' shooting
out of the Aurora Borealis maelstrom...

...gliding its way, some 15,000 feet above the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The soldiers return weapons and mortar fire, lighting up the skies around the ship.

From its starboard bow, LASER BLASTS, blue, green, red, cutting into the heart of the darkness like light sabers.

ZAPPING soldiers with pin-point accuracy, disintegrating their bodies into a curl of smoke.

ACROSS THE SWEEPING LANDSCAPE

A steel door built into the mountain side opens up to reveal MORTAR POSITIONS... rapid bursts of laser fire destroys them.

INT. TIME SHIP VANGUARD - BRIDGE - NIGHT

The main view-screen: three-dimensional floor plans, a multi-colored x-ray of our underground base. Its internal systems. Heat signatures of bodies.

An image glowing white-hot. Peace gives a fist pump.

PEACE

Jackpot.

CROWE (V.O.)

Controlled blast.

INT. MAJESTIC POLAR BEAR - LAB - NIGHT

The klaxon blares. Gunfire, distant explosions from outside. All exchange puzzled looks, then...

NOETEK

What the hell--?

SCIENTIST

There's been a breech!

A blinding FLASH. LASER FIRE demolishes a side wall, sends dirt, concrete, and other debris, flying. Lots of smoke, but no fire --

A STAMPEDE ensues. Everyone scrambles to get the hell out, but Noetek. Just then --

A rapid succession of laser fire penetrates the gapping hole - strikes the machine, trapping it inside an electrical bubble.

In desperation, he aims his subspace transformer toward the dish. Frantically presses switches, adjusting dials, in a precise, non-random, sequential order.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A high pitch wine emanates from his dish, a MECHANICAL GRINDING noise, too. His prize possession... on the blink of destruction!

NOETEK

No!

Losing power, it short circuits, disintegrating within the field. A handful of MIBs pile in, weapons loaded for bear. The Lieutenant...

MIB LIEUTENANT

Doctor Noetek. Time to move!

GERDA

Come on, Professor. Let's go!

Gerda looks at Noetek, doing whatever he can to revive his machine. She can tell from the look in his eyes that it's pointless to argue.

Fuck it! She gathers up notes, a laptop, a replica of his black box... and slinks down a corridor amongst the rubble of dirt, and concrete towards a metal door.

A MIB keys the code into the security pad, a door opens --

Meanwhile, another shoves the barrel of his gun against Noetek's forehead. Gives him a look - don't tempt me --

EXT. MAJESTIC POLAR BEAR - NIGHT

-- the fourth of July. Amidst all the explosions and FIREWORKS -- materializing onto the surface --

Jordanna and Phoenix charge towards the main entrance --

Right into ARMED REINFORCEMENTS in off-the-road vehicles, rushing to greet them - firing on all cylinders.

Our Guardians in a chaotic game of run-and-shoot through a gauntlet. Soldiers dropping like flies, painful HOWLS.

EXT. MAJESTIC POLAR BEAR - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

They BLASTS the steel doors off its hinges and --

INT. MAJESTIC POLAR BEAR - CONTINUOUS

-- lights FLICKER. Our Guardians storms in, amidst a barrage of HEAVY WEAPONS FIRE. Jordanna lobs a TD grenade --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- a FLASH and a BANG - a bluish-greenish field engulfs them and their bullets. They beeline past the guards, taking out stragglers, heading towards --

INT. MAJESTIC POLAR BEAR - SUB-LEVEL TWO - NIGHT

Twelve figures; dark jumpsuits, helmets with tinted-visors, submachine guns. Their movement is hurried but efficient.

They access a rear entry door. The LEADER speaks through a mic. He's assured and calm...

MIB LEADER
...here we come... ready --

INT. MAJESTIC POLAR BEAR - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

-- at an intersection of corridors, they round the corner, almost collides with Welch.

WELCH
Cutting it a little close, aren't we, Jordan?

JORDANNA
We have unfinished business.

An awkward silence. Welch smiles gamely.

WELCH
Another place and time.

Jordanna nods, pleasantries over. They move, then pause. A click. MASSIVE DOORS SLIDE up from the floor behind them --

WELCH
The MIBs dark "assassin's" unit.

They charge the MIBs - firing, blasting them, sending limbs flying into the air. Horrendous screams. Welch watches the bloody massacre. As they slip into --

INT. MAJESTIC POLAR BEAR - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

-- lights flicker as they descend into darkness.

Welch hands over a circuit board laden with crystals and a micro-chip. Jordanna and Phoenix examines it remotely.

WELCH
Pretty advanced, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHOENIX

They're further along than we thought.

JORDANNA

Ought to be, he stole everything and reverse-engineered it. Looks like all he needed was that quantum formula.

The elevator door opens.

WELCH

Keep straight -- leads to the subway. Have fun.

JORDANNA

Thank you, Welch. For everything. I won't forget this.

WELCH

Neither will I. I went back in time, and helped that coyote finally catch that damn roadrunner.

The door shuts, they move in a dead run --

INT. MAJESTIC POLAR BEAR - TUNNEL - NIGHT

A subway system. Noetek and Gerda are herded by MIBs into a train. The door whoosh closed as Jordanna and Phoenix come running down the escalators --

-- just in time to see the car take off. More SOLDIERS come charging down the stairs, guns a blazing.

Jordanna and Phoenix seek cover, an exchange of gun and laser fire. Close quarters too. Resembles an interstellar war.

PHOENIX

They're getting away. Buy us some time --

Jordanna fires a time dilation blast, the train is caught up in it's web as they finish blowing the soldiers to bits.

They rush towards the train, catching up --

Phoenix SMASHES HER FIST THROUGH THE GLASS, completely rips off the door - much to Jordanna's shock.

PHOENIX

One of the perks of being cyborg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And they board the train --

INT. MAJESTIC POLAR BEAR - SUBWAY CAR - CONTINUOUS

-- firing with precision, killing MIBs, one by one, leaving only Gerda, to their shock, Noetek isn't here.

JORDANNA

Shit! Where is he --

PEACE (V.O.)

Checking. A tunnel, sub-level four. And there's only one way out.

INT. MAJESTIC POLAR BEAR - TUNNEL - NIGHT

-- right here, plowing through a dark, rubble-strewn tunnel with his satchel, ray gun, and useless black box.

His flashlight zigzags in search of his exit. He stops to catch his breath, sees something --

INT. MAJESTIC POLAR BEAR - ANOTHER TUNNEL - NIGHT

-- hauling ass, Jordanna has to duck occasionally under pipes and other conduits as she moves along its winding length...

JORDANNA

How long have we got?

JEAN-CLAUDE (V.O.)

'Bout three minutes and some change.

...and rounds a corner. Suddenly a hatch swings opens --

Noetek emerge from an access hatch into the corridor that leads to a dark recessed doorway.

He fires his ray gun wildly, which scorches the floor and wall, ricochet off her suit, only throwing off sparks.

He moves to an alarm panel on the wall, punches in a code. She rushes him, about to fire off a time dilation charge. Instead, collides with the force field.

She's ZAPPED backwards - crashes hard to the floor.

Noetek stands on the other side of the field, grinning at the Jordanna. Several guards surround him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gets to her feet, her advance is hindered by a force, pushing back. Checks readings. Impressed at its ingenuity.

JORDANNA

...it's some sort of artificial gravitational field. Rather advanced. Can you break it.

CROWE (V.O.)

Yes, it's going to take time. Phoenix?

NOETEK

C'mon in here, Jordanna, and smack this smile off my face.

PHOENIX (O.S.)

Pardon me.

And Phoenix punches her fist through the field, sparks fly, bleeding Noetek's nose. He's paralyzed by shock for a second --

-- sees the force field collapsing. She's short-circuited the barrier. His reaction, almost comically surprised.

He bolts in the opposite direction as his bodyguards are taken out by heat-seeking bullets.

INT. MAJESTIC POLAR BEAR - NIGHT

Noetek descend into a dark, twisting labyrinth of air ducts. Utility pipes, and ancient computer support systems from the sixties, flickering randomly.

A dead end. He fires his ray gun, a blowtorch, cutting into the rock and concrete. Noetek hunkers down inside the base of his alcove.

Suddenly, the silence is shattered by a piercing WHISTLE. Flaming beams shoot out of the darkness --

-- raking across Jordanna's suit. In shadow, pinned against a wall, shielding his eyes from the blinding fireworks.

She tries reasoning with him.

JORDANNA

It's denial. Destroying half of our entire world is a hard thing to face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOETEK

For you maybe... but this boy's
cut from a different cloth.

INT. TIME SHIP VANGUARD - NIGHT

Peace supervises the screens, checking sensors, and
eating from a bag of cheetos....

PEACE

That's one cold-hearted hombre.
Roll of the dice. Like it had
nothing to do with him, like the
device invented itself.

INT. MAJESTIC POLAR BEAR - NIGHT

His fireworks, eating away at the surface around her.

JORDANNA

You are beyond insane.

NOETEK

Jordan, you have to look at the
big picture. I'm about to create
a new world. The next wave in
public transportation.

Noetek adjusts the settings on his ray gun.

NOETEK

Pioneering my teleportation
technology, which will benefit
mankind as a whole and make
transportation both on Earth and
throughout the cosmos
instantaneous and environment-
friendly.

JORDANNA

You know what? I see no future in
this conversation.

NOETEK

Clearly, airlines would be out of
business. Think about it. No
more jet lag. No cramped seats or
eating bad food. Come to think of
it, who would need cars or trains?
My device would resolve modern day
issues such as lack of time, bad
traffic and pollution by the click
of a button. Of course, at a
substantial cost. Out of all
people, I figure you'd understand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDANNA

Yes. Well, I don't mind telling the occasional bullshit either, but it's good to listen to an expert.

He fires like a madman, vaporizing pipes, equipment, electronics. His gun malfunctions. He fumbles to fix the problem.

Suddenly, a shrewd WHISTLE. A heat-seeking bullet tears the ray gun from his grasp. A blood-curling scream. Spots the exit, crawls through --

INT. MAJESTIC POLAR BEAR - TUNNEL - NIGHT

Noetek races down the tunnel. Jordanna pursues, firing orange beams. One strikes his thigh. He collapse over a metal grate. It CREAKS and snaps.

Noetek plunges, manages to grabs hold of a broken piece of grating, as he dangles precariously over a sewage pit.

Jordanna hits the floor, in the pit below, certain death.

JORDANNA

Give me your hand.

She reaches out her right hand, the bad shoulder, grabs his free one while he's still holding onto the broken, dangling grate with the other.

She's in serious pain, losing her grip, and for the first time, sweating bullets. The grate is about to snap off when --

-- Phoenix arrives, helps pulls him out from the pit as the rest of the grate plunges into a dark abyss.

Jordanna slams him up against the wall. Let's just say it, a well, managed smile.

JORDANNA

Not this time, Noetek. This time's going to be different.

(a dark beat...)

Did you ever take the TIME... to consider the "Free Lunch," paradox?

A beat, Noetek, confused, hyperventilating.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDANNA

You go back to Bach's century and tell him how great he is in our century and show him all the great compositions he is famous for and he re-produces them note-for-note. Then Bach's music exists without any artistic effort being put into them. Free Lunch.

Off his bewildered look --

JORDANNA

Where and when did you steal the notes?

INT. CAPE GENESIS - SPACE NEEDLE - DEEP SPACE

JEAN-CLAUDE

Old girl's got some life in her yet.

CROWE

Never doubted it for a moment.

She activates her comm.

CROWE

Justice, you catch all that?

JUSTICE (V.O.)

Yes, sir. I'll be waiting.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

In the dark, Noetek, ransacking the place, while searching through pages of notes when he comes across a manual. **SUPERIMPOSE: 2097.**

On the cover; Operating Instructions for the pt4x HYPER DIMENSIONAL RESONATOR UNIT.

JUSTICE (O.S.)

I wouldn't do that, unless you're through with your fingers.

Noetek, a deer in the headlights. Goes BERSERK, dives for the manual, but quickly tackled by Justice, who slams him against a wall, immobilizing him.

JUSTICE

Thank you. I'll take that.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - MISSION CONTROL - DEEP SPACE

An ALARM goes off in here - JAGELLOVSK reacts in shock.

JAGELLOVSK
Radiological alarm.

JEAN-CLAUDE
From where?

JAGELLOVSK
Remote activated. Roswell, New
Mexico. They have nukes.

CROWE
Time's up!

EXT. MAJESTIC POLAR BEAR - NIGHT

A backstairs passageway, running full bore. They manhandle a desperate Noetek - trying to put a different spin on things.

NOETEK
What I meant was... we're so close
we're just like brother and
sister. A good sibling rivalry,
that's us.

JORDANNA
Did anyone ever go over time
travel etiquette with you?

NOETEK
Hmmm...?

PHOENIX
If you time it just right, you can
go back and meet yourself. But
you're not that interesting to
talk to in the first place.

Jordanna fires a GREEN PULSATING BEAM that obliterates a wall. BLISTERING WINDS kicking up a snowstorm for the ages.

EXT. MAJESTIC POLAR BEAR - NIGHT

They come rushing around a hillside, fighting the fierce blizzard conditions, heading for a clearing as --

-- an underground EXPLOSION rocks the facility.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They tumble. Masses of ice and snow breaks away from the mountain. The avalanche surges down with tremendous speed.

PHOENIX

(to Noetek)

Go! Go!

They grab a laboring Noetek. Wind and snow are pelting them mercilessly, as a RADAR DISH CRASHES to the spot they vacated.

The Vanguard de-cloaks, hovering above them. Peace walks from the underbelly, greeting Phoenix and Jordanna.

PHOENIX

That was too close.

PEACE

Last one in is a rotten egg!

Noetek tries to climb onboard. Jordanna holds him back.

JORDANNA

...and that would be you.

NOETEK

What!? You're no better than a time-traveling executioner. Kill me!

JORDANNA

Two wrongs don't make it right. More often than not -- THEY MERELY sow the seeds of some future wrong.

And off that - shock, confusion, and disbelief registers on Noetek's face. He falls helpless to his knees.

NOETEK

No!

He watches the ship take off. The maelstrom over the horizon.

INT. APPLESEED'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY - PRESENT

Jordanna's bedroom, still pristine, everything in its right place, yet, Mary Beth is dusting and polishing.

She wipes down the desk, a volume of physics books. She stops, notices one is conspicuously missing. Alarmed.

MARY BETH

Bill!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bill stumbles in carrying a pile of papers.

WILLIAM
What is it, Mary?

MARY BETH
Her favorite book. It's not here.

WILLIAM
It should be right here, where she
always put it.
(checks the desk)
Uhhh... that's strange. Well,
it's gotta be around here
somewhere.

They look at each other. Finally, start searching.

WILLIAM
If it's not here. I'm sure Haley
must have it.

But she doesn't share William's contentment.

MARY BETH
She loathe physics. Maybe I
should call just in case.

INT. RITZY HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Music comes from a Radio-Phonograph. A portable bar and
a WAITER. GUESTS, well-heeled, dancing and drinking.

SUPERIMPOSE: 1953

ALBERT EINSTEIN, he's alone, string through the patio
glass door, out into the courtyard, or perhaps at his
reflection.

A second reflection appears - it's Jordanna, a complete
make over, a 1950s housewife. She's breathless.

JORDANNA
Excuse me.

He spins, in her hand is a book. They share smiles.

EINSTEIN
And what a very beautiful girl, if
my eyes don't deceive me at this
distance. If you will allow me.

He takes her hand, kisses it. Notices his book.
Delighted.

INT. APPLESEED'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT - PRESENT

Mary Beth is heading down the hall, deeply troubled. She notes the desk lamp is on in Jordanna's room.

MARY BETH

Uh... that's odd.

INT. APPLESEED'S HOME - JORDANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She sweeps into the bedroom, about to turn off the lamp, when she notices "The Book", back in its rightful slot.

Shocked. She picks up the book, smiles, flips open the cover, instantly stops. Written inside is *an autographed signature from Einstein to Jordanna*.

MARY BETH

Oh shit. Bill! Bill!

He shuffles in, half-asleep. She hands him the book. He furrows his brow, looks around, searching for an answer.

He smiles, scratches his head. Mutters to himself...

WILLIAM

...man, he's got good looking handwriting.

MARY BETH

Is this some sick joke?

WILLIAM

No. You know my penmanship's crap!

She eyes the lamp, slumps down on the bed, rubs her head.

MARY BETH

She was always leaving that lamp on. Honey, get me water and some aspirin.

WILLIAM

You have a headache?

MARY BETH

No, trying to avoid one.

INT. APPLESEED'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

William and Mary Beth relax. Haley enters with some energy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HALEY

Mom, dad, you're not going to believe this but... Ahm. It's authentic. They wanted know where it came from. Apparently, it's worth millions.

Mary Beth can barely breathe. Bill takes her in his arms.

MARY BETH

Bill. Oh my God!

WILLIAM

Well, what other explanation could there be.

Mary Beth grabs the book, holds it tight against her chest. Smiling through tears...

MARY BETH

It's not for sell.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

Hawthorne lies in bed. Gerda gets dressed. He tries to touch her, she blows him off. He senses something.

A subtle CLICK. An explosion blows the door off its hinges. A concussion GRENADE is lobbed into the room. Kaboom!

He reacts, blinded by the flash. Through the smoking remains, a WOMAN stalks in, manhandles him. Levels him with a punch.

Gerda ransacks the room, searching with great enthusiasm.

The Woman, a dark form framed against flickering shafts of incendiary light. It's Welch. An icy whisper.

WELCH

Ah... Mr. Hawthorne. There's going to be a change in plans?

INT. CAPE GENESIS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DEEP SPACE

OFFICERS in their cool-ass ceremonial dress uniforms have gathered for a special occasion. CHEERS, as Crowe pins her shield and wings on Jordanna.

Then two hands GRAB HER LAPEL and Noriko, drags her into--

INT. CAPE GENESIS - ANTEROOM - DEEP SPACE

They kiss, deep, passionate. They part a little, she takes Jordanna's hand, places something in it.

NORIKO

A good luck charm.

JORDANNA

I don't have a lot of time.

NORIKO

Then don't waste it talking.

INT. CAPE GENESIS - PORT-LANDING BAY - DEEP SPACE

Panning across gleaming time ships to find --

-- Jordanna does a pre-flight check of her new TIME CRUISER "Einstein." LED LIGHTS glow coolly in the dark.

JORDANNA

He's a beauty.

From the undercarriage, Justice descends the steps.

JORDANNA (CONT'D)

You know how to fly this bird?

JUSTICE

I thought you did.

He offers his hand. She accepts.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

No hard feelings, I hope, Time Guardian Appleseed.

As he walks off, Crowe appears, smiles in admiration at her. Crowe hands her a different futuristic Ipad.

CROWE

You're mission brief. The year is A scientist, G.W. Chaplin finds a manuscript on time travel written by a friend, Nikala Shimko, but doesn't know where the manuscript came from. Chaplin uses it to build a machine. So Shimko volunteers, and travels to 2245. There he meets Rudolf Zalesky, who has discovered a way of travel into the past.

Jordanna keeps scrolling through information.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CROWE (CONT'D)

So Zalesky agrees to write up plans for the machine in Shimko's handwriting. Shimko travels back to Deposit the manuscript on Chaplin's desk. Shimko then returns to 2245, learns he was killed in an hovercraft accident. He confines in his girlfriend, about how he cheated death by returning to 2193. An hour after the crash took place. But in fact, he made a RELATIVELY simple mistake about the time -- daylight savings.

They share amused smiles --

CROWE (CONT'D)

-- when they leave the restaurant he's essentially killed by another Hovercraft. Do you understand?

JORDANNA

Confiscate the manuscript prior to Chaplin's discovery. And let nature take its course.

CROWE

Purishkevitch's Laws on time travel.

JORDANNA

Observe, report, investigate. Do not allow the past access to future technology. Persevere the creative process. Apprehend all violators.

CROWE

Very well. Have you mapped out your coordinates?

JORDANNA

I thought I'd take a shortcut. In our line of work, timing is everything.

Crowe smiles, activates her comm.

CROWE

Solo Dawn -- match her coordinates for the 'SALLY RIDE' time loop.

SOLO DAWN (V.O.)

Aye, Sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CROWE

Godspeed.

Jordanna boards her cruiser, half-turns, gives a thumb up.

EXT. SPACE - DEEP SPACE

The Einstein, Jordanna hunkered at the helm, spits out. Banks left, buzzes the space needle, waving good-bye.

CROWE (V.O.)

...in it's relentless pursuit
forward towards the future -- time
is unstoppable. The past is gone,
present fleeting -- and the future
unknown until now...

...as the Einstein jettisons towards space.

A WOMAN stalks in. *Red and blue lights sweep back and forth narrow apertures in her futuristic body suit. A cross up of THE BLACK WIDOW and ROBO COP.*

T.I.M.E. P.O.L.I.C.E scrolls across her weapons belt as she whips out her thigh-holstered sidearm --

WOMAN

Doctor Simon Noetek! In
accordance with the law-abiding
rules on time travel I'm arres--

MAN

Initiate wormwohle sequencing

n into gear whilehe works. They help him on with a jacket, the word PRECRIMEemblazoned on the back.

. A RED FIGURE. We see from the back - infrared strobing DISK, etched metallicdetail, lethal EDGES -

Then slowly he - IT - turns. Hardly a face, only datahungry eyes, riveted to a TASK -A turbulent SHOCKWAVE.

He punches Jordanna in the face. She staggers back into some trash cans, but quickly gets back to her feet.

in before Noetek delivers a neat blow that sends her

NOETEK

Hey look what the cat drug in --

sprawling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stands over her, clutches his neck, giddy, gesturing to her, "how do you like me now?"

JORDANNA

I still don't.

INT. TIME SHIP SALLY RIDE - BRIDGE - DEEP SPACE

In a dimly lit command center with various displays. Space is at a premium. Slight TREMBLE here and there.

At the helm, PHOENIX ROY - A red telescopic eye-piece. Asymmetrical hairdo. Cybernetics interwoven with her hourglass frame, she's also naked.

A latch on the back of her neck is open, a metal vertebrae along her spine. Control panel with multicolored wires.

As she snaps it closed - a tinted rectangle in the back of her hand- ID chip, digital numbers.

In the b.g., gases seep out from a CRYO CHAMBER.

strength. Slug can't back do~n wit~ his gang -tching. He musters all his strength and breaks tree. S

Tab moves in for the kill. Thorn jumps him. Handto·hand combat, over the people, over structures, shattering the confessional, altar·, crucifix per·haps. ·And finally Thorn strangling Tab with thecreek of his arm until Tab gets his gun clear forone final shot and FIRES point blank into Thorn·storso . There is a sudden SHOT and Tab drops.Hatcher and Kulozik clamber through the crowdedaisle and approach Thorn. He is grievously wounded, stretched out, barely conscious. Tab is dead.

INT. SWEAR SYSTEM - DAY

A makeshift bomb shelter. Dire straits. Hundreds of survivors in various states of shock. All that's left of their belongings. Many mumble incoherently to themselves.

INT. TIME SHIP SCHWARZSCHILD - BRIDGE - DEEP SPACE

In a dimly lit command center with various displays. Space is at a premium. Slight TREMBLE here and there.

At the helm, a NAKED WOMAN with an hourglass frame --

ENSIGN PHOENIX ROY - her hairdo, also asymmetrical. A red telescopic eye-piece. Great physique.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cybernetics interwoven with her skin, covers fifty percent of her body.

A latch on the back of her neck is open, a metal vertebrae along her spine. Control panel with multicolored wires.

As she snaps it closed -- a tinted rectangle in the back of her hand- ID chip, digital numbers. She keys in commands.

In the b.g., gases seep out from a futuristic CRYO CHAMBER.

A FUTURISTIC POLICE WOMAN storms from the craft, The top half of her features are hidden below a visor. *RED AND BLUE lights sweep back and forth apertures in her armored suit. POLICE emblazoned on the chest.*

A FEMALE CYBORG storms from the craft, A cross up of ROBO COP and JUDGE DRED. The top half of her features are hidden below a visor. *RED AND BLUE lights sweep back and forth apertures in her armored futuristic catsuit POLICE emblazoned on the chest.*

A FEMALE CYBORG storms from the craft, *RED AND BLUE lights sweep back and forth apertures in her armored futuristic catsuit.* The lower half of her features are hidden below a visor. *POLICE emblazoned on the chest.* her hairdo, also asymmetrical. She looks human enough, her telescopic eye-piece FLICKER RED as it scans.

At the helm, a NAKED WOMAN with an hourglass frame --

So saying, she presses a small, taser-like device at the base

of his skull-- ZAP! MARCUS SPASMS and goes limp in her arms.

SERENA lets him down gently on the ground.

ENSIGN PHOENIX ROY - her hairdo, also asymmetrical. A red telescopic eye-piece. Cybernetics interwoven with her skin, covers fifty percent of her body.

A latch on the back of her neck is open, a metal vertebrae along her spine. Control panel with multicolored wires.

As she snaps it closed -- a tinted rectangle in the back of her hand- ID chip, digital numbers. She keys in commands.

RED AND BLUE lights sweep back and forth apertures in her armored suit. T.I.M.E. P.O.L.I.C.E scrolls across her weapons belt...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As she whips out her holstered sidearm --

Sci-Fi Female Cyborg Figure: Cybernetic Organism Artemis AA 3057. It is a fully functional and animated 3D project with tons of underlying mechanisms. Model's body parts can open and present specific functions. For example, her thigh has hidden missiles.

I have done something...aaaahhh ☺ inspired by the „beautiful“ uniform of lieutenant Tamara Jagellovsk.

The mesh dress comes with boots

Uniform of lieutenant Tamara Jagellovsk from the first German science fiction television series "space patrol orion".

Mesh dress with pullover (with sculpt collar) and sculpt boots.

TAMARA JAGELLOVSK

Nate transforms Danica into a MODERN FRANKENSTEIN.

Applying different colors of rotted flesh to her skin. Shoe laces for stitches. Tim-Burton-eat-your-heart-out

She hands him the shotgun, tears a swath of cloth off his shirt's sleeve, and ties it around her wound bandanna-style. He clutches his side in pain.

Urgency, in her voice: STREAKS OF LIGHT moving faster than light speed, bending time and space... tracing a darkened corridor, a doorway of sorts into another time...

THE VAST EXPANSE OF SPACE.

A WORMHOLE appears - streaks of light tracing a darkened corridor, bends TIME and SPACE -- a doorway into another time MATERIALIZES...

Urgency, in her voice:

CROWE (V.O.)
...in its relentless pursuit
forward towards the future -- time
is unstoppable -- the past is
gone, present fleeting -- and the
future unknown until now...

A NUCLEAR BLAST in the Earth's ORBIT fills the screen.

EXT. SKYLINE - NIGHT

The STATUE OF LIBERTY crumbles, a massive tidal wave erupts.

INT. ND LOCATION - NIGHT

Grim, machinery, and CRASH! A MAN in a NASA SPACESUIT bursts inside. A shattered visor. Works the controls of --

-- a hand-held black box; a potentiometer, toggle switches, a meter, green and red buttons. Just then --

A WOMAN stalks in. *Red and blue lights sweep back and forth narrow apertures in her futuristic body suit. A cross up of THE BLACK WIDOW and ROBO COP.*

T.I.M.E. P.O.L.I.C.E scrolls across her weapons belt as she whips out her thigh-holstered sidearm --

WOMAN

Doctor Simon Noetek! In accordance with the law-abiding rules on time travel I'm arres--

A FUTURISTIC POLICE WOMAN stalks in. RED AND BLUE lights sweep back and forth apertures in her partkly armored suit. A cross up of THE BLACK WIDOW and BLADE RUNNER. T.I.M.E. P.O.L.I.C.E scrolls across her weapons belt...

As she whips out her holstered sidearm --

WOMAN

Doctor Noetek! In accordance with the law-abiding rules on time travel I'm arresting --

A vicious street fight. They slam up against a STEEL-BARRED WINDOW, glass rains down.

Surreptitiously she shoots a substance into his thigh by way of an injection pen, then --

An inside roundhouse kick sends him sailing across the room. Screaming madly, he charges into her like a freight train.

She's thrown backwards into a door, crashing through it --

rowe and the rest of the fleet wear a totally re-imagined naval uniform, yet it holds true to the traditional navy feel.

CROWE

Are you familiar with King Saul?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CROWE

All we have to do is separate
science fiction from science fact.
So far, you've been quite useful.
You wouldn't remember. We erased
your memory sequence. Twice.

Eve looks up to the sky and sees an other worldly light
*display. Like the AURORA BOREALIS. A luminous green band
of *light.

FADE OUT: