

THE TIME GUARDIAN: KING SAUL

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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...

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

THE WHITE WASH OF A NUCLEAR EXPLOSION in the earth's
ORBIT.

INT. ND LOCATION - NIGHT

A MAN in a tattered 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 --

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.

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

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 a corner. She kicks him in 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 --

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

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

The room shakes violently! They BRACE themselves. Suddenly --

PAPERS and VARIOUS UNSECURED OBJECTS (chairs, tools, suddenly FLING towards them -- as if it's a powerful center of gravity.

JORDANNA (CONT'D)

I'll see you soon... Noetek.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NOETEK

Take you time.

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

The room retreats to stillness and quiet.

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

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 --

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

(CONTINUED)

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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 PEDESTRIAN 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. DR. SHEHADI, 30, 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

SHEHADI

Your x-rays look perfectly normal.

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

QUICK FLASH;

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

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)

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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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVEN

Then let's talk about this.

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...

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CONTINUED:

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 -

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. Hawthorne, 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.

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CONTINUED:

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.

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! Hawthorne'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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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.

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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.

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 Hawkthorne enter.

HAWKTHORNE

Is she going to be a problem?

STARK

No. You have my word.

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CONTINUED:

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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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."

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?

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CONTINUED:

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.

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, with a detached, haunting calm, punches in data.

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

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CONTINUED:

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.

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. 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--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 2027 we
discovered that civilization will
be brought to a cold, dark halt.
In the same year 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.

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

Will die?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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)

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.

Jordanna tries to wrap her head around this.

CROWE

We need to remove you from 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.

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.

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CONTINUED: (3)

JORDANNA

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

CROWE

--2212.

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. A third jump would be fatal without the proper medical treatment.

LT. NORIKO

We'd need to re-boost your DNA and immune system. If we were to do so, it must be permanent.

Jordanna -- taking this in, hit by a tidal wave of emotion.

JORDANNA

How am I suppose to--

CROWE

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.

CROWE

We want you to be on it.

JORDANNA

What aren't you telling me?

CROWE

If you refuse -- we'll erase your memory sequence for the last time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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.

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, beautiful in a reassuring kind of way, on her cell. Calm, stoic amidst the fray.

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.

MARY BETH

How many times have you read that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 --

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.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLO DAWN (CONT'D)

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...

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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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" --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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--?

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ursula touches the screen and up pops -- a shimmering halo. Words appears; "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. 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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CROWE (CONT'D)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 --

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Our HEROINE -- PURE, UNFILTERED, UNCUT AWE -- speeds through a kaleidoscope of LIGHT, traveling through a wormhole in time -- faster and faster.

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.

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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 gagglegfuck. 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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JORDANNA (CONT'D)

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 --