

CLOCKWORK

"Pilot"

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CLOCKWORK - "Pilot"

TEASER

OVER BLACK:

TICK TICK TICK... Relentless. Like the **TIMER** on a **BOMB**.

MAN'S VOICE

Are you scared?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Terrified.

MAN'S VOICE

Well, you should be...

But it's not a bomb. It's a --

LAWN SPRINKLER. A small black one spraying sidewalk outside:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - TOWNHOUSE - DUSK

A **YOUNG COUPLE** approach a **PICK-UP TRUCK** parked curb side.

NATHAN REED (30) is handsome, fit. Trusting. Man of the body.

He opens the passenger door for **MAGGIE** (30s). She's pretty, brunette and in no hurry to go where he's taking her.

MAGGIE

C'mon, she's your mother. She can't be that bad, right?

REED

(gets behind the wheel)
Spoken like someone who wasn't there for all my other girlfriends.

MAGGIE

Yeah that's not helping.

REED

Babe? C'mon. You got nothing to worry about. You're not my girlfriend anymore.

He brings her hand to his mouth and kisses it -- spy a new princess-cut **ENGAGEMENT RING** on her finger.

She nuzzles his nose for a moment, very much in love.

The moment soured by a **SQUAWKING WALKIE-TALKIE** atop the dash.

MAGGIE

Thought we were off duty?

He puts the Walkie in the GLOVE BOX. Next to his BADGE.

REED

Just in case we need to call in
SWAT. Though my Mom *is* resilient to
tear gas, so...

She jabs his shoulder. He grins. OFF sprinkler SPRAY --

RAIN. Pelting a white VAN pulling up to:

EXT. FARM HOUSE - SAME

Isolated. Boarded windows. Overlooking a maw of dead crops.

INSIDE THE VAN: Never see the driver. Just the child-sized
RED RACE CAR WATCH he wears, strapped to an adult band.

The VAN parks at the end of a dirt driveway. Driver EXITS --

JENNA'S VOICE

What's your problem now, Lem?

LEM'S VOICE

We could cut the list in half and
still be here all day.

INT. FARM HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

LEM (20s), Golf Pro good looks, is the guy sitting across
from JENNA (30, radiates confidence) at the table.

They argue as he SNAPS .9mm rounds into AMMO CLIPS.

JENNA

Well, until you're in charge, we do
what Ellis says.

LEM

And what he said was we had a strict
"business auditions for us" policy.
Not the other way around.

HODGE sits down. 50s, close-cropped hair. Sleeves crawling
with jailhouse tats. He collects the AMMO in a bag:

HODGE

For what this client's offering to
pay? It's worth the exception.

Hodge squeezes her shoulder. She winks at him. Very surrogate father-daughter vibe here.

LEM

Yeah, but is it worth the risk?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Was the Erie job worth it?

The DRIVER (40s) enters. Grey suit, white shirt. Exudes confidence. Always five moves ahead. Man of the mind. Name's:

ELLIS

Because you could make the argument that, had you behaved better then, we wouldn't be in such a tenuous position now.

He kisses the top of Jenna's head. Eyes never leave Lem's.

LEM

C'mon, man -- Seriously, how many times you gonna make me say it?

JENNA

Could cut that list in half, too. Still wouldn't be enough --

LEM

Look, I'm sorry, alright? I made a mistake -- Let's not relieve it.

ELLIS

You're right.

(level)

But neither one of us are going to be overly fond of what happens if there's another.

Hodge sits back, clicking his tongue. Enjoying this.

Lem shoulder-checks Ellis on his way out. Off that, Hodge close-talks with Ellis:

HODGE

You know, It disturbs me that I kind of agree with Lem.

ELLIS

Makes two of us.

Ellis places an ENVELOPE and a DUFFLE on Lem's empty chair.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Simple proof of concept job.

JENNA
None of our jobs are simple.

Hodge takes a pull from his DENTED FLASK.

HODGE
(re: the DUFFLE BAG)
Was Ms. Hale able to fix them?

ELLIS
Faster and better. You ready?

HODGE
Always.

Ellis unzips the duffle: It's a nest of COOL GADGETS.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NEIGHBORING FIELD - LATER

Rain's stopped.

The crew, wearing all black, stride out to a small circle of SCORCHED EARTH in the middle of a field.

Those cool gadgets we saw in the duffle?

Each member now WEARS one strapped to their left arm. BUTTONS and DIGITAL DISPLAYS blink. The centerpiece is a digital TIMER: Set to **SIX HOURS (6:00)**.

Ellis, on a BURNER PHONE, walks beside Jenna. She studies a PHOTO of a BOY (10). Curly hair. Blotchy BIRTHMARK on his LEFT CHEEK.

JENNA
Cute kid.

Ellis takes the photo, puts it back in the ENVELOPE with a TIME MAGAZINE with today's date: **MAY 2017**. Mid-phone convo:

MAN'S VOICE (FILTERED, O.S.)
-- But what if I say "please"?

ELLIS
I would still say "no." My employer made it very clear: No tourists. That's how this works.

MAN'S VOICE (FILTERED, O.S.)
But what certainty do I have that it will work?

(MORE)

MAN'S VOICE (FILTERED, O.S.) (CONT'D)
(tries a new tact)
Look, I want to be in business with
you. I do. But, given what you're
selling, I hope you and Ms. Hale can
understand my... concern.

ELLIS
Remember when we first met, Mr.
Gervis?

GERVIS/MAN'S VOICE (FILTERED)
...Of course I do. Why?

ELLIS
Then you'll know "this" worked when,
the next time we meet, you'll have a
different answer.

He hangs up. SPLASHES through a puddle as he exits frame.

HOLD ON THE PUDDLE.

Reflected in it: Ellis and his team. Then - FLASHES OF LIGHT.

A BURST OF AIR ripples the water, disturbing the reflection
as -- *FLASH!* --

The PUDDLE FREEZES --

SNAP TO TITLES.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

LAUGHTER carries us to:

INT. DINING ROOM - DINNER TABLE - NIGHT

Wine flows as Reed and Maggie hold court with the family:

There's Reed's mother, CAROL: 50s and fit for her age; his father, GREG: 60, balding but distinguished; his little brother DANNY, mature for 15.

MAGGIE

-- So me and the other nurses are coming back from break when -- BAM! This homeless guy runs screaming right into me. My coffee goes flying, he's totally naked, yelling in my face! And out of nowhere comes this cop, who's kinda--

REED

-- Dashing? Sexy?

MAGGIE

I was going to say douchey.

Everyone LAUGHS. Reed shrugs, takes a sip of wine.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

But heroically douchey! So Nate, he tackles the guy. And he's all "right to remain silent" this and handcuffs that. And before I know it, he drives me home, takes my statement.

DANNY

Dude. Teach me.

GREG

My son, the hero.

MAGGIE

He even slipped me his number.

REED

Got her a new coffee and Sharpied it on the side. She still has the cup in a box somewhere.

Reed takes Maggie's hand, she squeezes back.

MAGGIE

Anyway, 8 months later, here I am.

CAROL
Here you are. My son's future wife.

Maggie tenses. *Does Mom approve?*

CAROL (CONT'D)
You guys should pick a date.

MAGGIE
(relieved)
We were thinking March.

Greg SMACKS the table, excited --

GREG
Okay -- March it is! Now --
(raises his glass)
A toast: To my son, for finding you.
To "right place, right time."

Maggie beams, Reed blushes. They toast: *CLINK-CLINK*.

BELLS ABOVE A DOOR RING as it SWINGS OPEN and --

INT. MARQUETTE SAVINGS & LOAN BANK - DAY

-- ELLIS AND HIS TEAM ENTER.

The BOY from Ellis' photo is in the lobby. Watching...

Ellis' crew wears different colored SKI-MASKS and aim GUNS at the handful of morning customers and employees.

ELLIS (WHITE mask) pistol-whips the guard.

ELLIS
Down. Everybody down! NOW!

Everyone obliges. The crew fans out and secures the bank.

ON ELLIS' GADGET: The TIMER ticks down from **FIVE HOURS** when he leaps over the counter, startling TELLERS.

He stands up the MANAGER (60s, glasses). Buries his gun under his chin:

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Open the vault. No panic code. Open
it and we're gone. Move.

Scared, MANAGER nods and WORKS the vault.

Hostages lay face-down behind the TELLER CAGES, THE CREW looming over them.

LEM (BLACK mask) has a very itchy trigger-finger aimed at the back of a YOUNG, FEMALE TELLER's head.

CCTV CAM POV:

Favor Ellis at the vault. Our eyes drawn to the left-hand corner's **TIMESTAMP:**

AUGUST 7, 1999. *The fuck?*

(OVER) AN ALARM BEEPS and we're --

INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

We'll see more of this later. Right now, let's focus on a WALL SCREEN PULSING with a RED DOT that represents the bank's location on a GEO-TEMPORAL MAP.

A date PINGS on screen: **AUGUST 7, 1999.**

JAMIE JAMIE (26, the lead tech wearing yesterday's clothes) works her station as DR. RALSTON (50s, Asian-American) hovers over her shoulder.

JAMIE	RALSTON
Grid's been tripped. It's him again --	I need a team there. Now.

JAMIE
Doorway's regenerating. Two minutes.

RALSTON
He'll be gone in two minutes.

The RED DOT SURGES as a GRID overlays atop it.

INT. BANK - INSIDE THE VAULT - DAY

Using the Manager's keys, Ellis unlocks SECURITY BOX 147.

He slips the ENVELOPE inside. Off the Manager's surprise --

ELLIS
(over his shoulder)
Red?!

HODGE (RED mask), guarding the Boy, looks up. RED/HODGE seizes the boy's arm, drags him toward Ellis.

The Boy's FATHER reaches for him and gets a GUN to the FACE --

The Boy YELPS. JENNA (BLUE Mask) looks from kid to the door.

ELLIS PULLS the plug on the CCTV camera inside the vault.

IN THE VAULT: Hodge trades the Boy for the manager.

Lem takes the manager, sends him to the floor, hard.

He's sprawled out next to the Young Female Teller, whose face we still can't see...

BACK IN THE VAULT: Ellis lowers to the boy's level.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

Hi. We've met before.

(REMOVES his mask)

Sixteen years from now.

This is way over the kid's head --

Lem turns his gun on the terrified Young Female Teller.

LEM

Face down, on the ground.

(presses gun to her head)

While you still have a face.

She turns, and we finally see her face:

IT'S MAGGIE. 19. Trembling, she complies.

From here on out, we call her MAGGIE 2.

I/E. REED'S TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

In THE PRESENT, MAGGIE laughs MOS while riding shotgun. Reed rounds a turn. Maggie quiets. Something's... off.

REED

(looks at her)

Hey. You okay?

MAGGIE

Just tired I guess.

Reed rubs her neck. OFF Maggie --

IN THE BANK - SAME (THE PAST)

Over Maggie 2's shoulder, Lem watches Ellis talk to the boy.

With Lem distracted, she stretches her foot slowly toward a BUTTON along the floor, hidden under the counter.

She RELEASES the button. Quickly glides her foot back.

Just in time to see LEM'S MASK staring at her. *Shit.*

EXT. REED'S HOUSE - NIGHT (THE PRESENT)

The truck's in the driveway. Engine CLICKING as it cools...

MAGGIE

Woof, the room's spinning. Please
make it do the other thing.

INT. REED'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (THE PRESENT)

DRIFT past a MANTLE of PHOTOS of the happy couple to the couch where a disoriented Maggie sits. She rubs her temples.

MAGGIE

Must be the wine.

REED

You had two glasses, lightweight.

Reed enters from the kitchen with a GLASS of water.

REED (CONT'D)

So, I guess no open bar at the
wedding then for you, Mrs. Reed?

She makes a face.

REED (CONT'D)

Too early? The Mrs. Reed thing?

She shakes her head. Kisses him.

MAGGIE

...Thank you.

REED

For?

MAGGIE

Oh, that would take too long.

INTERCUT: The Bank (THE PAST) and Reed (THE PRESENT).

HODGE hurries to Jenna at the sound of approaching SIRENS.

JENNA

Two minutes!

HODGE

Faster would be better.

GUNSHOT!

IN THE VAULT: Ellis looks out onto the bank floor to see:

MAGGIE 2 bleeding from a gunshot wound to the chest.

Tellers and customers SCREAM. The Boy, eerie calm, stares.

THE PRESENT: MAGGIE RECOILS.

Gasping, she clutches her chest as if she's just been shot. But there's no blood -- just the pain and shock.

REED

Mags? Maggie, what's wrong? --

THE PAST - THE BANK

LEM

-- But she tripped the alarm! I had to get it on, man! --

ELLIS, mask back on, BOXES Lem's ears with open palms and knees him the STOMACH -- OFF customers' GASPS --

SIRENS. Louder. CLOSER --

Ellis shoves Lem over to Hodge. He and Jenna urgently drag him toward the vault.

MAGGIE 2 is on the floor. The Manager, using his hands, struggles to stop the bleeding. ELLIS lingers over them both:

JENNA

Gotta move! No time, no time!

THE PRESENT:

REED lays a crying Maggie down on the couch. He can't see what she's clutching. He pulls her hands away, revealing:

A DIME-SIZE HOLE IN HER STOMACH.

He can see through it, to the couch cushion. OFF Reed's reaction -- He fumbles for his CELL PHONE. DIALS.

FEMALE OPERATOR (FILTERED, O.S.)

911, what's your emergency? --

THE PAST - BANK:

Ellis watches Maggie struggle to breathe. She's suffering. A knowing look passes between them.

OPS CENTER - PRESENT

Jamie intercepts Reed's 911 call. It plays over SPEAKERS:

REED

-- Yes, 2816 Harvard Drive. Hurry!

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

-- just sit tight, Detective.
Paramedics are on the way --

RALSTON

Op's changed, people. This is now a
containment. 2816 Harvard - Go!

IN A MOTOR POOL: BLACK SUVs gather speed and hit the street.

PAST - THE BANK:

Ellis lowers to Maggie 2. Her glassy eyes fluttering.

IN THE VAULT: Jenna JOLTS at another GUNSHOT. More SCREAMS.

She looks out to the bank floor as Ellis runs inside, closing
the VAULT DOOR behind them. As he LOCKS THEM INSIDE --

A SHELL CASING SIZZLES in a puddle of Maggie 2's BLOOD...

THE PRESENT:

REED carries Maggie in his arms toward their front door --

REED

Help's taking too long, baby. I
gotta get you to a hospital --

THE PAST - BANK: Maggie 2. Corpse pale. Helpless looks fly --

MAGGIE 1 GASPS.

Reed cradles her, panic-eyed when, like a busted light bulb,
PARTS OF HER TORSO FLICKER and FADE IN AND OUT OF VIEW.

SHE'S DISAPPEARING.

The hand she holds Reed with slowly FADES AWAY. Her RING
falls to the CARPET.

THE PAST - BANK:

POLICE, guns drawn, toss confused looks all around as the
Manager OPENS the VAULT DOOR. It GRINDS OPEN, revealing...

It's EMPTY. Minus fading tendrils of CRACKLING BLUE energy.

MAGGIE 2: One last wet GASP -- Eyes fixed.

MAGGIE 1: She locks eyes with Reed. Tears streaming when --

MAGGIE 1 VANISHES.

She literally slips through Reed's fingers.

Reed backs away -- *hot stove*. After a beat, he CRIES OUT --

SUVs SCREECH AND SKID to a stop OUTSIDE his house, setting off his truck's CAR ALARM. It WAILS over the following:

N.D. PERSONNEL in black suits enter the home.

ON REED: Shaking with shock -- It takes him a beat before realizes these men are here, trying to take him away.

He PUSHES back - Fists clenched --

HISS -- The amber contents of a HYPODERMIC SYRINGE empty into Reed's neck. He passes out. As MEN HOIST his limp body into the lead car --

The rear DOOR of the SUV CLOSES with Reed inside.

Both cars PEEL OUT -- Passing the inbound AMBULANCE

BACK IN REED'S HOUSE. HOLD ON THE RING.

In between the SIREN STROBES of the inbound AMBULANCE --

THE RING DISAPPEARS.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT**

Exposed wiring. Plastic tarps and unfinished drywall. A wall of windows overlook Los Angeles' skyline beyond.

Ellis sits at one end of a glass table, uncomfortable in his tall chair. His crew hover behind him. Stone faced.

HAND RUSTED with BLOOD, Ellis slides an iPad across the table. Its screen aglow with a BANKING TRANSFER RECORD.

LEM, freshly black-eyed, lip split, eyes Ellis with contempt:

ELLIS

The problem is... he's short. Very.

Ellis favors the SPEAKER PHONE center table as he talks.

MR. GERVIS

The cost of your man's...
improvisation.

Reveal MR. GERVIS. 25. Acne scarred. Close-cropped hair.

Left cheek stained with a BIRTHMARK identical to that of the boy in the bank. Because Gervis IS that boy, all grown up.

GERVIS

I didn't like it.

He sets the ENVELOPE with the picture and Time Magazine next to the iPad. Its now-aged contents peek out from the opening.

ELLIS

Well, not that what you like isn't
at the top of my priorities, but --
we had a deal.

WOMAN'S VOICE ON SPEAKER PHONE

And I dislike it when people break
them, Mr. Gervis.

GERVIS

Then, please, let me make it up to
you, Ms. Hale -- to both of you --
with a new deal: Double your team's
usual fee.

(reactions)

Per job, of course.

Silence hangs as that lands...

MS. HALE'S VOICE (FILTERED, O.S.)
 Uh, are you guys still there...?

ELLIS
 No. I mean -- yes. Sorry, but: No,
 no deal.
 (the crew protests)
 "Fool me once" and all that. You
 understand. --

JENNA
 -- I don't. --

ELLIS
 We're done talking. --

MS. HALE'S VOICE (FILTERED)
 I could stand to hear a little more.

Ellis TAPS a button, ending the call. He walks away.

GERVIS
 I can give you what you want. Who,
 rather.

Ellis stops. Turns. Grim-faced:

ELLIS
 ...That's impossible.

GERVIS
 Says the man who does what you do
 for a living.

Touche.

HODGE
 How many jobs we talking here?

He presents Ellis with a silver THUMB DRIVE.

GERVIS
 That depends on him.

Ellis measures him. OFF his TICKING WATCH...

REED LURCHES AWAKE.

He's strapped to a GURNEY inside:

INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - MEDICAL BAY - TIMELESS

Bunker turned exam room. Concrete walls. Harsh lighting.

Reed gets his bearings. Wants out. RESTRAINTS won't let him.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Easy. Easy now.

DR. LYNN ESPER (30s, trusting eyes), hands in her lab coat's pockets, stands by a MONITOR active with Reed's VITALS.

LYNN

No one's going to hurt you, Nathan.
Especially not me, okay?

REED

How do you know my name? Where am I?
Where's Maggie?!

RALSTON (O.S.)

You're in a safe place, Mr. Reed.

DOOR SEALS shut behind Ralston as he enters with two GUARDS.

REED

Then untie me.

RALSTON

(ignores that)
What are his levels?

LYNN

Normal. His biology barely flinched.
He's an excellent candidate.

REED

Candidate? Candidate for what? Look,
who are you people?!

RALSTON

I'm Dr. Ken Ralston, this is Dr.
Lynn Esper. We're here to help.

REED

Yeah? And where is here?

RALSTON

You're at a research facility, in
the city. And you're here because
you witnessed an event that --

REED

An event?! I watched my wife die.
Disappear!

RALSTON

-- One that until today was science-fiction. And she was your fiancée.

Reed sours at "was." Ralston activates a SMART WALL.

It SCROLLS with DATA on Reed and Maggie: DMV Records, I.D. PICS and SOCIAL MEDIA PHOTOS --

RALSTON (CONT'D)

Swanson, Margaret L. Born: Dec. 3, 1980. Died... August 7, 1999.

Reed shakes his head, mind bent --

REED

What?! No, no, that's - it's 2017. I watched her die, now, today -- In my arms. I saw it happen! --

Ralston and Lynn exchange sympathetic looks. Ralston pads over to Reed:

RALSTON

This... won't make sense, but, yes, you saw her "die" in the present. Because she was killed in the past.

We've just lost cabin pressure.

RALSTON (CONT'D)

18 years ago, in a bank robbery. She disappeared now because time, it... it course-corrected to account for her death.

REED

Are you insane?!

You're crazy! This is -- Let me out of here!

Reed thrashes, restraints CUT INTO HIS WRISTS, DRAWING BLOOD--

LYNN

Nathan, please --

Ralston gestures to the guards -- *hold fast.*

REED

Let me out, damn you! I have to get her back!

RALSTON

You can't.

Reed blinks back tears. Blood shoelaces down his forearm. Lynn unties a restraint to examine the cut. Redd pants.

REED

So, you're saying she died in one time, while I was at home with her in another?! Bullshit. How is that even possible?

RALSTON

...Time travel.

Long silence. Then -- Reed LAUGHS.

Which turns into a desperate cry. Then a defeated sob...

RALSTON (CONT'D)

Look, Nathan. If I could get her back, I would. Now, listen to me --

FAST, Reed TEARS FREE -- PUTS LYNN in a choke hold.

Her KIT clatters to the floor. The GUARDS draw SIDE-ARMS --

REED

I want out of here.

RALSTON

Not with her.

Reed tightens his grip. The guards inch closer.

REED

Just open that door, and --

Reed WINCES with sudden pain. Clutching his head.

Lynn spins free. The GUARDS pin Reed onto the gurney.

RALSTON

(to the guards)
Don't hurt him.

LYNN

(rubbing her throat)
It -- shit, it's started.

As Reed's pain subsides:

REED

What? What's started?!

Lynn opens a METAL CUPBOARD, removes a bottle of RED PILLS.

LYNN

Here. Take these. For the pain.

Surprised, ashamed, he takes them. The guards stand him up.

RALSTON

I'm sorry about all this. I wish I could change it, I really do. But I can't.

(then)

But what I can do is - Look at me, Nathan. What I do is tell you that, that I'm in charge of a team here. And if you join us, we can find the man who hurt her. Stop him from ever hurting anyone else.

REED

Just let me out.

RALSTON

You'll just go after him anyway, right? You won't succeed. Not without us.

Reed turns to him, eyes fierce --

REED

Let. Me...out.

(softens)

Please.

Ralston studies him. Reluctantly, he OPENS the door and nods toward the Guards.

RALSTON

These men will take you home.

Ralston slips a SMART PHONE into Reed's pocket.

RALSTON (CONT'D)

If you change your mind, my number's the only one in there.

The guards escort him out. He stops, faces Lynn --

REED

I, I'm sorry. If I hurt you.

She nods: "It's okay". The guards lead Reed out. Lynn and Ralston watch him disappear down a hallway:

LYNN

What if he talks?

RALSTON

Who would believe him?

REED, mind reeling, looks up: A POWER SURGE causes the CEILING LAMPS to FLICKER.

The Guard INJECTS Reed's neck with another hypodermic.

As he slips into unconsciousness, we **CUT TO:**

INT. FARM HOUSE - BEDROOM

Ellis, shirtless, unplugs the THUMB DRIVE from his laptop.

JENNA
I said "how far?"

Wearing a towel, hair wet, she steps out of the bathroom.

ELLIS
(gets dressed)
Very.

JENNA
What about Lem?

ELLIS
He's coming, too.

JENNA
One-way?

He tosses her a loaded look. She resigns to that. Ellis checks his watch. *Damn* -- running late.

ELLIS
I'll brief everyone when I get back.

JENNA
You don't have to go.

He stops, annoyed. As if she should know better.

ELLIS
...It's his birthday.

He STRAPS on his GADGET. TAPS buttons.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Don't worry. Won't be gone long
enough for them to find me.

He kisses her. Exits. OFF a worried Jenna --

EXT. FARM - SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT (THE PAST)

Windows board-free. Rows of green crops. A home.

Ellis hides among the trees. Out of sight. He watches:

A CURLY-HAIRED BOY (7) behind the front window overlooking the porch. He picks at half-eaten BIRTHDAY CAKE.

The kid holds the RACE CAR WATCH ELLIS NOW WEARS...

INT. REED'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Empty. Somewhere, a CLOCK CHIMES...

Reed, slumped on the couch, blinks awake.

INT. REED'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Alone, standing at the counter. Eyes moving over the now-barren photo mantle.

He shakes his head. His eyes harden. A plan forms --

QUICK SHOTS: Reed's on the phone, pacing. A raw nerve.

REED

No no, listen - Last night, we had dinner. All of us. And -- No, Mom, damn it, I'm not making this up!

-- Reed, on the phone, sits against the wall.

REED (CONT'D)

-- But I've been with your daughter for almost a year, Dave - Mr. Swanson. You have to believe me --

MR. SWANSON (O.S.)

(upset, choking up)
Stop. Just - Don't call here again.

DIAL TONE.

Another HEADACHE. Worst one yet. It passes. He looks up, rubbing his temples. Eyes landing on the COFFEE POT, then something occurs to him -- HE DASHES UPSTAIRS TO:

INT. REED'S HOUSE - MAIN BEDROOM

Reed removes a SHOEBOX from the closet. The word "US" scrolled on the lid in a woman's handwriting.

He fumbles OPEN the box and exhales in defeat.

All of its contents - ticket stubs, love notes, the COFFEE CUP with his phone number written on it --

THEY ALL VANISH. Along with the word "US" on the lid.

Reed sobs into his hands. The house SETTLES...

EXT. POLICE STATION - EST. - DAY

REED'S TRUCK is parked out front.

INT. POLICE STATION - RECORDS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

DRIFT past open BOXES of CASE FILES atop a table to find REED reading a REPORT. Clipped to it, is a printed FREEZE FRAME from the bank lobby's security cam.

It's a BLURRY close up of Ellis' gun arm. Despite the fuzzy image, Reed spies the CHILD'S RED WATCH on Ellis' wrist.

He sits down. In front of him, a COMPUTER. On its SCREEN:

MAGGIE'S OBIT from the local paper. Her black and white photo stares back at him. A ghost.

A MAN'S VOICE O.S.

You okay?

DETECTIVE GANZ looms behind Reed. African-American, 40s, with an air of having seen it all, twice.

REED

("I'm not okay")

Yeah. Yeah, I'm okay.

GANZ

"Okay" doesn't call 911 and then leave the scene, partner.

(off Reed's reaction)

Mary in Dispatch. She told me she got your call last night. What's up?

Ganz sits against the computer terminal. Eyes the obit.

GANZ (CONT'D)

And why the hell are you digging around the Maggie Swanson case?

REED

(packing up)

You wouldn't understand. You don't even know her --

GANZ

'Hell you talking about, man?

(level)

I was there.

Reed sours at that. Ganz grows uncomfortable remembering...

GANZ (CONT'D)
First uniform on the scene...

CUTAWAY: Past. GANZ, 20s and in Blues, arrives at the Bank.

GANZ (V.O.)
Robbery turned Murder One. She was
just a kid working a college job...

He sickens at the sight of Maggie ZIPPED UP in a body bag.

BACK TO PRESENT:

GANZ
C'mon, man, you know this --

REED
Remind me, were there any leads?

GANZ
You saw the file: A little boy too
traumatized to speak, and a bank
manager who said that the suspects,
they just "disappeared."
(then)
After that, case got buried right
after she did. Now, where you going
with this, Nate? No one's touched
this in years, so why are you?

ANOTHER HEADACHE. Ganz moves to help.

Reed stumbles away and into a run. Ganz chases after him,
calling his name --

OFF MAGGIE'S BLACK AND WHITE OBIT PHOTO --

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ganz arrives just in time to see Reed's truck PEEL OUT of the
parking lot and into traffic.

INT. REED'S TRUCK: REED is on the PHONE Ralston gave him...

REED
Okay. I'm in. On one condition: Do
you have a pen?

The SOUND of hurried HANDWRITING plays OVER the following
IMAGES -- which EVAPORATE like they're made out of fog:

-- Reed and Maggie on a hammock. LAUGHING.

-- Maggie and Reed arguing in a grocery store parking lot.

-- Reed kisses his way down Maggie's naked back.

INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

Reed sits at a steel table, writing. Pages of loose leaf filling with words. Memories of Maggie.

LYNN (O.S.)

Could have got him a tape recorder.

Ralston and Lynn watch from behind two-way glass.

RALSTON

He filled one up on the ride over.
And the voice memos on his phone.

Reed's out of paper. He frantically fishes a receipt out of his wallet, goes to write on it -- stops. Memory's gone.

He puts down the pen. Eyes welling...

OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER

Ralston sits at the table across from Reed.

REED

So that's why I get the headaches?
Because time is -- it's "course
correcting" my memory, too?

RALSTON

After the subject is gone, all
record of their existence is next.
Photos. Memories. Everything.

Reed rubs his face, exhausted.

RALSTON (CONT'D)

Memory is the last to go, we don't
know why.

Reed compiles his papers into a neat stack.

REED

God, I miss her face...

He stares off. Then -- an idea.

REED (CONT'D)

Wait. Her face. I can still see it.
(then)

(MORE)

REED (CONT'D)

If I never met her, then -- if these memories didn't happen -- then why do they feel like they did? Like --

RALSTON

Like an echo, right? From what we can tell, memory... it goes in phases. It's been months, and I still get the headaches.

REED

Wait. You? How? What happened? --

RALSTON

Doesn't matter. What does, is getting you prep'd for next steps.

REED

Okay, but why? Why me?

RALSTON

We recently came into the need of someone with your skill set.

(then)

And, you fit the profile.

Reed scoffs. Ralston's serious. ON REED: *Oh.*

REED

So, did the military, or D.O.D., or whomever's running this show short you on head count or something?

RALSTON

The only person who wants to catch this guy more than me, is you. You want to give someone else that job?

ON REED as that lands...

RALSTON (CONT'D)

The real reason? I'm selfish.

(Reed doesn't follow)

You're hurting. And what we do here... it helped cause that pain. I need to fix that.

Reed takes that in.

RALSTON (CONT'D)

So. You ready to catch the bad guy?

REED

Are you?

(leans forward, serious)

After what he did, aren't you
worried about what I'll do, to him?

RALSTON

You won't take it that far.

REED

How do you know? Wait - let me
guess. "I fit the profile."

Ralston grins, nods. Rises for the exit.

After a beat, Reed follows...

OPERATIONS CENTER - HALLWAY - MOVING - LATER

Reed and Ralston stand before a LARGE METAL DOOR. As Ralston
WORKS an PALM SCANNER:

REED (CONT'D)

Where are we going?

RALSTON

I wanna show you my time machine.

HEAVY DOOR LOCKS DISENGAGE. The METAL DOOR IRISES OPEN.

Light SLICES across Reed's pensive face and --

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. WOODS - MOVING - NIGHT**

Ellis and crew move low to the ground, in shadow. They react to the distant sound of... ARTILLERY SHELLS?

LEM
(whispers)
They're getting closer.

JENNA
Then move faster.

Distant EXPLOSIONS LIGHT UP LEM's anxious face.

HODGE
Don't worry. We're out of range.

LEM
Yeah, well, bullets have a way of going where they want.

ELLIS
You would know.

LEM stares back daggers. Ellis signals "stop" and motions for all to DROP to the ground.

On their bellies, they glimpse through the trees: FIGURES moving on HORSEBACK.

A tense beat. Ellis sees something O.S. Grimaces.

The figures pass. Ellis signals "move out." They go. Ellis carefully STEPS OVER --

The hilt of a SABRE. And the dead, rotting HAND holding it.

OFF the WHISTLE OF INCOMING --

RALSTON'S VOICE
"That's it"?!"

INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - CONTROL ROOM

Ralston and an underwhelmed Reed stand before CONSOLES that orbit an open central area. The room HUMS with power.

RALSTON
What do you mean "that's it"?

REED

Well, when you said "time machine,"
I thought you meant that. Not, you
know, that.

He points to the CENTER OF THE ROOM:

There is a HOLE in the FLOOR. Drifting up from it is a faint
cylinder of LIGHT. Vaporish. This is THE DOORWAY.

REED (CONT'D)

Or is that like your flux capacitor
or something?

JAMIE

(a wink in her voice)
No, but it does run on stolen
plutonium.

Morris WHEELS from her station toward Reed.

RALSTON

Reed, Jamie Morris. She monitors
field ops. Makes sure everything
works around here.

JAMIE

(shakes Reed's hand)
On my better days.

REED

So, how does all this work?

FLASH! Reed reflexively steps back as --

A MAN emerges from The Doorway's pulsing column of light. 25.
Pure military. From jarhead to jartoe. Name's **SCHIFF**.

SCHIFF

(moves to Ralston)
Recon complete. It's our boy,
alright. He brought friends. Figured
I'd come get mine.

Reed blinks back shock. Ralston, arms crossed, gloats.

Ralston and Schiff move to Morris' console.

ON REED: Mind bent. He cautiously POKES a finger at the
Doorway's vaporish light. Can't believe it --

REED

Where did he come from? The future?

RALSTON

The past.

JAMIE

Can't go to what hasn't happened yet. Only what has.

SCHIFF

Doorway's still a bit bumpy on the return. Thought you fixed that?

JAMIE

It just doesn't like you, Schiff.

SCHIFF

Well that's weird, because I've been nothing but nice to it.

JAMIE

(into Intercom Mic)
Repair team? Fast-like.

TECHS push past a stunned Reed and, like a pit-crew, remove and tend to FLOOR PANELS and CIRCUITRY lining the Doorway.

Reed studies a few SCORCHED floor panels. On the far wall, he he squints at -- *are those BULLET HOLES?* Before he can ask:

SCHIFF

New guy? C'mon. Let's suit up.

Reed pulls it together and follows Ralston and Schiff toward an ANTE-ROOM full of LOCKERS.

Hanging inside are black, Body Glove-like MISSION SUITS identical to Schiff's.

REED

Schiff, right? You got a first name?

SCHIFF

Somewhere. Any more questions?

ON REED: *"Are you kidding?"*

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

LEM FLINGS HIS BODY AT JENNA, pushing her out of the way of a near-miss artillery EXPLOSION.

Dirt and leaves flake off their backs.

LEM

Shit, that was close. You okay?

Winded, she nods. He helps her stand. Ellis tends to her, ignoring Lem.

LEM (CONT'D)
I'm fine, by the way.

JENNA
(wipes her muddy face)
Thanks.

LEM
Sure. Do the same for me, right?

She looks away, ashamed. Lem picks up on that when --

Ellis' DEVICE CHIRPS. He TAPS buttons, calling up a GPS MAP of the area with 3D topographical representations.

ELLIS
They must be moving back inland. We better hurry -- c'mon.

Lem and Jenna exchange looks and move out. They approach:

A MILITARY FORT and BARRACKS. Battle-damaged. It's abandoned minus the scattered dead. All Blue Coats.

UNION SOLDIERS. Ellis' BOOTS SPLASH THROUGH MUDDY BLOOD.

INT. OPS CENTER - LOCKER ROOM - LATER

REED slips sleek BODY ARMOR over his mission suit. He flexes, the suit is a bit too snug. Schiff grins.

Reed feels at the NAME PATCH above his heart: "PORTER." He starts to speak when RALSTON, suiting up, interrupts:

RALSTON
-- Did you hear me?

REED
Yeah, that hole in the floor -- that's the Doorway. Got it.

RALSTON
And it allows us to go wherever, whenever, they go.

REED
And how do we know where they are?

INT. OPS CENTER - MORRIS' CONSOLE - MOMENTS LATER

JAMIE

We call it the Grid.

She directs Reed's attention to WALL SCREENS.

A LINE, like radar, SWEEPS a map-like grid. A RED DOT pulses, crawling with COORDINATES and MONTHS, DAYS and YEARS.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Picture a net, but made out of time.

As she wheels over to the Grid, pointing as she speaks:

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Each line is an event. Each event is tied to a trip wire.

REED

So when he - can't believe I'm saying this - goes back in time, and trips the wire, you can like...
Lowjack his location?

JAMIE

Circle gets the square.

Ralston fastens a GADGET to Reed's Arm. It looks exactly like ELLIS', but lees sleek. More low-tech, first generation-y.

RALSTON

Multi-Comms. MCs.

(STRAPS on his MC)

They shield us from the effects of time travel, and monitor our time through the Doorway.

SCHIFF

And never take it off. They're our only way to communicate with Jamie.

REED

Okay, but -- Why not just go back to before all this? Can't you guys just find this guy on his eighth birthday or something and just, you know --

Reed makes a gun with his fingers and "pulls the trigger."

SCHIFF

Really? Damn. That -- that's dark.

REED
Okay, then why not just go back to
that day at the bank? --

RALSTON
I wish I could --

REED
Send me. I'll stop him, save her.

RALSTON
It doesn't work that way.

JAMIE
(re: her MONITOR)
Doorway's priming. Two minutes.

REED
But it's a door, right? Doors open
both ways.

JAMIE
Not ours. Not anymore.

Reed looks to Ralston, who chooses his words carefully.

RALSTON
We -- there was an accident.

REED
Okaaaay... What kind of accident?

SCHIFF
The kind that left us without the
tech we need to do what you asked.

JAMIE
Or the means to make another door.

REED
So this guy, he stole it from you.

JAMIE
And smashed up our lab real good in
the process, too.
(grim, re: REED'S SUIT)
We lost a lot of good people...

Reed follows her eyeline to PORTER'S NAME PATCH. Reed takes
in their reactions, studies the BULLET HOLES again...

RALSTON
The faster we find them, the faster
we can get our tech back.

REED

We just don't know who this guy is,
or who he works for.

SCHIFF

Ain't we got fun?

EXT. UNION SOLDIERS' BARRACKS - NIGHT

Outside the gates, Lem SNAPS a selfie with his phone. Hodge shakes his head. Jenna tosses Lem a disapproving look.

INSIDE THE BARRACKS - ELLIS

A FLASHLIGHT fastened to his PISTOL leads his sight. Jenna's voice pipes in over Ellis' MC:

JENNA (FILTERED, O.S.)

Is it clear?

Ellis stops. His light finds: A baby-faced OFFICER (18).
Deserter. Deer in the headlights.

JENNA (FILTERED, O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ellis, come in -- Are we good?

Ellis flicks his gun - go. The officer hurries out the back.

ELLIS

(TAPS his MC)

All clear.

Ellis' light LANDS on a black iron FLOOR SAFE.

ON HIS MC: The DIGITAL TIMER COUNTS DOWN FROM **2:00 HOURS**.

INT. CONTROL CENTER - MORRIS' CONSOLE - SAME

REED'S MC: THE TIMER SNAPS ON. Set to **SIX HOURS** (6:00).

REED

But why six hours?

RALSTON

Because the body can only handle the
pressures of the trip for that long.

REED

And if we stay any longer?

SCHIFF

Ever hear of the Bends?

REED

Yeah, the thing divers get when they surface too fast. Why?

JAMIE

Well, it's like that. But worse.

SCHIFF

As deaths go, it's not the funnest.

REED

From what I've seen, no death is.

(then)

But I feel sorry for the poor bastard who had to find that out.

ON RALSTON. That cut. Before Reed can ask how deep --

AN ALERT SOUNDS.

COMPUTER VOICE (FILTERED,V.O.)

Target locked. Proceed to Doorway.

The Doorway's light PULSES. Getting BRIGHTER. Reed, apprehensive, moves toward it. Ralston at his side.

REED

Wait -- why are you going?

RALSTON

Tech's still in Beta Phase. Unstable. If it breaks down, you'll need someone to fix it.

REED

Yeah, someone. But why you?

Ralston dodges that by stepping into the Doorway. He stands alongside Schiff, both wait expectantly for Reed.

Reed, nervous, dips a foot in and out of the vaporish light. Like testing how cold a swimming pool is.

He looks up at their impatient faces. Flashes a smile. Reed sucks it up, closes his eyes, STEPS IN and --

Nothing.

He exhales relief. Looks to Ralston: *That wasn't so bad.*

His grin fades -- the Doorway SURGES with ANGRY BLUE LIGHT as we witness for the first time the TIME TRAVEL EFFECT IN FULL.

Light FLASHES. Blinding. ATOMS DISSOLVING. THEN --

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

LIGHT SILENTLY EXPLODES OUTWARD and SNAPS BACK.

With a LOUD GASP, Reed materializes in the past. Behind the rest of the team. Reed's woozy.

REED
...Where? When?

Ralston moves to steady him. Reed checks his MC DISPLAY, which reads: **JUNE 1863.**

REED (CONT'D)
What? No, that's -- the Civil War?!

Reed can't believe it. He also can't stop throwing up.

SCHIFF
First time's the worst, right?

Bent at the waist, Reed shoots him a look -- *No shit.*

He straightens up, wipes his mouth -- FLINCHING at the THUNDER of distant WEAPONS FIRE.

SCHIFF (CONT'D)
Wow. Would you look at that...

Cautiously, Reed joins the others. Staring off in awe at --
THE DISTANT BATTLE.

MUZZLE FLASHES strobe the night sky, dancing across their faces as they all watch with childlike awe...

ON RALSTON, REFLECTED in his GLASSES:

A small LAKE where two IRONCLADS trade angry shots.

REED REACTS to a loud BUGLE CALL. His eyes follow the SOUND of INFANTRY advancing in the distance, trading MUSKET FIRE.

REED
This is... I mean --
(then)
Have you guys ever gone back this far before?

Too bewildered to speak, Ralston shakes his head.

As they take it in, their MCs BEEP. Schiff studies a MAP and GPS on his display screen. As he signals "move out" --

EXT. BARRACKS - EST. - NIGHT

Hodge and Lem, on alert, guard the entrance.

(PRE-LAP) The sound of TUMBLERS CLICKING INTO PLACE --

INT. BARRACKS - SAME

Ellis OPENS the black-iron floor safe.

JENNA

All this just for that?

INSIDE, atop a shelf: TELEGRAMS. PAPERS.

ELLIS

Don't look at me. I just work here.

She slaps a DEVICE, the size of a HOCKEY PUCK, into his palm.

He waves the DEVICE over the papers, which DRAGS a GREEN LIGHT across them -- SCANNING them. Reveal the papers to be:

MAPS. Troop deployment routes.

As the device BEEPS -- SCAN COMPLETE -- Ellis nods to Jenna.

OUTSIDE THE BARRACKS

Lem REACTS to a COMMOTION inside. Exchanges looks with Hodge.

HODGE

(into his Com)

Ellis? Jenna, everything okay?

(silence)

Better check it out.

LEM, gun drawn, enters. Hodge, eyes narrowing, follows.

Hold on the ENTRANCE. After a beat -- SOUNDS of a STRUGGLE. LEM GRUNTS. GUNSHOT! --

TREELINE - OVERLOOKING THE BARRACKS

Reed LOOKS UP just in time to see the Barracks' dark entrance illuminated by MUZZLE FLASH.

The team double-times toward the barracks. Reed steps around the SABRE from before and the dead UNION SOLDIER holding it.

BARRACKS - SAME

LEM, bleeding from the mouth, stares down Jenna's gun. Hodge and Ellis circle him.

LEM

-- But I didn't kill her! Ellis, he did it. Hodge, man, please, help me!

Jenna drops him with a KNEE to the gut --

JENNA

I said: Face down.
(aims gun at his head)
While you still have a face.

Seething, LEM stares her down. OFF Ellis --

OUTSIDE BARRACKS - MOVING

Our heroes crouch behind an overturned supply CART. High-end STUN GUNS drawn.

REED

(whispers)
These aren't going to be enough.

SCHIFF

A better solution's on the way. But until then, these'll have to do.

RALSTON

Remember: We need them alive.

INT. BARRACKS - JENNA

Spins a SUPPRESSOR onto her gun barrel. Lem squeezes back tears and she presses the barrel to his TEMPLE -- She stops.

All look up and react to a SQUEAKING, CREAKING SOUND. From --

OUTSIDE THE BARRACKS: THE SUPPLY CART.

It SHIFTS under the weight of Ralston's gun arm RESTING UPON IT. He closes his eyes at the sound -- *Shit*. Reactions, then:

INT. BARRACKS: LEM takes advantage of the distraction. He SNAPS UP -- KICKS OUT JENNA'S KNEES.

She STUMBLES into Ellis, sending both of them tumbling. With a GRUNT, she he hits the deck, FIRES A STRAY SHOT -- PFFT!

ON REED. Alert. Eyes on the dark entrance. Listening.

RALSTON (CONT'D)

Maybe we should fall back.

REED

Don't think they're shooting at us.

BULLETS SPLINTER THE CART. RALSTON leers at Reed.

REED (CONT'D)
Well, they weren't!

Reed carefully pokes his head up and spies LEM chased out of the barracks by GUNFIRE -- Firing backwards at his attackers with Jenna's SILENCED GUN --

REED (CONT'D)
Freeze!

Lem SPINS, FIRES - REED ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY and into a FIRING STANCE. He SHOOTS -- MISSES. Lem RUNS --

REED (CONT'D)
You got this?

SCHIFF nods. Reed, arms pumping, GIVES CHASE --

INSIDE THE BARRACKS - HODGE

GUT SHOT. Jenna stands him up against a wall. He applies pressure to his wound as BLOOD seeps past his fingers.

HODGE
I'm okay. Go - go get him.

Ellis, pissed, SLIDES BACK his PISTOL ACTION -- *CH-CHICK* --

EXT. WOODS - MOVING - LEM

ALARMS PING. From his MC.

The TIMER FLASHES **TWO MINUTES LEFT.**

INT. BARRACKS - JENNA AND ELLIS

Their TIMERS PING and count down: *1:53, 1:52...*

JENNA
-- can't go back. Not without Lem.

ELLIS
(WORKS his MC)
He's not going anywhere.

WOODS - MOVING: LEM ducks behind a tree. Furiously working his MC. It BLINKS RED. Refusing his commands --

LEM
C'mon, c'mon. Send me back!

It BUZZES with each futile key press. NOTHING.

REED, gaining on LEM. He hears Lem shout:

LEM (CONT'D)
Goddamn you, Ellis! You sonova --

INT. BARRACKS: ELLIS' MC BLINKS GREEN.

A DISPLAY tracking Lem's movements indicates that Lem's MC has been LOCKED. The slightest of grins creases Ellis' face --

JENNA
If they get him. If he talks --

HODGE SHOOTS TOWARD THE ENTRANCE -- Pinning back SCHIFF and RALSTON. They exchange pensive looks --

EXT. WOODS - SAME

LEM trips and SLIDES face-first. His GUN hits a tree with a BOUNCE. He can't see where it lands.

PFPT PFPT! -- REED SHOOTS INCHES FROM LEM'S FACE, which sends Lem scrambling behind a thick Spruce tree. He sees what tripped him:

The dead SOLDIER holding the SABRE that we saw earlier.

Lem's TIMER BEEPS -- **:47, :46 SECONDS...** He spies REED'S MC. OFF LEM -- *Wheels turning...*

INSIDE THE BARRACKS:

Team Ellis' MCs BLINK, then glow STEADY BLUE. *FLASH!*

SCHIFF AND RALSTON enter, guns scanning for targets.

Dust and papers SWIRL as the crackling AIR settles around an empty room. OFF RALSTON'S REACTION --

EXT. WOODS - REED

CLICK CLICK. He's empty. Which sucks because --

LEM, screaming a war-cry, LUNGES at REED with the Sabre. Reed DUCKS. LEM SWINGS -- the Sabre GETS stuck in the MUD.

Reed tackles Lem and WRESTLES him to the ground --

INSIDE THE BARRACKS

SCHIFF
(into his MC)
Tell me you have 'em, James.

OPS CENTER - JAMIE'S STATION

JAMIE

Team's rolling there now.

SPIN from her to THE GRID. A RED DOT PULSES over a location.

EXT. FARM - SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

SIX MEN IN TAC GEAR advance. Assault RIFLES with RED laser sights leading the way.

BOOM! A BLAST OF AIR AND HEAT SENDS THE TEAM CRASHING BACK --

The house goes up in a plume of FIRE. Splinters rain on the TAC TEAM as they peel themselves up off the dirt.

I/E. VAN - SAME - MOVING

The van snakes into traffic. ELLIS, driving, clocks the explosion receding from his rear-view.

He TOSSES a DETONATOR into the passenger seat and accelerates. In the back, Jenna cradles a dying Hodge...

INT. BARRACKS - SAME

SCHIFF

(defeated)

...Copy that.

Looks to Ralston. Shakes his head. Beat. Ralston grinds his jaw, defeated. But perks up at the ajar SAFE DOOR.

OFF ITS CONTENTS -- the PAPERS --

EXT. WOODS - REED

On his back. Face quaking with adrenaline as he struggles to fend off Lem.

He vice-grips Lem by the WRISTS and notices he isn't wearing the WATCH -- *it's not Maggie's killer* --Lem's TIMER WAILS, flashing **ZERO!** His BLOODY FINGER TIPS scrape at Reed's MC --

With a GRUNT, Reed HEAD BUTTS LEM and KICKS HIM OFF.

REED YANKS the Sabre out of the earth. Arcs it up and back, about to strike when --

LEM - sickly, scared - holds up a hand in mercy. The FLESH SAGS off and around his fingers.

His BRUISED face and throat BURSTING with capillaries.

Reed lowers the weapon, paling at the sight of:

LEM'S FACE. Pale. Sickly.

Veins BULGING. BLOODSHOT EYES CRYING A BRACKISH FLUID --

REED looks away -- he wretches at a GURGLING SOUND. The night sky LIGHTS UP with the rumble of CANON FIRE -- Drowning out Lem's DEATH RATTLE as --

The light FADES. Reed looks back: LEM'S GONE.

All that's left of him is his BURNT MC and a STEAMING, BUBBLING MASS.

It carves BLOODY VALLEYS through the mud... Off REED --

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - NIGHT**

The van sits at the end of a long gravel driveway leading to several worn-down, darkened bungalows. No one in sight.

INT. RUNDOWN BUNGALOW - SAME

Peeling paint. Bent, aluminum blinds over cracked windows.

HODGE, pale, lays atop a table in the room's center. He uses Jenna's jacket as a pillow. As she CHANGES HIS BANDAGE:

JENNA

How we doing?

HODGE

I think we've downgraded to agony.

They trade grim smiles. He takes in his shitty surroundings:

HODGE (CONT'D)

Next time, let me pick the safe house, will ya?

Ellis enters and POKETS his burner phone. Looking pissed.

Jenna hands Hodge his dented FLASK. Whispers something in his ear. He cough-laughs, squeezes her hand a beat. She goes.

Hodge takes a long pull off the flask. Wipes his mouth...

CORNER OF THE BUNGALOW - MOMENTS LATER

Ellis and Jenna. In mid-conversation. Heated.

JENNA

-- But she promised. Hale guaranteed no one could track our new MCs.

ELLIS

She's working on fixing that, but the new gear won't be ready in time.

JENNA

Okay, then what about Hodge? When's someone coming for him? For us?

She saddens at his silence. Looking upset:

JENNA (CONT'D)

Then if she won't help us finish this, we call Gervis. Ask him to --

ELLIS

She wants to keep him out of this.

Jenna hangs her head. Ellis takes her by the shoulders.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

You don't need to do this. With this much heat, you should walk away.

JENNA

Not with this kind of money on the table. And not without you.

THUD. They turn to see THE FLASK spilling out onto the floor.

Jenna inhales sharply at the sight of HODGE. Dead.

INT. CONTROL CENTER - MORRIS' CONSOLE

Schiff, Dr. Lynn Esper, and Morris. Mid-convo:

SCHIFF

-- don't know if the name Reed heard is a first or last, but I got our people running "Ellis" through every database we have.

(then)

Any luck with the MC we recovered?

JAMIE

Ralston called it "Extra crispy." But he's putting together something based on what you guys found in that safe. How's he doing?

She nods toward Reed. He stands in a corner. Head down.

LYNN

About as good as all of us were, when we first saw what he just did.

JAMIE

I'd say he looks much worse...

Reed looks up as RALSTON enters. Urgent.

RALSTON

Think I know what they're after.

INT. OPS CENTER - RALSTON'S OFFICE - SAME

Hovering over a flat table, A DIGITAL MAP. It's labeled:

THE UNITED STATES. 1863.

SCHIFF

Wait - so we're going back? Back to the Civil War? Why?

With a SWIPE, Ralston ZOOMS in on the state of KENTUCKY.

RALSTON

To stop a heist. The heist.

PICTURES from the CIVIL WAR scroll below the map. They match with what Ralston says to the entire team:

RALSTON (CONT'D)

After the war, the South had more money than God -- which was the North. And God didn't like that.

LYNN

How much more?

INT. RUNDOWN BUNGALOW - SAME - ELLIS & JENNA

CLOSE the VAN DOOR on Hodge's body as RALSTON SPEAKS:

RALSTON (V.O.)

\$267 million. Mostly gold.

LATER: Ellis PROGRAMS two MCs.

OPS CENTER - RALSTON'S OFFICE:

RALSTON

The North sent a convoy to take the gold to where it would be safe.

(he WORKS the SCREEN)

A place where it would eventually bankroll the first real economy of the United States.

The MAP ZOOMS IN on a location labeled:

SCHIFF

So we're going to **Fort Knox**?

RALSTON

No, but that convoy is.

(fast)

I believe Ellis wants to steal the gold. Either all of it or some of it, but we can't let him have any.

JAMIE
(realizing)
Or else the world we know, it would
just stop. Wiped out of time.

REED
Well, lucky for us, we have Super
GPS. He makes a move, we make ours.

JAMIE
Yeah, uh, about that...

She activates a screen showing a DIAGNOSTIC on THE GRID.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
That last trip overloaded the Grid.
I can get a lock, but no bullseye.

REED
How close can you get us?

JAMIE
Within a four mile radius.
(Reed makes a face)
Still test driving this stuff,
remember?

REED
Then we'll just have to hit the
ground running faster than usual.

SCHIFF
But why was this map at the place
where we found Ellis?

RALSTON
The route was cabled to all high-
ranking Union garrisons.

REED
Perfect place to steal it. With
everyone there off fighting the war,
there's no one to stop him.

LYNN
Well, whomever's guarding that
convoy, they'll spot him. Maybe save
us some trouble.

RALSTON
Unfortunately, they'll be busy.

Ralston SCRUBS through several IMAGES. Stopping on:

An artist's rendering of CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS, on horseback, FIRING MUSKETS on Union Soldiers guarding the Convoy.

RALSTON (CONT'D)
Morgan's Raid.

That rings a bell for Reed.

RALSTON (CONT'D)
 Yeah, I know this is a lot. Just...
 bear with me, okay?
 (then)
 Back then, Fort Knox was still just
 a military fort. Another spoil of
 war for the North.

REED
 Right. And a group of Southerners,
 led by this Morgan guy, right? They
 weren't too pleased about it.

Off their surprise, he holds up his iPHONE:

REED (CONT'D)
 Yes, I can Google. Try not to faint.

JAMIE
 According to this, Morgan ambushed
 the convoy.

LYNN
 But he didn't take the gold.

RALSTON
 Men at Knox heard the shots, sent a
 rescue party to stop him.

SCHIFF
 But by the time they get there --

LYNN
 Ellis and the gold -- Gone.

REED
 So, for the cheap seats: We have to
stop Ellis from stealing the gold --
from the people trying to steal it?

LYNN
 But why? Why do this? Who'd want to
 steal from one time just so they can
 ruin another?

REED
I'm real eager to find out.

SCHIFF
(re: THE GRID)
Well, until he moves, we wait.

REED
No, we get ready.

As REED speaks, CROSS CUT WITH THE FOLLOWING:

-- (MOS) Ellis and Jenna go over their MAP SCANS. Planning.

REED'S VOICE
He wants to erase... all of this.

-- JENNA ZIPS her duffle shut on a two-foot TRIPOD MOUNT.

REED'S VOICE (CONT'D)
So, no matter what...

-- Ellis PROGRAMS his MC. It's DISPLAY LIGHTS UP --

REED
...Whatever it takes, that can't
happen. Understood?

All eyes on Ralston. He meets their gaze. Resolute.

OPS CENTER - LATER - QUICK SHOTS:

SCHIFF
Remember that "better solution" I
mentioned?

-- Schiff SNAPS OPEN GUN CASES with foam padding and removes
several HIGH-TECH, PLASTIC PISTOLS.

SCHIFF (CONT'D)
(demonstrating)
Flechette guns. On loan to us by
some highly-classified friends.

He presents Reed with a CLIP of TILE-SHAPED AMMO.

SCHIFF (CONT'D)
Each tile contains a nerve toxin.
One round equals a chemical coma for
at least three hours.

REED
 (SLAMS the CLIP home)
 Cool toy. But won't these
 "contaminate the timeline"?

SCHIFF
 Tiles dissolve within minutes of air
 contact. Untraceable.
 (off Reed's reaction)
 I know, right?!

-- LYNN prepares TRAUMA KITS. Inventories PACKS OF BLOOD.

-- RALSTON and the others GEAR UP. The GRID SCANS...

INT. OPS CENTER - NIGHT

Reed, gear on, stands backlit by the Doorway. In shadow. He holds his pages of memories. Whisper-reading to himself.

JAMIE
 What "didn't fit"?

Morris wheels over from her station. Reed blushes.

REED
 How much of that did you hear?

JAMIE
 More than you're comfortable with,
 clearly. Look, I'm sorry -- everyone
 else is geared up back there, was
 feeling like a fourth wheel. I
 didn't mean to bother ya. I can --

Reed gestures *stay*. Awkward silence, then:

REED
 I have no idea what "It" is. A
 shirt? A lid? I don't know.
 (pinched)
 Must not have been important.

JAMIE
 She was. That's what matters.

Reed takes that in. Winces through another headache.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 I know those suck. For what it's
 worth, Ralston says they do get
 better. Ish.

REED

Did he say why he gets them?

JAMIE

Not my story to tell. Ask him when you get back.

REED

When I get back, hopefully, I'll be too busy talking to Ellis.

JAMIE

You say "talk." But I think you mean something with more punching.

(off Reed's look)

Think that'll make you feel better?

REED

...Last few days, I can't stop thinking about Maggie. And what I would do to the man who hurt her.

(remembering)

But after seeing what happened to Ellis' man back there... Now I think that -- that the only way I'll ever feel better is to go back and stop all this from ever happening.

JAMIE

We can't do that.

REED

Not now, but once we fix that door --

JAMIE

No, I mean -- we can't. When we started this whole thing, we all promised that, no matter what, we can't use this to fix our pasts.

REED

I never made that promise.

That hangs there. He indicates to her wheelchair.

REED (CONT'D)

And you've never wanted to break it?

JAMIE

Only when I'm awake.

Reed smiles. She holds his gaze.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Changing what happened, what was?
Just another way to avoid what is.
And this?

(TAPS her chair)

This look a long time to accept. To
pull an Ellis and just undo it all?
That would take even longer...

ON REED as that lands. She nods toward the Doorway:

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Besides, even if atomizing light
shows didn't scare the hell out of
me, I couldn't go. No ramps.

REED

(grins)
You should file with OSHA.

JAMIE

Petition's in the break room.

ALARMS. Grid's been tripped. They exchange loaded looks.

Morris WORKS. Reed joins the others in the Doorway.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Powering up. Coordinates locked.

Reed SLIDES BACK the action on his Flechette Gun.

JAMIE WORKS her console as LIGHT ENVELOPS the Team...

SIX HORSES THUNDER PAST, kicking up mud. We are --

EXT. KENTUCKY - MILITARY CONVOY - DAY

The steeds haul a canopied COACH crewed with BLUE COATS.

Behind the TREELINE, riding parallel:

DOZENS OF MORGAN'S RAIDERS.

The UNION CAPTAIN (30s, on alert) looks back and forth
between the Coach and the APPROACHING RAIDERS --

CAPTAIN

Kelsey, Nafus: Watch that flank!

The soldiers obey. The COACHMAN SNAPS the reins -- the
Raiders speed up. HOOFBEATS DEAFENING --

The Captain's gloved hand DRAWS his sword, blade RINGING.

RAIDERS leap from the trees with CRACKLES of MUSKET FIRE.

CONFEDERATE GENERAL JOHN MORGAN (35, gaunt), **pistol drawn**, leads his men into the fray. He gets a bead on the Captain --

TRACER FIRE RIPS THROUGH THE RAIDING PARTY.

THREE HORSES survive and take off, fast --

EXT. ATOP A RIDGE - DAY

REED emerges from a column of light. On the move --

The team stops short, overlooking THE MILITARY CONVOY from several miles away.

EXT. THE CONVOY - THE CAPTAIN AND HIS MEN

Slowly, carefully, they peer out from behind their cover. Eyes wide at the sight of:

ELLIS.

He strides out from the treeline with a still-smoking .50 CAL MACHINE GUN slung over his shoulder. He waves.

ELLIS

Hi.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**EXT. RIDGE - MOVING - DAY**

Reed and the team descend the ridge.

RALSTON

We're too far away. Never get there
in time on foot.

REED

I got a plan...

Ralston follows Reed's eyeline to the THREE HORSES from the
convoy slowing to a stop below...

EXT. MILITARY CONVOY - SAME

BLOOD POOLS under Morgan and his men. The Captain and NAFUS
stand with rifles trained on Ellis.

CAPTAIN

Hold it right there! Weapon down!

NAFUS

Captain said hold fast, Mister --

Ellis coolly keeps walking, speaks into the air:

ELLIS

The chubby one.

PFFT. PINK MIST. NAFUS ragdolls.

IN THE NEARBY WOODS:

Jenna YANKS BACK the bolt on her tripod-mounted SNIPER RIFLE,
ejects the shell. She reloads. Emotionless.

The Captain, shocked, drops his gun. Puts up his hands.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

On the chance one of you boys might
be my great-great grand something,
best do as your Captain here.

Trembling, they comply.

Ellis moves to the rear of the convoy and steps onto the
carriage. He clocks a WOODEN TRUNK with a THICK PADLOCK.

EXT. HILLSIDE - SAM

REED and the others haul ass on HORSEBACK.

SCHIFF pulls up alongside Reed.

REED

Come up on their flank. Look sharp.

Schiff nods. Reed double-takes, surprised to see LYNN at the reins with SCHIFF hugging her waist. SCHIFF shrugs --

Reed SNAPS the reins -- THEY RIDE. Dirt trailing them.

EXT. CONVOY - SAME

Ellis SHOTS the lock off the trunk and opens it. His eyes wide at the STACKS OF GOLD before him.

But he ignores them. Instead, he reaches for and SLIDES OPEN a CONCEALED PANEL under the lid, from which he removes a SMALL BLACK BOX and places it in his duffle. ZIPS it closed.

JENNA'S SCOPE POV: Digital crosshairs track Ellis as he moves away from the convoy, stepping around bodies...

JENNA (INTO COM)

We happy?

ELLIS (V.O., FILTERED)

Very. See you at the rendezvous.

She CHIRPS back an acknowledgement, COLLAPSES her weapon and field strips it. Then, she looks up at a SOUND --

PUSH IN on Ellis: He hears it, too. He squints to see:

REED AND THE TEAM, RIDING IN LIKE THE FUCKING CALVARY!

Weapons drawn, they converge on Ellis -- The Union soldiers don't know what to do but STAY DOWN --

Ellis takes cover behind the carriage. TAPS his MC:

ELLIS (CONT'D)

'Hell are you waiting for?! Shoot!

IN THE WOODS:

JENNA races to re-assemble her weapon when - *PFFT!* A DISC SLICES at the dirt before her. She looks up:

SCHIFF, on the ground and gun aimed, closes in. Lynn, on horseback, brings up the rear. OFF JENNA'S "Ah, shit" face --

NEAR THE CONVOY: REED dismounts into a run. Gun at his side.

Ralston, on foot, SLAPS the horse and sends it away as Reed and Ralston carefully advance on their prey --

BULLETS ZIP PAST REED'S HEAD -- Ellis SPRAYS COVER FIRE as he FLEES, shouldering his DUFFLE --

WOODS: All react to the SOUNDS of the O.S. fire fight.

CONVOY: Reed and Ralston take cover. Reed RETURNS FIRE. Then, RALSTON dashes onto the carriage and inspects the case:

RALSTON

He didn't touch it. The gold, it's all here. Whatever he was after, this wasn't it.

WOODS: Schiff almost has Jenna's hands ZIP-TIED when she SPINS FREE--

-- And takes out Schiff with a LEG-SWEEP followed by a BOOT TO THE FACE.

LYNN'S HORSE BUCKS HER FACE-FIRST to the dirt. Wind knocked out of her, she wheezes, looking up to find JENNA point-blank with SCHIFF'S GUN.

CONVOY: GUNFIRE pins Reed back behind the convoy. A SHOT GRAZES HIS MIS -- IT SPARKS. Power FLICKERS. Reed stands on uncertain legs, dizzy. He shakes it off and SHOOTS --

-- STITCHING A LINE OF DISCS after Ellis, who makes a run for it. CLICK CLICK -- Reed's empty --

RALSTON sights Ellis. Aims --

THE CAPTAIN, feeling brave, scoops up his rifle and runs after Ellis -- taking TWO DISCS to the back meant for Ellis.

He TWITCHES on impact as the nerve toxin takes effect.

ELLIS DIVES behind a rock. He double-takes as the DISCS protruding from the Captain's back DISSOLVE --

After a beat, Ellis runs -- REED TACKLES HIM.

Ellis' GUN splashes in the mud. The two lock eyes. Then, as they struggle, Reed sees:

ELLIS' WATCH. The one from Maggie's police file.

Eyes filling with venom, REED ATTACKS. They trade blows. ARM and KNEE BARS. CHOKES and JOINT LOCKS. Messy. PUMMELING --

Reed's chin leads his body as he twists from a hit - but he uses the momentum to spin him into his next PUNCH --

ELLIS spits BLOOD from the hit -- Reed shoulder-flips Ellis to the ground and SCOOPS UP ELLIS' RIFLE in one fluid move --

Reed has Ellis dead-bang -- he hesitates. Gun TREMBLING --

BANG! Reveal JENNA. .9MM aimed skyward, then at Lynn's head.

JENNA

You let him go, I let her go.

OFF the very freaked-out SOLDIERS --

ELLIS

LYNN

I'd do what she says.

Reed, no! Don't do it! --

Shit. She said his name. Ellis flashes Reed a knowing grin.

Lynn struggles. Jenna PRESSES harder --

Reluctantly, Reed TOSSES the gun and raises his arms. Ellis spits blood, dusts himself off.

With a shove, Jenna releases Lynn. She hurries to Reed.

REED

Why? Why did you kill her?

ELLIS

Who?

REED

What do you want? Who hired you?!

ELLIS

What I'm doing, and who I am doing it for... Should be the least of your concerns. Reed.

REED swallows. He's sickly -- like LEM. His MC BEEPS --

INT. OPS CENTER - MORRIS' STATION

JAMIE (INTO COMS)

-- got two minutes to get back before bad things. Do you copy?!

REED

Copy. Two minutes. Plenty of time.

She PROTESTS - He CLICKS off. His MC FLICKERS.

Tension hangs. Lynn and Ellis pass each other in the middle as Ralston and Ellis exchange loaded looks.

Once Lynn gets clear -- REED, fading, GRUNTS through the pain and RUN-DIVES FOR ELLIS --

A BURST OF AIR KNOCKS HIM BACK.

SWIRLS of LIGHT fade to reveal that Ellis and Jenna gone.

REED'S MC SOUNDS ALARMS. POWER FADING. OFF his concern --

INT. SAFE HOUSE - SAME

ELLIS SMACKS a wall with an open palm and stalks off. He passes Jenna, who talks into a BURNER PHONE:

JENNA

-- Like I said, there was a problem.
So just tell me where the meet is,
Gervis, so we can avoid another.

She TURNS the small box Ellis found between her fingers. OFF Ellis, fuming. Staring at his wrist:

There's a TAN-LINE where the RED WATCH used to be --

BACK IN THE PAST - AT THE CONVOY

Reed's MUDDY BOOT CRUSHES THE RED WATCH.

He raises a trembling hand to his LEFT CHEEK as a thin line of SKIN SPLITS OPEN.

LYNN's with Schiff. She WORKS their MCs -- BEEP BEEP BEEP --

REED reels at the sight of his HAND FADING IN AND OUT --

RALSTON, working his MC, dashes to Reed -- FLASHETY-FLASH --

INT. OPS CENTER - DOORWAY - RALSTON AND REED

TUMBLE to the pad. Reed painfully cranes his head to see Lynn and Schiff standing over him before he PASSES OUT.

BLACK. A long beat, then -- The sound of a SQUEAKY WHEEL. Getting LOUDER. Coming from:

INT. OPS CENTER - REED

In a wheelchair. His cheek sutured, Lynn WHEELS him toward Morris and Ralston. Morris gestures to his chair:

JAMIE
Looks good on you.

REED
(hoarse)
Was thinking maybe later we team up
for a game of Murderball.

She smiles.

RALSTON
How's the hand?

REED
Better. Especially now that I, you
know, can't see through it anymore.

RALSTON
And how's the rest of him, Doc?

LYNN
One more day for observation, just
to be safe.

REED
Where's Schiff?

SCHIFF
Working all our contacts to get an
ID on Ellis. Before he IDs you.

REED
When he comes gunning for me, I'll
keep you out of the cross hairs.

JAMIE
Too late.

RALSTON
We put ourselves there long before
you were around. It was - pun kind
of intended - only a matter of time.
We put him on notice. Next time,
hopefully we'll put him away.

LYNN
Especially if I'm not there.

RALSTON
We talked about this. It's not your
fault he got away.

LYNN

Feels like it is. Reed, if you blame me for it, I totally understand and--

Reed places a reassuring hand on her shoulder. *We're good.*

She takes that in. Nods.

REED

So what's up? Lynn said you guys got something to show me?

A TV SET CLICKS ON and we are --

INT. OPS CENTER - CONTROL ROOM - LATER

JAMIE, RALSTON and REED stand before a WORK STATION in the far corner where a TV and VCR are set up.

It's dark, minus the glow of the TV and a small lamp atop the station. ON REED, a mix of surprise and anxiety:

REED (CONT'D)

-- But how'd you get this? It couldn't have been easy.

JAMIE

Easier than tracking down a VCR.

(then)

Right. So, it's all cued up. Just... please don't watch past minute nineteen, okay?

Reed swallows. Looks to Ralston. Eyes asking *why?* --

RALSTON

You said you missed her face.

Eyes glassy, Reed nods thanks. Ralston and Morris go. Reed rubs his forehead. Exhales. PRESSES PLAY:

ON THE TV, in grainy-blue MOS security tape footage:

MAGGIE. Entering the bank with her MANAGER to start the day.

Reed leans forward. Hits FAST FORWARD. Watches her routine:

-- Maggie sets a BOWL of DUM-DUM SUCKERS on the counter.

-- Maggie talks to the Manager. She talks so much with her hands that she accidentally SMACKS the MANAGER in the face.

Reed CHUCKLES. His smile fades. He HITS PAUSE.

ON THE TV:

Static-y freeze frame of MASKED MEN entering the bank.

He tenses. Looks down at the VCR'S COUNTER - the tape's paused at **18 MINUTES, 50 SECONDS.**

He looks over his shoulder, he's all alone. *CLICK.*

PUSH IN ON REED: The DRONE of SPINNING VCR heads is all we hear as he watches what happens next.

Clenched jaw trembling. Tears streaming.

ALARM. THE GRID'S BEEN TRIPPED.

Overhead LIGHTS SNAP ON. He wipes his eyes.

OFF Reed, determined --

SNAP TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW