

Travelers
Original series pilot by
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Revised draft, Feb 1st, 2016

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. CITY LIBRARY - NIGHT

After hours.

MARCY, a young twenty, attractive even in her dowdy clothes and unkempt hair, works alone late evening in the city library, wiping a long wooden table with a dust rag and pleased with her efforts. She straightens an ornate lamp in the middle of the table, then walks the length of a long stack of books in the children's section.

She takes a seat at a table with her book, removes a thermos from her large purse, pours a cup of hot of tea and smiles at the book's cover: a cartoon drawing of a pre-teen in braces, entitled "You're a Big Girl Now." She mouths the words silently to herself before turning the page.

A SOUND distracts her before she can turn the next. Something out of the ordinary. Noises from outside in the street. This has never happened before. Another sharp sound, louder this time, forces her to stand, afraid but curious.

Marcy grabs her purse, walks to the front door of the old library and listens at the door. Shouts and screams. Noises she can't identify.

She opens the door and the noise becomes *deafening*.

EXT. CITY LIBRARY - NIGHT

A full blown RIOT is in progress and an angry crowd has retreated to the library steps. A burning police car is rocked and overturned by a maddened crowd.

MARCY -- sneaks further out so that she can see more of what's happening further down the street, holding the door ajar, leaving her arm protectively inside. She SEES:

POLICE -- have formed a line and are pushing the crowd back toward her. A commanding voice blares through a blow horn.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
Disperse immediately!

A PROTESTOR sees that the library door is ajar and shouts to the crowd around him, seeking escape.

PROTESTOR
It's open!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marcy immediately closes the door protectively. Click.

MARCY

No, we're c-c-closed!

The protestor can't believe she just did that and is furious that she just closed his escape route. He pushes through the crowd toward her.

Marcy flees, racing down the steps, headed for the library side door, but she knocks a tough drunk TEEN trying to light a cigarette and it breaks in his hands.

TEEN

Fuck!

MARCY

Sorry! Sorry!

She keeps running. The teen and two of his friends follow her into the alley alongside the library.

Marcy digs for her keys at the side door.

A CHYRON appears ON SCREEN that reads:

RECORDED TIME OF DEATH: 60 SECONDS. 59,58,57...

THE TEEN -- steps up behind Marcy who still fumbles frantically for the right key. He holds up the broken cigarette.

TEEN

Look what you did.

Marcy turns, trying not to show her fear.

MARCY

I don't have m-m-money.

The two others laugh at her speech impediment.

TEEN

No?

He grabs for her purse. She pulls it back and slaps his hand. This is among her most prized possessions.

MARCY

No!

He back-hands her hard in the face. The bag goes flying. The two other teens grab it, but Marcy won't part with it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCY (CONT'D)

David g-gave it to me!

She lunges for it but the Teen intercepts her pushes her hard into the brick wall of the library. Her head smashes into the wall and she cries out in pain and fear.

The CHYRON TIMER on screen begins to flash RED. 30,29,28...

MARCY -- kneels in agony, holding her head in her hands.

Now her scream becomes blood curdling.

THE BOYS -- stand back in shock, unconcerned with the purse.

CLOSE ON MARCY -- as a faint AURA envelops her, glowing, blurred... A TRANSITION is taking place. Her screaming stops abruptly. Marcy takes a deep breath and looks around, reorienting herself, calming.

The countdown timer continues past zero and goes from RED to GREEN as it begins to count up: +3 seconds, 4,5,6...

The person that was Marcy calmly stands and confidently extends her hand toward the purse.

MARCY (CONT'D)

That's *mine*.

They're either too shocked or too stupid to let go.

Marcy pauses, then in an unlikely display of martial arts, smashes one of them in the nose with the heel of her hand and kicks the other in the solar plexus, doubling them over.

TEEN

Holy Shit.

Marcy calmly picks up the purse, then gives the remaining teen a sharp stern look that serves as a warning.

It is enough. He runs. The other two stumble after him.

The person who was once Marcy finds her keys on the ground, puts them in her purse and walks away.

EXT. LESTER HIGH SCHOOL FIELD - NIGHT

TREVOR, a stud at seventeen, steps behind his center, taking in the moment. His team is in scoring position there's not much time on the clock. The home crowd chants his name.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR

Blue, fifteen! Blue fifteen... Hut!

He takes the snap, steps back into the pocket and throws a bullet over the middle for the first down, but he's blind-sided the moment he releases the ball.

TREVOR -- goes down hard, his helmet impacting the turf with a sickening thud.

A CHYRON reappears and the count down timer begins again.
RECORDED TIME OF DEATH: 60 seconds. 59,58,57...

Trevor looks down field to see if his receiver caught the ball and sees his team celebrating on the five yard line. He stands, shaky, and the ref comes over for a closer look.

REF

You okay?

TREVOR

(dismissive)

Yeah, fine.

His nose is bleeding. He wipes the blood away quickly.

REF

I don't think so.

The Ref is about to motion over to Trevor's coach but the young quarterback aggressively threatens:

TREVOR

I said I'm *fine*.

The ref acquiesces to the younger man's demand.

REF

You better be.

He blows his whistle and Trevor's team huddles up around him. He takes a knee, wiping blood, trying to shake it off.

TREVOR

'Kay, assholes, don't make me do this by myself...

One of the players, KYLE, senses something is wrong.

KYLE

You okay, Trev?

The CHYRON timer flashes red as it passes 30 seconds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON TREVOR -- as the AURA envelops his head and he winches in pain and the TRANSITION takes place...

FROM THE SIDELINES

We see the huddle open up, and players frantically wave the coach over.

The COACH runs onto the field with the ref to the group of young players gathered around their quarterback on his knees.

The person who was Trevor stands and faces the coach, calmly.

TREVOR

I need to leave the game.

As the coach helps him off the field, the TIMER turns green as it passes zero and climbs: +1,2,3...

INT. CARLY'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN - NIGHT

CARLY MCLEAN -- an attractive single mom barely out of her teens, tries to prepare dinner for her crying one year old baby, wailing in a high chair in the kitchen.

CARLY

Almost ready, sweetie...

She panics at the sight of car lights in the drive way.

JEFF, twenty six and the baby's father, gets out of a slick muscle car and slams the door. He's had a few.

INT/EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Carly goes to the front door as he steps onto the porch.

CARLY

You're not comin' in like that.

JEFF (O.S.)

Like what?

CARLY

You promised, Jeff --

JEFF (O.S.)

Carly, don't make me mad, I gotta take a piss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY

You're not s'posed to be here when
you drink; you could lose your job
if I said something.

Carly opens the door. Jeff isn't happy.

JEFF

Why's he cryin'?

The COUNTDOWN appears on screen at 60 seconds. 59,58,57...

He marches past her. She slumps.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE -- KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jeff walks into the kitchen. The baby is wailing even louder.

CARLY

He's just hungry.

JEFF

Well give him somethin' to eat!

CARLY

I'm warming it up --

Jeff goes over to the stove.

JEFF

What is this shit?

CARLY

It's baby food, Jeff, he's a *baby*.

WHACK! Jeff backhands her hard across the face and she goes down, hitting her head on the counter.

JEFF

Don't talk to me like I'm an idiot.

CLOSE ON CARLY -- as her blood drips from her nose and a cut above her eye. She's dazed from the impact of the counter.

The countdown timer turns red at 30 seconds. 29.28,27...

CARLY -- begins to go through the transition, the AURA enveloping her. She screams.

JEFF (CONT'D)

C'mon, this is bullshit. Get up.

(beat)

All you're doin' is pissin' me off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The person who used to be Carly stands suddenly and faces him, calmly, blood dripping down her face.

CARLY
You need to go.

JEFF
I'm sorry, a'right? It's just that
you make me crazy --

CARLY
Go now, or there will be consequences.

Jeff almost laughs at her choice of words.

JEFF
Really.

CARLY
Last warning.

She wears an expression that stares right through him. It almost scares him. He nods, relenting.

JEFF
Fine. I'm gone.

He goes, leaving her alone. The baby is still crying as she picks up the pot of warmed baby food and a spoon, and begins eating it herself as though she's starving.

The countdown timer reaches zero, and climbs in the green.

INT. COLLEGE DORM -- NIGHT

PHILIP PIERCE is a freshman college student struggling to maintain both his marks and his heroin habit. But exams are over and tonight he and his room mate STEPHEN are celebrating.

PHILIP -- pulls a mixture of heroin and cocaine into two syringes from a spoon that Stephen holds over a Zippo flame.

The RECORDED TIME OF DEATH timer already reads 45 seconds.

STEPHEN
Shouldn't we have cut it?

PHILIP
One balances the other out.

Stephen expertly ties a rubber hose around his forearm and flicks his skin, looking for a vein.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He inject the speed ball into his arm, instantly slumps back in euphoria and speaks his last words, trailing off.

STEPHEN

Holy fff....

As before, the CHYRON counter turns red at 30 seconds.

Philip watches his room mate for a moment, shrugs, and reaches for the hose. Hey ties his arm off and reaches for his syringe as the TRANSITION begins.

PHILIP -- grimaces as the AURA takes him, then throws his head back in agony, the syringe still in his hand...

The person who used to be Philip becomes suddenly calm.

The newly arrived TRAVELER drops the syringe onto the table the moment he SEES it in his hand, then removes the rubber hose from his arm, rolling down his sleeve.

The COUNTDOWN TIMER counts up from zero in the green.

STEPHEN -- is slumped in the chair across from him, drooling, eyes rolled up and about to die from an overdose.

The person who used to be Philip stands, takes one last look at his former room mate and leaves the room.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. TREVOR'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Bright morning sunshine pours in. Trevor sits at his desk, staring at a laptop, looking at his own facebook page.

He scrolls down the most recent posts, finding one from RENE, his gorgeous cheerleader girlfriend.

THE SCREEN READS: "R U OK Babe?"

TREVOR -- seems to be having a hard time figuring out the chat speak, softly sounding out the non-word Ruok. His mother knocks and opens the door.

PATRICIA

Headache wake you?

TREVOR

The sound of birds.

PATRICIA

Are you feeling better?

Trevor makes the connection between R U and "are you", turns to the message on screen and says it aloud.

TREVOR

R. U.

Patricia misunderstands and answers him.

PATRICIA

I'm fine, but I didn't get run over by a giant boy. Which reminds me, I've made an appointment with Doctor Morris later.

TREVOR

Okay.

PATRICIA

Your father and I are so sorry your team didn't win.

TREVOR

It doesn't matter.

PATRICIA

Did I just hear Trevor Hancock say losing a football game doesn't matter? Hallelujah, now I've heard everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Patricia closes the door. Trevor returns to the keyboard and TYPES a reply to Rene's message.

"I A OK." He considers a moment and adds: "Babe."

INT. CARLY'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM - DAY

Carly is also at her computer. The baby is on her lap, chewing on a digestive cookie as she types one handed:

HOW TO CARE FOR INFANTS.

The baby drops the cookie. She reaches into the bag and gives him another without looking as she reads intently.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - DAY

Philip is also at a computer. He looks clammy and tired, beginning to suffer withdrawal symptoms but fights hard to stay focused as he studies an on-line sports betting site among other open windows, including Trevor's Facebook page.

Detective GOWER, 40's, overweight, steps up behind him.

DETECTIVE GOWER
Philip Pierce?

Philip turns around, startled. Gower holds up his badge.

DETECTIVE GOWER (CONT'D)
Couldn't find you at the University.
I traced your log-in here. I'm
Detective Gower.

Philip is surprised by the name for some reason.

PHILIP
Gower?

DETECTIVE GOWER
Yeah. I've got some bad news. You're
room mate died last night.

Gower gauges his less than shocked reaction.

DETECTIVE GOWER (CONT'D)
I take it you're not surprised.

INT. MARCY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Marcy is asleep in the single bed of her old one room apartment. It is a dive, but kept neat and tidy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A KNOCK at the door wakes her. She starts awake, takes in her surroundings and goes over to the door, unabashedly and quite beautifully naked.

DAVID (O.S.)

It's me...

DAVID -- her social worker, late twenties, wholesomely handsome, and shocked to see her undressed in the open door.

MARCY

David?

He quickly averts his eyes, almost laughing.

DAVID

That's not appropriate, Marcy. Put some clothes on.

Marcy looks down and realizes she's made a mistake, closing the door in his face.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I can't be your boyfriend. We talked about this.

She quickly finds a simple summer dress hanging on a hook nearby and pulls it on over her head. Now dressed, if barely, she opens the door. He steps in.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What's that?

He gently touches the abrasion on her forehead from striking the brick wall. She flinches slightly.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You got caught up in the riot?

(she nods)

I was afraid of that, what happened?

MARCY

I hit my head.

DAVID

And you just went home? Oh sweetie, c'mere.

He chastely hugs her. It's awkward but he means well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry... I thought of you the second I heard on the radio, you must've been scared to death.

MARCY

I'm fine now.

DAVID

Yeah, well I know goin' to the doctor's not your favorite thing in the world but that's a nasty bump.

MARCY

Is this appropriate?

She fans out her dress for approval. David's confused but impressed by her choice of words. He smiles.

DAVID

Appropriate? Sure.
(then adding)
Well maybe some underwear.

EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE -- DAY

Jeff drives up in his car and gets out. He checks his hair in the car window, and wipes a spot on the hood of his pride and joy before going to the door.

INT. CARLY'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM

Carly is already waiting for him. The baby is in a play pen. She waits for him to knock, then opens the door. Jeff is sober and contrite.

JEFF

I am so sorry.

She gestures and steps aside. He comes in and she closes the door. He moves in to embrace her but she backs away.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You love makin' up after we fight.

Carly is calm but assertive, and holds up her hand in stop.

CARLY

It wasn't a fight. You struck me. If I hadn't demanded you leave, you would have struck me again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF

Not a chance.

CARLY

From now on you'll be allowed to see
your son once a day for one hour,
time to be arranged --

Jeff steps eye to eye with her, but Carly stands her ground.

JEFF

I see him when I wanna see him, Carly --

CARLY

Also you'll provide proper financial
support.

JEFF

I give you money all the time!

CARLY

You spend far more on that car of
yours than your son. Neither one of
us gets enough to eat and there's a
final notice of unpaid rent on the
kitchen table.

JEFF

(trying to be calm)
Whatever you want. I mean I know
sometimes I get... Just tell me
what you want me to do.

CARLY

Change Jeffrey's diaper.

Jeff looks to his son in the play pen with a look of dread.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A DOCTOR looks into the eye of his patient, Trevor.

DOCTOR

Headache will come and go, concussions
are funny. Any other symptoms?

TREVOR

There are things I can't remember.

DOCTOR

From last night?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR

From everything.

Trevor's mother and father, PATRICIA and GARY, both late forties, are also in the examining room, worried.

DOCTOR

Well, like I said, concussions are funny. Only treatment is time.

PATRICIA

So it's nothing permanent.

DOCTOR

There are other possible symptoms you'll have to deal with. I'll give you some literature to read up on. But fact is, if Trevor hadn't taken himself out of the game last night we might not be havin' this conversation. One more hit...

GARY

You're gonna say no more football.

DOCTOR

Rest of the season anyway.

Gary is far more upset by that than Trevor, who is more concerned with the pictures on the wall.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Not what you wanted to hear, I know.

TREVOR

No, I understand.

GARY

Superstar, mind waiting outside while we ask the doctor a few questions?

TREVOR

Sure.

Trevor hops off the examining table and leaves them alone. Gary waits until he's gone then points at the door:

GARY

Okay, not that I'm complaining. But who the hell is that?

PATRICIA

Gary --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARY

Don't take this the wrong way, hon,
but Trevor's a self absorbed little
prick and we both know that.

PATRICIA

Apple doesn't fall far from the tree --

DOCTOR

Concussion can have a profound impact
on personality. Be patient with
him. He'll be his old self in time.

PATRICIA

God, I hope not.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Philip sits at a table opposite Gower, who holds an unopened
bottle of Coke in his hand. They're in mid interrogation.

GOWER

So you skipped out.

PHILIP

I just walked.

GOWER

Uh huh. The loaded syringe on the
table wasn't meant for you?

PHILIP

What difference does it make?

GOWER

That depends.

(off his look)

Did Stephen inject himself or did
you do it for him? Your prints are
on both syringes --

PHILIP

I was there. But then I left.

GOWER

Cause you knew he was gonna OD.

(off his look)

Yeah you knew. That's why you left.
You stayed out all night 'cause you
didn't wanna get caught using. When
callin' 911 could'a saved him.

(beat)

That's cold, Philip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Philip looks longingly at the Coke in Gower's hand.

GOWER (CONT'D)

Either way you got a problem. That's on top of your drug problem.

Philip believes this himself:

PHILIP

I don't have a drug problem.

GOWER

Think I don't know you're sick right now?

(off his look)

I know who your dealer is, how much you buy every week, who your friends are, where you're from --

PHILIP

You have *no idea* where I'm from.

GOWER

Inject somebody, they OD, that's manslaughter. *Provide* the drugs that's murder two.

Philip lowers his head. Events are not going to plan.

PHILIP

I have a right to court appointed legal council, yes?

Gower suddenly softens. He's done.

GOWER

Don't wanna call your folks instead?

Philip shakes his head.

GOWER (CONT'D)

Okay. But you think you feel sick now, wait 'til your lawyer shows up.

He slides the Coke bottle across the table to Philip.

INT. CITY BUS - MOVING - DAY

David and Marcy ride a bus to the clinic. Marcy takes in the city outside like she's seeing it for the first time.

DAVID

I'm proud of you, you know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCY

What for?

DAVID

Only that you were hurt in a *riot* last night, and you're -- okay the naked thing was weird -- but otherwise you're handling this amazingly well...

She smiles and turns to the window. David changes the subject.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hey. It's *Wednesday*.

(off her look)

Reading aloud day. No point in wasting time sitting on the bus.

(off her look)

There's nobody around. Just for me. It can be anything at all.

She shrugs a yes and he digs into his bag, searching.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Lemme see if I have your favorite.

Marcy finds a newspaper section stuck down into the side of her seat and pulls it out while David searches. Unsure of which article to choose, Marcy goes with the lead.

MARCY

"Police were forced to use tear gas to disperse the crowd as angry rioters overturned cars and set them afire shortly after the not guilty verdict was announced outside the..."

She trails off when she SEES David is stunned, looking at Marcy in tears of joy.

MARCY (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

DAVID

Nothing's wrong, Marcy. Just the opposite. I mean, I don't even wanna say anything until we talk to the doctor but...

(beat)

I think a miracle's happened.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. TREVOR'S HOME - YARD

Trevor stands in the back yard, looking at clouds.

RENE -- stunning, young, perfect, pushes through the gate and rushes into his arms.

RENE

What're you doing? You didn't answer your cell, what did they say?

TREVOR

I have a concussion.

RENE

Oh, no! Will you be able to play the next game?

He shakes his head.

RENE (CONT'D)

Oh, no! What about that scout from Ohio State?

TREVOR

The doctor said another hit like the one last night would have killed me.

This is more serious than she thought. She embraces him again.

RENE

Kyle said you were like screaming.

TREVOR

(with a shrug)
I don't remember.

RENE

Does it hurt now?

TREVOR

A little.

RENE

Are your folks home?

TREVOR

No. Why?

INT. TREVOR'S HOME - BEDROOM

She's all over him even him as they enter their room, mauling him on the way to his bed. He participates awkwardly.

RENE

How long do we have?

She smiles and pulls her top off, revealing her bra underneath. Trevor is almost alarmed.

TREVOR

I don't think we should, Rene...
(she kisses him again)
My concussion.

RENE

Lemmie make you feel better.

She pushes him down on the bed and reaches for his belt.

TREVOR

Please don't.
(off her look)
I just don't think we should.

Rene is hurt. She sits back, suddenly teary.

RENE

Are you breaking up with me?

Trevor seems more gentle and mature than his years.

TREVOR

No... If anything I want to be closer to you. I need you. There are things I don't remember.

RENE

Things about me?

TREVOR

It's more things about *myself*. The doctor said that the only treatment is time. That in time, I'll be the person I was before the concussion.
(beat)
I need you to help me remember who that person is.

Rene is completely moved by his openness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RENE

You want me to help you find yourself.
(he nods)
Trev, that is so beautiful.

She kisses him gently. Then again, trying to seduce him...

TREVOR

You should go.

RENE

I don't want to but I will. That's
how much I love you.

INT. CARLY'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM

Carly works at her computer. She has opened chat room and is entering a message.

THE SCREEN READS: "Re: pending Traveler 3468 T.E.L.L.
08/11/11:17.01 Zulu 94.3 M, 49.2500°, 122.1000° Reception
GO per Traveler 3465. Confirm ASAP."

Carly turns to the baby sitting up in the play pen.

CARLY

Daddy's coming.

INT. CLINIC - DR LEE'S OFFICE - DAY

Marcy sits and waits as Dr LEE, an attractive Asian woman, talks quietly with David in her small office, out of Marcy's earshot, who sits in a small examining room across the hall in the B.G. behind a partially closed door.

They start out in hushed voices.

DR LEE

You didn't coach her.

DAVID

No amount of coaching could do that.

DR LEE

And she doesn't seem aware of the
change.

DAVID

I really didn't know how to tell
her, either, so...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR LEE

You recognize Marcy has a significant intellectual disability.

DAVID

Had.

DR LEE

I know you want to believe something wonderful's happened, but...

(beat)

No traumatic brain injury is going to increase intellectual capacity. Period. It's just not possible.

DAVID

Which brings us back to miracle.

Beat. Dr Lee looks through the crack in the door at Marcy across the room.

DR LEE

Accepting that there was a traumatic injury, likely a concussion, the most common symptoms would be memory loss, change in personality...

DAVID

So...

DR LEE

What if this is the *real* Marcy.

David is incredulous, angry at the implication.

DAVID

Seriously?!

DR LEE

Hear me out. Until the age of eighteen Marcy lived in an institution. One with a reputation of neglect and abuse right up until the place was shut down.

DAVID

She doesn't talk about it.

DR LEE

I can't be sure, their records were terrible, but maybe the "Marcy" we knew was her way of coping there.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR LEE (CONT'D)

Her way of making people look after her. She just continued that behavior after her release. Then, when she hit her head --

DAVID

She forgot who she was *pretending to be*? That's crazy -- !

DR LEE

It's infinitely more likely than her IQ doubling overnight.

DAVID

I've been her case worker since her release. That's over a year ago.

DR LEE

My case in point. You've got her a subsidized apartment; a job at the library; You see her four or five times a week, take her on outings --

DAVID

You're saying she played me. The most innocent soul I've ever met.

DR LEE

Played the system. Fooled me too.

DAVID

So she could live in a flop house full of crack heads, working nights *alone* in the library the rest of her adult life. Wow, what a mastermind! She's like a James Bond villain.

DR LEE

Neural pathways can't spring up overnight. Vocabulary doesn't come out of nowhere. And what's happened to her stutter?

Marcy has over heard their raised voices and has crossed the hall without them noticing.

MARCY

Is something wrong?

DR LEE

Actually, Marcy, there's something I'd like to show you.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Philip paces, sweating, agitated, in serious withdrawal.

His appointed council, RAY GREEN, burned out fifties, walks in, shirt un-tucked, unshaven and hungover.

RAY

I take it you're not Leticia.

Philip just shakes his head. Ray looks at his mess of files.

RAY (CONT'D)

Wrong file.

He finds the right one and opens it on the table.

RAY (CONT'D)

You look like shit, Philip. When was the last time you hit?

PHILIP

I don't use drugs.

Ray almost laughs at that, then catches himself.

RAY

Don't have to pretend with me, I know all about addiction. Mine's just legal. Has there been any mention of the methadone program they got goin'?

PHILIP

What is it?

RAY

What, methadone?

PHILIP

Your addiction.

RAY

None'a your business.

PHILIP

(after a beat)

Is it gambling?

RAY

Cigarettes. I'm just tryin' to be simpatico, here. Don't be a dick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHILIP

I apologize.

RAY

That's okay.

(then, officially)

So, we're gonna plea and you're gonna end up doin' some time, can't help that, they got you two ways. But: I will get the methadone paperwork started for you so --

PHILIP

Are you bound by attorney client privilege? Can you guarantee your confidence if I tell you information that can help both of us?

RAY

Absolutely. What?

INT. CLINIC - DR LEE'S OFFICE - DAY

Marcy sits across from a computer screen playing back a video recording of herself, reading from a children's book with the enthusiasm and ability of a five year old.

ON THE SCREEN -- we see the old Marcy struggling to read.

MARCY

"You're a b--b--big girl, n-now,
said Mary's t-te-tea...

DR LEE (O.S.)

Sound it out: Tea-cher.

MARCY

Said Mary's T-teacher. Just like me! And there are s-s-s-o m-many things you c-can do and see --

The image on SCREEN freeze frames.

MARCY -- is clearly disturbed by this and her mind races.

DR LEE

Do you remember this?

Marcy shakes her head no, completely confused.

DR LEE (CONT'D)

It was just a few months ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCY

Why was I talking like that?

DR LEE

That's what we're trying to find out. I'd like to find out if there's anything else you don't remember.

She turns to David for assurance.

DAVID

It's all right, I'm here.

Marcy stutters for the first time since the transition.

MARCY

G-g-go ahead.

That earns a dubious look from Dr Lee. Marcy notes it and won't make that mistake again.

DR LEE

Tell me about yesterday. Where were you?

Marcy knows she's being tested and answers cautiously.

MARCY

At the library.

DAVID

Good.

DR LEE

What did you do at the library?

MARCY

I'm a librarian. So...

DR LEE

So you check books in and out, help folks find what they're looking for.

MARCY

Yes.

David's slumps at that and opens his tablet.

DR LEE

Can you name one of those people?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCY

David.
(off their looks)
To do research. He's a reporter --

DAVID

Marcy, stop.

MARCY

What's wrong?

DAVID

You being a librarian, me going there
to do research for the newspaper I
write for... Those are all things
from a profile page we made up.

He shows her the Facebook page on the tablet.

MARCY

That's my profile --

DAVID

We created the page as an exercise.
So I could teach you about social
media and other things about the
world. We made you a "young urban
professional" remember?

(beat)

You're not a librarian. You work
there as a cleaning lady. I'm not a
reporter, I'm your social worker.

MARCY

Then what are you saying, I'm not...
(panicked)
I'm not *me*?

DAVID

We're just trying to understand...
(then, alarmed)
Marcy? Marcy..!

MARCY -- twitches and holds her head in her hands, then falls
backwards into the chair, her eyes rolling up, convulsing.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Philip emerges from the police station and walks down the
street alone. He's anxious and twitchy from withdrawal.

After a beat a sedan pulls up and the window rolls down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY

Hey, Phil!

Philip SEES a beaming happy Ray in the driver's seat. He comes over and looks through the passenger window.

RAY (CONT'D)

That was quick. What they tell you?

PHILIP

They just released me, they never gave a reason.

RAY

(with a look)

I heard some evidence went missing.

PHILIP

Lucky for me.

Philip is about to walk away, anxious.

RAY

Wait... You gotta tell me. How'd you know?

(off his look)

Three horses, three races, three different cities, all twenty to one or better. Bets were so stupid, I went to three separate bookies. Only did it cause you fronted the cash advance...

(then)

Here it is, by the way, with interest. Credit card's in there too.

He takes the wad of cash wrapped up in a newspaper. Philip doesn't take it at first, staring at it. Ray jams it in his hand, then holds Philip's arm tightly.

RAY (CONT'D)

You gotta tell me.

PHILIP

Do I still have attorney client privilege?

RAY

Sure, whatever, yeah.

Philip leans in. He looks ashen and sweaty. If he wasn't suffering from withdrawal, he would never admit this:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHILIP
I'm from the *future*.

Ray gives him a long look then laughs.

RAY
Fine, you can't say. But you're gonna need me, Phil. Cops'll be all over you now, we gotta look out for each other.

(then)
Speakin' a which... There's a little somethin' else in there for you from the lock up. Prob'ly yours anyway.

(admonishing)
Just a taste so you don't feel sick.

As he drives off. Philip pulls out a small bag of heroin and stares at it a long time.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. TREVOR'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Trevor is at his computer writing a message in the same chat room as Carly was earlier. Traveler 3468...

INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Carly is in the living room at her computer.

ON SCREEN

We see the rest of Trevor's reply in real time: "Traveler 3468, T.E.L.L. coordinates received, reception confirmed."

JEFF -- walks up behind her quietly.

JEFF

Who you talkin' to?

CARLY

No one. Where's Jeffrey?

JEFF

Asleep. You're in some chat room, talkin' to somebody, aren't you.

CARLY

If he's asleep you can go.

JEFF

I change his shitty diaper, give him a bath, while you're talkin' to some guy on-line... And I can go?

CARLY

Yes.

JEFF

Hey, I'm tryin' to be nice. But if I find out you got some other guy --

CARLY

I welcome your help supporting our child, because its your responsibility and because I need the help. Beyond that we have no conjugal relationship.

JEFF

I think there's somethin' wrong with you, Carly, you're like a different person. I'm serious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY

Bring rent money tomorrow. And we need groceries, Jeff, I'm serious.

Jeff just doesn't know how to respond to a confident and strong Carly. He shakes his head and storms out.

INT. TREVOR'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Trevor is at the computer. His father knocks and comes in carrying a video camera.

TREVOR

Hi, Dad.

GARY

Huh. Usually it's *bite me*. Anyway, I thought just 'cause you can't *play* football doesn't mean you can't be *thinking* football, you know? So...

(showing the camera)

Thought you might wanna go over the game day tape I made.

TREVOR

I remember it.

GARY

Nice try, Superstar, but you haven't seen it yet. I got every offensive sequence except the play your piece of shit back-up blew the game with. Next season's not far off.

TREVOR

If I decide to play --

GARY

Don't you even think about it. This is your future we're talkin' about.

Trevor is calm but assertive in his response.

TREVOR

Yes. It is.

Gary hands over the camera, no longer sure if he likes the new Trevor better than the old.

GARY

Don't forget I promised you a driving lesson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gary leaves. Trevor opens the camera and presses play.

ON THE TINY SCREEN

Trevor is on the sidelines, suited up, pregame totally pumped, banging his fists into his team mates shoulder pads.

KYLE -- his best friend, comes over and screams into his face mask in a wild display of testosterone.

KYLE

No mercy!

TREVOR

NO MERCY!

TREVOR -- stops the playback. He shakes his head, having a difficult time adjusting to his new host's life.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Philip walks into a convenience store, gets a Coke from the fridge and a Twinkie from the display by the counter.

PHILIP

And a "Double Sweeps" lottery ticket
for tonight's draw. I want to choose
the numbers.

The Clerk points him to the area he can pick numbers, which Philip does quickly, knowing exactly which numbers he wants.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

Marcy wakes up in a Hospital room. David is there waiting in a chair beside her. He stands immediately.

MARCY

David?

DAVID

There she is.

MARCY

What happened?

DAVID

Dr Lee said you had a seizure.

Marcy touches her forehead, still in some pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCY

It's the diminished capacity. There's too much pre-existing damage...

DAVID

What?

MARCY

How did I -- ?

DAVID

We had to take you to the hospital. You've been out of it all day.

Marcy, looks around, suddenly panicked. She's on an IV and other monitors in a ward.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Soon as you're up to it, they're gonna do some tests to see what's goin' on in there.

Marcy is alarmed at the thought.

MARCY

No, please --

DAVID

It's not up to me, kiddo. But we want to find out what's going on --

MARCY

I can't be in the hospital --

DAVID

Marcy --

MARCY

Listen to me. I have important work --

DAVID

(dubiously)
At the library.

MARCY

No, *not* the library.
(imploring)
David, this is happening for a reason.

David gives her a long look. She seems sincere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

Tell you what, I'll go find the doctor. We'll talk about it.

MARCY

(relaxing back)

Thank you.

And he goes. She waits a moment, listening, then gets off of the bed in one motion. She whips off the pulse monitor and pulls out the IV, then goes over to the closets in the ward, searching for something to wear.

She finds clothes hanging that should fit her from another sleeping patient and whips off her gown to change.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - NIGHT

Philip is on-line again at the internet cafe, wolfing down his Twinkie with a Coke chaser. Still suffering badly from withdrawal, he enters a chat room.

ON THE SCREEN -- he types: Re: reception at PENDING T.E.L.L. Traveler 3326 confirmed.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Dr Lee and David arrive back to Marcy's ward.

DAVID

Marcy..?

He looks around the room. Her hospital gown is on the floor. She's gone. Shit.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT

A small office somewhere in the city. SPECIAL AGENT GRANT MACKENZIE, thirties, fit and dapper, is just headed out the door for the night when the phone rings. He debates with himself whether or not to answer, then picks it up dutifully.

MACKENZIE

Mackenzie.

INT. FORBE'S SEDAN - MOVING - NIGHT

FORBES, 30s, fit, sharp, is on his speaker phone, driving with his laptop open beside him.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FORBES

Caught you, good. We just got sent a file. I was hoping you could start on it while I'm in court tomorrow.

Mackenzie enters his password to get into the system.

MACKENZIE

Forbes, why didn't I just walk out the door.

FORBES

Cause you're a good partner.

Mackenzie gets the file and opens it.

MACKENZIE

What is it?

FORBES

Another red flag on a potential cell. Probable false alarm.

ON SCREEN -- the entire exchange appears.

"Re: pending Traveler 3468 T.E.L.L. 08/11/11:17.01 Zulu 94.3 M, 49.2500°, 122.1000° Reception GO per Traveler 3465. Confirm ASAP."

"Traveler 3468, T.E.L.L. coordinates received, reception confirmed."

"Re: reception at PENDING T.E.L.L. Traveler 3326 confirmed."

MACKENZIE

I have no idea what I'm looking at.

FORBES

Chat room transcript in the deep web. Pretty esoteric. The analyst who picked up the flag thinks they're just gamers of some kind.

MACKENZIE

Who travel.

FORBES

Obviously they're planning to meet tomorrow night at those GPS coordinates. Some building downtown.

MACKENZIE

What's a T.E.L.L.?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FORBES

I asked the same question. They ran it; nothing showed up. The I.P. addresses are in there. One was an internet cafe but the others are private residences.

Mackenzie reads the new data and shakes his head.

MACKENZIE

These are all over town.

FORBES

The one that logged in at the cafe had been arrested and released on a technicality just an hour before. The arresting officer's name is in there, you can contact him directly.

MACKENZIE

I'll have to drop my surveillance of our potential shooter.

FORBES

Jonas Walker can wait; this one is time sensitive.

MACKENZIE

I'll get on it first thing.

FORBES

Thanks, partner. Don't forget we have a tee time on the weekend.

Mackenzie hangs up and is about to go, but he can't help but stare at the bizarrely esoteric messages for a moment longer before standing and going for the night.

Then, in real time, a forth message appears on his computer.

ON SCREEN -- "Traveler 3569, T.E.L.L. coordinates received and confirmed."

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David comes in and turns on the light. He's more than a little surprised to see Marcy sitting at his desktop computer.

ON SCREEN -- we SEE the same message Mackenzie just saw as it was being written: "Traveler 3569, T.E.L.L. coordinates received and confirmed."

MARCY -- closes the chat room window and faces him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

Marcy, what're you doing here? I was just at your apartment, I've been worried sick --

She stands holding up a key and steps closer to him, direct:

MARCY

I didn't know where else to go.

DAVID

What's going on? Tell me.

MARCY

I can't. A mistake's been made and I'm not sure how to correct it. I don't even know if it can be.

(beat)

Just know that I'm playing a small part in something important.

DAVID

What does that even mean?!

MARCY

I couldn't explain if I tried.

(beat)

Please trust me anyway.

DAVID

Something important.

MARCY

Yes.

David nods, and acquiesces.

DAVID

Okay.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. TREVOR'S HOME - DAY

Early Morning. Mackenzie rings the doorbell. Patricia answers the door, impressed by his credentials.

MACKENZIE

Hi, sorry to bother you. I'm special agent Grant Mackenzie from the FBI.

PATRICIA

Really? The FBI?

MACKENZIE

Really. A message was sent from this I.P. address -- that just means one of the computers in your house -- that raised a flag in our system.

PATRICIA

Please tell me this isn't about internet porn.

Mackenzie cracks a smile at that.

MACKENZIE

Not porn. Least, I don't think... More of a chat room conversation.

PATRICIA

My son is always in those chat rooms.

MACKENZIE

Is he a gamer by any chance?
(off her look)
Video games?

PATRICIA

Oh, all he ever does. That and the other thing.

MACKENZIE

Could I talk to him?

PATRICIA

He's at school.

MACKENZIE

When do you expect him home?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICIA

He said he would be out late tonight
with his friends.

(then)

He's not in trouble is he?

MACKENZIE

Naw. I doubt it. Have a good day.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

David comes into his small living room where Marcy is still asleep on the sofa, her bare shoulders revealing that she's naked under the blanket. He sits beside her, quietly:

DAVID

Hey.

MARCY

(waking)

Why is this body always so tired?

DAVID

This body? Maybe 'cause it works
nights. This one made breakfast.

Marcy deeply appreciates his trust, barely holding the blanket to her chest as she sits up.

MARCY

You're very kind.

DAVID

(averting his eyes)

Annd you're naked again... Maybe
get dressed before joining me.

Blushing, he turns back to the kitchen.

MARCY

David, if I could tell you, I would.

DAVID

Hey, long as you're not an assassin
or a Hollywood actress researching a
character. Those are the two worst
case scenarios I came up with while
I was lying awake all night.

Marcy smiles at that.

INT. LESTOR HIGH SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Trevor walks down a length of lockers, unsure of which one belongs to him, unsure what to make of the furtive glances he receives from everyone he passes.

His best friend Kyle comes over. They walk and talk.

KYLE

What're you doin' here?

TREVOR

What d'you mean?

KYLE

You got a free ticket to stay home
the rest'a the year.

TREVOR

And fail to graduate?

KYLE

Pfft! Like *that* was gonna happen.

TREVOR

Sitting in my room wasn't doing me
any good.

KYLE

Yeah, Rene told me.
(off Trevor's look)
Who turns that down?

Trevor stops, upset that Rene has betrayed their intimacy.

TREVOR

Did Rene also tell you I have a
concussion?

KYLE

Don't gotta tell *me*, I heard your
head hit the ground. I was like,
whoa...

TREVOR

But you would have let me play.

KYLE

Hells yeah, I would! We were on the
five yard line! The minute *shit*
head replaced you, game was over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR

I guess I know who my friends are.

Trevor walks on. Kyle catches up.

KYLE

Hey. You know I got your back.

TREVOR

Then can I ask you for your help with something without telling everyone in the school? Honestly?

KYLE

Yeah yeah what.

Trevor looks down the length of lockers in the hall.

TREVOR

Which locker is mine?

Kyle's mouth widens in shock. Then:

KYLE

Over here, man, beside mine.

Kyle leads him over to the other side and stops in front of it. Trevor looks at the combination lock.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Want me to show you the combo?

TREVOR

Quietly, please.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Detective Gower stands outside an upscale hotel, leaning against his car, sipping a coffee. His cell rings.

GOWER

Gower.

INT. MACKENZIE'S SEDAN - MOVING - DAY

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

Mackenzie is driving through the suburbs, using the car's hands free.

MACKENZIE

Morning. Grant Mackenzie, FBI.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

I'm investigating a 20 year old male
you booked yesterday by the name of --

GOWER

Philip Pierce?

MACKENZIE

That's him.

GOWER

Guess you heard he won the lottery
last night.

MACKENZIE

You mean you had to drop the charges.

GOWER

No, I mean that he *won the fuckin'*
lottery. Six numbers outta seven.
Ninety two grand and change.

MACKENZIE

Lucky kid.

GOWER

Not after I catch him with the bag
of smack I'm pretty sure he's walkin'
around with.

MACKENZIE

Detective, I need you to do me a
favor and just keep an eye on his
movements for the rest of the day.

GOWER

What am I looking for?

MACKENZIE

Our system red flagged him as
potential member of a terrorist cell.
I've got the other suspects in the
group covered but if you can keep an
eye on this one for me --

GOWER

Not a chance in hell this kid's a
terrorist, Agent Mackenzie.

MACKENZIE

What were the chances of him winning
the lottery?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gower shrugs at that.

GOWER

Fair enough. I'll keep an eye.

MACKENZIE

Save this number and check in with me later. Tomorrow he's all yours.

INT. CARLY'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN - DAY

Carly feeds a smiling young Jeffrey in his high chair.

CARLY

Is that good? Mommy likes it too.

She gives herself a spoonful. There's a knock at the door. She looks out the window expecting Jeff's car, but it's Mackenzie's sedan.

INT. CARLY'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM - DAY

Carly opens the door to Mackenzie, who is holding up his credentials. She is curt.

CARLY

Yes?

MACKENZIE

I'm Special Agent Mackenzie with the FBI, sorry to bother you so early.

Carly softens at hearing the name.

CARLY

Mackenzie? How can I help you?

MACKENZIE

Sometimes our computers spit stuff out and we have to follow it up. D'you live here alone?

CARLY

With my son.

MACKENZIE

How old is he?

CARLY

Just over a year.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACKENZIE

So no criminal record then.
(she doesn't laugh)
Sorry, that was supposed to be
funnier. I probably know the answer
to this, but do you happen to have
plans for later tonight downtown?

She hesitates for a beat, then:

CARLY

No, no plans.

MACKENZIE

You don't sound very sure.

CARLY

I was trying to decide if you were
asking me out.

Mackenzie smiles at that.

MACKENZIE

Me, I'm busy tonight.
(then)
Thanks for your time.

DOWN THE STREET

Jeff sits in his parked car wearing his police uniform.
Apparently Jeff is a *cop*. Who's wondering just who this
asshole with the nice car is doing at Carly's door.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Philip comes out of a building and walks down the street.

GOWER -- opens the window of his car as he passes.

GOWER

Just pick up the big check?

Philip walks away. Gower slowly drives alongside of him.

GOWER (CONT'D)

Wonder how much smack you can buy
with ninety gees?

PHILIP

The money's for something else.

Gower has to accelerate around a parked car and picks him up again on the other side.

GOWER

How 'bout savin' me the pain of
followin' you and tellin' me?

PHILIP

Okay. Financing a secret hideout.

GOWER

Sorry, kid, gonna have to do better
than that.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

David puts on his coat and is off to work. Marcy is there.

DAVID

You're welcome to stay while I'm at
work. Fridge is empty so I left
some cash on the counter --

MARCY

I'll be out when you get home. I'd
like to come back afterward if that's
all right, but it will be late.

DAVID

I could go with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCY

No. You should stay home tonight.
The streets won't be safe.

DAVID

What?! What's going to happen?

She can't tell him. She shouldn't have even told him that.

DAVID (CONT'D)

C'mon, that's going too far --

MARCY

I shouldn't have said anything --

DAVID

You can't expect me to -- !

And she kisses him, out of nowhere. It's not sexual, it's just long enough to shut him up.

MARCY

I'll be back just after midnight.

DAVID

You're Batgirl, aren't you.

MARCY

(smiling)
Have a nice day.

He almost laughs and goes out the door shaking his head.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - CORRIDOR - DAY

David enters the elevator and the doors close. In a moment, the doors of the second elevator open and Mackenzie steps out and walks down the hall toward David's apartment.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

Marcy is on her way to David's computer when there's a knock at the door.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - CORRIDOR - DAY

Mackenzie waits, then knocks again. He looks at his watch and realizes he's probably missed him.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

Marcy creeps to the door and looks through the peep hole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POV -- MARCY

Mackenzie is standing there, writing a note on a card.

MARCY -- watches his FBI business card slide under the door between her feet. She picks up the card.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Philip walks out of a convenience store with a Coke. He SEES Gower's car across the street and walks the other direction.

GOWER has to pull a u-turn in the street to follow him.

INT. LESTER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Trevor walks between classes, Rene on his arm. He sees a bully pushing a smaller kid into his locker but just walks by, despite his instinct to help the kid.

INT/EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Carly meets a teen baby sitter at the door and lets her in.

JEFF -- leans against his car down the road, still fuming.

EXT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

Marcy takes the cash from the counter and goes out.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Philip walks down the street, looking at his watch, then looks back at Gower, who is idling at a cross street. Gower smiles and waves toward Philip, then:

A SKATE BOARDER -- does a jump across the hood of Gower's car and speeds off the other direction.

GOWER -- fumes, puts his siren on, and follows the kid.

Philip is watching all of this when another car pulls up alongside him by the curb.

RAY -- opens his window and waves him into the car.

INT. RAY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Ray smiles to Philip as they drive away the opposite direction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY

You're welcome.

(off his look)

I had to pay a kid to dare another
kid just to get Gower off your ass.
Watching your back's expensive, Phil.

PHILIP

What do you want in return?

RAY

Today's bet.

PHILIP

Can't do it.

RAY

Yesterday you gave me three, I'm
askin' for one.

PHILIP

Yesterday was an emergency.

RAY

Today's an emergency for me.

PHILIP

Then you're a very bad gambler.

Ray slams on the brakes and turns a corner. They drive
another half block and pull over with a screech.

RAY

Maybe you can think about it.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

As Ray drives off, Philip realizes that Ray has dropped him
off directly across the street from where Gower is ticketing
the SKATEBOARDER.

GOWER -- sees Philip, drops what he was doing and marches
across the street toward him.

Philip runs. Gower pursues him, fast for his size.

EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Carly leaves her house to walk to the bus, but Jeff pulls in
to the driveway. He gets out and charges toward her.

JEFF

Where're you goin'?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY

Out.

JEFF

With that guy?

CARLY

I don't have time for this.

She walks past him.

JEFF

Make time, I wanna talk to you.

He grabs her arm. She turns quickly, taking his thumb and twisting it almost to the point of breaking.

CARLY

Last warning, Jeff.

Despite the intense pain he tries to swing at her with his free hand. She dislocates his thumb and he screams.

JEFF

OW! DAMMIT!

He tries to swing at her again, and she quickly renders him helpless with a fast series of martial arts moves.

He's face down on the front lawn when she's finished. She looks to the car, still running, and gets in.

INT. CITY STREET - DAY

Philip runs down a city street, with Gower not far behind, but fading from the exertion.

Philip races around a corner into an alleyway blocked by a fence. He climbs half way up, then turns to see:

GOWER -- follow him into the alley, sweating and panting. His face is red and strained as he stops.

PHILIP -- jumps down and faces Gower.

GOWER

Good thing you stopped, kid. If had to climb that fence...

Gower's chest heaves, breathing hard.

GOWER (CONT'D)

I was gonna have a heart attack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Philip walks toward him. Gower grimaces.

PHILIP
You're having one right now.

GOWER
Shut up... I just need... Need to
catch my breath...

Then the pain becomes more intense. Gower clutches his chest
and goes down on one knee, searching his pocket for his phone.

GOWER (CONT'D)
Fuck... Maybe you're right.
(realizing)
My phone's in the car. Help me.

PHILIP
I can't, Mr Gower.

GOWER
Go find somebody with a phone...

Gower is in agony now. This is very hard for Philip to watch.

PHILIP
I can't, I'm sorry --

GOWER
Yeah yeah, you can, I won't come
after you I promise...

PHILIP
You're supposed to die this afternoon.

Gower rolls over onto his back, fighting it.

GOWER
You don't know...

PHILIP
I knew the moment I heard your name.
I just didn't know that I'd be here.

GOWER
Call 911 and go, I won't come after
you for anything, I swear --

PHILIP
Because we considered you as a host.

GOWER
Please, kid --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHILIP

But the heart attack was inevitable
within days.

Gower relaxes back onto the ground, his breath slowing.

GOWER

No, no, I'm okay...
(beat)
I think I'm okay.

And with that he stops breathing, eyes still open.

Philip stands there crying for a long beat, then, reaching
into his pocket he removes a small bag of something that
will take his pain away...

INT. JEFF'S CAR -- MOVING - DUSK

Carly drives, very badly. She moves slowly through an
intersection getting honked at the whole time.

EXT. CITY STREET - DUSK

As Jeff's car weaves its way slowly toward downtown.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT

Mackenzie is on the phone. It's ringing...

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David comes out of his room and rushes to the ringing phone.

DAVID

Hello?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MACKENZIE

David Mailer? Special Agent Grant
Mackenzie, FBI. I came by earlier
and left my card under the door...

David looks for it on the floor, but it's not there.

DAVID

Ah, sorry, I didn't see it.

MACKENZIE

Not a problem, I'm just following up
on a chat room message sent from
your I.P address last night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

David realizes it was Marcy and becomes nervous.

DAVID

You mean my computer?

MACKENZIE

We were just wondering if you were planning to meet anyone tonight on the 7th floor of an unfinished building downtown around 11:15?

DAVID

No. Why would I do that?

MACKENZIE

We were wondering the same thing. Just means that I won't see you there.

That panics David. He doesn't want Marcy to get caught.

DAVID

Hey, you know I'm just thinking out loud here but sometimes I let my neighbors use my wifi, maybe --

MACKENZIE

That's a federal offense, Mr Mailer.

DAVID

It is?

MACKENZIE

No, I'm kidding. Have a good evening.

David slumps into his couch, worried sick.

INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeff has a blackening eye, a wrapped thumb and a kleenex sticking out of his bloody nose. He paces on the phone while the baby sitter sits with the baby in her arms.

JEFF

No, no, I just wanna know where she took it. Just check and keep your mouth shut about it please. Thanks.

He writes down the location of the car on a piece of paper, hangs up, then turns to the baby sitter.

EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jeff pulls a motorcycle out from a tarp beside the house.

INT. MACKENZIE'S SEDAN - NIGHT

Mackenzie pulls up across the street from the building and looks up. Only the lights on the seventh floor of the building are on. Jeff's car is parked rather poorly in front.

Mackenzie picks up his cell and calls a stored number.

MACKENZIE

Hello, yes, I've been trying to reach Detective Gower, I thought this was...

(beat)

Oh my God, I'm sorry to hear that. No, it's not important. Thank you.

POV -- MACKENZIE

JEFF -- pulls up on his motorbike. Jeff leaves his helmet on the seat and goes straight into the building, oblivious of Mackenzie.

Mackenzie hesitates a moment, then decides to follow him. Hey keys his car radio:

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

This is Mackenzie, I'm breaking surveillance and entering the building in pursuit of a suspect.

INT. UNFINISHED BUILDING - NIGHT

Mackenzie enters through the front door and reaches for his side arm. The elevators don't work. He takes the stairs.

INT. UNFINISHED BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

JEFF -- moves quickly up the stairs, then hears some one enter the stairwell below. He moves faster.

MACKENZIE -- follows cautiously.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David sits at his computer trying to find evidence of whatever it was Marcy was doing. Then, suddenly, the power goes off.

He stands in the darkness and looks out his window as the skyline cascades into darkness. Its a BLACKOUT.

INT. UNFINISHED BUILDING - STAIRWELL

The power goes off in the stairwell. Jeff, has only his cigarette lighter to guide him. He continues upwards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACKENZIE -- has the light from his cell phone to guide him and continues climbing.

JEFF -- burns his finger on the lighter and it goes out.

MACKENZIE -- reaches the 7th floor access door and opens it.

INT. UNFINISHED BUILDING - 7TH FLOOR - NIGHT

He moves through a maze of stacked drywall and sheets of plastic, gun raised along with his cell phone for light.

IN THE STAIRWELL -- JEFF slows, losing his nerve.

INT. UNFINISHED BUILDING - 7TH FLOOR - NIGHT

MACKENZIE -- stumbles and his cell falls to the floor. He goes after as it slides on the concrete, but it slips into an open elevator shaft.

As the light disappears downward as a HAND reaches out for Mackenzie, preventing his impending fall.

TREVOR -- pulls him to safety.

TREVOR

Got you.

INT. UNFINISHED BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Jeff's re-lights his lighter. Freaked out by the darkness, he decides to give up. He heads back down.

A CHYRON returns. RECORDED TIME OF DEATH: 60 seconds.

INT. UNFINISHED BUILDING - 7TH FLOOR - NIGHT

A lantern flashlight turns on behind Mackenzie. He turns to SEE that Trevor is accompanied by Carly, Philip, (who doesn't appear sick anymore) and Marcy, who is standing furthest away, concealing something hidden beneath a painter's tarp.

CARLY

Hello again.

MACKENZIE

You're actually all here.

CARLY

We've been waiting for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACKENZIE

Uh huh. So we've got the single teen mom, the football star -- thanks for the catch -- and the junkie... Where's the social worker?

MARCY

David isn't one of us.

MACKENZIE

One of...?

PHILIP

We're travelers from the future, Agent Mackenzie.

Mackenzie has no idea how to respond and almost laughs.

MARCY

In our time, many years from now, humanity has been all but wiped out. We've come back to change that.

CARLY

There are thousands of travelers already here taking part.

INT. UNFINISHED BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Jeff races down the stairs, the lighter barely working...

INT. UNFINISHED BUILDING - 7TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Mackenzie stands opposite the group, shaking his head.

MACKENZIE

Okay, how 'bout we travel downstairs now and talk somewhere else. This place isn't safe.

The countdown timer turns RED at 30 seconds. 29,28,27...

TREVOR

Thirty seconds...

MACKENZIE

To *what*?

PHILIP

In our time we developed a technology that allows a traveler to project his or her conscious mind into a
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHILIP (CONT'D)

host body of the past by knowing the precise T.E.L.L: Time, Elevation, Latitude and Longitude of the host's death.

TREVOR

We study the host's life from the historical record and social media.

Marcy steps forward with the others.

MARCY

We take hosts moments before their historical death and continue living their lives. Their consciousness is overwritten by the traveler's.

Mackenzie now SEES the tarp that Marcy was concealing.

MACKENZIE

Wait, what is *that*?

MARCY

The body of Jonas Walker. We stopped him from going on a shooting rampage from this floor, just as you tried and failed to do this night.

MACKENZIE

I don't understand, how can you know --

CARLY

We know the events of tonight because for us they've already happened.

TREVOR

Just as we know that during a blackout on this night at 11:17, in pursuit of Jonas Walker, Special Agent Grant Mackenzie accidentally fell eighty four meters down an open elevator shaft to his death. Three seconds.

He looks to the open elevator shaft and realizes what's happening just as the countdown timer approaches zero.

MACKENZIE -- collapses to his knees, holding his head, screaming in utter agony as the transition takes place...

EXT. UNFINISHED BUILDING - NIGHT

Jeff emerges from the building at a run, happy as hell to be out of there.

INT. UNFINISHED BUILDING - 7TH FLOOR - NIGHT

The other Travelers stand patiently as their leader looks up at them and orients himself to his new host body.

The TIMER is already well into the green.

MACKENZIE -- stands, a different man.

MACKENZIE

I have the final details of our mission.

(beat)

Let's begin.

END OF SHOW