

**CONTINGENCY PROTOCOL**

by

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FADE IN ON:

KATHERINE TELLER

40s. Been to hell and back. Cuts and bruises. Sitting at a table. Hard to make out where.

She spends a lot of time in her head. But here she's resolute, talking to SOMEONE off-screen.

KATHERINE  
Our society has become held hostage  
by technology...

EXT. PARK SLOPE. BROOKLYN - DAY

GLIDING high above the borough.

Looking down on affluent tree-lined streets -- artisan shops and cafes -- elegant brownstones -- oblivious PEOPLE.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*The average citizen thinks it's a  
good thing...*

TILT UP to see Manhattan's spectacular skyline looming in the distance -- glistening skyscrapers -- cinemagraph billboards.

SUPER: **NEW YORK, 2033**

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*But whenever technology takes a  
step forward...*

Suddenly -- we pitch forward and DOWN -- FAST -- a nauseating VERTICAL DROP -- concrete rushing at us --

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*Crime is right there with it.*

And then we STOP -- six feet from the ground -- fluidly PIVOTING UP to find:

NICK PRENTIS

staring directly at us -- just stepped out of his brownstone.

He's 40s. Had work done. Expensive suit. Habitual air of smarm and confidence turning to panic -- because there's a:

BLACK AND WHITE FBI DRONE

hovering six feet off the ground. It's called an EYESPY. And it's looking right at him.

VOICE  
(from drone's speaker)  
Nick Prentis, we have a warrant for  
your arrest under the 2020  
organized cyber crime act--

Nick SMASHES his briefcase into the drone --

Sending it careening into the street -- SHATTERING the  
windscreen of a moving car --

The car swerves -- SLAMS its brakes -- CRASHES into an  
oncoming vehicle while --

NICK

BAILS -- running through traffic -- horns HONKING --  
sprinting down --

EXT. AN ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Polished shoes SPLASHING through puddles -- reaching the end  
-- throwing a glance back to see:

MULTIPLE EYESPY DRONES

entering the alley -- WHOOSHING towards him as --

NICK

banks left -- down a tighter alley -- yanks open a door --  
barrels through into --

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

SLAMMING the door shut behind him -- running -- turning a  
corner -- EXPLODING into the insanity of --

INT. HIGH-END RESTAURANT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Where he COLLIDES with a WAITER -- tray of food going  
EVERYWHERE! -- COOKS screaming obscenities as --

Nick scrambles to his feet -- scanning the room -- clocking:

CHEFS wearing iGlasses -- a WAITER with his phone out --  
SECURITY CAMERAS over the pass.

And Nick, moving quickly through into the --

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Slowing down -- trying to compose himself -- passing hip, upscale DINERS -- all with a camera or networked device of some kind.

Nick hustling out onto --

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Coming face to face with:

ANOTHER EYESPY DRONE

which doesn't waste a beat -- ZAPPP! -- it fires a taser -- hitting Nick in the neck -- delivering a thousand volts --

His body CONVULSING -- dropping to the ground as --

AN UNMARKED SURVEILLANCE VAN

pulls up -- door sliding open -- screens inside with feeds from countless cameras and drones and --

FBI AGENTS CLARKE and SUNSTEIN step out and grab Nick.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Modern. Hi-tech. A touch-screen table cycling through images of: an office being seized by FBI AGENTS, computers and drives tagged as evidence, employees in cuffs.

Nick and his LAWYER sitting opposite Clarke and Sunstein.

CLARKE

While you were playing hide and seek with our eyespies, another team was raiding your office.

SUNSTEIN

We know about the malware. In ComTech's app.

CLARKE

Gave you back door access into your customer's systems, their bank accounts.

NICK

I'm a businessman. If Edgar's software was corrupt, you should talk to him.

SUNSTEIN

We have.

EDGAR DEMIR's mugshot appears on screen.

CLARKE

Cops picked him up with an underage hooker and a bag of eightballs. He rolled on you quick. But there's one thing he didn't know... that you work for Leon Vasseur.

Nick: who?

CLARKE

(come on)

We know you're close.

SUNSTEIN

We just can't prove it.

CLARKE

Vasseur's smart. Likes his buffers. But with Demir's testimony, the evidence we seized, we got you on fraud, identity theft, racketeering.

SUNSTEIN

That's ten to fifteen at Rikers.

CLARKE

But we don't want you. We want him.

(beat)

US attorney's willing to cut a deal, make your charges go away. All you have to do is cooperate, testify against Vasseur.

A beat. Nick leans in to his Lawyer, who whispers to him. Nick nods. Comes back.

NICK

Sorry. I don't know who that is.

Clarke and Sunstein regard him. Fair enough.

CLARKE  
See if a night in county changes  
your mind.

EXT. FBI OFFICES. DOWNTOWN - DAY

Nick, now in jumpsuit, cuffs, shackles. Being escorted to an SUV by Clarke and Sunstein. Lawyer at his side.

Nick glances up and sees VARIOUS DRONES flying overhead, this way and that. Some are government eyespies. Others with brand advertising like AMAZON, COCA COLA, and so on.

Then something low enters Nick's periphery:

A MINI-VAN

turning onto the street -- THE DRIVER wearing a futuristic, tinted MOTORCYCLE HELMET -- turning to look directly at --

NICK

for whom time seems to slow down as --

THE MINI-VAN SIDE DOOR SLIDES OPEN

revealing a SECOND GUY in a motorcycle helmet -- levelling a sleek, NEXT-GEN MACHINE GUN (called a QUADWAVE) at Nick and --

NICK  
GUN!

The agents see it -- pulling Nick behind the car just as --

VRRRRRR! VRRRRRRRRRR!

Second Helmet Guy unleashes the WHIRRING terror of the Quadwave. It's fucking insane. Earth-shatteringly loud. Faster and larger impact than anything you've ever seen.

It SHREDS the car to pieces in a second. Just fucking decimates it and --

SUNSTEIN AND CLARKE

scramble to return fire -- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! -- ARMED OFFICERS coming out of the building also firing but --

The mini-van is already tearing away -- its opportunity missed and --

NICK

just lying there -- frozen -- ears ringing -- mind racing --  
taking in the scene --

There's glass everywhere. Twisted metal. Something's on fire.  
Sunstein and Clarke SHOUTING. Agents HUSTLING.

Fuck. This is SERIOUS.

Then Nick's being grabbed -- hurried into the building and --

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

His TREMBLING HAND tumbles pills from a bottle into his palm.

Nick swallows them. Chases with water from a plastic cup. Too  
quick. Almost chokes on it. Coughs.

Lawyer is practically catatonic.

Nick looks up at Clarke, Sunstein, and now front and center:  
US ATTORNEY JOHN UNGER (50s). Born and bred for this. Likes  
to hear himself talk.

UNGER

Would appear that Vasseur is not a  
gambling man.

NICK

Which makes me valuable, yes?

UNGER

Depends, on how much you cooperate.

NICK

I'll need protection. Not just a  
couple'a flatfoots posted outside a  
safe house. High level protection.

UNGER

That can be arranged. If you give  
us something worth protecting.

A NEWS REPORT

playing on an HD SCREEN. The REPORTER standing outside City  
Hall, talking to us.

REPORTER

-- shock to the tech and business  
world as reclusive tycoon Leon  
Vasseur was arrested yesterday on  
charges of organized cyber crime.

(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)  
 Authorities allege Vasseur controls  
 one of the largest criminal  
 organizations in the United States.

INTERCUT with footage from the field, shot by various news  
 drones of:

LEON VASSEUR (50s) in cuffs, being led away from his palatial  
 Montauk home by Clarke and Sunstein.

REPORTER (O.S.)  
 He's been charged with over a dozen  
 federal crimes, including murder,  
 conspiracy, and the use of  
 technology to commit racketeering,  
 money laundering, financial  
 manipulation, and identity theft.

A snippet from Unger's official press statement. Ticker on-  
 screen identifying him as: US ATTORNEY JOHN UNGER

UNGER  
 The indictment of Leon Vasseur is a  
 vicious blow to the heart of  
 organized cyber crime. Now I intend  
 to make that blow fatal in court.

Back to footage of Vasseur. Arriving at the courthouse.

REPORTER (O.S.)  
 If found guilty, Vasseur faces  
 multiple life sentences with no  
 chance of parol--

KATHERINE (O.S.)  
 Pause.

And the image freezes on VASSEUR'S FACE. Confident for a man  
 in his position. From that, reveal:

INT. KITCHEN. KATHERINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Katherine. Staring at the screen, which is embedded and flush  
 to the kitchen wall.

She's minus the cuts and bruises here. Hasn't slept a full  
 night in a long time. Sitting at a table. A half-eaten pizza  
 and two crumbed plates.

The house in constant disarray. Dishes and plants do not fare  
 well.

KATHERINE

Power down.

The screen fades to the same color as the wall. Can't even tell it's there now.

She sits, thinking. A sadness weighing on her.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Katherine opens a closet. Stares at racks of MEN'S CLOTHING. Shirts, suits, coats. All neatly hanging or folded.

Takes out a vintage denim jacket. Brings it to her face and inhales deeply.

Lost in the scent. Emotion brewing. Almost too much then --

She puts the jacket on. Feels it. Bit big, but okay.

KATHERINE

Open Katherine Andrew slideshow.

An embedded WALL-SCREEN blinks to life. Begins scrolling through images of Katherine and her husband, ANDREW (30s), happy and in love.

She watches as their earlier life together unfolds.

KATHERINE

Pause.

ON SCREEN: a photo of Katherine and Andrew in front of an ADIRONDACK-STYLE HOUSE. He's wearing the same denim jacket. And she's holding a baby, LAURA.

She considers the jacket on her. A wan smile.

KATHERINE

Print image.

A soft WHIR under the wall-screen and a small hard copy of that photo ejects from a printer.

Katherine takes it. Goes to a locked bedside drawer.

Presses her thumb to a digi-panel. BEEP-CLICK! The drawer slides open revealing:

A US MARSHAL BADGE AND BERETTA

Katherine grabs them both and we CUT TO:

A SMALL PAIR OF BARE FEET

bouncing in rhythm to a VIDEO GAME JINGLE. Reveal:

INT. LAURA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The feet are dangling off the edge of a bed. LAURA (9) wearing a cutting-edge VR HEADSET - the source of the jingle.

KATHERINE (O.S.)

Laura?!

Laura doesn't budge as Katherine enters and sees:

AN OPEN SUITCASE

on the floor. Clothes and shoes covering it. Packing abandoned.

Katherine whips the headset off her.

LAURA

Hey, I was in the spectrum!

KATHERINE

You're supposed to be packing.

Laura sulks, says nothing.

So Katherine -- frustrated -- ACTIVATES -- quickly jamming clothes and shoes into the suitcase -- no sense of order.

Laura freaks out -- bounds over and tries to stop her -- pulling things back out.

LAURA

No, I don't wanna bring those!

KATHERINE

Stop!

But Laura doesn't stop. She's throwing everything out.

Katherine sits back. Waits until the case is empty.

KATHERINE

Are you finished?

And now Laura is emotional. Teary eyed.

Katherine, crushed by it. Softens.

KATHERINE

Peach-pear. You know I wouldn't go if it wasn't really important. And you'll have fun--

LAURA

We're supposed to go to Moo's today.

KATHERINE

(remembering, damn)  
I'm sorry, it slipped my mind.

LAURA

You always say that.

KATHERINE

We'll go soon as I get back.

LAURA

That too.

Katherine, realizing she's right.

KATHERINE

I promise. This time I mean it, okay?

Laura nods, half-hearted.

KATHERINE

And you can have the biggest sundae on the menu.

LAURA

Everything on it?

KATHERINE

Be none left for anyone else.

Laura studies her. Half-smile. Okay. Starts to re-pack.

Katherine watches her for a moment. Wants to say something else. But doesn't.

Instead, she just moves in to help with packing.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Sun low over middle class New Jersey homes. Driveways with late model, streamlined, futuristic cars.

Katherine's vintage BMW pulls up. Laura talking. Katherine miles away, deep in thought.

Drones WHOOSH by high overhead and --

EXT. MORGAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A door OPENS. Katherine's sister, MORGAN (30s), coming out.

LAURA  
Hi, Auntie Morgan!

MORGAN  
Hello there, Miss Laura. Millie's waiting for you.

Laura smiles. Hurries inside with her suitcase. Morgan steps out, closing the door.

KATHERINE  
Thank you--

MORGAN  
Can you at least call this time?

KATHERINE  
Mor, you know I can't--

MORGAN  
Can't or don't want to?

Hurt by that --

KATHERINE  
Not fair.

MORGAN  
This situation's not fair.  
(beat)  
Donnie and me, we've been talking.  
We think if we have to take her  
like this again... she should live  
with us, permanently.

Katherine, stunned. Doesn't know what to say.

MORGAN  
She needs a stable home, Kat. A  
parent who's present.

Katherine chews on that. Knows she's right. But...

Her watch DINGS! She looks at the screen. A message:  
**DEPARTURE SET FOR 0500**

KATHERINE  
I can't do this now--

MORGAN  
You have to find a way to move  
forward. For Laura's sake. For  
yours.  
(beat)  
When you get back, you need to  
decide what kind of future you want  
for her and for yourself.

Katherine, considering that.

INT. KATHERINE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

She gets in. Sits there, thinking. Sees Morgan still on the  
doorstep for a beat, then going in the house.

A STREETLIGHT CAMERA catches Katherine's attention.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*Living in the past was my job.*  
(beat)  
*You see, time travel is real.*

She starts the car and --

INT./EXT. KATHERINE'S CAR/FREEWAY - DUSK

Katherine driving. Merging onto a busy freeway of streamlined  
automobiles. Hers is one of few older model vehicles.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*It was invented accidentally by  
government physicists in the 2020s.  
They were attempting to extract  
zero-point energy as a power  
source, when a quantum implosion  
generated a temporal field.*

EXT. FREEWAY - LATER

Traffic thinned out. Sun dipping. Katherine flicks on  
headlights as she exits the freeway onto rural roads.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*They developed a system called Axis  
to manipulate the field. To connect  
two points in time. And use it to  
jump into the past.*

EXT. RURAL ROADS - NIGHT

Driving still. Countryside. Nothing around here for miles.  
Katherine's headlights cutting a path through darkness.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*See we're all anchored to a  
specific point in the timeline,  
which is constantly moving forward.  
You can't accelerate that. Meaning  
we can't jump into the future  
beyond our anchor point, but we can  
go back.*

She turns a corner and now we see:

A heavily reinforced SECURITY FENCE alongside the road,  
protecting several large, low-slung concrete buildings.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*While the government was exploring  
the possibilities and dangers of  
Axis, the Department of Justice and  
US Marshals were struggling with  
the omnipresence of digital  
surveillance technology in society.*

She pulls off the road onto a driveway. Stops at a blacked  
out gate. Rolls her window. Speaks to a metallic box.

KATHERINE  
Sierra echo nine four victor seven.

A green light BLINKS on the box. Gate opens.

She pulls through into --

EXT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

Stops. Gate closing behind her. Another blacked-out gate in  
front, blocking her in this zone alongside a security hut.

Multiple MILITARY POLICEMEN (MP's) with automatic weapons  
stand at guard, fingers tickling triggers.

She looks up at a CAMERA ANGLING ON HER.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*There are eyes everywhere now.  
Above us, around us. I'm not just  
talking phones and drones. Our  
lives are digitally dependent.*

An emotionless MP steps out of the hut. Offers a tablet.

Katherine presses her hand to it. Lights BLINK and she winces, like she just got pinched.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*Almost everything we interact with  
from clothing to shopping carts,  
all connected directly or  
indirectly to cameras and GPS  
trackers.*

MP steps back into the hut. Consults a monitor scanning results and then the following blinks on:

VOICE ANALYSIS CONFIRMED...  
CLEARANCE CODE CONFIRMED...  
HANDPRINT CONFIRMED...  
DNA CONFIRMED...

IDENTITY CONFIRMED: **US MARSHAL KATHERINE TELLER**  
ACCESS GRANTED

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*All networked. Hackable. Tools and  
weapons for both sides of the law.*

The second gate opens. Katherine drives on through --

EXT. MILITARY COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

A paved road runs through the field to the nearest building.  
An old air force hangar.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*These advancements bred a new  
generation of criminal. Motivated  
hackers-for-hire, known as  
Sightseers, could find anyone  
anywhere for a price.*

As Katherine approaches, hangar doors slide open --

INT. SECURE MILITARY FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

An expansive space. Bright lights. More armed guards, but these have **US MARSHAL** across kevlar vests.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*This led to breaches in the Witsec program. There was nowhere we could hide high-profile witnesses that the Sightseers couldn't find them. Meaning we couldn't keep them alive long enough to testify.*

The hangar's empty except for a dozen or so cars and a prisoner transport van. Katherine parks. Climbs out.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*So time travel offered a solution.*

She approaches a steel door. Places her hand on another panel. Lights blink and she winces again.

INT. BYGONE BASE - MOMENTS LATER

Underground. Cavernous but polished. Elevator doors open and Katherine steps into a corridor. Winds through into --

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vast. Dimly lit. Modernist. Dozens of top-line computers running calculations and simulations. Several TECHS and ASSISTANTS working at them.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*A small team of Marshals was designated Operation Bygone. Overseen by the DOJ. High level clearance only.*

Katherine moving through, glimpsing databases and news articles being scanned. Algorithms running.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*Our assignment: to hide witnesses in the past until trial.*

She reaches the largest screen at the center of it all displaying a date range: **08-22-72 - 10-03-72**

Beside her: IAN HAMILTON (30s), a lean ball of energy and proud assembler of eclectic shirt, tie, waistcoat combos. We're in is his domain.

He's wearing AUGMENTED REALITY GLASSES. His hands moving invisible objects.

IAN'S POV: *He is inside a database, streaming FAST through newspaper articles, police reports, weather reports.*

Ian pauses. Sensing Katherine beside him. Pulls the headset off. Sees her looking at the date range.

IAN

Was an Indian summer. Sorry.

KATHERINE

The year of Ziggy.  
(off his look)  
Stardust. Bowie.

IAN

Who?

He grins. Grabs a fluorescent, bio-enhanced protein shake. Sucks it through a straw.

KATHERINE

You disgust me.

IAN

(off shake)  
Thirteen weeks, no solids. You should see my core.

KATHERINE

You heard what I just said?  
(then, becoming serious)  
Is he here?

IAN

Briefing with Lowell. They started without you.

KATHERINE

Ops assembling our kit?

IAN

(nods)  
And I need you both in medical.  
(she turns to go)  
Oh. Unger's in with them too.

Shit.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Nick sitting across from Unger and Bygone Director BRIANA LOWELL (40s). If Lowell has a home, she doesn't see it often.

Nick staring at them, trying to wrap his mind around this.

LOWELL

You'll be there until trial.  
Accompanied by our most experienced  
Marshal.

UNGER

(taking over)

The trial has been expedited, but  
with a case of this magnitude it's  
scheduled six weeks out. You keep  
your word, testify against Vasseur,  
you'll be given a new identity, new  
life, here in the present.

Nick, the weight of this on him. His life no longer what it  
was. Trying to bury it...

NICK

Why 1972?

UNGER

(ignoring that)

Your immunity agreement precludes  
you from discussing Operation  
Bygone. You so much as mention its  
name, your agreement is invalid,  
you go directly to jail--

The door opens suddenly -- and Katherine enters -- everyone  
turning to look at her.

Katherine's eyes instantly lock with Nick's.

Unger glances at Lowell, clearly not a fan of Katherine.

LOWELL

Nick Prentis, Marshal Katherine  
Teller. Your escort and protector.

Nick rises. Thrusts out a hand to shake. Grinning.

NICK

And fellow time traveller?

Katherine doesn't shake. Her disdain for Nick is palpable.

KATHERINE  
(to Lowell)  
I need him in medical.

NICK  
Medical?

UNGER  
Director Lowell, a word.

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Katherine watching Unger and Lowell go at it.

UNGER  
It's a conflict of interests.

LOWELL  
It's my op, John.

UNGER  
The rest of Vasseur's organization  
has scattered into the woodwork  
like fucking cockroaches.

LOWELL  
I'm aware of the importance--

UNGER  
So we need someone impartial,  
someone whose emotions aren't  
compromised.

KATHERINE  
Bullshit.

They stop and turn to her.

UNGER  
Excuse me?

LOWELL  
Katherine--

KATHERINE  
Yes, it's true, I'm not impartial.

Unger glances at Lowell. See?

KATHERINE  
There's nothing I want more than to  
see Vasseur spend the rest of his  
life in prison.  
(MORE)

KATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Meaning there's no-one else here  
more motivated, more singularly  
determined to get Nick Prentis to  
that witness stand.

Unger regards Katherine. Relents. Turns back to Lowell.

UNGER  
Bygone is still experimental. After  
the Reyes incident, the A.G.'s eyes  
are on us. Prentis doesn't make it  
to trial, we don't just lose our  
key witness against Vasseur, we all  
lose our jobs.

That hangs in the air and we CUT TO:

THE BACK OF NICK'S NECK

as it's ZAPPED with a syringe. He YELPS and we're now in:

INT. MEDICAL BAY/PREP ROOMS - NIGHT

Sleek. Glass partitions. State-of-the-art technology.

NICK  
What was that?

Nick feels his neck. Something small and firm under the skin.

IAN  
Your receiver. It's a live  
connection, tethering you in 1972  
to us in 2033.

NICK  
A live connection?

IAN  
Think of it like a magnetized  
bluetooth device. When you're  
within range of the temporal field,  
we connect to your receiver, pull  
you back home.

Ian injects one into Katherine's neck. Other TECHS and  
ASSISTANTS are buzzing around them, busy with prep work.

IAN  
The live connection means time runs  
concurrently. One day here equals  
one day there.

Ian moves to a computer. Activates the receivers.

Nick sees Katherine's RECEIVER UNDER HER SKIN glow faint blue... once... twice... then fade away.

IAN

We can monitor your vitals.

ON SCREEN: active readouts appear for Katherine Teller and Nick Prentis, heartrates and GPS.

KATHERINE

It's also a tracking device.

She shows him a VINTAGE WATCH. Presses her thumb to the face and -- CLICK -- it opens to reveal a DATA SCREEN INSIDE.

NICK

So you can keep a leash on me?

KATHERINE

(walking away)

Our receivers get more than twenty feet apart and...

The watch vibrates, emitting a low pulsating HUM.

NICK

Cozy.

Ian keys a command on a tablet. One of the walls slides away to reveal RACKS OF 1970S CLOTHING.

Nick's eyes light up.

INT. CHANGING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Katherine dressing in '70s jeans, plaid shirt.

Being very careful with her necklace. Because there's a WEDDING RING on the chain.

She pauses. Considers it. Then tucks it under her shirt.

Looks at her denim jacket. Puts it on. Comforting to her. And it's old enough to work in 1972.

Empties the pockets of her present day clothes. Puts her phone and present day watch in a tray.

Stares at the photo of her, Andrew, baby Laura. A moment.

Then she folds and pockets it.

INT. MEDICAL/PREP ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nick in polyester pants and patterned shirt, checking himself out in a mirror. Ian brings him a bottle of pills.

IAN

Your medical records list a prescription for Zoloft.

Nick, embarrassed. Sees Katherine enter.

NICK

Yeah. Anxiety. Sometimes. Gives me the tremors.

IAN

We've filled it with the exact amount for your trip.

NICK

Why 1972?

IAN

It's not always '72. We determine a precise window where any ripples will be minimal enough for course correction.

NICK

But doesn't any ripple affect the future?

IAN

No, time is a river. Throw a pebble in and you cause a ripple, but the river adjusts and still runs its course. But, throw a boulder in and...

NICK

You dam the river.

IAN

(nods)

Our system runs a series of complex temporal algorithms. It's been calculated if you're within this date range, staying in a suite at The Regal, any minimal ripples you may cause won't vastly affect the timeline.

NICK

Would going to a Mets game be  
considered a minimal ripple?

KATHERINE

It's not a vacation.

NICK

I know but--

KATHERINE

We won't be leaving the hotel.

NICK

Seriously?

(no response)

Won't that get... stuffy?

KATHERINE

(terse)

There's a balcony.

Nick nods. Okay. Noting her obvious disdain for him.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - LATER

At Ian's station. Finalizing details. '70s driver licences.

IAN

You're Katherine and Nick Dupont.  
Staying at The Regal while your  
Hamptons house is under  
construction.

Ian lines up small stacks of cash. Freshly reproduced \$100  
bills, circa 1969.

Nick's eyes widen. He touches one, like it's gold.

NICK

Haven't seen actual cash in... I  
don't know, ten years?

IAN

Our dollar goes far back there.

Katherine takes the stack away from Nick. Sets them all in  
her suitcase. Breaks off loose notes, into her pocket.

IAN

(off a tablet)

Systems are charged and set.

EXT. MILITARY COMPOUND - NIGHT

Katherine and Nick, each carrying their small suitcases, follow Ian outside. Surrounded by armed US MARSHALS.

In the middle of a vacant field, floodlights illuminate the Axis technology: a circle of six metal cylinders, about 4ft high, and a console outside the circle.

Ian and the Marshals stop on the outer perimeter of the metal cylinders by the console.

Katherine gestures for Nick to enter the circle.

They step over cables and into the center of it all.

THE EMBEDDED RECEIVERS

on the backs of their necks now glow SOLID BLUE under their skin. They are within the temporal field.

They stand side-by-side, clutching suitcases, facing Ian.

Ian docks his tablet into the console. Keys in commands.

IAN  
Priming the field.

A low WHIRRING -- the metal cylinders slide open -- an internal compartment extending up -- making them now six feet tall -- just above Katherine and Nick's head height.

Ian and the other Marshals all pull GOGGLES over their eyes.

IAN  
Activating displacement sequence.

Electricity gently surges inside the cylinders -- glowing -- pulsating -- one after another --

Slow at first -- then faster -- faster -- FASTER --

So fast now that everything beyond becomes blurred and --

To Nick it feels as if he's SPINNING -- round and round --

He opens his jaw -- his ears popping -- starts to sway -- swallowing -- like he might vomit.

Katherine just standing there -- jaw clenched -- fist tight.

The electricity gets brighter -- BRIGHTER -- BLINDING --

Then WHOOSH! -- suddenly the lights and sounds cease to be.

Silence. Darkness.

Nick blinks. Sways. Disoriented. Strains to make out their surroundings.

Sounds comes back first. A light breeze through trees. A rooster crowing.

Nick blinks some more. Darkness becoming blurred vision. Immediate surroundings coming into focus.

Flattened grass at his feet. Katherine beside him.

NICK

Did it...?

He pauses. Stumbles onto his hands and knees and VOMITS onto the grass.

Katherine watches. No rush to help. Steadying herself.

Puffing air through her cheeks. Trying not to vomit also. She's used to this sensation, but it's still jarring.

Nick retches. Vomits again. Just bile coming up now. Then he's spitting. Breathing.

Now groaning. Trembling. Clamoring at himself.

NICK

My skin... ah God... I'm on fire...

KATHERINE

Don't panic, it passes.

Nick falls back onto his knees. Clutching his chest. Breathing FAST.

NICK

Can't... breathe...

Fuck. She has to do something.

Fumbles through his pockets. Finds the bottle of Zoloft. Tips one out. Roughly puts a pill in his mouth and forces it shut.

He dry swallows it. Tries to get his breathing under control.

She pops back up. Watches him until he's calmer.

Then she moves off. Scanning their surroundings.

NICK

Are we... are we here?

Katherine gestures to where the concrete buildings were:

There's nothing there now. No facility, no Axis technology,  
no Marshals.

Just an empty field. Trees. A road in the distance. The first  
glow of dawn approaching. Serene and beautiful.

NICK

You could've warned me about...  
(the vomit)

KATHERINE

Must've slipped my mind.

NICK

Right.

He pulls himself to his feet. Stretching, breathing.

KATHERINE

Time to go.

NICK

We're walking to the city?

KATHERINE

There's a town two miles southeast.  
A cab company.

NICK

Any chance there's a restaurant?  
Stomach's empty now.

He cracks a tight smile. But no smile back from her.

KATHERINE

No restaurant.

NICK

A coffee shop?

KATHERINE

No.

NICK

A vending machine?  
(she stares at him)  
This is gonna be a fun six weeks.

KATHERINE

It's not a vacation.

NICK  
So you said.

KATHERINE  
Time to go.

NICK  
So you said.

As they walk towards the rising sun, we see the grass all around them is flattened, in a perfect circle where the cylinders were in 2033.

EXT. FREEWAY - MORNING

A small town taxicab joins the crush of traffic crawling onto the George Washington Bridge.

Hundreds of people in vintage cars heading into the city on this already sweltering hot morning.

INT. CAB - SAME

Nick and Katherine in back. Sweating. The CABBIE enjoying music jamming from tinny speakers.

Nick catches sight of something through the windshield.

NICK  
Incredible.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - SAME

The hazy, sun-tinged Manhattan skyline now visible as they cross the bridge. A vastly different sight than in 2033.

SUPER: **NEW YORK, 1972**

And the cab filters into grungy '70s Manhattan...

INT./EXT. CAB/STREETS - DAY

Making their way through the city. Bumper to bumper traffic. Horns HONKING. People SHOUTING. Chaotic.

Nick marveling at their surroundings. Katherine un-fazed.

Gritty Harlem streets. Crumbling buildings. Street art. Colorful nightclub facades. Trash heaped on every corner.

A Puerto Rican wedding party. Kids on bikes. Sitting on cars. Playing hockey with a tin can.

The people, the wardrobes, the cars, the sheer lack of any kind of technology. All of it so different.

Then it changes to the affluent Upper East Side. Nicer, but still a hint of unease beneath the surface.

The edges of Central Park in full bloom. People walking dogs. Jogging. Snooty well-dressed types going about their business.

EXT. THE REGAL HOTEL. UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

Katherine and Nick climb out of the cab. Regard the grand art deco building.

A DOORMAN opens the door for them and they step into --

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Opulent and sophisticated. Wealthy GUESTS in bright, fashionable 1970s attire and hairstyles. Everyone smoking, drinking cocktails. Attentive STAFF in uniforms.

As they reach the check-in desk...

CLERK

Good morning. Welcome to The Regal.

KATHERINE

We have a reservation under Dupont.

INT. LIVING ROOM. SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

A BELLHOP sets their suitcases down in this luxurious space.

KATHERINE

We'll take it from here, thank you.

She palms him a healthy tip and he's gone.

Nick moves to big windows. Opens balcony doors and feels a warm breeze. Steps outside.

Drinks in the stunning view of '70s Manhattan. Vibrant green of Central Park to his right. Midtown straight ahead. The East River and Brooklyn beyond to his left.

He goes back inside. Notices that there's only --

NICK  
One bedroom?

KATHERINE  
You're in there. I'm on the couch.

NICK  
(realizing)  
Guarding the only exit.

She holds up her wrist, pulling back her jacket sleeve to reaffirm the watch. And that she knows his every movement.

He nods. Spots a big, heavy GLASS ASHTRAY on the table. Weighs it in his hand. Wow. They're on every surface.

He sees a NEW YORK TIMES. Amazed by it. Touches the paper.

NICK  
I remember these.

Looks at his ink-stained fingers. Turns his nose up.

She pops open her suitcase. Retrieves her Beretta handgun.

NICK  
That's for just in case, right?

No response. Nick nods. An awkward silence.

NICK  
So can we eat now?

Katherine grabs the room service menu. Brings it to him.

NICK  
We're seriously not leaving the hotel?  
(she nods)  
What about the Mets tickets I scalped off the bellhop?

She gives him a stern look and his grin fades.

NICK  
I'm joking.

KATHERINE  
This is not--

NICK  
--a vacation. Yeah got it.

Nick exhales. Opens the menu.

SMASH TO BLACK.

KATHERINE (V.O.)

*And so we waited. No technology, no cameras, no-one to find us. A safe haven in time.*

MONTAGE:

-- A room service cart being wheeled in.

-- Nick savors a filet mignon, drinks wine. Delicious. Katherine eats pizza, drinks coffee.

-- Nick watches the Mets game on TV in the bedroom. It's a bulky Zenith tube set, encased in sturdy oak frame.

-- Katherine in the living room, doing push-ups, feet elevated on a chair.

-- Nick savors another steak, drinking wine. Looks across at Katherine eating pizza and drinking coffee. He offers her wine, but she dismisses him.

-- Katherine doing jumping jacks. Then sit-ups. Then a handstand against the wall... which turns into push-ups.

-- Nick, amused, watching ELVIS on TV, strutting across a Nevada stage in a white jumpsuit singing "Suspicious Minds". He changes channel to PRESIDENT NIXON addressing the nation.

-- Changes channel to news footage of THE WATERGATE BURGLARS being indicted by a grand jury. Nick is captivated by it.

-- Nick paces, feeling trapped. Swallows one of his pills.

-- Katherine and Nick out on the balcony. Fresh air. Watching the deluge of New York Marathon runners on the street below. A CRACK of thunder, a storm rolling in.

-- Nick eats yet another steak, less enthusiastic.

END MONTAGE ON:

Nick, hair unkempt and with a short beard now. Staring at the room service menu. Tired, bored, sick of this. Slaps it shut.

KATHERINE (V.O.)

*We waited six weeks. One day to go, then back to 2033. That's when everything went sideways.*

Katherine at the table. Playing solitaire with a deck of cards. Sipping coffee. Nick studies her. How to propose this.

NICK

Have you ever heard of Mario's?

KATHERINE

We're not going out to eat.

NICK

We should celebrate.

KATHERINE

No.

NICK

It's an Italian bistro. Only two blocks from here. Legendary. A classic. Shuttered in 2019. But thriving here and now.

(no response)

One dinner. One true sampling of the era. Can it really hurt?

(no response)

Haven't I been a model witness?

She thinks on that and --

INT. MARIO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

An old school Italian place. Dark and cavernous. Candles everywhere. A live quartet playing jazz.

The air heavy with smoke. People casually dragging on cigarettes, flicking ash into ashtrays as they eat.

Nick now with a thick mustache shaved out of his beard. Savoring a bowl of decadent pasta.

Drains his wine glass. Tops himself up.

Katherine's wine is untouched. But she's enjoying her pizza. A sliver of relaxation for the first time. A job almost done.

NICK

What d'you think of my mustache?

(no response)

Thought I should blend in.

(no response)

I might keep it, as a souvenir.

She ignores him. They continue eating.

NICK  
So where else have you been on  
these trips?  
(no response, new angle)  
You can go anywhere in time, where  
do you go?  
(no response)  
Okay. I'll tell you mine. August  
1998.

She looks up. Curious.

NICK  
(grins)  
Mets Dodgers. We killed 'em nine  
three. Huskey with a home run like  
nothing I'd ever seen.

She exhales. Attention back on the pizza.

NICK  
(nostalgic)  
It was a Sunday. Warm.  
(beat)  
No matter the week's drama, my  
parents and I going to a game, it  
was special. Meant something.  
(solemn now)  
Last memory I have of them.

She looks up at him again. That piece of honesty catching  
with her. Is there a decent person in there?

NICK  
Your turn.

KATHERINE  
Eat your pasta.

NICK  
But this is the longest  
conversation we've had.

KATHERINE  
We're not friends.

NICK  
But we're allies, yes?

KATHERINE  
Allies?

NICK  
We're on the same side now.

KATHERINE

We'll never be on the same side.

NICK

It's not like I ever actually hurt anyone.

KATHERINE

Are you that delusional? Maybe you never pulled a trigger, but you filled the pockets of a man who pulled plenty. For me, that's as good as loading the gun.

NICK

And now I'm gonna help put Vasseur away, so give me some credit.

KATHERINE

Credit? You're only helping because you got caught, which makes you no less a psychopath than him.

NICK

What is your problem with me?

KATHERINE

You wanna know when I would travel to, if I could go anywhere in time?

NICK

Changing the subject but yea--

KATHERINE

2028. Not to a ball game. Or a fucking restaurant. To the night my husband died because of Vasseur.

Nick, taken aback, confused.

NICK

Vasseur killed your husband?

Katherine swallows. Said too much. Stares at him.

NICK

What happened--

She pops up from her chair.

KATHERINE

Don't move.

NICK  
Katherine--

KATHERINE  
Just eat your fucking pasta.

She strides off to the restroom. Nick watches her go.

INT. RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Katherine leaning against the sink. Wristwatch vibrating, emitting that pulsing HUM. Trying to ignore it. Deep breaths.

Pulls her necklace with the wedding ring from under her shirt. Grips it tight. Clenches her jaw.

It's everything she can do to not explode.

INT. MARIO'S RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

She comes back to the table. Composed. Sits.

Nick, concerned. Regards her. Tries to think of the right thing to say...

NICK  
I'm not delusional. I know I've made some questionable choices in my life. But maybe some good can come from this one...

He raises his glass.

NICK  
To Vasseur going away for a very long time.

Katherine, taken by that. Raises her glass. Sips.

Nick drinks. Then back to his pasta in silence.

Katherine, deep in thought. Drains her glass and --

INT. LIVING ROOM. SUITE - MORNING

Sun blazing through curtains. Blinding Katherine as she wakes on the couch. Groggy, bleary eyed, like she's hungover.

Suddenly -- she realizes something -- SNAPS AWAKE -- looking around -- as if she can't remember how she got here.

THE BEDROOM DOOR

is wide open and -- she's on her feet -- moving to it --

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Empty -- fuck -- panic setting in -- she grabs a look at her wristwatch -- but nothing's amiss and then --

Nick emerges from the en-suite. Still with the mustache, mid-floss, startled by her.

NICK

You okay?

KATHERINE

What happened last night? After dinner?

NICK

Nothing. We ate. Came back here.

She narrows her eyes, rubs her neck, the back of her head.

NICK

Oh, well, you, uh, finished the bottle. You don't remember?

Katherine thinks. Trying to find the memories. Frustrated she let her guard down.

Nick turns to a mirror to finish flossing.

NICK

Thought we were starting to connect, but alas...

He turns back and she's gone.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE STREETS - MORNING

Hazy, stifling hot morning. Traffic teeming. New Yorkers on the move. And then we notice:

TWO DARK CADILLACS

navigating traffic in unison. An unbreakable convoy. Each car packed to the gills with MEN IN CHEAP SUITS.

They park across from The Regal. Four Suits climb out.

One with a MUSTACHE, one with SIDEBURNS, one wearing aviator-style GLASSES, and one with SLICK hair. All with briefcases.

They look to the back car, waiting for orders, and --

CORBIN

emerges -- hardened face and eyes locking on to The Regal.

He's 50s. Broad, imposing presence. Takes pride in his appearance. Pinstripe suit is expensive, bespoke, 1970s era.

Without looking -- he cuts through HONKING traffic like a shark -- heading for the hotel -- the men falling in behind.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Katherine, fresh from the shower. Pulling a shirt over wet hair. Pauses.

Considers her necklace. The wedding ring.

The most important job of her career almost done.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Long and quiet. A spent room service trolley outside one door. Our Suits crowded around the door opposite.

Corbin studying a piece of paper. Looks up at the room number: 2959. Nods.

Sideburns and Glasses step forward -- open their cases -- silently tamper with the door.

Mustache and Slick open briefcases -- take out Heckler & Koch MP5K short machine guns -- silently -- efficiently.

Corbin retreats down the hall. Pulls a huge Smith & Wesson revolver from a shoulder holster.

INT. LIVING ROOM. SUITE - SAME

Katherine emerges from the bathroom barefoot. Pants and shirt. Drying her hair with a towel.

She stops. Hears SOMETHING. Eyes snap to the door.

Nick breezes in...

NICK

Would a Mets hat really affect the--

Her hand goes up forcefully. He freezes. Falls silent.

And she listens.

*TICKTICKTICKTICK...*

What is that? Oh shi--

**KABOOM!** The suite door EXPLODES inward --

Katherine moves lightning fast -- grabbing Nick -- yanking him to the ground -- as door remnants fly over their heads --

SHATTERING the window on the other side of the room and --

Katherine BLINKING -- shaking it off -- surrounded by dust and rubble -- ears RINGING --

Pulling it together quickly -- taking hold of a dazed Nick -- dragging him to the bedroom as --

SIDEBURNS AND GLASSES

penetrate the smoke -- entering the room -- guns aiming and --

KATHERINE

slams the bedroom door shut just as --

BRRRRRR! BRRRRRRR! -- bullets rip through the door and wall -- one SLICING Nick's shoulder -- he SCREAMS as --

Katherine pulls him to the ground -- shielding him as wood and plaster EXPLODE all around them and --

The TV SHATTERS -- shards of glass and plastic raining down.

Then silence. Just their breathing. Nick starting to panic...

NICK

Ahhhhshit--ohshit--

She slams her hand over his mouth -- silencing him -- listening to footsteps CRUNCHING outside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Sideburns and Glasses moving closer to the door -- listening for any sign of life in the bedroom.

Nothing.

Sideburns nods to Glasses -- who cautiously tries the handle  
-- pushes open the door --

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Finds Nick's lifeless body facedown on the floor.

Glasses moves closer -- realizes something -- spins just as --

KATHERINE

launches at him -- SMASHING HIM IN THE HEAD with a heavy  
glass ashtray -- he drops his gun --

Which Katherine catches -- spinning towards the door -- just  
as Sideburns breaches the room and --

BRRRR! -- she sprays him with bullets.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Doors opening now -- concerned and curious GUESTS coming out.

Slick and Mustache wave guns in their direction -- terrifying  
them -- forcing them back inside.

Corbin's eyes locked on the room. Waiting to see who emerges.  
Cocks back the hammer on his revolver. Aims at the doorway.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Nick sits up -- in a panic -- clutching his shoulder.

NICK

Fuck I'm shot I'm shot--

KATHERINE

Put pressure on it.

He grips the wound -- clenches his jaw -- stifles moans.

Katherine's got a steady aim on the door -- waiting -- but  
nobody else comes.

KATHERINE

Behind me, we have to go.

He stands -- winces -- moves up behind her.

NICK  
The fuck is happening?

KATHERINE  
Stay behind me.

She edges out into --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Her aim solid and focused on the hole where the door was -- bare feet navigating debris -- Nick close behind.

Nobody else enters.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Slick and Mustache at either end of the hall.

Corbin moving towards the room -- gripping his revolver.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Katherine still with her aim on the doorway -- glances over at her denim jacket slung over the couch.

She drops the H&K machine gun -- scoops up her Beretta -- jams her shoes on -- grabs the jacket.

Moving for the doorway -- Nick right behind and --

Katherine glimpses:

THE ROOM SERVICE TROLLEY

across the HALLWAY -- the reflection on a metal coffee pot:

CORBIN

with his revolver -- squeezing the trigger and -- BOOM!

Katherine ducks just in time -- as what's left of the wall EXPLODES -- the impact causing her to drop her gun and --

She looks up -- sees Corbin stepping closer -- re-aiming -- she has one option -- less than a second to act --

Throws herself at him -- a low tackle -- knocking the revolver from his hands -- they SLAM into the wall but --

Corbin recovers quickly -- grappling with her -- SLAMMING her into the opposite wall -- denting the plasterboard and --

SWISH! -- Corbin pulls a blade from his belt -- but Katherine blocks it with one hand -- bringing her elbow straight up --

WHAM! -- she CRACKS him under the chin -- knocking his head back -- using the momentum -- shoves his head into the wall --

Corbin drops -- stunned -- looks up at them as --

SLICK AND MUSTACHE

advance -- levelling their guns and --

NICK

spots a fire alarm on the wall -- yanks it -- and the alarm RINGS! -- distracting everyone for a beat as --

KATHERINE

scoops up her Beretta and -- BLAM! -- takes down Slick.

MUSTACHE

goes to shoot -- but now EVERYONE is flooding out of their rooms en masse -- blocking his aim and --

KATHERINE AND NICK

take the opportunity -- bolting down the hallway -- passing emerging guests --

Rounding a corner -- they dive into --

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

-- just as the doors CLOSE -- and Katherine HAMMERS the "LOBBY" button.

Riding down. Catching breath. Katherine trying to figure out what happened.

Nick clutches his shoulder and groans. She takes hold of him. Shifts him around to examine the wound.

NICK

Ahh fuck.

KATHERINE

Flesh wound, clean through. You'll be fine.

NICK  
I don't feel fine.

Blood running down his arm -- DRIPPING on the elevator floor.

She tucks the Beretta into her waistband --

Whips off her denim jacket -- throws it around his shoulders  
-- pulls it tight -- covering the mess best she can just as --

DING! Doors open -- but they're not on the ground floor --  
they're picking up GUESTS evacuating because of the alarm.

Katherine tugs her shirt over the Beretta -- concealing it --  
as the elevator fills with people, curious and frustrated.

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Elevator doors DING open -- and they step out into a frenzied  
lobby -- fire alarm still RINGING -- GUESTS being herded out.

Katherine and Nick join the crush -- hustling out onto --

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Where they hear the oncoming SIRENS -- Katherine's eyes clock  
the Cadillacs across the street -- just as they move out in  
unison and --

She guides Nick off in the opposite direction -- disappearing  
into the city.

EXT. HOTEL SIDE ALLEY - DAY

More GUESTS flooding out of a fire exit stairwell -- Corbin  
and Mustache amongst them.

The guests hurrying to one end of the alley -- the street  
where FIRE TRUCKS and POLICE CARS are arriving out front of  
the hotel.

Corbin and Mustache head in the opposite direction -- to the  
other end -- a Cadillac pulling up on the adjacent street.

INT. LIVING ROOM. ERIC GRANT'S APARTMENT - DAY

A tired old air conditioner RATTLING, working overtime in  
this tight third floor walk-up.

ERIC GRANT (30s) stares at it. Weighing an important decision. Sweating through his short-sleeved shirt and tie. Never gives up on anything, yet embraces the status quo.

Hears something behind him.

Turns as his girlfriend, CASSIE, enters. A packed suitcase in one hand. A set of keys in the other.

We now see Grant wearing a sidearm. NYPD BADGE on his belt.

Cassie lays the keys on the coffee table. Grant regards them.

GRANT  
You're really doing this.

CASSIE  
You know how you can stop me.

He looks up at her. Wants desperately to say something. But can't bring himself to.

She nods. Leaves.

And Grant stands here alone. He sinks slowly into a chair. What has he done?

He looks to the door, like he might go after her... then the phone RINGS.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE STREETS - DAY

Katherine and Nick hustling along. Nick struggling, gripping his shoulder. Blood soaking through the denim jacket.

NICK  
Hey, hey, slow down a sec. I'm  
gonna puke. No, I'm gonna pass out.

Katherine steadies him. PEOPLE on the street throw them glances. Katherine sees this. Has to do something.

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

A bell over the door DINGS! Small. Hot. No customers. A fan blowing hard on a sweaty PHARMACIST behind the counter.

He catches a glimpse of SOMEONE as they disappear down an aisle. Thinks nothing of it.

KATHERINE

swipes supplies off shelves. Gauze, bandages, medical tape, alcohol rub.

PHARMACIST

sees Katherine now standing across from him. Disheveled, hair still wet. But offering a friendly smile, setting her purchases on the counter.

Pharmacist starts ringing them up.

KATHERINE

There a clothing store around here?

PHARMACIST

Two blocks over--

He hears SOMEONE ELSE (Nick) shifting around, hiding in the aisles. Peers over at BLOOD ON THE FLOOR.

PHARMACIST

I don't serve drug addicts.

KATHERINE

I'm not an addict, don't want trouble.

Pharmacist snatches for a phone behind the counter -- but then he has A GUN IN HIS FACE and --

KATHERINE

I just want to buy these things.  
(realizing something)  
And your shirt.

INT. CADILLAC - DAY

Corbin in back. Staring at his jacket sleeve, now torn from the fight. Furious.

CORBIN

I want their fuckin' heads.  
(to Mustache)  
Do whatever you have to.

Up in the passenger seat, Mustache nods. Opens the glovebox. Scoops out the installed TELEPHONE HANDSET.

Corbin looks out at the unsavory streets of '70s New York. Realizes something.

CORBIN

Wait. Are we near 88th and 1st?

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Seedy and dilapidated restrooms deep in the park.

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOMS - SAME

Nick leaning over a sink. More concerned with their grimy environment than the pain as Katherine peels away the bloody denim jacket.

She tears his shirt open. His shoulder just caked in blood.

She pours rubbing alcohol over it. Wipes with gauze. Exposing the wound.

NICK

Ah fuck me fuck me.

She rips open more packets of gauze, tape, bandages. Presses gauze to it tight. Nick grits his teeth.

NICK

You didn't think to get pain meds while we're in a pharmacy??

KATHERINE

Must've slipped my mind.

NICK

Right.

She starts dressing it, taping it up.

KATHERINE

Pain keeps you alert, focused. You recognize him?

NICK

The guy with the hand cannon? Yeah. Michael Corbin. Vasseur uses him for wetwork.

KATHERINE

The others?

He shakes his head, no.

KATHERINE

He could've hired local talent.

NICK

All of which means you've got a leak, in your team.

Katherine. Thinking on that. The reality of it. Doesn't want to believe. But has to be true.

NICK  
How else could he've known where to  
find us?

Then she pauses. Realizes something. Shit.

Grasps the back of her neck. Where the receiver is embedded.

KATHERINE  
Fuck. If there's a mole, they have  
access to our receivers. They can  
track our movements.

NICK  
So what do we do?

Katherine looks around. Finds a graffiti-covered mirror.  
SMASHES it with the butt of her gun.

EXT. ANOTHER ALLEY SOMEWHERE - DAY

A crime scene. Behind a seedy nightclub, not the hotel.  
UNIFORM COPS. Three bodies, dead a while.

Grant sucks on a popsicle. Examines the body of a BURLY MAN.

RUSSO (O.S.)  
How long's it been?

Grant, irritated by that. Turns to RUSSO (40s), his portly  
partner, always out of breath, smoking a cigarette.

RUSSO  
Three years? Four?  
(no response)  
Five?!

GRANT  
(to shut him up)  
Six.

RUSSO  
(chuckles)  
Jesus, and you just let her walk  
out?

GRANT  
Fuck me for mentioning it.

RUSSO  
What's your problem?

GRANT  
I got a dead mobster in an alley  
and it's not even lunchtime.

RUSSO  
I meant with your old lady.

GRANT  
I know what you meant.

RUSSO  
Well I think you're afraid'a--

UNIFORM COP (O.S.)  
Detective Grant?!

Grant looks over. Thankful for the distraction.

Uniform Cop is by a car at the alley's mouth. Holding a RADIO HANDSET, thick curled cable stretching out the window.

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOMS. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Nick groans and squirms as Katherine pulls the receiver from an incision in the back of his neck.

It's small. Like a lithium battery. Ovular and translucent.

She tapes a piece of gauze over the incision.

Walks past the SMASHED REMAINS OF HER WRISTWATCH. Drops the receiver in the toilet then flushes.

She takes a fresh piece of the broken mirror. Feels the back of her neck, locating the right spot. Goes to cut --

NICK  
You're seriously attempting that on  
yourself?

She ignores him. Goes to cut. He averts his eyes. Grimaces.

But she pauses. Offers him the glass.

KATHERINE  
Here.

He takes it. She pulls out her Beretta. Grips it tight.

NICK  
Oh, that's real trust.

She presses her fingers as a guide for him where to cut.

KATHERINE  
Small and quick.

NICK  
I'll bet now you're wishing you got  
pain meds.  
(no response)  
Or maybe you like it?

Katherine says nothing. Doesn't flinch as Nick slices.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY - 2033

An ALARM BLIPPING!

Ian yanks off his AR GLASSES -- scrambles to his monitor --  
the source of the alarm --

Knocking his bio-enhanced shake to the floor in the process --

His eyes locking on the monitor and... SHIT.

INT. BRIANA LOWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Lowell at her desk. Watching a NEWS REPORT on a computer.

REPORTER  
-- trial against suspected crime  
boss Leon Vasseur is underway with  
opening statements today. Witness  
testimony to begin tomorrow...

The door FLIES OPEN -- Ian bursts in with a tablet.

IAN  
They're offline.

Lowell kills the report.

LOWELL  
What?

IAN  
Katherine and Nick. Their receivers  
are offline, dead.

LOWELL  
How the fuck did that happen?

IAN  
Vitals were elevated, spiking,  
heart rates and adrenaline off the  
charts, then just gone.

LOWELL  
They're due back tonight. He  
testifies tomorrow morning.  
(mind racing)  
Initiate a comprehensive search of  
the temporal grid. News archives,  
databases, official and unofficial.  
See if anything flags.

IAN  
(turning to go)  
Okay, I'll get everyone on it.

LOWELL  
No. This stays between us for now.

Ian stops. Turns back to her. What?

LOWELL  
No-one else in the loop,  
understand?

Ian nods, reluctant.

LOWELL  
Straight to me with any intel.

He nods again and hurries out.

Lowell watches him go. Snatches up her phone. About to dial,  
but hesitates.

EXT. THE REGAL HOTEL - DAY - 1972

NYPD, fire trucks, ambulances all over the street. UNIFORM  
COPS holding people back. GUESTS congregated, irritated at  
the inconvenience.

Grant double parks his car -- leaping out -- Russo slower --  
trailing him as --

Grant badges a UNIFORM COP at the line.

INT. SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Grant peels back a sheet. Stares at Sideburns. Exasperated.

Russo enters, out of breath. Stubs his cigarette out in an ashtray. Consulting a notebook.

RUSO

Room occupants: Nick and Katherine  
Dupont.

(off a piece of paper)  
Clerk xeroxed ID's when they  
checked in.

Grant studies smudged photocopies of Katherine and Nick's fake licenses. Perplexed. *Who are they?*

GRANT

Get a BOLO to all units.

RUSO

Already done.

(beat)  
So now we're on two cases?

A UNIFORM COP hurries in.

UNIFORM COP

Sir, we might have something.

Grant leaving the room with Uniform Cop...

GRANT

(to Russo)  
Stay here. Work witnesses.

RUSO

Oh yeah thanks, partner.

When Grant's gone, Russo exhales. Happy to be left behind. Lights up another smoke.

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOMS - DAY

Katherine, the back of her neck taped with gauze. Holding her (husband's) blood-covered denim jacket.

It's ruined, too conspicuous to take. But tough to part with.

Nick dressing in the Pharmacist's shirt, which is too big. Watching her. Feels bad about the jacket.

NICK

Sorry...

She nods. Un-wedges the trashcan from under the door handle.  
Lays the jacket in there.

A breath. Gathers herself. New resolve.

KATHERINE

We have to get back, get you to  
that witness stand.

NICK

But how? If Vasseur has someone on  
the inside, they must know about  
the field, where we arrived.

KATHERINE

(nods)

There's another way.

Nick, intrigued by that.

EXT. PHARMACY. UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

Grant bailing out of his car -- hustling inside --

INT. PHARMACY - CONTINUOUS

Pharmacist missing his shirt, wearing a dirty white tank.  
Talking to two NYPD OFFICERS.

Grant shows the xerox of Katherine's ID to Pharmacist.

GRANT

This her?

Pharmacist peers at it. Nods.

EXT. MIDTOWN STREETS - DAY

Katherine and Nick walking. Fast, but not too fast. Trying to  
blend in.

Streets are busier, grimier, steamier. Trash piles  
everywhere. Tobacco billboards and XXX movie theaters.  
PROSTITUTES brazenly open for business.

NICK

Where are we going?

Katherine doesn't answer. Keeps walking. Nick, frustrated.  
Stops. Stands there in protest.

She realizes. Turns to him.

KATHERINE

Move.

But a prostitute, skimpy outfit and CHERRY LIPS, is on Nick.

CHERRY LIPS

Hey, darlin'.

Katherine coming back --

KATHERINE

(to Cherry Lips)

Sell it somewhere else.

CHERRY LIPS

(off Nick)

He's taken.

Katherine shows her gun --

KATHERINE

Yes he is.

Cherry Lips stares at her... then shrugs, whatever. Moves on.

Katherine grabs Nick's bad shoulder. He winces and complies,  
starts walking again.

KATHERINE

When Bygone started, each Marshal  
was sent back to hide our own  
personal Axis tech. In case of any  
kind of breach or malfunction. A  
contingency protocol. So nobody  
would be stuck in the past.

NICK

How do you know that's not  
compromised too?

KATHERINE

Because I'm the only one who knows  
where mine's hidden.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY - 2033

Ian and Lowell looking at something ON HIS MONITOR:

A newspaper article from 1972 New York Times: **TERROR HITS  
UPPER EAST SIDE**

IAN

Three bodies, all male, none  
identified by authorities.

LOWELL

Nothing on Katherine or Nick?

IAN

No, so they're in the wind. Or she  
is and he's one of the bodies.

LOWELL

Theories?

IAN

Best case? It's unrelated and they  
got spooked.

LOWELL

Worst case we have a breach.

IAN

Which would mean we have a leak.

LOWELL

Which I don't want to think about.

IAN

So let's hope for best case.

LOWELL

But plan for worst. Keep this  
between us.

IAN

Roger that. If she's okay, she'll  
enact the contingency protocol.

LOWELL

Means all we can do is wait.

IAN

And observe. I'll keep searching  
for any other flags that might  
point to a location.

LOWELL

Let me know the second you have  
something.

She walks away. Ian watches her go. Eyes narrow. Thinking.  
Turns back to his system and --

Lowell walking away. Phone in hand. Still hesitant to dial.

EXT. MIDTOWN STREETS - DAY - 1972

A COP comes out of a fast food joint with a greasy bag of  
junk and a milkshake. Eases his butt into --

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Offers the fast food to the driver, COP 2.

COP 2

Thanks, partner. Diet's killin' me.

He pulls a sloppy burger out of the bag. Wrestles with the  
paper around it and takes a huge bite. Heaven.

COP 1

How you eat that shit in this heat  
is beyond me.

Cop 1 sucks on his cold milkshake. Relief. Something catches  
his attention down the street.

COP 1

You got descriptions on that BOLO  
just went out?

Cop 2 follows his eyeline to see:

EXT. MIDTOWN STREETS - SAME

Katherine and Nick. They've stopped walking. He's bent over,  
leaning against a payphone, breathing.

NICK

I just... need a minute.

Katherine scans their surroundings. Amongst the bustle, she  
spots the SQUAD CAR -- Cop 1 with a radio in hand.

KATHERINE

We don't have one.

Nick sees the squad car. Shit.

COP 1

pops out the car -- starts towards them -- but Katherine and Nick are already moving FAST in the opposite direction --

Cop 1 realizes they've been made -- bundles back into the car and -- Cop 2 pulls out after them as --

KATHERINE

pulls Nick down an alley -- looking for a way out -- there's another street at the far end -- but she spies:

A FIRE EXIT DOOR AJAR

and she yanks it open -- hustling Nick inside -- just as --

THE SQUAD CAR

BLIPS its siren on the street -- moving cars and pedestrians out of the way -- BLASTS into the alley --

Cop 1 leaping out -- sees the fire exit door ajar --

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME

Dark and tight. Katherine and Nick hurrying through. MUSIC coming from somewhere... and other sounds -- *what is that?*

They hear the door back down the corridor opening -- daylight flooding in and --

They're running now -- pushing through another door into --

INT. XXX MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

A seedy porno show. Katherine and Nick right down by the screen -- looking up at dozens of mesmerized PATRONS bathed in flickering light.

They glance at the screen and see flesh and whoa, disgusting.

But they have to keep moving -- up a set of stairs --

Shuffling down a row -- pushing past irritated patrons -- dropping into seats -- sinking low -- trying to blend as--

The exit door by the screen opens and Cop 1 bursts in --

CLICK! -- his flashlight illuminating patrons -- who are now scattering for the main exit and --

KATHERINE

pushes Nick up -- joining the crush of vacating pervs into --

INT. LOBBY. XXX THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Passing display stands for various XXX movies -- moving with the other escapees onto --

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Where the pervs disperse and Katherine spots:

THE SQUAD CAR

Cop 2 inside -- on the radio -- sees them.

KATHERINE

grabs Nick -- running -- turning a corner and --

COP 2

on foot now -- huffing -- moving as fast as he can -- turning that same corner and stopping -- shit -- because there's a:

VIETNAM WAR PROTEST

underway here -- hundreds of PROTESTORS with anti-war and peace signs -- MARCHING and CHANTING and --

KATHERINE AND NICK

are deep within the crowd -- pushing through -- going against the flow -- hard work -- she glances back and sees:

COP 2

joined by Cop 1 as they try to follow and --

KATHERINE

realizes something -- turns to one PROTESTOR -- shouting something barely audible because of the din.

Protestor nods and gives her his sign.

Katherine holds it up -- chanting -- going with the flow of the march -- pulling Nick with her and --

THE COPS

are now swamped. Completely lost. Their suspects gone.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Katherine and Nick turn down here -- splitting off from the march -- tossing the anti-war sign -- running onto --

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - CONTINUOUS

Where they drop back to a casual walk. Both fighting to catch their breath. To regain some calm.

Nick rotates his shoulder. Winces.

KATHERINE

You good?

NICK

A daquiri in the Caymans would be good...

(beat)

How much further?

Katherine scans the street.

Trying to get her bearings. Sees something in the distance and... relief.

EXT. PHARMACY. UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

Grant spreads a map of Manhattan across the hood of his car. Unwraps a fresh a popsicle and jams it in his mouth.

Studies the map. Sucks on the popsicle.

GRANT

Hotel's there.

Presses his finger to the location of The Regal. Traces it south through the city and stops.

GRANT

We're here.

The popsicle DRIP-DRIPS on the map.

NYPD OFFICER

(coming off his radio)

They were spotted around 52nd and Madison, sir.

Grant traces his finger south on the map to 52nd and Madison.

GRANT  
(sotto)  
Where are you headed?

He continues to trace his finger along the same directional line... until he reaches: **GRAND CENTRAL**.

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DAY

The ornate building looms large, full of history. But here outside it's seedy and dirty. Littered with addicts and homeless people.

A sweaty DEALER palms drugs to a DESPERATE JUNKIE. And then something catches Dealer's attention:

KATHERINE AND NICK

picking their way through people and heading inside.

Dealer studies them, brow furrowing. Curious.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - CONTINUOUS

Katherine and Nick -- heads down -- moving for ticket sales.

Dealer watches them from way back. Sees Nick standing off to one side. Katherine talking to a TICKET SELLER. Handing over cash for two tickets. Then moving on.

Dealer waits a beat. Moseys up to the Ticket Seller. Smiles, revealing crooked yellow teeth.

A PAYPHONE

is snatched up by Dealer ACROSS THE LOBBY -- he feeds it quarters -- punches a number -- someone answers.

DEALER  
(into phone)  
I seen 'em. They headin' north.

INT. LOWER LEVEL CONCOURSE - DAY

Katherine and Nick hustling through a quiet underpass -- heading to the platforms when --

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Nick and Katherine Dupont!

And Katherine and Nick stop -- spin to see:

GRANT

coming up behind -- gun levelled at them.

GRANT

Police, don't move!

Katherine registers him and FREEZES. Her face goes slack, all life just drained out of her. She's shaken to the core.

GRANT

Hands in the air!

Nick's hands shoot up -- he glimpses at Katherine -- wondering what to do -- but she's too shocked to move.

GRANT

Get 'em in the air, NOW!

Katherine slowly raises her hands -- Nick glancing back and forth between them -- something's wrong with her.

GRANT

Interlace 'em behind your head. On your knees slowly.

They don't. So Grant steps closer, only a few feet away now.

GRANT

Do it!!

Katherine opens her mouth to speak -- but words don't come out -- her lips trembling and then --

The CLICK CLACK of heels and VOICES as -- TWO TRAVELLERS enter the underpass behind Grant --

Startling him -- causing him to spin around -- which terrifies the Travellers and --

Nick seizes an opportunity -- LAUNCHES at Grant -- PUNCHING him in the face -- dropping the stunned agent and --

Katherine fucking loses it:

KATHERINE

NO!!

The Travellers flee in the background as --

Katherine tackles Nick off Grant -- SLAMMING him into concrete -- Nick SCREAMS in pain -- clutches his shoulder --

Katherine scrambles up -- Grant's unconscious -- she checks his pulse -- still beating.

NICK

The fuck?

Katherine rifles through Grant's pockets -- finds his badge -- ID -- a photo -- his name: ERIC GRANT.

It rocks her.

NICK

I had to do something.

Katherine. Too stunned to respond.

NICK

Katherine! Hey!

Nick hears SHOUTING -- from the direction Travellers ran -- he grabs her -- startling her out of the daze.

NICK

We have to move! NOW!

She SNAPS back.

There's a drinking fountain nearby -- she snatches cuffs from Grant's belt -- drags his body over -- locks him to a pipe.

Nick goes for GRANT'S GUN on the ground -- but Katherine puts her foot on it first -- he looks up --

NICK

Think I need one, considering--

She kicks it away from him -- over to Grant.

Nick rises -- shows his palms -- fair enough -- then she grabs him -- hustling him down to --

INT. PLATFORMS -- CONTINUOUS

They run onto their platform -- train about to depart -- doors being closed -- and just in time --

Katherine catches a CONDUCTOR -- flashing their tickets.

A SHAKY HAND

pushes a pin through dark silk. We are now:

INT. SUIT STORE - DAY

Small, high-end, family-owned. Corbin being fitted for a new suit jacket by an anxious elderly TAILOR. Who pushes that pin in too far.

CORBIN

Fuck.

He shoots a death stare at Tailor, who backs off. Offers an apologetic smile.

Then Tailor continues pinning the jacket.

Corbin glances at Mustache standing with his back to the street door. His cheap, scruffy suit.

CORBIN (CONT'D)

Know what my father used to say?--

Corbin WINCES. Because Tailor stuck him again.

CORBIN (CONT'D)

(to Tailor)

Al. I'm disappointed. I read such good things.

(matter of fact)

You stick me again and I'll stick you in your fuckin' eye.

Tailor swallows. Nods. Shaky hands moving in.

Corbin looks back to Mustache.

CORBIN (CONT'D)

Never underestimate the effect of the right suit, he used to say. 'Course, he was a tailor, so he was talkin' about the effect on your boss or your lady. Our line of work? It lowers people's expectations. They see a tailored suit, cut from Italian silk, they think you're something you're not. A businessman on his way to a lunch. Then BAM! Their brains are all over the sidewalk.

Watching Tailor's shaky hand push in another pin. We wait for it... but all good.

MUSTACHE

Your old man was a tailor?

CORBIN  
(nods, thoughtful)  
As was I. At one point in time.

MUSTACHE  
How come you ain't no longer?

Tailor pushes in another pin.

Corbin eyeballs Mustaches. Deciding whether or not to answer.

Mustache feels the heat, a potential misstep.

MUSTACHE  
Not my business.

A beat, and then...

CORBIN  
Needle'n thread was my family's  
bread'n butter. Time I was  
thirteen, my father's got  
arthritis, can't grip a needle. So  
I'm working the cloth for him.  
Problem was, he couldn't stay away  
from the track. Day comes he gets a  
call from the family he owes money  
to. They'll clear his debt, they  
say, if he comes quick'n stitches  
someone up. 'Course he can't do it.  
So there I am, not even old enough  
to drive, stitching a man's neck  
back together. Thing is, I wasn't  
scared. It was just a job. And I  
did such a fine one, we start  
getting more calls.

Tailor pushes in another pin.

CORBIN  
Time I'm eighteen, I must'a  
stitched fifty men. One night, I'm  
working on a capo when five guys  
come to finish him off. The capo's  
men are taken by surprise. It's a  
fuckin' bloodbath. I see this gun  
on the floor and... a minute later  
the five guys are dead and I'm  
finishing my job.  
(beat)  
The boss hears what happened. He's  
so impressed he takes the needle  
out of my hand and puts a gun in-  
OWW!

He looks down at Tailor, who just stuck him again.

A KNOCK on the door and Corbin's attention SNAPS to that as --

Mustaches opens up. A guy with a CREWCUT leans in and whispers. Mustaches listens. Closes the door. Nods to Corbin.

CORBIN  
(urgent now, to Tailor)  
Off...

Tailor helps Corbin out of the new jacket, revealing Corbin's shoulder holster and revolver.

CORBIN (CONT'D)  
I'll finish it myself when I get home.

Corbin takes the jacket from Tailor, whose nervous eyes are on the revolver.

CORBIN  
Al, I wasn't serious about the eye thing...

Tailor relaxes. But then suddenly -- Corbin pulls his knife -- very fast -- STABS Tailor in the heart three times!

CORBIN  
Heart's much quicker.

INT. PASSENGER CARRIAGE. TRAIN - DAY

Katherine and Nick moving through rows of seats as the commuter train chugs along.

A KID drops his Mets hat in the aisle. Nick scoops it up. Admires it.

NICK  
Hey, nice hat, kid.

He stares at the Kid with his MOM and DAD. And it deeply affects him. Triggers memories.

The parents stare back at him. Getting awkward now. Dad's about to say something when --

KATHERINE  
Keep moving.

NICK  
(handing the hat back)  
Hang on to it, be worth something  
someday.

Katherine and Nick move along until --

KATHERINE  
Here.

Nick sits where he's told.

Katherine sits next to him. Breathes. On edge. Mind racing.

Nick glances at the Kid and parents. Their surroundings. The train. Sadness washing over him. Breaking out of it --

NICK  
I need a drink.

He pops to his feet. She rises. Blocking him in the seat.

KATHERINE  
(hushed)  
Sit down.

NICK  
You wanna play eye-spy? After the  
morning we've had, I need an adult  
beverage.  
(off her)  
And I'm sensing you do too.

Katherine, thinking on that. Finally backs off.

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

The train slices its way through suburban communities on its journey from urban to rural.

INT. BAR CAR. TRAIN - DAY

Katherine and Nick sitting at a table with drinks. The air thick from people around them smoking.

Katherine observing upstate New York whizzing by. Thoughtful.

Nick sips. Blanches.

NICK  
Far from a daiquiri in the Caymans.

He can tell she's rattled. Broaches this with caution...

NICK

What happened back there, with that  
cop?

She considers him for a long moment.

KATHERINE

That cop... is my husband's  
grandfather.

INT. LOWER LEVEL CONCOURSE - DAY

Travellers and STATION OFFICIALS gathered around unconscious  
Grant. An Official picks up his badge and ID --

Just as Grant SNAPS AWAKE -- looks around -- *what the hell?*

INT. BAR CAR. TRAIN - DAY

Nick staring at the photo of her and Andrew.

NICK

Fuck me, what are the odds.

She points at something behind them in the photo: the  
ADIRONDACK-STYLE HOUSE surrounded by trees.

KATHERINE

Our cabin. Well, it will be. Was in  
the Grant family for decades.  
Barely used, except for the  
occasional summer vacation.  
(beat)  
That's where we're heading.

Nick notices she's fondling her wedding ring on the necklace.

KATHERINE

(off the ring)  
It was Andy's grandmother's. So  
Eric Grant's wife.

NICK

Are they married? Eric and his  
wife, here in '72?

KATHERINE

Not yet.

NICK  
So Andy's father hasn't been born?

KATHERINE  
(shakes head)  
Not until '73.

She drinks. Nick sees her hands are trembling. Seems genuinely concerned.

The train slows and shudders as it pulls into a station.

INT. PLATFORM - SAME

People getting on and off. And then --

CORBIN

striding onto the platform -- precise and focused -- flanked by Mustache, Crewcut and THREE MORE GUYS IN SUITS.

They board in the middle carriage, then separate. Corbin, Mustache, and Crewcut go left. SQUARE JAW, BEARD and STRIPED SHIRT go right.

INT. BAR CAR. TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

The train tugs out of the station and gets going again.

NICK  
At the restaurant, you said Vasseur was responsible for your husband's death?

She studies him for a long beat.

KATHERINE  
Andy was with the Bureau... OCC task force. They had intel Vasseur was running a human trafficking operation, so they moved on it.  
(beat)  
Turned out they weren't shipping people, but weapons. The crew running the site was armed to the teeth and it went sideways.  
(beat)  
Andy and two other agents were killed.

She looks down at the photo.

Nick. Not sure what to say other than...

NICK  
I'm so sorry.

She nods, thinking. Then...

KATHERINE  
And of course, they couldn't tie  
any of it directly to Vasseur.

INT. PASSENGER CARRIAGES - SAME

Corbin, Mustache, and Crewcut spreading through -- moving  
along -- checking PASSENGERS -- not finding their prey.

INT. BAR CAR - SAME

Nick points to the photo, to the baby in Katherine's arms.

NICK  
Who's this then?

KATHERINE  
Our peach-pear. Laura.  
(beat)  
She was so young when it  
happened...  
(hard to accept this)  
And I've been so hung up on what I  
lost, so consumed by it, I haven't  
been there for her.

NICK  
People say the brain is like a  
sponge, but grief can just as  
absorbent.

He becomes thoughtful. She regards him. Remembers...

KATHERINE  
That Mets game. It was the last  
memory of your parents?

Nick thinks on it. Nods.

NICK  
My dad always liked to beat the  
crush. So we'd leave games early.  
Top of the seventh.  
(beat)  
That day... we were driving home...  
(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)  
and a drunk driver hit us head on.  
I was lucky. Broken leg and arm,  
three cracked ribs.  
(beat)  
My mom and dad died instantly.

Katherine takes this in. Nick reflects on it. A sincere connection between them. The universality of loss.

KATHERINE  
What happened to you after?

NICK  
I had no other living family. Which  
meant I ended up in the system,  
bouncing around shitty foster  
homes. Last couple, they were good  
to me, but they just wanted a kid  
to help them steal and run cons. I  
was so angry by then, I took to it.

A long beat. Both thinking. Nick redirects, drives home a point...

NICK  
You lost your husband, but you  
still have your daughter. She's  
back home. Waiting for you.

She nods. That truth hits home for her. But...

KATHERINE  
What if... our interaction with  
Eric altered the timeline? What if  
Andy and Laura are never born?

NICK  
(thinking)  
What was it your operations man  
said? Throw a pebble in a river,  
the river still runs its course.

KATHERINE  
I just hope this was a pebble, not  
a boulder.

NICK  
I vote pebble. It's not like I  
kicked him in the balls.

Katherine can't help but crack a smile at that. But then her eyes land on SOMETHING beyond Nick and her face falls.

Nick spins to see -- through the bar car door window:

CORBIN

in the next carriage -- coming their way with Mustache.

Fuck.

Katherine, on her feet -- back to the door -- pulling Nick up -- and they're walking quickly -- calmly -- through into --

INT. PASSENGER CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

Where Katherine stops a beat -- takes out her Beretta -- discretely holds it low at her side as --

She puts Nick in front of her -- moving through and --

A ROCKER GUY

suddenly pops up in front -- startling them!

ROCKER GUY

'Scuse me.

They dance a little as he navigates his way past Katherine and Nick -- walking away from them --

Katherine pushing Nick onward when suddenly --

BLAM!! Katherine's back is SPATTERED WITH BLOOD!

She spins to see:

ROCKER GUY

took the bullet instead of her -- dropping to reveal:

CORBIN

re-aiming his revolver -- PASSENGERS cowering, SCREAMING -- and he squeezes the trigger just as --

WHOOSH! -- the train plunges into a tunnel -- everything going DARK as --

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

SCREAMS mix with the RATTLING OF THE TRAIN as darkness continues until --

THWWWWP! -- we're sucked back out into daylight and --

Corbin lowers his gun -- scanning the carriage.

No sign of Katherine and Nick. But he does see:

THE DOOR AT THE OTHER END OF THE CARRIAGE

bouncing open and -- Corbin sprints for it -- livid --  
Mustache and Crewcut behind -- exploding into --

INT. NEXT CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

Full of STARTLED PEOPLE -- Corbin and his men aggressively  
search for Katherine and Nick.

Meanwhile back in the --

INT. PREVIOUS CARRIAGE -- SAME

People are panicking, freaking out.

And then -- Katherine and Nick -- ease out from underneath  
seats -- where they hid when the lights went out.

Katherine glances at the door to the next carriage, where  
Corbin is. Looks around for something to lock or jam it.

The CONDUCTOR hurries through from the opposite end --

CONDUCTOR

What happened--ohmyGod--

Sees the dead body of Rocker Guy -- reaches for the emergency  
stop cable.

KATHERINE (O.S.)

Don't!

Conductor spins to Katherine pointing her Beretta at him.

KATHERINE

How do we cut the last carriage  
loose?

(he's frozen, no response)

HOW DO WE CUT IT LOOSE?!

But before he can answer, Nick spots:

THE OTHER SUITS

stepping into the carriage from the opposite end.

NICK

KATHERINE!

She looks beyond Conductor -- pushes him down and --

BLAM! BLAM! -- she takes out Square Jaw -- but Beard and Striped Shirt return fire and --

KATHERINE AND NICK

dive behind seats -- trapped in the middle of the carriage now -- Katherine returning fire as --

Everyone else hits the deck -- scrambling for safety and --

CORBIN

hears it from the other carriage -- pivots and hurries back.

KATHERINE

exchanging fire with Suits -- drops low and BLAM! BLAM! -- takes out their legs under the seats.

She grabs Nick and they run -- stepping over the Suits and --

Nick scoops up one of their guns -- just as --

CORBIN

enters at the other end and fires -- BLAM! BLAM! --

Katherine takes cover as windows EXPLODE behind her and -- Nick fires back -- forcing Corbin to grab cover as --

Mustache and Crewcut explode through behind him -- unloading their guns as --

KATHERINE

grabs Nick -- and they burst out of the carriage --

Running now -- sprinting -- carriage to carriage -- passing confused and panicked Passengers.

Katherine ejects her Beretta clip. Empty. Fuck. Tosses it aside -- grabs the gun Nick took from Suit --

BACK IN THE PREVIOUS CARRIAGE

Conductor on his feet -- yanks at the EMERGENCY STOP CABLE --

KATHERINE AND NICK

feel the jolt -- falling to the floor -- as the train SCREECHES and SHUDDERS to a stop.

They scramble up and Nick sees:

THE METS HAT

on the floor -- the Kid pulling away from his Parents --  
running for it as --

MUSTACHE AND CREWCUT

burst in -- opening fire -- spraying bullets wildly and --

NICK

dives for the Kid -- dragging him down between seats --  
covering him as --

KATHERINE

pops up from a seat behind the Suits and -- BLAM! BLAM! --  
drops them both.

Silence. Except panicked breathing and crying.

Nick pops his head up -- *Christ, is it over?* -- sees  
something --

NICK

BEHIND!!

Katherine spins -- just as Corbin appears right behind her --  
his revolver coming up to her face and --

She dodges sideways -- just in time as -- BLAM! -- he fires --  
missing her -- and she dives forward and --

BITES HIS FUCKING HAND!

He GROANS -- dropping his gun -- but immediately launches an  
elbow into her face -- WHAM! --

She drops her gun -- stunned -- stumbles back as he throws a  
right hook and --

She ducks just in time -- counters -- jabbing him in the face  
-- but he's not fazed and --

She swings -- he blocks -- jerks forward and headbutts her --  
she staggers back -- spitting blood while --

NICK

is scrambling for the gun she dropped as --

CORBIN

comes at her -- throwing punches -- thick and heavy --  
Katherine blocking or dodging each one -- countering --

A brutal and furious fight ensues -- Katherine's efficient  
mix of Aikido/Krav Maga vs Corbin's savage boxing and --

NICK

has the gun now -- but no clean shot as --

CORBIN

sees an opening -- his hand gripping Katherine's throat --

But she grabs his thumb and -- SNAP! -- breaks it -- forcing  
his hand away --

Corbin winces but not down for long -- CHARGES at her --

BLAM!

A bullet punctures his throat -- he staggers -- STARTLED --  
drops into a seat -- hands clamoring for the wound as --

Katherine spins -- sees that it was Nick who fired -- and  
then she rushes to Corbin.

KATHERINE

Who was it? Who sold us out?

Corbin looks at Nick. Tries to say something. Gargling. Blood  
flooding out of him.

KATHERINE

Who d'you have on the inside? Ian?  
Lowell? Unger??

Corbin's brow furrows. And then he's dead.

Katherine. Fuck. Didn't get an answer.

Grabs his revolver. Checks his pockets. Finds bullets.

Regards the terrified Passengers. Looks out the window at  
where they've stopped. Middle of nowhere.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The train just sitting there. People vacating. The DRIVER  
looking for the Conductor.

In the distance: Katherine and Nick running through a field.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

They emerge from trees -- hot -- sweating -- out of breath.

Katherine scans the empty road. Trying to determine location.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY - 2033

Ian at his computer. Staring at digitized newspaper articles.

Photographs of the train. Headlines such as: **TRAIN SHOOT-OUT, HORROR ON THE RAILS**, and so forth.

INT. BRIANA LOWELL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Lowell swiping through the same articles on a tablet. Lands on one article with: A PHOTO OF CORBIN.

IAN

It's a major ripple. System's running algorithms to determine implications on the timeline.

LOWELL

Katherine and Nick?

IAN

There's a statewide manhunt, but no mention of arrests. I'm checking all law enforcement in the county.

LOWELL

Do whatever you can to pinpoint their location.

Ian nods and exits.

Lowell with her phone. Shit. Dials now.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - DAY - 1972

Hot blazing sun. Air thick with humidity. Katherine and Nick walking. No sign of any cars. Tired, sweaty.

Nick stops, keels over. Breathing hard. His shoulder.

Then Katherine sees something in the distance...

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

The DRIVER spots Katherine in the road, waving him down. He eases to a stop.

DIRECTOR  
You okay?

KATHERINE  
I'm sorry.

Driver sees Nick now at the passenger window with his gun.

EXT. THE STOPPED TRAIN - DAY

POLICE all over this. Dozens of them. Paramedics and Fire Department too. Passengers being escorted away.

Grant bounces his car onto grass -- jumps out of it --

Whisks over to UNIFORMS holding a cordon of SPECTATORS and REPORTERS -- badges them -- moving through --

INT. THE STOPPED TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

Grant examines Corbin's body. Looks around at the wreckage. Just confounded by it all.

Flash bulbs POP all around him as the scene is documented.

INT. NEXT CARRIAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Grant picking through debris. Something on the floor catches his eye. Moves closer. Picks up a tattered photo.

Katherine's photo. Of her, Andrew, and baby Laura.

Grant studies it. Curious. Then he realizes something. Looks closer and --

Recognizes the house in the background. His family's house.  
WHAT THE HELL?

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - AFTERNOON

Katherine driving. Winding around. Nick slumped against the window. Ragged, sweating.

She pulls off the road onto a driveway.

Nick perks up. The house from the photo up the hill.

EXT. ADIRONDACK-STYLE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Tires CRUNCH on the driveway as the truck parks out front.

Katherine and Nick climb out.

No lights on in the house. Empty. Bones of it are beautiful, but it's seen better days. Held hostage by overgrown grass and trees that have begun turning yellow and rusty orange.

A lake down the hill behind it. Low sun shimmering over the water. Crickets CHIRPING all around. A cool evening breeze.

Katherine pauses for a beat. The beauty of it hitting her. Bringing back memories.

INT. ENTRANCE HALLWAY. ADIRONDACK-STYLE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

They enter. Floorboards CREAKING under their feet. It's dim, dusty, warm and baked. Basic furnishings. No frills.

Katherine stops. Breathes in the familiar air.

Nick looks around. Everything feeds off this large hall... there are open throughways to the living room, dining room, kitchen. Some closed doors off the hall.

A big sturdy, zigzag staircase that leads up to a second floor landing, which overlooks the entrance.

Katherine moves for one of the closed doors.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

A light BLINKS on amongst cobwebs. Thick dust. Storage boxes.

They descend into the vast space, which runs the entire footprint of the house.

Katherine goes to the brick wall. There's a small window at head height (and at ground level outside).

She crouches below it. Runs her fingers along the wall. Down low near the ground.

Finds a loose brick. Digs her fingers in and pulls it out. Pulls another and another. Until there's a hole.

She reaches into the darkness. Retrieves an AIRTIGHT METAL BRIEFCASE. Blows dust and cobwebs from it.

Presses her palm to the surface. Lights GLOW around the outline of her hand and -- BEEP -- CLICK -- air HISSES as it unlocks and opens.

Inside: a syringe gun, two receivers, and a tablet.

NICK

That's the contingency protocol?

KATHERINE

New receivers and an activator.  
Coded to a base unit.

NICK

Which is where?

KATHERINE

Right where we're standing. In  
2033.

She loads a receiver into the syringe. Pulls her hair back, careful of the incision, the gauze.

Finds a clear spot and -- ZAP! -- injects the receiver.

Loads the second receiver. Goes to Nick. Injects him.

She grabs the tablet and boots it. Keys in some data.

KATHERINE

Just need to configure the correct  
return date and time, and my base  
unit back there generates the  
temporal field, connects to our  
receivers, pulls us home.

(finishing)

Okay, we're set--

She looks up and freezes --

**BECAUSE NICK HAS HIS GUN POINTED AT HER**

And Katherine. Confused. Speechless. What the fuck?!

NICK

Toss your gun. Do it slowly.

KATHERINE

Nick--

NICK  
TOSS THE GUN!

KATHERINE  
Okay, okay, easy.

She slowly reaches for her gun. Tosses it.

NICK  
Set the tablet down and back away.

She does as she's told.

Nick advances. Slowly. Carefully. Picks up the tablet, eyes never leaving her.

KATHERINE  
What are you doing?

He sees the tablet now waiting for an ACTIVATION CODE. Shit.

NICK  
What's the code?

KATHERINE  
Nick--

NICK  
The code!

KATHERINE  
Nick, listen--

NICK  
I'm not Nick, Katherine.  
(beat)  
I'm Vasseur.

Katherine reels. WHAT? Her mind racing. Trying to compute.

Nick taking pleasure from her confusion.

KATHERINE  
No, you're Nick Prentis.

NICK  
Nick was a fabrication. To get me  
back here. To your contingency  
protocol.  
(beat)  
Now give me the fucking code--

KATHERINE  
Vasseur's in custody.

NICK

(smirks)

I'm afraid not. His name's David Tanner. We scoured the country for him, for someone who looked just like me. Vetted him, compensated him. Some minor cosmetic surgery and you couldn't tell the difference. He took my place while I went through more extensive facial reconstruction.

(fact is)

I couldn't trust this job to anyone else. So we built the Nick Prentis identity and I slipped into it. Played the part. Lured in the feds, so I could turn against... me.

(beat)

Of course, I had to make my defection look believable...

*FLASH TO: Nick being escorted from the FBI building -- he looks up -- sees the MINI-VAN coming before anyone else -- because he knows it's there --*

NICK

GUN!

BACK TO SCENE:

NICK

Give me the code, Katherine.

KATHERINE

This whole thing was a set-up?

NICK

(nods)

I heard about the Axis tech. From sources inside the government. But it was so closely guarded, even with my connections I couldn't get my hands on it. Then I caught whispers of Operation Bygone, and the contingency protocols.

(beat)

Of course I had to force us to run. Force you to bring me here.

KATHERINE

Corbin.

NICK

He wasn't from the future. He was from here, '72. Name's Michael "The Tailor" Corbin.

KATHERINE

(realizing)

There's no mole in the team.

NICK

Actually an honor to have crossed paths with The Tailor. He was a renowned hitman for the Scalisi crime family.

*FLASH TO: Nick and Katherine at dinner at Mario's restaurant -- she goes to the bathroom -- he drops a whole bunch of crushed Zoloft into her wine.*

NICK (V.O.)

I spiked your wine with Zoloft.

*FLASH TO: The hotel room -- Katherine passed out -- Nick slipping the watch off her wrist -- leaving the room.*

NICK (V.O.)

I'd done my homework. Knew where to find Scalisi capos at any point in time.

*FLASH TO: Nick entering a thumping DISCO NIGHTCLUB -- watching a GROUP OF MEN -- a BURLY MAN gets up and goes out with a WOMAN -- two BODYGUARDS follow.*

*We recognize Burly Man as the body Grant was examining earlier in the alley.*

NICK (V.O.)

So I killed one.

*FLASH TO: Burly Man getting a blow job in the alley -- BODYGUARD 1 and 2 with their backs to him -- Nick stumbles towards them -- pretending to be drunk and --*

*BODYGUARD 1 approaches -- Nick falls into him -- grabs his gun -- BLAM! BLAM! -- shoots the Bodyguards then --*

*BLAM! Shoots Burly Man! The woman cowers -- SCREAMING!*

NICK (V.O.)

Left a calling card.

*FLASH TO: Nick lays a piece of paper on Burly Man's body -- THE REGAL HOTEL stationary -- a handwritten note: ROOM 2959. WE'LL BE WAITING!*

BACK TO SCENE:

NICK

I knew it would elicit an aggressive response. You'd think we were compromised and lead me here.

(beat)

Now give me the code and I'll let you live.

KATHERINE

You'll kill me soon as I tell you.

NICK

What choice do you have but to trust me--

And then they hear: TIRES CRUNCHING ON THE DRIVEWAY

Which distracts Nick for a beat -- and Katherine seizes the opportunity -- dives forward -- tackling him --

His gun and the tablet SKITTER across the ground.

EXT. ADIRONDACK-STYLE HOUSE - SAME

Grant climbs out of his car. Eyes the stolen pick-up.

INT. BASEMENT - SAME

Nick and Katherine fighting -- grappling -- both DESPERATE -- SLAMMING into walls -- the stairs -- and then --

WHAM! -- he lands a punch -- knocking her away and --

She scrambles for her gun as --

NICK

snatches the tablet -- looking for his gun -- but it's too far away -- then he sees:

KATHERINE

grabbing hers -- spinning -- Nick now fleeing up the stairs as -- she FIRES!

EXT. ADIRONDACK-STYLE HOUSE - SAME

Grant hears it: BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! from inside the house.

Fuck -- pulls his weapon -- moving towards it when --

NICK

bursts out -- clutching the tablet -- running -- sees Grant leveling his gun --

GRANT

Don't move!

But Nick keeps coming --

NICK

Detective, thank God--

Closer --

GRANT

Don't move!

Closer --

NICK

I need your help.

GRANT

What's going on here?

Too close -- and Nick moves FAST -- disarms him -- snatching his gun -- dropping the tablet in the process but --

Spinning Grant around -- using him as a human shield as --

KATHERINE

barrels out of the house -- gun up -- finding Nick --

But also Grant.

SHIT.

She's breathing heavy. Furious. Trying to get a bead on Nick. But can't separate him from Grant.

GRANT

Whatever this is we can figure it--

Nick jams the gun harder into his back -- edges around -- keeping Grant in front of him and --

Katherine angles -- still no shot.

KATHERINE  
No fucking way you're leaving here.

NICK  
Give me the code.  
(no response)  
I will kill him, Katherine.

KATHERINE  
Then I'll kill you.

NICK  
Okay.

BLAM! -- Nick shoots Grant in the leg -- Grant drops  
SCREAMING and --

KATHERINE  
NO!!

-- Nick whips his gun up at Katherine. Standoff.

NICK  
Pretty sure I hit the femoral  
artery. Means he doesn't have long  
before he bleeds out. I'd call that  
a very big boulder.  
(beat)  
You shoot me, I shoot you, he dies.  
Let me go, I let you get him to the  
hospital.

Katherine's mind races. FUCK. No other choice.

KATHERINE  
Twenty twenty-eight.

Nick cautiously lowers -- grabs the tablet -- gun and eyes on  
Katherine the whole time and --

He rises -- holds the tablet up to his eyeline -- carefully  
keys in: 2028.

The screen blinks: **CONTINGENCY PROTOCOL ACTIVATED**

NICK  
(of course)  
The year your husband died.  
(beat)  
For what it's worth, I'm sorry.

KATHERINE

Fuck you.

NICK

It's not like I pulled the trigger--

KATHERINE

GO!

Guns still trained on each other -- he edges back --

Into the house -- SLAMS the door shut -- drops the lock and --

Katherine's FUCKING PISSED -- wants to chase -- but Grant is bleeding out.

She scrambles to him -- pressure on his leg -- he SCREAMS!

She looks around -- frantic -- dives for his car -- comes back with his suit jacket -- tearing the sleeve off.

Wraps it around his thigh -- but blood is still pumping out.

GRANT

What... you doing here?

She sees that he's now holding her photo. Stares at it. Didn't even realize she lost it.

Then she snaps back -- heaves him up -- towards his car.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - 2033

BLINDING LIGHT fades and --

Nick staggers forward with the tablet. Steadies himself. Blinks. Eyes adjusting.

Keels over and vomits. Spits.

Looks up. He made it.

The basement he's now in is the same, but different. The loose bricks and the hole in the wall sealed.

Six metal cylinders arranged in a circle around him. Cooling down. All connected to a console, a base unit similar to the Axis tech we saw before.

INT. GRANT'S CAR - NIGHT - 1972

Katherine blasting down the tight country roads.

Grant in back -- sliding around -- BLOOD EVERYWHERE.

GRANT

Tell me... what's... going on--

She hammers around a corner -- skidding onto the wrong side of the road and then --

HEADLIGHTS blind her -- as she sees a car coming straight for them -- HORN BLARING now and --

She jerks the wheel -- missing a collision by an inch -- swerving back onto the right side of the road.

GRANT

The house... the photo...

She glances back and sees that he's weak -- losing consciousness -- pale.

KATHERINE

Hey! Eric, don't-- Fuck!

Eyes back on the road -- trying to get her bearings -- a left turn up ahead -- that's it --

Takes it FAST -- tires SCREECHING -- PUNCHES the gas and --

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The car EXPLODES into a parking lot -- swerves -- narrowly misses an ambulance -- SKIDS to a halt and --

INT. HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

She drags barely conscious Grant in --

KATHERINE

HELP! HELP ME!

NURSES and DOCTORS come running.

DOCTOR

What happened?

KATHERINE

Gunshot. Femoral artery.

They take him -- onto a gurney -- rushing away --

Leaving Katherine standing there. Soaked in blood. Almost as pale as Grant.

She collapses to her knees as -- TWO SECURITY GUARDS close in on her -- but she has no strength to run.

EXT. ADIRONDACK-STYLE HOUSE - NIGHT - **2033**

Nick steps out onto the porch. Crickets CHIRPING. Looks over at lights glowing from a house down the road.

INT. NEIGHBORING HOUSE - NIGHT

An OLD HIPPY DUDE answers the door to Nick.

OLD HIPPY DUDE  
Hey, fella.

NICK  
Hey.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Old Hippy Dude's strangled dead body on the floor.

Nick steps over him. Dialing a phone. Peers out the window.

NICK  
(into phone)  
It's me. I'm back.

INT. POLICE STATION. UPSTATE NY TOWN - NIGHT - **1972**

Katherine is escorted in by two UNIFORM COPS. To a DESK SERGEANT filling out booking forms.

DESK SERGEANT  
Name?

KATHERINE  
What are you arresting me for? I didn't do anything--

DESK SERGEANT  
Look lady, there's a city cop in the hospital. Until we know exactly what happened, you ain't going nowhere.

KATHERINE  
Did he make it? Detective Grant?

DESK SERGEANT  
Name?

KATHERINE  
Can you at least tell me if he  
survived? Please.

Desk Sergeant studies her. She seems genuinely concerned. He glances around. Nobody else listening.

DESK SERGEANT  
(nods)  
Heard my lieutenant on the phone.  
Yeah he's gonna pull through.

Katherine breathes a massive sigh of relief. Tears of joy welling in her eyes.

Desk Sergeant is taken aback by it. But has to do his job.

DESK SERGEANT  
Now what's your name?

Katherine thinks on that and --

QUICK CUTS OF:

-- Katherine going through processing.

-- Her mugshot.

-- Fingerprints.

-- Personal effects taken. Her necklace with wedding ring.

And then:

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

CLUNK! The door is locked. Katherine slumps onto the floor. Back against the wall. Alone. Stranded.

INT. BRIANA LOWELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT - 2033

IAN  
(off tablet)  
I found her.

ON THE SCREEN: A digitized copy of Katherine's old arrest record. Her mugshot. And her name: **KATHERINE BYGONE TELLER**

IAN

Gave her middle name as Bygone. She  
knew the system would flag it.  
She's sending me a message.

LOWELL

What about Nick?

Ian shakes his head. Lowell thinking, summing up options.

LOWELL

Okay. I'll buy you some time.

IAN

What?

LOWELL

Unger's on his way here now. After  
the train, I had to call it in.

IAN

Meaning?

LOWELL

Without a fix on Nick, they'll shut  
us down.

IAN

And Katherine?

LOWELL

If she failed to activate the  
contingency protocol, then they'll  
disavow.

IAN

You mean leave her back there?

LOWELL

Officially, yes. Unofficially... go  
get her.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Ian in a '70s suit now -- no time to lose -- gathering money  
and equipment -- his tablet -- stops because he sees:

UNGER

moving through -- accompanied by DOJ AGENTS -- heading for Lowell's office.

Ian drops low -- avoids being seen -- hurrying towards the elevator.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - 1972

Grant, hooked up to IV and heart rate monitor. Stirs. Wakes. He's groggy, weak. Sits up. Swallows.

Remembers. Shit.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT - 1972

Darkness. The SOUND OF SOMEONE WRETCHING --

Then a FLASHLIGHT CLICKS ON and we see Ian -- on his knees -- just puked all over the flattened grass.

He rises. Cuts the beam through the dark field. Getting bearings. Same place Katherine and Nick arrived here in '72.

Now he's moving quickly -- laptop bag over his shoulder and --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Grant eases his legs to the ground. Winces in pain.

Tries putting pressure on his injured leg. Fuck, it hurts.

He yanks heart rate monitor cables loose. An alarm sounds -- BEEP-BEEP-BEEP and --

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Ian on a driveway off a rural road. A light on in the house.

He swiftly, but quietly tries a car door. It's unlocked.

Climbs in. Smooth and quick.

Under the wheel, pulls the ignition wires loose. Isolates the ground wire, the hot wire. Sparks them together.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Grant hobbling out, quick as he can. On crutches.

Just misses a cab leaving.

INT. IAN'S STOLEN CAR - NIGHT

Ian blasting along country roads. White knuckling the wheel.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Another cab arrives. Grant struggles to climb in.

INT. IAN'S STOLEN CAR - NIGHT

Ian still driving. Sees the lights of a small downtown cluster up ahead.

INT./EXT. CAB/ROAD - NIGHT

Grant in back. Impatient. DING-DING-DING go the warning bells signalling a crossing train. Barriers coming down.

The cab eases to a stop behind a couple other cars. They wait as the train RATTLES by.

INT. IAN'S STOLEN CAR - NIGHT

Ian navigating small downtown streets. Shit, is he lost??

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Grant, so vexed. The train barriers raising slowly.

CAB DRIVER drops the car into Drive and --

INT. HOLDING CELL. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

CLUNK! Katherine's cell door opens.

DESK SERGEANT  
Someone here to question you.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Desk Sergeant shows Katherine in and she sees:

IAN

waiting for her. She can barely contain her relief.

INT. CHECK-IN DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Katherine in cuffs. Ian signing paperwork.

IAN

Thank you, Sergeant.

Desk Sergeant gives him an evidence bag with Katherine's personal effects.

INT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Ian escorts her out. Passing more UNIFORMS. To a parked car.

He places the handcuff key in Katherine's hand. Puts her in the backseat, official.

Ian gets in. Drives away --

Just as the cab pulls up and Grant struggles out of it with crutches. Hobbles into the station.

INT. CHECK-IN DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Desk Sergeant frustrated. Grant baffled.

DESK SERGEANT

She was just taken.

GRANT

By who?!

DESK SERGEANT

Some FBI agent.

Grant: what the hell?

INT. IAN'S STOLEN CAR - NIGHT

Katherine, free of the cuffs now. Climbing through into the passenger seat. Ian, floored by what he's just heard.

IAN

... could be catastrophic. Imagine all he can do. The money he could make, the power--

KATHERINE

Which is why you need to get me  
back to the house.

IAN

The house? No, we're going to  
Bygone.

KATHERINE

That'll take too long.

IAN

We can send eyespies and a response  
team.

KATHERINE

There's no time. Way I see it,  
he'll relocate the base unit from  
the house to his own location,  
right?

IAN

Makes sense but--

KATHERINE

But he won't move it without help.  
Think about everything he's gone  
through to get his hands on this.  
He'll be smart, careful.

IAN

(realizing)

Which means we have a small window  
before he's gone.

KATHERINE

And the element of surprise.

IAN

But we can't jump back at the  
house. Not without a receiver coded  
to your base unit in 2033.

She spins -- shows him the back of her neck -- the injection  
site of the new receiver.

KATHERINE

Stuck myself with one before he  
left.

Ian looks at her. Unsure.

KATHERINE

We have to go to the house. We have to stop him. No tech, no team, just the two of us. Whatever it takes.

Ian doesn't like it, but knows she's right.

He SLAMS the brakes -- yanks the wheel and --

EXT. ADIRONDACK-STYLE HOUSE - NIGHT

CRUNCH! Ian's car brakes hard on the driveway. The stolen pick-up still there. They climb out.

Katherine's got the evidence bag with her personal effects.

She sees something: the photo of her and Andrew just lying there on the grass, covered in blood.

She picks it up. Looks closer. But not at Andrew, at BABY LAURA in her arms.

And Katherine's jaw tightens. Fucking determined. Has to get home to Laura no matter what.

She folds and pockets the photo.

Tears open the evidence bag. Takes out her necklace. The wedding ring.

Goes to put it on... but pauses... stares at it...

Then she slowly pockets that too.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Ian working on his own tablet, configuring data.

Katherine hurries down with a SHOVEL and a KITCHEN KNIFE.

KATHERINE

Best I could find.

Ian swallows. The gravity of that. Back to business.

IAN

I need to check the connection.

She shows him the back of her neck. The RECEIVER UNDER HER SKIN glows faint blue... once... twice... then fades.

IAN

Okay. Both of our receivers are now tethered to the base unit in 2033.

(nervous about this)

Of course, we have to jump right here, within range of the temporal field. Which means we might materialize right in front of him, like jumping into the lion's den.

KATHERINE

What if you send us back before he arrives?

IAN

Can't be done. The contingency protocol base unit has been activated, which means the receivers are now running concurrently with it...

Katherine hands him the shovel. Grips the knife.

KATHERINE

Then into the lion's den it is.

But Ian has a thought. Looks up. Realizing...

IAN

Oh maybe...

(keying commands)

Yes, I can boost the signal.

KATHERINE

Meaning what?

IAN

We can be within the field range, but above it.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They're standing in the center of the room.

IAN

You sure this space is unoccupied in 2033?

She looks around, at the furniture placement.

KATHERINE

I don't think we changed anything.

IAN

Let's hope you're right.

His finger hovers over the ENTER key... he slams it down.

And they wait. Nothing happens.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - 2033

Nick is here with gun-toting HEAVY 1.

A bespectacled PHYSICIST and his ASSISTANT are just beginning to disassemble the base unit equipment.

NICK

Move faster.

PHYSICIST

This is delicate technology--

Suddenly -- the metal cylinders ACTIVATE -- opening -- raising -- glowing -- slow at first -- then FASTER.

Nick realizes what's happening.

NICK

Kill the power.

Electricity surges on the cylinders -- getting BRIGHTER --

PHYSICIST

If I do that I might permanently damage it.

The lights become BLINDING -- incapacitating them and --

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1972

Katherine and Ian waiting in silence. Nothing happening.

KATHERINE

It's not work--

And then just like that, they're gone.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - 2033

The light fades -- system cooling down -- cylinders closing.

Nick blinks -- eyes adjusting -- glances frantically around the basement -- confused. *Where is she?*

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - SAME

Dark. Just enough moonlight to see:

Katherine and Ian in the center of the room. Swaying.  
Breathing. Trying to steady themselves.

Ian stumbles forward -- drops the shovel --

Katherine catches it -- just before it hits the floor and --

Ian vomits.

Katherine hears movement in the house -- grips the knife and  
shovel in one hand --

Takes still dizzy Ian by the arm -- quietly pushes him  
against a wall.

She creeps to the door. Cracks it a little.

Can see out onto the upstairs landing. Beyond that a sliver  
of the downstairs hallway, lights on down there and --

NICK (O.S.)  
She's somewhere, in the house, on  
grounds.

Katherine hears BOOTS MOVING. Heavies dispersing.

Glimpses a few of them spreading out. Carrying QUADWAVES, the  
next-gen machine guns we saw earlier. Then she sees:

HEAVY 2 AND 3

moving upstairs and --

Katherine eases back from the door. Closing it quietly.

Thinking. Planning. No way out of here except the window --  
through which she can see and hear:

MORE HEAVIES

spreading out across the grounds.

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - SAME

Heavy 2 and 3 reach the top of the stairs. Three doors. One  
at one end of the landing, two at the other. They split up.

Heavy 2 moving to the solo door. Heavy 3 to the pair.

Heavy 2 reaches his door -- charges into --

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Flicks on the light. The room Katherine and Ian were in. But it's empty.

Heavy 2 clears the room -- checking his corners -- under the bed -- opening a sliding door closet and --

THE SHOVEL

swings out -- SMASHING him in the face hard -- wielded by Katherine -- his face crumples -- he staggers back -- drops his Quadwave and --

Katherine dives for it -- grabbing it -- spinning as --

He launches for her -- and she fires -- VRRRR! -- shredding him -- sending him CRASHING into the bed --

FOOTSTEPS COMING and --

HEAVY 3

bursts in -- gun raised -- got the drop on her but then --

WHAM! Ian tackles him -- DRIVING the kitchen knife into his chest but Heavy 3 is still standing and --

HEADBUTTS Ian -- knocking him away and --

VRRRR! VRRRRR! -- Heavy 3 gets sprayed with bullets by Katherine -- fucking DEAFENING --

Sleek shell casings BOUNCING off the floor.

And silence.

Then SHOUTS and FOOTFALL from Heavies heading their way.

Katherine grabs Heavy 3's Quadwave. Looks for Ian as he staggers up -- nose bleeding -- nods to her that he's okay.

She tosses him a gun --

KATHERINE  
Whatever it takes.

Ian nods. The enormity of this sinking in now.

INT. BASEMENT - SAME

Nick hears the noise upstairs. Makes a decision.

NICK  
Okay. Change of plan.  
(to Heavy 1)  
Eyes on the door. When I'm gone,  
destroy it all.

Nick grabs the terrified Physicist -- shoves the tablet into his hands.

NICK  
Set a destination for me.

PHYSICIST  
But if he destroys it, we can't  
bring you back.

Nick nods. Understands.

INT. ENTRANCE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

HEAVIES 4 and 5 come running in from the living room and --  
VRRRR! VRRRRR! -- both get shredded because --

KATHERINE

is firing from the upstairs landing -- RIPPING APART the  
stairs and hallway -- but she sees:

HEAVY 6

coming in from the kitchen -- Quadwave aimed at her -- oh  
shit -- then VR-VRR-VRRRRR! -- Heavy 6 is taken down by --

IAN

at her side -- just as Katherine spots:

HEAVIES 7 AND 8

creeping in from outside -- and she fires -- forcing them to  
take cover --

But Heavy 7 pops out -- opening fire -- VRRRR! VRRRRR! --  
SHREDDING the upstairs landing as --

KATHERINE

grabs Ian -- sprinting to the other end and then --

HEAVY 8

flicks a switch on his Quadwave and -- KER-THUNK! KER-THUNK --  
fires GLOWING PROJECTILES --

Which just miss Katherine and Ian -- SLAMMING into the wall  
and -- BOOM! BOOM! -- they EXPLODE into balls of flames!

Katherine and Ian burst through the BEDROOM DOOR as --

KER-THUNK! KER-THUNK! KER-THUNK! -- more projectiles fly  
their way -- EXPLODING and --

The SHOCKWAVE catapults Katherine and Ian -- through a window  
out onto --

A PORCH ROOF

-- rolling and sliding across it -- off the edge -- dropping  
to the ground outside --

Where they land with terrible THUDS -- knocking the wind out  
of them -- gasping for air and --

INT. BASEMENT - SAME

Physicist with the tablet docked into the console.

PHYSICIST  
Okay, it's set.

Nick NODS to Heavy 1. BLAM-BLAM! He shoots Physicist and  
Assistant dead.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM - SAME

Fire raging. Heavies 7 and 8 coming in -- seeing no bodies --  
the shattered window -- turning on their heels and --

EXT. ADIRONDACK-STYLE HOUSE - SAME

Katherine struggling to move -- finds Ian -- conscious but in  
agony -- his collarbone BROKEN!

She looks up. Her house on fire now. Hears FOOTFALL --

EXT. ADIRONDACK-STYLE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Heavy 7 and 8 come barreling out -- around the house --

Finding just Ian there -- his collarbone sticking out.

And then -- VRRRR! VRRRRR! -- Heavy 7 and 8 drop as --

Katherine comes up behind them -- bleeding -- looking like shit -- but furious as all fucking hell.

And she doesn't stop moving -- heading for the house --

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She kicks open the basement door -- glimpses Nick and the lights of the cylinders activating --

They make eye contact -- and he grins at her -- just before --

VRRRR! -- Heavy 1 fires -- and Katherine dives away.

INT. BASEMENT - SAME

Heavy 1 with his aim on the door -- FIRES some more.

But no sign of her now. Is she dead?

The lights growing brighter -- BRIGHTER --

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Katherine. Fuck.

Takes off running -- SPRINTING out of the house --

EXT. ADIRONDACK-STYLE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- round the side -- to where that small window is at ground level -- light blasting out of it --

She runs at it full pelt -- FIRING at the window -- SHATTERING the glass -- dropping and sliding through into --

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

-- hitting the ground hard -- gun sliding away from her -- just as the light fades and --

She's temporarily blinded. Blinking.

Vision coming back... but Nick is gone. She's too late.

Heavy 1 also blinking -- getting his vision back --

Katherine scrambling for her gun -- spinning to him --

Heavy 1 turning with his gun and --

Katherine fires -- HITTING HIM as he also fires -- a glowing projectile -- KER-THUNK --

But not at Katherine -- at the Axis technology and --

**KABOOM!** It EXPLODES in a ball of flames -- sending Katherine flying back -- crashing into the wall.

She's dazed. Vision BLURRED. Ears RINGING. Covered in rubble. Crawls out from under it and --

Stumbles to the charred equipment -- the decimated tablet -- frantically looking for a clue to where he went but --

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*The contingency protocol was  
destroyed.*

EXT. ADIRONDACK-STYLE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Katherine staggering out -- dropping to the ground -- coughing -- choking.

Looks back at the house ablaze. Devastated.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*He was gone. For good this time.*

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP ON:

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM. BYGONE BASE - NEXT DAY

Ian now patched up, nose bandaged, arm in a sling. Working furiously one-handed at his station.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*There was no way to track when he  
went. It was such a severe failure  
that Bygone was terminated.*

DOJ AGENTS swarm through -- removing him from his station.

INT. KITCHEN. KATHERINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Katherine. Sitting at the table. Lost in her defeat.

The WALL-SCREEN is on in the background, cycling through news updates. She's not paying attention to it.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*Nick-- Vasseur was free. To live  
 another life somewhere else in  
 time, where no-one knew him,  
 profiting from his knowledge of the  
 future.*

Something ON SCREEN catches her eye. She looks over. We don't see what it is, but her face changes. A light bulb moment.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*Then I remembered something he said  
 to me...*

Now we see ON SCREEN: highlights from a recent Mets game.

And Katherine, on her feet. New resolve. Mind racing.

KATHERINE  
 Flip to browser.

The image ON SCREEN flips around to a web browser.

KATHERINE  
 Search: New York Mets... Los  
 Angeles Dodgers...  
 (thinking back)  
 August...  
 (trying desperately)  
 1998...  
 (reaching)  
 Home run... Huskey?

She waits, hopeful.

The web browser running its search. Presents some info.

Katherine stares at it -- yes -- she's moving now and --

A BAT CRACKS A BASEBALL

sending it soaring -- and the CROWD goes WILD as we reveal:

EXT. METS STADIUM - DAY - 1998

A beautiful day. Mets vs Dodgers in play. A home run.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*And I realized this was never about  
 money or power...*

INT. STADIUM STANDS - DAY

Nick wearing a Mets shirt and hat -- clutching a soda --  
 moving through -- searching.

Starts down stairs into seats -- stops -- sees something that  
 takes his breath away:

A FAMILY OF THREE

sitting there watching the game. DAD, MOM, and a YOUNG BOY  
 (little Nick/Vasseur).

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*He was just as hung up on the past  
 as I was.*

Nick starts towards the family but --

KATHERINE

steps in front of him and --

Nick is stunned to see her -- doesn't notice as she pulls a  
 syringe gun and -- ZAPS his neck!

He staggers back. Realizes. Shit.

NICK  
 How d'you find me?

KATHERINE  
 All those lies. You couldn't help  
 one truth slipping out.  
 (beat)  
 This was your plan all along. This  
 was why you wanted the contingency  
 protocol.

NICK  
 You of all people should  
 understand.

She reaches for him. He backs off. She discretely shows him a  
 handgun tucked in her belt.

He thinks. Then he spins -- tries to bolt -- but she GRABS HIM and --

WHOOSH-CLICK! He looks down. He's now cuffed to her. Fuck!

A FEW PEOPLE nearby glance over at them, concerned.

She flashes a (fake) NYPD BADGE and their attention goes back to the game.

NICK  
(trying to bargain)  
You could let me go.

She goes to move him, but he pulls back.

NICK  
Think about it, Katherine. You walk away. You never found me. Your hunch didn't pan out. I go over there. Spill this soda on my dad. Take his keys. And it all changes. They can't drive home from the train. Don't get hit by the drunk driver. I don't end up in the fucking system. Don't become the man I am. Never do all the terrible things I've done.  
(beat)  
And maybe your husband's still alive when you get back to the present.

That gets her. She thinks on it. A long, loaded moment. This could change everything for her.

They both glance over at HIS FAMILY. The dad getting the mom and boy ready to leave.

Nick looks back to her. Pleading.

Katherine regards him. The cuffs. The family now moving up the stairs to the exit.

Not sure what to do...

EXT. MILITARY COMPOUND - DAY - 2033

CLICK-CLICK! Shackles are locked around Nick's wrists and ankles by another MARSHAL. Back in the present now.

Despondent Nick looks up at Katherine. He's escorted to a prisoner transport van by a heavily armed team of Marshals.

Katherine watches on.

KATHERINE (V.O.)

*I had an opportunity to change the past. Maybe the present would've been different... but maybe the river would've still run its course. Fact is, Vasseur did do all those terrible things, so he needed to answer for that.*

*(beat)*

*And I was done living in the past.*

INT. BASEMENT. ADIRONDACK-STYLE HOUSE - DAY - 1972

Grant. On crutches. Examining the pile of bricks. What the hell happened?

Exhales. Resigning to the fact he may never know.

EXT. ADIRONDACK-STYLE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Grant hobbles out. Stolen pick-up and Ian's abandoned car still here.

And there's Russo, waiting at his car.

Grant pauses. Looks down at the dried blood on the driveway where he almost bled out.

Makes a decision.

KATHERINE (V.O.)

*I found out that our interaction with Eric did alter things...*

CLOSE ON KATHERINE'S WEDDING RING

but this one is actually not hers yet, it's the earlier version. Being slid onto the ring finger of:

CASSIE

Grant's girlfriend. We're now:

EXT. BEHIND THE ADIRONDACK-STYLE HOUSE - DAY - 1973

Nine months later. Grant and Cassie getting married down by the lake. A small, pretty affair. She's pregnant.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*Or not so much alter as course  
 correct.*

EXT. MILITARY COMPOUND - DAY - 2033

Back to Katherine watching as the doors are closed on Nick.  
 Ian sidles up to her. The van drives away.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*Despite everything, Unger used our  
 success arresting Vasseur to  
 convince the A.G. to keep Bygone  
 active.*

Then Unger and Lowell converge on them. Unger talking, Lowell  
 chiming in. We don't hear what they're saying, because we're

ON KATHERINE

She's not listening. Her mind elsewhere. Making a decision.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*They wanted me to stay...*

INT. BEDROOM. KATHERINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Katherine boxing up Andrew's clothes. Last few pieces going  
 in. And she closes the box.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
*But I told them I have a life to  
 live...*

She looks at the closet. Empty now. Moving on...

DISSOLVE TO:

KATHERINE

at that table FROM THE BEGINNING. Been to hell and back. Cuts  
 and bruises. Finishing the story...

KATHERINE  
 And a daughter to be present for.  
 (beat)  
 I know that's a lot to take in.  
 Does it all make sense?

Reveal:

EXT. ICE CREAM STAND - DAY

Katherine sitting across from LAURA. Sun setting on a warm spring day. Laura with a massive sundae dish in front of her, almost gone.

LAURA  
Was it a long way of telling me  
you're not going on anymore trips?

Katherine. A smile breaks across her face.

KATHERINE  
Yes, I suppose it was.

Laura beams. Happy.

KATHERINE  
(serious again)  
Laura--

LAURA  
D'you want to try my maple walnut?

She offers Katherine a spoonful of her ice cream.

KATHERINE  
I would love to.  
(tries her ice cream)  
Mmmm, that's good.

LAURA  
How's yours?

Katherine realizes she hasn't touched hers. Tries it.

KATHERINE  
Oh wow, it might be the best ice  
cream I've ever had.

LAURA  
Can I try?

Katherine nods. Laura dives in. Tastes it. Nods approval.

LAURA  
Yep, you're the winner.

Katherine smiles. Regards her. And then serious again...

KATHERINE  
I have something for you.

The necklace and wedding ring.

LAURA  
But that's yours.

KATHERINE  
Daddy gave it to me. Now I'd like  
you to take care of it.

Katherine puts the necklace around Laura's neck. Laura looks  
at it. Proud.

Katherine watches her. Eyes wet. Laura misreads...

LAURA  
Don't be sad, mom.

Katherine laughs. Wipes the tears away.

KATHERINE  
I'm not, peach-pear. I'm not.

She clasps Laura's hand.

KATHERINE  
So. What do you want to do  
tomorrow?

Laura smiles, thinking. And on the two of them sitting there,  
considering the future, we --

FADE OUT.