12 MONKEYS

"Pilot"

by
Terry Matalas & Travis Fickett

OVER BLACK.

The sound of WIND blowing through tall grass.

FADE IN:

EXT. A BROKEN ROADWAY - SUNSET

Cracked pavement -- grass and weeds have conquered it long ago. Empty cars, overgrown with vines, line the street like metal tombstones. It's deathly quiet.

THREE FIGURES walk down the road, slowly, with caution. They wear CLEAR VISORS with breathing apparatus. One in faded CAMOUFLAGE, another in BLACK fatigues.

The MAN in the center, in makeshift body armor, has a METAL TANK strapped to his back -- a FLAME THROWER.

This is COLE.

They approach a GUARD SHACK that hasn't been manned in decades and walk through a large vehicle gate. A FADED SIGN reads "WELCOME TO FORT DETRICK".

EXT. MEDICAL BUILDING - EVENING

The setting sun casts long shadows from the three men. They walk ominously toward a GLASS BUILDING.

SOMETHING SHRIEKS in the distance.

They pause, perfectly still. Silence. Cole nods toward the building.

INT. U.S. ARMY MEDICAL RESEARCH BUILDING - LATER

The men walk through a long corridor, boots crunching on BROKEN GLASS and bits of debris scattered everywhere. Their flashlights cast sharp beams through the dusty air.

SNAP! One of their boots steps on a HUMAN FEMUR BONE, which warrants only a passing glance. Their beams of light shine down another hallway, revealing:

CORPSES, rotted to the bone. Only scraps of clothing, in some cases only eyeglasses and jewelry remain.

An old, yellowed CALENDAR displays: "DECEMBER -- 2013"

INT. MEDICAL RESEARCH WING - NIGHT

They turn down a corridor marked "INFECTIOUS DISEASES."

A WET GURGLE COMES FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE DARKNESS.

Cole turns toward the sound, eyeing a DARK CORNER suspiciously.

With a ROAR, Cole ignites the flame thrower, burning nothing but an upside-down DESK CHAIR. RATS scurry away.

The men continue moving into:

INT. QUARANTINE - CONTINUOUS

PLASTIC SEALS line a doorway marked "EMERGENCY QUARANTINE." The men slice through the plastic and pry open the steel door behind it, entering the LAB just beyond.

COLE
(filtered voice)
She's here somewhere.

They move around the room, upending medical tables and desks, until one man signals that he's found:

A cluster of SKELETONS, each wearing the ragged remains of lab coats. Cole turns them over.

COLE
Keep looking. She <u>has</u> to be here.

HISSES from across the room. The men whip around. A CRASH! Something is knocked over in the darkness.

And then... what sounds like a sob. Brief and inhuman.

They are not alone.

They move toward the back of the room, finding a door with the number 438 etched beneath a small window.

Camouflage reaches to open the door --

COLE
Wait!

-- A PALE-SKINNED MAN bursts forth. Teeth bared, a milky white fluid coming from his eyes.

The Pale Man tackles Camouflage to the ground, tearing at his mask -- then his throat. He cries out in agony.

COLE
Damnit!

Cole lights up the flame thrower and sprays both Pale Man and Camouflage with fire.

CLOSE ON COLE. Guilt and sorrow partially obscured by the distorted image of the flames reflected in his mask.

BLACK
Cole --

But Cole lashes out at a nearby medical table, upending it with a CRASH.

BLACK
Cole, it's alright. Had to be done.

Then Cole sees it -- SOMETHING SMALL catches the light of the fire across the room. A round piece of glass.

He approaches the tiny reflection. Kneels down.

A HUMAN ARM, decayed to the bone, extends from a dark corner towards him.

COLE
There.

BLACK
What is it?

The glass, the face of AN ANTIQUE WATCH -- a '58 Tag Heuer Seafarer -- rests on the skeleton. Cole reaches out for the watch, gently unhooks it.

BLACK
Cole. Cole, what is it?

He doesn't answer. Instead, to himself:

COLE
Dr. Reynolds...

He holds the watch to the light. Then, looking at the body whose face is hidden in shadows:

COLE
See you soon.

SNAP TO TITLE SEQUENCE.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

CLOSE ON THE OLD WATCH

The '58 Tag Heuer Seafarer, stainless steel band a bit worn. The second hand ticks, relentless. Someone picks it up.

INT. ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT

DR. CASSIE REYNOLDS, early 30s, attractive, shoulder-length dark hair, checks the time. She sits at the front desk of INTENSIVE CARE writing in a chart.

REYNOLDS
Damn. Lost track of time.

She hands the chart to a NURSE and puts on her jacket. Another doctor, ALFRE DANIELS, 40s, comes around the corner.

ALFRE
Cassie, you were supposed to be gone an hour ago. It's Friday night.

REYNOLDS
Finishing up. Besides, Aaron's with the Mayor tonight at a campaign thing. What am I going to do, hit the bars?

ALFRE
What you should do is log onto Tiffanys.com, pick yourself out a ring, and leave the printout on his pillow for when he gets home.

REYNOLDS
(smirks)
Subtle. I like it.

ALFRE
I'm just selfish. Always a bride and never a bride's maid. I need you to do it for me.

Reynolds starts out.

REYNOLDS
We'll see what we can do. Keep an eye on bed three for me, alright?

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Reynolds walks past the cars. Her CELL PHONE rings.

REYNOLDS
(answering)
Dr. Reynolds.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL

A lavish fund-raiser. A sign reads: ROYCE FOR SENATE. Well-dressed social elite drink cocktails. In the midst of it all, AARON NOLAN, 40, is on his cell. INTERCUT:

AARON
Your boyfriend's not right there, is he? I want to talk dirty.

REYNOLDS
(smiles)
No, he's working late. Least that's what he tells me. I think he's having an affair with Mayor Royce.

As she walks, SOMEONE in a dark coat follows her.

AARON
Hm. He <u>does</u> have nice lips.

REYNOLDS
When are you coming home?

She catches a glimpse of the person in her peripheral vision.

AARON
The wee hours, baby. But the good news, I think we secured enough cash to not have one of these again for awhile. What do you say tomorrow we drive out to Santa Barbara? Get some ocean time.

Over her shoulder, the figure keeps pace.

REYNOLDS
Aaron -- someone's following me.

She walks faster towards her SILVER LEXUS, turning again --

-- Gone. Whoever was behind her isn't there anymore.

AARON
Wait, what? Where are you?

Around the bend, a CAR ENGINE STARTS UP.

REYNOLDS
Never mind, just paranoid.
(MORE)

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
Beach and sun sound good. But you sound better. Hurry up and come home to me?

AARON
Alright. Few more hours.

INT. REYNOLDS' CAR

She opens the door and slides in, tossing her bag in the back seat. As she closes the door --

REYNOLDS
I'll be waiting for --

Then a GLOVED HAND clutches her jacket. Another hand closes over her mouth, stifling a scream. She's dragged roughly from the car, cell clattering to the ground.

AARON
Cassie? Hello?

INT. PARKING LOT

Reynolds hits the pavement hard as her attacker binds her mouth and hands with duct tape. She kicks wildly, a heel catching her attacker's legs.

The Man is knocked back and she's free! Reynolds scrambles across the pavement, until:

She's yanked upwards and dragged into the back of --

INT. OLD VAN

She lands hard. The Man gets in and slides the door shut. He puts a knee on Reynolds' chest and duct tapes her legs together. Reynolds' eyes are bloodshot with tears, her screams muffled. The Man leans down, into her ear:

MAN
Don't move.

Getting up, he heads to the driver's seat.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The weathered beige van peels out of the lot onto the city streets and past an incoming ambulance.

INT. OLD VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Panicking, Reynolds tries to get her bearings. The van is empty, a few bags and cans on the floor.

Street lights flash through the windshield, but she can't make out the driver.

EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - NIGHT

The van turns down a long gravel driveway leading to several worn-down cabins. There's no one in sight. The van pulls behind a darkened bungalow.

INT. OLD VAN

Reynolds listens as the engine shuts off and her kidnapper gets out of the van. The crunch of footsteps on gravel --

-- The back doors open. The man, hidden in shadows, pulls her out, throwing her over his shoulder with ease.

INT. RUNDOWN BUNGALOW

Peeling paint, bent aluminum blinds over cracked windows. There's a chair in the middle of the room, a table with crumpled fast food-bags and...

A small DIGITAL CLOCK ON A COUNTDOWN casts a faint crimson glow on the room.

Reynolds hyperventilates as the Man sets her down. He locks the door and walks to the clock.

He mumbles to himself, working out an equation.

MAN
One twenty-three... two hours and...
not enough. It's not enough!

Reynolds flinches. The Man paces. He steps into a beam of light coming from a broken window, revealing:

COLE, late 30s, athletic build, rugged good looks. A bead of sweat rolls down his jaw. His eyes betray barely controlled madness.

COLE
I'm running out of time. It took
too long to find you.

She whimpers in terror as he lifts her and sets her on the chair. Cole takes a moment and regards her.

COLE
Too many damn people.

He yanks the tape off her mouth. Before she can scream for help, he clamps a hand down, silencing her.

COLE
Shh. It's okay. Not going to hurt you. I need your help.

He removes his hand.

REYNOLDS
W-what do you want? Money? I can get you money. We can go to an ATM right now --

COLE
No, no, no. I'm not here to steal from you, Dr. Reynolds.

Her brow furrows.

REYNOLDS
How... do you know me?

COLE
I've known who you are my whole life.

REYNOLDS
What?

COLE
Dr. Cassandra Reynolds, born October 3rd, 1975, Syracuse, New York. Only child. Parents killed in a car accident in 2002. Medical School, Berkeley. Head of Viral Containment for the CDC in 2013 --

REYNOLDS
2013? It's 2007. I work at a hospital --

Cole coughs. He kneels down to steady himself.

COLE
You're the right person. Trust me.

He moves to a sink, coughing again. He splashes water on his face.

COLE
There's no time for explanations... Just tell me what I need to know.

He moves back to her, face soaked, eyes bloodshot.

COLE
Where is Mason Frost?

Reynolds shakes her head.

REYNOLDS
I... I have no idea who that is.

Cole grabs the chair and shakes it, jaw clenched.

COLE
You have to think! You knew a man. His name is Mason Frost. I have to find him!

Reynolds chokes back sobs. Cole paces, frustrated.

REYNOLDS
Please, I'm telling you the truth. I don't know anyone by that name. Was he... Mason Frost... a patient? So many people come through there --

COLE
No! No, no, you <u>have</u> to know --

He stops as his chest heaves with violent coughing. Reynolds tries another tact:

REYNOLDS
Are you sick? I can help. How long have you been coughing like that?

COLE
A few days. I had a whole week to find you... now I only have --
(glances at countdown)
An hour left.

Reynolds eyes the digital clock, counting down ominously.

REYNOLDS
What is that? What does that mean?

COLE
I got lost. The data was wrong. You worked at Verdugo Hills, not St. John's... that was your residency --

REYNOLDS
What happens when that reaches zero?

He takes a deep breath, trying to calm down.

COLE
I disappear.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Alfre, Aaron and a POLICE OFFICER move through the parking lot, weaving through the cars. Alfre spots something.

ALFRE
There!

Aaron picks up Reynolds' broken cell phone and sees her Lexus, keys in the ignition, door open.

ALFRE
Oh my God.

POLICE OFFICER
(into radio)
One tango thirteen, this is Officer Banks, at St. Johns. We got a 207 in the Northwest parking lot.

He looks at a streetlight. Beneath it: a SECURITY CAMERA.

POLICE OFFICER
We've got cameras.

INT. RUNDOWN BUNGALOW - LATER

Reynolds watches Cole across the room. He madly mumbles numbers, calculating some phantom equation in his head.

COLE
Two thousand. Then... yeah, 52 marks by... by September.

REYNOLDS
What are you doing? Can I help?

He continues to mumble.

REYNOLDS
What's your name? You know mine already. Somehow. What's yours?

COLE
My name is Cole.

REYNOLDS
(nods)
Cole, what?

COLE
Huh?

REYNOLDS
What's your last name?

COLE
I... I don't have one. Just Cole.

He quietly returns to his calculations.

REYNOLDS
Okay. Cole, I can help you --

COLE
Quiet!

He moves toward her, angry.

COLE
Just... I can't hear the System, I need to concentrate.
(realizing)
They sent me here too early. I'm here too goddamned early! You don't know Mason Frost yet.

He sits, head in hands. Defeated.

REYNOLDS
What's... what's the System?

COLE
In my head. It's how I'm here.

REYNOLDS
Where are you from, Cole?

COLE
Later. I'm from much later.

REYNOLDS
Later?

COLE
As in, not yet.

REYNOLDS
(swallows)
You think you're from the future.

COLE
Not much of a future. Trust me.

Okay... he's crazy.

REYNOLDS
What is it, then?

COLE
About six years from now, everything dies. Everything. All 'cause of Mason Frost... Have to find him.

REYNOLDS
You came back from -- ? Where's your, you know, your time... machine?

Cole stands, wincing in pain. Through gritted teeth:

COLE
I am the time machine.

REYNOLDS
And you hear things in your head. The System, that's what you call it?

Cole turns on her.

COLE
You think I'm crazy.
(nods)
That's okay. But I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for you.

REYNOLDS
Why me?

COLE
You told us to find him.

This is out of her league.

REYNOLDS
Okay. Cole... I can help you, I can. We'll find this man. Just... let me go and we will --

He thrusts a hand into his pocket, pulling out a KNIFE.

REYNOLDS
No! Don't do this! What are you doing? I was --

He leans over and she cries out until she realizes: he's cutting her left arm free. She moves her arm to her lap.

Cole pulls up his sleeve and removes a WATCH. He dangles it in front of her. It's not just any watch... it's the '58 Tag Heuer Seafarer. **The same as hers**.

REYNOLDS
That's... that's like mine. My grandfather gave me this watch.

She holds up her wrist, showing him.

COLE
It's not *like* yours, Dr. Reynolds.
This *is* your watch.

INT. ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Facing a cluster of black-and-white security monitors are DETECTIVE HILL, paunchy, 50s, and a bleary-eyed STERNING, Head of Security.

Aaron paces, a raw nerve. SECURITY FOOTAGE of the parking lot is being rewound.

DETECTIVE HILL
There! There, stop.

The video shows Cole throwing Reynolds into the van.

AARON
Jesus Christ...

DETECTIVE HILL
Can't see the plates.

STERNING
Hang on.

Sterning hits a few buttons and another angle comes up --

-- The van rolls up. A PLATE reads "4MAW681".

DETECTIVE HILL
(to the Officer)
I want an APB on those plates, year and make, now.
(move to Aaron)
We'll get this out to every car we have and --

AARON
(emotional)
Let me help. You need strings pulled, calls made. Tell me what you need and it's done.

DETECTIVE HILL
We're doing everything --

AARON
Then let me help you do *more*.

INT. RUNDOWN BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Reynolds stares at the watch. Cole lays it in front of her.

REYNOLDS
It looks... yeah, I mean, it looks the same.

COLE
The watch I'm holding is much older.

REYNOLDS
Where did you get it?

A FLASH -- THE FUTURE -- From the TEASER, the decaying arm reaching towards Cole...

BACK TO:

COLE
That's... hard to explain.

Reynolds chooses her words carefully.

REYNOLDS
Cole, listen to me. I know you hear these things in your head.

Cole grabs her arm -- moving it next to the Older Watch.

REYNOLDS
What are you doing?!

COLE
Whatever happens: Do. Not. Move.

He takes the point of his knife and rests it on top of the watch she's wearing. He scratches a nick into the face.

The air CRACKLES -- the light around the Older Watch BENDS like a fun-house mirror. A RIPPLE IN TIME AND SPACE.

REYNOLDS
How...? How are you doing that?

A tiny beam of light emerges from the face of the Older Watch. A nearby WINDOW RATTLES -- then a spiderweb of CRACKS appears across the pane of glass.

Everything is still. Cole puts down the knife and picks up the Older Watch. <u>The same nick he carved in the present-day watch is now on the older one.</u>

REYNOLDS
How did you --?

COLE
Break the past, the future follows.

EXT. ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The press swarms: A REPORTER faces a camera.

REPORTER
That's why authorities need your help. The suspect's vehicle, a beige, 94 Dodge Grand Caravan with plates 4MAW681...

INT. ANOTHER BUNGALOW - NIGHT

A CHUBBY MAN in a beater T-shirt, chews sloppily on a BOWL of cereal watching TV. The 11:00 O'CLOCK NEWS shows security footage of the van.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Again, if you've seen this van or have any information, please contact the LAPD --

The Chubby Man catches a glimpse in the window of the bungalow next to his. Parked outside is the van from the news. He glances back at the TV and then picks up a cordless phone.

INT. RUNDOWN BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Cole walks to the countdown.

REYNOLDS
You only have four minutes left.

COLE
Got to go another two years. Will look for Frost in New York. Maybe --

He moves to the table and pulls out a map.

REYNOLDS
Before you leave, Cole... will you let me go? Please?

He returns to Reynolds and starts cutting her free, his face inches away from Cassie's.

His eyes soften as he looks into hers. She sees it and holds his gaze for a moment when:

BRIGHT LIGHT fills the blinds. A HELICOPTER RUMBLES overhead. Cole goes to the window and sees a dozen or so POLICE and UNMARKED CARS stream onto the road leading towards them.

SIRENS BLARE. A van marked SWAT thunders up as men in gear file out, training their rifles on the little bungalow.

COLE
Someone is looking for you.

REYNOLDS
(under her breath)
Aaron.

Cole looks to the countdown -- **3 minutes**. He scrambles, looking for a way out.

REYNOLDS
Cole, don't run. They'll shoot you. I'll tell them you didn't hurt me.

He eyes the back door.

COLE
I'm sorry I was early.

He pushes open the back door --

REYNOLDS
Cole, no!

Reynolds goes after him.

CLOSE ON COUNTDOWN: **1 minute, 28 seconds.**

EXT. BUNGALOW PARK - NIGHT

Cole weaves in and out of the bungalows, a bright light from the helicopter zigzagging, attempting to follow him.

REYNOLDS
Cole, don't do this! There are people who can help you.

He sees Reynolds behind him.

COLE
What are you doing?! Get away --

An AMPLIFIED VOICE calls out.

VOICE (O.S.)
LAPD, STOP WHERE YOU ARE, OR WE WILL OPEN FIRE!

INTERCUT: The digital countdown reads **59 seconds.**

Cole turns the corner. A chunk of WOOD EXPLODES behind him, as he momentarily slips in sight of the SWAT team.

COLE
Get away from me! They're shooting!

REYNOLDS
Turn yourself in and they'll stop!

He grabs Reynolds' shirt, pulling her down another alley.

COLE
Put your hands up!

REYNOLDS
What are you doing?

COLE
Making sure they don't kill *you*!

She throws her arms up. He leads her out, in full view of police and SWAT. Aaron exits a black sedan.

AARON
That's her!

Cole steps into the light and -- BANG! A RIFLE FIRES.

AARON
No! What are you doing?!

20 SECONDS...

Cole limps backwards, blood streaming from his abdomen.

REYNOLDS
Don't shoot! Cole!

Cole holds the wound shut.

COLE
If you believe me... if you want to help... two years from today, New York City, Washington Hotel.

REYNOLDS
What?

COLE
Find me. Please.

4 SECONDS...

Still out of view of the police, Cole holds up a bloody hand to wave goodbye. And then --

COLE'S HAND SWIRLS WITH ENERGY, ATOMS DISSOLVING -- they spiral and spin, unraveling.

CLOSE ON REYNOLDS

Watching, eyes full of wonder. Then a FLASH and a blast of air. Windows in the alley SHATTER into sand.

And Cole is gone.

Two SWAT officers run down the alley.

SWAT OFFICER
Ma'am, are you alright? Ma'am.

Reynolds is speechless, trying to process what she saw.

SWAT OFFICER
Where is he, ma'am? Where'd he go?

CLOSE ON COLE'S COUNTDOWN: **"00:00"** and we:

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

TWO YEARS LATER...

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

A gust of WIND catches an old newspaper that glides up and over the edge -- the New York City skyline in the b.g. A pair of pigeons hear a rustle and quickly take flight.

A BLOODIED HAND grabs the edge of a vent. It's Cole, looking six kinds of terrible. Still, he pulls himself up, nearly losing his grip.

He takes two steps and doubles over, dropping to his knees, eyes glassy. He gets up, staggering to the roof door, only to find it locked. He eyes the fire escape.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Cole climbs down from the bottom rung of the fire escape, but his blood-soaked hands can't hold on. Slipping, he crashes to the pavement hard, crying out. Startled, a HOMELESS MAN grabs his soiled gym bag and runs away.

Cole rises to survey his surroundings. He finds a TATTERED COAT in a pile of garbage. He wraps himself in it, covering his wound. He then drags himself into:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dazed and disoriented, Cole walks into the path of oncoming traffic. A CAB blares its HORN and swerves, missing him by inches. He backs out of the street, looking up to see a sign that reads "WASHINGTON HOTEL." He moves into:

INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Worn marble floors and faded walls, a decade past posh. PATRONS sip coffee and read newspapers while BELLHOPS tow luggage into elevators.

Cole scans the crowd: A DARK-HAIRED WOMAN turns -- it's not Reynolds. An OLD COUPLE gives him a wide berth on the way out the door.

Cole stumbles against the wall, sliding to the floor, defeated. He mumbles as a CONCIERGE picks up a phone.

CONCIERGE
Hey, got another vagrant in the lobby.

COLE'S POV

Vision BLURRY, he watches as people walk by, staring. None of them Reynolds. He slumps as his eyes begin to close. A SECURITY GUARD heads toward him when:

REYNOLDS (O.S.)
Cole!

REYNOLDS -- only not the way he left her two years ago. She's different, hair shorter, eyes harder. Tougher.

REYNOLDS
(to Guard)
Sorry. He's with me.

The Guard backs off as she helps Cole up. We FLASH TO:

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Reynolds supports Cole as he eyes the numbers on the doors -- 436, 438. They go OUT OF FOCUS as his VISION BLURS INTO:

ANOTHER FLASH -- **THE FUTURE -- A steel door, the number 438 etched beneath a small window. A Pale Man bursts from the door, eyes wet with white tears.**

INT. HOTEL ROOM - **THE PRESENT**

She brings Cole to the bed and opens his jacket to reveal:

THE BULLET WOUND. From where he was shot two years ago. Reynolds stares a moment, awestruck. Cole starts to shake, crying out, and she snaps back into action.

She dashes into the bathroom, grabbing TOWELS, and PLASTIC CUPS. Then TEARS open the mini bar to grab tiny bottles of ALCOHOL.

She moves to Cole, pressing a towel against the wound. He looks at her for the first time.

COLE
Cassie...

REYNOLDS
I had to see if you would be here.
If you were real.
(amazed)
And here you are.

COLE
Here... I am.

He blacks out.

EXT. SHATTERED CITYSCAPE - SUNSET - **THE FUTURE**

COLE'S POV: MOVING THROUGH jagged ruins, FOLLOWING a MAN in a Hazmat suit. A CHALK-WHITE SCAVENGER bursts from the wreckage of a car tearing at the Man's suit. Screams of terror as the Scavenger drags him into the shadows.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - **THE PRESENT**

Cole opens his eyes, bloodshot from the pain. He thrashes, finds his hands secured with straps. Improvised medical instruments on the night stand.

She leans over him, putting a hand on his head.

REYNOLDS
It's okay! It's okay. It's the adrenaline. Just lie back, I'm here, Cole. I'm right here.

INT. AUSTERE CHAMBER - **THE FUTURE**

Cole's POV: A DOCTOR in a black lab coat peers at him.

DOCTOR
The System is part of you now, Cole. We tried to adjust the relay --

A silver-haired and refined-looking THIN WOMAN leans in:

THIN WOMAN
-- But there wasn't time --

DOCTOR
-- You'll hear the numbers, but the rest is up to you --

THIN WOMAN
-- Cole, splintering will be... painful. Push through it --

A scientist with RED-TINTED GLASSES works some equipment:

TINTED GLASSES
-- We're sending you to Los Angeles first, then New York. A week each --

THIN WOMAN
-- Find him, Cole. Find Mason Frost.

Cole peers around the room seeing an INVESTIGATION WALL -- a collage -- filled with scraps of information:

A WORN PHOTO -- a younger Cassie, in a graduation cap, holds a framed diploma. Red ink circles the watch on her wrist.

Other pieces include: the name MASON FROST, a photo of a BLUE BUILDING, news CLIPPINGS on military research. A LANDSCAPE view of a burning lake.

And another PHOTO -- stenciled street graffiti of the number "12" and a BLACK, GNARLED, FOUR-FINGERED HAND.

Another man enters, also in a black lab coat. A broad-shouldered, GRAY-EYED MAN, with dark skin and a shaved head.

As Cole and the Man make eye contact:

GRAY-EYED MAN
The first man through time.
Congratulations.

THIN WOMAN
You're making history.

GRAY-EYED MAN
Yes. Then unmaking it.

DOCTOR
Ten seconds!

GRAY EYED MAN
(smiles)
Good luck, Cole.

DOCTOR
When you open your eyes --

THIN WOMAN
-- You'll be in the past.

The Doctor holds a light up to his eyes -- it flashes:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON - **THE PRESENT**

Cole opens his eyes. He moves his hands -- they're not tied down anymore. He sits up slowly, getting his bearings.

Reynolds comes out of the bathroom, wrapped in a towel.

COLE
How long was I...?

REYNOLDS
Almost three days.

He jumps off the cot, wincing.

REYNOLDS
Whoa, hold on.
(MORE)

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
You're not exactly a hundred percent yet. Though you do heal fast.

COLE
Yes.

REYNOLDS
Like, unusually fast.

She waits for him to explain further. He doesn't. She starts to get dressed.

REYNOLDS
You're lucky. The bullet passed clean through. I also had to treat you for adrenal and iron deficiencies. I thought I recognized your symptoms when we first met. Maybe when you...

COLE
Splinter.

REYNOLDS
Is that what you call it?

COLE
It's what they call it. The people who sent me.

Reynolds shakes her head, mind bent.

REYNOLDS
Well, next time you... do *that*... get yourself a steak and an EpiPen.

COLE
(eyes her)
You believe me now. You don't think I'm crazy?

REYNOLDS
I just sewed up the exact bullet wound I saw you get two years ago. You know, before you...

Puffs out her cheeks and mimes "exploding."

REYNOLDS
I don't know what I believe. But you're here. That's enough for now.

Cole starts to dress, grimacing through the pain.

COLE
We need to get to a computer. Maybe a public records building. Look for Mason Frost.

She sits and shakes her head.

REYNOLDS
You've just been shot, Cole. You need time to recover, no matter how fast you heal -- your body has been traumatized.

COLE
I have no time -- only four days left. We have to move now.

REYNOLDS
(holds up her hands)
Then I need a second here --

COLE
-- We don't HAVE a second!

Reynolds stands, her eyes narrow as she gets in his face.

REYNOLDS
Do you have any idea what the last two years have been for me?

COLE
Dr. Reynolds -- Cassie, I --

REYNOLDS
-- I've got a lot of goddamned questions. You say that you're here to stop Mason Frost from destroying the world. Sorry Cole, but that's a hell of a thing to live with.

Cole looks away.

COLE
Right. So much time for you.

Weak, he steadies himself on the desk. Reynolds softens, guilt flashing on her face.

REYNOLDS
Alright. C'mon.

She grabs her jacket and bag.

COLE
Where are we going?

REYNOLDS
Out. You haven't eaten in years.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Underneath a billboard of an SUV driving through a giant "2009" sit Cole and Cassie. They eat hot dogs, with two more in front of Cole. It's a beautiful day. People jog, mothers push babies in strollers. Cole takes it in.

A BIRD lands on the table and grabs a piece of hot dog wrapper -- Cole watches it, fascinated. He reaches out slowly -- but the bird quickly flies away. He stands, watching it go.

REYNOLDS
You okay?

COLE
Yeah. It's just, I'm not used to them. Birds were the first to die. Skies are empty where I come from.

She studies him, a childlike smile on his face as a flock of birds fly from one tree to another.

COLE
(breathes)
This air. So clean.

REYNOLDS
(laughs)
This is New York City, Cole. I wouldn't say "clean".

COLE
You don't know how good you have it.

REYNOLDS
What's going to happen, Cole?

Cole watches the sky.

COLE
Most of what we know is pieced together from fragments -- passed from one generation to the next. But we know it started with the world getting sick.

INTERCUT:

THE FUTURE - A QUICK SHOT of bodies lying in a street, stacked high. Someone in a ENVIRONMENTAL SUIT sets the pile on fire with a phosphorous torch.

COLE
A plague. Killed six billion people. Only about one percent of the world's population survived.

REYNOLDS
Six billion...

COLE
Of the survivors, some were immune. What didn't kill them changed them. Turned them into something else.

A group of PALE-SKINNED MEN chase a terrified woman down a debris-strewn street.

COLE
The rest went underground...

A group of ragged people huddled together.

COLE
Where they stayed for a generation. Starving... nearing extinction.

The dark world of the survivors -- underground. Cold.

COLE
Until one day, a group of us returned to the surface to gather information -- to piece together what we could.

Three MEN with breathing apparatus and PATCHWORK HAZMAT GEAR walk through an abandoned building.

COLE
We found a possible reset switch. Something started in your time --

The men move through a high-tech lab. A seal on the wall says "United States Pentagon -- Temporal Studies".

COLE
-- And finished in mine. A last resort.

In the Austere Chamber, Cole screams as BLACK-COATED MEN connect him to machines.

COLE
Humanity was on the way out, another generation at best. There's not enough of us to take the world back and rebuild. We had to undo it.
(MORE)

COLE (CONT'D)
Stop it from happening in the first place. That's why I'm here.

Partially obscured by equipment, Cole ATOMIZES in front of a wide-eyed group of Scientists.

A pensive Gray-Eyed Man watches.

REYNOLDS
So why did you come for me?

Cole crouches, plucks a handful of grass, lets it fall through his fingers.

COLE
In 2013, there was an international television broadcast. No picture... just a voice, identifying herself as Dr. Cassandra Reynolds.

The scientists listen to a distorted, fragmented message.

COLE
The message was broken. Distorted.

The voice has been digitally reconstructed from a weak signal, giving it a ghostly, monotone sound:

REYNOLDS (V.O.)
My name... Dr. Cass -- Reynolds... hear me... Plague... starts with Mason Frost... the Army of... watching me... no time... there's more than one... Please...

A long, static filled beat -- then:

REYNOLDS (V.O.)
... Cole.

BACK TO:

REYNOLDS
I said your name?

COLE
Yes. You gave me this mission before I was even born.

Reynolds rubs her temples.

COLE
Because of you, we know who to look for.

REYNOLDS
Mason Frost.

COLE
I *have* to find him.

REYNOLDS
Or them.

COLE
There's more than one?

REYNOLDS
329 in the United States alone.

Cole deflates. She takes his arm.

REYNOLDS
Come on. I want you to meet someone.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - AFTERNOON

Reynolds knocks on the door. Cole scans their surroundings -- always the soldier. The door opens, revealing JEREMY, African American, roughly 50, salt-and-pepper hair. He smiles wide at them.

JEREMY
Dr. Reynolds, what a nice surprise.
C'mere, gorgeous.

He embraces her, glancing at Cole.

JEREMY
Come in, come in.

They follow him inside.

INT. JEREMY'S HOUSE

Immaculately kept, classically furnished, not an inexpensive place. Jeremy offers his hand to Cole.

JEREMY
I'm Jeremy.

Cole shakes it and -- DROPS TO THE FLOOR, paralyzed.

REYNOLDS
Cole! Jesus, Jeremy!

Jeremy grabs a .45 from behind a leather-bound book above his fireplace. He puts it to Cole's head.

JEREMY
The hell are you doing bringing someone here?! Who is this guy? What did you tell him about me?

REYNOLDS
Jeremy, relax, this is him! This is the disappearing man.

Jeremy peers at Cole, slipping on a pair of READING GLASSES.

JEREMY
No shit?

REYNOLDS
Yes! That's him.

Cole lies prone on the floor staring at them. Jeremy considers. He puts the .45 back in its compartment on the shelf. Grabbing a towel, he carefully removes a CONCEALED PATCH from his hand.

JEREMY
He'll be fine -- it's a fast-acting paralytic patch. Got a Mossad buddy who brings 'em in.
(to Cole)
Sorry, friend, can't afford to drop my guard. Shall we start over?

INT. JEREMY'S KITCHEN

Cole gulps a glass of water, flexing his hand. A pot simmers on the burner. Jeremy checks his watch and stirs the pot, then turns the heat up a notch.

JEREMY
The private sector affords two things -- money and time. After I left the Company, I discovered I had talents that were more... domestic. Which lead me to the subtle nuances of rosemary, crushed red pepper and... the almighty garlic clove.

He takes a spoonful of stew and blows on it before offering it to Reynolds. She takes a bite. Her eyes go wide.

REYNOLDS
Wow.

JEREMY
Lemme fix you both a plate.

Jeremy moves across the room.

COLE
(sotto)
Who is this guy?

REYNOLDS
He was CIA. Now he consults.
(off Cole's confusion)
His job was to know things that other people didn't want him to know. Among other things.

Cole nods.

REYNOLDS
And years back, he was a patient of mine.

Jeremy returns with two plates.

JEREMY
Dr. Reynolds saved my life. I told her she ever needed anything, look me up. Course that's just something people say...

REYNOLDS
Jeremy's been helping dig through Mason Frosts. We had to filter.

JEREMY
Given what Cassie told me, we're looking for someone connected to bio terrorism.

He nods to a BLUE FOLDER on the counter.

JEREMY
I think I found your man.

Reynolds opens it, revealing a MEMO from a company named "HELIX" -- with a DNA-strand logo.

REYNOLDS
The Helix Foundation...

JEREMY
Officially, they're pioneering a malaria vaccine. But their bread and butter is black budget dollars going to biological and chemical warfare. What you hold in your hands is a memo from inside their corporate network. Note the undersigned.

REYNOLDS
Mason Charles Frost.

COLE
What do you have on him?

JEREMY
Almost nothing. Common for this profession. Extremely low profiles. The ability to remain anonymous is part of their job description.

COLE
How do we find him?

JEREMY
I can tell you where he's going to be tomorrow night.

All eyes are on Jeremy as he takes another spoonful of stew.

JEREMY
Don't look so surprised, s'why I'm so expensive.
(points to folder)
There's a fund-raiser in D.C. tomorrow. Lobbyists and fat cats. Helix is on the list.

REYNOLDS
How do we get in?

JEREMY
An impressive donation got you on the list. With a plus one.
(to Reynolds, sotto)
I don't know your business and I don't want to. You kept my secrets, so I'll keep yours. But I'm way, way out on a limb here. After this, we're square.

REYNOLDS
(nods)
Thank you, Jeremy.

Cole stands to leave and Jeremy grabs his wrist.

JEREMY
You keep her safe, son.

Cole holds Jeremy's stare.

COLE
I will.

PRELAP the heavy chimes of a DOORBELL.

INT. FOYER - EVENING

The front door opens, revealing a good-looking, clean-cut man, 40s. This is MASON --

SWINSBURG (O.S.)
Frost. What are you doing here?

In the doorway is MATTHEW SWINSBURG, 40s; thin, bookish.

FROST
Hey, Matt. I was worried about you. Can we talk?

Apprehensive, Swinsburg reluctantly steps aside.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Decorated with taste and money. Swinsburg sits in an easy chair across from Frost on the couch.

SWINSBURG
I'm sorry I lost my cool, and Mason -- I understand bending the rules. But Christ, what we've done -- it's way beyond that now.

FROST
Say no more. We're out on the edge with this research and I'm with you -- there's no reason we can't do the right thing.

SWINSBURG
You have no idea how relieved I am to hear that. If something slipped through the cracks -- into the wrong hands, it would be --

His hands shaking, Swinsburg sets his coffee down.

FROST
Catastrophic. You're right.

Mason eyes the cup.

SWINSBURG
I'm sorry, my manners. Would you like a cup?

FROST
(warm smile)
Read my mind.

SWINSBURG
Absolutely.

As Swinsburg gets up, WE FOLLOW him INTO:

INT. KITCHEN

SWINSBURG
I have nightmares, Mason. I do. These new strains are so aggressive --

FROST (O.S.)
We have the strictest containment protocols, Matthew.

Swinsburg pours coffee into a mug and heads back:

INT. LIVING ROOM

SWINSBURG
Not in these off-site labs.

He hands the mug to Frost, who takes a sip.

FROST
Is that why you're meeting with federal agents next week?

Startled, Swinsburg sits and takes a drink, contemplating his next move.

FROST
It's okay. If I were in your position, I probably would have done the same.

SWINSBURG
I'm not blowing the whistle, Mason.

Frost puts his coffee down, and folds his hands in his lap.

FROST
Oh, I know you're not, Matthew.

Swinsburg's face TWITCHES as he jerks up, hand to his throat.

SWINSBURG
Wha--

Swinsburg wheezes and looks at his cup -- Frost confirms his suspicion with a grin.

FROST
It's one of yours.

Frost pulls a small, empty vial from his jacket.

FROST
Seraphim 7. You outdid yourself there. Fast. And untraceable. It'll look like that arrhythmia finally got the best of you.

Swinsburg slumps into the sofa, eyes to the ceiling.

FROST
And the pain, excruciating. You'd be flailing if your muscles hadn't shut down. Honestly, a work of art.

Tears stream from Swinsburg's still eyes as the WHEEZING STOPS. Frost studies him a moment longer. A bit of coffee-stained drool escapes Swinsburg's lips.

FROST
Uh-oh. Uh-oh...

He gets up, grabbing a napkin to dab the man's mouth clean.

INT. KITCHEN

Hand towel over his shoulder, Frost rinses the coffee cups in the sink and then places them in the dishwasher.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Opening the front door, Frost grabs the paper from the step. He places it on the table and closes the door behind him.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

We HEAR FATS DOMINO'S "BLUEBERRY HILL" PLAYING -- muted, slower, as if under water -- an unearthly sound:

FADE IN:

INT. AUSTERE CHAMBER - **THE FUTURE**

Cole's eyes open as the Doctor pushes a needle into his neck.

DOCTOR
Hold still, you're about to leave us.

GRAY-EYED MAN
The pain will be temporary, but quite severe.

Cole's eyes go wide as his hand begins to dematerialize -- the ATOMS swirling.

THIN WOMAN
Godspeed, Cole.

Cole screams in agony as he starts to disintegrate.

But before he does, he sees the Gray Eyed Man watching him from across the room --

The Man raises his hand. A silent farewell...

INT. REYNOLDS' CAR - EARLY MORNING

Cole wakes with a start, surprising Reynolds. On the radio, "Blueberry Hill" ends as a talky commercial comes on.

REYNOLDS
You all right?

Cole sits up, shaking it off.

COLE
How much longer?

REYNOLDS
We should be in D.C. in an hour.

Cole twists a knob on the radio.

REYNOLDS
What are you going to do when we find him?

COLE
Is there more music? I love the music.

He finds LOUIS ARMSTRONG'S "WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD".

COLE
This is good. This is really good --

REYNOLDS
We need to come up with a game plan, Cole.

Cole ignores her, lost in the music.

REYNOLDS
Cole!

He snaps out of it, frustrated.

COLE
No plan needed. I'm going to kill him.

This hits her. She shakes her head.

REYNOLDS
Wait. You can't just murder someone.

COLE
One for six billion? The math works for me.

REYNOLDS
What if that doesn't solve the problem? What if whatever he's done to create this... plague... is already underway? How will we know if the future has changed?

COLE
We'll know.

REYNOLDS
How?

COLE
I'll be erased.

REYNOLDS
You'll die?

COLE
No. I will "never have been" from that point forward. Complicated.

She's clearly not comfortable with this answer.

COLE
It's okay. I knew this was a one-way trip.

Reynolds takes a breath.

REYNOLDS
No, Cole, this is crazy.
(thinks)
We need to find out what he knows first, others may be involved.

COLE
Let me handle this part --

REYNOLDS
No. No, goddamn it. You came back for *my* help. You said I told you "it started with Mason Frost," right? "Started!"

COLE
Cassie, this is *my* mission.

REYNOLDS
No, it's *ours*. You made it ours the second you threw me in the back of that van.

OFF Reynolds, unwavering.

EXT. HOLLINGSWORTH MANSION - NIGHT

Southern Colonial. Paper lanterns hang from willow trees. Formally attired PARTY-GOERS work their way to the front entrance, greeted by WAIT STAFF offering drinks.

Cole, in a sleek black suit, and Reynolds, in a sexy dress, move up the walkway. She studies him a moment, he looks good. He cracks a shy smile.

REYNOLDS
Hey -- that's good. We're at a party, smiles make you look less... scary.

He nods, regarding her.

COLE
You remind me of the women we would see in old photos. You know... um, magazines.

REYNOLDS
(wry)
Which magazines?

COLE
I mean, you look, you know... clean.

She takes his arm.

REYNOLDS
I'll take that.

She leads him into:

INT. HOLLINGSWORTH MANSION - CONTINUOUS

An expensive mix of modern and Colonial. Washington elite mix with socialites and more than a few plain-clothed SECURITY GUARDS. As Reynolds and Cole take it in:

DEBORAH (O.S.)
Oh my God! Are you kidding me!

DEBORAH, 40s, a tall woman in an elegant gown, strides towards them. Reynolds' eyes register surprise and shock that says "this could be a problem."

REYNOLDS
Deborah! Hey!

DEBORAH
(slurring a bit)
Cassandra Reynolds as a I live and breathe. What are you doing in this godforsaken swamp of a city?

REYNOLDS
(thinks fast)
That medical grant... the Devonshire study on peripheral angioplasty and non-invasive cardiology.

DEBORAH
(faking)
Oh yeah. I heard about that.

She eyes Cole awkwardly.

REYNOLDS
Oh -- right. Deb, this is Cole.

DEBORAH
(looks him over)
Well, well, Cole. A pleasure to meet you.
(MORE)

DEBORAH (CONT'D)
(to Reynolds)
You know Aaron's inside and I bet he'd be tickled to see you.

Reynolds freezes.

REYNOLDS
Aaron's here?

DEBORAH
Last party of the session, 'course he's here. Come on, I want to see the boss's face when "the one that got away" comes waltzing in.

As Deborah leads Cole and Reynolds down one hall, we FOLLOW a waiter and his tray of champagne down another and into:

INT. HOLLINGSWORTH BALLROOM

A STRING QUARTET plays on a small stage. People gather in clusters. From one such group, a hand snaps out and takes a champagne flute from a passing WAITER. The hand belongs to:

Mason Frost, holding court with a group of attractive socialites.

FROST
When all is said and done, it really comes down to the massive paycheck.

Another man, OLIVER BARNES, 30s, grins awkwardly. He's as disheveled and awkward as Frost is coifed and confident.

FROST
I'm kidding, there's no real money in science. I offer Oliver as proof of this.

Oliver takes the slight with a strained smile.

OLIVER
Yes. Well...

FROST
I'm a numbers man, but Dr. Barnes here -- he's the really, really complicated numbers man.

SOCIALITE
What is it that you do, Oliver? Do tell.

OLIVER
Uh, well, Mr. Frost and I develop molecular and biological computing -- um, programming living cells the way you would a computer or --

FROST
-- You're too modest, Oliver.
(to the ladies)
He plays God. And quite convincingly.

The Waiter passes in front of a SECURITY GUARD, who exits the RESTROOM. He buttons his jacket, but not before we get a GLIMPSE of a PISTOL holstered inside. We stay with him as he walks through the ballroom and out into:

EXT. HOLLINGSWORTH GARDEN -- CONTINUOUS

The Guard moves past Cole and Reynolds, still accompanied by Deborah. Cole leans into Reynolds --

COLE
I'm going to look around.

REYNOLDS
For what? We have no --

Cole slips into the crowd. Deborah waves excitedly.

DEBORAH
Oh, there he is.

She waves at NATASHA, a beautiful blonde in a strapless dress, waving back. She puts her hand on the arm of a MAN IN A SUIT who turns, revealing it's Aaron. His eyes land on Reynolds and go wide. Deborah gives a satisfied smile.

DEBORAH
Mm. That's the stuff. Okay, Cass, have fun, I have to find the Senator.

Deborah disappears as Aaron crosses to Reynolds. Neither knows what to say. Aaron finally offers:

AARON
Cass... it's good to see you. You look good... God.
(recovers)
I mean, you look great.

REYNOLDS
Thanks. So do you.

Awkward beat.

AARON
You okay?

REYNOLDS
Sure. I didn't expect to see you here. I should have, right? Movers and shakers and all.

Reynolds can't find anything else to say.

INT. HOLLINGSWORTH HALLWAY

Cole scans his surroundings. An OLDER MAN steps in from a SIDE DOOR, a much YOUNGER WOMAN giggling on his arm. The man is startled by Cole -- and they slink back outside.

Cole opens the side door and peers into an EMPTY STUDY. The Guard approaches. Cole points into the room:

COLE
Hey there -- I think this lady might need some help.

The Guard moves into the room with Cole trailing him.

INT. SIDE ROOM

The Guard enters, looking for "the lady." Behind him, Cole takes SOMETHING out of his pocket -- one of Jeremy's PARALYTIC PATCHES. Cole slaps it on the Guard's neck. The man drops. As Cole drags him into a nearby CLOSET --

COLE
Sorry, I know that's not fun.

INT. HOLLINGSWORTH KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Wearing a SECURITY EARPIECE, Cole fiddles with his shirt cuff. He reaches into his jacket and we SEE he is now armed with the guard's PISTOL.

SECURITY TRANSMISSION (V.O.)
That's affirmative. We got a 20 on Royce, he's in the guest house.

Cole shrugs, not knowing what to say. He tries:

COLE
(into mic)
Hello. Anyone know where Mason Frost is?

There's a long pause, then:

SECURITY TRANSMISSION (V.O.)
Frost is on the Helix list. We had them in the ballroom.
(then)
Who is this?

Cole turns on his heel and moves with determination.

EXT. HOLLINGSWORTH GARDEN - NIGHT

AARON
Medical research, that's great. I'm glad you're back on your feet.

Reynolds nods to Natasha, who keeps glancing over.

REYNOLDS
That makes both of us, I guess.

Aaron takes a breath, *I guess we're doing this.*

AARON
Cass. You walked away.

REYNOLDS
You didn't give me much choice.

AARON
What would you have me do?

REYNOLDS
Believe me?

AARON
Would you? "A time traveler named Cole" disappears before your eyes. You're a doctor, Cassie. If a patient said that, tell me, what diagnosis would you give?

REYNOLDS
I wasn't your patient, Aaron. I was the woman you wanted to marry... or at least until I went "crazy," right? You got out just in time. That "sickness-and-in-health" thing wouldn't have worked for you.

Over Aaron's shoulder, Reynolds sees Cole passing the large picture windows that look out onto the garden, heading somewhere with purpose.

REYNOLDS
(to Aaron)
Now may not be the best time to relive the past. Your date is waiting.

She hands him her drink and chases after Cole. Aaron watches her go.

AARON
Terrific.

Deborah walks up.

DEBORAH
So how was memory lane?

AARON
She really here for a medical grant?

DEBORAH
Beats me. You meet Cole?

Aaron blinks.

AARON
What did you say?

INT. HOLLINGSWORTH BALLROOM

Cole scans -- not knowing what to look for. He squeezes by another group of party-goers. He studies faces, making people nervous.

COLE
C'mon, c'mon... who are you?

Cole walks into Oliver, who is talking with the Socialite.

OLIVER
Right, Mason?

Cole sees another man walking towards him, and lays eyes on:

COLE
Mason Frost?

FROST
Yes?

Frost takes a step back and, ever so slightly, <u>reacts to the sight of Cole.</u>

FROST
I'm sorry, you have me at a disadvantage.

Cole reaches for his gun.

COLE
Works for me.

At that moment, a BARREL-CHESTED GUARD grabs Cole's arm. Pandemonium ERUPTS. GUARDS flood into the room.

Reynolds pushes through the crowd.

REYNOLDS
Cole!

Someone reaches out, pulling her arm:

AARON
Cass, stay back.

Security ushers the guests out. A restrained Cole maintains eye contact until Frost disappears around a corner.

With the room cleared, a BEARDED Guard holds Cole from behind. A BALDING Guard has taken his gun and stands to one side. Two more Guards approach him, one in the LEAD and the other brandishing a TASER.

The Lead Guard speaks into his hand mic.

LEAD GUARD
We have him detained in the ballroom.
We'll bring him to --

Cole reaches behind his back, grabs Beard and spins, tossing him into Lead, who drops hard. Cole lifts Beard by his arm and tosses him into:

Taser, who has fired his weapon. Beard twitches and collapses -- Cole steps over him and punches Taser full in the face.

Lead rises, but Cole knocks him down with a kick. Cole whips towards Balding, who holds his gun on him.

BALDING
Hold it right --

Cole twists to the side, grabs the man's gun, and snaps the hand with a sickening crunch. Balding screams and falls to his knees. Cole swings the gun around to:

A FIFTH Guard, at the side entrance. Cole takes aim, when:

REYNOLDS
Cole!

Reynolds has pushed herself past a guard, Aaron is close behind trying to pull her back.

REYNOLDS
Don't.

Doors open at the front and rear as POLICE rush in, guns at the ready. Cole drops the gun, puts his hands in the air.

POLICE
On the ground now! Now!

CLOSE ON COLE -- as he's being searched and handcuffed. He's failed to complete his mission.

Oliver and Frost push through the crowd to watch the arrest.

FROST
Get Wilson on the line. I want his boys down here. Right away.

Oliver picks up his phone and dials.

EXT. HOLLINGSWORTH MANSION

Flooded in police lights. Cole and Reynolds are brought out towards a waiting cruiser. Aaron stands next to it, pained.

AARON
I'm sorry, Cass.

REYNOLDS
I know you think you're doing the right thing. I get that.

She kisses him gently on the cheek. The Cop puts her in the cruiser with Cole. Aaron watches them, troubled.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The police cruiser races down the empty road.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Cole and Reynolds sit in the back.

COLE
You found him. And I failed.

The car comes to a stop on the side of the road.

REYNOLDS
Something isn't right.

The Cop gets out and the back doors are opened from both sides. Reynolds and Cole are yanked outside.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

MEN IN SUITS surround the car. One of talks to the Cop. Reynolds is hauled towards a dark SUV.

A SUIT pokes Cole in the neck with a hypo injection.

COLE'S POV: The night begins to SPIN as Reynolds disappears into the SUV and we're DRAGGED TOWARDS IT. Then someone walks over TO US, peering down...

...Mason Frost.

Then everything goes **BLACK**.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HELIX - HOLDING AREA - NIGHT

Cole is on the concrete floor, unconscious. He mumbles numbers and quantum equations. Reynolds sits next to him, gently trying to revive him.

REYNOLDS
Cole. Cole, c'mon. Wake up.

INT. HELIX - SECURITY OFFICE

Frost watches Cole and Reynolds on a monitor. WILSON, 40s, muscular, thick mustache, enters.

WILSON
Cassandra Reynolds. Respected doctor from California. Left her practice two years ago.

FROST
What about him?

WILSON
Just this.

Wilson holds out an LAPD POLICE REPORT. Frost takes it.

WILSON
An Unsolved from two years ago. Someone apparently kidnapped Dr. Reynolds. This guy's prints match those from the scene. No I.D. Reynolds said his name was Cole. And that he vanished before her eyes.

FROST
Vanished, huh?

WILSON
(chuckles)
Said the man claimed to be a time traveler.

FROST
What?

WILSON
Yeah, looney toons.

Frost puts together a puzzle in his head.

FROST
Scan him.

WILSON
What?

FROST
Get Oliver to put him in the can. Full body, 64 slices, thermal, CT, nuclear, everything.

WILSON
But --

FROST
Just get it done. Now.

INT. D.C. METRO POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Aaron is at the front desk. An OFFICER chews on a ham sandwich, bored.

AARON
(impatient)
It was an hour ago. They were brought in here, a man and a woman. Woman's name was Cassandra Reynolds.

The Officer puts on reading glasses, checks his monitor.

AARON
You guys sent out four cars to the Hollingsworth manor, two suspects...

OFFICER
Never made it here. Released.

AARON
What?

OFFICER
The suspects were released.

OFF Aaron, confused.

INT. SCANNING ROOM - NIGHT

Cole is unconscious in a SCANNING MACHINE/CAT. He mumbles numbers. Oliver draws blood from Cole's arm.

INT. SCANNING BOOTH - LATER

Frost paces. Behind a glass window, Cole lays in the scanner. Oliver works a keyboard. Over the P.A., Cole's calculations are HEARD.

Oliver types into a keyboard, calling up an image. He points to a BRAIN SCAN on the monitor.

OLIVER
Here's the neural activity of a normal brain working heavy mathematics.

One small part of the brain is lit. He punches another button. A new image comes up.

OLIVER
This is our friend in there.

The entire brain is lit up like a Christmas tree.

FROST
How is that possible?

OLIVER
Scientifically speaking, it's not. This is grand mal seizure activity without chaos. This is completely insane...

FROST
What is, Oliver?

OLIVER
The work we do here, Mason, is the cutting edge of molecular science. Somehow, this guy is way past us. By 50 years. Hell, maybe more.

FROST
What are you saying?

OLIVER
This... "Cole" is a real live, flesh-and-blood molecular computer.

Frost listens to the piped-in sound of COLE'S CHANTING.

FROST
Programmed to do what?

OLIVER
I have no idea.

INT. HELIX - HOLDING AREA - LATER

The door opens and two GUARDS bring Cole in, dropping him on the floor. He groans, coming to.

REYNOLDS
Hey! Let us outta here!

The Guards quickly exit, locking the door. Reynolds moves to Cole, touching his face.

COLE
Cassie... where are we?

REYNOLDS
Frost had us moved somewhere. Helix, I think. There are men with guns.

Reynolds helps him to his feet.

COLE
We have to get you out of here.

REYNOLDS
Me? What about you?

COLE
Almost out of time. The System has me splinter in less than an hour.

REYNOLDS
Why not go now?

COLE
Doesn't work like that. I go when the System's ready.

REYNOLDS
Can you go back five hours and get us out of this?

COLE
(shakes his head)
Too precise.

Reynolds slumps against the wall.

REYNOLDS
You're not a very good time machine.

COLE
Yeah, well. Science isn't an exact science.

She checks her watch. Cole removes the OLDER WATCH from the future. He looks at Cassie's.

COLE
I have an idea.

EXT. D.C. METRO POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Aaron paces in the parking lot, on his cell.

AARON
I understand that, sir, but this is the guy from that thing in L.A. with Cassie --

INT. OFFICE

SENATOR CARL ROYCE, thick set, 50s, sitting in a leather smoking chair, holding a scotch. INTERCUT:

ROYCE
You need to let this go, Aaron.

AARON
Senator --

ROYCE
Helix represents millions in campaign funds for this administration, Aaron. Not to mention "other assets," technological, military product.

AARON
That has nothing to do with Cassie! I'm not going to let this go.

ROYCE
Hollingsworth and Helix aren't pressing charges. Police can't do anything.

AARON
Carl, I've worked for you a long time. I could say things here, things I can't take back -- that you wouldn't want people to know. I don't want to do that. But for her, I will.

ROYCE
What do you want from me, Aaron?

AARON
Tell me where to find Helix.

INT. HELIX - HOLDING AREA - LATER

Frost enters. Cole glares at him. Cassie stands.

FROST
Try anything and my men on the other side of this door will respond in a very unpleasant way.
(then)
Please sit. You've traveled far.

They exchange a look and sit. An awkward beat as Frost paces.

FROST
Ever hear of Occam's razor? It's a handy old principle. "All things being equal, the simplest answer is best."
(grins)
Now, in all currently known science, time travel is impossible.

Cole straightens -- *how does he know?*

FROST
But here's the thing, Cole.

He swings a chair around and sits across from Cole.

FROST
I have something science doesn't. A puzzle piece all to myself... You see, I *remember* meeting you in 1987. Seventeen years ago. And you were *older* than you are now.

Oh shit.

REYNOLDS
I don't understand.

FROST
It means he sure gets around. Or <u>will</u> get around. It's all very confusing.
(remembering)
What was it you were looking for again? The... the Army of the Twelve Monkeys. *Right*, that was it. So odd.

REYNOLDS
The Twelve -- ?

Frost laughs, eyeing Cole's confusion.

FROST
Amazing. You don't know who they are yet. But you will.
(excited)
You understand what this means, right? You are evidence that at some point, somewhere, the impossible is made possible. And for some reason, it has to do with *me*.

Frost gets up.

FROST
The question is: What do I do, Cole? Clearly after today's events, you view me as some kind of adversary... your enemy.

Frost's eyes narrow, mouth twisting into a malevolent smile.

FROST
I'm going to burn the world, aren't I? I'm going to do something so monumental that the laws of physics are broken to send you chasing after a mere mention of my name.

Cole clenches his fists. Sweat beads on his forehead.

FROST
And there's nothing you --
(to Reynolds)
-- Or anyone else can do about it.

REYNOLDS
Go to hell.

Frost opens the door; two Guards wait with pistols drawn.

FROST
This isn't personal. You stand in my way, and I have to follow my destiny... which, ironically, I didn't even know I had until now.
(smiles)
Know what they call that? A paradox.

As the men enter...

COLE
Frost.

Cole takes Reynolds' watch out of his pocket, sets it on the table.

COLE
I want to show you what a paradox looks like.

Cole pulls out the OLDER WATCH (the same watch from the future). Holding the leather strap, he sets them on top of each other --

A SHOCKWAVE RIPPLES OUT FROM THE WATCHES.

A DEAFENING CRACK AND A BRIGHT FLASH! EVERYTHING IS FROZEN AS TIME STANDS STILL: FROST WATCHING CURIOUSLY, THE GUARDS POINTING THEIR GUNS. REYNOLDS SITTING ON THE BENCH.

But Cole isn't frozen. He gets out of his chair, moving quickly. He picks up Reynolds, throwing her over his shoulder -- Moves past Frost and the Guards into the HALLWAY. He drops Reynolds and covers her protectively.

IN THE HOLDING ROOM: The watches burn white-hot -- the one from the future DISSOLVING into the one from the present. A low WHINE as their molecules fuse -- growing louder now -- an AUDIBLE COUNTDOWN.

Time starts to catch up. In slow motion, we can see Frost reacting, the Guards' eyes going wide and --

THE ROOM EXPLODES.

Frost and the two Guards BLAST BACKWARDS. Debris vacuums out into the hallway, smashing against Cole as he shields Reynolds.

Then: Time returns to normal.

Reynolds blinks. SPRINKLER SYSTEMS ACTIVATE. One Guard is dead, head smashed against the brick wall. Another groans motionless. Frost lays crumpled in a pile of debris.

REYNOLDS
What... what the hell was that?

COLE
A paradox... a temporal quake.

He gets up, chunks of brick falling off his back.

COLE
No two objects can occupy the same space at the same time without consequences.

REYNOLDS
You knew that was going to happen?

Cole sifts through the wreckage to find her WATCH, unharmed.

COLE
I knew something would happen. I was hoping the metal had corroded enough throughout time to dull the reaction. But it could have been worse.

REYNOLDS
How much worse?

He winces as he helps her up, a broken rib.

COLE
A lot worse.

REYNOLDS
Great.

He gives her the watch.

COLE
Hang onto this, it's going to save our ass again a minute ago.

REYNOLDS
"Again a minute ago?" I don't know if my brain can take this anymore --

CRACK! A GUNSHOT echoes down the hall. Cole sees Frost holding one of the Guards' pistols. He's bleeding and leaning against the wall for support. He tries to take a step but falls.

Cole looks back at Reynolds -- holding her neck, BLOOD streaming through her fingers.

COLE
Cassie!

Frost's bullet grazed her neck. She holds the wound tight.

CRACK! CRACK! On the ground, Frost fires chaotic shots, one hits a pipe, another takes a chunk out of the wall.

REYNOLDS
Cole... do it.

Cole charges toward Frost. CRACK! CRACK! Fighting unconsciousness, Frost squeezes off more RANDOM SHOTS.

Cole kicks him in the face; the gun clatters to the ground. Cole limps over and picks it up.

FROST
(laughs)
You can't kill me. You can't.
(spits blood)
'Cause if you do, there will be no reason for you to come here in the first place.

Cole puts the gun to his head.

COLE
Let's find out.

CRACK! The back of Frost's head blows out.

Cole closes his eyes, waiting for time to erase him from existence.

Silence.

Cole opens his eyes. He looks at Frost -- very much dead. But Cole, is very much still there.

COLE
No. No, no!

The sound of MEN RUNNING from the stairwell.

REYNOLDS
You're still here.

Cole moves to her, shocked and saddened.

COLE
You were right, Cassie. Somehow... somewhere... it only "started with Mason Frost."

As she reaches to touch Cole's scarred face, the STAIRWELL doors burst open.

MEN
Freeze! Don't move.

Cole puts up his hands. Four POLICE OFFICERS approach slowly, guns drawn.

COLE
She needs help, she's hurt.

AARON (O.S.)
Cass!

Aaron pushes past the Police, running to Reynolds.

REYNOLDS
Aaron?

AARON
Get an ambulance down here!

The police throw Cole against the wall and cuff him. The men get on their radios.

REYNOLDS
It's okay. The bullet just grazed my neck. No arterial damage.
(then, to Aaron)
You came for me?

AARON
It's going to be okay, Cass.

Aaron wipes a tear off her cheek. Cole watches them as Police pull him away --

EXT. HELIX - NIGHT

Reynolds sits in the back of an AMBULANCE on a stretcher with Aaron. A MEDIC finishes patching her up. Through the open doors, Reynolds sees Cole being lead into a POLICE CRUISER.

REYNOLDS
Wait! Aaron, I need to speak with Cole.

AARON
Cassie, what is --

REYNOLDS
You can stay. Please, Aaron. If you ever trusted me... ever loved me... give me this.

Aaron considers, then:

AARON
Officer, wait!

Reynolds watches as Aaron steps down, walks over and has Cole brought inside. Reynolds nods to the Officer.

REYNOLDS
Give us a minute?

The Officer looks at Aaron incredulous.

AARON
Just... one sec. Stand right there.

The Medic steps out of the ambulance. Aaron helps Cole into the back and closes the doors.

INT. AMBULANCE

COLE
I only have a few seconds, Cassie.

REYNOLDS
Cole... where do we go from here?

COLE
I don't know. I'll go forward, see what I can find... then backtrack. Must be someone associated with Frost... or...
(remembering)
The Army of the Twelve Monkeys.

He leans close to her.

COLE
I'll find them, Cassie.... and I'll make this right. I promise. Thanks. For everything.

REYNOLDS
(smiles)
Anytime.

She laughs lightly at her phrasing, then:

REYNOLDS
Any. Time. You hear me?

She kisses him on the cheek. Aaron shifts uncomfortably. Then Cole takes a big step away from them:

COLE
See you around, Dr. Reynolds.

And as he smiles back at her -- COLE'S BODY EXPLODES IN A BALL OF WHITE LIGHT, HIS ATOMS DISSOLVING OUTWARD, spiraling around them. Then a blinding light and the sound of BREAKING GLASS as the ambulance windows shatter.

Cole is gone.

AARON
What the hell? What was --

The Officer yanks the ambulance doors OPEN.

OFFICER
What happened?!

Aaron is speechless as Police rush the vehicle, shouting, some with guns drawn.

OFFICER
Sir, where is he?! Sir?!

Reynolds raises an eyebrow at Aaron.

REYNOLDS
Yeah. Have fun with that.

She can't help but give him a satisfied smile. She lays back on the stretcher, chuckling quietly.

OFF Aaron's shock...

INT. HELIX, OLIVER'S LAB - MORNING

Oliver stands before a bank of video screens. On each is a variation of MAGNIFIED CELLS labeled SUBJECT 721: "COLE".

Oliver speaks into a DICTAPHONE.

OLIVER
Cellular footage of test subject Cole. No last name. I had previously believed the unknown bacteria found in his blood to be dormant.

He hits another button on the remote, starting the other screen, "CONTROL SAMPLE: TYPE 0." Footage of round red cells floating with blue jagged cells.

OLIVER
I extracted the bacteria and had it placed within sterile human tissue.

The jagged cells begin to latch onto the circular ones, combining and CHANGING into a new kind of cell.

OLIVER
In most cases, the cell is destroyed. But in an isolated few, the dormant bacteria induces a change... a staggering cellular transformation.
(stands, wheels turning)
It surpasses *any* known biological agent. The destructive potential here... is massive.

ON THE SCREEN: A NEW WHITE CELL, TWISTED AND UGLY.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - **THE FUTURE**

A haunting image of the abandoned city. WIND BLOWS. We SINK INTO the ground --

-- Deeper, PAST the vast sewage and pipe systems TO:

INT. AUSTERE CHAMBER

Empty and dark. No sign of the scientists and doctors SEEN EARLIER. Then --

A FLASH OF LIGHT as THE INVESTIGATION WALL illuminates and the air crackles with energy.

REVEAL -- Cole, having just returned from the past.

He falls to his knees, coughing.

COLE
Hello?

Cole gets to his feet, wiping sweat from his brow.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Cole's footsteps echoing off the concrete walls as he walks through the corridor.

COLE
Anyone here? I'm back.

Absolute silence. A rat scurries away in the distance.

He moves down the hall when he steps in a puddle. Cole looks down for an instant and reels backward -- It's BLOOD.

He hears a rustling from down the corridor.

Cole starts into a run -- rounding the corner into:

INT. DARK LABORATORY

Equipment lights blink quietly, SCREENS hum. On the floor:

The Scientist and the Doctor lie face down, blood pooling beneath them.

COLE
No. No, no, no.

Cole frantically turns them over -- <u>their throats are cut</u>.

He quickly scanning the room.

Someone WHEEZES.

Cole moves around a work station to find the Thin Woman, holding a gash in her neck, blood trickling through her fingers.

THIN WOMAN
Cole...

Then there is a rush of movement as someone grabs Cole, crashing him to a bank of monitors -- GLASS SHATTERING.

Cole clutches his attacker's wrist just as a jagged DAGGER comes at his throat. It's:

The Gray-Eyed Man.

Cole smashes the Man's hand into broken glass, cutting him.

The Man cries out, dropping the dagger. They grapple. The Man elbows Cole's face. Once. Twice. Again. Finally:

Dazed, Cole slips backward.

The Man makes a break for it, running into the Corridor.

Cole picks up the dagger and launches after him into:

INT. CORRIDOR

Cole chases the Man, whipping through dark hallways.

The Man slips on the pool of blood, giving Cole the edge he needs so he can --

-- Smash the Man into the wall, dagger to his throat.

Both are out of breath and bleeding.

COLE
Why?!

GRAY EYED MAN
We needed to know if it would work. If a man could move through time. And now that we know... we have to stop you.

COLE
"We?" Who are you?

GRAY-EYED MAN
The Army of the Twelve Monkeys. We're the future... and we won't be erased.

The air starts crackling with energy -- he shoves Cole back.

COLE
No!

The Man begins to atomize. Through the flurry of particles, at the last moment:

GRAY-EYED MAN
We'll see you back there, Cole.

CRACK! Cole is thrown backwards by the blast of energy.

The corridor is dark again...

...and he is alone.

OFF Cole, determined...

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END