

12 MONKEYS
"Pilot"

by
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Inspired by the film written by
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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.

FOUR FIGURES walk down the road, slowly, with caution. They wear CLEAR VISORS with breathing apparatus. One in faded CAMOUFLAGE, another in black fatigues, a slender WOMAN in makeshift body armor, and:

The MAN in the center, 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.

The woman -- MAX, 30s -- nods to:

MAX

Cole.

He turns toward a DARK CORNER, eyeing it 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." One of the men -- RAMSE, 40s -- takes out a jagged knife.

RAMSE

Still sealed. Might be breathable.

Ramse and the man in BLACK fatigues slice through the plastic as Cole and Max pry open the steel door behind it, entering the LAB just beyond.

Max checks a gauge marked AIR with needle in the green.

MAX

We're clean.

Cole pulls his helmet off and takes a breath. Then nods.

COLE

Save your air. Long trip back.

The others remove their helmets, take a breath.

COLE

She's here somewhere.

MAX

How do you know?

COLE

I know.

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.

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.

Black reaches to open the door --

COLE

Wait -- could be Scavengers --

-- A PALE-SKINNED MAN bursts forth. Teeth bared, a milky white eyes.

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

COLE

Damn it!

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

CLOSE ON COLE. Guilt and sorrow partially obscured by the heat waves of the flames.

MAX

Cole, it's alright.

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

RAMSE

Had to be done. No choice.

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.

MAX

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.

RAMSE
What is it? Cole.

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 does 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 have 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 kind of crazy 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 are you doing this --
(worried)
Did you drug me?

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. The same nick he carved in the present-day
watch is now on the older one.

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 raises the knife. She flinches -- still wary. But he only starts cutting her free, his face inches away from hers.

His eyes soften as he looks at her. She sees it and holds his gaze 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. You need help!

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 dark-haired, refined-looking woman in a black lab coat peers at him. This is JONES, 50s. The lead scientist.

JONES

The System is part of you now, Cole. We tried to adjust the relay, but your cells have already taken to the process.

A DOCTOR with RED-TINTED GLASSES works some equipment:

DOCTOR

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

JONES

-- Splintering will be painful. Push through it. I'm sending you to Los Angeles first, then New York. A week each jump -- Find him, Cole. Find Mason Frost.

Cole looks 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 just underneath the layers of documents, peeking out just in view, a PHOTO. PUSH IN ON:

A BLACK, GNARLED, FOUR-FINGERED HAND.

Cole stares at this for a moment. What could that be?

Ramse enters -- Cole's broad-shouldered partner from the beginning. Max behind him. As Jones and the Doctor work some equipment, they approach Cole:

RAMSE
The first man through time.
Congratulations.

MAX
You're making history.

RAMSE
Then unmaking it.

JONES
Stand back. Fifteen seconds...

MAX
(smiles)
Good luck, Cole.

But Ramse eyes him coldly. Until:

JONES
When you open your eyes, you'll be
in the past.

Jones 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. 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. 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 an 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 Scavengers.

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 Jones and 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.
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, Jones and Max.

From the other side of the room, a pensive Ramse watches.

REYNOLDS

So why did you come for me?

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

COLE

In 2014, 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
 "MARKRIDGE" -- with a DNA-strand logo.

REYNOLDS

Markridge 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. Markridge 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 at Markridge --
it's way beyond that now. Government
contract or not... creating this
kind of pathogen...

FROST

It'll never see the light of day.
They just want the option, Matt.
Keeps their bio-warfare budget
flowing. Which puts your kids through
college --

SWINSBURG

Mason! If something slipped through
the cracks -- into the wrong hands,
college will be last on my list of
worries.

Frost leans back, defeated.

FROST

It would be catastrophic. You're
right about that.

His hands shaking, Swinsburg sets his coffee down.

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 you say that.

Mason eyes the coffee 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.
 This new strain is so aggressive --

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

Swinsburg pours coffee into a mug and heads back:

INT. LIVING ROOM

SWINSBURG
 Not in your 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. But Markridge is my
 company. Built her from the ground
 up.

SWINSBURG
 I'm not blowing the whistle, Mason.

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

FROST
I know you're not, Matthew.

Swinsburg's face TWITCHES as he jerks up, hand to his throat. He wheezes and looks at his cup -- Frost confirms his suspicion with a nod.

FROST
It's one of yours.

Frost pulls a small, empty vial from his jacket.

FROST
Seraphim 7. Fast and untraceable. Honestly, a work of art. It'll look like that arrhythmia finally got the best of you.

Swinsburg slumps into the sofa, eyes to the ceiling.

FROST
I'm so very sorry about this, Matthew. I know the pain is excruciating.
(leans in, jaw tight)
But I've worked my whole life for this. I can't let you take it from me. It's just business.

Tears stream from Swinsburg's still eyes as the WHEEZING STOPS. Frost studies him a moment longer.

INT. KITCHEN

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

FROST
Just business. That's all.

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 Jones pushes a needle into his neck. Ramse and Max watch from afar as the scientists rush around powering up patchwork temporal equipment.

JONES

Hold still, you're about to leave us. The pain will be terrible, but only temporary.

RAMSE

(to Max)

Here we are, witness to our own execution. Erased from existence.

Max cocks her head at him.

MAX

If Cole succeeds and changes time -- it's not an execution for us, Ramse. It's mercy.

RAMSE

Is it?

Cole's eyes go wide as his hand begins to dematerialize -- the ATOMS swirling. Jones and the scientists step back.

JONES

Godspeed, Cole.

Cole screams in agony as he starts to disintegrate.

But before he does, he sees Ramse watching him from across the room --

Ramse 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.

(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 Markridge 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.
 (MORE)

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
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, reacts to the sight of Cole.

FROST

You...

Cole reaches for his gun.

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. MARKRIDGE - 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. MARKRIDGE - 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. But
programmed to do what is the question.

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

INT. MARKRIDGE - 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. A Markridge facility, 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

Markridge 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 Markridge 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 Markridge.

INT. MARKRIDGE - 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."

(a smile)

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 "currently known" science doesn't. A puzzle piece all to myself. I *remember* meeting you in 1987. Seventeen years ago. And you looked exactly the same as you do today.

Oh shit.

REYNOLDS

I don't understand.

FROST

It means Cole here sure gets around. Or will get around. It's all very confusing. So this must be that girl you talked about.

This surprises Reynolds. Frost smiles, enjoying this.

FROST

(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 shakes his head, eyeing Cole's confusion.

FROST

Amazing. You don't know who they are yet. But you will.

(excited)

You understand what this means, right?

(MORE)

FROST (CONT'D)

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.

(leans in)

Tell me.

His eyes narrow.

FROST

Tell me what I do that is so monumental that the laws of physics are broken to send you chasing after... after what? A mere mention of my name?

Cole clenches his fists. Sweat beads on his forehead.

FROST

No? Well, what ever it is, it doesn't appear that --

(considers, then smiles)

Doesn't appear that you can stop me.

REYNOLDS

Go to hell.

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

FROST

This isn't personal. It's just business. You stand in my way, and I have to follow my destiny... which, ironically, I didn't even know I had until just now.

(snaps his finger)

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

Seen it before. Your watch -- in the Future -- had corroded enough. It dulled the reaction. 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. MARKRIDGE - 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.

REYNOLDS

Who are they?

COLE

I don't know. Yet.

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. MARKRIDGE, 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 viral stain 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

His cells were, miraculously, in stasis. But I extracted the strain and had it placed within sterile human tissue. Those cells were destroyed, almost instantly.

The jagged cells begin to latch onto the circular ones, blackening them.

OLIVER

And that's when I realized, I've seen this strain before.

(MORE)

OLIVER (CONT'D)
 It's one of ours. One of Mason's.
 I checked the inventory...

He calls up security footage.

OLIVER
 All accounted for. Safe and sound.

Off the chilling image of thousands of VIALS of the very plague that will one day end the world...

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 as scientists rush to him, holding a makeshift breather to his face. A doctor jabs his arm with a needle.

Cole looks up to see Jones, arms crossed. She shakes her head disappointed.

JONES
 Welcome back.

Ramse pushes through the scientists and helps Cole to his feet. Max watches from across the room - relieved he's alive.

COLE
 Ramse...

RAMSE
 I got you.

JONES
 Did you find him, Cole? Did you find Mason Frost.

COLE
 I found him.

JONES

Then you failed in your mission to eliminate him before he released the plague.

COLE

He's dead.

Jones cocks her head.

COLE

We were wrong.

(then)

You were wrong. It never began with Mason Frost. It didn't end their either.

Cole starts across the room, the crowd of scientistS parts as he makes his way to the evidence wall - towards the black, gnarled hand. The one he saw before.

COLE

He was never acting alone. There were others. There were always others.

He yanks several pieces of paper from the wall, photos etc, dropping them to the floor.

JONES

Who?

Cole's tearing at them now, revealing a picture that had been an early part of evidence.

JONES

Cole, who helped him destroy the world?

He tears the last piece off and steps back to look at what he's revealed: A large PHOTO of a wall in the ruins of a city. Crudely sprayed on it, is a SYMBOL -- its crimson paint peeling.

Twelve dancing monkeys in a circle.

Like the face of a watch. Surreal.

OFF Cole and the team looking at this mysterious and ominous symbol.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END