

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

Untitled Screenplay

Written by

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First Draft

UNTITLED SCI-FI SERIES 1X01 - "PILOT"

WRITTEN BY CIARÁN GRAHAM

MAIN CAST

GORDON SOPHOES.....Karl Urban
TRISSA CANNING.....Kristen Bell
JEREMY 'ANDERS' ANDERSON..Jeff Hephner
ABBY LOCKMAN.....Lily Collins
JACE GUNNER.....Sam Palladio
CARRIE DUNN.....Katie Holmes
ADRIAN CASTOR.....Robert Patrick
ELSBETH SCARROW.....Sigourney Weaver

GUEST CAST

CHAFF.....Kurt Caceres
AZAZEL.....Joe Nieves
RACK.....Shawn Reaves
HARTLEY.....Dianna Agron
HAL DOMINIC.....Lance Gross
LYLE STEENBURGEN....Patrick J. Adams
AGENT DAYTON.....Terry O'Quinn
MIRANDA GRACE.....Summer Glau

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. GORDON'S CHILDHOOD HOME - MAIN HALL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

ON THE STAIRCASE:

We are looking through the wooden bars at the wall behind. We hear creaking, and then slowly, a YOUNG BOY comes into frame, the bars casting shadows across his face. His name is GORDON SOPHOES - 8, brown hair, short for his age. We hear yelling in the background, muffled:

MR. SOPHOES (O.S.)
Would you get her out of the house
already!

MRS. SOPHOES (O.S.)
It's not that simple! What'll we
say when they come looking for
her?!

MIRANDA (O.S.)
Stop it, you two, you'll wake
Gordon up!

MRS. SOPHOES (O.S.)
Would you stop acting like you're
his mother? **I'M** his mother, you're
lucky we haven't kicked-- don't you
walk away from me!

PAN DOWN into the hall, as the kitchen door at the end of the hall flies open and a WOMAN stalks out, slamming it behind her. She's crying silently, and as she wipes her tears away, we see her face. She is 28, tall, thin, pretty. Her name is MIRANDA GRACE. As the muffled arguing continues in the background, Miranda catches sight of Gordon, looking at her wide-eyed. She hastily wipes her face again and slowly ascends the stairs, sitting down next to him halfway up the steps.

MIRANDA
(smiling)
Hey, slugger. You're supposed to be
in bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG GORDON
You and Mom were fighting again.

Miranda is thrown by his words.

MIRANDA
(light)
I didn't throw any punches this
time, I swear.

Gordon isn't amused. Miranda sighs and puts her arm around
his shoulders.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
Gordon, you're gonna hear some
things about me. Bad things. And I
won't be around to tell you they
aren't true. So I need you to
remember, no matter what: what they
say about me is **not true**. Okay?

YOUNG GORDON
Where are you going?

MIRANDA
Just... away. But I'll be back.
It'll be awhile, but I'll be back.
Now: what's our rule?

YOUNG GORDON
"Punch first, ask questions later."

Miranda laughs, ruffles his hair.

MIRANDA
I've taught you well, my little
demon child. Now go on, bed.

She pulls him into a quick hug, then Gordon stands.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Quietly. Like we're playing Ninja.

Gordon nods, turns and creeps silently up the stairs.
Miranda smiles after him, but the moment he turns the corner
of the landing and out of sight, it fades. She pushes
herself off the stairs and rushes to the coatrack. She
throws a brown leather jacket over her shoulders and quietly
opens the front door. But with one foot out, she freezes.
She looks down at

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HER WRIST

We see a bracelet, woven from thin brown leather. A BEAT, as Miranda looks pensive, and then she slips it off and throws it lightly onto the phone table and walks out the door, not looking back.

CLOSE ON

The abandoned bracelet.

FADE TO:

EXT. GYRONICA - NIGHT (PRESENT) - ESTABLISHING

A traditional, urban city, illuminated by windows, street lights and neon signs. It is not dissimilar to New York, with towering skyscrapers and bustling civilians during the day.

TITLE READS: **2102, THE PLANET GYRONICA**

INT. GYRONICA HALL OF RECORDS - FIRST CORRIDOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A lowly corridor, dark, desolate.

ON WINDOW

As a hand from outside quietly sticks a flat, round, red contraption in the centre. A red jewel in the centre begins flashing, and as it does, blood-red liquid begins to leak from the jewel. It immediately dribbles to the bottom of the window frame, but then it begins to navigate up and around, in a square, and then the entire outline of the window is a deep red. The hand returns to view and gives the glass a small push. It releases from the wall and THE GLASS FLOATS OUT, midair, allowing the hand's owner, shrouded in shadows, to land softly on the linoleum floor.

INT. GYRONICA HALL OF RECORDS - SECOND CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

As the shape darts down the hall, through the shadows, his face never coming into focus. He slows as he reaches a door at the corridor's end, marked "For Senior Personnel Only".

ON THE MAN'S HAND, as he slowly reaches it out, the fingertips of his glove glowing red, tech to break through--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He YANKS it back as an ALARM starts whirring. In a flash, a pillar of purple light erupts from the ground and traps the man in a sphere of light. The lights come on overhead, and three armed guards appear out of nowhere.

GUARD #1
Hands up, turn around!

ON the back of the man's head, as he raises his arms.

GORDON
Okay, officers...

He turns around, and we meet the dark-haired, roguishly-handsome mug of GORDON SOPHOES.

GORDON (CONT'D)
(smug)
Take me to your leader.

The FOCUS SHIFTS from the man's face and we notice his wrist. He's wearing a BROWN LEATHER BRACELET, identical to the one from twenty-two years ago.

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. GPD HQ - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A traditional police precinct interrogation room, sparsely decorated with a table, two chairs and a one-way mirror. Gordon is sitting in one of the chairs, hands shackled, feet on table. He glances around at his surroundings for a beat before the door opens and Agent Dayton - 50s, bored, balding - steps in, file in hand. He shuts the door and sits at the table, glancing at Gordon's elevated feet with disdain. He flips open the file.

AGENT DAYTON
Gordon Kal Sophoes. Born 2072,
licensed police officer in '93.
Notable for six - excuse me,
seven - complaints of excessive
force on the job... married 2098--
I'm sorry, it says you filed for
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT DAYTON (cont'd)
divorce, but she's still listed as
your wife?

GORDON
Oh yeah, see I filled out the form,
but I got like super busy. I still
have it in a drawer at home
somewhere.

AGENT DAYTON
I see. Anyway, despite a few black
marks to your name, you've mostly
stayed under the radar. That is,
until you broke into the Gyronica
Hall of Records in the middle of
the night.

GORDON
(shrugs)
If there was any other way to do
it...

AGENT DAYTON
The records are for public viewing.

GORDON
Not the important stuff.

AGENT DAYTON
Care to explain yourself?

GORDON
I was off duty, and I saw some
officers handling a crime-in-
progress. So, I kindly decided to
check the perimeter for other signs
of violence, and the Hall of
Records was in the perimeter.

AGENT DAYTON
It was seven blocks away.

GORDON
I'm thorough, shoot me!

AGENT DAYTON
Mr. Sophoes, what was it you were
really looking--

GORDON
(interrupting)
So am I be arrested, or...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT DAYTON

No. The Board has voted, and what you did wasn't technically **breaking** the law, so much as bending it a ridiculous amount. A two-month paid suspension should do it, after which point you'll be on desk duty before a hearing is held.

Agent Dayton stands and walks to the door. He freezes as he puts his hand on the handle and turns back to Gordon.

AGENT DAYTON

Gordon? Don't throw it all away. Not like she did.

And with that, Dayton leaves. ON GORDON, looking thoughtful...

EXT. DOWNTOWN GYRONICA - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A similar-enough business district to the previous area, if not as clean or crime-free. On a tall, paint-chipped brick building.

Title reads: 2 MONTHS LATER

INT. PANTHEON PRESS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A buzzing, bustling newspaper office of old. Cramped spaces, numerous desks, dozens of journalists milling about, framed covers on the wall. Through the orderly chaos, we CLOSE on a desk dead in the centre. Sitting at it, two-fingered-typing rapidly is CARRIE DUNN. She's 28, brunette, thin and composed. Shirt with rolled-up sleeves and slacks, sensible shoes. She stops typing, tucks a strand of hair behind her ear and puts her face in her hands.

HAL (O.S.)

Having fun?

Her head shoots up. Standing over her is Hal - 30, cheap suit, ever-so-slightly her superior. He is holding out a cup of coffee. She smiles and takes it.

CARRIE

"Kitten Chases Butterfly For Four Blocks". We are truly living in a Golden Age.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAL

You can't make this stuff up. To be honest, I kind of miss the typing pool.

CARRIE

Oh, of course: we can't all be Junior Editor. Remind me why I've been stuck with the fresh meat for six years without one promotion?

HAL

Well, you have pissed off a powerful figure or three in your time.

CARRIE

Come on, Hal. Be a Saint and get me a decent story.

A moment, as Hal thinks it over.

HAL

(sighs)

There's one. I think you know it. The Time Travelling Police Division?

CARRIE

Jesus, Hal, that's an urban legend. There's seriously nothing better?

HAL

I'm sorry Carrie: it's either the urban legend or the misadventures of Simpkins the Cat.

A beat. Then, Carrie sighs.

CARRIE

(through gritted teeth)

Give me the file.

INT. GPD HQ - PRECINCT - DAY

A dingy police precinct, moulding wallpaper and lazy overhead fan. There are several desks where a few hotshot young officers are kicking back or going over case files. It's one of many wings of the vast Gyronica Police Department Headquarters. We follow Gordon as he strides in and gives a brief scan of his surroundings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

From a group of four officers surrounding a desk, having some banter, one - late twenties, blonde - catches sight of Gordon. She jumps up and hurries to him.

HARTLEY

Mr. Sophoes!

(holds out hand)

Detective Hartley. They told me you'd be coming.

Gordon raises an eyebrow at her hand. Doesn't shake it.

GORDON

Yeah, so, they told me some detective would be in charge of me.

HARTLEY

Do you remember their name?

GORDON

Uh, it was something with a H. Hughes or--

HARTLEY

Hartley?

GORDON

Yeah, I think it was...

He trails off and glances at her. Hartley nods slowly.

HARTLEY

Yep.

GORDON

Hartley? What's your first name?

HARTLEY

Detective.

GORDON

(sighs)

Fine, so, is there some cold case you've stuck me with or something?

HARTLEY

Um... could you get me some coffee?

A beat, as Gordon stares at her, "seriously"?

HARTLEY

Two sugars please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And she skips out of frame.

INT. GPD HQ - FIRST CORRIDOR

A suited agent pushes open a door, strides through it and walks on out of frame. We stay on the door as it closes slowly, but stops an inch from the frame with a THUD.

PAN DOWN to reveal a foot holding the door open.

The foot pushes the door open and there's Gordon. He hops into the corridor and continues walking, obviously not supposed to be here. As he walks out of frame,

PAN UP to reveal a sign above the door: RESTRICTED AREA: AUTHORISED PERSONNEL ONLY.

INT. GPD HQ - SECOND CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Gordon turns the opposite corner to the suit. It's not much of a corridor, only a few metres stretching towards a single, grey door. Next to the door is a scanner, for handprints. Gordon looks slightly mystified, but nevertheless steps forward to examine it. It reads "Authorisation Required: Please Scan For Identification".

GORDON
(quietly)
Well this looks important...

Slowly, like he's expecting sirens at any minute, Gordon places his hand on the scanner. There's a light humming, worry shows on Gordon's face...

And then the scanner dings. The door clicks open. Gordon takes one last look over his shoulder, and steps inside.

INT. THE HUB - MAIN FLOOR

Gordon steps in and is immediately taken aback by his surroundings. It's a huge room, high ceiling, all sleek blacks and metals, numerous computers and desks cover three railed-off levels, with some entrances branching-off to offices or corridors. A high-tech precinct that makes the other one look ancient. Gordon's eyes begin to fall down, reaching his own level.

And slap-bang in the middle, sitting at a desk with her back to him, is the form of a girl, hunched over a computer,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

fingers tapping at the keyboard rapidly. No one else, just her and Gordon.

GORDON

Hello?

She stops typing, and the last key tap echoes slightly. Slowly, she swivels her chair around to face them. She's twenty-four, with dark hair that frames her face in light waves, a simple T-Shirt with a mini-skirt and her omnipresent boots, dressed more like a college student than an agent of the government. We'll come to know her as ABBY LOCKMAN - but for now, let's call her BERNICE.

She and Gordon lock eyes. For a moment, her expression is blank, but then she smiles.

"BERNICE"

(brightly)

Hey there! Are you the maintenance guy? Thank God, the security system's been acting crazy all day.

She jumps up from her chair and rushes to greet him.

"BERNICE"

I'm Bernice, the secretary. The tech box is over there.

Gordon is visibly confused, but there's clearly stuff to investigate. He'll play along. He goes where she indicates, a fuse box-esque device on the wall nearby. He clicks it open and states at the wires blankly.

GORDON

Uh, yeah. These are definitely... in need of fixing...

Gordon jumps as a siren whirs loudly, a voice booming:

INTERCOM

Attention, intruder alert.
Unregistered life form has passed
through security parameters.
Repeat, unregistered--

Bernice taps a few keys on her keyboard hurriedly, and the voice and sirens disappear.

"BERNICE"

Sorry. Like I said, security's real wonky. So:

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"BERNICE" (cont'd)
(re: security box)
Can you see the problem?

Gordon looks back at the tangle of wires and switches.

GORDON
Well, uh, I think your, um, Sophoes
fuse is loose...

WHAM! Gordon yelps and falls to his knees, clutching his head. A beat, and he removes one of his hands, stares at the blood on his palm. He looks up to see Bernice towering over him, eyes wide and panting, clutching--

GORDON
A keyboard? You hit me with a
keyboard?

"BERNICE"
(defensive)
Well I was kind of put on the spot!

Gordon staggers to his feet.

GORDON
Listen, lady, I just--

EXTREME CLOSE UP:

On the back of Gordon's skull...

As the barrel of a gun presses into it.

PAN ACROSS:

To reveal the owner. She's 28, brownish-blond hair, decked in a leather jacket and skinny jeans like she's ready to jump onto a motorcycle, beautiful but stern. This is TRISSA CANNING.

TRISSA
Knees.

GORDON
Um... what about them?

TRISSA
Get on them.

Gordon sighs, but obliges. Abby shrinks back against the desk. The blonde doesn't move her gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRISSA
How'd you get in here?

GORDON
The security system was going
haywire.

TRISSA
I know that. But that scanner is
state-of-the-art, it wouldn't
matter if the city had been
levelled.

GORDON
Should you really be discussing
such desirable information with
someone who probably isn't even an
officer--

TRISSA
Gordon Sophoes. We knew who you
were the minute you stepped foot in
the door.

GORDON
(worried)
"We"?

TRISSA
Look behind you, Agent Sophoes.

Gordon's face slackens, worry in his eyes. Slowly, gingerly,
Gordon turns his head.

To find no one there.

GORDON
There's nobody--

And Trissa pistol-whips him across the back of the head,
sending poor Gordon back to the floor. Trissa taps a button
on her watch and lifts it to her lips.

TRISSA
(into comm)
I'm clear. The hostile is alone.

And the instant she finishes, from every solitary opening in
the Hub, emerges a figure in black body armour, dozens of
them pointing rifles at Gordon's head.

GORDON
Huh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

From the main door (through which Gordon entered) comes an imposing figure, flanked by two of the armoured guards. He's a worn-looking man in his fifties with an aura of authority and a decorated career in violence. Decked in camo-pants, ragged boots and a tight-fitting, authoritative black t-shirt, ADRIAN CASTOR makes his way into the Hub. He immediately bypasses Gordon and heads straight to--

ADRIAN

Trissa?

TRISSA

He's solo. The security flag was right, he's Sophoes.

Trissa's brow furrows as she notices Abby, leaning at her desk, pale.

TRISSA

Abby? You good?

ABBY

(no)

Yep. A is for awesome...

Gordon, ignoring the abundance of guns aimed at his skull, staggers to his feet and holds up his arms.

GORDON

Woahwoahwaitwoahwoah: I would like some goddamn answers. Chief among them:

(beat)

Who's Bernice?

Quick as a flash, one of the guards steps forward, and as he lifts his gun above Gordon's head to knock him out cold,

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. THE HUB - ELSBETH'S OFFICE - DAY (LATER)

ANGLE ON: Close-up of a pair of grey eyes, brow furrowed suspiciously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

Close-up of a pair of green eyes, brow just as furrowed, just as suspicious.

WIDEN to reveal Gordon, Trissa and another man - ANDERS thirties, burly, imposing - in a spacious, pristine office, Gordon in an armchair and Anders against the wall with Trissa by his side. We realise the eyes belong to the two men.

GORDON

I don't like you.

Anders shrugs, takes his handgun from his holster and inspects it with little interest.

ANDERS

(deadpan)

You were causing distress. I feared for my safety and the safety of others.

GORDON

(to Trissa)

'You believe this guy?

TRISSA

You're right. I should side with the suspended cop who "just stumbled" into a high-security facili--

Everyone falls silent as the door swings open. In swoops ELSBETH SCARROW, a woman in her sixties, decked in black with matching gloves, giving off an aura of class. Adrian follows her in and shuts the door, joining Anders and Trissa, now standing to attention. Gordon sits up a little straighter as Elsbeth sits in her chair.

ELSBETH

I had to leave a meeting about department sanitation for this. I don't know whether to thank you or not.

GORDON

(smiling)

Cash prices are accepted.

(at Elsbeth's look)

Too soon?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELSBETH

I'm sorry, detective: did you just make a joke?

GORDON

Um, no, ma'am--

ELSBETH

Because of course an officer of the law such as yourself would realise how inappropriate that would be in this situation. Even one stupid enough to break into a secure sector of a government building on the SAME DAY he returns after a suspension for breaking into a goddamn government building in the first place. So I'll ask you again: did you make a JOKE, detective?

Gordon swallows.

GORDON

No, ma'am.

ELSBETH

Good. It's a shame, though, I love a good limerick. Anyway, if it were up to me, you'd be stuffed and mounted on my wall right about now. But it's not. You must have a guardian angel, Mr. Sophoes, or you just a talent for evading crappy situations.

GORDON

So I'm not being arrested?

ELSBETH

No. In fact, you've been offered a position as a consultant for this task force.

ANDERS

WHAT--?!

Trissa puts a firm grip on his wrist, but she's clearly screaming inside.

ADRIAN

Elsbeth, with respect--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELSBETH

Oh, Adrian, we know that's not your style. Now why don't you be a good sport and fill Mr. Sophoes in on the Veronica Projects?

TRISSA

Elsbeth, I'm sorry, but I could probably get arrested for naming my child Veronica, and you're going to tell the whole thing to someone who may as well be a civilian?

ELSBETH

Would you like to see the paperwork, Agent Canning? It was about as tall as I am, but I got the gist, and that gist said "tell Gordon Sophoes anything and everything." Adrian, if you please?

Adrian sighs and steps in front of Gordon.

ADRIAN

People travel in time. Yes?

GORDON

Sure. Except it's about the most illegal thing there is.

ADRIAN

Yes, well, criminals do it. We do it to stop them.

GORDON

Haha no you don't.

Adrian smiles like he wants to put Gordon's head through a wall.

ADRIAN

Uh... yes, we do.

GORDON

Uh, no. You don't.

ADRIAN

Yes, we--

TRISSA

This could go on for awhile, boys...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDON

Look, I'm not stupid. I know that to Warp you need a Redder, and they rip holes in the Terra Formations.

TRISSA

Wow, a whole one of those things was true...

GORDON

You wanna explain that?

TRISSA

Redders do tear the Terra Formations. But you don't NEED them for Warping. And yeah, you are an idiot--

ADRIAN

What Trissa is trying to say is that we have other methods.

(to Elsbeth)

Good enough?

ELSBETH

It'll do. Now we'll debrief Mr. Sophoes and introduce him to the rest of his task force in the morning. Trissa, you'll partner with him in the field.

TRISSA

(outraged)

Elsbeth, I--

ELSBETH

--am an employee of yours and am ready and willing to follow orders? Wonderful. Go, all of you.

Anders and Adrian file out. Trissa stares daggers at Gordon, who smiles goofily. She turns and opens the door, letting it fly back inches from Gordon's face as she stalks out.

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door opens and Carrie swoops in, closes it, leans against it with her eyes closed. Hard day. She sighs, clearly worn.

LYLE (O.S.)

It's TACO NIGHT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Despite it all: she smiles. She walks through the hall into the spacious living area of a nice high-rise apartment, too nice for a journalist salary. Carrie's fiancé, LYLE - same age, awkwardly handsome, the kind you'd bring home to mom and dad - stands triumphantly over the dinner table, where tacos have been expertly cooked and laid.

CARRIE
(amused)
It's Tuesday.

Lyle's face falls.

LYLE
What?

CARRIE
Taco day is Thursday. Today's Tuesday.

LYLE
Seriously?

CARRIE
(laughing)
Yes!

LYLE
And here I thought you were the overworked one.

Carrie collapses on the couch.

CARRIE
I got a story.

LYLE
You did? That's great!

CARRIE
It's the time cop urban legend.

A beat, as Lyle's excitement is replaced by fake excitement.

LYLE
That's... wow, a real story,
that's--

Carrie moans and lies back on the couch. Lyle rushes to her side and yanks her back up by the arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYLE

Waitwaitwaitwait okay, I'm sorry. I shouldn't be supportive here, I should be...?

CARRIE

Mad.

LYLE

Yes, MAD, that's what I am. God, I'm, I'm so mad, I could just EAT SOME TACOS or something crazy... like that...

Carrie can't make it through his tirade without smiling. She playfully chucks a cushion at him and lies back down.

INT. THE HUB - THE NEXT DAY

Gordon comes in the same entrance he did yesterday, looks around cautiously to make sure he won't be swarmed again. The place is bustling now, with suits and physical types jumping from desk to desk with something of the utmost importance. TRISSA swoops in like a hawk, takes him by the arm and starts walking.

TRISSA

We're over here. Don't do anything to make them hate you more than they already do.

They reach a desk, Abby's desk from yesterday. The owner herself is there, chatting amiably with a new face (JACE, twenties, wiry, doesn't get outside much), Anders leaning against the desk, stony-faced once Gordon and Trissa enter view. Abby and Jace shut up. Abby jumps to her feet on reflex.

TRISSA

Everybody, Gordon. Our **consultant**. You know Abby--

ABBY

Vague memories...

TRISSA

And you've met Anders.

ANDERS

He has?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDON
I'm the guy you hit with a rifle?

A beat.

ANDERS
Could you be more specific?

TRISSA
Anders, heel. This is Jace Gunner,
our tech expert.

Jace nervously shakes Gordon's hand with enthusiasm.

JACE
Hey, big fan.

TRISSA
So we've been working this case,
local crooks suspected of using
Redders to transport shipments. Of
what, we don't know, or where to.

GORDON
That's it? That's what you have?

ANDERS
Funny thing about criminals: they
don't really blog about their
crimes.

GORDON
Have you tried hitting the streets?
You said this thing was local, why
don't you ask around the lowlifes?

TRISSA
I hate to keep spelling things out
for you, Detective, but "lowlifes"
don't really like cops that much.

GORDON
Correction: they don't like most
cops.

EXT. GYRONICA STREET - DAY (LATER)

Gordon and Trissa walk down a grimy, graffitied street in a not-nice part of town. She's looking anywhere but at him.

GORDON
So what's your deal?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRISSA

"My deal"? Do you always talk like a teenager asking me to buy him booze?

GORDON

Only when I'm awake. You seem pretty tight with those guys, who've you known the longest?

TRISSA

Adrian. Great, can we shut up now?

GORDON

Let me guess: daddy's military friend, surrogate uncle?

TRISSA

Take out every word except daddy and you'll be onto something...

GORDON

He's your dad? Don't you have different last names?

TRISSA

He's Castor, my mother was Canning. Now I'm Canning. I didn't want people to treat me differently, which is exactly what's happening now.

GORDON

Then why'd you tell me?

TRISSA

Because you're probably aggressively persistent. And I doubt you'll last long around here.

Gordon looks ready for a witty retort before something catches his eye.

GORDON

That's him.

ANGLE ON: A man across the street, spray-painting a detailed work on the side of a building.

GORDON

Rack! Hey, Rack!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The man turns around. RACK, bad snakeskin jacket, horrendous floral shirt, bad haircut. Looks like a weasel.

RACK

Gordo!

He jogs across the street towards them, blatantly ignoring the car that almost runs him over in the process. He exchanges a complicated fist bump with Gordon.

RACK

Where have you been, man?! And who is this exquisite creature you've brought to me?

GORDON

This is Trissa.

Rack turns to her, smitten.

RACK

"Trissa". The most beautiful sound I ever did see.

TRISSA

How do you feel when "Agent"'s in front of it?

RACK

...it loses it's ring, I gotta say... So, Gordon, what can I do for you and this Officer of the Law?

GORDON

Has there been any word lately about Redders?

Rack eyes Trissa suspiciously.

RACK

What's in it for me?

TRISSA

I'll give you a head start before I come after you for that graffiti.

RACK

Um, I don't know, like, personally, but I heard from Monty that Chaff was getting a shipment in...?

CONTINUED:

TRISSA

Chaff?

RACK

Yeah, he's like the leader of the neighbourhood--

TRISSA

I know who he is. Where do we find him?

RACK

He moves around, but I think he kicked Rain out of her warehouse a week or two back.

GORDON

Thanks, Rack.

TRISSA

You don't have any Redders yourself, do you?

RACK

Me? No way.

He stands up straighter, leans into Trissa.

RACK (CONT'D)

I'm a businessman. 'Sides, Redders can be painful.

Trissa looks him up and down with disdain.

TRISSA

So can castration. Please stand away from me.

Rack obliges.

RACK

Anything else, officers?

TRISSA

Yeah. Thirty seconds.

RACK

Huh?

TRISSA

(re: graffiti)
That. Criminal offence. Twenty-six seconds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rack's eyes widen. He gives an awkward smile, turns on the spot and runs for the hills.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. RAIN'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

A discreet, faded blue van pulls up to a towering industrial warehouse. The rotting wood towers above them, but is tiny compared to the grubby silver buildings around. TRISSA and ANDERS push open their doors and hop out. Trissa slides open the side door, revealing Abby and Jace, at home in a maze of computers, and Gordon, shoved mercilessly into a corner.

TRISSA
C'mon guys, walkies.

The three scramble out as Anders disappears to check the perimeter.

TRISSA (CONT'D)
(to Gordon)
You have a piece?

He nods, pats his holster.

TRISSA
(re: Abby, Jace)
You watch these two, Anders and I
will snoop around.

JACE
Can you hold this?

Jace promptly dumps a crate of machinery into Gordon's arms. Gordon puffs, Jace giving him a thankful pat before joining Abby in grabbing their own tech.

Anders reappears at Trissa's shoulders.

ANDERS
Few pressure vessels around back,
not a lot else. Should be okay to
take the front.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Triss nods, and the two lead the way...

INT. RAIN'S WAREHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The five sets of footsteps echo as they enter. It's huge, could hold several double decker buses - all rotting wood, smashed windows, leaky pipes. It's also a ghost town, clear patches where things once sat. Gordon, Trissa and Anders all have their guns out, but put them away at the barren sight.

ANDERS

How did they clear out so fast?

TRISSA

(to Gordon)

Maybe your pervy friend gave us some bad information.

Abby and Jace plant themselves down in the corner, dumping machinery onto the ground and scrambling to organise it, muttering instructions under their breaths. Trissa scans the warehouse, freezes as something catches her eye.

ANGLE ON

A LADDER, leading into the ceiling - a room above. She taps Anders on the shoulder, indicates it. He nods as she jogs to it, while he makes his way poking around the edges of the ground floor.

JACE

(to Gordon)

Can you pass that?

He points at the box in Gordon's arms. He places it at Jace's feet, who starts scavenging through it.

JACE

Thanks.

An awkward beat, as Gordon watches them work.

GORDON

So, how'd you get here?

Jace glances at him, puzzled.

JACE

Uh... you know that was me in the van, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDON

No, uh, I mean this... this.

JACE

Oh, uh, I got hand-picked for this special program they organised, two-year thing, and they picked the top twenty. Few months of basic training, background check, simulations.

GORDON

Oh.

(beat)

I put my hand on a scanner thing.

JACE

(smiles)

You haven't had the surgery yet, huh?

GORDON

'Scuse me?

Jace laughs quietly to himself.

JACE

Dude: NOT a fun time...

Jace stands, holding a device taken from the box. It looks like a red sheet of glass, size of a tablet.

GORDON

What does that--?

JACE

Shh.

GORDON

Okay then.

He holds it up high and presses his thumb to the bottom corner. The "screen" starts flashing in purple rods, emitting an irritating beeping.

JACE

Abby, this thing's going nuts.

Abby sighs, stands and yanks the device from Jace's hands.

ABBY

Reduce the cortex perimeter, idiot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDON
What's a cortex per--

ABBY
Shh!

GORDON
Really?

Abby starts typing rapidly, the beeping getting quieter. She slides her finger across the screen and it becomes transparent, the red window into the warehouse gridded off into blue sections. Jace and Gordon peak over her shoulder.

GORDON
(pointing at blue section)
What's that?

JACE
That is a minuscule rip in this planet's terraforming.

GORDON
And that would be caused by?

ABBY
"The Parting of the Red Sea". More commonly known as Redders.

TRISSA (O.S.)
Anders!

ABBY
(screaming back)
He's outside!

TRISSA
Other guy!

GORDON
(sighs)
Coming.

INT. RAIN'S WAREHOUSE - ATTIC

A small shack of an attic, full of crates, a floor-to-ceiling window overlooking two huge oil pressure vessels behind the warehouse.

ON TRISSA, staring at something over our heads. We see Gordon climbing up the ladder behind her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDON

So, you use your Magnum skills to find something important?

TRISSA

No, not really...

Gordon turns from the ladder to see a giant ring of metal, twice the size of he and Trissa, against the wall.

TRISSA (CONT'D)

Just a portal.

GORDON

Why the hell would they leave this behind?

TRISSA

It'd be pretty hard to move at a moment's notice.

GORDON

That's the most time tech I've ever seen on one device, they'd MAKE time.

TRISSA

Then why take everything downstairs?

Something shows on Gordon's face: realisation.

GORDON

What if that wasn't their stuff?
What if they just chucked out Rain's old crap?

Trissa picks it up too.

TRISSA

They didn't disappear. They're coming back.

She turns to him, urgent.

TRISSA (CONT'D)

Downstairs, get them out, I'll try to pack this thing up.

Gordon obliges as Trissa turns to the portal, looking very lost.

INT. RAIN'S WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Gordon jumps the last few rungs and rushes to Jace and Abby, now overseen by Anders.

GORDON
Pack it up, they know we're here.

Anders' expression solidifies. Abby stands, clutching the red screen to her chest.

ANDERS
(to Abby, Jace)
Van, now.

JACE
Help us pack this up--

ANDERS
Leave it!

GORDON
We don't have time for this!

ANDERS
How long?

GORDON
No time!

ABBY
Why are we talking and not leav--?!

TINK. Silence falls amidst a light clunking sound. Abby looks down to see the red screen in her hands splutter and die, a bullet lodged in it.

Gordon's eyes widen and he turns, yanks his gun from his holster and fires across the room in the direction the bullet came from, sending a bald-headed man with a handgun to the ground. Jace dives behind Gordon, Anders shoves Abby behind him as he turns side-to-side with Gordon, his own rifle in hand.

ANDERS
Get these two to cover!

GORDON
THERE IS NO COVER!

Another two goons round the corner, Gordon and Anders each putting one down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERS
Where is Trissa?

GORDON
Busy.

ANDERS
Door to the right, stay behind us.

And all four start an awkward shuffle, closely grouped, to the right.

INT. RAIN'S WAREHOUSE - ATTIC

Trissa frantically taps at every button on the portal, but to no avail.

TRISSA
Comeoncomeoncomeoncomeoncomeon..

A single CREAK, and she whirls around. There stands a hulking figure of a man, buzzcut hair, at least 99.9% muscle. A huge knife is strapped in leather to his thigh.

TRISSA
(re: portal)
This doesn't belong to you.

AZAZEL
That's my boss's.

TRISSA
You're Azazel. Chaff's bodyguard?

AZAZEL
Yes.

He takes out his knife from its sheath - easily the same height as his head.

AZAZEL (CONT'D)
And you're not Chaff.

Azazel moves first - he LUNGES forward with the knife, but Trissa sidesteps out of the way, sends a roundhouse into his gut. As Azazel falters, Trissa snatches his wrist and slams it onto the nearest crate. His grip loosens, the knife falls, but Azazel brings his arm right back up, WHACKING Trissa across the collarbone and sending her stumbling.

Azazel takes his moment, jabs her in the face with his other fist. Trissa is feet from the window and Azazel sees his

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

chance - he sends another fist, but Trissa is faster - she DUCKS under his arm, getting behind him. Azazel connects with the window, leaving a sizeable crack in the grimy glass.

Trissa steps back hurriedly.

ON TRISSA'S FEET

As her boot taps Azazel's fallen knife. Quick as a flash, she kneels, swipes it up, stands straight. Azazel turns to face her.

TRISSA

I know this piece. I met a crook
who pulled this on me once.

Her thumb taps something on the hilt - and the blade turns a seering red, smallest hint of steam - hot as an iron poker.

TRISSA (CONT'D)

I never did get his name.

As she lunges forward--

EXT. RAIN'S WAREHOUSE

Gordon, Anders, Jace and Abby race the short distance from the warehouse's door to their van. Anders gets there first, pulls open the door for Abby and Jace to climb in. Gordon shuts it behind them as Anders climbs into the driver's seat.

GORDON

I'm going back for Trissa.

ANDERS

Are you kidding me right now?

GORDON

Just get these two out.

ANDERS

We have to stick to rank here--

GORDON

You wanna argue, let's do it later.
Drive!

Gordon doesn't wait for an answer, he turns and runs back into...

INT. RAIN'S WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Gordon dashes through the door, but stops in his tracks when he sees a figure in a black trenchcoat facing away from him. The figure slowly turns around. Forty or so, close-cut hair, Mexican descent.

GORDON

Chaff.

Chaff tilts his head slightly.

CHAFF

You're in my warehouse.

Off Gordon's look...

INT. RAIN'S WAREHOUSE - ATTIC

As Trissa SLAMS into the wall, Azazel's hand at her throat, the other holding her arm - still with the knife - at bay. Her nose is bloody and her leather jacket's shoulder is sliced open - she's losing. Her free hand is at Azazel's grip on her throat, trying to prise it away.

AZAZEL

You shouldn't have come here.

ON TRISSA'S FEET

DANGLING off the ground - as she plants the soles on the wall.

TRISSA

Maybe you're right...

Her hand comes away from Azazel's, places it on the wall.

TRISSA (CONT'D)

(teeth gritted)

But you shouldn't have ruined this jacket.

And, using all her strength, she PROPELS herself off the wall, Azazel goes stumbling, Trissa wrapped around him, and they topple to the ground. They connect with the floor, both jerk on impact, but Trissa, on top, recovers first. She holds the fiery knife high above Azazel's head--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Azazel, almost calmly, places his black-gloved hand on Trissa's stomach. The glove pulses with blue light. Trissa's eyes widen.

SLOW MOTION

As the air ripples, Trissa goes flying backwards, her hair whipping around her, her body curling inwards as she SMASHES through the window, and all of a sudden we're--

EXT. RAIN'S WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Still slow mo, glass flying everywhere, and Trissa is high above the ground, too high. She's turning midair, starting to descend.

ON TRISSA'S HAND

Still clutching the knife, as - returning to REGULAR MOTION - it sticks into some rusty metal.

Trissa's body jerks, but she's alive, and she's dangling - dangling from the knife that's buried into one of the old pressure vessels alongside the warehouse.

She doesn't have long to celebrate - the knife is still cooking, and then it's SLICING through the metal like butter. The knife cuts through rapidly and Trissa goes with it, as the vessel opens like a zip. Then there's no more metal to cut and Trissa drops, a good ten feet, to the ground, where she lands in a heap.

INT. RAIN'S WAREHOUSE

Gordon and Chaff are sizing each other up, circling slowly, neither looking away.

GORDON

I would highly recommend that you turn yourself in.

Chaff raises an eyebrow, an "Are You Serious?" face.

GORDON

(shrugs)

Sorry, they tell us we should say that. Saw your portal, by the way. Very nice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAFF

Thank you. You can't have it
though.

GORDON

Why not? It's not like it's yours.

CHAFF

Borrowing it.

GORDON

Without permission?

CHAFF

(raises arms)

Is there any other way to borrow?

Both look to the ladder as AZAZEL crashes down from the
attic. He holds a small matte cube in his hand, pulsing with
light.

AZAZEL

Got it.

CHAFF

Wonderful.

Calm and quick, Chaff takes a gun from his coat, holds it up
and SHOOTS Gordon square in the chest. Gordon is knocked off
his feet, falls to the floor with a thud. Chaff and Azazel
turn and make their way to the door.

ON GORDON

As his eyes flutter open, coughs once. Off-balance, he
staggers to his feet, unzips his jacket and rolls up his
shirt to reveal the BULLETPROOF VEST beneath. A bullet is
lodged right where his belly button should be. He yanks the
strap to the side and the vest falls to his feet.

GORDON

(to himself)

Idiot.

As Gordon walks out of frame...

EXT. RAIN'S WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Chaff and Azazel turn the corner, where half a dozen goons
on motorcycles wait for them. There are two extra cycles for
the new arrivals, and the two clamber on their respective
bikes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Chaff gets his foot over the seat, a BULLET WHIZZES right past his head.

ON TRISSA

Looking ever-so-slightly bruised, gun in hand, rounding the corner.

Chaff gets himself on and takes off, Azazel at his side. A few of the men fire at Trissa and she retreats to cover, firing around the building. The men jump on their motorcycles and set off while they can. Trissa steps from cover and fires again. She gets a lucky shot - the nearest goon takes a bullet to the hip. He falls like a rag doll, the bike going with him.

As Trissa walks hurriedly to the bike, she hears something, behind her. She whirls around, gun pointed--

It's GORDON. He puts his hands up instinctively. Trissa rolls her eyes and drops the gun by her side.

TRISSA

Where're the others?

GORDON

Safe. Where's Chaff, and the portal?

TRISSA

On the move.

She pushes the fallen enemy's leg off the bike, hoists it up and settles onto it. Gordon, somewhat reluctantly, gets on the back and wraps his hands around her waist.

TRISSA

You better not backseat-drive...

And the motorcycles jitters to life, ZOOMING out of frame.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. PANTHEON PRESS - HAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Hal, stuck behind a desk, pours over some paperwork. There's a knock at the door. He looks up to see a shape behind the shuttered glass.

HAL
Please tell me you got demoted and
you're here to bring me lunch.

CARRIE
(muffled)
I carry a tazer.

HAL
(sighs)
It's open.

The door opens and in steps Carrie, looking downtrodden.

HAL
You here to beg?

CARRIE
I'd get on my knees, but these are
really nice pants. Hal, this story
is garbage. I've been on it for a
day, and the only person who was
willing to talk to me was Brian.

HAL
Who's Brian?

CARRIE
You know Brian, from copyrighting,
the one who always lectures us
about wearing bike helmets because
his brother... died, or fried... I
don't know, I stopped listening.
Point is, I hate this story and I
hate you but if you take me off it
I'll hate you slightly less.

HAL
Sure.

Carrie's eyes light up.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. GYRONICA - ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

The two agents rocket along between the brick walls, Chaff and his goons not too far ahead.

TRISSA

Gun!

Gordon obliges, whips his gun from his holster.

TRISSA

Leave one.

Gordon squeezes the trigger, once, twice - a man goes down, he and the bike crashing against the wall and out of the way. Gordon fires again and a second goes down, slamming down into the middle of the path. Trissa swerves to avoid him and keeps going.

GORDON/TRISSA'S POV: One biker continues alone up ahead.

GORDON

(suspicious)

There were more...

In that second, both of them flinch as a BULLET passes and connects with the brick wall, a metre ahead of them.

GORDON

I'm out!

TRISSA

Take the wheel!

As Trissa lets go, Gordon grabs the handlebars, keeps the bike steady. Trissa ducks under his right arm, snakes around Gordon and then she's behind, he's in front, as she snaps out her gun, turns and, one hand around Gordon's waist, fires a bullet each into the two men ten metres behind them. The men crumble, their bikes going with them. Trissa puts both arms around Gordon's waist as he soldiers on.

GORDON

I thought you didn't like backseat driving.

TRISSA

Shut up...

INT. THE HUB - ELSBETH'S OFFICE

Elsbeth taps away at her keyboard, brow furrowed. She raises her eyes as the door opens and Adrian steps in, folding his arms. Elsbeth looks up at the clock.

ELSBETH

Wow. You've been here for nearly four hours and you're only coming to me now.

ADRIAN

I had some errands to run.

Elsbeth sits back in her chair.

ELSBETH

Well if this little intervention isn't that high on your list of priorities--

ADRIAN

If it WAS a priority, I'd like to think you'd tell me.

Elsbeth purses her lips and stands up.

ELSBETH

I don't like this anymore than you do, Adrian. This isn't one of those times where I'm saying, "Hey, this guy has potential, let's put him on a secretive government task force with no prior training." I am doing this because someone way above our pay grades combined wants it that way.

ADRIAN

Tell me who.

ELSBETH

You know I can't.

ADRIAN

(scoffs)

This is classic Elsbeth...

ELSBETH

That's funny, I remember "Classic Elsbeth" being "Saving Adrian's Ass for Forty Years".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADRIAN

No, this is you acting like you can do everything alone.

Elsbeth looks around the office.

ELSBETH

Well if that is my strategy, it seems to be working.

ADRIAN

You know what? You don't wanna tell me? Fine. I'll find out myself.

ELSBETH

No, you won't. Because if I so much as see you talking to somebody I don't recognise at the water cooler, I'll make sure that you get replaced by your own daughter. Or Agent Lowell, that might sting more.

ADRIAN

Lowell?

Elsbeth nods, satisfied.

ELSBETH

Thought so.

OFF Adrian's death glare...

EXT. GYRONICA - ABANDONED PARKING LOT - DAY

A bare, decrepit parking lot on the edge of the city. Chaff, Azazel and another goon are there, their bikes abandoned.

CHAFF

Make it quick. We don't have long.

Azazel nods and gets down on one knee. He takes the pulsing blue cube from his pocket and places it on the ground. He flips it open and arcs his arms upwards. The PORTAL begins to materialise, Azazel stepping back as, piece by piece, it begins to appear.

GORDON (O.S)

Nifty.

The three whirl around to see GORDON AND TRISSA striding towards them. The last goon makes a move for his gun, but

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gordon and Trissa raise their guns and each put a bullet into him in sync. They continue walking.

Chaff turns and rushes for the portal, which is still constructing. Azazel steps in his way and raises his gloved hand to Gordon and Trissa, pulsing blue.

TRISSA

MOVE!

Trissa ROLLS to the side: Gordon is too slow. The air ripples and Gordon is taken off his feet, crashing to the ground a few feet away. Azazel smiles wickedly and turns his attention to Trissa.

Except she's not there.

As Azazel frowns, we see TRISSA, rushing up behind him. She latches herself onto his back, legs around his waist, and slides a thin metal cord under his neck. She yanks it back and Azazel's eyes bulge, he swipes madly behind him, tries to get a grip on her.

ANGLE: GORDON

As he stirs, begins to sit up. His eyes narrow.

GORDON'S POV: Chaff is pressing madly at buttons on the side of the portal. The ring fills with a blinding blue light: IT'S ACTIVE.

Gordon jumps to his feet and races across the lot, right past Trissa and Azazel, and TACKLES Chaff to the ground.

ANGLE: TRISSA AND AZAZEL

A red-faced Azazel purposely lets his legs give out. He's falling, back-first, and Trissa is caught in between. Her head hits first, whiplashing, her arms flying free from his neck. Azazel is quick to his feet, turns on his heel and lifts up a steel-toed boot high above Trissa's head. Trissa is battered, but she ROLLS to the side, narrowly missing as Azazel's boot connects with the concrete.

ANGLE: GORDON AND CHAFF

Gordon's on top, sending a fist into Chaff's nose, another. Chaff takes a hold of both of Gordon's shoulders and propels himself to the right, taking Gordon with him, and the two go ROLLING across the ground.

ANGLE: TRISSA AND AZAZEL

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AZAZEL

Looks like I am more than tech. And
you're nothing more than a pretty
face.

Despite the imminent death, Trissa remains resilient,
looking him in the eye.

TRISSA

Wrong...

ANGLE: TRISSA'S HAND

-- wearing a black glove, as she presses it to Azazel's
stomach.

TRISSA (CONT'D)

(smiling)
I'm a pickpocket.

The glove glows blue and Azazel flies off of Trissa into the
air, across the lot--

ANGLE: GORDON

As he raises his gun and fires.

The bullet hits the side of the portal, narrowly missing
Chaff's head. Sparks fly, the machine splutters and Chaff
freezes inches from it, as the hulking form of Azazel flies
past and gets halfway through the portal.

Just as the light disappears.

EXT. GYRONICA - STREET - DAY

CARRIE walks down a reasonably empty street, only one or two
stragglers far away, phone to her ear, smiling.

CARRIE

Yeah, I just left. I should be
there in about twenty minutes...
spaghetti?... Spaghetti Night is
Sunday! Yes! Jesus, remind me to
buy you a calendar... Don't you
have to work?... Really, 'cause it
sure sounds like they could
function without you...

Carrie is stopped in her tracks as a BLUE LIGHT flashes
inches in front of her for a split second. She flinches for
a moment and, when she looks back, it is gone. Carrie

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

glances at the ground and lets out a blood-curdling SCREAM, dropping her phone and stumbling back.

CARRIE'S POV

On AZAZEL, the upper half of his body, the waist tattered and bloody, his eyes wide in shock.

EXT. GYRONICA - PARKING LOT

ON CHAFF, on his knees, as he stares in disbelief at the bloody lower half of his bodyguard sprawled out in front of him. He glances up:

CHAFF'S POV

As the tall figures of Gordon and Trissa tower over him, blocking out the sun, each holding a gun his way.

CHAFF
(weakly)
I-I get a lawyer, right?

GORDON
(shrugs)
We're not police.

EXT. GYRONICA - STREET

Back where we were, as Carrie stares in horror at the remains. She takes a few steps back, turns on her heel and runs back into the building she came out of.

INT. PANTHEON PRESS - CONTINUOUS

The door flies open and Carrie strides in. A few coworkers glance at her, but she keeps walking, right past the desks and into the--

INT. PANTHEON PRESS - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carrie pushes open the door of a stall, turns and slams it shut, clicking the lock into place. She sits on the toilet seat, hands grasping the edges tightly, and proceeds to stare, wide-eyed, at the door, unmoving.

INT. THE HUB - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A more modern interrogation room to the one Gordon was in at the precinct, sleeker, with black walls and a one-way mirror. A bruised Chaff sits at the metal table, his hands shackled. The door clicks open and ANDERS stalks in, taking a seat opposite Chaff.

CHAFF

(raising an eyebrow)
You don't look like an
interrogator.

ANDERS

I'm not. Everyone else is busy,
cleaning up your mess.
(beat)
I'm disappointed in you.

CHAFF

Yeah, well, I'm a criminal, what'd
you expect?

ANDERS

I'm disappointed because we've
learnt: you're nowhere near as
important as people have made you
out to be. You've been popping up
on our radar here and there, but
only by name, no charges ever
filed.

CHAFF

That's because you idiots could
never prove anything.

ANDERS

It's because you're irrelevant.
You've just been made to look
important.

Chaff smiles, shakes his head slightly.

ANDERS

What was in those shipments?

CHAFF

(offhand)
The future. Well, maybe some of the
past, I'm not sure of the details,
but what I do know is that all of
you are completely blind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A sadistic smile creeps across his face.

CHAFF (CONT'D)
This goes WAY beyond me. I'm a pawn, so what does that make you? Invisible, really. You're too stuck in the present to see it, but you're on the brink, man. And you're about to fall in.

A beat, as Anders considers him.

ANDERS
Did you rehearse that?

CHAFF
(face falling)
...what?

ANDERS
(standing)
It was very good, really. I give it a seven-point-five.

Anders, pulls opens the door and exits, not giving Chaff a second thought.

CHAFF
(calling after him)
Come on, dude, were you even listen--
(offended)
Why seven-point-five?

INT. THE HUB - ELSBETH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Elsbeth sits at her desk, looking up at Gordon, Trissa, Ander, Jace, Abby and Adrian standing in a line, Gordon and Trissa looking a bit beat up but suitably bandaged. Gordon leans on his crutches.

ELSBETH
Well, there are things I would've done differently, but all in all, I'd call this one a success. Good work from all of you.

GORDON
At my old job, my boss gave us cookies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRISSA

Gordon--

GORDON

(whispering)

Shhh. She might buy it...

ELSBETH

Pretending I didn't hear that, again, well done. Mr. Sophoes, despite your incredible aptitude for saying the worst things at the worst possible times, you proved refreshingly not-useless. Your surgery is scheduled for next week.

GORDON

Huh?

Adrian looks like steam is about to come out of his ears.

ADRIAN

You can't be serious! He's been here two days!

ELSBETH

I'm sorry Agent Castor, did we not already have this conversation?

GORDON

Okay, what is this surgery I keep hearing about?

ELSBETH

We'll have you briefed tomorrow. Now go home, all of you.

Everyone goes for the door, Adrian giving Elsbeth one last glare.

INT. THE HUB - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Adrian and Anders stomp ahead, quickly leaving. Jace comes up beside Gordon.

JACE

Congratulations, **Agent Sophoes!**

ABBY

Remind me to set out your security parameters. Don't wait too long, or
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABBY (cont'd)
I'll get bored, do it myself and
make your middle name Humphrey.

JACE
(somber)
And she's not kidding.

GORDON
What do I get as an official
member? A key card?

ABBY
And, if Jace likes you, a special
handshake.

JACE
(gasps)
I'm totally gonna go come up with
that!

He races off, Abby jogging after him. Trissa turns and steps
in front of Gordon, stopping him in his tracks.

GORDON
Remind me how I'm on crutches and
you're perfectly fine?

TRISSA
(shrugs)
We heal fast here. You weren't
awful today.

GORDON
Um... thank you? Does this mean
you're okay with me being around
now?

TRISSA
I don't know. But Elsbeth's spoken,
and Jace has practically adopted
you, so I guess I better get used
to it.

A small smile from both of them. Nice moment.

GORDON
I should get going.

TRISSA
Goodnight, "Agent Sophoes".

GORDON
Oooh, I really do like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He steps to the side and continues hobbling on his crutches.

TRISSA
Hey, can I ask you something?

He pauses, turns around.

GORDON
Sure.

A beat.

TRISSA
Why are you here? Your suspension,
coming into the Hub... why've you
been doing all this?

Gordon takes a moment, pondering.

GORDON
My Aunt.

TRISSA
Who's your Aunt?

GORDON
(beat)
I don't know yet.

He smiles slightly, turns back around and disappears around the corner. Trissa watches him go for a moment, perplexed, before walking the opposite way.

INT. THE HUB - ELSBETH'S OFFICE

Elsbeth is alone, pondering silently. Something on her computer screen catches her eye.

ANGLE: COMPUTER SCREEN

It's black, with blood-red text replacing the traditional green. It's an ENCRYPTED LINE.

New words are appearing: "IS IT DONE?"

Elsbeth sits forward and types back: "SURGERY IS TOMORROW.
ALL VARIABLES ACCOUNTED FOR, NO ONE SUSPICIOUS."

A beat, as the other party takes a moment to reply.

"IS HE?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Elsbeth sits back, weary.

INT. PANTHEON PRESS - NIGHT

Carrie sits in the dark at her desk, her desklamp showing her staring into space, almost in a trance.

HAL (O.S.)

Carrie?

Carrie JUMPS a foot in the air. She turns to see Hal, looking at her quizzically.

HAL (CONT'D)

What're you still doing here?

CARRIE

Oh, I'm, uh, just working late on some stuff.

HAL

...alright... well, I'm about to head off.

CARRIE

Okay, I'll lock up.

(occurring to her)

Oh, yeah, I thought about it and I'll take that story after all.

HAL

Seriously?

CARRIE

Yeah. You can give Simpkins the Cat to one of the new guys.

HAL

Are you sure you're okay?

CARRIE

(no)

Yeah. You go on home, I'll see you tomorrow.

Looking somewhat uneasy, Hal turns and goes. Carrie watches him and, as soon as the door shuts, she turns to her computer and starts rapidly typing.

ON SCREEN: She searches simply "Suddenly-Appearing Portals".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUMP CUT TO LATER - the computer reads "Page 72 of 12,894".

ON CARRIE, head in her hands, eyes dead. She sighs and sits back in her chair. Something OCCURS to her, shows on her face. She reaches across the table and picks up her phone, jabs a few numbers and holds it to her ear.

CARRIE

(sitting up)

Hi, Maisy? It's Carrie, Dunn...
yeah... look, I'm so sorry to be
calling you so late, but I was
wondering if you could help me out
with something. I know you have
great contacts for this kind of
thing... okay, great, yeah. Okay,
see I've been hearing things around
the office about these portals
people are claiming are just
opening up everywhere, and I was
wondering if there was anyone I
could talk to, like scientists...?
Famous cases? Yeah, that could be--

(brow furrows)

Who's Miranda Grace?

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

END OF SHOW