

THE CROSSING

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TEASER

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - MORNING

Deep BENEATH the surface of the water, a few hundred feet down, a haunting, inexplicable tableau:

There are people here.

Scores of them. A hundred, at least. Struggling helplessly in the depths. Desperate. Drowning.

Among them, a GIRL with RED HAIR, 9, succumbing, shutting down, the light going out of her eyes. Then --

A WOMAN swims into frame, takes the girl by her shoulders and looks into her distant eyes. Then she places her lips upon the girl's and expels her breath into her.

With her remaining strength, the woman hugs the girl to her and swims with her. Up. Towards the surface, so far away. Towards the light. Towards life.

EST. PORT CANAAN - MORNING

Summertime in this small East Coast fishing town, population 10,000. An idyllic place, steeped in history. Shots of the wharf, the lighthouse, the historic City Hall. A hidden gem, a blend of old and new. People are happy here. At peace.

Onto Main Street, with its bakeries, bookshops, a real estate office, a yoga studio, and the coffee shop of choice --

INT. DRIP TIDE COFFEE - MORNING

Family owned, local art, decent music. If it weren't for the mural of the lighthouse covering the back wall, we could be in any cool, emerging town.

It's bustling with the morning crowd. Line at the bar, locals buzzing at tables. Among them, MARSHALL and WILL, 20, to whom life has come easy. Ruled in high school, partied a ton. Will's still that guy, why change... but in Marshall there's a restlessness; maybe change wouldn't be so bad.

Will's wearing sunglasses and hurting.

WILL

I can't even drink this mocha.

MARSHALL

Maybe the Fireball was a bridge too far.

WILL

Don't blame the Fireball, blame science. It's 2017, there should be a hangover pill.

MARSHALL

There probably is. They just don't want us to have it.

WILL

Don't start, dude --

MARSHALL

Bayer, Pfizer... Big Pharma's incentivized to keep you in pain.

WILL

(rubbing his temples)
So are you, apparently. Know your audience, man.

A barista comes over, HOLLY, 20, and sits in Will's lap, puts her arms around his neck.

HOLLY

(to Marshall)
How's he doing?

MARSHALL

Little bitchy this morning.

WILL

Fuck you, I'm dying.

HOLLY

Poor baby. Maybe you should go home and sleep. I get off at one, I'll bring you something.

They nuzzle, then kiss. With tongue.

MARSHALL

Classy. You do know Will was projectile vomiting less than eight hours ago.

They break the kiss. Look at Marshall. He smiles.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

I gotta get to work.

He gets up and heads for the door, passing a man entering the shop with a yoga mat under his arm, in sweats, late 30's, handsome, JUDE MILLER.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Morning, Jude.

Jude nods, smiles. We STAY with him, as he gets in line behind another local, RON, 50's, business casual, doing the NY Times crossword.

RON

(waving him ahead)

After you, Jude.

JUDE

No, that's okay.

RON

As a City Council member, I'm in the shameful position of knowing just how underpaid you are. Least I can offer you is timely caffeine.

Jude nods his thanks.

RON (CONT'D)

Any word on our mugger?

JUDE

No. Hoping he's moved on. That's how things like this tend to work.

RON

If you say so. Imagine you dealt with your share in Philadelphia.

JUDE

On slower days.

Ron yells brusquely to the few people ahead of Jude.

RON

Hey, have some civic decency, yield to the Sheriff.

The others give Jude a path to the front of the line and, Jude, embarrassed, nods his thanks and moves up.

JUDE

Green tea. To go.

LAUREN (PRE-LAP)

Now invite your elbows to bend...

INT. MINDFUL YOGA - MORNING

A small class, among them Jude, sweating and straining as the instructor, KATE, talks them through crow pose. Yoga wasn't Jude's first choice, and after two years the flexibility still isn't there. But they say it's good for stress, so...

KATE

...just slightly like Chaturanga, so you have a shelf now. Work your knees up onto your triceps. Lean forward, look ahead, pull one foot up, nice and tight, then the other.

As the other practitioners balance in the tough position, Jude struggles. In the back of the room, a uniformed man enters, a Sheriff's Deputy, NESTOR, 30.

KATE (CONT'D)

Believe you have a visitor, Jude.

Jude looks back at Nestor, who is sheepish.

NESTOR

Sorry about that, Kate. Everyone.

Grateful for the interruption, Jude towels off and joins him.

EXT. MINDFUL YOGA - DAY

Jude and Nestor emerge from the studio to the sidewalk.

NESTOR

Sorry to interrupt your class.

JUDE

Probably saved me a groin pull. What's going on?

NESTOR

Army chopper spotted something up at Thorn Beach. Think it's a body.

Jude looks up at this, a rare-if-ever development.

JUDE

I didn't think people went to Thorn Beach.

NESTOR

They don't. Thinking maybe it washed up?

INT. JUDE'S SUV - DAY

Jude drives his Sheriff's SUV over a bumpy dirt access road. There's a radio, a shotgun in a locked rack between the seats, and picture of an 8 year-old boy clipped to the underside of his sun visor. Nestor trails in his squad car.

EXT. THORN BEACH - DAY

They park and walk down to the shore. It's a beautiful spot, but one can see why people don't come here - not only is it far from town center, it's secluded, hard to access.

Nestor points ahead.

NESTOR

There.

JUDE

Yeah. I see it.

They approach the waterline, a body, a man. Clothed. But no shoes. Jude looks over him without touching.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Well, he wasn't out for a swim.

NESTOR

Fell off a boat, maybe.

JUDE

Maybe.

He looks up, darkens.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Shit...

Nestor follows his gaze. Down the beach, more bodies. Jude jogs down there. Three more bodies, sliding up and down in the white water at the shoreline.

Jude and Nestor quickly pull them onto the sand. One is a little girl with RED HAIR, whom we may recognize from the opening scene. Jude puts his ear to her mouth.

JUDE (CONT'D)

She's breathing.

He springs to action, quickly rips off his sweatshirt and lays it over her.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Call an ambulance. And Coast Guard.
Could be more out there.

NESTOR

Jude...

Jude stands, following Nestor's stunned gaze to the water.
Bobbing in the surf are the silhouettes of 10, 20, 30 more
bodies...

JUDE

Jesus, what is this...

A HELICOPTER SHOT takes us out over the water, revealing the
astonishing sight before us:

HUNDREDS of people floating in towards the shore. TITLE UP:

THE CROSSING

ACT ONE

OVER BLACK, sounds of CHAOS:

Radios SQUAWK, helicopters BUZZ, overlapping VOICES yell out:

"Where are we at on blankets!", "Get a light on this!", "This one's alive!"

EXT. THORN BEACH - NIGHT

Helicopter spotlights strafe the ocean, Coast Guard vessels canvas the water... the site has been transformed. A rescue/recovery operation is in full effect, with Jude and Nestor assisting dozens of U.S. CUSTOMS AGENTS on the beach.

A seemingly endless row of bodies now line the sand, shoulder-to-shoulder. Kneeling over one, a soaking wet SURVIVOR wails in grief...

Another survivor clings to a mylar blanket and wanders in a daze...

Another one, shivering and wet, is carried on a stretcher into an enormous TRIAGE TENT beyond.

WITH JUDE, as he helps an agent bring a body from the water and add it to the line of the dead. Nestor is there, looking at the bodies, rattled, trying to make sense of this.

NESTOR

(sotto)

No life jackets...

JUDE

What's that?

NESTOR

None of them are wearing life jackets.

Jude considers this; it is odd.

JUDE

Feds have got this, go home. You've been here all day.

Nestor takes a final, haunted look at the ocean.

NESTOR

Where'd they come from, Jude?

JUDE

...I don't know.

Nestor leaves Jude with the dead, among them several smaller figures, kids, their features indiscernible in the darkness.

DOWN THE BEACH

Two more survivors, a middle-aged couple: REBECCA, lying on the sand; CALEB, kneeling over her. Exhausted and weak, Rebecca looks up at the sky, marveling.

REBECCA

...Stars.

A tear rolls out of the corner of her eye, down her face, to the sand beneath. Caleb takes her hand, tearing up.

A Customs AGENT approaches.

AGENT

We need to get her into the tent.
Can you walk?

Caleb doesn't answer, overwhelmed. The Agent waves over some other men with stretchers.

AT THE TRIAGE TENT

A figure emerges from the tent in SILHOUETTE, the outline of a ponytail, a windbreaker... Stepping forward, EMMA PERALTA (40's) comes clear, exuding control amidst the chaos. She scans the beach, a keen mind processing something she doesn't yet understand. She flags an agent.

EMMA

I want the beach locked off and a guard on this tent. If any of those people in there say anything I want to know about it.
(as she departs)
And find me the Sheriff.

INT. JUDE'S SUV - NIGHT

Jude gets in and shuts the door, blocking out the chaos, if only for a few moments. He takes a deep breath, wipes his eyes, decompressing as he looks out at the beach scene.

He looks up at the picture on his sun visor, the little boy... He dials his cell.

JUDE
Hey, is he up?

INT. CECILY'S HOUSE - INTERCUT

Night time at the home of Jude's ex, CECILY, 35, a cozy environment, in stark contrast to Jude's current setting.

CECILY
He was. Two hours ago.

JUDE
Yeah, sorry, something came up. Can you see if he's still awake?

CECILY
He's not.

JUDE
(annoyed)
It's been a rough night, I'd just like to hear his voice --

CECILY
If I wake him he'll never get back to sleep, and he's got school. You can talk to him all you want when you see him this weekend.

Jude considers this, brightening a bit at the mention of the weekend visit. His radio SQUAWKS --

NESTOR
Jude, if you're hearing this, that Agent Peralta's looking for you.

JUDE
I gotta go.

He hangs up and exits the car; once more into the fray --

CUT TO:

A COMPUTER SCREEN: Daytime SATELLITE IMAGERY of the coast, along with the Atlantic and its vast emptiness.

EMMA (O.S.)
Any sign of vessel debris?

BRYCE (O.S.)
Not yet...

EXT. THORN BEACH - COMMAND AREA - NIGHT

Improvised out of EZ-up tents, tables, and laptops, it feels like a military field operation, with Emma as its General, looking over the shoulder of her second-in-command, BRYCE (30's), at the SAT imagery on his laptop.

BRYCE

We've checked imagery going back ten hours, there's nothing.

EMMA

Keep looking. They didn't come out of nowhere.

Another agent arrives with Jude. Emma downshifts.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Quite a piece of coast you've got here. Must be beautiful under normal circumstances.

JUDE

Anything else I can have my people doing?

She leads him away, towards the triage tent.

EMMA

We're going to need a place to store the bodies, someplace cool or that can be made cool.

JUDE

(grim)
I'll think on that.

But Emma's got something else on her mind --

EMMA

Did any of them say anything to you? I'm having trouble getting them to talk.

JUDE

No, most were in shock, hypothermic... So do we even know what kind of ship they were on?

EMMA

No. And so far no vessels reported missing, no distress signals.

JUDE
(frowns)
So what then, a plane?

EMMA
Not according to FAA.

JUDE
They had to come from somewhere.

EMMA
I don't think it's here. What
little they've said indicates
they're looking for asylum.

JUDE
Asylum... You're telling me these
are refugees?

EMMA
That's what I need to find out.

They move into the --

INT. TRIAGE TENT - CONTINUOUS

47 survivors on or around cots, in various states of shock and grief, being looked over by emergency medical personnel. They are an ethnically mixed bunch, the age range mostly 20's-40's, with a handful on the younger and older fringes.

Jude spots the girl with red hair covered by a blanket on one of the cots, looking scared and alone. He walks over to her.

JUDE
Hi.

She looks at him. Frightened. Jude notices a top of a sweatshirt poking out from the blanket. His sweat shirt.

JUDE (CONT'D)
Hey, my sweatshirt. Almost forgot
about that.

The girl looks at him, quizzical.

JUDE (CONT'D)
You can keep it if you want. It's
not really my style anyway.

She frowns. Senses he's nice.

JUDE (CONT'D)
My name's Jude. What's yours?

LEAH
...Leah.

JUDE
Leah. That's pretty. From the Bible, if I'm not mistaken.

LEAH
What's that?

Jude frowns, then --

JUDE
Do you know any of these people here?

LEAH
...My mom...

JUDE
Your mom, is she here?

She points out towards the water. Jude's heart sinks.

Emma, noticing that Jude has gotten this girl to engage with him, comes over to listen in.

JUDE (CONT'D)
Can you tell me how you got into the water?
(off hesitation)
You don't have to be afraid.

LEAH
...We were running away.

JUDE
Running. From what?

LEAH
...The war.

Jude and Emma exchange a puzzled look.

JUDE
Where are you from, Leah?

LEAH
...From here.

JUDE

America.

(off Leah's nod)

There is no war here.

LEAH

There will be.

JUDE

...I'm sorry, I don't understand.

CALEB (O.C.)

You couldn't possibly understand.

They turn to Caleb, the survivor from the beach, sitting on the next cot, blanket around his shoulders, weary and spent.

EMMA

Why do you say that?

CALEB

What she's talking about, these things we've experienced...

(beat)

They haven't happened yet.

Off Jude and Emma, bewildered --

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. BOAT - DAY

A beautiful, sunny, mostly windless day off the coast of Port Canaan finds Jude relaxing on a small sailboat, at peace. His son NOAH, 8, is at the wheel. The perfect afternoon.

JUDE

Sail's luffing, turn into the wind.

Noah turns the wheel a bit. The sail fills out.

JUDE (CONT'D)

There you go.

Noah smiles. Jude smiles just looking at him. Then a shadow falls across them. Jude looks up at the sky, where a large, dark storm cloud has passed in front of the sun.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Looks like we're coming up on some weather.

Jude takes the wheel. Noah looks up. Now dark tendrils extend down from the cloud like rain spouts.

NOAH

What is it, Dad?

It becomes clear the tendrils aren't formed of rain, but of small, solid forms falling through the sky. Jude pales.

JUDE

Get down below.

CRACK!

Jude startles, as something hits the water behind him with an ear-splitting smack. He turns to see the residual splash off the stern. Then something floats to the surface. A body.

CRACK!

Behind him, another crack. Then another. More bodies float up to the surface. Jude looks up --

To hundreds of bodies falling from the sky.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Get down below!

They hit the water on all sides of the boat, falling sheets of humanity, enveloping the boat, Jude and Noah caught in the eye of this human storm, this inexplicable falling death.

INT. JUDE'S HOME - MORNING

Jude wakes from the dream. Locates himself. Then wonders, hopefully, if the prior night was a dream... Then he sees his wet, sand-caked shoes from the night before. No such luck.

INT. JUDE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

It's a cute place, turn of the century, Victorian, largely bereft of personal touches. Jude, now dressed in his uniform, steeps some loose leaf green tea to the pleasing sounds of a small Feng Shui water fountain on the shelf.

ALAN (PRE-LAP)

Are you sick? You sound terrible.

JUDE (PRE-LAP)

Long night. What's up?

INT. JUDE'S SUV - MORNING

Jude drives, speaking to ALAN, his lawyer, on the hands-free.

ALAN (O.S.)

Just want to make sure you're all ready for Noah's visit.

JUDE

I've been ready for a year.

ALAN (O.S.)

Be sure to put away anything the court might consider less-than-kid-friendly. Guns, porn, booze --

JUDE

There's no booze, Alan. I haven't had a drink since before the move --

ALAN (O.S.)

If this goes well, we can push harder at the next custody hearing. That's all I'm saying.

JUDE

I know... Thanks for getting it this far.

(MORE)

JUDE (CONT'D)
(smiles)
I'm going to take him fishing. He's never been.

ALAN (O.S.)
Nice. So how's Mayberry by the sea?

Jude's smiles fades; after last night he isn't sure how to answer that.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MORNING

Jude enters the station, an old brick building with four deputies, a receptionist, and a single jail cell. Phones are ringing off the hook, as Nestor comes over.

NESTOR
You look like Hell.

JUDE
Just got back. Castro says hi.

Jude notes a deputy sitting with a woman, taking her statement.

JUDE (CONT'D)
What's that about?

NESTOR
Tourist. Mugger got her last night. Took her purse, some rings...

JUDE
Think it was our guy?

NESTOR
Sounds like. Stocky with a beard, wore a hoodie, had a revolver.

JUDE
Alright, get me the report.

He starts toward his office, Nestor stops him --

NESTOR
Getting a lotta calls, people wondering about all the activity on the water last night. Paper's looking for comment, too.

JUDE
Just stall til I can coordinate with Customs.

NESTOR

Will do. But between us, the survivors... What are they saying?

JUDE

Nothing that makes any sense.
(changing subject)
Feds are storing the bodies in that plane hangar off 81. Tell Ruben to go out there, log prints, record any identifying marks.

NESTOR

That really a job for our coroner? I just figured the Feds--

JUDE

They washed up in our town, they're our responsibility.

Nestor nods, yes sir. Jude continues on to --

INT. JUDE'S OFFICE - MORNING

He sits down at his desk, in front of his computer, and stares at it.

He looks over the top of the monitor, to the bullpen. To make sure no one is coming. Then back to his computer. He brings up Google. And types a query:

Is time travel possible?

He stares at the question... then, realizing how absurd it sounds, highlights and deletes it.

INT. TRIAGE TENT - DAY

Customs has begun the process of documenting the survivors. A series of QUICK CUTS show them being fingerprinted, swabbed, photographed at different angles.

CALEB (PRE-LAP)

We were the first group to attempt it, we knew there were risks...

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - DAY

Emma is interviewing the survivors, starting with Caleb. Bryce assists with a video camera.

CALEB

But no one expected to arrive how we did. In the water. Beneath the surface. Something went wrong.

EMMA

...With the time machine.

CALEB

I know how this must sound to you.

EMMA

Then help me. You gave the agents a date of birth which is...

(consulting notes)

Almost 250 years from now. Help me understand how that's possible.

CALEB

You can't imagine what will become possible.

CUT TO:

Caleb's wife, Rebecca, having the distant affect of someone forever reeling from great loss.

REBECCA

We heard someone had discovered something, a process... and that they could use it to "bend time."

CUT TO:

PAUL, 45, cerebral and anxious, his professorial countenance marred by a jagged FACIAL SCAR.

PAUL

A rumor, at best. At worst, a trap. But we didn't hesitate. You have to understand, we had no other option. We were an endangered species.

CUT TO:

THOMAS, 30, in control and self-assured, with an air of salesmanship.

THOMAS

Not a war, an *extermination*. They want it all to themselves, the

(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)
resources, the land... and they'll
kill everyone to get it.

CUT TO:

PAUL
A Holocaust unlike anything the
world has ever known.

CUT TO:

HANNAH, 19, gritty, with a teen's defiance, her forearms
etched with the artistic white outlines of laser tattoos.

HANNAH
My dad paid someone to get me past
the checkpoints. It was everything
he had. I didn't want to leave him,
I begged to stay... but he said it
was the only way.

CUT TO:

ABIGAIL, 28, rubbing her hands on her legs, a bundle of
unsettling energy with a shock of prematurely white hair.

ABIGAIL
Three days to get to the site,
hidden away, no room to move or
breathe. Ruth kept me from my own
thoughts. She whispered to me,
talked about what our lives would
be like when we crossed.

CUT TO:

THOMAS
The whole process at the site was
rushed. People were saying the plan
had been exposed. There was no time
to organize or plan. It was chaos.

CUT TO:

HANNAH
They said they were targeting a
thirty year window. Early 21st
century, that's all they told us.

CUT TO:

LEAH

A better time.

CUT TO:

ABIGAIL

We were packed onto a platform, and it took us down into the ground. To the "threshold," they called it. It felt like it went on forever.

CUT TO:

CALEB

When it stopped we were in some type of cave. There were families, kids. Everyone was scared, you could feel it.

CUT TO:

HANNAH

Then this sound started. Like cracks of thunder. Over and over.

CUT TO:

LEAH

Everyone was screaming.

CUT TO:

THOMAS

And then...

CUT TO:

PAUL

Suddenly...

CUT TO:

REBECCA

I couldn't breathe, it was freezing and dark... and I was floating.

CUT TO:

CALEB

To even comprehend that we were underwater took crucial moments.

CUT TO:

HANNAH

A lot of people drowned before they even realized where they were.

CUT TO:

ABIGAIL

When I broke the surface Ruth was there. I didn't notice at first that she wasn't breathing.

CUT TO:

LEAH

My mom kissed me... then she was gone.

CUT TO:

Caleb, rubbing his eyes, traumatized. Emma glances back at Bryce, who is rapt. Emma suppresses her skepticism.

EMMA

So this genocide, the reason you say you fled... What were its origins? Was it state-sponsored?
(off look)
Was the government involved.

CALEB

They took over the government...
They took over every government.

EMMA

Who?

CALEB

Apex.
(off look)
They see themselves as the next evolution, a superior class....
They can do things we can't.

Off Caleb, chilled just thinking about it --

CALEB (CONT'D)

They're different.

EXT. MOBILE COMMAND TRAILER - DAY

Emma exits the trailer with Bryce, each trying to come to grips with what they've heard. Emma sighs, shakes her head.

BRYCE

What do you think?

EMMA

I think my father was right. I should've gone into banking.

BRYCE

Yeah... Their stories are fairly consistent, though. I mean, I'm not inclined to believe in...

EMMA

Time travel. There's a reason you can't bring yourself to say it.

Bryce nods. She's right, it's crazy.

EMMA (CONT'D)

D.C. will look at the tapes and decide what to do. In the meantime, we've got a 47 person migration. The math says there may be bad actors. So watch them closely.

BRYCE

You don't trust them.

EMMA

I don't trust desperate people.

An Agent approaches Emma.

AGENT

Got the Sheriff asking for you at the checkpoint. He's a little hot.

EXT. ACCESS ROAD/CHECKPOINT - DAY

A checkpoint has been erected at the access road. The beach has been closed off to the public and, it appears, to Jude, who paces angrily.

A black SUV comes down the road and parks. Emma gets out. Jude pounces.

JUDE

My coroner's out at the hangar, says your men there won't let him in to see the bodies --

EMMA

I apologize, I should have given you a heads up --

JUDE

And your guys here won't let me onto the beach --

EMMA

I can no longer have you or your men on the site.

Jude stops, incredulous.

JUDE

You can't "have" us. Funny, I thought we were "having" you --

EMMA

And I need to ask you not to talk to anyone about the case.

JUDE

I've got a town full of people wondering what's going on down here, the press wants a statement, I can't "not talk" to them.

EMMA

I'll consult with my bosses and get you sanctioned talking points.

JUDE

I assume this abrupt cock block has to do with what those people are telling you?

EMMA

We're just trying to streamline the operation.

JUDE

(studying her)

Almost convinced me. Try it again without the eye twitch.

EMMA

I have to get back.

Emma turns and heads back to the SUV (self-consciously touching her eye as she goes). Jude calls after her.

JUDE

What about the girl, Leah... Did her mom ever turn up? Or can you not tell me that either.

Emma shakes her head, no. They never found her.

EXT. THORN BEACH - DAY

Leah sits down by the water, staring out at the ocean. We PUSH IN on her face, haunted, remembering:

EXT. OCEAN - UNDERWATER - FLASHBACK

We're thrust back into the harrowing opening sequence, Leah being swum toward the surface by the woman, her MOTHER...

Fighting to stay conscious, her Mom gives Leah a final push towards the light, her final act, as her breath is gone.

As Leah ascends to safety, she watches helplessly as her mother sinks into the inky depths below --

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER - OCEAN - DAY

TIGHT on a pair of eyes snapping open. WIDEN to reveal: that same woman, lying on the deck of the trawler.

She bolts upright, expelling water from her lungs. Staring down at her is the Captain, KURT, who was giving her CPR. His crew stands behind him, looking on.

KURT

Take it easy.

She stands slowly, revealing the tall, chiseled figure of an Olympic sprinter. Her name is RAE, 30's, she is Leah's mother... and she's alive.

KURT (CONT'D)

Slow down now.

CAMERA CRANES UP above the trawler with it's giant trawl bags and nets. Higher and higher until we reveal them far out at sea, the coast just barely visible in the distance.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER - OCEAN - DAY

Rae sits alone on the bow, wrapped in an Indian blanket, hair blowing in the wind, staring ahead anxiously as the trawler plows through the waves.

In the WHEELHOUSE, Kurt steers as a couple DECKHANDS prod him for information.

DECKHAND
So? What'd she tell you?

KURT
Not much. Asked if I knew anything about the "others."

DECKHAND
Others...

DECKHAND 2
Must've gone down on the same boat.

DECKHAND
Water's in the mid-fifties. She's lucky to be alive.

KURT
Luck, hell. It's a miracle.

DECKHAND 2
There's one other explanation.
(off looks)
Mermaid.

The other two stare at him for a beat, then tune him out.

DECKHAND
What are we going to do with her?

KURT
I don't know. We'll sort it with the Harbormaster after we unload.

BACK WITH RAE, eyes fixed on the approaching land, Port Canaan. The new world.

CUT TO:

A SCREECHING power drill spinning a screw into wood. PULL BACK to --

INT. JUDE'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Jude is assembling a twin bed frame with an assist from Nestor. Around them, a room is taking shape. Nautical theme, glow-in-the-dark stars on the ceiling. A little boy's room.

Nestor sips from a juice box while holding a bed post. Jude works the drill. They admire their handiwork.

NESTOR

Good room. He's gonna love it.

JUDE

Thanks. Just need sheets.

Jude flips the mattress onto the frame.

NESTOR

We got a ton if you don't mind hand-me-downs. Your kid like Pokemon?

JUDE

...I don't know.

Nestor shrugs, then drains his juice.

NESTOR

Hey, can I grab another grape?

JUDE

That's your third one. I got those for Noah.

NESTOR

I know, but Jill won't let me have sugary drinks anymore. Did you know sugar is harder to quit than cocaine?

Nestor looks down, ashamed.

NESTOR (CONT'D)

I've been sneaking Dr. Peppers at work.

The doorbell RINGS.

JUDE

Pull yourself together, man.

Jude answers the door, and a Customs AGENT is standing there with a manila envelope with a DHS seal on it.

AGENT
Morning, Sheriff. This is for you.

JUDE
What is it?

AGENT
Afraid that's above my pay grade.

He hands him the envelope and departs. Jude opens it and pulls out the paper within stamped "Classified." As he reads the typed prose of the document, his jaw sets. Not happy.

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Emma moves through the corridor tugging at her blazer, dressed more professionally than we've seen her before. Her phone RINGS, she answers, talks as she walks --

EMMA
Peralta.

INT. JUDE'S HOME - INTERCUT

Jude has the phone in one hand, the classified doc in the other. He's out of earshot of Nestor, who forages in the kitchen in deep b.g.

JUDE
I got your talking points. Little light on substance.

Emma rolls her eyes, but keeps it businesslike.

EMMA
We just want to withhold certain details for now.

JUDE
Pretty big detail, that people survived.

EMMA
You tell the world you've got fifty people claiming to have traveled through time, and your town becomes ground zero for every media outlet on the planet. For their own safety, we need to keep them out of the conversation.

JUDE

Somehow I don't think this is all about them.

EMMA

It's about you, too. The less chaotic this gets, the easier it's going to be.

JUDE

I can handle chaos.

EMMA

Your time in Philadelphia would suggest otherwise.

Jude stops, darkens at this unexpected reference to his past.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Look, it's not like you're the first cop to have booze blow up his life. In some departments it's practically tradition --

JUDE

You don't know me --

EMMA

I know you came here to put things back together. It's quiet, peaceful, low stress. And it can still be that... but you're going to have to trust me.

JUDE

Trust is earned.

He hangs up on her. Emma approaches an AIDE outside a conference room. Emma shows her credentials.

AIDE

They're ready for you.

Emma takes a breath and enters. HOLD on the window as she exits frame, with the Washington Monument looming beyond.

INT. BREAKWATER INN - DAY

A local landmark. A divey restaurant/bar on the wharf with colorful lobster buoys hung from the ceiling along with other Nautical decor. The clientele ranges from commercial fishermen to families to college kids on summer break.

Sitting at a table is their newest patron, Rae, dressed in an oversized flannel, devouring a plate of fish and chips. Kurt arrives.

KURT
Feeling better?

Rae nods.

KURT (CONT'D)
So I asked around, sounds like something's going on up the coast. Some bodies washed up.

Alarmed, Rae starts to get up.

KURT (CONT'D)
Alright, whoa, we don't know anything yet.

Rae sits back down, reluctantly.

KURT (CONT'D)
I'll talk to the Harbormaster, see what else I can figure out.

RAE
(concerned)
Police?

KURT
Something like that... sit tight, I'll be back.

Kurt exits. Rae looks around the room, taking it all in, this foreign space, these foreign people.

Her eyes fall upon a series of framed photos of fisherman posing with prized catches. Rae looks down at her food, pushes her plate away.

In the corner she notices a woman at a table rocking a stroller. Rae walks over and looks at the baby, staring, like she's never seen anything so innocent. And just as mom gets uncomfortable with this odd woman staring at her baby --

Rae's distracted by something. A sound. Her eyes narrow as she listens -- a VOICE, *barely audible* beneath the din of the restaurant. One might wonder how she could even isolate such a faint sound. She follows the voice into --

INT. BREAKWATER BAR - CONTINUOUS

The bar has a handful of locals in it. But the voice Rae has keyed into isn't coming from them, it's coming from the TV, a local news broadcast, where Jude is onscreen giving a statement. At the bottom of the screen a CHYRON with the words: *POSSIBLE SHIPWRECK REPORTED OFF COAST*

JUDE

...responded to reports of bodies washing up near Thorn Beach. Together with members of the Coast Guard we worked throughout the night to recover the victims of the wreck. We don't have a definitive count, as operations are still ongoing, but I can say the casualties are numerous...

Rae's face falls, as she is forced to confront reality: Her daughter is likely dead.

As Jude continues to speak, we MOVE down the bar, past the patrons there watching the newscast, rapt...

JUDE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

...At this point, we haven't located the vessel. More information will be coming. Until then we ask for your patience as we continue to gather evidence and locate next of kin...

...landing on a familiar face, Marshall, in a white apron. He works here as a bus boy.

MARSHALL

Wonder what caused the wreck. Hasn't been any weather.

One of the locals, LEVI, a weathered fisherman on his third Bourbon, corrects him.

LEVI

Wasn't any wreck. I was out dragging night before last, don't remember hearing any chatter, no distress signals either.

Marshall's curiosity is piqued. A fellow SEAMAN cracks --

SEAMAN

'Course you don't remember. That's what it means to be blackout drunk.

Chuckles ripple down the bar.

SEAMAN (CONT'D)

Was probably your happy ass that
rammed the damn ship!

More laughter. But Marshall is quiet, intrigued, thinking
about what Levi said, wheels turning...

MANAGER (O.C.)

Hey Marshall, you still work here?

Yanked from his reverie, Marshall turns to his MANAGER and
smiles, clearly full of shit.

MARSHALL

And loving every minute, sir.

The Manager frowns. Marshall moves off, back to work. CAMERA
moves back down the bar to reveal: Rae is gone.

EMMA (PRE-LAP)

They arrived without identification...

INT. DHS HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Emma sits at the end of a long conference table. Around the
table are an array of high-level officials. Each has a
placard noting their respective agency. Each have a prepared
report in front of them that they leaf through.

EMMA

Fingerprints were checked against
all databases, yielding no matches.
No sea vessels have been reported
missing, no planes reported lost --

NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL

So they appeared out of nowhere is
what you're telling us.

EMMA

There's an explanation. We just
don't know it yet.

HOMELAND SECURITY

What about other biometrics? DNA?
Surely, that could tell us more
about where they're from.

OFFICE OF HEALTH AFFAIRS

We'd have to figure out what to
screen for first.

NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL
(to Emma)
Do you believe them?

The eyes of the room are lasered on her.

EMMA
To be honest, sir, I'm less
concerned about their origins than
their intentions.

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE
You think they're hiding something.

EMMA
I think there's a lot we have yet
to learn.

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE
Then we debrief them. Separately
and exhaustively.

HOMELAND SECURITY
And if they're telling the truth,
then what?

This is greeted with skeptical looks. Clearly, this is not a
real possibility to most of these people.

HOMELAND SECURITY (CONT'D)
I've seen what they're doing at
DARPA. Machine learning, quantum
computers... *In two hundred years
who knows what will be possible.*

NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL
Okay, thought experiment: they're
telling the truth. What do we do?

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE
We use them.

HEALTH AFFAIRS
We welcome them.

HEALTH AFFAIRS (CONT'D)
If they were refugees, we'd have an
obligation to treat them as such.

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE
Think of it from an intelligence
standpoint. Geo-politics, natural
disasters, market fluctuations...
Think of what they might know.
(catching himself)
Hypothetically speaking.

The room digests this. It's surreal to even contemplate. The Defense official looks at his report.

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE
What else did they say about
these... Apex.

EMMA
Just what it says there, sir.

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE
(reading)
A revolution in genetic engineering
having led not only to the
eradication of major disease
markers but also to the emergence
of a minority population with
heightened properties --

HEALTH AFFAIRS
Enhancements in cognitive function,
fast twitch muscle development,
sensory faculties... the next step
in human evolution.

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE
And the testimony on this was
consistent?

EMMA
Fairly consistent, yes.

NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL
It sounds unbelievable.

LINDAUER (O.C.)
Because it is.

This is DHS Under Secretary CRAIG LINDAUER (50). He's sharp, aggressive, a fast-rising star in the halls of power. But right now, all he can do is laugh.

LINDAUER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, but are we really taking
this seriously? Time travel? Master
races? It's insane.

HEALTH AFFAIRS
So, what, this is all some hoax?
Almost 700 of them drowned.

LINDAUER
Almost as many as died in the
Jonestown Massacre.

HOMELAND SECURITY

You think they're part of some cult?

LINDAUER

Makes more sense than time travel.

NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL

One thing I think we can all agree on is a need for more answers.

EMMA

And I'll get them. But a hundred miles from here I've got men, women and children camped out on a beach, so right now I need an answer.

She has their attention.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What are we going to do with these people?

EXT. THORN BEACH - DAY

TIGHT on a small SEASHELL being held up to the sun. WIDEN to Hannah, sitting on a rock, turning the shell in her fingers. She threads the shell through with a blade of coastal grass and ties it onto a BRACELET she's been braiding.

She stops when the sun is suddenly blocked by the arrival of two supply trucks, which roll to a stop outside the tent. A few Customs agents help open the tail gates and get to work.

Hannah watches them unload for a beat then approaches one of the agents, a boyish, by-the-book sort, ROY, late 20's. Hannah gestures to the sunglasses he's wearing.

HANNAH

Can I have some of those?

(off Roy)

It doesn't get bright like this where we're from.

ROY

I can put in a request.

Roy gives a polite smile, then goes about stacking and sorting the boxes labeled MENS and WOMENS. Hannah follows him around, eager to talk, to connect.

HANNAH

My name's Hannah, what is yours?

ROY

Look, uh... We're not really
suppose to engage socially.

HANNAH

Oh. Why?

ROY

I don't ask why. Don't you have
anyone here? People you came with?

HANNAH

No, there's just me. I have family.
But... not here.

She slinks back towards the tent. Roy watches her, then --

ROY

Roy.
(as Hannah turns)
My name.

Hannah smiles. He smiles back. The start of something...

INT. TENT - DAY

Agents open boxes and hand out supplies -- extra clothes,
toiletries, water, playing cards, coloring books, even some
stuffed animals for the kids. OVER THIS:

PAUL (O.C.)

Supplies to pass the time...

A group of REFUGEES are circled up in discussion, among them
Caleb, Paul, and Abigail. Paul seems agitated.

PAUL (CONT'D)

How long are they planning on
keeping us here?

CALEB

We knew this would be a process.
Besides, it's better than where we
came from.

ABIGAIL

You don't know that. They've told
us nothing.

CALEB

They've provided medicine, food --

ABIGAIL

The meat they "provide" comes from
real animals, did you know that?

Some of the others cringe.

CALEB

It's a different time. They have
different ways of doing things.

THOMAS (O.C.)

Sounds good to me.

Reveal Thomas, sitting off to the side, happily chewing on
some jerky, smug, amused by the discussion.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Be nice to be back on top of the
food chain.

ABIGAIL

Don't you think we should have a
say in what happens to us?

THOMAS

Oh, I'll have a say. Don't you
worry about that.

A cryptic promise, upon which he doesn't elaborate. Caleb re-
directs, tries to be a voice of reason.

CALEB

I don't know about you, but Rebecca
and I came here to start over, make
a home, maybe have a family
again... but none of that will be
possible without these people. It's
normal not to trust them,
considering where we've come from,
but this is a different place than
the one we left. This is the
America of old, of life and
liberty. Everyone has rights here.
No matter where they're from.

This seems to inject some level of comfort into the group.

PAUL

We need someone to get us answers.
I think it should be you.

The rest of the group murmurs in agreement. Off Caleb, moving
less than comfortably into his new role --

ANGLE LEAH

Seated on her cot all alone, as others raid the new supplies around her. She looks at a rash-like blemish on the inside of her arm -- four or five tiny, raised red circles, just poking out from under her sleeve. She looks worried.

REBECCA (O.C.)
How are you doing over here?

Leah startles, quickly pulls her sleeve over her skin, as she looks up to see the smiling Rebecca.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I'm Rebecca. What's your name?

LEAH
...Leah.

REBECCA
I would guess you're... eight?

Leah looks at her; how did you know?

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I used to have a daughter the same age.

Rebecca stops an agent with an armful of stuffed animals; takes one from him.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Hey, look at this cute little guy.

Rebecca hands her a white bunny holding a carrot. Leah regards it curiously.

LEAH
What is it?

REBECCA
I think they call it a rabbit.

Leah takes it, smiling for the first time. Rebecca sits down next to her. As a bond forms between them -

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - JUDE'S OFFICE - DAY

Ron, the large City Councilman, paces in front Jude's desk, a loquacious force with a bone to pick.

RON

...I explained that as an officer of the town, I had the right to at least a cursory survey of the site. Still, they wouldn't let me anywhere near the beach.

JUDE

Welcome to the club.

RON

And this is acceptable to you?

We can almost see in Jude's face the inner debate: it's not acceptable... but it may be for the best.

JUDE

I've dealt with Feds my whole career. This is how it works. They want a case, they take it.

RON

Perhaps the spirit of Port Canaan has yet to fully impress itself upon you. This town was forged in the fires of individualism. In 1812 we repelled the Brits in a final stand that turned the tide of the war. We did not abide then, nor will we now, outside incursions...

EXT. STATION - BULLPEN - DAY

Nestor and another Deputy watch from across the bullpen.

NESTOR

Sheriff's earning his money today.

The Deputy laughs. Ron's bloviations are legendary. Jude's office door opens and Ron leaves in a huff. Then Nestor goes in, finds Jude massaging his temples.

NESTOR (CONT'D)

What was that about?

JUDE

History lesson.

Nestor shrugs, moving on...

NESTOR

So that Amex our mugger took off
the tourist? Someone tried using it
at a big box store in Leesburg.

JUDE

Lemme guess, flatscreen.

NESTOR

(what else)
70-inch.

JUDE

Pull the tapes?

NESTOR

New store, cameras aren't in yet.
I'm gonna drive up there, get a
statement.

As he heads out --

JUDE

I'll go.

Nestor stops, surprised.

NESTOR

It's an hour drive. Bit on the
tedious side.

JUDE

Exactly.

He grabs the file from him and exits.

INT. JUDE'S SUV - DAY

Jude gets in and keys the ignition. Then double-takes -- his
shotgun rack is EMPTY, the lock busted.

Before he can react a shotgun barrel is pressed up against
the back of his head. In the backseat, holding the gun:

It's Rae.

RAE

Take me to the dead.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. TRAIL/ROAD - DAY

Marshall flies down a narrow trail on a mountain bike. The trail lets out onto a paved, two-lane road, where he skids to a stop and looks on.

Down the road an 1/8 mile he sees the Customs check point, blocking the access road to the beach beyond.

He takes off his backpack, removes some binoculars and scopes out the scene. He picks up two supply trucks as they exit from the beach, zeroing in on the truck's door emblem: FEMA.

Marshall's eyes narrow, another piece of a curious puzzle.

CALEB (PRE-LAP)

A lot of people are nervous...

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - DAY

Caleb sits across from Emma. He's nervous himself.

CALEB

No one's told us what happens next.
Are we going to be resettled? When?
What does that entail? I know you
don't have all the answers...

EMMA

No, I'm glad you came to me. My
door is always open.

Caleb nods, appreciative.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Normally refugee resettlement can
take anywhere from three to six
months, but needless to say this
situation is anything but normal.

CALEB

So how long?

EMMA

I don't know. I would just ask you
to be patient while we determine
the best course of action. The good
news is we've secured temporary
housing. We'll be moving you soon.

CALEB

Thank you.

But Caleb was clearly hoping for more definitive answers.

EMMA

I know how you're feeling.

(off skepticism)

I came to this country with my parents when I was six. It was terrifying.

Caleb nods, appreciates this openness.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Not everyone in our group was like my family. There were some men, dangerous men... During processing my parents told me not to talk about them. They thought we'd all get sent back if the Americans knew...

(regretting this)

We let monsters in.

Emma looks at Caleb; there is a lesson in this story.

CALEB

All we want is a better life. Same as your parents wanted for you.

Caleb goes to leave.

EMMA

How is it you came to be the one to speak for the others? Did you hold a leadership position before?

CALEB

No. I worked in reclamation. Salvage.

EMMA

...Like a trash man?

CALEB

(nods)

Maybe I can do better here.

He exits, leaving Emma pondering this most unusual example of an immigrant's aspiration to the American Dream.

EXT. COMMAND TRAILER - DAY

Caleb heads down the steps of the trailer, past an agent stationed there, To find Thomas waiting, still smug.

THOMAS
So how'd it go?

CALEB
It's going to take time. They're going to move us soon, though.

THOMAS
To what, a prison?

CALEB
(ignoring his tone)
We have to be patient.

Thomas brushes past him, to the guard who waves him on.

CALEB (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

THOMAS
You seem like a good guy, but I need to explore all my options.

Thomas enters the trailer, as Caleb looks on.

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - DAY

Emma waves him in. She's been expecting him...

EMMA
Hello, please sit.

THOMAS
That's okay, I'll be quick.
I have information your government would be very interested in.

...but she wasn't expecting that.

EMMA
What kind of information?

THOMAS
Let's just say, there are what you'd call national security implications.

Emma sits back in her chair.

EMMA

I'm listening.

THOMAS

I want to talk to the President.

Emma absorbs this. Sounds like B.S., but she humors him.

EMMA

I'm in charge. You can talk to me.

THOMAS

It's too important. I want to talk to someone with real power.

EMMA

Okay... I can't go to my superiors with vague hints. You have to give me something.

THOMAS

Alright, how's this: We're not the first ones to come here.

Off Emma, now legitimately intrigued --

INT. JUDE'S CAR - MOVING - DUSK

Jude drives. Rae is in the back with the shotgun aimed at the back of his seat. Jude watches her in the rearview. It's silent, except for barely audible music on the radio.

JUDE

You want to tell me why you're interested in those bodies?

(nothing)

Yeah, figured.

Rae's eyes fall upon Jude's yoga mat, which is sitting on the passenger seat.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Yoga. Supposed to be therapeutic, good for stress... Speaking of, could you move that barrel a little to the right? We're one pot hole away from a real mess.

She doesn't abide. Jude's radio SQUAWKS.

NESTOR

(on radio)

Hey Jude, it's Nestor, over.

Jude goes to pick up the radio handset, but Rae instantly shifts her aim to his head. Jude freezes.

NESTOR (CONT'D)

(radio)

Got a call from Kurt Cooper down at the docks. Says he pulled a woman out of the water earlier. *Alive.*

Jude looks at Rae in the rearview, now noting the salt flecks in her hair.

NESTOR (CONT'D)

Jude, you out there?

JUDE

(to Rae)

You wouldn't happen to know anything about that.

RAE

(re: radio)

Turn it off.

Jude does. Now the music on the radio comes a little more clear. It's "Open Arms" by Journey. Silly for those who have heard it a million times. But magical for someone who hasn't. Rae listens, moved, a sadness welling in her eyes.

She barely notices Jude pull to a stop, then snaps out of it.

RAE (CONT'D)

I didn't tell you to stop.

JUDE

We're here.

He nods outside. They've stopped down the road from a private airfield. It's surrounded by a fence. There is a guard gate at the entrance, manned by some Customs agents. Beyond the weathered tarmac is an old airplane HANGAR with a couple government vehicles and more agents.

RAE

How do we get in?

JUDE

We don't. As of seven hours ago, I no longer have clearance. You picked the wrong guy.

Rae looks at him, senses he's telling the truth. Then scans the outside, keys in on the power lines overhead to the hangar, the source of its power. Calculating her next move.

INT. HANGAR - SECURITY HUB - NIGHT

A Customs GUARD sits at an improvised security hub in a small, windowless office with a quad-split monitor showing angles from different security cameras, when --

A power outage. All goes DARK.

EXT. HANGAR - ELECTRIC METER - NIGHT

Rae has the gun on Jude, who extracts a Leatherman tool from the meter's burnt out main power supply.

JUDE

Not sure how much time that buys
you.

Faint voices catch their attention. They turn to see beams from FLASHLIGHTS approaching from around the corner of the hangar. As they move in the opposite direction --

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

Moonlight pours in through the transom windows. Jude and Rae enter to the HUM of giant industrial A/C units, running on generators, brought in to refrigerate the space. They can see their breath as they come upon the bodies.

Hundreds of them are lined up on the floor of the hangar, heads exposed, small tarps covering the rest of them, a modicum of dignity in this otherwise degrading resting place.

Rae prods Jude with the shotgun and has him walk in front of her, as she walks amongst the bodies, setting about the grim task of finding her daughter. Bracing for heartache.

JUDE

If you tell me what you're looking
for, maybe I can help.

But Rae says nothing, just keeps walking/prodding.

Jude notes a small security camera aimed at the area. With the power out, however, no one is watching.

EXT. THORN BEACH - NIGHT

Emma is on her phone, walking privately along the sand.

CRAIG (O.S.)

That's all he said?

EMMA

Yup. Said he'd only tell the rest
to the President.

INT. DHS - CRAIG LINDAUER'S OFFICE - INTERCUT

Craig, the skeptical official from the earlier meeting,
digests this new information.

CRAIG

The Pr-- Is he kidding?

EMMA

There's clearly salesmanship
involved, but... I don't know, I
feel like maybe he's got something.

CRAIG

Uh-huh. And what does he want,
preferential treatment? Money?

EMMA

I don't know. But I feel like it's
worth running up to the Director.

CRAIG

And look like assholes when we find
out this guy's playing us? No, he
can talk to me. Set the meeting.

INT. BREAKWATER INN - NIGHT

Happy hour. Place is hopping. Marshall stops at a two-top to
re-fill the water of a couple girls. They're his age.
Drinking cocktails. Cute. One of them, LYNDY, is into him.

LYNDY

Hey Marshall.

MARSHALL

What's up, Lyndy.

LYNDY

This is my cousin, Paige. She's
from Chicago.

MARSHALL

A real city. Lucky you.

LYNDY

So later we were thinking of
getting some vodka and taking my

(MORE)

LYNDY (CONT'D)
dad's skiff out on a little booze
cruise. You want to come?

Booze cruise. It's the sort of thing Marshall used to live
for. But now...

MARSHALL
Can't tonight. Got plans.

He starts off, then has a thought, turns back --

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
But let me know if you see anything
weird out there on the water, okay?

Lyndy frowns, huh? Marshall heads off, passing a server --

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
Taking my break.

He heads out to the patio, where Will and Holly are on their
second pitcher of margaritas.

WILL
Hey man, could you fly in some more
garlic bread over here?

MARSHALL
I'm off the clock.

He sits and takes a long sip of Will's drink.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
I rode down to Thorn today.

Will mows the crumbs in the bread basket, indifferent.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
They've got it blocked off. There's
a checkpoint... and FEMA trucks.

HOLLY
So?

MARSHALL
So why would FEMA be there if it's
just a bunch of dead bodies?

WILL
So what are we talking, Marshall,
toxic spill? Downed satellite?

HOLLY
Flying piranhas?

WILL

Nice.

They high-five, drunk. Marshall ignores them, driving at something.

MARSHALL

Tom Steckel has a brother in the Coast Guard. He says there were survivors in the water. I think they've got people on that beach.

WILL

So why haven't we heard about it?

MARSHALL

Because the world isn't that simple, Will.

WILL

The world is as simple as we want it to be. You *want* it to be complicated. You want there to be *more*.

(a revelation)

You need to do more drugs.

Holly giggles. Marshall shakes his head, annoyed.

MARSHALL

I'm going down there tonight to see for myself.

Marshall leaves. Holly looks at Will.

HOLLY

You should go with him.

She lays guilty eyes on him. Will shakes his head and drinks.

EXT. HANGAR - ELECTRIC METER - NIGHT

A Customs GUARD inspects the blown meter with a flashlight. GUARD #2 approaches.

GUARD #2

Any luck?

The guard shakes his head.

GUARD #2 (CONT'D)

I'll kill the A/C, pull power from the generators.

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

Jude and Rae have made their way through all the bodies.

RAE
Where are the rest?

JUDE
This is all of them.

Rae looks at him. The same sense that told her he was telling the truth earlier now tells her the opposite.

RAE
You're lying.

Rae raises the shotgun, puts it right in his face.

JUDE
You told me to take you to the
dead. There are no other dead.

Rae stares at him, reading him, realizing --

RAE
But there *are* others, aren't there?

A tense beat. Will Jude cave? And just then --

LIGHTS FLASH as the power comes back up. Jude's eyes flit to the security cam. Rae follows his gaze, realizes they need to get out NOW --

She pushes Jude toward the exit, just as --

BOOM! Doors fly open. Four armed guards pour in --

Jude uses the distraction to grab the shotgun from Rae and square up on her. Tables are turned. She's surrounded.

JUDE
Get down on your knees, and lock
your hands behind your head.

Rae calmly assesses the situation.

JUDE (CONT'D)
I'm not going to ask ag--

Suddenly, lightning quick, Rae spins into Jude and knocks the shotgun from his hand, sending it FLYING across the hangar --

WHIRLS into the closest guard, cracking his ribs with a stunningly fast series of strikes, doubling him over --

SLAMS him on the chest with both hands, shooting him across the floor into the remaining guards --

Then takes off at a sprint and, before anyone can fire a shot, LEAPS OVER the guards to the top of one of the giant A/C units THIRTY FEET OFF THE GROUND --

Then to the rafters another thirty feet up --

Guard #2 gets a SHOT off, but misses as --

Rae swings and crashes through a window a full sixty feet off the ground...

All this has taken less than 5 seconds and leaves everyone staring after her, slack-jawed:

What the fuck was that?

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FULL FRAME, B&W M.O.S. surveillance footage of the earlier hangar scene:

Jude and Rae with the bodies, then Rae aims the shotgun at Jude, then the guards stream in, guns drawn. PULL BACK to --

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

Emma and Bryce are watching the footage on a monitor in the improvised security hub at the hangar. The playback continues, showing Rae's remarkable/superhuman escape.

BRYCE

Wait, what -- ?

EMMA

Play it again.

The agent rewinds and replays. Bryce looks at Emma, floored.

BRYCE

How is that possible?

EMMA

It's not...

The reality lands on her: maybe the survivors have been telling the truth after all.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Not yet.

Emma looks out to an adjacent room, where Jude paces, prevented from leaving. A witness to the inexplicable.

INT. HANGAR - ADJACENT ROOM - NIGHT

Jude is giving Emma his version of the story. He looks annoyed, doesn't want to be here.

JUDE

I told her there weren't any others, she didn't believe me, your guys came in, you know the rest.

EMMA

Anything else you can tell me about her?

JUDE

Yeah, she's a Journey fan.

EMMA

You think this is funny?

JUDE

I was taken hostage with my department-issued shotgun so, no, not really.

EMMA

So she gave no other indication of what she was looking for, why this was important to her.

JUDE

No. But I think she came out of the water. I think she's one of them.

EMMA

No, this one's different.

Jude frowns, senses Emma knows more than she's letting on.

JUDE

There something you aren't telling me?

(off hesitation)

Here's what I know: she ripped a shotgun out of a Progard Partition Mount lock made of 16-gauge steel. Whatever else she is, she's a threat to my town, and I deserve to know what I'm up against.

Emma hesitates, sympathetic. But alas --

EMMA

If you see her again, don't engage. Notify me. 24/7.

JUDE

I'll take it under advisement.

Emma goes to leave, but Jude calls after her --

JUDE (CONT'D)

If she's looking for the survivors, I'm not sure I want to know what happens if she finds them.

EMMA

No one is going to find them.

EXT. CLIFF TRAIL - NIGHT

Marshall and Will push through dense brush under a full moon, hiking to the top of the cliff on an old trail that has been taken over by shrubbery. Will isn't happy.

MARSHALL

We're close.

WILL

You've been saying that for an hour.

Marshall steps through to a clear area. Points to the edge of a cliff looking out over the ocean.

WILL (CONT'D)

Finally.

Marshall approaches and looks down to Thorn Beach and sees...

Nothing. The tent is gone, the command trailer is gone, the people are gone. There's no trace that anyone was ever there.

WILL (CONT'D)

Nice. Totally worth it.

Marshall stares down at the empty beach, disappointed, unable to accept the uselessness of his quest. He points.

MARSHALL

Wait, there's something down there.

WILL

Yup, it's called kelp. I'm out.

Will turns back and heads down the trail without Marshall.

EXT. THORN BEACH - NIGHT

TIGHT on shoes walking just beyond the reach of the surf, then stopping at a large heap of kelp. WIDEN to: Marshall, taking a seat on a nearby rock, defeated.

His hand brushes against something. He holds it up to the moonlight... It's the braided seashell BRACELET Hannah made.

Off Marshall, his curiosity renewed, his trajectory set -- *he will not stop until he finds out the truth.*

INT. BUS - MOVING - NIGHT

The survivors are here, on this bus, being moved to a new location under cover of night. Many are asleep.

We find Leah awake, watching the dark countryside race by, clutching the toy bunny in her lap. She looks ill. Film of sweat on her upper lip. Hair matted to her forehead.

She pulls her shirt sleeve back to check her arm -- there are more of the raised circles now, twice as many. And they're darker. Redder. Whatever this is, *it's spreading*.

Leah turns back to the window. A stranger in a strange land, missing her mother terribly.

EXT. WHARF - NIGHT

Rae stands at the end of the pier, staring out to sea, missing Leah just as badly. Two souls connected over space and time, separated by circumstance.

MAN (O.C.)

Nice night.

Rae turns around to see a MAN, bearded, stocky, in a ball cap. Rae says nothing.

MAN (CONT'D)

That's cool, we don't have to talk.
You got any money?

Rae shakes her head, no. He pulls out a revolver.

MAN (CONT'D)

Maybe just empty your pockets to be sure.

Rae looks at the gun, then at him, as a cat would a mouse --

EXT. WHARF - LATER

Jude walks onto the pier, now a crime scene. The mugger is on a stretcher, with a bloody face and a broken arm, being put into the back of an ambulance by EMT's.

Nestor is already on the scene, and he greets Jude.

NESTOR

Looks like Christmas came early.

JUDE

We sure that's him?

NESTOR

He confessed. Whether it'll be admissable in light of his recent ass kicking, who knows.

JUDE

Who did it to him?

NESTOR

That's the best part. He says it was a woman.

He checks some notes he's taken on a pad.

NESTOR (CONT'D)

"Homeless Xena" was the actual description.

(off look)

Warrior Princess?

JUDE

Did you find his gun?

NESTOR

Actually, no.

This concerns Jude greatly. He knows there's likely only one woman who could have done this. He debates options, then --

JUDE

I want the streets cleared.

(off Nestor)

The person who did this is armed and dangerous, and people are safer indoors. In the meantime, you're looking for a woman, about six feet tall, dark brown hair, dressed in a blue flannel shirt --

NESTOR

Jesus, Jude, how do you know all this?

JUDE

...We met earlier.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

The bus rolls to a stop. The refugees stir. Leah wakes, looks around, disoriented. The doors open. An AGENT boards.

AGENT

Ok, everyone, just file out, and you'll find an agent outside with your housing assignments.

The refugees crowd the aisle and move slowly toward the front. We find Paul among them, who notices the driver's SMART PHONE lying on the dash. As the refugees exit to --

INT. CAMP LUGO - NIGHT

A decommissioned Army base. Fifty paved acres featuring rows of small, identical homes. Same color, same model. It's no frills. Vaguely utopian.

STAY with Leah in line with her bunny, as the refugees ahead of her are greeted by an agent with a CLIPBOARD, who hands out card keys and points them off to the different homes.

Leah gets to the front of the line.

CLIPBOARD

Leah, right?

Leah nods. The Agent checks the clipboard.

CLIPBOARD (CONT'D)

You're in #7.

LEAH

...By myself?

CLIPBOARD

No, we have you paired up with one of the agents. Don't worry.

He waves at one of the female agents, who comes toward them. Leah is nervous. She doesn't know this woman.

REBECCA (O.C.)

She can stay with us.

Leah turns to see Rebecca and Caleb behind her in line. Rebecca smiles, nods to the bunny in Leah's hand.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Him, too. If you'd like.

Leah looks at Caleb, who smiles. Leah nods. Rebecca puts her arm around her and leads her towards the homes.

LEAH

Is this our new home?

REBECCA

Not forever.

LEAH

When do we go to the forever place?

Rebecca looks to Caleb, who is genuinely hopeful.

CALEB

Soon.

ANGLE HANNAH

At the door of her assigned home, trying to figure out how to work the card key.

ROY (O.C.)

Need some help with that?

Hannah turns to see Roy behind her. She smiles.

HANNAH

I thought you weren't allowed to talk to me.

ROY

We're cleared for "crucial assistance." Figure you getting inside your house qualifies.

Hannah hands him the card. He swipes it. The door opens.

HANNAH

Thanks.

Roy smiles and hands the card back, and their fingers brush. He looks around, self-conscious. He turns awkwardly and goes. Hannah watches after him, then disappears into the house.

ACROSS THE SITE

We find Bryce joining Emma as she wraps up a call, then hangs up, looking pensive. Bryce notices.

BRYCE

Problem?

EMMA

The injured agent from the hangar. Doctor checked his x-rays, thought she had the wrong film... said it looked like he got hit by a truck.

Bryce absorbs this. Then, carefully --

BRYCE

If what we saw on that tape was one of these Apex people... D.C. is gonna be real interested in that.

EMMA

If she came with them, there could be more out there... *or in here.*

A beat, as the weight of this lands. Emma and Bryce look out at the survivors spread around the site.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Until we find out exactly who these people are and what they know, we don't take any chances.

She checks her gun.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I'm not losing any more men.

CAMERA DRIFTS OVER TO --

One of the houses. In the window, we see Paul, looking out, surveying the grounds, making sure no one is coming.

He turns away, pulling a phone from his pocket, the bus driver's phone. He opens the browser and types in a series of searches, in quick INSERTS:

"Molecular biology"... "Comparative genomics"...
"Proteomics"... "Pioneers in field"... "Female"...

The results pour in, a stream of brilliant, high-achieving female scientists. Paul scrutinizes the list, leading us to wonder what he's looking for. Or *who*.

INT. JUDE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jude arrives home, tired. He takes off his belt, gun, and radio, and sets them on the kitchen table.

He opens up his fridge and looks inside. Stares at the ginger beer for a moment, then reaches in and grabs one.

He closes his eyes, then slowly, lovingly twists the top off, soaking in the gratifying fizz/pop sound. He can't have real beer, but he will always have that sound.

His phone buzzes. Caller ID: "Cecily." Jude frowns. Weird for her to be calling this late. Or at all, for that matter.

JUDE

Hey, everything okay -- ?

Jude's face brightens at the sound of an unexpected voice.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Oh, hey little man. Kinda late, isn't it? Does mom know you have her phone?... No, I won't tell... I'm looking forward to seeing you... Yeah, we're still going fishing... You don't want to what?

Jude stiles a small laugh, amused.

JUDE (CONT'D)

No, we don't have to eat them... We won't hurt them at all... We'll throw them back in the water so their friends don't miss them... Okay... Okay, sounds good. Goodnight, buddy... Love you.

He hangs up. Smiles. Hopeful.

PULL BACK from his kitchen to --

The HALLWAY

Where a leg creeps into frame, silently, stealthily moving against the wall towards the kitchen. TILT UP to reveal:

Rae. And she has the mugger's gun.

We stay with her as she moves the last few steps, then wheels quickly into the doorway, raising her gun at --

An empty kitchen.

Only the radio and belt on the table remains. With an empty holster. Suddenly, there's a gun at back of Rae's head.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Drop it.

Jude's done an end-around, gotten the drop on her. Rae considers the situation for a moment, then drops her gun. She turns to face him.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Looks like the tables are turned.

RAE

Don't be so sure.

JUDE

Wanna test that? Make a move.

Rae considers this, measured.

RAE

No. I need you.

Jude frowns.

JUDE

What do you want?

RAE

...I want my daughter.

A beat, as Jude turns this over. He waves her towards the table with his gun, keeping it on her as she sits.

JUDE

Start from the beginning.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

An AERIAL SHOT, looking down on a dark, two-lane highway winding up the coast. A lone sedan speeding along.

INT. SEDAN - MOVING - NIGHT

We find Thomas in back. His request has been granted; he's being taken to meet with a high-level government official.

The car pulls off to a cliffside rest area.

DRIVER

This is you.

EXT. REST STOP - NIGHT

The car drives away, leaving Thomas. It's dark, the air shrouded in ocean mist, through which Thomas can just discern the faint outline of a man standing beside a parked car.

MAN

Sorry about the venue. You'd be surprised how hard it is to find a legitimately secure location.

THOMAS

I'm just happy to get off that beach.

MAN

I understand you have information.
I had to come in from Washington,
so I hope it was worth it.

THOMAS

It's worth more than you know. So I
expect to be compensated.

MAN

Fair enough. You told Agent Peralta
there are others like you, ones
that came before.

THOMAS

That's right. But they didn't just
come to escape our time, they came
to fix it. See, they have plans.

MAN

What kind of plans?

THOMAS

The kind where people die. The kind
that change the course of history.

Thomas steps to the cliff, looking out at the view.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You're worried about the people who
washed up on that beach, the new
arrivals, but the people you need
to fear... they were already here.

MAN

These others... what else can you
tell me about them?

THOMAS

Nothing. Unless I get certain
assurances...

MAN

Would you be able to identify them
by sight --

THOMAS

I told you, I'm not going to --

The man steps towards him through the mist, revealing his
face. It's Craig Lindauer, the DHS official. Which is not a
surprise to us, but it is to Thomas...

Because Thomas recognizes him.

He's one of them. Thomas steps back, stunned.

CRAIG

Guess we've answered that question.

Then he pushes Thomas off the cliff. Thomas plummets to his death on the rocks below.

Craig looks down wistfully at the cliff's edge, wishes it didn't have to be this way.

He makes a call.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

We're going to need to accelerate the timeline.

He exits frame, and we --

END PILOT