

LUCY

INT. U.C.L.A. - HALLWAY - NIGHT - LATER

Class is over. The last STUDENTS file out of the auditorium. As Jonas Lyger approaches Lucy. She brightens.

LUCY

Hey.

Lucy leans in, kisses him, tender. It's kinda sexy. But then... he pulls back. Serious.

LYGER

I have news. You're not gonna like it.

SC. 1

EXT. U.C.L.A. - PRESTON AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT. Lucy and Lyger stand before the stately, ornate CAROL PRESTON AUDITORIUM. Lucy is stunned --

START ->

LUCY

You're -- cancelling my tenure hearing?!

LYGER

It's not me --

LUCY

You're Department Chair!

Lyger smiles at a PASSER-BY. Wants Lucy to lower her voice. He reaches for her, hands on her sides, an intimacy there.

LYGER

It's the Tenure Committee, now can we just -- we'll talk about it over dinner.

Her shock builds to anger. She steps back from his hands --

LUCY

Don't. I've busted my ass for tenure. For years!

LYGER

The Committee's got issues with your curriculum.

LUCY

My classes are packed. There's a damn waiting list --

LYGER

Right, so they can hear about Jumbo. And how "George Washington grew Cannabis." "James Buchanan was likely our first gay president?" "Catherine the Great loved porn?" What is that?

PILOT

"TIME"

1/6

LUCY
So I shouldn't tell the truth?

LYGER
Of course you should, just a bit more -- traditional, that's all. The Committee wants you to fit in with the rest of the Department.

Lucy gestures to the 'Carol Preston' inscription carved into the building--

LUCY
My Mother built this Department. Made it world class. There's no way she'd put up with this P.C. bullshit!
(beat)
The real truth? You could push this through if you wanted.

LYGER
If you just -- try to play nice with the others. Smooth out the rough edges. Few months, I'll get the hearing reinstated.

She finally sees him for what he is -- a political animal. But Lucy is resolute -- and we love her for it.

LUCY
I'm gonna fight this.

LYGER
Please don't. You know history. Don't pick a battle you can't win.

LUCY
Well, you know me.

With that, she heads off. A flustered Lyger calls after her, but Lucy never turns around.

LYGER
Lucy!

EXT. PRESTON HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The house is old but charming. Lucy climbs out of her car.

INT. PRESTON HOUSE - CAROL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucy appears in the bedroom doorway to find -- her MOTHER. CAROL. In bed. She's very sick. Too thin. Unconscious. Ravaged by cancer. She wears an oxygen mask; a tangle of tubes from her body.

And sitting in the corner -- Lucy's younger sister APRIL (mid-20's). April's tired. Caring for their Mom takes a toll.

/END

2/6

WYATT (CONT'D)

C'mon, this is a joke, some psych test a shrink in the Pentagon came up with, right?

Stares coming from Agent Christopher and Mason.

LUCY

This isn't possible.

MASON

That's what they said about the atom bomb. Or the moonshot. Just takes someone with enough imagination to make it very possible --

SC.2

INT. LARK INDUSTRIES - LAUNCH PAD - NIGHT

Agent Christopher and Mason show off THE LIFEBOAT, a smaller, scuzzier, ricketier version of the Mothership. If the Mothership was Space-X; this is from the Mercury Program.

~~MASON~~

~~Our earliest prototype. Isn't fancy, but she works -- usually. We kept her operational in case the crew of the Mothership ever needed a rescue -- we call this one the Lifeboat.~~

(then)

START →

Their CPUs are linked so we know where and when the Mothership has gone, within a twenty mile radius.

Mason indicates the READOUT on the monitor inside the machine. Lucy peeks in. Reads the screen.

LUCY

Manchester, New Jersey. 3:30pm, May 6th, 1937? That's the Hindenburg. About four hours before it crashed.

(still skeptical)

You want me to believe -- this guy actually traveled back in time -- for real -- to the Hindenburg? Why?

Like tailors, two TECHNICIANS start MEASURING Lucy and Wyatt, who react as they try to pay attention to Agent Christopher.

AGENT CHRISTOPHER

We don't know what Flynn's after -- how he even knew about the machine in the first place. But there's room here for three passengers.

Lucy looks at them. Intuits their meaning. And FREAKS --

LUCY

To do what? Go after them?

3/6

AGENT CHRISTOPHER
Why else would we bring you here?

LUCY
Because you're insane? Even if I believed you, which I don't, there's no way I'm getting in that thing to, what, chase down some psychopath? I'm not a soldier!

AGENT CHRISTOPHER
(re: Wyatt)
No, he is. You grew up in the house of the finest historian in the country -- and you're incredibly accomplished in your own right.

LUCY
(heads for the door)
Well, thanks, I might need you as a job reference in the near future -- but right now? I'm going home.

~~MASON
I'd think someone who loves history would want to save it. Maybe save millions of lives, too.~~

That stops Lucy in her tracks.

MASON (CONT'D)
If Flynn kills people in '37 who aren't supposed to die? They don't have the kids they're supposed to have -- do the things they're supposed to do -- history changes, exponentially -- until it changes the present. Changes reality.

LUCY
Which begs the question -- why would you be stupid enough to invent something so dangerous?

MASON
(slow burn)
We didn't count on this happening.

LUCY
(to Wyatt)
And you're just buying all this?

Wyatt stares at her stone-faced, unsure what to think.

AGENT CHRISTOPHER
You think Homeland Security and the fourth richest man in the world are messing with you? This is real.

Christopher steps forward. Making her pitch.

/END
A/6

ANGLE. Garcia Flynn. Watching, enigmatic, from a PHONE BOOTH outside. He picks up the phone...

INT. MANCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL - SCIENCE LAB - NIGHT

Dark. Empty. Lights out. When Wyatt cautiously peers in, scanning the room.

WYATT

No one here.

Rufus and Lucy follow him in. Rufus consults the walkie --

RUFUS

But this is where the -- yeah, right here.

SC. 3

Rufus picks up Flynn's STRAY WALKIE. Under a table.

START →

LUCY

Is it possible he dropped it?

Wyatt gives a look -- he doesn't believe that for a second. Cautiously, they all search the room. Lucy casually brushes her fingers across 'THE MANCHESTER TIMES' on the desk.

Meanwhile, Rufus notices some (real-life) 1930's HEALTH POSTERS: "Stamp Out Syphilis!" "Diphtheria Strikes Unprotected Children!" "Do You Have Tuberculosis?" Yikes.

RUFUS

Anyone got some Purell?

Wyatt notices -- a bookcase of CHEMICAL JARS. And TWO BOTTLES are EVER-SO-SLIGHTLY out of place. Leaving a dust trail on the shelf. And some fingerprints.

WYATT

Someone just used these.

LUCY

Used what?

WYATT

Hydrogen Peroxide. And Acetone. Not good.

LUCY

Why?

RUFUS

Mix 'em together, it's an explosive.

LUCY

A bomb?

Lucy's brain whirs like a top. Then a theory CLICKS INTO PLACE. She SCRAMBLES to the DESK -- RIPS through the NEWSPAPER -- Lucy finds what she's looking for --

5/6

LUCY (CONT'D)
Kate's column. Listen: "the Hindenburg will welcome many luminaries aboard its return trip to Europe -- and the King's Coronation. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Omar Bradley, Igor Sikorsky..."

WYATT
I don't follow.

LUCY
Rockefeller's gonna help build the United Nations. Bradley's crucial to planning D-Day. Sikorsky invented the damn helicopter.
(off their looks)
What if that's why Flynn saved the Hindenburg? What if he didn't want it to blow on the way in -- because he plans to blow it on the return trip?

She steps forward to Wyatt. Desperate.

LUCY (CONT'D)
I know your mission is to kill Flynn. But this bomb comes first. If these people die? The damage to the timeline, it's... apocalyptic.

Meanwhile -- Rufus has noticed a closet door. A tiny bit ajar. With a strange smear of crimson just outside it. He pulls it open --

And a DEAD JANITOR TUMBLES OUT. Throat cut! Rufus SHOUTS! Wyatt and Lucy rush over --

RUFUS
(Preemptively to Wyatt)
Do not tell me to relax again.

SHERIFF
HANDS UP! STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE!

A SHERIFF and THREE DEPUTIES CHARGE IN -- GUNS DRAWN! Rufus reacts as he recognizes one -- the FAT DEPUTY he spotted outside the bar in Act 2.

The Sheriff takes in the CORPSE -- then looks at our heroes.

Wyatt knows they're fucked. He raises his hands. As the cops move forward to CUFF THEM ALL --

WYATT
Lemme guess -- anonymous tip?

As if to answer, the Sheriff SLAMS Wyatt down on a lab table, frisks him, removes his GLOCK. Looks at the odd weapon.

/END

6/6