

Pilot

By

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"Chasing Seconds" Episode 1

(c) 2013

EXT. WASHINGTON DC PODIUM - DAY

Opposite the Washington Monument and across from the Reflecting pool, the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES stands before an excited crowd. Behind him a huge structure is covered in large curtains.

PRESIDENT

My fellow Americans, my constituents! You've all anxiously been following this development for the last 23 years, and finally here's the moment you've all been waiting for! It is with great pride that I formally announce the grand opening of the Einstein-Rosen Portal system!

The large curtain falls behind him to reveal a large conical device made of glittering chrome, almost thirty feet tall. The crowd starts cheering.

PRESIDENT

This revolutionary new breakthrough in worldwide transportation efficiency serves as a testament to the indomitable American spirit to explore, to expand, and to excel. It brings with it a completely new way of understanding both our world, and our own capabilities. It teaches us that we as a country can always find a way to improve on what we have, and to blaze new trails in the fields of science, engineering, and technology.

With a hum, the bridge roars to life, its event horizon filling with a rippling white energy field. The crowd is going crazy, oohing and ahing at the gleaming silver bridge.

PRESIDENT

Of course at this moment I must pay service to the 3 brilliant minds who built the original bridge back in 2009. The heroes of American science, James Zanasiau, Yuri Kerzach, and Rudyard Shelton!

INT. JAMES AND MALTE'S DORM ROOM - DAY

The presidential speech is happening on a television screen on the wall of a college dorm room at the University of California, Three Rivers. MALTE KERZACH, a thin 18-year old Cassowary is throwing his hands up and walking away from his roommate JAMES ZANASIU JR, a stocky Dhole who is sitting at a table.

MALTE

No way. Absolutely not. Absolutely no way.

JAMES

What are you, embarrassed? You don't even have external genitalia, come on!

MALTE

Don't talk about my genitals. And its not about modesty. I'm just not into partying and that sort of thing.

JAMES

The Nudie Run isn't about partying. It's charity. You wear clothes you don't care about, donate them, and run around the campus with all the other philanthropists.

MALTE

I took the official tour of the campus already, thanks.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Malte and James are walking to class, passing through FELLOW STUDENTS on the way to a class. Most other students are using very high-tech communication devices, such as cellphones built into glasses or wristband phone watches.

JAMES

Don't start your college career like this. You'll have four years to sit on your ass, but you're only a Freshman once. This is your rite of passage.

MALTE

This is a hazing! I didn't join a frat for a reason.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

It's not a hazing; it's how they
find out which students are awesome
and which aren't.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

James is sitting at the back of a history class, whispering
to Malte while a squirrel PROFESSOR talks about history.

JAMES

This is the weekend before Dead
Week, and your final chance to make
some good memories before the
crushing reality of finals settles
in. Don't let it go to waste!

PROFESSOR MEEKER

Mr. Zanasiu...? Since last night's
reading, and this entire lecture,
has been about Ernest Shackleton's
voyage to the Antarctic, I'm sure
you could tell me when he started
his historic voyage.

JAMES

...the Cenozoic Era?

Dead silence.

INT. PROFESSOR MEEKER'S OFFICE - TWILIGHT

James is dusting and alphabetizing the large bookshelves of
Professor Meeker's empty office. Malte is leaning in the
doorway keeping him company.

MALTE

That was nice of her to give you an
opportunity to not get dropped from
the class.

JAMES

Who the hell even uses books these
days anyway?...but don't try to
distract me. You're still not off
the hook for the Nudie Run.

MALTE

I knew you'd bring that up again!
I'm leaving...

(CONTINUED)

He makes to go, but before he can James grabs a book with an Einstein-Rosen bridge on the cover and throws it to him.

JAMES

Malte. Think of our dads. Think of what made them famous.

MALTE

No you don't. Don't you try that...

JAMES

Are they famous because they sat at their desks and did their job?

MALTE

Stop it, that's not going to work...

JAMES

No, they're famous for what they did *outside* of work. They lost their jobs, and in return built the *greatest invention* of the 21st Century.

Malte goes silent.

EXT. THE UNIVERSITY GROUNDS - NIGHT

Malte and James are running nude along with a bunch of other drunken, raucous college students of both genders.

MALTE

How the hell did I let you talk me into this?

JAMES

Beats me. Don't get your feathers ruffled!

James 'accidentally' bumps a FEMALE STUDENT. She looks indignant, but when he flashes a winning smile she coyly smiles back and doesn't protest.

MALTE

Well, tonight I was *going* to go to a lecture about said aforementioned invention. Professor Meeker is celebrating the bridge system's grand opening.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

You are the last person on the planet who would need that lecture, man! You could probably build one.

MALTE

...Touche.

James slaps him on the back.

JAMES

Trust me, this'll be a memory way better than anything Meeker's lecture could give you. Remember, humanity may have invented time travel, but we still can't change the past...

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

At an auditorium the Nudie Run is racing past, the squirrel professor teaches the aforementioned lecture on the Einstein-Rosen bridge. Beside her is a large hologram of the device that had been behind the president.

PROFESSOR MEEKER

The Einstein-Rosen bridge is a device capable of almost instantly connecting two moments in time. It does this through a set of coordinates that are bound to three- and fourth-dimensional points on the Earth's surface. The first three coordinates: X, Y, and Z, deal with physical space; the fourth, T, is of course time.

The hologram zooms out to show the planet's surface, with a number of bridges all around the world connected by curving lines.

PROFESSOR MEEKER

The network has created a system of these bridges which connects most major world cities, allowing almost instantaneous travel to any country on the planet. Of course, the time-traveling aspect is much more heavily controlled, since there are fewer practical uses for it at the moment.

(CONTINUED)

The hologram shows a person jumping into an active bridge. The bridge traps them in a thin bubble, as they race along the Earth's surface and pop back out through another bridge.

PROFESSOR MEEKER

Now, there are two major limitations to bridge travel as we know it. Number one: It is not capable of leaving Earth's surface. Does anyone know number two?

She calls on a STUDENT raising their hand.

STUDENT #1

It's only capable of traveling forward in time, not backwards?

PROFESSOR MEEKER

Correct, hence the lack of practical uses to the time travel aspect. As cool as it is, there aren't many real needs to send something to a future time period, especially since we can never receive anything back. Waste disposal is the most commonly explored possibility at the moment.

The hologram shifts to images of three labeled FIGURES; Two humans and a Cassowary. The inventors of the bridge.

PROFESSOR MEEKER

The repercussions of this portal network will be astounding. Most first-world countries can now send goods to any point in the future, or anywhere on Earth instantly. Pay close attention to these next few years, students, because the world power dynamic has drastically shifted.

TITLE CARD

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DORM ROOMS - NIGHT

Malte and James are sneaking back to the dorms. Both are still nude, and hiding in the bushes.

JAMES

See? Wasn't that fun? Even a little?

(CONTINUED)

MALTE

So you didn't think of how we were going to get back inside?

JAMES

Of course I did!

They duck deeper into the bushes as a SECURITY GUARD walks past.

JAMES

I just didn't realize there would be increased security...

MALTE

The Nudie Run is not university-sanctioned! They're hoping to catch people who partook! Now we're both going to get caught and arrested, and we get to start our college careers with black marks and a criminal record!

JAMES

Calm down, we're gonna get back inside, just...

His eyes dart around the darkened courtyard. He spots some large trees that flank the second-floor catwalks. His eyes light up.

JAMES

That's what we need! Malte, if you see the guard coming, distract them.

MALTE

How?

JAMES

Just for a minute!

The next time the coast is clear, James darts to the large trees. Ducking down the next time the guard walks past, he starts straddling the tree and climbing up to the railing.

He's almost to the top when he looks up and sees a 23-year old BLACK CAT staring back down at him.

FLORENCE

Hey. You're James Zanasia Jr, right?

(CONTINUED)

James yelps and crashes to the ground. The cat drops nimbly after him.

JAMES

Who--? Who are you?

FLORENCE

Sorry for the confusion.
I...expected a human I
guess...thought you'd look like
your father.

The security guard notices and comes rushing over. Once he gets there, he sees James wearing Florence's longcoat and Florence looking under-dressed.

GUARD

What is going on here?

Florence has quickly changed from her headstrong attitude to that of an embarrassed girlfriend.

FLORENCE

I'm so sorry! We were just...out
for a walk...and uh...

The guard looks at the scene for a few moments and shakes his head.

GUARD

Damn teenagers...can't you keep it
behind doors?

He walks off muttering.

FLORENCE

(to James)

Not how I expected to first meet
you.

JAMES

Seriously, who are you?

Malte runs up.

MALTE

James, are you all right? Sorry I
couldn't think of anything to--
Eep!

He quickly covers himself with his hands as well as he can. Florence glances at him but is unfazed.

(CONTINUED)

FLORENCE

In return for saving you from the guard, I'd like both of you to meet me for breakfast tomorrow. The French place off Generals Highway. You can return my coat there.

JAMES

I...er...

Before he could say something more articulate, the cat runs off.

MALTE

Who was that?

James looks cluelessly at the figure rapidly fading into darkness.

INT. THE FRENCH RESTAURANT - MORNING

The three are sitting at a restaurant called the *Lapin Amore*. Florence is eating salmon.

FLORENCE

My name's Florence Brennan. You probably don't know the name.

MALTE

You ordered an entire salmon?

FLORENCE

My father was Rudyard Shelton. Mom never told me when or how he knocked her up, knowing her it was probably unlicensed prostitution.

JAMES

Shelton? The third builder of the Einstein-Rosen bridge?

MALTE

You're paying for that salmon right? Not us?

FLORENCE

I met him for the first time a few years ago. Raving drunkard in Scotland. But he told me things. Things about our parents. And he said there was a very serious secret about that Einstein thing everyone's so worked up about.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Like what?

FLORENCE

Well, he wouldn't say what it was exactly. And then he died.

JAMES

Oh. I'm sorry.

FLORENCE

I didn't know the man long enough to care. More interesting, the doctors said freak brain hemorrhage, but I'm suspicious. It was literally the day after I found him; I was sleeping in his guest room when it supposedly happened. I think he was *silenced*... (to a passing WAITER) One more salmon please.

MALTE

Now hold on--

JAMES

Malte, who cares if we pay for the salmon? Aren't you hearing this?

MALTE

Yeah, and I don't buy it. What, did the CIA sneak over to Scotland and off him just because he spoke to a black cat that waltzed in?

FLORENCE

I don't care what you think, I've been working as a construction worker for five years to earn enough money to get here and talk to you. I want to know what your parents told you about that bridge they built.

MALTE

Well, my father's never told me anything about the bridge. He refuses to speak about it.

FLORENCE

Is he still alive?

(CONTINUED)

MALTE

He'll be coming home tomorrow;
wife's turning 55. But he won't
talk to you, me, or anyone about
that bridge.

FLORENCE

Mm. (to James) and you?

MALTE

You really don't know what happened
to James Zanasiau Sr? Everyone knows
that.

JAMES

It's all right Malte. (To Florence)
When I was ten, Dr. Zanasiau left
the house under the cover of
darkness, and jumped through the
bridge at Carson City Camp. Nobody
knows where he went or when he'll
come out.

FLORENCE

That's suspicious. You've never
been suspicious about that? You've
never wanted to know what happened
to him?

JAMES

Of course I have. But what am I
supposed to do about it?

FLORENCE

You two are university students!
You have craploads of money! You
have tons of options!

JAMES

It's not that easy...

Still he looks cowed. Malte jumps to his defense.

MALTE

We're not interested in spending
our time and money trying to solve
an impossible mystery. I'm a double
math-physics major, I have no free
time.

FLORENCE

I could see that last night. (to
James) What major are you?

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

English.

Florence snorts.

FLORENCE

Well I do care about finding out.
Junior, don't you? Don't you want
to know what happened to your
father?

JAMES

Sure I do, but do you have any
clues? Where do we go from here?

FLORENCE

I've got a contact in DC, I just
need the money to get there.

MALTE

This is ludicrous. We can't go to
DC. Finals are in one week!

JAMES

It would be a quick trip, Malte.
Maybe a weekend one. Just see what
they have to say.

MALTE

Oh, not you too!...James, come on!

FLORENCE

You don't have to come.

MALTE

Why are we talking seriously with
the daughter of a whore anyway?

Florence is shocked. Malte realizes he's overstepped.

JAMES

Look--

Florence stands up.

FLORENCE

No, I get it. You two want to be
useless and clueless college boys,
and you can go ahead. I guess when
your parents invent time travel you
don't have to do anything.

The two watch her leave the restaurant.

(CONTINUED)

MALTE

Hey, aren't you going to pay for your salmon?

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DORM ROOMS - DAY

James and Malte are walking back to the dorms.

MALTE

I didn't mean to insult her but she's being stereotypically stupid. She's probably got nothing and just claims to have a contact. She's just a poor construction worker.

JAMES

Please in the future leave the talking to me... And it was worth a try. We could have done it this weekend.

MALTE

No, I have to go home for my mother's birthday, remember?

JAMES

Oh yeah.

The two walk in silence for a few moments.

JAMES

Could you at least ask him? Your father's coming to the birthday, right?

MALTE

What has gotten into you?

JAMES

I don't know...but it is a little weird, don't you think? Supposedly the greatest invention ever, and none of the three inventors will talk about it.

MALTE

Weird, but not worth getting worked up about. But all right, I'll ask him. He's not gonna have anything to say...

They reach the dorm. There's a letter for Malte. He opens it.

(CONTINUED)

MALTE

(reading)

"Son, please come home for the weekend. I would like to see you. Mom." (glances at James) She's never sent one of those before...

INT - KERZACH MANSION - DAY

Malte steps into a large and luxurious mansion. It's unnaturally dark and there are a few SERVANTS, none of whom make eye contact with him, except for a single female VELOCIRAPTOR, who quickly returns to polishing the banisters.

Malte makes his way up velvet-padded steps to the master bedroom.

INT - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

ALEXANDRA KERZACH, in her 50's and looking healthy, lays in her bed. She acts as if she's sick but doesn't look it.

ALEXANDRA

Hey sweetie...glad you could make it.

MALTE

Uh, hey mom...how's it going?

He seems uncomfortable.

ALEXANDRA

This must be weird for you...we don't talk much.

MALTE

We talked often enough...before college...I guess...where's Dr. Kerzach?

Alexandra shakes her head sadly.

ALEXANDRA

He didn't come...

An awkward silence follows.

ALEXANDRA

How is school going?

(CONTINUED)

MALTE

I've gotten a hundred percent on every assignment. I'm going to get a 4.0 GPA for sure.

ALEXANDRA

Like your old dad. And James?

MALTE

...I mean he's an English major. Doesn't really matter what his grades are.

ALEXANDRA

I hope you don't tell him that...

MALTE

Recently he's been obsessing over a certain topic. With the national opening of the...bridge...and all... he-he asked if I would talk to you about...

ALEXANDRA

Yes well...dogs will be dogs. Always curious. But I'd wanted to talk about the same thing so...

A pause.

ALEXANDRA

I regret not ever telling you more about the whole ordeal...it just wasn't a happy time in your father's life.

MALTE

Mom, you're acting kinda funny. Do you want to talk about this later?

ALEXANDRA

The official story about the bridge is so wrong...Shelton warned everyone, but nobody wanted to listen to him...

MALTE

Mom?

KERZACH

Open up my bedside cupboard.

(CONTINUED)

Malte opens up an ordinary-looking cupboard, the only non-lavish piece of furniture in the room. Inside are just a few dimestore books and useless items, all of which he removes while searching inside.

ALEXANDRA

Search the left corner.

Malte finds a groove and removes the bottom board of the cupboard. He finds a dusty old leather box. Alexandra smiles.

ALEXANDRA

This birthday, I'm getting a present for you.

Malte opens it to find Yuri Kerzach's pass card to Carson City Military Camp.

MALTE

I...um...

ALEXANDRA

Young James is going to need somewhere to go. Ask for Mitchell Crota, he's still working there. The thing about us Kerzachs, we need to backup our Zanasius. It's our duty as family friends.

Malte pulls out a slender silver rectangle. He pushes a button and a switchblade pops out. His eyes widen.

MALTE

Okay, seriously? Jeez--

Alexandra grabs him and pulls him close.

ALEXANDRA

When you get deeper into this, young James is going to learn something terrible. Dr. Zanasius made us promise never to tell him. But when he does, you must remember this: your father never jumped through the bridge. I traveled through once, because I was so curious, but he wasn't...This is very important.

MALTE

Uh...

(CONTINUED)

Alexandra rubs her forehead, she seems to have something of a headache.

ALEXANDRA
Remember that... (she smiles warmly) Any questions?

MALTE
Uh...I...yeah, like a million! I just...like...where do I even start?

ALEXANDRA
Isn't it always like that...I love you, son.

Alexandra's eyes slowly close. Malte shakes her.

MALTE
Mom...? Mom!

Malte drops the box and checks his mother's pulse.

MALTE
Okay, come on Mom!

As he checks his mother's vitals, it is slowly revealed that the maid from before is listening through the door, looking extremely interested. She has an earpiece now.

INT. JAMES AND MALTE'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Malte is sitting in his dorm room looking haunted. James is sitting in his bed.

JAMES
I'm so sorry.

MALTE
I was right there. She was 100% healthy, did cardio for an hour every day. Freak brain hemorrhage. No warning.

JAMES
Just like Shelton.

Malte stands up.

MALTE
She said a lot of cryptic things before she died. I changed my mind.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MALTE (cont'd)
We're going to figure out
everything, starting with Mr.
Mitchell Crota of Carson City Camp.

JAMES
Are you sure its a good idea to go
now? You're very emotional, maybe
you could use a day to calm down.

MALTE
I'm completely in control. I don't
need time to calm down. Book our
tickets.

JAMES
Well...then I guess I should tell
you that Florence will be coming
with us. We've been talking while
you were gone.

MALTE
Fine, good. Then we can use her DC
contact after this if Crota doesn't
cooperate.

JAMES
How are we supposed to get in?

Malte opens the leather box and produces the card. But James
still gets a glimpse of the open switchblade and gets
alarmed.

JAMES
Okay, you *really* need to calm
down.

MALTE
I just saw my mother die for no
good reason, James! I'm remarkably
controlled given the circumstances!

JAMES
All right, all right, okay!

Malte swivels his chair and starts typing on the computer.

MALTE
I'm buying train tickets to Carson
City for tomorrow. If your cat
friend wants to come with, better
let her know quick.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

She'll expect you to buy her ticket.

Malte sighs loudly.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Malte, James, and Florence sit quietly on a fancy train, James in the middle. Nobody wants to talk.

Finally Malte breaks.

MALTE

Look, I'm sorry I called you a--

FLORENCE

It's okay. Not like it wasn't the first time.

Silence.

FLORENCE

Should we have some sort of plan when we get there?

MALTE

I have my father's pass card.

FLORENCE

Doesn't mean they're going to be pleased we're there.

JAMES

By virtue of our last names we should be able to reach Crota, but he doesn't actually have to tell us anything.

MALTE

I'm the best with computers of the three of us. If we get a chance to open up a computer, you two should get me some room to work, with a distraction or something.

JAMES

So we're breaking laws now, are we? What happened to "simple day trip to talk to Crota"?

(CONTINUED)

FLORENCE

We have to be ready if he won't cooperate.

JAMES

Yeah, by accepting that likelihood and moving on! We won't be learning anything if we're all arrested.

FLORENCE

I've been arrested, it's not as bad as you think.

MALTE

You've been arrested?

JAMES

We've still got DC. I just don't want to get us shut down before we've tested all possibilities.

FLORENCE

You have to take risks Junior. Or else you won't get anywhere.

Malte nods tersely. James glances at both of his stubborn allies and exasperatedly sighs.

EXT CARSON CITY CAMP - DAY

Malte, James, and Florence walk up to the camp. There are no guards.

FLORENCE

No guards.

MALTE

Everything's virtual these days.

They double around to the back. Malte slides his father's card and it bleeps open. The door opens.

INT. CARSON CITY CAMP - DAY

They walk into a long collection of narrow hallways. A lemming SCIENTIST walks down one, passing them. Malte and Florence stare at him, and he uncomfortably averts his eyes when he passes.

James grabs both of his friends by the hand and gets them moving. Once the scientist is out of earshot...

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Okay, I have to tell you two the first rule of being where you're not supposed to: Look like you're totally supposed to be there. And don't make eye contact.

FLORENCE

Is that gonna work on *her*?

James sees a woman in a crisp black suit (the same Velociraptor as the maid from Kerzach mansion) marching resolutely towards them. She is making fierce unbreaking eye-contact.

JAMES

...No.

MALTE

Now what?

JAMES

We take a more direct approach.

He marches right back towards the woman.

JAMES

Excuse me, Miss (reads her name tag) Pomson--could you direct me to Mr. Crota's office?

POMSON

What are you doing back here?

She has a no-nonsense accent. Still James doesn't budge.

JAMES

We got lost looking for the office.

POMSON

(to Malte)

What is your business here?

JAMES

(cuts Malte off before he starts stammering)

That is between Mr. Crota and ourselves.

Pomson narrows her eyes, but after a pause begins leading them.

(CONTINUED)

POMSON
That's General Crota to you.

INT. CROTA'S OFFICE - DAY

GENERAL CROTA, a snake, looks up as Pomson leads the two through the door. A respectful man of at least 40, there is a flicker of recognition in his eye; and he waits until Pomson leaves before speaking.

CROTA
A dog, a Cassowary, and a black cat. If I had to guess I'd say you were the children of the bridge inventors.

JAMES
Yes...

CROTA
Thought you'd come around one day.

He goes back to his writing, leaving the three standing awkwardly silent.

JAMES
I'd like to know more about the Einstein-Rosen bridge--

CROTA
I can't tell you anything more than you already know. Trust me, I'd like to. I went to school with your fathers, I respect them. I'm sorry for what happened recently, Malte.

Malte gets really pissed off.

MALTE
You can't turn us away like this! You know something! Why did she just die, she was completely healthy!

CROTA
I'm not at liberty to say anything.

MALTE
But there IS something to say?

James shushes him.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

I'm really really sorry about my friend. He's kind of emotional right now.

CROTA

I don't know what you want me to say.

JAMES

Okay, you can't tell us anything about the bridge. But can you tell me about my father? He just left me, and I never knew why.

Crota was silent for a few seconds. Then he gets out of his seat.

CROTA

Okay. Ten minutes. Follow me.

He leads them out of the room. Malte lags, eying the computer. Crota sticks his head back in.

CROTA

Don't fall behind.

INT. CARSON CITY CAMP HALLWAYS - DAY

Crota is leading them somewhere in the base.

CROTA

You've heard of the Pelvanida incident. About 20 years ago, many workers at a Nevadan facility, the Pelvanida Research Base, died in a terrible lab accident. Others were fired in the aftermath, including your fathers. And your mother, James.

JAMES

I've never understood why they lost their jobs.

CROTA

It wasn't their fault; unfortunate side casualties of such a tragedy. Don't even ask me to tell you what the lab accident had been. But your fathers invented the bridge while they didn't have a job, and that made them internationally famous.

(CONTINUED)

FLORENCE

Even I knew this much already...

James flashes her a warning glance, but Crota continues. Malte and Florence start whispering, growing bored with the conversation.

CROTA

The original bridge was moved around several times after its completion. It spent some time at Area 51, until about ten years ago it finally reached here.

He walks them into a large room where an Einstein-Rosen bridge sit, smaller and less refined than the President's. A small control panel is connected to the side, a feature unneeded in the slicker network models. Still it's an impressive sight.

CROTA

At around that time, your father arrived late at night. He spoke to Moby, the general of the camp at that time, called in every favor he had, and got permission to jump through the bridge.

JAMES

Why? Why did he leave?

CROTA

While I don't know for sure, personally I think he may have been trying to avoid some monetary debts, which came about because of the need for extremely valuable resources for the bridge creation. He hoped to jump to a time when his name had been cleared from the records.

JAMES

He was given a full pardon after the bridge invention. Rewards money alone payed for the bridge twice over.

Crota looks guilty at being caught in a lie.

CROTA

Well I don't know. He kept his reasons to himself.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES
Well, where did he go then?

CROTA
That's classified--

James grabs him by the arm.

JAMES
You haven't told me anything
useful! Even if I know where he
went, I can't do anything about it.
I can't go there, and I'm sure my
father would want me to know where
he went.

Crota hesitates for a long time.

CROTA
Look, I wouldn't be able to tell
you where he went even if I wanted
to. See here--

He crosses to the bridge's control panel and starts typing.

MALTE
What are you doing?

CROTA
Checking its history; This was
rarely used once more stable
prototypes were made...there.

He shows them a string of numbers.

CROTA
We don't even use this system of
coordinates anymore; its too
unreliable. Nobody dabbles in this
system any more.

MALTE
Can I write those down?

Crota quickly turns the monitor off.

CROTA
No you most certainly can't write
those down---Where's the girl?

Florence has left the room at some point. Crota immediately
rushes out of the room, James in pursuit.

Crota reaches an intercom and speaks into it.

(CONTINUED)

CROTA

Florence Brennan, please return
immediately to the bridge room!
It's a felony to be in this base
without proper authority!

POMSON

General, calm yourself.

Pomson appears, carrying Florence.

POMSON

I caught her attempting to reach
the lower levels.

FLORENCE

I...was trying to find the
bathroom.

Crota is livid.

CROTA

I want all three of you to leave
this facility at once...*Where's the
Cassowary???*

They rush back into the bridge room, where Malte stands
idly.

MALTE

You said not to leave the bridge
room. So I didn't.

Crota glances at the bridge. The monitor is off.

CROTA

I'm going to have to order all
three of you to undergo a full body
search to make sure none of you
have taken anything.

MALTE

Of course.

Crota leads them into the back.

EXT. CARSON CITY CAMP- TWILIGHT

Time skip. Malte, James, and Florence are now crossing
around the perimeter of the camp. All of them look like they
didn't have a good time.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

That must be kind of like what
prison feels like.

FLORENCE

Prison is better.

MALTE

Are you sure we can't sue them for
wiping our phones? I had 10 years
of contacts on there!

FLORENCE

Where are we going anyway?

MALTE

Here.

He leads them to the alleyway out back. Rummaging around, he
finds a paper airplane and unfolds it to reveal the numbers
from the bridge. The other two look at an open window
several floors up.

The three rush off silently.

INT. JAMES AND MALTE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

The three return to the dorm room.

JAMES

Malte, can you read the code?

Malte shakes his head.

MALTE

I was brought up on the current
system. This is Greek to me.

FLORENCE

My contact in DC will be able to
read it. We should head there next.

JAMES

Okay, okay, tomorrow we'll plan our
trip. For now, I'm exhausted.

FLORENCE

Where should I sleep?

MALTE

Somewhere else entirely? This room
is crowded enough as it is.

(CONTINUED)

Florence stares right at him until he slumps.

MALTE

You can sleep perpendicular to
James' bed. I've got a camping bag.

FLORENCE

Thank you.

The three climb into bed and fall asleep.

INT. JAMES AND MALTE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Malte's bedside alarm clock shows it is 3 in the morning.
There is a light 'click' and the door silently opens. Pomson
slips into the dorm room and looks around.

She crosses to the desk and begins slinking through papers.
She doesn't see what she's looking for.

Finally she glances at Malte and sees the paper clutched in
his hand. Drawing a vial of powder from her belt, she
sprinkles his hand and the muscles relax. She slides the
paper out.

Suddenly there is a massive "THWOP" and she flies to the
ground. Florence stands behind her, wielding a large weight.

Both boys leap out of bed.

JAMES

What the hell happened?

Florence turns on the light.

FLORENCE

She was poking around our stuff. I
found this under your bed, Junior.

She hands the weight back. All three look at the unconscious
figure laying prone on the floor.

FLORENCE

That's the woman who manhandled me
in Carson City.

JAMES

Her name was Pomson.

MALTE

Now what?

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

She's a government agent, we can't do anything to her. We have to leave now.

MALTE

If leave her like this, she'll follow us.

FLORENCE

If we kill her we're fugitives. Besides, she wasn't so hard to beat. I bet I'm stronger than her.

The three stare at the unconscious body.

EXT. AN ATM - NIGHT

The three are at an ATM on the street. Florence is standing guard while the two boys take turns with the ATM. Malte withdraws a stack of twenties and adds it to his pile.

MALTE

That's max. I can only withdraw 500 a day.

JAMES

Me too.

FLORENCE

That's more than enough to get us to DC.

MALTE

It's going to have to get us further than that.

JAMES

We can't use our bank accounts after this; it'd allow them to track us. This is all we're ever going to withdraw.

MALTE

I can't believe we're doing this.

JAMES

Too late to think of that now. We need to get the earliest flight to DC.

(CONTINUED)

FLORENCE

Guess you college boys aren't so
useless after all. Let's go find
Dr. Zanasiu.

The three leave the ATM, and begin running down the road
away from the university.

INT. JAMES AND MALTE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Pomson is no longer on the floor; she's gone.

END CREDITS