

TIMECROSS

By:

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CAPSULE:

While exploring the wreck of the R.M.S. Golden Eagle, a luxury ocean liner that sank in 1934, a present day expedition headed by ambitious, motivated oceanographer William Petersen witnesses the crash of a mysterious craft, which almost destroys their research vessel. The craft turns out to be the U.S.S. Sirius III, a starship from the year 2124, piloted by Commander Joseph Stark of the United States Military Space Forces, or U.S.M.S.F. Thrown together by a time traveling accident, the two crews must overcome their differences to complete the starship's original mission: Go back to 1934, prevent the sinking of the Golden Eagle, and retrieve a weapon of universe-destructing capabilities from a vengeful cyborg. Things are further complicated when Peterson begins to fall for the shipping line's owner's daughter.

SCRIPT

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS, ENGLAND. DAY. 1934:

The busy city is full of people, dressed in period clothing, going around, minding their business. Running through the crowd and pushing people aside is...

MAN#1 (Early 20's), wearing brown trousers, a white shirt, and suspenders. Grey steel suitcase in right hand. He has a youthful face that seems to be showering in sweat, and his expression is that of a man on a mission. His blue eyes full of agony as he bumps into astonished passengers and dock workers, attempting to escape from...

MAN#2 (40's), running right behind him. His beige coat and hat, make him look like the fearless detective of whom one reads in mystery novels, while his face demonstrates a man soaked with wisdom and experience.

MAN#2:

I order you to stop! You are under arrest!

No response from MAN#1. Now he's just running even faster.

MAN#2:

In the name of the Queen! Halt!

Still nothing. The men are running past all sorts of buildings: Shipping line offices, shops, apartment buildings.

MAN#1 turns his head to the right, and we suddenly see two vessels loading at a pier. They are freighters, both around

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2000 tons. Twin sisters, each having a black hull, a white superstructure, and a single red funnel with a black top. White letters spell the names on their bows. One is the JEFFERSON, and the other the WASHINGTON. Both have American flags at the stern, and a bunch of officers loading wooden boxes on their decks.

MAN#1 looks at them, considering his next move. Quickly abandoning some reckless idea, he continues running forth. As the two men are running, they are knocking down merchandise of vendors, bumping into people, and even taxi cabs. Ahead of MAN#1 is...

BUILDING(0).Under construction. Its skeleton of building bars is a testament to the industrial fever of the time period.

Approaching it, MAN#1 starts climbing the bars with superhuman strength. He climbs on a bar on what is to become the second floor, and then steps onto another bar, which is being lifted into the air by a crane. He gets off on the 12th level, where 3 construction workers, dressed in identical shirts, vests, and pants, block his path.

EXT.BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

MAN#1 grabs WORKER #1(53),by the neck. Worker is suffocating, eyes ready to pop out. His friends stand by. WORKER#2(48),attempts to hit MAN#1 with a crowbar. As if having some kind of psychic ability, he turns and hits WORKER#2 with the steel suitcase, just as he was making his swing, disorienting him. Still holding WORKER#1 by the neck, he looks at him right in the eyes before HURLING him off the building to his death.

WORKER(IN POLISH WHILE FALLING):
Święta Maryja!!! (Holy Mary!!!)

EXT.GROUND LEVEL

GASPS and SCREAMS from terrified onlookers as the man falls dead.

More screams and gasps when suddenly, MAN#1 JUMPS off of the building, landing on the ground with his fist down. No injury.

EXT.SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS. DAY.

MAN#1 continues running, oblivious to everything around him, going past buildings of different sizes and colors. We change to MAN#1's P.O.V. to see

OCEAN LINER(3).A one thousand-footer, her black hull separated by a yellow line from her dazzling white superstructure. Mighty rivets cover it all. Her bridge, with double wings designed for effective wind circulation, makes her look like a crossover between the TITANIC and QUEEN MARY. The towering height of the liner, which is as much imposing as it is awe-inspiring, is made larger by her three enormous funnels, painted golden with black tops. They are a striking testament of the industrial revolution. On the promenade deck above, one can see ladies and gentlemen walking, conversing, smoking cigars, or waving and looking at the commotion below. The beauty of the liner swipe anyone off their feet, and easily make modern engineers jealous. All of these things give the ship an air of glory and record-breaking fame. On the bow, right next to the enormous anchor, and above the magnificent portholes, golden letters spell the name GOLDEN EAGLE.

MAN#1 glances at this new revelation, and immediately runs towards it.

MAN#2, now incredibly behind, continues running after him, bumping into more people, and knocking over more stuff. At the same time, MAN#1 gets into the crowd walking near the vessel, slows his pace, and not-so-accidentally bumps into a black-haired gentleman of around 30, headed in the direction of the boarding door, wearing a business suit.

MAN#1:

Pardon me...

GENTLEMAN:

No need for concern, sir!

MAN#1 proceeds a good distance away, and starts picking up pace. He looks at his hand to see A WALLET, stolen from the gentleman, genuine leather shining in the sun. Approaching the boarding door, he opens the wallet and takes out a small paper. A TICKET. At the door, OFFICER (21), is welcoming passengers on board. His face has a smile, but that is merely a fancy mask to his I'M-REALLY-TIRED-OF-THIS expression. He is wearing full uniform, of black color.

Approaching the officer, he extends his hand, offering him the stolen ticket. The officer takes it, glances at it, smiles, and, after ripping off the part he needs, hands it over to the thief.

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OFFICER:

Welcome, Mr. Sorenson. Your cabin
is 24B! It is right above steerage,
near the second-class dining room!

MAN#1 (DRY AND HARSH VOICE):

Thank you!

MAN#1 enters through the door.

INT.GOLDEN EAGLE BOARDING CORRIDOR

The corridor is painted gray, with several doors on each
side, marked CREW ONLY. MAN#1 makes a left turn, and finds
himself in a vast, open space.

INT.WELCOMING HALL

Columns in the Greek architectural modes support a
gold-painted ceiling, and elevators are visible in the
distance. People are walking around, awed by their opulent
surroundings. MAN#1 approaches an elevator, pushes the
button, and waits.

EXT.SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS

MAN#2, incredibly behind due to the masses of people,
arrives right in front of the GOLDEN EAGLE.

EXT.MAN#2 P.O.V.

In the distance, four sailors are casting her lines off, the
passenger door shut.

MAN#2 (WHISPER OF REALIZATION):

He's on the ship!

MAN#2 (CONT'D.SHOUTING):

No, no, no, no! Do not let them
depart! Please!

He darts forward like a madman. Too late. Her lines have
already been untied, and she is backing out.

MAN#2 runs towards one of the sailors.

MAN#2:

Please! Sir, please, we need to
stop that ship! She is doomed!

(CONTINUED)

SAILOR(23), looks up. Tough posture. Thinks his muscles are stronger than they are. Likes to act tough but fears authority.

SAILOR:
I ain't taking orders from
strangers!

In despair, MAN#2 puts his hand in his pocket, and produces a BADGE. It has a wooden base, and a golden decoration. On it, there is the inscription carved:

MI6

Underneath that, in a semi-circle:

SECRET INTELLIGENCE SERVICE

SAILOR(EMBARRASSED, SALUTING):
I beg your pardon, sir! We will
report it to the port authorities
immediately!

MAN#2:
We gotta do our best! Before time
runs out. We fail...and people are
gonna die.

SCREEN TURNS BLUE, LIKE OCEAN WATER. GOLDEN LETTERS FADE IN
(TITLE):

TIMECROSS

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC. 17,000 FEET UNDERWATER. TITLE CARD
DISSOLVES.

For the next five seconds, all we see is the dark blue of an eternal abyss. Fish are swimming around, and several coral reefs are visible. Then, suddenly, a strange light comes into view. It is small, but keeps getting closer and closer, like a car coming right at us. As the light approaches, our point of view seems to zoom out. We can now see the deck of a sunken vessel, her railing covered with rust, her front mast collapsed. We stop right there, as if observing from the bow of the giant ship. That is what the ghostly light, is coming towards.

OVER IMAGE, GOLDEN FADE IN: PRESENT DAY

Soon, it becomes apparent that the light is actually a collection of smaller lights, all put close together. Before long, they are revealed to be part of a larger object. Almost like an underwater school bus. Underneath them, big red letters spell the name...

AquaVision IV

It is a small, yellow submersible, with a crew of three looking through a rectangular porthole in the front.

WOMAN (V.O. THROUGH RADIO):
All right, we'll attempt touchdown
on the rear top deck!

INT.AQUAVISION IV

Two men and a woman are sitting inside the submersible. They are wearing the same blue uniforms, with a patched emblem on their right chest. The emblem has a picture of a whale jumping out of the ocean. The ocean below it has a sunken sailing ship on its bottom. All of that is completely encircled by the phrase "U.S. INSTITUTE FOR OCEANOGRAPHIC RESEARCH", written in gold lettering.

JEFF (GLANCING OUT OF THE PORTHOLE):

DUDE, SHE'S SIMPLY GINORMOUS!

JEFF (24), tall but muscular. His chestnut hair has been raised, probably with gel. He has a tattoo of a mythical sea creature on his left arm. He is as proud of that as of his job.

WILLIAM:
That's how you know this is her!

WILLIAM PETERSEN (40's). Has brown hair and a short beard of the same color. He's the big boss around here, but his work rarely gives him time to shave. Still, he loves it so much.

HELEN:
Much better preserved than the
Titanic. Makes you wonder what kind
of bacteria live here.

HELEN (32). Blond hair, blue eyes. Comments about being a woman in the workplace, but doesn't let anyone else do so.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM:

Looks more like *Britannic's* condition. Covered in sea life. But that was in the Mediterranean! The Atlantic ain't that gentle! It makes no sense.

As they all look through the porthole, we are looking with them. What we see is a spectacular sight. A one thousand foot ocean liner, standing almost perfectly on her keel, with the starboard side only partially submerged in sand. She has been preserved so well that it seems like she is still sailing on a ghostly sea of sand. Their lights illuminate the entire vessel, and everything seems to be in place, except for the front funnel, which appears to have been damaged in an explosion, as suggested by pieces of debris lying around.

WILLIAM (INTO RADIO):

Promenade deck in excellent condition.

As the lights of the AquaVision IV shine onto the ship, we can see that most of the railing on the enormous promenade deck is still in place, complete with life rings. Even some of the glass portholes appear to be undamaged.

HELEN:

You ever seen anything like that, William?

WILLIAM:

No. Not since they discovered the Dutch fluyt in the Baltic in 2003. And that, I saw on TV.

EXT.NORTH ATLANTIC DEPTHS-OUR P.O.V. (BIRD'S EYE VIEW)

We see the AquaVision IV rising up and approaching the stern. On the stern, rusty letters spell the inscription:

GOLDEN EAGLE

Underneath that:

LIVERPOOL

INT.AQUAVISION IV

JEFF (EXCITEDLY CLASPING HANDS):
 Yep! That's her, baby!

WILLIAM:
 The last undiscovered ocean liner!
 Guess we're set for a lifetime!

EXT.NORTH ATLANTIC DEPTHS-OUR P.O.V.

We see the submersible leaving bubbles as it moves. Those bubbles travel to the surface, and we travel with them, until...

In front of us is a big ship lying at anchor. She has a navy-blue hull, white superstructure, and red funnel. She is a research vessel, as can be understood from the more-than-usual quantity of communication equipment, and the gigantic crane at her stern. When we get closer to the stern, we see an inscription that only confirms the fact:

IMMORTAL EXPLORER

And underneath that:

NEW YORK

We come around the vessel to see her bow, and zume into the bridge

INT.IMMORTAL EXPLORER BRIDGE

On the bridge, we can see officers at their respective posts, all wearing white uniforms. At the helm is...

CAPTAIN ROBERT SHAW (47), black hair, brown eyes, muscular. HE's proud of the events happening around him, but he wants to get his job done as quickly as possible. He has been peering into his binoculars for two minutes now. One of his officers approaches him, slightly concerned. He is...

OFFICER NICK WALTERS(24), hair cut extremely short, but you couldn't exactly call him bald. He's the ship's IT technician, and, despite the captain's slight dislike for modernization, the two get along pretty well.

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OFFICER WALTERS:
Everything all right, cap'n?

CAPTAIN SHAW:
You could say so. But if these nosy
civilians keep interfering, I'm
gonna have to turn her around.

SHAW'S P.O.V.-BINOCULARS:

Through two big binocular lenses we can see four civilian
yachts (Three motorized and one sailboat), drifting at
anchor a small distance ahead of them. Curious spectators
have lined their decks, as if anticipating some "Second
Coming" experience.

INT. IMMORTAL EXPLORER BRIDGE

OFFICER WALTERS:
I believe the Coast Guard will take
care of that, sir.

All of a sudden, the radio on the top electronic panel
CRACKLES TO LIFE.

WILLIAM (RADIO V.O.):
Research vessel *Immortal Explorer*,
this is *AquaVision IV*. Come in.
Over.

CAPTAIN SHAW:
Deep sea submersible *AquaVision IV*,
this is research vessel *Immortal
Explorer*. Go ahead. Over.

WILLIAM (RADIO V.O.):
The *Golden Eagle* has been located.
I repeat: The *Golden Eagle* has been
located. Over.

Before William even manages to repeat the phrase, officers
on the *Immortal Explorer's* bridge erupt into cheers and
applause.

CAPTAIN SHAW (INTO RADIO):
Congratulations, *AquaVision IV*.
Feel free to take a look around,
and make some more observations.
Returning to surface in 30'. Over.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM (INTO RADIO):
Thank you very much. Over.

Captain Shaw hangs the radio back on the top pannel.

CAPTAIN SHAW:
Walters.

OFFICER WALTERS:
Aye, sir.

CAPTAIN SHAW:
Take a screenshot of our
coordinates, and the relative
coordinates of the wreck. And also,
pinpoint her on the map.

OFFICER WALTERS:
Aye, sir!

ZOOM OUT OF BRIDGE TO EXTERIOR OF IMMORTAL EXPLORER, THEN
OCEAN.OUR P.O.V.

We get farther and farther away from the *Immortal Explorer*,
and seemingly glide above the ocean's surface, untill we
see...

U.S.C.G.C. President Van Buren, U.S. Coast Goard cutter. She
sports the official Coast Guard insignia and white color.
Weights around 2000 tons. If you happen to be a pirate or a
seafaring drug dealer, you don't wanna mess with that boat.

INT.PRESIDENT VAN BUREN BRIDGE:

We see officers and sailors standing at their respective
posts. Near the entrance we see...

REPORTER (32), brown hair and green eyes. She is wearing a
brown coat despite the unbearable heat. Holding her red
microphone, labeled CNN, she has come here for the reason
she always goes places: To get the latest story.

REPORTER (INTO MICROPHONE);
Ladies and gentlemen, things are
getting pretty exciting for all of
us, as at this very moment, famous
oceanographer William Charles
Peterson and members of his team
are exploring the newly discovered
wreck of the R.M.S. Golden Eagle,
one of the most famous shipwrecks
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER (INTO MICROPHONE); (cont'd)
in history, and the final ocean liner that remained undiscovered. Built in 1931, the U.K. vessel was the largest and most elegant of her time, until her sinking on June 10th, 1934, in which 1,217 were lost. Since then, legends of the treasures that went down with her have charmed and haunted scientists and dreamers, almost as much as the famous *Titanic*. Commander Tom Rickson of the United States Coast Guard ship Van Buren has agreed to give us an interview.

At this point, coming into view behind her is...

COMMANDER TOM RICKSON, U.S.C.G. A tall man. His posture and manner would seem elegant in any outfit, but the white uniform he's wearing right now betrays him to be a man of absolute confidence.

The reporter turned towards him.

REPORTER:
Commander, can you please describe what your part is in this fascinating procedure?

Rickson straightens his posture, looking straight into the camera held by her cameraman.

RICKSON:
Very well, Ms. Lewis. One reason for being here is for the protection of the explorers. There are cases where pirates or even crazy fans attempt different sorts of assault against discoverers. Others may just interfere in their attempts to help. Off course, we may also be helping with raising objects from the wreck, if needed. Although we do need special permission to do that, which we haven't yet gotten. However, it would be extremely interesting to see how it goes, in terms of...

All of a sudden, the captain is approached by...

SAILOR(26), short but muscular. Proud to serve.

(CONTINUED)

SAILOR:

Captain, I am terribly sorry to interrupt, but...I think you should see this.

RICKSON:

What *now*?

The sailor motioned the captain to come towards the air surveilnce radar.

SAILOR:

This appeared just a minute ago.

Bending over the radar, Rickson takes a glance into it.

RICKSON:

What in the name of...? Are those dimensions even correct?

SAILOR:

Aye, sir. Warren performed troubleshooting.

RICKSON:

It's heading straight for them!

Rickson turns towards the reporter.

RICKSON:

Ms. Lewis, I appologize. It is best for you to leave.

REPORTER:

Commander Rickson, could you please give us some feedback on what has just transpired?

RICKSON:

I wish someone gives *me* feedback on this one...

EXT.AQUAVISION IV

We see the tiny yellow submersible sitting on the rear top deck of the *Golden Eagle*. A pair of tiny, mechanical "hands" are moving all around, exploring.

INT.AQUAVISION IV

The three friends are sitting inside the submersible, and looking out of the porthole, mesmerized.

WILLIAM:

You'd think aquatic pressure has crumbled the decks, but no...this lady is timeless.

HELEN:

I can kinda accept the decks being okay, but the portholes...That's almost supernatural.

JEFF:

After 85 years...

HELEN:

That's good though. Means we're right on time.

All of a sudden, the submersible's radio CRACKLES TO LIFE.

CAPTAIN SHAW (RADIO V.O.):

AquaVision IV, this is surface.
Please respond. Over.

WILLIAM (INTO RADIO):

AquaVision IV to surface. What is your situation? Over.

CAPTAIN SHAW (RADIO V.O.):

Coast Guard commands to halt the expedition immediately. Return to surface at once. I repeat, return to surface at once. Over.

WILLIAM(LOOKING CONFUSED):

What the heck?! Now?

HELEN:

Well, it wouldn't actually be a very wise choice to ignore them.

WILLIAM:

Fine. This better be something serious.

HELEN:

And it better be quick!

EXT.AQUAVISION IV

We see the *AquaVision IV* slowly rising from the depths. Tiny bubbles follow it.

EXT.AQUAVISION IV-SURFACE

We see the yellow submersible bopping up on the ocean's surface. Two men in red climb on top of it, and tie a line at the front. It begins to be pulled.

EXT.IMMORTAL EXPLORER STERN-BIRD'S VIEW

We see the American flag on the ship's stern. Workers wearing red climbed down a stern ladder towards the submersible, unscrewing its giant circular entrance hole.

EXT.AQUAVISION IV-BIRD'S VIEW:

Peterson and the others, all wearing orange, climb out, assisted by the workers.

WORKER#1(TO WILLIAM):
Congratulations, sir! Finally
found, isn't she?

WILLIAM:
Yes, thank you, but, I don't
understand...

WORKER#2:
I can't even say how happy I am for
you, sir!

WILLIAM:
Thank you!

WORKER#2(GUIDING HIM TO THE BRIDGE):
Right this way, sir!

WILLIAM(CONFUSED):
Okay...

EXT.BRIDGE-BIRD'S VIEW.

The bridge is surrounded by curious paparazzi, all holding CNN, BBC, ABC, and other microphones. They practically attack Peterson with questions.

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER#1:

Dr. Peterson, why is the expedition
being halted?!

REPORTER#2:

Dr. Peterson, how are you feeling
about fulfilling your dream?!

REPORTER#3:

Sir, sir! What can you tell us
about the wreck's condition?!

WORKER#1(TURNING TOWARDS REPORTERS):

Yes, we have indeed found the
Golden Eagle, and Dr. Peterson
would like to answer questions, but
he'll do so once we get to a safe
distance!

William climbs the ladder that leads to the bridge.

INT.IMMORTAL EXPLORER BRIDGE

Captain Shaw and two of his officers are greeting him,
shaking his hand.

CAPTAIN SHAW:

Congrats, Doc! Eight years of
research didn't go for nothing,
after all!

WILLIAM:

No, they didn't! But what in the
world could be so serious that
we're wrapping up now?

The captain points to the ship's radar.

CAPTAIN SHAW:

This right here, sir.

CLOSE UP ON RADAR:

A circular object appears with each passing of the
sweep-refresh. On the bottom-right corner, data are shown.

LENGTH: 392 ft

WIDTH: 195 ft

DISTANCE: 679 ft.

The distance appears to be rapidly decreasing.

INT.BRIDGE;

William is looking puzzled.

WILLIAM:
What is that? Some kind of Stealth
plane or something?

CAPTAIN SHAW:
We don't know, sir. We tried to
communicate, all we got was static
and this acronym, "SID". I have no
idea what that means. Do you?

WILLIAM:
Doesn't sound like any of the Air
Force codes I know.

CAPTAIN SHAW:
It appeared to just suddenly enter
our atmosphere.

WILLIAM:
It's the size of our ship!

Captain Shaw presses on the engine order telegraph. He puts
it on "FULL AHEAD".

OFFICER WALTERS:
Captain, the engines haven't warmed
up! It's risky!

WILLIAM:
Distance?

CAPTAIN SHAW (LOOKING AT RADAR):
222 feet! 210!

OFFICER WALTERS:
159 ft, sir!

EXT.IMMORTAL EXPLORER

The ship is shown speeding forward.

INT.IMMORTAL EXPLORER BRIDGE

Walters is looking at the radar.

OFFICER WALTERS:

93!

WILLIAM:

Jesus!

EXT.SKIES ABOVE IMMORTAL EXPLORER:

A gigantic, circular, silver object appears from the clouds behind the stern of the ship.

EXT.IMMORTAL EXPLORER STERN:

A worker in red watches in terror, as the mysterious object practically heads for collision course.

WORKER:

What is that...?

EXT.IMMORTAL EXPLORER-BIRD'S VIEW

We see the gigantic object, obviously damaged and on fire, get lower and lower towards the water, until it finally crashes, violently breaking the surface. For a few seconds, it seems to be dragging itself across the surface. Its crash produces what looks like a tidal wave, which rises, and hits the Immortal Explorer. She begins rocking violently.

EXT.IMMORTAL EXPLORER STERN:

The crowd of reporters assembled at the stern is suddenly covered by water, making their expensive suits and dresses completely wet. Gasps and screams follow.

INT.IMMORTAL EXPLORER BRIDGE

Officers, sailors and technicians looking at radars and screens, puzzled. Every screen shows white static. Everything seems to be malfunctioning.

CAPTAIN SHAW:

Okay, this is really bizarre,
Walters. What is that?

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER WALTERS:
I don't know, sir. Some kind of
electromagnetic interference.

CAPTAIN SHAW:
Well, fix the bloody thing!

OFFICER WALTERS:
I'm sorry, sir, this has never
happened before!

EXT.IMMORTAL EXPLORER-STERN:

One of the workers in red was trying to keep the crowd calm,
acting like a moderator.

WORKER:
All right! Everybody back off, back
off!

SAILOR:
'That a plane crash...?

INT.IMMORTAL EXPLORER BRIDGE

The baffled Captain Shaw is lowering his binoculars. He is
approached by an officer in his 20's, with a concerned look
on his face.

OFFICER:
Should we investigate?

CAPTAIN SHAW:
With caution. The best thing to do
is observe what happens in the next
five minutes.

EXT.IMMORTAL EXPLORER-VIEW FROM STERN:

The waters have cleared, and the crew can get a better view
of the mysterious object. It seems entirely circular, albeit
slightly elongated. It seems to be made of steel, or some
other incredibly strong metal. On top, there is an area
covered in glass. It looks almost like a cockpit.

WORKER #1:
Oh, man! I can bet it's aliens! It
is aliens! And let's get out of
here, 'cause I've seen Independence
Day, and I'm no Will Smith to do
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WORKER #1: (cont'd)
heroics! They'll probably fry and
eat our brains for dinner!

WORKER #2:
Stop it with the nonsense, Simpson!
It's probably some super top secret
Air Force mission gone bad,
although in this case they'll
probably erase our memories, 'cause
we saw too much!

EXT.OPEN OCEAN-BIRD'S VIEW

A an orange lifeboat is speeding through the ocean. The top
is completely covered, and it looks more like a water-going
school bus than a vessel. It is approaching the crashed
object.

EXT.OBJECT-CREW'S P.O.V.

The exterior of the object is very oddly constructed. There
are no rivets, no signs of welding, and yet its straight
surface looks incredibly strong.

INT.LIFEBOAT-OUR P.O.V.

The crewmembers are staring in awe.

CREWMEMBER#1 (LOOKING INTO DISTANCE):
Hey, guys?...I don't think it's
aliens.

With his index finger, he points to the object. There, on
its side, we can see the big, black lettering:

SIRIUS III

Underneath:

UNITED STATES MILITARY SPACE FORCES

CREWMEMBER#2:
What in the...?

CREWMEMBER#3 (WHISPER):
Definitely not a plane...

CLOSE UP ON OBJECT'S SIDE.

A piece of the object, looking like a rectangular door, pops out and flies across the air, heading for the boat. A red object that looks like an inflatable raft follows it.

EXT.CLOSE-UP ON BOAT'S HELMSMAN:

HELMSMAN:

Whoa!!!

He turns the wheel abruptly.

EXT.LIFEBOAT-BIRD'S VIEW.

The lifeboat evades the flying door just in time for it to fall into the ocean.

EXT.CLOSE UP ON OPEN DOOR:

Focus on the door for two seconds, until muffled male voices are heard.

VOICE#1:

So what in the world happened just now?!

VOICE#2:

I don't know.I think the main generator overheated.

VOICE#1:

You should 'of repaired the cooling system when it went bonkers in the first place!

VOICE#2:

But that was just yesterday, and we were all ready to go. I figured I could just do that afterwards!

VOICE#1:

Anyway. Where are we now?

As he says this, the man climbs out of the rectangular opening, and they can all see him now. He is...

MAN(43), long blond hair, muscular. He is wearing a strange red suit. It almost looks like a pilot uniform, but doesn't seem to have any sort of equipment on it. On the top of his

(CONTINUED)

right arm, there is some kind of an emblem. It depicts a craft just like the one he came out of, flying through space, and underneath it was the phrase:

Serving generations. Past, present, and future.

Around all of this, completely encircling it, are the same words they had seen on the craft:

United States Military Space Forces.

His big, round face is looking in another direction. Each crewmember in the boat seems to be having an inner debate on whether they should call on his attention. Suddenly, he turns towards the baffled crew.

MAN(SURPRISED):

Hello! Could you please tell me where I am?

HELMSMAN:

You are 1750 miles SE of New York, sir!

MAN(APPOLOGETICALLY):

I am really sorry! We were supposed to come back much later, but we had an accident, and we didn't even change anything!

HELMSMAN:

Sir, I do not comprehend what you are speaking of. I am highly confused.

MAN:

Our generator just overheated. Are you with the search party? They already sent a rescue?

HELMSMAN:

That is a negative, sir. We are not with any rescue. We're oceanographers, and we've just discovered a shipwreck. I am sorry for whatever accident you had, but I must say you are very lucky to have landed here, or fallen here I should say. We have just discovered an 85-year old wreck, but I'm quite sure we can assist you if you tell us wh...

(CONTINUED)

MAN:

Wait. 85-year old wreck...just
discovered...

He pauses. His face turns pale in some sobering realization.
He seems to be thinking hard for a moment.

MAN:

What is today's date?

HELMSMAN:

April 17th, sir.

MAN:

Of what year?

HELMSMAN(EVEN MORE CONFUSED):

2020, sir...

MAN(SENSE OF DISBELIEF):

Of 2020?????!!!!!!

MAN(CONT'D, WHISPER):

Shoot!...

The man turns to the door, and screams to someone in the
depths of the craft.

MAN:

Myers!!!!

MUFFLED, BORED VOICE:

What?!

MAN:

You're fired!!!!

He turns to the boat crew.

MAN(APPOLOGETICALLY):

I am so sorry! My chief engineer is
so irresponsible! Oh, God, I didn't
even say who I am!

He climbs into the inflatable raft that has fallen out.

MAN:

Commander Joseph Stark. United
States Military Space Forces

CREWMEMBER#1:

The United States what now?

(CONTINUED)

STARK:

Yes, yes, yes, I know, you are not familiar. Oh, my God, how do I explain this to you. I really shouldn't, but i don't want to keep you in the dark. That will cause more problems.

STARK (CONT'D. WHISPERS TO HIMSELF):

Okay...Protocol,
Joseph...Protocol...

He raises his head, and looks at them.

STARK:

We are a U.S. defense service. We come from the year 2124. You see, time travel was invented...Will be invented in 2067. This is an interstellar spacecraft. She is designed to physically cross the boundaries of time through specific wormholes. The reason we are here...

He stops short. Every single crewmember in the lifeboat is sitting motionless, their mouths wide open. They are occasionally looking at each other.

STARK:

I realize that you are all quite shaken, but...

CREWMEMBER#2 (TOTAL BEWILDERMENT):

Please continue, sir...

STARK:

The reason we are here is highly classified. Your year was not our destination. However, the generator malfunction threw us into your time period. We will not bother you at all. We shall depart as soon as we repair our starship, and we request that all of you tell nothing of this encounter to any one on the mainland.

MYERS (MUFFLED VOICE FROM WITHIN

STARSHIP):

Uh...Captain? They already have us on live TV!

(CONTINUED)

STARK(WHISPERING TO HIMSELF):
Myers is definitely fired...

STARK(CONT'D-TO RESEARCHERS):
We should depart immediately.

CREWMEMBER#3(TALKING FAST):
So, you're saying this is a
time-travel machine?! And a
spaceship?! Like...Star Trek
style?!

STARK:
Yes...You could put it that way.

CREWMEMBER#3:
So this is no alien ship?

STARK(LAUGHING):
No. We're not.

All of a sudden, a man comes up from the rectangular
opening. He is climbing what seems to be an internal ladder.
He is...

CHIEF ENGINEER ANDREW MYERS(29), slender. Not really
muscular. Dressed in the same outfit as the commander. Blue
eyes, brown hair. He's there only to get his job done, but
isn't very enthusiastic about that.

MYERS:
The repair's gonna take a while,
Captain!

STARK:
I hope it takes you 106 years! At
least that way we can go into our
age and start all over again!

MYERS:
Look, I'm sorry, captain! I mean
I'm REALLY sorry! With the way we
rush about preparing stuff, by the
time a problem pops up, I ain't got
no time to fix it!

STARK:
And that is exactly why you're
dismissed as soon as we pull this
off. If we do. We are a national
defense agency; we have to do
everything in a rush. Or else,
kaboom! The world's a mess! Do you
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STARK: (cont'd)
realize you just became responsible
for maybe the greatest mishap in
our history?!

MYERS:
Yes, I do. I am really sorry. Will
you still fire me if I fix
everything?

STARK:
What are you gonna do, erase their
memories?

MYERS:
Well, we have an agreement, don't
we? We're gonna fly away and
they'll never see us again.

LIFEOAT CREWMEMBER#1 (TOTAL SHOCK):
So you flew...from the
future...into the past...and now
you're here...but you're not
supposed to be...

STARK:
Yes. No, were not.

LIFEOAT CREWMEMBER#1:
And I thought I had seen everything
at sea

STARK:
All right, Myers, how much time did
you say it's gonna take for the
damage to be repaired?

MYERS:
I'm afraid about two days will be
the minimum, sir!

STARK (BAFFLED AND ANGRY):
Two days???!!! You mean we gotta
sit here in front of everybody to
watch?!

MYERS:
I'm sorry!

STARK:
All right! You guys keep doing your
thing. Keep exploring. But we
cannot stay here any longer. We
wish you the best.

(CONTINUED)

LIFEBOAT CREWMEMBER#3:

Sir! You are always free to step aboard our ship if you require assistance.

All other crewmembers look at him, surprised.

STARK:

That is very generous of you, sir. But I'm afraid we can't afford such a thing.

MYERS:

Actually...I think you're missing an opportunity here, Captain!"

STARK(CURIOUSLY LOOKING AT MYERS):

What sort of opportunity?

Myers motions for Stark to come with him, and they both descend into the starship's metal abyss. On a platform beneath the ladder, they stop just a few feet apart.

MYERS:

I appologize, Commander, but do you even realize what we have here?! This is the Peterson Expedition! The very first one! Since these are the people who discovered the Golden Eagle, their knowledge could be of great use. Yes, she has been discovered just a few minutes ago, but still, they have a close connection to the wreck, something that we don't have. Now, if we explained to them a bit what we're doing here, I'm sure they'd be less confused...

STARK(DISBELIEF):

Are you even processing what you're telling me right now? Landing in the wrong time period, and then involving civilians in a government mission?

MYERS:

Look, I know it's risky, but let's admit we could use their knowledge of the ship. After all, 85 years is closer than 190. Maybe these people know more about the Golden Eagle than we do.

(CONTINUED)

STARK:

Stop it with the nonsense! How are we gonna tell 'em that? "Hey guys, there's someone we need to catch, and he was on the boat you just discovered. Since you know the ship well, could you, like, travel through time with us as consultants?" This is the craziest thing I have ever heard.

MYERS:

I know. I know. And I know it is all messed up. It's all just wack. But Commander, you do know the details of the Peterson Expedition, is that correct?

STARK:

I could say I know a lot.

MYERS:

And you do know that there's a person aboard their ship whom you would really like to have taken with you.

STARK:

Pardon me?

MYERS:

I am referring to Dr. William Peterson, sir.

STARK:

Look. Even if we ask him to give information, he probably doesn't know much.

MYERS:

I'm not saying that. I'm saying we take him with us.

STARK (SARCASTICALLY):

And why do I need to listen to a person who just messed up my whole mission?

MYERS:

Because in this case, it benefits you. And all of us!

Myers locks eyes with Stark.

(CONTINUED)

MYERS (CONT'D) :

Commander...As you yourself most likely understand...Dr. Peterson is more than just a potential consultant.

Stark seems to think for a while.

STARK:

Myers...I strongly suggest you thank God there is no written law prohibiting us from doing that!

Stark turns around and climbs up the ladder. He gets out of the opening.

OCEAN.STARK'S P.O.V.

Two Coast Guard cutters are approaching the starship at full speed. Stark turns towards the lifeboat party.

CLOSUP ON STARK'S FACE-OUR P.O.V.

STARK:

Actually...Me and several of my crewmen would really like to board your ship.

INT.IMMORTAL EXPLORER CONFERENCE ROOM-MOMENTS LATER:

The room is so small it makes one wonder how it could fit more than ten people. And yet, at this moment, there are twelve people in it: Captain Shaw, William Peterson, three other oceanographers, Commander Stark, and six of his people. Commander Stark and Captain Shaw are both on their feet, while all the others are sitting on plastic chair, around a brown table made of wood. The wood is so soft it looks like carboard.

CAPTAIN SHAW:

So what exactly are you suggesting to us right now, captain Stark?

STARK(SLOWLY) :

I am suggesting...a cooperation. A cooperation that has never before occurred. I would call it an alliance between present and future.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM:

An alliance to...do what?

STARK:

To rescue the past.

CAPTAIN SHAW:

Excuse me?

LARRY:

Could you just please get to the point, man?!

That was LARRY JACKSON(39), short blond hair, blue eyes. William's best friend. Always by his side. Seriously, if you ever want to do a buddy cop film, these two are your best bet.

William gives him a weird look.

LARRY:

What?! I don't like when people...

Before he can finish, Petersen throws a diver's manual from the table at him.

LARRY(ANNOYED):

Fine, I'm quiet!

WILLIAM(TO STARK):

We're so sorry. Continue, sir. What do you mean by "save the past."?

STARK:

What has been your greatest dream ever, Dr. Petersen?

WILLIAM:

To...find the Golden Eagle. To see her. To imagine how it was when she was sailing across the Atlantic. And I did it. We just did it. But, sir, I don't underst...

STARK:

You've dreamt about it since childhood. But you don't want to just see her. You want to take what's hers. And only hers. You want her treasures, Doctor. All of you do.

He points his finger towards all oceanographers.

(CONTINUED)

STARK (LAUGHING):

And I don't blame you folks, no, I don't blame you! They're indeed magnificent!

STARK (CONT'D):

But what if I told you...that you could see her in her former glory, Doc? All shiny and pretty. With that black hull and those golden funnels. Walk the corridors. The decks. And, what if I told you that you could...prevent her from ever looking any other way?

WILLIAM:

Sir, what are you trying to...

STARK:

What if I told you you could...save her? Prevent the sinking of the R.M.S. Golden Eagle, and save more than twelve hundred people? Everyone who died that night would live. Everyone, Petersen. You have no idea what that feeling is. And you couldn't have. But what I can tell you is that it's better than any treasure. And to find out, I'm asking you to join our mission. Because that, Dr. William Petersen, is what we set out to do before meeting you.

LARRY:

Whoa...

CAPTAIN SHAW:

So you're telling us you were on your way to change history?

STARK (SMILING):

Exactly.

WILLIAM:

But why the Golden Eagle? I mean, why is it so important to you? Why not the Titanic, or...the Hindenburg, or...9/11?

STARK:

Because we were the ones who caused her to go down, Dr. Peterson. By

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STARK: (cont'd)
accident, of course. And we want to
fix it.

LARRY:
Your guys caused the boilers to
blow up?!

STARK:
It was no boiler explosion, sir. It
was a weapon.

WILLIAM(BAFFLED):
A weapon?!

LARRY:
Like what kind of weapon? Like an
RPG?!

STARK:
No. One that even an RPG can't
rival. A weapon with the capability
of destroying the universe as we
know it. And the person who carried
it...-Well, if you can call it a
person-was created by us. An
astounding mash-up of organs,
artificial intelligence, and
mechanical parts. The ultimate
killing machine.

LARRY:
So...you created the Terminator for
real?

STARK:
That's a very successful
comparison. And we are offering you
to join us, to navigate us through
this journey. What do you say?

LARRY:
I say...You guys need some serious
security improvements in your
agency.

Oceanogrpher TONY MILLER(32), slender and pale, having an
impatient personality, speaks up.

TONY:
He's right. You've already lost
your weapons, and crashed your ship
on us! How does the country trust
you?!

(CONTINUED)

STARK:

I realize it all seems absurd. But we found the opportunity to take with us someone who knows the wreck better than we do.

TONY:

See what I'm talking about?! You didn't even have the cash to hire a historian, or sea captain or something.

STARK:

We didn't have the *time*. We just didn't have it. Everything happened so quickly. I was earlier shouting at Myers for being irresponsible, but now. God...

WILLIAM:

Mr. Stark, we...we are really honored to be of use to you, but...it is just...such a risky undertaking. I...I don't know if I want to risk my life and those of my men.

STARK:

I completely understand your concerns. And I know that our earlier action has disappointed you. But I give you the word of a U.S.M.S.F. Commander. I promise to keep you and your men under my and my crew's protection. And the word of someone serving the U.S.M.S.F. is not an ungrounded one. You may choose not to join us. It is your right. But I would like to let you know that our chance of ending the mission successfully would be drastically increased by your presence. Lives would be saved thanks to your guidance, gentlemen. A great many lives.

Stark pauses for a while.

STARK (CONT'D):

And I must add, Dr. Peterson, that you are the only reason I agreed to do this.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM:

Could you be somewhat more clear,
please?

STARK:

You have a link, Doctor. A link to
the Golden Eagle no other person in
this room has. A kinship link to
one of her crew.

WILLIAM:

How do you know about my uncle?

STARK:

Oh, not to be intrusive, but we
know a lot about your expedition.
Years of research, condensed into a
few days of altered history.

WILLIAM:

Sir, I...My great-great uncle was
an officer on the ship indeed, but
I don't see how this might be of
use to you. I really don't know
much about him besides the fact
that he was on board.

STARK:

It is of great use to us, sir. You
shall see.

WILLIAM:

You know what? I'll do it!

LARRY:

Are you insane?! You want us to
die?!

WILLIAM:

I'll do it. Not you.

CAPTAIN SHAW:

Why?!!!

WILLIAM:

'Cause she wasn't supposed to sink
anyway. All my life...All my life I
wanted to find her. Just to take a
little glimpse at her. But if I'm
given the opportunity to travel
back in time to see her, for the
last time in my life, at least,
then I'll do it.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY:
He's out of his mind. I said it.

STARK:
Are you certain about this, Mr.
Peterson?

WILLIAM:
Very certain, sir.

STARK:
Well then...So be it. Dr. Petersen
is coming with us.

LARRY:
Actually...If he's going, I'd like
to go, too.

WILLIAM:
A minute ago you said I'm insane!

LARRY:
Yeah, you are. But I ain't losing
my best friend 'cause he wants to
do something wild. If you leave,
I'm leaving with you.

TONY:
Me too.

JEFF (RAISING HAND):
I'm up for it, then.

STARSHIP CREWMEMBER#1:
This can't be serious, you cannot
take 'em all, captain, they'll ruin
the mission!

STARK:
I will gladly take you all!

STARSHIP CREWMEMBER#1:
What?! How are we gonna...

STARK:
Silence! I was skeptical as well.
But these men have just
demonstrated one of the most valued
principles of the Force. Team
bonding. And we, Mr. Sallinger,
never leave anyone behind. Repairs
are to start right away. You all
are dismissed for the next two
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STARK: (cont'd)
hours. If that's alright with you,
captain.

Stark turns towards Shaw.

CAPTAIN SHAW:
Well, that is an unexpected turn of
events, captain. But if Dr. Peterson
agrees, I cannot do a thing about
it. He's in charge of the
expedition. And now you're in
charge of them.

STARK:
Thank you.

The two captains salute each other.

EXT. IMMORTAL EXPLORER. NIGHT.

The *Immortal Explorer* drifts in the ocean, all lit up and
beautiful.

INT. IMMORTAL EXPLORER-CABIN CORRIDOR

Larry is walking through the corridor, lit by lights. He
stops in front of a cabin, and knocks. No answer. He pushes
it open.

LARRY:
Man, you in there?

WILLIAM (BARELY AUDIBLE WHISPER):
Yes.

Larry enters.

INT. CABIN.

Peterson has his back to him, immersed in thoughts.

LARRY:
You okay, William?

WILLIAM (SARCASTICALLY. BRAKING DOWN.):
Yeah! I mean, why wouldn't I be?
Everything is okay! Everything is
normal! I mean, every day of the
week we have these guys crashing
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM(SARCASTICALLY.BRAKING DOWN.): (cont'd
their weird flying saucer into the
ocean, and then announcing they're
from the future! Everything is
perfect! Everything is absolutely
normal!

LARRY:
Look, man, I'm just as shocked as
you are! But I mean, we all kinda
knew there's gonna be time travel
in the future, right? All sci-fi
movies are about it!

WILLIAM:
But I could watch sci-fi whenever I
feel like it, and it would never
interfere with my life! But these
folks! How am I supposed to react?

LARRY:
Listen...I actually came 'cause
Stark is having a meeting with us
in like 20 minutes. He wants to
explain the mission to us.

WILLIAM(SHOUTING):
The mission! Oh, God, the mission!
What was I even thinking!

LARRY:
What do you mean?! You were the one
who...

WILLIAM:
I know!...I know!...I know. It was
just this desire...This crazy
desire to just...see the ship.

LARRY:
And now it's gone?

WILLIAM:
It's not that! You know, even though
I never met that uncle of mine, he
was always special to me. You know
how my father didn't see a point in
me finding the ship?

LARRY:
He wanted you to go to space.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM:

Yep. And, I mean, I kinda liked it. Space is mysterious and all, but...that liner wouldn't get out of my mind. Dad got mom to be on his side, and they were both saying things like "The space program needs folks like you", or "Don't let the Soviets go to Mars first!" And when I felt no one supported me, I just turned to that uncle and talked to him. Before going to bed. Like a prayer, kinda. 'Cause I felt like only he would understand.

LARRY:

Rough times, man! So you agreed to the mission to go and meet your uncle?

WILLIAM:

Yes, but, all of a sudden, they offered me such a great chance, and I'm not sure if I could take the pressure! This person was so distant to me I don't even know his full name. I've only heard of him from family stories, and they used to call him "Uncle Joe". And they didn't even talk about him so much in front of me. Especially after my Golden Eagle obsession started. The funny thing is that I know so little about him, and yet this person means the world to me, you know?

LARRY:

Wow. I may not know what you're feeling, but I'm pretty sure it sucks!

He approaches his friend, laying a hand on his shoulder.

LARRY (SIGHING):

Hey, look, man...If you want to cancel the thing, that's okay, too. We can all refuse. It was voluntary, wasn't it?

WILLIAM:

No, no, no, man, I can't do that...I can't do that now. These
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM: (cont'd)
guys are like...Special Forces. I
let them down now, I let the
country down. I've served in the
navy. I kinda know how it works.

He spins around to face Larry.

WILLIAM(PANICKED):
Man, I...Look, I'm sorry! I said a
whole lot of nonsense, alright? I
became caught up in my personal
problems, all right? But human
lives are more important, off
course...I'm sorry.

LARRY(SMILING):
William Charles Peterson...You may
be confessing now, but your
previous confessions betray you.
You never know when you'll get a
chance. Back then, when you were a
kid, you used to rave about how
much you wanted to meet him. And
now, you've been given that chance.
Sometimes, when the opportunity
comes, we just aren't ready, man.
But still, we gotta deal with it.
And if you think I'm being the wise
guy, look here. I may not be able
to feel what you're going through,
but is there ever a time when I let
you go through that stuff alone?
That's why I raised that fat hand
of mine and agreed to this
craziness. I'm here when you need
me, man.

WILLIAM:
You're right. I should know better.

LARRY:
Besides...I always believed stuff
happens for a reason. Maybe it's
something special-what happened
today-maybe it's like-you know-a
calling?

WILLIAM:
A calling? First time I hear you
talk like a pastor. But you're
right, man. I mean, maybe. I really
do not know what to think and what
to believe right now.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY:

You sure you don't want to call it off?

WILLIAM:

I already told you I can't do that. The deed's done and we have to go. We can't just quit.

LARRY:

Okey-dokey. So are you coming or what?

WILLIAM:

Where?

LARRY:

To the meeting!

WILLIAM:

Tell them to wait for me. I'll be there.

LARRY:

All right, man. Tell me if you need anything.

Larry walks out, and closes the door.

INT. IMMORTAL EXPLORER PRESENTATION HALL:

Everyone is sitting in front of a very plain looking stage. Captain Joseph Stark and three of his men are standing on it, while the audience is sitting on chairs. Suddenly, the lights are dimmed, and silence falls.

STARK:

Let's begin...All right. Good morning everyone, my name is Joseph Stark and I am captain of the U.S.S. Sirius III, a starship operated by the United States Military Space Forces, or U.S.M.S.F. Formed in 2058, this agency represents the U.S. in governmental space missions, as well as defends it in space conflicts. Many nations of the world have analogous organizations. However, the U.S.M.S.F. was the first of them to attempt time travel, which happened on August

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STARK: (cont'd)

3rd, 2067. A small, remote control probe was sent to 1947, but unfortunately crashed in Roswell, New Mexico, and had to be liquidated.

Flashbacks of the Roswell incident are shown. A green sphere is shown falling into the harbor, followed by crowds of people rushing to see it, and cars, several Police black-and-whites among them. Hands are shown pressing a button on the remote, and, underwater, the sphere begins to melt.

STARK (CONT'D):

Subsequent missions attempted the transportation of living beings through time. Most of the flying saucers seen and photographed by people are in reality craft of international defense agencies that are to be formed in the future. During a failed 2109 attempt to prevent the Holocaust, holographic blueprints of the starship U.S.S. Valiant got into the hands of the Gestapo, which prompted Nazi Germany to attempt constructing their own ships.

Flashbacks of an S.S. officer saluting his commander, and showing him a small device, the size of a kitchen match. When he presses a button, the hologram of starship plans comes out, as they both stare in awe. Small flying saucers with Swastikas are then shown taking off.

STARK (CONT'D):

However, their inability to fully decode them rendered their ships considerably smaller, unable to travel to space, and, of course, through time.

Flashbacks of Nazi flying saucers crashing after takeoffs and during battles.

STARK (CONT'D):

The first few time travel missions were failures, but the most successful of all of them was the prevention of the 1997 Illinois Train Hijacking, when 270kg of nuclear material was prevented from exploding aboard a train.

(CONTINUED)

A man is shown running wildly on top of a train, jumping into the freight car, a neutralizing several barrels with the radiation symbol on them by attaching a small, cylinder-like object to them.

STARK (CONT'D):

None of you have knowledge of the event because according to your timeline, it never happened. As for our crew, we come from the year 2124. By then, humanity will be utilizing Human Intelligence Androids, or HIA's, for defense. An HIA is what people in your time period refer to as a "cyborg". A human brain put into a machine with human characteristics.

We see a metallic figure, and as we get closer, we see it has a brain, complete with neurons.

STARK (CONT'D):

The goal of the program had been to minimize human losses in armed conflicts, and it had been quite successful.

We see an assembly of officials signing documents and shaking hands, in front of a huge poster that has 65 lines of various colors, and a circle of stars on its top left corner. Underneath the flag, there is the inscription:

EUROPEAN FEDERATION

STARK (CONT'D):

Until May 2nd, 2124. That was the day our new prototype, the HIA GS1, escaped from a military facility.

The runaway man we saw back in 1934 is shown running through a laboratory corridor, as red alarms are flashing.

STARK (CONT'D):

With him he took what many call the most dangerous weapon in the world. It's existence was completely top secret, but we would have to inform you about it in order to reveal the gravity of the situation.

The runaway man is shown holding a silver, cylindrical object with blue, electric lights flashing behind a rectangle of glass.

(CONTINUED)

STARK (CONT'D):

Project Timecross was a plan to construct a weapon that would cause damage through the disturbance of time. After 14 years of development, our researchers realized the capabilities of the final product, and immediately isolated it, under maximum security.

Two scientists are shown securing the weapon in a special chamber.

STARK (CONT'D):

Timecross offers the capability of merging all major points of human history into one. If it is used even once, the world will never be the same again. Imagine the Twin Towers being attacked by 17th century knights, and the Hindenburg crashing onto a Civil War battlefield. Can you? Neither can I. The timelines will be so severely damaged that space-time will simply collapse. That will be the end of the universe, and once it happens it can never be reversed.

Scenes of a flaming Hindenburg surrounded by panicking Confederates and Union soldiers. Neanderthals destroying the twin towers. Dinosaurs attacking a plane.

STARK (CONT'D):

The GS1 managed to decode only one of the functions of Timecross, and that was time travel. It allows an entire troop detachment to transport itself to any era they need to. Hoping he would not be tracked down, he randomly chose the year 1934. After he transported himself, we were able to locate him through a microchip in his brain.

The cyborg is shown running through the streets. We get closer and closer, to see a small device among his neurons.

STARK (CONT'D):

We sent one of our best agents to retrieve him, but before he could
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STARK (CONT'D): (cont'd)
complete his mission, the GS1
boarded a ship bound for New York.

The events of the opening scene replay themselves before us.
The cyborg running, the agent chasing him, the ship
departing.

WILLIAM (REALIZATION):
The *Golden Eagle*!

STARK:
Precisely, Mr. Peterson. And three
days later, the ship mysteriously
exploded and sank, with the entire
surviving crew claiming a boiler
explosion to be responsible. And
that is what you, Mr. Peterson,
have been taught to believe. They
had sent a telegram explaining the
presence of the criminal on board,
but it was too late. After losing
the android, they were looking for
a time travel crew, and they called
us. Our task is to go back to 1934,
arrest him, confiscate Timecross,
and prevent the sinking of the
R.M.S. *Golden Eagle*.

LARRY;
So what do you need us for?

STARK:
That is a great question. As I have
said, our presence in 2019 is
completely accidental, and I was
initially reluctant to involve you
with this. However, after
consideration, we decided you might
be more familiar with the disaster
due to your temporal proximity to
it. Plus, the expedition was so
rapidly organized that a historian
could not easily be found.

WILLIAM:
You want us to serve as...
consultants?

STARK:
You could say that. But that's not
all. And the rest of it is up to
you, Doctor. We want you pose as a
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STARK: (cont'd)
distant relative of your uncle. If you could approach him, and present yourself with definite proof of your kinship-which, I guarantee, we can find- we would have an inside individual on the ship.

LARRY:
Are you kidding me?! You think it's that easy?! You have no idea of my friend's emotional limbo here...

WILLIAM(SIGHING):
Larry...

LARRY:
I mean, he can't take such a risk!

WILLIAM(DRY VOICE):
Larry.

LARRY:
And what if you put his relative in danger, too?! I mean, is that kind of thing...

WILLIAM(ANGRY):
Larry!!!

A pause.

WILLIAM(CONT'D):
Thank you. I can handle it. Go on, captain.

STARK:
Now. Whatever you do, do not tell him your true origin. We will pose as merchant shipwreck survivors. We will set you up so that you can "find out" your kinship accidentally. Then, when it is time, we will tell him that we are actually members of the Secret Service, and that we're looking for a criminal. A criminal. Not an android. And that's the farthest we'll go with revealing who we are. Any further reveal may be detrimental to the course of history. Is that clear?

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM:

Got that, sir. I think I can do that.

STARK:

There's no "I think", doctor.

Stark slowly approached him, his face dead serious.

STARK:

One little mistake and we're all doomed. Understood?

WILLIAM(TERRIFIED):

Yes, sir. I guarantee I will do everything you ask me to.

STARK:

Good.

TONY:

What's in it for us, man? We're not just going to fight with some psychopathic cyborg and die in another timeline for free.

STARK:

Well...This is the first time a mission involving people from multiple timelines is happening, so let's put it that way: We succeed, we'll be filthy rich!

TONY:

Billionaires?

HIM):
STARK(DEAD SERIOUS,BENDING CLOSE TO
Trillionaires.

LARRY:

Are we gonna have any kind of weapons?

LARRY:

Are we gonna have any kind of weapons?

STARK:

Leave the fighting to us. You are there only to kind of navigate us through the ship. And if we all do our job well...we're gonna do more than pay the bills.

EXT.IMMORTAL EXPLORER-3 DAYS LATER.

A red helicopter is flying over the *Immortal Explorer*, it is labeled CNN.

INT.HELICOPTER

REPORTER AMANDA LEWIS(32), the same one who had commented on the expedition before, is speaking into her microphone once again.

REPORTER:

Ladies and gentlemen, a shocking turn of events took place during the Golden Eagle recovery operation, as a spacecraft of unfamiliar design crashed near the research vessel that was exploring the wreck of the famed ocean liner. The crew of the spacecraft claims to have traveled back in time from the year 2124, although neither them nor the crew of the research vessel have agreed to reveal the reason. Shortly after the crash, the shocking statement that oceanographer William Peterson and some of his crew would travel in time with the crew of the spacecraft, was made. The spacecraft itself is named Sirius III, and allegedly belongs to a not-yet formed defense agency, known as the United States Military Space Forces. This incident...

MID-ATLANTIC-DAY.EXT-BIRD'S VIEW-IMMORTAL EXPLORER

We see the *Immortal Explorer*, surrounded by two U.S. Coast Guard cutters, four U.S. Navy destroyers, and three civilian boats. In the water, several hundred feet away, is the crashed starship, the *Sirius III*.

ZOOM IN ON:

LIFEBOAT, presumably from the IMMORTAL EXPLORER. Its top is covered, making it look more like a water-going school bus rather than a vessel. It is orange from top to bottom, and is approaching the SIRIUS III.

INT.LIFEBOAT-OUR P.O.V.

One of the occupants is William Peterson. He is wearing the same blue uniform he wore in the submersible, with the same emblem on his chest. That emblem, and everything it represents, used to be the only things William cared about. And now he is sitting there, in that lifeboat, staring blankly ahead, like a confused child.

EXT.SIRIUS III CRASH LANDING SITE. WILLIAM'S P.O.V.

We see Commander Stark standing near the starship's door. His slightly long blond hair makes him look more like a rock star than an interstellar traveler. His attitude, however, confesses that he is a man of experience, and will not let his mission go down in flames.

As the lifeboat approaches, we see his dead-serious face.

STARK:

Good morning! Now, before you board, Doctor Ramirez would like you to undergo a little examination.

EXT.SIRIUS III CRASH SITE. OUR P.O.V.

We see the two stTONYarship crewmen assisting the IMMORTAL EXPLORER crew to get out of the lifeboat.

TONY (CONFUSED):

Examination? Like what? For germs and stuff?

RAMIREZ (COMING OUT OF STARSHIP'S DOOR):

You could call it that, if you want!

RAMIREZ(32), tall, slender, looks too young to be a doctor. Is as proud of being the starship's physician as he is proud of his Dominican origin. He has black hair and green eyes. One of those people who are always up for it when you need a hand with something. He is holding a small suitcase. When he opens it, we see small, pill-like objects lying there, in rows. Next to them is a small, TV-remote-like object with four soft buttons.

TONY:

Whoa...

(CONTINUED)

RAMIREZ:

Yup. All right, soooo... you guys are gonna be coming here one by one, and I'm gonna be giving you these small "robot pills".

TONY:

Robot pills?

RAMIREZ:

Yeah...They're actually called DDDs, and that stands for "Digestible Disease Detectors". They're made of calcium, phosphorus, and some other ingredients. You swallow them, they go down your body, they scan everything, they have a microchip inside, it reads the data, it transmits the data to this little computer, it also releases a signal to the brain to check for abnormalities, and after it's all done, you have to throw it back up. No, I'm actually kidding. It's digested by the acids of the stomach and gets outa your body the same way food does.

TONY:

So it's like a...edible sickness detecting machine? Cool! So it can find anything?

RAMIREZ (SMILING):

Almost anything. And that's just a little medical checkup so you don't accidentally contaminate our ship if you've caught a bug and you don't know it. Just wanted to let you guys be aware of what we're giving you. So come one by one, stand in line, please.

William is first. He approaches, and is given the DDD by Ramirez.

RAMIREZ:

Oh, and...sorry, guys, you can't drink water to wash them down. These are supposed to go with their own pace.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM (AFTER SWALLOWING):
Permission to go aboard?

STARK:
Granted! Just watch your step.
There's a ladder down
there.Careful...

INT.U.S.S. SIRIUS III-BOARDING PLATFORM.

William descends the steps, comes down to a platform, then
descends another set of steps, and then freezes.

INT.SIRIUS III BRIDGE.

A Star Trek fan's dream come true. Twelve people wearing the
same red uniforms as Stark had, are sitting in front of an
assembly of electronic panels, flipping switches, pushing
buttons, and looking at radars.

MICHAEL (V.O.):
Welcome aboard the U.S.S. Sirius
III, Dr. Peterson! Ready to fly?

William turns to see...

MICHAEL ERICKSON(34),not too tall, but strong. He is the
team's quantum physicist, and seems like the kind of guy who
loves giving scientific explanations for everything...

WILLIAM:
Wow...

MICHAEL:
Yeah, I know! Pretty impressive,
isn't she? Best in her class.
Engines powered by A-12 warp drive.
Structural...

WILLIAM:
Warp drive?! You've invented a warp
drive!?

MICHAEL(LAUGHING):
Well, not me, personally, no! I
wish! No. The first warp drive was
actually invented in 2051, by
Japanese scientist Yoko Kanzaki.
The guy became the world's richest
person. Ours is the twelfth model.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM:
Incredible...

At that moment, Larry comes down the steps.

LARRY:
Hey, man, I'm he...

He freezes in amazement, his lower jaw is about to go through the floor.

(cont'd)
LARRY(CONT'D):
That...is wild.

MICHAEL:
Let's take her to infinity!

EXT.SIRIUS III. BIRD'S VIEW. DAY.

An entire flotilla of civilian yachts and fishing boats have concentrated in the area to watch the giant spacecraft take off. Several Coast Guard ships formed a circle around the starship, to hold them at a distance.

CUT TO:INT.SIRIUS III BRIDGE

Commander Stark is standing on the bridge, his crew alongside him, sitting or standing, gazing at the panels.

STARK:
All right. Everything ready? Payne?

He is addressing an officer in his 20's, sitting on a comfortable chair in front of a holographic screen. He has brown hair, and a "young-but-determined" look.

PAYNE:
Aye, sir. All the radars are set,
the engines are warmed up, the
generator is cool...We're ready to
start.

STARK:
All right. Start the main engine.

PAYNE:
Aye,sir!

He pushes a silver, steel lever. The entire starship begins to shake.

CUT TO:EXT.SIRIUS III

Waves produced by the spacecraft begin rocking the vessels around her.

EXT.U.S.COAST GUARD CUTTER.DECK.

A sailor in his 20's watches in shock.

SAILOR:
They're gonna sink us!

CUT TO:INT.SIRIUS III BRIDGE

STARK:
Engage auxiliary power!

PAYNE:
Coming up!

He begins flipping switches on the top panel.

STARK:
Activate external protection field!

PAYNE:
Aye, sir!

STARK:
Initiate takeoff!

PAYNE:
Got it!

CUT TO:INT.SIRIUS III CREW'S CONFERENCE ROOM

A room with benches and a long table. William, Larry, and five more crewmembers are sitting there. They are barely holding on to the table with all the shaking.

LARRY:
What the...? What are they doing?

WILLIAM:
We must be taking off!

INT.SIRIUS III BRIDGE

STARK:
Our friends down there must feel a
little bumpy!

CUT TO:EXT.SIRIUS III

As the gigantic starship takes off to the skies, two Coast Guard ships are saved from capsizing only by a miracle. Engines can be heard whirring off screen, until we see...

The same red CNN helicopter that has been flying around the ship for aq while now.

CUT TO:INT.HELICOPTER

The female reporter is sitting there, in the exact same outfit she had been previously wearing, and holding her microphone, labeled CNN.

REPORTER (INTO MICROPHONE):
Ladies and gentlemen, the crew from the future has taken off, along with seven crewmembers of the Immortal Explorer. The reasons for this sudden visit remain unknown, but there are rumors that this time traveling expedition has something to do with the sinking of the Golden Eagle. Also, it remains a mystery why oceanographer William Peterson and several of his men were chosen for, and, moreover, agreed to participate in such an unusual and challenging task. As you can now see the starship *Sirius III* has taken off and is already at a considerable distance from Earth...

P.O.V.:CNN CAMERA

We see the black dot in the sky that is now the SIRIUS III. In a flash, she is gone.

REPORTER:
Oh my God! Did you see that? That was fast! Where are they?! They're gone?! Oh, my God...

EXT.SIRIUS III-SPACE ABOVE EARTH

We see the *Sirius III*, getting farther and farther away from the earth. On her side, we see the inscription we saw earlier:

SIRIUS III

UNITED STATES MILITARY SPACE FORCES

On top of that, there is the American flag.

Towards the back, we see a code:

UD-44729

She gets farther and farther away, breaking through the atmosphere. She is futuristic, yet graceful, Looking like a flying saucer with turbines on the back.

INT.SIRIUS III CONFERENCE ROOM.

Everyone is sitting in the conference room. Stark is up on his feet, eyeing them.

STARK:

So let us review. In about ninety minutes we will get to our location. Our new friends probably think that it would take milliseconds to open a wormhole and travel through time. And that is correct. Sort of. A minimum of ninety minutes must pass for the batteries to charge. Michael, why don't you do a quick explanation of the sciency stuff so that our friends can be a little bit more familiar with what they're about to do?

MICHAEL:

All right, captain. But wouldn't revealing this put the future at risk?

STARK:

They need to know this since they joined us. I know what I'm doing. Imma give ten minutes.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL:

All right. The wormhole generating process must be given time to accumulate enough energy. And that time has also been extended due to our earlier crash. It rendered several batteries inoperable, prompting us to activate emergency accumulators. These batteries work by collecting cosmic rays. These are highly energetic particles that usually hit Earth's atmosphere from space, and when they sometimes collide with each other, they give birth to incredibly small black holes. Our batteries have the ability of collecting just enough cosmic rays to create a bigger black hole. As you may guess, the first attempt to do it were disastrous, as the amount of energy used caused fatal explosions. However, we are now able to correct its instability by creating the batteries from Argentinium. Argentinium is a man-made metal created by a team of Argentine scientists at the Universidad de Buenos Aires. It is strong enough to contain large amounts of unstable cosmic energy, and is also being used in spacecraft construction-This one included-being able to withstand the friction inside black holes. Traveling at the speed of light, we can choose a dimension to go to, via computer. There are millions of millions of dimensions. And a lot of them are just different eras.

Suddenly, Jeff raises his hand.

STARK:

Yes?

JEFF (ASTONISHED):

Eras? Like the past?

STARK:

Past, present, and future. It doesn't matter. They are all just concepts. What was the present for
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STARK: (cont'd)

the people of the stone age is the past to you. Your present is the past to us. But to sum up, the world is changing. Constantly moving into new phases.

JEFF:

And you can visit past phases just like that?

STARK:

Remember when you were a child, Jeff? Playing with your toys and your Gameboy? It feels like a whole other world, doesn't it? Well, because it is. Somewhere, in one of those myriads of dimensions, you are still doing that. It gives you flashbacks, doesn't it? That's exactly what we're doing here, Jeff. We hope to "flashback" to 1934 both mentally and physically. And the benefit of being there physically, as you already understand, is that we can alter the flashback the way we want. All we have to do is enter the correct dimensional coordinates into our central system. It is Commander Stark's duty to explain to you what you are doing once we arrive.

STARK:

Thank you, Mike. As our brilliant quantum physicist has said, we will arrive to June 7th, 1934. A few hours after the *Golden Eagle* has left Southampton. It'll be open water, and nine of us will jump. We will all be wearing 1930's outfits, so it's gonna be cold. But if everything goes as planned, we will be picked up by the *Golden Eagle* within fifteen minutes time. Once we're on board, what are the rules, Wilson?

WILSON(25), a brown-haired, African-American man, takes over the instruction.

(CONTINUED)

WILSON:

No unnecessary talking to people.
No sharing confidential
information. No carrying modern
devices in public. All reports on
progress go to the captain. As for
our friend's uncle, you will be
instructed by the captain how to
approach him without revealing
sensitive things. We also do not
tell anything to the captain. When
the original message comes, he'll
be suspicious of why we both send a
message, and boarded the ship.
Plus, he'll want to contact the
authorities, who will have no idea
what he's talking about. Always
think of positive outcomes for the
mission.

STARK:

Everyone got that?

CREW(ALL AT ONCE):

Sir, yes, sir!!!

STARK(LOOKING AT WILLIAM):

This applies to you, too! You and
your friends! You mess up this
mission, and none of us may see the
light of day ever again.
Understood?

WILLIAM(SLIGHTLY SHAKEN):

Yes, sir.

STARK:

Good. You folks will help us
navigate through the ship. Pay
attention to the people around you.
Any one of them could be the
android. And, like I said, see
anything suspicious, report to me,
and only to me. Do not engage.

WILLIAM:

Yes, sir.

STARK:

Ya'll can get an hour of chill
time. The last half hour of flight
will be spent on instructing our
new friends about their disguises.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF:
Disguises? We're like...secret
agents right now?

WILLIAM(IMPATIENTLY):
Yes. That's what we've been talking
about for the past few days.

JEFF:
No, I know that, but, like, do we
have to wear disguises? We're
wearing casual...

STARK:
You start going around in you Tommy
Hilfiger t-shirt in 1934, people
are totally gonna suspect
something's off.

JEFF:
Oh...Shoulda thought o' that!

STARK:
Best thing to do right now is try
and get some sleep in the bunk
beds!And I would also like to
introduce to our new friends the
A.S.G.'s that we have. If you'd
like to follow me, please.

He turns around and they all follow him into a room. There
is absolutely nothing there but fifteen metal capsules
covered in glass.

JEFF:
What are A.S.G's?

STARK:
These things.The Artificial
Somnolense Generators. You get in
there, cover yourself, set the
timer for an hour. Medicine is
injected into your vein, and off
you go to sleep! Don't even have to
count any sheep!

TONY(WHISPERING TO JEFF):
They look like space coffins, man!

STARK:
Actually, the morgue is in another
room down below. But if you guys
like to try these, you're welcome!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STARK: (cont'd)
They're usually used very rarely,
'cause our trips are real short,
but we're really proud of them.
Nice way to get rest before hunting
deadly cyborgs!

No one laughs at Stark's joke.

STARK:
You guys want to use one of those,
you ask one of my people for help.
One wrong move and you may never
wake up again. Also, you will feel
really sleepy and confused when you
wake up, so it's better to do so
fifteen minutes before roll call.
Or you can risk it and sleep as
long as you want ,but don't get all
whiny when I call you. Dismissed.

With these words, he turns around and leaves.

WILSON(SMILING):
Don't ask for midnight snack
cravings! This mission will have
them come out!

INT.SIRIUS III MAIN HALL-MINUTES LATER.

It is a relatively large area, somewhat reminiscent of a gym. There are indeed what looks like six gym bikes, three treadmills, and several other strange devices, There is also, a silver table, seemingly made out of steel.No one is sleeping. Everyone is either talking each other, or just looking around the ship. William is sitting on a metal bench in an isolated corner. He seems to be engaged in deep thoughts, his expression slightly depressed. Larry approaches, and sits next to him.

LARRY:
What's up, dude? No sleep left in
store?

WILLIAM(SARCASTICALLY.):
Why, can you take a nap with all
this? I trade your nerves for mine!

LARRY:
Wanna use the...what's it called?
Artificial Generator?

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM:

Nope! I wanna sit here and think over some things.

LARRY:

Hey, just don't tell me you got regrets again, 'cause now it's too late.

WILLIAM(LOW VOICE):

They're not regrets,
they're...worries.

LARRY:

I'm telling you again, pal. I'm just as shocked as you are.

WILLIAM:

You remember how you said this whole thing might be my calling?

LARRY:

Yep. Sounded poetic, admit it!

WILLIAM:

Well, you were kinda right, actually.

LARRY(SURPRISED):

Like, in what way?

WILLIAM:

Maybe I finally get to see who my uncle was because it might teach me some things. It might actually tell me what I've been doing my entire life. Why me, why this ship, why...why them?

He pauses for a second.

WILLIAM:

Larry?

LARRY:

What?

WILLIAM:

Remember what Stark said about your memories being other worlds and flashbacks and stuff, and the dimensions you access through your memories?

(CONTINUED)

LARRY:

Uh-huh. That part confused me as heck, but I do.

WILLIAM:

Well, what if I actually have interacted with him sometime, and I don't even know it?

LARRY (CURIOUS):

Wait, what do you mean?

WILLIAM:

It's just...When I was a child, I was having these dreams...He was looking at me and smiling. And talking. We used to be having whole conversations together. In my dreams. One night, he even reached out to touch my hand. And I felt it.

LARRY:

You felt his hand? Like, the skin?

WILLIAM:

As clearly as you feel this bench.

LARRY:

I don't know, man. Maybe it's just your imagination acting up. But with these guys around, I say anything could happen. You should talk to Stark about that.

WILLIAM:

Will do. I just don't know what this is. And I don't know what my reaction will be. You already know that, man.

LARRY:

Yeah, I know. We'll get through this, man.

WILLIAM:

All those memories...Even if I could tell him about who I really am, which I can't, what was I gonna say to him? "I am your great-great nephew from the future"? That sounds like a *Star Wars* line!

(CONTINUED)

Larry starts laughing, but, seeing how sad his friend is, cuts himself off.

LARRY:

Maybe you could talk to Stark about that. They're like the military, so maybe they've got a "code of honor" of some sort, like, for family...

WILLIAM:

Their code of honor is different. And today's military has a similar one. Mission above all. You put family and relatives over mission, you're a traitor. And we ain't got no right to be traitors. We were the ones who agreed. You said it yourself: It's too late. We give up now, we'll be just one more bag for them to carry. Four more bags.

LARRY (THINKING ABOUT IT):

Right.

He pauses, thinking.

LARRY (CONT'D):

But, yo, look at the bright side!
Your father's wish came true!

He points to a porthole to show his friend the cold abyss of space outside their ship.

WILLIAM (SMILING):

Yeah, I guess it did! Not exactly rivaling the Soviets, but hey, I'm crossing the final frontier!

He comes closer and peers through the porthole.

CLOSE UP ON PORTHOLE: WILLIAM'S P.O.V.

There are very few stars visible, and the darkness seems to be trying to engulf the starship.

CUT TO: WILLIAM PETERSON STANDING NEAR PORTHOLE. OUR P.O.V.

William is still standing there, with his back to Larry. Thinking.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM:

As for my uncle...I'll hope for a
bit of divine intervention.

INT.SIRIUS III MAIN HALL-45 MINUTES LATER

Everyone is standing at attention, Stark in front of them,
eyeing each person.

STARK:

All right. Everybody get ready.

To his command, each crewmember unzips their suit, and all
are wearing outfits from the era of the *Golden Eagle*
underneath. They aren't fancy. Just shirts, pants, and some
suspenders.

LARRY:

So what are we supposed to do?

STARK:

You're gonna have to wear the
spares. They're downstairs, and you
guys are lucky we always bring
spares.

INT.SIRIUS III STAIRCASE

Stark, William, Larry, Jeff and Tony are all shown coming
down a metal staircase, and they stop in front of a room.
Its wooden door has a sign on it, with the inscription:

DISGUISE ROOM

Stark comes closer, and a small device gives him a retinal
scan. Suddenly, they heard a soft, electronic female voice.

VOICE:

Retinal scan successful. Access
granted. Good afternoon, Commander
Stark.

The door opened by itself.

STARK:

Come in, gentlemen.

They all walk in.

INT.DISGUISE ROOM

There are all sorts of different clothes, from different time periods, neatly arranged on metal shelves. There are shirts, suits, hats and dresses, from the mid-19th century to peculiar styles of the future.

STARK:

Good afternoon, Regina. I would like you to please choose suitable disguises for these four gentlemen. We are to pose as shipwreck survivors in 1934.

REGINA:

Very well. I shall do my best.

STARK:

Thank you. Also, our friend Jeff here has a tattoo. Would you mind covering it up for him.

REGINA:

Not at all, sir.

JEFF:

Wait, is that gonna hurt?

REGINA:

Absolutely not, sir. I can assure you, you will sustain no physical damage.

TONY:

This thing can talk to us, too? It knows who we are?!

STARK:

Regina is not a "thing", Tony. She's an A.I. computer. Most delightful woman I have ever met.

REGINA (CHEERFUL COMPUTER VOICE):

Thank you, Commander. I am completely flattered. You are a confident man yourself.

JEFF:

Did he just flirt with Artiicial Intelligence?

(CONTINUED)

LARRY (MUMBLES):

I can only imagine how lonely you
are.

William pushes Larry's shoulder. Stark turns to face all of
them.

STARK:

All right, people! Let's get your
transformation started.

INT.SIRIUS III MAIN HALL-BACK SECTION

Peterson and his team are all standing there. Unlike the
rest of the hall, this is a metallic area, somewhat
reminiscent of a freight plane. They are all wearing wide,
clumsy pants, white shirts, and, some of them, suspenders.

JEFF (SARCASM):

So that's what grandpa wore to
knock grandma off her feet?

Jeff is dressed in a white shirt, brown vest, and brown
trousers, complete with a black belt. All of this is
accompanied by a pair of cream-colored shoes.

STARK:

You ain't got any better choice!

INT.SIRIUS III BRIDGE

All crewmembers are at their respective posts, looking at
screens, looking out of the portholes, or simply observing
the work of others. On a chair that looks like a pilot seat,
completely concentrated on her work is...

FIRST OFFICER SAMANTHA TAYLOR(36),serious yet feminine. Her
blue eyes and blond hair are part of the physical
characteristics every man on board wants his children to
have. But she is not about to let just any guy swipe her off
her feet.

SAMANTHA:

All right, folks! We are crossing
the space-time barrier! Hold on to
anything you can!

She pulls on two silver levers in front of her,
simultaneously. She then flips a switch from the left t the
right side.

EXT.SIRIUS III-OUTER SPACE

We see the magnificent *Sirius III* continue her flight, as if sailing through space. Then, all of a sudden, it is as if space has been torn apart, producing an assembly of lights that soon begins crving into a large, blue-ish-purple spherical object. A black hole. We witness the starship approach closer and closer to the hole. As she gets there, we feel like we are in a dream. The starship is like a horse, racing through a colourful field of smoke and stardust. Everything is absolutely quiet for about thirty seconds. There is not the slightest sound to prohibit us from enjoying the sight of this colourful interstellar wonderland.

SFX:LOUD,NUMB "BOOM". ALMOST LIKE A DISTANT EXPLOSION

INT.SIRIUS III MAIN HALL-BACK SECTION

The entire starship is shaking violently. They all try to hold on to anything they can.

JEFF(ALARMED.SHOUTING):
What is that?!

OFFICER WILSON(SHOUTING):
That's the part we actually go back
in time!

JEFF(SHOUTING SARCASTICALLY):
At this point, why did I even
bother to eat breakfast?!

EXT.SIRIUS III-OUTER SPACE-INSIDE BLACK HOLE.

We see the *Sirius III* forging on, like a fearless warrior, through an assembly of confusing colourful lines, darkness and light at the same time. There is something that looks like smoke around her. Or maybe it is stardust, we're still not sure. Every inch, a brand new object of curiosity. There are even things that look like sparks of electricity. This place is even somewhat reminiscent of the inside of the human brain, the way they show it in movies. The starship seems unaffected by all of this strangeness, and confidently moves on.

SFX:ANOTHER LOUD "BOOM",LIKE A NUMB EXPLOSION.

All of a sudden, the miracle ends. The pink-ish-blue-ish magical spaceland dissolves.

V.F.X.:SPACE DISSOLVES.

Instead of the interior of the black hole, we can now see ourselves falling into white clouds,and, as they clear, we witness the dark blue waters of the North Atlantic.

INT.SIRIUS III MAIN HALL-BACK SECTION

Commander Stark presses a huge red button on the wall, and a large door, similar to that on cargo planes, begins to open. The group stares outside, and sees the water.

STARK:
Welcome to 1934!