

**PARADOX RISING**

Season 1 Episode 1

"Billy"

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PARADOX RISING

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ACT I

1. EXT. RANCH HOUSE. NIGHT

Running through the darkness of a muddy yard - scattered with barrels and farm equipment - are the shadows of three men.

With pistols raised, they're led by a tall man in a black suit. The posse leap onto the porch and one kicks down the front door.

*SUPER: 11.50pm, July 14, 1881, Maxwell Ranch, Fort Sumner, New Mexico*

2. INT. RANCH BACK BEDROOM. NIGHT

A naked young woman bounces up and down on a bed, riding the man laying flat under her. They're at it fast and loose, the bed creaking, books falling off shelves.

DIANE

Oh, oh, oh...my GOD...Pete! That's  
it! Yes! Do you fuck your wife  
like...THIS?

PETE MAXWELL, the ranch owner, screws up his face, but keeps pumping.

PETE

Jesus Diane! Don't talk about her  
when we're-

The bedroom door flies open; the tall man in the black suit strolls in. He points his gun at Pete.

Diane screams, leaping off the bed. She grabs a pillow to cover her privates.

PETE (CONT'D)

(Sits up)

What in hell's name-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The tall man - who has a long, wide black moustache matching his suit colour - is SHERIFF PAT GARRETT. He points the gun at Diane. He waves it sideways, signalling her to get out.

She runs, screeching, out the doorway.

Pete, naked, jumps off the bed, his arms in the air.

GARRETT

I never came all the way out here to see your dick, Pete. (smirks)  
Not that I can see it. Put some fuckin' clothes on, would ya.

PETE

You cayn't just barge into ma house like this, Sheriff, you need-

GARRETT

To sit down...yep, don't mind if I do.

Garrett throws Pete's pants and shirt at him, and sits in a rocking chair by the window. He sighs, content. His pistol stays pointed at Pete as the man pulls his clothes on.

PETE

What d'you want?

Garrett considers him and the question, twirling the end of his moustache.

GARRETT

Don't fuck with me, Pete. I know you're hiding him. Where is he?

PETE

Who?

Garrett leans forward. He cocks his pistol, narrowing his eyes.

GARRETT

The Kid. Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PETE

(nervous)

As you know, I don't have children,  
Sheriff, I-

Garrett bolts across the room, grabs Pete's neck and smacks him up against the wall. He presses the barrel of his gun to Pete's head.

GARRETT

I SAID...don't fuck with me,  
Maxwell. Where is he? There's a  
bullet in this-

PETE

Hey man, simmer down with the  
bravado shit! Sheriff Pat Garrett  
ain't exactly a man known for bein'  
hands on-

SFX: PAP! PAP!

Gun shots outside.

Garrett drops Pete and runs to the window. Looking out, all he sees is the dark yard. He runs to the door, swivelling back. He jabs his gun at Pete.

GARRETT

Stay here, Maxwell!

Pete watches Garrett run out the door. He drops his arms, leans over and pulls a pistol from the holster lying on his bedside cabinet.

PETE

Asshole.

3. INT. RANCH HOUSE KITCHEN. NIGHT

A wiry man in a hat stands with his back to the kitchen table. In shadow, he cuts open an apple with a knife, staring out the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Garrett runs through the door, sliding into the table. He raises his gun at the man's back.

The wiry man keeps peeling the apple, the knife slicing loudly in the silence. Finally, he lifts a hand, slowly, tipping his hat back with one finger.

WILLIAM H. BONNEY - aka BILLY THE KID - lifts a chunk of apple to his mouth, chewing it.

BILLY

Pat fuckin' Garrett. The law...man.

GARRETT

That's right, Billy. You've had your fun...now it's time. I'm here ta take you in.

Billy doesn't turn round, just slices off another piece of apple.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Dead or alive, y'hear?

BILLY

(chuckles)

And get that five hundred dollars Governor Wallace promised you.

A long silence.

GARRETT

You knew it'd come to this. It's gone on long enough-

Billy swivels round.

Pat steps back, the pistol shaking in his fingers.

Billy's sharp, ice-blue eyes cut across the dimly-lit kitchen. He has soft skin; the look of someone with boundless energy. He slowly lifts the apple slice to his mouth. As he chews, he stares at Garrett.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BILLY

The Regulators will-

GARRETT

Your Regulators are gone, Billy.  
Either dead or runnin' scared. It's  
over. For you, for them. Right now,  
it's time for you to make a choice.

BILLY

(still chuckling)

Between your gun and the...

Billy ties an imaginary rope around his neck; he pulls the  
'rope' up behind his neck, making a choking sound.

Garrett and Billy stare at one another. Cicadas sing outside,  
making the silence seem long. Billy slices off another piece  
of apple, offering it to Garrett. Garrett shakes his head  
with a growl.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(nods at Garrett's pistol)

Think you're fast enough, my  
friend?

Garrett shuffles forward, clenching his other hand under the  
one already gripping the gun, to steady it.

GARRETT

Is that how it's gonna be?

Billy throws the apple over his shoulder and lets the knife  
drop to the floor.

BILLY

(nods)

That's how it's gonna be.

Billy drops his right arm beside his holstered gun.

Sweat pours off Garrett's forehead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BILLY (CONT'D)

(smiles)

How many times have you dreamed  
about this moment?

GARRETT

I don't dream, Billy.

Billy flicks his fingers at the holster, but stops. He shakes his head.

BILLY

Then you're missing out. See, I've  
ran this here scenario through my  
mind so many times this feels like  
*de ja vu*.

GARRETT

(snorts)

And how did it turn out all those  
times?

BILLY

With you, dead, a bullet through  
your double-crossin' heart.

Garrett scowls and kicks a chair aside.

PAT GARRETT

Double-crossing? (pauses) That's  
rich, that's what that is! I ain't  
no worse than you, William H.  
Bonney. But I'm a lawman now. And,  
after all we've been through, I'm a  
tired man, also. I want to see  
you...and your myth...squashed.  
Then buried. Alongside all the poor  
bastards you've killed.

Billy nods, calmly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BILLY

Then best be sayin' your prayers,  
Pat. Cos you ain't collectin' that  
five hundred bucks. Not today.

Billy laughs, turning back around to face the window.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You may always die in my dream,  
Pat...

A long silence; the cicadas are quiet too. Only the rattle of  
Garrett's gun fills the kitchen.

BILLY (CONT'D)

...but, you know, deep down I like  
you. You're a good man. And I'm a  
generous guy...

Billy pulls his arm away from his holster. He turns fully  
round, his back to Garrett.

BILLY (CONT'D)

...so I'll give you a head start.  
Fire when you have the gumption,  
Sheriff. And we'll see how it plays-

BANG!

Garrett fires.

CUT TO: SLO-MO.

The bullet spears out the pistol, orange fire and grey smoke  
curling around it. Billy swivels, fast even with the world  
slowed down, and pulls his gun from the holster.

With the bullet halfway across the kitchen table, and Billy  
not fully turned round, there's-

SLAM CUT TO:

4. EXT. CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN NUCLEAR BUNKER. NIGHT

-a crack of thunder.

The storm rages as a car's headlights swing into view, crossing the checkpoint bridge to the huge Alternative Command Center (ACC) bunker entrance.

SUPER: *11.56pm, July 14, 2016, North American Aerospace Defense Command (NORAD), Cheyenne Mountain, El Paso County, Colorado.*

A cell phone rings.

5. INT. CAR. NIGHT

A young, lithe blonde woman drives up to the bunker entrance. ALEX DONOVAN'S hair is tied back in a tight ponytail; she snaps up her cell phone, jabbing the green icon.

ALEX

*What?*

She reaches the checkpoint gate, flashes her ID badge at the GUARD, and smiles at him through gritted teeth. The guard waves her through as she listens to her phone.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Yes sir, I'm *right* outside now.  
Huh? Um, I did tell you I'd be late tonight because...yes...no, my mom is not fine at all. Listen, I'll be inside in ten min...what? (pauses, listens) Okay, my foot's on the gas *right now*.

Alex's car revs, wheel-spins and speeds forward.

6. EXT. CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN NUCLEAR BUNKER. NIGHT

She skids into a parking space inside the bunker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CU of a tyre as road grit flies up and-

SLAM CUT TO:

7. INT. RANCH HOUSE KITCHEN - 1881. NIGHT

-is the SLO-MO bullet travelling through the air towards a wide-eyed Billy the Kid-

SLAM CUT TO:

8. INT. SPECIAL TIME SERVICE (STS) OPERATIONS. NIGHT

-Alex's wide, angry eyes stare straight ahead as she strolls through frosted glass doors. They close behind her as she enters a huge room filled with giant monitors on three walls. Uniformed personnel rush around the open-plan desks.

A large man with grey, buzz-cut hair, leather skin and a military uniform is at the front of the room. He spies Alex and barges past two people showing him paperwork.

COMMANDER HAROLD RANDALL, current Head of Operations at STS, stomps up to Alex, his face lined with stress.

RANDALL

You have to go. We've just confirmed another 'Mover'.

ALEX

Happening now?

RANDALL

*Right now.*

ALEX

But, sir, I promised my mom I'd see her at the hospital in the morning so we can-

Randall glares.

Alex narrows her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX (CONT'D)

(sighs)

I'll get suited up. Where is he? It is a 'he'?

RANDALL

(nods)

Yes. The Paradox lit up about two hours ago, so you have some time. He'll be arriving midday tomorrow, six hours south of here: Fort Sumner.

ALEX

Do we know from when?

Randall looks at her. He leans over a nearby computer screen, taps the keyboard and a 3D time/space map lights up on the big screens behind him. The map spins around, weaving in and out of dates, places and names...

RANDALL

Indications are...he's coming from-

SLAM CUT TO:

9. INT. RANCH HOUSE KITCHEN - 1881. NIGHT

-the bullet is a foot from Billy's chest as he pulls his pistol from his holster, in SLO-MO. As he spins, his gun about to fire back, his hand fizzes through a shimmering, alive-looking darkness...and disappears.

His arm and shoulder are swallowed and, in a split second, his body disappears-

SLAM CUT TO:

10. INT. SPECIAL TIME SERVICE (STS) OPERATIONS. NIGHT

RANDALL

-and the only diagnostic matches we found for that vicinity, on that date were-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alex is running for the door. She turns back.

ALEX

I majored in history, sir. I know  
who he is.

She's out the door and it closes before Randall shouts...

RANDALL

Then...*BE CAREFUL!*

Randall turns to a muscular man in black combat gear stood at the back of the room. The man is standing with feet firmly apart, hands in front of himself, scanning the room.

Randall nods at him.

The soldier, SERGEANT DELLAHEY, runs out the door, after Alex. The glass door closes and-

SLAM CUT TO:

11. INT. VILMA'S HAIR SALON, FORT SUMNER - 2017. DAY

-the glass back door explodes. Billy the Kid falls through it, still spinning to miss Garrett's bullet. He fires his gun.

An OLD LADY sits having her hair cut: her blood and brains spray over the HAIRDRESSER as the bullet hammers into the side of her head. The Hairdresser screams.

BILLY

Aaaaaah!

The dead lady slumps sideways as Billy keeps falling, broken glass spraying around him. He fires his gun over and over, confused, as he drops to the hair-covered, tiled floor.

Hair flies everywhere, mostly into Billy's mouth. He spits it out as the salon mirror smashes, the front window implodes and bottles of shampoo burst, jumping off their shelves, as the spray of bullets hit them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As trays of scissors are catapulted into the air, a line of women sat with their heads under ionic quick-dryer hoods, all scream. All with curlers in their hair, they leap up and cower from Billy, his bullets breaking the salon apart.

12. EXT. MAIN STREET, FORT SUMNER. DAY

Alex leans against her black Mustang, coffee in one hand, a cell phone in the other. She holds the phone up.

CU of the phone screen: an advanced, 3D radar time-space map app blinks on it (a portable version of the one in the STS Ops room).

Down the street, a store window explodes onto the sidewalk. Gun shots ring out.

ALEX

Oh shit!

Alex throws the coffee aside, a splash of brown liquid spraying across her Mustang's shiny hood.

ALEX (CONT'D)

*Ah, shit! SHIT!*

She flicks the coffee off her car with her sleeve, drawing her gun at the same time. The coffee smears on the metal. She stares at it, winces, growls, then turns and runs towards the commotion.

13. INT. STS SURGICAL UNIT, CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN. NIGHT

SFX SO: BLIP-BLEEP-BLIP-BLEEP.

Randall stares through glass, into a large room. He presses a hand on the glass, where the sign "QUARANTINE AREA" is printed on it.

A man, strapped to monitors and breathing apparatus, lies unconscious in bed, his heart rate steady. Severe red, bubbled burn marks cover the left side of his face. His left eye looks battered inwards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Randall sighs, watching a DOCTOR and NURSE in Biohazard suits inject the man with medication.

SFX SO: BLIP-BEEP-BLIP-BEEP.

Randall hits a speaker button next to the glass.

RANDALL  
Any change today?

The Doctor turns to Randall inside the quarantined room. He shakes his head.

DOCTOR  
Sorry, sir. But, you know, we never expected him to survive; not after that kind of accident.

RANDALL  
We need him to wake up.

DOCTOR  
(nods)  
He took a smaller radiation hit than Maria, so there's still a chance...

Randall's about to reply, but JOSIE - one of the Operations Room personnel team - runs up to him, out-of-breath.

JOSIE  
Ah, sir, sorry to interrupt, but you're needed back in the Operations Room.

RANDALL  
(annoyed)  
Why, what's happening?

Josie swallows.

JOSIE  
Um, another Mover, sir. The Paradox lit up two minutes ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RANDALL

You're kidding me! Where? When?

They walk away from the quarantine area, through a set of doors and into a long corridor.

JOSIE

We've already alerted our European agents, sir. This one - she's - coming from Germany, nineteen-forty-five.

Randall snaps his head round, staring at Josie. He quickens his step to a jog.

ACT II

14. INT. VILMA'S HAIR SALON, FORT SUMNER. DAY

Police sirens wail in the distance as Billy lies on the salon floor, covered in hair. He looks up at the screaming women, panting and confused. Leaping up, he swerves the gun round at them, sweat dripping down his brow.

The women duck and glass crunches under Billy's feet as he stares round, open-mouthed, at his surroundings.

BILLY

What in the fuckin' *shittin'* hell is going on? (looks at women, smirks) Excuse my french ladies. Where...who are you people? How-

Alex skids to a stop outside the smashed salon window, aiming her gun at Billy.

ALEX

Drop your weapon William H. Bonney!

Billy swivels round to Alex, his gun-

BANG!

Alex fires.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Billy's gun flies out his hand and clatters to the floor. Wide-eyed, he watches the gun disappear under a pile of hair before turning back to Alex.

Police sirens are getting louder.

BILLY  
(whistles)  
Mighty fast, lady. But who in the  
*blue fuck* are you? Pardon my french  
again. And where am-

Alex kicks a large, jagged section of glass and steps over the window ledge, into the salon. She keeps her gun pointed at Billy.

ALEX  
You have to come with me. *Now*.

Police sirens are in the street now.

BILLY  
Do I ma'am? Or what?

Alex looks over at the dead old lady. She rolls her eyes, jabbing a finger at the old woman.

ALEX  
Jesus, did you *have* to?

Billy shrugs.

BILLY  
I was firing at Pat Garrett, not  
some lady who wasn't there a moment  
ago-

ALEX  
Look, shut up, okay? There's no  
time. I'll explain things later.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALEX (CONT'D)

At this juncture, Billy, you either come with me, or else you'll be arrested, thrown in jail for murder...and then I won't be able to *help* you.

BILLY

Do I know you, ma'am?

Alex sighs, leaning over to grab Billy's shoulder. She drags him to the door.

ALEX

Just do as I say. Otherwise we're both dead.

BILLY

So this ain't some fucked-up hell I'm in?

She pushes Billy out the door, turning round to give the salon's women a wincing "I'm sorry" look. She grabs Billy's arm.

ALEX

Depends how you look at it. Now, *come on!*

The sirens are outside the salon, red and blue lights flashing, cars skidding to a stop. Alex glares at them.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Shit. This way!

She turns round, dragging Billy towards the broken back door, where he fell into this future.

BILLY

My gun, what about-

ALEX

Leave it, I'll get you another one.

15. INT. SPECIAL TIME SERVICE OPERATIONS (STS). DAY

Randall stands staring up at screens showing the spinning, 3D paradox time-space map. He turns to Josie. She's busily typing into a computer.

RANDALL

And it's the same pattern? Just before her death?

JOSIE

Looks that way, sir. According to our records, she dies the morning of December 13, nineteen-forty-five. And that's where-

RANDALL

-the paradox started. Okay. Get Raphael on the line; I want to brief him. (*turns to speak to room*). Listen up! This'll be our ninth Mover, people. We *NEED* to know how to stop them. Watch this one carefully: we *have* to know why it's the time of death they Move!

Randall flicks a gaze at Josie.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

I'm with the General now. Soon as I'm out, I want Raphael on-line.

JOSIE

Yes, sir.

Randall walks towards the doors. The 3D paradox map flickers, spins and lights up with dates, times and places behind him.

16. EXT. BACK YARD OF VILMA'S HAIR SALON. DAY

Alex and Billy stumble into a back yard, warehouse buildings opposite, and a line of large metal trash dumpsters stretch along the wall of an alley, leading to another road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Uniformed, armed police are running down the alley, guns raised.

Alex pushes Billy behind a dumpster. Crouching down, Billy looks Alex up and down. He frowns and strokes a hand down her black leather pants. She smacks his hand away, scowling.

BILLY  
Some fine material. Is it Navaho?

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)  
This is Deputy Sheriff Suarez of  
the De Baca County police  
department! Lay down your weapons  
and come out with your hands in the-

Billy pokes his head out from behind the dumpster.

BILLY  
Go fuck yourself Deputy!

Turning back to Alex, he smiles.

She shakes her head, dismayed.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
(shrugs)  
Force of habit-

Bullets hammer into the dumpster, sparks flying.

Alex and Billy cower down. Pushing Billy aside, she raises her gun to fire back.

A bullet tears up nearby brick, white concrete spraying out before a chunk of wall collapses next to Billy.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
(wide-eyed)  
Jesus H. Christ, what're they  
firin': Gatling guns?

ALEX  
Things have moved on...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Alex leans out around the dumpster and fires her pistol three times: short, punchy, precise shots. Three police officers go down. Alex turns back to Billy.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
...since your day.

A SWAT team run down the alley behind the local law enforcement.

Billy ducks as more bullets hit the wall.

BILLY  
My day? What...where in the *jink*  
am I?

ALEX  
Same place; different time.

Billy stares at her, narrowing his eyes. He shakes his head, his eyes rolling up inside themselves, to the whites. He grabs the side of the dumpster to steady himself.

BILLY  
Feel sick...

ALEX  
Time-travel does that. Stay with  
me; we need to get out of this.

Billy wipes his eyes, shaking his head again.

BILLY  
You're making no sense, *Angelicas*.  
Am I dreamin' some Jules Verne  
novel or is-

A line of bullets hammer into the wall above his head.

ALEX  
What do *you* think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BILLY

SHIT! Why'd you make me leave my gun behind?

SWAT OFFICER (O.S.)

*WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED! THROW OUT YOUR WEAPONS AND WALK OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!*

Billy rolls his eyes.

BILLY

Heard that one before. (*pauses, leans into Alex*) So what's the plan girlie?

Alex pushes Billy's face away from her.

ALEX

(gritted teeth)

First: to teach you something we use (*mock Wild West accent*) roun' these, here parts called ee-qualit-ee.

Billy's confused as Alex leans out round the dumpster, firing four more times. A hail of bullets hits the dumpster in response.

She ducks back, falling into Billy. He instinctively grabs hold of her waist and they look at each other.

BILLY

(raising an eyebrow)

This, here is ee-qualit-ee? Works for me...

Alex glares at him, yanking herself free.

17. INT. SPECIAL TIME SERVICE (STS) OPERATIONS. DAY

Randall strides into GENERAL DWIGHT SLOANE'S office, adjacent to the STS Ops room. It's a clinical space, but full of plants. One shelf is cluttered with many types of cacti.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Randall closes the door as Sloane is tipping water from a tiny watering can, with pink flowers on it, into a pot. Glancing round at Randall, he gently puts the can down. He pulls off his glasses and sits down.

Randall hands Sloane a folder.

SLOANE

Is he here?

Sloane opens the folder, taking a cursory glance.

CU of Billy the Kid's picture - the famous 1880 ferrotype of him holding his rifle - and several key data points.

RANDALL

Yes, sir. He came through in Fort Sumner, as we thought. Alex is there...dealing with him.

Sloane nods, sliding his glasses back on. He throws the folder to the corner of his desk. He glares at Randall, his eyes hard diamonds.

SLOANE

And she can handle this one? After the last one when...

RANDALL

Her mother's very ill, sir. She's been off-the-mark for a few months and-

SLOANE

When I'm having an "off" day, Harry, I eat some ice-cream and talk to my plants. (pauses) I don't blow up a Texas oil refinery!

RANDALL

(smirks)

You'd like to though, right, sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sloane smiles. After a moment, he stands again and strolls back to his cacti, picking up the pink watering can. His back's to Randall.

SLOANE

People think my wife bought me this watering can.

Randall raises himself up and down on his toes.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Do you?

RANDALL

(swallows)

I think you enjoy lulling people into a false sense of security with your feminine side, sir.

Sloane continues watering his plants.

SLOANE

There's another one, I hear.

RANDALL

'Fraid so, sir.

SLOANE

They're coming thick and fast. *Too damn thick and fast.* We have to stop this...

RANDALL

Yes, sir. Alex will-

SLOANE

I'm not sure if that accident didn't cloud her-

RANDALL

Sir, she's ended seven other Movers. She understands what to do. She's our...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SLOANE

Cleaner. Yes. Except, she doesn't clean very fucking quietly!

RANDALL

It's important we get hold of every one and analyze why they're coming so often. Let Alex do her part and-

SLOANE

Have you sent a shadow to watch her?

RANDALL

Yes, sir. (*smirks*) Brick Shithouse Dellahey.

SLOANE

Have...*Sergeant* Dellahey terminate Alex after she's dealt with this "Mover". I've got the Defence Department whispering not-so-sweet nothings in my ear, Harry. We need progress. Fast. It's time to let her go.

Randall widens his eyes. He swallows again, harder this time.

RANDALL

Sir, that's extreme. I trained Alex because-

SLOANE

Her job needs to be *silent*, Harry. In and out. Done. No mess. You know that. You trained her-

RANDALL

To be more than just an assassin. You know that. She's had more experience than anyone, we can't-

SLOANE

Get rid of her, Harry. Or I will.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Randall stares at him for a while, jaw muscles flexing.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

That's all, Commander.

RANDALL

Yes, sir.

Randall nods reluctantly and walks out.

Sloane leans into a cactus. He flicks a finger on one of its spines, blood trickling down his hand. He smiles.

18. EXT. BACK YARD OF VILMA'S HAIR SALON. DAY

Billy grabs Alex's gun. He weighs it up and down, looking at it.

ALEX

What the hell are you-

Billy pushes Alex aside, crawling past her. He sneaks a look round the metal dumpster at the SWAT team lined up down the alley, then turns back to Alex.

BILLY

You know, in my experience, the element of surprise is best.

ALEX

Billy, this is not eighteen-eight-one. Whatever you're thinking, don't-

Billy walks out from behind the dumpster, swaggering with exaggerated confidence. He holds his arms and gun in the air.

Alex fumes, watching from her crouched position.

The sound of many weapons being cocked - *shtick-shunt* - echoes down the alley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY

Howdy gentlemen. I was hoping we could come to some-

SWAT OFFICER

Drop your weapon and your fancy-dressed ass on the asphalt, motherfucker!

Billy blinks. He raises his eyebrows and glances to his side, at Alex.

BILLY

(mouthing)

Potty-mouth.

Billy turns back to the line of SWAT officers, their guns pointed at him. He smiles, then glances down at his dusty, brown jacket and boots.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Y'all dress so fine. I'd like to get me some-

SWAT OFFICER

You have five seconds to put down your weapon or we'll take you down! Five...four...

Billy's smile drops.

BILLY

Listen, man, I'm sorry about the old lady but I was confused-

SWAT OFFICER

...three...two...

Alex fiddles with her belt, pulling two black-metal cans from it. She leans round the dumpster.

SWAT OFFICER (CONT'D)

...one!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Clicking a button on each can, she throws them at the SWAT team.

SWAT OFFICER #2  
GRENADES!

Billy watches the cannisters roll, dropping his gun to his waist as two explosions, followed by yellow smoke, roll over the SWAT team. They start coughing.

Alex leaps out from behind the dumpster. She snatches her gun from Billy, slamming a mini-gas mask over her mouth. She pulls a second one from her utility belt and throws it to Billy.

ALEX  
Put it over your mouth!

Billy copies her, screwing up his face, looking left and right.

Alex grabs his arm, yanking him up the alley towards the police. They run past the coughing, vomiting SWAT team.

BILLY  
(to Alex through mask)  
I had it in hand, y'know, lady.

Alex ignores him.

Billy scoops down to one of the SWAT Officers, pulling a handgun from the man's waist holster. He winks and nods his thanks to the officer (who is busy clutching his neck, spluttering).

Alex and Billy run back out to Main Street; Billy glances around at the new buildings. He looks at a street sign.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
(wide-eyed)  
Is this...Fort Sumner?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALEX

(nods)

But not one you know.

She pulls him to the end of the block and sees, parked around the corner, are six police cars and the black SWAT van (near the hair salon). More officers are crouched around it, some escorting customers to safety.

Alex's Mustang is parked behind the SWAT van.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Shit.

Billy narrows his eyes.

BILLY

This is...too much. What in the dusty fuck is going on here?

Billy clutches his head with both hands, gripping it as if it's about to explode.

Alex peers round the corner at the police, before grabbing Billy's shoulders. She stares at him. After a moment, he raises his head, looking into her eyes.

ALEX

Stay with me, stay focused. You're Billy the Kid. You're tough so-

BILLY

Listen, lady, whatever you've heard about me, it's-

ALEX

Stop. We'll talk later; I'll explain what's happening, okay?

Billy stares at her, breathing hard, fast; he's suspicious of her. He grits his teeth, holding up the gun he stole.

BILLY

How do I work this thing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Alex smiles. She grabs the gun, slips off the safety and *click-clunk's* the handgun's barrel back and forth, handing it back to Billy.

He looks at it, raising an eyebrow, smirking.

19. INT. DELLAHEY'S CAR, FORT SUMNER. DAY

Dellahey sits across Main Street, watching the chaos. He lifts his wrist up to his mouth.

DELLAHEY  
(into microphone)  
Another subtle Alex Donovan op  
here, sir.

RANDALL (O.S.)  
She hasn't reported in. What's  
happening?

Dellahey stares out the window as Alex and Billy reach the end of a side-street. He watches them, Alex grabbing the cowboy's shoulders. Yellow grenade smoke drifts behind them.

DELLAHEY  
A shit-storm, sir.

20. INT. SPECIAL TIME SERVICE (STS) OPERATIONS. DAY

Randall swivels round in the middle of the Ops room. He walks to a side office and lifts his walkie-talkie up to his mouth. He wipes sweat from his brow.

RANDALL  
Stay back until it's over. Then I  
want her terminated, Sergeant.  
Clear?

A long pause before the walkie-talkie finally crackles.

21. INT. DELLAHEY'S CAR, FORT SUMNER. DAY

DELLAHEY  
Understood, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dellahey's nostrils flare as he stares out at Alex and Billy.

22. EXT. MAIN STREET, FORT SUMNER. DAY

ALEX

My ride's over there.

Alex peers round the side of the building.

BILLY

How many?

ALEX

I see seven SWAT soldiers, five deputies and maybe another eight or nine traffic cops.

BILLY

Shiiit. That's a *lot* of lawmen. I ain't faced these odds since the Murphy siege at McSween's place in '78. *(pauses, chuckles)* They're good odds.

Alex laughs, dismayed.

ALEX

Yes, the Lincoln County War.  
*(pauses)* As you noticed, guns are faster now.

Billy raises an eyebrow, affronted. He leans into Alex.

BILLY

A gun is only as fast as the man behind it.

ALEX

Or woman.

BILLY

*(nods and winks)*  
Ee-qualit-ee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Billy runs out from behind the building, raising his gun.

ALEX

Oh crap-

Alex rolls her eyes and runs after him.

23. INT. HAMELIN JAIL, GERMANY. DAY

The rusted green metal of the letter-box food hatch clanks open. Standing inside, upright and with her nose in the air, is a young, severe-looking woman with curly blonde hair.

*SUPER: 9.27am, December 13, 1945, Hamelin Jail, Hanover, Germany*

PRISON GUARD

Prisoner Grese, stehen zurück von  
der Tür!

*SUPER (TRANSLATION): Prisoner Grese, stand back from the door!*

IRMA GRESE, a convicted SS Guard from the Auschwitz Nazi concentration camp, does not move. But her mouth flicks into a smile-grimace.

The cell door clangs, creaking open.

Two men - one dressed in a BRITISH MILITARY UNIFORM and the other in a suit - step to the cell entrance.

Grese still does not move or look at the men.

The suited man is British Executioner ALBERT PIERREPOINT, the other REGIMENTAL SERGEANT-MAJOR O'NEIL.

O'NEIL

Next we have Irma Grese.

PIERREPOINT

Yes, the 'Hyena of Auschwitz'.

Pierrepoint's nostrils flare.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

24. INT. GAS CHAMBER, AUSCHWITZ (FLASHBACK). NIGHT

Grese whips a group of cowering, naked, starved women in a closed metal structure. She kicks one woman over and over, howling and laughing, then snaps forward to bite another woman's cheek.

Blood dribbles down Grese's throat as she backs away, closing the container's metal door. Gas sprays into the hangar and the women inside scream.

Grese stands outside, licking the blood and laughing.

25. INT. HAMELIN JAIL, GERMANY. DAY

Grese flicks her eyes to Pierrepoint. She scowls. Her eyes are cold, dead, menacing. She hisses at him, then looks away again, remaining in her upright stance.

O'NEIL

Hündin.

SUPER (TRANSLATION): Bitch.

O'Neil and the Prison Guard each grab one of Grese's arms, yanking her out the cell. They pull her down concrete stairs, onto a wider prison wing.

O'Neil smacks her in the shoulder several times, to push her along. Grese never reacts, just regains her upright stance.

O'NEIL (CONT'D)

Shame we can't gas these camp  
guards, like they did to all those  
poor-

Pierrepoint glares at O'Neil.

PIERREPOINT

Let's just get this done, shall we  
Sergeant-Major?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He slides forward to open a door at the end of the prison wing. They go into a dim room. A white chalk cross is marked on the floor's hatch, a noosed rope hanging above it.

Grese stomps forward, head held high, towards the cross on the floor. She swivels round to face Pierrepont.

GRESE

Schnell!

SUPER (TRANSLATION): Quickly!

Pierrepont glances at O'Neil. He shuffles forward, slides a cloth over Grese's head and wraps the noose around her neck.

26. ZUM FLIEGENDEN TEPPICH-SHISHABAR CAFE, HAMELIN. NIGHT

STS AGENT RAPHAEL CARTER chokes on his coffee, spitting some over the magazine he's reading.

RAPHAEL

(into cell phone)

WHO?

He glances out the cafe window as he swaps the cell phone to his other hand, and ear, wiping the coffee up with a napkin. Traffic zooms by outside; Raphael listens for a moment.

SUPER: 8.21pm, July 15, 2017, Hamelin, Germany

RAPHAEL (CONT'D)

Sir, is this a joke? She's...she's-

Pause. A voice down the line.

RAPHAEL (CONT'D)

Yes, I'm having a coffee eight minutes from the Stadt Hotel now.  
(pauses) Um, yes, if I run I guess I could do it in five-

RANDALL

(shouts down phone line)

GET THERE...NOW!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Raphael kicks his chair out from under himself, knocks the table - so his coffee spills *all over* the magazine this time - spins round and runs out the cafe.

27. INT. SPECIAL TIME SERVICE (STS) OPERATIONS. DAY

Randall smacks the walkie-talkie against his head a few times. Sucking in a deep breath, he walks over to his desk.

He picks up a framed photo and looks at it. He wipes away a tear as CU of the photo reveals four people on a beach: two men and two young women. They're all laughing.

Randall is one of the men. He stands in the middle, an arm around the other man: it's Raphael.

Randall's other arm's around one of the girls: it's Alex. He stares at the picture, swallows, before stomping to his office door. He punches it, hard.

28. INT. HAMELIN JAIL, GERMANY. DAY

Stepping back to the side of the room, Pierrepont and O'Neil stand away from Grese. Under the black hood, She does not make a sound, just stands and waits.

O'Neil nods and Pierrepont pulls the lever.

The hatch under Grese's feet drops open, her body falling with it-

Except, as she drops, her feet, legs and torso fizz into the shimmering, alive-looking darkness. In a split second, her shoulders are swallowed up too and, a moment before the rope breaks her neck, Grese's head vanishes.

SLAM CUT TO:

29. INT. ELEVATOR, HOTEL STADT, HAMELIN, GERMANY - 2017. DAY

Irma Grese drops through the sizzling darkness, her hands gripping her neck. She lands inside the moving elevator.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Panting, her eyes darting around the plush, carpeted, gold interior, Grese grapples at her neck, hunting for the rope that should have broken her neck. It's gone.

She stands up, just as the elevator's floor alarm PINGS.

*SUPER: 10.01am, July 15, 2017, Hotel Stadt, Hamelin, Germany*

The elevator doors slide open.

The thundering noise of hundreds of children chattering, yelling and laughing hits her. She stares, jaw dropping, at the children running around, their teachers trying to usher them into seats.

In front of Grese, is a huge conference room, with a banner above a stage that reads: "Bildung und Lebendige Geschichte: Prison im Hotel"

*SUPER (TRANSLATION): "Education and Living History: From Prison to Hotel"*

Grese steps out the lift, into the bedlam of children. She smiles, her eyes dead, menacing.

All the school children are girls.

ACT III

30. EXT. MAIN STREET, FORT SUMNER. DAY

Billy runs full-pelt along the sidewalk.

Two SWAT officers leaving the hair salon turn and see him. They pull their guns up, but Billy pops the trigger twice, both men twirling before they hit the ground.

Billy passes Alex's Mustang, glances at it, frowning, then runs to the back of the SWAT van. Slamming his back against it, breathing fast, he holds his gun to his chest.

He sees Alex peering around the block's side-street. He nods at her and she runs down the sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Before Alex reaches him, Billy slides to the other side of the van's back doors. He peers round, seeing five police cars parked across Main Street. Each car has two officers crouched down beside it, their guns trained on the salon.

BILLY  
(mumbles)  
...four, six, eight...so, um,  
that's ten. *Shit!*

He looks at the gun, frowning.

Alex smacks into the back of the SWAT van.

ALEX  
It holds thirty rounds.

BILLY  
(raises an eyebrow)  
*Shiiiiit!*

Billy nods, smiling. He runs out from behind the SWAT van, narrowing his eyes. He's fast and fires two shots at the first police car: both officers go down. He swivels right, firing four bullets at precise angles across the street.

Four officers yell out, dropping to the ground. Billy is parallel with the fourth police car before the officers return fire.

He ducks, rolling over the road, as bullets slam into buildings, into the SWAT van and smash windows. Four more SWAT officers run at him from the other side of Main Street.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
*Shiiiiit.*

As he rolls, Billy slides the gun under his arm, firing twice. Two SWAT officers flip into the air, screaming.

Rolling to a stop, with bullets spraying up asphalt dirt near him, he fires back at the fourth car. Billy hits one man in the hip and misses a second because he's cowered behind the car hood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The car explodes in an orange fireball, the front flying into the air. Black smoke curls across the street and Billy flattens himself on the road.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Whoa...

The car smashes back down on its front wheels, debris collapsing over the fifth car, where two cops dive out the way.

Machine gun fire from Billy's other side.

Two SWAT officers are firing, a double line of bullets slamming across the road towards Billy.

Where he lays, Billy slides the handgun in a half-circle towards them as the bullets head for him. Two pops and both SWAT officers drop to the ground, just as the last bullet stops inches from Billy's face.

31. EXT. MUNSTERWALL ROAD, HAMELIN, GERMANY. DAY

Raphael bolts across the main highway, dodging cars. A taxi almost knocks him down, but he rolls over the hood, leaps over railings and runs down steps three at a time.

He runs through a clump of trees in a park, the Weser River in the background, and joins a path cutting across the field.

Pushing a couple out the way, and side-stepping their child, Raphael sprints headlong towards the towering, imposing building of the former jail, the Stadt Hotel Hameln.

32. EXT. MAIN STREET, FORT SUMNER. DAY

Billy swivels to see Alex standing by the SWAT van, her gun trained on the two men she just killed.

People are screaming and running from the hair salon as Billy climbs to his feet.

ALEX

Come on! We HAVE to go...NOW!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She pulls two more cannisters from her belt, throwing one inside the salon, the other to the middle of the street. A blanket of yellow smoke fills Main Street. Police officers roll around, coughing.

Billy follows Alex past the SWAT van to the parked Mustang.

Alex grabs the driver's side door, yanking it open whilst keeping her gun trained on the street.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Get in!

Billy stops at the car's hood. He glances at her, then at the car.

BILLY

(bemused)

Where's your ride?

Alex frowns, waving at the Mustang.

ALEX

What? A Sixth Generation five litre Coyote V-eight, six-speed Ford Mustang not a good enough ride for you?

Billy stares at her. He shakes his head and shrugs.

BILLY

But...but...your ride? Where are the horses?

A light bulb moment: Alex gets it. Her mouth is an "O" of understanding. She slides sideways, tapping the hood with the hand not holding her gun.

ALEX

They're in here: all four hundred and forty of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILLY

Don't bullshit me, there's no way  
you could get-

ALEX

It's a car, Billy. They were  
invented about five years after you  
died. It's like a train - you  
probably robbed a few of those,  
right? - only smaller. And doesn't  
need tracks. Or real horses to pull  
it. Jesus, *fuck!* Just...

Alex runs around to Billy's door, opening it.

ALEX (CONT'D)

...get...

She pushes his head down, ramming him sideways into the  
passenger seat.

ALEX (CONT'D)

...in!

Bullets hammer into the Mustang's side, missing Alex by  
inches. She growls at the holes, spinning round to return  
fire. She shoots through the yellow smoke as she runs back to  
the car's driver's side.

Slamming the door shut, she starts the engine, wheel-spins -  
as more bullets smack into the car, smashing a side window -  
and the Mustang skids across Main Street, speeding away.

33. INT. ALEX'S CAR. DAY

Billy cowers in his seat, hyperventilating. He bites down on  
the barrel of the handgun as the Mustang hammers through Fort  
Sumner, skids round a bend and heads off across the desert.

34. EXT. MAIN STREET, FORT SUMNER. DAY

Dellahey pushes up his sunglasses, rams his 4x4 into gear and  
skids a U-turn, speeding after Alex and Billy.

35. EXT. STEPS TO HOTEL STADT, HAMELIN, GERMANY. DAY

Raphael leaps up the hotel's entrance steps, slamming a group of German teenagers out the way.

36. INT. HOTEL STADT LOBBY, HAMELIN, GERMANY. DAY

Darting through the lobby doors, Raphael pulls out his pistol and glances around. People scream on seeing his gun, most running out the way. Hotel receptionists duck under the desk.

RAPHAEL  
Polizei! Polizei!

He runs to the reception desk, smacking his hand on the counter.

RAPHAEL (CONT'D)  
Haben Sie gesehen, eine junge  
blonde Frau, in ihren Zwanzigern?

SUPER (TRANSLATION): Have you seen a young blonde woman, in her twenties?

One of the reception CLERKS - a young man with black hair - lifts his head cautiously. Quivering, he shakes his head.

Raphael growls, looking around again.

RAPHAEL (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
I don't know what she looks like or-

His eyes widen; he looks back at the Clerk.

RAPHAEL (CONT'D)  
Sie ist wahrscheinlich das Tragen  
der 1940er Jahre Stil Kleidung!

SUPER (TRANSLATION): She's probably wearing 1940s style clothes!

The Clerk flashes him a look that says "You Weirdo" and ducks back under the counter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Raphael kicks the counter.

RAPHAEL (CONT'D)

SHIT!

37. INT. VILMA'S HAIR SALON, FORT SUMNER. DAY

A black boot crushes broken glass, crunching loudly amongst the salon's mess. Stepping forward is the tight, dark blue-suited, hawk-like features of FBI Special Agent JACK SAUNDERS.

Saunders is twisting his hands around one another, sweating profusely. He's pale and looks uncomfortable.

SAUNDERS

*What a mess.*

He slams a hand to his mouth, rubbing his fingers back and forth, back and forth over his lips. He glances at the dead old woman, her brains splattered across the floor.

Saunders rolls his eyes, points at one of the DEPUTIES milling around outside the salon, beckoning him in.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

Do something about that, will you.  
It's offensive.

The Deputy raises an eyebrow.

DEPUTY

I'll get a body bag, sir.

The Deputy trundles off outside.

Saunders closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

Other police officers walk in, taking notes; four SWAT gunmem stroll in through the back door, guns held, checking the scene, the local Sheriff walks past the blown-out windows and looks in at Saunders.

Saunders opens his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Scene of crime staff, in yellow bio-suits, move in, carrying cases, photographers take forensic images...

Saunders' eye begins to tic from all the frantic activity. He rubs his hands together, faster and faster, taking deep breaths. More people arrive inside the salon, darting around, brushing up against him-

SAUNDERS

Will you all just...STOP!

Everyone freezes, falling silent.

They all look at Saunders as he - slowly - lifts his forefingers to his temples, rubbing them. He waits for the silence to take hold, breathes it in, then drops his hands.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

So, sooo much better. Now, let's all-

A forensic officer drops a fingerprint brush; it clatters on the floor.

Saunders winces.

He swallows, before pulling out a bottle of hand cream from inside his jacket. He glances round at everyone, squeezing the hand cream into his palm.

The hand cream bottle makes a slurping, fart-like noise.

Slowly, intentionally, Saunders slides the bottle back inside his jacket and rubs his hands with the cream, folding them around each other, becoming visibly calmer.

He strolls to a corner of the salon as everyone gradually, carefully goes back to work.

Saunders slides on a plastic glove, winces at the feel of it, and bends down to pick up a dusty, ancient-looking pistol.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He weighs it up and down in his hand, brings it up to his face and sniffs it. Grimacing, he hands it to a forensic officer.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)  
I want this analysed *today*.

38. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, HOTEL STADT, HAMELIN. DAY

Grese talks with a group of German school girls; they're all laughing, the girls tugging at Grese's old prison clothes. More and more girls gather around Grese, inspecting her 1940s outfit and admiring her tightly-tied blonde hair.

Grese stares at them as they laugh; her eyes are empty.

39. EXT. DESERT NEAR ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO. DAY

Alex's Mustang swings into a skid, sand spraying into the air. The passenger door opens and Billy flops out. Kneeling on the rocky ground, he vomits; he grips the handgun the whole time.

Alex leaps out the car and runs round to stand over Billy. He's spitting out dribbles of bile, and squints up at her. She crosses her arms and looks around; they're in the middle of nowhere.

Billy wipes his mouth and pushes himself onto all-fours.

BILLY  
Eurgh, that's not natural-

Alex kicks the gun out of Billy's hand.

Billy goes to leap after it, when Alex draws *her* gun and aims it at Billy's head.

ALEX  
You shouldn't be here, William H. Bonney.

Billy stares up at the gun, at Alex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY

No shit, lady. So, what, you saved my ass just to shoot me?

ALEX

Just doing my job.

BILLY

(sneers)

And that job's a double-crossing bitch?

Alex grits her teeth, grabs her gun and shunts the barrel back to arm it. She re-points it at Billy.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I bet all the boys wanted a piece of you at-

ALEX

Shut up, Billy. You're out of your depth.

Billy narrows his eyes.

BILLY

And you're not? (*pauses*) Why the fuck didn't you kill me back there?

Alex sighs, looking around the desert.

ALEX

I have orders. We do things...*certain* ways.

BILLY

You're military?

Alex laughs, the gun wavering.

ALEX

I'm not like any cavalry you know. I'm more of...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILLY

An assassin.

ALEX

Look, your atoms are *NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE*. This is not your time. I have to-

BILLY

My *what-oms*?

Alex rolls her eyes. Her face clouds over.

ALEX

Just turn around.

Billy stares at her for a long time. Alex doesn't drop her gaze.

BILLY

You're really doing this?

ALEX

Turn around.

BILLY

Afraid to look people you kill in their eyes?

ALEX

Turn. Around.

Billy shakes his head with genuine disdain.

40. INT. ROSWELL FBI FIELD OFFICE. DAY

Saunders squirts hand cream onto his palms. He sucks in a long breath, sliding the bottle back inside his jacket.

He's standing over a bank of computer screens, staring down at spectacle-wearing, baby-faced analyst, JED, whose typing away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JED

So, if you look at this footage  
from the side street, out back of  
Vilma's hair salon, you can see-

Saunders pulls a folded white handkerchief from his pants  
pocket, dabbing it on his brow.

SAUNDERS

Why is it so *fucking* hot in here?

Jed looks up at him, pushing his glasses up his nose. He  
glances out the window at the desert.

JED

Um, well...

SAUNDERS

What were you saying?

JED

(points at screen)

Oh, um, if you look here, at  
3.09pm, there's...whoa, *see that!*

CU of black and white camera footage showing a large plume of  
white light before a dark figure stumbles out of it and  
through the back of the hair salon.

Saunders bends over, near the screen.

SAUNDERS

Was that a grenade going off?

Saunders sniffs when he's near Jed's shoulder. He stares at  
the beads of sweat on Jed's neck, wincing before he backs  
away. He holds the handkerchief over his nose.

JED

It's a heat source of some kind,  
but not a grenade.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JED (CONT'D)

Typically, on lo-res black and white cameras like this one, explosions become pixilated, as the lens can't handle a burst of fast white light. You usually see it as having different shades of white from the center of the explosion.

SAUNDERS

But this one's just white...

Jed plays the footage again, zooming in on the figure coming out of it. He turns to Saunders, smiling.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

This funny?

JED

It's just...you remember those cheap magic shows from the eighties? Where there's a puff of smoke and the magician appears...from 'nowhere'.

The footage again: a blast of white at the back of the hair salon, then a dark figure falling into view.

Saunders points at the screen, accidentally touching it. He rubs his finger with the handkerchief.

SAUNDERS

So this guy is Penn.

He turns to another screen, pointing at a paused image of Alex on Main Street, firing her gun.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

And *she* is Teller.

Jed nods.

JED

Except, neither of them seem to exist.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JED (CONT'D)

(*types on keyboard*) But I managed to enhance a head-shot of the guy...Penn.

CU of blurred image of Billy's face, his hat lop-sided.

SAUNDERS

So, *he* is a showman.

JED

Ahuh, maybe not magic, but he likes dressing up to go to the hair salon...

SAUNDERS

(*flicks hair subtly*)

Because he's worth it?

Jed turns to Saunders, smiling. Saunders smirks, coolly, before bending closer to the screen. He squints at Billy's face.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

I've seen this guy before.  
Somewhere...

41. EXT. DESERT NEAR ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO. DAY

Billy shuffles his knees sideways, to turn around parallel with the Mustang's front wheel.

BILLY

I'm glad I don't live...*whenever the fuck* this is. Shit. (*pauses, shakes head*) In my day you got a goddamn *explanation*. Things meant something. Some bastard kills my friend, I find them and kill them on back. That's it. Done. But now...what does this mean? Huh? What you're doing right now, what does it mean? Christ, lady, I don't even know your name...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alex purses her lips.

ALEX

It's Alex. Alex Donovan.

Billy nods, chuckling. He shakes his head, dismayed, shuffling around away from her. He lifts up his hands and clasps them behind his head.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What's so funny-

The loud click of another gun.

Alex's head shunts forward as Dellahey presses *his* gun to the back of her head.

DELLAHEY

Isn't this cosy?

Alex swallows.

ALEX

Dellahey, what're you doing here?

Billy glances back.

DELLAHEY

My job. As you're supposed to be.

Billy rolls his eyes.

BILLY

Everyone's doin' their *damn* job...

ALEX

When has your job involved... (pauses)...has Randall...?

DELLAHEY

Everyone's expendable, Alex. Now pull the fucking trigger so the cowboy-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Billy twirls into a standing position. With lightning speed, he grabs Alex's gun arm, yanking her towards him. Gripping her hand as Alex falls, wide-eyed, towards him, Billy's now staring down the barrel of Dellahey's gun.

Dellahey fires and, in SLO-MO, the bullet explodes from the barrel as Billy flicks his head to the right. The bullet powers forward, and Billy pulls Alex's finger back to fire her gun.

REAL-TIME: Alex's bullet hammers into Dellahey's stomach. Dellahey's bullet whizzes past Billy's left ear, blood spraying off the lobe.

Dellahey spins to the ground, groaning.

Billy slams Alex, hard, against the Mustang's hood. She sprawls over it backwards and slides on the ground. Billy flicks the gun out of her hand; he turns to Dellahey.

Dellahey is already up. He leaps behind the Mustang.

Billy fires, missing, the Mustang's passenger headlight exploding.

ALEX

*My car!*

Billy runs after Dellahey, firing over and over, bullets smashing into the Mustang's hood, tires, wing-mirror and spitting up desert dust.

Alex crouches by the car, grimacing.

Dellahey scrambles along the side of the Mustang, turning to look up as Billy strolls up to him. Dellahey holds up his palm and Billy shoots a hole in it. The bullet goes through, smashing into Dellahey's skull.

BILLY

*Oops.*

SFX: A loud bleep-bleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Billy flicks a gaze at Alex as she pulls her cellphone out of her hip pocket. She lifts it upto her face, when she sees Billy's pointing his gun at her.

ALEX

What?

BILLY

Don't use none of your fancy gizmos on me, otherwise I'll-

Alex storms round to him, waving her phone in his face.

ALEX

This is a phone. A tele...*phone*. Portable. Not, you know, nailed to the wall in a box. It can't hurt you, unless I call you and leave emotionally intimidating voice-mail messages. And, if you *continue* breaking the *fuck* out of my car, I will-

Billy shoots the Mustang's windshield. It explodes.

Alex screams, clutching her head.

Billy snatches Alex's phone from her. He turns it round in his hand, raising an eyebrow. He shakes it.

BILLY

This black box is a telephone? It ain't got no dial or-

Alex snatches it back, lifting the screen up to her face. She reads the new text message.

CU of cellphone screen:

*From: RANDALL*

*Watch your back, Alex. I sent Dellahey after you. Had no choice. Sorry.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:(4)

She grits her teeth, sliding the phone into her pocket.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Did the black box tell you  
something?

ALEX  
Yes, Billy. The black box tells me  
I'm being stabbed in the back.

Billy smirks, sliding his gun into his holster.

BILLY  
Karma's a spiky thing.

Alex narrows her eyes at him.

42. INT. SPECIAL TIME SERVICE (STS) OPERATIONS. DAY

Randall shoves his cellphone into his pocket as he walks across the underground parking lot. Lifting his key fob, a black 4x4 Sedan's hazard lights flicker twice.

Randall halts when two STS BASE GUARDS step out from behind his vehicle, holding semi-automatic machine guns.

RANDALL  
Hey fellas, there a problem?

One GUARD steps forward.

GUARD  
Sir, we have orders to detain you.  
Please come with us.

RANDALL  
Detain me? Under whose authority?

GUARD  
General Sloane's, sir.

The Guards move towards him, grabbing his arms, but Randall shakes them off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDALL

I don't think so. What-

The guards grab his arms again.

GUARD

Article twelve, paragraph seven of  
Homeland Telecommunications  
Security guidance, sir. The illegal  
sending of-

Randall elbows the guard in the face, and swivels round to face the second one. The man's machine gun is already pointing at his head.

RANDALL

This is your worst career move,  
soldier.

The Guard stares at him.

GUARD

Actually, sir, it might be yours.

The Guards lead Randall away.

43. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, HOTEL STADT, HAMELIN. DAY

A schoolgirl leans in to admire the material of Grese's top, her friends giggling behind her.

The GIRL gets too close.

Grese slams her hand around the Girl's wrist.

The Girl protests, pulling her arm away, but Grese scowls and holds on to it. The group of girls surrounding Grese yell at her, imploring her to let their friend go.

Grese stares at them all, oblivious, as several teachers turn round to investigate the commotion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grese flicks her head down and bites into the Girl's arm. Ripping her head side to side, like a Hyena, she tears a chunk of bloody flesh from the Girl's skin, spitting it at one of her friends.

The Girl screams so loud every person in the conference hall looks round.

Laughing, Grese yanks the bleeding Girl towards her, wrapping her arm around the Girl's neck.

Grese swivels left and right, as a crowd gathers around her and the Girl. With red-stained teeth bared, Grese hisses at everyone, moving to bite down on the Girl's neck again.

44. INT. HOTEL STADT LOBBY, HAMELIN, GERMANY. DAY

Screams from above echo into earshot. Raphael runs from the reception desk to the fire exit. He kicks down the door, leaping up the stairs as the screams get louder overhead.

45. EXT. DESERT. DAY

CU of Billy clinging onto his hat, desert sand spraying into his face. His skin, hair and lips are a dusty orange-yellow. So are Alex's, next to him, as she drives her beat-up, windshield-less Mustang, the wind whipping her hair around.

46. INT. SPECIAL TIME SERVICE (STS) HOLDING CELLS. DAY

Stripped of his uniform, Randall sits on a bench, inside a glass cell, in an all-black jumpsuit.

Doors slide open down the white corridor and Sloane strolls in. He's carrying a rectangular object and walks up to Randall's cell. He looks down at Randall, then at the cell interior, nodding.

SLOANE

I think you can find the best  
examples of irony in places you  
least expect.

Randall stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sloane slams the picture frame against the glass and Randall jumps to his feet. He sees it's his picture of Alex, him and Raphael on the beach.

Sloane presses his nose to the cell glass.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Picking and choosing which orders you obey based on whether you FUCKED an Agent's mother twenty years ago is-

RANDALL

Twenty-three.

Sloane growls, tears the picture frame off the cell glass and smashes it with his fist. Glaring at Randall, he throws it down the corridor.

SLOANE

I...we...I trusted you. You TOLD me you could put your feelings aside here. And I believed you.

Sloane shakes his head. He hammers a fist against the cell glass.

SLOANE (CONT'D)

SO much is at stake here! The Roswell accident, more paradoxes and 'Movers' than ever before...more than we *seem* to be able to handle. Not to mention the eight billion dollars the defence department have spent on our *foray* into time-travel.

RANDALL

I know. But it's Alex. I couldn't...

SLOANE

People have *died* to make this project work, Harry, you know that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SLOANE (CONT'D)

Some of them in times and places people never existed! How can I...how CAN I let one person jeopardise all this, because she *feels sorry* for all the fucking Movers she's meant to kill?

Randall nods, narrowing his eyes at Sloane.

RANDALL

Her mother is *sick*, Sloane. Come on, if it was your daughter, you would have done the... (*pauses, looks at the floor*)...no, you wouldn't. You would have killed her.

Sloane nods without hesitation.

SLOANE

I'm under enormous pressure. The defence department need us to get a handle on things fast-

RANDALL

I know the sob story, Dwight. It's our mess, we clean it up...blah-blah. But killing some time-travelling freaks because of *our* accident, doesn't mean killing my daughter too.

Sloane leans towards the glass.

SLOANE

*Your* daughter - and her 'Mover' - just shot up twelve squad cars, a SWAT team and a hair salon on Fort Sumner's Main Street. And in case that wasn't *enough*, Billy the *fucking* Kid - who should be dead - murdered an old lady in high-definition, widescreen daylight!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SLOANE (CONT'D)

(pauses) We can't cover this one up so easily; local law enforcement and the FBI are already tracking Alex.

Randall just stares at him.

RANDALL

So you think keeping me in here helps fix this?

SLOANE

Where would she go to hide, Harry?

RANDALL

(chuckles)  
That's easy.

SLOANE

Spill it.

RANDALL

If you let me go after her.

47. INT. BATHROOM, ROSWELL FBI FIELD OFFICE. DAY

Saunders is washing his hands with soap; scrubbing them raw. His nostrils flare as he concentrates, foam bubbling between his fingers. He splashes his face with water, grimacing.

SAUNDERS

This *fucking* heat...

His cellphone rings. Saunders gasps, jumping. He goes to pick up the phone, but it slips out of his soapy hands, into the sink.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

Shit!

He rummages around in the foam, pulling it out. It slips and slides as he looks at the image of a young, handsome man called SEBASTIAN, who is calling him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Saunders coughs, clears his throat and slides his phone to his ear (wincing at the soapy water dribbling down his neck).

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)  
(softer, camp voice)  
Hey you! You know you *can't* call me  
at work, I-

Saunders listens to Sebastian speak on the end of the line.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)  
Aw, yes, I know. I miss you too,  
baby. Promise I'll be home around  
eight to cook you my Meatloaf  
special and then-

Saunders cellphone beeps: call waiting. He sighs, flipping the phone round to look at it. It almost slips out his hand again.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)  
I've got a work call coming in, I  
have to go!

He blows a kiss and presses a button.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)  
(back to steely work mode)  
Jed, I'm in the bathroom next door  
to where you're sitting. Could you  
not have - what? - no, I *did not*  
just blow you a kiss! What is it?

He listens again.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)  
Pardon? The pistol is a hundred and  
fifty-seven years old? And you're  
absolutely sure on that? (*pauses,*  
*listens*) Okay fine. So, what...  
we're looking for a fancy dress  
lover who collects guns from the  
Wild West, to kill people with.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He ends the call, drops the cellphone on the sink and stares at himself in the mirror for a moment.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

Kinky.

48. EXT. SUBURBAN RESIDENTIAL ROAD, ROSWELL. NIGHT

The clattering Mustang rounds the corner and hisses to a stop. Alex and Billy jump out, both brushing the sand off their clothes and faces.

Alex strolls across the street, up the path outside a cottage. Billy skips after her, looking around.

Alex pulls a key from her pocket, unlocks the cottage door and goes inside. Billy follows.

49. INT. ROSWELL FBI FIELD OFFICE. DAY

Saunders walks in.

JED

Alexis Randall.

SAUNDERS

Who? The woman?

JED

Yes, sir. She's registered as a child-minder in Santa Fe county, but after some digging-

SAUNDERS

She's not on Nanny 911's database?

JED

Ha! Good one, sir, that was very-

SAUNDERS

Who is she?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JED

She works for a black-listed agency up in the Cheyenne mountains. Probably some secret squirrel stuff at Edwards Air Force Base. More importantly...

Jed brings up a satellite map on screen.

JED (CONT'D)

She has a mother who lives at 3365 Priory Drive, Roswell. She's sick. Dementia.

SAUNDERS

Good job.

Saunders spins round and runs out the door.

50. EXT. SPECIAL TIME SERVICE (STS) HELI-PAD. DAY

Randall strides towards a CH-47 Chinook, dressed in full combat gear and beret. His phone's to his ear.

RANDALL

...yes, okay, do whatever it takes.

CUT TO:

51. INT. STADT HOTEL FIRE EXIT STAIRS, GERMANY. DAY

Raphael leaps up the stairs, two and three at a time, his phone to his ear, panting.

RAPHAEL

Yes sir, I'm my way to her now!

CUT TO:

52. EXT. SPECIAL TIME SERVICE (STS) HELI-PAD. DAY

Randall climbs into the copter and sits down next to six other armed soldiers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDALL

(into phone)

This one's a priority. Grese *has* to be apprehended and her DNA incinerated, understood, Raphael? She's a fucking psycho.

Randall listens for the response, nods and flicks the phone down, ending the call. He turns and nods at the men; they all salute him back.

The Chinook's co-pilot slides the side door closed, clambers in the front and they lift off from the mountainside, out over the desert.

53. INT. STADT HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM, GERMANY. DAY

Raphael explodes out the door, into the conference theater. With his gun stabbing the air in front of him, the screams of hundreds of school girls deafening, he runs up an aisle where a huge group is gathered around Irma Grese.

Raphael pushes his way through the crowd of teachers and girls.

RAPHAEL

Polizei! Polizei!

Some turn to him, most just watch the tall, blonde, dead-eyed woman.

Raphael reaches the crowd's front and points his gun directly at Grese. Under each of her arms she has a school girl, both screaming. One already has blood streaming down her arm, from a bite mark.

Grese smiles at Raphael, her teeth stained red.

RAPHAEL (CONT'D)

Jesus!

He turns to the crowd, waving at them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAPHAEL (CONT'D)

Everyone, get back! Komm zurück!  
Komm zurück!

The crowd disperse, teachers pulling their pupils away.

GRESE

(laughs)

Kommen Sie in der Nähe und ich sie  
zu beißen...come near...I bite!

Grese snaps her teeth together to emphasize her point.

RAPHAEL

Okay, okay, just...let's try and  
calm down here shall-

Grese slams both girls to the ground and leaps forward.

Before Raphael can react, she grabs his arm, flipping it up and grabbing his gun. She rams him, pushing him across the room, sideways, her height overwhelming him. Together, they stumble towards a line of the hotel's huge windows.

Around them, people are screaming and running for the exit.

Grese fires off several rounds - a teacher and a girl dropping - as Raphael growls and grapples to get his gun back. He punches Grese in the face, just as they hit the glass. It explodes and they both fall through the window.

54. INT. ALEX'S MOTHER'S HOUSE. DAY

Alex and Billy stand in the cottage's living room as a small, white-haired woman strolls out of the kitchen. She's flapping her arms anxiously, kisses Alex on the cheek, then grabs Billy's shoulder.

MOLLY

There you are, Harry. The coffee  
smells like onions again and I  
don't know why. Can you fix it?

Billy looks at Alex's mother, then glances at Alex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Molly is shunting Billy towards the kitchen; Alex nods at him.

BILLY

I can, um, sure take a look, Ma'am.

Molly beams up at him. She slaps Billy's arm playfully.

MOLLY

Oh stop your fancy-talk, it's just us kittens here.

Billy raises an eyebrow, looking back at Alex. She says nothing, just smiles.

Molly drags Billy into the kitchen.

55. EXT. HOTEL STADT WINDOW, GERMANY. DAY

Her hand sliced to pieces and bleeding, Grese clings to the window ledge. Dangling below her - over the edge of the hotel car park - Raphael holds on to her leg.

Raphael swings back and forth out into mid-air, grunting, sweating, staring wide-eyed up at Grese as her shoe and sock slip off her leg.

RAPHAEL

Bitte, lass mich nicht fallen!

SUPER (TRANSLATION): Please, don't let me fall!

Grese turns to look down at him and grimaces. She sneers.

GRESE

Coloured...Jew...SCUM!

She spits at him, then pulls up the arm still holding Raphael's gun. She points it down at him as he swings, staring up at her.

Grese fires and the top of Raphael's head is blown off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Raphael falls to the car park below, his body smashing onto a car's windshield.

56. INT. MOLLY'S KITCHEN. NIGHT

Billy stands over the oven hob, staring at the boiling pan of black liquid. Whole, un-peeled onions bob around in it.

Alex walks in, rolling her eyes. She pushes Billy out the way, snaps off the gas and pours the coffee into the sink.

ALEX

If you will boil onions *in* your coffee, mom, your coffee will *smell* of onions. And *taste* of them too.

Molly glares at Alex. She folds her arms, grunting and looking small and vulnerable. She turns to Billy.

MOLLY

I don't like her much, Harry, do you?

Alex sighs.

BILLY

It's Billy, ma'am. Pleased to meet you.

ALEX

Harry was her husband; he left seven years ago. When she started...to...

Billy glances at Alex. After a moment, he nods, then kneels slowly down in front of Molly. Tenderly, he takes her wrinkled hand in his.

MOLLY

(giggles)

Ha! Are ye plannin' on proposin' to me again, Harry?

Billy smiles, looking at the kitchen floor, embarrassed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alex watches him, her shoulders relaxing. She looks away, hiding the warm smile growing on her face.

BILLY  
I propose, ma'am...

Billy winks and stands back up, curling Molly's arm around his and leading her out the kitchen, back to the living room.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
...that you take a seat whilst I rustle you up a real *decent* cup of coffee.

Alex watches as Billy gently leans her mother into the armchair by the fire. Molly giggles the whole time.

Billy strolls back into the kitchen.

ALEX  
So Billy the Kid has a heart. I suppose the Cowardly Lion was brave too.

Billy looks at her, confused.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, it's a long story.

Billy grabs another saucepan.

BILLY  
Coffee?

Alex nods, smiling at him.

57. INT. STADT HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM, GERMANY. DAY

Hissing and grunting, Irma Grese slowly pulls herself up to the window ledge. Her face streaked in blood, shards of glass sticking out her cheek and forehead, she clammers with gun in hand back into the conference room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Breathing fast and shallow, her eyes have a new, menacing determination in them. She lifts up the gun and runs across the room to the exit door.

ACT IV

58. INT. MOLLY'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Alex, Billy and Molly sit around the fire, cradling steaming mugs of coffee.

MOLLY

Isn't this lovely? All the family back together again. It reminds me of the time we stayed in that log cabin, up in the Redwood forest. Do you remember, Alex? Your father, here, trying to light the fire so we could get warm. Who would have thought northern California could be so coooold? Brrr!

ALEX

I remember, mom.

MOLLY

(laughs)

In any case, it was you who got that fire going! Silly Harry: good at many things, just not starting fires.

Molly sighs wistfully, shaking her head at the memory. Her eyes glaze over and she glances at the fire, seeming lost.

Alex turns to Billy.

ALEX

Are you...okay?

Billy looks at Molly, then Alex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY

She's lovely. And, as much as we want them to be immortal, mothers get sick too. I was thirteen when mine was coughing up blood. She could hardly breathe; she ached in her bones, shivered and never talked sense to anyone when the fevers were...it broke my heart. To see her like it. To see someone you...you...to not understand or stop it. Her pain was bad...but, she was a force. And a happy Irishwoman. She tried to keep on going. Until...she didn't.

ALEX

Tuberculosis, wasn't it?

Billy's eyes swell with tears.

BILLY

So the doctor said. Huh, you know so much about me and I...I...know so little about y-

ALEX

(waves at her mother)

Yes you do. Go on...

BILLY

Not much else to tell. My mother died and I...I became this *other* person.

ALEX

So the history books say.

BILLY

(annoyed)

*Don't* judge a man by his reputation; judge him by his actions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Molly glances at Billy. She smiles at him and he smiles back. Billy looks at Alex and she stares at him, shaking her head.

ALEX  
I don't think people know you at  
all.

A long silence, before Billy slams down his coffee and looks Alex in the eyes.

BILLY  
What the hell's going on here,  
Alex?

Alex looks at her mom. Molly's lost in the dance of the fire's flames again.

ALEX  
It's difficult to explain. And I'm  
not supposed to-

BILLY  
Stab your employers in the back?

Alex nods, half-smiling as she considers how to start.

ALEX  
There was an accident. A long time  
ago. (pauses) Huh, although for  
you, it's a date that hasn't  
happened yet.

BILLY  
What accident?

SLAM CUT TO:

59. EXT. FIELD NORTHWEST OF ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO. NIGHT

A stream of blinding, bright lights soar past. They twist into an explosion that lights up the field with blue-green fire-flares.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX (V.O.)

At the time people said it was an  
Unidentified Flying Object; a UFO.  
(pauses) It wasn't.

SUPER: *8.47pm, July 8, 1947, Brazel Ranch, Roswell, New  
Mexico*

The object has carved a huge trench in the field; it's  
illuminated by the blue-green flames. At the end of the  
trench is a crater.

Sprays of electricity arc out of a smooth, grey-black peanut-  
shaped object with a frame of silver rods encasing its sides.  
The rods are burnt. The air sizzles.

ALEX (V.O.)

Yes, it was a device. But not the  
kind the US government led people  
to believe.

CU of the object's surface; it's streaked with scorch marks,  
but is intact. A curved section of the device flies off it,  
ejecting far away from the trench. Steam curls out from a  
fizzing, brightly-lit interior.

ALEX (V.O.)

It came from another time. *Mine.*

There's a loud cough from inside the object. A man in a white  
jumpsuit flops out the door, followed by another, smaller,  
man, a middle-aged woman and a young woman. All in white  
jumpsuits.

The faces of the figures are illuminated in the blue-green  
fire. The young woman looks up. It's Alex.

ALEX (V.O.)

You see, we weren't meant to go  
there. And when we did, it...

The object explodes, molten electric-fire shooting out,  
expanding into a 360 degree white-green ball.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Both men and the older woman scream as they're sent flying, their skin melting, jumpsuits alight.

Alex is hit by a stream of lightning. It surges over her body. She screams, her flesh glowing as the lightning coats her, as if it were electrified water.

She's catapulted out the trench, not burnt like her colleagues. Breathing fast, she pats herself down. She's in one piece, except...

Her fingers fizz with a curling, alive-looking darkness.

Alex watches, open-mouthed, as her hands and arms disappear into this darkness. She screams louder as the shimmering darkness creeps up her legs, over her shoulders and swallows her body and face.

SLAM CUT TO:

60. INT/EXT. ALL TIME. DAY/NIGHT

A bright flash of light, before Alex spins through a rapid montage of countryside, molten lava flows, Medieval stone huts, Victorian housing, war-ravaged trenches, a 1950s American diner, a 1980s New York and-

BANG!

Alex rolls across a steel-coated floor, sliding to the side of a large concrete bunker room, knocking over equipment shelves before hitting her head on a wall, below an observation window.

61. INT. SPECIAL TIME SERVICE (STS) EJECTION BUNKER. NIGHT

Staring down at her unconscious body through the observation window are Sloane and Randall.

ALEX (V.O.)

The others came back too, through their own dark matter streams, tunnels, paradox holes...whatever they are.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Seems the universe doesn't let you stay long where you're not meant to be. (pauses) And there's payback too...

FLASH ON: The burnt face of the man lying in the quarantined hospital bed in the STS Surgical Unit.

ALEX (V.O.)

...Maria and Tim died. Johnston survived, but he's never woken up. The accident...the device...it did *something*.

In the bunker, officers run to Alex's aid, kneeling down beside her with a stretcher and medical equipment. Sparks and mini-explosions flare all around them, spraying out from Alex and the remnants of the sizzling, alive darkness.

ALEX (V.O.)

To time. To certain people throughout time.

The men are lifting Alex's body onto the stretcher, as she comes round. Her eyes snap open and they are full of terror.

62. INT. MOLLY'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

CU of Alex's eyes.

ALEX

Like you, Billy.

BILLY

What the hell does that mean?

ALEX

I'm not sure exactly. Nobody is. But the Roswell accident sent out *shockwaves* that...*ignited* dark matter particles, to move. Fast. Through time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX (CONT'D)

And these particles seem to glue themselves to the DNA of some people who...who 'stick out' in time. Their DNA has 'markers' in it. And the energy released during the accident-

BILLY

D-N-A?

ALEX

(rolls eyes)

It's the building blocks of...

Molly pushes herself out of her armchair and strolls over to Alex. She wraps an arm around her, kissing her on the head.

MOLLY

There, there child. Everything will be alright.

Alex looks up at her mother, incredulous, but smiles. Molly glances at Billy, then down at Alex, an intense shining light of love in Molly's eyes.

A gun chamber *clicks*.

RANDALL

That's debatable.

Randall steps into the living room, aiming his gun at Alex.

ALEX

Dad...

Billy jumps up, his hand flying down to his holster.

RANDALL

I wouldn't.

Four more soldiers run into the room, aiming their rifles at Billy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A deafening thumpa-thumpa-thumpa of the Chinook's rotor blades fills the room, the house lighting up from the helicopter's spotlights.

Billy glances around, panicking at the noise. He glares at Randall, his hand quivering an inch from his holster.

Alex stands in front of her mother. Molly clamors at her back, reaching for her ex-husband.

MOLLY

Oh Harry! Harry you came back-

RANDALL

Shut up, Molly. This doesn't concern you.

ALEX

Don't talk to her-

Randall slaps Alex across the face. She topples sideways and Molly runs at Randall.

Randall growls, shoving Molly to the floor.

Billy draws his gun and points it at Randall's head.

BILLY

*Tut-tut-tut.* That make you feel big, hmm, pushing gals around?

Randall swivels to point his gun at Billy.

RANDALL

You. *YOU*, you fucktard are causing me more headaches than any other Mover I've-

Billy looks over at Alex.

BILLY

This a-hole's your *father*?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Alex raises her eyebrows, shrugging, as she dabs her bleeding lip and helps her mother up.

Billy turns back to Randall.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Guess you cain't pick family.  
(looks at the four soldiers) Now,  
you guys go ahead and put yer guns  
down before I-

Randall fires.

Billy spins as the bullet smashes into his shoulder.

Randall steps round the sofa, keeping his pistol trained on Billy. Billy hammers into the fireplace's tiles, sliding to the floor, grimacing.

Randall stands above him.

RANDALL  
Not as fast as your legend, are  
you?

ALEX  
Dad, don't do this. It's not you.  
Sloane is-

Randall aims his gun at Billy's head.

A commotion from the kitchen; shouting - above the roar of the Chinook - and the front door smacks open.

Saunders stands there, gun in hand, surveying the scene. He points his gun at Randall.

SAUNDERS  
Don't you fucking *DARE* shoot that  
man again. He's my murder suspect!

Everyone looks at Saunders. He's sweating as he lifts his FBI badge in the air, then pulls out his handkerchief to mop his brow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Randall rolls his eyes, sighing.

RANDALL

He's not your anything, Agent...

SAUNDERS

Saunders. God, it smells so bad of onions and coffee in here!

Saunders clamps the handkerchief over his nose and mouth.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

And he *IS* my murder suspect. He shot dead a-

Randall spears Saunders with a glare.

RANDALL

This is so far outside your jurisdiction, Agent Saunders, I'm speaking to you from planet Pluto right now.

Two of the soldiers point their rifles at Saunders. He chuckles and tucks his handkerchief in his pocket, slowly.

SAUNDERS

They teach you those one-liners at military training camp?

Randall shifts his body towards Saunders-

-and Billy hammers his foot into Randall's groin.

Randall groans, doubling over as Alex leaps across the room.

Two of the soldiers open fire: slabs of fireplace tiles crack open, white-powder exploding over Billy.

Alex dives to the floor as bullets ram into the wall, near where Randall is doubled-over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Molly screams, ducking behind an armchair as Saunders drops to the ground behind it too. Saunders pushes Molly's head down as Randall fires his gun in their direction.

Saunders flicks his gun above the armchair, firing back.

Billy crawls to Alex; she is about to reach Billy's gun when Randall stamps on her wrist-

-and Billy punches Randall in the gut. He doubles over again, falling to the floor.

Alex throws Billy's gun to him as Saunders aims his gun at Billy.

Billy spins his gun Wild West-style and points it at Saunders.

BILLY

You know who I am?

SAUNDERS

You're under arrest!

Windows, ornaments, shelving, pictures and the far wall of Molly's living room explode. Chinook machine gun fire reigns down in a hail of flying bricks and flames. Chunks of carpet and floorboards spray into the air as the room is pulverized.

Saunders leaps for the door as bullets eat up the armchair. Hit in the leg, his flesh and bone is ripped apart.

Molly stands up, her hands on her head, screaming.

Terrified, Alex crawls towards her mother-

Billy grabs Alex's arm, holding her back, a second before Molly is torn to shreds by the gunfire.

Alex screams, tears bursting from her eyes.

Randall cowers in a foetal position on the floor, as Billy lifts up his pistol to fire at the floating machine outside the house. But-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

-his gun and hand are gone.

His arm's disappearing, twisting into the curling, alive darkness.

He clutches Alex, his eyes wide in horror.

She looks at him, still sobbing, as her mother's body drops to the floor. She sees Billy's disappearing and, as the Chinook's stream of bullets move sideways towards them, Alex hauls Billy to his feet.

Half of Billy has vanished into the swirling darkness, bullets pounding into the floor, ripping it apart in front of them, heading their way.

BILLY

What-

Alex winces as chunks of floorboard hit her.

ALEX

Hold on, you're Moving...

Half, three-quarters, then all of Billy's face vanishes. In a flash, Alex is holding on to just an arm. And then...as the bullets hammer closer...

She Moves too.

The twisting, alive darkness wraps itself up her arm, engulfing her.

Bullets smash into the wall, churning up brick but Billy and Alex are gone.

63. EXT. HAMELIN BUS STATION. DAY

Grese has new clothes on, a cap pulled down over her hair, all the blood cleaned from her face. She smiles and boards a bus heading for Berlin.

64. INT. STS SURGICAL UNIT, CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN. NIGHT

The burnt man lying unconscious in bed, JOHNSTON, flicks his eyes open. They're orange.

65. INT. RANCH HOUSE KITCHEN - 1881. NIGHT

Billy 'Moves' back to the same position he was in, his back to the table and Pat Garrett. He stumbles forward, groaning from the bullet wound in his shoulder Randall inflicted.

He hears Garrett's finger pull the trigger.

Alex arrives in a swirl of electric darkness, smacking Billy sideways. She faces forward, confused.

Garrett's bullet hammers into her chest.

FADE TO BLACK.

CREDITS ROLL.