

Time Team in "Time Team"

by

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Story & Concepts

by

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OPEN - Aboard The Ship. Orbiting Earth 4
DATE : April 9th, 2564

The Crew sits around the bridge all looking at packets while a man in a suit (Eddy) is shown on the video screen. Brad has a larger packet and a slim briefcase.

EDDY

Now, is everyone clear on the mission details?

BRAD

Seems pretty self explanatory, Eddy. Should definitely be easier than that time our pledge class timeported a dinosaur into the frat house.

EDDY

Well, that didn't turn out well for any of us. And now that velociraptor is dead.

BRAD

They're all dead, but at least Noodle died doing what he loved.

EDDY

Now, the only reason I hired you and was willing to pay half upfront[CUT to briefcase] is because Brad and I go way back. Well...that, plus you guys charge about half as much as your competitors. Now that I have the signed NDAs & DNRs here, feel free to...

DONNA

NDA? I never signed a..

BRAD

YES! That's right! the NDAs and
DNRs that we ALL signed.
(signaling Donna to shut
up/possibly covering her mouth)

EDDY

(seemingly not noticing
the kerfuffle over the paperwork)
Right. So now if you turn to page
3 of the dossier, you'll see the
historical tampering clause.

KURT

Yeah Captain, I am 100% sure we
didn't do paperwork for this
mission.

BRAD(whispers)

Don't worry about it.

CHRIS

(half muttering, reading)
Galakticorp reserves the right to...
if interactions with... WHAT!?!?

EDDY

Is there a problem with the
agreement?

DONNA

Besides the fact that we never
signed those NDAs?

MEGAN

Wait, did we ?

CHRIS(to Captain)

Well, I was just thumbing through
this and noticed a little part at
the end. It seems as if
Galaktikorp has the legal right to
have us executed.

EDDY

Now, don't be frightened! That's just under certain very, very unlikely circumstances.

BRAD

What would those circumstances be, good buddy? (confusedly looking over packet)

EDDY(continuing)

Listen, I'll level with you folks. This mission is very important to the board. Our company's success depends on it. We're sending you back to 1939 to deliver a package to a man named James Simmons. It should be a very easy payday for you, but we can't afford for you to interrupt crucial aspects of the timeline.

BRAD

I'm still not following. Crucial aspects? What exactly was going on in 1939?

CHRIS

Where to start? Brad, are you familiar with World War II?

BRAD

Sounds vaguely familiar... I did go to college after all...

KURT[reading]

Uh, Captain? It seems as if GalaktiKorp has reserved the right to have us killed if we have any interaction with some guy named... Winston Churchill? Where have I heard that name before?

BRAD

That's no biggie! It's one guy. In a

massive city! We can avoid one guy, right team? Have some faith in yourselves! XT1, What is the probability that we run into this Churchill character?

XT1

I calculate that the odds of running into Winston Churchill during the course of this mission are approximately one in four million. Of course, the humans of this crew do seem to have an uncanny ability to fail against all odds.

MEGAN

We're meeting the guy who invented the lightbulb?

DONNA

We're specifically avoiding him, so no. And wasn't he a politician?

EDDY

I'll take your spirited banter to mean that you are ready for the mission and, glossing over the fact most of your crew doesn't even know who Churchill was. I'm trusting you to follow the tampering clause. I will be ready with the other half of the money when you return. If you have trouble hailing me, I may be uhhh... Busy. Just hail the corporate office here on Earth 4 if you can't reach me directly. Good luck (screen blinks off).

CHRIS

(facepalm) Really guys? Winston Churchill? 1939?

MEGAN

Wow. Sorry I don't know obscure

20th century history. Not my job to know history, I just keep the ship running, right Cap?

BRAD

Sure Megan, just keep the engines running and keep wearing those skimpy outfits... and you don't have to know anything about anything. Knowin' stuff is Chris's job anyway.

CHRIS

I mean, Megan I understand... but do you really not know who Winston Churchill was, Kurt?

KURT

Listen Cameron, I only have the mental capacity to remember so much logic, science and medicine. I can't burden my superior intellect with historical facts and figures that don't have to do with progressive rock.

CHRIS

Really? So Styx lyrics are more important to you than pivotal events of human history?

KURT

Pffffff. Styx wasn't prog. Wait! so who was this Churchman guy anyway?

CHRIS

Well, I know he was prime minister of... somewhere hmmm. Well hey I *know* World War Two was about to start but, come to think of it, summer 1939 is a bit fuzzy for me. Looks like I need a bit of a boost.

Chris reaches into a drawer on his station and starts looking for something.

DONNA

BE careful with that crap, Cameron.

CHRIS

Don't worry about it. I'm not a
alleyway junk-head-

KURT

-Just the fact you call them that
tells me you have never even met an
addict-

CHRIS

-and I can handle my NST. I am
academy trained and certified-

BRAD

Yeah? So was our last historian.
And we know what happened to him...

KURT and DONNA look down.

MEGAN

Whoa. Foreboding much? What
happened?

BRAD

Nevermind. You're too young.

CHRIS

Guys! Just let me do my thing. I'll
have all the info we need in just a
moment.

Chris takes out a small box that has little squares of
paper. He puts one on his tongue and it dissolves. His
retinas expand, and he winces a bit. He speaks slowly.

CHRIS

Winston...Churchill...Winston...Ch
urchill

MEGAN

I don't get it. Is he rolling?

DONNA

It's more like when athletes take steroids. But for your brain.

MEGAN

So it's adderall?

KURT

Not really. NST, or "Nostalgia" as (mocking tone) "Alley-way Junk Heads" call it, makes Adderall look like decaf green tea. Right now, Chris is exploring his memories from his training at the historian academy with perfect recall. Everything he learned the day they talked about Windsor Churchill, Chris can see it right in front of him.

CHRIS

Winston... Churchill... Winston... (he snaps out of it) Wow. Ok. Yeah. Huge alcoholic, but still highly respected as a leader. It was a different time-

BRAD

-Couldn't have been that different-

CHRIS

-He went on to become the prime minister of Britain during the war. He was sworn in less than a year after the date we're going to. He was definitely in London that day, too. He made a speech to the City Carlton Club the day before.

DONNA

That explains the tampering clause. This guy is probably one of those "prime movers" eh, Kurt?

KURT

That is still just a theory.

BRAD

Well let's not prove any theories
if it means breaking this tampering
clause, 'cause being dead is just
about the last thing we need.

DONNA

(rolling her eyes)
Well said... (to Brad)

BRAD

I mean that and losing our license.

DONNA

Say Captain, how well do you know
Eddy?

BRAD

Well we were in Sigma Chi together,
but I really only know 3 things
about Eddy. All you need to know is
that he likes getting dinosaurs
drunk and he works for the seventh
most powerful conglomerate in The
System.

DONNA

And the third thing?

BRAD

Don't worry about that right
now. (Ignoring Donna) Alright,
everyone buckle up. Megan, set the
timewarp to the date from the
dossier, and location to Earth 1.

TIMEWARP SEQUENCE- Megan flips some switches and a
humming sound starts, only to cut out abruptly. She tries
again, only with the same result.

MEGAN

One minute.

Megan ducks out to the engine room. After a few seconds, a loud crashing noise is heard. Brad puts his hand on some sort of intercom.

BRAD

Everything alright back there?

MEGAN(over intercom)

Sorry Cap! I forgot to realign the cuplinks on the primary temporal transnavigation unit. No biggie.

KURT

No biggie?(looks at his instruments/readings). Good thing we stalled out. If the time drive backfired-

CHRIS(interrupting)

What would have happened? Would we have died?

KURT

In a way, yes. If we were in the ship and the central manifold had collapsed, we would have been lost to the timestream and ceased to exist. Deleted from the universe, essentially. But like Meg said, "No biggie".

Another loud crashing noise

DONNA

Well that sounds promising.

Megan reemerges

MEGAN

Should be all set, Cap.

BRAD

See! all better. Great work Megan.
(to Donna) Do you *really* think I

would let us warp back 500 years if
The Ship wasn't in peak condition?

DONNA

I *really* do.

Megan flips switches again and the humming sound sustains. The light sources in the room start to glow, cheap looking visual effect as the shot fades into the opening title sequence.

Theme song is synth heavy progressive space rock, and visuals include shots of the upcoming season, and non-sequiturs.

Different shots of the team with different historical figures, or in places as they were during different periods (cave men, ancient egypt/greece/rome, presidents, famous intellectuals, musicians, and artists etc).

After title sequence buzzing resumes and dies down as we cut back to a shot of the interior of the ship.

XT1

You have arrived at your destination. June 29th, 1939, Downtown London, Earth 1. The local time is 10:30 A.M. Active camouflage has been engaged.

BRAD

Thank you XT1. Now, let's keep this simple. Donna and I will go and deliver the package. You three (gestures to Chris, Megan and Kurt) stay here and let us know if you pick up any anomalous readings. Don't leave unless there is an emergency. We depart in ten minutes. Chris, I'm leaving you in charge.

KURT

But I'm the ranking officer!

CHRIS

Only when we're in the 26th. In
20th century London, Historian
outranks Science officer.

MEGAN

Why can't I go?

DONNA

Listen, hun, I am long past overdue
for a vacation and I will not let
your childish antics keep us from
getting this payday.

BRAD(to Megan)

Donna is right sweetheart. You just
stay here with Kurt and Chris.
Maybe double check that primary
cup-thing ? We'll be back in no
time.

MEGAN

I never get to have fun.

DONNA

Chris, anything worth knowing,
besides avoiding Winthorpe
whats-his-name?

CHRIS

Winston Churchill. And yes.(he sort
of nods his head back and closes
his eyes again. No chanting, he is
just recalling again) Last week,
there were some bombings in the
theater district, supposedly by the
IRA. London was still on edge about
the whole thing. The locals might
mistake your communicator for a
weapon, just be discreet.

DONNA

Thanks, I'll try. As for numb nuts
here... (gestures to Brad who is

fiddling with his communicator) I
can't be sure.

Brad fumbles his communicator and it lands on the floor. Donna picks
it up and puts it on the counter.

DONNA
Just leave it here! We'll use mine.

BRAD and DONNA leave the ship

BRAD
(turns around to look at the ship,
which has taken the form of a
double-decker bus. Donna and brad
appear to be in appropriate
clothing for 1939 Britain). Seems
to fit in well.

DONNA
(as she looks down at her simulated
outfit) Yeah, at least Megan got
our active camo fixed up since last
time.

CUT TO:

Very brief flashback of the team (except Megan) standing next to a
yellow school bus and a mid-1500s Florence backdrop.

BRAD
Boy was that hard to explain to
Niccolò.

As they walk, BRAD is shaking the package that
GalaktiKorp gave them.

DONNA
Stop shaking it! We don't even know
what's in there.

BRAD
Fine, fine. Where is this "James
Simmons" anyway?

DONNA

If you read the dossier, you would have seen that they gave us his coordinates.

BRAD(defensively)
Hey! I read some of it. I *can* read

DONNA
Uh huh.

DONNA takes out her communicator. It is a tropey-looking locator device with an obnoxious antenna. It's beeping and has a little screen with a radar dot and sweeper. She presses a few buttons, starts walking one way and then flips the device upside down and turns back. She conceals it under part of her outfit.

DONNA
[points]This way...

They walk for a few seconds

DONNA
So, what's this third thing you know about Eddy?

BRAD
It's not important. He has an unusual sexual fetish. That's all you need to know.

DONNA
As long as he doesn't get his rocks off by sending time contractors to their deaths.

They get to a house and knock on the door. A tall, handsome-yet-tired looking mid 20s man with blonde, unkempt hair emerges.

BRAD
James Simmons?

JAMES
That's me.

Brad hands him the box, he opens it to reveal a small electronic part. The component looks like a car part, but could also easily be some 26th century technology.

JAMES

Whoa! This is just what I needed to get my car running. Don't think I would have escaped the war zone without it! Thanks!

Simmons starts closing the door, and Brad stops him.

BRAD

War zone? Hey wait! Are you from the future too?

JAMES

The future? No, but let's just say I know the buildup to war when I see it. Wait, are you from the future? Is that what this is?

DONNA

What? No. We're just a delivery team. Nevermind my partner, he's got... the vapors.

JAMES

Huh... right. Well. This alternator right here is a gift horse, and I'd probably end up in some hole screaming in agony without it... so I'm gonna go ahead and not look it in the mouth.

BRAD

Yea good call, horses have sharp teeth anyway. Am I right?

DONNA

(rushing Brad away) I'm sorry, we really should be on our way to our next delivery.

They briskly walk away as James closes the door

DONNA

Where is your tradecraft?

BRAD

Wherever YOUR manners are! I was just making conversation.

DONNA

And "making conversation" now means admitting you're a time traveler to someone we just met?

BRAD

He seemed to take it well, better than Niccolò at least.

DONNA

You're right. He did. Does anything about this smell funny to you?

BRAD

I mean I think Chris was saying some bombs went off earlier in the week, and I definitely smell vinegar...

DONNA

No dumbass. The job. We get paid 2 million credits just to deliver a car part? And the guy we deliver it to isn't from the future, but doesn't bat an eye when you idiotically admitted that WE'RE time travellers?

BRAD

Listen Donna, Eddy is an alright guy, but I've learned not to ask many questions about the jobs he gives us. Let's just hope Chris, Kurt and Meg have followed their orders.

Cut to: Int The Ship. Chris, is reading, Kurt is looking

at something on a viewscreen, and Megan is anxiously
pacing around

CHRIS(yawning)
XT1, Time?

XT1
Time is the fourth dimension.
Described first by Albert Einstein,
it is a construct that hu-

CHRIS
-No no. What time is it? Like right
now.

XT1
Local time, 11:23 AM, just as it
reads on over seven viewscreens you
could have looked at without even
turning your head.

CHRIS
Gee, sorry XT1... Hmmm... Donna and The
Cap should be back by now right?

KURT(deviously)
They should have been back ten
minutes ago. I'm gonna go run some
tests. Atmospheric... tests.

CHRIS
Cap said we can't leave the ship
Kurt!

KURT
I'm just gonna go outside for a few
minutes. I have a theory about the
climate of Earth 1 and I need data
from this time period to prove it.

CHRIS
Fine , but just a minute.

MEGAN
OOH! ME TOO!

CHRIS

NO! Megan - stay aboard the ship.

MEGAN

No. I'm hungry. I want Shawarma!

CHRIS

I can assure you you won't find it here.

MEGAN

Well I need to eat something. Just hope it doesn't have vinegar in it.

KURT

In 20th century Britain? Good luck.

CHRIS

If you don't know who Winston Churchill is, how do you know so much about food in 20th century Britain?

KURT(as he takes out
futuristic looking science
equipment)
"Supper's Ready" by Genesis.

All three leave the ship. Shot of Kurt setting up a futuristic looking device and looking at some sort of handheld meter that is relaying readings.

CUT to : Chris follows Megan down the street.

CUT to: Kurt sets up his equipment. A local walks by, perplexed.

LONDONER 1

What's this then?

KURT

Ahh, yes good sir, I am with the uh, military? Yeah... that. I'm performing some tests. Scientific tests. So we can beat the... uh... Russians?

LONDONER 1

Is that so? Cause t'me, it looks
like a bomb innit?

Kurt smiles, puts up his hand with his index finger
sticking up, and nervously takes a breath, and starts to
speak.

Cut to: Donna and Brad walking down the street, Donna is
holding the communicator, but obscuring it in her
clothing as before.

BRAD

Are you sure we're headed the right
way? None of this looks familiar.

DONNA

I'm sure! And I'm sure as hell not
going to trust your memory Mr.
Breakfast Bourbon!

BRAD

Just let me see the communicator, a
second opinion couldn't hurt!

Brad grabs for the device, and there is a brief
struggle. Donna puts him on the ground and the
communicator falls and slides several feet away from
them, several feet from a local walking by. They both
look up at the Londoner.

LONDONER 2

Miss, is this man bothering you? He
looks like a bloody drunk he does.

BRAD

It was one breakfast bourbon!
There's no way you can smell it from
over-

DONNA

-Yes he is a drunk, but uhhh...
(looks distraught to have to use
this line) he's also... my husband.

LONDONER 2

And what's this gadget you got here?

DONNA

Do vibrators exist yet?

LONDONER 2

Vibra-what?

DONNA

Guess not. It's a radio!

LONDONER 2

Are you with the IRA love?

DONNA

Us? Heavens no. Just a couple of newlyweds on our honeymoon from... America. Let's go with that.

LONDONER 2

Right right. Just, I've never seen a radio like this. (picks up the communicator and starts looking at it.) And besides that (he looks at Brad) you, down there giving a chin wag to all this codswallop. Which one of you has the bollocks here? Is this even your woman?

Donna looks at him with rage.

BRAD

Donna, try to calm down. He's from the past. It's a different time! We gotta get back to the ship!

DONNA

Listen, bloke. If you put the radio down and keep walking, we'll go our separate ways.

LONDONER 2

And why should I? I've got half a mind to report you to the

constables! See what they think of this radio then? Maybe tell them about the mouthy tart who wants it back, innit?

Donna pushes off Brad and gets up and slowly walks towards the Londoner.

CUT TO: Megan and Chris walking down the street, looking for somewhere to eat.

CHRIS

Megan, have you ever heard the 20th century phrase, "there's no such thing as a free lunch"?

MEGAN

Nope. What does it mean?

CHRIS

It means, we are not going to be able to buy food here, we have no money.

MEGAN

I brought 200 Credits! That should get us some shawarma, and maybe mochi for dessert.

CHRIS

Ok, glossing over the fact that you will not find either of those things within 1000 miles of here, you do realize that these people have no idea what a System Authority Credit is?

MEGAN

Oh. Yeah. The time travel thing.

CHRIS

Yeah. That.

MEGAN

Well so we get some of these brutish

peoples' money!

CHRIS

(facepalms) It's... nevermind.

They continue walking, until they reach someone on the side of the road who is having car trouble. The engine is smoking.

MEGAN

Look! I bet I can get some pesos for fixing this car! (to the man trying to fix it) Hey mister! Need some help with your car?

LONDONER 3

Indeed I do. I was trying to fix it myself, but now it's gone a bit pear-shaped on me. Could you go fetch a mechanic miss?

MEGAN

Why go get one, when you got a great mechanic right here! (points at herself with both thumbs)

The man looks at her in confusion, Chris cringes hard.

CUT TO: KURT packing up his gear as the Londoner continues interrogating him

KURT

Alright look, (mockingly) "Bloke", I'm telling you, this is NOT a bomb. I'm a doctor!

LONDONER 1

If you're a doctor, prove it.

Kurt produces a small piece of paper, it is similar in size and shape, but a different color from Chris's memory drug.

LONDONER 1

What's this now?

KURT
It's the cure for... uhh... AIDS?

LONDONER 1
What's AIDS?

KURT
Did I say AIDS? I meant, uh,
syphilis. Have you heard of it?

LONDONER 1
Heard of it? I'm riddled with it
mate!

KURT
Well then take this! you should be
fine in a few minutes.

CUT TO: Donna standing over LONDONER 2. She is punching
him.

DONNA
(between blows) Who's... got the...
bollocks... now-

She raises her hand to hit him again, but Brad stops
her.

BRAD
C'mon Donna, we have the
communicator, let's just go. He's
not even worth it.

DONNA
(to Brad) You're right. (to LONDONER
2) HEAR THAT MATE? You ain't even
WORTH IT.

They walk away, looking to the communicator to get back
to the ship.

CUT TO: Megan working under the hood of the broken car
as LONDONER 3 looks on in confusion and horror. She
fixes the car and gets it started.

LONDONER 3

If you had told me some bird was gonna walk up, climb into me bonnet, and fix the motor, I would have called you mad! Now I've seen it all. How can I repay you, miss?

MEGAN

However many pesos will buy me some shawarma.

CHRIS

(cutting in between them) She means pounds. And Fish and Chips. Sorry, she's Welsh.

LONDONER 3

(taking out wallet) Well that explains it, don't it? Here you go miss. There's a good little pub where I get knackered right around the corner. The fish and chips are decent innit?

MEGAN takes the money and looks at it.

MEGAN

Sir, these are just pieces of Pape-

CHRIS

(Cutting her off) Thankyou mate!

Cut to: Chris and Megan in the bar, just got their food.

MEGAN

Well wasn't this fun! I helped some Englandish guy, he gave us paper money, and now we're trying... whatever this is.

She takes a few bites.

MEGAN

UGH. This is gross. What is this

batter made from? Rotten apples?

CHRIS

Hey, Kurt tried to warn you. C'mon,
We have to get back to the ship
before Brad and Donna.

MEGAN

Fine, fine. Smells like bombs and
vinegar here anyway.

They round a corner and Chris bumps into Churchill.
Churchill's drink spills all over Chris and Megan.

CHURCHILL

Watch where you're going, bloody
plonker!

CHRIS (stammering)

Are you Winst- uh MR. uhh Church-
I mean uhh... Sorry sir. We must be
on our way.

MEGAN(smelling her

clothes)

EW! It's a drunk.

CHURCHILL(to Chris)

Well I never! You should keep this
hag on a leash!

CHRIS

Megan, we have to leave. Now.

MEGAN

Why? Is it that Bushmills guy?

Chris pushes Megan down the street back towards the
ship.

Cut to: the exterior of the ship. Kurt and LONDONER 1
are standing outside. LONDONER 1 is convulsing and
shouting. No one else is back yet,

LONDONER 1

Get back in the trench Jenkins! The
Germans are advancing! Jenkins?
Jenkins? NOOOOOO!

Kurt is observing him, maybe taking heart rate or blood pressure. He takes out a small voice recorder and speaks into it.

KURT
First trial: unsuccessful.

Brad and Donna approach.

BRAD
Kurt, I gave you specific orders to
stay aboard the ship! Where are
Megan and Chris?

KURT
Well, you left Chris in charge and
he let me leave, so take it up with
him. They should be back soon.
Megan wanted to grab some food.

BRAD
In 20th century Britain? Why?

KURT
That's what I said. And she doesn't
even like vinegar!

DONNA
And what's up with this
guy?(pointing to Londoner 1, who is
on the ground, in a full on WW1
flashback)

KURT
Who? Him? He was like that when I
got here. Probably got the vapors
or something.

DONNA
Uh huh.

Brad and Donna look on in confusion, as Kurt pushes them onto the ship. Chris and Megan return. Everyone is aboard the ship now.

BRAD

Chris, Megan, you smell like a distillery. What happened back there?

CHRIS

It's all Megan's fault! We just went out for some food, and now GalaktiKorp is gonna- (cut off by Megan as she punches him in the crotch)

MEGAN (interrupting)

-Reward us handsomely for the great job we did! You did do the mission thing right?

BRAD

Sure did, hun. What were you saying Chris?

CHRIS

Nothing sir. Some sniffing drunk spilled cheap scotch on us, but we're fine.

BRAD

Good, good. Yeah, turns out we were just delivering a car part. Seems like a pretty trivial task for the price right? Well, let's get back to the 25th and collect the rest of the money. Megan, set Timewarp for Earth 4, April 9th 2564.

MEGAN

Aye aye, captain.

TIME TRAVEL SEQUENCE- no stalling this time.

XT1

You have arrived at your destination. EARTH 4. April 9th 2564.

BRAD

Alright XT1, hail Eddy on our communicator so we can get these funds transferred.

XT1

Cannot hail Eddy White on sub-space communicator.

BRAD

Old rascal must be busy with a dog and some peanut butter. XT1, hail the executive frequency for GalaktiKorp's central office here on Earth 4.

phone disconnected tone plays, along with "If you'd like to make a call, please hang up and try again"

XT1

Captain, there has been an error, I can not find a listing for GalaktiKorp on Earth 4 or anywhere else in The System. It seems as if the company does not exist.

BRAD

What could possibly be going on? We did everything right.

DONNA

You sure about that?

BRAD

What do you mean? We delivered the package, and we avoided-

DONNA(interrupting)

XT1, just wondering, was Winston Churchill a scotch guy?

XT1
Historical records show: ...(beeps) ...
Affirmative.

DONNA
Can you pull up a picture of him on
the vid screen?

Screen shows picture of Churchill

MEGAN
It was the Bushmills guy!

BRAD
Chris, what is Megan talking about?

CHRIS
I have no idea!

BRAD
Megan, sweetie...

MEGAN
Chris is the one who bumped into
him!

CHRIS
You're the only reason we were out
there, little miss shawarma!

BRAD(yelling over Megan
and Chris as they argue)
What happened back there?

CHRIS
Just tell him Megan!

MEGAN
Ugh. FINE. I was hungry while we
were waiting for you and Donna, so
Chris took me to get some food. We
got fish and chips, the (mocking
tone)"local delicacy" which
absolutely sucked, and there was
way too much vinegar and everyone

back there had a weird accent and it smelled like bombs and-

BRAD

-WHAT HAPPENED?!

CHRIS

We smell like booze because we bumped into Winston Churchill on our way back from the restaurant.

BRAD

HMM. See, I'm pretty sure I told you to stay aboard the ship to minimize that risk. Did we not agree that would be the best plan?

DONNA

We did.

XT1

[sighing] As I warned, the crew of this ship seems to have a special ability to fail against insurmountable odds. Maybe if we were to buy an android to go on missions? A male from the sleek, new, T-series perhaps?

BRAD

Shut it XT1, I'm chewing out my crew over here. Chris, it seems as if this is completely your fault. I left you in charge. You obviously did not have the ballrocks to keep Kurt from performing his weird experiments or keep Megan from getting some food. They are blameless-

We see Kurt and Megan, out of view from Brad, taunting Chris

BRAD

-because if you are gonna be such a goddamn pushover of course they are

gonna walk all over you. Kurt, I just hope you got some good data.

KURT

-Meh. This whole situation does give me some insight into my Prime Movers theory. But I would have preferred to eat this week.

BRAD

-Megan, as I said before, as long as the ship runs and I can see your thighs and midriff, you are a valued member of this team.

MEGAN(smiles)

Thanks, Cap.

BRAD

That's a good girl.

KURT

(rolls eyes) C'mon Brad. She's not a puppy. Just new enough to still respect you.

CHRIS

Hey Cap, why don't we try going back and stopping Me and Megan from bumping in to Churchill in the first place?

BRAD

Negatory Cameron, that type of double exposure would have the Time Contractor's Association all over us.

DONNA

He's right, for all we know, the fine could be more than the cash we got. You weren't here last time that happened, but I *know* Kurt remembers...

Short cutaway to EXT Snowy backdrop. Two versions of the ship, with two versions of Brad, Kurt, Donna, and two unnamed crew members (the previous Engineer and Historian) stand opposite each other (one crew will be called "crew prime" in this flashback)

A man dressed in cold war era USSR military garb brandishes a AK47, he shoots at Kurt, Kurt prime jumps in front of the bullet. Donna quickly draws her shock pistol and shoots the Russian soldier down. Kurt holds Kurt prime as he lays with a bullet wound, center mass. Kurt prime, his crew and his ship begin to phase out of view. They all disappear as Kurt holds his counterpart. Even the blood phases into nothingness. He looks around.

Another, smaller ship warps onto the scene, two mean looking men in futuristic police wear come out of the ship.

CUT TO:

"5 Years Earlier"

The whole crew, up against The Ship being patted down. Donna hands one her weapon, and as he starts to pat her down she does a throw move and puts him on the ground.

TIMECOP 1

(grunts in pain) She's good, weapon secured.

TIMECOP 2

(pacing back and forth)
Alright, who do we have here?
(Laughs hysterically) "The Ship"?
You really named your ship "The Ship? What? Was "Ship 1" taken?

BRAD

It's a strong name!

REST OF THE TEAM(unison)

No it's not!

TIMECOP

Whew. I rarely get a laugh like that. Alright crew of "The Ship"

(giggles) now you *know* why we pulled you over.

WHOLE CREW
(eyes rolling) Double exposure officer.

TIMECOP 2
(suddenly more serious) And do you *know* why double exposure is bad?

WHOLE CREW
Yes officer.

TIMECOP 2
(to Donna) And why is that?

DONNA
It irreparably damages the timeline.

TIMECOP 2
(dissatisfied) And?

DONNA
And makes the whole TCA look incompetent.

TIMECOP 2
That's right. Well, I'm gonna let you off with a warning, but next time-

Cut to: current time, Kurt is looking at his hand, reliving the trauma of seeing a copy of himself die in his arms.

KURT
Yeah... Let's just, let's just see if we can cash those Galaktibucks.

Cut to Brad in a futuristic looking bank holding a briefcase and screaming at a teller. We see the crew in the foreground as they watch Brad, but we cannot hear what is going on in the bank. Brad emerges from the bank with the briefcase, visibly upset. He returns to the

ship.

Brad storms onto the ship, visibly upset.

CHRIS

-Let me guess. They hadn't even
heard of Galaktibucks?

[Theme song and credits play]

Post credit scene: Int/ futuristic looking frat
house.

Subtitle:

"February 9th, 2545.

Earth 6. Sigma Chi House on the campus of New
Hoboken University."

A dozen or so college kids are huddled around a
velociraptor. You can pick out a young Brad Wheeler
and Eddy White. Eddy is holding a beer funnel for
the dinosaur, which is wearing a lampshade on its
head. The fraternity brothers all chant "chug,
chug" until the dinosaur falls over. The dinosaur
convulses for a few seconds and then stops. The
shouting and laughter stops. One of the brothers
puts his hand on the Dinosaur's neck. He turns his
head to the crowd without a word, as they look on
in silence.

[Cut to black]

