

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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INT. THE BLISTER

A featureless hallway lit harsh white by fluorescents--white walls, floor, ceiling. Three white doors. A black letter stenciled on each. A. B. C.

MIKE COLLINS--early 20's, straight laced, haircut type--is hauled in from off screen by a pair of helmeted and body armored SENTRIES, hogtied, hanging limp and sack cloth hooded between their grip under his arms.

They take him straight ahead, through door B, tossing him into the room. We follow him in, before the door seals shut, leaving the room in a less severe, more natural soft lighting.

Mike takes some time to work his hands loose from plastic cuffs, pulling his hood off, before freeing his feet. He looks around, blinking, eyes adjusting.

He sees PARKER HOYT, an older man, unkempt with a heavy beard and long, thick hair, sitting against the wall opposite. He has been here a while.

Parker watches Mike with a kind of detached interest.

MIKE

Where are we?

PARKER

Hm?

MIKE

I don't know where we are. How I got here. Do you know where this is?

PARKER

They process people here. The ones they can't take elsewhere.

MIKE

I'm Mike. What's your name?

Parker has to think.

PARKER

Parker Hoyt.

MIKE

Mike Collins. Did you use it too?

PARKER

Use what?

MIKE

The Rift.

Parker thinks.

PARKER

Yes. A long time ago.

Parker smiles, eyes twinkling behind the haze.

PARKER (CONT'D)

I wasn't supposed to do that.

MIKE

Just to get the obvious question out of the way--you're not an older version of myself?

PARKER

No? How would that work?

MIKE

An alternate timeline, where my mother had married a different--maybe--no, never mind.

Parker's attention is piqued.

PARKER

Why would you say that?

MIKE

I've seen some things, recently.

PARKER

Since you used it.

MIKE

Yeah.

PARKER

You're skipping.

MIKE

I--don't know what you mean.

PARKER

Did you see the whirlpool?

Mike frowns.

MIKE

What do--wait, yeah. I saw it.

PARKER

The part with the--I don't know what to call it. The sneeze guard.

MIKE

Right. You want to lean forward to peer into it, but this thing is in your way.

PARKER

I figured out a way around it, you know. You need to limbo with your face.

MIKE

I don't understand.

PARKER

You know when you first leave spacetime, the in between area--

MIKE

(excited)
Yeah--yeah!

PARKER

You can pause there, as part of the physics of it. The... what's that word--*slingshot* effect.

MIKE

I know. I figured it out eventually too. It took me a while though.

PARKER

Everyone does, don't worry.

MIKE

So you figured out how to peer in, you were saying?

PARKER

Yeah. You kind of have to warp the shape of your face.

MIKE

How's that?

PARKER

Remember you're in five dimensional space, so there's an extra layer of--well there aren't words, but it would be the word that occupies the blank space after roll, yaw, tilt, speed, direction.

MIKE

Okay I get you. So it's almost a lean forward, as you lean back.

PARKER

Exactly.

MIKE

What do you see in it?

Parker bows his head.

PARKER

Something deeply personal.

MIKE

Oh. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to intrude or anything.

PARKER

No, I mean it's deeply personal to anyone who stares in. It's a link with, what you'd call infinity I suppose.

MIKE

Wow. Can you describe it?

PARKER

Intelligent.

The door busts open, letting in the harsher light.

The two sentries from earlier enter, pointing at Mike.

Their voices are digitized by vocoders in the helmet.

SENTRY #1

On your feet.

Mike stands, looking inquisitively at the armored pair.

SENTRY #2

With us.

The sentries walk Mike out of room B, left into room C.

Waiting at the white office desk in the white interview style room is GRAY, a polite man of about 40.

The sentries usher Mike to the single seat opposite.

GRAY

Mike Collins. I'm Gray. Have a seat.

Mike sits, flanked by the sentries.

GRAY (CONT'D)

Do you know why you're here?

MIKE

I don't even know where--

GRAY

Here is. No, you wouldn't. But you know *why*, don't you Mr. Collins?

Mike avoids Gray's subtly probing stare.

MIKE

I used the rift, despite all the warnings.

GRAY

Use of illegal time circumvention is one of the reasons you were brought into custody before you disappeared from a Johannesburg detention facility last May.

MIKE

I don't remember that at all. All of my memories of spacetime are just... gone. I can only seem to remember things when I'm in the timespace. My only memory now is of timespace, then being here. I seem to know who I am more from... habit. The muscle memory of introducing myself.

Gray nods.

GRAY

What you're experiencing is the result of your use of the rift technology. You're like a needle, skipping out of the grooves of time's record.

MIKE

"Record"?

GRAY

Never mind. There's something I want you to focus on, Mike Collins.

MIKE

I'll try.

GRAY

Something you saw there.

MIKE

Okay. Wait. Who are you again?

GRAY

I'm Gray. Focus, Mr. Collins.

MIKE

I know, but like, who are you here for? What do you do?

GRAY

I'm an evaluator, Mr. Collins. I evaluate, obviously.

Mike thinks, mentally shrugging.

MIKE

Okay then. What is it you thought I saw?

GRAY

An event in spacetime that--changed something so significant, it rippled across the breaking probability crest and shifted solidifying reality into something entirely different than the simulated projection.

Mike blinks.

MIKE

Is that a joke answer?