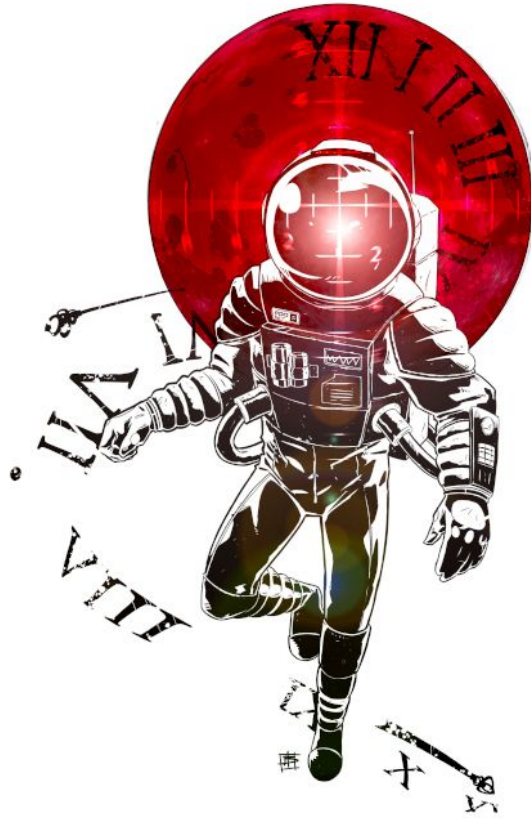


M - O P U S



O R I G I N S

Written by Jonathan Casey

Cover Illustration by Ben Hennessy

www.m-opus.com

Overture

The music begins and we hear clips from early space missions, Gagarin, Apollo, Voyager. The music continues and we transition to 'clips' from future missions, space stations, an advert for domestic superconductors, a news broadcast from Mars Two colony, docking sequences.

Narrator Speaks:

"The year was 2187. We had already established thriving colonies on the Moon and Mars, on space stations and orbiting facilities, when a new discovery revolutionised everything; consumer-level superconducting power. Call it free-flowing energy. A decade of huge progress and excess.

Amongst the billions of users, three young scientists were trying to make their own breakthrough in Bournemouth Labs Mexico."

Then we hear Miller McKee's voice. He's an Irish scientist, late 20s, working on an American project to invent teleportation. His colleagues Dr. Violet Vicefield and Dr. Jonah Ephgrave, late 20s, are both American. He records a spoken word report:

Miller:

"OK, Ministry Of Off-World Developments Teleport Research program here at Bournemouth Labs, this is report number 416, present are team lead Dr. Violet Vicefield, engineer Dr Jonah Ephgrave, and me, designer Mr. Miller McKee. I also enjoy long walks and watching the sunset while masturbating.

Today is Sequence 20, it's the big one folks, it's April Fool's Day 2187, but this is no prank. This evening, we make our first attempt to teleport a live human test subject directly from one discrete point to another, in this case, from the Teleport Gate Platform to the parking lot.

So let's hear it for our test subject, it's the engineer himself, Dr. Jonah Ephgrave (mouths crowd noise), hailing from Hartford Connecticut, he steps up to the plate, a hush descends on the crowd, Jonah's lover and esteemed team leader, Violet, bites my nails."

Violet:

"Miller, come on!?"

Miller:

"Alright, keep your knickers on. Honestly, you would think we're making history here or something. OK, Violet, console 2 ready. Jonah, you all set?"

Jonah:

"All set, Miller."

Miller:

"Naked dwarves with trays of cocaine on their head ready? Let's beat the speed of light folks and I'll pop the champagne. See you on the other side, pal."

We hear a machine going into overdrive, the sound of panic, screaming and then silence.

Accidents Will Happen

Miller sings:

Me and Violet saw Jonah vanish in the machine,
Alarms were wailing, danger flashing red on every screen.
Ran every scan we had in hope of finding Jonah alive.
But my friend was lost, and Violet lost her lover that night.
The Ministry just shook its head, "that's the peril of experiment, accidents will happen".

And so consumed by all the guilt, I spun right out of control,
I hit the bottle and the meds, I couldn't think any more.
Violet turned to work, I turned away and left her behind,
Back to the streets, living on the edge every night.
I gambled everything I earned and fell in with the underworld.
Accidents will happen.

Hanging out with the Bull and Marley, running cons on the schlubs down Main Street.
Got introduced to a guy called Vincent from a dangerous crew,
Saw some potential in me, I knew what to do.
They'd use my know how and I'd lie by their swimming pools.
I cared to make things less predictable and saw a way of getting out with a prize.
Seemed like a good idea at the time.
Accidents will happen.

Narrator speaks:

"Never one to miss a golden opportunity, Miller broke the codes of the mob accountant's system and secreted \$2.8 million through an untraceable transfer relay. When the mob found out the money was gone, Vincent was sent out to ask questions, with dependable ferocity."

Please Don't Let Me Go

Narrator sings:

It's 1am, October 10th, 2195 down here on Earth.
200 floors above a street in New Orleans, a trilby falls in the frozen, turbulent night.
It's owner clings to a penthouse railing, raw panic floods his flailing limbs.
He seeks a desperate redemption from the silhouette kicking debris off the edge.

Vincent sings:

"Tell me what you know."

Owner sings:

"Please don't let me go!"

Vincent:

"Tell me what you know."

Owner:

"I'm begging don't let me go, I'll tell you everything I know. I'll tell you who stole your money: Miller McKee."

Vincent:

"Alright, now we're talking. Where is he?"

Owner:

"At the Demoines place! Let me up Vincent!"

Vincent:

"See ya."

*Vincent kicks the owner's hand and the owner screams in free fall.
The theme music continues.*

We then hear a casino and jazz music in the background. Vincent is dialling a number.

Miller's voice answering phone:

"Yeah?"

Vincent, creepily:

"There you are Miller. See, big science man? I knew we'd find you in the end. Ain't so smart now."

Miller, brightly:

"Ahh Vincent, how happy I am to hear from you, you total psychopath."

Vincent:

"You won't be happy too long. That money you took from the boss? We know it was you. He wants you back here, you ain't finished making predictions for him."

Miller:

"Right, well I have a new prediction you can tell him. I predict that you're going to be in a lot of trouble Vincent."

Vincent:

"Oh yeah? How's that? I'm scanning your Communicator's location right now, keep talking."

Miller, interrupting:

"Yeah, the thing is, this is a recorded message. If you called and are listening to this, you followed the long trail of fake breadcrumbs I left and you are now at a very, very dead end."

Vincent:

"Miller?!"

Miller, interrupting:

"Now I'm no psychic Vincent. Just read the signs. Today is a good day for me and a bad day for you. Please leave a message after the tone - byeeee."

Vincent hangs up.

Can't Blame Me

We hear the sound of a quiet beach - we're in Japan by the Pacific. A traditional Japanese song can be heard. A distant skyship advertisement, blasting out in Japanese on the wind, various futuristic flights overhead.

Narrator speaks:

"8 weeks and 6000 miles away in early morning Okinawa, it was starting to look like Miller McKee had indeed gotten away with it. But there was no getting away from himself."

Miller singing:

"Waking up.

Coming to, on the golden sand Japan adorns its coast for you.

8 weeks gone from New Orleans,

no Vincent on my tail,

looks like I'm finally free.

You shouldn't screw the mob,

you shouldn't screw their wives,

You shouldn't steal their dough,

if you don't want to die.

You shouldn't con a killer

right before his eyes,

But you can't blame me.

Waking up, coming to,

On the golden sand Japan adorns its coast for you.

8 weeks gone from New Orleans,

No Vincent on my tail, looks like I'm finally free.

I celebrate every day. Can't remember how I celebrated yesterday.

Eastern joy don't come cheap and the cash I stole is running out,

Just like me.

You shouldn't screw the mob, you shouldn't screw their wives,

You shouldn't steal their dough if you don't want to die.

You shouldn't con a killer right before his eyes,
But you can't blame me.
My head it aches, can't hardly breathe. I'll take a little morning med hit, I won't feel a thing.

An android waitress approaches and speaks in Japanese, looking for a Miller McKee.

Android:

"Sumimasen, anata no namae Miller McKee san?"

Miller:

"Yeah, I'm Miller McKee."

Android:

"Arigato, anato ni hanashita gatte iru."

She hands him a phone. Nervously, he takes it.

Miller:

"Oh of course I'll take an unexpected phone call for me in the middle of nowhere," (To himself) "Who the fuck is this?"

*Then we hear Miller's **Internal Voice**; a dense cloud of whispered words and phrases in his mind, working out what's happening at lightning speed. The Internal Voice reveals the extent of his vast knowledge and perceptive skills...*

...*patterns *I can't have been followed *how was I found *satellite pin *bio-trace
*national security level *intelligence *not criminal investigation *not a threat *director
Walcott Admiral Atlantic command *no link *urgency *my help urgently needed *not
official - off the books *Violet's cracked it

We also hear remembered echoes of screaming "Jonah!", "Miller!", the old teleport machine in overdrive.

Miller (smugly):

"Hey... Violet."

Violet:

(Laughs) "Hello Miller."

Miller:

"Seven years. You thought you could surprise me there, didn't ya? I'm unsurprisable."

Violet:

"Yeah, well when you're done being unsurprisable, come over and talk to me - I'm sitting just 20 feet behind you."

Perfect Day For Flight

Cape Canaveral Spaceport, Florida - a couple of hours later. Miller and Violet have taken a Pacific Crosser to the Spaceport.

Narrator sings:

Magnetic fields comb Cape Canaveral, horizon shimmers in the air.
Departure windows light the timeline.
A perfect day for flight ahead.

We all are the lucky ones, we follow tomorrow's sun,
Imagine the future and we hold it in our hands.
Another colony every day, another shuttle is on its way,
We'll be ready to launch another dream, onto new lands.

Miller sings:

Violet takes me to Canaveral. She says, she's got a problem and no-one else can help.

Violet speaks:

"Drink up your coffee Miller, I need you sober".

Miller speaks:

"Yes, Mammy."

Miller sings:

There's me thinking, I had been forgotten.
Turns out they bugged a bio trace on me, just after the accident.

Narrator sings:

We all are the lucky ones, technology's chosen ones,
This is the era of the pioneering man.
Mother Earth in a window frame, every passenger free from pain.
This is the Space Port, you can sleep until you land.

Spaceport Security Officer, spoken:

"Welcome to Canaveral Space Port. Please face the eye scanner.
Identification succeeded: Vicefield, Dr. Violet, Level 4 clearance. Identification succeeded:
McKee, Miller. Please proceed to Terminal 5 Observation Room, there's a video comm
message waiting for you there."

Miller sings:

Well Violet, my dear, you've got what you want: I'm sobering up and sick as a dog.
Can you give me some details, an Alka Seltzer and a Bloody Mary?

Violet sings:

I can't breathe a word, it's out of my hands, but that's ok, I'm sure you've figured out.

Miller sings:

(To himself) Just don't know what she's feeling, behind those New York eyes.

At the security hub, the doors slide open.

We are expected; we're ushered inside, by a Space Port Official.

He leads us to an observation deck, with a,
Beautiful view through impervious glass of Cape Canaveral
And hundreds of ships, some in take-off or landing.
Some hold position in suspended silence.
Like bowler-hat men in Magritte's old paintings...

Miller's mind wanders...

Internal Voice:

...Magritte, born 21 Nov 1898, Regina Suicide, Colubrid Snakes, from Coluber, Oligocene epoch, extinction event, grande coupure, Impact winter, metallic objects not stone, microwave sparking, smaller than radio waves, MRI human body, autopsy...

Mr. McKee

In the Observation Room, we hear a video comm screen opening up.

Robot voice speaks:

"Communication Screen Opening - Video Message Begins:"

Minister for Off-World Developments Antoinette Fiennes sings:

Mr. McKey, glad that you're here, perhaps you recall we met before,
I'm Minister Fiennes, I've risen the ranks since you ran off to play with crooks and
whores.

Mr. McKey, don't dwell on the past, the future is almost in our grasp.
But we need your help with one small problem.

If you're willing to take a little leap of faith,
We need some answers to some questions never asked before.
They say you're one of a kind, an enquiring mind.
Keep this quiet and we'll tell you all there is to know.

Mc McKee, I now can reveal the teleport program has resumed.
We've had great success on a satellite lab, but one fatal flaw leaves us confused.
Mr McKee, Miss Vicefield believes, when no-one can solve our mystery,
You are the one we need to turn to.

Mr. Mc Key, the launch window's free, you're headed for Orbiter White Rose
Our jewel in the sky, the security's high, but I've granted you rights to come on board.
Mr. McKey, regarding your fee, it will be discussed if you succeed.

Try not to misbehave before then.

If you're willing to take a little leap of faith,
We need some answers to some questions never asked before.
They say you're one of a kind, an enquiring mind.
Keep this quiet and we'll tell you all there is to know.

Communication Screen Closes.

Robot voice speak:

"Video Message Ends:"

Miller and Violet speak.

Miller:

"Wow, WHAT an asshole. I have this urge to stick a cabbage juice enema in her."

Violet:

"She ain't winning awards with her personality, but Minister Fiennes gets results."

Miller:

"Teleport research, ha? She's just using you Violet. Like a second hand dildo."

Violet:

"I'm using her right back! Her self-serving meant I could go further with the study, achieve something, actual teleportation. And maybe someday figure out what happened to Jonah."

Miller:

"Ah, good luck with that, I tried everything, he's gone forever."

Violet:

"Oh yeah Genius? How is it I'm shovelling your drunken ass off a beach, if you know everything?"

Miller:

"It's fun to bet chips when you can count cards, calculate and predict outcomes, but it's never as much fun as betting on the stuff you can't predict."

Violet:

"Until you lose."

Miller:

"Yeah. I never see that coming."

Robotic announcement:

"Delta 10 Exiter Launch in 6 minutes."

Violet:

"Let's go, we've got an Exiter to catch."

Find My Way Back Home

Miller and Violet are on board a plush Earth Exiter at Canaveral, preparing for launch.

Miller sings:

Looks like I got a new bosshole, gave me zero option there,
Free to do precisely what I'm told, do their bidding, then just disappear.

So I'm apparently the expert, in the home of rocket scientists.
Resume of dirty work; tales of the unscrupulous.
Got a bus to throw me under, a river here to sell me down.
No Lucasian mathletes, just the bum that won't stick around.
Take the money and run.

I see the angles in a weather vane, sequence in a traffic jam,
Fibonacci in a hurricane, hearts in every poker hand.
Barred forever from Vegas, handy when the chips are down.
Then take the money and run.

Take it, take it all and I'll find my way back home.
Forever I may roam, but I find my way back home.

Got my own Earth Exiter, leg-room for an Irish dance.
To the White Rose Orbiter! Never get a second chance.
Trouble in paradise, a heaven full of emperors,
So take the money and run.

Take it, take it all and I'll find my way back home.
Forever I may roam, but I find my way back home.

I see mathematics, they see mystery. I read behaviour, they read bank accounts.
They wouldn't trust me with their glass of beer, but want me hanging round their
playground,
If worst comes to worst, I'll con a bigwig for a million.
Take a slowcoach to Palookaville, hit the booze into oblivion,
fall away and disappear, fall away and disappear.

Take it, take it all and I'll find my way back home.
Forever I may roam, but I find my way back home.

Krown At The Coastline

We hear a forbidding, stormy ocean coast.

Narrator sings:

By the dark, oppressive edges of a coastline in the North,
Lives a dangerous, militant lunatic called Krown.
Holding court in a makeshift fort that strains with jewels and furs,
With a throng of his devotees gathered round.

Krown sings:

Hear me now, brethren. I speak the words of gods.
The heavens above, the home of the gods, no place for human kind,
The Gods' gift of the world to man, forgotten, theirs to claim again.
Only I, your guide, can bring their vision here.
The journey is almost complete.
Listen, the Soothsayer speaks...

Soothsayer sings:

Morrocan plague I prophesied,
the tsunami in the West,
Foresaw the plume of Yellowstone,
our future and our wealth.

I open doors that always lead to fortune in our hands,
And this I see,
Krown will rule this world
on which we stand.

An abducted man is brought out in front of the crowd and killed as a blood sacrifice to the Gods. The crowd cheers.

Orbiter White Rose

We hear white-picket, dreamy 1950s music echoing, while a bot welcomes us to the Orbiter White Rose.

Automated White Rose Welcome Bot speaks:

Welcome to the Orbiter White Rose, the most luxurious orbiting space station in the fleet.
A 60 kilometre circle of utopian majesty. Our diamond ring in the sky.

Home of the Ministry Of Off-World Developments, seat of the Peace Council, the legendary Hologram Museum and the Virgin Ocean. Whether it's business or pleasure,

we hope you have a wonderful stay.

Mystery At The Ministry

Miller is now aboard the White Rose and has been brought to meet Minister Fiennes at the Ministry Buildings.

Miller singing:

I guess I'm finally through security, I'm definitely me. I'm definitely Miller McKee.
Talk about paranoid, frisking me down. That's more action than I had back in Orleans.

Now we're waiting in the opulence, top deck at the Ministry of Off-World Developments.
Can't blame me taking some souvenirs.

I remember, I remember November, my memory's like Zapruder shooting infinite film,
Connections firing like shots in the New Delhi night.

Minister Fiennes:

"Afternoon McKey"

Miller:

"The Big Cheese no less, the princess of space herself,
What's the story, do I genuflect or polish your moustache?"

Fiennes:

"You never changed Miller, disrespectful and loathsome."

Violet:

"She's happy to see you."

Miller:

"Likewise, Minister. Nice palace you got here – got one just like it, except mine's a total shithole."

Fiennes:

"We'll lead you through to the medical rooms. Now please put back all those items that you've taken."

Miller hands Violet the few small objects.

Miller speaks:

Here Violet, belated happy birthday, have some fancy lipstick.

Miller sings:

I remember, I remember November, my memory's like Zapruder shooting infinite film,
Connections firing like shots in the New Delhi night.

You've got the power and the money too, but nothing's going to satisfy a czar like you. She wants to be a part of history in tomorrow's life.

Fiennes escorts them to the Mortuary Bay.

Miller sings:

Minister Fiennes leads us to a mortuary bay,
dimly lit but for the portholes beaming in earth shine.
The distant hum of an atmosphere drive. Somebody's lying on a surgery slab.

As I approach, recognition's burning a path through my mind.
The body lying there is Violet Vicefield. I turn my head, she's still standing here.
"Well Violets, one of you need fix me a stiff drink".

Violet sings:

"Miller, I've scanned all the bios and that body is definitely me."

Miller sings:

"The only difference I can tell is that you don't have a bullet wound straight through the heart.
Hey Fiennes, you impressed with my detective skills so far?"

INTERNAL VOICE:

Alright McKee, what's goin' on here? (jumbled, every idea heard at the same time)

Theory 1 – it's a fabrication.

Possibility "A" - this duplicate body is a prank. Unlikely. Odds 150,000 to 1.

Possibility "B" – not a prank, means I'm here to substantiate its veracity. Unlikely.

Ministerial evidence, I'm of no representative value to it. Odds 1000 to 1.

Possibility "C" - this is someone else's fakery, designed to elicit a response, likely, 5 to 1.

Theory 2 – this is real.

Possibility "A" parallel universe, idea suggests infinite pool of parallels, infinitely unlikely to meet exact copy.

Possibility "B" Violet from the future. What are the odds?

Midnight On The White Rose

Somewhere on White Rose, a grand VIP party is getting into full swing.

Narrator speaks:

"Elsewhere on the space station, behind locked doors and leather walls, the elite indulged their every extravagant fantasy, gratified every urge. Safe from public gaze in their own playground in space."

The Master Of Ceremonies singing:

Well it's midnight on the White Rose, anybody coming out to play?
Yeah, it's midnight on the White Rose everybody,

We keep your secrets safe.
We're never out of time, we're never through,
Got every kind of high on sale for you around here, baby.
Pay to do whatever you want to do,
Money's gonna make all your dreams come true, alright.

Roll up, roll up, worthy Olympians of Debauchery,
Dignitaries, Movie Stars, Sons Of Dictators, heirs to the colonies,
Devotees of drug, athletes of alcohol, connoisseurs of cunt,
Whatever your vice, discretion assured, satisfaction guaranteed, roll up. roll up, haha!

Well it's midnight on the White Rose anybody,
Got anything you want?
Well it's midnight on the White Rose everybody,
Gotta have some fun.
We're living on the edge of eternity,
Making up the rules of reality round here, baby.
Pay to be whatever you want to be, spinning round the world in a fantasy, alright.
The party never ends, the party never ends.

Many kilometres away, the non-VIP Miller and Violet are walking out onto a service exit platform. Electric Doors open.

Robot voice:

"Exit Area D. We hope you enjoyed your stay."

Miller:

"Come on Violet, not even one night partying on White Rose?"

Violet:

"Uhuh."

Miller:

"Ah you're no craic. I always thought I could bring something unique to a drug-fuelled orgy in space."

Violet:

"Yeah, 22nd century syphilis."

Miller:

"Tut, fine, but before we go, let me grab a quick smoke."

Violet:

"Oh Miller, you didn't start smoking?!"

Miller:

"No. Well done, see, you just passed a little test, (he lights up a cigarette), you're definitely still the preachy but over-caring girl I remember."

Violet:

"Yes, I'm really me, you sure as hell are still you and no, I'm not some robot replacement."

And yes, this is my brave face, and no, I'm not ok. None of this freaking you out?"

Miller:

"Violet, I'm Irish. We pretend we have no emotions. Underneath this asshole exterior, I'm... well, still an asshole, but also out of my fucking mind with terror. That's me saying sorry, by the way."

Violet:

"Well that's a start."

Miller:

"OK, to this lab of yours and let's find out what this dead duplicate of you is all about."

Complete The Machine

In a hall by the stormy Northern coast, the Soothsayer visits Krown.

Narrator:

"As night fell on the coast, Krown prayed in his candle-lit rooms, awaiting the summoned Soothsayer."

Soothsayer:

"Your excellency, you wanted to see me?"

Krown:

"Soothsayer, yes, come in. It's about your prescient sermons of the future... aren't you repeating yourself lately? The brethren have begun to notice."

Soothsayer:

"I must admit, new visions have become scarce. I have prayed to the gods, but..."

Krown:

"Nonetheless, you still see my final fate clearly?"

Soothsayer:

"Yes, your excellency, you WILL be king of this world. I will be at your side. It will happen, I foresee it."

Krown:

"Perhaps this means destiny has arrived. The future is ours and the time is now. Your machine, is it ready?"

Soothsayer:

"Two days at most. I will see to it, my lord."

The Soothsayer attends to the 'machine' in his workshop, with his assistants.

Soothsayer sings:

It came to me in a dream,
An idea revealed by the gods through me.
How to build a machine that could set us free.
A key, unlocking my ability,
By hand, piece by piece, god-given knowledge of assembly,
the skill to carry out their decree.
I am the weapon of the deities.
A bomb in the heart of the old regime.
The future of the world is a fate foreseen.

Soothsayer speaks:

"OK men, that's enough for now, let's carry on in the morning. Rest your eyes, there can be no mistakes."

Assistants:

"As you wish Sir."

Narrator speaks:

"The Soothsayer retired to his quarters and fell to sleep. As always, he dreamed the same haunting dream, recurring endlessly, somewhere in his mind."

Waiting To Be

The soothsayer dreams.

Soothsayer singing:

Hello, hello my bella, you don't belong in here.
Raising a glass with the ghosts of yesteryear.

This is a private party, I need to be around,
And if you stay, I will talk to you for hours.

You wore that dress I like, that old familiar smile.
I really must insist, you should be leaving this.

Hello, hello my beauty. It's been a long, long time.
Let's reminisce over history now sublime.

Strange how your laughter's sadness, strange how you seem so changed.
Faded into obscurity, in pain.

You wore that dress I like, that old familiar smile,
I really must insist, I can't go on like this.

I'm waiting to be by your side once more,
I'm waiting to fly, waiting to feel your embrace once more,
I'm waiting to be there, waiting to be now.

Something outside disturbs me, I'm torn from the arms of dreams,
A solitude fills the room and I want to sleep.

So I can say, hello, hello my bella, so glad you came along,
To rescue me from this party thrown for one.

I'm waiting to be by your side once more,
I'm waiting to fly, waiting to feel your embrace once more,
I'm waiting to be there, waiting to be now.
Waiting to be.

Labyrinth

Narrator speaks:

Miller and Violet flew straight space to the satellite lab that housed the new teleporter,
Violet's crowning achievement, a doorway to anywhere.

Miller sings:

We borrow a ship and set a course towards the lab, high above New Paris on the moon.
They've been illegally testing there in secret all this time,
Folks will tend to get nervous if they find you're making black holes in their yard.

A standing gravity wave was found, in orbit around the moon, a spacetime ripple that
no-one could explain,
She used the lab like a watermill, drew power from the wave,
All the energy she could want, to teleport through space.

The Minister ran the covert program by herself, all the glory is hers, if it succeeds.
But now she's hiding a body and police can't be involved.
I just got out of the frying pan, now I'm into the firing range.

Everybody's got their fear within, Everybody's in a labyrinth.
There's no escaping, no escaping yourself.
Everybody makes their own way in, everybody's in a labyrinth.
There's no escaping, no escaping yourself.

Violet headed up the new experiments, facing up to the tragedy we caused.
She fired lasers in hydrogen, formed stars within the lab.
Collapsing them instantly, warping space at will.
With tireless work, she saw the system taking shape.
She had to test the teleport herself.
Violet was the first to go through and it seemed success was theirs,

But two people materialised, two Violets, dead and alive.
Everybody makes their own way in, everybody's in a labyrinth.
There's no escaping, no escaping yourself.

Minister Antoinette Fiennes receives a call from the lab:

Fiennes:

"Minister Fiennes speaking."

Security:

"Morning Minister. Vicefield and McKee have arrived at the lab. They have the Vicefield body with them."

Fiennes:

"Good. If McKee tries to pull anything, or make a run for it, kill him."

Security:

"Yes Minister."

Fiennes:

"Be vigilant, he's slippery. If he does run off, transmit a deadly charge to his bio-trace. That will be that."

Security:

"Understood."

Armed Gods

We hear trucks driving along a coastline on a wet, windy night.

Narrator sings:

Three 18-wheelers crawl the coastline, their tired drivers skim the edge.
They'll never know their what's in their cargo, don't know that their journey's at an end.

Just ahead, a human roadblock, Krown's blood disciples stare ahead.
Tonight the Gods will arm their army on the earth, weapons and undying reverence.

At The Lab

Miller and Violet arrive at the Lab.

Narrator speaks:

Miller and Violet docked at her satellite lab; a motel-sized, revolving construction not listed on any inventory. Its secret call sign, the Abio. Geostationary in silence above the moon."

Narrator sings:

Here at the lab, they make reality,
The cutting edge of man's ability.
The tech is bleeding through the fabric of the space that we live in.

Here at the lab, into the great unknown,
Here at the lab, where our seeds are sown.
We're at the ultimate point, we're reaching out to forever.

Violet:

"Here it is, Miller, Gate Number 2."

Miller:

"Unusual singularity?"

Violet:

"A ringularity. This time around, the Gate retains unity, a stable zero space between two points. It works."

Miller:

"Yeah. Pity about the whole 'unexplained dead version of you' thing. Apart from that, it's fabulous."

Violet sighs.

Miller:

"OK, OK, it is, it's amazing."

Violet:

"All of the information, records, everything is here. Try not to steal anything, spill beer or otherwise fuck it up."

Miller:

"Jesus, the language. I hope you don't kiss Minister Fiennes' arse with that mouth, do you?"

Violet:

"I must be hanging around with you too much. Now, I've been trying to find a trace for the source of the duplicate, with nothing so far. We can use this to help. CAM is our voice comm with the data system. Just an interface A.I. I designed. CAM, give Miller everything he needs."

CAM:

"Yes Violet."

Miller:

"How excellent. CAM, can you access high-class pornography with good production

values, stuff directed by women, nice drapes etc? (*Miller Burps*)"

Violet:

"And folks used to wonder if we were an item! Amazing. I gotta go run containment maintenance, kind of always on the edge of implosion. Good luck OK?" (She leaves)

Miller:

(Too himself) "Hmmm, yeah, amazing alright... but I was stuck in the friendship zone, wasn't I?"

Never Giving Up On Your Love

Miller sings:

Back in the day, when I was just 17,
A little lady started at my university.
Sweet as can be, she came from overseas,
She was the sharpest mind to ever grace Astronomy.

Just like me, she had the genius gene.
Ambition fit for an Olympian
and full of dreams.
All I could see was all that we could be,
We're future lovers lighting up each other's destiny.

Play it real cool, don't let Violet see.
Don't wanna show her, I'm head over heels.
I'll wait for perfect opportunities.

I'm never giving up on your love, sooner or later, gonna be.
Never giving up on your love.

I pulled up a seat beside her at the bench,
In just a week, I got her name, this babe was Violet.
I reckon I'm in on group experiments,
We worked together on a study of the Kuiper Belt.

"Someday", I said, the weeks that came and went.
I couldn't find the time to tell her how I really felt.
Then she drops the bomb - a boy I've never met,
Miller meet Jonah, he's my sweetheart from Connecticut.

I'm such a pal, I'm her bestest friend.
Welcome to the place where romances end.
I'm never giving up on your love, sooner or later, gonna be.

Miller is alone, studying the new teleport tech.

Miller speaks wearily to CAM:

Miller:

"I give up. A fat load of nothing, that's my expert report."

Violet reenters.

Violet:

"Anything?"

Miller:

"Not a single thing wrong in the data or the machine. Gotta say - you've done amazingly nice work up here. Embarrassingly brilliant."

Violet:

(Surprised by his sincerity) "Thank you Miller."

Miller:

"Do you have the data from our first Gate experiment? Jonah disappearing? This system could run a new analysis. Might shed light on... something."

Violet:

"Yeah, I did that but... lemme show you. CAM? Display Gate 1 error output on screen please."

A huge, daunting wall of numbers appears on a large screen.

Miller:

"What's this shite?"

CAM:

"This is a numerical error report from the accident at Gate 1 using the latest analytical tools."

Miller:

"What are the parameters? It's just a big bunch of numbers. How do we make sense of this?"

CAM:

"Parameters unknown."

Violet:

"See? 2048 random numbers with no explanation."

Miller:

"Parameters unknown, huh? Not for long."

2048 Numbers

Miller sings (to himself):

2048 numbers might say where my buddy was sent.
Shame no-one around here can read it. Guess I'll figure it out for myself.

He studies the huge wall of numbers.

Let's say that this represents more than one journey. Many locations perhaps.
Find some numbers that look like coordinates here, something that reads like a map.
No clues and no leads, no index, no code.
Come on buddy, where are you in here?

Man, I could do with a drink...

A clock ticks in time to the music.

Time. Hours, Minutes and seconds, numbers below 235959,
Perhaps in a sequence, repeating... let's see, here... and here... yes, there's a time every
29 numbers. This isn't random at all.
But not in order, not ascending, not descending, no even durations.
Disordered time reference, then 29 digits, again and again.
Ok, another pattern. Before every time is a 1 or a 0, followed then by 4 figures it seems,
binary, on or off, could it mean minus and plus. The 4 figures... number of days perhaps?
Time ahead, time behind, days from the origin point, 23, 59, 59.
That leaves 24 numbers for each given time.
Not astro coordinates, not 24 orders,
not smallest semi prime, not Penholodigital, not Semi Meandric, smaller components.
Two 12s, three 8s, old paper maps gave 10-metre lines as 8 figure codes.
Three 8s, three positions, three dimensional space and a time.
Am I looking at spatial coordinates on Earth in positive and negative time?
Places in the future and the past. Spread out from a point, a four dimensional explosion.
The accident, where it began.
If I find the last place given here - I find my friend.

Violet:

"2048 numbers, Miller. What do you reckon?"

Miller:

"Violet, I'm gonna need you to do something for me. I need you to kill me."

Violet:

"...oh boy."

Miller:

"Just for a second. You have to kill me, then resuscitate me straight away. Isn't that the
only way to deactivate a biotrace, being dead? So hook me up to the ECG System there,

you can administer a lethal shock, put me into cardiac arrest, then revive me and why are you looking at me like that?"

Violet:

"Explain?"

Miller:

"I reckon I know where Jonah is."

Violet:

"Are you serious?"

Miller:

"Or at least where he ended up."

He types.

Miller:

"If I convert to degrees... 75... 34... points to... Near Delaware, USA. These numbers are unbracketed 4D coordinates, different locations on Earth before and after the accident, journeys, places and moments spread out in time like a bell-curve, with the initial moment Jonah vanished as zero origin. The last location listed is Delaware, but, without knowing which is positive or negative, I can't tell if he wound up in the past or the future from the incident."

Violet:

"He time-travelled? We have to try to find him. Time-travel might explain my dead body showing up here."

Miller:

"If me and my big mouth leave here, Fiennes will have me killed and I only want to die once today. So - you have to break my bio trace, get me off-grid. Then I need to setup a few things and then we can get out of here."

Violet:

"I'll stay. I can stall things here, throw them off while you're gone. I better be right in trusting you alone Mister: no drugs, no gambling."

Miller:

"I promise. Now kill me already... Oh and - don't forget to bring me back, yeah?"

We hear electricity charging, increasing and then a brief, painful yelp before absolute silence for several seconds...

Then we hear a Professor's study from years before, pendulum clock, pitch sport being played in the background. A younger Miller knocks on the door and enters the room...

Professor Deane:

"McKee? Tell me this letter is one of your bad jokes."

Miller:

"No, it's real Professor, you can cancel your suicide trip to Switzerland, cos I am out of your hair, I quit."

Prof:

"Oh McKee... you're exasperating. For once, can you be prudent? Don't leave without finishing your PHD. You know you have unique abilities, don't squander them. That knowledge, that fuzzy logic, your mathematics is ground-breaking. You owe it to the world to use it properly, make a difference."

Miller:

"What, like, wobbling the stock market, designing horse toothbrushes, that kind of thing?"

Prof:

"It's precious, what you have. A precious thing you store under a tequila shot glass. You could make a valuable contribution to mankind with it. Solve its mysteries, where are neutrinos coming from, how do we reconcile dark energy, what is the origin of life? Do something important, Miller."

Miller:

"Yeah, I know, I will. It's definitely on my To Do list."

Prof:

"Promise me that when it's time, you will recognise your potential."

Miller:

"Cross my heart and hope to die."

Emergency Exit

Suddenly, from silence, gasps burst, electricity sizzles and the sound of the lab returns.

Miller:

(out of breath) Thanks... Let's never do that again.

Miller sings:

I knew the Minister would never let me look for my friend.
She'd never get it, never see how the events could connect.
I piped some hibernation agent down security deck
Said nighty-night to all the guards, I took a ship as they slept.
I'm headed straight for Delaware, hoping to find Jonah there.

I'm on the edge of finding peace and making good with the past,
I'll figure out this other Violet, maybe make it at last.
If Jonah's living, he survived through a violent ordeal,
Visit the hospitals, the psycho wards, the weak, the deceased.
Makes a change, this thing called help, living life for someone else.

Troubled Minds

Mount Izador Mental Hospital - FX, doctors being paged, trolleys pushed, medical tech, doors closing.

A battered Jonah with no memories stares out a window.

Narrator speaks:

"Mount Izador Mental Hospital, just outside Wilmington, Delaware. On a bench by a sunlit security window, a patient with a scarred face stared out through unoccupied eyes."

Patient Jonah:

Out on the lawn there's a hologram that represents orbits and satellites.
Corridor shuffling, I stop and stare through windows with bars till the day is night.
My origins somewhere outside this place, My memory something that I'm denied.

Miller is at reception.

Miller sings:

I'm looking for someone you might have here. A patient called Ephgrave, a scientist.
Prob'ly confused, been through hell and back. If I told you, you'd fit me a strait jacket.
If I could just find him, we'll keep him safe and trace his way back home through all of this.

Patient Jonah:

We've severed connections in this haven for troubled minds,
Together we're strangers to ourselves.
The panic is silent in this haven for troubled minds.
Maybe the world outside is strangers just like me.

Changes are raging ahead of me, moments to come rush before my eyes.
The meds that they feed me are wearing off, writhing I drown in a sea of time.
Somebody is reaching to rescue me, someone that shines in the empty night.

Someone approaches.

It is another patient - he calls himself Krown.

Patient Krown:

Hey. Yeah - you. The patient with no name.
You look like shit, what happened to you? You're mangled pretty good.
These quacks hear you babble, but only I listen, gods speak through you.
Only I, your guide, will help you find the truth.

Trapped, lost within your skull, visions grind your mind?
'Mad', that's all they can see, but only I know best.
Deep in your whispering, futures you can tell.
Gods are buried in your head, but only I know best.

A doctor greets Miller.

Dr. Phelps speaks:

Mr. McKee? I'm Dr. Phelps. I believe I do know something about your missing person. Always wondered would somebody show up looking for our mysterious resident. A patient of ours: amnesiac, intelligence off-the-scale, extremely troubled... but it's been a very long time. I have sad news. There was an oxy-fire here 13 years ago, a number of wards devastated, including your colleagues'. I'm sorry, but nothing was left behind.

Miller:

Ok. Thank you.

Narrator speaks:

"Miller was devastated at the news. Without a second thought, he located the nearest bookies and hit the shots hard. Eventually he got the inevitable call."

Miller:

"Hey Laser Legs. How's your ringularity?"

Violet:

"Miller, where've you been?!"

Miller:

"Good news is I found him. Bad news is he died 13 years ago."

Violet:

"Are you partying?"

Miller:

"Yes, thank you."

Violet:

"You sonofabitch, you promised! What about Jonah?"

Miller:

"Nah he's not partying, he's dead, keep up will ya? So this is me coping, so... cheers."

Violet hangs up.

Miller:

(speaking to himself): "Alright, alright. Way to ruin the buzz. I've no money left anyway, so give over. (Sighs) Ok, ok, enough already, I guess I can look a little closer, whatever you say."

Hide & Seek

Miller singing:

An accidental hospital blaze?
Perfect place to start inquiries.
A little snooping round the records at dark,
Checking out their files and their patient histories.

I'm looking for a freak with a match...
Someone mad enough to burn their psych-ward down.
Filing through a roll call of broken people.
The lost and the damned.

Now... here's a dude who thinks he's god on earth.
A manipulator, right across the line.
From 22nd century excess, to fundamental hate in one screwed-up lifetime.

You keep on running, but you'll never get away from me.
Here I come, ready or not.
No matter what you do, I'll always catching up on you.
Gonna find you, anywhere you go.
You go forever but I'm everywhere you'll ever be.
The count is over now your time is up.
You keep on running, but you'll never get away from me.
Gotta make up for the things I've done.
Hide and seek.

This cookoo's called Nathaniel Crow,
A psycho guru with a killer's scheme.
Came up in a cult down South,
brainwashed and terrorised his way in easy.

Jonah would be powerless and smart,
a perfect asset for a creep like Crow.
Indoctrinated, under duress,
my buddy could be building anything you dream of.

You keep on running, but you'll never get away from me.
Here I come, ready or not...

There he is! Jonah himself!
Black and white photo on a patient file.
His face is beaten, his stare is lost in space.
Cops found him alive, brought him here,
And here he sat, abandoned, insane,
8 years before our Jonah disappeared.

Now where's this little Crow gonna fly?
It's not so easy hiding, that I know.
Megalomania doesn't wear off,
You can bet he isn't out there now delivering pizzas.

You keep on running, but you'll never get away from me.
Here I come, ready or not...

From England, his folks.
Involved in the blast at Hartlepool, the nuclear plant.
Toxic waste ravaged the Northern England air.
Radiation rained down upon all their homes,
The Crows fled the scene with their sweet little boy,
Fundamentalist friends across the sea prepared.
Now Hartlepool is deserted and quiet, the coast is most definitely clear...
Found you.

Narrator speaks:

"Meanwhile, aboard the Abio Lab, Violet worked alone."

Violet:

"If I can just establish a stable time component in the teleporter, maybe I can figure out what happened."

Two guards enter the Teleport Room...

Guard:

"Dr. Vicefield? You're coming with us. Minister Fiennes wishes to see you - now."

Violet:

"I can't. Tell her I'm busy. Miller's disappeared."

The guards activate their weapons.

Guard:

"Now, Doctor!"

Holy War

We hear the stormy coast, present day.

Narrator sings:

Hundreds in allegiance line the moonlit Northern Coast.
Standing to attention in fatigues.
With automatics, gelignite, the weapons of the past.
His excellency Krown's about to speak.

Krown sings:

Here we stand, Brethren, our moment has arrived.
Behold the machine, our gate through the heart of their filthy modern life.
One by one, we'll walk through the gate, be transported upon White Rose.
In my name and the Gods, you'll change mankind for good.

Narrator speaks:

The devout followers of Krown marched single file through the Gate of the Soothsayer's Machine and in a magnetic swirl, vanished. Each one reappeared in discrete positions aboard the great space station; down deserted service corridors, inside waste units, behind tree lines.

Meanwhile, over at the Ministry, Fiennes was setting her own agenda.

Narrator sings:

Violet, summoned to the ministry rooms,
Faces the rage of Minister Fiennes,
The doctor is responsible for putting their careers on the line.
Violet: "Well, guess what, I quit! I'm through with your political horseshit!"
But it's all too late for the doc, she's dragged off, kicking, to a holding cell.

Empty Shells

Narrator speaks:

"Miller hot-wired a Connector and flew a lonely path across the black Atlantic. Crossing England, he landed at the edge of Hartlepool, the abandoned coastal town in the North of England.

Miller sings:

Under a dead-eye sun, amid the Winter grey.
I pull up at the edge of town, Hartlepool in the rain.

Test for toxicity, the air's as pure as the poles.
No radioactivity, but there's a light down there by the coast.
At Happy Hill Holiday Park, they've been preparing for war.
Bullet holes in an ice cream stall, bloody hand print on a restaurant door.

Spent munitions on a bandstand. I pick up a pulser gun,
Portraits on a tavern wall, it's Jonah and Nathaniel Crow.
Dubbed "Soothsayer" and the other one "Krown".

So you fell down a well?
Now you don't know which is heaven and which is hell.
You lost your mind when you found your will.
New religion and materiel, but all that's left is an empty shell.

In a chalet by the water slides, Jonah's handwritten notes,
Proven visions of the future, the world will be Krown's and this he knows.

Well whaddya know?
A teleporter in the Market Square.
Engineering plans of the White Rose Decks.
Navigation lines that lead nowhere.

There on the plans, I follow the flight path, the line arcs down,
Descent of the ship, dwindling space,
Falling and spinning, I see it flame, blazing through the atmosphere,
Accelerate towards the Southern States, it spins faster, approaching,
I see it fall, on the Reactor in Texas.

Internal Voice:

"60km ship, re-entry, impact crater, beyond scanner, depth, containment breach,
explosion, America devastated, billions dead, extinction level event."

We hear an old news report.

Reporter speaks:

"One of man's crowning achievements in the field of science, the Antimatter Reactor at Comanche Peak in the State of Texas is the world's most advanced and powerful antimatter containment facility. Spokespeople like to say their machines could store a supernova in a raindrop, but are they as safe as they claim? Tom Worthing reports on the dangers inherent in antimatter manufacture and the deadly cost of taking them for granted."

Fireworks

Krown is now onboard the White Rose and situated on a docking platform.

Narrator sings:

Krown stands, flanked on an Exit Deck.
Gonna watch all the fireworks from somewhere safe,
A Ministerial Ship. That'll do just fine.
An old technician is knifed and thrown from the vessel,
As rudimentary piloting skills guide the craft into local space.

Krown's men emerge from corners, behind unsuspecting Security Guards,
Daggers and silencers, men lay slain on red carpet corridors,
Cold blood flows on the White Rose.
Private room intruders pull their Rulers right off of their silken beds.

Miller runs, on the way to save the day, gotta make it to a ship,
Gotta fight this fate, communicate to the FBI, they think it's crazy talk.
Race to the door of the Spaceport - suddenly stops in his tracks...
Vincent! Waiting with a loaded gun.

The Big Swindle

Miller sings:

Being the fortuitous chap that I am,
I predicted this predicament, had formed a little plan;
Knowing my identity would trigger alarms,
In some port upon the Earth and I would come to harm.

Sent a message to the Don, the head of the mob,
hanging up enemies on hooks in New Orleans,
Told him a tale about Vincent the thug:

“All this time he’s had me under lock and key.
Vincent told you I had got away,
but it was him who took your money and he shut me away.
Been using me for every bet he’s made, giving you nothing and keeping the pay.

I swear it’s true, I’m gonna prove it to you,
I’ll send out Vincent with a tip to make a bet,
Accumulator on a 3-horse-win, Vincent will show up down the Bear’s at Lafayette.

I never ever would have taken from you, I hate that Vinnie takes the piss out of
you.
‘The fat old fuck’ is what he calls you too, disrespectful and terribly cruel.”

I can see it all, the Don will make a call, he’s gonna tell the Bear he’s putting dollars on.

The Don:

“And keep an eye for Vince and let me know, if he makes the same bet, then we’re good
to go.”

Miller sings:

So Vincent finally catches up with me and he threw me in a limo, he broke two of my
teeth,
Tied up my hands and says happily,

Vincent sings:

“You’re gonna pay so bad McKee”.

Miller:

“Don’t suppose I tell you that the world is at stake,
Is gonna make a jot of difference, so let’s cut to the chase,
If you let me run, forget you saw me here,
I’ll give you a tip on a golden race.
Retire to Barbados with a playmate on your face.”

Vincent thinks, “that sounds like a nice bet.
This chump’s really desperate.
Might as well get the benefit.
Just be our little secret.
He don’t know I’m gonna kill him anyway.”

Vinnie flies into my spider web,
Drives the limo straight to Lafayette.

Puts on the bet and thinks he'll take the bread,
He'll make a killing and just leave me dead.

Bear calls the Don, with the utmost respect,
"Sure enough, young Vinnie bet just like you said."
The Don knows Vinnie's keeping secrets.
He sends three heavies down to Vinnie's place.

Meanwhile, three robot horses romp on home,
In three races in three separate States.
Cos this week, their trainers each received a mystery delivery from the Ministry.
A unique drug trial that turns a mule into a steed,
An undercover test by one Doctor McKee.

Lo and behold, the bet is legit and the heavies find Vince with the gold ticket,
Me tied up with a bust-up lip, so the story is true and the Don's convinced.
They'll let me go and take Vincent's slip, Bear will stack the cash in we'll call it quits. .
Vinnie gets beaten to death with a club, and I say, nice one, toodledo and I run.

Violet Alone

Violet waits in a locked meeting room on the White Rose.

Narrator sings:

Violet, stranded helpless in an empty room,
Sees the circling stars and the whirling moon, dreams lay wasted in a future tomb.

Violet, the woman at home in the great unknown,
A pioneer like she always hoped,
Faces her fate in a cage alone.

Soothsayer's Column unafraid of death,
Ripping through the ship to the bridge head deck,
No resistance from these well-fed flakes,
Soothsayer's Column fight tooth and nail.
They reach Navigation, hack their way inside,
Crew executed, prisoners put in line,
Soothsayer enters, to seal their fate,
The new pilot of the White Rose takes his place.

Violet, a name deserted in a well of souls.

Violet speaks:

"Wait a minute, that's not right. The star-field is shifting. We can't be moving like this... oh no! Guards! Guards?! Where have they gone?
Hey! HEY! WorkBot! Come over here... Developer utility, username Fiennes K Antoinette, password AKF452201, grant administrator rights to proxy Dr. Vicefield, Minister privilege!

Let me out of here."

WorkBot:

"Administrator rights require special clearance - official DNA authentication. Please provide official DNA authentication."

Violet:

"Wait... the lipstick Miller swiped! Here! Scan this and let me out!"

On the Bridge Head Deck...

Jonah Soothsayer:

"Your excellency, I have jammed external communications and patched you a comm link throughout the ship, you can address them all."

Throughout the White Rose space station, every speaker and screen activates and whistles to life. Krown speaks to all of the residents of the station from his vessel.

Krown:

"To all the passengers of the White Rose. My name is Krown. Consider me your new Admiral. This ship has been claimed in the name of Gods' Soldiers. You shall disembark safely in good time, unless you wish to leave now by an exhaust pipe. There shall be no more bloodshed, as long as there are no further attempts to thwart us. We only wish for our own freedom, to live as we wish upon this ship. We have gathered an embarrassment of terrified celebrities here in comm tower, as insurance. If we feel threatened, we will behead them one by one. For proof of this intent, please observe the head of Minister Antoinette Fiennes, which is on a railing spike at the Ministry gate. For now, simply sit in your palatial homes and keep quiet."

Narrator sings:

Violet rides a shuttle to the bridge head deck
Hailing reinforcements, raising code red.
Trying to hack the channels that the horde has jammed.
Working out a route on the maintenance plans.
Soothsayer's final course is engaged,
Time to evacuate, Krown awaits.
The Column escape before he leaves this place,
Then, turning down a corridor, he sees a face...

Soothsayer sings quietly, the words from his dream (from the song "Waiting To Be").

Soothsayer:

"Hello, hello, ma bella. You don't belong in here."

Violet:

"JONAH?!"

Don't You Want To Feel My Heart

Jonah sings:

I don't know who you are, but you're ripping me apart,
Tearing to pieces inside of me.
I see you in my dreams, every night you come to me,
With a face out of reach of my memory.

Violet sings:

I can see it in your eyes, I don't know the soul that's inside you.
Is that part of you alive, Jonah, the one that I loved?

Both:

Don't you want to love me,
Don't you want to feel my heart?

Violet sings:

We're running out of time, if we want to stay alive,
Gotta turn back this ship, gotta give it up.
Whatever's in your head, well it's over now, you failed.
Gotta do what I say, you'll be needing us.

Jonah sings:

The future of my life, no way to escape it, I see it.
If you want to make it right, turn back the years I have known.

Both:

Don't you want to love me,
Don't you want to feel my heart?

Narrator sings:

Leaving him shaking, she takes the controls, stationary orbit achieved,
She stops the ship spinning, gravity weakens and terrorists float helplessly.

Jonah sings:

There is another way, I'll promise you'll be saved; a teleport used as a time machine.
Crazy as it sounds, a method that I found, just never had enough energy.

Violet sings:

If you're lying to me now, I'll kill you myself boy, believe it.
If you can tell me how, I've got the place we can go.

Narrator speaks:

"Onboard the stolen DiBlasio Ministerial ship, Krown and his detail observe from the bridge."

Henchman:

"Your Excellency? The White Rose, it's stopped."

Krown:

"Where is the Soothsayer?"

Henchman:

"He's not answering and he's not with his Column. Perhaps he's been lost?"

Krown:

"Perhaps he is a traitor. Search for local craft."

Henchman:

"Nothing on screen. Wait, Sir, there's a life raft!"

Krown:

"Shoot it down, now!"

Henchman:

"Yes, your excellency. Launching a defender now."

On a small escape craft called a life raft, Violet and Jonah make their escape to the Abio lab. On board, we hear accelerating bleeps indicating something is approaching...

Violet:

"Jonah, on the scanner, look!"

Computer:

"Warning. Incoming hostile device detected. Warning, imminent impact."

Bleeps get closer....

Jonah:

"They've found us!"

Computer:

"Warning, imminent impact..."

*A laser blast, an explosion and the bleeps stop.
A pulse blast blows up Krown's defender missile in space.*

On the unscathed life raft...

Jonah:

What just happened?

Violet:

Somebody just destroyed that missile.

A message buzzes on the speakers.

Miller:

"Guess who? Hope you don't mind me crashing the party. The Earth Defense Army is here too. Tell me you have enough nibbles and pop for everybody."

On the DiBlasio...

Follower:

"Sir! A military fleet is approaching the White Rose!"

Krown:

"Loyal brethren! Kill these perverted, sick infidels, fight without end and basque in the glory of our gods. I will deal with the traitor Soothsayer myself."

Infinite Within

Narrator speaks:

"Together again, Miller, Violet and Jonah set to work on the Abio Lab, modifying the teleporter system to time travel."

Narrator sings:

Life makes trails circling around us,
Confounds us and binds us,
Drives in between us,
Find us and leaves us.

3 old friends, paths reunited,
Plans calculated, time integrated,
Belief they can change it.

Violet sings:

Please come back to me, you're so far away, a star in my distance.
Please come back to me,
Together we'll stay, alive in the moment,
That you went away.
You're so far away.

Test run good, hypothesis proven,
Freedom of movement in every direction,
The past to the present.

Please come back to me, you're so far away, a star in my distance.
Please come back to me,
Together we'll stay, alive in the moment,
That you went away.
You're so far away.
Please come back to me.

We hear systems engaging, a countdown to Jonah being teleported, a musical crescendo then a sudden stop.

Instrumental section of music represents his journey.

As the music closes, a low alarm signals ominously aboard the Abio lab.

Narrator sings:

They watch the space where once he stood.
The screen reveals familiar sequences and patterns now.
2048, the numbers run.

And in the past, at Bournemouth Labs,
Their test begins, the same three dreamers channeling through space.
A disturbance curves the wormhole they create.
The future traveller's path returning, meets the path of old.
Their collision binds the two in loop, the teleport explodes,
And into time, distorted, scattered holes...

With weapon raised, Known appears,
Just in time to see the traitor flee.
He points the barrel right at Miller and Violet...

Known:

"You're going to tell me where that man has gone".

Miller knows his face, he glances at Violet,
Starts typing, knows what he will do.
Says...

Miller:

"That man just teleported straight to Hartlepool, mean anything to you?"

Known snarls:

"You send me there!
You're coming with me, you're my guarantee.
Don't want you teleporting me into deep space."

Miller:

"Violet can trigger it, I've set it up."

Narrator sings:

They mount the gate, light forms around them.
Gun still pointed right at Miller's ribs.
Violet stares at him now and jabs the switches down, sending them through.

The two men teleport to Hartlepool.

At Happy Hill Holiday Park, down the coast at Hartlepool.
The date is yesterday, the horde have left their deserted tomb.
Miller's there snooping around, grabbed the gun and he's got their plans.
Time to run, save everyone, when suddenly, he hears a sound...

Air blurs in magnetic swirls,
Dust shivers and the winds reverse.
Miller charges his pulsar gun, aims it straight at the origin.
Light forms on the Market Square, 2 figures take shape, now they're standing there.
A bruised-up hostage, looks like McKee, and Nathaniel Crow with the gun on him.

Yesterday's Miller understands, he pulls the trigger in his tightening hand.
Recalling this moment, the hostage smiles, edging away from the target's eye.
The pulsar shoots out a burning trail, tears through Krown in electric pain.
Brute shock spasms in his vertebrae, Krown's gun firing a random spray.

Their motion freezes, light turns black,
their bodies start fading as they're taken back.
The portal closes, tomorrow's men are gone.
Yesterday's Miller contemplates, he's seen a glimpse of a future fate.
And in his mind, probabilities take shape...

Back on the lab, the two travellers fall to the ground.
Bullet shells shatter the sound, final few shots ringing out.
Krown's trigger fires empty rounds.

Blood blossoms out from the fabric at Violet's heart,
Her vision blooms tumbling stars, spinning she slips in the dark.
Miller's world ripping apart.

Miller:

Please come back to me.
Together we'll stay alive in the moment, don't leave me today.

Narrator:

Then he understands, there's a part that he has to play,
No accidents, no mistakes, the mystery solved this way.

He carries her onto the teleport stage,
Her dead body sent back to the test that she made,
He cannot return, the events can't be changed,
what's happened has happened, will happen again.

Violet's gone but the power field escalates,
Failing containment, splintering core,
Gotta cut loose from the moon and its occupants,
Gather some distance, this thing's gonna blow.

Krown is waking, while Miller sets course for Earth,
Launching the lab into safe, empty space.
Programs one last destination, a destiny,
Jumps in a Body Pod, Krown's on his feet.

Metal collapses, the gate beams are breaching,

Krown runs at Miller, but the Pod jets ignite.

He watches the lab shrink from view through his visor,
Exploding, imploding, the lab disappears...

And 4 billion years ago on a bleak lagoon,
the wreckage appears on Earth,
Crash, clatter, rolling slows, falling apart.
Jonah's loop severed now, he wakes in the debris.
Eyes open, an ancient sky,
A sight never glimpsed by the living before.
First life, dawn breaks, first light faced.

Krown chokes on the atmosphere,
The king drops to his knees.
The mysterious Violet clone, lies on a bio-mat feeding the world.
First life, dawn breaks, first light faced.

And high above, years from now, Miller's pod, floating home.
He's lost them but they remain in everything living, all life yet to come.

Miller:

"So blue and so beautiful, like I've not seen it before,
With purpose and clarity, an Earth that I want to be part of again.
Return, renewed, me and you."