

SCRIPT TITLE

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. BLACK SITE - NIGHT

SUPER: "LAB 239"

A dimly lit, sterile lab. High-tech monitors hum softly. The air feels thick with secrecy.

A spinning bucket of water sits inside an open metal bin labeled "ARTIFACT ZERO." The bucket rotates clockwise.

DR. NOVIKOV, late 50s, sharp eyes, speaks into a recorder while DR. VASILIEV, younger and anxious, stands by.

DR. NOVIKOV
Test twenty, Object 0001, Case
20000. Dr. Vasiliev and I continue
to observe. The artifact
manipulates time both backward and
forward. But to what end?

Dr. Novikov gestures. Dr. Vasiliev rolls a ball across the table. It reverses before hitting anything, retracing its own path.

Novikov holds up his watch to the camera.

DR. NOVIKOV (CONT'D)
Again, please.

Vasiliev rolls the ball. As the ball reverses, so do the hands of the watch.

DR. NOVIKOV (CONT'D)
Nine p.m. For the last eleven
hours. But we age. Time resets, yet
we move forward. Free will remains.
But how long before the artifact
decides otherwise?

SUDDENLY-ALARMS BLARE.

EXT. BLACK SITE - NIGHT

A stealth team, clad in advanced tactical gear, breaches the entrance with precise, calculated movements. Their leader, VORTEX—a figure of imposing menace—signals his men.

INT. BLACK SITE - CONTINUOUS

Novikov grabs the artifact.

DR. VASILIEV
Panic room. Now!

Novikov hesitates. His eyes flick to Vasiliev.

DR. NOVIKOV
Apologies, comrade.

He slams the door—leaving Vasiliev outside.

Gunfire erupts. Blood spatters. Vortex steps forth. He pulls off his mask. Novikov smirks, patting him on the shoulder.

DR. NOVIKOV (CONT'D)
Make it convincing.

Vortex hooks onto a cable and swings out of the shattered window. As he drops, he taps his watch, Triggering explosives.

A FIREBALL ERUPTS BEHIND HIM.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

NT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A sleek, modern briefing room. ZEUS, seasoned and stone-faced, reviews classified documents. His fingers drum anxiously on the table. AGENT PAX, sharp and poised, enters.

AGENT PAX
Project Chronos is gone.

ZEUS
Christ!

A tense beat. Zeus exhales sharply, rubbing his temples.

ZEUS (CONT'D)
If Chronos is unaccounted for - if
it's active - this isn't just
another black ops nightmare. This
is an extinction-level event.

The weight of his words lingers. A silent, unspoken fear between them.

ZEUS (CONT'D)
Time for an inversion.

INT. OPERA HOUSE - MUMBAI - NIGHT

A Kathakali performance unfolds on stage, vibrant and hypnotic. Among the audience, AGENT APOLLO, mid-30s, sharp-dressed, suave, watches from a private balcony-martini in hand.

Through his earpiece:

AGENT PAX (O.S.)
Target acquired. Play nice.

Across the room, the TARGET—a shadowy arms dealer—leans in, conversing with an ASSOCIATE.

TARGET
America's tangled in the Axis
Powers. They won't see us coming.

Apollo smirks, adjusting his Omega Seamaster. A subtle flick of the dial—TEMPORAL COUNTDOWN activated. The Associate spots Apollo.

TARGET (CONT'D)
You. Who are you?

Apollo downs his martini, sighing.

AGENT APOLLO
I was hoping for a better opening
line.

The Target signals—a sniper perched on the scaffolds takes aim at Apollo.

Apollo tips his glass—but in REVERSE, the liquid flows BACK INTO IT. Time stutters. His watch blinks—

INCOMING STRIKE

BOOM! EXPLOSIONS rip through the opera house. The Axis Powers' operatives flood the balconies, unleashing gunfire. The audience screams, chaos erupting.

Apollo vaults over the railing, landing amidst the turmoil. He dashes toward the Target, but assassins intercept, knives flashing. Apollo weaves, counters—

A THUG SWINGS—Apollo ducks, sends him crashing into a pillar. Another lunges—Apollo redirects, twisting his arm into a joint lock before sending him tumbling into the orchestra pit.

More enemies converge. Apollo sidesteps a bullet—his watch hums. With a flick, time distorts. The bullet slows, its trajectory twisting away. Apollo drives his elbow into an attacker's ribs, swipes a pistol mid-air, and fires—

BANG! A sniper crumples from the scaffolds.

He pushes forward, dodging debris, using fallen set pieces as cover. A masked brute corners him, knife poised—Apollo disarms him with a precise wrist twist, sending the blade into another attacker's thigh.

The Target watches, unnerved, slipping into the shadows.

Apollo surveys the chaos. The opera house burns, the Axis Powers closing in. He exhales, checking his watch.

TIME'S UP.

Apollo straightens his cuffs, eyes narrowing.

AGENT APOLLO
Round two, then.

He sprints into the fray.

From the smoke and wreckage, a FIGURE EMERGES—tall, imposing, clad in a dark tactical suit. CHRONOS, the leader of the Axis Powers, steps forward, his presence alone commanding the battlefield.

CHRONOS

You meddle in forces beyond your grasp, Apollo.

Apollo exhales sharply, rolling his shoulders.

AGENT APOLLO

Yeah, well... I've got a habit of punching above my weight.

They charge. A brutal, kinetic fight erupts — fists, knees, elbows, a blur of precise combat. Chronos moves like a specter, his strikes ruthless and measured. Apollo counters, but he's met with equal force. A devastating blow sends Apollo skidding across the marble floor.

He wipes blood from his lip, grinning. They clash again, the battle raging amidst the opera house's burning ruins.

TIME INVERSION ENGAGED.

THE EXPLOSION REVERSES. THE SHOT FIRES—BUT THE BULLET REVERSES BACK INTO THE CHAMBER

In the confusion, Apollo lunges forward, delivering a reverse strike.

Gunfire erupts. Agent Poseidon, Apollo's partner, appears, covering fire. People scream and scatter.

AGENT POSEIDON

The clock is still ticking.

Apollo ducks behind cover, smirking.

AGENT APOLLO

Isn't it always?

They retreat toward the exit, bullets zipping PAST THEM in REVERSE.

EXT. OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

They sprint toward a waiting ASTON MARTIN DB12.

AGENT APOLLO
I call shotgun.

AGENT POSEIDON
Not if we don't make it.

Apollo taps his watch—TIME RESETS.

As the car speeds off, the Opera House EXPLODES

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

SUPER: "CIA HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY, VA"

The room is dimly lit, tension hanging in the air. ZEUS, a seasoned CIA operative, sits behind his desk, reviewing documents. AGENT PAX, 30s, enters, a grim expression on her face.

AGENT PAX
Sir, we've just received
confirmation. Project Chronos has
been stolen.

ZEUS
That project was in a site off
grid. Known to only a handful of
people within the agency.

AGENT PAX
We're looking into that, sir. But
right now, our priority is
recovering Chronos.

Zeus stands, pacing.

ZEUS
Who's on this?

INT. HINDU PERFORMANCE ART THEATER - NIGHT

Kathakali performers on stage dance. Among the crowd is AGENT POSEIDON, scanning. Target located.

TARGET
We have secured the Middle East and
The Baltics. With America tied up
with The Axis Powers, they won't
see us coming.

AGENT POSEIDON
Good news, my friend.

TARGET

We've equipped Hamas with enough ammunition to blow up Israel. The IDF's string counterattacks is fraying. The anger of the hostages' families is white hot. Within a week, there'll be riots in the streets. We just have to continue chumming the waters.

AGENT POSIEDON

And, what about Prabowo? Is he still on board?

TARGET

Yes. It's too bad that President Jokowi didn't buy in. Prabowo very much positioned himself as a successor to Jokowi's legacy. We keep our promise, and he'll comply. If, for whatever reason, the people reelect Jokowi, Prabowo has offered to staged a coup.

AGENT POSEIDON

Splendid.

Beat.

AGENT POSEIDON (CONT'D)

I guess that's where Twilight will come in.

Beat.

TARGET

Twilight?

AGENT POSEIDON

The scientist.

TARGET

Now, why would you know about Twilight?

Beat.

AGENT POSEIDON

Isn't that why we acquired the weapon?

TARGET

Who are you?

AGENT POSEIDON

Sorry?

TARGET

You should know nothing about
Twilight.

Beat.

TARGET (CONT'D)

Take him out.

INT. SCAFFOLDS - CONTINUOUS

A rifle is trained on Agent Poseidon.

INT. AISLE - CONTINUOUS

Agent Poseidon runs his tongue over the cyanide capsule.

AGENT POSEIDON

The sun is down.

Agent Poseidon closes his eyes. He is suddenly pulled to the ground. Agent Apollo covers fire. People scatter.

AGENT APOLLO

The clock is still ticking.

Beat.

AGENT APOLLO (CONT'D)

The clock is still ticking!

GUNFIRE. Agent Apollo on the floor. He shoots and kills three BODYGUARDS.

AGENT POSEIDON

Nothing good happens after
midnight.

AGENT APOLLO

We need to get out of here!

Agent Apollo touches his earpiece.

AGENT APOLLO (CONT'D)

Pax!

AGENT PAX (O.S.)

The door to your left! Don't forget
the smokers!

Agent Apollo fires a line of men and waves on Agent Poseidon.

AGENT APOLLO
Go! Go! Go!

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

They have shelter - but not for long.

AGENT APOLLO (CONT'D)
Give me your capsule.

AGENT POSEIDON
What?

AGENT APOLLO
The Cyanide capsule! Hand it over!

Agent Poseidon Complies. Agent Apollo puts the cyanide capsule in the chamber of his gun. He sticks his gun around the corner and fires. Explosion occurs. The building begins to collapse.

Agents Agent Apollo o and Poseidon run down stairs as the building collapses, bursting through the exit.

EXT. HINDU PERFORMANCE ART THEATER - NIGHT

The building crumbles. Agents Agent Apollo o and Poseidon get in a car and drive away.

AGENT APOLLO
Pax!

AGENT PAX (O.S.)
Agent Apollo! Are you alright?

AGENT APOLLO
In one piece. Agent Poseidon and I are driving to the apex. We need to get the hell out of here.

AGENT PAX (O.S.)
I am issuing you a plane as we speak.

AGENT APOLLO
Thanks.

Beat.

AGENT APOLLO (CONT'D)
What the hell were you doing in Croatia anyway?

AGENT POSEIDON
What do you know about Operation
Time Turner?

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Agent Apollo scans the file on Dr. Novikov.

AGENT PAX
It's a shadow organization, Agent
Apollo. They took Dr. Novikov. The
Russian scientist. He started an
experiment known as Project
Chronos. He built a device that
manipulates time. Last week, the
Russians found the research
facility destroyed. But, his body
was not found.

Agent Apollo clenches his jaw, realizing the gravity of the
situation.

AGENT PAX (CONT'D)
(intently)
You're to go in quietly, assess the
situation, and retrieve Dr. Foster.
This mission is off the books,
Agent Apollo. We can't afford any
leaks.

AGENT APOLLO
Understood, Director. I'll bring
her back.

AGENT PAX
And Agent Apollo o, be cautious.
This shadow organization operates
in the shadows for a reason. We
can't afford any missteps.

AGENT APOLLO
Understood.

AGENT PAX
This mission is different - unlike
any other.

AGENT APOLLO
Wouldn't have signed up if they
were all the same.

AGENT PAX
No, you don't understand. You will
be unlocking doors that are not
meant to be unlocked.

Beat.

AGENT PAX (CONT'D)
You'll be going into the past.

INT. SECRET BASE - NIGHT

A dimly lit room with high-tech equipment and a holographic world map. Agent Apollo, Poseidon and Pax enter. LUNA, MARS, and VENUS await.

AGENT PAX
Meet your team.

AGENT MARS
You debriefed him?

AGENT APOLLO
Yes, he's caught up on everything.

AGENT MARS
I doubt that.

AGENT PAX
Let's do introductions later. You
all have been selected because you
have certain skills. A shady group
of marauders has gotten their hands
on a mysterious artifact with
unimaginable power. We need to
retrieve it before they unleash
chaos.

Agent Pax gives the team special WATCHES.

AGENT PAX (CONT'D)
These watches are your lifeline.
Your mission is to locate this
group before they have kidnapped
Dr. Vasiliev and retrieve Project
Chronos.

Venus types on a sleek tablet computer.

AGENT VENUS
Coordinates are locked.

AGENT MARS

So, where precisely are we headed?

AGENT PAX

The lab's coordinates were 55.7558°
N, 37.6173° E.

AGENT APOLLO

That's Moscow.

AGENT PAX

Correct.

AGENT APOLLO

So, what? Six American spies
mysteriously land in Russia to
recover a blacklisted physicist?

AGENT PAX

Not to recover. To terminate after
you extract the information he
knows.

AGENT APOLLO

I think you're overestimating my
capabilities.

AGENT PAX

On the contrary, I am bang on.
Look, Agent Apollo, I handpicked
you. I've been told you're the man
to run point on this.

AGENT APOLLO

You've been told? By whom?

AGENT PAX

I'm authorized not to say.

AGENT VENUS

Time portals are open.

AGENT PAX

Alright. Good luck. Be careful.

The team activates INFINITYCRAFTS. Agent Pax gives Agent
Apollo o an OXYGEN MASK.

AGENT APOLLO

What's this for?

AGENT PAX

As you go back in time, the air
passing through lungs transforms
into carbon dioxide. The oxygen
will be sucked out of you. Without
this, you'll suffocate.

AGENT APOLLO

Well then, if you insist.

Agent Agent Apollo secures the mask to his face.

AGENT PAX

One last thing, avoid meeting your
past self.

AGENT APOLLO

Why?

AGENT PAX

The repercussions are unknowable.

Agent Pax closes the Infinitycraft.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

I/E. WOLF'S LAIR - NIGHT

SUPER: "WOLF'S LAIR - RASTENBURG, EAST PRUSSIA, 1943

A capsule emerges in a snow-covered clearing. Inside, Apollo coughs - oxygen rapidly depleting.

WARNING VOICE
Oxygen saturation at 12%.

Apollo forces the door open. He stumbles out-right into the sightline of NAZI SOLDIERS.

GERMAN SOLDIER
(in German)
Halt! Hands up!

Apollo sighs, tapping his watch. TIME REVERSES.

The soldier FIRES. Apollo reacts BEFORE IT HAPPENS.

He rolls forward, dodging an INVERTED PUNCH before it lands.

Apollo fires back. But the bullets move in reverse, returning to his gun.

AGENT APOLLO
Well, that's... inconvenient.

The soldier re-engages the rifle. Apollo grabs the weapon, shoving the soldier back, disarming him. The soldier grabs a knife from his belt, slashing at Apollo, grazing his cheek. Apollo shoots and kills the soldier.

From the cliffs above, AGENT MARS and AGENT VENUS rappel down.

AGENT VENUS
Nice of you to start the party.

Apollo grins.

AGENT APOLLO
Fashionably late. Now, let's steal
a time machine

A thick fog rolls through the dense pine forest surrounding the bunker. Guards patrol the perimeter—SS officers with submachine guns, their breath visible in the cold air.

Hidden in the shadows, Apollo observes through high-tech binoculars disguised as 1940s field equipment.

AGENT VENUS
(spotting an entry)
Service tunnel, west side. Two
guards, one patrol. Timing is
tight.

Apollo smirks, adjusting the cuffs of his Nazi officer's uniform.

AGENT APOLLO
Then, let's not waste it.

EXT. SERVICE TUNNEL ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Venus crouches under the cover of darkness as Mars takes position behind a supply truck.

Apollo walks up to the guards, clad in SS attire. Fluent German.

AGENT APOLLO
(in German)
Orders from Obersturmbannführer
Stein. New security
protocols—officers to inspect
inside. Step aside.

One guard hesitates.

NAZI GUARD
We weren't informed —

Apollo moves fast. Before the second guard reacts, he drives a suppressed blade into his ribs.

Mars grabs the second guard from behind, snapping his neck in silence.

Venus drags the bodies into the shadows.

AGENT VENUS
Elegant as always.

Apollo wipes the blade clean.

AGENT APOLLO
Call it "efficient."

INT. WOLF'S LAIR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The team navigates the labyrinthine corridors - stone walls, dim lighting, SS officers on guard.

A massive iron door looms ahead - PROJECT CHRONOS' LAB.

Venus pulls out a hacking device rigged to look like a 1940s tool.

AGENT VENUS
Give me sixty seconds.

Mars and Apollo keep watch as Venus works the device.

AGENT MARS
Make it forty.

INT. PROJECT CHRONOS LAB - CONTINUOUS

A vast underground bunker-turned-laboratory. Chalkboards filled with equations.

Nazi scientists gather around a METALLIC SPHERE, pulsating faintly with a blue glow. A clockwise vortex swirls within.

On the upper balcony-SS-OFFICER NOVIKOV.

Venus slips inside, planting a small tracking beacon on the Chronos device.

Apollo signals the team to leave, but-

The beacon starts BLINKING RED.

AGENT VENUS
That's not right-

ALARM KLAXONS WAIL.

Novikov locks eyes with Apollo. Smirks.

SS-OFFICER NOVIKOV
I was expecting you.

Armed Nazi soldiers pour in. Guns raised.

NT. PROJECT CHRONOS LAB - NIGHT

The air thickens with dread. Nazi soldiers encircle the team, rifles trained. The vortex inside the METALLIC SPHERE churns faster, its blue glow intensifying.

AGENT APOLLO
(eyeing Novikov)
You always did have a flair for the
dramatic.

Novikov descends the staircase with a measured pace, his SS coat billowing slightly. He signals, and two soldiers yank the tracking beacon off the Chronos device, crushing it under their boots.

SS-OFFICER NOVIKOV
And you, Apollo, have a habit of
arriving too late.

He gestures toward the sphere. The vortex within starts warping unnaturally, distorting the very air around it. The chalkboards rattle. A low-frequency hum builds.

AGENT VENUS
(gritted teeth)
They're activating it.

Mars subtly shifts his weight, calculating an escape. Venus' fingers twitch toward a concealed blade. Apollo stays calm, measuring their chances.

Novikov grins, sensing their tension.

SS-OFFICER NOVIKOV
Did you think we wouldn't
anticipate your little game?
Project Chronos is no longer a
theory. It is a door.

A scientist at a control panel frantically types commands. The metallic sphere vibrates violently. Lightning-like tendrils arc from its surface. Reality bends.

A rip in space - and time begins forming - a swirling void of impossible darkness.

AGENT MARS
(tense)
Tell me that's not a portal.

SS-OFFICER NOVIKOV
(smirks)
History belongs to those who
control time.

Then — CHAOS.

Apollo moves first, snatching a soldier's rifle and taking him down in one fluid motion. Mars pulls a concealed pistol, firing into the guards. Venus dives behind a lab table, hurling a smoke grenade.

Gunfire erupts. Sirens BLARE. Scientists scatter.

Novikov, untouched, strides toward the portal as the swirling darkness solidifies into a passage. Beyond it — fleeting glimpses of something not of this time.

Apollo locks eyes with Venus. A single unspoken thought: We cannot let him step through.

Venus launches forward—just as Novikov disappears into the vortex.

The portal flickers. Destabilizing.

Mars yanks a grenade from his belt and hurls it at the control panel.

BOOM! Sparks and fire erupt. The vortex SHUDDERS — collapsing inward.

Apollo grabs Venus, pulling her back as the entire lab begins to implode.

INT. PROJECT CHRONOS LAB - NIGHT

The lab implodes. The vortex, unstable from the explosion, lashes out with tendrils of crackling energy. Time itself seems to splinter.

Apollo grabs Venus, yanking her back as the gravitational force pulls at them. Mars stumbles, trying to find his footing, but —

RIIIIP!

A surge of blue light engulfs him.

AGENT MARS
(shouting)
Apollo!

Apollo turns just as a second rupture tears open behind him.
His hand reaches out –

WHOOSH!

He's yanked backward into the swirling void. Venus watches in horror as both disappear, each into separate fractures in time.

And then, SILENCE.

The vortex collapses in on itself with a deafening BOOM. The lab is left in ruins. Venus is alone.

TIME UNKNOWN – MARS' DIMENSION

Meanwhile, Mars crashes onto a hard stone surface. Gasping for breath, he pushes himself up—only to find himself in an ancient coliseum.

A massive crowd roars. He looks down at himself—still in his black ops gear.

A shadow looms over him. He turns.

A Roman gladiator, clad in bronze armor, raises a sword—ready to strike.

Mars clenches his fists.

AGENT MARS
(under breath)
Oh, you really picked the wrong
guy.

The gladiator swings—Mars dodges, grabbing a fallen shield. The crowd erupts.

He has one thought: How the hell do I get out of this?

BACK TO VENUS – PRESENT DAY

Venus stares at the ruins of the lab, heart pounding. The Chronos device is gone, shattered.

Her team, gone.

A single thought burns in her mind:

Find them. Get them back.

She clenches her fists and walks away from the wreckage, determined.

FADE TO:

INT. PROJECT CHRONOS LAB - NIGHT

Chaos reigns. The lab is a battlefield of smoke, gunfire, and flashing red lights. The vortex at the heart of the room rages, an unstable tear in time sucking in loose debris.

Apollo and Vortex move like shadows, locked in a brutal one-on-one fight.

Vortex-Novikov's enforcer, clad in black tactical gear—strikes first, a flurry of precise blows aimed at Apollo's throat. Apollo blocks, countering with a brutal knee to the ribs.

AGENT APOLLO
(gritted teeth)
You're fast.

Vortex smirks, disappearing in a blur of movement—reappearing behind Apollo. A teleporter.

VORTEX
You're slow.

Apollo barely ducks a blade that slashes past his ear. He pivots, grabbing Vortex's wrist mid-strike, twisting—SNAP! Vortex hisses in pain but vanishes before Apollo can press the advantage.

Apollo spins. Too late.

Vortex reappears mid-air, delivering a spinning kick that sends Apollo crashing into a lab table.

Apollo spits blood, eyes flicking toward the vortex. It's growing.

AGENT APOLLO
We're out of time.

Vortex lunges again—

Apollo catches his arm, pivots, and uses Vortex's momentum to hurl him toward the vortex.

Vortex vanishes just before impact—teleporting safely across the room.

VORTEX

Nice try.

ACROSS THE ROOM - MARS VS. NOVIKOV

Novikov yanks the blade free, shoving Mars aside. His body falls. Still.

Apollo's rage ignites.

He lunges at Novikov – just as the vortex EXPLODES OUTWARD.

A tidal wave of blue energy rips through the lab, pulling Apollo off his feet, yanking him into the void.

INT. PROJECT CHRONOS LAB - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

The lab is in ruins. The vortex crackles, fracturing reality.

Venus, barely standing, stares at Mars' body—grief and fury etched on her face.

She turns toward the collapsing vortex—Apollo and Mars gone.

And Novikov? Vanished.

Venus' fists clench.

INT. PROJECT CHRONOS LAB - CONTINUOUS (PARALLEL TIME)

Chaos reigns. The lab is a battlefield of smoke, gunfire, and flashing red lights. The vortex at the heart of the room rages, an unstable tear in time sucking in loose debris.

Apollo and Vortex move like shadows, locked in a brutal one-on-one fight.

Vortex strikes first, a flurry of precise blows aimed at Apollo's throat. Apollo blocks, countering with a brutal knee to the ribs.

AGENT APOLLO

(gritted teeth)

You're fast.

Vortex smirks, disappearing in a blur of movement—reappearing behind Apollo. A teleporter.

VORTEX

You're slow.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Mars, panting, wipes blood from his lip. Novikov stands opposite him, pristine, unfazed, smiling.

SS-OFFICER NOVIKOV
You fight well. But brute force is...
inelegant.

Mars reloads his pistol.

AGENT MARS
Yeah? Let's test that theory.

Mars fires. Novikov sidesteps, faster than he should be, weaving between bullets with impossible precision. His movements are wrong, as if the air glitches around him.

Mars curses. Novikov isn't just enhanced; he's augmented by time itself.

Novikov appears in front of Mars—impossibly fast—gripping his wrist. CRACK. Mars roars as Novikov snaps his forearm and wrenches the gun away.

SS-OFFICER NOVIKOV
Time favors those who wield it.

Mars swings with his good hand—Novikov catches it, twisting him onto his knees.

Apollo, across the lab, sees it.

AGENT APOLLO
MARS!

Mars struggles. Spits in Novikov's face.

Novikov chuckles—then drives a dagger into Mars' chest.

Mars' breath hitches. His body shudders. Novikov twists the blade, watching as Mars' strength fades.

Apollo's world stops.

Mars looks up at him, bloody and weak. A flicker of a grin—classic Mars.

AGENT MARS
(pained)
Don't let him win.

Novikov yanks the blade free, shoving Mars aside. His body falls. Still.

Apollo's rage ignites.

He lunges at Novikov—just as the vortex EXPLODES OUTWARD.

A tidal wave of blue energy rips through the lab, pulling Apollo off his feet, yanking him into the void.

INT. PROJECT CHRONOS LAB - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

The lab is in ruins. The vortex crackles, fracturing reality.

Venus, barely standing, stares at Mars' body—grief and fury etched on her face.

INT. PROJECT CHRONOS LAB - NIGHT

The vortex rages, devouring the remnants of the lab. Apollo, bloodied and barely standing, squares off against Vortex, his every breath ragged.

Vortex is toying with him.

Apollo lunges—Vortex blurs, sidestepping effortlessly before driving a fist into Apollo's ribs. Apollo staggers. Another blow—a brutal knee to his stomach.

Apollo collapses to one knee.

VORTEX
(shaking his head)
Disappointing.

Apollo spits blood, defiant even now.

AGENT APOLLO
You're gonna have to try harder.

Vortex smirks — and vanishes.

Before Apollo can react — CRACK!

A devastating elbow smashes into the back of his skull. His vision flickers.

Then — DARKNESS.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - CONTINUOUS

Apollo wakes up — strapped to a chair, wrists bound behind his back. His head pounds. A dim, single lightbulb swings above him, casting long, eerie shadows.

His jacket is missing. His weapons — gone.

Across from him, standing at ease, is SS-OFFICER NOVIKOV.

Vortex lingers in the background. A table nearby holds a tray of instruments—not the medical kind.

Apollo exhales slowly, forcing himself to stay calm.

SS-OFFICER NOVIKOV
(relaxed)
Agent Apollo. You and your team
made quite the mess.

Apollo says nothing.

Novikov slowly paces.

SS-OFFICER NOVIKOV (CONT'D)
I'll admit, I was impressed.
Slipping past security, almost
reaching Project Chronos
undetected. Almost.

He stops. Eyes narrowing.

SS-OFFICER NOVIKOV (CONT'D)
How did you know where to find us?

Apollo stares, blank-faced.

Novikov leans in, voice dropping to a whisper.

SS-OFFICER NOVIKOV (CONT'D)
Who gave you the location?

Apollo gives a slow smirk.

AGENT APOLLO
Oh, I'd love to tell you. But, you
see, it's a professional courtesy
to keep secrets.

Novikov sighs—as if disappointed.

SS-OFFICER NOVIKOV
Vortex.

Vortex steps forward. Rolls his shoulders.

VORTEX
With pleasure.

INT. GERMAN INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A dim, single bulb swings from the ceiling, casting long shadows across the cold, concrete walls. The room is suffocatingly small, with only a rusted metal table and two chairs at its center. Cracks snake across the walls, remnants of past interrogations.

A rusted metal chair scrapes against the floor as Captain Aleksei Novikov, sits. Apollo's face is bruised and bloodied.

Vortex leans against the table, smirking as he twirls a cigarette between his finger.

VORTEX (CONT'D)

(In German)

The Russian has been quite stubborn. Perhaps you will have better luck, General.

Apollo's face is swollen, blood trailing from his split lip. His breathing is shallow, but his eyes—still sharp, still defiant.

Novikov watches, arms crossed. Apollo gives Vortex a nod, his eyes cool and calculating. Vortex exhales smoke and strides out, locking the door behind him. The moment the latch clicks, Apollo switches to flawless Russian, his voice warm, almost sympathetic.

SS-OFFICER NOVIKOV

You're making this harder than it needs to be.

Apollo barely manages a smirk.

AGENT APOLLO

It's a gift.

SS-OFFICER NOVIKOV

A gift? Well, let's see if you have any other unexpected 'gifts'.

Novikov nods to Vortex. Vortex grabs Apollo's hair, wrenching his head back and pats Apollo down, moving with professional efficiency. His hand stops at Apollo's belt. Frowns.

He yanks at a barely visible seam then rips free a tiny, blinking beacon. Apollo's stomach drops. Novikov twirls the beacon between his fingers, amused.

SS-OFFICER NOVIKOV (CONT'D)

Another gift. Fancy. Who's this from?

Apollo says nothing.

SS-OFFICER NOVIKOV (CONT'D)
Well, it doesn't matter now.

Novikov crushes the beacon under his boot.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA COVERT OPS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Inside the dimly lit ops center, Agent Pax stares at a screen filled with pulsing red beacons--tracking signals for Apollo, Venus, and Mars.

Then -- one by one -- THE SIGNALS CUT OUT.

BEEP. BEEP. STATIC.

Pax's heart stops. She jumps into action, logging in the location of --

INT. GERMAN INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Novikov pulls up a chair, studying Apollo.

SS-OFFICER NOVIKOV
(in German)
You're a tough nut to crack.

AGENT APOLLO
(in German also)
A compliment?
(beat)
I know what they've done to you.
I'm not your enemy. I can spare you
from what comes next. I'm an ally --
not an enemy.

SS-OFFICER NOVIKOV
You can spare me? How?

AGENT APOLLO
Untie me first.

Reluctantly, Novikov cuts through the rope that bound Apollo's wrists.

Apollo retrieves a folded newspaper from his coat pocket. He flips to a 1944 Moscow Pravda article about a German experiment gone wrong.

AGENT APOLLO (CONT'D)
A man who can help you. But first,
I need to know about Operation
Morgenlicht.

Novikov's eyes widen.

AGENT APOLLO (CONT'D)
Listen, Aleksei. The men outside
this door? They want you to break.
They want you to feel alone. I'm
the only friend you've got.
(lowering his voice)
Tell me what you know about the
device.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

I/E. NAZI FACILITY - TRANSMISSION TOWER - NIGHT

A mutiny begins. EMIL SCHREK, 30s, steps away from his post, approaches the interrogation room. A guard looks at him, confused.

GUARD
(in German)
What The hell are you doing? Return
to your -

Two bullets into his chest silences the guard permanent.
Schrek grabs the keys off the guard.

INT. GERMAN INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Novikov is noticeably tense as the GUNFIRE echoes through the
dungeon.

AGENT APOLLO
Either we both die here or you
untie me. Make up your mind.

Novikov mutters a curse in German. He frees Apollo. The door
creaks open -

Apollo jumps out of the way. Bullets reverberate off the
rusting iron. Narrowly escaping the bullet, Apollo slams the
door on the soldier, knocking the gun from his grip.

There's a noticeable distortion - a fracture in the timeline,
a distortion in reality.

I/E. NAZI FACILITY - TRANSMISSION TOWER - NIGHT

A jagged lightning bolt streaks across the sky, briefly
illuminating the massive radio tower looming over the Nazi
research facility. The air crackles with static, as if the
atmosphere itself is disturbed by something unnatural

Venus, Mars, and Poseidon are among the wave of The Third
Riech. They move like shadows through the barbed-wire
perimeter, avoiding the roaming searchlights and armed SS
guards stationed on the walls.

Their sleek, tactical gear contrasts sharply with the worn
cobblestone paths of the war-torn compound.

The tower crackles with unstable energy. Time flickers – objects shift between states of existence. The mutiny is in full swing. Rogue SS officers and defecting scientists have turned on Novikov. He's bound, battered, and being dragged toward execution.

AGENT MARS

No sign of Apollo. He's either
inside, or we're already too late.

A radio transmission in German crackles through the air. Venus, fluent in the language, quickly translates.

AGENT VENUS

(grimly)
They're increasing patrols.
Something spooked them.

Poseidon kneels by a rusted metal grate, removing a small plasma cutter from his belt. Sparks fly as he slices through the bars, revealing a narrow underground passage leading into the facility.

POSEIDON

If Apollo's alive, we get him out.
If Novikov's still in one piece, we
bring him back. No loose ends.

They drop into the tunnel, boots splashing in murky water. Inside, the walls hum with an eerie energy, powered by Tesla coils and high-voltage conduits. The Nazis aren't just experimenting with weapons – they're manipulating time itself.

INT. NAZI FACILITY – TRANSMISSION TOWER – NIGHT

A dim red glow pulses from the walls—oscillating energy from the temporal rift generator. Alarm klaxons scream as Venus, Mars, and Poseidon advance behind Apollo, weapons raised.

GUNFIRE ricochets off steel beams. Nazi soldiers scramble, ducking behind control panels. Smoke and sparks erupt as bullets tear through machinery.

VENUS

We're running out of time!

APOLLO

We find Novikov, or this war never
ends.

They press forward. A BLAST DOOR ahead hisses open. A Nazi OFFICER steps through—pistol aimed—only to be mowed down by MARS.

MARS
That's one less problem.

INT. NAZI FACILITY - HOLDING CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

APOLLO shoves open a heavy steel door. Novikov sits shackled. His glasses are cracked, and his face is bruised.

APOLLO
We're getting you out of here.

Novikov looks past him, eyes wide with fear.

NOVIKOV
You don't understand. You've been
lied to.

APOLLO
What?

NOVIKOV
This was never about me. The
rift... it's not an accident.
Someone in your time wants it open.

A beat. The weight of those words settle. Apollo's jaw tightens.

APOLLO
Who?

Before Novikov can answer—BOOM! The walls shake as an explosion rips through the facility. Overhead pipes BURST, showering them in steam.

POSEIDON
We need to go NOW!

NOVIKOV
If we don't close the rift, they'll
follow you back!

Apollo hesitates—but no time. He hauls Novikov up.

APOLLO
Then we close it after we get
through.

They move out—

INT. NAZI FACILITY - TRANSMISSION TOWER - NIGHT

The team sprints toward the swirling, unstable RIFT. Energy crackles violently. Alarms wail.

VENUS
It's destabilizing!

A SHADOWY FIGURE stands near the controls—a BETRAYER. One of their own. They turn. It's MARS.

APOLLO
What the hell are you doing?!

MARS
You still don't see it, do you?

Mars pulls a detonator from his belt.

MARS (CONT'D)
If you go back, you undo everything. But if I stay... I can make sure history happens the way it should.

APOLLO
We don't leave our own behind!

MARS
I was never yours to begin with.

Mars SMASHES the detonator. The facility rocks—steel beams COLLAPSE. The rift's energy PULSES, beginning to collapse.

POSEIDON
JUMP NOW!

Apollo, Venus, Poseidon, and Novikov LEAP through the rift just as it IMPLODES—

INT. PRESENT DAY - SECRET BASE - NIGHT

They crash onto the steel floor of a high-tech lab. Sirens blare. Scientists rush forward.

TECHNICIAN
We have them! But the rift—

Apollo turns. The rift flickers—fading—

Then, in the last instant, A FIGURE STEPS THROUGH.

Apollo freezes. The figure's face is obscured by shadow, but the voice is unmistakable.

FIGURE
You've made a mistake.

Apollo's blood runs cold. He knows that voice. It's his own.

FLASH: An ALTERNATE FUTURE.

Apollo holds a gun to Novikov's head. Novikov whispers something we can't hear. Apollo pulls the trigger.

BACK TO:

PRESENT

Apollo snaps back, shaken.

INT. NAZI FACILITY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The team moves quickly, debating strategy. *Suddenly* - ALARMS WAIL.

AGENT MARS
Fall out!

A SHADOW moves. Weapons are drawn -

Posiedon steps forward, blocking their path. But he's not hostile. Not exactly.

AGENT PAX
Agent Posiedon, what are you doing?
We need to go!

AGENT POSEIDON
Everyone, bug out! This mission is terminated.

AGENT APOLLO
Negative, Poseidon! We still have assets in the field. Requesting confirmation - do we have hostiles inbound?

AGENT POSEIDON
The mission is bigger than the extraction. Your cover is blown. I have an inversion team coming. But, you need to get out of there now.

AGENT APOLLO

We recovered the package. We're coming to you now -

AGENT POSEIDON

You don't understand, Apollo. We got bad intel! If we don't let them win. We lose. Everyone loses!

But, there's something wrong with Posiedon. He can't stop trembling. He's battered, beaten. He isn't the Posiedon from their timeline.

AGENT POSEIDON (CONT'D)

Now, come in for a report. Before it's too late.

AGENT VENUS

You're with them?

AGENT POSEIDON

No. I'm with the future. The one where we survive.

Before anyone can react, Poseidon triggers a hidden mechanism.

HEAVY BLAST DOORS SLAM SHUT.

The team is trapped. And outside, Novikov is being dragged to his execution. Apollo rushes through the pluming smoke, blindly chasing Novikov. A sudden CRACK makes him fall.

There is another distortion.

Apollo is suddenly dragged away.

EXT. EXECUTION YARD - NIGHT

Novikov is lined up before a firing squad. He turns to Apollo, unshaken.

DR. NOVIKOV

You can still break the loop. Or you can become part of it.

Guns take aim.

AGENT POSEIDON

We have to go! Now!

AGENT APOLLO

Wait -

And then, time *breaks*.

Buildings flicker—some collapsing, others reforming. Soldiers who were dead stand alive, trapped in loops of their own deaths. The past and future blur into the present. EXECUTION SHOTS FIRE.

Novikov collapses.

Everything SNAPS BACK into place. The world stabilizes. But different now. Irrevocably.

END OF ACT 3

ACT4

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

The team regroups in the darkness. But They're not the same.
Venus eyes Apollo with distrust.

AGENT VENUS
(To Apollo)
You risked everything for him.

AGENT APOLLO
That was the mission.

AGENT VENUS
The mission was to find out what
Novikov knew - not to rescue him.

Apollo has no answer. Mars glares. Poseidon is gone - A
SINGLE NOTE left behind.

POSEIDON'S NOTE: The future isn't fixed. I just proved it.

Apollo folds it, his expression unreadable.

The team stumbles upon a forgotten room. Dusty monitors blink
to life.

A message appears:

WELCOME, APOLLO. YOU'RE LATE.

Apollo stiffens as a grainy security feed plays-

On-screen: Apollo, standing in the exact same room.

70 YEARS AGO.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN TIME VAULT - NIGHT

SIRENS SCREAM. Walls tremble.

VORTEX (40s, cloaked, face obscured by a shifting mask of
static) sprints down a collapsing corridor, Object 0001-a
glowing, geometric artifact-clutched tight.

Behind him, APOLLO gives chase, relentless.

AGENT APOLLO
Vortex! Drop it!

VORTEX
You're too late, Apollo. You always
were.

He raises Object 0001—it HUMS, pulses with impossible
geometry. Space bends.

A shimmering GATE snaps open ahead, swirling with reverse
entropy.

AGENT VENUS (COMMS)
Apollo, DO NOT follow him in.
That's an unanchored time corridor!

AGENT APOLLO
If he goes through, history's
toast. I'm going in.

He sprints. Vortex vanishes into the gate. Apollo leaps—INTO
THE UNKNOWN.

INT. INVERSION CHAMBER - UNKNOWN DIMENSION

A storm of time. Colors blur. Gravity flickers. Apollo is
torn in every direction—memories, choices, regrets ripping
past him.

He tumbles headlong through a tunnel of reversed motion.

His veins glow blue. Breaths go backward. Blood un-bleeds
from his broken knuckles.

APOLLO (V.O.)
This isn't time travel. This is...
rejection.

SLAM. He crashes to solid ground.

EXT. MIRRORED CITY - NIGHT (REVERSED TIME)

Everything runs backward. Cars reverse. People un-speak. Rain
falls up.

Apollo stumbles. He's INVERTED now—existing against time's
flow.

His watch spins backward. His pulse beats in reverse.

Up ahead, VORTEX, walking calmly with time, untouched.

AGENT APOLLO
(hoarse, echoing)
What... did you do to me?

VORTEX
You crossed the line. Now you'll
learn what it means to break time.

AGENT APOLLO
Give me the artifact.

VORTEX
It's not an artifact. It's a key.
(beat)
To unmake the future you failed to
protect.

He vanishes in a blink. Time bends where he stood.

Apollo collapses to one knee. His body fights itself—half in,
half out of this inverted flow.

Suddenly—SHOTS RING OUT. REVERSED BULLETS race toward him,
retreating from impact.

Apollo twists in midair. Dodges. BARELY.

INT. GLASS ATRIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Apollo crashes through glass (in reverse—it unbreaks around
him). He lands on mirrored marble. The reflection shows two
Apollos—past and inverted.

A VOICE echoes. Female. Calm. Crisp.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)
You shouldn't be alive. Not like
this.

AGENT APOLLO
(turning)
Who are you?

From the shadows steps a woman in a reinforced temporal suit.
Eyes sharp, carrying a strange hybrid tablet/scanner. AGENT
HISTORIA (30s) — the historian-turned-operative, enters.

AGENT HISTORIA
I'm Historia. I study time. You
just punched through it.

AGENT APOLLO
You work for Central Command?

AGENT HISTORIA
No. I predate it. You're going to
need me.
(beat)
Because Vortex just set something
in motion we can't stop—not unless
you stay inverted.

Apollo's eyes narrow.

AGENT APOLLO
Then let's rewrite the end.

INT. TIME-SEAM SAFEHOUSE - REVERSED ZONE - NIGHT

A flickering temporal anomaly shelter, barely stable. Walls
are patched with fractal insulation. It groans under paradox
stress.

Apollo, pale and sweat-soaked, convulses on a cot. His body
keeps glitching—twitches of reverse motion, like his muscles
are fighting the present.

Historia adjusts stabilizers embedded in the floor.

AGENT HISTORIA
You're rejecting the inversion. Too
much linear memory.

AGENT APOLLO
(gritting his teeth)
I can't think. I hear voices
backwards. I see dead agents alive
again...
(beat, broken)
I saw my brother.

AGENT HISTORIA
Not real. Just time trying to fill
in gaps.

She injects him with something. His spasms slow, but his eyes
are haunted.

AGENT APOLLO
This was a one-way jump, wasn't it?

AGENT HISTORIA

If you're asking how we get back...

(beat)

We don't. Not without Object 0001.

Apollo tries to rise. Falls. The weight of it all lands.

AGENT APOLLO

So he wins. Vortex fractures
history, I die alone in a place
where time runs backward...

AGENT HISTORIA

Worse. You'll unexist. The longer
you're here inverted, the more your
past gets overwritten.

Apollo looks up at her, stunned.

AGENT APOLLO

Why help me?

She sits. Removes her gloves. Her fingers are partially
transparent.

AGENT HISTORIA

Because I already lost my timeline.
Vortex erased it.

(beat)

I'm the last thing that remembers
it was real.

They sit in silence. The air buzzes with distant
screams—unhappening.

Historia scans the horizon on a cracked holo-globe. It shows
major historical events glitching.

The moon landing rewinding. A peace treaty flickering out. A
child — Yurev — alive then gone then alive again.

AGENT HISTORIA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Everything is decaying. The
structure of time... It's coming
apart.

Apollo's jaw clenches. Then, softer—

AGENT APOLLO

Venus... Mars... the team... they're
still forward. Still linear.
They'll think I'm dead.

(beat)

Maybe I am.

AGENT HISTORIA
No. You're worse.
(beat)
You're unaccounted for.

A beat. The gravity of her words suffocates the room.

ALARMS. One of the monitors flashes:

ANCHOR POINT BREACHED. OBJECT 0001 MOVING.

Historia stares.

AGENT HISTORIA (CONT'D)
He's not just running. He's
building something.

AGENT APOLLO
Then we need to hit back.

AGENT HISTORIA
With what? You can't touch normal
time anymore. You can't communicate
with your team. You're erased.

Apollo stands, unsteady, burning.

AGENT APOLLO
Then we build something worse.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - LATER

The shelter darkens. Power draining.

Apollo stares into a cracked mirror. His reflection
splits—one forward, one inverted. A ghost of both.

AGENT APOLLO (V.O.)
This was never about saving time.
It was about owning it.
Now he owns the future...
Unless we steal the past.

He turns to Historia.

AGENT APOLLO (CONT'D)
We make our own anomaly. Our own
weapon. No more defense.

AGENT HISTORIA
You're talking about paradox
engineering.

AGENT APOLLO
I'm talking about war.

They lock eyes. In this dead zone, surrounded by a collapsing cosmos, one broken agent and one ghost of history decide to strike back.

FADE TO BLACK.

ACT FIVE

INT. FORWARD-TIME COMMAND POST - NIGHT

The room is tense. Scrambled feeds. Chrono-maps pulsing red.

Agent Venus and Agent Mars stand over a screen displaying flickers of distorted satellite feeds. Echoes of events that never happened – and some that shouldn't have been undone.

TECH SPECIALIST (O.S.)
We keep picking up entropy shadows.
Blips in the chrono-field—like a
presence stuck between frames.

AGENT VENUS
Where?

TECH SPECIALIST
Everywhere. And nowhere. It's
quantum-noised. Like someone's
moving backwards through time.

Venus's expression hardens.

AGENT VENUS
Apollo.

Mars snorts.

AGENT MARS
He's dead, Venus.

AGENT VENUS
Then why is his chronal signature
still showing up in three different
eras?

Mars falls quiet.

AGENT VENUS (CONT'D)
He's not dead. He's inverted.

INT. TIME-SEAM SAFEHOUSE - REVERSE ZONE - "NIGHT"

Apollo and Historia sit surrounded by makeshift tech. Wires. Damaged relics. Paradox-stabilizers held together with temporal glue.

Historia flips a switch. A 3D waveform explodes in midair: a forked structure of time, showing multiple possible presents.

AGENT HISTORIA
I call this "Ghost Protocol." It's
a method to insert an inverted
anomaly into forward time.

AGENT APOLLO
A message?

AGENT HISTORIA
No. A trap.

She points to one forked path. It leads to a flashpoint:
Yurev's location—two hours from now.

AGENT HISTORIA (CONT'D)
This event is fixed in the real
timeline. But if we drop a paradox
bomb here, right at this anchor
point, it'll force Vortex to act.

Apollo nods, eyes burning.

AGENT APOLLO
We smoke him out.

AGENT HISTORIA
But the blast will wreck your
molecular stability. You're already
halfway erased.

AGENT APOLLO
Then I'll go the rest of the way on
my own terms.

INT. TIME CORE ASSEMBLY - LATER

The room is silent save for the hum of a volatile device: a
CHRONO-HARPOON built from future ruins and past tech.

Apollo tightens a stabilizer to his chest. Historia places
the harpoon in his hands.

AGENT HISTORIA
This will shoot a temporal rupture
straight into fixed time. One shot.
One chance.

AGENT APOLLO
If it lands?

AGENT HISTORIA
They'll see the anomaly. Your team.
Vortex. Everyone.

AGENT APOLLO
Then let's make it loud.

INT. FORWARD-TIME - YUREV'S SECURITY ZONE - NIGHT

Venus and Mars arrive at the site of Yurev's press event.
Something feels wrong.

A flicker in the air like heat waves. A buzz in their bones.

SUDDENLY, time bends. The air splits open.

A shockwave of reversed light. Static. And then, hanging in
the sky like a scar:

A REPEATING SYMBOL IN FLAME: APOLLO'S CALLSIGN.

Mars gasps.

AGENT MARS
What the hell...

AGENT VENUS
(whispers)
He's talking to us.

Then — BAM. Time hiccups.

Suddenly guards begin reacting to threats they haven't seen
yet. Cameras rewind. A single bullet casing rises from the
ground and flies back into a sniper rifle.

AGENT VENUS (CONT'D)
That's a warning. A prediction.

AGENT MARS
A trap.

Venus's eyes light up.

AGENT VENUS
No. It's Apollo.
(beat)
He's hunting Vortex. From the wrong
side of time.

CUT TO:

INT. SAFEHOUSE - REVERSE ZONE - NIGHT

Apollo slumps, drained. The harpoon fired. His body flickers in and out.

AGENT HISTORIA
They saw it. They're moving.

AGENT APOLLO
Good. Because Vortex will, too.

INT. SHADOW FACILITY - BUNKER 9 - NIGHT

Dim red emergency lights flicker as sirens howl deep underground. Walls pulse with strange tech-time-warp sensors, energy fields glitching like broken glass.

Apollo - suited in black ops gear laced with chrono-tech - moves through the corridor like a ghost. Focused. Dangerous. His watch tracks residual time displacement: VORTEX is near.

STATIC BLAST. Time warps. For a beat, Apollo sees three versions of himself - past, present, future - then sync.

INT. CONTROL CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Vortex, twitchy and smug, jabs at a console. A fractured portal sputters behind him, spewing echoes from different eras - D-Day, 9/11. He's trying to rip time open.

APOLLO (O.S.)
You're out of moves, Vortex.

Vortex spins, draws a sidearm-but Apollo anticipates. A flash-step. A crunching punch. The gun clatters.

VORTEX
You think this ends with me?

He spits blood. Smiles.

VORTEX (CONT'D)
Chronos was never mine. It was his.

BAM - Doors blow open. A distorted silhouette enters: YUREV NOVIKOV. Ageless. Wearing a temporal regulator like a crown. Behind him... THE HEADS OF THE AXIS POWERS, REANIMATED. Fueled by tech stolen from fractured timelines.

Apollo backs up. Heart pounding.

YUREV

You thought you were correcting the
timeline. But history—real
history—is a weapon.

He lifts a gauntlet: PROJECT CHRONOS. Time slows. Flashes of infiltration ripple through Apollo's visor—CIA agents frozen mid-scream, satellites hijacked, nuclear silos accessed from 1943.

APOLLO

This isn't restoration. This is
conquest.

Yurev laughs, and the Axis figures begin to move. Not puppets—fully sentient, war-born commanders.

VORTEX

You should've killed me years ago.
You let me live long enough to open
the door.

APOLLO

Then let's close it.

He throws a chrono-blade—a shard of time—right into the portal's core. The chamber shudders. Time bends inward.

Apollo tackles Vortex, dragging him clear as the portal implodes. Yurev screams, caught between temporal fields—his body warps and vanishes in a burst of anti-light.

The Axis remnants glitch, then vanish like failed code.

Silence.

Only Apollo and Vortex remain, coughing, burned, alive.

VORTEX

You stopped him...

APOLLO

Not soon enough.

He cuffs Vortex with chrono-restraints.

APOLLO (CONT'D)

You're done skipping time.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - THE NEXT MORNING

The Capitol. FBI. CIA. Department of Defense. All quietly purged—names scrubbed, agents reassigned. Trust is shattered. Protocols rewritten.

INT. SECURE BRIEFING ROOM

Mars, Venus, and Apollo—battle-worn—face a table of shadowy officials.

AGENT VENUS

We stopped the immediate threat.

AGENT MARS

But infiltration ran deep. We're rebuilding from the inside.

APOLLO

The real war wasn't in the past.
It's what we remember. What we
choose to protect.

A beat.

VENUS

And what we're willing to lose.

INT. SECURE MEDICAL BAY - NIGHT

Apollo lies on a biobed, patched up but pale. His chrono-gear is scattered across a metal table nearby—charred, cracked, radioactive with residual temporal energy.

Mars leans against the wall, arms crossed. Venus sits by Apollo's side. No words. Just the shared silence of survivors.

APOLLO

(softly)

Did we win?

VENUS

We're still here, aren't we?

She forces a small smile. Mars doesn't.

MARS

Yurev triggered six parallel contingencies. We stopped the big one. But there were echoes.

(MORE)

MARS (CONT'D)

Tehran, Berlin, D.C.—all got hit
with false timelines. Whole days
that didn't happen.

VENUS

They've already been memory-wiped
from public consciousness. But some
people... remember.

APOLLO

Temporal bleed.

MARS

Yeah. And not just civilians. We've
got rogue cells inside NATO. The
NSA. Even the Vatican's calling it
divine intervention.

VENUS

There's a new paranoia forming. Not
just what's real. But when.

INT. DECOMMISSIONING BAY - NIGHT

Rows of time-tech prototypes are dismantled and incinerated.
Apollo watches as Project Chronos's remains are sealed inside
a black vault and dropped into an underground reactor.

A voiceover from an OFFICIAL BRIEFING overlays:

INT. GLOBAL COUNCIL BLACK SITE - SIMULTANEOUS

Holograms of major world leaders. Files labeled "OPERATION
SANDGLASS" flash onscreen.

BRIEFING LEADER (V.O.)

Effective immediately, all chrono-weapons and related tech
are to be destroyed or deactivated. No more tampering. No
more experiments. The timeline is off-limits.

INT. STREET LEVEL - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Crowds move normally. News tickers scroll:

"MASSIVE CYBERATTACK FOILED — WORLD BREATHES A SIGH OF
RELIEF"

"DISINFORMATION WAR DECLARED OVER AFTER INTERNATIONAL UNITY VOTE"

Life goes on. But beneath it, there's unease. Something happened. People can feel it.

INT. CEMETERY - DAY

Rain. Rows of headstones. Agent Reese, Director Bannion, and others lost in the mission are buried with full honors.

Apollo stands off to the side in silence.

Venus approaches.

VENUS

They want you to lead the new unit.
Clean-up. Temporal countermeasures.
Global oversight.

APOLLO

I'm done rewriting time. I just
want to remember it.

She nods. Understanding.

INT. TIMELOCK PRISON - UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

VORTEX sits alone in a glass cell suspended in a magnetic field. Older. Quiet. A ghost of the manic man he was.

A figure enters. Apollo.

VORTEX

Come to gloat?

APOLLO

No. I came to ask a question.

(beat)

What did Yurev really want?

VORTEX

The same thing all tyrants want.

A pause.

VORTEX (CONT'D)

To be remembered as the man who
fixed history. Even if he had to
burn it to the ground.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP MONASTERY - EPILOGUE

Months later. Far from the world. Apollo, now bearded and worn, walks the icy steps of a secluded outpost. He passes ancient texts, quantum clocks, and scrolls from civilizations that never existed.

A monk bows to him.

MONK

They say time is a river.

APOLLO

No. It's a scar.

FINAL SHOT:

A WATCH FACE CRACKS. The hands stop. Then begin again.

But they're moving in a direction we've never seen before.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: THE COST OF PARADOX

Run credits.

POST-CREDITS SCENE

INT. UNMAPPED FACILITY - DEEP EARTH CHAMBER - TIME UNKNOWN

Pitch black. Then - a spark.

Lights hum to life, revealing a sealed cryo-vault the size of a battleship. Walls lined with artifact containment pods, each marked with symbols from lost civilizations. Some never recorded in any known human history.

CAMERA PUSHES IN slowly on one of the pods. Inside: a humanoid figure in a platinum uniform, eyes shut, arms crossed. Not breathing. But not dead.

A small console reads:

DESIGNATION: ARTIFACT X - OMEGA PROTOCOL INITIATED

TEMPORAL STATUS: NONLINEAR

ORIGIN: UNKNOWN ERA

> REAWAKEN SEQUENCE: 94%

A warning alarm flashes:

> ALERT: PARADOX ENTITY IMMINENT

> RESTRICTED ACCESS - APOLLO CLASS

Just then, a figure steps out of the shadows.

They wear a mirror-mask, reflecting nothing but black space.
Their voice is processed, layered with multiple tones—male,
female, machine, child.

MIRROR-MASK

The timeline rejected Novikov.

(beat)

Let's see how it handles his
predecessor.

CAMERA PANS TO A WALL OF SYMBOLS - among them: the Apollo
callsign, now crossed out.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW