

**INT. THE TIME VARIANCE AUTHORITY**

A squeaky wheel on a mail cart...

The CLERK driving it stops, grabs an armful of files, then drops them into an inbox tray.

CASEY glares at the pile from behind a comparably large stack already on his desk.

CASEY

Really?

The Clerk shrugs and continues on...

CLERK

Infinite timelines, infinite work.

Casey sighs and his gaze moves back to the new stack. He rolls his chair over and starts thumbing through it...

Something catches his eye... confusion...

He stops and thumbs back to the previous file... pulling it from the stack.

The label on the front reads: SINGULAR TEMPORAL ENTITY.

He opens the folder and scans the pages...

CASEY

This can't be right.

He slides over to his computer... typing away, researching, cross referencing...

Then leans back in his chair, perplexed.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Huh...

**OUTSIDE THE WAR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

A meeting is just letting out...

Casey paces back and forth in the hall until he spots B-15.

He rushes to her.

CASEY

(A bit frantic)

Hey, hey! I need to show you something.

B-15 shoots him a wide-eyed puzzled look, but continues her pace down the hall as he shuffles along with her, fumbling the papers.

B-15  
Whoa, OK. Is it an emergency? I'm kind of on my way to something?

CASEY  
Umm, I honestly don't know.

B-15 stops, she studies Casey for a beat...

B-15  
All right, show me.

Casey hands her the folder. She thumbs through it...

And soon shares the same confused look as him.

B-15 (CONT'D)  
This can't be right.

CASEY  
That's what I said!

He slides the additional printed pages onto the open folder...

She reads it...

B-15  
Huh...

CASEY  
That's also what I said.

#### **OB'S LAB - MOMENTS LATER**

B-15 and Casey march in...

OB pops up from behind the desk.

OB  
(Excited)  
Hey guys!

B-15 slams the folder down and slides it across to OB.

OB glances down at it curiously before returning his attention to B-15 and Casey, both fixedly staring.

He picks up the folder and thumbs through it...

OB (CONT'D)

Hmm, that can't be right.

B-15

That's what I said.

CASEY

That's what I said!

B-15 and Casey share a glance...

Then B-15 motions toward the other papers in Casey's hand.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Right.

Casey slides the additional printouts to OB...

OB picks them up curiously and reads...

OB

Huh...

CASEY

That's also what I...

B-15 gives Casey a pointed look.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Oh...

OB paces behind his desk as he continues reading.

OB

So, wait this says there's someone out there with zero variants?

B-15

That's how I read it.

CASEY

Do we have any way to verify?

OB

Nothing that wouldn't take me a millennium worth of data to sift through... Though... There is Miss Minutes.

B-15

Is she, safe?

OB shrugs.

OB

Only one way to find out.

He reaches over and flips a switch on a nearby panel... activating MISS MINUTES...

She animates into reality hovering between the group.

MISS MINUTES  
Hey yall! What can I do for ya?

B-15 and Casey take a half step back.

OB  
Take a look at this, what do you think?

Miss Minutes takes the folder and examines it.

MISS MINUTES  
Hmm, Singular Temporal Entity. Very interesting concept!

OB  
Interesting yeah, but impossible... right? There are infinite timelines now. The odds of that happening are... infinite.

MISS MINUTES  
Well, infinite timelines, means infinite possibilities and among those is the possibility that someone will be a wholly unique... singularity, if you will.

OB  
Wow, fascinating...

MISS MINUTES  
Would you like me to scan through the timelines and see what I can find?

OB  
Yes! Great, do that.

MISS MINUTES  
Well all right then, stand by please!

Miss Minutes eyes begin to flash rapidly as she runs her internal scans.

CASEY  
Wait, so if this is true what does it mean? Is it good or bad?

OB

I suppose... I don't have an answer for that.

There's a beat of silence between the group...

Until Miss Minutes snaps back from her scan.

MISS MINUTES

So far I have scanned Two hundred fifty-six trillion, eight hundred ninety-four billion, seven hundred thirty-two million, one hundred ninety-eight thousand, seven hundred sixty-five, and four hundred thirty-one different timelines.

B-15

And?

MISS MINUTES

I have yet to find a match. Should I keep scanning?

OB

No... No, I have a feeling the reporting on this is right.

MISS MINUTES

You know... this makes me rethink something that He Who Remains once said about the sacred timeline.

OB

And what's that?

MISS MINUTES

He said he created it in order to prevent a multiversal war and to stop HIM from rising. Now, I always assumed by him, he meant a variant of himself. But, perhaps the him, he was referring to was our singularity.

CASEY

So someone that even he feared coming into creation.

The group eyes one another.

MISS MINUTES

Perhaps this is a case where you might want to ignore some of the new TVA guidelines.

B-15

We don't prune anymore. Under any circumstance.

MISS MINUTES

Well, then I guess you'll just have to see how this one plays out.

CASEY

Where did it say this person was being born?

OB checks the file...

OB

Timeline 616. Earth. Year 1988.  
Country Latveria.

**EXT. LATVERIA - NIGHT**

A bolt of lightning spiderwebs through the sky followed immediately by a CRACK of thunder, illuminating a grand palace nestled on a mountainside.

SUPER: LATVERIA, 1988

Below the palace the torrential downpour drenches a small, impoverished Eastern European village.

**EXT. SHANTY - NIGHT**

The screams of a WOMAN in labor pierce through the thunderstorm... Then... the cries of an infant...

**INSIDE**

CYNTHIA, 20s, the young mother. A Romani woman, disheveled, but with a spark of joy and hope as she gazes across the room.

A WOMAN whispers gently to the CHILD, calming it's cries, as she wraps it in a warm blanket. She then turns toward Cynthia revealing herself to be...

AGATHA HARKNESS.

AGATHA

Calm now, that's it. Let's go see  
your mother.

CYNTHIA

Is anything wrong?

AGATHA

No, he's fine.

CYNTHIA

(Enamored)

He?

AGATHA

Yes, a beautiful healthy baby boy.

Agatha hands him over to Cynthia, who pulls the blanket back  
revealing the child's face.

She gently strokes his cheek.

CYNTHIA

Oh, look at that face. It's  
perfect. He's perfect.

AGATHA

Do you have a name for him yet?

Cynthia stares into the child's eyes for a moment and he  
stares back.

She smiles softly.

CYNTHIA

Victor. Victor Von Doom.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END