

**The Third Book**

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEW ENGLAND COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING

From a distance...

A river winds through a colorful autumn landscape. A city appears. On the river's far bank there's a divided highway, then dozens of buildings with varying shapes rising from beautifully landscaped plots of still-green grass.

EXT. KILLIAN COURT - CONTINUOUS

A PLAQUE: KILLIAN COURT MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY FOUNDED 1916

A grassy quad. An EVANGELIST in a three thousand dollar off-white suit stands on a small, portable stage that gives him a view of the Charles River sparkling in the low sun.

Behind him, tall ionic columns. To the sides, trees and the ivied buildings of M.I.T.

A crowd of students gathered around the stage listens as he orates...

EVANGELIST

Science can't lead you to God. You  
won't find Jesus with science.

The crowd watches, some smiling, some smirking, some giggling snide comments to each other.

A pretty, young woman, SOPHIE ZAMBALDI, 20, pushes her way through the crowd and emerges in front of the stage. Sophie wears a sleeveless, red blouse that allows a hint of cleavage and a peek of skin around her waist.

The evangelist sees Sophie and stares.

EVANGELIST (CONT'D)

...and he won't find you if you're  
dressed like that.

He points a righteous finger at Sophie as the crowd turns its gaze from him to her. Some nod playfully, some smile and give a little LAUGH.

SOPHIE

Jesus and I have had a little falling  
out recently.

The crowd LAUGHS.

EVANGELIST

(to the crowd)  
Scientists didn't look like this  
when I was in school.

The crowd LAUGHS, again.

A guy in the crowd, MICHAEL MAHR, 24, stares at Sophie,  
watching, interested...

SOPHIE  
I'm not a scientist -- it's my first  
day here.

The crowd LAUGHS again.

A slight smile turns up the corners of Michael's mouth.  
Every time the crowd reacts, Michael playfully reacts with  
them...

EVANGELIST  
So, let me ask you, young harlot...

The crowd BOOS.

Sophie stares a moment then...a slight smile develops...

EVANGELIST (CONT'D)  
Since you're not yet polluted  
by...science...

The crowd playfully HISSES.

EVANGELIST (CONT'D)  
How can man be causing global warming  
when the leaves are already dropping  
this first week of November? It  
looks like God's still in charge  
here.

The crowd SNICKERS.

SOPHIE  
You think man doesn't cause heat?

EVANGELIST  
That wasn't my question.

SOPHIE  
You think asphalt and concrete on a  
bright summer day are the same  
temperature as grass and trees?

The crowd is urging her on...

EVANGELIST

Not my question.

SOPHIE

You think shade and...no shade are the same temperature?

EVANGELIST

You sound like a scientist my fair, painted lady. Are you sure you're not lying about that?

SILENCE...

SOPHIE

You think squirrels and raccoons cause ninety percent of forest fires...or maybe it's man that does that?

The evangelist smiles.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Answer me, you jerk.

Another smile from the evangelist.

EVANGELIST

You didn't answer my question.

SOPHIE

It was a dumb question.

(like a machine gun)

The seasons are screwed up because the polar caps are melting and dumping zillions of gallons of cold water into the Gulf Stream -- and other streams I suppose -- I don't know, I'm not a scientist. The cold water is screwing with global temperatures. Do you get that? Ninety percent of the world is burning up while the eastern third of the U.S. is colder than usual, but I assure you it's only a matter of time.

The crowd EXPLODES IN APPLAUSE, including Michael who smiles.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

For the record, Jesus embraced harlots. You, however, called me one and you don't know a thing about me. You wouldn't know Jesus if he was staring you in the face.

Sophie marches off toward one of the big buildings while Michael watches and the crowd APPLAUDS.

INT. MACLAURIN BUILDING BASEMENT LAB - DAY

A thirty by thirty room. In the middle, on the floor is a ten foot in diameter black circle. Three computer desks face inward toward the center of the circle. A couch is against one wall and a training toilet is against another.

ARTHUR GOTTLIEB, 23, looking every bit the nerd he is, in lab coat, glasses, and wild hair and a week's growth of beard, sits staring at a computer screen. He types furiously on his keyboard for a few seconds then sits back, reaches for a box of Fiddle Faddle and pops a fistful into his mouth and waits...

A Green monkey scoots across the lab floor, hops up on Arthur's desk, and sits down on top of the computer monitor facing away from Arthur. The monkey's tail twitches across the screen like a windshield wiper.

Arthur is oblivious.

ARTHUR

Yes. Yes!

He raises his fists toward the ceiling.

The monkey turns and looks.

Sophie stands in the open doorway watching.

SOPHIE

I think the proper word is "eureka"

Arthur looks up from his screen and stares at Sophie a couple of awkward seconds.

ARTHUR

Yes?

SOPHIE

Eureka.

Arthur stares some more, puzzled.

Michael Mahr, the guy from the crowd appears behind Sophie.

ARTHUR

Mikee! Come look.

Michael looks at Sophie and smiles as he brushes past her and as he does her eyes open wide as she shrinks back a bit to let him by.

Michael looks at the screen then looks up toward Sophie who's still in the doorway. He motions with his index finger for her to come into the room.

She slides forward a couple of steps and stops.

Michael motions a little more forcefully for her to approach.

She does and looks at Michael, then the monkey, waits, but then her eyes follow his down to the screen. A puzzled look and then...

SOPHIE

What is that? Are you planning a toga party?

The guys look at each other and smile.

Sophie stands there silent, waiting...

ARTHUR

Are you the new grad student?

Sophie presents her hand to Arthur.

SOPHIE

Sophie...Zambaldi.

Arthur wipes his hand on his lab coat then presents it.

ARTHUR

Arthur.

They shake.

Sophie smiles but when she pulls her hand back she makes an awkward face and subtly wipes her hand against her slacks.

The monkey has been watching. He holds out his hand and Sophie takes it carefully and shakes.

The monkey grins and pulls his hand back and then wipes it against his chest.

Sophie LAUGHS and turns to Michael and presents her hand.

SOPHIE

You're Michael Mahr.

MICHAEL

I was gonna say that.

Their hands clasp and stay clasped...

SOPHIE  
I know who you are. I've been  
following your work.

MICHAEL  
A stalker.

Sophie breaks the clasp and pulls back a little, smiling,  
embarrassed a bit.

SOPHIE  
I couldn't believe it when I got the  
position. I haven't taken a science  
course since my freshman year.

ARTHUR  
We don't need a scientist...

MICHAEL  
For we...  
(drapes his arm on  
Arthur's shoulder)  
...are scientists.

He gestures for her to move toward the leather couch.

The monkey runs and jumps up on the couch's arm.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Come have a seat on our casting couch.

Sophie's brow knits.

SOPHIE  
I thought I had the job.

They move to the couch and Michael and Sophie sit while Arthur  
in his computer chair scoots over to them.

ARTHUR  
He just wants to make you  
uncomfortable.

SOPHIE  
Why?

She looks at Michael, he shrugs.

ARTHUR  
He's intimidated by your resume.

Michael looks at Arthur. His face says "What?".

MICHAEL  
Who took the picture on your  
application?

SOPHIE  
My roommate...back at Stanford.

ARTHUR  
(nodding)  
He's intimidated by your looks!

MICHAEL  
What?

ARTHUR  
You are so much hotter than that  
picture.

Sophie stands...

MICHAEL  
(exasperated)  
Arthur.

SOPHIE  
(to herself)  
Arthur Gottlieb.

ARTHUR  
The last assistant we had broke his  
heart. He wanted someone a little  
less glamorous.

MICHAEL  
Arthur.  
(smiling awkwardly)  
Sophie, please sit.

SOPHIE  
I was going for the scientist nerd  
look. I scrubbed my Facebook page.

ARTHUR  
Oh, thank God. That girl looked  
like no fun at all.

Michael gestures for Sophie to sit. She does.

SOPHIE  
That might actually be true.

MICHAEL  
So you speak fluent Aramaic?

SOPHIE

Yes.

MICHAEL

Who speaks fluent Aramaic?

SOPHIE

I do?

MICHAEL

Do you drink?

EXT. CAMBRIDGE BAR & GRILL BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Not very busy this time of day. Michael, Arthur, and Sophie are at a small round table perched with a great view of Cambridge.

A waitress waits for their order...

MICHAEL

Do you have any mead?

WAITRESS

What's mead?

MICHAEL

It's an ancient drink, maybe the most ancient drink.

WAITRESS

No.

MICHAEL

Will you check?

The waitress stares at Michael, her lip upturned. She leaves.

SOPHIE

I don't really want a drink. It's... still morning.

MICHAEL

What time would you like to start drinking?

SOPHIE

I don't usually drink.

MICHAEL

Never?

SOPHIE

You've read my resume, right?

Michael shrugs.

MICHAEL  
Most of it.

ARTHUR  
She's only twenty, Mike.

MICHAEL  
Yeah?

SOPHIE  
Alcohol and I...we're not friends.

MICHAEL  
And why're you only twenty?

SOPHIE  
I took some college courses in high school.

Two guys and a young woman step onto the balcony.

Sophie sees them first, studies one of the guys, trying to place him, then quickly lowers her eyes to the table in front of her. She fumbles for a menu...

Michael with a puzzled smile watches this behavior. He looks behind him as the three move toward a table on the other side of the balcony.

ARTHUR  
(to Michael)  
Is this why you wanted to bring us all the way over here?

Michael shrugs.

MICHAEL  
(to Sophie)  
Why're you hiding?

SOPHIE  
I'm not hiding.

ARTHUR  
You look like you're hiding.

The waitress returns with three glasses filled with pale amber colored liquid and places one down in front of each of them.

MICHAEL  
All right!

One of the guys who just took a seat -- the guy Sophie was staring at, GUNNER GRANT, 24 -- stands up and walks over to their table.

GUNNER

Mikee. What're y'all doin' on this side of town?

Arthur takes a swig of his drink and makes a face.

ARTHUR

Hey, Gunner.

GUNNER

Hey, Artie.

Sophie continues to read her menu.

GUNNER (CONT'D)

He's got you drinkin' mead, right?

ARTHUR

What is mead?

GUNNER

It's an old honey wine. I'm makin' your old honey whine, Mikee, every night. Whinin', howlin', squealin'. You know how she is.

Michael sits there calmly and looks over at the pretty, young woman at the table Gunner just left.

ARTHUR

She deserves better than you, Gunner. Why don't you just...leave. You know how to do that.

Gunner ignores Arthur, studies Sophie who never looks up.

GUNNER

And who're you, darlin'?

MICHAEL

(very controlled)  
Get the fuck outta here.

GUNNER

I was talkin' to the lady.

ARTHUR

Come on, dude.

GUNNER  
(to Sophie)  
Do I know you?

Sophie finally looks up and makes careful, cold eye contact with Gunner.

GUNNER (CONT'D)  
I guess not. You looked familiar.

He struts back to his table and as he does he yells...

GUNNER (CONT'D)  
I want my monkey back!

Michael stares at the young woman at Gunner's table.

MICHAEL  
(yelling back)  
I think we made a good trade!

Sophie LAUGHS into her hand, embarrassing herself.

ARTHUR  
You made her laugh.

MICHAEL  
(to Sophie)  
Do you know him?

SOPHIE  
Not really.

ARTHUR  
What does that mean?

She shakes her head.

SOPHIE  
What's good here?

MICHAEL  
The mead.

He lifts his glass and takes a couple of swigs and then grimaces.

Sophie LAUGHS again.

ARTHUR  
(to Michael)  
You made her laugh again.

MICHAEL  
It's not that bad. Try it.

SOPHIE  
What the heck.

She raises her glass in a toast...

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Here's to new beginnings.

She takes a sip and her eyes open wider. She takes another sip.

ARTHUR  
She likes it.

He takes a sip and then lets it dribble back into the glass.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Jesus. It's just not growing on me.

Sophie takes another drink.

SOPHIE  
Why are we drinking mead?

Arthur looks at Michael and waits, but when Michael remains silent...

ARTHUR  
(quietly)  
We've decided on ancient Rome.

Sophie's expression says, "You gotta give me more, dude..."

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
We're going to ancient Rome.  
(whispers)  
We're going back in time. You, me,  
and Captain Crazy.

He points at Michael who's drinking and making a face as he swallows.

SOPHIE  
I thought you were years away.

MICHAEL  
Arthur had a breakthrough.

Arthur grins.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
We've got all the pieces.

SOPHIE  
You haven't done it yet?

Michael shakes his head and looks over at the other table while he finishes his mead.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

That's why you wanted an ancient languages specialist.

MICHAEL

(a little buzzed)  
Give us a little Latin.

SOPHIE

Non ego Romae antiquae.

Michael smiles. The liquor and the girl have charmed him.

MICHAEL

That was lovely.

ARTHUR

I think she said she doesn't want to go.

Sophie nods approval at Arthur's linguistics ability, but then...

SOPHIE

Actually, what I said was I'm not gonna go.

MICHAEL

(to Sophie)  
Drink your mead, woman.

He raises his empty glass and CLICKS it against Sophie's half full glass and smiles and nods and then takes a drink of nothing. His face registers disappointment. He bangs the empty glass down on the table.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(to the room)  
More mead!

INT. SOPHIE AND MEL'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

MEL LORIS, 23, her head in a colorful kerchief, stands in front of the bathroom mirror gluing her fake eyelashes to her chemo-ravaged lids.

She stares at her face, makes a fake smile, and then touches up her penciled-on eyebrows.

The doorbell CHIMES.

She scurries to the front door and opens it.

Standing there is six-year-old RICKY GREEN. He smiles shyly.

MEL

Yeees?

RICKY

My mom says you and Sophie are invited to supper in the back yard. Don't bring anything just yourselves.

MEL

What time?

RICKY

About an hour.

MEL

Tell her "Thank you" I'll be there. I don't know about Sophie. It's her first day of school.

RICKY

Sophie goes to school?

MEL

Graduate school.

RICKY

After you graduate you still have to go to school?

Mel shrugs her shoulders and tips her palms up beside her hips.

MEL

Whaddaya gonna do?

Ricky blushes at Mel's playfulness then mimics the gesture.

RICKY

Not much you *can* do.

It's evidently a routine they've worked out.

MEL

See you in an hour.

RICKY

Okay!

He rushes off while still answering...

RICKY (CONT'D)

See you in an hour!

Mel smiles and then still smiling, tears fill her eyes.

She closes the door and walks back into the bedroom and begins leafing through her closet. She HEARS THE FRONT DOOR OPEN and walks to the bedroom doorway.

Sophie closes the door and fumbles at the bolt.

MEL

Hey! So?

Sophie grins. She sways a bit...

SOPHIE

He's such a mess. I think I love him.

Bliss lingers a brief moment then morphs into alarm.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Oh, God...

She rushes into the bathroom and THROWS UP.

Mel rushes in after her.

MEL

Tough first day, huh? Did he recognize you?

INT. MACLAURIN BUILDING BASEMENT LAB - EVENING

Michael and Arthur are on the couch.

The monkey is sitting in Arthur's computer chair which still faces the couch. He holds a device that looks like a cell phone. He squeezes the screen. A green light above the lab's front door blinks and CHIMES.

Arthur unlatches the file cabinet under his desk and hands the monkey a banana and the monkey peels it and eats while the guys, who are still a bit tipsy, talk...

MICHAEL

You shouldn't a' done that, Arthur.

ARTHUR

He was hungry.

MICHAEL

What if he doesn't get hungry again for hours? We'll be here all night.

ARTHUR

We're gonna do it tonight?

MICHAEL

Why not?

ARTHUR

I thought we'd get a bit of an audience. This is historic.

MICHAEL

After almost no thought I've reconsidered. I think drunk and alone is a better plan.

ARTHUR

I really wanted to check through the math a couple more times.

MICHAEL

Your math is perfect. Hand me the thing.

Arthur hands Michael a device that looks like a cell phone that's sitting on the arm of the couch.

Michael punches in a series of commands. He gets up from the couch and wobbles to the center of the black circle.

ARTHUR

Mikee! What are you doing?

Michael smiles and carefully places the device down on the floor in the center of the circle. He steps away smiling and sits back on the couch.

MICHAEL

I set it for five seconds.

ARTHUR

It's still there.

MICHAEL

Wait for it...

The device vanishes.

ARTHUR

Oh, my God!

Tears fill Arthur's eyes...

MICHAEL

One and two and three  
(he smiles)  
And four and five...

It's still gone...

ARTHUR

Fuck!

MICHAEL

(very worried)

Six and seven and eight...

It reappears.

ARTHUR

Yes! Holy shit!

MICHAEL

Why was it off by sixty percent?

Arthur gets up from the couch and walks to the device. He reaches for it and gingerly picks it up.

ARTHUR

Maybe slightly warm?

He scrolls through the data as he walks back to the couch and plops down.

He GIGGLES and shows the screen to Michael.

Michael smiles and closes his eyes.

MICHAEL

I might be a little drunk.

ARTHUR

You hit the eight instead of the five.

MICHAEL

I see that.

He turns to the monkey.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Your turn.

ARTHUR

Where're you sending the little fucker?

(to the monkey)

No offense, Harold.

The monkey continues to eat.

MICHAEL

Right here. Eight a.m. tomorrow morning. Roughly twelve hours.

ARTHUR

If we send him to eight a.m. -- half a day from now...

(looks at his watch)

...he'll get hungry sometime between immediately and six hours later.

MICHAEL

He's never gone six hours without eating.

ARTHUR

Yeah, so sometime before about two a.m. -- later tonight...

MICHAEL

Tomorrow morning.

ARTHUR

Yeah, tomorrow, two a.m.

MICHAEL

He'll be back.

ARTHUR

No, no, no, no, no! At eight a.m. tomorrow morning, he'll be back here because we sent him here to arrive at eight a.m. tomorrow morning. He'll never get to push it.

MICHAEL

Oh, yeah. We already knew that.

ARTHUR

Yeah. This Quantum shit gets complicated when you're drunk. We could make a mistake if we're not careful.

The monkey finishes the banana and tosses the peel on the floor.

Arthur makes the "cut throat" gesture and the accompanying SOUND.

The monkey makes the same gesture.

MICHAEL

Showtime.

ARTHUR

Shouldn't we at least wait 'til we sober up a bit?

Michael jumps up and types furiously on a computer keyboard. He looks at his iPad then reaches for the device he just used in the test run.

He picks up the monkey's device and puts it in a desk drawer then takes the time device and encases it in a leather holster that has a looped cord attached to it and threads it over the monkey's head so that it hangs over his chest.

Arthur gets up and takes something out of the drawer Michael just opened.

He places a collar containing miniature cameras that face forward and backward onto the monkey's neck.

The monkey pulls at it a few times and then seems to forget it's there.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

We forgot to video that.

He points to four cameras in the corners of the room.

Michael shrugs and flips a wall switch and the cameras blink red.

MICHAEL

Let's light this candle.

ARTHUR

Shouldn't we say something?

MICHAEL

I thought I just did.

ARTHUR

Oh, sorry.

Michael takes the monkey's hand and leads him to the black circle in the middle of the room.

MICHAEL

Stay.

The monkey knits his brow and Michael pushes on his iPad.

The monkey disappears

ARTHUR

Holy shit!

Wide-eyed, Michael stares at the empty black spot and GIGGLES. He looks directly into one of the cameras.

MICHAEL

That's one small leap for a monkey,  
one giant adventure for Anthropeidea.

He turns to Arthur.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We should celebrate. Where'd you  
put that bottle we stole from Gunner?

EXT. SOPHIE AND MEL'S BACK YARD - EVENING

A picnic table filled with the aftermath of a meal sits in the middle of a yard shared by a house and an in-law suite which are separated by a two-car garage.

Sophie is stretched out in a chaise longue. Mel and PHYLLIS, 37, are sitting on a patio couch. Ricky is asleep between them with his head resting on Mel and with Mel's hand running through his hair.

MEL

Phyllis, I'm in love with your son.

PHYLLIS

I think it's mutual.

Phyllis takes a sip from the beer bottle she's holding.

MEL

He doesn't seem to see  
(points at her kerchief  
and face)  
the weirdness.

PHYLLIS

It's true love.

Sophie stretches and YAWNS.

MEL

Sophie, tell us about your true love.

Sophie smiles and blushes a little.

SOPHIE

I'm not supposed to talk about it.  
It's a secret project.

MEL

Who cares about the project? Tell  
us about the man.

Phyllis smiles and takes another sip of beer.

SOPHIE

Well...I've been reading about him for a couple of years and I watched a couple of Youtubes, you know? But he's nothing like his interviews.

PHYLLIS

And...?

SOPHIE

All we did was drink and order togas and play with his monkey.

Mel and Phyllis LAUGH and Ricky smiles in his sleep.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

He has a Green monkey -- from Barbados. A real monkey with greenish fur, named Harold.

PHYLLIS

Enough about his genitalia, tell us about his personality.

SOPHIE

I don't know what to say. I just like him.

She smiles blissfully.

MEL

Sophie fooled around with him at a party when she was sixteen.

PHYLLIS

No!

SOPHIE

Mel!

Ricky opens his eyes and frowns and then looks up and sees Mel and smiles.

RICKY

Hi.

MEL

Hi.

Ricky closes his eyes and goes back to sleep.

Mel's eyes fill with tears and she begins to tremble. She tries to contain it but starts silently sobbing.

Phyllis puts her hand on Mel's shoulder.

MEL (CONT'D)  
I'm not scared for me.

SOPHIE  
You're not gonna die.

Phyllis's eyes fill with tears. She takes another sip of beer.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
(to Phyllis)  
She's not gonna die.

INT. MACLAURIN BUILDING BASEMENT LAB - MORNING

Arthur is asleep on the couch. Michael is stretched out on his back in the middle of the black circle with an empty bottle of Remy Martin XO clutched in his hands.

The door to the lab is already open as Sophie steps through and sees Michael and Arthur. She sits down at one of the desks and waits...then gets up and starts looking around the room. Finally, she CLAPS HER HANDS.

Arthur pops up and looks around quickly. Michael continues to sleep.

ARTHUR  
Where's Harold?

SOPHIE  
The door was open when I got here.

Arthur hurries to his desk and starts typing furiously. A large digital clock over the door lights up:

8:57

ARTHUR  
Switch desks with me.

He gets up and rushes to Sophie's desk.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Now!

Sophie frowns as she rushes to Arthur's desk.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Keep scrolling through the video.

Michael awakens, squints, and looks around.

MICHAEL  
Could you keep it down?

ARTHUR

Mike. Get up and help us sift through this video.

MICHAEL

Jesus, Arthur...

ARTHUR

It's 8:58. Harold's not here.

Michael looks up at the clock over the door.

MICHAEL

That's supposed to be counting down not up.

ARTHUR

I didn't have time to reset it.

Sophie looks up at the clock for the first time.

SOPHIE

That clock's wrong.

She goes back to her scrolling then stops and stares at the screen.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You left the door open, Arthur. You must have gone to the bathroom.

She continues to scroll.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Oh, Jesus.

ON SCREEN: With his back to Sophie's camera angle Michael stands at the monkey's toilet relieving himself.

ARTHUR

Yeah, I saw that. Hope your angle was worse than mine.

MICHAEL

Maybe he just walked out after he got back.

SOPHIE

There's no monkey on the video I just looked at.

MICHAEL

What if he came back while I was sleeping here? Maybe he's inside of me. It sure feels like that.

Sophie, puzzled, looks at Michael who's still on the floor.  
Arthur looks up at Michael and shakes his head, exasperated.

ARTHUR  
My program won't let that happen.

SOPHIE  
What are you guys talking about?

She looks at each of them. Michael is blank. Arthur looks guilty.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
You tried it out on Harold?

MICHAEL  
It was either him or Arthur.

Gunner Grant appears in the doorway.

GUNNER  
Mornin', y'all. Rough night, Mike?

Michael looks up at the clock over Gunner's head:

8:59

He stands up, bottle still in hand, smiles, and takes a step forward putting himself between Gunner and the center of the black circle.

He looks over his shoulder to Arthur and Sophie and then points an index finger toward the ceiling...

MICHAEL  
Spring forward, fall back.

Sophie and Arthur stare blankly at him...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
We never reset that clock last week-end.

Sophie and Arthur at the desks both watch the clock change to 9:00 as Harold reappears behind Michael.

SOPHIE  
(quietly, but audible)  
Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

Arthur clenches his fists and jaw in silent victory.

Gunner has been looking at Sophie.

GUNNER  
(to Sophie)  
I know I know you from somewhere.

Michael turns around.

MICHAEL  
(to Harold but for  
Gunner's benefit)  
There you are!

With one hand Michael picks up the monkey who then holds onto Michael's neck. Michael takes off Harold's equipment while occasionally squeezing Harold's various limbs and tissues making sure he's all there.

Gunner steps forward and reaches for the monkey and Michael hands the empty Remy bottle to him. Gunner's mouth smiles.

Harold hugs Michael tighter.

Gunner reaches again for the monkey.

Harold shows his teeth.

With his thumb Michael has been scrolling through the device he took off of Harold's neck. He smiles and thumbs it some more and then hangs it again around Harold's neck.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
He likes playing with this.

GUNNER  
Come here, boy.

Michael grins and hands the reluctant Harold to Gunner.

MICHAEL  
Sorry, Gun, I should never have taken him...but he's just better off with me.

GUNNER  
You're not fit to raise a monkey.  
(to Sophie and Arthur)  
Later, y'all.

Gunner, with Harold hanging from his neck, leaves.

SOPHIE  
You did it! That was amazing!

MICHAEL

(to Arthur)

He didn't age. We got twelve hours older while he was gone for twelve of our hours but when he showed up here just now, for him, it was like he never left.

ARTHUR

Gimme the cameras.

Michael rushes the cameras over to Arthur and Arthur rushes them over to his computer and inserts one of the camera's cards.

Everyone stares at the screen.

ON SCREEN: A monkey-high view of the lab with Michael and Arthur in the frame for a few seconds and then nearly the same view with Sophie and Arthur in the frame and then an extreme close-up of what must be Michael and then nothing.

SOPHIE

What if he pushes the device now?

Michael LAUGHS.

ARTHUR

(to Michael)

What? It's a good question.

(to Sophie)

We think it might cause infinite monkeys -- or nothing bad'll happen.

Sophie's eyes open wide.

MICHAEL

I reprogrammed it.

ARTHUR

And?

MICHAEL

It won't be a problem.

(yawning)

I gotta get outta here.

He stretches and picks up a soda can that's on his desk and peeks into the opening then swishes it to see what's left and then takes a drink.

ARTHUR

That was Harold's.

Michael shrugs and takes another sip, then puts the can back down on the desk.

MICHAEL  
Why don't we call it a night?

SOPHIE  
It's 8:04 in the morning.

MICHAEL  
Let's meet up at the Gaston at seven.  
We'll celebrate.

ARTHUR  
Sounds good. You're paying?

Michael ignores him.

MICHAEL  
(to Sophie)  
You know where it is?

SOPHIE  
Yeah, on Mass by Harvard. How am I  
gonna get enough hours of credit if  
we keep doing this?

MICHAEL  
Doing what?

SOPHIE  
Drinking instead of working.

MICHAEL  
We'll work tonight while we drink.

ARTHUR  
And eat. Right?

Michael shrugs and reaches into a desk file-drawer and removes a banana and places it on his desk next to the soda can, then heads for the door. He turns...

MICHAEL  
Last one out lock up.

INT. SOPHIE AND MEL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Mel, in a towel and without her kerchief, VACUUMS the living room floor while MUSIC blasts from the stereo.

The front door opens and Sophie comes in.

Mel, oblivious, rocks out to the music.

Sophie watches a moment...then Mel turns the vacuum in a different direction and sees Sophie standing there smiling.

Mel is momentarily startled. She TURNS OFF the vacuum cleaner.

MEL

I didn't hear you come in.

Sophie TURNS DOWN THE MUSIC.

SOPHIE

Get dressed. We're going shopping.

MEL

Why aren't you at work?

SOPHIE

I'll tell you all about it. Put some clothes on.

MEL

I don't know if I'll have the energy.

SOPHIE

You looked like you were feeling fine just now.

MEL

Yeah.

She smiles.

MEL (CONT'D)

I've felt better every day since I left the hospital.

SOPHIE

That's great. Get dressed. I'll finish vacuuming.

MEL

You're gonna vacuum? Really?

Sophie smiles.

MEL (CONT'D)

I'll only be a couple of minutes.  
One of the advantages of brain cancer:

She sweeps her palms by her temples as if she's combing back long locks.

MEL (CONT'D)

Cuts down on the blow drying.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE STREET - MORNING

On a crowded sidewalk Sophie and Mel, each holding a shopping bag stroll smiling. In front of a hair salon Sophie stops and grabs Mel's arm and leads her into the place.

INT. HAIR SALON - CONTINUOUS

Sophie walks up to the reception desk where a cheerful young woman waits wide-eyed...

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

SOPHIE

My friend here has an appointment.

MEL

I do?

RECEPTIONIST

(to Mel)

Your name?

MEL

Uh, Melissa Loris?

RECEPTIONIST

(looking at the  
computer screen and  
then looking at Mel's  
kerchief)

Oh, yes, of course. Follow me.

Sophie and Mel follow the receptionist through the salon to a private set of rooms off to the side where wigs are on display in various colors and styles.

EXT. WATERFRONT - AFTERNOON

Sophie, and Mel, who sports a very stylish wig, snack on funnel cakes and bottled juice while they sit on a bench that offers a spectacular view of the Charles River.

MEL

This is really beautiful.

SOPHIE

Yeah, my mom and dad used to bring me here.

Mel smiles and touches Sophie's hand.

Sophie smiles and stares out at the water.

MEL

This has been a good day.

SOPHIE

So, you're not insulted?

MEL

The hair? No. It's a wonderful gift. I wouldn't have bought it for myself, but I like it.

SOPHIE

They're paying me for doing nothing and Phyllis isn't charging us a cent.

MEL

She's been wonderful.

SOPHIE

She told me where to get it.

MEL

She mentioned it to me but I didn't see the point.

Sophie takes hold of Mel's arm.

SOPHIE

Stop talking like that.

MEL

I don't think you have any control over the situation, Sophie.

Sophie pauses, then looks directly into Mel's eyes...

SOPHIE

Yes, I do.

MEL

(shaking her head and smiling)

Yeah?

SOPHIE

Yes. You know how you told me about the experimental stuff they're doing with brain tumors?

MEL

I don't qualify for any of those studies.

SOPHIE

Phyllis says ten years from now it'll be a whole new world when it comes to tumor treatment.

Mel takes Sophie's hand and smiles as her eyes mist up.

MEL

I'll be dead in six months.

SOPHIE

You know the project I can't talk about? It's time travel.

MEL

Sophie...

SOPHIE

Really, Mel. Last night Michael and Arthur sent Harold -- the monkey? -- forward in time to eight o'clock this morning.

MEL

Sophie...

SOPHIE

I watched him reappear -- out of nowhere. Every hair on my body stood up. It was unbelievable.

MEL

(flippantly)

Yeah, I know what you mean.

She smiles.

Sophie stands up and grabs Mel's arm...

SOPHIE

Come on.

INT. MACLAURIN BUILDING BASEMENT LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Sophie opens the door and peeks in. She sees the cameras are off and steps in and waves Mel to follow. Sophie closes the door behind them.

MEL

This is kinda sparse. No giant time machine? I like the painted circle.

SOPHIE

I have no clue how it works.

(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Some quantum thing that uses nuclear energy.

MEL

I think they're pulling your leg. Maybe pulling the world's leg -- for grant money?

Sophie is at her computer typing away.

SOPHIE

Come here.

ON SCREEN: In the frame Michael with his back to the camera talks with Gunner. As the clock turns to 9:00, Harold appears behind Michael.

MEL

They edited the video.

SOPHIE

I watched it happen from a few feet away. It wasn't a trick.

MEL

Sophie, that's not possible. You know it's not. You think that's some kind of magic circle?

She points at the black circle and as she does Harold reappears in the center. He's pushing his device that hangs from his neck.

Mel SCREAMS and crosses herself. Sophie GASPS and then Harold SCREAMS.

Sophie throws her arms around Mel as Mel stares at Harold who's looking around puzzled.

SOPHIE

Wow! That never gets old.

Harold rushes over to Arthur's desk and picks up the soda can and takes a drink. He studies Sophie and Mel, who's still shaking, and then he picks up the banana that Michael left and peels it and takes a bite.

Sophie LAUGHS.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Michael must have reprogrammed the device to bring him back here when he got hungry.

Sophie looks at Mel, who's still shaking.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Still think it's a trick?

Mel stares at Harold eating the banana. Her wide eyes are filled with tears.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
We've got some planning to do.

INT. PHYLLIS'S KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

Phyllis, in hospital scrubs, is at the sink rinsing pots and pans and loading the dishwasher.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

PHYLLIS  
Come on in, it's open!

Ricky runs into the room and grabs the doorknob just as Sophie opens the door and she and Mel, both looking very well coifed and casually chic, slide into the kitchen.

SOPHIE  
Hey!

MEL  
(to Ricky)  
Hey, boyfriend.

Ricky grins stupidly.

RICKY  
Your hair looks pretty.

MEL  
I love this man.

She hugs Ricky.

PHYLLIS  
You finally went to Bercellis.

MEL  
Sophie's treat.

PHYLLIS  
Really? Well, you look wonderful.  
Where're you girls going?

SOPHIE  
We're gonna have dinner with the two  
guys I work with.

Ricky looks puzzled.

MEL

We're celebrating the top secret project they're working on.

PHYLLIS

It's only been two days, hasn't it?

SOPHIE

We've already had a breakthrough.

Mel smiles.

PHYLLIS

(to Mel)

Are you sure about this?

MEL

I'll be fine, Phyllis. I get stronger every day.

PHYLLIS

Don't let a little energy fool you, honey. The first sign of fatigue, come straight home.

MEL

I will, Phyllis, I promise. And before my chemo brain forgets...

She extracts a boxed toy action figure from her purse...

MEL (CONT'D)

(to Ricky)

See you later, Terminator.

...and hands it to Ricky, who beams.

RICKY

After a while...ninja style.

Mel and Ricky both hold their palms up by their sides and make silly faces...

MEL AND RICKY

What?

INT. GASTON'S BAR & GRILL - EVENING

Michael and Arthur are seated at a table in a corner. There's a pitcher of something that might be mead in the center of the table and the guys drink and snack on bread. There are three menus already in place.

Sophie enters followed by Mel and they see the guys at the table and walk over.

Arthur gets to his feet clumsily and waits for an introduction.

SOPHIE  
Arthur, this is my best friend in  
the whole world, Melissa Loris.

Arthur holds out his hand and they shake.

ARTHUR  
Arthur...Gottlieb.

SOPHIE  
And Mel, this is Michael Mahr.

Michael, still seated and with a drink in his hand, smiles and takes Mel's hand and kisses it.

Mel, with an awkward smile looks at Sophie who's smiling even more awkwardly.

Arthur is slightly alarmed.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Michael's been drunk for about thirty-  
six hours.

MICHAEL  
No, I haven't. I've been sober all  
day.

He takes a drink and motions for them to sit and they do.

ARTHUR  
(awkwardly to Mel)  
You're a grad student, too?

MEL  
No, I finally finished up my undergrad  
about a year ago.

SOPHIE  
Mel was accepted at Emory Med.

ARTHUR  
When do you start?

Sophie looks at Mel.

MEL  
I've been dealing with some health  
issues.

MICHAEL  
You have cancer?

Arthur stares at Michael.

Sophie looks at Mel and almost imperceptibly nods her encouragement.

MEL  
Yeah.

MICHAEL  
Can I ask what specifically?

Mel drops her gaze to the table...

The guys catch themselves glancing at her chest.

Sophie LAUGHS.

Mel gives Sophie a puzzled look.

SOPHIE  
They were looking at your boobs.

MEL  
(laughing)  
Oh, no they're fine.

She grabs her boobs, then instantly thinks better of it and is a little embarrassed.

MEL (CONT'D)  
Thank God, huh?

The guys nod.

MEL (CONT'D)  
It's my brain. Anaplastic glioma.

The guys stop nodding and remain very still.

SOPHIE  
I know you guys are probably  
questioning me bringing someone to a  
working dinner, but here's the deal...

MEL  
I'm terminal.

Sophie looks at Mel and tears up.

SOPHIE  
I took Mel by the lab today..

MICHAEL

What?

SOPHIE

...and while we were there,  
Harold...returned.

MEL

It was amazing.

MICHAEL

(to Sophie)

I can't believe you jeopardized the  
project.

ARTHUR

Harold's back?

Michael takes a drink and stares at Sophie.

MEL

I'll be dead in six months...if I'm  
lucky.

SOPHIE

I know you wanna go to ancient Rome,  
but it'll always be there.

MICHAEL

But you wanna go a few years into  
the future.

SOPHIE

Just until she gets treated.

Arthur looks at Michael.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You just wanna go to Rome out of  
pure curiosity. And it'll be really  
dangerous...you know that, right?

Michael takes a sip.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

We can go twenty years into the future  
and stay in Cambridge. You don't  
even have to go. Just let us.

MICHAEL

You think I'm going to let you do  
that and not go with you?

SOPHIE

You'll do it?

She throws her arms around Michael and hugs him...and stays that way for a long moment.

When they break, Michael looks at Sophie, studying her, not sure what he's thinking.

Mel has been welling up and Arthur awkwardly tries to pat her hand and then thinks better of it and pours her a drink.

Michael takes a drink, still looking at Sophie.

MICHAEL

You guys know what you want?

INT. PHYLLIS'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

With a remote control in his hand Ricky flies a toy helicopter while Mel uses her laptop.

Mel looks up from her screen.

MEL

You're really good at that.

RICKY

I'm going to fly a real one when I get big.

MEL

Your Dad told me that he flies helicopters so you'll never have to.

RICKY

What does that mean?

MEL

I think it means that he's gonna get all the bad guys so they'll all be gone when you grow up.

RICKY

Maybe I can fly the one at my mom's hospital.

MEL

Maybe.

Mel closes the laptop and rubs her temples. She takes a drink of water from the glass in front of her.

MEL (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go lie down on your couch. You'll be all right?

The helicopter buzzes by Mel's head then dips and knocks over Ricky's new Terminator action figure on the kitchen table.

Ricky GIGGLES with delight.

Mel stands up and is a bit unsteady and then takes the few steps toward the opening to the family room.

She collapses.

RICKY

Mel!

Ricky runs to her and shakes her but she's seizing.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Mel!

He grabs a dish towel and puts it in her mouth between her teeth.

He rushes to the telephone and dials 911.

INT. MACLAURIN BUILDING BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

Arthur at his computer stares at the screen, types, stares at the screen...

Sophie at her computer types then reads, types then reads...

Michael and Harold play catch with a 7-inch Nerf ball...

Arthur SLAPS his hands down on the desk.

ARTHUR

Done!

Harold holds the ball, stares at him, then throws it at him.

Arthur bats it away and the monkey scrambles to retrieve it while Michael and Sophie move to look at Arthur's screen.

ON SCREEN: Two identical driver's licenses for Melissa Loris with birth dates and issued dates twenty years apart.

MICHAEL

Looks perfect.  
(to Sophie)  
Misspent youth.

Arthur nods and smiles proudly.

ARTHUR

Put me through Harvard.

He hits a key and Michael's license pops up side-by-side with the twenty-year altered one and then he hits the key again and Sophie's pops up.

SOPHIE

What if they've changed driver's licenses twenty years from now?

The guys look at her...

MICHAEL

Let's get some food and figure out the money thing.

SOPHIE

Just open a new savings account.

ARTHUR

(to Michael)

She's smarter than April.

Sophie's phone RINGS.

SOPHIE

Phyllis...

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - LATER

Sophie reads a magazine and continually looks down the hall toward an open hospital room.

Phyllis, in her scrubs, appears in the doorway, sees Sophie, and hurries to her.

Sophie stands. They hug.

PHYLLIS

She had a seizure. She's resting now. We gave her some medication, she should be okay...for a while.

Sophie waits for more...

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

She decided against surgery a long time ago and she refuses any more radiation. This is all we can do. It'll help...until it doesn't.

Sophie tears up and Phyllis hugs her again.

SOPHIE

When can she come home?

PHYLLIS

Dr. Arbus is going to release her tonight when my shift ends. I'll get her home.

SOPHIE

That's great.

PHYLLIS

She'll stay in my spare bedroom a couple of days.

SOPHIE

I'll stay home with her.

PHYLLIS

No, you've just started your program. I haven't taken a day off the whole time Eddie's been deployed.

Phyllis smiles and Sophie hugs her.

INT. MACLAURIN BUILDING BASEMENT LAB - AFTERNOON

Arthur's chair is pushed back from his desk. He leans back and admires the laminated license in his hand.

There are a couple more on his desk and several other non-laminated cards of various colors.

Michael, on his back, stretched out on the couch, tosses the Nerf ball up and catches it -- over and over...

Harold sits patiently on the foot-end arm of the couch and waits for Michael to toss him the ball. He watches it go up and down, but Michael is oblivious, lost in thought.

ARTHUR

Mikee, I made eight different insurance cards for the eight biggest companies. At least one of 'em has to still be standing twenty years from now.

Michael keeps tossing...

The door opens and Gunner KNOCKS on it and then walks right in.

Harold jumps behind the couch.

GUNNER

(to Harold)

I see you, you little shit.

Michael has stopped tossing. He stares at Gunner and waits for the confrontation.

GUNNER (CONT'D)

(to Michael)

Did you jimmy my lock?

MICHAEL

No. Maybe he turned the bolt from the inside.

GUNNER

And then got out the main door and hitch-hiked here.

MICHAEL

I've seen him do crazier things.

Arthur smiles.

Gunner steps toward the couch and Harold jumps up onto Michael's chest.

Michael sits up and holds Harold so that Harold's facing away from Gunner and Michael thumbs some signals into the device hanging from Harold's neck.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(to Harold)

Until we meet again...

(whispers)

...whenever you push this button.

He winks at Harold and Harold closes both eyes trying to wink back.

Gunner grabs Harold and Harold stares at Michael wide-eyed hoping for a reprieve.

GUNNER

Don't try this again, Mike.

MICHAEL

Try what?

GUNNER

See you, Artie.

Arthur waves a royal wave and goes back to admiring his forgeries...

...and then Gunner, right before leaving, turns...

GUNNER (CONT'D)

Hey, Mike, I remembered where I've seen your assistant.

He's finally got Michael and Arthur's full attention...

GUNNER (CONT'D)

Remember the party the final day of undergrad?

Michael's very alert, now.

MICHAEL

Yeah? The costume party.

GUNNER

Remember that girl who was dressed in that Catholic school girl uniform...that you spent the night with?

MICHAEL

I was so drunk. That party was cranking for hours before you showed up with her.

GUNNER

She finally agreed to hang out with me that night. I worked on her all semester.

MICHAEL

I guess she liked me better.

GUNNER

You got her drunk.

MICHAEL

Everybody was drunk, *Gunther*. It was the last day of school.

GUNNER

And the next morning, I told you she really was a Catholic school girl. Remember? She was in that general studies evening class I had to take in order to graduate. I probably didn't tell you that part.

MICHAEL

I don't really remember much of anything...except...

He stops.

GUNNER

She was a little tight-kneed braniac  
who talked all semester about becomin'  
a nun. And you popped her cherry.

MICHAEL

I never knew her name.

Arthur is staring at Michael.

ARTHUR

Wow.

MICHAEL

That was the night I knew time travel  
was possible.

GUNNER

You know why I bailed on you guys?  
It's never gonna happen. I used to  
think you were this eccentric,  
charismatic visionary. You're just  
a drunk...and a monkey thief.

MICHAEL

(mimicking)  
And a monkey thief.

Michael winks at Harold again and again Harold winks back  
closing both eyes.

Gunner shakes his head and leaves with Harold in his arms.

INT. HALLWAY, BASEMENT OF MACLAURIN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Gunner hurries down the long hallway but about halfway down  
it, Harold escapes from his arms and scampers ahead and then  
turns the corner.

Gunner rushes after him.

GUNNER

Harold!

Gunner turns the corner and stops. He doesn't see the monkey  
anywhere.

There's a guy in a lab coat talking to a woman in a lab coat  
coming down the stairs leading up to the outside.

Gunner rushes up to them.

GUNNER (CONT'D)

Did you see a monkey just now?

LAB COAT GUY

He just ran out when I opened the  
outside door. Scared the shit out  
of us.

LAB COAT WOMAN

He was really moving. Better hurry.

Gunner rushes UP THE STAIRS and out the door.

INT. MACLAURIN BUILDING BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

Michael stands over Arthur's shoulder looking at the  
forgeries.

ARTHUR

So, when are we going to do this?

MICHAEL

We have to wait and see what happens  
with Mel. Who knows?

Harold, pushing his device, appears in the middle of the  
black circle. He looks around, confused, then runs over to  
Michael and jumps up on him.

Michael LAUGHS and Arthur who was momentarily startled smiles.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Good boy.

ARTHUR

You better lock the door.

INT. PHYLLIS'S GUEST BEDROOM - EVENING

Mel, in pajamas and wearing her kerchief, is in bed propped  
up on pillows.

Sophie, Phyllis, and Ricky sit in chairs at her bedside.

Mel reaches out and takes Ricky's hand.

MEL

My hero.

PHYLLIS

(to Ricky)

Just like we practiced.

They both smile.

Phyllis stands and puts her hand on Ricky's head.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

Let's get ready for bed. Mel needs to sleep.

Phyllis and Ricky leave and Sophie pulls her chair closer.

SOPHIE

If you're strong enough to walk out of here tomorrow, we're ready to go.

Mel shakes her head.

MEL

I'm exhausted.

SOPHIE

Get a good's night's rest. I'll see you in the morning.

INT. MACLAURIN BUILDING BASEMENT LAB - NIGHT

Michael's at his computer while Harold sleeps on the couch cuddling his Nerf ball.

Michael picks up his blue bottle of Redstone mead and starts to take a drink then puts it down and recaps it. He pushes it away.

He types a few more seconds, reads the screen, then picks up his iPad and places it carefully on the corner of his desk. He opens his desk drawer and takes out the phone-like device and puts it in his pants pocket. He pushes on the iPad and the digital clock over the door lights up indicating FIFTEEN seconds and COUNTING DOWN.

He walks to the center of the black circle and stands there a moment and then looks up at the camera in one of the corners of the room. He rushes over to the wall switch and flips it and all four cameras' red lights blink on.

Harold opens an eye hearing the COMMOTION and watches sleepily from his curled up position.

Michael scoots to the center of the circle as the CLOCK READS 3 SECONDS and he winks at Harold. Harold sleepily closes both eyes and when he opens them, Michael is gone. Harold stares, looks around, then closes his eyes again.

INT. MACLAURIN BUILDING BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUSLY?

There are two large fish tanks against one wall with baby squid in them and a leather couch exactly where it was in Michael's lab.

Michael appears in the middle of the dimly lit room.

He holds his fingers up close to his eyes and stares at them elated that everything's still there.

MICHAEL

Yes!

There's movement on the couch.

GUY ON COUCH

Who're you?

Michael spins around and sees a guy sit up and fumble for his glasses.

Michael feels his way to the door and when it doesn't open he turns the latch and flings the door open and runs out.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Michael smiles as he strolls down the street filled with wild, drunken college kids on their last day of finals. It's Spring.

EXT. HARVARD DORM BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

The lawn and entry are filled with partying college kids.

Michael looks up at the third floor windows and smiles.

He strolls through the partiers to the front door.

INT. HARVARD DORM BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Michael stands in the foyer and spots Gunner standing in front of the elevators. Gunner's dressed as a sheriff.

Gunner chugs a cup of beer, belches, then smiles at a girl dressed like a Playboy bunny who cautiously smiles back.

Michael turns away a second then thinks and then walks right up beside Gunner and pushes the "up" button.

Bleary-eyed Gunner stares at Michael.

GUNNER

That was fast.

Michael waits for the elevator.

GUNNER (CONT'D)

I hope you know where you left that costume, Mikee. I had to put down a hefty deposit.

Michael looks down at his clothes and smiles.

MICHAEL  
I know you're drunk, Gun, but try to  
remember this moment.

The elevator doors DING open.

Michael points to what looks like a medallion hanging from  
his neck.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Say cheese.

GUNNER  
Huh?

Michael steps in and the doors close.

GUNNER (CONT'D)  
(to the bunny)  
I'll remember this moment.

He slides his index finger into her cleavage and leans in  
for a kiss but she pulls back and SLAPS him.

INT. HARVARD DORM BUILDING UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

The elevator opens and Michael steps out into the hall. He  
looks around and smiles then casually walks down the hall to  
a door with a black sock on the knob.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a single key and  
inserts it into the lock. He turns it...

MICHAEL  
(whispering)  
Yes.

...and slowly pushes the door open.

INT. HARVARD DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A candle on a small table near the door provides the only  
light.

Michael hears the SOUND OF PASSION. He grins and takes a  
step toward the back bed and sees in the dim light two people  
involved in NOISY FOREPLAY.

The guy, on top, is dressed in a long, black robe and  
underneath him is a girl with a white blouse and a pleated,  
plaid skirt and knee socks.

Michael takes the device from his pocket and holds it in  
front of him.

The guy sits up still facing away from Michael and blocking the girl's view of Michael.

MAKEOUT GUY

Are you sure about this?

MAKEOUT GIRL

Yes.

She fumbles for a few seconds at a blouse button, finally gets it. Then tries another.

The guy goes back to kissing her and helping her with her task.

MAKEOUT GUY

Sorry, I can't quite seem to...

MAKEOUT GIRL

Me either. I've never been drunk before.

MAKEOUT GUY

Really?

MAKEOUT GIRL

Just...rip it!

MAKEOUT GUY

We can stop if you want.

MAKEOUT GIRL

Take your dress off.

The guy sits up again and pulls his robe over his head and when he dramatically whips it behind him it strikes Michael and knocks the device from his hand and it HITS the floor while the robe lands on Michael...

MICHAEL

Fuck!

He scrambles for the device in the candlelight and finally finds it.

He looks up and sees the guy staring at him. The guy is a slightly younger him.

With the priest's robe in one hand and the device in the other, Michael pushes the device and disappears.

The other Michael stares across the blank room.

The girl sits up, her blouse half open...She's high school Sophie...

SOPHIE

Who was that?

INT. MACLAURIN BUILDING BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

Michael appears in the circle holding the priest's robe.

Harold stares at him and tosses him the ball which he catches with no free hands.

Michael looks up at one of the cameras and bows.

He hurries to his computer and removes the card from the back of the "medallion" hanging from his neck. He inserts the card into his computer and sits down and picks up his unopened bottle of mead then sets it back down.

INT. PHYLLIS'S GUEST BEDROOM - MORNING

Mel, propped on pillows sips orange juice through a bendy straw.

Ricky and Phyllis sit at her bedside.

There's KNOCKING at the door.

RICKY

(piercing yell)

Come on in, the door's open!

PHYLLIS

Ricky.

Ricky looks at Mel, who's grimacing.

RICKY

(whispering)

Sorry.

Mel reaches out and touches Ricky's head and smiles.

Sophie strolls into the room.

SOPHIE

Hey. How're you feeling?

RICKY

She has a headache.

Mel manages another smile.

MEL

I'm okay.

Phyllis's face says otherwise.

Sophie sees her concern and manages a big smile.

SOPHIE  
I'm not staying late today.

MEL  
Sophie, Phyllis is gonna take good  
care of me.

PHYLLIS  
You need to get going.

SOPHIE  
(to Ricky)  
You ready?

Ricky pops up and grabs his backpack that's at his feet.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
You sure you don't want me to pick  
him up after school?

PHYLLIS  
(smiling)  
No. Go work on your top secret  
project. Ricky's going to ride the  
school bus home.

Ricky beams.

INT. MACLAURIN BUILDING BASEMENT LAB - MORNING

Arthur eats his fast-food breakfast while he stares, huge  
eyed, at his monitor.

Harold sleeps curled up on Michael's priest's robe Halloween  
costume from four years before that's been thrown on the  
couch.

The door RATTLES and a moment later the knob turns and Michael  
enters.

MICHAEL  
Why was the door locked?

ARTHUR  
You did it. Without me.

MICHAEL  
You weren't with me...the first  
time...at least not in the room with  
me so I just went by myself.

ARTHUR

The *only* time. It only happened once. And you never told me.

MICHAEL

I figured you'd just think it was a drunken dream. I wasn't even sure it happened.

ARTHUR

So, you and Sophie never actually...

MICHAEL

I don't know.

The door opens and Sophie strolls in.

ARTHUR

Lock the door.

MICHAEL

Why?

Arthur points to where Harold is sleeping.

ARTHUR

In case Gunner comes back.

SOPHIE

(locking the door)  
Is he okay?

MICHAEL

He's just sleeping.

ARTHUR

He's been sleeping most of the time since I got here an hour ago.

Sophie walks to where Harold is and pets his head.

He opens his eyes, looks a moment, and then closes them again.

MICHAEL

(exasperated)  
He's tired.

Michael walks to the couch, sits down, leans back, and closes his eyes.

Sophie notices Arthur's screen. She stares a moment. He realizes she's looking and he clicks it back to his home page.

SOPHIE  
What're you watching?

ARTHUR  
Mike jumped last night.

He looks over at Michael who's asleep next to Harold.

Sophie glances at Michael.

SOPHIE  
Oh, my God! Is he okay?

ARTHUR  
I think so. He probably didn't get  
much sleep afterwards.

SOPHIE  
That's amazing, Arthur. You guys  
did it.

Sophie bites her lip.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
So, we're ready for Mel's jump.

ARTHUR  
I guess so. Bring her in. But we're  
going with you.

SOPHIE  
Can you do it from our place?

ARTHUR  
Yeah, but it's easier if you bring  
her here. I won't have to recalculate  
anything but the time.

SOPHIE  
She's really weak and doesn't feel  
so great.

ARTHUR  
You sure this is a good idea?

SOPHIE  
We don't have a choice.

ARTHUR  
My thoughts are: it works from here.  
We don't really know anything about  
this other than what we've already  
done. Everything else is theoretical.  
Less variables if you bring her here.

SOPHIE  
Fewer variables.

ARTHUR  
That's what I said.

SOPHIE  
You said "less variables".

ARTHUR  
What a nerd.

SOPHIE  
You're calling me a nerd?

ARTHUR  
Nerd.

INT. PHYLLIS'S GUEST BEDROOM - MORNING

Phyllis, reading a book, sits at Mel's bedside while Mel sleeps.

KNOCKING at a door. Phyllis rises...

INT. PHYLLIS'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Phyllis pulls the door open. It's Sophie.

PHYLLIS  
Hey.

Sophie steps in and Phyllis closes the door.

SOPHIE  
We weren't doing much today.

PHYLLIS  
You didn't need to do this.

SOPHIE  
I want to.

PHYLLIS  
She's exhausted, but her headache seems to have gone...for the moment. She finally fell asleep a few minutes ago. Are you hungry?

SOPHIE  
I'm fine. Phyllis, if you need to get any shopping done or run any errands...

INT. MACLAURIN BUILDING BASEMENT LAB - LATER

Michael and Harold are still asleep on the couch.

Arthur sits at his desk alternately typing on his computer keyboard and then punching in commands on two hand-held devices.

He raises his arms and makes two fists.

ARTHUR

Yes! We are ready for lift-off.

Michael opens an eye and looks at Arthur.

Harold does the same and then drifts back to sleep.

MICHAEL

What're you doing?

ARTHUR

Setting up for our jump.

Michael sits up and runs his fingers through his hair, then tries to stand, but drops back onto the couch.

MICHAEL

Let's do it tomorrow.

He closes his eyes.

ARTHUR

We can't wait.

MICHAEL

I'm exhausted.

ARTHUR

You need to stop drinking.

MICHAEL

I haven't had a drink in two days.

ARTHUR

Did you sleep any last night after your jump?

MICHAEL

I felt like I was gonna throw up after I got home but I took a shower and felt better and then went right to bed.

ARTHUR

Harold threw up about an hour ago.  
I figured it was just the excitement  
or something he ate. But...maybe  
the devices are leaking.

MICHAEL

Harold's had three jumps, I've had  
two.

Arthur rummages through one of his drawers and pulls out a  
small machine and hurries over to the couch and waves it  
over Michael. It lights up red and CLICKS.

ARTHUR

Fuck!

He waves it over Harold. It CLICKS FASTER.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Michael sits up, wide awake now.

MICHAEL

Gimme some numbers.

ARTHUR

It's mild, but that's just the  
external.

He rushes to his desk again and pulls a bottle from his top  
drawer and rushes back to Michael and stuffs the bottle in  
his hand.

MICHAEL

Fuck. I was hoping we wouldn't ever  
need this. Have you tasted it?

ARTHUR

Michael!

Michael chugs it, grimacing the whole time.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Are your hands burning?

MICHAEL

No.

ARTHUR

Your mouth?

MICHAEL

No.

ARTHUR

Go wash up. Especially your hands...and your face...lukewarm water...a little bit of soap.

MICHAEL

What about...

They both look at Harold sleeping.

Michael rises.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Radiation doesn't cause sleepiness and mild fatigue this quickly unless there's been massive exposure.

ARTHUR

You're barely registering. I'll figure this out. Go!

Michael hurries out of the lab.

Arthur holds the Geiger counter over Harold and again it CLICKS.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Fuck.

Harold opens his eyes and looks at Arthur.

Sophie, and Mel, who's in an old wooden wheel chair, enter and approach the couch.

Arthur turns off the Geiger counter.

SOPHIE

What's wrong?

ARTHUR

We don't know.

SOPHIE

Is Harold all right?

She's staring at the Geiger counter.

ARTHUR

I don't know. I need to think.

He walks back to his desk and sits.

Sophie sits on the couch and puts her hand on Harold's head.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
No! Get off the couch!

Sophie stands and stares at Arthur.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
He's been exposed to radiation.

MEL  
How much?

ARTHUR  
(almost to himself)  
We need to get him to DCM.

Arthur grabs a Coke can off his desk, chugs a couple of seconds, and GASPS. In a drawer he finds another bottle of the cocktail and he empties it into the Coke can.

He hops up and walks it over to Harold who's been watching his actions.

Harold sits up and takes the can.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Good boy.

Harold lifts the can and drinks. He stops, makes a face, and then drinks some more.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Good boy, Harold.

SOPHIE  
What is that?

MEL  
A radiation poisoning cocktail.

ARTHUR  
Yeah...potassium iodide and a couple other unpronounceables.

Michael rushes into the room. His hair is wet.

MICHAEL  
We need to shave Harold.

Arthur stands and sweeps the counter over Michael. It lights up amber and the CLICKS are slower.

Michael and Arthur smile.

Sophie and Mel are alarmed.

SOPHIE

Oh, my God.

MICHAEL

It's very low. I'll be fine.

Harold finishes his drink and tosses the can toward a waste basket missing it. He burps.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We need to get him to DCM.

ARTHUR

Yeah.

Sophie and Mel look at Michael.

MICHAEL

The vet school. They'll know what to do.

SOPHIE

So, what does this mean?

MICHAEL

Let's take a few days and see how it plays out. It may be manageable.

ARTHUR

I need to figure out what causes the radiation burst.

MICHAEL

And how concentrated the area is.

ARTHUR

It might be as simple as wearing lead-lined gloves. We have some.

MICHAEL

But the fatigue...your guess is as good as mine.

MEL

Fatigue is a sign of massive exposure.

MICHAEL

Yeah, but that isn't the case here. Harold's jumped three times and he's still registering mild, but he appears to be fatigued.

ARTHUR

(to Mel)

And so is Mike.

SOPHIE  
 (to Michael)  
 You don't look fatigued.

\*

MICHAEL  
 I think my adrenaline has given me a  
 second wind.

SOPHIE  
 What about Mel?

Michael and Arthur stand silent.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
 (looking at Mel)  
 We don't have time to wait.

MICHAEL  
 I didn't notice anything after my  
 first one. Maybe if you wait a day  
 or two before jumping back. And  
 take some of that cocktail.

MEL  
 (to Sophie, weakly)  
 You didn't tell me he jumped. So,  
 we might actually survive this.

SOPHIE  
 We're going to be fine.

Sophie puts her hand on Mel's shoulder.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
 (to Michael)  
 But you're not coming with us.

ARTHUR  
 It could be suicide.

Michael moves to the couch and carefully starts to wrap Harold in the priest's robe that's under him while Harold looks on quizzically. Michael lifts him up and cradles him while Harold looks around at everyone.

MICHAEL  
 (to Harold)  
 Uncle Arthur is going to take you...

He steps over to Arthur and hands Harold to him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 (whispers to Arthur)  
 ...to the doctor.

Harold's eyes open wider.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm going.

Arthur shakes his head.

ARTHUR

Who knows. Maybe you'll be fine in a couple of days. When we go we'll take a few bottles and use gloves.

Arthur and Harold leave.

SOPHIE

We can't wait a couple of days, Michael.

MICHAEL

I need to figure out what's going on.

Mel puts her fingertips to her forehead and closes her eyes.

MEL

Michael, I don't think I have a lot of time here.

Sophie again puts her hand on Mel's shoulder.

Mel reaches up and puts her hand on Sophie's but then releases the contact, exhausted by that small effort.

SOPHIE

(to Michael)

We need to go now. I can't operate those...jump things and Arthur needs to stay here. I guess we need you.

Michael hangs his head and lets out a breath...

INT. MACLAURIN BUILDING BASEMENT LAB - LATER

A nearly dark room. Three forms are visible in the room's center.

MICHAEL

You guys okay?

SOPHIE

I think so.

SILENCE...

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Mel?...

MEL

(weakly)

Yeah.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE STREET - NIGHT

On a nearly deserted sidewalk Sophie pushes Mel in the wheelchair while Michael sweeps the Geiger counter over them. The counter very slowly CLICKS while lighting yellow.

Sophie looks at Michael.

He sweeps himself and it lights red and CLICKS FASTER.

Sophie's face shows alarm.

MICHAEL

Well, we know it's not a concentrated burst. We all got a little.

SOPHIE

How do you feel?

MICHAEL

It's still in the mild range, Sophie.

Mel's head slumps forward and she appears to sleep.

Michael notices...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Mel. You okay?

Sophie stops pushing and Michael has to backtrack a few steps.

SOPHIE

Mel?

She shakes Mel's shoulder.

MEL

(weak and cranky)

What?

MICHAEL

Let's get her some juice or something and I need some coffee.

INT. MCDONALD'S - MOMENTS LATER

Michael is at the counter paying.

The kid taking the twenty dollar bill holds it up toward the ceiling light and smiles. He tests it with a pen, then hands Michael back some change. Michael stares at his hand.

He picks up his tray of food and walks to the booth to join Sophie and Mel, who's now out of her wheelchair and resting against the back of the booth.

INT. VET EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

Harold sleeps on the examining table while Arthur watches the veterinarian, RAJ, 26, Indian accent, examine a slide under a microscope.

Raj looks up from his microscope and grins.

RAJ

So, was this a time traveling accident?

He CHUCKLES.

Arthur smiles.

RAJ (CONT'D)

Dr. Arthur Gottlieb and his time machine.

ARTHUR

There is no machine, Raj. I've told you a million times.

RAJ

Is Michael still planning to go to ancient Rome?

He CHUCKLES while examining the slide.

ARTHUR

He's got it preprogrammed into the devices.

Raj stares back into his microscope.

RAJ

Can I go? I can speak a little Latin.

ARTHUR

I'll keep that in mind.

Raj looks up from his microscope.

RAJ

So, if there is no time machine, what caused the radiation?

ARTHUR

The hand-held pads we use. They have plutonium chips.

RAJ

Sounds delicious. I prefer fries. So, little Harold went back to the future?

He LAUGHS and can't stop...

ARTHUR

Raj, the slide.

RAJ

He appears to be a little anemic. Stop feeding him junk food.

ARTHUR

And the radiation?

RAJ

External. Shave and bathe.  
(poking Harold)  
Harold, would you like a Valium?

INT. MCDONALD'S - NIGHT

Michael, Sophie, and Mel are still in the booth.

MICHAEL

It's a ribbon. A continuous, linear series of moments that stretches from beginning to end. We've just figured out how to jump on and off that ribbon. Whatever location we want.

SOPHIE

Aren't we changing the ribbon just by being here?

Michael smiles.

MICHAEL

I think we've always been here at this time.

Mel closes her eyes and lays her head on Sophie's shoulder.

SOPHIE

You okay?

MEL

I need to sleep.

SOPHIE  
Drink some more orange juice.

MEL  
Just let me sleep.

MICHAEL  
Let's get outta here.

EXT. BRIDGE WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Michael pushes Mel as the three cross over the Charles River.

EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Sophie grabs a large manilla envelope from a pouch on the back of the old wheelchair and rushes ahead entering as Michael wheels Mel toward the large glass doors.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Only four other people are in the waiting area as Sophie arrives at the front desk. She looks behind her as Michael passes through the entrance with Mel.

Sophie slaps the envelope down on the counter.

The ADMITTANCE NURSE waits for Sophie to speak...

SOPHIE  
My friend has brain cancer.  
Anaplastic glioma. She needs  
immediate treatment.

ADMITTANCE NURSE  
And it's systemic?

SOPHIE  
What? I'm not sure...

ADMITTANCE NURSE  
She's had chemo.

SOPHIE  
She's been...out of the country.

Michael approaches the counter.

MICHAEL  
She's had very primitive care. She  
needs to be treated with a more modern  
approach...and quickly. She's  
extremely weak...and getting worse.

Sophie looks at Michael with alarm and then back at Mel who appears to be sleeping.

ADMITTANCE NURSE

Have a seat. As far away from others as possible...she's immune deficient.

Sophie wheels Mel over to the far end of the waiting area.

The admittance nurse types something on her pad.

A PHYSICIAN'S ASSISTANT holding a paper mask up to his mouth appears from behind swinging double doors and approaches Mel and Sophie.

PHYSICIAN'S ASSISTANT

Sorry for the mask. I have a bit of a cold and she has a compromised system.

At the front desk Michael is handed a clipboard containing forms. He turns and walks back to Mel and Sophie and holds up the clipboard.

MICHAEL

(sarcastically)

Thank God for advances in technology.

PHYSICIAN'S ASSISTANT

She has anaplastic glioma?

SOPHIE

Yeah.

MEL

I'm awake. I just can't seem to keep my eyes open.

She slowly, partially opens her eyes.

PHYSICIAN'S ASSISTANT

You're in luck. The head doctor is on tonight and we're slow.

Mel manages a slight smile.

INT. EXAMINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mel, still in her chair, eyes closed waits while Sophie prowls the room looking at jars and charts.

The door opens and DR. ARBUS, very young for a doctor, walks in holding a pad and the manilla envelope. He smiles and sees Mel, eyes still shut, and then offers his hand to Sophie.

DR. ARBUS  
I'm Dr. Arbus.

SOPHIE  
Hi. You're the head doctor?

He smiles quickly then looks at his pad.

DR. ARBUS  
Head doctor. I'm a neurologist. We don't have her history here.

MEL  
(slowly, quietly,  
eyes closed)  
Dr. Arbus?

She opens her eyes partially and tries to smile.

MEL (CONT'D)  
You can't be Phillip Arbus's son.

Dr. Arbus smiles.

DR. ARBUS  
You know my dad?

MEL  
I...did. A long time ago.

Dr. Arbus takes Mel's hand.

DR. ARBUS  
I'm Eric.

Mel shivers and takes a halting breath.

DR. ARBUS (CONT'D)  
I guess we should get to it.

MEL  
He didn't have a family when I knew him.

Dr. Arbus looks at Mel, perplexed.

DR. ARBUS  
Okay, so, first question. Why the chemo?

SOPHIE  
She's been out of the country.

Dr. Arbus looks at Sophie, then at Mel. His face is leaking skepticism.

DR. ARBUS

What country...were you in?

Sophie looks at Mel whose eyes are now open.

SOPHIE

We...can't tell you that.

DR. ARBUS

Why...not?

Sophie bites her lip, shakes her head, arguing with herself internally.

SOPHIE

Just look at the scans and treat her with whatever the current treatment is. And please hurry.

DR. ARBUS

I have looked at the scans.

He opens the envelope and removes several sheets of cranial scans. He holds one up toward the ceiling light fixture.

DR. ARBUS (CONT'D)

I don't think you noticed but around the edges here you can see some letters, some numbers? And I'm pretty sure you didn't see the date right here.

Mel closes her eyes. Sophie sets her jaw.

DR. ARBUS (CONT'D)

What's going on, ladies? Melissa -- or whatever your name actually is -- you appear to need immediate medical attention. Why the ruse?

SOPHIE

Please don't ask anymore questions. She needs your help. You can see that, right? Emergency room?

Dr. Arbus grabs a rolling stool, plops down, and rolls up in front of Mel.

DR. ARBUS

I can't treat you, using someone else's twenty year old scans. We'll have to do a new series.

MEL  
 (weakly, to Sophie)  
 I told you we didn't need 'em.

SOPHIE  
 (mad at herself)  
 Then do it now, please.

DR. ARBUS  
 (staring at Sophie)  
 Part of the inscription along the edges of these remarkably preserved relics you gave me is a series of numbers -- a code -- which depicts the physician's name who ordered them.

Mel opens her eyes slowly.

DR. ARBUS (CONT'D)  
 How do you know my father and how did you get hold of these old scans?

MEL  
 How can you be Phillip Arbus's son?  
 You're what, twenty-seven, maybe?

She closes her eyes again, GROANS, worn out by that simple effort.

DR. ARBUS  
 Twenty-six. He married my mom and adopted me -- when I was eight. So, if you knew him before he had a family, you were, what, five?

Mel opens her eyes halfway.

SOPHIE  
 Do the scan, please, and treat her.  
 Please.

Dr. Arbus stands.

DR. ARBUS  
 Okay. You ladies have me in a bind.

With the pad in one upturned palm and the envelope in the other upturned palm and with his arms held close to his sides, Dr. Arbus shrugs.

DR. ARBUS (CONT'D)  
 What am I gonna do?

Mel's eyes open wide. She starts to tremble...

DR. ARBUS (CONT'D)

We'll get some pictures and see what's really going on and we'll take it from there.

Mel's eyes fill with tears. She reaches out and grabs Dr. Arbus's hand.

MEL

Your father, Eddie, was killed in the Middle East?

Tears are leaking down her cheeks.

Sophie's eyes get huge.

Dr. Arbus stares, waiting for more...

Mel clutches at Dr. Arbus.

MEL (CONT'D)

Your mom married Dr. Phillip Arbus.

Sophie tears up and grabs Mel's other hand.

MEL (CONT'D)

Ricky.

Dr. Arbus stares at her and then at Sophie.

Mel takes a series of very quick breaths and her eyes open wide for a moment and then start to slowly close and with her last bit of strength she tugs Ricky closer...

MEL (CONT'D)

(smiling and whispering)

See you later Terminator.

She slumps and lets go of their hands.

SOPHIE

No!

She grabs Mel's shoulder but Mel is like a rag doll. She collapses on top of Mel.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Mel!

With her eyes still closed Mel whispers something to Sophie.

Dr. Arbus freezes. He stares at Mel then at Sophie but then he takes a couple of steps and hits a pad on the wall beside the door.

He steps back to Mel and lifts her out of the chair and onto the examining table while Sophie stands frozen, her hands to her face.

The door bursts open and the physician's assistant and a nurse come in.

The room is equipped with a crash cart and within seconds Mel is hooked up. Without using paddles, Dr. Arbus simply pushes a green button and Mel's spine arches an inch off the table.

The medical team and Sophie all look at the cart's screen.

Straight line.

DR. ARBUS

Again.

The machine resets itself, the indicator going from red to green and when it does, Dr. Arbus pushes the button.

Straight line.

He punches a new number into the controls, the machine resets, and he pushes the button again.

Straight line.

The physician's assistant looks at Dr. Arbus, waiting.

DR. ARBUS (CONT'D)

Epinephrine.

The assistant hands Dr. Arbus a long needle he's been holding and Dr. Arbus plunges it into Mel's chest.

Straight line.

Dr. Arbus punches in new numbers and the machine resets and he pushes the button again.

Straight line.

Sophie begins to SOB.

The door to the room opens wider and Michael appears. He sees Mel hooked up on the table, the medical staff's grim faces, and Sophie breaking down.

DR. ARBUS (CONT'D)

One more time.

While the machine is being reset Michael steps in and puts his arms around Sophie.

DR. ARBUS (CONT'D)  
Come on, God damn it.

He pushes the button. Mel's spine arches. SILENCE.

Straight line.

Looking shell-shocked he takes a slow breath and releases it.

DR. ARBUS (CONT'D)  
She's gone. I'm calling it.

He looks at his watch.

DR. ARBUS (CONT'D)  
4:36.

Sophie is CRYING UNCONTROLLABLY.

Michael, his arms still around Sophie, holds the time device.

MICHAEL  
(quietly)  
Sophie, look at me.

Sophie doesn't seem to hear him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Look at me.

She turns, their faces nearly touching, eye to eye...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Time is a ribbon.

While the members of the medical team deal with the aftermath of their crisis, Sophie and Michael vanish.

INT. MACLAURIN BUILDING BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

Arthur's at his desk typing away.

Harold, shaved down to his skin, wears a long sweater and sleeps curled up on the couch.

In the center of the black circle Michael and Sophie appear. Michael's arms are still around Sophie and she's still CRYING.

Michael GROANS, and clutching at Sophie, he collapses.

SOPHIE  
Michael!

Arthur looks up, from his screen, and rushes over. Michael appears to be dazed.

ARTHUR

Mike!  
 (to Sophie)  
 Where's Mel?

INT. VET EXAMINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Michael is sitting up on the examining table. He's got a band-aid on one forearm and he's drinking a Red Bull.

Arthur and Raj take turns looking into Raj's microscope.

Sophie sits in a chair, stares, teary eyed and blank.

RAJ

Just like the monkey. He's a little anemic.

ARTHUR

And the radiation?

RAJ

We'll wait and see.  
 (to Michael)  
 Keep drinking the potassium iodide.  
 And stop drinking that shit.

MICHAEL

It's the only thing keeping me awake.

Sophie leans back and closes her eyes.

SOPHIE

Shouldn't you go see a real doctor?

ARTHUR

Raj is a real doctor.

MICHAEL

(exhausted but smiling)  
 He's a primate specialist. I'm a primate.

RAJ

Barely!

He slaps his leg.

ARTHUR

I think I've figured out how to contain the leak. At least some of it.

RAJ

You need to stop whatever you're doing until we know exactly what kind of damage is being done.

MICHAEL

(to Sophie)

What're you gonna tell your landlady?

INT. PHYLLIS'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Sophie and Phyllis are at the kitchen table. Sophie is still bleary-eyed and out of gas.

Phyllis reaches out and puts her hand on Sophie's.

PHYLLIS

She's trying to save us all a lot of grief, honey.

Sophie looks at Phyllis, her lip quivering.

SOPHIE

We're never going to see her again.

She wells up with tears.

PHYLLIS

How well do you know this old boyfriend of hers?

SOPHIE

They went out for more than a year when we were at Stanford. He freaked when she got sick.

PHYLLIS

Well, he seems to have grown a pair.

SOPHIE

I guess.

She starts to SOB.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I should have stopped her from going. She was so fragile.

PHYLLIS

She's been terminal for the last two years, honey.

Phyllis takes a sip of beer.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

Dropping out of med school for a semester to sail your dying ex-girlfriend around the Caribbean... Pretty romantic.

INT. MACLAURIN BUILDING BASEMENT LAB - DAY

Arthur is at his desk and short-haired Harold, still in his sweater, is sitting on the monitor facing him.

The door opens and Michael poses there grinning.

ARTHUR

Harold, look who's here.

Harold jumps down from his perch and leaps up into Michael's arms.

MICHAEL

I've missed you, too, pooky.

He strolls over to the couch and sits and rubs the top of Harold's head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Growing out nicely.

ARTHUR

Thought you were gonna wait one more day.

MICHAEL

I couldn't stand being away from you guys another minute. Where's Sophie?

ARTHUR

She hasn't been in.

MICHAEL

Is she coming in?

Arthur gets up, walks over to the couch, and sits.

ARTHUR

She hasn't been in since the jump.

MICHAEL

She's not quitting the program. Is she?

ARTHUR

She lost her best friend. She's devastated, Mikee.

MICHAEL

She hates me.

He rubs Harold's head again.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

How's the adjustment coming?

ARTHUR

I'm pretty sure I've got a partial fix, but I don't wanna test it 'til I figure out how to get it closer to zero.

MICHAEL

Yeah, good idea. I'm done with the heroic martyr thing.

He rises, still holding Harold.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Do we have Sophie's address?

EXT. SOPHIE AND MEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Michael's at the door KNOCKING. He stops and RINGS the DOORBELL, then KNOCKS again.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Go away!

MICHAEL

No! Open the damn door.

The door opens. Sophie stands there with messy hair, sporting boxer shorts, and a wife-beater.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Can I come in?

Sophie frowns then steps aside to let Michael pass.

INT. SOPHIE AND MEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The living room is cluttered with clothes, dishes, and snack food boxes and wrappers. The pullout couch is in bed mode and covered with magazines and newspapers. The overstuffed chair is heaped with note pads and books.

MICHAEL

Nice place.

He looks around for a safe spot to sit and plops down on an empty patch on the mattress.

SOPHIE

Make yourself comfortable.

She picks up an Amaretto bottle from an end table and takes a sip.

She sits on the bed and scoots back against the back of the "couch" and pulls her knees up, hugging them, and takes another drink.

MICHAEL

Can I have some of that?

Sophie frowns then hands him the bottle.

Michael takes a drink and passes it back to Sophie who finishes it off.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This what you been doing all week?

SOPHIE

We left her.

Michael takes a deep breath, staring at Sophie.

He scoots back from his sitting position and ends up next to her.

She looks at him. He looks at her.

MICHAEL

When's the last time you bathed?

Sophie's brow furrows. She starts to WEEP.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(smiling)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

He brushes the hair from her face and she looks at him...and then kisses him quickly and pulls back.

He looks at her, thinking...then kisses her and they fall sideways wrapped together grappling onto each other.

The DOORBELL CHIMES.

They freeze. They wait...

It CHIMES again.

RICKY (O.S.)

Sophie!

Sophie sits up.

SOPHIE

I gotta...

MICHAEL

Yeah.

Sophie gets up and walks to the door and opens it.

Ricky is there with a filled Tupperware container. He holds it out to Sophie.

RICKY

My mom says you gotta eat some real food.

SOPHIE

Tell her "Thank you".

Ricky sees Michael sitting on the bed.

RICKY

Is that your boyfriend?

Sophie looks back at Michael then turns back to Ricky.

SOPHIE

He's not my boyfriend. He's not even my friend.

She GIGGLES and closes the door in his face.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Dr. Arbus.

She starts LAUGHING and crawls back onto the bed and onto Michael leaving the casserole at the foot of the mattress.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Didn't you recognize him?

MICHAEL

That kid was the E.R. doc?

Sophie is HYSTERICAL and begins kissing Michael wildly.

SOPHIE

Pull down my pants.

Michael tries to extract himself from his position but Sophie spreads out and makes it difficult.

He finally manages to push her off of him.

MICHAEL

Wait!

SOPHIE

You don't want me?

MICHAEL

Not like this. You're drunk...and sad...and you smell...less than ideal...although I'm not sure that's a minus. And you hate me.

SOPHIE

I don't hate you.

Michael takes her hand.

MICHAEL

I like you. A lot.

Sophie begins to alternately CRY and smile.

Michael scoots back so he's sitting up in bed. He pats the mattress next to him and smiles at Sophie.

She sits beside him and takes one of his hands in both of hers.

SOPHIE

When I was a little girl at St. Mary's, I wanted to be a nun. Just like a lot of Catholic girls. But when I got into high school I still wanted to be a nun.

MICHAEL

You seem to have gotten past that.

SOPHIE

You see, this is what I'm getting at. I didn't.

MICHAEL

I'm not sure I'm following. Maybe if I had another drink.

SOPHIE

Stop. I didn't decide against it until the night I met you -- four years ago. You don't remember...but I do. You decided for me.

Michael smiles and brushes the hair off Sophie's face.

MICHAEL

I remember...some of it. I tried to find you. I didn't know your name or where you were from. And Gunner said he didn't know you.

SOPHIE

You know who I am? When did you figure it out?

MICHAEL

When Gunner told me. Your third day of work. My first jump? Was back to my dorm room the night we...

SOPHIE

Oh, my God! You watched us?

MICHAEL

Until college-me knocked the time device out of my hand and I panicked and jumped back home.

SOPHIE

That was you. Holy shit.

MICHAEL

You don't sound like a nun. Or kiss like a nun.

SOPHIE

You've kissed a nun?

MICHAEL

Would you like to have dinner with me, Sophie Zambaldi? No Arthur, no monkey...

SOPHIE

Tonight?

MICHAEL

I'll straighten up the place, put away the lasagna, you take a shower...or two.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE STREET - EVENING

Sophie and Michael stroll down the crowded sidewalk past bars and businesses, talking as they walk. Michael buys Sophie a single red rose from a street kiosk and she frowns and buys him a single cigar.

INT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Sophie and Michael are seated at a table. The rose is laying on the tablecloth and the cigar, unsmoked is in Michael's shirt pocket. They eat while they speak...

SOPHIE

Every time I look at Phyllis, I start to fall apart.

MICHAEL

You can't warn them, Sophie. We don't know what'll happen if you change an event that you know happened.

SOPHIE

How do you know there's only one time line?

MICHAEL

I don't. I just know that I don't wanna change anything that we're certain happened in our time line. You can't go back and kill Hitler without altering the entire history of the world. Right?

SOPHIE

What if there are infinite ribbons? All being created by time travelers.

MICHAEL

I've been running these scenarios for years, Sophie. It'll make your head explode. What I've decided is I'm not going to alter any situations I have proof actually happened.

SOPHIE

If we go back in time and interact with people or events that haven't been...definitively documented...what happens then?

MICHAEL

Not a clue.

SOPHIE

You still wanna go to ancient Rome, don't you?

MICHAEL

Yeah?

SOPHIE

Well, any interaction there could cause an altering of the time line.

MICHAEL

Yes or no. Saving Julius Caesar would definitely be out, but hanging at a Caligula orgy -- who knows?

SOPHIE

That's why you wanna go to Rome?

MICHAEL

It was just an example.

SOPHIE

Oh, man. This is why I wanted to be a nun. Men are dogs.

MICHAEL

You were the one throwing herself at me a couple of hours ago. Telling me to pull down your pants.

Sophie looks around quickly at the tables that might be in earshot.

SOPHIE

I said that?

She LAUGHS and can't stop...

Michael starts LAUGHING and takes Sophie's hand and they finally stop LAUGHING and sit there smiling at each other.

MICHAEL

Did I really cause you to not become a nun?

SOPHIE

Who knows.

She takes a sip of wine.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

My parents were killed in a car wreck when I was fifteen.

MICHAEL

Oh.

SOPHIE

Instead of hating God or losing faith, I turned more to God, but it didn't

(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
last. When I met you that night, I  
was already starting to question  
everything.

MICHAEL  
I didn't know...about your folks.  
I'm sorry.

Sophie smiles sadly.

SOPHIE  
When Mel got sick...

She shakes her head...

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
That was it. I cursed God.

Michael puts his hand on hers again.

MICHAEL  
But if you curse God, you still  
believe in God.

SOPHIE  
Not after our jump.

She takes a sip of wine and then finishes the glass.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
What we did...with science, was God-  
like. But when we needed God...he  
didn't show up.

Sophie manages another sad smile.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
I was supposed to save Mel. I got  
myself into your program. I had a  
plan and I did exactly what I needed  
to do as soon as it was scientifically  
possible. And I failed.

Michael squeezes her hand.

Sophie takes a deep breath and tries to smile again.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
What about you?

MICHAEL  
What about me?

SOPHIE  
What do you believe?

MICHAEL  
I believe I don't know. I believe science will eventually reveal all the secrets of the universe.

SOPHIE  
Well, I believe the Old Testament is the story of a sociopathic God with the thin skin of a teen-aged girl.

Michael raises his glass of wine.

MICHAEL  
Amen to that, sister. And what about that second book?

SOPHIE  
I believe the New Testament is the story of a charismatic radical rabbi who was born to a young girl who got knocked up by her steady boyfriend, Joe, and I believe she made up a story to not get stoned to death in accordance with Levitican law.

Michael raises his glass again and takes a drink. He puts down the glass and stares blankly...and then looks at Sophie.

MICHAEL  
Would you like to find out...if what you just said is true?

Sophie looks at Michael, emotionless for a moment, and then slowly lights up.

SOPHIE  
Let's go find Mary!

INT. MACLAURIN BUILDING BASEMENT LAB - DAY

Michael is on his back repeatedly tossing the Nerf ball up and down while Harold, halfway hairy again and sporting a t-shirt that reads "M I T Baby", watches from the arm of the couch at Michael's feet.

Arthur at his desk reads his screen, types, reads, types...

ARTHUR  
We're never gonna know with any accuracy. We don't even know if any of it really happened.

MICHAEL

So, let's just do some basic detective work.

ARTHUR

I thought that's what I was doing.

MICHAEL

Sandals on the ground detective work.

ARTHUR

That could require dozen's of jumps. We're still leaking radiation.

MICHAEL

Not very much, right?

ARTHUR

We have no clue what causes the fatigue and loss of red blood cells. You couldn't get off your couch for a week and a half.

MICHAEL

We'll eat nails before we jump.

ARTHUR

I'm not jumping multiple times without knowing it's not gonna kill us.

Harold gets frustrated watching the ball go up and down and scoots across the top of the couch, bats the ball away and scampers after it.

Michael sits up.

MICHAEL

You know if we were in the CIA, I'd be the agent and you'd be the lowly analyst.

Arthur stops typing.

ARTHUR

I could be an agent.

MICHAEL

How many times have you jumped?

ARTHUR

I'm trying to make it safer.

MICHAEL

It's never gonna be safe, Arthur. We're ready. We can do this.

Sophie strolls in smiling and carrying four take-out bags.

Harold runs to her and follows her to her desk where she opens the smallest of the bags, takes out a foil-wrapped item and peels it open and hands Harold a soft-shelled, Thai taco.

ARTHUR

(smiling, to Michael)

When she was just the assistant, you didn't feel comfortable having her get lunch for us, but now that she's your girlfriend...

SOPHIE

I'm not his girlfriend.

(to Michael)

Am I?

Michael puts his hands over his face, then looks at Arthur.

MICHAEL

We're taking it slow.

(to Sophie)

Aren't we?

Sophie smiles.

SOPHIE

I thought you were just shy. Arthur, Tin Drum curry.

She holds up a brown paper bag.

MICHAEL

We're gonna do it tonight.

Sophie and Arthur look at Michael.

SOPHIE

Your place or mine?

MICHAEL

We're going to Nazareth.

Gunner stands in the doorway grinning.

GUNNER

Can I go, too?

He marches over toward Harold and Harold scampers behind the couch.

GUNNER (CONT'D)

What happened to his fur?

MICHAEL  
Ohhh, radiation exposure...it's a  
long story.

Sophie LAUGHS.

GUNNER  
I figured he must be dead. How long  
has he been here?

MICHAEL  
Ohhh, not long.

Sophie walks Michael's take-out over to him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
(fake scolding)  
You left the door open.

Sophie shrugs and puckers her lips.

SOPHIE  
(softly, to Michael)  
He'll be back.

GUNNER  
Sister Sophia Zambaldi. I knew I  
knew you.

SOPHIE  
Hello, Gunther.

Gunner walks to the couch and peeks behind it and sees Harold cringing.

GUNNER  
Are y'all pickin' new fantasy  
destinations?

He LAUGHS and reaches for Harold but Harold shrinks away farther.

GUNNER (CONT'D)  
Mike. Grab that little shit for me,  
would you? So, I don't have to get  
security to do it.

Michael gets up and fishes Harold out from behind the couch.

Harold hangs from Michael's neck while Michael fishes around in his desk for a moment extracting the time device on the leather strap that Harold wore before.

Michael quickly pushes a few numbers and hangs it around Harold's neck and then puts his thumb and forefinger at the

corners of Harold's mouth and moves Harold's mouth as if he's talking...

MICHAEL  
 (quietly, in the  
 Terminator's voice)  
 I'll be back.

He hands Harold to Gunner as Harold PLEADS TO STAY.

Gunner gets a firm hold on Harold's shirt, twisting the material in his hands.

GUNNER  
 (to Harold)  
 Don't even think about it.

He carries Harold to the door and turns.

GUNNER (CONT'D)  
 Y'all have fun in the Middle East.

He LAUGHS and leaves.

Arthur opens his take-out bag and removes his lunch.

ARTHUR  
 Our landing window covers about four years. But we really have no idea if there's any there there.

MICHAEL  
 Well, now that you've cleared that up.

Sophie carries her take-out to the couch and sits next to Michael.

SOPHIE  
 If we start with the latest date, March of 2 B.C., and work toward the earliest we'll have the best chance of learning something quickly.

ARTHUR  
 A wider net. I like it.

MICHAEL  
 (a little laugh)  
 "Pardon me, sir. Is there a girl here named Mary...

SOPHIE  
 Miriam.

MICHAEL  
Miriam, who's married to Joseph...

SOPHIE  
Yuseph...

MICHAEL  
And they've got a kid named..." what?

He looks at Sophie who's about to dive in with her chopsticks.

SOPHIE  
Yeshua, maybe? I can't wait to find  
out.

She grabs Michael's thigh and his eyes open wide.

MICHAEL  
Me either.

ARTHUR  
Wouldn't it be a better plan if  
someone stayed here? Just in case  
something goes terribly wrong?

Michael LAUGHS.

MICHAEL  
That might actually be a good idea,  
Agent Gottlieb.

ARTHUR  
It seems more sensible.

SOPHIE  
Someone needs to stay here and take  
care of Harold when he gets back.  
(to Michael)  
What time will that be?

Michael is deep into his Mango bowl.

MICHAEL  
(mouth full)  
Ten o'clock, on the dot.

He points toward the circle.

ARTHUR  
Tonight, right?

MICHAEL  
Yeah.

ARTHUR  
You might be back by then.

MICHAEL  
Maybe.

SOPHIE  
Why can't you send us back to  
immediately after we left?

MICHAEL  
It'll make you older than your time.  
No woman wants that.

Sophie smiles and scoots closer to Michael while continuing to eat.

ARTHUR  
(groaning)  
Oh, God. You two are so adorable.

Sophie nods while slurping noodles.

MICHAEL  
I need to get some things. We'll  
meet back here at eight o'clock.

\*

INT. MACLAURIN BUILDING BASEMENT LAB - NIGHT

Michael and Sophie stand in the center of the circle dressed in colorless, ancient-era robes making them look like extras from "The Passion of the Christ." Michael's holding a can of Mace and he has a crude leather bag hanging from one shoulder.

Arthur is at his desk.

ARTHUR  
Let's go through the checklist.

MICHAEL  
Push the button, Arthur, or I'll do  
it from here.

ARTHUR  
No, you need to be ready.

He stands and looks up at one of the cameras, then at Sophie and Michael.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Try to be back here within three  
hours so I don't have to pull my  
hair out.

Sophie pats at Michael's robe.

SOPHIE  
(to Michael)  
Shouldn't we be dirtier?

MICHAEL  
(smiling)  
I think so.

Arthur points his pad and pushes on the screen.

Sophie and Michael disappear.

ARTHUR  
(with awe)  
Wow.

EXT. HILLSIDE OUTSIDE OF NAZARETH - NIGHT

Moonlight and a billion stars.

Sophie and Michael appear on the steep incline and both lose their footing and tumble down a few feet. They sit up and brush themselves off.

SOPHIE  
Nevermind.

Michael LAUGHS.

MICHAEL  
You all right?

SOPHIE  
I guess.

Michael looks around. There are no houses or signs of anyone in their vicinity.

He digs through his leather bag and extracts the Geiger counter. He sweeps it over Sophie and it CLICKS slowly and lights green. He sweeps it quickly over himself and gets the same reading.

MICHAEL  
We're good.

He fumbles through the bag again and pulls out an old fashioned compass.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
(pointing)  
That way.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE NAZARETH - LATER

Sophie and Michael stand in the middle of the wide, dirt road and look toward the village lights in the distance.

MICHAEL

The Romans built taverns every fifteen miles or so along all their main roads.

SOPHIE

We're going to look for Mary in a tavern?

MICHAEL

We're gonna look for information.

He reaches into his bag and scoops out a handful of Roman coins and hands them to Sophie.

SOPHIE

Where'd you get these?

MICHAEL

Ebay.

SOPHIE

You can get anything on Ebay. Right?

Michael smiles and nods.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Are they real?

MICHAEL

I compared 'em to a real one over in the archeology department, and I couldn't tell the difference.

SOPHIE

(smiling)

Let's hope they don't use one of those pen things.

\*

INT. NAZARETH TAVERN - MOMENTS LATER

Michael enters followed by Sophie.

They look around the NOISY, bleak room filled with rough wooden tables and chairs occupied by LAUGHING men and a few women.

Four Roman soldiers are sitting at the counter facing away from the door.

As people slowly notice Sophie and Michael the room QUIETS a bit.

Two of the soldiers notice the change and turn and study Sophie and then Michael, but then they turn back to their eating and drinking and the NOISE LEVEL returns.

Sophie points to an empty table and she and Michael sit.

A WAITRESS with an uncovered head comes over with raised eyebrows and a cautious countenance and waits for Michael to speak.

SOPHIE  
(in Aramaic)  
Two meads, please.

The woman stares at Sophie and smiles, then looks at Michael, puzzled.

WAITRESS  
(to Sophie)  
What?

Sophie pantomimes drinking.

The waitress nods and smiles and walks to the bar.

MICHAEL  
(quietly)  
I'm glad I finally got to see some  
of those language skills of yours.

SOPHIE  
I imagine there're some pronunciation  
differences. Nobody speaks Aramaic  
in the modern world.

MICHAEL  
Evidently.

He smiles and covers her hand with his.

She pulls away.

SOPHIE  
What if I can't do this?

The waitress returns with two mugs and sets them on the table.

Sophie hands her a coin.

The waitress examines it, then stands there, her hand still outstretched.

Sophie gives her three more.

The waitress smiles and nods then walks off LAUGHING.

MICHAEL  
(quietly)  
Ebay is amazing.

The waitress, still smiling, says something to the soldiers at the counter and the TWO SOLDIERS who had turned earlier get up from their seats and lumber over to the table.

FIRST SOLDIER  
(to Michael in Latin)  
Can you speak as a Roman?

Michael looks at Sophie.

SOPHIE  
(in Latin)  
I can.

FIRST SOLDIER  
Where are you from?

SOPHIE  
Tiberias.

FIRST SOLDIER  
What brings you here?

SOPHIE  
I'm looking for my cousin.

FIRST SOLDIER  
By what name is your cousin known?

SOPHIE  
She's called Miriam. The man she is to marry is a carpenter by trade called Yuseph.

The two soldiers look at each other.

SECOND SOLDIER  
May we sit?

Without waiting for an answer the two sit.

SECOND SOLDIER (CONT'D)  
If we're speaking of the same Miriam -- and I don't know of another who was bound to a carpenter called Yuseph, then I'm afraid there's bad news.

Sophie waits. So does the soldier...

SOPHIE

Go on.

FIRST SOLDIER

When we were at the beginning of our tour here, the girl you speak of, Miriam, was stoned by the village.

SOPHIE

Did she live?

SECOND SOLDIER

No.

SOPHIE

What was her crime?

SECOND SOLDIER

She was with child.

FIRST SOLDIER

Her family left Nazareth soon after. The house still sits empty. This was three years ago.

SOPHIE

And Yuseph?

FIRST SOLDIER

No one knows. He was injured trying to save her but what happened after that...?

He shrugs.

The two soldiers rise.

FIRST SOLDIER (CONT'D)

We could send our two trainees to show you where the house is.

Sophie looks at Michael but of course he hasn't understood a word of this.

SOPHIE

That would be very kind.

The two soldiers walk back to the other two at the counter.

MICHAEL

Tell me.

Sophie sits there with a worried look on her face.

SOPHIE  
Mary's dead. Jesus was never born.

MICHAEL  
Two billion Christians would beg to differ.

Sophie is a bit shell-shocked.

SOPHIE  
I've wasted so much time.

The two soldiers clasp hands with the two other soldiers and then those soldiers, younger than the two who spoke with Sophie, approach the table. One is TALL and swarthy, the other STOCKY and fair haired. They're both a bit wobbly and smiley.

STOCKY SOLDIER  
We'll take you to the house.

Sophie and Michael stand and the tall soldier stares at Sophie and then smirks at Michael.

Michael notices and glares back.

INT. MACLAURIN BUILDING BASEMENT LAB - NIGHT

Arthur, at his desk, stands and watches the black circle.

ARTHUR  
And...here's Harold.

Harold appears, freezes, stares at Arthur, then runs to Michael's desk and grabs the Coke can sitting there and takes a drink.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Nice to see you, too.

Arthur walks over to Harold and removes the leather holster and device from around Harold's neck. He lays it on his desk. Arthur sits back down at his desk.

Harold looks around the room, finds his Nerf ball and jumps on the couch and sits there hugging it.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
He'll be back in a little while.

EXT. NAZARETH ROAD - NIGHT

In the quiet moonlight Sophie, Michael, and the two young soldiers, both holding torches, walk past stone and stucco houses. Sophie looks around taking it all in.

SOPHIE

Did you know my cousin?

STOCKY SOLDIER

We've only been here four weeks. We were in Assyria -- where it's not so peaceful.

SOPHIE

Oh, I see. The two soldiers who were with you? They've been here a long time?

STOCKY SOLDIER

Three years. They rotate out at first light. We were having a last meal together.

SOPHIE

They seemed very nice -- and helpful.

TALL SOLDIER

They've become soft.

INT. MARY'S FAMILY'S FRONT ROOM - LATER

A CREAKING is heard and then a LOUD SNAP. The front door pushes inward and the two young soldiers followed by Michael and Sophie enter. The soldiers place their torches in holders on opposite sides of the room.

The room has stone and stucco walls and wooden floors. There are wooden chairs with brightly colored cushions that are placed around a large wooden table with vertical floral carvings adorning its sides and legs. A large wooden couch is against one wall. It's also covered with brightly colored cushions. There are two matching chairs that face the couch.

The room appears abandoned but untouched.

Sophie walks to the table and runs her hand over the carvings.

SOPHIE

Beautiful.

The stocky soldier smiles watching her.

He looks at the other soldier and the other soldier looks at Michael.

Michael frowns and slowly reaches into his leather bag.

The tall soldier swings the back of his forearm knocking Michael backward onto the floor as the stocky soldier grabs Sophie.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Michael!

Michael begins to rise while pulling the Mace can from his bag but before he can use it, the tall soldier kicks Michael knocking his head against the stone wall. Michael slumps back to the floor.

Sophie SCREAMS and struggles as the stocky soldier drags her toward a bedroom.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

No! No! Michael! Michael!

The tall soldier looks at Michael on the floor. He smiles and follows his stocky friend with Sophie in tow into the bedroom.

INT. MARY'S FAMILY'S FRONT ROOM - LATER

Michael's eyes open. He's still on the floor. He looks around. It appears he's alone. There are NO SOUNDS in the house.

He rises, unsteady, and grabs his head, grimacing. He removes the time device from his bag with one hand and feels around in a panic for something with the other. He thinks a second and then looks around on the floor and sees the can of Mace against the wall where he had fallen.

He picks it up and rushes into the bedroom.

Sophie is face down on the bed. Her robe has been thrown down on top of her nude body and blood is on the bed's covering under her hips. There's no movement.

Michael leans over her, dropping the time device onto the mattress. He feels her neck with his free hand, desperately trying to find a pulse. Then finally...

MICHAEL

Oh, thank you God.

Sophie opens an eye and turns toward Michael. Both eyes open wide in horror.

A forearm crashes against the side of Michael's head and knocks him off the bed.

The tall soldier, his nose bleeding, picks up the time device and stares at it.

Michael gathers himself off the floor rushes at the soldier, spraying him in the face.

The soldier SCREAMS, wipes at his face with one hand, then pulls his sword, backing up out of the bedroom, blinded by the Mace.

He stands in the front room flailing his sword as Michael and Sophie watch in horror.

SOPHIE  
(weakly)  
We have to leave.

MICHAEL  
He's got the device.

Michael stands and as he begins to move forward Sophie grabs his arm.

The soldier disappears.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
No!

Sophie looks on in disbelief and collapses back onto the mattress.

Michael stands and rushes into the doorway between the two rooms. He looks toward the front door. The other soldier is standing there, his eyes registering disbelief at what he's just seen.

The soldier steps into the front room and looks around. He looks at Michael frozen in the doorway. He rushes at Michael and Michael sprays the Mace as he backs into the bedroom. The soldier SCREAMS and throws up both hands to his eyes causing the sword in his hand to crash into the doorway and onto the floor as he falls into the room and onto the bed.

Sophie grabs the robe that's on her, holding it in front of her and slides off the bed as Michael unloads more Mace onto the soldier.

The soldier SCREAMS again. Michael picks up the sword and raises it over the soldier who's thrashing around trying to see where the danger is coming from next.

SOPHIE  
No!

Michael looks at her.

MICHAEL  
We have to.

STOCKY SOLDIER  
(crying, in Latin)  
You're a demon.

MICHAEL  
Shut the fuck up!

SOPHIE  
(to the soldier, in  
Latin)  
His name is Gabriel. Sent by the  
one whose name cannot be spoken.  
You need to run...and not look back.

The soldier lifts himself from the bed and stands.

INT. MACLAURIN BUILDING BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

Arthur and Harold are both on the couch asleep.

In the center of the circle the tall soldier appears. Blinded by Mace, he's flailing his sword at the air.

Harold wakes up, watches with wide open eyes, then darts behind the couch.

Arthur opens his eyes and watches the soldier for a moment and then realizes it's not a dream. He sits there frozen a few seconds and then sees the redness on the man's skin and grasps that the soldier can't see. He gets off the couch and frantically looks around. He unplugs Sophie's computer monitor and lifts it above his head.

The soldier stops flailing and squints toward Arthur.

ARTHUR  
Oh, shit.

Harold runs out from behind the couch and jumps up on Michael's desk and SCREAMS a blood curdling scream.

The soldier flails toward the desk as Arthur runs up beside him and as he's about to bring the monitor down on his head the soldier whips around to the side and brings the sword down on top of the monitor causing the monitor to crash onto Arthur's head and knock him over backward onto the floor and motionless.

Harold SCREAMS again and the soldier slashes at Michael's desk destroying his computer as Harold jumps to Arthur's desk and SCREAMS.

Again the soldier slashes knocking everything including Arthur's monitor off Arthur's desk. He stands there listening.

He wipes at his eyes which are streaming tears and he blinks. He squints trying to see and then feels around in front of him with his sword.

He locates the door and pushes on it and then pulls on it but it doesn't open. He repeats the action with more force accidentally turning the knob. It opens and he steps out into the hall.

Harold runs to Arthur and stands over him pushing on his shoulder but Arthur doesn't move.

INT. MARY'S FAMILY'S FRONT ROOM - LATER

Sophie, in her robe again, sits on the couch with her knees pulled up to her chest.

Michael is beside her. He tries to touch her to comfort her but she pulls away.

SOPHIE

No. Please.

MICHAEL

Arthur'll find us.

SOPHIE

Are there weapons in the lab?

MICHAEL

No, of course not.

Sophie shakes her head and begins to tear up.

Again Michael tries to comfort her, and this time she shoves him away, but he puts his arms around her and she stops struggling and just WEEPS.

EXT. NAZARETH HILLSIDE - DAY

A boy, YESHI, 12, dressed in biblical era clothing, sits on a hillside covered by wild flowers. Beside him is an iPad hooked to a small solar charger, and beside that, an old leather bag.

Yeshi jots down notes on a crude, off-white page using a ballpoint pen.

The pen appears to run out of ink and he opens it and spits into the ink tube, reassembles it, shakes it, then continues.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Yeshi! Lunch!

Yeshi continues for a moment finishing his thought and then picks up the pad and charger and stuffs them into the bag. He reads over his page and then carefully roles it up and places it in the bag.

He runs down the hill toward a stone and stucco house where a woman is standing in the doorway.

As he gets closer it's clear the woman is Sophie, dressed in traditional Hebrew garments from two thousand years past. She's now a little older, and has a calm glow about her and a knowing, almost imperceptible sad smile.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Wash your hands.

YESHI

(mock exasperation)

Yes, Mother.

He runs to the side of the house where a table sits beside a covered well. On the table is a bowl filled with water.

INT. MARY'S FAMILY'S FRONT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The large ornately carved table is covered with dishes filled with various foods.

Sophie carries a loaf of twisted bread to the table as James, 8, and Michael come in through the front doorway. James is covered in sawdust.

SOPHIE

(to James)

Honey, go outside and brush yourself off...and wash your hands.

James looks down at himself then frowns at his mother and turns around and goes back out.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Michael, how many times...

Michael steps over to Sophie and puts his arms around her and she melts into him. She kisses his neck.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You, too. Wash up.

INT. SOPHIE AND MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A tiny LED light is mounted to a piece of wood nailed to the wall. It partially illuminates the room. Sophie is in bed crocheting and Michael is sitting at a small desk scrolling through the iPad.

MICHAEL

I can't believe the stuff he's logging into this thing.

Sophie looks up from her task.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

He needs access to more than we can give him.

SOPHIE

He has the only iPad in the world.

MICHAEL

Without Internet.

SOPHIE

Michael, honey, you're the most educated man on the planet and I'm the most educated woman. Who could help him more than us?

Sophie puts aside her crocheting and lies back.

Michael turns off the pad and the LED and walks to the bed and sits, moonlight, the only illumination.

MICHAEL

I wish he could've met Arthur. I wish he could've had a Harvard education. I wish he could've worked in an M.I.T. lab.

Sophie takes his hand.

SOPHIE

You've educated him, Michael. He's a twelve-year-old brainiac. He's the second smartest person on earth.

Michael climbs into bed.

MICHAEL

You think I'm the smartest person on earth?

He smiles.

SOPHIE

You? I think you're third, maybe.

She SQUEALS as he bites her neck.

MICHAEL

How do you stay so optimistic?

SOPHIE  
I have faith.

MICHAEL  
In what?

SOPHIE  
In us.

She smiles and kisses him.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
We've survived thirteen years here  
with just your little leather bag of  
goodies.

MICHAEL  
And a few pages on basic carpentry  
and home repair I happened to store  
on my thumb drive.

They lie in SILENCE a moment.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I have faith, too.

SOPHIE  
Oh, yeah?

MICHAEL  
I have faith Arthur will find us.

SOPHIE  
You're the most logical person I've  
ever met. How can you still believe  
that?

MICHAEL  
I just do. Isn't that what faith  
is?

SOPHIE  
If Arthur survived that sword swinging  
maniac, there would be at least one  
functioning device left to use to  
come get us.

MICHAEL  
Yeah, yeah, and since that didn't  
happen, either the device was  
destroyed or...Arthur's dead.

Sophie touches his face.

SOPHIE

You know that's the logic.

MICHAEL

I know what logic says, Sophie. I wrote the book.

He turns away from her and she puts her arms around him and lays her head against his back.

EXT. NAZARETH HILLSIDE - DAY

Yeshi is again sitting among the wild flowers. He reads his iPad screen then jots down a note on his page. He smiles, rolls up the page, then puts his things back into the leather bag.

He stands and looks toward his house.

JAMES (O.S.)

(from a distance)

Yeshi!

Yeshi turns and sees his little brother running ahead of his father and three other men walking down the dirt road.

He runs down the hill toward his house and opens the front door...

INT. MARY'S FAMILY'S FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and bursts into the room where his mother is setting food out for lunch.

YESHI

Mom. Dad's bringing visitors.

Sophie looks to the door as James rushes in.

JAMES

Mama, visitors!

Sophie puts her hand on James' shoulder.

Michael walks through the doorway, tears in his eyes, and hugs Sophie. She looks over his shoulder as Arthur steps into the room followed by Gunner and Raj, all dressed in period garments.

Sophie bursts into tears and runs to Arthur and throws her arms around him. When she finally breaks from him she hugs Raj and then stands in front of Gunner. She smiles through her tears and throws her arms around him.

GUNNER

Finally.

He smiles.

Sophie steps over to Michael and hugs him again.

MICHAEL

Boys. Gather up everything you wanna  
keep that'll fit into one bag.

SOPHIE

We're leaving now?

MICHAEL

Yes.

INT. MAHR TIME RESEARCH LAB - MOMENTS LATER

All seven appear in the center of a large circle in the middle of a huge room filled with a dozen desks, all facing inward toward the circle. At the desks researchers stand and APPLAUD wildly accompanied by HOOTS, HOLLERS, and WHISTLES.

The two boys look around with wonder in their eyes.

Michael looks at Arthur who's grinning.

ARTHUR

Surprise.

MICHAEL

Where are we?

ARTHUR

Beacon Hill. The new home of the  
Michael J. Mahr Time Research Lab.

From behind the circle of desks while the APPLAUSE is dying down, a Green monkey with a little bit of gray in his beard cautiously steps forward.

YESHI

(to Michael, pointing)  
Is that Harold?

Michael looks and his eyes fill with tears. Sophie grabs Michael's arm and her eyes, too, fill with tears.

Michael reaches down and picks up Harold and Harold holds onto him, his hands around Michael's neck, his head tucked into Michael's chest.

MICHAEL

(to Harold)

I'm sorry I was gone so long. I won't leave you again.

ARTHUR

Come on. We gotta get you caught up.

SOPHIE

Where will we stay?

EXT. BEACON HILL CARETAKER HOUSE BACK YARD - LATER

Beautiful brick two story home beside a huge Victorian of the same era and design. Ivy covers half the brick.

Yeshi and James play in the autumn leaves while Harold sits on a picnic table and watches.

INT. BEACON HILL CARETAKER HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Arthur sit at the table while Sophie explores the kitchen opening filled cabinets and drawers and a fully stocked pantry.

SOPHIE

This was all done for us?

ARTHUR

We wanted to be ready if we were lucky enough to find you. We didn't know there'd be four of you.

SOPHIE

This is plenty big enough. It's great.

MICHAEL

So, let's hear it, Arthur. The Roman didn't kill you, so what happened to the devices?

Sophie turns to listen.

ARTHUR

Agrippa Celsus -- that's his name -- he destroyed half the lab. He splintered the device Harold had used and he tore up your computer, but we retrieved the memory. But guess what?

SOPHIE

There was nothing useful on the hard drive.

ARTHUR

Right you are Mrs. Mahr.

MICHAEL

It was too dangerous to leave on my computer. And too dangerous to leave on the cloud.

SOPHIE

He's got it on his thumb drive on his key ring.

Sophie goes back to exploring.

ARTHUR

That's like keeping an extra set of keys in your car.

MICHAEL

Not exactly, but I take your point. But Gunner?

ARTHUR

Like him or not, he's the next best thing to you.

SOPHIE

(frowning)

Oooh.

ARTHUR

And this place? It's his. He married well.

SOPHIE

He's not wearing a wedding ring.

ARTHUR

He's still a dog, but he's much better. He named the place, not me.

Sophie sits at the table.

SOPHIE

So, the soldier. You know his name.

MICHAEL

He's dead? Or what?

ARTHUR

He's at Bridgewater, forty miles south of here. The mental hospital.

MICHAEL

What happened to his device?

ARTHUR

We never found it.

SOPHIE

Have you ever talked to him?

ARTHUR

About a dozen times over the years.

SOPHIE

What did he say?...about what happened that night?

Michael puts his hand on Sophie's.

ARTHUR

He says he deflowered a sorceress who banished him here. He speaks nothing but Latin -- I have to talk to him through a priest -- and get this. He told me his grandpa was one of Julius Caesar's bodyguards and was hung over from drinking mead the day Caesar got assassinated.

SOPHIE

Wow. You never know who's going to be some essential thread in the tapestry of time.

ARTHUR

(playfully)

The nerd has become a philosopher.

SOPHIE

There was no TV, Arthur. I had a lot of time to think about time.

ARTHUR

Anyway, Mike, we basically started from scratch trying to duplicate your work without anything concrete to go on.

MICHAEL

Well, we're here, and we're grateful.

Sophie smiles.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

So, Arthur, where does the money  
come from for all those salaries?

ARTHUR

We're a nonprofit with several  
generous benefactors who don't ask  
many questions, so we don't have to  
lie much.

He smiles.

SOPHIE

I'd like to get the boys in school  
as soon as possible. Any chance we  
could get on the payroll?

ARTHUR

You've both been on the payroll for  
seven years.

EXT. BEACON HILL CARETAKER HOUSE - DAY

A motor scooter with two helmeted and bundled-up people, a  
young man and young woman, pulls into the driveway.

The young woman, MAGGIE, 18, removes her helmet.

MAGGIE

You gotta get a bigger bike, Yeshi.

The guy removes his helmet. Yeshi, now 19, has longer hair  
and a bit of a beard.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You got me all tingly...

Yeshi steps off the scooter.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Maybe if your parents aren't home  
yet...

YESHI

They're home, Maggie. Or they're  
working next door...

(he kisses her then  
points at the big  
house)

...right there.

INT. BEACON HILL CARETAKER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

KNOCKING at the door.

Sophie, now 40, pulls it open and Yeshi and Maggie enter.

Yeshi kisses his mom on the cheek and with her hand she brushes away the hair hanging in his face.

SOPHIE

I just squeezed some orange juice.  
Would you kids like some?

YESHI

I can't believe you still do that.

MAGGIE

I'd love some, Mrs. Mahr.

Sophie smiles and walks toward the kitchen.

YESHI

(yelling after her)  
Is Dad out back?

EXT. CARETAKER HOUSE BACK YARD - MOMENTS LATER

A small but lush array of bushes and colorful, late fall trees.

Yeshi exits the back door and walks to the picnic table in the middle of the small yard where Michael is staring at his ultra-thin, ultra clear laptop.

Michael looks up.

MICHAEL

Hey, Yesh.

Yeshi sits down.

YESHI

Dad. You need to see this.

MICHAEL

Yeah?

Yeshi pulls his cell phone from his pocket and bumps it up against his dad's laptop. He punches a few keys and the screen lights up with a view of a mouse on a lab counter. The mouse is hooked to a monitor that shows straight lines and zeros.

YESHI

He'd been dead two minutes.

On screen, Yeshi with Raj looking on injects the mouse with an air applicator. Nothing happens for several seconds.

MICHAEL  
What am I looking at, Yesh?

YESHI  
Wait for it.

The mouse gasps and so does Raj while Yeshi watches as if it was a hundred percent guaranteed.

The mouse lies there a moment and then gets up and slowly walks toward Yeshi's outstretched hand.

MICHAEL  
Oh, my God. Have you been able to duplicate it?

YESHI  
Four times with mice. Twice with dogs -- a beagle and a boxer.

He plays another video of a large boxer rising from the dead.

MICHAEL  
What's next?

Yeshi smiles.

YESHI  
I was hoping for a human.

MICHAEL  
Don't do anything stupid, Yesh.

YESHI  
I have a plan.

MICHAEL  
You're a nineteen-year-old with a master's degree. You can have an amazing future.

YESHI  
This is my future.

He gets up and walks back toward the house.

MICHAEL  
Yesh! Keep this to yourself -- for now.

INT. CARETAKER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In the kitchen Sophie sits chatting with Maggie as Yeshi enters and sits.

YESHI

Mom. The twentieth anniversary of your friend Mel's death is tomorrow night -- technically, Thursday morning.

Sophie puts her hand on Yeshi's and smiles.

SOPHIE

I can't believe you keep track of such things, honey.

MAGGIE

He's got a head full of crazy nerd stuff -- not that that's crazy or anything.

Sophie smiles again.

SOPHIE

That whole night was crazy.

YESHI

I can make it end better.

Maggie stands.

MAGGIE

(to Yeshi)

It happened twenty years ago.

(to Sophie)

I told you he had a head full of cuckoo. I'll be right back.

Maggie leaves the room.

Sophie smiles.

SOPHIE

Yeshi, when you came along, every day I spent with you was better than the day before. You healed me.

YESHI

Mama, your whole adult life you've regretted not being able to save your best friend.

Sophie smiles sadly.

SOPHIE

I've learned to accept life's limitations, honey.

(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

If Mel had been able to hang on a little longer or if we'd been able to jump a little sooner, things would have turned out differently. But the timing wasn't meant to be.

YESHI

Dad says time is a ribbon.

SOPHIE

I've heard him say that a hundred times and I'm still not sure what he means.

YESHI

Mama. I want to give you an early Christmas present. I want you to say you'll accept it -- before I tell you what it is.

SOPHIE

Sounds ominous. I've got a troublesome gift this year for you, too, my beautiful boy.

She smiles, touches his hair again, and Yeshi finally smiles.

INT. AMTRAK CAR - DAY

Steady rapid CLACKING. Sophie and Yeshi are seated in a passenger car as the buildings slide by the windows.

SOPHIE

Before we get there, I have to say something.

YESHI

What, Mama?

SOPHIE

Your father and I have never told you boys about what happened the day we arrived in Israel.

YESHI

Mama, I know enough.

SOPHIE

I think you're old enough to know the whole story.

YESHI

You don't need to tell me more than I already know.

Sophie takes his hand.

SOPHIE

I want to tell you. For me as much  
as you.

The train slows and the CLACKING GETS MORE DISTINCT.

INT. BRIDGEWATER MENTAL HOSPITAL - LATER

A large room with enormous, arch-topped windows and pale walls. Light floods in.

Small tables with one and two chairs are scattered without plan.

People, mostly in pajamas and robes, fill some of the chairs, some coloring, some doing puzzles, some reading...

Sophie and Yeshi enter the room and look around from face to face. Sophie stares at a man in an off-white suit made shiny by time who's sitting alone reading a Bible. Her eyes open wider. He's the evangelist from Sophie's first day at M.I.T.

Yeshi points at the man at the table next to the evangelist.

Sophie looks.

YESHI

That's him.

The man has graying stubble and deep bags under his eyes. His hair is thinning and a little gray at the temples. He wears a gray bathrobe.

On the table is a pile of wadded tissue.

He works on a puzzle moving very slowly as if half asleep. He picks up a piece of tissue and dabs at one side of his nose.

Yeshi walks over to the man's table and pulls up two unused chairs from other tables.

The evangelist studies Yeshi and Sophie, locking eyes with Yeshi for a moment, and then goes back to his Bible.

The tall soldier looks up from his puzzle.

TALL SOLDIER

(to Yeshi, in Latin)

You again.

Sophie stares at Yeshi.

YESHI  
(in Latin)  
Agrippa Celsus, this is my mother,  
Sophia Maria Zambaldi Mahr.

Sophie and Yeshi sit.

The man stares at Sophie for a long moment then goes back to his puzzle.

SOPHIE  
How long have you known?

YESHI  
For a couple of years. I heard people  
at the lab.

SOPHIE  
You know who he is?

YESHI  
I ran his DNA.

Yeshi's eyes open wide and he smiles looking at the tissue pile.

YESHI (CONT'D)  
You destroyed his nose, Mama.

Sophie smiles then LAUGHS with tears in her eyes and puts her hand on Yeshi's arm. She stares at the man who's lost in his puzzle.

SOPHIE  
I should have done this sooner.

YESHI  
You weren't ready.

SOPHIE  
I wanted to be the one to tell you  
about your father.

YESHI  
Mama, my father is my father.

EXT. CARETAKER HOUSE, BACK YARD - DAY

Michael is at the picnic table typing on his laptop.

Next to the table is a large tree with foot-long one-by-two boards nailed to its trunk making a ladder that leads to its lowest branch. Harold, very gray now, sits on that branch and watches the screen.

The back door of the house opens and Yeshi skips down the steps.

Michael looks up.

MICHAEL  
Hey, Yesh. What's up?

YESHI  
(sitting)  
Dad, you got a minute?

MICHAEL  
Of course.

He closes the screen.

YESHI  
I don't know if it's because we've  
screwed with time or time screwed  
with us, but about a decade from  
now, the world we left is gonna need  
its savior.

Michael puts his hand on Yeshi's shoulder.

MICHAEL  
People don't need a savior, Yeshua,  
they just need hope.

Harold climbs slowly and carefully down from his branch and pulls himself up into Michael's lap. Michael puts his hand on Harold's head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I was hoping you'd come to me before  
I had to come to you.

Michael smiles.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
You've made your decision?

YESHI  
I think I can do it.

MICHAEL  
It won't be easy.

YESHI  
We have enough technology to pull it  
off. And we've got almost eleven  
years to figure it all out...and a  
well-funded lab.

Michael SIGHS and strokes Harold's head.

MICHAEL

You're gonna be the last time jumper,  
Yesh. The board has decided to let  
us publish on teleportation.

YESHI

But not time travel.

MICHAEL

We've been cautious and lucky, but  
some things are just too dangerous.

INT. MAHR TIME RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT

Sophie and Arthur stand in the circle in the middle of the  
room. Sophie holds the time device.

ARTHUR

Michael's gonna kill us.

SOPHIE

I'll talk to him -- it's not a time  
jump.

A door opens and Michael rushes in.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Guess I wasn't as quiet as I thought.

MICHAEL

What're you doing?

He sees Sophie looking at the clock that shows the date and  
the time: 4:36.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Is this about Mel?

The clock changes to 4:37. Sophie steps into the center of  
the circle as Arthur steps away.

SOPHIE

She asked one favor of me, to say a  
prayer, and for twenty years I've  
failed her.

Michael looks up at the clock again.

MICHAEL

She hasn't been gone twenty years,  
Sophie. It's only been a minute.

Sophie pushes the button.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mel lies lifeless on the table.

The physician's assistant, the only other person still in the room, stands over the body. He turns as Sophie appears.

He lowers his mask. It's Yeshi.

YESHI  
Merry Christmas, Mama.

SOPHIE  
Oh, my God, it was you.

Yeshi reaches into his pocket, pulls out the air-hypo and zaps Mel's chest.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
What're you doing?

Yeshi stares at the body, waiting.

Michael appears, sees Yeshi staring at Mel's body.

MICHAEL  
Yesh! Wait!

Sophie turns and looks at Michael then steps to Mel's body and touches her arm. Mel opens her eyes and GASPS and shakes and then slowly breathes in and out.

Sophie GASPS then explodes in tears gripping Mel's arm with one hand and crossing herself with the other. She throws her arms around Yeshi and Michael hugs them both.

YESHI  
(to Michael)  
There's one problem solved.

MEL  
(to Sophie and Michael,  
grabbing Sophie's  
arm)  
What happened to you guys?

Sophie, still spilling tears, smiles and squeezes Mel's arm. She reaches out and takes Yeshi's hand and draws him to her side.

SOPHIE  
This is my son, Yeshi.

Mel's eyes open wide.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Yeshi and Dr. Arbus are gonna take  
good care of you. We have to leave --  
but I'll be back.

Sophie and Michael move away from the table and Michael pushes  
on his device and they vanish.

YESHI

Are you strong enough to sit up?

MEL

Maybe.

Yeshi mashes the pad on the wall by the door as Mel struggles  
to a sitting position.

Dr. Arbus and a nurse rush in. They stare at Mel sitting on  
the table...then finally...

DR. ARBUS

Okay. This is unusual.

He takes Mel's hand in his hands and feels for her pulse.

DR. ARBUS (CONT'D)

I...have a few questions.

MEL

Ask me anything. I've got time.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE ALLEY - DAY

A homeless man sits propped up against a brick building, his  
possessions spilling out from plastic bags stuffed into a  
shopping cart.

He examines what appears to be a dirty, battered, cell phone.  
He pries and pulls at the casing.

He pushes on the screen.

He vanishes.

INT. ROMAN BANQUET HALL - CONTINUOUS

The huge room hosts an orgy of unimaginable decadence.

The homeless man appears in the middle of a large fountain  
filled with undulating drunken bathing beauties splashing  
amid rose petals.

Startled, he drops the device into the water. Then he grins.

FADE OUT