

SENT

By

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BASED ON SENT: A STORY BY STEVE MCDONELL

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FADE IN:

EXT. SNOW-COVERED LANDSCAPE - DAY

SLOW TRACKING over snow and ice. The frozen land is harsh with only a stunted tree dotted here and there. It might be close to the Arctic or Antarctica, the tundra of Siberia or wilds of Alaska. Maybe even deep in the Himalaya...

Suddenly, a disturbance on the surface changes the monotonous view. Ice is slowly being pushed out of a widening hole. Something is emerging from the layer of snow. A gloved hand breaks free.

Moments later, a fur-clad man, PROFESSOR ROBERT LINCOLN, hauls himself out and lies breathing heavily. A mini blizzard begins and he rises to his feet. He peers around, face protected by goggles.

The professor takes a piece of paper from his fur coat and begins to pace around. He checks distances and measures angles. Finally, with a satisfied nod, he pulls out another object.

CLOSE UP of a mobile phone. It looks normal enough. The screen is lit up, emitting a green glow. The professor looks closely at the device, then he makes an 'X' in the snow with his foot.

SUPER: NOVEMBER 14TH 2080

The professor steps back towards the hole, presses a button on the phone, and throws it onto the 'X'. The air around the phone seems to shimmer, like a mirage. He eases himself back into the hole, watching the phone.

CLOSE UP of phone screen. It reads 'MESSAGE SENT'.

The phone seems to fade and flicker. The professor nods and disappears in the hole.

SUPER: FORMER CITY OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

Music starts('RAIN' by The Beatles).

Another CLOSEUP of the phone screen. The word 'MESSAGE' fades to leave 'SENT' as title in large letters.

The snow around the phone moves and wavers. The area changes over a few moments, showing the backward passage of time.

EXT.AERIAL VIEW OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND - LATE AFTERNOON

SLOW TRACKING across Liverpool, showing it's landmarks - the Liver Building, the Mersey river, etc.

SUPER - LIVERPOOL ENGLAND FRIDAY JUNE 3rd 2005.

The music is still playing.

INT.KITCHEN - LIAM AND PETE'S FLAT - LATE AFTERNOON

LIAM KNIGHT, 24, tall, with thick dark hair, is putting boxes of gear on the floor. The kitchen and lounge of the small, but tidy flat are actually one room.

His friend PETE HOWARD, same age, wiry build with a crew cut, is looking under the sink. The music is coming from a CD player on the table. Liam turns it off suddenly.

LIAM

What was that? Couldn't hear you.

PETE

(holding up mobile phone)

I said, someone left their phone here.

LIAM

In the cupboard under the sink? Who the fuck would do that?

PETE

(shrugs)

Whoever lived here before, I suppose. Should I call the real estate guy? Hand it in?

Liam checks the clock on the oven.

LIAM

It's nearly five. They'll be shutting. Leave it till Monday.

He continues unpacking boxes and getting the place tidy. Pete examines the phone.

PETE

It's not working. No brand name on it. No sim opening either. Weird.

LIAM

How about giving me a hand? Then we can get to the pub and meet up with the lads.

Pete pushes the top section of the phone forward to reveal the screen. It's blank.

PETE

Nothing. I wonder____

Suddenly, the screen begins to glow a bright green, and the phone starts RINGING. Liam glances up.

LIAM

Looks like someone's trying to find their lost phone. Better answer it.

PETE

It says it's an incoming video call. That's pretty cool.

He presses the 'answer' button. The screen flickers with static, then clears. A concrete wall is visible in the background, a dull light cast on it. The vision moves, as if someone had adjusted the camera slightly.

Professor Lincoln appears on screen, close to the camera. He has long, unruly hair and beard, and looks to be in his forties. His face bears the signs of hardship, but his eyes have an intelligent warmth. He smiles as he looks back at the boys.

PROF.LINCOLN

Hello lads. Good to see you in the flesh at last. I don't know how long this connection will last, so please listen carefully. I know this is all sudden and a shock to you, but bear with me.

The man's voice is tinny over the screen but clearly he has a British accent.

PETE

(confused)

Uh, I'm sorry, mister...?

PROF.LINCOLN

Lincoln. Professor Robert Lincoln.

PETE

(glancing at Liam)

Ok, Professor Lincoln. We seem to...is this your phone?

PROF.LINCOLN

Yes, it is. Glad to see it's working alright. It's had a frightfully long journey.

Liam stops unpacking and moves closer to look at the phone.

LIAM
(whispers)
Is this guy a bit out of it? He looks crazy.

Pete shrugs.

PETE
Look, sir, we can return your phone. Just give us your address and we'll send it. Or maybe drop it off.

PROF.LINCOLN
(laughs)
Forgive me, Pete. I'm getting ahead of myself. You can't possibly realise I sent you the phone.

PETE
(warily)
Hang on! How the hell do you know my name? Is this some sort of reality gag? Are we being watched by people?

PROF.LINCOLN
I'll explain everything soon. But if you turn on your T.V and connect to Blue tooth, my pictures will transmit to the bigger screen. You won't have to try and see me on the smaller phone.

Pete looks a bit confused. Liam takes the mobile off him and quickly does as suggested. Soon, the professor's face is magnified on the T.V. The sound is better, as well.

PROF.LINCOLN
Thank you. I'm sure that will be more comfortable for you both. Now, back to matters. My name is Professor Robert Lincoln, and yes, I sent you the phone.

LIAM
Ok, you sent us the phone. Well, you left it here in the flat. We can return it.

The professor is silent for a moment, looking away from the screen. He wipes his brow wearily.

PROF.LINCOLN

I'll tell you everything now.
You'll find it hard to believe,
but it's all true. And later I
will prove it so.

Pete is making a 'loony circles' gesture. Liam shrugs and watches the screen.

PROF.LINCOLN

I sent the phone back in time to
your flat. At this very moment, I
am sitting in a concrete bunker,
situated directly under your
flat. Well, the former site of
your flat. Current time and date
here is two a.m,
November fifteenth, twenty
eighty.

LIAM

(frowning)

Let me see... you're saying
you're in the future? You expect
us to believe that?

PETE

This is bullshit. Turn the damn
phone thing off. Let's go to the
pub.

He reaches out to grab the phone but Liam stops him.

LIAM

Wait. I want to know how he knows
your name.

PROF.LINCOLN

Look, Pete, Liam. Yes, I know you
too. I realise how this sounds
but I'm serious. The mobile is a
time travel device. I sent it
back so you can help me.

PETE

This just gets better. He's a
fucking fruitcake.

PROF.LINCOLN

(softly)

No, Pete. I wish I was,
sometimes. It would make things
easier...

LIAM

You said before you could prove
you are telling the truth.

PETE

Liam, why are you bothering?

LIAM

(ignoring him)

I'm a reasonable guy who thinks you need help, Mr. Lincoln. If that's your real name. I'll give you one chance, for worth what it's worth.

The professor smiles, calm under the circumstances.

PROF.LINCOLN

Well spoken, Liam. I would do the same in your shoes. Ok, go into the text message menu on the phone. The vision will go off, but you'll still hear me.

Liam does this while Pete shakes his head in disgust. The TV screen is now static.

LIAM

(neutral voice)

Right, done. Now what? Send you a text?

PROF.LINCOLN(O.S)

Exactly. But enter the number as time and date. What time is it there?

PETE

(muttering)

What time is it there. As if he doesn't know...

LIAM

Five pm.

PROF.LINCOLN(O.S)

Ok, enter the number '1500362005'. Press 'send' when you're ready.

LIAM

And what will happen?

PETE

You'll be charged some huge amount. Or the fucking thing will explode. Or__

PROF.LINCOLN(O.S)

No, you'll travel back in time two hours.

The confidence in the man's voice comes across, despite Liam and Pete's misgivings at this whole charade. Liam looks briefly at Pete then presses the button. The pair tense, unsure about any of this. Nothing happens at all.

PETE

Oh dear! What a fucking surprise.
How was the past, Liam? Enough of
this___

He stops, blinks and watches as Liam disappears, the air around him rippling. Pete stares at the place his friend was a second ago.

PETE

(slowly)
Holy fuck...

INT.KITCHEN - LIAM AND PETE'S FLAT - THREE P.M

Liam opens his eyes after a bout of nausea. Pete isn't sitting at the table. He looks around quickly and gasps. All the boxes he'd brought in have gone, as have the T.V, CD player and other items. Liam checks the time on the phone: it reads 3:01 p.m.

LIAM

(whispering)
Jesus H. Christ. It's true. He
wasn't mad. I'm really in the
past.

INT.KITCHEN - LIAM AND PETE'S FLAT - FIVE P.M

Pete is still at the table, looking at the empty chair.

PROF.LINCOLN(O.S)

I take it your friend is gone?

PETE

(halfheartedly)
It's a trick of some kind.
Mirrors or...hypnosis, yes,
that's it. You've hypnotized me
into believing Liam's gone.
That's why you got us to turn the
telly on. Made it easier.

Just then, Liam appears from nowhere, fingers still on the phone keypad. He looks around and nods.

LIAM

He wasn't talking shite! I was
here but it was two hours ago.
None of our gear was here.
Nothing.

Pete stares back, shaking his head. The TV screen returns to normal, and the professor is smiling.

LIAM

Ok, Professor, you've proved you're genuine. We'll discuss the interesting fact that time travel is possible later. I want to know what the hell you want with us.

PETE

Wait...you're in a bunker, seventy five years from now. What's the world like? The Earth?

PROF.LINCOLN

It's...grim, Pete. I don't have time to go into the details. Maybe I don't want to. Needless to say, the England above is covered in a layer of ice, ten feet thick.

LIAM

Jesus...climate change?

PROF.LINCOLN

Yes, that. Other things built up over time. I've worked for years to try and do something. And now I may have done it.

PETE

Where does the phone come from? Did you invent it? How did you discover time travel?

PROF.LINCOLN

(shrugs)

Some of it is mere physics, Pete. Some luck. The rest is a mystery. a times it's like an unknown force is out there, controlling things.

LIAM

Why can't you travel back in time yourself?

PROF.LINCOLN

It's too far. Believe me, I tried. I could only send the actual phone.

PETE

Ok, so where do we fit in?

The picture starts to blur and the static increases.

PROF.LINCOLN

The connection will fail soon.
I'll be brief. I have been able
to study the time lines of recent
history and have identified
events that could change the
Earth's future.

LIAM

And you want Pete and me to
travel to those events?

PROF.LINCOLN

Yes. Your intervention would be
crucial.

PETE

Where are we going then?

PROF.LINCOLN

You accept? Just like that? I'd
understand if you said no. It
could be highly dangerous in the
past.

Pete and Liam look at each other.

PETE

Maybe we fancy doing something
useful. Liam?

LIAM

Yeah. I'm up for it.

PROF.LINCOLN

Excellent! Now, listen closely.
You have to go back to 1980 and
stop the murder of John Lennon.

PETE

Hey, that's cool. We'd do that
even if the Earth wasn't fucked
up. Any Liverpool lad would.

PROF.LINCOLN

That's part of the reason I sent
the phone to you.

LIAM

Ok, professor, how does John
surviving affect the future.

PROF.LINCOLN

At the time of his death, he was
planning to get involved again
with world movements and rallies.
My computer data predicts he

(MORE)

PROF.LINCOLN (cont'd)
 would be a major spokesman for
 the early reduction of greenhouse
 gases. His influence would make a
 difference.

PETE
 Computer? You have a computer
 there?

PROF.LINCOLN
 Yes. It's very old but seems to
 function alright. The phone gives
 off some kind of energy that
 powers it.

LIAM
 So how do we save John? Kill Mark
 Chapman? Beat him up? Kidnap John
 till the danger has passed?

PROF.LINCOLN
 That's entirely up to you. And
 you only get one chance to do it.
 the time system has built in
 safeguards to stop too much
 tinkering with history.

The screen flickers and the picture is gone.

PETE
 Shit! Professor? You still there?

PROF.LINCOLN(O.S)
 Yes. Only just. I'll be quick.
 The main reason I chose you two
 is,well, simple.
 (beat)
 I am Pete's grandson.

PETE
 What? Jesus, that's...Professor?

The screen goes blank and silent. Liam and Pete stare at
 each other.

LIAM
 Grandson, hey? Bit of a shock!

PETE
 I...damn! So what do we do now?

LIAM
 We're gonna go, aren't we?

PETE

Yes, but...

LIAM

Well, you get the airline tickets organized. I'll get some 1980 U.S cash.

PETE

But...how do...we don't have much money. And we can't take time off work...

LIAM

Just get online and search. I'll explain later. Oh, and give me your watch. I'll have to hock it.

PETE

My watch? It's a present from my folks! Fuck.

INT. BRITISH AIRWAYS JET - OVER ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

Liam and Pete are sitting in economy, in the middle seats. They are dressed in jeans and shirts. Liam reads a book while Pete gazes about the plane. It is full and the murmur of conversation mingles with the engines.

PETE

(looking at Liam's watch)

Two o'clock. Can't believe we are on the bloody plane. We are really doing this, aren't we?

LIAM

(closes book)

Yes. The phone worked perfectly, as I told you. Went back to 1980, got cash for your watch, bussed to the airport and exchanged the quid for American dollars. No problems.

PETE

(grumpily)

Still not happy about losing my watch. Or the fact you only got a hundred quid for it.

LIAM

Yes, but that was five hundred in eighties currency. That's quite a lot for then.

PETE

I still think we should've told someone, like our folks. At least tell them we were going out of town for the night.

LIAM

Look, stop worrying. If everything goes well, we can be back in England tonight if we choose.

PETE

(puzzled)

Yeah, you haven't explained that yet.

LIAM

(leaning seat back)

Simple. We set the phone to bring us back to 2005 not long after we jumped to 1980. Now, I need some more sleep. I was busy last night, remember?

Liam has his eyes shut already, but a smile is on his lips. Pete goes to say something, then sighs and gives up. He reclines his seat and soon, the two are asleep. The jet roars on towards the United States.

EXT.JFK AIRPORT - DAY

The British Airways jet touches down and taxis to the terminal.

INT.ARRIVAL GATE - JFK AIRPORT - DAY

Liam and Pete walk through into the arrival section, and head towards the Customs area. There are a lot of people about, a typical busy day at JFK.

LIAM

So, we'll get a cab into Manhattan, find a secluded place in Central Park, and do the jump. Then we'll be close to the Sheraton in 1980. Keep an eye on Chapman there.

PETE

Can we get something to eat first?

LIAM

You ate on the plane. Yours and most of mine.

PETE

Yeah, but that was shite. I need some real food. American food. Pizza and lots of it.

LIAM

(laughing)

Ok, but when we get into town. There'll be heaps of proper pizza joints.

They get to the Customs desk and hand over their backpack. It is red and emblazoned with the insignia of Liverpool Football Club. A black CUSTOMS OFFICER searches through it, then scans it with a metal detector. He checks their passports.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Nothing to declare?

LIAM

No, officer. We're just here for a couple of days.

PETE

That's right. We'll probably have a heap of souvenirs when we come back through here.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

(neutral expression)

No luggage?

LIAM

We plan to buy a suitcase for all the stuff we get here.

The Customs guy looks carefully at the two Englishman, then back at their passports. Finally he nods, stamps the visa and hands them back.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

(still unsmiling)

Enjoy your stay in the U.S.

The boys take their backpack and head into the main part of the terminal. Liam takes out the phone and switches it on. He checks it anxiously.

LIAM

It seems ok.

PETE

Why wouldn't it be? We've only
flown across the Atlantic.

LIAM

I know it sounds paranoid but I
feel this need to make sure it's
safe. Silly, innit?

Pete has already taken off towards the main entrance. Liam follows after satisfying himself the phone is fine. Suddenly, he feels an odd sensation, as if he is being watched. He turns slowly and looks about.

There's hundreds of people coming and going. No one suspicious stands out. The feeling passes and he catches up with Pete. Above them a sign points to the taxi ranks.

EXT.NEW YORK CITY AERIAL VIEW - DAY

The city skyline tracks by slowly. Suddenly the towers of the World Trade Centre appear.

SUPER: NEW YORK CITY DECEMBER 8TH 1980

The view across the city is like a bird in flight. It dips sharply and gently veers to street level, near Central Park. A police car is parked outside a pizza bar.

INT.SAL'S PIZZA SHOP - DAY

A typical pizza bar in New York. Customers seated at tables and along the counter. Two police officers are at one end.

They are VINCE GREENING, a solid man in his late 30s, and LARRY SINCLAIR, a rookie cop aged 20. Vince is rubbing his hands in anticipation while Larry gazes about.

VINCE

Kid, you ain't eaten till you eat
at Sal's.

Larry nods keenly.

VINCE

Been doin' it for five years now,
kid. Meal break on a Saturday,
always come here. And he knows my
usual.

The proprietor of the pizza joint is SAL, an Italian in his late sixties. He walks out from the kitchen area to the counter.

SAL
Hey Vincent, how you been? Right
on time as always.

VINCE
Wouldn't miss it Sal, wouldn't
miss it.
(gestures towards Larry)
This is my new greenhorn partner,
uh, Lenny? Shit, kid, that's not
right.
(frowns)

Larry leans forward to shake Sal's hand.

LARRY
Larry Sinclair, pleased to meet
you sir.

SAL
(smiling)
How come they put a nice boy like
you with this barbarian?

All three men laugh.

LARRY
I guess they wanted me to learn
the ropes properly.

VINCE
(growls goodnaturedly)
Hey, look, times wasting and I'm
hungry. So pick out a pizza, kid.
We can get a half each with
different toppings.

Larry quickly scans the menu.

LARRY
Uh, the number twelve, please.

SAL
Ok, seafood supreme coming up.
The usual pepperoni for you,
Vincent? Why do I ask?

He puts two Cokes in front of the policemen.

Larry reaches for his wallet.

SAL
(shaking his head)
Today, this meal is gratis for
you good men of the force.

He goes out to the kitchen.

VINCE
 (impressed)
 Wow, Sal must've really taken to you, kid. I didn't score a freebie till my fourth visit.

LARRY
 We can't take it. I want to pay.

VINCE
 (leans closer to Larry)
 Hey, some advice. Don't knock back a free meal anywhere. And Sal will be deeply offended if we even offer to pay. Understand?

A steely look indicates the subject is closed.

Larry nods reluctantly and resumes his perusal of the pizza shop. Vince loses himself in the New York Times.

Larry sees a large cork noticeboard at the far end of the counter. It is covered with photographs, hundreds of them.

Liam and Pete are sitting near the board, eating pizza. Sal comes out from the kitchen again, wiping his hands on his apron.

SAL
 Won't be long, boys.

He sees Larry staring at the photoboard.

SAL
 Over the years I take pictures of people who come here, you know? Some from all over the world.

He pulls out a battered Polaroid instamatic camera from behind the counter to show Larry.

SAL
 (gestures to Liam and Pete)
 See those gentlemen, Larry? They are from Liverpool, in England. That Mr. Lennon? The singer who lives in the Dakota building? He comes in here every now and then.
 (beaming with pride)
 He likes my pizza. Those two? They have come here to hopefully meet Mr. Lennon.

Sal sighs, a nostalgic sound, evoking memories of the 'old and better days'.

SAL

I remember when the Beatles came here in 1964. The kids, they went wild, but they were well-behaved, you know?

LARRY

(nods)

I was too young to remember but my folks used to talk about it.

(grins)

That sure must've been something.

Sal wipes a damp cloth along the counter.

SAL

The whole city was excited, not just the young people.

(shakes his head sadly)

But now you have the drugs, the crime, unemployment. This generation has no respect anymore, despite the efforts of you good officers.

Vince looks up from the newspaper.

VINCE

If our bosses would give us a free rein, Sal, I'd soon clean up these streets. Me and a few of the boys.

(scowls in frustration)

But we aren't allowed to be too heavy on the crims these days. Something to do with constitutional rights.

LARRY

You sound like Harry Callahan.

He finishes his Coke.

VINCE

Yeah, well gimme twenty Dirty Harrys and there'd be no crime problem and you'd be out of a job, kid.

SAL

But so would you, Vincent.

VINCE

(thinks for a moment)

Well, then I could retire and go live in Miami.

They all laugh. Larry gets up and wanders over to look closer at the photo board. The two Englishmen glance at him in passing. Larry nods in greeting and suddenly a flash of odd visions fill his mind.

He hears scream and gunshots, and sees the World Trade Centre in flames. Then it passes and he is not really sure if it happened at all.

Larry checks out the notice board. Most of the photos are Sal with customers but there are some celebrity shots: Sal is shown with Jack Nicholson, Paul Newman and Alice Cooper, amongst others.

PETE

We got a photo with Sal before.

Larry scans the photos and sees the one mentioned. He turns to the men, nodding. He studies them with the practiced eye of a keen young police officer. The red backpack sits on the counter between them.

LARRY

Sal seems pretty happy to meet you guys. From Liverpool, hey?

LIAM

Have you been there, officer?

LARRY

Uh, no, but my parents were huge Beatles fans. I think it's great you have come over here to see John Lennon.

PETE

Yeah, we are going to the Dakota in the morning to wait around. You never know when John will appear.

LARRY

(smiling)

I've seen fans hanging out there. Man, some of them are pretty devoted.

LIAM

(solemnly)

It's all worth it for the great John Lennon.

Larry gets the feeling that despite the friendly conversation, these two guys are, well, not exactly what they seem.

At the other end of the counter, Sal brings out the pizzas.

VINCE

(gruffly)

About time, Sal. Thought you'd delivered them to the station.

(waves to Larry)

Come on kid, food's on. Stop annoying those poor guys, you wanna put them off our country already?

Vince starts eating, not a pretty sight at the best of times. Sal chuckles as he moves to another customer.

LARRY

Gotta run, guys. Listen, my girlfriend and I always walk around the city on Sundays. We might drop by the Dakota and catch up again. You know, chat about the Beatles and England.

Liam and Pete exchange wary glances.

LIAM

Ah, sure, why not? We'll be there around nine.

LARRY

I'll see you both then.

Larry walks back to the other end of the counter. Vince has nearly finished his pizza and is eying Larry's half. Larry quickly sits and begins eating.

Behind him, Liam and Pete are leaving. At the door, Liam looks back at Larry for a moment, then they are gone.

Later, the police officers finish their meals and Sal serves up apple pie.

SAL

Home-made by my wife.

He ladles fresh cream onto their plates.

VINCE

Is there anything you can't do, Sal?

SAL

(thinking)

Yes, two things. I can't pick the winning lottery numbers. And secondly, I just can't figure out how you talk so much and eat at the same time.

They all laugh and Vince sprays food on Larry's arm. Sal wipes it off with a cloth. Larry checks his watch.

LARRY
Uh, its after five-thirty, Vince.

VINCE
(looking at his watch)
Ok, then, back on the road.

The two cops get up, thanking Sal. He shrugs off their praise and hands Larry a paper bag from behind the counter.

SAL
Here, for you both later tonight.
You'll be hungry again.

EXT.CITY STREETS - NIGHT.

Larry and Vince leave Sal's.

INT.POLICE CAR - NIGHT.

Larry and Vince climb into their patrol car. Larry looks in the bag and laughs.

VINCE
Let me guess, dough nuts?

LARRY
Yeah, thats right. Sal always do that?

They buckle up as Vince starts the car.

VINCE
Not always. Like I said,kid, I think he likes you. Ok, report us in.

Larry puts the bag under his seat and takes the radio transmitter.

LARRY
Uh, Car 24 currently at Central Park South and Seventh Avenue, over.

The radio crackles with static.

WOMAN (V.O)
Roger that, Car 24. Continue patrol sweep as normal and maintain radio contact. Over and out.

Vince swings the car out into traffic.

VINCE

Here we go

INT.BEDROOM - CAROLE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Larry wakes up. In the double bed beside him, a woman, CAROLE FOSTER sleeps. She is 21, pretty, with long brown hair. Carole rolls over and opens her eyes. She smiles at Larry.

LARRY

I'll make coffee, baby. Go back to sleep.

Carole nods and dozes off again. Larry gets out of bed and dresses. He heads for the door and down the stairs.

INT.KITCHEN - CAROLE'S APARTMENT - MORNING.

Larry and Carole eat breakfast. The kitchen is small but neat and well-equipped. Larry talks about the previous night's patrol.

LARRY

So this guy on the motorbike snatches the handbag from an old lady. Vince puts the foot down and we are chasing him all over Manhattan. I thought all of us were gonna be killed for a moment. Then the guy runs into a parked van on 77th street and boom! He's skidding across the street and smashes into a lamppost. Vince jumps out and the guy's screaming in pain, busted collarbone, legs ripped to shreds, and Vince starts abusing him. Babe, I had tears of laughter running down my face.

CAROLE

(shaking her head)

Well, it doesn't sound too funny to me, Larry. Now I'll be even more worried about you.

LARRY

Hey, hey. Its ok. Vince is a good cop. He knows what he's doing. He wouldn't put anyone at risk. Except the bad guys.

CAROLE

Alright, I know I'm being over cautious but, well, you've only been on the streets for a few weeks.

LARRY

Carole, I promise I'll always be careful. Now, come on, drink your coffee. Its getting cold.

Larry chuckles to himself.

CAROLE

Whats so funny, now?

LARRY

Oh, I was thinking about after we took the handbag back to the old lady. She insisted on tipping us both twenty bucks!

CAROLE

Good. You can pay for lunch today after our walk. Now, where shall we go? Into the city?

LARRY

Actually, I wanted to talk to you about that. I wouldn't mind going by the Dakota building.

CAROLE

The Dakota? On West 72nd? Doesn't John Lennon live there?

Larry nods and begins clearing the table of their dishes.

LARRY

Yes, that's right. Look, I'll tell you you all about it on the train.

EXT.CITY STREETS - DAY

Larry and Carole are walking arm in arm along the street. They are wearing jeans and jackets. In the background is the entrance to the subway.

CAROLE

So why the big interest in the Beatles all of a sudden? You never mentioned being a big fan of theirs.

Larry is gazing ahead at the Gothic spires and brownstone of the Dakota building.

LARRY

What? Oh sorry, babe. You know, I've been past that place heaps of times, but never really noticed it properly. It looks like a fortress.

CAROLE

Yes, it is kind of spooky. But answer my question. What's so special about these English guys?

LARRY

(shrugs dreamily)

I don't know, babe, they just, well, I guess I admire them for coming over here to see their idol.

Larry and Carole arrive at the entrance to the Dakota. Steel gates lead to an arched tunnel. A doorman stands watch in a small vestibule to one side. Several other people are nearby, presumably fans of John Lennon.

Larry looks at his watch.

LARRY

Nearly nine. They said they'd be here around now.

CAROLE

Do they even know if John Lennon is in town at the moment? You could wait here for weeks and not see him.

LARRY

They didn't say. They might know a lot about his movements being true fans. I guess they wouldn't take holidays if they didn't have some idea.

CAROLE

My parents met them once. At a charity ball.

LARRY

(absentmindedly)

Who? The two guys from Liverpool?

He is watching the street intently, looking for a sign of the Englishmen.

CAROLE

No, you idiot! The Beatles! Larry Sinclair, what is wrong with you today?

LARRY

Sorry, babe, I think I'm still
tired from patrol last night.

CAROLE

My mother still has a crush on
Paul, I think.

LARRY

Paul who? Oh, right, Paul
McCartney. Look, that's them now.

Liam and Pete are strolling from the Central Park end of
West 72nd. They come to the Dakota entrance and gaze in
awe at the imposing building. Then they see Larry.

LIAM

(shaking Larry's hand)
Officer, glad you could make it.
I'm Liam and my bald headed
friend is Pete.

He looks at Carole and smiles. Pete shakes Larry's hand as
well and bows to Carole.

PETE

(solemnly)
It is indeed a pleasure, madam.

Carole laughs, loving the attention. She makes a wry face
at Larry.

CAROLE

I'm Carole. Larry tells me you're
from England.

PETE

(grinning)
Ah, Larry, is it? I didn't
recognize you out of uniform.

LARRY

(sheepishly)
Sorry, I didn't introduce myself
properly yesterday, did I?
Sometimes it's hard to relax on
the job.

LIAM

Have you been on the force long?

LARRY

Only a month. But it already
seems longer. It's been
interesting.

LIAM
(nodding)
I'll bet.

He glances down the street and Pete does the same. Larry notes this and again has the feeling these guys aren't just tourists...

LARRY
(casually)
Are you meeting someone else here

LIAM
No, no. Well, hopefully John Lennon.

Everyone laughs.

CAROLE
How long are you in New York for?

PETE
Only five days. Just a quick visit. We got some cheap air fares and decided to come over. Do some shopping, see the sights.
(gestures to the Dakota)
Maybe see John if we're lucky.

LARRY
What do you guys do in Liverpool? For a job, I mean?

LIAM
I work with my parents in the electronics business. Pete is a storeman for a packaging firm.

CAROLE
And what's it like living in England? Colder than here, I suppose.

PETE
Yeah, that's true. But we're used to it.

LIAM
We do the usual things in Liverpool. Drink heavily, watch football-thats soccer to you good folk- and generally misbehave.

CAROLE
(grinning slyly)
And I bet you both have girlfriends?

PETE

Ah, not at the moment, miss. Mind you, if all the girls of New York are as pretty as you, we'll have to move here permanently.

Everyone laughs again, though Larry is a trifle annoyed. Carole knows this and is playing along with it.

CAROLE

I imagine all the people in Liverpool are fans of the Beatles. Wouldn't it be in the blood at birth?

LIAM

(nodding)

Aye, you may be right.

CAROLE

My parents met them once. At a charity function.

Liam and Pete are impressed by this revelation.

CAROLE

It was after a concert at Carnegie Hall.

PETE

Wow, that's pretty cool. That was a big deal for the Beatles, playing to a more adult audience. Your folks must have had good connections.

CAROLE

(blushing slightly)

Well, they are quite, ah, wealthy.

LARRY

My parents saw the Beatles at Shea Stadium.

At this, Lima and Pete's jaws literally drop. Larry winks at Carole, who forces a smile. They're 'even' again.

PETE

Are you kidding? That's unreal. Please tell me it was in 1965? The big one?

LARRY

(nodding slowly)

Yeah, I'm pretty sure it was '65. At least that's what the ticket

(MORE)

LARRY (cont'd)
 stub in my mom's photo album
 says.

Pete and Liam are still shaking their heads in awe.

Just then, a taxi pulls up along the pavement. Everyone turns to look. A man, MARK DAVID CHAPMAN gets out. He is solidly built, in his mid-twenties, wearing glasses and dressed in a long coat and fur hat.

He glances at the small group of people, speaks quietly to the doorman and stands near the wall of the Dakota, about twenty feet away.

Larry gets the immediate impression that Liam and Pete know this guy, but are casually watching him. He decides to test the waters.

LARRY
 You know him?

Pete looks nervous all of a sudden.

LIAM
 Well, not to speak to. I think
 he's staying in the same hotel as
 us. I saw him at the bar last
 night.

CAROLE
 Which hotel is that? If you don't
 mind me...

LIAM
 Not at all. The Sheraton, on
 Seventh Avenue.

PETE
 (cheekily)
 Your dad don't own it, does he?

They all laugh.

CAROLE
 I don't think so. Maybe the
 Hilton!

PETE
 Well, the rooms are good, but my
 friend here snores like a
 machine.

Everyone laughs again. Suddenly VOICES are heard from within the Dakota entrance and footsteps ECHO. The group swing around to look. Two men walk out. One is instantly recognizable as JOHN LENNON, legendary musician. He is wearing jeans and leather jacket.

The other man is middle-aged, most likely an assistant. The pair stroll to the pavement edge and wait. Liam and Pete are stunned. Even Larry and Carole are starstruck.

CAROLE
(whispering)
It's him. It's John Lennon.

Larry nods and stares at the ex-Beatle. In the background he sees Chapman come to attention and watch Lennon as well. Pete and Liam are still gazing at Lennon in awe.

PETE
(quietly to Liam)
It's all different. We've changed it. He didn't come out before.

Larry overhears this and is puzzled. A black limo rounds the corner and approaches the Dakota.

LARRY
Hey guys, I think you better get any autographs now. It could be your only chance.

Pete and Liam nod and move forward. Chapman is suddenly next to John Lennon, with a troubled look on his face. Pete and Liam move closer and are intently watching Chapman. Larry sees all this and wonders what is going on.

Pete rummages through the backpack for pen and paper. Chapman smiles at Lennon then wanders away down the pavement. Pete finds pen and paper but the backpack falls to the ground, scattering his contents.

CAROLE
(crouching)
We'll tidy it up. You go see Mr. Lennon.

Pete nods, and he and Liam are facing Lennon. Larry squats to help Carole. The limo is next to the group of people.

PETE
Uh, excuse me, Mr. Lennon. Sorry to bother you, but could we get your autograph?

He hands the pen and tattered notebook out, hands trembling.

JOHN LENNON
(smiling and taking the objects)
Liverpool lads, hey? How is the old place?

He signs the paper and gives it back to Pete.

JOHN LENNON

Ok fellas, gotta go. Music to record, you know?

Lennon and the other man climb into the limo and it drives off. Larry and Carole are still fixing up the backpack. Larry checks out all the items quickly as they are re-packed: socks, underwear, a fold-out map of New York, and a book about John Lennon.

Liam and Pete are suddenly hovering over them, looking edgy. Liam takes the backpack from Carole a little too forcefully for Larry's mind.

LIAM

Ah, thanks, you shouldn't have bothered.

CAROLE

That's ok. Hey, can I see the autograph?

Pete holds the notebook out. The two Englishmen have relaxed after all the excitement.

CAROLE

Wow, that's awesome. Your friends back home won't believe it.

Larry is standing there smiling, but inside he knows these two guys are hiding something.

LIAM

Listen, we might head off now. We want to look at some of the other New Yorks sights.

CAROLE

Yes, we'll keep going too. Larry, what do you think? Time to do some more walking?

LARRY

Sounds good. I'll be ready to eat again soon.

He shakes hands with Liam and Pete.

CAROLE

Enjoy the rest of your stay if we don't meet up again.

PETE

We will. Nice to meet you both.

He and Pete walk off and head down the nearby subway steps.

CAROLE

Now, will we walk or catch the train again?

LARRY

Let's walk for awhile.

They stroll off and turn into Central Park West.

CAROLE

They were nice, friendly guys.

LARRY

(nodding slowly)

They were ok, I guess.

CAROLE

What do you mean, ok? I thought you liked them. That's why we came to meet them, isn't it?

Larry shrugs.

CAROLE

Don't tell me you were jealous of the attention they were giving me?

(laughs)

My poor baby! My jealous police officer!

Larry stops and faces Carole. The intense look on his face frightens her for a moment.

LARRY

Look, this may sound silly, but there was something strange about them. I, I, just had the feeling they weren't telling us the whole truth about who they were.

Carole nods, seeing Larry is serious about this. They start walking again.

LARRY

I'm positive they knew that big guy, the one with the glasses.

CAROLE

Actually, there was something creepy about him. He just stared at John. But why would they deny knowing him? What would it matter to us?

LARRY

I don't know. Look, call it police instincts but those two were up to something. Didn't you think it was odd how surprised they were to see John Lennon?

CAROLE

(shrugging)

No, not really. You'd be the same meeting your idol. Look, here's a station. Let's ride the rest of the way. Forget about Liam and Pete. They seemed perfectly normal. They were probably nervous cos' you're a cop.

LARRY

(nodding)

Yeah, you're right. I'm over-reacting, aren't I?

They walk down the subway steps.

LARRY

How about I give you one of my famous foot massages when we get home? To make up for acting foolish?

CAROLE

Sounds good to me.

CLOSE UP of Larry's face. That faraway look again..

INT.POLICE CAR - CITY STREETS - DAY

Larry and Vince are on patrol. Traffic flows around them.

VINCE

So did you meet up with those English guys yesterday?

LARRY

Yeah, at the Dakota. We even got to see John Lennon. How cool is that?

VINCE

(sniffs)

Whatever takes your fancy, kid. The Beatles never really did it for me. I was a Stones man. Still am.

LARRY
Well, yes, but...

The radio bursts into life.

WOMAN (V.O)
Shots fired, Sheraton Hotel, 7th
and 52nd. Possible homicide,
gunman maybe still present.
Nearest squad cars respond with
extreme caution.

VINCE
That's us kid, two blocks away.
And here I was thinking it was
gonna be a slow day.

He makes a left turn at the next lights and puts the SIREN
on.

LARRY
(on radio)
Car 24 here, will be at Sheraton
in two, three minutes. Over.

WOMAN (V.O)
Affirmative, Car 24. Backup units
on their way. Out.

VINCE
(putting the foot down)
Let's make it one minute, hey
kid?

Larry grins then a feeling of cold fear hits him.

LARRY
The two English guys are staying
there.

VINCE
Where, the Sheraton? I wouldn't
be too concerned, kid. It's got a
lotta rooms.

The police car speeds through the streets.

EXT.FOYER - THE SHERATON HOTEL - DAY

Larry and Vince hurry into the hotel. The MANAGER, a tall
man in his fifties meets them. In the background the SIREN
of an ambulance can be heard. Some hotel guests are
milling around, unsure of the situation.

VINCE

Ok, sir, what can you tell me?

MANAGER

Well, officer, about ten minutes ago, one of the maids heard shots from Room 2728 on the 27th floor. She reported it to me immediately but saw nothing. No one has been up there yet.

VINCE

(nodding)

Good. You haven't tried to evacuate anyone on that floor?

MANAGER

No, I didn't want to start a panic, or have anyone hurt. I figured the guests up there would lock themselves in the rooms if they heard the shots. Was that alright, officer?

VINCE

(nodding)

You did well, sir. We'll go up quietly. You have a master key on you? Good. Can you tell one of your staff to direct the medics when they get here? Thank you.

The three head to the elevators.

INT.ELEVATOR - THE SHERATON HOTEL - DAY

Larry, Vince and the manager wait as the elevator ascends.

VINCE

Can you tell me who's in Room 2728? Have you checked that?

MANAGER

(nodding)

Yes. Two English tourists, arrived here Saturday. Clean looking, respectable. Paid in cash.

The manager and Vince watch as Larry slumps back against the elevator wall.

LARRY

Oh, Jesus. What the fuck is going on?

VINCE

(gripping Larry's arm)
Hey, kid. It's alright. You don't know for certain it's those guys. Come on, you have to get a hold of yourself.

MANAGER

(puzzled)
Are you saying you might know these guests?

Larry nods and stands up straight as the elevator door slides open.

INT.HALLWAY - THE SHERATON HOTEL - DAY

The hallway is deserted and very quiet.

VINCE

(whispering)
Draw your gun, kid, but relax, ok? Keep the safety on for now.

Larry nods and takes a deep breath. He and Vince move slowly along the wall, ready to act. The manager tags along behind them. They come to Room 2728. Vince tries the door and it opens.

He waits for a moment before easing his way in. The smell of gunpowder drifts out as well as another rank odour. Vince emerges, a sad look on his face.

VINCE

Two men, both dead. I think they may be your friends, kid.

LARRY

Oh, fuck. This is a nightmare.

VINCE

I'm sorry, kid. But we have to get on with our job. Now, I'll go and check the exits. You wait out here for the medics.

LARRY

I have to see them, Vince. I have to know for sure.

VINCE

I don't think..ah, well, I suppose you need to see this bad stuff. Goes with the job, doesn't it. But don't get in the medic team's way. They get touchy about it.

He moves off down the hallway towards the stairs. The hotel manager lingers as Larry enters the room.

INT.ROOM 2728 - THE SHERATON HOTEL - DAY

The room is dim. Larry opens the curtains a little, just to have enough light to see. The smell of blood is intense.

A body is sprawled on each single bed. Larry sees the one on the left is Liam: he has a wound to the chest. Pete is on the other bed, half his head blown away.

LARRY

Oh, sweet fucking Christ. Who would've done this?

He slumps to his knees. Suddenly the light comes on, throwing the scene into a bright, garish hell. The PARAMEDICS have arrived, two of them. They nod to Larry, looking puzzled at his distress.

Quickly they examine the bodies but it is obvious there are no signs of life. Larry still kneels on the floor as the medics go about their business.

PARAMEDIC 1

You ok, officer? This your first homicide?

Larry nods slowly and gets to his feet. He is recovering from the shock. He notices an object in Pete's dead hand, something metallic and silvery.

PARAMEDIC 2

Don't worry, son. It only gets better from now on. Please don't touch anything until Homicide gets here.

LARRY

(numbly)

I met these poor guys yesterday. I talked to them. Now they're dead.

The two medics exchange glances. More police enter the room, a team from forensics. Larry follows the medics out the door.

INT.HALLWAY - THE SHERATON HOTEL - DAY

Vince comes down the hallway, shaking his head.

VINCE

No sign of any gunman. But he could still be in any number of rooms. Was it them, kid?

LARRY

(nodding)

Yes. So what happens now, Vince? Do we make a statement or something?

VINCE

Yeah. I'll give the details to Homicide then we'll get back on patrol. We can't do anything more here.

Larry nods but he's still affected by the tragedy. He follows Vince to the elevator.

LARRY

I better let Carole know about this. I saw a pay phone in the lobby.

The doors open and they get in.

INT.POLICE CAR - TWENTIETH PRECINCT - NIGHT.

Larry and Vince head into the underground car park of the station. Vince switches off the engine and they sit for a moment.

VINCE

Been a long day, kid. I bet you can't wait to get home. Don't worry, we'll make sure we find the bastard who killed your friends.

LARRY

(sighing)

I'm coming to grips with it now. It was just the shock of talking to them yesterday and next minute they're dead. It's not like they were old friends but... it makes everything seem so futile.

Larry looks anxiously at Vince after he says this, not wanting to sound so pessimistic. But the older cop understands completely.

VINCE

(softly)

It's ok kid. It's good to get this shit off your chest. But then you have to keep going. Otherwise...

The radio crackles loudly.

WOMAN (V.O)

Shots fired, 1 West 72nd Street.

Several other patrol cars answer the call.

VINCE

Come on, lets go clock off. You can go home and rest up. What is it, what's wrong?

Larry is slumped in his seat, eyes closed.

LARRY

That call? That's the Dakota building. What the hell is going on here?

He looks at Vince for guidance, needing a sane mind amongst this chaos. But even Vince has a spooked look on his face and feels uneasy. Some weird shit is going down here...

The two officers get out of the car and head inside.

INT.OFFICE - TWENTIETH PRECINCT - NIGHT

Larry and Vince are in a small office off a busy passage. They are filing a report on the night's events. Neither speaks, concentrating on their writing.

Suddenly the background noise of the police station rises. Something is going on. An older cop, BOBBY, sticks his head in the door.

BOBBY

Hey, you guys heard?

VINCE

We can't hear nothin' with all that racket. What the fuck is happening, Bobby?

BOBBY

That musician, used to be in the Beatles? John Lennon? Dead. Some creep blew him away. The boys are bringing him in.

Then he's gone, swept away with the tide of excitement and disbelief in the Precinct.

Larry and Vince stare at each other in stunned silence.

VINCE

You go home, kid. I'll finish off
the reports.

Larry nods, pale with shock. He heads for the door.

INT.HALLWAY - TWENTIETH PRECINCT - NIGHT

More voices, some raised, come from the corridor. A group of cops move down the passage, a lone figure in their midst.

VOICES(O.S)

Is that him? He don't look like
shit! Son of a bitch, I liked
Lennon.

Vince rises and joins Larry at the doorway. As the huddle passes them, the alleged gunman is visible and turns to look at Larry.

Everything seems to happen in slow motion. Larry somehow knows the inevitable: it is the big fan from the Dakota.

VOICES(O.S)

Who is this prick? Who? Mark
David Chapman? Bastard won't
last long in jail.

Then the crowd is gone, deeper into the station.

LARRY

He was at the Dakota yesterday. I
saw him. They knew him.

VINCE

What are you saying, kid? You
think he stalked Lennon?

LARRY

Yes.

VINCE

(thinking)

Then there's a good chance he
killed your friends as well.

Larry looks at Vince. Clearly he hadn't considered this.

VINCE
 (sighing)
 You better tell Homicide all you
 know.

LARRY
 (nodding)
 I'll call Carole. Tell her I'll
 be home late.

EXT. CAROLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Larry approaches the door. He is very tired, emotionally drained. The door opens and Carole hugs him, sobbing quietly. They stand for a moment, overwhelmed by grief.

INT. CAROLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A clock on the wall reads 1:10 a.m. Larry and Carole sit on the sofa, each with a coffee. The T.V. is on and they are watching numbly.

The news shows footage of John Lennon and The Beatles, as well as current live pictures. Fans are seen outside the Dakota, with candles, a vigil for the slain musician. A newsman speaks to the camera:

NEWSMAN(ON T.V)
 And here at the Dakota building,
 scene of the murder, fans mourn
 John Lennon. They sing his songs
 and remember a man of peace.

Carole gets up and turns the television off.

CAROLE
 Come on babe, lets go to bed. You
 need to rest up.

LARRY
 (nodding)
 Yeah, you're right.
 (sighs)
 I still can't believe it. First
 Liam and Pete. Now John Lennon.
 And we were only with them
 Sunday. I knew there was
 something weird going on.

He gets up and takes the empty cups to the kitchen sink.

CAROLE
 What do you mean? You think this
 is all connected? But it doesn't
 make sense. It's all a tragic

(MORE)

CAROLE (cont'd)
 coincidence. You're tired, Larry.
 Tired and emotional and reading
 far too much into it.

LARRY
 (shaking his head firmly)
 I'm not that tired that I don't
 think the guys knew Chapman
 somehow. They were watching him
 at the Dakota. Almost as if they
 were...yes! Like they were
 expecting him to attack John.
 Like they knew...

Carole embraces him.

CAROLE
 Ssh. Forget about it for now. You
 can't do anything more. They're
 gone. John Lennon's gone. Chapman
 is caught. Sleep on it, come on.

Larry nods and they head for the stairs.

INT.HOMICIDE OFFICE - TWENTIETH PRECINCT - DAY

Larry is sitting in front of the desk of JACK MASON, head
 of Homicide division at the 20th Precinct. Jack is in his
 mid-forties, tall with a lean build. Around the station he
 is known for his efficiency. Now he seems troubled...

JACK
 Thanks for coming in, Officer
 Sinclair. I just wanted to go
 over a few things from the
 statement you made last week.

LARRY
 That's ok, sir. Whatever I can do
 to help. Ah, is there a problem?

JACK
 (frowning)
 Not with what you told Chief
 Bradford. That was fine. It's
 just that we need more
 information about your English
 friends.

LARRY
 They weren't really my friends,
 sir. As I put in my report, I
 only met them at the pizza shop
 on the 6th. Then we met up again
 at the Dakota the next morning. I

(MORE)

LARRY (cont'd)
only know their names and where
they were from.

Jack stands and moves to the side of his desk. where he
perches on the corner. He is quite close to Larry, who
feels a little under pressure.

JACK
I'll come straight to the point,
Officer. At this stage of our
investigation, we can find no
record of either Liam Knight or
Pete Howard entering the U.S in
the last few days. In fact we
searched back weeks and even
months, and still nothing.

LARRY
(frowning)
That is unusual, sir. What about
their passports? Their airline
tickets? Surely you must have
some clues in their belongings.

JACK
(shrugging)
No sign of passports or flight
tickets. No identification of any
kind found on either body. Their
wallets were intact with cash,
but no credit cards or licenses.

LARRY
Maybe Chapman stole their things,
sir. After he killed them.

JACK
(shaking his head)
As I said before, the wallets
were untouched. Besides, Chapman
said he didn't rob them and I
tend to believe him. He only
wanted to kill them. Look son, I
know this whole business has been
tough for you, but we need some
answers. These guys have left no
evidence whatsoever as to who
they really are.

LARRY
Surely you've contacted police in
England, sir?

JACK
Yes, with the same lack of
results. No missing persons

(MORE)

JACK (cont'd)
reported with their names or
description. No record of them
leaving any airport in Britain.
And for good measure, Liam and
Pete, if that was their real
names, aren't on any criminal
database in Europe!

The last words are spoken with a sense of real
frustration. Both men are silent for a moment,
contemplating the mystery.

LARRY
There's nothing more I can tell
you, sir. They only told me the
barest details about themselves.

Jack nods and sits back behind his desk. He opens the top
drawer and takes the mobile phone out. He pushes it
across the table to Larry.

JACK
Have you ever seen this before?

Larry leans forward and examines the object. He holds it
and a section slides to reveal buttons and a screen. There
is no indication of it functioning.

LARRY
I've seen it, sir, but have no
idea what it is. Pete Howard had
it in his hand in the hotel room,
when we found them. Is it
something important, do you think
sir? Looks hi-tech to me.

JACK
Our experts here can't work it
out either. It could be a
calculator, a detonator or radio
transmitter. Maybe even some type
of portable phone.

LARRY
Liam said he worked with his
father in the electronics
business. But this thing has no
sign of life.

Jack takes the object back from Larry and stares at it.
Larry checks his watch. It's nearly time for his shift to
start.

LARRY
Uh, sir? If there's nothing
else...

JACK

Yes, yes, you better go. Thank you for your help. We may to write this case off, I think.

Larry stands up and walks to the door.

JACK

Ah, Larry, one last question. You didn't think there was anything strange about these two Englishmen? Something that didn't quite add up?

Larry pauses at the door. He is tempted to mention his suspicions but for some reason holds back.

LARRY

(shaking his head)

No, sir. They were pretty normal, I guess. I think they were just in the wrong place at the wrong time.

He waits at the door but Jack is looking intently at the phone. Larry leaves quietly. Jack continues to study the phone. Suddenly, the green glow begins. Jack's eyes widen and the humming sound grows louder...

A MONTAGE of images:

Thousands of people gathered in Central Park for John Lennon's memorial on December 14th, 1980;

A newsreader announcing 'Mark David Chapman, the man who gunned down John Lennon, has pleaded guilty by insanity. He'll spend a minimum of twenty years in prison, with little chance of parole'.

EXT.CALVARY CEMETERY - DAY

It is a cold and windswept day. Larry and Carole stand at a grave site. Only the back of the headstone is visible.

LARRY

Hard to believe, baby. Nearly two weeks since they died and we still have no idea about them. Or their families. Or anything.

CAROLE

Maybe they were orphans. I'm sorry, that sounds lame, but...

LARRY
 (laughing softly without
 humor)
 That's about the only real
 solution, isn't it? No one to
 mourn them, only us.

CAROLE
 At least the headstone makes it
 look like someone cared.

LARRY
 (hugging Carole)
 You're wonderful, you know that?
 Paying for everything from your
 own pocket.

CAROLE
 I couldn't bear the thought of
 the boys lying here forever with
 just a plain wooden marker to
 show they even existed!
 It's...god, it's just not fair.
 They were too young.

LARRY
 It was a lonely funeral. Me,
 Vince, and the police chaplain.
 Jack Mason showed up near the
 end. Odd, though, what he did.

CAROLE
 What was that?

LARRY
 Well, he had their backpack, a
 red one. Said the chief had
 okayed it being buried with them.
 A nice touch but sort of weird.

Carole begins to sob and Larry comforts her. The headstone
 is shown. It is basic but neat. The inscription reads:
 'LIAM KNIGHT AND PETE HOWARD, FROM LIVERPOOL U.K. DIED
 DECEMBER 8TH 1980'. The vision blurs...

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The blur becomes a headstone again, but this one is made
 from white marble. The inscription is slowly revealed:

CAROLE MAREE SINCLAIR (NEE FOSTER)

BORN JUNE 18, 1959 DIED SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

BELOVED WIFE AND MOTHER OF LARRY AND ERROL

BLESSED DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM AND BARBARA

ERROL JOHN SINCLAIR

BORN DECEMBER 5, 1981 DIED SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

BELOVED SON OF LARRY AND CAROLE

THEIR SMILES BRIGHTENED OUR DAYS...

Larry Sinclair, aged 45 now, hair graying, stands quietly in another lonely cemetery. He holds a small bunch of colorful flowers and lays them on the grave.

LARRY

Happy birthday, my darling.

(beat)

Sleep well, my son.

Larry closes his eyes and bows his head. And remembers...

INT.KITCHEN - LARRY'S HOUSE - MORNING - FLASHBACK

Larry sits at the kitchen table, reading a newspaper and sipping coffee. He is wearing a police uniform. His son, ERROL, aged 19, a well built lad with short dark hair, is on the other side of the table, reading through notes.

Carole Sinclair, an older Carole, comes in, dressed smartly, hurrying. It is obvious this is a typical morning scene in the Sinclair's life, pre-9/11. Larry lifts the paper to change pages and the date is revealed: Tuesday September 11, 2001...

CAROLE

Larry, that hair dryer is playing up again. I'm going to be late.

LARRY

(checking his watch)

Honey, it's not even seven. You've got plenty of time.

CAROLE

You were meant to wake me earlier.

She pours a coffee and gulps it down.

LARRY

Aw, baby, you looked so cosy I couldn't wake you.

Errol sniggers then both he and Larry laugh.

LARRY

Besides, you haven't seen Brenda Larsen for fifteen years. I don't

(MORE)

LARRY (cont'd)
 think she'll be worried if you
 and Errol are ten minutes late.

CAROLE
 Ok, I'll stop worrying. You're
 right. Are you sure you don't
 want to come with us? Brenda
 would love to see you.

LARRY
 Ah, no thanks babe. Not unless
 you've changed the venue?

ERROL
 (laughing)
 Come on, Dad, you're the Chief of
 Police and scared of heights? Aw,
 man.

CAROLE
 Leave your father alone. Errol.
 People's phobias are serious. I'm
 sure that tree house he got stuck
 in as a boy was very high.

Now Carole and Errol smile at Larry's discomfort.

LARRY
 Ha, ha. Very funny. But I'll give
 'Windows on the World' a miss,
 thank you very much. Breakfasting
 on top of the World Trade Centre
 doesn't interest me.

INT.LARRY'S OFFICE - TWENTIETH PRECINCT - DAY

Larry is at his desk, when a young OFFICER knocks on the
 glass door. Larry signals him to enter as suddenly all the
 phones on Larry's desk light up.

OFFICER
 Sir, something has happened
 downtown. At the Trade Centre. An
 explosion of some kind. It's on
 CNN now.

Larry stares blankly at the young cop for a moment. A
 chill of fear courses through his body.

LARRY
 Thanks, son.

The officer leaves as Larry answers a phone whilst
 flipping the remote at a T.V in the corner.

LARRY(ON PHONE)
 Yes, I just heard. What do we
 know?

He changes the channel, then CNN is on. The Towers of the WTC are shown. The North Tower is billowing with smoke and flames.

LARRY(ON PHONE)
 Ok, keep me informed.

Larry hangs up and ignores the other phone lines. He pulls out his mobile but it starts RINGING before he can call out. It is Carole...

LARRY(ON PHONE)
 (calmly)
 Carole, honey. Are you ok? Do you
 know what happened?

CAROLE(O.S)
 (nervously)
 Larry, oh Larry. I, yes I'm fine.
 But, I don't know, something has
 exploded, somewhere in the
 building. (Sounds of VOICES in
 B.G)

LARRY(ON PHONE)
 OK, baby, stay calm and relax.
 The fire department are on their
 way. Is anyone hurt? Is there any
 smoke or fire near you?

CAROLE(O.S)
 No, no. But I heard someone say
 the stairwells are blocked. I
 don't think we can get out.

Larry is fighting down his panic. He can see the burning Tower on the T.V. and knows how bad this could turn out to be.

LARRY(ON PHONE)
 Carole, listen to me babe. See if
 you can get up to the roof. There
 should be stairs leading up to
 it, outside the restaurant. If
 you can, stay up there till help
 arrives. And stay calm, honey.
 I'm here with you.

CAROLE(O.S)
 I know, Larry. I'll try the roof
 now. I.. Oh god, Larry, I can
 smell smoke. I think...

LARRY(ON PHONE)

Be strong, baby. Think your way through it. Call me back in ten minutes, no matter what you find.

CAROLE(O.S)

I love you. You and Errol.

Larry hangs up and stares at the T.V pictures. He turns up the volume. A NEWSMAN is facing the screen.

NEWSMAN(ON T.V)

__are unconfirmed reports a small plane collided with the North Tower at about 845 this morning...

INT.LARRY'S OFFICE - TWENTIETH PRECINCT - LATER

Larry is watching the drama unfold silently. Other police are gathered around the office. In the outer part of the station, desk staff are watching the T.V.

The atmosphere is eerie - no one really knows what is going on. Larry's mobile RINGS again and he quickly answers.

LARRY(ON PHONE)

Carole? How did you go? Is there a way up to the roof?

CAROLE(O.S)

(rising terror in her voice)
No. Larry, no. The door is locked and barred. No one knows where a key is. Oh God, Larry, the smoke is getting worse.

(coughs)

LARRY(ON PHONE)

It's ok, honey. Help is on it's way. You must hang on. Stay focussed.

He feels sick to the stomach at his hollow words and utter helplessness to do anything.

CAROLE(O.S)

(whispering tearfully)
Larry, I think people are, are jumping from the windows. They're breaking the glass with chairs. Oh sweet Jesus...

LARRY(ON PHONE)

What? Thats...no, that will make the fire worse. You have to stop them. Get other people to help you.

A clock on Larry's desk reads 9:03 a.m...

Suddenly, on the T.V screen, a jet airliner appears from nowhere and smashes into the South Tower. Chaos all over the police station...VOICES are heard from various cops - 'son of a bitch, fucking terrorist attack, goddamn', etc.

LARRY(ON PHONE)

Oh, fuck. Sweet Jesus. It's terrorists, not an accident.

CAROLE(O.S)

(panicking)

Larry, what is it? What are you saying? Oh...

As the plane strikes, Larry can hear - feel - the impact across the phone line to Carole.

LARRY(ON PHONE)

Carole, listen. A plane has hit the other tower. Honey, you have to find a way out. Find someone who can take charge, lead you out of there.

He is crying now too. There is silence over the line.

LARRY(ON PHONE)

Carole? Carole, speak to me. Come on, baby, hold on.

CAROLE(O.S)

(softly, calmly)

I love you Larry Sinclair. Thank you for our beautiful life together. And our darling son Errol.

(coughing heavily)

Look after him, baby.

LARRY(ON PHONE)

Carole, no, I...

CAROLE(O.S)

(tenderly)

Ssh, baby, ssh. I won't stay here in the fire. I want to be in the open air. Till we meet again, Larry.

The connection is gone. Larry stares at the Twin Towers now blazing over Manhattan. The other cops look on in horror. Larry slumps back into his chair and closes his eyes...

INT. LARRY'S CAR - EXPRESSWAY - DAY - END OF FLASHBACK

Larry suddenly opens his eyes. His car, a blue 1990 Chrysler wagon, is veering dangerously close to the next lane of traffic. He realizes he's driving on a busy highway, and admonishes himself.

LARRY

Nearly four years on and you
wanna kill yourself now?

Larry drives for a few moments then exits. The sign reads 'JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY AIRPORT'.

INT.LARRY'S CAR - CAR PARK - J.F.K AIRPORT - DAY

Larry turns off the engine and sits. A photo of Carole and Errol is on the tab of his keyring. He looks at it and sighs, before getting out of the car.

INT.AIRPORT SECURITY - J.F.K AIRPORT - DAY

Larry walks into the outer office of Airport Security. His personal office is to the right of Reception. A larger main office is to the left, manned by men and women at computers, monitoring video screens.

The receptionist, RACHEL, a pleasant looking 30 year old, smiles at him. A large digital clock on the wall reads 11:55.

RACHEL

Good morning, Mr. Sinclair. It's
a lovely Saturday.

LARRY

(grinning)
Morning, Rachel. Be lovelier if I
was lying on the beach.

RACHEL

You'll have time for that
starting Monday, won't you?
Coffee's on your desk. No
messages.

LARRY

You're a champion.

He walks past her to his office.

EXT. TERMINAL ENTRANCE - J.F.K AIRPORT - LATER

Larry whistles as he heads outside. A lot of people are lined up at the taxi rank. Larry moves through the crowds entering JFK. Suddenly, something catches his eye. Two men are waiting near the front of the line. One carries a red backpack...

Larry frowns and moves closer. A taxi pulls up. Larry gasps in shock as he sees the two men clearly. They look exactly like Liam Knight and Pete Howard!

LARRY
(softly)
What the fuck?

He walks even closer, just as the pair get in the back of the cab. It pulls away and one of the men glances out. It is definitely Liam! He doesn't seem to notice Larry staring.

Larry stands for a moment, undecided what to do. Then he takes out his security badge and moves to the front of the line. People protest and complain.

LARRY
Head of Security. I'm sorry but
this is an emergency. I need to
have the next taxi.

He waves the cab forward.

INT.TAXI - J.F.K AIRPORT - DAY

Larry gets in the cab.

LARRY
(showing badge)
I need you to follow the cab that
just left.

The DRIVER, an older Indian man, nods and they head off. Larry sits back, trying to relax. But he's still in a state of shock...he sees the staff carpark go by and looks at his car keys.

LARRY
(quietly)
Guess I can pick it up later.
(beat)
After I find out what's going on.

The taxi joins the rest of the traffic on the expressway.

INT.TAXI - EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Larry peers out the front of the taxi. The other yellow is three or four cars ahead.

DRIVER

It seems they are heading into the city, sir.

LARRY

Yes, you're probably right. Keep on them please.

The driver nods and the cab speeds on.

INT.TAXI - MANHATTAN - DAY

The yellow cruises through the city, as Larry's cab follows in heavy traffic.

The two Englishmen get out at Seventh and Central Park South. Larry signals to his driver to stop.

LARRY

Thank you. You've been a great help.

(counts out notes)

Keep the change.

Larry gets out. The driver smiles and drives off.

EXT.CITY STREETS - MANHATTAN - DAY

Larry tails the pair, keeping at a safe distance. Sal's pizza shop appears on the left and the Englishmen go in.

LARRY

They know this place...or do they? What is this shit?

Larry looks about and heads to a nearby diner. He sits at a window table and watches the pizza shop.

EXT.CITY STREETS - MANHATTAN - LATER

Larry watches Liam and Pete leave Sal's, and head along Central Park south. He follows...

EXT.CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Liam and Pete turn into the park, along a wide path. People are jogging, walking dogs or simply enjoying the sunshine. Larry follows at a distance.

Further along, the Englishmen look about quickly, then head into the undergrowth. Larry arrives at the place moments later, and makes his way after them.

EXT.CLEARING - CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Larry hears the voices before he sees the clearing. He edges closer, crouching in the thick foliage. Liam and Pete stand in the middle of the clearing, which is roughly twenty feet by twenty feet in size.

PETE

That pizza was great. Hey, I wonder if the place is there in 1980. We could...

LIAM

Keep the noise down. I'm trying to concentrate.

Larry peers through the leaves. Liam holds the mobile phone...

PETE

There's no one around. Stop worrying.

LIAM

Well, we don't want to end up in the wrong fucking year, do we?
(he keys numbers)
Ok, done. We'll come through at five p.m, Saturday December sixth, as we agreed. That gives us two days to track Chapman.

PETE

Fine, fine. Let's go then.

The two grasp each other. For a moment, Liam seems to look Larry directly in the eye...then he presses a button on the phone.

PETE

Time travel. The only way to go.

LIAM

Get serious.

The two men vanish and the air around them ripples. Larry blinks and gasps. He stands and slowly walks in to the clearing, looking about. There is complete stillness...

LARRY

What the fuck? Where have they...

He searches but finds no clue, no evidence of the two having even been there. At last he looks up at the patch of blue sky above the trees. His mind spins...

INT.SAL'S PIZZA SHOP - LATE AFTERNOON

Larry walks into the pizza shop. The place hasn't really changed that much in twenty five years. It remains neat and clean, as always. A few customers eat at tables and along the counter.

The photoboard is still there, now extending across half the wall. Sal comes out from the kitchen, older but still sprightly.

SAL

Good day, sir. What can I get you?

(looks closer at Larry)

Larry? Larry Sinclair?

LARRY

(shakes his hand)

Hi, Sal. You never forget a face, right?

SAL

No, not one of my oldest customers.

LARRY

(softly)

I saw you at the funeral, Sal. Thank you for being there. I'm sorry I didn't get a chance to talk.

SAL

I just wanted to pay my respects. You had a lot on your mind that sad day.

LARRY

I should've been in here to see you since then. It's been nearly four years.

SAL
 (nodding)
 But to the people of New York,
 9/11 will always be with them.
 (beat)
 How you been, Larry? You still in
 the force?

LARRY
 No, airport security now. At
 J.F.K.

SAL
 That's good. We need more men
 like you to stop any future
 attacks.

They are both silent for a moment.

SAL
 Now, let's see. You want pizza?
 If I remember correctly, you have
 the medium number twelve.

LARRY
 (laughs)
 Sal, you're a wonder. I bet you
 can remember every customer
 you've ever had in here.

SAL
 Only the nice ones. I'll get it
 in the oven.

Sal opens a Coke, puts it on the counter and disappears
 into the kitchen. Larry takes it and walks over to the
 photoboard.

Some of the photos are tattered and curling. Larry
 searches amongst them, but they seem to blur together. Sal
 comes back out and heads down the counter.

SAL
 So what you doing in the city
 this afternoon, Larry? Looks like
 you came straight here from work?

LARRY
 Wha...? Oh, I, yeah, listen Sal,
 there was two young men in here
 earlier. Englishmen, perhaps?

SAL
 Yes, yes. Very polite young men.
 They'd just flown in from
 Liverpool. Said they were keen to
 see a few city landmarks. Ground
 Zero, the Dakota building...

LARRY

Did they...did they seem familiar to you at all, Sal?

SAL

(thinking)

No, not really. I get a lot of people from England in here. Are you following them, Larry? Are they criminals? That would be a shame as they seemed very nice.

LARRY

No, I, ah, we thought they were someone else. Case of mistaken identity.

Sal seems unperturbed by this line of questioning...

SAL

I got a photo with them. There, near the bottom.

He points and Larry scans the photoboard until he sees it: A fresh Instamatic picture of Liam and Pete posing with Sal. This is Larry's first clear view of their faces. The likeness is unnerving...

LARRY

Very nice. They say anything else, Sal? Anything...odd?

SAL

Odd? No, they were very nice boys.

LARRY

And you're sure you hadn't met them before?

SAL

(grinning)

No, Larry, of course not. I take much pride in my memory. I have the, how you say it? Photo-graph-ic re-call. Now, excuse me while I check your pizza.

He heads back out to the kitchen. Larry drinks his Coke and looks at the photoboard again. Suddenly, he chokes on the bottle, spraying Coke on the floor. He looks around guiltily then back to the board.

LARRY

(whispering)

Jesus. It's not possible. How can

(MORE)

LARRY (cont'd)
 it still be here? How can it be
 there at all?

He reaches a sticky finger out and touches a faded, curling photo. It shows Liam, Pete and a younger Sal. From 1980...

INT.TRAIN - LATE AFTERNOON

Larry stands in a crowded carriage, looking out the window. He closes his eyes for a moment, remembering...

MONTAGE:

Liam and Pete at the Dakota...

PETE(V.O)
 He didn't come out before...

Liam and Pete's dead bodies in the hotel room. The mobile glows in Liam's hand.

JACK MASON(V.O)
 No sign of passports or flight
 tickets. No identification of any
 kind...

Liam and Pete in the clearing...

PETE(V.O)
 Time travel. The only way to
 go...

Larry opens his eyes suddenly.

LARRY
 (softly)
 They travelled back to 1980. To
 save John Lennon. It's crazy but
 it's the only answer...
 (beat)
 The phone. The phone is a time
 machine.

EXT.CAR PARK - J.F.K AIRPORT - LATE AFTERNOON

Larry walks to his car and gets his keys out. He looks thoughtful, pensive. Suddenly, his face lights up in surprise, mingled with joy. He stumbles and leans against the Chrysler.

LARRY
 Carole...Errol. I can save them.
 Jesus, I can bring them back. The
 phone...

He rests his head on his arms and begins to sob...

INT.GARAGE - LARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Larry, dressed in black, stows a bag in the back of the wagon. Checking his watch, he nods and gets in the car.

INT. LARRY'S CAR - EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

Larry drives steadily amongst the traffic. His face is set with a purpose...

FLASHBACK: Jack Mason places the red backpack on top of the boy's coffin. He looks at Larry and nods...

LARRY(HIS THOUGHTS)
He was acting strange that day.
Like he knew something was
happening...

The Chrysler speeds on...

EXT.EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

A sign for Calvary Cemetery approaches to the left of the car. Larry indicates and moves across to the far lane. At the exit ramp, the Chrysler turns off and disappears into the night.

EXT.OUTSIDE CALVARY CEMETERY - NIGHT

Larry parks the car in a street close to the cemetery. He takes the bag out.

EXT.CALVARY CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Larry walks through the cemetery, torch picking out a route. He consults a printout of the cemetery's plots. It is very still and eerie.

EXT.CALVARY CEMETERY - LATER

Larry searches in a corner of the cemetery, looking at the printout again. The torch shines on a weathered headstone. Larry sinks to his knees next to it. The torch reveals the inscription. Liam and Pete's names stare back at Larry...

LARRY
(unpacking shovel)
If there's nothing in
there...does that mean I am
crazy?

He shrugs and starts digging at the foot of the grave.

EXT.GRAVE - CALVARY CEMETERY - NIGHT

A small mound of dirt is beside the grave. Larry toils, the hole shin deep. He stops to have a drink from a water bottle, then continues.

EXT.GRAVE - CALVARY CEMETERY - LATER

The mound is much larger now. Larry is shoulder deep, sweaty and covered in dirt. Suddenly, the shovel CLANGS against something hard. Larry carefully digs with his hands. He holds aloft a large bone.

LARRY

Getting close.

(puts bone aside gently)

Liam or Pete I wonder?

Larry laughs, short and sharp, a disturbing noise in the surrounds. He scoops out more dirt with his hands. Again Larry pauses. He cradles the dirty remnants of a backpack...

Larry feels inside and something moves! The backpack - tinges of red still visible - suddenly disintegrates into dust. The mobile phone is revealed. As Larry watches, it starts to glow and hum.

LARRY

All this time. Still there.

(beat)

Waiting. Waiting for...me?

Larry's eyes grow wide and he reaches out to touch the phone. Instantly, his head rears back, and he quivers. A jolt of energy surges through his hands, and he collapses on the mound.

EXT.OUTSIDE CALVARY CEMETERY - NIGHT

Larry strips off his dirty clothes, next to the car. He pours water from the bottle over himself, then dons fresh clothing. The phone rests on the top of the car. Larry packs the gear, takes the phone and drives off.

INT. LARRY'S CAR - EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

Larry drives, the phone on the seat next to him. Every few moments he glances at it. A sign looms ahead, indicating Manhattan is not far away...

EXT.CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Larry stands in the clearing where Liam and Pete vanished. He studies the phone, by the glow of the screen.

LARRY

Let's see...how would it work?

He searches the phone's menu, working calmly.

LARRY

Think, Sinclair. How would it operate? You saw Liam entering numbers, right? A phone number, perhaps? Or maybe...a text?

He checks the 'messages sent' screen.

LARRY

Yes! This must be it.
17006121980. Liam said they'd come through at five p.m, Saturday December sixth. But...it doesn't look right.

(beat)

The month! The English write the date first, then the month. Ok, let's see...

He frowns as he tentatively enters numbers.

LARRY

Right. This should be it. They were shot on the eighth. I'll come through at seven a.m that same day. Get to the Sheraton and warn them. Then they can help me...

Larry concentrates and enters the sequence of numbers. Then he looks around the clearing.

LARRY

This is the craziest thing I've ever done. But if it brings back Carole and Errol...

He presses 'SEND'. Nothing happens...

LARRY

That's it. I'm fucking crazy. I knew it was...

Then the air ripples around him. He feels a bout of nausea and is...gone.

INT.ROOM 2728 - THE SHERATON HOTEL - MORNING

The room is dim as two figures sleep in single beds. A ticking clock on the wall reads 6:55 a.m.

SUPER - MONDAY DECEMBER 8TH 1980

Suddenly, one of the shapes sit up. It is Liam. A moment later, Pete wakes and looks around. Then the two scream in unison, a sound that echoes in the quiet room. Gradually they calm down.

PETE

Oh, Jesus. What a fucking nightmare.

LIAM

I...you too?
(looks about)
Somethings changed. It all feels...different.

Pete gets up slowly, wincing.

PETE

Yeah, these fucking mattresses. I feel like I've been beaten up.

Liam too, stands up gingerly. He scans the room.

LIAM

Hey, where's the back pack?

PETE

What? It should be on the table.
Oh, fuck. Where is it?

Liam searches under the table, then begins looking around the room.

LIAM

Not here, that's for sure.

PETE

That's just fucking great! You mean someone broke in here and stole it?

Liam checks the door but it is locked.

LIAM

I heard nothing last night.

PETE

I was too busy having the dreams from hell.

Liam looks up sharply.

LIAM

You said that before. Bad dreams.
Funny thing is, I can't remember
nothing before the dreams.

PETE

Huh? What do you...hey, you know
what? I don't either. What
fucking day is it?

LIAM

(frowning)

Sunday, I think? Aren't we going
to the Dakota this morning? No,
wait, I...

PETE

Didn't we do that? Fuck...

LIAM

We can worry about it later.
Right now, we should be looking
for the phone.

PETE

What if we're stuck here?
Forever? You don't seem too
worried about this.

LIAM

Trust me, I am. But there's
something really strange going
on. I can just feel it.

He goes back to the door.

LIAM

Come on, let's go have some
breakfast. We can talk about it
after a good feed.

Pete shakes his head muttering, but follows.

INT.HALLWAY - THE SHERATON HOTEL - MORNING

The hallway is quiet. Liam and Pete examine the door.

LIAM

No sign of it being forced.

PETE

We're in New York, don't forget.
Home of the world's best
burglars.

They stand and look at each other glumly. Suddenly, down the hallway, the elevator PINGS as it arrives on the floor. The door slides open and Larry emerges! Liam and Pete glance up with disinterest at first. Then...

LIAM

That guy looks like the cop we met, when was it? I...was his name Larry?

PETE

(staring at Larry)
Yeah. But he wasn't that old. This guy looks like his old man or something.

Larry walks towards them, relief on his face.

LARRY

Liam, Pete. Thank God, it worked. Listen, I know about everything. Time travel, the phone, saving John Lennon__

PETE

Liam, what the fuck's happening here? Why does Larry look older? How can he know about us?

LARRY

I only realised after I came through, that you guys will be confused.

LIAM

Came through? You...you have the phone?

Larry nods and holds the phone out. The boys gasp and stare at it.

PETE

But how did you...oh, Jesus, I'm going crazy.

LARRY

Look, its a long story. Can we go somewhere and talk?

Liam and Pete move closer. Larry is still holding the phone out to them. Liam and Pete reach out and touch the phone. The screen glows suddenly and the humming starts. A jolt of energy moves between the three men.

LIAM

Oh, fuck. Oh, Jesus. I remember...

PETE
 (moaning)
 No, no...the dreams...they were
 memories.

LARRY
 What's happening? What do you
 remember?

The three men stand transfixed, staring at the phone.

LIAM
 (flatly)
 It all makes sense now. We were
 dead. You came back and saved us.

Larry's eyes bulge in shock. He shakes his head.

LARRY
 No. You can't possibly know that.
 How...

PETE
 Chapman killed us. Came in here
 and blew us away.
 (beat)
 We were dead for twenty five
 years.

INT.RESTAURANT - THE SHERATON HOTEL - MORNING

Larry, Liam and Pete sit a table, talking animatedly. The restaurant is busy with breakfast diners. Pete sits back, shaking his head in disbelief.

INT.RESTAURANT - THE SHERATON HOTEL - LATER

The three men receive fresh coffee as the waitress clears their empty plates. No one speaks for a long moment.

LIAM
 Well, how about this, hey?

LARRY
 The whole thing is amazing, isn't
 it?

PETE
 Yeah. A regular mind blow.

LARRY
 The time travel bit is enough by
 itself. But these dreams of
 yours? How the hell can that
 possibly happen?

LIAM

It's all somehow connected to the time system.

(shrugs)

We may never find out how it works.

PETE

The professor himself wasn't sure. And he invented the fucking thing.

LARRY

Ah, yes. the professor. Pete's grandson? My god, where do you begin?

PETE

(absently)

Maybe the dream memories explain deja vu?

LIAM

What? Look, Larry, we are so grateful to you. You've must've been freaking out, not knowing how you saw us alive again.

LARRY

Oh, for sure. But now it sort of makes sense, knowing about the time travel.

LIAM

(grinning)

Yes, but not a normal sense!

PETE

(frowning)

Actually, I'm still a bit vague on that. Let me try...

(beat)

Larry saw us at the airport on our original jump? Before we went to 1980?

LIAM

Correct.

PETE

But he hadn't met us then! How could he even recognize us?

LIAM

He didn't. Not in the 'original', original jump. But after we went back, the altered timeline was

(MORE)

LIAM (cont'd)
 created. And Larry was still a
 part of it.

PETE
 But how did__

LIAM
 Enough! We need to make plans.
 Try and contact the professor.

PETE
 You tried to call him before.
 Nothing.

LARRY
 You mentioned only having one
 chance to save John Lennon. Does
 that mean...

LIAM
 Yeah. We can't do anything more
 here.

The three men are silent for a minute.

LARRY
 Can I ask you guys something?

PETE
 Sure, Larry. We fucking owe you
 big time.

LARRY
 I...I'd like to use the phone. To
 travel to a certain year. I need
 your help.

PETE
 (glancing at Liam)
 Well, uh, I don't know, Larry. I
 think we need to have a break.
 Until we hear from the professor.

LIAM
 (softly)
 What do you want to do, Larry?
 (beat)
 Is it family? You haven't said
 anything about...

He trails off as Larry's face dissolves into anguish.

PETE
 Your girlfriend. Carole? Did you
 marry her, Larry?

LARRY

You, you remember her?

PETE

(surprised)

Well, it was only yesterday we meet her.

LARRY

Yes, I keep forgetting the twenty five years haven't passed for you.

(sighs)

Yes, we were married.

LIAM

Something happened to her.

Larry nods and wipes his eyes. Liam and Pete wait.

LARRY

She was in the North Tower on 9/11.

PETE

Oh, jesus.

LIAM

Larry, we're so__

Larry holds up a hand.

LARRY

It's alright. The thought of maybe doing something brought it all back.

(beat)

My son died with her. They were having breakfast together. He was nineteen.

Liam and Pete stare at Larry in shock.

LIAM

What was your son's name, Larry?

LARRY

Errol. Errol John Sinclair. Named after Carole's grandfather. The John is for John Lennon.

PETE

Could we do it, do you think?

LIAM

Huh? Do what?

PETE

Stop 9/11...

Now all three stare blankly at each other. The restaurant around them has emptied.

LARRY

(slowly)

I...I wasn't really suggesting we try and stop it. Just save Carole and Errol.

A look of guilt flits across his face, and he averts his eyes.

LIAM

That...that would be easier. Saving two people instead of three thousand.

PETE

Uh, guys, I don't think we should rush onto anything here. Every jump we make increases the risk of...

LIAM

Of what?

PETE

Being harmed again. Not to mention disrupting the time system.

LIAM

It has blocks in place. Maybe 9/11 is too big an event to completely stop. But saving two people wouldn't really affect anything.

PETE

Larry, we sincerely thank you for coming back for us. But this isn't right. We should wait.

LARRY

Can't you lend me the phone? It shouldn't take too long. I'll be very careful.

Liam and Pete exchange worried looks.

LIAM

Larry, I don't think this is such a good idea.

LARRY
(becoming heated)
But you owe me. You said it
yourself. Both of you.

He pushes his chair back and stands.

PETE
Larry, you're not being rational.
Christ, I didn't mean__

LARRY
Ha! Rational? What the fuck is
rational about any of this?
Sitting in a 1980 restaurant,
when I belong, hell, we all
belong in 2005?

The waitresses clearing nearby tables eye Larry warily.

LIAM
Keep it down, Larry. This isn't
the way. We should discuss this
properly.

LARRY
(ignoring him)
Hey everyone! We're time
travelers! We come from twenty
five years in the future!

PETE
Jesus, I don't believe this...

LARRY
You know what? If you won't give
the phone, I'll go to the Trade
Centre now. I'll sit on the
fucking steps outside till 2001!
Then, when my wife and son come
along, I'll stop them from going
in! I'll be fucking old, but I'LL
DO IT!

Pete shakes his head. Liam takes the phone out and starts
punching in numbers. He reaches out and grabs Pete's arm.

PETE
What are you doing?

LIAM
You and I are leaving.

PETE
What? But...

LIAM

It's time for us to go home
anyway. If Larry wants to stay he
can.

His finger hovers over the 'SEND' button...

Larry stops his tirade and watches Liam.

LARRY

I...you wouldn't.

LIAM

I know you're upset. I know you
saved us. But start acting like a
fucking adult. Because I will
press this button, Larry. And you
will be stuck here.

The tense moments tick away. Then Larry bursts into tears
and sits down. The waitresses stay well clear of the
table.

LARRY

(whispering)

I only wanted to see them again.
Wouldn't you do the same? Or at
least try?

Liam frowns but Pete nods.

PETE

Yes, we would. Even Liam would
admit that. We can imagine your
pain.

LIAM

Pete's right. But we can't go
running off madly.

LARRY

I'm sorry for bringing it up.
Forget about it now, please.

LIAM

No, I've decided to help you.

Larry looks up sharply. Pete winces slightly.

PETE

Liam, are you sure about this?

LARRY

(whispering)

Thank you, thank you. I promise
not to cause any trouble.

LIAM

No, you won't. You'll listen to everything I say. We'll go to 9/11, check out our options. The slightest hint of danger to us, we leave. We can't save anyone, we leave. Got it?

Larry nods eagerly, tears of joy on his face now.

LIAM

Right. Now to logistics.

(beat)

You got a car stashed somewhere, Larry?

EXT.ALLEYWAY - NEW YORK - MORNING

Larry, Liam and Pete materialize and look about.

PETE

(pointing)

Looks like we made it.

The Twin Towers loom to the east, glinting in the sunlight.

SUPER - TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

Larry checks his watch.

LARRY

Eight fifteen. Right when you set it for, Liam.

LIAM

It's kind of scary, isn't it? How the watches and phones automatically adjust to local time? No matter what year it is.

PETE

Whatever! Come on, let's go.

The three men head off towards the street.

EXT.THE WORLD TRADE CENTRE - MORNING

Larry, Liam and Pete stare up at the huge buildings. Around them, masses of people throng at the entrances.

PETE

So what's your plan, Larry?
Simply walk in and tell your wife and son the truth?

LARRY
The truth? I...I haven't
really...

Larry looks up at the Towers, hesitant now. Pete shakes his head.

PETE
That's right. You haven't really
thought this out.

LIAM
Pete...

PETE
Well, I'm sorry to be a prick.
But Larry has to realise what
he's getting into. What we all
are.

Tears well up in Larry's eyes.

LARRY
I...Pete's right. It's hopeless.
Even if we can save Carole and
Errol, they...they'll be
wondering why we left everyone
else to die.

PETE
Exactly. And we'll share that
guilt with you.

LIAM
Is there anything we can do to
stop the whole thing?

The three men stand silent.

PETE
Seeing as we're here, we might as
well go up.

LARRY
No, it's better if we just forget
it. Go home. I've lived with the
pain for four years. I don't need
any more.

LIAM
Are you sure about this, Larry?

LARRY
Yes.

Suddenly, the mobile phone RINGS. Liam quickly answers it. The professor's face appears on the screen, which is blurred with static. Larry and Pete move closer to watch.

LIAM

Professor? Can you hear me?

PROF.LINCOLN

Liam? Yes, I hear you. But there's no vision. Things are getting worse here. I'm afraid there's limited time.

PETE

Do you know what happened to us, Professor. In 1980?

PROF.LINCOLN

Pete? Yes, yes, I was able to follow the data from the computer.

(beat)

I'm terribly sorry. It must have been horrifying to find out, well, you know...

LIAM

We'll get over it. But what happens now? We failed in 1980. We can't go back there.

PROF.LINCOLN

That's right, you can't. I've isolated another event. This has a greater chance of success than saving Lennon.

(frowns)

The computer says you're in 2001? Is that right?

PETE

Yes, Professor. We were going to try and rescue Larry's family. They died in 9/11. We are at the Trade Centre now.

The professor blinks and rubs his eyes wearily.

PROF.LINCOLN

(murmuring to himself)

That's amazing. Well, maybe not. This phone, this whole time system does tend to work in odd ways.

LIAM

What's that, Professor? The sound's getting worse.

PROF.LINCOLN
 Nothing, nothing. Listen, Liam?
 You are already there. The event
 I mentioned is 9/11.

PETE
 Jesus...

LIAM
 Professor, I...you mean if we can
 stop 9/11, it will prevent the
 climate change?

PETE
 That's a damn big ask.

PROF.LINCOLN
 No, you just need to save one
 person. A young man in the...
 (studies readout)
 ...North Tower.

Liam glances at Larry and Pete, eyebrows raised. Larry has
 a troubled look on his face.

LIAM
 What's so special about this one
 guy? How can he__

LARRY
 Professor, it's Larry here. Larry
 Sinclair. You don't know me but__

PROF.LINCOLN
 I know a lot about you though,
 Larry. It was a selfless act of
 yours, saving the boys.
 (beat)
 Sinclair? I...oh my lord. I
 didn't see the connection
 before...

PETE
 Professor, what is it? What's
 wrong?

The phone screen CRACKLES with static and lines.

PROF.LINCOLN
 Now the sound is fading. Listen,
 the man you have to save is
 Larry's son, Errol. Errol
 Sinclair.

Larry and Liam gasp. Pete has a humorless grin on his
 face.

PETE

Why doesn't that surprise me?
Crazy. We're all going crazy.

LARRY

Errol? My god, what...why him?

PROF.LINCOLN

(fading)

He will grow up to be the
President. In forty years time.
His policies will have a major
impact in preventing the
destruction of the planet.

LIAM

Are you sure of this?

PROF.LINCOLN

Yes. Success rate is ninety
percent.

LARRY

Can we save anyone else,
Professor? Can we save my wife?

PROF.LINCOLN

No, I'm afraid not. The time
system has inbuilt barriers. You
will be rendered invisible if you
try to save anyone else.

PETE

Damn it! That's so__

PROF.LINCOLN

I have to go. We'll be cut off.
Good luck.

The screen flickers and the connection is gone.

INT.ELEVATOR - NORTH TOWER - DAY

Larry, Liam and Pete ride up, surrounded by office
workers. Liam checks the time - 8:30 a.m. The phone glows
green and hums quietly.

INT.OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - NORTH TOWER - DAY

The three men stand near the entrance to 'Windows on the
World'. The sound of diners filters past the reservation
desk.

LIAM

Ok, I think we have two alternatives.

LARRY

Go ahead.

LIAM

One, you send Errol a text, pretending to be a friend of his. Ask to meet him downstairs for something important. We have to keep him away from the building when the first plane hits.

LARRY

Wouldn't he question the phone number?

LIAM

Tell him you're using his dad's phone.

PETE

Hmm, clever. Then what?

LIAM

When Errol gets outside, you and I will take him for a little walk, so to speak. He doesn't know us.

PETE

You mean kidnap him?

LIAM

Only if it's necessary. And only for an hour or so.

LARRY

Kidnap my son...without hurting him?

LIAM

Hopefully. Look, it sounds fucked up, but this is a desperate situation.

Pete looks unhappy. Larry frowns, trying to remember something.

PETE

What's the other alternative?

LIAM

Larry texts Errol but we meet away from Carole. We tell him

(MORE)

LIAM (cont'd)
everything. About the phone, time
travel, the mission. The whole
truth.

There is a long moment of silence.

PETE
That would completely fuck up his
state of mind. How the hell could
he function as President knowing
all that shit?

Liam shrugs.

LARRY
Yes! I knew there was something.
When you mentioned a fictitious
friend of Errol's...

LIAM
You got a plan, Larry?

LARRY
Errol was originally supposed to
meet a college friend, after the
breakfast. They were going to
study, at the Public Library on
Fifth Avenue.

PETE
Sounds ok. But we still have to
get him out of the building
before eight forty-five.

LARRY
Yes, so we text Errol asking if
he can be at the library earlier.

LIAM
You think that would work?

LARRY
I'm sure of it. I know my son. He
could only listen to Carole and
her friend reminisce for so long.

PETE
It's good enough for me. Let's
get downstairs again.

He and Liam head back towards the elevators. Larry lingers
for a moment, gazing into the restaurant.

LIAM
No, Larry.

Larry looks at them and nods slowly. He walks to the elevators. Liam gives him a consoling pat.

INT.RESTAURANT - NORTH TOWER - DAY

Carole, Errol and BRENDA LARSEN, a 45 year old blonde, sit at a window table, chatting. A waitress clears their breakfast dishes. The view over Manhattan is stupendous.

BRENDA

Who would've thought Larry was scared of heights? I mean, look at this. It's beautiful.

She gestures at the window.

CAROLE

Yes, it's a shame but...

ERROL

...that's Dad! We'll all have to have dinner before you go, Mrs. Larsen. At a ground level restaurant.

BRENDA

(laughs)

That would be lovely, Errol.

(beat)

Speaking of which, Carole. That head waiter has been eyeing you all morning. I think he's in love!

CAROLE

(quick glance)

He's all yours honey. Aren't you on the lookout for husband number three?

They all laugh. Errol's mobile phone BEEPS suddenly.

ERROL

Excuse me.

He checks the message and frowns.

CAROLE

Anything wrong, dear?

ERROL

No, no. My friend I'm meeting at the library wants to get there earlier. Like as soon as possible. But I don't like to...

CAROLE

It's fine, Errol, You go. You don't want to spend another hour listening to two old women talk about the past.

ERROL

(grinning)

Oh, Mom! You and Mrs. Larsen aren't old at all. Every guy in here has been checking you both out.

BRENDA

Good for you, Errol. You keep thinking that!

The women laugh. Errol stands and bows.

ERROL

It's been a pleasure, ladies.

He walks off, texting a reply as he goes.

BRENDA

Lovely boy. You're so lucky, Carole.

CAROLE

Yes, I know.

BRENDA

Whoops! Here comes that waiter! Probably thought Errol was your toy boy. Now he's moving in.

(beat)

Hmm. He isn't all bad. Might keep him for myself.

They laugh again and sip their coffee.

INT.ELEVATOR - NORTH TOWER - DAY

Errol rides down in the elevator. His phone BEEPS again. He reads the text and nods. The time is 8:40...

INT.SUBWAY STATION - NORTH TOWER - DAY

Errol walks out into the concourse of the busy station. He buys a token from a machine and heads through the turnstiles. Larry, Liam and Pete appear from behind a concrete pylon.

LARRY
 (softly)
 That's him. That's my boy.

LIAM
 Fine looking lad. You ok, Larry?

LARRY
 (deep breath)
 Yes. Let's get on with it.

PETE
 It's looking good. He's away from
 the Tower. No chance of being
 harmed. Now, all we have to__

LIAM
 No, we have to follow him. To
 make sure.

Pete frowns and even Larry looks surprised.

PETE
 You've lost me.

LIAM
 If he hears of the attacks, he'll
 try and head back. People on the
 train with radios.

LARRY
 You're right. He'd want to
 protect her if he could.

PETE
 Fine. Ok. Let's go then.

Larry gets them tickets from the machine.

LARRY
 He'll have to change trains a few
 stops along. West 4th street.
 That line runs nearest the
 library. Keep an eye out.

LIAM
 We will, Larry. And don't worry.
 If it comes to keeping him away
 by force, we won't hurt him.

LARRY
 I know that. Do what you must.
 I'll wait outside the Trade
 Centre for you. See if I can help
 people...after.

The boys nod and make their way through the turnstiles. Larry checks the time - 8:44. He hurries back up the steps.

INT.SUBWAY CARRIAGE - DAY

Errol stands in the crowded train, looking at a folder of notes. Liam and Pete are nearby, face to face, holding roof straps.

PETE

(softly)

What if they stopped the trains?
After the first plane hit?

LIAM

I don't think they did at first.
No one knew it was a terrorist
attack until the second plane.
People thought it was an
accident.

PETE

Ok, so we should have some time
before the shit hits the fan?

LIAM

Hopefully. We'll just have to be
alert.

PETE

It's weird, isn't it? Knowing
it's about to happen any second
now.

LIAM

(nods)

And we can't do a damn thing
about it...

INT.RESTAURANT - NORTH TOWER - DAY

Carole and Brenda are still at their table, talking and laughing. A black speck appears in the sky beyond their window. Neither notice it. It grows larger and seems to hurtle towards the building.

DINER(O.S)

Jesus, that plane's low.

INSERT of Carole's watch - 8:46...

INT.SUBWAY CARRIAGE - DAY

The train continues on, stopping at a couple of stations. Suddenly, there is a muffled BOOM, and a small shock wave rolls over the carriages. A few people look up but most ignore it.

PETE

Was that...

LIAM

Yes. The impact registered on seismic equipment, like a small earthquake.

PETE

But we aren't that close still, are we?

LIAM

Not really. The ground under the Towers is all landfill from the subway diggings. I read a fair bit about it, after.

A middle aged MAN near them listens to a radio via earplugs. Suddenly, his eyes widen. He pulls one plug out.

LIAM

Oh fuck...

MAN

I'll be damned! A plane or something...

(listens intently)

The Trade Centre. A plane has hit one of the Towers.

A wave of VOICES rises in the carriage.

PETE

Fuck it all.

Errol glances up from his folder. He looks at Liam and Pete then the man.

ERROL

I'm sorry, did you say the Trade Centre? An accident?

He presses forward, squeezing past other passengers.

ERROL(CONT'D)

Which Tower? Please, it's important.

The man gestures to 'wait' and listens.

MAN

I...there's not much...wait...the North Tower. Yes, the top of the North Tower is in flames.

ERROL

Oh, sweet Jesus! Mom!

Around him, other people cry out, as the news spreads. Liam and Pete look at each other grimly. Errol moves close to the door, peering out and ahead.

LIAM

Shit, we'll have to slow him down. He's gonna get out at the next station.

PETE

What can we do? Short of knocking him out.

LIAM

If we can delay him for ten or fifteen minutes...

PETE

Will that help?

LIAM

Should be enough. The police and fire guys will be there. They won't let anyone in.

PETE

If he's persistent like his old man, that won't stop him. He'll find a way in.

LIAM

Yeah. So be prepared to use force. We may need it.

PETE

Right. Here's the station. Keep an close watch on him.

The train halts. Errol hurries off, followed by the boys.

INT.SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

Liam and Pete come up the steps, opposite where they got off. Errol is near the edge, looking down the tunnel. The RUMBLE of an approaching train precedes it. The boys hear the Trade Centre mentioned in the crowd.

LIAM
I just realised it'll still be
dangerous outside the Towers.

PETE
From debris and shit? Burning
embers?

LIAM
Yeah that.
(beat)
And bodies.

PETE
Bodies?

LIAM
Yes. People started jumping after
ten minutes.

Pete goes pale as the train arrives.

EXT.WORLD TRADE CENTRE - DAY

Larry stands near the entrance, watching the smoke and
flames billow from the North Tower. The sound of SIRENS
fills the air. Around him, people stop in the street,
pointing up in horror. He finds himself weeping.

LARRY
(quietly)
Maybe I should go up anyway. At
least try. Even if I can't do
anything, I'll see her again...

Larry starts walking towards the building, still sobbing.

INT.SUBWAY CARRIAGE - DAY

Liam and Pete again stand near Errol.

LIAM
Surely they'll stop before the
train gets to the Trade Centre
station.

PETE
The driver wouldn't have heard
yet, would he?

LIAM
Probably not. Look, here's the
last stop before it.

The train slows and halts at the platform. The intercom
CRACKLES into life as the driver speaks.

TRAIN DRIVER(O.S)

Ladies and gentlemen, if you'll please disembark here. There has been an accident further along the line. I will not be proceeding. Stay clear of the World Trade Centre area. Thank you.

Liam and Pete look at each other.

LIAM

Time for some exercise.

EXT.NEAR WORLD TRADE CENTRE - DAY

Errol comes up the subway steps. A block away, the burning North Tower is visible. Liam and Pete follow. Errol runs, threading his way through the people gathering. The boys take off in pursuit.

EXT.THE WORLD TRADE CENTRE - DAY

The first fire trucks and police arrive. A steady flow of people emerge from the buildings. Larry approaches, still distraught.

Suddenly, Errol appears, running wildly. He doesn't notice Larry, just continues to the entrance. Liam and Pete pull up moments later, panting.

LIAM

Larry, fuck! Are you alright?

PETE

Come on, we have to stop him.

LARRY

I...Errol? Is he safe?

LIAM

No, he's gone into the Tower.

Pete has already dashed off.

LARRY

Go. I'm ok.

He collapses on the ground, staring up at the flaming Tower. Liam takes off after Pete.

INT.LOBBY - NORTH TOWER - DAY

Errol heads towards the elevators. People are leaving, but there's not a real sense of panic yet. He presses the buttons but there's no lights. Cursing, he heads for the stairwell as Liam and Pete rush in.

LIAM

There! The stairs!

PETE

How does he expect to climb a hundred fucking floors? Doesn't this collapse soon?

LIAM

In an hour and a half.

(beat)

But he doesn't know that.

They disappear into the stairwell.

INT.STAIR - NORTH TOWER - DAY

Errol rushes up the never ending stairs. People are moving down in an orderly fashion. There is no smoke or fire. Two floors down, Liam and Pete follow.

PETE

How far up can we go before it's blocked?

LIAM

I read that one staircase was open for a long time. But no one above the impact zone realised.

PETE

That's fucked! Surely someone could've done something?

LIAM

No communication at all. The firemen got pretty high up but their radios were shite.

Pete shakes his head sadly as they continue to climb.

INT.STAIRS - NORTH TOWER - LATER

Errol's pace has slowed as he tires. The stream of people descending has increased, and he has to push his way past. At last it's too much. He opens the door on the next floor.

ERROL

Two minutes. That's all.

INT.40TH FLOOR - NORTH TOWER - DAY

Errol emerges at an open area, in front of offices. He drinks from a water cooler and catches his breath. The South Tower is visible through huge windows. Flaming debris falls past. Liam and Pete look in the open door.

LIAM

It's him. Stopped for a rest.

PETE

We have to do something now.
Can't let him keep going.

Liam nods. The pair walk across the room to Errol. He glances at them. Pete goes to the windows.

LIAM

Hey, man, I think you should get out of here. It's not safe.

ERROL

Thanks for your concern. But I'm going to the top. My mom's up there.

LIAM

This place is a deathtrap. Whole Tower could collapse.

ERROL

Who are you guys? You sound English.

(suspiciously)

Why haven't you left?

LIAM

We're trying to help people.

Errol stands very still, his emotions screaming.

ERROL

Bullshit! I bet you're looters.
Come to steal when everyone's gone. Parasites!

LIAM

Wo! Hey, take it easy. Just here to help.

ERROL

You and your friend can fuck off.
I'm going up.

Pete is still at the window. Suddenly, bodies fall past. Errol stares in shock.

ERROL
What the___? Was that people
falling?

PETE
(blankly)
No, they're jumping. Rather than
burn...

This angers Errol even more. He grabs a small ornamental statue from a desktop.

ERROL
Both of you, get out NOW!

Lima sizes up his options. Pete, at the window, suddenly looks around.

PETE
What time is it? Liam?

LIAM
Who cares? We've got...

He realises what Pete means, and checks the phone.

LIAM(CONT'D)
Jesus...it's two past nine.

He runs over to the window, ignoring Errol.

ERROL
What the hell are you doing?

Liam and Pete press against the window, looking up and across at the South Tower. Errol lowers the statue and joins them.

ERROL
Is it a helicopter? Are they
trying to rescue people up the
top?

He peers out the window. And sees a jet zoom in and smash into the other Tower...a fireball erupts and the three men step back. A moment later, their building sways.

ERROL
Oh fuck. This is no accident.
It's terrorists. Jesus, they've
hijacked planes.

PETE
 (murmuring)
 Sweet mother of god. We saw it.

LIAM
 We have to get out of here now.
 All of us.

ERROL
 My mother...I...no, I won't leave
 her.
 (beat)
 Wait...how did...how did you know
 that second plane was about to
 hit?

LIAM
 We didn't. Come on, we must
 leave.

ERROL
 (raising statue)
 You were expecting it! You asked
 what time it was...you're part of
 it! Fucking terrorists!

He screams and swipes the statue at Liam's head. Liam
 dives to the floor, then rolls as Errol brings it down.
 Pete jumps Errol from behind, wrapping his arms around
 him. The statue falls to the floor.

ERROL
 Let...me...go! Aaargh!

LIAM
 Settle down. We all want to get
 out of here. We aren't
 terrorists.

Errol suddenly relaxes and pushes backwards. Pete stumbles
 and the weight of the young man stuns him. Errol breaks
 free and races to the door.

PETE
 (coughs)
 Shit.

Liam picks up the statue and catches Errol near the door.
 Errol lashes out, kicking Liam's knee. He grunts in pain
 but grabs Errol's jacket. Liam hauls back with a huge
 effort, and Errol slips over.

LIAM
 I'm sorry, Errol. But you have to
 be protected.

Errol looks up at the mention of his name.

ERROL

How do you know my name? Who are you?

LIAM

Friends. Friends of your father.

He swings the statue lightly and hits the side of Errol's head. The young man's eyes flicker. He tries to stand but slumps back to the floor, passing out. Liam leans over him anxiously, checking his breathing.

PETE

(wincing)

Damn. He's a solid boy.

(beat)

You haven't killed him, have you?

LIAM

(tossing statue aside)

No. He'll just have a bad headache later.

PETE

What do we do now?

LIAM

Take him downstairs. Pretend he's been injured in the attacks. There'll be medical people outside now.

PETE

Ok. Then?

LIAM

Get Larry. Make sure Errol's safe until the Tower's collapse. That should be enough hopefully. We'll have changed history.

PETE

Can we go home then?

EXT.WORLD TRADE CENTRE - DAY

Utter chaos around the Towers now. Emergency vehicles, police, firemen and onlookers all watch in horror. Liam and Pete carry Errol over to where Larry lies. Bodies and debris continue to fall.

LIAM

Larry, we've got him. We have to move away now.

LARRY
 (sitting up)
 Errol? Is he alright? His head's
 bleeding.

PETE
 We had to knock him out. But
 he'll be fine. We'll get him
 patched up.

LARRY
 (staring up)
 Carole...if only.
 (beat)
 Your mission! You did it. You've
 changed the future.

LIAM
 Let's hope so. Come on, we'll
 find a doctor. Then get well away
 from here.

LARRY
 Should we warn people? So many
 die when the towers fall...

PETE
 Wouldn't work according to the
 professor. I bet we'd be
 invisible if we tried anything.

LARRY
 (nods sadly)
 I guess so. What happens now? How
 will you know if the mission
 worked?

Liam and Pete look at each other, Errol supported between
 them.

LIAM
 Haven't thought that far ahead.
 Maybe the professor will contact
 us.

EXT.WORLD TRADE CENTRE - LATER

A doctor finishes bandaging Errol's head. He nods and
 moves on to other casualties. Errol starts to move. Larry,
 Liam and Pete hover over him.

LIAM
 You better get out of sight,
 Larry. He's coming to.

LARRY

Yeah. So does this mean that when we go back to 2005, Errol will be there?

PETE

Damn! Of course he'll be! Sort of forgot about that...

LIAM

(grinning)

He might be wondering where you are.

LARRY

This time travel stuff is no good for the heart.

PETE

Or one's sanity.

LIAM

Errol should be able to contact the Larry of this era, and, well, take it from there.

LARRY

And become president one day?

PETE

That's the theory. And you'll see it.

LARRY

Carole would be so proud.

He walks down the street a bit and watches.

PETE

Why do we need to be here when he wakes up? What if he still thinks we're terrorists?

LIAM

(shrugs)

I want to assure him. And I guess I want him to be safe right till the end.

Errol's eyes blink and he sits up groggily. Liam winks at Pete.

LIAM

How you feeling, mate? You had a nasty fall.

ERROL

I...ouch, my head...
 (beat)
 Do I know you guys?

PETE

We found you in the North Tower,
 when we were getting out. Carried
 you down.

ERROL

I...yes, I remember parts of it.
 Oh jesus, my mother's still in
 there.

LIAM

I'm sorry, Errol. The people
 above where the planes hit are
 trapped. In both buildings. They
 can't be saved.

ERROL

(weeping)
 My mother...planes? You said
 planes. Yes, I remember seeing
 one hit the South Tower.
 (beat)
 You said my name. And...you knew
 me in the Tower.

LIAM

We know your dad, Larry. He...he
 helped us out once. A long time
 ago. We wanted to repay him.

Pete looks at Liam with a wry smile.

ERROL

Can you tell me your names? So
 when I see him...

LIAM

I'm Liam. My friend here is Pete.
 We are from Liverpool in England.

Suddenly, there is a deafening RUMBLE. The crowds in the
 streets gasp and cry out in horror.

ONLOOKER(O.S)

Oh god, it's coming down!

People scream as the burning South Tower collapses. It
 falls slowly at first, then plunges in on itself rapidly.
 The sudden gap in the skyline shows the North Tower in
 flames.

LIAM

We have to find cover NOW.

Errol has passed out again, so Liam and Pete lift him once more. They scurry to a nearby bar, already filling with people. Larry joins them and the door shuts. Moments later, a huge dust cloud engulfs the street.

EXT.GROUND ZERO - LATER

Errol makes his way down a debris-filled street, towards the smoking rubble of the Towers. Hundreds of people move about, stunned, most crying. Errol calls a number on his mobile.

ERROL

Dad?

LARRY(O.S)

Errol! Thank god. You're alright?

ERROL

Yeah. I got out.

LARRY(O.S)

Your mother told me you left early.

ERROL

You spoke to her? I tried to call but...

Both men start to cry.

LARRY(O.S)

She didn't make it, son. I...I talked to her before...the end.

ERROL

I tried to get back up there. Climbed so many stairs. Too many people.

LARRY(O.S)

You could've been hurt, son. But I'm glad you tried...

ERROL

I fell, hit my head. Some friends of yours helped me. Brought me to safety.

LARRY(O.S)

God, Errol! Police officers, were they? I owe them...

ERROL

No, two English guys. Not much older than me. Said they met you once and you helped them. Said they owed you a favor.

(beat)

Dad, you there?

LARRY(O.S)

I don't know anyone from England. You must've had a concussion.

ERROL

Maybe. They knew your name though. And mine.

LARRY(O.S)

What were their names, son?

ERROL

Liam and Pete. Nice guys...

EXT.ALLEYWAY - NEAR GROUND ZERO - DAY

Larry, Liam and Pete enter the alleyway, dusty, tired and emotional. Liam tries to call the professor but to no avail.

LIAM

Nothing.

PETE

He could be asleep.

LARRY

Why don't you try again after we get back to 2005? You can stay at my house until you fly home.

Liam nods and keys in the jump numbers. They all huddle together.

LIAM

Ready?

Larry has a final look at the smoke cloud over the city.

LARRY

Let's go home. Start afresh.

PETE

I'm with you.

Lima presses 'SEND'. The air wavers and the three men vanish.

INT. LARRY'S CAR - EXPRESSWAY - DAY (2005)

Larry drives, Liam next to him. Pete sleeps in the back. The traffic is heavy but flowing well in peak hour.

LARRY

You should market that phone. No one would ever get a parking ticket!

LIAM

(laughs)

Yeah, it's handy being able to jump back to just after you left.

(beat)

What day is it again?

LARRY

Sunday. June nineteenth.

(beat)

2005, I think.

They both laugh quietly.

LARRY

So, do you think the professor is alive?

LIAM

I don't know.

LARRY

Even if he isn't, you may well have protected the Earth's future. That's something.

LIAM

Yeah.

LARRY

How can you know if it worked?

LIAM

(shrugs)

We may never find out. At least not for a few years. But I felt sure the professor would contact us. If he was ok.

LARRY

Maybe the, I don't know, ripple in time? From the history being altered? Maybe it takes awhile to kick in.

PETE

Hey, good point, Larry. Makes sense.

LIAM

Thought you were asleep.

PETE

Was. But I'm more hungry than tired.

They all laugh.

LARRY

So you boys fly home Thursday. Is that right?

LIAM

Yeah. But we're gonna change the flights if we can. Leave earlier.

LARRY

You're welcome to bunk with me all week.

PETE

Thanks, Larry. But Liam's right. I've sort of had enough of New York. You know what I mean?

LARRY

Yes, I understand.

(beat)

Maybe we can all relax now.

LIAM

Oh jesus, Larry. I just realised.

LARRY

What? What's wrong?

LIAM

When you get home...Errol will be there. How the hell did we forget that?

PETE

Damn! You're right.

LARRY

My boy...he...this is so weird. I feel like an impostor. Sneaking into a new life.

PETE

Surely another Larry wouldn't be there? The original one?

LIAM

I...no, I don't think the system would allow that. Larry here, was in 2005 and he's simply returning. Errol would think he's been at work.

LARRY

But it's like I missed four years of his life! There'll be a lot of stuff I won't know what Errol's on about.

LIAM

The ripple effect should work on you too. It has to.

LARRY

I don't...look, we're nearly home.

Larry eases the Chrysler off the expressway, and into suburban streets. Soon they pull into the driveway of Larry's house.

PETE

What time is it?

LIAM

Nearly ten.

(beat)

Larry, I don't think we should come in. I have this feeling we aren't meant to.

LARRY

What? No way! You guys need a rest. And food.

PETE

Yeah, Liam. What are you going on about?

LIAM

(looking at phone)

It's the only way to resolve it. Look, it sounds crazy, but this is how it's supposed to be. Don't ask me why!

PETE

Like Jack Mason putting the backpack in the grave.

LARRY

What do you think will happen, Liam?

LIAM

We leave and you'll forget everything that happened. I can feel it.

(beat)

The phone's willing it.

LARRY

Man, that's hard to take. But it makes sense. Then I can't influence Errol in his future. Sort of an inbuilt block.

LIAM

Exactly. All I know is that when Larry sees Errol, he'll remember those missing years. And all memory of us and the phone will be gone.

PETE

Wow, you're sure of this.

LIAM

Yes.

LARRY

Errol is probably still in bed. But...

LIAM

Yeah, we'll be off.

EXT.LARRY'S HOUSE - DAY

The three men get out of the car.

LARRY

What will you do?

LIAM

Go to the airport. Change our flights. Hang around there.

PETE

And starve. We have no money, remember?

LARRY

(pulling out wallet)

Here. I've got some cash. Let's see...fifty, eighty, a hundred. Now, if you follow this street around, you come to some shops. There's a taxi rank there.

LIAM
A hundred's too much.

PETE
Shut up! We're taking it. I'll
eat half of it anyway.
(takes money)
Thanks, Larry. Thanks for
everything.

They all shake hands.

LARRY
Promise me two things.

LIAM
Sure.

LARRY
If you contact the professor,
thank him.

PETE
I...no problems. And two?

LARRY
Don't start crying on me.

The three men look at each other and burst into tears.

LIAM
One out of two isn't bad.
Goodbye, Larry.

PETE
You may forget us. But we won't
forget you.
(beat)
Damn! That sounded so corny.

Liam and Pete walk off without looking back. Larry smiles and approaches his front door. Suddenly, it is flung open, and Errol stands there grinning, wearing only boxer shorts. Inside, a young woman, TRISH, tidies up. Larry frowns.

ERROL
Hey Dad, how was work? We got
breakfast cooking. Well, brunch,
I suppose.

Larry reaches out and shakes Errol's hand.

TRISH
Hi, Mr.Sinclair.

ERROL

You ok, Dad? You look sort of funny.

Larry closes his eyes and feels a wave of energy and emotion. Then it is gone and he opens his eyes. Everything has changed...

LARRY

Trish, I told you before. Please call me Larry.

They all laugh. Out on the street, Liam and Pete pause and look back. Liam waves. Larry grins and waves back. The boys continue on.

ERROL

You know those guys, Dad?

LARRY

I, uh, no I don't. Just felt being friendly on this glorious day.

INT.KITCHEN - LIAM AND PETE'S FLAT - MORNING

Liam and Pete sit at the table, drinking coffee. The oven clock reads 9:15 a.m.

SUPER - LIVERPOOL ENGLAND ONE WEEK LATER

They stare at the lifeless mobile phone in the middle of the table.

LIAM

Still nothing. It's been a week.

PETE

Yeah. And back to fucking work tomorrow.

LIAM

(sighs)

Maybe it worked, but the professor died anyway. He was looking very sick.

PETE

Does it really matter?

(beat)

We can't even use it to time travel anymore.

LIAM

Hmm? Yeah, that's true. We never discussed what we'd do after it all worked.

PETE
It's all shite now. So, what do
you wanna do today?

LIAM
Nothing.
(gets up)
Because nothing fucking happened!

He kicks a table leg. The phone spins a little.

PETE
Steady on. I'm angry too, but__

LIAM
(in Pete's face)
We fucking died to change things.
This is wrong.

Liam kicks the table again. The phone skids across it and
falls to the floor. Pete bends down to pick it up.

PETE
Come on, mate, sit down. You're
achieving nothing. Besides, you
might damage it.

LIAM
Ha! It survived in our grave for
twenty five years! What harm
could__

Suddenly, the phone RINGS! Pete drops it in alarm, and it
slides back to the middle.

PETE
At last! Something...

Liam takes the phone and studies it.

LIAM
It's him.

He stands blankly for a moment, staring at the screen. It
continues to RING.

PETE
(screaming)
Fucking answer it!

Liam comes to life and presses 'ANSWER'. He sits next to
Pete and the screen opens. The professor's face looms,
smiling.

PROF.LINCOLN
Hello, lads. Well done. You did
it.

PETE

Professor? Are you alright? You sound very weak.

LIAM

And you look ill. Are you sure it's all changed?

PROF.LINCOLN

Oh, yes. The air in the bunker is noticeably fresher. The cold is all but gone.

PETE

Have you been...out?

PROF.LINCOLN

No, I'm afraid not. I need your help with that.

PETE

Anything, Professor. What can we do?

PROF.LINCOLN

Ok, the bunker I'm in used to be an old cellar. From the original house that was there before your flat.

LIAM

We hear you.

PROF.LINCOLN

The entrance is under the garden bed to the right of your back door. There's a wooden trapdoor.

LIAM

How do you know all this?

PROF.LINCOLN

I have a lot of files on Liverpool history stored in my computer. Now, listen, please. Go into the cellar and await my next call. But be careful! It's very old and crumbling in there.

The professor is gone as the screen goes blank.

PETE

Hmm. Sounds very mysterious.

LIAM

Yes. But we're still gonna do it. Come on.

EXT.GARDEN - LIAM AND PETE'S FLAT - DAY

Liam uses an old saucepan to dig in the flower bed. pete keeps an eye out for neighbors.

LIAM

A shovel would make it easier but then...

PETE

...we'd never use it again. Keep digging.

LIAM

Can you imagine what it must've been like for Larry? You know, digging up our grave for the phone?

PETE

Hey, shut it! I don't to be reminded of it.

The saucepan hits wood with a THUNK. Liam scoops more dirt away.

LIAM

Here it is. Right where he said it would be.

Pete helps him lift the wooden trapdoor. Steps lead down into a musty darkness.

PETE

Shit. We don't have a torch.

Suddenly, the mobile in Liam's pocket starts to HUM. He takes it out. The screen is glowing very brightly.

LIAM

Guess we do.

PETE

(shivering)

Great way to spend a Sunday.

LIAM

(grins)

Keeps you out of the pub.

INT. CELLAR - DAY

Liam and Pete walk carefully down the steps. The phone's light casts an eerie green glow on everything. The cellar is small and cramped, the walls lined with mouldy bricks.

PETE

Lovely. You got any idea what the professor wants?

LIAM

Maybe.

Suddenly, the mobile RINGS. The boys jump, spooked in the cellar. The professor is on screen again.

PROF.LINCOLN

Hello, lads. Nearly done. Don't make too much noise. Those walls aren't safe.

PETE

Tell us about it.

LIAM

What now, Professor?

PROF.LINCOLN

It's simple, really. Press 'ANSWER' again and hold hands.

Liam hesitates and looks at Pete.

PETE

What?

LIAM

I don't know...

PROF.LINCOLN

It's perfectly safe. Trust me.

Pete suddenly realises what is going on.

PETE

Oh shit.

(shrugs)

Fuck it, let's do it. Come on, Liam, you were the one moping around before.

He grabs Liam in his arms and presses the phone button. The air in the cellar wavers and the familiar nausea kicks in.

LIAM

Oh jesus...

PETE

Here we go...

The boys vanish, leaving the cellar dark and quiet.

EXT.BUNKER - DAY

Liam and Pete appear and look around in wonder. The bunker is very small but tidy. Steps lead up to a metal hatch in the ceiling. A computer system dominates the room. The professor lies on a cot bed, watching them with joy.

PROF.LINCOLN

At last...we meet in person.

The boys blink and walk to him.

PETE

Are we really in the future,
Professor?

(beat)

Robert?

PROF.LINCOLN

(takes Pete's hand)

Yes. Grandfather...

Pete kneels beside the bed, Liam next to him. The three men weep.

LIAM

We...you're still not well,
Professor.

PROF.LINCOLN

No. But I'll be better once I
get...up there.

He points to the hatch with a feeble hand.

PETE

Let's do it then. Let's see the
new future.

Pete goes up the steps and turns the hatch wheel.

PETE

Shield your eyes, Robert. It'll
be bright.

He pushes the hatch and it opens with a dull CLANG. A stream of sunlight pours in. Birds can be heard WARBLING.

PROF.LINCOLN

My god.

(beat)

Please help me up.

Liam and Pete gently lift the professor, and carry him up the steps.

EXT.PARK - LIVERPOOL - DAY

The snow and ice is gone. The three emerge in to a large, grassy park. The sky is very blue, and a mild breeze blows. Buildings are visible and there is a murmur of traffic.

LIAM

Well, here we are. Liverpool,
2080.

PROF.LINCOLN

(weeping)
It's...beautiful.

PETE

(absently)
Wonder if we ever won the title
again in all that time.

PROF.LINCOLN

You'll only be able to stay a few
minutes. The time system won't
allow any chance of paradoxes.
Please, lay me down on the grass.

The boys put the professor's frail body down. He stares up at the sky, tears in his eyes.

PROF.LINCOLN

Thank you. Thank you for letting
see this again.

Suddenly, the professor's body starts to fade! Liam cries out in alarm. His hand passes through the professor's hand!

LIAM

Oh, fuck! What's happening?
Professor, you're disappearing!

PETE

No, jesus, no!

The professor smiles, serenely watching the sky.

PROF.LINCOLN

I thought this might happen.
After you succeeded.

LIAM

What are you talking about?
You're fading!

PETE

Do something! Where's that
fucking phone? Use it, do
something!

PROF.LINCOLN

No, lads, it's alright. This is a natural side effect. My world has changed. I'm no longer a part of it. Besides, you could do nothing to stop it anyway.

Liam and Pete cry as they try to touch the professor. He's very faint now.

PETE

It's not fair. You saved the world. You fucking saved mankind. They don't deserve it.

PROF.LINCOLN

Hush, grandfather. I've seen grass and blue sky again. And I've finally seen you for the first time.

Pete shakes his head in confusion.

LIAM

I...you said that before. Are you saying you didn't meet Pete when you were younger?

PROF.LINCOLN

No, he...I'm sorry. I shouldn't have mentioned it. It's too painful for you to hear.

PETE

I want to know, Robert. Did I die just after you were born?

PROF.LINCOLN

Yes. I never knew you at all.

(beat)

But I knew all about you. You were my inspiration during the hard times.

LIAM

Professor, will this happen to us? Will we fade away one day?

PROF.LINCOLN

I don't know. I'm sorry. One last thing...you may use the phone again to travel to historical events. But you won't be able to change anything.

PETE
We'll remember you. Always.

PROF.LINCOLN
Goodbye.

And he is gone. The grass retains the imprint of his body. Liam and Pete bow their heads. In the distance, a group of children appear and play football. The boys look up at the sound of their LAUGHTER.

PETE
How do we get back?

LIAM
I guess we'll return to 2005
automatically.

A moment later, they disappear.

EXT.GARDEN - LIAM AND PETE'S FLAT - DAY

Liam and Pete emerge from the cellar, brushing dirt from their clothes. Quickly they close the door and cover it with dirt and flowers.

PETE
Well, now.

LIAM
Yeah.

PETE
So what do we do? Any
suggestions?

LIAM
(shrugs)
You heard your grandson. We can
visit parts of history, just as
spectators.

PETE
Got anything in mind?

LIAM
Couple of ideas. Beatle concerts
for a start. Classic Liverpool
games.

PETE
Sounds good. When should we
start?

LIAM
How about after lunch?

INT.MATERNITY WARD - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A women, PENNY (early 30's) nurses a baby on the bed, in the dim room. A television in the corner has the news on, softly. Lightning flickers outside the window. Pete sits in a chair by the bed, dozing. He looks older and frail, his hair graying.

SUPER - LIVERPOOL ENGLAND OCTOBER 9 2040

The baby stops feeding and cries. Pete's eyes open.

PENNY
Dad, you should be getting home.
You look terrible.

PETE
I'm fine,love. Just having a
quick nap.
(beat)
I'll stay a bit longer.

PENNY
You need to rest. Call Mum. Tell
her to pick you up earlier.

PETE
Don't worry about me, love. You
concentrate on that little chap.
He's the most important one now.

PENNY
You've had a long week, Dad.
We're worried about you. Your
fall, Liam's funeral, the baby
coming early...

Pete waves his hand slowly.

PETE
I'm a big boy. I can handle
things.
(beat)
Here, where's the controls? Turn
the telly up, please love.

PENNY
I...here.

She turns the volume up. The baby quietens.

NEWSREADER(O.S)
 ___gathered today in the city, on
 the one hundredth anniversary of
 the birth of John Lennon. The
 ex-Beatle was murdered in 1980 by
 a deranged fan. Large scale
 commemorations were held all
 across Liverpool today__

Penny turns the sound down again. The TV shows old footage
 of Lennon and the Beatles.

PETE
 How's that for timing, hey love?
 Young Robert born on John
 Lennon's hundredth!

PENNY
 Yes. Mind you, I didn't plan it.
 He wanted to come out early.

PETE
 Yeah, on this day. He knew what
 he was doing.
 (beat)
 What's this? Breaking news. Turn
 it up again, love.

Penny smiles, shaking her head. Again, the volume
 increases.

NEWSREADER(O.S)
 We've just received a special
 bulletin.
 (takes deep breath)
 It's been confirmed that U.S
 President Errol Sinclair was
 assassinated in New York City, a
 few minutes ago. The President
 was addressing a rally, when a
 lone gunman opened fire, killing
 him instantly. I repeat...

Penny presses the mute button in shock.

PENNY
 Oh my lord. That's terrible. A
 week in office...
 (shakes head)
 What is this world coming to?

Pete sits very still, staring at the baby. The infant
 looks back at him, almost thoughtfully...

PETE
 (softly)
 Nothing is set in stone. Not
 ever...

PENNY

What was that, Dad? You ok?
You've gone pale.

PETE

I...sorry, love. it's always a
shock when someone famous is
killed. How horrible for his
family.

PENNY

Yes. I remember reading that his
mother died on 9/11. It's tragic
for the U.S.A too. He had some
very good policies. Stopping
climate change was a priority for
him.

Pete stands up, unsteady, and take something from his
pocket. He places it on the bed, near the baby. It is the
mobile phone, still shiny and undamaged. The baby idly
touches it. Instantly, the screen glows and the phone
HUMS.

PETE

I want him to have this. It's
very precious to me. Keep it
protected till he's older.

PENNY

Looks very outdated. Does it
still work? Won't give him
radiation or anything, will it?

PETE

No, it's perfectly safe. And,
yes, it works.

(beat)

I'm sure he'll find good use for
it.

The wind outside intensifies. Rain pelts against the
window.

PENNY

Looks like there's a storm
coming.

PETE

Aye. There is...

FADE OUT

The End.