

WORLDLINE S

Screenplay by

Mark Newton

© Mark Newton 2008

FIRST DRAFT
February 2008

+44 (113) 2723302

WORLDLINES

FADE IN:

The following quote appears in white text against a black background:

"The most likely way for the world to be destroyed, most experts agree, is by accident. That's where we come in; we're computer professionals. We cause accidents."

- Nathaniel Borenstein, December 2005

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

Titles sequence begins.

The following text scrolls across the screen:

```
[root@alouette root]# hwclock --set --date="1/19/2038 03:14:06"
[root@alouette root]# hwclock --set --date="1/19/2038 03:14:07"
RTC_SET_TIME: Invalid argument
ioctl() to /dev/rtc to set the time failed;
[root@alouette root]# hwclock --set --date="1/19/2038 03:14:08"
date: invalid date `1/19/2038 03:14:08'
The date command issued by hwclock returned unexpected results;
The command was:
date --date="1/19/2038 03:14:08" +seconds-into-epoch=%s
```

Title sequence ends.

FADE IN:

EXT. CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN - DAY

TITLE: **Cheyenne Mountain - Nr. Colorado Springs, Colorado
January 22, 2038**

ESTABLISHING: The north portal entrance to the NORAD Cheyenne Mountain complex. The epicentre for a worldwide network of satellites, radars and sensors watching over North American air and space. A winding concrete road, lined with ten feet high metal fencing topped with barbed wire, leads up to the huge doors of a semi-circular tunnel carved into the face of the Rocky Mountains.

PULL IN TO: a sign beside the twenty-five ton steel blast doors. It reads: CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN - DEFENDING NORTH AMERICA.

Millions of particles of radioactive ash fall from the contaminated atmosphere following the recent impact of a one hundred mega-ton Russian Tsar Bomba nuclear missile, the most powerful explosive device ever built, at the nearby City of Colorado Springs.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR WARNING CENTRE - DAY

Hidden beneath two thousand feet of solid granite. Multiple screens line the walls, typically used for monitoring any number of events around the world. The centre is filled with computers, klaxon horns, flashing lights and consoles; none of which are operational.

PULL IN TO: two uniformed OFFICERS huddled around a console. One of them speaks; his voice is low but deliberate.

OFFICER

...that's right Sir, US Air Force
Space Command, under General
McNally.....

...Corporal Peterson, Sir....

...It was err,
(swallows hard)
two days ago.....

...A little after three fifteen in
the morning, it was like the
whole place started falling
apart.....

...The satellite feeds were the
first to go down.....

...Then the Flight Explorer
followed soon after.....

...Looking Glass reported major
radar malfunction, they were
blind; couldn't see a thing.....

...Sirens all over the god-damn
place.....

...We couldn't issue the abort
codes; we couldn't stop it.....

...No Sir, that was about thirty
minutes later.....

...That's when we heard the
impact,

(beat)
felt like the whole mountain was
coming down.....

...We were without power for most
of the first day, until the
back-up generators came online.....

...Yeah, I hear you, yes Sir.....

...We got flash traffic from
Ellsworth, Vandenberg; all over
the place. They all told the
same story.....

...All the major cities.....

...Yes Sir, whatever you need to
know.....

SLOWLY PULL BACK: to show a piece of paper lying on the
table. Written on it, in bold capital letters is: WE KNOW
WHAT HAPPENS. WE CAN STOP IT. DIAL 04:07:2036 - 13:26:44 -
THEN PRESS ENTER - THEN INITIALISE.

CONTINUE TO PULL BACK: as we:

FADE TO BLACK:

Pause then:

A rumble of thunder followed by a blaze of lightning.....

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - RAINY NIGHT

TITLE: Alamada Motel - San Jose, California
May 15, 1975

ESTABLISHING: San Jose, the self proclaimed capital of
Silicon Valley.....

Midnight.

PULL IN TO: a flickering neon sign, stark green in the rain-
washed night: VACANCY'S.

PAN DOWN TO: a poorly lit doorway where a homeless drunk
sleeps uneasily. Distant thunder rolls and a flash of
brilliant white lightning fills the air.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Darkness. A roller blind sways gently in the half open window as the sounds of the night spill into the room; a police siren, a screeching car tyre, the driving rain. A burst of lightning reveals.....

...MATT FLYNN, mid 30's, lying motionless on the bed. He's wearing blue jeans, a patterned shirt with a large collar and boots; classic seventies clothing. Oddly, he also wears a pair of futuristic looking sunglasses.

CLOSE ON HIS FACE: he removes the glasses and drops them on the bed. His eyes begin to flicker, and then slowly open.....

FLYNN'S POV: he blinks in the near dark, shaken, disorientated.

BACK TO THE ROOM: he slowly sits up, swings his feet over the side of the bed. Elbows on knees; he places his head in his hands as if tending a pounding headache. He exhales heavily, and then stands. He places what looks like a mobile phone on the bedside table.....

...he walks to the window and pulls back the blind.....

FLYNN'S POV: he looks out into the night.....

BACK TO THE ROOM: he looks towards a dresser by the door. He sees a digital clock there, its time shimmering red in the half light: 12:06. He turns to a lamp on the bedside table, flicks it on. It casts a pale yellow glow across the room.....

...the walls are bare; no pictures, nothing. He crosses to the dresser.....

...looks down; nothing there either. He opens each drawer in turn; nothing.....

...to the bedside table. He checks the drawers there; still nothing.....

...he sits on the bed and drops his head into his hands once more. He sits there.....

Then: A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.....

CLOSE ON HIS FACE: as he looks up sharply towards the door. He waits, not wanting to move.....

Then: A SECOND HEAVIER KNOCK: a further few seconds then he stands and walks slowly to the door.....

...he places his hand on the door handle.....

FLYNN
(nervously)
Who is it?

OFFICER
It's the police, Sir. Can you
open the door please?

Pause then:

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Sir?

FLYNN
(swallows hard)
What's the problem?

OFFICER
Sir, can you please open the
door.

FLYNN pushes down the door handle and slowly opens the door..

FLYNN POV: just wide enough for him to see a uniformed police
officer standing there.

BACK TO THE ROOM:

FLYNN
Officer?

OFFICER
We've had a report Sir, from the
room across the hall,
(points)
gentleman said he heard what
sounded like gunshots.

FLYNN
(surprised)
Gunshots?
(beat)
Not here.

OFFICER
He said like gunshots, but not
necessarily gunshots.

FLYNN
It's nothing to do with me.

Pause then:

OFFICER
No-one's saying it is sir. We're
just carrying out routine
checks, that's all.

(beat)
That's my partner there,
(points)
down the hall.

FLYNN POV: as he peers out into the corridor and sees the other officer.

OFFICER
Do you mind if I come in, take a
look around?

FLYNN
It's after midnight. Can't you...

Interrupted.

OFFICER
I know what time it is sir.
(beat)
Please,
(gestures into the room)
May I?

FLYNN
Err,
(sighs)
Sure, why not.

He steps aside, opens the door to allow the officer to enter...
...FLYNN stands there as the officer slowly walks across the room. He looks surprised by its sparseness. The cop stands there, breaths in heavily...

FLYNN POV: as he casts a cautionary glance at the mobile phone on the bedside table. The officer doesn't seem to notice it.

OFFICER
(points)
Do you mind if I check the
bathroom?

FLYNN
(shrugs)
Be my guest.

BACK TO THE ROOM:

OFFICER
(opens bathroom door)
(looks in)
Did you hear anything that
sounded like gunshots?
(beat)
Or any noise for that matter?

FLYNN shakes his head as he shrugs his shoulders.

FLYNN

No...I was,
(gestures towards the bed)
sleeping.

OFFICER

No noise at all?

FLYNN

No, sorry, nothing.

Pause then:

OFFICER

(closes bathroom door)
OK sir. I'm sorry to have
bothered you.

FLYNN

That's OK; you're just doing
your job, right.

OFFICER

Yes sir, just doing my job.

The officer heads back towards the door. He is about to pull
it closed behind him when:

FLYNN

Can I ask you a question before
you leave?

The officer turns back.

OFFICER

Sure, what is it?

FLYNN

What's the date today?

He's a little taken aback.

OFFICER

(smiling)
Today is the fifteenth of May,
sir.

Pause then:

OFFICER (CONT'D)

(now frowning)
Sir, are you alright?

FLYNN

Yes, I'm fine.
(beat)
The fifteenth of May?

OFFICER

Yes sir, that's right.

FLYNN's head drops slightly. Pause then:

OFFICER

Are you sure you're OK.

FLYNN

Err, yeah.

(beat)

Thank you.

OFFICER

No problem. Good night Sir.

FLYNN

Good night officer.

FLYNN closes the door as the officer leaves. He returns to the bed...

CLOSE ON THE PHONE: as he picks it up. We can now see that it is no ordinary mobile phone...

BACK TO THE ROOM: he dials a number then sits on the bed waiting for an answer...

Pause then:

FLYNN

Flynn, Captain Matthew J.,
43892.

Pause then:

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Yeah,

(glances around the room)

it the right place alright.

(beat)

Is there any chance I might be
in the wrong year?

More:

FLYNN (CONT'D)

OK, OK! I was just checking.

More:

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Other than almost getting myself
arrested.

More:

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Someone thought it was gunfire.

(beat)

This is the 1970's you know.

More:

FLYNN (CONT'D)

We'll just have to try again.

More:

FLYNN (CONT'D)

(louder)

I know that; just prepare the device; I'm coming back.

He ends the call. He lies back on the bed puts on the dark glasses. He turns the phone around and opens a flap on the back panel.....

CLOSE ON THE PHONE: revealing a further number pad and three other buttons with a display across the top. One button reads: INPUT; another reads: INITIALISE; the third reads: CONFIRM. He hits the INPUT button and types the following data: 2036-06-29 14-06-21; then he hits CONFIRM. The phone beeps to acknowledge the data entry.....

...then he hits INITIALISE.....

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - RAINY NIGHT

CLOSE ON: the motel room window.

Pause then:

A blinding flash of light and three distinct noises; noises that sound just like gunfire.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - DAY

ESTABLISHING: A huge complex surrounded by three metre high electrified fences.

TITLE: Centre for Particle Physics - Santa Fe, New Mexico
June 03, 2036

Uniformed men armed with high powered rifles stand in sentry boxes posted every hundred metres along the perimeter. The roof is adorned with several dishes and antennae.

PULL IN TO: a sign on the fence. It reads: RESTRICTED AREA. UNAUTHORISED ENTRY PROHIBITED. PATROLS ARE LICENSED TO KILL.

CUT TO:

INT. C.P.P./LEVEL ONE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Sparkling marble floors reflect the portraits of explorers from years gone by hanging on the brilliant white walls: Columbus, Magellan, Darwin, Shackleton, and Armstrong...

...two men, one resplendent in his pristine uniform; the other dressed in a suit and tie, march purposefully along the corridor. The man in the suit carries an alluminium briefcase. Neither man speaks as they approach a pair of sliding doors. A red light on a card reader beside the doors tells us they are locked. The door is marked with a large figure '1'. On the other door a sign reads: SECURITY LEVEL ONE - AUTHORISED PERSONNEL ONLY.

...the suited man dips into his side pocket and produces a swipe card. He swipes the card through the reader...

CLOSE ON: the card reader. We see the light switch from red to green.

BACK TO THE CORRIDOR: as the doors slide open with a hiss. The two men step into an elevator...

INT. C.P.P./ELEVATOR

...the officer reaches out and presses a button. The doors close and the elevator begins to descend. A digital display scrolls through the floor numbers: 2.....3.....4; it reaches 5 then stops. The doors slide open and the two men step out.

INT. C.P.P./LEVEL FIVE CORRIDOR

An electronic voice greets them.

VOICE

You are entering a restricted area. Proper identification is required for admittance. Unauthorised presence represents a breach of security.

OFFICERS POV: Before him is a single, two-foot thick glass door. Behind the door stand two security guards, both dressed in full body armour and carrying sub-machine guns. Beside the door, set into the wall, is a biometric retinal scanner, and beneath that a fingerprint scanner. On the floor is a small red cross...

BACK TO THE CORRIDOR:

VOICE (CONT'D)

Please stand on the mark and

place your hand on the scanner.
Please ensure you remove any
prescription spectacles.

The officer stands on the cross and rests his hand on the fingerprint scanner. The retinal scanner casts a thin, horizontal red beam on his forehead, which slowly descends over his eyes. The scanners emit a 'beep' and the officer steps aside...

...the routine is repeated by the man in the suit and the scanners emit a second 'beep'. Once the scanners have identified the men we hear the mechanical sound of the glass door locking mechanism disengaging...

...the giant glass door swings open. The two guards step aside.

GUARD #1
(salutes)
Colonel Russell,

RUSSELL
Lieutenant.

They continue further into the underground complex...

...we follow them along a brightly lit corridor, until they stop at a door marked: CONFERENCE ROOM 5-G-1. RUSSELL opens the door.

CUT TO:

INT. C.P.P./CONFERENCE ROOM 5-G-1

A sparse, white painted room deep in the bowels of the earth. No daylight; just the stark blue/white illumination from the ceiling lights...

...on one wall is a large white board covered in mathematical equations, dates and addresses in blue, red and black...

...in the middle of the room is a conference table with three chairs down either side, and one at either end. Seated at the table are PROFESSOR HERMAN K. BRUNNER and CAPTAIN MATT FLYNN. The door opens and...

...RUSSELL and THE SUIT enter. FLYNN stands to salute his senior officer. BRUNNER, a civilian, remains seated.

RUSSELL
At ease, Captain.

FLYNN retakes his seat. THE SUIT slides his briefcase onto the table and sits. He clips it open and takes out a folder.

CLOSE ON: the folder. Printed on the front, in bold red letters is: TOP SECRET - EYES ONLY.

BACK TO THE ROOM: RUSSELL takes a seat.

RUSSELL

Gentlemen, this is Mr. Vaughan.
He's been assigned by the
Committee.

(beat)

They have some concerns
regarding our program.

FLYNN

What kind of concerns.

VAUGHAN ignores the comment. He takes the folder and tosses it onto the table. Several papers spill out, some of them drop to the floor. He sits back in the seat and crosses his legs.

VAUGHAN

(to Brunner)

Would you like to explain what
it is you're doing here?

BRUNNER shoots an uneasy glance towards FLYNN.

VAUGHAN (CONT'D)

Don't look at him! I'm asking
you.

Pause as VAUGHAN looks at BRUNNER, then FLYNN, then back to BRUNNER.

VAUGHAN (CONT'D)

(angrily)

Well someone better explain it.

Pause then:

FLYNN

(to Russell)

We've been through this
already.....

VAUGHAN exhales heavily.

VAUGHAN

Well go through it again.

BRUNNER looks at RUSSELL. RUSSELL gestures for him to explain.

FLYNN

We're conducting a series of
reconnaissance missions to 1975
to retrieve a very important
piece of hardware.

VAUGHAN grabs for one of the sheets of paper from the file.

He balls it up in his fist.

VAUGHAN

The National Committee for
Transtemporal Research grants
organisations use of this multi-
million dollar facility for
sanctioned missions only.

(looks up)

Can you please explain what
you're doing here?

FLYNN

Other than saving the world?

VAUGHAN

(reads from the sheet)

Yes, I see, from your infamous
computer virus.

BRUNNER

It's not a virus, it's a system
bug.

VAUGHAN

Bug, virus.....whatever,

(beat)

that still doesn't explain why
you're still here, and why
you're making unauthorised
flights?

FLYNN

It's not just a matter of
picking a destination and
pressing a button. These things
take time.

VAUGHAN

(sits back)

Well, what is it a matter of?

BRUNNER looks to RUSSELL once more. RUSSELL gestures for him
to explain.

BRUNNER

(clears his throat)

Well, the distortion unit has
operational limits. The farther
back you go, the more
differences you will see in the
worldline.

VAUGHAN

In plain English,

(beat)

please.

BRUNNER stands and walks to the white board. He takes the eraser and wipes the board clear. He picks up a red marker pen and draws a diagram to show what he is explaining.

BRUNNER

The C204...

Interrupted:

VAUGHAN

The what?

RUSSELL

That the current model, of the device.

FLYNN

You'd think they'd send someone who knows what they're talking about.

VAUGHAN ignores the comment. BRUNNER continues.

BRUNNER

The C204 begins to break away at about 60 years.

VAUGHAN

Meaning?

BRUNNER

Meaning the level of confidence drops rapidly after sixty years of travel and the worldline divergence increases.

VAUGHAN'S face shows a blank expression.

BRUNNER (CONT'D)

In other words, if I wanted to go back one hundred years and kill Hitler, there is a better than average chance I would end up on a worldline where he was never born.

FLYNN stands as he cuts in.

FLYNN

We're trying to get back to the fifteenth of May, nineteen seventy five,

(beat)

That's sixty one years.

VAUGHAN

I can do the math, Captain.

FLYNN

So, as Professor Brunner has just pointed out, that's right on the operational limits of the device.....

Interrupted:

BRUNNER

I believe that research is being done on faster units with more accurate clocks. I imagine that they'll be able to go back farther with a higher degree of divergence confidence,
(looks at Russell)
but they won't be ready for testing for at least another five or six years.

RUSSELL

Let's just concentrate on what we have now.

BRUNNER retakes his seat.

FLYNN

We know where the target will be, and when it'll be there. We just have to hit the right worldline, that's all.

VAUGHAN'S expression remains blank.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

What happened today was the target wasn't where we thought it would be. We must have hit a worldline where it doesn't exist.

VAUGHAN

Right, OK.

(beat)

So, what are the odds of hitting the right worldline?

(looks at Brunner)

Best estimate.

BRUNNER

Working right on the operational limit of the device, I would say

that the chance of hitting the right line, or one of them, is about eight and a half percent; or one in twelve.

VAUGHAN

So, each time you.....go, you have somewhere in the region of a ninety one and a half percent chance of failure.

(beat)

And how many attempts have you made so far.

FLYNN

Today was the forth.

VAUGHAN

The forth?

(beat)

And how often are you able to go?

BRUNNER

About once every five to six hours; give or take.

VAUGHAN

Why does it take so long? To plan the next trip, I mean.

FLYNN

It's not like catching a bus to wherever you're going. You don't just hop on and take out a newspaper.

BRUNNER

We have to re-charge the displacement unit, map the destination co-ordinates into the computers. The sensors have to accurately record the point of origin...

VAUGHAN'S chair scratches on the tiled floor as he abruptly stands.

VAUGHAN

Do you people have any idea how much this program is costing?

FLYNN

What the hell does it matter how much it costs?

(to Russell)
Come on Colonel. Why are we
wasting...?

Interrupted:

VAUGHAN
(voice raised)
Two hundred and fifty million
dollars a week.
(beat)
Jesus, the amount of energy that
thing uses could power a city
the size of New York for a
month.

RUSSELL
Is that what you're here for? A
cost cutting exercise.

VAUGHAN
We don't have a bottomless pit
of money, Colonel. The American
people have a right to know
where their tax dollars are
being spent.

BRUNNER
If you can come up with a better
way to fix the bug then I'm all
ears.

VAUGHAN
The bug! Half of the people out
there don't give a damn about
the bug, and the rest don't even
think anything will happen.
(beat)

You've heard of Y-two-K, right?

FLYNN
This is nothing like Y-two-K.

BRUNNER cuts in.

BRUNNER
How much do you know about
computers Mr. Vaughan?

VAUGHAN
I use a computer every day.....

Interrupted:

FLYNN
No, he means what you know about
how computers work; how they

think.

VAUGHAN

Nothing, really. But I get the feeling you're about to educate me.

VAUGHAN retakes his seat.

BRUNNER

Well, almost all computers in existence today run on legacy code.

VAUGHAN nods.

BRUNNER (CONT'D)

And all legacy code systems record time using a posix command known as the time T structure.

He writes it on the white board, like this: (POSIX time_t struct).

VAUGHAN

Is this at all relevant?

FLYNN

It's crucial,
(beat)
I'd listen if I were you.

BRUNNER continues.

BRUNNER

Well, time_t is actually just an integer, a whole number that counts the number of seconds since January 1, 1970 at 12:00am Greenwich mean time.

(beat)

A time_t value of zero would be 12:00:00am, exactly midnight, on January 1, 1970; a time_t value of one would be 12:00:01am, one second after midnight, January 1, 1970 and so on.

(beat)

Do you follow?

VAUGHAN

Yes, I follow, so?

BRUNNER

Well, bearing in mind that a year is a little over 31 and a

half million seconds, the `time_t` representation of January 1, 1976, one year later, is about 31 and a half million; and the `time_t` representation for January 1, 1977, two years later, is about 63 million.....et cetera, et cetera.

FLYNN

You still following?

VAUGHAN

Yeah, but it still don't see the relevance.

BRUNNER

Oh, don't worry, the fun part is coming. By the year 2038, the `time_t` representation for the current time will be over 2 thousand one hundred million. And that's the problem.

VAUGHAN

OK, and why is that?

BRUNNER

Because, a modern 32 bit computer stores a signed integer data type, such as `time_t`, in 32 bits. The first of these bits is used for the positive or negative sign of the integer, while the remaining 31 bits are used to store the number itself.

VAUGHAN

(shrugs shoulders)

So.

BRUNNER

So, the highest number these 31 data bits can store works out to exactly 2,147,483,647.

BRUNNER writes the number on the white board.

VAUGHAN

That's a big number.

FLYNN

(looks at Vaughan)

Not big enough.

BRUNNER

A `time_t` value of this exact number,

(taps the pen on the board)
represents January 19, 2038, at 7 seconds past 03:14am Greenwich Mean Time.

VAUGHAN

About two years away.

BRUNNER

Yeah, about two years away.

(beat)

So, at 03:14:07am GMT on that fateful day, every `time_t` used in a 32 bit program will reach its upper limit.

FLYNN

And, one second later, disaster strikes.

BRUNNER

19 January, 2038 will suddenly become 01 January, 1970 in every POSIX `time_t` system across the globe, and every date calculation based on this figure will go haywire.

FLYNN

And it gets worse.

BRUNNER

Most of the support functions that use the `time_t` data type cannot handle negative `time_t` values *at all*. They simply fail and return an error code.

(beat)

So you see, the Y-two-K-bug was mainly an application related problem. This one is much more serious, because it affects all POSIX operating systems, through the `time_t` structure.

FLYNN

The whole operating system, along with all its applications, is suddenly gonna think the Vietnam war and Nixon are still raging...

Pause then:

VAUGHAN

Sounds like a load of techno
bullshit to me.

BRUNNER

Really? Let's see how bullshit
it sounds when all the global
banking systems crash, and
hospital life support systems
begin to shut down, and
satellites fall out of the sky.....

FLYNN

(looking at Vaughan)
Sounds to me like the end of the
world.

VAUGHAN

(exasperated)
It's never gonna happen!

BRUNNER

Oh, it'll happen; and your two
hundred and fifty million
dollars a week will suddenly
become billions of dollars.....a
second.

FLYNN

Try telling that to the American
people.

VAUGHAN stands and begins to collect up the contents of the
file. He speaks as he puts them in his briefcase.

VAUGHAN

The bottom line is the Committee
wants you out of here. There'll
be no more missions to 1975.
This facility was commissioned
for constructive, scientific
research, not for computer geeks
to play their silly little
games.

VAUGHAN moves towards the door.

FLYNN

(voice raised)
Hey, we were given permission,
by the Committee, to use this
facility.

VAUGHAN turns back to FLYNN.

VAUGHAN

(voice raised)

Yes you were; for one flight and one flight only.

(to Russell)

Not four.....or five!

(to Brunner)

And certainly not for this legacy code nonsense.

FLYNN

(under his breath)

Asshole.

VAUGHAN spins around to confront FLYNN.

VAUGHAN

(angered)

Son, I'd advise you to hold your tongue. I've read your recent service record, and believe me, it doesn't paint a pretty picture.

FLYNN

Come and talk to me when you're man enough to put on a uniform.

RUSSELL

Gentlemen, please.

VAUGHAN moves back towards the door.

VAUGHAN

You'll be hearing from my office in due course.

Then:

VAUGHAN (CONT'D)

(to Russell)

Colonel,

(beat)

Professor Brunner.

VAUGHAN leaves the room. RUSSELL, BRUNNER and FLYNN are left to reflect on the debate.

FLYNN

Fuckin' pen pushing prick.

RUSSELL

Forget about him.

There is a prolonged silence, which is broken by BRUNNER.

BRUNNER

Do you think we should tell

them?, about what we've discovered, I mean?

FLYNN

No, if we tell them now we lose the chance for one more flight.

RUSSELL

Are you serious? You heard what he said, no more flights. We'll be.....

Interrupted:

FLYNN

What?, you wanna give up now?

He looks at RUSSELL without response.

Pause then:

FLYNN

(to Brunner)

How soon can we be ready for the next flight? If we push it?

BRUNNER

Err, I dunno. four hours, maybe.

RUSSELL

No chance of sooner?

BRUNNER

There is no sooner.

(beat)

You know I can't rush these things. The slightest error, especially in the point of origin data, and we'd never be able to bring you back,

(looks at Flynn)

at least not to the correct worldline.

(back to Russell)

That degree of accuracy takes time. And the displacement unit needs to fully recharge, and.....

FLYNN

OK, we get it.

BRUNNER

...the odds of hitting the right worldline are still the same.....

Interrupted:

FLYNN

We know that, but we can't give
up now. We all know what will
happen in two years time.

(looks at Russell)

Colonel.....

Pause then:

RUSSELL

(reluctantly)

OK, we go one more time, then
that's it.

FLYNN looks at BRUNNER.

BRUNNER

I'll get my people on it right
away.

RUSSELL

(to Flynn)

And you, get some rest. We need
you at one hundred and ten
percent for this one.....

FLYNN cuts in as BRUNNER exits the room.

FLYNN

But wouldn't I be more use here?
I could.....

RUSSELL stops him.

RUSSELL

That's an order, Captain. We'll
let you know as soon as we need
you.

FLYNN

(resigned)

Yes sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETARY - LETER

ESTABLISHING: A pristine cemetery. We see white marble
memorials stretching out in seemingly never-ending rows;
dissected by narrow pathways. A gentle breeze lightly sways
the trees.

PULL IN TO: MATT FLYNN, walking slowly along the path,
carrying flowers. He stops...

...and places the flowers next to a headstone. He stands there,
head bowed, staring at the inscription on the stone.

FLYNN POV: the message reads: IN LOVING MEMORY OF LOUISE FLYNN - DIED NOV 19, 2034 - WIFE OF MATTHEW FLYNN - OUR HAPPINESS TOGETHER ARE MEMORIES FOREVER.

BACK TO THE CEMETARY: a single tear rolls down his cheek.....

...then:

FLASHBACK

Rain falling on the narrow, winding road; a heavy stone wall down either side.....

...then, in the distance, headlights; a car approaching.....

...he drives; she sits in the passenger seat. They laugh; they're in love, that much we can see. They're traveling fast, maybe too fast.....

Then:

...more headlights, approaching head on. A truck speeding towards them. He's leaning towards her and doesn't see the impending danger. The shining white lights fills the car.....

...he looks up, but it's too late. All he can do is wrench at the wheel. The car turns sideways and slams into the wall.....

TRUCK POV: looking into the car. The light becoming ever brighter. We see her, looking out into the rain washed night as the speeding truck careers towards her. She steals a glance back towards her lover, his head slumped against the steering wheel.....

...she turns back to face the truck.....

...she knows what is about to happen, but is powerless to prevent it. She braces herself as the truck, tyres screeching, smashes into the side of the car.....

END FLASHBACK

We're back with FLYNN at the graveside. He wipes a tear from his cheek, turns and walks away.

PULL BACK: as he walks back to his car.

CUT TO:

INT. C.P.P./DISTORTION UNIT DATA CENTRE

A tier 4 data centre, designed to host mission critical computer systems. Servers racked up into 19 inch rack cabinets, placed in single rows forming corridors between them. Air conditioning keeps the room cool; a thermostat on the wall shows 22 degrees. The purpose of the data centre is running the applications that handle the core operational data of the distortion unit. Two men sit at computer workstations; one of them is Professor HERMAN K. BRUNNER.

BRUNNER POV: as he keys instructions into his computer.
Computer code scrolls down the screen:

```
function takeYear(the Date) {  
  x = theDate.getYear();  
  var y = x % 100  
  y += (y<38) ?  
  return y
```

followed by:

```
var theDate = new Date();  
var temp = theDate.toGMTString();  
var theSecondDate = new Date(temp);
```

Then further keystrokes; the following appears on the screen:

```
var thisDate = new Date();  
thisDate.setYear(2036);  
thisDate.setMonth(06);  
thisDate.setDate(03);
```

Then this:

```
MonthName, DayName, YearName Hrs:Min:Sec
```

Then this:

```
today.setTime(Date.parse('June 03 2036 16:10:00'));
```

Finally, this:

```
function takePosition(the Position) {  
  x = thePosition.getPosition();  
  thisPosition.setLong(35,°37'N);  
  thisPosition.setLat(106°,5'W);
```

BRUNNER turns to face his colleague, DANIEL HOOPER - 40's,
sat on his right.

BRUNNER

That's the point of origin set.
How are you doin' with the
destination data?

HOOPER lifts his left hand as he continues to type with his
right.

HOOPER

One, second.

Pause then:

HOOPER (CONT'D)

And,
(hits the *enter* key)
done.

BRUNNER

make sure it's right? We can't
afford any fuck-ups now.

HOOPER

Come on Herman, how long have we
been working together?

(beat)

Don't you trust me?

BRUNNER doesn't answer.

HOOPER (CONT'D)

Have I ever got this wrong
before?

He taps his pen on the screen so BRUNNER can see exactly what
he has inputted into the system.

HOOPER

Fifteenth of May 1975, same as
the last time, and the time
before that.....and the time
before.....

BRUNNER

OK, OK.

HOOPER looks at BRUNNER.

HOOPER

Come on man, let's run it.

BRUNNER

In a minute. Just double check
your source code, one last time.

HOOPER

(in jest)

Jeez.....

BRUNNER cuts in.

BRUNNER

(agitated)

Just check the damn code Dan,
OK?

HOOPER

Hey, calm down man. What's wrong
with you?

BRUNNER

Don't tell me to calm down, OK.
This is our last chance to get
this right. If we fuck up now
it's over, you get it.

HOOPER

Yeah, I get it.

HOOPER stands.

HOOPER (CONT'D)

You check the damn code. I'm
going for coffee.

HOOPER moves away from his workstation. BRUNNER calls after
him.

BRUNNER

Hey Dan, I'm sorry. Just a
little stressed, that's all.

HOOPER calls back as he walks away.

HOOPER

Don't worry man, it's no big
deal.

(beat)

You want some coffee?

BRUNNER

Yeah, black.....

HOOPER

I know; black with no sugar.

BRUNNER waits for HOOPER to leave the room then slides into
his seat. He focuses on the screen as he checks the source
code.

CUT TO:

INT. TEMPORAL RECON READY ROOM - DAY

Several rows of chairs for pilots and a podium for the
speaker. There is a white board which is used to log the
incoming and outgoing flights - a timetable of sorts for each
active pilot. Instructions, objectives, etc. appear on a
bigger white board on an easel. Schematics of the temporal
distortion unit and guides to its use are also available for
training purposes. Several squadron emblems decorate the
walls. Although there is enough seating for two dozen pilots,
today there is just one.....

...MATT FLYNN, dressed in his military fatigues, looks up as
the flight quartermaster, BILL PENROSE - 50'S, enters the
room carrying a collection of clothing in a zipped up suit

bag.

FLYNN

Hey Bill, what you got for me today? Something swish I hope.

PENROSE

'Fraid not Captain. You should know me by now. I don't do aesthetics, just practicality.

FLYNN

Flares and a Hawaiian shirt, no doubt?

PENROSE

Would I do that to you?

(unzips the bag)

How about flares and a checkered shirt?

FLYNN

Oh joy.

(beat)

What about footwear?

PENROSE

Went for sneakers this time. Thought they might be more comfortable than those shit heavy boots.

FLYNN

I liked those boots.

PENROSE

(gestures with his thumb)

I can get them for you, if you'd prefer.

FLYNN

No, that's OK. The sneakers are fine, thanks.

PENROSE

OK, they're your feet.

PENROSE turns to leave. Before he exits the room he calls back to FLYNN.

PENROSE (CONT'D)

Have a safe trip.

FLYNN

Thank you Bill, I'll do my best.

FLYNN strips off his fatigues and starts to put on the 1970's clothes.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENTION CENTRE - EVENING

TITLE: McEnery Convention Centre - San Jose, California
May 15, 1975

We're in the busy foyer. Dozens of people milling around; some stand in groups talking, whilst some wonder around on their own. Soft music plays. A banner on the wall welcomes them all to the: McENERY CONVENTION CENTRE - SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA - HOME OF THE 1975 ACM SIGMOD CONFERENCE. There is a varied mix of people on show. Some wear expensive looking tuxedos. These are the corporate delegates and big businessmen; cash rich and proud of it.....

...others wear flannel shirts with jeans and sneakers. These are the programmers, the analysts, the innovators. Amongst them is.....

...DAVID THORPE - early 20's; fresh faced and confident. In one hand he holds a glass of champagne; in the other a tatty folder. Another of the FLANNEL SHIRTS - late 50'S, approaches him.

FLANNEL SHIRT

(excited)

David, David, you made it;
fantastic!

FLANNEL SHIRT grabs THORPE by the arm, some of the champagne spills from his glass. THORPE looks down at the stain on the carpet. His face begins to flush red.

FLANNEL SHIRT (CONT'D)

Don't worry about that. I've no
doubt it happens all the time
around here.

(beat)

Now, where was I? oh yes! Come,
come, there's someone I want you
to meet.

THORPE

Dr. Mellars, I.....

MELLARS

Oh do stop fretting David,
(sees the folder)
good, you have your research
with you.

DR. EDWARD MELLARS leads THORPE through the crowd towards a group of four TUXEDOS. MELLARS stops behind one of them and taps him gently on the shoulder. The TUXEDO - mid 50's, spins

around to face them.

MELLARS

Very sorry to disturb you Mr.
Moorland,

(clears throat)

This is the young man I was
telling you about.

MELLARS pushes THORPE towards MOORLAND. MOORLAND stares at
him but doesn't speak.

MELLARS (CONT'D)

(to Thorpe)

David.....

THORPE

Oh, sorry.

(reaches out his hand)

My name is David Thorpe, I'm.....

MOORLAND

Yes, I've heard all about you.
Dr. Mellars here tells me you've
developed an interesting new
portable computer system.

A nudge from MELLARS.

THORPE

(confidently)

Yes sir, that's correct.

MOORLAND

And? What can you tell me about
it?

THORPE

Well sir,

(beat)

it can translate several types
of computer code. It has the
ability to emulate and debug
mainframe systems.

MOORLAND nods.

THORPE (CONT'D)

(holds out the folder)

I have my research here, and
examples of the assembly code if
you'd like to see them? I don't
have my prototype with me, but.....

MOORLAND dips into his inside pocket.

MOORLAND

Here's my card. Come by my
office tomorrow, we can discuss
it further then.

THORPE stares at the business card. Another nudge from
MELLARS.

MELLARS

Thank you, Mr. Moorland. Thank
you sir.

MOORLAND

(smiles)

No problem.

MOORLAND returns to the other TUXEDOS as THORPE and MELLARS
move away. MELLARS takes a journal out of his inside pocket.
He takes the business card from THORPE, slips it into the
journal and puts it back in his pocket.

MELLARS

Do you realise what this means
David? This could be the break
we've been hoping for.

THORPE'S tone of voice changes.

THORPE

Yeah, maybe.

MELLARS

David, what's wrong? I thought
you'd be pleased.

THORPE

I am. It's just.....well,
(holds up the file)
this is my thing, you know; my
baby. What if we loose control?

MELLARS

What do you mean?

THORPE

You know what these people are
like. Look what happed to Benny.

MELLARS

Benny was stupid. When it came
to business all he saw were the
dollar signs. We're different;
we know what we're doing, right?

THORPE

Yeah, I guess so. It's just once
these guys get their claws into

you they, well,
(beat)
they end up taking over. Is that
what we really want?

MELLARS

It's a risk we have to take.
(gestures towards Moorland)
Without his money we have
nothing.
(points at the file)
David, those designs are going
to change the world of computing
forever.

PULL IN TO: the tatty brown file in THORPE'S hand.

BACK TO THE ROOM:

THORPE

Come on, let's enjoy the party
for a while.

MELLARS

Sure, but not for too long. We
have a big day ahead of us
tomorrow.

A waiter walks by carrying a tray of champagne. Mellars grabs
two glasses as the waiter passes. He hands one of them to
THORPE.

MELLARS

(raising his glass)
Here's to a prosperous future.

THORPE

(resignedly)
A prosperous future.

The soft music continues to play as MELLARS taps his
champagne glass against THORPE'S.

CUT TO:

INT. C.P.P./DISTORTION UNIT CHAMBER - DAY

TITLE: Centre for Particle Physics - Santa Fe, New Mexico
June 03, 2036

The door to the distortion unit chamber slides open and FLYNN
enters, dressed in his 1970's clothes and flanked by BRUNNER
and RUSSELL. They walk between two banks of scientific
instruments which form a corridor leading to a raised
platform. On the platform is a seat; not unlike the seat from
a jet fighter. On a column next to the seat hang a headset

and a pair of dark glasses.

BRUNNER

I've made one or two minor modifications to the destination data code.....

FLYNN stops and turns to face BRUNNER.

FLYNN

I wish you'd tell me about these things.

(to Russell)

This is what happens when you force me to take a vacation.

RUSSELL

It's nothing to do with me. It's the first I've heard of it.

BRUNNER (CONT'D)

(hands raised)

It's nothing to get concerned about. It's just a minor change that may increase the divergence confidence.

FLYNN

It may?

BRUNNER

Don't start getting wound up, Matt. If the sensors detect the slightest increase in your heart rate, or your blood pressure, we can kiss this trip goodbye.

FLYNN

Why bring it up then?

BRUNNER

I just thought you should know, that's all.

RUSSELL

Would you listen to the pair of you. You're like an old married couple.

RUSSELL immediately realises what he has just said. He turns to FLYNN.

RUSSELL

Hey man, I'm sorry,
(beat)
I wasn't thinking.

FLYNN

It's OK.

(beat)

Let's just crank this baby up
and get this done.

BRUNNER has made his way to the seat on the platform.

BRUNNER

(looks at Flynn)

You ready?

FLYNN makes his way to the seat.

FLYNN

As ready as I'll ever be.

BRUNNER

When was the last time you ate
anything?

FLYNN

Over four hours ago.

(beat)

This isn't my first flight you
know.

BRUNNER

(smiling)

Yeah, I know.

FLYNN sits in the seat and BRUNNER straps him in.

FLYNN POV: in front of him are three digital displays; two in red, one in green. The first red display reads: 15:05:1975 - 00:04:00; the green display reads: 03:06:2036 - 15:57:22. The only difference with the green display is that this one shows the current time. The second red display shows the following: 30 secs. FLYNN watches the time on the first green display tick along; 23, 24, 25, 26.....

BACK TO THE ROOM:

BRUNNER

This is it Matt. You sure you're
ready?

FLYNN

Just a walk in the park, Herman.

FLYNN POV: as BRUNNER walks away. FLYNN puts on the headset and the glasses. He looks up above the door to a large window in the wall. A few seconds later BRUNNER, HOOPER and RUSSELL appear there. They each put on a pair of dark glasses. Communication is via headset

BRUNNER

You hear me buddy?

FLYNN

Loud and clear.

BRUNNER

Excellent.

(beat)

We're ready when you are.

FLYNN

Ok. Let's do this.

FLYNN POV: he stares at the digital displays.

BRUNNER

Initialising matter transfer
protocol.

Pause then:

HOOPER

Firing up the gravity sensors.

An audible alarm and a small light start the short countdown
on the second red display: 30, 29, 28, 27, 26.....

BRUNNER

Sampling the target environment.

The countdown continues: 25, 24, 23, 22.....

...the current time on the green display stops.....

...then begins to count backwards, slowly at first; then
faster.....and faster.

HOOPER (CONT'D)

O2 is stable.

(beat)

Both microsingularities holding
at point nine six.

FLYNN POV: 21, 20, 19, 18.....the green clock continues counting
back, now so fast it has become impossible to read with the
naked eye.

HOOPER (CONT'D)

Cooling and X-ray venting both
normal.

BRUNNER

Power at ninety-nine point eight
percent, showing two point one
G's now.

The red numbers descending: 17, 16, 15, 14.....

There is a great deal of electrical crackling noise from
static electricity.

HOOPER

Variable gravity lock is at
ninety-five percent and rising.

BRUNNER

Sample readings of the local
gravity are normal.

FLYNN POV: the countdown goes on: 13, 12, 11, 10.....

...he turns towards the window, but the distortion field makes it difficult to see. The seat appears to accelerate as the light is bent around it. The gravity field is beginning to take hold; pushing him back into the seat, similar to rising quickly in an elevator.....

...9, 8, 7, 6.....

...his field of vision begins to fade from the distortion unit chamber as the image of the motel room ceiling in San Jose begins to take over.....

...5, 4, 3, 2, 1 then:

BRUNNER POV: a short, blinding burst of ultraviolet radiation fills the chamber and spills in through the window.....

...he takes off the dark glasses and looks to his left to a clock on the wall marked: MISSION CHRONOMETER. Its digits begin to count up: 00:00:01; 00:00:02; 00:00:03.....

...he looks out into the distortion chamber. The seat is empty; FLYNN is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - RAINY NIGHT

TITLE: Alamada Motel - San Jose, California
May 15, 1975

ANGLE ON: the entrance. DAVID THORPE, file under his arm, climbs the steps and stops at the door. He fumbles in his jacket pocket, finds his key, slips it into the lock.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

We're in the lobby.....

CLOSE ON: a bank of mailboxes. THORPE slides a key into the lock. He takes out his mail and relocks the box.....

...he climbs the stairs towards his room. Head down, he rips open one of the envelopes, takes out the letter, reads it.....

...we're in the corridor now. He stops at his room.

CUT TO:

INT. C.P.P./DISTORTION UNIT CHAMBER - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: the MISSION CHRONOMETER clock: 00:01:21, 22, 23, 24.....

No-one makes a sound as they wait to hear from FLYNN.

RUSSELL and BRUNNER exchange an uneasy look. A few more seconds pass.....

Then:

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP: the data transfer device alerts them to an incoming call. BRUNNER grabs for the handset.

BRUNNER

Matt?

FLYNN

(via handset)

Who else did you think it would be, your mother?

BRUNNER

Very funny.

(beat)

What's your status.

FLYNN

(via handset)

I'm OK. His designs and notes are all over the place. I think we hit the right worldline this ti.....

He stops.

BRUNNER

What is it? What's wrong?

FLYNN

(via handset)

Someone's coming.

Silence.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Untidy. A dresser by the door covered in papers. Schematics, graphs and diagrams all over the walls. In the sink are unwashed pots and pans.....

...THORPE slams the door shut with his trailing leg, still reading his mail; he flicks on the light and drops the

letters, the file and his keys on the table.....

Then:

He hears something, a noise, movement; it's coming from the bathroom.

THORPE POV: looking at the bathroom door. Another sound. Someone's in there. He grabs for one of the kitchen chairs and quickly jams in under the doorknob, effectively locking the door.

THORPE

(voice raised)

Who's in there?

FLYNN

Are you David Thorpe?

Pause then:

THORPE

(to himself)

Shit!

(louder)

Who wants to know?

FLYNN

Are you David Thorpe?

THORPE

Who are you?

FLYNN

My name is Matthew Flynn. It's very important that I speak with you.

THORPE

You're who?

FLYNN

I'm a friend of Dr. Mellars'. I really need to speak with you, urgently.

THORPE

How did you get in here?

FLYNN

That's not important.

THORPE

Not important?, you're in my fucking bathroom.

FLYNN rattles the door. THORPE takes a step backwards.

THORPE (CONT'D)

I never heard him mention you before.

(looks at the file)

What do you want?

FLYNN

Open the door and I'll explain.

THORPE moves towards the door.

THORPE

I can hear you from here. Tell me what you want.

FLYNN

It's about the DT-808.....

Interrupted:

THORPE

What?

FLYNN

The DT-808.

THORPE

How do you know about that?

FLYNN

I told you, I'm a friend of Dr. Mellars.

Pause then:

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Please, open the door.

A longer pause as THORPE weighs up the situation.

Then:

He removes the chair from under the doorknob, takes a few steps backwards. The door slowly opens. THORPE raises the chair in readiness.

THORPE POV:

FLYNN

My name is Matt.....

Interrupted:

THORPE

Flynn. Yeah, you said already.

(beat)

You better start explaining, and fast, before I call the police.

BACK TO THE ROOM: THORPE walks to the table. He replaces the

chair and picks up the file, he holds it tight to his chest.

FLYNN

I think you better sit down.

THORPE

I'm fine standing thanks.

(beat)

What do you know about the 808?

FLYNN

I know you designed it, and
built it.

Pause then:

THORPE

Did Moorland send you?

FLYNN

I don't know anyone by the name
of Moorland.

THORPE

Don't give me that crap. How
else would you know that?

FLYNN

I told you, I'm a relative of
Dr. Mellars.

THORPE

A relative? Thirty seconds ago
you were just a friend.

FLYNN pulls back one of the chairs at the table.

FLYNN

Sit down David.

THORPE sits and places the file back on the table.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

(exhales heavily)

Edward Mellars is my great
grandfather.

THORPE

Is this some kinda joke?

FLYNN

(shakes his head)

It's no joke.

THORPE

How can Dr. Mellars be your
great grandfather?

(looks him up and down)

You're barely twenty years

younger than him.

FLYNN

On your worldline yes, but not on mine.

THORPE

Your.....worldline?

FLYNN take the seat opposite THORPE.

FLYNN

(smiles)

Yes, my worldline.

(beat)

Do you have a pen and a sheet of paper, and I'll explain.

THORPE opens the file and takes out a sheet of plain paper. He passes it to FLYNN, along with a pen from his jacket pocket.

FLYNN

Worldlines represent the paths physical objects take through space-time, under the laws of special relativity. They can be shown graphically,

(draws a graph)

on an x-y graph, with x representing distance in space and y representing the passing of time.

THORPE

So?

FLYNN

I just happen to live on one of them. These other worldlines contain space, time; some of them may even contain you, in a slightly different form.

THORPE'S expression remains blank. FLYNN continues.

FLYNN

It's difficult to grasp, I know. Let me see if I can't make it a little easier for you.

THORPE

I don't even know why I'm listening to this.....

FLYNN draws a small spot down the left hand side of the paper. He turns the page to face THORPE.

FLYNN

Let's say that this spot is you.
Right here, right now, at this
precise moment.

THORPE

Go on.

FLYNN

For every decision you make, and
every action you take, there are
any number of possible outcomes
of that decision or action. Each
of those outcomes creates a new
worldline.

He turns the paper around.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Like this.

He draws a series of lines emitting from the spot, turns it
back to face THORPE.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Now, the majority of those
actions and decisions are of a
frivolous nature, so the
worldlines they create are
virtually identical, and that's
about ninety nine point nine
nine nine percent of them.

THORPE

OK.....

FLYNN

But, some of them are important,
often life changing decisions or
actions. Like deciding to start
a family.

(beat)

On one worldline you have a
child; on another you don't.

THORPE

like a parallel universe.

FLYNN

If you like, yes.

THORPE

So what you're telling me is
that you came here from a
parallel universe?

FLYNN

A parallel worldline, actually.

(beat)

The only difference is, on my worldline the year is 2036.

THORPE can't suppress his amusement.

THORPE

Time travel?

(laughs)

Bullshit!

FLYNN

It makes no difference whether or not you believe me.

(beat)

You may be interested to know that even in 2036, there are a large number of people who don't believe in time travel. Are you sure the world is round?

THORPE raises a smile in acknowledgement of FLYNN'S point. He sits back in the chair.

THORPE

Supposing what you've just told me is true, it still doesn't explain what you are doing here, and how you know about the 808.

FLYNN reaches into his jacket and takes out a pocket sized journal. He drops it on the table.

FLYNN

Do you recognise this?

THORPE picks up the journal.

THORPE

Yeah, it's Dr. Mellars' journal. I saw him with it just this evening.

(holds it up)

How did you get this?

FLYNN

The one you saw this evening is the journal from your worldline.

(points)

That's the journal from my worldline.

THORPE

It the same one, look.

(opens the journal)
(shows it to Flynn)
It has his handwriting in it.

FLYNN
You're right, it is the same
one, well almost.

THORPE
I don't understand. How can the
same thing exist in two
different places, at the same
time?

FLYNN
There is an infinite number of
that very journal, all in
existence right now, but all on
different worldlines.

Pause then:

FLYNN (CONT'D)
Have you ever seen its contents
before?

THORPE
No. Dr. Mellars never lets
anyone see what he writes in his
journal.
(beat)
Looking at it now makes me feel
like I'm prying.

He closes the journal and puts it back on the table.

THORPE (CONT'D)
So I guess there's something in
there about the 808?

FLYNN
There is,
(picks up the journal)
There's also things written in
here that have yet to be written
in the one on your worldline.

Pause whilst THORPE takes this in.

THORPE
You mean it tells the future?

FLYNN
No. It tells the past; of my
worldline. The future of your
worldline hasn't happened yet.

THORPE

This is nuts!

FLYNN

That's what most people say.

THORPE

This isn't your first trip into the past then?

FLYNN

No, I've made many trips.

THORPE

What if you bumped into another version of yourself? Isn't that supposed to cause a paradox or something?

FLYNN exhales heavily and shakes his head.

FLYNN

It's always surprised me why that concept is so hard for people to accept.

(beat)

Nothing would happen. The universe would not end and there are no paradox problems that threaten existence. It's impossible to alter the past because worldlines cannot be broken or made to materialise from nothing.

THORPE

You've met yourself already then?

FLYNN

Twice, on different worldlines.

THORPE

Weird.

(beat)

So, why are you so interested in the 808?

FLYNN

Because I know what it can do.

THORPE

How can a machine built in 1975 possibly be of any use in what, sixty years time? Even now computer technology is

progressing at an alarming rate.

FLYNN

Yeah, and that's the problem.

THORPE

How can technological advances
be a problem?

FLYNN can sense that THORPE is beginning to be won over.

FLYNN

You know what time-underscore-t
is, right?

THORPE

I'm a programmer, of course I
know.

FLYNN

So you'll know that on a 32 bit
machine time_t has an upper
limit.

THORPE

Yeah, but that's way in the.....

FLYNN stops him mid-sentence.

FLYNN

Future? For you maybe, but not
for me. On my worldline it's
only two years away.

THORPE

Wait a minute, surely in sixty
years time computers will run at
higher rates than 32 bits. I'd
have thought by then they'd be
up to at least 64, maybe even
128.

FLYNN

That's true, and they are.

THORPE

And a single 64 bit integer can
represent a date that's billions
of years into the future.

FLYNN

Also true.

THORPE looks bemused.

THORPE

So, what's the problem then?

FLYNN

The problem is something that we call *legacy code*.

Another look of bewilderment.

THORPE

Never heard of it.

FLYNN

That's because it doesn't exist yet but, basically, it's just old code that's still used.

THORPE

What's the point of that.

FLYNN

As I'm sure you know, developing a new piece of software is an expensive and time-consuming process.

(beat)

It's much easier to take an existing program that we *know* works, and code one or two new features into it, than it is to throw the earlier program out and write a new one from scratch.

THORPE

That's true, yes.

THORPE reaches over his shoulder and pulls a beer from the fridge. He holds it out to FLYNN. FLYNN raises his hand in refusal. THORPE cracks the top open and takes a sip.

FLYNN

This process of enhancing and maintaining legacy source code can go on for years, or even decades.

(beat)

Eventually, you get to a point where computer designers can no longer afford to make a clean break from the computer architectures of the past. Even in 2036, NASA scours the internet looking for old computer parts to keep their systems running.

THORPE

What's the internet?

FLYNN smiles.

FLYNN

I'll tell you about that later. The point is that no-one wants to buy a new kind of computer that doesn't run all their old programs.

THORPE

Makes sense.

FLYNN

Even though virtually every computer in the year 2038 has a 64-bit CPU or higher, there are lots of older 32-bit programs running on them. And the larger, more complex, and more important any program is, the better the chances are that it'll be one of these old 32-bit programs.

THORPE

So, when the upper limit is reached, what happens then?

FLYNN

Everything shuts down, with catastrophic results.

(beat)

There is a definite possibility that this could trigger a nuclear war. The defence computers wouldn't know where the hell they were.

THORPE

Don't you mean *when* the hell they were.

FLYNN smiles at THORPE'S comment. THORPE leans back on his chair. His head tilted to one side.

Pause then:

FLYNN

What?

THORPE sits forward again. He wags a finger at FLYNN.

THORPE

You know, you almost had me there.

FLYNN

What do you mean?

THORPE stands.

THORPE

Am I loosing my mind or what?
I'm sitting here, in my kitchen,
drinking beer with a guy who
claims to be from the future,
talking about the end of the
world.

(looks around the room)

OK then, where's your time
machine, hu?

FLYNN also stands.

FLYNN

I don't have one.

THORPE

A time traveler with no time
machine? How the hell does that
work?

FLYNN

The machine stays at your point
of origin. It's a kind of fail
safe.

THORPE

How's that?

FLYNN

Well, without the machine I can
only go one place, any that's
back where I came form. Stops
the technology falling into the
wrong hands, so to speak.

THORPE

Makes sense, I suppose.

(beat)

So what you're saying is that
you appear, just like that; out
of the ether?

FLYNN

From your point of view, yes.

(points)

Right there on your bed to be
precise.

THORPE looks towards the bed, then back to FLYNN.

THORPE

And how did you know I'd be here, in this motel, tonight?

FLYNN

(looks at the journal)
He wrote it in the journal, and that you left the convention centre at about 11.30pm. It's a forty minute drive to here, give or take. I arrived just after midnight.

THORPE

You have an answer for everything, don't you?

FLYNN smiles.

FLYNN

I'm just telling the truth, that's all. Whether you believe me or not is entirely up to you.

Pause then:

THORPE

Where does the 808 come in? Why are you so desperate to get your hands on it.

FLYNN

Because we know that it's the only computer ever built with an emulation program that can communicate with our mainframe systems.

(beat)

You have to remember that, even in 2036, machines are running legacy code that was first written back here, in the 1970's.

THORPE paces slowly around the room.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

We need the 808 to talk to the mainframes and tell us how to modify the legacy code and reconfigure the time_t structure.

THORPE

Why not just build one of you

own.

FLYNN

Do you think I'd be here if it were that simple?

(beat)

In my time the legacy code has been modified to such an extent, and by so many programmers, that it's impossible to construct a universal emulation program. So we had to come here, to a time when the code was clean, practically in it's original structure.

(beat)

Then I found the journal and there it was; a readymade solution.

THORPE

A real stroke of luck, eh?

FLYNN

We couldn't believe it. All we had to do was come back and collect the machine.

THORPE

You invented time travel just for this?

FLYNN

No, time travel has been possible for almost ten years now, the first trips were back in 2025.

(beat)

A temporal research facility was commissioned by the government the following year. My organisation was granted used of the facility for this project.

THORPE

And the 808, you expect me to just.....give it to you?

FLYNN

You have the designs, and the brains. You can just build another one, right.

THORPE

What, just like that?

FLYNN

Why not?

THORPE

You really are nuts, aren't you?

FLYNN

Come on, what you got to loose?

Further pondering.

THORPE

I can't believe I'm going along
with this but, OK, why the hell
not. I could use a good laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. DISTORTION UNIT DATA CENTRE - DAY

We see BRUNNER and HOOPER at their workstations.....

CLOSE ON: the MISSION CHRONOMETER clock: 00:26:41, 42, 43,
44.....

HOOPER POV: looking at his computer monitor. One by one we
see the following data scroll down the screen:

Power: 96.1%

Microsingularities: Holding

Cooling: Normal

X-Ray: Normal

O2: Stable

+/- G: Undefined

Variable Gravity Lock: 99.6%

Local Gravity: Normal

He hits the enter key and waits for a response form the
system. A few seconds later we see:

Mission Status: OK

BACK TO THE ROOM: he spins in his seat to face BRUNNER.

HOOPER

Mission status OK. All readings
are still within tolerance.

BRUNNER

Good.

(beat)

We should have heard something

by now.
(glances at clock)
Almost twenty-eight minutes in.

HOOPER
That's longer than we've ever
gone before.
(beat)
I just hope the distortion field
holds?

BRUNNER
Yeah,
(beat)
otherwise he's not coming back
at all.

Then:

The sliding doors hiss open and two uniformed officers march into the room. BRUNNER leaps to his feet to confront them.

BRUNNER
Hey, You can't just come
waltzing in here, this is a
restricted.....

His words trail off as he looks beyond the two officers and sees COLONEL RUSSELL, and more alarmingly, VAUGHAN.

BRUNNER
Colonel, what's going on?

VAUGHAN pushes past the armed officers and faces up to BRUNNER.

VAUGHAN
The excuse you are about to give
better be an exceptionally good
one, because I distinctly
remember shutting you people
down.

BRUNNER ignores VAUGHAN as he moves towards RUSSELL.

VAUGHAN
(to Hooper)
You,
(points to computers)
shut all this down, immediately.

RUSSELL cuts in.

RUSSELL
Disregard that order, Mr.
Hooper.

VAUGHAN looks at RUSSELL, then back to HOOPER; his anger

beginning to grow.

VAUGHAN

(shouts)

Do it, NOW!

HOOPER hesitates.....

VAUGHAN pushes towards one of the computers. BRUNNER stands in his way as he tries to muscle his way past.

CLOSE ON: a holstered pistol sitting on the hip of one of the officers.

RUSSELL POV: he grabs for the weapon. Before the officer can react the pistol is in RUSSELL'S hand and pointed at VAUGHAN'S head. VAUGHAN doesn't know it yet.

RUSSELL

(shouts)

Back off!

VAUGHAN looks round and sees the pistol pointed squarely at him.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

(louder)

Right now!

VAUGHAN raises his hands as he backs away from the computer.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

I can't let you do that.

Pause then:

VAUGHAN

Alright, everybody calm down.
There's no need for this to get
out of hand.

(beat)

Just put the gun down.

BRUNNER casts a glance towards RUSSELL. The pistol remains firmly directed at VAUGHAN.

RUSSELL

(to second officer)

You, put your weapon on the
table, and do it slowly.

The officer unclips his holster and takes out the pistol.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

No funny stuff.

The officer places the gun on the table.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

(to Brunner)

Pick that up.

(to the officers)

Get outta here.

The officer move towards the door. VAUGHAN follows them.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Not you, you're staying here.

VAUGHAN stops as the officers leave the room. RUSSELL locks the door after them.

RUSSELL (CON'T)

(to Brunner)

Show him the footage.

VAUGHAN

What footage?

BRUNNER

Why?

RUSSELL

If he sees what's gonna happen he might change his mind. It's the only chance we have.

VAUGHAN

What footage? What do you mean show me what's gonna happen?

BRUNNER

(to Russell)

Are you sure?

VAUGHAN

Can someone please tell me what the hell you're talking about.

Pause then:

RUSSELL

(louder)

Show him.

BRUNNER

OK, OK.

(to Vaughan)

You know that the device can only go back in time, and not forward, right?

VAUGHAN

Yeah.

BRUNNER

Well, that's what we thought.

(beat)

We reversed some of the algorithms and.....

Interrupted.

VAUGHAN

Are you telling me you sent someone into the future.

BRUNNER

No someone, but something.

VAUGHAN

What?, what did you send?

BRUNNER

A Handicam. We had no idea what the divergence would be, so we didn't want to go too far. We started it recording then sent it two years into the future, to 2038.

(beat)

We left it there for about ten minutes, then brought it back.

VAUGHAN

Where did you send it?

VAUGHAN looks to RUSSELL, he has lowered the pistol.

VAUGHAN (CONT'D)

(to Brunner)

Where?

BRUNNER

We dropped it onto the top of a building on the corner of 43rd and Broadway, in New York.

RUSSELL

We were hoping for a view of the clock in Times Square, so we could confirm the date, but.....

VAUGHAN

What? You missed the target?

BRUNNER

Not at all. The camera landed OK, but the building wasn't there.

VAUGHAN

It wasn't there? What do you mean?

BRUNNER

Sometime between now and then it,
(beat)
disappeared.

VAUGHAN

How.....?

Pause then:

BRUNNER moves towards his workstation. He keys a number of commands into his computer and a large LCD panel on the wall flickers into life.

BRUNNER

This is what the camera recorded.

One more keystroke and the video begins to play. VAUGHAN is transfixed on the screen. His expression shows that he cannot believe what he is seeing. Almost all of the buildings are destroyed, and what looks like snow lays on the ground. Unusually, there are no people..... anywhere. VAUGHAN moves closer to the screen.

VAUGHAN

What the hell?
(beat)
Is that snow?

RUSSELL

Ash,
(beat)
from the fallout.

VAUGHAN

From what?

RUSSELL

What do you think?

Pause as VAUGHAN watches more of the footage.

VAUGHAN

What?, what the hell happened?

Pause as they all look at each other. Then:

RUSSELL

Tell him.

BRUNNER

(clears his throat)

On the nineteenth of January 2038, the day the legacy bug hit, the defence computers started to shut down.

(beat)

The code was corrupted to such an extent that it was impossible to get the systems back online.

VAUGHAN

What happened?

BRUNNER

(looks Vaughan in the eye)

They fought it for two days then, in the panic, the system initiated the missile launch process.

VAUGHAN'S expression changes to one of shock.

VAUGHAN

Jesus Christ!

BRUNNER

The analysts tried to contact their commanders at NORAD, but the communications systems had already shut down the previous day. When they tried to make the call the DSCS satellites were miles out of orbit.

RUSSELL

Some of them had even crashed. One came down in the Mojave desert, one in Australia. Even the telephones were out.

(beat)

It was impossible for them to obtain the abort codes.

BRUNNER

Not that they'd have been any use. The codes are date-stamped as part of the authorisation protocols. Even if the system was online, it wouldn't have been able to identify them as current, because of the failure of the time_t structure.

VAUGHAN shakes his head in disbelief

VAUGHAN

They had to sit there and watch
it happen?

RUSSELL nods.

RUSSELL

And, the Russian system did
exactly what it was programmed
to do if we ever launched.

VAUGHAN

It launched it's own missiles?

BRUNNER

Within fifteen minutes the
systems in France, Japan, China,
Israel and North Korea had all
launched,

(beat)

and three hours later in was all
over.

RUSSELL

Six billion people dead. The
rest left to face the aftermath.

(beat)

Within a year the radiation
would have killed almost all of
them.

VAUGHAN is visibly stunned.

VAUGHAN

How?, how do you know all this?,
the dates, the numbers; all that
stuff?

BRUNNER looks to RUSSELL.

RUSSELL

We sent one of the data transfer
devices to the NORAD command
centre, it landed there on the
twenty-second of January 2038,

(beat)

the day after impact.

VAUGHAN cuts in.

VAUGHAN

You spoke to them?

BRUNNER nods.

BRUNNER

We told them we were from Temporal Recon, and what we were trying to do. It took us a while to convince them but.....

RUSSELL

It was wing and a prayer stuff I know, but we didn't know what else to do. That's when we started sending Flynn back to 1975.

VAUGHAN

Is that where he is now?

RUSSELL

Yeah. He's looking for an old portable computer that'll be able to fix the time_t structure in the corrupted legacy code.

Pause then:

VAUGHAN

Why go to all that trouble? Isn't there one in a museum or something here, now?

BRUNNER

There was only ever one made. We tried to track in down in this time but we couldn't find it.

RUSSELL

Chances are it was destroyed years ago.

BRUNNER

That's why we need to get hold of it before it disappears. That means going back to a time where we know it definitely exists.

RUSSELL

No-one's ever been gone this long, so we're assuming he's located it.

VAUGHAN

So we just wait for him to come back with it.

BRUNNER

Pretty much, yeah.

VAUGHAN

And what then?

BRUNNER

We fix the code and effectively
erase the worldline where the
systems crashed.

CLOSE ON: VAUGHAN'S face.

VAUGHAN

And if he doesn't come back with
it?

No-one answers.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR PARK - RAINY NIGHT

Minimal traffic, minimal life. Headlights blind us as a car,
wipers working, drives up to a guard booth. The guard nods,
smiles and waves the driver through.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - RAINY NIGHT

The passenger, MATT FLYNN, looks out into the night as the
driver, DAVID THORPE, pulls into a spot in the carpark and
kills the engine.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR PARK - RAINY NIGHT

THORPE and FLYNN emerge from the car into the rainy night.

FLYNN POV: as he looks across the carpark to the building in
front of him. Large illuminated letters above the door tell
him he has arrived at the: SOUTHWEST TECHNICAL PRODUCTS
CORPORATION.

FLYNN

You work here?

THORPE

Sort of. This is where I do most
of my research.

(beat)

Dr. Mellars works here.

They cross the carpark to the entrance. THORPE jams his photo
ID in and out of the electronic reader. The door slides open
and the two men enter.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

ED, the SECURITY GUARD, early 60's, looks up from behind his desk.

GUARD

Good evening David. What brings you here at this hour?

THORPE looks at FLYNN.

THORPE

Evenin' Ed. Err, this is a friend of mine, from out of town. He wanted to see some of my research.

The GUARD looks at his watch.

GUARD

At one o'clock in the morning?

THORPE throws FLYNN a look.

GUARD (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Oh well, you guys take care now.

They head for the elevator.

THORPE

(under his breath)

What the hell am I doing here?

FLYNN

What was that?

THORPE

Nothing.

(beat)

Follow me.

They head for the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Ping! The elevator doors slide open and THORPE and FLYNN step out. They walk along the corridor under fluorescent lights. THORPE unlocks a door marked: DR. EDWARD MELLARS. They step inside.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Desks cluttered with papers and textbooks, a blackboard on the wall covered in scribbled computer code, a half opened filing cabinets and items of computer hardware, in varying states of repair and construction, on a workbench along the wall.

THORPE

As you can see, he's not the tidiest.

FLYNN

(looks around the room)
You could say that. Is it here?

THORPE

It's locked up in my office, in the back room.

He pulls open one of the desk drawers.

Pause as THORPE'S expression changes to one of slight concern. FLYNN picks up on it.

FLYNN

What is it? What's wrong?

THORPE

The keys. They're gone.

FLYNN

What keys?

THORPE

The ones to my office. They're always in here. He leaves them so I can get in when he's not here.

Further searching in the drawer.

THORPE

They're not here. I must have left them.....

Interrupted:

FLYNN

Then well have to break the door in.

THORPE shoots him a disbelieving look.

THORPE

Are you crazy? We're not gonna

break any doors in.

(beat)

Shit, I don't even know what the hell I'm doing here.

(exhales heavily)

OK, I'm gonna go back to my motel and you, you can go back to wherever the hell you think you're from.

No sooner have the words left his mouth FLYNN has shouldered the door open.

THORPE (CONT'D)

What the hell do you think you're doing?

(beat)

I'm calling security.

THORPE moves towards the telephone on the desk and picks it up. Before he can dial the number FLYNN grabs him by the arm.

FLYNN

Hey, don't. please.

(beat)

I know you think I'm nuts but you have to believe me. I need that computer. Please.

Pause then:

THORPE drops the receiver back into the cradle and FLYNN lets go of his arm.

THORPE

You're really beginning to try my patience, you know that?

They move into the back and THORPE heads to a filing cabinet in the corner of the small office. He pulls open the drawer and stands there, looking down.

Pause then:

FLYNN

What it is? What's wrong?

THORPE shakes his head. FLYNN joins him at the cabinet; staring down at the DT-808. A single integrated unit comprising of a keyboard, a five-inch CRT display, a tape drive, and a processor. In all it's about the size of a video cassette recorder.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Is that it?

THORPE

Yeah, that's it.

FLYNN

How much does it weigh?

THORPE

Around fifty-five pounds.

FLYNN

Shit, I thought it was supposed to be portable.

THORPE shoots him an irritated glance.

THORPE

Do you want the thing or not?

FLYNN

It's just bigger than I expected, that's all.

FLYNN removes the 808 from the drawer, moves back into the main office and sets it down on the desk. THORPE follows.

Pause then:

THORPE

So what happens now? Do you just disappear into the future with it?

FLYNN

Not from here. I can only go out from the exact place where I came in.

THORPE

Why?

FLYNN

We have to take it back to your place. Come on, I'll explain on the way.

THORPE takes the computer and they head out into the corridor, back towards the elevator.

FLYNN

Fifty-five pounds? That's around twenty-five kilo's, right?

THORPE

Give or take. Why?

FLYNN

Because there's a limit on how much I can take back. Too much weight and it can cause

problems.

They reach the elevator and, just as FLYNN is about to press the button: ping!

The doors slide open and MELLARS and MOORLAND are standing in the elevator. They step out into the corridor.

Pause then:

THORPE

Dr. Mellars, what are you doing here?

MELLARS

This is my office David. The question should be what are you doing here?

(looks at Flynn)

And who is this?

THORPE

A friend.

(looks at Moorland)

What's he doing here?

MELLARS

Where are you going with the 808?

No reply.

MELLARS (CONT'D)

David?

FLYNN

He was just.....

Interrupted. MOORLAND pulls out a pistol.

MOORLAND

He's not asking you!

THORPE takes a step back. FLYNN raises his hands in defence.

THORPE

Dr. Mellars?

FLYNN

We don't want any trouble. He was just showing me the computer, that's all.

MOORLAND

I can't let you take the machine David. Hand it over and nobody gets hurt.

THORPE

(to Mellars)

What's going on?

Looks at MOORLAND, then back to MELLARS.

THORPE (CONT'D)

You came here to take my
computer. You were gonna sell me
out,

(looks at Moorland)

to him?

MELLARS

David.....

THORPE

(looks back towards the office)

That's why you took the keys to
my office.

MELLARS

(angered)

Did you think I was just gonna
let you ruin everything?

THORPE

Ruin what? What are you talking
about?

MELLARS

Fame, David. Fortune.

(beat)

With Mr. Moorlands backing we
could've made the 808 the worlds
first mass produced personal
computer. One in every workplace
in America.....

Interrupted:

THORPE

All this time it was just about
the money?

MELLARS

No, but.....

MOORLAND

We don't have time for this,
(raises the pistol)

Hand it over, NOW!

FLYNN makes a move for the pistol. He barges past MELLARS, elbowing him in the face as he passes. MELLARS staggers backwards, blood spilling from his nose. FLYNN grabs MOORLAND by the arm, shouldering him into the wall. MOORLAND squeezes

off a single shot. The bullet ricochets off the wall and buries itself in a doorframe opposite.

FLYNN

David, take the computer and get out of here.

THORPE hesitates.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Go, do it now.

THORPE begins to move, and fast. He heads for the stairs at the end of the corridor. The struggle continues as MELLARS regains his feet and heads after THORPE. FLYNN slams MOORLAND into the wall again, knocking the wind out of him. He spins him around. He's facing down the corridor now, towards MELLARS. FLYNN now has his finger partly on the trigger. MELLARS continues down the corridor.

Then: BANG! BANG! BANG!

MELLARS drops to the floor. He lays there, not moving. THORPE hears the shots and turns back. He moves towards MELLARS, slowly at first, then faster.

FLYNN

David, what are you doin'? Get out, now, before the cops get here.

Still heading towards MELLARS. He reaches down and checks his neck for a pulse.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

DAVID!

He stops, looks up at FLYNN then turns and runs back towards the stairs. He crashes through the doors, and he's gone.

FLYNN wrestles the gun from MOORLAND'S hand and elbows him sharply in the mouth. MOORLAND continues to struggle. Another elbow to the face, then a third. MOORLAND weakens, then drops to his knees. FLYNN raises his knee as he pulls MOORLAND'S head down heavy. A crack of bone as MOORLAND'S nose breaks. He slumps to the floor. FLYNN stuffs the pistol into his belt then heads for the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING/LOBBY - NIGHT

The GUARD sits at his desk, feet up, watching a basketball game on a small black and white television. An opened sandwich box sits on the desk next to him. He lifts one of the sandwiches to his mouth.....

Then:

Footsteps, running, coming from the stairwell. He drops the sandwich on the desk, stands and turns towards the stairs. The doors burst open and.....

...THORPE, the 808 under his arm, runs across the lobby towards the desk.

THORPE
(breathless)
Call an ambulance.

ED
What, what is it?

Then:

The doors burst open again. Both me turn to look as FLYNN emerges and dashes across the lobby to join them. He grabs THORPE by the arm and begins to lead him towards the door.

FLYNN
We have to go, now.

THORPE shouts back to the GUARD.

THORPE
Ed, call an ambulance. Dr.
Mellars has been shot, up on the
eighth floor.
(beat)
Do it now!

Still pushing him to the door. ED picks up the phone and start to dial the number. Then:

CUT TO:

EXT. CARPARK - RAINY NIGHT

They're back in the carpark, heading towards the car.

THORPE
What the hell just happened back
there?

They reach the car.

FLYNN
I'll drive.

No reply.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
(louder)
Give me the keys.

THORPE tosses the keys across the roof of the car. FLYNN unlocks the door and slides into the drivers seat. He leans

over and unlocks the passenger door. THORPE get in and rests the 808 on his lap.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - RAINY NIGHT

FLYNN guns the engine, tyres squeal as the car surges forward. As they head out of the carpark we hear the distant sounds of sirens approaching. The car speeds along the rain-washed road as they are passed by an ambulance and two police cars heading in the opposite direction. FLYNN drives at high-speed.

THORPE is visibly shaken.

FLYNN

Are you alright?

No reply.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

(louder)

Are you alright?

THORPE

Err, yeah.

(beat)

I'm OK.

Pause then:

THORPE (CONT'D)

You shot him.

FLYNN

I didn't shoot him, I was trying to stop them from taking the computer. The gun just went off.

THORPE

Yeah well, we should've stayed, helped him.

FLYNN

There wasn't time. I've already been here too long as it is.

FLYNN takes a sharp left turn.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

The distortion field can only hold for so long. If it collapses then I'm stuck here, and all this is for nothing.

Pause then:

THORPE

That's it! Stop the car. Stop
the car now!

FLYNN

I can't do that. I have to get
the computer back to my
worldline.

THORPE

Stop the car, you crazy son of a
bitch.

FLYNN slams on the brakes.

THORPE (CONT'D)

Give me the journal.

FLYNN

What?

THORPE

(staring hard)

I said give me the god-damn
journal.

FLYNN

We don't have time for this.

THORPE'S stare remains fixed on FLYNN. He reaches into his
pocket and hands the journal to THORPE. He takes it and
thumbs through the pages.

FLYNN

Why are you doing this?

THORPE

I need to know.

THORPE continues to thumb through the journal. He stops at a
particular page, reads.

THORPE

He'd been planning it all along.

(turns to Flynn)

you knew about this, didn't you?

A lack of response from FLYNN confirms THORPE'S suspicions.

THORPE (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell me?

Pause then:

FLYNN

Because telling you would only
have jeopardised my mission.

(beat)

I knew that Mellars stole the

computer, tonight, and that.....

FLYNN'S words trail off.

THORPE

What?

(beat)

Tell me!

FLYNN

That you told him of your doubts about bringing in an outside investor. That you felt uncomfortable that you might lose control over its development.

(beat)

Mellars sold the system to Moorland behind your back, then they denied you ever had any involvement in its design.

THORPE stops as he tries to make sense of it all.

THORPE

(shaking his head)

That's impossible. I'd embedded an anti-theft policy into the system bios, and Mellars knew that. This machine has my name all over it.

FLYNN

Moorland knew people who could fix that. Your biggest mistake was telling Mellars about it in the first place.

THORPE

I can't believe he'd do this to me. I trusted him.

Pause then:

THORPE (CONT'D)

Wait a second. You said that this was the only 808. If Mellars sold it to Moorland, how come there weren't lots of them built?

FLYNN

For some reason the venture must have failed. I really don't know, the journal doesn't

mention anything about what happened.

Pause then:

THORPE

(holds up the journal)
How can Mellars have died tonight? You said that you can't change the past.

FLYNN

We're not changing anything.

THORPE

But you just said.....

Interrupted.

FLYNN

You're looking at it all wrong. This isn't the past, it's the present.

THORPE

Not for you, you're from the year 2036.

FLYNN

This is the present of your worldline, but it's not the past of mine.

(beat)

What we're doing is creating an alternative future, but only on this worldline.

THORPE shakes his head in a gesture of misunderstanding.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

On my worldline Mellars survived tonight and continued to write in his journal, but on your worldline he died. In the journal as it exists on this worldline there are no more entries.

THORPE

I think I get it now.

(beat)

By taking the 808, you're trying to create an alternative future for your own worldline.

FLYNN

Yes, a future where six billion

people don't die in a nuclear
holocaust.

Pause then:

FLYNN (CONT'D)

We have to get back to your
place before the distortion
field closes.

THORPE doesn't reply. FLYNN guns the engine and pulls away
from the curb.

CUT TO:

C.P.P./DISTORTION UNIT CHAMBER - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: the mission chronometer clock: 01:27:17, 18, 19,
20.....

BRUNNER, HOOPER, RUSSELL and VAUGHAN sit at the consoles.
RUSSELL has left the pistol unguarded on the table. There is
an uneasy silence in the room. It is eventually broken by
BRUNNER.

BRUNNER

Check the singularities and the
gravity lock again.

HOOPER exhales heavily.

BRUNNER (CONT'D)

Just do it, OK!

HOOPER

I've checked it already.

BRUNNER

Well check it again!

RUSSELL cuts in.

RUSSELL

Can you two please give it a
rest.

HOOPER taps a few keys on his console.

HOOPER

Shit!

BRUNNER

What? What is it?

HOOPER

The gravity lock has dropped to
ninety four point two percent,

(further clicks)
and the microsingularities are
down to point nine one.

Pause then:

BRUNNER

This is not good at all. It's
not gonna hold for much longer.

(beat)

Fuck! Why doesn't he contact us?

CLOSE ON: RUSSELL'S face.

Pause then:

RUSSELL

He will.

BACK TO THE ROOM:

BRUNNER

(looks at clock)

Almost ninety minutes.

(beat)

This is crazy. I knew we should
have built in some way of
contacting him.

RUSSELL

We've tried that, remember.
There's nothing we can do until
he calls us.

VAUGHAN

Why?

BRUNNER

You can't open a call from the
point of origin. The connection
can only be made from the
destination.

(beat)

We've been working on a solution
but so far without any success.

RUSSELL

When we sent the handset to
NORAD we had to wait for them to
call us.

VAUGHAN

And someone just happened to
pick it up and call you?

BRUNNER

We attached a note to it,

explaining what it was and how to use it.

VAUGHAN

Good old pencil and paper, hu?

RUSSELL forces a smile.

VAUGHAN (CONT'D)

Why don't you send a message to Flynn, telling him to call you.

HOOPER

We've never tried sending something through an open distortion field before. If we got it wrong we could end up closing it down all together.

BRUNNER

Plus, at sixty-one years back we have virtually no chance of hitting the right worldline.

VAUGHAN

Virtually, but not absolutely.

HOOPER

It is just a piece of paper.

(shrugs)

We might have more chance with something with hardly any mass.

BRUNNER looks at RUSSELL, who offers an "it's your call" shrug of the shoulders. BRUNNER grabs a pen and paper, he sits at the desk, then stops.

RUSSELL

What's wrong?

BRUNNER

What should I put?

They all look at each other.

HOOPER

You have to tell him that the field is weakening, and he has to come straight back.

BRUNNER

What if he hasn't got the computer, what then. We all know this is the last chance we have.

VAUGHAN

Why is that?

BRUNNER looks to RUSSELL.

RUSSELL

Because you're shutting us down,
remember.

VAUGHAN

(points at monitor)

Give me a copy of that video and
I'll guarantee you as much
funding as you need.

RUSSELL manages a wry smile.

RUSSELL

Do it.

BRUNNER writes the note and heads out of the room. The three other men watch out of the window as he appears in the distortion unit chamber. He places the note on the seat then picks up the headset.

BRUNNER

Dan, you hear me?

HOOPER

Yeah.

OK, same destination co-
ordinates.

HOOPER

What about origin?

BRUNNER

I don't think we really need to
bring this back, do you.

HOOPER

True.

Pause then:

BRUNNER

OK, run it.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - RAINY NIGHT

THORPE'S car pulls into the curb outside the motel. They exit and quickly make for the door. They don't notice the unmarked police car parked on the opposite side of the road.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens and the two men enter. THORPE sits the 808 on the table as FLYNN heads into the bathroom. THORPE watches on. A few seconds later FLYNN re-appears carrying a small backpack.

THORPE

What's in there?

FLYNN

My ticket home.

FLYNN dips into the pack and takes out the data transfer device.

THORPE

What's that?

FLYNN moves closer to show him the device.

FLYNN

I type the data into here.
Month, day, year; hours,
minutes, seconds,

CLOSE ON: the device as FLYNN enters the data.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Then, hit enter, then
initialise. The device remembers
the exact co-ordinates for where
I came from then bingo, I'm back
home.

THORPE

So what are you waiting for?
Let's see you do it.

FLYNN starts to move towards the bed.

FLYNN

I have to be exactly where I was
when I came in, which was right
here.....

He stops in his tracks as he sees the note on the bed. He reaches down and picks it up, starts to read it.

THORPE

What's that?

Then:

The door to the room explodes open and two plain clothes POLICE OFFICERS burst in. FLYNN, acting totally on instinct,

puts the device and the note into the pack and drops it onto the floor. THORPE has already raised his hands and backed into the corner of the kitchen area of the room.

OFFICER #1
(to Flynn)
Turn around, real slow.

FLYNN doesn't move.

OFFICER #2
Do it, right now!

FLYNN turns around and raises his hands above his head. As he does he gently edges the backpack under the bed with his foot. The OFFICER looks at the computer on the table, then back to FLYNN. Two more uniformed POLICE OFFICERS appear in the open doorway, weapons drawn. FLYNN recognises them from his last trip to 1975.

OFFICER #2 (CONT'D)
(to Flynn)
Who are you?

FLYNN
My name is Matthew Flynn.

The OFFICER approaches him. He re-holsters his weapon and takes out his handcuffs.

OFFICER #2
Matthew Flynn, I'm arresting you
on suspicion of the murder of
Dr. Edward Mellars.

(beat)
You have the right to remain
silent. Anything you say can,
and will, be used against you in
a court of law.

(clips on the cuffs)
You have the right to have an
attorney present during
questioning. If you cannot
afford an attorney, one will be
appointed for you.

(beat)
Do you understand the rights I
have just read to you?

No answer.

OFFICER #2 (CONT'D)
With these rights in mind, do
you wish to speak to me?

FLYNN

How did you get here so quick.

OFFICER #2

Mr. Thorpe here gave the security guard a note asking him to send the police here to pick you up.

(to Thorpe)

Nice work kid.

THORPE can manage only a half smile.

Pause then:

THORPE

What about me.

OFFICER #1

You'll need to accompany us to the station. We need you to make a statement.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - SAME NIGHT

Rows of wooden desks and swivel chairs. Several OFFICERS, some in uniform, some plain clothed. Some sit at their desks clack, clack, clacking at their Smith Corona XL manual typewriters. Some are on telephone, some stand at the water cooler. FLYNN, still shackled in the handcuffs and escorted by OFFICER #1, is marched through the office towards a door marked: INTEROGATION. THORPE, accompanied by OFFICER #2, follows not far behind. They pass into a corridor with doors down either side. OFFICER #1 opens the first door, pushes FLYNN inside, and closes the door behind them. As THORPE passes he glances at the plaque on the door, it reads: INTEROGATION ROOM 1A. In the door is a single, small square window. OFFICER #2 opens a door opposite marked: INTEROGATION ROOM 1B, and ushers THORPE inside.

CUT TO:

INT. INTEROGATION ROOM 1B - NIGHT

Bare walls, bare floor. A table in the middle of the room; two chairs on either side.

OFFICER #2

Please take a seat Mr. Thorpe. Someone will be in shortly to take your statement.

THORPE

OK.

The OFFICER leaves and closes the door behind him. THORPE pulls back one of the chairs and sits down, head in his hands.

CUT TO:

INT. INTEROGATION ROOM 1A - NIGHT - LATER

Same as all the other interrogation rooms. FLYNN sits on one of the chairs and OFFICER #1 sits opposite him. In front of him is a file.

OFFICER

So, Mr. Flynn, is it?

(beat)

Matthew Flynn?

FLYNN

That's right.

OFFICER

Well Mr. Flynn,

(opens the file)

I see you've waived your right to legal representation.

FLYNN

No-one can help me now.

Pause as the OFFICER stares at FLYNN across the table.

OFFICER

Would you like to tell me why that is?

(beat)

Starting right at the beginning.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT/LOBBY - LATER

THORPE stands in the lobby accompanied by OFFICER #2.

OFFICER

Thank you for your time Mr. Thorpe. If we need you again we'll be in touch.

THORPE

No problem, and thank you.

OFFICER

(nods)

Good night sir.

THORPE turns and leaves the precinct.

CUT TO:

INT. INTEROGATION ROOM CORRIDOR - LATER

OFFICER #2, a file under his arm, knocks on the door of INTEROGATION ROOM 1A. A few seconds later OFFICER #1 opens the door and exits the room and closes the door. The two men head down the corridor towards the main office.

CLOSE ON: the window in the door of the INTEROGATION ROOM. We see FLYNN still sitting at the table.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECTINCT - NIGHT - SAME TIME

The two OFFICERS are sat at a desk.

OFFICER #2

(opens the file)

This is the kids' statement.
You're not gonna believe what's
in here.

OFFICER #1

Don't tell me, he's not from the
year 2036 as well is he?

OFFICER #2

(laughs)

No, but our Mr. Flynn certainly
seems to think he is.

(beat)

The kid says that he got back to
his place shortly after midnight
to find Flynn in his bathroom,

(shrugs)

he confronts him and Flynn tells
him he's from the year 2036.

OFFICER #1

Sounds like a real nutjob.

OFFICER #2

That's not all, wait 'til you
hear this. He tell him he needs
some sort of computer that
belongs to my guy, so he can
stop a,

(raises his finger)

wait for it, a nuclear war in
the year 2038.

OFFICER #1

Well, believe it or not, that's exactly the story I've just got from my man.

Pause then:

OFFICER #2

Sounds like a case of industrial theft to me. He obviously works for a rival firm and wants the computer for, I don't know, to catch up on research or something.

OFFICER #1

Bit of an elaborate story though, don't you think.

OFFICER #2

Yeah, maybe.

(beat)

Thorpe is a bit of a techno nerd. Maybe he was just playing on that?

OFFICER #1

Makes sense I suppose.

(beat)

Let's go talk to Mr. Flynn some more. See if we can't shake the truth out of him.

They head back towards the INTERROGATION ROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 1A - SAME NIGHT

ANGLE ON: the door. We hear the lock turn and the door opens. OFFICER #1 stops abruptly in the doorway. So abruptly that OFFICER #2 almost walks into the back of him.

Pause then:

OFFICER #1

(mouth wide open)

What, what the hell's going on here?

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - EARLIER

The door opens and THORPE steps into his room. The 808 still sits on the table. He stands and looks at it for a while,

then heads into the bathroom.

CAMERA FOLLOWS: into the bathroom. He strips of his shirt and turns on the cold tap. He fills his hands with water and splashes it onto his face.

THORPE POV: staring into the mirror, hands resting on the sink. He stands there for a while, his reflection staring back at him. That's when he remembers the backpack. He picks up a towel from the rail beside the sink, wipes his face with it.

BACK TO THE ROOM: CAMERA FOLLOWS: as he heads back into the room. He drops the towel on the table, then reaches down under the bed. He fumbles for a few seconds, then he finds it.

He sits on the bed with the pack on his lap. He checks it out, nothing unusual. He releases the draw-string and dips his hand into this bag. He takes out the data transfer device and the dark glasses.

CLOSE ON: the device. The data is still showing, exactly as FLYNN had entered it earlier. He sets the device down on the bed and dips into the bag again. Nothing else there. Then he feels it, a piece of paper in the bottom of the bag. He pulls it out, straightens it. It reads: FLYNN. FIELD TO 1975 IS COLLAPSING. DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER IT WILL HOLD. YOU HAVE TO COME BACK NOW - WITH OR WITHOUT THE 808. BRUNNER.

What to make of it? He looks at the computer on the table, then at the data transfer device on the bed, then back to the computer once more.

THORPE

What the hell.

He grabs the computer and sits back on the bed with it in his lap. He picks up the device, stares at it. Then he puts on the dark glasses.

THORPE (CONT'D)

Cool!

He presses the ENTER button. The device replies with a BEEP. His thumb hovers over the INITIALISE button. He presses it.

CUT TO:

INT. DISTORTION UNIT DATA CENTRE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: the MISSION CHRONOMETER clock: 03:21:16, 17, 18, 19.....

The same four men sat at the consoles.

BRUNNER

Almost three and a half hours.
(beat)

Fuck!

HOOPER

Maybe he got the note, but he
can't.....

Interrupted:

BRUNNER

Forget the note, OK.
(beat)

He's gone.

RUSSELL

The field's still open. We don't
give up until we know it's
closed.

BRUNNER

No-one said anything about
giving up.....

Then: BEEP, BEEP, BEEP.

All eyes on HOOPER.....

Then:

CLOSE ON: HOOPER'S face.

HOOPER

Incoming!

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

THORPE sits there. Nothing' happened.

THORPE (CONT'D)

Huh. Can't believe I actually
thought anything would.....

His words trail off as he begins to feel an unusual
sensation. Like someone has their hands on his shoulders,
pushing him down into the bed. Heavier and heavier.....

...then he sees them, three men behind a large window; moving,
frantic. Then they're gone, then back again; like an
apparition. Translucent, washed out. Then the numbers, some
red, some green, becoming brighter and brighter. A sudden
rush of air and a brilliant flash of light.....

CUT TO:

INT. DESTORTION UNIT CHAMBER - NIGHT

THORPE POV: eyes flickering, then open. It's dark, but not impossible to see. He looks down to his lap and sees the computer. He touches it, it's freezing cold. He looks again and sees that he's strapped into a chair. He tries to push forward but can't.

Then:

The door slides open and BRUNNER and HOOPER scramble into the room. They head towards the chair, then stop abruptly.

ANGLE ON: HOOPER and BRUNNER. Stunned.

BRUNNER

Who the hell are you?

CUT TO:

C.P.P./DEBRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

A white painted room with no windows and one door. In the middle a desk and six chairs. Seated on one side of the desk are RUSSELL, BRUNNER and VAUGHAN, opposite them sits THORPE.

VAUGHAN

Just tell me one more time, so
I'm clear on this.

(beat)

Flynn actually shot, and killed
Dr. Mellars.

THORPE

That's not what I said.

(stands)

God, you guys are impossible.
Did brains suddenly get smaller
in the future?

RUSSELL

Sit down Mr. Thorpe.

THORPE retakes his seat.

THORPE

What I said was that Mellars was
trying to steal the computer.
Flynn tried to stop them; he did
stop them. One of them pulled a
gun, there was a struggle and,
well, Mellars got hit.

VAUGHAN

You said them. Who else was there?

THORPE

A guy named Moorland, an investor. It's a long story.

RUSSELL

When was the last time you saw Flynn?

THORPE

About an hour ago, at least it's an hour from my perspective; I think. He was in police custody.

BRUNNER

(shocked)

They arrested him?

THORPE

Right there in my room. Read him his rights, everything.

BRUNNER stands and paces around the room.

BRUNNER

This is fucked up.

(looks at Russell)

You said it was just a case of going back, collecting the computer and that was it.

RUSSELL

Herman.....

BRUNNER

Do you think they're gonna believe him when he tells them he's from the future.

(beat)

He'll be lucky if they don't throw away the fuckin' key.

Pause then:

BRUNNER (CONT'D)

No, we have to go back for him. We can't just leave him there to rot.

RUSSELL stands to face BRUNNER.

RUSSELL

OK, let's do that. But first, I'd like you to tell me the odds

of hitting the exact worldline,
and.....

BRUNNER

I know it's a long shot but.....

RUSSELL

A long shot? It's a not starter.
We could be here for ever and a
day without.....

BRUNNER

(louder)

You think he'd give up on you,
Huh?

No answer.

BRUNNER (CONT'D)

No, he wouldn't. So we go, and
we keep going until we find him.

RUSSELL

OK then. Where do we start?

(beat)

We don't even know where he is.

Pause then:

THORPE (O.S.)

I do.

Both men turn to face him.

CUT TO:

INT. INTEROGATION ROOM 1A - NIGHT

FLYNN sits at the desk, hand bound together by the handcuffs,
staring at the wall opposite. He reaches his left hand to the
back of his neck, and massages it gently. He grimaces at the
pain. He rolls his neck from side to side, trying to loosen
up.

Then:

A flash of brilliant white light. He has to shield his eyes
from the glare. Then the three noises, BANG, BANG, BANG.

FLYNN stands and walks around the table.

FLYNN POV: looking down at the floor. There, curled up like a
new born child, is DAVID THORPE. He crouches down beside him,
shakes him by the arm. THORPE begins to stir, then opens his
eyes.

FLYNN

Thorpe?

He sits up.

THORPE

Whoa, what a rush.
(beat)
Gets me every time.

FLYNN

What the hell are you doing
here?

THORPE

I found this,
(holds up the data unit)
under my bed.
(beat)
I did it. I took the computer
2036.

FLYNN shakes his head.

THORPE (CONT'D)

(looks around)
At least I'm on the right
worldline this time.

FLYNN

What?

THORPE

This is the fifth time we've
tried. I've been in this room
with some pretty scary
individuals, I can tell you.

FLYNN

You came back for me?

THORPE

Brunner wouldn't let it go. I've
spent the past three days
flitting between 1975 and 2036.
(beat)

Anyway, there isn't time for
this. Here,
(hands him the data unit)
take this, go.

FLYNN

David I.....

THORPE

You don't belong here. This is
my worldline, not yours.

FLYNN

(points to the door)

What about the cops?

THORPE

It'll be hard to explain, but
they've got nothing on me.
Eventually they'll have to let
me go.

FLYNN takes the data unit, types in the co-ordinates and hits the ENTER button. The unit BEEPS to acknowledge the input. He moves to the corner of the room, right where THORPE came in.

FLYNN

It's been one hell of a night,
huh?

THORPE smiles.

THORPE

Don't you mean one hell of a few
days?

FLYNN

Yeah, I suppose it has,
(smiles)
for you.
(beat)
Take care buddy.

THORPE

You too.

He's about to hit the INITIALISE button when he stops.

Pause then:

THORPE (CONT'D)

What is it?

FLYNN

I was hoping you might be able
to do one last thing for me.

THORPE shrugs.

THORPE

Sure, what is it?

CUT TO:

INT. INTEROGATION ROOM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: the small window in the INTEROGATION ROOM door.
Through the window we see THORPE and FLYNN in conversation.

PAN DOWN: past the window, towards the floor. A few seconds

pass then:

The familiar burst of ultra bright light.

Then:

ANGLE ON: the corridor. We see the two POLICE OFFICERS heading back towards the INTEROGATION ROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. INTEROGATION ROOM 1A - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: THORPE sitting in the seat. The seat that, when the OFFICER last left the room, was occupied by MATT FLYNN. The door opens and the OFFICERS enter. They stop in the doorway. THORPE smiles back at them.

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)

What, what the hell's going on here?

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. NARROW COUNTY ROAD - RAINY NIGHT

TITLE: Carlsbad Cavern National Park - New Mexico
November 19, 2034

Heavy rain falls on the winding country road. Bursts of thunder are interspersed with flashes of brilliant white lightning.

PULL IN TO: a saloon car parked in a lay-by. Its wipers fighting to keep the rain at bay.

PULL IN THROUGH: the passenger window. Sitting in the car is a middle-aged couple. The woman, arms folded, stares out through the windscreen into the wintry night. The man looks down at an envelope sitting in his lap.

ANGLE ON: the couple.

WOMAN

Richard, this is crazy.

No reply.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(louder)

Richard!

RICHARD

It's still a little early. He said just before one twenty.

(looks at his watch)
There's still a couple of
minutes yet.

The woman's head drops slightly as she exhales heavily. He turns to face her. He rests his hand on hers.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Come on Mary.
(beat)
I said I'd do it, I promised
him, remember?

MARY
I do, but it just doesn't make
any sense.

RICHARD
We've been through all this
before.

MARY
No-ones gonna be out here in
this weather, at this time of
night.

RICHARD
I know that, but I promised him
I'd do this.
(beat)
At least I'll know that I did as
he asked, regardless of how
crazy it might seem.

ANGLE ON: the rear view mirror; headlights approaching,
growing bigger and bigger. Light fills the car. Both heads
slowly turn and look through the rear window.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
They're here.

MARY
It could be anyone.

RICHARD
You just said that no-one would
be stupid enough to be out in
this tonight.

MARY
We're here.

RICHARD
Very funny.

The lights go out.

Pause then:

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Right, here goes.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - RAINY NIGHT

He steps out in the night and pulls his collar up against the pouring rain.

MARY (O.S.)

Richard, be careful.

RICHARD

Don't worry.

He closes the car door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - RAINY NIGHT

MARY continues to watch through the rear window as her husband approaches the car parked behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - RAINY NIGHT

ANGLE ON: the driver door. RICHARD knocks on the window.

Pause then:

The window slowly slides down. We can't see the people inside.

ANGLE ON: RICHARD, rain running down his face, looking in through the car window.

RICHARD

Are you Matthew Flynn?

FLYNN (O.S.)

Who are you?

RICHARD

You don't know me. My name is Richard Thorpe. My father was Dr. David Thorpe.

FLYNN (O.S.)

You're right, I don't know you, or your father.

RICHARD

Don't ask me why or how he knew, but my father told be you'd be here tonight, at this place, at

this exact time.

FLYNN

I don't understand.

RICHARD

No sir, me either. All he said was that you'd be here, and that I was to give you this.

He reaches into his pocket and passes a small envelope to FLYNN.

CLOSE ON: the envelope as FLYNN tears it open. He takes out a piece of paper. He recognises the handwriting immediately. It reads:

I know this will be difficult to believe, but you wrote this note yourself, in a police precinct in San Jose on the morning of May 15, 1975. If you are reading it now you will have delayed your journey just enough to save Louise from dying tonight.

He turns the note around. Written on the back in bold capital letters is: FLYNN. FIELD TO 1975 IS COLLAPSING. DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER IT WILL HOLD. YOU HAVE TO COME BACK NOW - WITH OR WITHOUT THE 808. BRUNNER.

Pause then:

FLYNN

Where did you get this?

RICHARD

My father gave it to me. He said you made him promise to bring it to you here, tonight.

(beat)

My father passed away two years ago. He asked me to keep his promise to you so, here I am.

Pause then:

RICHARD

Sir.

FLYNN

(smiles)

Thank you, Mr. Thorpe.

RICHARD

No problem.

FLYNN watches as RICHARD walks back to his car.

CLOSE ON: FLYNN'S face through the rain washed windscreen. A wry smile flicks across his face as he fires up the engine.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - RAINY NIGHT

We watch as FLYNN'S car pulls away, its rear lights disappearing into the distance.

Then:

We see the car gently swerve to avoid an oncoming lorry speeding towards them in the opposite direction. The lorry carries on along the road, and FLYNN'S taillights disappear further into the distance.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

The following quote appears against a black background:

"...all time travel paradox is impossible. The Everett-Wheeler-Graham or multiple world theory is correct. All possible quantum states, events, possibilities and outcomes are real, eventual and occurring. The chances of everything happening someplace at sometime in the Superverse is one hundred percent."

- Dr. David Thorpe, June 2008

FADE OUT:

ROLL END CREDITS