FADE IN:

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Numerous world-famous spirits lined up on a shelf in front of an illuminated mirror.

A bald-headed BARKEEPER, wears black and white service attire, polishes two whiskey tumblers. He keeps an eye on his two guests at the long bar:

SCOTT, 36, blemished pale skin, black spiky haircut, slouches upon a barstool. His elbow rests on the wood top while he drinks the half-filled whiskey in two gulps.

GREGORY, 30, blonde, inconspicuously dressed, raises an eyebrow from the next stool.

GREGORY
A time traveler...

SCOTT
Few people do so, I know.

Scott lifts two fingers ahead, the Barkeeper nods.

GREGORY

Gregory stands up, places twenty dollar beside his beer glass, and turns away, as Scott grasps his arm.

SCOTT
Do you know why time travelers are almost only alcoholics and other drug addicts today?

GREGORY
Because they're bonkers?

SCOTT
It's the only reason to come here. Apart of that, your legacy is known as a disgrace in the history books.
The Barkeeper serves alert-eyed two whiskeys on the rocks.

SCOTT
(to Gregory)
The place where I belong, there's prohibition again. So we come here to get sloshed and spend some free time.

GREGORY
Don't let me stand in your way.

Gregory breaks free from the grasp. Scott's look turns peacefully away, focuses the fresh drinks at the bar.

SCOTT
I buy you a drink. Sit down.

GREGORY
Sorry, I could hardly ever drink enough to join a conversation with a time traveler.

SCOTT
Then, I buy your time.

GREGORY
You look like your own bill will be seriously enough.

Scott pulls out a hundred dollar note, stuffs it into Gregory's shirt pocket.

GREGORY
A little sip can't be bad.

Gregory drinks, looks at the Barkeeper who polishes some glasses. The Barkeeper shrugs, shakes his head. Gregory takes seat at the barstool.

GREGORY
Okay, I accept your immoral proposal. For about barely one hour. Ah, I'll regret this.
He takes out the bill, proves its genuineness, and puts it into his wallet.

SCOTT
I think we'll have some fun.

Scott takes a gulp, stares down at the whiskey.

SCOTT
I'm Scott. Are you gay?

GREGORTY
What?!

SCOTT
Are you gay?

Gregory pupils dilate.

SCOTT
You hesitate...?

GREGORY
Are you interested?

SCOTT
Good answer.

GREGORY
No, I'm not gay. I had a girl. She broke up.

SCOTT
It's okay. I'm gay, too.

GREGORY
Man. Hard work for 100 bucks.

SCOTT
Yeah, hard work.

Scott smiles, raises his drink. They chink glasses.

LATER

Gregory bangs his glass on the bar, grimaces.
GREGORY
(half-drunk)
Anything humans can imagine
is possible!

Scott slaps his glass on the bar.

SCOTT
Anything humans can imagine
is possible. And will happen.
A few simple drawings, books
of Verne and-

Scott stretches his arm in the air, clenches a fist.

SCOTT
- To the moon. A bit
literature of Wells, a bit of
The Time Machine, Back To The
Future - and Lola runs. It's
fucking possible, my friend.

GREGORY
Fine. So let me know, mad
dog, how does it work?

SCOTT
Pff, you would have to give
me back these 100 bucks.

GREGORY
No way.

They smile at each other.

SCOTT
(to Barkeeper)
Give us four or five glasses.

The Barkeeper looks astonished.

SCOTT
Empty ones. Sounds like an
extra tip?!?

Scott takes his shirtsleeve, wipes some fliers away from
the table surface.
The Barkeeper puts five polished glasses down. Scott turns them around. He places his hand on the glass floors.

SCOTT
The whole timeframe of existence. Could be more -- makes no difference.

GREGORY
Check.

SCOTT
Existence has a definition. Not minutes, seconds, moments. That's just human realization as matter themselves. Velocity. Velocity is the only element.

GREGORY
You mean hidden dimensions, warp, curvature and stuff?

SCOTT
Exactly. It's like a book, with the difference you just can read it backwards.

Scott raises his finger by the way. The Barkeeper notices the call, goes to work.

SCOTT
If you're fast enough to enter the universe's curvature-

Scott recognizes he loses Gregory.

SCOTT
- Your Zeitgeist, you already know the exact term. It's a travel. The universe is traveling itself.

Scott lines up the glasses. He taps his nail at the last one far right.
SCOTT
Presence. Not important when.

Scott taps on the next glass.

SCOTT
Traveling universe before.

Scott taps on the next one.

SCOTT
Traveling universe before.

GREGORY
Why not step forward?

SCOTT
Would be the theory of everything...

They clink their fresh served whiskeys, drink.

SCOTT
If there's just the imagination to find the potential future curvature,...

Scott picks the glass at the far left (of the upside down ones) up and places it at the far right, beside the whole line, next to the glass he defined as presence.

SCOTT
...traveling forward will be possible.

GREGORY
Yeah, then you would be part of the past, same as we are. Hard stuff.

(strongly intoxicated)
Okay, Mister time travel. I've listened bravely. So, what's your machine? How do you do what you do?
Gregory takes his whiskey, nips the last sip and...

SCOTT
Well, I step through a stargate.

... Gregory spits the whiskey across the table top. He shakes with LAUGHTER upon his stool. He almost falls down, grabs the bar at the last moment.

SCOTT
All of your body's matter disappears and rides with the curvature.

Gregory weeps for joy.

GREGORY
And, and what is it made of?

He brushes his tears away, is all smiles.

GREGORY
Such a magnetic field?

SCOTT
It glimmers, yes. Are you familiar with computers? I mean, the technical process?

GREGORY
Nah, just use it.

SCOTT
Same here. I'm not a scientist. I'm a traveler. I use it. Don't know how this shit works, but it does. It glimmers, flickers, and connects two points of the traveling universe with a particulate decomposition. That's everything I know.

The Barkeeper serves new whiskey. They drink.

Gregory hands Scott the 100 dollar.
GREGORY
Here. You don't have to pay me. Good story.

SCOTT
Thanks, bro. I know I shouldn't, but I'll prepare a stargate for you. Is one year okay for you?

Gregory stands up, weaves to Scott, and puts the arm on Scott's shoulder.

GREGORY
Sounds perfect, Sir! Haha... Should I bear something in mind? On my travel?

SCOTT
No. Referring to the public fear, that time travel can take bad influence on the future... You don't have to worry. Everything is stable.

Scott taps on the glass which he defined as presence.

SCOTT
That's our life. It's there. Yours and mine.

GREGORY
Scott, Scott, Scott. It's such an honor that you invite me for a time travel. I appreciate, but leave now to... hospital. Time travel is your privilege, my friend.

Gregory weaves away, as Scotts raises his glass.

SCOTT
That's yours.

Gregory dashes against the entrance door, rushes outside.

The entrance door slowly swings shut.
The Barkeeper polishes two more glasses in his calm and gentle way. Scott holds his hand on his forehead, makes another call:

   SCOTT
   One more.

Scott drinks, the ice cubes slip down to his mouth. He bangs the tumbler on the tabletop while the barkeeper prepares a new glass with ice. We watch them while...

   FADE TO BLACK

   FADE FROM BLACK
   TO DAZZLING LIGHT

   INT. CORRIDOR – APARTMENTBUILDING – DAY
   Gregory's bright silhouette becomes clear. He lies on the tile floor. An OLD LADY crouches down beside him.

   INT. STAIRWAY – APARTMENTBUILDING – DAY
   Gregory steps upwards, collides with the walls.

   INT. BATHROOM – APARTMENT – DAY
   Gregory is reflected in the mirror. His face is swollen, pale. He MOANS, grabs into a cosmetic case, swallows two aspirin and throws some water on his face.

   INT. LIVING ROOM – GREGORY'S APARTMENT – DAY
   Gregory walks through the clean room, falls into the bed.

   LATER
   Gregory lies in bed. The DOORBELL RINGS. Gregory pulls the blanket over his head. It rings again. He gets up, strides across the living room. He enters the apartment corridor, opens the door and sees the Old Lady.

   OLD LADY
   Hey, boy. Are you feeling any better?

   Gregory hides his naked upper body behind the door.
GREGORY
Wrong time, Mrs. Dorner. I'll call you up this evening.

He pushes the door close, pulls it back fast. He stares ahead, paralyzed with fear - breaks down - crawls backwards against the corridor wall while he holds the hands in front of the mouth.

GREGORY
What the hell, Holy God! You- Mrs. Dorner, I was at your-

OLD LADY
Gregory? What happened to you? Have you done wrong? Come on, I'll help you-

- Gregory kicks the door shut, crawls along the corridor into the living room. He takes an irritated look around.

GREGORY
That pale fucker...

He crawls to the table, takes a picture from the top, which shows a PRETTY 20'S GIRL. He touches some women clothes which hang on a chair.

GREGORY
IT IS NOT POSSIBLE! It is-

He hyperventilates. A CELLPHONE RINGS. He crawls to the couch, takes the call ... listens.

GREGORY
I fuck you. Fuck yourself. You fired me you peace of shit. I just have to wake up.

He throws the phone away. He slaps himself one, two, three times, doesn't work.

INT. BAR – NIGHT

The Barkeeper polishes glasses behind the counter. Gregory, on the other side, talks insistently to him. The Barkeeper shrugs, lifts his arms.
Gregory grabs a tumbler out of the Barkeeper's hand, puts it upside down on the bar. The Barkeeper shakes his head.

EXT. PARK – DAY

Gregory sits on a bench while resting his chin on the fists. His pupils become clearer and clearer. He stands up.

INT. CORRIDOR – (ANOTHER) APPARTMENTBUILDING – DAY

Gregory drops a basket in front of a door. The PRETTY 20'S PICTURE lies on some clothes. Gregory goes away.

INT. CORRIDOR – GREGORY'S APARTMENTBUILDING – DAY

Gregory waits with a bunch of flowers in front of a door. Mrs. Dorner opens, she smiles.

INT. MRS. DORNER'S APPARTMENT

Gregory and Mrs. Dorner drink coffee and play cards.

INT. GREGORY'S APARTMENT – DAY

Gregory watches NBA on television. He swings round on his desk chair, sees on a notebook screen A LIVE BETTING SITE.

GREGORY
(mutters)
I must be crazy.

He taps on the touchpad, claps his hands, turns back to TV.

GREGORY
Let's go Miami! ...
Yeeesss!!!

ON TV – MIAMI'S FANS FLIP OUT. THE PLAYERS JUMP FOR JOY.

GREGORY
I'm rich. Thanks, Scott.

MONTAGE

Gregory dances, ALONE, boozed, in colorful disco spotlight. He throws dollars in the air.
Gregory, dressed in an impeccable dark suit, walks along the sidewalk grabs the door of a restaurant.

A dish of haut cuisine. Gregory smiles down.

MONTAGE ENDS

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Gregory, wears his new black bespoke-suit, comes inside the empty bar. He strides straight to the long bar.

    GREGORY
    Whiskey, please.

    BARKEEPER
    You're looking excellent, Mister. It seems you're problems are solved.

Gregory nods, turns away, strides to the restroom without taking notice of Scott, who sits at a small table far away.

Scott writes something on paper.

INT. RESTROOM – NIGHT

Gregory takes a piss at the urinal, as Scott comes inside and steps right beside Gregory.

    GREGORY
    Fuck! Scott! I thought we met in a year, not after a week.

    SCOTT
    At first, finish peeing, Gregory.

    GREGORY
    I can't any more, now.

    SCOTT
    I know. That's why I'm here. Or something like that.

Gregory can't piss anymore. He closes the zip of his pants while Scott lights a cigarette.
SCOTT
So, you still hesitate. All that money, but no courage to be yourself...

GREGORY
I am myself.

SCOTT
No. You're not... You're still the boy who got a boner when he lay next to his best friend Timmy in the summer camp. That's who you are.

Gregory is shocked.

SCOTT
You broke up this time?

GREGORY
I did. She wasn't for me.

Scott steps away from the urinal, right towards Gregory.

SCOTT
You're a lucky guy. I talked to Timmy. He loves you, too.

Gregory's lips form a shy smile - eyes full of joy.

SCOTT
I like you so much, but I have to send you back before I do something wrong. Timmy and you, you both had your chance. You both decided to live another life. And helping you that way wouldn't be right. I can't decide you live another life than you're supposed to. I cannot play God and I don't want to have trouble with the Lord. You know: People deserve their own fate and their own lives. So, we got a big problem.
GREGORY
Okay. But, why all this, Scott? Just tell me why.

SCOTT
It was a mistake of mine. I was bored and drunk and... careless. I did it for the first time. Now I pray to God he will forgive me for my sin. I'd never have been allowed you to make this experience. You're a good guy, that's who you are. Even if you'll never life what you love, you'll never be as selfish as I am. Sorry, bro.

Scott exhales a smoke cloud. Gregory coughs. Scott takes a laser-pointer, and as he presses the button - a glimmering red wall appears in the fume.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Gregory comes out of the restroom, no noble suit, just his ordinary dress. He sits down at the bar where half a glass of beer waits for him.

Gregory glances at Scott, who sits many stools away at the end of the long bar. Scott doesn't react, clearly playing his own game now.

Gregory drinks his beer. He places twenty dollars beside the empty glass and turns away, as-

BARKEEPER
Mister! Is this yours?

Between the flyers lies an envelope lettered with bold types: Gregory.

GREGORY
Hm, my name?!

He sits down, opens. Bold easily readable WORDS: "Gregory! It's me, Timmy. I love you and always will. We can start a life, together, if you want to!"
Gregory nearly collapses. He holds his hand on his mouth. Tears run down his face.

BARKEEPER
Are you all right, Mister?

GREGORY
No. I'm not. Because, I love him, too. I really – I love him.

BARKEEPER
But that's wonderful

GREGORY
Yes. It is.

Gregory stares at the letter, can't put his eyes off.

At the end of the long bar, pale Scott mutters:

SCOTT
I'm a sinner. Please forgive me what I've done.

The Barkeeper looks at Scott. Scott looks at Gregory. Gregory shines. He has his fate in his hands.

SCOTT
(aggressive)
ONE MORE!

FADE OUT.

THE END