FADE IN:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

DOCTOR CAROL ROSWORTH (40) sits at her desk, working on her computer. She is a pretty, professional woman. The office is very comfortable, with several chairs, diplomas on the wall, and knick knacks that are nice but reveal nothing personal.

The RECEPTIONIST buzzes her.

   RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
   Dr. Rosworth? A Mr. Kenworth is here. He's your eleven o'clock.

   CAROL
   Great. Send him in.

Carol gets up and heads to the door.

It opens and PETER KENWORTH (50) walks in. He is a good size man, but he seems a bit worn down by life.

   CAROL (CONT'D)
   Mr. Kenworth. Pleasure to meet you.

They shake hands.

   PETER
   Please, Peter.

   CAROL
   Alright, Peter it is. Come in, have a seat.

She goes over to a wet bar.

   CAROL (CONT'D)
   Can I get you some water?

He nods, and she brings over a glass of water.

She motions him to a chair, where he sits down heavily. He takes a big gulp of water, then a second. He sets the glass on the table. She sits opposite him and picks up a pad.

   CAROL (CONT'D)
   So, what brings you in today?

   PETER
   Well, simply put, I think I've gone crazy.
CAROL
(laughing a bit)
Let me do the diagnosing. And we wouldn't use that term. Tell me, what makes you think that you are going... you know...

PETER
Crazy. Well, simply put, people from the future are watching me. I don't know why, but they seem to be everywhere.

CAROL
People from the future?

Peter nods.

CAROL (CONT’D)
Well, that certainly would appear to be an interest psychosis. Tell me more.

PETER
What more? There are people following me, watching me. And I know they are from the future. What more is there to say?

CAROL
Don't get agitated Mr. Kenworth. I know that this is all very real and very scary for you. But the more you talk about it, the more I can help.

He relaxes.

PETER
OK. You're right, of course. I just don't know what to do.

CAROL
Let's start by telling me when you first became aware of the idea that someone was following you.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Peter sits at a small table, reading the paper and drinking coffee. People are going about their lives around him.
PETER (V.O.)
I was at a little cafe that I like. Great scones. It's over on Mitchell near...

CAROL (V.O.)
Focus Peter.

PETER (V.O.)
Sorry. You're right, of course. So I was sitting there one Sunday morning, like I usually do. When I noticed something.

He looks past his paper and sees a MAN and a WOMAN staring at him from another table. They are not doing anything but staring.

PETER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
These two people. They were just staring at me.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

She looks at him, puzzled.

CAROL
Staring at you? That's it?

PETER
They weren't just staring. I mean they were, but that wasn't it. It was the way they were staring. It wasn't... normal.

She sets the pad down.

CAROL
Peter, that just sounds like paranoia to me. Everyone gets that now and then. Yours may be a bit more severe, but I don't think...

PETER
You don't understand. That wasn't the only time.

CAROL
Oh?

PETER
That was the first time, sure. At least, the first time I noticed.

(MORE)
PETER (CONT’D)
But after that, it became really obvious.

SERIES OF SHOTS - PETER AROUND TOWN

A) Riding bus. Peter sits and a man stands trying not to be noticed.

PETER (V.O.)
Once, there was this guy that kept watching me when he thought I wasn't watching.

B). Peter walking his dog. Two women talk on a bench until he arrives. Then they stop and look awkward.

PETER (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Then there was a time in the park. Two women had been watching me, talking about me. When I arrived, they stopped, and tried to look inconspicuous.

CAROL (V.O.)
I see.

C). Peter is grocery shopping. He sees a strange man at the end of the aisle, waiting for him. Peter goes to another aisle and another man waits for him. Peter leaves his cart and runs.

PETER (V.O.)
Then the time at the store. They seemed to be waiting for me. I was so scared.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

He hangs his head.

PETER
It's all so scary. I just don't know what to do.

CAROL
OK, Peter. I certainly can see that you feel that people are watching you. Like I said, that's just heightened paranoia. But one thing about this confuses me.

PETER
What's that?
CAROL
The fact that you think these are... what did you say... time travelers. That is a very unusual paranoia. Why do you think that these ordinary people are something so, unusual?

PETER
Fair question. If I was sitting where you are, I would probably think the same thing. And at first, I didn't think such a thing either. I mean, time travel is impossible, right? And even if it weren't, I mean, even if such a thing existed, why would they waste it on me? Wouldn't they spend their time seeing who shot Kennedy? Or going back to meet Jesus? I mean, I'm no one important. Certainly not worth a time traveler's second look.

CAROL
Well now, Peter. There is no reason to think that way. None of us have any idea what role we may play in history. You mentioned Kennedy. Until that day in Dallas who would have thought that Lee Harvey Oswald was important?

Peter gets a bit angry.

PETER
Are you comparing me to Oswald?

CAROL
No, no, of course not. You're missing my point. My point is that many of us feel unimportant, until we're not. Often importance is a matter of timing. Who knows what you may do or accomplish?

PETER
So you believe me? That they are time travelers?

CAROL
I believe that you believe. That's all that matters. But you still haven't told my why you believe that.
PETER
Well, in one case, one of them disappeared.

CAROL
Disappeared?

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Peter sees the men blocking his way. He starts to move one way, then goes back to the aisle he had been in.

PETER (V.O.)
Yeah, the time in the store. I went back to one of the aisles, to see if I could catch the guys who were after me. When I did, I caught a glimpse of one of them.

The man is there, tapping on what looks like a watch, then a bright FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT and the man is gone.

PETER (V.O.) (CONT’D)
He was there, and suddenly there's this light, and poof! Gone.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

Carol stops writing.

CAROL
Gone?

PETER

He stops and has another drink of water. Carol watches but says nothing. Peter acts like the water tastes just a bit funny.

CAROL
Well, our eyes often play tricks on us.

PETER
There was more.

CAROL
More?
PETER
Yes. I noticed that in each case, the person watching me had this mark on them.

This seems to make Carol a bit uneasy.

CAROL
A mark? What sort of mark?

PETER
An hourglass. Each one had an hourglass, either on their hand or the back of their neck.

SERIES OF SHOTS
A) Back of a hand shows the hourglass marking
B) Back of a neck shows the hourglass marking.
C) Man on bus turns away from him and the marking is visible.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY
Carol puts down her pad.

CAROL
Well, that is very specific, to say the least. Do you need more water?

Without waiting she gets up and takes the glass to the sink. As she turns, Peter notices an hourglass on the back of her neck.

His eyes grow wide with panic. He tries to get up, but falls back into the chair. He blinks hard. Clearly something is wrong.

Carol returns with the glass.

   CAROL (CONT’D)
   You OK? You don't look good. Here, drink a little more.

She hold his head and pours some water into his mouth.

   CAROL (CONT’D)
   That's it. Take a big drink.

Peter looks panicky, but he can't move. She puts the glass down and takes her seat.
CAROL (CONT’D)
Well, I must say that is quite the story you have there. I doubt if many people in my line of work would believe you. Luckily, you came to me.

He makes a little sound, unable to talk.

CAROL (CONT’D)
Oh, yes, I believe you. But I suspect you know why that is now.

She touches the hourglass on her neck.

CAROL (CONT’D)
I didn't think about the hourglass symbol. Careless of me. I will have to be more careful next time. But I've had it for so long, I just forget about it.

She leans back, smiles.

CAROL (CONT’D)
Marking of everyone in my line of work. Organ Harvest. Very important job. I believe you have something similar in your time. Of course, we can't wait around like you folks do. We have to be a bit more... proactive.

(beat)
The symbol is a little joke. Time's up, you know. Guess we find it funnier than you would.

She gets up and walks over to her desk. She taps the intercom.

CAROL (CONT’D)
Patty, clear my schedule for today. I need to take Mr. Kenworth over to the hospital for admittance.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
Sure Dr. Roswell.

She takes a watch out of her desk and walks over to Peter.

CAROL
I had to wait for the drug to take effect.

(MORE)
CAROL (CONT’D)
I think I made it a little too weak, but it got the job done. Just had to keep you talking.

She puts the watch on his wrist. Peter manages to force a single word out.

PETER
(weak and raspy)
Why?

Carol looks surprised.

CAROL
Definitely made that too weak. But since you ask. As I said, I am part of a very elite group. The Organ Harvesters. Very important people call us in when they need very specific help.

She finishes getting the watch on, and then goes to sit down.

CAROL (CONT’D)
You see, Peter, in our time, things have gotten bad. Lot of cancers, lot of pollutants. And medicines? Well, they have reached the end of the line. In particular, people often find that their organs are failing long before they are ready to die.

Peter sweats, and shakes a bit.

CAROL (CONT’D)
We can grow organs, sure, but rejection is all too common. So instead, we find people throughout time that are genetically similar to our clients. And lucky you. You are one of those. We go back, watch the subject, and wait until an opportune moment to grab them. Someplace where they are all alone. Someplace like... here.

She smiles, a fiendish smile.

CAROL (CONT’D)
Then we take them back, and allow them to keep one of our important citizens alive. It's really quite an honor you know.
She leans forward and lowers her voice.

    CAROL (CONT’D)
    I really am not supposed to tell you, but you are lucky enough to be a match for a lovely thirteen year old girl who's daddy is an important politician. She needs a new heart, and genetically yours appears to be perfect.

Peter fights to get up. He can barely stand, then falls to the floor, unable to move.

Carol walks over to him.

    CAROL (CONT’D)
    My, you are a fighter. And I definitely needed to give you a stronger dose. But that's neither here nor there. You ready to go?

She taps her watch. There is a FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT, and the two are gone.

The room sits empty. All that is apparent is the sound of a clock TICKING.

    FADE OUT.

    THE END