

Time Loops

Written by  
Lisa Hagen

Lhagen@gto.net  
519-496-5596

(Note: Superimposed dates indicate what is happening in real time. Flashbacks/forwards are in italics.)

INT. A CALIFORNIA UNIVERSITY GYM - EVENING

SUPER: February 7 2015

A series of grinding, physical basketball moves are seen up close and personal, as a varsity men's basketball team pushes through a vindictive scrimmage. A youthful male voice berates them incessantly.

TOM (O.S.)  
Break low. Break! Move your ass.  
You're kidding me -post up. Take  
him! Take him!

As the game's physicality turns brutal, tempers flare.

TOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Moving screen, c'mon! Fuck you.

TOM SANDERSON, a 23 year old, obnoxious, buff golden-boy is dominating from the point guard position. He is revealed as the source of the berating.

He sinks a quick series of graceful three pointers providing an annoying play-by-play call at the same time.

TOM (CONT'D)  
And a step back three. Hah! Bang!  
And Sanderson side-steps -and  
bucket.

Tom brings the ball down court angrily signalling a play.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Motion. Motion! It's so simple.

He disgustedly pops another three over CLARKE, a brute of a Centre.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Senior year and you still can't  
guard that Clarke?

On the return trip, Clarke drives hard and lowers his shoulder blatantly into Tom, knocking him to the ground.

CLARKE  
Nice "D", Sanderson.

TOM

Coach!

The oblivious COACH, middle-aged and tired, blows the whistle.

COACH

That's it for today. Get out of here. Sanderson -office...now.

Tom sneers at Coach then practices his free throws as the others leave. Coach waits briefly then walks away in frustration.

EXT. GYM -LATER

Tom emerges from the gym doors, and sprints across the quad to meet BEN, 22, East Indian descent, and JILLIAN, 21 years old and Tom's bubbly, earthy, athletic girlfriend.

They are sitting on exterior stairs half asleep on their knapsacks. Tom sneaks up on Jill and callously scares her.

TOM

Raaahhh!

JILLIAN

Oh crap!

She kicks Tom in the shins as Ben sleeps through it all.

TOM

Sorry I'm late. Coach kept us in.

JILLIAN

Ya, right.

TOM

(kissing Jillian)

Let's go. Ben -you're drooling.

Tom kicks Ben to wake him.

TOM (CONT'D)

Shake it, bro.

JANET, 22, a petite, quiet, bulldog of a woman approaches.

BEN

Hey Janet -over here.

Ben gives Janet a wrapped rose and a kiss.

Not to be outdone, Tom pulls some flowers out of a garden for Jillian. Jillian laughs at this gesture.

TOM  
You're late.

JANET  
I always add a half hour when I'm meeting you.

The two couples walk hand in hand, Tom and Ben pushing their bikes.

Tom occasionally breaks away to slide down a railing or walk a brick wall.

TOM  
What did you get on that econometrics test? Me? 92.

BEN  
I'm not telling you. It's my elective -who cares?

TOM  
Wuss-since you were a kid, Benny.

He gets Jill to hold his bike while some passing students wave him over. His entourage is forced to wait for him until he's done.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I hate when they stop me for selfies.

JANET  
So extra.

TOM  
What?

BEN  
Hurry up, pizza joint is closing.

JILLIAN  
(to Janet apologetically)  
I like extroverts.

INT. DUMPY ON CAMPUS PIZZA JOINT -CONTINUOUS

A "Happy New Year 2015" banner and a few deflated balloons are falling off the wall of the almost empty place. The group is shown to a booth by a WAITRESS.

TOM

Eight drafts and a meat lovers -on me.

JANET

I'm not drinking, Tom.

TOM

Pregnant?

Janet glares.

TOM (CONT'D)

Gimme yours. Game on Friday. Coming?

JANET

Is that rhetorical?

BEN

Always.

TOM

I'll save you the usual comps.

JILLIAN

I've got practice so no "tres" til I get there, please.

TOM

Janny, you coming this time?

JANET

Do I have to?

TOM

Last one. Going for the 3 point record.

JANET

Given I don't know what that means nor do I care, I will still come to your final game.

TOM

(patronizing)  
Good for you -your second game.

JANET

And have you come to any of my  
concerts?

TOM

To watch screechy women and gay men  
scream? Not in my lifetime.

Janet uses Tom's nickname to bug him.

JANET

What goes around comes around,  
TOMMY. I've got to study.

TOM

We just got here.

BEN

I'll be back.

Tom chugs a second beer as Ben and Janet leave.

JILLIAN

Take it easy.

TOM

Let's dine and dash. You first.

JILLIAN

Grow up.

TOM

You still good for my parent's  
dinner thing?

JILLIAN

(mock sincerity)  
Yep. Can't wait.

Tom beckons some students.

TOM

Terry, party still on?  
(to Jill)  
Hand me Janet's beer.

He gulps down another beer and goes to talk to another group.  
Ben returns.

BEN

He's amped up tonight.

JILLIAN

Busy semester. Janet okay?

BEN

Ya, just not into it tonight.

Jillian takes four large pizza slices on her plate.

JILLIAN

I'm going to miss her next year, oh  
and you guys too.

BEN

We hope to be around.

JILLIAN

I guess I'll just have to make  
little friends my own age.

BEN

What about the team?

JILLIAN

Entitled princesses.

Tom returns with 2 beers in hand.

TOM

Score! Two more soldiers ready to  
die for the cause. Cheers.

He clinks his beers together.

JILLIAN

Did you steal those from Terry?

TOM

He knows me.

BEN

Oh, we all know how Tommy-boy  
operates.

TOM

Who pissed in your drink?

BEN

You reap what you sow, man.

TOM

Says the lapsed Hindi.

BEN

Precisely the point.

TOM  
(sarcastically)  
My bad! Terry doesn't mind.

BEN  
Have you ever asked him?

JILLIAN  
Okay, boys. Let's just eat.

They eat and drink as Tom works the room. Ben picks off the pepperoni.

EXT. PIZZA PLACE -LATER

As they leave the restaurant, the distant campus clock tower, tolls eleven o'clock. A light rain is falling.

Tom is drunk, leaning on Jillian heavily.

JILL  
You hardly ate.

Tom gives Jillian his backpack as he and Ben unlock their bikes.

TOM  
I'm good. Can you walk Jill back?  
You sure you don't want to go?

JILLIAN  
I won't know anyone.

TOM  
Okay. Don't wait up for me, Ben.  
Heh-heh. This is going to be lit.

JILLIAN  
Love ya.

Jillian reacts to Tom's sloppy kiss. He bicycles off recklessly, leaving the two walkers.

EXT. TWO LANE ROAD -LATER

Tom weaves down the road, giving the finger occasionally to honking drivers.

The rain picks up and Tom pulls his hoodie up.

From Tom's POV, the road is a mass of glaring, unfocussed lights.

As he shoulder checks his next weave, he cuts into opposing traffic. A car swerves and squeals.

Tom skids across the pavement and rolls away from a second sliding car that comes to a stop frighteningly close to his head.

The first car slams into a hydro pole and everything comes to a silent halt.

Tom sits up in the middle of the wreckage scraped but unharmed. He smiles smugly.

Abruptly, a hydro wire comes sizzling to the ground next to him throwing him violently. He convulses wildly as the sparking wires whip around.

Screams and yelling accompany the spectacular light show around Tom's writhing body.

Travelling into Tom's brain, synapses pop and connections short out. The surge of electricity produces a series of garbled, surreal visions and sound effects.

Scenes from Tom's future:

*Tom and Jillian are cuddling in his college bed when she becomes upset at him and limps off in a leg brace carrying her gym bag.*

*Stylish Tom, 27 and balding, is presenting an ad campaign to clients in a high end, boardroom.*

*Flashes of two different, outdoor wedding ceremonies where Tom is marrying two different women. One wedding shows Tom at 25 marrying ROSEMARY 26 year old red-head, the other at 28 marrying an indistinguishable woman.*

*Tom, 24, with an indiscernible woman, moves into a upscale home.*

*Tom, 23, looks into a mirror as a doctor takes bandages off his disfigured neck, chest and cheek.*

Present time:

A PARAMEDIC performs CPR on Tom at the accident scene amongst the flashing lights of police and fire vehicles.

*Future Time:*

*Ben and Tom, playing squash at college.*

*An unseen person defibrillated in a hospital bed with a clock showing 11.*

*Tom, 27, dishevelled, passed out drunk in a dingy apartment.*

*The visions come to a tattered end as the scenes sputter out of energy.*

Present Time:

INT. A HOSPITAL ICU ROOM - LATER

Montage:

Tom blurs in and out of consciousness. A heart monitor beeps steadily.

The ICU NURSE, masked and gowned, administers to Tom.

Jillian, masked, reads to Tom.

A nurse changes the IV oblivious to Tom trying to reach for her.

INT. A HOSPITAL EXAMINATION ROOM -DAY

SUPER: - February 10 2015

Jillian wheels a despondent Tom into a private room. His head and left side are heavily bandaged.

DOCTOR THOMSON, 55, is arranging medical instruments. He fills out a form dating it February 10, 2015.

DOCTOR THOMSON

Ah, Tom. I want to have a look at those burns.

TOM

Me too.

DOCTOR THOMSON

Let's have a look here.

The doctor removes the neck, chest and cheek bandages exactly like Tom's vision during the accident.

Tom is noticeably shocked at the damage.

DOCTOR THOMSON (CONT'D)  
Not too bad. You're seeing it at  
it's worse, of course. It's healing  
nicely.

TOM  
It's pervasive.

JILLIAN  
You'll be out of here in no time.

DOCTOR THOMSON  
Looking good. A nurse will be by to  
dress the wounds.

The doctor leaves.

TOM  
I've seen this before.

JILLIAN  
What do you mean?

TOM  
I've been here before.

Jill squeezes his hand but he is alternately mesmerized and  
angry at his image.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Jill, please get out.

Jillian hesitates.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Out.

Jillian leaves.

Tom smashes his fist into the wheelchair angrily.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NEXT DAY

SUPER: February 11 2015

The wall clock reads 11 o'clock. Sleeping Tom bolts upright  
wide-eyed.

Distant PA announcement: Code Blue Room 260.

Medical staff rushes with the AED and defibrillates Tom's  
roommate exactly as in his previous vision.

The bed curtain is pulled around the emergency quickly.

Tom looks at the clock and leans back in bed dumbfounded.

EXT. FACULTY OF ECONOMICS -NIGHT

SUPER: February 12 2015

Ben and frustrated Tom emerge from the faculty building. Tom is bandaged on his face and on his left hand.

TOM

Get me out of this hell hole!

Tom kicks in the glass of the economics building sign.

BEN

Tom!

TOM

Run.

Ben is stunned for a moment then takes off after the running Tom.

BEN

What the hell?

TOM

I didn't think that-

BEN

Just power through the end of the semester. Stay out of trouble.

TOM

I'm so far behind.

BEN

A couple more weeks... one more game.

TOM

Pity start. Bunch of scrubs.

BEN

You're one of those losers.

TOM

Worst scholarship ever.

BEN

Oh man, be happy where you're at.

TOM  
Just wanna get on with my life.

EXT. OUTDOOR BASKETBALL COURT -CONTINUOUS

They come to an outdoor, lighted basketball court and Tom shoots one handed. He struggles.

TOM  
Fucking accident. Hand is buggered.  
I think I saw the future.

BEN  
Huh?

TOM  
I don't know what else to call it.  
I see shit. I saw my bandages  
removed before they were ever  
removed, and a bunch of other  
stuff.

BEN  
Deja vu.

TOM  
Whatever. No, no it's not. I really  
lived it, in real time and then it  
happens again in real life.

BEN  
Your brain is mush.

TOM  
Thank-you Mr. Science.

BEN  
Reminds me of, in quantum physics  
there's this thing where time loops  
allow for events separated by time  
to affect each other.

TOM  
Here we go.

BEN  
Well, you said you see stuff,  
asshole. It happens around black  
holes where there's negative mass  
and negative energy. Two separate  
events influence each other because  
they are both the past and future  
of each other.

TOM  
Time travel.

BEN  
Not exactly, although they're getting close to proving time travel mathematically by-

TOM  
Focus.

BEN  
Right, but this sounds more like Time Loops -a theory that we're not living linearly. So what you describe is like living your future and present at the same time. Kinda like you're straddling that world that the rest of us can't see.

TOM  
So my whole life is happening simultaneously. I'm flashing forward now, and could possibly be flashing backwards in my future. What happens when I meet in the middle?

BEN  
I dunno. They don't cover that. Probably not great. The converging negative energies would have to go somewhere I guess-you know, like how black holes rip stars apart.

TOM  
Like I'm going to fucking explode. Ya, right. Maybe I should pick some winning lottery numbers, before I "boom".

BEN  
(sardonically)  
Ha ha. Listen, write everything down. Maybe we can make sense of it, or at the very least, some therapist will make a ton off your psycho memories.

A florescent overhead light, sizzles and sputters causing Tom to touch his temple.

TOM  
 Sure, whatever. I think you're full  
 of shit, but whatever. That class  
 just now...

BEN  
 Yeah, review.

TOM  
 God, I'm lost.

Tom shows signs of dizziness.

BEN  
 Your other classes okay?

Disappointed Tom shows Ben a D minus on his quiz.

TOM  
 I've never failed a test in my  
 life. I just want—

Tom's eyes roll back and he collapses. His fast forwards  
 spins in a hazy blur of colours and electricity.

*EXT. COLLEGE QUAD - DAY*

*Tom and Ben are in graduation robes among other seated grads  
 listening to a gowned PROFESSOR call up collegians. A program  
 held by the men declares "Spring Convocation."*

TOM  
 --want to move on. What a shit  
 show.

BEN  
 Shut up. Trying to graduate here.

*A grad passes by wearing a medal.*

TOM  
 Congrats on the gold medal,  
 Lyndsay.

BEN  
 (whispering to Tom)  
 Should have been you.

TOM  
 Well, that got fucked up like  
 everything else.

*The speaker announces the class of 2015. A cheer goes up and Ben and Tom throw their mortar caps into the air. The flash forward fries out.*

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM- NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: FEBRUARY 13 2015

Tom opens his eyes from his gurney. The busy hospital ER comes into view.

BEN  
Hey, how are you?

TOM  
(groggy)  
Are we done?

BEN  
I'll buzz for a nurse.

TOM  
I lost the Biz Gold Medal.

BEN  
Awards aren't till graduation.

TOM  
Ya, I know.

BEN  
You're in the hospital, buddy.

Jill arrives with a bulge under her coat.

JILLIAN  
Stop scaring us like this, Tom.

She kisses Tom.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Look what I snuck in.

She opens her coat to reveal the vertical pizza box underneath.

TOM  
It happened again.

JILLIAN  
What?

BEN  
Tom is having premonitions.

JILLIAN  
No such thing.

TOM  
Probably not. I'm tired.

BEN  
How do you explain- ?

Tom stops him with a glare.

BEN (CONT'D)  
-forget it.

Jill opens the pizza box and all the pizza has slid to a clump on one side.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Ohhhh, that's not good.

Ben takes the box to the garbage can, but Jillian dives at it and grabs it back.

JILLIAN  
Wait. I can still eat that.

Jillian digs into the pizza as a NURSE comes around the corner and looks disapprovingly.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
(with mouth full)  
Wha-?

EXT. LAKEFRONT - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: FEBRUARY 14 2015

The healing Tom and Jill carry a knapsack to a secluded section under a pier.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Alright, I tried my best. How you talked me into this...

They sit near the lake on a blanket and start their playlist of "Arkells" songs.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
 We've got wine, PB and jam  
 sandwiches, watermelon and leftover  
 pizza.

TOM  
 Good thing you're cute. Let's start  
 with that wine.

They half recline on the blanket and Tom steam rolls his body  
 over Jillian which turns into a hug.

JILLIAN  
 I love you.

TOM  
 I know.

JILLIAN  
 It's about time.

TOM  
 Happy Valentine's Day.

JILLIAN  
 What'cha get me?

TOM  
 Me.

JILLIAN  
 Can I return it?

She holds the chilled wine bottle against Tom's neck,  
 playfully. Tom swats her hand away.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
 Grow up. Hey, IF you grow up, what  
 do you want to be?

TOM  
 I'm not growing up.

Jillian shoves the bottle down the back of his track pants.  
 Tom squirms like a worm.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Oh my 'nads! I'm going right to 'I  
 don't give a damn senility.'

JILLIAN  
 Already there. Love you.

TOM

Ya.

Tom gets the bottle out of his pants. Takes a slug.

JILLIAN

Oh, that's appealing.

TOM

When am I going to meet your fam?

JILLIAN

When you grow up.

TOM

Ha ha. You haven't told them about me yet.

JILLIAN

I'm worried about my Dad's blood pressure.

TOM

Tell them.

Tom begins play wrestling with Jillian.

TOM (CONT'D)

Tell em.

JILLIAN

No way. You're my dirty little secret.

The wrestling turns into a fervent kiss. Jillian stares intently into Tom's eyes as if over come by emotion.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

(deadpan)

I'm starving.

She wiggles free of the hug and devours the pizza and suddenly thinks of offering some.

Tom checks some lottery tickets on his phone disappointedly.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

Want some?

TOM

Dammit.

JILLIAN

Waste of money, lotteries.

An expensive yacht passes by in the setting sun.

TOM  
I want a boat like that.

JILLIAN  
First you need to get a job.

TOM  
Yeah, that too. I'll buy you  
anything you want -a car, bling.

JILLIAN  
Get the silver spoon out of your  
mouth.

Tom pretends to have a spoon in his mouth.

TOM  
(garbled)  
Ah buy oo anything oo ant.

JILLIAN  
(mimicking)  
Oo need ah yob- a job.

TOM  
No problem. CEO in five years.

JILLIAN  
Get an interview first.

TOM  
Got one- a small agency.

Tom pops the wine cork for emphasis.

JILLIAN  
Get out. That's great.

TOM  
Don't know if I want it. Pretty  
bush.

Jillian is feeding Tom watermelon. She smushes it in his  
face.

JILLIAN  
Geez Tom, just be happy someone  
wants you.

TOM  
Okay, don't do that. Man, now I  
don't even want to ask you.

Tom wipes his face on the blanket.

JILLIAN

What?

TOM

Forget it.

There is a long pause as Jillian waits Tom out. Distant lightening. Tom rubs his head.

Jill makes the occasional mocking face at Tom.

Lightening flares over the lake.

TOM (CONT'D)

Okay, I was going to ask if you'd be pre-engaged to me.

He holds out a cheap ring box.

JILLIAN

Pre-engaged? What the hell is that? For people who can't commit? I'm not telling anyone I'm pre-engaged.

TOM

Well, I thought it was a good Valentine's gift- time to think.

JILLIAN

Nearly two years!

TOM

(showing his temper)  
I thought this is what you wanted. What do you want?

Tom shows small signs of dizziness.

TOM (CONT'D)

I don't want to be tied down yet.

JILLIAN

Tied?

TOM

Just forget it.

He angrily throws the ring into the water, reeling a little. Jillian is shocked.

JILLIAN

Omigod. I didn't mean-

Tom collapses again as lightening lights up the sky.

He vaults into another electrically-charged, fast forward.

*INT. UNIVERSITY GYM -NIGHT*

*In a fast-forward haze, the basketball team is in a time out during a game. There are five seconds on the clock, and Tom's home team is down by one point.*

*The same "Arkells" song is heard in the background.*

*TOM*

*Fuck off Coach. I'm last shot. I'm  
always last shot.*

*The whistle blows and play resumes. Tom charges down the court with the ball.*

*Jillian is in the stands cuddling with handsome, rebound date, DAVID, 20, wearing a Faculty of Nursing sweatshirt and screaming at Tom.*

*DAVID*

*Pass the ball, Sanderson. Share the  
rock, asshole.*

*Tom angrily goes up for a dunk, is rejected, and comes down on top of a defender.*

*Tom's snaps his leg bone grotesquely and he goes down in pain with the white bone jutting through his skin.*

*The buzzer sounds. The flash forward sparks out.*

*INT. TOM'S BEDROOM IN A STUDENT HOUSE - NIGHT*

*SUPER: FEBRUARY 14 2015*

*Tom awakens bolt upright in his sweaty bed, moaning and holding his ankle.*

*He looks at his bedside cellphone showing 11 pm, jumps out of bed fully clothed and runs out with beer in hand from his bedroom bar fridge.*

*INT. BEN AND TOM'S LIVINGROOM IN SAME HOUSE -CONTINUOUS*

*Ben is meditating in front of a Hindu altar.*

Tom runs in, throwing on a coat and shoes in a flurry.

BEN  
(sarcastically)  
Come on in. I'm not doing anything.

TOM  
What the hell do you get out of  
that?

BEN  
(sarcastically)  
I dunno. Eons of ancient knowledge.  
Comfort in traditions?

Tom puts his beer on the altar. Ben quickly removes it.

TOM  
Whatever. That's that karma shit,  
right?

BEN  
Not exactly how we phrase it but  
yes.

TOM  
How can you believe that crap and  
study physics too?

BEN  
They're quite compatible actually.  
Cause and effect.

TOM  
I asked Jill to be pre-engaged. She  
said no.

BEN  
I'm sorry. Is that it then?

TOM  
No. I think she's still going to my  
parents. She just doesn't want to  
be pre-engaged for some stupid  
reason. I think it's my scars.

BEN  
She's not that shallow.

TOM  
I threw the ring in the lake.

BEN

You're an idiot. Jill must have been livid.

TOM

I dunno. I blacked out. Saw my last game of the year.

BEN

And...?

TOM

Not good.

BEN

So, you insult someone, you get pissed off and then you see the future. Seems like cause and effect to me.

TOM

So you think I should get pissed off more to see the future.

BEN

You're an idiot. Be nice and get nice back.

TOM

I'm nice.

BEN

You're nice when you want something.

Tom gets on a nearby laptop and pulls up a betting site.

TOM

Eat shit.

BEN

Are you keeping track of everything?

TOM

Mostly. Some dates are messed. In the basketball dream, I miss the winning basket and we lose.

BEN

What are you doing?

TOM  
I am betting \$10,000 of my car  
savings on us losing.

BEN  
Please tell me you're using a  
fictitious name.

TOM  
Yours.

BEN  
No!

Ben tries to stop him but gets shoved back hard.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Fuck you.

Ben stomps off. Tom hits enter and runs out, yelling back.

TOM  
You'll give me the winnings, right?

EXT. JILLIAN'S APARTMENT -LATER

Tom is knocking ferociously at Jill's door. She answers, half  
asleep.

TOM  
What are you doing asleep already?

JILLIAN  
I dunno-sleeping?

TOM  
Let me in.

INT. JILLIAN'S APARTMENT EXT. HALLWAY -CONTINUOUS

TOM  
Anyone here?

JILLIAN  
No.

TOM  
Okay. Jill, I'm sorry about today.  
I hope we're good.

JILLIAN  
You're apologizing.

TOM

Best I can.

JILLIAN

You understand why pre-engagements suck.

TOM

No, but if you don't want it, we won't do it. You're still on for my parents, right?

JILLIAN

You're unbelievable. I guess so.

TOM

Okay good. Do you know any male nurses?

JILLIAN

Um, my uncle?

TOM

Okay good.

He kisses her and looks expectantly.

JILLIAN

Oh alright, do you want a beer or something?

EXT. TOM'S PARENTS' UPSCALE HOUSE- DAY

SUPER: FEBRUARY 15 2015

Nervous Tom approaches the front door with truculent Jillian a few steps behind.

TOM

Okay, we've got this, right?

JILLIAN

I'm here.

INT. TOM'S PARENTS' UPSCALE HOME -CONTINUOUS

LORNA SANDERSON, Mrs Cleaver-ish 47, is in her pristine kitchen. TOM SANDERSON SR, greying and svelte, 47, watches television in the living room.

TOM  
Hey Mom. Dad.

LORNA  
Hello! Hello, nice to meet you.

TOM  
Mom, this is Jillian. This is my  
Mom, Lorna, and my Dad, Tom.

TOM SR.  
Come on in. The golf game is on.  
Let me pour us a Scotch, Tommy. How  
do you like the new TV?

LORNA  
Oh Tommy, it's good to see you. So  
good.

Lorna gives Tom a big hug and holds his hand for an extended  
time.

LORNA (CONT'D)  
Please sit down. Turn it down Tom.  
Now Tommy has told us almost  
nothing about you, Jillian. How did  
you meet?

TOM  
Mom.

LORNA  
Okay, okay - getting food.

TOM SR.  
How's school going Tommy?

TOM  
Fine, Dad.

TOM SR.  
Keeping the marks up?

TOM  
Yep.

TOM SR.  
Do you need money?

TOM  
I'm good.

TOM SR.  
Here's a couple of bucks.

Tom Sr peels off \$200 and gives it to Tom.

TOM SR. (CONT'D)

Floor time?

TOM

Lots.

TOM SR.

Average?

TOM

25.2 points, 5 dimes.

TOM SR.

Don't push it. We don't need you in the hospital again.

LORNA

I hate hospitals. Tom -kitchen.

Tom Senior leaves, watching golf over his shoulder.

TOM SR.

But they're on the 18th...

JILLIAN

Pretty good at lying.

TOM

None of their business.

Jillian looks at one of the many family photos.

JILLIAN

This you?

TOM

Yeah, ten or so.

JILLIAN

You have a brother?

TOM

That's Tory.

JILLIAN

You never said-

TOM

He died. Leukaemia.

The television flickers. Tom shows small signs of dizziness.

JILLIAN  
Oh wow, I didn't know.

TOM  
I never told you.

Tom gets a purse off a shelf and takes one hundred dollars.

JILLIAN  
Tom!

TOM  
She won't even notice.

JILLIAN  
Oh my god.

She turns a cold shoulder to Tom as he pockets money.

LORNA (O.S.)  
Okay, supper is ready.

Tom and Jill sit at the dining room table.

LORNA (CONT'D)  
Sit anywhere. I hear you're a tennis player, Jillian.

TOM  
She won regional singles.

LORNA  
You must be good. Our Tory was a nationally ranked swimmer. Tor-Tommy, are you going to move home after graduation?

Tom seethes then becomes dizzy.

TOM  
I doubt it.

LORNA  
I wish you would. That accident was so-

TOM  
I'm fine. I've got an interview for a big advertising job. Then, I'll do anything you-

In the background, the television falters and goes black. Tom momentarily sparks into a fast forward much like a Petit Mal.

*EXT. GRAVE YARD -DAY*

*27 year old Tom and 51 year old Lorna at TOM SR's grave marked August 10,1958-June 3, 2019.*

*TOM (CONT'D)  
- anything you want Mom. Do you need money?*

*LORNA  
What I want, money can't buy.*

*Tommy and Lorna hold each other and cry. The fast forward reverses in a electric blur.*

*INT. PARENT'S DININGROOM - CONTINUOUS*

*Tom's parents and Jill are reviving the dazed Tom.*

*LORNA (CONT'D)  
Tommy, snap out of it.*

*TOM SR.  
What's wrong?*

*JILLIAN  
He's been having these at school.*

*TOM SR.  
You're not going back.*

*TOM  
I'm going back.*

*TOM SR.  
We're getting you to a doctor.*

*TOM  
I'm seeing a doctor.*

*TOM SR.  
You'll see my doctor.*

*TOM  
Don't tell me what to do.*

*TOM SR.  
You're not leaving this house.*

*TOM  
Watch me.*

Tom storms out slamming the door behind him.

JILLIAN

I'm sorry. I'll keep an eye on him.

Jillian follows Tom out to the car.

INT. TOM'S BEAT UP CAR -CONTINUOUS

Tom guns the car and pulls away angrily. A few hundred yards down the road Tom stops the car next to a transformer.

He holds his head in pain.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

Are you going to keep ignoring the blackouts?

TOM

Yes.

JILLIAN

Really.

TOM

You don't know the half of it.

JILLIAN

Enlighten me.

TOM

I black out, I see the future.

JILLIAN

This again?

TOM

Ever since the accident-

JILLIAN

You've become Superman.

TOM

No, I just dream bad things, everything goes wrong.

JILLIAN

What did you see just now?

TOM

My Mom crying over my Dad's grave  
saying 'money can't buy Dad back...  
oh.

JILLIAN

Well, that's going to happen some  
day.

TOM

Money- I took her money from her  
purse. It's connected.

JILLIAN

What?

TOM

I'm sure I'm controlling this  
somehow. Or maybe when I'm angry?

The transformer buzzes.

Tom rubs his eyes and is distracted.

JILLIAN

You alright?

Tom slumps and sparks into a fast forwards.

*EXT. TENNIS COURT -NIGHT*

*Panicked Tom kneels beside a writhing Jill who is holding her  
injured ankle. Tennis racquets and broken orange juice  
bottles are scattered beside them.*

TOM

*You alright? I'm so sorry.*

JILLIAN

*Oh my god. I tore something.  
Owww...*

*Tom picks up an orange juice bottle and smashes it on the  
court. He reverses back to the present.*

*INT. TOM'S CAR -CONTINUOUS*

Tom straightens up from his slump, dazed.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

You okay?

TOM

I don't know.

JILLIAN

I am driving home.

They get out of the car and exchange seats.

EXT. TO INT. CAMPUS CLOCK TOWER- NIGHT

SUPER: FEBRUARY 16 2015

Tom runs across the dark campus to the clock tower that reads 10:43. He uses a credit card to jimmy the lock of the tower.

He dashes up the stairs where Ben, Janet and Jillian are sitting on lawn chairs by the large clock face with their beer and pizza.

The housing around the clock is strewn with cigarette butts, beer cans and garbage.

TOM

S'up?

JANET

Really Tom, it's just a matter of time before you're late.

TOM

Buzzkill. Where's my beer?

JANET

You shouldn't be drinking on medication.

TOM

Gotta wash them down. Great news! Jill and I are not pre-engaged.

Jill shoots a disgusted look.

JANET

What?

TOM

Just kidding. Big news is I did a shoot around with the team today.

JANET

A what? Never mind. I don't care.

TOM

I'll get limited minutes next week,  
but I'll play and slay.

Tom back hugs the aloof Jillian and they survey the campus below.

TOM (CONT'D)

And... I had another interview  
today at a big firm in the city.

BEN

Congratulations!

TOM

It handles all the big accounts.  
Looks awesome.

JANET

Congratulations Tom.

Tom happily hugs Jill and surveys the view.

TOM

Best view on campus.

BEN

Cheers to that. Oh hey. More news.

JANET

I'm a professional student! I got  
into law school.

TOM

Awesome. That's great.

JILLIAN

Congratulations.

TOM

More student debt for you, Janny.

The computerized, tower clock buzzes to life.

TOM (CONT'D)

Wait for it.

They all hold their ears as the electronic chimes tolls once for the quarter hour. They kiss their partners on cue, Jillian less enthusiastically.

BEN  
 (seamlessly)  
 I'm try to get a job in town.

JANET  
 He'll go back to grad school after  
 I'm done.

JILLIAN  
 Wow, lots of changes.

TOM  
 I am so done. Get on with life. I  
 know what I need to know.

JANET  
 You always know everything.

The computer clock buzzes in the background. Tom bites his lip.

TOM  
 I just mean I'm ready to move on.  
 Geez, I'd kill to get that job I  
 interviewed for-

JILLIAN  
 --and leave me behind.

TOM  
 Oh, you know there's no place I'd  
 rather be than --

As the computer clock buzz intensifies and blows a fuse, Tom blacks out and fast forwards.

*EXT. MCDUGALL'S SMALL OFFICE -DAY*

*Recent graduate Tom, 24, hungover but power-dressed, enters unimpressive office's glass, front door, briefcase in hand.*

*He has a prosthetic left arm that is barely visible.*

*INT. MCDUGALL'S OFFICE -CONTINUOUS*

*Tom is led to a cubicle by AN EXECUTIVE, 46. Tom's waiting laptop has a McDougall Advertising logo on it.*

TOM  
 -- than here. I am very happy to be  
 working here.

## EXECUTIVE

Well, we're very impressed with your school marks and interview. I hope you have a long career with McDougall Advertising.

A well-dressed, twenty-six year old woman resembling Jillian with glimmering red hair, ROSEMARY, walks authoritatively into the cubicle and sits primly at the other desk.

## EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)

Oh Rosemary, I'd like you to meet Tom Sanderson. He's your new cellmate. Rosemary Anderson.

## ROSEMARY

A pleasure.

## EXECUTIVE

Rosemary will get you going on HR forms. Happy to have you aboard.

Tom points to Rosemary then himself.

## TOM

Anderson. Sanderson. You got ripped off on a consonant.

Rosemary smiles weakly.

## ROSEMARY

Here, fill these out.

## TOM

Of course.

Combination montage and telephone voiceover:

Tom is seen working busily at desk in the fast paced office.

Next, he leads animated discussions with two co-workers.

## TOM (V.O. PHONE) (CONT'D)

Hi, Rosemary? This is Tom Sanderson with an S. How are you?

Tom works late into the night alone in the office. The date on the office phone shows Sep. 1, 2015.

## ROSEMARY (V.O. PHONE)

Just fine... Tom.

*Tom is rushing to work, walking through busy streets, briefcase in hand.*

*TOM (V.O.)  
I know it is probably against  
company policy, but I like to live  
on the edge. Would you have dinner  
with me tonight?*

*ROSEMARY (V.O.)  
Dinner?*

*TOM (V.O.)  
You eat, don't you?*

*Tom presents a campaign in an upscale boardroom (as in his first vision after the accident.)*

*ROSEMARY (V.O.)  
Well, yes. Sure, we can do dinner.*

*In 60 year old CEO PETER MCDOUGALL'S glass-walled office, Tom is shaking hands.*

*TOM (V.O.)  
Great. Eight o'clock then. Do you  
like flowers?*

*Tom and Rosemary walk hand in hand, Rosemary tittering girlishly.*

*ROSEMARY (V.O.)  
Yes, very much so. You're going to  
go all out, uh? Very smooth.*

*Tom and Rosemary play with puppy Bassett hound. Rosemary smacks the dog on the nose and scolds him.*

*Tom and Rosemary are looking at a Mustang car in a showroom. Rosemary insistently pulls Tom towards a mini van. Tom refuses and marches back to the sports car, shaking the SALESMAN'S hand as he buys it.*

*TOM (V.O.)  
You know it. Go big or go home.  
I'll pick some flowers - I'll pick  
up some flowers for you. See you  
shortly.*

*EXT. SYMPHONY HALL - NIGHT*

Tom and Rosemary, dressed up, are walking out of a symphony concert hand in hand. A marquee indicates February 1 2016 and that they heard Beethoven's Symphony No. 9.

Tom pulls up flowers from a public garden to give to Rosemary, but she frowns at him and he stops dejectedly.

ROSEMARY

That was glorious music.

TOM

Ya, it was pretty good.

ROSEMARY

We should go to Vienna.

TOM

Sure-why?

ROSEMARY

We could take in one of those music tours and hear some great concerts there.

TOM

That would be alright, I guess.

ROSEMARY

It would be so much fun. I'll look into it tomorrow.

They hop into Rosemary's red car. She drives.

TOM

Have you met the new guy in our department yet?

ROSEMARY

Not yet.

TOM

Seems like a dick.

ROSEMARY

Now Tom, everyone has value if you give them enough time.

TOM

I guess. What time do you have?

ROSEMARY

Eleven o'clock.

*TOM*  
*Time for a late night snack?*

*ROSEMARY*  
*Sure.*

*They drive on.*

*INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT -LATER*

*Tom and Rosemary have just been served their appetizers by a young WAITER.*

*ROSEMARY (CONT'D)*  
*(overly upset)*  
*Tommy, my calamari is all wrong.*

*TOM*  
*Waiter, take this back please.*

*WAITER*  
*But the kitchen is closing.*

*TOM*  
*Bring us another!*

*Waiter retrieves plate.*

*ROSEMARY*  
*(indignantly to waiter)*  
*Thank-you.*  
*(sugar sweet to Tom)*  
*You're sweet to make such a big deal over six months.*

*TOM*  
*Count each and every day.*  
*Had Eddie assigned some one else to fill out my HR forms, I might be dating Brad Polanski right now.*

*Rosemary affects a fake, little laugh.*

*ROSEMARY*  
*Polanski will have to look for someone else.*

*TOM*  
*Rosemary, I think I'm done looking.*  
*I know it's only been a little while, but I am very sure about this.*

*Tom gets down on one knee.*

TOM (CONT'D)  
Will you marry--

INT. TOM'S VP OFFICE -EVENING

*Tom, 26 years old, is sitting in a bigger, posh office his VP nameplate on the desk. The computer screen indicates July 15, 2017.*

*Another combination montage and telephone voiceover with Rosemary on her carphone:*

TOM  
-- no place I'd rather be than with  
you, but I've got a pile of work  
tonight.

*Flashback to Tom and Rosemary, in non-descriptive wedding attire, kiss and cut a wedding cake.*

ROSEMARY  
(over phone angrily)  
6 months, Tom!

*Moving into a nice home. He places a photo on a table. She corrects him and moves it somewhere else.*

TOM  
It's not a biggie. 1 year  
anniversaries are the biggies.  
You're cutting out. Where are you?

*Both drunk, they fight in the living room and Rosemary throws a wine bottle.*

ROSEMARY  
On the Wilson ramp to the freeway.

*Tom back in his office on phone.*

TOM  
Can I take you out to dinner  
tomorrow?

ROSEMARY  
No! I've got the gym tomorrow and  
you promised -Ohhhh-

*Over the phone Tom hears a screech of brakes and a scream and then the line goes dead.*

*Montage in a silent, post-trauma fog:*

*A MINISTER provides the service around the open grave with 25 year old Tom, Ben, Janet, and parents in attendance.*

*Arriving in his home, his basset hound is lying in front of the door. Tom, in funeral suit, prods him with his foot through the door to get him out of the way.*

*Alone, he clicks at the TV aimlessly.*

*Tom, in a white t-shirt and shorts, is lying in bed on top of the covers late at night staring blankly.*

*Tom takes the morning garbage to the curb in front of his home.*

*A distant clock tower chimes eleven o'clock. He picks out a woman's deodorant stick from the garbage can and breaks down crying.*

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: FEBRUARY 16 2015

College Tom is lying semi-conscious on the examination table, clutching a roll of bandages and silently crying. Jillian is holding his hand.

DOCTOR THOMSON is finishing the examination.

DOCTOR THOMSON

I'm going to up your meds a bit to see if we can control the seizures. Just some fine tuning.

The doctor leaves.

TOM

How long?

JILLIAN

About two hours.

Tom sits up wobbly and gives Jillian a long, terrified hug.

TOM

Jill, it was a bad one. I got a job at some sketchy agency called McDougall's.

JILLIAN  
You got a job. Well, that IS a  
dream-

TOM  
They're hella bad. I think it was  
you.

JILLIAN  
Me?

TOM  
In a car accident.

JILLIAN  
I'm right here.

TOM  
I think I killed you.

JILLIAN  
Tom, stop it.

TOM  
I'm losing it.

JILLIAN  
Quit it.

TOM  
You're the constant...

Tom breaks down and cries, held up by sympathetic Jillian.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I'll try to be better. I'll try.  
This is too much....

JILLIAN  
We've got this.

INT. A PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO- DAY

SUPER: FEBRUARY 17 2015

Ben and Tom are fitted in graduation cap and gowns. Tom looks  
like a bag of dirt but is bandage free.

A large, photo, wall calendar -February 2015 visible.

Tom pays the photographer with his debit card.

TOM

Why do I feel everyone's got their hand in my pocket during graduation?

BEN

How did your second interview go?

TOM

Good-good. Man, I'm tired.

BEN

What's up?

TOM

Nothing. I got the job actually.

BEN

This isn't the calm reaction I expected.

TOM

Well, it's with a small ad agency about three hours away.

BEN

And...?

TOM

It's called McDougall Advertising. That's the place I dreamt about.

BEN

Karma.

TOM

Just go back to your fat little Buddha.

BEN

Hindi, asshole. How far this time?

TOM

I dunno. Maybe next year? Started good with the job, but finished terrible. Just get to the good stuff, right?

BEN

Like what?

TOM

Like being rich.

BEN

Wow.

The sound of the electronic camera shutter is heard in the background with a PHOTOGRAPHER giving posing instructions. Tom touches his temple.

TOM

Go chant to yourself.

BEN

Selfish prick.

Tom's aggressive shove catches Ben off-guard and he goes sprawling.

TOM

I am not selfish-

Tom sits and has a Petit Mal fast forward at the sound of the next shutter click.

*INT. BEN AND JANET'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT*

*Older Ben, and Janet both 26, with drunk Tom visiting.*

BEN

*You're still cheap.*

*Ben reaches for a drink and overshoots it, spilling it. Ben, struggling to walk with a cane, goes to the kitchen to get a cloth.*

TOM

*No I'm not. I gave a quarter to a street person last week.*

JANET

*(indicating Ben)  
Having a rough day. Neurologist appointment tomorrow.*

*The scene reverses back.*

*INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO - CONTINUOUS*

Tom is dazed in his chair with Ben getting off the floor to assist him.

BEN  
Wake up, Tom.

TOM  
You okay?

BEN  
Bad?

TOM  
Yes

BEN  
What happened?

Tom goes to tell Ben but thinks better of it.

TOM  
I don't remember.

Ben gets in Tom's face threateningly.

BEN  
And if you ever touch me again, or  
Janet, or Jillian, I'll kill you.  
Understand?

Ben leaves upset.

BEN (CONT'D)  
We're on the same team, asshole.

EXT. OUTDOOR TENNIS COURT - NIGHT LATER

Tom and Jillian are scaling the tall, tennis court fence with equipment and orange juice bottles in hand.

The courts are padlocked.

They are loud, laughing and drunk.

Tom makes it into the court but Jillian is so drunk that she is stuck at the top.

TOM  
C'mon. You can do it.

JILLIAN  
I'm scared.

TOM  
You need some liquid courage.

Tom climbs up the fence and force feeds her some orange juice and vodka.

JILLIAN  
Mmmm, good orange juice.

TOM  
Oh, there's more vodka than OJ in there.

JILLIAN  
I think I'm driniked.

TOM  
C'mon, I wanna kick your ass. I'll catch you.

He climbs down.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I'll catch you.

She throws down her racquet and he bobbles it.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I'll catch you.

She jumps and gets caught in the fence, landing hard on one leg. Tom does not catch her.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You alright? I'm so sorry!

JILLIAN  
Oh my god. I tore something.  
Owww...

Jillian's foot is at an unnatural angle.

TOM  
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I knew this was going to happen.

Angrily, Tom smashes the vodka and orange juice bottle then calls for help on his cell.

INT. FRAT HOUSE NIGHT -NIGHT -LATER

A loud, party is underway. Tom is drunkenly entertaining a group in the living room while Ben is nearby.

Tom still wears his tennis clothes and finds a tennis ball in the pocket that he uses to emphasize his rants.

He is standing chest to chest with a MALE DRUNK STUDENT, 21 years old.

TOM (CONT'D)

And I've already got a job lined up and it's a great, and I'm good at basketballing and, and I have a super power.

DRUNK

You are one ugly son of a bitch.

TOM

I'm not ugly!

DRUNK

Fucking drunk jocks.

Tom starts pushing the other student.

BEN

C'mon Tom. Let's bounce.

TOM

This guy thinks I have a drinking problem. Look, drink-

Tom picks up and gulps a beer.

TOM (CONT'D)

-- no problem.

Tom pours the beer on the drunk student and a nearby sound system causing it to sizzle and smoke. Tom holds his head in reaction to the sizzling.

The student pushes back, which develops into a full blown, fist fight. Tom knocks the student out cold.

Tom grabs a large jug of beer to drink.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'll show you drinking. Just watch me drink you--

Tom collapses into another fast forward.

*INT. SEEDY BAR - NIGHT*

*Older Tom, 27, is totally smashed and is talking to a disinterested PATRON, 60 years old at the bar.*

TOM (CONT'D)  
-- drink you under the table any day.

*The patron leaves to another area of the bar.*

TOM (CONT'D)  
Another Scotch, Billy-boy.

*BARTENDER BILL, 35, indicates no more drinks.*

TOM (CONT'D)  
Ah, c'mon. Just one.

*Tom drains the dregs of his current drink, looking for someone to talk to. He puts his head down.*

*OLDER BEN, 26, enters the bar relying heavily on a cane, looking for Tom.*

BEN  
(to bartender)  
Thanks for calling me, Bill. Let's get you home.

TOM  
No, I'm okay, Ben. Let's go to the frat party.

*Ben leads Tom out the door.*

*INT. TOM'S LUXURIOUS HOUSE-LATER*

*Ben helps Tom into his house. Tom pushes the basset hound off the bed and flops down.*

TOM (CONT'D)  
Ben, the visions are all messed up.

*Tom falls asleep.*

BEN  
I know buddy.

*INT. TOM'S OFFICE, MCDUGALLS -DAY*

*Hung over 27 y.o. Tom, at his desk, pushes an aspirin bottle around with a pencil.*

*He grabs a flask out of the drawer for a nip and yells out the door.*

*TOM*

*Jackie, do you have the stuff for the Randell project?*

*JACKIE, a hip, disinterested 24 year old, graphic designer, in an adjoining office.*

*JACKIE*

*(shouting)*

*We closed that file while you were off.*

*Tom goes to her office door with a file of papers.*

*TOM*

*Without asking me?*

*JACKIE*

*They needed it. Sorry.*

*TOM*

*Who the hell decided that?*

*JACKIE*

*McDougall. Stop yelling.*

*Tom goes to the photocopier to copy his papers. The error light goes off, frustrating him. He slams the photocopier lid smashing it into pieces.*

*PETER MCDUGALL, suited perfectly, peeks around the corner.*

*TOM*

*Mr. McDougall, it broke.*

*Tom returns to Jackie's office.*

*TOM (CONT'D)*

*You couldn't wait til after my bereavement leave?*

*JACKIE*

*It happened like 6 months ago. Look, I don't make the decisions around here and don't yell at me. I'm not your mother.*

*Tom rips his jacket off the hanger and heads out of the office.*

*TOM*

*I have a migraine. I'm going home.*

*JACKIE*

*I told them migraine last time. And  
phone me when you get to the bar  
-oh, I mean home.*

*INT. TOM'S HOUSE -LATER*

*Tired and disheveled, Tom unlocks his house. He trips over the whimpering Bassett hound on the front mat.*

*TOM*

*Dammit Bowser.*

*He pops some pills and gulps a drink before reclining on the sofa. The hound rests his head sympathetically next to Tom's head. Tom closes his eyes in pain and nods off.*

*INT. FRONT DESK POLICE STATION - WEE HOURS OF MORNING*

*Super: FEBRUARY 18 2015*

*Tom resting his eyes in waiting area with pained look on face. Ben is led in and the accompanying OFFICER wakens Tom.*

*TOM (CONT'D)*

*What? Where?*

*BEN*

*Jail. You assaulted frat boy.*

*TOM*

*Don't tell Jillian.*

*BEN*

*About the criminal charge?*

*Tom signs papers at the desk and gets his phone and knapsack back.*

*TOM*

*No more drinking.*

*BEN*

*Ya, right.*

TOM

No, I promise. This reaches way beyond just tonight.

BEN

How far out are you?

TOM

The first ones were kind of random but now they're chronological. I think I'm about 27.

BEN

Good or bad?

TOM

All bad.

Ben is beside himself trying to explain.

BEN

Get your shit together! What you do now...I dunno what to -your present is your future!

TOM

Gotta pick up Jill.

Tom leaves followed by Ben.

BEN

Don't change the subject.

INT. TOM'S ROOM -Later

Tom helps Jillian on crutches with leg brace into room. He carries her gym bag.

TOM

Yeah, you know. I'll visit every weekend. It's going to be so cool.

JILLIAN

It's just two different worlds, that's all. You'll be all working and adulting and I'll be here.

TOM

Which means I can buy you all sorts of stuff. Cars -I'm going to get my Mustang, a house...

Tom quickly kisses her as she contemplates his offer.

JILLIAN

That would be alright too. I love you.

TOM

Me too.

JILLIAN

Tom, I want to get married. Not later -sooner.

TOM

Don't go there.

JILLIAN

This is not the response I was hoping for.

TOM

Just a little sudden.

JILLIAN

You were the one talking pre-engagements.

TOM

Yeah, right. I meant down the road - in the future.

JILLIAN

It's always the future. I don't want to feel like I'm selling this to you but--

TOM

No- don't, but--

JILLIAN

Damn it Tom, two years-- Are we just hanging out 'til something better comes along?

TOM

Are you really ready for this? Don't you want to make sure?

JILLIAN

Oh my god. You want to look around. You're not still fooling around are you?

Jillian begins gathering her things frantically and leaves, limping.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

It really is a crapshoot, isn't it?  
It's just pure luck if it works.  
You are so self-centred.

TOM

I am not.

Jillian returns abruptly.

JILLIAN

You know what Tom? Over time even  
your indecision becomes a decision,  
doesn't it.

TOM

Look, you should stay here. I'll  
take care of you, get you to  
classes.

JILLIAN

That'd be a first.

TOM

I insist. It's all my fault.

JILLIAN

Climbing the fence or our fucked up  
relationship?

TOM

Both, but ya, I saw the whole thing  
at my parents.

JILLIAN

Your fucking dreams again.

TOM

Yes. I saw you fall.

JILLIAN

Self-fulfilling prophecy. I'm outta  
here.

TOM

Call it whatever you want but I saw  
it. Something electrical- Ben says  
you can live simultaneously and  
there's the black holes and if I  
meet my self the energies will  
explode.

JILLIAN

What the fuck are you talking  
about? Prove it.

Tom defiantly sticks a knife in a toaster and pushes the lever down. He is electrocuted into a blackout and convulses wildly on the floor.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

Oh fuck! Ben! Call 911!

(These fast forwards show signs of peaking electrical malfunction, and sputtering out.)

*EXT. HIGHWAY ON RAMP -AFTERNOON*

*Close up of red car with woman's bloodied hand hanging out shattered window.*

*INT. TOM'S LUXURIOUS BEDROOM*

*Tom staring at ceiling as before.*

*EXT. TOM'S NICE HOME- DAY*

*Tom greets an approaching MIDDLE AGED COUPLE as they approach the front door. They shake hands and Tom heads towards his car.*

*He calls back and his basset hound bounds out the door and follows him.*

*A sold sign is on the front lawn.*

*Tom climbs in a jammed-full, beat up, old Ford Mustang. He stacks his forlorn Basset on the back ledge of the car.*

*EXT. SKETCHY APARTMENT BUILDING -LATER*

*Tom pulls up in the packed car.*

*INT. TOM'S CRUMMY BACHELOR APARTMENT -CONTINUOUS*

*Tom brings the last box in the door and piles it with a modest stack of possessions thrown in the single, dirty room.*

*His stocking feet stick to the floor as he walks across the kitchen.*

*He turns on a tap and it sputters out brown gunk.*

*He gives the dog a shove off the couch and falls asleep.*

*INT. MCDUGALL'S OFFICE - DAY*

*Tom is standing in front of PETER MCDUGALL in his office. The door with CEO Peter McDougall on the door.*

*Tom is ranting.*

*TOM*

*--I'm fine on my own. I don't need this agency. And there will be a wrongful dismissal case, don't you worry.*

*PETER*

*We're offering a fair severance that I suggest you take. Get some help---*

*TOM*

*I don't want to hear it. You owe me big time.*

*Tom slams the door on his frenzied way out.*

*PETER*

*Tom, it's only been 3 years...*

*EXT. MCDUGALL BUILDING -SAME*

*Tom fumbles out the front door with his box of office possessions. He smashes the box into the back seat of his dumpy Mustang.*

*EXT. DRY DOCK -DAY*

*Tom, in casual clothes, tapes a 'for sale' sign to his boat that bears the name "Just in Time." He hits the boat and walks away angrily. His cell phone rings.*

*TOM*

*Hello.*

LORNA (V.O. PHONE)  
 Tommy. Get home. Your father... Dad  
 is dead.

*The malfunctioning fast forwards sputters out to a new type of vision.*

(Visions' Turning Point: now in reverse. They look different than the fast forwards and show previous events but from a distance and with Tom manipulating the outcome.)

*INT. MCDOUGALL'S OFFICE - DAY*

*Tom is standing in front of PETER MCDOUGALL in his office. The door with CEO Peter McDougall on it is closed door.*

*The action is seen through the glass wall from a distance and the voices are muffled.*

PETER  
 We're offering a fair severance  
 that I suggest you take. Get some  
 help---

TOM  
 I don't want to hear it. You owe me  
 big time. A year's wages minimum!

*Tom slams the door on his frenzied way out.*

(TRANSITION POINT: The next scenes include SUPERS and have the same clear look as the college scenes indicating that they are the new reality.)

*INT. TOM'S DISMAL APARTMENT - NIGHT*

*SUPER: June 3 2018*

*27 y.o., bearded Tom is passed out drunk on the couch still in his funeral suit with an assortment of alcohol bottles, funeral flowers and funeral programs around him.*

*A persistent pounding on the door.*

*Tom slides off the couch, then gets his hand stuck on a magazine. After shaking free from the magazine, he carefully steps over the dog.*

Wobbling Tom answers the door.

Ben 27, using a cane, looks at Tom and then the empty bottles.

BEN  
Oh, this isn't good.

TOM  
I should've quit drinking.

BEN  
I haven't heard from you since the funeral. Oh man, your breath. You should be out of this phase soon. Visions?

TOM  
Not many, but bad.

BEN  
Positive thoughts. Keep trying.

Tom looks at him in disbelief.

TOM  
The visions are going in reverse now.

BEN  
Backwards?

TOM  
Yeah.

BEN  
Not just memories?

TOM  
As far as I can remember, there are details that never happened- it's different.

BEN  
How far back are you?

TOM  
Getting fired.

BEN  
Okay. That's a week ago but a couple of years out from when you started the fast forwards.

TOM  
How much time before I meet myself?

BEN  
Hard to calculate, but do something  
before you back up further.

TOM  
I'll quit drinking.

BEN  
More than that! Either you change,  
or you change your visions.

Tom stands up but is still drunk and dizzy.

TOM  
I don't feel so good.

He sits and passes out on the couch.

*INT. SEEDY BAR RERUN - NIGHT*

*From a distance, Tom, 27, is totally smashed and is talking  
to a disinterested bar PATRON, 60 years old.*

TOM (CONT'D)  
-- drink you under the table any  
day.

*The patron leaves to another area of the bar.*

TOM (CONT'D)  
(to self)  
Another Scotch Billy Boy... no, I'm  
good, never mind.

*He puts his head down, passes out as the rest of the scene  
fades away.*

*OLDER BEN, 26 enters the bar relying heavily on a cane,  
looking for Tom.*

BEN  
(to bartender)  
Thanks for calling me, Bill. Let's  
get...

The reverse melts away.

INT. UNIVERSITY SQUASH COURT- DAY

SUPER: February 19 2015 (date still shown but disintegrating as college is no longer the reality)

University Ben and Tom are in a heated squash match.

TOM

-- and electricity will do it too.

BEN

Well, you dreamt you'd get a job and you did.

TOM

I also saw breaking up with Jill and her torn ankle. I've also seen that I lose that job, and you getting multiple sclerosis.

The game stops dead.

BEN

I get M.S?

TOM

Sorry. I don't want to believe those. I can't tell what's real anymore.

BEN

M.S.? You think I get MS and you're not even trying to change? Can't you see the connection?

TOM

No, it's electrical-

BEN

Try anything! Try sobering up again.

TOM

Already quit. I'm sure it's electrical. The weird part is when I'm older me, I back up in time.

BEN

Isn't that just remembering?

TOM

No- some in-between stage where I'm revisiting memories but they're not accurate.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

So like yesterday I re-lived a bender in a bar but I changed the outcome.

BEN

You're bouncing back. How old were you?

TOM

My ID said 27.

BEN

Give me your journal.

Tom retrieves the book from his knapsack and Ben pours over it.

BEN (CONT'D)

Let me think. You've covered about 3 and half years of your future in 10 days. No look - exactly 1200 days, so 1 present day equals 10 future days. Get a date calculator up.

Tom opens his laptop

BEN (CONT'D)

What was the date you reversed to? Here it is -May 24. So reversed 10 days since yesterday- makes sense- and that started on your projected date of June 3 2018 when your Dad dies.

Ben punches in some dates on the laptop.

BEN (CONT'D)

March that back...and forward from here, and you get June 7 or 8th depending on what time of day you reversed ---that's when you'll meet yourself.

TOM

June 8th is my start date for work. That's less than 4 months. Really? No, that's such crap. You don't really believe that.

BEN

Yah, I do and it's freaking me out. Will you please at least try?

TWO OTHER STUDENTS, 20, are waiting for the court.

TOM  
Look, I'll GRACIOUSLY give up our  
court early if that makes you feel  
better.

BEN  
Then call Jillian.

TOM  
I messed that up pretty much.

They exit the court as two students enter to play.

STUDENT ONE  
Damn, I forgot a ball.

TOM  
Here's one.

STUDENT ONE  
Thanks, bro.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SQUASH COURTS -CONTINUOUS

Tom and Ben are packing up their equipment.

BEN  
Figure out how to be better -  
please. Figure out what makes you  
happy, Tom.

TOM  
Jillian does.

INT. UNIVERSITY GYM - NEXT NIGHT

SUPER: FEB 20 2015

The basketball team is in a time out during a game. There is  
five seconds on the clock, and Tom's home team is down by one  
point.

The same "Arkells" song is heard in the background.

COACH  
You've barely played, Tom.

TOM  
Fuck off Coach. I'm last shot. I'm  
always last shot.

The whistle blows and play resumes. Tom charges down the court with the ball.

Jillian is in the stands cuddling with rebound date, DAVID, 20, wearing a Faculty of Nursing sweatshirt and screaming at Tom.

DAVID  
Pass the ball, Sanderson. Share the  
rock, asshole.

Tom runs in to dunk a shot aggressively but dishes off to Clarke at the elbow.

Clarke shoots and scores the buzzer beater. Tom comes down and lands on a defender, rolling his ankle a bit.

The electronic scoreboard's graphics show fireworks; loud music and indoor pyrotechnics; a laser light show bounces off the walls in celebration.

Tom springs to his feet realizing he is only slightly injured, as the coach runs to him in celebration.

TOM  
I'm okay, okay. How's the other  
guy?

COACH  
He's okay. We won a game!

TOM  
We won. We won! Shit! My fucking  
car savings.

The laser light celebrations pick up intensity and Tom collapses, fast forwarding.

INT. TOM'S DISMAL APARTMENT- NIGHT

SUPER: - January 2 2019

Twenty-eight year old Tom is working on his flat screen computer. A new basset hound sleeps below the desk. The graphic on the screen says "Find Old School Chums."

He clicks the mouse, scrolls and stares at the screen.

TOM (CONT'D)

Wow. There they are.

Tom goes to type and stops. He gets up agitated and checks the fridge- two sodas and a moldy apple.

He wanders to the front door and picks up a huge stack of mail that has built up under the mail slot.

As he looks through the stack he comments on each envelope:

TOM (CONT'D)

Shit. Shit. More shit.

He returns to the computer.

TOM (CONT'D)

Okay. Just do it.

He types with one hand and the forefinger of his prosthetic hand.

The exchange is superimposed as he types.

TOM (S.I.) (CONT'D)

Hi Jillian. I saw your name on "Find Old School Chums." I know it's been years, but I was wondering how you are doing? Fill me in. Tom Sanderson

He hits send. Smiling contently, he goes to the fridge again to look absently into it.

An email dings. He spins and rushes back.

Tom reads:

JILLIAN (S.I.)

Online and saw your message. Still in town. Divorced for awhile. Working in advertising -your bad influence no doubt. Where are you? Jillian

He gets up and gives the forlorn basset a scratch. The dog tries to escape. He goes to type a reply.

TOM

Yes -no. I need a drink.

He turns on the tap water, looks over the discoloured liquid and gets a soda. He types and reads.

TOM (S.I.) (CONT'D)  
Working for McDougall's until a few months ago. Sorry about your divorce. I am widowed a couple of years. Ben and Janet are in the big city too. Hope you are well and let's get together sometime.  
Tom

He hits "send" with a flourish and goes to the filthy washroom to brush his teeth with a disgusting looking toothbrush. The hound licks something off the floor.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Okay, new toothbrush tomorrow.

The hound looks up at him.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Alright, some resumes too.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

SUPER: JANUARY 10 2019

28 year old Tom and Ben are mountain biking at a slower pace than their college days.

Ben's speech is slurred from M.S.

TOM (CONT'D)  
--going to get back into shape.

BEN  
So, you'll race me now?

They race with Tom trailing behind.

BEN (CONT'D)  
You've met someone.

TOM  
Have not.

BEN  
Yes you have.

TOM  
How can you possibly know that?

BEN  
You're shaving again. What's her name?

TOM  
Jillian.

Ben squeals to a stop.

BEN  
Jill? You gotta be kidding. Our Jillian?

TOM  
We haven't actually met yet.

BEN  
How is she?

TOM  
Good, I think.

BEN  
I haven't seen her since you guys broke up. That's so great. Janet stays in touch once in awhile but - oh I gotta tell Janet!

He retrieves his cell phone from a pocket and tips off his bike.

TOM  
One thing at a time, Benny.

Tom helps Ben off the ground.

INT. TOM'S DISMAL APARTMENT -NEXT DAY

Tom is on the computer. The new basset hound is draped across his lap. The following text messages are superimposed over Tom's actions.

TOM (SUPERIMPOSED)  
Hi Jillian. Glad to see you're on this morning.

JILLIAN (S.I.)  
I live on my computer. How are you?

Tom reads the answer and types.

TOM (S.I.)  
Doing okay, still looking for a  
job.

Tom reads the response.

JILLIAN (S.I.)  
Do you want me to put a word in for  
you at our firm?

Tom reads and types.

TOM (S.I.)  
Very kind, but I don't feel  
comfortable putting you on the  
spot. I've changed.

Tom reads.

JILLIAN (S.I.)  
We all change, Tom. It's called  
life.

Tom types.

TOM (S.I.)  
Well then I must have been doing a  
lot of living. It's been a  
struggle.

He reads the response.

JILLIAN (S.I.)  
Think of it as a wiggle -less  
daunting. Meet me at the pier where  
we used to go.

He types.

TOM (S.I.)  
Sure. Next week?

He reads the response.

JILLIAN (S.I.)  
Right now. Meet you there in three  
hours.

Tom is panicked. He types back frantically.

TOM (S.I.)  
You haven't lost your  
impulsiveness.

He reads again.

JILLIAN (S.I.)  
Don't make me beg.

He responds typing.

TOM (S.I.)  
Okay, three hours.

He hits "send" decisively. Suddenly, he panics.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Oh no-no- un-send, un-send. Ah  
shit.

Tom hurriedly gets ready.

He frantically digs clothes out of his wash hamper, tossing them wildly on top of the bed and the basset hound.

He shaves, then plucks his nose hair, cuts toenails on the sofa.

Ben knocks on the door and walks in wobbling on his cane and surveying the flurry of toenail clippings.

BEN  
You're going to see her.

TOM  
Ya.

INT. KITCHEN -LATER

Female hands pack a picnic basket of pizza, PB & J sandwiches, and watermelon. She throws a blanket and her car keys on top.

JILLAIN (O.S.)  
Oh, the wine.

EXT. THE PIER AT THE LAKEFRONT -LATER

Tom pulls up to the deserted pier in his beat up Mustang. He searches up and down the beach. He wanders down under the pier.

26 y.o. JILLIAN, fit, mature, and confident, is there with the identical picnic from five years prior.

JILLIAN  
Hey, welcome to my restaurant. I  
still can't cook.

They hug awkwardly.

TOM  
This is great. You look great. A  
picnic-great.

JILLIAN  
Great then.

TOM  
Yeah, great.

JILLIAN  
Sit down then.

TOM  
Great. This is great. You haven't  
changed. I'm so glad you answered  
my message. That was great.

JILLIAN  
Hey, it was you. I wanted to see  
how you turned out.

TOM  
And?

Jillian strolls around him, checking him out.

JILLIAN  
Not too bad for a dickwad. Want  
some PB & J?

TOM  
Wow, haven't had this since  
college.

JILLIAN  
Seems like we were just there.

TOM  
Thought we were so slammed then.

JILLIAN  
Weighty issues. What pair of jeans  
to buy, which course is easier?

TOM  
Who do I marry?

JILLIAN  
Ancient history, Tom.

TOM  
Who'd you end up marrying?

JILLIAN  
Oh, the first pair of pants that  
walked in the door.

TOM  
Nurse guy?

JILLIAN  
Ya.

TOM  
(mock agony)  
Ohhhhh! I knew it.

JILLIAN  
Bad way to pick a husband. But hey,  
at least we only screwed up one  
couple. And you?

TOM  
Her name was Rosemary.

JILLIAN  
I'm so sorry.

TOM  
Thanks. It's weird how time isn't  
important until we've already spent  
it.

JILLIAN  
How are your parents?

TOM  
It's just Mom. Dad died last year.

JILLIAN  
I'm so sorry.

TOM  
Yah. Our relationship wasn't great.  
That bothers me, but I can't fix  
everything.

JILLIAN  
Do you still get those strange  
dreams?

TOM  
Yeah, once in awhile.

JILLIAN  
Betcha didn't see this picnic  
coming.

TOM  
No, this was a total surprise.

Jillian impulsively kisses Tom.

JILLIAN  
Didn't see that coming either.

TOM  
Whoa, déjà vu.

JILLIAN  
I've been planning it for days.

They kiss again and non-verbally agree that it was pretty good.

TOM  
That in the plan?

JILLIAN  
Yep.

They kiss for a third time.

INT. DINING ROOM AT BEN AND JANET'S -NIGHT

SUPER: JANUARY 17 2019

Tom and Ben are readying to eat as Janet brings in a large vase of exotic flowers to the dining room.

Ben has a few involuntary spasms.

Tom helps Janet with the vase.

JANET  
The flowers are beautiful, Tom. It  
doesn't look like you yanked these  
ones up from the neighbour's.

TOM  
Ha. Ha.

BEN  
(slurred)  
Thirty resumes out? We have that  
many agencies in the city?

Ben shakily pours some wine and spills it. Janet wipes it up  
with his napkin.

TOM  
If you know of anything opening up.

Tom pulls out a chair for Janet.

JANET  
Wow, grew some manners.

TOM  
Just feeling good. I must've done  
something good in my childhood to  
be this lucky.

JANET  
Are you paraphrasing musicals now,  
Thomas?

TOM  
Shit, no. Really? No.

BEN  
Well, makes sense to be good now to  
pay it backwards too.

JANET  
What are you talking about? You  
look like you've lost some weight,  
Tom.

Ben shakily re-pours wine. Tom grabs a water pitcher and  
fills his own wine glass.

TOM  
Ben's biking obsession is helping.

BEN  
Recapturing youth.

JANET  
And Jillian?

TOM  
Like we never missed a beat. It's  
weird how your old friends lock  
right into your -something.

JANET

Into your being. They're part of who you are, Tom -your fabric. Sadly, we get credit for who you turned out to be.

BEN

Old friends are the best friends.

JANET

To old friends.

They toast.

Tom begins a reversal.

TOM

I don't feel good.

JANET

What's happening?

BEN

Tom, don't leave us. Come on buddy. Stay with us.

JANET

He still has these?

Tom slips into a Petit Mal, jagged reversals as the flashbacks malfunction badly.

*EXT. GRAVESIDE- DAY*

*26 y.o. Tom and Ben stand graveside amongst mourners and Minister as before. The grave stone reads Rosemary L. Anderson April 23 1990-July 18 2017.*

*INT. RESTAURANT -EVENING*

*TOM*

*I know it's only been a little while, but I am very sure about this.*

*Tom gets down on one knee.*

*TOM (CONT'D)*

*Will you be pre-engaged to me?*

*The vision fries out badly.*

EXT. COLLEGE QUAD- DAY

Tom and Ben are in graduation robes among other seated grads. A banner declares "Spring Convocation."

A grad passes by wearing a medal.

TOM  
Congrats on the class award,  
Lyndsay.

BEN  
(whispering to Tom)  
Should have been you.

TOM  
Well, Lyndsay worked hard for it.

An off-camera voice announces the class of 2015. A cheer goes up and Ben and Tom throw their mortar caps into the air.

BEN  
On to better things.

TOM  
I'd love to go back

BEN  
Huh?

TOM  
My future jumps are awesome now. I  
want to go back and see what  
happens.

BEN  
Awesome. Keep up the acts of  
kindness.

TOM  
I'm trying.

With diplomas in hand, Ben meets up with Janet.

Tom's Mom meets him and gives him a hug. Tom goes to give his father a hug but is rebuffed and receives a handshake instead.

LORNA  
Oh Tommy -Tom -we are so proud.

TOM SR.

Congratulations Tom. We were expecting that gold medal, but congratulations anyways.

LORNA

This should have been Tory's day too.

TOM

As kindly as I can put this Mom, it's my day.

LORNA

We're lucky to have you. Love you.

TOM

I love you too, Mom, Dad.

Tom spies Jillian waiting off to the side in a quiet area.

TOM (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Tom jogs over.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hi.

JILLIAN

Hi. I just wanted to wish you luck before you left.

TOM

Thanks. I'm really glad you came. I wanted to apologize-

JILLIAN

I'm sorry I put you in that position.

TOM

All's good. You know, I've reconsidered the marriage thing and I think it would be a really good idea.

JILLIAN

You do?

TOM

Yeah. Marriage would be... good.

JILLIAN

Tom, this is a lousy marriage proposal. I haven't even seen you in two months.

TOM

No, it makes perfect sense this time.

JILLIAN

This time? What about the time after this time?

TOM

The timing is so much better. I start work next month-

JILLIAN

What?

TOM

Jill, you are the singularly most important person to me. In the end, we don't have anything except -except each other.

The conversation stops dead.

JILLIAN

(quietly)

No Tom, it won't work. Stay away. I'm sorry I came.

Jillian walks away.

Tom slumps against an outdoor vending machine that sizzles and blinks.

He cries then passes out smiling, knowing he's going to his future.

TOM

Thank god ...finally...good...

A fast forward starts but malfunctions and goes abruptly goes black.

INT. TOM'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM- LATER

Tom's eyes pop open. He is at home in his room that hasn't changed since his childhood. Lorna is cleaning up.

TOM (CONT'D)

Where am I?

LORNA

At home, Tommy.

TOM

Shit. Am I 24?

LORNA

All year, dear.

Tom Sr brings in a coffee.

TOM SR.

You pushed too hard, Tommy.

TOM

I need to finish my year.

TOM SR.

Tommy, the year is over. You  
blacked out at graduation.

LORNA

Stay here 'til your job starts. We  
can't lose you too.

TOM

You're not going to- you'll go  
first. I know.

TOM SR.

Tommy, don't talk that way.

TOM

I lost Jill.

LORNA

It hurts Tommy but you'll find  
another.

TOM

I do, but she dies.

TOM SR.

What are you talking-? Who dies?

TOM

My wife.

TOM SR.

You're not married. What's the  
matter with you?

TOM  
Since my accident, I know stuff.

LORNA  
Oh god, what's wrong with him?

TOM SR.  
Tommy, talk some sense.

Tom gets out of bed, agitated. He is dizzy.

TOM  
Stop calling me Tommy. I'm fucking  
24 years old.

Lorna leaves upset.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Mom! Get back here.

Tom follows her down the hallway but diverts suddenly to the bathroom and closes the door. Outside the door the yelling continues:

TOM SR.  
Lorna. Get back here. Tommy, open  
this door.

Tom hurriedly assesses what pills are in the medicine cabinet, and opens a bottle with two pills which he downs, scooping running water from the tap to help swallow them.

TOM  
Get me back. Please take me back.

Tom Senior tries to get in the washroom but Tom blocks the door.

TOM SR.  
Just relax, Tommy. Let me in.

TOM  
Get out!

Tom is desperately opening other bottles while unsuccessfully holding the door shut.

TOM SR.  
Oh god. What are you doing?

Tom Sr pushes the door open and tries to wrestle the pills away.

TOM  
Nothing. I wanna go  
back. Leave me alone.

TOM SR. (CONT'D)  
Give those...Tommy! Back  
where?

An electric make-up mirror gets smashed in the shoving and Tom inadvertently puts his wet hand in the wires getting a shock.

Tom passes out smiling. Tom Sr phones for help.

EXT. CITY STREET -MID MORNING

SUPER: MAY 28 2019

28 year old Tom, dressed in a business suit with his briefcase, emerges from an office building, walking and talking on his cell phone. Prosthetic arm is concealed.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Jillian, I got the job. Yeah,  
Monday. Let's celebrate. I'll be  
over in a couple of hours. Bye.  
Love you.

He disconnects and he disappointedly realizes he just pronounced his love over the phone.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I love-oh, no, no. I love you on  
the phone -geez!

Tom passes a jewellery store and pauses to look at rings in the window.

INT. UPPER END STORE COUNTER -DAY

Jillian is wrapping up a transaction, paying, receiving a receipt and small bag.

JILLIAN  
Thanks so much. I love it.

She leaves.

INT. JEWELLERY STORE -LATER

Tom taps his card to pay for a purchase. He picks up a ring box.

TOM  
Thanks for your help.

He leaves.

EXT. A STREET BASKETBALL COURT -LATER, NIGHT

Older Tom and Jillian are shooting hoops. Jill has the ball so as not to reveal Tom's prosthetic arm. Tom eats pizza on the sideline bench with his business suit jacket and tie beside him.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I feel like I'm starting at the bottom of the ladder again.

JILLIAN  
Starting over but with experience. It's like "if I knew then what I know now," well, except you think you do know.

TOM  
That's my whole life only backwards.

JILLIAN  
Aren't you "special."

Jillian sinks a three pointer.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Did you think I wouldn't hear it as much over the phone?

TOM  
Hear what?

JILLIAN  
You said you loved me.

TOM  
Ya, I do.

JILLIAN  
Check your messages.

TOM  
What?

Tom punches in his code on the cell phone that indicates the message came at 11 am. Julian mouths the recorded message.

JILLIAN  
 (voice on phone)  
 I love you too.

They kiss for real.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
 No way I was going to say it first  
 this time.

TOM  
 Look, this is way too fast but I've  
 always loved you. Time has somehow  
 stood still and waited for me to  
 get it right this time.

Tom kneels but starts to slip into a reverse with a quick  
*flash of him proposing to Rosemary, in the restaurant.*

Jillian kisses him and brings him back.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Will you marry me -please?

JILLIAN  
 Yes, without a doubt.

They kiss and wipe each other's tears. Tom slips an  
 engagement ring on her left finger.

TOM  
 I love you.

JILLIAN  
 It's been a long time coming. I  
 love you too. Tom...

TOM  
 Yes?

Jillian gets down on one knee and presents a ring box.

JILLIAN  
 It's 2019. We should propose to  
 each other. Tom Sanderson, will you  
 marry me?

TOM  
 Of course. Yes.

Jillian puts the ring on his finger and kisses his hand. They  
 laugh-cry, embracing.

JILLIAN  
And Tom...

TOM  
Yes.

JILLIAN  
I think I want to be pre-engaged  
first.

TOM  
You're such a shit.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT -NIGHT

Lying in bed with sleeping Jillian in his arms, he looks at his new ring and smiles before falling asleep. A nearby digital clock flips to 11 pm.

INT. PARENTS' LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

DISINTEGRATING SUPER: May 2 2015

Frantic Tom wakes up suddenly on his parents' sofa. His Mom is reading and his Dad is dozing in a Lazy Boy Chair.

A mantle clock continues the eleven o'clock chime.

TOM  
(confused)  
What time do you have!?

Lorna jumps.

LORNA  
Eleven.

TOM  
Jillian.

LORNA  
Who?

TOM  
What time do you have?  
What time do you have?

LORNA  
Dad, wake up!

TOM  
What time do you have?

LORNA  
(screaming)  
Eleven o'clock. Eleven o'clock.

TOM  
What time do you have? What time do  
you have?

Tom tries to get up but is restrained by Tom Sr.

LORNA  
Tommy!

TOM  
What time do you have?

*He eyes roll back and he passes out into an out-of-control, electrical breakdown, tying the 11th hour symbolism together:*

*1) Tom takes the garbage to the curb in front of his monster home. He picks out a woman's deodorant stick from the garbage can and breaks down and cries. A distant clock tower chimes eleven.*

*2) Rosemary's red car on date night*

TOM (CONT'D)  
What time do you have?

ROSEMARY  
Eleven o'clock.

*3) A flash of the 4 friends kissing in the clock tower at 11 pm with chimes.*

*4) Sweaty Tom in bed holding ankle looks at 11 pm on bedside cell phone.*

*5) Tom watches the defibrillation of his hospital roommate at 11.*

*6) College Tom, Jill and Ben exit pizza place with 11 pm tolling in distance.*

*Suddenly his brain fries out and is dark and silent.*

INT. TOM'S PARENTS' DINING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: May 4 2015

An unshaven, depressed Tom is sitting at the table, still in his housecoat under a clock that shows 11 am.

From the dark, his point of view comes into focus.

He is doing a Salvador Dali "Persistence of Time" jigsaw puzzle catatonically. Lorna looks over his shoulder.

LORNA  
Here's a piece.

TOM  
Fine.

Tom pushes away and paces aimlessly.

LORNA  
You're not going to finish?

TOM  
No.

LORNA  
You're almost finished.

TOM  
Can't figure it out.

LORNA  
Your lawyer called this morning. He got the assault charge down to a misdemeanour.

TOM  
Great.

LORNA  
What are you going to do with your day?

TOM  
Nothing.

Tom pours himself a Scotch.

LORNA  
You shouldn't be drinking so early.

TOM  
Dad does.

Tom plops at the table vacantly.

LORNA

Why don't you pack for your new job?

TOM

Not going.

LORNA

Don't be crazy.

TOM

Think you should be saying that around your crazy son?

LORNA

You're not crazy. Listen. Don't let one break up send you spinning.

TOM

She hasn't left me. I get her back. I can see that she hasn't left me. I've seen Rosemary and the accident and sick people and everything and I don't want to see it anymore.

Tom pushes the jigsaw puzzle to the floor unemotionally.

TOM (CONT'D)

I want back.

Tom walks to his dark bedroom and pulls the covers over himself.

INT. TOM'S PARENTS' GARAGE -NIGHT -LATER

Exhausted Tom stands at the garage work bench fraying the end of a cut extension cord. He wraps a frayed wire around each of his index fingers and dips them in a pail of water.

He smiles as he plugs it in the cord. The electrocution sends him to the floor convulsing.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Tom's wild eyes pop open. He is in an institutional bed.

College-aged Ben and Janet are vigilantly nearby. Ben's hand trembles slightly as he holds Tom's hand.

Tom realizes he hasn't jumped to the future.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
Fuck

BEN  
Hey buddy.

JANET  
I'll get the nurse.

BEN  
How are you feeling?

TOM  
Psych ward?

BEN  
Five days.

A NURSE, 35 years old enters.

NURSE  
How are you feeling Mr. Sanderson?

TOM  
Alright.

NURSE  
Do you know where you are?

TOM  
Psych ward.

NURSE  
Yes. Good.

BEN  
Is he free to walk around?

NURSE  
Accompanied, yes.

BEN  
Thanks.

Tom gives Janet and Ben a silent hug.

TOM  
Thanks. I am so tired.

BEN  
How about a little exercise to get  
the heart rate going?

TOM  
I don't think so.

BEN  
Come as you are. Let's get out of here for awhile.

TOM  
No, listen. You guys have been so good to me.

BEN  
You've got to do something.

TOM  
I'm tired.

BEN  
Come on. Get dressed. Let's bike this out. Maybe it's right around the corner.

TOM  
No, this is it -I have what I have right now, and it may or may not get better. I don't know. I have you guys. That's what I have right now, and I can appreciate that.

BEN  
And you can have us on a bike - let's ride. You'll feel better.

TOM  
No.

JANET  
Ben, you sure?

BEN  
He's fine.

Ben pulls him up.

TOM  
Alright. Don't push.

EXT. HOSPITAL -LATER

Ben unstraps two bikes from the back of his SUV as Janet walks Tom from the hospital.

Ben and Tom get on the bikes and ride down the driveway, Tom struggling a bit.

EXT. TWO LANE ROAD UNDER CONSTRUCTION -LATER

Tom and Ben are biking towards a construction zone on top of a hill.

Ben is leading the ride and craning his head around to talk to Tom.

BEN

Why were you hospitalized this time?

TOM

I guess the suicide attempt.

BEN

You attempted suicide?

TOM

I don't know. I was trying to get to my future.

BEN

You weren't trying to kill yourself?

TOM

Maybe. What does that really mean anymore? When your life is miserable and you know it's going to get worse, it hardly seems worth staying around here.

BEN

The flashes are getting better, aren't they?

TOM

The distant ones, ya.

BEN

Maybe this is penance for having a good life later on.

TOM

Fuck Ben, I don't know what's real, what's bad, and I don't have the energy to figure it out anymore.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

I know what's coming up and I don't  
want to do it.

They reach the top of the hill. The FLAGMAN waves them to go  
through. They pick up speed as they go down the steep hill.

As Ben turns to talk, they pass a front end loader.

BEN

Positive thoughts and act-

TOM

Fuck positive, Ben!

The front end loader suddenly swing's it's arm into the  
bicyclists' lane.

TOM (CONT'D)

Watch out!

Tom, with an athletic move, pushes Ben hard, clear of the  
truck.

The front end loader clips the speeding Tom who has no time  
to react.

The bucket crashes into Tom's side, ripping his left arm off.

Tom's rag doll body tumbles down a steep ditch. Ben runs to  
help him.

*The most extreme, short-circuited, reversals take Tom through  
his life backwards, continually accelerating and jumbling,  
recapping his life as originally presented:*

*Dad's graveside*

*Sell yacht*

*Sell house*

*Fired*

*Ben MS dinner*

*Pills at apartment*

*Jackie office*

*Seedy bar pre fight*

*Rose funeral*

*Rose wedding*

*Rose proposal*

*"Will you marry me" is repeated several times rapidly, flipping between his proposals to Rosemary and Jill.*

*Buy yacht*

*Get dog 1*

*Buy house*

*Symphony date with Rosemary*

*At work late at night*

*Meet Rosemary in office for first time*

*REVERSE ANGLE watching from inside building at a distance as hungover Tom approaches front door for first day of work.*

*The visions come to an explosive ending just as Tom's hand touches the door handle. His brain goes dark.*

INT. CHURCH - DAY

SUPER: SEPTEMBER 12 2019

A stunned 28 yr Tom, in a tux, stands at the altar with an unseen, veiled bride. His left arm prosthetic is evident.

A MINISTER, 65 years old, conducts the wedding ceremony.

Bridal party concealed except for Older Ben, who leans heavily on cane.

MINISTER

Do you Tom Alan Sanderson take this woman to be your lawfully, wedded wife?

Tom looks around bewildered.

TOM

Who?

The minister looks uncomfortable with Tom's response.

MINISTER

Tom. Do you take this woman to be your lawfully, wedded wife?

Tom tries to see who is behind the veil. He looks at Ben who urges him on.

MINISTER (CONT'D)  
You're just a little nervous. Do you?

TOM  
(resigned)  
I do.

Tom wide-eyes Ben questioningly.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I'm not jumping time.

To the minister.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I do!

The congregation laughs at his sudden enthusiasm.

MINISTER  
I pronounce you husband and wife.  
You may kiss the bride.

Tom slowly and uncertainly lifts the veil. He smiles broadly. Relieved, he has married the 26 y.o. Jillian.

TOM  
It's Jillian! Alright!

JILLIAN  
Alright?

TOM  
I'm the happiest guy in the world!

They kiss. Janet smiles as maid of honour. A soloist sings "There's a place for us, a time and place for us," from "Westside Story".

JILLIAN  
I love you.

TOM  
I love you, forever and ever.

They recess up the aisle to applause from the congregation.

Tom stops to hug his weepy Mom.

They recess, Tom beaming.

TOM (CONT'D)  
(whispering to Ben)  
Where's my fucking arm?

BEN  
Karma damage.

Tom and Jill exit the church and greet guests as they come down the front steps.

INT. Roadhouse - NIGHT

SUPER: -NOVEMBER 1 2019

Janet, Ben, Jillian and Tom are eating, Jill voraciously downing pizza.

Tom's prosthetic arm is evident. He is drinking a Sprite.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Jilly, that's your third piece of pizza.

JANET  
Ben.

JILLIAN  
I'm starved. Could I get a salad too?

TOM  
She's hungry.

BEN  
She's eating enough for two.

Jill and Tom exchange knowing glances.

JANET  
You're kidding. Really?

Janet hugs Jill. Blank Ben doesn't understand this conversation.

JILLIAN  
We're kind of pregnant.

JANET  
That's wonderful. I'm so happy for you.

Janet and Jillian embrace again while Jillian eats pizza over Janet's shoulder.

BEN  
Congratulations.

TOM  
We need godparents, of course. Can we trust you?

BEN  
Who else?

Ben struggles to stand on two arm crutches and gives Tom a hug.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Congratulations, buddy. You did good.

TOM  
Don't I know it.

BEN  
Now I gotta whiz.

TOM  
Right behind you.

Tom tenderly helps a severely disabled Ben to the washroom.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Take your time.

THE END

