C A P S U L E

by
Ian Shorr

Based on an original idea
By
Matthias Hoene

Contact: Charlie Ferraro, UTA
Langley Perer, Mosaic
John Zaozirny, Bellevue Productions

"Life can only be understood backwards, but it must be lived forwards."

--Kierkegaard

OVER BLACKNESS: the INSISTENT TICKING OF A CLOCK. Enough to arouse anxiety. As the ticking continues, we FADE IN ON...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

A MAN, gazing out the window of his high-rise hotel room over downtown Los Angeles. Dawn light knifes through the smog.

CLOSE ON MR. PARK. 30's, Korean, handsome, everything in its right place. Except for what's in his eyes: concealed panic. From somewhere, we hear a recording of a MAN'S VOICE--

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
(in Korean, subtitled)
I know what I'm asking is not easy.

The voice is that of an older gentleman, steeped in nicotine and unspoken tragedy. And it's tinny, digital, occasionally distorted. Like it's being beamed in from another planet.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
But there are times at which we must make compromises with ourselves in order to survive.

Off a table, he grabs a small shiny CAPSULE -- flawless silver titanium, no bigger than a lipstick tube. Ponders it.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
I ask you to think of your future.

CUT TO: Park's hands weave an impeccably knotted tie.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Our future.

CUT TO: a drawer opening. An AUTOMATIC HANDGUN within. Park lifts the weapon. Unfamiliar with its weight. The ticking of the clock becomes the paranoid percussion of our SOUNDTRACK.

EXT. LACMA - DAY

WHAM! A taxi door slams shut, Mr. Park walks on...

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
At 1:17 today, she will be in the upstairs gallery of the Museum Of Contemporary Art, wearing a red half-length coat. She'll be alone.

...toward the white-and-red compound of LACMA.

INT. LACMA - DAY

...into the massive, pale caverns of the quiet museum. Passing colorful pop-art sculptures. His eyes scan...

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Look for the hallway directly east. It will be empty. This is where your window will present itself.

Park looks at the narrow hall to his right. Empty. Secluded.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Afterwards, go to staircase B...

IN THE HALLWAY

Park glides down a flight of steps marked STAIRCASE B.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Go to the 6th street exit...

SIDE DOORS SLAM OPEN, he looks out into the VACANT ALLEY.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
There will be a car waiting. You'll be taken to LAX, where you'll catch the 3:35 flight back to Seoul. Then all of this will be in the past.

INT. LACMA, BATHROOM - DAY

WHOOSH! A faucet turns on, Park splashes water onto his face.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O)
I trust you to see this through.

Park takes a deep breath... then lunges into a stall to PUKE.

INT. LACMA, UPSTAIRS GALLERY - DAY

DING! An elevator opens and wan-faced Park steps out into the gallery. Across the room, there's a GLAMOROUS YOUNG WOMAN in a red half-length coat, $500 haircut, Manolo flats, camera-bag over her shoulder, eyeing a painting. Call her MEREDITH.

Park makes his move. <u>Fast</u>. Auto-pilot. Reaching into his jacket for his gun... when Meredith catches his reflection in the glass frame and she <u>turns around</u>.

MEREDITH
Hi.

She's not scared. She's simply... expectant. Like this is the opening of a blind date. For a beat, neither speaks.

MEREDITH
...are you looking for--

WHAM! Park grabs her, whirls her around, gun jammed into her back. Meredith goes rigid.

MR. PARK
(gestures to the hall)
That way. Now.

Gun held tight to her spine, he guides the scared-shitless woman out of the gallery room and into THE HALLWAY...

MEREDITH
I don't-- I don't understand--
(he keeps her moving)
Tell me what's going on, I--

MR. PARK
Don't move.

He's guided her AROUND A CORNER, into a secluded alcove. Meredith sizes up her situation... loosens her bag strap.

MR. PARK
(raises the gun)
I'm sorr--

She SPINS and SWINGS her camera-bag at him, belting the gun out of his hand, sends it sliding across the floor. Park WHIRLS to grab the gun, Meredith's already sprinting away--

MEREDITH
HELP! HELP ME, HE'S GOT A GUN--

Park DIVES, grabs his pistol off the floor and GIVES CHASE INTO THE GALLERY, where we track predator and prey as they haul ass through this menagerie of oversized artwork.

Park GUNS AFTER HER, bullets reducing neon sculptures to fragments. Wild SPRAY-AND-PRAY. A big plastic city-scape piece ERUPTS as ammo slams it, Meredith scrambles away and--

A BULLET ZIPS THROUGH HER JACKET, bringing a spray of blood. She HOWLS, goes stumbling around a corner. Mr. Park, breathing hard, stalks along a trail of SPILLED BLOOD...

AROUND THE CORNER

...where he finds Meredith, bleeding, trying to crawl away. Sensing him looming over her, she garbles her last words:

MEREDITH
...why?...

MR. PARK
You'll leave me no choice.

And off the BLAM of his gun, we SMASH TO:

EXT. LACMA, BACK ALLEY - DAY

Doors get KICKED OPEN, into the alley comes Park -- speckled in blood, shell-shocked, still clutching the pistol....

--and he FREEZES. Because, as promised, there *is* a car waiting for him. Only problem is, it's a COP CAR. Make that FIVE cop cars. Park goes still. Realizing he's been had...

COPS
DROP THE GUN!/PUT IT DOWN!

Park faces down the cops, as the sound drains away...

MR. PARK
(in Korean, subtitled)
My apologies. I've been misled.

BLAM! He shoots himself in the temple, sends grey-matter confetti all over the alleyway. Crumples to the street. And as he collapses, something falls out of his pocket...

The CAPSULE we saw earlier. We follow it... and as it rolls away, something odd happens: it starts to DISINTEGRATE. A million bits becoming unglued, trailing into vanishing dust.

As if it's being erased from reality.

The light goes out of Park's eyes. The capsule crumbles into NOTHING. Cops' shoes rush through the space it just occupied.

As if it were never there at all.

SMASH TO TITLE CARD:

C A P S U L E

INT. ELLIOT'S APARTMENT - MORNING

He lies alone. In last night's clothes, on the couch in his shabby living room. ELLIOT LOCKHART: 30, hangdog from a diet of snark and self-contempt. His eyes are blue, dilated, and deserted. On a cushion, his fingertip traces little designs; old habit, what he does when he's thinking.

ELLIOT'S RINGTONE
(woman's voice)
Pick me up, Elliot, I'm ringing,
I'm ringing, I'm ringing, pay
attention to meeee....

Elliot digs his phone out from the forest of empty beer bottles on the coffee table, shuts off the ringtone that he no longer finds cute but still can't bring himself to change. On the other line, CRAIG BOLLINGER, all alpha-male *bonhomie*.

CRAIG (THROUGH PHONE)
Ready to greet the day, rockstar?

ELLIOT
(squeezes his temples)
Yep, just... finishing my yoga.

What we'll gather about Elliot: no matter how much he's dying inside, he always puts up a front of insouciant good humor.

CRAIG
Funny, you sound like you spent last night in the Downward Facing Drunk position.

ELLIOT
They started putting Cracker Jack prizes in bottles of bourbon. Spent the evening trying to fish mine out.

CRAIG
Gotta stop that shit, brotha--

ELLIOT
It had this amazing decoder ring. Had to have it. Matches my new tie.

CRAIG
You're a sick man. Get downstairs, we're late.

Elliot woozily gets off the couch... and starts undoing what he did the night before. We sense that we're looking at the aftermath of a regular, deeply unhealthy ritual.

--On a turntable, A RECORD SPINS -- soundless except for the needle-click. Elliot switches it off. Throws away bottles.

--Turns on the TV, mostly so he can ignore it. The news plays the "LACMA Murder-Suicide" story. Our pals Park and Meredith.

NEWSCASTER
--victim has been identified as Los Angeles resident Meredith Rothert, a 25-year-old engineering student--

--Washes face. Needs a haircut, shave, makeover on his soul.

NEWSCASTER
--shooter was South Korean national Park Chang-Sun, a renowned software entrepreneur with no criminal--

--Opens a cabinet: Xanax, Ambien, Zoloft. Pops his AM meds.

NEWSCASTER
--police say the shooter and victim were apparent strangers--

--Pulls clothes out of a moving-box. Dresses. We notice a long, healed SCAR on his wrist, lined with stitch-marks.

NEWSCASTER
--still trying to determine a motive in this bizarre--

--Kicks a BOX OF PHOTOS under the couch, spilling it. As he leaves, we focus on its contents. There's framed award in there: **Popular Science 2009 Innovator Of The Year.**

EXT. ELLIOT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Down to the street goes Mr. Innovator Of The Year, where he looks around for his ride; no sign of it. Then--

V***ROOOOOOM!*** A gleaming Aston Martin roadster suddenly zooms at him, about to hit him head-on. Elliot stands there, unmoving. (Welcoming it?) *SCEEE*! The car smokes to a stop at his knees.

CRAIG
Had to test the brakes.

ELLIOT
They work.

At the wheel is CRAIG BOLLINGER: 30's, on the wonky side, but with a jaunty aplomb that comes from recently having become the coolest guy in the room. As Elliot makes for the door, they fall into their familiar, ball-busting rhythm.

ELLIOT
So... you murdered a British secret agent and stole his car?

CRAIG
Hey, just saying, you kill someone, you get to take their shit.

ELLIOT
Principle our country's founded on.
(shuts himself in)
Thanks for the ride, repairman says it'll be another week. Think I'm putting his kid through Harvard.

CRAIG
On to more fun things. Wanna see how fast she does 60?

ELLIOT
Hurt me.

WHAM! Craig pulverizes the gas pedal, Elliot slumps back, seatbelt-less, and they tear off into SAN FRANCISCO.

INSIDE THE MOVING CAR

Wind whips at them as they gun towards downtown, Elliot nursing brain cells back to life with a cup of cheap coffee.

CRAIG
So I'm at his house, right, and you know what he's got in there? I'm so not shitting you -- a *glass-bottomed swimming pool built into the ceiling*. 'Course it's 3 AM by this point and the party's gotten kinda wild, so every time you look up it's like getting a design course in female anatomy--

ELLIOT
That must have been life-affirming.

CRAIG
It didn't suck.
(glances at him)
Look, I would've invited you, but--

ELLIOT
I understand.

They ride in silence for a moment.

ELLIOT
So what you're telling me is, all I have to do is show up at one party at Jonathan Wilkes' place, then Altria will start to worry that I'm getting head-hunted, and the next thing I know, they'll have an Aston Martin waiting for me in the lot.

CRAIG
Look... I'm on a hot streak, you're on a cold one. But in the history of the world, there's never been a streak that lasted forever.

ELLIOT
That's a shame, I was just getting used to this.

As they speed on, we hear...

FRANKLIN GANTT (PRE-LAP)
At Altria, we create the technology-

INT. ALTRIA BUILDING, LOBBY - DAY

There's a VIDEO playing on a screen -- CEO FRANKLIN GANTT (60's, graying, sleeves rolled up) addressing the camera as imagery of green tech goes past in the background.

FRANKLIN GANTT (V.O.)
--that makes tomorrow brighter.

Elliot and Craig wipe frame, walking through the Altria lobby, nodding hi to the RECEPTIONIST, passing the SECURITY GUARD as they head for the elevators. Each climbing into separate cars; Craig's going up, Elliot's going down.

PRESCOTT (PRE-LAP)
You have the time, Elliot?

INT. ALTRIA BUILDING, BASEMENT - DAY

Cubicles in a windowless basement. As his computer plays screensavers of SAILBOATS and crystalline water, Elliot looks up at DAVE PRESCOTT, his boss -- five years his junior. An Ivy-twerp Master Of The Universe who loves that he gets to crack the whip on this former *wunderkind*.

ELLIOT
...9:13?

PRESCOTT
9:13. Your shift starts at nine.

ELLIOT
Yeah, sorry, I--

PRESCOTT
Look, let me be candid...
(sits by him, leans in)
I'm the youngest guy ever to run a department at this company. No one'e ever been fast-tracked like me. Do you know why that is?

ELLIOT
..."People Skills?"

PRESCOTT
Because the first thought that goes through my head when I wake up in the morning is “I am gonna kick this job’s ass.” What’s the first thought that goes through yours?

ELLIOT
I think it might scare you.

PRESCOTT
Scare me.

ELLIOT
I think about what’ll happen the day I clock in here and realize I’ve forgotten to take my meds.

A beat. Then Prescott cracks up laughing, shaking his head...

PRESCOTT
...you are, hands down, the biggest self-saboteur I’ve ever met.
(hands him a folder)
Glitch in the D-160’s, you’re staying late.

Prescott walks off. Elliot, dead-eyed, turns to his work.

INT. ALTRIA BUILDING, R&D SECTOR - DAY

HAROLD, a 70-year-old janitor with a face like an unmade bed, unlocks a lab door and clandestinely ushers Elliot in.

ELLIOT
You’re a saint, Harold.
(hands him a deli sack)
Turkey on rye from Ike’s. Don’t eat too many pickles, your wife’ll kill me if your blood pressure goes up any more.

HAROLD
I’ll worry about me, you worry about you. Remember, you’re out by 1:30, and if anybody sees you--

ELLIOT
--you didn’t let me in.

HAROLD
(slaps him on the back)
Give ‘em hell.

Elliot and Harold do a suprisingly solid fist-bump.

CUT TO: INSIDE THE LAB

Elliot, alone in an R&D testing room, unplugs a flat-screen TV. Hooks a digi-cam up to the TV -- on its screen, we get a view of Elliot pacing, talking into his digital recorder.

ELLIOT
Wire-free project, day 58...

Out of his pocket comes a SQUARE DEVICE that looks a bit like a cell-phone, lined with tiny metal coils. An RF amplifier.

ELLIOT (INTO RECORDER)
RF amplifier adjusted to 130...

He punches in numbers into a keypad on his amplifier.

ELLIOT (INTO RECORDER)
And just remember, if this continues failing, all it means is that it takes on after the guy who created it. Who's a fucking loser.

CLICK! Activated. A low HUMMING rises. Elliot stares at the blank TV screen. The humming gets louder... and something odd happens: the TV starts to FLICKER. A whisper from Elliot...

ELLIOT
...there we go...

Then it TURNS ON. Playing the image captured by the digi-cam: Grainy footage of Elliot across the room, eyes lighting up...

ELLIOT
...yes...

The humming turns into a WHINE, the TV starts to SHORT OUT.

ELLIOT
...no, no...

He races to turn off the RF amplifier and POP! The TV screen goes black, tendrils of smoke rise from its rear.

ELLIOT
Fuuuck--

Just then, the door opens; 2 R&D GUYS back early from lunch.

R&D GUY
Hell's going on in here?

CRACK! The TV screen suddenly BUCKLES, cracks shoot out.

ELLIOT
There's a problem with your TV.

EXT. ALTRIA BUILDING, FRONT STEPS - EVENING

Elliot stands warily outside the Altria tower as the sun goes down. Craig comes outside, they walk on down the steps...

CRAIG
Good news is, you still have a job. Bad news is, they catch you in the lab again, you're gonna be working at Radio Shack.
(beat, softens)
What were you doing in there?

ELLIOT
(shrugs it off)
Project I've been working on in my spare time, just this... thing where you can generate wireless electricity with a handheld device--

CRAIG
Whoah, that's-- that's big, man. Why you keeping it under wraps?

ELLIOT
'Cause, given the choice, I'd rather fail in private this time.

CRAIG
You gotta let that shit go--

ELLIOT
I have. I'm just... armed with a healthy sense of self-doubt.

CRAIG
Your sense of self-doubt is as healthy as those monkeys they test radiation on over at NASA. Will you take a second and just imagine what happens if you succeed?

ELLIOT
...I get hailed as a genius, I land on the cover of Wired, the city throws me a parade, President Obama takes me out bowling--

CRAIG
--Robyn realizes what a mistake she made, ditches the douchebag she's dating, comes back to you--

ELLIOT
(pointed)
I didn't say that.

CRAIG
Right. ‘Cause you’re over her.

ELLIOT
(he’s not)
Yes.

CRAIG
Good. Then come to DigiCon tonight. We’ll check out some demos, grab a beer, chat up some ladies... ladies who have the distinct advantage of Not Being Robyn. You even remember the last time you did that?
(Elliot thinks about it)
Get in the car.

Craig hustles him along as from somewhere, we hear the sly, ironic voice of WILKES, amplified over a big PA system:

WILKES (PRE-LAP)
Is everybody in?

INT. CONVENTION CENTER, AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

JONATHAN WILKES takes the stage at DigiCon (think E-3, but for tech.) As far as Silicon Valley moguls go, he’s the anti-Steve Jobs; his vibe is that of a hipster rock-star -- skinny jeans, Hugo Boss blazer, buzzed haircut, devil-may-care charisma masking a mind that never stops churning.

WILKES
Everybody in?
(crowd CHEERS)
Fuck it, we’re starting anyway.

Gets a laugh from the crowd as he prowls the stage, backlit by images of sleek, Apple-esque products on massive screens. In the audience, Craig listens avidly, but Elliot’s attitude toward Wilkes is more complicated -- a grudging respect to the guy who won the race that he himself lost.

ELLIOT
(whispers)
How’d you talk me into this again?

CRAIG
Think of it as a learning experience.

ELLIOT
Already had that. Learned *Don't Try To Compete With Jonathan Wilkes.*

WILKES
The biggest lesson my parents ever taught me was this: prepare for your future, because you never know what it's gonna throw at you.
(beat)
Know what I discovered? They're wrong.

Wilkes has (almost) all of the crowd in his palm...

WILKES
I was working at Sony back in 2000. MP3's were on the rise, and the music industry was about to get decimated. So they started encrypting CD's, suing the shit out of anyone who shared files...
(beat)
I went the other way. I created a device that made the compact disc obsolete. Called it The Stack. Maybe you've heard of it.

The crowd chuckles as "The Stack", our version of the iPod, floats across the screen, trailed by the past few years' evolutions of it (the StackPhone, the StackPad, etc.)

WILKES
Know what the most important lesson of my life so far is? Don't prepare for the future... <u>author</u> <u>it</u>.
(over APPLAUSE)
Let's see what's on deck next year--

INT. CONVENTION CENTER, AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The crowd shuffles to the exit as Wilkes, on the other side of the barrier, motions Elliot and Craig over to him--

WILKES
(slaps Craig's palm)
Clear your schedule, Bollinger, we're hitting the town soon as I'm done with the Vanity Fair people.

CRAIG
Consider it cleared, we've got shop to talk.

WILKES
(as if just noticing him)
You hanging in there, Radius?

ELLIOT
Like the cat in those pictures that say “hang in there.”

WILKES
(smiles)
I like this guy, he’s funny.

He makes the “call me” sign to Craig and walks on. Craig looks at Elliot, who clearly feels like stepped-on gum.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER, MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Elliot and Craig make their way out through the crowd...

ELLIOT
You think it’s weird that a guy with his education doesn’t know how to use the word “decimated?”
(off his look)
He said “the industry was about to get decimated.” Decimated means “to eliminate 10% of something.”

CRAIG
You gonna stick around, or are you gonna leave and let the jealousy do all your talking for you?

ELLIOT
I’m not jealous, ok? I’m over it.

CRAIG
Right. Just like with Robyn.

ELLIOT
Yes.

CRAIG
(eyes focused beyond him)
Good. ‘Cause she just spotted you and she’s walking over right now.

ELLIOT
What--
(sees he’s serious)
oh Jesus...

CRAIG
Two seconds, put your game-face on--

ROBYN (O.S.)
Elliot?...

Elliot turns... and making her way over is ROBYN GILMORE. Red haired, fiery and vivacious, a woman who seems to be lit by her own internal power source. She's with her date, STEVE. She and Elliot don't know quite how to act around each other post-breakup, but she's trying to be a friend to him.

ROBYN
"Out of all the tech-cons in all the world..."

ELLIOT
"She had to walk into mine."
(to Steve)
Steve, right?

STEVE
Robyn's told me a lot about you.

ELLIOT
Delighted to hear that.
(re: Robyn's haircut)
Cut it short, huh? Looks great.

ROBYN
Thank you, you look...
("like shit run over")
...busy.

ELLIOT
Totally. I'm neck deep in this wireless electricity project I'm doing over at Altria. Moving on up.

STEVE
(confused)
You get promoted? Thought they had you doing drivers downstairs.
(off his look)
My old intern Dave Prescott... he's your supervisor.

ELLIOT
I'm, uh, wearing a lot of hats.

STEVE
(concerned)
Didn't they almost fire you today?

ELLIOT
What? Ha ha, no. They lose me... then who's gonna wear all the hats?

It's awkward enough to make Elliot want to commit seppuku.

CRAIG
I'm thirsty, you thirsty?

ELLIOT
Dying.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER, BAR - NIGHT

BAM! Tequila's slammed. Widen to Elliot and Craig in the bar.

CRAIG
Let me show you something.

Sets Elliot's empty shot glass a couple feet down on the bar.

CRAIG
This back here, this is the past. Notice how there's nothing in it? That's because you've already taken in everything it has to offer you.

Craig set his still-full shot glass, sets it on the bar.

CRAIG
You wanna turn things around? Focus here, on the future. Forget the sailboat, forget Robyn, forget Radius, just memory-wipe 2010. All that... it's an empty glass.
(stands)
I'm gonna hit the head.

As Craig walks off, we reveal a gaggle of CUTE GIRLS down the bar. One particularly striking woman (LOLA) keeps glancing at Elliot. Elliot looks to the full glass. Decides. Shoots it.

CUT TO: DOWN THE BAR, A MINUTE OR TWO LATER

Elliot, surprisingly, has a good rapport going with Lola.

LOLA
You see Wilkes talk? Guy's such a rock star.

CRAIG
Yeah, I was actually disappointed that he didn't smash a guitar on the stage at the end there.

LOLA
(laughs, shakes her head)
I had the biggest talent-crush on him when I did my internship.

ELLIOT
"Talent-crush?"

LOLA
That thing where you fall head-over-heels for someone's brilliance. Ever get one of those?

ELLIOT
I got to be the subject of one.

LOLA
How'd that go?

ELLIOT
Turns out I wasn't that talented.

To her, it reads as charming self-deprecation. She smiles...

ELLIOT
So what are you doing after--

LOLA
--whoah--

Elliot pauses. Lola's eyes narrow in recognition...

LOLA
Oh my God.
(beat)
Oh. My. Effing. God.
(beat)
Is your last name "Lockhart?"

We can almost see the confidence drain out of Elliot's face.

LOLA
...*you're the Radius guy*! "The StackPad-killer!" That was one of the biggest flameouts of all time! This is like meeting a celebrity but, like, in reverse...

ELLIOT
(been through this before)
It didn't go exactly the way they said it did on the news. I had a choice between going with Investor A who was offering me more money but less time to get the product right, and Investor B who was offering less money but more time. My gut said to go with A.

LOLA
So you wind up putting out a tablet that turns into the White Screen Of Death if it sits in your car too long, your investors lose millions, they sue you into the next decade--

ELLIOT
Let's just say my gut has a tendency to be wrong.

LOLA
(amazed)
I thought I heard you killed yourself...

ELLIOT
Tried that. Didn't work out for me either--

LOLA
Hey guys!

Lola grabs her friends' attention, motioning them over--

LOLA
Never believe who this is, remember the Radius?

HOT GIRLFRIENDS
Ohmygod!/Wow!/No way!/I thought he committed suicide.

ELLIOT
(gets up to go)
I'm gonna--

LOLA
Wait, wait, wait--
(digs into her purse)
--mind taking a picture with us?

To Elliot's horror, she hands her digital camera off--

LOLA
...alright, on three, say "Radius!"

CLICK! Image FREEZES. Elliot looking like he's watching an instant replay of his life with only the shitty bits left in.

INT. ELLIOT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

RAIN RATTLES the windows of Elliot's apartment as he slumps inside, soaked, heartbroken, carrying a twelve-pack of bottled beer. Finishes his first one. Goes to his turntable, cues the record we saw earlier, and from the speakers...

FATS DOMINO
I found my thrill... on Blueberry Hill... when I found you...

The song's never sounded as sad as it does here. He CRACKS a new beer, flops down, pulls out the box of photos from under the couch. Slipping into what's become his nightly ritual.

FATS DOMINO
...the moon stood still... on Blueberry Hill... and lingered until... my dream came true...

Flips through: Elliot at his MIT graduation, Robyn giving herself a moustache with his sleeve. Elliot raising an IPAD-LIKE DEVICE ("The Radius") for an applauding crowd. Elliot and Robyn kissing, in front of a **GOODBYE 2009** sign.

FATS DOMINO
...you're part of me still... for you were my thrill... on Blueberry Hill...

Elliot flips through a few more. Then, disgusted with himself, he tosses the stack away onto the coffee table...

...and it's only now he notices it:

Sitting on the table, next to the pictures he just tossed, is a sleek, metallic capsule. Like what Mr. Park had.

He stares at it -- *what the hell?...* And as "Blueberry Hill" goes into its big finish, he GRABS IT.

INT. ELLIOT'S DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CLICK! A lamp turns on. Elliot holds the capsule under it. Studies its seamless titanium, its small opaque glass lens and a LITTLE RED BUTTON. Thinking, his fingertip traces it--

ELLIOT
...ok...

CLICK! Elliot presses the button... and all at once, his lights FLICKER and DRONE, struggling to stay on. As if the capsule is draining power from them. Elliot, looking around--

ELLIOT
(whispers)
...oh shit...

Its lens emits a BURST OF ILLUMINANCE. Elliot drops the capsule, it rolls under the table. He goes to grab it, when--

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hi, Elliot.

WHAM! Elliot lurches back, hits the floor, eyes wide.

There's a life-size GHOSTLY FIGURE flickering across the room from him. Positioned upsidedown. That's not the weird part.

The weird part is: the figure **IS** ELLIOT -- 20 years older. Sitting at a table in a blank room.

FUTURE ELLIOT
You don't believe what you're seeing. That's understandable. Take a moment, get used to it.

Elliot, trembling, glances under the couch. Sees the capsule is emitting a wash of blue light -- the ghostly image he's looking at is a HOLOGRAM projected from the device's lens.

ELLIOT
...oh my God...

He turns the capsule, causing the hologram to FLIP UPRIGHT.

FUTURE ELLIOT
I imagine you're asking: "*why am I looking at a twenty-years-older version of myself?*" Answer is: because that's exactly what I am. You, in 2033.

Elliot eyes himself; sees he's put on a bit of weight, going a little gray, but otherwise, time has been good to this guy.

FUTURE ELLIOT
I'll give you details shortly, but for now, know that this is not a joke, a hallucination, or a mental breakdown. This is real. I know you need help right now. I'm here to help. And I'm going to prove it.

Elliot stands, turning in a slow circle, watching the 3-D hologram travel through the room with his rotation.

FUTURE ELLIOT
Write this down: 29-01-19-82-63-99-47. California lottery. Play that number. Do it tonight, don't wait.

Because Future Elliot is talking into a recording device, his eyes never meet with Elliot's; forever looking *through* him...

FUTURE ELLIOT
This is just a taste. The main course is coming.

CLICK! The hologram DISAPPEARS. Like it's been turned off by a TV remote. The capsule's glowing lens fades to opaque.

ELLIOT
...holy shit.

Elliot flops to the couch. Glugs the bottle. Hits PLAY again.

FUTURE ELLIOT (O.S.)
Hi Elliot... you don't believe what you're seeing...

Tighter and tighter on Elliot's eyes. They flutter...

INT. ELLIOT'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

HARD CUT to Elliot's eyes snapping open. Face down on the couch. Morning sunlight fills the room. Elliot SITS UP...

...and immediately his eyes dart to the coffee table -- where the CAPSULE is still sitting there. And next to it is a half-eaten burger AND LOTTERY TICKET. He followed instructions.

ELLIOT
...ok...

He grabs his laptop, logs into the lottery web page, compares the numbers... and sees that he got 5 out of 7 correct. Which means, as he scrolls to see, he just won...

ELLIOT
(whispers)
...$50,000.

Suddenly, a HISSING NOISE makes him turn. A small WHIRLPOOL OF DUST has overtaken his table. Making papers RUSTLE.

The swirl growing bigger, gaining speed, darkening. A reverse of what we saw earlier: as opposed to disintegrating into nothing, <u>it's a capsule manifesting itself out of nothing</u>. Swirling in a six-inch vortex, scorching a BURN MARK into his table... before it solidifies into <u>a simple, shiny capsule</u>.

ELLIOT
...wow.

Elliot reaches for it -- JERKS his hand away. The capsule's hot. Lets it cool off, then hits the "play" button. The electricity flickers, there's a FLASHBULB BURST of light... and once again, there's holographic FUTURE ELLIOT. Sitting with his hands on the table in that same blank room.

FUTURE ELLIOT
Glad to see we're on the same page. By the way, do me a favor and don't drink -- it's bad for our health, and it makes it difficult for me to remember what you remember.

Elliot notes the surreality of being lectured by himself.

FUTURE ELLIOT
You're wondering why I only gave you five winning numbers. I did so because this is not about making you rich, but about making you into the person you need to become. I'm not sending you fish, I'm creating a fisherman. Now listen close...

As Future Elliot talks, some sexy electronic BEAT rises...

INT. ELLIOT'S DINING ROOM - DAY

This sequence is driven by the THROB OF THE MUSIC and narrated by the RECORDINGS of his future self. At his table, Elliot gets to work doing exactly what an engineer would do in this scenario: figuring out how the capsule works.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
As for those details I promised...

In FAST MOTION, Elliot straps on microscope-goggles and starts taking apart a capsule with a set of micro-tools.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
Right now, you're figuring out how to send wireless electricity through the air. In ten years, you'll have perfected that. In fifteen years, you'll figure out how to wirelessly transmit physical material.

CUT TO: a micro-shot through the capsule's PROCESSOR, a glass orb filled with ROTATING SPARKS, racing along a Mobius strip.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
In two decades, you'll figure out how to send material through time.

WHOOSH OUT to reveal Elliot with his headset on, awed.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
And that's why you and I -- or should I say 'you and you' -- are having this interaction right now.

INT. ELLIOT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SPLIT-SCREEN: Elliot feverishly writing notes, while on his desk, a capsule whirs in, leaving a deeper scorch mark.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
Each day at 7 PM, a capsule will arrive on your desk.

CUT TO: Next time, Elliot puts a plate over the burn mark. A capsule arrives, the heat SPLITS the plate.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
Each capsule will contain information. Information that will prove valuable to you.

CUT TO: He replaces it with a metal tray. It stays intact.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
At this moment, you're struggling to get your career resuscitated. To get over a love you lost. To regain your self-respect.

We hear an ENGINE GUNNING...

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
Follow the advice I'm offering and your struggle will soon be over.

INT. ELLIOT'S CAR, MOVING - DAY

Elliot ZOOMS through San Francisco, flying on adrenaline.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
First step: accrue seed money.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE FIELDS RACE TRACK - DAY

Carrying a suitcase, Elliot makes for the racetrack.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
Clear your savings, go to the Golden Gate Racetrack and put everything down on a horse named--

WHOOSH-CUT to Elliot at the BETTING BOOTH.

ELLIOT
--Dagger's Point. Fifteen hundred.

Elliot slides over a large stack of bills. The BETTING CLERK can't help but look at him askew -- *your funeral, kid.*

WHOOSH-CUT TO: Elliot in the stands, watching his horse get its ass kicked, wondering what the hell's going on... until the lead horse suddenly COLLAPSES, causing a pile-up, which Dagger's Point DODGES and makes a SPRINT FOR THE FINISH.

HORSERACE ANNOUNCER
Unbelievable! Dagger's Point wins!

WHOOSH-CUT TO: ka-ching goes a register and a stack of bills FIVE TIMES THE SIZE of what Elliot put down is slid to him. Smiles as he walks away, and the frame is WIPED BY--

INT. ELLIOT'S APARTMENT - DAY

PAGES IN ELLIOT'S JOURNAL FLYING BY. Scribbling notes. We pull away out the window, as days and nights whip by and his hologram appears in different places around the apartment.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
We can only send objects through time, nothing organic. These objects must be sent backwards, with a timeline destination of 20 years. One-way communication. The only way to send a message to me is to memorize it. I remember what you remember.

We follow his pen writing: "I remember what you remember." The screen SPLITS INTO TWO. One shows words being scribbled into Elliot's journal, the other circles his hologram.

FUTURE ELLIOT
Are you damaging the time continuum? Think of a stone dropped into water, creating ripples beyond your control. Now think of dropping a stone into the Pacific Ocean; you get ripples in the immediate area, but the whole stays unaffected. The changes we're making are meaningful only to their immediate vicinity.

And as the SUN SCORCHES UP over his apartment, we ZIP DOWN to find Elliot walking out, a noticeable swagger in his stride.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
Next step: clear your debts.

EXT./INT. PACIFIC EXCHANGE BUILDING - DAY

We WHIP into the chaos of the Pacific Exchange Building...

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
You're in a tight spot after the lawsuit. Sooner we get you out, the better. What you'll need to do is--

WHOOSH! We're in a PAUNCHY STOCKBROKER'S OFFICE, where Elliot's totally schooling him on potential investments:

ELLIOT
--you keep saying Beijing Mineral, Beijing Mineral, but that's a bubble and it's gonna do what bubbles do. Do me a favor and type in Khungun Beton, Mongolian energy stock, got a hunch it's going big--

The overwhelmed stockbroker bashes in KHUNGUN BETON--

INT. MAIL BOXES ETC - DAY

CLICK! ELLIOT opens a safe-deposit box.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
Next: create an emergency stash. If history has taught me anything, it's that you never know when you'll need this. Take $50,000 and your passport, put it in a safe box-

WHAM! Elliot stuffs a duffel bag and passport inside.

INT. ELLIOT'S CAR, PARKED - NIGHT

Elliot, waiting in his car, parked at a downtown corner.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
Next: intersection of 16th and Bryant, 9:03 PM. Keep your eye on the crosswalk. Be ready to pitch.

Elliot glances at his watch as it ticks toward 9:03, looks up at the street... and sees something odd: FRANKLIN GANTT, CEO of Altria, steps onto the crosswalk, talking on his phone, too distracted to see a WEAVING TOYOTA heading toward him.

ELLIOT
Shit--

WHAM! Elliot BARRELS into the street, LUNGES at Franklin and TACKLES HIM, just as the car goes SCREECHING PAST and slams into a power box -- mere feet away from splattering Franklin.

FRANKLIN GANTT
...holy God... ohJesus...
(stops, recognizes him)
...Lockhart?

CUT TO: ELLIOT AND GANTT IN A SWANKY BAR, hours later, avidly talking. Franklin sips scotch, Elliot goes with club soda.

FRANKLIN GANTT
...you've gotten the TV to turn on, without any wired electricity, from a device that fits in your *pocket*?

ELLIOT
Only for a few seconds. But with the right support, sky's the limit.

FRANKLIN GANTT
(thinks, then)
My office, Monday. Be there.
(extends a hand)
Lucky I ran into you tonight, huh?

INT. ALTRIA BUILDING, BASEMENT - DAY

WHUMPH! Boxes get placed on a cart; reveal INTERNS helping get Elliot's former office packed up. Prescott scowls, loathing the fact that Elliot's been promoted over him.

ELLIOT
(about to leave)
Prescott. Been a pleasure.

Prescott eye-daggers him. Elliot grabs a rolled-up projector screen, heads out, and "accidentally" knocks Prescott's potted plant off a shelf as he goes, spilling dirt.

OUT IN THE HALLWAY

Prescott storms out of the office, yells after Elliot:

PRESCOTT
You just burned *the wrong fucking bridge, Elliot.*

Elliot just keeps walking. Prescott sees Harold the janitor pushing his cart down the hall, yells over at him-

PRESCOTT
Harold, get your ass in here, bring a vacuum, chop chop--

Elliot intercepts Harold before he can take another step.

ELLIOT
Do me a favor, Harold.
(shakes his hand)
Retire.

And then walks off. And it's then we see that Elliot put something in Harold's hand: a LOTTERY TICKET.

INT. ALTRIA BUILDING, R&D SECTOR - DAY

DING! The key-card in Elliot's hand -- the one he used to have to bribe the janitor for -- scans open a door...

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
With the new dimensions your life is about to take on, you'll need a new workspace...

...and he walks into his new domain: the R&D lab. He's now got a WHOLE RESEARCH TEAM working on his wireless electricity project. As he gets to work, we pan to the entrance, where Craig watches, trying to wrap his mind around all this...

INT. ELLIOT'S APARTMENT - DAY

CLICK! Elliot's bathroom cabinet opens, and he takes out pill bottles. But instead of popping them like earlier, he opens them up and dumps them into the toilet, then walks out...

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
A new place to call home...

...to reveal he's in a BRAND NEW CONDO overlooking the Bay.

INT. HOME GYM - DAY

Elliot, shirtless, works out in his home gym; push-ups, sit-ups, going to town on a heavybag.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
A new physical regiment...

Reveal his latest capsule playing: his future self looks healthier, fitter, sitting up straight now, posture improved.

EXT. CRAIG'S APARTMENT - DAY

Craig, in his office suit, walks out of his tony apartment building, on his phone, looking around...

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
New wheels...

VROOOOOOOM! A shimmering CONVERTIBLE BMW ROADSTER barrels down the street, straight towards Craig. Craig lunges out of the way as it comes to a smoking stop. Elliot at the wheel.

CRAIG
(climbs in)
Whatever you've been putting in your Frosted Flakes, I want some.

ELLIOT
You said it first: just gotta focus on the future.

Craig, suspicion growing, buckles up as they JET OFF.

INT. HUGO BOSS - DAY

WHIRRRT goes a fabric tape-measure. Widen to reveal Elliot, in a high end store, getting fitted for a suit.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
New clothes...

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

WHOOSH! A barber's apron is pulled away, and there's Elliot 2.0, looking like a million bucks.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
A new look...

Elliot smiles at hot stylist, EVELYN. She's a bit amazed.

EVELYN
Look ready to take on the world.

ELLIOT
Good idea. You want in on that?

Evelyn can't help but laugh as we hear--

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
And now that you're a whole new man...

INT. PENTHOUSE TOWER - NIGHT

DING! Elevator doors open and Elliot, dressed to the nines in his new suit, dolled up Evelyn at his side, comes gliding out into the glass hall overlooking the city.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
...I suggest finding yourself a date, going to WP-24, and saying "diamond" to the door guy.

Ahead, there's a line of people waiting to get into the ROOFTOP NIGHTCLUB beyond the velvet rope. Place is jumping.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
If you happen to run into an old friend, be sure to say "hi."

As Elliot and his date move towards the club entrance--

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Elliot?

Elliot and his date turn... and there's Robyn, standing in line with Steve. She couldn't look more shocked to see him.

ELLIOT
Robyn. Steve. Hi. This is Evelyn.
(off their awed stares)
Come find me when you get inside, let's all have a drink.

They head for the DOORMAN, Elliot murmurs to him, and they're let through. Leaving a bewildered Steve and Robyn behind.

STEVE
Did he get a haircut?

INT. ELLIOT'S APARTMENT - DAY

SPEEDING PIXELS of blurry white light. We're zooming along a line of these glowing dots, a whole GALAXY of them around us.

FUTURE ELLIOT (O.S.)
Most of all, you're going to need to get your pet project fast-tracked. In order for the capsule to exist, wireless electricity must exist first. And there's no sense in you waiting the ten years this took under previous circumstances--

We PULL OUT to reveal we'd just been traveling through the glowing inner matrix of Future Elliot's hologram. Elliot is installing a safe in his wall, loading a case of capsules into it -- can't leave 'em lying around. He spins in the lock's code, writes it down in his journal.

FUTURE ELLIOT (THROUGH HOLOGRAM)
In one week, Altria's CFO will be arrested for fraud. It will take Altria years to fully recover from his embezzlement, and those are years in which your hands will be tied. But there's nothing like good news to get bad news off the front page, so what this means is...

INT. FRANKLIN GANTT'S HOME - DAY

Gantt, in his lavish study, staring at Elliot...

FRANKLIN GANTT
...”we need to take on a partner?”

ELLIOT
In light of recent... unforseeable events... that’s my recommendation.

On a FLAT SCREEN nearby, the news shows a BEANPOLE MBA-TYPE getting hauled off in handcuffs. NEWSCASTER rattling on:

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)
...CFO of Altria Industries, indicted on multiple counts of fraud and embezzlement, after an employee blew the whistle...

ELLIOT
(motions to CFO on TV)
My intuition was right about that asshole, Mr. Gantt, and I’m pretty sure it’s right about this. Besides... nothing like good news to get bad news off the front page.

INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

A DOOR OPENS and Jonathan Wilkes motions us into his office overlooking the city. Clearly taken this meeting as a favor to Gantt; not expecting much out of a has-been like Elliot.

WILKES
Gantt. Good to see you again. What can I do for you, Radius?

Elliot goes to the TV, unplugs it. Lifts his HANDHELD RF AMPLIFIER. CLICK! The TV turns on. And stays on.

WILKES
(unimpressed)
So... you’ve got a wireless electricity generator powerful enough to run a 30-inch flat screen TV. This is not new ground, Elliot--

ELLIOT
Take your phone out.

Wilkes takes out his Stackphone; its BATTERY BAR IS CHARGING UP. Just by being in the same room as Elliot’s invention.

WILKES
You did that... with the device you just pulled out of your pocket.

Elliot nods. Ditto Wilkes. Then...

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

WHOOSH! BLINDING LIGHT scorches our eyes, as we pull back to reveal a TV screen playing the news -- Elliot, Wilkes, and Gantt shaking hands before a crowded conference room.

NEWSCASTER
...big news today, as Jonathan Wilkes' Trinity Corp joins forces with Altria to bring us what could be the next tech revolution. The brainchild of Elliot Lockhart, a former industry punchline now making a high-profile comeback...

WILKES (O.S.)
Do I have a double chin in that shot? They totally gave me a double chin in that shot--

WHOOSH BACK to find Elliot out for lunch with Wilkes and his cronies at a classy restaurant, swilling oysters and martinis (Elliot sticks to water.) Busting each other's chops:

ELLIOT
Sure, it's the camera that gives you a double chin. Drinking three martinis at lunch all the time just makes you more handsome.

WILKES
(laughing)
Hey, anyone at this table knows their way around a bottle, it's you. By the way, what happened to Mr. Self-Destructo, you get a life-coach or something?

ELLIOT
(thinks, smiles)
...basically.

WILKES
Whoever he is, he's good.

Elliot's not paying attention. Because outside the restaurant, he's spotted... Robyn, in her nursing scrubs, ordering from a falafel stand. Elliot stands--

ELLIOT
Gimme a second--

WILKES
He's like a shark, never stops moving...

CUT TO: OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT

Just as Robyn hands money to the vendor and walks on--

ELLIOT (O.S.)
Of all the falafel stands in all the world.

Robyn turns to find Elliot approaching, looking like the coolest cat on the fire escape. She downplays her surprise.

ROBYN
Elliot, alright, you... no longer appear to have risen from the grave to feast on human brain tissue.

ELLIOT
I'm on a diet. Listen, you didn't happen to watch TV last night--

ROBYN
Wondering if I saw you on the news?

ELLIOT
No no, they were showing "Road House" on AMC, I remember how much you love that movie--

ROBYN
<u>You</u> love that movie. I *tolerated* that movie--

ELLIOT
Stop cultivating dishonesty.

ROBYN
(laughs despite herself)
Why am I having this discussion right now?

ELLIOT
You're right, we shouldn't be having this conversation now. We should be having this over dinner.

Robyn's a little taken aback by his confidence. But...

ROBYN
...I'm proud of you. I'm glad you turned things around. I'm glad you even stopped wearing white socks with black suits--

ELLIOT
You noticed.

ROBYN
--but I can't do this.

It deflates him. A car pulls up to the curb, horn going beep-beep as the window rolls down, revealing Steve at the wheel.

STEVE (O.S.)
Ready, babe?

ROBYN
(a beat)
...take care.

She climbs into the car and they drive off, leaving Elliot alone on the sidewalk, looking after her as we hear...

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
Judging by your new memories, I'd say you could use some time away...

INT. ELLIOT'S NEW CONDO - NIGHT

Elliot packs his suitcase with the muted frustration of a man who's getting everything he wants but not the thing he needs.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
The Khao Sok resort in Thailand doesn't open to the public for two months. Ask for a Mr. Pheng, slip him 3,000 baht, watch what happens.

Elliot locks his last capsule into his wall-safe (which is now full of capsules) and shuts the door.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
By the way, don't visit Laos, a civil war's about to break out.

EXT. THAI ISLAND - DAY

VROOOOM! A PLANE soars over as we pan to Elliot, striding into a GORGEOUS THAI RESORT overlooking the ocean.

CUT TO: A BEACH-VIEW BAR

Elliot's mid-flirt with ISABELLA and HANNA, smoking-hot Swedish tourists. The vibe is merry with sexual tension.

ISABELLA
You are messing with me.

HANNA
He's messing with you.

ELLIOT
I'm not in the business of lying to beautiful women.

HANNA
"You can see the future."

ELLIOT
Yes.

ISABELLA
Prove it.

ELLIOT
Ok ok, um, lemme see...
(motions over shoulder)
She's gonna leave him at the altar.

He points to the TV, broadcasting a CELEBRITY WEDDING.

ISABELLA
You've already watched this?

ELLIOT
It's live, nobody's watched this.
Count it down, five, four, three--

And on TV the FEMALE CELEBRITY suddenly starts crying... and walks away from the groom. Hannah covers her mouth -- *OMG.*

ELLIOT
...about ten seconds the groom's
mother is gonna lose her shit--

On cue, the GROOM'S MOM storms after her, YELLING. Isabella and Hanna stare at Elliot -- who just raises his club soda; *cheers*. A little devious smile from one girl to another.

HANNA
So what do you see in *your* future?

EXT. ELLIOT'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

WHAM! Elliot and his new Swedish friends pile into the bed, a mass of roaming hands and hungry mouths. We PULL UP to see--

--his hotel room is a TEAK TREE-HOUSE, suspended above the beach, lit by lanterns. And *just before* the MPAA can slap us with an NC-17, we lose the threesome amidst the branches.

INT. ELLIOT'S APARTMENT - DAY

CLICK! Elliot, tanned and happy, walks into his place. Sets down his bag and FLOPS onto the couch. Sighs, satisfied...

...then notices it. On the nearby table, there's a CAPSULE waiting for him. Grabs it, hits PLAY. As we push in on him...

FUTURE ELLIOT (FROM CAPSULE)
Call this number and ask for Leo.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Elliot pulls into a space. Alone in the cavernous parking garage. A bit spooked. Glances at the capsule in his hand...

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
Go to the parking garage on Geary and Leavenworth. Bring $800.

KNOCK-KNOCK. A fist raps on his window. Elliot whirls to see LEO -- 20's, scuzzy. Elliot, wary, rolls down the window--

LEO
Eight.

Elliot hands him over an envelope. Leo hands him a BROWN PAPER BAG. Walks off. Elliot, confused, looks in the bag...

...and there's a HANDGUN inside it. Black Glock .44 with a silencer. He lifts it out, eyes narrow. The serial number's been filed off, just a blur on the metal where it used to be.

ELLIOT
Hey, wait--

Leo's gone. Elliot sits there with the gun, mind spinning. Fingertip nervously tracing designs on the center console.

INT. ALTRIA BUILDING, HALLWAY/OFFICE - MORNING

DING! Elliot steps out of the elevator and in the 9 AM bustle. Head low, he makes a bee-line for his office, where--

WHAM! Shuts the door. Locks it. Closes blinds. And goes to the desk, where there's already a capsule waiting. Jaw tight, he hits play. The image of his future self SNAPS TO LIFE -- he's jittery, sleep-deprived, and looks roughed up.

FUTURE ELLIOT
What I'm about to tell you is the last message I ever wanted to send, but it's one you need to hear.
(beat)
In 2033, your former boss, David Prescott, will be your chief competitor. He will do everything in his power to destroy you, beginning with a smear campaign and escalating to blackmail, extortion, and sabotage.
(MORE)

FUTURE ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Historically, when those tactics fail, his enemies have a tendency to die in plane crashes and auto-wrecks.
(beat)
I don't want to die in an accident. And you don't want to live with an expiration date. The reality is: the only way to stop Prescott from destroying your future... is in the bag you picked up last night.

Elliot's lips part, realizing what this means...

FUTURE ELLIOT
You've got a decision to make. It's going to be the hardest one of your life. But let me assure you... it's either him now or you later. You don't do this, we are doomed.

The image SNAPS OUT. Elliot drops the capsule. Disbelieving. KNOCK-KNOCK! A fist raps on his door, startles him.

ASSISTANT'S VOICE (O.S.)
Your meeting starts in five--

ELLIOT
--one sec.

He stares at the capsule in his hand... as we CUT TO:

INT. ALTRIA BUILDING, BOARD ROOM - DAY

A staff meeting. Elliot's eyes keep drifting across the room to Prescott... who catches his look. Shoots him an icy stare.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
I know what I'm asking is not easy. But there are times when we must make compromises with ourselves in order to survive.

INT. ELLIOT'S CAR, PARKED - EVENING

Elliot in his roadster. Toying with the capsule. Ahead of him, a red Mercedes pulls out. Prescott at the wheel.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
He will depart the office at 6:15 and take the 280 Freeway home.

As he drives past, Elliot pockets his capsule and follows.

EXT. BAYVIEW NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Keeping his distance, Elliot tails Prescott's car through his neighborhood; the burg is young, hip, a little sketchy.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
He's purchased a home in Bayview. In two years, this will be one of the city's most expensive locales.

Elliot watches Prescott pull into his townhouse's garage.

FUTURE ELLIOT (V.O.)
But for now, home invasion robberies are not uncommon here.

EXT. DAVE PRESCOTT'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Prescott eats dinner in front of his TV. Not noticing he's being watched... by Elliot, parked outside. Surveilling. Thinking. Pan down to reveal he's got the GLOCK in his hand.

FUTURE ELLIOT
The back entrance of his apartment will be unlocked. His alarm system hasn't been installed yet.

Elliot breathes. Puts on leather driving gloves. Gets out.

CUT TO: the back of Prescott's townhouse, where Elliot steals through the shadows. Eyes scanning, heart jack-hammering.

FUTURE ELLIOT
Once this is done, take his wallet and go out the way you came in. Walk slowly, walk calmly. The police will not be looking for someone with your description.

CUT TO: INSIDE PRESCOTT'S TOWNHOUSE

...the back door CREAKS OPEN. Slowly. Through Elliot's POV: we can hear the basketball game on the TV in the living room as further down the hall we go, towards the well-appointed living room, Prescott on the couch with his back to us...

FUTURE ELLIOT
I trust you to see this through.

Elliot pulls the gun from his pocket. Doesn't aim it. Just looks at it... and then looks to Prescott...

...just as we hear a "meow" and a ginger TABBY CAT hops up onto Prescott's lap. He gently feeds the cat a baby shrimp from his salad. Only nice thing Elliot's ever seen him do.

We hold on Elliot, gun in his hand...

EXT. PRESCOTT'S STREET - NIGHT

BAM! Elliot SLAMS THE GAS and peels off. Revealing the townhouse... where Prescott is still very much alive. Elliot, for the first time, hasn't followed orders.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

SCREEECH! Elliot slams to a stop in the emergency lane atop the Bay Bridge. Gets out. TOSSES THE GUN over the bridge.

INT. ELLIOT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In his journal, Elliot scrawls:

WHAT NOW?

Then sits at his table, watching the metal plate. Waiting for a capsule to arrive. He waits. And waits. And waits. Night becomes dawn. And finally, answer-less, he gets up to leave.

INT. ALTRIA BUILDING, LOBBY - DAWN

Dawn in the empty Altria lobby. Elliot walks in from the garage, heads for the elevator...

...finds that it's roped off, an UNDER REPAIR sign on it. He sighs, heads for...

THE STAIRWELL: fluorescent tubes flicker, footsteps echo. As Elliot trudges through this claustrophobic space, a door suddenly BOOMS CLOSED 3 stories below. Elliot looks down...

...to see <u>Dave Prescott</u>. Intently making his way up the stairs. Eyes Elliot, just for a second, as he comes up...

ELLIOT
Morning.

No answer. Apprehension growing, Elliot walks on. Notices Prescott's now just two stories below him. Moving faster.

Elliot picks up the pace. Rounds the next level. Sees Prescott's <u>even closer now</u>. One level below, and gaining.

And it's then Elliot notices something else, too.

Prescott, hand trembling, is pulling out a GUN. A big, black Glock. Like Elliot bought from Leo. Elliot, adrenaline spiking, turns to FLEE and--

PRESCOTT
DON'T!

Prescott clumsily cocks the gun. Clearly new at this.

PRESCOTT
(comes up the steps)
...stay just like that.

A sheen of panic-sweat is visible on Prescott's face as he approaches. Elliot stands there, frozen, hands up...

ELLIOT
...what are you doing, Prescott?

PRESCOTT
Stopping you.

ELLIOT
From doing <u>what</u>?--

PRESCOTT
<u>Don't</u>. Don't act like you're in the fucking dark here, Elliot--

ELLIOT
Prescott, listen to me, I have no idea what you're--

PRESCOTT
It's you or me.

Prescott's finger goes to the trigger and WHAM! Elliot SWINGS his laptop case and KNOCKS THE GUN AWAY. Then LUNGES at Prescott, sending them both rolling down the stairs--

ONTO THE LANDING BELOW

--where Elliot makes a grab for the gun. STRUGGLING, gets two fingers onto the gun... SNATCHES IT UP, whirls around--

--just as Prescott SWIPES at the gun, it GOES OFF, the bullet RICOCHETS off the wall, and PLANTS ITSELF in Prescott's leg. He HOWLS. Stumbles back, holding his bleeding thigh...

...and TAKES A TUMBLE down the next flight of stairs. Ass-over-teakettle, wallet and keys flying out of his pockets BAM! Hits the landing. Doesn't move. Elliot stands, freaked.

ELLIOT
...Prescott?...

Hesitantly, Elliot checks to see if he's breathing. Sees that he is. Elliot steps back... and his foot lands on something.

A CAPSULE. One that fell out of Prescott's pocket.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
(in disbelief)
...no...

Elliot grabs it, hits play, an image appears: FUTURE PRESCOTT, at a table in a blank room. Looks good for his age.

FUTURE PRESCOTT
At 6:17, Lockhart will come in through the garage. Place an "Under Repair" sign in front of the elevator. He will take the stairs. Then he will break into your office and wait with a gun.
(beat)
I trust you to see this through.

The hologram SNAPS OFF. Elliot stares down at his former boss... then pockets Prescott's gun and TAKES OFF RUNNING.

INT. ALTRIA BUILDING, LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

In SPOOKY SLO-MO, Elliot bee-lines out of the stairwell and into the lobby. Covered in sweat, limping, trying to control his heartrate.

Through his POV, we see familiar faces -- Altria employees working the early-AM shift. But now, we see them as potential threats. After all, *who else is getting capsules?...*

A SECURITY GUARD focuses on us as we pass. We look the other way... and meet the stare of the FRONT DESK CLERK. Breathing hard, we turn toward the doors...

...past a couple of GUYS FROM ELLIOT'S R&D TEAM, walking in. One of them turns to us, eyes narrowing...

...and we RUSH ONWARD, out of the building, free.

EXT. CRAIG'S APARTMENT - DAY

BAM BAM BAM! Elliot beats his fist against a door. Until finally it opens up and there's Craig, fresh from sleep.

CRAIG
(taken aback)
Jesus... Elliot--

ELLIOT
(all one breath)
Dave Prescott just came after me with a gun and tried to kill me--

CRAIG
...whoah.
(beat)
We gotta call the--

ELLIOT
--no cops. No cops.

CRAIG
Why not?

ELLIOT
I'll explain but it's gonna take me a minute. Can I come in? Please?

A loaded beat. Then Craig lets him in.

INT. CRAIG'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Craig shuts the door to his nouveau-riche apartment, everything nice and neat inside. Elliot pulls off his sweaty jacket, drapes it on the couch, already mid-blabber:

ELLIOT
--ok, listen, I kinda shot Prescott in the leg and threw him down the stairs and left him unconscious and if I try to explain why, I'm gonna get locked in a psych ward.
(off his "what?" look)
I need to tell you something, and I need you to not freak out.

Craig puts Elliot's jacket on a coat-rack, motions: *go on.*

ELLIOT
I've been getting these...
capsules...

CRAIG
I'm sorry-- what?

ELLIOT
A few weeks ago, one of these just showed up in my apartment and--

Craig's not paying attention. He's digging into a suitcase...

ELLIOT
Craig?

CRAIG
...they look like this?

In Craig's trembling hand: a small silver CAPSULE.

ELLIOT
...holy shit.

Craig, gravely, gives a nod. Just as freaked out as Elliot.

INT. CRAIG'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

A scotch on the rocks gets placed down, Elliot takes it and drinks it up. He and Craig in midst of a tense conversation.

ELLIOT
So... that's how you got on such a hot streak.

CRAIG
About to say the same about you.
(smirks)
There I was thinking you'd finally started believing in yourself.

ELLIOT
Technically, all that stuff *was* me... believing in myself.
(beat)
Again, we see where that gets me.
(beat)
Did yours... say to do anything--

CRAIG
Nothing like what yours said to do.

ELLIOT
...the hell is going on here?

CRAIG
I don't know. Figuring that out, that's step two. Step one is taking care of the situation at hand.

ELLIOT
What do you mean?

CRAIG
Go to the cops. Tell them your boss attacked you with a gun. He caught a bullet. You were scared. You ran. No word about the capsules, 'cause you're right, that makes you sound crazy. And if *you're* crazy, then <u>I'm</u> crazy.

Elliot breathes deep, nods. Slugs the rest of the drink.

CRAIG
Let's take your car.

Elliot makes to follow him, pulls his jacket off the coat rack, gets as far as the door...

...when he stumbles. Plants a hand on the wall. Vision doubling. Craig standing there -- expression suddenly cold.

CRAIG
I'm curious about something.

Elliot sways, almost TOPPLES OVER, steadies himself.

CRAIG
You *sure* your capsules didn't say anything about me?

ELLIOT
What're-- what'reyou--

CRAIG
I only ask, 'cause... you won't believe what mine said about you.

Elliot's eyes go to the EMPTY LIQUOR GLASS on the table. Realizing what's happening. Horror flooding into him.

ELLIOT
...no...

CRAIG
I didn't wanna believe it when I heard it.

ELLIOT
Craig--

CRAIG
"He's gonna come to your house, begging for help. He's gonna ask to come in. He'll have a gun."

Elliot reaches for his jacket pocket; the gun's gone. Craig holds it; stole it from Elliot's coat when he hung it up.

ELLIOT
...you don't... understand...

CRAIG
...I understand, Elliot. Wish I fuckin' didn't, but I understand.

Elliot tries to GRAB HIM... and BAM! Collapses. BLACKNESS.

THROUGH ELLIOT'S POV:

--Blinks of reality, going in and out of consciousness.

--BLINK TO: Craig standing over us with the gun. Aiming it at us, trying to summon the strength to pull the trigger...

--BLINK TO: Craig, in the hazy distant kitchen, takes a long pull off his Scotch bottle. Leaning on the wall, in turmoil.

--BLINK TO: Our feet getting dragged across a garage floor.

CRAIG (O.S.)
(whispers)
...it's ok... it's ok... I hear it's just like falling asleep...

BLACKNESS.

INT. ELLIOT'S CAR, PARKED - DAY

WHAM! Elliot JERKS AWAKE. Realizing where he is: in his car, in the backseat, with the ENGINE RUNNING. Foggy outside... except that he's not outside; he's <u>inside a closed, exhaust-filled garage</u>. He's been left here to "commit suicide."

ELLIOT
...jesushchrisht...

Moving with doped sluggishness -- the drugs Craig gave him have worn off early, but he's still feeling the residuals -- Elliot tries to the unlock the doors.

No dice -- unlock mechanism's disabled. *Oh shit.*

ELLIOT
...c'mon...

Elliot leans into the front -- sees the keys in the ignition and a CINDERBLOCK on the gas, the car REVVING IN NEUTRAL.

ELLIOT'S POV: he LUNGES forward to reach for the keys, his vision doubles, monoxide poisoning kicking in, he COLLAPSES--

--against the seat, slumping down onto the GEAR SHIFT. Which starts to GET PUSHED FORWARD from his weight.

Juuuuust about to click from NEUTRAL to REVERSE...

CLICK!

The sedan FLIES BACK. Elliot's eyes snap open, JERKS AROUND--

--to see the garage door BUCKLE and BURST OPEN as the car tears through it and out onto...

THE TOP OF A VERY LONG, STEEP SAN FRANCISCO HILL

Staying ENTIRELY INSIDE ELLIOT'S POV, we experience this:

Traffic zipping both ways past us until BAM! We get clipped by a TRUCK, shatters a window, force THROWING us into the backseat, car now aimed ass-first down the hill.

VRRRRRRRM goes the engine as the world goes BLURRING PAST in the windows, powerlines ZIPPING OVERHEAD through the sunroof. Terrified, we try to crawl into the front seat as--

BAM! A set of DENTED TRASH CANS sail over the windshield and bounce away-- catapulted by the rear of the speeding vehicle.

Cars SWERVE around us, horns BLASTING, as we pull ourselves into the driver's seat... and for a split second, in the REAR VIEW MIRROR, we can see a CUBE-TRUCK CAREENING TOWARD US.

ELLIOT
--no--

We JAM our seatbelt into place and SHOVE THE CINDERBLOCK OFF THE GAS WITH OUR FOOT, giving the WHEEL A JERK--

--causing us to BURN A SICKENING 180, the truck WHIPPING PAST, missing by inches...

CRASH! We jump the sidewalk and SLAM side-first into a light pole. CRUMPLE goes the passenger door, glass hurricanes into our eyes. We finally BREAK OUT OF ELLIOT'S POV, floating...

OUTSIDE THE CAR

The driver's door flies open, Elliot STUMBLES OUT, battered, gasping. There's a WAIL OF POLICE SIRENS approaching. Not even bothering with the LOOKY-LOOS crowding in, he HOBBLE-SPRINTS down a side street, then another, before dodging--

INTO AN ALLEYWAY

--where he SKIDS UP behind a dumpster and collapses against it -- looking half-dead and cauterized with adrenaline.

ELLIOT
...holyshit... holyshit...

Elliot sneaks ahead and peeks out of the alleyway...

BACK TOWARD THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT

...where the cops have surrounded the accident, chatter coming in over the radios...

RADIO CHATTER
...vehicle registered to Lockhart, Elliot... suspect wanted for the 245 downtown this morning...

Elliot turns and gets out of there. <u>Fast</u>.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A taxi's brakes WHEEZE as it stops, Elliot hops in.

DRIVER
Where to?

ELLIOT
Home. Uh, 24th and Dolores--

The DRIVER suspiciously eyes this beat-up mess of a fare.

DRIVER
Got money?
(off his nod)
Show me.

Elliot grabs his wallet -- only a few dollars inside. Grabs a credit card. Looks to the card machine. Thinks better of it.

ELLIOT
Forget it.

Out of the cab as quick as he got in as we hear a WHOOSH--

EXT. POST OFFICE EXPRESS - DAY

A BUS ROARS OFF, revealing Elliot at a Post Office Express.

INSIDE: Elliot JAMS a key into his safe-deposit box. The one where he put his $50,000 and passport. Opens the door...

ELLIOT
(whispers)
...fuck me...

<u>The deposit box is EMPTY</u>. Apprehension and confusion overtaking him, he SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT.

INT. POST OFFICE EXPRESS, BATHROOM - DAY

Elliot locks himself in the bathroom. Stares at the mirror. Betrayed by everyone... even, it seems, by himself.

ELLIOT
(whispers)
...the hell are you doing to me?...

He rips open his journal, scribbles the words over and over:

TALK TO ME TALK TO ME TALK TO ME

Then, all at once... he <u>loses it.</u> HURLS the journal across the bathroom. KICKS the shit out of the trash can, sends soiled paper towels flying.

PUNCHES the mirror, cracks it, bloodies his knuckles. Cradling his hand, he catches his breath...

ELLIOT
...ok... ok...

Gives himself a look in the cracked mirror. Fights for calm.

ELLIOT
(whispers)
...go home, get your shit, find a place to hide, figure out what the fuck is going on.

He sucks in a deep breath... and we SMASH TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Elliot's shoes beat the pavement, moving intently through the night,heading for his street. His apartment's a few hundred feet away. Stops, checks it out. Coast looks clear.

But as he approaches, he hears it: a COOKING SHOW,from the radio of a white rental Impala parked by his building.

COOKING SHOW HOST
...I like to add a lil' Chinese five-spice to the roasting pork...

He can only make out the driver's silhouette. Similar build to Elliot, wearing a jacket and a ball-cap. Some SUNFLOWER SEED SHELLS get spat out the window... and it's then Elliot notices that the gutter is littered with them.

Whoever this guy is, he's been sitting there a while. Elliot pauses... then turns tail. Fast. Rounds the corner--

DOWN THE NEXT STREET

--SPRINTING NOW. When all of a sudden... the Impala goes SPEEDING PAST HIM, then JERKS to a stop, blocks his path. The driver -- who we'll know simply as MAGUIRE -- calls over:

MAGUIRE
Cool it, Elliot.
(motions)
Hop in.

Elliot steps back, makes to BOLT--

MAGUIRE
Don't do that. It's a 2008 rental Impala, but I think it can still move faster than you.

Still, Elliot refuses to move. Maguire opens his jacket, shows him the HEAVY HANDGUN inside. Voice still even:

MAGUIRE
Hop in.

Pushing in on Elliot's fear-frozen face, we SMASH TO:

INT. IMPALA, MOVING - NIGHT

The two men ride in silence -- Elliot's born out of fear, Maguire's born out of professional courtesy. He drives with one hand, casually keeps his gun on Elliot with the other.

ELLIOT
So you're... taking me out somewhere to shoot me.

No reply. They pass streetlight, Elliot gets a look at Maguire: 40, face like an aging Irish choir boy. As dispassionate as an NYC coroner seeing his 500th dead hooker.

ELLIOT
Guessing you're not gonna say why.

Silence from Maguire. Elliot looks down, glimpses a BALLPOINT PEN in the center console. Closest thing he's got to a weapon. All he has to do is palm it. Elliot, hoping to direct Maguire's attention elsewhere, keeps talking...

ELLIOT
You realize that makes no sense, right? Considering that any information you give me is gonna go out the back of my skull along with most of my gray matter whenever we--

MAGUIRE
Have you and I met?

Elliot's taken aback by his sudden response. Then...

ELLIOT
No.

MAGUIRE
Exactly. So you got no reason to be treating this like it's personal.

ELLIOT
So this is business.

MAGUIRE
Yep.

They ride on silence for a moment. Elliot, eyes on the pen...

ELLIOT
...somebody just gives you money, you go shoot someone, just like that, without even questioning it.

MAGUIRE
(sighs)
Ever cook lobster?

ELLIOT
What?

MAGUIRE
Lobster, ever cooked one?

ELLIOT
...yeah?

MAGUIRE
After you throw it in the water, you stay around to watch it cook?

ELLIOT
...no.

MAGUIRE
Right. 'Cause then you start wondering why you're doing it and the next thing you know, you're eating sprouts and tofu. Soon as you start questioning, you start doubting. Me, I don't question. And that's why I'm sitting here and you're sitting there.

WHEEEOOOO-WHEEOOOO! A cop car approaches, sirens wailing. As Maguire watches the cops pass by, Elliot snatches the pen. Pockets it just as he turns back. Speeding on into the dark.

EXT. VIADUCT - NIGHT

We WHOOSH past an industrial-sector bridge, to the darkened aqueduct below... where Maguire's car pulls into an alcove.

MAGUIRE
Outside.

Elliot climbs out. Gets marched to the trunk, lid popped.

MAGUIRE
Open it.

Elliot -- waiting for his moment to grab the pen and jam it into this fucker's neck -- follows orders. The trunk door opens, reveals BOXES and SAMPLE KITS, all with a company logo: KITCHEN SOLUTIONS, INC. Elliot glances at him...

ELLIOT
...you chose... kitchen-supply sales as your cover-job?

MAGUIRE
Stop talking.
(motions)
Underneath.

Elliot reaches in and finds a FOLDED UP TARP under the boxes.

MAGUIRE
Lay it down, unfold it.

Face like stone, Elliot tosses down the tarp. Gets on his knees, unfolds it. Glances at Maguire, who's doing a sweep of the perimeter. Elliot reaches into his pocket for the pen--

MAGUIRE
Nice try, asshole--

WHAM! Maguire PISTOL-WHIPS him. Kicks him in the ribs, knocks him onto his stomach. Elliot, in agony, tries to crawl away. Maguire stalks after, into the near-blackness of the alcove--

MAGUIRE
Make this difficult, I start with your feet and work upward, got it?

ELLIOT
(drooling blood)
...I'm not really in the mood for a massage, but thanks for asking...

MAGUIRE
Not the last words *I* would've chosen, but to each their own...

And just as Maguire levels the gun at him, Elliot turns... and we see he's got a CAPSULE in his hand.

CLICK-*FLASH*! The capsule emits its <u>blinding-white light</u>. Maguire shields his eyes, disoriented...and BAM! Elliot LUNGES AT HIM. Tackles him, wrestles his gun away...

WHACK! Elliot CLOCKS HIM with it, Maguire quits struggling.

ELLIOT
<u>See</u>? That hurts. It's not fun. You shouldn't do that to people.

MAGUIRE
(squeezing his forehead)
...fuckin' dead man...

ELLIOT
Yeah, let's talk about that. Who hired you?

MAGUIRE
Fuck yourself.

WHACK! Elliot whips him again. Maguire SEETHES in pain.

ELLIOT
Listen, I've been off my meds for four weeks and I've been getting personal messages from myself in the future, you are <u>not</u> dealing with a stable person here.
(puts gun to his head)
<u>Last time</u> -- <u>*who*</u>?

Maguire spits some blood... and tells the truth.

MAGUIRE
We don't meet. I get an email, I go to a safe-deposit box, I collect fifty grand, I go to work.

Elliot suddenly pauses -- *safe deposit box? Fifty grand?*

And it's then he spots something sticking out of Maguire's pocket. He snatches it... and his mouth drops open.

<u>It's Elliot's passport.</u> The one he left in his emergency stash. Name, photo, phone number, address. The realization hits Elliot like a boxer's uppercut to the sternum...

...I've been tricked into hiring my own hit-man.

ELLIOT
...jesus...

WHOOSH! Maguire, having snagged a broken bottle off the ground, SLASHES with it. Elliot tries to block it, gets his forearm cut open, drops the gun. Maguire SHOVES HIM AWAY, lunges for the gun, Elliot KICKS IT into the shadows--

--then SPRINTS. Maguire pulls a SNUB-NOSE from his ankle holster, gives chase. Elliot VAULTS up the steps toward--

THE BRIDGE

...where Maguire rounds the corner to discover <u>Elliot is nowhere to be seen</u>. Maguire stalks along, eyes scanning...

...until he sees it. In the canal, floating away, is Elliot's jacket. Maguire eyes it. Turns back toward the stairwell. And as he passes, we reveal <u>Elliot</u> -- perched up on the bridge, flattening himself against a column for dear life...

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

CRASH! A busboy dumps BAGS OF TRASH into a dumpster...

...not noticing Elliot hiding beside it. Crouched and sweating, journal open in his hand, the scrawl reading:

I REMEMBER WHAT YOU REMEMBER

But Elliot's eyes aren't on the journal, they're on the LIQUOR STORE across the street. A beat. Then, decision made, he scrawls a message into his journal, big and bold:

FUCK YOU

INT. GENE'S LIQUOR - NIGHT

A bell DINGS as Elliot war-paths up to the tattooed cashier.

ELLIOT
Let's say you didn't want to remember a single thing you did tonight -- what would you drink?

The clerk gives this some serious consideration.

CLERK
...I'd say a combination of Early Times whiskey and Night Train wine.

ELLIOT
I'll take it.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

CLICK-CLICK go numbers on the pump. Maguire, looking worse for wear, refills his sedan. His phone buzzes, he reads the incoming email: **GENE'S LIQUOR ON TARAVAL ST AND 32ND.**

INT. GENE'S LIQUOR - NIGHT

DING! The liquor store door swings open, Maguire moves through, scanning the area for Elliot. No sign of him. He punches an email into his phone: **NEED UPDATED LOCATION.** Then eyes clerk, tosses Elliot's PASSPORT on the counter.

MAGUIRE
Seen this guy tonight?

CLERK
(eyes the photo)
Came in earlier. Way he was looking, about to have the best night of his life or the worst.

Maguire nods a “thank you”, turns to go, and his phone buzzes with an incoming email**: UPDATED LOCATION UNAVAILABLE.**

INT. ROBYN’S HOUSE - NIGHT

BANG-BANG! A rowdy knocking on a door. The door opens and Elliot SPILLS IN, beyond wasted. Robyn, exasperated, stuffs her TASER back into her purse as Elliot stumbles in her boho-chic living room, slurring his speech--

ELLIOT
Sorry-- sorry, lishten, I--

ROBYN
Jesus, Elliot, what’d you drink?

ELLIOT
All of it.

ROBYN
Alright, know what, this is not ok--

ELLIOT
Robyn, wait--

ROBYN
(dials her cell)
Hi, yes? I’m 4306 Indian Wood Road, I need a taxi... Yes, I can hold...

ELLIOT
Listen to me--

ROBYN
You’re hurting. I get it. Move on.

ELLIOT
What if I told you that *people are trying to kill me?*

ROBYN
I’d say you need to get back on your medication.
(into phone)
Hi, ok, phone number is--

There’s a BLINDING FLASH. Robyn WHIRLS... and finds herself looking at a HOLOGRAM projected from the capsule in Elliot’s hand: insider her kitchen sits Elliot, 20 years older, at a table in a blank room, projected in jittery pixels.

FUTURE ELLIOT (THROUGH HOLOGRAM)
What I’m about to tell you is the last message I ever wanted to send--

WHACK! Robyn’s phone hits the floor. She covers her mouth.

ROBYN
...is that... *you?*...

ELLIOT
Not yet.

INT. ROBYN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

AMBER LIQUOR pours, Robyn takes a big gulp. Clear that she's been brought up to speed. Elliot takes slugs from his Nighttrain bottle, keeping his mental-cloud in place.

ROBYN
(after a beat)
You have any of your Klonopin left? I could really use one. Or twelve.

ELLIOT
So you believe me.

Robyn takes a moment. Then, breaking it down:

ROBYN
You get messages from yourself. You get lulled into trusting them. Then you get told to kill Prescott. You don't. Then you discover Prescott's been told to kill you. He fails. So then Craig tries to kill you. That doesn't work either. Then there's the kicker: you hire your own hit-man. And it's at that point... you decide to get *me* involved?

ELLIOT
We're safe, nobody's gonna find me--

ROBYN
<u>How do you know</u>? Can you see the future? Wait, don't answer that--

ELLIOT
I'm being tracked by my memories. Least I think I am. Wherever I go, I remember it, and then the bad guys show up. But thanks to this--
(toasts his bottle)
--anything I do gets blotted out.

ROBYN
Keep drinking.

ELLIOT
Copy that.

He follows orders. Robin paces, overwhelmed, stressed.

ROBYN
...are you seeing the obvious question here?

ELLIOT
Why am I trying to take myself out?
(off her nod)
...wouldn't be the first time I tried to make that happen.

In his drunken state, he's almost got a sense of humor about it. But it's still not a pleasant memory for Robyn.

ROBYN
So what, this is... retroactive self-obliteration-by-time-travel?

ELLIOT
Well, when you put it like that--

ROBYN
What if that's not *you* in the capsules? What if it's just... someone who looks what you might look like in twenty years?

ELLIOT
Trust me, it's me. Same voice, features, posture, nervous habits--

ROBYN
Like what you're doing right now?

Elliot realizes he's doing the little tic he does whenever he's thinking: tracing little designs with his fingertip on the table. And suddenly... something clicks in his brain.

ELLIOT
...<u>yes</u>.

He's out of his chair in a flash as we CUT TO:

THE KITCHEN, where Elliot's capsule FLICKERS TO LIFE.

ELLIOT
...you see? *You see?*

Robyn sees it. So do we. Future Elliot is <u>subtly tracing a design with his fingertip onto the table he's sitting at</u>. Elliot moves alongside the hologram, so he can mimic it...

...drawing the design into his notebook. Elliot and Robyn look at the page in his journal, which now reads:

P

ROBYN
So your future self is either teaching you the alphabet... or he's trying to send a message.
(off his nod)
Were you doing this in the others?

ELLIOT
I don't-- I gotta watch them again--
(stands up)
They're at my place, I gotta get--

He rushes up, drunkenly trips, hits the floor, hard.

ROBYN (PRE-LAP)
One, two, three--

INT. ROBYN'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Robyn strains to pull half-conscious Elliot onto the couch. Tosses him a pillow. Not happy about being thrown into this scary, surreal world, but dealing with it the best she can.

ROBYN
...I'm gonna put this big, powerful brain of mine to work tomorrow, and we're gonna figure out a way to un-fuck this situation.
(beat)
Questions?

ELLIOT
(looks around)
Isn't... Steve gonna wonder why I'm-

ROBYN
Not that kind of relationship.

ELLIOT
Oh.
(beat)
I didn't-- I thought you guys were--

ROBYN
I wasn't look to jump into anything big after...
(beat)
Plus, he's into Fantasy Football and listens to Jason Mraz.

Elliot takes a moment to savor that. Robyn notices.

ROBYN
I wanna be clear: only reason you and I are together now is because I'm pretty sure you'll get killed if you try to do this alone.

Tosses a comforter to him. And just as she walks out...

ELLIOT
Since I won't remember any of this, I'm just gonna spit this out...
(beat)
I know why you left.

She turns back to him, skeptical.

ROBYN
Why'd I leave, Elliot?

ELLIOT
Because I turned out to be a complete and total colossal failure. Took me a while to realize that, so don't worry, I get it, I wouldn't have stuck around either--

ROBYN
I didn't leave because your company went under.
(off his surprised look)
Even if you'd succeeded, I still would've left.

ELLIOT
...what are you talking about?

ROBYN
You weren't happy with yourself. Not even when things were good. You were only happy with who you were gonna be in the future. Always "one day." One day we'd get married. One day we'd go down to the islands and you'd teach me how to sail. One day you'd believe in yourself the way I did. But "one day" never materialized. And after Radius, you just... threw in the towel.

Elliot stares blearily at her, unprepared to hear the truth. Taking it as best he can...

ELLIOT
...for the record, I never stopped wanting to get on that boat with you.

She almost softens for a beat. Turns to go. Then pauses--

ROBYN
What are you gonna do once the booze wears off?

She realizes she's talking to a passed-out person. Her face -- *shit*. Thinks for a long beat... then grabs her CAR KEYS.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Robyn, now in her nursing scrubs, goes through the late-night corridors of the hospital. Nods "hello" to a fellow NURSE.

NURSE
Got you on late tonight, huh?

ROBYN
No rest for the wicked.

And rounds a corner to a LOCKED DOOR marked PHARMACEUTICALS.

INT. ROBYN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

THROUGH ELLIOT'S POV: the blurry world gradually sharpens...

ROBYN (O.S.)
Easy now, it'd mean the world to me if you didn't puke on my couch...

Robyn looms into frame, handing us a glass of water. Elliot gulps most of it, flops back down on the couch. Then--

ELLIOT
Shit.

WHAM! Elliot sits up in a lurch.

ROBYN
What?

ELLIOT
--I'm sober, I'll-- remember this--

ROBYN
No you won't.

ELLIOT
(checks watch)
It's 9:30, last drink I had was--

ROBYN
I just dosed you with Rohypnol.

Elliot -- *what?* She motions to his water glass.

ROBYN
And 50 milligrams of Dexedrine. So you'll be awake, alert, and remembering absolutely nothing.

ELLIOT
Isn't Rohypnol a... date-rape drug?

ROBYN
It's not <u>just</u> for date-rape. Jesus. Rohypnol gets such a bad rap.
(pulls him to his feet)
We've got four hours before the amnesiac effects wear off, so we've got that long to go get those goddamn capsules and figure out what you're trying to tell you.

ELLIOT
...how do I know when it kicks in?

INT. ROBYN'S CAR, MOVING - MORNING

Elliot -- riding slumped in Robyn's car, gazing blissfully through the open sun-roof at the building's passing overhead.

ROBYN
Elliot? Still with me?

Elliot turns up the MUSIC -- some Phil Spector wall-of-sound track. Sticks his head out the window. And through Elliot's POV, everything slows to a crawl. Colors brighten. The music takes over. And Elliot just *grooves* with it. Momentarily floating above the maelstrom that his life has become. Until--

ROBYN
Forgetting you've got a *warrant?*

Robyn YANKS HIM back into the car as we CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOT'S STREET - DAY

We focus on Elliot's building. Robyn's car drives past, she scopes out the area, no sign of Elliot in the vehicle...

ROBYN
Nobody on the street, nobody waiting in a car.

Reveal Elliot on the floor of the backseat, out of view.

ROBYN
I'll keep watch in the courtyard--

ELLIOT
Hell you will--

ROBYN
I just dosed with two different Schedule 1 drugs, think you're gonna get by on your wits alone?

He registers the validity of her point.

ROBYN
Anything weird, your phone'll ring.

As she parks them a couple blocks down around the corner, the two breathe deep and prepare themselves for what's to come...

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Elliot moves swiftly down a side-street, toward his courtyard. Head low, trying to control his breathing. Behind him, Robyn posts up at the courtyard entrance. On high alert.

INT. ELLIOT'S APARTMENT - DAY

CLICK! Elliot keys open his apartment.. Steps back, peeking into his domicile... and sees its empty. Just to be sure, he takes an empty Perrier bottle off a table and ROLLS IT down a hallway, RATTLING across the floor. Gets no response.

ELLIOT
(whispers)
...ok...

And cautiously goes in...

IN THE COURTYARD

Robyn waits. Watches. Wipes a trickle of sweat from her brow. Notices a STOCKY FELLA IN A HOODY on a stoop. Not exactly ignoring her. Her fingers grip her phone, ready to hit call.

INSIDE THE APARTMENT

A CLOCK gets removed from the wall, revealing the small titanium safe behind it. Elliot approaches...

ELLIOT
(whispers)
54-66-31-97...

He spins the code into the safe... and nothing happens. The door stays shut. He retries the code. No dice.

ELLIOT
...shit...

He tries a few more combinations on the lock.

ELLIOT
Thank you for giving me an amnesia-causing drug... the one time I need to remember something...

Looks to his NOTEBOOKS strewn on the table. We saw him write his safe code down in one of these. Starts flipping through--

ELLIOT
C'mon, code, code, code...

IN THE COURTYARD

Robyn's got her eyes glued on the HOODY-WEARING FELLA down the street. Who's now moving down the sidewalk. Locks eyes with her for a second. His are bloodshot with THC.

HOODY
I like your hair.

ROBYN
(tense)
Thank you.

HOODY
(smirks)
Curtains match the drapes?

Robyn, realizing this guy's not a threat, just a prick...

ROBYN
I look bald to you, asshole?

That shuts this jerkoff down cold. He keeps walking. Then--

MAGUIRE (O.S.)
Some real charmers in this neighborhood, huh?

Robyn turns to see our pal MAGUIRE strolling up. Doing a not-bad impression of an around-the-way-Joe.

MAGUIRE
Been living here almost a month, wife doesn't like me smoking in the house. I get to stand out here and see the whole rainbow of upstanding humanity this street has to offer.
(lights his smoke)
You live in the neighborhood?

ROBYN
No, just... waiting on a friend.

Maguire nods, drags on his smoke. Subtly sizing her up.

INSIDE ELLIOT'S APARTMENT

PAGES WHIP PAST in Elliot's journal, his finger scanning... and then stops. He's found the code. He WHIRLS to the safe--

OUT IN THE COURTYARD

Robyn, apprehension growing, allows herself a glance at Maguire as he contemplatively taps ashes off his smoke.

MAGUIRE
They got a law against smoking on the sidewalk in this part of town, you believe that?

ROBYN
I didn't hear.

MAGUIRE
Pretty soon, only legal place left to have a cigarette is gonna in the trunk of some guy's car in Modesto.

ROBYN
(tries to laugh)
...so which unit do you live in?

MAGUIRE
304. Patels on my left, Lockhart on my right. Know any of them?

ROBYN
Can't say I do.

Maguire can tell she's lying without even looking at her. He goes to a butt-can on a stoop to deposit his smoke. As he does, Robyn reaches into her pocket for her phone, when--

MAGUIRE
Gimme it. Don't think, just do it.

Robyn freezes. Maguire approaches, smirking, as we SNAP TO:

INSIDE ELLIOT'S APARTMENT

Elliot's fingers RAKE capsules out of his safe. Scoops the last ones out, turns for the door...

...and notices it: Robyn's not in the courtyard. Elliot grabs his phone, punches CALL...

...and then notices something even weirder: he can hear her phone ringing. It's outside, getting closer and closer, until BAM! His front door SWINGS WIDE, Robyn gets SHOVED THROUGH. She hits the floor, purse scattering its contents.

ELLIOT
Robyn--

CRACK! He's laid out by a blow from Maguire. Who calmly shuts the door behind him and locks it. Out comes his silenced .45

MAGUIRE
I'm only getting paid for one, so trust me, Elliot, this is not my idea of a good time.

He stalks toward Elliot, who crawls backwards through the debris from Robyn's purse. Glances at Robyn--

MAGUIRE
You don't wanna watch this.

Elliot spots something: there's a weapon right by him. Her Taser, the one we saw the night before. Robyn, wheezing--

ROBYN
...don't... please...

MAGUIRE
If I had a dollar for every time I heard that... I'd make money in a really weird way.

Maguire turns back to Elliot. CLACK! Elliot fires the Taser, its hooked wires SHOOT OUT, biting into Maguire's gun-hand.

CLICKA-CLICKA-CLICKA go the twin electrical currents, frying their way into Maguire's body, causing him to DROP TO HIS KNEES... but he can still pull the trigger. POP! POP! POP! The silenced gun WILDLY SPRAYS AMMO ALL OVER THE LIVING ROOM.

Elliot tosses the Taser and LUNGES for cover as bullets whip through the space he just occupied and atomize his coffee table into spurts of glass. SKIDS UP behind his big steel desk as AMMO WARPS ITS SURFACE, sparks flying over his head.

ELLIOT
--jesuschrist--

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK!

MAGUIRE
...sonofabitch...

Maguire yanks the hooks out of his hand with his teeth, spits them away, slaps in fresh ammo, stands and CRACK! Crumples to the wall. Revealing Robyn, holding the bottle Elliot rolled across the floor, surface cracked. Elliot's on his feet--

ELLIOT
Wasn't that supposed to... shatter?

ROBYN
You get hit with something that thick, your skull shatters, not the bottle. He's not going anywh--

ELLIOT
ROBYN--

Elliot TACKLES ROBYN, just as BULLETS CHEW UP THE WALL THEY WERE JUST IN FRONT OF. Maguire, scalp bleeding, is back up as-

ELLIOT AND ROBYN: bolt around the next corner toward the back door. CRACK! They bust it open and out they go, just as--

MAGUIRE

--rushes to the back exit, looks to the alley: empty. Rips a u-turn, rushes back through the apartment and out into--

THE COURTYARD

--concealing his gun as he war-paths toward the street, just in time to see Robyn's car go SMOKING OFF. Gone. He looks after them, anger sizzling just under his unflappable facade.

INT. ROBYNS CAR, MOVING - DAY

Elliot at the wheel, they whip through traffic, when an ALARM sounds. Digs out his cell; it's an alarm text, reading **DOSE.**

ELLIOT
Oh shit--

ROBYN
What?

ELLIOT
Need more Rohypnol.

Robyn's face goes white as she realizes...

INT. ELLIOT'S APARTMENT - DAY

We go travelling over the debris-strewn floor, to find the bottle of ROHYPNOL. Spilled from her purse.

ROBYN (POST-LAP)
...it's back in your house.

BACK IN THE CAR

She looks at him, fear rising.

ROBYN
We can... we can get more, we just have to go to the hospital--

ELLIOT
Time we get there, I'll remember where we are.

ROBYN
...what do we do?

Elliot thinks... and SCREEEEE! Swerves over, slams the brakes, grabs a CANVAS GROCERY SACK out of the backseat.

ELLIOT
Follow me.

INT. TAXI, PARKED - DAY

WYLIE, a harried Hatian cab driver, sits in his parked taxi, playing Angry Birds on his iPhone. Suddenly, his door opens and Robyn and Elliot -- Elliot wearing the canvas sack over his head like a Guantanamo prisoner -- slide in.

ROBYN
(hands over a $50)
Take this, listen, we need--

WYLIE
Son, you got a fuckin' bag on your head.

ELLIOT
--just drive. Don't tell us where we're going. No street-names, no addresses, no landmarks. Got it?

Wylie shakes his head; *you're the boss*. Drives them off.

INT. CAB, MOVING -- EVENING

As the sun sinks over San Francisco, Robyn and bag-head Elliot ride in silence. She breaks it:

ROBYN
Guess I should probably say thank you for lunging in front of a gun for me back there.

ELLIOT
Yeah, well... quid pro quo.

A long beat. She looks at his hand, resting there on the seat near hers. It seems, for a moment, that she might just simply throw caution to the window and close his hand in hers...

...but she doesn't. They ride on in silence.

EXT. PORT OF OAKLAND - NIGHT

Nightfall. We go soaring over the industrial futurescape that is the PORT OF OAKLAND, finally sinking towards...

THE PARKING LOT OF A STORAGE RENTAL FACILITY

...into the main office we go, where we find Robyn handing over $100 cash to a sleazy RENTAL CLERK. Who glances over at Elliot, still sitting in the taxi, bag over his head.

RENTAL CLERK
...he with you?

ROBYN
Yep.

RENTAL CLERK
(nods appreciatively)
You guys like to party.

ROBYN
(lifts another $100)
For you... if this doesn't get entered into the system.

The clerk winks, takes the money, and we CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

CLANG! The garage-style door SHUTS. Robyn yanks the bag off Elliot's head, he looks around at this anonymous space.

ELLIOT
(sly smile)
...where are we?

ROBYN
Nowhere.

ELLIOT
Perfect.

CUT TO: the bag of capsules gets dumped out. Elliot grabs one, hits PLAY. The overhead light flickers as it powers up, the flash POPS, and Future Elliot delivers a message.

FUTURE ELLIOT
...next step: find yourself a date for tonight. Go to the WP-24, say "diamond" to the door man...

ROBYN
(a beat, then)
Wait... WP-24... wasn't that--

ELLIOT
(embarrassed)
Uh, yeah, that was--

ROBYN
So you used this piece of miraculous technology as a means to... humiliate Steve.

ELLIOT
Future-me did that, ok? Future-me--

ROBYN
Future-you is kind of an asshole--

ELLIOT
Future-me is also apparently a conniving psychopath, so I'll add that to my list of complaints--

ROBYN
Wait, look, you're doing it again--

Elliot focuses on the hologram... and in it, just as before, he sees his future self subtly tracing a letter on the table.

ELLIOT
Let's see what I've got to say...

He scrawls the letter **D** onto the wall. Fires up the next capsule as PERCUSSION RISES and we WHOOSH TO:

--Elliot scribbling letters onto the wall of the storage unit, sweating and pacing like a madman...

--Robyn, noticing that Elliot's been working out (and down to her tank-top herself at this point), snaps back to attention.

--Words starting to take shape...

D O N T

--More capsules. More scribbling on the wall.

D O N T T R U S T

--CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! More capsules get turned on, the poor single 60-watt bulb above them straining to stay alight...

H O S

--Holographic Future Elliot: finger every-so-secretly tracing out the next letter.

ROBYN
--'T', it's an 'T'--

--Elliot scrawls as CLICK CLICK CLICK go more capsules...

--More letters on the wall:

H E L

--The marker in Elliot's hand gets TOSSED AWAY as we reveal Elliot and Robyn, standing before a wall of words.

D O N T T R U S T

H O S T A G E

T H E Y C A N R E A D M Y

M E M O R I E S

H E L P

The look between Elliot and Robyn -- *holy fucking shit.*

CUT TO: LATER IN STORAGE UNIT

Elliot, sweating, pulls off his shirt and wipes his brow.

ELLIOT
So I've been kidnapped... twenty years from now...

ROBYN
...and forced to manipulate your younger self into... this fucked-up murder scheme...

ELLIOT
...because apparently someone wants me, David Prescott, and Craig Bollinger to kill each other.

ROBYN
And anywhere you go, you remember it, and that's how they're able to track you.
(beat)
Question is, who's "they?" Who's pulling the strings?

ELLIOT
That's what we need to find out.

EXT. STARLIGHT MOTEL - NIGHT

ZOOMING WE GO along the second-story deck of a CHEAP MOTEL somewhere outside Oakland, hearing:

ELLIOT (POST-LAP)
First things first: we make it impossible to get a location on me. That means I gotta travel blind...

...ELLIOT, blindfolded, being guided up the outside stairs by Robyn. Paranoid as hell as she makes a bee-line into their...

CHEAP MOTEL ROOM

...where she shuts and double locks the door.

ELLIOT (POST-LAP)
...and it means I can't allow myself to see any visual clue of where I end up.

WHOOSH! Robyn closes the curtains, blocking out the view of the neon STARLIGHT MOTEL sign. FLIPS OVER magazines, hiding the postal address stickers. TOSSES stationary in the trash.

ROBYN
We're good.

Elliot pulls off his blindfold, looks around. Could be anywhere in the world right now. Nods, relieved.

ROBYN
Now what?

Boots up a capsule, pauses it, points to the METAL DOOR behind his future self. Eyes zeroing in on the DOOR'S LOCK...

ELLIOT
We teach me how to break out of that room.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

--A hardware shopping bag spills out LOCKS. All similar models to the one we saw on the door in the hologram.

--Elliot, eyes focused, opens a kit of LOCK PICKS.

--Slides the tension wrench into a lock.

--Struggles to fit the torque wrench in. SNAP! It breaks.

--Tension and torque wrenches now fit into place.

--<u>Finally</u> pops the lock open. Turns to Robyn...

ELLIOT
How long?

Robyn holds up her watch:

ROBYN
Ten minutes.

ELLIOT
Gotta get faster.

--Elliot surgically places the pins in. Tries again. No dice.

--Hands moving even faster now, he tries to same pattern of pins... and this time the lock OPENS.

--Through the windows, day turns into night as Elliot slaves onward. Sweating, steel-eyed...

--CLICK-CLACK-CLICK! In go the pins, Elliot's fingers twisting and turning, until... POP! The lock opens.

--POP! POP! POP! The next three locks open.

--POP! POP! POP! POP! POP! Elliot picks all five locks.

ROBYN
Forty-five seconds a piece.
Congratulations. You just made
yourself an escape artist.

ELLIOT
Not yet.
(off her look)
It doesn't do me any good to know
how to pick a lock if I don't have
anything to pick the lock with.

She looks at him curiously. Clear from his face that he's really not looking forward to what's gonna come next.

ELLIOT
Have you ever... performed surgery?

ROBYN
I'm a nurse, Elliot, we're not even
legally allowed to perform--
(beat)
Wait a minute-- why?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

On the TV, a news report plays: tonight's big story:

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)
Days after making headlines for his wireless electricity initiative, tech mogul Elliot Lockhart is now sought by police for allegedly attempting to murder a co-worker...

Elliot, psyching himself up for what he's about to do, eyes the news, shaking his head as a soundbite from Wilkes plays:

WILKES
All I can say at this time is that I believe Elliot to be innocent and I look forward to having him back.

NEWSCASTER
Altria CEO Franklin Gantt, meanwhile, refused to comment...

The TV shows a shot of Franklin Gantt, flop-sweaty, hustling into a company car as a REPORTER throws questions after him. Elliot's eyes linger on him for a moment, when--

CLICK! The motel room door opens and Elliot WHIRLS... to see Robyn coming in, wearing her hospital scrubs, carrying a bag.

ELLIOT
Get everything?

She nods -- neither of them looking forward to this.

ELLIOT
Let's do something horrifying.

CUT TO: THE BATHROOM

Paper towels get laid across the sink. Items from Robyn's bag set down: a set of small, thin LOCK PICKS; a SCALPEL; a HEMOSTATIC CLAMP; SURGICAL NEEDLE and THREAD. Elliot, sitting shirtless in this makeshift surgery theater, steels himself.

ELLIOT
Ok, if this works--

ROBYN
--huge emphasis on "<u>if</u>", 'cause who knows what the hell will happen to your body over the next 20 years--

ELLIOT
--<u>if this works</u>, once we implant it, the lock picks will just show up in my body in 2033, and I'll have to get 'em out from under my skin. Most likely using my teeth.
(off her wan look)
I never said this was gonna be fun.
(MORE)

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
(beat)
It’s just gotta be someplace I can reach, like...

Robyn takes his left arm. Eyes the long, dark scar going down the length of his wrist. Then turns his arm over, plants a finger on the unmarred skin of his forearm.

ROBYN
Guess you’re getting a new scar.

ELLIOT
This one’ll be different.

Their eyes meet. Charged. Then back to business...

ROBYN
It’s a good spot. Not too many veins or arteries, less of a chance you’ll bleed to death.
(beat)
You ready?

ELLIOT
No.

ROBYN
Me neither.

Robyn SNAPS ON latex gloves.

CUT TO: Robyn shaving the hair off his forearm.

ROBYN
Ok, little caveat? I’ve only watched surgery being performed--

ELLIOT
I have faith in you.

She douses his forearm with some hand sanitizer.

ELLIOT
Is that-- *Purell?*

ROBYN
I had to be in and out of the hospital like a *ninja*, ok, the place is kind of on high alert since some Rohypnol mysteriously went missing. I didn’t exactly have time to grab everything...

ELLIOT
...what else did you not get?

ROBYN
(a beat)
I got everything that's necessary.

ELLIOT
(eyes narrow)
...What Did You Not Get?

Robyn lifts the scalpel in her hand, glances at Elliot.

ROBYN
...Novocaine?

ELLIOT
...you mean we're doing this with... no anesthetic?

ROBYN
(winces)
Yeah?--

ELLIOT
--where are we, *Andersonville?* You couldn't at least give me a bottle of bourbon and belt to bite on?

ROBYN
You want a belt?

Elliot looks at her -- *are you serious?*

CUT TO: Elliot putting his belt in his mouth. Ready as he'll ever be. Robyn sterilizes the scalpel with a lighter, then...

ROBYN
Hold still and... try to think of something nice.

ELLIOT
...ikeuht?

ROBYN
Like--
(thinks)
--first time you took off my skirt.

He goes there... and nods. *Not bad*. Then she puts the scalpel to his skin and <u>cuts</u>. The wound blooms blood. His face loses color as he sees little white blobs of fatty tissue emerge.

ROBYN
Stop. Stop looking at it. Look over there.

ELLIOT
...hookay...

Elliot looks away, tries to focus on something else. Focuses on the TOWELS hanging on the rack...

...which have the words **STARLIGHT MOTEL, OAKLAND CA** embroidered into them. The belt falls out of Elliot's mouth.

ELLIOT
...fuck.
(off her look)
I know where we are.

Robyn looks where he's looking -- at the towels.

ROBYN
Shit--

On instinct, she grabs the towels, about to throw them out--

ELLIOT
Won't do any good.

ROBYN
What do we do?

Elliot's mind whirs, processing his few options...

ELLIOT
...hurry.

INT. MAGUIRE'S IMPALA, PARKED - NIGHT

A swab dabs at a nasty gash. MAGUIRE, in his car, tending to the wound from when Robyn hit him with the bottle. His phone buzzes... and in the incoming email, the text reads:

Starlight Motel, Oakland

Maguire punches in the address into his phone. The map pops up -- ten minute drive time.

MAGUIRE
Stay put, asshole.

VROOOOM! Maguire throws the car in gear and PUNCHES IT.

INT. STARLIGHT MOTEL, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Hands shaking, Robyn cuts further into Elliot's arm, he suddenly JERKS BACK in pain, she drops the scalpel--

ROBYN
Sorry-- must've nicked a nerve--

ELLIOT
Get-the-scalpel.

She's down to the floor in a half second flat, digging the bloody scalpel out from behind the toilet. Brings it back up, washes it in the sink, takes the cigarette lighter to it, tries to get back to work, but her hands won't stop shaking.

ROBYN
I can't -- I can't do this--

ELLIOT
It's ok it's ok, you're doing great-

ROBYN
I don't wanna hurt you.

ELLIOT
Couldn't if you tried.

ROBYN
Think history's shown otherwise.

Inches between them. As intimate as it gets. Whispering:

ELLIOT
That wasn't your fault. None of it. It was mine. You were right. I threw in the towel.
(beat)
Sooner we finish this, the sooner I can start making it up to you.

Robyn weighs his words. Wipes her tears, gets to work. Fast.

INT. MAGUIRE'S IMPALA, MOVING - NIGHT

VRRRRRRRR goes the Impala's engine as Maguire slaloms through freeway traffic. Following the GPS on his phone, seeing his exit coming up. SWERVES past two lanes of traffic to get off--

INT. STARLIGHT MOTEL, BATHROOM - NIGHT

CLINK! The red-dripping scalpel gets tossed into the sink. Robyn snatches up the plyer-style HEMO-CLAMP...

ROBYN
Ok, next, I, uh...
(hands him the clamp)
I need both hands for this next part, so I need to... take these and hold the incision open for me.

ELLIOT
...really?

ROBYN
<u>Do it</u>.

Elliot yanks the hemo-clamp from her, sucks in a breath...

ROBYN
Just put it right in the middle of the cut and open 'em up.

He does it. Eyes jammed shut in pain.

ROBYN
Little deeper.

ELLIOT
(pushes them further in)
...ohmygod...

ROBYN
Good. Open 'em.

A flash of it -- the clamp spreading open Elliot's wound. Robyn tweezers up the bundle of LOCK-PICKS, plants a latex-clad finger at the edge of the incision... and starts feeding the tools into the "pocket" Elliot's made in his forearm.

ELLIOT
...holyshit, holyshit...

ROBYN
Almost there--

EXT. STARLIGHT MOTEL, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

SCREECH go Maguire's tires as he skids into the motel parking lot. Hops out, makes for the FRONT OFFICE, where he flips out an ID badge from his wallet for the tired female CLERK.

MAGUIRE
Department of Homeland Security, we've got a situation and I don't have a lotta time. I need to know if a woman, possibly a couple, came in here within the past 24 hours and paid for a room in cash.

The clerk is clearly bowled over.

CLERK
(grabs the ledger)
There was one, came last night...
(lifts a card key)
Room 202--

MAGUIRE
(snatches the key)
Thank you.

CLERK
Sir, wait--

Maguire's already out the door, Clerk calling after--

CLERK
Sir?

INT. STARLIGHT MOTEL, BATHROOM - NIGHT

A surgical needle criss-crosses its thread through flesh. Robyn closing his wound with all the speed she can muster.

EXT. STARLIGHT MOTEL, UPPER DECK - NIGHT

Maguire's boots pound as he runs to the upper level. Clicks the key into a door-slot, THROWS OPEN THE DOOR...

...and the lights are on, but nobody's home. Maguire eyes the bathroom door -- shut. Beats a path toward it, throws it open, letting the door BANG AGAINST THE WALL...

...and there's no one inside.

CLERK (O.S.)
Uh, sir?

INT. STARLIGHT MOTEL, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Elliot and Robyn stand frozen. Having just heard the BOOM of the door in the next room. Voices through the vent grate:

CLERK (O.S.)
I'm sorry, I meant to tell you--

MAGUIRE (O.S.)
Meant to tell me what?

INT. STARLIGHT MOTEL, OTHER ROOM - NIGHT

Maguire stalks toward the cowering clerk in the doorway.

CLERK
...she didn't rent just one room.

MAGUIRE
How many?

CLERK
202-208.

Maguire shoulders past her, glances at the door he just opened -- 202. Then down the row of doors, up to 208. All with their lights on. Shakes his head...

MAGUIRE
...cute.

CLERK
Will you be needing more keys?

MAGUIRE
No.

WHAM! He kicks open door 203... and finds the back window open. And a bathroom littered with blood and surgery tools.

EXT. STARLIGHT MOTEL - NIGHT

Elliot and Robyn SPRINT through the shadowy back parking lot of the motel, heads low, sucking air. Elliot peeks from behind a pick-up, scans the road ahead of them, towards the TRAIN STOP down the block. BART train approaching.

ELLIOT
(whispers)
On three, we run. Ready?

She nods.

ELLIOT
(whispers)
One... two...

And on “three”, they hear a noise from behind them. A WHIRRING. Elliot, wide-eyed, looks back to see... a cluster of dust swirling atop the parking lot pavement. A capsule.

ROBYN
Elliot...?

He snatches it, burning his hands as he pockets it. Then together, he and Robyn BOLT FOR THE TRAIN, when--

VROOOOM! Headlights. Maguire’s Impala, fishtailing toward them. Elliot drags Robyn over the concrete median, just as the Impala SCRAPES it. Our heroes sprint for the train, Maguire lunging out of his vehicle, racing to catch up...

...and the DOORS WHOOSH CLOSED. Carrying Robyn and Elliot away into its underground tunnel.

INT. TRAIN, MOVING - NIGHT

Together, they ride in silence. Elliot’s freshly stitched wound seeping red.

Their hands closer together this time, almost touching...

INT/EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Rising up we go, through the ceiling and concrete of the train statio before ending in AN ALLEYWAY ON THE STREET ABOVE, where Elliot and Robyn crouch in an alcove.

ELLIOT
Guess we're about to find out whether or not this worked.

He hits play on the capsule. Out blooms a hologram... only this one is different from any we've seen previously.

It's the same angle in the same room that Future Elliot was being held captive in... but this time the door in the background is open. And the chair at the desk is empty. A figure takes a seat. His face is a mass of blurred pixels, impossible to make out features. Voice digitally distorted:

BLURRED FIGURE (THROUGH HOLOGRAM)
Lockhart. Hello.

Elliot can only watch, mouth open. The figure lifts a set of LOCK-PICKS from a puddle of blood on the table.

BLURRED FIGURE (THROUGH HOLOGRAM)
Pretty strong survival instinct for a man who tried to kill himself. Impressive. But it's time to listen to reason...

The figure starts reading off a printed list:

BLURRED FIGURE
Your mother and father up in Bethesda? Your little sister in Seattle? That pretty redhead you used to be with? You just painted a target on all of them. And I don't mean in 2033, I mean <u>tonight</u>.

A look from Robyn to Elliot, the color draining from her.

BLURRED FIGURE
Wanna keep these people safe? Turn yourself in and make sure the cops lock you up somewhere you won't get out of. Or, if you don't feel like doing that, you can take a gun and eat it. Your choice. But if you don't choose one... I'm going to decimate everyone you care about.

He FLICKS the bloody lock-picks into our faces, then CLICK! The transmission shuts off. Our heroes stand, trembling...

ROBYN
Elliot?...

Elliot's got something on his mind, silent..

ROBYN
Elliot, talk to me--

ELLIOT
For a guy that smart, you'd think he'd know how to use the word "decimate."
(off her look)
"To eliminate 10% of something."

Robyn has no idea where Elliot's sly little smile came from. Until it all comes rushing out of him:

ELLIOT
It's Wilkes. *He's the one who's doing this--*

ROBYN
(disbelieving)
Jonathan Wilkes. "Guy who created the Stack-Phone" Jonathan Wilkes. "Guy who just became your business partner" Jonathan Wilkes. Why would he want to--

ELLIOT
Trust me, it's him.

ROBYN
How do you know?

ELLIOT
My gut says so.

ROBYN
Thought you didn't trust your gut.

ELLIOT
I'm learning to.
(starts walking)
C'mon, let's pay him a visit.

ROBYN
(catches up with him)
Wait -- even if you're right, even if he's the one behind this, how do you know that "Wilkes-now" is *aware* of what he's doing in 20 years?

ELLIOT
We'll ask him.

ROBYN
You even know where he lives?

ELLIOT
I know someone who does.

INT. CRAIG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Craig's Aston Martin rolls up into his garage and he climbs out, mid cell-call as he enters his tacky new apartment...

CRAIG
...no, no, no, what I'm telling you is, the sauna is too hot. It's like Satan's balls in there, not kidding-

Craig stops. Because the dimmed lights in his apartment are FLICKERING. Then there's a BRIGHT FLASH and all over the place, HOLOGRAMS OF FUTURE CRAIG start to pop up, delivering their messages, nightmarishly talking over each other.

CRAIG
(whispers)
...oh shit...

He turns around and WHAM! Elliot DECKS HIM BACKWARDS over his couch, moves in fast. Craig, on the floor, YANKS open a drawer in his end-table, hauls out a gun-case--

--empty. CLICK! Looks to see ROBYN aiming his gun at him. The tense silence is interrupted CRAIG'S DROPPED CELL PHONE..

VOICE ON PHONE
Hello? Mr. Bollinger? Still there?

Elliot grabs the phone and responds matter-of-factly:

ELLIOT (INTO PHONE)
I'm gonna have to call you back, I tried to kill my best friend but apparently I fucked up because he's in my apartment. Talk to ya later.

CLICK! Elliot hangs up. Motions to Craig -- *sit.*

CRAIG
(as he sits)
My goddamn sauna repairman really need to know about all that?

ELLIOT
Everybody's gonna know about all that, Craig.
(MORE)

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
That is, if I don't just leave you dead right here in your tacky fuckin' living room.

CRAIG
(spits blood)
It was you or me, Elliot. What was I supposed to do?

ROBYN
What were you supposed to do? Jesus, you are...
(for lack of better word)
...a *really* bad friend, Craig.
(to Elliot)
Did you know he asked me out like two weeks after we broke up?

ELLIOT
What'd you tell him?

She gives Elliot a "*fuck you*" look.

ELLIOT
(to Craig)
Gimme your keys, we're going for a drive.

Craig hands them over. Elliot notices a familiar SAFE KEY.

ELLIOT
"Emergency stash?"

CRAIG
Yeah, so?

ELLIOT
I'll let Wilkes explain it. Call him up, get us into his house.

CRAIG
How am I supposed to do that?

ELLIOT
(to Robyn)
Shoot him in the foot.

CRAIG
Ok! Ok, ok, I got this...

Craig takes the phone, starts dialing, waits...

INT. WILKES' MANSION - NIGHT

DING-DONG! A doorbell chimes and Jonathan Wilkes, tipsy and happy, swings it open to see...

WILKES
Bollinger! If there were ever words to warm my heart, “I got two hot Asians and an 8-ball” are definitely in the top ten. C’mon--

WHUMPH! Bollinger gets SHOVED into Wilkes, knocking them both to the floor as Elliot and Robyn storm in.

WILKES
Whoah! Jesus, Elliot, the fuck is going on, where you been? The cops are looking for--

He cuts himself off when he sees Elliot holding a GUN.

ELLIOT
Let’s talk shop.

INT. WILKE’S MANSION, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Robyn ties off Wilkes’ hands and we follow him as he’s DRAGGED BACKWARD in his rolling desk chair through the house--

WILKES
--look, guys, I have no idea what the fuck any of you are doing here, but this is <u>really</u> not the way to--

WHAM! He’s slammed to a stop, gut-first, at the dining room table. Sucking wind, in pain. Positioned next to a similarly chair-bound Craig. Elliot faces him, lifts a CAPSULE.

ELLIOT
Recognize this?

Wilkes stares at him -- pure confusion.

WILKES
I give up.

CRASH! Elliot SWEEPS table-settings away, sending silverware clattering and plates BURSTING off the floor. Getting up close to Wilkes -- who, for the first time, looks scared.

ELLIOT
(sticks capsule in face)
Lie to me again, I’m gonna make you fucking choke on this.

WILKES
Elliot?... I’ve got a niece and a nephew coming into town next week, and I’d really like to see them again. I’m not lying to you.
(MORE)

WILKES (CONT'D)
I just wanna know what you're... trying to communicate to me here.

Elliot turns away, brain racing, finger tracing on the table-top. Robyn closes in, whispers:

ROBYN
What if he's telling the truth?

ELLIOT
So what if he is? He's still gonna do what he does.

WILKES
(calls over, interrupting)
Can I propose a solution here? How about... you two keep silent about the fact that you were able to get in by promising me coke, and I pretend tonight never happened. Everybody's happy, whaddya think?

Elliot suddenly stops. Because his finger has landed on something: a burn mark. A black swirl singed into the table. Leftover from the heat of a capsule taking shape.

WILKES
Elliot?...

ELLIOT
Things do a number on your furniture, don't they?

Elliot turns, lifts the weapon toward Wilkes' face--

WILKES
Six minutes.
(off his silence)
Give me six minutes of your time, and I'll show you what's going on, and how we can undo all this.

Robyn meets Elliot's glance. A long, long beat...

INT. WILKES MANSION, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tight on a DIGITAL KEYPAD. A hand punches in numbers. Widen to Wilkes, now freed from his chair, with Elliot and Robyn, entering the code to some kind of panic-room-like STEEL DOOR.

WILKES
Probably too late to get you to sign a non-disclosure, huh?

Elliot motions with the gun -- hurry. Wilkes finishes the code and there's a THUNK of heavy electric locks tumbling out of their sockets. The door opens and beyond it we reveal...

A GLEAMING HOME LABORATORY

...full of state-of-the-art everything, lit by white lights.

WILKES
Bienvenidos.

As Wilkes leads his gobsmacked captors in, we see this room is lined with GLASS CASES -- each one containing a CAPSULE. Each case is marked with a date and a prototype code.

WILKES
I got my first capsule a year ago. Thought I was going insane when it showed up. Those early ones didn't even have holograms, so I can only imagine what it was like for you...

He triggers a BULKY-LOOKING CAPSULE the size of a pear. It's screen lights up, displaying a text message:

IF THIS WORKS, I WILL REMEMBER

Elliot the long row of encased capsules, watching the design become sleeker, more sophisticated. An evolutionary ladder.

WILKES
Deal is: twenty years from now, two tech firms are gonna be locked in a race to invent time-travel. In one corner, we've got... me. And in the other, we've got the five people it takes to equal me: you, Craig Bollinger, Dave Prescott, this guy Park Chang-Sun outta South Korea and Meredith Rothert from LA--

ELLIOT
(getting it)
The murder-suicide at the museum...

WILKES
Those two were gonna go through a nasty divorce in 18 years anyway.

ELLIOT
(shaking his head)
Sick fuck...

WILKES
Hey, that's no way to talk to a business partner.
(MORE)

WILKES (CONT'D)
By the way, without you, I wouldn't get my hands on wireless electricity until 2017, so uh... thanks.

Wilkes, ignoring Elliot's dark stare, continues:

WILKES
Now, both teams are playing a zero sum game. Think about it: the only way that time-travel can be useful is if you're the only person who knows it exists and has access to it. Or else any forward step can be undone by your rivals. "You invent the microprocessor? Fuck you, I'll send info back and *I'll* invent it."

ELLIOT
So you used these things to make your competitors wipe each other out in the past? Before they ever had a chance to step on your toes?
(off his silence)
Why not just send a hit-man right off the bat?

WILKES
No sense in risking that kind of exposure when I can get you idiots to do it for me.

ELLIOT
How are you... reading my memories?

WILKES
It's 2033, Elliot, we've got machines for that.

ELLIOT
You're getting my older self to talk, got "machines" for that too?

WILKES
No. We're just asking you really nicely.

Wilkes smile says "*We're torturing the shit out of you.*" Elliot gives him a look that could freeze vodka.

ROBYN
So... you're kidnapping people, making 'em send messages to their past selves so that they'll kill each other... in order to *protect intellectual property?*

WILKES
Intellectual property? I'm talking fate-of-humanity here, sweetheart. Take a guess what happens if the wrong kind of person gets access to those capsules. Wanna fuck up New York? Send back instructions on how to make a suitcase nuke. Wanna collapse the global economy? Send back a computer virus that'll turn the world's financial markets into Chernobyl. I'm just scratching the surface here. Trust me, this shit is not safe for just anyone to have-

ROBYN
But it's safe for <u>you</u> to have.

WILKES
Got a better candidate?

ELLIOT
(cuts in)
Maybe someone who's not a--

WILKES
Shhh.
(motions)
Hear that?

They <u>do</u> hear it: a WHIRRING. On the far table, a cluster of particles forms a FRESH CAPSULE. Tension rising...

WILKES
(a little smile)
Looks as if my future self would like a word with you.

Cautiously, gun fixed on Wilkes, Elliot plays capsule... and what they see before them takes their breath away.

IN THE HOLOGRAM: it's <u>Robyn</u>. 20 years older, bound to a chair in that same room Future Elliot was in, gag stuffed into her mouth, tears streaming down her terrified face...

ROBYN
...ohmygod...

With little fanfare, a half-seen figure enters frame, plants a HANDGUN to her temple and... **BLAM!**

We don't see Future Robyn die; we see Present Robyn's <u>reaction</u> to it. Choked gasps going staccato in her throat, hands clasping over her gaping mouth as--

--Elliot WHIRLS to Wilkes, gun raised.

WILKES
I think my six minutes are up.

Above them, they suddenly hear it: POUNDING SHOES. People rushing through the house, coming down the stairs.

WILKES
By the way, my security team has a six-minute response time.

Elliot, seconds to make a decision, looks to the REAR DOOR of the lab, then to Wilkes. Levels the gun at his face.

WILKES
Too late, Elliot.

KA-BOOM! The lab door BLOWS OPEN, shockwave blasting everyone to the floor, room filling with smoke as--

--a SECURITY TEAM, clad in Secret Service-style suits and earpieces, sweeps into the lab, guns up, moving through the smoke... as we reveal Wilkes, finding his feet, hands raised:

WILKES
DON'T SHOOT! DO NOT SHOOT THE GUY THAT'S PAYING YOU!

And beyond him, they see it: the lab's rear door is OPEN.

EXT. WILKES MANSION, GARDEN - NIGHT

BAM! A side door BANGS OPEN, Elliot and Robyn go rushing out. Hauling ass through the manicured Japanese garden surrounding the estate, making a break for the FAR WALL...

...where Robyn SCRAMBLES UP OVER IT, Elliot right beside her, about to toss themselves over when--

--they stop cold. The wall drops ten feet down to a STEEP SLOPE on the other side. A near-verticle descent through rocks and thorns, 100 feet down to the winding road below.

ELLIOT
...fuck me...

POP! POP! POP! The wall they're standing on suddenly SPEWS GOUTS OF DUST as ammo slams into it. Security thugs rushing at them from the house, guns alive.

The two clasp hands and JUMP. Legs kicking in air...

...and WHUMPH! They land rolling, down the ragged slope as--

IN THE YARD

--the gun-thug BOUNCES UP onto the wall, aims his handgun--

WILKES (O.S.)
Hold it!

He turns to find Wilkes approaching, mad as hell, whispering:

WILKES
You're opening fire outside? Those bullets are traveling 3000 feet per second, one of them goes into that house down there, I'm gonna have a lot of fucking explaining to do.
(beat)
Inside. Now.

CUT TO: INSIDE THE MANSION

Wilkes storms into his living room as the sec-team regroups.

SEC-TEAM LEADER
What's the play? No way they're more than a couple miles from here--

WILKES
--play is, you stay on me wherever from now on. No more of this response-time shit. Whatever their next move is, they're coming after me, and they're not going to do it here. Wherever they pop their heads up again, I need those heads ventilated. Understand?

SEC-TEAM LEADER
Yes sir.
(motions)
Your, uh, friend wants to talk.

Wilkes looks to Craig -- still bound to his chair in the living room. Wilkes goes over and yanks the gag out.

WILKES
Hi, Craig.

CRAIG
(out of breath)
I know I fucked up-- but I can help you, I know how this guy thinks--

WILKES
Interesting, I'll give it some thought.

Wilkes makes a finger-gun gesture to a sec-agent, who plants a couch cushion over Craig's face, puts a gun to it. BAM!

WILKES
Asshole.

Wilkes rolls Craig's corpse aside in the chair, STORMS OFF as-

EXT. CITY OVERLOOK - NIGHT

Robyn DRY HEAVES. Clutching her stomach, face pale.

ELLIOT (O.S.)
Robyn--

She's with Elliot, in an overgrown thicket in the hills above the lights of San Francisco. He puts a hand on her--

ROBYN
(pushes him away)
Sorry-- I just watched myself die--

ELLIOT
You're still here. Look at me.

He takes her face in his hands.

ELLIOT
...you're still here.

And as if to prove this, he leans in and kisses her. And she finds herself, through her tears, kissing him back. For a while. Suddenly...

...there's a STIR OF WIND in the trees that billows her hair, then a WHIRRR... and a capsule forms at their feet.

ROBYN
They-- they know where we are-- we have to go--

ELLIOT
Wait.
(off her look)
...what if it's not from them?

He grabs it. Hits play... and the hologram that pops up is in a different room than the ones we've seen before.

A BARE BONES MOTEL ROOM, the dime-thin TV on the wall the only indication that this is being recorded in 2033. Front and center, adjusting the recording device, is FUTURE ELLIOT.

FUTURE ELLIOT (THROUGH HOLOGRAM)
First time I've gotten to speak to you off-script. Better late than never.
(glances to the window)
I don't have long, I have to stay moving. But I need you to see this.

Future Elliot is sweat-soaked, his left arm wrapped in a bloody towel from where he tore out his lock-pick kit. A mile away from the calm, robotic version we'd seen in the past.

FUTURE ELLIOT
As of right now, Wilkes is days away -- maybe less -- from turning the capsule into a weapon. I'm attaching a video file--

The footage BLIPS, and we take in the 3-D holographic tableau. We're watching hologram video from the future.

IN THE HOLOGRAM

Test-footage from inside Wilkes' lab in 2033, where there's a PLEXIGLASS BOX the size of an elevator. The walls splotched with burn marks. There's a YOUNG GREASY FELLA IN A PRISONER'S JUMPSUIT inside the box, trembling in the fetal position.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
...1100 hours, December 3rd 2033, capsule 2.0, case designate 8-A...

A lab-coated figure passes frame with a pair of LAB TECHS at his side, talking into a futuristic digital recorder headset.

Present Elliot's face goes wan as he realizes... the figure is JONATHAN WILKES -- 20 years older, still undeniably him.

FUTURE WILKES
...commencing capsule delivery.

He places a NEWFANGLED CAPSULE (bigger, sleeker, with a progress bar screen) into a MICROWAVE-LIKE "delivery" device, punches in numbers, we hear a RISING DRONE...

...then something odd happens: the capsule vanishes from the delivery device. A moment later, in the plexiglass cell, it starts to re-appear: gathering matter into a swirl...

But this one's different. We can tell as the prisoner LUNGES UP, BEATS against the walls, screaming soundlessly. The capsule coalesces, its progress bar lighting up...

LAB TECH
Five, four, three, two...

A SILENT EXPLOSION goes off inside the plexiglass box. Filling the thing with fire like a bucket filled from a flood. INCINERATING the screaming man inside it, before--

--the flames SELF-EXTINGUISH in a heartbeat. And aside from the burn marks on the glass and the charred human remains on the floor, there's no sign that the capsule was ever there.

Elliot covers his mouth in horror. Robyn's turned away, unable to watch. The hologram BLIPS, and we're back to...

FUTURE ELLIOT

...hunching into the lens in that shabby motel room.

FUTURE ELLIOT
What you saw is just the beginning. Right now, that prototype can only travel through limited space, but once Wilkes is done, it'll be able to travel through--

Future Elliot hears something, stops cold. WHIRLS TO THE LEFT. Panicking, he SNATCHES UP the recording device, and for a moment, we're SWINGING SIDEWAYS through the motel--

FUTURE ELLIOT
--shit, oh God, shit--

--there's a CRACK and a **BANG BANG BANG** of gunfire as the world goes HAYWIRE, then CLICK! End of transmission.

ELLIOT AND ROBYN

...sit there, frozen. A long beat, before Robyn asks:

ROBYN
Did you just...

Elliot remains silent. Processing what he's seen. Then...

ELLIOT
...does it matter?
(off her look)
I might be alive in twenty years, I might be dead. Doesn't matter. What matters now is what we know: Wilkes is about to start using those capsules to kill people. You heard what I said, "it can only travel through space right now"--

ROBYN
--but he's on the verge of being able to send it through *time*.

ELLIOT
Which means he'll be able to erase people from existence whenever he wants. Like a drone strike you can send through time. Power of life and death at the push of a button.

ROBYN
(beat)
...this is bigger than you and me.

Robyn looks at him. His voice lowers as it registers in him:

ELLIOT
We gotta make sure those goddamn things never get invented.

ROBYN
...how?

Elliot toys with the capsule in his hand.

ELLIOT
Wilkes thinks he's the only person who should have control of these things. Thinks he's infallible. Anything his future self tells him to do, he's gonna do...
(beat)
Let's use that against the son of a bitch.

EXT. TRINITY CORP BUILDING - MORNING

As PERCUSSION BUILDS, we soar over San Francisco, over the streaming double-decker traffic of the Bay Bridge, finally landing amidst the office parks of the south end...

ELLIOT (V.O)
If we're gonna do this, it's gonna mean destroying his research, his prototypes, anything that could lead to the capsule's invention.

ROBYN (V.O.)
So we have to get into his lab.

...and there it is: the TRINITY CORP CENTER, a five-story glass-and-marble megalith. From a distant parking garage, Elliot and Robyn spy through binoculars. As he pans along...

ELLIOT
...this ain't good...

ROBYN
What?

Through the binoculars: she sees the building has ARMED SEC-AGENTS secreted away in positions all around it. The same private security goons we saw at Wilkes' mansion.

ROBYN
Jesus, that's... four, five, six--

ELLLIOT
--eight total. Maybe more inside.

Elliot scrawls words into his notepad, marking each area patrolled by a guard. This place is a fucking fortress.

ELLIOT
(shuts his journal)
Time to go see an old friend.

INT. HAROLD'S HOUSE - DAY

As his GRANDKIDS play in the pool of his nice new house, Harold The (Former) Janitor opens drawers in his room, hands something over to Elliot: a janitor uniform and a swipe-key.

HAROLD
Go through the service entrance. Second you put that uniform on, no one sees you -- trust me, I worked there 30 years and you were the only one who ever looked twice. Now remember, same as always--

ELLIOT
You didn't let me in.

HAROLD
(slaps him on the back)
Give 'em hell.

INT. ALTRIA BUILDING - DAY

David Prescott -- out of the hospital, leg in a cast, bangs away at his laptop in his office. His door opens, a UNIFORMED JANITOR pushing a cart comes in--

PRESCOTT
Hey hey, hold it, I didn't call for-

WHAM! His laptop SLAMS SHUT ON HIS HANDS. He lets out a YELP as we reveal the guy in the janitor's uniform is Elliot. Robyn locks the door behind them, shuts the blinds, stays on lookout. Prescott sputters, hands trapped--

ELLIOT
I'm tired of having conversations with people who've tried to kill me, so I'll make this quick. You got an emergency stash with $50,000 and a passport. I want the key.

PRESCOTT
(in pain)
--in my jacket-- little gold one--

Robyn snatches a key-ring from his pocket, slides one off.

ELLIOT
Where do I go?

PRESCOTT
Sutter St Post Office, box 2901.

ELLIOT
Thank you.

Elliot sets Prescott's hands free -- Prescott REELS BACK in his chair. As they make to go--

PRESCOTT
So this is your plan? Rip me off and skip town? How far you think you're gonna make it on $50,000, dipshit?

ELLIOT
I don't know... but it'll sure buy a whole lotta kitchen supplies.

And as they exit, we CLOSE IN TIGHT on the pen in Elliot's hand: it's the pen from Maguire's car. It's logo on it: **KITCHEN SOLUTIONS, INC.** And beneath that, an EMAIL ADDRESS.

INT. TRINITY BUILDING, WILKES' OFFICE - NIGHT

*WHIR**RRRT!*** A capsule materializes on a burn-proof PLATE on Wilkes' desk. Wilkes grabs it (with tongs; ain't his first rodeo), clicks play. His FUTURE SELF appears via hologram:

FUTURE WILKES
Just got fresh intel off Prescott's memory-scan. Elliot paid a visit to him at the office today, he's going for Prescott's emergency stash at the Sutter Street Post Office...

EXT. POST OFFICE - NIGHT

We follow Wilkes' sec-team -- 6 of them, moving fast -- into the post office -- an old, opulent two-story affair downtown.

FUTURE WILKES (V.O.)
I want all hands on deck there, now.

They slipstream past the line of people waiting, the bony-faced SEC-TEAM LEADER adjusting his thick black glasses...

INT. TRINITY BUILDING, WILKES' OFFICE - NIGHT

...we see the same image -- now blurry, grainy and digitally stabilized -- on Wilkes' security monitor. He's hunched in his office, flanked by two sec-team guards, watching as...

INSIDE THE POST OFFICE

...down the rows of mailboxes they go, reaching the LAST HALLWAY... where they spot their target: Elliot, his back to us, clad in a hat and dark jacket, keying open a mailbox.

SEC TEAM LEADER
(into earpiece)
Bingo.

WILKINS (THROUGH EARPIECE)
Bag him.

They move in, surrounding him, leader puts a gun to his back.

SEC-TEAM LEADER
Hands on the wall.

The guy doesn't move. Because, as we reveal, the guy <u>isn't</u> Elliot -- it's MAGUIRE, here to retrieve his latest 50 grand and passport. Maguire doesn't like having a gun held to him.

MAGUIRE
(quiet, calm)
I dunno who you are, but I'd get that piece the fuck off me.

SEC-TEAM LEADER
(cocks the gun)
I said *put your hands on the---*

<u>All at once</u>: Maguire SPINS, grabs the guy's gun-hand, WRENCHES the weapon out of it, shoots him under his chin--

IN WILKES' OFFICE

Wilkes gapes at the monitor, realizing--

WILKES
STAND DOWN, IT'S NOT HIM--

IN THE POST OFFICE

Too late. Maguire uses the sec-team leader's body as a human shield as he DOUBLE-FISTS HANDGUNS--

--<u>mowing down the rest of the team</u> before anyone can even get a bead on him. WHUMPH! Maguire drops the body, pockets his guns, and storms toward the exit, stepping over corpses...

BANG! Maguire suddenly stiffens. Touches his chest. Fingers come up bloody. Turns around to see one of the team isn't quite dead yet... and has a smoking side-arm aimed at him.

MAGUIRE
You just shoot me in the back?
(wavers)
Jesus, that's how I gotta go?

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG! The sec-agent unloads into Maguire's chest, stomach, neck. Knocks him against the wall, sliding to the floor, leaving a smear of blood. Whispers:

MAGUIRE
...that's better.

BLAM! Maguire shoots the guy in the face and we SMASH TO:

INT. TRINITY BUILDING, WILKES' OFFICE - NIGHT

Wilkes turns away from the CCTV monitors in dismay. One of his two remaining sec-team agents speaks up:

SEC-TEAM AGENT
...if Lockhart's not there, then...

Wilkes seems to have a pretty good idea where Elliot is...

EXT. TRINITY BUILDING - NIGHT

We PUSH IN toward one of the building's side doors... ajar, TORQUE WRENCHES stuck into its lock. We WHOOSH AHEAD...

INTO THE BUILDING, THROUGH WALLS, DOWN A LEVEL

...into the UTILITY ROOM: lined with catwalks, generators THRUMMING. There's Robyn, sweat-slick fingers unzipping her duffel bag to reveal A MASS OF CAPSULES. Every one Elliot's had stored up. Now all connected to each other with wiring.

ROBYN (INTO HER BLUETOOTH)
Christ, Elliot, this better work...

We go WHOOSHING THROUGH THE WALL and UP TWO LEVELS, to...

A LONG CORRIDOR leading toward a sealed-off laboratory marked **LAB A.** Elliot's moving through with his own heavy duffel.

ELLIOT (INTO EARPIECE)
It'll work. Once you hit "play",
I'll have a thirty-second window to
brute-force open the lab door.
That's when you get the hell out.

BACK IN THE UTILITY ROOM

Robyn hauls up her makeshift rope of capsules, takes a deep breath... and hits “play.” Which sends a series of ELECTRICAL CLICKS down the wire. Each capsule turns on at the same time.

And that’s when shit gets interesting.

INSIDE WILKES’ OFFICE

Wilkes looks up to see the lights above FLICKERING. Hears the drone of the building’s power struggling to stay on. And through his window, he can see EVERY LIGHT IN THE BUILDING SHORTING OUT IN A WAVE. And right then... he smiles.

WILKES
They’re in the utility room.
(motions)
Gimme a flashlight--

WHRRRRRRMMM! The power goes completely out, as we SMASH TO:

ELLIOT

...making a run down the darkened hallway, headlamp bouncing in the blackness. Straight for the sliding metal door of LAB A. Glances at his watch -- 25 seconds to go.

Elliot hauls out a CROW BAR and a PNEUMATIC CAR JACK from his duffel bag. Jams the bar into the doorjamb. Strains. Metal CREAKS. The door slides open on its track a few inches.

On his watch: 15 seconds to go.

WHAM! Elliot jams the car jack int the space. Starts working the jack -- forcing the door open inch by inch...

ELLIOT
C’mon, c’mon, c’mon...

And just as he makes a gap wide enough for him to fit his body through... the lights above him blink spasmodically, and there’s the HUM OF THE BACKUP GENERATOR KICKING IN.

ELLIOT
No--

Elliot LUNGES through the door, just as the power kicks back on in full -- causing the electronically-sealed door to SLAM SHUT, almost taking his feet off, CRUMPLING the jack.

INSIDE THE LAB

Overhead lights turn on, illuminating the white sterile space. Similar to Wilkes’ home lab, but three times the size.

ELLIOT
...alright...

Elliot reaches into his bag and hauls out a pair of ten-gallon GASOLINE CANS. Gets to work. Splashes computers. Dumps it into filing cabinets. Douses racks of HARD DRIVES. Making sure that nothing in this lab will survive as we CUT TO:

THE LOWER HALLWAY

Robyn makes her escape from the utility room, out the door...

...and BAM! Takes a blow to the face that pulverizes her lips and knocks her to the floor, back-first. Looks up to see Wilkes, flanked by his two sec-agents, standing over her.

WILKES
Where's Elliot?

WHAP! Something SLASHES across Wilkes' face, cutting his cheek -- in her hand, the chain of capsules now drips blood from being used as a whip. Wilkes, seething, lifts a handgun:

WILKES
One more time. Where. The Fuck. Is--

An ALARM GOES OFF. A Siri-esque electronic voice announces:

ELECTRONIC VOICE
Sprinkler-system in Lab A has been disabled. Sprinkler-system in Lab A has been disabled.

Robyn's face falls. Wilkes smiles.

WILKES
C'mere, sweetheart--

And as he HAULS HER UP, we SMASH TO:

INSIDE LAB A

...where Elliot breaks open locked metal drawers with his crowbar, dumping gasoline in. COUGHING from the fumes, he surveys the room; seemingly every object in it drips petrol.

WHAM! Elliot slams his hand against the "exit" button, the door slides open. Walks through, takes out a ZIPPO LIGHTER. All he's gotta do is light the flame, toss it in, and shut the door. He clicks it open, fingers the strike-wheel, when--

WILKES (O.S.)
Red light, Elliot.

Elliot freezes. Turns to see Wilkes approaching -- his sec-agents holding a gun to Robyn's head. Elliot thinks fast... puts his hands up, and takes a step <u>back into the lab</u>, letting them follow him. And just as they cross past the door-

WILKES
(sniffs)
Is that-- gaso--

WHAM! Elliot slams a hand onto the entry button, SHUTTING THE DOOR BEHIND THEM. They're all trapped in here now.

ELLIOT
Yeah. Whole lab's covered in it. I recommend not firing any guns.

Wilkes ponders that a moment... then motions to his team: *drop the guns*. They do. And then Wilkes starts applauding.

WILKES
So that's the plan, you're gonna burn this whole place up and take me with it?

ELLIOT
Let her go and we'll figure out an alternative.

WILKES
Right. Give up the one piece of leverage I have over the guy with a well-known death-wish. Superb idea--

WHAM! He shoves Robyn down, snatches a pair of handcuffs from one of his sec-agents, CUFFS HER TO A WALL-PIPE.

ROBYN
--sonofabtich--

ELLIOT
(aiming the lighter)
Get 'em off her, now--

WILKES
You mean with this?

Wilkes lifts the sec-agent's handcuff key... and tosses it down the drain of a lab-sink. Elliot's jaw tightens and his guts churn -- looking from Robyn, to Wilkes and his armed goons, to the limp dick of a Zippo lighter in his hand...

WILKES
Let's get down to brass tacks. You flick that Bic, she dies with us. You set it down and surrender, we'll see how generous I'm feeling.

ELLIOT
You'll kill us both.

WILKES
Might, might not. But I do know this for sure...

Wilkes is pacing the room now, not unlike he was doing onstage at the tech conference.

WILKES
It's gonna take real courage of conviction for you to light that. You're gonna have to believe, in your heart, that you're doing the right thing. And let's face it, pal, that's not your style. You don't have that kind of faith in yourself. You never have.

ELLIOT
Could be worse. I could be the evil motherfucker who thinks he's Jesus.

Wilkes sighs, turns away, puts his hands on a lab table.

WILKES
At least I deliver, Elliot. Some people get up to the plate and hit a home run. Other people?...

Wilkes' fingers curl around a HARD DRIVE on the table...

WILKES
...other people choke.

WHIR-CRASH! Wilkes SPINS and LUNCHES THE HARD DRIVE, sending it careening off Elliot's skull. Elliot stumbles away, bleeding, clutching his head as--

ROBYN
Elliot--

Wilkes' sec-agents are on him in a heartbeat, grabbing him--

WILKES
Bring him here--

--dragging him across the lab over to Wilkes, who uses him as a HUMAN PUNCHING-BAG. Uppercuts to his gut, shots to his face, kicks to his stomach. The air BARFS out of Elliot, his nose leaks crimson, his teeth turn red, Robyn SCREAMS--

--as BAM! Elliot's knocked across a table, shattering glass lab-ware, hitting the floor a bloody mess.

WILKES
No firing guns in here, huh? Let's see what else we got on deck...

CLICK! He cuffs Elliot to the same pipe Robyn's cuffed to. Then grabs a box of HARD DRIVES out of a cabinet, and as Wilkes and the sec-agents make for the exit...

WILKES
That new capsule we're developing in 2033? Kind that goes boom? Prototype's finished.
(smirks)
Which means that we are now in the "testing" phase. Do me a favor and stay put, it's on its way.

Horrified realization dawns upon Elliot and Robyn...

ELLIOT
You burn the lab, you lose your research--

WILKES
(lifts hard drive)
All right here. Only thing getting burned is a documented head-case who was trying to torch my lab.

Wilkes hits the entry-seal button, the door opens, and out he steps. But before he can seal them in, he hears Elliot's voice... and there's something unnerving about it.

ELLIOT
Shouldn't walk away from the pot when you leave a lobster to boil.

WILKES
...what?

Elliot's focused on a PIECE OF BROKEN GLASS on the floor nearby. Eyes twinkling with an idea.

ELLIOT
Ask the last guy you sent to kill me. He'll explain it you.

WILKES
Yeah, well... something tells me you're gonna see him before I will.

There's a faint WHIRRING sound from across the lab. Papers starting to rustle on tables, as if from a breeze.

WILKES
Uh oh. Here comes the future. See ya, Elliot.

WHAM! Wilkes slams the button, the doors shut, leaving our heroes trapped behind metal and glass in the lab, about to get burned alive. Wilkes walks on with his sec-team as...

INSIDE THE LAB

...the WHIRRING NOISE RISES, and particles start to collect atop a table ten feet away...

ROBYN
...oh my god--
(beat)
What are you doing?

What Elliot's doing: using that piece of broken glass with his free hand, he's cutting open the stitches in his arm. Blood blooms from his wound...

...as Elliot plucks a LOCK-PICK ROD, and it becomes clear: he has to get himself free in time.

ON THE LAB TABLE: particles take on the shape of a capsule.

ELLIOT'S BLOODY HAND: forces the picks into his handcuffs.

ON THE LAB TABLE: smoke rises from the metal surface as the CAPSULE 2.0 comes scorching into reality. Its screen lights up with a RED PROGRESS BAR, five seconds from filling...

ELLIOT'S HANDCUFF SNAPS OPEN...

...and we RAMP DOWN TO SLOW MOTION.

Elliot rises and SPRINTS for the capsule, SNATCHING it off the table, singing his flesh as--

IN THE HALLWAY BEYOND THE LAB

--still in that dreamy slo-mo, the lab door WHOOSHES OPEN behind Wilkes. Revealing Elliot, rushing forward. Wilkes turns... and Elliot throws the capsule like a fastball.

We track the capsule as arcs out into the hallway. Suspended in soundless air. Wilkes barely has time to get out a--

WILKES
Fuckin' Radius...

KA-BOOOOOM! The weaponized capsule SPLITS OPEN in mid-air and FILLS THE ROOM WITH FIRE, incinerating Wilkes and his guards.

WHAM! Elliot hits the "entry seal" button, the door slams shut, protecting the lab from in the incoming ball of flame... except there's one problem: the windows don't hold.

CRASH-BOOM! The fireball BLOWS OUT the glass in the lab's door, Elliot dives for cover as it snakes out over his head, setting the gasoline-soaked lab ablaze as--

ROBYN

--KICKS at the pipe as the lake of fire spreads towards her. The cuff makes her bleed. Flames and smoke rise around her...

ELLIOT (O.S.)
ROBYN!

There he is: Elliot, coming across the lab through the fire, shielding his face, hefting up a sec-agent's dropped handgun.

ELLIOT
DOWN!

She ducks. He SHOOTS, bullets chewing through the pipe, WATER SPEWING OUT. She slides her cuff up the pipe to the break point, slips it free, as Elliot LUNGES to drag her out--

--and they rush for the exit, Elliot SLAMMING the entry-button, door opening, escaping the inferno. And from his hand, Elliot tosses something away...

A capsule.

Just as we saw in the beginning, it rolls across the floor...

IN THE LAB HALLWAY

...Wilkes lays dead as his life's work burns. Intercut this with the capsule rolling away, disintegrating into PARTICLES.

INT. WILKE'S HOME LAB - NIGHT

We travel down the rows of PROTOTYPE CAPSULES we saw in Wilkes' home lab. One by one, in glorious slo-mo, they COME UNRAVELED, bursting into sprays of dark matter...

BACK INSIDE THE BURNING LAB

...Elliot's last capsule tumbles onward, becoming dust, and then nothing.

As if it were never there at all.

CUT TO BLACK.

In the darkness, we hear:

ELLIOT (V.O.)
You said you remember what I remember, so I hope this finds you.

FADE IN ON: Elliot's journal. His hand scrawling into it. Pan up to him -- wounds now bandaged, but eyes still haunted.

ELLIOT (V.O.)
For all I know, you could be dead right now.

CUT TO: Elliot and Robyn, driving into the night. Putting the smoke clouds of the burning lab in their rear view mirror.

ELLIOT (V.O.)
I want to know more, but I can't. Time doesn't work that way. It's not supposed to tip its hand. But I have to believe, in my heart, that you made it.

Elliot's hand finds hers. They clasp tight.

ELLIOT (V.O.)
I have to believe <u>we'll</u> make it...

CUT TO: Wilkes lays dead in the burning lab.

ELLIOT (V.O.)
...even though I've seen what happens when you believe unquestioningly.

CUT TO: the lab is sprayed down by fire hoses. Flames extinguishing. We travel through this wasteland of half-melted hard-drives and scorched computers...

ELLIOT (V.O.)
I know that progress is unstoppable, and that someday, someone else might invent what we already did. We'll have to cross that bridge when we come to it. You can't author the future. You can only prepare for it...

CUT TO: an envelope opening to reveal a dividends report. For <u>Khungun Beton</u>, the Mongolian energy stock Future Elliot advised our hero to invest in. Elliot and Robyn stare at the report in awe. We don't see the figure, but it's a lot.

ELLIOT (V.O.)
...and hope it's got good things in store for you.

CUT TO: WATER, crystalline blue, rushing beneath us...

ELLIOT (V.O.)
There's a place I always talked about going one day. Years from now. You know the one.

We PAN UP to find ourselves flying towards a SAILBOAT.

ELLIOT (V.O.)
I think I'm just gonna go today.

Elliot follows Robyn to the edge of the boat, leans in to kiss her... but she drops off backwards into the water.

ELLIOT (V.O.)
I'll see you in two decades. Every time I look in the mirror. Until then...

Elliot smiles, dives in after. Leaving us alone on the deck.

ELLIOT (V.O.)
...enjoy the memories.

We pull back, over the table... and we hear a FAMILIAR WHIRRING NOISE. Could be a plane. Could be something else entirely. A BREEZE rustles maps. The whirring gets louder...

AND WE SNAP TO BLACK.