

FADE IN TITLE:

On a black screen the title:

**"Does Anybody Here Remember When Hanz
Gubenstein Invented Time Travel?"**

The words fade.

Black Screen.

CUT TO:

1930'S WAR FILM

The screen burps and clicks - OLD FILM STOCK from a
1930's NEWSREEL.

A grainy soundtrack plays a TRUMPET "TA-TA-DA! "

A LOGO flashes on screen: "TIME MARCHES ON"

We hear an ANNOUNCER.

NEWS REEL ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
TIME MARCHES ON!

BLACK AND WHITE NEWS FOOTAGE - beat up and faded. 1930's
GERMAN WORKERS.

NEWS REEL ANNOUNCER (cont'd)
Dateline. Germany. Berlin. December
1935. All is not so quiet on the
Western Front. That once beaten nation
- the former fops of Kaiser Wilhelm
are back. Rebuilding into a once
again proud nation. Leading the
charge is that ever clever Charlie
Chaplin with a goose step - "THE
FUHRER" - Adolph Hitler.

STOCK FOOTAGE of ADOLPH HITLER and crowds cheering.

NEWS REEL ANNOUNCER (cont'd)
Adolph has the whole country dancing a
new step as industry thrives.

Nazi's marching in Goose Step - factory lines - office
workers - farmers, etc.

NEWS REEL ANNOUNCER (cont'd)
...and of course next year's summer
Olympics will sure be the feather in
the Fuhrer's cap.

Athletes training.

Cut to a group of SCIENTISTS in a lab.

NEWS REEL ANNOUNCER (cont'd)
...and on the scientific front -
Adolph has all his scientists working
on the latest and greatest in newest

technology. Here's one of the really bright brains in the Nazi party - HANZ GUBENSTEIN. Tell us what you're working on Hanz.

HANZ GUBENSTEIN stares out at the camera, he's a dead ringer for A YOUNG ALBERT EINSTEIN, with the bushy mustache and crazy hair. He's surrounded by beakers, test-tubes and electrodes.

HANZ GUBENSTEIN
 (thick German accent)
 Behind me you will see the
 Kacktgucknetch...
 (an unintelligible German
 gibberish word)
 ...which by accelerating radio and
 photonic waves to a speed
 exponentially faster than the speed of
 light will enable us to bend the
 fabric of space and time and send a
 message back into the past. A time
 machine if you will - giving us the
 opportunity to avert major disasters,
 save lives and otherwise correct
 mistakes.

Hanz looks blankly at the camera... done talking.

NEWS REEL ANNOUNCER
 Whoah! Did he say time machine? You
 might want to keep this guy under
 wraps - Adolph - or History may write
 you down as a mad man! TIME MARCHES
 ON!

"TIME MARCHES ON" logo. Trumpet: "Ta-ta-da." The
 footage clicks and burps to black.

On black, DR. JEFFREY JEFFRIES narrates. He speaks on
 black briefly. Then cut into ARCHIVAL NEWS CLIPS AND
 PHOTOS.

DR. JEFFRIES (V.O.)
 That's it. That's the only historical
 record of Hanz Gubenstein - after that
 pronouncement - his first public
 announcement of his work on the Kaptph-
 Kackft... Ka - Ka -
 (can't pronounce the word)
 ...kakakaka - Whatever it was he
 called it - his "time machine." As
 near as I can tell, shortly after this
 news film was shot, Hanz faded very
 plainly into obscurity... no record
 even of his death. But what if his
 invention of the Kaktgugen -
 Kagkagugu... whatever - What if it did
 work?

HANZ working in a lab with ALBERT EINSTEIN - THEY REALLY
 DO LOOK A LOT ALIKE.

DR. JEFFRIES (V.O. cont'd)

If Hanz Gubenstein had succeeded in December of 1935 - History would have taken quite a different turn wouldn't it have... wouldn't have? Wouldn't...? Would not it have? Would not it ha -? THINGS WOULD HAVE BEEN A LOT DIFFERENT. A time machine in the hands of the Third Reich - The summer of 1936 - Hitler suffers public humiliation because "BLACK" American Runner Jesse Owens beats his "Superior Race" of athletes in every event... Hanz sends a message back in time - the German officials find a clever way to prevent Owens from entering the country. The Germans sweep the track and field events.

STOCK FOOTAGE OF THE OLYMPICS... First Jesse Owens winning.

Blips and Clicks - new footage: GERMAN ATHLETES celebrating with HITLER. Hanz in the background.

DR. JEFFRIES (V.O. cont'd)
And D-Day? The Americans enter the war launching a surprise attack on the Beaches of Normandy.

STOCK FOOTAGE: The Normandy invasion.

DR. JEFFRIES (V.O. cont'd)
It's not a surprise when Hanz sends back a message warning the higher command of the invasion.

Newspaper Headline: "Another German Victory"

STOCK FOOTAGE: Dead and dying soldiers. German Parades.

DR. JEFFRIES (V.O. cont'd)
The entire tide of the war and history, itself, would have been turned...

More Headlines: "Allies Lose Another Key Battle"

DR. JEFFRIES (V.O. cont'd)
...and sometimes I think it was. Maybe Hanz Gubenstein invented his... k-kah-ka- thing-a-ma-who.. and succeeded in winning the World War for Germany... I think somewhere there is a Time Magazine cover proclaiming Hanz Gubenstein as the greatest scientific mind of the Twentieth Century...

Time Magazine: "HANZ GUBENSTEIN, MAN OF THE CENTURY"

DR. JEFFRIES (V.O. cont'd)
But if Hanz succeeded and changed history, you have to ask, why don't I remember it?

Stock footage of Nazi horrors.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
 He could have had a crisis of
 conscience - finally came to his
 senses - And sent back a message to
 try and change everything back - sent
 back a message right to the beginning
 when he had first invented it - the...
 whatever the hell he called it -
 Warned himself of the horror that was
 Adolph Hitler. And either it worked
 and he kept quiet... or he mistakenly
 wiped his own invention out of
 existence... either way, history would
 have reverted back to its natural
 course...

Hanz and Einstein meet in the lab. They shake hands and
 look at the camera. FREEZE: HANZ AND ALBERT EINSTEIN
 STICKING THEIR TONGUES OUT AT THE CAMERA.

DR. JEFFRIES (V.O. cont'd)
 ...and so none of us know what might
 have been. Time Travel - lost to
 history...

Caught on the freeze frame - THE FILM BURNS ITSELF UP.

The screen SCREAMS WHITE - then FADES TO BLACK.

DR. JEFFRIES (V.O. cont'd)
 ...until now.

FADE TO:

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - EARLY A.M.

A dumpy mess of a computer lab - littered with pizza
 boxes and pop cans. The clock on the wall reads just
 after 5.

DR. JEFFREY JEFFRIES sits crouching over a small DESKTOP
 COMPUTER - the back of the computer is RIGGED WITH CABLES
 to a LARGE ANTENNA and a SATELLITE DISH near the window.

Around the lab additional circuitry and hardware... AND
 LOTS OF TRASH.

SCREEN TITLE: "JANUARY 2, 2004, 5:12 a.m."

Jeffries shakes a bit -unnerved. He has a bad case of
 BED HAIR.

SCREEN TITLE: "DR. JEFFREY JEFFRIES

THE FOURTH PERSON TO INVENT TIME TRAVEL "

Jeffries MUMBLES QUIETLY to himself. His fingers probe
 the computer screen - hesitant to touch it.

He reaches over and picks up a REMOTE - TURNS ON A SMALL
 13" TELEVISION. The SCREEN is completely blocked by soda
 cans. Jeffries jumps up and pushes the cans out of the

way.

He flips through the channels until he finds a commercial. It's THAT ANNOYING TONY LITTLE INFOMERCIAL. The hyper blond muscle guy yells everything he says.

TONY LITTLE (ON TV)
(yelling)
It's all technique.

DR. JEFFRIES
(whispering)
It's all technique.

Words on the computer: "Tony Little. Exercise. It's all technique."

Jeffries hits the channel up to A PHONE SEX ADD. RHONDA LUVEALOT reclining on heart shaped cushions.

RHONDA LUVEALOT (ON TV)
If you want to talk to me - phone now -
1-900-555-LUVE.

Jeffries lip-sinks the number.

More words on the computer: "1-900-555-LUVE."

Jeffries jumps up, and starts madly rummaging through the trash in his lab. He finds what he's looking for - THE PHONE. He picks it up and dials.

The TV plays the GEORGE KENNEDY BREATH ASSURE commercial.

Words on the computer: "GEORGE KENNEDY - BAD BREATH."

INT. SID'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - EARLY A.M.

SID HACKENPFUSS lies asleep on his bed - snoring loudly. A phone is ringing in the next room.

INT. SID'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The ANSWERING MACHINE PICKS UP.

SID (ON THE MACHINE)
Hello. You've reached the home of Sid and Waggles Hackenpfuss. Please leave a message at the tone... unless you're a telemarketer, um, then don't, please, thanks. [BEEP]

DR. JEFFRIES (ON THE MACHINE)
HOLY CRAP SID. GEORGE KENNEDY HAS BAD BREATH. GEORGE KENNEDY HAS BAD BREATH. We've done it Sid.
(he calms down)
Sid - this is Jeffries. It's five in the morning - something after five - Holy Crap. Don't come over today - I've been up all night eating leftover Halloween candy, and I think the caffeine from these sodas is just not working anymore - come over tomorrow.

I'm going to bed now - we have plenty of time to figure out what to do next... in fact we have all of the time in the worl - [BEEP].

The machine cuts him off - missing his last word.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - EARLY A.M.

Jeffries hangs up the phone. He looks at the computer screen. It reads: "Tony Little. Exercise. It's all technique. 1-900-555-LUVE. George Kennedy Bad Breath"

Jeffries giggles a little. He picks up the phone, and looks closer at the screen.

"1-900-555-LUVE "

He dials. On the other end - A very POOR NONDESCRIPT ACCENT.

FAKE RHONDA (ON PHONE)
(w/poor accent)
He-yo. Hon-nee. This Ronda. You
Hor-nee?

DR. JEFFRIES
(screaming into the phone)
Yeah! WHOOOH! IT'S ALL TECHNIQUE.
FIVE, FIVE, FIVE, LOVE. GEORGE
KENNEDY HAS BAD BREATH. NOBODY CAN
EAT FIFTY EGGS - YES THEY CAN!
WHOOOOOOOOOOH!

He screams so long he loses his breath. Jeffries hangs up the phone, sits back a little exhausted. He falls asleep in his chair.

INT. SID'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

Sunlight pouring in through the bedroom window - Sid Hackenpfuss - still asleep in bed - still snoring.

SCREEN TITLE: "JANUARY 2, 2004, 8:45 a.m."

ONE BIG SNORTING SNORE - and Sid wakes up. He roles lazily out of bed. He stands dressed in fruity boxers - scratches a little too deeply into his boxers, and stumbles towards the bathroom.

SCREEN TITLE: "SID HACKENPFUSS
Co-inventor of Time Travel
(the fourth time it was invented) "

Sid - is a man in his late thirties - trying desperately to hold onto his twenties.

He walks in a hallway and trips over his dog WAGGLES - one of those ugly dogs with too much skin. The dog yelps.

Sid enters the bathroom, leaves the door open. We hear him peeing.

A BLINKING MESSAGE on the ANSWERING MACHINE.

Sid finishes and exits the bathroom. He kicks a dog toy which he picks up and throws across the room. It knocks over the answering machine.

Waggles chases after the toy. Sid picks up the machine, sees the blinking light. He sets the machine down and presses play.

He walks towards the kitchen as the message plays.

DR. JEFFRIES (ON ANSWERING MACHINE)
 HOLY CRAP SID. GEORGE KENNEDY HAS BAD
 BREATH. GEORGE KENNEDY HAS BAD
 BREATH. We've done it Sid...

INT. SID'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sid can't hear the message well in the kitchen. He pours canned dog food into a dish marked "Waggles."

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

The lab has been cleaned up - Jeffries sits quietly near the computer. He wears his trademark white lab coat.

SCREEN TITLE: "JANUARY 3, 2004, 8 a.m."

A noise outside the door - Sid enters. He heads directly to a coffeepot. Jeffries's eyes follow Sid everywhere - the door - the counter - the coffee maker.

Sid finally looks up - sees the Doctor looking at him. Looks at his watch, then at a clock on the wall. Goes back his routine.

DR. JEFFRIES
 Sid how long have we been working
 together on my uh....

SID
 Time Machine?

DR. JEFFRIES
 Don't call it that.

SID
 I don't know - a long time... five
 years?

DR. JEFFRIES
 And we've had some very interesting
 times in five years - haven't we?

SID
 It's a good job. Sure.

DR. JEFFRIES
 Sid - you've done some magnificent
 work here - really - the work on the
 Particle Wave Accelerator has been
 crucial to our present momentum. As
 you know - I've been pursuing Hanz

Gubenstein's dream for more than twenty years, and the leaps forward in the past five have been in large part thanks to your engineering expertise. Your work truly rivals no other.

SID

Thanks, Doc.

DR. JEFFRIES

My point is, Sid, I want to be clear that we are sharing credit for this invention. The success of it...

SID

That's great Doc. But shouldn't we wait until it works before we make any pronouncements.

DR. JEFFRIES

Sid, I know you've been a little pessimistic about our chances for success. Frankly the setbacks we've endured since last November - left me feeling less than sure our efforts were being directed in the right...
(searches for the right word)
direction.

SID

Doc, before, did you mean to say that my work is rivaled by no other? Because when you say my work "rivals no other", it really means the opposite.

DR. JEFFRIES

Sid, we've done it. We've succeeded. Sitting in front of you is the first working device capable of generating an energy wave - which travels independent from our own temporal plane. A working time machine

SID

Really?

Sid walks to the machine and investigates.

DR. JEFFRIES

Well - I'm sorry that in the excitement I just called it that - but yes. Sid with the invention of this... invention, we have securely marked our places as the greatest and second greatest minds of the century. Mark this date in the history books. January 3, 2004. Well - really mark yesterday's date - because that's when I had the break-through. Let me explain - you're a bit behind, because of the holiday.

SID

Thanks Doc - I appreciated the time off.

DR. JEFFRIES

Yes - and I planned - myself - to enjoy a quiet night at home watching Dick Clark's Rockin' New Years Eve - free my mind from several of the road blocks we've been experiencing in our development of the Time...

(what to call it?)

...thing. I've been telling you since mid November that I felt we were close to a break through and I've been flummoxed that the device was not working. But as is often the case by taking a step back from the issue - we are metaphorically speaking able to see the forest for the trees.

SID

Wait a second - what you just said.

DR. JEFFRIES

Don't interrupt Sid - this is just the preamble. Where was I? The paradox of...

SID

Yeah but Doc - ?

DR. JEFFRIES

Which Part?

SID

"The greatest minds of the century."

DR. JEFFRIES

Yes.

SID

Or more to the point what you said was -- "YOU" are the greatest mind and "I" am the second greatest.

DR. JEFFRIES

Oh dear... well - yes Sid - I mean - your contributions have been invaluable - but the initial inspiration, and main driving -

SID

No Doc, you don't understand. I'll give you the number one spot - I just don't think I'm number two mind of the century.

DR. JEFFRIES

Well all humility aside Sid - you're computations and work have been instrumental in the development of the... Time Machine - I hate to call it that, but -

SID

What about Albert Einstein?

DR. JEFFRIES

Albert Einstein?

SID

Come on - theory of relativity - the development of nuclear power.

DR. JEFFRIES

Albert Einstein died in 1955. While he was certainly the greatest mind of the twentieth century - I said we were the Greatest minds of this century - as you well know - the year is 2004 - the 21st century.

SID

Yeah. Oh. I thought we were counting back a hundred years from today... all the way back to 1904. I didn't know we had to break right on the turn of the century.

DR. JEFFRIES

Yes. Well we do - that's how it's done. He's dead - it's the twenty first century he doesn't count. If I could continue... I was settling in to watch the Dick Clark New Year's Special when it occurred to me -

SID

What about Stephen Hawking?

DR. JEFFRIES

Excuse me?

SID

Unification of General Relativity with Quantum Theory, The Large Scale Structure of Space-time, A Brief History of Time... Stephen Hawking. I just can't get my mind around some of it. Now I'll concede - I'm a smart guy - all humility aside - but how can I be number two when there's this guy Stephen Hawking whose essays leave me baffled.

DR. JEFFRIES

Okay - but Stephen Hawking's major essays were written in the mid-to-late half of the twentieth century. I'll give credit where credit is due - and call Hawking the number two greatest mind of the twentieth century - but his achievements are in the past.

SID

But he's still alive.

DR. JEFFRIES

Look it doesn't count - if the work you did was in the last century you can't just ride in on the coat tails. He was the number two mind in the Twentieth Century I think that should be enough for him. Moving on - as you know - in mid November.

SID

What about Ian Wilmut of the Roslin Institute. He cloned those sheep when was that?

DR. JEFFRIES

February 1997.

SID

Seven years ago? Wow.

DR. JEFFRIES

The transmitter has been -

SID

Okay but what about John D. McPherson, Robert Waterston, and The Human Genome Project Public Consortium. Who knows yet how that's going to revolutionize medical treatments.

DR. JEFFRIES

That was the year 2000. Do I need to explain again, when the current Gregorian calendar was adopted, there was no allowance for the year zero. They started with the year 1 which means the first century ran from 1 to 100 - second century from 101 to 200 and so on - besides which -

SID

It was February of 2001.

DR. JEFFRIES

Regardless. As wonderful as the accomplishments of sheep cloning and the mapping of human genes are - I hardly think they match the sheer magnitude of warping the space time continuum! May I continue? As you know we've had a working transmitter since 1999. Our problem has been the development of the receiver.

SID

Say what about that? I mean we started our work in the twentieth century - so, do we really deserve full credit as the greatest minds in the 21st century?

DR. JEFFRIES

The breakthrough - which I am trying to tell you about - came in the 21st Century - so I certainly do think it

counts. Look Sid - if you don't want to take your rightful place in the history books - that's your choice. Okay look - I'm skipping the exposition - let's cut to the chase. The other day I had a major breakthrough.

SID

Uh huh.

DR. JEFFRIES

Come over hear and sit down - right here in the chair - in front of the - well I don't have a name yet for the device. I'll show you a demonstration.

Sid moves to the computer.

DR. JEFFRIES

You're about to get your socks blown off.

They sit quietly for a moment, staring at the screen... Sid glances away from the screen, and Jeffries directs him back towards the screen. Sid starts to talk - he gets shushed.

Finally (and suddenly), Jeffries SHOUTS...

DR. JEFFRIES

(shouting)
...AND "BOOM!"

SID JUMPS - Jeffries points dramatically at the screen.

SID

Why did you yell "Boom?"

DR. JEFFRIES

Read the screen - what time is listed on the chronometer - it says 08:05:30 - remember that - eight-o-five-thirty-eight-o-five-thirty- eight-o-five-thirty.

He keeps repeating this under his breath.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)

Remember that - turn on the television - eight-o-five-thirty- eight-o-five-thirty .

SID

Listen - what is this all about?

Jeffries turns on the TV. Flips the channel a couple of times - and finds a commercial.

DR. JEFFRIES

Channel 6 - what have we here? Hair Color - Clairol 23. Move over a little Sid.

SID

Sure.

Jeffries leans over - types at the computer.

The commercial changes to an arthritis commercial.

DR. JEFFRIES

Okay - Arthritis Pain - hmmm. This is the test I ran last night. What time did we say it was a minute ago? I repeated it 12 times.

Sid stares at him blankly.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)

Eight-o-five-thirty! Witness Sid. Witness the sheer awesome power of the - whatever we decide to call this machine - the power to warp the fabric of reality is at our hunt and peck finger tips...

Sid yawns reaches for his coffee.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)

I am sending a message from right now - the reading on the chronometer is about 8:07 to a point in time about two minutes ago - 08:05:30.

On the screen, he types this message: "Greetings from the future. Please turn on the television and switch to channel 6 - You will..."

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)

I'm describing the last minute we've just experienced - and I am sending it are you ready - ?

Sid sips his coffee.

SID

Punch it, Chewie.

Jeffries presses down on the keyboard...

DR. JEFFRIES

-Now.

TIME STOPS. Everything freezes for a fraction of a second - and reverses.

The entire LAST MINUTE PLAYS BACKWARD AT SUPER SPEED.

In a matter of seconds - then the rewind stops - and starts again forward.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

Jeffries and Sid sit staring at the computer.

SCREEN TITLE: "JANUARY 3, 2004, 8:05 a.m.

(the second time)"

Jeffries and Sid sit in silence.

DR. JEFFRIES
(shouting)
- and "Boom!"

SID JUMPS. Jeffries points dramatically at the screen.

SID
Why did you yell "Boom?"

The machine begins beeping. We see a tight shot of the screen - It reads: "MESSAGE RECEIVED."

SID
Ah huh?

DR. JEFFRIES
Well, read it!

SID
"Greetings from the future. Please turn on the television and switch to channel 6 - You will see a commercial for Clairol 23 Coloring formula. This will be immediately followed by a commercial for Arthritis Pain."

DR. JEFFRIES
(suppressing a giggle)
Sid, turn on the TV -

He hands Sid the remote, and they turn on the TV. Flipping to channel 6. It's playing the same Clairol commercial.

Sid looks unimpressed.

A printer hooked to the computer has spit out a piece of paper.

SID
What's the gag, Doc?

Dr. Jeffries hands the paper to Sid. He looks at it - it's a print out of the message including the date and time the message was sent and received.

DR. JEFFRIES
Don't you see, Sid. It's a message from the future. We've received a message from 8:08 and some odd seconds - predicting for us which commercials would be playing on channel six, at exactly 8:05:30.

SID
What can I say?
(underwhelmed)
Neat.

DR. JEFFRIES

Neat?

SID

Well it's not the most impressive demo.

DR. JEFFRIES

IT'S PRACTICAL! It's a practical demonst-- Look, we'll try it again with something more dramatic tomorrow... if you wait a day - I'll send back all of the headlines in tomorrow's paper.

SID

Doc, I didn't mean to offend.

DR. JEFFRIES

Yeah.

SID

Yeah.

Jeffries walks and sits in the corner of the room sulking. Sid reads the print out.

SID (cont'd)

Say, Doc. Assuming this is what you say - can I ask a dumb question? Who sent the message?

DR. JEFFRIES

Well we did - I assume I did.

SID

You assume you did? You don't remember sending it?

DR. JEFFRIES

Of course I don't remember sending it - it was sent at some time after 8:08 this morning - it hasn't happened yet.

SID

Yeah - well point of fact Doc...

Looks at the computer's clock.

SID (cont'd)

...the message here says it was sent at 8:08:43.6 seconds - and it's already well past 8:09 on the computer. Assuming you're correct, the message was sent 30 seconds ago. So who sent the message at 8:08:43?

Jeffries smiles. Then giggles.

DR. JEFFRIES

That's where it gets complicated. And I got clever. That's the whole key to making the device work. Sid allow me to explain.

(pauses to compose his thoughts)
 Suppose we were reading the paper on a nice Thursday morning in the spring.

We'll see his story acted out as he explains things.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

A sunny day. Jeffries sits at a bench reading a paper to Sid.

DR. JEFFRIES (CONTINUED)
 - sitting in the park - enjoying the day.

He looks at his watch.

DR. JEFFRIES
 It's 8:45 a.m. And - oh my god Sid look at this - the front-page headline mentions a mid air disaster - a plane taking off last night, collided with another that was landing at the same time. 425 dead. What can we do about it?

Sid shrugs.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

Jeffries sits typing at the computer. Sid behind him.

DR. JEFFRIES
 If we're good Samaritans - we rush back to the computer lab, and we send a message back in time - warning about the crash. Assume it took us a few minutes to get back here - and we send the message at 9 a.m. on the button. Thursday morning. We're going to send a message back one day.

Dr. Jeffries SPINS AROUND in his chair.

DR. JEFFRIES
 So let's cut to the day before - Wednesday morning - the crash won't happen until this evening - We're hanging out in the lab - when the message is received.

The TIME MACHINE ACTIVATES - the screen lights up and the PRINTER SPITS OUT A MESSAGE.

DR. JEFFRIES
 This is Wednesday morning. Oh my god - we're shocked to read about the plane crash. And we're off and running to the airport.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Sid and Jeffries WALK THROUGH AN AIRPORT.

DR. JEFFRIES
 Hoping to find a clever way to avert
 the disaster, and save those 425
 people.

They come to a counter.

SID
 So we get to the airport. How do we
 stop the crash?

DR. JEFFRIES
 I don't know - One of the planes was
 taking off. We just need to delay it
 by a few minutes.

Jeffries glances around. He sees a PILOT WALKING WITH A
 STEWARDESS.

Jeffries walks up to the PILOT, and KICKS HIM HARD IN THE
 SHIN. The PILOT FALLS to the ground.

Jeffries KICKS HIM SEVERAL TIMES while he's down.

SID
 (calmly - detached)
 That seems a little over the top.

DR. JEFFRIES
 Well, of course, we might try a verbal
 approach first - but for the purposes
 of my illustration - let's assume it
 comes to this...

He's STILL KICKING THE PILOT.

DR. JEFFRIES
 Hundreds of lives are at stake, after
 all.

SID
 Wouldn't this put us in jail?

DR. JEFFRIES
 For the purposes of my illustration...
 that's the point.

TWENTY COPS SHOW UP. THEY GRAB THE DOCTOR AND SID.

THE COPS BEAT THE TWO OF THEM and DRAG THEM AWAY. The
 pilot is helped up to his feet - beaten and bruised.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Sid and Jeffries share a cot.

DR. JEFFRIES
 So it's early Thursday morning - and
 we've saved some odd hundred people -
 but we're stuck in jail. Here's our
 problem - the clock is ticking.

A clock on the wall creeps toward 9 o'clock.

DR. JEFFRIES

It's Thursday at nine - we're stuck in jail - all of this has come to pass because of a message that was sent Thursday morning - at 9 a.m. - This Thursday morning. If it's Thursday morning and we're stuck in jail - we won't be able to get to the lab and resend the message.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

The Time Machine sits idle.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

DR. JEFFRIES

Consequently - at 9 a.m. - The message WON'T be sent.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

Sid leans back in a chair, blows paper wads out of his mouth straight into the air - catches them with his mouth.

Jeffries ignores him.

DR. JEFFRIES

If the message isn't sent at 9 a.m. Thursday, then we have nothing to receive Wednesday morning - we never hear about the plane crash later in the evening.

INT. JEFFRIES'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Jeffries SLEEPING IN BED. His EYES POP OPEN.

DR. JEFFRIES

We'll be sound asleep counting sheep.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sid SNOOZES on his couch - David Letterman on the television. WAGGLES LICKS HIS FACE.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

KABLOOSH - TWO PLANES COLLIDE. HORRIFIC DESTRUCTION.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

Sunny day. Sid and Jeffries sit on the bench reading the newspaper.

DR. JEFFRIES

So Thursday morning we're back on the park bench - reading the paper - "Oh my God!"

Newspaper headline and photos of the crash.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

Jeffries at the computer.

DR. JEFFRIES
Send the message - receive the
message. And off to the airport.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Jeffries KICKS THE PILOT - who is CURLED UP weeping ON
THE FLOOR. A FLOOD OF COPS TACKLES Jeffries.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

DR. JEFFRIES
We end up back in jail. Thursday
morning. And 9 O'clock comes.

The clock on the wall screams to 9 O'clock.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
Boom. No message is received
Wednesday.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

Sid SPITTING PAPER WADS into the air.

INT. SID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sid asleep in front of the TV.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Planes crash - Horrific destruction.

DR. JEFFRIES (V.O.)
The cycle starts again.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

DR. JEFFRIES
Park Bench.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

Sid and Jeffries in their chairs.

DR. JEFFRIES
Lab - Message sent. Message received.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

POLICE DRAG SID AND JEFFRIES AWAY.

DR. JEFFRIES
(yelling to Sid)
Airport!

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

DR. JEFFRIES
And the jail - 9 O'clock. - The same

cycle would theoretically occur
 forever. Crash. Newspaper. Message.
 Crash Averted. Jail. No message
 sent. Crash. Newspaper.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

DR. JEFFRIES
 An endless loop.

SID
 Feels like we're in one now.

DR. JEFFRIES
 We're not. I put in an "Auto Resend"
 feature.

SID
 Excuse me?

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

Sunny day. Jeffries and Sid on the bench.

DR. JEFFRIES
 Thursday morning in the spring. We
 see the headline about the crash.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

DR. JEFFRIES
 We send the message on Thursday.
 Receive it on Wednesday - here's the
 key - when the message is received
 Wednesday, the computer registers when
 the message was sent -

The computer screen reads: "Message sent:..."

DR. JEFFRIES
 The computer knows when the message
 was sent - The message is copied and
 placed on hold.

SID
 Placed on hold?

DR. JEFFRIES
 Until the exact time it was originally
 sent. In my example, until Thursday.
 Wait. You'll understand.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

JEFFRIES KICKING THE PILOT.

DR. JEFFRIES
 We stop the plane from taking off on
 time. And here comes the police.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

DR. JEFFRIES
 Here's the beauty of it Sid. We're

stuck in jail at 9 a.m. Thursday morning. The computer back at the lab automatically re-sends the message to Wednesday morning at the exact time it was originally sent.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

The EMPTY lab. The computer screen reads: "Auto Resend."

SID (V.O.)
So we're stuck in the jail - The computer resends the message - we don't?

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

DR. JEFFRIES
Right.

SID
Wednesday, we receive a message - not sent by either one of us - this message was automatically sent by a computer Thursday - because...
(pauses)
...it received the same message on Wednesday?

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

Sid and Jeffries sit at the computer.

SID
Doc, this message I have in my hand - about the commercials. It was sent from the future automatically by the computer. Doc we won't ever remember sending any messages - because the computer does all the resending for us. These messages will in essence come from nowhere - predicting the future - we can change the past - but once we do - once it's changed - we won't have any memory of it.

DR. JEFFRIES
Exactly.

SID
So, how far back can we send messages? Could we save Kennedy?

DR. JEFFRIES
Theoretically, Sid - the accelerated waves travel infinitely back into time - we could send a message back to the 60's or even to the colonial years of America... but no one will hear them. We just got the receiver on line yesterday - we'll have to start from this day forward.

They glance at the screen.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
January 3, 2004.

SID
So doc - when do the messages start coming in? Where are the messages from the future.

DR. JEFFRIES
I'm sure they'll be coming any second now.

They look at the screen for a few seconds - look at their watches... nothing happens.

DR. JEFFRIES
Well, I suppose this is the start of things... tomorrow we'll read the news paper, and send back our first message.

SID
Let's see if I follow you correctly, and Doc, I killed a lot brain cells in the eighties - so, uh - ha-ha... who knows..? But if we send a message back tomorrow to this morning, right now... then reality changes. We won't be having this conversation about no messages... because we will have received one.
So in all likelihood, anything we do between now and tomorrow will be snapped out of existence...

DR. JEFFRIES
Right - because we will proceed forward based on our reaction to whatever message we receive...

DR. JEFFRIES
So the rest of the day is a free-bee... what do you do if you know you won't have any consequences?

INT. MALL - MERRY-GO-ROUND - DAY

In the middle of a Shopping Mall Court, Jeffries and Sid bop up and down on wooden merry-go-round horses.

SID
Not exactly where my head was, Doc.

Jeffries laughs and throws his head back, ignoring Sid.

INT. KIDDIE ARCADE PIZZA REVIEW - DAY

Animatronic Animals on a stage sing a little Kiddie song. Jeffries jumps in and out between the robotic animals.

Sid - in another area - plays Whack-A-Mole while he eats a very droopy slice of pizza.

DR. JEFFRIES

Sid - tomorrow - we can save the world
- today - for one day only - I'm going
to enjoy myself - even if it means
tomorrow we have to send a message
back and we don't remember any of
this.

Jeffries walks over to Sid.

DR. JEFFRIES

Sid, I've never played Whack-A-Mole.

Sid hands over the Whack-A-Mole club. Jeffries starts whacking.

INT. JEFFRIES'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jeffries sleeps in his bed.

INT. SID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sid dozes on the couch. His dog licks at a salsa bowl sitting on his stomach.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

A snowy day. Sid bundled up tight in a parka - his face barely showing.

Jeffries, dressed not as warmly, reads a newspaper.

SCREEN TITLE: "SUNDAY, JANUARY 4, 2004, 10 a.m."

DR. JEFFRIES

What in the heck is the matter with
newspapers these days - there's not a
single disaster on any of these pages.
Budget crisis. Tax reform.

SID

(muffled through his coat
hood)
Right.

Sid reads the comics section.

DR. JEFFRIES

Holy - bajeezus! What is all of this
stock market crap! What possible
interest would I have in this. How
are we supposed to make productive
social impact with our invention, if
there aren't any disasters for us to
fix.

Sid pulls back a his hood a little.

SID

Doc. I've been thinking about your
demonstration yesterday... and you
know... how I thought it was a bit
underwhelming.

DR. JEFFRIES
It was practical.

SID
Sure. Sure. I'm just noticing in
this section that the Lottery wasn't
won by anyone last night.

DR. JEFFRIES
Sid I did not invent the time machi--
the time... device, for our own
worldly gain.

SID
No... No. I just mean - you could
send it back as a demonstration.
We could give the money to charity, or
start a foundation.

Sid turns back to reading the comics.

DR. JEFFRIES
I suppose... I mean it certainly
wouldn't hurt our cause if we had a
little cash to help fund the... cause.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

Jeffries types at the computer.

DR. JEFFRIES
Now Sid - you realize - once we send
this message back to yesterday - we'll
potentially wipe out all of the fun we
had yesterday. If we head off to the
store and purchase a lottery ticket -
we may not make it to the merry go
round and Pizza Palace.

Jeffries pauses - with his finger over the enter key.

SID
Punch it, Chewie.

Jeffries PRESSES THE ENTER KEY.

KASHOOM. TIME STOPS - REWINDS. THE LAST DAY PLAYS
BACKWARDS - WHACK-A-MOLE - PIZZA PALACE - MERRY GO ROUND -
THE LAB. STOP. Play forward slowly.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

Jeffries and Sid at the computer.

SCREEN TITLE: "JANUARY 3, 2004

(again) "

DR. JEFFRIES
Theoretically, Sid - the accelerated
waves travel infinitely back into time
- we could send a message back to the
60's or even to the colonial years of

America - but since we just got the receiver on line yesterday - we'll have to start from this day forward.

They glance at the screen.

SID
So Doc - when do the messages start coming in? Where are the messages from the future?

DR. JEFFRIES
I'm sure they'll be coming any second now.

They look at the screen - look at their watches...

DR. JEFFRIES
Well, I suppose we haven't sent any back yet -

The screen lights up, and a message spits out of the printer.

DR. JEFFRIES
This is it Sid - one great step forward in science and peace.

He reads the slip.

DR. JEFFRIES
I don't understand... It's a lottery number.

SID
Lottery number?

DR. JEFFRIES
It's tonight's winning "Big Lotto" number.

SID
Seriously?

DR. JEFFRIES
This doesn't seem to fit in with my whole - "let's save the world" ideology.

He looks at Sid - thinking.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
Maybe we need money to cure some disease. But why not explain that? Sid, I have every confidence that there's a reason for this.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Jeffries and Sid STAND IN LINE at a convenience store.

Sid READS A TABLOID.

SID

Doc, it says here that a high-ranking government official will get caught in bed with a farm animal sometime during the following year. It doesn't say which branch of government, or what kind of animal? There's a picture of a goat.

DR. JEFFRIES

Why are you wasting your time with that garbage? We know the future.

Jeffries waves a sheet of paper in the air (the printout with the lottery numbers).

SID

Right. But geeze - governmental bestiality - I'm all for winning money - but a guy has to feed his prurient appetite... or he might end up doing things. This sort of thing is covered under the first amendment.

DR. JEFFRIES

Did you fill out the card?

Sid hands the doctor a LOTTERY PUNCH OUT CARD. They step to the counter. HAND OVER THE CARD to the CLERK.

DR. JEFFRIES

One ticket, for tonight's lottery. That's the Big Lotto. The lottery tonight.

CLERK

Yeah, I've heard of it.

The clerk looks at the card.

CLERK

You didn't check the kicker. You can get extra money if you hit the kicker.

DR. JEFFRIES

Do I look like a gambler to you?

The clerk stares at him.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)

No Kicker.

The clerk sends the card through the machine.

CLERK

2 dollars.

DR. JEFFRIES

I told you I didn't want the kicker.

CLERK

No kicker. You picked one set of numbers, and you checked the auto-pick.

He hands the card back to Jeffries.

DR. JEFFRIES
 (to Sid)
 Why in god's name would you check the
 auto pick?

SID
 I always do that - good luck - see
 what the fates have in store.

DR. JEFFRIES
 Fine.

Jeffries pays for the ticket. Looks at it.

Sid steps to the counter and buys the tabloid.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - NIGHT

Jeffries and Sid watch the lottery drawing on the lab's
 13" TV. Sid mostly ignores the TV, reading his tabloid.
 He glances at the TV.

SID
 That lottery lady is a cutie.

DR. JEFFRIES
 This is a monumental moment in
 history, can you please -
 (looks at the TV)
 Yeah. I like red heads. WOOF!

SID
 Woof?

DR. JEFFRIES
 Momentary lapse. Let's leave that out
 of the history books.

On the TV - the lottery lady reads the numbers. The
 doctor hangs on every number. He explodes when she
 finishes.

DR. JEFFRIES
 DID I TELL YOU! 7:33 p.m. Saturday
 January 3, 2004 - Monumental.

INT. LOTTERY AGENCY

Some Lottery officials congratulate Sid and Dr. Jeffries.
 The LOTTERY LADY is there, and Sid OGLES her.

PICTURE SNAP: Dr. Jeffries holding a GIANT CHECK: "\$4
 MILLION!" Sid caught in mid-ogle.

HEADLINE: "Local Professor Wins Lottery!"

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

Once again, Jeffries sits on the snowy park bench reading
 the paper. Sid next to him - bundled up tight.

Sid pulls out a note pad and starts scribbling - it's

difficult, in the cold.

DR. JEFFRIES

Not a single disaster on any of these pages. Budget crisis. Tax reform. How are we supposed to help the world and our fellow men if there aren't any disasters for us to fix?

SID

Say Doc, I've been calculating this whole lottery thing. We won 4 million dollars - they cut that to 2 million because we chose the lump sum payment. And the government is going to tax half that. We're going to see maybe a million if we're lucky.

DR. JEFFRIES

Sounds like plenty to me.

SID

Sure. Sure, Doc. The thing is - right now we don't have any natural disasters to worry about - as long as we started something, we might as well go all of the way.

DR. JEFFRIES

What do you have in mind.

SID

They'll pay us \$100,000 for any combination of five correct numbers.... we could pick up an additional six hundred thousand on one game.

DR. JEFFRIES

Huh?

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

Jeffries and Sid huddle around the computer. Jeffries types in a message.

SID

Just switch the first number with a 7. Then the second, then the third and so on - we'll have six different sets with only five correct numbers in each set.

DR. JEFFRIES

I promise after this - we're finding a way to put this money to good use.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

TITLE ON THE SCREEN: "JANUARY 3, 2004

(third time is the charm)"

Jeffries and Sid have just received the first lottery

message.

DR. JEFFRIES
I don't understand... It's a lottery
number.

SID
Lottery number?

DR. JEFFRIES
It's tonight's winning Big Lotto
number.

SID
Seriously?

DR. JEFFRIES
This doesn't seem to fit in with my
whole - let's save the world ideology -

An incoming second message interrupts him.

DR. JEFFRIES
This will explain things.

He reads the screen - Sid grabs the printout.

DR. JEFFRIES
Now I'm just confused. More numbers.
No explanation. Which is correct?

SID
I see what we're doing here. If the
first list is correct - each of these
six combinations contain five correct
numbers. 5 correct numbers will net
us another \$100,000 per.

DR. JEFFRIES
\$4 million wasn't enough?

SID
Hey doc, we have to do what the future
tells us to do... they know more.

He flutters the printout in the air.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

The same scene as before. Sid checks and double checks
his lottery card before handing it over to Jeffries.

DR. JEFFRIES
You checked off the correct numbers,
right?

No answer - Sid has picked up the tabloid again.

Jeffries hands the card to the clerk.

DR. JEFFRIES
This is for the Big Lotto. For
tonight. The lottery for tonight.
The Big Lotto.

CLERK
Yeah - I've heard of it.

The clerk looks at the card.

CLERK
Did you want the kicker?

DR. JEFFRIES
What's that?

CLERK
The machine chooses a random series of 6 numbers - if you say "yes" to the kicker - and get any of the numbers in proper order, you win ten dollars for 2, one hundred for three, one thousand for 4, all the way up to a hundred grand.

DR. JEFFRIES
We're already going to win 4 million 600 thousand with these numbers.

The clerk stares at him.

DR. JEFFRIES
No kicker.

The clerk feeds the card through his machine.

CLERK
\$8.

DR. JEFFRIES
Eight dollars? I gave you seven sets of numbers?

The clerk examines the card.

CLERK
Seven sets of numbers and an auto pick.

He hands the card to the Jeffries who looks at it.

DR. JEFFRIES
Sid, did you check the auto-pick?

SID
I always do that.

DR. JEFFRIES
Fine.

Jeffries pays. Sid steps up to buy the tabloid.

DR. JEFFRIES
Why are you wasting your money on that?

SID
Doc, there's an article in here with

predictions for the New Year.

He holds up the front page. AN UGLY CUT AND PASTE JOB.
We see A MAN in a suit - his FACE BLANKED OUT WITH A
QUESTION MARK. He is CLIMBING INTO BED WITH A GOAT.
Again, it's AN UGLY CUT AND PASTE JOB.

SID
Bestiality. Sex with an animal, Doc.

Jeffries stares at him. Sid pays for the tabloid. They
turn to walk out. As they are leaving...

DR. JEFFRIES
Sid, have I ever told you that I never
rode on a merry go-round?

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

Sid and Jeffries watch the lottery drawing. Jeffries
responds to Sid.

DR. JEFFRIES
Yeah, she is kind of cute. Woof!

INT. LOTTERY AGENCY - DAY

Quick snap shot. We see the photo. Sid shamelessly
ogling the lottery lady.

The headline reads: "Local Professor nets \$4.6 Million."

Below this a sub-headline: "'I just had a hunch' exclaims
winner."

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

The same scene... Jeffries sits on the bench reading the
paper as Sid talks...

SID
I'm just thinking - since the real
check won't come in from the lottery
commission until later this month...
It sure would be nice if we had some
immediate spending cash to go out and
celebrate... I could have bought some
mittens this morning.

Jeffries slams down the paper.

DR. JEFFRIES
What do you have in mind, now?

SID
The thing is... they let you collect
the "Pick Three" right there at the
store. We could play a couple of
numbers - just enough for some
spending cash and a party...

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

SCREEN TITLE: "JANUARY 3, 2004

(one more time)"

Jeffries and Sid are reading the second print out - with the 6 sets of lotto numbers.

SID
...5 correct numbers will net us
another \$100,000 per.

DR. JEFFRIES
\$4 million wasn't enough?

The machine lights up and spits out another message. Jeffries looks at the machine - as if to say "Now What?"

He reads the message out loud.

DR. JEFFRIES
"The winning 'Pick Three' numbers will
be 8, 9, and 1. Please play the 'PICK
THREE' - six or seven times."

He looks at Sid.

DR. JEFFRIES
I'll do no such thing. This is
ridiculous.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Jeffries and Sid at the counter - Sid reads the tabloid.

CLERK
Do you want that straight or boxed?

Jeffries stares blankly.

CLERK (cont'd)
Do you want to play the numbers
straight or boxed?

Jeffries looks at his printout.

DR. JEFFRIES
It doesn't say.
(guessing)
Straight? And I want to play it six
times.

CLERK
You want auto-pick on those other five
numbers?

DR. JEFFRIES
No. I want to play this exact set of
numbers - six times. Straight.

The clerk doesn't blink.

CLERK
Of course you do. That'll be 14
dollars. Eight for the LOTTO - THE
BIG LOTTO - The lottery - the one

tonight. And another six for the
 "Pick 3." 8-9-1. Played straight.
 Six times.

Jeffries pays. Sid steps up to buy the tabloid.

DR. JEFFRIES

Sid, why are you wasting your time
 with that stuff?

SID

Two words, Doc - "Besti-ality!"

INT. LOTTERY AGENCY - DAY

NEWSPAPER SNAP SHOT: Sid Ogling the lottery lady -
 Pullback from the newspaper to reveal...

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

Jeffries reading the paper. Sid shivers a little bit and
 pulls his gloves tighter.

DR. JEFFRIES

Holy Bajeezus. No bad news!

Sid groans under the weight of a hangover.

SID

If there had been any plane crashes in
 today's paper - don't you think we
 would have sent a message back in the
 first place?

DR. JEFFRIES

That's a good point.

SID

Doc, why are we sitting in the middle
 of the park? It's freezing. What's
 that all about?

DR. JEFFRIES

I just always saw us in the park.
 Rushing to save the world.

He looks at the paper.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)

But not with all of this lousy-
 middling-good news.

Jeffries sets the paper on the park bench.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)

I think it's the holiday. Everything
 is shut down. Don't worry, Sid. Buck
 up. I'm sure we'll see some disasters
 before the end of the week.

Sid looks down - sees the picture of himself and the
 doctor winning the lottery - Sid ogling the lottery lady.

DR. JEFFRIES

I can't imagine what we were thinking when we sent that first lottery message back?

SID
Still, it has to make you wonder... Since we started - we might as well go all the way.

DR. JEFFRIES
Sid, we won the lotto - six sets of one hundred thousand dollar winning tickets - and 6 sets of pick three lotteries - If that's not going all the way - I don't know what is?

SID
Yeah.

He's quiet for a moment, then continues.

SID
There are other states - other lotteries.

DR. JEFFRIES
No more.

SID
The Power Ball played last night. Just across the state line. Powerball!

His lips go wide when he says that - "Powerball."

They stare at each other in the cold.

INT. LATE NIGHT TALK SHOW - DAY

A television set plays a LATE NIGHT TALK SHOW. THE HOST, on TV, sits behind a desk.

TALK SHOW HOST (ON TV)
Ladies and Gentleman our first guest has won more state lotteries than I have toupees. Paul, are you familiar with our first guest tonight?

The television cuts back and forth between the HOST and PAUL - his sidekick and bandleader.

PAUL (ON TV)
Yeah. Huh. Lottery.

TALK SHOW HOST (ON TV)
How's that? (on TV)

PAUL (ON TV)
The uhm...? Lottery Winner.

TALK SHOW HOST (ON TV)
That's right. Our next guest... I have his name here somewhere... oh hell I can't find it. How many

lotteries did he win?

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jeffries stands in the wings holding a small stack of papers. He looks at the top page.

It's a TIME MESSAGE reading: "Under no circumstances - mention the Time Machine - meaning DO NOT MENTION IT! DON'T. DO NOT."

INT. MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The host finishes his intro.

TALK SHOW HOST
Ladies and Gentleman. Please welcome
Dr. Jeffrey Jeffries.

The band strikes up some appropriate music.

Jeffries starts to walk out - turns and blows his nose. Then turns back and walks out.

Jeffries looks a little shell-shocked - he's wearing his white lab coat. He stuffs his messages into his pockets and sits in a guest chair.

TALK SHOW HOST (cont'd)
So, welcome to the show - um - Jeffrey
Jeffries. Kind of a funny name, huh?
Bet you've been kidded about that. Do
I call you Jeffrey, or Dr. Jeffries?
Or Jeffry Jeffries.

DR. JEFFRIES
Whatever you like.

TALK SHOW HOST
How about Melvin? I might like
calling you Melvin.

Jeffries laughs nervously.

TALK SHOW HOST (cont'd)
You hear that Paul? I can call him
Melvin.

PAUL
Ah, heh!? Melvin.

TALK SHOW HOST
(to Jeffries)
My god. You are a lucky man. What are
you. Are you one of them there
psychics?

Jeffries shrugs.

TALK SHOW HOST (cont'd)
How many lotteries have you won?

DR. JEFFRIES
Well the first week - we picked up, uh

won - The state Lottery in 8 States in the Midwest - and the Power Ball - which is played through-out several states... as well as a few Pick Three numbers and couple of near misses - which won us \$600,000. We followed that --

TALK SHOW HOST
Wow! Pick Three...? I picked three once. Then uh, my mom told me it wasn't polite to do that in public

The Host stares at the camera and wipes his nose with a note-card.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - NIGHT

Sid walks around the lab - organizing piles of messages. He looks over at the television - TELEVISIONS!!! SIX OR SEVEN OF THEM - stacked upon each other. All the TVs play Financial Channels - except one, which plays The Talk Show - with the volume turned up.

TALK SHOW HOST (ON TV)
Say - you keep saying "us." And "We" - you don't have one of those double-split personalities do ya!?

DR. JEFFRIES (ON TV)
As most people know - I have an assistant and partner - named Sid Hackenpfuss. He's..

Letterman isn't listening.

TALK SHOW HOST (ON TV)
Did you hear that, Paul? Split personality.

PAUL (ON TV)
Ah heh. Regular Sybil.

They continue talking.

SID
(calls out to the other room)
Hey, Doc. You gave me a mention - Thanks.

From the other room we hear a loud thud - and a flushing sound. Jeffries enters abruptly from the bathroom.

SID
You come off looking kind of stupid during that first part, though.

Jeffries - tucking in his shirt. Putting on his lab coat.

DR. JEFFRIES
Why didn't you tell me it was on?

SID

Listen, I'm going to send back a message about that last joke - he's kind of making fun of you with the whole split personality thing.

DR. JEFFRIES
Don't bother, Sid.

He PULLS the MESSAGES from his COAT POCKET.

DR. JEFFRIES (CONTINUED)
Look at all of these. "Don't mention the machine." "Wipe your nose when you come out - you'll have a big booger hanging." "Wipe your nose BEFORE you come out - not when you first sit down."

He tosses the messages away - emptying his pockets.

DR. JEFFRIES
I counted TWENTY messages here - I didn't have time to read all of these - how am I going to read another?

SID
Come on, Doc - what will it hurt if I give it a shot?

Sid presses the ENTER KEY - sending back a message - TIME STOPS - REWINDS - PLAYS FORWARD.

THE ACTION REPEATS:

DR. JEFFRIES
"Wipe your nose when you come out - you'll have a big booger hanging."
"Wipe your nose BEFORE you come out - not when you first sit down."

He tosses the messages away - emptying his pockets.

DR. JEFFRIES
I counted TWENTY-ONE messages here - I didn't have time to read all of these - how am I going to find the time to read another?

SID
Come on, Doc - what will it hurt if I give it a shot?

Once again Sid presses the ENTER KEY - sending back a message - TIME STOPS - REWINDS - PLAYS FORWARD.

ANOTHER REPEAT:

DR. JEFFRIES
I counted TWENTY-TWO messages here - I didn't have time to read all of these - how am I going to find the time to read another?

SID

Come on, Doc - what will it hurt if I
give it a shot?

AGAIN, SID PRESSES the ENTER KEY - sending back another
message - time stops - rewinds -

PLAYS FORWARD - THIS TIME AT A HYPER KINETIC SPEED - in a
BLUR - SID HITS THE ENTER KEY.

Time Stops - rewinds - fast forward - stops - rewinds -
fast forward - stops - rewinds - fast forward.

SID HITS THE ENTER KEY. Sid hits it. Hits it again.
Hits it again. Again. AGAIN.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

The scene is identical to what we've been seeing - except
now Jeffries has an OBNOXIOUSLY LARGE STACK of messages.

DR. JEFFRIES
"Wipe your nose BEFORE you come out -
not when you first sit down."

He can't hold the large stack of papers - they begin
falling to the ground.

DR. JEFFRIES
There are hundreds of messages here -
I didn't have time to read all of
these - how am I going to read
another?

SID
Come on, Doc - what will it hurt if I
give it a shot?

Sid moves in slow motion - his hand reaches for the enter
key.

Jeffries screams out in SLOW MOTION.

DR. JEFFRIES
STO-O-O-O-P-P!

Back from slow motion.

SID
Relax - Doc - if you don't see it this
time - I'll send it back again.

DR. JEFFRIES
But you already did.

Jeffries kneels to the floor - and picks up the crumpled
messages.

DR. JEFFRIES
Look at this. You've sent the same
message 1,560 times. We're caught in a
loop.

He hands several messages to Sid.

DR. JEFFRIES

You already sent this message once at 12:15 a.m. - I never read it I made it to message 19 and it was 21. I never even realized it was there - so you went to send it again - at that same time the computer automatically resent the message... And we were left with two messages I never read. And so on and so on. Two messages were automatically resent when you were sending a third.

Jeffries punches at the keyboard..

DR. JEFFRIES

Look Sid, 1,560 messages - all identical. We'll have to be careful with every message we send back - double check the log and make sure it wasn't sent already - and missed.

Jeffries looks at the TV's.

FADE TO BLACK.

DR. JEFFRIES (ON BLACK)

What did the market do today?

INT. SID'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

Still on black - An ALARM CLOCK goes off - A STRANGE ALARM which SOUNDS LIKE A COWBELL - CLANK CLANK CLANK.

Fade up on a PORCELAIN COW ALARM CLOCK - in addition to the cowbell - the cow speaks.

ALARM

[Clank, Clank, Clank] Mooooo! Wake up! Don't sleep your life away! [Clank, Clank, Clank] Mooooo! Wake up! Don't sleep your life away. [Clank, Clank -]

BAM! A HAND comes down and SMACKS IT on the head - THE ALARM STOPS.

Sid wakes up - Daylight pouring through the windows. His dog Waggles jumps on the bed to him.

SID

(to the dog)
Okay Waggles. Give me a second. Me first, then you.

Sid picks up a GIANT CHEW TOY - and throws it out into the living room - The DOG bounds after it. Sid walks to the bathroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

WAGGLES THE DOG tries to drag a chew toy, which is much larger than he is - this is truly a MONSTER CHEW TOY - a horse would have a hard time with this toy.

Sid's apartment is totally decked out - floor to ceiling - with EXPENSIVE ELECTRONICS (STEREO, GIANT SCREEN TV) and GARISH WALL DECORATIONS: VELVET PAINTINGS hang on the wall.

Sid can be heard peeing in the bathroom.

EXT. BOULEVARD - DAY

The road is empty on a beautiful Springtime Day.

SCREEN TITLE: "April 24, 2004, 10:15 a.m.

(not the first time)"

A BIG-OLD CADILLAC Convertible cruises along - the top down. Sid in the driver's seat - tilted back in a big "Lowrider" position.

The LICENSE PLATE reads: "I M RICH"

Everywhere he drives - people on the street shout his name and wave to him. He honks his horn - it plays the specialized tune: "We're in The Money."

Suddenly: A nefarious looking BLACK SEDAN WHIPS out from a side street - TIRES SCREECH.

INT. SID'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

Adjusting his mirror - Sid sees the BLACK SEDAN FOLLOWING HIM.

He looks down at the passenger seat - a pile of messages.

THEY READ: "...avoid Black Sedan..."

"...leave early on Friday..."

"...leave early on Thursday..."

"...Black Sedan will chase you again..."

Sid shuffles through the papers - curses to himself. He GUNS HIS ENGINE.

EXT. BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

The strong V-8 engine roars. The Cadillac pulls away, the Sedan revs and quickly catches up. The two cars play cat and mouse, swerving back and forth across the road, until...

The Sedan pulls in front of Sid's Cadillac and RUNS HIM OFF THE ROAD.

INT. SID'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

Sid sits quietly in his car. He shuffles through some more of his messages - nothing. He looks up at the Sedan in front of him.

EXT. CURB - CONTINUOUS

A door opens - and several VERY SERIOUS looking MEN step out of the Sedan - so many it looks like a clown car full of suits. They walk towards Sid.

Sid, in his CONVERTIBLE, begins to ROLL-UP his WINDOW (THE CONVERTIBLE TOP is still DOWN).

The men surround the Cadillac.

Their LEADER is AGENT AGHENT. He stands next to the driver side door, and raps on the window. Sid hesitates - but ROLLS IT DOWN... PART WAY.

SID
Finally caught up with me... Huh?

AGENT AGHENT
Mr. Hackenpfuss?

SID
Yeah.

AGENT AGHENT
Mr. Sid Hackenpfuss?

SID
Who wants to know?

AGENT AGHENT
I do. That's why I asked.

SID
Ah, huh.

AGENT AGHENT
You are Sid Hackenpfuss? Not another Hackenpfuss?

SID
Who are you?

Agent Aghent REACHES INTO HIS JACKET - he's going to PULL OUT A GUN!!!! No wait - it's JUST A BUSINESS CARD. He hands it over the window to SID.

It reads: "Agent Harry Aghent"

Decentralized Intelligence Agency

Sid looks up at the agent.

SID
Agent Agent?

AGENT AGHENT
A-GHENT. It's a hard G. Please roll down this window.

Sid hesitates - then rolls down the window.

Aghent turns from the car. He motions with his hand - and his FLUNKY AGENTS reach in and yank Sid out of the car... they drag him to the Sedan.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

They shove Sid into the back seat, and pile in. It's crowded with Agent Aghent, Sid, and two other agents. The car remains parked.

AGENT AGHENT

Nobody goes from a complete nothing to a multi-millionaire in five months. 24 State Lotteries in the first three weeks of January? Do you know how many Federal and State agents are investigating to determine how you rigged those lotteries?

SID

We didn't rig them.

AGENT AGHENT

Just lucky guesses? Or what was your story to Time?

(dripping with sarcasm)

That you determined an equation to measure the laws of probability?

Sid shrugs: "Yeah."

AGENT AGHENT (cont'd)

4 States have passed laws against you - or Dr. Jeffrey Jeffries - or any of your relatives playing or winning in any of their Big Lotto Lottery games. 25 Other states have bills pending in their legislature.

EXT. SID'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

Some more Flunky Agents rummage through Sid's car.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

SID

Is there a point to all this?

AGENT AGHENT

I know the probability equation was a cover... How'd you really do it?

SID

I could tell you today? But you won't remember it.

AGENT AGHENT

You're so clever you're stupid.

AGHENT ROLLS DOWN his own WINDOW - reaches outside. A FLUNKIE HANDS him the MESSAGES from Sid's car. Aghent pages through the papers.

AGENT AGHENT (cont'd)

For three weeks, I've been trying to meet with you. How have you been avoiding me? Who tipped you off to where we would be looking?

SID

Nobody.

AGENT AGHENT

Bull. Someone sent these e-mails.

He holds up the messages. Sid shrugs.

EXT. BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

The Sedan door opens and the two men step out.

AGENT AGHENT

I don't know what kind of scam you two
are pulling Mr. Hackenpfuss. It
doesn't matter if all you care about
is getting rich.

I suppose that's just more tax money
to fund my salary. Just know... we're
watching you.

Sid looks at the Business card he was given earlier.

AGENT AGHENT (cont'd)

If we feel you pose a threat to the
Nation. We'll remove that threat.
You won't see it coming.

SID

Not the first time anyhow.

AGENT AGHENT

Please don't forget we talked.

SID

No. This time, I don't think I will.

The agents climb into their Sedan and leave. Sid walks
to his car.

EXT. PARKING LOT JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

A chain link fence slides open. Sid's Cadillac cruises
up to a reserved parking spot. The gate closes.

In the next parking spot: a Red Ferrari.

Tight in on THE LICENSE PLATE, it reads: "#1 BRAIN"

Sid gets out of his car - looks around. The entire
parking lot has been fenced in with chain link and barb
wire.

Sid heads towards the inside - and is startled when a
YOUNG LADY JUMPS OUT from nowhere.

SUZY THE GROUPIE

Oh my god! Dr. Hackenpfuss. I mean
Mr. Hackenpfuss... I mean Sid - I've
been waiting out here since last
night.

SID

Geez. Hello...

From Sid - a look of recognition and confusion.

SUZY THE GROUPIE

Sid - you never called me after last week...

She continues rambling on - speaking entirely too fast. Above the building entrance - a SECURITY CAMERA pans and focuses in on Sid and Suzy.

INT. SECURITY MONITOR BANK - CONTINUOUS

On a small black and white security monitor - Suzy The Groupie gesticulates madly. NO SOUND, but she's talking on and on. Sid walks to the door, ignoring her.

A second monitor displays inside the building: Sid and Suzy enter the building and walk down a hall. SUZY just WON'T SHUT UP.

On a third monitor: the pair walk to a large steel door.

INT. LAB ENTRANCE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sid stands at the steel door - punching numbers into an electronic KEYPAD. Suzy The Groupie keeps yapping.

SUZY THE GROUPIE

...then I was talking to Dawn and telling her there's no way I thought you were purposely avoiding me...

Sid places his PALM on a SCANNER.

SUZY THE GROUPIE (cont'd)

...Dawn told me to come down to where you work and wait - and the barb wire outside made it kind of difficult...

KACHUNG - A HEAVY BOLT LOCK from inside the door screeches.

SUZY THE GROUPIE (cont'd)

...oh my god that's a loud lock - anyhow the barbwire ripped a little of my skirt, which you can see. Kind of sexy, huh..?

She shows the RIP IN HER SKIRT.

The door pops open with an electronic greeting.

COMPUTER VOICE

Welcome to the lab Mr. Hackenpfuss.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

The lab has been greatly expanded. One entire wall, filled with televisions, plays Financial News, World News, etc. A small rack of black and white security monitors stands in the corner.

Sid ENTERS, with Suzy The Groupie in tow. He walks directly to the TIME MACHINE CONTROL COMPUTER.

SUZY THE GROUPIE
 ...I was like - if he doesn't call then it must be because he lost my number and Dawn was like...

DR. JEFFRIES (O.S.)
 What in the hell do you think you're doing?

Suzy The Groupie SHUTS UP - FINALLY.

Sid turns to see Jeffries - huddled in a corner behind the security monitors. JEFFRIES HAS A GUN IN HIS HAND.

Jeffries has a light beard growing from a week's worth of not shaving.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
 No one else enters the lab - if I've told you once - I've told you a million times! YOU AND I. NO ONE ELSE ENTERS THE LAB.

Sid groans and goes back to typing at the computer.

SUZY THE GROUPIE
 Do you work for Sid - I mean Dr. Hackenpfuss?

Jeffries jumps to the center of the room, WAVING THE GUN MADLY at Suzy.

DR. JEFFRIES
 No one else enters the lab. Sid. Tell me now. Who is this person?

SID
 Uhhmm.. Doc - this is...? Okay - I tried to get away with it but I can't... I have forgotten your name.

SUZY THE GROUPIE
 Suzy!

She reaches out to shake Jeffries's hand - sees the gun, and recoils.

Sid finishes typing.

SID
 Right! Suzy. Doc, say hello to Suzy...

Jeffries lowers his gun to shake her hand.

DR. JEFFRIES
 Hello. I'm sorry.
 (Shrugs about the gun)
 You see, no one else enters the lab.

On the computer, a message reads: "...avoid strange girl

at party later tonight."

Sid types, he deletes the words "strange girl" - replaces them with "Avoid Suzy at the party later tonight."

Then adds: "Maybe avoid party all together."

SID
... and say goodbye to Suzy. Sorry
Suzy, it was mostly okay.

He presses the enter key.... BAM!

HE HAS ALTERED TIME. We see an effect to show the altering of reality - a sort of double exposure/flicker - "THE GUBENSTEIN EFFECT".

BEFORE THE EFFECT: Sid stands near the TIME MACHINE - Jeffries stands shaking Suzy's hand.

AFTER THE EFFECT: SUZY HAS DISAPPEARED - Jeffries sits staring at the television bank. Sid stands near the door, in mid-conversation.

SID
...I was caught in traffic.

DR. JEFFRIES
What kind of excuse is that. Send back a message telling yourself to leave a little earlier this time. Everyday it's an excuse.

SID
Yeah - I'm lying about the traffic.
Doc - I'm never in before 10:30, because I don't need to be.

DR. JEFFRIES
Suppose something had happened to you.

SID
Right. Look - I'm sure if something happens - and you don't hear from me - you'll send a message back to yesterday and warn me.

DR. JEFFRIES
We've made a lot of waves with these lottery winnings - I'm certain - certain parties have taken notice.

Sid looks at the business card he was handed earlier.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
The first order of business is to check the messages. Suppose the computer jammed up over night?

SID
I knew the computer wasn't going to burn out over night - because we have these messages from Today, Thursday, and all of next week. - Looks like

it's still working.

DR. JEFFRIES
What about June 30th?

Jeffries picks up the messages and rifles through them.

SID
Doc, I'm not going to worry about June
30th until June 30th. Maybe June
29th?

DR. JEFFRIES
We've never received a message past
June 30th. I have a June 29th here -
it says... "So far so good."

He throws the messages to the table. They fall to the
ground.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
SO FAR SO GOOD! I'll bet you're the
one who sent it.

SID
When was the last time we sent a
message back to February - or early
March even? There's no point to it.

DR. JEFFRIES
SO FAR SO GOOD!?! Would it be so
difficult to send back a little more
explanation? Something calming.
Something that tells us the machine is
alright?

SID
This is not the first time our future
selves have turned out to be rude to
our present selves.

DR. JEFFRIES
June 30th. A day of reckoning is
coming.

SID
What other kind of messages do you
have there.

DR. JEFFRIES
A day of reckoning.... mark my
reckoning words.

Jeffries sits back near the TV's - begins taking notes.

SID
Doc, you look terrible - when was the
last time you left the lab.

Sid kneels to the floor and picks up the printouts.

DR. JEFFRIES
I'm mapping our continued future
growth.

SID
We already have the stock futures for
the next two months - you forwarded
them to Randy Newberg, right?

DR. JEFFRIES
Don't get me started on Randy Newberg -
he's an embezzler.

SID
Since when?

DR. JEFFRIES
Tomorrow. It's in the messages there.

Sid shuffles through the messages. Finds one that
confirms what Jeffries said.

SID
So, we'll Call Debussey and Goldfing.

DR. JEFFRIES
There's another message there, it says
don't bother - they're as crooked as
Newberg.

Sid finds the message, and reads it.

SID
(confirming)
Huh.

DR. JEFFRIES
The world is full of crooks.

Sid reads another message.

SID
It says here Ashkroft and Luntz has
worked out. As of June 23, anyhow.

Jeffries has picked up a phone - and dialed.

DR. JEFFRIES
Newberg you rotten crook. What do you
think... oh -sorry. Yes I'll hold.

He hangs up the phone.

Sid shuffles through the messages.

SID
So we'll send these new tips over to
Ashkroft and Luntz?

DR. JEFFRIES
Fine.

SID
And you're going to head out and enjoy
yourself a little?

DR. JEFFRIES

I'm not comfortable going out right now. Certain Parties. Certain Parties.

He rifles some more messages on the table.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
Plus, I have these messages from the next three weeks to contend with - and some tweaking to do on the past few weeks.

SID
Doc, you told me we didn't invent the time machine - sorry to call it that - for personal financial benefits.

DR. JEFFRIES
With the kind of wealth we're accumulating - do you know the amount of charities we can benefit?

SID
And the amount of money spent on defenses?

DR. JEFFRIES
We just need to guard against any interference. People are out there right now plotting against us. We've made waves. I don't know who they are - but I'm certain there are certain people out there.

INT. DECENTRALIZED INTELLIGENCE AGENCY - DAY

Agent Aghent stands in front of a projection screen.

15 - 20 flunky agents sit watching his slide presentation. On the screen: pictures of Dr. Jeffries, Sid, the outside of the lab, etc.

Agent Aghent caught in mid-conversation...

AGENT AGHENT
...since early to mid January - but may have started as soon as November or December.

Advances slide.

AGENT AGHENT (cont'd)
Our only recently gathered evidence has centered around Mr. Hackenpfuss. He is the only one sighted in public in the last two weeks - our surveillance outside of the Computer Lab say the doctor entered two weeks ago and has not left. He's laying low - waiting to spring something big on us. Hackenpfuss on the other hand has kept quite busy, despite my warning...

His voice drones on and music rises up to fade over his

presentation.

FADE TO:

MONTAGE SEQUENCE NUMBER ONE

We fade between the following scenes in a montage style format.

OFFICE OF RANDY NEWBERG - his name on the glass door - RANDY picks up a phone - a frown comes over his face, he begins screaming "No, No! I'm an honest man." NO!"

COMPUTER LAB - Jeffries pulls messages from the machine - looks at the dates on the messages. His beard longer. Messages piling up slightly.

OFFICE OF ASHKROFT AND LUNTZ - FELIX ASHKROFT talks on the phone. A giant smile on his face. He runs into the outer offices screaming "We got the Jeffries account!"

COMPUTER LAB - Sid types at a side computer (NOT the time machine control computer). Using an internet search engine to find information on the D.I.A. The computer finds nothing. Sid looks at the televisions - Jeffries is there - absorbed in the financial papers. Sid notices a FIRE on one of the news shows. He moves to the time control computer.

ABANDONED BUILDING - On fire - the fire from the news program. Sid breaks out of a window. He helps some homeless people climb out - saves their lives. Across the street - Agent Aghent watches in his parked Sedan.

SKI BOAT ON A LAKE: Sid and some college kids party on a jet boat. Agent Aghent takes pictures from a small bobbing boat 100 feet away. One of his flunkies gets sick over the railing. On the jet boat - the kids egg Sid on - asking him to ski again. "No. No." he tells them - but they insist - "JUST ONE MORE TIME!"

Cut to Sid sitting neck deep in the water - wearing water skis - he gives them the thumbs up sign. Bam - the boat kicks off - the college kids cheer. Sid rises out of the water on his skis.

COMPUTER LAB: Sid stands at the control computer in a PARTIAL BODY CAST. He's typing with a pencil stuck in his mouth. Dr. Jeffries in the background - eyes still glued to the TVs.

Sid types: "Two times on the skis is enough..."

He hits the enter key.... "The Gubenstein Effect!"

COMPUTER LAB - Jeffries stares blankly at the televisions - his hand takes copious notes - still not shaving his beard is getting longer and gnarly - still not changing his clothes - he's noticeably haggard.

DIA OFFICES - Agent Aghent tacking notes and photos to a board - no current photos of Jeffries and his beard.

COMPUTER LAB: Sid with the door to the lab open -

gesturing "come here" trying to convince Jeffries to leave the lab. Jeffries won't budge - his beard is even longer.

THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE - Sid being led on a tour of the stock exchange floor by Felix Ashcroft. Sid eats a caramel apple. All around him typical chaos - people in the pit buying and selling.

Sid finishes his caramel apple - pull the core off the stick and looks around. Nowhere to throw it away - he sticks it in his pocket.

Sid licks some last bits of caramel from the stick and tries to put that in his pocket. It won't go. It's sticking to his finger. He tries to shake it.

Whoops - by shaking his hands around wildly he has accidentally put in a large bid for a some stocks. Felix starts yelling at him - trying to explain what he just did. Sid calmly shrugs.

COMPUTER LAB - Jeffries yelling at Sid. Sid types at the computer: "No Caramel Apples at the Stock Exchange!"

He hits the enter key... "The Gubenstein Effect".

COMPUTER LAB - Jeffries looks at messages - looks at the dates - Beard is longer. Messages are piling up even higher.

AT THE PARK - Sid reads a newspaper - the main headline: "STOCK MARKET CONTINUES UP AND DOWN TRENDS." A lower headline previews the Arts and Living Section: "RECLUSE - NOT SEEN IN MONTHS?" Next to this - A STOCK PHOTO of JEFFRIES.

COMPUTER LAB - More and more papers piling up. Jeffries looking haggard - ugly beard growing uglier.

PARKING LOT: Sid drives up. Sees more construction at the lab - more security devices - they are building a giant cement wall and gate to replace the chain link fence.

FINANCIAL PROGRAM: The Mcloughlin group discuss Jeffries and his money.

MAIN STREET CONSTRUCTION SIGHT: Sid stuck in traffic - he slowly passes a crane, which has fallen over and killed several passing motorist.

COMPUTER LAB: Sid types at the control computer.

MAIN STREET CONSTRUCTION SIGHT: Traffic backed up again - this time because Sid has his Cadillac stuck across two lanes - people honking - cops pull Sid out of the Car to arrest him - Boom - the crane falls over - killing no one.

One of the cars stuck in traffic is the D.I.A. Black Surveillance Van.

COMPUTER LAB: Jeffries looking more and more crazed. He

scribbles madly on a note pad.

MAIN STREET COLLEGE TOWN: Sid strolls along a typical college main street - lots of little store fronts. He's signing autographs for a crowd, which follows him. He passes the black DIA Surveillance van. Inside the van Agent Aghent and his flunkies sit on a stake out - they watch every move Sid makes. Sid walks up to a store front - pulls some rope from his pocket - asks everyone to stand back. He ties the rope tight - about knee high - across the front entrance to the store.

Gunshots are heard - a couple of crooks run out of the store trip on the rope - their guns go skidding across the street. The mob cheers for Sid.

COMPUTER LAB: Jeffries still plugging away doing his best Howard Hughes impersonation.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE WRAPS UP.

FADE TO:

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

A LARGE TARP takes up most of the LAB FLOOR, COVERING a LUMPY SOMETHING on the ground. Jeffries - a bit crazed - sits in the corner talking to Sid.

DR. JEFFRIES

As you know for the past two months I have been... what is the word?

SID

Obsessed? Crazed?

DR. JEFFRIES

Concerned. About the lack of messages from any date past June 30th. My assumption has been that either something happens to the "machine" - or to the two of us on that date.

SID

A huh.

DR. JEFFRIES

As the date has grown closer - I have been building up our defenses - the improved security outside - as well as the large security door at the lab. All in anticipation of an attack by certain parties. My hope with each of these measures was that one of these would do the trick in protecting us from whatever is to come - and we would see a message from July. At this point, Sid - I'm locked inside a fortress - and yet we still have no messages from the day past tomorrow.

SID

So what's next?

DR. JEFFRIES

Things were looking pretty dire. But last week I realized the solution, or rather - today I realized a solution, and sent it to myself last week. The direction we're going - our fate is inevitable. I figured out exactly what is necessary to saving us - to preventing whatever doom is to befall us on June 30th.

SID

Don't hold me in suspense.

DR. JEFFRIES

I must choose a path completely out of the ordinary - I must take us in a direction that is the complete opposite of the direction I have been going.

SID

What does that mean?

DR. JEFFRIES

Since it doesn't matter how many more defenses we throw up here at the lab, I'll go the opposite way. I need an openness - freedom.

SID

I've been telling you that for 6 weeks.

Jeffries reaches down and PULLS THE TARP from the ground. He and Sid look at WHAT IS REVEALED.

SID

Ah Huh...?

DR. JEFFRIES

I'm calling it Jeffries Isle. I bought an island.

SID

You bought an entire island?

On the floor, an INCREDIBLY DETAILED MODEL of a LUSH VOLCANIC ISLAND - with a MAJESTIC PALACE in the center. Jeffries leans down and plays with the model - like a kid with a toy.

SID (cont'd)

Is it an island or an isle?

DR. JEFFRIES

I think they're the same. I'm calling it Jeffries Isle. Look - this is where we'll put the time... device.

He points to a tower in the palace..

SID

You know. They called the show

Gilligan's Island - but the song said
 Gilligan's Isle - Don't you thing
 they could have worked that out?
 (singing)
 "Here on Gilligan's Isle -lllllll...
 (he holds onto the last "L"
 sound... then...)
 L-L-LAND.

Jeffries ignores him.

SID (cont'd)
 That could have worked.
 (to Jeffries)
 Shouldn't it be Jeffries's Island?

DR. JEFFRIES
 Isle.

SID
 Right Isle. But Jeffries Isle? Or
 Jeffries's Isle? Jeffreisssssez?

DR. JEFFRIES
 (harshly)
 No.
 (he continues excitedly
 playing with the model)
 Look this wall is retractable

SID
 When will all this be happening?

DR. JEFFRIES
 Tomorrow.

SID
 Tomorrow?

DR. JEFFRIES
 It has to be tomorrow, Sid. Before
 June 30th.

SID
 Doc - I don't want to move to an
 island. Where is this island located
 anyway?

DR. JEFFRIES
 The South China Sea - near Sumatra.

SID
 Have you ever heard of Oedipus? Doc -
 how do you know the reason we're not
 getting any messages is BECAUSE of the
 move to the island. Oedipus tried to
 avoid his fate and instead ran head
 long into it.

DR. JEFFRIES
 So are you coming with me or not?

EXT. JEFFRIES ISLAND - DAY

A sweeping shot of the model - no, it's the actual island.

SID (V.O.)
 (Voice Over carried over from
 the previous scene)
 Near Sumatra?

DR. JEFFRIES (V.O.)
 Halfway between the Indian Ocean and
 the South China Sea. It will be
 wonderful and safe.

SID (V.O.)
 I don't want to move to China? I've
 been doing some good here in town.

DR. JEFFRIES (V.O.)
 With our accumulated wealth - we'll
 solve the world's problems from our
 own private island nation.

EXT. ISLAND PALACE BALCONY - DAY

Sid stands on a balcony dressed in an island shirt.

SID
 (calling to Jeffries, inside)
 Well, it's an amazing view.

Sid looks out across the island. Down the mountain he can see a harbor. Hundreds of people walking down a road towards a number of large ships.

INT. PALACE - CONTINUOUS

Jeffries - still looking a bit ragged with his beard - has a change of clothes - Bermuda shorts, Hawaiian Shirt, and his trusty lab coat. He now looks like a cross between Howard Hughes and Jimmy Buffet.

Sid enters from the balcony - sees the Jeffries talking to another man, MAHI TOPI, a distinguished looking ISLAND CHIEF.

SCREEN TITLE: "June 29, 2004"

SID
 What's with the throngs down on the
 Dock, uhm... Doc.

DR. JEFFRIES
 Sid, this is Mahi Topi, the former
 leader of Oohla Limpi.
 (to Mahi)
 What do they call you...? Chief?
 President? Prime Minister?

Sid goes to shake the Chief's hand.

SID
 Oohla Limpi?

DR. JEFFRIES

The former Oohla Limpi is now Jeffries Isle. I've paid to have Mahi and his people relocated to a small archipelago South East of here.

MAHI TOPI CURSES in a foreign language - and SPITS at SID'S FEET.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
(to Sid)
They have some strange customs here.

Jeffries spits on the floor at Mahi's feet - mistaking this as the local custom.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
(to Mahi)
Yes, well thank you for stopping by Mr. Pres- Minister - uhm - Topi.

He gestures to usher him out the door.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
Please come back for a visit, but call first.

Mahi curses as he is ushered out the door. Jeffries returns.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
Don't worry about the Oohlies, Sid. They'll love their new island. It has a nice beach, and I had the workers install some bowling alleys.

EXT. JEFFRIES ISLAND - DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

The Oohlies march onto the ships at the docks. Many of them frown and curse.

DR. JEFFRIES (V.O.)
But the location and natural features of Jeffries Isle were key to our security.

INT. PALACE - CONTINUOUS

Jeffries takes Sid on a tour of the Villa - lots of trees and bamboo. Pictures of the Oohlies abound. As they walk, Jeffries points out security features.

DR. JEFFRIES
Sure, it took a big chunk of our accounts, but we pulled it off in a week... We managed to evict all of the natives. And I've computer automated every function in the Palace. The Time control computer and transmitter have been carefully moved, and are fully operational.

SID
And the change in location won't effect the reception to the machine

located in America yesterday?

DR. JEFFRIES
Sid we transmit to the far side of the Sun when we broadcast a message back six months.

SID
Good point.

They wrap the tour up - back in the main room.

DR. JEFFRIES
Sid, I really feel safe. Why did I waste my time with all of that worrying?

SID
It's a weight off my shoulders to see the weight off yours.

KABLOOM! Suddenly - AN EXPLOSIVE BOOM SHAKES THE HOUSE.

SID (cont'd)
The volcano! Is it still alive?

DR. JEFFRIES
Of course not.

Another explosion. And they hear the roar of jets outside.

SID
Do you hear that?

Jeffries runs out to the balcony, where...

EXT. ISLAND PALACE BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

...he sees fighter planes strafing across the island launching missiles at the villa.

DR. JEFFRIES
A day of reckoning. I told you. Reckoning.

Sid wanders lazily onto the Balcony. He sees the fighters.

Jeffries runs back inside - calling out as he does.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
It's a good thing I had those cannons installed outside.

SID
Which cannons? You skipped the cannons. I didn't see cannons.

INT. PALACE COMPUTER CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeffries runs to the time computer. Starts to type.

DR. JEFFRIES

(under his breath)
Just wait.

He hits the enter key.

EXT. JEFFRIES ISLAND - PALACE - DAY

Outside, FIGHTER JETS fly over head - launching missiles -
EXPLOSIONS - The Palace walls blow apart.

WAMMO - "THE GUBENSTEIN EFFECT" ALTERS REALITY...

A set of huge DEFENSIVE CANNONS appear in a BUNKER on the
side of the mountain - they FIRE MASSIVE EARTH SHAKING
shots at the invading planes.

SKREECH - TIME STOPS, THEN REWINDS.

The mortar shells fly backward into the cannon - the
invading planes fly backward -- they disappear, and all
is peaceful.

REWIND STOPS - Plays Forward. ALL IS PEACEFUL.

INT. PALACE - DAY

Jeffries and Sid wrapping up the tour.

DR. JEFFRIES
Sid, I really feel safe. Why did I
waste my time with all of that
worrying?

SID
It's a weight off my shoulders to see
the weight off yours.

KABLOOM! AN EXPLOSIVE BOOM SHAKES THE HOUSE.

SID (cont'd)
The volcano! Is it still alive?

DR. JEFFRIES
Of course not.

Another explosion. And they hear the roar of jets
outside.

SID
Do you hear that?

Jeffries runs out to the...

EXT. PALACE BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Jeffries watches as the fighter planes strafe across the
island launching missiles at the villa.

DR. JEFFRIES
A day of reckoning. I told you.
Reckoning.

Sid wanders lazily out onto the balcony.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
It's a good thing I had those cannons
installed.

The huge cannons kick on automatically - they track in on
the fighters and return fire.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
They're completely automated.
(then screaming at the
planes)
YOU DIDN'T RECKON WITH THAT, DID YOU?

SID
Doc, you think of everything.

The cannons do their job - and hit the fighter planes -
KABLOOM. The fighter jets blow up one by one - The
pilots eject and parachute to safety.

DR. JEFFRIES
Can you believe that, Sid? I told you
- someone was out to get us on the
30th.

Jeffries and Sid stand around congratulating themselves -
all the while they are IGNORING THE HIGH PITCHED WHISTLE
which is getting LOUDER and LOUDER - it's an incoming
missile launched from some offshore ship.

KABLAM - THE EXPLOSION ROCKS THE BUILDING.

DR. JEFFRIES
Oh, for crying out loud! What now?

No longer distracted - they hear more incoming missiles.

SID
INCOMING!

They run inside for cover.

Another explosion rocks the building.

At the base of the Palace, the FOUNDATION CRACKS.

INT. PALACE COMPUTER CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeffries - knocked off his feet from the explosion -
crawls over to the time control computer. He rushes to
type a message. The floor crumbles and starts to give
way. Sid yells over the noise of destruction.

SID
And how are you going to fix this?

Jeffries finishes typing.

EXT. JEFFRIES ISLAND - PALACE - CONTINUOUS

The Palace caves in upon itself - shells rocket in.

SKREECH! TIME STOPS - GLITCHES.

"THE GUBENSTEIN EFFECT" ALTERS REALITY - Bombs continue to fly in - but the PALACE WALLS and FOUNDATION INCREASE IN SIZE with RE-ENFORCED CEMENT and STEEL.

INT. PALACE COMPUTER CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeffries and Sid run towards the computer.

SID

If you knew enough to put up the reinforced walls and the surface to air turrets - you'd think you would have been prepared for more than this.

Jeffries starts typing at the computer.

DR. JEFFRIES

It was a rushed message - it didn't specify what the threat was. I'll correct everything right now.

EXT. JEFFRIES ISLAND - PALACE - DAY

Mortar shell after mortar shell explodes against the re-enforced Palace walls.

Timed with each explosion - the "GUBENSTEIN EFFECT" alters the Palace and adds layer upon layer of armaments and reinforced walls.

Boom! - Short range missile silos.

Boom! - Additional armored walls.

Etc.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

In short turn - it becomes a full-fledged armored fortress.

The FORTRESS FIRES a giant shell back out into the sea. On the HORIZON, A SHIP EXPLODES.

INT. PALACE COMPUTER CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeffries sits at the time control computer. Sid stands in a door arch - BRACING FOR MORE EXPLOSIONS.

SID

Doc, I have to admit - I was a little baffled at first - I mean, why go to all the trouble of moving to a lush beautiful island - when all you were going to do was live inside a heavy duty cement and steel fortress. But I guess you knew all along what you were doing.

Jeffries holds up a massive folder of messages and laughs.

The muffled explosions outside stop. Jeffries and Sid look at each other and listen to be sure it is over.

EXT. JEFFRIES ISLAND - PALACE - CONTINUOUS

The smoke clears - the foliage around the Villa/Fortress has been decimated - burnt and black.

Floating in on parachutes, the PILOTS from the exploded fighters. They land on the roof - cutting free their parachutes as they land.

They hit the roof running - pulling weapons from their backs. They're dressed in black and masks cover their faces.

INT. PALACE COMPUTER CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sid still stands propped in the door arch.

DR. JEFFRIES
I think it stopped.

SID
Do me a favor, Doc - in two minutes -
if it's still safe - send back a
message - and let me know I can move
from the doorway here.

Jeffries scoffs at this with a laugh, but then looks at the machine - no such message comes. His laugh dies out.

Kachung - Kabuunk - Thud. Thumping of the soldiers on the roof.

CRASH - in the other room - WINDOWS BREAKING.

Sid and Jeffries can hear them. They don't know what to do.

DR. JEFFRIES
(weakly, and afraid)
A day of reckoning.

He puts his hand to the keyboard.

Boom - SID IS SHOT. His arms and legs still spread out in the doorway arch, he looks down at blood spreading across his chest.

SID FALLS TO THE GROUND.

JEFFRIES - dumb struck - STARTS TO TYPE A MESSAGE.

The SOLDIERS FLOOD INTO the room from all entrances. They GRAB Jeffries and pull him away from the computer - he reaches for the enter key - but can't reach it.

One of the soldiers stoops down where Sid has fallen. He turns his body over. SID GROANS.

ANOTHER SOLDIER ENTERS the room - He removes his mask - IT'S AGENT AGHENT.

SID
(weakly)

You.

AGENT AGHENT
(to Jeffries)
Dr. Jeffries, I presume?

DR. JEFFRIES
What's the meaning of this? Who are
you people?

Jeffries kneels down to take care of Sid.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
Do you people realize I incorporated
this island last week? This is it's
own country. This invasion is an act
of War.

AGENT AGHENT
Calm yourself Doctor. My name is
Agent Aghent, with the United States
D.I.A. We're well aware of your new
national status, Dr. Jeffries. It's
the reason we're here.

DR. JEFFRIES
I told you Sid, a day of reckoning.

Sid groans.

AGENT AGHENT
...and I told you Mr. Hackenpfuss...

DR. JEFFRIES
Sid? Do you know this person?

AGENT AGHENT
...whatever secrets you two are
involved in... whatever tricks you two
have going. I told you to keep it on
a quiet level.
And with your new incorporation -
You're not even paying my salary with
your taxes.

Sid groans.

SID
See, Doc. You're Oedipus. You made
your own destiny.

AGENT AGHENT
Sorry fellas - we need to take control
of this situation.

He pulls out a gun and - KABLAM - shoots Sid. SID IS
DEAD.

DR. JEFFRIES
NO! My God. How could you do that!
Sid - I'm sorry. I don't know where
we went wrong.

Jeffries cries quietly for a second. He jumps to his

feet screaming anger. He lunges at the time control computer.

KABLAM. KABLAM. KABLAM.

Five different soldiers shoot Jeffries.

JEFFRIES LIES DEAD.

FLUNKIE AGENT
Sir. You should see this.

One of the flunky soldiers is sitting at the time control computer.

AGENT AGHENT
What is it?

Agent Aghent moves to the computer.

The screen reads: "You must stop after one lottery. Don't follow the wrong path. Doom has come to --"

FLUNKIE AGENT
What do you make of it?

AGENT AGHENT
Is it a diary entry?

FLUNKIE AGENT
It looks like a message.

Agent Aghent looks down at the dead Jeffries and Sid.

AGENT AGHENT
We found their connection.

FLUNKIE AGENT
It doesn't make any sense.

AGENT AGHENT
Press send. Maybe we'll get a response.

The flunky agent's hand moves in slow motion - to the enter key. He presses down on it.

Kiikikicth - Our Special "Gubenstein Effect" takes place - and REALITY IS ALTERED.

All of the Soldiers disappear - the destruction - the armaments - everything disappears...

And is replaced by MAHI TOPI laying in the middle of his palace floor performing Pilates (or some other foolish act - perhaps jumping rope double dutch style with a few members of his staff.)

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

Back at the original computer lab, Jeffries - clean cut again.

SCREEN TITLE: "SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 2004

(again) "

The computer lights up and spits out a message.

DR. JEFFRIES
THIS IS IT SID - ONE GREAT STEP
FORWARD TOWARDS PEACE.

He grabs the message and reads the slip.

DR. JEFFRIES
I don't understand... It's a lottery
number.

SID
Lottery number?

DR. JEFFRIES
It's tonight's winning "Big Lotto"
number.

SID
Seriously?

DR. JEFFRIES
This doesn't seem to fit in with my
whole - let's save the world ideology.
Maybe we determined we needed money to
cure some dreaded disease. Sid, I
have every confidence that there's a
reason for this --

He is interrupted because the second message comes in.

DR. JEFFRIES
This will explain things.

He reads the screen - Sid grabs the print-out.

It reads: "You must stop after one lottery. Don't follow
the wrong path. Doom has come to -- "

Jeffries stares confused at the screen. He speaks.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
What the hell?

He grabs the printout from Sid, and reads it. It's the
same thing he saw on the screen.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
Why would we play one lottery, let
alone multiple lotteries?

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

Jeffries sits on a park bench reading the "Doom" message
in one hand. In his other hand is a lottery ticket.

Sid reads the tabloid: Predictions for the Future.

SID
How do they get away with printing

this sort of thing?

DR. JEFFRIES

This makes no sense - I didn't even want to play one lottery - why are we getting this warning?

SID

Trust the future, Doc.

DR. JEFFRIES

It's not even complete... Something happens on June 29th. After we win multiple lotteries?

SID

It does read "doom." Doesn't sound good.

DR. JEFFRIES

Cut off in mid-sentence. Why would we want to play multiple lotteries? I can't imagine what we were thinking. DOOM? What's going to happen on June 29th?

SID

We're not going to play more lotteries. So it's not going to happen. We agreed to stop after this one trial.

Jeffries scowls pensively. He crumbles up the lottery ticket and throws it towards a trash can. He sits quietly a second... He jumps up and runs to the trash can and picks up the lottery ticket. Crumbles up the doom message and throws it away.

DR. JEFFRIES

Sorry, I zoned for a second. I meant to crumble up the message...
(He's fumbling)
...and threw away the lottery ticket, instead. Just now. In the trash can.

Sid ignores him - still reading the tabloid.

Jeffries glances at the trash can. Walks over and pulls out the message. Smooths out the paper. Folds it up and puts it in his pocket.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE - WINNING THE LOTTERY

Quick-cuts of Jeffries and Sid winning the first lottery.

Sid and Jeffries see the winning lottery numbers on television.

Sid and Jeffries celebrate.

The big check.

Sid ogles the lottery lady.

News paper headline: "Local Scientist Wins Big."

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

Sid and Jeffries sit on the park bench. Jeffries reads the paper. Sid watches his own breath in the cold.

Jeffries puts down the paper.

DR. JEFFRIES
Nothing. You know it's a slow news day - they put us on the front of the local section.

Sid glances at his picture - ogling the lottery lady. Jeffries turns the pages.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
Look at this - local school board meeting. In the national news - Peace in The Middle East... and a bunch of stock news. Maybe we'll find something tomorrow.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE - NO BAD NEWS

Sid and Jeffries checking for messages at the lab - finding nothing - then the two of them meeting in the cold at the park bench - looking for bad news - finding nothing. ALL DIALOGUE IS AT THE PARK.

First day - nothing.

Second day - nothing.

Jeffries puts down his paper.

DR. JEFFRIES
This won't last.

Third day - nothing.

Fourth day - nothing.

Fifth day - nothing.

Sixth day - Jeffries reads the paper. Sid shivers in the cold.

SID
Explain to me again why we're meeting in the middle of the park in the cold of January.

Seventh day - nothing.

Eighth day - nothing.

Ninth Day - Sid reads the back of the paper in Jeffries's hands.

SID
We could donate to some more charities... Suppose we won another

lottery. What would it hurt?

DR. JEFFRIES
It's a slippery slope.

Tenth Day - nothing.

Eleventh day - Jeffries throws down the paper in disgust.

DR. JEFFRIES
Holy Bajeezus!

Twelfth day - Jeffries talks to Sid over the newspaper.

DR. JEFFRIES
I did not invent this time... my
device - for simple monetary gain.

Thirteenth day - nothing.

Fourteenth day - nothing.

Fifteenth day - Sid is reading the paper this time.
Jeffries talks to him.

DR. JEFFRIES
Still...? I see your point. I mean
it certainly wouldn't hurt our cause
if we had a little cash to help fund
the... cause...

SID
Naw. You were right. It's a slippery
slope.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Jeffries and Sid stand in line at the convenience store.

DR. JEFFRIES
How will this hurt us? It's just one
more?

SID
I'm sure that's what we said to
ourselves tomorrow.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE - THE ENTIRE MOVIE

In about 30 seconds we watch Jeffries and Sid screw
everything up again. They repeat all of their mistakes -
winning multiple lotteries.

They buy more tickets and win.

Sid buys a Cadillac

Jeffries goes on the TALK SHOW.

The lab security is beefed up.

The island.

Aghent and his flunkies invade.

They shoot Sid and Jeffries.

Montage ends.

INT. PALACE COMPUTER CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Sid and Jeffries lie dead on the floor.

The flunky agent sits at the time machine control computer.

FLUNKIE AGENT
Sir. You should see this.

AGENT AGHENT
What is it?

Agent Aghent moves to the computer. Looks at the screen.

It reads: "Slippery Slope. Doom."

FLUNKIE AGENT
What do you make of it?

AGENT AGHENT
Is it a diary entry?

FLUNKIE AGENT
It looks like a message.

Agent Aghent looks down at the dead Jeffries and Sid.

AGENT AGHENT
We found their connection.

FLUNKIE AGENT
It doesn't make any sense.

AGENT AGHENT
Press send. Maybe we'll get a response.

The flunky agent's hand moves in slow motion - to the enter key. He presses it.

Time stops - rewinds. All of the action tracks backwards. The island, Suzie The Groupie, The Cadillac, the park bench.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

At the park, Sid reads the paper. Jeffries looks down at a message in his hand: "Slippery Slope. Doom." He looks over at Sid.

DR. JEFFRIES
More and more good news. Which is bad for us. It won't last.

Sid puts down the paper and looks at Jeffries.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
Buck up, Sid.

SID
I'm cold.

He makes a puff in the air with his warm breath.

DR. JEFFRIES
How can a newspaper stay in business?
Boring trash. Where are the murders?
Where are the twenty car pile-ups?
The Plane crashes. I refuse to
believe that the year 2004 is the dawn
of some sort of Halcyon Era of non-
violence and pain. Nineteen days of
this dreck.

Frustrated - Jeffries swats at the paper. Wait a second -
he sees an article he somehow missed earlier.

The Headline reads: "THREE BOYS DIE IN TRAGIC ICE
ACCIDENT."

Jeffries shouts jubilantly. He shows the article to
Sid. He jumps up chanting.

DR. JEFFRIES
(dancing around the bench)
Three Boys die! Three Boys Die!
Three Boys Die!

Sid picks up the paper to read it.

EXT. ICE POND - DAY

A narrow unplowed road runs along a small wooded pond.
An old car barrels down the road - ignores a stop sign.
The back of the car fishtails in three inches of snow.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sid drives the car - Jeffries fumbles with a map.

DR. JEFFRIES
Turn left up ahead. It looks like a
clearing.

SID
What time does the message say?

DR. JEFFRIES
Turn left. Turn left.

EXT. ICE POND - DAY

The car pulls into a clearing - screeches then slides to
halt - Sid and Jeffries pile out.

They look at the pond - their faces show a look of
discouraged horror.

Out on the pond - the ice has broken and TWO KIDS THRASH
desperately IN THE WATER.

A THIRD KID is sprawled out on an unbroken section of ice

- holding out his hockey stick towards the hole in the ice.

Sid and Jeffries - walk to the edge of the pond.

SID
We're late.

DR. JEFFRIES
It said pond - who knew a pond would be this big?

Sid runs to a small group of trees and tries to RIP A BRANCH FREE.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
This is a lake.

SID
A little help here!

CRACK - the ICE BREAKS FURTHER, and THE THIRD KID FALLS THROUGH the ice.

DR. JEFFRIES
Sid! Sid!

JEFFRIES runs onto the ice - crack - HE FALLS THROUGH.

Sid pulls a monster branch loose from the tree, and runs towards the pond.

Jeffries and the third kid are thrashing in the freezing water. THE OTHER TWO kids have GONE UNDER.

Sid crouches near the edge and holds his branch out. Jeffries grabs hold.

Jeffries reaches back to the thrashing kid, but the kid is out of reach.

SID HAULS JEFFRIES OUT of the water - frozen and gasping for breath.

DR. JEFFRIES
(his teeth chattering)
We - Need - send - bet-ter - dir - dir
- dir -

SID
(finishes the word)
-ections.

Jeffries nods - then sneezes.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

Sid types at the control computer. Jeffries huddles over him with a blanket. Jeffries sneezes.

EXT. ICE POND - DAY

Near the break in the woods - Sid's car slides to a stop. Jeffries and Sid get out.

SID
Where are the kids?

DR. JEFFRIES
Look at the size of this lake.

They look around. All is quiet and peaceful.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
I'm sure of the directions.

They look around - nothing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ICE POND - A HALF HOUR LATER

Sid and Jeffries sit in the idling car. A few kids trudge up laughing. They sit down at a log. Pull off their boots, to put on skates.

Sid and Jeffries pile out of their car. They run up to the kids.

DR. JEFFRIES
Excuse me. Young fellows. I have to ask you not to go skating.

The kids look up from their laces.

RED HAired KID
Who the hell are you?

STOCKING HAT KID
We skate here all the time.

DR. JEFFRIES
Fellows, the ice is very thin.

The kids finish lacing up. And move towards the ice.

STOCKING HAT KID
Very thin? It's 20 below freezing.

EAR MUFF KID
It's been below zero every night this week.

The red haired kid moves to the ice.

DR. JEFFRIES
Son.

SID
Don't do that.

DR. JEFFRIES
It's very thin.

RED HAired KID
It seems pretty thick to me.

The kid starts HOPPING UP and DOWN on the ice.

The rest of the kids move onto the ice.

DR. JEFFRIES
Kids - you need to come back here -
now. Kids? Sid, do something.

Sid throws his arms in the air.

SID
Like what?

Jeffries throws his arms in the air.

SID
(to the kids)
Kids - I'm going to have to order you
to stop.

DR. JEFFRIES
Yes. Come back. That is an order.

The kids are skating around.

RED HAired KID
Order? Who are you guys, again?

SID
We're with the coast guard. And this
pond has been ordered closed.

STOCKING HAT KID
Coast guard? Who are you guys? Some
sort of --

CRACK - the three kids FALL THROUGH THE ICE. They start thrashing around in the icy water.

FROM THE KIDS POV - we see Jeffries and Sid. Neither one moves to help the kids.

DR. JEFFRIES
(calmly defeated)
Fellows?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ICE POND - A HALF HOUR EARLIER

The ice pond is not broken. Sid and Jeffries pull up to the skating spot. They pile out of the car and pop the trunk.

Sid pulls a wooden sign from the trunk. They both walk to the edge of the pond and pound the sign into the ground.

The sign reads: "THIN ICE. POND CLOSED BY ORDER OF THE PARKS DEPARTMENT."

Sid and Jeffries stand and admire the sign. They get into their car and drive away.

EXT. ICE POND - A HALF HOUR LATER

The kids walk up to the lake. They sit down and lace up. They ignore the sign and move onto the ice.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

Sid and Jeffries sit at the park reading a newspaper.

Tight in on the headline: "Three Boys Dead"

"Ignored Posted Warnings"

DR. JEFFRIES
(angry)
WHAT DOES IT TAKE!?!

EXT. ICE POND - DAY

At the clearing, Sid and Jeffries are now WRESTLING WITH THE THREE KIDS.

DR. JEFFRIES
By order of the Coast Guard! The
Coast Guard.

SID
The Parks Department.

DR. JEFFRIES
Right. Parks Department!

The Red Haired Kid BREAKS LOOSE. He GRABS his HOCKEY STICK, and HACKS Jeffries over the back of the head. JEFFRIES IS KNOCKED OUT.

Two of the kids jump up and tackle Sid. They start beating him on the ground with their hockey sticks.

STOCKING HAT KID
Freaks!

SID PASSES OUT.

EXT. ICE POND - AN HOUR LATER

Sid and Jeffries regain consciousness - the pair of them freezing. They look at each other confused, stand up - they look out at the pond, and see a HUGE HOLE IN THE ICE.

Sid and Jeffries walk back to their car - heads hanging low.

EXT. ICE POND - TWO HOURS EARLIER

The HOLE in the pond has DISAPPEARED. Jeffries and Sid pull up in their car. They get out - walk over to the edge of the pond. They look down at the LOG which the kids have been sitting on to tie their laces.

They position themselves on either side of the log. They BEND OVER and try to LIFT IT. UHHG. It won't budge.

UHHG. They can't lift it. UHHG. They try again - fumph - it moves a little to the left. Jeffries and Sid reposition themselves to PUSH THE LOG on the ground. 1-2-3 PUSH! - The LOG takes off ACROSS THE GROUND. It SLIDES DOWN the pond shore, 15 feet out onto the frozen pond surface and comes to a stop.

Jeffries and Sid stand at the edge of the frozen pond, looking at the log. They look at each other.

Sid takes a step towards the log - one step onto the pond.

CRACK - The POND CRACKS - and the LOG FALLS THROUGH THE ICE. Sid and Jeffries turn to each other and exchange a "High Five." They walk back towards the car.

SID
That was easy enough.

DR. JEFFRIES
Let's hope they all go this well.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Shooting the same LATE NIGHT TALK SHOW we saw earlier. The Host sits at his desk in front of a live Studio Audience.

TALK SHOW HOST
Ladies and Gentleman our next guest is - well I don't know what to call him. Paul, are you familiar with our next guest?

PAUL
Yeah. Huh. The uhm... Good Deed Doer.

TALK SHOW HOST
How's that?

PAUL
The uhm...? Good Deed Doer.

TALK SHOW HOST
That's right. The uhm - Good Deed Doer. Ladies and Gentleman. Please welcome a fine humanitarian. A veritable hero among men. A - uhm - good deed doer. Dr. Jeffrey Jeffries.

Jeffries walks out on stage. The Host stands to greet him.

INT. DIA BOARD ROOM - DAY

A small television plays the TALK SHOW.

TALK SHOW HOST (ON TV)
So, welcome to the show - um - Jeffrey Jeffries. Kind of a funny name, huh? Bet you've been kidded about that. Do I call you Jeffrey, or Dr. Jeffries?

Or Jeffrey Jeffries.

DR. JEFFRIES (ON TV)
What-ever you like.

TALK SHOW HOST (ON TV)
How about Melvin? I might like
calling you Melvin. You hear that
Paul? I can call him Melv -

The program is paused - frozen on The Host's face.

AGENT AGHENT (O.S.)
Dammit.

The tape starts to rewind. Pull out - Agent Aghent and a
host of CORPORATE LACKEYS and FLUNKIE AGENTS are crowded
around a conference table watching the television.

Agent Aghent HOLDS OUT A VCR REMOTE. Fast forward - then
the program plays forward.

PAUL (ON TV)
Ah, heh!? Melvin.

SCLURP - The tape pauses. It starts to rewind. Aghent
CURSES UNDER HIS BREATH. PAUSES the television. PLAYS
it forward. Aghent CURSES. FAST FORWARDS the tape.
PAUSES the tape for half a second and REWINDS it. Then
FORWARD again. Then PAUSE.

AGENT AGHENT
Dammit all to hell.

He finally gets the tape PAUSED tight in on JEFFRIES'S
FACE - SMILING BIG.

Aghent sets down the VCR remote.

AGENT AGHENT
Tell me this isn't the face of evil.

Some grumbling and harumphing from the crowd.

AGENT AGHENT (cont'd)
Dr. Jeffrey Jeffries appearing on
popular cultural programs - making
light of everything good this country
stands for.

More grumbling and harumphing.

AGENT AGHENT (cont'd)
This is the kind of reckless disregard
for our country's geo-social and
political mores...

CORPORATE LACKEY
They're saving...

AGENT AGHENT
.. which left unchecked, will...

CORPORATE LACKEY

...lives.

AGENT AGHENT
Excuse me?

CORPORATE LACKEY
I uhm.. said.. "They are saving
lives." Right?

The Corporate Lackey gulps and pulls at his neck tie. He
leafs through some pages in front of him.

AGENT AGHENT
They are aggrandizing themselves.

CORPORATE LACKEY (cont'd)
The Fire in Baltimore. The robbery at
the -

AGENT AGHENT
Sir - I say to you that I save lives
every day - You and I both do. So
does everyone in this room. Don't you
all save lives? Sir, don't you feel
you save lives every day you work?

CORPORATE LACKEY
Okay. Sure I do. What does that have
to do with -

AGENT AGHENT
Yes you do save lives. Don't cheapen
it. And do you know why you save
lives?

CORPORATE LACKEY
(struggling for an answer)
Because... to serve or protect our
country...

AGENT AGHENT
You save live because our country's
tax dollars pay you to do so.
(pointing at the screen)
Who's paying for this? Do you think
they're doing it for free? What price
do you think these two will be
asking...

He holds up a picture: Sid and Jeffries rescuing a cat
from a tree.

AGENT AGHENT (cont'd)
...for their services rendered?

The Corporate Lackeys look at each other.

AGENT AGHENT (cont'd)
This is nothing but showmanship and
falsely altruistic reverse
vigilantism.
I have no doubt that they are
providing an apparent service -
APPARENT. But I ask you.. is it mere

coincidence and good fate that puts these persons in the proper place at the proper time?

He motions to one of his Flunky Agents. They dim the lights - and a slide projector is turned on. It displays images of Jeffries's lab.

AGENT AGHENT (cont'd)
 We took these pictures this past week. The lab and offices of Dr. Jeffrey Jeffries. You can see here a transmitter of some kind. With whom is he communicating? A closer look here - and a computer - we were interrupted before we had a chance to look at it.

A slide of Sid making out with some floozy in the lab.

AGENT AGHENT (cont'd)
 If you would all turn to the back section of your folders.

The lights come up - the slide projector off.

The Corporate Lackeys fumble through their papers.

Among other pages the folders contain photo copied messages from the time machine.

AGENT AGHENT (cont'd)
 What you are looking at, gentlemen, is documentation of accidents. These documents were piled around the laboratory. What do they mean? This first one shows instructions on where to locate a lost Alzheimer's patient. The date at the top seems to signify that it was received before the patient had even disappeared. Who wrote this warning? Was it a warning? It is my belief the country is being duped. This is a wicked plan - hatched by a nameless coconspirator - setting up Jeffrey Jeffries and his idiot savant assistant Mr. Hackenpfuss to be heroes - dupes to be the object of public adoration. Lulling the public into a false sense of obligation.

CORPORATE LACKEY
 To what end?

Agent Aghent shrugs to say he doesn't know.

AGENT AGHENT
 We will see.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

Jeffries and Sid work in the lab. Sid sorts through a pile of papers - they're really stacking up.

SID

Doc - what's the deal, we just got over run with a bunch of strange messages. One after another - sent out every morning - for the next 3 months.

He plops down a large stack of messages.

SID (cont'd)

They all say things like - "Everything is okay" and "No worries so far." and so on. Were you expecting these?

DR. JEFFRIES

Something I thought of this morning. I was going to start...

He picks up the stack of messages.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)

...and I obviously followed through on my plan.

He sets the papers down.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)

If we send back assurances from the future - we can be sure everything is working fine. How far into the future do things check out?

Sid leafs through the pages.

SID

Well I have one here that says June 29th "So - far so Good."

Jeffries mulls this over.

DR. JEFFRIES

Hmmmph.

SID

I know.

DR. JEFFRIES

June 29. The day of the "Slippery Slope."

They look at the wall. The "Slippery Slope" message has been framed - next to the original "Doom" message.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)

...and "Doom."

SID

I know.

DR. JEFFRIES

Nothing past June 29th?

SID

Nothing I can -
 (reads a message)
 ...Ohp - have to cut this short, Doc.

Sid holds up the message.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Traffic backed up. Cars bumper to bumper.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sid driving - Jeffries kibitzes in the passenger seat.

DR. JEFFRIES
 Get over. Will you get over into that
 lane.

SID
 Relax Doc. You know how I know we're
 going to make it on time?

DR. JEFFRIES
 This lane is not moving.

SID
 We only got the one message.

Jeffries - continuing to ignore Sid - has unbuckled his
 seat-belt - he's looking back at traffic.

DR. JEFFRIES
 Go now. Go now.

SID
 I figure if things didn't go perfectly
 the first time - we would have gotten
 a second message - telling us to fix
 whatever we screwed up the first time -
 maybe warning us about the traffic,
 for instance. Clever, huh?

DR. JEFFRIES
 Okay, "A" this might be the first
 time... and "B" if not - suppose the
 only reason it went so well the first
 time, is because you listened to me -
 and got over into the other lane.

SID
 Good point.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY - CONTINUOUS

Skreech - Sid's car cuts into THE LEFT LANE - pulls up a
 few feet and STOPS in traffic. THE RIGHT LANE picks up
 and STARTS MOVING.

INT. SID'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sid and Jeffries look at each other - slump into their
 seats.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Sid's car pulls up. Jeffries and Sid pile out.

SID
Like I said - plenty of time.

KABOOM. An EXPLOSION on the roof top. Jeffries and Sid
DUCK FOR COVER. Large PIECES OF RUBBLE FALL everywhere.
Including on the car.

DR. JEFFRIES
Holy Bajeezus! You would think we
might have sent back a second message
warning us where to park the car!

A large CHUNK of BURNING CEMENT rests on the hood of the
car.

Sid dusts off his clothes.

SID
No scratches on me. Let's call it a
good thing.

Jeffries looks toward the roof of the warehouse.

DR. JEFFRIES
We're too late.

SID
Doc - the message said there were two
explosions - the first blew the lid
off the roof.
(he points to the roof)
Hah! The second explosion will take
out the rest of the building - and
that's what causes most of the deaths.
We have more than ten minutes between
the two explosions.

Sid adjusts his watch.

SID (cont'd)
Synchronize - mark.

DR. JEFFRIES
I really think we need to head back to
the lab and send another --

Sid runs into the building.

DR. JEFFRIES
Holy Bajeezus.

Jeffries follows after.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A lot of smoke. Somewhere in the distant bowels of the
building - Sid is yelling.

SID (O.S.)
Hello? Anybody? Anybody alive?
Hello?

Sid continues yelling in the distance.

An outside door opens. The smoke clears slightly - and Jeffries stumbles into the building.

DR. JEFFRIES
Sid. Darn it, Sid.
(coughing)
To heck with this.

Jeffries turns around and heads back outside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR

The smoke has cleared on the second floor. Sid enters through a door. Looks around.

SID
Hello? Anybody home.

Sees no one. He turns to leave.

AGENT AGHENT (O.S.)
Hello, Mr. Hackenpfuss.

Sid turns back. Agent Aghent steps out from a closet.

SID
Hey buddy - come on - we need to get out of here - there's going to be a second explosion any minute now.

AGENT AGHENT
How is it you know that, Mr. Hackenpfuss?

SID
Do I know you?

AGENT AGHENT
You're a famous man, Mr. Hackenpfuss.

SID
You don't look like a homeless whatever - or factory worker.

AGENT AGHENT
How do you know about the second explosion, Mr. Hackenpfuss?

SID
I'm pretty certain we've met before. Sometimes I get Deja vu.

AGENT AGHENT
I can assure you we've never met.

SID
Don't be too sure.

In the distance we can hear Jeffries yelling from outside.

DR. JEFFRIES (O.S.)
 (muffled cries)
 Sid. Sid. Get back out here.

SID
 Who are you?

AGENT AGHENT
 My name is Harry Aghent.

Agent Aghent holds out a business card.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Back outside.

DR. JEFFRIES
 (yelling)
 Sid. Sid.
 (under his breath)
 What are you thinking?

INT. WAREHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Sid glances at his watch.

SID
 Sorry, I wish I had time to catch up
 on old times. But time is short.

AGENT AGHENT
 How do you know about the second
 explosion?

SID
 How do you know about it?

AGENT AGHENT
 I set the explosives.

SID
 Why would you do something like that?

AGENT AGHENT
 It was a test. To get you here.

Flunky Agents ENTER SILENTLY behind Sid. He DOESN'T SEE them.

Jeffries is still yelling outside.

SID
 (referring to the yelling)
 That's my friend. I have to get
 going.

Sid turns - SEES THE FLUNKIE AGENTS.

SID (cont'd)
 Uhm. Hey dudes... I'm heading out
 this way - before the explosion. You
 should follow.

They don't budge. Sid tries to make a quick move - but

the FLUNKIES GRAB HIM.

AGENT AGHENT
Don't worry, Mr. Hackenfuss, you'll
miss the second explosion.

EXT. WAREHOUSE FRONT

Out front, Jeffries clears debris from the car.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ALLEY

In a side alley - Bang - a door flies open. Agent Aghent
exits the warehouse. His FLUNKIE AGENTS follow -
CARRYING SID.

SID
It's all good fellas! It's all good!

Sid kicks - but can't get free. They carry him to a
black sedan.

EXT. WAREHOUSE FRONT

Jeffries steps back towards the entrance. Opens the
door.

DR. JEFFRIES
(yelling)
Sid. Gosh darn it all. I'm going
back to the lab - to send a message.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ALLEY

The flunkies load Sid into the back seat of their Sedan.
Agent Aghent raises his hand to TALK INTO A RADIO.

AGENT AGHENT
Blow it.

KABOOM!!! THE WAREHOUSE EXPLODES.

EXT. WAREHOUSE FRONT

The force of the explosion BLOWS JEFFRIES BACK. He
falls to the ground.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ALLEY

The BLACK SEDAN pulls away from the burning warehouse.

INT. DIA SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Four of them sit in the back seat - Sid, Agent Aghent,
and two flunkies - it's a big car.

SID
You can let me out over here.

A sharp turn - everyone slams to one side of the car.

The car rights itself - and everyone sits up.

Agent Aghent holds up some of the time messages.

AGENT AGHENT
What are these, Mr. Hackenpfuss?

SID
When did you get those?

AGENT AGHENT
We're all well aware of your
activities these past few months.

A flunky agent rifles Sid's pockets. Pulls out another
time message. Hands it to Aghent. He reads it.

AGENT AGHENT (cont'd)
Explain this. You have a written
message - describing the explosions at
the warehouse. Explosions I just set.
Are you bugging my offices?

SID
I think you know I'm not.

Agent Aghent shakes his head.

SID (cont'd)
We're living on borrowed time.

AGENT AGHENT
Explain it.

Sid looks at his watch.

SID
If you really want to know - I think
it's safe to say. You won't be able
to do anything about it.
(he takes a breath)
They came from the future.

Sid looks around at everyone - disbelieving looks all
around.

SID (cont'd)
The messages are warnings from the
future.

The agents look around at each other. THE CAR SLAMS TO
THE RIGHT - THEY ALL FALL OVER to the right.

The car pulls forward. Everyone sits up.

AGENT AGHENT
The future...? I don't believe it.

SID
You believe what you want to believe.
If the doctor thinks I'm dead - none
of this is going to matter soon.
That's the only reason I'm telling you
anything.

AGENT AGHENT
Explain that.

SID
He'll send back a message... warn me
not to enter the building...

AGENT AGHENT
He can do that? Alter the past.

SID
He changes the past - it will change
our present.

AGENT AGHENT
How does it work?

SID
It's hard to explain.

AGENT AGHENT
Try.

SID
Well... Does anybody here remember
when Hanz Gubenstein invented time
travel?

The agents look around at each other. THE CAR SLAMS TO
THE LEFT - THEY ALL FALL OVER to the left.

INT. SID'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jeffries driving Sid's car in bumper to bumper traffic.

DR. JEFFRIES
Okay - stay calm. I have all the time
in the world - I'll get back to the
lab. Make this right.

INT. DIA SEDAN - DAY

In the back seat - Sid talks to the DIA Agents.

SID
...when you send a message back... the
instant it's sent - you've changed the
past. The present, where we're at now
is dictated by the actions we've taken
to get here... so the instant you send
the message - you've also instantly
altered the present...

EXT. EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Jeffries honks his horn. Still stuck in traffic.

INT. DIA SEDAN

SID
...thanks to the resend feature - you
really have no memory of ever sending
that message.

FLUNKIE AGENT # 1
How is that possible?

SID

You remember receiving it, but the computer resends anything it received, and you don't ever have to resend a message...

FLUNKIE AGENT # 2

But you already sent the message.

SID

Sure - in the future - it was sent - but you don't have memory of what's happened in the future - it didn't happen yet.

FLUNKIE AGENT # 1

Go over it one more time.

AGENT AGHENT

Enough already. Your making my head hurt.

(to the driver)

Turn around - take us to the lab.

EXT. DIA SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

The car screeches into a U-turn. Inside - THUMP-THUMP-THUMP-THUMP - the passengers fall over.

INT. DIA SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

The passengers sit up.

AGENT AGHENT

I don't know if I believe you - or not. But we're going to check this out.

SID

Only if you hurry.

AGENT AGHENT

Ah huh.

SID

Try the expressway.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY - DAY

The DIA Sedan stuck in traffic.

EXT. JEFFRIES'S LAB PARKING LOT - DAY

Sid's car screeches to a stop. Jeffries jumps out - runs towards the door.

INT. LAB ENTRANCE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jeffries runs up to the door - he runs awkwardly - his hands are in his pockets - feeling for something. He stops - turns around - runs back outside.

EXT. JEFFRIES'S LAB PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jeffries runs to the car - pulls on the door handle. It's locked. He hits the window exasperated. Cups his hands and puts his eyes to the window.

He sees his KEYS STUCK IN THE IGNITION.

Jeffries looks around on the ground.

DR. JEFFRIES
What difference does it make? None.
No difference. None of this is going
to happen.

He finds a small rock on the ground. Picks it up throws it at his window - CRASH.

Jeffries reaches in - unlocks and opens the door. He grabs his keys and heads towards the lab.

WRRRRUP. A POLICE SIREN.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (O.S. - MEGAPHONE)
Hold it right there.

Jeffries stops in his tracks. A police car has pulled into the parking lot behind him. Their lights are flashing.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (ON MEGAPHONE)
Put your hands where we can see them.

Jeffries holds up his hands.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (ON MEGAPHONE)
Turn around slowly.

Jeffries turns around.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (ON MEGAPHONE)
Dr. Jeffries?

EXT. JEFFRIES'S LAB PARKING LOT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Flashing lights still going on the cop car. The officers stand talking to Jeffries. They shake his hand.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Next time call AAA.

The police get in their car. Stop the lights and pull away.

Jeffries turns to go back inside. Another car comes screeching up - THE DIA SEDAN. Jeffries stops. Looks at the car - confused.

The Agents pile out. Sid yells from the back seat.

SID
(yelling)
Run Doc. Doc, get in the lab and stop
this crazy mess.

DR. JEFFRIES
Sid?

SID
(yelling)
It's a trap!

Jeffries turns and scrambles inside. THE AGENTS DRAW WEAPONS AND FOLLOW.

INT. LAB ENTRANCE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jeffries runs in - can't stop - SLAMS INTO THE DOOR. Fumbles with his keys - looks back at the entrance. The Agents blow through the doors. Jeffries gets the lab door open - falls inside - SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND. The agents reach the door a few seconds late - IT'S LOCKED.

EXT. JEFFRIES'S LAB PARKING LOT - AT THAT MOMENT

Sid - left alone in the car - steps out - heads towards the building.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - AT THAT MOMENT

Jeffries scrambles to the computer. Starts to type at the computer. Pauses - WHAT SHOULD HE WRITE?

POUNING AT THE DOOR.

INT. LAB ENTRANCE - HALLWAY - AT THAT MOMENT

THE FLUNKIE AGENTS kick at the door. Agent Aghent stands at a distance.

AGENT AGHENT
Hold on a second. Stand down.

The Flunkies pull back. Agent Aghent steps up. HE KNOCKS GENTLY: "Shave And A Hair Cut - Two Bits."

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB

Jeffries turns to look.

AGENT AGHENT (O.S.)
Dr. Jeffries. Please give me a second to plead my case - before you finish with your typing.

Jeffries looks down at his hands on the keyboard.

INT. LAB ENTRANCE - HALLWAY

AGENT AGHENT
(whispering to the flunkies)
Find the main power feed - NOW. And kill it.
(then shouting to Jeffries)
Dr. Jeffries, if you type in a message now - you won't know what's going on. You'll never know what this is all about.

Sid runs up to the scene.

SID
Doc - he's just stalling - he knows
about the machine.

Aghent pulls out a gun - points it at Sid.

AGENT AGHENT
You. Quiet. Now.

SID
Hello? Like I care?
(shouting again)
Doc - assume I'm dead. Send back a
message - we need to stay clear of
that warehouse fire. It was a trap.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB

Jeffries has his ear to the door.

DR. JEFFRIES
Sid? You're alive?

INT. LAB ENTRANCE - HALLWAY

AGENT AGHENT
Dr. Jeffries, I saved Mr. Hackenpfuss
from the fire. You could do your
country a great service if you open
this door right now.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB

Jeffries runs back to the computer.

DR. JEFFRIES
Who are you?

AGENT AGHENT (O.S.)
I'm special Agent Harry Aghent with
the Decentralized Intelligence Agency.

Tight in on the computer screen.

Jeffries types: "Decentralized Intelligence Agency..."

Jeffries purses his lips - tries to think of what to
write next. Looks at the door.

AGENT AGHENT (O.S.)
I'm only here to help.

INT. LAB ENTRANCE - HALLWAY

SID
Doc, Why am I still here? Hit the
key. Send back a message. Any
message.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB

Jeffries hand reaches down to the keyboard - it moves

almost in slow motion - tight in on the keyboard -
KASHOOM - he HITS THE ENTER KEY.

NOTHING HAPPENS.

HE HITS THE KEY AGAIN. AGAIN. AGAIN. Jeffries looks up -
THE MONITOR HAS GONE BLANK. Jeffries looks around the
lab - several television monitors - all of them blank.

THE POWER HAS BEEN CUT.

Jeffries keeps pumping at the keyboard. He gives up.

DR. JEFFRIES

Hell.

AGENT AGHENT (O.S.)

We cut the power.

INT. LAB ENTRANCE - HALLWAY

AGENT AGHENT (cont'd)

Open the door, Doctor Jeffries. This
is the end game - I have a gun out
here on your assistant.

DR. JEFFRIES (O.S.)

You're with the government. You're an
official. You're a good guy.

AGENT AGHENT

Don't be naive. Open the door now.

Jeffries unlocks the door and opens it.

AGENT AGHENT (cont'd)

Good choice.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB

Sid and Agent Aghent file into the lab. Agent Aghent
waves around his gun.

AGENT AGHENT

Stay clear of that transmitter. Move
over there.

Aghent directs them - waving his gun.

AGENT AGHENT (cont'd)

(speaks into his radio)
Reinstate the power.
(to Jeffries)
Mr. Hackenpfuss has filled me in on
this machine of yours - and while I'm
only just beginning to grasp it's
logistics - I'm certain we can figure
out it's intricacies before long.

WRUP - The power comes back on - the monitors - the
computer.

AGENT AGHENT (cont'd)

What to do with you two?

He sighs. Sid and Jeffries trade looks.

AGENT AGHENT (cont'd)
 Oh, who am I trying to kid? I'm going to kill you both. I'm afraid it has to be done, for the security of the nation. After all - I need to protect our country's Time Travel Capabilities - can't have any rogue time terrorists. Can't have you building another machine.

DR. JEFFRIES
 You can't just kill us. I only let you in here in order to save Sid's life.

AGENT AGHENT
 Well that was a mistake, wasn't it?

BAM. BAM. AGENT AGHENT FIRES HIS WEAPON AND SHOOTS. Sid and Jeffries fall to the ground.

DR. JEFFRIES
 Sid. I screwed up this time.

SID
 No, Doc. It was me - I got cocky in the car - I thought for sure you would beat these guys back to the lab.

They stop talking - apparently dead.

The flunkies return to the room - head for the control computer - and begin to investigate.

AGENT AGHENT
 Careful over there.

Suddenly Jeffries SHOUTS IN PAIN, and speaks - they all stop and look at him.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
 We've made the same mistakes over and over - it was inevitable. Inevitable.

He barely croaks out the last words before croaking himself.

The Flunkies return to their investigation.

SUDDENLY - Jeffries speaks again.

DR. JEFFRIES (cont'd)
 It seems we only - we've only accelerated our doom...

Aghent pulls out his gun.

AGENT AGHENT
 Enough of this.

BAM. BAM. He shoots at Jeffries.

JEFFRIES IS DEAD.

SID
Uncool. You didn't have to -

BAM. BAM. He shoots at Sid.

SID IS DEAD.

The Flunky Agents return to their work - two of them rummaging through the scattered messages around the lab.

The Third Flunky steps up to the Control computer.

FLUNKIE AGENT # 3
Sir - look at this?

Agent Aghent holsters his weapon and steps over to the computer.

AGENT AGHENT
Don't touch anything.

FLUNKIE AGENT # 3
It's rebooting. Whatever was on the computer when it lost power - looks like it can be recovered.

Agent Aghent mulls this over.

AGENT AGHENT
Don't touch anything. Let me think.

He looks down at the floor - the dead bodies.

FLUNKIE AGENT # 3
What should I do?

Tight in on the dead bodies - tight in on Jeffries's vacant eyes.

AGENT AGHENT (O.S.)
Delete it. Delete it all.

The flunky types at the computer.

AGENT AGHENT (cont'd)
I'm not entirely certain what we're messing with here. See if you can figure out how this works - if it does what Mr. Hackenpfuss said - we could really screw ourselves - send back a message into time and tip these two off. We can't let that happen.

FLUNKIE AGENT # 3
Sir?

AGENT AGHENT
No - we'll have to continue to send back a few messages - let them think all is well - but we'll have to be

careful.

RAP. RAP. Someone knocking on the door. The Agents all jump. The flunkies look to their boss.

INT. LAB ENTRANCE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A loan figure stands at the door - his back to us - we can't see his face. The door cracks. The flunky peeks out.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

Flunky Agent # 1 Stands at the door. Agent Aghent behind him - weapon drawn.

AGENT AGHENT

Who is it agent? What do you see?

FLUNKIE AGENT # 1

Uhm. It's... Albert Einstein.

AGENT AGHENT

What?

They open the door.

INT. LAB ENTRANCE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The stranger at the door - stands with his back to us. Over his shoulder we see Aghent - the Flunkies - everyone with their jaws agape.

The stranger sees the dead bodies on the ground.

STRANGER (O.S.)

(German accent)

Oh dear. I'm a little late, aren't I?

The stranger - his back still to us - reaches into his pocket - he pulls out a small device - either a Palm Pilot or a remote control.

AGENT AGHENT

What? Who? What is going on-n-n-n-n-

Ooorup. TIME HAS STOPPED. Agent Aghent in mid sentence - gun poised frozen. The stranger's thumb depressed on the Palm Pilot.

TIME REWINDS. Everything plays backwards - in hyper speed. Door closes on the stranger. Jeffries and Sid getting shot - Agent Aghent entering the lab - he's in the hallway - blurb - stops - plays forward.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

Jeffries types at the computer - he's pumping the keyboard - THE POWER IS OUT. He gives up.

DR. JEFFRIES

Hell.

AGENT AGHENT (O.S.)

We cut the power.

INT. LAB ENTRANCE - HALLWAY

AGENT AGHENT (cont'd)
Open the door, Doctor Jeffries. This
is the end game - I have a gun out
here on your assistant.

DR. JEFFRIES (O.S.)
You're with the government. You're an
official. You're a good guy.

AGENT AGHENT
Don't be naive. Open the door now.

STRANGER (O.S.)
So this is how it happens?

Sid and Aghent startled by the voice - turn to see THE
STRANGER. AND NO KIDDING - HE REALLY IS A DEAD RINGER
FOR ALBERT EINSTEIN.

AGENT AGHENT
What the hell?

STRANGER
You cut the power... then convince him
to let you in. Very clever.

AGENT AGHENT
Somebody want to tell me why Albert
Einstein is standing in the hallway?

DR. JEFFRIES (O.S.)
(yelling from behind the
door)
Sid, what's happening?

SID
Hard to say, Doc. It looks like
Albert Einstein... but how old would
he be? Uhm... he's looking good -
healthy.
(to "Albert")
What are you like a hundred twenty
years old?

Aghent raises his gun towards the stranger.

AGENT AGHENT
I don't know who you are - but step
back now!

STRANGER
Certainly - can I ask who I am
addressing?

AGENT AGHENT
Agent Harry Aghent, of the
Decentralized Intelligence Agency.

STRANGER
Very good.

The Stranger reaches into his pocket.

AGENT AGHENT
Hands where I can see the---rpup

TIME STOPS - Rewinds at hyper speed - Jeffries running down the hallway - breaking the window - stuck in rush hour - back at the warehouse - the explosions play backwards - Jeffries and Sid stuck in traffic.

STOP. Jeffries and Sid in the Lab.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

Jeffries and Sid in the Lab.

SID
Doc, we have to do something about
this message build uppppprt -

STOP - FAST FORWARD - we went too far - TIME FAST FORWARDS.

Jeffries and Sid speed through the traffic Jam.

THE EXPLOSION - FAST FORWARD.

Outside the warehouse, Jeffries speaks at hyperspeed - he sounds like a chipmunk.

DR. JEFFRIES
(super speed like a chipmunk)
HolyBajeezus!Youwouldthinkwemighthave
sentbackasecondmessagewarninguswheretoparkthecar!

TIME SLOWS - Normal Speed.

EXT. WAREHOUSE FRONT - DAY

Sid and Jeffries stand outside their car.

A large CHUNK of BURNING CEMENT rests on the hood of the car.

Sid dusts off his clothes.

SID
No scratches on me. Let's call it a good thing.

Jeffries looks toward the roof of the warehouse.

DR. JEFFRIES
We're too late.

At a distance - our Albert Einstein look-a-like watches Sid and Jeffries discuss their situation. Sid runs off into the building. Jeffries yells after him. "Albert" reaches for his Palm Pilot - fiddles with it...

TIME STOPS.

TIGHT IN ON THE PALM PILOT - The Stranger's thumb depressed upon it.

A LABEL On THE DEVICE: "KACKTGUCKNETCH"

The device begins to pulse. It makes a pulsing sound - which continues over the action.

We pull away - craning high into the sky. As we pull away from the palm pilot - we can see the Stranger moving backwards. ALL OF TIME is traveling BACKWARDS - from the air we see Jeffries and Sid running backwards out of the building.

WE CONTINUE HIGH INTO THE AIR - A JET FLYING BACKWARD. The pulsing sound fades. We're high above the Earth. In outer space we can see the Earth rotating backwards. We fall back to earth faster - faster.

Closer to the earth - the pulsing sound returns and gets louder. We fall towards a majestic mountain palace - falling in through a sun window - We're in a laboratory - a large transmitter/receiver - hooked to a computer.

It looks a little bit like Jeffries's lab - but much more swank and sophisticated.

The Pulse screams at us - and stops.

TIME Stops - BEGINS TO PLAY FORWARD - The computer releases a chime - spits out a print-out sheet.

A hand reaches down and picks up the paper. Pull out - it's our Albert Einstein Look-A-like. He reads the print-out - shakes his head, and makes a "tisk, tisk" sound.

INT. JEFFRIES'S LAB - DAY

The lab is filled with Agent Aghent and his agents. Aghent raises his gun to shoot Jeffries and Sid.

DR. JEFFRIES
You can't just kill us. I only let
you in here in order to save Sid's
life.

AGENT AGHENT
Well that was a mistake, wasn't it?

Jeffries cringes.

STRANGER (O.S.)
Ahem - excuse me.

They all turn to the door - standing there is the Albert Einstein Look-a-like.

AGENT AGHENT
Somebody want to tell me what Albert
Einstein is doing in the doorway?

SID
(to the stranger)
What are you like 120 years old?

DR. JEFFRIES
 My God! You're alive - it's HANZ
 GUBENSTEIN!

Aghent points his weapon at the now identified Hanz
 Gubenstein.

AGENT AGHENT (cont'd)
 Sorry Doctor Gubenstein - but you've
 picked a bad time to show yourself...
 I have a Time Machine gap to protect.

HANZ GUBENSTEIN
 Harry... put down your weapon... or
 I'm showing up in 1957 and slipping
 Salt-Peter in your father's Cherry
 Coke.

AGENT AGHENT
 How do you know my name?

HANZ GUBENSTEIN
 I know everything about you Harry
 Agent...

AGENT AGHENT
 It's a hard "G" .

HANZ GUBENSTEIN
 I've known your name for fifty
 years... and I've tracked your
 existence since your birth at Toledo
 Memorial, October 25, 1957.... Hmmm!?
 Are you nervous? Perhaps we could
 clear the room... to just the four of
 us - I'm not kidding about the Salt-
 Peter.

Aghent considers - then he motions for the room to be
 cleared.

SID
 (quietly to Jeffries)
 Geez - You said he looks like him -
 but he really looks like him.

The room cleared, Hanz approaches Aghent.

HANZ GUBENSTEIN (cont'd)
 You know who I am? They've told you?

AGENT AGHENT
 I'm still playing catch-up. But yeah,
 Mr. Hackenpfuss said some things in
 the car... So your invention worked?

HANZ GUBENSTEIN
 Still does.

SID
 How old are you?

HANZ GUBENSTEIN

104. I was a New Year Baby in 1900.

SID

You look amazing.

HANZ GUBENSTEIN

Thank you. Not so much good genes - but excellent health advice, I've been getting since 1936. I once died of a heart attack in 1968... eh, what did we know about cholesterol for so many years?

Hanz has moved to look at the computer set-up.

HANZ GUBENSTEIN (cont'd)

(inspecting the machine)

You have an auto resend... you figured that out very quickly - without even trying. Made things easier from the start.

He's poking around with the machine and transmitter - the power is still off.

HANZ GUBENSTEIN (cont'd)

The other two didn't figure it out for years the first time... but what does that matter? When you've invented a Kacktgucknetch, you just send back a message and add the features you need from the beginning. I built a working Macintosh in 1937.

DR. JEFFRIES

What did you just say? What do you mean the other two?

AGENT AGHENT

How many of these machines are out there?

HANZ GUBENSTEIN

Oh there's just the one now... mine. But there were two others... A Frenchman who made a mistake - confused his early self into thinking his invention was a failure... and Hiroyugiko - in Japan - he didn't like the pressure.. set himself up with a few small stock tips to help with retirement, then dismantled his machine.

DR. JEFFRIES

Dr. Gubenstein... I don't understand... if your... device has been working all this time - why haven't you been using it? All the wars - the disasters you could have averted?

HANZ GUBENSTEIN

How do you know Hitler didn't win the first time around? How do you know Reagan and Gorbachev didn't blow up the world in the 1980's? How do you know worse didn't happen?

DR. JEFFRIES

It was worse?

HANZ GUBENSTEIN

Agent "Aghent," do you understand the power of this Machine. You send back a message - and you are wiping out your own recent past. But everything you are at any given moment is a product of your experiences up to that moment. So you are in effect wiping your own present self out of existence. Replacing yourself with someone new. But will the new self be better or worse? Will the new world you are creating be better or worse? It's a leap of faith you must take - because you will never know the outcome. And your past self must trust a person who doesn't yet exist... and never will... And you must act on a message - with no memory - and no true lesson learned to grow for the future.

SID

Listen, uh Doc -

(points to Hanz)

This Doc...

(to Hanz)

...you've got a working machine, right? Why are we soft talking him. Can't you just send back a note and get here earlier... so we avoid the trap at the warehouse?

HANZ GUBENSTEIN

But he'll find another way... another time.

SID

Then send back a note further - we can make some more drastic changes?

HANZ GUBENSTEIN

Send back a note to when, Mr. Hackenpfuss? January 3rd? Do you want to live the last six months over and over again? Do you know how many times you've already started over?

DR. JEFFRIES

But... But what can we do? He was going to kill us.

HANZ GUBENSTEIN

As a matter of fact, he did kill you... right here, once or twice, and

also on a remote island. Trust me - if we keep going back, he'll keep doing it. Destiny is persistent Doctor... and it can't be changed by going backwards. We must move forward.

DR. JEFFRIES
So what are you proposing?

HANZ GUBENSTEIN
We will make him a partner - You will join us, Harry?

DR. JEFFRIES
Are you mad... how can we trust him?

HANZ GUBENSTEIN
Think about it... we have a Kacktgucknetch.

AGENT AGHENT
I'm not joining anything.

Hanz's hand held machine begins to vibrate. He pulls it from his pocket, looks at the screen then holds it up for the others to see.

HANZ GUBENSTEIN (cont'd)
A message from tomorrow. It says: "So far so good."

They all exchange looks

HANZ GUBENSTEIN (cont'd)
Moving forward. First mistake - you need to put your machine on it's own generator.
I'm not even going to discuss your lack of security... fix that immediately.

AGENT AGHENT
Wait a second - Did you hear me earlier... I'm not joining anything.

Hanz looks at his device.

HANZ GUBENSTEIN
Yes you are. Okay - mistake number two - well three if you count the security thing - no wait - this is mistake number one - Put the generator at two, and security is a close number three. Mistake number one is - You need to keep track of all of your messages better... Anything you receive - ANYTHING - EVER - needs to be sent back to an original start date - I've been picking up on all of your messages myself - and sending them back to myself - I have a filing cabinet full of everything you've ever sent - and once I have it stored - it

doesn't matter if you re-write history or reality - and you've been re-writing a lot. Do you people know what you've been doing? Do you know how many times you've made the same mistakes?

Sid and Jeffries look at each other - shake their heads.

HANZ GUBENSTEIN (cont'd)
Listen - there are two things to know about the Kacktgucknetch. One - you can't make major changes to History - trust me I tried - it just gets botched - So use it for the small stuff - saving a drowning kid - looking smart on a first date - but stay away from anything with major global impact - you'll just draw attention to yourself - and it will all go wrong. The second thing: you can't go back too far... the ripples of your changes become too great... too unwieldy... you should make small changes - directed at changing the immediate present. Use the short term past to build a strong future.

He starts rambling about more things.

SID
What about Lotteries?

HANZ GUBENSTEIN
Well - it's uncreative but an effective way to secure some funds - to live healthy - and improve security. Yeah, you can win a few if you want - that doesn't cause too much trouble.

DR. JEFFRIES
This message says stop after one.

He points at the "DOOM" Message.

HANZ GUBENSTEIN
That's a rushed message - you were under attack, and things kept getting worse.

SID
So the lotteries? How many times? Twice? Three?

Hanz mulls it over.

HANZ GUBENSTEIN
I've found EIGHT is about the limit before you get into trouble. Yes. Eight.

Sid's eyes light up.

FLASH - A photo flash - and we cut to a frozen newspaper photo - Sid and Jeffries winning the lottery. Agent Aghent in the background. Sid Ogling the Lottery lady.

Headline: "Eighth Time Is The Charm."

EXT. MOUNTAIN RESORT BALCONY HOT TUB - DAY

Sid walks to a hot tub - GTE's in - joining Jeffries, Hanz, and the LOTTERY LADY (!) - Sid slides his arm around her. A short distance away, Aghent sits fully clothed - unable to relax.

SID
So Doc, tell me about the island.

DR. JEFFRIES
What island?

SID
Not you, Doc. This Doc.
(referring to Hanz)

HANZ GUBENSTEIN
Well I never saw it you understand - I only know what I can piece together from your messages...

SID
So what did we write about it?

HANZ GUBENSTEIN
It was called Oohla Lampi. And you renamed it Jeffries Isle...

SID
Jeffries Isle, or Jeffries's?
Jeffreizez-ez-ez.

They continue to talk - joke back and forth - maybe Sid sings the Gilligan's Island theme.

We pull away from the resort. Pull out - out - out - into Outer Space and watch the earth rotate forward - then it stops - backs up - then moves forward again.