



A B R A M S
A R T I S T S A G E N C Y
L A / N Y

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HOLLY MORALES INVENTED TIME TRAVEL

by

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ANITA (V.O.)
Here are some things that happened
the afternoon of November 15, 2023.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Your average old-lady kitchen - ceramic figurines on every surface. Too many gravy boats. And a ton of MOVING BOXES.

ANITA (V.O.)
First!

TONY (30s, fighting grief), grabs a moving box off a countertop, shuffles to the kitchen door -

TRIPS on a loose floorboard. GOES DOWN.

ANITA (V.O.)
Tony Volkov discovered his
grandmother's erotic photos hidden
under the kitchen floorboards.

Tony claws his way back up to the counter - yellowing photos in his hands and a dumbstruck expression on his face.

ANITA (V.O.)
Second!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Afternoon Delight-o'clock for the couple in the full-sized bed.

TRINA (20s, naked) rummages in the bedside table, leaning over FRANCIS (20s, naked). She comes up with an EMPTY TROJAN BOX.

ANITA (V.O.)
Trina and Francis Dubois brewed up
the zygote who would go on to
become a Chief Justice.

Trina SHRUGS.

Francis SHRUGS.

The empty box hits the floor.

ANITA (V.O.)
Third!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A SLASH OF ENERGY - LIGHTENING FROZEN IN PLACE.

It CRACKLES in the air. Vibrant and *alive*.

A WOMAN stands just beyond the slice of energy. Gaping. Teary-eyed. *Elated*.

ANITA (V.O.)
Holly Morales invented time travel.

Meet HOLLY MORALES (30s). Her life is about to go *nuts*.

HOLLY
Well. *Fu-*

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - I.T. DEPARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Holly again. Same eyes, same hairdo, same glasses. But this Holly is bored and repressed - light firmly under a bushel.

CHYRON: ONE WEEK EARLIER

She's in a MASSIVE BASEMENT - obviously her lair. Desk covered in printouts and diagrams. Desktop computer open on an obscure computer program, calculating the trajectory of... *something*.

And in the center of the floor... a GIGANTIC, SHROUDED SHAPE.

Holly herself is crouched over a CIRCUIT BOARD on her desk, FUSING wires together. She focuses in - a genius at work.

DR. SULLIVAN (O.S.)
(tinny-sounding)
... now imagine, for a moment, you
are being followed.

BEHIND HOLLY - find her LAPTOP sitting open on her DESK CHAIR.

ON SCREEN - a video feed plays. SULLIVAN, a walking, talking, tweed-wearing ego delivering an underwhelming Physics lecture.

Holly continues to work without looking at the lecture.

DR. SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
(on-screen)
Imagine it's the police. Their
sirens are on. They're gaining on
you. What do you hear?

HOLLY
(absently)
Doppler Effect.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. SULLIVAN
For those who didn't do the
reading, you would experience the
Doppler Effect. First described by
Christian Doppler in 1845 -

1842. HOLLY DR. SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
- the Doppler Effect occurs -

DR. SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
- because the frequency of sound
waves is affected by the relative
motion of an object -

The video FREEZES.

Holly - not noticing - SPARKS another wire into place.

Beat. Peace. Silence.

RIIIING -

She JERKS upright. FUMBLING the phone from its cradle.

HOLLY
I.T.

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - AFTERNOON

The lecture hall from the video - same board, same podium...

Same DR. SULLIVAN, RANTING and RED-FACED.

DEAN INGRAM (50s), in it for the money, makes soothing noises.

The lecture hall is only a quarter full of students - all ages,
all walks of life, all there to learn. All uncomfortable with
Sullivan's tantrum.

Holly kneels by a truly *ancient* video camera, perched on a
tripod - doing her best to fly under Sullivan's radar.

DR. SULLIVAN
... *fifteen years* at this piece of
shit college, and I can't even get
through a *single lecture* -

DEAN INGRAM
I know... I know...

DR. SULLIVAN
(to Holly -)
And you said I was all set up!

HOLLY
Yes, Dr. Sullivan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. SULLIVAN
I'm not sure you noticed through
your junk food *haze*, but *that* -
(re: camera)
- is no longer *functioning*. You
have *one job*, and it would be *swell*
if you *did it* -

HOLLY
Sorry, but -

DEAN INGRAM
It is what we pay you for, Holly.

HOLLY
- did you move the camera here?

DR. SULLIVAN
The angle you set up was *atrocious* -

HOLLY
No, yeah. Totally. Only -

DEAN INGRAM
Spit it out, Holly.

HOLLY
Cord is too short. For that.

She holds up the power cord. Loose from the plug in the wall.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
(meek)
Sorry.

Off Sullivan: face growing redder as a storm brews -

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

Holly stalks down the linoleum hallway. Florescent light paints everything sickly yellow-green.

The pre-historic CAMERA SWINGS from her hand.

She's so lost in her own head that she doesn't register the loud RATTLING - metal on metal - as she passes an office door.

ANITA (O.S.)
Oh - excuse me!

ANITA (30s), heart-stopping smile and bright laughter, sticks her head out of the open door.

Holly's world flips on its head for just a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY
... Hi.

ANITA
Are you busy?

Off Holly - never less busy in her life.

Pre-lap: METAL SCREECHING.

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - OFFICE - AFTERNOON

THE CREDENZA FROM HELL. Rusted, busted, and broken.

ANITA
Okay - now -

Holly - sweat breaking out on her forehead - YANKS at the drawer handle with both hands.

Next to her, Anita BRACES the credenza against the wall -

Metal SQUEALS -

Both women STRAIN -

AND THE DRAWER POPS OPEN. FILES SCATTERING.

Holly FLIES back across the room - TRIPS - SPRAWLS -

ANITA (CONT'D)
Omigosh -

Anita rushes over just as Holly is pushing onto her elbows.

HOLLY
I'm okay, I'm okay -

ANITA (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry -

HOLLY
It's fine, I'm fine -

ANITA
Are you sure?

HOLLY
Do we have to do it again?

ANITA
No.

HOLLY
Then I'm sure.

ANITA
You're my hero.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sticks out her hand. Holly - semi-shellshocked - shakes.

ANITA (CONT'D)
I'm Anita, by the way.

HOLLY
Holly. Not a hero.

ANITA
Please. You saved my job.

With one of those bright smiles -

ANITA (CONT'D)
Friendly neighborhood temp. I'm
supposed to have those files
digitized by the end of the week.
"Or else."

HOLLY
It says "or else" in your contract?

ANITA
In legal-ese, yeah.

Is this... *flirting*? Holly can't tell.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Anyway. You're the first friendly
face I've seen here. Faculty?

HOLLY
I.T.

ANITA
Really?

She seems genuinely surprised by that. Holly is a little hurt.

HOLLY
I should... go. Lots of work.
Computers aren't - gonna -

ANITA
Oh -

HOLLY
- restart themselves. Um.

HOLLY (CONT'D) ANITA
Nice to meet - See you -

They both break off -

Anita LAUGHS. Holly starts to retreat out the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANITA (CONT'D)
I'll see you around, Holly.

HOLLY
Yeah - yes. Yes.

And she's GONE.

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - I.T. DEPARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Holly COLLAPSES into a desk chair. Face in her hands.

HOLLY
Oh my godddd...

Slowly - purposefully - she begins to INHALE

1... 2... 3... 4... 5... 6... 7...

And EXHALE

1... 2... 3... 4... 5... 6... 7...

Beat.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Okay.

Braced, she turns to the massive SHEET-COVERED SHAPE.

Holly cocks her head. Regarding the mysterious object.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Let's focus on you.

Holly grabs the sheet - and YANKS.

EXT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

A square-ish building on a random Philadelphia street - not the best part of town, and not the worst.

Holly, still wrestling her scarf and gloves into place, pushes out the front door and strides down the pavement.

We rest on the quiet building for a long moment... before...

A HULKING MAN detaches from the shadows across the street.

A beat as Holly turns the corner. And then...

He FOLLOWS.

INT. MORALES APARTMENT - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

The front door closes as Holly struggles out of her coat.

HOLLY
I'm home!

Tangled in winter-wear as she is, Holly doesn't immediately register the PATTTERING of bare feet...

Until she's KNOCKED BACK into the front door. Small arms wrapped around her waist.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Oof -

JAMIE (8) is looking up at her. Serious-faced. Solemn.

JAMIE
I found a secret treasure chest -

HOLLY
Yeah?

JAMIE
- in the fifth level of Dungeon
Raid 7. Micky said it wasn't there
but it was.

HOLLY
Good job, buddy.

JAMIE
I'll show you -

He takes her hand and starts leading her into the family room -

ROSE (O.S.)
Jamie.

ROSE MORALES (early 30s) - a put-together version of Holly - stands at the end of the hall.

Jamie FREEZES. Caught in the act.

ROSE (CONT'D)
You have more screen minutes today?

JAMIE
If I do my math homework, then -

ROSE
If?

JAMIE
When.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rose's eyebrow arches. It's eviscerating.

ROSE
Go get washed up.

Jamie trudges to the bathroom. Holly musters a strained smile.

HOLLY
What's for dinner?

INT. MORALES APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Rose ladles STEWED BEEF - ROPA VIEJA - onto two plates.

Through the open door, we can see Holly setting the table. The two sisters call out to one another.

ROSE
I'm just saying it's weird, because
I see him do the worksheets.

HOLLY
Mmhmm.

ROSE
But his teachers say - I don't
know, that he's losing them? The
worksheets? On the way to school.

Rose carries the plates out into...

INT. MORALES APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

... the dining room. She sets the plates down on the table.

HOLLY
Is that ropa vieja?

ROSE
Maybe.

Jamie SKIDS into the room on socked feet.

JAMIE
It's gross!

ROSE
Hush and sit.

She bustles back into the kitchen, calling over her shoulder -

ROSE (CONT'D)
It's really easy. I'll send you
the recipe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY
I like the way you do it.

JAMIE
You mean *gross*?

HOLLY
Don't be rude, bud.

Rose returns with a plate of bright orange EASY MAC.

ROSE
If Kraft doesn't make it, he's not interested.

HOLLY
You know that stuff is going to give you scurvy, right?

JAMIE
What's scurvy?

HOLLY
It's an illness. From no vitamin C. You know what vitamin C is?

ROSE
He doesn't.

HOLLY
It's - anyway. Lots of pirates used to get it.

Jamie's face LIGHTS UP - though that might just be the easy mac.

JAMIE
Pirates.

ROSE
No -

JAMIE
But *pirates* -

ROSE
Can we just sit here and eat for a minute, please? No pirates?
(to Holly)
That means you too.

HOLLY
Aye-aye, Cap'n.

Jamie GIGGLES. Rose's glare could kill a man. The table descends into temporary silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROSE
So. Deborah was telling me her
son's going back to college.

HOLLY
Rose.

ROSE
I'm just saying! He took a few
years off, but he's going back -

HOLLY
This why you made my favorite meal?

ROSE
I need a *motive* for a family
recipe?

But Holly just sits back in her chair - slinging that same
Morales Raised Eyebrow back at her sister.

Finally, Rose CRACKS.

ROSE (CONT'D)
I'm thinking... it's time.

JAMIE
Time for what?

ROSE
You've been saving - you have the
money -

HOLLY
No.

ROSE
You can get back out there! You're
ready!

HOLLY
Are you serious?

JAMIE
Ready for *what*?

HOLLY
Your mom is kicking me out.

ROSE
I am not! I'm *suggesting* -

HOLLY
"You can get back out there!"

ROSE
You can! You're ready!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Holly SNORTS.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Jesus, would it be that bad? We
used to have to *threaten* you to
make you come home -

Holly SLAMS BACK from the table - SNATCHES UP HER PLATE -

ROSE (CONT'D)
Holly -

Dinner in hand, Holly STALKS from the room.

Rose SIGHS down at her dinner. Glances at Jamie and his plate
of neon goo.

ROSE (CONT'D)
You better finish that.

INT. MORALES APARTMENT - HOLLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Holly SPRAWLS on her bed - reading a blue leather NOTEBOOK.

Over her shoulder, we see her work - diagrams and equations -
and most striking of all -

A MACHINE'S DESIGN. More of an engineer's diagram than a
doodle. Electrical. *Functional*.

But almost like she can't help herself - she keeps glancing -
At her OPEN CLOSET DOOR.

It's overflowing - clothes and knick-knacks. And - in the
corner - a DUFFEL BAG.

Beat. Holly holding a staring contest with this bag. Then -

She PUSHES to her feet. DRAGS the bag out of the closet -
revealing the CALTECH logo on the side -

And unearthing a PLUSH TOY. It TUMBLES from the bag - landing
at Holly's feet.

Stooping, she scoops him up.

Only God knows what this thing could be. A little moose-like.
A little snail-like. But Holly knows him as MR. DONUT.

Holly regards Mr. Donut for a long moment.

JAMIE (O.S.)
Aunt Holly?

Jamie stands in the doorway behind her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY
What's up, bud?

JAMIE
Just something I don't get. Why
pirates couldn't get any vitamin C?
When it was all around them?
(long beat)
Vitamin. Sea. That was a joke.

Holly bursts out laughing. She scoops Jamie into a hug.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I know *vitamins*. I'm *eight*.

HOLLY
I know you do.

JAMIE
Are you really leaving?

Beat. Holly steps back - squeezes his shoulders.

HOLLY
I wouldn't do that to you.

Jamie throws his arms around his aunt again - relief palpable -
Off Holly - feeling guilty -

EXT. MORALES BUILDING - MORNING

As we watch, Holly pushes out the front door and starts down the sidewalk, looping her messenger bag over her neck.

She's almost at the end of the block when -

- Something in the corner of her eye snags her attention.

The HULKING MAN from last night. Strolling half a block behind.

Something about him makes her frown. Holly SPEEDS UP.

SO DOES THE HULKING MAN.

Heart hammering, Holly makes a TURN - rounding a corner -

HEARTBEAT. HEARTBEAT. HEARTBEA-

The man appears at the corner.

Breath catches in Holly's throat.

He CONTINUES DOWN THE PERPENDICULAR STREET. Crossing and disappearing from sight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thank God. Holly spares a moment to sag in relief.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - MORNING

Clinical and calming. Maybe one too many potted ferns. Holly is sunk into a cushy armchair, messing with her cuticles.

DR. MURAI (60s, female) sits across - grace and focus.

DR. MURAI
So it made you feel agitated.

HOLLY
I guess.

DR. MURAI
Why?

HOLLY
(beat)
She was pushing me. Rose is always pushing me.

DR. MURAI
Out of the apartment.

HOLLY
Yeah, and -

She cuts herself off.

DR. MURAI
Had you given any more thought to going back to school?

HOLLY
I just... don't see what good it would do.

DR. MURAI
You're a blindingly intelligent woman when you allow yourself to be. You have two degrees -

HOLLY
Only *almost*.
DR. MURAI (CONT'D)
- from *CalTech*.

DR. MURAI (CONT'D)
I just hate to see you wasting your potential.

Holly's gaze snaps up at that - a flicker of fire.

HOLLY
I'm not "wasting" anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. MURAI
But are you happy?

HOLLY
Enough.

Dr. Murai makes a note.

DR. MURAI
Are you still working on your...
project?

HOLLY
My delusional time machine?

DR. MURAI
I never called it that.

HOLLY
Right.

DR. MURAI
(*I'm here to help...*)
Holly.

HOLLY
No, I'm not. I scrapped it.

The cuticle-picking resumes.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
It was nice to have something to
focus on. But. Like you said. It
wasn't productive.

Dr. Murai leans forward, capturing Holly's attention.

DR. MURAI
We all wish we could go back and
fix our mistakes. But that
absolves us of the responsibility
to make amends. It's not realistic
and it's not responsible.

Beat. Holly forces a smile.

HOLLY
Whatever you say.

INT. MORALES APARTMENT - HOLLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

A tasty dinner of dry PB&J. Holly's laptop is open on her bed.
She absently chews and scrolls.

An idea pops into her head. Holly opens FACEBOOK. Clicks the
search bar. Starts typing in ANITA...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stops. Major roadblock. *No last name.*

Sighing, Holly goes to shut her laptop -

And that's when her attention snags on the PEOPLE YOU MAY KNOW bar - and the photo of a SMILING MAN.

The heading proclaims him to be JEROME LAWRENCE (30s). He looks downright lovely - friendly, open - but Holly stares at his photo like it might explode in her face.

STANDOFF. Holly vs. the unblinking picture. A long moment -

HOLLY
Screw this.

And she SLAMS her laptop closed.

EXT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Street lamps fail at lighting the darkened street.

Holly trudges towards the school - DETOURS before the front door. Heading around the side of the building.

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

THE EMPTY CORRIDOR.

A door at the end is marked by an EXIT sign buzzing neon in the emergency lights.

CREEEEEAKKKK -

The door inches slowly inwards. Holly slips inside, pocketing a key she's not supposed to have.

She pauses for a moment, easing the door closed behind her. Turns to take in the hall -

- and makes direct eye contact with OLIVER (20s), a janitor with a mop and an unamused glare.

Beat.

HOLLY
Hey, Oliver.

He just rolls his eyes. Turns the volume up on his music.

Holly slips around him.

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Holly flips through her blue leather notebook as she walks - so distracted that she's halfway down the steps before she hears -

WHIRRING

Holly FREEZES.

HOLLY

Shit.

She TAKES OFF - notebook HITTING THE GROUND in her wake.

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - I.T. DEPARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

THE LIGHTS ARE ON. But that's the least of Holly's worries.

In the middle of the room, the massive covered object is no longer covered. The sheet puddles on the ground, revealing...

HOLLY'S DESIGN, BROUGHT TO LIFE.

Or nearly. Cylindrical and hefty - it's about the size of a refrigerator.

AND IT'S GLOWING.

HOLLY

Oh god -

She SCRAMBLES for the control panel.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Shit, shit, *shit* -

ANITA (O.S.)

Ahem.

Holly STOPS, her hand paused above the controls. Turns.

ANITA leans against the back wall. Hiding amusement.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Hi.

The machine continues to WHIR.

HOLLY

You - you shouldn't be here.

ANITA

Oh?

HOLLY

It's after-hours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANITA

Mhm.

Anita's eyes FLICK purposefully - machine-Holly-machine.

HOLLY

I can explain.

ANITA

I'm sure you can.

HOLLY

It's a... server. For the engineering department. They're always complaining about slow speeds, so I figured I'd work on -

ANITA

Holly.

FZZT - The machine SPARKS. Holly winces.

HOLLY

Please don't report me. I'll dismantle it.

ANITA

I don't want you to dismantle it.

Striding up to Holly, Anita looks her straight in the eye - scary-intense.

ANITA (CONT'D)

The fate of the universe depends on this machine.

Beat. Holly blinks at Anita.

HOLLY

What.

Sheepish laugh from Anita. She backs up slightly.

ANITA

Too intense, right? Damn it.

HOLLY

What's going on?

ANITA (CONT'D)

I've just been watching a lot of movies, trying to prepare for this moment.

HOLLY

What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANITA
Okay. Okay! I'm gonna tell you.
But you can't freak out. You're
not allowed. Promise you won't?

FZZT. Another SPARK. Holly's anxiety RATCHETS HIGHER.

ANITA (CONT'D)
I'm from the future. I've been
sent back in time to protect you.
(beat)
Like... a Sarah Conner thing.

HOLLY
I'm calling the cops.

She fishes her cellphone out of her bag.

ANITA
Waitwaitwait. Just listen for a
minute. Okay? One minute?

HOLLY
One minute.

Anita lets out a breath. Paces a bit.

ANITA
I'm from 2243. But that's not the
important part.
(Holly SNORTS)
In five days, you're going to
invent time travel.

Holly regards Anita for a long moment. Then - deliberately -
she begins dialing 9-1-1.

ANITA (CONT'D)
No, stop - you promised a minute.
Just listen. On November 15, 2023,
at 11:49pm GMT, somewhere in the
world, Holly Isabella Morales turns
on a time jumper for the first
time. That's from my middle school
textbook. Everyone knows that.

HOLLY
And you're Sarah Conner?

ANITA
No, *you're* Sarah Conner.

HOLLY
So this is Terminator 1, then.

FZZT. MORE SPARKING. The WHIRRING is louder. Holly backs away
from the machine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HOLLY (CONT'D)
You might want to get clear -

ANITA
Don't pretend like you haven't
noticed people acting weird around
you lately.
(off Holly -)
Other people. Following you.
Asking about you.

Holly goes ashen as she remembers. *The man in the street.*

HOLLY
Minute's up.

She hits DIAL.

ANITA
Don't you believe in time travel?

Through Holly's cell phone speaker, dispatch picks up - muffled.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
(through phone)
911, what's your emergency?

A SHOWER OF SPARKS ERUPTS FROM THE MACHINE.

HOLLY
Oh God -

She DIVES - Anita DOESN'T.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

ANITA
I want to know - why don't you
believe -

HOLLY
Please get down!

ANITA
Not until you say it.

HOLLY
Of course I believe in time travel!
But I'm not the one who invents it!

ANITA
You're building -

HOLLY
It doesn't work!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ZZZZT - another MASSIVE SHOWER of SPARKS -

ANITA DIVES -

Aaand the lights go out.

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS

Oliver, mopping the corridor a few floors up.

THE LIGHTS CUT OUT.

OLIVER

Awesome.

EXT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS

From this vantage point, we can see the lights go out ON THE WHOLE BLOCK.

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - I.T. DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

The machine WHINES as it winds down.

Holly - hands shaking - turns her cell's flashlight on. Shines it around the pitch-black room -

Landing on Anita. Too close, yet again.

ANITA

I understand if you need some time to process this. So when you're done - meet me at the Lighthouse Cafe at 5pm tomorrow.

(beat)

Holly Morales invents time travel. It's just... what happens.

And Anita is gone, leaving Holly alone in the dark.

EXT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - DAWN

RED AND BLUE POLICE LIGHTS flash from the squad cars in the street. It's the end of a long, long night.

Holly, coat clutched closed, stares into the middle distance.

She barely even blinks as Dean Ingram hurries up to her.

HOLLY

Hey, Dean Ingram.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN INGRAM
Yeah, let's go with "hey". Start
with "hey" when you explain to me
why Oliver just told me you tried
to blow up my school.

HOLLY
He told you *what*?

Oliver is standing further up the sidewalk, talking to a COP.

DEAN INGRAM
Bomb. The *nuclear bomb* you built
in my *basement*.

HOLLY
It's not a bomb.

DEAN INGRAM
Yeah? Then how did you manage to
blow power to the *entire street*?

HOLLY
There was a calibration issue.

DEAN INGRAM
A *calibration issue*?! *Jesus*.
You're suspended.

HOLLY
Suspended?

DEAN INGRAM
Suspended. Pre-fired. *You built a
bomb in my basement*.

MOVEMENT at the end of the block draws Holly's eye - a LARGE MAN
walking his dog.

For a moment, he looks like the HULKING MAN from earlier. Holly
hugs her coat closed tighter.

DEAN INGRAM (CONT'D)
I thought I was doing you a favor.
With your record - you should have
been grateful that I -

HOLLY
I - I have to go.

DEAN INGRAM
We're not done here - hey!

But Holly is already slipping away down the street.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER

On Holly - rounding the corner at a brisk pace.

Her eyes move constantly - scanning for the Hulking Man. For Anita. For *anyone*.

She breaks into a JOG. A RUN.

A SPRINT.

INT. MORALES APARTMENT - DAY

By the time the door closes, Holly is halfway down the hall.

HOLLY
Rose? Rose!

She rounds into -

INT. MORALES APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... the dining room.

Rose is at the table, a cup of coffee in front of her.

AND SHE'S NOT ALONE.

The HULKING MAN lounges across from her - coffee in his hand.

ROSE
You don't have to *shout*.

The Hulking Man smiles up at Holly.

HULKING MAN
Coffee?

Off Holly - reeling.

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - OFFICE - DAY

DEAN INGRAM'S office. He's working his way through a massive glass of whiskey, across from Dr. Sullivan.

DEAN INGRAM
You should see this thing. The size of my refrigerator.

DR. SULLIVAN
Ridiculous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN INGRAM
I'm just glad she didn't burn down
the building.

As he DRAINS his glass, we move back...

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - DAY

... into the hallway... where ANITA stands. Folders clutched in her arms. LISTENING AT THE DOOR.

DR. SULLIVAN
What are you doing with it?

DEAN INGRAM
Oliver and Armando are moving it to
the loading dock. We'll have
someone come junk it tomorrow.

DR. SULLIVAN
Mind if I take a look at it first?

Ingram refills his glass.

DEAN INGRAM
The thing's yours if you want it.

Off Anita: wheels turning...

INT. MORALES APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DAY

Right where we left off - Holly's gaze bouncing between Rose and the Hulking Man - or PARKS, as we will come to know him.

HOLLY
What's going on?

ROSE
Mr. Parks is doing you a *favor*.

PARKS
Oh Rose, please call me Daniel.
(to Holly)
I know I should have called ahead.
But when I found it, I realized I
didn't have your number!

HOLLY
Found what?

Still with the smile, Parks slides something across the table.

HOLLY'S NOTEBOOK. Last seen in the Mulligan University stairwell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS
You left it in my office after our
brainstorm.

ROSE
And why do I have to hear from your
coworker that you're branching out
from I.T.?

HOLLY
I'm not.

PARKS
Holly and I are keeping our project
quiet until we've got... concrete
results. I wouldn't want to get
her in trouble with the university.
If they found out, who knows what
could happen?

He says it lightly, but there's an edge there - one only HOLLY
picks up on.

HOLLY
Thank you. For bringing it by.

PARKS
My pleasure.

Parks pushes to his feet.

PARKS (CONT'D)
Anyway. I should be heading out.
Thank you for the coffee, Rose.

ROSE
Of course.

PARKS
Holly - I'll see you on Monday!

His hand lands on Holly's shoulder. SQUEEZES.

And he's gone.

ROSE
Well he seems nice.

Holly stares at the chair where he'd been sitting - not
registering as Rose begins to collect coffee mugs.

HOLLY
What did he say to you?

ROSE
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLLY
What. Did he tell you.

ROSE
Just that you're working together -

HOLLY
Anything else?

ROSE
You're being weird.

HOLLY
Rose. *Anything else?*

ROSE
No! Are you - feeling okay?

HOLLY
I'm fine.

She paces to the window, studying the street below - searching for any sign of Parks.

ROSE
You didn't come home last night.

HOLLY
I was at work.

ROSE
With that guy? Did he - he didn't -

HOLLY
Didn't wha- *no!*

ROSE
You can talk to me. I want you to talk to me.

Nothing from Holly. Frustrated, Rose stalks forward and grabs her sister's arm - forcing her around to face her.

ROSE (CONT'D)
What is *up* with you?

HOLLY
You wouldn't believe me.

ROSE
You have to know what you sound like.

Holly reels back - stung.

HOLLY
What do I sound like?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROSE
I didn't mean like -

HOLLY
What do I sound like, Rose?

ROSE
I just want you to trust me -

HOLLY
You think I sound crazy.

ROSE
Yes. You sound crazy! You sound
paranoid and crazy!

Beat. Holly brimming with hurt and vindication - Rose with
regret and anger -

And without another word, Holly turns and SLAMS out of the room.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Holly -

INT. MORALES APARTMENT - HOLLY'S ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

That CALTECH DUFFEL is already open on the floor when Rose
arrives.

SWEATERS - JEANS - UNDERWEAR - Holly stuffs them all inside.

ROSE
What are you doing?

MR. DONUT joins the pile.

HOLLY
You wanted me gone. I'm going.

ROSE
Yeah? Where to?

Holly just shoulders her bag with a vindictive SNARL. Pushes
past her sister -

INT. MORALES APARTMENT - FRONT HALL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

- into the hallway.

ROSE
Holly - !

SLAM -

The front door RATTLING in its frame as it closes -

EXT. MORALES APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Holly's breath GHOSTS in the air as she stomps onto the steps - the duffel bag slung over her shoulder.

PARKS (O.S.)
Miss Morales.

And Parks steps out in front of Holly.

Despite her anger, Holly takes a step back. Makes up for it by GLARING up at him.

HOLLY
You. Stop following me. You stay
away from me and my family.

PARKS
Or you'll what? Call the cops?
You think they'd believe you?

He *tsks* behind his teeth.

HOLLY
What do you want?

PARKS
I want to help you. You might not
believe me, Miss Morales, but in
five days, your time jumper is -

HOLLY	PARKS (CONT'D)		
Did you say "time jumper"?	- going to go online.	*	*

PARKS (CONT'D)
By the end of the week, you're
going to -

HOLLY
Invent time travel. I know this
part already. But did you say
"time ju-"

PARKS
How do you "know this part
already"?

He's crowding into her space. Looming. Threatening.

HOLLY
Please get away from me.

PARKS
Did someone tell you? Who told
you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY
Please. Get away from me.

PARKS
(*realization*)
Ah. I see.

Then - continuing to crowd into Holly's space -

PARKS (CONT'D)
Miss Morales. You have a unique opportunity in front of you. And because of that, there will be people who try to take it from you. For your own safety - and the safety of your lovely family - when that time jumper goes online? You turn it over to me.

RATTLE-RATTLE-RATTLE -

A can of something - SHAKING.

HOLLY
You need. To back off.

Glancing down - Parks clocks the can of MACE in Holly's hand.

PARKS
You're making a mistake.

Holly levels the mace at him.

PARKS (CONT'D)
I thought you'd be smarter than this.

And with that, he turns and walks up the street.

Hold on Holly a beat - frozen in shock -

And in a BURST of energy, she turns -

DASHES THE OTHER WAY.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE CAFE - AFTERNOON

The kitschy nautical-themed cafe is crowded. Anita holds a corner table hostage, feet up on the other chair.

THUMP.

Holly's bag SLAMS onto the table.

Holly - looking harried - stares down at Anita.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY

What happens when I can't get it to work? Billions of people in the future, and I screw up this part of the past. What happens?

ANITA

You won't screw up.

HOLLY

That bad, huh?

ANITA

I'm gonna guess - from all this. That you believe me?

HOLLY

You called it a time jumper.

ANITA

What?

HOLLY

My machine. You called it a time jumper. That Parks guy called it a time jumper.

ANITA

You saw Parks?

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I call it a time jumper. But nobody else knows that.

ANITA

It's just what they're called. Where I'm from.

HOLLY

The future. You're from the future.

Anita NODS.

And all at once, the air seeps out of Holly.

She collapses into the chair. Anita BARELY scootches her feet out of the way in time.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

ANITA

Yeah.

Anita slides over her coffee. Holly takes a deep sip.

HOLLY

I need to - questions. I have a lot of questions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANITA

I bet.

HOLLY

If what you're saying is true,
there should be - people in silver
spandex goggling at us, right?

Anita BURSTS OUT LAUGHING.

ANITA

Sorry! Sorry. God. There isn't
any silver spandex. You haven't...
done your thing yet.

(off Holly)

The moment time travel is invented
is the moment it becomes possible.
If you travel before its
invention...

HOLLY

There'd be nothing to send you
back. You'd be stuck.

ANITA

Exactly.

HOLLY

Which means you're stuck.

ANITA

I'm here to protect you. I'm doing
my job. And. Once you turn that
jumper on - I get to go home.

HOLLY

But it doesn't work. It's just a
fireworks show.

ANITA

It'll work.

HOLLY

You don't understand.

She digs into her bag - produces her blue leather notebook and
flips it open to a diagram.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Time travel requires negative
energy density in order to
counteract the kinetic -

ANITA

Blah blah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HOLLY
- and something to *create* that
negative energy density. A field
generator.

ANITA
Does it exist?

HOLLY
... Yes.

ANITA
Great. Let's go get it.

HOLLY
You want to just run out to the
store and grab a -

ANITA
Can we do that?

HOLLY
There's only *one* in North America.
And it's in a lab. At the
University of British Columbia.

This does not have the dampening effect Holly expected. Anita
pushes to her feet.

ANITA
Great! Let's go!

HOLLY
I don't know if you heard me -

ANITA
Sure! We get to Vancouver - get
the - thingy -

HOLLY
N.E.D. generator -

ANITA
- sure, and get this thing running!

HOLLY
By November 15th.

ANITA
Easy as pie.

HOLLY
Anita.

Anita's already out the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Anita!

She STUMBLES to her feet and takes off after Anita.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE CAFE - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER

Holly emerges from the cafe just moments after Anita - trotting to keep up.

But she DRAWS UP when she spots...

A MASSIVE, ANCIENT PICKUP TRUCK

Parked on the curb. And Anita beside it - unlocking the door.

HOLLY

What is *that*?

Maybe it was white once? But now it's just sort of... mud.

ANITA

Our ride.

HOLLY

It's an antique.

ANITA

We need to fly under the radar.

Anita YANKS the door open. GRINS.

ANITA (CONT'D)

You coming or what?

A beat as Holly considers her options. The duffel bag in her hand. The glittering woman in front of her. The *future*.

And she opens her own door.

EXT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Anita backs the truck against the loading dock.

Inside, Holly chews her lip.

ANITA

Just keep watch. If you see anyone coming, warn me.

HOLLY

How?

ANITA

You'll figure it out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And she clambers onto the loading dock.

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS

The front hall. Oliver mopping. PEACEFUL.

Which is why the front door BUSTING INWARDS scares him so much.

OLIVER

Shit - !

PARKS marches inside. Spots Oliver. COLLARS him.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

We- we're closed -

But Parks just SHOVES his phone in Oliver's face - a photo of ANITA on the screen.

PARKS

Have you seen this woman?

Terrified, Oliver just shakes his head.

PARKS (CONT'D)

What about the time jumper?

OLIVER

Ti- time jumper?

PARKS

Big machine.

OLIVER

The bomb thing? We brought it up that way -

He points a shaking finger down the hall.

With a disgusted HUFF, Parks SHOVES him away.

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Anita has found the time jumper. It LOOMS above her.

ANITA

Okay...

Oliver has helpfully left a WHEELED DOLLY beside it. Anita ineptly maneuvers the dolly underneath the jumper.

LEVERS -

AND LEVERS -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fuck, this thing is heavy.

With a CREAK, the jumper TILTS a centimeter into the air.

Puffing with exertion, Anita begins the slow process of dragging it towards the back door.

INT./EXT. ANITA'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Mr. Donut has escaped from Holly's bag into her hands. She SQUEEZES him, keeping her nervous gaze on the back door.

MOVEMENT in one of the back windows.

PARKS moving down a hall. TOWARDS ANITA.

HOLLY

Oh no...

She casts around for something - *anything* - to stall Parks.

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Parks' feet RING OUT on the linoleum.

Faintly - around the distant corner - the CREAK of something MOVING snags his attention.

Frowning, Parks strides faster.

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Unaware of the approaching threat, Anita continues her slow, steady pace towards the distant exit.

INT./EXT. ANITA'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Holly, frantically taps on her cell - pulling up -

REMOTE LOGIN - basic software with USERNAME and PASSWORD fields.

Furiously, Holly begins to TYPE.

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Parks is approaching the end of the corridor. If he turns the corner, there is no chance he'll miss Anita.

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Anita SQUEAKS her way to the exit - so close, so close -

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Parks draws parallel with a locked office - passes it -

DR. SULLIVAN (O.S.)
(through door)
The implications are myriad.

He BRAKES. Stares at the closed office door.

DR. SULLIVAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
For example, when this is applied
to electromagnetic radiation -

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - SULLIVAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

BLAM -

Parks KICKS IN the locked door.

It's pitch-black inside. Except...

Sullivan's high-end desktop is ON. Streaming footage of one of Sullivan's lectures.

DR. SULLIVAN
(on-screen)
- higher frequencies become red-
shifted and lower frequencies
become blue -

FURIOUS, Parks SLAMS the door closed -

In the neon glow of the computer screen, we can barely make out -

STACKS OF NOTES. In Holly's handwriting. Strewn across Sullivan's desk.

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Anita FINALLY hits the exit. Reaches for the doorknob -

The door FLIES OPEN.

Holly stands on the other side. WILD-EYED.

HOLLY
What's *taking* so long?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANITA

Did you have to make it so heavy?

Together, they HAUL it out onto the loading dock.

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Parks TURNS into the maintenance corridor...

To find it EMPTY.

At a loss, he turns in a circle for a moment - then -

OUTSIDE, AN ENGINE REVS.

Parks SPRINTS to the exit. FLINGS the door open -

EXT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

- and steps out onto the loading dock in time to see -

DISTANT TAIL-LIGHTS

Winking into the darkness.

OFF PARKS: FURY BUILDING.

INT./EXT. ANITA'S TRUCK - NIGHT

The cab of the truck RUMBLES along with the engine as the car RIPS down the highway.

Holly is still clutching at the roof.

HOLLY

Jesus. *JE-sus.*

Anita, cool and collected behind the wheel, shoots her a sideways smile.

ANITA

What did I tell you? Easy as pie.

HOLLY

I don't know what kind of pie
you've got in the future -

HOLLY (CONT'D)

- but that wasn't -

ANITA

I walked into that one -

HOLLY

Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANITA
Cheer up! You're making history!

Holly glances backwards - at the sheet-covered time jumper blocking the rear window.

HOLLY
What is that guy's deal?

ANITA
He's dangerous.

HOLLY
Specifics, please.

ANITA
He's a criminal. A grifter. Ran from the cops a couple hundred years from now and wound up stranded back here.

HOLLY
Does that happen a lot?!

ANITA
Sometimes.

HOLLY
Should we go back? Do you need to arrest him?

ANITA
You're my first responsibility, Holly. I'm here for you. As long as you're safe, I'm happy.

And isn't *that* a hell of a thing to say. Holly has no response.

ANITA (CONT'D)
How long do you think before we lose the radio signal?

And she PUNCHES the radio's ON-BUTTON.

Pre-lap: PHONE RINGING.

INT. MORALES APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Rose JOLTS upright in bed. With PJs and messy hair, she looks more like Holly than ever.

Bleary-eyed, Rose gropes for her phone. ANSWERS without checking the caller ID.

ROSE
Holly?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But the muffled voice on the other end is MALE.

Rose blinks away sleep - struggling to focus.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Speaking.
(beat)
She *what?!*

Phone pressed to her ear - Rose ERUPTS out of bed.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The muddy truck stands in an empty rural Ohio gas station.

Anita leans against the door, staring up at the chilly sky as gas pumps into the truck.

HOLLY (O.S.)
(muffled)
The shifting doesn't seem to have
damaged the circuits, but I'd want
to run a full diagnostic before
turning it on again.

ANITA
M-hm.

Anita seems to be the only person in the parking lot. Holly's voice is coming out of nowhere.

HOLLY (O.S.)
We should pick up some straps or
something. To hold it in place.
And take it easy on the curves when
we get out of the plains.

ANITA
What are your thoughts on Cheetos?

HOLLY (O.S.)
What?

ANITA
I'm thinking of trying Cheetos. I
wanted to get your thoughts.

In the back of the truck, the sheet covering the machine MOVES.
Holly sticks her head out.

HOLLY
You've never had Cheetos?

INT./EXT. ANITA'S TRUCK - DAY - LATER

CRUNCHING.

Both women are working their way through a giant bag of CHEETOS.

HOLLY
I guess it makes sense. They
probably got rid of junk food in
the future, right?

Anita's LAUGH SPRAYS Cheeto crumbs on the windshield.

ANITA
Junk food is forever.

HOLLY
Hm.

She is seriously considering the historical weight of the neon orange bag in her hand.

ANITA
You wanna know what else they don't
have in the future?

HOLLY
No.

ANITA
You do. I can tell.

HOLLY
You don't know me that well.

ANITA
I can tell when someone is curious
about something. Come on. Ask.
"Please, Anita! I'm dying over
here!" You're seriously telling me
you don't want to know what's
coming down the pike?

HOLLY
Asking wouldn't be ethical.

ANITA
You think it would be *cheating*?

HOLLY
Like Biff Tannen.

ANITA
Oh my god.

HOLLY
You have to have seen that one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANITA

No shit I've seen that one. But listen - you're only a few days off from inventing time travel. The entire future is about to become a very open book for you.

Holly frowns. Considering.

Sensing weakness, Anita plows forward.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Ask. Ask-ask-ask-ask-

HOLLY

One thing. Tell me one thing they don't have in the future.

Anita grins. *Victory.*

ANITA

Toothpaste.

Beat. Holly takes this in.

HOLLY

Weird.

And she CHOMPS DOWN a Cheeto.

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY

Rose and Jamie sit on a bench at the edge of the bullpen.

Jamie is pretending to READ - something with monsters and wizards on the cover.

Across the bullpen, Dean Ingram is giving a statement to a UNIFORMED COP. Rose stares at him, leg jiggling.

JAMIE

Is Aunt Holly in a lot of trouble?

ROSE

I don't know, honey.

JAMIE

Then where is she?

Rose has no answer for her son.

OFFICER CHEN (O.S.)

Ms. Morales?

OFFICER CHEN (30s), soft-spoken, stands in front of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER CHEN (CONT'D)
Would you come with me, please?

INT. POLICE STATION - BREAK ROOM - DAY

A KEURIG finishes brewing. Officer Chen hands the mug to Rose.
Jamie kicks his feet in an uncomfortable plastic chair.

ROSE
This just doesn't seem like her.
Holly's... she's too smart to do
something like this.

OFFICER CHEN
Neil Ingram's pretty convinced
otherwise.

JAMIE
Aunt Holly says Dean Ingram's an
idiot.

Chen raises an eyebrow at Rose. She shrugs.

ROSE
She's not wrong.

OFFICER CHEN
Can you tell me about your sister?

ROSE
I mean... what do you want to know?

OFFICER CHEN
If she had any new friends, or...
mentioned anything odd to you -

With a glance towards Jaime, Chen lowers his voice.

OFFICER CHEN (CONT'D)
We know about her record. If she
seemed like she was -

ROSE
That's all in the past.

JAMIE
Do you know where Aunt Holly is?

ROSE
Jamie.

OFFICER CHEN
That's one of the things we're
trying to find out.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER CHEN (CONT'D)
If your mom knows anything, that
might help us get your aunt back
faster.

Rose lets out her breath in a shaky sigh.

ROSE
Holly doesn't... have a lot of
friends. She lives with us, and
we're close, but -
(breaking slightly -)
We got in a fight. A - a bad one.
She was acting weird about a
coworker and things kind of -
spiraled from there -

OFFICER CHEN
And she left.

ROSE
Yes.

Chen PLOPS a folder down in front of Rose. Two PHOTOS stare up
at her - stills from campus CCTV. Anita and Holly with the time
jumper on one side. Parks on the other.

OFFICER CHEN
Do you recognize either of them?
Both were with your sister last
night. One was working at the
university, but the other... we
have no idea.

Rose leans closer. Fixated on the time jumper.

ROSE
Is that - what Holly stole?

OFFICER CHEN
Does it look familiar?

ROSE
(yes)
That's the coworker. The guy that
freaked Holly out - he said his
name was Daniel Parks.

She taps the photo with Parks in it.

OFFICER CHEN
Daniel Parks, you said?

ROSE
Yes?

Chen taps his pencil on Anita's photo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OFFICER CHEN
This is Anita Knox. The Mulligan
employee.

ROSE
Which means that guy...

OFFICER CHEN
Whatever this Parks guy told you,
Miss Morales... *he lied.*

Off Rose - looking out over a growing sea of trouble.

INT./EXT. ANITA'S TRUCK - EVENING

Holly dozes. Quiet R&B plays in the background.

KA-CHUNK -

The truck hits a giant POTHOLE. Holly's head THUNKS the window.

Shit - ANITA Ow - ! HOLLY

Holly rubs her scalp, blinking at the growing dusk outside.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Where are we?

ANITA
Just outside of Chicago.

Glancing at the clock, Holly winces.

HOLLY
You should have woken me up. I
could have taken a shift.

ANITA
I'm fine. We're stopping anyway.

We are? HOLLY

ANITA
I know someone with a motel.
Figured it would be nicer than
spending the night in the truck.

HOLLY
You have friends in Chicago?

ANITA
I have people who owe me in
Chicago. And if we speed, we might
be able to make it by dinner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And she PUNCHES THE GAS, ZOOMING towards the Chicago skyline.

EXT. AMERICANA MOTEL - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The seediest, grimmest motel on the south side. Holly slouches alone in the truck watching the clerk's office.

INT. AMERICANA MOTEL - CLERK'S OFFICE - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS

A bell TINKLES as Anita pushes into the bulletproof glass-ed clerk's office.

Behind the glass, WALTER (40s), a human weasel, looks up.

WALTER

Oh.

ANITA

Hey, Walter.

He straightens up, looking cornered as Anita approaches.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Ready to pay up?

INT./EXT. ANITA'S TRUCK - NIGHT - INTERCUT

From this distance, Holly can't hear any of their conversation.

BZZ - BZZ -

The buzzing of a cell phone. Holly JOLTS in surprise, nearly scattering her meds - then digs out her phone.

ROSE'S PHOTO stares up from the caller I.D.

Beat.

Holly sends the call to voicemail.

INT. MORALES APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Rose paces the room. Her cell phone is pressed to her ear.

She SLUMPS when Holly's voicemail kicks in.

HOLLY (O.S.)

This is Holly. Leave a message!

BEEEEEEP -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSE
I don't know if you're getting
these, or if you're okay, or... but
there's something weird going on,
and I - Please call me, Holly. I
just want to know you're safe. I
love you.

And looking very small, Rose hangs up.

INT./EXT. ANITA'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Holly's screen lights up with:

22 MISSED CALLS

45 TEXTS

5 VOICEMAILS

All from ROSE. Holly studies the screen, wracked with guilt.

The driver's-side door FLIES OPEN.

Anita - looking more irritated than before - grabs her bag.

ANITA
Sorry. Walter owes me, but that
doesn't mean he's not a creep.
(off Holly -)
Everything okay?

Holly pockets her phone again.

HOLLY
Fine.

ANITA
C'mon. We're in 6.

Holly follows Anita out of the truck. But when she glances over
at the clerk's office -

- she finds Walter STARING at her.

INTENT. UNNERVING.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Holly!

With one final, troubled look, Holly trails after Anita.

Off Walter's unblinking stare -

INT. AMERICANA MOTEL - ROOM 6 - NIGHT

THE HISS OF A SHOWER RUNNING.

Holly stares at the ceiling above one of the double beds in the dark - trying not to listen.

She INHALES -

1... 2... 3... 4... 5... 6... 7...

And EXHALES -

1... 2... 3... 4... 5... 6... 7...

Her fingers wrapped around MR. DONUT.

INHALES -

1... 2... 3... 4...

THE SHOWER SQUEAKS OFF.

Holly SLAMS her eyes closed - feigning sleep - just in time for Anita to open the bathroom door.

Beat. Anita stands in the bathroom door, silhouetted by the light behind her - drying her hair.

Holly tries not to peek.

Then - with a SHRUG of a movement - Anita FLICKS OUT the bathroom light.

INT. AMERICANA MOTEL - CLERK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

From across the lot, Walter watches the light in room 6 go out.

He reaches for the phone. DIALS.

RING... RING... RI-

Someone answers. Indistinct.

WALTER

It's Walter. I wanna make a deal.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - MORNING

Your classic greasy spoon diner. Anita and Holly have taken over a booth by the window. Breakfast food spread between them.

ANITA

São Paulo. New Year's Eve, 3000.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY
You've never been?

ANITA
Never got around to it.

She shoves eggs into her mouth.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Everyone agrees, though. Best
party in history.

HOLLY
What's the furthest you've been?

ANITA
Mmm. There was this class trip in
eighth grade, I think? 2809.
Museums. Boring.

HOLLY
"Boring."

ANITA
What about you? Once you get that
thing running.

There's an answer on Holly's tongue... but she switches gears.

HOLLY
1984, maybe? March 12.

ANITA
What's March 12?

HOLLY
My parents' wedding. Or - the
1890s. Let H.G. Wells know he got
a few things wrong.

ANITA
The past is out. You'd get stuck.

HOLLY
Right. Right.

ANITA
But the future. Anywhere you'd
like to go? Any *time*?

HOLLY
I guess I never thought about it.

ANITA
Fifteen years you've been working
on this thing, and you never
thought about it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Holly SHRUGS.

HOLLY
I don't know what's out there. I
wouldn't know when to aim.

ANITA
But isn't that part of the fun?

HOLLY
Time travel isn't *fun* -

ANITA
It can be. Hold on -

Anita digs a PEN out of her bag. Opens up a DINER NAPKIN.

HOLLY
What are you doing?

ANITA
Making you a list.

HOLLY
Anita...

ANITA
Just twenty places. Maybe fifty.
"Top Fifty Eras To Visit Before You
Die" -

HOLLY
You know I can't look at that.

ANITA
You sure? We can check out São
Paulo together.
(nudging Holly)
Come on. Fireworks like you've
never seen. Food like - amazing
food. And the music is supposed to
be - woooooo. The *best*. Don't you
like dancing?

Holly considers Anita for a moment.

HOLLY
What kind of food are we talking?

Off Anita - her smile widening.

INT. AMERICANA MOTEL - CLERK'S OFFICE - DAY

A COFFEE MUG. Could use a wash.

Steaming, burnt coffee STREAMS into it. Almost overflowing -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS (O.S.)
That's enough.

We're back in the Americana Motel. WALTER steps back, coffee pot in hand - TREMBLING, trying to hide it.

Parks, seated comfortably, smiles up at him.

PARKS (CONT'D)
It's good to see you, Walter. When was the last time? Des Moines?

WALTER
2598.

PARKS
When you shoved Agent Greenleaf into traffic and ran for it.

WALTER
That was... another life.

PARKS
You don't have to explain yourself to me. I get it.

He takes a SIP. Winces.

PARKS (CONT'D)
God.

WALTER
I called you about Anita, anyway.

PARKS
Right! Right. Your old friend.

WALTER
You get her, you leave me alone?

PARKS
You tell me which direction she went and it'll be like I never saw you. Pinky-swear.

He actually DOES hold out his pinky. Walter regards it for a beat - not so sure -

Then LINKS PINKIES with Parks -

And is YANKED FORWARD across the table BY THE PINKY. Face-to-face with Parks.

PARKS (CONT'D)
What was that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALTER
Pinky-swear.

Pre-lap: the truck RUMBLING.

INT./EXT. ANITA'S TRUCK - DAY

HOLLY at the wheel this time - TERRIFIED. Anita coaches her from the passenger's seat.

ANITA
Okay, now just like we practiced...
clutch, shift, gas...

HOLLY
Can't we just stay in this gear?

ANITA
You're in third.

HONK-HOOOOONK -

A MASSIVE SEMI-TRUCK BLARES past them.

HOLLY
I can't do this.

ANITA
You can -

HOLLY
Why do you even *drive* stick? Why
do you have stick-shifts in the
future?

ANITA
I like driving stick -

HOLLY
How do you have manual
transmissions and not Cheetos?

ANITA
You can do this, Holly.

A PRIUS zips past - driver giving them the finger.

HOLLY
Okay. Okay. Just - distract me.

ANITA
Uh -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY
Talk to me, tell me something.
I'll shift when I'm not thinking
about it.

ANITA
Okay. Okay. Um.
(thinking)
So when I was eleven -

HOLLY
No future stuff!

ANITA
I can't tell you anything about
where I'm from?

HOLLY
How about... if you could do one
thing now, what would it be?

Anita takes in Holly's profile - her face close, tense.

ANITA
Like... in this truck?

HOLLY
In 2023. Anyone you want to see?
Anything you'd like to visit?

Beat. Anita seems to be seriously considering this.

ANITA
Trevor Knox.
(off Holly -)
My great-great-great-whatever
grandfather. I think he's...
fortysomething now? Living
somewhere in North Dakota? He was
a total legend in my family - I was
obsessed with him when I was a kid.

HOLLY
He was with law enforcement?

ANITA
On and off. He had a lot of
interests. He's kind of why I -

HOLLY
Uh - Anita -

Holly has her eyes glued to the rearview mirror.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Does that guy... look familiar?

Peering into the mirror, Anita can see -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PARKS -

Driving the SUV behind them.

ANITA
Shit. Parks.

HOLLY
Do you think he saw us?

At that, Parks GUNS his engine - gaining on them with a ROAR -

ANITA
Okay. Okay.

HOLLY
Anita...

ANITA
You're gonna have to gun it. Do
you think you can do that?

HOLLY
But I can't -

ANITA
You can, okay? It's super easy -
just ease down on the clutch -

THUNK-THUNK - Holly tries to JOSTLE to fourth gear -

ANITA (CONT'D)
Gas - gas - gas -

The truck REVS. GROANS. And nearly STALLS -

ANITA (CONT'D)
Okay, okay, okay -

HOLLY
You should drive. Why am I
driving? Here -

Panicked, she reaches for her seatbelt -

ANITA
We can't switch now, are you nuts?

Parks is gaining rapidly in the rearview. And in front of them -

Despite the lower speed, Anita and Holly are approaching a long
line of SEMI TRUCKS. Puttering along in the right lane.

One of the semis - about two ahead in line - has its right
blinker on.

And they're coming up on a turnoff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANITA (CONT'D)
I'm going to suggest something.
You're gonna hate it.

HOLLY
I'm already hating this. What is
it?

ANITA
Get in the left lane. And push the
gas as hard as you can.

HOLLY
God.

Gritting her teeth, she merges into the left lane. And
ACCELERATES.

The engine dial on the dashboard starts to rise.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
This isn't good for the engine -

ANITA
I know, I know -

They're starting to pass semi trucks -

HOLLY
We'll overheat and -

ANITA
When I tell you to merge right, do
it, okay?

HOLLY
I don't know if -

ANITA
DO IT.

Holly YANKS the wheel - SWERVING into the right lane -

JUST IN FRONT OF THE SEMI WITH ITS TURN SIGNAL ON.

The driver of the semi LEANS on his horn -

ANITA (CONT'D)
And off here!

- but Holly keeps the truck steady ahead of the semi, taking the
exit with the massive eighteen-wheeler on their tail.

INT./EXT. PARKS' SUV - DAY

Zippering through cars, Parks keeps his eyes on the line of semi-trucks ahead of him -

- but - from his perspective - the exiting semi truck BLOCKS HIS VIEW OF HOLLY AND ANITA'S PICKUP.

He completely MISSES the pickup exiting the freeway - BLASTING PAST the exit, TEARING UP THE LEFT LANE - scanning the line of semi-trucks as he drives.

INT./EXT. ANITA'S TRUCK - DAY

Holly is wilting behind the steering wheel, going pale.

HOLLY
Oh my God. Oh my God?

ANITA
Calm down.

HOLLY
How did he know where we went?!?

ANITA
It must have been Walter.

HOLLY
That guy from the motel? I thought he was your friend!

ANITA
Okay. Just breathe, Holly.

HOLLY
I need - I need to pull over. I need -

ANITA
We can't stop - he'll notice we pulled off and -

HOLLY
Just give me a minute, would you?

Beat. Anita relents.

ANITA
One minute.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The truck ZIPS past a looming billboard for -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE FIBERGLASS GRAVEYARD. ONE MILE.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. FIBERGLASS GRAVEYARD - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

THE ACTUAL FIBERGLASS GRAVEYARD.

This is America's WHIMSICAL JUNKYARD - a gigantic expanse littered with the shells of COWS, SHARKS, MERMAIDS, COWBOYS...

THUNK-THUNK-THUNK -

Knuckles on fiberglass.

Find HOLLY - rapping on the side of a MASSIVE ICE CREAM CONE STATUE. Even on its side, it's taller than she is.

Stepping back, she casts a doubtful look up at the statue.

HOLLY
I don't get it.

Behind her, Anita leans against the hood of the truck. She's antsy, keeping an eye on the road.

ANITA
It's a big ice cream. What's not to get?

HOLLY
If it was real, sure. This is... a dump.

ANITA
You ready to get out of here?

She's jumpy. Fidgety. Holly clocks this.

HOLLY
This Parks guy really gets to you.

ANITA
No he doesn't.

HOLLY
Okay. But he does, though.

ANITA
He's a bad guy. And a criminal.
What do you want me to say? You've met him. He sucks.

HOLLY
What did he do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Anita just rolls her eyes, pushing away from the truck.

ANITA
We don't have time for the list.

HOLLY
What did he do to *you*, then?

ANITA
Nothing.
(off Holly -)
Jesus, would you just trust me?

HOLLY
I *am*. I'm trusting you're from
where you say you're from, and...
that I can do what you -

	ANITA	HOLLY (CONT'D)	
Great -		But when a huge guy comes to my apartment and then <i>chases</i> <i>me down the highway</i> -	* * * *

RING-RING-RING -

It takes Holly a solid moment to realize that the cell phone ringing is actually hers. She digs it out of her pocket, staring down at ROSE'S face on the caller ID.

ANITA
You should take that.

And without another word, Anita STALKS into the maze of fiberglass statues.

With a frustrated SIGH, Holly sends Rose's call to voicemail.

EXT. FIBERGLASS GRAVEYARD - AFTERNOON

The lines of looming statues close in around Anita as she marches further and further - not really absorbing the absurd surroundings.

EXT. FIBERGLASS GRAVEYARD - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Holly's phone is still in her hand as she slinks back to Anita's truck. Leans back against the sun-warmed DOOR.

BUZZZZ -

Text alert. Already regretting it, Holly opens the message.

JUST TELL ME YOU'RE OKAY.

From Rose. Of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Holly chews her lip. Then - a burst of a decision - she pulls up her sister's contact info - and the CALL CONTACT button.

Her finger descends on the call button - when -

TIRES ON GRAVEL.

An SUV pulls into the parking lot.

Holly glances up in time to spot PARKS in the driver's seat.

With a SQUEAK, she ducks around the far side of the truck.

Stay on her as she listens - heart hammering - to Parks opening his door. Landing on the gravel.

In the space beneath the truck, Holly can see Parks' shoes approaching.

Pausing.

Circling around the back.

Holding her breath, Holly army-crawls around the front of the truck - keeping out of sight.

But even though she's careful to be quiet - her knee lands in a patch of gravel.

CRUUUNCH.

Parks PAUSES on the far side of the truck. LISTENING.

Holly FREEZES.

Silence. Then -

Parks CRUNCHES away - INTO THE FIBERGLASS GRAVEYARD.

Holly listens to him go, heart hammering.

EXT. FIBERGLASS GRAVEYARD - AFTERNOON

Anita ambles through the graveyard - not enjoying herself, but not ready to face Holly either.

She rounds a massive CHICKEN STATUE -

To see PARKS at the end of the path.

Anita DUCKS BACK around the statue, lightening-quick -

PARKS

Knox!

- but not quick enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Anita presses herself back against the fiberglass, eyes DARTING - searching for a way out -

PARKS (CONT'D)
I know you're there.

Carefully, Anita sidles around the far side of the statue - creeping towards the neighboring statue: a hulking SHARK.

PARKS (CONT'D)
Where's the inventor? You run her off yet?

The CRUNCH of dirt under his boots heralds his approach. Keeping low in the overgrown grass, Anita DARTS for the shark -

Just as Parks turns the corner.

He pauses, frowning down the empty path.

PARKS (CONT'D)
If you haven't, you will. Being around you is dangerous. I'd tell you to just ask Walter, but good luck finding him again.

Slowly, he paces forward -

PARKS (CONT'D)
The sooner you come out, the easier I'll go on you. You've got five seconds, Knox -

- drawing closer to the shark -

PARKS (CONT'D)
Four... three... two...

And he rounds the shark -

PARKS (CONT'D)
One!

FINDING NOTHING ON THE OTHER SIDE.

ANITA HAS DISAPPEARED.

With a HUFF of annoyance, he stalks down the path.

A long beat - then -

ANITA STICKS HER HEAD OUT OF THE SHARK'S MOUTH.

EXT. FIBERGLASS GRAVEYARD - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

Cautious, Anita creeps towards the parking lot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But coming in sight of the lot, she can see -
THE TRUCK IS GONE.

Anita FREEZES - stunned -

And a hand DESCENDS ON HER SHOULDER.

PARKS sneers down at her, fingers digging into her arm.

PARKS
Going somewhere?

But before Anita can respond -

The ROARING of an engine splits the air.

Anita's truck - HOLLY AT THE WHEEL - RUMBLES TOWARDS THEM.

A fierce grin splits Anita's face. Instead of a response - she
THROWS AN ELBOW. SMACKING Parks straight in the nose.

His grip LOOSENS - enough for Anita to YANK free and SPRINT -

HOLLY
Get in!

She doesn't have to tell Anita twice. Anita LEAPS for the door -
YANKING it open - and FLINGING herself inside.

Parks is left kneeling in the dirt - clutching his bloody nose -
Watching the truck ZOOM away.

INT./EXT. ANITA'S TRUCK - AFTERNOON

Very *Thelma and Louise* vibe inside this truck.

HOLLY
Is he gone?

ANITA
That was *awesome*.

HOLLY
Did we lose him?

ANITA
Yes, yeah - holy shit.

HOLLY
What?

ANITA
You're in fourth gear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Holly glances down - and sure enough -

She shares a grin with Anita and -

SHIFTS INTO FIFTH.

INT. MORALES APARTMENT - JAMIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie is already dozing as Rose pulls the blankets up to his chin. She starts tucking them around him - when -

JAMIE
She wants to fix it.

Rose looks up - finds her son, mostly asleep, looking at her through slitted eyelids.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
She wants...

And his eyes SLIDE SHUT. Asleep.

Off Rose - staring down at her sleeping son.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Another night, another seedy motel.

Now it's Holly stepping out of the bathroom, drying her hair.

She finds Anita carefully positioning Mr. Donut on a bed.

ANITA
He fell out of your bag and I
thought - I don't know.

HOLLY
That's Mr. Donut.

ANITA
... the -

HOLLY
Yeah. That little guy. He's
called Mr. Donut.

ANITA
What... is he?

HOLLY
Off-brand. He was a present. From
a friend, ten or so years ago. I
was going through a... rough time,
and they sent Mr. Donut to keep me
company.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANITA
Nice friend.

HOLLY
Yeah, well. I'd have preferred a
beanie baby.

ANITA
Totally.
(then)
What's a beanie baby?

Holly surprises herself with her laugh.

HOLLY
It's easy to forget sometimes.
Where you're from.

ANITA
Yeah?

HOLLY
You blend in so well. Native 21st-
century-er.

Anita sits on Holly's bed. Hugging Mr. Donut.

ANITA
I'm not, though.

HOLLY
I know.

ANITA
You don't - I mean, you -
(then)
He's the reason I'm back here.

A beat as Holly struggles to catch up.

HOLLY
Parks?

ANITA
You wanted to know... why he gets
to me so much. I'm back here
because of him. He's back here
because of me. Parks... ran, and I
chased him. Two hundred years into
the past. And every time I see
him, I remember that. So does he.
(bitter laugh)
It's really fucking lonely. In
this time - there's me, there's
Parks, there's... a handful of
idiots from sometime else. Walter.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANITA (CONT'D)
But no one else to talk to, you
know? Because if you told
anyone...

HOLLY
You told me.

ANITA
Well. *The* Holly Morales. You're
different.

HOLLY
No I'm not.

Anita takes Holly's hand.

ANITA
Yeah. You are.

A long moment. Air thickening with... tension, potential -
And Anita pushes to her feet.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Get some sleep. We'll get an early
start tomorrow.

Holly - somewhat reeling - climbs into her own bed.

HOLLY
Just three days.

ANITA
Three days.

And Holly is staring into the dark as Anita FLICKS out the lamp.

INT./EXT. ANITA'S TRUCK - DAY

HOLLY at the wheel. Anita dozing in the passenger's seat.

Carefully, Holly rolls up her left sleeve - revealing -

DIRECTIONS SCRIBBLED ON HER INNER ARM.

She holds her arm up, SQUINTING at the tiny letters -

ANITA
(mumbled)
Wazzat?

Holly SHOVES her sleeve down - scrambling to hide the writing -
But Anita's eyes are still closed. She's talking in her sleep.
Sighing in relief, Holly turns her eyes back to the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The truck ZOOMS by a road sign for **ZAP, NORTH DAKOTA: 23 MILES.**

DEAN INGRAM (V.O.)
(pre-lap)
I could call the cops on you.

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - STAIRWELL - DAY

Oliver the custodian hunches by the door to the I.T. Department.
He fumbles through a RING OF KEYS.

Rose stands behind him. Rose's arms are crossed - she scowls at Oliver's back. Ingram hovers at her shoulder - glancing back up the stairs.

DEAN INGRAM
Technically this is a crime scene.
You're not supposed to trespass on -

ROSE
You calling my sister a criminal?

DEAN INGRAM
No - well, I mean -

ROSE
Open the damn door, Oliver.

Rolling his eyes, Oliver finds the right key.

DEAN INGRAM
I don't have to let you - I'm doing
this out of the kindness of -

ROSE
No. You listen now.

She turns the full weight of her glare on Ingram. He wilts.

ROSE (CONT'D)
You've treated Holly like shit for
years. She doesn't complain about
it, but I know. I can tell. She's
my sister. And she's a genius. So
here's what I think is happening:
you know whatever she was working
on - is worth something. And since
she's gone, you figure "finder's
keepers". Am I wrong?

Ingram says nothing.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Open. The door. Oliver.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With a twist of the key, the door SWINGS OPEN. And inside...

EVERY SCRAP OF HOLLY'S NOTES IS MISSING. The place is practically SPOTLESS.

Off Rose - turning to glare at a terrified Ingram -

INT./EXT. ANITA'S TRUCK - DAY

The rumbling of the engine CUTS OFF. Anita - slumped over in the passenger's seat - blinks her eyes open.

The truck is parked at the end of a muddy drive, somewhere in the middle of snow- and wind-swept nowhere.

At the end of the drive is a tiny, ramshackle HOUSE - bleached and battered by the elements. Random car parts and other rusted machinery scatter the landscape.

This place is a *dump*.

ANITA

There's gotta be a better place if you need to pee.

But one look at Holly's anxious and guilty face is enough to put her on high alert.

ANITA (CONT'D)

What did you do?

HOLLY

Okay, look. You're doing this awesome thing for me, helping me fulfill my... destiny -

ANITA

It's my job -

HOLLY

- or *whatever*. I wanted to do something nice for you, too. Help you. Feel not-so-lonely.

She gestures at the broken down little house.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Trevor Knox. Your ancestor. This is his last-known address. I know you wanted to...

Anita is blank-faced. Staring the house down.

ANITA

Trevor Knox.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY
... Yes.

ANITA
Lives here.

HOLLY
Are you okay? We can go -

ANITA
No.
(then)
Might as well say *hi*.

CLICK -

Anita unbuckles her seatbelt. THROWS the door open.

HOLLY
Anita -

Anita is already marching up the drive towards the house.

EXT. KNOX HOUSE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG -

Anita HAMMERS on the front door. It RATTLES in its frame.

HOLLY
What are you *doing*?

Holly catches up just as the front door FLIES INWARDS.

TREVOR KNOX (40s) stares out at them - lined face, sharp eyes.

ANITA
Trevor Knox?

TREVOR
Who wants to know?

Anita just BEAMS - ALL TEETH.

ANITA
Family.

INT. MULLIGAN UNIVERSITY - SULLIVAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Classical music. Sunlight. A cup of tea. And pages and pages of HOLLY'S NOTES AND NOTEPADS spread across a massive oak desk.

Sullivan hunches, pouring over them. Frowning. Not *comprehending*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Reaching for his one notebook, he starts to scratch a note to himself... when -

BLAM -

The door BURSTS inwards. Rose STORMS inside.

Sullivan JOLTS upright.

DR. SULLIVAN
Office hours are -

ROSE
Are you Sullivan?

DR. SULLIVAN
Who the hell are -

Ingram appears in the door.

ROSE
(to Ingram)
You gave her shit to this guy?

DEAN INGRAM
He - I mean -

ROSE
You just *took* my sister's stuff and
gave it to this guy.

DR. SULLIVAN
Excuse me, this is *my* work.

ROSE
Bullshit, that's Holly's
handwriting. These are her notes.

She starts collecting the scattered notes - stacking them and
stuffing them into her bag.

DR. SULLIVAN
(to Ingram)
Are going to let her do this?!

INGRAM
Oh, can it, Greg.

DR. SULLIVAN
I know you don't want to hear this,
but your sister is a very disturbed
person -

Rose paces forward. Sullivan sits back in his chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROSE

Which is why you're trying so hard to understand her work, huh? I'm not a scientist. But even I can tell - that you? Aren't *nearly* smart enough to pull something like this together.

She plucks Sullivan's own notebook out of his fingers. Adds it to the pile of Holly's work in her arms.

ROSE (CONT'D)

And something else? If you're so fascinated by such a "disturbed person"'s work, maybe there's something to it. Am I onto something? *Greg?*

Off Sullivan - crumpling under this onslaught -

INT. KNOX HOUSE - DAY

KA-CHUNK -

Trevor tosses a LOG into the cast-iron fireplace. Anita hovers near the door, staring holes into Trevor's back.

Holly perches on the edge of a wooden chair - keeping a nervous eye on Anita.

TREVOR

So you're a cousin'a Mary Jo's?

Nothing from Anita. Holly improvises.

HOLLY

Distant.

TREVOR

Huh.

ANITA

By marriage.

HOLLY

You've got a nice place here.

He doesn't. This place is a shit-hole.

TREVOR

How is Mary Jo?

ANITA

Happily divorced.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR
Can't be that happy if she's still
talking about me.

ANITA
Oh, but you're a *legend*, Trevor.

The words are icy, but Trevor PREENS.

TREVOR
Yeah?

ANITA
You're all *anyone* can talk about.

Sensing a rapidly spiraling situation, Holly stands.

HOLLY
Well. We should hit the road.

ANITA
Aww, so soon?

HOLLY
It was great to meet you -

TREVOR
What do you mean, legend?

There's something *coiled* in Anita - angry and tense.

HOLLY
She means... your work in law
enforcement -

TREVOR
Law enforcement?

HOLLY
It's really... admirable...

Trevor is GAPING at her - fish-faced -

And by the door, ANITA BURSTS INTO LAUGHTER.

ANITA
Oh my god -

HOLLY
What did I say?

ANITA
- that's good -

TREVOR
The hell are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANITA
She's talking about your idiot
criminal ass, *Trevor*.

Silence follows this statement - Holly blinking at Anita, who glares at Trevor, who scowls right back.

Then - in an explosion of movement -

Trevor SNATCHES UP A SHOTGUN. TRAINS IT ON ANITA.

Holly stumbles back so fast she knocks over her chair.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Ah, the shotgun. Of *course*, the
shotgun.

HOLLY
You said he was a cop -

ANITA
I said he was *involved in law*
enforcement.

HOLLY
What kind of sidestep is *that* -

TREVOR
Everybody shut the hell up!

HOLLY
Look - Mr. Knox - nobody wants to
make any trouble -

ANITA
You gonna shoot us, Trevor?

HOLLY
Anita -

ANITA
You know in 2243, he's still a
cautionary tale?

TREVOR
Did you say 2243?

ANITA
You know that he manages to derail
an entire family for *centuries*?

Anita paces forward - Trevor levels the shotgun at her chest.

TREVOR
Don't come any closer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANITA
Do me a favor. Please?

TREVOR
You're crazy.

ANITA
July 4th. 2030. Say no to that
little voice that says "I could
pull this off". Tattoo it on your
forehead if you have to. Whatever
it takes for you to -

BLAM -

He UNLOADS HIS SHOTGUN into the wall. JUST PAST Anita's head.

Anita doesn't flinch. Staring him down. But Holly - Holly
FIXATES on the hole in the wall - on the plaster dust snowing
down on Anita's hair -

TREVOR
Get the hell out of my house.

On Anita - still SIMMERING with rage -

EXT. KNOX HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Anita stalks full-speed back towards the truck. Holly is just a
pace behind her.

Anita reaches the drivers-side door -

ANITA
Holly -

WHAM -

Holly is already SLAMMING her door closed.

HOLLY
Drive.

INT./EXT. ANITA'S TRUCK - AFTERNOON

The atmosphere in the truck is fucking toxic.

Anita clutches the steering wheel with both hands - shooting
sidelong glances at -

HOLLY, who is pressed back in her seat with her eyes squeezed
shut.

ANITA
Holly -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY

Shh.

Behind her eyelids, her eyes shuttle back and forth. She
BREATHES - in... two... three... four... five... six... seven...

Anita tries again.

ANITA

Holly.

Holly's fingers white-knuckle onto the seat - the leather
practically creaking.

HOLLY

What is wrong with you?

ANITA

Trevor's an asshole -

Holly finally opens her eyes.

HOLLY

I didn't ask about Trevor.

They HURTLE over a pot-hole. The time jumper RATTLES.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Careful!

ANITA

You were the one who brought me
there.

HOLLY

I thought it would be *nice*. A nice
visit with family! You feel
better? Poking that bruise?

ANITA

Yes.

It comes out in a near-snarl.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Two hundred years down the line,
people still talk about Trevor
Knox. Two hundred years of con
artists, grifters, criminals, and
people still remember Trevor Knox.

HOLLY

What - does he do?

ANITA

He gets rich. And he. Hurts a lot
of people doing it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLLY
You're not like that -

ANITA
I am. He's family. I am like him.
(savage)
And knowing that is better than
sticking my head in the sand. It's
better than hiding from everything.

HOLLY
Are you saying *I* stick my head in
the sand?

ANITA
Please. I had to dig you up out of
a basement in a Ponzi scheme
community college.

HOLLY
That's not true -

ANITA
You were the punching bag for the
entire school. You *let it happen*.

HOLLY
Screw you. You don't - know
anything about me.

ANITA
No? Because I might have gotten a
little shot-at, but at least now I
can move forward with my life.
You're always looking back.

Holly GAPES at Anita... But can't come up with an answer.

FURIOUS, she shoves herself into the corner of the cab and
SQUEEZES her eyes closed.

INHALE... two... three...

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Some crummy branch of a popular chain coffee shop. No one's
wiped down these sticky tables since the place opened.

Parks hogs the single electrical outlet, laptop plugged into the
wall and cell phone pressed to his ear. Faint hold music
filters out of the speaker.

He SCROLLS as he listens - paging through some unseen document.

A BARISTA approaches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARISTA
Excuse me sir, we're actually
closing.

Parks just continues to scroll on his laptop.

BARISTA (CONT'D)
Sir? I need to clear out the shop.

PARKS
Talk to me again and I'll break
your arm.

The hold music cuts off.

PARKS (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yes, I'm still here. Oh,
wonderful! And just to confirm -
that's Lawrence like "Florence"?

The barista stares at Parks - not sure what to make of this.

PARKS (CONT'D)
Great. Great. Have a fantastic
evening.

He hangs up. Finally looks up at barista.

PARKS (CONT'D)
I'll take a muffin.

BARISTA
Uh.

But the barista decides not to risk it - he retreats.

ARM AROUND to his computer screen - and the document -

SCANS OF HOLLY'S JOURNAL. Pages of diagrams, scribbled notes -

And a BREAKDOWN OF THE NEGATIVE ENERGY DENSITY GENERATOR. If
you look closely, you might see the name JEROME LAWRENCE
scribbled in the margins.

INT. TROPICANA MOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

Ready for bed, Anita stands by the first-floor window, looking
out into the parking lot.

The WIND is picking up - approaching a HOWL. There's definitely
a storm brewing.

And Holly is still outside, clambering around the truck bed -
struggling to strap a TARP over the time jumper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Anita opens the front door.

ANITA
Are you coming in?

The only response: more CLUNKING as Holly wrangles the tarp.

Rolling her eyes, Anita CRASHES the door closed.

Pre-lap: the CRACK of thunder.

INT./EXT. ANITA'S TRUCK - DAY

It's daytime, but you can't tell. Rain POUNDS the truck's roof.

The truck's engine GRUMBLES as Anita inches up and around the curving mountain roads of backwoods MONTANA.

HOLLY
Maybe we should pull over.

ANITA
Are you a weatherman? You know how long this storm is going to last?

HOLLY
I don't want you to drive us off the road and kill us.

ANITA
I won't if you *stay quiet* and *let me concentrate*.

Stung, Holly lapses into silence.

Anita CRANKS the wheel around a turn - but as they straighten out - something in the engine COUGHS.

HOLLY
Did you hear that?

ANITA
Thunder.

HOLLY
I really think we should pull over.

ANITA
There's no time for more pit stops.

HOLLY
We can make it up tomorrow.

Another COUGH from the engine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY (CONT'D)
You definitely heard that, right?

ANITA
Where are you suggesting we stop?

HOLLY
Anywhere! The next town up -

ANITA
This truck has gotten us this far -
it's not going to break down now.

FWOOOSH -

And suddenly all the power in the car GOES OUT.

Headlights FLICKER OUT. It's suddenly VERY DARK inside the cab.

HOLLY
Anita!

ANITA
Shit -

Anita TUGS at the wheel - moving past the other lane of traffic -

A Honda SWERVES around them - BLARING its horn -

And Anita brings the truck to a gentle stop on the shoulder.

Beat. Everyone fighting off heart attacks.

Then - gently - Anita BOPS her forehead into the steering wheel.

EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON - LATER

Anita stands out in the rain, WAVING an incoming tow truck over.

INT. THOMPSON'S AUTO - EVENING

An oil-smeared MECHANIC (50s) slams the hood of the truck down.
He blinks over at an exhausted-looking Anita and Holly.

MECHANIC
Yep. Alternator.

ANITA
What are the chances we can get
that fixed tonight?

MECHANIC
Nope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nothing else to that statement. He meanders to the sink at the side of the shop and washes his hands.

ANITA
Please, sir. There's gotta be
something we can -

MECHANIC
Granddaughter's dance recital.
Can't do it.

HOLLY
Is there another mechanic -

She breaks off when Anita ELBOWS her. The Mechanic turns a glare on Holly.

MECHANIC
You come back tomorrow morning.
I'll have it for you then.

Defeat. Anita gives in.

ANITA
Thank you.

HOLLY
What are we supposed to do tonight?

The Mechanic SHRUGS.

MECHANIC
There's always Joe's.

INT. JOE'S - NIGHT - LATER

It's not the place for a record-scratch when newbies push through the door. Holly and Anita step into the bar... and are totally ignored by the small group of LOCALS at the pool table.

They're in a real dive. Carpeted floors, 80s metal, dim light.

Anita and Holly take in all in. Still tension between them.

	ANITA		HOLLY
Beer?		Darts?	

Pre-lap: A WHOOP of laughter.

INT. JOE'S - NIGHT - LATER

THUNK.

A dart lands in the wall TWO FEET from the target.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANITA
You *suck!*

HOLLY
It's a *learning curve.*

A half-empty pitcher of beer sits at Anita's elbow. Anita refills her glass as Holly readies another dart.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Here's my theory. Are you ready?

ANITA
I'm ready.

HOLLY
It's all in the wrist.

She FLICKS her wrist as she launches this dart -
And it BURIES IN THE CEILING.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Worth a shot. You're up.

Anita gathers darts as Holly sits. Swigs beer. GRIMACES.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
I always forget I hate beer.

ANITA
Okay. Watch this.

She LAUNCHES a dart... which NAILS the target. Third ring.
Smirking Anita turns back to Holly... who is SCOWLING.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Oh my god.

HOLLY
I'm not applauding.

ANITA
You're a sore loser.

Holly just takes another sip of her drink.

CACKLING, Anita turns back to the dart board.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Holly Morales: bad sport. Maniac driver. Cheeto fanatic. These are the things they don't teach you in history class.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLLY

Ugh.

Her head hits the sticky table.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Hey so... remember that question I asked before?

ANITA

You have to be more specific.

HOLLY

About blowing this up in our faces tomorrow and erasing the future.

ANITA

Holly -

HOLLY

Would you just... fade away? Like in the movies?

ANITA

This is you after one beer?

Holly lifts her head.

HOLLY

I'm just asking.

ANITA

I don't know! I've never messed with a space-time continuum before!

HOLLY

So... this could be your last night on Earth, is what you're saying.

ANITA

You're the genius. You tell me.

HOLLY

I...

Anita moves closer. Holly trails off.

The atmosphere SHIFTS. It's suddenly warmer. More intimate. In the entire world, there is only Holly and Anita.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Anita...

ANITA

Hm?

Anita inches even closer. Holly closes her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HOLLY

I - I'm not - I'm not a genius.

ANITA

Of course you are.

HOLLY

I know, I know - everything you
learned in class, your mission -
but it's a lie.

Anita FREEZES in her steps. Holly opens her eyes.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I'm not a genius. I'm screwed up.

ANITA

We're all a little screwed up -

HOLLY

No, you're not listening to me.
I'm screwed up - or, I mean, *I*
screwed up. I -

She breaks off, frustrated. Stands and SNATCHES the remaining
darts out of Anita's hands.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Back when I was in undergrad at
CalTech, there was this guy.
Jerome Lawrence.

(off Anita -)

Not "there was this guy" like *that*.
We were lab partners. We worked on
everything together. He was my
best friend.

Jaw tense, she SHOOTs a dart towards the board.

ANITA

"Was"?

HOLLY

It's not his fault. I'm not mad at
him. I'm not - it's not -

She stops. Gathering herself.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I was twenty. And I was... I had
big ideas about - string theory,
relativity, temporal instability,
mechanical engineering -

ANITA

Time travel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HOLLY
Things that added up to... time
travel. Yeah.
(then)
I was cocky. And I had a plan. I
wanted to... to... make my mark on
history. Or whatever.

THUNK. Another dart, closer to the board.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
So I took over one of the labs in
the old robotics building. And
Jerome took it over with me. He
was the one who came up with the
idea of the Field Generator. He
had this way of looking at things
that, I dunno. I guess I needed
it? He made things clearer. He
made things work.

ANITA
"Made".

HOLLY
Well. Yeah.
(then)
It was all "potential," for me.
Everything we "could" do.
Potential. Big-picture. Jerome
was better at the nuts and bolts.

ANITA
What happened?

THUNK. THUNK. THUNK. The last darts land in quick succession.

HOLLY
I... I cut corners. I was
reckless. It was too much big
picture and... I pushed us too fast
in the trial phase. We were
working late, and...
(explosion noise)
Right next to his head.

Screwing her courage together, Holly faces Anita.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
The prototype was scrap metal.
There was blood all over the floor.
Jerome spent months in the hospital
and I - plead my criminal
negligence charges down to two
years of probation and a promise to
never step foot on CalTech's campus
again.
(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

HOLLY (CONT'D)

The inventor of time travel almost killed someone. They teach *that* in history class?

Her gaze is defiant. Anita's is unreadable.

A long beat. Holly is just about ready to self-combust, when -

ANITA

I spent eleven months in prison when I was fifteen.

HOLLY

You what?

ANITA

There was this rich lady. Ninety five years old, at least, which is still pretty ancient in 2243. She wasn't from my neighborhood, otherwise she would've known I was... anyway. To her, I was Anita Singh, the bright pre-law volunteer who had been assigned to help her with her finances.

HOLLY

Pre-law?

ANITA

I looked old for my age.

HOLLY

What did you do?

ANITA

Helped her. Walked her dogs, sometimes. And siphoned thousands of dollars out of her bank account.

(off Holly -)

I told you me and Trevor were alike. We were also both sloppy. The cops caught up to me as fast as they'll catch him.

HOLLY

Eleven months...

ANITA

It wasn't great. But I left with a whole new... perspective on life.

HOLLY

And you became a government agent.

Beat. The look that Anita gives Holly is searching.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

ANITA
Is Jerome the reason you wanted to
steer clear of UBC?

HOLLY
He works there. He's a professor.

Beat.

Anita holds out a hand.

ANITA
You're hogging the darts.

The smile that spreads across Holly's face is small - but
relieved.

EXT. RIVERBEND B&B - NIGHT

Frost CRUNCHES under boots - Anita and Holly making their way to
the picturesque Bed and Breakfast.

Anita is steady. Holly is wobbling all over the place.

INT. RIVERBEND B&B - HALLWAY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Chintz. Everywhere, chintz.

Holly leans against the wallpaper while Anita fumbles for their
room key.

ANITA
This is why you're not supposed to
drink the whole pitcher.

Holly SLURS a laugh.

HOLLY
You're nice.

ANITA
No I'm not.

HOLLY
You didn't have to be so nice.
Arnold Schwarzenegger wasn't this
nice.

ANITA
He had his moments.

HOLLY
I hope this isn't your last night
on Earth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANITA

Me too.

Anita wrestles the door open. She turns to help Holly inside -
- and is interrupted as Holly PLANTS A KISS ON HER.

Anita freezes. Stunned. And - just for a moment -
Her eyes slide closed. She leans into Holly.

KISSING HER BACK.

Then - gently - Anita pushes Holly away.

ANITA (CONT'D)

We should get some sleep.

And she disappears into the hotel room, leaving Holly -
blinking, tipsy, rejected - in the hall behind her.

INT. RIVERBEND B&B - ROOM - NIGHT

Holly, passed-out and snoring in one double bed.

Anita, awake and staring at the ceiling in the other.

Anita's eyes slide sideways to Holly.

ANITA

Can you hear me?

Nothing from Holly.

ANITA (CONT'D)

I just want to say - I'm sorry.

A gentle SNORE is her only answer.

With a SIGH, Anita turns on her side. Closes her eyes.

FADE TO:

INT. RIVERBEND B&B - ROOM - MORNING

Holly - looking worse for wear after last night - squints her
eyes open.

The other bed is rumpled, but empty. No Anita in sight.

With a GROAN, Holly presses a pillow over her face.

INT./EXT. ANITA'S TRUCK - DAY

Anita drives, eyes firmly on the road.

Holly leans her head against the window, trying not to puke.
Her blue notebook is open in her lap.

The silence in the cab is oppressive.

Anita is the first to break. Clearing her throat -

ANITA
About eight hours to the border.

HOLLY
Mm.

ANITA
And then we're pretty much there.

HOLLY
Mm.

ANITA
... so last night -

She risks a glance over at Holly, who is grinding her teeth so hard it's practically audible.

ANITA (CONT'D)
I - really appreciated you -
opening up to me -

But Holly keeps her gaze forward. Avoiding eye contact.

Taking the hint, Anita focuses on the road.

DRIVES.

INT. BORDER PATROL BOOTH - DAY

A small border crossing - two booths and only a few cars.

Leaning in the window of one booth is FRANCIS DUBOIS (last time we saw him was in the opening). Then, he was naked. Now he wears a border patrol uniform and a frown as he studies a text on his phone.

AN ENGINE RUMBLING.

Francis glances up in time to see ANITA'S TRUCK pull up to the crossing - and park in the small lot outside the office.

NATE (O.S.)
Something die up your butthole?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Francis looks through the open window -

To the booth next to his. NATE (20s), another officer, is grinning at him.

NATE (CONT'D)
Is it Triiiiiina?

FRANCIS
Man, shut up.

NATE
Just saying, if I married that woman? You'd never see me frowning. You wouldn't see me at all for that first month. Know what I'm saying?

He mimes something unspeakable.

FRANCIS
Don't make me kick your ass.

NATE
Whatever. What's up with Thelma and Louise over there?

Anita has gotten out of the truck. She STRETCHES her back.

When she sees Francis looking her way, she WAVES, cheerfully.

FRANCIS
I'll check it out.

EXT. CANADIAN BORDER CROSSING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Anita watches, calm, as Francis ambles over. Inside the truck, Holly is not so calm.

HOLLY
He's coming over.

ANITA
I can see that.

HOLLY
He's going to arrest us.

ANITA
He's not gonna arrest us. Leave the talking to me, okay?

Holly just digs her fingers into Mr. Donut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANITA (CONT'D)
(calling to Francis)
Hey there! Hope this is okay!

Francis finally reaches the car.

FRANCIS
Are you ladies looking to cross
into Canada this afternoon?

ANITA
Sure are! Heading to Vancouver.

Francis peers into the cab, taking in Holly's rictus of a face.

FRANCIS
That so?

HOLLY
... that's so.

In his pocket, Francis's phone DING-DINGS. He ignores it.

ANITA
Sorry about pulling over - all the
guidebooks said to factor in *hours*
for border crossing. Guess they
didn't have this one in mind!

FRANCIS
I guess not.

DING-DING again.

ANITA
Someone sure wants to talk to you.

FRANCIS
What brings you to - ?

DING-DING -

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
I'm just gonna -

He fumbles in his pocket for his phone.

ANITA
Girlfriend?

FRANCIS
Wife, actually. Two weeks.

ANITA
Oooh. Newlyweds. First week apart
after the honeymoon?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She's so warm and open - Francis can't help but smile back.

FRANCIS
Didn't get a honeymoon. Trina's in
med school, so...

ANITA
Enough time to run to the chapel,
get hitched, and be back in time
for rounds.

FRANCIS
Exactly.

ANITA
And no time together since then?

FRANCIS
Not til today. She had a shift
canceled, so she's home all day.

DING-DING.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
Trying to convince me to call in
sick and come home too.

ANITA
Well what are you still doing here?

FRANCIS
Excuse me?

ANITA
You finally get a moment with your
lady, and you're stuck chatting
with us?

Her smile is bright - teasing, warm.

DING-DING. Francis considers his phone -

FRANCIS
I'll be right back.

He ducks into the office.

Anita watches him - eyes flicking from the office to Nate's
booth and back.

ANITA
Okay.

And she hops back in the truck.

INT./EXT. ANITA'S TRUCK - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

The truck pulls up to Nate's border patrol booth. Anita leans out the window, handing over -

ANITA
Passports.

Nate accepts the documents, frowning at the back of the truck.

NATE
What do you have in the back?

ANITA
(laughing)
Would you believe me if I said it
was a time machine?

Holly *just* manages to stop herself slugging Anita in the arm.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Nah - we borrowed this refrigerator
from my cousin in Burnaby. Just
returning it.

NATE
That's a fridge?

HOLLY
It's... industrial.

Nate nods absently, inspecting the machine.

NATE
I'm gonna need to see some
paperwork.

ANITA
Ah.

NATE
Is there a problem?

ANITA
Just that we just did that with
your coworker - everything's packed
away in the back.

Anita POINTS at the office - at Francis, chatting on the phone.

ANITA (CONT'D)
That guy.

Nate WAVES in Francis's direction - grabbing his attention -
- through the window, a distracted Francis WAVES BACK - not
noticing the car Nate is inspecting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nate turns back to the women - expression unreadable -

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CANADIAN HIGHWAY - DAY

The truck ZOOMS up the road, border crossing dwindling in the distance behind them.

HOLLY (V.O.)
(pre-lap)
I can't believe that worked.

INT./EXT. ANITA'S TRUCK - DAY

Holly is slightly stunned, surprise killing some of her frustrations towards Anita.

HOLLY
How did you know that would work?

ANITA
I didn't.

HOLLY
But you knew that guy would be distracted?

ANITA
I just got lucky.
(then)
No, I didn't. Holly -

She cuts herself off. Struggling.

HOLLY
What?

ANITA
(beat)
Look at that.

They're coming up on a road sign.

VANCOUVER: 60km

HOLLY
End of the road.

Off Anita - troubled thoughts surfacing -

ANITA
End of the road.

EXT. UBC CAMPUS - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The battered old truck trundles onto the University of British Columbia campus.

Trees, grass, old buildings. A rare moment of Vancouver sun.

INT./EXT. ANITA'S TRUCK - DAY

Holly watches all of this pass out the window - an expression of peculiar longing and nostalgia on her face.

For a moment - she imagines HERSELF among the students. Backpack on her back, UBC hoodie pulled over her head -

ANITA (O.S.)
This is it.

Holly turns forward in time to take in

The UBC ENGINEERING BUILDING.

It's a striking piece of architecture - all glass, metal, modular protuberances.

Anita parks next to it.

A beat. Both woman study the building.

ANITA (CONT'D)
So.

HOLLY
Yeah.

ANITA
I guess I should -

HOLLY
Yeah.

ANITA
Um. What am I looking for in there again?

HOLLY
Should be in the largest robotics lab. It's about... fist-sized? Shaped like a starfruit.

ANITA
Starfruit. Okay.

She swings out of the truck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY
Anita -

ANITA
I got this. You don't have to
worry about me.

HOLLY
I know, but -

ANITA
Here. You should have this.

She holds out the DINER NAPKIN - covered in scribbles. Anita's
50 BEST PLACES list. Pushes it into Holly's hand.

HOLLY
I can't -

ANITA
Maybe not now. But soon.

And she's gone - trotting up the steps into the UBC building.

Holly stews in the silence for a long moment - considering the
list, and Anita's words.

Then - in a BURST of movement - she opens the door and marches
into the engineering building.

INT. UBC ENGINEERING BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

It's quiet, but not silent in here. Students and faculty bustle
between labs and classrooms, backpacks slung over shoulders and
notebooks clutched in hands.

Atmospherically, it's the complete opposite from the depression,
oppressive feel of Mulligan University.

Holly moves through the stream of people like someone in a dream
- taking in everything from the art on the walls to the glimpses
of projects visible through open doorways.

An UNDERGRAD brushes past her. Holly TAPS HER SHOULDER -

Too low for us to hear, Holly asks the Undergrad a question.
Listens as the Undergrad points over her shoulder.

INT. UBC ENGINEERING BUILDING - LAB - DAY

The GRINDING of a lock forced open...

Anita CREEPS INSIDE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLICK. Fluorescent light swamps the room. We can see the high-tech machinery LINING THE WALLS.

Anita takes a moment to feel overwhelmed. *So much machinery.* How is anyone supposed to find *anything* in here?

Then -

Anita's shoulders straighten. She shakes it off.

Starts her search.

INT. UBC ENGINEERING BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

CLOSE ON: A NAMEPLATE

Bolted to an office door. Brown plastic. Average, except -

The name carved into the plate is

JEROME LAWRENCE.

ARM AROUND - to Holly. Watching the name plate like it might burst into flames.

Will she stay? Will she go? Will she -

The office door OPENS. A STUDENT nearly collides with Holly.

STUDENT

'Scuse me.

He moves around her -

Leaving Holly staring into the office -

Directly into the eyes of JEROME LAWRENCE.

Beat. Jerome blinks. Holly wishes she were dead.

HOLLY

Hey, Jerome...

(then)

How've you been?

INT. UBC ENGINEERING BUILDING - LAB - DAY

Even working quickly, Anita is only halfway around the room. A line of open cabinets marks her path.

THUMP - THUMP -

FOOTSTEPS. In the hall outside.

Anita DUCKS behind a table. Peering around -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THUMP - *THUMP* -

The steps grow louder -

Anita TENSES -

Two PROFESSORS pass outside the door. Moving on down the hall.

Anita relaxes. Stands. And - a little more cautiously this time - resumes her search.

INT. UBC ENGINEERING BUILDING - JEROME'S OFFICE - DAY

CLICK - Jerome closes the door to his office. Turns to face -

HOLLY. In the middle of the room. Looking anywhere but at him.

JEROME
I can't believe you're here.

HOLLY
I can leave -

JEROME
No -

He steps forward into a patch of SUNLIGHT - and for the first time we can see

THE SCAR

Tearing down the side of his face. It's faded, but ragged - and it looks like it hurt.

JEROME (CONT'D)
I just mean - How long's it been?

Holly shoots him a flat look. *Don't pretend you don't know.*

JEROME (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Fine. It's been a long thirteen years. *God*, it's good to see you.

What she *is* is wrong-footed by this reaction.

HOLLY
This is a nice office.

JEROME
... Sure?

HOLLY
I thought you didn't like the cold.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEROME
Vancouver's not cold, it's wet.
But screw Canada - what have you
been up to?
(then)
How - how are you?

HOLLY
I'm good. Better. I'm doing
better. I -

She lets out a breath.

JEROME
C'mere.

He opens the mini-fridge next to his desk.

JEROME (CONT'D)
You remember that weird tea-stuff
you turned me onto back in
sophomore year? The stuff with -

HOLLY
- the lavender in it, yeah.

Jerome pulls two bottles out of the fridge. Hands one to her.

JEROME
I'm still a little addicted.

HOLLY
Thanks.

She cracks the bottle. Drinks deeply.

JEROME
What are you doing here, Holly?

HOLLY
Okay. Okay.

She squares her shoulders. Faces him.

TAKES MR. DONUT OUT OF HER BAG.

Jerome can't help his incredulous laugh.

JEROME
Is that -

HOLLY
I named him Mr. Donut.

Carefully, Jerome takes the toy from her. Inspects it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEROME

I can't believe you kept it.

HOLLY

I mean. I did throw him away once.
When my mom told me he was from
you. You could have... booby-
trapped him or something.

JEROME

(absently)

Explosions were never my thing.

... which lands. *Hard.* Holly fights through it.

HOLLY

He hung out with me for months
before the trial. And then - when
I got out - I didn't want to look
at him anymore.

JEROME

How are you... doing?

HOLLY

... I'm good. Better. Than I was.

She takes Mr. Donut back.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I'm here because... I'm sorry. For
what I did to you - I wasn't - I
was careless. And stupid. And I
really hurt you.

(beat)

I'm sorry it took me thirteen years
to stand here. You were my best
friend, once. I've almost called
you, or messaged or texted you like
a million times. And then I
remember what I did, and I can't
handle it.

Her gaze traces the scar on Jerome's face.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. For taking so long to
say I'm sorry.

Beat. Silence. Jerome is inscrutable.

Holly nods. Once. *Okay.* She turns to the door.

JEROME

You're leaving?

HOLLY

I thought -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

And all at once, he pulls her into a HUG.

Holly freezes - not processing. Then - her arms come up to wrap around his shoulders.

She SQUEEZES her eyes tight. One tear escaping.

JEROME
Are you *crying*?

HOLLY
It's been a crazy few days.

Jerome pulls back slightly. Eyes crinkling in a smile.

JEROME
Tell me about it.

Off Holly: the sun starting to rise.

INT. UBC ENGINEERING BUILDING - DAY

CLICK -

A cabinet FLIES OPEN -

- and we see Anita's face FALL.

The shelves are full of PRINTER PAPER.

Sitting back on her heels, she surveys the rest of the lab. Every cabinet stands open. No sign of the N.E.D. Generator.

ANITA
Damn it...

But her gaze SNAGS on something hidden behind a tangle of machinery.

A DOOR.

SCRAMBLING to her feet, Anita rushes towards it... Finding a STORAGE CLOSET.

She TUGS at the handle - but the keypad beside the door BLINKS RED at her. *LOCKED*.

Anita shines the flashlight on her phone through the tiny window. Shiny equipment... Coils of wire... electrical tape...

And a piece of MACHINERY. The size of a computer monitor. SHAPED LIKE A STARFRUIT.

THE N.E.D. GENERATOR. And she can't get to it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANITA (CONT'D)

Damn it!

She TUGS at the door handle again - then at the keypad, WRENCHING the panel free, exposing the wiring - preparing to hot-wire this thing -

PARKS (O.S.)

A-hem.

Anita FREEZES. Blood curdling.

Turns.

PARKS is in the doorway. Blocking the exit. SMILING.

INT. UBC ENGINEERING BUILDING - JEROME'S OFFICE - DAY

Holly is halfway through her second bottle of tea. Her notebook is open on the desk in front of Jerome, who listens with her mouth hanging open.

JEROME

You did *what* at the border?

HOLLY

I told you I made out with someone from the future and this is what you're hung up on?

JEROME

Sorry. Wow. Wow.

HOLLY

Anything else?

JEROME

Shit.

HOLLY

Okay.

(beat)

I really think I can do this, Jerome. *Time travel*. With your N.E.D. Generator - I'm *so close*.

(beat)

Will you help me?

Jerome - still reeling - just stares at her. Thinking... *that she's crazy? That he'll help? That he'll call security?*

JEROME

I -

DING-DING -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Holly's cell.

HOLLY
Sorry - my sister is -

But the message is from ANITA.

Frowning, Holly opens it.

Need help w this thing. Rm 164.

Off Holly - apprehension dawning -

INT. UBC ENGINEERING BUILDING - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Holly marches up the hall, scanning the room numbers...

158... 160... 162...

164.

Holly pushes inside -

INT. UBC ENGINEERING BUILDING - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

- to find an OFFICE. Desk, desk-chair, armchairs...

ANITA, seated by the window. Wrists ZIP-TIED in front of her.

PARKS leans on a desk. TOSSING ANITA'S PHONE FROM HAND TO HAND.

PARKS
Thanks for joining us.

The door CLICKS CLOSED behind Holly.

HOLLY
(to Anita)
Are you okay?

ANITA
I'm fine.

PARKS
She's fiiiine.

HOLLY
Let her go.

PARKS
You might not want that. Not after
you hear what I have to say.

HOLLY
You can't keep me here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS
I'm not "keeping" you anywhere.
You're free to leave at any time.

HOLLY
Doesn't look like it.

ANITA
Don't worry about me, Holly.

PARKS
Yes, I'm afraid Anita doesn't have
the same liberty you do.

HOLLY
You're making a mistake - she's a
government agent -

Parks *LAUGHS*.

It's an unexpected sound - stunning Holly into silence.

PARKS
Sorry - oh *man*. 'S a good joke.

HOLLY
Anita works for your government.
Two hundred years in the future,
she's - she's -

But she falters - noticing Parks' pitying expression.

PARKS
She really hasn't told you
anything, has she?

ANITA
Parks...

HOLLY
She's told me *everything* -

PARKS
You were right - there *is* a
government agent in the room.

He reaches into his pocket - Holly TENSES -

But he only produces a BADGE. Hefty. Official-looking.

Bearing the letters **T.B.I.**, a photo, and the name DANIEL PARKS.

PARKS (CONT'D)
If she told you everything, then
you know that Anita Knox is a
wanted criminal in the year 2243.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PARKS (CONT'D)

A con-woman, who posed as a financial advisor, siphoned upwards of a billion dollars from her clients, and fled for a time-jumper when she realized the cops were on her tail.

Holly stares at Anita.

HOLLY

But that was... when you were fifteen...

PARKS

Oh, her record goes back that far, sure. But it didn't end when you were a kid, did it, Knox?

(then)

She mis-calculated her time jump. Nearest we can tell, she landed here about three years ago. Stuck.

HOLLY

So what does this make you?

PARKS

Someone very... invested in making sure that Anita Knox makes it home... dead or alive.

HOLLY

A bounty hunter.

PARKS

A financially invested party.

HOLLY

Why the hell should I believe you? You've chased me across the country - with a badge you could have ordered off Amazon -

PARKS

Hmm. That is a great point. Should she believe me, Anita?

Beat. Silence.

HOLLY

Anita... ?

Anita won't meet Holly's gaze.

ANITA

I'm sorry.

It would have been nicer if someone sucker-punched Holly in the solar plexus. She sways.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HOLLY
All of this - stealing the time
jumper. Hauling it across the
country. Forcing me to come...
here. Was all so you could...

PARKS
Run. Again.

ANITA
No.

Her head SNAPS UP as she speaks - GLARING at Parks.

ANITA (CONT'D)
I wanted to go home.

Holly just LAUGHS - once, light and disbelieving.

ANITA (CONT'D)
I didn't want to hurt you. Holly -
But Holly is already reaching for the doorknob - hand SHAKING -
The CLICK of the door closing behind her is DEAFENING.

INT. UBC ENGINEERING BUILDING - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Holly's shoes ECHO on the linoleum as she STALKS out of the
office - towards the windowed end of the hall.

She fights tears. Fails.

When she hits the end of the hall, she STOPS. Wipes her cheeks.
Then - a moment of loin-girding - she pulls out her cell. DIALS.
RING - RING -

ROSE (O.S.)
(through phone)
Holly?!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Rose - sleep-deprived and harried - is frozen in the middle of
the produce section.

ROSE
Holly? Is that you?

A long moment of silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In it, an uppity SOCCER MOM *tsks* at Rose for not moving.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Go *around*, bitch.
(into phone -)
Holly? Are you there?

HOLLY (O.S.)
I'm here.

ROSE
Thank god. Thank - where are you?

HOLLY (O.S.)
Canada.

ROSE
Why the hell are you in *Canada*?!

SOCCER MOM
There are *children* around.

HOLLY (O.S.)
Are you with someone?

ROSE
Someone who's gonna get her ass
kicked.

Soccer Mom gives a GASP and heads to the cereal aisle.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. UBC ENGINEERING BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Holly leans her head against the window. Closes her eyes.

HOLLY
I'm at UBC. I saw Jerome.

ROSE (O.S.)
Holy shit.

HOLLY
He's good. We're good.

JAMIE (O.S.)
(through phone)
Is that Aunt Holly?

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Jamie DUMPS an armload of E-Z MAC into Rose's cart - HAULS the phone away from his mom's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMIE
Aunt Holly! Mom and I went to the
police station and then she let me
play Dungeon Raid all last night so
I beat level ten -

ROSE
Okay -

She wrestles for the phone.

JAMIE
When are you coming back?

HOLLY (O.S.)
Soon, bud.

Rose finally retrieves her phone.

ROSE
You really scared me.

HOLLY (O.S.)
I know. I'm sorry. Did he say you
went to the *police*?!

ROSE
It's a long story. Uh, I got your
stuff from work.

HOLLY (O.S.)
My notes?

JAMIE
She yelled at your bosses -

INT. UBC ENGINEERING BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Holly can't help but LAUGH, listening to the chaos.

ROSE (O.S.)
James Delgado. Hush.

HOLLY
They deserve it.

The next words are hard to say.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
I was thinking - when I get back.
I'll start looking for a new place.

ROSE (O.S.)
You don't have to -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY
You were right. It's time.

ROSE (O.S.)
You sound different.

INT. GROCERY STORE - AFTERNOON

Rose leans on her shopping cart. Smiling through the tears.

HOLLY (O.S.)
I know, I'm sorry -

ROSE
No, not - you sound more like you.
Like old you.

INT. UBC ENGINEERING BUILDING - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Holly laughs - sisters mirroring each other.

HOLLY
Is that good?

ROSE (O.S.)
It is. It's... yeah. It's good.

HOLLY
I thought - I thought I was about
to do something special, Rose.

ROSE (O.S.)
Who's telling you that you can't?

FOOTSTEPS at the end of the corridor - Holly looks up -
To find JEROME scuttling over. Something wrapped in his coat.

HOLLY
(into phone)
I have to go. I'll be home soon.
Love you.

She HANGS UP just as Jerome draws close.

JEROME
I was thinking -

He lifts a fold on his coat - revealing -

The RIGED FORM OF THE N.E.D. GENERATOR BENEATH.

JEROME (CONT'D)
How do you feel about an
experiment? For old time's sake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Off Holly - a determination blooming.

HOLLY
We just have to do one thing first.

EXT. UBC CAMPUS - AFTERNOON

Students and faculty stream past Anita and Parks as they meander down the sidewalk.

Anita has her JACKET slung over her bound hands. Parks keeps half a pace behind her - staying under the radar.

ANITA
What's your plan? Holly didn't finish the time jumper.

PARKS
Thanks to you -

ANITA
Thanks to you. You're the one who blew this thing up before we could -

PARKS
Better watch it with the "we", don't you think? 'Cuz last I saw, your girlfriend didn't seem like she was on your team.

Anita doesn't have a response to that.

PARKS (CONT'D)
There.

He's gesturing to a PARKING GARAGE SIGN.

PARKS (CONT'D)
Wanna know what the plan is? I'm going to stick you in a cement box. You'll wait there however long it takes for *someone* in this idiotic era to invent basic transportation -

ANITA
It might not ever happen.

PARKS
Then you'll have plenty of time to get comfy. Get moving.

Gritting her teeth, Anita TRUDGES towards the parking garage.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - AFTERNOON

DING -

Elevator doors OPEN. Parks prods Anita into the deserted parking garage level.

Two rows over, Parks' SUV GLEAMS in the dim overhead lighting.

PARKS

There.

Anita takes a few steps -

AND THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

PARKS (CONT'D)

What the hell -

SCREEEEEECH -

And suddenly TWO HEADLIGHTS GLARE TO LIFE - BEAMING DIRECTLY INTO PARKS' AND ANITA'S EYES.

PARKS (CONT'D)

What the hell -

Anita DARTS BACK just in time to avoid a collision with a banged-up old white pickup truck -

Her truck.

With Holly at the wheel. Jerome terrified in the bucket seat.

The truck *barely* stops. Jerome FLINGS the door open.

No second thoughts here - Anita THROWS herself inside. SLAMS the door behind her.

Holly PUNCHES the gas - and the truck SQUEALS towards the exit.

With a frustrated GRUNT, Parks DASHES for his SUV.

INT./EXT. ANITA'S TRUCK - AFTERNOON

Holly is a madman behind the wheel, weaving through traffic like the Fast and the Furious. Jerome clutches the dashboard.

JEROME

You wanna stick to the speed limit?

HOLLY

No time.

A glance at the dashboard clock reveals 3:57.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANITA
Less than an hour.

JEROME
Jesus.

VRRRRMMMM -

Parks' SUV TEARS through traffic behind them - catching up.

ANITA
You know, two truck-rescues makes
this a pattern for you.

Nothing from Holly.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Oh, so you'll save me but you won't
talk to me?
(nothing from Holly)
The lights in the garage. How.

Jerome fishes out Holly's phone. Hands it to Anita.

JEROME
She said something about the
security system login?

HOLLY
It was the same one at Mulligan.

ANITA
You I.T.-department-ed it?

JEROME
Corolla - Corolla - Corolla -

HOOONNNNK -

Holly BLASTS past a Corolla, narrowly missing rear-ending it.

ANITA
You're good.

HOLLY
High praise from a *con artist*.

ANITA
I wanted to tell you -

HOLLY
But you didn't. You strung me
along. Because you were using me -

ANITA
Yes, okay? At first - but then I -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Holly SNORTS. Jerome tries to disappear into the seat.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Fine, be angry! But you came back
for me, Holly. You didn't have to,
and you did.

Silence follows that gauntlet-throw. Then -

JEROME
Uh - guys? He's catching up.

And sure enough - Parks is practically on their tail.

HOLLY
Hold on to something.

And she SCREECHES around another car.

INT./EXT. PARKS' SUV - AFTERNOON

Snarling, Parks follows - CUTTING around a Prius -

INT./EXT. PRIUS - AFTERNOON

- which TONY VOLKOV, the man who discovered erotic photos of his grandmother in the opening, is driving.

He's not much more pulled together now - red-rimmed eyes. And he keeps getting distracted by the STACK OF PICTURES on the passenger's seat.

He's so distracted that he HITS his turn signal - begins to CHANGE LANES without checking -

INT./EXT. ANITA'S TRUCK - AFTERNOON

CRUUUNCH -

The sound of Tony colliding with Parks ECHOES up the highway.

Jerome watches through the rearview.

JEROME
Holy shit.

Holly is pulling towards the exit.

ANITA
He's still close!

HOLLY
I have to get this thing on-line.

INT./EXT. PARKS' SUV - AFTERNOON

Stalled on the side of the road, Parks watches the truck pull onto the exit. He PUNCHES the steering wheel.

TONY (O.S.)
Dude, I am so sorry - you would not
believe the day I've had -

Tony is outside Parks' window, insurance info in hand.

Parks ignores him. Instead, he CRANKS the ignition -

TONY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

The engine SPUTTERS - and SPUTTERS -

TONY (CONT'D)
You're gonna wreck your car, man!

- and SPUTTERS -

EXT. FIELD - AFTERNOON

CLANG-CLANG-CLANG -

THE SAME FIELD AS THE OPENING.

Rainy skies. Green grass. And Anita's battered WHITE TRUCK.

Holly's legs are visible underneath the time jumper, Wicked Witch-style. Whatever she's doing down there is NOISY.

Jerome paces around the time jumper, inspecting it.

JEROME
You built this in a basement?

HOLLY
Only place with enough room.

JEROME
Oh, sure. You *threw it together* -

HOLLY
Pass me the socket wrench?

Shaking his head, Jerome complies. The BANGING sound resumes as Holly gets back to work.

JEROME
How's it looking?

HOLLY
Almost got it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLANG-CLANG-

THUNK -

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Ow.

Jerome buries a smile. *Just like old times.*

Holly pushes out from under the time jumper.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Okay, let's try that -

She SCRAMBLES to the panel set into the side of the time jumper.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

How's... thirty seconds?

JEROME

Whatever you say.

CLICK - TAP - CLICK -

Holly THROWS A SWITCH -

AND THE TIME JUMPER HUMS TO LIFE.

GLOWING. BUZZING. BLUE-WHITE-LIGHT.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Holly...

ZZZZAP -

LIGHT ARCS FROM THE TIME JUMPER -

FREEZING IN PLACE - A SLASH OF LIGHT IN THE AIR -

SEARING THE ATMOSPHERE.

Jerome and Holly are FROZEN. Staring at it.

Wordlessly, Jerome picks up a small ROCK. Hands it to Holly.

Equally wordlessly, she tosses it at the slash of light.

FZZT -

It disappears.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

HOLLY

Shh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEROME
Holly - I think -

HOLLY
Shh. Just wait.

They WAIT.

Behind them, Anita watches the slash of light evenly. A familiar sight to her.

THUNK - CRACKLE -

The temporal energy SHFITS - WIDENING - VIBRATING -
- and something EXPLODES out of the rift -

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Jerome!

She SHOVES her friend to the ground - tumbling after him -

Just in time to miss the ROCK as it SHOOTs from the rift -
PINGING off the hood of the truck just beside Anita.

Holly STARES at the rock - at the dent in the hood - at the rift
-

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Well. *Fuck.*

JEROME
Thirty seconds.

HOLLY
Yeah.

JEROME
Holly, that was *thirty seconds*.

HOLLY
I did it.

JEROME
You did it.

ANITA
I knew you would.

Holly finally turns back to the watchful Anita.

HOLLY
Because you read it in a textbook.

ANITA
Because I *met* you.
(then)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANITA (CONT'D)

I wanted to tell you - about me -
so many times. But I - didn't want
to disappoint you.

HOLLY

You did, though.

ANITA

Yeah. And you came back for me
anyway.

HOLLY

Cocky.

Anita SHRUGS. Maybe a smile buried there somewhere.

The silence that stretches between them - filled with the
CRACKLING of temporal energy - is LOADED.

Holly reaches out. Takes Anita's hand.

And Anita takes hers right back.

JEROME

Holly!

The moment SHATTERS. Holly TURNS -

To see Parks' SUV ZOOMING up the road towards them.

Holly WHIRLS back to Anita.

HOLLY

I haven't had time to test it. The
calibrations are -

ANITA

It'll work.

And for once - Holly accepts Anita's confidence.

HOLLY

The time jumper should send you
forward about 400 years.

ANITA

No -

HOLLY

You'll be able to go whenever you
want from there.

ANITA

Holly.

Anita's grip on Holly's hand TIGHTENS. Her gaze is INTENSE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANITA (CONT'D)
Send me back to my time.

HOLLY
But -

ANITA
2243. Send me back.

HOLLY
You won't be able to escape.
You'll be caught.

ANITA
I've been running from my mistakes
long enough.

And Anita smiles. Bright enough to melt your heart.

ANITA (CONT'D)
It's time for me to make amends.

Parks is almost to them now - SKIDDING to a stop -
He LEAPS out of the SUV.

PARKS
Knox!

Holly FRANTICALLY types coordinates into the control panel.

HOLLY
Okay... okay...

And she THROWS THAT SWITCH AGAIN -

Behind her, the temporal energy FLICKERS and SHIFTS.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
2243. Mid-March, I think.

ANITA
Perfect.

And she KISSES HOLLY.

With the time-space continuum tearing apart behind them and an
irate bounty hunter in front of them...

It's a real show-stopper of a kiss.

When Anita pulls back, Holly is a little glazed.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Wish me luck?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

HOLLY

Uh-huh.

And with a final SQUEEZE of Holly's hand -
Anita LAUNCHES herself into the LIGHT.

PARKS

Knox!

FURIOUS, Parks BOLTS for the portal -

JEROME

Holly, look out!

But Holly is QUICK AT THE CONTROL PANEL.

CLICK - TAP -

The energy FLICKERS - SHIFTS AGAIN -

And Parks DISAPPEARS into the light.

- leaving Holly and Jerome. Alone. Staring at the slash of
energy CRACKLING in the air.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Did you -

HOLLY

1956.

JEROME

Hope he likes the Cold War.

Jerome wraps his arm around Holly's shoulders. Squeezes.

In the distance, the growing sound of SIRENS.

ANITA (V.O.)

A few things happened the afternoon
of November 15, 2023.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PRISON - CELL - DAY

JAIL CELLS OF AN IDEALISTIC FUTURE.

Still the gray cement box. BUT - single-occupancy. A bed, a
sink, a toilet, a stack of books.

A POSTER OF TERMINATOR 2.

And ANITA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Seated on the bed. Shoving her feet into shoes.

ANITA (V.O.)
First: Dr. Jerome Lawrence came up
with his first spy novel.

She's older - a streak of gray in her hair. Lines on her face.

BEEP - FWSHHHH -

The door to her cell WHOOSHES OPEN. Stern-faced PRISON GUARD on the other side.

INT. PRISON - CORRIDOR - DAY

Anita paces down the corridor, the guard at her back.

ANITA (V.O.)
Second: Rose Morales was banned
from her neighborhood Safeway for
punching another customer.

Sunlight shines through the far exit.

INT. PRISON - OUTTAKE - DAY

Anita - now in the clothes she was wearing when she left Holly - collects a bag of belongings from a guard.

She TURNS. The door to freedom in front of her.

ANITA (V.O.)
And third?

For the first time, her expression CRACKS. Anxiety shining through.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

And Anita emerges into the sunlight, BLINKING.

She takes a step - pauses -

HOLLY (O.S.)
Hey.

- and SMILES.

HOLLY walks up beside her - TRANSFORMED. Well-dressed, bright-eyed. *Confident and successful.*

Through the door behind Anita, the two PRISON GUARDS point and whisper. *Is that who I think it is?!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But Holly just beams at Anita... and holds up the old DINER NAPKIN. Still creased. Still covered in scribbles.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Ready to get out of here?

And Anita beams right back.

ANITA
Let's hit the road.

ANITA (V.O.)
Holly Morales invented time travel.

And off Holly: looking at the future for the first time -

SMASH TO BLACK.

END