

I'm.mortal

by

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Revised

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FADE UP ON

Darkness. We hear a clock ticking but we do not see it.

Text appears over the blackness:

*In the not-too-distant future
the aging gene has been switched off.*

*To avoid over-population,
time has become the currency.*

The rich can live forever.

*For the rest, immortality has become
the quickest way to die.*

As the text disappears, the darkness lifts - an uncertain dawn revealed through a grimy window.

We see the clock - an old-fashioned ALARM CLOCK. It rings.

A HAND turns off the clock. Nothing remarkable about the clock. Something truly remarkable about the hand.

The left hand or, to be more precise, the left wrist displays a DIGITAL CLOCK of its own where a wristwatch is normally worn.

Configured like a countdown clock in units of years, months, weeks, days, hours, minutes, seconds, it's a literal "body clock" - an integral part of the body, operating by the body's natural electricity. The numbers glow on the surface of the skin, the skin cells arranging themselves to form digits that glow green with a bioluminescent property. The clock, forever counting down, currently reads:

0000y:00m:00w:0d:23h:11m:02s

The clock belongs to WILL SALAS, early twenties. He opens his eyes and stares at his wrist.

He has 23 hours and 11 minutes left in his life.

Will sighs - it's obviously a predicament he's faced many times before.

He drags himself from bed and pulls back the soiled drapes covering the window of his sparsely furnished hotel bedroom. Outside, it is a gloomy day in the ghetto.

INT. HOTEL - KITCHEN. DAY.

WILL emerges into the kitchen where a stunning young woman, RACHEL, early twenties, dressed in a camisole, is pouring coffee.

WILL
Hi, Mom.

No, it isn't an error. Rachel really is in her early twenties and Rachel really is Will's mother.

As we will soon discover, no one is older than their twenties - biologically. However, the chronological age has no limit.

(NB: The minor variation in the biological age of adults is due to the differing time of life an individual matures. Full maturation triggers the aging gene to switch off and the "body clock" to begin ticking.)

RACHEL
You got in late last night.

WILL
I put in some overtime.

She examines his wrist.

RACHEL
Where did it go?

Will smiles.

WILL
On you.

From behind his back he produces a bottle of wine tied with a fancy bow.

RACHEL
(annoyed by the
extravagance but pleased
just the same)
That was dumb.
(shrug)
Happy sixtieth. They drink it in
Eternalia. I've seen it on the
shows.

Rachel kisses him on the cheek, does the math in her head.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
You're right...sixty.

WILL
Or twenty-one for the thirty-ninth
time.

RACHEL
I ought to have a grandchild by now
- when are you going to find
yourself a nice girl?

WILL
I don't like nice girls. Anyway,
what's the hurry, I'm barely forty?

Hastily changing the subject, he looks to her wrist.

WILL (CONT'D)
What have you got?

RACHEL
(regarding her clock)
Two days. Not even. We owe half that
in rent. Eight hours for the electric.
Twelve to the bank.

Rachel exits to her bedroom.

WILL
(calling through the door)
How many shifts you working?

RACHEL
Two. Same as you.

Rachel reappears in a dress for work.

WILL
When was the last time you had a
day off?

RACHEL
(shrug)
Been a while. When you were born maybe.
(a thought occurs)
Meet me at the bus stop. After the
bills are paid, I won't have long.

WILL
Sure, we'll celebrate.

Will tries to keep up her spirits.

WILL (CONT'D)
Don't worry. We work hard, save
time, we can live forever.

RACHEL
(skeptical)
Is that to cheer me up or you?

Will shrugs - doesn't fully believe it himself.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
(regarding her time)
Let me give you thirty minutes so
you can buy a decent lunch.

Will puts his wrist to his mother's - she transfers a half hour of her time.

(NB: Time is transferred from person to person by way of a unique handshake. The right wrists are held together - the time conveyed by the electricity in the pulse. The one who has their hand on top of the other - who literally has the "upper hand" - is the one extracting the time. Both parties monitor the amount of time exchanged by watching the body clock on their left wrist.)

Will glances to his wrist - even with the time she's deposited, it only reads:

0000y:00m:0w:0d:23h:39m:07s

He pulls down his sleeve to cover his clock as if it will somehow make the problem go away.

WILL
I admit, just one morning, I'd like
to wake up with more time on my
hand than hours in the day.

EXT. STREET - EMIT TOWN (TIME ZONE 12). DAY.

WILL and RACHEL emerge on the street. After a kiss on the cheek, they quickly go their separate ways. Rachel heads for the bus stop. We follow Will as he walks to work.

Although it is clearly some time in the future, this frenetically-paced, chaotic ghetto doesn't look vastly different from today. Much of our architecture and technology has survived into the future. However, virtually every building is shuttered with heavy metal doors and corrugated iron, windows protected by grates.

Time dominates all aspects of life.

All the BILLBOARDS and STORES that WILL passes advertise not in money but time. "BUCHERER BEER - 6 PACK ONLY 1 HOUR".

A "99sec ONLY STORE".

A sign atop an office building reads, "TIME SHARE - Time Lenders". Under heavy guard, an ARMORED TRUCK is loaded with TIME CAPSULES - pocket-sized metal cylinders used for storing time outside the body - these cylinders contain ONE WEEK.

Of course, the other striking difference with this world is that the oldest person we ever see is in their twenties.

A WOMAN argues with a VENDOR over the cost of medicine - shows him her clock with four days on it.

WOMAN #1

--A week?! I only got four days.
What good's the medicine, if buying
it kills me.

VENDOR

(unsympathetic shrug)
So let the *disease* kill you.

We FOCUS on a YEAR of time on the BODY CLOCK of an EIGHT-YEAR-OLD BOY. With no access yet to the time engineered into his genetic code, that will start ticking when the boy reaches maturity (all the population is born with a year), the boy uses a TIME CAPSULE containing TEN MINUTES to buy an orange from a stall.

A WOULD-BE THIEF tries to snatch the capsule from the boy but his OLDER BROTHER comes to his aid.

Two ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMEN dance together to a song blaring from a GHETTO BLASTER much to the delight of a group of lascivious YOUNG MEN. A young man requests a dance and has to pay for the privilege - giving a MINUTE to the girl.

Will watches an ARMORED LIMOUSINE pass - commonly referred to as a "lead sled", it has metal skirts to protect the wheels from attack and narrow slits for windows containing one-inch thick bullet-proof glass. We can assume the unseen OCCUPANT possesses a substantial amount of time. Any outing for someone with a lot to lose is a military exercise.

The other dominant feature of life in the ghetto is death. People are constantly "timing-out". Several small FUNERAL PROCESSIONS pass by as Will hurries to work. The COFFINS carried on the shoulders of MOURNERS.

Sitting outside a CHURCH with a sign, "HOMELESS SHELTER - CLOSED", a DERELICT reaches out his hand to Will - showing less than an HOUR on his clock. Will reaches down and transfers a MINUTE to the man.

Will glances to the clock on the church tower. Realizing he's late, Will takes a short cut across a vacant lot.

Will fails to see the Homeless Man deposit Will's handout into a TIME CAPSULE hidden under his coat that actually contains over a MONTH.

The oblivious Will breaks into a run, then a full sprint across the vacant lot.

A panning surveillance camera on a light pole tracks him.

INT. TIMEKEEPER STATION - CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

The blurry figure of WILL is observed on a monitor - one of hundreds of monitors in a police control room - the police now referred to as TIMEKEEPERS.

However, the monitors are of secondary importance. Dominating the control room is a GRAPHIC MAP of the city - a vast urban and industrial conurbation, subdivided into TIME ZONES. These zones have nothing to do with differences in the time of day but rather differences in the amount of wealth.

The estimated accumulated time of the citizens in each suburb is represented by a fluctuating DIGITAL CLOCK. Most time is located in suburbs such as ETERNALIA (TIME ZONE 4). The least time in suburbs such as EMIT TOWN (TIME ZONE 12).

TIMEKEEPERS monitor the clocks and the "time per capita".

Overseeing the control room is SENIOR TIMEKEEPER, RAYMOND LEON - although it's difficult to gauge seniority from appearance since Leon looks the same age as his subordinates. However, there is a calm detachment to Leon. He is a man with an overriding sense of order. A fierce advocate of the system, we sense that he is as precise as the time he keeps.

With a look of satisfaction, Leon regards the surveillance footage of Will running.

He turns to his loyal lieutenant, TIMEKEEPER JAEGER.

TIMEKEEPER LEON
They're running.

TIMEKEEPER JAEGER
(understanding the significance)
No time to waste.

TIMEKEEPER LEON
(grim smile)
No time for war.

EXT. CAFE - GHETTO. DAY.

"COFFEE - 3 mins", reads a sign.

WILL enters the crowded cafe. He joins a man in line - BOREL.

WILL
(regarding the price list)
Three minutes for a cup of coffee.

BOREL
I remember when it was a minute and
a half.

CAFE OWNER
(impatient)
You want coffee or you wanna
reminisce?

WILL
Two coffees.

The Owner, early twenties, hits a key on his register and places a scanner on top of Will's right wrist. SIX MINUTES are deducted from his life.

Two cups of weak coffee are dumped on the counter - Borel immediately spiking his drink with liquor from a miniature bottle he has in his jacket.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

A group of MEN in an alley play an impromptu arm wrestling game, commonly known as "Strong Arm".

Akin to a very lethal form of arm-wrestling, using a table as support, the contestants each grasp the other's right arm and try to gain the upper hand. While keeping an eye on the body clocks on their left arms, they try to extract their opponent's time. Inevitably one weakens and the other gains the advantage. One would drain the life out of the other if the contest continued.

But this game is not in earnest - merely practice for a more deadly contest. A way to kill time while working out a way to scam more.

The champion is FORTIS. Twenties, of course, he is the leader of a group of thugs, commonly known as MINUTE MEN. An ox of a man, he is a mixture of ethnicities. Impossible to say what mix but menace comes out of every pore.

WILL and BOREL walk past the alley. Will senses the threat.

WILL
(under his breath)
Minute Men.

They both walk on briskly, hoping not to be noticed - Borel breaking into a run. Will is almost out of sight when Fortis sees him.

FORTIS
You!

Will stops in his tracks, turns to face Fortis, approaching with his cohorts.

WILL
Oh, God.

FORTIS
No need to be so formal.

Will is foxing - he runs. He's fast but they're ready for him - he runs into two MINUTE MEN coming from the opposite direction. Will is clothes-lined - hits the unforgiving pavement. He springs to his feet, only to be slammed down again by KOLBER, Fortis' enforcer.

Again, Will gets to his feet, frantically makes for a barred gate - tries to claw his way up. The other Minute Men wrestle Will down, throw him against a reinforced metal door - the barricaded ghetto buildings offer little avenue for escape. Restrained, Will fights to keep his wrist out of reach.

Kolber holds Will - Fortis, gun visible in his waistband, grasps Will's wrist.

FORTIS (CONT'D)
You shouldn't have run, my young friend.

WILL
(sarcastic)
I'm late. Any other day I'd be happy to let you rob me.

Fortis turns to his cohorts.

FORTIS
Do you know who this *is*, gentlemen?
This is the son of John Salas, the only man who ever took time from me in a fight.
(MORE)

FORTIS (CONT'D)
Unfortunately, he, er...*died* before
I could get it back.
(regarding Will's clock)
Do you have a minute - actually an
hour?

Fortis studies Will - sees the resemblance to Will's father.

FORTIS (CONT'D)
(offering his hand for
Strong Arm)
I'll tell you what - I'll fight you
for it.

Will regards the much larger, stronger Fortis - Will has
little chance of defeating him.

FORTIS (CONT'D)
(goads him)
Come on, I'm an old man. I turned
seventy-five last week.

WILL
(meeting his gaze)
So you have fifty-five more years
experience at being twenty-five.

FORTIS
You talk like your father. Maybe
you can fight like him too.

Will hesitates, considering the idea, then shakes his head,
declining to fight.

WILL
Just take it.

Fortis is disappointed. He was relishing the possibility of
a contest.

FORTIS
(dredging up the name from
somewhere)
Will, isn't it?
(meeting Will's gaze)
Will, I know it says somewhere,
"the meek shall inherit the earth" -
but, personally, I don't see a lot
of evidence.

Fortis starts to extract an hour of Will's time.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:19h:59m:00s

FORTIS
 (sneer at Will)
 If you'd fought, I wouldn't have
 taken so much.

Fortis sucker punches Will who drops to the ground. Fortis
 departs down the alley with the other Minute Men.

Only now does BOREL reappear - hiding behind the corner the
 whole time. He helps the fallen Will to his feet.

BOREL
 Come on - we're late.

EXT. FACTORY. DAY.

FOCUS on the clock on an arm - frozen at FOURTEEN ZEROS.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:00m:00s

The clock belongs to a DEAD MAN lying near the entrance to
 the factory.

A FOREMAN orders two WORKERS to remove the body.

WILL
 How's it possible in broad
 daylight? No one can spare a
 second?

BOREL
 Times are tough.

They enter the factory and clock-in.

INT. FACTORY - GHETTO. DAY.

Miles and miles of gleaming RAZOR WIRE - so commonly seen
 around the city, separating the time zones - come out of the
 maw of a gargantuan machine in this enormous barbed wire
 factory.

WILL, wearing heavy gloves, helps gather the wire into huge
 bales.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FACTORY - PAY WINDOW. NIGHT.

The FACTORY WORKERS "clock out", receiving their day's salary
 - 28 HOURS.

It is delivered via a SCANNER - similar to a supermarket scanner of today - placed under the workers' wrists.

WILL is next in line. He glances to his clock - after his twelve-hour shift he is down to:

0000y:00m:0w:0d:07h:23m:04s

He approaches the PAY CLERK and presses his wrist to the scanner. The clock goes up to:

0000y:00m:0w:1d:04h:50m:03s

The Clerk grabs Will's hand and re-scans him - this time deducting five hours.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:23h:50m:01s

Will regards his body clock, incredulous.

WILL
What's this deduction?

CLERK
You clocked-in late.

WILL
(incredulous)
I *worked* late.

CLERK
Not late *enough*.

INT. BAR. NIGHT.

WORKERS play an impromptu game of poker in a seedy bar.

Several WOMEN hang around to move in on the victor. Other MEN hang around to move in on the women.

Instead of a pot of money in the center of the poker table, a well-worn TIMEPIECE - reminiscent of a retro digital watch with red numerals. It flashes with the total time at stake.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:14h:23m:00s

WILL, one of the five players, wears the proverbial poker-face. Opposite, GILBERT EKMAN enters an amount from his wrist to the timepiece - the other three PLAYERS have folded.

EKMAN
I call.

Will shows his hand - a pair of aces. Ekman throws down his cards in disgust.

Will transfers the "pot" from the timepiece to his wrist.

WILL
(getting up from his chair)
I'm out.

EKMAN
(protesting)
Shit, Will, I was just warming up.

WILL
I got to meet my mom. It's her birthday.
(referring to his clock)
Thanks to you I can buy her something nice.

EKMAN
Come on, Will. One more hand.

Will regards Ekman's wrist.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:03m:18s

He shakes his head - Ekman is a lost cause.

WILL
You don't have time to *play* another hand, Ekman, you hopeless bastard.

Will takes pity, grabs Ekman's wrist and transfers TEN MINUTES of his winnings to Ekman.

WILL (CONT'D)
Here's enough to get you home.

Will departs.

EKMAN
(to the other players, when Will is out of earshot)
Ante up.

Ekman transfers his one minute ante into the timepiece. The others play another hand without comment.

INT. TIME SHARE - TIME LENDERS. NIGHT.

In an industrial district in another part of the city, RACHEL makes a payment of TWELVE HOURS to a TIME LENDER and exits. She's left with an HOUR and change.

INT. BUS. NIGHT.

RACHEL boards a crowded bus. She holds her hand out to the scanner held by the DRIVER.

RACHEL
Emit Town.

DRIVER
Two hours.

Rachel swiftly withdraws her hand from the scanner as if burnt - the deduction would have killed her

RACHEL
(swiftly withdraws her
hand from the scanner as
if burnt)
It's always been an *hour*.

DRIVER
(shrug)
Now it's *two*. Price went up.

RACHEL
Since when?

DRIVER
Since *today*.

RACHEL
(trying to charm the DRIVER)
My son is meeting me. He'll pay
the difference.

DRIVER
Can't do that. Policy.

RACHEL
(pleading her case)
Please, it's a two hour walk.
(showing him her clock)
I've got an hour and a half.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:01h:29m:05s

DRIVER
(unsympathetic)
Then you'd better *run*.

Rachel looks desperately to the other PASSENGERS - they look away.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

RACHEL gets off the bus, mind reeling. She races back to the TIME LENDER building. It's closed - dark inside.

She surveys the street - deserted. She starts to walk, then run.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

A CAR approaches in the direction she's going. She tries to flag it down. It doesn't even slow.

She keeps running.

A MAN on the road ahead opens the metal door to his apartment building. Rachel runs to him.

RACHEL

Stop!

Afraid of the desperate woman, the Man hastily enters, locks the door behind him. Rachel looks to her time. She pounds on the metal door.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Please!

No reply. The street is quiet. She looks to her clock.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:38m:05s

She keeps running.

EXT. BUS STOP - EMIT TOWN. NIGHT.

WILL waits by the bus stop, holding a small bouquet of flowers.

The BUS pulls in. A COUPLE gets off. No one else. Will scans the bus - doesn't see his mother. The bus pulls away.

Will looks to his wrist, does the math. He is concerned. He drops the flowers and starts to run in the direction the bus arrived.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

RACHEL keeps running, glances desperately to her clock. She's got a minute and change.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:01m:05s

Rachel's exhausted now.

A TRUCK approaches at high speed, gives her hope. She steps into the road to wave it down. The truck almost hits her as it roars by.

Another look to her time. She keeps running.

EXT. OTHER END OF THE STREET. NIGHT.

At the other end of the long street WILL is sprinting. He sees a figure running towards him in the far distance. Is it his mother?

WILL

Mom!

He puts on a spurt.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

RACHEL recognizes the figure running towards her, several hundred yards away - she smiles in relief.

RACHEL

Will!

She keeps running. Not a moment to lose, even to check her time. Only we see the clock on her wrist as she runs, down to the last seconds of her life.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:00m:02s

She is still a hundred yards away from Will and the time that would save her.

In this world, the genetically rewired circuitry of the body that keeps you young is also what kills you. Suddenly Rachel suffers an irreversible shock to the system - a massive heart attack. She is hurled off her feet, dead before she hits the ground.

Will runs desperately - throws himself on his mother to give her time. But her clock reads ALL ZEROES.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:00m:00s

Oblivious to any traffic that may come by, Will lies in the middle of the road with his mother.

He holds her as we imagine he did as a child.

From a distance, we observe the embrace of mother and son in the empty street.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GARBAGE DUMP/CEMETERY. DAY.

A simple WOOD CROSS marks a grave on the top of a hill. Written on the cross, "RACHEL SALAS".

From the plastic bags and other debris blowing around in the wind it is difficult to tell if the body lies in a cemetery or a garbage dump. It may be both.

It's one of FIVE FUNERALS taking place this day. A lot of death in a land of immortality.

Will approaches the PRIEST, early twenties, to pay for his services.

PRIEST

I can't take anything. Your mother was always generous.

The Priest and a handful of MOURNERS drift away, leaving WILL standing at the graveside.

BOREL and wife, GRETA, approach Will - Borel swigging from a bottle in a paper bag, Greta holding a NEWBORN BABY, wrapped in a blanket.

At a loss for anything else to say or do, Greta shows Will the baby.

GRETA

She's so new. She shouldn't be out of the house yet--

BOREL

--I told her, it's always good to have babies at funerals. A new life, you know?

Will tries to engage with the baby but his heart is not in it.

Greta proudly shows off her newborn's wrist with its tiny but perfectly-formed unticking clock.

GRETA

There it is.

We FOCUS on the digits indicating years - "1".

0001y:00m:0w:0d:00h:00m:00s

BOREL

(regarding the wrist)
Shame we've got to wait twenty
years - we could use that year
right now.

GRETA

(marveling)
It's a miracle, isn't it - how our
bodies know when to switch it on?
Nature sure is beautiful.

BOREL

Except it's *not* nature. We don't
even *know* any more how our bodies
do it. Why a year? Why are we
even born with this clock?

GRETA

(blurting out)
The clock gave Rachel *sixty* years.
That's a good life.

BOREL

(taking a swig from the
bottle in a paper bag)
Without it, she might have gotten a
century. More. We *all* could. And
how many of her years were worth
living anyway? The clock is
killing the poor.

Will, not really part of the conversation until now, finally
speaks.

WILL

(numb, repeating his
mantra)
We're all born equal - we work
hard, save time, we can live
forever.

Borel and Greta exchange a look.

Will glances to his clock.

WILL (CONT'D)

We've got to go back to work.

Will takes a final look back to his mother's grave - then to
the polluted city below the cemetery.

A video billboard promotes a sweepstakes contest - the prize is a trip to the glamorous Time Zone of "ETERNALIA" - at a grand casino we glimpse the body clock of an elegant woman - in fast-motion thousands of years roll onto her clock.

Will trudges towards the factory.

INT. FACTORY. DAY.

Entering the factory, WILL is met by the FOREMAN.

FOREMAN
You're late, Salas. I'm docking
your pay.

Resigned, Will allows the foreman to scan his wrist and deduct 6 HOURS.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)
Where have you been?

WILL
Burying my mother.

The Foreman either doesn't hear or, more likely, doesn't care.

FOREMAN
You should thank me for not firing
you.

WILL
(numb)
Thanks.

Will goes to his work station - the barbed wire continues to spew out of the machine.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FACTORY. DUSK.

A wide shot of WILL departing the factory at the end of his shift.

As he exits frame, time lapse photography covering days and nights over several years shows the city skyline in the background radically altering - BUILDINGS torn down and rebuilt, a sapling growing into a TREE. Text appears on the screen:

EIGHT YEARS LATER

Will re-enters frame. His overalls and hairstyle are slightly different and there is a weariness in his eyes. Other than that, he hasn't aged a day in eight years. He enters the factory.

INT. BAR. NIGHT.

We focus on a MAN'S WRIST, ostentatiously flashing over a century.

0100y:09m:3w:0d:00h:00m:06s

This is more time than we have seen on anyone's hand in the ghetto.

It belongs to the well-dressed, well-heeled, HENRY HAMILTON. He is clearly wearing too much time for such a dangerous neighborhood but you wouldn't know it from his carefree attitude.

Henry is drinking with two LOCAL GIRLS, beautiful in a trashy way. Both girls are fixated on his clock.

The drunk Henry is not a happy drunk. Something profoundly sad in the way he smiles.

HENRY
(to the barman, unsteadily
regarding the array of
finished drinks on the bar)
More...everything.

In the background, Will's poker group plays, paying no attention to the playboy.

However, a MAN WITH COKE-BOTTLE GLASSES, nursing a drink at the bar, is watching Henry closely. The man hastily leaves.

EXT. FORTIS' SAFE HOUSE. NIGHT.

FORTIS is in the bar that he frequents, engaged in a Strong Arm fight.

Fortis has the upper hand - time rolling onto his clock from his weaker OPPONENT.

His opponent taps out but Fortis sadistically ignores it.

His opponent is under sixty seconds - the other MINUTE MEN pull the laughing Fortis away.

A MINUTE MAN restores time to the man before he expires.

They are interrupted by the MAN WITH THE COKE BOTTLE GLASSES appearing at the doorway.

INT. BAR. NIGHT.

HENRY HAMILTON is still at the bar buying drinks for his companions. One of the girls kisses him.

GIRL 1
You want to go home with me?

GIRL 2
(irritated that she wasn't
the first to ask)
You can take us both...home.

Suddenly, FORTIS enters the bar, flanked by KOLBER and several other MINUTE MAN.

The TWO YOUNG WOMEN immediately exit the bar along with the other PATRONS. The BARMAN also makes himself scarce.

EXT. BAR. NIGHT.

Approaching the bar, still in his factory overalls, WILL is expecting to find his usual card game. He is confused by the exiting PLAYERS.

Curious, Will peeks inside, only to have the door slammed in his face by a MINUTE MAN - but not before Will glimpses the defenceless figure of the time-rich HENRY HAMILTON, body-clock exposed, surrounded by thugs.

Will goes to leave, like the other bar patrons - but he can't bring himself to abandon the stranger. He turns and hurries to the back entrance of the bar and furtively enters.

INT. BAR. NIGHT.

HENRY stares at FORTIS. Henry recognizes the threat, terrified yet at the same almost welcoming it. Fortis is fixated on Henry's BODY CLOCK with its century of time.

FORTIS
(referring to the BODY
CLOCK)
That's a nice watch. Mind if I try
it on. I think it would suit me.

HENRY
(scared but masking it)
You'll have to take it off me.

Fortis smiles at the prospect of the contest.

A table is hastily set up for Strong Arm - Fortis at one side, a chair for Henry opposite. Fortis flexes his right arm.

For all his bravado, the ashen-faced Henry looks to be on the verge of throwing up.

FORTIS
(to his right hand man)
I think my friend needs a moment.

Staying out of sight in the hallway near the restroom, Will watches as Kolber escorts Henry in his direction.

INT. RESTROOM. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON the door to a stall - HENRY can be heard throwing up inside as KOLBER stands guard.

Henry emerges, wipes his mouth. He rolls up his sleeve in preparation for a contest he knows he will lose.

KOLBER
Ready to go?

HENRY
Ready to go.

A STALL DOOR smashes into Kolber's face, felling him instantly - the door viciously swung by WILL.

Henry looks at Will, dumbfounded.

WILL
You need to get out of here.

Henry hesitates. Will grabs him by the collar and drags him down the corridor to the rear exit.

INT. BAR. NIGHT.

From his position at the table in the bar, FORTIS sees a glimpse of WILL hustling his "mark" out the rear door.

Fortis upturns the table to get to Will faster, storms down the corridor - followed by his gang of thugs.

EXT. BAR. NIGHT.

WILL hurriedly wheels a DUMPSTER in front of the door to buy time, starts dragging HENRY down the street.

The MINUTE MEN can be heard pounding on the door, trying to dislodge the barrier.

HENRY
(protesting)
What are you doing? I can take
care of myself.

WILL
I don't see any evidence. No
offense.
(urging him on)
You've got to get out of here. Run.

Will knows the streets.

He literally drags Henry through torn gaps in corrugated iron, squeezing through grates, using the hood and roof of a car as steps, they scale a wall.

Fortis and his gang, having reversed themselves and exited the front door of the bar, can heard close behind.

FORTIS (O.S.)
You are dead!

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING. NIGHT.

A quiet street. WILL drags HENRY to an abandoned, barricaded building - indistinguishable from every other building in this war zone of a ghetto.

Will picks up a garbage can, starts smashing the lock and chain that holds the door. It finally gives way.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING. DAY.

WILL shoves HENRY inside - Henry promptly collapsing on the floor in exhaustion.

Will hastily closes the door behind them. Before he can secure the door, the sound of FORTIS and his MINUTE MEN doing a house-to-house search, testing the metal doors.

FORTIS (O.S.)
Salas, you are dead!

Will instinctively wraps the broken chain around his wrist to give the impression that the door is still locked. He braces himself.

From the outside, a MINUTE MAN tests the door by pulling hard on the chain. The links of the chain scythe into Will's wrist. Will holds on.

Apparently satisfied, the footsteps of the Minute Men can be heard departing.

Then one of the thugs comes racing back - launches himself at the door with his boot.

Will holds onto the chain - barely - keeping up the ruse that the door is secure. The Minute Men finally move on for good.

Quiet now, Will secures the chain and regards his torn up wrist.

Then he turns to Henry.

Henry is leaning against the wall of what appears to be the lobby of an abandoned hotel. He is seemingly unconcerned.

Will helps him to his feet, deposits him on a broken chair.

Will takes a seat himself.

WILL

Damn, that was close. They were going to clean your clock - you know that?

HENRY

(unfazed)

Yes.

WILL

I mean they weren't just going to *rob* you, they were going to *kill* you.

Will looks to Henry's clock. (Apart from the ambient light from the street, the only light in the room is emitted by the bioluminescent green of their body clocks.)

0100y:09m:3w:0d:00h:00m:12s

WILL

They can't take that much and let you live to tell about it.

HENRY

Yes.

WILL
 (irritated by Henry's
 nonchalance)
 What are you doing here
 (referring to Henry's wrist)
 - flashing all that - you out of
 your mind?

Henry doesn't answer - just smiles, introduces himself.

HENRY
 Henry.

WILL
 Will.

Henry produces a metal flask from his jacket, takes a swig
 and offers it to Will. Will takes a swig, gags.

WILL (CONT'D)
 God!

HENRY
 (smile)
 You drink more, it gets better.

Will takes another swig, now ready for the kick of the harsh
 liquor.

WILL
 Not *much* better.

Will discreetly checks through the broken blinds of a window -
 a MINUTE MAN is posted at the end of the street.

WILL (CONT'D)
 It'll be safe in the morning, I'll
 get you out of here.
 (confirming the obvious)
 You come from Eternalia?

HENRY
 Does it show?

Will catches himself staring at Henry's BODY CLOCK.

WILL
 Don't mean to stare - I've just
 never met anyone with more than
 twelve months, let alone a hundred
 years.

HENRY
 I used to be worth thousands.

WILL
A millenarian?

Henry registers the wonder in Will's eyes.

HENRY
(meeting Will's gaze)
You think this would make you happy.

WILL
Maybe not. But, like they say, I'd
be a hell of a lot more comfortable
while I was being miserable.

HENRY
(smile)
How old are you?

WILL
Forty-eight.

HENRY
I'm ninety.

WILL
(impressed)
Good for you. But you won't see
ninety-one if you have too many
nights like tonight.

HENRY
You're right.
(glance to his clock)
But living with this for seventy
years, I figured something out.
Your mind can be spent even if your
body's not. You can have enough.

Something disturbing about the remark.

WILL
I think you just had a bad day.
Things will look better in the
morning.

Henry notices Will check his own time.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:18h:00m:06s

HENRY
Looks like you could use some help.

WILL
(averting his eyes)
No thanks.

HENRY

You won't take a second from me?

WILL

(offended by the suggestion)

It's not mine to take.

(referring to Henry's clock)

One day I'm going to have that.

But I'm going to make it myself.

HENRY

(weary smile)

How do you plan on doing that?

WILL

(shrug)

Work hard. Save time. Get lucky.

HENRY

You don't have a chance.

(off Will's insulted look)

Not you *personally*, anyone in this time zone.

WILL

That's not true.

HENRY

You ever heard of the profit and loss index?

Will shakes his head. Henry looks to his clock.

HENRY (CONT'D)

The profit is pretty obvious.

WILL

What's the "loss"?

HENRY

Loss of *life*.

This stops Will in his tracks. Will's look to Henry begs more of an explanation. Henry focuses on his ticking BODY CLOCK.

HENRY (CONT'D)

The ones who conceived this "blessing" of immortality - turning off the aging gene - also predicted the curse. If you don't die but you *do* give birth, you have a problem. Everyone can't live forever. Where would we *put* them? Of course, the solution was the time economy.

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

We all start with equal time - a year. If we earn, we have more time. If we spend, we have less. But it got corrupted. Why do you think there are time zones? Why do you think taxes and prices go up the same day in the ghetto? The cost of living keeps rising to make sure people keep dying. How else can there be some men with a million years while most live day to day?

(meeting Will's gaze,
sadness in Henry's eyes)

For a few to be immortal, many must die.

The words hang in the air. Will refuses to accept it.

WILL

(obstinate)

Well, it's going to take a lot to kill me.

Henry smiles again, passes the flask to Will. He takes a swig, passes it back.

WILL (CONT'D)

Get some rest.

(regarding Will's clock)

Don't worry, I won't take your time in the night.

HENRY

(wry smile)

And I won't take yours.

Will slumps in his broken chair, closes his eyes.

Henry leans back, takes another swig from his flask - trying to drink himself into oblivion.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING. DAWN.

CLOSE ON WILL'S FACE - sleeping like the dead. A shadow falls across his face. HENRY.

Henry gently puts his wrist under Will's - gives him the upper hand. He soundlessly transfers his time to Will.

0100y:09m:2w:6d:18h:00m:12s

Henry looks to his wrist. He's left himself five minutes.

0000y:00m:0w:0d00h:05m:00s

Henry writes a message on a dusty mirror and exits.

EXT. BRIDGE. DAWN.

HENRY strolls to the middle of a bridge near the hotel, calmly sits on the railing and watches the sun rise over the river as he waits for the last few minutes of his life to tick away.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING. DAWN.

WILL wakes, groggy from the drink. He looks to his body clock, surprised by what he sees. He senses something amiss.

He searches, finds no sign of Henry.

Then he sees the message on the mirror, confirming what happened.

"Don't waste my time - Henry"

Will looks again to his clock.

0100y:09m:2w:6d:17h:00m:08s

Will looks out of the window. He sees Henry sitting on the empty bridge.

We FOCUS on HENRY'S WRIST - down to two seconds. Then ALL ZEROES.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:00m:00s

The aging gene switches back on, causing the massive shock to the system. Henry clutches his heart and falls forward into the river.

Seeing him fall, Will runs.

EXT. BRIDGE. DAWN.

WILL dashes to the spot where Henry fell. He looks down at Henry's body floating in the water. Visible on his wrist, the telltale FOURTEEN ZEROS.

Will is alone on the bridge but he suddenly feels eyes on him. He covers his wrist - more paranoid than usual.

He spies a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA on a nearby light stand, panning in his direction.

Will runs.

EXT. FACTORY. DAY.

CLOSE ON Will's SHIRT SLEEVE that he grips tightly with his hand to ensure his clock does not show.

As he approaches the factory where he works, an anxious BOREL intercepts him, pulls him to the cover of freight containers. (Borel is unchanged in the eight years we've seen him, except for signs of his drinking are catching up with him.)

BOREL
Fortis is looking for you. He's
not happy. He's saying you owe him
a century. Why would he say that?

Will furtively reveals his clock. Borel is agog.

0100y:09m:2w:6d:15h:01m:07s

WILL
A guy from Eternalia - they were
going to kill him.

BOREL
(concerned)
Instead, you did?

WILL
He gave it to me. I woke up with
it...and a hangover. He timed
himself out before I could stop him.

BOREL
(incredulous)
No one gives anybody a hundred
years.

WILL
(trying to make sense of it)
I don't think he liked the way he
got it.
(regarding the clock,
conspiratorial)
He didn't just give me this, he gave me
the *truth* about it. We think life's
hard, it's *impossible*. The way the
system works - no one's supposed to leave
this zone, except by dying.

BOREL
(facetious)
Really? Haven't I been saying that
to you forever?

WILL
 (smile)
 You've also been *drunk* forever.

Borel can't deny it. Taking in the events, a thought occurs.

BOREL
 What are you doing at work?

WILL
 (bewildered)
 I don't know. I've gone to work every day for the last twenty-five years, so I went to work.

BOREL
 You can't let anyone see that.
 You've got to get out of here.
 (meeting Will's gaze)
 I *know* you and I'm having trouble believing your story. You think the Timekeepers are going to?

It dawns on Will how incriminating all his time might be.

Borel suddenly breaks out in a smile - happy and terrified for Will at the same time.

BOREL (CONT'D)
 (excited whisper)
 A century! You could live for fifty years on that. More, If you invest it right.

A thought occurs to Will.

WILL
 How long have we been friends?

BOREL
 (shrug)
 Ten years.

Will grasps Borel's wrist, starts doling out time to his friend - a DECADE.

BOREL (CONT'D)
 (shocked by the generous gift)
 A decade - you don't owe me anything.

WILL
 (meeting his gaze)
 You've been like a brother.

BOREL

What are you going to do?

WILL

Go somewhere where this won't be so conspicuous.

(regarding his clock)

I'm going to play poker - now I've got something to bet.

Will hugs Borel and departs.

Borel is left alone with more time than he ever imagined he would have.

He looks to the factory - he has no need to work.

Instead, Borel heads for a BAR for what we sense will be the first of many celebratory drinks.

EXT. BRIDGE. DAY.

CLOSE ON the LIFELESS HAND of HENRY HAMILTON, being hauled from the river by LOCAL TIMEKEEPERS.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:00m:00s

The scene is being surveyed by SENIOR TIMEKEEPER, RAYMOND LEON. He is assisted by TIMEKEEPER JAEGER.

JAEGER

Last time anyone saw him alive
there was over a century on that
clock.

Jaeger nods to an unsavory group of LOOKIE-LOOS.

JAEGER (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

What was he doing in this Time
Zone, Sir? I don't even like being
here. He might have brought this
on himself, if you know what I
mean.

LEON

Not all victims are saints, Mr. Jaeger.
Whatever he was doing here, no man has the
right to take another man's time.

Jaeger knows better than to say more to the intractable Leon.
To Leon, if there is no order, there is nothing.

JAEGER
What do we do?

LEON
(shrug)
What we *always* do. Follow the
time.

Henry Hamilton is zipped into a body bag. Leon spies a
SURVEILLANCE CAMERA on a far-off light stand.

EXT. WILL'S APARTMENT. DAY.

A nervous WILL turns the corner into his street, suddenly
reverses himself, hiding against the wall.

He sneaks a look back to his apartment building - it is being
watched by Minute Man, KOLBER, now wearing a bandage from the
door Will slammed into his nose.

WILL slips into an alley and climbs the drainpipe to his
apartment. Forcing a window, he breaks into his own house.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT. DAY.

CLOSE on a worn photo of Will's mother, RACHEL, and father,
JOHN SALAS, on their wedding day.

WILL
(gazing at the photo)
Bring me luck, Pops.

WILL is wearing the same tuxedo his father is wearing in the
photo - a size too big for Will.

Will exits the apartment the same way he entered and escapes
down the alley.

EXT. GHETTO STREET CORNER - PHONE BOOTH. DUSK.

CLOSE ON an ARMORED LIMOUSINE pulling to the curb beside a
phone booth where WILL, wearing his tuxedo, waits anxiously.

Will approaches the extravagant car - incongruous in the
rundown ghetto. The DRIVER lowers the electric window a
crack - just enough to talk.

DRIVER
(anxiety in his voice)
Am I in the right place?

Will grins at the driver's obvious unease.

WILL
I know *I'm* not.

DRIVER
You know what the ride costs?

WILL
(confused)
I already paid over the phone.

DRIVER
Not for the tolls.

WILL
(revealing the century on
his clock)
I'm good for it.

DRIVER
(looking about the street)
Where's your guard?

WILL
I can take care of myself.

DRIVER
Good, cos *I'm* not doing it.
(reluctant to exit the car)
No offense, but you'll have to let
yourself in.

Checking again for any sign of trouble, the Driver automatically unlocks the door. Will enters the car. The door locks behind him.

INT. LIMOUSINE. NIGHT.

As the car drives along the mostly deserted freeway, WILL gazes out of the window.

DRIVER
We don't normally make pick-ups in this zone. What the hell are you doing here?

WILL
I was...lost.

The car slows at a TOLL BOOTH barring entry to the adjacent TIME ZONE - "EPHEMEROS".

The Driver looks to Will through the compartment window. The TOLL CHARGE reads, "1 MONTH".

Will reluctantly places his hand under the scanner in the back of the limo. The scanner extracts a month. The BARRIER rises.

A SERIES OF CUTS.

ANOTHER TOLL BOOTH barring entry to another TIME ZONE - Will loses another month.

ANOTHER TOLL BOOTH - Will loses yet another month.

WILL (cont'd)
 (anxious, to the Driver, watching
 his time rapidly depleted)
 There are more of these than I, er...
 remember. How many more are there?

DRIVER
 (suspicious)
 You said you were good for it.

In each successive Time Zone, the neighborhood gradually improves. Well-manicured trees line the street. We barely saw a blade of grass in the ghetto.

ANOTHER TOLL BOOTH - another TIME ZONE. Will automatically swipes before realizing that it has just cost him 12 MONTHS.

WILL
 (blurting out)
 That was a year!

The Driver looks askance at Will - all pretense lost.

DRIVER
 Welcome to Eternalia.

Finally they have entered the city limits of the wealthy enclave known as ETERNALIA (*pronounced Et-er-nalia - "nalia" with the same inflection as "Narnia"*). One of a number of exclusive Time Zones - islands of prosperity surrounded by an ocean of poverty.

Apparently time is the only qualification for entry.

Will is wide-eyed at the sight of the glamorous town, although there is hardly a soul on the streets of this paranoid paradise - every property protected by a wall topped with razor wire or, occasionally, jagged glass of different colors. Beautiful, in a brutal way.

INT. TIMEKEEPER STATION - MEZZANINE OFFICE. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON BLURRY SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE of the river where HENRY HAMILTON died.

The camera pans to find WILL, standing on the bridge, staring down at HENRY'S BODY, already floating in the river.

More incriminating for Will, he looks to his clock and runs.

Fortunately, the footage is so grainy and blurry, Will's face is not clearly identifiable.

As the camera continues its pan, Will sprints away down the street - gone in moments.

Observing the footage TIMEKEEPER JAEGER and SENIOR TIMEKEEPER LEON. Leon rewinds and freezes on the image of Will.

JAEGER

He's fast.

LEON

(resolute)

He's going to *have* to be.

JAEGER

(referring to the footage)

It only tells the end of the story.
We can't identify the man, we don't
know if he was alone - we don't
know anything.

Leon walks to the window of the mezzanine office overlooking the control room with its graphic image of the TIME ZONES

LEON

We know *one* thing.

(regarding the CLOCK for

Time Zone 12 - Emit Town)

Thefts in Emit Town generally
involve hours or days - this was a
century. But I don't see any more
in circulation. No thief is going
to capsule it all and sit on it.
It's too tempting.

(focusing on a TIME GRAPH)

There ought to be a spike but the
profit and loss index is normal.

(coming to the only
logical conclusion)

The time left town.

EXT. GRAND CASINO HOTEL. NIGHT.

The limousine rolls up to the entrance of an ostentatious casino.

It's one of a gaggle of limos. WILL exits his car. He observes the well-to-do MEN and WOMEN exiting the other limos - all are accompanied by at least one BODYGUARD, more often by TWO or even THREE BODYGUARDS. Most of the bodyguards uniformly wear earpieces and sunglasses like not-so-secret Secret Service.

INT. GRAND CASINO HOTEL. NIGHT.

WILL tries to blend in with the group entering the POKER ROOM - a baroque chamber. Casino owner, GIRARD, discreetly but firmly bars his way.

GIRARD

Have we had the pleasure of your company before, Mr...?

WILL

Salas. I'm new in town.

(flashing his newly
acquired clock)

I assume my time's as good as anyone's?

GIRARD

Indeed it *is*.

(referring to a discreet
SIGN at the entrance)

There's a voluntary donation for non-members. Most give a year.

Will forces a smile - places his hand under a scanner.

WILL

Have two.

Two years rolls off Will's clock.

GIRARD

(regarding Will's
remaining time)

You'll be lucky to last a hand with that.

WILL

I guess I'd better win that hand then.

Will looks to the poker tables.

WILL (CONT'D)
What's the limit?

HOST
There *is* none.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CASINO - POKER TABLE. NIGHT.

Close on a TIMEPIECE in the center of the poker table - it flashes with SIX HUNDRED YEARS and change.

0600y:09m:3w:0d:00h:00m:00s

We focus on WILL - at a table with six PLAYERS, each with at least one bodyguard standing behind him.

It is a casino where no one smokes as is the case throughout Eternalia. They don't usually drink, either - except water from an elegant "Aqua" dispenser that stringently filters impurities. Some of the players neurotically pop vitamins from ornate pill cases marked, "Supplement".

Of course, everyone is in their twenties and they clearly intend to stay that way.

The only other player at the table not to have folded is PHILIPPE WEIL.

Philippe is also mid-twenties, naturally, but has the bearing of a much older man.

Philippe is accompanied by the usual bodyguards and a stunning young woman ("young" being superfluous) - SYLVIA WEIL. She is the only one with a cocktail in her hand. She looks bored out of her mind - knocks back the drink.

Philippe tries to read Will.

PHILIPPE
(depositing two centuries
in the pot)
Raise you two hundred.

Will catches a glimpse of Philippe's body clock - the maximum of just under 10,000 YEARS. (The designers of the clock never contemplated anyone living longer.) Who knows how many more years Philippe has in a time capsule elsewhere?

Will glances to his own clock, kept out of sight beneath the table. He only has two hundred years and a few seconds.

Does he risk losing all his new-found time to win more?

He does.

WILL
(depositing two centuries
of his own)
Call.

Will is down to ten seconds.

Sylvia, returning to the table with a fresh cocktail, gets a glimpse of Will's clock before he covers it with his sleeve. Did she see what she thinks she saw?

Philippe shows his cards. TWO JACKS.

If Will can't trump Philippe, he'll time-out at the table.

Will shows TWO QUEENS.

Even though he has only seconds to replenish his clock, Will takes his time retrieving his winnings so as not to tip-off the other players.

Sylvia stares at Will, astonished at the risk he just took - finally breaks her stare as Philippe rises from the table. The other players follow suit - they have also had enough.

PHILIPPE
(to Will)
I think you've taken enough years
off my life for one evening.
(extending his hand)
Philippe Weil.

WILL
Will Salas.

Sylvia finishes her drink - a bodyguard helps her on with her coat. Philippe catches Will staring at Sylvia a fraction too long.

PHILIPPE
Confusing times. Is she my mother,
my sister, my daughter? You're
hoping she's not my wife.

WILL
(diplomatic, not taking
the bait)
Very beautiful.

PHILIPPE

Daughter.

(afterthought)

Though she does look a lot like my
wife. Things used to be simpler
once, so I'm told.

Sylvia approaches.

PHILIPPE (CONT'D)

Sylvia, Will Salas.

Sylvia gives Will a perfunctory nod.

About to depart, Philippe produces a card from his jacket.

PHILIPPE (CONT'D)

I'm having a party at my house
tomorrow night. Perhaps you'll
give me a chance to win some of
those years back.

Philippe escorts Sylvia towards the entrance, accompanied by
several BODYGUARDS. At the entrance, Philippe goes to pay
his respects to the CASINO OWNER.

Will also exits.

EXT. CASINO ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

Waiting for her father, SYLVIA smokes a cigarette - the only
person we have seen smoking in Eternalia. She watches WILL
make his way to his limousine.

He runs, forgetting how much time he has, then catches
himself. He guiltily checks the centuries on his wrist and
slows to a dignified walk.

Before she can think too much about it, BODYGUARDS whisk
Sylvia and Philippe into an armored limousine of their own.

INT. HOTEL. NIGHT.

WILL checks into a grotesquely ornate hotel.

The CONCIERGE pays scant regard to the register Will signs -
far more interested in the six centuries on his clock.

INT. HOTEL SUITE. NIGHT.

In a lavish suite, WILL presses his wrist to the scanner on a mini bar and removes a BEER from the fridge - a WEEK is deducted from his life.

It means little to Will with hundreds of years now on his body clock.

The floor-to-ceiling SCREEN on the hotel room wall burbles with the latest news - "GEORGE DENT LIVE - 60TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR". The anchor, GEORGE DENT, doesn't look a day over twenty-one.

Will sips the beer, stares out at the twinkling lights and sculptural architecture of Eternalia.

His moment of pleasure is short-lived, as a report on the screen takes his attention.

ANCHOR

--As of tonight, the case of entrepreneur, Henry Hamilton, victim of an apparent robbery homicide, remains unsolved. Timekeepers estimate the amount stolen was in the vicinity of a hundred years--

The report includes footage of TIMEKEEPER LEON at the crime scene. Will switches off the screen, checks his time, tries to shake the image from his mind.

INT. HOTEL SUITE. MORNING.

WILL, asleep in a tangle of satin sheets, wakes with a start - bright sunlight streams in the window. He frantically checks his clock, still half asleep, taking a moment to register the unfamiliar surroundings. Most unfamiliar of all, the time on his wrist.

0600y:04m:2w:6d:18h:04m:22s

Will stares at it, laughs aloud. He lies back on the pillow and closes his eyes. For the first time since his body clock started, he has more time on his hand than hours in the day. For once, he can go back to sleep.

INT. HOTEL - MEN'S BOUTIQUE. DAY.

WILL, in a couture suit, checks out his reflection in a mirror.

A SALESMAN scans Will's wrist - the suit costs him THREE YEARS.

EXT. EXOTIC CAR SHOWROOM. DAY.

CLOSE ON the streamlined shape of a PORSCHE SPEEDSTER of the future. It actually looks a lot like a Porsche Speedster of the past except that it is totally chrome and contains a turbo-charged electric motor.

Sticker price: 199yrs.

WILL sits at the wheel of the car. A SALESMAN fusses over him.

WILL
One ninety-nine?

SALESMAN
Plus tax.

Will smiles at the outrageous sum. He extends his arm and transfers over two hundred years from his body clock to the salesman's scanner.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
The price includes delivery.

WILL
Delivery?

SALESMAN
To wherever you're going to display it.

WILL
Display it? I'm going to *drive* it.
(smile to the Salesman)
Don't worry, I'm a careful driver.

Will fires up the car. The anxious Salesman steps back. Will stamps on the gas - gets a lot of wheelspin as he peels out of the parking lot.

EXT. ETERNALIA. DUSK.

The streets are mostly empty after a recent rain storm. The only vehicles are black Brinks-style DELIVERY TRUCKS and the heavily-guarded BULLET-PROOF LIMOUSINES - the "lead sleds" that slowly ferry their highly-prized PATRONS, all worth thousands of years.

WILL, in his open-roofed Speedster, makes swift work of them, cutting in and out of lanes.

He cuts in front of a limo, pulls up to a toll booth.

AUTOMATED VOICE
Please deduct one week.

Will inserts a week from his body clock into a scanner - the barrier rises and he roars away.

Life is suddenly good. Will is enjoying himself.

Too much. He takes a corner too fast, the car goes into a slide - leaves the road, heading for a crash barrier and a steep drop.

Will stands on the brakes, pulls the car up barely a coat of paint away from the barrier.

It provides Will a good look at the lethal drop that would surely have killed him.

He regards the time on his BODY CLOCK with its several hundred years - for once, maybe he has something to lose.

He looks into the rearview mirror -

- however, when we see Will's POV, he is looking in the dusty mirror of the abandoned building and Henry Hamilton's message:

"Don't waste my time - Henry"

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. NIGHT.

On a monitor in the hotel lobby, a blinking alert and a NARRATOR issues a warning.

NARRATOR
This is a safety advisory. The
killer of entrepreneur, Henry
Hamilton, is still at large.
Citizens are advised to exercise
extreme caution.

WILL, readying to leave the hotel, is transfixed by the warning.

The CONCIERGE approaches him.

CONCIERGE
(concerned)
You're going out, Sir?

WILL

Yes.

CONCIERGE

Is that wise?

WILL

Probably not.

Will exits.

EXT. WEIL'S MANSION. NIGHT.

WILL sweeps up the drive in his new speedster, towards an imposing stately mansion. Will extravagantly tips the VALET a month and approaches the entrance.

PHILIPPE, SYLVIA and two other twenty-something WOMEN are waiting to greet the guests.

The three women are barely distinguishable from each other. They could be triplets - not identical but fraternal.

PHILIPPE

(making the introductions)

Will Salas, allow me to introduce my wife, Clara, my mother-in-law, Marie, and my daughter, Sylvia - I believe you two have already met.

WILL

Pleased to meet you all.

He says "all" but only has eyes for Sylvia.

PHILIPPE

I'll come find you later - for our game.

INT. MANSION. NIGHT.

The mansion is obscenely ostentatious - acres of marble, gold-plated everything.

The party itself is extremely fabulous and extremely dull.

Full of elegant, impeccably-dressed twenty-somethings - almost none are drinking or smoking or dancing or laughing.

Guarded is the operative word in Eternalia. Personal space is more closely protected. People keep a greater distance even from so-called "loved ones".

And everyone has at least one BODYGUARD close by, as if everyone at the party is some head of state.

WILL approaches SYLVIA. One of her BODYGUARDS takes a step closer.

SYLVIA
It's okay, Constantin.

CONSTANTIN backs away.

WILL
(referring to the Bodyguard)
Do you always have a hired hand
standing right next to you?

SYLVIA
No. Usually I have two. Where is
yours?

WILL
(regarding the party)
I figured I was amongst friends.
(wry smile)
Up until now.

Sylvia smiles back.

WILL (CONT'D)
(feigning concern)
But, of course, I understand - you
can't be too careful.

SYLVIA
(shrug)
Maybe you *can*.
(a look to the dance floor)
Would you like to dance, Mr. Salas?

WILL
Will.

Will leads her to the dance floor. They dance, arm in arm, to a JAZZ QUARTET - the only couple on the floor.

Sylvia's bodyguards watch helplessly from the sidelines.

PHILIPPE and wife, CLARA, also observe curiously from a distance.

As they dance, Sylvia regards Will with suspicion - interrogates his eyes for the truth.

SYLVIA
Do you really come from time?

WILL

Why would you doubt it?

SYLVIA

At the casino you took a risk.
That last hand you were down to ten
seconds.

WILL

It wasn't a risk. I'm a poker
player. I knew I was going to win
the hand. Ten seconds is actually
a long time if you ignore that
they're the last seconds of your
life.

Sylvia regards him - still a trace of suspicion.

SYLVIA

Something else - when you left that
night, I saw you run. It reminded
me of the people who come from the
ghetto. Everyone in the ghetto
runs.

WILL

(feigning ignorance)
Really, why's that?

SYLVIA

The less time you let tick away
getting some place, the more you
have to spend when you arrive.

Will nods.

WILL

Fortunately, that's not our
problem.

SYLVIA

No.

(still skeptical)

So, you're just another "clock
watcher" like the rest of us with
too much time on your hands,
spending your whole life trying not
to die?

WILL

Is that so bad? It doesn't give
you any satisfaction knowing you
can live forever unless you do
something foolish?

SYLVIA

That's exactly what scares me--that
I won't do anything foolish or
courageous or anything--worth a
damn.

The dance ends. Sylvia abruptly turns on her heel.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Good night, Will.

Sylvia walks away. Her Bodyguards follow.

INT. TIMEKEEPER STATION. NIGHT.

SENIOR TIMEKEEPER LEON studies a monitor. TIMEKEEPER JAEGER abruptly enters his superior's office.

JAEGER

Sir, Sir - you're right.

The news doesn't come as a huge surprise to Leon.

Jaeger directs Leon's attention to the graphic representation of the district's TIME ZONES displayed in the control room.

The clocks are frozen and several check points between the zones are highlighted.

JAEGER (CONT'D)

If you turn back the clocks to the
day of Hamilton's death and look at
the time checks, someone spent a
decade crossing four time zones
from Emit Town to--

LEON

(anticipating)
--Eternalia.

Jaeger tries to hide his annoyance that his superior has already come to the same conclusion.

Leon nods to his own monitor displaying SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE in Eternalia. All the images show one particular FIGURE.

WILL.

LEON (CONT'D)

The smart cameras picked up the
suspicious behavior.

Leon scrolls from one image to the next - a record of Will's shopping spree with his new-found time in Eternalia.

LEON (CONT'D)
 (referring to the images)
 He's conscious of the surveillance,
 he doesn't have a bodyguard and
 another thing...he runs.

JAEGER
 (confused)
 If he has time, he doesn't need to
 run.

LEON
 It's a hard habit to break.

Leon freezes on a final surveillance image.

LEON (CONT'D)
 This was an hour ago.

The image shows WILL in his speedster entering Philippe
 Weil's mansion.

INT. THE WEIL MANSION - DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

In an elegant drawing room on a mezzanine floor of the
 mansion, PHILIPPE and WILL play poker. Philippe's BODYGUARDS
 hover in the background.

PHILIPPE
 I hope my daughter wasn't giving
 you a hard time. She's young.

Philippe raises FIFTY YEARS into the table's TIMEPIECE.

PHILIPPE (CONT'D)
 Raise.

PHILIPPE (CONT'D)
 When you've lived for seventy years
 in a twenty-year-old body like I
 have - a body that will never
 deteriorate, betray you - knowing
 that only a random act of violence
 can take your life, you learn to
 appreciate the gift you've been
 given.

WILL
 Perhaps Sylvia has trouble
 understanding why everyone can't be
 so fortunate.

We sense Will is talking about his own difficulty understanding.

WILL (CONT'D)
Raise you a century.

PHILIPPE
Yes, she believes this is unfair.
(glance to his clock)
But isn't this just the next
logical step in our evolution and
hasn't evolution *always* been
unfair? It's always been survival
of the fittest. This is merely
Darwinian capitalism. Natural
selection.

WILL
(nods)
Absolutely. The strong survive.
(glance to Philippe's cards)
And I'm afraid, your hand is very
weak.

PHILIPPE
(smile)
Then it will have to die.

Philippe folds his cards. Will retrieves his winnings from
the TIMEPIECE -

He focuses on one digit in particular - the one furthest to
the left.

1000y:11m:0w:0d:14h:17m:04s

A MILLENNIUM. Will tries to hide his shock that he has just
become a millenarian. Philippe notices too.

PHILLIPE
Fourteen figures.

SLAM

- the doors to the drawing room are flung open.

FOUR TIMEKEEPERS, guns drawn, burst into the room, including
TIMEKEEPER JAEGER and LEON.

Philippe's BODYGUARDS reach for their weapons to protect
their client but Leon waves them off - the guards defer to
the Timekeepers.

The Timekeepers' focus is on WILL. They surround him.

The shocked Philippe backs away from the table, retreats to
the security of his personal guards.

Leon takes Philippe's place at the table opposite Will.

INT. MANSION - ATRIUM. NIGHT.

On the floor below, BODYGUARDS, alerted by the commotion, hustle GUESTS of the party through the large atrium and out of the entrance to their waiting limousines.

From the other side of the mezzanine floor, a BODYGUARD tries to escort SYLVIA away but she ignores him - stares at WILL, in custody. PHILIPPE approaches with his own GUARDS.

INT. MANSION - DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

WILL sits opposite LEON. He looks down the barrel of the Timekeeper's gun - Leon finally holsters it.

LEON
I'm Raymond Leon, head timekeeper
for the district.

WILL
Will Salas.

LEON
What are you doing in this time
zone?

WILL
It's not illegal is it - to change
time zones?

LEON
No. Not illegal, just rare.
(regarding his clock)
Where did you get the time?

WILL
I won it - gambling.

LEON
All of it?

Will hesitates - does he lie?

WILL
No, a man called Henry Hamilton
gave me a century.

LEON
How long had you known Mr. Hamilton
when he gave you a hundred years?

WILL

A few hours.

LEON

Why was he so generous with his time - if you'd only just met.

WILL

I saved his life.

LEON

You mean you saved it for *yourself*?

WILL

No. He didn't *want* it saved.
(off Leon's confused look)
He killed himself.

LEON

Henry Hamilton was worth a thousand years - practically immortal. You expect me to believe that he was immortal and he wanted to die?

WILL

(jaw set firm)
I don't expect you to believe that but it happens to be the truth.
(glance to the retreating guests)
If you want the real thieves, you should arrest everyone here. Their time is stolen from the ghetto.

LEON

They prefer to think of it as *earned*. It's not illegal.

WILL

It doesn't mean it's *right*.

LEON

Fortunately, I don't make the laws, I merely *enforce* them.

Jaeger produces a TIME CAPSULE - he drains Will's time to less than an hour. Jaeger pockets it.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:59m:04s

LEON

You understand, I have to confiscate this - we don't want you leaving without saying goodbye.
(off Will's look)
Don't worry. It's safe with me.

WILL
(lowers his head, resigned)
What are we waiting for?

LEON
Secure transport is being arranged
to the station. We have to protect
law-abiding citizens. We are in
Eternalia, after all.

Leon exits the room, leaves JAEGER and the other TIMEKEEPERS
to guard Will.

Will watches as Leon goes to speak to PHILIPPE, on the
opposite landing, surrounded by concerned BODYGUARDS.
Philippe cannot make eye-contact with Will.

SYLVIA is also listening to Leon's explanation of the arrest.
She can't resist a glance in Will's direction.

Philippe urges Sylvia to leave with her Bodyguards.

PHILIPPE
Sylvia, it's not safe.

SYLVIA
(snapping back)
For God's sake, there's an army in
this house! If we can't stop one
man killing us, maybe we should
kill ourselves!

Sylvia shoves the Guard away and exits down the stairs. The
outburst momentarily distracts the Timekeepers.

It's Will's chance.

Will suddenly grabs the gun of the nearest Keeper, bolts from
the drawing room and leaps over the balcony of the mezzanine
floor.

The shocked Jaeger is paralyzed by the sudden, desperate act.

Will lands on the atrium floor, close to Sylvia.

INT. ATRIUM. NIGHT.

WILL hooks SYLVIA around the throat, shielding his body with
hers - TIMEKEEPERS LEON and JAEGER, guns drawn, give chase.

Will knows the Timekeepers dare not fire their guns in the
direction of such a time-rich hostage.

Will drags Sylvia along a corridor, through the last of the departing GUESTS and their BODYGUARDS - causing a panic, knocking over vases, paintings, other trappings of wealth.

Will shoves Sylvia through a doorway before the Timekeepers can get a clear shot.

INT. STAIRWAY. NIGHT.

On the other side of the door WILL fires his gun at the keypad lock, causing the electric door to jam.

Leon slams into the jammed door.

INT. MANSION - GARAGE. NIGHT.

WILL drags SYLVIA through the garage.

Suddenly he is confronted by her bodyguard, CONSTANTIN, gun raised.

WILL
Put it down or I'll blow her head
off - which would put you out of a
job.

Constantin has no option but to place his pistol on the ground.

Will pockets the weapon and keeps wrenching the struggling Sylvia towards his parked SPEEDSTER.

SYLVIA
Leave me alone! Let me go!

Will shoves Sylvia into the car with him, fires it up. Holding Sylvia with one hand, he drives with the other.

EXT. MANSION. NIGHT.

The SPEEDSTER emerges from the bowels of the garage at high speed, gets airborne as it crests the rise - a blind exit.

The car narrowly misses a TIMEKEEPER CRUISER - bottoms out on the driveway with a sickening crunch. Will fights for control, sideswipes another parked CRUISER and fishtails away.

At the mansion entrance, LEON and JAEGER have reached their own cruisers. Along with two other TIMEKEEPER CRUISERS, they give chase.

EXT. ETERNALIA. NIGHT.

WILL races through the streets on the verge of losing control - his task made more difficult by the struggling SYLVIA. LEON'S CRUISER and OTHER CRUISERS shadow Will but stay far enough back to avoid a collision with the public.

The fearful MOTORISTS of Eternalia take evasive action or, more often, paralyzed with the dread of injury or worse, simply stop their vehicles - forcing Will to slalom around them.

In pursuit, SHARP-SHOOTERS in POLICE CRUISERS look for a clear shot - but can't pull the trigger for fear of striking Sylvia.

INT. SPEEDSTER. NIGHT.

LEON closes in with his CRUISER, taps WILL's car with his fender. No love tap - Leon more willing to take a risk to apprehend his suspect. He taps Will again.

Will throws his car into a 180, starts driving against the traffic.

He desperately weaves through the bullet-proof vehicles coming from the other direction.

He plunges through a gap that isn't really there. Grazes along two other vehicles - so much armor on the cars, the scrape sends up a shower of sparks.

SYLVIA

What are you doing - you'll kill us?!
Let me out of the car.

Will keeps driving - knows she is the only thing keeping him alive.

He takes another exit, too fast, almost flipping the car. He crosses the median, back on the right side of the road - now rapidly approaching an automated toll booth.

EXT. TOLL BOOTH. NIGHT.

MOTORISTS are paying toll into the SCANNERS.

AUTOMATED VOICE

Please deduct one week.

WILL hurtles towards the only empty lane - never slows, crashes through the barrier, obliterating it.

The Automated Voice survives, makes her redundant request.

AUTOMATED VOICE (CONT'D)
Please deduct one week.

Will checks his mirror - LEON still with him.

Will crosses the median once again, speeds the wrong direction into a tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL. NIGHT.

The ONCOMING TRAFFIC nearly climbs the tunnel walls to avoid WILL.

SYLVIA has her head down, anticipating the inevitable collision. Miraculously it doesn't come.

Will grazes along a stretched armor-plated LIMO, drives head-on towards a TRUCK that veers so sharply it rolls - Will barely avoiding it.

The resulting upturned truck forms a barrier that brings LEON'S CRUISER to a screeching halt.

Will's speeding car continues out of the tunnel, hops the median once again and roars towards the dilapidated streets of the ghetto.

EXT. GHETTO STREET. NIGHT.

TWO CRUISERS roar along an OVERPASS, attempting to pick up the pursuit.

We crane down to find WILL'S CAR parked under the overpass beside a toxic-looking canal, the pursuing OFFICERS given the slip.

WILL looks to the seething SYLVIA.

WILL
(taking her hand)
Give me an hour.

Sylvia rips her wrist away.

Despite her vulnerability, Sylvia remains obstinately uncooperative.

SYLVIA
The man the Timekeeper was talking
about - Henry Hamilton. Did you
take his time, did you kill him?

WILL
Does it matter?

SYLVIA
It does to *me*.

WILL
Not to *them*.

He grabs her arm again. She rips it away again.

SYLVIA
If you didn't kill him, why did you lie?

WILL
Because no one wants to believe the truth. They don't want to believe that people with time want to die. Most of all, they don't want time changing zones.

Will goes to take the upper hand by force.

WILL (CONT'D)
(angrily showing her his clock)
I need an hour!

Sylvia holds his gaze, sees the threat is real. She grudgingly gives him ONE HOUR before ripping her hand away.

WILL (CONT'D)
(looking around, anxious - suddenly self-conscious in the extravagant car)
We have to go.

SYLVIA
Where? You can't get away.
Take me back.

WILL
Soon as I put some distance between me and them. Right now, you're keeping me alive.

The paranoid Will glances to Sylvia's wrist.

0010Y:04M:23W:18D:03H:42M:04S

WILL
Cover your wrist. Anyone sees that, you're definitely dead.

Sylvia rolls down her sleeve.

They both fail to see a MINUTE MAN on a nearby apartment roof, observing the couple through a monocular - presumably he couldn't afford *binoculars*.

As the car roars away, the MINUTE MAN runs for the stairs.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FORTIS' SAFE HOUSE. NIGHT.

A severed LOWER LEFT ARM, including the body clock, flies out of a second story window and lands in the nearby street.

We focus on the time frozen on the clock - a WEEK and change.

INT. FORTIS'S SAFE HOUSE. NIGHT.

A screaming ONE-ARMED MAN uses his shirt to staunch the flow of blood from his newly severed appendage - looks out of the open window, desperately scanning the street for a sign of his hand.

He turns to face Minute Man leader, FORTIS, casually cleaning a meat cleaver.

FORTIS

(calmly to the one-armed man)

If you had any sense of history, you'd know the traditional punishment for theft. I believe the practise originated in Persia in the 7th Century.

(extending his hand to the man's remaining right arm)

Give me the week you stole.

ONE ARMED MAN

(regarding the stump where his clock used to be)

I don't know if I *have* a week any more. Let me look for my hand. It'll still show on the clock.

(terrified)

I don't know the time.

Fortis ignores the man's pleas - takes the man's intact right arm and extracts the week anyway. The man anticipates the heart seizure that will end his life. It doesn't come.

They are interrupted by the MINUTE MAN with the MONOCULAR, appearing at the doorway. He nods to Fortis.

Fortis abruptly departs with his crew.

ONE ARMED MAN (CONT'D)
 (pleading with the
 departing Minute Men)
 I don't know the time! Give me a
 day. I need *time*!

FORTIS
 (as he exits, regarding
 the blood dripping from
 the wound)
 Worry you don't run out of *blood*.

INT. WILL'S CAR. NIGHT.

WILL roars along the ghetto streets, keeping to the myriad of underground passages to avoid detection.

Bursting back out into the open, Will scans the skies for the authorities' EYES IN THE SKY - camera drones.

He should be looking ahead instead of up.

EXT. GHETTO STREET. NIGHT.

We FOCUS on a SPIKE STRIP across a deserted roadway - WILL'S CAR speeding towards it.

WILL never sees it. Tires burst, car careens out of control.

Will tries to save it, wildly overcorrecting, collides with a barrier.

SYLVIA is thrown clear of the car, into a vacant lot.

The car hurtles back across the road, ploughs into a ditch and flips. WILL, still at the steering wheel, lies unconscious and upside down.

For a moment all is quiet. Gradually, a gang of MINUTE MEN come out of hiding, led by FORTIS. His right-hand man, KOLBER, regards Will in the car.

KOLBER
 Look who it is.

Fortis regards Will, then his clock.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:57m:04s

FORTIS
You mean who it *isn't*. He's done
in minutes.

KOLBER
(nodding grimly)
He'll wake up dead. That'll be a shock.

FORTIS
Too bad. I would have preferred to
kill him more beautifully.
(regarding the chrome wreck)
What a waste of a gorgeous car.

A MINUTE MAN calls from the other side of the road.

MINUTE MAN #2
The girl's still breathing.
(inspecting her wrist)
Holy shit!

Fortis approaches his cohort, standing over the barely-conscious SYLVIA.

MINUTE MAN #3
She's got a decade.

FORTIS
(a painful reminder of what
he previously lost)
The guy Salas stole from me had a
century.

Fortis takes control - despite his bravado, he is excited by the prospect of the time.

FORTIS (CONT'D)
We'll, er...divide it later.

MINUTE MAN #2
(referring to Sylvia)
Do we take turns with *her* too?
Look at that body.

Fortis gets the upper-hand on Sylvia and watches as years roll onto his clock.

Sylvia struggles to focus on the man robbing her of her years.

FORTIS
(regarding Sylvia)
It's like an angel dropped out of
the sky.

Suddenly, the lights of a CRUISER appear in the distance.

FORTIS (CONT'D)

Shit!

(glance to his wrist)

I haven't got it all!

Fortis' Minute Men head for the shadows.

KOLBER

(calling back)

Leave it!

Sylvia groans, reviving. Fortis looks at his wrist - the transfer suddenly is taking forever.

FORTIS

Not yet!

(frustrated)

Damn! Damn!

Fortis finally runs for cover, plunges after the other Minute Men in a waiting ARMORED TRUCK, engine running.

They accelerate away just as the CRUISERS roars up to the scene

- and keep going.

Remarkably, the Timekeepers have failed to notice Sylvia lying in the vacant lot or the overturned SPEEDSTER, both hidden from view in the ditches beyond the barriers.

We FOCUS on WILL, still upside down - the sound of the departing siren has apparently revived him.

He drags himself out of the car.

EXT. VACANT LOT. DUSK.

CLOSE ON SYLVIA'S FACE

- she too has regained consciousness - barely - staring in disbelief at her clock.

000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:32m:04s

WILL, unsteady on his feet, approaches her.

WILL

Are you okay?

SYLVIA

I think.

Will laughs.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
Why are you laughing?

WILL
We're not dead.

SYLVIA
(panicked)
Yeah? Not *alive* for long, either.
They left me with a half hour.

He looks about them, concerned.

WILL
If they hadn't been spooked, they
wouldn't have left you with *that*.
(he regards the upturned car
and the telltale spike strip)
Fortis.

SYLVIA
(incredulous)
You *know* him?

WILL
(regarding the neighborhood)
You could say that. He owns this
place.

SYLVIA
(pacing aimlessly)
I need to call my father. He can
wire me time.

WILL
Go ahead.

There's nothing in sight. No store. No pay phone. Nothing
but barricaded buildings.

WILL (CONT'D)
You could die looking for a pay
phone that works.

Sylvia is genuinely scared. She is looking at less time on
her wrist than she has ever seen. Will starts walking.

SYLVIA
(plaintive look to Will)
You can't just leave me here.

WILL
Why not?

SYLVIA
You have to help me.

WILL
Let me guess - now you like the
idea of sharing.

He has fifty-five minutes remaining on his clock - gives her
thirteen so they now have roughly equal time.

He helps her to her feet.

WILL (CONT'D)
(trying to reassure)
Don't worry, we're okay. It's not
the first time I'm this broke.

SYLVIA
(trying to hold it together)
Well, it's a first for me!
(regarding the intimidating
neighborhood)
What are we going to do?

WILL
Whatever we *have* to. Maybe you can
still help me - stay alive.

The LOCAL MISFITS, initially keeping their distance from
Fortis, are now coming out of hiding - looking to dispossess
the couple of their remaining minutes and anything else they
could hock for time.

They almost trip over a DEAD BODY in the street - FOURTEEN
ZEROS - timed-out. Sylvia is shocked, most likely has never
seen a dead body.

WILL (CONT'D)
(aware of the danger)
Let's go.

He keeps a gun to her back to remind her she's still a hostage.
They start walking with less than an hour to live.

EXT. BOREL'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

WILL, holding SYLVIA with one hand, desperately bangs on a
door in the ghetto.

WILL
Borel! Borel! It's me - Will.

Finally, the door opens. Not Borel but GRETA, in her nightgown, unchanged in the eight years since we saw her last. Standing beside her, her baby is now an EIGHT-YEAR-OLD GIRL, woken by the noise.

Greta regards Sylvia suspiciously but her focus is on Will.

WILL (CONT'D)
Greta, where's Borel?

Greta's face has pain etched all over it.

GRETA
He's dead.

WILL
(shocked)
What! How?

GRETA
(eyes filled with despair)
You--

WILL
--Me?

GRETA
You gave him a decade. You know what he's like. He went on a bender. Spent a year in a day. One day. Drank himself to death with nine years on his clock.

Will struggles to take all this in. Sylvia is also shocked and saddened by the story.

WILL
(crestfallen)
Oh, Greta...I'm sorry.
(remembering his own predicament)
I'm in trouble. Please. I need time. A day - I'll pay you a *month* for it, when I can. An hour--I need time.

GRETA
(unsympathetic)
So do I.

Greta closes the door, locks it.

Struggling to take in the death of his friend, Will's thoughts turn to self-preservation.

SYLVIA
 (panicking, regarding her
 clock)
 Will, we have minutes.

WILL
 (trying to hold it
 together)
 Try not to act like it.

He desperately scans the streets - sees a single neon light
 in the far distance: PAWN STAR.

WILL (CONT'D)
 (looking to Sylvia's
 diamond earrings)
 I hope those are real.

As he says it, the light in the distance switches off.

WILL (CONT'D)
 (pulling her by the hand)
 Run!

EXT. PAWN STAR - PAWNBROKERS. NIGHT.

WILL and SYLVIA get to the pawn shop, the metal grate is
 already locked. Behind it, the ROLLER DOOR is closing.

Will sticks his foot through the gap - and under the door.
 Sylvia hurriedly rips out her DIAMOND EARRINGS - she rolls
 them under the door for inspection. The door slowly rises.

A PAWNBROKER, still separated from the couple by the barred
 grate, stands there holding the earrings.

An ASSISTANT stands behind him, armed with a shotgun.

PAWNBROKER
 (looking the couple up and
 down)
 I'll give you a day for them.

SYLVIA
 (incredulous)
 They're diamonds.

The Pawnbroker glances to the dwindling time, visible on
 Sylvia's wrist.

PAWNBROKER
 You can take the twenty-four hours
 or you can be a pretty corpse.

WILL
(knowing they have no option)
We'll take it.

The PAWNBROKER gives Will the upper hand and deposits the DAY
- slams the door closed.

As they depart, a TIMEKEEPER CRUISER enters the street. Will
pulls Sylvia out of sight, into an alleyway - dragging her
into an alcove.

EXT. ALCOVE - ALLEYWAY. NIGHT.

WILL and SYLVIA are in darkness - in a hidden alcove, lit
only by the bioluminescent green of their body clocks.

Will shares the time with Sylvia.

Something intimate about the act. They both have TWELVE
HOURS and change.

Another TIMEKEEPER CAR cruises slowly past the alcove - Will
hides his glowing clock - covers Sylvia's mouth in case she
tries to call for help.

INT. LEON'S POLICE CRUISER. NIGHT.

LEON is alone at the wheel of his cruiser - prefers to patrol
on his own. In his eyes, we see he is haunted by Will's
escape.

EXT. GHETTO STREET. NIGHT.

LEON'S cruiser approaches the scene of the car-jacking -
appears as if he too will drive by.

He skids to a stop, backs up.

From his car, he spies the upturned Speedster in the ditch.

CLOSE ON THE LIGHT OF A CRUISER

- the crime scene is cordoned off. JAEGER has joined LEON,
examining the wreck.

LEON
From the lack of dead bodies, I have to
assume they're still walking around--

JAEGER
 --Minus whatever she had on her clock.
 (examining the SPIKE STRIP)
 They got jacked. He's going to
 need to score.

Leon regards his own clock.

LEON
 I could use a few hours myself.

Leon approaches his car.

LEON (CONT'D)
 (into his radio)
 Wire me my per diem.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
 (filtered)
 Right away, Sir.

Leon puts his wrist to the scanner in the cradle of the
 phone. A pulsing sound and a DAY rolls onto his clock.

LEON
 (to Jaeger, a look of resolve)
 We don't go back to the station
 until he comes *with* us.

EXT. ALCOVE. NIGHT.

Trapped by the TIMEKEEPER manhunt, WILL and SYLVIA huddle in
 the alcove.

Will nods to a building in the far distance.

WILL
 Your name is on a lot of buildings.

CLOSE ON a sign, "A member of the WEIL CORPORATION".

- the legend is beneath a billboard promoting "TIME SHARE -
 Time Lenders".

SYLVIA
 (correcting him)
 My *father's* name.

WILL
 How much is he really worth?

SYLVIA
 (shrug)
 Eons.

WILL

What would he pay to get you back?

SYLVIA

(laughs)

A ransom? You've kidnapped the wrong girl. I'm not even sure my father wants me back.

Will looks at her sideways.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

He thinks I'm reckless. I'm sure he blames me for this - even though he was the one who invited you into our house. Why do you think he doesn't let me out of his sight - only lets me walk around with a decade. He's afraid I'll do something stupid like give it away or...

(wry smile)

...get robbed.

WILL

(meeting her gaze)

All his time could do a lot of good in the ghetto.

SYLVIA

He likes the time zones the way they are.

WILL

(nods, resigned)

I bet.

Will peeks outside the alcove.

WILL (CONT'D)

It'll be light in a few minutes - people on the streets. We can move. I'll make sure you're safe. You can go home.

Sylvia is slightly surprised at the reprieve - perhaps slightly disappointed.

A thought occurs to her.

SYLVIA

Where is your family?

WILL
 (shrug)
 My mother timed-out a few years
 back. My father died when I was a
 boy. He was a prize fighter -
 Strong Arm.

SYLVIA
 He died in a fight?

WILL
 Death match.

SYLVIA
 I thought they were illegal.

WILL
 They'll always exist--

Will's eyes lower as he dredges up a painful memory.

WILL (CONT'D)
 --As long as there are people who
 live so long, they have no concept
 of death.

When he looks up - Will's POV is in another place.

INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB - GHETTO. NIGHT - *FLASHBACK*.

It is now an obscured view of the GALLERY at an illegal underground Strong Arm club. The clientele are the wealthy MEN and WOMEN from enclaves like Eternalia, flanked by the ever-present BODYGUARDS.

They place bets on the outcome of fights taking place at a table in a sunken arena. The sitting champion is FORTIS, looks no different despite the fact that this takes place many years before. He awaits his next victim.

WILL (V.O.)
 The man who took your time tonight
 was the last man my father fought.

JOHN SALAS, bearing a striking resemblance to Will, sits in front of the champion.

WILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 My father wasn't the strongest
 fighter, just the smartest.

The two men grip right arms and the match begins. Fortis soon has the advantage, quickly draining John of his time.

WILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He knew, at the end, when it gets close, everyone starts watching the clock. The sight of a life running out does things to a person's mind - if it's *your* life or *their's*.

John is close to timing out.

WILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 The way to win is to let your time go down all the way because, when they think they have you, they get so fixed on your last seconds - the concentration goes.

Sure enough, Fortis makes the fatal error of looking to John's body-clock to watch the final ticks.

WILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Next to losing your life, there's nothing in the world like *taking* one.

John suddenly pounces and regains the upper hand - now it is Fortis' turn to see his time rapidly diminishing.

Try as he might, Fortis cannot reverse the direction of the time. In desperation, Fortis uses his left hand to "tap out" with under a MINUTE to spare.

WILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Fortis tapped out. My father didn't know it was supposed to be a death match.

The crowd is roaring for the fight to go on. John hesitates, aware of the risk. Fortis' eyes pleading for mercy. John makes a decision - releases Fortis' arm.

WILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He couldn't kill him.

The humiliated Fortis backs away from the table, quickly given time by one of his posse.

An uproar from the crowd. They are there to see a death match. They scream at the FIGHT PROMOTER, demanding back the time they paid for the match - held by the promoter in a capsule.

In a panic, the Promoter looks to his three fight REFEREES, gives a fatal nod.

The three referees grab John, hold him down and take the upper hand.

John fights for his life but he's badly outnumbered. He times out - almost leaping out of the chair, so great is the force of the seizure.

WILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They killed my father instead.

A deafening roar of approval from the crowd of millenarians.

Watching, hidden beneath the seats is the horrified face a 6-YEAR-OLD BOY - WILL.

EXT. ALCOVE. DAWN.

We MATCH DISSOLVE to the face of WILL today. He can still hear the echo of the crowd in his head. SYLVIA is stunned to silence.

WILL
Time to go.
(nodding to her body
clock)
What have you got?

SYLVIA
(regarding the time in disbelief)
Eleven hours. How does anyone live
like this?

WILL
You don't generally sleep in.
Sometimes you can't afford to sleep
at all.

He nods to the street.

WILL (CONT'D)
Let's get you home.

Sylvia hesitates - meets Will's eye.

SYLVIA
You know, you could fight this. I
could say that running to the
ghetto was my idea. My father
would believe it. He has
influence. He could get you a
lawyer. Maybe do a deal with the
Timekeeper.

WILL
I've got a feeling that Timekeeper
doesn't *do* deals.

SYLVIA
But the man gave it to you.

WILL
I can't prove my innocence. And
they'll find me guilty whether they
can prove it or *not*.

SYLVIA
What are you going to do?

It's the first moment Will has stopped to consider the
future.

WILL
I've played by the rules. That
didn't work. I guess I'll try
breaking them.
(off her look)
If I'm going to be executed for a
crime I didn't commit, I may as
well commit a few for real.
(shrug)
They can only execute me *once*.

SYLVIA
You're going to steal.

WILL
(smile)
Is it stealing if it's already
stolen? I'm going to take back
what's mine.

EXT. STREET - GHETTO. MORNING.

WILL and SYLVIA cautiously emerge into a street, now coming
to life - people going about the urgent, daily task of
procuring more time.

Will notes Sylvia's unease, unaccustomed to such close
proximity with strangers.

SYLVIA
(to Will, under her breath,
conspicuously shielding her arm)
This is insane. They can take it -
just like that.

WILL
 (smile)
 Or you can take *theirs*.

SYLVIA
 It's insane.

WILL
 (shrug)
 A little.

They pass another DEAD BODY in the street - FOURTEEN ZEROS.

Will and Sylvia pause at an alleyway directly facing a CONVENIENCE STORE - inside, all the products are kept behind locked metal doors, transactions done through a grate that allows only the thickness of an arm.

Several PEOPLE mill about outside - joking, smoking, on the lookout for some quick time.

Will nods to a PAY PHONE outside the store.

WILL (CONT'D)
 You can call your father from there.
 Say, "hi" for me.
 (studying the body language of
 people on the street)
 I'd go with you but everyone's on
 their best behavior. The
 Timekeepers can't be far.

He hands her one of his GUNS.

WILL (CONT'D)
 Take it, just in case. I'll watch
 from here until they pick you up.

An awkward moment for both of them. How to say goodbye? Sylvia takes a risk. She kisses Will - he's shocked but can't resist kissing her back.

Both surprised, they break the kiss at the same moment.

Sylvia crosses the street.

Will sits on the curb to observe her, clutching an empty bottle to look like a drunk.

Aware of a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA on a building, Will drops his head to hide his face - pretending to be inebriated.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE. DAY.

SYLVIA hesitantly approaches the phone, picks up the handset.

VOICE
(from phone)
Please deposit one minute...please
deposit one minute...

She puts her wrist beneath the device - it deducts a MINUTE.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:10h:46m:05s

The call goes through - starts to ring.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:10h:45m:05s

A LOCAL THUG gives Sylvia the once-over. She clutches the pistol in her jacket - ready to use it.

INT. PHILIPPE'S MANSION. DAY.

The phone rings. PHILIPPE and CLARA are sitting with TIMEKEEPER JAEGER - presumably waiting for news.

Jaeger nods for Philippe to pick up.

EXT. ALLEYWAY. DAY.

We see a view behind WILL's back, where he still sits on the curb, trying to look homeless.

It is the POV of TIMEKEEPER LEON, approaching soundlessly down the street in his electric-powered cruiser.

Leon has recognized Will - can't believe his luck. Drawing his gun, he quietly exits the car.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE. DAY.

Across the street, SYLVIA's call is answered by her father, PHILIPPE.

PHILIPPE (O.S.)
(filtered)
Hello...

Sylvia glances back - her last look to WILL before her life returns to its thuddingly dull and predictable normality, perhaps irretrievably.

She sees LEON walking up behind Will, stalking, gun drawn.

SYLVIA
(yelling a warning -
blurted out, unthinking)
Will, look out!

Will turns. Leon looks across the street in the direction of the voice - raising his gun at the same time.

Sylvia panics - fires her pistol at Leon.

Leon tries to fire his own gun in defense but his shoulder inexplicably will not function.

Amazingly, Sylvia's bullet has struck Leon squarely in the shoulder - he collapses to the ground.

Will reacts fast - in a blink, Will has pocketed Leon's gun.

Leon can do little to defend himself - blood seeping out of his shoulder.

Will wipes the blood off Leon's body clock - regards his four hours and change.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:04h:46m:08s

Apparently Timekeepers live day-to-day.

LEON
(referring to the clock)
Sorry to disappoint you. We don't
keep a lot on us - to discourage
thieves...like you.

Will reaches for the Timekeeper's arm.

However, instead of withdrawing time from Leon, he gives Leon the upper hand and deposits four more hours.

WILL
Enough to get you home.

Leon flinches at the generous act.

SYLVIA approaches.

WILL (CONT'D)
(looking up)
Sylvia, what are you doing?

Sylvia doesn't reply.

Will makes for Leon's car. Sylvia follows.

WILL (CONT'D)
Sylvia, stay here.

She ignores him - gets in Leon's cruiser. Impossible to argue, Will gets behind the wheel. He takes the gun from her and sticks it in his waistband. He roars away.

The prone Leon raises his head to see his cruiser disappear. He looks to his clock - stung by the sight of the donated time.

Leon drags himself to his feet - regards the LOCALS, knows how vulnerable he is in this part of town - without a gun or radio. Leon sees the pay phone. A THUG, in a threatening gesture, gets to the phone first and rips the cord out of it.

Leon stares down the thug. Leon still looks capable of defending himself - barely. Daring the LOCALS to approach, he staggers away.

INT. LEON'S CRUISER. DAY.

WILL and SYLVIA flee the scene at high speed, weaving through the trash-strewn streets.

SYLVIA
I didn't mean to shoot him. I just wanted to scare him.

WILL
I think you did *both*. But now you've got some explaining to do.

SYLVIA
(irritated by his
ungrateful attitude)
You could say thank you.

WILL
(smiles)
Thank you.

Will looks to the shaken Sylvia.

WILL (CONT'D)
(regarding her wrist)
What have you got?

SYLVIA
Nine hours.
(a thought occurs)
Why did you give him time? You should have *taken* it.

WILL
 (shaking his head)
 Timekeepers live day to day. He
 could time-out in the ghetto.
 Still might.

Another awkward moment. He says what they're both thinking.

WILL (CONT'D)
 They'll think you're *with* me.

SYLVIA
 (the full impact of what she's
 done starting to sink in)
 Yes.

She looks out of the window.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
 This is a mess.

WILL
 Welcome to my world.

EXT. ROADWAY. DAY.

LEON trudges down a ghetto street, warding off the time-hungry LOCALS with a shove or a sharp word - CHILDREN and ADULTS alike taunt and harass the wounded Timekeeper.

Just as it appears Leon is about to be overwhelmed, JAEGER approaches in his CRUISER. Jaeger runs to help his wounded boss.

JAEGER
 You're shot. I was worried you'd--

Jaeger regards Leon's blood-smeared body-clock.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:3h:46m:12s

JAEGER
 Where did you get that?

Leon averts his eyes. Jaeger deduces what happened.

JAEGER (CONT'D)
 He tries to kill you, then he tries
 to save you?

Leon does not deny it.

He grimaces at the pain, but the look on his face suggests the greater wound is to his pride.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STOLEN CRUISER. DAY.

Driving aimlessly, WILL and SYLVIA are on the outskirts of another rich enclave - this one is called ANNUMBURG.

SYLVIA
What are we going to do?

WILL
(head reeling)
I'm thinking. I'm thinking.

SYLVIA
You can't keep driving around in
this car. It's a *cop* car.

Will spies an ARMORED LIMOUSINE on the road ahead, a realization.

WILL
So let's make an arrest.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LIMOUSINE. DAY.

We focus on the armored LIMOUSINE. Behind it, the FLASHING LIGHTS of the TIMEKEEPER CRUISER. The limo pulls over.

WILL approaches the limo driver's window with the swagger of a Timekeeper (he's wearing Leon's coat). Will taps the inch-thick bullet proof glass.

DRIVER
(lowering the window)
Was I going too fast?

WILL
Not fast *enough*.
(off the driver's look)
The worst mistake you made was
stopping.

Will raises his gun, takes the pistol from the driver's holster. Will indicates the passenger compartment, obscured by tinted glass.

WILL (CONT'D)
Let's see who you've got back there - got
to be a year or two no one's using.

Will drags the Driver from the car, forces him to open the passenger door. Inside, a terrified BUSINESSMAN.

Will examines the Businessman's clock. TEN YEARS and change.

WILL (CONT'D)
(smile, to the businessman)
I think you have too much time on
your hands. I can help you with
that.

Will takes the upper hand, starts draining his time.

BUSINESSMAN
Please don't kill me.

WILL
(offended by the suggestion)
I'm not going to kill you. I'm
going to leave you with what I've
had most everyday of my life - a
day.

Will leaves the Businessman with TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

Will motions to Sylvia to get in the limo.

They roar away, leaving the Businessman and the Guard standing on the roadside.

The sound of a siren in the distance.

INT. PHILIPPE'S WEIL'S CORPORATE OFFICE. DUSK.

FOCUS on a CLOCK on a computer screen - showing hundreds of thousands of years.

PHILIPPE is calculating the time he has amassed on the day's trading from his top floor office overlooking Eternalia.

TIMEKEEPER LEON is shown into his office.

No outward sign of Leon's wound, although he winces slightly as he moves.

PHILIPPE
(hopeful)
Have you rescued my daughter?

LEON
She doesn't appear to want to be
rescued.

Leon presents Philippe with a photograph.

A SURVEILLANCE shot of SYLVIA in the ghetto, firing the gun at the Timekeeper.

PHILIPPE
(observing the incriminating
image, a trace of
desperation in his voice)
Mr. Leon, she is obviously under
Will Salas's control. She has
clearly been influenced.

Leon is stone-faced. Philippe tries another tack, his sleeve rolled up to make sure Leon gets a good look at the over 9,000 years in his possession.

PHILIPPE (CONT'D)
If it's a matter of resources, I'm
happy to contribute. I know what a
scandal it is what we pay our
timekeepers. I will spend every
second I have to save my daughter.

TIMEKEEPER LEON
There aren't enough seconds - even
in *your* lifetime, Mr. Weil.

Leon places a document on Philippe's desk.

LEON
This is a copy of the warrant for
her arrest. If she contacts you
and you assist her in any way, we
will issue a warrant for *your*
arrest.

Leon departs. Philippe looks again at the image of SYLVIA - gun raised, looking like a modern day Patty Hearst.

His face falls. He has lost her.

EXT. AN ISOLATED FIELD. DUSK.

CLOSE ON a grove of leafy TREES in an isolated field on the outskirts of town - inside the grove, barely visible, is the rear fender of an ARMORED LIMOUSINE.

INT. LIMOUSINE. DUSK.

WILL and SYLVIA are both in the back of the limo - finally have time to take a breath.

Surrounded by foliage visible through all the windows, it is a strangely intimate setting.

Will is hunting for information on the limo's TV.

Sylvia opens a bottle of the limo's complimentary champagne. She pours two glasses, passes one to Will. He knocks it back in one gulp. She does the same.

Will finds what he's looking for on the TV. A news report -
- WILL'S FACE next to SYLVIA'S FACE. Will turns up the volume.

ANCHOR

(from TV)

--Will Salas, prime suspect in the murder of Henry Hamilton, is believed to be traveling with Sylvia Weil, daughter of finance magnate, Philippe Weil. Citizens are advised to exercise extreme caution.

Will turns off the TV.

SYLVIA

(nervous smile)

We look cute together.

He turns to face her.

WILL

It doesn't say you're wanted.

SYLVIA

Doesn't say I'm *not*. You forgotten I shot the cop?

(smile)

I admit, not very well.

WILL

(smile)

It was your first time.

(a thought occurs)

I can say I forced you to do it.

(deadly serious now)

Are you sure you know what you're doing? Me, I don't have a choice but you - you could go back.

Sylvia meets Will's eye.

SYLVIA

Go back to *what*?

(reflective)

I'm starting to think, I don't think I have a choice either.

We sense she is talking more about matters of the heart than the law.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
You might have a better chance of
getting away without *me*.

WILL
I've been thinking about that.

SYLVIA
And?

WILL
(meeting his gaze)
I like my chances the way they are.

She likes the answer. She kisses him. They start to make love.

It begins gently, then becomes ravenous - their fears and emotions transferred into desire.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ISOLATED FIELD. DAWN.

The first rays of dawn are leaking into the sky. WILL and SYLVIA wake in their hiding place, in each other's arms.

WILL
I never asked you how long you've
been this old.

SYLVIA
(coy)
Twenty-one for twenty-seven years.
You?

WILL
(smile)
We're the same age.
(a thought occurs)
How was it - when your clock
started?

SYLVIA
(remembering)
It woke me...

INT. PHILIPPE'S MANSION - BEDROOM. NIGHT - *FLASHBACK*.

We focus on SYLVIA'S BODY CLOCK on her slender wrist as she sleeps - a frozen YEAR.

0001y:00m:0w:0d:00h:00m:00s

She shudders and the clock starts to tick.

0000y:11m:3w:6d:23h:59m:59s

SYLVIA, early twenties (looks the way she does now), wakes and goes to her bathroom, gazes in the mirror.

SYLVIA (O.S.)
I looked in the mirror. I guess
everyone does. That's how you're
going to look for the rest of your
life.

INT. MANSION - STUDY. NIGHT - *FLASHBACK*.

SYLVIA, still in her nightgown, emerges into the study where her father, PHILIPPE, is playing the stock market on his computer. He reads the news on his daughter's face.

They hug. He gently transfers ten years to her clock.

SYLVIA (O.S.)
My father gave me a decade to
celebrate.

INT. LIMOUSINE. DAWN.

We return to the present.

SYLVIA
How about you?

WILL
(smiles)
It was a little different.

EXT. GHETTO STREET. DAY - *FLASHBACK*.

WILL, seemingly the same age we have always known him, is walking down a bustling ghetto street. He feels the shudder of his CLOCK starting - has to lean against a wall to balance himself.

WILL (O.S.)
I was in the street. Almost
knocked me over.

Will makes the mistake of staring too intently at his ticking
body clock.

0000y:11m:3w:6d:23h:59m:58s

PASSERSBY realize what's happened. Will also realizes he has
given himself away.

A THUG lunges for him. Will fights him off and runs. Two
other thugs take up the chase.

INT. APARTMENT. DAY - *FLASHBACK*.

WILL makes it back to his apartment, unscathed. He locks the
door behind him.

His mother, RACHEL, looks up - smiles wistfully. She knows
life now begins for Will in earnest.

WILL (O.S.)
My year was gone in a month - to
pay off debts. We needed the time.

INT. LIMOUSINE. DAWN.

Back in the present, the memory reminds him of their
predicament. WILL examines his clock, looks to SYLVIA.

WILL
What have you got?

They compare. A few years each.

WILL (CONT'D)
We'll need more. It's expensive -
this whole fugitive thing.

EXT. STREET IN EPHEMEROS - TIME ZONE TWO. DAY.

Will and Sylvia's ARMORED LIMO drives by, blending in with
all the others in this upscale enclave - the lead sleds are
the only way the wealthy travel.

INT. LIMOUSINE. DAY.

WILL drives. SYLVIA is in the back.

Will smiles at her constant unease.

SYLVIA

Will, do I really have to ride in the back?

Will ignores her, surveys the walled streets.

Finally, he stops the car in front of a stately TOWN HOUSE protected by an extremely high wall.

WILL

The great thing about these limos is how safe they keep you from the common criminal - unless, of course, they're being driven by the common criminal.

(regarding the inside panel on the car)

This armor's got to be an inch-thick.

Will points out the walled off house in front of them.

WILL (CONT'D)

I figure we should go by the height of the wall. The higher the wall, the more we're gonna find *behind* it.

SYLVIA

What are you--

WILL

Hold on.

Sylvia, already buckled up, grabs the limo's hand grip.

Will suddenly stamps on the gas - on a direct collision course with the wall.

Blaring the car horn to warn the occupants, Will never lifts his foot from the accelerator.

EXT. TOWN HOUSE. DAY.

The armor-plated LIMOUSINE smashes directly through the wall surrounding the town house and continues into the house itself - as Will predicted, the armored car built better than the house.

The car now sits in a lavish living room with a fallen crystal chandelier on the hood, interrupting a meal. The OWNER of the house being waited on by a provocatively-dressed MAID.

WILL, gun ready, leaps from the car - calls to SYLVIA.

WILL
Stay here.

SYLVIA makes a quick decision.

SYLVIA
Too late for that.

Grabbing the gun from his waistband, Sylvia follows Will.

No time to argue. While the MAID is paralyzed with fear, the OWNER is trying to escape out of the rear of the house.

But the numerous locks on the door are the Owner's undoing. He has too many to unlock before Will and Sylvia are on him.

At gunpoint, Will goes to relieve the man of his time - there's only a WEEK there.

WILL
A week? Where's the rest? Where's your capsule?

The man resolutely shakes his head. Sylvia racks a round into the chamber of her pistol, startling the Owner - and Will.

WILL (CONT'D)
(to the Owner)
Let me give you more of an incentive.

Will takes the man's hand and rolls the man's clock down to a MINUTE.

WILL (CONT'D)
(referring to the blinking light of a SECURITY ALARM)
The response time is generally five minutes but you won't live to see them get here.

The man watches his clock ticking down. He has no choice.

MAN
(blurts out)
It's under the mattress.

WILL
You're joking, right?

Sylvia goes to the adjacent bedroom, lifts the mattress. Lying there, a metallic cylinder - TIME CAPSULE with over TWELVE YEARS.

Will extracts half the time, passes the capsule to Sylvia.

WILL (CONT'D)
(to the man as he restores
some time)
You should try to look at this as a
good thing. Having less time can
actually be a blessing. It can focus
the mind. You might get out more.

SYLVIA
(nodding in agreement)
You should thank us.

MAN
(uncertain)
Thank you.

On their way out, Will turns to the MAID.

WILL
He pay you day-to-day?

The terrified Maid nods. Sylvia offers her wrist - transfers
a week.

SYLVIA
Take the rest of the week off.

The sound of sirens in the distance.

Sylvia runs for the car with Will. There is an exuberance to
her we have not witnessed before - Sylvia might actually be
enjoying herself.

Will and Sylvia enter the car and reverse back through the
hole they just created.

INT. STOLEN LIMOUSINE. DAY.

WILL and SYLVIA drive together at high speed - the tank of a
car is remarkably undamaged.

WILL
(checking his wrist)
What have we got?

SYLVIA
Ten years apiece.

WILL
It's not enough. We've got to hit
them again before they *know* what
hit them.

INT. FASHIONABLE JEWELRY STORE. DAY.

A TIME-RICH COUPLE pick out an engagement ring with a SALESMAN in a well-guarded fortress of a jewelry store in a wealthy enclave. Three vigilant GUARDS protect the entrance.

The blare of a horn and the store explodes in glass and masonry - WILL'S ARMORED LIMO ploughing inside.

The GUARDS are sent flying.

As the cloud of debris clears, one of the GUARDS comes to his senses, reaches for his gun. Will is too quick for him.

WILL
Don't move!

The Guard hesitates, weighs his chances.

SYLVIA
(aiming her gun at the
guard's head, screaming
at him)
He said be a statue!

The Guard is convinced - withdraws his hand. Sylvia relieves him of his gun.

WILL
(to Sylvia, under his
breath)
You might have missed your calling.

The COUPLE standing with the SALESMAN, are terrified.

Without a word, Will takes the upper hand from the MAN and WOMAN and withdraws a couple of DECADES from each.

As an afterthought, Will grabs a pair of DIAMOND EARRINGS - hands them to Sylvia to make up for the pair she pawned.

WILL (CONT'D)
I think I owe you these.

Sylvia smiles. Will and Sylvia retreat to the car and back out at high speed.

The SALESMAN belatedly produces an assault rifle from behind the counter and fires at the rapidly departing car - bullets bouncing off the armored metal and bullet-proof glass, sending up a shower of sparks but don't make a dent.

EXT. INTERSECTION. DAY.

FOCUS on another ARMORED LIMOUSINE in another wealthy part of town, cruising slowly through an intersection.

The limo suddenly careens sideways as it's violently T-boned by WILL'S LIMOUSINE striking it at full speed. As with a head-butt, it's the one who's struck that comes off second best.

The targeted limo is slammed across the road and into the opposite curb - flips up on its side.

When it comes to rest, a GUN is raised from the driver's compartment. WILL fires a volley at the compartment - bullets ricocheting off the armored metal, the driver's gun flung out of his hand.

Guns drawn, Will and Sylvia approach the car. The shaken occupant - a fashionably-dressed, wealthy WOMAN, exits unsteadily.

Will examines the clock of the time-rich WOMAN, starting to enjoy the role of modern day highwayman.

WILL
(to the woman)
I'd say, your money or life but
since your money *is* your life, give
us both ten years and you're free
to go.

The Woman gladly pays up. Will drives away in what is becoming his signature battering ram.

EXT. TOWN HOUSE. DUSK.

TIMEKEEPERS LEON and JAEGER have arrived at the scene of the first crime.

They examine the hole left in the town house by Will's smash and grab.

Jaeger almost smiles, impressed by the ingenuity and boldness of the robbery. Leon is not so amused.

A message he receives on his radio wipes the smile off Jaeger's face.

JAEGER
They hit two more, Sir.

In Leon's eyes we see it is a declaration of war.

INT. STOLEN LIMOUSINE. DUSK.

WILL and SYLVIA drive down a deserted road that runs alongside a wild, ocean beach.

Sylvia looks to Will.

SYLVIA
Now do we have enough?
(regarding the ocean)
Do we have time for a swim?

Something definitely provocative in how she says it. Will looks to his wrist - they have bought themselves several decades with the robberies.

0020y:10m:0w:2d:23h:46m:12s

He smiles.

EXT. OCEAN. DUSK.

WILL and SYLVIA swim naked in the waves, wearing only their time. They laugh, embrace - a moment of sheer joy and forgetting.

They kiss.

We focus on the couple holding hands underwater - their phosphorescent timepieces penetrate the inky water.

INT. LOBBY - NO-TELL-MOTEL. NIGHT.

WILL and SYLVIA check into a dilapidated motel.

A lecherous-looking MANAGER regards the couple suspiciously.

MANAGER
That'll be two days.

He scans Will's arm - TWO DAYS worth.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
(to Sylvia)
You look familiar.

The light bulb starts to go off in the Manager's head.

Will grasps the Manager's hand - gives him TWO MONTHS.

WILL
How about now?

MANAGER
Never saw her before in my life.
(handing them a key)
312.

INT. ROOM 312 - NO-TELL-MOTEL. NIGHT.

WILL and SYLVIA make their way down the long motel corridor.
Sylvia takes his hand and suddenly breaks into a run.

WILL
Why are you running?

SYLVIA
Why are you *walking*?

He laughs, starts to run - both tearing off each other's
clothes before they even get into their room.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY. DAY.

The MANAGER looks on his computer screen - the two photos of
WILL and SYLVIA on an internet news site.

He picks up the phone.

INT. TIMEKEEPER STATION - CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON more surveillance footage photographs

- WILL and SYLVIA at the scene of the TOWN HOUSE
- WILL and SYLVIA at the JEWELRY STORE
- WILL and SYLVIA at the CARJACKING

LEON and JAEGER regard them, try to discern a pattern to the
thefts.

JAEGER
All we know for sure is he's got
expensive taste. All the hits are
targets with time to burn. We've
got to assume he's hiding back in
his own zone, paying people off,
buying silence.

LEON
He can't buy everyone.

They are interrupted by a TIMEKEEPER - her eyes betray an
urgency.

TIMEKEEPER
Sir, you have a call.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GHETTO NO-TELL-MOTEL. NIGHT.

CLOSE on a makeshift plastic car cover hiding Will and Sylvia's stolen LIMOUSINE, parked at the rear of the three-story motel.

It's raining.

Across the street, TIMEKEEPERS LEON and JAEGER. Leon is paying off the MOTEL MANAGER.

He deposits a WEEK into the informant's body clock.

MANAGER
That's it? I could have gotten
more from *them*.

LEON
But that would be harboring a fugitive
and that wouldn't be legal, would it?

MANAGER
(quickly changing his tune)
Exactly.

LEON
They're definitely *in* there?

MANAGER
They spend a lot of time in their
room.

LEON
There's no back way?

MANAGER
(shakes his head, hands
him a MASTER KEY)
Please don't break the door.

Leon, Jaeger and two local Timekeepers head for the motel.

INT. NO-TELL-MOTEL - BEDROOM. NIGHT.

In their third floor room, WILL embraces a half-naked SYLVIA from behind as she fixes her makeup at a vanity table.

Will suddenly stops.

WILL
(in a whisper)
Put your clothes on.

SYLVIA
(confused)
That's a *first*.

She reads the concern in his eyes.

He is looking out of the window. She follows his gaze - two UNMARKED CRUISERS parked in the alleyway.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
(hurriedly buttoning her
blouse, panicking)
You bribed the manager.

WILL
Not enough. We've got to find a
classier hotel.

SYLVIA
We're trapped.

WILL
No.

They hear the FOOTSTEPS running up the stairs. WILL jams a chair against the door, opens the window.

WILL (CONT'D)
Jump. They won't do it.

SYLVIA
(incredulous - regarding
the drop)
We shouldn't do it.

A KICK at the door. Will grabs Sylvia's hand.

They jump from the window onto the roof of one of the CRUISERS parked below.

The roof breaks their fall.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MOTEL. NIGHT.

WILL and SYLVIA pick themselves up and start to run.

Taking cover behind dumpsters, Will glances back to the motel. Sure enough, the cops do not follow - JAEGER, the first at the window, hesitates about making the jump.

WILL

See?

Sylvia looks back too - just in time to see TIMEKEEPER LEON arrive at the window. Without hesitation, Leon jumps from the window, lands on the same car roof.

SYLVIA

So much for your theory.

WILL

(not so cocky)

Shit.

Will and Sylvia run, tumbling into PASSERSBY in the crowded streets. Leon, gun drawn, keeps up the pursuit.

EXT. STREETS / CANAL - GHETTO. NIGHT.

WILL and SYLVIA are cornered again - now facing a toxic canal, swollen by the rainstorm. LEON closing in. No way to retreat.

SYLVIA

(looking to the water,
reading his mind)

We could drown.

WILL

If we're not poisoned first.

Will takes her hand, jumps into the water. They're carried away by the torrent.

EXT. CANAL. NIGHT.

WILL and SYLVIA desperately keep their heads above water.

Spun around by the current, Sylvia sees LEON arrive at the edge of the canal.

Leon can just make out the bobbing heads of the couple in the far distance.

WILL

(shouting over the water)

Is he coming?

Sylvia sees Leon jump into the canal - keeping his head above water - also his GUN.

SYLVIA

(shouting)

Yes.

Will grabs hold of the tether of a GARBAGE BARGE with one hand, Sylvia with the other.

They desperately clamber back onto the street.

EXT. DILAPIDATED GAS STATION. NIGHT.

WILL AND SYLVIA, drenched to the skin, approach a gas station kiosk - the GAS STATION ATTENDANT is watching a NEWS ALERT warning him of the very fugitives who suddenly appear at his window.

Intimidated by Will's gun, the ATTENDANT raises his hands.

WILL
(referring to the beaten-up
TRUCK parked beside the kiosk)
I need your truck.

The frightened Attendant immediately offers his keys.

WILL (CONT'D)
(offended)
No, I'll pay you for it. What's
fair?

ATTENDANT
(surprised by the
response)
A year?

WILL
(hastily giving the
Attendant the upper hand)
I'll give you a year and a half.

The bemused Attendant extracts a YEAR and a HALF from Will's clock - at the same time passing him the truck keys.

Will and Sylvia jump in the truck, fire it up and roar away - just as a sodden LEON approaches the station.

INT. TRUCK. NIGHT.

In the rearview mirror, WILL can make out LEON commandeering a car - dragging a MOTORIST from behind the wheel.

WILL
(shaking his head at
Leon's persistence)
Unbelievable.

Will stamps on the gas.

SYLVIA
What do we do?

WILL
He'll give up before we do. He's
not going to risk his life to take
us down.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE. NIGHT.

Will exits the road, drives through a construction site,
recklessly dodging obstacles.

Blocked by a mountain of oil drums, he ploughs through them,
scattering them everywhere. The obstruction will surely stop
Leon.

WILL
I'm telling you, he'll give up.

SYLVIA
You sure about that?

WILL
No.

Sure enough, Leon also drives straight into the barrels to
keep up the pursuit.

Will has come to the end of the road - literally. The truck
ploughs off the uncompleted highway, lands off-kilter, rolls
and skids on its side.

Will pulls Sylvia from the truck.

They run - exit the site, onto a departing BUS, packed with
WORKERS.

Surely now they have eluded Leon.

Will peeks out from between the crush of people on the bus.

He glimpses Leon - miraculously already at the bus stop,
scanning the crowd.

Did he see them? Will and Sylvia duck down, exchange an
anxious look.

The bus pulls away. They are safe.

Or are they?

Playing on the VIDEO SCREENS inside the bus - FOOTAGE OF THE
FUGITIVES.

All the PASSENGERS quickly become aware of WILL and SYLVIA.

Will sighs, nods to the man standing beside him.

In an unspoken transaction, Will deposits a month in the man's clock.

Sylvia follows suit. In this way, they donate a month to everyone on board and the bus continues its journey.

Not a word exchanged, all passengers are richer for the experience, except Will and Sylvia.

WILL (CONT'D)
(confiding to Sylvia)
You would have made it in the
ghetto. You can run.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE. DAY.

In a secluded warehouse somewhere in the ghetto, WILL and SYLVIA are led to a stolen ARMORED TRUCK by a suspicious-looking DEALER.

WILL
Is this your most *armored* armored
truck?

The Dealer nods.

SYLVIA
We'll give you eight years for it.

EXT/INT. TIME SHARE - TIME LENDERS. DAY.

A line of desperate PEOPLE queue up for a loan outside a heavily-protected time lenders building emblazoned with the name, "TIME SHARE".

We sense it's a loan they will spend the rest of their lives trying to repay. The interest payments alone will kill them.

Some in line look anxiously at their body-clocks, trying to gauge if they even have time to stand in line to get more time.

We track along the line and enter the building.

Behind bullet-proof glass is a TIME LENDER, who sits in front of an open vault containing TIME CAPSULES of various durations - DAYS, WEEKS.

At the front of the line, a WOMAN with a BABY on her lap negotiates with the Time Lender. It's a one-sided negotiation.

WOMAN
What's the interest?

TIME LENDER
Ten percent.

WOMAN
Per week?

TIME LENDER
Per day.

The Woman hesitates.

TIME LENDER (CONT'D)
(glance to the woman's
rapidly dwindling time)
I don't see how you have much
choice.

The Woman nods. Without the loan she couldn't even get home. The Time Lender sadistically takes his time handing over a ONE WEEK CAPSULE.

Suddenly, they are alerted by the blast of a truck horn.

Visible through the window behind the woman (*this whole scene has played out in one shot*) is a TIME SHARE armored truck.

However, this visit looks distinctly unscheduled - the truck is going 50 mph on a collision course with the building.

There is just enough time for people to scatter as the TRUCK ploughs through the wall and then through the protective bullet-proof (not truck-proof) glass.

The Time Lender is the only one not fast enough to avoid the truck, still alive but pinned to the open vault door by the truck.

WILL and SYLVIA, both armed, step out of the cab of the demolished truck. They immediately grab up the capsules from the undefended vault, tossing them in a bag.

TIME LENDER (CONT'D)
(defiant despite his
predicament)
You steal from me, you're dead.

WILL
Don't think of it as stealing,
think of it as "repossession".

Examining the time capsules in the vault, Will is frustrated by the small units of time.

WILL (CONT'D)
 (to the Lender)
 Days, weeks? Where are the months?
 Where are the years?

TIME LENDER
 What zone do you think you're in?
 We don't keep time like that here.

When they have as many as they can carry, Will approaches the Time Lender who is somehow still grasping the Time Capsule intended for the woman.

Will pries the capsule out of the Lender's hand and gives it to the nearby WOMAN and BABY.

She hastily deposits the time in her clock, drops the capsule and runs.

Will hears the sirens of the approaching timekeepers.

He makes an announcement to the crowd.

WILL
 Time Share now offers long-term,
 interest-free loans with no
 payments...ever.

A near-riot ensues as the desperate CITIZENS, loot the Time Capsules, immediately depositing the time and fleeing.

Will and Sylvia use the commotion to disguise their own escape on foot with all the capsules they can carry.

EXT. TIME SHARE. DAY.

LEON and JAEGER examine the hole left in the Time Share building, still surrounded by would-be LOOTERS.

JAEGER
 (muttering under his
 breath, regarding the
 abandoned truck)
 To this guy, every place is a drive-
 in.

Leon kicks at one of the spent TIME CAPSULES littering the ground. No way to know who has taken what - back in a human body, there is no way to trace the time.

Leon regards the crowd, sees something he rarely encounters. Defiance - on the faces of the BY-STANDERS, given confidence by their windfall.

LEON
(to the crowd)
Why are you standing around? Get
out here!

No one moves.

LEON (CONT'D)
Now! Before I confiscate every
second. Run!

They don't run - for once they don't need to.

They walk, stroll, dispersing as slowly as possible to defy the Timekeeper.

LEON (CONT'D)
(confiding to Jaeger)
He has to be stopped. He's not
just giving them time - he's giving
them *hope*.
(afterthought)
False hope.

INT. PHILIPPE'S MANSION. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON a surveillance footage of SYLVIA taking part in the TIME SHARE robbery.

It plays on a screen in Philippe's drawing room.

ANCHOR (V.O.)
--And today, Sylvia Weil withdrew
some of her inheritance when she
and fugitive, Will Salas, robbed
one of her father's Time Share
branches.

The footage also shows the stand-off between the LOOTERS and TIMEKEEPER LEON.

ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The robbery also resulted in
widespread looting.

PHILIPPE, watching with wife, CLARA, shakes his head, unable to comprehend what has happened to his daughter.

PHILIPPE
She's going to get herself killed.

CLARA
(unable to look at her
husband)
Thanks to you.

Philippe regards her, shocked.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Why do you think she's doing this?
You suffocated her.

Philippe no longer recognizes his daughter or his wife. He
exits with his BODYGUARDS.

EXT. CERTINA HOTEL. DAY.

WILL and SYLVIA are standing in the lobby of a grand but
rundown hotel in a very bad part of town.

They appear to be the only guests.

The HOTEL OWNER goes to greet them.

HOTEL OWNER
Welcome to the Certina--

- he stops short as he recognizes the fugitives.

WILL
We need a place to stay.

HOTEL OWNER
(hesitant)
How many rooms?

SYLVIA
All of them.

The Owner raises his eyebrows.

WILL
Can we rely on the...discretion of
your staff?

HOTEL OWNER
I'm sure you can.

Will immediately understands what is implied.

CLOSE ON THE BODY CLOCK

- of a MAID.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:18h:00m:52s

WILL turns the eighteen hours on her clock into a year and eighteen hours.

Will and Sylvia dole out a year to each worker and family member in the hotel - who have gathered in the lobby.

To a YOUNG CHILD, WILL deposits the year into a time capsule.

WILL
Hold onto it. It might come in
useful one day.

From the wide-eyed expression on the child's face, Will is nearing folk hero status.

Will and Sylvia retire upstairs to their room.

Just as their door closes, a MAN with a SUITCASE enters the hotel. He sees the time on the Owner's clock a moment before the Owner covers it with his sleeve.

HOTEL OWNER
I'm sorry, we're fully booked.

The Man nods, suspicious of the empty hotel. He exits.

INT. TIMEKEEPER STATION - CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

LEON stares at the clocks indicating the time per capita in Emit Town.

The clock rolls up several DECADES - Leon flinches.

LEON
There's too much there.

Leon is clearly disturbed by events - embarrassed at how foolish Will and Sylvia are making him look.

JAEGER
We've beefed up security on likely
targets. If they need more time,
they'll have to find it in the
ghetto.

LEON
Let's tighten the noose. Random
checks.

EXT. GHETTO STREET. DAY.

Close on a road block.

LEON, JAEGER and other TIMEKEEPERS are making random time-checks of every CITIZEN on the street.

TIMEKEEPER
(referring to a WOMAN'S
BODY CLOCK)
Where did you get this?

The Woman just stares blankly at him.

A MAN is frisked - a TIME CAPSULE containing TWO MONTHS
clanks to the ground.

LEON picks it up.

LEON
Where'd this come from?

MAN
It was a gift. There's good in
this world, isn't there, Sir?

LEON
I know there's *bad*.
(referring to the capsule)
This is all stolen.

Unable to prove the accusation, Leon reluctantly returns the device. He is seething with anger, although you have to look close to see it.

JAEGER approaches.

LEON (CONT'D)
(blurting out his frustration)
There's time here that shouldn't be
here.

JAEGER
We shouldn't be here, Sir.
(anxious look to the defiant
LOCALS, under his breath)
I don't feel the love. We're badly
outnumbered.

Leon regards the LOCALS.

LEON
 (musing on a plan)
 What do they say - it takes a thief
 to catch a thief?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GANGLAND STREET. NIGHT.

In a gangland neighborhood, FORTIS and his MINUTE MEN accost a YOUNG MAN, walking alone.

FORTIS
 (surprised by the MONTH on
 the man's wrist)
 Well now, look at all *that*.

YOUNG MAN
 (unfazed)
 Yeah, I finally had the time to buy
 one of *these*.

The Young Man produces a large HANDGUN, sticks it in Fortis' face.

Fortis and the other Minute Men back off, unused to anyone standing up to them.

FORTIS
 (backing up)
 Let's not do anything I might
 regret.

The Young Man stands there defiantly until the Minute Men disappear into the shadows.

However, as the Young Man goes to continue on, FORTIS reappears with two guns of his own - shoots the Young Man in the back.

He keeps firing at the dead body on the ground, finally runs out of ammunition.

FORTIS (CONT'D)
 (to his cohorts, still
 stung by the man's
 resistance)
 What was *that* about?

EXT. GHETTO. NIGHT.

SCREENS in the ghetto flicker to life - a video REWARD POSTER, seemingly on every other corner.

PHOTOS of WILL and SYLVIA, side by side.

"10 YEARS REWARD - For Information Leading To The Arrest And Conviction of Will Salas and Sylvia Weil".

EXT. HOTEL CERTINA. NIGHT.

From the balcony of their room, WILL and SYLVIA watch one of the REWARD POSTERS promoting the price on their heads - on the building opposite.

WILL
Ten years. That's insulting.

SYLVIA
I guess it's because we haven't
killed anyone.

WILL
They think *I* have.

For a moment, they drop the bravado - allow their fear to show.

SYLVIA
If they catch us, there's no way
they won't kill us, is there?

WILL
(shrug)
They don't give jail time any more,
they take away your time. Even if
you've got a thousand years on you,
they just sentence you to a
thousand and one.

Sylvia holds Will.

SYLVIA
I'm scared.

Will holds her tightly, kisses her.

WILL
We're safe.

SYLVIA
For how long?

Will leaves the question hanging in the air.

INT. GHETTO BAR. NIGHT.

FORTIS is practicing Strong Arm in the bar he frequents.

The door opens and TIMEKEEPER LEON enters with JAEGER and several other heavily-armed TIMEKEEPERS.

Fortis considers shooting it out with the lawmen but Leon's demeanor puts him at his ease. Leon sits down with the thug.

FORTIS
Mr. Leon, it's been too long.

LEON
Fortis, isn't it? I've always
liked you, Fortis. You've always
had boundaries.

FORTIS
(smile)
I admit, you're the first person to
ever say so.

LEON
You've always known your place.
You've never changed time zones.

FORTIS
Thank you for noticing.

LEON
You know, not everyone has your
respect for the status quo.

On a screen above the bar, a prominent REWARD poster for WILL and SYLVIA.

FORTIS
You want me to find him.

LEON
There are neighborhoods where my
men are not exactly welcomed with
open arms - neighborhoods where you
might feel more at home.

Fortis smiles.

LEON (CONT'D)
We'll look the other way.

Jaeger regards Leon, barely able to conceal his contempt.

EXT. GHETTO STREET MARKET. DAY.

An ARMORED TRUCK pulls into a crowded ghetto street.

FORTIS and his MINUTE MEN, bristling with weapons, exit the truck.

Fortis and Kolber fire assault rifles over the heads of the citizens.

They all drop to the ground. Fortis shouts to the cowering group.

FORTIS
Nobody goes anywhere!

KOLBER and the other MINUTE MEN CHECK the clocks of those on the ground.

Anyone with too much time is dragged to their feet and lined up against a wall. Fortis addresses them.

FORTIS (CONT'D)
You know who I'm looking for.

Fortis grabs the first MAN in line.

FORTIS (CONT'D)
(referring to the time on
the man's wrist)
I'm looking for whoever gave this
man a month.

The Man flinches.

FORTIS (CONT'D)
And I am going to clean the clock
of everybody in this hell hole
until someone tells me what I want
to hear.

No one in line responds. Fortis looks to Kolber.

FORTIS (CONT'D)
Clean it.

Kolber takes the upper hand on the man and starts extracting the MONTH on his wrist.

The terrified MAN looks at his rapidly diminishing time.

MAN
 (pleading)
 I don't know where they are. I
 don't--

The Man times-out on the spot, landing in a heap on the ground.

FORTIS
 (to the people in line)
 If you're hoping that someone's
 going to put a stop to this,
 wondering where the Timekeepers
 are...
 (referring to his MINUTE MEN)
 ...you're looking at them.

A resolute silence from the Citizens.

FORTIS (CONT'D)
 (turning to the next MAN
 in line)
 I believe you're next.

A MAN further down the line, steps forward.

FORTIS (CONT'D)
 (smiles at him)
 At last, someone's acting
 reasonably.

It is the MAN from the hotel with the suitcase.

MAN
 I want a share of the reward.

FORTIS
 (smiles)
 Oh, you'll get a reward.

EXT. HOTEL CERTINA. NIGHT.

Pan up the DEAD BODY of the MAN WITH THE SUITCASE - when we get to his clock we see ALL ZEROS.

FORTIS and his minute men step over the corpse and approach the hotel.

INT. HOTEL CERTINA. NIGHT.

WILL and SYLVIA toast, enjoying a meal in their hotel suite
 - it erupts.

FORTIS and his MINUTE MEN storm every door and window.

It takes KOLBER and two other MINUTE MEN to restrain Will. SYLVIA, going for a gun on the bedside table, is pinned to the bed by Fortis.

FORTIS

(to Sylvia)

It's the poor little rich girl.

(glancing to his clock)

I never got a chance to properly thank you for this.

(inappropriate whisper in her ear - *everything* about

Fortis is inappropriate)

I'm not surprised you stayed. It's the life, isn't it? Here, we don't stop living until we're actually dead.

SYLVIA

(strangled reply)

There are so many more opportunities to die.

FORTIS

Of course. But here there's dancing before dying.

Fortis holds Sylvia around the throat - drags her over to Will.

FORTIS (CONT'D)

It's your friend here I'm most happy to run into again.

(broad smile)

Will, Will, Will - not so meek after all. You've been causing a lot of trouble, which is normally my job. We had it good for so long and you had to go and ruin it for everybody. You surely know things are bad when I'm the one sent to restore order.

Will can hardly argue.

Fortis nods to the ornate dinner table - upturned when the Minute Men entered.

The table is righted and Will is sat down opposite Fortis.

Guarding Will, three large MINUTE MEN, including enforcer, KOLBER. SYLVIA is forced to sit at Fortis' side.

FORTIS (CONT'D)
(to Will, feigning
reasonableness)
Fortunately for you, I'm not the kind
to kill a man in cold blood. You
deserve a fighting chance.
(indicating their clocks)
We play to zero.

Fortis extends his hand - to prepare for the lethal game.

WILL
(regarding Fortis' hand)
What's the point? If I lose, I
die. If I win, you'll kill me.

FORTIS
(shrug)
If you don't fight, I'll kill you *now*.

WILL
(glance to Sylvia)
And her?

FORTIS
After I take you, I take her--
(lecherous smile)
--and her time, then I'll take you
both in for the reward.

WILL
(resigned)
Dead *not* alive.

FORTIS
(shrug)
Once the Keepers have you, you're
as *good* as dead.
(extending his arm again)
But we're getting ahead of
ourselves. Let's find out if you
are your father's son.

WILL
He saved your life.

FORTIS
He should have killed me when he
had the chance.

Will has no option.

He finally reaches out his hand to Fortis - both men with
several decades to lose.

They lock arms for what will be a deadly embrace - a death grip.

Fortis immediately gets the jump on Will, so well-practiced in the art of "strong arm".

The YEARS start rolling off Will's body clock.

Will starts to wrench Fortis' arm back to the neutral position where neither one gains or loses time. But Fortis is just playing with Will.

He looks into Will's eyes and takes the upper hand again with ease.

Will is losing time fast - down to hours, then minutes.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:12m:11s

Is Will doing a rope-a-dope or is he actually dying?

Seconds now.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:00m:13s

All eyes are on Will's clock - counting down. Not *all* eyes. Will is not looking at his own life draining away. He is looking into Fortis' eyes.

But Fortis is looking back. Not what Will was anticipating. Fortis is not clock-watching. Is he going to let Will die without ever checking the last seconds? Has Fortis learned his lesson?

Sylvia is thinking the same thing - preparing to watch Will die in front of her.

And then it happens. The merest flicker of Fortis' eyes - glancing down to catch a glimpse of Will's clock.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:00m:03s

Will summons his strength - turns Fortis' arm with two ticks to spare.

Fortis is caught by surprise. He smiles, believing he can recover. He exerts pressure on Will. But Will's arm doesn't move a millimeter.

A hint of panic on Fortis' face - where has all his strength gone? It's as Will predicted. The emotion of watching Will on the brink of death has cost him just as it did with Will's father.

Fortis' gaze turns to his own slipping time - something hypnotic about it.

Now all eyes in the room are on Fortis' clock - none of the Minute Men has ever seen it heading in this direction. Fast. Now the years are flying off his clock onto Will's. Soon down to days, then minutes, then seconds.

The MINUTE MEN edge closer to the table - anticipating that Fortis will call an end to the fight if it keeps going this way. However, this is unfamiliar territory - Fortis has only tapped out once before - fighting Will's father.

The uncertainty gives Will the chance he needs. Right hand still dominating Fortis, Will surreptitiously reaches for the nearest Minute Man's ankle with his left - pulls a PISTOL from his holster.

Will fires in one movement - the first bullet explodes in the eye of Fortis' right hand man, Kolber - blood splashing across Sylvia's face, another Minute Man takes a bullet in the chest, a third in the mouth.

Fortis is so shocked, he forgets the time - then remembers. He looks to his rapidly diminishing seconds, sees his final second elapse.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:00m:00s

Fortis is knocked off his chair by the inevitable fatal heart seizure, adding to the confusion.

Will is left sitting there, surrounded by four dead Minute Men, still holding the gun.

Sylvia, the only other person alive in the room, is paralyzed with fear.

They hear running feet from downstairs - other MINUTE MEN alerted by the gunshots.

Will hurries Sylvia to the balcony - the sound of TIMEKEEPERS' sirens in the distance.

EXT. ROOFTOP. NIGHT.

WILL helps SYLVIA scramble up to the rooftop, grabbing any hand hold - pipe, scaffolding.

Once on the roof, they face a barricade of barbed wire. Will tears off his jacket, to use as protection.

They grasp the barbed wire and launch themselves over.

One more obstacle - they need to leap from one roof to another. Will makes it.

Sylvia follows, barely catching the gutter. Will pulls her to safety. They make their escape across the rooftops.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOTEL CERTINA. DAWN.

LEON and JAEGER survey the dead bodies of FORTIS and the other MINUTE MEN - lined up outside the hotel.

The killings have attracted the attention of the LOCALS - no tears are shed since most have lost time to Fortis and his Minute Men on one or more occasions.

LEON
(angered by the presence
of the locals)
You can afford to stand around?

Leon is right. They can.

Jaeger looks to Leon in disgust - Leon is losing the loyalty of his own men. Jaeger finally says what is on his mind.

JAEGER
Why do you need him so bad, Sir?
Is it the killings, Sir, or
the lives he's *saved*--
(look to Leon's clock)
--including yours.

Leon bristles at the insubordination.

LEON
Consider yourself suspended--
(glances to Jaeger's wrist)
--without pay.

Leon turns his back on Jaeger, calls to the other TIMEKEEPERS.

LEON (CONT'D)
The rest of you, let's get out of
here. We're not watching the time.

As he departs, Leon looks about him - somehow senses that the fugitives are nearby.

He's right.

EXT. ROOFTOP. DAWN.

WILL and SYLVIA have found cover under a video billboard of their REWARD POSTER - their faces are twenty-feet high.

Both shaken from the violent events, they split their time.

WILL
(regarding her wrist)
Nice of Fortis to give it back.

They observe LEON and the other TIMEKEEPERS exiting the street below.

SYLVIA
Except now we've got the cops *and*
the robbers after us. We have to
stay out of sight.

WILL
(watching Leon's cruiser depart)
That's what he'll expect.
(regarding his clock)
You know, the man who gave me this
to begin with, told me not to waste
it.
(look to his clock - a
plan taking shape in his
imagination)
We need more - enough to fight back.

SYLVIA
(bewildered)
What can we hit? They're watching
everything. You can't get to them.

WILL
No, *I* can't. But *you* can.

Sylvia looks sideways at him. Will nods to a building in the far distance - atop, is the name, "WEIL".

EXT. ETERNALIA - STREET. DAY.

CLOSE ON a CONVOY of armored vehicles pulling up to the headquarters of WEIL CORPORATION, owner of TIME SHARE and numerous other companies.

Exiting an ARMORED LIMOUSINE in the center of the convoy is Sylvia's father - PHILIPPE WEIL.

He is immediately surrounded by a phalanx of BODYGUARDS who shepherd him the short distance from the car to the door of his headquarters.

EXT. HOTEL UPSTAIRS WINDOW. DAY.

WILL and SYLVIA observe PHILIPPE and his convoy from an upstairs window.

WILL
We're stealing from your father.
Are you okay with it?

SYLVIA
(echoing Will's earlier words)
Is it stealing if it's already stolen?

Will smiles.

He turns to a CLEANER who they have obviously bribed to gain access to the room.

Will gives the cleaner a MONTH as they depart.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
Even with what I know, it's impossible to get close to him.
He's got an army of bodyguards.

WILL
(shrug)
I think he needs one *more*.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ETERNALIA - STREET. ANOTHER DAY.

CLOSE ON Philippe's limousine pulling to the curb.

The usual phalanx of a dozen BODYGUARDS wearing their uniform - dark suit, sunglasses, earpiece, holstered gun visible beneath the jacket - swarm around PHILIPPE as he emerges from the car.

Timing his run to perfection, another BODYGUARD joins the others - darting from the blind side of one of the armored cars.

Philippe has so many bodyguards, one more goes unnoticed.

INT. LOBBY OF WEIL CORPORATION. DAY.

PHILIPPE is shepherded across the grand lobby, through a metal detector - the chorus of alarms is ignored since the weaponry belongs to Philippe's BODYGUARDS.

Philippe enters an elevator with all the GUARDS.

INT. ELEVATOR. DAY.

Packed inside like so many suited sardines, PHILLIPE and the GUARDS travel upwards in silence.

KER-CHUNK - the unmistakable sound of a gun being cocked gets everyone's attention.

Philippe feels the butt of the gun pressed into his ribs.

Standing directly behind Philippe, WILL removes his sunglasses to identify himself - all the while keeping Philippe at gunpoint.

WILL
Everyone gets off except Mr. Weil
and me.

The elevator promptly stops at a lower floor.

No other option, the Guards file out, leaving their millenarian vulnerable.

As the last guard exits, a BUSINESS WOMAN gets on with Will and Philippe.

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA
Hello, father.

The elevator doors close and the elevator continues upwards.

INT. PHILIPPE'S PRIVATE FLOOR. DAY.

WILL and SYLVIA escort PHILIPPE towards his top floor office. They are barred from entry by a locked door until Sylvia steps forward and punches in the numbers to the keypad lock.

The door opens.

SYLVIA
(to Philippe)
You're still using the same code.

INT. PHILIPPE'S OFFICE. DAY.

WILL and SYLVIA usher PHILIPPE into the office dominated by a vault behind his desk.

Sylvia opens his desk and removes the pistol she knows he hides there - she guards her own father with his own gun.

Will goes to the vault with its combination lock.

WILL
(to Sylvia)
What's the code?

SYLVIA
(rueful)
It's not *my* birthday - you've
started to regret that day I
imagine, father.

Philippe says nothing.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
Try 12-2-18-82.

Will enters the code. It works. The safe opens.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
(rueful smile)
Darwin's birthday.

WILL
(to Philippe)
Natural selection. Although,
murdering other human beings -
isn't that *unnatural*?

Philippe says nothing.

WILL (CONT'D)
(shrug)
I guess not.

Will opens the safe. The shock of seeing only one time capsule in such a large vault - the same as any other capsule we have seen. Not quite the same. Will sees what it contains.

1000000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:00m:00s

WILL
(regarding the capsule in awe)
"Quality time." There really *is* a
man with a million years.

Philippe speaks for the first time.

PHILIPPE

It's my *first* million. It won't be
my *last*.

WILL

(face hardening)

Do you know how much good this
could do?

PHILIPPE

I know how much *harm* it could do.
Try to understand - even if you
gave a year to a million people,
you're just prolonging their agony.

SYLVIA

(hardly able to look at
her father anymore)

We're prolonging their *lives*.

PHILIPPE

(a profound look of
disappointment at his daughter)

You may disrupt the system for a
while but nothing will change.
This will be forgotten.

WILL

What makes you so sure?

PHILIPPE

(meeting his gaze)

Everyone wants what I have.
Everyone wants to live forever,
even though we all die in the
attempt.

The words have a ghastly ring of truth.

WILL

Some sooner than others.

Will pockets the MILLION YEAR CAPSULE.

SYLVIA

Have a nice life, father.

Will and Sylvia go to the elevator.

PHILIPPE

(blurts out)

You'll never live to use that time!
They'll never let it out of the zone!

They ignore him. Sylvia shoots the keypad lock to immobilize it as they leave.

They descend to the bowels of the parking structure.

INT. TIMEKEEPER STATION - CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

LEON scrolls through surveillance footage showing TIMEKEEPER CRUISERS stationed at time zone check points throughout the district.

He appears satisfied with the heightened security.

Suddenly the TIME CLOCK for Eternalia drops by a MILLION YEARS.

LEON
What was that?

TIMEKEEPER
(staring at the CLOCK)
Must be a mistake. A million years
just rolled off the clock.

TIMEKEEPER (CONT'D)
(regarding his monitor)
It's not a mistake, Sir.

On the monitor - "ROBBERY REPORT - TIME SHARE". GPS of the WEIL CORPORATION BUILDING.

LEON
It's *them*.

Leon races out of the station - towards his CRUISER.

INT. WEIL CORPORATION GARAGE. DAY.

In the bowels of the building, WILL and SYLVIA enter a waiting ARMORED CAR.

Sylvia bribes the PARKING ATTENDANT a YEAR. They drive away - blending into the traffic.

INT. TIMEKEEPER CRUISER. DAY.

LEON races towards the scene. Watches his ON-BOARD COMPUTER as he drives - surveillance IMAGES of the traffic. Nothing appears out of the ordinary.

LEON
 (into his radio)
 Dispatch, what can you see?

DISPATCH (O.S.)
 There's a lot of traffic in the
 vicinity, Sir. They could be
 anywhere.

LEON
 (into radio, mind racing)
 Find me the slowest car.

More traffic images scroll by, analyzing the speed of the
 vehicles.

LEON (CONT'D)
 You have a million years. You can
 definitely take your time.

He remembers his own clock.

LEON (CONT'D)
 (into radio)
 Dispatch, wire me my per diem--

Leon glances to his wrist. No urgency. He has HOURS to
 spare.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:04h:07m:34s

An image on his screen gets his attention.

LEON
 (into radio)
 --Never mind.
 (referring to the screen)
 What is that?

He focuses on an image - WILL and SYLVIA's car, crawling
 through the streets. Trying not to draw attention to
 themselves, they have drawn attention to themselves.

LEON (CONT'D)
 (regarding the image)
 I've got them.
 (into the radio)
 Give the order to all cars - shoot
 on sight.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
 (hesitating)
 That's against policy, Sir.

LEON
(angered)
So is having a million years leave
the zone. We have a million years
in the ghetto, we have a war.

INT. ARMORED CAR. DAY.

WILL and SYLVIA crawl through the streets, close to the
boundary to the ghetto.

With the Time Zone barrier in sight, a TIMEKEEPER CRUISER
appears at an intersection, GUNNERS open fire.

Struck by a hail of bullets, Will suddenly accelerates.

As they near the toll gates at the barrier, they are
confronted by two more TIMEKEEPER CRUISERS.

Will and Sylvia exchange a look - know that they are now in a
fight for their lives.

INT. TIMEKEEPER CRUISER. DAY.

LEON has them in his sights.

LEON
(into the radio)
That time cannot leave the zone.

EXT. TIME ZONE BORDER. DAY.

Instead of turning away, WILL drives into the teeth of the
fight, battering the two TIMEKEEPER CRUISERS aside. The
ARMORED CAR continues into the barrier itself and through it

- into Time Zone 12.

The Timekeepers fire another volley at the escaping ARMORED
CAR.

EXT./INT. ARMORED CAR. DAY.

WILL keeps driving. The bullets keep coming - eventually
defeating the metal skirts. The tires are shredded.

They are driving on rims. A rooster tail of sparks.

SYLVIA is screaming.

SYLVIA
Will, we've got to give up!

She clings to the MILLION YEAR TIME CAPSULE as they drive.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
What use is this if we're dead?

WILL
We're okay. We're okay.

Will keeps going.

INT. LEON'S CRUISER. DAY.

LEON's cruiser is the sole surviving Timekeeper still in pursuit.

Leon looks to an unmanned TIMEKEEPER DRONE flying overhead. The Timekeepers would never put a human pilot in harm's way.

He calls on the radio.

LEON
(angered)
Dispatch, call in a strike.

INT. ARMORED CAR. DAY.

Still somehow driving on his rims, WILL sees the MISSILE fired at their car from the FLYING TIMEKEEPER DRONE.

WILL
We're *not* okay.

He desperately turns the car to avoid a direct hit.

EXT. GHETTO STREET. DAY.

The MISSILE strikes the ARMORED CAR.

The car is sent cartwheeling across the road - slamming into a barrier, doors blown off in the impact. A shower of debris flung from the car.

What remains of the armored car bursts into flames.

WILL and SYLVIA crawl from the wreckage.

Recovering her senses, Sylvia looks to her clock. In the chaos they have neglected to take time from the capsule - their own time dangerously low.

SYLVIA
What have you got?

WILL
(regards his clock)
Minutes.

SYLVIA
Me too. We need the capsule.

They scan the flaming wreckage for the capsule - Will tries to get near but the heat of the inferno keeps him back.

Taking another step closer, BULLETS suddenly strafe the ground at his feet.

Will freezes, looks in the direction of the fired shots - LEON out of his CRUISER, gun drawn.

WILL
(to Leon, aghast, regarding
the burning wreck)
You destroyed a million years.

Leon smiles - glances to the growing crowd of LOCALS attracted by the commotion.

LEON
Better that than in the wrong
hands.

His cold admission is punctuated by an EXPLOSION as the remains of the armored car rips itself apart. If the CAPSULE wasn't destroyed before, it surely is now.

Will and Sylvia are knocked sideways by the shock of the blast. Leon takes cover from the flying debris.

It gives Will and Sylvia the chance they need to escape
- as Leon regains his bearings, Will pulls Sylvia to the cover of a CROWD attracted by the commotion.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

WILL and SYLVIA desperately run with whatever seconds they have remaining along the crowded street.

The BYSTANDERS all recognize the fugitives. They also recognize their predicament.

The nearest STRANGER offers his wrist to Will.

STRANGER

Need a minute.

Will gratefully accepts precious seconds from the Stranger. Another Man follows the Stranger's lead - offering his hand to Sylvia.

Aware of the pursuing Timekeeper, the grateful couple bolt.

A few yards on, another generous COUPLE supply Will and Sylvia with another vital minute.

An impromptu chain reaction occurs as several strangers donate time.

At the same time, they block Leon's pursuit.

Leon, gun drawn, looks for a clear shot at the fugitives.

LOCAL MAN

(referring to the gun)

You'll hit someone innocent.

LEON

Not in *this* street.

Leon gets off several rounds.

The shots narrowly miss the couple, smashing a store window, as Will and Sylvia break through the crowd and keep running.

Realizing the crowd has closed ranks to protect them, Leon retreats to his car.

EXT. GHETTO STREET NEARBY. DAY.

Some distance away, a street urchin of a BOY, no more than six years old, spies something shiny in the gutter.

A TIME CAPSULE - it has been expelled from the car - the green-lit digits indicate that it still contains a MILLION YEARS.

The boy pockets it as he watches LEON'S TIMEKEEPER CRUISER roar away.

The boy disappears into the chaotic ghetto.

EXT. WASTE PLANT. DAY.

WILL and SYLVIA are running through a deserted waste plant, looking for any way to escape.

Coming to a dead end, they are forced to clamber up a mountain of metal - spent, discarded TIME CAPSULES due for recycling.

As she climbs, Sylvia scans the blackened capsules for any that may contain unused seconds.

WILL
(pulling her on)
Forget it. They're dead.

INT. LEON'S CRUISER. DAY.

At the wheel of his cruiser, LEON sees the fugitives cresting the rise of the mountain of metal.

He is as determined as we've ever seen him. He finally has his fugitives in his sights - there seems no eluding him now.

He turns a bend - his CRUISER is blocked by a ditch, Leon is forced to abandon his car.

Gun drawn, he runs towards the other side of the waste pile to cut them off.

We have never seen him run with such conviction.

EXT. WASTE PLANT. DAY.

WILL and SYLVIA run, fall and run again - tumbling down the mountain of unforgiving metal.

At the bottom of the enormous pile of dead time, Will and Sylvia pick themselves up and continue running. They are frozen by a shout.

LEON
Stop!

Leon, sweat streaming down his face, wild-eyed, stands forty paces from Will and Sylvia - gun trained on them. He has sprinted across a vacant lot to cut them off.

LEON (CONT'D)
Raise your hands where I can see
them. Don't move.

Will and Sylvia comply - it's the end.

LEON (CONT'D)
(to Will, a tinge of admiration)
You always could run.

WILL

And *you*.

Something about the significance of the moment prompts Leon to divulge something personal.

LEON

We both come from the same place.
I come from the ghetto too. I
crossed time zones - a lifetime
ago.

WILL

(a moment of realization)
And now you make sure no one *else*
does.

It's a statement, not a question.

LEON

(glance to Will's clock)
I didn't start this - the clock. I
just keep it going. It *is* the way
it *is*. We can't turn it back. And
we can't all live forever.
(meeting Will's gaze)
For a few to be immortal, many must
die.

Will nods, resigned. It is the ugly truth of this world that is seldom spoken aloud.

Without taking his eyes from the pair, Leon gestures with his gun for them to start walking towards the car.

WILL

(referring to his wrist)
If you don't want us to die on the way to
our execution, we're going to need--

LEON

Time. Yes--

Suddenly a quizzical look washes across Leon's face - his own words a reminder.

He is far enough away from the fugitives to take his eye off them for a second to check his clock.

It's the last occasion he will ever do it. In his pursuit he has forgotten his own time - down to two ticks.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:00m:02s

He looks to his car - too far away. He reaches out to the couple for time but they are also out of reach. Maybe Leon could shoot - take them with him - but if the thought occurs to him he never acts on it.

Leon just dies - dealt the fatal blow from inside his body. The seizure knocks Leon to the ground - the chase he loves so much is the death of him.

Will and Sylvia, still with their hands in the air, are shocked by the sight.

They look to each other - compare their own body clocks.

SYLVIA:

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:00m:56s

WILL:

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:00m:52s

Less than two minutes between them.

The blood drains out of Will's face. He looks to the faraway town.

SYLVIA

We don't have enough. Take mine.
One of us can make it.

WILL

(shake of the head)

No.

Will scans the wasteland - eyes fall on Leon's car, realizing why the cop looked there.

WILL (CONT'D)

There's time - run!

Will and Sylvia sprint in the direction of the car.

Will is going to beat Sylvia if he gets there at all, but his real race is against the clock.

He has to get to the car, get time wired to him and get back to Sylvia before she times-out.

Will desperately checks his clock as he runs - still far from his goal.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:00m:38s

Sylvia tries to keep up but she's tiring - already exhausted fleeing from Leon.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:00m:25s

Will keeps running - in sheer terror - on adrenaline. He has nothing else left.

Will has been running for his life seemingly his *whole* life. Perhaps all that running in the ghetto will actually pay off.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:00m:20s

Will finds the strength from somewhere - puts on a burst.

He's at the locked car.

Will picks up a rock - pounds on the glass with no care for his safety.

Focus on WILL'S BODY CLOCK.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:00m:09s

The bullet-proof glass finally spiderwebs and gives way - shatters. Will plunges his hand through the window and grabs the radio.

WILL
(into radio)
Wire me my time.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
(filtered)
Right away, Sir.

Will puts his wrist to the scanner in the cradle of the phone. A pulsing sound and a DAY rolls onto his clock.

0000y:00m:0w:1d:00h:00m:02s

Will turns back for Sylvia. Sylvia is still running towards him, but barely, gasping for air. Focus on SYLVIA'S BODY CLOCK.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:00m:7s

Sylvia also finds strength from somewhere, keeps going towards Will - her lifeline. As they near each other, we get a glimpse of Sylvia's body clock.

0000y:00m:0w:0d:00h:00m:03s

Still yards apart, Will's desperate bid seems in vain. He grasps for Sylvia to make the transfer. They lock hands.

Is he in time? He holds her for dear life, eyes shut in a silent prayer. Is he holding a dead woman? Will finally musters the courage to open his eyes. Sylvia's eyes also blink open.

SYLVIA

What have we got?

WILL

A day.

To Will, at this moment, a day is as good as a million years. A day is all he's ever had - all any of us ever have.

CUT TO BLACK