

I N F I N I T U M

Written By
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In a universe of infinite possibilities, the only constant is love.

VICTOR KOVACEVIC, PhD

I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

HAMLET, ACT II, SC. II

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood, and sorry I could not travel both.

ROBERT FROST

A QUARTER IN FREEFALL --

Light glinting off the coin as it PINWHEELS. End over end --

KOVACEVIC (O.S.)
It's not a question of heads or tails.
(beat)
It's both.

A fist CATCHES the quarter. Gripping it tight. The grasp belonging to VICTOR KOVACEVIC, PhD. A charming arrogance --

KOVACEVIC
The superposition of two simultaneous quantum states.

Kovacevic is holding court on a ROOFTOP. The NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE graciously providing the backdrop. A COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY FUNDRAISER in progress. Kovacevic opens his hand --

KOVACEVIC
Heads. But right now, this moment, a parallel reality has just been created, one identical to our own in every respect except one... *the coin came up tails*.
(holding up the quarter)
By opening up my hand just now, I reduced the number of quantum states to one... but in doing so...
(megawatt smile)
I gave birth to a universe.

The CROWD eating it up. But AMANDA CULLEN -- beautiful inside and out -- watches without succumbing. Long since immune to whatever charm Kovacevic might possess --

KOVACEVIC
Now, what if we could calculate what that parallel universe looks like? What if mathematics could reveal its secrets, just as mathematics unveil the hidden mechanics of our universe?
(almost religious fervor)
That's what I'm working on right now: A formula, a mathematical system, to divine the look of parallel realities.

A smattering of applause. Kovacevic's gaggle of fans loving this. But he only has eyes for Amanda. He moves towards her, subtly dispersing the crowd.

She casts her eyes across the party -- looking for someone to save her from Kovacevic, but --

KOVACEVIC
So what do you think?

AMANDA
(always polite)
I think I'm a few PhD's shy of
understanding what you were talking about
just then.

KOVACEVIC
And I'm too smart to think you're not
that smart.
(the compliment ricochets)
If the multiverse is a haystack, my
formula will reveal the needle.

AMANDA
Well, when you put it in terms of needles
in haystacks...

Amanda dying here. Trying to remain polite. Until --
finally -- a savior --

JONAS (O.S.)
...you end up with a very incorrect
metaphor.

Amanda beams at the approach of her husband --

JONAS CULLEN, PhD. Kind face masking Nobel-caliber
intellect. Some fraction of personal bandwidth always
working some impenetrable problem.

JONAS
The search for one particular universe
out of an infinite number isn't looking
for a needle in a haystack. It's looking
for one particular blade of grass.

Carrying two GLASSES OF WINE. He hands one off to Amanda --

JONAS
2009 Malbec.

KOVACEVIC
Jonas.

JONAS
Victor.

No love lost between these two. And Jonas's arrival has
dampened Kovacevic's mojo. With forced politeness --

KOVACEVIC

There are some people I should say hello to.

Jonas half-nods. Kovacevic moving off in search of more fawning company. Once he's gone --

AMANDA

I can't believe I ever dated him.

JONAS

According to Victor, there's a parallel universe where you married him.

AMANDA

According to Victor, there's a parallel universe where I married an emu. I think I like that one better.

JONAS

I like this one better.

A look of pure devotion. A kiss. Love so tangible we feel it.

AMANDA

Can we get out of here?

JONAS

I honestly thought you'd never ask.

They set their wine glasses down -- Amanda's untouched -- walking out. Past Kovacevic, holding court with a new group. Watching them go. More than lascivious. Jealous. Coveting...

EXT. HIGHWAY INTERCHANGE. NIGHT.

A HONDA ACCORD, almost paid for, threads through light traffic.

JONAS (O.S.)

2009 was a good year.

INT. HONDA. NIGHT.

Jonas at the wheel. Tie loosened.

AMANDA

Really? Because I remember it being pretty bad, what with the recession...

JONAS

For Malbec. 2009 was a good year. Not as good as 2010, but still, very good.

AMANDA

...and you lost the Hotchkiss grant...

JONAS

They were pouring a 2009 Malbec from
Valle de Uco tonight. It was excellent.

AMANDA

Did you have a good time?

JONAS

Drinking the Malbec?

AMANDA

At the fundraiser.

JONAS

Dennis Jepsen baited me with some inanity
about the anthropic principle...

AMANDA

(light)

You don't have to throw terms like that
around to impress me. We've been married
three years, together five, I'm already
ass-over-tea-kettle in love with you.

JONAS

I don't know what that means, but I like
the sound of it.

AMANDA

Welcome to my world. "The anthropic
principle."

JONAS

It's the philosophical consideration that
observations of the physical universe must
be compatible with the conscious life that
observes it. Malbec's your favorite.

AMANDA

What?

JONAS

It's your favorite varietal. When we go
out and it's on the wine list, you'll
order it 86.4 percent of the time.

She smiles. Can't help it. This is why she loves him.

JONAS

(explaining)

It's my favorite subject.

AMANDA

Wine?

JONAS

You. Four doctorates, but you're my favorite subject.

(venturing)

Which is why I've observed you're, by my estimate, at least five weeks along.

AMANDA

Along with what?

JONAS

With the baby.

So casual, it catches Amanda by surprise despite years of knowing better. He shrugs, explaining, simple --

JONAS

You didn't drink the Malbec.

AMANDA

(a smile creeping)

I was going to surprise you. I was gonna give you the pregnancy test in a box with a bow or something.

She feels his eyes on her. Staring. Soaking her in.

AMANDA

Are you okay? We hadn't talked about this... You really should be looking at the road.

JONAS

(laser-focused)

I'm looking at what I need to be looking at right now.

AMANDA

So you're okay?

JONAS

"Okay" doesn't begin to cover it. I'm rhapsodic.

Punctuated by his gaze. Paramount infatuation.

AMANDA

You really should be keeping your eye on the road.

KATHUNK. The Accord JOSTLES. Sudden and violent. Jonas returning his eyes to the road. But the steering wheel FIGHTS him. He white-knuckles it, as we SNAP OUT TO --

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE. NIGHT.

THE ACCORD SWERVES -- *having blown a front tire* -- traffic scattering like ants -- Jonas struggling to regain control -- INERTIA sending the car BARRELING into a GUARD RAIL --

Metal screams -- Jonas battling panic -- disbelief -- eyes darting to Amanda. His hand finding hers. Fingers lacing together. Holding hands as if for dear life, as --

THE ACCORD --

ERUPTS through the guard rail. Steel and glass exploding. Time seems to slow. The car in a high ARC. Starts to FLIP.

As random as Kovacevic's quarter.

Then it HAPPENS:

A quarter-rotation the Accord becomes a MERCEDES. Another ninety degrees, a FORD. Another ninety, back to the Honda.

The car TUMBLING in mid-air. CHANGING. A surreal ballet. Mercedes. Ford. Honda. Its COLOR even changing.

SPEED RAMPS BACK UP to 24 FPS. Highway rocketing up to meet the falling car. Jonas and Amanda's hands remaining clasped. And just before impact, we SMASH TO:

INT. NH GENÈVE AÉROPORT HÔTEL. DAWN.

JONAS snaps awake. Rubs another sleepless night from his eyes. The bed otherwise empty. His wedding ring gone.

It's TWO YEARS LATER. The months have not been kind. Light from the nearby airport spits through the blinds. Jonas pulling on clothes. Black shirt. Black jeans.

Notice the TATTOO on his inner forearm. Fresh. A complex EQUATION. Quantum mechanics only he can decipher --

$$L_n W(z) = -z^{n+1} \frac{\partial}{\partial z} W(z) - (n+1) \Delta z^n W(z) \quad \{f, g\} = \sum_{i=1}^N \left(\frac{\partial f}{\partial q_i} \frac{\partial g}{\partial p_i} - \frac{\partial f}{\partial p_i} \frac{\partial g}{\partial q_i} \right) \quad \hat{E}_i^a \Psi(A) = -i \frac{\delta \Psi(A)}{\delta A_a^i}.$$

ON THE DRESSER: A metal BRIEFCASE. Jonas clicking it open, revealing a crush of COMPLEX MACHINERY inside. You'd need five PhDs to understand it all.

Jonas working the innards now. Competent and practiced. The machinery HUMS. As it does its work, we consider --

THE PHOTOGRAPH taped to the inner lid of the briefcase.
AMANDA. A klieg-light smile. Radiant.

Jonas removes the photo with care. Pockets it. The humming STOPS. Jonas studies the machine. Removes a small DEVICE shaped like a RING. Gunmetal TUNGSTEN highlighted with silver.

He slips the ring on the finger that once held his wedding band. This, we'll learn, is his TETHER.

He studies the contents of a nearby BACKPACK, as.. A KNOCK at the door. Three precise raps. Jonas opening it to reveal --

MACON. Leather tough. Devoid of sentiment. A man who's seen the worst of the world and lived to tell about it.

MACON

It's go time.

Jonas nods. Hoisting the backpack on his shoulder. Macon doesn't move. A reminder --

MACON

No pay, no play.

A point Macon's made before. Jonas moving to a GYM BAG. Hefts it to Macon, who zips it open, revealing bound stacks of CASH.

Satisfied, Macon zips the bag closed. Produces a GLOCK 19. Expertly trombones the action and holds it out to Jonas.

JONAS

I'd specified no fatalities.

MACON

Well, Doc, there's what we plan for and then there's what actually happens.

Jonas considers for a beat. He takes the Glock.

EXT. GENEVA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. HELIPAD. DAWN.

Jonas following Macon to a EUROCOPTER MH-65 DOLPHIN. The horizon starting to glow like neon with the rising sun.

INT. HELICOPTER. DAWN.

Macon and Jonas enter. Four men waiting. Bulletproof vests. Balaclavas pulled high on their heads. Triple-checking what look to be SEMI-AUTOMATIC WEAPONS. MERCENARIES.

MACON

Somebody hook the Doc up with his Kevlar.

One of the men tosses Jonas a bulletproof vest. Jonas trying to fathom its operation as the copter begins to spin up. Macon, seeing Jonas's trouble, shakes his head --

MACON

Help you out?

He spins Jonas around. Slapping on the Kevlar. Rougher than needed. Jonas clearly out of his element. A chuckle --

ONE OF THE MERCS

You got us paid first, right?

MACON

Roger that.

This produces a chuckle from some of the men. Jonas taking a seat. His backpack on his lap. A fish out of water...

EXT. HELICOPTER. DAWN.

Racing sunlight now. Flying low. Ahead: A looming structure. Ultramodern. Informally known as "the Glass Cathedral." A fitting description. Its true name marked by A SIGN:

(CERN)

CONSEIL EUROPÉEN POUR LA RECHERCHE NUCLÉAIRE

INT. HELICOPTER. DAWN.

The mercs beginning to stand. Pulling their balaclavas down. Chambering their weapons. Expert. Practiced.

Jonas dons his own balaclava. Thick black gloves next. Macon finding his eyes through the balaclava --

MACON

Just like we drilled, alright? Move fast. Stay sharp. Keep up.

EXT. CERN. MAIN BUILDING. DAWN.

The Dolphin HOVERING over the structure's GLASS ROOF. Side door sliding open. A PAIR OF GRENADES dropping -- TWIN EXPLOSIONS -- SHATTERING the glass, as --

MACON FAST-ROPES down. Followed by the FOUR MERCS. Sandwiching Jonas on the RAPID DESCENT.

INT. CERN. MAIN ATRIUM. CONTINUOUS.

Glass raining down. Followed in short succession by the six men, weapons trained.

SCIENTISTS -- an early morning skeleton crew -- scatter. Some scream. One hitting an ALARM, as --

A PAIR OF UNIFORMED SECURITY charge forward -- guns in two-handed grips -- they've likely never seen any action --

THE MERCS down them. Suppressed shots. Quick and quiet.

JONAS steps over one of the Guards. See the TRANQ DART standing up from his chest...

INT. CERN. SUBLEVEL. SECONDS LATER.

Jonas and the five mercs spilling out of an ELEVATOR now. Moving with precision. Alarms BLARE. A SCIENTIST crossing their path -- confused -- *FFT FFT* -- MORE TRANQS. He DROPS.

INT. CERN. CMS CAVERN. SECONDS LATER.

A massively cavernous space. The GRAND CANYON rendered in steel and metal. Staircases and catwalks frame --

THE COMPACT MUON SOLENOID. A massive "bullseye" nearly 50 FEET in diameter. An impossibly-complex metal construction. Breathtaking. Dwarfing all.

Jonas, Macon and the Mercs spill in. Jonas and Macon ripping off their balaclavas. Macon checking his watch --

MACON

Figure you got maybe five minutes.

Jonas moving with purpose now towards a CONTROL SYSTEM -- more complex than the cockpit of ten Space Shuttles --

But Jonas knows his business. Works the controls with confidence and is rewarded with AN EARTHSHAKING HUM. Energies to expose the secrets of the universe powering up...

Suddenly... a GUNSHOT. Macon PIVOTING -- towards the source -- pure instinct -- taking aim at a SECURITY GUARD atop a catwalk -- the GUARD FIRING REPEATEDLY -- ricochets SPARK --

FFT FFT. Macon tranqs the Guard but he TOPPLES -- over the guardrail -- PLUMMETING fifty feet. Producing a wet sound. Jonas darkens, but --

MACON

Make that four minutes, fifty seconds.

Jonas swallows guilt -- gunning up a FLIGHT OF STAIRS -- the COLLIDER continuing to POWER UP -- shooting across a CATWALK -- coming level with --

THE HADRONIC CALORIMETER (HCAL). A towering ring of brass and steel.

ON THE CATWALK -- Jonas unshoulders his pack -- quick -- removing a COMPLEX DEVICE -- machine-like, almost STEAMPUNK -- affixing it to the HCAL, as --

A NEW CHORUS OF GUNFIRE ERUPTS. SWISS MILITARY swarming in -- BULLETS RICOCHETING off multi-billion-dollar tech --

MACON AND HIS MEN swap out their weapons -- trading their tranqs for LIVE AMMO -- returning fire -- anarchy reigns --

JONAS furrows his brow -- back to work -- shut it out -- making MINUTE ADJUSTMENTS to the "Steampunk" device...

TWO OF THE MERCS are taken out -- their Kevlar impotent against gunshots to the head --

MACON and his remaining partner trade automatic weapons fire with the advancing Swiss soldiers, as --

A NEW PHALANX OF SOLDIERS repel down into the cavern on cables --

JONAS ignoring them -- focused on his work -- the STEAMPUNK DEVICE lighting up -- it begins to CHIME. A COUNTDOWN.

GUNFIRE SPARKS all around Jonas -- he whips his head around -- bullets whizzing past -- just in time to see --

MACON'S HEAD SNAP BACK. The back of the mercenary's head spraying crimson.

Jonas's eyes go wide -- shake it off -- he BOLTS -- taking...

A RUNNING LEAP off the catwalk -- in freefall -- landing --

ONTO A CATWALK BELOW. Hard. Scrambling to his feet in front of --

THE CALORIMETER BARREL. Aptly named. Like the mouth of a massive cannon. Overhead, Jonas's device continues to CHIME -- getting faster -- *the countdown reaching conclusion*, as --

A SWISS SOLDIER comes down the catwalk. M4 CARBINE poised.

SWISS SOLDIER
Einfrieren! Congeler!

JONAS ignores him -- looking up -- the COUNTDOWN CHIMES coming rapidly now -- the HUM OF THE POWERFUL MACHINERY BUILDING -- growing louder -- louder -- louder --

A CRESCENDO BUILDING...

THE SOLDIER putting a hand to his ear -- wincing, as --

JONAS closes his eyes -- in the center of the Calorimeter Barrel -- awaiting something we imagine is transcendent...

But NOTHING happens.

Jonas's eyes snap open. Nothing's changed. The machinery begins to POWER DOWN -- Jonas fighting disbelief, as --

THE SOLDIER approaches Jonas -- raising his machinegun -- Jonas opening his mouth to protest, as --

The Soldier SMASHES the side of Jonas's head with the butt of the rifle, SNAPPING US TO --

INT. HONDA. NIGHT. TWO YEARS AGO.

IMPACT. Windows EXPLODE. Metal SCREAMS. The car COLLIDING with PAVEMENT. An orgy of mechanical violence.

JONAS looks around. Disoriented. Inverted. His world upended. His first thought is of --

AMANDA. She hangs upside down from her seatbelt. Forehead BLEEDING. Eyes closed. Dangling...

JONAS
Amanda. Amanda --

Nothing. Jonas reaches for her. Touches her face, smearing blood. No response.

Jonas fighting panic now. His touch growing more urgent.
Tears springing from his widening eyes. Fighting disbelief.

JONAS

No... Don't-- Stay. *Stay...*

But the dead don't hear the pleas of the living. Jonas's world spins off its axis. The sound of approaching SIRENS compete against Jonas's quiet, choked SOBS, as we --

FADE TO BLACK.

GILLIARD (PRELAP)

Dr. Cullen.

FADE IN. Jonas stirs. Bruise on his head. Sitting at a table. We're --

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. DAY.

-- as INSPECTOR RENEE GILLIARD (30s, fresh faced) enters. Gold badge and SIDEARM on his hip. File in his hand. Sitting down at the table opposite Jonas --

GILLIARD

I'm Inspector Gilliard.

Jonas says nothing. Gilliard opening a file --

GILLIARD

Of the four men you were with, Doctor, three are dead. The fourth had some very interesting things to say.

JONAS

I want to talk with my embassy --

GILLIARD

He said you paid them a quarter of a million dollars so you could break into CERN to conduct an "experiment."

Jonas just NODS. Gilliard consults his file --

GILLIARD

Quite an interesting approach. I'd wonder why you didn't simply make a formal request to CERN -- a physicist of your renown -- but then I was informed that you'd actually made six petitions in the past two years.

(the kicker)

All of which were denied.

Jonas says nothing. Gilliard closes the file.

GILLIARD

Well, you certainly managed to come up with an unconventional solution to your problem.

(no reply from Jonas)

One can't help but wonder how this relates to your wife's unfortunate passing.

(off Jonas's surprise)

As I said, Doctor, you're of some renown. Do you imagine I wouldn't at least Google you before walking in here?

Jonas nods at that. Considers. No reason now not to be forthcoming --

JONAS

I was trying to get to her.

GILLIARD

Excuse me?

JONAS

It wasn't an experiment. I was trying to get to her. To Amanda. To be with her.

GILLIARD

(delicate)

Dr. Cullen... your wife is dead.

JONAS

In this world. But there are others. An infinite number. A multiverse of potentialities.

(then)

I was trying to get to one where I died in that accident instead of her.

Offered with a zealot's conviction. It's unnerving... Gilliard looking at Jonas as if insane --

GILLIARD

Alright, Doctor... We're in communication with your embassy. As you can imagine, this incident presents a number of diplomatic complexities.

(standing)

You'll be transferred to a holding cell pending your arraignment --

Something steals Jonas's notice. On Gilliard's WRIST. A MILITARY WATCH. SNAP FOCUS on it. Jonas's observation. See the NUMBERS. Clockwise: 12, 1, 3, 2, 4...

The 2 and the 3 are TRANSPOSED. Jonas's eyes snapping wide. A brilliant mind reawakened. Laser-focused. His eyes DART around the room. Taking in whatever details he can...

THE FLOOR TILES. Hexagonal instead of square. THE FILE in front of Gilliard. Its PAPERCLIP oddly shaped. THE WEDDING RING on Gilliard's right hand instead of left...

TINY DIFFERENCES between this world and the one he knows. Hope sprouting in his eyes...

GILLIARD

Doctor...?

Jonas's gaze shoots down to his hand. Looking for his TETHER -- the RING-LIKE DEVICE we saw him put on back in the hotel.

It's MISSING.

Then -- panic. We don't know why yet, but the Tether's absence is very, very bad...

JONAS

My ring --

GILLIARD

Excuse me?

JONAS

I had something that looks like a ring on my hand. This hand --

GILLIARD

Your belongings are in evidence lock-up --

JONAS

I need that ring --

GILLIARD

Doctor, I can only imagine the kind of stress you've been under these past two years --

FOOOMP! What just happened: Jonas has bolted to his feet -- UPENDING the table -- sending Gilliard crashing back to the floor --

Jonas is on him -- giving Gilliard no time to react -- moving like a wild animal -- surprise is his only advantage and he presses it --

SNATCHING Gilliard's sidearm from his holster -- a GLOCK -- aiming it -- two-handed grip -- not an expert, but Macon taught him enough --

JONAS
Get up. I don't have a lot of time.

GILLIARD
Doctor, calm down --

JONAS
I am the picture of calm.

Jonas wraps an arm around Gilliard's throat -- pushing the Glock to his temple. A *hostage*. SMASH TO:

INT. SÉCURITÉ MUNICIPALE DE CAROUGE. HALLWAY. SECONDS LATER.

Handheld and chaotic now. POLICE AND PERSONNEL backing away -- cautious -- as Jonas forces Gilliard down the corridor --

JONAS
Sorry, but I need that ring. I need it right now.

A KLAXON sounds. Yelling in FRENCH and GERMAN. Jonas pushing Gilliard down the corridor --

GILLIARD
(calm despite the situation)
Doctor Cullen, you're an intelligent man. You of all people have to know you're having some kind of breakdown --

JONAS
You don't understand. The ring has no sentimental value. The linear accelerator untethered me from my reality and I slipped into yours.

GILLIARD
At least we can both agree you're "untethered" from reality...

JONAS
That "ring" is a quantum flux anchor. Without it, in a few minutes I'll start slipping from reality to reality to reality. Forever.

They arrive at a LOCKED DOOR. Marked "PREUVE LOCK-UP". ARMED POLICE surrounding them. Bottlenecking --

JONAS
(the door)
Open it.

GILLIARD
You're going to get yourself hurt, Doctor --

JONAS
Get me in. Do it now.

Gilliard doesn't move. The police closing in --

JONAS
Tell them to put their guns down and back
away.

Gilliard hesitates. Jonas reminds him of the Glock by
pushing it harder against his head --

JONAS
Tell them.

GILLIARD
(after a beat)
Si vous avez un coup de feu, prenez-la.

JONAS
Tell them to put their weapons down --

GILLIARD
I just did --

JONAS
And I'd believe you if I didn't speak
French.

Jonas PISTOL-WHIPS Gilliard -- the man slumping -- *BANG* --
FIRING OFF A SHOT in quick succession -- *SHOOTING THE LOCK* --

THE POLICE REACT -- firing their guns -- chaos, as --

JONAS bolts through the "unlocked" door -- GUNFIRE SPARKING
all around him, as he heads into --

INT. EVIDENCE LOCKUP. CONTINUOUS.

Looking around. Head on a swivel. He has SECONDS, as...

Reality FLICKERS all around him. The PAINT COLOR on the
walls change. Grey to blue to white. EVIDENCE LOCKERS
changing shape and orientation.

He's starting to switch through different realities.

We catch GLIMPSES of even bigger changes. New locations.
New realities. Not all interiors, either.

AMAZING LANDSCAPES -- hinted at in just a few frames --
flashing by, *almost subliminally*.

Jonas BLINKS. Trying to focus. Trying to stay in tune with
his present reality. Trying to find --

AN EVIDENCE BAG. Thick, clear plastic. "CULLEN, JONAS"
labeled on it. Jackpot.

GUNSHOTS RING OUT -- police drawing nearer -- Jonas FIRING
BLIND -- buying him precious seconds --

REALITY CONTINUES TO SLIP -- like radio stations snapping in
and out of frequency -- rapid-fire -- as Jonas works to --

REMOVE THE RING-LIKE DEVICE -- his TETHER -- from the bag --
it DANCES in his trembling fingers -- Jonas willing his hands
to steady themselves long enough for him to put it on, but --

HE SLIPS REALITIES.

Suddenly, the evidence lockup is GONE. Replaced by --

NOTHING BUT AIR.

Jonas in FREEFALL. *The police station NONEXISTENT in this
reality.* Replaced by AN OIL PAINTING SUNSET. No evidence of
civilization as far as the eye can see.

Jonas continues to FALL. THE TETHER pinwheels out of his
FINGERTIPS...

He GRASPS for it -- eyes wide, as --

HE REALITY-SLIPS AGAIN.

The beautiful sunset replaced with the acrid, grey sky of --

AN APOCALYPTIC LANDSCAPE.

Jonas still PLUMMETING. Towards the canted WING of a DOWNED
JETLINER. Jutting up at him like a spire. Threatening to
IMPALE him, as --

THE TETHER ricochets between his fingertips -- freefall
continuing -- Jonas managing to find some purchase -- SLIPS
the Tether onto a finger --

Jonas CONTINUES TO DESCEND, as we --

REALITY-SLIP:

A LUSH CITYSCAPE.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND. VINES AND OTHER GROWTH integrated into the architecture. The perfect blend of cityscape and landscape. Breathtaking.

JONAS works quickly -- focused -- examining the Tether -- it LIGHTS beneath his touch, before --

A SOPHISTICATED ASSEMBLY OF MECHANICS blossom from the Tether's circumference. Highly advanced. Almost alive. Jonas manipulating them. These are CONTROLS of some sort...

We've no idea what Jonas is doing, exactly, but he doesn't do it fast enough because, we --

REALITY-SLIP:

A DECREPIT WAREHOUSE.

IMPACT. Jonas SLAMMING into a splintering wood floor. PIECES OF STRANGE MACHINERY surrounding him. Could be storage. Could be art. Before we can get our bearings --

REALITY-SLIP:

AN IMMACULATE GARDEN.

Eden-like. Overhead: A MASSIVE CLEAR DOME several stories high. EXPLOSIONS blossom like fireworks above it.

THE TETHER'S SURFACE begins to BLINK in rapid succession -- some kind of information display -- as we --

REALITY-SLIP:

OVER GENEVA.

The city SHIFTING AND CHANGING AND MORPHING -- *different realities* -- as JONAS FREEFALLS AGAIN -- fingers gripping the Tether -- continuing their ministrations, as --

WHAM! Jonas LANDS on top of a CAR. Enough force to fracture the windshield.

He stirs. Bruised and broken. Overhead, he sees --

THE GENEVA SKYLINE. *Suffused with the influence of ASIAN ARCHITECTURE.* Geneva meets Tokyo. Incredible.

THE TETHER'S MECHANICS FOLD BACK INTO THEMSELVES. Leaving a pristine RING. Unconsciousness finally finding Jonas, as we --

FADE TO BLACK.

JONAS'S EYES FLUTTER OPEN. Trying to focus. Fuzzy WHITENESS. SOUND fading in. A BEEPING. Rhythmic. Clinical.

A FIGURE standing over him now. White LABCOAT. "Guyer" embroidered on one side. "Hôpitaux Universitaires de Genève" on the other. Realization setting in. He's --

INT. HOSPITAL. PRIVATE ROOM. DAY.

DR. GUYER examines. 68 if he's a day. Asian. Kind face --

DR. GUYER
Bonjour. Vous êtes un homme très chanceux.

JONAS
(through his haze)
Où suis-je?

DR. GUYER
Le Hôpitaux Universitaires de Genève.

JONAS
Parlez-vous anglais?

DR. GUYER
Of course. Are you American?

Jonas NODS. Still trying to get his bearings.

JONAS
How long have I been out?

DR. GUYER
Two days. Apart from a concussion and a few bruises, you're the picture of health for a man who fell out of a building.

Jonas NODS again. Not wanting to explain that he actually "fell" out of another reality.

IMPORTANT NOTE: When Jonas reality-slips, he does not move through time and space. He's always in the same place, the same time. *Just a different reality.* A different parallel universe.

Guyer fills the silence --

DR. GUYER
I should tell you that I've called for a
psychiatric consult.

JONAS
I don't blame you.

Jonas looks to his HAND. The TETHER still there. A WHITE
light blinking softly beneath the metal. He unclenches.

DR. GUYER
I've also enlisted the aid of a... less
conventional colleague.

Guyer lifts Jonas's right arm. The hospital gown exposing
the COMPLEX EQUATION TATTOO glimpsed earlier.

DR. GUYER
You didn't have any identification on
you. But this tattoo...

JONAS
It's a series of quantum mechanics
formulae.

DR. GUYER
That's what my colleague told me.
(then)
She's quite interested in speaking with
you.

Jonas has no interest, however. Guyer said he's been out two
days. He has to get out of here...

JONAS
Could you arrange for that psychiatric
interview? I need to be discharged as
soon as possible.

Guyer fixes a look. Quizzical. Skeptical. But --

DR. GUYER
Of course. I'm a doctor, not a warden.

With that, he heads out. Jonas considering the tattoo...

INT. HOSPITAL. LOBBY. NIGHT.

Jonas -- back in his clothes -- signs a stack of RELEASE
DOCUMENTS at the DISCHARGE DESK. He has no belongings...

A WOMAN (O.S.)
Excusez-moi...

Jonas looking up. A striking woman -- eyes bespeaking a fierce intelligence -- approaching him. EVA STAMPER, PhD.

EVA

I'm glad I caught you. Dr. Guyer referred me to your case --

JONAS

I don't have a case.
(holds up the DISCHARGE PAPERS)
Not as of thirty seconds ago.

A polite smile. He moves off. But Eva dogs him --

EVA

I want to talk to you about that tattoo on your arm --

JONAS

I'm not really interested in discussing it --

EVA

You have some pretty radical notions bound up in those equations --

JONAS

It's purely decorative. Good evening.

He quickens his pace. Leaving Eva behind. She speaks with a confident calm --

EVA

I don't believe that for a second.
(adds)
Dr. Cullen.

She knows his name. He stops short --

JONAS

You know who I am.

EVA

Well, you were of some renown even before what happened two years ago.

JONAS

What happened two years ago?

EVA

(the kicker)
You *died*.

INT. CAFE JULES VERNE. NIGHT.

Quiet atmosphere. A place only the locals go. One of the diners reading a newspaper. The above-the-fold headline:

U.S. PRESIDENT ROMNEY CALLS FOR MORE DIPLOMACY

We're in another reality and subtle details don't permit forgetting that.

Among the cafe's patrons, FIND Jonas and Eva. He digs into a meal, hungrier than he thought, as --

EVA

You and your wife both died in a car accident. Would you care to explain how is it you could be sitting in front of me right now?

JONAS

(as he eats)
Not particularly.

EVA

If you didn't want to talk to me, then why are we here?

JONAS

(deflecting)
I was hungry.

He continues to shovel food into his mouth --

EVA

Clearly.

Eva looks at him. Decides to try a different tact --

EVA

I'm a theoretical physicist at the University of Geneva. I did my doctorate work based on your theories of the cosmological constant.

JONAS

Is that why you recognized me?

EVA

I think any theoretical physicist worth their salt would have recognized you, Dr. Cullen.

(then)

(MORE)

EVA (CONT'D)

Dr. Guyer called me because he thought I could make sense of the formulae on your arm. I can't. They're beyond me.

She points to his arm. The FORMULAE TATTOO peeking out from under the shirt sleeve --

EVA

But a freshman can recognize a Schrödinger Equation. It's at the root of what you have tattooed there.

(beat)

There's only one explanation for how you could have died two years ago and be here with me right now.

Offered with confidence. As if calling a bluff. Beat.

JONAS

For someone convinced she's looking at a man from a parallel universe, you're rather calm.

EVA

Oh, I'll be getting drunk tonight for sure.

(a shrug)

That said, I'm a physicist. It's easier for me to believe in quantum mechanics than spontaneous resurrection.

Jonas smiles at that. Eva's impressive. He rolls up his shirt sleeve, exposing the rest of the tattoo --

JONAS

What do you know about the Many Worlds Theory?

EVA

Only what I learned in Introduction to Quantum Mechanics.

(off Jonas)

Got an "A," though.

JONAS

Think of the multiverse as radio waves. Radio waves co-exist, in the air, all around us. And we just tune into the one we want to focus on.

EVA

We're "tuned into" a specific reality right now?

JONAS

(nods)

I used the I modified the Hadronic Calorimeter at CERN to, essentially, "unlock" myself from my reality's "radio frequency." To butcher the metaphor, I can now move freely up and down the dial.

He holds up his hand. The Tether --

JONAS

This is my Tether. It's keyed to my -- for lack of a better term -- "home frequency" -- keeps me from randomly slipping between realities.

EVA

If you lost it, would you reality-slip forever?

JONAS

Not forever. I'd eventually slip into an oncoming train or a physical solid or die of starvation.

Eva taking this in. She has so many questions...

EVA

And your clothes, they reality-slip with you?

JONAS

Only inorganic material makes the slip with me. My clothing is cotton.

EVA

What about money? Credit cards...

JONAS

You're going to have to pick up the check.

(then)

I needed a way to bring my notes along, my calculations... I considered keeping them on parchment, writing with something like squid ink, but I couldn't risk losing the formula, so I employed the obvious solution.

He points. His TATTOO.

EVA

Okay. So why go to a reality where you and your wife are both dead?

JONAS
(an amused smile)
You strike me as smarter than that, Eva.

Light dawns. Realization --

EVA
You're *lost*.

Jonas's eyes wander. A silent admission. Then --

JONAS
It took me years... to do the calculations, find the... the "radio station" closest to mine -- my reality, 99.9% identical -- with only one singular difference...

EVA
Where you died instead of your wife.

A sober nod from Jonas.

JONAS
The calculations were correct, but the equations were off, somehow. I ended up in the wrong reality, became untethered and now I'm... here.

EXT. RUE JEAN-VIOLETTE. NIGHT.

Jonas steps out with Eva into the night air. We see:

A DIFFERENT WORLD. The Geneva skyline is now heavily influenced by ASIAN ARCHITECTURE. Switzerland meets Japan.

EVA
Can I ask you a question?

JONAS
If you could limit yourself to one after everything I've told you, then I'd be very impressed.

EVA
If I understand the Many Worlds Theory properly, there's a world where you and your wife are both alive, where perhaps the accident never even happened...
(off Jonas)
There's already a world where you're happy.

A thought which has occurred to Jonas. Many times. But --

JONAS

I don't know what that world looks like.

He walks. Leaving her behind. Moving among the strange Swiss-Asian city. She pads after him --

EVA

So, what, you're just going to-- to "untether" and jump around universes until you find her?

JONAS

(still walking; focused)
I'm more likely to get myself killed doing that than anything else. No. No, I need to get back to CERN, the Hadronic Calorimeter...

EVA

First, I assume you know that's not like walking into a Starbucks --

Jonas stops. Turns back around towards her.

EVA

And second, there's still a problem with your equations. You'll just end up tuning the wrong "station" again.

(off Jonas)

You need help. A fresh perspective, perhaps.

JONAS

Are you offering?

EVA

Dr. Cullen... you're a visitor from a parallel universe. You're the single most fascinating subject I've ever encountered or will ever encounter.

(bottom line)

In a multiverse of infinite possibilities, do you imagine one where I'd let you out of my sight?

A pleasant smile. But also defiant. Jonas grinning. An alliance formed...

INT. HÔPITAUX UNIVERSITAIRES DE GENÈVE. TWO WEEKS LATER.

Dr. Guyer -- the doctor who treated Jonas -- strides down the hallway, making rounds. Late as usual --

MAN (O.S.)
Excusez-moi...

Guyer stops, turning back to face a MAN whose face we don't yet see. He speaks in SUBTITLED FRENCH --

MAN
I'm looking for a friend of mine and a former patient of yours.

The Man holds up a PHOTOGRAPH of Jonas --

DR. GUYER
(subtitled French)
I'm sorry, but the identity of my patients must remain confidential, Monsieur...?

COME AROUND, REVEALING the man's face. Impossibly, this is --

MACON
Macon.

Off Macon, this impossible resurrection...

EXT. EVA'S APARTMENT. EARLY MORNING. TWO WEEKS LATER.

A modest building nestled between TWO LARGER apartment towers.

INT. EVA'S APARTMENT. EARLY MORNING.

Early morning light spits through the blinds. The LIVING ROOM lined with WHITE BOARDS -- all covered in ARCHAIC FORMULAE. BOOKS on quantum theory stacked like towers.

Jonas works -- trading attention between an iPad and one of the white boards -- making calculations, modifying them...

EVA enters. Bathrobe and morning coffee. She clocks Jonas. The COUCH -- converted into a bed -- unslept in...

EVA
You didn't sleep again.

JONAS
(checks his iPad)
Lost track of time.

He goes back to the white board. Razor-focused. Eva watches. Despite her growing concern for him --

EVA
Your wife's a lucky woman.

JONAS
She's dead, so obviously not.

EVA
What I mean is, any woman would be lucky to have a man willing to search the world for her. Your wife has a man willing to search an infinite number of worlds.

This gets Jonas to stop. He looks haggard.

EVA
Have you ever heard of Henri Thibault?

JONAS
Of course. His paper on Bohmian mechanics served as the foundation for many of my calculations.

EVA
Have you thought about asking him for help?

JONAS
I certainly would if he hadn't died eight years ago.

Eva SMILES. Jonas putting it together --

JONAS
But not in this reality.

EVA
He's very difficult to get an appointment with, but I've spent the past two weeks calling in some favors...

EXT. SWISS FEDERAL INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY LAUSANNE. DAY.

A huge, modern CAMPUS. Jonas and Eva walking with DR. HENRI THIBAUT. 60s. Wisened. Brilliant. Studying Jonas's calculations on an iPad --

JONAS

I'm relieved you're not calling for men
in white coats, Doctor...

THIBAUT

You and your wife died two years ago, Dr.
Cullen. I read your obituary. And yet,
here you are, walking alongside me. If I
were to call for a mental health
professional, believe me, it would be for
myself.

EVA

What do you make of Jonas's equations?

THIBAUT

The math is exquisite. You have an
elegant touch, Doctor.

(beat)

But I think you already know what it is
I'm going to tell you.

Jonas reacts. Having expected a malignant diagnosis.

JONAS

The reason I'm having such difficulty
locating the reality where Amanda
survives the accident...

THIBAUT

(nods)

Is that out of an infinite number of
probabilities, there's one, maybe two,
where your wife is still alive.

What Jonas feared. But it makes no sense to Eva --

EVA

Wait. How could his calculations tell
you that?

THIBAUT

Math reveals all the secrets of the
universe, Dr. Stamper. It never lies,
provided one's calculations are correct.

(to Jonas)

I'm afraid yours are.

Jonas nods. Sober. Taking the iPad back...

EVA

Wait. I thought the Many Worlds Theory says that for every possible outcome, there's a different universe, creating an infinite number of universes --

THIBAUT

An infinite number, yes, *but all tending toward the same thing*. They all have gravity, for example. The multiverse is replete with these tendencies, these "laws," for lack of a better word. In the case of objects, we call them "physics." But in the case of people, we call them...

JONAS

Fate.

(to Eva)

It's Amanda's destiny to die in that accident.

FLASHCUT: *Jonas's car in freefall. Flipping side over side. Each rotation bringing a DIFFERENT CAR as in our Opening. CRASHING to the ground, as we SNAP BACK TO --*

THIBAUT

I'm very sorry, Dr. Cullen.

JONAS

But according to my calculations, there is a reality -- perhaps two, you said -- where Amanda is alive.

THIBAUT

(smiles)

I think with some mental elbow grease, I could help you work out the math to find it.

JONAS

You would do that?

THIBAUT

Publishing wouldn't be without its challenges... but I've been hungry for another Nobel.

Appreciative, Jonas hands the iPad back to Thibault.

THIBAUT

Give me a week?

JONAS
Thank you, Doctor.

For the first time, Jonas's eyes brim with hope...

INT. LE DÉBARCADÈRE. NIGHT.

A modest restaurant on the shore of LAKE GENEVA. Jonas and Eva share dinner in silence. The mood oddly tense.

JONAS
You can speak your mind, Eva.

EVA
Your radio stations metaphor. You made it sound like you were just shifting along the dial.

JONAS
And in light of Dr. Thibault's remarks...?

EVA
You are playing with the fundamental laws of the universe.

JONAS
(correcting her)
The multiverse.

EVA
Don't make light of this.
(what's bothering her)
Einstein described the workings of the universe as being like a finely-tuned watch. Watches are fragile.

JONAS
I don't expect you to understand...

EVA
Do you think you're the only person to have lost something or someone? To be the only person who wishes things were different? The the dice roll of their lives came up another number?

She looks away. A painful memory bubbling to the surface. A topic she avoids...

EVA
I was married, too. We were happy. We were pregnant.

The word hits Jonas. He doesn't want to think of Amanda's unborn child...

EVA

There were complications. Preeclampsia.
I nearly died. The baby did.

(this is hard)

The doctors said we shouldn't try again.
There's no chance of my bringing a baby
to term.

JONAS

I'm very sorry.

(she nods)

Do you mind if I ask... your husband?

EVA

Some marriages grow stronger through such
things. Others don't.

Jonas nods. A sober beat.

EVA

You see, Jonas, I understand. I
understand love and loss. I even
understand obsession.

(beat)

If even a fraction of the Many Worlds
Theory is correct -- if only a scintilla
of universes is created with each
potential outcome -- *then you're creating
new universes right now with every choice
you make.*

JONAS

Your point?

EVA

This is dangerous. We don't know what
outcomes you might be creating, or the
damage you may be doing to reality
itself.

JONAS

You said you'd help me.

EVA

And give you a fresh perspective. Which,
in my judgment, you could sorely use.

A gut punch. The worst yet to come --

EVA

The fifth and last stage of grief, Jonas, is acceptance. Your wife is dead. You need to accept that.

(gentle but firm)

You can't swim against the tide of the universe.

JONAS

I don't believe that.

EVA

Don't? Or won't?

JONAS

Can't.

(from his depths)

I can't let her go. I can't... accept that in an infinite number of worlds, there's not a single one where Amanda and I can be together.

EVA

You're fighting the primordial forces of the universe. The universe is going to fight back.

JONAS

And how do you think it will do that?

Eva opens her mouth to reply, but --

AN EIGHTEEN WHEELER SEMI barrels into the restaurant -- SMASHING THROUGH like a tank -- WINDOWS crashing -- PEOPLE screaming -- anarchy, as --

GUNFIRE ERUPTS -- from the semi's cab -- the driver spraying a MACHINEGUN like watering a lawn --

JONAS TACKLES EVA -- to the floor -- instinct -- Macon's training paying off. Ironic since --

MACON is the gunman -- Jonas's eyes shooting wide at the sight -- his former mercenary -- exiting the semi -- *hellbent on killing him* --

No time to process the impossible -- Macon advancing -- bringing death with him --

EVA

WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

Another belch of gunfire -- Jonas stealing himself -- knows what he must do --

JONAS
Just stay down...

-- and BOLTS from cover -- TOWARD Macon -- gunfire licking at him -- Jonas driving toward Macon like a fullback, as --

A STRAY SHOT hits Eva -- she DROPS -- trailing crimson, as --

Macon's gun clicks EMPTY -- Macon trying to change mags -- opening a window of seconds for Jonas --

WHAM -- Jonas TACKLING Macon to the floor -- following up with a PUNCH -- can't let up -- won't -- desperate --

Jonas bloodying his knuckles on Macon's face -- rabid --

JONAS
WHY?! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?! WHY?!

Macon reaching for something now -- Jonas seeing it, too: the MACHINEGUN -- Macon had dropped it in the melee -- lying on the floor inches away --

Macon GRASPS -- Jonas rolling off him -- closer to the gun -- SNATCHING it up -- SWINGING it around -- Jonas's finger already squeezing the trigger -- GUNFIRE belches, as --

MACON -- pure instinct -- reaches for his WRIST -- something there -- BRACELET-like -- depressing a hidden button -- GLOWING now, as --

FWISH. Macon DISAPPEARS. Avoiding the flame of bullets. As if he was never there. Only one explanation --

JONAS
(eyes wide)
A Tether...

Macon's bracelet is like Jonas's ring. Jonas's mind spinning -- struggling to process what this could mean, as --

SWISS POLICE flood the scene -- weapons out -- YELLING in French and German -- SIRENS in the b.g. --

JONAS pivoting around -- back towards Eva -- lying on the floor -- still -- he races to her --

SWISS POLICE
Arrêtez-le! Congeler! Police!

Jonas ignoring them -- hoisting Eva's arm over his shoulder -- she STIRS -- still ALIVE -- but seriously wounded --

EXT. SAINT SUPLICE DOCKS. NIGHT.

Jonas scrambling out of the shattered restaurant now --
carrying/pulling Eva -- THE POLICE in pursuit --

EVA

(weak)

Who was that?

JONAS

A dead man.

Eva too weak to rebut the cryptic reply -- Jonas fleeing --

JONAS

I can't be arrested again --

EVA

Again?

Nearing the end of the dock now -- running out of room -- out
of time -- Eva trailing BLOOD --

EVA

Jonas... I feel cold...

Panic gripping Jonas now -- laying her down on the dock --
RIPPING his shirt -- a makeshift bandage -- to staunch the
bleeding -- they have SECONDS before the police arrive --

EVA

Go.

JONAS

I'm not leaving you --

EVA

(her wound)

I'm leaving...

JONAS

We'll get you to a doctor --

EVA

Too late, I think.

She SHUDDERS. The end drawing near --

EVA

Figured out why... you can't be arrested.

(a jagged breath)

They'll take your Tether...

(off Jonas)

You have to go.

SWISS POLICE
Descendez sur le terrain!

The Police closing in. Jonas remaining focused on Eva.
 Unwilling to leave her. As she grows pale --

EVA
 Don't-- don't be sad.
 (shallow breath)
 There are other realities where I'm
alive.

Gallows humor. Jonas speaking from his depths --

JONAS
Thank you.

Eva managing a weak nod -- fading -- as the Police descend --

SWISS POLICE
Baissez-vous! Baissez-vous!

But Jonas doesn't comply -- he BOLTS -- running the length of
 the dock -- leaving Eva behind -- the Police OPENING FIRE, as --

JONAS LEAPS -- off the dock -- his TETHER SPROUTING ITS
 COMPLEX MECHANICS -- as he reaches the apex of his JUMP --

CAMERA REVOLVING around him -- REALITY CHANGING behind him --
cycling through universes as we remain in ONE CONTINUOUS SHOT --

REALITY-SLIP:

The Asian influences on the skyline disappear.

REALITY-SLIP:

The skyline now ABLAZE. All the buildings on fire.

REALITY-SLIP:

The buildings different now. The skyline changed. Festooned
 with SWASTIKAS.

REALITY-SLIP:

No skyline. No hint of civilization. Uncut forest as far as
 the eye can see...

REALITY-SLIP:

As Jonas -- his arc complete -- LANDS -- not in water --
 solid ground -- into a run -- a FORREST -- no sign of Geneva
 anywhere -- trees whipping past becoming --

CARS -- strange designs -- futurism but with a 1960s aesthetic -- Jonas DODGING the oncoming traffic, hitting --

ROCKY GROUND -- the GENEVA SKYLINE towering on the horizon -- GLASS-COVERED CATWALKS linking the buildings like molecules, as one last time, we --

REALITY-SLIP:

EXT. TENTH GENEVA. NIGHT.

Jonas on his knees. Fighting disorientation. Looking up -- the GENEVA SKYLINE once again looming. This time, LUSH VEGETATION melds seamlessly with the architecture. Designed to INCORPORATE the landscape.

All the previous iterations we've seen are now gone. And so are the police. And Eva. Once more, Jonas is alone.

EXT. SITE OF EVA'S APARTMENT BUILDING. NIGHT.

Jonas arriving at Eva's building -- spent -- having walked MILES. The buttressing APARTMENT TOWERS there, but where Eva's building was...

There's now just a public garden.

Jonas's face falls. He has no way to find her in this reality...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF LAUSANNE. MORNING.

Find Jonas curled up in front of the LIBRARY like a homeless person. The rising sun stirring him.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF LAUSANNE. LIBRARY. MORNING.

Jonas at the PUBLIC COMPUTERS. Types in GOOGLE.COM. The page comes up as unknown. Jonas almost chuckles. A reality without Google...

Types EVA'S NAME into ANOTHER SEARCH ENGINE. Yahoo exists here, but the search yields NO RESULTS. Eva might not even exist in this reality...

Next, he tries... "HENRI THIBAUT." This gets a SERIES OF RESULTS. Jonas SCANS: *Grammar school teacher. Science fair. Fan fiction. Comic book collection. Two children.*

Thibault's life took a different path in this reality. Still an educator. But not the kind Jonas needs...

Jonas taking a beat now. Tentative. Not sure he wants to type in the next name...

"AMANDA CULLEN"

No results. Tries her MAIDEN NAME: "Monroe"

No results.

Jonas's face a blend of conflicted emotions. Disappointment and relief.

He tries another name...

"JONAS CULLEN" -- producing a cascade of hits -- *PhD. Columbia University faculty. Professor of Physics.*

A hesitant beat. Jonas calculating. Strategizing. *What's his next move?*

Then he types: "REPLACEMENT OF LOST CREDIT CARD"

A SERIES OF JUMP CUTS --

As Jonas answers a flood of SECURITY QUESTIONS -- mostly successfully -- *he's "himself" so he knows the answers* -- orchestrating a FINANCIAL RESURRECTION...

INT. AMERICAN EXPRESS. DAY.

A smiling REPRESENTATIVE hands Jonas a fresh CREDIT CARD --

REPRESENTATIVE

Here you are, *Monsieur*. We're sorry for any inconvenience. Is there anything else I can assist you with?

Jonas smiling politely. *Well, since you mention it...*

HARD CUT:

JONAS (PRELAP)

What a nightmare...

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY, SWITZERLAND. DAY.

Jonas with a fresh-faced STATE DEPARTMENT REPRESENTATIVE --

JONAS

The sonofabitch took my wallet, my passport, even my goddamn travelers' checks...

(holds up his new AMERICAN EXPRESS CARD)

I'm just lucky I kept this in a separate pocket. I thought Switzerland was supposed to be safe, y'know?

Jonas piling it on a bit thick. The State Department Rep with the sympathetic smile...

INT. GENEVA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. DAY.

Jonas at a TICKET COUNTER. He hands his NEW PASSPORT and NEW AMERICAN EXPRESS CARD to a polite ATTENDANT --

JONAS

Un aller simple pour New York, s'il vous plaît.

INT. 747. COACH CLASS. DAY.

Jonas sits in a window seat. Freshly shaven. New clothes. On the fold-down table: A STACK OF NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES. *Newsweek* is still in print in this reality...

Jonas devours. Learning about the reality he's found himself in. *The changes are subtle.* A changed name. An unexpected headline. Just an alternative draft of current events...

He leans back. Taking it all in. Fascinating. Then... something catches his eye. He pales. As if it by a tazer...

Standing in the front of the cabin -- staring at him -- is... VICTOR KOVACEVIC. Well tailored. Brioni suit.

Kovacevic holds his gaze. Deliberate. An invitation...

Jonas rises. As if pulled up by strings. Making his way toward his romantic rival...

Kovacevic waves them into --

INT. 747. FIRST CLASS GALLEY. CONTINUOUS.

A private space to talk. Jonas studying Kovacevic. *What are the chances of both men being in the same reality, on the same plane?*

Kovacevic is the first to speak. With a knowing familiarity, but devoid of warmth --

KOVACEVIC

Jonas. You look well despite everything.

JONAS

Victor...

KOVACEVIC

You have many questions, I imagine.

(off Jonas)

Let me commence with the most obvious one: No, this is not "my" reality. No more than it is yours.

Jonas taking that in. Stunned silence. Processing.

KOVACEVIC

Your second question, then: How could I reality-slip with such precision? To know where you'd be? Much less onto a plane moving at 600 miles an hour?

Jonas looks down. Kovacevic's WRIST. The same tether-bracelet Macon wore...

KOVACEVIC

You've done an admirable job co-opting my work, Jonas. But I think we can agree you're an amateur in a field I've perfected.

JONAS

(realizing)

You sent him. Macon.

KOVACEVIC

We have the same taste in mercenaries, it seems.

JONAS

Why, Victor?

KOVACEVIC

I apologize for Macon. He's a blunt instrument. And a touch overzealous.

(then)

So I thought I'd try this approach, instead.

JONAS

Approach?

KOVACEVIC

There is a reality where Amanda is alive,
Jonas.

Jonas's heart leaps. Hope.

KOVACEVIC

But it's one where we are together. And
we are happy. Amanda and I...

JONAS

You're-- you're lying...

Jonas simmers. Fighting rage. As Kovacevic ignores it.
Gesturing to the space around them, the reality around them --

KOVACEVIC

Stay here. Apart from the fact the Cubs
are three-time World Series champions,
this reality is really not so bad. Much
better than others.

JONAS

For me, there are no others except the
one where Amanda and I--

KOVACEVIC

That reality doesn't exist for you.

(beat)

Please. I have an infinite multiverse of
Macon's at my disposal. One dies, I
simply hire another. And another. And
another.

(bottom line)

Out of respect for Amanda, my love for
her, I'll give you this one chance: *Stay*
away.

JONAS

I can't do that.

KOVACEVIC

I know it's not the most scientific
notion, but I believe the universe
provides signposts pointing us in the
direction of fate's current.

(a dead-eye stare)

This is one. If you proceed, the next
signpost won't be as gentle.

Kovacevic reaches down and depresses a button on his Tether.
SPACE FOLDS IN on him -- DISAPPEARING like Macon did back in
Switzerland...

Jonas spinning around -- looking out to the cabin -- the passengers oblivious, as....

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (OVER P.A.)
We're approaching New York's Robert Kennedy Airport. In preparation for landing, please return your tables and seat backs to their...

Jonas -- reeling from the encounter -- drifts back to his seat. Sitting, SOMETHING OUT THE WINDOW catches his eye:

THE ISLAND OF MANHATTAN. A LINE OF SHORTER BUILDINGS transects the famous skyline. Bleeding edge architecture dividing older surrounding buildings. Like a healed-over SCAR.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE. DAY.

Jonas navigating familiar streets. Even the multiverse can't alter the omnipresent grid that is MANHATTAN.

EXT. BROWNSTONE. DAY.

Jonas on the steps of something affordable on a professor's salary. His finger hovers down the BUILDING DIRECTORY to FIND... "Cullen"

He BUZZES the door. No answer. Tries again. Same result.

MRS. GOMEZ (O.S.)
She's not home.

Jonas turns to see... MRS. GOMEZ -- 65, kindly -- arms stuffed full of groceries -- coming up the stoop.

She takes one look at him. Goes slackjawed. Eyes wide. As if she's seeing a ghost.

MRS. GOMEZ
Dios mío.

The groceries drop. Hands shaking. Head shaking. Genuinely afraid --

MRS. GOMEZ
Estás muerto. Estás muerto... No es posible...

She starts backing away. Down the steps. Terrified.

JONAS
Please don't scream...

She's shaking her head. *Impossible*. Wide eyes darting.
Finding... across the street...

AMANDA. Walking home. Alive. And as beautiful as we
remember. More. Mrs. Gomez calling out to her --

MRS. GOMEZ
Mrs. Amanda! Mrs. Amanda!

But she's instantly forgotten by Jonas as he snap-focuses on
Amanda. His eyes landing on her. Already beginning to
glisten with tears.

Across the street, she seems like a mirage. He looks the
same to her. An impossible mirage --

AMANDA
Jonas...?

She steps forward. Pulled by the impossible...

AMANDA
How...?

Jonas RUNNING now -- sprinting down the stairs -- over the
fallen groceries -- past Mrs. Gomez...

Amanda lurching towards him. An inexorable march.

Jonas strides forward, arms out. Ready to embrace. Tears
streaming now. From both their eyes...

Then... AN UNHOLY SCREECH. Everything happening eyeblink
fast and glacially slow all at once --

Amanda flies up into the air -- pinwheeling -- like their ill-
fated car -- flipping through the air...

A YELLOW TAXI skidding up onto the curb -- *it just hit her* --

Jonas's eyes screaming -- watching -- impotent, as --

Amanda crashes to the pavement. Limp and wet. The crack of
multiple bones seeming to echo...

A cacophony of vehicles now -- car horns and squealing tires --
like some kind of menagerie...

Jonas sprinting towards Amanda -- oblivious to the traffic
swerving to avoid him -- skidding to his knees -- pulling
Amanda's limp form to him --

Blood leaks from her lips -- he smears it away with a thumb --
she flutters --

AMANDA
Jonas...?

JONAS
I'm here. I'm here...

AMANDA
How...? How can you be...?

SIRENS now. Adding to the din. Omnipresent and distant simultaneously.

JONAS
Help is coming. Help is coming...

AMANDA
How can you be here?

JONAS
(no answer, so...)
I love you.

She reaches up to touch his cheek -- expending a final ounce of energy on confirming what she's seeing with a touch...

AMANDA
I should have...

JONAS
Just rest. Help's on the way...

AMANDA
I should have known.

JONAS
(confused)
What?

AMANDA
I should have known you'd find a way back to me.

This extracts a new volley of tears from Jonas's eyes.

JONAS
Always.

Amanda's lips curl into a smile. A look of pure joy on her face...

But something's wrong. Her eyes... are vacant.

JONAS
Amanda?

He gives her a little shake. She stays limp.

JONAS

No... Don't go. Don't go. *Please.*
Don't go. Don't go. Don't go...

A torrent of tears blurring his vision -- as SOMEONE lifts him to his feet -- his legs not working --

TWO PARAMEDICS setting to work on Amanda. Her lifeless body moving in sync with their ministrations. Ragdoll-like.

AN NYPD COP is the one who pulled Jonas up. Jonas in hysterics, struggling against the man's grip --

NYPD COP

Calm down, pal. Let these guys do their jobs...

But one of the Paramedics looks up. Shakes his head. A death sentence.

MORE POLICE descend. Some holding back the rising tide of lookyloos. Another questioning the cab driver...

Jonas -- fighting grief -- shrugs off the Cop's grip --

NYPD COP

Hang on, pal. I gotta ask you a few questions...

But Jonas isn't interested in answering questions. Begins to back away...

NYPD COP

C'mon. You know how this works. I've gotta detain you...

JONAS

What--?

NYPD COP

This is a crime scene now. C'mon, it's been this way ever since 10/16.

10/16. A reminder Jonas isn't in his native reality... The Cop's hand drifting down for his HANDCUFFS --

NYPD COP

I gotta take you into custody...

He GRABS for Jonas -- Jonas spinning away from the grip -- desperation blowing away the fog of grief -- causing him to BOLT. The Cop GIVING CHASE --

Jonas flying towards traffic -- DODGING oncoming cars -- the Cop closing in -- he's fast --

TRAFFIC WHIPS towards Jonas -- Jonas dodging and weaving -- but unable to avoid --

THE CITY BUS bearing down on him -- threatening to flatten -- the bleat of its HORN the last thing he'll hear...

He DROPS. Going prone. The bus sailing over him -- *missing him by INCHES* --

As it clears, he begins to clamber to his feet -- amazed to still be alive, but --

The NYPD Cop TACKLES him back to the ground. Asphalt crashing up to meet him.

NYPD COP
Sonofabitch...

The Cop bearing down on Jonas now -- pinning him -- strong hands prying Jonas's arms back -- the jangle of HANDCUFFS...

NYPD COP
Struggle and I'll break your arms.

But Jonas does struggle. He can't be placed under arrest like in Switzerland...

But he doesn't wrestle to break free. He writhes for his left hand to reach his right... *going for his Tether...* Fighting against the Cop's resistance, his strength...

One cuff SNAPS shut around Jonas's left wrist -- hard -- the Cop not being gentle about it...

Jonas's right hand moves towards his left -- fingers trying to find purchase on...

THE TETHER. The Cop WRENCHING the hands apart -- Jonas FIGHTING them back together -- fingers scraping the Tether...

REALITY-SLIP:

WHITENESS. REALITY slapping in. THE NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE changing form. Undulating like soundwaves...

REALITY-SLIP:

The PAVEMENT beneath Jonas disappears. Replaced by LUSH GRASS. Jonas face sinking into it like thick carpeting.

REALITY-SLIP:

The ground SUDDENLY GONE now. Jonas PLUMMETS. Fingers scrambling on the Tether. Trying to complete its work. Nigh impossible in FREEFALL...

REALITY-SLIP:

SLAM INTO the ground. A fall from several feet high. Jonas shaking off pain, disorientation...

His surroundings coming into focus. Dirt. Gravel. Trash.

He stands on watery legs. Taking in his new environment --

A TUNNEL. Dark. Dank. He brushes the dirt off...

And then he sees them:

THREE METAL RAILS. And it dawns. A terrible epiphany:

He's in a SUBWAY TUNNEL.

The realization is accompanied by a TREMBLE. Like an EARTHQUAKE. The rails HUMMING with vibration...

It's getting brighter. LIGHT slowly starting to creep in...

A SUBWAY CAR IS COMING.

Jonas pales -- fighting panic -- racing in the opposite direction -- away from oncoming death...

Jonas SPRINTING now -- head on a swivel -- eyes darting -- *looking for a safe redoubt...*

Distracted, he TRIPS! Falling hard. His shadow growing longer with the approach of the subway's lights...

He scrambles to his feet -- *this won't kill him* -- reaching for his Tether -- ready to REALITY SLIP to relative safety...

When his eyes seize on a MAINTENANCE DOOR. Races for it. Prays its unlocked... Tries the handle. It doesn't give...

THE SUBWAY CAR visible now. Closing in. Jonas fighting with the door -- the subway's halogens bathing him in white...

CHUNK. The door handle GIVES. *It was just stuck.* Jonas YANKING it hard, spilling inside --

INT. MTA MAINTENANCE AREA. CONTINUOUS.

-- the subway WHIPPING PAST. Shooting hot air through the doorway.

Jonas falls over. The wall catching him. Feet crumpling beneath. Sliding to the floor. There, he breathes. And shakes. *Alive.*

Then the tears come...

EXT. FIFTH MANHATTAN. DAY.

Jonas wanders amidst a sea of humanity. A lone TOWER rises behind him. Off in the distance. Familiar. Back when there were two of them, they were known as the Twin Towers...

But it's a glass cube of a building that gets his attention. There's an APPLE on the front. An idea sprouts...

INT. APPLE STORE. MINUTES LATER.

Jonas beelines for a row of demo iMacs. He works the mouse, bringing up a WEB BROWSER. Up comes GOOGLE...

He types: AMANDA CULLEN. *Enter.* A baited breath as the results page loads... An obituary. A headline. *COLUMBIA PROFESSOR IN CAR ACCIDENT, WIFE DEAD.*

Jonas exhales. Not sure whether to be disappointed or relieved. As a STORE EMPLOYEE approaches --

APPLE STORE EMPLOYEE
Help you find something?

JONAS
I'm good, thanks.

He turns back to the computer. Types another name. JONAS CULLEN. An address on the Upper West Side pops up...

EXT. BROWNSTONE. DAY.

An eerie sense of déjà vu as Jonas approaches the now-familiar brownstone. The same as the previous one, albeit with a few subtle, reality-shift differences.

As before, Jonas's finger hovers down the BUILDING DIRECTORY to FIND... "Cullen"

He BUZZES the door. No answer. Tries again. Same result.

MR. GOMEZ (O.S.)
He's not home.

Jonas turns to see... MISTER GOMEZ. A widower's countenance --

MR. GOMEZ
Hasn't been for a few days.
(realizing)
You look like him. Are you related to
Dr. Cullen?

JONAS
(forcing a smile)
Brother.

MR. GOMEZ
I didn't know Dr. Cullen even had a
brother...

JONAS
(bone dry)
Our family situation is complicated like
you wouldn't believe.

Gomez smiling at that. A knowing nod.

JONAS
Is Armando still the building's super?
I'd like to get into my-- Jonas's, I
mean, apartment.

MR. GOMEZ
I've lived here twenty-six years, I don't
remember a super named Armando. But
Frank'd probably be able to help you...

INT. JONAS CULLEN'S APARTMENT. DAY.

FRANK, the building's superintendant, unlocks the door.
Jonas following him inside --

FRANK
Kinda glad you dropped by, actually. I
haven't seen your brother for a couple of
days and, well, I need to talk to him
about the smell.

Jonas reacts. A STENCH hitting him. *That* smell.

FRANK
I'm getting complaints from a bunch'a the
other tenants...

JONAS
Maybe a rat died in one of the walls...

FRANK

My building doesn't have a rodent problem.

Firm. Jonas holding up an apologetic hand. "No offense."

JONAS

I'll take a look around. I'm sure I can address it.

FRANK

Where's your brother anyway? Someone said he might be out of town...

JONAS

I guess that depends on your definition.

A cryptic reply only we understand. Off which...

INT. JONAS CULLEN'S APARTMENT. LATER.

Jonas drifts through the modest space. Hints of a woman's touch buried under a thick layer of bachelorhood.

He picks something up. A WEDDING PHOTO. Jonas and Amanda. Her smile lights up the room through the picture frame.

A heart-tugging beat, as we FLASHCUT:

EXT. INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY LAUSANNE. FLASHBACK.

THIBAUT

Out of an infinite number of probabilities, there's one, maybe two, where your wife is still alive.

"Maybe two" echoes, as we --

RESUME JONAS --

He sets the photo down. His resolve recharged. Then makes his way into --

THE BEDROOM --

DARK from the GARBAGE BAGS over the windows. EXOTIC FORMULAE cover the walls in a madman's scrawl mixed with pages torn from scientific journals and newspapers. Empty LIQUOR BOTTLES litter the floor.

Jonas blanches, his blood running cold. *This is how he's been living in this reality...*

A SHEAF OF PAPERS catches his eye. He shuffles through them: A LIFE INSURANCE payout on Amanda's policy -- A FUNERAL HOME INVOICE -- A TERMINATION LETTER from Columbia U. -- A LETTER demanding a PSYCHOLOGICAL EVALUATION...

Setting the papers down -- *a record of a man's descent from grief to madness.* He moves to --

THE CLOSET --

Hangers bare. Clothes crumpled up on the floor. He bends to sift through them, finding --

A LOOSE FLOORBOARD beneath. Odd. He pulls at it...

TIME CUT:

LATER. A section of the floor now removed, revealing a CRAWLSPACE beneath the brownstone. Jonas lowering himself down into it --

INT. CRAWLSPACE. CONTINUOUS.

Dank and dark. Jonas reacting to a STENCH. The smell Frank was complaining of. Fights the urge to vomit as he approaches --

SOMETHING WRAPPED IN GARBAGE BAGS. Large... and *human shaped*. Jonas pales. Terrified, but also compelled...

He TEARS away at the bags at the top. The work is hard. They're wrapped tight. A WHISPER gives voice to his fear --

JONAS

Just... just don't be Amanda. Please...

He clears a portion of bag. *It's not Amanda...*

But it is a CORPSE.

A week's worth of decay. Not enough to obscure identity.

Jonas is looking at himself.

HARD CUT:

INT. JONAS CULLEN'S APARTMENT. BATHROOM. MINUTES LATER.

Jonas VOMITING into the toilet. Violent. Shock settling in. He rears back up. Eyes wide with horror and confusion...

INT. JONAS CULLEN'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM.

Shuffling out into the bedroom now. Dazed. The excavated floorboards scattered, the crawlspace still exposed.

Jonas's world swims. His eyes casting about. Settling on...

THE FORMULAE on the walls. He pulls up his sleeve, exposing his forearm, the tattoo... The other "him" was working on the same calculations...

Jonas has three seconds to ponder the significance of that, before --

-- *he's COLDCOCKED from behind* -- sudden and violent -- disorienting him -- he struggles for focus -- fighting confusion -- *has Macon returned?*

Jonas CHARGES forward -- assaulting the other man -- THROWING them both to the floor -- chaotic -- a few traded blows before seeing the face of his attacker --

It's his own.

Jonas is staring at... himself. Wild-eyed and unkempt. Gaunt and unshaven. But clearly... himself.

JONAS

What-- what are you doing?

The DOPPELGÄNGER's only response is to SMASH his fist against the side of Jonas's head -- sending him sprawling off -- the Doppelgänger on the attack now -- KICKING Jonas --

JONAS skittering back -- across the floor -- blocking blows -- the Doppelgänger unrelenting -- a madman --

DOPPELGÄNGER

I killed you! How can you be alive? *I killed you* --

A FLURRY OF KICKS -- Jonas catching a foot -- TUGS -- toppling the Doppelgänger off-balance -- buying Jonas a window to stand, but --

THE DOPPELGÄNGER SPRINGS forward -- on the attack -- Jonas bending to pick up --

ONE OF THE FLOORBOARDS -- SWINGS it like a baseball bat -- a SICKENING CRACK as wood connects with skull...

Doppelgänger DROPS. Bleeding from a GASH on the side of his head. Unconscious... but alive.

Jonas slumps. Breathing hard. Spent from the exertion. Looking over to literally stare at himself...

INT. JONAS CULLEN'S APARTMENT. LATER.

Jonas crouches in front of his other self -- THE OTHER JONAS -- now seated. The man's head slumped, but bandaged.

Jonas stares. It's surreal. A chilling funhouse mirror.

"Other Jonas" STIRS. Eyes fluttering open. He strains to move... *but Jonas has tied him to the chair with torn bedsheets.* Jonas addresses his "reflection." Surreal.

JONAS

Nice to meet me.

Other Jonas struggles against his bonds. And to process --

OTHER JONAS

I killed you...

JONAS

You came in, you saw the floorboards.
The crawlspace. You saw me...

(realizes)

...and you thought I was him, what, risen from the dead?

OTHER JONAS

I haven't been at... my most lucid recently, I'll admit.

JONAS

Trying to murder your... other self is more than just a lack of lucidity.

Other Jonas just nods. Jonas searches for the right words --

JONAS

Which... one are you?

(off Other Jonas's confusion)

You or the... other one. Who is...

OTHER JONAS

Who is "Jonas Prime"? Who is the Doctor Cullen of this reality?

(MORE)

OTHER JONAS (CONT'D)

(Jonas nods -- yes)

Does it matter?

JONAS

Indulge me.

OTHER JONAS

Him. This is -- was -- his reality.

JONAS

And you came here from yours... and you killed him.

Other Jonas grins. A madman's smile. Everything's humorous to the insane...

OTHER JONAS

This world just wasn't big enough for the two of us, I guess. Ironic, actually. Amanda always said I was my own worst enemy.

(shakes his head)

It's like a riddle, isn't it? "When is killing yourself not suicide?"

A half-chuckle. Like ice cracking.

JONAS

I think the better question is why do it in the first place?

OTHER JONAS

He was trying to stop me. Stop me from making the calculations, find Amanda...

(deadly serious)

I couldn't let him institutionalize me.

Jonas's blood chills. This "road not taken"... leads to Hell.

JONAS

Why was he trying to stop you?

OTHER JONAS

(*isn't it obvious?*)

He thought I'd "break" the multiverse.

He thought I was obsessive. I suppose I am. Suppose you are, too.

JONAS

Why didn't you just... untether? Reality-slip into one where you'd have greater success?

OTHER JONAS

I can't.

(off Jonas)

CERN's Calorimeter. Its effects wear off eventually. And once that happens... the reality you're stuck in is the only one there is.

Jonas didn't think he could feel worse than he was a few seconds ago, but there it is. He's on a clock now.

OTHER JONAS

I've been trapped here, in this reality, for a year.

JONAS

A year? But I barely just --

OTHER JONAS

My Amanda died four years ago.

(off Jonas's surprise)

The universe wants her dead, Other Me. No matter how or when, it's going to take its pound of flesh.

Jonas's world spins. He stands. Struggling to still it on its axis. Considering the FORMULAE on the wall --

JONAS

You made some real progress here. With these equations.

OTHER JONAS

For all the good it did me. I'm trapped here. And that was before you tied me to a chair.

Jonas considers that. The threat seems to have passed... He moves to untie his other self --

JONAS

Try anything, and I'll lay you out again. In my reality, apparently I work out more.

Other Jonas shrugs off the untied bonds. Stands as Jonas COPIES the Formulae down onto a scrap of paper --

OTHER JONAS

Don't do it.

(Jonas stops)

You can't swim against the tide of the universe.

Familiar words. They freeze Jonas. He stops writing for a moment --

JONAS

I know a woman who said that to me once.

OTHER JONAS

Eva. We've both met her in our... travels, apparently. Interesting.
(then; switching gears)
Reality-slip yourself home. And if you can't find home, find somewhere liveable and do what I never could: Move on.

JONAS

You know us better than that.

Other Jonas picks up one of the EMPTY LIQUOR BOTTLES.

OTHER JONAS

I know what we do once hope is lost.

JONAS

That's why I don't lose hope.

Jonas finishes copying the formulae. Slips the paper in a pocket. Moves to go --

JONAS

I'm sorry I can't stay to... help you.
If you're right about the Calorimeter's effect, I'm on a clock.

Punctuated with an apologetic glance. Hard to leave "himself" in this retched state, but his mission is that consuming. He goes to leave, but his twin grabs his shoulder --

OTHER JONAS

And what do you do when its effect wears off and you're trapped in another reality?

JONAS

Then I kill myself and be with her that way.

Shrugging off the grip, Jonas goes. Leaving his doppelgänger to his dark, hopeless existence...

INT. TATTOO PARLOR. NIGHT.

All counter-culture and neon. Jonas with a TATTOO ARTIST --

TATTOO ARTIST

Okay, this is a new one. Ain't nobody ever asked me to ink them up with math before.

See the SLIP OF PAPER. Other Jonas's FORMULAE.

TATTOO ARTIST

Quite a bit here. You'll be more comfortable if we spread this out over a few sessions.

JONAS

I need it all done tonight.

Jonas starts removing his shirt...

INT. OTHER JONAS'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Other Jonas drowns on the couch. A FRESH BOTTLE dangling from his fingertips until a KNOCK rouses him to the door --

OTHER JONAS

Come to your senses, huh? Knew I was smart...

He opens the door, REVEALING... MACON. Other Jonas flashes confusion, as --

FOOMP -- a KICK sends him flying back -- almost the length of the apartment -- Macon advancing --

OTHER JONAS scrambles to his feet -- nowhere to run -- Macon on top of him -- impossibly fast -- "Jonas" trying to PUNCH -- Macon CATCHING it -- easy --

MACON

You're not the one I'm looking for.

OTHER JONAS

(confused)

He's... he's gone.

Macon -- with "Jonas" still pinned -- looks up, catching sight of the WALL OF FORMULAE. A clue to Jonas's destination. Turns back to the doppelgänger. *Does he bother with killing him?* Other Jonas reading his face --

OTHER JONAS

Do it.

(off Macon's surprise)

Do it. Please.

His eyes plead. Begging for release. An end to the hell he's in.

Macon's palm reaches for the doppelgänger face. His other hand grabbing the back of his head. "Jonas" -- seconds from death -- looks relieved...

JONAS (PRELAP)

Thank you.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR. NIGHT.

Our Jonas at the register. Fresh bandages on his arm.

TATTOO ARTIST

S'no prob. But it is five hundred.

Jonas glances at the storefront window. It says "ATM INSIDE." Gets an idea --

JONAS

Where's your cash machine?

TATTOO ARTIST

(pointing)

In the back. On your left.

Jonas nods his thanks -- turning to disappear into a BACK HALLWAY -- walking straight past the MOBILE ATM and into --

INT. RESTROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Jonas locks the door behind him. The sight of himself in the mirror catches his attention. He looks tired. Spent. Closer to his doppelgänger than he wants to admit...

There's a BRUISE by his left eye. Where his twin hit him.
It will stay there for the remainder of our story. A reminder...

Jonas splashes some water on his face. Then reaches for his Tether. Inhales. A pregnant beat. PULLS it free of his hand...

And reality SLIPS around him.

In a CONTINUOUS SHOT now -- revolving around Jonas -- as his surroundings change -- like changing channels on a TV...

A desolate cityscape... a recognizable Manhattan... a congested street... pedestrians wearing respirators... gurneys full of ailing citizenry...

Jonas's eyes shoot wide. Sensory overload. Bringing him to his knees. Fingers fumbling for his Tether. Activating it. The internal MECHANICS once again unfolding outward...

SNAP INTO:

INT. RESTROOM.

Not noticeably dissimilar from the one he just "left." Jonas flashes confusion. Fighting disorientation. *Did he reality slip?* Then reaches for the door handle. Heading out to --

INT. S&M SHOP. NIGHT.

Replete with all manner of perversity. A TRANSVESTITE STORE CLERK eyes him --

TRANSVESTITE STORE CLERK
Help you find something?

Jonas shakes his head. Finds the exit...

EXT. SIXTEENTH MANHATTAN. THE VILLAGE. NIGHT.

Jonas wandering now. Taking in the CITY. It looks unchanged from the one he knows... Not every parallel reality is a radical departure.

He navigates the blocks. Thinking on his next move. Eyes wandering over the crush of pedestrians, commuters...

Then... something across the street. Someone. A blur of clothing. *Similar to his own.* He focuses for a better look, but the man -- *it is a man* -- Victor? -- is GONE. Ghost-like.

The sight -- uneasy -- like someone dancing on his grave -- distracts him from the WOMAN crossing his path...

A COLLISION. The papers she'd been carrying SCATTER. Jonas kneeling reflexively to retrieve them --

JONAS
Sorry. I wasn't watching where I was going...

Then he sees her. Reacting to the improbable. The *impossible*. The woman is...

EVA. At least, *an* Eva. He stares at her. Dumbstruck. He just bumped into the needle in a global-sized haystack.

EVA
(unnerved)
It's okay. Thanks.

She scoops up the papers. Scientific jargon on them.
Looking to make a speedy retreat from the leering man...

But she freezes. *Getting her first real look at Jonas.*

EVA
Sorry to stare.

JONAS
(knowing)
I remind you of someone.

EVA
A theoretical physicist. He died about
two years ago. You're a dead ringer.

Jonas SMILES. Marveling at the universe's capacity for the
impossible.

JONAS
Dr. Stamper --

EVA
(alarmed now)
How do you know my name...

JONAS
I'm Jonas Cullen --

EVA
Jonas Cullen is dead --

JONAS
I know --

EVA
He and his wife died two years ago --

JONAS
I know. In a car accident --

EVA
Plane crash. If you're gonna scam
someone, do your fucking homework --

JONAS
Dr. Stamper --

EVA
Delta Flight 83 from JFK to LAX --

JONAS

Dr. Stamper --

EVA

Good makeup or whatever that is. The bruise over your eye's a nice touch, if not a bit random. But better luck next time --

She spins -- moving fast -- bolting away -- Jonas calling after her --

JONAS

Dr. Stamper, you're a physicist. It's easier for you to believe in quantum mechanics than spontaneous resurrection.

A direct paraphrase from the first "Eva" Jonas encountered. History repeating. It stops her in her tracks. She TURNS.

Jonas rolls up his shirt sleeve, exposing the FORMULAE TATTOO. Another *déjà vu* moment --

JONAS

What do you know about the Many Worlds Theory?

Eva blanches. Mind racing. Trying to process, as we...

HARD CUT:

EXT. CORNELIA STREET CAFE. LATER.

Jonas and Eva at an outdoor table. Eva's studying Jonas's TATTOO. Jonas letting his eyes wander, catching a woman walking her dog -- a BREED we've never seen before, as --

EVA

If I understand the Many Worlds Theory properly, there's a world where you and your wife are both alive, where perhaps the accident never even happened...

Eva quoting her "other self." Some things don't change, apparently. So Jonas knows what she'll say next --

JONAS

Yes. *There's already a world where I'm happy.*

(off Eva's nod)

But I can't be happy without her. I don't know any other way to explain it.

EVA

In your reality, you wife died in a car accident. In this one, a plane crash.

(delicate)

Have you considered --

JONAS

That the universe wants my wife dead, by hook or by crook?

EVA

The universe doesn't "want" anything and I was going for something a bit more delicate than that, but generally... yes.

Jonas exposes his NEW TATTOO. The one gleaned from his doppelgänger's calculations --

JONAS

These calculations were worked up by a doppelgänger of mine, a version of myself from another reality.

EVA

(light)

From the look of those formulae, I think he's a bit smarter than you.

JONAS

And a little crazier. Either way, he had a breakthrough.

(taps the new tattoo)

He calculated the correct reality. The one -- the only one -- where I die instead of her. The one where everything is the same... except my wife is still alive.

An eternity beat. Waiting on Eva's answer. Finally --

EVA

And what is it you think will take to get there?

JONAS

Access to the Large Hadron Collider at CERN.

EVA

Not a place you can walk into, even with an appointment.

JONAS

This is where I was hoping you could help me. You have a colleague at the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology. Dr. Henri Thibault --

EVA

(shakes her head)

I've never attended the F.I.T. And I've never heard of a Dr. Thibault.

Jonas deflates. Kidney punched by the fecklessness of parallel universes.

EVA

I'm Swiss, but I'm doing my post-doc work at Columbia University.

JONAS

(realizes)

That's how I bumped into you.

EVA

There are three million people in Manhattan on an average day.

Jonas has considered this. There's only one answer --

JONAS

The universe "wants" Amanda to be dead.

(smiles)

Maybe the universe has other wants working against that. Like bringing me to you.

EVA

You mean a theoretical physicist just crazy enough herself not to have you committed?

JONAS

Just open-minded enough. There's clearly some force that... drew me to you. And you to me.

EVA

Thought you said the universe didn't "want."

JONAS

I'm still figuring out the universe.

EVA

Aren't we all?

A shared smile. Maybe even a spark. Jonas pushes it aside.

INT. JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. NIGHT.

Jonas threads through the terminal, carrying a BROOKSTONE shopping bag. Making his way to the gate to find --

Eva. Waiting with her carry-on suitcase. She looks up from a *Newsweek* with a cover story announcing a Middle East peace accord --

EVA

Get what you needed?

He pulls a BLUETOOTH SPEAKER from the bag. Nods, as --

ANNOUNCEMENT (OVER P.A.)

Thank you, everyone. We're going to begin general boarding of Aer Lingus flight 832 to Geneva in about five minutes...

JONAS

Last chance to pull out.

EVA

I'm pretty sure there'll be other chances along the way. But I'm good.

JONAS

You sure?

EVA

Assuming I'm not institutionalized, I'll end up with a paper out of this like you wouldn't believe.

She smiles. But behind it, we sense the potential of a more personal motive...

INT. AER LINGUS FLIGHT 832. NIGHT.

Jonas and Eva in their seats. Waiting for the remaining passengers to board.

Across the aisle, a woman bounces an INFANT on her shoulder. Eva watching. Drawn.

Jonas clocking this. Seeing the tear Eva wipes away. *He doesn't need to ask her to know motherhood is also denied this reality's Eva...*

EXT. MEYRIN, SWITZERLAND. MORNING. A FEW DAYS LATER.

A small town outside of Geneva. Jonas emerges from a HARDWARE STORE. As he makes his way down the street, CRANE UP to REVEAL the spires of "the Glass Cathedral" -- CERN -- nearby...

INT. MEYRIN APARTMENT. MORNING.

A small, pre-furnished space. The kind favored by the transient and recently-divorced.

Jonas enters with his purchases. Eva waiting there. Working on her laptop. He produces a CHARGER from the bag --

JONAS
Will this do?

EVA
Perfect. Can't believe I forgot to pack mine.

She plugs the laptop in, as --

JONAS
Well, we left in a hurry.

EVA
What about you? Get what you need?

Jonas continues into the LIVING ROOM. Modest. The leasing office-supplied furniture pushed to the walls. A card table and stool centered in the room. A makeshift workshop.

JONAS
Think so.

He starts depositing his bag's contents on the table. Next to a DEVICE. Steampunk-like. Frankensteined together from various parts. We recognize the casing of the Bluetooth speaker from Brookstone...

JONAS
(as he works)
Any word from CERN yet?

EVA
(beat)
Still working on getting them to return my calls.

Something not right about her delivery. Jonas can't put his finger quite it.

Decides to continue his work, adding the hardware store purchases -- a spool of copper wire, a metal washer, a 9-volt battery -- to his embryonic device... Ventures --

JONAS

Are you okay?

EVA

Fine. Made us reservations at Le Smash for tonight. Hope you like Persian food.

She disappears into another room. Jonas resumes his work.

INT. RESTAURANT LE SMASH. NIGHT.

A modest, bright Persian restaurant. Jonas and Eva deep into their meal --

EVA

Can I ask you a question? I've been avoiding asking it...

JONAS

Why?

EVA

I don't know. It feels selfish. Or weird. Or something.

JONAS

Why don't you just ask and let me be the judge?

Eva sips her chardonnay. For courage.

EVA

You told me how you met me before. Well, not before. Elsewhere. Not elsewhere...
(a dry chuckle)
There's really no good word for it, is there?

JONAS

Yeah, I haven't yet found a way to say "parallel universe" that doesn't come off as nutbar-adjacent.

EVA

It's better than "alternate reality," though.

JONAS

Not by much.

They both smile at that. There's that connection again. A nice beat. Then Jonas's reads her. Sensing --

JONAS

You want to know what you were like. If you were different. You weren't. You were pretty much exactly the same. Right down to the way you pick at your right thumb.

As she's doing right now. She stops. Caught.

EVA

Why are you using the past tense?

JONAS

(covering)

Because I met you. I'm not still meeting you.

She fixes a look. Can she tell he's covering?

EVA

Did I... was I married? Have a child, maybe?

JONAS

No.

Both trying to sound casual. Honest. Both failing.

EVA

You know what I've discovered?

JONAS

What?

EVA

We're both horrendous liars.

Another nice moment. The latest in what's becoming a string...

INT. MEYRIN APARTMENT. MORNING.

Jonas back at his "workshop." The Device coming along. Eva emerges from one of the bedrooms. Dressed --

EVA

I'm going to head over to CERN. See if the personal touch can work something.

JONAS
They still haven't returned your calls?

EVA
No. Guess there's no bureaucracy worse
than academia bureaucracy.

JONAS
I don't-- I don't know how much time I
have left Eva. I don't think it's much.

EVA
(beat)
It'll all work out.

Punctuated with a smile. She heads out. Jonas returns to
his work. Or tries to. A thought nagging...

Standing, he moves to the phone. Dials Information --

JONAS
(into phone)
*Bonjour. Je voudrais le numéro de
téléphone de l'unité Directeur général du
CERN. ... Oui, j'aimerais être connecté...*

As he waits to be connected...

INT. STARBUCKS. DAY.

Eva sits near the window. Nursing a latte. A book open in
front of her. She tries to read. Can't. Can't focus. She
checks her phone for the time. Shakes her head. To herself --

EVA
What am I doing?

BEHIND HER (O.S.)
Perhaps I can answer that.

She spins -- startling -- someone suddenly behind her -- *how
did he get there?* She stares. Not recognizing --

KOVACEVIC
Hello, Dr. Stamper. My name is Victor
Kovacevic.

INT. MEYRIN. NIGHT.

LATER. Eva enters. Her face a miasma of fear and resolve.
The space dark...

She makes her way to Jonas's workshop. Sees the DEVICE on the table. Steampunk design. Casing finished. Complete.

She turns on a DESK LAMP for a better look...

...and JOLTS -- the second time tonight -- at what the light illuminates:

JONAS
(sitting in a corner)
Hello, Eva.

EVA
What the-- what the hell are you doing there?

JONAS
Waiting for you.

EVA
In the fucking dark?

JONAS
I was thinking.

He stands. His stride deliberate.

JONAS
I called CERN.

EVA
Jonas, I can explain --

JONAS
They never received a request from you.
No calls. Not even an email.
(off Eva)
This whole time, you've been pretending.
Why?

EVA
You know why.

JONAS
You can't let me go.

Eva moves towards him. Close. Very close...

EVA
Can you go?
(no answer)
Can you leave me?

An electricity between them now. Their lips close enough to kiss... A whisper --

EVA

Do you really want to?

Jonas closes his eyes. The gravity of attraction... of longing, pulling him...

He surrenders to it.

But only for a moment --

JONAS

I can't.

He rears back. With a suddenness that's almost violent.

JONAS

I'm sorry.
(from his depths)
I just can't.

Each word a dagger. Eva reels from them --

EVA

This-- this is not just me. You feel something too.
(off Jonas)
You feel something too.

JONAS

I do.
(epiphany)
I love you.

He's more surprised by the words than she is. But there's a simple, inescapable truth --

JONAS

But I love her more.

EVA

And she's dead.
(beat)
I know what it's like to live with loss.
To wish fate had dealt a different hand.
But a life spent wishing things were different... *isn't a life.*

JONAS

I'm not wishing. I can do something. I am doing something...

EVA

And the universe -- *the universe, Jonah* --
is trying to get you to stop. It's
begging you to stop.

She tugs at the air between them --

EVA

You found me over three-thousand miles
from where I'm from. In a city of eight
million people.

(shaking her head, fighting
tears)

The universe wants this. I want this.
You...

(pure conviction)

You want this.

Jonas struggles with the truth of her words. It would be so
easy to give up. To stop fighting. To be happy...

JONAS

(barely a whisper)

I can't.

(louder now)

I can't let her go.

(tears in his eyes)

I'm sorry, Eva. I'm so very sorry.

She turns away. Better he not see the tears in her eyes. And
goes. Jonas is alone. More alone than anyone has ever been...

EXT. PARC DE LA CITADELLE. NIGHT.

Jonas sits on a bench. Flipping a COIN. *Flip. Flip. Flip.*
Flip. A silent meditation.

Flip. Flip. As Eva sits down next to him --

EVA

It's late.

JONAS

(*flip flip*)

Couldn't sleep.

EVA

What are you doing?

JONAS

Birthing universes.

He catches the falling coin. Finds her eyes. Hers are red.

JONAS

I'm sorry.

EVA

This would be easier if you didn't apologize.

JONAS

What would? What would be easier?

EVA

Is it ready?

JONAS

What?

EVA

Whatever you've been building.

JONAS

It's a quantum field stabilizer.

EVA

Is it ready?

JONAS

(nods)

Has been a for a few days. I've just been tinkering, waiting on you.

She looks up. Taking in the multitude of stars hanging above them. Infinite. This is hard --

EVA

I called a friend. Called in a favor.

(off Jonas)

You have an appointment at ten tomorrow morning. At CERN.

JONAS

Eva...

EVA

The universe doesn't want you to be with her, Jonas. It's keeping you two apart. It keeps throwing things -- Victor, Macon... -- it keeps putting obstacles in your way.

(voice cracking)

What if I'm an obstacle?

They're both fighting tears now. Eva forcing steel into her voice --

EVA

You should go find her.

The greatest gift she could give him. He marvels at her --

JONAS

Thank you.

(beat)

Thank you.

This prompts a wane smile. Lost. She considers the stars again --

EVA

Somewhere... there's another me. And another you. And that you... chooses to stay.

(looks at him)

Don't you think?

He opens his mouth to answer. But can't lie. So he takes her hand instead. They contemplate the stars together. In silence...

INT. RENTAL CAR. MORNING.

Eva at the wheel. Jonas watching the pastoral countryside shoot past for a beat, before --

JONAS

I need to ask you a question...

EVA

You don't sound too sure.

JONAS

I'm not.

(beat

But you know how I get when an idea finds purchase in my mind.

EVA

Oh, I certainly do.

Jonas looks out the window. Then back to Eva --

JONAS

I never told you about Victor. I never mentioned Macon.

(beat)

How do you know their names?

Eva pales. Busted. Considers the open road for a beat.
Then --

EVA
Victor Kovacevic. He... visited me. He
said he was from another reality...

JONAS
He is.

EVA
One where he's in love with your Amanda.
(the kicker)
And she's in love with him.

JONAS
(beat)
He's lying.

EVA
For your sake, I hope so.

Jonas turns to the window. No rebuttal for that. Watches
Swiss greenery roll by...

INT. CERN. MAIN ATRIUM. MORNING.

The same glass atrium from our Opening. With subtle
differences unique to this universe.

Jonas and Eva wait. VISITOR badges hanging from their clothes.
She carries a PURSE. Jonas fiddles with his Tether...

EVA
(relax)
If you look like you're here to shoot up
the place, they'll think you're here to
shoot up the place.

She's right. He stops.

EVA
My friend's Anton Exley. He's attached
to the Fermi Lab.

JONAS
What does he know?

EVA
He thinks you're a science nerd. Want
your photo taken in front of the muon
solenoid.

JONAS

That's the best you could come up with?

EVA

I'm not the world's greatest liar.

He smiles. Likes that about her. Likes so much about her...

EVA

Please don't look at me that way. It's not fair.

JONAS

You're right. I'm sorry.

An awkward beat. She avoids his look by digging into her purse. Producing a SMALL BOX. With a RIBBON --

EVA

Glad security's lax here.

JONAS

(taking the box)

What is it?

EVA

You open it and find out. That's how these things work.

He grins at that. Unwraps the present. In the box: A hand-knit PATCH. Delicate stitching. An *INFINITY SYMBOL*.

EVA

It's all cotton. Natural fibers. It should... make the trip with you.

(sincere)

I wanted you to have something that reminds you of me.

JONAS

I don't need a reminder.

(the truth)

I'll never forget you, Eva.

Her heart breaks a little. His fracturing, too. This is hard on them both...

INT. CERN. SUBLEVEL CORRIDOR. LATER.

Jonas and Eva walk with a mild CERN SCIENTIST. His ID TAG identifies him as DR. ANTON EXLEY. Eva's friend. He badges them through a series of doors --

DR. EXLEY

It's a funny thing, but you look like someone.

JONAS

Doesn't everybody?

DR. EXLEY

This gentleman was a quantum physicist.

JONAS

(nods)

For some reason, most people don't seem to think I resemble George Clooney.

DR. EXLEY

He died a few years back. Car accident.

Exley levels a look. Does he know? Does he recognize him?

JONAS

What was his name?

DR. EXLEY

(searches his memory; then)

You know, I don't remember. Strange thing.

Is he lying? Or just an academic lacking social graces?

JONAS

Maybe it'll come to you. In the meantime, I'm very excited about seeing the CMS.

As Exley leads the way...

INT. CERN. CMS CAVERN. LATER.

A cable and concrete canyon. Jonas looking around for security cameras. Adopting a casual tone --

JONAS

When we came in, I was surprised there wasn't more security. Metal detectors, that sort of thing.

DR. EXLEY

I doubt very much someone could boost, say, the Toroidal LHC. No, the only thing here to steal are ideas.

He badges them through a SECURITY GATE. It BUZZES --

DR. EXLEY

Hence all these contraptions.

JONAS

What about security cameras?

DR. EXLEY

We had them down here a few years ago,
but the electronics were wrecking all
manor of havoc with the equipment. It's
quite sensitive.

(*hmm...*)

Why so many questions regarding our
security?

Jonas's arm jolts out. Hand covering Exley's mouth with
something. A CLOTH. Exley's eyes rolling to white... He
DROPS. Unconscious.

JONAS

No reason in particular.

INT. CERN. CMS CAVERN. SECONDS LATER.

Jonas and Eva skulk down the long, industrially hi-tech
tunnel --

EVA

This isn't how I imagined my first time
down here.

JONAS

You'll have some explaining to do once
I'm gone.

EVA

Oh, I've got that covered. I was your
hostage.

Jonas grins at that. They head deeper -- rounding a bend in
the tunnel -- coming face to face with --

TWO SECURITY GUARDS. One reaching for his sidearm while his
partner keys his shoulder mic --

CERN SECURITY GUARD

*Ils sont ici. Deux intrus dans le tunnel
CMS...*

Jonas and Eva stop -- both caught unawares -- Jonas trying to
figure out what to do -- the seconds' indecision costing him,
as --

The Guard spins him around, pressing him to the wall of the cavern. His partner doing the same to Eva --

JONAS

Wait, I can explain --

CERN SECURITY GUARD

*Répartissez vos jambes. Transportez-vous
des armes?*

The Guard begins frisking Jonas. As his Partner confiscates Eva's purse. Tearing through it, to produce --

THE STEAMPUNK-LIKE DEVICE. *What Jonas was constructing in
the apartment --*

PARTNER

Qu'est-ce que c'est?

Jonas's gaze shoots between Eva and the Device -- strategizing -- fighting panic -- options limited, as --

THREE GUNSHOTS RING OUT. Coming from overhead. Filtered through steel and concrete. *Who's shooting?* All eyes instinctively looking up --

CERN SECURITY GUARD

(into shoulder mic)

*Centrale, ce qui était-ce? Nous avons
entendu des coups...*

But the only reply is ANOTHER GUNSHOT -- filtered through the radio this time -- followed by STATIC --

THE TWO GUARDS exchange a panicked, uncertain look -- a pregnant beat, before --

Jonas's elbow JOLTS back -- the distraction opening a small window of opportunity -- catching the Guard by surprise --

THE GUARD spills back -- dazed -- Jonas wheeling around on his Partner -- DRIVING the man's head against the wall -- *knocking him out --*

EVA

What are you doing?!

THE DEVICE clattering to the concrete -- Jonas dropping down to retrieve it -- a quick check -- no apparent damage...

EVA

Oh my god...

KLAXONS now. SIRENS bathing the area in FLASHING RED --

JONAS
We have to move.

But fear grips Eva. Keeps her feet planted. Until... MORE GUNSHOTS. Louder. Closer. Jonas's voice is arctic cold --

JONAS
He's here.

EVA
Who?

JONAS
(grabbing her wrist)
We have to go right now.

He PULLS her -- as Guard clambers to his feet -- GIVING CHASE --

EVA
(pure terror)
What's going on? What's happening?

Jonas's only answer to is RUN FASTER. The Guard close on their heels. Jonas gripping Eva's wrist in one hand, the Device carried like a football in the other --

-- pulling them both down the tunnel -- trying to get to the COMPACT MUON SOLENOID (CMS) -- where his journey began -- almost there, as...

A pair of boots step into their path. Blocking. Jonas white-knuckling Eva's wrist. Looking up to see --

MACON. Leveling a UMP SUBMACHINE GUN. Coldness in his eyes.

THE GUARD reacts -- bringing up his sidearm -- instinct and training --

CRAK. A short burst from the UMP sends the Guard flying backwards. His gun CLATTERING to the floor...

Eva GASPS. As Macon brings the UMP back around towards Jonas --

MACON
Dr. Kovacevic said to remind you you'd received fair warning.

Cold. Professional. His finger squeezes...

Suddenly, Eva DRIVES forward -- the UMP spitting bullets -- Macon caught off-guard by the sudden suicide run --

JONAS
EVA!!!

EVA's on Macon now -- backhanding her off him -- she tumbles across the cavern ragdoll-like --

MACON ripping back up -- shrugging off the attack -- bringing his weapon back to Jonas...

But Jonas isn't there. Just the Device. Discarded.

Macon's eyes dart -- seeking a target, as --

JONAS TACKLES him -- ferocious -- hands grasping towards the UMP -- hammering Macon's fist down on the concrete -- repeatedly -- *trying to get him to surrender his grip...*

He finally does -- Jonas KNOCKING the gun away -- the UMP skittering across the floor -- disarming Macon -- *a fair fight now...*

Mostly. Macon still has training. Size.

But Jonas has passion. He fights like a man possessed.

The klaxons cry in concert with the blows he rains down on Macon. Years of pain and rage and fear erupting in a last-chance desperate attempt to survive. To finally be with the woman he loves...

Macon stops blocking. Stops counter-punching. Not dead, not unconscious. But BEATEN.

Yet still dangerous. Always dangerous. Jonas skittering away from him. Moving across the floor. Has a window, doesn't want to lose it...

THE UMP. Resting on the floor. Jonas gripping it in both hands -- swinging around -- to draw a bead on Macon.

The mercenary's getting to his feet. Moving towards Jonas. Inexorable...

MACON

You pull the trigger, you kill me...
he'll just find another. He says there's
billions of me. Trillions. A whole army
he can send after you.

(a snort)

I didn't think it was possible to hate
someone that much.

JONAS

(gun leveled)
Get back.

MACON

(inching towards him)
You're not a killer, man. Even if you
were, you don't have the first clue what
to do with a gun. Here...

Macon's hand finds the small of his back. A BACKUP PIECE
secured there. Producing the HANDGUN --

MACON

...let me show you.

BANG. Macon's reaction telegraphing surprise. Looks down.
A HOLE dug into his chest...

If he's impressed, it's the last conscious thought he has
before LISTING FORWARD. Slapping down on the cold concrete.
Dead. Jonas gripping the still-smoking GUN in his fists --

JONAS

Thanks. But I think I figured it out.

He throws the weapon aside. Focus snapping back to Eva.
Lying on the floor. He races to her...

Her eyes are watery. He pulls her form into his embrace.
Feeling something wet, he looks down. BLOOD. *She caught the
volley intended for him when she tackled Jonas to safety...*

EVA

(weak)
You don't...

JONAS

Shh. It's okay...

EVA

You don't... have a lot of time.

FOOTFALLS -- an army of boots -- echo, adding to the klaxons.

EVA

They're coming. You don't have a lot of
time.

JONAS

I'm not leaving you --

EVA

(her wound)
I'm leaving...

The moment -- the words -- drive an ice pick into Jonas's heart -- it's the same exchange they had the first time Eva died...

EVA

Don't worry about me. I'm alive in an infinite number of worlds, right?

JONAS

(through tears)

Right...

EVA

And in one of them, I'm with... with...

She doesn't get to say "you" before something changes behind her eyes. A light goes out. A soul departs.

Jonas -- eyes streaming tears -- sets her down gently. The sound of footfalls and heavy ordinance gets louder, drawing close. He doesn't have a lot of time...

THE DEVICE. Jonas lasering in on it. Picking it up. A quick examination. It looks intact.

No time for further inspection. He moves with purpose towards the CMS. The massive machine towering.

Jonas CLIMBS. Device in hand. Heading up to a CATWALK in the dead center of the machine. He sets to work...

He consults the TATTOO on his forearm. *The revised formulae developed by his doppelgänger.* Makes ADJUSTMENTS to the Device based on them, as --

He HEARS the telltale patter of boots and weapons chambering rounds. A SWAT-like TACTICAL TEAM swarming in from all sides --

TACT TEAM LEADER

Éloignez-vous de l'appareil! Allongez-vous sur le podium...

(English now)

Get down. We're authorized to use force.

Jonas ignoring them. Working as fast as he can. The Device's workings beginning to CHURN... spinning up...

TACT TEAM LEADER

Armes à chaud. Ouvrez le feu sur ma commande...

Jonas adjusts his Tether. The ring's complex machinery sprouting -- enveloping his hand as he reaches it towards the Device...

...the CMS gearing up, a chest-pounding thrum...

...automatic weapons chambering, safeties unlocking...

...Jonas closes his eyes...

A CACOPHONY OF WEAPONS FIRE. A ballistic symphony. It sounds like the end of the world...

...and yet STILL DWARFED by the might -- the SOUND -- of the CMS unleashing its full potential, the power to unlock the secrets of the universe itself...

PRIMORDIAL ENERGIES BLASTING from the CMS -- ENVELOPING Jonas -- KNOCKING him back -- off the catwalk -- sending him PLUMMETING.

BLACK.

Inky darkness gives way to a watery haze. A FIGURE coming into focus. White LABCOAT. "Guyer" embroidered on one side. "Hôpitaux Universitaires de Genève" on the other. We're --

INT. HOSPITAL. PRIVATE ROOM. DAY.

DR. GUYER examines. The same kind, Asian face who treated Jonas before, in another universe. This one wears a GOATEE --

DR. GUYER

Bonjour. Vous êtes un homme très chanceux.

JONAS

Parlez-vous anglais?

DR. GUYER

Of course. Are you American?

(off Jonas's NOD)

Interesting story about you. CERN Security found you unconscious. No record of your identity. No record of you even entering the facility.

Jonas keeping his own counsel. Guyer filling the silence --

DR. GUYER

You actually "popped up" on the security cameras. Two different feeds. "Popped up," that was their term. Like you came out of nowhere. You were unconscious, so they brought you here.

Jonas has to grin. Relief washing over him for some reason --

JONAS
Exley said there were no cameras. In his
world.

DR. GUYER
(confused)
What?

JONAS
Nothing. Private joke.

But there's a palpable sense of relief. *He made it. He's in a new reality.* Then, without preamble --

JONAS
I need that.

DR. GUYER
What?

Guyer -- confused -- turns to where Jonas is pointing.
Mounted on the wall: A PHONE.

JONAS
I need that phone.

DR. GUYER
What?

JONAS
I need to make a call. How do I dial
information?
(off Guyer)
Directory assistance. *Annuaire*
assistance?

Guyer staring back at Jonas. Complete confusion...

HARD CUT:

MINUTES LATER. Jonas sitting by the phone now. Dials. A
RING. Another. Jonas waiting, baited breath, as --

DIRECTORY OPERATOR (VIA PHONE)
Bonjour. Comment puis-je vous aider?

Jonas -- beyond excited -- beyond anxious -- jumping at the
Operator like a drowning man at a life preserver --

JONAS
Oui. Oui. Bonjour. Le nombre de Amanda
Cullen. À New York, New York. Les États-
Unis. S'il vous plaît.

A lifetime pause. Jonas white-knuckling the receiver. His soul screaming a silent prayer...

INT. NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT. 3 AM.

The lights of the City That Never Sleeps leak through the blinds. Illuminating a sleeping FEMALE FORM in bed. She STIRS at the RINGING PHONE. A hand fishing for the receiver...

WOMAN
(3 AM groggy)
Hello?

INT. HOPITAL. JONAS'S ROOM. DAY.

Jonas JOLTING at the voice --

JONAS
Amanda? *Amanda?*

WOMAN
No... this is Emily...

Jonas gut-punched. Eyes darting -- involuntary -- to his tattoos. His formulae. *They had to be right...*

INT. NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT. 3 AM.

The woman -- EMILY -- sitting up in bed now --

EMILY
I'm house-sitting for Amanda while she's out of town. Can I help--
(suddenly confused)
Are you crying?

INT. HOPITAL. JONAS'S ROOM. INTERCUT.

He is. Clutching the phone in both hands. Tears cascading down his face. *Tears of JOY...* He says something imperceptible...

EMILY
What? What did you say?

JONAS
(through sobs)
She's okay.

EMILY

Yes. She's--
(suspicion dawning)
Who is this?

The line goes dead. Emily's suspicion melting to confusion...

RESUME JONAS. Rapturous. *She's alive. He did it.* His brilliant mind almost unable to fathom it...

As Dr. Guyer comes back in. Instantly taking note of Jonas. The phone in his hand. His tear-stained face. His resolve --

JONAS

I need to get out of here.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY, SWITZERLAND. DAY.

Jonas with a STATE DEPARTMENT REPRESENTATIVE. Different than the one a few realities ago, but the speech remains the same --

JONAS

What a nightmare. The sonofabitch took my wallet, my passport, even my goddamn travelers' checks... I thought Switzerland was supposed to be safe, y'know?

STATE DEPT. REPRESENTATIVE

It's really no different from any large city, I'm afraid...

This as she types away at her COMPUTER. Reacting to something on her screen. She goes poker-faced --

STATE DEPT. REPRESENTATIVE

Something seems to be wrong with my computer. Can I ask you to wait here a few minutes?

Holding up a polite finger to go along with her polite smile. She stands -- moving off -- Jonas sensing trouble -- half-standing to get a peek at her screen, at what's apparently given her pause:

CULLEN, JONAS -- DECEASED

He's dead in this reality. A new problem. He stands and turns from the desk --

HARD CUT:

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY, SWITZERLAND. COURTYARD. MINUTES LATER.

Jonas beating a hasty retreat. Threading through the crowd as fast as he can without drawing suspicion. Casting glances back at the two MARINE SECURITY GUARDS at the entrance...

...then the two manning the GATE up ahead. Jonas trying to pass them -- casual -- even waves -- *thank you* -- but...

MARINE

*Monsieur, pourriez-vous s'il vous plaît
arrêter pour un moment.*

Jonas keeps walking. The Marine switching to GERMAN --

MARINE

*Sir, könnten sie bitte für eine sekunde
zu stoppen?*

(Jonas doesn't stop)

Excuse me, sir, but could you wait a
second?

Jonas KEEPS WALKING -- pretending not to hear -- pretending the Marine's not talking to him --

ACTIVITY NOW -- Marines mobilizing behind him -- Jonas quickening his pace...

ANOTHER MARINE

Arrêtez. Stopp. Stop right there.

Jonas inches away from the GATE now -- *it's starting to close* -- Jonas having no choice but to... BOLT -- body-checking passersby aside -- surging for the gate -- *a man possessed...*

KLAXONS SOUNDING now -- footfalls -- a phalanx of Marines CHARGING after him -- weapons drawn -- the GATE closing like a maw...

...but Jonas SLIPS through! The metal CATCHING on his shirt -- Jonas RIPPING it free -- the Marines inches behind him --

MARINES

Open the gate! Get this gate open!

-- as Jonas spills out onto --

EXT. SULGENECKSTRASSE, BERN. CONTINUOUS.

-- a narrow street. Jonas dodging oncoming cars and mopeds -- a cacophony of angry horns to add to the klaxons and bellowing Marines. Jonas stealing a look behind him to see --

SEVERAL MARINES have gotten through the gate -- pursuing on foot -- Jonas pounding hard -- around a corner --

EXT. KAPELLENSTRASSE/MONBIJOUSTRASSE. CONTINUOUS.

Into a tide of MORE TRAFFIC. Bearing down on him -- Jonas parrying against the current -- narrowly avoiding automotive death --

THE MARINES pounding hard after him -- gaining, as --

JONAS DARTS in front of an ONCOMING BUS -- a wall of metal bearing down on him -- *just like in New York* -- but this time --

Instead of diving, Jonas arcs out of the way at the last possible second -- the bus throwing up a wall between him and the oncoming Marines -- buying precious seconds to DISAPPEAR into --

INT. FLATGEBOUW. CONTINUOUS.

A modest apartment building. Jonas continuing to RUN -- hammering up a FLIGHT OF STAIRS -- coming to --

A LANDING. A WINDOW providing a view of the street. Activity catching Jonas's eye... It's the Marines. Surrounding someone. Guns out. Traffic stopped in a ring.

Jonas's eyes shoot wide. Disbelieving. Even from this remove, he'd recognize the Marine's quarry anywhere...

The man they're arresting is HIM.

Another doppelgänger. Another version of him on the same quest. (We can tell "our" Jonas by the still-present BRUISE he got from the crazy doppelgänger he met in New York...)

As the Marines haul this Other Jonas to his feet -- the man dangling, defeated -- our Jonas slips away from the window...

EXT. SWITZERLAND, HIGHWAY 10. NIGHT.

Jonas pulls his shirt closed at the collar against the chill of night. His other hand reaching out to the stretch of road in a hitchhiking gesture.

He walks. Cars and trucks passing him by. Nearly blowing him off the road...

He looks lost. Solitary. Desperate. But then... he's BATHED IN LIGHT.

Caught in the highbeams of the eighteen wheeler which just pulled over. The driver reaching to open the passenger door to the truck's cab...

Jonas's grateful smile. He hefts himself up into the truck...

EXT. PORTO ANTICO. GENOA, ITALY. THREE DAYS LATER.

Jonas -- looking even more haggard -- trolling the port. Taking in the huge CARGO VESSELS. Looking for one with need of an extra hand...

EXT. MSC NURIA. FIVE DAYS LATER.

A huge CONTAINER SHIP. Jonas working on the deck. One of the crew now. Stripped to shirtsleeves. Working hard.

One of the CREWMEN looks to his forearms. Noting the FORMULAE TATTOOS --

CREWMAN

¿Y qué demonios es eso?

Jonas just shakes his head. Not interested in answering. Returns to his work...

EXT. MSC NURIA. NIGHT.

Jonas alone on deck. A BEARD of several days' growth covering his face. Wind blowing long hair.

He stares out at the wide expanse of the ATLANTIC OCEAN. Then up at the night sky. Looking for hope in the stars...

EXT. BROOKLYN MARINE TERMINAL. NIGHT.

They call it "America's front door." The *Nuria* makes port there in the dead of night. Time and tide wait for no man.

The crew begins off-loading cargo. Jonas slips away in the pre-dawn darkness...

EXT. VAN BRUNT STREET, BROOKLYN. NIGHT.

Jonas walking towards Route 278. Heading towards Manhattan. His thumb held out, hitchhiking. No one even slows down. Weeks at sea, he looks like a homeless man. Plus, this is New York.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE. DAWN.

"The City That Never Sleeps" awakens like a sleeping giant. Jonas right in the middle of it. Walking with purpose despite exhaustion. Inexorable. Laser-focused on one place...

EXT. BROWNSTONE. MORNING.

Despite a few multiversal architectural changes, the front steps are still familiar. Consistent. Jonas BUZZING the same directory we've seen him try twice before...

No answer -- per usual -- but a 10 year-old boy exits the building. Hispanic. *Looks like the previously-encountered Mr. and Mrs. Gomez, but younger* --

GOMEZ BOY (O.S.)

She's not home.

-- skipping down the stoop. Backpack over his shoulder. On his way to school.

JONAS

What?

GOMEZ BOY

Mrs. Cullen. You're buzzing her, right?

JONAS

(who the hell is this kid?)

Yes.

GOMEZ BOY

Most mornings she gardens in the public space.

(off Jonas)

Y'know, the roof of Amsterdam and eighty-fifth. The public garden.

The kid drifting away. Not a care in the world. Jonas lasering the address into his memory. But has to ask --

JONAS

Thank you.

(the boy turns)

But you shouldn't talk to strangers.

GOMEZ BOY

(shrugs)

You look like the other guy.

Jonas's gut clutches. *Is he talking about Kovacevic?*

GOMEZ BOY

Saw him when I walked the dog this morning. He seemed nice, so I figured...
(another shrug; then)
You guys related or something?

Jonas puzzling to figure out what this could mean...

JONAS

Something.

Another shrug from the boy. Spinning back around. Jonas already forgotten...

EXT. AMSTERDAM & 85TH STREET. MORNING.

Jonas drawn to a squat building in one corner of the intersection. Some GREEN peeking out from the roofline. A ROOFTOP GARDEN.

Jonas walks -- a man possessed -- a slight variation in his wardrobe evident. Maybe noticeable. *The bruise under his eye apparently HEALED...*

EXT. ROOFTOP GARDEN. MORNING.

Manhattan drawn out like a canvas in the b.g. A WOMAN tends a neat bed of vegetables. Backlit by the morning sun still on the rise. But it's obvious this is --

AMANDA. Digging in the earth with loving care. The only ring on her finger is one of pale skin. A remnant. She digs. Her thoughts private, as --

A VOICE BEHIND HER (O.S.)

Amanda?

She pauses. The voice... *impossible*. She turns. Bringing a dirty hand up to shield her eyes from the sun. Staring at the unimaginable --

JONAS. *Her* Jonas. Alive. Impossible. *Impossible*.

The rooftop stretches between them. A chasm. Each taking in the weight of the sheer impossibility of this reunion --

AMANDA

How...? How is this possible? How did you... how *could* you be...

Jonas's SMILE FADES as Amanda's turns to one of confusion --

AMANDA

Victor--?

Jonas half-turning to look behind him. Caught unawares by --

KOVACEVIC

Get away from her.

Kovacevic standing behind him. A BRACELET TETHER on his wrist. Drawing a SMALL REVOLVER from his jacket --

KOVACEVIC

I'm telling you. For the very final time.

Amanda moving forward now -- a magnetic pull -- trying to cross the expanse of the rooftop. Too slow --

AMANDA

What's-- what's going on?

(to Kovacevic)

Victor, what's happening here?

Something in the way she says his name -- the formality -- a lack of love in her tone makes Jonas realize --

JONAS

You lied. She knows you, but you're not together...

KOVACEVIC

Not yet. But we can be.

(then)

The "me" of this reality is dead. In this universe, I died on my bicycle. Eight years old. Hit and run.

Something wild in Kovacevic's eyes. Desperate. Pivots to see Amanda -- still walking towards them -- she looks confused -- he regards her with a gaze that's pure love --

KOVACEVIC

An infinite number of realities, she's the only Amanda. The only one who lives. The only one there is. And I'm the one who found her. You stood on the shoulders of my work, Jonas. I'm the one who deserves her. I'm the one who earned her.

Kovacevic's gaze ping-ponging between Jonas and Amanda -- closing in -- Jonas talking as a cop would a jumper --

JONAS

She's not a prize to be won, Victor.
She's her own person. She makes her own
choices.

KOVACEVIC

Yes. Yes, she does...

Amanda moving to get between them --

KOVACEVIC

But I can't let her choose you...

AMANDA

Victor, I don't know what's going on
here, but... but I've told you -- I've
told you -- *we're just friends* --

Each word a dagger to Kovacevic. The revolver coming up --
his hand trembling -- eyes manic --

KOVACEVIC

I can't... She's the only one...

Amanda -- eyes wide -- panic -- inserting herself between the
two men --

AMANDA

Stop! You need to stop. You need to put
the gun --

BANG.

AMANDA's eyes flare.

JONAS's mouth hangs open.

FLASH TO:

A QUARTER in FREEFALL. Pinwheeling.

MATCH TO:

A HONDA CIVIC. TUMBLING off an overpass.

MATCH TO:

THE QUARTER. Flipping. Inches from pavement.

MATCH TO:

THE HONDA. Milliseconds from impact.

MATCH TO:

A SINGLE FIGURE FALLING. COLLAPSING. We're back --

EXT. ROOFTOP GARDEN. MORNING.

-- as the figure lands. *Completing the downward trajectory of the coin and car...*

ON IMPACT, REVEAL... it's JONAS --

AMANDA

NO!!!

Amanda crumpling to her knees. Drawing Jonas into an embrace. He dangles in her arms. Limp. Lifeless.

She holds him. Tears flowing. The tableau eerily reminiscent of Jonas holding *her* lifeless form...

She sobs. Grieving. Confused. *What just happened here?*

KOVACEVIC staggers back. The gun slipping from his dazed grip. Amanda turning to indict him with a look --

AMANDA

What have you done.

Kovacevic shaking off his stupor. Sees Jonas lying lifeless. Already sensing an opportunity --

KOVACEVIC

I can explain. I can explain everything.

(hope growing)

It's divine, actually. The universe wants it this way. Clearly.

AMANDA

What-- what are you...?

KOVACEVIC

It's science to me. But you know it as destiny.

He says "destiny" with devout fervor. Terrifying. He surges towards her -- Amanda would recoil -- but that would mean letting go of Jonas --

KOVACEVIC

We're meant to be together.

-- as a *FOURTH FIGURE* explodes into frame -- *TACKLING* Kovacevic away. This new player is -- shockingly --

JONAS
GET AWAY FROM HER!

He COLLIDES with Kovacevic -- time seeming to slow --
affording us the chance to notice --

This Jonas wears slightly different clothes.

This Jonas has the TELLTALE BRUISE under his eye.

This Jonas is "our" Jonas.

And he is filled with terrible fury.

He COLLIDES with Kovacevic. MOMENTUM carrying the two men
towards the roof's edge...

...and OVER THE BALUSTRADE.

They're in FREEFALL now. Tumbling like a quarter. Or a car...

JONAS reaching for Kovacevic's WRIST. For his TETHER. As
they PLUMMET. Kovacevic pulling away -- knows what Jonas
means to do -- both men smart --

But Jonas is faster. SNATCHING the Tether. Fingernails
raking skin. Gives a YANK.

*The complex piece of technology BREAKING into a thousand
pieces.*

They scatter like autumn leaves as the two men continue their
descent...

...85th Street rushing up to meet them... they'll die as
chunky puddles...

...but then -- with scant seconds to spare -- they...

REALITY-SLIP:

GRAVITY tugging on Jonas and Kovacevic -- constantly in
freefall -- CAMERA ORBITTING them as they plummet and --

REALITY CHANGES all around them at irregular intervals.
Different surroundings. Primitive. Otherworldly. Familiar.
Congested. Foreign. Expansive. Bizarre.

It may look like they're hopscotch-ing through time and space.
They're not.

They're passing between different realities.

The results of different die rolls of the universe...

REALITY-SLIPPING out of the way of oncoming buildings and grounds and floors and objects.

If it's true the universe has a will, it's willing itself out of their way, as --

THEY TRADE BLOWS. Primal. Blood spattering. Both men uncorking YEARS of pent-up rage and longing and grief and lust, as --

WHAM. They LAND. On the higher ground of --

EXT. ANOTHER REALITY. CONTINUOUS.

The MANHATTAN BUILDINGS are still the same -- *but they're now CONNECTED by a network of ELEVATED PATHWAYS.* Sidewalks floating in the air. It's one of these pathways that have caught them. As they each scramble to their feet --

JONAS

She's lost. To both of us. We're never getting home. Not now...

Kovacevic's reply is to reach for Jonas's throat -- hands tightening around -- *if he's to die, Jonas is going first...*

JONAS grasping for breath -- eyes rolling back -- what air is left to him, he offers up in a barely-audible --

JONAS

Please...

And he closes his eyes. At peace. As they once again --

REALITY-SLIP:

The pathway "disappearing" beneath them. GRAVITY resuming. The men FALLING in tandem. Kovacevic's hands still around Jonas's neck as they TUMBLE, the ground racing towards them.

They SPIN -- tumbling end over end...

One might break the other's fall.

A SERIES OF MATCH CUTS: Jonas and Kovacevic. The pinwheeling quarter. The tumbling car...

Another fifty-fifty chance. And then --

IMPACT.

Jonas landing on Kovacevic. Kovacevic landing on hard asphalt. The CRUNCH of bone emanating from both men...

They lie there. Both lifeless.

Until Jonas stirs. Draws a breath. Sending a broken rib scraping against a lung. Pain to pass out from...

But he doesn't.

He rolls off Kovacevic. Blood leaking out of Kovacevic's mouth. Lifeless eyes. No rhythmic rise and fall of his chest...

He's DEAD.

Jonas tries to stand. His watery legs not cooperating.

He takes in his surroundings. They look familiar. "Regular" New York. But the minor differences could be infinitesimal. No way of knowing which of an incalculable number of worlds he could be in...

But somewhere -- some universe -- Amanda is alive. And safe. And, from what little he could observe, happy.

And that's going to have to be enough.

With waning energy, he reaches for the TETHER around his finger.

And slips it off.

A CROWD beginning to form around him now. Someone shouting for an ambulance. Jonas is oblivious, as he --

DROPS the Tether Ring. It clatters to the pavement. He staggers to his feet...

THE CROWD

You okay, buddy? / Don't move, alright? /
Sit back down, help's on the way. / Lemme
help ya...

He ignores them all. Focused on the Tether on the ground. With a final surge of energy, he raises a foot. Mournful.

JONAS

I'm ready, Amanda.
(recalling Eva)
"You can't swim against the tide of the
universe."

His foot lands on the Tether. Crushing it. Hundreds of pieces. Like hundreds of different realities...

The effort expended all his energy. He stumbles. Toppling forward...

But someone CATCHES him. Pulling him close. He looks. Blinks. Can't believe it --

JONAS

Amanda?

It's her. AMANDA. Just as we left her. Jonas is back in the reality where she is alive. But --

JONAS

The chances of me making it back here...
The odds... of this reality... out of all
others...

(shaking his head)

It's not possible.

He pulls her close. They're both crying. How else to process a miracle?

CRANE UP. Jonas and Amanda holding each other. Sobbing together. In the center of a sea of ONLOOKERS.

But for right now, for this moment... they're the only two people who exist in the entire world.

In the entire multiverse.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MT. SINAI HOSPITAL. DAYS LATER. NIGHT.

Jonas and Amanda step out into the street. Jonas looks better. Clean shaven. Mostly healed. Even the bruise is finally faded...

They walk. Arms around each other. They may never let go...

AMANDA

There's still one thing I don't understand...

JONAS

Always knew you were smart.

AMANDA

What?

JONAS

If there's only one thing you don't understand about everything I've told you, then you're beyond smart.

AMANDA

Well, there's a difference between "understanding" and "believing."

Jonas chuckles at that. Fair point.

AMANDA

But if you and this other man, this Victor... if you and he were... what did you call it?

JONAS

"Reality-slipping."

AMANDA

How did you end up back here, this reality. From the way you described things, the odds would have to be...

JONAS

Infinitesimal.

AMANDA

So how did you--?

JONAS

I don't know.

A difficult admission. An honest answer. But --

JONAS

There's no explanation for it in science. Not one that I -- or I imagine anyone else -- could ever figure out.

(beat)

But I guess... I guess the best way I can put it is to say that I finally stopped.

(off Amanda)

I stopped trying to fight the universe. And instead, I put myself in its hands.

His voice cracks. Eyes glistening with the threat of tears.

JONAS

And it let me back to you.

(his own epiphany)

The universe wants things a certain way. But you have to do your part for it all to work.

(MORE)

JONAS (CONT'D)

(beat)

That must sound fairly crazy.

AMANDA

Of all the crazy things you've told me in the past few days... *that is by far the least crazy thing you've told me.*

Why he loves her. Why she completes him.

JONAS

Never think for a millisecond that you're not smarter than me.

They share a smile. Not their first. Definitely not their last...

As something catches Jonas's eye. A tiny jolt. The unexpected.

AMANDA

What is it?

Jonas fishes into his pocket and pulls out... the INFINITY PATCH. The gift from Eva. The cotton having made the reality-slips with him.

He looks to it, then up -- out at the street -- at what caught his eye...

There, beyond the shifting tides of people, is...

EVA. She pushes a STROLLER. Flanked by a MAN. Her husband judging from the rings on their fingers. Holding hands with a YOUNG BOY. He has her eyes...

JONAS

Yes.

(looks at the patch)

Everything's exactly as it should be.

Jonas leads Amanda on. The couple disappearing into the sea of humanity that is Manhattan, as we --

CRANE UP. AND UP. Until the NIGHT SKY fills the frame.

Consider the STARS in their multitude.

Their number is INFINITE.

END.