

TIME AFTER TIME

"Pilot"

Written by Kevin Williamson

Based on the Book written by Karl Alexander  
and the Screenplay written by Nicholas Meyer

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ACT ONE

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT - 1893

Establishing. The London city skyline. Through a low drifting fog... SUPER: 1893.

PUSH IN on a cobblestone street somewhere east of Regency Park. Pubs and storefronts. People come and go.

A young woman, BETSY, 20's, exits a pub. Pretty, sensual. This woman leads with her sex, it's her calling card. She moves down the street smiling at PASSING MEN when--

JOHN STEVENSON (O.S.)  
Hello there.

Betsy turns to--

EXT. LONDON STREET - ALLEY - NIGHT

A MALE SILHOUETTE appears in the alleyway. She peers into the dark to see a tall man, very polished in a suit and coat. He steps forward, coming into the light. A handsome and chiseled face. His smile gives way to a sexy charm.

JOHN STEVENSON  
Good evening.

BETSY  
Well it is now. What can I do for you, Mister?

Betsy moves toward him, pouring on the flirtation.

JOHN STEVENSON  
If I could trouble you for a few moments of your time.

He holds out a gloved hand to reveal several gold coins. Betsy lights up.

BETSY  
You get straight to the point, don't ya?

Betsy takes the money, joining him in the alley.

BETSY (CONT'D)  
Shall we? My place is just up the street.

JOHN STEVENSON  
No, here, please.

Betsy eyes the dark and damp alley.

BETSY  
Someone's in a hurry.

Betsy follows him deeper into the alley. John guides her against the wall, placing his hands on her. He admires a locket around her neck.

JOHN STEVENSON  
Lovely necklace.

BETSY  
A keepsake. My mum gave it to me.  
Are you a doctor?

She refers to a MEDICAL BAG that sits atop an empty crate.

JOHN STEVENSON  
Yes. Why?

BETSY  
Nice is all. Do you like it?

JOHN STEVENSON  
It has its moments.

She pulls at John, fumbling with his pants.

JOHN STEVENSON (CONT'D)  
Do you like what you do?

BETSY  
It has its moments.

They kiss. She starts to undo her bodice. John devours her neck. She MOANS. His hand moves along her throat. Fingers grip the dangling LOCKET. He RIPS it free.

Betsy pulls back, stunned. A FLASH OF SILVER. She glimpses a KNIFE in his other hand. It LASHES OUT... and before Betsy can fight or run... or SCREAM... the KNIFE is upon her.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - CAMDEN TOWN - LONDON - NIGHT

A small residential street in the Camden Town area of London. Lights burn from within a small brownstone. 12 Mornington Lane. LAUGHTER is heard.

INT. WELLS' BROWNSTONE - STUDY - NIGHT

A quaint brownstone. The home of a thinker. Books are everywhere and there's an abundance of CLOCKS. A constant TICK, TICK, TICK...

In the study, a GROUP of MEN drink and converse. At the center of the group is their host, HERBERT GEORGE WELLS, 28. A man full of handsome intellect. Boyish innocence with eyes that are both gentle and intense. He can put off a nervous energy. It comes from having a generator for a brain. His mind is always working.

It's a typical evening of quarrel and debate with Wells and his literati crowd -- four very polished and educated men in their 30's. Meet SMYTHE, HARPER, GRINNELL, and PRESTON.

SMYTHE

You can't blame the Monarchy for today's crime.

WELLS

I cast blame on the church in equal measure. They both favor the rich and leave the needy hungry and nowhere to turn but to crime.

HARPER

Yes, we all read your article in the Gazette. Very polarizing.

WELLS

Socialism tends to do that. But it is the path mankind must inevitably tread or we are all doomed. It's the only road to Utopia.

The housekeeper, MRS. NELSON, 60, robust, moves about cleaning and refilling their drinks.

GRINNELL

What is this Utopia you speak of?

PRESTON

Don't get him started.

WELLS

Utopia is my prediction for the future. One day mankind will live in a world of peace with no war, no crime, disease or famine--

HARPER

Poppycock. Change the subject. Now, your invitation promised a surprise. Is it another invention?

PRESTON

Have you found the cure for gravity?

The MEN LAUGH again at their friend's expense.

SMYTHE

You have too much time on your hands, Wells. Perhaps, you should think about dating again. You can't stay divorced forever.

Mrs. Nelson can't help but like that.

MRS. NELSON

That's what I keep telling him.

WELLS

I consider myself single, not "divorced", if you must brand me. And, yes, I can stay single forever. I find it much more desirable than the suffocating effects of marriage.

HARPER

That's exactly what love is supposed to do. Suffocate. If you read a poem, now and then, instead of science books, you'd know that--

WELLS

Poetically speaking, I believe the exact opposite. Love should allow one to breathe. To love is to exhale fully knowing that even if it were your last breath you were complete because you had found the very reason for your existence.

This stops Mrs. Nelson in her steps. Oh my. She smiles.

MRS. NELSON

I knew you were a romantic.

The men LAUGH at this. Wells quickly shifts.

WELLS

But, alas, love and marriage are two separate enterprises, both of which, completely out of my grasp.

A KNOCK at the door. Mrs. Nelson answers it. DR. JOHN STEVENSON appears. The doctor we met in the alley earlier. He carries the same LEATHER MEDICAL BAG.

MRS. NELSON  
Dr. Stevenson, may I take your  
coat?

She reaches for John's MEDICAL BAG too but he pulls it close.

JOHN STEVENSON  
Thank you, Mrs. Nelson. I'll hold  
on to my bag.

He enters the room. Wells lights up, happy to see him.

WELLS  
There you are, John. I had almost  
written you off.

JOHN STEVENSON  
A doctor's hours are not his own,  
I'm afraid. Good evening everyone.

WELLS  
Now that we're all here, let's get  
on with it. By now, you all know my  
obsession with time travel.

GRINNELL  
Yes, how is your novel coming? Have  
you finished it?

WELLS  
You could say I'm still in the  
research phase.

HARPER  
How does one research time travel?

WELLS  
He constructs a time machine and  
travels through time.

JOHN STEVENSON  
So your book is nonfiction?

More LAUGHTER.

WELLS  
Go ahead and laugh but I have  
created a system of mechanics that  
defy the 4th dimension and make  
time travel possible.

JOHN STEVENSON  
It's important to have a hobby.

Even more LAUGHTER. Wells is miffed.

SMYTHE

So where is this time machine?

Wells debates even showing them now but...

WELLS

Very well, all skeptics, this way--

INT. WELLS' BROWNSTONE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

An old basement runs the length of the brownstone. Wells has converted it into an expansive work space. A work table full of graphs and paperwork. Tools, equipment, motors, engines -- and in the center of the room sits...

THE TIME MACHINE

A large pod of steel plates, rivets, and bolts. Through thick glass windows, a captain's chair and a control board can be seen inside. It's connected to huge motorized cylinders that flank each side.

Wells leads his GUESTS down the stairs. They each react as their eyes fall upon the invention. Amazed, amused...

HARPER

Good lord, Wells, you actually built the bloody thing.

SMYTHE

How much have you spent on this?

The men surround it, inspecting it, peering inside.

JOHN STEVENSON

How is this toy supposed to work?

Wells points to the solar cup.

WELLS

This solar cup hones the sun's energy into a series of circulating light beams that create fields of energy rotating the machine out of one time sphere and into another which creates a pathway through which one may journey across the 4th dimension.

Wells speaks passionately, animated and excited. Preston stares at his friend, worried.

PRESTON

I'm genuinely concerned for your  
sanity. You've taken this too far.

SMYTHE

Once you leave, can you come back?

HARPER

We don't want him back.

Wells cuts a look. Ha-ha. He retrieves a key.

WELLS

A safety lock automatically returns  
the machine to its starting date  
unless you have this key to  
countermand the device.

Wells pockets the key.

JOHN STEVENSON

Have you taken it for a test run?

WELLS

I'm doing some final tests now.

SMYTHE

Enough. More drinks please.

Everyone LAUGHS in agreement. As they drift back upstairs,  
Wells is deflated. He was hoping for a different response.  
John stays behind, allowing them a private moment. John opens  
the door of the machine and peers inside.

JOHN STEVENSON

Where to? The past or future?

WELLS

The future, of course. Away from  
you cynics. Within five generations  
Utopia will have come to pass and  
that is where I belong.

JOHN STEVENSON

What makes you so certain this  
perfect Utopia will exist?

WELLS

It's inevitable. Science and  
technology will advance beyond all  
imagination forcing society to  
perfect itself. You're a surgeon,  
John, think of what the future  
holds for medicine.

(MORE)

WELLS (CONT'D)

Think of the cures. Health and happiness will be the daily course. Mankind will finally know true equality.

JOHN STEVENSON

Mankind has not changed in 200 years. We're animals, we hunt, we are hunted. It's the way it has been and always will be.

WELLS

The future will prove you wrong.

JOHN STEVENSON

Very well, let's go. Right now. Let's take it for a whirl.

WELLS

I have a few tests yet to conduct.

John knows his friend too well -- he's making excuses.

JOHN STEVENSON

You're scared to try it out.

WELLS

Hardly.

JOHN STEVENSON

I've known you for years, H.G. Your mind soars beyond your timid body. You have these brilliant ideas that only find life on the page. Isn't it time to live them?

WELLS

I'm a writer, John, I fail to see how that makes me a coward.

JOHN STEVENSON

All you do is write. It's the only release your fear grants you. You write about life without actually living it.

Wells grows defensive.

WELLS

In your opinion.

JOHN STEVENSON

Imagine who you could be if you did not live in fear.

(MORE)

JOHN STEVENSON (CONT'D)  
Or more importantly, imagine the  
stories you could write if your  
life were full of adventure. You  
might finally get a book published--

Wells stews. He takes great offense to this. John realizes  
he's touched on a sensitive truth. He pulls back.

JOHN STEVENSON (CONT'D)  
I apologize if I cut too deep. I've  
been drinking. Ignore me.

An awkward moment. Just then, a TAP on the basement door.

MRS. NELSON (O.S.)  
Excuse me, Mr. Wells?

Wells starts up the stairs.

INT. WELLS' BROWNSTONE - FOYER - NIGHT

Wells finds Mrs. Nelson in the foyer.

MRS. NELSON  
Scotland Yard is at the door.

Wells sees a DETECTIVE standing in the doorway. Several  
POLICE OFFICERS are seen behind him. Wells goes to the door  
to greet DETECTIVE DUGAN, 40, a serious sort.

WELLS  
What is going on?

DETECTIVE DUGAN  
The Ripper has struck. A woman was  
found in an alley near here.

WELLS  
In Camden Town? The Ripper?

DETECTIVE DUGAN  
We've tracked footprints to this  
street. We're conducting a house to  
house search.

WELLS  
Absolutely, whatever you need.  
(to his guests)  
I apologize, my friends.

The POLICE OFFICERS dispatch, searching the house.

IN THE STUDY, Wells' guests are searched and interviewed.  
Some are amused, others annoyed, offended... but they oblige.

INT. WELLS' BROWNSTONE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

A POLICE OFFICER scans the basement. Hears a NOISE. He moves deeper into the room. He comes upon the time machine, eyeing it bizarrely. He has no idea what to make of it. He searches around. All clear. He exits up the stairs. Beat. Then, John Stevenson appears from the shadows.

INT. WELLS' BROWNSTONE - FOYER - NIGHT

Wells' GUESTS have been cleared by the OFFICERS and are leaving. As they move out the door--

SMYTHE

Thank you for another eventful evening, H.G.

PRESTON

Never a dull moment.

DETECTIVE DUGAN

My men will see them home safely.

The GUESTS exit with POLICE ESCORTS. Wells looks around, missing one.

WELLS

Where did Dr. Stevenson go?

MRS. NELSON

The doctor's bag is still here.

Mrs. Nelson refers to Stevenson's medical bag next to the chair. She fetches it. Detective Dugan is quick to her side, takes it from her.

DETECTIVE DUGAN

Allow me.

IN THE HALLWAY, the BASEMENT DOOR is ajar. John appears, watching. The Detective opens the bag.

WELLS

Excuse me, that is personal property of a prestigious surgeon.

The Detective reaches in with his handkerchief. Inside, he withdraws a LARGE KNIFE, a bloody cloth.

DETECTIVE DUGAN

I believe surgeons use scalpels not large butcher knives.

(calls out)

Officers?

The Detective withdraws a WOMAN'S NECKLACE (the one John took from Betsy). An Officer enters.

OFFICER

We've searched the house top to bottom. It's empty.

DETECTIVE DUGAN

He couldn't have gone far. Quickly, comb the streets.

Through the basement door, John hears this. He ducks back down the stairs. Mrs. Nelson sees the Detective and his Officers out. Wells is unnerved.

Just then, a ODD NOISE... from the basement. Wells turns to the basement door. A wild realization. He bolts to--.

INT. WELLS' BROWNSTONE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Wells flies down the stairs to see the solar cylinders SPINNING. Heat and light emit from the time machine as its ENGINE roars to life. John can be seen inside of it.

WELLS

No, John, stop--

Wells races to the pod, pulls on the door, RIPS IT OPEN.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Scotland Yard is looking for you. They think you're the Ripper.

JOHN STEVENSON

For good reason.

This confession stuns Wells -- he pauses just long enough for John to lash out, connecting his fist to Wells' face. Wells stumbles back, falling free of the machine.

Disoriented, Wells rises up, sees John CLOSE the door. Wells runs to the rear where the MOTOR spins and sputters. He tries to disconnect the ENGINE. It's burning hot. It scalds his hand. Dammit. He races back to the door, but it's locked. Through the glass, Wells and John are FACE TO FACE.

WELLS

Don't do this, John...

But his pleas mean nothing to John -- his full colors exposed. A GASEOUS RIPPLING in the air develops. John struggles to breathe. What's happening? John is actually afraid now. Something doesn't feel right. He GASPS for air.

The pod VIBRATES, the solar cylinders SPIN out of control. Just when it feels like the machine could explode -- A FLASH OF LIGHT -- the time machine VANISHES.

Wells falls to the floor. Beat. He looks up. Nothing. It's completely gone. He rises, standing where the TIME MACHINE once existed. Silence. And, then, a NOISE... a RUMBLING. Where is it coming from? A FLASH OF LIGHT.

Suddenly, Wells is thrown completely up in the air. He flies backward, thrust by some invisible force. His body CRASHES into a table, and they both go sliding across the floor and into a WALL OF SHELVES.

As the dust settles, Wells rises to see THE TIME MACHINE has returned. He runs to it... It's EMPTY. He opens the door, eyes the CONTROL BOARD. The display reads OCTOBER 5, 2016.

Shock... dismay... How is it possible? Then, he reaches inside his coat pocket and retrieves the KEY. Of course... His mind races. He must act. He rushes upstairs.

INT. WELLS' BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wells quickly prepares for a journey. He puts on a travelling coat and jacket. He grabs money from a drawer, pad, pencil -- stuffs them in his pockets as he races out.

INT. WELLS' BROWNSTONE - FOYER - NIGHT

Wells flies down the stairs. He peeks into the study to see Mrs. Nelson cleaning up from the party. He sneaks to the basement door, eases it open and enters.

INT. WELLS' BROWNSTONE - TIME MACHINE - NIGHT

Wells climbs inside the TIME MACHINE -- He inserts the KEY into its slot. Fear consumes Wells. He becomes short of breath. His hands shake as he reaches for the START BUTTON.

WELLS

Dear Lord, please help me--

He debates... wants to back down but, finally, he HITS START. Nothing happens. Wells looks to the CYLINDERS. What's wrong? But, then, a RUMBLING. The machine STIRS. It VIBRATES... PULSATES... the GASEOUS MIST. Then, a massive JOLT. Wells HITS his head along the side. He goes unconscious. A FLASH OF LIGHT. BLACKOUT.

INT. TIME MACHINE - DAY

CLOSE ON WELLS' FACE. His eyes flutter open. He looks around, disoriented. Condensation fogs the windows.

Wells eyes the control board. He pulls the KEY from the panel and pockets it. The CLOCK reads OCTOBER 5, 2016. Did it work?

Wells wipes at the foggy glass. He sees FACES. PEOPLE. Where is he? He pushes the door open, steps out onto--

INT. MUSEUM - H.G. WELLS EXHIBIT - DAY

A platform in a HUGE MUSEUM. EXHIBITS. PEOPLE, strangely dressed, stare at him. They hold SMALL DEVICES, aimed at him. Whispers, laughter... Wells eyes ONE MAN.

WELLS

Excuse me, sir, if I could trouble--

Wells takes one step when an ALARM SOUNDS... BLARING through the museum. He jumps, scared, not realizing he's the one who caused it. He doesn't see the SENSORS that surround the exhibit. Just then, TWO UNIFORMED MEN rush him.

SECURITY GUARD

Down on your knees.

Wells' arms go straight up. Before he can explain, they're on top of him. He's thrown to the ground. His face hits the floor. THWACK.

WELLS

Please, this isn't necessary.

They pull him to his feet, dragging him away. As they do, Wells comes face to face with a LARGE PHOTO of himself. He's gray and wrinkled. Decades older than he is now. The banner above it reads: H.G. WELLS -- A MAN AHEAD OF HIS TIME.

It hangs behind the time machine that sits on a huge platform. As Wells is dragged away, he stares at himself, in SHOCK. DISBELIEF. Off Wells' stunned face--

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MUSEUM - SPACE EXHIBIT - 2016

Scaffolding and partitions surround a CLOSED EXHIBIT. A sign reads OPENING SOON. NEIL ARMSTRONG. MAN. ASTRONAUT. HERO.

Behind the partition is the EXHIBIT. A work in process. A replica of the Apollo 11 spacecraft sits on a landscape of the moon. Craters and rocks are being painted by CREW MEMBERS. A black scrim illuminates space beyond.

Standing on the moon's surface is JANE WALKER, 28, cell phone in one hand, Starbucks in the other. A tough, fast thinking, multi-tasking, over caffeinated young professional. She stares at the life-sized replica of Neil Armstrong who hangs from wires in space.

JANE

He looks weird. Does he look weird to you?

She talks to her assistant, LEON, 20's, an alert but blank hipster complete with a man bun. He shrugs. I dunno...

JANE (CONT'D)

Why is he floating in space?  
Armstrong walked on the moon.  
Shouldn't he be down here, walking around?

(reacts to a buzzing text)

Oh my God, woman, leave me alone.

LEON

Is your mother day drinking again?

Now Leon's cell BUZZES with a text. He reads and reacts.

LEON (CONT'D)

Oh no, I can't. Seriously?

(to Jane)

You're not going to be believe this, I mean.

Off Jane's questioning face--

INT. MUSEUM - JANE'S OFFICE - DAY

An office somewhere in the administrative section of the museum. Wells has been placed in a chair. SECURITY GUARDS stand by the door. Wells looks about, nervously waiting. He eyes a PAMPHLET on the desk. He takes it, reading.

WELLS  
(reading)  
The Metropolitan Museum of Art...  
New York...

He turns to the GUARDS at the door.

WELLS (CONT'D)  
I'm in America. This is  
fascinating.

The GUARDS regard him, bizarrely. He continues to read. The  
CAMERA SCANS the words. H.G. WELLS: A MAN AHEAD OF HIS TIME.

"The time machine was unearthed in the basement of H.G.  
Wells' flat in London and reconstructed. It is believed to be  
the inspiration for his novel THE TIME MACHINE published in  
1894. The exhibit is on loan from the Anders Foundation."

Wells is excited by the realization.

WELLS (CONT'D)  
I finished my novel.

Jane enters the room, Leon trails. Her eyes are glued to her  
cell phone. She texts fiercely, approaches her desk. Wells  
instantly rises. Manners and courtesy matter to this man.

WELLS (CONT'D)  
Good afternoon.

Jane gives him a look. Leon plops down at a small desk in the  
corner. He regards Wells' period clothes.

LEON  
I am loving this. The whole look.

Jane takes a seat behind the desk. Wells takes it as his cue  
to sit. She's pre-occupied with her CELL, texting away,  
annoyed... her mom, no doubt. Wells sits perched, politely  
waiting for her attention.

JANE  
(reads text)  
Oh please, so typical.

Jane reaches for her coffee that sits on the desk. She  
drinks. Ew. It's cold. She rises, tosses it in the trash.

JANE (CONT'D)  
This is old--

Wells instantly rises again too. Ever mannered. This gives  
Jane pause. She throws him an odd glance. Looks to Leon.

JANE (CONT'D)

I left my other coffee on the moon,  
will you grab it? And check online  
to see if this has gotten out.

Leon races out. Jane sits again. Wells sits again. She eyes him again. What is he doing? Up and down... Jane can't help but be amused but she stifles a smile. She opts for her serious face instead.

JANE (CONT'D)

So, who are you? What's your name?

WELLS

It's complicated. Perhaps it's best  
I speak to someone in charge.

Jane reaches for the business cards on her desk. Slides one to him. He examines the card, reading it.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Jane Walker, Assistant Curator.  
Assistant? Where is the actual  
curator? May I speak with him?

JANE

It's a she too but keep digging  
your grave.

Wells is thrown by this. He gets a little tongue-tied.

WELLS

Of course, things have changed a  
great deal since 1893. I can no  
longer make social or cultural  
assumptions. My apologies.

(then)

May I keep this?

He means the business card. She nods. Wells pockets it.

JANE

So, really, who are you?

Wells knows it will sound crazy. He smiles awkwardly.

WELLS

It's apparent, isn't it?

JANE

That this is a publicity stunt?  
Yes. Are you in some stage play  
about H.G. Wells in the Village  
somewhere? Is this opening night?

WELLS

I beg your pardon?

JANE

How did you get past the sensors  
and inside the actual exhibit?

Wells considers--

WELLS

I'm certain you won't believe the  
answer to that question.

JANE

I could have you arrested, ya know?  
But I think that's what you want.  
You get arrested, it makes the  
news, you get free press for  
whatever little avant-garde  
production you're involved with.

WELLS

I can assure you I'm not an actor.

JANE

Right, you're H.G. Wells. You wrote  
the Time Machine.

WELLS

Not yet I haven't but, apparently,  
I do publish which is incredibly  
exciting to learn. What other books  
do I write? Do you know?

Jane shakes her head. Wow. He's relentless.

JANE

Look, I can actually appreciate  
this on some level but -- no. I'm  
not going to give you the  
satisfaction of any free press. You  
will not be arrested today because  
you're not going to use this museum  
as a publicity stunt despite the  
fact I like you better than the  
other guy--

Other guy? This stops Wells in his tracks.

WELLS

What other guy?

JANE

Your little friend who popped out of the time machine in the same period get up. He wasn't nearly as polite, by the way. Tell me, who helped you arrange this stunt? Was it someone who works here?

WELLS

(heatedly)

I can assure you this is no stunt. Where is the other gentleman?

Just then, Leon enters with Jane's other Starbucks. He has his cell in his hand.

LEON

A few tourists posted pics on Twitter and Instagram but so far no news outlets have picked it up.

JANE

Great. Mr. Wells, this is where we say goodbye.

Jane rises. Wells, always the gentlemen, rises too.

WELLS

Please? The other man?

Jane looks to Leon, a hint of amusement.

JANE

He hasn't broken character once. It's kind of amazing.

WELLS

I must find him--

Jane turns back to Wells -- all serious and professional.

JANE

No one here is amused by your fake little accent and costume. This is the Metropolitan, we do not tolerate the tampering of historical artifacts. If I catch you within spitting distance of this museum again you will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. Do you understand?

This sounds terrifying but Wells is more concerned with finding John Stevenson. He grows increasingly panicked.

WELLS

It's urgent I find that man.

JANE

Security, show Mr. Wells out.

WELLS

I beg of you...

Wells grabs Jane's hand, his eyes pleading. He's both desperate and sincere. It's just enough for Jane to pause.

A security guard, WILLY, 60's, big guy, African American, steps between them, pointing to the door. Jane pulls her hand away, watching Willy escort him out. Something about Wells lingers with her. Beat.

LEON

The other one was hotter.

But Jane shakes her head. Disagrees.

JANE

I like this one. He's cute...

She looks back to the door but Wells is gone. She returns to her desk, picks up the PAMPHLET, eyes the OLDER PHOTO of H.G. WELLS. The resemblance is uncanny. It gives her pause.

INT. MUSEUM - HALLWAY - DAY

Willy escorts Wells down a back hallway.

WELLS

Please, officer, the gentleman who was here earlier -- when was it? What time? Do you know?

Willy points to his badge.

WILLY

I'm security. I haven't been an officer in over ten years. But it was about an hour ago.

WELLS

Did he say anything? Where he might be going?

WILLY

He said he wanted to explore the city, see the sights. He asked about a hotel so I sent him to the Marriott in Times Square.

Wells pulls out his small pad and pencil. He scribbles.

WELLS  
The Marriott in Times Square,  
brilliant. Where would I find it?

Willy leads Wells through a back exit door onto--

EXT. MUSEUM - LOADING DOCK - DAY

They move down the steps toward the sidewalk.

WILLY  
Go four blocks East and then 20  
blocks downtown.

WELLS  
Thank you, sir, and may I remark  
how happy I am to see that race  
relations have improved since 1893.

WILLY  
Uh-huh.

WELLS  
I knew one day the color of a man's  
skin would dissipate and we'd all  
live, side by side, as brothers.

Willy eyes him blankly.

WILLY  
Oh yeah, we're all one big happy  
family.

A smile and nod and Wells is off, charging down the street.

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK - 68TH STREET - DAY

Wells moves down the sidewalk, instantly assaulted with the hustle and bustle of a new world. He stares at everything and everyone he comes in contact with. The PEOPLE move so quickly with the same small device in their hands. They either type on it or talk into it.

He takes it all in, absorbing the clothes, manners, culture of all he encounters. He approaches an intersection, where a sea of VEHICLES speed through the streets -- his face lights up, full of wonder. Excited and terrified all at once. As he takes in this new world... SMASH CUT:

EXT. NYC - TIMES SQUARE - DAY

The famed intersection. A feast of NOISE, CONGESTION, and DIGITAL CHAOS. The CAMERA FINDS JOHN STEVENSON standing in his 1893 garb, looking around. He's at ease. Comfortable.

He eyes PEOPLE at a PRETZEL STAND. He watches money exchange hands -- U.S. CASH. He reaches into his pocket and withdraws a few coins. Realizing he needs money...

EXT. JEWELRY STORE/DEALER- DAY

Through the window, John is seen speaking to an ELDERLY CLERK.

CLERK (V.O.)  
I can give you three hundred.

INT. JEWELRY STORE/DEALER - DAY

The ELDERLY CLERK refers to John's coins on the counter. John considers. He has no idea what this means today. The CLERK waits, eyeing John's bizarre wardrobe and facial hair.

CLERK  
You in Les Miz?

JOHN STEVENSON  
I don't think so. What about this?

John pulls out his POCKET WATCH. The CLERK inspects it.

CLERK  
Patek Phillipe, yellow gold,  
hunting case. This is a real  
collector's item. I can give you 12  
thousand.

John's eyes light up. That's enormous. He quickly squelches his excitement, realizing the clerk is negotiating.

JOHN STEVENSON  
It belonged to my father. Nothing  
less than twenty thousand.

CLERK  
Fifteen cash and we can skip the  
paperwork--

John realizes there's something covert about the transaction. He nods, playing along. SMASH CUT:

INT. MARRIOTT MARQUIS - ATRIUM LOBBY - DAY

A large lobby full of TOURISTS. John is at the front desk filling out a registration card. A perky and polite clerk, CLARA, 30, assists.

CLARA

I'll need a credit card and ID.

JOHN STEVENSON

Yes, about that. I have a tragic predicament. I'm in town for a show and I've lost my luggage and identification papers. All I have is this ridiculous costume.

Clara is super sympathetic.

CLARA

Well, that's just horrible. Did the airline lose your luggage?

JOHN STEVENSON

It appears so.

John withdraws a roll of currency.

JOHN STEVENSON (CONT'D)

I have money but that's all at the moment.

John's eyes are full of pleading charm. It works, she melts.

CLARA

Let me speak to my supervisor. We can usually work something out.

John smiles. So very grateful.

INT. MUSEUM - H.G. WELLS EXHIBIT - DAY

The museum is still full of PEOPLE. Jane and Leon inspect the time machine exhibit. Security is with them.

LEON

The sensors are working fine.

Jane moves up the steps, to the platform. She maneuvers around the tourists, inspecting it closely.

JANE

Does it look different to you? Was it always this shiny?

LEON  
It's been restored.

Jane inspects the rear of the machine. She runs her hand along the engine's metal lid. She pulls back.

JANE  
Leon, feel that. It's warm.

Leon feels it too. Okay, that's weird.

JANE (CONT'D)  
What's causing that?

DOUG (O.S.)  
Miss Walker?

Jane spins to find DOUG LAWSON, 40, behind her. A suited professional. All business and no sense of humor.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
(hands her a card)  
Doug Lawson, I'm head of security for Anders Enterprises, I understand there was a breach in the Wells exhibit today?

JANE  
Not exactly a breach--

DOUG  
I was told that two men were caught inside the time machine. What would you call that?

JANE  
A slight breach. I can assure you the exhibit was not harmed.

DOUG  
Can I see the police report?

JANE  
We chose not to involve the police. It was a minor incident and the last thing I wanted was to call attention to it.

DOUG  
Because someone like me might show up asking why our exhibit isn't safe in your museum?  
(before Jane can respond)  
(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)  
I'll need to see the security  
footage.

Uh-oh, she's in trouble. Jane looks to Leon. Fuck me--

EXT. NYC - 47TH STREET & BROADWAY - DAY

Wells walks along the sidewalk, eyeing the sights. A few PEOPLE stare at him but most can't be bothered to notice this odd man from another time. He watches the ritual of a NYC red light. No one stops, the people nor the cars. It's a clusterfuck. A terrified Wells bolts across the street.

He's drawn to an ELECTRONICS STORE. Every imaginable electronic in the window. He's riveted by the COMPUTERS, CAMERAS on TRIPODS, LAPTOPS, AIR DRONES...

He continues on, quickly swept up in a CROWD on the sidewalk. They watch a NAKED MAN strumming a guitar. He wears white briefs with the words NAKED COWBOY written on them. Wells is mortified. He looks away--

His eyes go to the DIGITAL SCREENS that consume TIMES SQUARE. He spots the MARRIOTT emblem on a building. He checks his notebook. Yes, that's the hotel.

INT. MARRIOTT MARQUIS - ATRIUM LOBBY - DAY

Wells rides the escalator up, captivated by the steps moving under his feet. He bends down, inspects it, trying to understand its mechanics. He reaches the top, stumbles off.

INT. MARRIOTT MARQUIS - FRONT DESK - DAY

Wells speaks with a DESK CLERK.

WELLS  
Can you help me? I'm looking for  
someone.

Clara eyes the period garbed Wells from her station. She walks over, smiling.

CLARA  
I know who you're looking for.  
You're friends with Mr. Stevenson.

WELLS  
Is he here?

CLARA  
He checked in earlier. Did you lose  
your luggage too?

WELLS

You've seen him? Where is he?

CLARA

He wanted to do some shopping so we sent him to Barneys and 5th Avenue.

WELLS

Where is that?

CLARA

You'll never find him. You can wait for him in the lobby. He shouldn't be long.

Wells turns and moves toward--

INT. MARRIOTT MARQUIS - LOBBY BAR - DAY

Wells enters the lobby bar. LARGE FLAT SCREEN TELEVISIONS hang behind the bar. Each featuring a different channel. SPORTS, NEWS, etc. A BARTENDER appears.

BARTENDER

What can I get you?

WELLS

A gin and tonic please.

BARTENDER

Beefeater okay?

WELLS

You have Beefeater gin? Oh, thank heavens it survived.

Wells eyes a TV SCREEN -- an AIRLINER COMMERCIAL is on. He's instantly riveted by the FLYING JET.

INT. MUSEUM - OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN -- SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE -- John Stevenson is seen getting out of the time capsule. He looks around. PULL BACK to see Doug and Jane watching it.

JANE

See how he's dressed? It was a prank or a publicity stunt--

DOUG

How did he get inside of it? Rewind further.

JANE

I don't seem to have that. He just appears there.

DOUG

Go to the next man.

Jane FAST FORWARDS to H.G. Wells getting out of the pod.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Rewind. What was that? A flash?

Jane rewinds again, looks closely.

JANE

It looks like a flare of some kind.  
A software glitch?

DOUG

Go back to the first one.

Jane quickly REWINDS to the first one. She PAUSES the footage and advances by FRAME. The same WHITE FLASH appears just before John Stevenson becomes visible in the machine.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Could someone have tampered with  
this footage?

JANE

I don't know. Possibly.

DOUG

Did you get the men's information?  
Where can I find them?

JANE

I don't have that.  
(off his look)  
I realize how this looks. But, in  
my defense, most infractions are  
harmless and it's not our policy to  
arrest guests of the museum.

DOUG

I'm afraid that's not good enough.  
Anders Enterprises entrusted this  
exhibit with the Met. If I were  
you, I'd get answers quick.

As this threat whacks Jane in the face--

INT. MARRIOTT MARQUIS - LOBBY BAR - DAY

Wells sits, captivated by the television. FOOTAGE of war and terrorism, bombings and gunfire. PRESIDENT OBAMA in a news conference, "Russia's attack in Syria has caused ISIS to take extreme measures..."

FOOTAGE from a plane crash. Wreckage along a mountainside. "The crash of Flight 53 is still under investigation..."

FOOTAGE of an elementary school. COPS, AMBULANCES, MEDIA, etc. "Twelve students are dead in what has become the third shooting at an elementary school this year..."

CLOSE ON WELLS' FACE. Tears stream down his cheeks. He's profoundly disturbed. The current world cuts him to the core. A long, saddened moment. Then--

JOHN STEVENSON  
Hello, Wells.

Wells' heart stops. He's caught off guard. He privately wipes his face before turning around. But when he does, he's surprised to see the man who stands before him.

Gone is the John from 1893. In his place is a new and modern version. A current haircut, shaven face, fitted suit. Stylish and sophisticated. He holds shopping bags.

JOHN STEVENSON (CONT'D)  
Literally, the last person on earth  
I expected to see.

Wells is quiet. John strolls over, looks to the Bartender.

JOHN STEVENSON (CONT'D)  
Whiskey neat and another whatever  
he's drinking.  
(to Wells)  
So, what do you think?  
(meaning himself)  
I know, I look absolutely dashing.  
I must applaud you, I never thought  
your little toy would actually  
work. How ever did you find me?

Wells considers how best to deal with this man. For now, he plays along as they sit at the bar.

WELLS  
The details are not important.

JOHN STEVENSON  
 Suppose not. I wasn't sure the  
 machine would return to you then I  
 realized I didn't have the key.

Drinks arrive. John raises his glass.

JOHN STEVENSON (CONT'D)  
 To you, the Columbus of a new age.

WELLS  
 I'm not here to engage in idle  
 banter, John. You've used me.

JOHN STEVENSON  
 I merely did what you were too  
 afraid to do. Tell me, how did you  
 muster the courage to follow me?

Wells ignores the slight. Instead, he pushes his drink aside,  
 adjusts his coat.

WELLS  
 We must be off.

JOHN STEVENSON  
 (amused)  
 Where are we going?

WELLS  
 To the time machine. I'm obliged to  
 take you back to face the  
 consequences of your acts.

JOHN STEVENSON  
 You're so Victorian. You'll take me  
 back? How do you propose to do  
 that? By force?

WELLS  
 Be reasonable, John. You must pay  
 for what you've done. You can't  
 stay here. We don't belong here.

John stares at the TV SCREENS. WAR FOOTAGE in Iraq.

JOHN STEVENSON  
 There it is, H.G., your Utopia.  
 Nothing but violence and bloodshed.  
 Not quite what you envisioned.

More FOOTAGE of ISIS. Russia, Syria... dead bodies, etc.

JOHN STEVENSON (CONT'D)  
We don't belong here? On the  
contrary, I belong here completely.  
In our time, I was a freak. Today,  
I'm an amateur.

WELLS  
Stop it, John, this instant.

Wells grows angry with his words as John continues to taunt.

JOHN STEVENSON  
Do you know that you can walk into  
a shop here and purchase a rifle or  
a revolver and it's perfectly  
legal? These people encourage it.  
No, I'm not going anywhere. I have  
yet to begin in this age. It's you  
who should run along back to your  
timid life. Of course, I'll be  
needing the key.

There's a threat in John's voice. Wells says nothing.

JOHN STEVENSON (CONT'D)  
I can't have you chasing after me,  
across centuries. Who knows where I  
might want to venture to next?

WELLS  
I don't have it with me.

Wells is bluffing. John eyes him astutely.

JOHN STEVENSON  
Herbert George, I've played  
countless games of chess with you,  
and the one thing you cannot do is  
bluff. I want that key.

BELOW THE BAR, John pushes a knife into Wells' crotch. Before  
Wells can move, John quickly wraps his arm around Wells,  
pulling him close.

JOHN STEVENSON (CONT'D)  
What you feel is a four inch steel  
curved blade with a reverse grip.  
Rather expensive at 69.95 but I'm  
certain I'll get my money's worth.

WELLS  
What is wrong with you? People can  
see.

John moves in closer. To onlookers, they look like a couple.

JOHN STEVENSON

And no one cares. Isn't it  
glorious? Give me the key or I'll  
slice into your femoral artery.

Wells tries to pull away but John holds him in place,  
pressing the blade deeper in Wells' groin.

JOHN STEVENSON (CONT'D)

You'll topple to the floor and  
bleed out and I will disappear  
before anyone blinks twice.

BARTENDER

You two need another round?

JOHN STEVENSON

We're good, thank you.

WELLS

Actually, I'd like one.

Wells reaches for his glass to finish it off but he BASHES it  
against John's head instead. It connects with his forehead.  
John stumbles back. It's just enough for Wells to break  
free... and he does, running from the bar.

IN THE LOBBY

Wells races across the atrium to the escalators. He flies  
down them, politely pushing people aside.

IN THE BAR

John recomposes and sprints after him. A chase is on.

EXT. MARRIOTT MARQUIS - ENTRANCE - DAY

Wells bolts out the front doors. Left, right, which way? It  
doesn't matter, he runs onto the busy sidewalk as John  
explodes through the doors just steps behind.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE INTERSECTION - DAY

Wells struggles through the crowd. He looks behind him, spots  
John pushing through the PEOPLE. Wells darts across the  
street when -- BAM.

WELLS IS STRUCK BY A TAXI. His body flies onto the hood, the  
WINDSHIELD SPIDERS. BRAKES SLAM. Wells slides off the hood  
and onto the street, rolling several times before coming to a  
stop. PEOPLE rush to his side.

The TAXI DRIVER leaps from the car. BYSTANDERS call for an ambulance. Wells tries to rise but he's too injured... he slips in and out of consciousness.

SOMEONE takes charge urging people to stay back. "Give him room." "Don't move, mister." A bleary-eyed Wells sees John moving towards him. He kneels down, about to search Wells' pockets when John is pulled away.

ONLOOKER

Step away, sir... An ambulance is  
on the way.

John is blocked by the good samaritan. Incensed, he moves away from Wells watching as the CHAOS blooms. John disappears in the crowd. It's the last thing Wells sees before his eyes roll back and close.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. NYC HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY - LATER

A busy midtown hospital. A crowded emergency room.

INT. NYC HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - RECOVERY - DAY

The recovery center. Curtains create privacy around patients in an otherwise very busy room. Behind one curtain, in a bed, lies the bruised and bandaged Wells. He sits up. WINCES. A female NURSE appears. Kind but busy.

NURSE

You're awake? How's your head?

WELLS

It hurts. Where am I?

NURSE

St. Vincent Midtown. You're lucky, your CT scan was clean. A slight concussion. I'll let the doctor know you're awake and you have a friend on the way.

WELLS

A friend? What friend?

NURSE

No wallet, no ID, all I had was a business card to call--

Then, JANE WALKER enters, a bit frazzled. The Nurse exits.

WELLS

Miss Walker?

He's genuinely surprised to see her. She nods.

JANE

I tried to explain I'm the wrong person to call but... Are you okay?

Wells sits up, WINCING in pain.

WELLS

A big yellow motor car ran me down.

JANE

They can do that.

She watches Wells struggle to reach his coat. She helps, handing it to him. He digs into the pockets and withdraws the KEY. Thank God. He's relieved to find it.

JANE (CONT'D)  
What is that?

WELLS  
A key, I thought I had lost it.

Wells doesn't say more. He bends down for his shoes. Ouch, he hurts. He manages to slip them on but lacing them is another matter. Then, Jane's hands appear. She's kneeled to help him. He's more than grateful.

WELLS (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

Their eyes meet. She couldn't be more kind -- and direct.

JANE  
Please level with me, I don't want  
to lose my job. Who are you?

Wells considers. He knows she'll never believe the truth.

WELLS  
Very well, my name is, uh, Sigmund--

JANE  
Don't say Freud.

WELLS  
(thinks fast)  
Kemp. You were correct. I am an  
actor. I'm playing H.G. Wells in a  
small production about his life.  
I'm sorry about the museum earlier.

Jane is relieved.

JANE  
Thank God, you're sane. How did you  
get inside the time machine without  
the surveillance cameras recording  
it?

WELLS  
I can't speak to that I'm afraid.

JANE  
And you're an actor from London?

WELLS  
Yes. Anything else?

Jane appears satisfied.

JANE  
Nope, we're good. Well, thanks for blowing up my day, this has been both stressful and inconvenient. I hope you're feeling better soon.

WELLS  
Again, my sincerest apologies.

She smiles, accepting his apology... Charmed by it.

JANE  
Thank you. And break a leg.

Jane exits.

EXT. NY CITY HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE - DAY

Jane moves onto the street, talking on her cell, her other hand waves down a taxi.

JANE  
(on cell)  
I was right, he's an actor. Stop it. I do not. I'm so over my actor phase which, by the way, was my waiter, bartender, and trainer phase, they're all the same--  
(she laughs)  
Shut up, I'm going home. Call me if something explodes...

As she's talking, Wells exits the hospital and limps along the sidewalk behind her. He stops, spins around, goes the other way, unsure...

Jane's about to hop into a cab when she spots Wells hobbling along. She debates. Then, she sends the cab on its way, going to Wells.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Hey, are you okay?

WELLS  
Yes, I'm fine just... a bit light-headed is all.

Wells grows dizzy, slipping to the steps, sitting. Jane rushes to him, steadying him.

JANE

Where are you going? Did the hospital release you?

WELLS

I need to find my friend.

JANE

Do you wanna call him?

She offers her cell. Wells stares at it, disoriented.

WELLS

I suppose... if I knew how...

JANE

You need to rest. Do you have anywhere to go?

Wells doesn't answer. Jane considers, her do-gooder instincts surfacing. Then, she puts her arm around him--

JANE (CONT'D)

Here, let me help you...

She helps Wells to his feet. They move to the curb where she hails another cab.

INT. MARRIOTT MARQUIS - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A BLARING STEREO. Expensive bourbon. Shopping bags. Freshly showered, a playful John moves about in a towel. He talks on a newly purchased CELL PHONE. John sorts through his new clothes, matching an outfit.

JOHN STEVENSON

(on phone)

Herbert George Wells. Yes, he was struck by a motor vehicle in Times Square. This is the third hospital I've called. Yes, I'll hold.

John holds, humming to the music. His newly purchased HUNTING KNIFE can be seen on the dresser.

EXT. STREET - JANE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A tree-lined street. Jane helps Wells out of a TAXI. She walks him up the steps of a pre-war apartment building.

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door opens. Jane and Wells enter her apartment. Small and cramped. Typical NY. Jane helps Wells to her sofa.

WELLS  
It's lovely. Do you live alone?

JANE  
Maybe.

Jane is being cautious.

WELLS  
You're perfectly safe with me, Miss Walker, I promise.

JANE  
You can freshen up and rest some but then you have to leave. My stray puppy syndrome only goes so far. Are you hungry?

Wells nods as Jane goes to the KITCHEN. Wells is hurting. He lays back, looking around, sees ART BOOKS everywhere.

WELLS  
How does one become a museum curator?

Jane steps in and hands him a bottled water.

JANE  
When one has to pay the rent. I majored in Art History because I absolutely love it but I didn't really think it through when it came to careers. It's not forever. Hope you like Chinese.

Wells studies the BOTTLED WATER. He thumps the plastic. How does one open it? Jane's CELL BUZZES with a text.

JANE (CONT'D)  
(re: text)  
My mom. She's drunk in Dallas.

WELLS  
Good for her. So, you're single?

JANE  
Pretty much. And you?

WELLS  
I'm divorced. Do men and women even fancy marriage today?

JANE

You mean in America? Yes, we still "fancy" marriage, particularly my mother.

WELLS

So why are you single?

JANE

I'm a Millennial. I don't follow the trajectory of acceptable behavior.

WELLS

I'm sorry -- what is a Millennial?

JANE

According to my mother, it's the end of days. It's our whole selfie stick generation. The selfish, empty, emotionally detached, and entitled. Her words, not mine.

WELLS

That sounds horrifying.

JANE

She's traditional, she wanted me married with kids by now. She doesn't understand the benchmarks for life have changed. I'm still on my first career, I can have kids when I'm 50.

Wells attempts to digest all of this. The microwave DINGS. Jane races back to the kitchen.

WELLS

I don't think I fully comprehend this idea of Millennials.

JANE

Me either. I do love my cell phone and if entitled means I expect my life to be meaningful and special and not some testament to mediocrity then, yes, I'm entitled.

(grows quiet)

But if I'm so detached from my emotions then I'd really like to know why I feel every second of this mediocre, un-special life?

Jane is silent. She didn't intend to reveal this much.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Sorry, the woman's a trigger.

Jane returns from the kitchen and places a plate of noodles on the coffee table. Hands him a fork and napkin. Wells dives into it. He finds it delicious.

EXT. SOHO STREET - NIGHT

The street is lined with a young PARTY CROWD awaiting admittance to a hip nightclub. The sign reads UTOPIA.

INT. UTOPIA NIGHT CLUB - BAR - NIGHT

John is at the bar flirting with a young CLUB GIRL.

CLUB GIRL  
I'm a flight attendant. I'm in town for the night.

JOHN STEVENSON  
What's that like? Flying?

CLUB GIRL  
I love it. I get to travel everywhere. It's awesome.

JOHN STEVENSON  
I must do it some time.

CLUB GIRL  
Fly? How did you get to New York?

JOHN STEVENSON  
(covers)  
No, I meant I don't travel enough. But, I plan to change that.

John pulls her onto the dance floor.

JOHN STEVENSON (CONT'D)  
I'm really liking this music. Shall we attempt to dance?

John is a quick study. He follows others, moving in close to the Club Girl, hips grinding, hands groping... he's enjoying this new world immensely.

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - HALL/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jane hands Wells some folded clothes.

JANE

I found some clothes from my ex, it ended quickly and he never came back for his stuff.

WELLS

Oh. Thank you.

She leads him into a very cramped NYC bathroom. She turns the shower water on for him.

JANE

The hot water takes a minute.  
(looks to counter)  
Razor, deodorant, new toothbrush...

She pulls a new toothbrush from a drawer, removes the packaging. An awkward moment, then--

JANE (CONT'D)

Just holler if you need something.

Jane exits, closing the door. He inspects the shower's running water. Then, begins to remove his clothes.

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In the living room, Jane eyes Wells' coat. Picks it up. She checks out the stitching. Very authentic. She digs through the pockets, eyeing the bathroom door to make sure she won't be caught. She's a nosy girl. She finds coins, inspects them. CLOSE ON THE COINS. 1893, 1888. She registers this.

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Wells is in the shower, loving the hot water. It feels good on his aching body. Finally, he turns it off, gets out. He examines all the toiletries. He finds a bottle of perfume belonging to Jane. He smells it. Smiles. Then, he reaches for the RAZOR -- it's ELECTRIC. He finds the ON SWITCH. It BUZZES to life, startling him.

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She withdraws his pocket watch. Opens it. Admires it. She listens to the TICK, TICK, TICK. Next, she finds the KEY, inspecting it. Old and gilded. Then, she HEARS a SCREAM--

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jane races into the bathroom to find Wells, the RAZOR BUZZING in his hand and only half a moustache on his face. He's completely naked. Jane SCREAMS and spins around. He grabs a towel, covers himself, embarrassed.

JANE  
What are you doing?

WELLS  
Attempting to shave but your razor  
is more complicated than it looks.

Jane steals a peek in the mirror as he wraps a towel around him. Once completely covered, she turns around--

JANE  
It's old. From the ex. Here, let me  
try.

She takes the RAZOR and pushes him down on the toilet seat. He sits there, clinging to his towel as Jane holds it up to his face.

WELLS  
And why is he an ex-boyfriend?

She SHAVES the other half of Wells' moustache--

JANE  
He wasn't the one. The truth is I'm  
the problem. I have a bad picker. I  
always end up with the wrong guy.

WELLS  
Why is that?

JANE  
Because I don't trust anyone ever  
and then I realize I don't trust  
anyone and so I try to and then I  
trust the wrong one. Never fails.

Wells is intrigued by this woman.

WELLS  
Are all women today as self aware  
as you?

JANE  
No, I'm the only one. They gave me  
an award and everything.

This makes Wells laugh. He's completely enthralled with her.

WELLS  
I find you fascinating, Miss  
Walker.

Jane is equally intrigued by him. A moment. Then, his nakedness, the small bathroom -- there's suddenly tension.

JANE

I'll let you do the rest.

Jane exits. Alone, Wells stares at the closed door. Then, he looks to the mirror. Profoundly moved. He BREATHES... EXHALING FULLY, COMPLETELY...

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jane makes up the couch with a pillow and blanket when the bathroom door opens and Wells steps out. Clean shaven. Messy hair. Jeans and a tee.

WELLS

The pants are ill fitting.

Jane takes him in. He's smokin' hot.

JANE

Nah, they're good.

Wells sees the pillow and blanket on the couch. She's clearly changed her mind about letting him stay.

JANE (CONT'D)

Okay, you can stay the night.

WELLS

No, I really must find my friend.  
How far is the Marriott Hotel?

JANE

Too far to walk. You really should rest. Let your body heal. You can find him tomorrow.

It's true. Wells is sore and aching. And exhausted. He smiles, accepting her offer. She heads for her bedroom. He watches her from the hall.

WELLS

I will be off first thing. I must say this reprieve has been my salvation. I thank you for your kindness, Miss Walker.

Their eyes lock. There's a connection. They both feel it. Then, she opens her side drawer and withdraws a SEMI-AUTOMATIC REVOLVER. His eyes widen.

JANE

A Christmas gift from my Dad. I'm  
from Texas. Sleep tight.

Jane closes her bedroom door. A lock is heard. Wells stares  
at the door, his mind racing with thoughts of Jane.

EXT. UTOPIA NIGHT CLUB ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A rooftop bar. The CLUB GIRL and John are by the rail, hidden  
away. The city skyline glows behind them.

CLUB GIRL

So what kind of doctor are you?

JOHN STEVENSON

I'm a surgeon.

CLUB GIRL

Let me see your hands. What kind of  
surgeon?

He holds out his hands. She runs her hands along them.

JOHN STEVENSON

Heart.

She places them on her chest, over her heart. They kiss. John  
lets one hand roam down to her stomach, hips, then to his  
pocket where he withdraws his hunting knife. The other hand  
cups her mouth--

PULL WIDE to see the entire rooftop. John walks away from the  
flight attendant. A slight moment as she hangs against the  
railing and then her body slowly slips out of view. No one  
notices as John ducks away...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Wells awakens to LOUD NOISE. He sits up, massaging his aching body. The TV is on. Jane sits at the counter sipping coffee. A groggy Wells stares at the annoying television. The MORNING NEWS is on.

JANE  
How ya feelin'?

WELLS  
Sore but better.

JANE  
Do you drink coffee?

Wells nods, rising, stretching. He begins to dress. She pours him a cup of coffee.

JANE (CONT'D)  
So, what's your plan today? Milk?

WELLS  
Please. I need to find my friend.  
But, more importantly, I need to no  
longer impose on your generous  
nature.

JANE  
Oh, cuz, I was going to say, the  
museum is closed, and my generous  
nature has the day off...

A NEWS REPORT FROM THE TELEVISION -- "A woman was murdered on the rooftop of a downtown club, Utopia..." Wells spins to the TV.

WELLS  
Utopia?

ON TV -- A PHOTO OF THE VICTIM (the CLUB GIRL) is seen.

TV REPORTER  
The victim was stabbed several  
times. Bizarrely, a set of keys was  
found in her mouth --

WELLS  
He killed. He left me a message.

TV REPORTER

The NYPD is reviewing the club's surveillance footage for a suspect.

JANE

Who has killed?

Wells unravels, exploding with emotion.

WELLS

John. The man I'm looking for. Dr. John Stevenson. He's murdered many women in London and now he's in New York and I must find him.

Jane is instantly on guard.

JANE

You should call the police.

WELLS

And tell them what? That the Ripper has escaped 1893 in my time machine and traveled to New York City? They'll think I'm mad.

But Jane has already gone there. She begins to back away.

JANE

Do you mean Jack the Ripper?

WELLS

Yes and now he's killed again. Utopia is a reference to me. The keys in her mouth is a message to me. He wants the key. This key.

Wells pulls out the key and holds it up. This is too much for Jane to believe.

JANE

Jack the Ripper lived over a hundred years ago.

Wells racks his brain with how to explain it to her. He grabs his clothes and holds them up to her.

WELLS

Look at me, my clothes, my money, they're authentic. Look at my watch-

-

(he holds it up)

As a curator you know this is old.

JANE

But that doesn't prove anything.

Clearly, Jane has already considered these items.

WELLS

You asked how I was able to get  
inside the machine--

JANE

Yes...

WELLS

Because it was in my basement at 12  
Mornington Lane in London where I  
live.

JANE

In 1893... You seem so sane in so  
many ways.

WELLS

Please, I need your help. I have to  
stop him or he'll keep killing.  
It's my fault he's here.

JANE

If you know who killed that woman  
then you need to go to the police.

WELLS

They won't believe me. You don't.  
(gets an idea)  
What if I can prove to you that I'm  
telling the truth? We could go to  
the police together. Grant me  
access to the time machine and I'll  
prove it. Please, Jane, help me.

Jane stares at him. So very conflicted.

EXT. MUSEUM - BACK ENTRANCE - DAY

Jane and Wells move to a side door near the loading dock. Her  
fingers key in a security code. The door BUZZES open. She  
leads Wells through it.

INT. MUSEUM - CORRIDOR - DAY

A SECURITY GUARD sits in a cubicle with security monitors. He  
recognizes Jane instantly.

SECURITY GUARD

You workin' today, Miss Walker?

JANE  
Yes, the Armstrong exhibit.

The Security guard nods. She leads him through--

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

They move through the darkened museum. They come upon the Wells exhibit. Wells stares at his PHOTO. His older self.

WELLS  
You can't deny that's me.

JANE  
I admit the similarity is uncanny  
but it doesn't prove anything.

WELLS  
This way, please.

Wells starts up the steps to the TIME MACHINE EXHIBIT but Jane stops him. There's a KEY PAD on the platform. She inputs a code. The SENSOR LIGHTS go out. They continue to the TIME MACHINE. Wells opens the door.

WELLS (CONT'D)  
It's a bit tight. I'll go first.

He crawls inside the pod and takes a seat, holds his hand out. Jane takes his hand and joins him.

INSIDE THE MACHINE -- It's a snug fit. Their legs are pressed against each other. Their closeness is felt by both.

WELLS (CONT'D)  
I didn't anticipate passengers.

He withdraws the KEY and inserts it into the CONTROL BOARD.

JANE  
What does the key do?

WELLS  
It will ensure the machine stays  
with us. I say we take a small  
trip. Say, three days from now? Is  
that good?

JANE  
Sure. Go for it.

Wells adjusts the CLOCK on the CONTROL PANEL to three days from the current date. Then, he PRESSES START. Nothing happens. Only silence. Jane is convinced this is a bust.

JANE (CONT'D)  
It's over 123 years old with no  
power source, but hey, we can sit  
here all day.

The slightest movement. Jane's eyes spin about, surprised.

WELLS  
Hold on--

The blurry mist begins to fill the pod all around them.

JANE  
What the--

A SHOCKING JOLT. THE MACHINE THRUSTS FORWARD then exactly  
back to its sitting position with a NECK JERKING STOP.

WELLS  
Are you okay?

Jane is a little stunned but okay. Wells opens the door. They  
climb out. The museum is still dark and empty.

JANE  
We're still here.

WELLS  
Yes, but it's three days later.

JANE  
Where is everyone? Why is the  
museum closed?

WELLS  
It appears to be night. I must  
perfect the machine's accuracy.

Jane's not buying it. She goes to look around, racing into  
the NEXT GALLERY to find--

THE ARMSTRONG EXHIBIT. The work partitions are gone. The  
exhibit is now open to the public. Apollo 11 sits, the moon,  
craters... Armstrong has been relocated from space. He now  
stands on the moon's surface in his classic pose.

JANE  
This exhibit doesn't open for three  
days.

WELLS  
That would be today. Just when does  
man walk on the moon?

Wells reads the plaque, intrigued.

JANE

1969. How is this possible?

She digs her CELL PHONE out of her pocket, reads the display. Three days later. Jane is speechless.

WELLS

I'll give you a moment to process.

JANE

This is really happening.

Wells nods, smiles. Yes, it is. She turns to him, taking in the weight of it all. Beat. She can't help it. She breaks into LAUGHTER. Excited. She believes...

JANE (CONT'D)

You're really H.G. Wells?

He nods. She cups her hands over her mouth, trying to accept it all, her enthusiasm building.

JANE (CONT'D)

I must seem so different to you. So inappropriate, I don't know... you come from Victorian England. I eat with my hands. What is it like to be here? In this time?

WELLS

I'm dazzled. Astonished. I'm also profoundly disappointed. I envisioned a society entirely different.

JANE

I think we all did...

WELLS

But it's not without its beauty.  
(his eyes find hers)  
And I must take issue with something you said earlier -- there is absolutely nothing mediocre about you. I find you, Jane Walker, particularly, special.

Beat. They stand there on the moon's surface, underneath a sea of stars and space beyond... moved by this moment. Their connection is explosive, potent. Jane GASPS.

WELLS (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

JANE  
Yeah, all good, just breathing.

Jane exhales fully. This moment is not lost on Wells. To love is to breathe fully... BEAT. They leave the exhibit.

INT. MUSEUM - ANTEROOM - NIGHT

Jane and Wells walk through the darkened museum.

JANE  
So, you haven't written The Time Machine yet?

He shakes his head. No.

WELLS  
I've started it. Several times. I don't quite have it figured out.

JANE  
What about the others? The Invisible Man, The Island of Dr. Moreau, The War of the Worlds?

WELLS  
I write for the London Gazette.

JANE  
Trust me, you write a lot of books.

WELLS  
It's nice to know I'm inspired.

They pass an INFORMATION DESK. Jane picks up a newspaper, finds the date.

JANE  
I can't believe this is real.

She scans the HEADLINES when something catches her eye. She stops cold in her tracks.

WELLS  
What's wrong?

He grabs the paper from her. The HEADLINE reads RIPPER STRIKES AGAIN. 3RD VICTIM. DOES NYC HAVE A SERIAL KILLER? Next to the headline is a PHOTO of the victim. IT'S JANE.

Wells looks to Jane as all color drains from her face. Her entire body crumbles. Wells is there to catch her fall.

INT. MUSEUM - PRESENT DAY - DAY

A FLASH OF LIGHT. Wells helps Jane from the Time Machine. She's distraught. Wells removes the key from the machine and pockets it. They're back to present day. As evidenced by the NEIL ARMSTRONG exhibit. Partitions cover it. It's not open yet. With his arm around Jane, they exit the museum.

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jane sits, recovering, listening to Wells' story--

WELLS

He's an acquaintance of mine from my university days. His real name is John Stevenson. He's a surgeon.

Jane is out of her mind. She tries to calm herself.

JANE

But they never identified Jack the Ripper. He was never caught.

Wells is surprised to hear this.

WELLS

He'll be caught by me. I will fix this, I promise.

JANE

How? We can't go to the police. They'll never believe us.

Wells' mind races. He digs the paper from his jacket, the one from the future. He reads--

WELLS

The paper says you are the third victim. Who is the second victim? There was the woman at Utopia but we're missing a victim--

Jane reads with him.

JANE

A second victim... Kerry Ann Riley, was found downtown in an alley. She was last seen leaving the Marquee night club with an unidentified man three nights ago at 11:30 PM.

Wells checks his watch. It's 10:45 PM.

WELLS

That's tonight. He's going to kill her tonight. I'll go to this nightclub and stop him.

Jane jumps on this idea. She grabs her laptop. She GOOGLES KERRY ANN RILEY. Several names pop up, Jane searches them. She narrows the names down by age and her NY Facebook page.

WELLS (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JANE

Google. Internet search.

(then)

This is her. She's a blond. Pretty. 23 years old.

Jane shows Wells several PHOTOS of a young blond PARTY GIRL.

WELLS

I haven't much time.

JANE

You'll need a gun.

She starts for her bedroom to retrieve her gun.

WELLS

There will be no violence. The man who raises his fists first is the man out of ideas.

She stares. Huh? What?

JANE

That sounds really nice but you need a gun.

WELLS

I will not lower myself to violence.

JANE

So you'll give him the key?

WELLS

I can't give him the freedom to kill throughout time.

Wells takes the key from his jacket and offers it to Jane.

WELLS (CONT'D)

You take it. If something happens to me, it should stay with the machine.

JANE

No, I'm coming with you.

WELLS

You will do no such thing.

JANE

You don't even know where the club is. I don't die until tomorrow night. I can help you--

WELLS

If any harm came to you...

JANE

My fate, my decision. I'm coming, there's no time to argue about it.

She starts for the door. Wells has no choice. He makes a decision. He places the KEY ON THE TABLE, leaving it behind. Then, he follows Jane out.

INT. MARQUEE NIGHT CLUB - BAR - NIGHT

Several floors of lights and mayhem. Electronic music BLARES. Wells and Jane enter. Wells finds the music excruciating. He falls behind Jane, trampled by DRUNK PEOPLE. She takes his hand, guiding him down the stairs--

THE LOWER LEVEL. A sea of sexy bodies fill the DANCE FLOOR. Jane and Wells move along its edge, searching for John and the GIRL. Jane points to a BLOND on the dance floor.

JANE

Is that her?

And then, it's confirmed when Wells sees John dancing with her, pulling her close on the floor.

JANE (CONT'D)

What are you going to do?

Wells isn't sure. He looks back to find John is now gone --

WELLS

Where did he go?

They search the CROWD. But, then--

JOHN STEVENSON  
Hello H.G. You're looking dapper.

They spin around to find John behind them. John's eyes fall on Jane. A look of familiarity.

JOHN STEVENSON (CONT'D)  
You look familiar. Yes, from the museum, you're the bossy one who scolded me.

Jane remains silent. John looks back to Wells.

JOHN STEVENSON (CONT'D)  
(re: Jane)  
Well done.

Just then, Kerry Ann bounces up, next to John, tipsy.

KERRY ANN  
Where did you go? I thought we were leaving.

Wells steps forward.

WELLS  
Kerry Ann, you are about to leave with a very dangerous man who intends to kill you.

Kerry Ann is drunk and confused by this. She LAUGHS, moving in closer to John, her arm around his waist.

KERRY ANN  
Who are you?

John pushes Kerry Ann away, casually.

JOHN STEVENSON  
The man is right. You should run along before I kill you. Go on, off with you--

Confused, Kerry Ann stumbles away. "Whatever." John turns to Wells, suspicious.

JOHN STEVENSON (CONT'D)  
I was wondering how many women I'd have to kill before you found me.  
(then)  
How did you find me?

Wells doesn't answer. John looks to Jane, flirty.

JOHN STEVENSON (CONT'D)  
How did he find me? You do know  
about the time machine, correct?

Jane says nothing. John is left to piece it together.

JOHN STEVENSON (CONT'D)  
Clever, H.G., attempting to change  
the future. That could prove very  
dangerous.

WELLS  
What's dangerous is allowing you to  
go on killing with impunity.

JOHN STEVENSON  
What do you care? Give me the key  
and you'll never have to see me  
again.

WELLS  
Do you think I was stupid enough to  
bring it with me?

John tries to read Wells. Is he bluffing? Then--

JANE  
I can confirm he doesn't have it.

JOHN STEVENSON  
Then, you leave me with no choice  
but to improvise.

John steps forward and PULLS WELLS TIGHT -- HUGGING HIM. A  
FLASH OF SILVER. John STABS WELLS in his SIDE. Wells GASPS.  
His eyes go wide as John WHISPERS in his ear.

JOHN STEVENSON (CONT'D)  
Don't be so dramatic. It's a flesh  
wound. Hurry along, we'll be  
waiting.

John steps back and allow Wells to fall to his knees,  
clutching his stomach. Jane races to Wells but John grabs her  
YANKING her away. His knife presses into her flesh. As he  
pulls her away--

TWO BURLY BOUNCERS approach Wells on the ground. They help  
him up. Wells pushes them off, racing up the stairs but John  
and Jane are already gone. Off Wells' horror--

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

Wells arrives at the museum. The rear entrance has been left ajar. He finds an UNCONSCIOUS GUARD lying on the floor. He quickly moves through and retraces his steps from earlier.

INT. MUSEUM - H.G. WELLS EXHIBIT - NIGHT

Wells races across the museum floor to the TIME MACHINE, clutching his wound. He moves to the platform to find John waiting for him.

WELLS

Where is she?

John steps aside to show that Jane is safe and sound INSIDE the time machine. Wells locks eyes with Jane. It's painful.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Let her go.

JOHN STEVENSON

Did you bring the key?

WELLS

Yes, I did. Let her go first.

JOHN STEVENSON

What does she matter to you? You barely know her.

WELLS

She is a human being who deserves my compassion. That is all we have on this planet. The ability to care, to help, to love. It is the only thing that makes any of this, any time, bearable. Why you do not possess these traits is beyond me.

JOHN STEVENSON

You have more than enough for both of us. The key please.

Wells digs through his pockets, searching for it.

WELLS

It's here somewhere.

Wells withdraws JANE'S GUN. He aims it at John.

WELLS (CONT'D)  
Now kindly step aside. Jane come  
out of there.

John is genuinely shocked by the gun.

JOHN STEVENSON  
Finally, you rise to the occasion.  
I didn't think you had it in you.

WELLS  
You're still standing there. I said  
step aside.  
(beat)  
I will kill you.

Wells' words rings true. John is spellbound.

JOHN STEVENSON  
It's catching, isn't it? Violence.  
It really has infected this world.  
Will you really kill me? And  
violate everything you stand for?

WELLS  
You don't belong in this time or  
any time.

John lunges at Wells, screaming--

JOHN STEVENSON  
THEN DO IT.

Wells FIRES THE GUN. CLICK. The safety is on. John PLOWS into him, throwing Wells to the ground. They struggle, a fight ensues. FISTS connect. Wells throws SEVERAL JABS to John's face, sending him stumbling backwards. He climbs on top of him, beating him repeatedly.

Finally, he stops, realizing that John is immobile. He rises, goes to the time machine, reaches to open the door to free Jane when John BARRELS into Wells. They CRASH against the time machine. It wobbles, teeters from its stand.

INSIDE THE MACHINE, Jane falls back against the board, hitting the controls. Suddenly, the MACHINE comes to life. It lights up. Jane looks around... What's happening?

Wells sees the MACHINE FIRE UP. Oh god, he knows what this means. He races to it, rips open the door, reaches in--

WELLS  
Take my hand--

She reaches for it but John attacks Wells from behind. The machine TOPPLES causing the ENTIRE PLATFORM TO COLLAPSE. Wells, John, and the TIME MACHINE CRASH to the floor in a mass of destruction.

INSIDE THE MACHINE -- Jane tumbles from top to bottom as the time machine rolls to a stop. A FLASH OF LIGHT as her body FLIES through its OPEN DOOR.

Wells leaps up in the debris, goes to the machine. Just then, SECURITY GUARDS race into the room. Guns drawn.

GUARD

Do not move.

But this doesn't stop Wells, he bends down and looks inside the time machine. It's empty. Jane is gone. Oh my God...

ON JOHN who ducks down under the crushed exhibit and darts through the dark museum, disappearing unseen.

WELLS is grabbed and subdued by SECURITY. He comes face to face with DOUG LAWSON -- the head of security seen earlier.

WELLS

It's not me, it's John, he's getting away.

Doug motions to the other men.

DOUG

Go now, find him.

The MEN take off.

INT. WELLS' BROWNSTONE - BASEMENT - 1893

Jane's eyes flutter open. She finds herself on a cold floor. Her head rises up, peering into the darkness. She stands, quickly assessing. She sees all the equipment. Diagrams on a desk of the time machine. She's in Wells' basement. Shock. Fear. Panic.

INT. HI-RISE BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT

Elevator doors open. Doug Lawson and TWO MEN escort a cuffed Wells into the elevator. Doug presses the PH FLOOR.

WELLS

Where are you taking me? Did you find John?

DOUG

No. Only you.

WELLS

I must find him before he kills  
again. And Jane, oh God, Jane...  
the time machine. It was destroyed.  
In pieces...

Doug moves behind Wells and surprisingly, unlocks Wells' cuffs. His actions confuse Wells when--

INT. HI-RISE BUILDING - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The elevator doors open onto the building's PENTHOUSE. New and modern in design. No expense spared. The view is breathtaking. Wells looks around the room, walled bookcases - he sees the book titles, THE TIME MACHINE, THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU, THE WAR OF THE WORLDS... all by H.G. Wells.

VANESSA ANDERS appears behind Wells. An African American woman in her 50's. Elegant. Smart. Polished. She appears genuinely amazed at Wells' presence.

VANESSA

Are you aware of how many novels  
you write, Mr. Wells?

He spins around, takes her in. Her smile is warm, welcoming.

WELLS

I haven't written them yet.

VANESSA

Because you haven't lived them yet.

WELLS

Who are you? How do you know who I  
am?

She hands Wells a letter. It's handwritten.

VANESSA

You told me. In this letter you  
left me.

He takes it and begins to read.

INT. MARRIOTT MARQUIS - LOBBY - NIGHT

John moves through the lobby. He turns to the elevator banks when he notices TWO SUITED MEN following him. Or are they? It's unclear. He gets inside the elevator.

INT. MARRIOTT MARQUIS - HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Elevator doors open. John exits the elevator and begins down the corridor when DING. Another elevator opens, the TWO SUITED MEN emerge. John keeps moving down the hall. He walks casually, refusing to show concern.

John withdraws his CARD KEY, ready to access his door when his eyes spot the EMERGENCY DOOR EXIT. He darts for it, disappearing into--

INT. MARRIOTT MARQUIS - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

John flies through the stairwell to elude the SUITED MEN when he instantly comes in contact with TWO MORE SUITED MEN. He starts to put up a fight but one of the MEN holds a STUN GUN. He ZAPS John. His body goes limp. They catch his fall.

INT. WELLS' BROWNSTONE - HALLWAY/FOYER - NIGHT

The basement door opens and Jane steps into the center hallway. She takes in her surroundings. Unbelievable. She HEARS a NOISE, spins around to see MRS. NELSON standing in the kitchen doorway. A look of fear as Mrs. Nelson takes in this odd woman in pants and a jacket. Jane returns her stare, terrified.

INT. BLACK SUV - NIGHT

The rear door of a black SUV opens. An unconscious John is placed inside. He's jolted, awakening some. John looks to the front. In the passenger seat, sits a MAN, 40, studious.

MAN

Did you think you could travel to  
the future and no one would know?

John shakes his head, barely conscious. What? Who?...

JOHN STEVENSON

You have the wrong man...

MAN

You're not Dr. John Stevenson aka  
Jack the Ripper aka old college  
friend of H.G. Wells?

John hears this. How does he know?

JOHN STEVENSON

What do you want?

MAN

The time machine, of course, and  
you're going to help me get it.

John considers this bizarre man's request.

JOHN STEVENSON

And you would be?

MAN

You can call me Dr. Moreau.

Off a befuddled John--

INT. PENTHOUSE - HI-RISE BUILDING - NIGHT

Wells finishes reading the letter. He looks to Vanessa.

WELLS

Why would I send this to you?

VANESSA

Maybe because I'm your great  
granddaughter.

Wells is stunned to hear this.

WELLS

You and me? We're family?

Vanessa nods, tears fill her eyes. Wells is even more  
confused. Vanessa goes to the books on the shelf.

VANESSA

These books you wrote. The Island  
of Dr. Moreau, the Invisible Man,  
these characters really exist and  
they're going to come for you.

WELLS

And the war of the worlds?

A grave look falls on Vanessa's face.

VANESSA

It's all true. But I can help you.  
Together, we can stop it.

Off this mind blowing moment of mystery--

END OF PILOT