

"Justin Time"

A screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. TECH PAVILION - NIGHT

A large, modern, glitzy building. A chrome sign out front reads "Tech Pavilion."

Glamorously dressed businesspeople step from limousines onto a brightly-lit red carpet. They mill about the building entrance, seeing and being seen.

Cameras flash as technorati press angle for shots of the business world's high-tech elite.

ISPY (22), cute and perky, poses with a smile before slovenly ZACH (20) and his budget camcorder.

ISPY

Hey, tech fans, iSpy here at the Tech Pavilion! Everyone who's anyone in high-tech is here for tonight's RAID Gala. RAID stands for Robotics and Artificial Intelligence Development. Is that cool or what?

Zach spots an ATTRACTIVE DILETTANTE with ample breasts and a low-cut dress behind iSpy. His camera drifts to frame her obvious assets.

ISPY

This is where the industry big boys announce their latest and greatest, and keep us...

She notices Zach's new focus and steps back into the frame.

ISPY

...abreast of their plans to lead us into the bright and shiny tomorrow that is "the future."

She glances at the latest limousine to arrive. BLAKE DEVOREAUX (55), with a ramrod posture, steel-gray hair and a tuxedo, steps out. He waves as cameras flash.

ISPY

Ooh, that's Blake Devoreaux! CEO
of Arrivex Applied Technologies.
Zach, get a shot of him!

Blake ascends the steps and turns to again wave.

ISPY

He's going to be announcing
Arrivex's goals for the next--

The side of Blake's head explodes and he topples over. The boom of a rifle shot echoes through the air.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

The echo of the rifle shot fades away.

A paper target with a human-shaped silhouette has a bullet hole 2" above its head.

JUSTIN CAMPBELL (25), scruffy, boyish good looks, sits at a wood shooting bench. He glances up from aiming his scoped .243 rifle. A pistol lies in an open gun case nearby.

Next to him sits DALE ANDERSON (25), heavysset and tattooed, peering downrange through his own .30-06 rifle's scope.

DALE

Justin misses! The zombie rushes him. He has time for one more shot. Shoot!

Justin cycles the bolt, aims and pulls the trigger. BLAM!

The bullet barely misses the silhouette's head.

DALE

Dude, that zombie would be totally snacking on your brains right now.

JUSTIN

Hell no! I've got time for another shot.

DALE

Not with a Twenty-Eight Days Later zombie, you don't.

JUSTIN

It's a Dawn of the Dead zombie.
But let's see you do better.

Dale peers downrange.

DALE

The zombie turns and sees Dale.
It lurches toward him.

He takes aim and fires. BLAM! The roar is louder than
Justin's rifle.

The bullet punches through the silhouette's forehead.

DALE

Score!

He hugs and fondles his rifle, kissing the scope.

DALE

Yessss, my precioussssss....

JUSTIN

Dude, you need a girlfriend.

DALE

Dude, I have a girlfriend.

JUSTIN

Since when?

DALE

Since Dragon Con. Her name's
Karen.

JUSTIN

You met a girl at Dragon Con?

DALE

Hey, you met Tracy at Bay Con.

JUSTIN

No, I mean you never told me!

DALE

I wanted to be sure it would work
out first. She's into high
fantasy.

JUSTIN
And it's working out?

DALE
She forgives my guns. I forgive
her unicorns.

JUSTIN
Fair enough. She didn't want to
come to the range today?

DALE
She would if we were shooting bows
or hacking something up with
broadswords. But guns...

JUSTIN
Yeah. Tracy's not into guns
either.

DALE
Probably just as well. She'd be
way too hot otherwise.

Justin grins. He picks up his pistol and brandishes it.

JUSTIN
I know! Seriously, can you
imagine her getting all Charlie's
Angels with this? I've offered to
teach her how to shoot but she
says she'd rather have a migraine
in a disco.

DALE
Ye-ah, I'm not sure you should be
teaching anyone to shoot.

JUSTIN
What do you mean? I'm not bad.

DALE
You shoot like a girl.

JUSTIN
Annie Oakley?

DALE
Helen Keller. You flinch.

JUSTIN

Hey, recoil sucks. Now if I had a phased plasma rifle in the forty-watt range...

DALE

Maybe in a few decades, Ah-nold.

Justin chuckles. They reload their rifles.

JUSTIN

So how serious are you two?

DALE

She's moving in next weekend.

JUSTIN

No way! Dale, that's huge.

DALE

Yeah.

JUSTIN

But your house looks like a dorm room, dude. The only decorations on your walls are some food stains. Not exactly chick-friendly.

DALE

That's why I'm having the place fixed up. I found a great deal on a contractor. It's gonna look swaaaank.

JUSTIN

What the hell, Dale? When were you planning on telling me you've gone all respectable and shit?

DALE

I'm buying salad forks, too.

JUSTIN

Gaah! Don't make me hurt you!

DALE

Hey, you're getting your place overhauled too.

JUSTIN

Yeah, but that's Tracy's thing.
I'm even staying in a motel until
it's finished.

DALE

You're still drinking the same
Kool-Aid, ma man. Come on,
embrace your inner sweater vest.

Justin grimaces and hefts his rifle.

JUSTIN

Don't talk crazy shit like that.
Come on, we got zombies to kill.

EXT. ARRIVEX - DAY

A group of modern glass-and-chrome buildings arranged
around a beautifully landscaped courtyard.

A sign out front reads: "Arrivex Applied Technologies."

INT. ARRIVEX - I.T. DEPARTMENT - DAY

Science fiction movie posters and action figures clutter
the cubicle amid disassembled computer equipment.

Justin sits in front of his computer. He pushes his unruly
hair out of his face as he speaks into a headset.

JUSTIN

Yes, Mister Finks, you need to be
able to ping it. Can you ping it?
You're not sure how. Okay, I'll
walk you through it.

He picks up two action figures and makes them fight.

JUSTIN

Go to Start. Start. The big
button on the lower left. It says
Start. Yeah. No, left click.

CINDY (21), pixie-cute, rushes in and begins unloading a
large courier bag.

CINDY

Anyone ask for me yet?

Justin muffles his headset mike with his hand.

JUSTIN

Bernie. Five minutes ago.

CINDY

Crap!

Justin speaks into the mike.

JUSTIN

Okay, choose Run. Yes, the word Run, click on that. No, left click. Type I.P.CONFIG. Yes, I.P.CONFIG. Yes, I'm serious. That's what-- Uh, hello? Hello?

CINDY

That Mister Finks?

JUSTIN

Yeah. I guess we got cut off.

CINDY

Nah, he just always thinks we're making fun of him. At least you can get away with pissing off a V.P. I'm not lucky enough to be doing the boss's daughter.

JUSTIN

You want to? I'll see if I can arrange it. I get to watch, though, right?

Cindy slides into her seat and fits her headset into place.

CINDY

Bernie's going to kill me.

JUSTIN

Don't worry. I told him you were in the bathroom with "lady problems." He just turned green and moved right along.

CINDY

Thanks. I owe you one.

JUSTIN

Seven, actually. So what was it this time?

CINDY

I got arrested for sexual solicitation.

Justin's jaw drops.

JUSTIN

I...uh...really?

Cindy bursts out with laughter.

CINDY

You're so easy. I just forgot to set my alarm again, you goof. You're just lucky "gullible" isn't a real word.

JUSTIN

Huh?

CINDY

You do know it's not in the dictionary, right?

She turns away to log into her computer. Justin does a quick Internet search.

JUSTIN

It is so a real word!

CINDY

Ouch. You actually fell for that?

Justin grimaces with realization.

JUSTIN

There's a special place in hell for smartasses. You do know that, don't you?

Cindy laughs. Her phone beeps and she pushes a button.

CINDY
I.T. Department, this is Cindy.

Her smile fades.

CINDY
Uh, hello, Mister Finks....

Justin grins.

JUSTIN
Karma's a bitch.

His phone beeps and he pushes a button.

JUSTIN
I.T. Department, this is Justin.
Oh hi, Sergei. Sure, I'll be
right there.

SECURITY ROOM

Video monitors display various views of Arrivex property.

Security guard SERGEI (30s), a husky and neatly groomed Russian, frowns at a blank white computer screen.

Justin takes a seat before the screen.

SERGEI
Can you fix?

JUSTIN
What did you do, Sergei?

SERGEI
Nothing!

JUSTIN
The screen just went white all on
its own, huh?

SERGEI
I was just minding my own
business.

JUSTIN
Have you downloaded anything at
all to this computer?

SERGEI

No!

Justin patiently waits.

SERGEI

All right, yes. One thing.

Justin sighs. He presses Control-Alt-Delete and scans the Task Manager processes.

SERGEI

I thought it was plug-in update.

Justin selects one of the processes.

JUSTIN

A plug-in update named
gangbang.exe. Really, Sergei?

SERGEI

It could have been legitimate.

JUSTIN

Uh-huh.

Justin ends the "gangbang.exe" process. The monitor clears and displays a normal desktop.

Sergei chuckles and shrugs in surrender.

SERGEI

Don't judge. Not everyone is as
lucky as you.

JUSTIN

What?

SERGEI

The boss's daughter? Tell me, you
got something great in your pants
I wish I had?

JUSTIN

That didn't come out right, did
it, Sergei?

SERGEI

No, it did not.

Justin takes a flash drive from around his neck and inserts it into the computer.

JUSTIN

Some women are actually into smart guys, you know.

SERGEI

Just like some plug-in updates are named gangbang.exe, yes?

Justin gives him the evil eye. He copies the gangbang.exe file from the computer desktop to the flash drive.

JUSTIN

This is just a lame prank application, but you should run a full virus scan anyway. Arrivex's email security sucks.

He retrieves the flash drive and stands.

JUSTIN

You're back in business, my friend.

SERGEI

Thanks, buddy. Sergei owes you one.

JUSTIN

Five, actually.

INT. JUSTIN AND TRACY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Justin slogs in wearily with his backpack and throws his keys on the foyer table--

--which isn't there and the keys fall to the floor. Justin stares at the keys. He looks around warily.

The room is immaculate and new, with modern-colonial decor.

TRACY CAMPBELL (25), stunningly pretty with a dynamite body, enters from the kitchen.

TRACY

You're late, sweetie!

JUSTIN
The table's gone.

TRACY
I know! Isn't it great?

Justin stares about the room. Tracy laughs. She throws her arms around him and gives him a kiss.

TRACY
Yes, this is really our house! Do you like what they did?

JUSTIN
I thought they were just going to repaint the walls and add some pillows and stuff....

Tracy grabs his hand.

TRACY
Come and see the kitchen!

KITCHEN

Tracy hauls Justin in and dances around the fancy new stainless steel appliances and granite countertops.

TRACY
Isn't it gorgeous?

JUSTIN
Ye-ah. But neither of us knows how to cook, Tracy.

TRACY
We'll learn. I want to learn now! This is restaurant-quality equipment.

JUSTIN
Um...how much does "restaurant-quality" cost, Trace?

TRACY
I handled it. Come, you have to see what they did to your office!

She drags him by the hand.

JUSTIN

Wait. You redid my office?

JUSTIN'S OFFICE

Tracy flips a wall switch. A ridiculously elaborate track lighting system hanging from the ceiling lights up.

A huge home entertainment center dominates one wall, with wall-mounted speakers and a huge flat panel display surrounded by gleaming equipment and game consoles.

A computer sits on a fancy L-shaped desk. The chair looks like something Dr. Evil would love. Rich wood paneling covers the floor.

TRACY

Ta-daa!

Justin just stares around the room, stunned.

TRACY

You don't like it.

JUSTIN

Uh...wow, it's different. I like what they did with the speakers. But I kinda liked playing Xbox on the couch.

TRACY

Oh, Justin...

JUSTIN

No, it's fine, honey, really. It's just going to take a little getting used to.

TRACY

It's not quite Battlestar Galactica enough for you, is it?

JUSTIN

It's fine. I mean it's great! Seriously, it's more than I could ask for.

TRACY

Watch this.

She picks up a remote and presses buttons. The entertainment system blinks to life impressively.

A science fiction movie appears on the screen and fills the room with thundering sound. Tracy turns it down.

TRACY

Your secret lair.

JUSTIN

My god, that's a 60" plasma. That must've cost--

TRACY

I got a great package deal, and Daddy is helping--

JUSTIN

Tracy...

Tracy puts her arms around his neck and gives him a heart-melting smile.

TRACY

Shush. Daddy is helping us as our wedding gift. We can afford it.

Justin grudgingly smiles.

JUSTIN

Nobody could ever accuse you of doing anything half-assed.

Tracy kisses him.

TRACY

Of course not. With me you get the whole ass.

JUSTIN

Oh yeah?

TRACY

Wait till you see what they did with the bedroom.

She sways her hips on her way toward the doorway, and pauses to look back over her shoulder invitingly.

TRACY

Help me, Obi-Wan Kenobi. You're my only hope.

Justin grins.

JUSTIN

Thrusters on full. Preparing to go to maximum warp, to boldly go where no man has--

TRACY

Wait, you're mixing your--

Justin howls like a Wookiee and lunges after her. Tracy squeals and runs away.

INT. JUSTIN AND TRACY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Justin and Tracy lie asleep in their new bed.

Justin has the Chinese character for "future" tattooed on his upper arm.

He stirs. He crawls out of bed and stumbles out of the room. He wears only Men In Black-themed boxers.

BATHROOM

Justin urinates vigorously.

HALLWAY

Justin flushes and turns out the bathroom light. He stumbles back down the hallway toward the bedroom.

As he approaches the doorway to his office, a rising electronic hum sounds.

He steps up to the doorway just as a brief, blinding flash of light blasts from inside the office.

He blinks to clear his vision.

JUSTIN'S OFFICE

Evaporating white ground fog covers the floor and flows into the hallway.

Muscular FUTURE JUSTIN (55), buck naked, his skin steaming, kneels with his back to Justin. Strange tattoos line his back.

FUTURE JUSTIN

I...made it.

He slowly stands.

Justin looks around. He grabs a table lamp from a nearby shelf and wields it like a club. The gooseneck design causes the lamp to flop ineffectively.

JUSTIN

Who the fuck are you and what are you doing naked in my house?

Future Justin turns. He wears a metal headset with pulsing lights and a glowing red eyepiece. He is hairless with a badly scarred face and body.

Justin stares in shock.

JUSTIN

Terminator!

FUTURE JUSTIN

What? Justin, it's me!

JUSTIN

Who's me?

Future Justin indicates the faded Chinese symbol for "Future" tattooed on his upper arm.

FUTURE JUSTIN

Me is you.

JUSTIN

Huh?

FUTURE JUSTIN

I'm you, Justin. From the future.

Justin gapes. He shakes himself out of it.

JUSTIN

Yeah, right. Would you like some pants?

Future Justin looks down at himself.

FUTURE JUSTIN

Oh. I guess not all materials come through.

JUSTIN

Seriously, let me get you some pants.

FUTURE JUSTIN

There's no time. I can't be here for long.

He notices a large framed photo of Justin and Tracy on the desk. He picks it up and stares at it, misty-eyed. He touches his index finger to Tracy's face.

Justin sidesteps over to a chair with clothing hanging on it and grabs a pair of bright purple sweatpants. He throws them at Future Justin.

JUSTIN

I don't want any trouble. If you leave now I won't call the cops.

Future Justin replaces the photo. He points to a Y-shaped scar on his scalp.

FUTURE JUSTIN

We got this when we fell out of a tree when we were seven.

JUSTIN

No way, dude....

FUTURE JUSTIN

We sometimes wake up with night sweats.

JUSTIN

How do you know--

FUTURE JUSTIN

Tracy has two small moles way up on her inner thigh.

JUSTIN

Hey, how the hell--

FUTURE JUSTIN

When we and Dale first met Tracy at Bay Con, we used a fake phone call to lure Dale away so we could be alone with her. And we secretly think Tracy's dad is a total asshole even if he did give us jobs at Arrivex.

Justin stares, slack-jawed. He lowers the lamp.

JUSTIN

How could you know all that?

FUTURE JUSTIN

Because time travel is real, Justin.

He takes a step toward Justin, who backpedals.

JUSTIN

Pants! Put on the damn pants!

FUTURE JUSTIN

Oh. Sheesh.

He picks up the sweatpants and pulls them on.

FUTURE JUSTIN

Just be sure to thoroughly wash these afterward.

JUSTIN

Ya think?

FUTURE JUSTIN

...and don't come too close. The world I come from...it's a messed up place, Justin. Disease...toxins...nanodust warfare...I wouldn't want to infect you with anything I might have caught.

JUSTIN

What the hell happened?

FUTURE JUSTIN

A machine intelligence disaster. It's too complicated to go into right now and I shouldn't give you any details. We can't risk you creating a paradox.

JUSTIN

You've got to be kidding.

FUTURE JUSTIN

But we do need you to change the future. That's why I'm here.

Justin's eyes widen.

JUSTIN

You want me to...change the future?

FUTURE JUSTIN

Only by changing the past do we have a chance of fixing how our world turns out.

Justin grins like a kid in a candy shop.

JUSTIN

You're going to give me some future technology to introduce to the world?

FUTURE JUSTIN

No! Technology advanced too damn fast as it is! We didn't have enough safeguards in place.

JUSTIN

What sort of technology do you have? Flying cars? Holodecks?

FUTURE JUSTIN

I can't tell you that! It's too dangerous.

JUSTIN

Oh come on! Can't you at least
give me a hint? Blasters?
Teleporters? Nanobots?

Future Justin touches a button on his headset.

FUTURE JUSTIN

We don't have much time. Listen.
Do you have a--what was it
called?--a cellular phone?

JUSTIN

Huh? Yeah, I--

FUTURE JUSTIN

Quickly! Get it for me!

Justin dashes out of the room. He comes running in a
moment later carrying a smartphone.

FUTURE JUSTIN

Switch it on and show it to me.

Justin complies, holding the phone to face Future Justin.

FUTURE JUSTIN

Such a primitive gadget.

JUSTIN

It was a birthday present from
Tracy. It's like a month old....

FUTURE JUSTIN

It'll do.

He pushes a button on his headset and shines a green beam
of light down the length of the smartphone.

FUTURE JUSTIN

We'll send messages via tachyon
carrier wave to this unit.

JUSTIN

Tachyon carrier wave. That's so
cool....

FUTURE JUSTIN

You can't tell anyone about any of this. Can we count on you to do what's needed to save the future?

Justin nods solemnly.

Future Justin covers his mouth and has a coughing fit. When he recovers, bubbling white foam trickles from the corner of his mouth. Justin takes a step back.

FUTURE JUSTIN

Salt water. I need salt water. Quickly!

Justin dashes out of the room.

HALLWAY

As Justin runs toward the kitchen, he hears the rising electronic hum. He turns and sees the bright light flash from his office doorway. He runs back.

JUSTIN'S OFFICE

Justin looks around. Future Justin is gone. All that remains is a swirl of dissipating white ground fog and a crumpled pair of purple sweatpants.

INT. JUSTIN AND TRACY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Justin mechanically prepares a peanut butter sandwich as his eyes gaze into the future.

A Blade Runner theme tone sounds. Justin snatches up his smartphone and reads:

"justin say yes to golfing"

Justin frowns.

JUSTIN

Yes to golfing.

Tracy breezes in, dressed for work. She gives Justin a quick kiss and opens a cabinet to grab a breakfast bar.

TRACY

Morning, sweets.

JUSTIN

You're leaving already?

TRACY

My father wants me in early today. He's selecting candidates for the new head of the genetics division and needs me to set up the room.

She peers at Justin.

TRACY

Are you okay? You look tired.

JUSTIN

Uh, had some trouble sleeping.

TRACY

It's probably the new bed. You'll get used to it. Want to have lunch together?

JUSTIN

It's real busy today but I'll see if I can get away.

TRACY

I'll swing by and see if I can convince Warden Bernie to let you out of I.T. prison for a while.

She grabs her bag and heads out. She pauses at the door.

TRACY

Oh, I almost forgot. Dad's invited us to go golfing with him and Maggie tomorrow afternoon. Interested?

JUSTIN

R-Really?

TRACY

I think Dad wants to get to know you better. I know...golfing!

JUSTIN
Miniature golf, right?

TRACY
No, silly. Real golf. Think of
it as an opportunity to learn
something new.

JUSTIN
Uh, okay. I mean, yes.

TRACY
Cool! I'll let you know the
details later. Love you!

She breezes out. Justin stares at his smartphone.

INT. ARRIVEX - I.T. DEPARTMENT - DAY

Justin and Cindy sit at their desks. Justin stares into
the distance. A light blinks furiously on his phone.

CINDY
No. No. You need R.J. forty-five
for Ethernet. No, phone cable
won't work. It's gotta be R.J.
forty-five. Thicker plugs. R.J.
forty-five. Yes. You're welcome.

She throws a Skittle at Justin.

CINDY
Hey, Eagle-Eye.

JUSTIN
Oh. Sorry.

He answers his phone.

JUSTIN
I.T. Department, this is Justin.

DALE (V.O.)
My computer needs a new mouse.
Can you recommend a good pet
store?

JUSTIN

Hey, Dale.

DALE (V.O.)

Hey, you coming shooting tomorrow?

JUSTIN

I wish. I have to play golf with the boss tomorrow.

The Blade Runner tone sounds. Justin grabs his phone and flips it open.

Text messages appear in rapid succession:

"justin"

"tracy's sister Maggie"

"she MUST leave arrivex"

"permanently and asap"

"make it happen"

"for the future"

"justin"

DALE (V.O.)

Well, if you'd rather spend time with your boss instead of your best friend WHO MAY BE GETTING MARRIED SOON AT COMIC-CON, it's okay.

JUSTIN

Married? Holy crap, I thought you were just moving in together!

DALE (V.O.)

Well, things happen real fast in my world. I'm always planning for the future.

Justin examines the number the text came from. It's just a string of ones and zeroes.

JUSTIN

Hey. You know anything about golf?

DALE (V.O.)

No, you wanna borrow my plaid pants?

JUSTIN

No. It's just like miniature golf, but bigger, right?

DALE (V.O.)

I have a jaunty cap you could borrow too.

Justin does a reverse lookup on the number. No results.

JUSTIN

Dale, listen, I gotta go. I'll call you later, okay?

DALE (V.O.)

You're growing distant, man. Will marriage turn me into an asshat too?

Justin cuts him off. He calls the number the text came from. All he gets is a busy signal.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

WHACK! Blake's powerful swing launches his golf ball down the center of the perfectly manicured fairway.

Hard-faced MAGGIE DEVOREAUX (33) shields her eyes as she watches the ball fly.

Justin and Tracy stand behind them. Justin is the only one dressed inappropriately, in jeans and sneakers. He makes an awkward putting motion with a driver.

MAGGIE

Good shot, Blake.

Justin leans close to Tracy.

JUSTIN

I don't get it, Trace. Why do you two call your dad by his first name?

TRACY

It's what he wants. He thinks "Dad" is too touchy-feely.

Blake frowns with dissatisfaction at his perfect shot.

BLAKE

You're up, Maggie.

Maggie steps up and prepares the tee.

BLAKE

So, Justin. How do you like working in the I.T. department? Are they keeping you busy?

JUSTIN

Busy enough, sir.

BLAKE

I bet...everyone surfing the Twitters and the MySpace.

JUSTIN

Uh...

TRACY

Blake, must you talk business?

BLAKE

I'm just curious, Tracy. So what can you tell me about the future?

Justin's eyes go wide.

JUSTIN

The...future?

BLAKE

Where do you see yourself in five years?

JUSTIN

Oh. Well, I guess I'd like to still be working in I.T.--

TRACY

--as the head of the department, that is. He was just talking about that the other day.

Justin blinks and looks at Tracy.

BLAKE

So you've set an ambitious goal for yourself. Good for you, sport. Too many slackers in today's youth.

WHACK! Maggie sends her ball down the fairway.

EXT. GOLF CLUB PATIO - DAY

The four sit at an umbrella table. Tracy drinks ice water, Justin a Mountain Dew, and Maggie and Blake highballs.

MAGGIE

So you're seriously thinking of putting Morika in charge of the genetics division?

BLAKE

Indeed. You should like him. He's a Republican, you know.

MAGGIE

In name only. I mean, he specializes in embryonic stem cell research. That's not something Arrivex should be involved with.

BLAKE

Of course we should. The potential revenue is huge.

MAGGIE

But it's murder, Blake!

BLAKE

It's the future Mags. Stem cells are going to cure cancer and regrow body parts and...do you remember that mouse with the ear on its back?

MAGGIE

But it's murder! You can't say one life is worth more than another.

BLAKE

It's not murder, Maggie. It's a blob of brainless cells. Cells that'll save millions of lives.

MAGGIE

You can't kill one person even to save millions! What if someone had aborted baby Jesus and harvested him for stem cells?

BLAKE

They didn't do a lot of biotech research back then.

MAGGIE

You know what I mean.

BLAKE

And wouldn't he have just resurrected in three days anyway?

Maggie chokes on her drink. Justin chimes in helpfully:

JUSTIN

Didn't Jesus sacrifice his one life to save millions?

MAGGIE

That was his choice!

BLAKE

So you're pro-choice.

MAGGIE

I just can't talk to you.

She stands up and storms off.

TRACY

Did you have to, Blake? Maggie...

She jumps up and follows Maggie.

BLAKE

Well, that went better than expected. We'll have to do this again sometime.

He waves to a waiter.

BLAKE

Jeremy...another scotch!

INT. TRACY'S CAR - NIGHT

Tracy drives. She wears a sweatshirt with a Rube Goldberg device on it. Justin sits beside her.

JUSTIN

I'm really sorry I lost the club.

TRACY

Mags says they regularly dredge the pond for balls. It'll turn up. I'm just sorry you had a front row seat to the world's most dysfunctional family.

JUSTIN

Nah, it could have been worse.

TRACY

You're sweet to say. My father and sister can be a little...

JUSTIN

Intense?

TRACY

Thank you. I was going to say bitchy. If politics were light sabers there would be body parts all over the place.

JUSTIN

I'm just sorry I don't have much in common with them.

TRACY

I'm not. Why do you think I married you?

She reaches over and squeezes his hand. Justin grins.

JUSTIN

Because I was the hottest guy at Bay Con?

TRACY

Well you did look hot in that Jaffa outfit. But I'm just glad you're not so damn competitive about everything.

JUSTIN

Then why'd you tell Blake I want to head up the I.T. department?

Tracy winces.

TRACY

Sorry about that. He's got this thing about "personal stagnation." He thinks everyone should be clawing for the top, and that Maggie and I should be competing for his job.

JUSTIN

You want to run the corporation?

TRACY

Please. Just being Executive Assistant to Blake Devoreaux is stressful enough. Arrivex is obsessed with efficiency.

JUSTIN

What's wrong with efficiency?

TRACY

It's boring. I prefer the
eccentric over the efficient.

Justin's gaze turns distant.

JUSTIN

Boring's not so bad sometimes.

TRACY

I wouldn't mind the money, though.
Blake owns half the company.
Hey...

JUSTIN

What?

TRACY

Do you really want to spend your
life solving other people's
problems?

JUSTIN

It's easy.

TRACY

What about changing the future?
Don't you want to help create a
Tardis or Stargate or something?

JUSTIN

Sometimes changing the future is
more about preventing things than
creating them.

TRACY

What are you talking about?

JUSTIN

Don't worry. I plan to do my part
to change the future.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - DAY

Justin enters wearing dark glasses and dressed semi-
successfully like the crowd of teens here, who all
deathmatch furiously.

He pays cash to the CAFE CLERK, who is engrossed in a comic.

He heads to a free terminal in a back corner and surreptitiously slips on a pair of latex gloves.

He creates a browser-based email account named "republicanelection" and creates a new email:

TO: "mdevoreaux@arrivex.com"

SUBJECT: "Thanks For Your Support"

"Dear Ms. Maggie Devoreaux. Thank you for your generous donation. We hope we can count on you to consider additional investments to help achieve our mutual goal"...

Justin sends off the email with a click.

He plugs in his flash drive and copies the gangbang.exe program to the desktop. He renames it "clientupdate.exe."

He creates another account named "30yfn" and composes another email:

TO: "mdevoreaux@arrivex.com"

SUBJECT: "Client Specification Change"

He attaches clientupdate.exe and sends.

Justin quickly cleans up his trail, retrieves the flash drive, pockets the gloves and hurries out.

INT. ARRIVEX - I.T. DEPARTMENT - DAY

Cindy talks on her headset while elbow-deep in an open computer case, parts strewn about.

CINDY

Because it's not a supported application! Okay, fine, but just this once. The numbers tell you how many mines are adjacent to the square you clicked, okay? Right. You're welcome.

She punches a flashing button.

CINDY

I.T. Department, this is Cindy.
Oh, yes ma'am. Justin!

Justin comes running into the cubicle holding a printout.
He pulls on his headset.

JUSTIN

Got it. I.T. Department, this
is... Oh, hi Maggie, what can I--

He chews a fingernail.

JUSTIN

It's just white, huh? Okay, don't
touch anything. I'll be right up.

MAGGIE'S OFFICE

An autographed photo of Sean Hannity hangs prominently on a
wall of the meticulously organized office.

Maggie stands behind Justin, who sits at her desk. Her
monitor displays a white screen.

MAGGIE

Is it serious?

JUSTIN

The white screen of death.

MAGGIE

Death?

JUSTIN

But I think I can fix it. Do me a
favor? Go to the printer and turn
it off.

As Maggie heads to the printer, Justin kills the prank
application and deletes the "Client Specification Change"
email.

MAGGIE

Done.

JUSTIN

Stay there for a moment, will you?
I'll need you to turn it on again.

He opens the "Thanks For Your Support" email and replies to it. He types:

"Thank you. My next donation is attached."

JUSTIN

Okay, now press and hold down the
printer power button.

MAGGIE

Why?

Justin attaches the entire contents of a folder named
CONFIDENTIAL.

JUSTIN

Because the DOS prompt system BIOS
has an input defrag application
error in the V.O.I.P. emoticon--

MAGGIE

Whatever. How much longer?

Justin clicks Send and watches the progress bar.

JUSTIN

Almost done....

The email finishes sending.

JUSTIN

Okay, you can let go now.

He deletes the Client Update.exe program from the desktop
and restarts the computer.

JUSTIN

It should be fine after this
reboot. It just needed a--

MAGGIE

I don't care. As long as the
problem's fixed.

JUSTIN

Yeah. I hope this fixes any future problems, too.

RECEPTION AREA

Tracy sits at her desk in the Art Deco-styled room. She talks on a headset.

TRACY

Then let's do lunch tomorrow, Justin. Bernie can't keep you chained up all week!

BLAKE (V.O.)

Tracy!

TRACY

Hold on.

She presses an intercom button.

TRACY

Yes, Mister Devoreaux?

BLAKE

Tell Maggie I want to see her right away.

TRACY

Yes, sir.

BLAKE'S OFFICE

An autographed photo of Bill Clinton hangs prominently on a wall of the richly-decorated office.

Blake frowns at his computer screen. A knock sounds and Maggie pokes her head in the door.

MAGGIE

You wanted to see me, Blake?

BLAKE

Come in, Maggie.

Maggie enters. She turns wary as she notices two uniformed SECURITY GUARDS standing to one side.

MAGGIE

What's wrong?

Blake turns his monitor around and shows Maggie the "Thanks For Your Support" emails open on the screen.

BLAKE

Did you exchange these emails?

MAGGIE

You've been reading my emails?

BLAKE

Of course, Maggie, we read all the emails here. It's company policy when you work with highly sensitive research that could fall into the wrong hands. Did you exchange these emails?

MAGGIE

Yes. So? It doesn't interfere with my work.

BLAKE

Selling classified information to a rival company?

MAGGIE

What?

BLAKE

Which company was it?

MAGGIE

I did no such thing! Are you insane?

BLAKE

You did send these emails, though.

MAGGIE

Yes. I donate to more political organizations than I can remember. So what? I don't sell company secrets!

BLAKE

Maggie, I need you to look closely at these. If you did this and you're lying to me, it wounds me doubly. As a businessman and, peripherally, as your father.

She peers at the emails.

MAGGIE

Wait, I didn't send that one!

BLAKE

Who else has access to your email account, Maggie?

MAGGIE

No one. But why would I sell information to another company?

BLAKE

Is it because of the embryonic stem cell issue?

MAGGIE

What? No! Why would I take such a risk just to get back at you?

BLAKE

You accused me of murder.

MAGGIE

Embryonic stem cell research is murder!

Blake sits down with a weary sigh.

BLAKE

I'm sorry, Maggie.

MAGGIE

Wait. What do you mean you're sorry?

BLAKE

It means I'm sorry. I'm afraid I have to let you go.

MAGGIE

You can't fire me, Blake! I'm
your goddamn daughter!

BLAKE

It's set company policy. Even if
I wanted to I couldn't save you
with such a flagrant violation.
My hands are tied.

MAGGIE

Wait...you are NOT going to walk
me out like a common employee!

BLAKE

Of course not. It's not my job.

He nods to the two security guards. They step forward and
grasp Maggie's arms.

MAGGIE

You bastard! I've been set up,
can't you see?

BLAKE

I will write you an exemplary
letter of recommendation. Good
day, Miss Devoreaux.

INT. JUSTIN AND TRACY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Justin holds an Xbox controller, the game paused. Tracy
paces back and forth.

TRACY

And then they just frogmarched her
out!

JUSTIN

Your dad fired your sister.

TRACY

She sold classified information to
one of our competitors!

She drops onto the couch next to him.

JUSTIN
Why would she do that?

TRACY
I've no idea. Oh, Maggie....

JUSTIN
Is she going to be okay?

TRACY
Yeah. There's a dozen companies
that would kill to have her work
for them.

JUSTIN
I don't know what to say.

TRACY
You would never do anything that
crazy, would you?

JUSTIN
Uh, of course not.

Justin holds her close so she can't see his guilty wince.

TRACY
I want to blow something up.

JUSTIN
Uh...huh?

Tracy takes the Xbox controller and sits up.

JUSTIN
Oh. Sure, hun. But it's an
F.P.S. Do you know how to--

TRACY
I'll figure it out.

JUSTIN
O-kay. Need fuel?

TRACY
Brownies.

JUSTIN
Roger that.

As he stands, a Doctor Who theme ringtone plays. He picks up his smartphone. The connection is staticky and faint.

JUSTIN

H'lo?

FUTURE JUSTIN (V.O.)

Oh thank god. The line works.

JUSTIN

Uh. Hold on....

He glances at Tracy. She's engrossed in the game. He hurries from the room.

JUSTIN'S OFFICE

Justin rushes in and shuts the door. He clutches the phone to his ear.

JUSTIN

I'm here! Are you calling from the future?

FUTURE JUSTIN (V.O.)

Yes, but I don't know how long we can maintain the connection.

JUSTIN

I can barely hear you. Did it work? Is the future fixed?

FUTURE JUSTIN (V.O.)

Not exactly...

JUSTIN

Oh shit! Did I get Maggie fired for nothing?

FUTURE JUSTIN (V.O.)

No, not nothing. Arrivex focused its efforts elsewhere for a while. You delayed the disaster by three months.

JUSTIN

That's all?

FUTURE JUSTIN (V.O.)

It helped. We're better equipped and things aren't quite such a mess. Our Tachyon carrier wave technology is stronger, too--we can make calls now. The roaming charges are insane, though.

JUSTIN

Wait...how can you know what the future was like before Maggie was fired?

FUTURE JUSTIN (V.O.)

What?

JUSTIN

I mean, you're from the changed future, so how could you know what the original future was like?

FUTURE JUSTIN (V.O.)

Oh. We can store information in an Independent Temporal Stasis Bubble that we can access after changing... Never mind. I shouldn't be telling you this.

JUSTIN

Oh come on, you're killing me! Why even tell me anything if you can't give me the details?

FUTURE JUSTIN (V.O.)

Because you can still fix...

The voice fades and breaks up with static.

JUSTIN

Hello?

He moves about the room to find better reception.

FUTURE JUSTIN (V.O.)
 ...slow down Arrivex's development
 of a critical manufacturing
 technique...delay the development
 ...machine sentience long enough
 for...necessary safeguards in
 place. The disaster won't occur.

JUSTIN
 What do you need me to do?

FUTURE JUSTIN (V.O.)
 You need to destroy Lab A.

JUSTIN
 What the hell?

More static. Justin moves around more frantically.

FUTURE JUSTIN (V.O.)
 ...where the manufacturing
 technique...developed...take a
 year to rebuild. Burn it to the
 ground, Justin.

JUSTIN
 I'm not committing arson!

FUTURE JUSTIN (V.O.)
 I'm sorry but there's no better
 option. We...everything else.

The static fades near the desk, and Justin climbs onto it.

JUSTIN
 But...

FUTURE JUSTIN (V.O.)
 Justin...Tracy didn't make it
 through the disaster. If you
 destroy Lab A, it'll give us time
 to stop the disaster from
 happening. Tracy won't die.
 Please, Justin....

JUSTIN
 Tracy. Oh, god.

FUTURE JUSTIN (V.O.)
Lab A's fire suppression system is
broken. That's why a fire is
perfect. You can do this, Justin.

Justin stands precariously perched on the edge of the desk,
rotating to find better reception.

FUTURE JUSTIN (V.O.)
But for this to work, the fire
must look like an accident. Got
that?

JUSTIN
Why?

A knock. Tracy opens the door.

TRACY
Justin? What's taking so long?

Justin jumps with surprise and almost falls. He bobbles
his smartphone and it flies from his hand.

TRACY
Justin! What are you doing?

Justin jumps down and fetches his phone.

JUSTIN
Sorry. Bad cell phone reception.

The phone's screen is cracked. The line is dead.

JUSTIN
Oh crap! My phone!

TRACY
Ouch. Don't worry, we'll get you
a new one.

JUSTIN
But...

TRACY
Something even better. A smarter
smartphone. It'll be okay.

LIVING ROOM

Justin and Tracy take a seat on the couch. Tracy picks up the controller and gestures at the screen.

TRACY

I died.

Justin's gaze focuses on her.

JUSTIN

I'll bring you back to life,
honey. I promise.

TRACY

My hero. By the way, who were you
talking to? Do you need to call
them back?

JUSTIN

No. It was, uh, Dale. He's
getting married, you know.

TRACY

Really? That's wonderful!

EXT. ARRIVEX - LAB A - DAY

An older building than the rest of Arrivex, with dingy walls and faded paint. A sign out front reads "LAB A."

Justin approaches the entrance carrying a bag of tools and a box of computer parts. He wears his gloves.

INT. ARRIVEX - LAB A MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

Worn linoleum lines the floor and water stains discolor one wall. Technicians in white lab coats work in windowed labs filled with high-tech equipment.

Justin wanders down the hallway. He glances at the swipe-card security doors and peers through the windows.

A FEMALE TECHNICIAN on a cell phone exits a room. Justin angles toward the door, acting as if his load is heavy.

JUSTIN

Hold, please!

The Female Technician holds the door long enough for Justin to slip through.

JUSTIN
Thanks! 'Preciate it.

LAB A ELECTRONICS LAB

Justin observes the bulky electronic equipment that forms passageways through the room.

ALFARO (30s) bobs awkwardly to an iPod as he works at a nearby table. LOWE (30s) sits across the room at a computer workstation. Both have their backs to Justin.

Justin sees through a large window into a connecting room near Lowe. Inside, a white LAB RAT lies curled up in a cage beside a rack of propane and oxygen tanks and an assortment of electrical equipment.

Lowe stands up and heads off down a passageway.

Justin sidles over to Lowe's computer. He reaches around back and loosens the network cable.

He returns to the door and stumbles over a cable. Alfaro turns around and pulls out his earbuds.

ALFARO
Excuse me? Can I help you?

JUSTIN
Actually, I'm here to help you.

He pulls a clipboard from his bag and consults it.

JUSTIN
Got a repair order for Lab B.

Alfaro sneers with disgust.

ALFARO
Figures. Those Lab B idiots don't know jack shit about maintenance. This is Lab A. You want the next building down. Tell them "ha-ha, losers" for me, will you?

JUSTIN
O-kay, then. Thanks.

INT. ARRIVEX - I.T. DEPARTMENT - DAY

Cindy crimps Ethernet cable while Justin hovers over his phone. He glances at the clock, which shows 4:40 p.m.

The phone rings and Justin grabs it.

JUSTIN
I.T. Department, this is Justin.
Where? Oh, right. Hold, please.

He pushes a button.

JUSTIN
Cindy, can you take this?

CINDY
Crimping cables here.

JUSTIN
Pleeese? I'm waiting for a call.

CINDY
You owe me.

JUSTIN
Okay. You're down to six.

Cindy sighs and punches a button.

CINDY
I.T. Department, this is Cindy....
Yes, put a check in the first two
boxes. A check. With your mouse.
Yes, click the mouse on each box.
No, left-click. Yes, the first
two boxes. Yes. You're welcome.

5:45. Justin drums his fingers.

CINDY
Anxious much?

JUSTIN

Yeah. Uh, Tracy and I are going out--

The phone rings and Justin pounces.

JUSTIN

I.T. Department, this is Justin.

He sighs.

JUSTIN

No, Dale, you do not have a FireWire cable in your butt. I'm busy. Gotta go.

CINDY

What the hell?

JUSTIN

A friend of mine. You want to talk to him?

CINDY

Is he cute?

JUSTIN

Depends. You like tats and fat? He's getting married.

Cindy grimaces and throws a Skittle at Justin.

CINDY

Did you know marriage is the number one cause of divorce?

The phone rings and Justin answers.

JUSTIN

I.T. Department, this is Justin. Lab A? Okay, I'll be right there.

He yanks off his headset, grabs his tool bag and heads out.

CINDY

Hey, I thought you said you...

But he's already gone.

INT. ARRIVEX - LAB A ELECTRONICS LAB - DAY

Justin stands beside technician Lowe, who gestures at his workstation.

LOWE

It was working fine an hour ago.

JUSTIN

It happens. Old equipment.

Justin takes a seat.

LOWE

How long do you think this is going to take?

JUSTIN

Hard to say. You in a hurry?

LOWE

I have to send some files before we close up in ten minutes...so yeah, kinda.

JUSTIN

Hey, is there a vending machine near here?

LOWE

It's down the hall.

JUSTIN

Great. I can do this faster if you get me a Red Bull.

He hands Lowe a \$5 bill.

LOWE

Oh. Okay.

Lowe heads out. Justin glances over at Alfaro, who air guitars badly to his iPod with his back turned.

Justin stands and pushes the loose network cable back into place. He hurries over to the connecting room door.

LAB A CONNECTING ROOM

The lab rat sniffs the air sleepily as Justin approaches.

JUSTIN
I'm really sorry, little guy.

He pulls a jar of peanut butter from his tool bag and uses his finger to wipe peanut butter along electrical wires near the cage.

JUSTIN
I hope this is better than getting injected with mutant cells.

He twists open the valves on the propane and oxygen tanks slightly, and unlatches the cage door.

JUSTIN
Save the future, Ben!

LAB A ELECTRONICS LAB

Lowe enters and approaches Justin, who sits at his workstation.

LOWE
Is it bad?

JUSTIN
All done. It was just a loose cable.

He accepts the drink and gathers his things.

LOWE
It's always the little things that make such big messes, isn't it?

JUSTIN
You've no idea. Have a good one.

He heads out the door.

Above the door, hidden among the electronic equipment, a security camera with a glowing light watches over the room.

INT. JUSTIN AND TRACY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Justin and Tracy watch Fahrenheit 451 on TV, which breaks to a commercial. Tracy jumps up and heads for the kitchen.

TRACY
Popcorn. We need popcorn.

Justin surfs through the channels.

JUSTIN
Garlic salt on mine, please!

TRACY (O.S.)
Not if you're hoping to get lucky tonight.

Justin switches to a NEWSCASTER giving a newsflash.

NEWSCASTER
...reports of a fire breaking out at Arrivex Applied Technologies. We'll bring you details as they develop...

Tracy enters. Justin quickly switches back to the movie.

TRACY
Has it started yet?

JUSTIN
Yeah...it has.

EXT. ARRIVEX - LAB A - DAY

Lab A is a smoldering, burnt-out ruin. A tape barrier keeps a crowd of Arrivex personnel a safe distance away.

Justin, Tracy, Alfaro and Lowe stand in the crowd, gazing at the wreckage and CSI personnel working the scene.

LOWE
I can't believe it!

ALFARO
I say good riddance. We needed a new lab anyway. Maybe they'll make a genetics lab this time.

LOWE

Are you kidding? It's too expensive! They'll probably just move us to Lab B!

They share a look of horror.

ALFARO

Maybe we'll get lucky and they'll just fire us instead.

A flicker of movement catches Lowe's attention.

LOWE

Oh my god. Splinter!

The lab rat scurries across the lawn, covered in soot.

Justin notices Detectives JACOBS (40s) and MACIAS (30s) flash their badges at the FIRE MARSHAL (40s).

Justin turns to head in the opposite direction and runs right into Sergei, whose face is grim.

SERGEI

Justin.

JUSTIN

Hey, Sergei. What a mess, eh?

SERGEI

Can I see you for a moment?

JUSTIN

Uh, sure. What's up?

SERGEI

Come with me, please.

Justin's gaze turns wary, but he follows.

INT. ARRIVEX - SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Sergei stands by his desk as Justin enters.

SERGEI

Close the door and have a seat.

Justin complies.

JUSTIN

What's up, Sergei? Download another "plug-in update"?

SERGEI

I want to show you something.

Sergei pushes a button and points to a video monitor.

ON THE MONITOR: Justin smears peanut butter on the wires, opens the tank valves and unlatches the rat cage.

Justin stares in dismay.

JUSTIN

Oh, shit...

SERGEI

Give me one good reason why I shouldn't show this to fire marshal and turn you in.

JUSTIN

Has anyone else seen this?

SERGEI

Not yet.

JUSTIN

You've gotta trust me, Sergei. I had to do it. Please, don't show it to anybody.

SERGEI

I have to, Justin. It's my job!

JUSTIN

What about all the times I saved your ass? That gangbang video could have gotten you fired!

SERGEI

This...this is much worse, Justin.

Justin slumps.

JUSTIN

Yeah. Yeah, you're right. I can't ask you to sit on this without knowing the whole story.

SERGEI

I'm listening.

JUSTIN

I had to burn down Lab A in order to save the future, Sergei.

SERGEI

What are you talking about?

JUSTIN

It'll give people time to put safeguards in place to prevent a horrible disaster from happening.

SERGEI

Are you insane, Justin? I can't risk losing my job for this.

He reaches for the phone. Justin thinks quickly.

JUSTIN

It's your job I'm trying to save!

Sergei pauses, his hand on the phone.

SERGEI

What do you mean?

JUSTIN

Look, the future disaster I'm talking about...Arrivex is on the verge of going under. So Blake Devoreaux had me burn down Lab A for the insurance money.

SERGEI

Whaaa?

JUSTIN

It's true.

SERGEI

That's arson. And fraud. Felony!

JUSTIN

Yeah. Yeah it is. But it's the only way to keep the company from folding. It'll save hundreds of jobs. Including yours.

SERGEI

My job...

JUSTIN

So the question is, Sergei...are you going to help save all our jobs, or are you going to help the company go bankrupt?

SERGEI

I...I don't--

Justin pulls out a brand new smartphone.

JUSTIN

I can call Mister Devoreaux right now and tell him you're going to blow this wide open. He and I will go to jail and you can start working on your résumé. What are you going to do, Sergei?

Sergei swallows.

SERGEI

Lab A's wiring was old. Sometimes the video feed would go out.

JUSTIN

Right! That happens.

SERGEI

I can record a dead video feed over that channel.

JUSTIN

Perfect. You've no idea how many lives you're saving, Sergei.

Resigned, Sergei turns to his control panel.

Justin breathes a small sigh of relief.

INT. JUSTIN AND TRACY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Justin brushes his teeth at the sink.

The electronic hum sounds. Justin peeks out the door in time to see a bright flash of light come from his office.

HALLWAY

Justin glances into the living room. Tracy sits on the couch, watching a raucous episode of Jay Leno and laughing as she talks on the phone.

Justin hurries down the hallway.

JUSTIN'S OFFICE

ANDRE (40), an elegant man in a sharp, futuristic business suit, stands before Justin's desk. His clothes steam and white ground fog swirls at his feet.

He holds a cell phone-like device with a glowing red strip down one side.

He sees Justin appear in the doorway.

ANDRE

Justin!

JUSTIN

Shh! My wife is in the other room!

He enters and quietly closes the door.

JUSTIN

I see you finally learned how to bring pants through time.

ANDRE

I'm Andre. What happened to your phone?

JUSTIN

Uh, it broke. I got a new one.

He holds up his new smartphone.

ANDRE

Good! Permit me....

He holds up his glowing device and shines a beam of light on Justin's phone. When he's done, he peers at Justin.

ANDRE

You look so much younger than I remember.

JUSTIN

Where's me? I mean future me?

ANDRE

Justin...I'm sorry. You didn't survive the food riots.

JUSTIN

Food riots? What the hell?

ANDRE

We made a mistake in our calculations. The destruction of Lab A had unexpected consequences.

JUSTIN

Unexpected? What the fuck, dude? You're the time travel experts! Everything was supposed to be fixed!

ANDRE

It should have been. But Arrivex changed direction and built a genetics lab instead of a materials lab, which--

JUSTIN

What about Tracy? Did she--

ANDRE

She's fine. But Arrivex's lack of a materials lab severely limited the development of nanotechnology. So sentient machines did not get developed.

JUSTIN

Isn't that what you wanted, so the robots wouldn't kill us all?

ANDRE

No, we need to delay their development, not stop it altogether.

JUSTIN

What...happened to me?

ANDRE

Without the technologies developed by sentient machines, civilization is collapsing. You were trapped in a quarantine area along with millions of other starving people.

JUSTIN

Jesus.

ANDRE

The future is dying and you're the only one who can fix it.

JUSTIN

Can't you send someone back to tell me not to burn down Lab A?

ANDRE

We don't have that ability anymore. As it is we had to recover these coordinates from our Independent Temporal Stasis Bubble.

JUSTIN

Oh crap. So what do you want me to do?

Andre punches a few buttons and consults his device.

ANDRE

Arrivex must build a materials lab. CEO Blake Devoreaux is the one responsible for building the genetics lab. He must be stopped.

JUSTIN

You want me to talk to him?

ANDRE

He won't listen to you.

JUSTIN

Then...

ANDRE

Tomorrow night he will announce his changes at the RAID gala at the Tech Pavilion. He will arrive at the front entrance at nine p.m. sharp. That's the ideal moment.

JUSTIN

For what?

ANDRE

I understand you know how to handle a rifle.

Justin backs against the door.

JUSTIN

No way....

ANDRE

You must make it count, Justin.

JUSTIN

Are you out of your fucking mind?!

ANDRE

I'm sorry, Justin. Desperate times call for desperate measures.

JUSTIN

That's what the Me of Christmas Future said last time and look how that turned out!

ANDRE

Our math is much better now. If Mister Devoreaux dies, machine intelligence will develop just in time. Civilization will stabilize ...and you will live.

JUSTIN

I will live.

Andre consults his device.

ANDRE

Ninety-eight percent certainty.

Justin reels.

JUSTIN

But you're asking me to murder my
wife's father!

ANDRE

Kill one person to save billions.
Including yourself. Isn't that
worth the price?

JUSTIN

But I...I can't kill anyone! I
feel terrible enough about what I
did to that rat, and a person--

ANDRE

Justin. I've seen you do it.

JUSTIN

What? When?

ANDRE

In the future. I've seen you pull
the trigger without hesitating.

JUSTIN

I kill people in the future?

ANDRE

You do what you have to do to
survive.

Tracy calls out from the living room.

TRACY (O.S.)

Justin! Come on, you're missing
the whole show.

JUSTIN

Uh...coming!

He opens the door.

JUSTIN

Listen, Andre, I don't know if I
can do this.

ANDRE

Nine p.m. in front of the Tech
Pavilion. You're the only one who
can do this, Justin. The future
of humanity is counting on you.

HALLWAY

Justin trudges like a zombie toward the living room.

The electric hum sounds, and behind him the light flashes.
He doesn't even glance back.

LIVING ROOM

Justin collapses on the couch. Tracy pours him a shot of
liqueur.

JUSTIN

No thanks. I just brushed.

TRACY

Oh come on, one shot never killed
anyone.

Justin winces.

JUSTIN

I think I'm going to crash. I
need to go in early tomorrow.

TRACY

Justin. I have something to ask
you.

JUSTIN

What's that?

TRACY

Do you love me?

Tears well up in Justin's eyes.

JUSTIN

Oh my god, Tracy, I love you so much....

TRACY

What's wrong? Why are you crying, honey? That's a happy thing you're saying!

JUSTIN

I don't know...I'm just...I don't know.

TRACY

Well, I just wanted to ask you that because...well, because...

JUSTIN

What's the matter?

TRACY

I've been noticing you've been going off to talk on your phone a lot. Is there...something you need to tell me?

JUSTIN

Oh. No, honey, it's nothing.

TRACY

Are you...seeing someone else?

JUSTIN

Oh gosh, sweetie, are you kidding? No, never!

TRACY

Who are you talking to on the phone?

JUSTIN

Oh sweetie. It's nothing. I've been under a whole lot of pressure lately at work. Sometimes I just need to talk to Dale.

TRACY

You're just talking to Dale?

JUSTIN

Yeah. You know. Guy stuff. And I tell him how great marriage is so he won't wuss out at the last minute.

TRACY

Oh, you're so sweet.

JUSTIN

I know. That's why I'm stressed. I care too much, I think.

TRACY

And you're not even drunk! But I am. I should go to bed too.

She moves to stand, and Justin helps her up.

TRACY

Oh, Justin, speaking of work...I won't be home for dinner tomorrow.

JUSTIN

Oh?

TRACY

Dad wants me to be at the RAID Gala at the, um...

She purses her lips as she thinks.

JUSTIN

Tech Pavilion?

TRACY

Yes, that's it! How did you know?

JUSTIN

Uh, just a guess.

INT. JUSTIN AND TRACY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Justin lies sprawled under the covers.

Tracy enters from the hallway dressed in a business suit and putting on a pair of earrings.

TRACY

Come on, sleepy-head, time to get up. I thought you had to get to work early.

Justin stirs and squints at her.

JUSTIN

I don't feel so good.

TRACY

You didn't even drink anything last night. Look at me. Fresh as a daisy.

JUSTIN

What's your super power?

TRACY

What's wrong? Head? Stomach?

She puts a hand on his forehead.

JUSTIN

Everything hurts.

TRACY

Migraine.

JUSTIN

Is that a good reason to call off work?

TRACY

That's an excellent reason to call off work. Fluorescent is killer on a migraine and you'll be in agony. Trust me.

JUSTIN

Will you tell Bernie I'm not coming in?

TRACY

Sure will. Gentle kiss...no pain.

She lightly kisses him and checks her watch.

TRACY

Okay. I'm out of here. Take care of yourself, and don't forget to eat and drink plenty of fluids.

JUSTIN

Unkay.

TRACY

I'll call later to see how you're doing.

JUSTIN

Thanks, Trace.

Tracy hurries out. When Justin hears the front door close, he sits up, completely alert.

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY

Justin warily looks up and down the aisle. He selects a box of .243 ammunition and heads to the counter.

As he waits for service at the counter, he stares unseeing at the box of ammo he clutches in both hands.

DALE (O.S.)

Justin?

Justin looks up.

JUSTIN

Dale. Dale! Hey, dude, what are you doing here?

Dale waves a box of .30-06 ammunition.

DALE

Stockin' up. You?

JUSTIN

Same. Just stockin' up.

DALE

Stockin' up.

JUSTIN

Yeah.

DALE

Gotta be ready for the zombies.

Justin looks at the box in his hands.

JUSTIN

You know...sometimes I think about not doing this anymore.

DALE

You're thinking of quitting?

JUSTIN

It's a high price to pay.

Dale looks at the price tag on his box. He shrugs.

DALE

Yeah. But you gotta shoot to get better. You can afford the cost, can't you?

JUSTIN

Yeah. You're right. Gotta shoot.

The GUN COUNTER CLERK approaches Justin.

GUN COUNTER CLERK

Will that be all for you, sir?

Justin thrusts the box of ammo and two \$20 bills at the clerk, who rings it up.

JUSTIN

Thanks for the advice, Dale.

DALE

Anytime. Was that advice, dude?

JUSTIN

Yeah. It was.

DALE

So when you coming to visit? You gotta see my new man cave. Killer gaming setup. And you can pick up the movies you lent me.

JUSTIN

Soon. Real soon. I hope.

Justin accepts his change and the bagged box of ammo. He turns to go.

DALE

Justin...

JUSTIN

Yeah?

DALE

Um, thank you.

JUSTIN

For what?

DALE

Being my friend.

JUSTIN

Dude, are we having a Golden Girls moment in a gun store?

DALE

I...think we are.

He turns to the Gun Counter Clerk.

DALE

Can I have my change in ones, please?

JUSTIN

I'm not hugging.

DALE

Oh come on, just a little. I'll even try not to touch you inappropriately. No promises.

JUSTIN

I'd love to but I just remembered I have to go throw up. Later!

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Justin tries on a few funny wigs and hats in a costume supply shop. He settles on a prepackaged pirate costume with a beard, wig and eye patch.
- In a convenience store, he tries on large, cheap sunglasses.
- He inspects used luggage in a consignment shop. He picks out the longest suitcase he can find.
- In a parking lot alley, he bashes and scrapes the suitcase on the pavement till it looks worthless.
- A DOG takes a large dump in a park. The DOG OWNER leads the dog away, leaving the mess behind. Justin zips in and scoops up the crap in a plastic bag.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING ALLEY - DAY

Justin glances up and down the empty alleyway as he pushes a dumpster under a fire escape. He clambers on top and reaches up to the fire escape. He climbs.

ROOFTOP

The four-story building offers Justin an excellent view of the Tech Pavilion plaza below. A large, humming air conditioning unit provides concealment.

Justin sighs with resignation. He turns to go.

EXT. MOVIE MULTIPLEX - DAY

Justin hands the BOX OFFICE CLERK a \$20 bill.

JUSTIN

Two tickets for Soulburner,
please. One for this show and one
for the eight-thirty showing.

INT. MOVIE MULTIPLEX - DAY

Justin hands his ticket to a bored TICKET COLLECTOR, who tears the ticket and hands it back.

Justin tosses the torn ticket into a nearby trash can. He tears the 8:30 p.m. ticket and pockets it.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Justin munches popcorn as the on-screen action reflects on his face and gunfire thunders through the room.

INT. JUSTIN AND TRACY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Justin opens a closet door and switches on the light. With gloved hands he pulls out his gun case from behind some boxes. He opens it to reveal his rifle and pistol.

Thomas Dolby's "She Blinded Me With Science" plays, and Justin jumps. He answers his smartphone.

JUSTIN

Hey, Trace.

He disassembles the rifle and wipes off each piece with a cloth, the phone cradled in his shoulder.

JUSTIN

Yeah, I'm feeling much better, thanks. I'm even thinking of going to see a movie tonight.

He opens the ratty suitcase. Inside is the box of ammunition he bought earlier. He transfers the disassembled rifle to the suitcase.

JUSTIN

I dunno. Something scary, I think, since you can't come. Yeah, I know--the RAID Gala. Well, try to have fun, okay? I'll miss you. See you later, sweetie.

He hangs up. He returns the gun case to the back of the closet, turns out the light and closes the door.

INT. JUSTIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Parked on an empty street near the office building alley, Justin pulls on the pirate beard, wig and eye patch, plus the sunglasses and a ball cap.

He grabs the suitcase and climbs out.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING ALLEY - NIGHT

Justin lugs the suitcase up the fire escape.

ROOFTOP

Justin crouches in the shadows to one side of the humming air conditioning unit. He opens the suitcase.

As he assembles his rifle, he gazes down at the Tech Pavilion across the street below.

EXT. TECH PAVILION - NIGHT

Bright lights illuminate the glamorously dressed crowd milling about the red carpet below.

A limousine pulls up and Blake steps out, dressed in a tuxedo. He waves as cameras flash.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Justin supports the rifle against the air conditioning unit and takes aim through the scope. Sweat beads his brow.

THROUGH THE SCOPE: People cross before Blake's image as it wobbles in the crosshairs.

Blake walks in front of a landscaped planter and pauses to wave at someone. He's finally in the clear.

JUSTIN

I'm sorry....

He squeezes the trigger. BOOM-BOOM! Two rifle shots roar almost as one.

THROUGH THE SCOPE: Blake topples backward.

DALE (O.S.)

Score!

Justin looks up, startled. He stands and rushes around to the other side of the air conditioning unit.

Dale crouches beside the air conditioner. He wears all black: pants, sweatshirt and watch cap.

He grips his own rifle. Smoke drifts from the barrel.

Justin and Dale stare at each other, wide-eyed.

DALE

Oh, shit!

JUSTIN

Dale?

DALE

Oh, shit! You know my name!

JUSTIN

Dale, what the hell are you doing here?

Dale peers closer at the bearded Justin.

DALE

Justin?

He stares at Justin's rifle.

DALE

What the hell are you doing here?

Justin peeks over the rooftop edge and looks below.

People run around screaming and calling for help. Blake lies sprawled.

Justin tears his gaze away and covers his mouth. He heaves but manages not to vomit.

DALE

Justin....

JUSTIN

We need to get out of here. Now!

Dale gathers up his gear. Justin glances back down below and sees several policemen run toward Blake's body.

JUSTIN

Meet me at Annie's Cafe on Fourth
and Central in half an hour. You
know the place?

Dale nods mutely. They run for the fire escape.

EXT. DIRTY ALLEY - NIGHT

Battered dumpsters and trash cans line the alley walls.

Justin's car pulls into the alley and parks.

INT. JUSTIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Justin wears gloves as he checks the disassembled rifle in
the battered suitcase. He closes the lid and spins the
combination locks. He wipes it all down with a cloth.

EXT. DIRTY ALLEY - NIGHT

Justin exits his car with the suitcase and a plastic bag.

He folds open the plastic bag and grimaces as he smears dog
feces all over the suitcase. He spreads it liberally over
the handle and combination locks.

He lifts a dumpster lid and hurls the suitcase in.

INT. ANNIE'S CAFE - NIGHT

The place is nearly deserted.

Dale sits alone in a booth in the back, fidgeting with a
cup of coffee. No other customers sit nearby.

Justin enters, minus the disguise but wearing the
sunglasses. He slides in across from Dale.

DALE

How are you doing?

JUSTIN

Oh, just peachy. How 'bout you?

DALE

Would you like some coffee?

JUSTIN

That would be swell.

He leans in and lowers his voice to a harsh whisper.

JUSTIN

What were you doing on that rooftop?

DALE

What did it look like? Same thing you were doing, I'll bet.

A bored WAITRESS (40s) approaches and regards Justin.

WAITRESS

Welcome to Annie's. Whattya like, sweet-cheeks?

JUSTIN

To know what the hell's going on.

WAITRESS

Wouldn't we all. Meaning of life an' all that. You want something to drink while you get all philosophical?

JUSTIN

No thanks.

WAITRESS

Ya gotta order something.

JUSTIN

Fine. Coffee, black. Hold the coffee.

WAITRESS

You just want hot water?

JUSTIN

Hold the water too.

WAITRESS

Perfect. Coming right up.

The waitress moves away. Justin turns back to Dale and removes his glasses.

JUSTIN

I want to know why you were there.

DALE

Dude, you wouldn't believe me if I told you.

JUSTIN

Try me.

DALE

All right, how does this sound?
If Blake Devoreaux had lived, his changes would have caused robots to destroy the future.

JUSTIN

A time traveler from the future told you that. Right?

Dale's eyes go wide.

DALE

How the hell did you know that?

JUSTIN

Because the same thing happened to me too!

DALE

Seriously?

They clam up as the waitress approaches. She places an empty coffee cup and a bill in front of Justin, and moves off.

DALE

There was this, like, rising electronic hum--

JUSTIN

--and a flash of light and ground fog and...yeah, that proves it. We were both visited.

DALE

But Andre told me I was the only one who could save the future.

JUSTIN

That's what he told me too! I don't get it. Why would he send us both to do the same job?

DALE

Dude, you were my failsafe.

JUSTIN

Your what?

DALE

My failsafe. My backup in case I failed to complete the mission.

JUSTIN

Uh, I think you were my failsafe.

DALE

Are you kidding, me? I didn't think you could shoot a squirrel, much less your father-in-law!

Justin squirms in discomfort.

JUSTIN

I pretended he was a zombie.

DALE

A cold, soulless monster? Okay, yeah, I can see that.

JUSTIN

Were you asked to do any other missions?

DALE

No. Like what?

Justin shrugs. He glances at his watch.

JUSTIN

My movie's almost over. I need to get home soon.

DALE

Movie?

JUSTIN

My alibi. I got a ticket for a movie I've already seen. What's your alibi?

DALE

Uh...

JUSTIN

You don't have an alibi? Dude, you need something to cover your tracks. Damn it, we just killed someone!

DALE

Well a movie ticket is a pretty lame alibi.

JUSTIN

You didn't even wear a disguise! What if someone saw you?

DALE

Nobody saw me.

JUSTIN

Where's your rifle?

DALE

In the trunk of my car. Why?

JUSTIN

Jesus H. Christ, man, that's the first place the police will look!

DALE

They don't have any reason to suspect me! Blake Devoreaux is your father-in-law, not mine!

JUSTIN

Yeah, and I wiped the fingerprints off my gun and got rid of it. Did you at least...

DALE

Gaaah!

JUSTIN

God damn it, Dale, you gotta get moving! You gotta clean up! Wipe the prints and ditch it!

DALE

My dad gave me that rifle.

JUSTIN

You want to go to jail?

DALE

No!

JUSTIN

Then quit fucking around! If they catch one of us, they'll look real close at the other. Dale, dude, get rid of the gun.

DALE

Okay, fine! I'll do it.

JUSTIN

Tonight.

Dale rolls his eyes.

DALE

Tonight.

"She Blinded Me With Science" plays. Justin pulls out his phone.

JUSTIN

That's Tracy. I bet she's going to need a ride.

INT. JUSTIN AND TRACY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Justin enters with a comforting arm around Tracy. She looks disheveled, her eyes red, makeup smeared from crying.

Justin tosses his keys on the non-existent table and they fall on the floor.

JUSTIN

Crap.

He steers her to the couch and seats her.

JUSTIN

I'll go make you some tea.

TRACY

Scotch. Bring the bottle.

Justin nods. He heads for the kitchen.

Tracy takes a deep, composing breath and turns on the TV.

Justin returns with a bottle and a glass. On the TV he sees a female REPORTER standing before the Tech Pavilion.

JUSTIN

Um, are you sure you want to...

TRACY

I want to hear what they're saying.

Justin sits. Tracy drinks straight from the bottle.

REPORTER

...appears Blake Devoreaux, CEO of Arrivex Applied Technologies, was shot in front of the Tech Pavilion tonight. It's believed the shooter fired from the top of that building over there.

She points to the office building.

The show cuts to the Newscaster at the studio.

NEWSCASTER

I'm sorry to interrupt, Jean, but we're just getting word of a shootout on the Bay Bridge between police and a possible suspect in the Blake Devoreaux shooting. We go now to Bill Roberts aboard Chopper Ten.

The view switches to a helicopter's view of a small crowd of police near a bridge railing.

HELICOPTER REPORTER (V.O.)

Details are sketchy, but police are reporting they spotted the suspect apparently attempting to throw a rifle over the bridge railing.

The view shows police watching as paramedics load a heavyset, sheet-covered body into an ambulance. Also parked nearby are three police cars and a purple sedan.

JUSTIN

Oh my god. That's Dale's car.

TRACY

What?

HELICOPTER REPORTER (V.O.)

No identification of the suspect yet, but it appears he was shot and killed by police...

Justin stares in horror.

TRACY

Dale? Our Dale?

Justin puts his face in his hands.

JUSTIN

Oh, god, no....

INT. JUSTIN AND TRACY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Justin brushes his teeth. He gazes into the mirror with haunted eyes.

The Doctor Who theme ringtone sounds and Justin answers. Again, the connection is faint and broken with static.

JUSTIN

H'lo?

FUTURE JUSTIN (V.O.)

Justin! It's me, your future self. I'm alive!

Justin sighs with relief.

JUSTIN

At least you are. I mean I am.
Whatever.

FUTURE JUSTIN (V.O.)

Justin? Can you hear me? Hello?

JUSTIN

I'm here! Hello? Hello?

FUTURE JUSTIN (V.O.)

I'm just getting static here. But
you should be able to hear me.
Listen, what you did for us
worked! The disaster never
happened!

A burst of static forces Justin to pull the phone from his
ear momentarily.

FUTURE JUSTIN (V.O.)

...historical details incomplete.
We need...exact report of your
actions. Please send us...details
...where you shot from, the weapon
you used...and so on.

The static clears.

FUTURE JUSTIN (V.O.)

You can contact me through our
Paradox Oversight Liaison, Frank
Jacobs, and he'll time capsule it
to me. I'll text you his email
address. And thanks, Justin. For
everything....

The line goes dead. A text message comes in:

"fjacobs@polnet.com."

Justin sighs.

JUSTIN

This is the last fucking thing I
do for you screw-ups....

He uses his phone to type up an email:

TO: "fjacobs@polnet.com"

SUBJECT: "mission details"

"i used a .243 rifle to shoot mr. devoreaux from the rooftop across from the tech pavilion on 6/12 at 9 p.m. good enuf? dale anderson got blamed and the police killed him. why did you have to involve him?"

He sends the message.

INT. JUSTIN AND TRACY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Justin stands at the counter, half dressed, as he eats a bowl of cereal. He stares off into the distance.

Tracy hurries in, dressed for work. Apart from dark circles under her eyes, she appears well put together.

TRACY

I'm late.

JUSTIN

You okay?

TRACY

I have to go in early to help the interim CEO get organized.

JUSTIN

Are you okay, Trace?

She forces a smile.

TRACY

I will be. Are you going to work?

JUSTIN

Yeah. Later on, though.

TRACY

See you tonight.

She kisses him and hurries out.

EXT. ARRIVEX - PARKING LOT - DAY

Justin gets out of his car and walks toward the building.

The doors of a nearby car open, and Detectives Jacobs and Macias climb out. They intercept Justin.

JACOBS
Excuse me, Justin Campbell?

JUSTIN
Who wants to know?

Jacobs opens his coat to reveal his badge and pistol.

JACOBS
I'm Detective Jacobs and this is
Detective Macias. We'd like you
to come with us, please.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A large, open room with uniformed and plainclothes officers working at their desks and hurrying about.

Jacobs and Macias stand behind Justin as a BOOKING OFFICER presses Justin's fingers against the ink pad and rolls them individually onto a fingerprint card.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A sterile gray room with fluorescent lighting, a large mirror, a table with two chairs.

Justin and Jacob sit across from each other while Macias leans against a wall.

Jacobs sips his coffee. He takes a printout from a manila folder and places it in front of Justin.

JACOBS
You want to tell me why you sent
this to my email address?

Justin gapes at the printout. It is the same message he sent to fjacobs@polnet.com.

JUSTIN
Your email address?

JACOBS

Of course. I'm F Jacobs. Frank Jacobs. Polnet is a police domain. So...you're confessing to the Blake Devoreaux shooting?

JUSTIN

No! I didn't send you the email!

JACOBS

We traced the I.P. address. Want to try again?

Justin just stares in dismay.

JACOBS

So, Mister Justin Campbell, why would a regular kid like yourself, with no criminal record, suddenly decide to gun down someone like Mister Devoreaux?

He consults a printout in the manila folder.

JACOBS

Says here he's your father-in-law. He's also richer than Croesus. Sound like a motive to you, Macias?

MACIAS

Big, fat, juicy motive.

JUSTIN

No! I don't care about money. My wife and I even signed a prenup.

JACOBS

Is that so? Then what about revenge? Maybe big, successful daddy didn't think you were good enough to marry his daughter.

JUSTIN

What? No! We got along fine.

JACOBS

I understand you're friends with the prime suspect, Dale Anderson, now deceased. Did you know he was planning to shoot Mister Devoreaux?

JUSTIN

No, I swear I didn't have a clue.

A knock sounds at the door and Macias answers. An OFFICE CLERK hands him a sheet of paper.

Macias looks over the report, then hands it to Jacobs to read. They share a glance.

JACOBS

Ever hear of survivor's guilt, Mister Campbell?

JUSTIN

What?

JACOBS

It's when someone feels guilty for surviving a traumatic event. Makes some people feel like they should be punished too. You think having a friend die is a traumatic event, Macias?

MACIAS

Hurts like a bitch.

Jacobs sighs and stands up.

JACOBS

Get out of here, kid.

Justin stares in surprise.

JUSTIN

You mean...I can leave?

JACOBS

Yup. Scram.

JUSTIN

But...what about the email?

JACOBS

It's a pretty weak confession.
The only detail you provided that
wasn't in the news was the type of
rifle. You said it was a two-
forty-three caliber.

Jacobs tosses the report in front of Justin.

JACOBS

We just got the ballistics report
on the bullet that hit Mister
Devoreaux. It was a thirty
caliber round and it's a match to
the rifle found on our prime
suspect.

Justin stares at the paper. He murmurs to himself:

JUSTIN

I guess I am Helen Keller....

JACOBS

Oh, and there's one more thing.
You saw the movie "Soulburner,"
didn't you?

JUSTIN

Huh? How'd you know?

Jacobs pulls the torn movie ticket for the 8:30 P.M. show
from the manila folder.

JACOBS

You had this in your pocket when
we booked you. You were watching
the movie when the shooting took
place.

He gives a weary shake of his head.

JACOBS

You aren't the shooter, Justin.
Sorry you lost your friend, but
don't try to pull shit like this
ever again. Got that?

Justin clamps his mouth shut and nods.

JUSTIN

Yes, sir.

EXT. ARRIVEX - PARKING LOT - DAY

A city bus pulls up to a stop in front of the building.
Justin steps off the bus.

He walks to his car, still parked where he left it when the police picked him up.

INT. JUSTIN'S CAR - DAY

Justin sits slumped in the driver's seat, his gaze haunted.

He focuses on the dark ink stains still on his fingertips.
His eyebrows raise as a thought occurs to him.

He starts his car and peels out of the parking space.

INT. JUSTIN AND TRACY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Justin hurries inside. He tosses his keys on the non-existent table but doesn't notice.

JUSTIN'S OFFICE

Justin enters. He strides over to his desk and picks up the framed photo of him and Tracy.

INT. JUSTIN AND TRACY'S HOUSE - JUSTIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT -
FLASHBACK

Future Justin picks up the framed photo and stares at it, misty-eyed. He touches his index finger to Tracy's face.

BACK TO SCENE

Justin holds the photo under a desk light. A finger print is barely visible on the glass over Tracy's face.

He awakens his computer. In a search engine he types:

"dusting for fingerprints at home"

He clicks on a link. He reads.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Justin opens a kitchen cupboard and pulls out a box of cocoa powder.
- He rummages through a basket of makeup supplies in the bathroom medicine cabinet and finds a makeup brush.
- In his office, he presses his own index finger next to Future Justin's fingerprint.
- He taps a dusting of cocoa powder over both fingerprints, and gently brushes away the excess powder.
- He inspects both fingerprints with a magnifying glass. They don't match.

BACK TO SCENE

Justin straightens and stares into the distance.

JUSTIN

He's not me....

He jumps as his phone rings. He answers.

JUSTIN

Hello? Yes, this is Justin.
 Karen. Karen! Oh my god, I'm so
 sorry. I know I never made it
 over to meet you, but... Yeah,
 sure, I'll be right there.

EXT. DALE AND KAREN'S HOUSE - DAY

Justin's car parks in front of a row of townhouses.

Justin climbs the steps to a porch where KAREN (20), a slightly zaftig but cute girl, sits smoking a cigarette.

JUSTIN

Karen?

KAREN

Hi. So you're Justin. He talked
 so much about you.

She's generally okay, but wipes the back of her hand across her eye.

JUSTIN

I'm sorry we couldn't have met under better... Dale kept saying we should all get together.

KAREN

Yeah. That would have been great.

INT. DALE AND KAREN'S HOUSE - DAY

Karen leads Justin through a cluttered home filled with the paraphernalia of two science fiction and fantasy fans. Moving boxes lie about in various stages of being packed.

KAREN

I can't stay here after what happened. I'm driving to my parent's tonight and I'm moving out next week, so I wanted to make sure you got your stuff back.

JUSTIN

Dale told me you were into fantasy.

KAREN

Yeah. Keeps me sane. Your stuff is in here.

DALE'S OFFICE

The room is shaped differently than Justin's office, but it has the exact same setup: fancy desk, huge entertainment center, elaborate track lighting, wood-paneled floor.

Karen picks up a cardboard box containing DVDs. Justin's name is scrawled on the side.

KAREN

Thanks for lending Dale the movies. Justin?

Justin stares around the room with his jaw hanging open.

KAREN

Are you okay?

JUSTIN

This room looks exactly like my office! How is that possible?

KAREN

We had the place remodeled right after you guys did your place. Dale said your wife got a great deal and suggested the same contractor.

Justin bolts out of the room without his box.

INT. JUSTIN AND TRACY'S HOUSE - JUSTIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Justin stalks around the room, looking at everything. He concentrates on the lighting array and its alternating round and square bulbs. He switches on the lights.

Only the round bulbs are lit.

He climbs onto his desk and pulls off the plastic facing from around the bulbs. Behind each square bulb is a black battery pack.

He pulls one bulb-and-battery assembly free. It's not even hooked up to the electrical wiring. He inspects it and finds a brand label.

JUSTIN

Metz Mecablitz?

At his computer he googles "Metz Mecablitz" and comes up with a page: "Camera Flash Bulbs." His eyes widen.

His gaze shifts to the wood-paneled floor. He stands and stamps his feet. He moves around the room, stamping. In one corner the wood makes a hollow thud.

He falls to his knees and inspects the wood paneling closely. He spots the hard-to-see outline of a trapdoor in the floor. But there's no handle to pull.

Justin runs from the room and returns clutching a crowbar. He jams it into a seam and hauls back hard. The wood splinters and cracks.

A 3' square door swings up, a broken bolt dangling on its underside. Below lies darkness.

Justin grabs a flashlight and shines it down the hole. Four feet below lies a section of carpeting.

CRAWLSPACE

Justin drops down through the trapdoor opening. He squats and shines his flashlight around the dark crawlspace.

Housing supports and cobwebs fill the crawlspace to the perimeter of the building. Plastic sheeting lines a narrow path that leads to the sideboards of the building.

Justin turns and sees a short lawn chair and a low table. The table supports a security monitor, a small box with a single button, and an open roll of Alka-Seltzer tablets.

It also holds Future Justin's headset and Andre's device.

Justin snatches up Andre's device. The tube along the side no longer glows. Justin tugs at it and it snaps off.

JUSTIN

A glowstick?

He flips open the device. It's just a modern cell phone with plastic knobs and a small LED flashlight glued to it.

Justin picks up the headset. He finds a button that causes lights to pulse and the eyepiece to glow. He turns it over and reads markings on the underside:

JUSTIN

"Made in China. Zibo Toy
Company"? Son of a bitch....

Beside the table sit an ice chest and a bucket of water. Justin lifts the lid of the ice chest. Inside lie the shriveled remains of a few pieces of dry ice.

He picks up a piece of dry ice and drops it into the water. White fog bubbles up and pours over the rim of the bucket.

Justin switches on the monitor. The split display shows his office and the hallway outside the office.

He pushes the button on the small box. From the speakers above he hears the electronic hum, and the monitor displays all the square bulbs going off at once with a bright flash.

JUSTIN
Son of a bitch....

JUSTIN'S OFFICE

Justin digs through a pile of receipts on his desk like a man on a mission.

He finds one labeled "Vanguard Interior Concepts."

INT. JUSTIN AND TRACY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tracy enters in the front door.

TRACY
Justin? Are you here?

She puts down her purse and heads for the hallway.

TRACY
We missed you at work today. Did you get another migraine?

HALLWAY

Tracy enters and sees a smashed light fixture dangling from the ceiling. Chunks of plaster litter the floor. A small smashed video camera lies among the debris.

TRACY
Justin? Oh my god....

JUSTIN'S OFFICE

The lighting array has been smashed and torn down. A small video camera lies in the wreckage.

Justin sits slumped in his chair, staring at nothing. Plaster dust powders his hair and shoulders.

Tracy stands in the doorway.

TRACY

Justin! What happened? Are you okay?

Justin looks up with dull eyes.

JUSTIN

Tracy.

TRACY

What's going on?

Justin shakes his head and snaps out of it. He sits up.

JUSTIN

Tracy. Honey, sit down. We're the victims of some elaborate hoax.

TRACY

What are you talking about?

JUSTIN

The company that redid our place rigged it with cameras and a secret entrance.

TRACY

I...I don't understand.

JUSTIN

Tracy, I'm sorry. They made me believe I was being visited by someone from the future.

TRACY

Justin, what--

JUSTIN

They had me frame Maggie so she'd get fired! Then they had me burn down Lab A. I swear I didn't want to do it, but they said that if I didn't--

TRACY

Stop it! Justin, that's crazy!

JUSTIN

Tracy, they had me shoot your father!

She stares at him.

TRACY

What are you doing, Justin?

JUSTIN

I'm calling the police. The people who remodeled our house set us up. Vanguard Interior Concepts. I'll tell the police everything!

Tracy turns and walks out of the room.

JUSTIN

Tracy! Where are you going?

TRACY (O.S.)

Just stay where you are....

She comes back into the office. She holds Justin's pistol down by her side.

TRACY

You're not calling the police, Justin.

JUSTIN

What? No, put the gun down, Trace! I didn't kill your father! I missed. You see, Dale also--

TRACY

Why did the police let you go?

JUSTIN

They questioned me but I had an alibi, and the ballistics... Wait, how did you know that?

TRACY

Damn it! How did you screw it up?

JUSTIN

What are you talking about?

TRACY

You and Dale bought into the whole sci-fi time travel thing.

JUSTIN

You did this? Wha--how?

TRACY

I know the owner of a company that does special effects for T.V. commercials. We created Vanguard Interior Concepts.

JUSTIN

But...

TRACY

And do you know how many out-of-work actors there are who would kill for a part in a live action reality show?

Justin stares in disbelief.

JUSTIN

You told them everything. That's how he knew about the moles on your thigh.

TRACY

Now you're catching on.

JUSTIN

But...why would you want your father killed?

Tracy's lip curls.

TRACY

Ambition and success. That's all the old bastard respected. He told Maggie and me his fortune and all his company shares would go to the highest ranking family member employed by Arrivex. But I could never match Maggie's business sense. I needed her gone first. Then him, permanently.

JUSTIN
But...why Dale?

TRACY
You said he was a good shot.
Better than you. I wanted to be
sure the job got done.

JUSTIN
And Lab A...?

Tracy shrugs.

TRACY
A test. I figured anyone willing
to commit arson could be convinced
to commit murder. Plus I knew the
lab was way over-insured, so...

JUSTIN
So you hatched an absurdly
complicated hoax.

TRACY
You know I like complicated.

JUSTIN
You're insane.

Tracy laughs.

TRACY
Says the guy who believed time
travel was real!

JUSTIN
You won't get away with this!

TRACY
Why not? Maggie's been fired and
Daddy is dead, and nobody knows
who made it all happen.

JUSTIN
I know.

TRACY

True. But not for long. You were so distraught over Dale's death. I came home and found you'd taken your own life.

She smiles.

TRACY

It's been a really bad week for me, hasn't it?

JUSTIN

Tracy...how could you--

TRACY

Enough explaining.

She moves around to his right side.

TRACY

We can do this the easy way and you can sit in your chair like a good husband so I can make this look right.

She raises the gun to point at Justin's right temple.

JUSTIN

But I'm left-handed.

TRACY

What? You are?

The gun wavers. Justin grabs her hand and surges to his feet. They struggle.

TRACY

Ow! Justin, you're hurting me!

JUSTIN

I'm sorry, I didn't mean--

Tracy knees him in the groin and he crumples. She points the pistol at his face.

TRACY

Or we can do it the hard way.

She pulls the trigger. Nothing happens. Her eyes go wide.

Justin snatches the pistol from her grasp and punches her in the face. She stumbles back and falls to the ground.

JUSTIN

If you'd let me teach you how to shoot, you would've known how to switch off the safety.

He thumbs the safety. Tracy wipes blood from her nose.

TRACY

Nobody will believe you. Your story is too crazy. And now you're a wife-beater, too!

Justin reaches back and moves the computer mouse. The screen wakes up, displaying a webcam view of the entire room with them in it.

JUSTIN

I may be gullible but I'm not fucking stupid.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

An upscale office with leather furniture and a magnificent view of the city.

Lawyer HENRY FARBER (50s), wears glasses and an expensive suit. He sits at his desk with an open folder before him.

Justin sits across from him. He wears a sharp suit, his hair neatly styled. He holds a fancy pen.

Farber hands Justin a form and indicates where to sign.

FARBER

Sign there. And there. Initial there and there. And...there.

JUSTIN

So they're really not pressing charges against me?

FARBER

For what? The recording you provided doesn't implicate you.

JUSTIN

But surely Tracy's made accusations.

FARBER

Oh, she made plenty. Some were... quite farfetched. But when she learned she'd been fired from Arrivex, she gave up and confessed to everything.

JUSTIN

Oh.

FARBER

I think you're most fortunate to have discovered what she was up to before she convinced you to do something else--like she did that unfortunate Mister Anderson.

JUSTIN

What about Maggie?

FARBER

Mister Devoreaux's will is very explicit. His entire estate is bequeathed to the highest ranking family member employed by Arrivex at the time of the reading of his will. You're the only one left.

Justin shakes his head and signs the form.

Farber looks it over. He stands and offers Justin his hand.

FARBER

Congratulations, Mister Campbell.

Justin shakes his hand.

JUSTIN

Thank you. I think.

FARBER

As majority shareholder at Arrivex, it appears you wield considerable influence. You have the power to shape the future and affect a lot of lives.

JUSTIN

I guess I do.

FARBER

Can you think of any specific technologies you might have an interest in persuading the company to pursue?

A slow smile spreads across Justin's face.

JUSTIN

I can think of at least one....

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Tracy wears an orange prison jumpsuit and sits alone on the bed in the bleak gray cell.

Justin steps up to the bars of the cell.

JUSTIN

Hello, Tracy.

Tracy looks up in surprise.

TRACY

What the hell are you doing here?

JUSTIN

I just popped in to see how you're doing.

TRACY

I'm doing fucking great, thanks.

Justin gazes at her sadly.

JUSTIN

Was any of us ever...real?

Tracy laughs without humor.

TRACY

You're kidding, right?

JUSTIN

So marrying me just another part
of your big plan?

TRACY

You were the least unattractive
geek at the Bay Con time travel
display.

JUSTIN

Thanks. I just needed to know.
For Justin's sake.

TRACY

Huh?

JUSTIN

I mean the Justin of this time.
I'm the Justin from twenty-five
years from now.

Tracy laughs.

TRACY

Not everyone is as gullible as you
are, Justin. And it didn't even
occur to you to at least use a
little makeup to make yourself
look older?

JUSTIN

Oh. Aging was conquered in the
twenty-twenties.

TRACY

Oh this is sad.

JUSTIN

I just came back to see if there
was ever any hope for us.

Tracy bursts into laughter.

TRACY

Oh this is too much!

Justin shakes his head sadly.

JUSTIN

Good-bye, Trace.

He pulls a glowing device from his pocket and pushes a button.

He vanishes in a flash of light.

All alone, Tracy stares in shock.

FADE OUT.