

JACK 9

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FADE IN

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

A HAND jiggles an institutional-style DOOR HANDLE. It's LOCKED.

REVEAL the frustrated owner of the hand: JACK, 22, barefoot, wearing hospital scrubs, hair shorn close.

His prison is a hospital room. The bed is recently vacated. Tubes on an I.V. pole hang loose.

Jack gives up on the door and squints into a large mirror set into the wall -- a two-way OBSERVATION WINDOW. Is that a barely visible figure behind the glass?

JACK

Hello? Hey. I need to get out of here.

No response. Jack, agitated, paces.

And then: A KEY turns in the lock.

Charles, 29, lab coat, clipboard, grad-student vibe, enters.

CHARLES

How are you today? Do you remember your name?

JACK

My name is Jack Dreyer. I live at one-one-three-six Poinsettia.

CHARLES

That's very good. And can you tell me who else lives at 1136 Poinsettia?

JACK

My mom and my dad.

CHARLES

Are you sure about that?

JACK

Yes...

No. Uncertainty clouds his face.

CHARLES

Do you remember your father had an accident when you were a teenager?

Jack's eyes shift with growing confusion.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Do you remember the name of your best friend in high school?

JACK

I need to go. I have something I need to do.

CHARLES

What do you have to do?

Jack: Panic growing. He can't remember.

JACK

I have to do...something...
(sounding younger)
I want to go home.

MAN'S VOICE (VIA INTERCOM)

Okay, Charles, thanks. The control team can take it from here.

Charles heads to the door. A tinge of regret when he says:

CHARLES

You can go home now. These gentlemen will take you.

Joy on Jack's face.

Charles opens the door, ducks out.

Jack's happiness changes to concern as --

Two men enter. Let's just say TOM and DICK. Tom and Dick have dark clothing and the flat eyes of men paid and willing to do whatever needs doing.

Tom pulls a LARGE SYRINGE from his breast pocket.

JACK

What's that?

Jack backs away, eyes darting. He CUTS for the DOOR. Ducks away from Tom and the syringe. Dick grabs him. Jack elbows him in the sternum, but can't get away.

Emotionless, Dick bends an arm around Jack's head and TWISTS.

SNAP.

Jack's body crumples. His head dangles at an unnatural angle in Dick's arm.

In Tom's eyes, a brief glimpse of something -- anger perhaps? But he shrugs and puts the unused syringe back in his pocket.

FADE TO BLACK.

THEN:

WHITE. BLUR.

Coming into focus:

Jack's face, surrounded by white.

CHARLES (O.C.)
How did you sleep?

Jack's eyes open.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

In a slow fade from WHITE TO GREEN: MUSIC plays:

Pearl Jam's "EVEN FLOW": *Thoughts arrive like butterflies. He don't know, so he chases them away. Someday yet, he'll begin his life again...*

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - DAY - CIRCA 1995

The GREEN is grass. The MUSIC is coming from a BOOM BOX nestled on the lawn.

Above, a blue sky... and then --

JACK: With LONGER HAIR and fewer worries. He flies through the air, arms outstretched, reaching --

-- for a FRISBEE. He catches it. He throws.

A group of college guys play Ultimate Frisbee on the lawn.

It's the mid-90s, rife with curtained hair and ripped denim. Plaid flannel shirts strewn across the grass while the young men go shirtless or wear T-shirts.

A player misses a catch. From somewhere: "Gotta run, doofus!" The player, unperturbed, flips the bird to the caller as he scoops the Frisbee off the ground and puts it back in play.

Everyone relaxed and confident except for:

RANDY, 23. In a collared polo and khaki shorts, he anxiously concentrates on the Frisbee as Jack talks to him.

JACK

What about at the lab?

RANDY

Um, there's some lung cancer thing. It's a tissue sample and --

JACK

Already did it. And I gave blood for the Vitamin K levels thing.

RANDY

Those are the only ones I know...

Here comes the Frisbee. Randy manages a two-handed-clap catch. Flinches as his throw falls short. Looks relieved as a player dives to catch it without comment.

Randy looks to see if anyone has noticed the exchange. His attention lands on TWO PRETTY GIRLS walking by.

On instinct, Jack's gaze follows Randy's.

The Frisbee FLIES PAST both Jack and Randy, and lodges itself in the branches of a TREE.

RANDOM PLAYER IN BG

Nice one.

Randy, flustered by the sarcasm and the girls, runs to the tree, trying to look casual.

He jumps and shakes a branch. The Frisbee doesn't fall. He holds the branch but can't pull himself up. Embarrassing.

Jack joins him. Grabs the branch.

JACK

Give me a boost.

Randy does, but it's all for show 'cause Jack's got some guns on him. Muscles flex as he easily pulls himself up through the branches and bats at the Frisbee --

-- which falls, along with a rain of leaves, onto Randy. Randy grabs the Frisbee and throws it back into the game.

He checks on the girls. They're walking away.

In the tree, Jack hops to a lower branch. It BREAKS under his weight. He FALLS to the ground. Ouch. Grabs his ankle.

LISA (O.C.)

Awww. Did you have an accident showing off for those girls?

Jack looks up into the face of LISA, 22. Blonde. Beautiful.

JACK

Lisa. Hi, babe. I was just helping out Randy.

Randy blushes at this disclosure, because as fate would have it, he's got a monster crush on this girl. Jack's girl.

LISA

(teasing, to Jack)
I guess that makes you a hero, then.

JACK

I am. I'm a goddamn hero.

She reaches to help pull him up but when he stands on the ankle it buckles. She stumbles under his weight.

Randy comes to life and dashes under Jack's arm.

RANDY

I got him. I got him.

(to Lisa)

You have class. Oil painting, right?

His detailed knowledge of her schedule is a little stalker-ish, but she's tolerant of his social awkwardness.

LISA

Thanks.

She pecks Jack on the cheek and makes to go, but he pulls her in for a real kiss, on the mouth.

JACK

Saturday, right?

LISA

At seven. I'll meet you there.

Jack watches her go. Randy stares at her too, then catches himself and covers.

RANDY

Does it have to be Rudolpho's? Lisa knows you don't have money. She doesn't care.

JACK

She's always had it. She doesn't know if she cares. But if we're talking about the future, I need to give her a vision for it.

RANDY

(taken aback)

Wow. So you're talking about the future?

JACK

Graduation's in less than three months, dude. It's time to lock some shit down, right?

Self-satisfied and confident, Jack is oblivious to the jealousy and resentment that skip across Randy's face.

RANDOM ULTIMATE PLAYER
Are you guys in or out?

Jack waves -- he's out.

JACK
(to Randy)
I've gotta go ice this. You can
keep playing.

Nice offer on Jack's part, but the game has already resumed.
Without Jack, Randy's invisible to these guys.

He puts his shoulder under Jack's arm and helps him hobble.

RANDY
A guy in neuroscience is doing a
sleep study. The deadline was last
week, but I can ask.

JACK
That would be awesome.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

As before: JACK, surrounded by white.

The WHITE is a pillow.

JACK
What time is it?

He sits up on an elbow. The room comes into focus -- the same
windowless room as before. Jack's in bed, wearing hospital
pajamas, hooked to an I.V.

Charles, holding a clipboard, sits nearby, watching.

Jack paws at the I.V. tubes.

JACK (CONT'D)
No one told me about all this. I
guess that's why it paid fifty.

CHARLES
Can you tell me your name?

JACK
Jack. Jack Dreyer.

CHARLES

Jack. That's great.

Charles sounds like an encouraging kindergarten teacher.

JACK

(weirded out)

Okay.

(getting to business)

Speaking of that fifty. They said I could get the check this morning. I've actually got a lot going on today, so --

Charles looks at Jack with growing interest.

CHARLES

You remember coming here?

JACK

I filled out the forms, did the MRI and that thing with all the electrodes. What, do people forget the electrodes?

(suddenly concerned with the I.V.)

Is there some kind of... forgetting drug in this?

CHARLES

No, it's just to keep you hydrated.

JACK

I doubt I'd dehydrate *overnight*.

Jack sits, swings his legs over the edge of the bed. He looks down at his bare feet. Rotates one ankle.

JACK (CONT'D)

(surprised)

It doesn't hurt at all. Maybe the hydration helped.

He looks at Charles, motions to the I.V.

JACK (CONT'D)

So, I'm done, right? Can we get this show on the --

CHARLES

(nervous)

Wait! Uh, we just need to ask you a few more questions before... you go.

(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)
(confessing)
My grade depends on it.

JACK
Fine. What are the questions?

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER

Charles enters and hands Jack a clipboard with a MULTI-PAGE questionnaire. Jack sees how long it is.

JACK
Seriously?

CHARLES
Sorry.

Jack sighs.

JACK
Just --

He makes a shooing motion at Charles and starts writing.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER

Jack, on the bed, scribbles answers, a pile of pages beside him. We glimpse a few questions: *Who was your best friend in first grade? What was your pet's name when you were twelve?*

Jack finishes the last page. Calls toward the two-way window:

JACK
Okay. Done! My clothes are in
locker twelve.

No response.

He tries to look in the observation window but can't lean far enough without the I.V. tugging.

He peels the ADHESIVE TAPE from his arm, pulls out the needle and climbs out of bed.

He presses down on the ankle. It's still fine. Weird.

He tries the door. Locked. He bangs on it a couple times and then walks to the mirrored observation window. He raises his arm to knock, but stops at the sight of --

-- HIS REFLECTION. Shocked, he runs his hand back and forth over his BUZZ-CUT HAIR.

JACK (CONT'D)
What the fu --?

Concern growing, he hits a light switch. The lights dim.

At the observation mirror, he leans his head to the glass and cups his hands to peer through to the --

CONTROL ROOM

Charles, focused on a computer screen, has his back to Jack. He hears the phone ring, picks up, speaks animatedly.

Jack finds a PAPER CUP in the waste-basket.

Standing out of sight to the side of the glass, Jack presses the cup to the wall and listens. The words are faint and garbled, then clearer as he adjusts the cup.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Charles paces as he talks on the phone.

CHARLES
No, he remembers everything. Like, *everything*.
(listening, reprimanded)
Of course, you'll make that call. I didn't mean to -- yes, sir.
(listens to a question)
Just a little agitated. He wants to leave.

Charles turns to the Observation Room. Is startled to see Jack *right there*. The light is back on. Jack is regarding himself critically in the mirror.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
When will you be here?
(listening, disappointed)
Sure, I understand. Tomorrow's fine. It won't be a problem

He hangs up the phone, looking at Jack, unsure it won't be a problem.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

KEYS JINGLE outside the door. Charles sidles in with a tray of food and pushes the door shut with his back.

JACK

You cut my *hair*? What the fuck?
That wasn't part of the deal!

CHARLES

I, uh, they had to do it for one of
the scans. I brought you some food.

JACK

Dude, I'm pre-law. I actually *read*
all those forms, and they didn't
say anything about extra scans, or
needles, or cutting my hair. I
don't need food. I need you to give
me my clothes and open that door.

CHARLES

Wow. I'm really sorry. It's just,
it's been a certain number of
hours, so legally, we have to feed
you. Once you eat --

JACK

Fine.

Jack grabs the tray and stuffs a fork-full of food in his mouth, accidentally knocking over the cup of juice.

JACK (CONT'D)

(through food)
Sorry.

CHARLES

I'll get you another.

As Charles leaves. Jack grabs the door.

JACK

Actually, could I get a Coke? I'm
not really into juice.

CHARLES

Okay.

He looks pointedly at Jack's hand on the door. Jack lets go. Charles pulls it solidly shut behind him.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Charles grinds a pill to powder and pours it into a Coke can.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Charles enters, closing the door behind him.

CHARLES

Sorry for the delay, I had to go to
the machine... Jack?

The room is EMPTY.

Charles looks under the bed. Nope.

He pulls on the door handle. The door OPENS. He sees:

The LOCK MECHANISM has been covered with the ADHESIVE TAPE
from the I.V.

Shit. Charles is in a world of trouble.

INT. HALLWAY

Jack, barefoot, pads quickly down a hallway.

Peripherally we might notice: The building is dingy. File
folders sit on the floor outside various rooms, discarded.

Jack's got other things on his mind. He sees the door he
wants and ducks into --

INT. LOCKER ROOM

He yanks open locker 12: A dusty pair of woman's pumps. He
yanks open the next locker: Empty. So are the next and next.

Finally, a man's shirt -- too big -- and shoes -- they'll
have to work. He pulls them on.

INT. HALLWAY

Jack pokes his head out. The coast is clear. He dashes toward
an ELEVATOR. He's almost there when the --

ELEVATOR DINGS. The doors open.

Jack ducks into --

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Daylight shines through a small, high window at a landing.

Jack peers through the cracked-open door, back into the HALLWAY and sees:

Dick and Tom, stepping off the elevator and moving purposefully down the hallway. Intimidating.

JACK
(under his breath)
Damn, Charles. No wonder you're
worried about your grade.

Tom and Dick turn a corner.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jack ducks into the elevator.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

The elevator doors open at the lobby. Jack steps out.

The front doors are in sight, just beyond a tall desk with a SECURITY GUARD. The guard picks up a phone and listens.

SECURITY GUARD
Okay.

He hangs up his phone, goes to the front door and LOCKS it.

He turns back toward his desk -- and Jack. Jack ducks back into the --

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Jack heads for a high WINDOW on the first landing.

He cranks the window open, grabs the edge and pulls himself up --

-- or tries to.

His arms aren't strong enough to pull himself up.

That's strange, but this isn't the time to mull it over. He uses his feet to scramble up the wall and tip himself out the window.

EXT. MILNER SCIENCE BUILDING - DAY

Jack emerges upside down. He grabs a vertical drainpipe --
SLIDES down it, CRASHES into the BUSHES.

With a look back to make sure no one is watching, he runs to
a MAIN WALKWAY, populated by a few students.

A hippie GIRL with DREADLOCKS stands in the walkway, shoving
flyers into the hands of anyone who doesn't cut a wide berth.

DREADS GIRL

Protest tomorrow against SomaTech!
When a big corporation moves onto a
little campus, the trustees have an
obligation to ask why!

Her words aren't of concern to Jack. He looks back at the
building he's come from. Several windows are boarded up.
There are NO TRESPASSING signs posted. That's weird.

BONG.

The LARGE CLOCK TOWER reads: **6:30**.

JACK

Shit.

He takes off and runs --

ACROSS CAMPUS

He dodges students on bikes and skateboards.

EXT. KIRKWOOD AVE - DUSK

Still running, Jack turns onto a street that's lined by "old-
fashioned" shops and restaurants.

He finally reaches:

EXT. RUDOLPHO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

An upscale restaurant.

INT. RUDOLPHO'S RESTAURANT

Breathing heavily, Jack staggers in. There's a group of well-
dressed would-be diners waiting in the entrance.

Jack in floppy shoes, sweaty shirt and scrub pants, is not a welcome addition. The other customers make some distance.

JACK
(breathless, to anyone)
What time is it?

No one answers, not wanting to engage with the crazy guy.

JACK (CONT'D)
What time is it!

A woman takes pity.

WOMAN
Seven-twenty.

Late! He pushes through the crowd to the dining room. The HOSTESS blocks him.

HOSTESS
Sir, I'm afraid we have a dress
code --

JACK
I have a reservation. I just want
to check for my party.

Jack rushes past her into the DINING AREA.

He scans the diners. Lisa is not among them.

The MANAGER approaches and puts a hand around Jack's arm.

MANAGER
Sir, can we step outside?

Jack allows the Manager to guide him from the dining area, but as they pass the hostess stand, he balks.

JACK
Can you look to see if she was
here?

MANAGER
(skeptical)
Sir --

JACK
- Please, just check, and I'll
leave.

The Manager nods to the Hostess.

JACK (CONT'D)

The reservation was for 7pm. Jack Dreyer.

HOSTESS

There's no Dreyer listed.

She flinches as he leans in to look. The page is dated: October 02.

JACK

No, you've got the wrong date, it's April, not October.

He tries to flip pages. Hostess pulls the book away.

The Manager nods for the DOORMAN to join him in pushing Jack out more forcefully.

EXT. RUDOLPHO'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Out on the sidewalk, the Manager and Doorman let go of Jack.

JACK

She was looking at the wrong day!

MANAGER

You at the college?

JACK

Yeah.

The Manager digs into his pocket and hands Jack some change.

MANAGER

Here. There's a pay phone on Hillside by the Subway. Call someone to come and get you.

JACK

It's not October.

MANAGER

Yes. It is.

(beat)

Go home and get some sleep -- and whatever you're on -- don't take it again.

The Manager and Doorman wait for Jack to leave.

EXT. KIRKWOOD AVE - DAY

At the PAY PHONE, Jack shoves coins into the slot and dials a seven digit number.

RECORDING (ON PHONE)
You must first dial the area code --

Huh? Jack tries again, this time with the area code.

MAN (ON PHONE)
Hello?

JACK
I need to talk to Lisa. It's important.

MAN (ON PHONE)
Sorry man. No Lisa at this number.

JACK
Five-five-five-four-two-seven-four.
Area code eight-one-two.

MAN (ON PHONE)
Yeah, that's it but I've had this number for six years. Sounds like she wasn't that into you. Sorry.

CLICK.

Jack slowly places the receiver down.

He lifts another quarter to the slot, then stops --

Looks at the coins. The quarters are WEIRD. Those STATE images on the back instead of the eagle and crest. One is dated **2004**. A nickel is dated **2014**. What the fuck?

He turns to a man walking by.

JACK
Sir. Sir! Can you tell me --

The man picks up his pace, ignoring him. Jack tries the next PASSERBY:

JACK (CONT'D)
Please, tell me the date. Just tell me what year it is!

PASSERBY
(still walking)
October 02, 2018.

JACK

No.

But now he's noticing: CREDIT CARD PARKING METERS.
YOGURTLAND, a SUSHI RESTAURANT. GAS: \$4.19.

His gaze falls on a public bench with a movie poster for the
sequel to an action picture with large robots. Release date:
"9/12/18. Everything Changes."

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. KIRKWOOD AVE - NIGHT

Jack walks, in shock, through Saturday night crowds. Students spill in and out of bars. MUSIC blares from a club. CELL PHONES glow in people's hands, lighting their faces.

Jack moves off the main drag onto a RESIDENTIAL STREET. He stops across the street from --

EXT. COLLEGE ROW HOUSE - NIGHT

An older house with a porch ideal for sitting on and drinking a beer. One of those places bequeathed from one generation of students to the next.

The light shines through the gaps in the blinds.

FLASH TO:

INT. COLLEGE ROW HOUSE - **CIRCA 1994**

Jack (with his 90s hair) sits on a broken-down couch with Lisa almost on his lap and friends around him, watching a ball game on TV. A pizza box lies open on the coffee table.

They yell at a great shot. Randy, entering from upstairs, casts an awkward look at everyone as he passes.

JACK

Randy, grab a slice, we're watching the game.

Randy considers. Looks at Lisa, at Jack's arm firmly around her, at the others watching TV, basically ignoring him.

RANDY

I gotta get to the lab.

He goes.

FRIEND

Your roommate is weird, dude.

Everyone else as they were: happy.

FLASH BACK TO:

EXT. COLLEGE ROW HOUSE - **PRESENT**

Jack peers through the blinds at a couple of guys swinging their arms, playing WII GOLF on a huge FLAT SCREEN TV. Jack watches the ball on screen respond to their motions.

One of the guys hears something: Looks at his cell phone and says something to the other guy -- time to go. They turn off the screen.

Jack ducks out of sight, watches as the guys leave the house and walk down the street toward the bars.

Jack goes to the porch. He removes a piece of cracked molding from over the door and feels inside the hole: A key.

Shakes his head, amused. Some things don't change.

INT. COLLEGE ROW HOUSE - NIGHT

HALLWAY

Jack inspects a bill on the table, addressed to Dan Weber.

JACK

Welcome to my house, Dan.

LIVING ROOM

He looks around -- the huge TV, various electronics, a lap-top computer, DVD boxes. All strange to him.

But one image is familiar. He picks up a box set of *Die Hard*. Jack grins at Bruce Willis' set jaw on the cover.

But his grin fades as he shuffles through the set. Bruce Willis' face growing older in 1995... 2007... 2013.

INT. COLLEGE ROW HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jack strips off his clothes and gets in the running shower.

Through textured glass, his silhouette -- head bowed.

He slides down the wall, sits. Lets water hit him. Giving in to everything.

INT. COLLEGE ROW HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

STAIRCASE

Jack comes down the stairs, refreshed and dressed like a Tommy Hilfiger model, courtesy of new tenant Dan Weber.

KITCHEN

Holding a bundle with his old clothes and shoes, Jack opens the kitchen trash can. Full to the brim. He finds a trash bag under the sink and stuffs his old clothes into it.

He goes to the back door to put the bag in the trash bin visible through the window. But just before he turns the knob he hears a voice outside:

DICK (O.C.)
I'm in back.

Jack freezes at the sound. Another voice -- through a walkie:

TOM (O.C.)
Copy. Approaching the front.

Jack ducks down and creeps away from the back door.

BANG. BANG. At the front door.

TOM (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Dan? You home?
(beat)
Jack?

EXT. COLLEGE ROW HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom stands at the door.

INT. COLLEGE ROW HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack moves silently --

up the STAIRS --

down a HALLWAY --

into a BEDROOM.

INT. COLLEGE HOUSE BEDROOM NIGHT

Jack goes to the window. Pulls up the window sash revealing a roof extending over the porch -- an unofficial balcony.

He swings a leg over the sill, then freezes, remembering to check something:

Yep, a full ashtray and bong positioned outside the window. More things that don't change. He sets his foot down carefully, avoiding them.

A last thought: he reaches back into the room and grabs a baseball cap.

EXT. COLLEGE HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

Jack creeps across the roof and peers over the edge.

At the front door. Tom TAPS a locksmith tool into the lock. He talks into his walkie.

TOM
Going in now.

He enters the house.

Jack lowers his feet over the roof's edge, hanging on with his hands. Again his arms lack strength and he DROPS hard. He looks in disgust at his weak arms before he sprints away.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Morning shines through the library windows.

Jack, baseball cap pulled low over his face, huddles over a thick tome at a study carrel in the stacks, dozing.

He startles awake at the sound of a librarian replacing a book. Jack stands, goes.

INT. PROFESSOR LASKA'S OFFICE - DAY

PROFESSOR LASKA, snow white hair, sits in a wheel chair at a CLUTTERED DESK, frowning at his COMPUTER.

JESSIE, 21, mixed-race, dark curly hair, wearing a polo-style CLAYTON TECHNOLOGY SERVICES shirt, stands behind him, watching him attempt to use a GRADE ENTRY PROGRAM.

Around them, painted canvasses, books, and stacks of old newspapers. Many POLITICAL CARTOONS on the walls.

The computer BEEPS. Professor Laska throws up his arms.

PROFESSOR LASKA
What now?

Jessie reaches past him for the mouse. Clicks.

JESSIE

You have to designate the unique student number.

PROFESSOR LASKA

God forbid I should use the names I've worked to memorize all semester.

A KNOCK at the open door.

Jack enters, closing the door behind him.

JACK

Professor Laska, I need to --

He stops as he gets a better look at his professor.

JACK (CONT'D)

(shocked)

You're older.

PROFESSOR LASKA

That's generally a comparative statement.

Jack stares a moment longer, then recovers.

JACK

I -- I went to the law school first but my professors are all... gone -- I just -- I need to talk to --

PROFESSOR LASKA

You'll forgive me if I don't remember your name -- or perhaps your unique identifying number?

JACK

Jack. Jack Dreyer. I had you for basic drawing.

PROFESSOR LASKA

Was this in the spring?

JACK

Yes. Spring... 1991.

Jessie approaches Jack.

JESSIE

I'm sure this seemed like a funny challenge to your frat-buddies, but you should leave.

Jack moves around her, addressing Professor Laska:

JACK

I just did a sleep study at the Milner Lab, but it wasn't "just." It was 1995. I know it sounds crazy but you used to say that stuff about keeping your mind open so that your eyes can work... I went to sleep in 1995 and woke up in -- now... I think they transported me.

JESSIE

(fucking with him)
Through time? Did you call the time cops?

JACK

(serious)
Are there time cops now?

Jessie gives him a look - there are no time cops. He looks at her shirt with a sudden paranoia.

JACK (CONT'D)

"Technology services." What's that mean? Who do you work for?

He's intense. Jessie takes a step back, exchanging a glance with Professor Laska. This Jack guy is off, maybe dangerous.

Laska speaks gently.

PROFESSOR LASKA

Jack. Mr. Dreyer. Jessie is helping me with my computer. No one here wants to hurt you.

JACK

There's two big guys following me. I'm pretty sure *they* want to hurt me.

PROFESSOR LASKA

Okay. Okay. Son, what are you hoping I can do? Should I call someone?

He reaches for the phone --

JACK

No! No phone calls.

Laska's hand stalls in the air.

JACK (CONT'D)

I just want to find someone who remembers me. Do you remember me?

His look is pleading. Professor Laska inspects him.

PROFESSOR LASKA

I've had quite a few students in the last 25 years.

JACK

My girlfriend, Lisa, was an art major--

In Laska's face... maybe a glimmer of remembrance?

PROFESSOR LASKA

I'm sorry.

JESSIE

Jack, I think you should go.

JACK

(to Jessie)

You think I'm crazy. I'm not. My mom is Loreen Dreyer. She lives an hour away, in North Bend. Do you have a car?

He begins fishing around in the pockets of his borrowed jeans, and comes up with some crumpled bills.

JACK (CONT'D)

I can pay you...

(counts the cash)

... six dollars.

(looks at the bills)

When did their heads get so big?

She gives him a warning look.

JACK (CONT'D)

I get it. I'll hitch.

(to Professor Laska)

Thanks for your time.

Jack leaves. Professor Laska and Jessie exchange looks.

PROFESSOR LASKA

Maybe I should call campus security.

He picks up the phone and dials.

PROFESSOR LASKA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hi, This is Professor Laska, in the art school. I just had a student in my office who seemed... confused. He said his name was Jack Dreyer.

(to Jessie)

They're transferring me.

Jessie brings up the online student directory on the computer. Searches for Jack Dreyer. Nothing shows up.

Laska looks at the name. It does look familiar.

PROFESSOR LASKA (CONT'D)

Do an old man a favor. My old attendance books are in one of those metal file cabinets back there. Could you look for the one from 1991?

Jessie nods and goes into the --

STORAGE ROOM

There are several metal file cabinets. She opens and shuts drawers, searching.

OFFICE

Laska, still on hold, looks at the phone receiver.

PROFESSOR LASKA (CONT'D)

I'm not sure they're coming back.

JESSIE

(calling from the room)

No one knows how to use the transfer buttons.

He looks at the phone.

PROFESSOR LASKA

I think they hung up on me.

STORAGE ROOM

Jessie finds a pile of attendance books in a bottom file drawer. She crouches and rifles through them.

She finds the one from 1991 and grabs it. She stands, to return to Professor Laska, but pauses as she sees:

Tom and Dick enter Professor Laska's office.

TOM
Professor Laska? You called about
Jack Dreyer?

OFFICE

They FLASH their BADGES. Laska squints at the badges.

PROFESSOR LASKA
Are you campus security?

TOM
They asked us to become involved.

STORAGE ROOM

Jessie, on instinct, pulls back behind the filing cabinet.

OFFICE

Dick prowls the office, inspecting everything. It's
unsettling.

Tom, extends a PHOTOGRAPH on his cell phone: It's Jack, with
his current shorn hair, strangely dull-eyed, as if drugged.

PROFESSOR LASKA
That's him. Is he unwell?

DICK
(ignoring the question)
Why did he come here?

PROFESSOR LASKA
He said he was a former student and
hoped I'd remember him.

DICK
Did you?

PROFESSOR LASKA
No.

Dick looks at newspaper POLITICAL CARTOONS taped to the wall.
Some old and yellowed. Each signed "Laska" in the corner.

He clocks a TIME MAGAZINE COVER: A greedy-looking man,
labeled "SomaTech," with fingers stretched into a dozen pies.

DICK
What was he confused about?

PROFESSOR LASKA
What?

DICK
 (confrontational)
 On the phone. You said he was
 confused. About what?

Professor Laska regards Dick with growing distrust.

TOM
 I apologize. My colleague can be
 abrupt. But anything you can tell
 us will help us help Jack.

Mollified, Laska continues.

PROFESSOR LASKA
 He was under the impression he did
 a sleep study in the Milner
 building, which seemed unlikely.
 The building is slated for
 demolition, and our science
 facilities are all housed at the
 new SomaTech Center --

DICK
 (impatient)
 Did he say where he was going?

Professor Laska stops. Something's not right here. He moves
 to take back control of the situation.

PROFESSOR LASKA
 My call to security was cut off
 earlier. I hope you won't be
 offended if I just call them back
 to verify?

TOM
 Of course not.

Professor Laska picks up the phone.

PROFESSOR LASKA
 Could I get another look at those
 badges?

Dick raises an eyebrow, but pulls out his badge. As Professor
 Laska inspects it --

Tom FEINTS and DRIVES A SYRINGE into Professor Laska's NECK.

STORAGE ROOM

Jessie covers her mouth to keep from screaming.

OFFICE

A flicker of something in Tom's eyes as Professor Laska spasms and falls from his chair.

Dick takes in Tom's reaction, but doesn't comment. Instead:

DICK
Bad ticker. Poor guy.

TOM
Better call our guy at the precinct
and let him know.

The two men leave. Jessie rushes to Professor Laska, dialing 911 on her phone.

JESSIE
(into phone)
We need an ambulance at the Clayton
College Art Building on Brubeck.
Office three-twenty.

CALL TAKER (ON PHONE)
*I have your location. Can you tell
me what's happened?*

Jessie feels for a pulse, listens for a heartbeat: He's dead. She rocks back on her heels, tears spring from her eyes.

CALL TAKER (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
Are you okay? What's your name?

Jessie's mind is working again. She shouldn't give her name.

JESSIE
Just send an ambulance.

She hangs up the phone.

She opens the 1991 ATTENDANCE BOOK in her hand: A Handwritten class list -- including: **Jack Dreyer**.

An old PHOTOGRAPH falls from between the pages. She looks at it: A younger Professor Laska with a class.

There, with his arm around a blonde classmate (Lisa), looking the same age as she saw him today, is Jack.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. STUDIO - DAY - 1991

A dozen students stand at easels around a still life of a pitcher and a bowl of fruit.

A YOUNGER PROFESSOR LASKA circles among them. He speaks to a student obscured behind an easel.

PROFESSOR LASKA
Your proportions are off. Look.

Laska holds a pencil at arm's length and measures.

PROFESSOR LASKA (CONT'D)
Don't trust. Measure. You see? Look
at what's there, not what you think
should be there... Are you looking?

We see the student is Jack, even younger than we've seen him,
a freshman.

JACK
Yeah.

Reveal he is looking, not at the still life but at:

Lisa. She is working intently, unaware of his attention.

Everyone's work is interrupted by CHANTING outside the
window. Muffled, then louder. "Peace Not War! Peace Not War!"

A tension comes over the class as they listen.

PROFESSOR LASKA
Our plastic fruit will still be
here on Wednesday. Put on your
coats, take your sketch pads.

EXT. QUAD - DAY - 1991

Laska leads his students outside where:

Students gather with signs. "Stop the Gulf War." "Support our
troops -- bring them home." "No killing for oil."

Jack scribbles words on a page of his sketchbook.

LASKA
Five minute sketches. Keep your
hand moving. Capture the gesture.

Jack looks over at Lisa. Her charcoal moves fast -- showing the drape of an American flag held aloft, an angry face.

JACK
That's really good.

LISA
Thanks.

He turns his sketch to her.

JACK
What do you think?

The drawing is BAD.

LISA
Ummm...

She sees he knows it. They both know it.

LISA (CONT'D)
(beat)
It seems surreal, doesn't it. To think we're in a war?

JACK
And that we watch it on TV every night.

Jack regards the protesters.

JACK (CONT'D)
I don't think it makes any difference.

LISA
The protest or drawing the protest?

JACK
Either, but say the drawing.

LISA
I disagree -- I think it bears witness. Art frames the historical conversation --

JACK
Blah blah, all that stuff that Laska says. But really, whoever approved Desert Storm -- those guys are framing the conversation.

She looks at him. Meets his cocky cynicism with honesty.

LISA

If I want to remember a moment, I draw it. If something makes me sad, or scared, I draw it. I don't know if it changes the world, but it's how I know I was here, that I felt something.

She shrugs, turns back to her drawing.

After a moment:

LISA (CONT'D)

Why'd you take drawing if you don't care about art?

JACK

I saw you signing up for it at registration.

She stops drawing, looks at him in disbelief.

LISA

Should I feel flattered or stalked?

JACK

(back-peddling)

I was going to drop once I learned your name... Lisa.

He sounds reverent saying her name. Recovers his casual tone:

JACK (CONT'D)

But then I liked the class. And Professor Laska. He's cool. How about this one?

He holds up another sketch: Better than the first. In it, a student holds a sign: MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR. She looks at it.

LISA

What's your name?

She's going to give him a chance. He grins.

JACK

Jack.

FLASH BACK TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY - PRESENT

Shaved-head Jack gets out of a car. Leans to the window.

JACK
Thanks again.

EXT. LOREEN DREYER'S HOME - DAY

Jack walks up the street to a modest family home.

He approaches the door. Out of habit he reaches into his pocket for the key -- then catches himself.

He rings the doorbell.

The door opens and Jack is surprised to see MONICA, a Nigerian woman in pink pants and a top with flowers -- a CARETAKER'S UNIFORM.

JACK
Oh -- I was looking for Loreen Dreyer.

She speaks with an British-tinged African accent.

MONICA
Yes. Loreen Dreyer is living here.

She eyes him, sees the resemblance.

MONICA (CONT'D)
You are a relative?

JACK
Yes, uh... Albert. Some kind of cousin, I can never remember.

She motions him in. He follows her into the house. LOREEN, 70s, in a housecoat, sits at a table with a jigsaw puzzle.

MONICA
(to Jack)
It's a good day to visit, she's thinking good today. We were just doing the puzzle.
(to Loreen)
Miss Loreen. You are having a visitor.

Jack stares at her, aghast. She's so old, so frail.

But when she looks at him, her face LIGHTS UP.

LOREEN
Jack!

She gets up and comes to him. Holds his cheeks and hugs him. He lingers in the hug, basking in her love and recognition.

MONICA

This is not your son, Miss Loreen.
This is Mr. Albert.

LOREEN

(vehement)
This is my Jack!

Monica smiles tolerantly.

MONICA

Okay then. I'm making the lunch.
You call if you need me.

INT. LOREEN DREYER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jack and Loreen sit on the couch together.

JACK

I'm sorry I was gone so long. You
must have worried.

LOREEN

No. I knew you would come.

She holds his hands, looks at him with shining eyes.

JACK

(voice breaking)
Mom... Mom, I don't know what --

But as he speaks, Loreen's eyes lose their light. She pulls her hand away from his and addresses him in a vague manner.

LOREEN

How nice to have a visitor. Are you
enjoying the weather?

JACK

(confused)
Yes, it's nice out.

LOREEN

My son intends to visit me soon.
He's very busy. He's going into
politics, you know.

Loreen looks over at the puzzle on the table.

LOREEN (CONT'D)
Is that a puzzle? I like puzzles.

INT. LOREEN DREYER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Jack enters the kitchen. Monica cooks at the stove.

JACK
Is it Alzheimer's?

MONICA
Dementia they be saying. Coming
early, before she is that old.

JACK
Have you worked here long?

MONICA
Some years, and for Mr. Jonathan
before that.

JACK
Mr. Jonathan. You mean her son,
Jack? Do you know what happened?

MONICA
Mr. Jonathan? What be happening
with him?

JACK
I, uh, heard, maybe he disappeared?
In the nineties?

She shakes her head as if shaking off his odd ideas.

MONICA
Mr. Jonathan never disappear. He
was going out east for law school.
But they are living here again for
many years now.

JACK
They?

MONICA
Mr. Jonathan and his wife.

She motions for him to follow as she carries a tray out to

INT. LOREEN DREYER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Monica nods to a photograph on the wall. Jack looks at --

A WEDDING PHOTO. The man looks just like Jack.

And the woman is Lisa.

Jack stares at the photo for a long moment. He puts his hand near the glass as if to touch the faces.

He works to control his emotion.

Monica sets the tray for Loreen.

MONICA

They were college sweethearts.

She comes back to Jack and points to ANOTHER PHOTO:

MONICA (CONT'D)

They have a daughter, too.

"Mr. Jonathan," is about 30 years-old in this photo, with Lisa and a little girl.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Annabelle

Jack stares at the photo.

MONICA (CONT'D)

She's an only child.

Monica looks back and forth at the close resemblance between Jack and John.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I hope you aren't coming to upset the peace, Mr. Albert.

It takes him a minute to make the connection -- she's wondering if he's this guy's son.

JACK

No. No. Nothing like that. I'm just trying to figure out...

(lame)

... some things.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

Jack reacts to the sound, but covers. Monica gives him one more suspicious look before going to answer the door.

Keeping an eye toward the front door, Jack quickly goes to a roll-top desk in the corner and rifles through letters and papers. Loreen pays attention only to her puzzle.

Jack finds what he's looking for: Loreen's old ADDRESS BOOK. He flips through, finds Jack and Lisa's listing, updated over the years, with older addresses crossed out.

JESSIE (O.C.)
I'm looking for a friend.

Jack reacts to the familiar voice. He scribbles the most current address on a scrap of paper.

MONICA (O.C.)
You are friends with Albert?

He quickly leans over and kisses Loreen's cheek. She pulls away, annoyed at being distracted from her puzzle.

JACK
(whispers)
I love you, Mom.

INT. LOREEN DREYER'S HOME - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Monica stands in the doorway with Jessie on the step. Jack steps into Jessie's view.

JESSIE
Yes.
(to Jack)
There you are... Albert. We need to go. We're going to be late for... that thing. We should go. Now.

She grabs Jack's hand and pulls him out the door.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
(to Monica)
It was nice to meet you.

Monica watches them go, her mind working.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jessie drags Jack toward the car. He follows cautiously.

JACK
What are you doing here?

JESSIE
What did you tell them?

JACK
Nothing.

JESSIE

Good. Two men came to the office after you left. Professor Laska told them what you said. Now he's dead.

Jack pulls up short.

JACK

I don't believe you.

But he's already starting to. Jessie's upset too.

JESSIE

I didn't believe you this morning, and it didn't turn out that well. So maybe let's both just believe each other for a minute, 'til we get this figured out.

(nods to the car)

You can get in.

Jack doesn't open his car door, still in shock.

JACK

He was such a good guy...

(catches himself)

You saw the men? Dark suits?

JESSIE

They flashed some badges, but I didn't see them. One of them said something about "their guy at the precinct," I didn't wait around to see who showed up. Whoever they are, if *I* can find you, *they* can -- we should go.

JACK

(suspicious)

How did you find me?

JESSIE

I used the internet. Do you know what the internet is?

JACK

I'm from 1995, not the Dark Ages. I have an Earthlink account.

JESSIE

Are you getting in the car?

JACK

Why should I trust you? Why would you want to help me?

Jessie studies him. Goes for the truth.

JESSIE

You were right. Laska was a good guy. I don't know how things were in the 90s, but in 2018, it's hard to tell who's bad or good. But Professor Laska was good. Which means the fuckers who killed him are bad. And they're after you, which means you're probably good.

JACK

So by the transitive property of goodness you're helping me.

JESSIE

I'm offering.

He regards her.

JACK

Okay.

He opens the car door and gets in.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jessie immediately pulls the car away and drives. Jack, in the passenger's seat, hands Jessie the address he wrote down.

JACK

I need to go to this address.

JESSIE

Is it someplace those guys will be looking for you?

JACK

It's the house of the imposter who stole my life.

JESSIE

So, yes.

JACK

I can get out.

JESSIE
No. Don't get out.

She types the address into her phone as she drives.

The MAP comes up on her screen -- Jack's first up-close look at a smart phone. He stares at it.

PHONE
(female GPS voice)
Starting the route.

JACK
What is that?

JESSIE
Earthlink was the Dark Ages.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - LATER

Jessie drives, winding through a nice neighborhood, with Jack in the passenger's seat, both alert for suspicious vehicles.

JACK
Lisa would never marry an imposter.
Do you think she could be one, too?

She pulls up at a corner.

JESSIE
I'm going to wait at the gas station up the road while you decide if your old girlfriend is an imposter.

JACK
You've done enough.

JESSIE
I'll wait an hour.

They meet eyes. Jack takes in what a friend she's being.

JACK
(sincere)
Thanks.

Jack gets out.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Jessie drives away.

Jack walks past big houses with manicured lawns. This is a NICE neighborhood. He sees the address: 2054.

On the doorstep he takes a deep breath and knocks.

No one comes.

He walks around the side of the house, peeks through a window at a well-appointed living room. Leather furniture. Classy art.

SNIP. SNIP.

The sound of hedge clippers. Jack moves toward it.

EXT. LISA DREYER'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Little branches fall to the ground.

A figure, face obscured by a hat, takes scissors to a bush.

JACK

Excuse me.

The figure turns. Removes the hat.

It's an older Lisa. At 42 she's still a golden girl.

JACK (CONT'D)

Lisa.

Jack steps closer, looking at her in wonder.

Lisa's expression turns to shock.

LISA

Who are you?

Her reaction is terrified -- seeing a ghost.

JACK

Are you all right? Are they keeping you here?

She doesn't answer.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'll help you escape.

For a moment Lisa's face softens. But then:

LISA
 (harsh)
 You're not here.

Jack looks struck.

Inside the house a PHONE RINGS. Lisa goes in the back door.

INT. LISA DREYER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Lisa picks up the phone, eyes still on Jack who lingers by the door.

LISA
 Hello? ... Oh, Randall, hi. John's
 not here...
 (trying to sound normal)
 Oh, that's nice of you. I'm fine,
 feeling much better.
 (listens)
 Yes, everything's fine. Tonight?
 Oh, right. I'll be there.
 (looking at Jack, wanting
 to get rid of the call)
 It's sweet of you to call.

She hangs up.

JACK
 Randall? Is that Randy?

Lisa pours a glass of water. She turns to Jack.

LISA
 Hallucinations are my mind's fucked-
 up way of helping me deal with my
 feelings. But guess what?

She reveals a PILL BOTTLE. Shakes a couple pills into her hand and pops them in her mouth with the water.

LISA (CONT'D)
 I don't want to deal with my
 feelings right now. So you can go.

JACK
 Lisa, I'm --

Jack approaches the threshold.

LISA
 (screams)
 Go!

He steps back, shocked at her raw emotion.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

Lisa and Jack lock eyes.

LISA (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 Please, go.

The doorbell RINGS again. She goes to get it, leaving him in the kitchen.

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Lisa opens the door for --

Tom and Dick.

TOM
 Lisa Dreyer?

LISA
 Yes?

TOM
 Your husband is Jonathan Dreyer?

LISA
 Yes.

Tom holds out a badge.

TOM
 We're with a private security firm
 affiliated with Clayton College.

She looks at the badge. Remains in the doorway.

DICK
 For your own safety it's better if
 we don't linger on your front step.

Lisa steps aside to let them enter.

EXT. LISA DREYER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lisa and the men sit, conversation in progress.

LISA
 No. I've been in the yard all
 morning. I haven't seen anyone.

TOM
(pressing)
White. Twenty-three. Short hair?

Lisa reacts to this description, but covers.

LISA
Do you have a picture?

TOM
I'm afraid not. He's a student at Clayton who's had a break from reality. Apparently he mentioned your husband's name in his therapy sessions.

LISA
Why would he talk about my husband?

DICK
Crazies like to target public figures.

Lisa bristles.

LISA
If he's dangerous, why are you here and not the police?

TOM
The student's parents are generous supporters of the University. You and Mr. Dreyer are both alumni, and with your husband's political aspirations, the thought was to handle things more privately.

Dick looks up from a text message on his cell phone.

DICK
Do you know where your husband is now? We're having trouble getting a hold of him at his office.

A flicker of something in her eyes, but she plays it cool.

LISA
Doing something for the campaign probably. He's so busy it's hard to keep track. I'll find his assistant's number. Excuse me.

She gets up, and walks into the kitchen.

INT. LISA DREYER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Lisa enters the kitchen. It's empty. So is the backyard.

She takes another PILL with a drink of water. She notices a POST-IT pad on the windowsill. Written on a POST-IT, "For Whom the Bell Tolls." She looks at it, face unreadable.

EXT. FILLING STATION - DAY

Jessie sits in her car. She looks around. Doesn't see anyone. She turns the radio on, gets caught up in the music.

BANG. BANG.

It's Jack, pounding on the passenger window. She opens the door. He gets in.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

JACK
They came. The guys.

JESSIE
Did they see you?

Jack shakes his head.

JACK
No. But they need to.

Jessie looks at him, confused.

JACK (CONT'D)
If I show up like I haven't been there yet, they'll believe she doesn't know anything.

JESSIE
You're sure it was her?

JACK
It was her.

Jessie clocks the pained look that crosses Jack's face. She starts the car.

INT. JESSIE'S CAR - DRIVING - MOMENTS LATER

Jessie and Jack carefully drive down the street.

JESSIE
Maybe she's already told them?

JACK
If she had, they wouldn't still be
inside.

He points out a DARK CAR on the opposite side of the street.

JACK (CONT'D)
That's their car. If I run the
other way, they'll have to turn the
car around.

JESSIE
Or they can run after you.

JACK
(a little cocky)
Trust me, I can run faster.

JESSIE
If I see you go down, I'm going to
drive by like I don't know you.

INT. LISA DREYER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Tom and Dick wait for Lisa to return. Tom sits. Dick paces
the room, examining objects with a proprietary air.

They exchange a glance, then look toward the kitchen. Tom
gets up and goes in.

INT. LISA DREYER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Tom enters and finds Lisa looking out the window.

TOM
Mrs. Dreyer?

He stands near her.

TOM (CONT'D)
(gentle)
People with mistaken beliefs, like
this young man, can sometimes be
very convincing... Are you sure
you've had no contact?

She turns and finds him looking at her compassionately. Maybe
even a spark of something more than compassion.

She seems tempted to confide in him.

The front DOORBELL RINGS.

She moves, but Tom waves her back.

TOM (CONT'D)

Let us.

He goes.

EXT. LISA DREYER'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Dick opens the door.

Standing on the step is Jack.

He looks at Dick, surprised.

JACK

Oh. I was looking for, uh...
someone else.

DICK

Mr. and Mrs. Dreyer?

JACK

Are they here?

DICK

They are. I'm a family friend. Come
in.

JACK

Okay. Thanks.

Jack moves to the door. He catches a glimpse of Tom, emerging behind Dick. He hesitates.

JACK (CONT'D)

Sorry, wrong house.

Jack sprints!

Dick runs after him.

Tom runs to the dark car and gets in.

Dick chases Jack on foot around the corner.

Jack cuts through a yard, leaps over a SHORT FENCE and HITS HIS FOOT on the top. He barely manages to land on his feet, stumbles, but keeps running.

Dick stays on the sidewalk, but he's still not far behind.

Jack turns on the jets... but he's tiring fast, out of breath. Jessie sees him, rolls her car toward him.

He makes a dash for it.

Before we see him get in the car we

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSECTION - MOMENTS LATER

Dick looks up and down the street. No sign of Jack. Just--

--JESSIE in her CAR, waiting at a stoplight.

She's got the window open, the MUSIC CRANKED.

INT. JESSIE'S CAR - SAME

A closer angle on Jessie reveals she's sweating bullets.

In her rearview mirror, she sees Tom, in the dark car, pull up behind hers.

And ahead of her, Dick steps off the curb, comes toward her.

END ACT 3

ACT 4

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Crossing the street, Dick veers off the crosswalk to Jessie's car. He peers in, close enough to Jessie's window to reach in and grab her.

Jessie cuts her eyes at him like he's a perv. All attitude, but her hand TREMBLES as she deliberately turns up her music, rolls up her window, and looks forward at the road.

INT. JESSIE'S TRUNK - DAY

Inside the trunk is dark and cramped. Jack's face is smashed against a bag of books. The MUSIC THUMPS, MUFFLED.

EXT. INTERSECTION / INT. CAR - DAY

The light changes. Jessie moves the through the intersection.

Death-grip on the steering wheel, she watches in the rearview mirror. Dick gets in the car with Tom. They don't follow her.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Jessie pulls over next to an open field. She pops the trunk then walks back to it. Jack is curled inside.

JESSIE

Jesus, Jack Flash, we were this close to getting killed.

JACK

Sorry.

His voice is steady, but as Jack climbs out of the trunk she can see he's SHAKING.

Jack stalks past her, deep into the field. Silence, then, in the distance:

JACK (CONT'D)

(yelling at the universe)

GAAAAAAHHHHHHH! AHHHHHHH! AHHHHHH!
What the FUCK. IS. HAPPENING!

When he's all yelled out, he stops. Then walks back toward Jessie and the car.

His cockiness is gone. He's deeply tired. She can see it.

JESSIE

You need some sleep. And food.

JACK

You've done enough. I can't ask you
to --

JESSIE

- Just get in.

Jack gets in the car.

INT. LISA DREYER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lisa opens the door for JOHN DREYER, 45. Once-athletic, now middle-aged. He shares Jack's features, could be his father.

No pleasantries between.

LISA

I'm almost ready.

JOHN

Where's Annabelle?

LISA

She wants to meet us there.

JOHN

And of course you let her do what
she wants.

He heads for the liquor cabinet and pulls out a glass.

LISA

She lives on campus. It doesn't
make sense for her to come out
here. Plus it might be better,
considering you have a stalker and
there's a security team lurking
outside.

She watches for his reaction as she adds:

LISA (CONT'D)

I assume they found you and told
you what's happening?

He inspects the liquor options in order to avoid meeting her gaze.

JOHN

Yeah. Some trust-fund millennial
off his meds. I'm not concerned.

Lisa takes that in without comment, and goes into the

BEDROOM

She applies make-up in the mirror.

In the BG John adds an ice cube to a drink and SLOSHES liquor
on his white shirt.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Damn it!

LISA

It's okay.

JOHN

I don't have another shirt here.

LISA

In the closet.

John opens the walk-in closet. One side full of Lisa's
clothes, the other side EMPTY except three items in plastic
wrap from the cleaners.

LISA (CONT'D)

They were at the cleaners.

JOHN

(calmer, grateful)

Thanks

Applying lipstick, Lisa discreetly watches him in the mirror
as he changes his shirt. He's in good shape for his age.

She turns, make-up complete. He looks.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That's a good dress...

She's warmed by the compliment. These two may be on the
rocks, but there's still an attraction. And affection. But
then John catches himself.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Blue photographs well.

She plays it off her hurt, cool.

LISA
That is what's important.

They exit the room.

INT. SHARE HOUSE - SINK - NIGHT

Jack, shirtless, bends over the sink as Jessie rinses his hair. Proximity imbues a feeling of intimacy, but it's undercut by Jack talking.

JACK
What about cryogenic stasis? Is that a common thing?

JESSIE
Cryogenic suspension?

She pulls his head out from under the faucet.

JACK
Yeah, like in *Star Trek* -- oh, there was this show called --

He dries his head with a towel.

JESSIE
- Yeah, I know *Star Trek*. No, it's not common. A couple of people have tried it I think, but no one's ever woken up from it.

JACK
That you know of.

He pulls the towel away.

JACK (CONT'D)
How's it look?

Jack's new dark hair makes him look tougher. It looks good, Jessie obviously thinks so, but before she can speak:

ZEKE (O.C.)
Not bad.

Startled, Jack and Jessie turn to find ZEKE, 20s, in the doorway. A bad-boy air. Similar in build to Jack.

JESSIE
Jack, this is Zeke. Zeke, Jack.

JACK

Hey, man.

Jack reaches to shake Zeke's hand, but Zeke just nods.

ZEKE

Hey.

Jack takes his hand back.

JESSIE

Jack needs a place to stay tonight.
I was thinking the couch in the
living room, but if he's in the
way, he can sleep in my room.

ZEKE

Up to you. I won't be around.

JESSIE

You got a gig?

ZEKE

Yeah.

JACK

(friendly)

Oh. You in a band?

ZEKE

No.

He offers up nothing else, turns and goes.

JESSIE

Event catering. It puts him in a
bad mood. He's not really a
customer-service type.

JACK

I can tell. So he's your boyfriend?

JESSIE

No. Just friends...
(truthful under his gaze)
... occasionally with benefits.

JACK

Friends... with benefits. That's
good. That should be, like, a
phrase that people use.

JESSIE

Yeah.

JACK

I'll take the couch. I wouldn't want to get in the way of any... benefits.

Jessie gives him a look.

INT. SHARE HOUSE - HALLWAY

Jack is in the hall. Jessie comes out of her room carrying bedding. She indicates various doors.

JESSIE

That's Zeke's room. That's Eli.

Eli's door is closed. A reddish light glows underneath.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

You'll probably never see him. I think he pees in bottles in there.

LIVING ROOM

She spreads a sheet over the couch.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Try that out. I'll get you a blanket.

HALLWAY

She gets a blanket from the closet shelf.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

I gotta think of an excuse to tell my boss why I didn't keep any of my appointments today. You can watch TV or something --

LIVING ROOM

Returning with the blanket, she sees --

He is fast asleep already. A hint of tenderness as she lays the blanket over him.

INT. CAR / EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

John and Lisa are somber and silent as John drives them through a gate and onto the main walkway, now lined with expensive parked vehicles.

Black and white suited valets run to keep up with demand. John pulls up, joining a queue of waiting cars. John and Lisa freeze as PROTESTERS suddenly rush the waiting cars.

The protesters carry picket signs: "SomaTech: Too Big to Trust," "Corporate Cash = Ethical Compromise," "Private Interests ≠ Our Interests."

PROTESTERS

Ask SomaTech what they're buying!

Campus police appear and herd the protesters away.

Finally a valet approaches their car. John hands over the keys.

EXT. CLAYTON CAMPUS - NIGHT

John and Lisa turn toward the Town and Gown building, and by some silent mutual agreement, they TURN ON THE CHARM, smiling mega-watt smiles and waving to other guests as everyone moves to the entrance.

INT. TOWN AND GOWN BALLROOM - NIGHT

People are milling about the room, sitting at round tables. The catering staff pours water, collects drink orders.

John and Lisa, still smiling, discreetly look around the room as a hostess seats them at a table near the stage.

JOHN

She's not here.

LISA

(reaching for her phone)

I'll text her.

In the background a TRUSTEE steps up to the microphone on stage. John leans in to Lisa in an -- to the outside eye -- affectionate manner.

JOHN

You'll text her? She's got you wrapped around her finger. She does this on purpose and I've had about enough of her shenanigans.

ANNABELLE (O.C.)

Shenanigans? Are you channelling a ghost or did I miss your hundredth birthday?

ANNABELLE, 19, slides into a chair. She's big-eyed and snub-nosed -- she has the kind of innocent appearance that draws smiles from strangers -- something she's not above using.

JOHN

Glad you could join us. We were just starting to get concerned.

ANNABELLE

That I might miss the charade? God forbid. Get this: someone I passed actually commented on how happy you look together.

JOHN

Can you get through one evening without being a shit?

ANNABELLE

I can. Can you?

LISA

(interrupting)

I think this is you, John.

On stage the Trustee finishes his remarks.

TRUSTEE

I know no one's here to listen to me, so without further ado, Clayton alum and congressional candidate -- Jonathan Dreyer!

John, smiling, gets up from their table and takes the stage.

JOHN

My relationship with SomaTech goes back a few years. Nineteen to be precise. I was a new lawyer, and an even newer father. My daughter Annabelle was just a few months old when Lisa, my wife --

He looks adoringly to Lisa at the table. She smiles on cue. Guests eat it up. Annabelle doesn't.

JOHN (CONT'D)

-- called me at work to say that our baby's temperature was falling - she was taking her to the hospital. The doctors told us that Annabelle's heart wasn't pumping enough blood.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

There was medication that could keep her aorta open for a few more hours while they searched for a team who could do the surgery she needed. This was 1998. A year earlier, those few hours would have been fatal, but this medication had just come out. It was developed at SomaTech. And it saved my daughter's life.

John's eyes shine. He blinks back tears. It's clear how much he loves his daughter.

JOHN (CONT'D)

She's here tonight. Can you stand up, Annabelle?

Annabelle stands and smiles bashfully.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Thank you. Thanks.
(as the applause settles)
We're grateful everyday, to God, our doctors, and to the researchers at SomaTech, so you can imagine how gratifying it is to help celebrate the recent opening of the SomaTech Center here on the campus of my alma mater, and to introduce another Clayton alumni and my personal friend, Director of the Center, Randall Simmons.

RANDALL, a 40s version of Randy, comes to the podium. He and John shake hands -- then opt for a back-slapping hug.

Randall is still the slightly awkward scientist, but success has smoothed the edges, given him some confidence.

RANDALL

Thanks for that introduction, John, and thanks to everyone here...

John returns to the table. His hand lingers on Annabelle's back as he passes, for a moment their arguing is behind them. But when he kisses Lisa on the cheek, Annabelle's eyes narrow.

Just then, her breath catches and she begins to cough. It gets worse. She gets up, and leaves through the nearest door.

A GUEST at the next table leans to John and Lisa.

GUEST
Is she okay?

JOHN
(reassuring)
Fine. Allergies.

Lisa glances toward the door where Annabelle left, concerned.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Don't bother. She was faking.

INT. TOWN AND GOWN BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Annabelle, doubled over in a stall, wheezes, slowly brings her coughing under control -- it doesn't seem fake.

INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Annabelle emerges into the hallway, peers into the ballroom.

INT. TOWN AND GOWN BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Randall wraps up on stage.

RANDALL
... synergy between business and
academia can make the world better.
And we can't wait to get started!

INT. TOWN AND GOWN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Annabelle, unable to stomach it, turns away from the ballroom and instead heads out a service door to:

EXT. TOWN AND GOWN LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

A caterer stands at the end of the dock, smoking a cigarette.

ANNABELLE
Can I get one of those?

We see that it's Jessie's roommate Zeke. He wordlessly hands her a lit cigarette. She takes a long drag.

She looks past the edge of the dock and sees a discarded PICKET SIGN protruding from a dumpster: QUESTION SOMATECH.

The words seem to trigger something, because after a long look, she turns to face Zeke, her intention unmistakable:

CUT TO:

INT. TOWN AND GOWN JANITOR'S CLOSET - NIGHT

Annabelle and Zeke, locked at the lips, clothes still on, but grinding. Or to be more exact, it's Annabelle doing the grinding. Zeke, stunned, is just trying to keep up.

A broom-handle shifts and clatters. Zeke recovers his wits and pitches in, reaching to pull up Annabelle's blouse. Reflexively she knocks his arm away, startling them both.

But then she recovers. She unzips his pants as she falls to her knees with a suggestive smirk.

INT. SHARE HOUSE - JESSIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jessie sits on her bed with a laptop.

ON SCREEN she scrolls through "Jack Dreyer" Facebook pages. None look like Jack. She goes back to general search.

A RESULT catches her eye: News coverage of a neighborhood information session references a Jonathan "Jack" Dreyer. The PHOTO shows a middle-aged man shaking hands with someone.

Using the name "Jonathan" she searches again. Her eyes widen.

A PUBLICITY PHOTO of John Dreyer -- handsome and trustworthy. He could easily be Jack. He IS Jack.

And he's running for State Representative.

INT. SHARE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jessie rushes in holding the laptop.

JESSIE

Jack...

She looks to the couch where Jack was sleeping. It's empty.

END ACT 4

ACT 5

INT. TOWN AND GOWN RESTROOM - NIGHT

Lisa looks into the stalls... The room is empty. She exits.

INT. TOWN AND GOWN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Lisa emerges into the hallway, she sees Annabelle walking toward her, adjusting her skirt.

LISA

Are you okay? When you didn't come back I got worried.

Annabelle hesitates... choosing her next words.

ANNABELLE

You didn't need to. I was faking.

LISA

You have to stop doing this.

ANNABELLE

Really? *You* act like you don't know he's cheating on you constantly. *He* pretends he gives a shit about us. And you want *me* to stop faking.

LISA

Your father does care about you. A lot.

Annabelle tries that on for size. Then fake coughs.

ANNABELLE

You can tell him I'm sick and had to go home.

She walks away. As she leaves. Stay on Lisa, watching her go.

INT. TOWN AND GOWN BALLROOM - NIGHT

Lisa sees John talking intensely with Randall at the bar. She heads toward them. Randall sees her and interrupts their conversation to greet her.

RANDALL

Lisa.

After years, his longing persists -- more competently veiled. He kisses her cheek and lets her settle under John's arm.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
You look beautiful as always. What
can we get you to drink?

LISA
That's okay.
(to John)
I'm going to walk Annabelle back to
her dorm.

JOHN
Of course.

Lisa smiles her good-byes, and goes.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You have her covered?

Randall nods.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You don't think he'll try anything,
do you?

RANDALL
Would you?

John thinks.

JOHN
Hell, I can't even remember
anymore. Just take care of it.

RANDALL
We're working on it.

John takes a drink, smiles at a passerby before speaking.

JOHN
You went too far, Randy.

RANDALL
That's what people say about
scientific progress... until they
need it.

With this, more than anything he's said, Randall has an unsettling undertone of confidence and determination. We sense a true believer -- though we don't know in what yet.

INT. A STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Jack climbs up several flights of stairs. Reaches the door to the roof. A padlock hangs from it, unlocked.

EXT. CLOCK TOWER ROOF - NIGHT

Jack emerges onto a roof top with a clock tower behind him. The highest point on campus. Jack's POV: The roof is empty.

FLASH TO:

EXT. CLOCK TOWER ROOF - DAY - 1994

Same POV on a partly cloudy day. Young Lisa sits near the roof's edge, sketching the campus below.

She turns and sees him, smiles a greeting. Wind blows her hair across her face.

FLASH BACK TO:

EXT. CLOCK TOWER ROOF - NIGHT - PRESENT

Jack looks at the empty roof, again hit with grief for what's been lost.

He hears something, turns. Lisa steps from behind the clock tower. In her hand she holds the YELLOW POST-IT NOTE that Jack left for her in her kitchen.

JACK
I knew you'd come.

He looks at her with love.

She crumples the yellow paper, angry.

LISA
"For Whom the Bell Tolls." How did they know about that?

JACK
(urgent)
Who's they?

She looks at him, refusing to answer. She approaches and touches his face, pressing flesh as if testing clay.

He reacts to her closeness.

JACK (CONT'D)

Lisa --

LISA

So young. Such a baby face. You really look just like him.

JACK

I *am* him. I'm Jack.

LISA

Is that what they told you?

He feels the loss when she steps away, walks to the edge of the roof and looks over.

JACK

We had our first kiss on this roof. March 19th, 1991. I thought it would be romantic, but it was freezing.

LISA

Why would they tell you about that?

JACK

No one *told* me. I was there.

He moves to a corner of the roof.

JACK (CONT'D)

We were standing right here. You had blue gloves, but you'd lost one of them, so I put your hand in my coat pocket to keep it warm.

He's getting to her.

LISA

I could feel you shaking because it was so cold.

JACK

I said that, but that wasn't why I was shaking.

LISA

(bitter-sad)

And I thought the lies didn't start until later.

JACK

Lisa. I don't know who that man is. He's not me.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

(beat)

I love you.

She gives in, comes to him.

They kiss, passionately.

Lisa pulls away, tears in her eyes.

LISA

I've missed you so much.

(beat)

Things have gotten so twisted.

Looking in her eyes, Jack doesn't see her reach into her bag until she has a GUN pointed at his head.

LISA (CONT'D)

You're not who you think you are.

He's stunned.

Then she shifts her aim slightly. She's pointing over his shoulder at the dark figure approaching.

LISA (CONT'D)

(to Jack)

Run.

FADE TO BLACK.

ACT 5 END

TAG

INT. LOREEN DREYER'S HOME - NIGHT

A quiet house, mostly dark.

The SOUND of a KEY FUMBLING IN THE LOCK.

INT. LOREEN DREYER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

Loreen's caretaker, Monica, in a robe, turns on a lamp,
revealing --

Annabelle.

MONICA

What are you doing here?

Annabelle looks at her, and in a heartbeat, all her previous
bravado disappears. Her face crumples.

Monica goes to her, takes her in her arms, pats her back.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I'll make you a bath.

INT. LOREEN DREYER'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Water runs into the tub, steaming with menthol.

Annabelle pulls off her dress.

As she settles into the water we see, RUNNING THE LENGTH OF
HER TORSO --

A CRISS-CROSS of SHOCKING SURGICAL SCARS.

END